

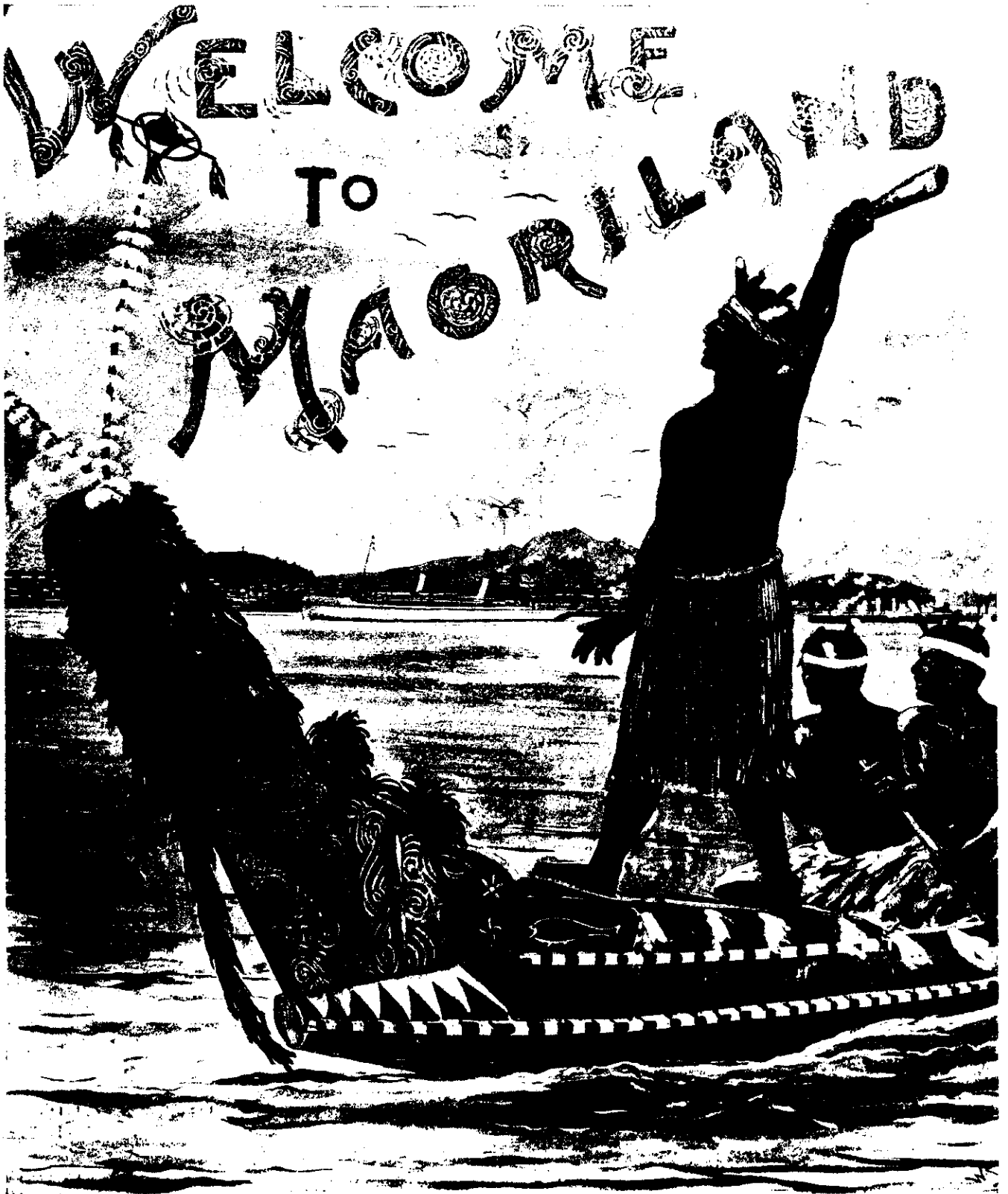
The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

VOL XXVI.—No. XXIV.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1901.

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

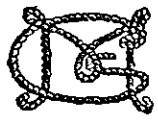




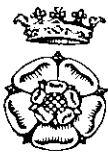
His Royal Highness the Duke of Cornwall and York.



Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cornwall and York.

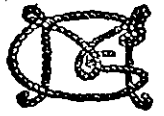


Our Sailor Prince



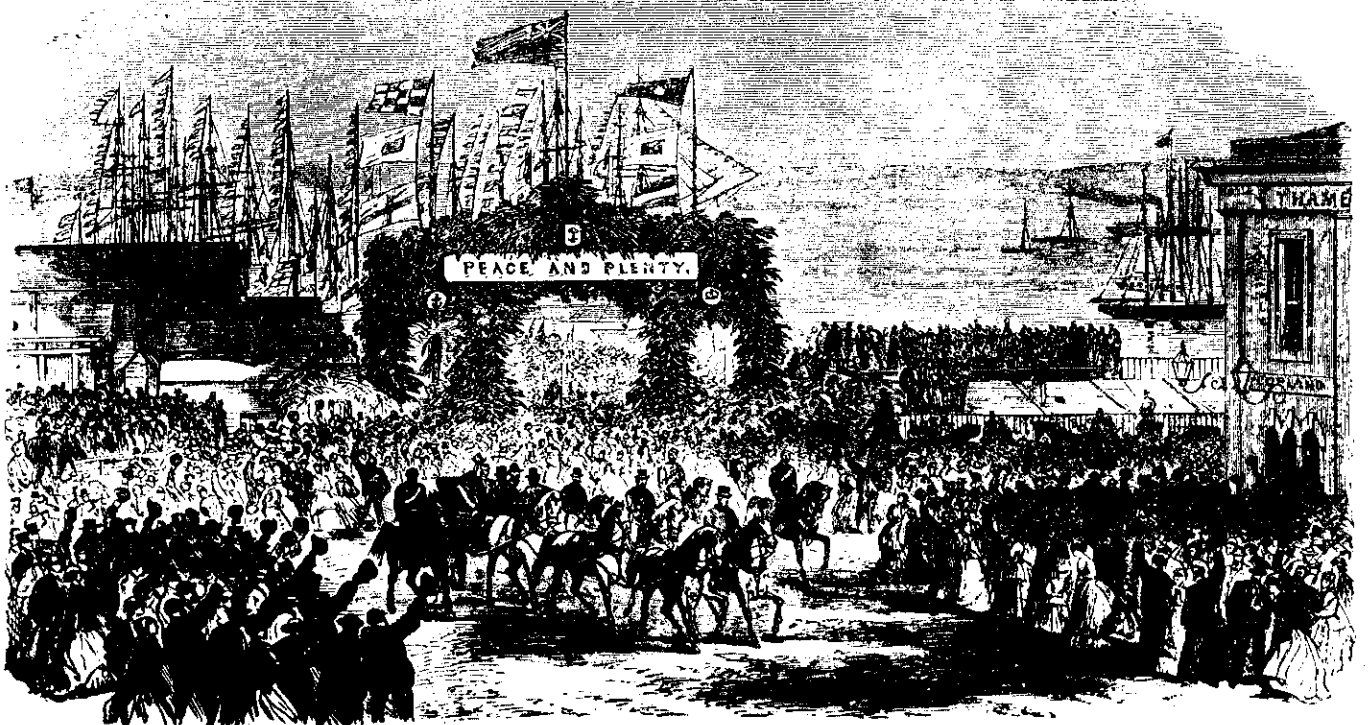


Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess.



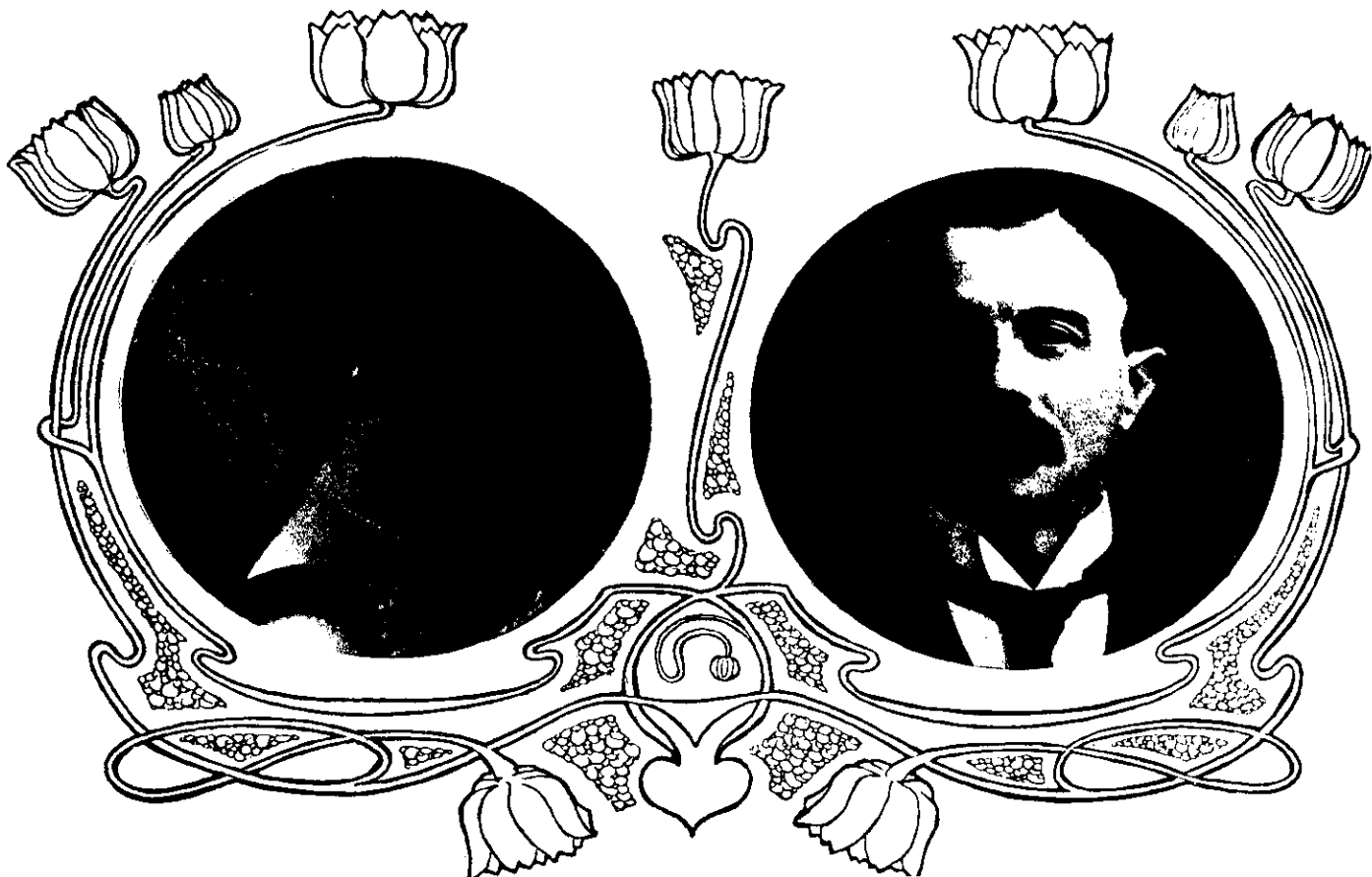


YORK COTTAGE, near Sandringham, to be Occupied by Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York.

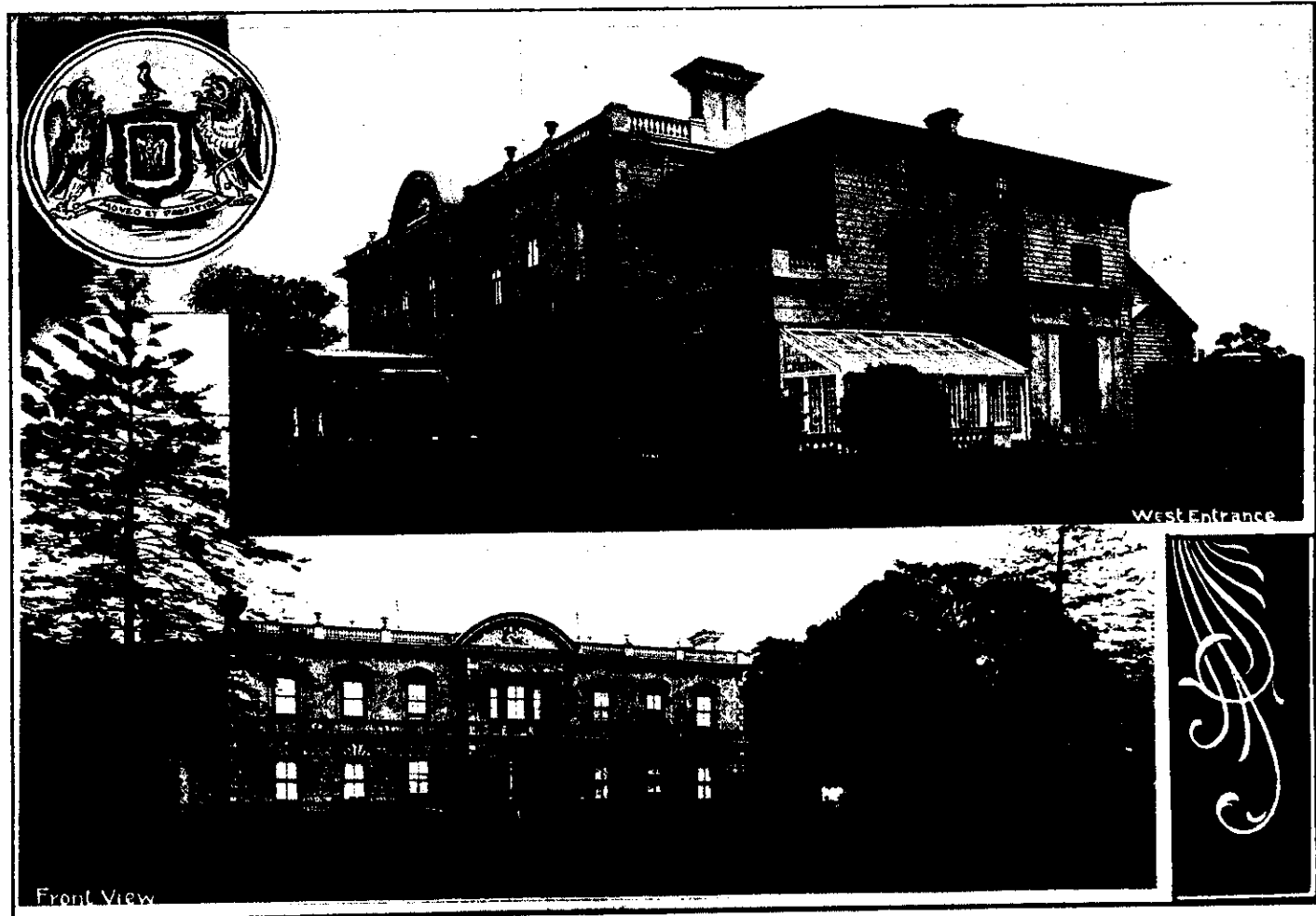


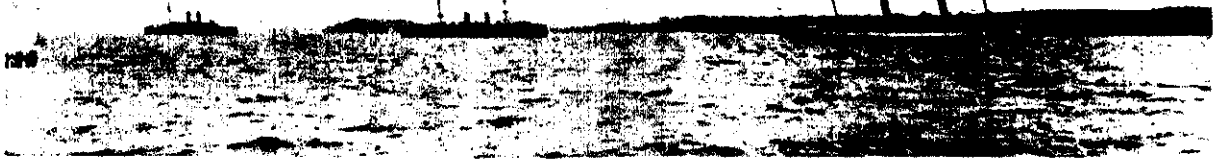
THE LAST VISIT OF ROYALTY TO AUCKLAND.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LANDING IN AUCKLAND IN MAY, 1869.
This picture is reproduced from the "Illustrated London News" of 1869.



His Excellency the Governor, Lord Ranfurly, and the Countess.





Valle, photo.

THE OPHIR COMING UP THE HARBOUR.



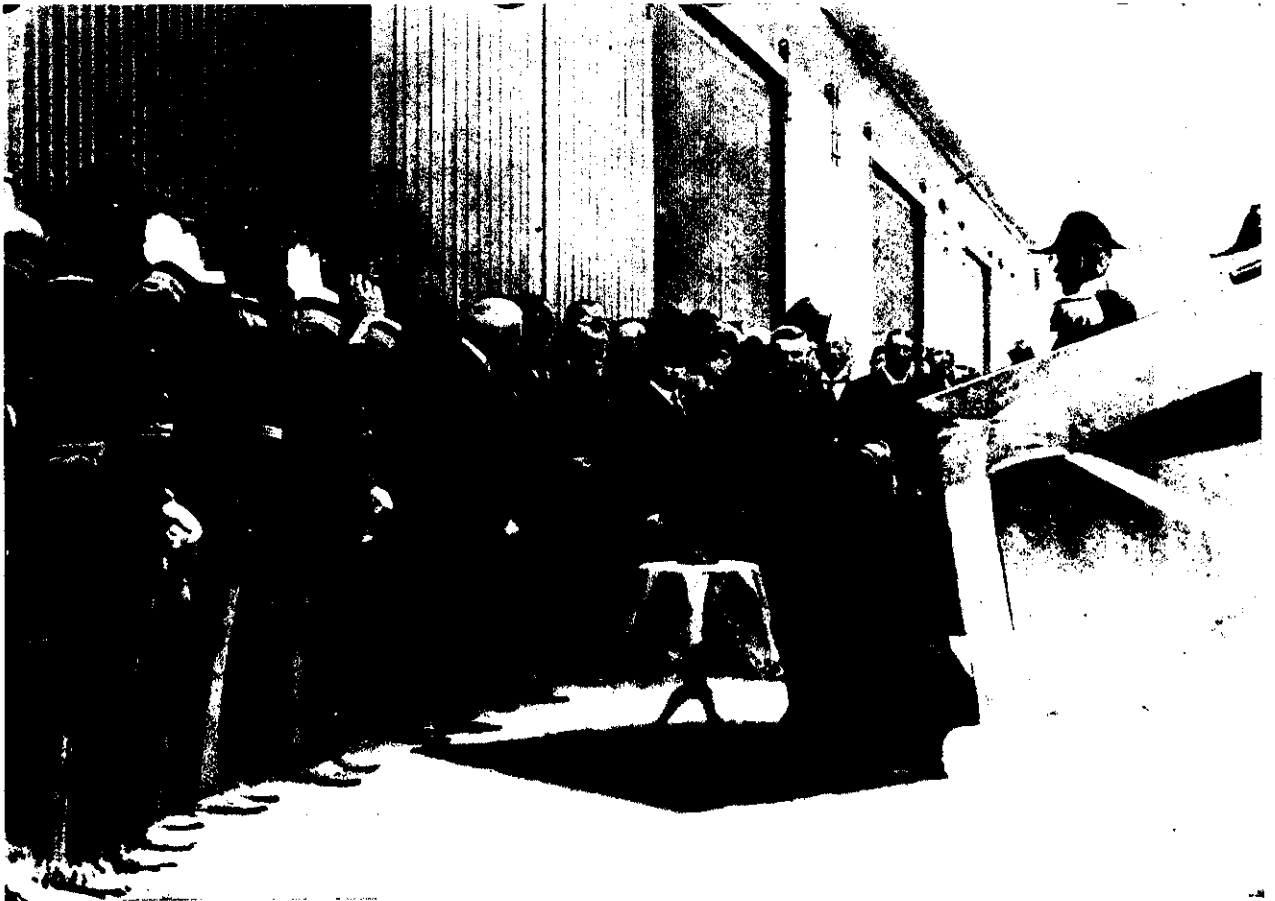
THE CHIEF ORGANISERS OF THE RECEPTION.

MR. S. T. GEORGE,
Royal Commissioner.

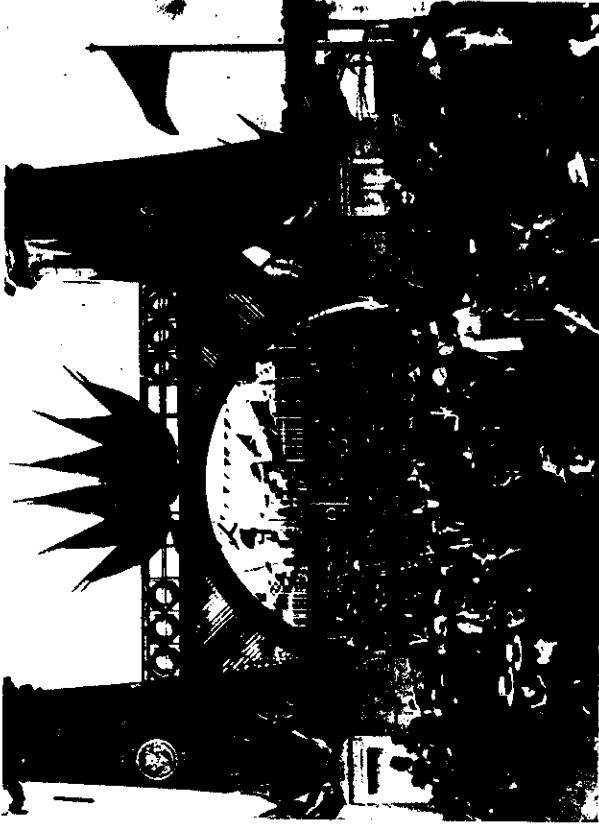
MR. J. McLEOD,
Royal Commissioner.

MR. H. BRETT,
Royal Commissioner.

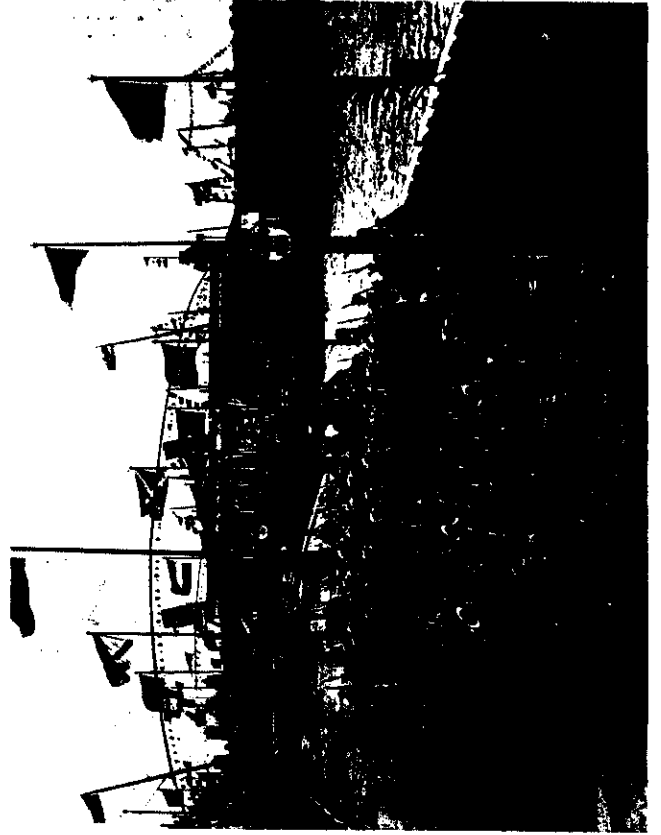
MR. J. HOLMES,
Government Executive Commissioner.



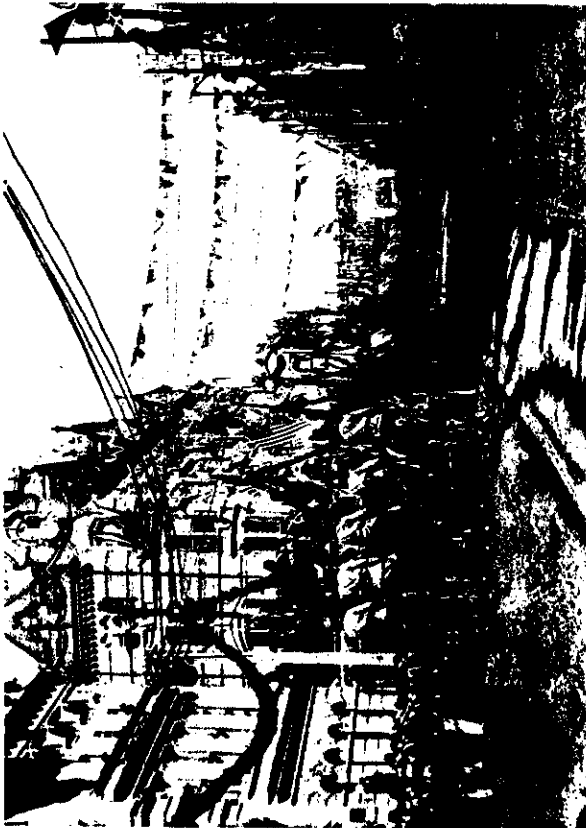
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRESSING THE BUTTON ON THE WHARF TO ANNOUNCE THE ARRIVAL IN MAORILAND.



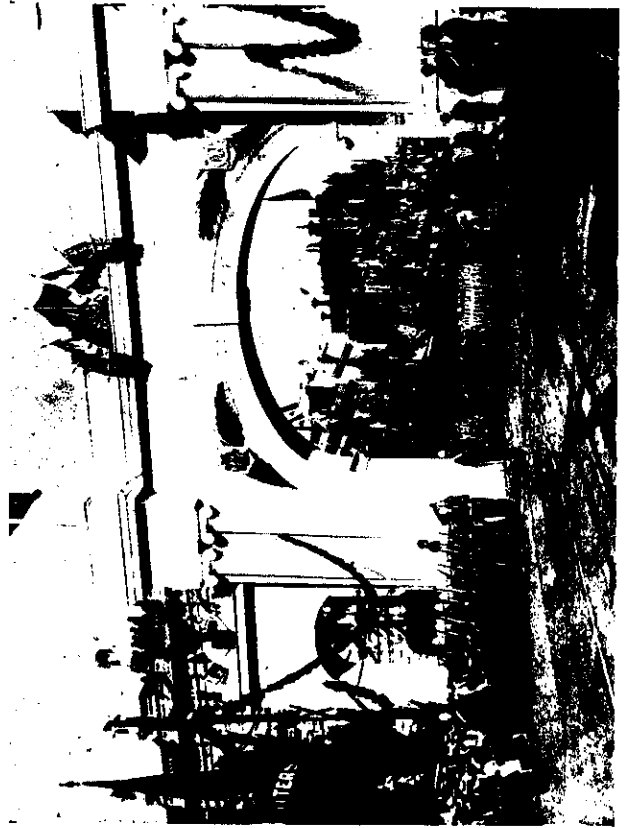
THE CROWD ON THE WHARF.



THE BLUEJACKETS MARCHING UP THE WHARF.



VOLUNTEERS ASSEMBLING IN QUEEN STREET.



THE GOVERNMENT ARCH.

LANDED.

A hand right royal womanly,
 By one light touch hath shed,
 The blood to Aotearoa's heart,
 Warm, through her veins to spread.

Glad crowning hour of primal years;
 Let Britain flourish a'er,
 The OPHIR rides the wave ways
 Tracked out by the ENDEAVOUR.

From north to south the happy isles
 Are jubilant to-day—
 "Landed," exclaims each pukeha,
 "Landed," the Maoris say.

The envoys of the regal head
 Of our august empire,
 Te Ika Māui's paths sha'l tread
 Her ozone breath inspire.

Te Wahi Pounamu shall be
 Their minister of grace;
 And Itakura yearn to see
 Her White Queen's children's face.

For loyal patriotism cries
 In each colonial breast,
 "Give Cornwall and the Princess May
 Aotearoa's best.

A hand right royal womanly,
 By one light touch declares,
 "Landed," Caed mille faiths
 Our gracious Sovereign's helms.

Thames, N.Z.

ROSLYN.

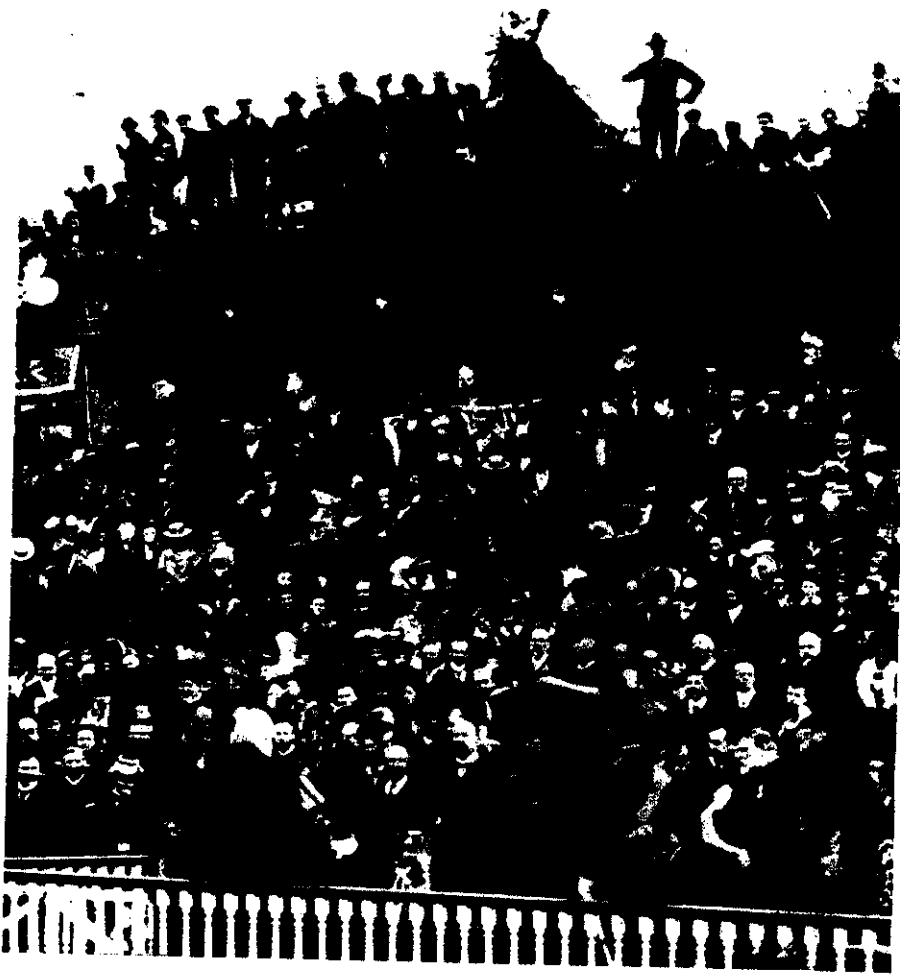
NOVELTIES IN CARDS

For

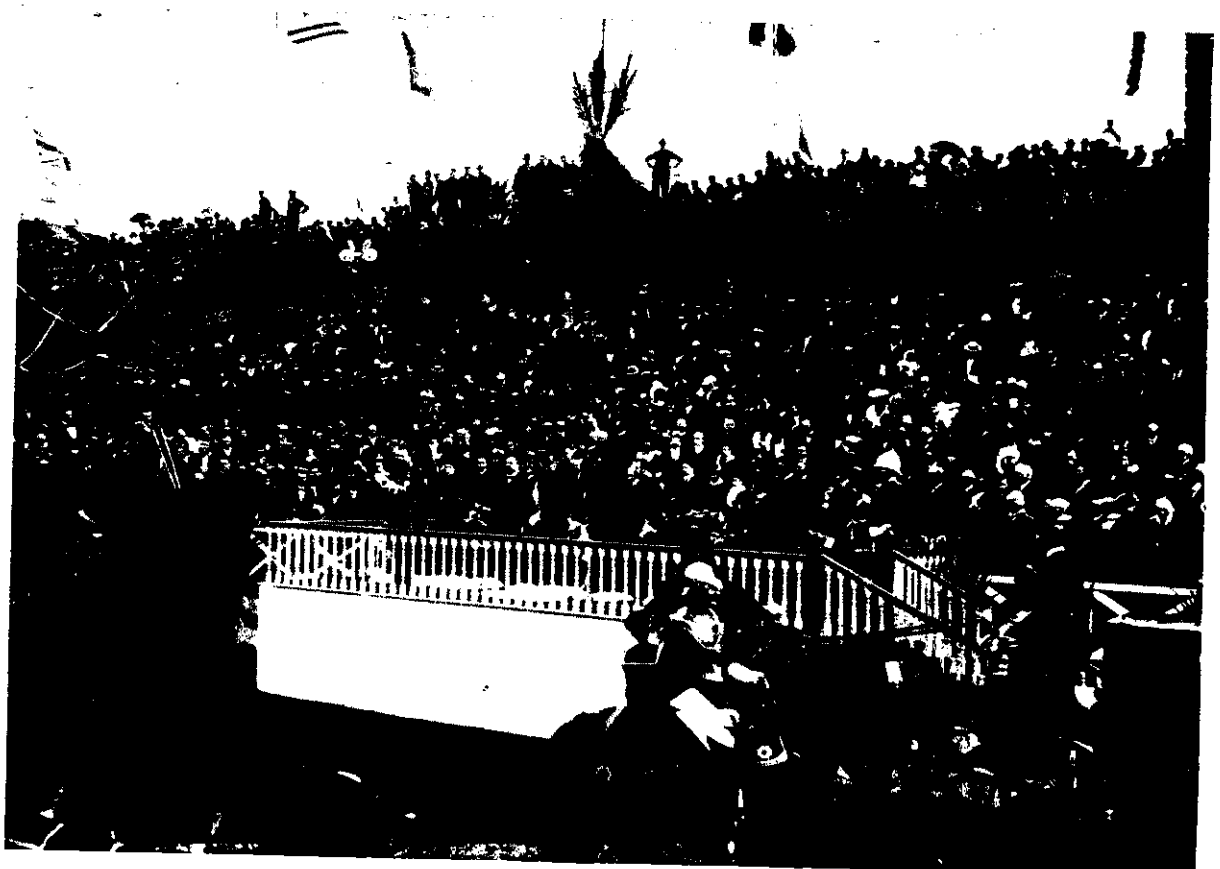
- BALL PROGRAMMES
- MARRIAGE INVITES
- WEDDING NOTICES
- CONCERT TICKETS
- CONCERT PROGRAMMES
- IN MEMORIAM
- CALLING, etc., etc.

JUST RECEIVED.

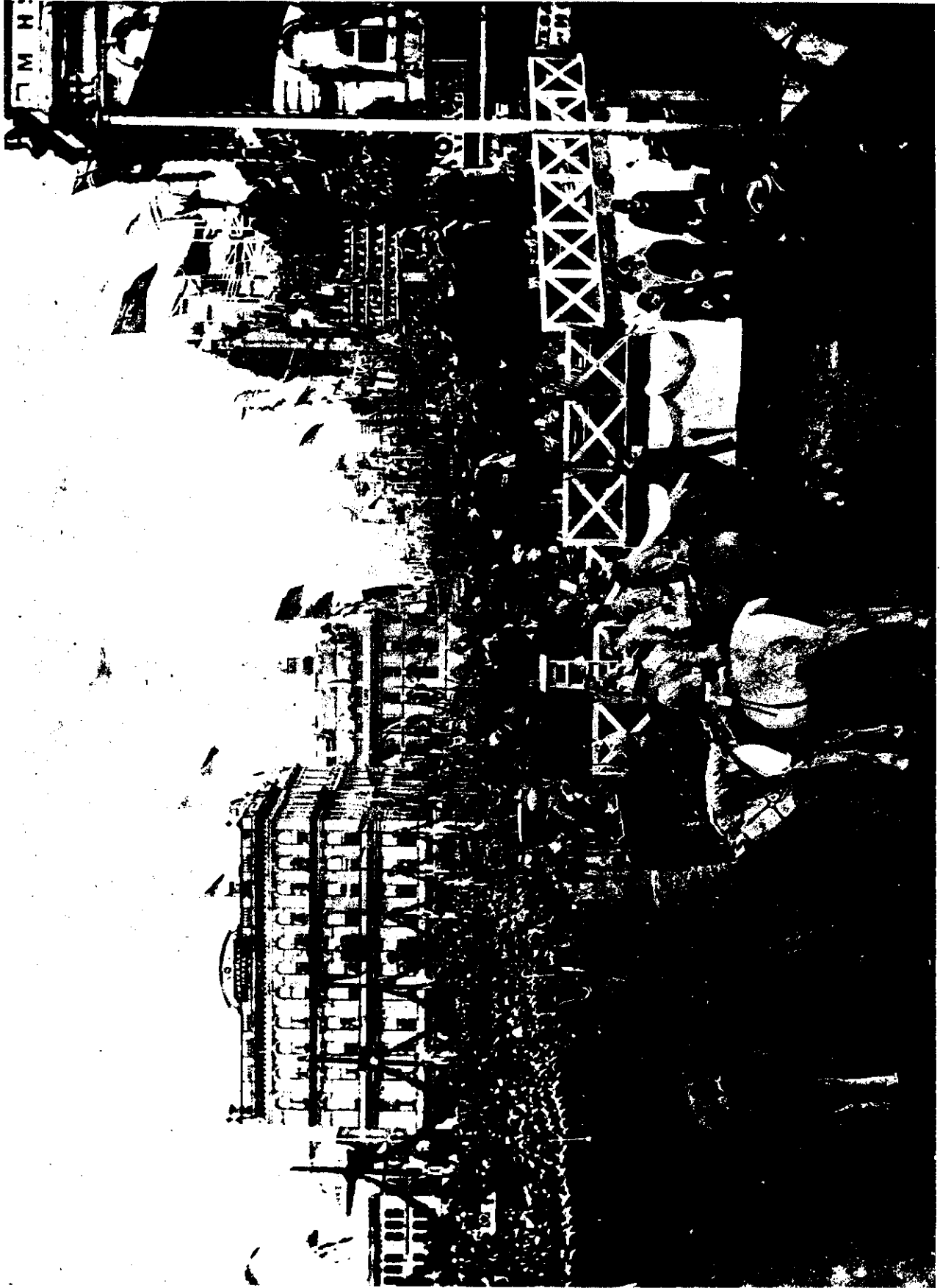
"STAR" PRINTING WORKS.



HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR (DR. CAMPBELL) IN THE ACT OF HANDING THE CITIZENS' ADDRESS TO THE DUKE.



Another View of the Platform.



General View of the Platforms when His Royal Highness was Speaking.

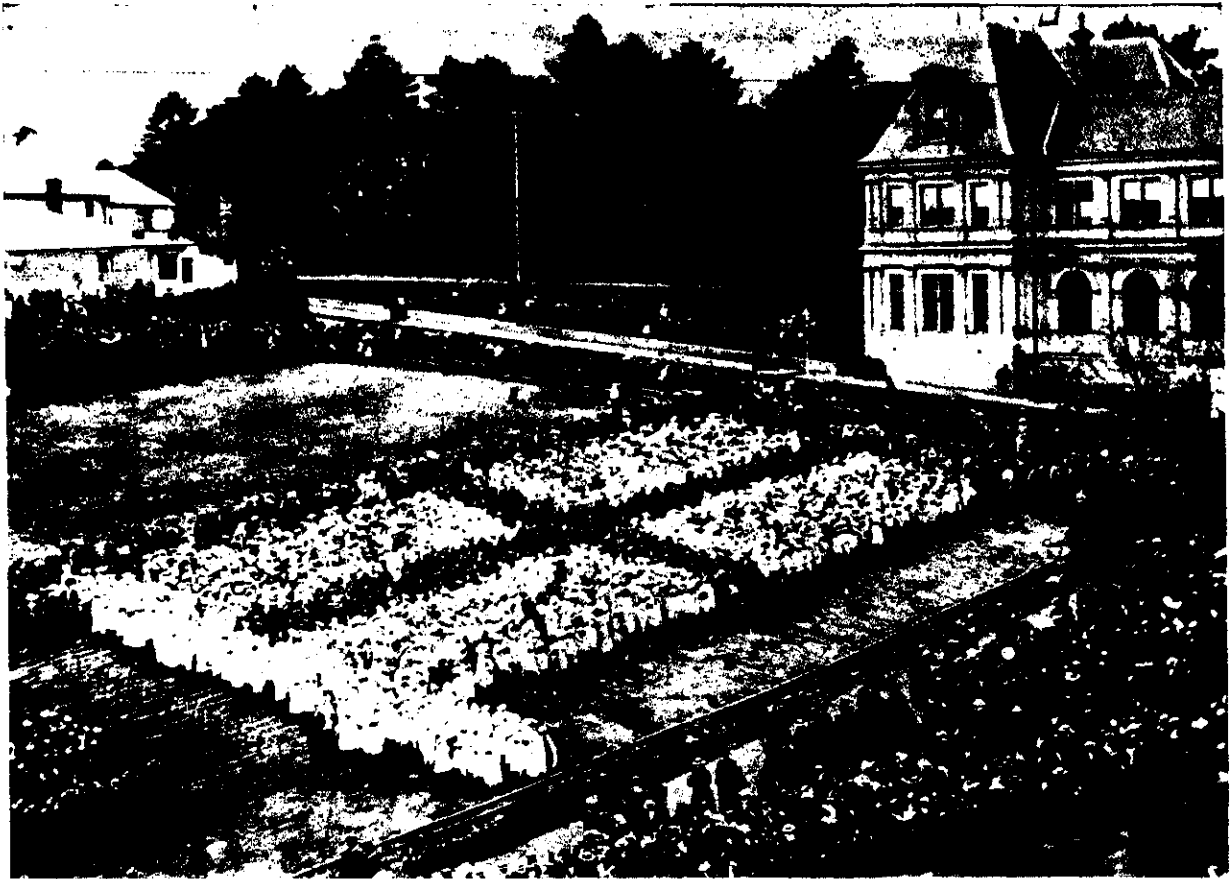
Waipara, "Graphic" photo.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL CARRIAGE AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE GATES.



THE CHOIR THAT WELCOMED THE DUKE AND DUCHESS.

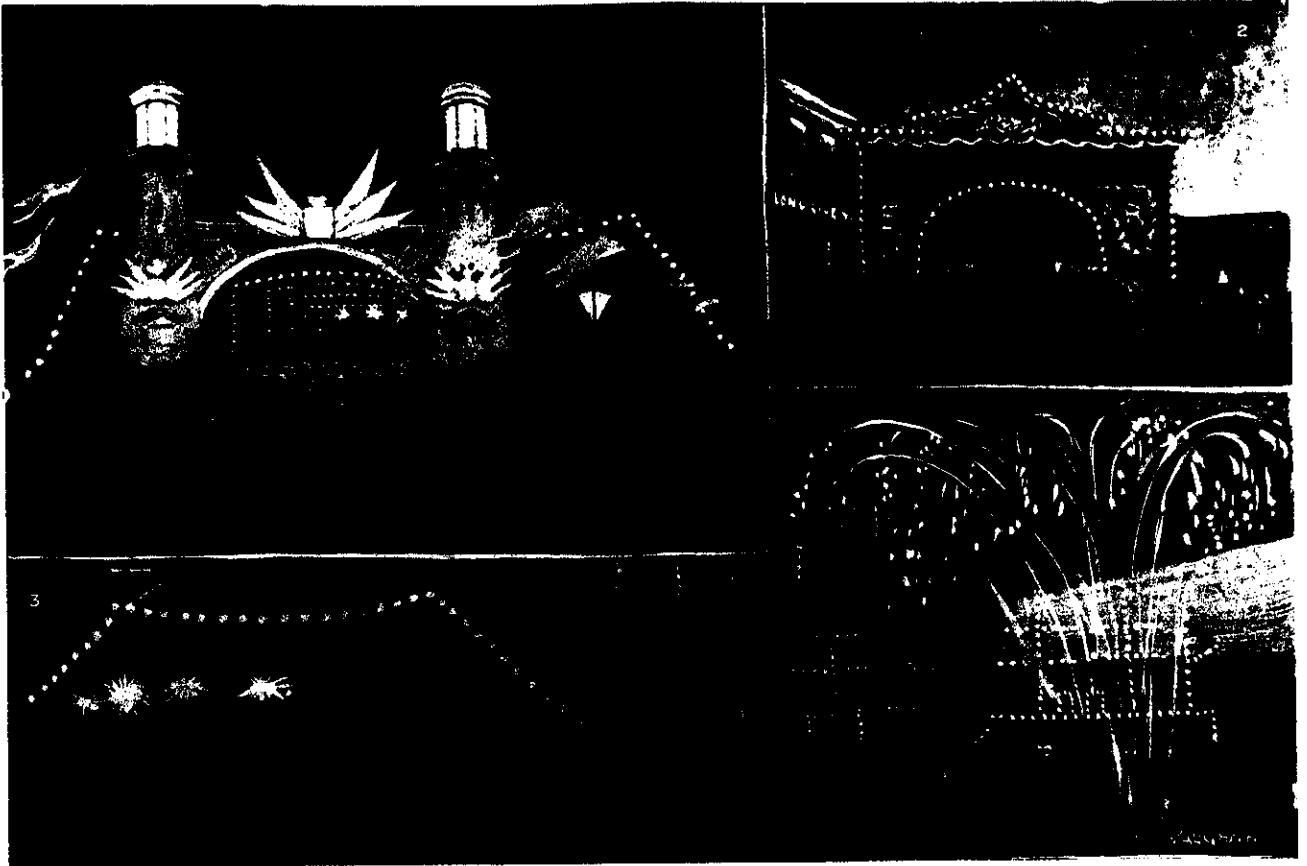


T. Leedham, photo.

THE LIVING UNION JACK.



THE ROYAL PARTY AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE AWAITING THE FRIENDLY SOCIETIES TO MARCH PAST.



Some Night Effects.

1. The Harbour Board Arch. 2. The Municipal Arch. 3. Darkness and Light.



Night View of the Lower Part of the City and Harbour.

The Illuminations.

THE SOLDIERS' LUNCHEON.

SPEECH BY THE DUKE.

On Wednesday evening His Royal Highness the Duke of Cornwall and York paid a visit to the naval and military veterans and returned troopers assembled at luncheon in the Choral Hall, and was most loyally received.

The Choral Hall was crowded, about 440 persons being present. The Premier (Mr Seddon) and the Hon J. G. Ward were amongst those present, and were heartily cheered. At about three o'clock His Royal Highness the Duke arrived, accompanied by His Excellency the Governor (Lord Ranfurly) and suite. His Royal Highness was loudly cheered by the veterans, and was escorted to a seat by the Governor. The Duke was supported on the right by the Premier, and on the left by Mr Ward. His Excellency proposed the toast of "The King," which was drunk enthusiastically, the gathering singing "God Save the King."

His Excellency in proposing the toast of "Our Illustrious Visitor, the Duke of Cornwall and York, said that no one took a deeper interest in the old soldiers of the Empire than did the Duke of Cornwall and York. The toast was honoured with the utmost enthusiasm, the young and old veterans uniting in their hearty cheers.

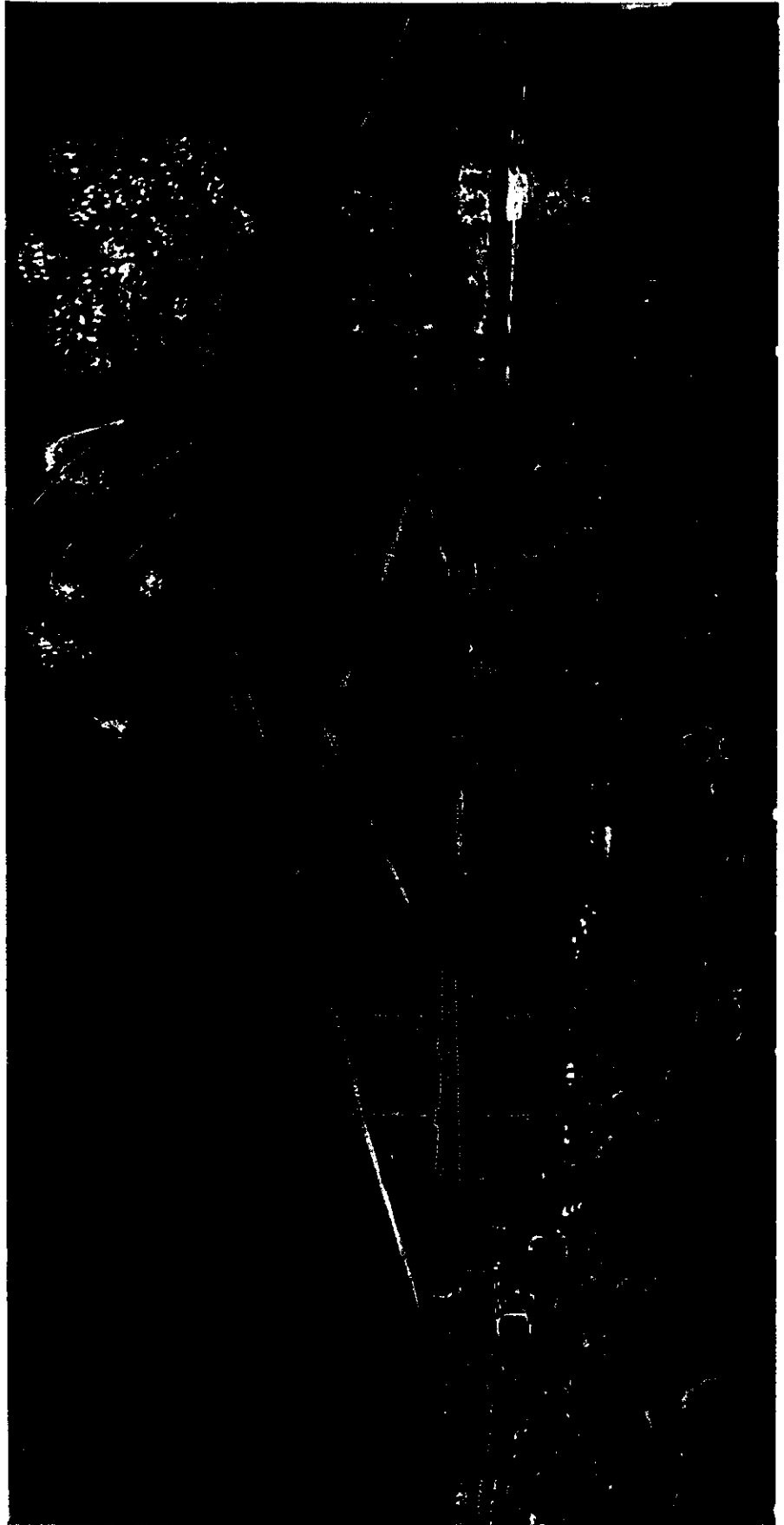
His Royal Highness on rising was loudly cheered. He said: "I thank Your Excellency for the very kind way in which you have proposed my health, and I thank you all most sincerely for the very hearty manner in which you have responded to it. I am very glad to have the opportunity of being present at such an interesting and happy occasion. (Cheers). And I congratulate the Government on having brought about this union of those representing the past and present. I am proud to think that I am here to-day to meet not only you fine old soldiers who after serving your Queen in various campaigns chose your homes in New Zealand, but also your sons who, emulating their fathers, have cheerfully given their services in defence of the old flag. (Loud Cheers). Yes, I am proud to be present to meet two generations of soldiers. (Cheers). I, like my friend Mr Seddon here, like a continuity of policy. (Laughter and applause). There is nothing like a chip of old block ("Hear, hear," and applause), and I know that the old block was hard, of good grain, and sound to the core. (Loud cheers). And, if in the future, whenever and wherever the mother hand is stretched across the sea it can reckon on a grasp such as New Zealand is giving it at present, well I think you will all agree with me that the dear old country can look ahead with confidence. (Cheers). It was a most pleasing duty to me to present on behalf of the King the South African medals that those I see at the other end of the hall are wearing. May you live to wear the decorations as long as I am glad to see your seniors here have worn theirs. (Applause). May every blessing be given to you all, soldiers old and young." (Loud cheers).

His Royal Highness then said: "I now ask you to drink the toast of the veterans and also of the troopers who have returned from South Africa." (Cheers).

The toast was drunk in bumpers of champagne by those of the company who were not veterans or returned soldiers.

The Premier proposed the toast of "His Excellency the Governor." He said they had been singularly fortunate in getting such a man as Lord Ranfurly for Governor. (Cheers). He was a man who had rendered very valuable services to the Empire, especially in regard to the despatch of the contingencies to South Africa. (Applause).

His Excellency's health was drunk amidst loud cheers and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" was most heartily and enthusiastically sung.



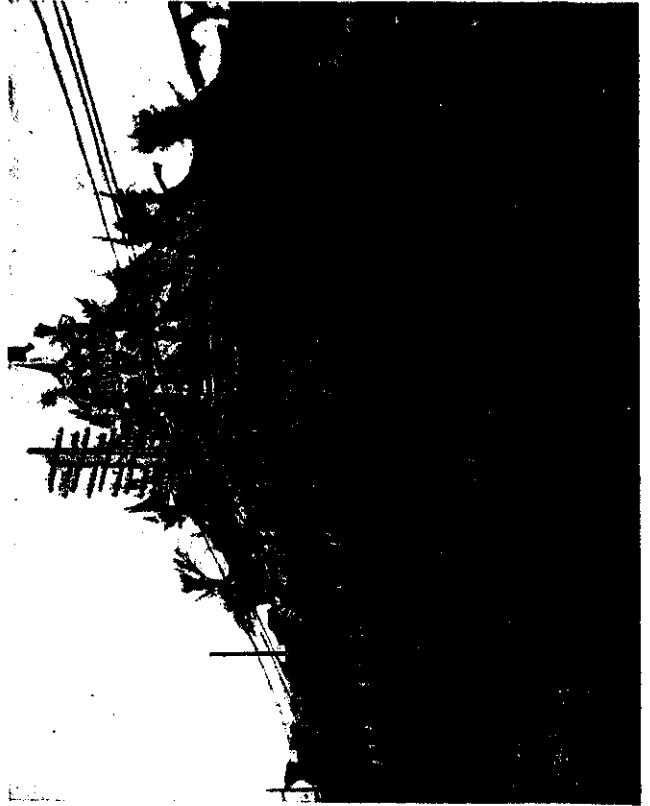
The Crowd at Emily Place watching the Warships' Flashlight Display.



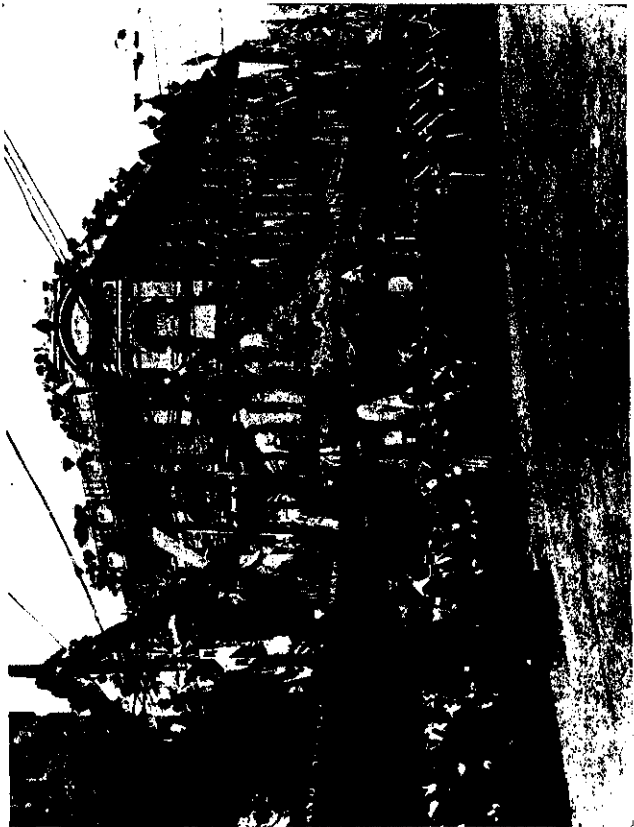
The Firework and Warship Display, Auckland Harbour, June 11, 1901.



NATIONAL BANK CORNER, QUEEN STREET. GATHERING OF FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.



PARKINSON'S CORNER, WELLESLEY AND QUEEN STREETS.

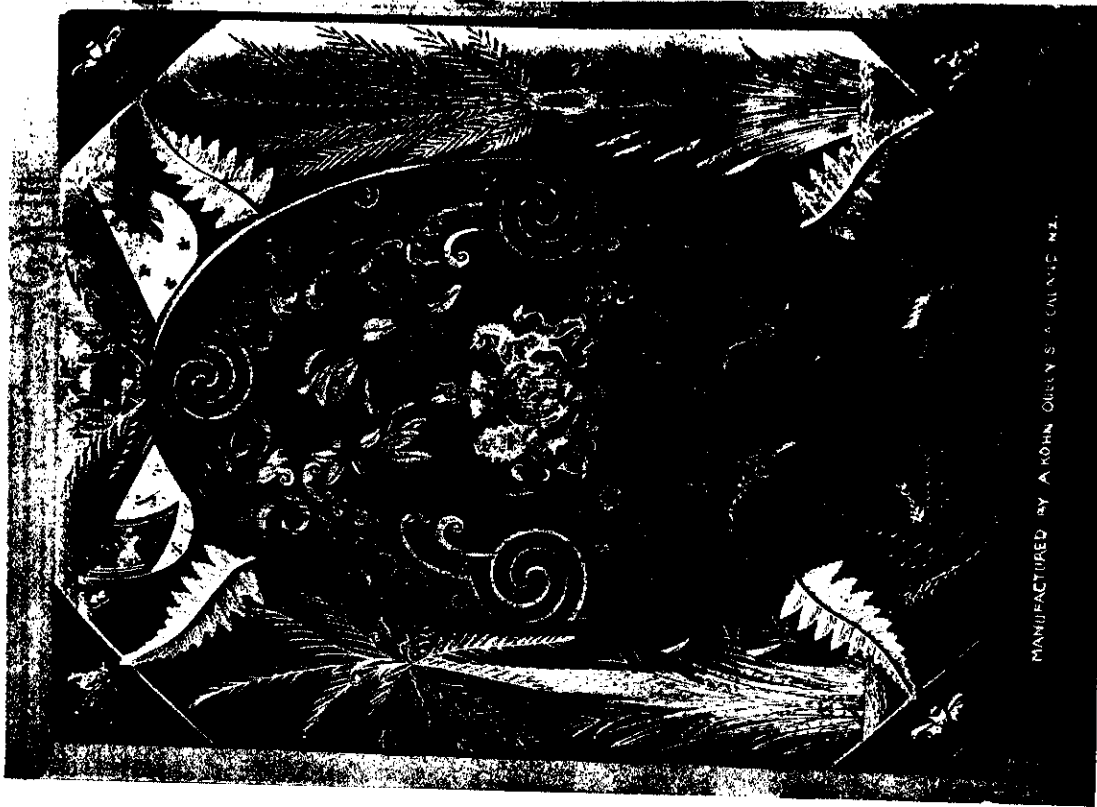


SOUTH BRITISH BUILDING AND DECORATIONS, QUEEN STREET.



D.S.C. BUILDING, QUEEN STREET.

Some of the Queen Street Decorations.

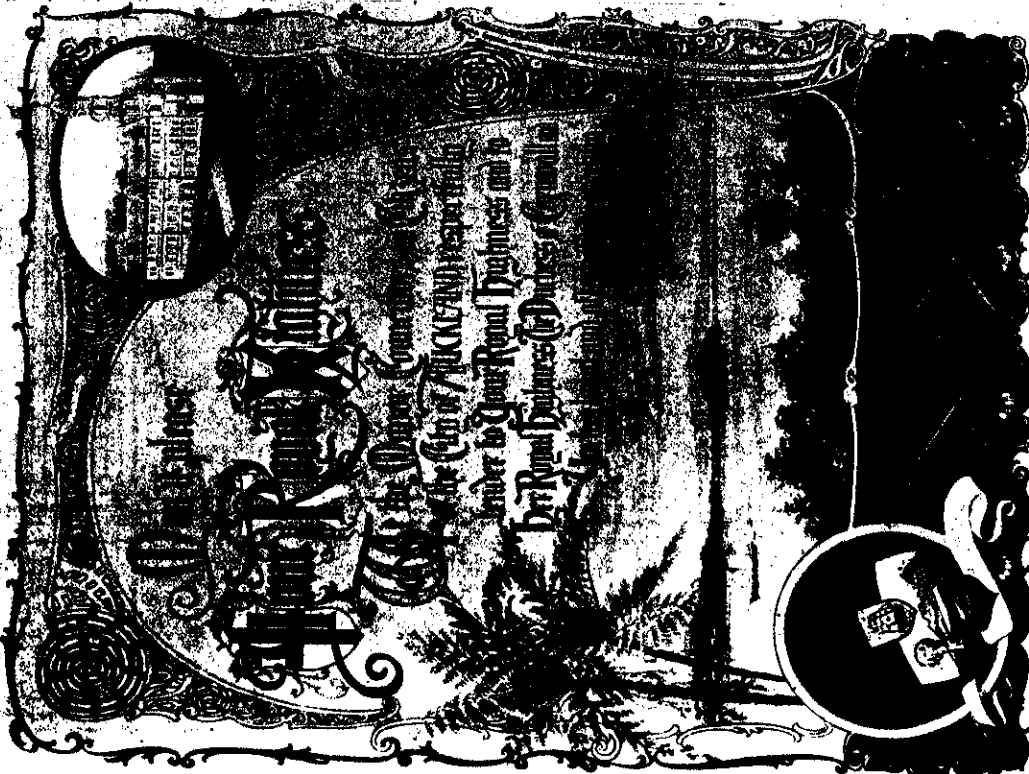


MANUFACTURED BY A. KOHN, ORELLY S. & CO. LTD. N.Z.

Hanna, photo.

The portfolio for the address has been designed and manufactured by Mr. A. Kohn, jeweller, and is a beautiful piece of work. The outside cover is of solid silver with a raised oval of Inlaid New Zealand woods in the centre. At the top is the Royal Standard and New Zealand Greenstone relieved by a Royal Crown in solid gold. On one side of the cover is beautifully engraved a nikau tree and on the opposite side a large puna fern. At the bottom is a large fern in solid silver in relief. The inlaid woodwork of the oval centre is a masterpiece for which Mr. Scoufert is responsible, and consists of clematis and titree beautifully inlaid, the outside of the oval being a representation of Maori carving, whilst in the centre in silver in relief is the Coat of Arms of His Royal Highness. The back cover is of inlaid woods, the centre being a rare piece of kauri root, whilst rewa-rewa, puriri, maitai, totara and other woods are also used. The portfolio, which is entirely of New Zealand products, reflects the greatest credit on Dr. Campbell, who superintended the work, and Mr. A. Kohn the designer and manufacturer, who has succeeded in turning out a piece of work worthy of the occasion for which it is intended.

Cover and First Page of the Auckland Citizens' Address to Their Royal Highnesses.



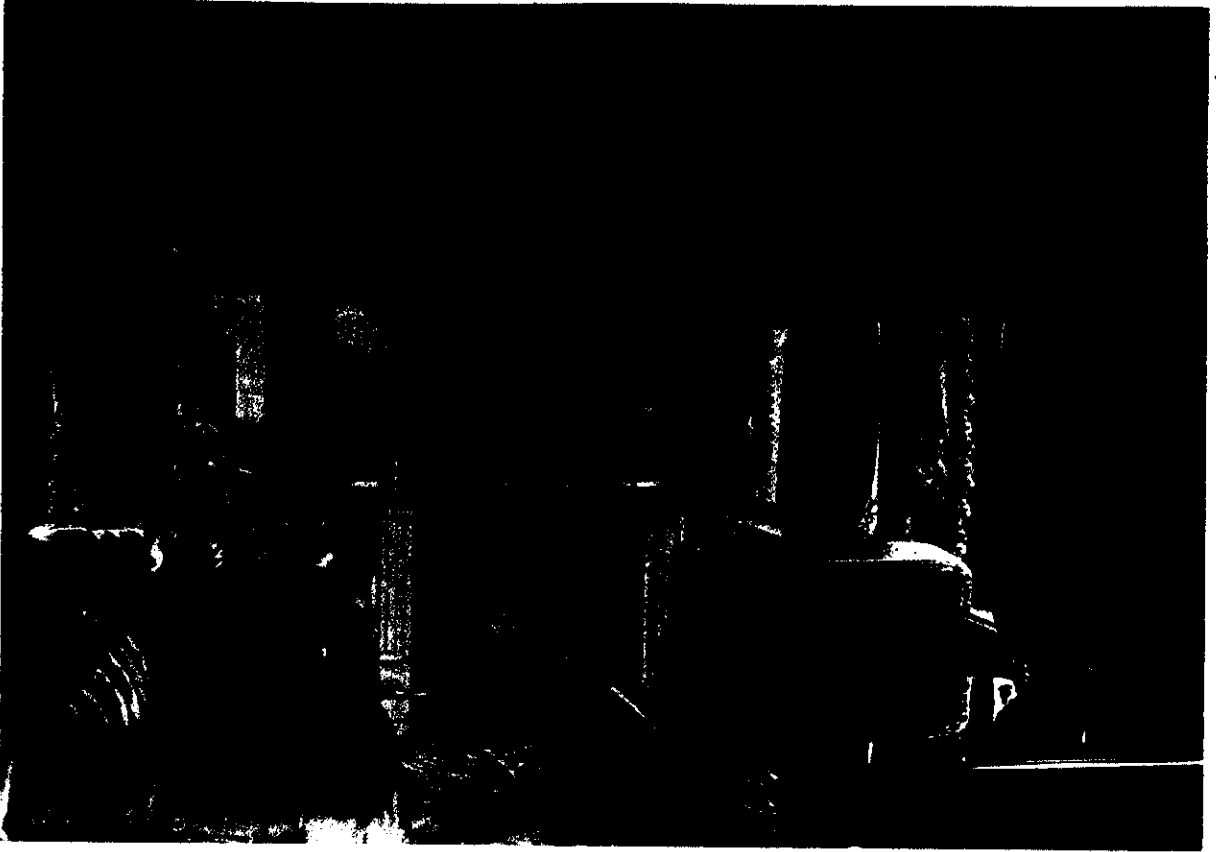


The Royal Visit.

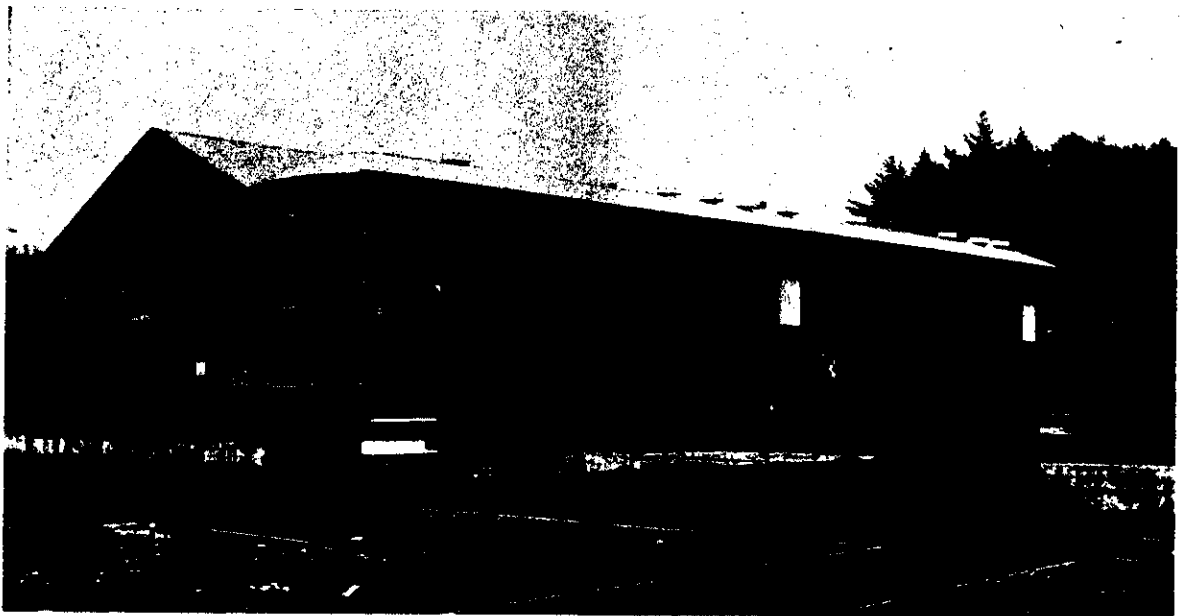


Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cornwall and York
in Walking Costume.





INTERIOR OF THE SPECIAL CAR FOR THE DUKE AND DUCHESS.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF ROYAL CAR.

Walrond, "Graphic" photo.

The Royal Trip to Rotorua.

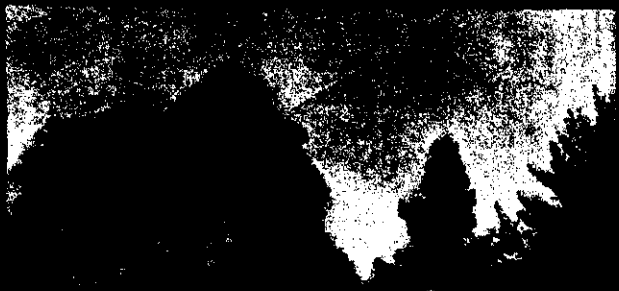
A Princely Gift.

DR. CAMPBELL'S MUNIFICENT DONATION TO AUCKLAND.

SCENES IN CORNWALL PARK.



Dr Campbell's paper.



Dr Olive Grove on One Tree Hill

View of One Tree Hill from the same spot.

An Ideal Picnic Spot.

View of One Tree Hill from the same spot.

Arthur Nathan's

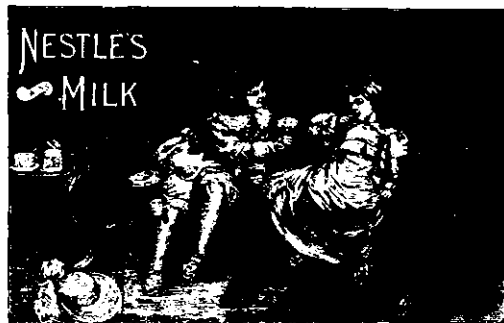


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The most popular of all Infants' foods, Excellent for Custards, and can be used for all purposes of ordinary milk.
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DELICIOUS IN TEA OR COFFEE!
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 Purerua, Bay of Islands.

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 W. C. MOUNTAIN, Manager.

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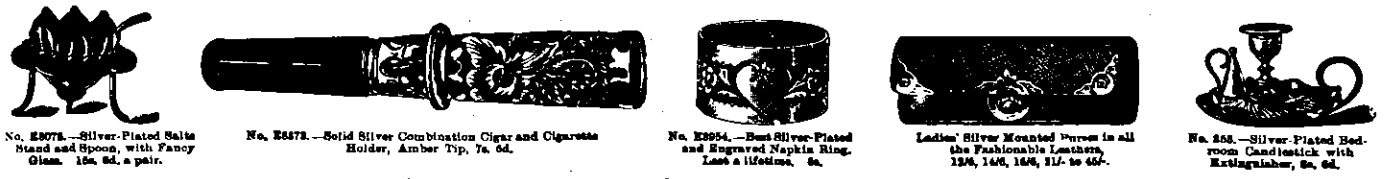
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ALL GOODS AT FIRST-HAND PRICES. NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS TO PAY.



No. 909.—Gold & Amethyst, Heart, set Pearl, £1 10s.
No. 8988A.—Set, Gold and Real New Zealand Greenstone Brooch, 15s. 6d.
Collar Stud, Oval, Ball, Set, Gold, £3 7s 10c. Gold 12/6 10/6 Silver 1/6 1/6
No. 8767B.—Set, Gold Chain Leaf and Ball Brooch, 14s. 6d.
Ball Front Stud, Set, Gold, 4s. 6d. 16ct. Gold, 6s. 6d. Silver, 1s.
No. 8985I.—Set, Gold and Real New Zealand Greenstone Brooch, 17s. 6d.
No. 908.—16ct. Gold Heart, 11s. 6d.; Set, 15ct., 7s. 6d.



No. 8978.—Silver-Plated Salt Stand and Spoon, with Fancy Glass, 15s. 6d., a pair.
No. 8447B.—Solid Silver Combination Cigar and Cigarette Holder, Amber Tip, 7s. 6d.
No. 8995A.—Best Silver-Plated and Engraved Napkin Ring, Last a Lifetime, 6s.
Ladies' Silver Mounted Pincushions in all the Fashionable Leathers, 12/6, 14/6, 16/6, 17/6 to 45/6.
No. 848.—Silver-Plated Bedroom Candlestick with Engraving, 8s. 6d.



No. 8950A.—Set, Gold Lucky Wishbone Pin Charm, 6s. 6d.
No. 87157.—Real Crocodile Skin Ladies' Card Case, with Heavy Silver Mounts, £1 2s. 6d.; others at 15s. 6d.
The Japanese Charm, Set, Gold Enamelled Chrysanthemum Pin Charm, 15/6.
No. 6851.—New Clasp, Antique Design, very handsome, heavy make, solid Silver, £1 5s. (Engraving drawn half-size).
Set, Gold Chinese Lantern Pin Charm, 5s. 6d.
No. 8372A.—Berriette Clip, Hooks into button-hole, solid Silver, 4s. 6d.; best Silver-plate, 1s. 6d.
Best Silver-Plated Room Candlestick, 14s. 6d., 16s. 6d., 18s. 6d., all the way up to £3 15s.
No. 87247.—Set, Gold Chased Heart Pin Charm, 6s. 6d.



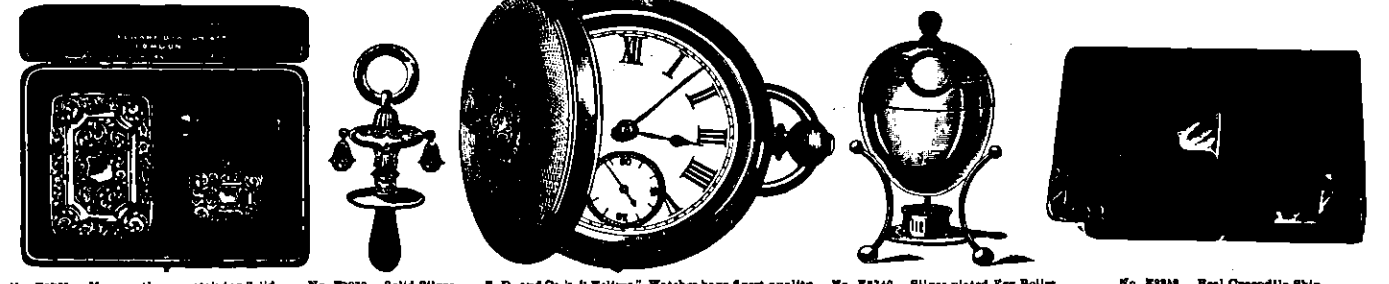
F. D. & Co.'s Ladies' "EOLIPSE" Silver Watch, jewelled in 8 holes, beautifully engraved Case, elegant tinted opal dial, a perfect timekeeper, has finest quality jewels movement; £1 10s.; in Hunting Case, £3. Warranted for 3 years.
No. 887.—Six solid Silver Afternoon Tea Spoons, in Morocco Case, £1 10s.
No. 8928.—Silver-plated Exquisitely Embossed, Battin-lined Jewel Case, in the following sizes:—
In. 2 1/2 x 2 1/2 x 1 1/2 £1 12 6
In. 2 1/2 x 2 1/2 1 12 6
In. 2 1/2 x 1 1/2 x 1 1/2 1 6 0
No. 821.—Silver Glove Stretcher, 4 1/2 in. long, Shoe Lift, and Button Hooks, in Morocco Case, £2 9 0.
F. D. & Co.'s Ladies' Gold Keyless "PRINCESS" Watch, has finely finished full jewelled movement, strong 18ct. gold hunting case, richly engraved and decorated; a reliable timekeeper, £2 10s.; open face, 24 10s. In silver hunting case, £2 10s.; open face, £2.



No. 018.—Set, Gold and Fine Opal Brooch, £1 10s.
No. 197.—Set Link, Set, Gold, £1 10s.; 16ct. Gold, £2 10s.; Silver, 7s. 6d.
No. 87851.—Set, Gold and Finest Amethyst Brooch, with Chains and Bell, £1 7s. 6d.
No. 196.—Set Link, Set, Gold, £1 1s.; 16ct. Gold, £2; Silver, 6s. 6d.
No. 137.—16ct. Gold Brooch, Diamond Centre, £2 10s.



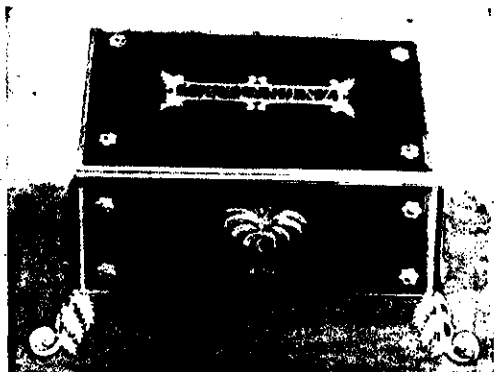
No. 167.—1 Diamond, 8 Rubia, 16ct. Gold, £2 7s. 6d.
No. 112.—Heart and Lover's Knot Brooch, Artistic Design, Amethyst and Set, Gold, 18s. 6d.
No. 161.—3 Diamonds, 8 Rubia, 16ct. Gold, £2 10s.
No. 183.—Elegant Carved Keeper, 16ct. Gold, £2; others at £1 1s., £1 10s.
No. 160.—1 Diamond, 8 Rubia, 16ct. Gold, £2.
No. 117.—16ct. Gold Bar Brooch, 1 Diamond, 8 Rubia, £1 12s. 6d.
No. 173.—Wedding Ring, 16ct. Gold, £1 1s.; heavier Rings, 25/, 27/6, 30/.



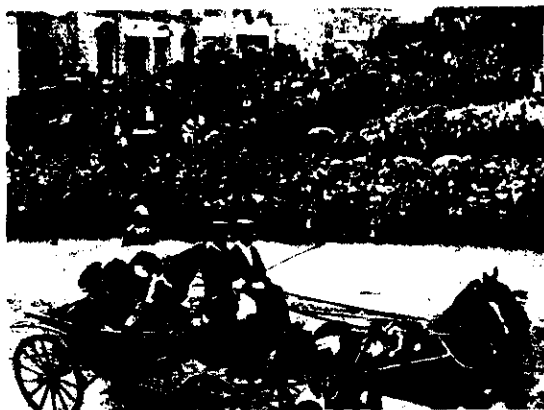
No. 89701.—Morocco Case, containing Solid Silver Match Box, Cigarette Case, and Amber Cigarette Holder, £2.
No. 87070.—Solid Silver 4-hill Baby's Rattle, with Ring and Ribbons, 50c. 6d.
F. D. and Co.'s "EOLIPSE" Watches have finest quality 18-plate full-curved dust-proof movements, jewelled in 8 holes. The best watches at the price ever sold. In hunting case, £2; crystal front, £1 10s.
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146 & 148 QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.



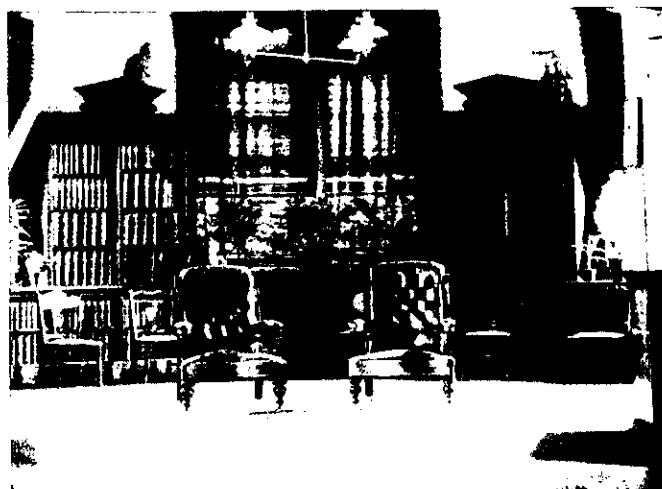
Hanna, photo.
THE GREENSTONE CASKET PRESENTED TO THE DUCHESS BY THE WOMEN OF AUCKLAND. Manufactured by A. Kohn.



A CLOSE SNAPSHOT AT THE DUKE.



Hemus, photo.
THE ROYAL DAIS IN THE ART GALLERY.



Hemus, photo.
THE ROYAL DAIS IN THE LIBRARY.



Walrod, "Graphic" photo.

PRINCES STREET :—DECORATED BY THE LADIES OF PARNELL.



THE GOVERNMENT ARCH WITH THE ROYAL CARRIAGE IN FOREGROUND. Photo by H. D. Hawkins.



HIS EXCELLENCY LORD RANFURLY, MR. SEDDON AND MR. WARD WAITING FOR HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS ON THE WHARF.



Hanna, photo.

THE VETERANS AND RETURNED SOLDIERS AT THE CHORAL HALL. The Duke, Lord Ranfurly, Mr. Seddon, and Mr Ward in the Foreground.



Hanna, photo.

THE BANQUET TO VETERANS AND RETURNED TROOPERS.

See letterpress.

THE MAYOR'S RECEPTION.

THE INVITATIONS.

The following is a list of the invitations to the reception:— The Premier, Mrs and Miss Seddon, the Hon. J. G. Ward, the Hon. J. McGowan, the Hon. H. M. Wilson, and Misses McGregor, the Hon. J. W. and Mrs Taverer, Mr Price.

His Excellency Rear-Admiral Beaumont, Flag-Lieutenant P. Barlow, and Captain Walker, of the Royal Arthur; Commodore Winsloe, of the Ophir; Captain P. Routh, of the Juno; Captain P. Bush, of the St. George; Commander R. Tupper, of the Ladyes; Commander N. Macmaster, of the Torch; Commander Combe, of the Penguin; Lieutenant-Commander Gillespie, of the Sparrow; and Commander Rolleston, of the Archer.

Mr and Mrs E. W. Allison, Mr and Mrs Graves Aickin, Mr and Mrs Isadore Alexander, Captain and Mrs Anderson, Mr and Mrs W. Aickin, Mr and Mrs Armstrong and lady, Mr and Mrs A. C. Atkin, Mr and Mrs R. H. Abbott, Mr and Mrs A. Arnold, Mr and Mrs A. J. Allom, and Mrs Storr.

Mr and Mrs John Brown, Mr and Mrs Thos. Biddle, Mr and Mrs Boylan, Mr and Mrs J. W. Bruce, Mr and Mrs Thos. Bell, Mr and Mrs S. J. Best, Mr and Mrs F. Bodle, Mr and Mrs A. S. Bankhart and Miss Mulvaney, Mr and Mrs G. A. Ruttle, Colonel and Mrs Burton, Mr and Mrs Arthur Bull, Mr C. E. Button and lady, Mr S. Brookfield and lady, Mr J. Brookfield and lady, Dr. Bedford and lady, Dr. Barntun and lady, Dr. Bodle and lady, Rev. W. Beattie and lady, Mr George Biney and lady, Mr Ramford and lady, Mr and Mrs J. S. Bricham, Mr F. N. Brittain and lady, Mr and Mrs W. Berry and the Misses Berry, Mr and Mrs Beaumont, Mr and Mrs M. J. Bennett, Mr and Mrs Brabant, Mr and Mrs W. A. Bankhart, Mr and Mrs Bagnall, Mr and Mrs John Burns, Mr L. Bachelard, Professor and Miss Brown, Mr and Mrs W. Buller, Mr and Mrs M. M. Brigham, Captain, Mrs, and Miss Brodie, Mr and Mrs S. B. Biss, Mr and Mrs John Batzer.

Mr and Mrs M. A. Clark, Mr and Mrs F. A. Claude, Mr and Mrs R. Cameron, Mr and Mrs H. Campbell, Mr and Mrs George-Cook, Mr and Mrs W. Coleman, Mr and Mrs A. H. Curtis, Mr J. McCosh Clark, Mr Henry McCosh Clark, Mr and Mrs Cochran, Mr and Mrs A. L. Clement, Mr D. R. Caldwell, Mr and Mrs Callender, Mr and Mrs Archdemon Calder, Pastor Clark, Mr E. M. Coleman and lady, Mr E. R. Cardno and lady, Mr J. J. Craig and lady, Mr R. C. Clark and lady, Mr G. S. Chapman, Mr Chas. Cooper, Mr H. C. Choyce, Mr and Mrs N. F. Cox, Mr E. Clifton and lady, Mr and Mrs W. H. Churton, Mrs and Misses Coleman, Mr and Mrs W. M. Casey, Mr and Mrs Cotter and the Misses Conolly, Bishop and Mrs Cowie, Rev. Mr and Mrs E. M. Cowie, Mr and Mrs R. A. Carr, Mr. Mrs, and Miss Coates, Mr and Mrs Thos. Cheeseman, Mr and Mrs W. A. E. T. Ivory and lady, Captain and Mrs Duddy, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs Dawson, Mr and Mrs A. J. Denniston, Rev. W. Gray Dixon and lady, Mr J. C. Dickenson and lady, Mr C. C. Doere and lady, Mr James Doere and lady, Mr P. Durby and lady, Mr F. Ditcham, Mr and Mrs W. J. Dufaur, Captain and Mrs Duder, Mr and Mrs W. S. Douglas, Mr and Mrs Duthie, Mr and Mrs Geo. Dunnett, Hon. H. and Mrs Devereux, Mr T. E. Donne.

Mr and Mrs Jos. Edgerton, Mr and Mrs Edgerton, Mr and Mrs John Edson, Mr and Mrs F. G. Ewington, Rev. T. Evershed, Mr A. J. Entrican, Rev. Dr. Egan, Mr and Mrs Endean, Dr. and Mrs Erson, Mr C. J. Eller, Mr and Mrs Enston.

Mr and Mrs Finlayson, Mr and Mrs Geo. Fraser, Captain and Mrs Fraser, Mr and Mrs Robert Fenwick, Mr R. Farrell and lady, Miss Fodor, Mr and Mrs A. M. Ferguson, Mr and Mrs George Fowlds.

Mr and Mrs J. McK. Geddis, Mr and Mrs C. Garrick, Mr and Mrs J. R. Gray, Mr and Mrs G. Gilliam, Mr and Mrs W. Gunson, Mr J. B. Gould and lady, Dr. and Mrs Girdler, Rev. W. E. Gilliam and lady, Canon Gould and lady, Rev. Garland and lady, Mr J. B. Graham and lady, Mr Gresham and lady, Mr Gillespie, Rev. Henry B. Gray, Mr and Mrs G. Garland, Mr and Mrs H. Rees George, Mr and Mrs W. G. Geddis, Mr and Mrs D. Goldie and Miss Goldie, Mr and Mrs Seymour Thorne George and Miss George, Rabbi and Mrs Goldstein, Major and Mrs Nelson George, Mr and Mrs A. Grewer.

Mr and Mrs J. J. Holland, Mr and Mrs J. H. Herbert, Mr and Mrs R. Hobbs, Mr and Mrs J. L. Holland, Mr and Mrs R. Hellaby, Mr and Mrs Holden, Mr and Mrs Samuel Hesketh, Mr and Mrs J. W. Henton, Mr and Mrs F. M. Hinton, Mr and Mrs Harold Hether, Mr and Mrs F. H. Hill, Mr and Mrs Frank Hull, Mr and Mrs W. R. Holmes, Mr and Mrs A. J. Hunter, Mr and Mrs W. J. Hill, Mr and Mrs Robert Hill, Mr and Mrs J. Hume, Mr and Mrs J. H. Hudson, Mr Hemery and lady, Mr A. Hanna and lady, Dr. Hooper and lady, Mr C. Henketh and lady, Mr and Mrs Percy Holt, Mr Arthur Heather and lady, Mr R. Leslie Hunt, Mrs Hacon, Captain Hughes, D.S.O., Mr and Mrs Thos. Hutchison, Mrs Harrison, Misses Burne, Mr A. G. Horton and Miss Horton, Mr and Mrs R. R. Hunt, Mr J. Harris and Miss Harris, Mr John Holmes (Government Commissioner), Mr and Mrs J. H. Hannan, Mr and Mrs A. Hosking.

Mr and Mrs A. B. Irvine.

Mr Samuel Jackson and lady, Mr and Mrs H. M. Jervis, Hon. W. T. and Mrs Jennings.

Mr and Mrs B. Kent, Mr Theo. Kinsling and lady, Dr. Knight and lady, Dr. and Mrs Kluder, Mr and Mrs Alfred Kidd and Miss Kidd, Dr. and Mrs King, Mr and Mrs Jaa. Kirker, Mr and Mrs A. J. Kidd, Miss Kennedy, Mr and Mrs E. J. Kewara, Mr and Mrs Kinsling, Mr and Mrs W. C. Ken-

sington and Miss Kensington, Captain and Mrs Kennedy.

Mr W. Lambert and lady, Dr. Lalshley and lady, Dr. and Mrs Lindsay, Commander Le Roy and lady, Mr John Lawson and lady, Mr and Mrs J. M. Lennon, Mr and Mrs V. L. Lenoir, Mr and Mrs W. Lenoir, Mr and Mrs L. A. Levy, Mr and Mrs T. W. Lery, and Miss Lery, Mr and Mrs E. Langguth, Mr Frank Lawry and lady, Dr. and Mrs T. Hope Lewis, Mr and Mrs Lyons and Miss Aubrey, Bishop Lenihan.

Dr. and Miss McKellar, Dr. and Mrs McDowell, Rev. R. F. Macnicol, Mr McCaul and lady, Mr and Mrs McCall, Mr and Mrs D. G. McDonnell, Mr and Mrs John McNeill, Mr and Mrs McColl, Mr and Mrs T. McMasters, Mr D. B. McDonald, Rev. Mr and Mrs Geo. MacMurray, Mr and Mrs Joo. McLeod, Mr and Miss Maguire, Mr G. Mueller and lady, Mr D. L. Murdoch and lady, Mr J. C. Mackay and lady, Mr Murchie and lady, Mrs and the Misses Myers, Mr A. M. Myers and Mrs Louis Myers, Mr and Mrs Leo Myers, Mr and Mrs Ed. Morton, Mr and Mrs Macklow, Mr and Mrs Thos. Mahoney, Major and Mrs Muir, Mr W. B. Morrison and lady, Mr and Mrs J. M. Murray, Mr and Mrs J. Neule, Mr and Mrs T. J. Mulvaney, Mr and Mrs F. N. Maslyn, Mr and Mrs Montgomery, Mr and Mrs H. Metcalf, Major Maddox, Mr and Mrs H. Mariner, Mr Mariner, Mr and Mrs A. Miller, Major Morrow and lady, Mr and Mrs Moss Davis, Mr and Mrs E. R. Davis, Mr Herbert Davis, the Misses Mitchelson, Mr and Mrs H. B. Morton, Mr and Mrs J. Mowbray and Miss Mowbray, Mr and Mrs Thos. Morrin and Miss Morrin.

Mr and Mrs M. Nicoll, Mr and Mrs Sydney Nathan, Mr O. Nicholson and lady, Rev. Thos. Norrie, Mr A. Nell and lady, Mr and Mrs A. H. Nathan and Miss Nathan, Mr and Mrs N. A. Nathan, Rev. Canon and Mrs Nelson and the Misses Nelson, Mr and Mrs W. J. Napier.

Mr and Mrs J. J. O'Brien, Mr and Mrs Oram, Rev. Monsignor O'Reilly, Miss C. H. Oxley, Miss O'Neill, Sir G. M. and Lady O'Rorke.

Mr F. H. Plockering and lady, Mr Pierce and lady, Rev. W. S. Potter and lady, Mr H. E. Purbridge and lady, Mr Phillips and lady, Mr J. A. Pond and lady, Mr P. Prime and lady, Mr E. W. Peyton and lady, Mr F. B. Parsons and lady, Rev. Dr. Purchas and lady, Mr and Mrs Alfred Porter, Mr Pilkington and lady, Mr W. J. Parkes and lady, Mr and Mrs W. J. W. Philson, Rev. Father Peteren, Mr and Mrs Gerald Penckoek and Miss Penckoek, Colonel Pele Penton and lady, Commander Patterson, Mr and Mrs Jackson Palmer, Major Pitt and lady, Dr. and Mrs Challinor Purchas, Rev. T. F. Robertson, Mr and Mrs W. J. Rees, Mr and Mrs C. Ranson, Mr and Mrs Thos. Russell, Mr and Mrs Chas. Rhodes, Mr C. H. B. Russell, Mr and Mrs A. S. Russell, Mr E. R. Russell and lady, Dr. Robert and lady, Rev. Ready and lady, Mr Chas. Ring and lady, Mr Samuel Rout and lady, Mr A. Rose and lady, Mr Wm. Rattray and lady, Mr and Mrs G. Roberts, Mr and Mrs Beere Roscoe, Miss Reeve, Colonel C. B. Robin, Mr and Mrs W. G. Rathbone, Captain and Mrs Reid, Mr Vincent Rice and lady, Miss Rooke.

Mr John Stewart and lady, Mr John St. Clair and lady, Rev. R. Sommerville and lady, Rev. Mr and Mrs Simmonds, Mr and Mrs W. Sibbald, Mr Smith and lady, Mr Suggate and lady, Mr and Mrs J. W. Shaekeford, Mr and Mrs J. M. Stevenson, Mr and Mrs C. B. Stone, Mr and Mrs James Stewart, Mr and Mrs George Squirell, Mr and Mrs W. Sutherland, Mr and Mrs W. J. Speight, Mr and Mrs Carl Seegner, Mr and Mrs Wesley Spragg, Professor and Mrs Seeger, Mr and Mrs H. M. Suetton, Mr and Mrs W. H. Smith, Mr and Mrs R. Salmon, Mr J. Savage and Miss Savage, Mr and Mrs A. C. Stevenson, Mr J. L. Steele, Mr Shillington and lady, Mr and Mrs Scherff and the Misses Scherff, Hon. and Mrs S. E. Shrivaski, Mr and Mrs L. Shaw, Miss Smith, Mr H. B. Sealey and lady, Mrs Street, Mr and Mrs J. M. Shera.

Mr and Mrs Towle, Mr and Mrs A. W. Thomson, Mr and Mrs W. Thorne, Miss Todd, Mr and Mrs Thomas, Dr. and Mrs Thomas, Mr and Mrs Jos. Thorne, Captain T. Todd, Mr and Mrs G. Turner, Hon. and Mrs J. A. Toie, Professor and Mrs Talbot Tubbs, Mr and Mrs H. C. Tewsey, Hon. T. Thompson, Mr and Mrs J. W. Tibba.

Mr and Mrs J. H. Tipton, Mr and Mrs Samuel Valle and lady, Judge Von Sturmer and lady.

Mr Wrigg and lady, Mr Ward and lady, Dr. and Mrs Walker, Rev. J. Wilkins and lady, Mr Casey Wood and lady, Mr Chas. Williamson and lady, Mr H. W. Warner and Miss Warner, Mr and Mrs W. R. Walker, Mr and Mrs Geo. Winstone, Mr J. H. Wilberford and lady, Mr R. T. Warnock and lady, Lieutenant-Colonel White and lady, and officers of district (12), Mr Frank Wright, Mr John Webster and Miss Webster, Mr and Mrs W. W. Wray, Mr and Mrs John Wiseman, Mr and Mrs F. Wilson, Mr and Mrs J. Winks, Mr and Mrs Robert Walker, Mr and Mrs J. L. Wilson, Mr and Mrs Norman Williams, Lieutenant Wall and lady, Mr and Mrs Kenneth Watkins, Mr and Mrs Ware, Mr and Mrs T. C. Williamson, Captain and Mrs Wray, Mr, Mrs, and Miss Wynard, Mr and Mrs T. Wells, Mr and Mrs Yates.

Lady Katharine Coke. The Hon. Mrs Derrek Keppel. Lord Wenlock, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E. Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Arthur Bigge, G.C.V.D., K.C.B., C.M.G. The Hon. Derrek William George Keppel, M.V.O. His Excellency Rear-Admiral Beaumont.

Flag-Lieutenant Bernard A. Pratt Barlow, of H.M.S. Royal Artbur. Captain Dudley Alexander, Private Secretary to His Excellency the Governor of New Zealand.

Captain Osborne, A.D.C. The Right Hon. R. J. Seddon, P.C., LL.D., Premier of New Zealand. Mrs and Miss Seddon.

The Hon. J. G. Ward and Mrs Ward. The Hon. J. McGowan. Sir G. M. O'Rorke, Speaker of House of Representatives.

Dr. J. Logan Campbell (Mayor of Auckland) and Mrs Campbell.

Mr F. Dillingham (United States Consul) and Mrs Dillingham.

Hon. Mrs Devereux.

Miss Devereux.

Mrs Mitchelson.

Mrs Moss Davis.

Mrs Banks.

Mrs A. H. Nathan.

At the second dinner the guests were:— His Serene Highness Prince Alexander of Teck.

Lady Mary Lygon.

Lady Catherine Coke.

The Hon. Mrs. Derek Keppel.

Lord Wenlock.

The Hon. Derek Keppel.

Commander Sir Charles Cust, Bart., R.N., M.V.O.; Sir John Anderson, K.C.M.G.; Sir Donald Wallace, K.C.I.E.; the Rev. Canon Dalton, C.M.G.; Commander A. L. Winsloe, R.N., of the Ophir.

Captain Boscawen, A.D.C.

Mrs. Boscawen. Miss Boscawen. Bishop Cowie, Primate of New Zealand.

Colonel Gudgeon, British Resident at the Cook Islands.

Mr. Justice Conolly.

Miss Conolly.

Mr. Carl Seegner, German Consul.

Mrs. Seegner.

Mr. Seymour Thorne George.

Mrs. Thorne George.

Mrs. Thorne George.

Mrs. C. M. Nelson.

Mrs. Parkes.

Mrs. G. Bloomfield.



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State Dinners at Government House

His Excellency the Governor and the Countess of Ranfurly on Tuesday gave their first Statedinner at Government House to meet their Royal Highnesses. The following had the honour to be invited:—

Captain His Highness Prince Alexander of Teck, K.C.V.O., 7th Hussars. Lady Mary Lygon.

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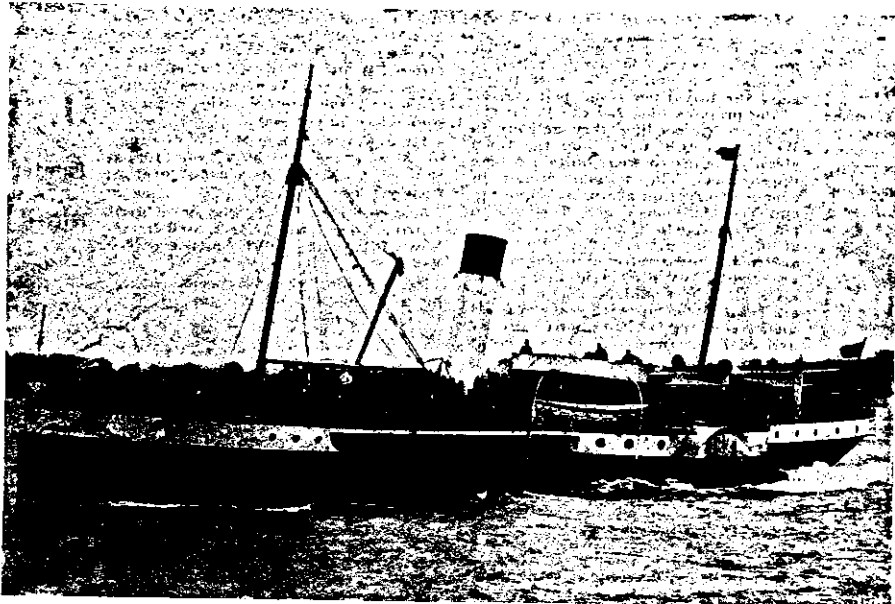
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Music by the Late H. T. Hanson, Conductor of Pollard's Words by Frank M. Burd.

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Personal Paragraphs.

The Premier, the Hon. J. G. Ward, and Miss Ward and party arrived in Auckland on Sunday, is order to receive the Royal party on their arrival.

The preparations for the Royal visitors are proceeding very actively in Wellington this week, and the town already begins to wear quite a festive appearance. The various arches in course of erection are most imposing, and Venetian masts and flags are to play an important part in the decorations. The Government Buildings are to be beautifully illuminated, and are circled with electric lights, and all available verandahs and balconies are being fitted up with seats. A great many country visitors have already arrived in town, and lodgings are at a premium.

Invitations to a dinner at Government House on Tuesday, the 18th, have been issued by Lord and Lady Ranfurly in Wellington, and also for a dinner at Searle's Hotel on the same evening, to meet the members of the suite, for gentlemen only, the large number of the staff necessitating this arrangement; and on Tuesday night a reception also takes place at Government House, and on Wednesday evening a reception is to be held at the Parliamentary Buildings by the members of the Ministry.

The Hon. J. T. Peacock and Mrs Peacock (Christchurch) left for Sydney last week, accompanied by their son, Mr J. Peacock, and Miss Prosser.

Mrs W. Bidwill (Featherston) spent a few days in Wellington this week with Mrs Tweed, at Thorndon Quay.

Mr and Mrs McRae spent a few days in Wellington last week from Palmerston North.

Miss Isabel Cargill (Dunedin), who has, with Miss Annie Cargill, been living in Rome, intends paying a visit to New Zealand very shortly.

Mr and Mrs Percy Adams (Nelson) leave for a trip to England and the Continent in July, and will be greatly missed socially in Nelson during their absence.

Rear-Admiral Remy has issued invitations to an At Home on the Brooklyn on Saturday afternoon, when the vessel is to be beautifully illuminated with electric light, and dancing will take place on deck; and the entertainment is being eagerly anticipated by the ladies.

Mrs Donnelly, of "Chissoge," Hawke's Bay, is at present in Wellington, and intends afterwards to pay visits to Rotorua and Auckland.

Mr Dent, of the Bank of New South Wales, Napier, has been moved to Sydney.

Mrs Walker (Napier) is staying with Mrs Knight, of Dannevirke.

Miss Hutchinson, of Gisborne, is paying a visit to Napier.

Trooper E. Humpries was recently presented by his Hastings friends with a silver watch and chain.

Mr and Mrs Cornford, of Napier, have gone to Wellington to be there during the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.

Dr. De Lisle, of Napier, has presented a silver Challenge Cup to be competed for by the Ahuriri Mounted Rifles.

Mr and Mrs Barnham, of Bathurst, Victoria, have come to reside in Napier.

Mr and Mrs Turnbull, of the Bluff Hill, Napier, have gone for a visit to Wellington.

Miss Morgan, who has come out from London, and is a clever miniature painter, is staying in Napier at the Mosquito Hotel.

The Governor and Countess of Ranfurly have issued a large number of invitations for the reception at Go-

vernment House, Wellington, to meet T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of York. The reception takes place on the 18th June, and is to be from 10 to 11.30 p.m.

The Premier's residence in Mole-worth-street, Wellington, has been renovated and repainted lately, and three large bow windows have been added, which greatly improve its appearance; and the residence of the Hon. J. G. Ward has also been improved. In view of the approaching Royal visit.

Last week, by the Tongariro, a good many friends left Christchurch for England, amongst whom were Mr, Mrs, and Msa Ronalds, Miss Nancarrow, Mr H. P. and the Misses Murray-Aynsley, Mr Richmond Beetham, the Misses Westerra and Lyons, some only for a few months, others a somewhat longer stay.

Mr J. C. George and Miss W. George, of New Plymouth, have gone for a trip to Auckland, on account of the former's health.

Misses Standish (2), who have been visiting their aunt, Mrs Standish, of New Plymouth, have returned to Napier.

Mr Maston, who has been visiting his sister-in-law, Mrs Collins, of New Plymouth, has returned to Wellington.

Miss Greenfield has returned to Nelson, after a pleasant three months' trip in the North Island.

Mrs Hawkes, who had a nasty fall last week at Lawford, while following the hounds, escaped unhurt, and was out again on Saturday; but her beautiful hunter lost his life, as he broke his neck.

Captain Guy Johnston, second son of the Hon. Charles Johnston, M.L.C., Wellington, has returned from South Africa, looking remarkably well after the many hardships of his long campaign, and received a very warm welcome from his many friends there, and is now spending a few days at Wanganui with his relatives.

Mrs G. P. Donnelly, Napier, spent a few days in Wellington before proceeding to Rotorua last week, where she is superintending matters in connection with the native gathering to welcome the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and Ycrk.

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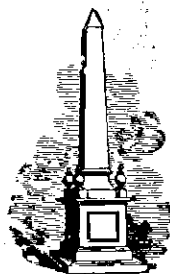
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ORANGE BLOSSOMS

STEVENSON—UPTON.
 All Saints' Church, Ponsonby, Auck-
 land, presented a very animated appear-
 ance on Thursday afternoon, when
 Miss Mary Morton Upton, daughter of
 Mr J. H. Upton, was married to Mr
 James Melville Stevenson, of Waingaro.
 The centre of the church was fully
 occupied by the wedding guests, while
 there was a large gathering of friends
 in other parts of the sacred edifice.
 The altar was decorated with a beau-
 tiful archway of arum lilies. The Ven.
 Archdeacon Calder officiated, and Mr
 Phillipot presided at the organ.
 The bride, who was given away by her
 father, looked very pretty in a rich
 white moire, with lace arranged to
 form yards on skirt. The bodice
 had a fichu of lace and transparent
 veil collar. She wore a white tulle
 lace collar. She wore a white tulle
 veil over a tiara of orange blossoms,
 and carried a beautiful bouquet of
 choice flowers. Miss Nellie Upton at-
 tended her sister as bridesmaid, and
 was attired in a white crepe-de-chine
 frock, and a large sea-green felt hat,
 trimmed with ribbon of the same
 shade, and white plumes and chiffon.
 Her bouquet was composed of yellow
 cloth of gold roses and ferns. Mr
 Ernest Stevenson acted as best man.
 After the ceremony the whole of
 the guests drove to "Okaha," Shelly
 Beach, where Mr and Mrs Upton held
 a reception, and the toast of "Bride
 and Bridegroom" proposed by Arch-
 deacon Calder, was drunk in bumpers
 of champagne. Mr James Kirker pro-
 posed the health of the bride's parents
 in a happy little speech, which was
 duly honoured and responded to in
 feeling terms by Mr Upton, who refer-
 ed to the pleasure he experienced in

seeing so many old friends around
 them.
 The bride cake was a marvel of the
 confectioner's art, and the table dis-
 played a rare variety of delicacies. The
 guests spent a pleasant hour while
 waiting for the departure of the
 bride, in inspecting the multitude of
 wedding presents displayed in the
 billiardroom, comprising many beau-
 tiful and costly household treasures,
 including handsome articles in silver
 ware, tea and dessert services, works
 of art, and several unique ornamental
 clocks.
 Among the dresses were:—Mrs
 Upton (mother of the bride) wore a
 handsome black matalasse, black bon-
 net, trimmed with sable fur, deep vel-
 vet roses and white ospreys; Mrs
 Stevenson (mother of the bridegroom)
 wore a rich black satin, black bonnet
 with touches of white, black and white
 ostrich feather boa; Miss Stevenson,
 fawn voile with white silk yoke, and
 trimmed with white ruffled ribbon, hat
 to match; Mrs Rose, black silk, black
 velvet hat; Mrs C. C. McMillan, black
 merveilleux, white satin yoke, with
 trellis of black ribbon over it, black
 and white bonnet; Mrs H. C. Bull, vio-
 let costume; Mrs F. C. Bull; Mrs R. H.
 Stevenson, black silk; Miss Ada Ste-
 venston, black merveilleux, with pink
 silk yoke and under sleeves; Mrs Turn-
 bull; Mrs T. Brown; Mrs W. Gorrie,
 black brocade and black bonnet; Miss
 Gorrie, black costume; Miss Mary
 Gorrie, black striped silk, black chiffon
 blouse, black hat, white chiffon roses;
 Mrs Simson, Havanna brown, with
 white satin tucked yoke, violet hat;
 Mrs H. Gorrie; Misses Gorrie, royal
 blue and white silk blouses, black
 silk skirts, hats en suite; Mrs A.
 Stewart, black silk; Misses Stewart,
 black velvet costumes, green velvet
 hats; Mrs J. Stewart, pretty pink and
 green flecked voile, trimmed with
 green ruffled ribbon and cream lace,
 black velvet hat, with white s egrette;
 Mrs Leslie Stewart; Miss Phoebe
 Buckland, black cloth coat and skirt,
 black velvet hat, with touches of man-
 darine; Mrs T. W. Leys, orchid mauve
 voile, white silk, tucked yoke, with
 silk Maltese lace tie, black crinolin
 hat, with black plumes; Misses Kiss-
 ling, bright navy costumes, navy hats,
 with grey wings; Mrs J. Tole, black
 striped silk, violet silk toque; Mrs
 Parsons, black brocade, white silk

bodice covered with black lace; Mrs
 Peacock, black brocade, white shirred
 chiffon yoke, black and steel bonnet
 and white osprey; Mrs Parker; Miss
 Campbell, black and white striped
 satin, black and gold bonnet, with
 cerise roses; Miss Peacock, fawn cloth
 coat and skirt, blue chip hat, with
 black silk bow and red roses; Miss
 M. Peacock, dark green costume, fawn
 hat, with black silk bow and fawn
 wing; Mrs Kirker, royal blue silk,
 trimmed with cream lace insertion,
 black toque, with violets; Miss Gill;
 Mrs Devora, black brocade, black bon-
 net, with sequins, red berries and
 blue wing; Mrs Tibbs, mauve cos-
 tume; Mrs Moulner; Mrs Carrick,
 black matalasse; Mrs Runciman,
 black figured silk, black and white
 bonnet; Mrs Calder, black brocade,
 black and white bonnet; Mrs J. B.
 Hay, black silk, white cloth bolero,
 bonnet en suite; Misses Bews; Mrs
 Richmond, black silk; Mrs White,
 Mrs Wallace; Mrs Hardie, black bro-
 cade, black jacket, covered with ap-
 plique, black toque; Miss Isa Grey;
 Mrs Lawry, black and white silk cos-
 tume; Mrs McDonald, black silk; Miss
 Flora McDonald, black and white cos-
 tume; Mrs Vickerman; Mrs Campbell,
 mourning costume; Messrs W. Gorrie,
 H. Gorrie, J. Stewart, W. and L. Ste-
 wart, Simson, Tibbs, T. W. Leys,
 Kirker, Peacock, Hardie, Parsons, A.
 C. Stevenson, A. and H. Clark, M.
 Clark, McMillan, M. W. Stevenson, E.
 Y. Stevenson, Bradford, and Dr. Mac-
 kellar.

Journey through the body they cause
 the bowels to disperse the unnecessary
 and impure bile in the stomach, and
 see that just a sufficient quantity of
 that fluid remains with the patient.
 The kidneys, and consequently the
 urinary organs, are repaired, and a
 free passage is allowed the blood to
 proceed on its course of circulation.
 The blood running freely through the
 body of necessity brings friction or
 magnetism, and the friction brings
 warmth. This is what Bile Beans suc-
 ceed in doing, and that is the reason
 why they are invaluable during the
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ENGLISH MADE throughout.



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"You are not looking very well to-
 day; what is the matter?" "Oh,
 nothing, only just a cold in the nose,
 but it will be all right to-morrow."
 How often do we hear the above asser-
 tion? If people only knew the dan-
 ger of a cold in the nose, they would
 not look upon it as a mere detail. A
 cold in the nose is often the fore-run-
 ner of a complication of ills, and so, too,
 are damp feet and chills. In order to
 guard against evil effects from colds
 the body must be kept in a healthy
 glow. That Bile Beans for Biliousness
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 procedure: They go direct to the liver,
 cleanse that organ thoroughly and set
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MOST BEAUTIFUL IN AROMA,

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FUR NECKLETS—1s 9d, 2s 11d, 3s 11d, 4s 11d, 5s 11d, upwards to 23 3s.

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ment of the guests by introducing one to another in a manner which was much appreciated. Misses Olive Buckland and Kinder were the debutantes of the evening. A recherche supper was laid out in the dining-room, the table being decorated with silk veiled in white embroidery and flanked with substantial vases, such as chicken, hair, trilles, jellies, sweets, etc.

Mrs Cotter, very handsome black moire, the decolletage was finished with lace and steel passementerie, transparent lace sleeves; Miss Cotter, stylish combination of shell pink, fawn lace and brown beads; Miss Millie Cotter was much admired in black silk, made with flounced skirt, plaid silk sash with streamers, coloured roses on shoulder, black bow in coiffure; Miss Winnie Cotter looked pretty in a black silk relieved with azure blue, transparent lace sleeves; Mrs Black, black satin relieved with jet passementerie; Mrs A. Hanna, black silk relieved with white; Mrs Thomas Morrin, rich black brocade with jet ornaments; Mrs Bamford, black skirt, green silk blouse; Miss Withers, black silk handsomely trimmed with black passementerie; Miss Thorpe, black velvet, the decolletage was swathed with white tulle; Miss Kinder, white book muslin with bands of satin; Miss Thorne George, rich pink brocade with lace sleeves, black ornament in coiffure; Miss Griffiths, black silk with waistband and coiffure finished with azure blue; Miss Jackson, pink silk; and her sister wore a white; Misses Kerr-Taylor wore pink creponettes; Miss Hanna, black silk en traine, relieved with pink on shoulder and in coiffure; and her sister wore a white silk finished with blue; Miss Maud Buckland, pink Liberty silk; and her sister wore white; Miss Myers, very handsome white brocade with tulle ruchings on skirt and decolletage; Miss Donald, ivory brocade with ruchings of tulle on skirt; Miss Horton, very handsome pink silk with fawn lace veillings; Miss Stewart, black voile veiled in black lace, with red flowers on shoulder; Mrs Pritt, black velvet with tulle edgings; Miss Frater, black silk, the decolletage was finished with striped blue gauze, which ended in streamers in front; Miss Peacock (Ponsonby), pink silk veiled in fawn lace; Miss Peacock, bright dome blue silk; Miss Lers, rich black silk veiled in net, with rosettes of blue tulle; Miss Buddle, black velvet with transparent sleeves of lace; Mrs Maitland, black silk; Miss Kitty Lennox, pretty book muslin costume finished with frills and edged with bands of black velvet; Miss Corrie, cream silk with ostrich aigrette in coiffure; Miss Buller, pink silk with lace bolero and finished with roses of a darker shade; Miss Hesketh, ivory satin

finished with rosettes of the same satin and yellow flowers and beads; Miss (Sam) Hesketh, canary silk with canary roses in coiffure; Miss Ching, pale blue silk with white tulle fichu; Miss Nelson, black silk; Miss Martyn, white silk with lace finishings; Miss Olive Buckland looked well in a simple and pretty white book muslin with flounced skirt finished with lace, and tucked bodice; Miss Whitson, rich black silk en traine finished with pink round corsage; Miss Edmiston, dainty costume of grey voile with tulle ruchings at foot, pink flowers on shoulders and in coiffure; Miss Morrin, striking red silk veiled in net; Miss Brigham, cream silk with bead passementerie; Miss Bleazard-Brown, white silk finished with lace; Miss Cruickshank, very handsome pink brocade finished with lace; Miss Dargaville, blue silk with waistband of darker hue, blue flower in coiffure; Miss Stevenson, pink silk finished with white tulle with black spots; and her sister looked well in a lilac silk with sash of white tulle; Miss Worsp, nasturtium brown silk; Miss Kempthorne, mode grey silk; Mrs. Maitland, Inglis, Messrs Donald, Pritt, Horton, Kissling, Dargaville, McCormick, Stevenson, McLaughlin, Bruce, Lennox, Purchas, Elliot, Whitson, Muffat, Hesketh, Hanna, Black, Burns, Thorne George Bamford, Peacock, Peacocke, Waddy, Worsp, Brown, Brigham, Hay, Myers, Nathan, Clark.

There was a large attendance of the members of the

MOTHERS' UNION.

on Wednesday afternoon last to welcome the Countess of Ranfurly, who is president of the Mothers' Union, in the St. Mary's Parish Hall. A short service was held in St. Mary's Cathedral, before adjourning to the hall, when Canon MacMurray delivered a brief but eloquent address. On her ladyship's arrival in her carriage she was received by the Most Rev. the Primate at the front door, and conducted to a seat near the platform. Lady Ranfurly was wearing a black material skirt, a black silk blouse, with a little white let in at the neck, fur boa, black hat with plumes and tulle. She was accompanied by her daughter Lady Constance Knox, and Captain Dudley Alexander, His Excellency's private secretary. Lady Constance wore a black coat and skirt, with a large black felt picture hat twisted to suit the wearer's face and adorned with ostrich plumes. A little girl presented a bunch of violets to her Ladyship. Mrs Cowie, wife of the Primate and district vice-president of the Mothers' Union, who is

an invalid, thoughtfully sent a basket of pink carnations, for the use of members of the Union. The Primate, on behalf of the Mothers' Union, as a mark of affection and esteem, presented her Ladyship with a beautiful paper-knife made of greenstone, bearing on a gold shield the following inscription: "To our beloved president, the Countess of Ranfurly, from the members of the Mothers' Union, in the diocese of Auckland, June 3, 1901." On the reverse side was a fern-leaf in gold, the whole making a very artistic gift. Lady Ranfurly, in her charming manner, made an excellent little speech of thanks.

During the afternoon vocal and instrumental selections were rendered as following:—Miss C. Jackson, "Hushhee"; Mr Fleming, "Queen of the Earth"; piano solos, Mrs Macandrew and Miss Wilson; Miss Allee Rimmer sang "The Last Milestone." During an interval light refreshments were liberally dispensed.

Mrs Pierce, black gown; Mrs Pirie, black; Mrs Kempthorne, black skirt, velvet brocade cape with bugle trimming, black bonnet relieved with pink; Mrs Murray, navy serge coat and skirt, white cravate, black hat swathed with tulle; and her daughter wore a combination of royal blue and white; Mrs J. K. Davis, mourning costume; Mrs John Haselden, dark skirt, red velvet blouse, black toque; Mrs Penman, navy serge; Mrs Wood, blue figured gown; Mrs Barker, black gown, black toque; Mrs Coff, black silk relieved with white lace, black toque; Mrs Bankhart, black broche with white tulle tie, black bonnet; Mrs Glenn, brown coat and skirt, brown hat with autumn flowers and roses; Mrs Johnson, black; Mrs Pratt, black silk with cape, black hat with white aigrette; Mrs Dawson, black broche, white vest, black bonnet with mauve primroses; Mrs MacMurray, black silk with pink in bonnet; Mrs Ward, grey costume with black pipings, black hat with violets; Mrs H. B. Morton, dark skirt, grey jacket, fur toque; Mrs Willis, black gown relieved with white, black bonnet; Mrs Carpenter, brown coat and skirt; Mrs Martin, black silk; Mrs A. V. McDonold, brown and black check coat and skirt, toque of brown, fur brim, blue silk crown with white braidings and wreathed with brown ostrich tips; Miss Cole, black costume, violet velvet hat; Mrs Phillips-Turner, dark skirt, grey jacket, black velvet hat with violet swathing; Mrs Shera, brown;

Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee,
Mr and Mrs Cotter gave
A VERY LARGE DANCE
at their pretty residence, Oaklands, Remuera, on the auspicious occasion of the throwing open of their large new ballroom. It proved a most brilliant function. The rooms were beautifully illuminated, the rays of softened and toned light from tinted globes fell upon the animated scene with pleasing effect. Mr and Mrs Cotter, ably assisted by their three daughters and son, received their many guests in the reception room. The reception and sitting out rooms were handsomely decorated with mirrors. The long and wide verandah running half way round the house was a charming retreat and in much request during the intervals of the dances, under which the guests sat and enjoyed the evening air, in contra distinction from the heated atmosphere of the ballroom. Many couples in search of cooler air wandered round the pretty garden walks, lit up with Chinese lanterns. The music and floor left nothing to be desired. There were plenty of gentlemen, and consequently there were no wallflowers, as our host and hostess did all in their power to promote the enjoy-



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THE

GRAND HOTEL, Rotorua

Has been engaged as a Residence for the

Duke and Duchess of Cornwall

During their visit to

ROTORUA and HOT LAKES, and is the only Hotel in the Australasian Colonies which has received their special patronage.



Mrs Stewart, black gown; Mrs Cowan, autumn brown coat and skirt; Mrs Boulton, black costume; Mrs Steele, black skirt and jacket with military braiding, blue vest, black hat with blue silk swathing; Mrs Gooddall, black gown, black bonnet with yellow flowers; Miss O'Neill, brown tweed; Miss Muriel Dawson, French blue gown with white yoke; Misses O'Neill (2), gobelin blue costumes with white lace, square yokes; Mrs Lewinberg, grey skirt, fawn jacket, black hat; Mrs Hurfit, brown tailor-made gown with braid, brown hat; Miss Jackson (Remuera), black; and her sister wore a dark skirt, brown jacket, sailor hat; Miss Horne, fawn tweed costume.

The first day of the

AUCKLAND RACING CLUB'S WINTER MEETING

took place on Saturday last, and was ushered in with threatening warm misty weather, but as no rain fell, the attendance was very large.—Mrs McLaughlin, black coat and skirt, black hat with white egret, black ostrich feather; Mrs Dignan, green and black striped bolero and skirt, trimmed with bands of green silk, the bolero was outlined with emerald green ribbons, and faced with white figured brocade; Mrs Ansonne, navy skirt, sealskin jacket, black toque; Mrs Armitage, navy skirt, fawn jacket, black hat with plumes; Miss Atkinson, black skirt, fawn jacket, black hat; Mrs Alison, black tailor-made gown, black toque; Miss Alison, navy serge, black toque; Mrs Fraser, black costume, black hat; Mrs Peel, black; Mrs William R. Bloomfield, fawn coat and skirt, black hat with plumes; Mrs George Bloomfield, black gown, violet velvet toque; Miss Griffiths, navy coat and skirt, periwinkle vest and toque, the latter was finished with mauve flowers; Mrs Harry Bloomfield, Lincoln green bolero and skirt, white satin collar, toque of black silk; Mrs Grierson, navy skirt, fawn jacket, dark bonnet; Mrs Jerris, navy serge; Mrs Reece, green plaid skirt, green silk blouse, black toque; Miss Buckland, navy serge; Miss Olive Buckland, brown; Miss Bush, navy serge, white hat; Mrs Black, black coat and skirt, black hat relieved with red; Miss Binney, black; and her sister wore green; Mrs Kingswell, black with red let in the neck, black hat with red; Mrs Nolan, mourning costume; Mrs Cotter, navy coat and skirt, blue vest, black hat; Misses Cotter (2) were studies in black relieved with white; Mrs Masfen, fawn coat and skirt, fur toque; Miss Courtaigne, navy serge, black hat; Mrs Ching, navy, black hat; Miss Ching, navy serge, green toque; Mrs Devore, black; Mrs Aldrich, black gown, long fur cape, bonnet with scarlet; Miss Salmon, dark skirt, red jacket, black hat; Miss Donald, navy trimmed with black velvet, black hat with plumes; Miss McDonald, fawn check trimmed with blue; Mrs Donald, grey tailor-made gown, black revers, black bon-

net with blue rosettes; Mrs Clem Lawford, black gown; Miss Worsp, navy bolero and skirt, blue vest, black hat; Mrs Thornton locked distinguée in a red costume with black braid, black toque; Miss Thorne-George, brown gown, brown hat; and her sister wore royal blue gown, royal blue hat; Mrs Colbeck, navy serge, with white vest, white hat with black trimmings and red roses; Mrs Edmiston, grey voile with tucks, heliotrope hat with plumes; Miss Edmiston, grey voile with bias tucked skirt, black hat with plumes; Miss Davy, green bolero and skirt, white vest, black toque; Mrs R. Masefield, black gown, fur toque swathed with blue; Mrs Frater, black costume; Miss Firth, black costume; Mrs Markham, brown check skirt, fawn jacket, black hat; Mrs Hope Lewis, black costume; Mrs (Lieu) Lewis, royal blue trimmed with white, brown toque finished with pink; Mrs Tonks, dark petunia gown, black toque finished with white; Mrs Hanna, French blue tailor-made gown, hat en suite, with feathers and ribbons; Mrs Robert Leckie, navy blue cloth, tailor-made gown, violet vest, black straw hat with violets and plumes; Mrs Herries, violet cloth cape and skirt, with black braid, black toque; Miss Horne, grey trimmed with narrow black velvet, made in jacket style, black and white chiffon hat; Mrs Cattanaeh, chrysanthemum brown trimmed with brown of a darker shade, black toque; Mrs Caldwell, black gown, black toque with blue; Mrs Ernest Bloomfield, claret coloured costume, white vest, black toque; Mrs Sharland, black silk, black toque; Miss Berry, navy; Mrs (Dr.) Sharman, black gown, red hat; Miss Buckland (Waikato), fawn coat and skirt, black toque; Miss Banks, black relieved with white, black hat with plumes; Mrs Thomas McLaughlin, violet costume, black hat trimmed with violet; Miss Thorpe, Lincoln green costume, black hat trimmed with white; and her sister wore navy serge, white hat trimmed with black; Miss Buller, grey tailor-made gown; Mrs H. T. Gorrie, black cloth tailor-made gown; Miss Gorrie, navy with black braiding, black hat; and her sister wore royal blue with rose pink let in at the neck, royal blue toque trimmed with white; and another sister wore navy gown, hat swathed with red velvet; Mrs J. C. Smith, black cloth, black bonnet with pink roses; Miss Smith, dark green tailor-made gown, red straw hat with swathings of velvet and plumes at the back; and her sister wore a black silk, with brocade cape, black toque; Mrs Angus Gordon, black; Mrs Ranson, navy gown, black hat with rosette of white; Mrs A. P. Wilson, navy serge with gold buttons, petunia hat with shaded flowers and velvet; Mrs C. Brown and her sister wore black skirts, fawn jackets, black hats; Misses Ireland (2) were studies in black silks, fur boas and muffs; Mrs Noakes, dark green coat and skirt, sailor hat; Miss Noakes, navy trimmed with black, black hat; Mrs Roberts, pine green with white colarette, black hat; Mrs Bull (nee Miss Essie McMillan), periwinkle blue costume, white vest and sleeves, the skirt was trimmed with bands of black velvet, black toque; Mrs Tanner, navy; Miss Tanner, navy bolero and skirt, white vest, red hat; Mrs Thomas Morrin, mode grey voile, with tucked skirt, black toque; Miss Morrin, navy gown, white hat with plumes; Miss Mitchelson, black tailor-made gown, sailor hat; Miss Dunnett, black and gold combination; Mrs Martelli, grey plaid skirt, velvet bolero, white satin vest, black hat; Miss Snell, royal blue costume; Mrs Ralph, royal blue costume, black toque with touch of yellow; Miss Ralph, green plaid skirt, green jacket, sailor hat; Miss Muir, royal blue, black toque with blue; Mrs E. Kelly, lavender violet tweed, toque to correspond; Miss Keogh, dark skirt, French blue velvet blouse; Miss Wainutt, navy serge; Mrs Stuart Reid, grey gown, black hat; Miss Clare Smith, black skirt, fawn jacket, blue velvet toque; Miss Percival, black skirt, grey satin tucked bodice, black skirt; Miss Ethel Percival, navy serge, white sailor hat; Miss Torrance, bluey grey tweed coat and

skirt, red hat; Miss Ralph (Huntly), green tailor-made costume, felt hat; Mrs Ralph (Ponsonby), brown skirt, tawn jacket, black hat; Miss Peacocke, royal blue cloth costume, black toque; and her sister wore navy with black braid; Miss Lambert, grey costume, black hat; Mrs Walker

(Ellerslie), black silk; Miss Walker, grey gown, red hat; Mrs (Col.) Dawson, navy serge, sailor hat; Mrs Stafford Walker, red and navy blue plaid costume, sailor hat; Miss Cruickshank, navy; Mrs R. Crowe, royal blue, black hat.

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GOOD PIES are nutritious.

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NEW FRILLINGS NEW FALL NETS LINEN CUFFS AND COLLARS

GO TO **S. F. Benton**

KARANGAHAPE ROAD, AUCKLAND.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, June 5.
 Last Tuesday evening Rear-Admiral G. C. Remy and officers of the United States warship Brooklyn, which is now in port here, were entertained at dinner by the New Zealand Government. The entertainment took place at the Empire Hotel, and was a very brilliant success in every way. Other American officers who were present besides Admiral Remy were Capt. F. W. Diekena, Pay Inspector H. Harris, Medical Inspector Rogers, Chaplain F. Thompson, Lieutenant - Commander Barton, Major Speer (United States Marines), and Lieutenants Shipley, Gill, Helknap, McGrann and Olinsted. The Government was represented by the Premier (in the chair), members of the Ministry, the Mayor, foreign Consuls, members of the Upper and Lower Houses, Sir Arthur Douglas, Lieutenant-Colonel Newell, Captain Post (s.s. Tutanekei), and Mr. Beauchamp. The toasts of the evening were "The King," "The President of the United States," and "Rear-Admiral Remy," proposed by Hon. Mr. Seddon. After Admiral Remy had briefly responded, the very enjoyable gathering was brought to a close with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" with musical honours.

Yesterday the admiral and officers of the Brooklyn were entertained at a picnic by the Acting-Consul for the United States, Mr. J. G. Duncan, and Mrs. Duncan. The party drove out to Titahi Bay in a brake, and a most enjoyable day was spent. The American visitors are to be the guests of the gentlemen of the Wellington Club at dinner on Saturday.

A very enjoyable afternoon tea was given by Lady Stout last Thursday. The guests were invited to meet Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leckie, who are spending their honeymoon in Wellington, and are staying with Mr. Leckie's mother in Hill-street. Tea was daintily arranged in the dining-room end of the two rooms, which were thrown into one by folding doors, for the occasion, and the table was prettily decorated with flowers. Lady Stout received in the drawing-room, and wore a rich black satin trained gown, the bodice of rose pink satin, veiled with cream lace. Mrs. R. Leckie wore a very pretty gown of lovely goblin blue silk voile, beautifully tucked, and the bodice trimmed with cream embroidered chiffon, blue and cream toque trimmed with lace. Others among the guests were: Mrs. Leckie, Mrs. Finlay, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Butt, Mrs. Reid, Mrs. Pearce, Mrs. Tweed, Mrs. J. Truie, Mrs. and Miss Fancourt, Mrs. H. Gore, Mrs. Marchbanks, Miss Brandon, etc.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, June 6.
 Our Winter Show last week was a distinct success, and drew a number of country visitors. Opinions differed very much about having the exhibits scattered in the corridors and smaller halls when the large hall was supposed to have been built expressly for use at the Winter Show, but after wandering on an hour or so on one's tour of inspection, it was a charming rest to enter the Canterbury Hall, where a comfortable seat could be had and pleasant entertainment was going on. A very large audience was present the first evening to hear the Premier's opening remarks, followed by the "Bright Hour's Children." This little company has been taught and trained entirely by Mrs. Saunders, with the exception of the dancing, and Mrs. Zepin has been most successful with the little people in that. The other evenings a concert programme was provided. Of the exhibits themselves, the root crops could scarcely be surpassed. I should think the apples, pears and grapes amongst the fruits made a tempting display, and the horticultural section almost surpassed the late Chrysanthemum Show. Dr. Levinge (for his gardener) is a most successful grower both of flowers and vegetables, but I know he is personally a great lover of flowers. The floral display of Mr. G. Davis has never been approached here, and Mr. W. Jones' group was a picture. Among the visitors were the Mayor and Mrs. A. E. G. Rhodes, Mr. and Mrs. G. Rhodes, Mr. and Mrs. Heaton Rhodes, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Stead, Mr.

and Mrs. E. G. Staveley, Mr. and Mrs. Archer, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Waymouth, Mr. and Mrs. Jameson, Mr. and Mrs. D. Macfarlane, Mr. and Mrs. D. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Woodroffe, Mr. and Mrs. Wigram, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Ogle, Miss Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Bond, Mr. and Mrs. N. Macbeth, Mr. and Mrs. Chaffey, Mr. and Mrs. C. Dalgety, Mr. and Mrs. J. Anderson, Captain and Mrs. Lewin, Misses Anderson and Lewin, Dr. and Mrs. Thacker, Mr. and Mrs. Bealey (Hororata), Mr. and Mrs. Pyne, Mr. and Mrs. L. Matson, Mr. and Mrs. D. Matson, Mrs. G. Kettlewell, the Misses Allan, Mr. and Mrs. Selig, Mr. and Mrs. R. Chapman (Fernside), Mr. and Mrs. Maude, Dr. and Mrs. Jennings, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Deans, Mr. H. and Miss N. Reeves, Mr. and Mrs. Hay, and many other interested spectators.

During the course of the Premier's remarks he read the definite programme of the Royal visit; the review appears to have reached huge dimensions, and for the first time in my life made me wish I was a boy and could have a reserve seat up a tree, for there will be no more than one for the troops in Hagley Park—

about 10,000 are expected. The raised seats round Victoria Square to view the laying of the foundation stone of the Jubilee Memorial are being eagerly bought up at five shillings. The decorations of the city are progressing, the arch over Victoria Bridge looks most imposing.

NATURE'S OVERCOAT.

The winter is fast approaching, and it behoves men and women to have a care. As a result of the summer the blood is still heated, and coming in contact as it were with the cold blasts and drizzling rain, influenza, catarrh, and chills are almost certain to result. Bile Beans for Biliousness will prevent that state of affairs. They will infuse new and rich blood into the system and cause the same to circulate with regularity, thus giving the body Nature's warmth to battle against the winter. It must be understood to bring about that state of affairs Bile Beans work upon a system. They go, first of all, directly to the liver, and having visited that organ and thoroughly repaired it, the Beans search

the system for blemishes and rectify any ills with which they might come in contact. By that process it can be seen that the body becomes of necessity clean and healthy, and good rich blood is consequently imported. That is the reason they are indispensable in the winter.

"All that glitters is not gold."

A proverb old and true, Neither is a cough or cold, What it appears to you, Do not treat it lightly, for 'Tis better to be sure, That you suffer never more, Get WOODS' GREAT PEPPER-MINT CURE.

H. F. WINDSOR, SURGEON DENTIST, Shortland Street, Auckland. (opposite Post Office.)

The above business will be carried on as heretofore, under duly qualified supervision.

TRADE TRIALS.

The Troubles of Workers in Different Avocations.

The troubles of the workers have, of recent years, been brought to mind more vividly than ever by newspaper agitation and legislative action, and much has been done to lighten them. But the articles which we print below show that in many cases something more than legislation is needed to ensure happiness. In these articles, afflictions common to workers are described from actual observation, together with an account of the cure of these ailments by means of

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

SCIATICA CURED.

A Gardener's Hard Life.

The vicissitudes in the life of a gardener living at 100 Durham Street, near Sydenham, Christchurch.

formed the subject of an engraving article published by the *Christchurch Lyttelton Times*. Mr. Robert Thomas when questioned said:—
 "I am seventy-five years of age, and my work as a gardener naturally exposes me a good deal to the wind and wet, and I often have to dig in damp ground. The result of this was that nine years ago when living in Auckland I was one day suddenly afflicted with excruciating pains in the back and left hip, due to sciatica. I cried aloud in agony. My wife thought I was demented. A skilful doctor was immediately sent for, but despite leeches and electric batteries I did not seem to improve. Indeed the pains increased in severity and extended down the right leg. Subsequently other doctors treated me; then I tried nearly all the patent medicines advertised, but they proved worthless. I spent hundreds of pounds without obtaining relief, and I often prayed that death would release me. Some eight months ago my wife persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To my surprise and delight the first box brought a wonderful improvement, the pain lessened, and I felt stronger. I continued with the pills until every symptom of sciatica left me. I have worked about in all weathers since and have had no return of my ailment."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are genuine only with the full name printed in red ink on the pink outside wrapper. They are sold by chemists and storekeepers, and by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Coy., Wellington, 8/- per box, six boxes 1/10, post free.

INFLUENZA & RHEUMATISM.

Nurse's Brave Struggle.

Nurse Annie Bell, of Allan Street, Oamaru, is forty-six years of age, and is a well-trained, experienced nurse.

When interviewed she said:—
 "I always enjoyed excellent health until seven years ago when I was prostrated by a serious illness, which rendered me practically an invalid for three years. I became susceptible to attacks of influenza and rheumatism, and the influenza made me so weak and miserable that I was scarcely fit for anything. The aching pains of rheumatism came in my arms, shoulders and ankles, and at times I could scarcely lift my arms. General debility set in and I lost flesh greatly. For years I did not know what it was to have a night's good rest. I tried various treatments for my complaints, but without result, and hearing that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People had been beneficial in such cases, I began taking them. Before long I improved considerably, and was able to sleep well. After taking three boxes I felt much stronger. My appetite returned and the rheumatic pains almost left me. A few more boxes completely cured me, and I am now as strong and active as ever. Whenever the strain of nursing tires me, I have only to take a few of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People to feel bright and happy again. I will recommend this wonderful medicine whenever opportunity offers, for I can speak with assurance of its curative virtues."

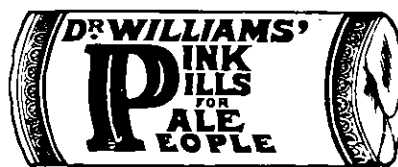
GENERAL DEBILITY.

A Shipwright in Danger.

Mr. Joseph Page, of Page Street, Lyttelton, Canterbury, is sixty years of age, and a native of Gloucester, England. He came to New Zealand about twenty-two years ago and took up his abode at Lyttelton, where he has since resided, being employed as a shipwright by the Harbour Board. He enjoyed fairly good health until about two years ago, when he met with a serious accident. A small boat he was in collided with a tug. The boat was smashed, and Mr. Page was so injured that he had to lay up for nine months. Although he partly recovered from the accident, his nerves were unstrung and he felt extremely weak. He could not get about, and it was evident he was in a bad way. When interviewed about the matter he said:—

"Previous to my accident I had suffered from biliousness and the after-effects of influenza, and as I had derived great benefit from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on that occasion, I decided to see if they would remove my nerve troubles and debility. Three boxes improved me wonderfully, and nine boxes completely cured me. My nerves have been toned-up and my blood enriched. I have now a good appetite, sleep well, and am quite strong and active. My wife has also been cured of debility by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which I consider an excellent tonic for all who are weak and ailing. I shall never fail to recommend them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are praised by all classes for the way in which they have cured paralysis, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, sciatica, also diseases arising from impureness of the blood, anaemia, dyspepsia, neuralgia, hysteria, ladies' ailments, etc.



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KIM.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

CHAPTER II. (continued.)

The lama fell back on Urdu, remembering that he was in a strange land. "Hear the tale of the arrow which our Lord loosed from the bow," he said.

"This was much more to their taste, and they listened curiously while he told it. "Now, O people of Hind, I go to seek that River. Know ye aught that may guide me, for we be all men and women in evil case."

"There is Gunga—and Gunga alone—who washes away sin," ran the murmur round the carriage.

"Though past question we have good Gods Jullundur-way," said the cultivator's wife, looking out of window. "See how they have blessed the crops."

"To search every river in the Punjab is no small matter," said her husband. "For me, a stream that leaves good silt on my land suffices, and I thank Bhunia, the God of the Homestead." He shrugged one knotted, bronzed shoulder.

"Think you our Lord came so far north?" said the lama, turning to Kim.

"It may be," Kim replied soothingly, as he spat red pan juice on the floor.

"The last of the Great Ones," said the Sikh, with authority, "was Sikander Julkarn (Alexander the Great). He paved the streets of Jullundur and built a great tank near Umballa. That pavement holds to this day, and the tank is there also. I never heard of thy God."

"Let thy hair grow long and talk Punjab," said the young soldier, jestingly to Kim, quoting a Northern proverb. "That is all that makes a Sikh." But he did not say this very loud.

The lama sighed and shrunk into himself, a dingy, shapeless mass. In the pauses of their talk they could hear the low droning—"Om mune pudme hum! Om mune pudme hum!"—and the thick click of the wooden rosary beads.

"It irks me," he said at last. "The speed and the clatter irk me. Moreover, my chela. I think that maybe we have overpassed that River."

"Peace, peace," said Kim. "Was not the river near Benares? We are yet far from that place."

"But, if our Lord came north, it may be any one of these little ones that we have run across."

"I do not know."

"But thou wast sent to me—wast thou sent to me?—for the merit I had acquired over yonder at Suchen. From beside the cannon did thou come—bearing two faces—and two garbs."

"Peace. One must not speak of these things here," whispered Kim. "There was but one of me. Think again and thou wilt remember. A boy—a Hindu boy—by the great green cannon."

"But was there not also an Englishman with a white beard—sitting among images—who himself made more sure my assurance of the River of the Arrow?"

"He—we—went to the Ajai-Gher in Lahore to pray before the gods there." Kim explained to the openly listening company. "And the Sahib of the Wonder House talked to him—yes, this is truth—as a brother. He is a very holy man from far beyond the hills. Rest thou. In time we come to Umballa."

"But my River—the River of my healing?"

"And then, if it please thee, we will go hunting for that River on foot. So that we miss nothing—not even a little rivulet in a field side."

"But thou hast a Search of thine own?" The lama—very pleased that he remembered so well—sat bolt upright.

"Ay," said Kim, humouring him. The boy was entirely happy to be out chewing pan and seeing new people in the great good tempered world.

"It was a bull—a Red Bull that shall come and help thee—and carry thee—whither? I have forgotten. A Red Bull on a green field, was it not?"

"Nay, it will carry me nowhere," said

Kim. "It is but a tale I told thee." "What is this?" the cultivator's wife leaned forward, her bracelets clinking on her arm. "Do ye both dream dreams? A Red Bull on a green field, that shall carry thee to the Heavens—or what? Was it a vision? Did one make a prophecy? We have a Red Bull in our village behind Jullundur city, and he grazes by choice in the very greenest of our fields."

"Give a woman an old wife's tale and a weaver-bird a leaf and a thread, they will weave wonderful things," said the Sikh. "All holy men dream dreams, and by following holy men their disciples attain that power."

"A Red Bull on a green field, was it?" the lama repeated. "In a former life it may be thou hast acquired merit, and the Bull will come to reward thee."

"Nay—nay—it was but a tale one told to me—for a jest belike. But I will seek the Bull about Umballa, and thou canst look for thy River and rest from the clatter of the train."

"It may be that the Bull knows—that he is sent to guide us both," said the lama, hopefully as a child. Then to the company, indicating Kim: "This one was sent to me but yesterday. He is not, I think, of this world."

"Beggars a plenty have I met, and holy men to boot, but never such a yogi nor such a disciple," said the woman.

Her husband touched his forehead lightly with one finger and smiled. But the next time the lama would eat they took care to give him their best.

And at last—tired, sleepy, and dusty—they reached Umballa City Station.

"We abide here upon a law suit," said the cultivator's wife to Kim. "We lodge with my man's cousin's younger brother. There is room also in the courtyard for thy yogi and for thee. Will—will he give me a blessing?"

"O holy man! A woman with a heart of gold gives us lodging for the night. It is a kindly land, this land of the South. See how we have been helped since the dawn!"

The lama bowed his head in benediction.

"To fill my cousin's younger brother's house with wasters! —" the husband began, as he shouldered his heavy bamboo staff.

"Thy cousin's younger brother owes my father's cousin something yet on his daughter's marriage feast," said the woman crisply. "Let him put their food to that account. The yogi will beg, I doubt not."

"Ay, I beg for him," said Kim, anxious only to get the lama under shelter for the night, that he might find Mahhub Ali's Englishman and deliver himself of the white stallion's pedigree.

"Now," said he when the lama had come to an anchor in the inner courtyard of a decent Hindu house behind the cantonments, "I go away for awhile—to buy us victual in the bazaar. Do not stray abroad till I return."

"Thou wilt return? Thou wilt surely return?" The old man caught at his wrist. "And thou wilt return in this very same shape? Is it too late to look to-night for the River?"

"Too late and too dark. Be comforted. Think how far thou art on the road—an hundred kos from Lahore already."

"Yes—and farther from my monastery. Alas! It is a great and terrible world."

Kim stole out and away, as unremarkable a figure as ever carried his own and a few score thousand other folk's fate slung round his neck. Mahhub Ali's directions left him little doubt of the house in which his Englishman lived; and a groom, bringing

a dog-cart home from the Club, made him quite sure. It remained only to identify his man, and Kim slipped through the garden hedge and lay in a clump of plumed grass close to the verandah. The house was blazing with lights, and servants moved about tables dressed with flowers, glass, and silver. Presently forth came an Englishman, dressed in black and white, humming a tune. It was too dark to see his face, so Kim, beggar-wise, tried an experiment.

"Protector of the Poor!" He backed swiftly towards the unseen voice.

"Mahhub Ali says—"
"Bah! What says Mahhub Ali?" He made no attempt to look for the speaker, and that showed Kim that he knew.

"The pedigree of the white stallion is fully established."

"What proof is there?" The Englishman switched at the rose-hedge in the side of the drive.

"Mahhub Ali has given me this proof." Kim flipped the wad of folded paper into the air, and it fell on the path beside the man, who put his foot on it as a gardener came round the corner. When the servant passed he picked it up, dropped a rupee, Kim could hear the clink, and strode into the house, never turning round. Swiftly Kim took up the money; but, for all his training, he was Irish enough by birth to reckon silver the least part of any game. What he wanted was the visible effect of action; so, instead of slinking away, he lay close in the grass and wormed nearer to the house.

He saw—Indian bungalows are open through and through—the Englishman return to a small dressing-room in a corner of the verandah that was half-office, littered with papers and despatch boxes, and sit down to study Mahhub Ali's message. His face, in the full rays of the kerosene lamp, changed and darkened, and Kim, used as every beggar must be to watching countenances, took good note.

"Will! Will, dear!" called a woman's voice. "You ought to be in the drawing-room. They'll be here in a minute."

The man still read intently. "Will!" said the voice, five minutes later. "He's come. I can hear the troopers in the drive."

The man dashed out bareheaded as a big landau with four native troopers behind it halted at the verandah, and a tall, black-haired man, erect as an arrow, swung out, preceded by a young officer who laughed pleasantly. Flat on his belly lay Kim, almost touching the high wheels. His man and the black stranger exchanged two sentences.

"Certainly, sir," said the young officer promptly. "Everything waits while a horse is concerned."

"We shan't be more than twenty minutes," said Kim's man. "You can do the honours—keep 'em amused, and all that."

"Tell one of the troopers to wait," said the tall man, and they both passed into the dressing-room together as the landau rolled away. Kim saw their heads bent over Mahhub Ali's message, and heard the voices—one low and deferential, the other sharp and decisive.

"It isn't a question of weeks. It is a question of days—hours almost,"

said the elder. "I'd been expecting it for some time, but this"—he tapped Mahhub Ali's paper—"clenches it. Grogan's dining here to-night, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir, and Macklin, too."
"Very good. I'll speak to them myself. The matter will be referred to the Council, of course, but this is a case where one is justified in assuming that we take action at once. Warn the Pindi and Peshawur brigades. It will disorganise all the summer reliefs, but we can't help that. This comes of not smashing them thoroughly the first time. Eight thousand should be enough."

"What about artillery, sir?"
"I must consult Macklin."
"Then it means war, sir?"
"No. Punishment. When a man is bound by the action of his predecessor—"

"But C 25 may have lied."

"He bears out the other's information. Practically, they showed their hand six months back. But Devenish would have it there was a chance of peace. Of course they used it to make themselves stronger. Send off those telegrams at once—the new code, not the old—mine and Wharton's. I don't think we need keep the ladies waiting any longer. We can settle the rest over the cigars. I thought it was coming. It's punishment—not war."

As the trooper cantered off Kim crawled round to the back of the house, where, going on his Lahore experiences, he judged there would be food—and information. The kitchen was crowded with excited scullions one of whom kicked him.

"Aie," said Kim, feigning tears. "I came only to wash dishes in return for a bellyful."

"All Umballa is on the same errand. Get hence. They go in now with the soup. Think you that we who serve Creighton Sahib need strange scullions to help us through a big dinner?"

"It is a very big dinner," said Kim, looking at the plates.

"Small wonder. The guest of honour is none other than the Jang-i-Lat Sahib (the Commander-in-Chief)."

"Ho!" said Kim, with the correct guttural note of wonder. He had learned what he wanted, and when the scullion turned he was gone.

"And all that trouble," said he to himself, thinking as usual in Hindustanee, "for a horse's pedigree! Mahhub Ali should have come to me to learn a little lying. Every time before that I have borne a message in concerned a woman. Now it is men. Better. The tall man said that they will lose a great army to punish some one—somewhere—the news goes to Pindi and Peshawur. There are also guns. Would I had crept nearer. It is big news."

He returned to find the cultivator's cousin's younger brother discussing the family law-suit in all its bearings with the cultivator and his wife and a few friends, while the lama dozed. After the evening meal some one passed him a water-pipe; and Kim felt very much of a man as he pulled at the smooth coconut-shell, his legs spread abroad in the moonlight, his tongue clicking in remarks from time to time. His hosts were most polite; for the cultivator's wife had told them of his vision of the Red Bull, and of his probable descent from another world. Moreover, the lama was a great and venerable curiosity. The family priest, an old, tolerant Sarsut Brahmin, dropped in later, and naturally started a theological argument to impress the family. By creed, of course, they were all on their priest's side, but the lama was the guest and the novelty. His gentle kindness, and his impressive Chinese quotations, that sounded like spells, delighted them hugely; and in this sympathetic,

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The Proprietors of Condy's Fluid, of Goswell Road, London, England, are now placing on every bottle of Condy's Fluid, a most useful Book containing instructions from Veterinary Surgeons of the highest standing for the treatment and cure of ailments affecting Horses, Dogs, Cats, Cattle, Sheep, Pigs, Poultry, Pigeons & Cage Birds.

Condy's Fluid is really a Magical Remedy for suffering animals, and this book will be found extremely useful. We recommend all our readers to buy a bottle of Condy's Fluid and carefully read this Veterinary Book which is now attached to every bottle.

simple air, he expanded like the Bodhisattva's own lotus, speaking of his life in the great hills of Such-zen, before, as he said, "I rose up to seek enlightenment."

Then it came out that in those worldly days he had been a master-hand at casting horoscopes and nativities; and the family priest led him on to describe his methods; each giving the planets names that the other could not understand, and pointing upwards as the big stars sailed across the dark. The children of the household unrebuked at his rosary; and he clean forgot the Rule which forbids looking at women as he talked of enduring snows, landslips, blocked passes, the remote cliffs where men find sapphires and turquoise, and that wonderful upland road that leads at last into great China itself.

"How thinkest thou of this one?" said the cultivator aside to the priest.

"A holy man—a holy man indeed. His Gods are not the Gods, but his feet are upon the Way," was the answer. "And his methods of nativities, though that is beyond thee, are wise and sure."

"Tell me," said Kim lazily, "whether I find my Red Bull on a green field, as was promised me."

"What knowledge hast thou of thy birth-hour?" the priest asked, swelling with importance.

"Between first and second cock-crow of the first night in May."

"Of what year?"

"I do not know; but upon the hour that I cried first fell the great earthquake in Srinagar, which is in Kashmir." This Kim had from the woman who took care of him, and she again from Kimball O'Hara. The earthquake had been felt in India, and for long stood a leading date in the Punjab.

"Ah!" said a woman excitedly. This seemed to make Kim's supernatural origin more certain. "Was not such an one's daughter born then—"

"And her mother bore her husband four sons in four years—all likely boys," cried the cultivator's wife, sitting outside the circle in the shadow. "None reared in the knowledge," said the family priest, "forget how the planets stood in their Houses upon that night." He began to draw in the dust of the courtyard. "At least thou hast good claim to a half of the House of the Bull. How runs the prophecy?"

"Upon a day," said Kim, delighted at the sensation he was creating, "I shall be made great by means of a Red Bull on a green field, but first there will enter two men making all things ready."

"Yes, thus it is at the opening of a vision. A thick darkness that clears slowly; anon one enters with a broom making ready the place. Then begins the sight. Two men—thou sayest? Ay, ay. The Sun, leaving the House of the Bull, enters that of the Twins. Hence the two men of the prophecy. Let us now consider. Fetch me a twig, little one."

He knitted his brows, scratched, smoothed out, and scratched again in the dust mysterious signs—to the wonder of all save the lama, who, with fine instinct, forbore to interfere.

At the end of half an hour, he tossed the twig from him with a grunt.

"H'm. Thus say the stars. Within three days come the two men to make all things ready. After them follows the Bull; but the sign over against him is the sign of War—and armed men."

"There was indeed a man of the Ludhiana Sikhs in the carriage from Lahore," said the cultivator's wife hopefully.

"Tek! Armed men—many hundreds. What concern hast thou with war?" said the priest to Kim. "This is a red and an angry sign of War to be loosed very soon."

"None—none," said the lama earnestly. "We seek only peace and our River."

Kim smiled, remembering what he had overheard in the dressing-room. Decidedly he was a favourite of the stars.

The priest brushed his foot over the rude horoscope. "More than this I cannot see. In three days comes the Bull to thee, boy."

"And my River, my River," pleaded the lama. "I had hoped his Bull would lead us both to the River."

"Alas, for that wondrous River, my brother," the priest replied. "Such

things are not common."

Next morning, though they were pressed to stay, the lama insisted on departure. They gave Kim a large bundle of good food and nearly three annas in copper money for the needs of the road, and with many blessings watched the two go southward in the dawn.

"Pity it is that these and such as these could not be freed from the Wheel of Things," said the lama.

"Nay, then would only evil people be left on the earth, and who would give us meat and shelter?" quoth Kim, stepping merrily under his burden.

"Yonder is a small stream. Let us look," said the lama, and he led from the white road across the fields, walking into a very hornet's nest of pariah dogs.

CHAPTER III.

Yea, voice of every soul that clung To Life that strove from rung to rung When Devadatta's rule was young, The warm wind brings Kamakura.

Behind them an angry farmer brandished a bamboo pole. He was a market gardener, Arain by caste, growing vegetables and flowers for Umballa city, and well Kim knew the breed.

"Such an one," said the lama, dis regarding the dogs, "is impolite to strangers, intemperate of speech and uncharitable. He warned by his demeanour, my disciple."

"Ho, shameless beggars!" shouted the farmer. "Begone! Get hence!"

"We go," the lama returned, with quiet dignity. "We go from these un-blessed fields."

"Ah," said Kim, sucking in his breath, "if the next crops fail thou canst only blame thy own tongue."

The man shuffled uneasily in his slippers. "The land is full of beggars," he began, half apologetically.

"And by what sign didst thou know that we would beg from thee, O Mali?" said Kim, tartly, using the name that a market gardener least likes. "All we sought was to look at that river beyond the field there."

"River, forsooth!" the man snorted. "What city do you hail from not to know a canal cut? It runs as straight as an arrow, and I pay for the water as though it were molten silver. There is a branch of the river beyond. But if ye need water I can give that—and milk."

"Nay, we will go to the river," said the lama, striding out.

"Milk and a meal," the man stammered, as he looked at the strange, tall figure. "I would not draw evil upon myself—or my crops; but beggars are so many in these hard days."

"Take notice," the lama turned to Kim. "He was led to speak harshly by the red mist of anger. That clearing from his eyes he becomes courteous and of an affable heart. May his fields be blessed. Beware not to judge men too hastily, O farmer."

"I have met holy ones who would have cursed thee from hearthstone to byre," said Kim to the abashed man. "Is he not wise and holy? I am his disciple."

He cocked his nose in the air loftily and stepped across the narrow field borders with great dignity.

"There is no pride," said the lama, after a pause, "there is no pride among such as follow the Middle Way."

"But thou hast said he was low caste and discourteous."

"Low caste I did not say, for how can that be which is not? Afterwards he amended his discourtesy, and I forgot the offence. Moreover, he is, as we are, bound upon the Wheel of Things; but he does not know the way of deliverance." He halted at a little rivulet among the fields, and considered the hoof-trodden bank.

"Now, how wilt thou know thy River?" said Kim, squatting in the shade of some tall sugarcane.

"When I find it, an enlightenment will surely be given. This, I feel, is not the place. O littlest among the waters, if only thou couldst tell me where runs my River! But be thou blessed to make the fields bear!"

"Look! Look!" Kim sprang to his side and dragged him back. A yellow and brown streak glided from the purple rustling stems to the bank, stretched its neck to the water, drank, and lay still—a big cobra with fixed, lidless eyes.

"I have no stick—I have no stick," said Kim. "I will get me one and break his back."

"Why, He is upon the Wheel as we

are—a life ascending or descending—very far from deliverance. Great evil must the soul have done that is cast into this shape."

"I hate all snakes," said Kim. No native training can quench the white man's horror of the Serpent.

"Let him live out his life." The coiled thing hissed and half opened his hood. "May thy release come soon, brother," the lama continued placidly. "Hast thou knowledge, by chance, of my River?"

"Never have I seen such a man as thou art," Kim whispered, overwhelmed. "Do the very snakes understand thy talk?"

"Who knows?" He passed within a foot of the cobra's poised head. It flattened itself among the dusty coils.

"Come thou!" he called over his shoulder.

"Not I," said Kim. "I go round."

"Come. He does no harm."

Kim hesitated for a moment. The lama backed his order by some droned Chinese quotation which Kim took for a charm. He obeyed and bounded across the rivulet, and the snake made no sign.

"Never have I seen such a man," Kim wiped the sweat from his forehead. "And now, whither go we?"

"That is for thee to say. I am old, and a stranger—far from my own place. But that the re-carriage fills my head with noises of devil-drums I would go in it to Benares now . . . yet by so going we may miss the River. Let us find another river."

Where the hard-worked soil gives three and even four crops a year—through patches of sugar-cane, tobacco, long white radishes, and nolkol, all that day they strolled on, turning aside to every glimpse of water; rousing village dogs and sleeping villages at noonday; the lama replying to the volied questions with an unswerving simplicity. They sought a river—a river of miraculous healing. Had anyone knowledge of such a stream. Sometimes men laughed, but more often heard the story out to the end and offered them a place in the shade, a drink of milk, and a meal. The women were always kind, and the little children, as children are the world over, alternately shy and venturesome. Evening found them at rest under the village tree of a mud-walled, mud-roofed hamlet, talking to a headman as the cattle came in from the grazing grounds and the women prepared the day's last meal. They had passed beyond the belt of market gardens round hungry Umballa, and were amongst the mile wide green of the staple crops.

He was a white bearded and affable elder, used to entertaining strangers. He dragged out a string bedstead for

the lama, set warm cooked food before him, prepared him a pipe, and the evening ceremonies being finished in the village temple, sent for the village priest.

Kim told the older children tales of the size and beauty of Lahore, of railway travel, and such like city things, while the men talked, slowly as their cattle chew the cud.

"I cannot fathom it," said the headman at last to the priest. "How readiest thou this talk?" The lama, having told his tale, was silently telling his beads.

"He is a Seeker," the priest replied. "The land is full of such. Remember him who came only last month—the faquir with the tortoise?"

"Ay, but that man had right and reason, for Krishna himself appeared in a vision promising him Paradise without the burning pyre if he journeyed to Prayag. This man seeks no god who is within my knowledge."

"Peace, he is old; he comes from far off, and he is mad," the smooth-shaven priest replied. "Hear me." He turned to the lama. "Three kos (six miles) to the westward runs the great road to Calcutta."

"But I would go to Benares—to Benares."

"And to Benares also. It crosses all streams on this side of Hind. Now my word to thee, Holy One, is rest here till to-morrow. Then take the road" (it was the Grand Trunk Road he meant) "and rest each stream that it overpasses; for, as I understand, the virtue of thy River lies neither in one pool nor place, but throughout its length. Then, if thy gods will, be assured that thou wilt come upon thy freedom."

"That is well said." The lama was much impressed by the plan. "We will do that to-morrow, and a blessing on thee for showing old feet such a near road." A deep sing-song Chinese half chant closed the sentence. Even the priest was impressed, and the headman feared an evil spell. But none could look at the lama's simple, eager face and doubt him long.

"Seest thou my chela?" he said, diving into his snuff gourd with an important sniff. It was his duty to repay courtesy with courtesy.

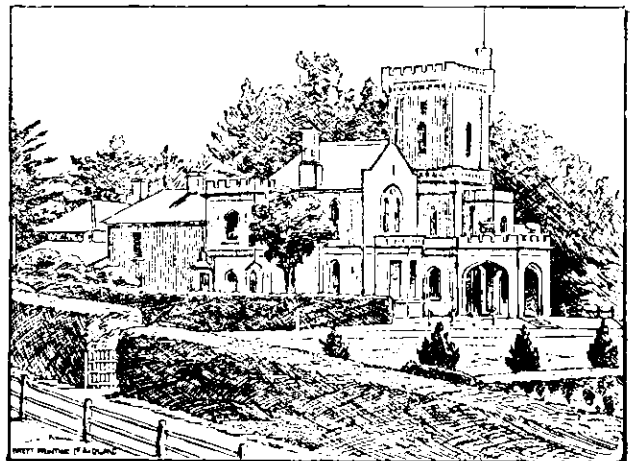
"I see—and hear." The headman rolled his eye where Kim was chatting to a girl in blue as she threw cracking thorns on a fire.

"He also has a Search of his own. No river, but a Bull. Yea, a Red Bull on a green field will some day raise him to honour. He is, I think, not altogether of this world. He was sent of a sudden to aid me in this search, and his name is Friend of all the World."

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The priest smiled. "Ho then, Friend of all the World," he cried across the sharp-smelling smoke, "what art thou?"

"This Holy One's disciple," said Kim. "He says thou art a but (a spirit)."

"Can but eat?" said Kim, with a twinkle. "For I am hungry."

"It is no jest," cried the lama. "A certain astrologer of that city whose name I have forgotten—"

"That is no more than the city of Umballa where we slept last night," Kim whispered to the priest.

"Ay, Umballa was it? He cast a horoscope and declared that my chela should find his desire within two days. But what said he of the meaning of the stars, Friend of all the World?"

Kim cleared his throat and looked round at the village greybeards.

"The meaning of my Star is War," he replied pompously.

Somebody laughed at the little tattered figure strutting on the brick-work plinth under the great tree. Where a native would have lain down, Kim's white blood set him upon his feet.

"Ay, War," he answered. "That is a sure prophecy," rumbled a deep voice. "For there is always war along the Border—as I know."

It was an old, withered man, who had served the Government in the days of the Mutiny as a native officer in a newly raised cavalry regiment. The Government had given him a good holding in the village, and though the demands of his sons, now grey-bearded officers on their own account, had impoverished him, he was still a person of consequence. English officials—deputy-commissioners even—turned aside from the main road to visit him, and on those occasions he dressed himself in the uniform of ancient days, and stood up like a ramrod.

"But this shall be a great war—a war of eight thousand," Kim's voice shrilled across the quick-gathering crowd, astonishing himself.

"Redcoats or our own regiments?" the old man snapped, as though he were asking an equal. His tone made men respect Kim.

"Redcoats," said Kim at a venture. "Redcoats and guns."

"But—but the astrologer said no word of this," cried the lama, snuffing prodigiously in his excitement.

"But I know. The word has come to me, who am this Holy One's disciple. There will rise a war—a war of eight thousand redcoats. From Pindi and Peshawar they will be drawn. This is sure."

"The boy has heard bazaar-talk," said the priest.

"But he was always by my side," said the lama. "How should he know? I did not know."

"He will make a clever juggler when the old man is dead," muttered the priest to the headman. "What new trick is this?"

"A sign. Give me a sign," thundered the old soldier suddenly. "If there were war my sons would have told me."

"When all is ready, thy sons, doubt not, will be told. But it is a long road from thy sons to the man in whose hands these things lie," Kim warmed to the game, for it reminded him of experiences in the letter-carrying line, when, for the sake of a few pice, he pretended to know more than he knew. But now he was playing for larger things—the sheer excitement and the sense of power. He drew a new breath and went on.

"Old man, give me a sign. Do underlings order the goings of eight thousand redcoats—with guns."

"No." Still the old man answered as though Kim were an equal.

"Dost thou know who He is then that gives the orders?"

"I have seen Him."

"To know again?"

"I have known him since he was a lieutenant in the top-khana (the artillery)."

"A tall man. A tall man with black hair, walking thus?" Kim took a few paces in a stiff, wooden style.

"Ay. But that any one may have seen." The crowd were breathless still through all this talk.

"That is true," said Kim. "But I will say more. Look now. First the great man walks thus. Then He thinks thus. (Kim drew a forefinger over his forehead and downwards till it came to rest by the angle of the jaw.) Anon He twitches his fingers thus. Anon He thrusts his hat under his left armpit." Kim illustrated the

motion and stood like a stork.

The old man groaned, interlarded with amazement; and the crowd shivered.

"So—so. But what does He when He is about to give an order?"

"He rubs the skin at the back of his neck—thus. Then falls one finger on the table and he makes a small sniffling noise through his nose. Then He speaks, saying: 'Loose such and such a regiment. Call out such guns.'"

The old man rose stiffly and saluted.

"For"—Kim translated into the vernacular the clinking sentences he had heard in the dressing-room at Umballa—"For," says He, "we should have done this long ago. It is not war—it is a chastisement. Snuff!"

"Enough, I believe, I have seen Him thus in the smoke of battles. Seen and heard. It is He!"

"I saw no smoke"—Kim's voice shifted to the rapid sing-song of the way-side fortune-teller. "I saw this in darkness. First came a man to make things clear. Then came horsemen. Then came He, standing in a ring of light. The rest followed as I have said. Old man, have I spoken truth?"

"It is He. Past all doubt, it is He." The crowd drew a long, quivering breath, staring alternately at the old man, still at attention, and ragged Kim against the purple twilight.

"Said I not—said I not he was from the other world?" cried the lama proudly. "He is the Friend of all the World. He is the Friend of the Stars!"

"At least it does not concern us," a man cried. "O, thou young soothsayer, if the gift abides with thee at all seasons I have a red spotted cow. She may be sister to thy Bull for aught I know—"

"Or I care," said Kim. "My stars do not concern themselves with thy cattle."

"Nay, but she is very sick," a woman struck in. "My man is a buffalo, or he would have chosen his words better. Tell me if she recover?"

Had Kim been at all an ordinary boy he would have carried on the play. But one does not know Lahore city, and least of all the faquirs by the Taksali Gate, for thirteen years without also knowing human nature.

The priest looked at him sideways, something bitterly—a dry and blighting smile.

"Is there no priest then in the village? I thought I had seen a great one even now," cried Kim.

"Ay—but—" the woman began.

"But thou and thy husband hoped to get the cow cured for a handful of thanks." The shot told. They were notoriously the closest-fisted couple in the village. "It is not well to cheat the temples. Give a young calf to thy own priest, and unless the gods are angry past recall she will give milk within a month."

"A master beggar art thou," purred the priest, approvingly. "Not the cunning of forty years could have done better. Surely thou hast made the old man rich?"

"A little flour, a little butter and a mouthful of cardamoms," Kim retorted, flushed with the praise, but still cautious. "Does one grow rich on that?"

And, as thou canst see, he is mad. But it serves me while I learn the road at least."

He knew what the faquirs of the Taksali Gate were like when they talked among themselves, and copied the very inflection of their lewd disciples.

"Is his Search then truth or a cloak to other ends? It may be treasure."

"He is mad—many times mad. There is nothing else."

Here the old soldier hobbled up and asked if Kim would accept his hospitality for the night. The priest recommended him to do so, but insisted that the honour of entertaining the lama belonged to the temple, at which the lama smiled guilelessly. Kim glanced from one face to the other and drew his own conclusions.

"Where is the money?" he whispered, drawing the old man away into the darkness.

"In my bosom. Where else?"

"Give it me. Quietly and swiftly, give it me."

"But why? Here is no ticket to buy."

"Am I thy chela or am I not? Do I not safeguard thy old feet about the ways? Give me the money and at dawn I will return it." He slipped his hand into the lama's girdle and brought away the purse.

"He it so—be it so." The old man nodded his head. "This is a great and terrible world. I never knew there were so many men alive in it."

Next morning the priest was in a

very bad temper, but the lama was quite happy, and Kim had enjoyed a most interesting evening with the old man, who brought out his cavalry sword and, balancing it on his dry knees, told tales of the Mutiny and young captains thirty years in their graves, till Kim dropped off to sleep.

"Certainly the air of this country is good," said the lama. "I sleep lightly, as do all old men; but last night I slept unwaking till broad day. Even now I am heavy."

"Drink a draught of hot milk," said Kim, who had carried not a few such remedies to opium-smokers of his acquaintance. "It is time to take the road again."

"The long road that overpasses all the rivers of the Hind," said the lama gaily. "Let us go. But how thinkest thou, chela, to recompense these people, and especially the priest, for their great kindness? Truly they are but-parast, but in other lives may be they will receive enlightenment. A rupee to the temple? The thing within is no more than stone and red paint, but the heart of man we must acknowledge when and where it is good."

"Holy One, hast thou ever taken the road alone?" Kim looked up sharply, like the Indian crows so busy about the fields.

"Surely, child; from Kulu to Pathankot—from Kulu, where my first chela died. When men were kind to us we made offerings, and all men were well-disposed throughout all the hills."

"It is otherwise in Hind," said Kim drily. "Their gods are many-armed and malignant. Let them alone."

"I would set thee on thy road for a little. Friend of all the World—thou and the yellow man." The old soldier ambled up the village street, all shadowy in the dawn, on a gaunt,

scissor-hocked pony. "Last night broke up the fountains of remembrance in my so dried heart, and it was as a blessing to me. Truly there is war abroad in the air. I smell it. See! I have brought my sword."

He sat long-legged on the little beast, with the big sword at his side—hand dropped on the pommel—staring fiercely over the flat lands towards the north. "Tell me again how He showed in thy vision. Come up and sit behind me. The beast will carry two."

"I am this Holy One's disciple," said Kim, as they cleared the village-gate. The village seemed almost sorry to be rid of them, but the priest's farewell was cold and distant. He had wasted some opium on a man who carried no money.

"That is well-spoken. I am not much used to holy men, but respect is always good. There is no respect in these days—not even when a Commissioner Sahib comes to see me. But why should one whose Star leads him to war follow a holy man?"

"But he is a holy man," said Kim earnestly. "In truth, and in talk and in act, holy. He is not like the others. I have never seen such an one. We be no fortune-tellers, or jugglers, or beggars."

"Thou art not, that I can see; but I do not know that other. He walks well, though."

The first freshness of the day carried the lama forward with long, easy, camel-like strides. He was deep in meditation, mechanically clicking his rosary.

They followed the rutted and worn country road that wound across the flat between the great dark-green mango groves. The line of the snow-capped Himalayas faint to the eastward. All India was at work in the fields, to the creaking of well-wheels,

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the shouting of ploughmen behind their cattle, and the clamour of the crows. Even the pony felt the good influence and almost broke into a trot: as Kim laid a hand on the stirrup-leather.

"It repeats me that I did not give a rupee to the shrine," said the lama at the last bead of his eighty-one.

The old soldier growled in his beard, so that the lama for the first time was aware of him.

"Seekest thou the River also?" said he, turning.

"The day is new," was the reply. "What need of a river save to water at before sundown? I came to show thee a short lane to the Big Road."

"That is courteous to be remembered, O man of good will; but why the sword?"

The old soldier looked as abashed as a child interrupted in his game of make-believe.

"The sword?" he said, fumbling it. "Oh, that was a fancy of mine—an old man's fancy. Truly the police orders are that no man must bear weapons throughout Hind, but"—he cheered up and slapped the hilt—"all the constables hereabout know me."

"It is not a good fancy," said the lama. "What profit to kill men?"

"Very little—as I know; but if evil men were not now and then slain it would not be a good world for weaponless dreamers. I do not speak without knowledge who have seen the land from Delhi south awash with blood."

"What madness was that, then?"

"The Gods, who sent it for a plague, alone know. A madness ate into all the army, and they turned against their officers. That was the first evil, but not past remedy if they had then held their hands, but they chose to kill the Sahibs' wives and children. Then came the Sahibs from over the sea, and called them to most strict account."

"Some such rumour, I believe, reached me once long ago. They called it the Black Year, as I remember."

"What manner of life hast thou led, not to know The Year? A rumour indeed! All earth knew, and trembled."

"Our earth never shook but once—upon the day that the Excellent One received Enlightenment."

"Umph! I saw Delhi shake at least; and Delhi is the navel of the world."

"So they turned against women and children? That was a bad deed, for which the punishment cannot be avoided."

"Many strove to do so, but with very small profit. I was then in a regiment of cavalry. It broke. Of six hundred and eighty sabres stood fast to their salt—how many think you? Three. Of whom I was one."

"The greater merit."

"Merit! We did not consider it meritorious in those days. My people, my friends, my brothers fell from me. They said: 'The time of the English is accomplished. Let each strike out a little holding for himself.' But I had talked with the men of Sobraon, of Shillianwallah, of Moodkee and Ferozeshah. I said: 'Abide a little and the wind turns. There is no blessing in this work.' In those days I rode seventy miles with an English mem-sahib and her babe on my saddle-bow (Wow! That was a horse fit for a man!) I placed them in safety, and back came I to my officer—the one that was not killed of our five. 'Give me work,' said I, 'for I am an outcast among my own kin, and my cousin's blood is wet on my sable.' 'Be content,' said he. 'There is great work forward. When this madness is over there is a recompense.'

"Ay, there is a recompense when the madness is over, surely?" the lama muttered half to himself.

"They did not hang medals in those days on all who by accident had heard a gun fired. No! In nineteen pitched battles was I; in six and forty skirmishes of horse; and in small affairs without number. Nine wounds I bear; a medal and four clasps and the medal of an Order, for my captains, who are now generals, remembered me when the Kaiser-i-Hind had accomplished fifty years of her reign, and all the land rejoiced. They said, 'Give him the

order of Heritish India.' I carry it upon my neck now. I have also my jaghir (holding) from the hands of the State—a free gift to me and mine. The men of the old days—they are now commissioners—come riding to me through the crops—high upon horses so that all the village sees—and we talk out the old skirmishes, one dead man's name leading to another."

"And after?" said the lama.

"Oh, afterwards they go away, but not before the village has seen."

"And at the last what wilt thou do?"

"At the last I shall die."

"And after?"

"Let the Gods look to it. I have never pestered Them with prayers. I do not think They will pester me. Look you, I have noticed in my long life that those who eternally break in upon Those Above with complaints and reports and bellowings and weepings are presently sent for in haste, as our colonel used to send for slack-jawed down-country men who talked too much. No, I have never wearied the Gods. They will remember this, and give me a quiet place where I can drive my lance in the shade, and wait to welcome my sons: I have no less than three—ressaldar-majors all—in the regiments."

"And they likewise, bound upon the Wheel, go forth from life to life—from despair to despair," said the lama below his breath, "hot, uneasy, snatching."

"Ay," the old soldier chuckled.

"Three ressalidar-majors in three regiments. Gamblers a little, but so am I. They must be well-mounted; and one cannot take the horses as in the old days one took women. Well, well, my holding can pay for all. How thinkest thou? It is a well-watered strip, but my men cheat me. I do not know how to ask save at the lance's point. Ugh! I grow angry and I curse them, and they feign penitence, but behind my back I know they call me a toothless old ape."

"Hast thou never desired any other thing?"

"Yes—yes a thousand times. A straight back and a close clinging knee once more; a quick wrist and a keen eye; and the marrow that makes a man. Oh, the old days—the good days of my strength!"

"That strength is weakness."

"It has turned so; but fifty years since I could have proved it otherwise," the old soldier retorted, driving his stirrup edge into the pony's lean flank.

"But I know a River of great healing."

"I have drunk Gunga-water to the edge of drowsy. All she gave me was a flux, and no sort of strength."

"It is not Gunga. The River that I know washes from all taint of sin. Ascending the far bank one is assured of Freedom. I do not know thy life, but thy face is the face of the honourable and courteous. Thou hast clung to thy Way, rendering fidelity when it was hard to give, in that Black Year of which I now remember other tales. Enter now upon the Middle Way, which is the path to Freedom. Hear the Most Excellent Law, and do not follow shades."

"Speak then, old man," the soldier smiled, half saluting. "We be all babblers at our age."

The lama squatted under the shade of a mango, whose shadow played checkwise over his face; the soldier sat stiffly on the pony; and Kim, making sure that there were no snakes, lay down in the crotch of the twisted roots.

There was a drowsy buzz of small life in hot sunshine, a cooling of doves, and a sleepy drone of well-wheels across the fields. Slowly and impressively the lama began. At the end of ten minutes the old soldier slid from his pony, to hear better as he said, and sat with the reins round his wrist. The lama's voice filtered—the periods lengthened. Kim was busy watching a gray squirrel. When the little scolding bunch of fur close pressed to the branch disappeared, preacher and audience were fast asleep, the old officer's strong cut head pillowed on his arm, the lama's thrown back against the tree bole, where it showed like yellow ivory. A naked child toddled up, stared, and

moved by some quick impulse of reverence, made a solemn little obeisance before the lama—only the child was so short and fat that it toppled over sideways, and Kim laughed at the sprawling, chubby legs. The child, scared and indignant, yelled aloud.

"Hui! Hui!" said the soldier, leaping to his feet. "What is it? What orders? . . . It is . . . a child! I dreamed it was an alarm. Little one—little one—do not cry. Have I slept? That was discourteous indeed!"

"I fear! I am afraid!" roared the child.

"What is it to fear? Two old men and a boy? How wilt thou ever make a soldier, Princling?"

The lama had waked too, but, taking no direct notice of the child, clicked his rosary.

"What is that?" said the child, stopping a yell midway. "I have never seen such things. Give them me."

"Aha," said the lama, smiling, and trailing a loop of it on the grass:

"This is a handful of cardamoms, This is a lump of ghl; This is millet and chilies and rice, A supper for thee and me."

The child shrieked with joy, and snatched at the dark, glaucous beads.

"Oho," said the old soldier. "Whence hadst thou that song, despiser of this world?"

"I learned it in Pathankot—sitting on a doorstep," said the lama shyly. "It is good to be kind to babes."

"As I remember, before the sleep came on us, thou hadst told me that marriage and beating were darkeners of the true light, stumbling-blocks upon the way. Do children drop from heaven in thy country? Is it the Way to sing them songs?"

"No man is all perfect," said the lama gravely, re-coiling the rosary. "Run now to thy mother, little one."

"Hear him!" said the soldier to Kim. "He is ashamed for that he has made a child happy. There was a very good householder lost in thee, my brother. Hui, child!" He threw it a piece.

"Sweet meats are always sweet." And as the little figure capered away into the sunshine; "They grow up and become men. Holy One, I grieve that I slept in the midst of thy preaching. Forgive me."

"We be two old men," said the lama. "The fault is mine. I listened to thy talk of the world and its madness, and one fault led to the next."

"Hear him! What harm do thy Gods suffer from play with a babe? And that song was very well sung. Let us go on and I will sing thee the song of Nikal Seyn before Delhi—the old song."

And they fared out from the gloom of the mango rope, the old man's high, shrill voice ringing across the field, as wail by long-drawn wail he unfolded the story of Nikal Seyn (Nicholson)—the song that men sing in the Punjab to this day. Kim was delighted, and the lama listened with deep interest.

"Ahi! Nikal Seyn is dead—he died before Delhi. Lances of North take vengeance for Nikal Seyn." He quavered it out to the end, marking the trills with the flat of his sword on the pony's rump.

"And now we come to the Big Road," said he, after receiving the compliments of Kim; for the lama was offendedly silent. "It is long since I have ridden this way, but thy boy's talk stirred me. See, Holy One—the Great Road which is the backbone of all Hind. For the most part it is shaded, as here, with four lines of trees; the middle road—all hard—takes the quick traffic. In the days before railway carriages the Sahibs travelled up and down here in hundreds. Now there are only country carts and such like. Left and right is the rougher road for the heavy carts, grain and cotton and timber, bhooosa, lime and hides. A man goes in safety here for at every few kos is a police-station. The police are thieves and extortioners (I myself would patrol it with cavalry—young recruits under a strong captain), but at least they do not suffer any rivals. All castes and kinds of men move here. Look! Brahmins and chumars, bankers and tinkers, barbers and bunnias, pilgrims and potters—all the world going and coming. It is to me as a river from which I am withdrawn like a log after a flood."

And truly the Grand Trunk Road is a wonderful spectacle. It runs straight, bearing without crowding India's traffic for fifteen hundred miles—such a river of life as nowhere else exists in the world. They looked at the green-arched, shade-flecked length of it, the white breadth speckled with slow-pacing folk; and the two-roomed police-station opposite.

"Who bears arms against the law?" a constable called out, laughingly, as he caught sight of the soldier's sword. "Are not the police enough to destroy evil-doers?"

"It was because of the police I bought it," was the answer. "Does all go well in Hind?"

"Ressalidar Sahib, all goes well."

"I am like an old tortoise, look you, who puts his head out from the bank and draws it in again. Ay, this is the road of Hindustan. All men come by this way. . . ."

"Son of a swine, is the soft part of the road meant for thee to scratch thy back upon? Father of all the daughters of shame and husband of

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ten thousand virtuous ones, thy mother was devoted to a devil, being led thereto by her mother; thy aunts have never had a nose for seven generations! Thy sister!—What owl's folly told thee to draw thy carts across the road? A broken wheel! Then take a broken head and put the two together at leisure!"

The voice and a venomous whip-cracking came out of a pillar of dust fifty yards away, where a cart had broken down. A thin, high Kattliwar mare, with eyes and nostrils aflame, rocketed out of the jam, snorting and whinching as her rider bent her across the road in chase of a shouting man. He was tall and grey-headed, sitting the almost mad beast as a piece of her, and scintillatingly lashing his victim between plunges.

The old man's face lit with pride. "My child!" said he, briefly, and strove to rein the pony's neck to a fitting arch.

"Am I to be beaten before the police?" cried the carter. "Justice! I will have Justice!"

"Am I to be blocked by a shouting ape who upsets ten thousand sacks under a young horse's nose? That is the way to ruin a mare."

"He speaks truth. He speaks truth. But she follows her man close," said the old man. The carter ran under the wheels of his cart, and thence threatened all sorts of vengeance.

"They are strong men, thy sons," said the policeman serenely, picking his teeth.

The horseman delivered one last vicious cut with his whip and came on at a canter.

"My father!" He reined back ten yards and dismounted.

The old man was off his pony in an instant, and they embraced as do father and son in the East.

CHAPTER IV.

Good Luck, she is never a lady. But the cursedest queen alive. Tricky, wincing, and jady—kittle to lead or drive. Greet her—she's hailing a stranger! Meet her—she's basking to leave! Let her alone for a shrew to the bone. And the hussy comes plucking your sleeve!

Largesse! Largesse. O Fortune! Give or hold at your will. If I've no care for Fortune, Fortune must follow me still!

"The Wishing Caps."

Then, lowering their voices, they spoke together. Kim came to rest under a tree, but the lama tugged impatiently at his elbow.

"Let us go on. The River is not here."

"Hai mai! Have we not walked enough for a little? Our River will not run away. Patience, and he will give us a dole."

"That," said the old soldier suddenly, "is the Friend of the Stars. He brought me the news yesterday. Having seen the very man himself, in a vision, giving orders for the war."

"Hum!" said his son, all deep in his broad chest. "He came by a hazaar rumour and made profit of it."

His father laughed. "At least he did not come to me begging for a new charger and the gods know how many rupees. Are thy brothers' regiments also under orders?"

"I do not know. I took leave and came swiftly to thee in case—"

"In case they ran before thee to beg. O ramblers and spendthrifts all! But thou hast never yet ridden in a charge. A good horse is needed there, truly. A good follower and a good pony also for the marching. Let us see—let us see." He thumped on the pommel.

"This is no place to cast accounts in, my father. Let us go to thy house."

"At least pay the boy then; I have no piec with me, and he brought anxious news. Ho! Friend of all the World, a war is toward as thou hast said."

"Nay, as I know, the war," returned Kim composedly.

"Eh?" said the lama, frowning his brows, all eager for the road.

"My master does not trouble the Stars for hire. We brought the news—hour witness, we brought the news, and now we go." Kim half-crooked his hand at his side.

The son tossed a silver coin through

the sunlight, grumbling something about beggars and jugglers. It was a four-anna piece, and would feed them well for some days. The lama, seeing the flash of the metal, droned a blessing.

"Go thy way, Friend of all the World," piped the old soldier, wheeling his scrawny mount. "For once in all my days I have met a true prophet—who was not in the army."

Father and son swung round together, the old man sitting as erect as the younger.

A Punjabi constable in yellow linen trousers, slouched across the road. He had seen the money pass.

"Halt!" he cried in impressive English. "Know ye not that there is a takkus of two annas a head, which is four annas, on those who enter the road from this side road? It is the order of the Sirkar, and the money is spent for the planting of trees and the beautification of the ways."

"And the bellies of the police," said Kim, skipping out of arm's reach. "Consider for a while, man with the mud head. Think you we come from the nearest pond, like the frog, thy father-in-law? Hast thou ever heard the name of thy brother?"

"And who was he? Leave the boy alone," cried a snior constable, immensely delighted, as he squatted down to smoke his pipe in the verandah.

"He took a label from a bottle of belaittee pani (soda water) and affixing it to a bridge collected taxes for a month from those who passed, saying that it was the Sirkar's order. Then came an Englishman and broke his head. Ah, brother, I am a town crow, not a village crow."

The policeman drew back abashed, and Kim hooted at him all down the road.

"Was there ever such a disciple as I?" he cried merrily to the lama. "All earth would have picked thy bones within ten miles of Lahore city if I had not guarded thee."

"I consider in my own mind whether thou art a spirit sometimes, or sometimes an evil imp," said the lama, smiling slowly.

"I am thy chela." Kim dropped into step at his side—that indescribable gait of the long-distance tramp all the world over.

"Now let us walk," muttered the lama, and to the click of his rosary they walked in silence mile upon mile. The lama, as usual, was deep in meditation, but Kim's bright eyes were wide open. This broad, smiling river of life, he considered, was a vast improvement on the cramped and crowded Lahore streets. There were new people and new sights at every stride—castes he knew and castes that were altogether out of his experience.

They met a troop of long haired, strong scented Sansis with baskets of lizards and other unclean food on their backs, the lean dogs sniffling at their heels. These people kept their own side of the road, moving at a quick, furtive jog-trot, and all other castes gave them ample room, for the Sansi is deep pollution. Behind them, walking wide and stiffly across the strong shadows, the memory of his leg irons still on him, strode one newly released from the goal, his full stomach and shiny skin to prove that the Government fed its prisoners better than most honest men could feed themselves. Kim knew that walk well, and made broad jests of it as they passed. Then an Akali, a wild eyed, wild haired Sikh devotee in the blue checked clothes of his faith, with polished-steel quoits glistening on the cone of his tall blue turban, stalked past, returning from a visit to one of the independent Sikh States, where he had been singing the ancient glories of the Khalsa to College-trained princelings in top-boots and white-cord breeches. Kim was careful not to irritate that man; for the Akali's temper is short and his arm quick. Here and there they met or were overtaken by the gaily dressed crowds of whole villages turning out to some local fair; the women, with their babes on their hips, walking behind the men, the older boys prancing on sticks of sugar-cane, dragging rude brass models of locomotives such as they sell for a halfpenny, or flashing the sun into the eyes of their betters from cheap toy mirrors. One could see at a glance what each had bought; and if there were any doubt it needed only to watch the wives comparing, brown arm again brown arm, the newly purchased dull glass bracelets that come from the North-

West. These merry-makers stepped slowly, calling one to the other and stopping to haggle with sweetmeat-sellers, or to make a prayer before one of the wayside shrines—sometimes Hindu, sometimes Mussalman—which the low caste of both creeds share with beautiful impartiality. A solid line of blue, rising and falling like the back of a caterpillar in haste, would swing up through the quivering dust and trot past to a chorus of quick cackling. That was a gang of chaugars—the women who have taken all the embankments of all the Northern railways under their charge—a flat-footed, big-bosomed, strong-limbed, blue petticoated crowd of earth carriers, hurrying north on news of a job, and wasting no time by the road. They belong to the caste whose men do not count, and they walked with squared elbows, swinging hips, and heads on high, as suits women who carry heavy weights. A little later a marriage procession would strike into the Grand Trunk with music and shontings, and a smell of marigold and jasmine stronger even than the reek of the dust. One could see the bride's litter, a blur of red and tinsel, staggering through the haze, while the bridegroom's bewitched pony turned aside to snatch a mouthful from a passing fodder-cart. Then Kim would join the Kentish-fire of good wishes and bad jokes, wishing the couple a hundred sons and no daughters, as the saying is. Still more interesting and more to be shouted over it was when a strolling juggler with some half-trained monkeys, or a panting, feeble bear, or a woman who tied goats' horns to her feet, and with these danced on a slack-rope, set the horses to shying and the women to shrill, long-drawn quavers of amazement.

The lama never raised his eyes. He did not note the money lender on his goose-rumped pony, hastening along to collect the cruel interest; or the long-shouting, deep-voiced little mob—still in military formation—of native soldiers on leave, rejoicing to be rid of their breeches and puttees, and saying the most outrageous things to the most respectable women in sight. Even the seller of Ganges water he did not see, and Kim expected that he would at least buy a bottle of that precious stuff. He looked stead-

ily at the ground, and strode as steadily hour after hour, seeing and hearing nothing. But Kim was in the seventh heaven of joy. The Grand Trunk at this point was built on an embankment to guard against winter floods from the foothills, so that one walked, as it were, a little above the country, along a stately corridor, seeing all India spread out to left and right. It was beautiful to behold the many-yoked grain and cotton waggons crawling over the country roads; one could hear their axles complaining a mile away, coming nearer, till with shouts and yells and bad words they climbed up the steep incline and plunged on to the hard main road, carter reviling carter. It was equally beautiful to watch the people, little clumps of red and blue and pink and white and saffron, turning aside to go to their own villages, dispersing and growing small by twos and threes across the level plain. Kim felt these things, though he could not give tongue to his feelings, and so contented himself with buying peeled sugar-cane and spitting the pith generously about his path. From time to time the lama took snuff, and at last Kim could endure the silence no longer.

"This is a good land—the land of the South!" said he. "The air is good; the water is good. Eh?"

"And they are all bound upon the wheel," said the lama. "Bound from life after life. To none of these has the Way been shown." He shook himself back to this world.

"And now we have walked a weary way," said Kim. "Surely we shall soon come to a parao (a resting-place). Shall we stay there? Look, the sun is sloping."

"Who will receive us this evening?" "That is all one. This country is full of good folk. Besides"—he sunk his voice beneath a whisper—"we have money."

The crowd thickened as they neared the resting-place which marked the end of their day's journey. A line of stalls selling very simple food and tobacco, a stack of firewood, a police-station, a well, a horse-trough, a few trees, and, under them, some trampled ground dotted with the black ashes of old fires, are all that mark a parao on the Grand Trunk—if you except the beggars and the crows, both hungry.

(To be continued.)



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

Milkmaid
LARGEST SALE BRAND
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TRISTRAM OF BLENT.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

AN EPISODE IN THE STORY OF AN ANCIENT HOUSE.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VERY SAME DAY.

"Shall I wait up, my lord? Miss Gainsborough has gone to her room. I've turned out the lights and shut up the house.

Harry looked at the clock in the study. It was one o'clock.

"I thought you'd gone to bed long ago, Mason." He rose and stretched himself. "I'm going to town early in the morning. I shan't want any breakfast and I shan't take anybody with me. Tell Fisher to pack my portmanteau—things for a few days—and send it to Paddington. I'll have it fetched from there. Tell him to be ready to follow me, if I send for him."

"Yes, my lord."

"Give that letter to Miss Gainsborough in the morning." He handed Mason a thick letter. Two others lay on the table. After a moment's apparent hesitation Harry put them in his pocket. "I'll post them myself," he said. "When did Miss Gainsborough go to her room?"

"About an hour back, my lord."

"Did she stay in the Long Gallery till then?"

"Yes, my lord."

"I may be away a little while, Mason. I hope Miss Gainsborough—and Mr Gainsborough too—will be staying on some time. Make them comfortable."

Not a sign of curiosity or surprise escaped Mason. His "Yes, my lord," was just the same as though Harry had ordered an egg for breakfast. Sudden comings and goings had always been the fashion of the house.

"All right. Good-night, Mason."

"Good-night, my lord." Mason looked round for something to carry off—the force of habit—found nothing, and retired noiselessly.

"One o'clock!" sighed Harry. "Ah, I'm tired. I won't go to bed though, I couldn't sleep."

He moved restlessly about the room. His flood of feeling had gone by; for the time the power of thought too seemed to have deserted him. He had told Cecily everything; he had told Janie enough; he had yielded to an impulse to write a line to Mina Zabriska—because she had been so mixed up in it all. The documents that were to have proved his claim made a little heap of ashes in the grate.

All this had been two hours' hard work. But after all two hours is not long to spend in getting rid of an old life and entering on a new. He found himself rather surprised at the simplicity of the process. What was there left to do? He had only to go to London and see his lawyer, an interview easy enough for him, though startling no doubt to the lawyer. Cecily would be put into possession of her own. There was nothing sensational. He would travel a bit perhaps, or just stay in town. He had money enough to live on quietly or to use in making more; for his mother's savings were indubitably his, left to him by a will in which he, the real Harry, was so expressly designated by his full name—even more than that—as "Harry Austen Fitzhubert Tristram, otherwise Henry Austen Fitzhubert, my son by the late Captain Austen Fitzhubert"—that no question of his right could arise. That money would not go with the title. Only Blent and all the realty passed with that; the money was not affected by the date of his birth; that must be explained to Cecily by his lawyer or perhaps she would expect to get it. For the mo-

ment there was nothing to do but to go to London—and then perhaps travel a bit. He smiled for an instant; it certainly struck him as rather an anticlimax. He threw himself on a sofa and, in spite of his conviction that he could not sleep, dozed off almost directly.

It was three when he awoke; he went up to his room, had a bath, shaved, and put on a tweed suit. Coming down to the study again, he opened the shutters and looked out. It would be light soon, and he could go away. He was fretfully impatient of staying. He drank some whisky and soda-water, and smoked a cigar as he walked up and down. Yes, there were signs of dawn now; the darkness lifted over the hill on which Merrion stood.

Merrion! Yes, Merrion. And the Major? Well, Duplay had not frightened him, Duplay had not turned him out. He was going of his own will—of his own act anyhow, for he could not feel so sure about the will. But for the first time it struck him that his abdication might accrue to the Major's benefit, that he had won for Duplay the prize which he was sure the gallant officer could not have achieved for himself. "I'll be hanged if I do that," he muttered. "Yes, I know what I'll do," he added, smiling.

He got his hat and stick and went out into the garden. The windows of the Long Gallery were all dark. Harry smiled again and shook his fist at them. There was no light in Cecily's window. He was glad to think that the girl slept; if he were tired she must be terribly tired too. He was quite alone—alone with the old place for the last time. He walked to where he had sat with Cecily, where his mother used to sit. He was easy in his mind about his mother. When she had wanted him to keep the house and the name, she had no idea of the true state of the case. And in fact she herself had done it all by requesting him to invite the Gainsboroughs to her funeral. That was proof enough that he had not wronged her: in the mood he was in it seemed quite proof enough. Realities were still a little dim to him, and fancies rather real. His outward calmness of manner had returned, but his mind was not in a normal state. Still he was awake enough to the every-day world and to his ordinary feelings to remain very eager that his sacrifice should not turn to the Major's good.

He started at a brisk walk to the little bridge, reached the middle of it, and stopped short. The talk he had had with Mina Zabriska at this very spot came back to his mind. "The blood not the law!" he had said. Well, it was to the blood he had bowed, and not to the law. He was strong about not having been frightened by the law. Nor had he been dispossessed, he insisted on that, too. He had given: he had chosen to give. He made a movement as though to walk on, but for a moment he could not. When it came to going, for an instant he could not go. The parting was difficult. He had no discontent with what he had done; on the whole it seemed far easier than he could ever have imagined. But it was hard to go, to leave Blent just as the slowly growing day brought into sight every outline that he knew so well, and began to warm the gardens into life. "I should rather like to stay a day," was his thought, as he lingered still. But the next moment he was across the bridge, slamming the gate behind him and beginning to mount the road up the valley. He had heard a shutter thrown open and a window

raised; the sound came from the wing where Cecily slept. He did not want to see her now; he did not wish her to see him. She was to awake to undivided possession, free from any reminder of him. That was his fancy, his idea of making his gift to her of what was hers more splendid and more complete. But she did see him; she watched him from her window as he walked away up the valley. He did not know; true to his fancy, he never turned his head.

Bob Broadley was an early riser, as his business in life demanded. At six o'clock he was breakfasting in a bright little room opening on his garden. He was in the middle of his rusher when a shadow fell across his plate. Looking up, he started to see Harry Tristram at the doorway.

"Lord Tristram!" he exclaimed. "You've called me Tristram all your life. I should think you might still," observed Harry.

"Oh, all right. But what brings you here? These aren't generally your hours, are they?"

"Perhaps not. May I have some breakfast?"

The maid was summoned, and brought him what he asked. She nearly dropped the cup and saucer when she realised that the Great Man was there—at six in the morning!

"I'm on my way to London," said Harry. "Going to take the train at Fillingford instead of Blentmouth, because I wanted to drop in on you. I've something to say."

"I expect I've heard. It's very kind of you to come, but I saw Janie Iver in Blentmouth yesterday."

"I daresay; but she didn't tell you what I'm going to say."

Harry, having made but a pretence of breakfasting, pushed away his plate. "I'll smoke if you don't mind. You go on eating," he said. "Do you remember a little talk we had about our friend Duplay? We agreed that we should both like to put a spoke in his wheel."

"And you've done it," said Bob, reaching for his pipe from the mantelpiece.

"I did do it. I can't do it any more. You know there were certain reasons which made a marriage between Janie Iver and me seem desirable. I'm saying nothing against her, and I don't intend to say a word against myself. Well, those reasons no longer exist. I have written to her to say so. She'll get that letter this afternoon."

"You've written to break off the engagement?" Bob spoke slowly and thoughtfully, but with no great surprise.

"Yes. She accepted me under a serious misapprehension. When I asked her I was in a position to which I had no —" He interrupted himself, frowning a little. Not even now was he ready to say that. "In a position which I no longer occupy," he amended, recovering his placidity. "All the world will know that very soon. I am no longer owner of Blent."

"What?" cried Bob, jumping up and looking hard at Harry. The surprise came now.

"And I am no longer what you called me just now—Lord Tristram. You know the law about succeeding to peerages and entailed lands? Very well. My birth has been discovered (he smiled for an instant) not to satisfy that law—the merits of which, Bob, we won't discuss. Consequently not I, but Miss Gainsborough succeeds my mother in the title and the property. I have informed Miss Gainsborough—of these facts, and I'm on my way to London to see the lawyers and get everything

done in proper order."

"Good God, do you mean what you say?"

"Oh, of course I do. Do you take me for an idiot, to come up here at six in the morning to talk balderdash?" Harry was obviously irritated. "Everybody will know soon. I came to tell you because I fancy you've some concern in it, and, as I say, I still want that spoke put in the Major's wheel."

Bob sat down and was silent for many moments smoking hard.

"But Janie won't do that," he broke out at last. "She's too straight, too loyal. If she's accepted you —"

"A beautiful idea, Bob, if she was in love with me. But she isn't. Can you tell me you think she is?"

Bob grunted inarticulately—an obvious, though not a skilful evasion of the question.

"And, anyhow," Harry pursued, "the thing's at an end. I shan't marry her. Now, if that suggests any action on your part I—well, I shall be glad I came to breakfast." He got up and went to the window, looking out on the neat little garden and to the paddock beyond.

In a moment Bob Broadley's hand was laid on his shoulder. He turned and faced him.

"What a thing for you! You—you lose it all!"

"I have given it all up."

"I can't realise it, you know. The change —"

"Perhaps I can't either. I don't know that I want to, Bob."

"Who made the discovery? How did it come out? Nobody ever had any suspicion of it!"

Harry looked at him long and thoughtfully. But in the end he only shook his head, saying, "Well, it's true, anyhow."

"It beats me. I see what you mean about myself and— Still, I give you my word I hate its happening. Who's this girl? Why is she to come here? Who knows anything about her?"

"You don't, of course," Harry conceded with a smile. "No more did I a week ago."

"Couldn't you have made a fight for it?"

"Yes, a deuced good fight. But I chose to let it go. Now don't go on looking as if you didn't understand the thing. It's simple enough."

"But Lady Tristram—your mother— must have known—"

"The question didn't arise as long as my mother lived," said Harry

The Children's Tea Table.

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

Brown & Polson's Paisley Flour.

quickly. "Her title was all right, of course."

"There was another question on the tip of Bob's tongue, but after a glance at Harry's face he did not put it; he could not ask Harry if he had known. "I'm hanged!" he muttered.

"Yes, but you understand why I came here?"

"Yes. That was kind."
"Oh, no. I want to spike the Major's guns, you know." He laughed a little. "And—well, yes, I think I'm promoting the general happiness too, if you must know. Now I'm off, Bob."

He held out his hand and Bob grasped it. "We'll meet again some day, when things have settled down, beat Duplay for me, Bob. Good-bye."

"That's grit, real grit," muttered Bob as he returned to the house after seeing Harry Tristram on his way."

It was that—or else the intoxication of some influence whose power had not passed away. Whatever it was, it had a marked effect on Bob Broadley. There was an appearance of strength and resolution about it—as of a man knowing what he meant to do and doing it. As he inspected his pigs an hour later, Bob came to the conclusion that he himself was a poor sort of fellow. People who waited for the fruit to fall into their mouths were apt to find that a hand intervened and plucked it. That had happened to him once, and probably he could not have helped it; but he meant to try to prevent its happening again. He was in a ferment all the morning, partly on his own account, as much about the revolution which had suddenly occurred in the little kingdom on the banks of the Blent.

In the afternoon he had his gig brought round and set out for Blentmouth. As he passed Blent Hall, he saw a girl on the bridge—a girl in black looking down at the water. Lady Tristram? It was strange to call her by the title that had been another's. But he supposed it must be Lady Tristram. She did not look up as he passed; he retained a vision of the slack dressiness of her pose. Going on, he met the Iver carriage; Iver and Neeld sat in it, side by side; they waved their hands in careless greeting and went on talking earnestly. On the outskirts of the town he came on Miss Swinkerton and Mrs Trumbler walking together. As he raised his hat, a dim and wholly inadequate idea occurred to him of the excitement into which these good ladies would soon be thrown, a foreshadowing of the wonder, the consternation, the questionings, the bubbling emotions which were soon to stir the quiet backwaters of the villas of Blentmouth. For himself, what was he going to do? He could not tell. He put up his gig at the inn and sauntered out into the street; still he could not tell. But he wandered out to Fairhoime, up to the gate, and past it, and back to it, and past it again.

Now would Harry Tristram do that? No; either he would never have come or he would have been inside before this. Bob's new love of boldness did not let him consider whether this was the happiest moment for its display. Those learned in the lore of such matters would probably have advised him to let her alone for a few days, or weeks, or months, according to the subtlety of their knowledge or their views. Bob rang the bell.

Janie was not denied to him, but only because no chance was given to her of denying herself. A footman, unconscious of convulsions external or internal, showed him into the morning-room. But Janie's own attitude was plain enough in her reception of him.

"Oh, Bob, why in the world do you come here to-day? Indeed I can't talk to you to-day." Her dismay was evident. "If there's nothing very particular —"

"Well, you know there is," Bob interrupted.

She turned her head quickly towards him. "I know there is? What do you mean?"

"You've got Harry Tristram's letter, I suppose?"

"What do you know of Harry Tristram's letter?"

"I haven't seen it, but I know what's in it all the same."

"How do you know?"

"He came up to Mingham to-day and told me." Bob sat down by her uninvited; certainly the belief in

boldness was carrying him far. But he did not quite anticipate the next development. She sprang up, sprang away from his neighbourhood, crying.

"Then how dare you come here to-day? Yes, I've got the letter—just an hour ago. Have you come to—to triumph over me?"

"What an extraordinary idea!" remarked Bob in the slow tones of a genuine astonishment.

"You'd call it to condole, I suppose! That's rather worse."

Bob confined himself to a long look at her. It brought him no enlightenment.

"You must see that you're the very —" She broke off abruptly, and, turning away, began to walk up and down.

"The very what?" asked Bob.

She turned and looked at him; she broke into a peevishly nervous laugh. Anybody but Bob—really anybody but Bob—would have known! The laugh encouraged him a little, which again it had no right to do.

"I thought you'd be in trouble, and like a bit of cheering up," he said, with a diplomatic air that was ludicrously obvious.

She considered a moment, taking another turn about the room to do it. "What did Harry Tristram say to you?"

"Oh, he told me the whole thing. That—that he's chucked it up, you know."

"I mean about me."

"He didn't say much about you. Just that it was all ended, you know."

"Did he think I should accept his withdrawal?"

"Yes, he seemed quite sure of it," answered Bob. "I had my doubts, but he seemed quite sure of it." Apparently Bob considered his statement reassuring and comforting.

"You had your doubts?"

"Yes, I thought perhaps —"

"You were wrong then, and Harry Tristram was right." She flung the words at him in a fierce hostility.

"Now he's not Lord Tristram any longer. I don't want to marry him."

She paused. "You believe he isn't, don't you? There's no doubt?"

"I believe him all right. He's a fellow you can rely on."

"But it's all so strange. Why has he done it? Well, that doesn't matter. At any rate he's right about me."

Bob sat stolidly in his chair. He did not know at all what to say, but he did not mean to go. He had put no spoke in the Major's wheel yet, and to do that was his contract with Harry Tristram, as well as his own strong desire.

"Have you sympathised—or condoled—or triumphed—enough?" she asked; she was fierce still.

"I don't know that I've had a chance of saying anything much," he observed with some justice.

"I really don't see what you have to say. What is there to say?"

"Well, there's just this to say—that I'm jolly glad of it."

She was startled by the blunt sincerity, so startled that she passed the obvious chance of accusing him of cruelty towards Harry Tristram, and thought only of how his words touched herself.

"Glad of it. Oh, if you knew how it makes me feel about myself. But you don't, or you'd never be here now."

"Why shouldn't I be here now?" He spoke slowly, as though he were himself searching for any sound reason.

"Oh, it's —" The power of explanation failed her. People who will not see obvious things sometimes hold a very strong position. Janie began to feel rather helpless. "Do go. I don't want anybody to come and find you here." She had turned from command to entreaty.

"I'm jolly glad," he resumed, settling himself back in his chair, "that the business between you and Harry Tristram's all over. It ought never to have gone so far, you know."

"Are you out of your mind to-day, Bob?"

"And now what about the Major, Miss Janie?"

She flushed red in indignation, perhaps in guilt, too. "How dare you? You've no business to —"

"I don't know the right way to say things, I daresay," he admitted, but with an abominable tranquillity.

"Still, I expect you know what I mean

all the same."

"Do you accuse me of having encouraged Major Duplay?"

"I should say you'd been pretty pleasant to him. But it's not my business to worry myself about Duplay."

"I wish you always understood as well what isn't your business."

"And it isn't what you have done, but what you're going to do that I'm interested in." He paused several moments, and then went on very slowly,

"I tell you what it is. I'm not very proud of myself. So if you happen to be feeling the same, why, that's all right, Miss Janie. The fact is, I let Harry Tristram put me in a funk, you know. He was a swell, and he's got a sort of way about him, too. But I'm hanged if I'm going to be in a funk of Duplay." He seemed to ask her approval of the proposed firmness of his attitude. "I've been a bit of an ass about it all, I think," he concluded with an air of thoughtful inquiry.

The opening was irresistible. Janie seized it with impetuous carelessness. "Yes, you have, you have indeed. Only I don't see why you think it's over, I'm sure."

"Well, I'm glad you agree with me," said he. But he seemed now rather uncertain how he ought to go on.

"That's what I wanted to say," he added, and looked at her as if he thought she might give him a lead.

The whole thing was preposterous; Janie was bewildered. He had outraged all decency in coming at such a moment, and in talking like this. Then having got—by such utter disregard of all decency—to a point at which he could not possibly stop, he stopped. He even appeared to ask her to go on for him! She stood still in the middle of the room, looking at him as he sat squarely in his chair.

"Since you've said what you wanted to say, I should think you might go."

"Yes, I suppose I might, but —" He was puzzled. He had said what he wanted to say, or thought he had, but it had failed to produce the situation he had anticipated from it. If he went now, leaving matters just as they stood, could he be confident that the spoke was in the wheel? Up to now nothing was really agreed upon, except that he himself had been an ass. No doubt this was a pregnant conclusion, but Bob was not quite clear exactly how much it involved; while it encouraged him, it left him still doubtful.

"But don't you think you might tell me what you think about it?" he asked in the end.

"I think I'm not fit to live," cried Janie. "That's what I think about it, Bob." Her voice trembled; she was afraid she might cry soon if something did not happen to relieve the strain of this interview. "And you saw what Harry thought by his sending me that letter. The very moment it happened he sent me that letter!"

"I saw what he thought pretty well, anyhow," said Bob, smiling reflectively again.

"Oh, yes, if that makes it any better for me!"

"Well, if he's not miserable, I don't see why you need be."

"The things you don't see would fill an encyclopaedia!"

Bob looked at his watch; the action seemed in the nature of an ultimatum; his glance from the watch to Janie heightened the impression.

"You've nothing more to say?" he asked her.

"No. I agreed with what you said—that you'd been an ass. I don't know that you've said anything else."

"All right." He got up and came to her, holding out his hand. "Good-bye for the present, then."

She took his hand and she held it. She could not let it go. Bob allowed it to lie in hers.

"Oh, dear old Bob, I'm so miserable; I hate myself for having done it, and I hate myself worse for being so glad it's undone. It did seem best fill I did it. No, I suppose I really wanted the title, and—and all that. I do hate myself! And now—the very same day—I let you —"

"You haven't let me do much," he suggested consolingly.

"Yes, I have. At least —" She came a little nearer to him. He took hold of her other hand. He drew her to him and held her in his arms.

"That's all right," he remarked, still in tones of consolation.

"If anybody knew this! You won't say a word, will you, Bob? Not for ever so long? You will pretend it was ever so long before I—I mean, between —"

"I'll tell any lie," said Bob, very cheerfully.

She laughed hysterically. "Because I should never be able to look people in the face if anybody knew that on the very same day —"

"I should think—a week would be about right?"

"A week! No, no. Six months."

"Oh, six months be —"

"Well, then, three? Do agree to three?"

"We'll think about three. Still miserable, Janie?"

"Yes, still—rather. Now you must go. Fancy if anybody came!"

"All right, I'll go. But, I say, you might just drop a hint to the major."

"I can't send him another message that I'm—that I've done it again!"

She drew a little away from him. Bob's hearty laugh rang out; his latent sense of humour was touched at the idea of this second communication to the major. For a moment Janie looked angry, for a moment deeply hurt. Bob laughed still. There was nothing for it but to join in. Her own laugh rang out gaily as he caught her in his arms again and kissed her.

"Oh, if anybody knew!" sighed Janie.

But Bob was full of triumph. The task was done, the spoke was in the wheel. There was an end of the major as well as of Harry—and an end to his own long and not very hopeful waiting. He kissed his love again.

There was a sudden end to the scene too—startling and sudden. The door of the room opened abruptly, and in the doorway stood Mrs. Iver. Little need to dilate on the situation as it appeared to Mrs. Iver. Had she known the truth, the thing was bad enough. But she knew nothing of Harry Tristram's letter. After a moment of consternation Janie ran to her, crying.

"I'm not engaged any more to Harry Tristram, mother."

Mrs. Iver said nothing. She stood by the open door. There was no mistaking her meaning. With a shamefaced bow, struggling with an unruly smile, Bob Broadley got through it somehow. Janie was left alone with Mrs. Iver.

Such occurrences as these are very deplorable. Almost of necessity they impair a daughter's proper position of superiority and put her in a relation towards her mother which no self-respecting young woman would desire to occupy. It might be weeks before Janie Iver could really assert her dignity again. It was strong proof of her affection for Bob Broadley that, considering the matter in her own room (she had not been exactly sent there, but a retreat had seemed advisable) she came to the conclusion that, taking good and bad together, she was on the whole glad that he had called.

But to Bob, with the selfishness of man, Mrs. Iver's sudden appearance were rather an amusing aspect. It certainly could not spoil his triumph or impair his happiness.

(To be continued.)

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THE BISHOP'S AMAZEMENT

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

AUTHOR OF "AUNT RACHEL," "A WASTED CRIME," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF INSTALMENTS I. to VII.—Tom Finch and the Bishop of Stokestith's daughter were engaged to be married. Then the uncle who was to have left Tom a fortune and a title, married and had an heir, whereat the Bishop banished Lucy to the Continent for a twelvemonth, and forbade Tom the house. The lovers, however, meet again, lunch together, and then happen to collide with the Bishop. Attacks Tom and reiterates his absolute objection to the match, to which the hero replies that no one save Lucy shall release him. Tom witnesses a meeting between a broken down tramp and a swell military gentleman, whom he recognises as an acquaintance of the Bishop's. Moreover, he hears the tramp's question: "How did you get out of Portland?" The two men meet in the evening at Darcy's Hotel, with a Mr Ross, to plan how to change some ten thousand Bank of England notes, which they have forged. The Bishop of Stokestith next attempts to win from his daughter a promise of not seeing Tom any more; but the only result of his action is Lucy's emphatic order to the servant that she is always at home to Mr Finch. At this the Bishop's sister, Mrs Raymond, comes to the rescue, and proposes that Lucy should go with her to Paris. Finally the three of them set out for the French capital, but not before Tom Finch has received a note from Lucy, saying that she would like to see the expression on her aunt's face if he should by any chance join them at Dover. The Bishop is late for his train, and is tumbled into a carriage in which sits Mr Mortimer, likewise on his way to Paris, and prepared to make something out of any and every man he comes across. When Tom recognises in Mortimer the tramp who had begged of him in the park, the latter explains that he is in the secret service of the French Republic. Arrived at Paris, Mortimer discloses of all his notes, save five which are left by chance in his waistcoat pocket. Then Colonel Varddike turns up, disguised, to announce that the fraud is discovered and that they must get away immediately, which they do, Mortimer in the Bishop of Stokestith's clothes which had been put outside the next door to brush. The light grey suit left in Lucy's charge horrifies the Bishop the following morning, for he has no second suit of his own with him. However, by the time the ladies have to leave Paris, the Bishop has got so used to his new garments as to decide upon postponing his return to England, and going to Monte Carlo in search of an experience of real life. There he strolls into the gaming saloon, where Tom Finch and his friend, Draker, are at play, and changes one of the ten pound notes he has discovered in his waistcoat pocket. This is found to be forged, and the Bishop, despite his protestations, is lodged in prison. Meanwhile Mortimer, passing himself off as the real Bishop of Stokestith, is masquerading in the district with Col. Varddike.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was indeed the unworthy Mortimer whom his lordship had encountered, as he was being taken off to prison by the big Suisse, and it was Colonel Varddike who had warned James of the identity of the distressed gentleman who had called to him. "Come away, you blundering idiot!" the Colonel had whispered. "It's the Bishop."

And James had melted into the shadows of the night, as we have seen. He had been having what, in moments of social confidence with Varddike, he had suffered himself to describe as a high old time. He had introduced himself to the ecclesiastics of the neighbourhood, and had charmed them all by his courtly affabilities, his elegant familiarity with their mother tongue, his interest in local ecclesiastical antiquities, and the like blandishments. He had skillfully saved himself from holding a discussion in Latin with a learned father by pointing out that the pronunciation employed by the isolated and barbarous scholars of England made it sound like another tongue in the ears of Continental people. He had been entertained by some of the local gentry, and had left behind him a far more satisfying impression than the real Bishop would have done. He

was courtly, he was polished, he was eloquent; he was full of a curious wise knowledge of the world, astonishing in a person of his cloth. He lied gloriously, and he stowed invitations to the palace of Stokestith. One of these has since been accepted to the great trouble both of the real Bishop and his unknown guest. More acceptances are looked for, and are dreaded, as any reminder of that awful time will always be dreaded by Dr. Durgan to his dying day.

When the confederates had seen the Bishop carried away, Mr Mortimer approached one of the Suisses and asked the cause of the disturbance. The man did not know, but the courtly gentleman in the queer dress induced him to accept a five-franc piece and inquire. The Suisse went away and came back with the story. James thanked him, said it was a mournful circumstance, adding that the arrested person had really looked like a respectable member of society. Then he went back, bursting with laughter, to Varddike, and gave him the history.

"The old buffer had my togs on," said James, who was almost in hysterics in his mirth at the situation. "You remember that £50 I couldn't account for? I must have left the notes in one of the pockets, and the vicious ecclesiastic has come down to Monty to have a spree on the strength of the windfall. Oh, the depravity of man! I think upon the whole," he went on more soberly, "that since the real Simon Pure is here, I had best get rid of these, and seek fresh fields. I'll go to the hotel and change, and we'll nip across to Nice by carriage."

So James went off alone to the hotel de Paris, and jostled Tom Finch at the door.

"Hallo!" said Tom, with instant recognition.

"Sh!" said Mr Mortimer, and went by him with a raised forefinger and an air of busy mystery.

"Say then," Tom asked a passing waiter, "do you know who that is?"

"Mais oui, Monsieur," said the waiter, "Un ecclesiastique Anglais. L'Evêque de—de—de—Stokestith."

"I'll be hanged if it is," said Tom, and he went upstairs after Mortimer three steps at a time.

James, the watchful and the slippery, heard the bounding step behind him, and pricked up his ears. He guessed his impetuous young acquaintance was following him, and in his heart he cursed his luck.

"I say," said Tom laying a hand on his shoulder, "I want a word with you, and I'll trouble you to come to my bedroom, if you please."

"My dear young sir," James responded, "you are a nuisance—forgive me if I say a ghastly nuisance. I am particularly occupied at this moment, and I have no time to place at your disposal."

"My very good sir," Tom insisted, "I want a word with you, and I mean to have it, if you please."

He was much bigger than James—he was much younger and stronger, and it seemed sensible to accede to a request so very pointed. James obeyed, but he protested.

"It does not suit my purpose to be engaged in any kind of brawl or disturbance just at present," said Mr Mortimer; "but I think it fitting to advise you that if you interfere with me in the performance of my duty, it lies in my power to make your residence in this little principality both unpleasant and brief."

Possibly, Tom answered drily; "but for the moment just oblige me by walking in here."

Mortimer obeyed, but he obeyed only

because flight and struggle were alike hopeless. He was cast wholly upon his powers of diplomacy and invention, and he was both frightened and astonished. Tom turned up the electric light, and locked the door of his bedroom. James liked things less and less, and wondered what sort of blow he had to parry.

"Now," said Tom, "it's no affair of mine if you adopt any kind of masquerade you please. That seems to be your business, and whether your trade is that of an honest man or a rogue I neither know nor care. But you seem to be posing just now in the person of a very intimate and respected friend of mine; and my business with you, sir, is to tell you that I won't have his name misused for any purposes of yours, and to ask why you are so misusing it?"

"May I inquire your name, young sir?" said James, who wanted to gain time to spar for wind, as the sporting gentry say.

"You may," Tom answered, "My name is Finch—Thomas Finch, and I am a barrister."

"You are very young," said James, reflectively. "You are curiously young."

"That may be quite true," Tom retorted. "But it isn't what I asked you for."

"You are, in all probability," said Mr Mortimer, "at this very moment in connivance—an innocent connivance, I admit—with as dangerous a scoundrel as ever troubled my department. If he slips through my hands in consequence of my detention here I shall hold you responsible."

"That may or may not be true," said Tom, "but at present you look to my mind suspiciously like a person of criminal intent. You are masquerading in the name and in the aspect of a gentleman who is very well known to me, a gentleman on whose behalf I have a complete authority to interfere, and until I am satisfied as to your motives it is my intention not to lose sight of you."

"You are young, Mr Finch. You are even ridiculously young," said James, who liked his own outlook even less than ever. "I am in pursuit, as I have told you already, of one of the ablest and most dangerous of the criminal class in Europe. A disguise was necessary for my purpose, and I adopted this because it happened to be ready to my hand. I adopted it with a real name—the name of a gentleman to whom I, like yourself, happened to be known—because it might easily have wrecked my purpose to have taken a name of my own manufacture."

"Very well," said Tom, "being what you say you are you have your credentials, no doubt, and will be able to prove your bona fides at the police office."

"Upon my word, sir," cried James, "you take a very extraordinary tone towards a person of whom you have no knowledge."

"I have knowledge enough of you to serve my turn, sir," Tom replied stoutly. "You bear a name and wear an attire to which you have no right. I happen to regard it as my duty to protect that name, and if you cannot show me, or will not show me, good proof that you are making use of it for a lawful purpose I shall find it my duty to denounce you to the police as an imposter."

"My dear Mr Finch," said James, "you will, of course, do as you choose. I have no power at this instant to prevent you from following any course you please, however destructive it may be to the most important interests. You are young, Mr Finch, as I have already twice or thrice remarked, but you are surely not so ignorant of the world as to be unaware that the police of this petty little principality are not lightly to be

entrusted with the professional secrets of a person of my standing. It is perfectly true that I have only to make myself known to secure immunity to myself from any annoyance you may wish to cause me, but it does not enter into the scope of my plans to reveal my identity here. I have to be frank with you very much against my will. I am on foreign soil here, and unless I can decoy my man across the border I have no authority to arrest him. It is open to you, sir, to destroy the plans of half a year. I am at your mercy, unfortunately, but I have explained my position as far as is consistent with my duty to my Government and have no more to say."

It was all very plausible and possible, and it was in keeping with Mortimer's earlier story, and Tom wished no harm to any man. He had his doubts, to be sure, but a doubt does not equal a certainty, and he felt that without a certainty he had scarcely the right to act.

"I beg your pardon, Mr—I haven't the advantage of your name," he said.

"Staunton," James replied. "Mr Arthur Staunton."

"I beg your pardon, Mr Staunton," said Tom, gravely returning James' bow, "but I confess that I am not wholly satisfied. At any rate I shall make so bold as to request that you will be good enough to drop the name you have assumed and to travel henceforth in some other."

"It happens, Mr Finch," returned James, "that I was going to my room for no other purpose than to change this dress. The attire and the name have served their turn. I surrender them both. Within half an hour I leave Monte Carlo. I have the honour to wish you good night, Mr Finch."

This, under the circumstances, left Tom no course but to open the door and let Mr Staunton out. He did it under strong misgiving, but he released his prisoner and watched him along the corridor.

"I'm not quite sure," he said to himself. "I'm not quite sure."


James breathed freely when he reached his own room, but he felt it necessary to open his dressing-case and apply to the silver flask before he began to disrobe.

"Nothing very serious could have happened," he told himself, "but I don't like these things. They are eminently disagreeable."

He rang for his bill, and paid it in good, honest, gold napoleons, and he changed his dress and packed and commanded a carriage for Nice. Varddike was ready for him, and they drove away together, but they had travelled three or four miles before James found the heart to tell his companion what had happened.

Tom went back to the gaming room, where he had left his partner. The inventor of the infallible system had

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been doing very badly—so badly, that he had lost heart, and had decided to tempt fortune that evening no longer. He met Tom at the door.

"Well," said Tom, "how have you got on?"

"Like a crab," responded Mr Draker. "Backwards. We're ten thousand francs out on the day's play."

"Pshaw!" Tom whistled. "Why, that leaves barely the original capital."

"Barely the original capital," returned Draker. "If we'd dropped the game three days ago, eh?"

"Ah!" said Tom. "I wish we had." They paced along the terrace in silence.

"Oh, I say, Finch," said Draker, suddenly, "there's a very rummy thing happened. You saw that old boy they ran out of the rooms an hour ago? They've got him locked up for passing a forged note, and who in the name of wonder do you suppose he pretends to be?"

"Why, how should I know?" Tom asked.

"He says," said Draker, and then he began to laugh. He was so hearty in his laughter that Tom had to join him even before he knew the joke. "He says he's the Bishop of Stokestithie."

"What?" Tom almost shrieked. "Another of 'em?"

He had to tell Draker of his adventure, and Draker agreed that it was the most astonishing thing he had ever heard of—the most amazing thing.

"Two of 'em, begad, personating the same highly respectable old Johnny at the same hour, in the village, I say, Finchie, if I were you I should just squander myself in the direction of the gendarmerie and look up Number Two. You can sit on his pretensions, anyway, and I should salt the tail of Number One as well, I fancy."

"Well, you see," said Tom, "in a sort of a way, don't you know, I've given my parole to Number One. But I really think I'll go down and have a look at Number Two. Will you come with me?"

"Why, no," returned Draker. "I think I'll go back and give the system another chance. My coming away may have broken the luck, you know."

"All right," said Tom; "but go light if the luck's against you. I'll find you there."

So Draker went back to the tables, and Tom inquired his way to the gendarmerie. Arrived there, he presented his card and stated his business.

"You have a person here in charge for having passed a forged note. I understand that he is an Englishman, and that he professes to be the Bishop of Stokestithie."

I forget whether it is a fourth or an eighth part of the lauded forces of the Principality who is on duty at one time. Whichever it is, he replied that this was so.

"Very good," said Tom. "I happen to know the Bishop of Stokestithie very well, and, if you will allow me to look at him only for a moment, I have no doubt that I can put an end to that ridiculous pretension. I have very good reason to believe that the Bishop of Stokestithie is in Paris at this time."

The representative of the landed forces was not quite sure whether it lay within the sphere of his duty to accede to this request; but the sight of a five-franc piece dissipated prejudice, and Tom was permitted to look at Number Two. Number Two sat with his face buried in his hands, and the officer poked him gently with his scabbard.

"Holla! Il y'a un m'sieur, ici—"

He got no further, for the prisoner looked up, and sighting Tom, sprang to his feet, and Tom fell back with a gesture of amazement as he had never been impelled to use in all his life before.

"Good heavens, sir!" Tom cried, take arise?"

"How on earth did this absurd mis-
"Mr Finch," said the Bishop, "let it be enough for you, sir, that I resent this intrusion. I resent it, sir."

"But," cried Tom, turning on the officer, "this gentleman is really the Bishop of Stokestithie. This is a gentleman of the very highest status, a member of the first Legislative Chamber. Do you know what an English bishop is—you turtle? Do you guess what you are doing in detaining here a gentleman of his character and standing? It is the most absurd, ridiculous, idiotic—Who is in authority here? Is the Prince de Monaco at home? Who is there

whom I can see to put an end to this astonishing farce?"

Tom's French served him excellently. He really spoke the language fairly well, but he was shy about it, as a rule, and distrustful about verbs and genders. Now, his excitement put these petty obstacles out of mind, and he felt that he was eloquent. But the Bishop's guardian was very doubtful about this recognition, which, to his mind, smelt of the theatre. He turned gruff and sulky, and he bore Tom out of the chamber and locked his prisoner in, and knew nothing about anything and would answer no questions.

When Tom got into the streets again, he felt quite feather-headed. "I'm mad," he said; "stark, staring mad! That's all that's the matter. I haven't seen the Bishop. I haven't seen to the gendarmerie. Staunton's a figment of the brain. It's all gammon and spinach—all of it—all! They'll stick a plaster on my head by-and-by, and I shall be all right again. I felt sane enough five minutes ago."

All this was a mere exuberance of words, for he knew well enough that the adventure was real; but, for the time being, the pretence served. It kept his amazement at arm's length—it prevented it from overwhelming him.

In a very little while his wits got to work, and he began to see that however the Bishop of Stokestithie had brought himself into this amazing mess, it might be in his power to get his lordship out of it, and it does no harm to add that he thought he might find his own advantage in it. He welcomed the chance the fates had given him to be of service to the Bishop. To be quick, to be discreet, to prevent this most ridiculous accident from getting abroad—these things were at once his duty and likely to be serviceable. How to act! He called to mind an ancient cry of his who was now an attaché to the British Embassy at Paris. It might be worth while to send him a full account of the affair by wire, insisting upon his secrecy and getting him to set the ambassador in motion. The telegram would reach Paris in an hour, and if it found his man at once it was possible that the Bishop might be freed that night. Surely that was safer and speedier than fooling about amongst a crowd of silly functionaries in Monte Carlo. He began to concoct the telegram, and would have taken measures for its immediate dispatch, but that he was for the moment without money. He had given his last hundred-franc note to Draker to make a level sum at the tables, and had forgotten to ask it back again. He raced to the Casino, and met his chum on the terrace. He opened up the terrible story at once, and somehow Draker seemed less surprised and interested than he should have been.

"What has come over you, man?" Tom asked. "But never mind that now. I'm going to wire to our embassy at Paris, and straighten this mad business out. You must let me have that hundred francs, old chap."

Young Draker stood stock still on the terrace walk, and his chin was on his breast.

"Come on," said Tom. "Don't keep me waiting. This affair must be seen to."

And still young Draker made no move and spoke no word.

"Draker," said Tom, in vague alarm, "what's the matter?" "I am very much afraid, Tom," said Draker, "that so far as any aid of mine goes poor old Durgan is likely to stop in chokery."

"You don't mean—?" said Tom, and paused.

"Yes, I do," said Draker.

"But there hasn't been time," Tom objected, with a chill creeping at his heart.

"Oh, lor, yes," said Draker. "Lots! I knocked up against the maximum, Thomas, and I am a shipwrecked crew. Come and stand me a drink before I die, for I haven't the price of a shoe-tie between here and London town."

"Nor I," said Tom. "I haven't a cent about me."

Draker broke into wild laughter and Tom took him by the arm and led him into the hotel. They sat down and ordered cigars, and brandy and seltzer water and the waiter obeyed the order

and stood by for payment. "Oh, chalk it up," said Draker, with a groan.

"Put it in the bill," Tom translated, and the waiter went away. He was back in two or three minutes with their account, which he handed on a salver. They looked at the total with their heads together and then they looked at each other and laughed desolately. Then Draker emptied his glass and rose.

"This is my fault," he said, "and I'll go and face the music."

"It's nobody's fault," said Tom, "and I'll go with you."

So they went together to the manager who had known what the matter was five minutes before.

"Look here," said Draker. "We two British citizens are stony. If you'll be good enough to send a wire to London for me, I can get enough to-morrow to pay up, and when that's done I'll clear out."

"All fortune at the tables, gentlemen?" said the manager. They nodded gloomily and the manager smiled. These Monte Carlo people have a most wonderful knack of knowing with whom they deal. They never bully a gentleman, and they very, very rarely trust an outsider too far. It must be a quaint education in worldly wisdom to keep hotel in that haunt of the wealthy and the poor—that place where broken hopes are mended or ground to powder in an hour; where defaulting clerks who have run away with fifty pounds make an income for a day which passes Vanderbilt's or Rothschild's, and careless, solid millionaires are sometimes stranded as high and dry as if they had not a farthing in the world.

"It will be quite right, gentlemen," said the manager, when they had named their respective bankers and the amount for which they desired to draw. "And in the meantime, gentlemen, please order anything of which you may stand in need."

They felt that they stood in need of more brandy and another syphon. They called for these comforts and sat and sipped in sadness.

"I say, Finchie," said Draker, after a long spell of silence. "I don't think so much of the rotten old system as I did."

Tom gave no answer. He had been respectfully brought up, and he felt it

impossible to express an opinion of the system without doing injustice to his training. "But what the deuce," Draker asked, "did it always work out all right for until we got the money on it?"

"I don't know," said Tom. "I don't care a red cent about the system. So far as I'm concerned the system's drowned and dead and done for. I'm thinking about old Durgan."

"Ah!" said Draker, willing to find consolation anywhere. "We've made a mess of it, but we sin't in quod. That's some comfort."

"Oh, this shoddy age" cried Tom. "This beastly age of cheap things for the million!"

"What's the matter with the age?" asked Draker. "What have cheap things for the million got to do with us?"

"Why," Tom responded, "if we had lived in a solid, self-respecting age we could never have been cleaned out like this. You've got a three-dollar bit of Yankee machine-made rubbish ticking at the end of a black ribbon, and I have another. Only a dozen years ago a gentleman's watch was worth something, and now I can't raise the cost of a wire to Paris, and Lucy's father is in chokery."

(To be continued.)

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'Louis' Velveteen.

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AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

The Boarding-house Child.

"I haven't seen it stated anywhere that the managers of boarding-houses have advertised for contributions on 'How to make home pleasant and business profitable,'" said the tired-looking woman, "but in case they are seeking such advice I will gratuitously submit a suggestion. They must harness the children of the family. It may be found necessary even to clap them into a straightjacket and gag them, but parents who are really anxious to succeed in their chosen vocation should not shrink from these radical measures.

"Now, I'm a boarder, and a good one—a profitable one. My appetite is normal, my circulation and eyesight are so good that I can get along with very little heat and a plugged-up gas jet, and what is more to the point, I'm a good payer. Hence I say I am a desirable boarder, and people ought to be glad to capture me. Many landladies do indeed recognise my splendid qualities, and when I was out one day last week seeking a new domicile, at least a dozen women fairly begged me to tarry at their firesides at a low rate. But I was forced to decline those invitations because of the impudence of the household cherubs.

"The first call I made was at a house in — street. The weather was bitterly cold that day, and when I reached that house I was half frozen. The landlady sent word that she would be down in a minute, and the daughter, a little girl probably 11 years old, volunteered to entertain me. And she did, with a vengeance.

"'You're cold, ain't you?' she asked, solicitously.

"'Yes,' said I. 'I'm awfully cold.'

"'I thought so,' said she, 'your nose is so red.'

"'Did I engage board at that house? Never. If it had been a palace with bargain-counter accommodation at 50 per cent. below cost I wouldn't have subjected myself to that child's merciless criticisms on my physical imperfections, the most prominent of which is my nose, which has, indeed, a florid hue at times.

"'At another place the landlady was a musical enthusiast. 'Are you fond of opera?' she gurgled.

"'Yes,' said I, 'some of it. I like the Italian operas, but I can't endure Wagner.'

"'As is my custom, I pronounced it plain, every-day Wagner. The little girl—it was another little girl that time, but a specimen of the same breed—smiled pityingly. 'I presume you mean Vogner, do you not?' she said. 'Just listen, mother. She calls it Wagner.'

"'And did I take a room there? Well, I guess not. I went from there to Princes-street. Again I had to wait for the housekeeper, and again I encountered a little girl. She came up close and watched me as I drew a chair up in front of the fire and tried to warm my toes. Presently she said: 'My, what big shoes you wear, don't you? Do you always wear such big overshoes?'

"'I was getting pretty sick of the whole race of juvenile femininity by that time, and I'm afraid my tones were none too mellifluous as I snapped out a reply. 'Yes,' said I, 'I do.'

"'And why do you wear such big shoes?' she persisted. 'Is it because your feet are so big?'

"'Naturally I excused myself to Princes-street, and fared further in my quest.

I had numerous other experiences with youngsters while in quest of board and lodging, but these instances are sufficient to prove that as an advertisement for boarding-houses the advanced progeny of the managers are not a howling success."

Hints for the Home.

TO REMOVE THE STAINS OF CONDY'S FLUID FROM GLASS AND EARTHENWARE.

Take one tablespoonful of kitchen salt and the juice of half a lemon, mix well together, and apply it to the stains with a piece of flannel. Well rub for a few minutes, and the stains will be quite removed.

TO RELIEVE CROUP.

Give the child every ten minutes a teaspoonful of warm olive oil, and rub the chest and back with the warm oil as well. This must be well worked in and flannel laid over the parts.

AFTER A MUSTARD PLASTER.

After a mustard plaster has been taken off, the skin underneath it is often red and tender. This may be at once relieved by making a poultice of oatmeal and tepid water, and laying it over the part till all the pain has gone.

NEW SOCKS AND STOCKINGS.

New socks and stockings should always be washed before being worn. In the first place it makes them last longer, and in the second it prevents risk of injury to the feet through the colouring.

TO KEEP IRONS SMOOTH.

Beeswax and salt will make rusty flatirons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag, and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

TO CLEAN VEILS.

Have you ever tried steaming these? To do it get a piece of an old broom-handle, or a roller, wind the veils carefully round it, being very careful that the edges are even. Lay across a boiler or saucepan of boiling water,

and steam for three-quarters of an hour. Leave on the wood till dry. Crape is even more satisfactory when treated in this manner, the steam giving it the stiffness of new material, and also taking out all the dirt and dust.

CLEANING GOLD LACE.

Put some rock ammonia lacy, and apply with a flannel to the lace, rubbing briskly. After a good brushing the lace will look equal to new, and the cloth of the trousers or tunic will be uninjured. Or you may sew the lace in a clean linen cloth, boil it in one quart of soft water and a quarter pound of soap, and wash it in cold water. If tarnished, apply a little warm spirits of wine to the tarnished spots.

HOUSING THE BICYCLE.

Although a bicycle should on no account be kept in a damp place, care must be taken not to leave it in a room so hot as to injure the rubber. As a "safety" does not take much room, it should, if possible, be kept in the house.

CARE OF NICKEL-PLATE.

Nickel plating must be kept quite dry and polished. For this purpose use a chamois leather, which should be wound round the nickel and pulled to and fro. On no account use sand, glass, or emery paper. If it gets very discoloured, clean with whiting or prepared chalk, mixed to a paste with water to which a little ammonia has been added.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

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The Highest Award for Toilet Soap at the Paris Exhibition, in 1889, was a Gold Medal, and the only one awarded *solely* for Toilet Soap was gained by

Pears

Again, at the 1900 Exhibition at Paris, The Highest Award obtainable for anything is the GRAND PRIX, and that also has been awarded to Messrs. Pears and is the *only one* allotted in Great Britain for Toilet Soap.

The Marrying and the Married.

The world has grown sick of married difficulties. It suffers from a sort of uad de marriage. It has little time and less inclination for considering even the saddest case, and to expect its sympathy is worse than useless. Troubles are multiplied; the same mistakes are made, for which there is no help so long as human nature is imperfect and human judgment prone to err.

People will marry, and they do it mostly for the sake of happiness. They do not reflect that Nature and the State, whom they obey, are not concerned about that element at all. Those two all-compelling forces demand progress, and everything else has to give way.

"The pitifullest whipter may be happy," and most of us are apt to measure life by happiness or unhappiness, which is sad when we know that very few marriages prove to be happy, and even the most buoyant optimist is bound to admit it. A few of us are well matched, some of us "get along" very well, and many of us are downright miserable. It is a fallen world, isn't there always a "but" or an "if" lurking behind the happiest appearances? "You never can tell."

If love were the only ingredient of happiness? But it is not. And doesn't it seem ridiculous that it is the only reason given for so many marriages?

The girl is charming, and he is the one man she can care for. So they marry, to find that love is the only thing they have in common. What a strain upon that love! How rattered and torn and patched and discoloured it becomes in the struggle to hold together two natures pulling in opposite directions! All honour to the noble power of love that it so often does hold true, in spite of desperate odds.

"A loving woman finds heaven or hell The day she becomes a bride."

It may not be always quite so sharply defined as that. It is more often a compromise where people learn to bear purgatory with fortitude. There are miseries which hardly bear mentioning-miseries of positive wrong and cruelty and oppression, and terrible faults which make association one long nightmare. For these there is no remedy except the desperate one of cutting oneself away from a joint life and struggling along alone, however crippled and maimed.

For such broken lives there is the blessed balm of work. It is not the happiest people who have done the best work, or conferred the greatest benefit upon the world.

Trouble and suffering bear strange fruits. Think of "Cranford"—that literary gem written to ease intense grief at the loss of a son. It is pitched in a low key, but there is no morbid thought, no desponding pessimism. And in Thackeray's works, shadowed by silent, abiding sorrow, there is the deepest tenderness for human nature, in spite of all the cynicism.

The disappointed man has infinite resources, chiefly his daily work, which is so often the work of his deliberate

choice. If a woman has children to love and work for she has something to hold on to and believe in, and will not grow embittered.

For those who have not there is nothing but work—anything or everything, so long as it is something which prevents sitting at home brooding over the irreparable mistake.

A great many of the couples we know are like left hand gloves, both being well made and well fitting, thoroughly good material, but, unfortunately, not a pair. It makes one long at times for fate to rearrange things and sort people better. Some would always be odd, of course. Some of us are so peculiar our affinities must have lived in mediæval times, while those of others have not yet been born. The question is: What is to be done when one finds that one has missed one's affinity? It is of no use to go about the world moaning, "See what a mess I've made of it!" Remember that many hundreds of people have made just the same mistake. Keep calm, make the best of it, and don't talk about it.

We should not know of half the matrimonial unhappiness if the ill-paired ones themselves did not tell us; and we don't want to know. But if they will open their cupboard doors and shout to us to come and look at their skeletons we can't resist indulging our base curiosity.

To bear the permanent mistake in quiet dignity shows great self-respect. Men are much more loyal than women in this matter. But it must be remembered that their temperaments are less emotional, and they have outside distractions, which help to ease painful thoughts and relieve tension. Speaking of it does no good, however. For the once that you are tempted to confide in your trust-friend there will be a dozen times when you will be glad you did not do so. You may think it will be a relief to speak; but if you do indulge in that relief you will find after your vain words have died away that you are in no better position than before. The conditions of your marriage remain unaltered. You have but lost in dignity and created a troubled, sad memory between yourself and your friend. That is the one sorrow which cannot be halved by a friend. Hide it, and don't spread the pain of it.

O. W. Holmes says that to tell our secrets to people is like giving them the key of our side door. At any moment they may break in upon our most sacred privacy, which is a second reason for silence.

There is yet a third.

How do you know that in your impulsive communication you are just to another?

The difficulty of your marriage may rest principally with you. You yourself may be the stumbling block; you may not be suited to the life; you may not be unselfish enough, good natured enough, forgiving enough. Even the ill-matched with these qualities may manage not to make each other entirely miserable, although by reason of clashing tastes they cannot be happy companions. They can always find something in common if they try,

supposing they wisely recognise the limitations of their sympathy and make way for each other frankly and generously.

But they who always want to have their own way and are not prepared to grant that privilege to others will soon turn the most promising marriage into a failure.

If yours has failed to be just the veritable Garden of Eden we all dream of and so few realise, make the very most of the good conditions which still remain, and don't allow one baffled emotion to spoil the whole of life.

And don't imagine that if you had happened to marry someone else things would have been different. Human nature is the same, and the demands of married life are much the same too.

"The flowers growing afar off are no better than those which grow at our feet." It is only children who wander on, deceived by the distance which lends enchantment.

The little courtesy, the kindly act, the restrained impatience, the ready help, the gentle consideration, the sustained effort to please—all these are the flowers which grow at your feet, waiting for you to gather them, that your home may be brighter and your heart less tired.

"PHOEBE WARDELL."

For Married Folk.

Society requires that, whatever their private relations, husband and wife face the world as a unit, harmonious, and with interests identical.

One thing good form imperatively demands that by no mischance, no loss of self-control, shall family discords be revealed to strangers, children, or servants. An uncontrolled voice is always unmanly and undignified.

A readiness to give up in little things is the most tactical appeal possible for a return of courtesy at other

times when the matter may be of importance to us.

HAVE YOUR OWN INDIVIDUALITY.

It is the woman that has the courage to be herself who attracts. Originals are so much more desirable than copies, no matter how accurate the copy may be.

Let every woman dare to be herself, develop her own individuality, not blindly copy some other woman. Let her think for herself, act for herself, and express her own honest opinions.

Individuality, when combined with that nameless something called manner, is the most potent weapon in the possession of the sex. A good woman's laugh is better than medicine.

GRACIOUS TO THE HUMBLE.

Many stories are told of the curious adventures of Queen Margherita on her mountaineering excursions, says the "Chicago Chronicle." The story of how she entertained a party of tourist climbers in one of the mountain huts is well known, but few have heard of another little adventure which befell her last summer. The Queen, whose energy is always the envy and despair of her suite, had wandered away from her attendants, and not only had lost her way, but was both hungry and fatigued, when she saw a peasant's cottage in the distance.

Making her way to it, her knock was answered by an old peasant woman, whom she asked for rest and refreshment.

"Come in, my dear, and welcome," the kindly old peasant said. The Queen entered and insisted on helping the hostess to prepare the simple meal of milk and bread. When the belated attendants reached the cottage, they found the Queen and the old woman gossiping like old friends. It was not until some days later, when a handsome present arrived at the cottage, that the woman learned how she had entertained her Queen.

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Physiological Action of Wine

In these days of struggles against alcoholism, the irreconcilable enemies of stimulants go to the length of proscribing wine. Experiments, however, appear to have proved to M. Roos that wine, moderately taken, has entirely salutary effects. This savant has reported to the Paris Academy of Sciences his experiments on six pairs of guinea pigs, to four pairs of which were given wine daily, while the others were provided with the usual food.

At the end of three months all the animals had gained in weight, but those that had taken wine were 5.6 per cent. heavier than the others. Moreover, each pair under the regimen of wine had on an average 2.5 descendants, whereas the abstainers had only two.

Two months later the difference in weight was 12.87 per cent. in favour of the guinea pigs that took wine, and the average weight of a pair of these animals, including their offspring, was 14.87 per cent. above that of a pair that had no wine.

After about nine months the pair that took wine had an average of 7.5 offspring, with a mortality of 23.2 per cent.; the total abstainers only had an average of 4.5 offspring, with a slightly lower mortality, namely 22.2 per cent.

Tests of strength made in the two parallel series did not lead to very conclusive results; nevertheless, they appeared favourable to the use of wine.

Lastly, two adult guinea pigs, one of which received five cubic centimetres of red wine daily, were subjected to insufficient food; the trial was to have lasted a month, but the animal that had no wine died at the end of about twenty-five days, whereas the guinea pig that took wine re-

sisted perfectly.

The above results absolutely conflict with the ideas that prevail at the present moment. For these reasons these ideas should be revised. But, already, protests are coming from all parts against the accusations of which wine is the object.

"Why," says M. Dumas (of Ledignan), "hold wine responsible for the misdeeds of alcohol. Why, on a pretext that alcohol weakens, stupefies and depraves, give up the generous wine, of which the Bible says, 'Wine maketh glad the heart of man?'"

From the remotest antiquity wine has been used at all feasts. The Egyptians, Hebrews, Greeks and Romans held it in high esteem, pouring out libations of it at all their religious ceremonies. In libations of the present day, if religious sentiment is somewhat neglected, wine still holds the place of honour. The fact is that, according to M. Dumas, wine is even more comforting than it is pleasant to the taste, that its chemical composition constitutes it a hygienic alimentary substance, a tonic of the highest order. Wine is a living draught for certain persons, the flowing flesh of the vine; it introduces into the flesh of man life, energy and heat. It gives to man the strength necessary to accomplish his work. Wine is, therefore, indispensable to all; as much so to the toiler in the fields as to the workman in cities.

Thus does M. Dumas express himself in his eloquent and witty apology for wine. But that is not all. Wine being indispensable to life, he says, it ought to be no more taxed than bread, air or light. The taxes upon hygienic drinks, and on wine especially, are taxes that belong to another age. Whenever wine becomes cheap it will drive out alcohol.

But to what wine should the pre-

ference be given? The consumption of white wine has during recent years, to some extent, partly from taste, but more from snobbishness, become almost equal to that of red wine. Less tonic, less nutritious and appreciably more diuretic, it causes superactivity of the kidneys, which is not without danger, and either from want of tannin or from superfluity of oenanthe ether, without containing more alcohol than red wine, it more quickly leads to drunkenness.

According to M. Dumas, wine has incontestable therapeutic properties. It is at the same time an astringent and a tonic; it restores the vital tension of the tissues. It is an analeptic tonic, preserving the nutritive qualities of the blood and restoring them when they have been lost, and a neurosthenic tonic, sustaining the nervous system, increasing the vital resistance, and re-establishing the synergies. There are not many medicines of which as much can be said.

Unfortunately, wine is less active in cases of disease than in a normal condition. Therefore, in serious cases, when the vital powers begin to give way, there should be no hesitation in exceeding normal doses, without, however, losing sight of the age, sex, and habits of the patient.

I have just made known the enthusiasm of M. Dumas for wine. I am far from concurring entirely in his views. Nevertheless, I must admit that the experiments of M. Roos, above related, are of a nature calculated to shake my convictions, strange to say, M. Dumas was not hitherto aware of them. What would his enthusiasm have been if he had known? It would almost have amounted to delirium.

Let us, however, patiently await the results of further and new experiments, which will before long

either confirm or demolish the results obtained by M. Roos.

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Yours faithfully,

JOHN HOUGHTON.

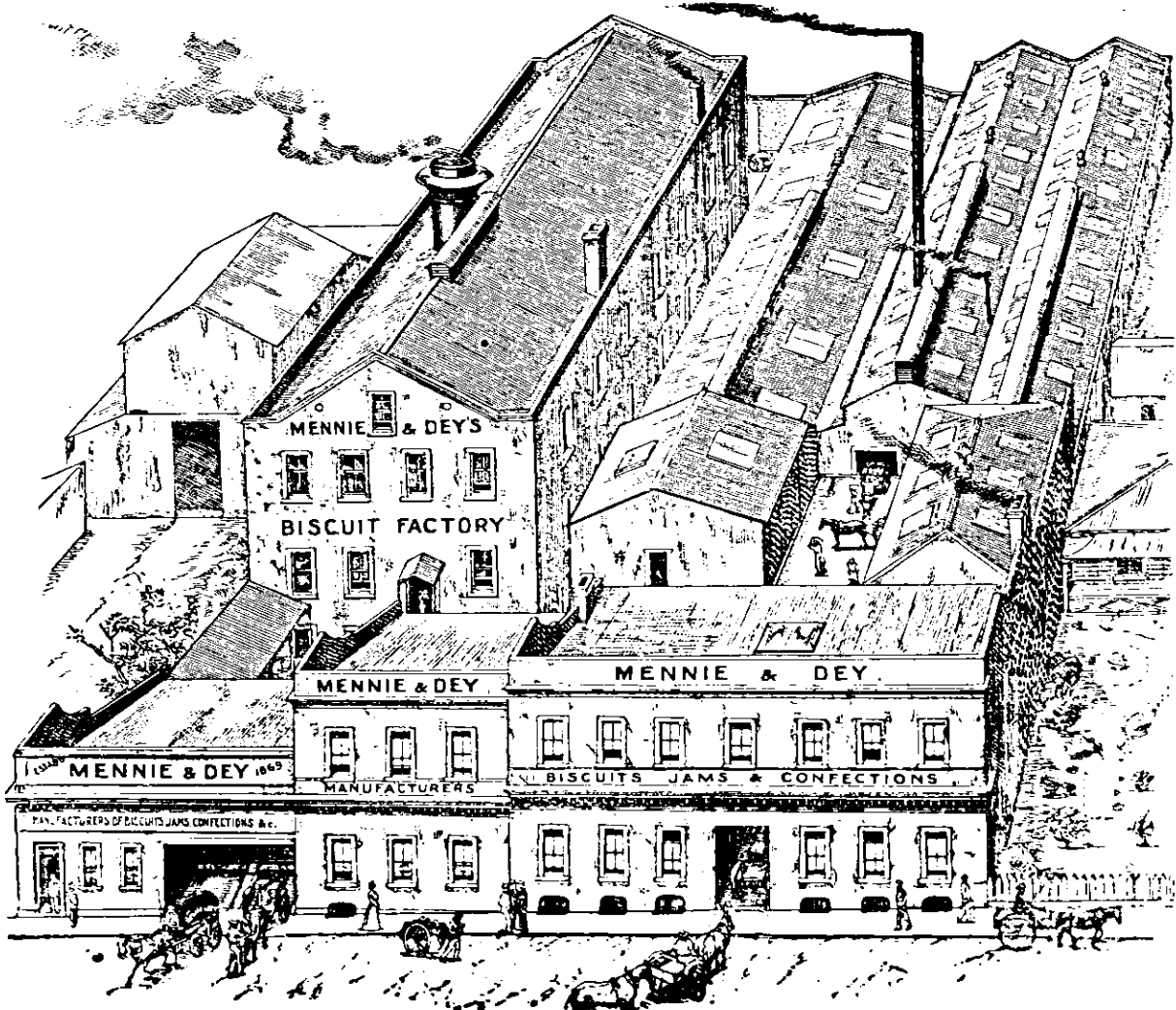
I certify that the above statement is true in every particular. (Mrs) E. Evans, 39, Cascade-street, Paddington.

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Best all comers for Quality.

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Best Value in the Market.



Gold Medal Confections, largest variety, best quality. **Gold Medal Conserves**
Peels, Only Makers Cupid Whispers in the Colony,

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

+++++++ By MARGUERITE +++++++

There is no doubt that unless one is possessed of a carriage it is impossible to wear light clothes in winter, for the pale-toned cloths and pretty embroideries run enough risk getting in and out of a carriage, but to walk down a muddy street in such toilettes is outre in style as well as expensive to the pocket. Yet fashion at its best, for afternoon toilettes, is showing these beautiful appliques, laces and embroideries on exquisitely pale-shaded cloths and silks.

Flowers and furs are mixed happily together on the best hats, sometimes mingled with tulle and lace.

Perfectly entrancing are the new designs in rough cream serge coats and skirts, with big collars of sable; toques of the same serge, with sable brims, are decorated with a bunch of violets or roses. These walking skirts are being cut all round, and to just clear the ground, with a few pleats on the hips and rows of strappings at the hem. There is generally a gold buckle on these toques. In fact, the craze for gold, as far as

millinery is concerned, does not seem to abate as quickly as was thought; but then, Parisians are so clever when they wish to prolong a mode, and the delightful way they are mixing gold embroideries on the sable and sealskin boleros certainly does much to reinstate gold in favour.

Beautiful little boleros for the early spring are being made in black panne, and show a wide waistband of gold embroidery.

I told you that chenille would still be used, and now it is being utilised as an embroidery, decorated with all kinds of precious stones and gold.

Furmine is only being used for evening wraps, and as a trimming on other fur garments; white caracul has taken its place for day wear; but this quickly assumes a grey shade, which is not universally becoming. There is no doubt that the richer looking furs, such as sable, mink and sealskin, are more suited to our climate. But much depends upon how furs are worn; and one should be as careful in the selection of the

same as in the choice of jewels, and if expense be no object it is easy enough to get some very beautiful examples.

But at the same time lovely furs in themselves may not suit everybody. I think we may safely say that sable and sealskin are universally becoming, whereas chinchilla is the reverse. Only those women who, with brilliant complexions, have the art of always looking smart, should attempt the wearing of chinchilla. Its peculiar, dull, stone-grey hue is certainly trying; so bear in mind that to wear chinchilla you must either be possessed of a good colour or else resort to art to supply it. I have seen a really good-looking woman, who is quite colourless, wearing a beautiful chinchilla cape, in which she looks absolutely plain. This, perhaps, is because she fastens her cape close up to her neck, without even the relief of some lace or the almost inevitable white tulle bow.

There is something very smart about black broadtail or caracul. By

the latter I do not mean that coarse stuff which will abound at sale-time, but the real baby lamb, which when manipulated by expert hands is certainly the best fur for tight-fitting garments. Furriers should be congratulated upon the way in which they have fashioned sable and mink into fur coats. I think that a duck's-egg-blue cloth skirt, with a lace blouse, showing some blue shadings to correspond, worn under a pouched coatee of sable, with the new bell sleeves and a good deal of lace near the face, surmounted by a black picture hat, forms one of the most ideal toilettes for the fashionable woman.

Now to tell you of a beautiful example of a grey bolero in broadtail—the very darkest grey—which was worn over a severely plain skirt of panne of the same shade. The front showed a waistband of the latter material decorated with tiny gold-braided buttons, and a chemisette of black and white chiffon, crossed with gold and silver braid. The inner



A Smart Walking Costume.

sleeves which appeared from under the bell-shaped fur ones were of the goffered chiffon, in a tiny band of black panne at the wrists, adorned with the gold buttons. To give a ridiculous touch of summer to this cosy winter costume was a large toque, composed of four or five shades of blue tulle and some wonderful lace, with a gold-wrought dagger, stuck in at the side. I need hardly say that this toilette emanated from the Rue de la Paix, though it was to be worn by an Englishwoman who really knows how to put her clothes on.

② ② ②



Here is a gown which can be worn at a fancy dress ball, but which will also make a lovely dinner frock for ordinary occasions. It is cut en princesse, and would look lovely in cream panne velvet or ivory satin Oriental. The lower part of the skirt is a mass of frong-froung flounces, not of chiffon, which is such terribly extravagant wear when sweeping the ground, but of an equally beautiful, though more enduring fabric. The butterflies which adorn this confection are of gold tissue, connected by threads of the same; the head dress is also a golden butterfly. The décolletage is softened with hand-painted or embroidered chiffon, with a long end of the same hanging down on to the skirt.

② ② ②



WALKING DRESS.



FOR A GARDEN PARTY.



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COIFFURES OF THE MOMENT.

In Paris there is a decided tendency to intrude the low coiffure, especially for young folks, who are wearing it loose at the side; but there are many sensible people who will not give up the present mode of dressing their hair on the top of their head, which is, after all, more universally becoming. No matter what fashion demands, it is unwise to experiment on one's coiffure, for individuality of style is essentially connected with the way in which we do our hair.



The Pistol and the Bottle.

The man who has once driven a burglar out of his house with a pistol is likely to keep the weapon handy for use in the future.

On a similar principle Mrs Elizabeth Langmaid is never without a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup where she can lay hands on it any day.

About four years ago she was taken bad with what was called "a complication of complaints." The doctor said she had an abscess on one of her lungs, and also indigestion and heart troubles.

And, seeing how she looked and felt, we should have believed him without a moment's hesitation.

"You can get an idea," she says, "how bad I was when I tell you I lay helpless in bed nearly nine months."

(That does give us the idea and no mistake. Save for the hope of recovery—which seldom quite perishes in the mind—I would as lief be dead, and so have the trouble over and done with.)

"Finally," Mrs Langmaid goes on to say, "when I got out of bed, all of me that could waste away was gone. I was just a skeleton covered by a skin. In truth they wrapped me in wadding—for appearance and for such comfort and warmth as the protection might give me.

"Whatever my complaint was I always had a dreadful pain in my sides and under the shoulder-blades; but the medicines I took had no more effect on it than so much sweetened water would have had.

"While in this miserable condition, I remembered how different friends of mine had spoken of the virtues of Seigel's Syrup for many kinds of ailments that nothing else seemed able to help.

"Anyway I was sure it would be no mistake to try it, and so I got a bottle from Campbell and Co.'s store in this town. Up to that time I always had a great feeling of weariness and drowsiness after eating, and could not shake it off.

"But to my delight I soon discovered that a dose of the Syrup dispelled this almost immediately, and by the time I had finished the first bottle I was greatly improved.

"As you would suppose, I persevered in taking the remedy until by degrees I got strong again. Gradually, too, I picked up my lost flesh, and recovered my former good health.

"Ever since then I keep a bottle of Seigel's Syrup in the house, and take a dose whenever I feel out of sorts in any way.

"You may publish this if you like, and I shall always be glad to hear of Seigel's Syrup doing for others what it did for me." Elizabeth Langmaid, Market-street, Muswellbrook, N.S.W., Sept. 26th, 1899.

Equalised.

The keeper of a certain lunatic asylum happened to hear the name of Mann. One evening a patient rushed into his room, and after abusing him for all kinds of fancied grievances, challenged him to fight. "My dear fellow," Mr Mann replied, "it would give me a great pleasure to accommodate you, but I can't the odds are so unfair. I am a man by name and a man by nature—two against one. It would never do." "Come on," rejoined the madman. "I am a man, and a man beside myself. Let us all four have a fight!"

Little Clarence: Pa, what is the difference between a professional and an amateur?

Mr Callipers: Why, one does it because he has to, and the other because he doesn't have to.

While Alfred the Great, for centuries past,

Has slept in his tomb of rest, Old England has grown to be ever so vast,

Till now she is greatest and best, May her sons never have to suffer defeat,

But hold their dear Island secure, Their healths they can keep and coughs always beat

With WOODS' GREAT PEPPER-MINT CURE.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Important Notice to Graphic Cousins and Prize Competitors.

Owing to this being a special Royal number, there is extraordinary pressure on our space. No cousins' letters can appear in this issue; all will be kept till next week. I can only tell you this time that

THE WINNER OF THE PAINTING PRIZE

is F. W. Young 13 Ellice Street, Wellington.

Next week I will pick out one for second prize, and tell you all about the pictures. I got ever such a lot.

Puzzle Competition.

Here are the correct answers. I will tell who won the prize next week.

Puzzlers for Wise Heads.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.—Title of Book.

- R—Grape—Gape.
- O—Po—River.
- B—Cabin—Cain.
- I—Ideal—Deal.
- N—Ann—Lady.
- S—Snow—now.
- O—Boat—Bat.
- N—Throne—Three.
- C—Clark—Lark.
- R—Cab—Crab.
- U—Mouth—Moth
- S—Pit—Spit.
- O—Cut—boat.
- E—Beacon—Bacon.

2. (a) So that he would always have a spring with him.

(b) Because it has small blades.

(c) A peacemaker (peacemaker).

(d) They both wear white ties and take orders.

3. Stomach (tone—ton—one—on—ne (knee)).

Andy's Adventures in a Toy Shop.

(Conclusion.)

HOW THE TIN MOUSE WON THE HUNDRED YARD CRAWL.

(By Douglas Z. Doty.)

The tin mouse, you remember, who had been sentenced to two days' imprisonment in a mouse trap by Judge Owl and whom Andy had hidden in Jack's box, kept very still while the brownie policeman looked everywhere for him.

After a while the owl became disgusted with the proceedings and with a great flapping of wings he flew away.

That, of course, signified that the court had adjourned for the day.

Miss Wax Doll and her friend, little Miss China Doll, put on their wraps and hurried away, escorted by the gallant colonel of a troop of wooden soldiers. The three of them paused for a minute near where Andy stood and the boy overheard Miss Wax Doll ask the brave soldier how he came to lose his sword arm.

Andy had often wondered about it himself, but it had never occurred to him to ask the fellow, so now he wait-

ed with interest to hear what the stiff little commander would say.

"Why, it was this way," began the Colonel. "One dark night about the hour of twelve (here the dolls shuddered with delight and Miss Waxie murmured 'How romantique!') I, with a company of as sturdy soldiers as were ever turned out of a German toy factory, started out to capture a strange animal which had been seen prowling about in the outskirts of Nurseryville. We were in Bed Clothes Valley when we caught sight of the monster rushing about on the top of Bolster Mountain. Then we lost sight of the foe, but later came upon his tracks by Bathub Lake. Now, it happened the water in the lake was very warm, as Master Andy's papa was about to take a bath. Now, all wooden soldiers with any glue in their composition should avoid warm water as you would avoid the plague. But three of my men—foolhardy fellows—ventured too near and toppled in."

"Mercy!" screamed Miss China Doll, "how exciting! Did the poor dears drown?"

"No," rejoined the Colonel, "you couldn't drown a wooden soldier if you were to try ever so hard. Poor fellows! A fearful feet—I mean a fearful fate overtook them, however. The warm water melted the glue that fastened their feet to the little round discs on which they stand, and when we fished the fellows out they couldn't stand up; and I am afraid they never will be able to walk again, unless our commander in chief, Andy—you know we're called the Andy Light Infantry—should take enough interest in their case to have 'em repaired."

"Dear me," thought Andy, with a pang of remorse, "I'll mend the poor fellows the very first chance I get. I never thought that wooden soldiers might have feelings."

"But you haven't told us how you lost your arm!" cried Miss China Doll.

"Oh, yes," replied the Colonel, with that easy, indifferent manner all great heroes assume. "It was really a very trifling matter. We had just reached the top of the Doorsill range of mountains when we were surprised by a sudden attack on the part of the wild animal. Before I had a chance to order a charge the beast seized me in his short teeth and began tossing me in the air and then catching me."

"How horrible!" cried Miss Waxie.

"Of course, my men did what they could to effect a rescue," went on the Colonel. "But with one blow of his paw the beast had knocked my entire company flat on their backs and senseless. In the course of his savage onslaught the animal bit off my right arm. After a while he got tired of tossing me about and ran away."

"What kind of an animal was it?" asked Miss China Doll.

"It was one of the canine species," replied the Colonel, "and one of the most ferocious specimens I have ever seen."

"Why, that must have been my fox terrier, Tags!" broke in Andy, with a laugh.

The Colonel looked up and turned very pale under his red painted cheeks.

"Bless me!" he muttered, nervously. "My dear General!" he began, bowing jerkily to Andy, "I hope Your Excellency has taken no offence at what I have been saying?"

"Not the least, Colonel," cried Andy, with a grin. "On the contrary, I have heard for the first time of how you lost your arm, and as a reward I will bestow the order of the Eagle upon you. I'll paint it on your coat to-morrow, if I can find my box of paints, and I

now appoint you a brigadier general."

The poor little Colonel began to bow more than ever and to mumble his thanks till Andy thought he would never get through. Finally, with a last grand bow, he turned and offered his one arm to Miss China Doll, while Miss Wax Doll walked at his right.

Andy watched them till they disappeared; then the boy turned, to find a great crowd gathered along a road which was being kept clear by a company of Andy's light infantry. "What's up?" asked Andy of the camel.

"Why, there's going to be a hundred yard crawl between the tin mouse and the giraffe," replied the camel.

"Let on the mouse, my boy," whispered the elephant in Andy's ear.

"I never bet—it's wrong," said Andy.

The elephant winked one of his wicked little eyes at him and remarked, "It's very wrong if you lose, but it's all right if you win."

"Shut up, Ella!" said the camel, with a grin. "Master Andy is quite right; betting is a very wrong thing. Jes' the same, I don't mind betting you a pound of fresh dates that the mouse wallops old Gre."

"I can't take that up," replied the elephant, "because I'm going to bet on the mouse myself."

"So am I," drawled a familiar voice, and Andy turned, to see his old friend the lion.

"It's this way," explained the camel, when the two had shaken hands, or paws. "The tin mouse was in our class at the Zoological College. That old Lunnox of a giraffe was a freshman when the rest of us were sophomores. So of course we're bound to see mouse wins for the sake of class spirit."

"Of course," cried Andy, growing interested.

Just then a shot was heard, and Andy, with the others, rushed to the track for the race was on.

"It certainly was a 'crawl,'" they came along so slowly. The giraffe was slightly in the lead when they came near to where Andy stood.

Suddenly the lion stepped to the edge of the track and began dropping little white squares along the way. Then he went back, and took his place again behind Andy.

"What were those things you just put on the track?" asked Andy.

"Ham sandwiches," replied the lion, with a grin. "Just you wait till the racers get up to them and see what happens."

"They had no long to wait, for even a hundred yards crawl does not last for ever."

The tin mouse, decidedly in the rear, plodded along bravely, while the clumsy giraffe, with his stupid, smiling face, kept gaining with every inch.

When the first sandwich was reached, however, his eyes lit up with gentle joy, and he stopped to eat. Immediately all his friends yelled at him to go on, but he only went on eating the faster.

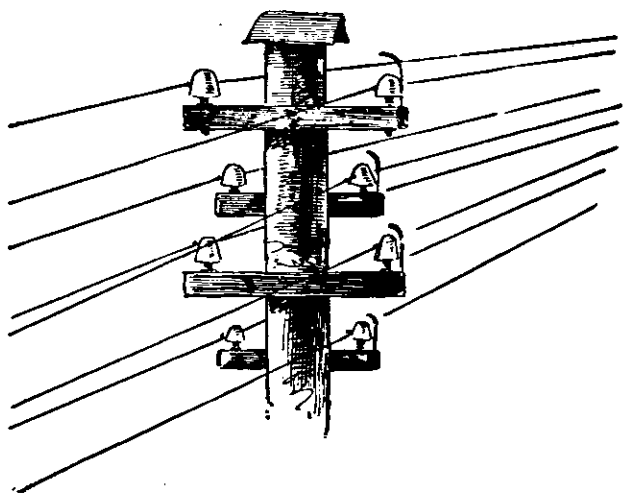
Then someone called out, "Foul! a foul!"

The giraffe raised his head for a moment.

"Fowl? No, only ham," he murmured, and then went on eating.

As the tin mouse crossed the line a winner, a terrific hubbub arose the like of which was never heard outside of a menagerie. The noise seemed to blend into one piercing, increasing scream, and Andy suddenly awoke and sat up in bed, to hear the seven o'clock whistle at a neighbouring factory still blowing.

[THE END.]



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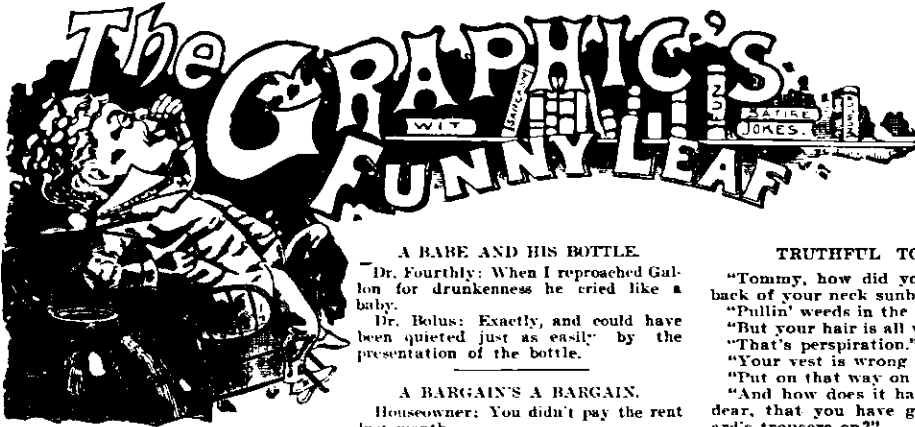
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THE BATHING-MASTER'S DUTIES.

Old Lady—Are you here to teach people to swim?
 Bathing-Master—No, mum; I'm here to keep swimmers from getting drowned.

SOMETHING HE FORGOT.

"No," said Mr Peck, the grocer, gloomily, "there's no money to be made in the grocery business now. Take sugar, for instance, there's nothing in sugar."
 "You forget sand," replied Larkin.

A HUNTER TRAPPED.

Wife: "Where is your game-bag?"
 Hunter: "Filled with rabbits, my dear, and so heavy that I gave it to the porter to carry home. Here he comes now. But where are the rabbits I shot?"
 Porter: "Please, sir, they didn't have any rabbits, so I got eels instead."

A CLASHING OF INTEREST.

Spencer—What is the matter with the parson and the doctor that they cannot agree?
 Ferguson—The parson says the doctor is so contrary. Just as soon as he gets a man properly prepared for the other world the doctor goes to work and cures him, and vice versa.

A DEFINITION.

"Pa, what is a diplomat?"
 "A diplomat, my son, is a liar who does not get found out."

At a christening, while the minister was making out the certificate he forgot the date, and happened to say, "Let me see, this is the 30th?" "The 30th!" exclaimed the indignant mother. "Indeed, not; it's only the 11th!"

"Speaking of battles, major," said the bud of a former season, "were you ever in what might be termed a really serious engagement?" "Well, rather," replied the major. "I was once engaged to a widow for three weeks."

Husband: "Have you done your best to economise this month, Mary, as I requested?" Wife (brightly): "Oh, yes; I spoke to the grocer, the butcher and the landlord, and got them to put off sending in their bills till next month."

Mr Lurker: "Excuse me, Miss Snapper, but I have long sought this opportunity—" Miss Snapper: "Never mind the preamble, Mr Lurker. Run along in and ask pa. He's been expecting this would come for the last two years."

"She is America's greatest actress," said Mrs Tenspot, speaking of a tragedienne whose name came up in conversation. "Indeed! Who says so?" asked Mr Tenspot. "The man who makes the pills that cured her of indigestion."

Mrs Sliamtayble (clinging to a floating spar after the wreck): "Oh, Henry, I'm afraid this board won't sustain me!" Her Husband: "'Tis a judgment sent upon you, Maria. Many a poor man who has paid you 15/ a week has said the same thing."

"Ah, dearest Irma, what ecstasy lies in this sweet passion of love, which makes the heart flutter and the pulse beat faster." Irma (recent graduate of a medical school, seizing his hand): "Ha, villain! You are deceiving me! Your pulse is quite normal—only 72. Begone!"

Shop Assistant—Here are some very pretty colours, but we cannot guarantee that they will wash.

Customer—If isn't necessary, I want them for a bathing-suit.

"Mamma, where do eggs come from?"

"Chickens, my dear."
 "Well, that's funny. Papa says that chickens come from eggs."

James—See, here, I find there is a five-hundred-pound mortgage on the property you sold me. You never said anything about it.

Smith—Certainly I did. Didn't I distinctly tell you it had all modern improvements?

A RABE AND HIS BOTTLE.

Dr. Fourthly: When I reproached Gallon for drunkenness he cried like a baby.
 Dr. Bolus: Exactly, and could have been quieted just as easily by the presentation of the bottle.

A BARGAIN'S A BARGAIN.

Houseowner: You didn't pay the rent last month.
 Tenant: No. Well, I suppose you'll hold me to your agreement?
 Owner: Agreement? What agreement?
 Tenant: Why, when I rented the house you said I must pay in advance or not at all.

CLARA AND DORA.

Clara: How did you come to accept him?
 Dora: I had to. Last summer he proposed to me in a canoe and he got so agitated I was afraid we'd be upset.

A REJOINDER.

He thought, and always had thought that he was a born humourist. "What a large quantity of dry grass you have collected, Miss Mayson," he remarked, glancing round the room. "Nice room for a donkey to get into?" Make yourself at home," she said, sweetly.

A GUARANTEE OF GOOD FAITH.

Assistant: No earthly use in asking the old man for a rise this year. He won't do anything for us.
 Cashier: Great heavens! We must ask him. If we don't he'll be sure to think we're helping ourselves.

FROM KANSAS.

Kansas is a "Prohibition State," in which spirits are allowed to be sold only as "medicine." One day a bronzed and stalwart cowboy planted a two gallon demijohn on the counter of a chemist's shop. "Fill her up," he said. "Baby's sick."

A SURE SIGN.

"Shall I find your husband at the club this evening?" "I am sure you will for he kissed me good-bye and said his work would keep him at the office until late."

HE KNEW HIM.

Mr Suddenly Good: I dropped a sovereign in the contribution box in Church last Sunday.
 His Friend (Cynic): Did you, indeed? What was the matter with it?

TRUTH.

"Pat, do you know what is the greatest barrier to the habit of drinking?" "Oh, do, sir." "Oh, you do, eh? Well, what is it?" "An empty bottle, sure."

TO GOLF PLAYERS.

Brown: Do you suppose I'll never make a good golf player?
 Todd (spittingly): Never, old man. You think too much of your family and your business.

THE NEW SERVANT GIRL.

"Did you have any words with your mistress which caused you to leave your last place?"
 "Never a word-rid. Shure an' Oi looked her in the bath-room and tuk all me things and shipped out as quiet as yez please."

A BUSY RELATIVE.

"Yes, sir, my great grandfather blazed his way to wealth."
 "With a pioneer's axe?"
 "Axe? No. He burned barns and got the insurance."

H. O. Ker: Where was that picture "Study of a Potato Field," painted?
 J. O. Ker: I should imagine in some Irish stew-dio.

TRUTHFUL TOMMY.

"Tommy, how did you get all the back of your neck sunburnt?"
 "Pullin' weeds in the garden."
 "But your hair is all wet, my son."
 "That's perspiration."
 "Your vest is wrong side out, too."
 "Put on that way on purpose."
 "And how does it happen, Tommy, dear, that you have got Jack Howard's trousers on?"
 Tommy (after a long pause)—Mother, I cannot tell a lie! I've been a-swimmin'!

ACCOMMODATING.

"John Thomas," whispered Mrs. Holderness, "there's a burglar in the drawing-room. He has just knocked up against the piano. Didn't you hear him?"
 "All right," said John Thomas, jumping out of bed, "I'll go down."
 "Oh, John Thomas," cried Mrs. H., in alarm, "don't do anything rash."
 "Certainly not," replied J.T., as he opened the bedroom door: "I'm going to help him. You don't suppose he can get that piano out of the house without assistance, do you?"



HARDLY REASSURING.

Fisher: You needn't mind Wolf. His bark is worse than his bite.
 Fletcher (who has just been bitten): Great Scott! I hope he won't bark.

THE QUESTION OF THE AGE.

"And what is your age, madam?" was the attorney's question to a Memphis woman.
 "My own," she answered promptly.
 "I understand that, madam; I mean how old are you?"
 "I am not old, sir," with indignation.
 "I beg your pardon, madam. I mean how many years have you passed?"
 "None: the years have passed me."
 "How many of them have passed you?"
 "All: I never heard of them stopping."
 "Madam, you must answer my question. I want to know your age."
 "I don't know that the acquaintance is desired by the other side."
 "I don't see why you insist upon refusing to answer my question," said the attorney, coaxingly. "I am sure I would tell how old I was if I were asked."
 "But nobody would ask you, for everybody knows you are old enough to know better than to be asking a woman her age."
 And the attorney passed on to the next question.

NO RETURNS MADE.

Doctor (to tailor): This vest is a very bad fit and will have to be altered.

Tailor (insinuatingly): Och, doctor, but yer the happy man; none of yer work iver comes back for alteration.

AT THE WOMAN'S CLUB.

"Why was she blackballed?"
 "Why, she considered her husband before applying for membership!"

SPONGE CAKE.

Mistress: Do you call this sponge cake? Why, it's as hard as can be!
 New Cook: Yes, mum; that's the way a sponge is before it's wet. Soak it in your tea, mum.

IN DAKOTA.

Divorce Lawyer: What is the cause, madam?
 Client: I have been married two years.

TO THE POINT.

"Ethel," he whispered, "will you marry me?" "I don't know, Charles," she replied, coyly. "Well, when you find out," he said, rising, "send me word, will you? I shall be at Mabel Hick's until ten o'clock. If I don't hear from you by ten I am going to ask her."

CUTS ABOUT THE FACE.

The Count: Dear me, baron, your face! Duelling again, at your age, and so recently married?
 The Baron: Aeh, no! It's my wife. She makes me eat with a fork!

NOT WADING.

"I don't know how you can wade through all those books," said a friend to the wearied reviewer. "Well, you see," was the reply, "most of them are so dry that I don't wade. I simply skip them."

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

She (angrily): How dare you, sir?
 He (after stealing kisses): But I couldn't help myself.
 She: Don't add falsehood to your crime! You did help yourself.

A CONUNDRUM.

"Why do they call the living skeleton the Napoleon of the Museum?"
 "Because he is the bony part of the show."

BEYOND THEM.

First Burglar (bursting into bedroom): Where do you keep your money? Come now, tell us or I'll put a bullet through your head.
 Smith: Oh—er—it's in the pocket of my—er—wife's dress.
 Second Burglar: Come on, Bill. We ain't on no explorin' expedition, I tell you.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Husband: Yes, dear, you look nice in that dress, but it cost me a heap of money.
 Wife: Freddie, dear, what do I care for money when it is a question of pleasing you?

THE HEALTHY RIVALRY.

"Doctor, don't you think that raw oysters are healthy?" "Yes. I never knew one to complain."

Our Royal Visitors

Auckland's Splendid Reception.

BRILLIANT SERIES OF SOCIAL AND MILITARY FUNCTIONS.

MAGNIFICENT FIREWORK AND WARSHIP'S DISPLAY.

On Tuesday Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York set foot on New Zealand's shores for the first time, and were accorded a loyal reception quite equal in heartiness to any they have received in the course of their memorable tour through the possessions of the British Crown. Auckland was appropriately chosen as the first landing-place of Royalty in this colony, and the people rose splendidly to the occasion, and paid such a tribute of loyal respect to the heir-apparent and his consort as Their Royal Highnesses should never forget. The powers of the elements smiled on Auckland for the great occasion. Never have Auckland's streets held such dense throngs of people as packed the main thoroughfares to-day. The suburbs and residential quarters of the city were quite deserted when the time came for the reception function, and in addition to the townspeople some thousands of country dwellers swelled the immense crowds, who had turned out to gaze upon the long-expected members of the Royal family. The city was splendidly decorated, and the whole effect of Queen-street, the wharf and the rest of the line of route was exceedingly fine. Flags fluttered singly, in strings and in festoons at hundreds of points, and the beautiful green foliage which met the eye everywhere gave a delightful freshness to the general scheme of the city's festive garb.

The Scene in the Harbour.

The wharf and the shipping in port were gay with many-coloured bunting; the flag-lockers of both warships and merchant craft were ransacked for every available bit of coloured cloth to "dress ship" in the orthodox maritime fashion. The six war vessels of the Australasian squadron in port were anchored in mid-stream, the line extending from a point directly opposite the Queen-street wharf down to the vicinity of the Callopie Dock.

The steamers' display in honour of the Royal visit gave a very picturesque effect to the scene on the Waitemata as the long-looked-for Sailor Duke's great yacht steamed in majestic state up to the wharf. In all there were twenty-four coastal steamers, including all the available vessels of the Northern S.S. Co., Devonport Ferry Co., Coastal Steamship Co., and McGregor Steamship Co. fleets. Crowded with excursionists, they made a brilliant show as they busily screwed or paddled their way down the harbour.

THE FLEET'S SALUTE TO THE DUKE.

Shortly before ten o'clock the big white Royal yacht Ophir lifted her anchors and, followed by her escort, H.M.s. St. George and H.M.s. Juno, steamed straight up the harbour. Very impressive was the salute of the Australasian Squadron to the King's son, who holds Admiral's rank in the Navy. As the Ophir, the gorgeous Royal Standard flying at the main, the Trinity House flag at the fore, and the White Ensign at the stern, moved up towards the fleet, it was seen that the "Sons of the Sea" were all in readiness to greet Royalty in true naval style.

Firing parties were ready at the guns, and the masted ships observed the fine old custom of "manning the yards." At a few minutes after ten the Royal Salute began. A bugle pealed on the Royal Arthur, where Rear-Admiral Beaumont hoisted his flag, a signal that was run up, and the first gun of the salute boomed out from the flagship's black side. Each ship took up the firing, and each fired 21 guns, the customary naval tribute to Royalty.

The bluejackets at the order of "Man-yards" swarmed up the rigging of the Pylades, Penguin and Torch, and from the lower top-gallant yards rows of active sailor men were soon standing at arm's length from each other. The big guns, loaded with blank, thundered out their welcome to the son of King Edward, while wreaths of smoke burst from the ships' sides a second before the reports were heard on the Queen-street Wharf, and soon enveloped the more distant vessels of the fleet in a thick haze. But by-and-by, when the "Cease-fire" was sounded, and the fresh breeze swept away the smoke pall, the Ophir came into the view of the wharf spectators, steaming up past the northern shore, on the further side of the squadron. Then came on the breeze the loyal roars of the British tars as each ship cheered with stentorian voice their future Sovereign and his Princess. The bluejackets perched away aloft "amongst the branches", waved their caps and hurra'd in lusty unison with their comrades lined up around the bulwarks below. Officers in all the splendour of gold lace, epaulettes and glittering swords were on the quarter-decks, and the Royal Marines, in full dress uniforms, were drawn up in lines on the big flagship's deck. Cheer after cheer came from the hundreds of hardy bluejackets, and then as the Ophir steamed rapidly and silently on past the long line of warships the Royal Arthur's band took up the salute to Royalty, and every sailor's hand was raised to his cap as the band played "God Save the King."

The naval salute over, the spectators on the wharves gave vent to their loyal feelings and loudly cheered the oncoming Royal yacht.

The Landing.

PRESENTATION OF AN ADDRESS. SPEECH BY THE DUKE.

The official portion of the reception commenced shortly after half-past one o'clock, when His Excellency the Governor arrived on the wharf. The Premier, the Right Hon. R. J. Seddon, P.S., dressed in court uniform, the Hon. J. G. Ward, Colonial Secretary, similarly attired, and the Hon. J. McGowan and T. Y. Duncan had preceded His Excellency by a few minutes, driving down from the Departmental Buildings, Mrs Seddon and Miss Ruby Seddon accompanying the Premier. The Ministerial party were greeted by His Excellency, who was accompanied by Captain Dudley Alexander and Captain Boscawen, A.D.C.'s. Together the Governor and his attendants and the Ministry proceeded on board the Ophir, His Excellency the Governor and Commander Winslow leading the way, followed by Mrs and Miss Seddon, the other members of the Ministry, Cap-

tains Boscawen, and Dudley Alexander bringing up the rear.

The party proceeded to the Royal drawing-room, where His Excellency Lord Ranfurly introduced them to the Royalties.

The Premier then presented the address of welcome to the colony to the Duke.

The address was enclosed in a beautiful casket of true Maori design, and worked out with true artistic skill. The bare casket is composed of slabs of greenstone set in solid gold. The mountings are heavily chased with Maori patterns. On one side are the arms of the Duke of Cornwall and on the other the New Zealand colours in solid gold and enamel. The four corners are flanked with square pillars of polished greenstone, surmounted by a kiwi in oxidized silver. The pillars and casket stand on an inlaid platform, beautifully worked in New Zealand woods. The platform itself stands upon two other bases of rare New Zealand woods. On the top of the casket is a Maori war canoe, carved in solid silver, with elaborate prow and stern modelled in historic relics. The figures in canoe are in silver, lifting up golden paddles in salute. This ornament contains a photographic copy of the address. The whole is enclosed in a casket of New Zealand woods. There is an inscription that it is presented by the Ministers for and on behalf of the people of New Zealand, as a souvenir of the visit of Their Royal Highnesses.

The Duke graciously accepted the address and casket, and then delivered the following reply:

THE DUKE'S SPEECH.

"Mr. Seddon and Gentlemen: On behalf of the Duchess and myself I thank you and the people of New Zealand most sincerely for the hearty welcome you offer us, and for your sympathetic reference to the loss we have sustained through the death of our beloved and ever lamented Queen—a loss which we share with the whole Empire.

"On behalf of the King, my dear father, I desire also to thank you for your assurance of the continued attachment and devotion of the people of New Zealand.

"On behalf of the King, my dear father, I desire also to thank you for the assurances of the continued attachment and devotion of the people of New Zealand to his throne and person, and of their unflinching loyalty.

"Of that loyalty they have already given most signal proofs. The readiness and promptitude with which the Government and people of New Zealand sprang to the assistance in the struggle—still unhappily proceeding—in South Africa will be remembered with gratitude by His Majesty and the people of the United Kingdom.

"Your action in that matter has proved to the world that your appreciation of the benefits you enjoy as citizens of the British Empire, will, whenever the occasion arises, be shown by deeds, not words, and that you are prepared to share in the responsibility of maintaining the glorious traditions and heritage which are your birthright as much as that of the people of the Motherland.

"I am glad to learn that the inhabitants of New Zealand are prosperous and happy, and that the Maoris, whose numbers are now increasing, are living in complete amity with their fellow subjects, and are co-operating with them in the work of self-government.

"The inclusion in this colony of the Cook and other islands—a step which, I understand, has the full concurrence of their inhabitants will

—with the same wise and sympathetic system of government which has secured the contentment and happiness of the Maoris—I have no doubt be of lasting advantage to the people.

"I regret that the brief period of our stay will prevent us from seeing as much as we could wish of the many beauties and natural phenomena of your islands, but we shall surely carry with us the most pleasant and lasting recollections of the warmth and cordiality of our reception, and of your kindness and good wishes on our behalf."

Miss Ruby Seddon then presented Her Royal Highness with a beautiful shower bouquet, of white roses and violets, picked out with maiden hair ferns, and tied with white and purple ribbons.

At the head of the gangway were gathered the Reception Commissioners, Messrs John Holmes, S. T. George, J. McLeod, and H. Brett, and the following members of the Auckland Harbour Board:—Messrs A.H. Kidd (chairman), J. H. Withford, M.H.R., W. J. Napier, M.H.R., W. W. Phisou, C. C. Dacre, J. Gunson, M. Nicol, J. Stichbury, and G. Cozens.

Reception Platform.

The scene from the reception platform was a truly magnificent one. As far as the eye could sweep the buildings of the city could be seen flags on all points. On all sides were the eager happy faces of the immense but good-humoured crowd that had waited patiently in some instances for hours, to see the Royal visitors and had occupied every possible position from which a clear view was obtainable, whether perched on verandahs or on roof-tops; and as far as one could see hunting was displayed profusely from almost every building. The reception platform began to fill up early, and though it presented a somewhat sombre appearance it was quite relieved by the gaiety of the surrounding scene. To the left was the Harbour Board's lighthouse arch, causing the imaginative to reflect on the greatness of our sea power, and through the arch was seen a blaze of colour, as the eye ran along the lines of flags. From the arch eastward, and parallel to the platform, stretched a wall of people, packed on the sidewalks, hanging to sign-boards or standing on walls. Near the arch was the Harbour Board's platform, filled with members of the Board and its employees, and opposite to the reception platform rose the public structure, packed with humanity, while between the hanging festoons and the fluttering flags gave the requisite colour to a memorable scene. Behind the platform rose another living wall, behind that a few feet of building, and then an irregular fringe of spectators crowding the edges of the parapets. A glance up Queen-street revealed a blaze of colour softened with green and sombered again by crowded thousands. In gradations of colour one saw flags on top, greenery next, and multitudes below, the whole blending perfectly into a magnificent scene.

The Royal enclosure on the platform presented a fine appearance, the furnishing and decorating being in the hands of the Tonson Garlick Co., Ltd. The steps leading to the dais were covered with carpet, the inside rails were painted light blue, and the handrail red. The floor of the enclosure was covered with crimson, and the furniture consisted of handsome occasional chairs draped with silk flags specially imported for the occasion. A number of the occasional chairs were artistically shaped cane work, while others were heavily upholstered in crimson and green plush.

Shortly after one o'clock His Worship the Mayor, Dr. L. Logan Campbell, arrived, accompanied by Mrs Campbell, Miss Fodor, of Dunedin, and Mrs Hutchinson, guests of Dr. Campbell, at Killbride. The arrival of Auckland's popular Mayor was welcomed with prolonged cheering.

which was renewed as Dr. Campbell, in his robes of office, ascended the platform, and was met by the Royal Commissioners, Messrs H. Brett, Seymour Thorne George, and John McLeod.

At 1.30 o'clock the band of the Royal Arthur marched past the platform, followed by a number of men from the warships, who were greeted with cheers as they passed up Queen-street. A few minutes later renewed cheering took place as His Excellency Lord Ranfurly drove down to meet the Royal visitors. In the carriage were also Captain Alexander and Captain Boscawen.

Patiently the crowd waited until Craah came the first gun from the Albert Park, followed by those from the warships, announcing that the great event was a thing of the present; that their Royal Highnesses had set foot in New Zealand. Twenty more crashes and then a pause, these were but "happy prologues to the swelling act of the Imperial theme." Then the Governor (Lord Ranfurly), Right Hon. R. J. Seddon, Hon. J. G. Ward, Hon. J. McGowan, and Hon. Mr Mills arrived, and passed into the Royal enclosure. Immediately afterwards Mr Ariki and John Mangania were ushered into the enclosure. A burst of cheering louder than usual announced the fact that the Royal visitors were in sight. Another moment and the Duke and Duchess accompanied the platform amidst tremendous cheering.

Lord Ranfurly then stepped from the dais, and, bringing forward Dr. Campbell, introduced Auckland's Mayor to the Duke and Duchess. The Town Clerk (Mr Wilson) next handed to the Mayor the city address, which Dr. Campbell formally presented to His Royal Highness amidst great cheering. Lord Ranfurly next led forward Miss Kidd (daughter of the Chairman of the Harbour Board, Mr Alfred Kidd). The lady was duly introduced and presented to the Duchess a magnificent bouquet of flowers.

At this juncture the selected choir from the Choral and Liedertafel Societies, conducted by Dr. Thomas Mus. Doe, Orono, sang the National Anthem, being led by the fine Waikato brass band.

His Royal Highness, upon stepping forward to speak, received a tremendous ovation. When quiet was restored he said: "It is with feelings of intense satisfaction that, after our long voyage, we have at last set foot on your country, which we both have always been so anxious to visit. It is especially interesting to me that the first ceremony in which I take part is to hear His Excellency the Governor read, by the King's command, the proclamation announcing the inclusion of Cook Islands with New Zealand." (Great applause and cheers.)

Lord Ranfurly then read the formal proclamation of the extension of the boundaries of the colony of New Zealand so as to include the Cook Island group and all other islands within the boundary lines specified, as from the date of the 11th of June, 1901.

This proclamation was the signal for renewed cheering. His Excellency called for three cheers for the King, which were heartily accorded. Mr Seddon followed by calling for cheers for the Queen, and also for the Duke and Duchess.

The Royal party then returned to the carriage, and the procession started up Queen-street.

The Invitations.

THE GOVERNMENT PLATFORM.

Dr. and Mrs Boynton, Major and Mrs W. Bennett, Mr and Mrs Buller, Mr and Mrs A. Bull, Mr H. Buxton, Mr and Mrs W. Buxton, Mr and Mrs E. Bamford, Mrs Brown, Mr and Mrs H. C. Brewer, Mr and Mrs W. Berry, Col. and Mrs Burton, Mr and Mrs Arthur Brett. The Rev. Joseph Clark, Mr P. E. Chas. Mr A. Ches. Mrs Cuzman. Mr and Mrs P. Darby, Mr J. O. Dixon, Mr Dixon, Mr and Mrs W. Drummond, Mr and Mrs W. S. Douglas. Mr and Mrs Ferguson, Mr E. Ford, Mr and Mrs J. Fewless. Mr C. Gillies, the Messrs George, Mr and Mrs Charles Grant, Mr T. Haris Giles, Mr and Mrs W. J. Geddis. Mr and Mrs H. Horton, Mr and Mrs Walter Hill, Mr Hoop, Mr and Mrs W. Hawking, Mr and Mrs G. Hamilton, Mr T. Hatfield, Mr H. A. Hitchens, Mr Hackett. Mr H. Dunbar Johnson. Miss Kennedy, Mr and Mrs Keane, Mrs Kirby, Mr and Mrs B. Keane, Mr S. King.

Mr and Mrs T. W. Leys and Miss Leys, Mr J. Leydon, Mr E. Leydon, Mr C. Little, Mrs Lewis. Mr and Mrs Thos. Murrin, Mr and Mrs Mexies, Miss Mahon, Mr and Mrs W. J. Maxwell, Mr and Mrs Seering, Mr and Mrs M. and Mrs Martin. Mr and Mrs McLoughlin, Mr and Mrs A. V. McDonald, Mr J. McMahon, Mrs Oakey, Mr J. J. Obrien. Major Dean Pitt, Mr G. Powley, Mr and Mrs Gerald Pascoecke. Mr and Mrs R. Roper, Mr and Mrs Rathbone, Mr S. Reid, Mr and Mrs T. Robertson, Mr and Mrs T. Riley, Mr J. Ryan, Mr and Mrs W. J. Ralph, Mrs Rolleston, Mr and Mrs Rubery, Mr and Mrs A. Reid. Mr and Mrs Stratman, Mr and Mrs J. M. Shoru, Mr J. Sherrin, Mr M. J. Shuchan, Mr T. J. Stevens, Mr Stevenson, Mr and Mrs Seagar, Mrs Stone. Mr T. Todd-Ship, Mr S. Tyson, the Hon. J. A. Tule and Mrs Tule, Mr W. Thomas, Mr W. H. Thompson, Mr Wm. Tule. Mr and Mrs W. W. Ware, Mr D. J. Wright, Mr T. C. P. Whistler, Mr W. White, Mr F. Wright, Mr and Mrs H. W. White, Mr and Mrs J. G. Walsh, Mrs Watson. Mr Young. Miss McGregor and Hon. Mr McGregor, Miss McGregor, the Hon. Mr Tupper and Mrs Tupper, Mr J. H. T. (South Australia), Mr J. Miller, M.L.A. (South Australia), Mrs and Miss Seddon, Mrs Mills, Sir G. M. O'Rorke and Lady O'Rorke, Miss Ward, Miss Ruby Seddon, the Hon. T. Thompson and Miss Thompson, Master Howard Seddon, Master Vincent Ward, Mr W. H. Field, M.H.R., and Mrs Field, Mr O'Meara, Mr H. B. Moore, Mr J. J. Andrews, Mr F. Hyde, Mr W. Cross, Mr B. M. Wilson, Mr C. E. Matthews, Mr C. D. Thomson, Mr J. R. Smith, Mr S. Redwood, Captain Post, Captain Bolanus, Mr J. K. Logan, Captain Gray, Mr H. Borton, Mr A. L. Beattie, Mr T. Ronayne, Mr Arthur Miers, Mrs Wilkita and Mrs Wilkita and Miss Wilkita, Miss Waterman, Mrs G. H. Dainton, Mrs Stone, Mrs Miles, Mrs Weekes, Mrs Dixon, Mrs Healy, Mrs Boscawen, Capt. Osborne and Hon. Miss Hill Trevor, Mr and Mrs Donne, Miss West, Mr T. Kennedy, Mr and Mrs Macdonald, Masters Cadman, Mrs McShane, and Miss McShane, Mrs Robinson, Mr Chas. Swanson, Mr and Mrs Caldwell, Mrs Blomfield, Mrs Williams, Mr and Mrs H. Stebbing, Captain Chatfield, Mr Warren.

CITY RECEPTION PLATFORM.

The following is the list of invitations to the citizens' portion of Royal Reception Platform:-

City Council: Dr. Logan Campbell (Mayor), H. W. Wilson (Town Clerk), Thos. Trotter (Through Solicitor), Dr. H. H. H. (Mayor), John Court (Councillor), J. H. Hannan (Councillor), M. Masellell (Councillor), C. J. Parr (Councillor), J. W. Hewson (Councillor), J. Patterson (Councillor), A. E. Glover (Councillor), J. T. Julian (Councillor), Arthur Taylor (Councillor), Peter Dignan (Councillor). James Stewart (President of Institute), T. F. Cheeseman (Secretary). Reception Committee and Executive: D. Goldie (Chairman of Reception Committee), J. McKell Geddes (Member of Executive), A. G. Horton (Member of Executive), C. Mackillop (Member of Executive), J. C. Mackillop (Member of Executive), H. C. Tewlesy (Member of Executive), John Brown (Member of Executive), Hon. Mitchellson (Member of Executive), W. A. Nathan (Member of Executive), W. J. Spedden (Member of Executive), Charles Ranson (Member of Executive), Robt. Farrell (Member of Executive), W. S. Wilson (Member of Executive), C. C. McMillan (Member of Executive), Matthew Clark (Member of Executive), W. Spragg (Finance).

Ex Officio List: J. H. Tipton (Sinking Fund Committee), J. J. Horton (Sinking Fund Committee), Wm. Thorne (Sinking Fund Committee), A. E. Devors (ex-Mayor), F. L. Prime (ex-Mayor), Thos. Pascoecke (ex-Mayor), Mrs Boardman (widow of ex-Mayor), Mrs Waddell (widow of ex-Mayor), Mrs Herbert (Library Advisory Committee), Rev. F. T. Robertson (Library Advisory Committee), J. Kirker (Emergency Committee), R. K. Hunt (Secretary to Reception Committee), W. W. Philson (Chamber of Commerce), S. Valle (Chamber of Commerce), F. R. Claude (Dr. Elam School of Art), S. Jackson (Dr. Elam School of Art), F. Buddie (Philson's trustee), G. Alskin (Philson's trustee), Mrs Philson (Philson's trustee), Mrs H. Board (Education), G. Sutherland (Chairman City Schools Committee), W. J. Rees (Chairman Ponsoy Schools Committee), Professor Brown, Professor Thomas, Professor Seaker, Prof. de Montak, Prof. Repton, Prof. Taylor, Thos. Dr. Thorne (Professor of Music), C. B. Stone (Savings Bank trustee), W. S. Cochrane (Savings Bank trustee), W. S. Laurie (Savings Bank trustee), John Edson (Savings Bank trustee), Mrs Edson (Savings Bank trustee), R. Cameron (Savings Bank trustee), Archdeacon Calder (Clergy), Rev. R. Somerville (Clergy), W. S. Potter (Clergy), Canon Nelson (Clergy), Rev. Father Patterson (Clergy), John Webster (Clergy), Mrs J. Kenn (Old Identity), Capt. Daldy (Old Identity), Purchas, sea. (Old Identity), Mrs Goodall (Leader of Decorators), Miss McKean (Leader of Decorators), Miss Mowbray (Leader of Decorators), Miss Lerch (Leader of Decorators), Miss Bellare (Leader of Decorators), Miss McMillan (Leader of Decorators), F. Wright (Professional Art Advisor), J. L. Holland (Professional Art Advisor), A. Nell (Professional Art Advisor), B. W. Peyton

(Professional Art Advisor), Ed. Hartley, (Professional Art Advisor), J. B. Gardner, (Professional Art Advisor), J. Alexander, (Professional Art Advisor), C. Arnold, (Professional Art Advisor), J. Savage, (Professional Art Advisor), Commander Archer, (Professional Art Advisor), Capt. Richardson, (Town Clerk, Otago), J. Currie, (Town Clerk, Grey), W. G. Currie, (Town Clerk, Thames), B. Gilmer, (Town Clerk, Harbour), J. C. Webster, (Town Clerk, Devonport), Wm. Mogg, (Town Clerk, Newmarket), A. L. White, (Town Clerk, Auckland), O. Mays, (Watermark City Council), the terms of the following Road Boards:-Upper Maberunui, Puhai, Panmure, Arch Hill, Epsom, Mt. Albert, Mt. Roskill, Point Chevalier, Mt. Wellington, One Tree Hill, Hunua, Pokeno, Waikato, Remuera, Opapeke, Papakura, Mangere, W. H. Charlton, T. Gresham (Croner). Subscribers: Jos. Thorne, J. M. Menzie, W. E. Bruce, M. Holden (S. D. and Co.), Geo. Court, M. Murellie, E. C. Pilkington, Geo. Benjamin, J. W. H. O'Connell, P. M. Hansen, E. B. Watson, W. Coleman, Jno. Wiceman, Harold Heather, E. Morton, P. A. Edmonston, R. H. Abbott, R. Salmon, John De Reinzey, Geo. Frazer, Capt. Anderson, Dr. McKellar, Alex. Russell, H. M. Smeaton, H. E. Fitzgibbon, Arthur, Heathcote, J. Nuttall, Geo. Foster, A. B. J. Irvine, Mrs G. P. Pierce, M. McCallum, Tainpi Coal Co., Parker, Lamb and Co., J. P. Enlean, J. Bacheider, Gen. Elliott, J. R. Gray, G. Kronfeldt, E. Sanderson, B. B. A. Russell, J. H. M. Carter, Wm. James, J. A. C. Arkin, Dr. Lewis, F. E. Jackson, Dr. Gordon, Mr J. Smith, F. Hadley, N. K. Gray, A. G. Buchanan, M. H. Wynyard, W. Frater, E. Anderson, L. A. Levy, J. J. Learner, C. J. W. B. B. A. Russell, J. H. M. Carpenter, Cooper, Percy Holt, G. B. Kinsling, S. W. Hill, Dr. Hooper, Dr. Robertson, Thos. Ching, E. W. Allison, W. Gorrle, W. J. Goodson, Campbell, Brenchless, C. G. Garlick, A. C. Coughlin, S. Nathan, M. Choyce, W. C. Schuehka, S. J. Ambury, Dr. McDowell, J. A. Buckland, Colonel Burton, John E. G. Skeats, A. Porter, Arthur C. Whitmore, J. L. Wilson, W. H. Smith, J. Hardie, T. Finlayson, J. J. Craig, J. M. Lennox, A. B. Robinson, Frank Eadie, Thos. Bell, C. W. Gordon, Thos. Cottle, Geo. N. Pierce, F. G. Kington, Macklow, Passmore, W. C. Somers.

The Procession.

The procession was formed at 1.30 p.m., the front portion of the Royal escort consisting of the Auckland Mounted Rifles and returned troopers taking up their position in Queen-street at a sufficient distance up to the street to allow the Royal carriage to take its proper place in the procession as soon as it left the platform at which the address was presented. The rear portion of the Royal escort, consisting of the Seddon Horse and returned troopers, formed up in the railway enclosure opposite the arrival platform, and fell into place in the procession as the cortege moved off. The remainder of the troops forming the procession were drawn up in the rear of the Royal escort, and moved into place as the procession advanced. The order of procession was as follows:-

- CAPTAIN REID. TWO COMPANIES MOUNTED RIFLES (Nos. 1 and 3 Waikato). ORDERLY. STAFF OFFICER. ORDERLY. STAFF CARRIAGE. STAFF CARRIAGE. ORDERLY. STAFF CARRIAGE. ORDERLY. SERGEANT OF ESCORT. SERGEANT OF ESCORT. ADVANCE PARTY OF ROYAL ESCORT (Auckland Mounted Rifles and 4 Returned Troopers). A.D.C. to H.E. the GOVERNOR. OFFICER COMMANDING DISTRICT. ORDERLY. ORDERLY. HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S SQUADRY. SECOND IN COMMAND ESCORT. OFFICER COMMANDING DISTRICT AND STAFF. TRUMPETER. COMMANDANT N.Z. FORCES AND REAR PORTION OF ROYAL ESCORT (Seddon Horse and 4 Returned Troopers). OFFICER COMMANDING DISTRICT AND STAFF. MARSDEN MOUNTED RIFLES. WAIKATO MOUNTED RIFLES. STAFF OFFICER.

The Decorations.

THE WHARF.

The decorations on the wharf, beside the two arches, one at the head and the other at the foot, are confined to Venetian poles. These poles, which are twenty-eight feet high, are placed at intervals of 20ft from one end of the wharf to the other. They are rounded off, and are painted red and white and blue and white alternately, golden crowns being placed on the tops, while flags are flown thereon. For the illuminations six arches have been placed equidistantly from end to end. From these depend strings of fairy lamps, while above them gas jets will be light-

ed to-night. Venetian poles 38 feet high are placed in the middle and at the ends of each arch, the wharf thus being divided into two parts. The ordinary lighting system of the wharf has been superseded by the incandescent light, a number of new lights being added.

THE WELCOME ARCH.

At the neck of the wharf, just inside the two outer tees, the first of the city's decorations is placed. This takes the form of a triple arch of evergreens, divided by towers, and packed out with arum lilies and pampas grass. The main arch is 23ft 6in high, the dividing towers and those at the sides being 40ft high and five square. The side arches are 18ft high by 10ft across, while the carriage across. Pungas and nikau fronds have been mainly used in the filling up of the arch and its towers, while many other varieties of shrubs are represented. The central arch bears the word "Welcome" in two feet silver block letters. Above this are the Imperial arms, the length of the base being 11ft. Five flag-staffs surmount the arch, one from each tower, and one from the centre. This central staff bears a Royal Standard, while from the others float the New Zealand and various British Ensigns. The whole effect of the arch is very way under the main arch is 22ft pleasing.

"HARBOUR LIGHTS" ARCH.

As befits a maritime town like Auckland, the arch at the foot of the wharf is designed to represent two lighthouses joined by a ship's bridge. To Mr Ashley Hunter, engineer and architect, is the credit due for designing this unique arch guarding the approach to the city. The lighthouses are octagonal in section, 15ft at the base, and taper to 8ft in diameter at the top of the tower. Above are the lanterns and cupola, the total height being 43ft. Above each tower is a gilt ball and weather vane. The cupola is bright aluminium, which shines like silver and adds greatly to the general good effect.

THE MUNICIPAL ARCH.

It was originally intended to have the Municipal Arch at the corner of Wellesley and Queen streets, but the engineering difficulties in the way proved too great. Many designs were sent in for the arch, most of them elaborate, but some suited, and at last the Art Committee were compelled to design one themselves. The present arch is the design of Messrs Fayton and Wright, and though simple is very pretty and appropriate. It is simply two square columns, with an arch between, the top being cornice and surmounted with a gable, the whole being composed of scantling, covered with greenery. The dimensions of the arch are:-Width, 64ft (outside measurement); width of opening, 38ft; height of span, 24ft; height of the top of the gable, 46ft. The side columns are surmounted by a six foot cornice, which projects five feet. The whole is covered with wire netting, which is covered with greenery. Nikau fronds are used almost entirely, being placed horizontally, while the edges are picked out in rimu foliage. This scheme of decoration gives most satisfactory results, producing a very pretty effect. In the centre of the gable on each side is placed a shield, six feet in height, carrying the city arms, while each column has a large panel, on each side, filled with arum lilies. Around the base of the columns troughs have been formed and filled with water, and in these are placed arum lily plants.

QUEEN STREET.

Auckland's main thoroughfare presents a beautiful appearance, the results achieved by the combined efforts of citizens on the route and the regular artistic design worked to by the Decoration Committee being to transform the usually busy centre into something like a glimpse of fairyland. For the whole length of Queen-street Venetian masts are placed at regular distances on each side of the roadway. On the pinnacle of each mast is a bannerette, red, white and blue alternating. Festoons of foliage, the work of the loyal ladies of Auckland, hang from pole to pole, and where looped to the mast a wreath of flowers and evergreens is placed. To each mast is also affixed a shield, round which is placed to let so as to

form Prince of Wales' feathers, and below is a crescent made of evergreen. The effect of this regular system of decoration along the whole line of route is very good, making a fine foreground to the private decorations of the business premises. The centre of attraction was naturally at the Government platform, where the city address was presented to the Duke. This is decorated with festoons of the national colours, and all along the front and sides the beautiful leaves of the nikau palm are effectively arranged. Opposite to this is a large platform for the accommodation of citizens, and on the corner by the ferry tee is another small stand for the members of the Harbour Board and officials. At the back of the main platform is another large stand, and behind this the various business premises are tastefully decorated with the beautiful natural foliage of the New Zealand bush, the nikau, cabbage tree and tot-toi predominating. From the top of almost every building along the street banners are hung out to the breeze, all aiding in making a magnificent display suited to such a unique occasion as the landing for the first time in this colony of the heir-apparent to the throne of the vast Empire of which New Zealand is one of the outlying posts.

THE GOVERNMENT ARCH.

The designers of the Government arch at the foot of Victoria-street evidently deemed it but right to "mark with a white stone" such an auspicious occasion as the landing for the first time in New Zealand of the future Ruler of the Empire. Certainly this marble arch presents a fine appearance, being substantial in structure as befitting a Government work.

THE MAORI ARCH.

The Maori arch stands at the top of Domain-street, facing the Symonds-street end of Wellesley-street, and is therefore plainly seen by anyone coming up the latter. It is very simple in construction, being a representation of the entrance to a Maori fortified pa. The entrance is formed of two carved side posts inclined towards one another, across which is placed a carved beam, the whole being surmounted by a carved idol. These carvings, however are not real, but are paintings on canvas, taken from the best photographs obtainable.

The Fireworks Display.

A magnificent display of pyrotechnics was given on Tuesday from the western toe of the Railway Wharf, as part of the Royal reception festivities. Immense crowds witnessed the brilliant show, and were unboundedly enthusiastic in their admiration of the beautiful fireworks, lasting for nearly two hours. The Queen-street Wharf, the top of Shortland-street, Emily Place, and all other available viewpoints were packed with people, their faces eagerly upturned to the dazzling meteors and fiery showers, which every few moments lit up the city and the foreshore.

The fireworks display over, the next item that claimed the attention of tired Auckland was the illuminations in the city. Just as the last of the fireworks were being let off the electric light was switched on on board the three warships, and the gloom on the harbour was suddenly dispelled by countless incandescent lights, which outlined the vessels from stem to stern, from truck to waterline. The hull, funnels, masts and yards were all strung with Edison lamps. At the same time, the Royal yacht was lit up by a row of electric lights from the stem to the top of the foremast, between the two masts and down to the stern, while a row was also shown along the deck-line. Just forward of the mizzen-mast was suspended a huge design in red and white lights, consisting of an anchor, with a crown above, and on the shank the Imperial motto, "Honi-soit qui mal y pense," in red globes within a circle. The smaller vessels of the squadron had their searchlights playing round the harbour, and the whole effect was most remarkable. From the top of Shortland-street a magnificent view of the harbour illuminations was obtained, and the display on the warships being more or less unexpected by the general public its effect was all the more marked.

Cornwall Park.

On Tuesday afternoon Dr. J. Logan Campbell, Mayor of Auckland, formally presented to the city the fine park at One Tree Hill. This was the first business when the Royal visitors reached Government House shortly after three o'clock. The ceremony took place in the ball-room. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cornwall and York occupied a central position on the recessed dais at the end of the ball-room, where there were also Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York, His Excellency the Governor and the Countess of Ranfurly, His Serene Highness Prince Alexander of Teck, Major Derrek-Keppel, the Hon. Mrs Derrek-Keppel, Lady Catherine Coke, Lady Mary Lygon, Sir Arthur Bigge, Commander Sir Charles Cust, Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, and Lady Constance Knox.

Dr. J. Logan Campbell, approaching the distinguished visitors, said:—"Your Royal Highness having graciously permitted me approaching you, I have now humbly to pray you on behalf of the people of New Zealand to accept this my gift of a public park in commemoration of your presence in our midst on this auspicious occasion. Might I express the desire that Your Royal Highness names it the Cornwall Park?"

His Royal Highness, in accepting the deed of conveyance, said:—"I am pleased to accept this magnificent gift on behalf of the people of New Zealand."

The deeds, which will in due course be handed to the Trustees, state:—"The said lands are and shall be held by the Trustees upon trust as a place of public recreation and enjoyment for the people of the colony of New Zealand, and also for such public purposes for the general benefit of the people of New Zealand in the way of affording them recreation, enjoyment, pleasure, and instruction, and other similar benefits and advantages of that nature as the Trustees shall from time to time consider best. In addition to their other powers the Trustees may lay out, enclose and plant the said lands, or any of them, or build or erect any lodge, museum, art gallery, library, baths, ornamental or other public buildings which in the opinion of the Trustees may be in furtherance of the purposes and objects of the gift of the donor, the said John Logan Campbell, and may purchase, erect, and set up statues or other works of art.

The deed is dated the 10th day of June, one thousand nine hundred and one, and appoints as Trustees David Limond Murdoch, gentleman; Arthur Mielziner Myers, brewer; Robert Hall, farmer; and Alfred Seymour Rankart, accountant; Mr Myers to be first chairman.

The following interesting document is appended:—

"I sign this Deed of Gift on the 61st anniversary of the year I left the Maori village of Waioanu, on the shores of the Hauraki Gulf, and entered the primal forest to carve with my axe the canoe in which afterwards I made my way to the Island of Motu Korea, my first home in the Waitemata. Since that day it has been my fortune to be at the foundation of the colony of New Zealand, to watch with deepening interest and affection the growth of my adopted country, and to share as well its struggles and its vicissitudes and its now well founded and increasing prosperity. Superintendent of the Province of Auckland in 1855, member of the Ministry formed when a Responsible Government replaced the older system of provincial administration, to me now as Chief Magistrate of Auckland has fallen the honour of presenting our city's welcome to His Royal Highness the Duke of Cornwall and York. Thus has my whole life been not merely co-extensive, but in closest association with the development of this city and colony. As an abiding memorial of the deep gratitude and warm affection I bear to this, the country of my adoption, I have therefore desired to present 'Cornwall' Park to be a place of public resort for the recreation and enjoyment of the people of New Zealand. The visit of Their Royal Highnesses affords, I have thought, a fitting occasion for the presentation of this gift, which I now make with no other desire than that the park may be of real and lasting benefit to the people whose prosperity I have shared, amongst whom I have lived now for 61 years.

(Signed) J. LOGAN CAMPBELL,
10th June, 1901."

Presentation of Addresses.

Addresses from representative bodies were received by His Royal Highness.

In reply His Royal Highness said: "Gentlemen,—It gives us very great pleasure to have at last reached your

shores, and to receive in your oldest and most populous city addresses of welcome from its representative bodies, and from those of the Auckland district.

"I thank you for your declarations of unwavering loyalty to the throne and person of my dear father, the King. I can assure you that His Majesty follows with the deepest interest the successive events of the important mission entrusted to us by him.

"I look forward to making known to His Majesty how strong I have found the feeling of common brotherhood and readiness to share in the responsibilities of the Empire.

"I earnestly trust that the results of my journey may be to stimulate the interests of the different countries in each other, and so draw even closer the bonds which unite them together.

"I am indeed touched by your feeling allusions to the great life and cherished memory of our late beloved Queen.

"Her Majesty, ever mindful that New Zealand was the first new possession acquired after her accession, watched with thankfulness and satisfaction the courage and perseverance of its early pioneers, its steady development and progress, the growth of a good understanding between the two races, and before the close of her glorious reign, she was proud to know they were living together harmoniously, and vying with each other in loyalty to the throne.

"On behalf of the Duchess and myself, I thank you warmly for your kindly expressions of greeting and goodwill, ample proofs of which we have seen in to-day's brilliant and enthusiastic reception.

"Though we have now reached the furthest point from Home, I am certain that nowhere does the heart of the people beat more warmly towards the Mother Country. You have testified to this in your acts, and it is with true satisfaction that I come here expressing to you those feelings of gratitude so keenly entertained by our ever-lamented Sovereign and equally shared by His Majesty the King for the noble manner in which New Zealand hastened to place her gallant sons in the forefront of the battlefields of South Africa. You have the proud satisfaction of knowing that from these islands has been despatched a force which, in proportion to population, was larger than that from any other of His Majesty's colonies.

"Many, alas, have not returned to receive the loving welcome of their proud fellow countrymen. To their families I would ask to offer my sincerest sympathy. May some comfort be found in the thought that their names are added to the nation's roll of fame—for each one, trooper or officer, has given his life in the noble cause of duty.

"I rejoice to learn that your country is prosperous, and that trade and commerce flourish.

"I feel confident that in these days of keen competition your responsible authorities will do all in their power to maintain and promote the best commercial interests of the Empire.

"The Duchess and I anticipate with intense pleasure our visits to the interior of your country. We hope in this way to make ourselves known to some who might be unable to visit the cities, and we look forward to the opportunity of enjoying some of its world-renowned scenery and natural wonders. We shall always treasure the happy recollection of our first visit to New Zealand, and of the loyal and warm-hearted reception accorded to us by its people."

At the conclusion of the ceremony of the presentation of addresses from various public bodies at Government House yesterday afternoon, the Royal Commissioners, Messrs Seymour Thorne George, Henry Brett, John McLeod, and John Holmes were presented to His Royal Highness.

Presentation to the Duchess.

A deputation consisting of Messrs J. Culpin, Lawry, Calder and W. Rattray were received in the drawing-room at Government House yesterday (after the ceremony of the presentation of addresses to His Royal Highness) by the Duchess of Cornwall and York, and Lady Ranfurly. The ladies of H.R.H.'s suite were also

present, and Mrs. Culpin, on behalf of the ladies of Auckland, presented to the Duchess the beautiful gold and greenstone casket (previously described). Mrs. Lawry asked Her Royal Highness to accept the same as a small token of the loyalty of the women of Auckland province. Her Royal Highness accepted the casket, which was greatly admired. She asked the deputation to convey her thanks to the other ladies associated with the gift. She would always value it as a souvenir of her visit to New Zealand. Her Royal Highness shook hands with the ladies of the deputation before they retired.

Reception at Government House.

His Excellency the Governor held a reception at Government House on Tuesday to meet Their Royal Highnesses. Government House was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and presented a brilliant spectacle. The guests commenced to arrive at a quarter to ten, and entering by the western door were ushered through the lofty vestibule, wreathed in lycopodium and arum lilies, into the ball-room. Here the decorations, composed of festoons of the same graceful lycopodium, set off by arum lilies, were strikingly effective. The ante-rooms and the drawing-room were also beautifully decorated. The Royal party entered the ballroom at half past ten. Their Royal Highnesses being accompanied by His Excellency the Governor and the Countess of Ranfurly, and the Right Hon. the Premier and other Ministers, the orchestra playing the National Anthem. The Duke, attired in Admiral's uniform, walked with the Countess of Ranfurly, and His Excellency with the Duchess. The Royal suite consisted of Prince Alexander of Teck, Lord Wenlock, Lord Crichton, Duke of Roxburghe, Sir John Anderson, Sir Arthur Bigge, Sir Charles Cust, Hon. Derrek Keppel, Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, the Rev. John Neale Dalton, M.A., Dr. Alex. Reeve Manby, Lieutenant Colonel J. J. Byron, and Major Bor.

Her Royal Highness was handsomely attired in a gown of rich black satin merveilleux, with drawn jetted net bodice, fastened at the waist with a diamond buckle. She wore a diamond tiara, with a necklace of pearls and other handsome jewels. Lady Ranfurly also wore a handsome jetted gown, with a diamond and jet coronet and diamond ornaments. The ladies in waiting were all handsomely gowned in black, and the majority of the ladies present also wore black, some of the dresses being very beautiful.

The Duke and Duchess on entering the ballroom mounted the dais at one end of the hall, accompanied by Lord and Lady Ranfurly, the members of the staff forming a semi-circle in front of them, with the guests grouped round the room. The latter were then presented to the Royal visitors, this ceremony occupying about half an hour. After the presentations the following musical programme was gone through under the direction of Mr Arthur Towsey:—

- Song, "The King's Muse!" "Maunt MR HORACE STUBBING.
- (Accompanied by Mrs H. Stubbings.
- Song, "Unless" Carracciola MRS A. COATES.
- Song, "The Requill" Bismontal MADAME CHAMBERS.
- Song, "The River of Dart" E. Cooke MR A. L. EDWARDS.
- Song, "Good-bye" Toett MRS W. H. PARKER.
- Quartette, "Soldiers Farewell" Kitchell MESSRS M. WEAHAT, F. WRIGHT, A. ROBERTSON, W. GEORGE.

At the conclusion of the concert the Royal party adjourned to supper, accompanied by the suite, the guests following in a double line.

The following is a list of the invitations issued and accepted:—

Mr and Mrs J. A. Allison, Mr and Mrs E. B. Anderson, Mr and Mrs Audley, Commander R. G. and Mrs Archer, Mr and Mrs C. L. Arnold, Mr and Mrs E. W. Allison, Mr and Mrs Miss Allison, Mr and Mrs Isidor Alexander, Mr and Mrs J. Anseune, H.M.A. Archer ward-room officers.

Mrs Baiko, Mr and Mrs J. Bachel-der, Mr and Mrs J. Bailey, Mr and Mrs Bamford, Dr. and Mrs Bayntun, Mr and Mrs E. Benjamin, Mr and Mrs E. D. Benjamin, Miss Brien, Mr N. L. Biss, Mr R. H. Biss, Mrs Ernest Read Bloomfield, Mr and Mrs W. R. Bloomfield, Mrs and Miss Brocawen, Mr, Mrs, and

Miss Brett, Mrs R. Browning, Mr and Mrs H. W. Brabant, S.M., Miss Brabant, Mr J. M. and Mrs Brigham, Miss Brigham, Mr H. E. S. Brodie, Captain and Mrs Brodie and Mr Brodie, Mr, Mrs, and Miss Buckland, Mr and Mrs C. F. Buddle, Mr and Mrs A. Bull, Mr and Mrs John Burns (Consul for Belgium), Mr and Mrs F. E. Baume (Consul for Denmark), Mr and Mrs W. B. Buller and Miss Buller, Mr W. Dunbar Banks, Mr John Hatger and Miss Hatger, Professor Brown, Mrs Braithwaite, Mr and Mrs F. Bull, Mr and Mrs William Berry and Miss Berry, Captain and Mrs Beaumont, Captain and Miss Blackmore, Mr J. Oakley Brown, Mr R. S. Bush, S.M., Mr and Mrs A. Burton, Mr and Mrs W. Blomfield, Rear-Admiral Beaumont, Flag-Lieutenant Pratt Barlow, Captain Paul Busch.

Miss Child, Hon. J. Carroll, Mr and Mrs D. Caldwell, Mr and Mrs Coleman, Madam Chambers and Mr Chambers, Mr and Mrs Gus. Coates, Dr. and Mrs J. Logan Campbell, Mr, Mrs, and Miss Carr, Mr and Mrs Cotter, Mr and Mrs Corbett, Mr R. L. Corbett, Mr and Mrs Hugh Campbell (Mayor of Parnell), Mr, Mrs, and Miss Caro, Mrs Chamberlain, Mr and Mrs J. M. Chambers, Mr, Mrs, and Miss Ching, Mr and Mrs T. Cheeseman, Dr. and Mrs and Miss Coates, the Rev. R. and Mrs Coates, Mr Justice Conolly and Miss Conolly, Captain and Mrs Coyle, the Most Rev. W. G. Cowie (Primate of New Zealand); the Rev. E. M. and Mrs Cowie, Colonel and Mrs Creagh and Miss Creagh, Mr Ivan Creagh, Mrs and Miss Cruickshank, Mr and Mrs W. D. Colbeck, Mr and Mrs E. Clifton, Captain Coombe (H.M.S. Penguin), Mr W. Scott Craton ("Central News").

Mr and Miss and Mr Dargaville, Captain and Mrs Daveney, Mr and Mrs and Miss Moss Davis, Miss Muriel Moss Davis, Mr and Mrs E. Moss Davis, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs Dawson and Mr Charlton Dawson, the Hon. H. and Mrs Devereux and Miss Devereux, Mr and Mrs Dillingham (American Consul), Mr, Mrs, and Miss Donald, and Mr Donald, jun.

Mr and Mrs W. Sholto Douglas and Miss Douglas, Mr G. Dunnet (Consular Agent for France) and Miss Dunnet, Mr and Mrs P. Dignan, Mr and Mrs T. E. Donne, Lieutenant and Mrs Dixon, R.N., Mr and Mrs Duthie, Mr C. J. Eller, Mr F. Earl, Dr. and Mrs Close-Erson, Mr and Mrs A. L. Edwards.

Mr R. Fenton and Miss Fenton, Mrs J. C. Miss and Mr Firth, Mr George Fowlds, M.H.R., Mr and Mrs A. M. Ferguson, Miss Fodor, Mr and Mrs R. J. Fowler, Mr and Mrs H. S. Fitzherbert, Mr P. C. Freeth, Mrs Fedor, Gorrie and Miss Gorrie, Mr and Mrs W. Gorrie, Mr and Mrs J. Goodall, Mr and Mrs Angus Gordon, Mr and Mrs D. Goldie, the Rev. S. A. Goldstein, Mr and Mrs Charles B. Grierson, Mr, Mrs, and Miss Hees George, the Rev. W. E. Gillam and Mrs. Gillam, Major and Mrs. Nelson George, Mrs, and Miss Gubbins, Captain, Mrs, and Miss Grant, Mrs. Gamble, Mr, and Mrs. Gresham, Lieutenant and Mrs. Gaudin, Lieutenant-Colonel Gudgeon (British Resident Cook Islands), Mr, W. George, Mr and Mrs W. J. Geddis, Rev. C. H. Garland (President of New Zealand Wesleyan Conference), Rev. W. Gittos (Superintendent of Wesleyan Maori Missions).

Captain Gillespie (H.M.S. Sparrow), Mrs. Glenny, Mr. and Mrs. S. Thorne George, Miss Thorne George, and Miss Zoe Thorne George, Mr. T. Thorne George (junr.), Mrs. Gillies and the Misses Gillies, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Colonel and Miss Hautain, Mr, Mrs, and Miss Hardie, Mr. D. Hay, Mrs. J. B. Hay, Mr and Mrs A. W. Hewitt, Mr and Mrs Holgate, Mr and Mrs Thomas Hutchison, S.M., the Rev. S. and Mrs. Hawthorne, Canon and Mrs. Haselden, Mr. A. G. and Miss Horton, Mr and Mrs H. Horton, Mrs. Hacon, Mr and Mrs. Herries, M.H.R., Captain G. B. and Mrs. Hutton, Mr and Mrs. Heather, Mr and Mrs. H. Heather, Hon. Major and Mrs. B. Harris, Mr and Mrs. Paul Hansen, Mr and Mrs. R. R. Hunt, Mr and Mrs. R. M. Hackett, Mr and Mrs. J. Holmes, Captain Hemingway and Miss Hemingway, Mr and Mrs. S. Hesketh.

Mrs. E. Isaacs, Misses Isaacs, Mr. E. Isaacs, Mrs. and Miss Ireland. Hon. W. T. Jennings, M.L.C., Mr. Jalyburton Johnstone, John of Mangia, wardrobe officers H.M.S. Juno. Hon. Mr and Mrs. Kelly, Mr, Mrs, and Miss Kidd, Surgeon-Captain and Mrs. King, Captain and Mrs. Knight, Mr, Mrs, and Miss Thro. Kissling, Mr. and Mrs. James Kirker, Mr, and

Mrs. William C. Kensington, Miss Kensington, Mrs. F. Kissling and Miss Kissling, Mr. Charles Kissling, Mr. G. Schwartz Kissling and Misses Kissling, Mr. E. F. Knight (London "Morning Post").

The Rev. W. E. and Mrs. Lush, Mr. Frank Lawry, M.H.R., Dr. and Mrs. Laing, Mr. E. and Mrs. Langguth (Austrian Consul), Mr. J. and Miss Lennox, Surgeon-Captain and Mrs. Lindsay, Miss Leary, Dr. and Mrs. Hope Lewis, Major, Mrs, and Miss Lusk, Mr and Mrs. Lyons, the Right Rev. G. M. Lenihan and chaplain, Mr, and Mrs. Robert Leckie, Mr, Mrs, and Miss Leys, Mr. Cecil Leys.

Mr and Mrs E. Mahony, Dr. Marack, Hon. E. and Mrs. Mitchellson, Professor and Madame de Montalk, Mr and Mrs T. Morrin and Miss Morrin, Mr and Mrs G. C. Morris, Major and Mrs Morrow, Major R. B. Morrow, Mr, Mrs and Miss Moss, Mr, Mrs and Miss Mowbray, Mr W. R. and Miss Mowbray, Mrs Markham, Mr and Mrs L. M. Myers, Mr H. B. and Mrs Morrin, Mr and Mrs R. W. de Montalk, Captain and Mrs A. M. Myers, Mr and Mrs G. Mueller, Miss Maguire, Mr. Mrs and Miss Vincent Marshall, Mr and Miss Maxwell, Mr and Mrs C. MacCormick, Mr and Mrs W. McCallough (late M.L.C.), Mrs Macdonald and Miss Macdonald, Hon. Every Maclean, the Rev. G. and Mrs MacMurphy, Mr, Mrs and Miss McLaughlin, Mr and Mrs McMillan, Hon. J. McGowan, M.H.R., Mr and Mrs J. McLeod, Mr and Mrs G. M. Main, Captain Macalister (H.M.S. Torch), Mr and Mrs A. Millar (Vice-Consul for Netherlands), Hon. Mr McGregor (representing the Australian Federal Government), Mr W. Maxwell (London "Standard").

Mr and Mrs L. D. Nathan, Mr and Mrs A. H. Nathan, Miss Nathan, Mr C. T. Nathan, Mr and Mrs N. A. Nathan, Canon Nelson, Mrs Nelson, and Miss Nelson, Colonel and Mrs Noakes, Capt. and Mrs Napier, Mr and Mrs Northcroft (S.M.), Mr, Mrs, and Miss Sydney Nathan.

Mr O'Neill, Misses O'Neill, Mrs O'Neill, Miss O'Neill, Sir Maurice O'Rourke and Lady O'Rourke, Mrs and Miss Outhwaite, Captain O'Brien, Wardroom officers H.M.S. Ophir.

Dr. and Mrs Parkes, Mr-Jackson Palmer, M.H.R., Mr and Mrs Peacock, Miss Peacock, Mr M. Percival, and the Misses Percival, Mr C. J. Peneock and Miss Peacock, Major C. Dean Pitt and Mrs Dean Pitt, Mr C. E. Purches, Major and Mrs Pirie, Captain G. W. S. Patterson, Mr and Mrs Lonsdale Pitt, Mr, Mrs and Miss Price, Mr and Mrs C. J. Parr, Col. Denton (Commandant of New Zealand Forces), Pa Ariki of Takatunui, Mrs A. J. and Miss Pittar, Wardroom Officers H.M.S. Pyrites, Wardroom Officers H.M.S. Penguin, Mr A. Pearce ("Sphere").

Captain and Mrs J. Ranken Reed, Mr and Mrs E. W. Rathbone, Dr. and Mrs Stewart B. Reid, Mr and Mrs V. Rice and Miss Rice, Mr, Mrs and Miss Rich, Mr and Mrs George Roberts, Mr and Mrs Robertson, Mr and Mrs H. S. and Miss Ruddock, the Rev. D. W. and Mrs Runciman (Registrar New Zealand University), Miss Runciman, Mr and Mrs T. Russell, Mr J. L. Richardson, Mr J. Reid (Motutapu), Hon. R. and Mrs Rowley, Miss Rooke, Capt. and Mrs J. R. Reed, Mr and Mrs Richardson, Miss Richardson, Mr Rogerston, Mr and Mrs A. B. Reynolds, Captain and Mrs Rolleston (H.M.S. Archer), Wardroom Officers H.M.S. Royal Arthur, Captain Routh.

Mr and Mrs Seegner (Imperial Consul for Germany), Major, Mrs, and Miss Shepherd, Mr and Mrs McEffer Shera, Mr and Mrs E. C. Smith, Mr and Mrs H. Seth-Smith, Mrs Street, Judge Von Sturmer, Mrs and Miss Von Sturmer, Mr J. Sykes, Hon. Mr and Mrs Shrimski, M.L.C., Captain and Mrs Hugh Stewart, M.L.C., Rt. Hon. R. J. Mrs and Miss Seddon, Mr J. Studholme, Mrs Storr, Miss Sage, Dr. and Mrs Sweet, Captain and Mrs R. C. Smith, Miss Shepherd, Dr. and Mrs Sharman, Mr and Mrs Stebbing, Professor and Mrs Segar, Mr James Stibbary, Wardroom Officers H.M.S. St. George, Mr E. J. Le Sage (London "Daily Telegraph").

Mr Alan and Miss Kerr Taylor and Mr Vincent Kerr Taylor, Mr and Mrs H. C. Tewley, Mr Herbert Thompson, Mr and Mrs J. W. Tibbs, Hon. J. A. Tuie and Mrs Tuie, Professor and Mrs Talbot-Tubbs, Mr and Mrs E. Turner, Mr and Mrs E. Phillips Turner, Hon. T. and Miss Thompson, Mr and Mrs R. Thompson, M.H.R., Mr H. Trenwith, Mr and Miss Towsey, Captain R. Tupper (H.M.S. Pyrites), Wardroom Officers H.M.S. Torch, Hon. Mr Taverer (Victoria).

Miss Upton.

Mr P. V. Vincent (London "Times"), Monsieur Willmoff, Mr F. Wright, Mr Alfred Walker, Mr and Mrs Ware, Miss Ware, Dr. and Mrs Watson, Mr and Mrs A. C. Whitney, Mr T. C. Williamson, Mr J. D. Williamson, and Miss Williamson, Captain, Mrs, and Miss Worsp, Mr and Mrs Wynyard, Mr John and Miss Webster (Hokkaido), Mr Will Webster, Mr W. E. Woodward, Mr Ralph Walker, Mr J.H. Witheford, M.H.R., and Mrs Witheford, Mr William Webster, Hon. J. G. and Mrs Ward, Mrs Williams, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs White, Right Rev. W. L. Williams (Bishop of Waiapu), Mr Whitelaw, Commodore A. L. Winsloe, Captain Thos. F. Walker, Mr J. Watson (Reuter).

Mr and Mrs Younghusband.

Mr and Mrs J. Ziman.

THE DRESSES.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cornwall and York wore a very handsome black satin merveilleux, the drawn jetted net bodice being fastened at waist on the arm taking the place of sleeves, square-cut decolletage, with diamond ornaments; Her Royal Highness also wore a diamond tiara, collar and necklace of pearls and diamonds; Her Excellency Lady Ranfurly wore a beautiful black gown, trimmed with jet, finely tucked chiffon bertha; Her Excellency also wore a diamond and jet coronet and diamond ornaments; Lady Constance Knox stylish white silk; Lady Katherine Coke, rich black brocaded silk, ornamented with jetted applique and diamond ornaments; Lady Mary Lygon, black sequin embroidered robe over a black silk underdress; the Hon. Mrs Derek Keppel, black crepe de chene gown, with rich palette insertion; Mrs Archer, black silk, trimmed with black bead passementerie; Mrs C. L. Arnold, black silk, relieved with chiffon; Mrs Alison, black silk; Miss Alison, white silk, with a touch of black on shoulder; Mrs Isidor Alexander, black gown, handsomely trimmed with white applique, veiled in black; Mrs Ansenne, black silk, finished with lace; Mrs Banks, black silk, with lengthy court train; Miss Biss, black silk; Mrs E. B. Bloomfield, black silk; Mrs Rosevean, white silk, veiled in black lace; Miss Rosevean looked well in a black silk, with mauve flowers on shoulders; Mrs Brabant, white silk, en traine; Miss Brabant, white silk; Miss Brigham, white silk, with tulle and black finishings; Mrs J. M. Brigham, black merveilleux, with court train, the decolletage was square-cut and finished with black tulle; Miss — Buckland, white silk, with black bows; Mrs C. F. Buddle, black silk, with violets on shoulder; Mrs Frank and Mrs Harold Bull were studied in their white bridal costumes, en traine, with knots of narrow black velvet on shoulder; Mrs R. Browning, black silk; Mrs John Burns, black silk, with low decolletage, finished with jet; Mrs F. Baume, black silk; her sister, Miss Leavy, white silk, with tulle and ostrich feather; Mrs W. Buller, black, with bead passementerie; Miss Butler, white silk; Miss Berry, black silk; Miss Barger, black silk; Mrs Archer Burton, oyster grey silk, veiled in black tulle; Mrs Caldwell, black silk, with violets on shoulder; Madame Chambers, black silk, with violets on corsage; Mrs J. M. Chambers, black satin, en traine; Mrs Coates, black; Mrs Carr, black satin, with black bead passementerie; Mrs Cotter, black merveilleux; Miss Cotter, white silk; Mrs Caro, black silk, with lace and beads on decolletage; Miss Caro, black silk, veiled in lace; Mrs Chamberlain, heliotrope figured silk, en traine, with lace finishings, lace cap on head; Mrs Ching, black silk; Miss Ching, white organdy, with chiffon finishings; Mrs Cheeseman, black velvet, with bead passementerie; Mrs Coates, black merveilleux; Miss Coates, white mirror silk; Miss Conolly, black silk; Mrs E. Cowie, black lace gown over black silk; Mrs Creagh, black silk, with low corsage, relieved with gold ornaments; Miss Creagh, white silk, with fur on decolletage; Miss Cruickshank, black silk; Mrs Colbeck, black; Mrs Dargaville, black silk, en traine, handsomely beaded with silver; Miss Dargaville, black mirror silk, with white tulle spotted with silver on decolletage; Mrs Daveney wore a handsome black lace costume; Miss Devereux looked distinctive in black merveilleux; Mrs Dillingham, black lace over silk; Mrs Moss Davis, black

silk; Misses Moss Davis were studied in white silks; Mrs Eliot Moss Davis, white bridal silk, with lengthy train; Mrs Dawson, black lace over silk, and profusely trimmed with beads; Mrs Donald and Miss Donald wore handsome black broches, relieved with net; Mrs and Miss Sholto Douglas wore handsome trained black costumes; Miss Dunnet, black satin, with bead trimming; Miss Fenton, black moire; Miss Firth, black silk, with lace; Mrs A. M. Ferguson, white silk, with mauve flowers on decolletage; Miss Fodor, black velvet; Mrs Feder, black satin; Mrs Thorne George, black moire, en traine; Miss Thorne, black silk, with violets on corsage; Miss Zoe Thorne George, white debutante silk, with black velvet bow on shoulder; Miss Gorrie, white mousseline de soie, with bands of satin; Miss (W.) Gorrie, black satin; Mrs Goodall, black velvet; Mrs Angus Gordon, black silk, with black bead passementerie.

Mrs. Goldie, black silk; Miss Rees George, black velvet; Mrs. Gillam, black; Mrs. Gamble, white silk veiled in black; Mrs. Hardie, lovely black satin, with lace and black beads; Miss Hardie, as a debutante, wore white silk; Mrs. A. W. Hewitt, very handsome black Louis velvet costume, with lengthy court train; Mrs. Hutchison, black merveilleux; Miss Horton, white net over white silk; Mrs. H. Horton, white silk, relieved with black ribbons; Mrs. Herries, black satin; Mrs. Heather, handsome black satin; Miss Bee Heather (debutante), white embroidered chiffon over white satin; Miss Isaacs, white satin, with white ribbons edged with black; Miss Ireland, black silk en traine; Miss Kidd, white silk; Mrs. King, black silk with bead passementerie; Mrs. Theo. Kissling, black silk; Miss Kissling wore a white debutante silk, with bouquet of flowers; Mrs. Kirker, black panne with steel embroidery; Miss Kensington, white silk, with black bows; Miss Kissling, black silk, with violets on shoulder; Mrs. Laing, white silk, the decolletage was finished with mauve trimmings; Mrs. Langguth, beautiful black satin, trimmed with jet and lace; Miss Lennox, black silk; Mrs. (Dr.) Lindsay, white silk en traine, with black bows; Mrs. Hope Lewis, black silk; Miss Lusk, black silk, the decolletage was finished with white embroidered silk; Mrs. Lyons, black silk; Mrs. Leckie, white bridal silk with violets on corsage; Mrs. Mahoney, white satin; Mrs. Mitchellson, black silk, relieved with white; Madame de Montalk, black velvet; Mrs. Thomas Morrin, rich white silk, with black gauze applique ornaments on skirt; Miss Morrin, white silk; Miss Mowbray, black silk, with bead passementerie; Miss D. Mowbray, white silk; Mrs. Leo Myers, cream silk, veiled in lace, and violets on shoulders; Mrs. H. B. Morton, black velvet; Mrs. R. W. de Montalk, black silk; Mrs. Louis Myers, black silk en traine; Mrs. McDonald, heliotrope broche en traine; Miss McDonald, black lace; Mrs. McLaughlin, black broche; Mrs. Gibson McMillan, white brocaded silk, with ostrich plumes; Mrs. Alfred Nathan, black silk with diamond ornaments; Mrs. Nelson, black velvet; Miss Nelson, black silk; Mrs. Nonkes, black silk; Miss Northcroft, white silk, with ostrich plumes; Mrs. Napier, black moire; Miss O'Neill, black silk; Mrs Outhwaite, black silk; Miss Outhwaite, white silk, with black lace applique in front; Mrs. Parkes, white silk, with white embroidered muslin and embossed with black silk lovers' knots pattern on skirt; Mrs. Peacock, black; Misses Peacock, one wore black and the other white; Misses Percival (2) were studied in rich black satins en traine, finished with tulle; Mrs. Lonadale Pritt, black silk; Mrs. Pittar, black silk en traine; and her sister wore white silk; Mrs. Rankin Reid, black silk; Mrs. Rice, black satin; Mrs. Rich and Miss Rich wore black satin costumes; Mrs. George Roberts, black silk, finished with white applique veiled in black lace; Mrs. Runciman, black silk; Miss Runciman, white silk, with violet velvet on decolletage; Miss Rooke, black silk; Miss Richardson, black pongee; Mrs. Richardson, black satin; Mrs. Seddon, black satin gown with jetted bodice; Miss M. Seddon, white satin, with chiffon trimming; Mrs. Seegner, black gown, relieved with white; Miss Shepherd, white silk, veiled in black lace; Miss Shepherd, white debutante silk; Mrs

Sherr, black velvet; Mrs. von Sturmer, black silk; Mrs. Stuart-Reed, white silk, with lace drapery hanging from corsage; Mrs. Stebbing, white silk, with black bows; Mrs. Sagar, black velvet; Mrs. Kerr Taylor, black lace costume; Misses Kerr Taylor, white silks; Mrs. Tewlesley, black mervelleux; Mrs. Tibbs, black silk; Mrs. Tule, black satin; Mrs. Talbot Tubbs, black satin; Mrs. Philips Turner, black silk, with violet-folded velvet and bunches of violets on décolletage; Miss Towsey, white silk, with heliotrope tulle and violets; Mrs. Upl, black silk; Mrs. Upton, black; Mrs. Ware, black silk; Miss D. Ware, a debutante, white broadened silk; Mrs. Worsp and Miss Worsp were attired in black costumes; Mrs. Wynyard, white bridal silk; Mrs. Young-husband, black silk.

Dresses on the Reception Platform

Owing to the formation of the platform, it was impossible for any one or two persons to glean particulars of the numerous half-mourning and mourning costumes worn. A few of those noticed were:—H.R.H. the Duchess of Cornwall wore a black cloth costume, made with an Eton coat, trimmed with silk braid in a wavy design, the collar finished with rich black fur, black velvet toque, caught up towards the side with a sequined aigrette; the ladies in the suite were attired in black; Mrs. Seddon, black coat and skirt, black hat; Miss Seddon, black cloth tailor-made coat and skirt, white satin revers and square collar covered with lace, and black picture hat; Miss Ruby Seddon, black dress, black and white hat; Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Campbell, black silk, long mantle, edged with fur, black bonnet; Miss Fordor, black cloth dress, bodice with white stitchings, and black treader hat, with plumes; Mrs. Hutchinson, black costume, with white silk collar and revers, hat with ostrich plumes; Miss Kild, who presented the Duchess of Cornwall with a lovely bouquet of lilies of the valley, snowdrops, violets, and ferns, wore a pretty black figured silk, square cut black sequined collar, black chip picture hat; Mrs. Henry McDonald (Wellington), black and white costume; Miss Thompson, black matalasse cloth, black hat, turned up at the side with pink roses; Mrs. Napier wore a black cloth skirt and Eton jacket, violet hat, black chiffon boa; Mrs. Suggate, black moire, cream lace yoke, black velvet toque, with steel buckles; Mrs. Thorne George, black coat and skirt, black velvet toque with chiffon; Mrs. (Rev.) Collins, black brocade, black bonnet, with white tulle rosettes; Mrs. Vaile, black silk embossed cloth, black and white bonnet; Mrs. J. M. Brigham was gowned in black, black velvet jacket, black bonnet and feathers; Miss Brigham, black satin; Mrs. H. Campbell, grey and black check skirt, black velvet Eton jacket, black and white toque with violet flowers; Mrs. Baume (sen.), black and white mourning costume; Mrs. Buddle wore black satin, white bonnet, with touches of black; Miss Buddle's dress was of black, with a cream lace bolero, black picture hat; Mrs. Myers, black mervelleux, cream lace collar, black bonnet with black feathers; Mrs. L. Myers, black silk, black bonnet; Mrs. Millar, violet dress, cream lace yoke, black picture hat; Mrs. W. H. Smith, black matalasse cloth, black hat; Miss Dunnet wore stylish black silk dress with a cream yoke, black hat with violet roses; Mrs. Dunnet, black silk, black toque, with white silk bow; Mrs. Rice, black silk, black and gold bonnet; Mrs. R. R. Hunt, black bayadere striped costume, black hat; Mrs. (Dr.) King's costume was of black, trimmed with black and grey braid, black toque with a grey striped crown; Miss Cooper, striped skirt, black jacket, with a sailor collar covered with lace, black hat with plumes; Mrs. Brett, handsome black satin, trimmed with steel passementerie, black velvet bonnet with white aigrette, bearskin boa; Mrs. Sydney Nathan wore a black voile, white vest, veiled with black flannelly lace, black toque with white feathers; Mrs. — Myers, black velvet bonnet; Mrs. Ewington, black figured matalasse, heliotrope vest, black and heliotrope bonnet; Mrs. A. Ferguson, fawn coat and skirt, black and white boa; Miss Ferguson, green costume, black and green hat; Mrs. Berry, black silk, black velvet cape, black bonnet with heliotrope; Mrs. (Prof.) Sear, pretty violet dress, trimmed with brown fur, white feather boa, and black and white toque;

Mrs. Alison had on a grey costume, trimmed with black lace insertion, in vandykes, stylish black toque, with white aigrette; Mrs. Biss, rich black silk, white vest, black and steel bonnet; Mrs. Billingham looked distinguished in black brocade, black velvet Eton jacket, trimmed with jet, black velvet hat, stitched with white and white silk bow; Mrs. Mitchelson wore a green-grey coat and skirt, black toque, with touches of white; Mrs. T. W. Leys, black brocade, black satin spangled cloak, stylish black hat, with feathers; Miss Leys was dressed in violet, pretty black toque; Mrs. Rosewen, black costume, violet hat; Miss Rosewen, black skirt, orchid mauve silk blouse, cream lace bolero, black and white picture hat; Mrs. Goldie, black silk, black and white toque; Mrs. Malcolm Niccol, black satin, black toque; Mrs. (Prof.) Egerton, black cloth coat and skirt, violet toque; Mrs. Devore looked well in black silk, black bonnet; Mrs. Pirani (Palmerston), very handsome costume of black matalasse, relieved with white; Miss Savage, navy coat and skirt, white felt hat, trimmed with black; Mrs. Langwith wore black coat and skirt, white blouse, black felt hat, with black feathers; Mrs. Upton, black matalasse, black bonnet, with brown fur and yellow flowers; Mrs. Graves Aickin, black cloth costume, black hat, with white aigrette; Miss Phibson, black cloth; Mrs. Alexander, handsome black silk, black toque; Mrs. Baume looked stylish in a black cloth costume, grey ostrich feather bon; Mrs. Court, black silk, black bonnet; Mrs. Cotter wore black silk, black hat turned up in front, and trimmed with black feathers; Mrs. (Prof.) Tibbs, black mervelleux, tucked skirt and jacket, with Medici collar, pretty black chip hat, with black plumes; Mrs. Daldy, black silk; Mrs. (Rev.) Robertson, black costume, black bonnet; Miss Geddis, black velvet Eton jacket, with white revers, black figured skirt, black chip hat; Mrs. (Professor) Thomas was in black, cream lace collar, black and white hat; Mrs. Donne, black costume, black and white toque; Miss West (Wellington), black coat and skirt, sable boa, black hat, with feathers; Misses Mulvaney, black dresses; Mrs. Rees George, black, black and violet bonnet; Mrs. Roak, black matalasse silk, white Tuscan hat, trimmed with black; Mrs. A. Russell wore black silk, black bonnet; Mrs. Cheeseman, black, violet and white hat; Hon. Mrs. Thompson, black dress, black and white boa, black velvet toque, with white feathers; Mrs. Bankart, black figured dress, black cape, black and white bonnet; Mrs. Sellars, black; Mrs. Rees, black dress, violet velvet bonnet; Mrs. T. Peacock, violet dress, long black jacket, black and white feather boa, black and white bonnet; Mrs. (Lieutenant) Lewis wore a black skirt, dove grey jacket, black picture hat; Mrs. (Capt.) Rolleston, black coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. (Lieut.) Dixon, black costume, white feather boa, black hat; a lady whose name I did not know wore a black dress, chin-chilla boa and cape, black hat; Mrs. T. Morrin, black cloth costume, black silk toque; Mrs. Ranson, long black silk coat, black skirt, black and white bonnet; Mrs. (Dr.) Baynton, black crepon, black and white bonnet; Miss George, black costume, black picture hat; Miss Zoe George, white silk blouse, black skirt, black and white hat; Miss Bush, navy blue dress, violet toque; Mrs. Taverner (Australia), black braided costume, white silk vest; Mrs. Julian, very handsome black silk; Mrs. Rosser, tasteful mourning costume of black cloth, relieved with black and purple velvet; Mrs. Glover, becoming and handsome half mourning costume in black moire, and white silk front, black bonnet, ostrich plumes and ospreys; Mrs. O. Mays, mourning costume; Mrs. Brabant, black mervelleux, with purple vest, black and purple bonnet; Mrs. Benjamin, black and white check, black fur cape, black and white velvet toque; Mrs. Wilfred Bruce, fawn cloth coat and skirt, ermine boa, white chip hat, with large black silk bow and pink roses; Mrs. Boardman, black silk, black and white bonnet; Mrs. Churton, black cloth coat and skirt, white revers, black and white toque; Mrs. Caughey, black satin gown, black velvet toque, with white silk rosette; Mrs. J. J. Craig, black

silk tucked blouse, black crepon skirt, black picture hat; Mrs. Wm. Crowther, mourning costume; Mrs. Calder, black brocade satin, black and violet bonnet; Mrs. Court, black silk gown, handsome black cloak, black lunnet, with white feathers; Mrs. Choyce, black cloth coat and skirt, pretty black hat, trimmed with black velvet and white satin; Mrs. Percy Dufour, black costume; Mrs. Finlayson, black and white check skirt, black jacket, black chiffon toque, with white tulle rosette; Mrs. R. Farrell, black costume; Mrs. Goodall, black grenadine, feather boa, black jet bonnet; Mrs. Garrett, black figured gown, jet bonnet; Mrs. Hanuman, black silk dress, trimmed with jet, black hat, with white plumes; Mrs. J. L. Holland, black crepon, lace cloth cloak, black velvet bonnet, with posies of white roses; Mrs. J. J. Holland, black silk gown, black and white bonnet; Mrs. Paul Hansen, green cloth gown, fawn jacket, white ebip hat, with black silk bow; Miss Horton, stone coloured tweed costume, black hat, with drooping plumes; Miss James, black skirt, long black cloth jacket, black velvet hat, with brown fur and black plumes; Mrs. McKean, black costume; Mrs. Keckwick, black mervelleux, black chip hat, with feathers; Miss Kennedy, purple costume; Mrs. Lennox, black gown, long black cloak, jet bonnet, with touches of purple; Mrs. Laurie, black crepon, velvet cloak, black and mauve bonnet; Mrs. (Dr.) McDowell, black matalasse cloth, cream silk tucked yoke, Tuscan hat, with black tips; Mrs. Morton, black and white check skirt, grey jacket, black hat, with violets; Mrs. J. M. Mennie, black gown, velvet cloak ornamented with jet, black bonnet; Mrs. C. C. McMillan, black costume; Miss Mowbray, black coat and skirt, black hat, with feathers; Mrs. (Canon) Nelson, black gown, mervelleux satin cloak, black and white bonnet; Mrs. Oxley, black costume, black and white toque; Miss Pierce, black dress, fawn jacket, black and white toque; Mrs. Parsons, violet coloured gown, black and violet bonnet; Mrs. Patterson, black gown embossed with purple, black and violet toque; Mrs. Robison, black cloth costume, violet hat; Mrs. Stichbury, black gown, white vest, veiled with lace, black and white bonnet; Mrs. Squirrel, black and white costume; Mrs. F. Sanderson, fawn cloth coat and skirt, black toque; Mrs. Tewlesley, black silk tucked gown, black toque, with plumes and violets; Miss Scherff, navy cloth dress, blue and black hat, with feathers; Miss Dolly Scherff, dark green cloth dress, square ecru lace collar, black picture hat; Mrs. Henry Wilson, black brocade gown, black picture hat; Mrs. Whitney, wedgewood blue serge coat and skirt, black toque, with violets.

Mrs. H. Horton, grey tailor-made gown, with white front and very becoming toque; Mrs. McK. Geddes, black; Mrs. McLaughlan, black silk and pretty bonnet; Mrs. Sharman, blue skirt and long black silk coat, black hat; Mrs. Caldwell, navy blue coat and skirt, and white hat, with roses; Mrs. Lusk, black frock, and pretty mantle; Mrs. Seymour George, black coat and skirt, and black toque; Miss M. Horton, black skirt and grey coat; Mrs. J. Burns, black dress, trimmed with white silk and black and white bonnet, and cloak trimmed with black fur; Mrs. S. Natlan, beautiful black dress, trimmed with black and white embroidery; Mrs. Baume, black tailor-made gown; Mrs. Arnold, black silk.

The Royal Review.

There was a large gathering to witness the Royal Review and Distribution of medals on Wednesday at Potter's Paddock. The grandstand was crowded, but a gusty wind and occasional showers made warm jackets quite en regle.

H.R.H. Duchess of Cornwall wore a plain black voile trained gown, with a deep pointed collar, covered with palillettes, black feather boa with ribbon streamers, black toque with ospreys; the Countess of Ranfurly was gowned in black, with black treader hat, with large bow in front; Lady Constance Knox wore black, with beaver fur toque; Mrs. Seddon, black cloth skirt and coat, black hat; Miss Seddon, black cloth skirt, and Eton jacket, strapped with braid, black picture hat, with ostrich feathers.

I noticed among the ladies on the grandstand Miss Fodore, black cloth, stitched with white, revers and collar of white silk, black hat; Mrs. Hutchinson, black and white costume; Mrs. Thorne George, black coat and skirt, black velvet and chiffon toque; Miss Towsey, black coat and skirt, black and blue hat; Mrs. Goldie, black cloth coat and skirt, black and white hat; Misses Goldie, dark skirts, fawn jackets and sailor hats; Mrs. J. M. Brigham, black gown, long velvet jacket, black velvet bonnet; Miss Brabant, black dress, violet straw hat, covered with violets; Mrs. (Dr.) King, black cloth gown, black and gold toque; Miss Cooper, fawn cloak, gem hat, draped with white spotted silk scarf; Mrs. Markham, black skirt, fawn cloth jacket, black silk toque; Mrs. Myers, black astrachan cape, black velvet bonnet, with sequins and tips; Miss Etie Myers; Mrs. Colebrook, black gown, fawn cloth jacket, black picture hat; Mrs. Rosewen, black costume; Miss Rosewen, black braided coat and skirt, velvet blouse, black hat; Mrs. Donald, green coat and skirt, black and pink hat; Miss Donald, pretty checked dress trimmed with purple velvet, gem hat; Mrs. (Canon) Nelson, black silk skirt and cape, black and white bonnet; Mrs. Wm. Gorrie, black gown, black bonnet; Miss Wynyard, black dress, fawn cloak, sailor hat; Mrs. Fred Baume, black tucked silk, black velvet hat, trimmed with chiffon and feathers, sable cape; Miss Levi, grey tweed coat and skirt, fawn felt toque with folds and bow of brown velvet; Mrs. Upton, green gown, black silk beaded cape, violet and gold bonnet; Mrs. John Beale, black coat and skirt, white hat; Miss Ferguson, green gown, black hat; Miss A. Ferguson, fawn coat and skirt, green toque, slashed with white; Mrs. (Lieut.) Archer, black coat and skirt, black velvet toque with sequin crown; Mrs. (Col.) Banks, black gown, jet toque; Miss Isaacs, blue gown, bearskin cape, black velvet hat trimmed with feathers and ostrich; Mrs. Keckwick, black dress, ostrich boa, black chiffon toque with ospreys; Mrs. (Dr.) Grant, violet gown with bands of violet ribbon velvet, heliotrope silk hat with black tips; Mrs. Cox (Shaftsbury), black coat and skirt, gem hat; Miss Cox, black costume, black and white feather boa; Mrs. Oxley, blue cloth dress, black jacket, black and white toque; Mrs. Daveney, blue gown, brown fur cape, violet toque; Mrs. Tewlesley, violet gown, burnt straw hat with touches of black; Miss Leys, pretty violet costume, violet velvet toque, white fur boa; Mrs. Devore, black coat and skirt, velvet and jet bonnet with pearl ornaments; Mrs. Oldham, fawn coat and skirt, fawn hat with large bow of cerise silk; Mrs. Petrie, black cloth coat and skirt, black and gold hat with black feathers; Mrs. Lennox, black dress, long black velvet cloak, black jet bonnet with mauve flowers; Miss Scherff, navy dress, large black hat trimmed with blue velvet and long black feathers; Miss Ivy Buddle, stylish black gown, white cloth collar, Tuscan hat with silk bow; Mrs. Gray Dixon, black dress with silk vest, bearskin boa, black and white hat; Mrs. Churton, black coat and skirt, fawn feather boa, black and white toque; Mrs. W. Ricomfield, black skirt, fawn cloth jacket, brown fur collar, black picture hat; Mrs. W. S. Douglas, black dress, fawn coat, black hat; Miss Douglas, black costume; Miss Biddock, pearl grey gown, white yoke, brown chip hat with red berries; Mrs. Whitney, wedgewood blue serge, black toque with violets; Mrs. Cotter, black voile, long velvet cloak, black hat with feathers, ostrich boa; Mrs. Clem Lawford, fawn coat and skirt, brown fur collar, gem hat; Mrs. F. Bull (nee Miss McMillan), black dress, with white silk collar and vest, large black hat; Mrs. Robison, black coat and skirt, violet toque; Miss Holland, black coat and skirt, large black chip hat with plumes; Miss Essie Holland, black dress, white silk square collar, gem hat; Mrs. Lusher, black gown, sealskin cloak, black chip hat with folds of black velvet; Miss Dolly Meir dark skirt, fawn jacket, heliotrope toque; Miss Haven, tartan skirt, fawn jacket, pretty toque; Miss Purchas, dark green costume; Miss Jerry, fawn coat and skirt, black toque with crimson flowers; Mrs. Cheeseman, brown cloth dress, white hat trimmed with silk and violets; Mrs. Ware, blue

and brown checked tweed, white vest, black hat; Miss Oxley, grey tweed costume, black hat with plumes; Miss Ward (Cambridge), fawn costume;

The Mayoral Reception.

The reception given by His Worship the Mayor of Auckland (Dr. J. Logan Campbell) on Wednesday night in honour of the Royal visitors was one of the most delightful and brilliant gatherings ever held in Auckland. The Art Gallery and Free Library, which had been wisely chosen as the scene of the assembly, lent itself admirably to the purpose. Doorways had been cut connecting the Art Gallery at one end with the Free Library, and at the other end with the Council Chamber, so that a long suite of rooms, specially furnished for the occasion and beautifully decorated, was available. In the centre of the Mackelvie Gallery a dais had been improvised by an artistic arrangement of flags and Maori curios. The Mayor and Councillors' ante-rooms were specially furnished as retiring rooms for the Duchess and Lady Ranfurly, and the Council Chamber formed an admirable supper room. Other portions of the building were fitted up as cloak rooms for visitors. The arrangements had been so skilfully designed and carried into effect that the Municipal Buildings were practically transformed into a magnificent private mansion for the occasion.

His Worship the Mayor and Mrs Campbell received visitors at the entrance to the Gallery, and by ten o'clock there was a brilliant throng, which concentrated chiefly in the Gallery, awaiting the arrival of the Duke and Duchess and other members of the Government House party. Shortly after ten o'clock the National Anthem, played by Marriage's Band, proclaimed the arrival of Their Royal Highnesses, who were received by the Mayor, and proceeded through the Art Gallery to the dais. Lord Ranfurly escorted Her Royal Highness the Duchess. His Royal Highness the Duke escorted Lady Ranfurly, and the Hon. Mrs Derrek-Keppel was taken in by Mr H. W. Wilson, the Town Clerk. Their Highnesses and His Excellency the Governor were attended by their staff. A number of the officers from the men-of-war in port, the Premier (the Right Hon. R. J. Seddon), Mrs Seddon, Miss Seddon, the Hon. J. G. Ward, the Hon. Mr Mills and Mrs Mills, and the Hon. Mr McGowan were also present.

The Mayor conducted their Royal Highnesses round the Art Gallery and Library, pointing out the principal features. The literary treasures of the Grey Collection were especially admired. There was no formal reception, but in the course of the evening a number of citizens were introduced to the Duke and Duchess. Their Highnesses departed at about eleven p.m. Other guests lingered till a late hour, everyone spending a delightful evening. The supper was admirably catered by the Strand Cafe Company, Mr Speight, manager.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Cornwall and York was gowned in an elegant trained black Duchess satin, the bodice and front panel of skirt being embroidered with jet. She wore a magnificent diamond coronet, necklet, bracelets, and other ornaments which shone like stars. A band of white from shoulder to waist (Victorian Order) completed this most beautiful costume. The Countess of Ranfurly wore a black Duchess satin, the corsage draped with chiffon and jet, long streamers of chiffon and jet hanging from the shoulders; she also wore a lovely diamond and emerald tiara, and necklet. Lady Katherine Coke, rich black silk, draped with beautiful lace, coronet of diamonds. Lady Mary Lygon, black tuckéd panne en traine, chiffon and jet decolletage, pearl collar and long diamond chain, posies of violets on her shoulder. The Hon. Mrs Derrek Keppel wore a rich black Oriental silk gown, the sleeves and bodice encrusted with jet and soft net, diamond ornaments and pearl collar. Mrs Seddon, handsome merveilleux gown, ornamented with jet; Miss Seddon, black satin and velvet; Miss Fodor, black Duchess satin; Mrs Dr. Logan Campbell, beautiful black brocaded dress, embroidered with sequins, the bodice was draped with white chiffon, caught with diamond ornaments; Hon. Mrs Mills, handsome black satin and jet; Mrs Hutchison, black brocaded, jet incrus-

tations; Mrs I. Alexander wore a lovely black lace, over white satin, finished with jet; Mrs (Lieut) Archer, rich black silk, trimmed with black chiffon and jet; Mrs Abbott, black silk embroidered with sequins, velvet bodice with chiffon and jet ornaments; Mrs J. M. Brigham, black merveilleux, the front panel of skirt and bodice being encrusted with jet; Miss Ivy Buddie, black velvet dress, with real lace and drapings of white chiffon; Mrs Dillingham, ivory silk brightened with sequins and heliotrope silk; Mrs Ducre, black satin, the bodice being encrusted with sequins; Miss Meta Ducre, soft white silk and chiffon; Mrs Easton, black satin gown, trimmed with jet and chiffon, white ostrich boa; Mrs Thorne George, black brocaded satin, draped with spangled net; Mrs R. R. Hunt, black silk encrusted with jet; Mrs (Dr.) King, striped satin, jet trimmings; Miss Kopper, striped black silk; Miss Thorne Goode, black merveilleux satin; Miss Brigham, soft white silk, with chiffon and lace trimmings; Mrs Suter, vester Brigham wore an ivory white silk; Mrs Brabant, black brocade, softened with chiffon and jet; Mrs J. J. Craig, black; Miss Choyle, black satin and chiffon; Mrs T. Cotter, handsome black silk gown, embroidered with steel; Miss Milly Cotter, white silk, draped with spangled net; Miss Winnie Cotter, black, with silver belt and trimmings; Miss Crowther, dove grey silk, with violet velvet on bodice, forming square and softened with real lace; Mrs McCaul, black corded silk, with jet and chiffon trimmings; Mrs T. W. Leys, handsome black merveilleux, en traine, the corsage draped with white chiffon, and caught on the shoulder with posies of violets; Miss Winnie Leys, ivory white silk gown, trimmed with beautiful real lace, cluster of violets on decolletage; Mrs (Dr.) Knight, black brocaded satin, steel trimmings; Mrs Montgomery, heliotrope silk, with tiny ribbon founces on skirt, pearl ornaments; Mrs Russell, black satin, corsage of chiffon and jet; Mrs J. A. Tole, black satin; Mrs Thomas Morrin, black brocaded gauze over white silk, en traine; Miss Reeves, black silk gown; Mrs J. H. Upton, rich black gown, en traine; Mrs Stevenson (nee Miss Upton) wore her lovely wedding robe, white watered silk; Miss Essie Holland, white silk, with touches of heliotrope; Mrs Tibbs, black figured gown, white chiffon folds; Mrs Sam. Hesketh, black satin and jet; Mrs Myers, black brocaded silk, with lace, and diamond ornaments; Miss Myers, black satin embroidered with jet; Miss Ettie Myers, white satin, draped with spangled net; Mrs Hanson, black brocaded satin brightened with sequins, the bodice being swathed with folds of white chiffon; Mrs Malcolm Niccol, black satin, with jet trimmings, violets in her hair and on her shoulder; Mrs Henry Wilson, handsome black Duchess satin, en traine; her sister wore white silk and violet; Miss Wilkie, black lace over white silk; Mrs (Canon) Nelson, rich trained black satin gown, jet trimmings; Miss Nelson wore black silk and lace; Mrs Moss Davis, rich black satin gown, with violets on corsage and in her hair; Miss Ethel Percival, black tuckéd satin, bodice being covered with sequins; Miss Menuie, black satin and chiffon; Mrs Lyons, black and silver; Mrs Mariner, black silk, feather trimmings; Mrs (Professor) Senger, black velvet robe, white plumes in her hair; Mrs (Professor) Tubbs, handsome black merveilleux, the bodice embroidered with steel and swathed with white chiffon; Mrs Shaw, black silk and chiffon dress; Mrs Seegner, lovely black lace, embroidered with sequins; Miss Fenwick, white silk and chiffon; Mrs. W. J. Napier, black lace gown, ornamented with jet; Miss Williamson, black satin gown, trimmed with jet; Mrs. James Kirker, black Duchess satin, beautifully embroidered with sequins; Mrs. H. Gould, black watered silk gown; Mrs. Dickenson, black gauze brocaded with white silk; Mrs. (Dr.) Bedford, black brocaded satin and jet; Miss Kinder, black silk and chiffon; Miss Kennedy, white silk and lace; Mrs. (Dr.) Hooper, black velvet gown en traine, white trimmings; Mrs. T. Mahony, white silk, with touches of black; Miss N. Metcalf, becoming black net; Mrs. Sydney Nathan, lovely black brocaded

satin gown; Mrs (Dr.) McDowell, black striped velvet and silk gown, jet ornament on corsage; Mrs. (Professor) Egerton, white silk gown strapped with black ribbon velvet; Mrs. Morsby, black figured satin, with posies of violets; Miss Annie Berry, soft white chiffon over silk; Mrs. Sommerville (Rev.), black lace over silk; Miss Pierce, white silk, her sister wore black; Mrs. Cheeseman, black silk and real lace; Mrs. Fred. Baume, lovely black sat softened with chiffon; Mrs. (Dr.) Lindsay, white satin with touches of black chiffon and jet; Mrs. A. Glover, handsome black silk brocaded with bugle trimming to match; Mrs. A. E. Devore, elegant brocaded satin; Miss Scherrf, rich black satin evening dress, with jet and violets; Miss Dolly Scherrf, black satin, embroidered with jet, cluster of violets on the low corsage; Mrs. J. L. Holland, black watered silk, relieved with white; Mrs. Graves Aickin, soft white silk gown. Mrs Wilfred Bruce, black satin; Miss Bagnall, black velvet gown; Mrs (Archdeacon) Calder, black satin and lace; Miss Darby, black with violets; Miss Farrel, white silk dress brightened with violets; Mrs Goldie, black silk and lace; Mrs Hunter, black silk and jet; Mrs W. Lambert, black merveilleux, the front of bodice covered with sequins; Miss Aubrey, black and heliotrope; Mrs McMasters, black; Mrs Maddox, black watered silk, drapings of white chiffon on bodice; Miss Peacock, ivory white silk; Mrs Suggate, black and white; Miss Alison, white chiffon over silk; Mrs Squirrel, black silk relieved with white; Miss Savage, beautiful white silk; Mrs (Professor) Thomas, black silk and lace; Miss Vaile, ivory white silk; Mrs Shers, black, silk gown, lace trimmings.

At Balaclava years ago,
Six hundred men engaged the foe,
Ah! what a gallant charge was made,
By that courageous Light Brigade,
Though many perished there, who
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The number killed by Russia's snows,
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BY ORDER,
 District Traffic Manager's Office,
 Auckland, 10th June, 1901.

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Turf Gossip.

By WHALEBONE.

TURF FIXTURES.
 DATES OF COMING EVENTS.
 NEW ZEALAND.
 June 21—Hawke's Bay Steeplechase
 July 11—Wellington Hurdle Race
 July 20—Wellington Steeplechase

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.
 Returned New Zealander, Auckland. —
 (1) Haydn won two races last season; (2) Hinatu is the same horse that was sent to Australia. He has been racing a long time, but only started in New Zealand three times last season.

TURF NOTES.
 Mr J. E. Henrys, the well-known handicapper, is on a visit to Auckland.
 Advance, Seahorse and Record Reign are New Zealand owned horses engaged in the Melbourne Cup.
 Handicaps for the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's Winter Meeting are due on Monday.
 Mr J. E. Henrys and wife left Auckland this morning to spend a few days at Rotorua.

The Torpedo—Maid of the Mountain gelding Volcano has won another steeplechase at Randwick.
 Record Reign and Cavaliero have Grand National Meeting. Weights both been nominated for the V.R.C. are due on the 17th.

The Auckland Racing Club have for some time past been contemplating purchasing a property in the city on which to build offices.
 Moifaa, the Great Northern Steeplechase winner, has probably earned more money in stakes this season than any other jumping horse in this colony.
 The Takapuna Jockey Club have secured new offices in Durham-street, right over the offices of the Wellington Park Stud Master (Mr T. Morrin).
 The nominations for the New Zealand Cup are disappointing in the extreme. Seahorse, Shellback, Formula and Nonette are the only Aucklanders entered.

The Stock Department of Auckland will ship 150 horses by the transport Cornwall during the coming week. The Cornwall will convey 750 horses in all from New Zealand for remount purposes.

The Great Northern Steeplechase winner Moifaa, who was brought overland from Hawke's Bay to New Plymouth, and shipped from there on the 31st May, has been shipped back to New Plymouth, and goes home the way he came in charge of his owner.

Local pencilers it is estimated were struck for over £3000 over the double Moifaa and Coeur de Lion, and most of the money leaves Auckland. Generally the bookmakers have had much the worst of their transactions during the meeting.

The owner of Rags, annoyed to find that gelding set to meet Derrington on worse terms on the second day of the A.R.C. Meeting than on the first, when Derrington beat him, scratched his horse, and on Tuesday sent him back to Hawke's Bay with Blackberry and Coeur de Lion.

The Auckland bookmakers have done no business so far over the New Zealand Cup, and refused to quote a price against San Remo, the St. Leger—Clay colt during the week. The would-be backer offered to take hundreds to six, but there was no response.

Volcano, who was specially selected by Mr J. E. Williamson for racing over the Randwick course, and who was sold

because he was thought to be overated by weight-adjusters in Auckland, won a £150 steeplechase at Randwick recently.

Verdi won his first stake the other day at Ellerslie. He was going out to do a gallop with Fairhouse over six furlongs, when another trainer wagered half a sov. with Verdi's owner that Verdi would be beaten. Verdi can beat a lot of the Fairyhouse sort.

Mr R. McCulloch, of Waipawa, Hawke's Bay, owner of Blackberry, the Grand National winner of 1899, is a visitor to the A.R.C. Meeting. Mr McCulloch returned from South Africa in April last, where he was with the Third Contingent.

Australian Star, on the day he won the London Cup, was so finely trained that you could put your hands on every rib in his body. Thus said "Kettledrum" in the "Sporting Chronicle." The same paper says the clay soil was churned into a thick mud most difficult for horses to move on.

Captain Russell's Coeur de Lion, the hero of the North New Zealand Grand National Hurdle Handicap, was shipped back to Hawke's Bay on Tuesday, and with him the steeplechaser Blackberry, who broke down while running so well in the Great Northern Steeplechase on Saturday.

Mr Evett does not appear to have mastered the form of the ponies Lady Avon and Orange and Blue he has seen racing so often, for he has actually asked Orange and Blue to give Lady Avon 2lbs in the Farewell Handicap, run over five furlongs, at the A.R.C. meeting on Saturday!!!

The Taruaki gelding Crusoe stopped at the post in the Welter races he was engaged in on Saturday and Monday. His owner, Mr George, informs me that he has never been left before, though on one occasion previously at Ellerslie he lost some lengths at the start. Crusoe is a peculiar horse at the post, and persists in turning the opposite way at times.

The progeny of the defunct Trader sire Natator have been fairly well in evidence at the A.R.C. Grand National Meeting. Moifaa, the hero of the Great Northern; Sundial, winner of the Second Welter; Natation, winner of the Selling Steeplechase; Hinatu, winner of the First Maiden Hurdle Race, were all got by that sire.

Belgian sportsmen have been very much affected by the attitude of the Government since a scene that occurred at Groependal, and it is announced on good authority (a writer in the "Sporting Chronicle" says) that the Chamber of Deputies will be induced by the faddists to resume the reading of the Bill which, if passed, will prevent all turf speculation of any kind.

Three horses engaged at the A.R.C. Winter Meeting to break blood vessels were Crusoe, Cannongate and Tiki; Crusoe while working on the eve of the meeting; and the two last named while running in races there. A few locally-trained horses have been known to bleed occasionally, but their usefulness has not been impaired. Crusoe has on several previous occasions bled from the nose.

I suppose there is no part of New Zealand where a lot of horses are trained year in and year out where so few go wrong in the wind as at Ellerslie, but there are some musical ones there. The latest to become afflicted is that useful mare La Gloria, who will be retired to the stud in consequence. Seaton Delaval should be a suitable mate for La Gloria, whose dam left the speedy Nonette to that sire.

Cannongate was very sore after running in the Great Northern

Steeplechase, through hitting the second fence of the double hard with his stifle, and though he had walked a lot of the stiffness off before he ran for the Grand National Hurdle Race, he was not quite right. The chances are that he would not have been started in that race had not his owner backed him for a good stake to gain a place. Cannongate would probably not have fallen had he been free from soreness.

On a recent visit to the home of the Grand National winner, Grudon, the Special Commissioner of the London "Chronicle" has the following paragraph concerning the owner's daughter, who works some of the horses in her father's team:—Miss Bietsee rode Irish Thistle in a nice steady gallop, and would make a sensation indeed were she to ride him in his race at Manchester, and, in dainty habit, rival the deeds in the saddle of the famous Mrs Thornton. That she would do the horse as much justice as any jockey is certain.

The Derby won by Volodyovski in a field of twenty-five will be remembered as the first to attract such a field since Hermit's year. Floriani II., the sire of Volodyovski, is a son of St. Simon. William the Third, who finished second, is by St. Simon. The continued successes of the St. Simon tribe should be encouraging to the few New Zealand stud masters who have sons of that renowned sire. It is an open secret that a Hawke's Bay stud master contemplates purchasing a St. Simon horse, if he can get a good one. The St. Simons are in such demand that prohibitive prices are asked for the best of them.

When talking with Mr A. Ellingham a few days before the decision of the Great Northern Steeplechase, the name of a well-known cross-country rider, who has been rendered incapable of following his profession, was brought up. Upon my mentioning that the horseman in question had a wife and family, Ellingham, who was himself a cross-country horseman, had his sympathies touched, and before leaving for home handed me £5 as a present for the unfortunate jockey's wife. Such a kindly act deserves recognition.

A few "musical" horses trained at Ellerslie are Plain Jack, La Gloria, Formula and Cannongate. Those who ascribe noise making to the Musket tribe should note that the two first named are not of the family. Formula and Cannongate may not suffer inconvenience—they cannot be termed roarsers, nor are either what are known as whistlers, but the organs of inspiration and respiration of the other pair are pronouncedly weak. Volcano, who was a bad winded horse while in Auckland, is apparently not much troubled that way since going to Sydney, for he goes on winning. The warm climate is advantageous.

Amongst the coming two-year-olds working at Ellerslie, Spalpeen, the Gossoon colt in Williamson's team, is developing into a big one. Save that he is a bit low-shouldered, there is little fault to find with him. He is a decidedly useful sort, and is commencing to take to his work nicely. Beddington's full brother, La Valetta, in Wright's team of Seaton Delaval's, is the most forward of those in work, however, and can move himself powerful, full brother to Seahorse and Zealous, is not such a regular attendant at Ellerslie as he was. He is a brown in colour, and does not take after his sire in the least in the matter of conformation. He has size, and looks likely to develop into a useful horse.

A Shearby to-day left Ouchunga with Fashion, Jemima and Stepinia, for Wellington. The owner of the two first-named was displeased with their weights. Fashion was beaten by Paul Seaton at a difference of 5lbs in the Ladies' Bracelet on the first day. Paul Seaton next day ran third in the Second Winter Welter Handicap, and in the Third Winter Welter Fashion is set to meet Paul Seaton on worse terms than when Paul Seaton beat him. This in itself was not encouraging, but what the trainer complains of most is that Derrington, who finished third in the Ladies' Bracelet when giving Fashion 5lbs, was set to receive 22lbs from that colt in the Third Winter Welter. Jemima's handicap in the Third Maiden Welter, after her defeat in the Maiden won by her stable companion on the opening day, came as a surprise to her connections, who decided that it was no use running her.

GREAT NORTHERN STEEPLE CHASE DAY.

The Auckland Racing Club's North New Zealand Grand National Meeting which opened on Saturday was attended by one of the largest and most representative assemblages of New Zealand racegoers that has ever been witnessed...

The Maiden Hurdle Handicap proved the good thing on paper it appeared to be for Hinau, all save Dartmoor, who lost a lot of ground at every jump, being beaten off. The First Winter Welter was a splendid contest between Rosella and St. Ursula...

Then came the Great Northern Steeplechase, for which there were seven runners left after scratchings had been made. The commanding Hawke's Bay gelding Moifaa and the Auckland representative Cannongate were almost equal favourites...

Then followed the Maiden Handicap Hurdles. 71—Messrs Warrington and Howes, fill's b g Mokonoko, aged 9st (Wuckley) 1. 20—My J. Jack's gr g Pungarehu, 5yrs, 9st (Conway) 2. 58—Plain Jack, 9st (Williams) 3.

try, and has proved a first-class stud sutton. The enthusiasm of the people was great when Moifaa and other runners were returning to scale. Mr Ellingham's horse got a splendid reception, and indeed it was deserved.

WINNERS OF THE GREAT NORTHERN STEEPLECHASE.

- 1885—Mr Proff's Macaroni, 12.0 m. s. 19. 1886—Mr Duder's Bell, 11.2 m. s. 20. 1887—Mr Maloney's Silvio, 13.2 m. s. 21. 1888—Mr Keith's Allegro, 9.0 m. s. 22.

The Maiden Hurdle Handicap proved the good thing on paper it appeared to be for Hinau, all save Dartmoor, who lost a lot of ground at every jump, being beaten off. The First Winter Welter was a splendid contest between Rosella and St. Ursula...

SECOND DAY'S RACING.

First Maiden Steeplechase, of 100 sovs, second horse 10sovs. Two and a half miles.—140—H. Tooman's b g Kowhai, by Vanguard—Queen Bess, 10.11 (Tooman), 1; 100, Verdi, 9.7 (Phillips), 2; 106, Satan, 9.7 (Burns), 3.

First Maiden Handicap Hurdles, of 100 sovs. Seven furlongs.—G. Anderson's b f Stepiak, by Stepiak—Gloria, 9st (Abbott), 1; Balbirnie, 16.0 (Whitehouse), 2; Lady Zulu, 9.0 (Searle), 3. Scratched: Merry Kate and Na Dhich-rumchurch. All the 21 horses were steady when the barrier was raised, Chancellor II. and Khama dwelling. Tresham came out of the rack, followed by Stepiak and Balbirnie, and continued in advance to the people's stand, where he was caught by Stepiak and Balbirnie in turn...

Then followed: 150, Tiki, 29, Swift-foot, 29, Swimmer, 112 Royal Conqueror fell at the second hurdle, and Cannongate broke a blood vessel. Time, 3mins 40sec. Dividend, £10 7/.

MAIDEN HANDICAP WELTER, of 100 sovs; second horse to receive 10sovs

out of stake. For all horses that has never won 50sovs at the time of starting.

- 285—Lady Zulu (Searle)..... 1 103—Doanbrook (Taylor)..... 2 149—Highlander (Edwards)..... 3

GRAND NATIONAL HANDICAP HURDLES.

- 487—Coeur de Lion (Moore)..... 1 120—Hairtrigger (Williams)..... 2 575—Cavaliero (Wright)..... 3

Also started: 64 Cannongate (Stewart), 403 Moifa (D. Watt), 173 Nor-west (Hall), 68 Kaimate (Cochrane), 79 Dartmoor (Johnson), 94 Sundial (O'Connell), 23 Princess of Thule (Burns), 10 Puffing Billy (Berry), 90 Rufus (Higgins), 6 Royal Conqueror (McIntosh).

followed Hairtrigger to the back stretch. Hairtrigger was leading Cavaliero and Dartmoor, who were close together, by two lengths. Here Cavaliero struck heavily, and Hairtrigger and Moifaa, who gained ground, came on together into the straight, with Rufus and Coeur de Lion at their heels. Coeur de Lion overhauled Hairtrigger coming to the last fence, Cavaliero being almost on terms. Coeur-de-Lion made a faulty jump, and Moifaa ran wide. Moore, making a clever recovery, got Coeur-de-Lion going again, and catching Cavaliero and Hairtrigger, won by two lengths, Hairtrigger beating Cavaliero by the same distance, Moifaa a length away fourth, and Royal Conqueror, who came well in the straight, fifth. Time, 4min 5 2-5sec, Dividend, £4 1/.

TALLY-HO STEEPLECHASE.

- 126—Sudden (Berry)..... 1 218—Tarragon (Hall)..... 2 322—Dingo (Fergus)..... 3

(193) Sylvanus (Redmond) also started. Sylvanus fell while leading at the end of half the distance. Time, 6.43 2-5. Dividend, £6 2/.

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