

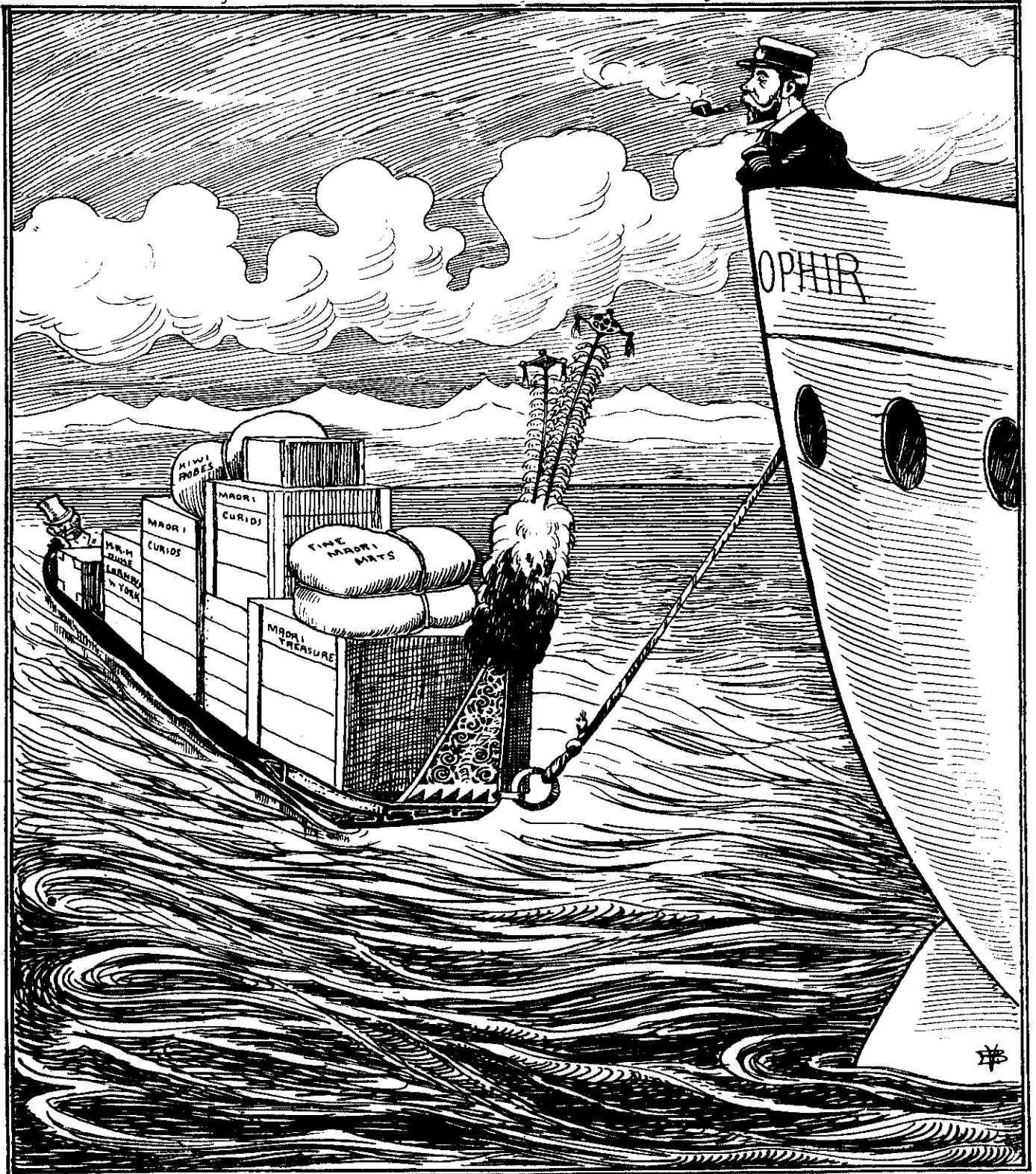
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KAPAI THE MAORI!

IT IS SAID THAT THE DUKE OF YORK HAS LEARNT AT LEAST ONE MAORI WORD DURING HIS BRIEF SOJOURN IN NEW ZEALAND; HE IS HERE SEEN SOLILOQUISING IN MAORI.

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KIM.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

CHAPTER VI.

Now I remember comrades—
Old playmates on new seas—
When, as we traded opiment
Among the savages:
Ten thousand leagues to southward,
And thirty years removed—
They knew not noble Valdez,
But me they knew and loved.

"Song of Diego Valdez."

Very early in the morning the white tents came down and disappeared as the Mavericks took a side road to Umballa. It did not skirt the resting-place, and Kim, trudging beside a baggage-cart under fire of comments from soldiers' wives, was not so confident as overnight. He discovered that he was closely watched—Father Victor on the one side, and Mr. Bennett on the other.

In the forenoon the column checked. A camel-orderly handed the Colonel a letter. He read it, and spoke to a Major. Half a mile in the rear Kim heard a hoarse and joyful clamour rolling down on him through the thick dust. Then someone beat him on the back, crying: "Tell us how ye knew, ye little limb of Satan? Father dear, see if ye can make him tell."

A pony ranged alongside, and he was hauled on to the priest's saddle-bow.

"Now, my son, your prophecy of last night has come true. Our orders are to entrain at Umballa for the front to-morrow."

"What is that?" said Kim, for "front" and "entrain" were newish words.

"We are going to 'thee war,' as you called it."

"Of course you are going to thee war, I said last night."

"Ye did; but, Powers o' Darkness, how did ye know?"

Kim's eyes sparkled. He shut his lips, nodded his head, and looked un-speakable things. The chaplain moved on through the dust, and privates, sergeants and subalterns called one another's attention to the boy. The Colonel, at the head of the column, stared at him curiously. "It was probably some bazaar rumour," he said; "but even then—" He referred to the paper in his hand. "Hang it all, the thing was only decided within the last forty-eight hours."

"Are there many more like you in India?" said Father Victor, "or are you by way o' being a lusususnataree?"

"Now I have told you," said the boy, "will you let me go back to my old man? If he has not stared with that woman from Kulu, I am afraid he will die."

"By what I saw of him he's as well able to take care of himself as you. No, ye've brought us luck, an' we're goin' to make a man of you. 'I'll take ye back to your baggage-cart, and ye'll come to me this evening."

For the rest of the day Kim found himself an object of distinguished consideration among a few hundred white men. The story of his appearance in camp, the discovery of his parentage, and his prophecy, had lost nothing in the telling. A big, shapeless white woman on a pile of bedding asked him mysteriously whether he thought her husband would come back from the war. Kim reflected gravely, and said that he would, and the woman gave him food. In many respects this big procession that played music at intervals—this crowd that talked and laughed so easily—resembled a festival in Lahore city. So far, there was no sign of hard work, and he resolved to lend the spectacle his patronage. At evening there came out to meet them bands of music, and played the Mavericks into camp near Umballa railway station. That was an interesting night. Men of other regiments came

to visit the Mavericks. The Mavericks went visiting on their own account. Their pickets hurried forth to bring them back, met pickets of strange regiments on the same duty; and, after a while, the bugles blew madly for more pickets with officers to control the tumult. The Mavericks had a reputation for liveliness to live up to. But they fell in on the platform next morning in perfect shape and condition; and Kim, left behind with the sick, women and boys, found himself shouting farewell excitedly as the trains drew away. Life as a Sahib was amusing so far; but he touched it with a very cautious hand. Then they marched him back in charge of a drummer-boy to empty, lime-washed barracks, whose floors were covered with rubbish and string and paper, and whose ceilings gave back his lonely footfall. Native fashion, he curled himself up on a stripped cot and went to sleep. An angry man stumped down the verandah, woke him up, and said he was a schoolmaster. This was enough for Kim, and he retired into his shell. He could just puzzle out the various English police notices in Lahore city, because they affected his comfort; and among the many guests of the woman who looked after him had been a queer German who painted scenery for the Parsee travelling theatre. He told Kim that he had been "on the barricades in forty-eight," and therefore—at least that was how it struck him—he would teach the boy to write in return for food. Kim had been kicked as far as single letters, but did not think well of them.

"I do not know anything. Go away!" said Kim, scenting evil. Hereupon the man caught him by the ear, dragged him to a room in a far-off wing where a dozen drummer-boys were sitting on forms, and told him to be still if he could do nothing else. This he managed very successfully. The man explained something or other with white lines on a black-board for at least half an hour, and Kim continued his interrupted nap. He much disapproved of the present aspect of affairs, for this was the very school and discipline he had spent two-thirds of his young life in avoiding. Suddenly a beautiful idea occurred to him, and he wondered that he had not thought of it before.

The man dismissed them, and first to spring through the verandah into the sunshine was Kim.

"Ere you! 'Alt! Stop!" said a high voice at his heels. "I've got to look after you. My orders are not to let you out of my sight. Where are you goin'?"

It was the drummer boy who had been hanging round him all the forenoon, a fat and freckled person of about fourteen, and Kim loathed him from the soles of his boots to his cap ribbons.

"To the bazaar—to get sweets—for you," said Kim, after thought.

"Well, the bazaar's out o' bounds. If we go there we'll get a dressing-down. You come back."

"How near can we go?" Kim did not know what bounds meant, but he wished to be polite—for the present.

"Ow near? 'Ow far, you mean? We can go as far as that tree down the road."

"Then I'll go there."

"All right, I ain't goin'. It's too 'ot. I can watch you from 'ere. It's no good your runnin' away. If you did they'd spot you by your clothes. That's regimental stuff you're wearin'. There ain't a picket in Umballa wouldn't lead you back quicker than you started out."

This did not impress Kim as much as the knowledge that his raiment would tire him out if he tried to run. He slouched to the tree at the corner of a bare road leading towards the bazaar and eyed the natives passing. Most of them were barrack servants of the low-

est caste. Kim hailed a sweeper, who promptly retorted with a piece of unnecessary insolence, in the natural belief that the European boy would not follow. The low, quick answer undecieved him. Kim put his fettered soul into it, thankful for the late chance to abuse somebody in the tongue he knew best. "And now go to the nearest letter writer in the bazaar and tell him to come here. I would write a letter."

"But—but what manner of white man's son art thou, to need a bazaar letter writer? Is there not a schoolmaster in the barracks?"

"Ay, and Hell is full of the same sort. Do my order, you—you Od! Thy mother was married under a basket. Servant of Lal Beg" (Kim knew the god of the sweepers), "run on my business or we will talk again."

The sweeper shuffled off in haste. "There is a white boy by the barracks waiting under a tree who is not a white boy," he stammered to the first bazaar letter writer he came across. "He needs thee."

"Will he pay?" said the spruce scribe, gathering up his desk and pens and sealing wax all in order.

"I do not know. He is not like other boys. Go and see. It is well worth."

Kim danced with impatience; when the slim young Kayeth hove in sight. As soon as his voice could carry he cursed him volubly.

"First I will take my pay," the letter writer said. "Bad words have made the price higher. But who art thou, dressed in that fashion, to speak in this fashion?"

"Aha! That is in the letter which thou shalt write. Never was such a tale. But I am in no haste. Another writer will serve me. Umballa city is as full of them, as is Lahore."

"Four anhas," said the writer, sitting down and spreading his cloth in the shade of a deserted barrack-wing.

Mechanically Kim squatted beside him, squatted as only the natives can, in spite of the abominable clinging trousers.

The writer regarded him sideways.

"That is the price to ask of Sahibs," said Kim. "Now, fix me a true one."

"An anna and a-half. How do I know, having written the letter, that thou wilt not run away?"

"I must not go beyond this tree, and there is also the stamp to be considered."

"I get no commission on the price of the stamp. Once more, what manner of white boy art thou?"

"That shall be said in the letter, which is to Mahbub Ali, the horse-dealer in the Kashmir Serai, at Lahore. He is my friend."

"Wonder on wonder!" murmured the letter-writer, dipping a reed in the inkstand. "To be written in Hindi?"

"Assuredly. To Mahbub Ali, then. Begin! I have come down with the old man as far as Umballa in the train. At Umballa I carried the news of the bay mare's pedigree." After what he had seen in the garden, he was not going to write of white stallions.

"Slower a little. What has a bay mare to do. . . . Is it Mahbub Ali the great dealer?"

"Who else? I have been in his service. Take more ink. Again. 'As the order was, so I did it. We then went on foot towards Benares, but on the

third day we found a certain regiment.' Is that down?"

"Ay, pulton," murmured the writer, all ears.

"I went into their camp and was caught, and by means of the charm about my neck, which thou knowest, it was established that I was the son of some man in the regiment; according to the prophecy of the Red Bull, which thou knowest was common talk of our bazaar." Kim waited for this shaft to sink into the letter-writer's heart, cleared his throat, and continued: "A priest clothed me and gave me a new name. . . . One priest, however, was a fool. The clothes are very heavy, but I am a Sahib, and my heart is heavy, too. They send me to a school and beat me. I do not like the air and water here. Come then and help me, Mahbub Ali, or send me some money, for I have not sufficient to pay the writer who writes this."

"Who writes this? It is my own fault that I was tricked. Thou art as clever as Husain Bux, that forged the Treasury stamps at Nucklao. But what a tale! What a tale! Is it true by any chance?"

"It does not profit to tell lies to Mahbub Ali. It is better to help his friends by lending them a stamp. When the money comes I will repay."

The writer grunted doubtfully, but took a stamp out of his desk, sealed the letter, handed it over to Kim, and departed. Mahbub Ali's was a name of power.

"That is the way to win a good account with the Gods," Kim shouted after him.

"Pay me twice over when the money comes," the man cried over his shoulder.

"What was you bukkin' to that nigger about?" said the drummer boy when Kim returned to the verandah. "I was watchin' you."

"I was only talkin' to him."

"You talk the bat same as a nigger, don't you?"

"No-ah! No-ah! I onlee speak a little. What shall we do now?"

"The bugles 'll go for dinner in arf a minute. My Gawd! I wish I'd gone up to the front with the regiment. It's awful doin' nothin' but school down 'ere. Don't you 'ate it?"

"O'ah yess!"

"I'd run away if I knew where to go to, but, as the men say, in this bloomin' India you're only a prisoner at large. You can't desert without bein' took back at once. I'm fair sick of it."

"You have been in Be—England?"

"Wy I only come out last troopin' season with my mother. I should think I've been in England. What a ignorant little beggar you are. You was brought up in the gutter, wasn't you?"

"O'ah yess. Tell me something about England. My father he came from there."

Though he would not say so, Kim of course disbelieved every word the drummer boy spoke about the Liverpool suburb which was his England. It passed the heavy time till dinner—a most unappetising meal served to the boys and a few invalids in a corner of a barrack-room. But that he had written to Mahbub Ali, Kim would have been almost depressed. The indifference of native crowds he was used to; but this strong loneliness among white men preyed on him. He was grateful when in the course of the afternoon a big soldier took him over to Father Victor, who lived in another wing across another dusty parade ground. The priest was reading an English letter written in purple ink. He looked at Kim more curiously than ever.

"An' how do you like it, my son, as far as you've gone? Not much, eh? It must be hard—very hard—on a wild animal. Listen now, I've an' amazin' epistle from your friend."

"Where is he? Is he well? O'ah! If he knows to write me letters, it is all right."

"You're fond of him, then?"

"O'of course I am fond of him. He was fond of me."

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"It seems so by the look of this. He can't write English, can he?"

"Oah no. Not that I know, but of course he found a letter writer who can write English verree well and so he wrote. I do hope you understand."

"That accounts for it. D'you know anything about his money affairs?" Kim's face showed that he did not.

"How can I tell?"

"That's what I'm askin'. Now listen if you can make head or tail o' this. We'll skip the first part. It's written from Jagadhri Road... Sitting on wayside in grave meditation, trusting to be favoured with your Honour's applause of present step, which recommend your Honour to execute for Almighty God's sake. Education is greatest blessing if of best sorts. Otherwise no earthly use." Faith, the old man's hit the bull's-eye that time! "If your Honour condescending giving my boy best educations Xavier" (I suppose that's St. Xavier in Partibus) "in terms of our conversation dated in your tent 15th instant" (a business-like touch there!) "then Almighty God blessing your Honour's succeeding to third an fourth generation and"—now listen—"confide in your Honour's humble servant for adequate remuneration per hoondie per annum three hundred rupees a year to one expensive education St. Xavier, Lucknow, and allow small time to forward same per hoondie sent to any part of India as your Honour shall address yourself. This servant of your Honour has presently no place to lay crown of his head, but going to Benares by train on account of persecution of old woman talking so much and unanxious residing Saharunpore in any domestic capacity." Now what in the world does that mean?"

"She has asked him to be puroher clergyman—at Saharunpore, I think. He would not do that on account of his River. She did talk."

"It's clear to you, is it? It beats me altogether. So going to Benares, where will find address and forward rupees for a boy who is apple of eye, and for Almighty God's sake execute this education, and your petitioner as in duty bound shall ever lawfully pray. Written by Sobrao Satai, Failed Entrance Allahabad University, for venerable Teshoo Lama the priest of Suchzen looking for a River, address care of Tirthankers Temple, Benares. P.M.—Please note boy is apple of eye, and rupees shall be sent per hoondie three hundred per annum. For Almighty God's sake." Now, is that ravin' lunacy or a business proposition? I ask you, because I'm fairly at my wits' end."

"He says he will give me three hundred rupees a year, so he will give me them."

"Oh, that's the way you look at it, is it?"

"Of course. If he says so."

The priest whistled; then he addressed Kim as an equal.

"I don't believe it; but we'll see. You were goin' off to-day to the Military Orphanage at Sanawar, where the regiment would keep you till you were old enough to enlist. Ye'd be brought up to the Church of England, Bennett arranged for that. On the other hand, if ye go to St. Xavier's ye'll get a better education an'—an' can have the religion. D'ye see my dilemma?"

Kim saw nothing save a vision of the lama going south in a train with none to beg for him.

"Like most people, I'm going to temporise. If your friend sends the money from Benares—Powers of Darkness below, where's a street-beggar to raise three hundred rupees?—ye'll go down to Lucknow and I'll pay your fare, because I can't touch the subscription money if I intend, as I do, to make ye a Catholic. If he doesn't, ye'll go to the Military Orphanage at the regiment's expense. I'll allow him three days' grace, though I don't believe it at all. Even then, if he fails me in his payments later on... but it's beyond me. We can only walk one step at a time in this world, praise God. An' they sent Bennett to the front an' left me behind. He can't expect everything."

"Oah yess," said Kim vaguely.

The priest leaned forward. "I'd give a month's pay to find what's goin' on inside that little round head of yours."

"There is nothing," said Kim, and scratched it. He was wondering whether Mahbub Ali would send him as much as a whole rupee. Then he

could pay the letter-writer and write letters to the lama at Benares. Perhaps Mahbub Ali would visit him next time he came south with horses. Surely he must know that Kim's delivery of the letter to the officer at Umballa had caused the great war which the men and boys had discussed so loudly over the barrack dinner-tables. But if Mahbub Ali did not know this, it would be very unsafe to tell him so. Mahbub Ali was hard upon boys who knew, or thought they knew, too much.

"Well, till I get further news"—Father Victor's voice interrupted the reverie—"ye can run along and play with the other boys. They'll teach ye something—but I don't think ye'll like it."

The day dragged to its weary end. When he wished to sleep he was instructed how to fold up his clothes and set out his boots; the other boys deriding. Bugles waked him in the dawn; the schoolmaster caught him after breakfast, thrust a page of meaningless characters under his nose, gave them senseless names, and whacked him without reason. Kim meditated poisoning him with opium borrowed from a barrack-sweeper, but reflected that, as they all ate at one table in public (this was peculiarly revolting to Kim, who preferred to turn his back on the world at meals), the stroke might be dangerous. Then he attempted running off to the village where the priest had tried to drug the lama—the village where the old soldier lived. But far-seeing sentries at every exit headed back the little scarlet figure. Trousers and jacket crippled body and mind alike, so he abandoned the project and fell back Oriental fashion, on time and chance. Three days of torment passed in the big, echoing white rooms. He walked out of afternoons under escort of the drummer-boy, and all he heard from his companion were the few useless words which seemed to make two-thirds of the white man's abuse. Kim knew and despised them all long ago. The boy resented his silence and lack of interest by beating him, as was only natural. He did not care for any of the bazaars which were in bounds. He styled all natives "niggers"; yet servants and sweepers called him abominable names to his face, and, misled by their deferential attitude, he never understood. This somewhat consoled Kim for the beatings.

On the morning of the fourth day a judgment overtook that drummer. They had gone out together towards Umballa racecourse. He returned alone, weeping, with news that young O'Hara, to whom he had been doing nothing in particular, had hailed a scarlet-bearded nigger on horseback; that the nigger had then and there laid into him with a peculiarly adhesive quirt, picked up young O'Hara, and borne him off at full gallop. These tidings came to Father Victor, and he drew down his long upper lip. He was already sufficiently startled by a letter from the Temple of the Tirthankers at Benares, enclosing a native banker's note of hand for three hundred rupees, and an amazing prayer to "Almighty God." The lama would have been more annoyed than the priest had he known how the bazaar letter-writer had translated his phrase "to acquire merit."

"Powers of Darkness below!" Father Victor fumbled with the note. "An' now he's off with another of his peepo-day friends. I don't know whether it will be a greater relief to me to get him back or to have him lost. He's beyond my comprehension. How the Devil—yes, he's the man I mean—can a street-beggar raise money to educate white boys?"

Three miles off, on Umballa racecourse, Mahbub Ali, reining a grey Cabuli stallion with Kim in front of him, was saying:

"But, Little Friend of all the World, there is my honour and reputation to be considered. All the officer-sahibs in all the regiments, and all Umballa, know Mahbub Ali. Men saw me pick thee up and chastise that boy. We are seen now from far across this plain. How can I take thee away, or account for thy disappearing if I set thee down and let thee run off into the crops? They would put me in goal, be patient. Once a Sahib, always a Sahib. When thou art a man—who knows—

thou wilt be grateful to Mahbub Ali."

"Take me beyond their sentries where I can change this red. Give me money and I will go to Benares and be with my lama again. I do not want to wear a Sahib, and remember I did deliver that message."

The stallion bounded wildly. Mahbub Ali had incautiously driven home the sharp-edged stirrup. (He was not the new sort of fluent horse-dealer who wears English boots and spurs.) Kim drew his own conclusions from that betrayal.

"That was a small matter. It lay on the straight road to Benares. I and the Sahib have by this time forgotten it. I send so many letters and messages to men who ask questions about horses. I cannot well remember one from the other. Was it some matter of a bay mare that Peters Sahib wished the pedigree of?"

Kim saw the trap at once. If he had said "bay mare" Mahbub would have known by his very readiness to fall in with the amendment that the boy suspected something. Kim replied therefore:

"Bay mare. No. I do not forget my messages thus. It was a white stallion."

"Ay, so it was. A white Arab stallion. But thou didst write bay mare to me."

"Who cares to tell truth to a letter-writer?" Kim answered, feeling Mahbub's palm on his heart.

"Hi! Mahbub, you old villain, pull up," cried a voice, and an Englishman raced alongside on a little polo pony. "I've been chasing you half over the country. That Cabuli of yours can go. For sale, I suppose?"

"I have some young stuff coming on made by Hearen for the delicate and difficult polo-game. He has no equal. He—"

"Plays polo and waits at table. Yes. We know all that. What the deuce have you got there?"

"A boy," said Mahbub gravely. "He was being beaten by another boy. His father was once a white soldier in the big war. The boy was a child in Lahore city. He played with my horses when he was a babe. Now I think they will make him a soldier. He has been newly caught by his father's regiment that went up to the war last week. But I do not think he wants to be a soldier. I take him for a ride. Tell me where thy barracks are and I will set thee there."

"Let me go. I can find the barracks alone."

"And if thou runnest away who will say it is not my fault?"

"He'll run back to his dinner. Where has he to run to?" the Englishman asked.

"He was born in the land. He has

friends. He goes where he chooses. He is a chabuk sawai (a sharp chap). It needs only to change his clothing, and in a twinkling he would be a low-caste Hindi boy."

"The deuce he would!" The Englishman looked critically at the boy as Mahbub headed towards the barracks. Kim ground his teeth. Mahbub was mocking him, as faithless Afghans will; for he went on:

"They will send him to a school and put heavy boots on his feet and saddle him in these clothes. Then he will forget all he knows. Now, which of the barracks is this?"

Kim pointed—he could not speak—to Father Victor's wing, all staring white near by.

"Perhaps he will make a good soldier," said Mahbub reflectively. "He will make a good orderly at least. I sent him to deliver a message once from Lahore. A message concerning the pedigree of a white stallion."

Here was deadly insult on deadlier injury—and the Sahib to whom he had so craftily given that war-waking letter heard it all. Kim beheld Mahbub Ali trying in flame for his treachery, but for himself he saw one long grey vista of barracks, schools, and barracks again. He gazed imploringly at the clear-cut face, in which there was no glimmer of recognition; but even at this extremity it never occurred to him to throw himself on the white man's mercy or to denounce the Afghan. And Mahbub stared deliberately at this Englishman, who stared as deliberately at Kim, quivering and tongue-tied.

"My horse is well trained," said the dealer. "Others would have kicked, Sahib."

"Ah," said the Englishman at last, rubbing his pony's damp withers with his whip-butt. "Who makes the boy a soldier?"

"He says the regiment that found him, and especially the padre-sahib of that regiment."

"There is the padre!" Kim choked as bareheaded Father Victor sailed down upon them from the verandah.

"Powers o' Darkness below, O'Hara! How many more mixed friends do you keep in As'a?" he cried, as Kim slid down and stood helplessly before him.

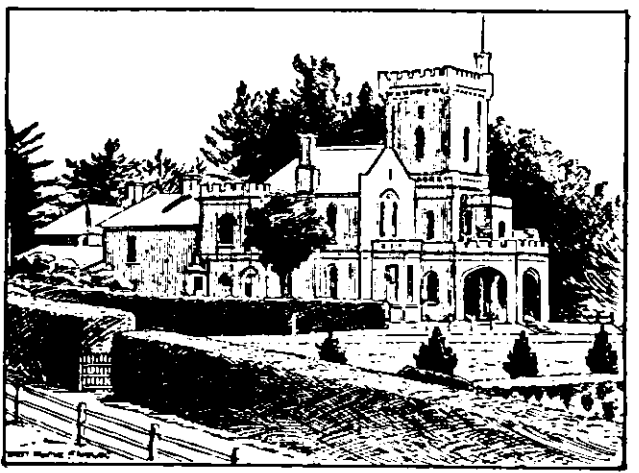
"Good morning, Padre," the Colonel said cheerily. "I know you by reputation well enough. Meant to have come over and called before this. I'm Creighton."

"Of the Ethnological Survey?" said Father Victor. The Colonel nodded. "Faith I'm glad to meet ye then; an' I owe you some thanks for bringing back the boy."

"No thanks to me, Padre. Besides, the boy wasn't going away. You

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don't know old Mahbub Ali"—the horse-dealer sat impassive in the sunlight. "You will when you have been in the station a month. He sells us all our crocks. That boy is rather a curiosity. Can you tell me anything about him?"

"Can I tell you?" puffed Father Victor. "You'll be the one that could help me in my quandaries. Tell you! Powers of Darkness, I'm bursting to tell some one who knows something of the native!"

A groom came round the corner. Colonel Creighton raised his voice, speaking in Urdu. "Very good, Mahbub Ali, but what is the use of telling me all those stories about the pony. Not one pie more than three hundred and fifty rupees will I give."

"The Sahib is a little hot and angry after riding," the horse-dealer returned, with the leer of a privileged jester. Presently, he will see my horse's points more clearly. I will wait till he has finished his talk with the padre. I will wait under that tree."

"Confound you," the Colonel laughed. "That comes of looking at one of Mahbub's horses. He's a regular old leech, Padre. Wait, then, if you have so much time to spare, Mahbub, Now I'm at your service, Padre. Where is the boy? Oh, he's gone off to cologne with Mahbub, Queer sort of boy. Might I ask you to send my mare round under cover?"

He dropped into a chair which commanded a clear view of Kim and Mahbub Ali in conference beneath the tree. The padre went indoors for cheroots.

Creighton heard Kim say bitterly: "Trust a Brahmin before a snake, and a snake before a harlot, and a harlot before an Afghan, Mahbub Ali."

"That is all one," the great red beard wagged solemnly. "Children should not see a carpet on the loom till the pattern is made plain. Believe me, Friend of all the World, I do thee great service. They will not make a soldier of thee."

"You crafty old sinner," thought Creighton. "But you're not far wrong. That boy mustn't be wasted if he is as advertised."

"Excuse me half a minute," cried the padre from within, "but I'm getting the documents of the case."

"If through me the favour of this bold and wise Colonel Sahib comes to thee, and thou art raised to honour, what thanks wilt thou give Mahbub Ali when thou art a man?"

"Nay, nay; I begged thee to let me take the road again, where I should have been safe; and thou hast sold me back to the English. What will they give thee for blood money?"

"A cheerful young demon!" the Colonel hit his cigar, and turned politely to Father Victor.

"What are the letters that the fat priest is waving before the Colonel? Stand behind the stallion as though looking at my bride!" said Mahbub Ali.

"A letter from my lama which he wrote from Jagadkhir Road, saying that he will pay three hundred rupees by the year for my schooling."

"Oho! Is old Red Hat of that sort? At what school?"

"God knows. I think in Nucklao."

"Yes. There is a big school there for the sons of Sahibs and half-Sahibs. I have seen it when I sell horses there. So the lama also loved the Friend of all the World?"

"Ay; and he did not tell lies, or return me to captivity."

"Small wonder the padre does not know how to unravel the thread. How fast he talks to the Colonel Sahib," Mahbub Ali chuckled. "By Allah!"—the keen eyes swept the verandah for an instant—"thy lama has sent what to me looks like a note of hand. I have had some small dealings in hoodlums. The Colonel Sahib is looking at it."

"What good is all this to me?" said Kim wearily. "Thou wilt go away, and they will return me to those empty rooms where there is no good place to sleep and where the boys beat me."

"I do not think that. Have patience, child. All Pathans are not faithless—except in horseflesh."

Five ten-fifteen minutes passed, Father Victor talking energetically or asking questions which the Colonel answered.

"Now I've told you everything that I know about the boy from beginning to end; and it's a blessed relief to me. Did ye ever hear the like?"

"At any rate, the old man has sent the money. Gobind Sahai's notes of hand are good from here to China," said the Colonel. "The more one knows about natives the less can one say what they will or won't do."

"That's consoling—from the head of the Ethnological Survey. It's this mixture of Red Bulls and Rivers of Healing (poor heathen, God help him!) an' notes of hand and Masonic certificates. Are you a Mason, by any chance?"

"By Jove, I am, now I come to think of it. That's an additional reason," said the Colonel absently.

"I'm glad ye see a reason in it. But as I said, it's the mixture of things that's beyond me. An' his prophesyin' to our Colonel sitting on my bed with his little shimmy torn open showing his white skin; an' the prophesy comin' true! He'll cure all that nonsense at St. Xavier's, eh?"

"Sprinkle him with holy water," the Colonel laughed.

"On my word, I fancy I ought to sometimes. But I'm hoping he'll be brought up as a good Catholic. All that troubles me is what'll happen if the old beggar man—"

"Lama, lama, my dear sir; and some of them are gentlemen in their own country."

"The lama then, fails to pay next year. He's a fine business head to plan on the spur of the moment, but he's bound to die some day. An' takin' a heathen's money to give a child a Christian education—"

"But he said explicitly what he wanted. As soon as he knew the boy was a white he seems to have made his arrangements accordingly. I'd give a month's pay to hear how he explained it all at the Tirthankers' Temple at Benares. Look here, Padre, I don't pretend to know much about natives, but if he says he'll pay, he'll pay—dead or alive. I mean his heirs will assume the debt. My advice to you is, send the boy down to Lucknow. If your Anglian chaplain thinks you've stolen a march on him—"

"Bad luck to Bennett! He was sent to the front instead of me. Doughty certified me medically unfit. I'll excommunicate Doughty if he comes back alive! Surely Bennett ought to be content with—"

"Glory, leaving you the religion. Quite so! As a matter of fact, I don't think Bennett will mind. Put the blame on me, I—er—strongly recommend sending the boy to St. Xavier's. He can go with an nesi as a soldier's orphan, so the railway fare will be saved. You can buy him an outfit from the regimental subscription. The Lodge will be saved the expense of his education, and that will put the Lodge in a good temper. It's perfectly easy. I've got to go down to Lucknow next week. I'll look after the boy on the way—give him in charge of my servants, and so on."

"You're a good man."

"Not in the least. Don't make that mistake. The lama has sent us money for a definite end. We can't very well return it. We shall have to do as he says. Well, that's settled, isn't it? Shall we say that, Tuesday next, you'll hand him over to me at the night train south? That's only three days. He can't do much harm in three days."

"It's a weight off my mind, but—this thing here?"—he waved the note of hand—"I don't know Gobind Sahai, or his bank, which may be a hole in a wall."

"You've never been a subaltern in debt. I'll cash it if you like, and send you the vouchers in proper order."

"But with all your own work, too! It's uskin'—"

"It's not the least trouble indeed. You see, as an ethnologist, the thing's very interesting to me. I'd like to make a note of it for some Government work that I'm doing. The transformation of a regimental budge like your Red Bull into a sort of fetish that the boy follows is very interesting."

"But I can't thank you enough."

"There's one thing you can do. All we ethnological men are as jealous as backslays of one another's discoveries. They're of no interest to any one but ourselves, of course, but you know what book collectors are like. Well, don't say a word, directly or indirectly, about the Asiatic side of the boy's character—his adventures and

his prophecy, and so on. I'll worm them out of the boy later on and—you see!"

"I do. Ye'll make a wonderful account of it. Never a word will I say to anyone till I see it in print."

"Thank you. That goes straight to an ethnologist's heart. Well, I must be getting back to my breakfast, Good Heavens! Old Mahbub here still?" He raised his voice, and the horse-dealer came out from under the shadow of the tree. "Well, what is it?"

"As regards that young horse," said Mahbub. "I say that when a colt is born to be a polo-pony, closely following the ball without teaching—when such a colt knows the game by divination—then I say it is a great wrong to break that colt to a heavy cart, Sahib!"

"So do I say also, Mahbub. The colt will be entered for polo only. These fellows think of nothing in the world but horses, Padre. I'll see you tomorrow, Mahbub, if you've anything likely for sale."

The dealer saluted, horseman fashion, with a wave of the off hand. "Be patient a little. Friend of all the World," he whispered to the agonised Kim. "Thy fortune is made. In a little while thou goest to Nucklao, and—here is something to pay the letter-writer. I shall see thee again. I think, many times," and he cantered off down the road.

"Listen to me," said the Colonel from the verandah, speaking in the vernacular. "In three days thou wilt go with me to Lucknow, seeing and hearing new things all the while. Therefore sit still for three days and do not run away. Thou wilt go to school at Lucknow."

"Shall I meet my Holy One there?" Kim whimpered.

"At least Lucknow is nearer to Benares than Umballa. It may be that thou wilt go under my protection. Mahbub Ali knows this, and he will be angry if thou returnest to the road now. Remember—much has been told me which I do not forget."

"I will wait," said Kim, "but the boys will beat me."

Then the bugles blew for dinner.

CHAPTER VII.

Unto whose use the pregnant suns are poised
With idiot moons and stars retracting stars?
Creep thou between—thy coming's all unnoised.
Heaven hath her high as earth her baser wars.
Heir to these tumults, this affright, that fray
(By Adam's fathers' own sin bound away);
Peer up, draw out thy horoscope and say
Which planet mends thy threadbare fate or mars.

SIR JOHN CHRISTIE.

In the afternoon the red faced school-master told Kim that he had been "struck off the strength," which conveyed no meaning to him till he was ordered to go away and play. Then he ran to the bazaars and found the young letter writer to whom he owed a stamp.

"Now I pay," said Kim, royally, "and now I need another letter to be written."

"Mahbub Ali is in Umballa," said the writer, jauntily. He was by virtue of his office a bureau of general misinformation.

"This is not to Mahbub, but to a priest. Take thy pen and write quick."

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ly. To Teshoo Lama, the holy one from Bhootyal seeking for a kiver who is now in the Temple of the Tirthankers at Benares. Take more ink! In three days I am to go down to Nucklao to the school at Nucklao. The name of the school is Xavier. I do not know where that school is but it is at Nucklao."

"But I know Nucklao," the writer interrupted. "I know the school."

"Tell him where it is and I give half an anna."

The red pen scratched busily. "He cannot mistake." The man lifted his head. "Who watches us across the street?"

Kim looked up hurriedly and saw Colonel Creighton in tennis flannels.

"Oh, that is some Sahib who knows the fat priest in the barracks. He is beckoning to me."

"What dost thou?" said the Colonel, when Kim trotted up.

"I—I am not running away. I send a letter to my Holy One at Benares."

"I had not thought of that. Hast thou said that I take thee to Lucknow?"

"Nay, I have not. Read the letter if there be a doubt."

"Then why hast thou left out my name in writing to that Holy One?" The Colonel smiled a queer smile. Kim took his courage in both hands.

"It was once said to me that it is inexpedient to write the names of strangers concerned in any matter, because by the naming of names many good plans are brought to confusion."

"Thou hast been well taught," the Colonel replied, and Kim flushed. "I have left my cheroot case in the Padre's verandah. Bring it to my house this even."

"Where is the house?" said Kim. His quick wit told him that he was being tested in some fashion or another, and he stood on guard.

"Ask any one in the big bazaar," the Colonel walked on.

"He has forgotten his cheroot case," said Kim, returning. "I must bring it to him this evening. That is all my letter except, thrice over, Come to me! Come to me! Come to me! Now I will pay for a stamp and put it in the post." He rose to go, and as an after-thought asked: "Who is that angry-faced Sahib who lost the cheroot-case?"

"Oh, he is only Creighton Sahib—a very foolish Sahib, who is a Colonel Sahib without a regiment."

"What is his business?"

"God knows. He is always buying horses which he cannot ride, and asking riddles about the works of God—such as plants and stones and the customs of people. The dealers call him the father of fools, because he is so easily cheated about a horse. Mahub Ali says he is madder than all other Sahibs."

"Oh!" said Kim, and departed. His training had given him some small knowledge of character, and he argued that fools are not given information which leads to calling out 8000 men besides guns. The Commander-in-Chief of all India does not talk, as Kim had heard him talk, to fools. Nor would Mahub Ali's tone have changed, as it did every time he mentioned the Colonel's name, if the Colonel had been a fool. Consequently—and this set Kim to skipping—there was a mystery somewhere, and Mahub Ali probably spied for the Colonel much as Kim had spied for Mahub. And, like the horse dealer, the Colonel evidently respected people who did not show themselves to be too clever.

He rejoiced that he had not betrayed his knowledge of the Colonel's house; and when, on his return to barracks, he discovered that no cheroot case had been left behind, he beamed with delight. Here was a man after his own heart—a tortuous and indirect person playing a hidden game. Well, if he could be a fool, so could Kim.

He showed nothing of his mind when Father Victor, for three long mornings, discoursed to him of an entirely new set of gods and godlings—notably of a goddess called Mary, who, he gathered, was one with Bibi Miriam of Mahub Ali's theology. He betrayed no emotion when, after the lecture, Father Victor dragged him from shop to shop buying articles of outfit, nor when envious drummer boys kicked him because he was going to a superior school did he complain, but awaited the play of circumstances with an interested

soul. Father Victor, good man, took him to the station, put him into an empty second-class next to Colonel Creighton's first, and bade him farewell with genuine feeling.

"They'll make a man of you, O'Hara, at St. Xavier's—a white man, an', I hope, a good man. They know all about your comin', an' the Colonel will see that ye're not lost or mislaid anywhere on the road. I've given you a notion of religious matters,—at least I hope so,—and you'll remember, when they ask you your religion, that you're a Cath'lic. Better say Roman Cath'lic, tho' I'm not fond of the word."

Kim lit a rank cigarette—he had been careful to buy a stock in the bazaar—and lay down to think. This solitary passage was very different from that joyful down-journey in the third-class with the lama. "Sahibs get little pleasure of travel," he reflected. "Hai mai! I go from one place to another as it might be a kick-ball. It is my Kismet. No man can escape his Kismet. But I am to pray to Bibi Miriam, and I am a Sahib"—he looked at his boots ruefully. "No; I am Kim. This is the great world, and I am only Kim. Who is Kim?" He considered his own identity, a thing he had never done before, till his head swam. He was one insignificant person in all this roaring whirl of India, going southward to he knew not what fate.

Presently the Colonel sent for him, and talked for a long time. So far as Kim could gather he was to be diligent and enter the Survey of India as a chain-man. If he were very good, and passed the proper examinations, he would be earning thirty rupees a month at seventeen years old, and Colonel Creighton would see that he found suitable employment.

Kim pretended at first to understand perhaps one word in three of this talk. Then the Colonel, seeing his mistake, turned to fluent and picturesque Urdu, and Kim was contented. No man could be a fool who knew the language so intimately, who moved so gently and silently, and whose eyes were so different from the dull fat eyes of other Sahibs.

"Yes, and thou must learn how to make pictures of roads and mountains and rivers—to carry these pictures in thy eye till a suitable time comes to set them upon paper. Perhaps some day, when thou art a chain-man, I may say to thee when we are working together: "Go across those hills and see what lies beyond." Then one will say: "There are bad people living in those hills who will slay the chain-man if he be seen to look like a Sahib." What then?"

Kim thought. Would it be safe to return the Colonel's lead?

"I would tell what that other man had said."

"But if I answered: 'I will give thee a hundred rupees for knowledge of what is behind those hills—for a picture of a river and a little news of what the people say in the villages there?'"

"How can I tell? I am only a boy. Wait till I am a man." Then, seeing the Colonel's brow clouded, he went on: "But I think I should in a few days earn the hundred rupees."

"By what road?"

Kim shook his head resolutely. "If I said how I would learn them, another man might hear and forestall me. It is no good to sell knowledge for nothing."

"Tell now." The Colonel held up a rupee. Kim's hand half reached towards it, and dropped.

"Nay, Sahib; nay. I know the price that will be paid for the answer, but I do not know why the question is asked."

"Take it for a gift, then," said Creighton, tossing it over. "There is good spirit in thee. Do not let it be blunted at St. Xavier's. There are many boys there who despise the black men."

"Their mothers were bazaar-women," said Kim. He knew well there is no hatred like that of the half-caste toward his brother-in-law.

Their pay was cut for ignorance. There is no sin so great as ignorance. Remember this."

Several times in the course of the long twenty-four hours' run south did the Colonel send for Kim, always developing this latter text.

"We be all on one lead-rop, then," said Kim at last, "the Colonel, Mahub Ali, and I—when I become a chain-man. He will use me as Mahub Ali employed me, I think. That is good, if it allows me to return to the road again. This clothing grows no easier by wear."

When they came to the crowded Lucknow station there was no sign of the lama. He swallowed his disappointment, while the Colonel bundled him into a tica-gurri with his neat belongings and despatched him alone to St. Xavier's.

"I do not say farewell, because we shall meet again," he cried. "Again, and many times, if thou art one of good spirit. But thou art not yet tried."

"Not when I brought thee"—Kim actually dared to use the turn of equals—"a white stallion's pedigree that night?"

"Much is gained by forgetting, little brother," said the Colonel, with a look that pierced through Kim's shoulder-blades as he scuttled into the carriage.

It took him nearly five minutes to recover. Then he sniffed the new air appreciatively. "A rich city," he said. "Richer than Lahore. How good the bazaars must be. Coachman, drive me a little through the bazaars here."

"My order is to take thee to the school." The driver used the "thou," which is rudeness when applied to a white man. In the clearest and most fluent vernacular Kim pointed out his error, climbed on to the box-seat, and, perfect understanding established, drove for a couple of hours up and down, estimating, comparing, and enjoying. There is no city—except Bombay, the queen of all—more beautiful in her garish style than Lucknow, whether you see her from the bridge over the river, or from the top of the Imambara looking down on the gilt umbrellas of the Chutter Munzil, and the trees in which the town is bedded. Kings have adorned her with fantastic buildings endowed her with charities, crammed her with pensioners, and drenched her with blood. She is the centre of all ill-fates, intrigue, and luxury, and shares with Delhi the claim to talk the only pure Urdu.

"A fair city—a beautiful city." The driver, as a Lucknow man, was pleased by the compliment, and told Kim many astounding things where an English guide would have talked of the Mutiny.

"Now we will go to the school,"

said Kim at last. The great old school of St. Xavier's in Partibus, block on block of low white buildings, stands in vast grounds over against the Gumti River, at some distance from the city.

"What like of folk are they with-in?" said Kim.

"Young Sahibs—all devils; but to speak truth, and I drive many of them to and fro from the railway station, I have never seen one that had in him the making of a more perfect devil than thou—this young Sahib whom I am now driving."

Naturally, for he was never trained to consider them in any way improper. Kim had passed the time of day with one or two frivolous ladies at upper windows in a certain street, and, naturally, in the exchange of compliments, had acquitted himself well. He was about to acknowledge the driver's last insolence, when his eye—it was growing dusk—caught a figure sitting by one of the white plaster gate-pillars in the long sweep of wall.

"Stop!" he cried. "Stay here. I do not go to the school at once."

"But what is to pay me for this coming and reconing?" said the driver petulantly. "Is the boy mad? Last time it was a dancing girl. This time it is a priest."

Kim was in the road heidlong, patting the dusky feet beneath the dirty yellow robe.

"I have waited here a day and a half," the lama's level voice began. "Nay, I had a disciple with me. He that was my friend at the Temple of the Tirthankers gave me a guard for this journey. I came from Benares in the train when thy letter was given me. Yes, I am well fed. I need nothing."

"But why didst thou not stay with the Kulu woman, O Holy One? In what way didst thou get to Benares? My heart has been heavy since we parted."

"The woman wearied me by constant flux of talk and requiring charms for children. I separated myself from that company, permitting her to acquire merit by gifts. She is at least a woman of open hands, and I made a promise to return to her house if need arose. Then, perceiving myself alone in this great and terrible world, I bethought me of the terrain to Benares, where I knew one abode in the Tirthankers' Temple who was a Seeker even as I."

"Ah! Thy River," said Kim. "I had forgotten the River."

"So soon, my chela? I have never forgotten it; but when I had left thee it seemed better that I should go to the temple and take counsel, for, look you, India is very large, and it may

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be that wise men before us, some two or three, have left a record of the place of our River. There is debate in the Temple of the Tirthankers on this matter; some saying one thing, and some another. They are courteous folk."

"So be it; but what dost thou do now?"

"I acquire merit in that I help thee, my churl, to wisdom. The priest of that body of men who serve the Red Bull wrote me that all should be as I desired for thee. I sent the money to suffice for one year, and then I came, as thou seest, to watch for thee going up into the Gates of Learning. A day and a half have I waited, not because I was led by any affection towards thee—that is no part of the Way—but they say at the Tirthankers' Temple, because, money having been paid for learning, it was right that I should oversee the end of the matter. They resolved my doubts most clearly. I had a fear that perhaps I came because I wished to see thee, misguided by the red mist of affection. It is not so. . . . Moreover, I am troubled by a dream."

"But, surely, Holy One, thou hast not forgotten the road and all that befel on it. Surely it was a little to see me that thou didst come?"

"The horses are cold, and it is past their feeding time," whined the driver. "Go to Jehannum and abide there with thy reputationless aunt!" Kim snarled over his shoulder. "I am all alone in this land. I know not where I go nor what shall befall me. My heart was in that letter I sent thee. Except for Mahhub Ali, and he is a Pathan, I have no friend save thee, Holy One. Do not altogether go away."

"I have considered that also," the lama replied, in a shaking voice. "It is manifest that from time to time I shall acquire merit, if before that I have not found my River, by assuaging myself that thy feet are set on wisdom. What they will teach thee I do not know, but the priest wrote me that no son of a Sahib in all India will be better taught than thou. So from time to time thereafter I will come again. Maybe thou wilt be such a Sahib as he who gave me these spectacles"—the lama wiped them elaborately—"in the Wonder House of Lahore. That is my hope, for he was a fountain of wisdom, wiser than many abbots. . . . Again, maybe, thou wilt forget me and our meetings."

"If I eat thy bread," cried Kim, passionately, "how shall I ever forget thee?"

"No, no." He put the boy aside. "I must go back to Benares. From time to time, now that I know the customs of letter writers in this land, I will send thee a letter, and from time to time I will come and see thee."

"But whether shall I send my letters?" wailed Kim, clutching at the robe, all forgetful that he was a Sahib.

"To the Temple of the Tirthankers at Benares. That is the place I have chosen till I find my River. Do not weep, or look upon all Desire is illusion and a new binding upon the Wheel. Go up to the Gates of Learning. Let me see thee go. Dost thou love me? Then go or my heart cracks. . . . I will come again. Surely I will come again."

The lama watched the tica-garri rattle into the compound and stride off, snuffing between each long stride.

"The Gates of Learning" shut with a clang.

The country-born and bred boy has his own manners and customs, which do not resemble those of any other land; and his teachers approach him by words which an English master would not understand. Therefore, you would surely be interested in Kim's experiences as a St. Xavier's boy among two or three hundred precocious youths, most of whom have never seen the sea. He suffered the usual penalties for breaking out of bounds when there was children in the city. This was before he had learned to write fair English, and so was obliged to find a bazaar letter writer. He was, of course, indicted for smoking and for the use of abuse more full flavoured than even St. Xavier's had ever heard. He learned to wash himself with the Levitical scrupulousness of the native-born, who in his heart considers the Englishman rather dirty. He played the usual tricks on the patient coolies, pulling the punkahs in the sleeping rooms where the boys thrashed through the hot night telling tales till the dawn; and quietly he measured himself against his self-reliant nudes.

They were sons of subordinate officials

in the Railway, Telegraph and Canal services; of warrant-officers, sometimes retired and sometimes acting as commanders-in-chief to a feudatory Rajah's army; of captains of the Indian Marines, Government pensioners, planters, Presidency shopkeepers and missionaries. A few were cadets of the old Eurasian houses that have taken strong root in Dhuruntallah—Pereiras, De Souza and D'Silvas. Their parents could well have educated them in England, but they loved the school that had served their own youth, and generation followed sallow hued generation at St. Xavier's. Their homes ranged from Howrah of the railway people to abandoned cantonments like Monghyr and Cumar; lost tea gardens Shillong-way; villages where their fathers were large landholders in Oudh or the Deccan; Mission stations a week from the nearest railway line; seaports a thousand miles south, facing the brazen Indian surf; and cinchona plantations south of all. The mere story of their adventures, which to them were not adventures, on their road to and from school, would have crisped a Western boy's hair. They were used to jogging off alone through a hundred miles of jungle, where there was always the delightful chance of being delayed by tigers; but they would no more have bathed in the English Channel in an English August than their brothers across the world would have lain still while a leopard sniffed at their palanquin. There were boys of fifteen who had spent a day and a half on an islet in the middle of a flooded river, taking charge as by right of a camp of frantic pilgrims returning from a shrine; there were seniors who had requisitioned a chance met Rajah's elephant in the name of St. Francis Xavier when the rains once blotted out the cart track that led to their father's estate, and had all but lost the huge beast in a quicksand. There was a boy who, he said, and none doubted, had helped his father to beat off with rifles from the verandah a rush of Akas in the days when those head hunters were bold against lonely plantations.

And every tale was told in the even, passionless voice of the native-born, mixed with quaint reflections, borrowed unconsciously from native foster-mothers, and turns of speech that showed they had been that instant translated from the vernacular. Kim watched, listened and approved. This was not insipid, single-word talk of drummer-boys. It dealt with a life he knew and in part understood. The atmosphere suited him, and he throve by inches. They gave him a white drill suit as the weather warmed, and he rejoiced in the new-found bodily comforts as he rejoiced to use his sharpened mind over the tasks they set him. His quickness would have delighted an English master; but at St. Xavier's they know the first rush of minds developed by sun and surroundings, as they know the half-collapse that sets in at twenty-two or twenty-three.

None the less he remembered to hold himself lowly. When tales were told of hot nights, Kim did not sweep the board with his reminiscences; for St. Xavier's looks down on boys who "go native altogether." One must never forget that one is a Sahib, and that some day, when examinations are passed, one will command natives. Kim made a note of this, for he began to understand where examinations led.

Then came the holidays from August to October—the long holidays imposed by the heat and the rains. Kim was informed that he would go north to some station in the hills behind Umballa, where Father Victor would arrange for him.

"A barrack school?" said Kim, who had asked many questions, and thought more.

"Yes, I suppose so," said the master. "It will not do you any harm to keep you out of mischief. You can go up with young De Castro as far as Delhi."

Kim considered it in every possible light. He had been diligent, even as the Colonel advised. A boy's holiday was his own property—of so much the talk of his companions had advised him—and a barrack-school would be torment after St. Xavier's. Moreover—this was magic worth anything else—he could write. In three months he had discovered how men can't speak to each other without a third party, at the cost of half an anna and a little knowledge. No word had come from the lama, but

there remained the Road. Kim yearned for the carrea of soft mud squishing up between the toes, as his mouth watered for mutton stewed with butter and cabbages, for rice speckled with strong-scented cardamoms, for the saffron-tinted rice, garlic and onions, and the forbidden greasy sweetmeats of the bazaars. They would feed him raw beef on a platter at the barrack school, and he must smoke by stealth. But again, he was a Sahib and was at St. Xavier's, and that pig Mahhub Ali. No, he would not test Mahhub's hospitality—and yet. . . . He thought it out alone in the dormitory, and came to the conclusion he had been unjust to Mahhub.

The school was empty; nearly all the masters had gone away; Colonel Creighton's railway pass lay in his hand, and Kim puffed himself that he had not spent Colonel Creighton's or Mahhub's money in riotous living. He was still lord of two rupees seven annas. His new bullock-trunk, marked "K. O'H.", and bedding-roll lay in the empty sleeping-room. "Sahibs are always tied to their baggage," said Kim, nodding at them. "You will stay here." He went out into the warm rain, smiling sinfully, and sought a certain house whose outside he had noted down some time before.

"Arre! Dost thou know what manner of women we be in this quarter? O shame!"

"Was I born yesterday?" Kim squatted native fashion on the cushions of that upper room. "A little dye-stuff and three yards of cloth to help out a jest. Is it much to ask?"

"Who is she? Thou art full young, as Sahibs go, for this devilry."

"Oh, she? She is the daughter of a certain schoolmaster of a regiment in the cantonments. He has beaten me twice because I went over their wall in these clothes. Now I would go as a gardener's boy. Old men are very jealous."

"That is true. Hold thy face still while I dab on the juice."

"Not too black, Naikan. I would not appear to her as a hutshi (nigger)."

"Oh, love makes nought of these things. And how old is she?"

"Twelve years, I think," said the shameless Kim. "Spread it also on the breast. It may be her father will tear my clothes off me and if I am piebald—" he laughed.

The girl worked busily, dabbing a twist of cloth into a little saucer of brown dye that holds longer than any walnut juice.

"Now send out and get me a cloth for the turban. Woe is me, my head is all unshaved! And he will surely knock off my turban."

"I am not a barber, but I will make shift. Thou wast born to be a breaker of hearts. All this disguise for one evening? Remember, the stuff does not wash away." She shook with laughter till her bracelets and anklets jingled. "But who is to pay me for this? Huneefa herself could not have given thee better stuff."

"Trust in the gods, my sister," said Kim gravely, screwing his face round as the stain dried. "Besides, hast thou ever helped to paint a Sahib thus before?"

"Never, indeed. But a jest is not money."

"It is worth much more."

"Child, thou art beyond all dispute the most shameless son of Shaitan that I have ever known to take up a poor girl's time with this play, and then to say: 'Is not the jest enough?' Thou wilt go very far in this world." She gave the dancing-girls' salutation in mockery.

"All one. Make haste and rough-cut my head." Kim shifted from foot to foot, his eyes ablaze with mirth as he thought of the fat days before him. He gave the girl four annas, and ran down the stairs in the likeness of a low-caste Hindu boy—perfect in every detail. A cookshop was his next point of call, where he feasted in extravagance and greasy luxury.

On Lucknow station platform he watched young De Castro, all covered with prickly heat, get into a second-class apartment. Kim patronised a third, and was the life and soul of it. He explained to the company that he was assistant to a juggler who had left him behind sick with fever, and that he would pick up his master at Umballa. As the occu-

pants of the carriage changed, he varied this tale, or adorned it with all the shoots of a budding fancy, the more rampant for being held off native speech so long. In all India that night was no human being so joyful as Kim. At Umballa he got out and headed eastward, plashing over the sodden fields to the village where the old soldier lived.

About this time Colonel Creighton at Simla was advised from Lucknow by wire that young O'Hara had disappeared. Mahhub Ali was in town selling horses, and to him the Colonel confided the affair one morning cantering round Annandale racecourse.

"Oh, that is nothing," said the horse-dealer. "Men are like horses. At certain times they need salt, and if that salt is not in the managers they will lick it up from the earth. He has gone back to the Road again for a while. The maddissh woreid him. I knew it would. Another time, I will take him upon the Road myself. Do not be troubled, Creighton Sahib. It is as though a polo-pony, breaking loose, ran out to learn the game alone."

"Then he is not dead, thank you?"

"Fever might kill him. I do not fear for the boy otherwise. A monkey will not die among trees."

Next morning, on the same course, Mahhub's stallion ranged alongside the Colonel.

"It is as I had thought," said the horse-dealer. "He has come through Umballa at least, and there he has written a letter to me, having learned in the bazaar that I was here."

"Read," said the Colonel, with a sigh of relief. It was absurd that a man of his position should take an interest in a little country-bred vagabond; but the Colonel remembered the conversation in the train, and often in the past few months had caught himself thinking of the queer, silent, self-possessed boy. His evasion, of course, was the height of insolence, but it argued some resource and nerve.

Mahhub's eyes twinkled as he reined out into the centre of the cramped little plain, where none could come near unseen.

"The Friend of the Stars, who is the Friend of all the World—"

"What is this?"

"A name we give him in Lahore City. The Friend of all the World takes leave to go to his own places. He will come back upon the appointed day. Let the box and the bedding-roll be sent for; and if there has been a fault, let the Hand of Friendship turn aside the Whip of Calamity." There is yet a little more, but—

"No matter, read."

"Certain things are not known to those who eat with forks. It is better to eat with both hands for a while. Speak soft words to those who do not understand this that the return may be propitious. Now the manner in which that was cast is of course the work of the letter-writer, but see how wisely the boy has devised the matter of it so that no hint is given except to those who know!"

"Is this the Hand of Friendship to avert the Whip of Calamity?" laughed the Colonel.

"See how wise is the boy. He would go back to the Road again, as I said. Not knowing yet thy trade—"

"I am not quite sure of that," the Colonel muttered.

"He turns to me to make a peace between you. Is he not wise? He says he will return. He is but perfecting his knowledge. Think, Sahib, he has been three months at the school, and he is not mouthed to that bit. For my part, I rejoice; the pony learns the game."

"Ay, but another time he must not go alone."

"Why? He went alone before he came under the Colonel Sahib's protection. When he comes to the Great Gaine he must go alone—alone, and at peril of his head. Then, if he spits, or sneezes, or sits down other than as the people do whom he watches, he may be slain. Why hinder him now? Remember how the Persians say: The jackal that lives in the wilds of Mazanderan can only be caught by the hounds of Mazanderan."

"True. It is true, Mahhub Ali. And if he comes to no harm, I do not desire anything better. But it is great insolence on his part."

"He does not tell me, even, whether he goes," said Mahhub. "He is no fool. When his time is accomplished he will come to me. It is time the

Serial Story.

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TRISTRAM OF BLENT.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

AN EPISODE IN THE STORY OF AN ANCIENT HOUSE.

CHAPTER XVI. THE NEW LIFE.

healer of pearls took him in hand. He ripens too quickly—as Sahibs reckon.” This prophecy was fulfilled to the letter a month later. Mahhub had gone down to Umballa to bring up a fresh consignment of horses, and Kim met him on the Kalka road at dusk riding alone, begged an alms of him, was sworn at, and replied in English. There was nobody within earshot to hear Mahhub’s gasp of amazement. “Oho! And where hast thou been?” “Up and down—down and up.” “Come under a tree, out of the wet, and tell.”

“I stayed for a while with an old man near Umballa; anon with a household of my acquaintance in Umballa. With one of these I went as far as Delhi to the southward. That is a wondrous city. Then I drove a bullock for a tell (an oilman) coming north; but I heard of a great feast forward in Puttiala, and thither went I in company of a firework-maker. It was a great feast!” (Kim rubbed his stomach.) “I saw Rajahs, and elephants with gold and silver trappings; and they lit all the fireworks at once, whereby eleven men were killed, my firework-maker among them, and I was blown across a tent but took no harm. Then I came back to the rel with a Sikh horseman, to whom I was groom for my bread; and so here.”

“Shabash!” said Mahhub Ali. “But what does the Colonel Sahib say? I do not wish to be beaten.”

“The Hand of Friendship has averted the whip of Calamity; but another time, when thou takest the Road it will be with me. This is too early.”

“Late enough for me. I have learned to read and to write English a little at the madrissah. I shall soon be altogether a Sahib.”

“Hear him!” laughed Mahhub, looking at the little drenched figure dancing in the wet. “Salaam—Sahib,” and he saluted ironically. “Well, art tired of the road, or wilt thou come on to Umballa with me and work back with the horses?”

“I come with thee, Mahhub Ali.”
(To be continued.)

Read What Vitadatio is Doing.

ANOTHER CANCER CURE.
73 YEARS OF AGE.
DOCTORS DID NOTHING.

VITADATIO CURED.

READ WHAT MRS ROSE SAYS.

New Glenelg.
26th July, 1900.

Mr S. A. PALMER.

Dear Sir,—I am pleased to say that I have tried your VITADATIO, and have received great benefit from its use. I am 73 years of age. Two years ago I was suffering severe internal pains, and seeking medical advice was told mine was a case of cancer, and was advised to go into the hospital for an operation which I did, but my age being so great, it was not thought advisable to do anything so I left feeling that I would not live many weeks. I was in a very low condition. I could not sweep my room or do any of my usual work, and was expected by neighbours to soon pass away, when I was advised by a lady who had a relative cured of tumour, to try VITADATIO. I have done so, and now I feel as well as I did ten years ago. I can do all my own house work. I can walk miles now where I could not walk 100 yards for the pain before, and feel generally well and hearty, to the great satisfaction of myself and relatives around me. You are at liberty to publish as it may be of use to others who suffer. I am thankful VITADATIO came to Adelaide. I remain, yours truly,

EMILY ANN ROSE.

New Glenelg.

Witness: M. P. Murphy, Storekeeper, Glenelg.

Witness: Geo. R. Dryie, Adelaide.

For further particulars,
S. A. PALMER,
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WELLINGTON.

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“You haven’t mentioned it to the young man himself?” asked Lady Evenswood.

“Certainly not. I’ve only seen him once, and then he didn’t talk of his own affairs. He takes the thing very well. He’s lost his position, and he’s the hero of the newspapers, and he bears both afflictions quite coolly. A lad of good balance, I think.”

“Is he agreeable?”

“Hum, I am not sure of that. No excess of modesty, I fancy.”

“I suppose you mean he’s not shy? All young men are conceited. I think I should like you to bring him to see me.”

For forty years such an intimation from Lady Evenswood had enjoyed the rank of a command; Lord Southend received it with proper obedience.

“The solution I spoke of has occurred to some of us,” he went on. “He’s poor now, but with that he could make a marriage. The case is very exceptional.”

“So is what you propose, George.”

“Oh, there are precedents. It was done in the Bearsdale case.”

“There was a doubt there.” Lady Evenswood knew all about the Bearsdale case; though it was ancient history to Southend, she had danced with both the parties to it.

“The House was against the marriage unanimously.” But he did not deny the doubt.

“Well, what are you going to do?” she asked.

“It would be necessary to approach Disney.” Southend spoke with some appearance of timidity. Mr. Disney was Prime Minister. “And the truth is, none of us seemed to like the job. So John Fullcombe suggested you.”

“What brave men you are!” Her face wrinkled humorously.

“Well, he might bite us, and he couldn’t bite you—not so hard anyhow.”

“And you want me to ask for a higher rank! That wasn’t done in the Bearsdale case, nor in any other that I ever heard of.”

“We shouldn’t press that. A barony would do. But if Disney thought that under the very exceptional circumstances a viscountcy—”

“I don’t see why you want it,” she persisted. The slight embarrassment in Southend’s manner stirred the old lady’s curiosity. “It’s rather odd to reward a man for his mother’s—”

“There, I don’t say a word about Addie. I took her to her first ball, poor girl!”

“Disney used to know her as a girl.”

“If you’re relying on Robert Disney’s romantic memories—” But she stopped, adding, after a pause,

“Well, one never knows. But, again, why a viscountcy?”

Driven into a corner, but evidently rather ashamed of himself, Southend explained.

“The viscountcy would be more convenient if a match came about between him and the girl.”

“What the new Lady Tristram? Well, George, romance has taken possession of you to-day!”

“Not at all,” he protested indignantly. “It’s the obviously sensible way out.”

“Then they can do it without a viscountcy.”

“Oh, no, not without something. There’s the past, you see.”

“And a sponge is wanted? And the

bigger the sponge the better? And I’m to get my nose bitten off by asking Robert Disney for it? And if by a miracle he said yes, for all I know somebody else might say no!”

This dark reference to the Highest Quarters caused Southend to nod thoughtfully; they discussed the probable attitude—a theme too exalted to be more than mentioned here.

“Anyhow, the first thing is to sound Disney,” continued Southend.

“I’ll think about it after I’ve seen the young man,” Lady Evenswood promised. “Have you any reason to suppose he likes his cousin?”

“None at all—except, of course, the way he’s cleared out for her.”

“Yielding gracefully to necessity, I suppose?”

“Really, I doubt the necessity, and, anyhow, the gracefulness needs some explanation in a case like this. Still I always fancied he was going to marry another girl, a daughter of a friend of mine—Iver—you know who I mean?”

“Oh, yes. Bring Harry Tristram to see me,” said she. “Good-bye, George. You’re looking very well.”

“And you’re looking very young.”

“Oh, I finished getting old before you were forty.”

A thought struck Southend. “You might suggest the viscountcy as contingent on the marriage.”

“I shan’t suggest anything till I’ve seen the boy, and I won’t promise to then.”

Later in the afternoon Southend dropped in at the Imperium, where, to his surprise and pleasure, he found Iver in the smoking-room. Asked how he came to be in town, Iver explained:

“I really ran away from the cackling down at Blentmouth. All our old ladies are talking fifteen to the dozen about Harry Tristram, and Lady Tristram, and me, and my family, and—well, I dare say you’re in it by now, Southend! There’s an old cat named Swinerton who is positively beyond human endurance. She waylays me in the street. And Mrs Trumler, the vicar’s wife, comes and talks about providence to my poor wife every day. So I fled.”

“Leaving your wife behind, I suppose?”

“Oh, she doesn’t mind Mrs Trumler, but I do.”

“Well, there’s a good deal of cackling up here too. But tell me about the new girl.” Lord Southend did not appear to consider his own question “cackling,” or as tending to produce the same.

“I’ve only seen her once. She’s in absolute seclusion and lets nobody in except Mina Zabriska, a funny little foreign woman. You don’t know her.”

“I know about her. I saw it in the paper. She had something to do with it.”

“Yes,” Iver passed away from that side of the subject immediately. “And she’s struck up a friendship with Cecily Gainsborough—Lady Tristram. I ought to say, I had a few words with the father. The poor old chap doesn’t know whether he’s on his head or his heels; but as they’re about equal value, I should imagine, for thinking purposes, it doesn’t much matter. Ah, here’s Neeld. He came up with me.”

The advent of Neeld produced more discussion. Yet Southend said nothing of the matter which he had brought to Lady Evenswood’s attention. Discretion was necessary there. Besides he wished to know how the land lay as to Jane Iver. On that subject his

friend preserved silence. “And the whole thing was actually in old Joe’s diary!” exclaimed Southend.

Neeld, always annoyed at the “Joe,” admitted that the main facts had been recorded in Mr Cholderton’s journal, and that he himself had known them when nobody else in England did, save, of course, the conspirators themselves.

“And you kept it dark? I didn’t know you were as deep as that, Neeld.” He looked at the old gentleman with great amazement.

“Neeld was in an exceedingly difficult position,” said Iver. “I’ve come to see that.” He paused, looking at Southend with an amused air. “You introduced us to one another,” he reminded him with a smile.

“Bless my soul, so I did! I’d forgotten. Well, it seems to be my fate too to be mixed up in the affair. Just at present he was assisting fate rather actively.”

“It’s everybody’s. The Blent’s on fire from Mingham to the sea.”

“I’ve seen Harry Tristram.”

“Ah! How is he?”

“Never saw a young man more composed in all my life. And he couldn’t be better satisfied with himself if he turned out to be a duke.”

“We know Harry’s airs,” Iver said, smiling indulgently. “But there’s stuff in him.” A note of regret came into his voice. “He treated me very badly. I know Neeld won’t admit it, but he did. Still I like him, and I’d help him if I could.”

“Well, he atoned for anything wrong by owning up in the end,” remarked Southend.

“That wasn’t for my sake, or for—well, it had nothing to do with us. As far as we were concerned he’d be at Blent to-day. It was Cecily Gainsborough who did it.”

“Yes, I wonder—”

Iver rose decisively. “Look here, Southend, if you’re going to do exactly what all my friends and neighbours, beginning with Miss Swinerton, are doing, I shall go and write letters.” With a nod he walked into the next room, leaving Neeld alone with his inquisitive friend. Southend lost no time.

“What’s happened about Janie Iver? There was some talk—”

“It’s all over,” whispered Neeld, with needless caution. “He released her and she accepted the release.”

“What, on the ground that—”

“Really, I don’t know any more. But it’s finally over. You may depend upon that.”

Southend lit a cigar with a satisfied air. On the whole he was glad to hear the news.

“Staying much longer in town?” he asked.

“No. I’m going down to Iver’s again in August.”

“You want to see the end of it? Come, I know that’s it!” He laughed as he walked away.

Meanwhile, Harry Tristram, unconscious of the efforts which were being made to arrange his future, and paying as little attention as he could to the buzz of gossip about his past, had settled down in quiet rooms, and was looking at the world from a new point of view. He was in seclusion, like his cousin. The morning they shared for Addie Tristram was sufficient excuse; and he found his chief pleasure in wandering about the streets. The season was not over yet, and he liked to go out about eight in the evening and watch the great city starting forth to enjoy itself. Then he could feel its life in all the rush and gaiety of it. Somehow now he seemed

more part of it and more at home in it than when he used to run up for a few days from his country home. Then Blent had been the centre of his life, and in town he was but a stranger and a sojourner. Blent was gone, and London is home to a homeless man. There was a suggestion for him in the air of it, an impulse that was gradually but strongly urging him to action, telling him that he must begin to do. For the moment he was notorious, but the talk and the staring would be over soon. The sooner the better, he added most sincerely. Then he must do something if he wished still to be, or ever again to be, anybody. Otherwise he could expect no more than to be pointed out now and then to the curious as the man who had once been Tristram of Blent and had ceased to be in such a puzzling manner.

As he looked back he seemed to himself to have lived hitherto on the banks of the river of life as well as of the river of Blent. There had been no need of swimming. But he was in the current now. He must swim or sink. This idea took shape as he watched the carriages, the lines of scampering hansom, the crowds waiting at theatre doors. Every man and every vehicle, every dandy and every urchin, represented some effort, if it were only at one end of the scale, to be magnificent, at the other not to be hungry. No such notions had been fostered by days spent on the banks of the Blent. "What shall I do? What shall I do?" The question hummed in his brain as he walked about. There were such infinite varieties of things to do, such a multitude of people doing them. To some men this reflection brings despair or bewilderment. To Harry (as indeed Lord Southend would have expected from his observation of him) it was a titillating evidence of great opportunities, stirring his mind to a busy consideration of chances. Thus, then, it seemed as though Blent might fall into the background, his loved Blent. Perhaps his not thinking of it had begun in wilfulness, or even in fear. But he found the rule he had made far easier to keep than he had ever expected. There had been a sort of release for his mind. He had not foreseen this as a possible result of his great sacrifice. He even felt rather richer, which seemed a strange paradox, till he reflected that the owners of Blent had seldom been able to lay hands readily on a foid sum of fifteen thousand pounds, subject to no claims for houses to be repaired, buildings to be maintained, cottages to be built, wages to be paid, and the dozen other ways in which money disperses itself over the surface of a landed estate. He had fifteen thousand pounds in form as good as cash. He was living more or less as he had once meant to live in this one particular. He was living with a respectability if not a big cheque by him, ready for any emergency which might arise—an emergency not now of a danger to be warded off, but of an opportunity to be seized.

These new thoughts suited well with the visit which he paid to Lady Eveswood and gained fresh strength from it. His pride and independence had made him hesitate about going. Southend, amazed yet half admiring, had been obliged to plead, reminding him that it was not merely a woman nor merely a woman of rank who wished to make his acquaintance, but also a very old woman who had known his mother as a child. He further offered his own company, so that the interview might assume a less formal aspect. Harry declined the company, but yielded to the plea. He was announced as Mr Tristram. He had just taken steps to obtain a Royal Licence to bear the name. Southend had chuckled again half admiringly over that.

Although the room was in a deep shadow and very still, and the old white-haired lady the image of peace, for Harry there too the current ran strong. Though not great, she had known the great; if she had not done the things, she had seen them done; her talk revealed a matter-of-course knowledge of secrets, a natural intimacy with the inaccessible. It was like Harry to show no signs of being impressed; but very shrewd eyes were upon him and his impassivity met with amused approval since it stopped short of inattention. She broke it down at last by speaking of

Addie Tristram.

"The most fascinating creature in the world," she said. "I knew her as a little girl. I knew her up to the time of your birth almost. After that she hardly left Blent, did she? At least she never came to London. You travelled, I know."

"Were you ever at Blent?" he asked.

"No, Mr Tristram." He frowned for a moment; it was odd not to be able to ask people there, just too as he was awaking to the number of people there were in the world worth asking.

"There never was anybody in the world like her, and there never will be," Lady Eveswood went on.

"I used to think that; but I was wrong." The smile that Mina Zabriska knew came on his face.

"You were wrong? Who's like her then?"

"Her successor. My cousin Cecily's very like her."

Lady Eveswood was more struck by the way he spoke than by the meaning of what he said. She wanted to say "Bravo," and to pat him on the back; he had avoided so entirely any hesitation or affectation in naming his cousin—Addie Tristram's successor who had superseded him.

"She talks and moves and sits and looks at you in the same way. I was amazed to see it." He had said not a word of this to anybody since he left Blent. Lady Eveswood, studying him very curiously, began to make conjectures about the history of the affair, also about what lay behind her visitor's composed face; there was a hint of things suppressed in his voice. But he had the bridle in himself again in a moment. "Very curious these likenesses are," he ended with a shrug.

She decided that he was remarkable, for a boy of his age, bred in the country, astonishing. She had heard her father describe Pitt at twenty-one and Byron at eighteen. Without making absurd comparisons, there was, all the same, something of that precocity of manhood here, something also of the arrogance that the great men had exhibited. She was very glad that she had sent for him.

"I don't want to be impertinent," she said (she had not meant to make even this much apology), "but perhaps an old woman may tell you that she is very sorry for—for this turn in your fortunes, Mr Tristram."

"You're very kind. It was all my own doing, you know. Nobody could have touched me."

"But that would have meant —?" she exclaimed, startled into candour.

"Oh, yes, I know. Still—but since things have turned out differently, I needn't trouble you with that."

She saw the truth, seeming to learn it from the set of his jaw. She enjoyed a man who was not afraid to defy things, and she had been heard to lament that everybody had a conscience now-a-days—nay, insisted on bringing it even into politics. She wanted to hear more—much more now—about his surrender, and recognised as a new tribute to Harry the fact that she could not question him. Immediately she conceived the idea of inviting him to dinner to meet Mr Disney; but of course that must wait for a little while.

"Everything must seem rather strange to you?" she suggested.

"Yes, very," he answered thoughtfully. "I'm beginning to think that some day I shall look back on my boyhood with downright incredulity. I shan't seem to have been that boy in the least."

"What are you going to do in the meantime to procure that feeling?" She was getting to the point she wished to arrive at, but very cautiously.

"I don't know yet. It's hard to choose."

"You certainly won't want for friends."

"Yes, that's pleasant, of course." He seemed to hint, however, that he did not regard it as very useful.

"Oh, and servicable too," she corrected him, with a nod of wise experience. "Jobs are frowned at now, but many great men have started by means of them. Robert Disney himself came in for a pocket-borough."

"Well, I really don't know," he re-

peated thoughtfully, but with no sign of anxiety or fretting. "There's lots of time, Lady Eveswood."

"Not for me," she said with all her graciousness.

He smiled again, this time cordially, as he rose to take leave. But she detained him.

"You're on friendly terms with your cousin, I suppose?"

"Certainly, if we meet. Of course, I haven't seen her since I left Blent. She's there, you know."

"Have you written to her?"

"No. I think it's best not to ask her to think of me just now."

She looked at him a moment, seeming to consider.

"Perhaps," she said at last. "But don't over-do that. Don't be cruel."

"Cruel?" There was strong surprise in his voice and on his face.

"Yes, cruel. Have you ever troubled to think what she may be feeling?"

"I don't know that I ever have," Harry admitted slowly. "At first sight it looks as if I were the person who might be supposed to be feeling."

"At first sight, yes. Is that always to be enough for you, Mr Tristram? If so, I shan't regret so much that I haven't—lots of time."

He stood silent before her for several seconds.

"Yes, I see. Perhaps, I daresay I can find out something about it. After all, I've given some evidence of consideration for her."

"That makes it worse if you give none now. Good-bye."

"It's less than a fortnight since I first met her. She won't miss me much, Lady Eveswood."

"Time's everything, isn't it? Oh, you're not stupid. Think it over, Mr Tristram. Now good-bye. And don't conclude I shan't think about you because it's only an hour since we met. We women are curious. When you've nothing better to do it'll pay you to study us."

As Harry walked down from her house in Green-street, his thoughts were divided between the new life and that old one which she had raised again before his eyes by her reference to Cecily. The balance was turned in favour of Blent by the sight of a man who was associated in his mind with it—Sloyd, the house agent who had led Merrion Lodge to Mina Zabriska. Sloyd was as smart as usual, but he was walking along in a dejected way, and his hat was unfashionably far back on his head. He started when he saw Harry approaching him. "Why, it's—" he began, and stopped in evident hesitation.

"Mr Tristram," said Harry. "Glad to meet you, Mr Sloyd, though you won't have any more rent to hand over to me."

Sloyd began to murmur some rather flowery condolences.

Harry cut him short in a pre-emptory but good natured fashion.

"How's business with you?" he asked.

"Might be worse, Mr Tristram. I don't complain. We're a young firm, and we don't command the opportunities that others do." He laughed as he added, "You couldn't recommend me to a gentleman with ten thousand pounds to spare, could you, Mr Tristram?"

"I know just the man. What's it for?"

"No, no. Principals only," said Sloyd, with a shake of his head.

"How does one become a principal, then? I'll walk your way a bit."

Harry lit a cigar; Sloyd became more erect and amended the position of his hat; he hoped that a good many people would recognise Harry. Yet social pride did not interfere with business wariness.

"Are you in earnest, Mr Tristram? It's a safe thing."

"Oh, no, it isn't, or you wouldn't be hunting for ten thousand on the pavement of Berkeley Square."

"I'll trust you," Sloyd declared. Harry nodded thanks, inwardly amused at the obvious effort which attended the concession. "If you don't come in, you'll not give it away?"

Again Harry nodded. "It's a big chance, but we haven't got the money to take it, and unless we can take it we shall have to sell our rights. It's an option on land. I secured it, but it's out in a week. Before then we must table twenty thousand. And ten clears us out."

"What'll happen if you don't?"

"I must sell the option—rather than forfeit it, you know. I've an offer for it, but a starvation one."

"Who from?"

After a moment's scrutiny Sloyd whispered a name of immense significance in such a connection: "Iver."

"I should like to hear some more about this. It's worth something, I expect, if Iver wants it. Shall I go with you to your office?" He hailed a passing cab. "I've got the money," he said, "and I want to use it. You show me that this is a good thing, and in it goes."

An hour passed in the office of Sloyd, Sloyd and Gurney, Harry Tristram came out whistling. He looked very pleased; his step was alert; he had found something to do, he had made a beginning—good or bad. It looked good; that was enough. He was no longer an idler or merely an onlooker. He had begun to take a hand in the game himself. He found an added, perhaps a boyish pleasure in the fact that the affair was for the present to be a dead secret. He was against Iver too in a common sense, and that was another spice; not from any ill-will, but because it would please him especially to show Iver that he could hold his own. It occurred to him that in case of a success he would enjoy going and telling old Lady Eveswood about it. He felt, as he said to himself, very jolly, careless and jolly, more so than he remembered feeling for many months back. Suddenly an idea struck him. Was it in whole or in part because there was no longer anything to hide, because he need no longer be on the watch? He gave this idea a good deal of rather amused consideration, and came to the conclusion that there might be something in it. He went to the theatre that night, to the pit (where he would not be known), and enjoyed himself immensely.

And Lady Eveswood had made up her mind that she would find a way of seeing Mr Disney soon, and throw out a cautious feeler. Everything would have to be done very carefully, especially if the marriage with the cousin were to be made a feature of the case. But here resolve, although not altered, was hampered by a curious feeling to which her talk with Harry had given rise. There was now not only the very grave question whether Robert Disney—to say nothing of Somebody Else—would entertain the idea. There was another, a much less obvious one—whether Harry himself would welcome it. And a third whether she herself would welcome it for him. However, when Southend next called on her, she professed her readiness to attack or at least reconnoitre the task from which he and John Fulcombe and the rest had shrunk.

"Only," she said "if I were you, I should find out tolerably early—as soon as we know that there's any chance at all—what Mr Tristram himself thinks about it."

"There's only one thing he could think!" exclaimed Southend.

"Oh, very well," smiled Lady Eveswood.

A long life had taught her that only facts convince, and that they often fail.

(To be continued.)

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Serial Story.

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THE BISHOP'S AMAZEMENT

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

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

CHAPTER IX. (Continued).

When the Bishop of Stokestithé described Mr Decimus Bailey, and stated that he had occupied rooms next to his at the Hotel Continental, Tom Finch felt precisely like a man who strikes a light in a dark chamber and, having thought himself in a strange place, finds every object familiar. The stranger in the guise of a bishop—the bishop in plain clothes. He seemed to know what the answer would be before he asked the question:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but did you happen by any chance to lose a suit of clothes there?"

"I did," the bishop responded. "But may I ask the drift of these inquiries?"

The query went to the winds, for Tom was tearing up and down the room with his hands in his hair, crying out that he was a fool—a fool! An ass! An idiot!

"Compose yourself, Mr Finch," said the Bishop.

"I had my hands on the scamp last night!" Tom shouted. "I had him safe, and I was dolt enough to let him go."

"Will you explain yourself, Mr Finch?" asked the bishop, sternly.

"Yes, sir," said Tom. "I will. The person who introduced himself to you as Mr Decimus Bailey, and who introduced himself to me as Mr Arthur Staunton, has been masquerading in this neighbourhood as the Bishop of Stokestithé."

"As the Bishop of Stokestithé?" his lordship gasped. "The Bishop of—"

"I found him in your clothes, sir," Tom said, mournfully. "I learned from one of the waiters at the hotel that he announced himself as the Bishop of Stokestithé. I walked him into my bedroom and demanded an explanation. He pretended to be a detective in the service of the French Government. He justified his disguise on the ground that he was in pursuit of a clever and dangerous criminal. And I let him go! I let him go!"

"God bless my soul!" said the bishop. "I myself have had reason to suspect—but is it possible? He really seemed a most amiable and accomplished person. He displayed a soundness of view on the question of the Eastern position, and a knowledge of the controversy concerning it, which I thought surprising in a layman. My dear Mr Finch, the man has certainly enjoyed more than the ordinary advantages of a gentleman."

"That's my only comfort, sir," said Tom. "He's a clever scoundrel. But there's another matter I want to speak about. I want to ask you if you remember the afternoon on which we parted in Portland Place?"

"Distinctly," said Dr. Durgan. "A minute or two after you had left me," said Tom, "you shook hands with a man of a rather soldierly look, a military Johnny, sir, with a black moustache."

"Yes," said the bishop. "What of him?"

"I only wanted to know if you could guarantee the fellow, sir, that's all. I happened to hear your friend, Mr Decimus Bailey, ask him how he escaped from Portland."

"God bless my soul!" said Dr. Durgan for the second time. "The person with whom I shook hands was introduced to me by an eminently respectable person, Mr Ross, whom I have known for many years as the secretary of a most excellent mission in the East End. The gentleman was presented to me as Colonel Varudike."

"Well, sir," said Tom, "not half an hour after he had shaken hands with you I heard Mr Decimus Bailey ask him how he got out of Portland, and the question turned him white, and

seemed to unloosen all his joints."

"God bless my soul!" said Dr. Durgan, for the third time. "I must make it my business to warn Ross. I take the chair at the next meeting of the mission, and I shall seize that opportunity. Ross is a person of unimpeachable respectability."

Tom told the whole story, and his lordship sat and wondered.

"I begin to perceive," he said, at last, "that the exchange of raiment I thought accidental was purposed and designed."

"Why, yes," said Tom, drily. "I begin to perceive that too, sir."

"But, Mr Finch," cried the elder gentleman, "the audacity of the act! The—the one might almost say the—a—sacrilege. Have these people no sense of propriety? Have they no fear of detection?"

Tom undertook to send down a supply of clean linen next morning, and to see that the prisoner had a Christian breakfast. He left him somewhat comforted.

As soon as ever the telegraph office was open Tom wired again, this time addressing the representative of Her Britannic Majesty direct, and begging an immediate answer. A reply came in the afternoon, promising that action should be taken, and asking full particulars. Tom's money was by this time exhausted, but when the manager of his hotel saw the telegram from the Embassy all his former confidence returned, and he paid the necessary expenses with much willingness, and undertook to see that the prisoner should want for nothing. And a second telegram from the Embassy to the local authorities, despatched through the Consul at Marseilles, resulted in the Bishop's release on bail. All this looked splendidly prosperous; but a little after five o'clock a solemn gentleman, with a red button in the lapel of his coat, turned up with authority to convey the Bishop to Paris. The Monte Carlo people had communicated with the Bank of England respecting the arrest, and the Bank of England authorities had communicated with Scotland Yard, and Scotland Yard had communicated with Paris; and here was Paris authority—suave, polished, official, inexorable.

Tom Finch met this gentleman, and explained the circumstances of the case.

"His lordship," said Tom, "would of course most willingly accompany you to Paris."

"It is not a question of his willingness," the official responded.

"Let that pass," said Tom. "If it were a question of his willingness he would be most happy to accompany you. But I have here a telegram from the British Embassy—please read it—by which I learn that a gentleman known to the Bishop of Stokestithé is starting to-night from Paris in order to identify him."

"No communication to that effect has reached my department, to my knowledge," said the official. "I must return to Paris by the first train to-morrow, and the prisoner must accompany me."

The Bishop understood French well enough when it was deliberately spoken, and he could make out what was being said by this magnificent gentleman.

"I have to return to Paris, Mr Finch," he said, "and perhaps the sooner I get there the better. Possibly a telegram addressed to the messenger from the Embassy at some point en route would suffice to arrest his progress, and we could meet him there."

Tom translated this, and the official gentleman accepted it as if it had been a delicate dodge for escaping the appearance of opposition.

"I have the honour," said Tom, "to address a gentleman. I am sure that I need not appeal to you to treat his lordship with delicacy."

"His lordship," returned the official, "will be treated with proper consideration. He will travel second-class in the custody of an officer out of uniform."

"Indeed," said Tom, "he will do nothing of the sort. His lordship will travel first-class."

"At his own cost, then," replied the official.

"At his own cost, assuredly," said Tom; "and in the meantime, if his lordship and yourself will do me the honour to dine with me, you may, perhaps, do your duty, and be comfortable at the safe time."

This invitation was accepted on consideration of the admitted presence of the official out of uniform. The Bishop of Stokestithé had never been more stately than he was at this particular dinner, and Tom had never been so deferential to him as he was on this occasion, because he wanted to impress their guardian. So he said "my lord" whenever he spoke to his late enemy, and was altogether so submissive and respectful that the Bishop thought quite well of him, and regretted that a young man who could behave so nicely should ever have allowed himself to stand in opposition to a righteous authority. And what with the staidness of the Bishop's manner and Tom's sprightliness in converse, and the deference he showed, the official person really did begin to have a glimmer of doubt as to the criminal character of his prey.

"Come," said Tom, when a bottle of very excellent Burgundy had twice made the tour of the table, "tell me, sir, are we going to have any fun for our money? Is the forgery in which his lordship is supposed to be engaged a big affair? One really has to hope it is respectable at least."

"If it is any satisfaction for you to know it, sir," the official answered, "it is colossal. The Bank of England has already taken up notes of the forged issue to the extent of half a million."

"Half a million?" cried Tom with a gasp. He thought, of course, of pounds sterling.

"Half a million," replied the official gentleman, sipping at his wine. "The notes being printed on the bank's own paper makes it impossible to detect the forgery except by the numbers."

"At least, my lord," said Tom, "you have the satisfaction of knowing that this extraordinary adventure affords you an inside view of a most monumental crime. There can never have been anything like it in history."

Now Tom said this with perfect innocence of intent, but if he had searched all night he could have found nothing so pleasing to the Bishop. It was the first reflection which had occurred to him without serving to light up the sordid nature of his mishap. After all, to get an inside view of a most monumental crime was something. He began to turn it over in his mind. He caught himself in the act of relating a part of the story to an astonished audience at some dinner-table of the future: "It happened to me on one occasion to be afforded an inside view of a most monumental act of criminality. My clothes were stolen at a Continental hotel by a bank forger, who probably hoped in that disguise to escape for a necessary moment the attentions of the police." And so on. There was a way of telling the story with effect,

and without the suppression of any material circumstance. And yet? Well, on the whole, perhaps it would be as well to say nothing about it.

But there was comfort in the reflection, and it soothed him even when the official gentleman, who by this time had grown quite courteous and cordial, apologised for looking him up in his bedroom. It soothed him through next day, and it comforted him on the railway journey northwards. And when, half-way between Marseilles and Paris, he met the messenger from the Embassy, and the official gentleman, with many apologies, released him, the thought soothed him still. An inside view of a most monumental crime! He preferred to take that aspect of the case. It was nicer to think of than the mosquitoes and the fleas, and the towel, and the big Suisse who had hailed him by the shoulder, like a naughty boy caught orchard-robbing, through the streets of Monte Carlo.

"In a personage of Monseigneur the Bishop's position and antecedents," said the official, "it makes itself seen easily that these provincials have made a blunder the most deplorable. On my side, Monseigneur the Bishop will find no apologies necessary."

Dr. Durgan shook hands with him with a royal contentment, and they all went on to Paris together. The Bishop's confidential man, who had been wired to from Monte Carlo, was in waiting, and at the hotel his lordship was able to return to his customary aspect.

"However mindful I may be of the difference which divides us, Mr Finch," he said to Tom at parting, "I cannot refrain from thanking you for services rendered."

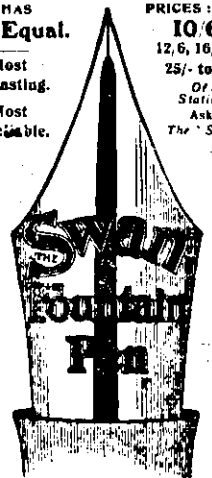
"Not at all, sir," said Tom. Now that his services were rendered he had gone tacitly back to his old sentiments. "I did what I could, though I couldn't do much; and I would have done it, sir, for anybody."

There was something like a declaration of war in this; and the Bishop accepted it as Tom meant it. His lordship went away to London, and left his adventures behind him. He looked on the history as finished, whilst he was on his way to its most remarkable episode.

CHAPTER X.

Dr. Durgan went back to Stokestithé and did not tell anybody of his experiences. He spent a month there, and then he returned to town in order to take the chair at the committee meeting of that East End Mission of which he had spoken. He went early to the meeting, because it was three he designed to meet Mr Ross and to speak to him of Colonel Varudike, who was certainly, unless his character were to be cleared, a most undesirable acquaintance for a respectable man. Mr Ross was also early at the meeting, having his secretarial papers to prepare for the committee. Dr. Durgan found him in the church vestry, where the committee meetings were held. Mr Ross, as intensely

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Booth and as intensely respectable as ever, shook hands with his lordship with a mixture of deference and affection which was absolutely the right thing in aspect, and congratulated him upon his looks.

"Mr Ross," said the bishop, "I shall be most particularly obliged if you can give me a moment of your time. I have made some haste to get here in order to have a few words of private conversation before we proceed to business."

"Certainly, my lord," Mr Ross responded. "I am entirely at your lordship's service."

"May I ask you, then, Mr Ross—and I may as well admit at once that I have a serious motive in the question—may I ask if you have been long acquainted with the gentleman you introduced to me some time ago as Col. Varnidike?"

"Pardonably," said Mr Ross, who smelt a rat, and looked completely unconcerned. "I have not long enjoyed the honour of the Cornie's acquaintance, but I have known him in a business way for a considerable period through my Cahluitta ajinta."

"Indeed!" said the bishop. "But are you quite assured, Mr Ross—I am not without an object in this question—are you quite sure that the person you have known as Colonel Varnidike is really entitled to the name he uses?"

Mr Ross looked as innocently astonished at this question as even he himself would have desired to look.

"Your lordship's mahner," he said, "would seem to denude a doot."

"I have very little doubt, indeed, Mr Ross," returned the Bishop. "I feel it my duty as a citizen—as a mere citizen, to put it on no higher ground—to warn you that it may be well to inquire stringently into Colonel Varnidike's character and antecedents. Are you aware of his present whereabouts?"

Mr Ross happened to have seen Col. Varnidike that morning, but he did not think it worth his while to say so.

"The last I heard of him," he answered, therefore, "was that he had gone far a little trip on the Continent."

"I may be doing him a grave injustice," said his lordship, "but it is a thing so easy to be refuted if it should prove to be untrue that to mention my suspicion can do no harm. There are charges so monstrous that they carry their own refutation with them. There are others less dreadful in themselves which may be much more injurious because they cannot easily be disproved. To be frank with you, Mr Ross, it has been suggested to me that the person calling himself Colonel Varnidike is a mere adventurer, and that he is at this moment under sentence for some crime, though he has succeeded in breaking good."

Mr Ross's face went all manner of strange colours, but he kept his eye on the bishop's, and he knew very well that the emotion that he could not hide would pass for a horrified surprise.

"Now," pursued the bishop, "if Col. Varnidike be a man of honour—if his life will bear a moment's inquiry—this allegation can do him no possible harm. If he be what I suspect him of being I need not say that I perform a simple duty in advising you."

"Quite so, my lord. Quite so," said Mr Ross. His mental balance was not a little disturbed, but his nerves played him false. Bodily cowardice and mental valour sometimes go together. Mr Ross's respectable legs would scarcely bear him. He was distressingly red and white by turns, and his breath came unevenly.

"You may not be aware," his lordship continued, "that a gigantic fraud has been perpetrated on the Bank of England. I strongly suspect this Col. Varnidike of having a hand in that matter, and I should have no scruple, were I informed of his whereabouts, in recommending him to the attentions of the police."

If Dr. Durgan, without warning, had struck Mr. Ross very hard upon the nose he could not have surprised him more; but his surprise seemed natural, and the Bishop was rather gratified to have produced such an effect upon him. Every man likes his points to tell. But Mr. Ross turned so very pale, and shook so at the knees, that his informant was alarmed at his own success, and hastened to pour out a glass of water for him.

"A fraud upon the Bank of England," said Mr. Ross, "and the Cornie in it? Ma dear lord! I'm just horrified, and whether I'm on my head or heels I'm barely conscious."

So the Bishop of Stokestith told Mr. Ross all about the fraud on the Bank, which, when one comes to think about it, was very much like carrying coals to Newcastle. The news was not yet public property, and the directors of the Bank had made the most strenuous efforts to keep the secret. It is not their business at any time to depreciate the commercial value of their own paper. Mr. Ross listened and gathered courage, but it was of a somewhat desperate sort.

"I am aware, Mr. Ross," said the Bishop, "that your business transactions are of an extended nature. I can only hope that you have not been beguiled by this person's representations."

"Weel, ma lord," said Mr. Ross, "ef my ain candour and simplicity have befooled me, it is too late to lament. And, eh, sir, but I'd rather be the victem than the secondler. To think o' that pair wretch's conscience. Though maybe he has none. And that's worst of all. Eh, eh, eh!"

"I am very much afraid that I have brought you ill news, Mr. Ross," said the Bishop.

"It's nane so guid as it might be," said Mr. Ross, "and that's the truth. But I've been fairly blessed in regard to this world's gear, and I'll not complain. I'm not ruined, any way."

Then two members of the committee came in together, and the conversation ended. Dr. Durgan thought highly of Mr. Ross's philosophy, and inwardly applauded the spirit in which he encountered news which might mean a grave loss to him. It was quite evident that the wicked, so-called Colonel Varnidike had imposed upon Mr. Ross, and the Bishop, watching that gentleman, became convinced that the swindler had hit his worthy friend very hard indeed. For Mr. Ross, who on ordinary occasions was luminosity itself in dealing with the figures of the mission work, was so confused and wild that it was barely possible to make head or tail of his statement. The worthy man did his best, but he sat with his old-fashioned red silk handkerchief twisted into a ball in one hand, and snopped the perspiration from his forehead constantly for the first half-hour of the sitting. He partially recovered himself later on, but he was on thorns until the meeting was brought to a close, when with hurried adieux he gathered up his papers and withdrew, without waiting for the vote of thanks which, according to custom, rewarded his services.

Once in the streets he walked at a great pace until he sighted a hansom cab, when he called the driver, and, entering the vehicle, was whirled away.

(To be continued.)

She Naturally Thought So.

Mrs Hicken says she supposes the doctor knew what was the matter with Lizzie.

Maybe he did, and maybe he didn't. Now, let me have your ear for a quarter of a minute, as though you were a telephone, while I talk a suggestive truth into it.

Read any big medical book, intelligently and honestly written, and you will be astonished to find what a lot of diseases therein described are said to be "of unknown origin."

Therefore, the doctor might not have understood what ailed Lizzie Hicken, and no blame to him. As it was, he worked away at the symptoms (the outside presentments, you know) and trusted to luck for results. And he might have struck it right, but he did not, unfortunately; and it came to pass what Mrs Hicken is going to tell us about.

It was in 1896 that the young girl began to suffer terribly with pains which, as she put it, "ran right through" her, particularly across the stomach and under the shoulder blades. A continuance of this so prostrated her that she would sometimes be laid up for a month or six weeks. We fancied it was rheumatism, yet it did not act quite like that complaint.

"She was also greatly troubled with a nasty cough that completely took the power out of her. I called upon the doctor with my daughter, and told him how she had been handled; and I suppose he knew what was the

matter with her, but, at all events, I am certain his medicines did her no good.

"Then I bought her all sorts of cough medicines, but they had no more effect than if she had used so much water.

"By this time the poor girl could neither eat nor sleep, and you may be sure we were in great worryment and perplexity to know what to do.

"However, I saw one of the Mother Seigel's Syrup advertisements, and sent to the chemist for a bottle, and before she finished it I could see she was better. So we kept on giving her

this remedy until she was completely cured.

"I have used the Syrup myself for indigestion, and it cured, after I had worn out a deal of other medicines to no purpose.

"I want to say, so strongly that these can be no doubt of my meaning, that the entire credit for Lizzie's recovery is due to Mother Seigel's Syrup, and also for my own.

"We both swear by it, and are seldom without a bottle in the house. I commend it to everybody."—Mrs J. Hicken, Graham Street, Auburn, N.S.W., Nov. 27th, 1899.

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Topics of the Week.

Now That It is Over.

The last two numbers of the "Graphic" contained no "Topics of the Week" because there was only one topic of interest to the public during that time, and it monopolised not merely a paragraph, but the entire paper. The Royal visit, and the Royal visit alone—it was of that we were all talking and thinking, and other matters were thrust into the background. To have attempted to address my circle of readers on any other subject than the Royal tour would have argued the name of editorial ineptitude. But now that the great carnival is over, so far as the major portion of the colony is concerned, and their Royal Highnesses are on the eve of departure from our shores, we may permit our loyal minds a little more latitude, and discuss in our own light and ephemeral way the more common problems, experiences, and incidents that make up our everyday life as a rule. Of course, however, it is not to be expected that we shall immediately quit ourselves of the odour of Royalty. The Duke's visit here is an important chapter in our life's serial. It is a thing to be remembered; an occasion from which to date the events of our lives. For months to come the Royal visit will be a fertile source of allusion and reminiscence. The crops of stories in connection with it are already looking very healthy, and there is promise of an abundant harvest. It wants the rest and freedom from excitement which will come on the departure of the Ophir for the Cape to ripen the budding stories. Those that one comes across now are mostly of premature birth, and therefore immature. They have an uncertain unauthenticated look about them, not the formed character which carries conviction and assures currency. But wait a little and we are sure to have some "hummers."

Those Titles.

There is a good deal of disappointment felt all over the colony that the Royal hand has not been more bountiful in the distribution of titles here. The feeling is by no means selfish, as is the case with the chagrin experienced by those who were neglected in the case of the Royal reception. It is an entirely altruistic sentiment, born of a perfectly legitimate pride of country or city that would like to have seen our representative men honoured. The bestowal of titles and decorations during the entire Australasian visit has not been on the scale we had anticipated, perhaps quite unreasonably. But it seems such an easy thing for a Royal Prince to scatter such titles broadcast that the ordinary individual cannot help wondering why His Highness was not more profuse. Mr Waid and Mr McKenzie are the only two New Zealanders who come out with a knighthood. We don't understand it, and are driven perforce to accept the suggestion that there will be a further distribution, perhaps, when the Duke actually leaves our shores; perhaps when he reaches the Old Country again. Certainly up to that latter date we shall continue to cherish the hope if it is not realised before. Public opinion does not ask inordinately in this matter. Speaking for Auckland, there is, perhaps, only one man for whom the citizens of the North covet an honour he himself would be the last to seek.

The Gifts of Maoriland.

By the time the Ophir gets back to London she will have a better claim to the name she bears than any her christeners originally contemplated. Altogether, apart from the precious freight she carries in the persons of the Heir Apparent and his consort, she will, indeed, be a floating Ophir, from the value of the gifts she bears back with her. What an unique treasure house will the vessel be when the Prince reaches Home! Consider the presentation addresses, the *colosses*, the gold work and silver work, and the thousand and one things rich and rare which the loyal generosity of the *colosses* has prized as the foot of His Royal Highness! One wonders what

on earth the Royal recipients will do with all their presents, and also whether they will really appreciate the various articles in that miscellaneous collection. In the case of the illuminated addresses one could pardon a certain indifference to these costly and ornate expressions of loyalty. It is hardly to be expected that visitors to His Royal Highness at Home will find such works of art adorning either the walls or the tables of the Royal Drawing-room. And it cannot vex anyone if these things are consigned to a decent and well cared for oblivion. The fate of the Maori presents which the natives so prodigally bestowed on the Royal visitors concerns one much more than what may become of our caskets, etc. I am afraid the Duke and Duchess had hardly learned to appreciate the actual value of the mats and mere they took with them from Rotorua. Beside the generosity of the Maoris our most precious casket is poor indeed. The latter meant but a very slight individual sacrifice out of our comparative abundance. To the natives the mats and ancient weapons they gave away so freely were at least the fruits of great labour, and to replace them would entail an expense they are little able to bear. But, in addition to this, many of the gifts possessed an inestimable sentimental value which we cannot understand. They were priceless heirlooms of a nation that is particularly proud and careful of the memory of its ancestry. We too, colonials, share in that pride enough to feel the departure from our shores of some of these native presents, and even our loyalty could not forbid us to regret their loss if we felt they were quite unappreciated by their present possessors. It would please the Europeans of New Zealand hardly less than the Maoris if the Duke were to convey to the latter a very strong testimony of his recognition of their kindness.

A Social Rupture.

The Royal visit has brought not peace but a sword into our "society." In this young colonial community the social strata are not always very clearly defined; one merges into the other in most cases, and the lines of division are not prominent. All the same there are distinctions, broad distinctions, understood, if not always openly expressed. Now, Royalty with its receptions has, in a large measure, set at naught these distinctions, and has, as it were, rent the fabric of society asunder at right angles to the established lines of cleavage. The disturbance is not trivial, but very serious, and in the ordinary course of things it may take years before the chasm is closed and the social strata resume their former position. The distinction between those who were invited to the Royal reception at Government House and those who were not threatens to be observed for a long time to come, more particularly because among the fortunate ones were not a few whose right of admission to the upper circles was denied. Now these are having their revenge, and will not fail to perpetuate the remembrance of the honour done them. What better passport to social position could one have than a hand around which the Royal fingers have twined themselves, if only for a brief moment? The invited and the non-invited, those who shook hands with the Duke and Duchess and those who were denied that privilege—there you have the new classification of our "society" for some time to come.

Officers and Gentlemen and Infernal Cowards and Cads.

What has been termed the volunteer scandal in Wellington is to be deeply regretted, and for more reasons than one, though it may be gravely doubted whether those set in authority over our volunteers and the men themselves—not to mention the general public—will agree as to which was the most creditable incident in connection with the affair, and on whom such blame and disgrace as have been earned should most severely fall.

Firstly, it is to the indelible shame of those concerned that such a state of things should have prevailed at the camp, as should have resulted in a protest, which unwise and unjustifiable as was its method, seems in itself to have been entirely just. It is not for one instant to be believed that such men as our volunteers have time after time proved themselves to be, would have gone to the length of insubordinate conduct had not the provocation been unendurable. Complaints may not at first have poured in. Our men have yet to learn the art of grumbling, by which, and by which alone, Tommy gets what he would term "his rights." Our men accept hardship, and carelessness, and gross inattention on the part of superiors as part of "the game that they play," but it is also not credible that even the longest suffering and most patient of colonials would have tolerated such a condition of things as existed at Newtown. There must be a searching inquiry into this," said the irate Colonel, and the public will agree most heartily, but whether that inquiry shall be directed to hounding down the four who took a reprehensible method of ventilating a grievance to which nothing else would attract attention, or to the inattention of superiors who rendered such a remonstrance imperative, is a question on which the gallant Colonel and the persons he alluded to in such dignified and gentlemanly language, as "infernal cowards and infernal curs," will probably differ. The public will likewise have their opinion on the matter, and it is unlikely to coincide with that of the distinguished officer and gentleman who is commandant of the New Zealand forces. But let us suppose that there had been no complaint from the men, that they had borne all in absolute silence till the final outburst. Would this lessen the blame which lies on the shoulders of Colonel Pole-Pentou and the officers in charge of the camp. Surely it is the first duty of a general to look after his men. If the officers in charge of the camp did not report to Colonel Pentou on the intolerable state of affairs there existing, theirs is a proportion of the blame, but it is on the shoulders of the colonel himself that the heavier weight lies. He himself should have seen what was so obvious. He himself should have reprimanded those under him who did not report it to him before. Again, is it advisable—like Miss Dartle in "David Copperfield"—"we only want to know"—is it advisable then that an officer and a gentleman should address his subordinates as "infernal curs?" Is there not—it is purely a matter of taste, no doubt—something the reverse of brave in slang men as "infernal cowards" when any attempt to answer back is utterly impossible. When the Imperial troops were here the writer heard a young officer command a non-com. to "turn those swine of mine out, will you"—the said swine being then enjoying a bath at Rotorua. On remarking that New Zealanders would scarcely stand such methods the grinning non-com. (he had seen three campaigns) said, "Tor, bless you, sir, that's nothing to what he is when he really gets a'go'n"—"e's a toff at it, e is." Well, well, perhaps we are going up in the social scale, and free men who give time, labour and money in training to assist their country in the hour of need will love to be called swine, as well as infernal curs and cowards, by the officers and gentlemen who are their superiors while on parade.

Proposed Maori Demonstration for England.

At the first glance the proposal to send Home to England a band of some 300 Maoris (one fourth of whom shall be women), with the object of performing war dances, haka's, and the poi poi, is sufficiently attractive to arouse universal enthusiasm, and seems certain to load down the pockets of its promoters with infinite shekels. But to those conversant with London, and with what may be termed its show land, and who also understand and have seen something of the characteristics and methods of Maoris when in England, the speculation becomes less rosy, and the ease with which it is to turn the metropolis into a Tom Tiddler's ground is

less apparent. That properly managed, and under certain circumstances, the visit of 300 picked native dancers to London and the provinces might result in a huge financial success is not to be doubted. The difficulty will be in the arranging and in the managing; and though these difficulties are not perhaps insuperable, they are such as make the undertaking a far more risky one than would at first appear. "Here," you will say, "is a show which is worth the while of the whole world to see. Here is the 'something new' for which the jaded London amusement hunter is forever calling." Granted. But how are you going to present it to him. He is a shy, a shabby bird to snare. He must have comfort, and he must have variety. To attempt to set up the Maori dances in London as a separate show would be absolutely disastrous. You must either combine them with half a score of side shows, or better still, make them part of a well established, well organised, well advertised variety entertainment. This might be done at any Earl's Court or other large exhibition, or it might be done at such a place as the Empire Theatre, unless, indeed, the cost were too high, which is improbable. But the other difficulty is even more serious. The utter impossibility of "breaking an engagement" is not a fact that even the cleverest organiser will ever instil into the native mind. A hostile public criticism, a fancied managerial slight, half a score of unimportant causes will induce a Maori to take up an attitude which (nowadays) even a Patti or a Melba dare not assume. Once wilfully "break contract" with the public and the fate of the expedition and the speculation would be sealed. An organiser between the Scylla of Maori perverseness and the Charybdis of "smart" London manager, would be more than mortal if he emerged unscathed. There live, of course, men who can and who may manage the affair, but again I would remark it is not the "easy thing" it at first glance seems.

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Lands and Survey Office, Auckland, 21st June, 1901. NOTICE is hereby given that a Sale by public auction of Kauri Timber standing on Section 111, Parish of Mangapai, an Education Reserve, comprising 120 Trees containing 27,700 superficial feet more or less, will be held at this Office on FRIDAY the 22nd day of August, 1901, at 11 o'clock a.m. Upset price, 11 \$ 16.10. CONDITIONS OF SALE.—One half purchase money in Cash or by Marked Cheque on the fall of the hammer, the balance within TWELVE months thereafter. Timber to be removed within THREE Years from date of Sale. GERRARD MUELLER, Commissioner Crown Lands.

Turf Gossip.

By
WHALEBONE.

TURF FIXTURES

DATES OF COMING EVENTS.

July 17—Wellington Hurdle Race
July 20—Wellington Steeplechase

TURF NOTES.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Otahuhu." Auckland.—The registered colours of Mr. A. Ellingham are white body, navy blue sleeves and cap, and Moifaa ran in those colours.

Natation was the only horse that won a double at the A.R.C. meeting.

P. Coffey took Vanquish home to Hawera on Friday. This little mare is all out of sorts.

J. Rae may take The Needle and Natation South for the New Zealand Grand National meeting.

Firefly is to be tried at hurdle racing. She jumped the pony hurdles at Ellerslie well during the week.

Mr. J. R. Corrigan's horses Sundial, Forward Guard, and Employer will remain at Ellerslie for another week.

Mr. L. D. Nathan will not be back in New Zealand from his trip to England until December.

A horse that may be worth watching in the V.R.C. Grand National Hurdle Race is Lowland Chief.

The number of horses that have bled at the nose during the past fortnight at Ellerslie has been unaccountably large.

Messrs. Lawrie and Good, have purchased St. Elmo for stud purposes, and will take him to Gisborne after the A.R.C. Meeting.

A. Robertson, who is leaving Auckland, has disposed of Firefly, who will remain in H. Franks hands at Greenlane.

Mr. W. Mitchell and W. Searle were the only riders who each won two races at the recent meeting of the A.R.C.

Seaton Delaval had in Beddington Rosella and Paul Seaton three winning representatives at the A.R.C. National Meeting.

Sly Miss got one of her hind legs injured through being galloped on while running in the Maiden Welter on the last day of the A.R.C. Meeting.

Mr. Lawry, M.H.R., intends re-introducing his Bill for the legalisation of consultations in the coming session of Parliament.

Fitzsimmons, the St. Simon horse for the Sylvia Park Stud, is expected to arrive from England by the Pakeha about July 25th.

Mr. T. B. Bell, who has been racing for about 16 years in Auckland, is retiring on account of ill health, hence the disposal of his horses on Friday.

Fulmen is being schooled over hurdles down South, and another New Zealand Cup candidate in Strathairn has been given some jumping lessons.

A doubt is expressed whether Mr. J. Leek's V.R.C. Grand National candidate Lowland Chief will come through the ordeal of a searching preparation.

Mr. W. Lyons left for Sydney on Monday with Kaimate, his recently purchased chaser, who, if not too highly classed, should win a race or two at Randwick.

A local penciller has laid 100 to 10 against Advance, 100 to 6 San Remo, and 100 to 3 Kahawai for the New Zealand Cup. This race has not been the cause of much speculation so far.

A few Auckland horses may be nominated on Friday for the New Zealand Grand National Meeting. A fair number of the horses that visited Auckland

from Southern districts are likely to be engaged.

The want of a trough near the boxes on Ellerslie racecourse at which to give horses a refresher has been noticed by visiting trainers as well as local ones.

The Auckland pencillers have not had a good season, taking it all through, and several of them had a particularly bad finishing up day on Wednesday at Ellerslie.

Natation, Himaun, Moifaa and Sundial, four sons of the defunct Trainer horse Natator, won five of the twenty-one races at the North New Zealand National meeting.

Dartmoor was not started on the concluding day of the A.R.C. meeting, owing to the heavy condition of the course. P. Johnstone returned to New Plymouth with the son of Hotchkiss the same day.

Main Bill has a lot of staunch friends, and a lot of money was invested on him by wire in the Winter Steeplechase, and he started at a false price, considering that he was not nearly at his best.

It is not often that twenty different horses are returned winners at a three days' race meeting at which twenty-one races constitute the programme. Such was the case at the recent meeting of the A.R.C.

Mr. Dakin, the V.R.C. handicapper, has not been hard on the flat-racing division nominated for the V.R.C. Grand National Hurdle Race. Some good performers are receiving lots of weight from Record Reign and Cavaliero.

New Zealand horses engaged in the V.R.C. Grand National Hurdle Race are Record Reign (12.12), Cavaliero (12.7), and Korowai (9.5). In the Grand National Steeplechase, Volcanic (11.5), Crusado (10.12), and Korowai (9.10).

P. Chaffe got Blue Jacket up on Friday to show him to a would-be purchaser. The son of St. Leger, who has not been boxed since the autumn, is looking well. There are more unlikely things than winning another big race with him, say the Auckland Cup for the third time.

On the morning of the concluding day of the North N.Z. Grand National Meeting, a report was in circulation that Beddington had been sold, but this was not correct. The Winter Handicap winner was placed under offer to a Southern owner at 500 guineas, but no business resulted.

The other day a horse-owner was asked by a friend what would be best for him to do with several horses he had in training. Sell them and buy one good one, was the advice tendered. The adviser has been keeping a few sorry samples of the thoroughbred himself, and is well qualified to express an opinion.

Lieutenant was sent home to Mr. Donald McKinnon, his breeder, during the week. His one victory, at Lake Takapuna, in the autumn, is the only winning record Lieutenant, who is ten years old, has achieved. He is now likely to be reduced to the ranks and be kept for station use.

Melbourne "Sportsman" seriously informs its readers that the New Zealand sire Fulmen is making a name for himself as a stud horse in Germany. An English sire has been confounded with the son of Castor, who has not yet been relegated to stud life, and who is still racing in New Zealand.

The sum of £28,443 was passed through the totalisators during the three days of the A.R.C. North New Zealand Grand National Meeting, the respective days showing £10,232, £8,900, and £9,308. The largest amount handled in any one race was

£2314 in the Great Northern Steeplechase.

H. Moore, who rode Coeur de Lion to victory in the North New Zealand Grand National Hurdles, went to Sydney on Monday under engagement to ride Record Reign at the V.R.C. Grand National Meeting and winter meetings in New South Wales, Geo. Price, the well-known light weight, went by the same steamer.

Forward Guard was not started at the recent meeting of the A.R.C., being out of form. Evidently Southerners fancied the son of Vanguard, as a lot of money was sent from "down the coast" to be invested on him in the Farewell Handicap.

What an unlucky colt Hengist is. A fine sort to look at, he does not stand winding up, and has been again thrown out of work, and is an inmate of the Hon. H. Mosman's stables, at Greenlane, where he has been blistered. Hengist cost Mr. Mosman 1000 guineas as a yearling, and has only won one race since.

During the past few years the Messrs. R. and R. Duder have had many misfortunes with their horses. Only the other day they lost their most promising yearling colt, a full-brother to Takapuna, who had just been broken, and was highly thought of. Inflammation is said to have been the cause.

Natation was driven from Greenlane to the Ellerslie station in a trap with portmanteaux and baggage belonging to visitors who were leaving for the South the same afternoon. Mr. Mitchell, who rode the son of Natator and won the Hunters' Steeplechase on him, is one who can speak as to Natation's all-round usefulness.

The Avondale Racing Club had the protest against Rocket under consideration on Friday, and adjourned the further hearing for a fortnight. Information from one of the first owners of the gelding was received from Hawera, from which it appears that Rocket did not race before coming North.

A number of horse-owners who are generally allowed to be well up in their racing catechism have neglected to register partnerships in horses, and sticklers for the fulfilment of racing law urge that the fact should be disclosed, and that the law-breakers should be called to account in some way.

The Taranaki gelding Crusoe was taken straight from Ellerslie, after running fourth in the Winter Welter Handicap, and shipped back to New Plymouth. Crusoe never looked better, and probably never ran better either. He might possibly have been short of a gallop, but all the same he could not give Beddington 11lbs over a mile.

English papers sometimes speak plainly about faulty handicapping. Speaking of the Sandown Park Meeting the "Daily Mail" says: What is plain is that the Committee of Handicappers are under a severe censure for their work in the two big races of the meeting. After such an experience they ought to go into voluntary dissolution.

Mr. Bell, who sought to dispose of a number of his horses at the Haymarket on Monday, was completely taken aback when someone else claiming to be the owner of Motor appeared on the scene. Mr. Bell had leased the horse, and it is alleged that some one—not Mr. Bell—had sold Motor without authority to the gentleman in question.

The New Zealand Cup is not exciting much interest locally, and so far I have only heard of small lines being booked. The weights are due on July 1, after which it is possible some business may be recorded. The quotations of a Southern firm give Advance as favourite. In some previous years a lot of business has been done before the appearance of the weights.

The reason why Nor-west did not start in the Winter Steeplechase at Ellerslie on Wednesday last was because he had slightly injured one of his legs while galloping about in the paddock on the previous day, or had given it a twist in some unaccountable manner. Nor-west has been a good friend to Peter Chaffe, and he did the right thing in keeping the old fellow in his box.

Voltigeur II. was too sore to walk to the Devonport ferry boat after running in the Great Northern Steeplechase, and had to be left at Ellerslie for a couple of days. Fortunately for his owner the postponement of the last day of the races gave Voltigeur a chance to get over the effects of the big race, and the going being to his liking, and the weight only 4lbs above the minimum, the old grey was in his element. What a good friend he has been to his present owner, F. Ross.

The winning payments in connection with the Auckland Racing Club's National Meeting are as follows:—Mrs. A. Ellingham £500, Captain Russell £400, L. D. and N. A. Nathan £400, G. B. Oman £235, F. Ross £215, J. R. Corrigan £200, L. Harris £190, M. Deeble £160, J. Chaffe, sen., £145, J. Kae £140, J. Jacks and H. Tooman £100 each, Warrington and Howell, J. Currie, G. Anderson, L. Arthur, T. McLennan £90 each, S. McGuinness £75, E. H. Lambert £55, S. Bradley £40, H. Moody £35, J. Livingstone £30, P. Chaffe £25, J. Warner £20, J. G. Ralph £15, J. B. Williamson, T. Scott, F. Watson, H. Hannon, J. Marshall, E. Ellett, F. W. Arnold £10 each.

Lady Zulu was one of the unsold lots at the Haymarket on Friday. This little mare is very fit just now, and ran well in her first engagements at the A.R.C. Meeting. For two years past she has been raced at country meetings, and during last summer started nine times, winning six, and the previous season scored fourteen times. Lady Zulu is by Brigadier from Avaut by Handover from Brunette. Avaut came from Australia some years ago and raced in the ownership of Mr. Dalton. Lady Zulu is a capital harness mare. When a yearling she got one of her knees injured through falling on some scoria, and it was thought she would not stand training. She appears very sound now.

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A Canterbury friend, who is in England in search of stud stock, under date April 25th, has written me an interesting, though all too short, note, from which I make the following extract:—"I went down in a friend's coach from Hampton Court to see the City and Suburban run for yesterday, and the drive was most enjoyable. Australian Star won hard held, and there was nothing in the race to make him gallop. Epsom Downs was a great sight, but personally I would rather go racing at Riccarton. I missed the numbered saddle-cloths, and the starting was atrocious. It was a Derby Day crowd, but being packed like herrings is hardly conducive to enjoyment. I caught sight of Mr Boyle for a moment, but failed to find him in the hurly-burly. It takes a few score of police to clear the course and keep order, and on looking round whilst our horses were being hitched I thought it might have been raining orange peel, newspapers and bottles. Speaking generally, I am inclined to think the best New Zealand horses are a bit better than those I saw yesterday, and are certainly better grown. The weather here is glorious just now. 'Tis a bit uncertain whether I see the Derby or not; prefer smaller meetings for sport. Lord Bobs is a pretty good one, so I hear."

The London "Daily Mail" thus makes eulogistic reference to an erst-New Zealand sportsman: It is erroneous to style Mr Gollan a millionaire, albeit he more deserves to be one than some who are—he is such a good fellow and such a thorough-going sportsman. He represents a type of which Australia may well be proud and which commends itself especially to Englishmen. Hardly an athletic exercise can be mentioned at which he has not distinguished himself, but with his recent exploit on the river fresh in everybody's remembrance, there is a danger of forgetting that he is equally good in as on the water, a fine boxer, a good walker, and, as we have seen on more than one occasion, a capable rider across country. Perhaps his favourite recreation is paddling on the river,

and the Thames Rowing Club has no more enthusiastic supporter. Mr Gollan is the reverse of a gambler, and in having £500 on Australian Star he quite reached his maximum. This was invested at a longer rate than the 9 to 2 at which he ended up, a remark which also applies to other inspired outlays, and the stable generally had a good race. At one moment during the morning they experienced a bad quarter of an hour, as marked and general hostility broke out against the horse. But as Hickey, who trains him, took the opportunity to lay out £30 at the increased rate, even this had its compensations.

Mr George Cutts has never started a field of horses in such a heavy rain as that experienced when the horses were lined up for the A.R.C. Winter Handicap on Wednesday. I cannot remember witnessing such a down-pour, and it was an experience that the jockeys will not forget. The horses could not be properly seen when the rain was descending at its worst. When the jockeys returned to stable they were in a mud-bespattered condition, and weighed from 33lb to 4lb each heavier than when they went out. It is time the Auckland Racing Club added further to the conveniences of their up-to-date course. A good bathroom in which jockeys could get a shower would be a great acquisition in summer and winter. The want of such a convenience was demonstrated after the race under notice. What with the chocolate-coloured dirt and the sand the riders were bespattered with, they presented a deplorable sight. The want of water to wash themselves, and towels, was never brought home to the powers that be so forcibly. In Hawke's Bay there is a fine shower-bath provided for the boys, and is available to them either in the dirty weather of winter or the dusty and sweltering heat of summer. At Takapuna the wants of the horsemen are catered for, and in many other parts of New Zealand. When the A.R.C. have completed their water-raising plant the requirements of the jockeys will no doubt receive consideration.

Defamer, who is one of the most accomplished hunters in Auckland, it may not be generally known, was once owned by Mr A. Ellingham, who recognised the old son of Opawa one day being ridden along the road between Sylvia Park and the Hurp of Erin Hotel. He is owned by Mr Selby, the Master of the Pakuranga Hounds, who did not know the age of his horse until told by Mr Ellingham, who informed me that he would be twenty-one years old this foaling. It is about ten years ago since Ellingham, who was riding Defamer in a steeplechase at the Hutt had a very singular, dangerous and exciting experience. I remember it well. After jumping one of the fences Defamer got off the track and sank into a swamp. Ellingham himself got thrown on firm ground, and for nearly two hours held Defamer's nose above water, and thus saved him from drowning, as he must undoubtedly have done had he been left even for a few minutes. It was a wet day, and there Ellingham remained by his horse, standing in water over his knees the whole time, and not a soul came near. After one or two races had been run J. Munn, who had business with Ellingham, set about looking for him, and then, strange to say, it was the first time anyone had missed him. A search was made, and Ellingham was found holding Defamer's nose above water, he himself in a sorry plight too. More dead than alive Defamer was rescued from what is a bottomless bog. To-day he is one of the most useful of hunters, looking as well as ever he has done in his life, and showing evidence of being in the ownership of one who does him well, as all good horses deserve to be.

Remembering the two performances recorded by the New Zealand gelding Record Reign over hurdles last August at the New Zealand Grand National Meeting, when he won the Maiden Hurdle Handicap and New Zealand Grand National Hurdle Handicap, putting up a time performance in the two mile race under weight that has never been equalled in

the world on a grass track, and over the same number of hurdles, it could not have been expected that the fine son of Castor and Winnie would have received less in the V.R.C. Grand National Hurdle Handicap, run for on the 6th July, than the 12.12 opposite his name. All the same I should doubt whether our old favourite, who I have no hesitation in saying is the best horse ever raced over hurdles in this colony, certainly the best I ever saw in my life, can be lashed at the post fit and well. He is a wonderful horse, however, and if he has built up since going to Sydney there is no telling what he may do. Racing him when hardly himself in the autumn here had the effect of making him far too light, but he is a good doer, and a good winded horse, and a natural fencer, and when you get a horse like that, master of weight, and nearly class enough to take his part with the best flat horses, there is no telling what big deeds he is capable of. It is always possible, but very improbable, that you will find another of the same class in at a much lighter weight, and Cavaliero has certainly earned the impossibility he has received, and that he is well just now admits of no doubt, and seeing that he is so seasoned I for one would like to see him taking part. Good one as he has proved himself, he would have no chance with Record Reign at their handicap weights, for the simple reason that he cannot go quite fast enough. Unless shipped straight away Cavaliero would have no chance of doing himself justice, and indeed would have to meet with a good passage over and have everything in his favour. It is unlikely that he will go. It is a great compliment to New Zealand as a horse producing colony, and to Auckland in particular, to see the two hurdle champions above everything else in the long list, and to know at the same time that they are there not through any caprice on the part of the weight adjuster, but because they have an undoubted right to be classed as they are. There are other New Zealanders engaged at the meeting, but they are not of a class to entice about.

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Athletic Sports.

FOOTBALL

A beautiful afternoon, and a game worthy of the weather, is a remark that can be truthfully applied to Saturday, and the principal match at Potter's Paddock—I beg pardon, Alexandra Park, by which name the well-known convincing ground will in future be known. Although on previous form Newton appeared to have but a poor chance against the formidable City team, still many remembered that in the past these teams have always provided a real good and willing go, and consequently there was a very large attendance of spectators, the number being estimated at close upon three thousand. Very few, I imagine, except ardent City barrackers, were disappointed in the game, as it was far and away the most interesting and exciting match that has been seen in Auckland this season, and the result, a draw, was really a very satisfactory conclusion to a splendidly fought contest. For once in a way there was very little delay in starting the game, which was a very pleasing contrast to previous matches this season, when it has been quite usual for the teams to be twenty minutes or more late in putting in an appearance on the field. Directly after the kick-off Newton, playing against the sun, rushed the ball into City territory, and for some few minutes had all the better of the play, and quite opened the eyes of those City barrackers who had predicted a walk over for the red and blacks. So long as the game was confined to the forwards, Newton were all right, but before many minutes the City backs began to take a hand in the proceedings, and the ball was quickly carried to the other end of the field. It was now Newton's turn to defend, as the black and red backs brought off a succession of passing runs that severely tried the tackling powers of their opponents, who, however, for some time proved equal to the occasion, and time and again a City man was brought down within a few feet of the line. At last, just about half-way through the spell, a really nice passing run, in which Young, Magee, Smith, and Asher participated, enabled the last named to cross the line and register City's first score. Encouraged by their score, City continued to press, but Newton, coming again, gradually forced them back, and finally carried the play to the opposite twenty-five. At this stage occurred one of the most finished pieces of play that I have seen for a long time. Smith obtaining the ball from Stannaway, started down the field at a great pace, accompanied by Asher, and some beautiful passing ensued, Newton's backs being beaten one after the other, and eventually Smith scored between the posts, but no goal resulted. During the last fifteen minutes of the spell Newton made renewed efforts, which were finally rewarded, as, from a free kick near the City 25 flag, A. Wilson landed a magnificent goal.

The second spell opened with the City on the attack, but not for long, as by a series of rushes the Newton vanguard reversed matters, carrying the ball almost to the opposite goal line. At this stage the game was extremely fast, and although City temporarily gained relief, the red and white forwards would not be denied, and with another rush, in which the centre three-quarter, Woods, took a prominent part, carried the ball over the line, and A. Wilson falling on it, secured a try. The same player, however, failed to convert from a difficult angle, and the scores were equal. From this on the play was of an intensely exciting nature, and though on the whole City had the better of the argument, Newton time and again asserted themselves. The City backs made continual and desperate efforts to score, but at this stage Newton's tackling was simply deadly, there was no waiting for the pass, but as soon as the ball went to a man

he was downed in the promptest and most effective fashion. During the last few minutes the play was decidedly in favour of City, and on more than one occasion a score seemed imminent, but each time Newton managed to save, and finally the whistle blew with play at their twenty-five.

Taking the game right through, City, I think, showed to slightly better advantage, their backs being decidedly superior in attacking abilities, whilst their vanguard shone in screwing the scrum and hooking the ball. On the other hand, the Newton forwards showed more dash in the open, and also excelled in line work. The coloring of the team, both back and forward, was excellent, especially in the second spell. In the first spell they were inclined to go for the ball rather than the man, and this mistake largely aided City in scoring their tries, especially the second one.

For City Stevens at full played a safe game, but at times was rather slow. Smith, at centre three-quarter, was rather patchy. At times he was really brilliant, but on other occasions he held on to the ball too long, and tried to beat too many men, and he also on many occasions ran for the boundary instead of straight ahead. Asher in the first spell was in great form, but in the second he was very lame. The run in which he took part with Smith, and which resulted in City's second try, was a brilliant bit of play. Some spectators say that the final pass to Smith was forward, but from where the referee was it appeared all right. McGee, at five-eighths, and Young, at half, put in a lot of good work, but at times their passing was hardly up to the mark. Brown, on the wing, was good, and he is playing a very consistent game this season.

The forwards were an even lot, and more than held their own in the pack, but they did not heel out any too cleanly at times. A. Tyler, Bonella and McMillan were particularly prominent throughout the game.

Save in defensive work, the Newton backs did not compare at all favourably with their opponents, their efforts at attack being very crude, and altogether without combination. The three-quarters, Roberts, Woods, and Robinson, all played well, kicking and tackling with great effect, Roberts especially showed marked improvement on his recent displays. The other backs also did good work in stopping and defence generally.

The forwards amply demonstrated the effectiveness of loose forward rushes, and in this respect they quite outclassed their opponents. None were more prominent than A. and H. Wilson, who were invariably in the van.

On No. 2 ground Grafton met and defeated Suburbs by 5 points after a hard-fought and interesting game. In the first spell Grafton generally had the upper hand, and for the greater part of the time pressed Suburbs hard. Failure to take advantage of openings, combined with the sound defence of Fotherland & Co., prevented any score, and towards the end of the spell Suburbs were quite holding their own, and more than once threatened danger to Grafton's lines. Grafton opened the second spell with a strong attack, and after one or two abortive attempts to score McKenzie got the ball out to Renwick, who had been moved from full to three-quarter, and the latter, after a nice dash, fell over the line near the corner, McKenzie by a fine kick converted. During the remainder of the game the play was fast and interesting, with Grafton generally on the attack, and again on several occasions splendid chances of scoring were not taken advantage of, and the game ended without further score.

Grafton's showing was rather disappointing, the backs especially being rather off colour, several of them being very weak in taking the ball. An exception, however, must be made in the case of McKenzie, who played a fine all-round game. Renwick, who

played full in the first spell, put in some good work at three-quarter in the second, and scored Grafton's only try. Thomson was right off, his taking being particularly weak, and on several occasions he threw away splendid opportunities of scoring. Taylor made his re-appearance at five-eighths, and showed any amount of dash. Kiernan was not as good as usual, though at times he got off some clever bits of play. The forwards as a whole did good work, and more than held their own, McGregor and "Fut" Bracy being the most prominent.

Suburbs made a splendid fight of it, especially considering that several of their team did not turn up, and they had to play substitutes. Sutherland, as usual, did the lion's share of the defensive work, and also kicked well, though he did not always find the line. Absolom did not get many chances at three-quarter, but he made the most of those he received, and he also did a lot of tackling. The other backs showed fair form, and were all sound in defence. The forwards grafted manfully, but as usual showed lack of combination.

At North Shore the local team met and defeated Parnell by 6 points to nil. Both teams were without several of their usual fifteen, and this may have affected the play, which was very uninteresting. In the first spell the play was of a very even nature, and neither side could claim much advantage. The forwards did most of the work, and there was a tremendous amount of line work and also a lot of uninteresting scrambles. In the second spell North Shore showed marked improvement, and held the upper hand almost all through.

Towards the finish there was a marked improvement in the play, and some fairly good football resulted. In this half the locals succeeded in obtaining two tries, neither of which were converted.

For the winners Corner was by far the most successful amongst the backs, playing a really good and clever game. Frankham also showed fair form, but the other backs were not up to the mark. The forwards, as usual, grafted hard. Wells and Sullivan being generally in the van.

The Parnell backs were disappointing, Twineame being the only one seen to advantage. Amongst the forwards Hancock and Crisp did good work.

GOLF NOTES.

(By "Stymie.")

Owing to the exceptionally heavy pressure on space lately several interesting contributions from correspondents have been unavailably crushed out. I hope to find space for them later.

The Waunganui Golf Club is having a successful season. There is great enthusiasm over the game, and the standard of play is consequently improving.

The new links at One Tree Hill have been called the Cornwall Links. The name is short, euphonious, and eminently loyal, and so no doubt will meet with the approval of golfers.

A tender has been accepted for the Auckland Golf Club's new club house on the Cornwall Links. I am informed that when finished the edifice will have left but a small portion of four figures. Lucky golfers, enterprising spirits, go on and prosper. I am always in favour of progress and catering for the comfort of patrons, but I must say I am inclined to think that, if anything, the fruit in this case is not a want of enterprise.

The New Zealand championship will be held on the Cornwall Links, starting on September 30th, and being continued during the ensuing week. Our Napier friends intend to hold a big tournament about the same time, and will probably fix their date so as to catch Southern golfers coming or returning.

A record entry of 114 nominations has been received for the Amateur Golf Championship of England, which began at St. Andrews on May 11th.

I have heard it whispered that there is a probability of the professional being engaged by the Auckland Golf Club

not being able to take up the position.

Some of our naval visitors play a very good game. Several of the officers of the Opbir and Jane were out at the Links, and although their opportunities for golf are not many, they plainly showed that they do not get time to forget how to play the game.

From Waunganui—Ladies' Day: Player to lady opponent, who has just grounded her club in sand, "You must not ground your club here." Lady (more in anger than in sorrow): "Why! how can I hit my ball if I don't ground the club?"

HASTINGS, June 21.

The first of the medal matches held at the Whakatu Links by the Hastings Golf Club was won by Mr J. A. Hogg, with a gross score of 97, handicap 8, and a net score of 91. Mr J. Hogg was second with a handicap of 9, and a net score of 94. The four next in order were: Mr W. Alexander (handicap 20), net score 98; Mr Guy Mantering (handicap 6), net score 100; Mr J. Beaton, sen. (handicap 14), net score 102; Mr Benata (handicap 8), net score 102. Several other players competed in the match.

At the Hastings Golf Links several matches, open to all comers, were arranged for June 18th, and although at the time a great many people were absent in Wellington, there were a fair number of entries for them, and some good scores were made. In the Mixed Foursomes Mrs Braithwaite and Mr Beaton won with a total of 65, handicap 20, and a net score of 63; Mr and Mrs Hector Smith (handicap 6) came second with a net score of 72; Miss Beaton and Mr R. Braithwaite were third, and Miss L. Fitzroy and Mr O. Nelson were fourth. In the Ladies' Match Miss Rutherford (scratch) was first, with the excellent score of 63; Mrs Hector Smith (handicap 18) came second with a net score of 64; Miss K. Braithwaite (handicap 9) was third with a net score of 67.

In the Men's Bogey Handicap Match Mr O. Nelson was first, Mr J. Beaton second, Mr Mantering third, Mr R. Braithwaite fourth, and Mr J. Beaton, jun., fifth. At the Whakatu Links the men and the ladies play over the same course, which is by no means an easy one, but the Hastings Club includes amongst its members some good players who are very clever in surmounting the difficulties. In the matches the men generally play 18 holes and the ladies 9.

The second Golf Match for the clubs presented by Mrs Carille was played the other day at the Waikohi Links, and won by Miss Ormond with a handicap of 18, and a net score of 85. Mrs Jardine (handicap 9) had a net score of 70; Miss Davis (handicap 9), a net score of 72; and Miss Rutherford (scratch), a score of 73. The afternoon tea was given by Miss Bennett and Miss Balfour, and was

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greatly appreciated by the players. Next Saturday a Ladies' Match is to be played for a prize kindly given by Mrs James McLean.

In the second Gold Match for the President's medal, Mr J. Cato (handicap 30) came first with a net score of 81; Mr Mathias (handicap 7), was second with a net score of 86; Messrs Dawson, H. Smith, Peacock, Kerridge, and Kennedy were also playing. On Wednesday some of the Hastings golfers came over to Waiohiki, and several matches were played, though in the afternoon at about half past three it began to rain heavily, and somewhat marred the day's pleasure.

Mr and Mrs Hariley, of Napier, leave very soon for Dunedin, and the other day a farewell afternoon tea was given to the latter by Mrs Nantes and Mrs W. Anderson. A very pleasant time was spent by everyone, and amongst those present were: Miss Hilda Hitchings, in a black dress and white hat; Mrs Bowen, in light blue, trimmed with white silk and guipure lace; Mrs James McLean in black; Mrs Russell Duncan; Mrs R. B. Smith, Mrs Anderson wore a pretty light green coat and skirt, and a black velvet hat, trimmed with bunches of violets; Mrs Nantes was in black, and wore a black and pink toque, with pink roses.

At the Waiohiki Golf Links on Saturday, a mixed foursome match was played, but, unfortunately, during the latter part of the afternoon heavy showers of rain fell, and somewhat spoiled the pleasure of the golfers. Miss D. Kennedy and Mr Kennedy won the match with a handicap of 5, and a score of 91. Mr and Mrs H. Smith (scratch), with 95, were second; Miss Shaw and Mr H. Peacock (handicap 5) came third with 97; Mrs K. Tareha and Mr P. S. McLean (handicap 2) came in fourth with 101. Some others playing were: Mrs Jardine, Mrs McLean, the Misses Davis, Balfour, Burke, Rutherford, and Messrs Bennett, Cato, Jardine, Perry, Morris, Mathias, and Gore. Mrs Innes and Miss Kennedy gave the afternoon tea. Matches have been arranged for every Saturday until the end of August, and no doubt keen interest will be taken in them all.

At Balaklava years ago,
Six hundred men engaged the foe,
Ahl what a gallant charge was made,
By that courageous Light Brigade,
Though many perished there, who know

The number killed by Russia's snows,
For none can damp and cold endure,
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OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PUI-PU! MAKING.

(Mrs. Humphrey Haines.)

When up in Rotorua in April I was able to witness the construction by the Maoris of part of the dress being made to be worn in some of the dances and hakas at the gathering in honour of the visit of His Royal Highness the Duke of York. The portion of the dress I refer to is called a pui-pui, and is worn fastened around the waist, and hanging down over a short white skirt. On examining a pui-pui one can have no conception of the work entailed in the construction of it, from the choosing and gathering of good suitable flax (of which it is made) to the final wearing of the kiwi feathers, which generally form the principal ornamentation.

First of all the flax has to be brought a distance in boats. A tedious bit of work in itself, for some of the Maoris informed me that the best flax is only to be obtained a good distance from Rotorua. As soon as possible after it arrives, while it is still green and pliable, it is cut up into strips half an inch wide, and about 27 inches long, the latter, according to the length of dress required. A skirt is composed of 432 strips. The implements used in the preparation of the flax consist of the one-half of a mussel shell, and a piece of a tin match-box, which are used as knives.

The strips having been cut to a uniform length, the pattern decided upon is next marked off on each separate piece of flax. To do this the sharp edge of the portion of match-box is used. It is drawn across the flax at intervals of four inches. There is no guess-work here as to spaces. Each four inches is most carefully measured, which adds greatly to the effect of the dress when finished, as all the spaces when evenly done form perfect stripes across the pui-pui. I asked one old Maori, who was most particular in her measurements, "Why go to so much trouble? Why not guess the distances?" She looked at me in astonishment, shook her head, and muttered some words in Maori, which no doubt meant a good deal. Subsequently I was present at a social Maori gathering, and saw a pui-pui dance, in which the pui-pui was worn. I could then quite well understand the reason of so much trouble in the construction of the dress; those carelessly done having the stripes so very irregular. Great care has to be taken when marking across not to cut too deeply; just the fibre on the under side is left, and it was with much interest I watched these workers, especially the elderly ones, so deftly and quickly cut across, and yet have the fibre underneath intact. When all the strip had been marked off and partially cut through, the use of the mussel shell comes into use. By means of this, held in a firm and peculiar manner, the operator

skillfully separates the pith from the fibre between the alternate markings. The strips now have the appearance of portions of flax held together by strands of the fibre. According to individual taste, these portions of flax are ornamented with various designs by means of the mussel shell, which is firmly pressed into the substance of the leaf, to form these markings, either in horizontal or diagonal directions.

Twelve bunches of these strips, 36 in each, are tied together, making 432 in all. These bunches are plunged into boiling pools, then let remain in cold water for three days. They are then hung out on lines to dry. It was a most picturesque sight in Ohinemutu; wherever one looked Maoris were at work at pui-puis. In many cases numbers would congregate on the verandah of a friend, and work together in social harmony. We got a small snap-shot of a friendly party, having not afternoon tea, but an afternoon smoke. The hostess very often provided the tobacco. Taken in this (with a handkerchief tied around her head) was the good old guide Kate, of Lake Rotomahana fame. In front of almost every where in the township lines of these pui-puis were hanging in the sun to dry. While out exposed to the air they become quite stiff, curl round like reeds, and change colour, the flax bleaching white, and the striped fibre becoming black, and each line of the design showing out distinctly. Artificial means are used to more fully distinguish the two colours; black dye being used to darken the dark parts. When thoroughly dry all the top ends are woven into a band the size of the wearer's waist, many of them being decorated with kiwi feathers. As the latter are now becoming scarce, coloured wools are in many cases substituted. When worn in a dance these pui-puis look extremely well. Both the noise they make and the way they fly out when their wearers are dancing remind me very much of those reed and bead blinds that are hung at windows and doors.

While contemplating those workers I could not but think that among the many benefits that will accrue to the country through the Royal visit, not the least would be the revival of this old Maori art amongst the younger members of the race, as the majority of those now enthusiastically engaged in making those quaint dresses for this auspicious occasion have received their instruction from a few of the older people, to whom the knowledge was previously confined, and there was a danger of it at their death becoming one of the forgotten Maori arts.

THE NEW BRIDGE AT TUAKAU.

The first pile of the Tuakau bridge across the Waikato River was driven on Tuesday of last week. A number of visitors went up from Auckland to witness the ceremony, and there was a large gathering of settlers. After luncheon, provided by Mr and Mrs Priest, of the Tuakau Hotel, the party drove to the river, and proceeded up to the site, about a mile up stream, in a steam launch. The contractor for the work, Mr Wells, had all in readiness, and the first blow was driven by Major Harris, M.L.C.; Mr Massey, M.H.R., was responsible for the second blow, and Mr Lang, M.H.R., for the third, loud cheers being given with each blow. Speeches were delivered by Major Harris, Messrs Massey, Lang, Fowler, Lawry, Monk, M.H.R., and Messrs S. Vail, Baker, Whiteside, Madill, and Brown.

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ORANGE BLOSSOMS

JACK--NORRIS.

Our Hamilton correspondent writes: Quite a lot of interest was taken in a wedding which eventuated in the Wesleyan Church, Hamilton, on Wednesday. The contracting parties were Mr. Douglas Jack and Miss Annie Norris, both of Hamilton East. The bride was prettily attired in white muslin trimmed with white satin. She wore the orthodox veil, with orange blossoms, and was given away by her uncle, Mr. Norris. The bridesmaids were Miss Phyllis Norris and Misses Eva and May Jack, and Mr. George Jack acted as best man. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. H. L. Hamires, and after the wedding breakfast the happy couple left for Auckland.

MAIRSDEN--McINDOE.

An exceedingly pretty wedding took place at St. David's Presbyterian Church, Symonds-street, Auckland, on Wednesday, June 27th, when Miss Jennie McIndoe, daughter of Mr McIndoe, Epsom, was married to Mr W. Marsden, Newmarket. Mr J. Clarkson attended Mr Marsden in the capacity of best man, Rev. Gray Dixon conducted the wedding ceremony. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very winsome attired in a lovely white figured silk, the bodice trimmed with chiffon and white silk, the skirt draped with lovely lace, and orange blossoms, and the train trimmed with ruffled chiffon. She wore a veil and coronet of orange blossoms, and carried a magnificent shower bouquet, the work of Mr Bennett, Khyber Pass Nursery. She was attended by three bridesmaids, Miss Daisy Benn, and two little nieces, Miss Vera McIndoe and Miss Stella Marsden. The former wore a pretty cream dress trimmed with silk, and the latter lovely cream empire dresses with silk lace yokes and maize silk sashes caught on the shoulder with large butterfly bows. They carried crooks trimmed with maize and cream. The brides-groom's gift to the bride and bridesmaids were gold brooches, and the two little ones wore pretty chain brooches. After the ceremony the wedding party drove to the residence of Mrs Clarkson, Glasgow Terrace, sister of the bride, where a sumptuous breakfast was laid out in the large dining-room, which was prettily decorated for the occasion. Mr W. Griffiths, in a neat speech, proposed the health of the happy couple, which was responded to by Mr Marsden. In the evening the friends of the happy couple assembled at the Victoria Hall, when music, dancing, games, etc., were indulged in until the small hours of the morning.

BRADLEY--CATO.

On Tuesday, June 18th, a pretty wedding took place at the Napier Cathedral, when the marriage was celebrated of Mr H. T. Bradley, of Napier, and Miss Daisy Cato, a daughter of Mr W. Cato, also of Napier. Miss Guy acted as bridesmaid, and the best man was Mr Florence Cato. The ceremony was performed by the Dean of Waiapu.

John Bunyan in his prison cell,
 On Pilgrim's Progress loved to dwell,
 And nearly all that startling tale
 He wrote while pining in a goal.
 His work lives on though John suc-
 cumbed,
 No doubt the damp his limbs had
 numbed,
 And gave him cold; his death that's
 sure,
 He'd not got Woods' Great Peppermint
 Cure.

"A rose by any name," etc., etc., and Alexandra Park will doubtless attract as many patrons of football and other sports as ever "Potter's" did. One wonders how long it will take Aucklanders to "catch on" to the new and more exalted title. It must be confessed "Alexandra Park" is rather a high flown title for the iron fenced football field. Still, as Mr Squeers remarked to Nicholas Nickleby, concerning Dotheboys' Hall, "There's no law against a man calling his house a hall if he likes." So why should a paddock not be called a park?

Really, really Sir Joseph. Now that you are a knight you should buy yourself a suit of nice new clothes. Your "coat of many colours"—if one may so describe that bullion-encrusted affair so much in evidence at State functions of late, is beautiful as ever. But those uniform breeches—well, upon all our words, the wonder is we have not had, to spell them "breeches." To say that you looked as if you had been melted down and run into them gives a poor idea of their ballooning like rotundity. One gazed in fascinated wonder, while a strange wild craving took possession of the soul, to see what would happen if one pricked you with a pen-knife—well, just there you know. The tension was only relieved by the voice of one crying from the back benches at a big function—Oh! Oh!! Oh!!! (cres.). NOW, I know what Ward did with them oats.

At the laying of the foundation school for Maori Girls, Auckland, the lads were giving Their Royal Highnesses a foretaste of Maori dancing. After it had gone on for some time a local big wig, anxious to seem important with the Duke, bade them stop. "There, that will do; that will do," he remarked loftily, "we've had enough now." The Duke turned to the interfeerer with a polite yet icy smile, and observed in the cutting tones with which Royalty punishes presumption: "I have not had enough yet."

The manifest delight of both the Duke and Duchess at the Maori dancing at the same function was taken and ale to a certain alert little churchman, who standing next King Dick, was observed to dig him in the ribs at each fresh expression of approval from the Royal pair; and to murmur, "There's one for you, old man," referring of course to the Premier's attitude towards the squelched Maori display on the Waitemata.

It is to be hoped the last has not been heard of the disgraceful adjournment of the inquest on Mrs O'Dowd at Auckland. The first adjournment was in the interests of the Public Prosecutor, who had business elsewhere. This was indefensible enough, for if plethora of engagements interfered, a junior might and should have been entrusted with one or other of the cases. But the second adjournment to enable a volunteer captain to attend a wholly unnecessary and foolish parade in Christchurch was almost criminal. The inconvenience and expense to jurymen was enough to provoke comment, but how about the justice of the case, and the keeping of a man practically accused of a serious offence in suspense. The manner in which the coroner attempted to squelch any protest on the part of jurymen was most reprehensible. In itself it was unwise, and as to the method of its deliverance—well comment is needless.

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame," is not a precept with which many colonial politicians ally themselves. Yet the writer saw an altogether admirable instance of its observance no later than the other day, and on the part of no less a person than the Hon. J. Carroll, Native Minister. Mr Carroll had been up at Rotorua, in connection with the recent Royal visit. A carriage, or rather a compartment of a first-class corridor carriage, was marked reserved for his use. The train was abnormally

crowded. In point of fact, seats were at a premium. At the instant of the train starting a lady—obviously a recently bereaved widow—with two infants, boarded the platform of the first-class carriage, and disappeared. The train had proceeded a mile or so, when Mr Carroll entered the "smoker" next his own reserved and private carriage, and asked those assembled if room could be made for him. Naturally it was, everyone imagining that the Native Minister just wanted a few moments' smoke. It was not till the guard appeared that it transpired that the widow and children aforesaid being without seats, Mr Carroll had placed his own private carriage at their disposal. The guard pointed out they had only second-class tickets. "Let it go," said Mr Carroll, in his characteristic style, "I'll make the difference good. She was cold, and so were the children, and it's only the other day she lost her husband." This was murmured in an apologetic undertone, as one desirous of not being found out in a kind action. No doubt the hon. gentleman will be annoyed at this chronicle, but in an unchivalrous and discourteous age so great an instance of the act of a truly courteous gentleman, so unostentatiously performed, should not in the general interest pass unnoticed. Example is better than precept.

Vanning ambition which overleaps itself was from a commercial standpoint finely exemplified at the recent Maori demonstration at Rotorua. Those who wished to be smart had engaged rooms beforehand at the boarding-houses at the rate of £1 to £2 5/ per day, and were also requested to bring their own rugs. Those who trusted to the higher-priced establishments, and arrived late found that they escaped at the minimum charges of from 8/ to 10/ per diem. The Rotorua folk kept hundreds upon hundreds away by fables of insufficient accommodation and extortionate charges. There were really an amount of beds to be had in different quarters, and these went empty. So far as the greedy proprietors are concerned one can only say: "Serves 'em right."

Retrenchment will, one imagines, be the watchword in most urban New Zealand households during the next year or so. "We have, as the youngsters say, "been going it" for some eighteen months past. There have been subscriptions for this and that, and the other, and we have had to celebrate half a score of various occasions, Maifeking, and the other "reliefs" caused us to "jollify," and to wind up we have had as a climax the visit of the Duke and Duchess. I watched a gentleman paying £2 for a cab to Government House reception the other day. "My goodness, you must have made a pot of money," sighed the merchant. "Yes," said the King of the Jehus thoughtfully; "yes, if only I ever get it all in!"

Commissioner Tunbridge is not merely the finest police organizer this colony has ever had, but is also one of the pleasantest companions it would be possible to meet. As a raconteur he is unequalled, and as his experiences have been varied his presence in a railway carriage on a long journey is a consummation most devoutly to be wished. On the trip of the Royal train from Rotorua to Auckland, he kept a party of pressmen in a constant ripple of mirth and interest with his indefinitely told anecdotes. The commissioner went to the River Plate to arrest Jabez Balfour, and his stories of the wrongs of that distressful country make one glad to be a New Zealander.

THE DRAMA.

Musgrove's Grand Opera Company will open in Auckland on the 15th of next month, and will play a month.

Miss Anna Owen, a soubrette singer and dancer, who made a hit in Australia in "The Scarlet Feather," is now at the Auckland City Hall. On Saturday next another new attraction will be added to the entertainment by the advent of the Haytor Family from the South.

Mr Dix has been coinng money of late. The week before last his aggregate taking in the four centres of the colony exceeded any previous records by over £100.

McAdoo's Jubilee Singers, after concluding a good season at the Auckland Agricultural Hall on Saturday, have gone into the country. On Tuesday they played at Whangarei, and from that centre go on to the Upper Wairoa. The Thames will then be visited.

Mr and Mrs Hamilton Hodges give the second of their song recitals in the Choral Hall to-morrow (Thursday) evening. Miss A. Schmidt, a young lady with a good contralto voice, will make her first appearance on the occasion.

The season recently completed by the Wellington Amateur Operatic Society, with "Iolanthe" probably constitutes a record in the experience of amateur opera in this colony, says a Southern contemporary, and will also compare favourably in its financial results with the best records of professional companies. Here is a list of the takings during the eight nights' season:—May 22, £51 14/6; May 23, £82 5/; May 24, £137 6/6; May 25, £97 13/; May 27, £132 9/6; May 28, £129 9/6; May 29, £119 17/6; June 3 (benefit performance), £124 6/6; sales of books, £13. Total, £888 2/. This makes an average per night of £111, or, without reckoning in the book sales, of £109 8/. The last six nights averaged £123 13/.

As showing the enterprise of Mr Dix it may be mentioned that he has engaged Frank Latona, "The Tramp Musician," for a two months' season in New Zealand in 1903 at £60 a week.

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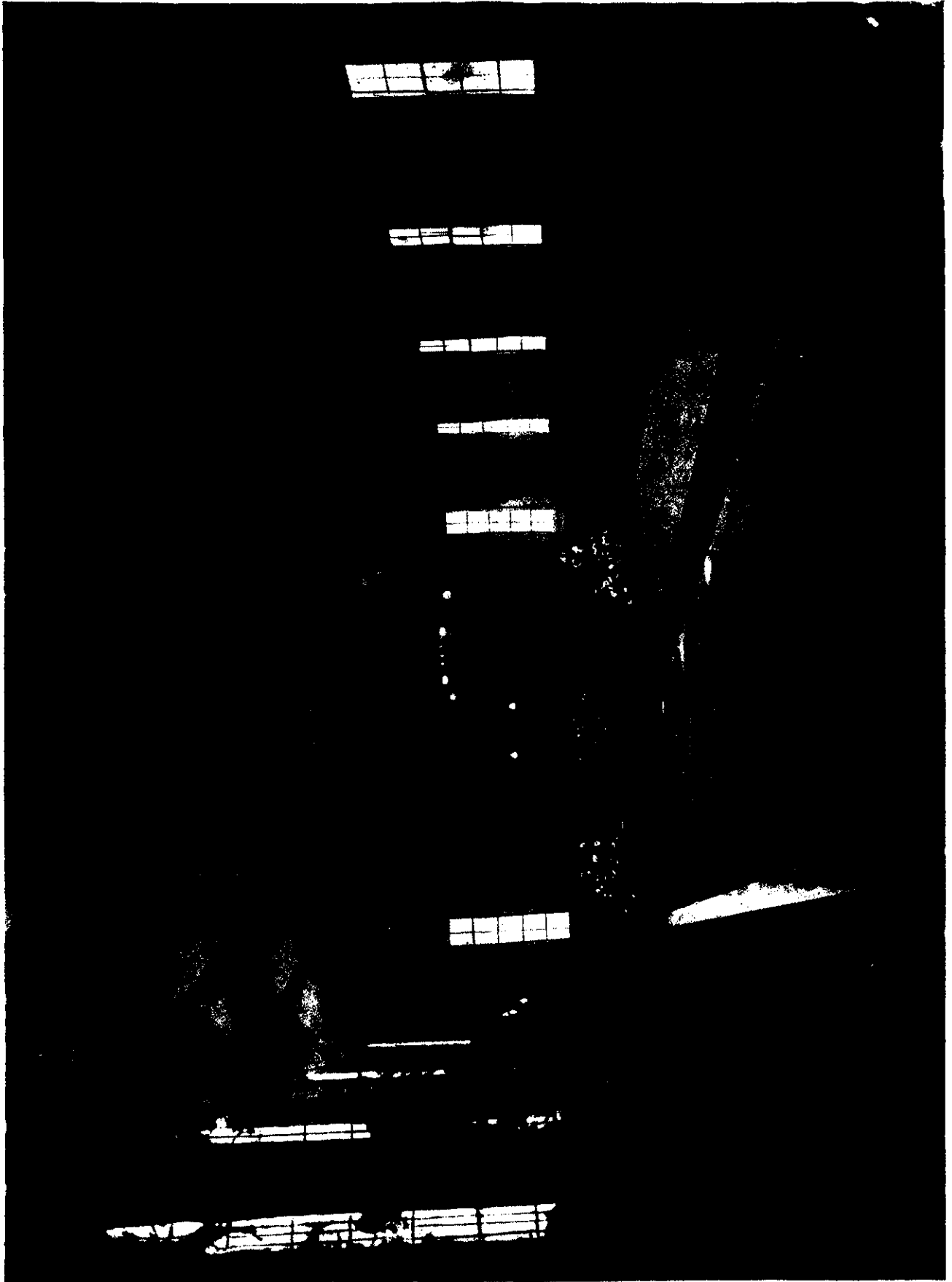
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PROPOSAL



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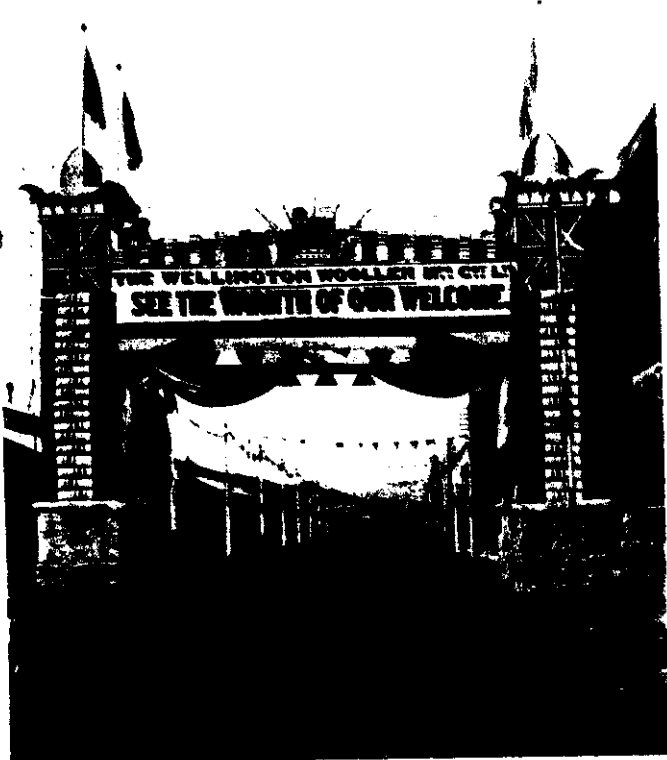
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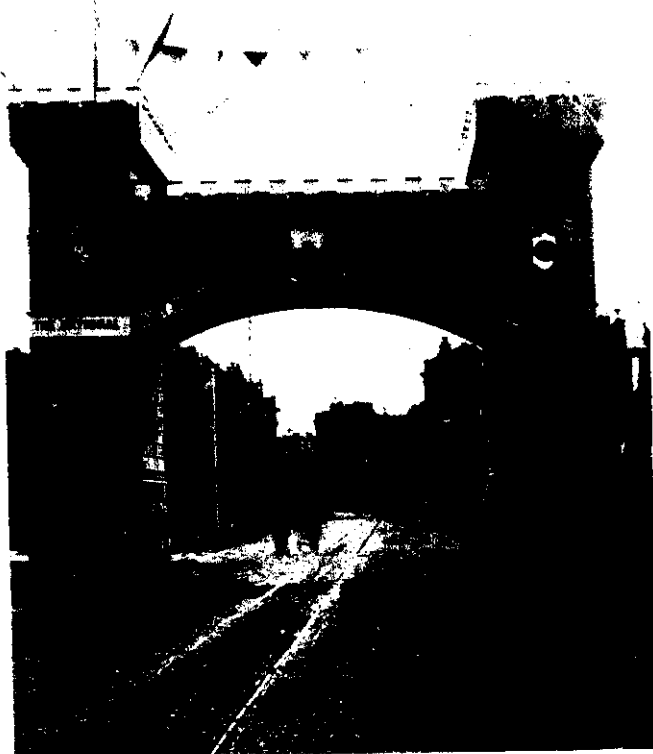


The Ball-Room, Government House, Auckland, as Decorated for the Royal Reception.

The Duke and Duchess received the guests at the end of the room.



WELLINGTON WOOLLEN COMPANY'S ARCH.



NATIONAL DAIRY ASSOCIATION'S ARCH.



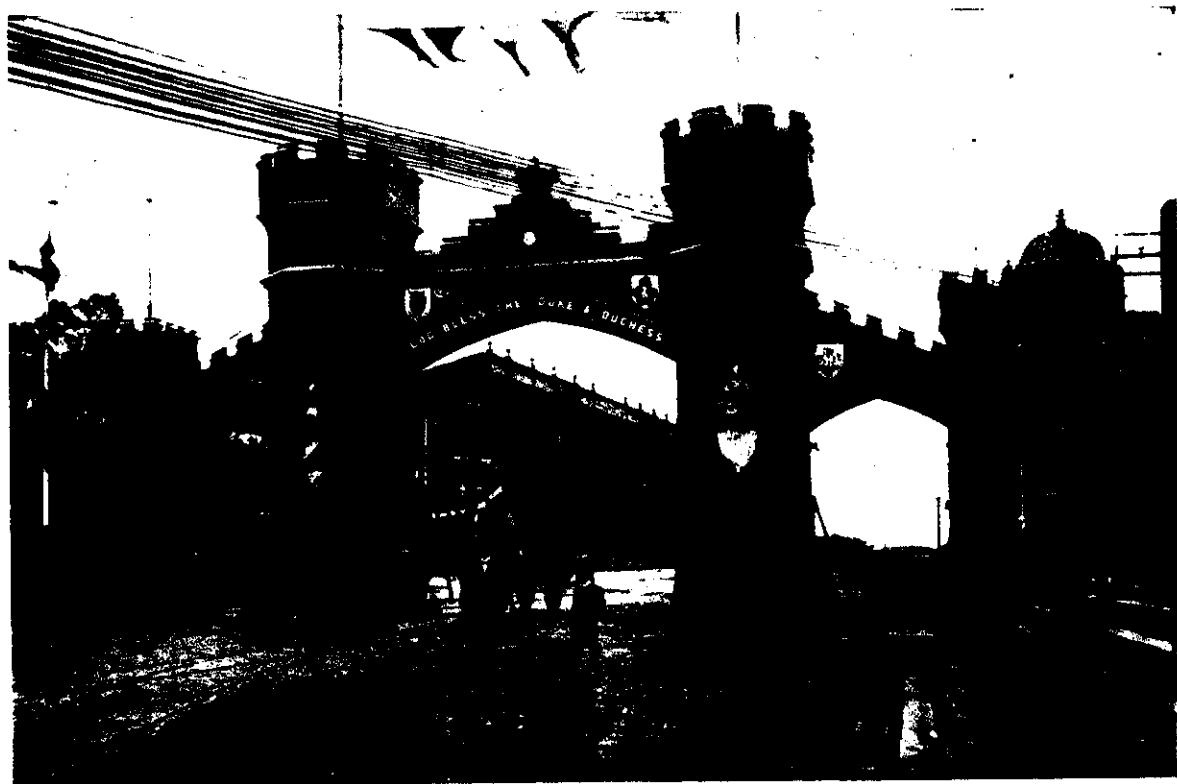
Photos. by Stewart.

WESTPORT HARBOUR BOARD'S ARCH.

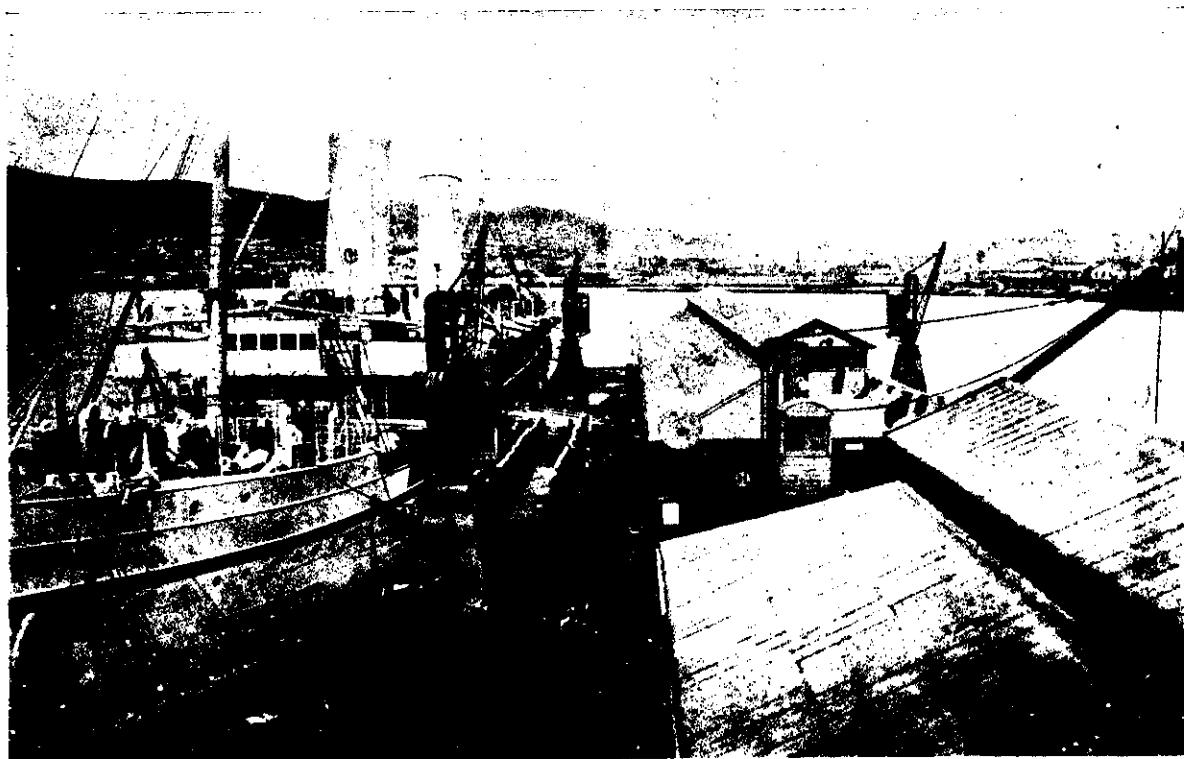


THE CITIZEN'S ARCH.

Royalty at Wellington.



THE GOVERNMENT ARCH.



Photos. by Billens.

ROYAL PARTY LANDING AT WELLINGTON.

Royalty at Wellington.



AN ACTION-SONG BY A VISITING TRIBE.



Walton "Graphic" photo.

HAKA BY THE NGATIRAKAWA WOMEN AND GIRLS FROM OTAKI.

The Native Gathering at Rotorua.



THE NGATITUWHARETOA TRIBE OF LAKE TAUPO, ABOUT TO COMMENCE THEIR WAR-DANCE.

This tribe performed the best War-dance of any given at Rotorua—a "peruperu" of the old days. Te Heuheu, the young Taupo Chief, is shown facing his tribe, with a tataba in his hand and a kiwi-feather mat round his waist.

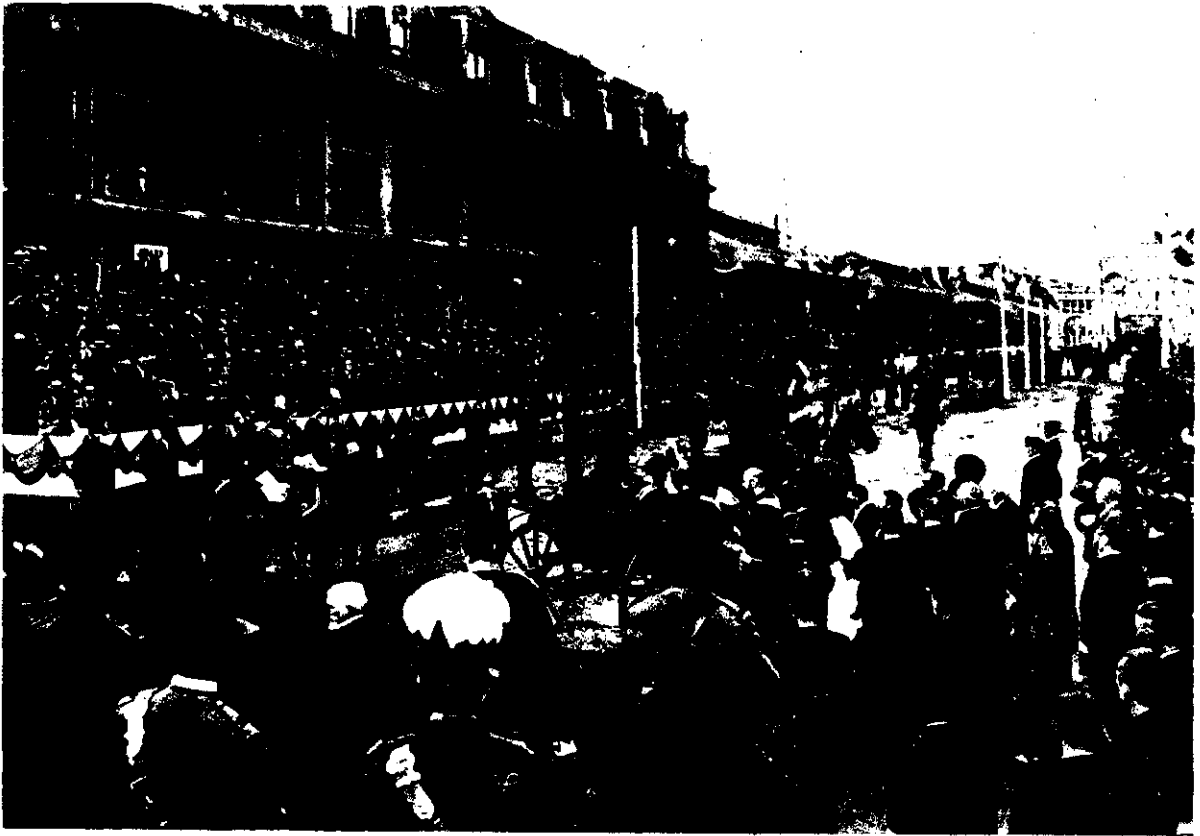


Walrond "Graphic" photo.

POI DANCE BY THE ARAWA WOMEN (ROTORUA AND WHAKAREWAREWA).

In the foreground are old Major Pokiha and his wife.

The Native Gathering at Rotorua.



Hermann. photo.

ARRIVAL AT WELLINGTON.—ENTERING THE CITY.

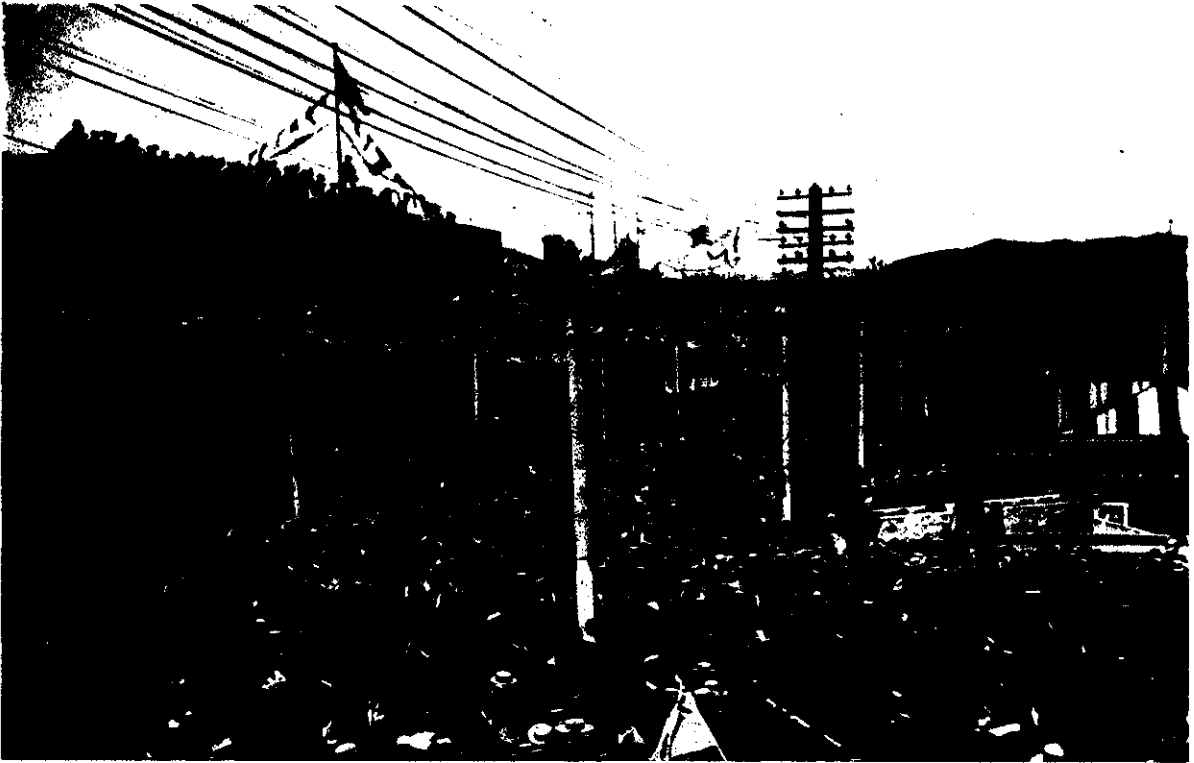
Presentation and Welcome from the Citizens by the Mayor, Mr J. W. G. Aitken, just after the Royal Party had passed through wharf gates on to Jervois Quay.



H. Billens. photo.

IN FRONT OF PARLIAMENT HOUSE

Royalty at Wellington.



THE PUBLIC AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL PARTY TO LAY THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE TOWN HALL.



Photos. by Billeus.

ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE TO LAY THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE NEW TOWN HALL.

Royalty at Wellington.



Walrond "Graphic" photo.

THE ARAWA POI DANCERS.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL PARTY AT AUCKLAND, EN ROUTE FOR ROTORUA.



THE ROYAL CARRIAGE PASSING INTO THE RAILWAY STATION.



Arrival of the Royal Party at Auckland by Train from Rotorua.



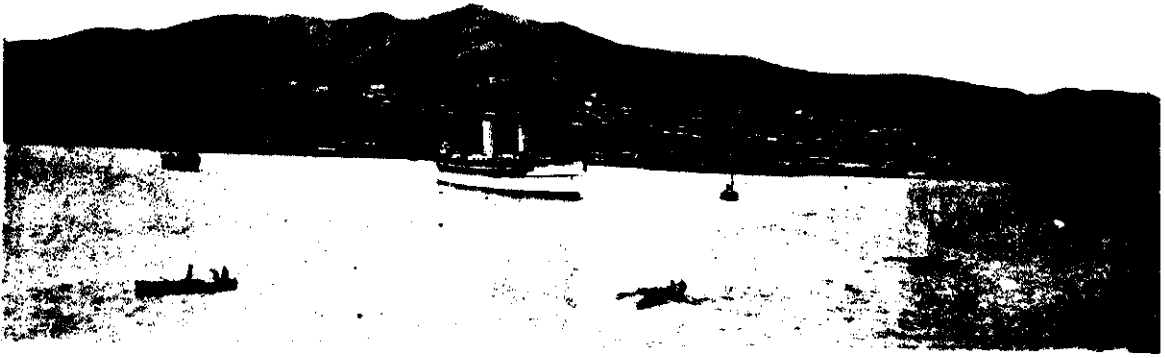
CUBA STREET.



CUBA STREET IN THE RAIN.

Photos. by Billeux

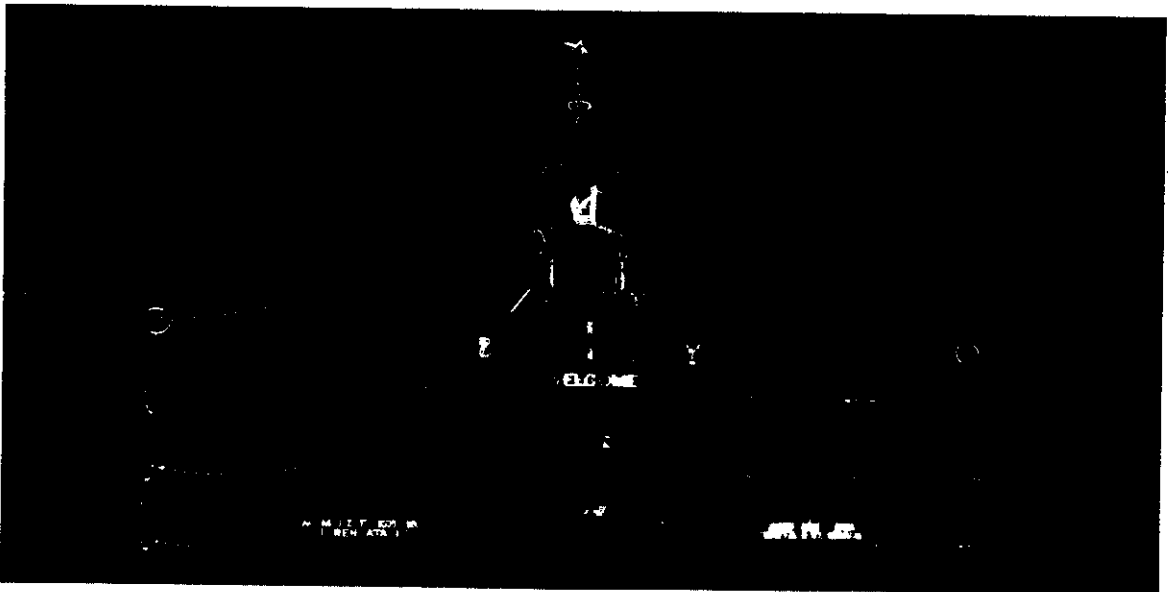
Royalty at Wellington.



PILOTING H.M.S. OPHIR INTO HER BERTH AT THE WELLINGTON WHARF.



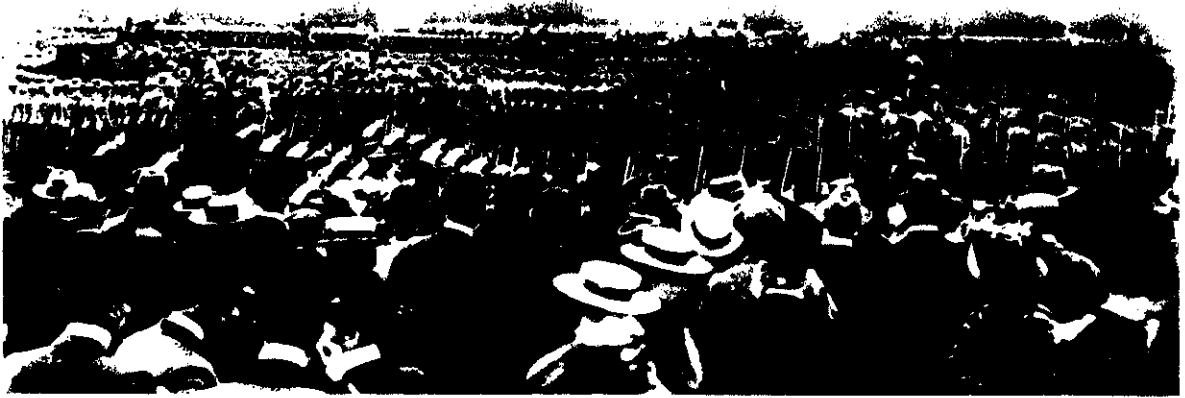
ARRIVAL OF THE GOVERNOR AT THE SITE OF THE NEW TOWN HALL.



Photos. by Billens.

ILLUMINATIONS AT POST OFFICE.

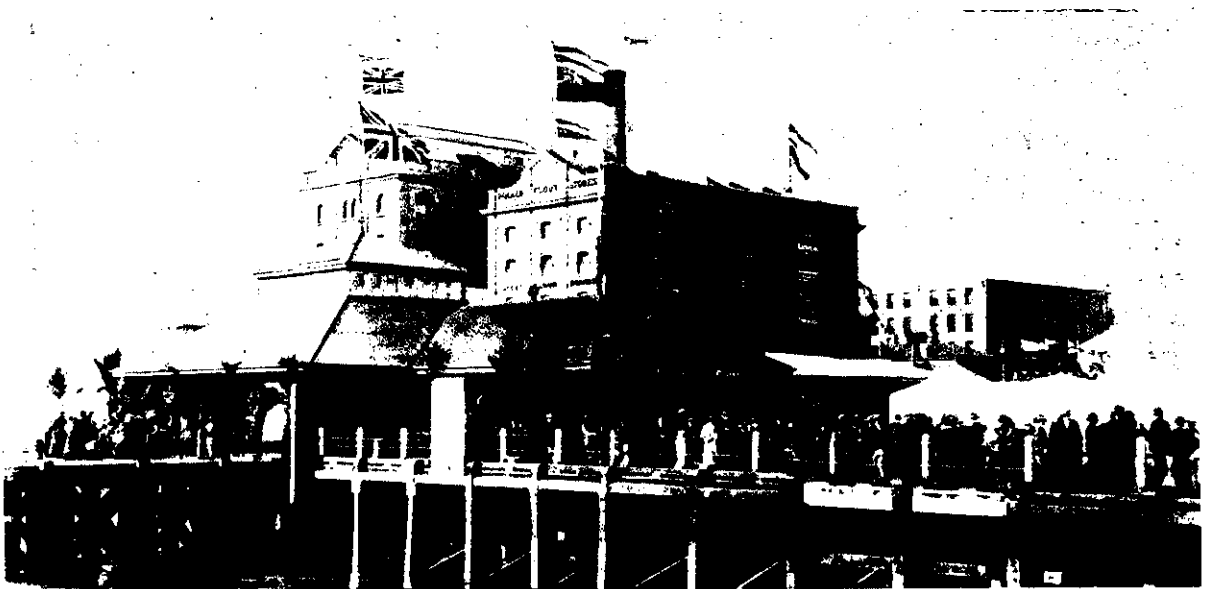
Royalty at Wellington.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK REVIEWING THE AUCKLAND CADET CORPS AT THE REVIEW, POTTER'S Paddock.



PRESENTATION OF MEDALS BY THE DUKE TO RETURNED TROOPERS AT THE REVIEW, POTTER'S Paddock.



Valle, photo.

THE NORTH SHORE FERRY WHARF ON THE MORNING OF THE DUKE'S ARRIVAL IN AUCKLAND. This wharf presented a very animated scene, every steamer arriving from the Devonport suburb being densely crowded.



H. Haines, photo.

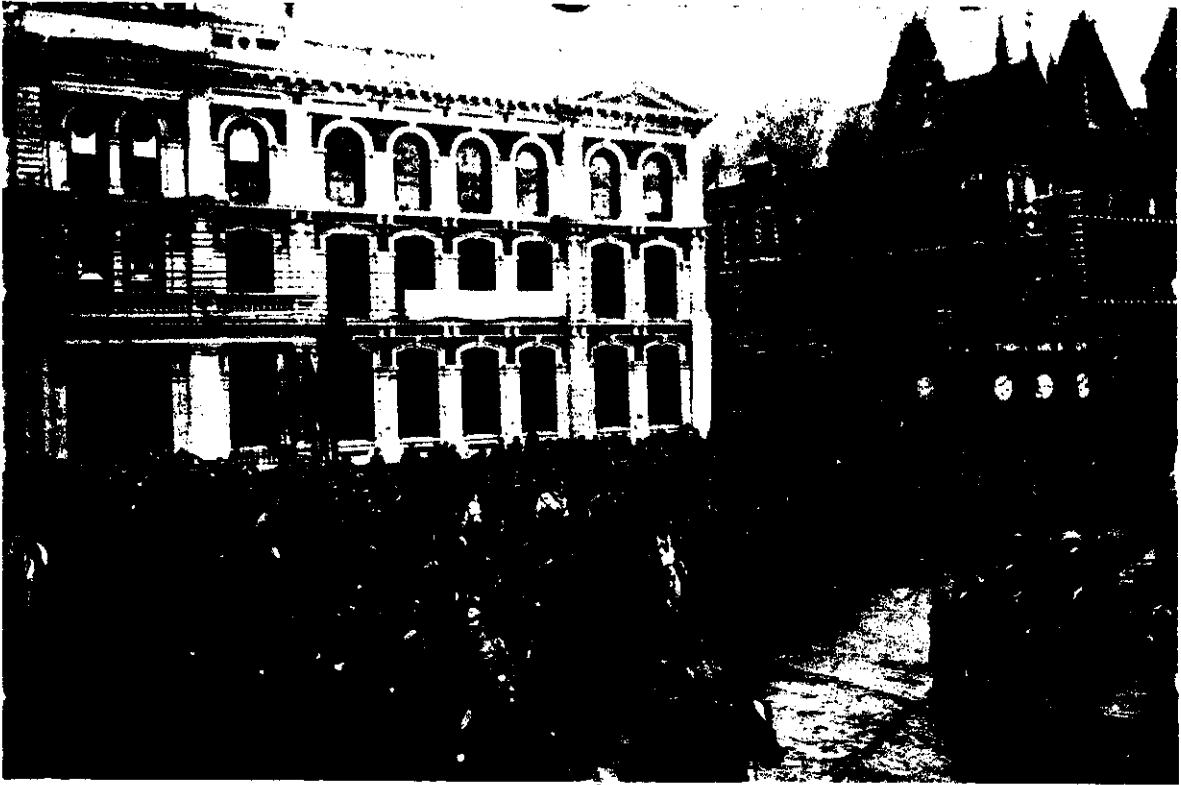
Piu-Piu Making at Rotorua.

See "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS."

- 1. Young Maori Children.
- 2. Wearing Piu-piu Dresses.
- 3. Watching Piu-piu Making.
- 4. Party Piu-piu Making.



The Royal Party going on Board the "Ophir" at Auckland on Saturday last.



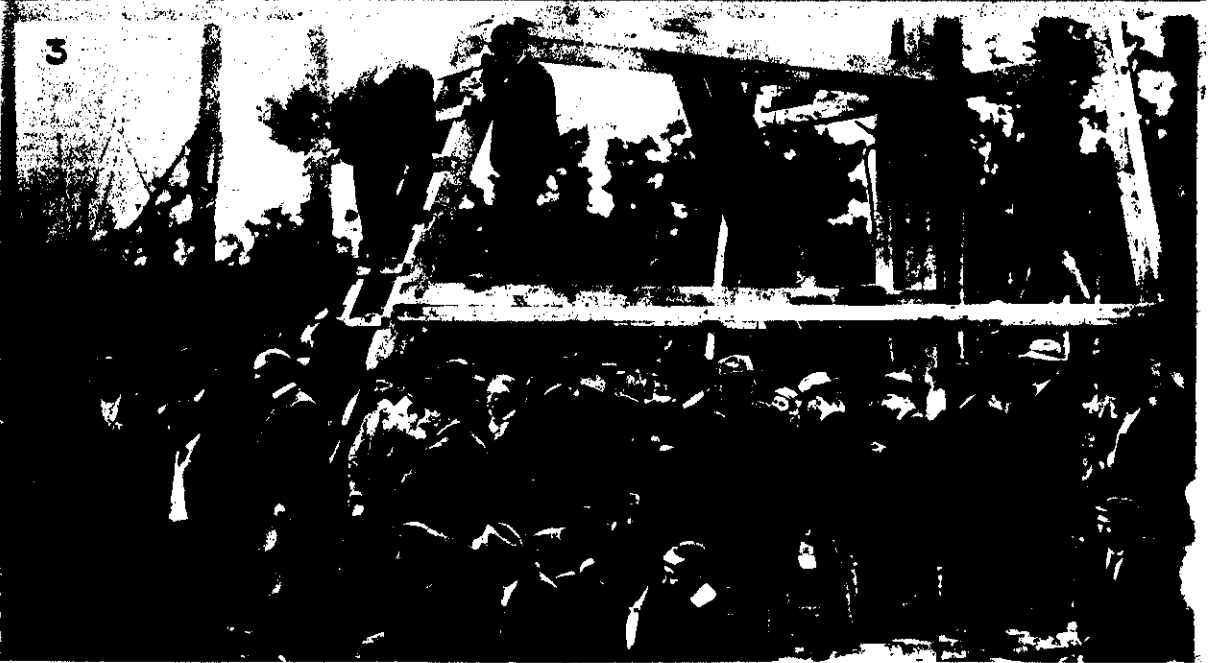
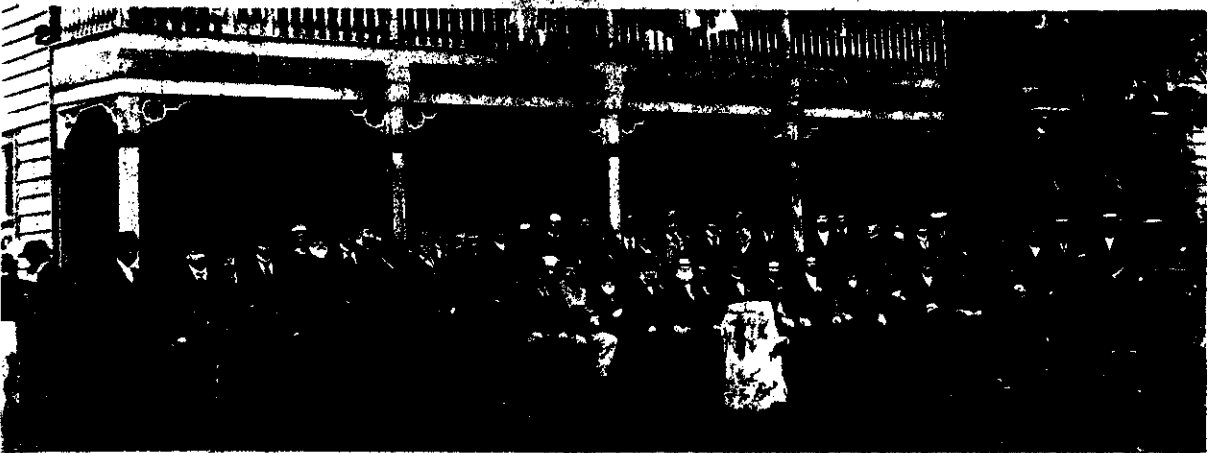
MOUNTED RIFLES IN FRONT OF POST OFFICE.



Photos. by Billies.

THE GENERAL POST OFFICE, WITH DECORATIONS.

Royalty at Wellington.



Photos by Valle.

The New Bridge Over the Waikato at Tuakau.—Driving the First Pile.

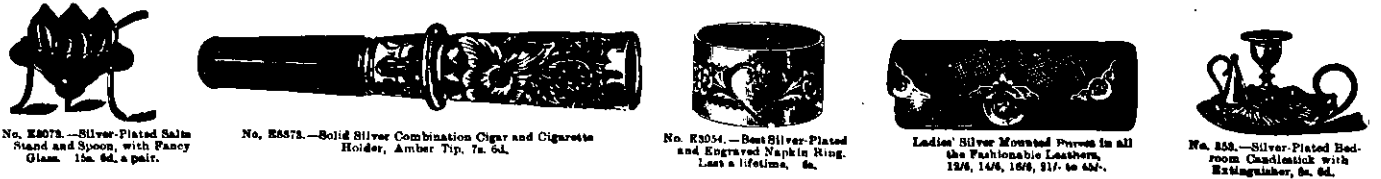
1. Mr Madill, Chairman of the County Council, addressing the assemblage. 2. The Committee and Visitors. 3. Mr. Massey, M.H.R., speaking.

STEWART DAWSON & CO.

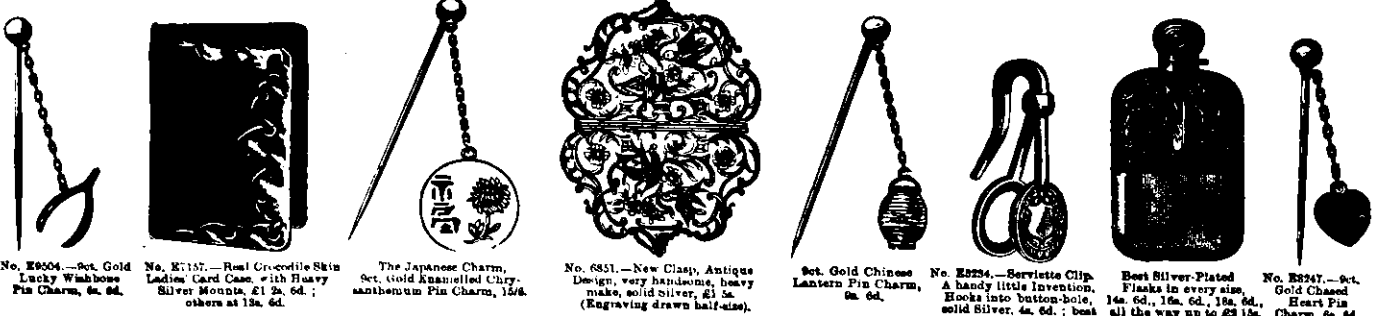
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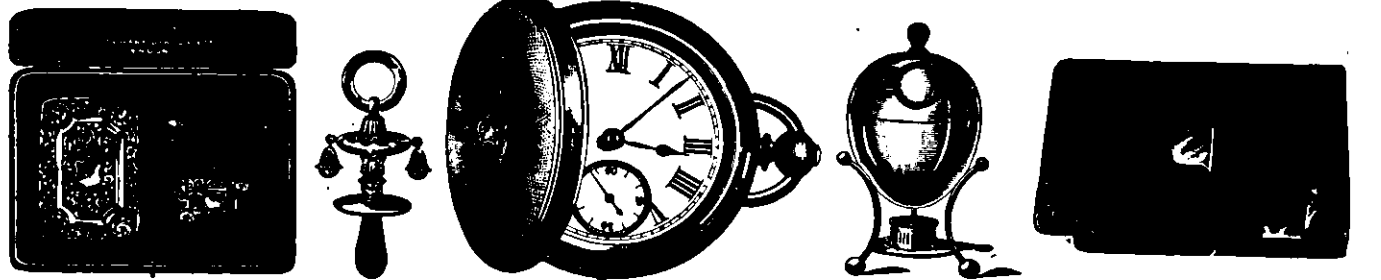
S. D. & Co.'s Ladies' "ECLIPSE" Silver Watch, jewelled in 8 holes, beautifully engraved case, elegant tinted opal dial, a perfect timekeeper, has finest quality 3-plate movement; £1 10s.; in Hunting Case, 22s. Warranted for 2 years.
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No. 018.—Set. Gold and Pine Opal Brooch, £1 10s.
 No. 197.—Set Link, 18ct. Gold, £1 10s.; 15ct. Gold, £2 10s.; Silver, 7s. 6d.
 No. 27451.—Set. Gold and Finest Amethyst Brooch, with Chains and Ball, £1 7s. 6d.
 No. 106.—Set Link, 18ct. Gold, £1 1s.; 15ct. Gold, 23s.; Silver, 1s. 6d.
 No. 127.—15ct. Gold Brooch, Diamond Centre, £2 10s.



No. 157.—1 Diamond, 2 Rubies, 18ct. Gold, £2 7s. 6d.
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 No. 183.—Elegant Carved Ring, 18ct. Gold, £2; others at £1 1s. & 10s.
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Personal Paragraphs.

His Worship the Mayor of Wellington (Mr Aitken) appeared for the first time in his Mayor's robes of black and ermine on the occasion of the reception of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on Tuesday last, when he presented the address at the gates of the wharf, and he received a very warm greeting from the crowd.

Mr and Mrs Hamilton Russell (Hawke's Bay) are staying at Miss Malcolm's lodgings in Wellington during their brief visit there, and took part in the festivities in connection with the Royal visitors.

Captain and Mrs Russell (Flaxmere) Hawke's Bay) were among the guests at the State dinner given by His Excellency the Governor and Lady Ranfurly at Government House on Thursday evening to meet T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.

Mr and Mrs Arthur Russell (Pahorua North) are staying with Mrs Russell's parents (Mr and Mrs T. C. Williams) in Wellington for some weeks.

Miss Lily Bowen, daughter of the Hon. Charles Bowen (Christchurch) is the guest of Mrs Medley in Wellington.

Mr and Mrs George Donnelly (Hawke's Bay) attended the reception at Government House, Wellington, and were presented to T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of York, and Mrs Donnelly wore the medal presented to her by the Duke at Rotorna on the corsage of her beautiful black and white brocade gown, and received most gracious notice on the occasion from the Royal guests.

Mr and Mrs Balfour (England) are the guests of Mr Robert Turnbull in Wellington, Mrs Balfour having been one of the few people honoured with an invitation to the State dinner given by His Excellency the Governor and Lady Ranfurly at Government House to meet the Royal visitors.

Miss Bell (Nelson) is the guest of Mrs Moorhouse, in Wellington, and is assisting at the bazaar for the Incumbents which is taking place there this week.

Mrs Barnicoat (Wanganui) has gone to Wellington to see her mother (Mrs Smith) off to the Old Country.

Mrs Abbott (Wanganui) is at present in Wellington, staying with her daughter (the Hon. Mrs Butler).

Mr and Mrs Douglas McLean (Marakakaho, Hawke's Bay) are paying a short visit to Wellington, and were among the guests at the State Reception at Government House on Tuesday last.

The Rev. H. C. M. Watson, Christchurch, has much improved in health at the Convalescent Home, and with Mrs Watson contemplates a trip to England at an early date, having been granted twelve months' leave of absence by the bishop.

Mr and Mrs David Thomas, of Ashburton, and family, have been visiting relations in Christchurch, and left on Thursday by the Gothic on a trip to England.

Miss Bowen, Christchurch, went up to Wellington last week on a visit.

Mrs W. D. Meares, Christchurch, still remains very ill, and her friends are longing for better news of her.

The late Mrs Macdonald's pretty home, Gloucester-street West, Christchurch, was bought last week by Mrs J. H. Hall, of Riccarton.

Mr J. J. Kinsey, Christchurch, paid a short visit to Dunedin last week.

Mrs Cooper, of Wanganui, is visiting Melbourne, where she intends making a short stay with her friends.

Miss Meares returned to Christchurch last Friday after a long visit to Australia.

Mr and Mrs McLaren (Timaru) passed through Christchurch last week for Hanmer Springs.

Among the visitors in Christchurch are Mrs J. D. Lance (Horley Downs), Mr and Mrs Smithson (Timaru), Mrs Northcote (Highfield).

Miss I. Goldwater, who has been visiting her grandmother, Mrs Macdonaoh, of Auckland, has returned to New Plymouth.



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Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, June 25.

The annual "at home" given by the EDEN AND EPSOM LAWN TENNIS AND CROQUET CLUB.

on Thursday night attracted, as it invariably does, a large and fashionable assembly. The hall was tastefully decorated with crimson bunting, and the supper table, with its pretty floral decorations and inexhaustible variety of dainties, reflected great credit on the ladies. The secretaries and committee, both ladies and gentlemen, are to be congratulated upon the success of their efforts for the evening's enjoyment. Some 150 couples were present, and dancing was kept up till an early hour to the music of Burke's band. Messrs. A. S. C. Brown and R. Biss were the secretaries, while Dr. Coates was secretary of the dance committee, the committee being: Messdames Boscawen, Bleazard, Brown, Coates, Chapman, Noakes, Heather, Udy, Misses Gorrie, Peacock, D. Rice, Oberlin Brown, and Messrs. A. S. C. Brown, R. Biss, W. Bruce, H. Bamford, L. Mair, A. Heather, H. Walker, J. Udy, T. R. Hooper, Professor Egerton, and Dr. Coates.

Mrs (Prof.) Egerton wore a becoming white silk gown with black velvet bands on square décolletage; Mrs Goodwin, black satin gown; Miss Winnie Goodwin was graceful in black satin with jet trimmings; Mrs Marriner, black satin softened with black chiffon and black plumes on shoulder and in coiffure; Miss Rice looked charming in black, the bodice being dotted with red paillettes; Miss Daisy Rice, dainty white crepe-de-chine relieved with black ribbon velvet; Miss Gorrie wore black Chantilly lace over black satin; Miss Mary Gorrie was in black velvet; Miss Pierce's white brocade and chiffon was very effective; her sister wore white satin; Mrs Hay (nee Miss Kissling) looked exceedingly well in her bridal dress of white silk; Mrs Brookfield wore a beautiful black satin embroidered with jet on bodice and front panel of skirt; Miss Brookfield was pretty in white Renaissance lace over pale blue silk; Miss Hesketh wore a rich mandarine satin trimmed with black velvet bands on corsage; Miss Muriel Hesketh, yellow silk with white lace on corsage and frills on skirt; Mrs Chestfield, black satin with transparent sleeves spangled with jet; Mrs Buller, black satin with jet incrustations; Miss Boller wore a handsome pink mervilleux, lightly draped with lace; Mrs Yates, black brocade; Miss M. Torrance was in black satin with transparent lace sleeves and berthe of crimson roses; Mrs A. M. Ferguson, ivory brocade, with violet velvet straps over shoulder caught in front with groups of violets; Mrs Daore, black satin, brightened with jet; Miss Daore, pink striped satin trimmed with black velvet, and black chiffon rosette and pendant ends falling from one side of

corsage; Miss Meta Daore was a charming debutante in white silk with tuckéd mousseline-de-soie flounces, and a fecho finished in front with a chou and long echarpe of white mousseline-de-soie falling to the hem of the skirt; Miss Lena Butters looked pretty in a shell pink figured silk corsage with black satin skirt en traine; Miss Bleazard Brown wore white silk with clusters of pink rose buds on décolletage and in coiffure; Miss Ivy Huddle looked distinguish in an ivory white satin trimmed with gold galoon; Miss Ethel Percival, black satin embroidered with jet; Mrs H. Kinder wore black satin, with net and paillettes on corsage; Miss Eva Kinder looked graceful in pale green, with clusters of pink roses; Miss Boscawen was charming in black satin with jet and posies of violets; Miss Reid wore black net covered with paillettes over black silk; Miss Kennedy, white silk with lace fecho; Miss Scherff, black satin, with clusters of violets on shoulder; Miss Wynyard, white Swiss muslin over pink, pink roses; Miss Mabel Douglas looked pretty in black satin; Miss Storey (Waikato), white and blue; Mrs (Dr.) Lawry wore black satin and jet; Mrs Upton, black satin with iridescent passementerie on corsage; Miss Little, shell pink with black velvet straps; Miss Coff, black silk with long transparent sleeves; Mrs Jervis looked well in black satin; Miss Mueller, yellow satin with violets on corsage; Miss Millie Mueller, black figured silk grenadine with touches of pale blue; Miss Richardson wore black mousseline-de-soie en traine; Miss Lyven wore a pretty rose pink mervilleux with tiny tucks and clusters of pink roses; Miss Lusk was in black satin with cream Maltese lace deftly arranged on front of corsage; Miss O. Lusk looked graceful in black velvet with front of cream Maltese lace in front of bodice; Mrs. Dr. Coates, black silk; Miss Mabel Coates, white silk, with touches of black; Miss O'Neil (Hamilton), black and silver; Miss Nora O'Neill was admired in black satin; Mrs. W. J. Napier, yellow brocade, with pearly velvet bands; Miss Choyce, primrose silk, with white chiffon flounces and pink roses; Miss Atkinson (debutante) white satin; Miss Goldsboro, pretty white silk and chiffon; Miss McLechlan, pretty striped silk, with cream transparent lace sleeves; Miss Cruickshank looked handsome in black satin, with white pom-poms on shoulder, white algrette in her hair; Miss Alice Morrison looked dainty in white satin, with trellice of chiffon on skirt; Miss Graham looked charming in white tuckéd silk, with black velvet bands; Miss McLernon (Napier), all green satin; Miss S. McLernon, white satin, trimmed with passementerie; Miss Hannas looked winsome in rose pink silk; Miss Effie Hanna, black satin skirt, black net bodice with gold spangles; Mrs. Ediniston, French grey brocade; Miss Ediniston wore an effective gown of vieux rose silk trimmed with black and white velvet; Miss Sellars, black, jet trimmings; Miss Meta Aitken, white silk; Miss Peacock, handsome black silk dress; Miss I. Peacock, ivory white satin en traine; Mrs. Shaw, white satin, with silver galoon; Miss Stinson, black velvet gown, cream lace bolero; Miss Harper, soft white silk; Miss Biss was much admired in black satin with touches of white chiffon on bodice; Miss Donald, black silk, with clusters of white roses on shoulder and in her hair; Miss Aitken, white silk gown with posies of pink roses; Mrs. Price, black satin; Miss Price, dainty white satin with chiffon flounces; Miss Caldwell, ivory white satin en traine; Miss Rees George, black satin and violets; Miss Carr, rose pink gown, clusters of pink roses on shoulder; Miss Henus wore a pretty gold-coloured satin gown; Miss Wilks, all green satin; Miss Isa White, black gown, brightened with red geraniums; Miss Bramwell, white silk draped with chiffon; Miss Dawson, white silk with crimson roses on corsage and in coiffure; Miss Cameron, becoming black satin gown, transparent sleeves spangled with jet; Miss J. Tye (debutante) looked sweet in white satin; Miss Levi, ivory white crepe cloth skirt, tuckéd satin bodice brightened with silver galoon; Miss Prouse, pretty white satin gown draped with chiffon and moonlight trimming; Miss Willoughby, pink silk bodice, and skirt of striped pink and

white fancy gauze; Miss Maude Murray, white satin brightened with turquoise blue velvet; Mrs. Fitzroy Peacock, black corded silk, bodice relieved with ermine and lace; Miss Muriel Peacock, pretty white silk, trimmed with chiffon and lace; Mrs. (Professor) Thomas, crimson moiré, bodice trimmed with jet and black lace; Miss Russell, black satin, with becoming fecho of white chiffon and lace; Mrs. McK. Geddes, handsome black frock; Mrs. Caldwell, becoming black satin; Mrs. Arthur Robertson, white flowered silk, daintily trimmed with chiffon; Miss Morrow, white silk, with touches of pale blue on bodice.

AT HOME.

Mr and Mrs E. Mahony, of "Baro Maunga," Mount Eden, gave an "At Home" in honour of the Royal squadron on Thursday evening last. There were about 80 people present, in spite of the boisterous weather. A large marquee was erected on the croquet lawn, and was beautifully decorated with flags, lanterns, etc., the grass being covered with carpets. Mrs. Dr. Murdoch was responsible for the catering. The table as prettily decorated with white flowers and insalad-hair fern, and was laden with every delicacy of the season. Progressive euchre was kept up till eleven o'clock, after which supper was served. Musical items were rendered by Messdames Lawry, Hunt, and Keogh; Father Patterson, Lieut. Glenn, Lieut. Hart, Mr J. Patterson, and Mr Yates. Mr Johnston won the first prize, a silver match-box and ivory cards; Capt. Coombe, booby prize, a silver tooth-pick, and rosette of colours; Miss Savage, first, a silver-mounted scent-bottle and ivory cards; Miss Bartsch, booby, a silver book-marker and rosette colours. Among the invited guests were:—Rear-Admiral Remy, Captain Dickens, and Wardroom Officers, U.S.A. Brooklyn; Captain and officers of Aboukir, Obhir, Sparrow, Torch, Archer, Pyades, Royal Arthur; Bishop Leithian, Rev. Fathers Patterson, Augustine, McCarrick, Kehoe, Dr. Egan; Capt. Boscawen, A.D.C., and Mrs Boscawen, Miss Boscawen, Mrs and Mr W. R. Bloomfield, Dr. and Mrs Logan Campbell (Mayor), Mr Justice and Misses Connolly, Mr and Mrs Dillingham, Mr and Mrs Bachelder, Mr and Mrs Langguth, Mr and Mrs Wilson, Mr and Mrs Arthur Boulton, Professor Brown and Misses Brown, Professor and Mrs Senger, Professor and Mrs Tubbs, Dr. and Mrs Bedford, Dr. and Mrs Knight, Dr. and Mrs de Clive Lowe, Dr. Inglis, Dr. Marsack, Dr. and Mrs Stewart Reid, Dr. Goldie, Dr. and Mrs King, Dr. Moir and Miss Moir, Colonel Pole Penton, Hon. Mr and Mrs Devereux, Misses Devereux, Colonel and Mrs Noakes, Captain and Mrs Archer, Captain and Mrs Rankin Reid, Captain and Mrs Benmont, Judge Urabant, Mrs Urabant, Miss Beabant, Mrs (Dr.) Lawry, Mr and Mrs A. Heather, Mrs P. L. Dignan, Mr and Mrs Edward Morton, Mr and Mrs S. Hesketh, Mr and Mrs Yates, Mr and Miss Towsey, Miss Cooper, Mr and Mrs Sibbald, Miss and Mrs Callender, Mr Kullender, Mr and Mrs Horace Walker, Mr and Mrs Udy, Mrs Barnard, Mr and Mrs Marsack, Mr and Mrs Lyons, Miss Aubrey, Mr and Mrs Archer, Brocher, Mr and Mrs Wilson-Smith, Mr and Mrs Suggate, Mr and Miss Moore-Jones, Mr and Mrs Towle and Miss Towle, Mr and Mrs Ludlow Rich, Mr and Mrs Brittain, Mrs and Miss Keogh, Mr and Mrs Thos. Morrin, Mr and Mrs Thos. Mahoney, Mr and Mrs Morison, Mr and Mrs Edward Russell, Mr and Mrs Milvaney, Mr and Mrs Lockhart, Mrs and Misses Ireland, Mr and Mrs Russell, Mr and Mrs Eliot Davis, Mr and Mrs Donald McLeod, Misses Wallnutt, Mrs and Miss Deunpey, the Misses Haven, Culpan, Bouillon, Mr and Miss Savage, Misses Lorrigan, Jordan, Connell, Borlase, Marton, Kennedy, Hart, Kenavig, Wilks, Burcher, Mr and Mrs Hamilton Hodger, Messrs Haldyburton, Johnston, Francis, Dittmer, Purchas, Pickmere, Coscar, Cooper (2), Glesson, Adkins, Graham-Bell, Meryn Rylands, A. Walker, W. Clark, F. Scherff, J. Simms, Carr, Scully, Lloyd.

Mrs Edmund Mahony, lovely white brocade satin en traine, clusters of black poppies on shoulder and down the side of the skirt; Mrs Dr. Lawry looked handsome in black satin evening dress, white opera cape; Mrs Suggate, rich white brocade satin gown, clusters of crimson

peppes on shoulder; Mrs Arthur Bedford, black; Miss Dodson, primrose figured silk blouse, black satin skirt; Mrs Henry Wilson, black satin and jet; Miss Kennerig, white silk with posies of violets; Mrs W. J. Ralph wore black silk, the bodice being draped with net dotted with sequins; Miss Essie Holland, white silk dress with bands of turquoise blue velvet; Mrs Crawshaw wore china blue and white foulard gown, white lace bolero; Mrs Hugh Wilson, white silk skirt en traine, white tulled moiré-satine-de-soie bodice; Miss Tye, black satin gown, square cut bodice, long lace sleeves; Mrs Beardman wore black satin, the bodice edged with jet; Miss Dunnett looked well in a cerise coloured blouse with cream lace insertion, black skirt; Mrs Sharland, daffodil silk gown en traine; Miss Kennedy, white silk gown; Mrs Wallnutt, soft orchid-coloured china crape, with bands of violet velvet forming square on bodice; Miss Oldham, lemon-coloured figured silk gown; Mrs Harry Keesing, black Duchess satin trimmed with silver galloon; Miss Holland, white accordion-pleated chiffon over white silk, clusters of crimson roses on corsage; Mrs H. Wilson-Smith, black silk evening gown, berthe of black lace; Miss F. George looked dainty in black and yellow; Miss Deere, pink striped silk; Miss Meta Deere, white silk dress with black velvet straps over the shoulders; Miss Effie Hanna, square blue silk bodice, black satin skirt; Mrs Litter, black brocade with cream lace bolero and pearl ornaments; Mrs Jos. Ansenne wore a dainty rose pink silk blouse with square collar of Maltese lace, black skirt; Mrs H. Baker, black silk, the bodice softened with a berthe of white chiffon; Miss Peacock, pale yellow blouse veiled in chiffon, black satin skirt; Miss Margaret Peacock wore cream silk with jabot of Maltese lace. Messrs Devore, Ralph, Dr. Parkes, J. Hanna, Ratjen, Winks, Dr. Goldie, H. Wilson-Smith, F. Wilson-Smith, Ziman, Foster, Bichter, H. Wilson, J. Patterson, C. J. Parr, H. Baker, Litter (2).

PONSONRY DRAWING-ROOM ENCHRE AT HOMES.

Another "At Home" in connection with the Ponsonry Drawing-room Enchres took place last Thursday evening at "Wiltshire Villa," the residence of Mrs A. E. Devore, and proved in every way as successful as the previous ones. There were about 60 players present, the prize winners being Mrs (Dr.) Bedford, who was presented with a lovely picture, and Mrs Ziman, who won a very pretty purse for the second prize. Dr. Goldie and Mr Wallnutt obtained the gentlemen's prizes. A very delightful supper was served in the dining-room at the close of the games. Amongst those present were: Mrs Devore was gowned in black satin, the front panel of skirt being of velvet, and the bodice adorned with net spangled with jet; Mrs (Dr.) Parkes, orchid mauve silk trimmed profusely with cream lace; Mrs C. J. Parr looked very pretty in black satin with gold insertions; Mrs Ziman wore black satin, the bodice veiled in white lace embroidered with cheville; Mrs J. R. Hanna, black brocade with transparent sleeves of black lace, the bodice ornamented with moonlight trimming; Miss Hanna was charming in black satin and lace; Miss Lillian Devore, soft white silk; Mrs (Dr.)

Needless to relate, this was enthusiastically taken up by the loyal crowd, indeed, it was difficult to again restore quiet while the Royal party waited. This they did on a small enclosed platform, and His Excellency the Governor then introduced the Mayor, who spoke a few words of welcome on behalf of the people, the Duke also verbally replying. They were then conducted to the front of the platform, and stood there while 300 school children, who were stationed on a platform erected for the purpose, and prettily decorated, sang, under the direction of Mr Tudhope and Mr E. Gibbins, the National Anthem. At the conclusion they conversed with those near for a short time, and then after graciously bowing their acknowledgments, retired to the Royal dining car and lunched, while the suite who accompanied them, numbering about 80, were conducted to the large goods shed, which had been transformed into a beautiful dining-room for the occasion. The ceiling was completely hidden by a canopy of flags of all Nations, and the walls were covered with greenery and ferns, and two long tables stretching the whole length of the building, were most tastefully laid out and beautifully decorated with flowers and laden with all good things imaginable. The building is naturally a dark one, and the day was gloomy to a degree, so that the happy expedient of lighting it with rows and rows of lamps was fixed upon, and added greatly to the general brilliancy, and the scene, when all were seated and being quickly and deftly waited upon by a staff of men, was animated and exceedingly pretty. Just before the train left, the school children sang "Sons of the Sea," and then as it moved out from the station, loud and prolonged cheering was raised by the hundreds of people who had assembled, and the last glimpse we had of our honoured and distinguished visitors was through the window of the carriage, Lord Ranfurly being seated in the centre with the Duke and Duchess one on each side, the latter bowing continuously until out of sight. Her Royal Highness charmed all with her tall figure and gracious manner, and her pleasant smile will long linger lovingly in our memory. She is indeed fair and good to look upon—"every inch a Queen already"—as I heard one remark—and we are not likely ever to have the chance of seeing a more perfect type of a gracious and beautiful Englishwoman. Her Royal Highness looked exceedingly well in a beautiful gown of black, the long and slightly trained skirt of fine black rep cunningly tucked lengthwise on the hips and at the back, rather deeply, and allowed to flow out freely at the bottom. The bodice was tight-fitting, of ribbed silk, caught in with tiny tucks at the waist both back and front and arranged with a tacked collar and tiny tucked epaulettes, the V shaped vest beneath being of black Spanish lace, swathed high round the neck and caught with a lovely large diamond crescent brooch. She also wore a tiny watch, caught on to the front of her gown with a diamond bow, and small

THE ROYAL HALT AT FRANKTON arrived too late for last issue. It is so well written I give it this week. Last week Frankton Junction was en fete, in fact it was such a gala time as the Junction has never before witnessed—the occasion being the reception of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. The day broke black and cloudy with heavy showers, but as noon approached, the weather cleared, and we had no more rain until after the departure of the Royal party. A few minutes before a quarter to one o'clock (the time appointed for their arrival) the pilot train came in, and then all eager and expectant, the huge crowd awaited, and in a very short time the Royal train appeared in sight, gaily decorated in front with the Royal Arms, surmounted by flags hung on white and gold poles, and as it approached, His Worship the Mayor (Mr R. W. Dyer) came forward and called for three cheers for the Duke and Duchess.

diamond earrings. Her toque was composed of soft black chiffon and lace, with broad black velvet ribbon twisted round and arranged in a high bow at one side, and with it she wore a black veil spotted with rather large cheville spots. Her beautiful hair, almost golden hair was waved and worn high on her head, and black proved most becoming. The Duke wore a fawn coat and silk hat, and looked so happy and smiling that he won every heart—the Sailor Prince quite coming up to our expectation, and the likeness to his father was very pronounced.

Prince Alexander of Teck was another interesting figure, and reminded many of us of his father. Lady Mary Lyon attended the Duchess all the time, and is pretty and slight, and looked very well in fine black cloth, the long trailing skirt edged with bands of black satin, edged in turn with jet and a sailor collar of finely tulleed silk and a folded black chiffon toque. Lady Catherine Coke wore black cloth, the long skirt edged with three bands of stitched glace silk, and a short coat to match, and a black toque. The Hon. Mrs. Derek Keppel wore an elegant costume of fine black cloth, braided, and a black toque.

Lord Wenlock attended the Duke, and Captain Dudley Alexander and the Hon. Hill-Trevor were in constant attendance upon His Excellency the Governor.

The Premier and Mrs. and Miss Ruby Seddon and Sir Joseph Ward, the Hon. Mr. Mills and others also travelled by the same train, and Mr. Loughnan, of Wellington, was to be seen busily engaged in taking notes.

Mrs. Seddon wore a plain black cloth coat and skirt, with a tulleed silk vest and a black toque and a sable fur necklet. Miss Seddon wore a pretty long slightly trained gown, with a surah silk blouse, much stitched with white, and a fur collar and black felt hat with bands of velvet round the high crown and a large bow in front.

The station was beautifully decorated with ferns and nikau, and the Maori words of welcome, "Haere-maui" were conspicuous among the greenery. The platform containing the children was extremely pretty, being arranged in tiers, and beautifully decorated with greenery and pampas grass, and each child was given a flag to wave, and afterwards to keep as a souvenir, the whole effect being excellent. About 30 or 40 of the principal residents were on the platform, besides His Worship the Mayor, including Founders Sars, Bond, Coyle and Dey, and Messrs. Graham, Hunter, Primrose, Sanders, Walter, Swarbrick and Father Darby, as well as a number of ladies.

The whole of Frankton was full to overflowing with not only residents, but country folk for miles and miles around (the estimated number being altogether 2000 people), who came in, in spite of weather and distance, to witness the greatest event in the none too crowded history of Frankton Junction.

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WELLINGTON.

Dear Sir,
I have as much to tell you that I really don't know where to start.

THE ROYAL VISIT

has quite upset us all; in fact, the whole populace seems to be one clamor of excitement and expectation. Unfortunately, the weather is not good, but on Tuesday, though wet in the early morning, the sun struggled out for a little while, and the procession was successfully got through without rain, and the day continued fine for the various other functions that took place. Wellington was looking its very best, of course, on Tuesday, with arches, greenery, Venetian masts, and thousands of flags as decoration. But the display in the evening was really very grand, and surpassed anything we have ever seen

here before. Every large building of any importance was ablaze with illuminations, but the most gorgeous displays were shown by Government House, the General Post Office, Government Buildings and Printing Office, Parliamentary Buildings, and Insurance Buildings. These were chiefly illuminated in red, white and blue, and the effect was beautiful. There in the harbour lay six warships outlined with lights and making a wonderfully brilliant picture. The town was thronged with people on Tuesday morning to see the procession. The Royal visitors landed at the Queen's Wharf at 11 a.m., and after being formally received, entered their carriage, and the procession proceeded on its route, arriving at Government House at about twelve o'clock. The entrance to Government House gate had a large arch of feathery greenery and huge palms, and "Welcome" in gold leaves written across the top. The Duke and Duchess bowed slightly in acknowledgment of the cheers of welcome. His Royal Highness was arrayed in his gorgeous Admiral's uniform, and Her Royal Highness was wearing a plainly made black cloth coat and skirt, with feather boa and a black chignon and jet toque with ospreys.

A tremendous crowd assembled in the afternoon to witness the

LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE NEW TOWN HALL

by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cornwall and York. The ceremony took place at about 3 o'clock. The Duke was accompanied by the Duchess, the Royal carriage being preceded by an escort of Rough Riders. His Excellency the Governor and members of the Royal suite arrived shortly before. Their Royal Highnesses were received in a pavilion erected for the occasion by His Worship the Mayor (Mr Aitken), and councillors, after which the Mayor addressed the Duke and Duchess, thanking them for the great honour they had paid them in being present on that occasion. His Royal Highness then laid the foundation stone, and made a short speech in a loud, clear voice.

Among those who occupied seats on the platform were the Right Hon. Mr Seddon, Mrs and Miss Seddon, Count and Countess de Courte, Sir Joseph and Lady Ward, Mr and Miss Krull, Mr and Mrs T. K. McDonald, and Mr and Mrs Hail-Jones.

At the same hour, on the same afternoon, another gay scene presented itself in Whitmore-street, when the Countess of Ranfurly graciously opened

though in doing so they had broken a very stringent rule, and therefore they should all feel doubly honored and thankful at their consent to do so.

The Royal guests arrived at four o'clock, having driven straight from the Town Hall ceremony, and were accompanied by Lord Ranfurly and other members of the Royal suite. Lady Ranfurly received their Royal Highnesses, and a lovely white shower bouquet was presented to the Duchess by little Miss Nora Brandon, dressed prettily in white and violet. The Duke and Duchess then visited all the stalls and made numerous purchases at each. Her Royal Highnesses looked charming in a neat black cloth Eton gowns, slightly trained, and braided round the revers, soft chiffon vest and toque of tucked chiffon, trimmed with sigrettes and black flowers; Lady Ranfurly wore a black satin skirt, and bodice of exquisite black sequins, large black hat, with plumes and chiffon; her little daughters wore black coats and skirts, with white revers, and fur toques, with black rosettes and ospreys; Lady Katherine Coke, a black coat and skirt and chiffon toque, with tips; Lady Mary Lygon wore an elegant soft black gown, the bodice veiled with silk applique and black chiffon toque with sigrettes.

Others I noticed present were Mrs Newman (hon. secretary), wearing a black gown and white fichu, black tuckered skirt, and black bonnet, trimmed with tips; Miss Seddon, black Eton suit, velvet hat, with tips; Lady Ward, handsome black costume and toque with sigrettes; Miss Coates, black tailor-made costume, with white satin vest, black and white hat, with tips; Mrs Pynsent; Mrs Butler, handsome purple brocade skirt and velvet bodice to match, trimmed with cream lace, black hat with tips; Mrs Abbott (Wanganui), purple cloth gown, trimmed with silk of a lighter shade and lace, toque to match; Mrs T. Cowlishaw (Christchurch) a black skirt and pretty accordion velvet blouse, ermine toque and collarette; Mrs Barnicoat (Wanganui), dark coat and skirt, black hat, with tips; Mrs O'Connor, black gown and velvet cape, black bonnet, with violets; Miss O'Connor, a dark grey costume and black hat; Mrs Captain Russell (Hawke's Bay), black gown and lovely long brocade coat, bound with fur, jetted bonnet; Miss Russell, pale grey Eton suit, with white vest and

black hat, with tips; Mrs Fitzgerald, black gown and sealskin cape, jetted toque; Mrs Iyer, sealskin coat and black hat, with tips; Mrs Laughman, in grey and a black hat; and others.

The principal stallholders were Mrs Williams, Mrs Bell, Lady Douglas, Mrs Moorehouse, Mrs Barron, Mrs Stafford, and Miss Brandon, and others I noticed taking part in the bazaar were Mrs Firth, Mrs A. Peares, Mrs Purdy, Mrs Fulton, Mrs Kirkcaldie, Mrs Pharoah, Mrs Adams, Mrs Tweed, Mrs Biss, Mrs Turroff, Mrs Brown, Mrs Buchanan, Bell, Misses Williams (4), Duncan, Bell, Cooper, Izard, Pharoah, Stowe, Fitzherbert, Coleridge, Gore, Douglas, Harding, Barron, Kirkcaldie, Higgison, Johnston, Brandon (3), Hishop, Henry, Nathan, Reid, Simpson, Stafford, and a great many more, who must forgive me for not having mentioned them, but amongst so many it was impossible to see all. All the stallholders and their assistants looked charming in their becoming uniforms of purple, grey and mauve, with white fichus and caps. The bazaar is to remain open till Saturday next. I hear, and judging from the present takings, which I hear are extremely satisfactory, the affair should be a decided financial success.

THE RECEPTION AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE

was a most brilliant affair, and the drawingroom presented a gay scene. Of course, the scene was not quite as bright as it is usually on these occasions, owing to the restriction regarding dress, but there was an occasional red coat, and lots of gorgeous gold that greatly added to the tout ensemble.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, with His Excellency the Governor and Countess of Ranfurly and suite, were on a raised dais at the far end of the drawing-room, and the guests were presented, and then passed out into the corridor again. Owing to the very large number present, much decoration was out of the question, but every available space that could be spared for decoration was filled up with beautiful pot plants, flowers, and palms, and the whole ballroom was carpeted. The Ophir's band was stationed in the corridor, and played splendidly during the evening. Supper was deftly laid out in the dining-room. The Duchess looked lovely in her beautiful gown of black brocade. The skirt was trained and had a pretty arrangement of chiffon and jet in front; the bodice too was

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CURED.

THE BAZAAR

which has been organised to establish a Home for Incurables. The building is a temporarily built one adjoining the Art Gallery, and is most spacious and suitable for the bazaar. The interior presents a most picturesque appearance, and the Decorating Committee should feel proud of the result of their efforts. Each stall represents a Maori house, and is piled up with beautiful and costly articles of every description, far too numerous and varied to describe. The building is further decorated with huge aikan palms, ferns, and bunting, and the tout ensemble is quite charming. The Cafe Chateaux adjoins the main hall, and is a most attractive spot to rest and enjoy delicious tea and cakes, daintily supplied by a number of young ladies dressed in white. The cafe is very large and airy, and countless small tables are scattered about it, each with a snowy cloth and vase of flowers. A small stage is at one side, beautifully decorated with greenery and flags, and during the afternoon and evening music is heard at intervals. Then, in the Art Gallery, which also adjoins, there is always some form of amusement to attract the people, either acting, dancing, or something of the kind.

Lady Ranfurly was accompanied by Ladies Constance and Eileen Knox, Lady Mary Lygon, and Lady Katherine Coke (members of the Royal suite), and Captain Alexander. In declaring the bazaar open Her Ladyship made a very nice little speech, and said that she was glad to be able to tell them that Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York had most graciously consented to attend the bazaar,

Bile Beans - for - Biliousness.



CONSTIPATION is not looked upon as an evil by a great many people, and very little effort is made to cure it. The causes of Constipation are many, but the most frequent is carelessness of the sufferer in neglecting to respond to the calls of nature. Women especially are great transgressors in this respect, and consequently they are amongst the greatest victims of Constipation. If the waste matter in the body is not got rid of, trouble is sure to follow, which sometimes leads to a most serious illness. Amongst other causes of Constipation may be mentioned improper diet, excessive mental emotion or brain work, and neglect of exercise. In the treatment of Constipation three things are especially needful—a mild cathartic, proper diet, and physical exercise. Of the first, and most important, much can be said, but all that is necessary is that nearly all laxative remedies sold to-day are extremely violent in their action, and therefore harmful. Bile Beans for Biliousness perform their work gently, and can therefore be taken with perfect safety. With regard to diet, all foods may be taken except those known to be indigestible; pastry, however, should not be taken at all. Physical exercise does not mean violent gesticulations for five or ten minutes in the morning, but indulgence in a pleasure giving exercise, such as walking, rowing, or cycling; in any case, not to be of a violent character. Take Bile Beans, following the directions given, observe regular habits, and the curing of any case of Constipation is only a matter of time. The length of cure depends on the severity of the case.

Bile Beans

trimmed with chiffon, and the whole gown was elegantly simple. Exquisite diamond ornaments adorned the bodice, and Her Royal Highness also wore her priceless pearls and diamond coronet; Lady Ranfurly wore a soft trained gown of black chiffon brightened with jet and diamond and jet ornaments on the bodice and in her hair; Lady Constance Knox wore a white accordion pleated silk frock with lace frills and a satin sash; Lady Katherine Coke, rich black satin and chiffon gown trained, and lovely diamond tiara and ornaments; Lady Mary Lygon, in an elegant gown entirely veiled with chiffon, beautifully embroidered with jet sequins, looked charming. Now I must try and remember some of the many lovely gowns that were worn: Lady Stout had a beautiful black satin gown with jet on the bodice; Mrs Seddon also wore rich black satin with lace on the corsage; Lady Ward, black brocade with chiffon and jet trimming; Countess de Courte wore a rich black velvet gown with Empire train, and with a front of white satin and lace; Lady Douglas, black watered silk trimmed with velvet; Mrs Adams, handsome black velvet gown with lace on the bodice; Mrs Anson, black satin prettily trimmed with white lace and violets; Mrs Arkwright, rich black satin and jet gown; Miss Arkwright, black satin trimmed with chiffon; Mrs Atkinson, black silk trimmed with jet; Miss Lucy Atkinson, black velvet with white lace on the bodice; Mrs Abbott (Wauganui), handsome black satin with cut jet and chiffon on the bodice; Mrs Abraham (Palmerston), black silk with lace; Lady Berkeley (Fiji), rich satin and jet gown; Miss Berkeley, pretty white silk trimmed with lace frills; Mrs H. Beetham, black satin with jet embroidery; Miss Beetham, white satin with chiffon and white flowers on the corsage and skirt; Mrs Barron, black satin with chiffon folds on the corsage; Miss Barron in a white silk gown veiled with embroidered gauze; Mrs Buchanan, lovely white satin draped with fine white lace and flowers on the bodice; Mrs Bell, black satin, the bodice trimmed with fine lace and jet; Miss Bell, soft white crepe de chine trimmed with lace; Mrs Brandon, black silk trimmed with lace; Miss Brandon, black satin with white lace on the bodice; Mrs Brown, black silk gown, the bodice trimmed with chiffon; Mrs Halfour (England), a pretty white satin gown veiled with lovely lace; Mrs Butler, black satin with chiffon folds; Mrs Butts, black and white gown; Miss Butts, black silk with lace; Mrs Collins, white satin, the skirt veiled with lovely lace and the bodice softened with chiffon and flowers; Mrs Crawford, handsome black satin and jet gown; Miss Coates, black satin with white satin and lace on the bodice; Miss Cobb (Melbourne), black satin, the bodice trimmed with white lace; Miss Cooper, black satin with chiffon; Miss Coleridge, black mervellex with jet and lace; Mrs Donnelly, black brocade with yoke and sleeves of black and white lace; Mrs Dyer, black satin with lace on the bodice; Mrs Ian Duncan, a beautiful white brocade gown with a little lace on the corsage; Miss Dunoni, black satin, the bodice trimmed with black roses; Miss Douglas, white satin veiled with fine black gauze; Miss M. Douglas in a satin gown with chiffon; and Miss C. Douglas, a debutante, wore white mervellex with a little chiffon on the bodice; Mrs Fuguson, black satin

with jet trimming; Mrs Finlay, Mrs Fletcher and Mrs Fitzherbert all wore handsome black satin gowns trimmed with chiffon and jet; Miss Fitzherbert, white satin trimmed with chiffon and pearls; Mrs Fell, rich black satin with white chiffon folds on the bodice; Mrs Field, black brocade trimmed with white lace; Mrs Firth in a handsome black and white gown; Miss Fraser, white satin trimmed with chiffon; Miss Foster (England), white satin with lace on the corsage; Lady Gibbs, black satin and jet; Miss Gibbs, white satin trimmed with chiffon and black velvet; Mrs Gore, black brocade with handsome white lace berthe; Miss Gore, a pretty white mervellex gown, with chiffon bouces and bunches of violets; Mrs Gee, black brocade trimmed with lovely white lace; Mrs Hislop, handsome black velvet gown with white chiffon and lace round the corsage; Miss Hislop, black satin trimmed with jet; Miss Higginson, a pretty white satin trimmed with chiffon and lace, and a little black on the bodice; Miss Harcourt, white satin trimmed with chiffon; Mrs Holmes (Rangitikei), black satin trimmed with chiffon and jet; Miss Holmes, black satin trimmed with lace; Miss Haseldene, black satin with chiffon on the bodice; Miss Hleywood, black gauze gown; Mrs Hall - Jones, black satin, with lace on the bodice; Mrs H. Johnston, a white satin gown, veiled with beautifully jetted black chiffon; Miss Johnston wore a pretty white satin gown, veiled with embroidered chiffon; Miss Krull, black satin, trimmed with jet and chiffon; Mrs. Knight, black satin, with white lace and jet; Mrs. Loughnan, black satin and jet; Mrs. McKenzie, black silk with jet; Mrs. A. Martin, black mervellex, trimmed with sequins and chiffon; Mrs. Medley, black silk, with white lace; Miss Medley, white glace silk gown, the bodice trimmed with chiffon; Mrs. McPherson, black brocade gown, with chiffon on the corsage; Mrs. Moorehouse, handsome satin and lace gown; Mrs. Miles, black satin, the bodice trimmed with sequined chiffon; Miss Miles, white satin, trimmed with chiffon; Mrs. Nathan, a lovely black chiffon gown, the skirt having an overskirt of exquisite jet sequins, and the bodice also trimmed with jet and brilliants, diamond necklace and ornaments; Mrs. Owen, black satin, trimmed with jetted chiffon; Mrs. Pharyzyn, rich grey brocade gown, with panels of black lace on the skirt; Miss Pharyzyn, pretty white embroidered chiffon, trimmed with frills and flowers; Mrs. Pearce, black satin gown, trimmed with chiffon and jet; Mrs. Pysent, black brocade and gauze gown, with tips on the bodice; Mrs. Purdy, black mervellex, with jet on the bodice; Mrs. Russell, rich brocade trained gown, with jetted chiffon about the bodice; Miss Russell, a debutante, wore a handsome white satin gown, with a deep flounce of accordion chiffon round the skirt, and the bodice softened with folds of chiffon and white flowers; Mrs. Richmond, black satin trained gown, trimmed with lace; the Misses Richmond wore black gowns, with jet; Mrs. Rhodes, rich black brocade gown trimmed with jet and chiffon and lovely diamond ornaments on the bodice; Mrs. Ross, black satin and lace; Mrs. Spratt, black silk, with white lace berthe; Miss Spratt, white satin, the bodice trimmed with black chiffon; Miss Seddon, rich white satin gown, the bodice slightly draped with black chiffon; Mrs. Strong, a very pretty gown of lovely white satin, with chiffon on the bodice, the skirt having a vandyke underskirt of black and white, embroidered chiffon; Mrs. Smith, black gown, with berthe of white lace; Miss Smith, black satin, trimmed with jet; Mrs. Simpson, silver grey satin gown with deep black lace on the skirt; Miss Simpson, white mervellex, with soft chiffon corsage; Miss M. Simpson also wore white mervellex, with lace and black velvet on the bodice; Mrs. Tolhurst, black satin gown, with chiffon round the bodice; Miss Tolhurst, white satin trimmed with chiffon and lace; Mrs. Tregear, black satin, with white lace; Miss Tregear, in white; Mrs. Tuckey, black brocade, trimmed with sequined chiffon; Mrs. Tripe, black velvet, with berthe of white lace; Mrs. J. Tripe, a plainly made satin gown; Mrs. Wallis, black satin trained gown, with jet on the bodice;

Mrs. Williams, a beautiful silver grey brocade gown, trimmed with chiffon to match, and lovely lace on the bodice; Miss H. Williams wore a strikingly pretty gown of the finest white lace, over silk; and Miss E. Williams' gown was of white chiffon, trimmed with pretty lace; Mrs. Wilford, in black satin and jet; Mrs. Waldegrave, black silk, with white lace on the bodice; Miss Waldegrave, in white silk, trimmed with chiffon; Mrs. Worsley, handsome grey satin, trimmed with white chiffon; Mrs. Watson, black satin and jet gown; and Mrs. Young, also in black satin, with chiffon. There were also present His Excellency the Admiral and officers of all the warships in port, Hon. R. J. Seddon, Colonel Penton, Major Owen, Major Madocks, Sir Robert Stout, Count de Courte, Captain Russell, Sir Joseph Ward and a number more.

THE STATE DINNER.

A dinner was given at Government House, before the reception, to which the following guests were invited to meet T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York:—His Serene Highness Prince Alexander of Teck, Lady Mary Lygon, Lady Katherine Coke, Hon. Mrs Derek Keppel, Lord Wenlock, Sir Arthur Bigge, Major the Hon. Derek Keppel, Sir Charles Cust, Sir John Anderson, Viscount Crichton, Duke of Roxburgh, His Excellency the Admiral and his Flag Lieutenant, Right Hon. Mr Seddon, Mrs and the Misses Seddon, Hon. C. H. and Mrs Mills, Colonel Penton, Mrs and Miss Williams, Count and Countess de Courte, Captain Alexander, Hon. H. and Mrs Butler, and Dr. and Mrs Morice.

On Wednesday afternoon there was a very large reception held at Government House to meet Their Royal Highnesses. The guests entered by the end drawing-room, and after being presented to the Duke and Duchess passed on into the hall. The rooms were again tastefully decorated and carpeted, and were a marked contrast to the dismal wet weather without. Her Royal Highness was dressed with perfect taste in a neat tight-fitting black silk gown, all prettily trimmed with chiffon, and diamonds at the throat. Lady Ranfurly was elegantly gowned in some soft flowing material, and Lady Coke and Lady Lygon both wore plainly-made gowns of soft silk and lace; Mrs Derek Keppel wore black satin; softened with chiffon, and the Ladies Constance and Eileen Knox were dressed prettily in black and white.

IN THE EVENING OF THE SAME DAY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS WERE PRESENT AT THE RECEPTION GIVEN BY THE N.Z. MINISTRY AT PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

There were over two thousand guests invited, and it was probably the largest and most successful function of the kind yet held in New Zealand. The front of the building was brilliantly illuminated, and from 8 o'clock till 10 o'clock carriages were streaming up to the main entrance and depositing their precious burdens. The interior of the building was elaborately decorated with draperies and beautiful greenery; in fact, no labour had been spared to make the whole affair a brilliant success. The State concert was held in the Legislative Council Chamber, where the Royal and Vice-Regal parties took their places on a raised dais. The soloists of the evening were Madame Carlton, Mr John Prouse, Miss Flannagan, Miss Jeanne Ramsay, Miss McClosky, Mr Cadzow, and Miss E. Hannah and a full orchestra. At the conclusion of the concert the Duchess heartily congratulated the performers upon their success, and expressed her appreciation

of the programme. Her Royal Highness again looked charming in a beautiful gown of richest silk, exquisitely trimmed with jet sequins and chiffon, and she wore her coronet and pearls. The Countess of Ranfurly's gown was of lovely satin duchesse, the bodice softened with chiffon folds and ornaments, and a jet and diamond tiara adorned her hair. His Royal Highness wore his Admiral's uniform. A most elaborate supper was laid out in several large rooms, each capable of accommodating 500 or 600 people, so that there was no crushing, and all were able to partake of their refreshments in comfort. The supper arrangements were, perhaps, the most strikingly successful feature of the evening.

LIST OF INVITATIONS.

Outside the guests of the evening and wives and families of Ministers, invitations were issued to the members of both Houses of the Legislature and their wives and daughters, and also the following:—

Consuls.—Count de Courte (France) and Countess de Courte, Hon. C. J. Johnston (Belgium), Mrs and Miss Johnston, Mr H. B. Bell (Denmark) and Mrs Bell, M. E. Focke (Germany) and Mrs Focke, Mr G. Fisher, M.H.R. (Italy), Mr A. S. Aldrich (Japan) and Mrs Aldrich, Mr H. E. Johnston (Netherlands) and Mrs Johnston, Mr A. H. Turnbull (Spain), Mr A. E. Pearce (Norway and Sweden) and Mrs Pearce, Mr Krull (Germany), Mr J. Duncan (United States) and Mrs and Miss Duncan.

Sir Robert and Lady Stout, Mr Justice Edwards, Mrs and Miss Edwards, Mr Justice Conolly, Mr Justice Williams and Mrs Williams, Mr Justice Cooper and Mrs Cooper, Mr Justice Denniston and Mrs Denniston.

Members of the Wellington Reception Committee and their wives.

The Honorary Commissioners and their wives and daughters.

Official List.—Mr and Mrs H. Pollen, Mr J. K. Warburton and Miss Warburton, Mr and Mrs J. C. Gavin, Mr and Mrs Von Dadelzen, Mr J. B. Heywood, Colonel and Mrs Collins, Mr and Mrs E. Mason, Mr and Mrs John M'Gowan, Mr and Mrs F. Waidegrave, Mr and Mrs G. F. Campbell, Dr. and Mrs Fitchett, Mr and Mrs L. G. Reid, District Judges Kettle and Robinson and wives, Mr and Mrs H. Eyre-Kenny, Mr and Mrs W. R. Haselden, Mr and Mrs W. P. James, Mr and Mrs R. L. Stauffer, Dr. and Mrs M'Arthur, A. Turnbull, A. Greenfield, Mr. Mrs and Miss Ashcroft, Mr and Mrs G. B. Davy, Judge and Mrs Batham, Col. and Mrs Hume, Inspector and Misses Pender, Mr and Mrs T. E. Donne, Mr and Mrs E. Tregear, Mr and Mrs Jas. Macky, Mr and Mrs H. J. H. Blow, Mr and Mrs W. H. Hales, Mr and Mrs F. S. Hay, Mr and Mrs J. Campbell, Mr and Mrs Ronayne, Mr C. Hudson, Mr J. Coom, Mr and Mrs A. L. Beattie, Mr W. Gray, Mr and Mrs J. K. Logan, Mr T. Rose, Mr and Mrs W. T. Glasgow, Mr and Mrs D. M'Kellar, Captain and Mrs Blackburne, Mr and Mrs R. Duncan, Captain and Miss Edwin, Mr and Mrs P.-C. Hickson, Mr and Mrs H. Howarth, Mr and Mrs Hogben, Mr W. Stuart, Sir Edward and Lady Gibbs, Sir Grace Neill, Dr. and Mrs MacGregor, Dr. and Mrs Hassell, Dr. Gow, Mr and Mrs H. J. H. Elliott, Mr J. Hayes, Sir James and Lady Hector, Sir Arthur and Lady Douglas, Col. Penton, Major Madocks, Captain and Mrs Joyce, Captain and Mrs Hughes, Col. and Mrs Messenger, Captain Falconer, Dr. Teare, Rev. W. C. Waters, Col. and Mrs Newall, Mr and Mrs A. Barron, Mr Hursthouse, Mr and Mrs J. W. A. Marchant, Mr and Mrs J. D. Ritchie, Mr and Mrs J. H. Richardson, Mr and Mrs D. M. Luckie, Mr and Mrs W. B.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

FOR THE COMPLEXION

An emollient, soothing and healing preparation for preserving and beautifying the skin in all climates; it cools and refreshes the face and arms in hot weather, removes freckles, tan, sunburn, redness and roughness of the skin, banes all cutaneous eruptions and insect stings, produces

SOFT, VELVETY SKIN,

Imparts a luxuriant beauty to the complexion and a marvellous whiteness to the neck and arms unobtainable by any other means. It has been known for the last 75 years as the most curative and harmless preparation ladies can use. Sold in bottles and tins by Messrs. Rowland's Kalydor, of St. Martin, London.

A BEAUTIFUL FABRIC.

THE

'Louis' Velveteen.

NOTE WELL!—Each Yard of Genuine "LOUIS" Velveteen bears the name (spelled L-O-U-I-S and in no other way) and is stamped with a guarantee of wear.

Hudson, Mr and Mrs M. Fox, Mr and Mrs G. Robertson, Mr and Mrs J. W. Poynton, Mr and Mrs F. J. Wilson, Mr A. A. Duncan, Mr and Mrs L. Stowe, Mr and Mrs A. T. Bothamley, Mr and Mrs A. J. Rutherford, Mr and Mrs A. F. Lowe.

Presidents and Chairmen of the various Chambers of Commerce and wives.

Editors of the Wellington, New Plymouth, Napier, Nelson, Blenheim, Greymouth, Hokitika and Wanganui newspapers.

Bishop Wallis and Mrs. Wallis, Archbishop Redwood, Very Rev. Father Lewis, Rev. J. K. Elliott, Rev. W. C. Oliver and Mrs. J. Oliver, Rev. C. Dallaston and Mrs. Dallaston, Rev. W. A. and Mrs. Evans, Rev. J. B. Glasston and Mrs. Glasston.

The Mayors of all Boroughs and Chairmen of all County Councils in the Wellington, Taranaki, Nelson, Westland and Hawke's Bay Provincial Districts and wives.

Mr. J. G. W. Aitken (Mayor of Wellington), Mr. and Mrs. F. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ames, Mr. J. E. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. E. Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. P. Arthur, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Atack, Mr. and Mrs. C. Alier, Mr. E. W. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ackerman, Miss Lucy Atkinson, Mr.

and Mrs. E. T. Atkinson, Mr. Carl Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Andrews, Professor and Mrs. Andrew, Miss Assue, Mr. and Mrs. E. Atkinson, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Anderson, Miss Arkwright, Mr. and Miss Alderman, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Allen, Mrs. J. C. Andrew.

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Badham, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Bannister, Mr. A. T. Bate, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Barber, Mr. and Mrs. H. Beauchamp, Mr. Bruce Beale, Rev. and Mrs. Benn, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Bliss, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Blair, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bhudell, Captain and Mrs. Hollins, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Bothamley, Mr. and Mrs. F. Brady, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Butt, Lady and Miss Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Bakewell, Mr. and Mrs. D. Berry, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Bucholz, Mr. and Miss Baradoux, Mr. and Mrs. Maughan Barnett, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. N. Barron, Mr. and Mrs. S. Brown, Professor and Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Miss A. A. Barnett, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Beach, Mr. and Mrs. P. Bartholomew, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bureham, Mr. and Mrs. H. Cornfoot, Mr. and Mrs. E. Batchelor, Mr. and Mrs. Baillie, Miss Brook, Mr. and Mrs. J. Boswell, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Bunney, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Burns, Captain and Mrs. Bingley, Miss Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Buchanan, Mr. J. L. Bagnall, Mr. and Mrs. L. Benjamin, Mr. Bayne, Mr. and Miss Browler, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Beale, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Baldie, Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Boyes, Mr. and Mrs. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Hastings, Miss Bullen, Rev. W. Mrs. and Miss Booth, Captain Bourne, Miss Biss, Mr. S. C. and Mrs. Barraud, Mr. J. Bevan, Mr. W. Bunting, Mr. W. T. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Browning, Mr. and Mrs. Baillie, Mr. and Mrs. P. Baldwin, Mrs. and Miss Beere, Captain and Mrs. Brown, The Misses Brandon, Mr. A. C. Burcham, Mr. W. R. Barstow.

Dr. Cabill, Mr and Mrs T. Carmichael, Dr. and Mrs Chapple, Mr and Mrs C. W. Chilman, Dr. and Mrs Collins, Mr W. and Miss M. Crow, Mr and Mrs M. P. Cameron, Mr A. Collins, Mr and Mrs A. D. Crawford, Mr J. Crewes, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Cook, Mr and Mrs H. C. Cornford, Mr and Mrs J. P. Campbell, Mr and Mrs J. Casselberg, Mr and Miss W. Chaffin, Mr and Mrs A. A. Carrigan, Mr and Mrs E. Carrigan, Mr and Mrs Curnow, Mr and Mrs A. T. Card, Mr and Mrs S. Carnell, Mr and Mrs H. G. Cohen, Mr and Mrs A. J. Cruickshank, Mr and Mrs A. W. Curry, Mr and Mrs H. Cornfoot, Mrs Chapman, Mr and Mrs R. P. Collins, Mr and Mrs Carson, Mr and Mrs J. Corry, Mr John Coomb, Mr R. V. Collins, Miss Cobb, Lieutenant R. W. Collins, Mrs and Miss Collins, Miss Cook, Major and Mrs Chaytor, Mr and Mrs A. Caselberg, Dr. and Mrs Carr-Smith, Mr Louis Cohen, Mr and Mrs Felix Campbell, Mr and Mrs J. Crews, Miss Callaghan, Mrs and Miss Coteman, Mr and Mrs Paul Coffey, Mrs and The Misses Cameron, Mr Chow Fong.

Mr and Mrs F. B. De Castro, Dr. and Mrs De Renzi, Mr and Mrs A. E. Donne, Mr and Mrs T. E. Donne, Mr A. A. K. Duncan, Mr and Mrs J. Duncan, Mr and Mrs J. F. Dyer, Mrs S. J. Dyer, Mrs R. H. Davies, Mr and Mrs G. P. Donnelly, Mr and Mrs John Duthie, Mr T. Dwan, Mr Duncan, Mr and Mrs James Duigan, Mr H. E. Deane, Mrs Dyer, Mr and Mrs G. Durward, Mr and Mrs W. Dickson, Mr and Mrs Dransfield, Mr and Mrs Devine, Mr and Mrs Dalziel, Mr John Davies, Mr A. Durward, Miss Douglas, Mr W. Davidson, Major and Mrs Donald.

Rev. and Mrs W. A. Evans, Mr and Mrs C. A. Eweu, Mr and Mrs J. Embling, Professor and Mrs Easterfield, Rev. J. K. Elliott, Mr and Mrs A. E. Exley, Mr and Mrs Arthur Edwards, Mrs Empson, Mrs Eames, Mr Eyes, Mr and Mrs A. J. Edmunds.

Dr. and Mrs Findlay, Mr and Mrs J. P. Firth, Dr. and Mrs Pitchett, Consul and Mrs Focke, Mr and Mrs H. Fitzherbert, Mrs and Miss Fairchild, Mr and Mrs W. G. Foster, Mr and Mrs J. C. Fulton, Mr and Mrs A. Fraser, Mr and Mrs R. Fredericks, Miss Fantham, Miss Finch, Mr Donald and Miss Fraser, Miss Foster, Miss Fenwick, Mr and Mrs F. Flannigan, Mr E. Tinney, Mr Fitzgerald, Mr and Mrs W. G. Fisher, Miss Fraser, Mr and Mrs Fulton, Mr, Mrs, and Miss Fife, Mrs and Miss Friend.

Mr and Mrs G. F. Gee, Mr, Mrs, and Miss Gilmer, Mr and Mrs J. D. Gray, Mr and Mrs Garret, Mr and

Mrs A. Grant, Mr Alexander Gray, Mr and Mrs H. A. Gordon, Mr and Mrs S. Gilmer, Mr P. S. Gurvey, Mr and Mrs L. George, Mr and Mrs W. F. Grundy, Mr and Mrs T. H. Gill, Mr and Mrs R. J. Greenhill, Mr and Mrs W. Gaudkroder, Dr. Gillon, Mr and Mrs S. Gibbons, Mr and Mrs G. Gapes, Misses Gilmer (2), Mr and Mrs J. N. Grant, Mr and Mrs Qualler, Mr and Mrs Greenland, Mr and Mrs J. Gibbons, Mr and Mrs Gascoigne, Mr and Mrs J. G. Gow, Dr. and Mrs Gow, Miss Glen, Miss Grant, Mr and Mrs Grady, Mr John Graham, jun., Mr D. A. Graham, Mr and Mrs J. Godber, Mr and Mrs W. Gill, Miss Osborne-Gibbes, Mr and Mrs C. J. W. Griffiths, Mr L. H. Graham, Lieut.-Colonel Gudgeon, C.M.G.

Mr and Mrs H. Hall, Mr and Mrs T. H. Hamer, Mr and Mrs W. H. Hannay, Mr and Mrs G. H. Harbree, Mr and Mrs E. J. Harrison, Mr G. Heeles, Mr and Misses Henmah, Mr, Mrs and Miss Hislop, Mr and Mrs J. Holmes, Mr and Mrs C. E. M. Horneman, Mr and Mrs F. Hude, Mrs Holmwood, Captain and Mrs Humphrey, Mr and Mrs P. Hulson, Captain and Mrs Hulson, Mr and Mrs J. D. Hedgarty, Miss Hulston, Mr and Mrs Hislop, Mr and Mrs J. Handley, Mr and Mrs A. Hatrick, Mr and Mrs A. R. Hislop, Mr and Mrs J. M. Henderson, Mr and Mrs J. Hislop, Mr and Mrs H. Harman, Mr and Mrs J. Hayes, Mrs Hume, Deam and Mrs Howell, Mr and Mrs E. J. Hill, Mr M. D. Hornsby, Lieut. and Mrs Hall, Miss Lama Hall, Miss Hamerton, Mr Fred Hunt, Mrs Hare, Mr and Mrs J. Henrys, Mr J. Hislop, Mr and Mrs Horros, Mr and Mrs C. C. Howard, Mr and Mrs B. D. Hanlon, Miss Hishon, Miss Hastie, Mr and Mrs R. A. Holmes, Dr. Hislop, Mr and Mrs J. Holmes, Mr and Mrs H. Hill, Mr and Mrs Ialigan, Mrs Walter Henderson, Mr R. W. Holmes, Captain and Mrs Home, Mr and Miss J. B. Harcourt, Mr John Hardley, Captain Harcourt.

Mr F. Ive, Mr and Mrs C. H. Izard.

Mr C. Janion, Mr and Mrs H. F. Johnston, Mr and Mrs J. Jack, Dr. and Miss James, Mr and Mrs Clarke Johnston, Mr J. W. Joynt, Mr and Mrs James Jamieson, Mr, Mrs and Miss Jay, Mr and Mrs T. L. Joll, Mr W. H. Jackson, Mr W. Jolliffe, Miss Johnston, Miss Vernon Johnston, Mr P. W. Jackson, Miss Jones, Mr and Mrs Jacob Joseph, Mr and Mrs R. N. Jones, Miss Jones, Mr and Mrs Jones.

Mr E. Kane, Mr and Mrs J. Karp, Mr and Mrs H. Kember, Mr and Mrs M. Kennedy, Mr and Mrs W. A. Kennedy, Mr and Mrs R. Kane, Mr and Mrs R. C. Kirk, Mr and Mrs J. L. Kelly, Mr and Mrs W. Keech, Mr F. A. Krull, Mr and Mrs C. D. Kennedy, Miss C. Kirk, Mr, Mrs and Miss R. W. Kettle, Mr, Mrs and Miss W. Kettle, Mr K. E. Kelly, Mrs J. Kelly, Mr W. J. Kilgour, Mr and Mrs N. Kettle, Captain Kidley, Professor Keogh, Mr F. A. Kebbell.

Mr F. M. Leckie, Mr H. Leckie, Mr and Mrs J. K. Logan, Mr and Mrs F. Loughnan, Captain and Mrs Loveday, Mr and Mrs G. Lukin, Mr and Mrs B. W. Lowe, Mr R. Loughnan, Mr and Mrs C. Luke, Mr and Mrs J. F. Luke, Mr H. M. Lyon, Mr D. Lynch, Mr F. Lawes, Mr D. Liedward, Mr E. A. Lewis, Mr F. Lissington, Mr and Mrs Levell, Lieut. Liardet, Mr G. E. Leighton, Mr C. A. Loughnan, Mrs Liardet, Mr and Mrs Lachman, Mr and Mrs Laing, Mr and Mrs J. Lynch, Mr and Mrs T. S. Lambert, Mr and Mrs R. Lee, Dr. Logan, Mr M. Luckie and Miss Luckie, Mrs Longmore, Mr and Mrs J. H. McAlister, Mr and Mrs J. McLellan.

Mr F. McParland, Mr and Mrs McEwen, Mr and Mrs T. G. McCarthy, Mr and Mrs J. G. McKerrow, Professor and Mrs McKenzie, Mr and Mrs A. McGregor, Mr and Mrs O. McArdle, Mr and Mrs Findlay McLeod, Mr W. McLean, Mr R. McCartney, Dr and Mrs McClelland, Mr and Mrs A. Y. McBeth, Mr and Mrs J. McBeth, Mr and Mrs W. H. McGarry, Mr and Mrs F. MacKenzie, Mr P. McArdle, Mr and Mrs R. McBeth, Mr and Mrs H. E. McDonald, Mr and Mrs T. K. Macdonald, Mr and Mrs A. Madougall, Mr and Mrs A. Macintosh, Dr. and Mrs Mackay, Mr Mackay, jun., Mr and Mrs J. McKenzie, Mr and Mrs D. McKenzie, Mr and Mrs McPherson, Mrs Mackay, Mr F. McKenzie, Mr and Mrs D. McLean, Mr and Mrs D. McLaren, Dr A. McDonald, Mr and Mrs J. D. McGulger, Hon. and Misses McGregor, Mr M. F. Marks, Dr. and Mrs Martin,

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Mr and Mrs J. Young, Mr and Mrs T. W. Young, Mr and Mrs T. Young, Mrs S. Youman, Mr W. T. Young, Mr and Mrs R. A. Young Hee.

A SECOND STATE DINNER

was held at Government House before the reception, among those present, besides the members of the Royal suite and household, being Sir Joseph and Lady Ward, Hon. Mr and Mrs Arkwright, Mrs Bell, Mr and Mrs Dyer, Mrs A. Russell, Mrs Bean, Miss Richmond and Miss Johnston.

DANCE.

The dance given last Thursday night in Sydney-street Hall, in aid of the Victoria Home for Incurables, was most successful, in spite of the very wet weather. The supper was very dainty and tempting, and the rooms were nicely decorated with flags and greenery and flowers. Minnie's Band played splendidly, and four excellent extras were played by Mrs Adams, Miss Brandon, Miss Gore, and Miss

Smith. There was a decided dearth of the sterner sex, and rows and rows of girls were, in the early part of the evening, without partners. More men arrived later, however, and the appearance of the hall was slightly less depressing than before. Had it not been for this, the dance would have been a great success, and judging by the number present, the Victoria Home Fund should benefit considerably by the efforts of those who so energetically got up the dance.

Among those present were:—Mrs Adams, wearing a black brocade gown trimmed with lovely jet; Mrs Barron, an emerald green gauze gown brightened with sequins, and the bodice trimmed with lace; Mrs Barron wore black, and Miss E. Barron, maize gauze with mauve flowers; Mrs Moorehouse, black satin with white chiffon on the bodice; Mrs Strang (Palmerston North), pretty pale sea green lace silk trimmed with narrow cream lace and insertion; Mrs R. Brown, white brocade with chiffon and pearls on the bodice; Mrs McTavish, a black satin gown veiled with sequined gauze; Miss McTavish, who was a debutante, wore a white merveilleux gown prettily befrilled with chiffon; Mrs Maurice Turrell, deep pink figured net gown trimmed with chiffon and black velvet; Mrs Harold Johnston, black satin trimmed with chiffon and jet; Mrs Ritchie, black satin, with sleeves of lace; Mrs Buchanan, pale blue brocaded satin with chiffon to match on the bodice; Mrs Knight, black satin gown with berthe of real lace; Mrs Young, deep yellow gauze gown; Mrs Biss, black satin trimmed with chiffon and jet; Mrs Owen, white satin draped with lace; Mrs Tweed, black velvet, with white lace round the corsage; Miss Bell, black gauze; Miss A. Johnston, white flowered glaze silk trimmed with pink chiffon; Miss Brandon, black satin trimmed with white lace; Miss F. Brandon, a rich yellow satin gown tucked and softened with chiffon to match; Miss Higginson, black satin

with embroidered chiffon on the bodice; Miss Simpson, soft white spotted gown; Miss M. Simpson, pale green surah trimmed with white lace and black velvet; Miss Reid, deep cream brocade trimmed with lace and pink roses; Miss G. Reid, black satin and lace gown with pink roses; Miss Cooper, palest grey satin with white chiffon on the bodice; Miss Gore, black gown with white lace and turquoise velvet; Miss Harcourt, a white and pink flowered silk with white lace round the bodice; Miss Coleridge, pale green flowered glaze gown with chiffon to match on the bodice; Miss Ida Coleridge, a debutante, wore white merveilleux with lace on the bodice; Miss Pharyza, black figured gauze gown; Miss G. Henry, green brocade trimmed with white lace; Miss Tannah, black satin gown with transparent yoke and sleeves of lace; Miss Fraser, white and pink flowered silk, with white jewelled chiffon yoke and sleeves; the Misses Fell (Nelson), black satin gowns with chiffon rosettes; Miss Beetham (Maaterton), lovely green satin gown trimmed with chiffon frills to match; Miss Hielop, soft white silk and lace; Miss Smith, blue and white striped gown with lace frills; Miss Haseldens, white satin trimmed with chiffon; Miss S. McGregor, pale blue satin trimmed with white lace; Miss M. McGregor, pink crepe trimmed with white lace; Miss Harding, deep yellow satin with white lace on the bodice; Miss D. Harding, black gown veiled with sequined chiffon; the Misses Stowe wore black satin gowns with white lace and flowers; Miss Rutherford, pretty soft white tucked silk and lace gown; Miss Chatfield, cream satin with mauve flowers on the bodice; Miss O. Chatfield, white figured silk trimmed with chiffon; Miss Davy, in black and red. Also the Messrs Mezzies and Bridge (Hon. Secs.) Duncan, Biss, Harcourt, Cooper, Turrell, Buchanan, Young, Gore, Higginson, McShane, Reid, Dransfield and others.

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Outfitting

Tailoring

Linen

Furniture

Bedding

Carpets

Linoleum

Hats

Boys' Clothing

Tea

Refreshment

and

Toilet Rooms

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee, June 21.
 There has been so much excitement about the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of York that I have very little "society news" to tell you of. A great number of ladies and gentlemen have gone to Wellington to participate in the gaieties there, those being: Mesdames Empson, Earle, Abbott, Saunders, Peake, Barnicoat, Ashcroft, L. Jones, Stevenson, Carew, Maclean, Griffiths, McBeth, Barnsett, etc., Misses Catfield, McNeill, Griffiths, Taylor (2), Baker, Macwood, Liffiton (2), Brabant, Sealy, Jones, etc.
 On Tuesday evening the second of Miss Pickering's assemblies took place. Although the weather was rather boisterous, there were about thirty ladies and gentlemen present. The dance broke up at midnight, all having had a very enjoyable evening. Those present were: Mrs. Pickering, black; Mrs. Speed, black; Misses Pickering, black; E. Christie, blue and black; Dodsman, white; Barnicoat, pink; Marshall, pink; Anderson, black; W. Anderson, pink; Duncan, white; Lewis, white and green; F. Borlase, white; Mountfort, black; Huit, black; A. Duigan, pink; Messrs. Saunders (2), Harold, Stack, Montgomery, Blair, Aldisorth, Barnard, McNeill, Speed, Wood, Stedman, Anderson, Cholmondeley, F. Hatherly.

Abbott, Treeby, Lister, Neil, MacFarland, Beckett, Brown, Mowery, Collier, Edgcombe, Moon.

There was a CONCERT last Friday evening, held in the Theatre Royal, for the benefit of Mrs. E. Sturmy, who has lately lost her husband. The stage was beautifully decorated with pungas and other forms, lightened with Chinese lanterns, making the whole look like a fairy scene. The ladies chiefly responsible for the arrangements for the concert were Mrs. Paul, assisted by Mrs. Fred Watson, and Misses Humphries and Teed. The tickets taken at the door valued £53, in addition to which it is believed a number of tickets purchased were not used. An excellent programme was arranged.

NANCY LEE.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, June 21.
 On Wednesday the meet of the Hawke's Bay Hounds was held at "The Brow." Amongst the people present at the start were Miss Rhodes, Miss Waterhouse, Mr. H. Jackson, Mr. Groomer, Mr. Williams, Miss Williams, Mrs. Rhodes, Mr. Harding, Mr. Smith, Mr. Davis, Mr. White,

etc.
 On Tuesday evening in the Athenaeum Hall, Mr. Dakin gave a lecture on "Matthew Arnold." It was a very interesting one, and no doubt if so many people had not been absent in Wellington, there would have been a much larger audience.

In connection with the Hawke's Bay Camera Club, a meeting of which was held the other evening, Mr. C. Saunders won the prize for the best photograph of a marine subject, and Mr. F. Williams gained the second prize. This Club has a number of enthusiastic members, who do some excellent work, and enter keenly into the various competitions.

June 14.

On Tuesday evening a large number of people attended at the Athenaeum Hall to hear a lecture on "Dissraeli," delivered by Mr. P. S. McLean. Amongst those present were Mrs. Spencer, Miss Spencer, Mrs. McLean, Miss Large, Mrs. Stedman, Mrs. Pharyzyn, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Moore, Miss Begg, Mrs. Anderson, Messrs. Dinwiddie, Wood, Dakin, Williams, Moore, Tanner, etc. The address, which was most interesting, was listened to from beginning to end with great attention.

There has been quite an exodus

from Napier this week to Wellington and Rotorua. Amongst the visitors to Wellington are Mr and Mrs Turnbull, Mr and Mrs Cornford, Mrs Bowen, Mrs Davidson, Mrs Dunca, Miss Cornford, and Miss Williams. Mrs. Connolly, of "Crissope," Miss Chapman, and Miss Costerill are at present staying at Rotorua. The town is very quiet just now, but on Tuesday it had quite an animated appearance, and a great number of people waited near the Napier Post Office for the signal to be given that the Duke and Duchess had arrived at Auckland. As soon as their arrival was known, all the flags in the town were at once hoisted amidst great cheering. The School Cadets marched through the principal streets, and, having been well drilled, looked very smart and trim. The decorations on the Post Office buildings were most elaborate, but showed to best advantage at night, when every window was illuminated, and a number of Chinese lanterns added to the bright effect.

On Monday the meet of the Hawke's Bay Hounds was held at Ashcott, and one of the best days of the season was enjoyed by the huntsmen. Luncheon was given by Mr and Mrs A. Deane, and when the sport was over

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, June 7.
 The Taranaki Rifles held their annual

BALL

on Monday evening in the Drill Hall, and it was a great success, there being about 250 people present. The committee responsible for the arrangements was composed of Captain Okey, Lieutenants Hooker and Cook, Sergeants Lester, Harvey, and Lever (secretary), Corporal Boulton, and Privates Bacon, Davidson, Doughty, Prior, Smith, and Simons. The M.C.'s were Captain Taunton (of the Guards), Sergeant Lister, and Messrs E. Humphries and E. Newall. The music, provided by Mr McKinnon Bain's orchestra, was much appreciated. Extras were played by Mrs Percy Webster and Misses Davidson, Hill, and Pearce. The hall was profusely decorated, and the floor was in splendid order. The supper was in the hands of a ladies' committee, consisting of Mesdames Dockrill, Cook, S. Hill, T. Sole, W. Bennett, and H. Whittington, who deserve the greatest praise. Among the ladies present I noticed Mrs (Captain) Davidson, black and white; Mrs Oswin, scarlet silk blouse, transparent yoke, black skirt; Mrs Mills, black merveilleux, lace fichu; Mrs Hoby, black and white; Mrs Messenger, dark green velvet; Mrs Ab. Goldwater, black and jet; Mrs Paul, black and silver net; Miss O. Wilkinson, cream lustre with satin trimmings; Mrs Dockrill (Mayoress), black; Mrs Percy Webster, grey and white; Mrs Taunton, blue plaid blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Hall; Miss Abbott, green satin and jet trimmings; Miss Parker, pink; Miss Lewis, white silk trimmed with black velvet bebe ribbon; Misses Humphries (2, Napier) were much admired; one wore gold silk with net sleeves, while the other wore red satin; Miss Hill, white; Miss Mowery, pink blouse, dark skirt; Miss Hoby, black, with scarlet flowers; her sister wore white; Miss E. Pearce, pretty cream striped satin; Miss K. Jackson, white silk and chiffon; Miss N. Curtis (Wellington), cerise silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss J. McAlpine, pretty blue silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Edgcombe, white and blue; Miss G. Natherson was much admired in black velvet, trimmed with rucked net, cerise satin roses in hair; Miss Page, white and blue; Miss M. Pearce, white; Miss Nichol, pretty black and white net blouse over red silk, dark skirt; Miss Dixon (Petone), white; Miss Tippins, yellow silk blouse, green striped skirt; Misses Cook (2), pretty white muslins, trimmed with lace; Miss Bullot, scarlet silk blouse, with white flowers on shoulder, dark skirt; Miss A. Tringer, white, with green sash; Miss Treeby, black; Miss Abbott, white; Miss Teunbridge, cream; etc. Among the gentlemen were Messrs Hopkins, McArra, Humphries, Mills, Cook, Messenger, Goldwater, Cook, Taunton, Meldsworth, Messenger, Gilmour, Russell, Lewis, Brasch, Holmes, Berridge, Tunbridge,

WHY I AM WELL!

A Lady's Candid and Interesting Explanation.

Mrs Francis King is the bright and intelligent wife of a well known and highly respected farmer of (Mara, Ferrasse, Invercargill. In response to inquiries as to a report that she had been cured of rheumatism by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Mrs. King gave the following particulars—"About eight years ago I became subject to attacks of severe headaches, and later on, to indigestion, so that I had to diet myself most carefully. My blood had undoubtedly become impoverished. Some time later I was afflicted with excruciating, gnawing pains in my hands and limbs, and as time went on, the agony increased until every bone in my body ached. My hands became bent and deformed, so that I had not the full use of them. One of my legs was so greatly affected as to make me lame, and finally I became a complete cripple. My husband and friends said it was pitiful to see me, for the agony I suffered was so intense that I screamed aloud. Four doctors who attended me during my illness diagnosed my case as rheumatism, but notwithstanding their skillful treatment the rheumatism did not leave me. My husband, at different times, purchased for me many advertised remedies, and indeed we tried everything we heard of, but with the same unsatisfactory result. Then through reading of

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

and the cures which they had effected, he bought me a box. The contents of this benefited me considerably, so another lot was purchased for me. After taking them the pains ceased down, and I was able to get about a little better. I continued taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until I had no further need for them, being completely cured. Every trace of rheumatism has vanished, and after being an utter cripple for six years, I am now as strong and active as any woman in the district. To Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People alone I owe my wonderful recovery, so I will always strongly recommend them."

"SUCH IS THE REPLY
 over and over again given to a question we are always begging our Readers to put to their Neighbours.

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The hunting party went back to their residence for afternoon tea. Amongst the numerous people who either followed or else went to see the bounds throw off were: Mrs Giblin, Miss Giblin, Mrs A'Deane, Miss Williams, Miss Abbott, Miss Groume, Miss Mason, Miss Harding, Miss Simcox, Miss White, Mrs J. Rhodes, Miss Rhodes, Miss Wilson, Miss Waterhouse, Messrs A'Deane, Groume, Rhodes, Jackson, Abbott, Nelson, North, and Williams.

The Golf Links at Hastings are in very excellent condition just now, and the members of the Whakatu Club have had some good matches lately. On Saturday a mixed foursome match was played for a prize given by Dr. Nairn, and it was won by Miss K. Braithwaite and Mr N. Braithwaite (handicap 20), with a score of 70; Miss Ward and Mr F. Braithwaite (handicap 15) came second with 71. The afternoon tea was given by Mrs Nairn. Some other members of the Hastings Golf Club are: Mrs Mannering, Miss Hodge, Miss Fitzroy, Mrs Gordon, Mrs Smith, Miss Beatson, Miss Williams, Miss Tanner, Messrs Gordon, Williams, Tanner, Croxton, Smith, Braithwaite, Crosse, Bentson, Mannering, etc.

MARJORIE.

NELSON.

Dear Bee, June 17.
Great excitement prevails here, as elsewhere, over the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York in New Zealand. At a few minutes past two on Tuesday afternoon news reached us that the Royal guests had landed in Auckland, and a Royal salute of 21 guns was at once fired by the "H" Battery, and flags were hoisted throughout the city. Flags were also hoisted at each of the State schools by the following ladies:—The Mayoress (Mrs Baigent), Mrs Kempthorne, Mrs MacKenzie, Mrs Piper, Mrs Fathers, and Miss Fillet. All the school children afterwards assembled at the grounds adjoining the Boys' Central School, where short loyal addresses were delivered by the Bishop of Nelson, the Rev. J. P. Kempthorne, and the Rev. J. H. MacKenzie. The children sang several patriotic songs remarkably well, after which the Central School boys, under Mr F. Giblin, the headmaster, gave an exhibition of drill, and there was a general march past, the children of the various schools saluting the flag. At the conclusion the National Anthem was sung and cheers were given for the King and Queen, and for the Duke and Duchess of York. There was a large assemblage present. Mrs Mules wore a black costume, with bonnet to match, handsome fur-trimmed mantle; Mrs Kempthorne, royal blue velvet blouse, black skirt, large black hat trimmed with chiffon and pink roses; Mrs Baigent, blue-grey costume, trimmed with brick-red velvet, toque to match; Mrs MacKenzie, dark coat and skirt, large black hat; Miss Fillet, brown costume, with hat to match; Miss Mules, black, sailor hat; Miss Stoddart, black costume; Mrs Scott, Mrs Lemmer, Mrs and the Misses Wright, Miss M. Ellis, and others.

In the evening the principal streets were crowded with spectators, including children of all ages, who turned out to witness the illuminations prepared in honour of the Royal visit. The illuminations at the Post Office and on the Church Hill were very fine, and included a number of transparencies, which were much admired. Other parts of the town were also illuminated, and altogether the display was a good one. There was also an imposing procession of the volunteers and Fire Brigade; the latter carried torches and burnt coloured lights.

Numerous of people went across to Wellington last week to be present at the arrival of the Duke and Duchess at the Empire City, the steamer each day being crowded. Amongst those who left were the Mayor and Mayoress (Mr and Mrs Baigent), Dr. and Mrs Mackie, Mr and Mrs F. Trask, Messdames Wolfe, Vining, Johansen, Luoma, Rout, Misses Mules, Heaps, Robinson, Ledger (2), Edwards (3), Mirams, B. Blackett, Rochfort, Barnicoat, Talbot, Johansen, Trent, Kitson, Stoddart, Messrs Hamilton, Levin, Squires, Hesthouse, Mackay, Duck,

Houlker, Colonel Pitt, and many others, including 391 volunteers.

PHILLIS.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, June 17.
While you are settling down again after all your festivities, we are just approaching ours here. A week through to-morrow this week is like getting into a hive of bees, and there is positively no room for an idler; the streets are a network of posts, Venetian poles, ladders, men, paws and shovels, with little traps of holes everywhere; but things are progressing merely towards completion, and, weather permitting, the city will blossom into unusual splendour on the arrival of the Royal guests on Saturday morning. At present it is nothing but meetings, but as these are the means of keeping the machinery well oiled and every part in working order, they are very necessary. Mrs Arthur Rhodes (Mayoress) called a meeting of ladies yesterday to consider the question of a presentation to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cornwall and York, and as the little Prince Eddy has a birthday during the visit of His Royal parents in Christchurch, it was decided to make the gift to him as from the ladies of Canterbury; but the time is so short it leaves very little margin for choice in selection or receiving donations from a distance. The matter was left to a committee of four ladies, those chosen being Mesdames Arthur Rhodes, G. Rhodes, Wigram, and John Deans. The illuminations are to be on a scale of splendour surpassing any previous effort. The Cathedral will be outlined with electric light, and will, I imagine, show for many miles. The hills at various points from Kaikoura to the Peninsula are to show bonfires as the Ophi approaches. Flags have been flying in every direction since the Duchess pressed the button last Tuesday, giving with the arches already in position a very festive appearance. There is too much feeling of excitement, dress-makers to interview, and business connected with the great functions for any small social gatherings. Already many visitors have arrived in town, and one or two detachments of cadets, who are all housed in the Normal School (the cadets I mean). To-morrow and Friday will bring many more volunteers.

The Amateur Dramatic Company are busily engaged rehearsing "Sweet Lavender," Pinero's touching play. Mr Winter Hall is stage manager, and takes the part of Dick Phenyl; Miss Nina Parsons the title role. Others assisting are Misses Hardcastle, McNeish, and Bettie Wells, Messrs H. Hayward, Hobbs, Roberts, Buchanan, and others.

I hear a little relaxation is to be afforded the Duke here, he having expressed a wish to see wire fence jumping, and an exhibition of it will be given at "Te Koraha," the Royal residence, on Saturday afternoon.
DOLLY VALE.

BLENHEIM

Dear Bee, June 17.
In order to commemorate the notable event of the Hair Apparent to the English throne first landing in New Zealand, the Government Buildings here were elaborately decorated with various sorts of greenery, but principally that indigenous to the country, and flags and festoons of white and purple drapery across the whole front of the building, fastened at regular intervals with yellow rosettes. The news of the landing of the Royal visitors was received at 2 p.m., and announced by the booming of our ancient cannon, and immediately strings of flags fluttered from the roof of the building. Two large transparencies were in front, one of the King and Queen, on the right, and the Duke and Duchess on the left, of the principal entrance, framed with lycopodium, the same creeper surrounding each window. The work of decoration was done under the direction of Mr F. Payne. The cadets, commanded by Captain Starrock, marched from the Drill Shed to the front of the buildings, and all the Borough school children, with their teachers,

formed a procession from the schools, and when all were in place they sang a verse of the National Anthem, and afterwards were addressed by the Mayor, Mr R. McCallum. In the evening a large crowd assembled to witness the illumination of the buildings, and the Garrison Band played for a short time.

Last Wednesday evening Mrs R. Clouston gave a progressive euchre party for her sisters, the Misses Ethel and Minnie Harley who are staying with her, and an exceedingly pleasant evening was enjoyed. Mrs Clouston wore a cardinal silk blouse and black skirt; Miss Harley, black velvet, yellow silk on the bodice; Miss M. Harley, pale green, and white chiffon; Miss Barron (Dunedin), pink silk and lace blouse, dark skirt; Miss Clark, black silk, white net yoke and long sleeves; Miss Gardner, white silk; Miss Anderson, black lace over black silk. There were also: Miss N. Redwood, Miss Bull, Miss Adams, Miss Clouston, Miss Neville, the Misses Horton (2), Miss Waddy; Miss Lillian Horne, and Messrs. H. Bagge, F. Bull, Banks, F. W. Carey, Fish, Stow, G. Griffiths, H. Anderson L. Clouston, Neville, Sim, R. Low (Nelson). Miss (Garden) won the first prize, a handsome photograph frame; and Mr Bagge that for gentlemen, a box of cigars. Miss Barron and Mr F. Bull won the booby

prizes. A delicious supper was set out in the dining-room, and after this was partaken of an adjournment was made to the drawing-room, where Miss L. Horne sang, and Mr Banks sang and recited, and Mr F. Bull whistled "The Mocking Bird."

The sad news of the death of Trooper J. O'Dwyer, in South Africa, was received last week. It only seems a week or two ago since he left here, a fine handsome young fellow, full of life and excitement, and now his parents are mourning his death, which he met as a soldier should—in action. He went with the Seventh Contingent, which went into an engagement almost directly they arrived in the Transvaal. The deepest sympathy is felt for his parents, whose youngest son he was.

Before the marriage of Miss Maggie Healy and Mr R. Logan, which took place last week, they were presented by the members of the Presbyterian Church choir with a silver afternoon tea service—teapot, sugar basin and jug—at a social gathering, which was held in St. Andrew's Schoolroom, when several persons sang and refreshments were dispensed. Mr Logan was also presented with a set of silver jam dishes and teaspoons by the staff of the "Marlborough Express," of which he is a member, both sets of gifts being offered with the best wishes of the donors.
FRIDA.

Your Guests

will be delighted with the light and dainty tea-scones and cakes, the delicious, wholly digestible pastry and bread, which you can make with the least possible trouble, by adding a small quantity of Brown & Polson's Paisley Flour to ordinary flour when baking, without using any barm, yeast or baking powder. Baking with it is easy and rapid; indeed it has been well said that it makes home-baking a pleasure; there are no disappointing results. Ask your Grocer for

**Brown & Polson's
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AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

The Newest Society Pets.

The fancy guinea pig, as popularly called, is the coming pet. Already there have been several exhibitions which greatly interested those who are looking for queer animal pets, and the docility, the cuteness and a marvellous ability to eat anything and everything at any hour of the day or night, make them appeal strongly for household favour.

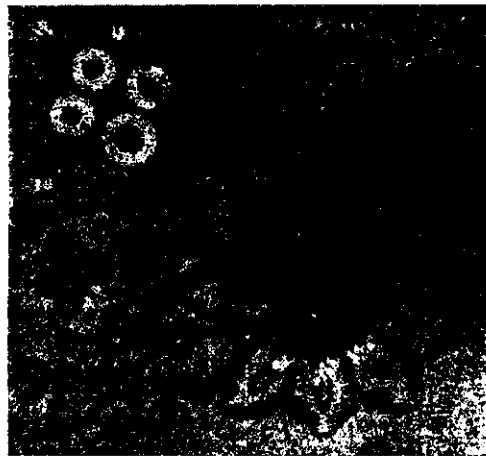
Cavies, or guinea pigs, are now brought to perfection in the matter of colour, length of hair and size, as well as intelligence. The guinea pigs are not pigs at all, and they did not come from Guinea. Sailors brought them from Peru, where they were found wild, and where to this day they are considered very fair eating. Another illusion is that they are stupid and incapable of training. Fanciers here and abroad have corrected that error and proved that the little pet has strong attachments, an intensely social nature and a susceptibility to kindness.

Years of in-breeding have done much to bring the wild South American guinea pig to perfection both as regards winsomeness and beauty. There are many short haired varieties of great interest, and the long haired have coats whose fur is sometimes eight and ten inches in length, making the little beast look like a rolling ball of white yarn. There are broken colours of the Peruvian variety — buff, slate, brown and red, suiting a variety of tastes. The Abyssinian pig has a coat in perfect rosettes of great brilliancy, and is highly intelligent.

The English short hair varieties become more valuable as the colour approaches a dead black, a few of the latter specimens bringing high prices. Of the Agouti stock there are also fine specimens in gold and silver, with most brilliant coatings. In France there has been a great interest in cavies, and several caviae clubs, on the English plan, have been started. There are three or four caviae clubs in America in flourishing condition, and these do much to bring the animal to perfection of breed and also to introduce the pet more generally among people



A DAINY TEA COSY.



AN EMBROIDERED CUSHION COVER.

who can afford the rarer varieties. Decked out in ribbons, the caviae makes a household pet unlike the dog and cat, yet no less interesting. Moreover, the caviae is not destructive, is a hater of solitude, and has a digestive process that enables him to accept any sort of edible favours, from sweetmeats to cold potatoes, at any hour, to the delight of the children.

The Art Work Table.

At this festive season of the year, when the thoughts and attention of even the most industrious art workers are called outwards in countless directions, a steady application to really important work is practically sometimes out of the question. At the same time, it is sometimes convenient to find a dainty piece of work that really repays one for the working, and is perfectly adapted to the purpose designed, and will serve to white away otherwise tedious hours placed already to one's hands. The Tea Cosy Cover on this page is a very good example.

It is composed of cream or coloured linen and worked entirely in flax threads, and possesses, besides, the merit of being easily detachable from the cosy beneath for the purpose of washing; to which ordeal it may be subjected without the least compunction, and with the certainty that it will emerge with undimmed lustre. The applique anemones and leaves are in pale fresh green linen, the former worked round the edges with shades of pink, with which black is mingled for the centres, etc. The leaves are, of course, marked with greens. The cosy itself is simply covered with lining or muslin, and lined in the ordinary way with coloured sateen or silk. The puffing of coloured silk must be put neatly round the edge of the cosy itself. The embroidered cover is made in two pieces the exact sizes of the cosy, large corresponding eyelet holes being worked at equal distances round the edges of both sides. They are then tied together over the puffing, as in illustration.

Paris
Exhibition 1900
British Awards.

The ONLY
Grand
Prix
for
Toilet
Soap

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

Pears

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

Changes at Windsor.

THE GOOD QUEEN'S SERVANTS WHOSE WORK IS DONE.

People at Windsor thought Queen Victoria was going to live for ever.

They had got so accustomed to her personality, her regular observances and accustomed methods that they never dreamt she would one day pass away, and that a new monarch would come to the throne with new ideas and a fresh way of doing things.

"The old order changeth, giving place to new," and though the changes that have been made have been carried out by the King's orders, with the unflinching tact for which the Prince of Wales was proverbial, the persons concerned are as much surprised as if they had never anticipated anything of the kind.

NEW SERVANTS AND OLD.

Of course, changes were bound to come, but the Windsor people had never thought of it in this way. When establishments are changed in private families the same sort of thing happens.

Nearly all the late Queen's old and trusted servants are going into retirement. Mr. Charles Fraser, the late Queen's splendid police superintendent, who travelled with her wherever she went, leaves his quarters near the Royal Library, and goes to his old home in Scotland.

Several of what are known as the "outside keepers" in Windsor Park are also pensioned. The shooting operations in the future, it is said, are to be confined to Windsor Park proper, and the Swinley and Hagsshot coverts, are not to be kept up for the purpose of Royal shooting parties, but the shooting in the park itself is to be improved.

ABOUT THE ANIMALS.

In the Royal mews at Windsor Castle there are many changes, principally in the minor places, and it is said that some of the men that used to groom her late Majesty's beautiful greys are polishing the thousands of windows in the Castle.

At Ascot the Royal kennels are rapidly becoming emptied, the beautiful hounds being sent to various packs throughout the country.

The wild boars in Windsor Park are being distributed to various societies and persons, and the late Queen's animal pets at Frogmore are all gone to "fresh fields and pastures new."

The King is putting his house in order, and the aspect of the interior of Windsor Castle has been completely changed. Rooms that were kept shut by the late Queen have been "turned out" and newly furnished.

The Complete Herbalist.

In an interesting article in a recent number of the "Fortnightly Review," some letters, taken from an eighteenth century esoteric, are published.

These letters contain some curious receipts.

"I mean to become an accomplished herbalist. The only apothecary in our neighbourhood," says the unknown writer, "is neither so near nor so learned that I should wish to rely on him in all cases; and it behoves me, having made my home in the country, to be thoroughly acquainted with the preparation and administration of tisans and balsamic draughts, blisters, and plaisters.

The children suffer constantly from fevers and agues, but I must inform you of an infallible receipt which I have already used with advantage. Put a spider into a goose-quill, well sealed and secured, and hang it about the child's neck as low as the pit of the stomach.

HER SERVANT PROBLEM.

In the days when they rose at "the barbarous hour of eight" the servant problem seems to have been as burning a question as it now is, and probably ever will be.

"My new maid," she says in another letter, "promised well. She has a sprightliness without pertness that pleases me well, and wears no hoop, but I find she can only wash head things and aprons, and has never washed larger things.

"Is it possible that a person who has received such large wages can have done so little? I give her £4 a year, with an addition in other ways which amounts to the same sum. If you should hear of any young gentle-

woman who would be glad of the place, pray advise me."

And so history repeats itself, and the old, old question is asked which no doubt vexed neolithic woman.

It is quite in keeping with this observation that the fair writer should refer to the "curley-murley fashion of the hair" as not being worn, but should admit the soft impeachment of "wearing frizzly whits" which make "everybody look mad."

There is no new thing, much less any new fashion under the sun.

A WASH FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Then as now complexion was a matter of moment—sometimes in grievous cases of hours—with those whose power depended largely upon their appearance.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the fair unknown should have a receipt for a complexion wash.

"I send you," she says, "a wash for the complexion. I am quite vain of it, as I have found it most successful."

"It is made of rotten apples put into a cold still, and so distilled. Girls are often wont to concoct washes which, instead of mending the complexion, spoil it; but this will, I am sure, prove most successful."

It is, no doubt, an irony of fate that a daughter of Eve should thus resort to decayed pippins as a prescription for renewing beauty.

Fads in Stamps and Stationery.

The latest fad of London's fashionable ladies is stationery in tones of pale mauve or lavender, with initials and crest in silver in the centre of a medallion lozenge of a darker shade of heliotrope.

Stamps seem to find a good market. During this week a Tuscan, 1860, three lire yellow stamp, with a tear at the top left-hand corner, fetched £50.

Dales' GOLD MEDAL Dubbin. Makes BOOTS and HARNESSES water proof as a dandy's best, and soft as velvet. Adds three times to the wear of leather. Pleasant odour. Allows polish with shining. ELEGANT HIGHLIGHTS. Excellent for superior Black or Brown colour. Sold by Boot Stores, Saddlers, Ironmongers, etc. Manufactory—Dulwich, London (W.S.).

'MENE' Every Lady should give these 22-antiseptic, absorbent, and will last twice as long as any other at double the price. SANITARY TOWEL FOR LADIES. Wholesale of SHARLAND & Co. Ltd. Auckland and Wellington.

I Cure Fits. You are not asked to spend any money to test whether my remedy does or does not cure Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, &c. All you are asked to do is to send for a FREE bottle of medicine and to try it. I am quite prepared to abide by the result. A Valuable and Safe Remedy. APPROVED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION. H. B. ROOT, 41, En-Claugh Gardens, LONDON.

KOKO FOR THE HAIR. Photo from Life. Original may be seen at 111, Regent Street, London, W.

KOKO FOR THE HAIR. Under Royal Patronage. KOKO FOR THE HAIR is a tonic, cleansing, invigorating preparation, causes the hair to grow luxuriantly, keeps it soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, eradicates dandruff, prevents hair from falling, is the most cleanly of all hair preparations, and is perfectly harmless. OLD PEOPLE LIKE IT for its wonderful power to invigorate decayed hair, and induce an entire new growth when that is possible. MIDDLE-AGED PEOPLE LIKE IT, because it prevents them from getting bald, keeps dandruff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong. YOUNG LADIES LIKE IT as a dressing because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, ensures a luxuriant growth, and enables them to dress it and keep it in any style that may be desired. CHILDREN LIKE IT, because it keeps the hair and scalp cool and clean, allays irritation, and keeps the hair in whatever position desired. THEY ALL LIKE IT, because it is as pure as crystal, perfectly odourless, contains no poisonous substance, no sugar of lead, sulphur, nitrate of silver, or green, and does not soil or colour the scalp, face or the most delicate fabric in clothing, produces a wonderfully pleasant and cooling effect on the head, and to other dressing is needed to give the hair the most beautiful appearance possible. Try it once, and you will see no other. It contains no colouring matter or dye. KOKO is sold in 2, 3, 6 and 8 oz bottles everywhere. Australian Depot, Koko Hair-care Co. Ltd., 111, Castlereagh Street, Sydney, N.S.W. EASTERN—See that this Registered Trade Mark is on every bottle.

The Most Unpleasant Person in the World.

In a book owned by the Queen of Greece, says the "Westminster Gazette," are written the opinions and ideas on various subjects of nearly every crowned head in Europe, and also the opinions of the different members of the Royal families. One of the questions asked in this book is: "Whom do you consider to be the most unpleasant person in the world to come across?" The King of Greece has written: "The most objectionable being in the whole world is, in my opinion, the man who will shake hands with you and say: "Bless me! How very aged you are getting!" The Duke of York has answered the question thus: "There is no more unpleasant man in the world than the one who will lend you a 'five,' and then expect to be paid back."

The Duke of Cambridge, who possesses a very considerable wit, has written: "The most disagreeable and unpleasant being to come across is the one who will suck peppermints and eat oranges at a public entertainment." The Princess of Wales has written as follows: "There are so many good and pleasant people in the world to speak and write about that it is unnecessary to speak or write about the unpleasant ones." The Duchess of York has answered: "I think by far the most unpleasant person is the one who points at you and cries out, 'There she is!'"

The Duke of Connaught says: "There are two kinds of unpleasant people in the world; those who are always inviting themselves to dinner; those who never think about inviting you to dinner."

Prince Adolphus of Teck, now the Duke of Teck, says: "Perhaps the most objectionable of all men is the

one who will persist in wearing a frock coat with a little round hat; the next most offensive to me is the man who calls you 'old fellow' when he has only known you a few days." The Princess Christian writes: "The most objectionable woman in the world to me is the one who finds everyone in the world but herself objectionable, and who, while 'picking holes' in her 'dear friend,' calls her 'that poor woman!'"

Simple Home Wedding.

Subscriber.—No matter how simple a home wedding may be, there should always be a certain dignity in the arrangements, and a pretty, unobtrusive conformity to social standards. Some one corner of the drawing-room is arranged for the clergyman. It may be apparently separated from the rest of the room by white satin ribbon or ropes of evergreen. In front of the clergyman are two stools or cushions, on which the bride and groom kneel at the close of the ceremony. As the bride leaves her room the clergyman, groom and best-man enter the drawing-room quietly and take their places, facing the guests, the groom and best-man standing somewhat to the left. The bridal party forms upstairs or in the hall. Two ushers lead the way, then the mother of the bride on the arm of some near relative. Then the maid of honour on the arm of an usher, and lastly, the bride with her father or nearest male relative. After the ceremony the bride and groom face the guests, who in turn congratulate them. The supper, or breakfast, as the case may be, is served. It may be served to all the guests together in the drawing-room, or to a few at a time at a side table in the dining-room. In the latter case the bridal

party is first served. As soon as the repast is over the bride and groom dress for their journey and slip quietly away.—A simple appropriate menu consists of salad and oysters in form, with dainty sandwiches, followed by cake, an ice and coffee. Punch, lemonade or any fruit sherbert may be served with the salad.—The best-man takes all possible responsibility from the groom. He arranges with the clergyman, orders the carriages, looks after time-tables, helps entertain the guests, comforts the mother, and is generally the most useful member of a wedding party.

Two Good Recipes.

FILLETS OF SOLE A LA NORMANDIE.

Take two moderate-sized soles or large flounders and fillet them. Brush over the sides that had the skin on with beaten egg, then spread on a thin layer of very finely chopped shrimps. Sprinkle over a few drops of lemon juice and a dust of salt and pepper. Roll up the fillets and tie in shape with fine string. Put the bones of the fish into a pan with a bunch of parsley and a small piece of celery and onion cut in slices. Add enough cold water to just cover the bones, season with salt and pepper, and add half a tablespoonful of good vinegar. Simmer gently for half an hour, skim well, and then strain.

Twenty minutes before they are needed put the fillets into a buttered saucepan, add enough of the fish-stock to cover them, and simmer gently for about twelve minutes. Lift them out, remove the strings, and arrange them neatly on a dish. Pour over a good shrimp sauce, made with the fish stock, and potted shrimp

paste. Sprinkle a little chopped parsley on the top of each roll.

CROQUETTES OF PHEASANT.

Take a cold pheasant, remove all the flesh, and cut it up into small dice.

Break up all the bones and rough pieces, and put them in a stewpan with a small sliced onion, a bunch of parsley, a dessertspoonful of glaze or meat-extract, and half-a-dozen peppercorns.

Add enough stock or water to cover the bones, and simmer gently for an hour and a-half. Then strain off the stock and place it aside.

Mix the pheasant with two table-spoonfuls of chopped mushroom, and truffle, if liked.

Now reduce the bone stock to about one-third of its original amount by boiling it quickly without a lid.

Mix the meat and mushroom with enough of this stock to make it into a thick, soft mass, something like jam. Season well, and turn it on to a plate to cool.

When cold, shape the mixture into even-sized balls or cork shapes. Brush them over with beaten egg, cover them with crumbs, and fry them a nice golden brown in hot fat.

Serve on a fancy lace-paper; garnish with fried parsley.

"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

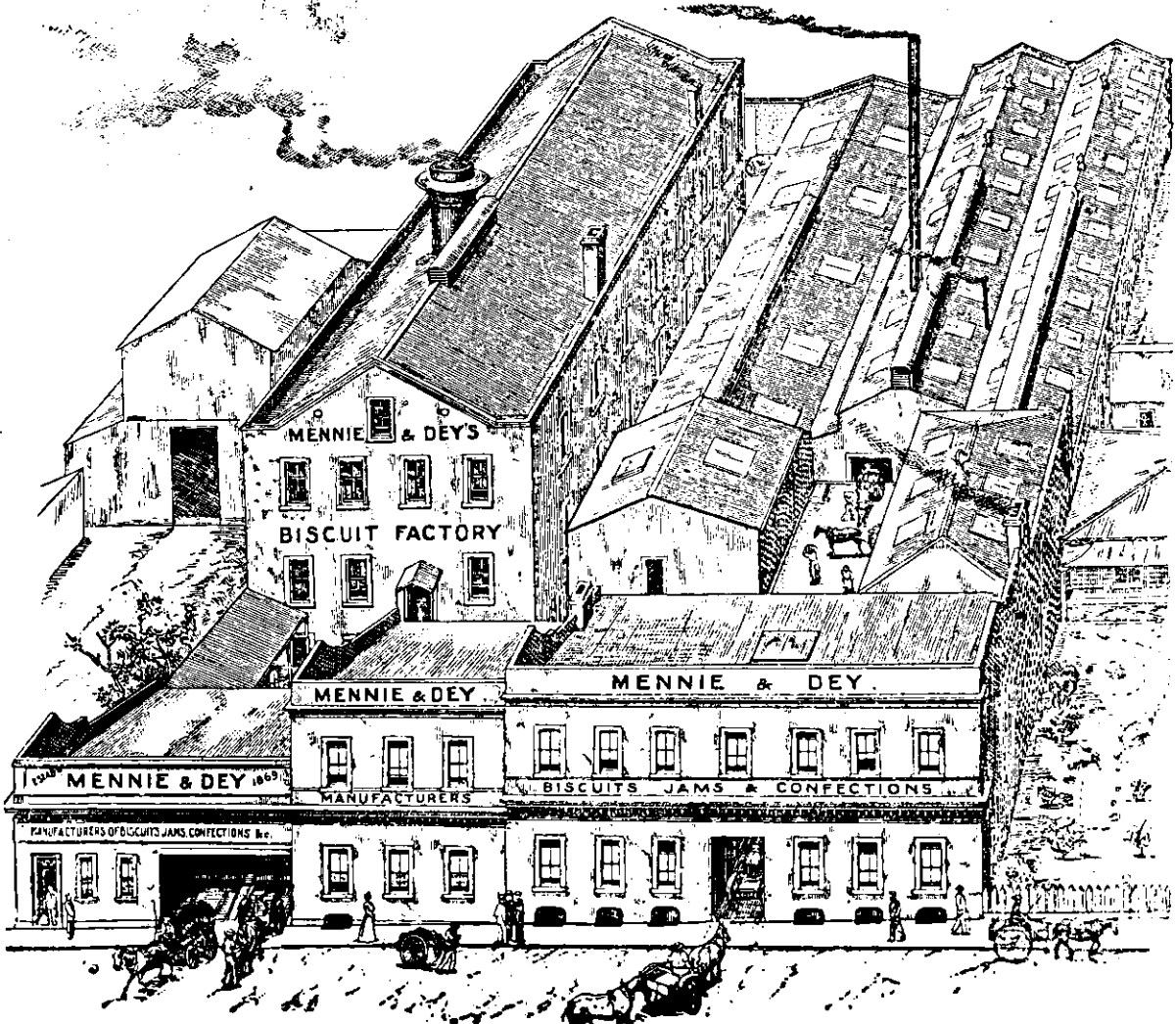
'Tis better to be sure,

That you suffer never more.

Get **WOODS' GREAT PEPPER-MINT CURE.**

Gold Medal Jams,
Best all comers for Quality.

Gold Medal Biscuits,
Best Value in the Market.



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

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

In the early part of the autumn season several smart folks and fashion chroniclers said that the bolero would be no more except in the matter of furs. Somehow of late it has been revived with fresh glory, and a little cloth, braided bolero seems to be the one form of coat which is comfortable as well as smart, and it has done good service during the long rainy weeks we have lately experienced.

The greatest endeavours have been made on the part of the authorities to make the wearing of the three-quarter length jackets and capes imperative, but most certainly have they failed, for our smartest furs, as well as our cloth gowns for indoor wear, are still of the bolero order; but, taking everything into consideration, there has never been a wider range of fashion. Everyone can dress more or less to please themselves, but at the same time the most successful gowns are of a simple order in subdued colouring.

There is a new and very pretty tone of grey, which, although adopted more

or less by Parisians, should only be worn by good-looking people with fair complexions. Its coldness is much mitigated by being mixed with black and silver, and here again does the bolero coat give scope for imagination. For braidings in black and silver on grey cloth are ladylike, smart, and useful for all occasions.

The bolero gets shorter as the months go on, and the latest model is cut up high in the back, rather resembling the old *corsette*. There is something to be said in its favor; by those who are blessed with a long back, but let me advise those who are not to leave the wearing of the bolero style severely alone.

I will try and bring the fashions of the day before you by describing some lovely gowns.

A very notable frock was in a fine grey cloth, with a rough surface, the skirt of which was cut severely tight to the knees, after which a shaped blouse showed insertions of black Chantilly lace edged with chenille. Two of these insertions ran up each side of

the skirt. A tucked grey chiffon blouse, piped with the chenille, was worn under a bolero entirely composed of appliqued lace, with a trellis-work of chenille and mousseline de soie—a most effective combination and an extremely becoming one. The sleeves of this bolero came just below the elbow, and under these were seen the grey chiffon and black lace ones belonging to the blouse. A wide, pointed, swathed band of black panne completed this very fascinating costume. Another pretty blouse to be worn with this gown was made entirely of ecru lace over white chiffon and showed long, tight sleeves reaching right over the hands. Tiny, fancy Parisian buttons decorated the front of this blouse, holding together some little straps of turquoise velvet, the blouse pouching well over the waistband in front, as Fashion decrees our bodices shall still do.

Black killed mousseline de soie is being used again for day wear, under heavy applique lace, in conjunction with fine black cloth, and here again

the bolero bodice does duty. The thick applique is a particularly becoming finish to the cloth bolero, and killed mousseline de soie ever forms a charming under-bodice.

Swathes of black panne and Oriental satin are somewhat taking the place of the glace band, and there are murmurs of a sort of compromise between the two fabrics for early spring wear, but of that more anon.

A very attractive grey gown which appealed to me was in a brown cloth, cut in polonaise fashion, the under-skirt showing applique roses of velvet. The polonaise folded simply round the figure, over a chemisette of coarse Renaissance lace; it was caught at the side with a large chou of brown chenille, forming a trimming for the edge of the polonaise. The inner sleeves were of the bishop shape, confined at the wrist by a strap of brown panne.

Some years ago we heard a great deal about the corset skirt, but it never had a fair chance, for it was immediately copied in all the cheapest



Two Stylish Cloaks,

and most uncompromising of fabrics, and boned and stiffened in the most impossible manner. But let me assure you that an ingenious adaptation of a corselet skirt can be a beautiful thing, especially on a youthful figure, for evening wear.

A very pretty French ball gown, worn by a young friend of mine, was in the palest green peau de soie; the long serpent-like skirt had, about three inches below the waist, a deep band of coarse guipure, which came right up under the bust line, and held in place both back and front, the pouched, bebe bodice of palest green chiffon, the décolletage of which was simply drawn together with some lace and black bebe ribbons. The long sleeves covered the hands, and were made of the same guipure as the belt. The effect was charming and seemed to me to suggest various possibilities for the corselet skirt of the future, which will admit of the bodice being pouched in the front; this is ever becoming to a slight figure.

Painted chiffon still forms the most decorative of our evening gowns, and tulle is coming in apace for all gowns. An example of an incongruous but becoming combination was seen in a gown made entirely of grey tulle with a kind of fichu of old lace edged with chinchilla.

It was altogether the most charming harmony in grey, made ever so simply, with a wide silver ash knotted at the sides, with fringed ends. This was the only ornamentation, beyond the priceless old lace and costly fur. It was needless to say, deliciously un-serviceable, being a flimsy thing, but it was extremely good to look at and will be while its freshness lasts, which, alas! cannot be for long.

Flowers will be worn on our evening gowns, especially on those destined for dancing in. Some of the best French evening toilettes show regular wreaths of roses either in black, or dull, curious shades, which can be very becoming or exactly the opposite.

• • •



EVENING DRESS.

Accordion pleating is more effective than tucks for a chiffon underskirt. The skirt is finished with a good thick ruffling, for chiffon is very ethereal. Arrange the lace as an overskirt and bolero, the latter over a full swathed chiffon bodice fastened across the front with black velvet ribbon. The sleeves are made of chiffon frills, also tied with the velvet.

TAILOR-MADE GOWNS.

A. WOOLLAMS & CO.

LADIES' TAILORS.

By Appointment



TO THE COUNTRESS OF RANFURLY,
NEW SPRING GOODS NOW SHOWING.
COSTUMES, from £4 4 0
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PERFECT IN STYLE AND FIT.

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LADIES' TAILORS.

QUEEN-ST., AUCKLAND.

N.B.—Write for samples and self measurement forms.



This costume is in silver grey cloth, with a long, plain skirt, piped with gale of the same shade. The coat is short and tight-fitting, finished with a deep cape collar of ermine, edged with a very narrow sable trimming, an ermine muff, and a toque of the same trimmed with shaded roses.

• • •



Coat in Mohair cloth, lined with silk, tucked silk collar, and capes hand-embroidered at edges.



BEAUTIFUL CHAPEAU CARRIED OUT IN SHADES OF MAUVE.



PICTURE HAT OF BLACK FELT WITH LONG BLACK PLUME AND BOW OF GOLD GAUZE RIBBON.



THE PHASES OF THE BOLERO.



CHILDREN'S PAGE.



COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am going in for the "Painting Competition." I think you have given us such a pretty little picture; it is quite a pleasure to paint it—the children are so quaint. I wish we had painting competitions oftener. I am afraid you forgot your Wellington cousins when you decided when the competition should close, as you said the picture will be put in four times, and the competition closes on June 1. The "Graphic" with the fourth picture arrives here on the 1st, so it is impossible for any Wellington cousin to send the whole four. I am only sending three, but I will send the last picture as soon as possible. I am glad we are having a puzzle column. I expect all the cousins will find a great deal of amusement in it, but the puzzles are a little hard this week for the younger cousins, don't you think? The Royal visit is pretty near now, is it not? We are having some beautiful arches built. The Chinaman's arch will be splendid, I believe, but I have not seen it yet. I hope my pictures will be in time for the competition. Do you remember the last time I went in for a painting competition? My picture was too late, and you said it would otherwise have had a good chance for the prize. So I thought I would try again, and will you send the pictures back, please, if it would not be too much trouble? I am sending an addressed envelope. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I must say good-bye.—Your loving cousin, Athie.

Dear Cousin Athie,—I have the pleasure of telling you you have won the second prize in the painting competition. Will you please send me your full name and address, that I may post you your prize? I can only give you a short answer this week, as there are so many letters.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I hope you will accept me as a "Graphic" cousin. I have just turned twelve, and am in the sixth standard. Please, Cousin Kate, excuse this writing, as I have very little time to write in. Cousins Essie and Jessie are my two greatest friends. I have two pets, which are beautiful canaries. I have named them Peter and Paul. I must now close, with love from Bessie.]

Dear Cousin Bessie,—Most certainly you are warmly welcome to our rapidly increasing band of cousins. I will send you a badge at once. Do Peter and Paul sing? I think canaries are lovely pets, and so easy to look after.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—As I am a cousin would you please send me a badge? Was it not sad about the Grand Hotel being burned down? It is awful to think of the fate of those poor girls. I am sure it will grieve our Duke and Duchess. Cousin Alice says she thinks I must be a very old cousin to use such big words in my description of Whangaroa. She said the young cousins could not understand it. I am very sorry, but I am sure some of the elder cousins understood it. I meant it more for the older ones. Well, I am an old cousin. I am seventeen. Dear Cousin Kate, am I too old? Are there any cousins as old as myself? I dearly love writing to you. I am going to try and write a story for the children's page.—From your ever loving cousin Marion Irene, Whangaroa, May 5, 1901. P.S.—I forgot to tell you I have got such a dear tabby kitten, whom I call China.—I.M.

[Dear Cousin Marion Irene,—I have never had your surname, or would have sent the badge ages ago. I am now going to try and get you through the postmaster, as I should not think there will be many people with two such very pretty Christian names in one small place. Do not mind about your age, but write as often as you like, and remain a cousin as long as ever you like! Why, I am a cousin, and I am—ah, well—never mind how old.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I think you were right in what you said about my suggestion, but I thought it would be interesting to see the different pictures and styles of drawing the cousins did. I do not suppose you would have got "first-class" ones, but that would have been all the better fun. I suppose none of the others suggested anything like it, with the exception of Cousins Charley and Stanley, whom I must not forget to congratulate on their success in having won the prize. You wanted to know why I had not written for so long. My last letter did not appear in print; that does not matter at all though, only I did not know whether you had got it or not. There was not anything much in it, only I wrote to tell you I had got the receipt you sent. This is a very short letter, but I have not been doing anything lately that would interest you or the cousins, but I shall very likely be going up to my brother's new place for a month or so in about ten days, and as I have not been there yet I might have something to write about. Now I must be off to bed, as there are very few of us at home now, and I have to get the breakfast. I suppose Monica and Dor are scratched off the cousin list by this time, it is so long since either of them wrote? I will not ask you to excuse bad writing, as it is never much better.—Yours sincerely, Cousin Anna

P.S.—Oh! I say, what has become of the Kruger Competition? Please do not forget to tell me in your answer.

[Dear Cousin Anna,—I always like to hear from you, as your letters are always bright and original, just as your suggestion was, and I am only sorry it was impracticable, for the idea was "first-class," as you would say. The Kruger Competition is still ungettable, because, you see, he never has sued for peace, and now, as he is no longer President, he probably never will. So it will probably drop. Cousins Monica and Dor are still on the list, and I shall be delighted if they will write again.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I would be very much obliged if you will accept me as a cousin. I am eleven years old and am in the fourth standard. I have three pets, two cats and a beautiful white dog called "Mack." I am about to close, with much love, from Jessie.

[Dear Cousin Jessie,—Your friends and yourself are now members of the cousins' band. I hope you will write often and tell me about "Mack" and the two kitties. How do they all agree?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I would be very pleased if you would accept me as a cousin. I am twelve years of age and am in the fourth standard. Will you please tell me about the badges, as I do not understand. I have three pets, two kittens and a dog called Dot. I hope this letter will reach you, as I do not know the proper address. I must now close, with love.—Essie.

[Dear Cousin Essie,—The badges are, as you will see, for you to wear. I think they are rather pretty, and they show you belong to our band. You have to try and be kind to all animals and unselfish to each other. Then I want you often to write to me and to go in for the competitions.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—It is a very long time since I have written to you, and I thought it was not worth while writing to you when I had nothing to write about. It has been very exciting this week for everyone, don't you think so? Did you get a good view of the Duke? He is not very big to look at, and I think the photos are very good of him. I did not get a very good view of him in the living Union Jack, but I had one, and only one fault of the Jack, and that was standing so long. I saw the Duke going out to the Paddock on Wednesday, and saw him very plainly when he went into the Museum; and also saw him when he went to lay the foundation stone of the Maori School. I will say good-bye to you now, and all other cousins.—From Cousin Amy,

[Dear Cousin Amy,—I was pleased to hear from you once more, for I began to fear you had quite forgotten me. You seem to have had quite a lot of glimpses of the Royal pair. I quite agree with what you say of the living flag. It was very pretty, and I think the Duke might have stopped a moment to look at it and hear you sing.—Cousin Kate.]

My Dear Cousin Kate,—I am sending in my solutions of the first week's puzzles, but fear my chance of a prize is a very small one indeed. I am very glad to see that a number of our old cousins are commencing to write again. The time for the Duke's visit is drawing near, is it not? I hope the weather will be fine during his stay here. What a very dreadful fire that was at the Grand Hotel! I suppose there will be a picture of it in the next "Graphic"—will there? And now, no more this time.—With fond love to yourself and all the cousins, from your affectionate cousin, Ethel Ada, Auckland.

[Dear Cousin Ethel Ada.—Your letter was delayed a very, very long while owing to the disorganisation of all our usual arrangements, on account of special numbers for the

Royal visit. I hope you got a good place to see the procession.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—May I become one of your cousins. We get the "Graphic" every week, and I like reading the cousins' letters. I am the only one of us that goes to school, and I am in the Fourth Standard, at the Gloucester Street School. I am eleven years old. My sister has got a dog called Phil. On Friday my sister and I and the dog had our photographs taken; the dog was on my sister's lap. There will be a great fuss when the Duke and Duchess arrive in Victoria Square, seats being erected there for people to sit on, and to get a good view of the Duke and Duchess. My brother has got a white rabbit, which comes in the house every morning to be fed by my father. We have two kittens, which play with the dog and the rabbit. One day the rabbit dug out a big burrow to hide in, but instead of the rabbit hiding in it, the kittens run in and out of it, and the dog tries to make it larger. He is an Irish Terrier, and barks a good deal.—Your little cousin Nellie.

[Dear Cousin Nellie,—Of course I am only too pleased to have you for a cousin, and hope you will write often. What a lot of nice pets you have between you. I think I like rabbits best of all, except, of course, dogs. Will you send me one of your photos for the "Graphic?" I will send it back to you quite safe. Please do.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Would you please accept me as a cousin? I would like to become one very much. I am twelve years of age, and in the Fifth Standard at school. I live in Picton, but I am staying for a few weeks in Auckland, and have seen the "Graphic." I think my father will get the "Graphic" when I go home. I have been up Mt. Eden and Mt. Hobson, and I think I am going up Rangitoto. I went to the bioscope the other week, and also to the opera last night. I had a pet dog named Tiger; he got so ill we had to drown him. Please send me a badge if you accept me as a cousin. With love from Cousin Rosie.

[Dear Cousin Rosie,—You have been placed on my list of cousins, but I want you to send me your surname and full address, in order that I may send you one of our pretty badges. What a gay time you have been having. Don't forget to write when you go home, and try and get your father to take the "Graphic" for you.—Cousin Kate.]

My Dear Cousin Kate,—It is a long time since I wrote to you last, so I decided to write to-day, being home from school with a cold. I was disappointed when I called to see you in Auckland that you were away. Thank you for putting my photo in the "Graphic"; but you spelt my name wrong; it is spelt Walton. Our winter holidays begin to-day for two weeks. We had a fancy dress football match, concert and dance on June 3rd. I enjoyed the football match very much looking at the fancy dresses. What a nasty fire that was in Auckland. I have just looked at the pictures in the "Graphic."—From your loving cousin, Walton Curry.

[Dear Cousin Walton,—I am sorry I was away when you called, but next time you come we may be more fortunate. I hope your cold is quite better now, and that you are having nice weather.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Will you let me become one of your cousins? I like the "Graphic" very much, but especially "Andy's Adventures in a Toy Shop." I think "Jungle Jinks" is very funny. We have just come from Porirua, where we lived for two years. We keep a good many pets, three canaries which sing very nicely, a skye terrier, and two oppossums, which my uncle sent out from America the other day. They are funny little fellows, and seem to do nothing but sleep and eat, and one of them likes insects very much. I expect you are getting ready to re-

ceive the Duke, and I hope you will have some good pictures of him in the "Graphic" when he comes. I must say good-bye now as I have to go to Sunday school. Hoping you will let me become a cousin, I remain, your affectionate cousin, Lucy Brown.

P.S.—May I write a story for your next competition, as I like writing very much. I am eleven years old.

[Dear Cousin Lucy.—I am sorry your letter has remained so long unanswered, but the Royal numbers upset the whole of our usual arrangements. I would have written you a short private letter but you only put Lucy Brown, Wellington, and I dare say there are dozens of Lucy Browns in the Empire city. Please write again very soon and send me your full address, and tell me all about your pets.—Cousin Kate.]

My Dear Cousin Kate,—We received the "Graphic," and I was very pleased to see my letter in the paper, but I am very sorry to say I have not yet received your letter. I don't know why, but I am hoping to get it by this mail. We have been staying with some friends on a sugar plantation. There are great fields of sugar cane. There are big iron trucks piled up with it, and the horses draw them into the mill. We went to a little island and stayed there four days, and had great fun. Our friends have got a Fijian house there. We went on the reef at low water and got some pretty shells, and bathed in the sea. We have been away over five weeks, and that is how we did not get the papers for some time. Would you like me to send you some views, Cousin Kate? I will write a longer letter next time. With love to you and the cousins, from Lorna Reay.

[Dear Cousin Lorna.—It was delightful to hear from you again, and your letter was most interesting. It must have been simply splendid on that little island. I quite envy you the lovely trips you can take. Indeed I should like some views of your home. Please send them soon, and I will put them in the "Graphic." All the cousins will be interested.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Are there not a lot of new cousins? I think my little sister Gladys is going to write to you. She is only seven years old, so she does not write very well yet. I enjoyed the Royal procession very much, and I hope you did the same. I think the Duke is the image of the pictures of him, but I think the Duchess is much prettier than she looks in the pictures. We had a very good view of the procession. Did you? I am getting on very well with my photography, and as soon as I take a photograph well enough I will send it to the Children's Page. I think I must now conclude, as I have a good many home-lessons.—With fond love, I remain, Cousin Roie.

[Dear Cousin Roie.—As you will see this week there are a whole host more of new cousins. I got a grand view of both the Duke and Duchess, and of the procession. Mind you don't forget to send that photo soon. A little bird tells me you are taking them very well for a beginner. Were not the warships lovely on the night of the illuminations?—Cousin Kate.]

High Thinking.

So much petty pilfering had been going on in the hen-roosts and melon-patches that one of the white residents of the neighbourhood recommended the pastor of the coloured Methodist church to preach a pointed sermon to his flock. Uncle Isaac shook his gray woolly head hopelessly and said:

"When I's a-preachifyin' 'bout Abram's bosom and we all passin' froo de pearly gates to de golden streets dey all looks an' smiles at me like I's an angel from hebbin; but when I sergashiates roun' de sub-jeck ob lyin' or stealin' a mighty coolness grows up in de congregashun."

Why Mr. Turtle Emigrated.

(By R. F. Ayres.)

(Copyright, 1901, by Robert Howard Russell.)

One day Mr Wolf, Mr Fox and Mr Wildcat went fishing together. They lived near each other, and so only took one basket in which to put the fish after they were caught. When they reached the river they set the basket upon what appeared to be a large, flat stone, and, picking out good places along the bank, baited their hooks and began to fish. They had put their basket on the back of Mr Turtle, who had been taking a nap on the river bank in the sun. They were deceived by the close resemblance his shell bore to a large, brown stone.

Mr Turtle loved fish above every other eatable he had ever tasted, and, in fact, he had just been disappointed in catching a mess for his dinner, so when Mr Wolf, Mr Fox, and Mr Wildcat, who were more fortunate, began to pull in nice, large fish and fat, and to drop them into the basket on his back he lay perfectly quiet and thought his best as to how to get some of them for himself. Whenever one of the fishermen would come and drop a fish in the basket Mr Turtle grinned and chuckled to himself, but lay perfectly still and did not make a sound. His shell was strong, and instead of minding the weight of the fish and basket upon his back he was delighted every time a new fish was added to the rest, for it made all the more for him if he could only find a way to get away with them.

After a time the fish stopped biting, and Mr Wolf, after looking in the basket, told Mr Fox and Mr Wildcat that it was almost full, and they said they might as well go home. While they were putting away their fishing tackle Mr Fox said that as the sun was so hot and the water looked so nice and cool he thought he would take a swim first. Mr Wolf thought he would like a swim, too; but Mr Wildcat, who did not like the water, said he would sit on the bank and look on. While Mr Fox and Mr Wolf were swimming about and splashing each other Mr Wildcat saw a fat squirrel sitting on a stump and crept off to catch it. Mr Turtle had been watching them all very anxiously, and as soon as Mr Wildcat was at a safe distance he crawled away as fast as he could travel, with the basket of fish on his back, for he knew that Mr Fox and Mr Wolf could not see him, as they were below on the bank of the river and out of sight.

Mr Wildcat could not catch the squirrel, and after a while he came back to the river bank and found Mr Fox and Mr Wolf drying themselves in the sun, having finished their bath. Then they all went to get the basket of fish and then go home, but they were dumfounded to find the fish and dasked both gone.

"The stone we put the basket upon is gone, too," said Mr Wildcat.

"But there are no tracks about," said Mr Wolf. "I don't see how a thief could have stolen that basket without leaving tracks."

"Yes, there are," said Mr Fox. "There are little footprints that must have been made by Mr Turtle. They go off toward the bushes, but I don't see any coming toward the place where the basket was."

"We must have set it on his back, thinking it was a stone," said Mr Wildcat. "See, the stone is gone, too!" So they began to track Mr Turtle, vowing to do terrible things to him when they caught him. At last they found him in the bushes, sitting beside the empty basket and eating the last mouthful of the last fish. Mr Wolf tried to knock him on the head with his fishing pole, Mr Fox tried to bite him and Mr Wildcat tried to claw him, but Mr Turtle drew his head, arms, legs and tail in to his shell, so they could not get at him. They tried to break his shell, but it was too strong. Finally Mr Wolf said that so long as it was too late to catch any more fish, and as their bait was all gone, he would take Mr Turtle home to his children. "They will find some way to kill him," he said, "if they have to watch a week for him to stick his head out of his shell."

So they went home, and Mr Wolf carried Mr Turtle along and gave him to the little wolves. They were very hungry at having to go to bed without any supper, and turned Mr Turtle on his back and left him lying that way all night, for he could not turn over without help.

In the morning the little wolves drew squares on the bottom of Mr Turtle's shell and used him for a checker board, which was very unpleasant for Mr Turtle. After a while, as they were growing tired of this, one of the Wildcats came over to see them, and they loaned him Mr Turtle to take home with him, which delighted his little brothers and sisters immensely. They also kept Mr Turtle turned on his back, and used him to play jackstones on, and he didn't like it a bit.

Mr Turtle began to get awfully angry, and when the little Wildcats used him to play house and ate their lunch off the bottom of his shell, pretending he was a table, he became so angry that he hit little Thomas Wildcat on the big toe, and when the children all ran to tell their mother Mr Turtle ate up every bit of lunch which the children had knocked on the ground in their hurry. Then Mrs Wildcat was

very angry, and she took Mr Turtle over to Mr Fox's house and gave him to the little Foxes. They were delighted with Mr Turtle and said he would be just splendid to play Backgammon and Fox and Geese upon. Mr Turtle did not think so, but kept getting angrier and angrier.

The little Foxes were having a fine time when suddenly Mr Fox came flying in the door. "Run inside," he cried. "Mr Dog is after me!" So they all ran into the house and Mrs Fox shut the door and bolted it on the inside.

Mr Dog came bounding up and rattled the door, but it was fast and he could not get in. He then tried the windows, but they were fast too. Then he wiped his face with his handkerchief and sat down to rest, for he was very tired, as he had chased Mr Fox for a long distance. He sat on the first thing handy,



"THE TURTLE HELD ON."

which happened to be Mr Turtle, who was very much insulted. "The idea of a big clumsy dog not knowing any better than to sit on a gentleman like me," he thought, and he stretched out his neck and caught Mr Dog's tail in his strong jaws. Mr Dog howled with pain and tried to shake Mr Turtle off, but he could not, so he started for home, running even faster than when he was chasing Mr Fox. Mr Turtle held on, and at last Mr Dog came to Mr Man's barn, where he lived.

Mr Turtle had been getting angrier and angrier for so long a time that he was now as angry as he could be, and he bit Mr Dog's tail so hard that Mr Dog howled as if he was being killed. Mr Man came running out of the barn to see what the matter was, and prized Mr Turtle's jaws open and bade him let go of Mr Dog's tail. Then he took Mr Turtle into the house and gave him to his little girl, Elsie, to play with. Elsie was a very nice little girl, and she fed Mr Turtle with things that he liked, so that he did not bite her, but she was very fond of doing sums in fractions on his stomach. This was very uncomfortable for Mr Turtle, and besides he had always hated fractions when he was at school. Finally, Elsie put him down and went into the house for a minute, and when she came out Mr Turtle was gone. He had started off for the river as fast as he could go, for he did not dare to go back to the woods for fear of the little Foxes, Wolves and Wildcats, and he did not want to stay round houses where little girls were liable to do fractions on his stomach. He reached the river and crawled into the mud at the bottom, and he has stayed there ever since. His family live there to this day, and people call them Mud Turtles.

Room for the Dog.

Miss Mayde: "I wish to stop at your hotel, but you must provide an apartment for my skye terrier."

Hotel Clerk (politely): "That can be managed, miss. We have an exclusive set of apartments for ladies' dogs. (Aside to porter.) Fire that purp down cellar."

Miss Mayde: "What is the number of the apartment you have given Fido?"

Hotel Clerk (rather staggered): "Er—Parlour K. 9, ma'am."

Mother, coming in quickly: "Tommy, Tommy! Striking your little sister!"

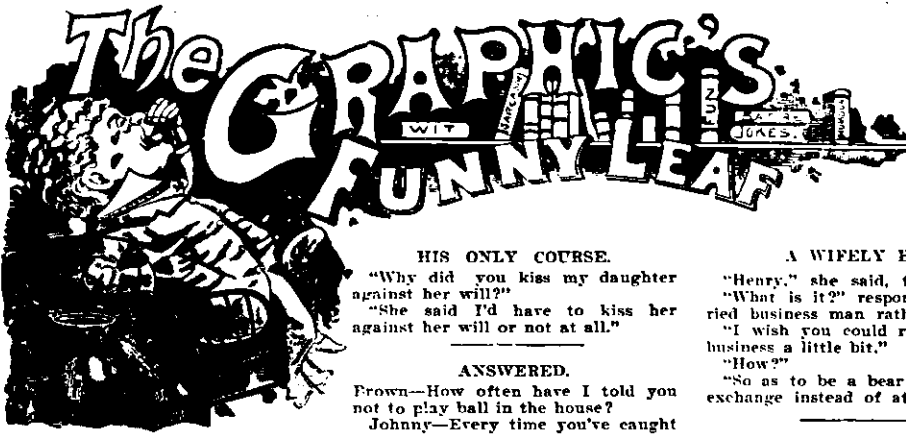
Tommy, doggedly: "Auntie made me!"

Maiden Aunt: "Oh, Tommy! Why, I said if you did strike her I would never kiss you again!"

Tommy, still doggedly: "Yes—that's why I did it!"



"THE LITTLE WOLVES USED THE TURTLE FOR A CHECKER-BOARD."



SETTLING IT.

Property Man: "I am in despair. The star is in a tearing rage because the dressing-room of the leader of the ballet is twelve inches wider than hers." Manager: "That's all right. Tell her that the leader of the ballet is twelve inches wider than she is."

A SAGE ADVICE.

"What would you say," began the voluble pessimist, "if I were to tell you that in a very short space of time all the rivers in this country would dry up?" "I should say," replied the patient man, "Go and follow their example!"

ON THE BOX SEAT OF A B.U.S.

Old Gentleman: "My friend, what do you do with your wages every week—put part of them in a Savings Bank?"

Bus Driver: "No, sir. After payin' the grocer, and butcher, and rent, I pack away what's left in barrels. I don't believe in Savings Banks."

A PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

Just as a lover had dropped on his knees and begun popping the question, a pet poodle, who thought the proceedings rather strange, made a dash for him. With remarkable nerve for a woman, the girl reached over, seized the dog by the throat, and at the same time calmly uttered: "Go on, George dear. I'm listening to what you are saying."

UNFINANCIAL.

Magistrate: "But what fault have you to find with your husband, then?" Mrs Joppis: "Well, you see, sir, he's very good an' kind an' all that, but he's so fearfully—unfinancial!"

THEIR BUSINESS METHODS.

"Well," said Bill Yuss, "I've taken a powder for my headache, a pellet for my liver, and a capsule for my gouty foot. Now, what puzzles me is, how do the blamed things know the right place to go to after they get inside?"



LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON.

Rector: Mr. Jones, I'm sorry to tell you that I saw your boy fishing last Sunday.
Mr. Jones: Confound the rascal! I thought it was strange I couldn't find my fishing-rod.

HIS ONLY COURSE.

"Why did you kiss my daughter against her will?"
"She said I'd have to kiss her against her will or not at all."

ANSWERED.

Brown—How often have I told you not to play ball in the house?
Johnny—Every time you've caught me at it.

A SLIGHT ERROR.

Old Lady (to druggist)—I want a box of canine pills.
Druggist—What is the matter with the dog?
Old Lady (indignantly)—I want you to know, sir, that my husband is a gentleman.
(Druggist puts up some quinine pills in profound silence.)

AFTER THE QUADRILLES.

He—Ah, Miss Peachy, if I were rich and lovely as you are, I know what I would do.
She—Marry a duke, I suppose.
He—No, not at all.
She—What then?
He—If I were you I'd marry me.



HARD LINES.

Visitor: You and your brother are twins, are you not, my boy?
Boy: Yes, sir. It's hard to be twins.
Visitor: How is that?
Boy: Why, when dad don't know which of us does a thing he thrashes us both.

FAME NEAR.

Willy—Do you suppose anyone was ever weally born with a silver spoon in his mouth?
Ethel—No doubt of it! I've seen some that even suggested a spread out-cracker.

LADIES! LADIES!

Miss Believe—Beggars are all frauds. I met a blind man yesterday, who said, "Please give me a penny or two, lovely lady."
Miss Behave—Yes; he said that to make you think he was really blind.

FOUND AT LAST.

Scientists will be delighted to learn that the New York police in taking a recent census discovered a man named Sausage. He is undoubtedly the long-looked-for missing link.

A WIFELY HINT.

"Henry," she said, thoughtfully.
"What is it?" responded the worried business man rather shortly.
"I wish you could rearrange your business a little bit."
"How?"
"So as to be a bear on the stock-exchange instead of at home."

ON HIM.

Joneson: Did your father-in-law settle anything on you when you married his daughter?
Baneson: Yes; the rest of the family.



"WHAT'S IN A NAME."

Atkinson: What's the matter with your friend? He seems very depressed.
Henderson: Yes; he's down on his luck. He's dying to join the Yeomanry, but he doesn't like sending in his name, "A. Coward."
Atkinson: But he has no need to put it that way. Why can't he give it in full.
Henderson: That makes it all the worse, man; his first name's Adam.

A NATURAL INFERENCE.

Parkville: There's talk of getting up a milk trust.
Rockaway: I'll bet that would be wastered.

TOOK THE HINT.

He: Your little brother said I would have to give him a quarter if I kissed you.
She: Isn't he awful? What did you do?
He: I gave him a dollar.

PURE ROMANCE.

Mrs Henpeck: I saw a book to-day I thought of getting you. It was entitled "How to Be Happy Though Married."
Henpeck: Why, my dear, you know I never read fiction.

THE CHICAGO WAY.

Writer: That is a great scheme this Chicago man has of dividing up his autobiography.
Witer: What is it?
Writer: Instead of using chapters he divides it off under the headings, "First Wife," "Second Wife," "Third Wife," "Fourth Wife," etc.

SPOILING FOR A FIGHT.

Judge: "This man says you assaulted him. Pat. Did he tread on the tail of your coat?"
Pat: "No, yer honor."
Judge: "Then what made you hit him?"
Pat: "Bekase he didn't trid on it, be jabbers!"

NO SNAKE THEN.

Murphy: "Saint Patrick wuz a foine gentleman, but it's a thousand pities he wuzn't bor-rn ages afore."
Giles: "How do you make that out?"
Murphy: "Shure, ef he'd bin in the garden av Adin a poor devil loike me wudn't be wur-kin' his vittis owt ivry day in the gas-house, all on account av the curse av Adam."

FOR THE GIRLS' SAKE.

"Jimmy, how did you get your feet so wet coming home from school?"
"Aw, th' girls don't think nothin' of a boy 'at's 'traid t' wade in th' gutter."

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

"Perhaps you are not aware that I had over a dozen proposals of marriage before I got yours," said Mrs McDougall, stiffly, after a little tiff with her lord and master the other morning.
"And, perhaps, madam, you are not aware that I proposed marriage to nearly a score of women before I became acquainted with you," retorted that gentleman, haughtily.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

"Did he prove to be a friend in need?"
"Well, yes, he was usually. But he seldom needed more than two dollars."

ROBERT LOWE, LORD SHERBROOKE.

Lord Sherbrooke's second wife once said to him: "Robert, if you were as stingy in domestic matters as you are as Chancellor of the Exchequer I would go away and leave you altogether."
"My dear," was the reply, "it is a great temptation!"

SOCIETY IN MARS.

"Do you take any interest in the problem of whether or not Mars is inhabited?" asked the young man.
"Oh, dear, no," replied the young woman. "Even if it were, the people wouldn't belong to our set."

ANGELS NOT WANTED.

Mr Kidder: "Johnny, the angels brought you a baby brother last night."
Little Johnny (whose nose is out of joint): "Huh! Wish I'd been awake. I'd have pounded the stuffin' out of them angels."



EXPLAINED.

He: Did you notice how pale Mrs Highbridge was? I never saw her so much affected by tragedy before.
She (sagaciously): It wasn't that; her back hair was coming down.