

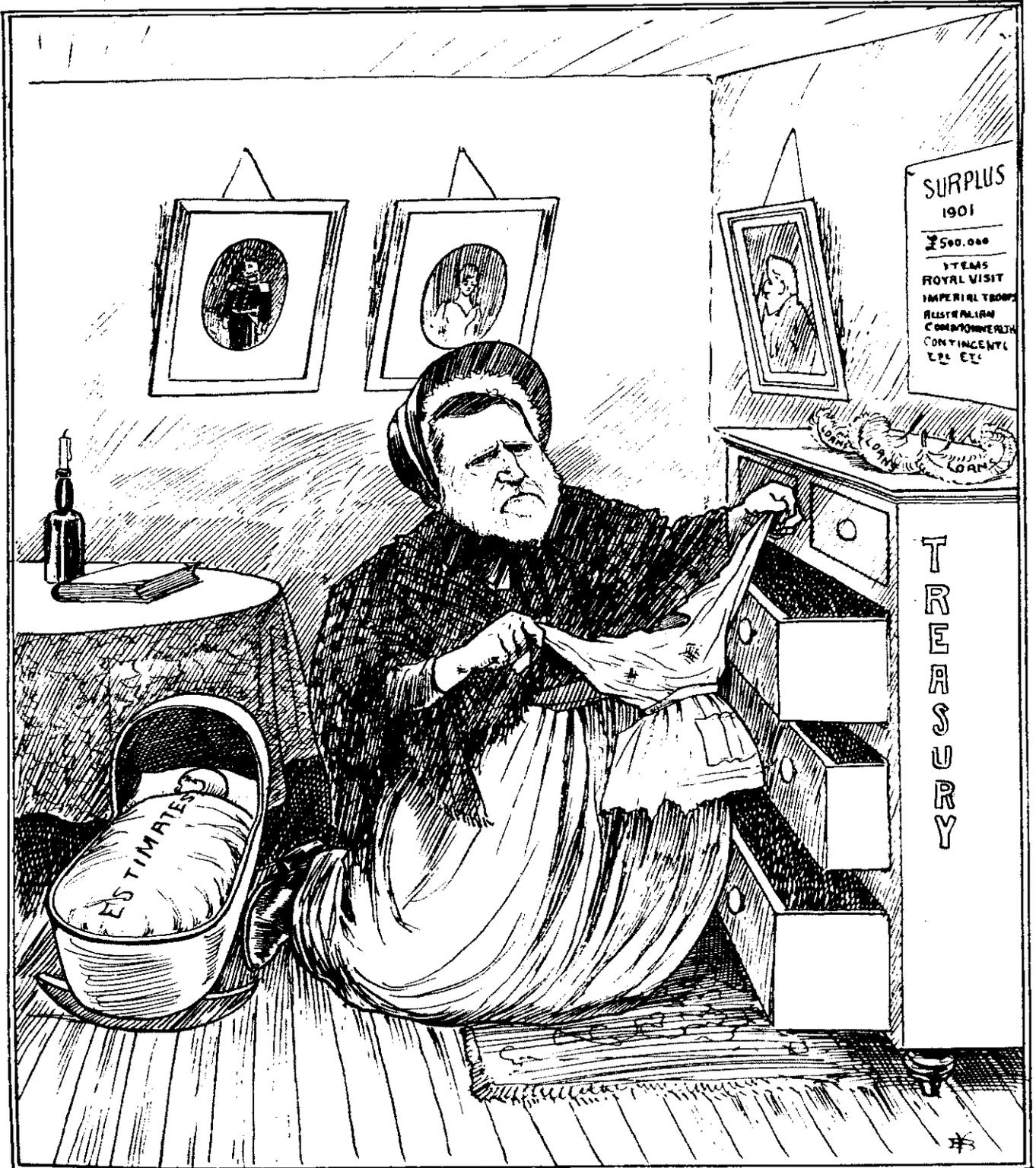
# The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

VOL. XXVII.—No. VII.

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



In Borrowed Plumes.

ANXIOUS MOTHER (Hon. R. J. S.): "DEAR, DEAR, AN' THERE'S HARDLY A DECENT RAG LEFT TO PUT ON THE YOUNGSTER. I'LL HEN TUSE THE FEATHERS AFTER ALL TO MAKE HIM PRESENTABLE."

The Premier recently told a deputation that the finances of the country had occasioned him much anxiety during the last few months. In framing the estimates for the current year he was unable to make the receipts equal the expenditure.

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# KIM.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

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## CHAPTER XV.

I'd not give room for an Emperor—  
I'd hold my road for a King.  
To the Triple Crown I'd not bow down—  
But this is a different thing!  
I'll not fight with the Powers of Air—  
Sentries pass him through!  
Drawbridge let fall—He's the Lord of us all—  
The Dreamer whose dream came true,  
"The Siege of the Fairies."

Two hundred miles north of Chini, on the blue shale of Ladakh, lies Yankling Sahib, the merry-minded man, spy-glassing wrathfully across the ridges for some sign of his pet tracker—a man from Lo-chung. But that renegade, with a new Mannlicher rifle and two hundred cartridges, elsewhere, shooting musk-deer for the market, and Yankling Sahib will learn next season how very ill he has been.

Up the valleys of Bushahr—the far-beholding eagles of the Himalayas swerve at his new blue-and-white gored umbrella—hurries a Bengali, once fat and well-looking, now lean and weather-worn. He has received the thanks of two foreigners of distinction, piloted not unskillfully to Mashobra tunnel, which leads to the great and gay capital of India. It was not his fault that, blanketed by wet mists, he conveyed them past the telegraph-station and European colony of Kotgarh. It was not his fault, but that of the gods, of whom he discoursed so engagingly, that he led them into the borders of Nahan, where the Rajah of that state mistook them for deserting British soldiery. Hurree Babu explained the greatness and glory in their own country, of his companions, till the drowsy kinglet smiled. He explained it to every one who asked—many times—aloud—variously. He begged food, arranged accommodation, proved a skilful leech for an injury of the groin—such a blow as one may receive rolling down a rock-covered hillside in the dark—and in all things indispensable. The reason of his friendliness did him credit. With millions of fellow-sefs, he had learned to look upon Russia as the great deliverer from the North. He was a fearful man. He had been afraid that he could not save his illustrious employers from the anger of an excited peasantry. He himself would just as lief hit a holy man as not, but . . . He was deeply grateful and sincerely rejoiced that he had done his little possible towards bringing their venture to—barring the lost baggage—a successful issue. He had forgotten the blows; denied that any blows had been dealt that unseemly first night under the pines. He asked neither pension nor retaining fee, but if they deemed him worthy, would they give him a testimonial? It might be useful to him later, if others, their friends, came over the Passes. He begged them to remember him in their future greatness, for he opined subtly that he, even he, Mohendro Lal Dutt, M.A., of Calcutta, had done the state some service.

They gave him a certificate praising his courtesy, helpfulness and unerring skill as a guide. He put it in his waist belt and sobbed with emotion. They had endured so many dangers together. He had led them at high noon along crowded Simla mall to the Alliance Bank of Simla where they wished to establish their identity. Thence he vanished like a dawn cloud on Jakko.

Behold him, too fine drawn to sweat, too pressed to vault the drugs in his little brass-bound box, ascending Shamlegh slope, a just man made perfect. Watch him, all Babudon laid aside, smoking at noon on a cot, while a woman with tortoiseshell studded head gear points south-easterly across the bare grass. Litters, she says, do not travel as fast as single men, but his birds should now be in the plains. The

holy man would not stay though Lis-peth pressed him. The Babu grooms heavily, girds up his huge loins, and is off again. He does not care to travel after dark; but his days' marches—there is none to enter them in a book—would astonish folk who mock at his race. Kindly villagers, remembering the Dacca drug vendor of two months ago, give him shelter against evil spirits of the wood. He dreams of Bengali Gods, University text books of his manhood, and the Royal Society, London, England. Next dawn the bobbing blue and white umbrella goes forward.

On the edge of the Doon, Mussoorie well behind them and the Plains spread out in golden dust before, rests a worn litter in which—all the Hills know it—lies a sick lama who seeks a river for his healing. Villages have almost come to blows over the honour of bearing it, for not only has the lama given them blessings, but his disciple good money—full one-third Sahib's price. Twelve miles a day has the dooli travelled, as the greasy, rubbed pole ends show, and by roads that few Sahibs use. Over the Nilang Pass in storm when the driven snow dust filled every fold of the impulsive lama's drapery; between the black horns of Raieng, where they heard the whistle of the wild goats through the clouds; pitching and strained on the shale below; hard held between shoulder and clenched jaw when they rounded the hideous curves of the Cut Road under Bhagirati, swinging and creaking to the steady jog trot of the descent into the valley of the Waters; pressed along the steamy levels of that locked valley; up, and up, and up again, to meet the roaring gusts off Kedarnath; set down of middays in the dun gloom of kindly oak forests; passed from village to village in dawn chill, when even devotees may be forgiven for swearing at impatient holy men; or by torch-light, when the least fearful think of ghosts—the dooli has reached her last stage. The little hill folk sweat in the modified heat of the lower Sewalikis, and gather round the priests for their blessings and their wage.

"Ye have acquired merit," says the lama. "Merit greater than your knowing. And ye will return to the Hills," he sighs.

"Surely. The high hills as soon as may be." The bearer rubs his shoulder, drinks water, spits it out again, and readjusts his grass sandal. Kim—his face is drawn and tired—pays very small silver from his belt, heaves out the food-bags, crams an oil-skin packet—they are holy-writings—into his bosom, and helps the lama to his feet. The peace has come again into the old man's eyes, and he does not look for the hills to fall down and crush him as he did that terrible night when they were delayed by the flooded river.

The men pick up the dooli and swing out of sight between the scrub clumps.

The lama raises a hand toward the rampart of the Himalayas "Not with you, O blessed among all hills, fell the Arrow of Our Lord! And never shall I breathe your air again!"

"But thou art ten times the stronger man in this good air," says Kim, for to his wearied soul appeal the well-cropped, kindly plains. "Here, or hereabouts, fell the Arrow, yes. We will go very softly, perhaps a kos a day, for the Search is sure. But the bag weighs heavy."

"Ay, our Search is sure. I have come out of great temptation."

It was never more than a couple of miles a day now, and Kim's shoulders bore all the weight of it—the burden of an old man, the burden of the heavy food-bag with the locked books, the lot of the writings on

his heart, and the details of the daily routine. He begged in the dawn, set blankets for the lama's meditation, held the weary head on his lap through the noonday heats, fanning away the flies till his wrist ached, begged again in the evenings, and rubbed the lama's feet, who rewarded him with promise of Freedom—today, to-morrow, or, at furthest, the next day.

"Never was such a chela. I doubt at times whether Ananda more faithfully nursed Our Lord. And thou art a Sahib. When I was a man—a long time ago—I forgot that. Now I look upon thee often, and every time I remember that thou art a Sahib. It is strange."

"Thou hast said there is neither black nor white. Why plague me with this talk, Holy One? Let me rub the other foot. It vexes me. I am not a Sahib. I am thy chela, and my head is heavy on my shoulders."

"Patience a little! We reach Freedom together. Then thou and I, upon the far bank of the River, will look back upon our lives as in the Hills we saw our day's marches laid out behind us. Perhaps I was once a Sahib."

"Was never a Sahib like thee, I swear it."

"I am certain the Keeper of the Images in the Wonder House was in past life a very wise abbot. But even his spectacles do not make my eyes see. There fall shadows when I would look steadily. No matter—we know the tricks of the poor stupid carcass—shadow changing to another shadow. I am bound by the illusion of Time and Space. How far came we to-day upon our feet?"

"Perhaps half a kos." Three-quarters of a mile, and it was a weary march.

"Half a kos. Ha! I went ten thousand thousand in the spirit. How we are all lapped and swathed and swaddled in these senseless thing." He looked at his thin blue-reined hand that found

the beads so heavy. "Chela, hast thou never a wish to leave me?"

Kim thought of the oilskin packet and the books in the food bag. If some one duly authorised would come and take delivery of them the Great Game might play itself for aught he then cared. He was tired and hot in his head, and a cough that came from the stomach worried him.

"No," he said almost sternly. "I am not a dog or a snake to bite when I have learned to love."

"Thou art too tender for me."

"Not that either. I have moved in one matter without consulting thee. I have sent a message to the Kulu woman by that woman who gave us the goat's milk this morn, saying that thou wast a little feeble and would need a litter. I beat myself in my mind that I did not do it when we entered the Doon. We stay in this place till the litter returns."

"I am content. She is a woman with a heart of gold, as thou sayest, but a talker—something of a talker."

"She will not weary thee. I have looked to that also. Holy One, my heart is very heavy for my many carelessnesses towards thee. An hysterical catch rose in his throat. "I have walked thee too far; I have not picked good food always for thee; I have not considered the neat; I have talked to people on the road and left thee alone. . . . I have—I have . . . Hai mai! But I love thee. . . . and it is all too late . . . I was a child. . . . Oh, why was I not a man! . . . Overborne by strain, fatigue, and the weight beyond his years, Kim broke down and sobbed at the lama's feet."

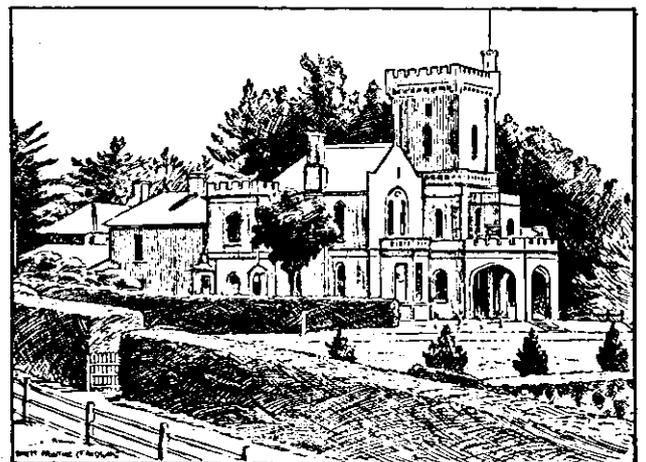
"What a to-do is here," said the old man gently. "Thou hast never stepped a hair's breadth from the Way of Obedience. Neglect me? Child, I have lived on thy strength as an old tree lives on the lime of a new wall. Day by day, since Shamlegh down, I have stolen strength from thee. Therefore, not for any sin of thine, art thou weakened. It is the Body—the silly, stupid Body—that speaks now. Not the assured Soul. Be comforted! Know at least the devils that thou fightest. They are earth-born—children of illusion. We will go to the woman from Kulu. She shall acquire merit in housing us, and specially in tending me. Thou shalt run free till strength returns. I had forgiven the stupid Body. If there be any blame, I bear it. But we are too close to the gates of deliverance to weigh blame. I could praise thee, but what need? In a little—in a very little—we shall sit beyond all needs."

And so he petted and comforted

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Kim with wise saws and grave texts on that little understood beast, our Body, who, being but a delusion, insists on posing as the Soul, to the darkening of the Way, and the immense multiplication of unnecessary evils.

"Hail! hail! Let us talk of the woman from Kulu. Think you she will ask another charm for her grandsons? When I was a young man, a very long time ago, I was plagued with these vapours, and some others, and I went to an abbot—a very holy man and a seeker after truth, though then I knew it not. Sit up and listen, child of my soul! My tale was told. Said he to me, "Chela know this. There are many lies in the world, and not a few liars, but there are no liars like our bodies, except it be the sensations of our bodies." Considering this I was comforted, and of his great favour he suffered me to drink tea in his presence. Suffer me now to drink tea, for I am thirsty."

With a laugh above his tears, Kim kissed the lama's feet, and went about tea-making.

"Thou leanest on me in the body. Holy One, but I lean on thee for some other things. Dost know it?"

"I have guessed maybe," and the lama's eyes twinkled. "We must change that."

So, when with scuffings and scrapings and a hot air of importance, paddled up nothing less than the Sahiba's pet palanquin sent twenty miles, with that same grizzled old Oorya servant in charge, and when they reached the disorderly order of the long white rambling house behind Saharunpore, the lama took his own measures.

Said the Sahiba cheerily from an upper window, after compliments: "What is the good of an old woman's advice to an old man? I told thee—I told thee, Holy One, to keep an eye upon the chela. How didst thou do it? Never answer me! I know. He has been running among the women. Look at his eyes—hollow and sunk—and the Betraying Line from the nose down! He has been sifted out! Fie! Fie! And a priest, too!"

Kim looked up over-weary to smile, shaking his head in denial.

"Do not jest," said the lama. "That time is over. We are here upon great matters. A sickness of soul took me in the hills, and him a sickness of the body. Since then I have lived upon his strength—eating him."

"Children together—young and old," she sniffed, but forbore to make any new jokes. "May this present hospitality restore ye. Hold awhile and I will come to gossip of the good good hills."

At evening time—her son-in-law was returned, so she did not need to go on inspection round the farm—she won to the meat of the matter, explained low-voicedly by the lama. The two old heads nodded wisely together. Kim had reeled to a room with a cot in it, and was dozing soddenly. The lama had forbidden him to set blankets or get food.

"I know—I know. Who but I?" she cackled. "We who go down to the burning-ghats clutch at the hands of those coming up from the River of Life with full water-jars—yes, brimming water-jars. I did the boy wrong. He lent thee his strength? It is true that the old eat the young daily. 'Stands now we must restore him.'"

"Thou hast many times acquired merit—"

"My merit. What is it? Old bag of bones making curries for men who do not ask "Who cooked this?" Now if it were stored up for my grandson—"

"He that had the belly pain?"

"To think the Holy One remembers that! I must tell his mother. It is most singular honour! "He that had the belly pain"—straightway the Holy One remembered. She will be proud."

"My chela is to me as is a son to the unenlightened."

"Say grandson, rather. Mothers have not the wisdom of our years. If a child cries they say the heavens are falling. Now a grandmother is far enough separated from the pain of bearing and the pleasure of giving the breast to consider whether a cry is wickedness pure or the wind. And since thou speakest once again of wind, when last the Holy One was

here, maybe I offended in pressing for charms."

"Sister," said the lama, using that form of address a Buddhist monk may sometimes employ towards a nun, "if charms comfort thee—"

"They are better than ten thousand doctors."

"I say, if they comfort thee, I who was Abbot of Such-zen, will make as many as thou mayest desire. I have never seen thy face—"

"That even the monkeys who steal our loquats count for a gain. Heel hee!"

"But as he who sleeps there said," he nodded at the shut door of the guest chamber across the forecourt, "thou hast a heart of gold. . . . And he is in the spirit my very 'grandson' to me."

"Good! I am the Holy One's cow." This was pure Hinduism, but the lama never heeded. "I am old. I have borne sons in the body. Oh once I could please men. Now I can cure them." He heard her armlets tinkle as though she bared arms for action. "I will take over the boy and dose him, and stuff him, and make him all whole. Hail! hail! We old people know something yet."

Wherefore when Kim, aching in every bone, opened his eyes, and would go to the cook-house to get his master's food, he found strong coercion about him, and a veiled old figure at the door, flanked by the grizzled manservant, who told him precisely the very things that he was on no account to do.

"Thou must have—thou shalt have nothing. What? A locked box in which to keep holy books? Oh, that is another matter. Heavens forbid I should come between a priest and his prayers! It shall be brought, and thou shalt keep the key."

They pushed the coffer under his cot, and Kim shut away Mahub's pistol, the oilskin packet of letters, and the locked books and diaries, with a groan of relief. For some absurd reason their weight on his shoulders was nothing to their weight on his poor mind. His neck ached under it of nights.

"Thine is a sickness uncommon in youth these days: since young folk have given up tending their betters. The remedy is sleep, and certain drugs," said the Sahiba; and he was glad to give himself up to the blankness that half menaced and half soothed him.

She brewed them in some mysterious Asiatic equivalent to the still room—drinks that smelt pestilently and tasted worse. She stood over Kim till they went down and inquired exhaustively after they had come up. She laid a taboo upon the forecourt, and enforced it by means of an armed man. It is true he was seventy odd, that his scabbard sword ceased at the hilt, but he represented the authority of the Sahiba, and loaded wains, chattering servants, calves, dogs, hens, and the like, fetched a wide compass by those parts. Rest of all, when the body was cleared, she cut out from the mass of poor relations that crowded the back of the buildings—household dogs we name them—a cousin's widow, skilled in what Europeans, who know nothing about it, call massage. And the two of them, laying him east and west, that the mysterious earth currents which thrill the clay of our bodies might help and not hinder, took him to pieces all one long afternoon—bone by bone, muscle by muscle, ligament by ligament, and lastly nerve by nerve. Kneaded to irresponsible pulp, half hypnotised by the perpetual flick and readjustment of the uneasy chudlers that veiled their eyes, Kim slid ten thousand miles into slumber—thirty-six hours of it—sleep and soaked like rain after drought.

Then she fed him and the house spun to her clamour. She caused fowls to be slain. She sent for vegetables, and the sober, slow-thinking gardener, nigh as old as she, sweated for it; she took spices and milk, and onion, with little fish from the brooks—anon limes for sherbets, quails of the pit, then chicken livers upon a skewer, with sliced ginger between.

"I have seen something of this world," she said over the crowded trays, "and there are but two sorts of women in it—those who take the strength out of a man and those who put it back. Once I was that one, and now I am this. Nay, do not play the

priestling with me. Mine was but a jest. If it does not hold good now, it will when thou takest the road again. Cousin—this to the poor relation, never weary of extolling her patroness' charity—"he is getting a bloom on the skin of a new curried horse. Our work is like polishing jewels to be thrown to a dance girl—eh?"

Kim sat up and smiled. The terrible weakness had dropped from him like an old shoe. His tongue itched for free speech again, but a weak back the lightest word clogged it like ashes. The pain in his neck (the must have caught it from the lama)—had gone with the heavy dengue aches and the evil taste in the mouth. The two old women, a little, but not much more careful about their veils now, clucked as merrily as the hens that had entered picking through the open door.

"Where is my Holy One?" he demanded.

"Hear him! Thy Holy One is well," she snipped, viciously. "Though that is none of his merit. Knew I a charm to make him wise I'd sell my jewels and buy it. To refuse good food that I cooked myself—and to tumble into a brook at the end of it—call you that holiness? Then, when he has nearly broken what thou hast left of my heart with anxiety he tells me that he has acquired merit. Oh how like are all men! No, that was not it—he tells me that he is freed from all sin. I could have told him that before he wetted himself all over. He is well now—this happened a week ago—but burn me such holiness! A babe of three would do better. Do not fret thyself for the Holy One. He keeps both eyes on thee when he is not wading our brooks."

"I do not remember to have seen him. I remember that the days and nights passed like bars of white and black, opening and shutting. I was not sick; I was only tired."

"A lethargy that comes by right some few score years later. But it is all done now."

"Maharanee," Kim began, but led by the look in her eye, changed it to the title of plain *joor*—mother. I owe my life to thee. How shall I make thanks? Ten thousand blessings upon thy house and—"

"The house be unblessed." (It is impossible to give exactly the old lady's word.) "Thank the Gods as a priest if thou wilt, but thank me if thou carest as a son. Heavens above! Have I shifted thee and lifted thee and slapped and twisted thy ten toes to find texts flung at my head? Somewhere a mother must have borne thee to break her heart. What usedst thou to her—son?"

"I had no mother, my mother," said Kim. "She died, they tell me, after the bearing."

"Hail! hail! Then none can say I have robbed her of any right if—"

when thou takest the road again and this house is but one of a thousand used for shelter and forgotten, after an easy-flung blessing. No matter, I need no blessings, but—but— She stamped her foot at the poor relation: "Take up the trays to the house. What is the good of stale food in the room, oh woman of ill-omen?"

"I ha—have borne a son in my time too, but he died," whispered the bowed sister-figure behind the chudder. "Thou knowest he died. I only waited for the order to take away the tray," too, but he died. I only waited for the order to take away the tray."

"It is I that am the woman of ill-omen," cried the old lady penitently. "We that go down to the chattris (the big umbrellas above the burning-ghats where the priests take their last dues) clutch hard at the bearers of the chattris (water-jars—youth folk full of the pride of life, she meant; but the pun is clumsy.) When one cannot dance in the festival one must e'en look out of the window, and grandmothereing takes all a woman's time. Thy master gives me all the charms I now desire for my daughter's eldest, by reason—is it?—that he is wholly free from sin. The hakim is brought very low these days. He goes about poisoning my servants for lack of their betters."

"What hakim, mother?"

"That very Dacca man who gave me the pill which rent me in three pieces. He cast up like a strayed camel a week ago, cowing that he and thou had been blood brothers together up Kulu-way, and feigning great anxiety for thy health. He was very thin and hungry, so I gave orders to have him stuffed too—him and his anxiety!"

"I would see him if he is here."

"He eats five times a day, and lances boils for my minds to save himself from an apoplexy. He is so full of anxiety for thy health that he sticks to the cook-house door and stays himself with scraps. He will keep. We shall never get rid of him."

"Send him here, mother"—the twinkle returned to Kim's eye for a flash—"and I will try."

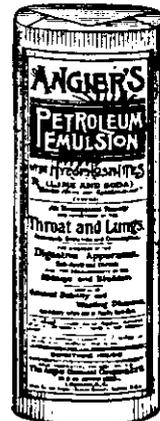
"I'll send him, but to chase him off is an ill turn. At least he had the sense to fish the Holy One out of the brook; thus, as the Holy One did not say, acquiring merit."

"He is a very wise hakim. Send him, mother."

"Priest praising priest? A miracle! If he is any friend of thine (ye squabbled at your last meeting) I'll hale him here with horse-ropes and—and give him a caste dinner afterwards, my son. . . . Get up and see the world! This lying abed is the mother of seventy evils. . . . my son! my son!"

(To be Concluded.)

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# TRISTRAM OF BLENT.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

AN EPISODE IN THE STORY OF AN ANCIENT HOUSE.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## A DECREE OF BANISHMENT.

The larp cried—absolutely cried for vexation—when a curt and sour note from Sutherland told her the issue. The blow struck down her excitement and her exultation. Away went all joy in her encounter with Mr Disney, all pride in the skill with which she had negotiated with the Prime Minister. The ending was pitiful—disgusting and pitiful. She pounded on her heart's bitterness to Major Duplay, who had come to visit her.

"I'm tired of the whole thing, and I hate the Tristrams!" she declared.

"It always comes to that in time, Mina, when you mix yourself up in people's affairs."

"Wasn't it through you that I began to do it?"

"The major declined to argue the question—of some complexity, perhaps."

"Well, I've got plenty to do in London. Let's give up Merrion and take rooms here."

"Give up Merrion!" She was startled. But the reasons she assigned were prudential. "I've taken it till October, and I can't afford to. Besides, what's the use of being here in August?"

"You won't drop it yet, you see." The reasons did not deceive Duplay.

"I don't think I ought to desert Cecily. I suppose she'll go back to Blent. Oh, what an exasperating man he is!"

"Doesn't look as if the match would come off now, does it?"

"It's just desperate. The last chance is gone. I don't know what to do."

"Marry him yourself," advised the Major. Though it was an old idea of his, he was not very serious.

"I'd sooner poison him," said Mina decisively. "What must Mr Disney think of me?"

"I shouldn't trouble about that. Do you suppose he thinks much at all, Mina?" (That is the sort of remark which relatives sometimes regard as consoling.)

"I think Harry Tristram as much of a fool as you do," Duplay added. "If he'd taken it, he could have made a good match anyhow, even if he didn't get Lady Tristram."

"Cecily's just as bad. She's retired into her shell. You don't know that way of hers—of theirs, I suppose it is, bother them! She's treating everybody and everything as if they didn't exist."

"She'll go back to Blent, I suppose."

"Well, she must. Somebody must have it."

"If it's going begging, call on me," said the Major equably. He was in a better humour with the world than he had been for a long while; his connection with Iver promised well. But Mina sniffed scornfully; she was in no mood for idle jests.

Cecily had been told about the scheme and its lamentable end. Her attitude was one of entire unconcern. What was it to her if Harry were made a viscount, a duke, or the Pope? What was anything to her? She was going back to her father at Blent. The only animation she displayed was in resenting the remainder, and indeed denying the fact, that she had ever been other than absolutely happy and contented at Blent. Mina pressed the point, and Cecily then declared that now at any rate her conscience was at rest. She had tried to do what was right—at what sacrifice Mina knew; the reception of her offer Mina knew. Now perhaps

Mina could sympathise with her, and could understand the sort of way in which Cousin Harry received attempts to help him. On this point they drew together again.

"You must come back to Merrion, dear," urged Cecily.

Mina, who never meant to do anything else, embraced her friend and affectionately consented. It is always pleasant to do on entreaty what we might be driven to do unasked.

Good-bye had to be said to Lady Evenswood. That lady was very cheerful about Harry; she was, hardly with any disguise, an admirer of his conduct, and said that undoubtedly he had made a very favourable impression on Robert. She seemed to make little of the desperate condition of affairs as regarded Cecily. She was thinking of Harry's career, and that seemed to her very promising.

"Whatever he tries I think he'll succeed in," she said. That was not enough for Mina; he must try Mina's things—those she had set her heart on—before she could be content.

"But you never brought Cecily to see me," Lady Evenswood complained.

"And I'm just going away now."

That was it, Mina decided. Lady Evenswood had not seen Cecily. She had approached the Tristram puzzle from one side only, and had perceived but one aspect of it. She did not understand that it was complex and double headed;

it was neither Harry nor Cecily, but Harry and Cecily. Mina had been in that state of mind before Cecily came on the scene; it was natural now in Lady Evenswood. But it rendered her really useless. It was a shock to find that, all along, in Lady Evenswood's mind Cecily had been a step towards the peerage rather than the peerage the first step towards Cecily. Mina wondered loftily (but silently) how woman could take so slighting a view of woman.

"And Flora Disney has quite taken him up," Lady Evenswood pursued. "George tells me he's been to lunch there twice. George is a terrible gossip."

"What does Lady Flora Disney want with him?"

"Well, my dear, are you going to turn round and say you don't understand why he interests women?"

"I don't see why he should interest Lady Flora." Mina had already made up her mind that she hated that sort of woman. It was bad enough to have captured Mr Disney; must the insatiable creature draw into her net Harry Tristram also?

"And of course he's flattered. Any young man would be."

"I don't think he's improved since he left Blent."

"Country folks always say that about their young men when they come to town," smiled Lady Evenswood. "He's learning his world, my dear. And he seems very sensible. He hasn't inherited poor Addie's wildness."

"Yes, he has. But it only comes out now and then. When it does—"

"It won't come out with Flora," Lady Evenswood interrupted reassuringly. "And, at any rate, as you may suppose, I'm going to leave him to his own devices. Oh, I think he's quite right, but I don't want to be wrong myself again, that's all."

But another thing was to happen before Mina went back to the valley of the Blent; a fearful, delightful thing. An astonishing mischievous

card inviting her to dine with Mr. and Lady Flora Disney. She gasped as she read it. Had Lady Flora ever indulged in the same expression of feeling, it would have been when she was asked to send it. Gasping still, Mina telegraphed for her best frock and all the jewelled tokens of affection which survived to testify to Adolf Zabriska's love. It was in itself an infinitely great occasion, destined always to loom large in memory; but it proved to have a bearing on the Tristram problem too.

For Harry was there. He sat on the hostess' left, on her other side was handsome Lord Hove, very resplendent in full dress, starred and ribbed. Several of the men were like that; there was some function later on, Mina learnt from an easy-mannered youth who sat by her and seemed bored with the party.

Disney came in late, in his usual indifferently fitting morning clothes, snatching an hour from the House, in the strongest contrast to the fair sumptuousness of his wife. He took a vacant chair two places from Mina and nodded at her in a friendly way. They were at a round table, and there were only a dozen there. The easy-mannered youth told her all about them, including several things which it is to be hoped were not true; he seemed to view them from an altitude of good-humoured contempt. Mina discovered afterwards that he was a cousin of Lady Flora's, and occupied a position in Messrs. Cotts' Bank. He chuckled once, remarking:

"Flora's talkin' to Tristram all the time, instead of bein' pleasant to Tommy Hove. Fact is, she hates Tommy, and she'd be glad if the Chief would give him the boot. But the Chief doesn't want to, because Tommy's well in at Court, and the Chief isn't."

"Why does Lady Flora hate Lord Hove? He's very handsome."

"Think so? Well, I see so many fellows like that, that I'm beginnin' to hate 'em. Like the sweet girl, don't you know? I hear the Chief thinks Tristram'll train on."

"Do what?" asked Mina absently, looking across at Harry. Harry was quite lively, and deep in conversation with his hostess.

"Well, they might put him in the House, and so on, you know. See that woman next but three? That's Gertrude Melrose; spends more on clothes than any woman in London, and she's only got nine hundred a year. Queer?" He smiled as he consumed an almond.

"She must get into debt," said Mina, gazing at the clothes of inexplicable origin.

"Gettin' in isn't the mystery," remarked the youth. "It's the gettin' out, Madame—er—Zabriska." He had taken a swift glance at Mina's card.

Mina looked round. "Is it in this room they have the Councils?" she asked.

"Cabinets? Don't know. Downstairs somewhere, I believe, anyhow." He smothered a yawn. "Queer thing, that about Tristram, you know. If everything was known, you know, I shouldn't wonder if a lot of other fellows found themselves—"

He was interrupted, fortunately, perhaps, in these speculations by a question from his other neighbour. Mina was left alone for some minutes, and set to work to observe the scene. She was tolerably at ease now; a man was on each side of her, and in the end it was the women of whom she was afraid. There would be a terrible time in the drawing-room, but she determined not to think of that. Harry saw her sitting silent and smiled across at her while he listened to Lady Flora. The smile seemed to come from a great way off. The longer she sat there the more that impression grew; he seemed so much and so naturally a part of the scene and one of the company. She was so emphatically not one of them, save by the merest accident and for an evening's span. The sense of difference and distance troubled her. She thought of Cecily alone at home, and grew more troubled still. She felt absurd, too, because she had been trying to help Harry. If that had to be done, she supposed Lady Flora would do it now. The idea was bitter. Where difference of class comes in, women seem more hostile to one another than men are to men; perhaps this should be considered in relation to the Franchise Question.

Through the talk of the rest she listened to Harry and Lady Flora. That Harry should hold his own did not surprise her; it was rather unexpected that he should do it so lightly and so urbanely. Lord Hove tried to intervene once or twice, with no success; capricious waves of sympathy undulated across to him from Mina. She turned her head by chance, and found Mr Disney silent too, and looking at her. The next moment he spoke to the easy-mannered youth.

"Well, Theo, what's the world saying and doing?"

"Same as last year, Cousin Robert" answered Theo, cheerfully. "Government's a year older, of course."

In an instant Mina was pleased, she detected an unexpected but pleasant friendship between Mr Disney and the youth. She credited Disney with more humanity—the humour necessary she knew he had—and liked him even better.

"The drawing-rooms have kicked us out already, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, rather. But the Bank's not sure."

"Good! That's something. Banks against drawing-rooms for me, Madame Zabriska." He brought her into the conversation almost with tact; he must have had a strong wish to make her comfortable.

"That's right," announced Theo. "I should say you're all right in the country, too. Crops pretty good, you know, and the rain's comin' down just nicely."

"Well, I ordered it," said Mr Disney. "Takin' all the credit you can get," observed Theo. "Like the man who carved his name on the knife before he stabbed his mother-in-law."

"What did he do that for?" cried Mina. A guffaw from Disney quite amazed her.

Harry looked across with a surprised air; he seemed to wonder that she should be enjoying herself. Mina was annoyed, and set herself to be merry; a glance from Lady Flora converted vexation into rage. She turned back to Theo; somehow Mr Disney had taught her how to like him—often a valuable lesson, if people would keep their eyes open for it.

"Everybody else I've met has been

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horribly afraid of Mr. Disney," she said in a half-whisper.

"Oh, you aren't in a funk of a man who's smacked your head!"

"That seemed a better paradox than most. Mina nodded approvingly.

"What does the Bank say about Barilland, Theo?" called Disney.

Lord Hove paused in the act of drinking a glass of wine.

"Well, they're just wonderin' who's goin' to do the kickin'," said Theo.

"And who's going to take it?" Disney seemed much amused. Lord Hove had turned a little pink. Mina had a vague sense that serious things were being joked about. Harry had turned from his hostess and was listening.

"That's what it comes to," concluded Theo.

Disney glanced round, smiling grimly. Everybody had become silent. Barilland had produced the question on which Lord Hove was supposed to be restive. Disney laughed and looked at his wife. She rose from the table. Mr. Disney had either learnt what he wanted or had finished amusing himself. Mina did not know which; no more, oddly enough, did Lord Hove.

Mr. Disney was by the door, saying good-bye to the ladies; he would not be coming to the drawing-room. He stopped Mina, who went out last, just before his wife.

"We've done all we could, Madame Zabriska," he said. "We must leave him alone, eh?"

"I'm afraid so. You've been very kind, Mr. Disney."

"Better as it is, I fancy. Now then Flora!" At this peremptory summons Lady Flora left Theo, by whom she had halted, and followed Mina through the door.

The dreadful moment had come. It justified Mina's fears, but not in the way she had expected. Two of the women left directly; the other two

went off into a corner; her hostess sat down and talked to her. Lady Flora was not distant, and did not make Mina feel an outsider. The fault was the other way; she was confidential—and about Harry. She assumed an intimacy with him equal or more than equal to Mina's own; she even told Mina things about him; she said "we" thought him an enormous acquisition, and hoped to see a great deal of him. It was all very kind, and Mina, as a true friend, should have been delighted. As it was, dolour grew upon her.

"And I suppose the cousin is quite —?" A gentle motion of Lady Flora's fan was left to define Cecily more exactly, and proved fully up to the task.

"She's the most fascinating creature I ever saw," cried Mina.

"Rescued out of Chelsea, wasn't she?" smiled Lady Flora. "Poor thing! One's sorry for her. When her mourning's over we must get her out. I do hope she's something like Mr. Tristram?"

"I think she's ever so much nicer than Mr. Tristram." Mina would have shrunk from stating this upon oath.

"He interests me enormously, and it's so seldom I like Robert's young men."

So he was to be Robert's young man too! The thing grew worse and worse. Almost she hated her idol Mr. Disney. Personal jealousy, and jealousy for Cecily, blinded her to his merits, much more to the gracious cordiality which his wife was now showing.

"Yes, I'm sure we shall make something of Harry Tristram."

"He doesn't like things done for him," Mina declared. She meant to show how very well she knew him, and spoke with an air of authority.

"Oh, of course it won't look like that, Madame Zabriska."

Now the Imp's efforts had looked like that—just like it. She chafed under conscious inferiority; Lady Flora had smiled at being thought to need such a reminder.

"Men never see it unless it's absolutely crammed down their throats," Lady Flora pursued. "They always think it's all themselves, you know. It would be very clumsy to be found out."

In perfect innocence she sprinkled pepper on Mina's wound. Able to endure no more, the Imp declared that she must go back to Cecily.

"Oh, poor girl, I quite forgot her! You're going back to Bent with her, I suppose? Do come and see us when you're in town again." Was there or was there not the slightest sigh as she turned away, a sigh that spoke of duty nobly done? Even towards Robert's caprices, even to the oddest people, Lady Flora prided herself on a becoming bearing. And in the end this little Madame Zabriska had rather amused her; she was funny with her airs of ownership about Harry Tristram.

Well poor Mina understood! All that the enemy thought was legible to her; all the misery that keen perceptions can sometimes bring was sure to be hers. She had spent the most notable evening of her life, and she got into her cab a miserable woman.

Theo was on the doorstep. "Escapin'," he confided to her while he handed her in. "Worst of these parties generally is that there's nobody amusing," he observed as he did her this service. "Aren't you rather glad you haven't got to take on Flora's job, Madame Zabriska?"

No, at the moment at least Mina did not rejoice on that account.

When she reached home, there was nothing to change her mood. She found Cecily in a melancholy so sym-

pathetic as to invite an immediate outpouring of the heart. Cecily was beautiful that evening, in her black frock, with her fair hair, her pale face, and her eyes full of tragedy. She had been writing, it appeared; ink and paper were on the table. She was very quiet, but, Mina thought, with the stillness that follows a storm. Unasked, the Imp sketched the dinner party, especially Harry's share in it. Her despair was hecd with vitriol, and she avoided a kind word about anybody. This was blank ingratitude to Mr Disney, and to Theo, too; but our friends can seldom escape from paying for our misfortunes.

"Those people have got hold of him. We've lost him. That's the end of it," she cried.

Cecily had nothing to say; she leant back in a limp forlornness while Mina expatiated on this doleful text. There came a luxury into the Imp's woe as she realised for herself and her auditor the extreme sorrows of the situation; she forgot entirely that there was not, and never had been, any reason why Harry should be anything in particular to her at least. She observed that of course she was glad for his sake; this time-honoured unselfishness won no assent from Cecily. Lacking the reinforcement of discussion, the stream of Mina's lamentation began to run dry.

"Oh, it's no use talking," she ended. "There it is!"

"I'm going back to Bent to-morrow," said Cecily suddenly.

It was no more than Mina had expected. "Yes, we may as well," she assented dismally.

Cecily rose and began to walk about. Her air caught Mina's attention again; on this, the evening before she returned to Bent, it had something of that suppressed passion which had marked her manner on the night when she determined to leave it. She came to a stand opposite Mina.

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"I've made up my mind. From this moment, Mina, Bient is mine. Up to now I've held it for Harry. Now it's mine. I shall go back and begin everything there to-morrow."

Mina felt the tragedy; the inevitable was being accepted.

"You see I've been writing?"  
"Yes, Cecily." After all, it looked as though the Imp were not to be cheated of her sensation.

"I've written to Cousin Harry. I've told him what I mean to do. He must think it right; it's the only thing he's left me to do. But I've told him I can do it only on one condition. He'll have my letter to-morrow."

"On one condition? What?"  
"I said to him that he gave me Bient because I was there, because he saw me there in the middle of it all. That's true. If I'd stayed here, would he ever have told his secret? Never! He wouldn't so much as have come to see me; he'd never have thought of me, he'd have forgotten all about me. It was seeing me there."

"Well, seeing you, anyhow."  
"Seeing me there—there at Bient," she insisted, now almost angrily. "So he'll understand what I mean by the thing I've asked of him. And he must obey." Her voice became imperious. "I've told him that I'm going back, going to stay there, and live there,

but that he must never, never come there."

Mina started, her eyes wide-open in surprise at this heroic measure.

"I must never see him—if I can help it. Anyhow, I must never see him at Bient. That's the only way I can endure it."

"Never see him? Never have him at Bient?" Mina was trying to sort out the state of things which would result. It was pretty plain what had happened; Cecily had felt the need of doing something; here it was. Mina's sympathies, quick to move, darted out to Harry. "Think what it'll mean to him never to see Bient!" she cried.

"To him? Nothing, nothing! Why, you yourself came home just now saying that we were nothing to him! Bient's nothing to him now. It's for my own sake that I've said he mustn't come."

"You've begged him not to come?"  
"I've told him not to come," said Cecily haughtily. "If it's his, let him take it. If it's mine, I can choose who shall come there. Don't you see, don't you see? How can I ever cheat myself into thinking it's mine by right, if I see Harry there?" She paused a moment. "And if you'd thrown yourself at a man's head, and he'd refused you, would you want to have him about?"

"N—no," said Mina, but rather hesitatingly; uncomfortable situations are to some natures better than no situations at all. "No, of course not," she added more confidently, after she had spent a moment in bracing up her sense of what was seemly.

"So I've ended it, I've ended everything. I posted my letter just before you came in, and he'll get it to-morrow. And now, Mina, I'm going back to Bient." She threw herself into an arm-chair, leaning back in a sudden weariness after the excited emotion with which she had declared her resolve. Mina sat on the other side of the table looking at her, and after a moment's looking suddenly began to sob.

"It's too miserable," she declared in wrathful woe. "Why couldn't he have said nothing about it and just married you? Oh, I hate it all, because I love you both. I know people think I'm in love with him, but I'm not. It's both of you, it's the whole thing; and now it never, never can go straight. If he got Bient back now by a miracle, it would be just as bad."

"Worse," said Cecily, "if you mean that then he might—"  
"Yes, worse," moaned Mina. "It's hopeless every way. And I believe he's fond of you."

A scornful smile was Cecily's only but sufficient answer.

"And you love him?" Mina's sorrow made her forget all fear. She said in this moment what she had never before dared to say. "Oh, of course you do, or you'd never have told him he mustn't come to Bient. But he won't understand that—and it would make no difference if he did, I suppose! Oh, you Tristrams!" Again her old despairing cry of revolt and bewilderment was wrung from her by the ways of the family with whose fate she had become so concerned. South-end had felt much the same thing over the matter of Harry and the viscounty. "So it all ends, it all ends—and we're got to go back to Bient!"

"Yes, I love him," said Cecily. "That evening in the Long Gallery—the evening when he gave me Bient—do you know what I thought? She spoke low and quickly, lying back quite still in the attitude that Addie Tristram had once made her own. "I watched him, and I saw that he had something to say, and yet wouldn't say it. I saw he was struggling. And I watched, how I watched! He was engaged to Janie Iver—he had told me that. But he didn't love her—yes, he told me that too. But there was something else. I saw it. I had come to love him then already—oh, I think as soon as I saw him at Bient. And I waited for it. Did you ever do that, Mina—do you remember?"

Mina was silent; her memories gave her no such thing as that. Her sobs had ceased; she sat listening in tense excitement to the history of the scene that she had deserted, dim and far off, from the terrace on Merrion on the hill.

"I waited, waited. I couldn't believe—Ah, yes, but I did believe. I thought he felt bound in honour and I hoped—yes, I hoped—he would break his word and throw away his honour. I saw it coming, and my heart seemed to burst as I waited for it. You'd know, if it had ever happened to you like that. And at last I saw he would speak—I saw he must speak. He came and stood by me. Suddenly he cried, 'I can't do it.' Then my heart leapt, because I thought he meant he couldn't marry Janie Iver. I looked up at him and I suppose I said something. He caught me by the arm. I thought he was going to kiss me, Mina. And then—he told me that Bient was mine—not himself, but Bient—that I was Lady Tristram, and he—Harry Nothing—said, Harry Nothing—at all."

"Oh, if you'd tell him that!" cried Mina.  
"Tell him!" She smiled in supercilious scorn. "I'd die before I told him. I could go and offer myself to him just because he didn't know. And he'll never know now. Only now you can understand that Bient is—Ah, that it's all bitterness to me! And you know now why he must never come. Yes, as you say, it all ends now."

Mina came and knelt down by her, caressing her hand. Cecily shivered a little and moved with a vague air of discomfort.

"But I believe he cares for you," Mina whispered.  
"He might have cared for me perhaps. But Bient's between."

Bient was between. The difficulty seemed insuperable—at least where you were dealing with Tristrams, Mina could not but acknowledge that. For Harry, having nothing to give, would take nothing. And Cecily, having much, was thereby debarred from giving anything. And if that miracle of which Mina had spoken came about, the parts would be exchanged but the position would be no more hopeful. The Tristrams not only brought about difficult situations—as Addie had done here—but by being what they were they ensured that the difficulties should not be overcome. Yet at this moment Mina could not cry, "Oh, you Tristrams!" any more. Her sorrow was too great, and Cecily too beautiful. She seemed again to see Addie, and neither she nor anybody else could have been hard to Addie. She covered Cecily's hands with kisses as she knelt by her side.

"Yes, this is the end," said Cecily. "Now, Mina, for Bient and her ladyship!" She gave a bitter little laugh. "And good-bye to Cousin Harry!"

"Oh, Cecily —!"  
"No, he shall never come to Bient." How would Harry take this decree of banishment? Mina looked up into her friend's eyes, wondering. But did not the dinner party at Mr Disney's answer that?

(To be continued.)

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Copyright Story.

# Don Quixote . . . of Mexico.

By FERGUS HUME.

Author of "The Mystery of the Hansom Cab," &amp;c.)

It was a burning tropical day, and the merciless sun flamed like a furnace in the cloudless arch of the sky. Floods of amber light poured into the patio of Casa Miramon, and accentuated the vivid hues of the flowers and fruit which filled it. Lilies of virginal whiteness floated upon the pellucid waters of the marble-rimmed pool in the centre of the tessellated pavement; golden spheres jewelled the leafy boughs of the orange trees like the fabled apples of the Hesperides; roses, red, white and yellow, bloomed everywhere in radiant clusters; and the scarlet buds of the cardinal flower burned like fire in dusky corners. The whole patio was gorgeous with colour, heavy with perfume, and brilliant with the hot glow of sunlight. Over this floral paradise brooded the breathless silence of noonday.

"Mother of God, how you love the man. Well, well, hot courting and cold marrying, say I!"

The complaining voice which uttered this proverbial speech came from an obese lady with a yellow face framed in a mantilla of filmy lace, and a portly body clothed in severe black silk. She was seated in a lounging chair near a hammock which swung low down between two marble pillars; and was addressing her remark to its occupant. This was a girl of eighteen years, with an oval olive-hued complexion, large dark eyes half concealed by heavy lids, and a bewitching mouth, scarlet as a pomegranate bud. She wore a short skirt of pale red flounced to the waist after the Spanish fashion; a mantilla fastened to her silken braids by a crimson rose, flowing over her neck and shoulders and bust so as to almost conceal their youthful curves and grace; and dainty slippers on her stockingless white feet, which were crossed over the side of the hammock. Of all the flowers in that tropical garden Dona Leonor was herself the fairest blossom.

"You do not like Luis," said she in reply to her companion's remark.

"Oh, Don Luis is well enough," retorted the duenna, waving her large black fan. "but the caballero who adored you at the fandango is more handsome to my mind."

"The one who called himself Senor Carlos?"

"Santa Ana, but you blush, my child; and why not, since he paid you so much attention?"

"I have nothing to blush for, Ursula," cried Leonor, her colour increasing. "I accepted the politeness of Don Carlos, but he knows well that I am to marry Luis."

"Ay di mi; and cross mountains to be wedded at Guanajuato. Why can you not marry here, muchacha?"

"You know well enough, Ursula. The mother of Luis lives at Guanajuato, and is too old to come here. As she wishes to be present at our marriage I must go to her."

"There is danger in this journey," prophesied Ursula. "Many robbers are in the mountains."

"We will have an escort. Then you will be with me, and Luis, and Padre Ignatius. Why should we not be safe?"

Dona Ursula looked round fearfully. "El Cid!" said she shuddering, "he is the most terrible of these Children of Hell."

"You are mistaken. From what I have heard of El Cid he is better than many men who keep the law. He robs the rich only, and helps the poor; he does not slay man save in self-defence, and they say he is a good Catholic."

"Eh, that may be, Leonor; but he is evil beyond telling. If he hears

that you, so great an heiress, go over the mountains. Well, good-bye to liberty, say I."

"That which will be, will be, Ursula. But in a week I go to Guanajuato with Luis and Padre Ignatius; you can remain here if you like."

"My pet, my lamb, my heart's blood!" cried the duenna, hastily rising to embrace her charge, "I would cross the black sea to see you married; but, oh, that your groom was Don Carlos. What black eyes! what a face! what—what—oh—"broke off Ursula, clasping her fat hands. "Mother of miracles send me such a caballero." And with a blush at her outburst the old lady fairly ran away.

Leonor laughed. She thought it wise that Ursula should invoke the Mother of miracles, since nothing less than a miracle could provide so elderly a spinster with a husband. Then, on recalling the duenna's reference to Don Carlos, her face became grave, and she blushed at her own thoughts. For over two months a mysterious young man had haunted her steps. In the Paseo, at the fandango she had seen him with his black eyes fixed adoringly upon her, and on several nights she had heard guitar and voice make music below the iron rejas of her window.

"I throw my heart before thee, sweet. Oh, wilt thou raise it to thy lips: Or spurn it with disdainful feet?"

Flattered as she was by these attentions, Leonor could not but feel remorseful at receiving them. By the wish of her dead father she had been engaged for some years to Luis Tebucio, and within the month she was to become his wife. She accepted the young man more from obedience than because she loved him; but long association had created in herself a species of fictitious affection, which rendered marriage with him sufficiently tolerable. Still the looks of Carlos, the music of his voice, the sense of his continuous presence, disturbed her not a little. She wished that the marriage with Luis was an accomplished fact, then, as a true wife, she might forget this uncomfortable romance. Otherwise—At this moment Luis came swiftly into the patio.

"Querida!" said he, kneeling beside the hammock; "all is ready; to-morrow at dawn we leave for Guanajuato."

"I am content," replied Leonor faintly, and strove to persuade herself that she spoke truly. But deep in her heart she felt that Nature contradicted the speech.

Don Luis was neither tall nor handsome. His face was swart, his hair long and straight, hinting at Indian blood, and his eyes restless and shifty, with an aversion to look directly into those of another. Also, he was jealous, and being deeply in love with Leonor, he resented attentions paid to her by others. It was not to be expected that the behaviour of Carlos should escape his vigilance, and several times he had attempted to quarrel with the too handsome caballero, but Carlos had always pointedly avoided a possible duel, and lately—as if in dread of Tebucio's legitimate claims—had vanished altogether. Luis now wanted to marry Leonor at once, and thus put further rivalry out of the question. Hence the arrangement to leave for Guanajuato.

"Ursula has been trying to frighten me with tales of El Cid," said Leonor some minutes later; "he is encamped in the mountains, I hear."

"I am not afraid of El Cid," replied Luis boastfully. "He will not dare to attack us. An escort of soldiers will guard thee from harm, my beloved."

Privately Leonor thought that it would be more gallant for Luis to enlist the services of a squadron, but she was wise enough to keep this thought to herself. Luis looked at her doubtfully, as he disliked not being thanked for his foresight in rendering the journey safe. Doubt begot suspicion, which in its turn engendered jealousy.

"That miserable has departed," said he suddenly.

"Eh, what is it you say?" replied Leonor, knowing well what he hinted at, but like a woman pretending ignorance, "who is it that you talk of?"

"Carlos Juarez, who has dared to insult you with his attentions."

The girl reddened and shrugged her shoulders. "All men are attentive to me," said she carelessly.

"They may be to Leonor Miramon," retorted Luis fiercely, "but should they serenade Dona Tebucio, by my soul, I will have their hearts' blood."

"And employ a bravo to get it," flashed out Leonor. "What is this you talk of, Luis? Am I not to be your wife; do I not journey to a distant town, so that your mother may bless our wedding? What more would you have?"

"Love; your love!"

"You have my hand, but not my heart; my affection, not my love. As my father wished it, I marry you; so ask no more."

"Carlos—"

"Be silent, miserable one!" cried Leonor, and slipped off the hammock. "Insult me with unworthy suspicions and we part. To-morrow at dawn I go with you to Guanajuato; until then—" Without finishing she bowed gravely, drew her mantilla over her crimson face, and glided away. Luis remained and brooded gloomily.

"She is fickle and vain, and easily snared," he thought. "The good looks of this man have caught her fancy. Better to marry at once, and place her beyond his reach. As my wife he dare not—dare not—Dios!" he broke off suddenly. "I shall kill him if he as much as glances at her."

The next morning when the dawn was red in the sky a small company climbed the winding road which led into, and over, the mountains. In the diligence sat two ladies, and Don Ignatius the priest. Luis rode beside the officer in charge of the escort, and with clink of spur, rattle of sabres, and rumbling of wheels, the cavalcade went briskly upward. They passed through vineyards, purple with swelling grapes; between lines of palms, and hedges of monstrous cactus; twisted round a curve where countless orange trees glittered with golden fruit; and rode at a slower pace down a solemn avenue of cypress trees. On the crest of the near mountain, Leonor put aside the leathern curtains of the carriage to look down on the fertile plain waving with golden hued wheat, diversified by clumps of green foliaged trees, and intersected by silver streams.

"How beautiful," she sighed, "how peaceful and content. Look, father." "An apple of gold in a network of silver," quoted the priest from the Vulgate. "Aye, my daughter, God's earth is fair when not defaced by evil men."

"El Cid!" said Ursula, who was fearful of meeting with the redoubtable robber.

"He stays in the mountains," replied Leonor, "he does not trouble the plains."

"Ay di mi, yet it is to the mountains we go!" cried the duenna shuddering.

"God watches over all," said Padre Ignatius. "Should carnal weapons fail, we must betake ourselves to spiritual."

"Sad talk for a marriage journey," said Leonor dryly, and became silent. The sun rose up in yellow splendour, and the day waxed hot. It must have been scorching on the plains, but here in the green arcades of the mountains all was cool, calm, and silent. At mid-day, the little company halted at a wayside fonda, to lunch on coffee, fruit, omelettes, and savoury tortillas. When the glare of the sky abated to afternoon cloudiness

the cavalcade was once more set in motion, and passed into the savage and lonely passes of the range. Towards four o'clock, in a narrow defile formed by red volcanic rocks so close together that the sun's rays could hardly penetrate their depths, the horses of the leading dragoons stumbled over the fallen trunk of a tree. As they reared back a shout went up on all sides, and with the noise of musketry, spurts of flame shot out from amongst the trees.

"Caramba! an ambuscade!" shouted Luis as several horses and men fell. "Holy mother! El Cid!" cried Dona Ursula, and began to weep and pray.

The dragoons recoiled, and unslung their rifles, but their foes had the advantage of being hidden, and while they deliberated in which direction to aim, a second volley caused further confusion in their ranks. Immediately afterwards a number of men sprang out with wild cries, and taken at a disadvantage the soldiers were beaten down. Don Luis was unhorsed, fighting like a tiger meanwhile, and speedily found himself bound with the rest of his company. Leonor sat in the diligence pale and silent, listening to the prayers of Padre Ignatius and the cries of her duenna. The whole affair was over in five minutes, and they found themselves helpless in the clutches of the robbers.

"Viva! Viva! El Cid!" cried the rough voices of the bandits.

"El Cid, the son of Satan," shrieked the terrified Ursula. "Ay di mi, I vow a pound of candles to Our Lady of Guadalupe if she—"

Before she could end her prayer the curtains of the diligence were plucked rudely aside, and as rudely the occupants were compelled to descend. They were led before a young man seated on the fallen tree, but who rose to his feet when he saw the pale beauty of Leonor. She uttered an exclamation of surprise, and even Ursula forgot her terror in recognising the redoubtable El Cid.

"Don Carlos! Mother of God, what idiot play is this?"

"Senora! Dona Leonor!" stammered El Cid, taking off his sombrero over a sweeping bow. "I knew not that it was you."

Leonor made no reply, but cold and haughty, and as silent as any statue, she stood before the man who had haunted her steps these many months. He was tall, handsome, and imperious in looks and bearing, the very model of a young Hidalgo in whose veins flowed the haughty blood of Spain. He wore buckskin calzas, open from the hip to show the snow-white under-trouser, a red sash round his waist, and a jacket of black cloth resplendent with silver braid and ornate buttons. Altogether he looked a noble and picturesque figure as he bowed before the silent girl. Luis heard his name, saw the look he directed at Leonor, and ground his teeth with rage. Even with bound arms he broke from those who held him, and hurled himself before the pair.

"A trap!" he cried, looking from one to the other, "an arrangement."

"You are mistaken," said Dona Leonor coldly, although her eyes flashed. "I knew not that Senor Carlos was El Cid."

"Child of Satan," moaned the duenna. "Man of blood," added the priest, and told his rosary with rapid fingers.

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El Cid looked at them both with disdain, then wheeled round to face Leonor and Don Luis. "This is your betrothed husband," said he to the girl.

"Yes; I go to wed him in Guanajuato."

"Do you love him?" asked the bandit in a low voice.

"Yes," she replied, in a whisper, slowly and with an effort. "I—love—him."

Don Carlos turned pale and his lip quivered under his dark moustache. "What you love is sacred, Senora," he said after a pause.

Luis laughed scornfully. "Chivalry in a robber," he sneered, "was Don Quixote quitted romance for thieving?"

"You are ungenerous, Senor," said Carlos, wincing at the speech.

"I am an honest man," was the fierce retort, "and should my life be spared I trust to see you and your fellow-scoundrels garroted in Mexico City."

"Peace, my son," said the Padre in dignified reproof, "it becomes you not to insult those who have us in their power," for the good father was alarmed by the menacing looks cast by the inferior robbers on their plain spoken captive.

"Santa Anita, we are all dead folk," wept Ursula with noisy grief.

"That depends upon the generosity of Don Carlos," said Leonor in soft tones, and looked significantly at the bandit.

He winced, and whitened, and flushed crimson. "What would you have me do, Senorita?" said he in a low voice.

"I would have you speak privately with me."

There was a murmur at this, but Carlos, raising his head, darted an eagle look on his followers, who at once subsided into silence. Then, removing his sombrero, he took Leonor by the hand and led her with a graceful courtesy to one side, out of earshot. Luis flashed a glance of jealous rage on the pair, and writhed in impatient fury. But Father Ignatius nodded approvingly as he saw a chance of release in the action of the girl.

"Don Carlos," said Leonor, when they were alone. "I have seen you often in the Pasco, and at the fandango; and I have heard you singing at midnight under my window. Why?"

El Cid raised his head proudly. "Because I love you."

"What do you call love, Senor; to capture me thus?"

"No, no; by all the saints I swear that I did not know it was your party, senorita. Had I known, it would have gone free for me."

"Will it go free still?"

"Senorita," stammered Carlos much agitated. "I am—I am—"

"You are a robber upon whose head a price is set, but you are also a noble gentleman, a good man. I have heard of your chivalrous deeds."

"Have you heard of my wrongs?" cried El Cid, with flashing eyes. "How I was despoiled and imprisoned by the Government; how I was driven forth like a wild beast; and condemned to this degraded existence? What wonder that the hunted should turn hunter. I am no longer Carlos Juarez, the rich ranchero. I am El Cid, the bandit; I am Cain with my hand against every man."

"But not against every woman," said Leonor, earnestly. "Senor, you have a noble heart to which I appeal. Younder is my future husband whom I must marry by the wish of my dead father. We go to Guanajuato to fulfil that wish. You say you love me; prove that love by releasing us."

"Oh, oh," groaned Carlos. "I am but a man!"

"The man who loves me, and to whom I appeal."

Something in her speech made El Cid raise his head, and he looked eagerly at her. In a moment he sprang forward and clasped her hand. "Leonor! you do not love this man," he said breathlessly.

"I am betrothed to him," she answered with feminine evasion.

"But you do not love him. I see it in your eyes; you love me, me, the outlaw, the robber. Mother of God, you will stay with me, you will be my wife, you —"

"I shall go to Guanajuato," inter-

rupted Leonor, "if you love me as you say. True love is unselfish."

"But this man is not worthy of you."

"Detain me, and would you be worthy?"

El Cid cast a despairing look on her resolute face, and dropping his head on his chest, groaned aloud. He saw that she was right; that she desired to prove the strength and purity of his boasted love. Still he was but mortal, and it was hard for him to surrender this brave and beautiful woman to one so unworthy as Luis Tebucio. Leonor, knowing how he suffered, put forward her hand and touched his arm gently. A thrill ran through him, and nerved him to the act of self-sacrifice he was called upon to make. With a sigh he straightened himself and offered her his hand.

"Senorita, my love is as boundless as the sea, as generous as that of Heaven. You and your—your future husband"—he pronounced the word with an effort—"are free."

"Carlos!" half gladly, half sadly, she uttered the name.

She again extended her hand, and he kissed it two or three times.

"Speak no more," said he, hoarse. "I am not strong enough to—"

Go, go, my dear one, whom I give to another. You are free," and with stately grace the unfortunate lover led her back to Dona Ursula.

"Clear that tree out of the road," said he to his men. "These people go free."

"Free!" cried Ursula. "Ah, gracious Lady of the Heavens, thou hast heard my prayer!"

"Blessed be the Virgin who hath interceded for us all," mumbled Ignatius; but Don Luis proffered neither prayer nor thanks. He scowled on Carlos, whose generosity his base soul could not comprehend, and looked spitefully at Dona Leonor who had saved his life.

In a short space of time the road was clear, the diligence with its occupants proceeded on its way escorted by Luis and the remaining soldiers, and El Cid, by his own generous act, was bereft of all that he held dear. And yet there was joy in his heart. For he knew well that though he had lost Leonor as a wife, he had gained her love. Their souls, noble and generous, understood one another.

On arriving at Guanajuato it was discovered that the marriage could not take place immediately. The mother of Luis was too ill to attend the ceremony, and Leonor refused to be married unless she was present. Fearful lest he should lose the girl, Tebucio fell into a great rage, and insisted that she should become his wife at once, but Leonor remained firm, and was supported in her refusal both by Padre Ignatius and the duenna. Whereat Don Luis accused Leonor of deferring the marriage on account of Carlos.

"You love this wretch!" he cried furiously.

"I am betrothed to you," retorted Leonor, "and if I loved him I left him. He is a noble and good man."

"He is a robber, and I shall hunt him down."

"What! would you plot to take his life after he spared yours?"

"Yes," snarled Luis, whose vile temper was fully roused. "He let us go free because he loves you, and for that I hate him. I'll catch him, and kill him as soon as I may."

"Lay one finger on him, and I refuse to marry you."

"That we shall see," sneered Luis, and hot with rage he took his departure.

Leonor was in despair. She knew the vindictive temper of her future husband, but did not know how to protect El Cid from its fury. Luis had the law on his side, and would no doubt ride to the mountains with soldiers at his back, to capture the famous outlaw. Every day she expected to hear of El Cid's arrest, but as time went by, and Luis showed no disposition to fulfil his threats, she breathed more freely. Carlos was safe, and Luis had forgotten his hatred. So Leonor thought; but subsequent events proved that she was wrong.

In about a month Senora Tebucio recovered her health, and preparations were made for the wedding. Dona Ursula was in her element, surrounded

by an atmosphere of scandal and dressmaking, and she frequently rallied Leonor on her wau looks.

"You fret over that handsome El Cid," she chattered, "but, Holy Mother, the bomb lies not with the wolf, say I. Your Carlos is a robber, but Don Luis, oh, my little one, has much wealth."

"And much temper."

Ursula snapped her finger. "Kill! Kill!" said she, "temper or no temper, a fair woman can always manage a man."

Leonor, reflecting that the duenna had never secured a chance of proving her theory, laughed at this, but was not consoled by the idea. She had long since discovered that she loved Carlos more than Luis, and contemplated the coming marriage with great aversion. However, her word was plighted and she could not break it, therefore she was prepared at all costs to keep her promise to her dead father when fate intervened. And fate delivered her fiat by the mouth of the man she designed to injure.

"To-morrow is our wedding day," said Luis one afternoon. "I intend to make you a present."

"You have given me many," replied Leonor, languidly. "What is this one?"

"The body of El Cid."

"What!" shrieked the girl, terror struck. "Is Carlos dead?"

"He will be to-morrow by the garrotte," said Luis, coolly. "At present he is in gaol. He was captured last night on the outskirts of the city."

"By whom? Mother of Miracles, by whom?"

"By me."

"But you have not been to the mountains?"

"Not such a fool," answered Tebucio with a shrug. "No, no I beguiled the rascal here through his love for you."

"His love for me," murmured Leonor, bewildered. "You—you—mean?"

Luis, who had with difficulty repressed his passion, seized the frightened girl by the wrist and burst into furious speech. "I mean that your beloved Carlos thinks you a traitress. Through him I have wounded you. Through you I have wounded him. I wrote him a letter signed with your name."

"Ah, villain!"

"That letter entreated him to meet you on the outskirts of Guanajuato, near the old adobe prison house; begged him to save you from a marriage with me; promised him to leave all for his sake. What lover could resist such an appeal? He came and was met by myself and a dozen soldiers. Now he is in that prison house and dies on the day you become my wife."

"This is your revenge?" gasped Leonor, breathlessly.

"On him only. My revenge on you comes after marriage. You shall learn what it means to trick me," and casting her from him Don Luis rushed furiously from the room. He was triumphant and his rival was in his power, doomed to a cruel death; but it was bitter for him to see how Leo-

nor lamented for the luckless lover.

When alone Leonor sat down to think. The fiery blood of her Castilian ancestors burned in her veins at the insults she had received. Come what may she was determined never to marry the man who had betrayed so generous a rival. In a few moments her resolution was taken and she sent for a faithful pen servant whom she could trust. It was useless to appeal to priest or duenna, as she knew well that they would side with the enemies of Don Carlos. Henceforth his enemies were hers, and she resolved that the lying letter which had decoyed him to his death should be proved true.

That night El Cid sat in a small cell of the adobe prison house, sad and spiritless. He was bound with raw hide and well guarded, and as the gaul was presumed to be safe he had been left there for the time being instead of being taken to the more modern prison within the city gates. The poor man was much dejected, as he thought that Leonor had returned evil for good by betraying him. The moon shone in through a slightly barred window which overlooked some precipitous rocks—a gulch so dangerous that there was no guard on that side of the prison. Carlos had looked out several times, but owing to the great height could see no chance of escape.

"And if I did escape, what use," he thought, "since she is false?"

Even as this idea passed through his mind he heard a splintering noise, and an arrow, white feathered, shot in through the window bars. El Cid, who could move his feet, struggled towards it and found a thin piece of steel, sharp as a razor, bound to its head. At once he guessed that friends were without, ready to assist him to escape, and by rolling on his back he was able to grip the steel in his fingers. With some difficulty he managed to saw through the raw hide and free his hands; then he liberated his feet, and afterwards made the further discovery that a silken thread was attached to the arrow. This he drew in carefully. It was succeeded by string, the string by a thin rope, that by a thick one; until at length the means of escape were furnished to him. Looking through the window he saw two men and two horses on the other side of the gulch.

"Pepe and Jose," cried Carlos, thinking of two of his band. "Brave men, they must have heard of my capture and come to aid me."

The moonlight vanished from his cell, but this was all the better for the prisoner. By sheer force he wrenched two bars out of the window, and having fixed the rope to the iron handle of the door, he thrust his body through the aperture. In a moment he was swinging over the black depths of the gulch, but, nerved by the hope of escape, he dropped rapidly hand over hand down the rope. On reaching the broken ground at the foot of the precipice he glanced up at the frowning wall of the prison, but, seeing no lights and hearing no

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noise, he concluded that the guards had not discovered his flight.

By this time the moon had hidden her light behind some heavy clouds, and in the darkness Carlos had to scramble as he best could across the dry river bed. With some difficulty and many knocks he managed to reach the opposite cliff, and as this was formed of tumbled rocks entangled with tough creepers, he soon swung himself up to the higher level. As he reached it he saw one of the two men running forward to meet him, and stood stock-still in sheer astonishment.

"Leonor!" he cried faintly, "—you — here."

It was the girl herself in male attire with sombre and serene. She looked like a handsome boy, flushed and excited; but had sufficient self-command to draw her lover into the shadow, near the horses, before giving him an explanation. Carlos suffered himself to be so conducted, for he was still too puzzled to comprehend the reason of her unexpected appearance.

"Leonor!" he repeated, "you freed me, you who betrayed me!"

"No, no, querido," said the girl passionately. "I did not write that lying letter; it was Luis who wrote it, to decoy you to your death."

"Luis! he decoyed me: the traitor. Alas, and he is to be your husband."

"Never! Carlos, my soul, it is you alone I shall wed."

"I! an outlaw, a pauper!"

"Yes! I give up all for you I love you! I love you! Hear me, I love you, and this night we fly to your mountains."

Carlos stepped forward with a cry of joy to clasp her to his breast, then stopped with a groan. "Heart of my heart, I dare not accept so great a sacrifice."

"I love you!" repeated Leonor.

"Querida! I can give you nothing but misery."

"I love you," she said again, and threw herself on his breast. "I go with you to the mountains. I give up all for you. But listen: Padre Ignatius has influence with the Government, and he is fond of me. It may be that in a few months you will be pardoned, and then with me—with your wife—you can return to the Casa Miramon. Dearest, you are mine."

Carlos hesitated no longer. All the passion of his nature broke forth at this great love; and ardently he clasped her to his breast. "Soul of my soul, I adore you, I worship you, God so deal with me as I wish you—Hah!" he stopped suddenly as a rattle of musketry was heard. It came from the prison.

"Your flight is discovered," cried Leonor, disengaging herself. "Quick, quick! let us mount. Antonio! to the paco, here is the money I promised you. Make for the city, and be silent on your life. Carlos! Querida! Away! Away!"

With a laugh of triumph she swung herself into the saddle, and El Cid followed her example, wild with joy when he felt the mustang rear and plunge beneath him. Lights were moving on the opposite side of the gulch, bugles were blowing to call the soldiers to the pursuit; but, like loosened arrows, the horses shot across the plains towards the distant hills. Side by side the lovers, thrilled with wild excitement, urged their mustangs to racing speed. The soft airs of the night breathed in their faces, perfumes exhaled round them from myriad flowers; and the moon bathed them in her silver splendour. It was the supreme and crowning moment of their lives.

"But Don Luis?" cried Carlos, without slackening the pace, "he should be punished for his treachery."

"He is punished," laughed Leonor, "he has lost me. Within a week he shall learn that I have married the man he scornfully called Don Quixote of Mexico."

"Truly I am querida, and you are my Dulcinea."

Leonor tossed her head and burst out singing:

"Would you know the name I bear?  
Blacy eye, bright eye, sweet lip, red lip  
I am Manuel's duchess fair,  
Aha! Oia! Oia! Oia!  
I am Manuel's duchess!"

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"Sure, now, th' subject has niver entered me thoughts," demurely replied Biddy.

"It's sorry Oi am," said Pat, turning away.

"Wan minute, Pat," called Biddy, softly. "Ye've set me a-thinkin'."

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Stamp Collecting.

BY PHIL ATELIC.

The transfer of Apia in the Samoan Group to Germany has been followed by the issue of a set of stamps of a somewhat distinct design, ranging in value from three pfennig to 80. Across the top is the word Samoa on a scroll, and in the centre is shown a large steamer. The values are 3, 5, 10, 20, 25, 30, 40, 50 and 80. For some time prior to the annexation of Apia by Germany, the Consul representing that nation has used German stamps for his own correspondence, and these are obliterated with a stamp bearing the word "Apia," and notification that they are from the Kaiser Consulate. These particular stamps become valuable, as it is scarcely likely that a large number were ever postally used. Just before Apia was taken over, the Samoan fern tree issued appeared surcharged "Provisional Government," and were quickly followed by the ordinary German stamp, with the word "Samoa" printed right across the face from the bottom to the top corner, in a slanting direction. These stamps were in use for a very short period and should therefore become valuable, especially those that have actually passed through the post.

In Queensland stamps the 1881 issue, values from 2/ to 20/, are the rare ones, owing to the fact that the dies were destroyed and the surplus stock burned. Added to these particular values were only an issue for about two years, and of course the demand for stamps from 2/ upwards is not large.

The Turkish new issue of stamps range from 5p to 50 piastres. The colours are as follow: 5p bistre inland; 10p, yellow green; 20p, magenta; 1p, violet blue; 2p, gray blue; 5p, pale brown; 25 p, dark green; and 50p, yellow. The colours for the foreign issue are: 5p, purple; 10p, green; 20p, carmine; 1p, blue; 20p, orange; 5p, pale reddish lilac; 25p, brown; 50p, yellow brown. Journal stamps are surcharged in black. The unpaid letter stamps are: 10 paras and 20 paras, black on dark rose, and 1 piastre and 2 piastres, same colour.

The Pan-American issue, which were figured in the "Graphic" a fortnight ago, are quoted here at double face value. Some of the 2 cent, 1 cent and 4 cent have been issued with inverted centres. The lucky possessors it is reported sold some at 25 dollars each the same day they were issued.

The new issue of half-penny green Victoria, small rectangular shape, is now obsolete, and a new plate has been struck, with the word postage in label at the bottom. As these stamps have only been in issue a few months they should be worth holding.

A new Greek issue of stamps is notified, the design being similar to that of the "Olympian" set, each one being different, yet typically Greek, and really artistic. The 5 drachmas will be double size and printed in gold. The values are 1, 2, 5, 10, 20, 40, and 60 lpa. and 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 dra.

A letter was received by a gentleman in this city recently which bears on it what is known as Finland's mourning stamp. Russia has long and systematically tried to crush out the distinctly national spirit of the Finns, but so far without success, even though all officials are Russian and only the language of the dominant power is allowed to be taught in the schools. Recently Russian stamps were substituted for the well known Finnish issue, and thus caused the ingenious practice to be resorted to of issuing a black stamp with the national coat of arms, and the words "Suomi Finland" on it. This stamp was simply placed on envelopes as a protest, but instead of ignoring it, the Russian authorities suppressed the stamp, whereupon the Finns began to use very thin envelopes, so that when the black stamp was placed within it could be seen outside, whereupon the authorities once more interfered and declared the practice to be illegal. The Finns have now got an Indiarubber stamp made in the form of a square, with the words "Grand Duchy of Finland" around it, and room for the Russian stamp in the centre. As Russia has taken in Finland, and not been surrounded by it, no doubt this stamp will likewise be interdicted, and the Finns will have to try another scheme. Meanwhile, the "mourning stamps" are being secured for stamp collectors, and Russian petty tyranny will thus be advertised by philatelists the world over.

The Dominican Republic purposes issuing another lot of stamps, three millions in all, the ostensible reason being that on the present stamp the map of the boundary between Hayti and San Domingo is not quite correct.

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AVERAGE DOSE.—A single glassful before breakfast, either pure or diluted with similar quantity of hot or cold water.  
CAUTION.—Note the name "Hunyadi János," the signature of the Proprietor, ANDREA BALKNER, and the Medallion, on the Red Centre Part of the Label.

# "The New Zealand Graphic."

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# Topics of the Week.

## The Faddists' Fall.

Auckland may have given the coup de grace to the rating on unimproved values movement last week, but it would be vain to hope that her decision will in any degree suppress the leaders of it. The friends of single tax may not be numerous, but they are endowed with a fanatical zeal that would be invaluable in a better cause. For years now the single-taxers have been working among us, hopeful that in this land of experiments the occasion might arise when they could have a chance of putting their theory in practice—a privilege that has been denied them in every other country. Recently they managed, under cover of the rating on unimproved values, to get the thin edge of the single-tax wedge into the margin of the social fabric, and had they won their point in Auckland last week the victory would have been the most important gain they had ever made. They lost; and the loss discounts in a very large degree the advantage they had assured themselves was theirs. For it proves that the movement is not gaining in popular estimation, as they fondly imagined. Tested by the common sense of an intelligent community their doctrine has been found wanting, and their teaching discredited, as they will certainly find when in some other centre they endeavour by the same specious methods they pursued in Auckland to win the sanction of the ratepayers to their dishonest proposals. Other places, we are assured, will take their cue from Auckland in the matter, so that that city's action has done something to save her sister boroughs. How those of the latter who fell victim to the single-taxers' devices did so is plain enough. It was the wonderful fluency of the faddist which took them captive. Questions of the relative justice of the different forms of taxation and the financial and social results arising out of them are fraught with numberless difficulties. The average man finds himself hopelessly entangled when he strives to get at the simple position of the complex subject; and then comes along the single-taxer, possessed of one idea, which he launches with the overwhelming enthusiasm of the faddist, against the totally unarmoured mind of the average man. Thanks to the study of one economist only—and that a very amateurish one—Henry George—he is versed in all the specious arguments that seem to tell in favour of his view of the case. And the average man, never having given the matter a moment's consideration, is caught.

## Calling a Halt.

Mr Seddon, it appears, is in some uneasiness with regard to the finances of the colony. The fact is, we have been spending so lavishly of late in one or another direction, and making popular concessions in the matter of postage and Customs, and promising so many more things in other ways, that even the Premier's sanguine mind is beginning to have apprehensions with regard to the future. He confessed the other day that in framing the estimates for the coming year he could not yet see how the receipts would balance the expenditure. For the champion surplus raiser of Australasia to admit such a condition of things must cause us unforgotten astonishment. We could not but be aware of the fact that the public money was being spent with an open hand; but when anyone raised a whisper of protest he was met with the cry, "Oh, Mr Seddon knows what he is about"; and did not the Premier himself declare, "Hang the expense," or words to that effect? We may have doubted the ability of our revenue to stand the strain of those reductions of taxation, concessions, and lavish expenditures, but, with the Premier constantly assuring us in his easy way that he was looking after the matter, we were lulled into a sense of security. Doubtless the same wisdom that could call up surpluses

from the depths of our finance could not make a mistake. Now, alas! the wizard is fain to confess that he has got himself into a corner. He is astonished at his own prodigality, as Warren Hastings was at his moderation, and he hints at the necessity of raising more revenue by additional taxation. It says little for the financial foresight and management of the Government that such suggestions should follow so fast on the heels of changes which were the evidences of an overflowing treasury. One is inclined to associate a glaring lack of statesmanship with such miscalculated generosity. Cheap postage is a great boon, no doubt, but, after all, is it not just possible that New Zealand may, as her finances are, have been a trifle premature in initiating a reform other countries are hesitating to adopt? If it means we are to lose revenue by the change, and the revenue has to be made good by additional taxation in some other direction, then it is very questionable whether we did well to interfere with a source of revenue that presses lightly and equally on the community. We have had far years, but we certainly must expect to have lean ones, and one fails to see the wisdom of squandering our substance when we have plenty instead of laying by something for the rainy day.

## Brava Men and Cowards.

The colonials have proved themselves as brave as any men in South Africa. One thinks of every individual one of them as courageous as the British lion himself, and the cables and official news from the front give no other picture. But it would be impossible to suppose that in such a large congregation of men there are no faint-hearted ones. Doubtless when they set out from our shores every mother's son of them felt he could face the entire Boer army, and with almost equal equanimity pictured himself winning the Victoria Cross or dying nobly on the field. But it takes the rigours of the campaign and the hail of bullets to test the heart-strings, and no man can really say to himself whether he is brave or a coward until he has gone through the ordeal. The most unlikely men come out of it with honour, and the most unlikely men with disgrace. Now and again during the war there have come to us whispers which, because they do violence to our pride of race, we indignantly stifle; whispers of how such a one of our boys lingered in some sick camp and never snelt powder all the campaign, and how such another's heart failed him at sight of the enemy. It is whispered, too, of men whose honour and courage we would have touched before the world, and who would probably have resented the idea of their receiving such guarantee? Who shall say what courage is? The French have a proverb that it is often the effect of fear, and certainly one can easily imagine that the power which has borne a man up the steep kopje in the face of the Mauser bullets whistling their death song was not the stoutness of his heart, but his pride. How much is mental and how much physical in that quality which leads a man to do deeds of valour on the battlefield, is still a puzzle for the psychologists. It is undeniable that a shrinking from pain and danger may be characteristic of a man who is in no sense a coward. We should be careful in arrogating to ourselves the possession of which is seldom proved in the ordinary work of life.

## Theatres and Fires.

The Auckland City Council has decided that considerable changes must be made in the means of exit provided at the two principal places of amusement in the city, the Opera House and the City Hall. The construction of both buildings in this respect is faulty in the extreme, and it is almost certain that if a fire occurred in either there would be great, perhaps appal-

ling, loss of life, while even an alarm of fire might be accompanied with serious consequences. Adequate means of escape from fire is more indispensable in the case of a theatre than of any other building, hotels even included. The risk of fire is obviously greater where the necessarily circumscribed space of the stage and the striving after brilliancy of effect bring numbers of naked lights and quantities of inflammable scenery into dangerous proximity, and the statistics abundantly prove this to be the case. It has been remarked that the ultimate fate of every theatre is to be burned. Every theatre-goer knows how long it takes in a well-constructed theatre for the audience to vacate the building, when they are making their exit in an orderly fashion. But imagination cannot conjure up the awful scene that takes place when the frenzied mass of men, women and children leap to their feet in an instant and madly rush for dear life to the narrow egress. I have been in a theatre once when the stage caught fire, and I shall never forget the miraculous and indescribable change in the scene. In the twinkling of an eye the merry faces of the spectators were transformed with a look of horror. Every thought save that of self-preservation had vanished from the great majority. Fortunately, the flames were extinguished almost on the instant, and a clever device of the manager stayed the panic ere it spread. It is difficult to conceive any ordinary means of exit that would suffice for a panic stricken mob, but certainly the means provided in some places are criminally inadequate. In regard to the Auckland Opera House, the "Star" suggests a balcony should be built all along the face of the building, and access to it should be from the dress circle through numerous doors. Such an arrangement, it is pointed out, would serve the double purpose of a speedy means of escape from the burning building, and an agreeable promenade for ladies between the acts in the warm weather.

## The "Traveller" Again.

The traveller, bona fide and otherwise, must be a terrible trial to the well-meaning but not too intelligent publican. In the course of a case heard last week by one of our best stipendiary magistrates, that gentleman spoke with much sarcasm of the parrot fashion in which the publican had asked certain persons requesting refreshments whether they were travellers, and had not endeavoured to find out if they spoke the truth when they said they were. Though I hold no brief for Sunday trading, for travellers, or others, yet this does seem rather hard on "mine host." If, as in this case, they were genuine, the examination would be irritating. If, on the other hand, the "travellers" are not bona fide, no amount of cross-examination will shake their original statement. Having told a lie, they will certainly stick to it, and I do not see how their further perjury will advance either the cause of temperance or morality. Again, it is laid down that a man must not be served with a drink as a traveller, even if he is outside the three miles radius, unless he can show that he has not travelled those three miles for the purpose of getting a drink, but on purposes of business or pleasure. Now, how in the name of all that is reasonable is the publican to find out of a traveller who has passed his examination on the point of his travelling is also a traveller for business or pleasure? How is such a point to be decided? Might it not be urged by certain folk that to drive out for a drink was to drive out for pleasure. Indeed, with certain old toppers one wots of, is not the obtaining of drinks on such an occasion a business, and (to them) a mighty important business, too. But, to be serious, is there really any use in attempting to cross-examine so closely persons representing themselves as travellers? Is it not only encouraging lying? Let detectives occasionally drop on persons so describing themselves, and if perjury is proved, let the punishment be severe. But to expect a publican to go into such details as now seems necessary, is, to the mind of the writer, impracticable and absurd.



The only SAFE and SURE REMEDY for HEADACHE is BISOP'S CITRATE OF CAFFEINE

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Clark's World-Famed Blood Mixture. The most searching blood purifier that has ever been used. Indicated in all cases of skin diseases, eruptions from Scabies, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Fevers, and sores of any kind, and is recommended to give it a trial to test its value. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. Bottles 2s 6d each, and everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

**The Future of the Baby.**

Coming of a race which dreads ridicule above all things, and adopts an inordinate sensitiveness in the hiding of its domestic feelings and interests, we none of us care to seem openly to appear interested, in the speculation expressed in the heading of this article, but nevertheless it is one which ninety-nine out of a hundred of those just experiencing the new delights and terrors of parentage, have closest at heart. Mothers are probably the greatest dreamers on this point, and spend the larger number of hours in absorbed thoughts as to the precise manner in which the atom of humanity in their arms will one day startle the world. But fathers—even the most unemotional of them, probably spend more time than they would care to confess, in vainly attempting to piece out the future of their infant progeny. One's thoughts on such points have usually a delightful vagueness, and seldom advance far, to any definite end, so it is with something of a shock that one finds that a Yankee has compiled a formidable series of statistics on the point. He finds, for example, that the chance of a boy filling such a position as that of president, or a "many-multi-millionaire," as he puts it, is 25,000,000 to 1 against. This, he opines, might discourage American mothers, so he shows that on the other hand a baby born to-day has chances of 388 to 1 that he will not go insane, 1517 that he will not become deaf or dumb, 1250 to 1 that he will not be blind, and 664 to 1 that he will not be a criminal or social pariah. This we must all feel to be very comforting. On the other hand, it is stated that there are only 560 chances against his finishing his life in a charitable institution. It is certain—almost—he will have to be a bread-winner. Of the entire population about 430 per 1000 are bread-winners, this average being very nearly the same in Europe, America and Australasia. But to get to the bread-winning stage the baby's chances of life must be considered. According to this authority (I do not vouch for his figures) a baby under 1 year old is four times as likely to die as he is after he passes his first anniversary. At 2 he is not half as likely to die as he was at 1 year; at 3 he has 1½ chances over his condition at 2 years; at 4 he is 1½ times better than at 3, and when he passes 5 the average chances of life are his, and he is likely to hold out till 40 at least. One could quote further figures, but, truth to tell, this bringing of cold fact to bear on our tenderest hopes and fears somewhat jars. But there may be practical parents who will like to figure out the chances on a statistical basis. For these the figures quoted will serve as a suggestion for a local computation.

**The Barmaid.**

Wine and women have from of old been accounted the most seductive of snares that beset the feet of unwary man. It was no doubt this fact that first led to the employment of women in hotel bars, and all experience justifies the conclusion that the conjunction of the two is the most alluring device of the evil one. But the advocates of temperance never seem to have recognised this sufficiently or they would long ere this have devoted to the suppression of barmaids part of the energy now concentrated on the limitation of the drink traffic. Probably their ignorance arises from the fact that they are unfamiliar with the temples of Bacchus save from the outside, and know not how much the priestesses of the shrine are responsible for the scenes that take place without. The Austro-Hungarian Government are dealing with this barmaid question at the present time, and according to a recent cablegram the Minister for the Interior has issued an order-in-council restricting the occupation of barmaid to women over forty. The decree has, it appears, created much feeling in the town of Budapest and elsewhere. No doubt it would produce a similar effect here, where barmaids of over forty are probably no more in demand than in Hungary. But let us see how such a restriction would act. Is youth indispensable in a barmaid? Certainly beauty is not, to judge by the success

many plain Hebes achieve behind the bar. In the novels of Dickens and that period it was no giddy young thing that was the centre of attraction in the cozy wayside inns, but a buxom landlady, presumably on the shady side of forty. Substitute the maturer charms of such a one for the giddy frivolity of golden-haired Floesie, and would the takings of the establishment decline? I somehow fear they would, for the majority of the bar patrons are frivolous themselves, and love frivolity in their drinking hours. Then, again, a very serious difficulty would be that of getting ladies of over forty to undertake the duties and discharge them efficiently. If one has not graduated among the bottles and decanters, and acquired the true Hebe air while young and impressionable, it is questionable whether she can ever be a success or take kindly to the position. Besides, though the charms of forty might pass muster beneath the gas-light, at fifty rouge and powder could not effectively conceal the footprints of age, and would it be worth while for ten short years of service at the most to take up a profession involving so much work? No, if as they have decided in Hungary, we should think of doing away with the youthful barmaid, let us rather have done with them altogether, as in the United States.

**She Would Have Her Way.**

(A Lesson for some men in Trade.)

Should one yield to the wishes of others, or insist upon having his own way?

It depends; there is no rule to go by. Differing in opinion as to which was right on a certain point, Mrs Towan and a chemist of her city had a debate. It ended in a victory for the lady—as was just and proper.

The time was the early part of 1899. She had been ill for a considerable period, and wanted help as the hart panteth after the water brooks. She was languid and weary; she had lost her energy, and could not bear the sight of food.

She had been losing flesh too, and at this time was positively emaciated, her friends hardly recognised her for the plump, bright woman of a few months earlier. They said little to her, but talked about it among themselves.

"My nerves were so shaken, and my hands so tremulous, that I could scarcely lift anything to my mouth," she says.

"You must understand that since I was a girl of thirteen I had always suffered more or less from indigestion, and that bane of women's lives—constipation. I was also a victim to neuralgia, but my troubles did not begin in serious earnest until after Christmas, 1898. From that date onwards all things were alike sad and dark to me.

"Oh, yes; I tried all sorts of treatment and of medicines—pills, tonics, and doctors' prescriptions, but they all came to nothing. I wondered, as ill people often wonder, whether there is as much wisdom and learning in the so-called healing art as we have been led to think.

"Anyway, I seemed none the better for it, and a more depressed and discouraged woman could not, probably, have been found in Melbourne the day I picked up the little Mother Seigel book that somebody had left under our door.

"I read the book, or rather, I scanned it in an idle, listless way, until my eye lighted upon a case like my own. I read that, and then, weak as I was, I struggled off to the chemist's. I might have sent, but had an impulse to go myself. Lucky I did. "I want a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup, I said.

"Oh, no," he cried, "don't take that; I will give you something better.

"My friends had often recommended me to use Mother Seigel's Syrup, and so I told the chemist.

"I will have Mother Seigel's Syrup, and nothing else in your shop!" I fairly shouted in his ears.

"Then he surrendered. How often since then have I thanked Heaven for my firmness. After a few doses I began to feel better. I could eat with a true relish, and digest easier.

After taking only two—just fancy that!—only two bottles, I was thoroughly well—no neuralgia or dyspepsia, and none since.

"But I buy my Mother Seigel's Syrup at the grocer's now."—Mrs E. Towan, 52, Sutton-street, Hotham Hill, Melbourne, Victoria, December 13th, 1899.

Don't ever play with dynamite. In case it should explode, Beware of robbers late at night And take the safest road. Don't laugh at any little ill, But health at once secure. Bad coughs and colds arise from chill, Take WOODS' GREAT PEPPER-MINT CURE.

**C. BRANDAUER & Co.'s** } Seven Prize Medals  
**Circular-Pointed Pens.** } Awarded.



Neither scratch nor sport. The points being rounded by a new process. Attention is also drawn to their new "GRADUATED SERIES OF PENS." Each pattern being made in four degrees of flexibility and points. Ask your Storekeeper for an Assorted Sample Box of either series. Works: BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

**ECCLES' PHOSPHOR-TON**

Will be found to be a true "PICK-ME-UP." It increases the Nerve Force, Strengthens the Digestive Organs, and Imparts Vitality. It is specially indicated as a restorative after Influenza, and all other Weakening Diseases.

**PHOSPHOR=TON**

It is a combination of the valuable Tonic Hypophosphites with African Kola Nut, and other reliable Nerve and Brain Foods. For Loss of Appetite, Energy, and Vigour, it is excellent. All Chemists and Store-keepers sell Phosphor-ton.

BOTTLES, 2, 6, 4, 6, 6 6.

**NERVE TONIC.** DO NOT BE PERSUADED TO TAKE ANYTHING ELSE. **BRAIN FOOD.**

**MAKES LIFE WORTH LIVING**

**AN AUCKLAND LADY'S CONFESSION.**

**A WEARY LIFE MADE HAPPY.**

Mrs E. H. Vause, who keeps a neat little store in Napier-street, Auckland, N.Z., should, under ordinary circumstances, have been a very happy woman. But for some time during her life she was a martyr to debility and sick headaches, and other ills, a condition indeed under which no one can possibly be happy. She related her sufferings and cure to a reporter in the following words, which prove the wonderful value of Bile Beans:—

"My name is Mrs E. H. Vause. I was a martyr to debility and sick and nervous headache for some time. So much so that life became simply a burden to me. I could retain nothing on my stomach, and retching was a daily occurrence. Beef tea would not even remain on my stomach. At times I became dizzy, and frequently found it impossible to stand without holding on to something. My case was no ordinary one, and to effect a cure I tried many so-called remedies, but I had little faith in them. I was advised to try Bile Beans for Biliousness, and I decided to do so. I commenced with half a bean as a dose, and I continued taking them until I used seven boxes, and can honestly say that they effected a cure, that to me, and those who know me, is considered simply marvellous. It is now six or seven months since I have stopped taking the beans, and during that time I have only had a slight attack of retching. I am now able to take my meals regularly, and with enjoyment—a circumstance which, at one time, I never hoped to attain again."



**BILE BEANS FOR BILIOUSNESS**

Bile Beans are an undoubted specific for biliousness, sick and nervous headache, indigestion, constipation, piles, female weakness, pale faced girls, irregularities, bad breath, blotches, pimples, dizziness, all liver and kidney troubles, dyspepsia, heart palpitation, pain in back and sides, fullness after eating, lack of physical tone, heartburn, and that tired feeling. Obtainable from all chemists and storekeepers, and as the price is so low no home should be without a box.



# Minor Matters.

## Extraordinary Accident to a Lady.

A singular accident befell a Miss Emily Roberts recently. She was going downstairs, fully dressed to go out, when she tripped over the front part of her dress, and was precipitated to the bottom. Two hatpins, each about five inches long, penetrated either side of her head up to the end of the pins. She was immediately rendered unconscious. The horse ambulance from the hospital was rung up, and she was conveyed to that institution, where she remains in a serious condition.

## A Loyal Auckland School Girl.

That caustic critic and writer of smart "pars," the editor of the "Triad" (one of the best conversationalists in the colony by the way), in a recent issue of his paper, remarks that Dunedin held first honours for decorations, etc., in connection with the recent Royal visit. He has received the following school-girl letter from an anonymous writer in Auckland:

July 10, 1901.

To the Editor of the "Triad": I see your correspondent for the "Triad" places the four principal cities of New Zealand in this manner: Dunedin, first; Wellington, second; and Auckland, third. We didn't know you were up here; if we had, we should have made better preparations. All the same, I think you are wrong in your judgment, or perhaps you were treated to liberally by "Dick" and the Duke, and by that time the illuminations came on you were slightly mixed.

I wonder, he comments in reply, if this young lady was present at the celebrations in each of the other centres; if not, what reason has she for thinking I am wrong in my judgment. I am quite certain that I have never been "to" liberally treated by the Right Honorable Dr. Seddon, P.C.—so flippantly alluded to as "Dick" by my fair, yet somewhat unfair, correspondent. Surely also the tendency, assuming the truth of her second alternative, would have been rather to magnify the illuminations and to cause me to see

Heaven's ebony vault,  
Studded with stars unutterably bright.

Never mind, little girl, be loyal to your town, honestly if you can, but in any case be loyal.

## Disagreeable Boating in Dunedin.

A young man named Harry O'Donnell, residing at Burkes (Dunedin) had a most unpleasant experience in the harbour last week, though fortunately no serious consequences resulted. About five o'clock he went to secure his boat, which was lying alongside a little jetty. As she was at the south side, and not protected from the weather, he endeavoured with the aid of a boathook to take her to the other side of the jetty, but owing to the high tide and the very rough water he could not get near the jetty again, and, having neither oars nor sail, drifted about the harbour from six o'clock until eight. He made several desperate attempts to head the craft for home, but without success. At one time he took off his coat and tried to make a sail of it, and when that failed he broke a piece of one of the seats and paddled as well as he could to the other side of the harbour, which he reached, and got ashore at Grassy Point. Before he left his boat he put some stones into her to keep her steady, as she was exposed and lying among a lot of stones. He then struck out for the city, cold, wet, and hungry (as he had had no tea), and reached Dunedin at 10 o'clock, in time to catch his train home, just as his people were beginning to feel anxious about him, especially as they discovered that the boat was away.

## How the Continent Strikes a New Zealander.

Writing to a friend about his tour through Europe, whilst en route for England, Mr Herbert Rawson, a well-known Wellingtonian, says:—"The atmosphere of Italy is beautifully clear, reminding a New Zealander continually of New Zealand. From Lake Como we visited Lucerne, then down the Rhine, and through Belgium and Holland. Amsterdam is very much like Venice, and, with its houses mostly out of the perpendicular, and its smelly canals, can well be called a sister town. All the way from Naples to Amsterdam the same thing struck us, namely, the care everybody takes of plantations and gardens. In Florence you pass beautiful rose-beds and spring bulbs without a fence, and yet not a flower seems to be touched. The parks are beautifully kept, and, in fact, the whole of the inhabitants seem to take a pride in keeping these beautiful resorts in first-class order. Every town we have passed through seems to take a delight in its breathing places, and large sums are spent by the corporations in keeping these plantations up to date."

A Wellington man, who has done a lot of travelling in both islands, and who is a walking guide so far as hotels are concerned, tells of a quaint experience he had recently down South. Not feeling very well after his arrival, he determined upon having a bath, and, on communicating his wish to an attendant, he was taken upstairs. It was found that the bathroom door would not lock, but the attendant said that he would see that nobody entered. Two or three times the traveller thought he saw the door pushed ajar a few inches, and, on going to it, found that he was correct, for the attendant was just then peeping through. "Well, you see, sir, it's this way," said the man in livery, when apologising, "last night a man suicided in that bath, and, noticing that you were not looking well, I was told to keep an eye on you, and—" But that was enough; the traveller scrambled into some clothes, and finished his toilet in his own room, without further argument.—"Free Lance."

## Love and Patriotism in New Zealand.

Eighteen months ago Joshua C. Freeman wanted to marry Nora B. East, and threatened to enlist in the contingent if she refused him. "Enlist," she said, "the country needs you worse than I do. Perhaps when you return I will marry you." Freeman enlisted, and returned from the war recently. By chance he met Miss East in town. "You said 'perhaps,'" was his greeting to her. "I meant yes," was her reply. "If you re-enlist." They were married, and the groom departed at once to again offer his services to the Government. On the way he received a telegram, saying: "You need not re-enlist if you do not want to."

## Hammer Springs in Winter.

Although this is practically the off-season at Hamner Springs, a few visitors remain there for the mountain air, and although at night it may be cold there have been some delightfully warm days. It was possible on Sunday and some of the days of last week to sit out and feel the warmth of the sun in middle day, although the hills around are nearly all white with snow, and look very pretty. Some of the returned troopers are staying at the Sanatorium, and are assisting at tree-planting, which Mr. Rogers, the caretaker of the baths, is supervising. The framework of the new post office, being erected by Messrs. Gulliver & Rogers, of Rangiora, is up. The Church of England building is in a forward state, and church members and friends are giving the furnishings, so that it may be opened early before the visitors' season. The Rev. W. Campbell, Presbyterian minister

at Waiata, it is expected, may this season take up residence at Hamner, and Sunday services at this favourite health resort will be more regular and certain than hitherto.

## King Edward and the Diamond Necklace.

"The latest story about the King," writes "The Bulletin" London correspondent, "is so rich that it matters little as to its truth. Edward VII., desiring to make a present, called upon the selective taste and services of the Countess of — to buy a diamond necklace not to exceed £1000 in cost. The Countess thrilled, and with worldly wisdom saw that the gift must be for herself. The £1000 necklaces in Bond-street were fine, but one at £2000 pleased her aristocratic eyes more, so she personally paid the 100 per cent. difference and submitted the gowned circlet for His Majesty's approval. H.M. approved so much that he gave it to Madame G., one of his German connections. Now the C. of — wants to know how to get her £1000 back without insulting the Royal generosity."

## Chinese Eggs in the Colonies.

The stale imported Chinese egg is now very largely consumed in N.S.W., and to a less degree in some other States. It is said that the importers could profitably sell these eggs in Sydney at 4d per dozen. One merchant states that he got a letter 'yesterday from Hongkong offering eggs at that port at 1d and 2d per dozen. The egg industry is worth about £500,000 per annum in N.S.W. If no steps are taken it will soon be practically monopolised by the Chow with his cheap chilled egg laid by an overworked heathen hen.

## In His Wife's Steps.

It is reported that the Rev. Dr. Charles Sheldon, of Topeka, Kansas, who wrote a book advising employers to treat their servants as equals, is having serious domestic troubles. His wife recently refused to allow her servant-girl to dine with the family. The girl promptly gave up her place, and before leaving she reminded Mrs. Sheldon that her husband had recently solved the servant-girl problem by declaring that domestics should have equal privileges with the family. Mrs. Sheldon told the girl that she was not responsible for her husband's opinions; he could write books, but she intended to rule the household. The pastor's dilemma is said to have caused great amusement. This is not the first time that the wife has demonstrated how chimerical are her husband's theories.

Hats off to Sergeant Collis, readers of the "Graphic," for, like Kipling's hero, he is

"First amongst the women,  
An' amazing first in war."

Many troopers have been tendered socials of welcome and had presentations made them, but none has made a speech in reply, so calculated to increase his popularity in his own district, especially, and amongst the fair sex more especially still, than Sergeant Collis, of the Totara district. Collis was presented with a gold watch and chain at a social last week. In acknowledging the same he said if he returned to South Africa he would take a "Waitaki Girl" to look after him, for of all the South African girls he had met—English, Dutch, or Boer, and he could speak of them from experience gained while executing his military duties—none could compare with the fair maidens of New Zealand, more especially those of the Totara district. (Great applause.)

## An Excuse Which Failed.

A person named John Burke O'Brien appeared at the Wellington Police Court last week, charged with drunkenness. He informed the Bench that, after an absence of five years, he returned from the South, and on the following day was mesmerised in a hotel, and was arrested while under the mesmeric influence. He had an engagement at Foxton, which he would have to forfeit if detained. He asked Mr. J. Godber, J.P., who occupied the Bench, "as an old Magistrate," to agree with him that he had

been unfairly treated. A fine of £/ was imposed, whereupon the soluble one asked the Court to accept an I.O.F. for the amount. The laughter caused by this request was quickly followed by the removal of O'Brien.

It is well-known that a strict watch is kept upon quite a number of people in Wellington city who enter drapery emporiums, and who, through being afflicted with kleptomania, or something like that, get away with a great deal more than they pay for. According to the "Free Lance," a painful scene occurred in a big shop quite recently. A rather stylishly-dressed lady, who was giving the attendant a lot of trouble over her few small purchases, managed to secrete a piece of dress stuff under her cloak while the girl's back was turned. The little operation was observed by another employee, who was standing round a corner, however, and he followed her out, brought her back, and confronted her with his employer in the office. She burst into tears, asked to be let off, but steadfastly refused to give her name. "Oh, well, then," said the proprietor, "I must send for a policeman." At that moment one of the hands in the clothing department happened to be passing the office, and involuntarily stopped when he saw the little party within. "Do you know this lady, Mr. —?" asked the employer. "Yes, sir," replied the man, trembling from head to foot, "she is my wife, sir; what has she done?" "Oh, it does not matter; just send her home." And he did. What happened when he went home to tea that night may easily be imagined.

## Why the Innkeeper Was Savage.

This story is told by an hotelkeeper, whose excitement increases each time he repeats it. "He came to my house, and ordered what he called a 'porter supper.' Not knowing him, I naturally asked for the money in advance, and at that he walks off in a huff, inviting the bar customers to —'s pub, opposite. Two hours later I learned that they had had a high old time, and the stranger had paid cash for everything, and had piles of money, and was going to stay in the township. I met him the next morning and apologised, and he was quite affable, and brought his traps over. During the afternoon he asked me to cash a cheque for a tenner, but I could only give him six quid on account of it. As he wanted to catch the first train in the morning, I borrowed the other four quid from the blacksmith and storekeeper. The train goes through at 5, and it was peeing hailstones, but I went down the paddock, baited up a cow, and got him a warm breakfast. Even that I wouldn't have minded, but I carried his blessed portmanteau half a mile to the station. He bade me good-bye most kindly, and told me not to forget to meet the train next day, when he was coming back. And I wait there like a fool to meet him. When I think of carrying that portmanteau and helping him to escape with my tenner, I'm ready to go and water all the grog in the place out of pure vexation."

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# Turf Gossip.

By  
WHALEBONE.

## TURF FIXTURES.

August 12, 17—Canterbury J.C.  
August 29—Amberley S.C.  
September 1, 8—Marion J.C.  
September 14, 19—Rangitikei R.C.  
September 21, 28—Avondale J.C.  
September 28, 29—Geraldine

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Vortex. Wahi.—The king is the highest card.  
R.S., Ellerslie.—Advance 9.11, Fulminate 9.12.  
Trotter, Auckland.—When the returns are complete you will be informed.

## TURF NOTES.

Advance is still favourite for the N.Z. Cup.

Crimson Streak, by Nordenfeldt—Hippolina, is dead.

Swordfish is likely to be leased to go to Gisborne for two seasons.

Major George has Seahorse's full-brother, Powerful, in the next V.R.C. Derby.

Mr S. Coombes, owner of Favona, and his wife are on a visit to the N.Z. Grand National.

Daystar is to be located this season at Hawera, having been leased by Mr J. McCarten.

Calibre, one of Mr D. O'Brien's New Zealand Cup candidates, is being treated for a curb.

St. Laura is to be sent from New Plymouth to Wellington Park on a visit to Phoebus Apollo.

Mr D. McLeod, the Auckland penciiler, has gone on a visit to the N.Z. Grand National Meeting.

Nominations for the Avondale Cup, Plumpton and Flying Stakes Handicaps are due on Friday next.

Belfair, who has been located at Lake Takapuna for some months, has joined H. Franks' team at Ellerslie.

Bluejacket is again working on the track at Ellerslie, and is as gay as a two-year-old, and old Nor-west, his stable companion, has also resumed work.

Mr Roulston has named his St. Hippo—Winnie gelding Up-to-date, and Mr Walters has claimed the name Marshal Soult for the Soult—Hotcherina colt.

There were twenty starters on the 15th June for the Derby of 5000sovs, run for to Germany. The winner, Tuki, started at 6 to 1. Tuki is by Gouverneur.

Hastings and Bona Rosa left today for Christchurch, via the East

Coast, and will go into C. Stratford's hands there.

First Stock is the first of Blood-shot's stock to win in Australia. It is said that many of the gets of the Maxim horse are showing promise.

Some of the Sylvia Park mares that it was intended to have mated with imported Fitzsimmons are to visit Phoebus Apollo at Wellington Park.

Mr J. O. Evett has been having a spell for some time. The Wellington Meeting was the last to engage his attention. The Avondale Jockey Club's Meeting will be the first in the new season for which that gentleman will act.

The Hawke's Bay Jockey Club increased their stakes last year by £1357, and have this year added another £425, from which it may be inferred that solid progress is being made by the metropolitan club of the district.

Mr. W. H. E. Wanklyn, secretary to the Canterbury Jockey Club, has forwarded me the book programme of his club for the ensuing year. It is, as usual, nicely got up, and contains the entries for classic events and much interesting information.

The victory of Seringapatam, late Screw Gun, bred at Wellington Park, in the Ostend Grand Prize Handicap, in England, is a welcome piece of news conveyed by cable to Mr Stead, the former owner of the colt, by Sir Edgar Vincent, the present owner.

Mr Doneilan, who has leased Hastings from Messrs Nathan, has purchased from Mrs Leonard the three-year-old gelding Bona Rosa, by St. Hippo from Vieux Rose. Both horses were shipped to Christchurch on Saturday and will join C. Stratford's team at Riccarton.

What is known as Graham-street, leading from the Ellerslie racecourse to the Great South Road, is in a most unsatisfactory condition. Horses valued at thousands of pounds have to pass up and down this street every day. It is high time it was put in good order. Oh, for a Macadam!

The Hawke's Bay Hunt Club's Annual Steeplechase Meeting was none the less a sporting gathering because of the absence of the totalisator, but it is significant that results were not telegraphed to the different parts of the colony, nor, by the way, was the departure of Moifad from Napier for the South announced.

"Form at a Glance," containing placed performances of all the horses engaged in the New Zealand Cup, and a deal of other useful information—dates of race meetings throughout the colony being one of the new items

that will be appreciated—has reached me from Messrs. Barnett & Grant, the Southern firm of turf commission agents.

The New Zealand Grand National Meeting commences next Tuesday. The training notes from headquarters have been read with interest, and judging from the list of acceptances for the various events our Southern friends will witness sport of an entertaining character. My resident correspondent has wired his impressions, which appear under a special heading.

From the reservoir on the Ellerslie racecourse to the lawn saddling paddock and horse boxes American steel pipes are being laid down, and the want of water to keep the grounds green and free from dust in the driest summer will not be experienced there in future. The reservoir will hold 50,000 gallons, which if not sufficient for all purposes will at least go a long way to fill requirements.

The St. Simon horse Louis XIII, about the purchase of which a cablegram was received yesterday, has had some stock racing in England, and no doubt their merits attracted Mr H. C. White, who is sending the horse out to his stud in New South Wales. Louis XIII, combines the Hermit and Rataplan strains in his pedigree, and was standing last season in Gloucestershire at 50 guineas.

With the New Zealand Grand National Meeting this week the racing season of 1901-2 will be commenced. Looking over the calendar of fixtures meeting will succeed meeting at nice intervals throughout the year, and there is every reason to anticipate that the racing all round will be of the best, as there is not to be any increase of meetings, and there are indications that more horses will be in work.

At Wednesday's hunt in the Wakato my correspondent mentions that Turakahu, Woolman, Bombardier, Lieutenant, and Sunbeam jumped well and faultlessly throughout, excepting Bombardier, who came to grief once. Bombardier has evidently not improved. His second in the N.Z. Grand National of 1894 to Norton was a surprising effort for a horse that took such liberties with his fences as he did.

It will be pleasing to sportsmen to learn that after all the Messrs Nathan will not be sufferers to any great extent through the death of the imported horse Fitzsimon as the International Horse Agency had effected an insurance on the horse for £1000, though the fact had not been cabled in the usual course to Mr Morrin, the local agent. Mr L. D. Nathan's presence in England was fortunate, and that gentleman has cabled to his firm the welcome intelligence that the risk was accepted; also that Hastings had been covered to the extent of £200.

All going well with Formula. Nonette and Jewellery, members of F. MacManemin's team, each may be seen at Riccarton in the spring. The two first-mentioned are in the New Zealand Cup, and both Nonette and Jewellery are in the Canterbury Derby, while Jewellery is in the Oaks. Then there is the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's spring meeting en route, and

Nonette and Jewellery are engaged in the Hawke's Bay Guineas. Neither are engaged in the Wanganui Guineas, however.

The death of Mr J. S. Kidd, working manager to the Auckland Tramway Company, will be read of with feelings of extreme regret by his many friends. Mr Kidd was fond of sport, and would have given a good deal of his time to the furtherance of the interests of the trotting sport had his duties not prevented him. During the sixteen years he was connected with the Tramway Company he purchased most of the horses used in the service, and was voted a good judge and a humane horse master.

The Pakuranga Hunt Club had anything but a pleasant day for their "meet" on Saturday, which was held at Puhinui, the property of Mr W. McLaughlin, who for many years was master of the Pakuranga Hunt Club, and still takes a lively interest in the sport. There was a goodly turn out of members, who were entertained by Mrs and Mr McLaughlin before the business of the day commenced. One good run round the mountain was enjoyed, but there were a few empty saddles, some of the sub-division stone walls on the estate having proved dividing ones between several horses and riders.

The defunct Fitzsimmons when in training in England made a noise, and it was in consequence of this that the operation which caused a disfigurement of the throat was performed. Fitzsimmons was what in America would be called a "tuber." It was related of Tod Sloan, the American jockey, about a year ago, that he was engaged to ride a horse in England, but on finding that he had a tube in his throat declined to take the contract on. There is only one horse in New Zealand that I know of that has been treated in the same way as Fitzsimmons for roaring, and the experiment was unsuccessful.

When referring to the notice given by the Jockey Club that the starting gate would be used in all races except in some special conditions, where permission may be given for the relaxation of the rule, "Vigilant," in the London "Sportsman" said: "I do not suppose any opposition will be made to this, and I think we may take it for granted that, after encountering an immense deal of opposition, the starting gate has 'come to stay,' and that four people out of every five are fully convinced of its immense superiority to the old method of starting. We have undoubtedly seen some very poor starts even by the aid of the gate, but these will grow less frequent season by season, whilst the saving of time, and the improvement in the matter of punctuality, have been really wonderful."

Mr Leonard Marshall's imported sire Cyrenian will make his bow to the horse-breeding public of Auckland for the third time with the commencement of the season of 1901-2. The foals by this nicely bred and well-performed horse are fine advertisements, as those who have seen them admit, and they should do him no end of credit when they come to race. Many of the fine bays of mares that visited Cyrenian last season from all parts of the colony are to re-visit him, evidence that as an individual he is in favour, and that his blood is prized.

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Fion's stock, the oldest of which are two years, are promising indeed. His daughter, from Welcome, by The Dauphin, from Bangie, shows no end of quality. He is himself an upstanding commanding horse, and a horse by Castor from a sister to Carbine is bound to come to the front at the stud.

The Sylvia Park sires, Seaton Delaval and Explosion, are advertised to be at the service of breeders this season. Seaton Delaval has been remarkably successful during the seasons he has been at the stud in New Zealand. His progeny come early and gallop fast, and are good legged and sound footed lot. Sixteen of his progeny won in stakes last season £3206, and in three years his representatives have earned stakes amounting to £11,433, while the coming crop of two-year-olds are of good class. Explosion has yet to make his name at the stud, this being his second season; but he is a rare fine type of horse, and, bred as he is, should make a most servicable sire. The fee asked for Explosion's services is reasonable. By Curassier, full-brother to the champion sire Trenton, from Jadestone, half-sister to Nordenfeldt, no wonder Explosion inherited bulldog courage while on the turf.

A number of clubs down South are talking of following the Wellington Racing Club's lead by paying out on 1st and 2nd horses. It is to be hoped that the Auckland Racing Club will only have one totalisator worked upon the new system. If they adopt the 1-2 business as a general thing they will find that a lot of money will be put on with the bookmakers by those who fancy they can pick winners outright. It is not a fair thing to ask owners to bet just as a club may desire them to do. If they have their choice they will have no cause to complain, and the bookmaker who lays straight-out odds is less likely to be patronised so extensively by those who prefer the old style of betting for a win only, instead of a win or a place. Betting in England 1-2 only takes place on races in which six horses or more compose the field, and betting 1-2-3 in races where the starters are nine or over in number.

Our resident correspondent writes: The annual meeting of the Waihi Jockey Club was held in the Rob Roy Hotel on Wednesday night. Mr W. H. Phillips, president, occupied the chair. The balance-sheet showed a credit balance of £62 18/. The secretary, Mr T. Grant, stated that there was a deficiency of £25 for nomination fees. A discussion took place as to the title of the ground forming the racecourse. It was finally resolved to send a telegram re the matter to Messrs Jackson Palmer, J. McGowan, and Sir J. Ward. The election of officers took place as follows:—Patron, Mr Jackson Palmer, M.H.R.; president, Mr W. H. Phillips; vice-president, Messrs Crawford, Brown, D. Campbell, E. H. Pilling, Goldsworthy, and McLean; committee, Messrs R. S. Ryburn, G. Johnstone, D. Carnachan, W. Hume, J. Graham, A. Y. Ross, R. Loane, J. E. Taylor, D. G. Saunders, Joughin, W. Corbett, M. Keane, M. Power; secretary, T. Grant; treasurer, John Flett.

At the Auckland Racing Club's meetings this season it is thought unlikely that there will be an increase in the stake offerings. Would it not be well to increase second money prizes? A further increase of classic races just now would not be in the general interests of racing in Auckland, for there are too few owners who have the means to go in for high-priced yearlings. Auckland is occasionally revisited by owners who take away the choicest lots from the annual sales. This is satisfactory to some extent, as it keeps up the interest in racing, but the local owners who cannot afford to race on an extensive scale, and cannot go to big prices for their supply of horses, must not be overlooked in the distribution of stakes. I have heard it suggested that the Century Stakes might with advantage be discontinued, and the leading handicap races in the autumn increased in value. Should this suggestion be followed it would not surprise me.

What constitutes a place within the meaning of the Gaming and Lotteries Act in New Zealand? Cases innumerable have been tried in different parts of the world. To

stand on a box in one spot, to take up a position under an umbrella made a fixture in the ground, have been held to be offences to bring the betting man within the scope of the law in our sister colonies, but the latest attempt to reach the poor bookie by the authorities in Victoria has caused some surprise. An exchange has the following paragraph on the subject:—"Some of the flat bookmakers at Flemington wear heavy wooden boots or clogs, which are sufficiently high to give them a good view of the scenery. However, the magisterial authorities held the other day that such boots, like a box or stone, constituted a 'place' within the meaning of the law, and one layer of the odds named Gallagher, whose case was taken as a test, was fined £25 for adopting the practice." It now remains to be seen in which way the superior Court will review the magistrate's decision, as the case has been referred to the Appeal Court.

The annual general meeting of the Avondale Jockey Club was held at the Occidental Hotel on Friday afternoon. The report and balance-sheet, appearing in another column was read. The chairman, Mr. M. Foley, in moving its adoption, congratulated members on the success of last season, and expressed the opinion that if economy were observed in the future, as in the past, the success of the club would be assured, the present prospects of the institution being of a bright character. The appointments of the club were thoroughly up-to-date in every respect, and with care the debit balance incurred in the extraordinary expenditure in the way of improvements would soon be wiped off. The following officers were then elected: President and judge, Mr. John Bolland, M.H.R.; vice-president, Mr. T. Morrin; handicapper, Mr. J. Evert; starter, Mr. G. Cutts; stewards, Messrs J. Bolland, M.H.R., Robert Duder, H. T. Gorrie, M. Foley, Donald McLeod, J. R. Martin, A. Hanna, Joseph May, J. W. Russell and A. Davis; clerk of course, Mr. A. Selby; clerk of scales, Mr. F. W. Marks; hon. vet., E. D. Halstead; secretary, Mr. H. H. Hayr; auditor, Mr. C. H. McKinney.

The Wellington Park stud horses St. Leger, Hotchkiss, Castor, and Phoebus Apollo are advertised in this issue to be at the service of breeders this season. St. Leger has a great record as a winner producer, as a perusal of his advertisement will show. Only a few outside mares will be booked on the champion's list. Hotchkiss and Castor have each distinguished themselves at the stud, and are sure to be well patronised by breeders, while the continued success of the Galopin blood through St. Simon and in a remarkable manner through that horse's sons, for they all appear to beget winners, is all that is required to be mentioned when the claims of Phoebus Apollo, the latest acquisition to the Wellington Park Stud, are being advocated. A recent notice of "Sires of the Day" in an English paper put it thus: "The St. Simon family all along the line are an easy first, the rest nowhere." In eleven years St. Leger's progeny have won in New Zealand £59,751. In six years Hotchkiss's progeny have earned £25,828. In eight years Castor's gets put together £29,954. St. Leger's stock have won considerably more than the sum stated, but prior to 1890-1 the records were not complete. A stud in which three sires are located whose progeny have won well over £115,000 must needs be a notable institution, and Wellington Park enjoys the distinction.

On Monday afternoon the committee of the Auckland Racing Club met for the first time since their election. There was a full attendance. Mr. Thomas Morrin was re-elected chairman. The following officers were elected for the season: President, Mr. Alfred Buckland; vice-president, Mr. Alfred Kidd; stewards, Messrs L. D. Nathan, D. W. Duthie, F. Earl, H. O. Nolan, T. Sinclair, Seymour Thorne George, W. C. Somers, J. C. Smith, G. W. S. Patterson, A. Hanna, Dr. Reid and Major Dean Pitt; treasurer, Mr. H. T. Gorrie; handicapper, Mr. J. O. Evert; secretary, Mr. W. Percival. It was resolved to invite applications for the position of judge at 10 guineas per day, and for that of starter at £105 per annum. Messrs. McLaughlin, Mitchelson, Gorrie, Armitage and the chairman were appointed

a Works Committee; and Messrs. Mitchelson, Gorrie, Duder, McLeod and the chairman were elected a Programme Committee. It was resolved that Messrs. Reid, Mitchelson and McLeod act as a sub-committee for the purpose of revising the club's rules. It was resolved that disqualifications existing against owners, jockeys, trainers, officials, and ponies for having taken part at unregistered meetings be removed. The tender of Mr. Julian (£420) for alteration to the main grandstand was accepted. A bonus of ten guineas was voted to the publishers of the "Turf Register," and a donation of five guineas was made to the funds of the Society for the Protection of Women and Children and Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Messrs. M. Foley, A. Davis and H. H. Hayr, as a deputation from the Avondale Jockey Club, waited on the committee with an application for the use of the Ellerslie racecourse for their spring meeting, owing to the Avondale course not being ready to race upon. It was decided to grant the necessary permission at £25 per day.

Quite a record attendance of members of the Auckland Racing Club was witnessed at the annual general meeting held at the Central Hotel last week, and if I am not mistaken, no racing institution in the colony has ever got such a representative audience together at a similar function. I have only once attended a meeting of members of a racing club in the colonies at which there was a larger assemblage. This was at Menzies' Hotel, in Melbourne, when 315 members of the Victoria Racing Club were accounted for. At the Auckland Racing Club's meeting under notice 148 heads were counted, and 141 members voted when the election of the committee was on. It was the interest evinced in this particular election that brought members together, and drew the hunting section of the members, who could not have come together better had the huntsmen tooted his horn and called them to give a rallying cheer at the finish of an exciting run. Yes, hunting enthusiasts were there in force, and, indeed, members from near and far put in an appearance. Considerable animation was shown up to the time business commenced, and it was expected that the proceedings would be of a lively character. The "man in the street" had it that a lot of important questions were to be asked when the balance-sheet came before the meeting, and I believe that quite a number of members fully intended to ask for enlightenment on matters in connection with the Club's affairs that they could not gather from the bare statement of figures submitted. No discussion was invited, however, and the business was hurried through in a somewhat informal manner, and only a few members took occasion to ask any questions at all. The opportunity for offering congratulations was not embraced, though surely the satisfactory position the Club is in, the pro-

gress made, the very liberal treatment supporters and patrons have received at the hands of the Club, were matters to which members might have referred; and it would have been paying a deserved compliment to those who have identified themselves with the institution so long and served the Club so well if some of the members had only voiced what must have been the almost general opinion of those present. It is not customary for the President of the Club to go into detail on occasions of this character, but members were looking forward to hearing something more from the throne, and were somewhat disappointed on that account. Mr. McLaughlin, however, was content to refer in a general way to the prosperous condition of the premier club of the North Island, and when he stated that they had earned much of their popularity through pursuing a liberal policy towards their horse-owning and visiting patrons, members were in accord with him. I understand that a number of gentlemen have been proposed for enrolment as new members during the week. The election of officials by the new committee will take place at their first meeting.

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AVONDALE JOCKEY CLUB.

The Avondale Jockey Club's annual general meeting was held on Friday, when the committee's report and balance-sheet as under were submitted to members:—  
Gentlemen, Your committee have much pleasure in again presenting the annual report and balance-sheet for the year ending 31st July, 1891. It is gratifying to them to put before you a statement of receipts and expenditure, which clearly shows the great strides the club has made during the past few years, and more particularly the season just concluded. In perusing the figures in the balance-sheet, you will notice a considerable increase in revenue from all sources, notably totalisator, £501; nominations, £224; gate, £100; etc., £221; members' fees, etc., £130. During the season we have held our usual Spring and Autumn Meetings, the latter on the Ellerslie racecourse, giving added money to the amount of £2482 net, being an increase of £731 10/ over the previous season. The amount passed through the totalisator was £25,828, as against £22,345 last season. Since our last annual meeting we have purchased 15 acres of Mr. Bolland's property, for the purpose of erecting our buildings and enclosures, all of which are now on this portion of the club's grounds. Our improvement accounts show an expenditure of £2963 paid. We have built a new grandstand at a cost of £1657, and a contract is now in hand for a new stewards' stand at a cost of £367. Your committee feel certain that members will be more than pleased on paying a visit to the club's property, as all arrangements are quite up to date. Besides the new grandstand and stewards' stand, we have spent a considerable amount on new horse stalls, latrines, and fencing; while some £150 has been spent on drainage. Members will notice an item in the balance-sheet of £171 17/0. This amount was incurred through the action of Mr. Moss Davis, of Hancock and Co., Ltd., stopping our contractor from removing the old buildings, etc., from the property, leased from him. The dispute was referred to arbitration with the above result. We regret to inform members that we have been unable up to the present to obtain a totalisator permit for our Winter Meeting. Our secretary paid a visit to Wellington, and had an interview with Sir Joseph Ward,

**BIRD'S** Custard Powder makes a perfect High-Class Custard at a minimum of cost and trouble. Used by all the leading Diplomats of the South Kensington School of Cookery, London. Invaluable also for a variety of sweet dishes, recipes for which accompany every tin of BIRD'S.

**NO EGGS! NO FISH! NO YETTABLE!**

# Athletic Sports.

## GOLF NOTES.

(By "Stymie.")

Golfers have certainly had bad luck in the matter of wet Saturdays lately. Last Saturday was practically impossible from a golfing point of view, and the projected excursion to Cornwall did not eventuate. At Green Lane proceedings developed into an approaching competition from the club house verandah to the home green. It will be hard to work these competitions from the verandah of the new club house, but there are compensations for this disadvantage.

Entries for all events at the championship meeting to be held from September 20th to October 5th (inclusive) must be made and fees paid on or before September 25th.

The ladies' championship of Australia was won by Miss Guthrie, with a total of 199 for the thirty-six holes. The best scores were:—

	1st	2nd	Total
Miss Guthrie.....	96	103	199
Mrs G. E. Fairfax.....	105	101	206
Mrs Douglas.....	107	104	211
Miss Calder.....	104	105	212
Miss Gillies.....	104	110	214

For the fourth rounds of the Taranaki Golf Club's tournament, which closes on 17th August, the following are the handicaps:—In the Ladies' Tournament the only alterations are: Miss G. Stanford loses 10; Miss Skeer loses 2; Miss O. Stanford, 5; Miss Read, 2; Miss Standish, 5; Miss Dalziel, 5; Miss Toke, 10. For the Men's Tournament: Dr. Walker loses 2; Wright loses 3; A. Stanford loses 4; C. H. Weston, 5; Spencer, 4; Ward, 5; F. Cornwall, 6; Elliott and T. S. Weston, 7; Pollen, Fraser, Johnston, Burgess, 8; R. Bayley, W. C. Weston, 10; R. W. D. Robertson, Clarke, Morrison, Paton, Medley, Hadfield, 12; A. R. Standish, F. W. Robertson, Stuart, Dr. Leatham, Gray, Govett, Holdsworth, J. Wilson, J. E. Wilson, Dr. George, F. E. Wilson, Hutchen, Dempsey, N. K. MacDiarmid, S. Teed, Lennon, Collins, W. Bayley, jun., Griffiths, Laing, Strouts, Sheffield, Tabor, 15; E. L. Stanford, Rennell, Whitcombe, 18; A. Standish, Townshend, Hall, Bedford, H. Bailey, Miller, Kirkby, Rev. Evans, 20.

The usual monthly competition of the Otago Golf Club for St. Andrew's crosses was held at the Links, Balmacevan, on Saturday, July 29, the match having been postponed for two Saturdays on account of the inclemency of the weather and the snow lying on the course. There were twenty-seven entries—ten for the silver cross and seventeen for the gold cross. Messrs C. Turnbull and C. E. Howden tied for the gold cross with the score of 58. The match was played off on July 22. Mr Turnbull winning. The silver cross was won by Mr C. D. S. Moore with 101 net. The following were the principal scores:

### GOLD CROSS.

	Gross.	Hlep.	Net.
C. Turnbull.....	91	6	88
C. E. Howden.....	98	10	88
M. Gilray.....	105	13	90
A. M. Hogg.....	98	6	92
A. Tapper.....	98	6	92
F. J. Stillinger.....	99	6	93
H. Price.....	101	8	96
H. D. Stronach.....	99	2	97
F. Leitch.....	103	6	95
D. Stewart.....	111	12	99
A. H. Fisher.....	100	—	100
A. Scott.....	102	2	100

### SILVER CROSS.

C. D. S. Moore.....	121	29	101
S. K. Sleigh.....	114	12	102
Dr. Barnett.....	123	19	107
C. Holdsworth.....	124	16	107

A special meeting of the Taranaki Golf Club was to have been held on Friday last to discuss the rules drawn

up and adopted by the Committee, also to consider the recommendation of the Committee, "that Mr A. Standish's offer of the gratuitous use of his grounds as links be accepted." A full attendance of members was anticipated as much interest has of late been taken in the game in the land of milk and butter.

The Cornwall links have evidently charmed one golfer, and this is how he winds up a description of them in the Canterbury "Times" of 31st ult.: "I do not think I am predicting too much when I say that the Auckland golf links will be one of the greatest advertisements for Auckland that she has ever had, and will draw visitors from Australia and other places to revel in the luxury of good and comfortable golf. May the Auckland Golf Club have every success with the New Zealand Championship, which is to be held there in September next, is the wish of a charmed visitor."

A special general meeting of the Wellington Golf Club will be held in the Academy of Arts building on Monday evening, the 19th, to consider important amendments of the rules. The Club has been so successful during recent years and has grown to such an extent that some improvement in the rules under which it originally started has become necessary.

Mr and Mrs Buchanan have presented a prize to be played for by the members of the Wellington Club shortly. The prize has been allotted by the committee for a mixed foursome to be played for after the Championship has been decided.

The first round of the Championship of the Wellington Golf Club was played at Miramar last Saturday week. The following are the best scores handed in:—A. Duncan 90, G. Todd 92, D. Hyde 95, F. S. Hodson 95, K. Duncan 99, E. Jackson 102, W. B. Lees 102, A. J. Abbott 103, F. G. Dalziel 104, Gore 104, Professor Brown 106, D. Ritchie 106, M. Ross 108, E. S. Pearce 106, A. Buchanan 111, P. C. Freeth 112, J. H. N. A. Burns 120, C. Richardson 120. After the second round, which was to have been played on Saturday, the best eight players in the aggregate will play a final round to decide the championship. The following is the draw, and the order of play for the second round:—P. C. Freeth will play D. Ritchie, A. J. Abbott will play F. S. Hodson, F. G. Dalziel will play A. Buchanan, Malcolm Ross will play J. H. Burns, C. Richardson will play E. S. Pearce, K. Duncan will play W. B. Lees, E. Jackson will play Professor Brown, A. Duncan will play G. Todd, C. Gore will play D. Clyde.

The August competition of the Hutt Golf Club for the St. Andrew's Cross resulted in a win for E. V. Riddiford, who had a big handicap. The best scores handed in were:—E. V. Riddiford 110, handicap 27, 83; O. S. Watkins 101 (14), 88; G. Pearce 100 (10), 90; H. Fitzmaurice 93 (ser.), 93.

The programme of the New Zealand Amateur Golf Championship Meeting, to be held at the Cornwall links, under the management of the Auckland Golf Club, from Monday to Saturday, September 20 to October 5 (inclusive), is now out. The amateur championship of New Zealand is naturally the chief event. It is to be played over 18 holes, final, 36 holes, the game to be scored by holes. The winner and runner-up will each receive a trophy, and the winner of the big event will also take the challenge cup.

Besides the championship there are plenty of events for those who do not aspire to the highest honours, as the following list will show:—Handicap 18 Holes Medal Play, Bogey Match (48 holes), Inter-Club Challenge Vase, Driving Competition and Foursome Bogey Match. The trophy for the Driving Competition is presented by Mr J. Kicker, who has been very good to golfers in many ways. The competi-

tion is to take place at the amphitheatre, and it should be a sight worth seeing. The ball has a very great fall from the tee before it reaches another earth again, and the effect of a good drive right down the middle of this romantic hole is very fine.

The Inter-club Challenge Vase will be contested by teams of four players from each club, the best aggregate score winning. The prize is presented by Mr E. D. O'Rourke, and will be held by the winning club until the next championship meeting.

I am glad to see the championship is to be decided by holes. To me there is always something more of the element of sport in a contest when one has his rival to himself and is worrying out the question as to who is the better man, than in the case when one is simply doing the course with the object of putting up good figures, which may, or may not, be good enough. When it is man against man, as I think all championships should be, one knows exactly where he is, and is not fighting imaginary figures. His whole efforts are concentrated on defeating his opponent, and this method of play, it seems to me, gives the advantage to the man who deserves it. The steel-nerved golfer who plays the same game "way down" as he does when he has a substantial lead, has the advantage over his opponent who does not love the tight pinch, but who possibly on another green, with a weak companion, and away from the harassing knowledge that he must go down in one to win, would probably do so with ease instead of taking two or three.

A golfer during the week was endeavouring to prove to me that a man could not "break up" on the green for want of nerve during medal play, and that it was quite another thing if it were match play. It is simply a question of degree, and the man who lacks nerve on the putting green in medal play will lack it more still when it comes to close match play. I will go further, and say that I believe we ail, to a very great extent, lack nerve on the green. If we do not, why are about ninety per cent. of our putts short? Is it not as well to lie three feet beyond the hole as three feet short, with all the chances there are in the middle of the extra six-foot run. If we could only screw up our courage to be strong, instead of weak, on the putt, it would take off a vast number of strokes from our score, and I believe it is simply want of confidence which is not far removed from nerve.

## SHE SPOKE HER MIND.

"I have derived wonderful benefit from the use of Bile Beans for Biliousness," says Mrs G. Clulow of Hogue-street, Smeedmore, Newcastle. "For a long time I have suffered from bilious attacks, and have tried all sorts of remedies without result. One day my husband brought home a box of Bile Beans and asked me to try them. I took the contents of the box in doses, from one to two beans per night, to my great satisfaction and relief. I continued to take them, and am now never without a box in the house. I take on an average one bean three times per week, and by doing this I am always in the best of health. I am an old resident in this district and am well known. I have certainly and most strongly recommended Bile Beans to my neighbours. Bile Beans are as they are advertised—a really genuine medicine." Whenever Bile Beans for Biliousness are used marvellous results follow. They stimulate the liver if inclined to be sluggish, thus ensuring energy and briskness. Their action on both liver and kidneys results in these organs being always regular and constipation, biliousness, and indigestion, debility, female ailments, liver trouble, costiveness, piles, headache, coughs, colds, influenza, etc., are thereby rendered highly improvable. The blood is purified, and the result of the occasional use of Bile Beans is seen in the sprightly step, the bright eye, the healthy colour and clear complexion. Bile Beans are obtainable everywhere at thirteen pence halfpenny per box, and there are few homes that cannot afford to keep a box on the shelf for emergency.

Colonial Secretary, re alteration to Arcadia railway station, and having a telegraph wire laid on to the club's course, with satisfactory results. In conclusion, the thanks of our club are due to the Auckland Racing Club for their kindness in allowing us to use the Ellerslie race-course for our late Autumn Meeting, owing to the delay in the completion of the works in hand. Had it not been for this consideration we should have been unable to carry out the autumn programme on our own course. Members will note that after writing of 10 per cent. for depreciation we have assets amounting to £557, and liabilities £287 5 2, showing a surplus over last year of £212 2 8. It will be your duty to elect stewards and officials for the ensuing season.

Statement of Receipts and Expenditure for year ending July 31, 1901.—Receipts: To balance, £978 12 4; To race meetings—Totalisator, £220 17 1; nominations, £104 10; grandstand, £107 2 6; gates, booths, cards, etc., £27 12 8; selling race, £10; discount, £2 17 8; notes, £2; members' subscriptions and licence fees, £24 10 10; balance bank, £708 5 2. Total, £4882 2 8. Grand total, £6980 0 3. Expenditure: By race meetings—Stakes, £2432; Government, £285; advertising and printing, £123 7 3; clerks of course and stewards, £11 8; handicapper, £52; starter, £21; totalisator permits, £5 17; luncheon, £24 12; food, £22; race cards, £4; cab hire, £2; gate men, etc., £38 10; pot plants, £1 10; blankets (Stakes and Gainers), £2 10; carriage, £5 14; totalisator clerks, £18 18; Auckland Racing Club, £50; Total, £2295 15 2. By freehold property—J. K. Hill, on account purchase, £306; J. Hill, £29; Total, £335. By improvement account—Timber, £64 9 8; Burns and Co., £100 0 4; horse cover, £12 6; George Bros. and D.S.C., £2 11 1; drain pipes, £35 10 3; Potter, Ironwork, £2 10; lavatories, £4 14 6; labour, £177 0 6; chairs, £2 3; Wilkins, on account, £2 8; gas account, £10 10; surgeon, £14 2 6; horse, £15; cab hire, £5 5 3; conference, £18; on account law expenses, £22 4 6; sundries, £22 11 6. Total, £2676 14 5. Grand total, £2295 15 2. Assets.—Unpaid nominations, £198; subscriptions, £50; old stand and buildings, £1116; Improvement Account, £219 10 8; £2245 10 8 (less depreciation, £203 10 8); new grandstand, £1575; architect, £100; new stewards' stand, £375; freehold properties, £1137; Hancock and Co., balance on hand, £48. Total, £7357. Liabilities.—Builder, new grandstand, £507; builder, new stewards' stand, £267; architect, £100; contracts—Wilkins, £24; Potter, £225; sundry creditors, £50; Hancock and Co., rent, 15s; mortgages—Miss Beck, £500; J. Hillard, £311—£311; bank overdraft, £78 5 2; balance, £2483 14 10. Total, £7357.

## THE CAULFIELD GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLCHASE.

MELBOURNE, August 10. The V.A.C. brought their Grand National meeting to a conclusion today. The weather was dull. The following was the result of the principal event:—

THE CAULFIELD GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLCHASE, a handicap of 100sovs; second horse 200sovs, and third horse 100sovs. About four miles.

Mr J. Farrell's b g Arcadia, aged, by Abergyle—Lady Peri, 107 (Curtain)..... 1  
Mr J. Cameron's br g Sir Arthur, aged, 10.2 (Mahoney)..... 2  
Mr S. Lazarus' ch g Freedom, aged, 11.3 (Mahoney)..... 3  
Sixteen horses started.  
Betting: 9 to 2 against Bethnal, 7 to 1 Freedom, 16 to 1 Arcadia.

From a good start Freedom and Crusado made the running to the back the second time round. Crusado led over the treble the third time, followed by Hay Eagle and Freedom. The latter led over the last fence, followed by Sir Arthur. Once in the straight Arcadia went to the front, and won easily by eight lengths. Time, 5m 9s. Bethnal and five others fell.

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PROF. WARD, Box 357, P.O., Auckland.



DAY SHIFT READY TO DESCEND.



NIGHT SHIFT COMING OFF WORK.

Photos. by Stewart.

Golden Cross Gold Mine, Waitekauri.

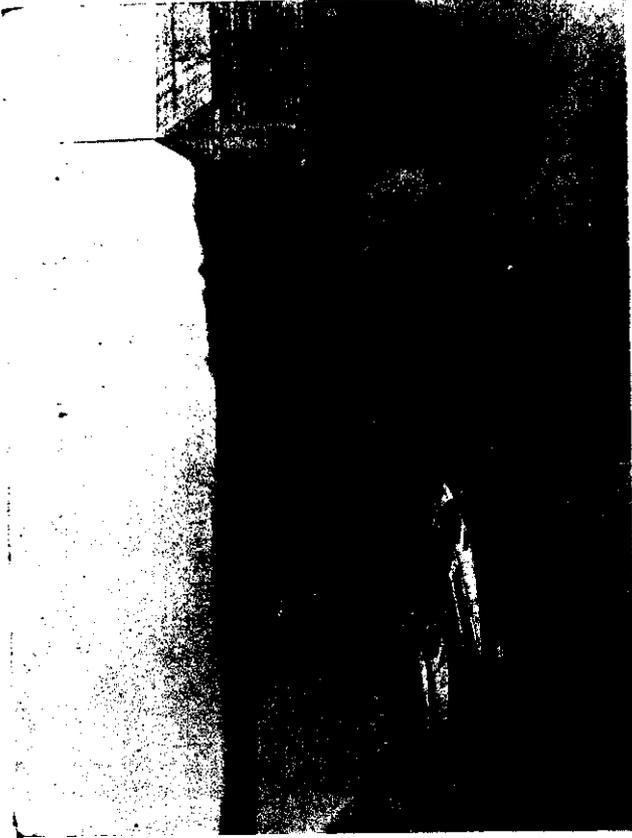


Stewart, photo.

CLARKIN BROS. TEAMS EN ROUTE FOR WAIHI G.M. CO'S WORKS, WAIHI.



A SHADY RESTING-PLACE.



ON THE AVON, CHRISTCHURCH.

Edwards, photo.



ON THE HEATHCOTE, CHRISTCHURCH.

Edwards, photo.



IN DUSKY SOUND.

Edwards, photo.



THE TRACK ALONG THE BEACH, CAPE CORVILLE.

Hawkins, photo.



MISS BUTT,  
Wellington.



MISS BEETHAM,  
Masterton.



MISS VIOLET CRUICKSHANK,  
Wellington.



MISS NIMMO,  
Napier.

Photos. by Hermann.



MADAME CARLTON,  
Wellington.



MRS. (DR.) HASSALL,  
Wellington.

Some Ladies Who Were Presented at the Royal Reception, Wellington.



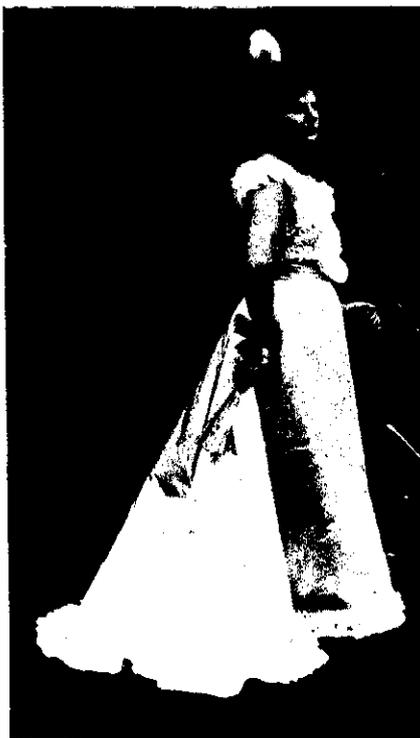
MISS KETTLE,  
Napier.



MISS B. EDWARDS,  
Wellington.



MISS V. RUSSELL,  
Hawke's Bay.



MISS R. MANDL,  
Hokitika.



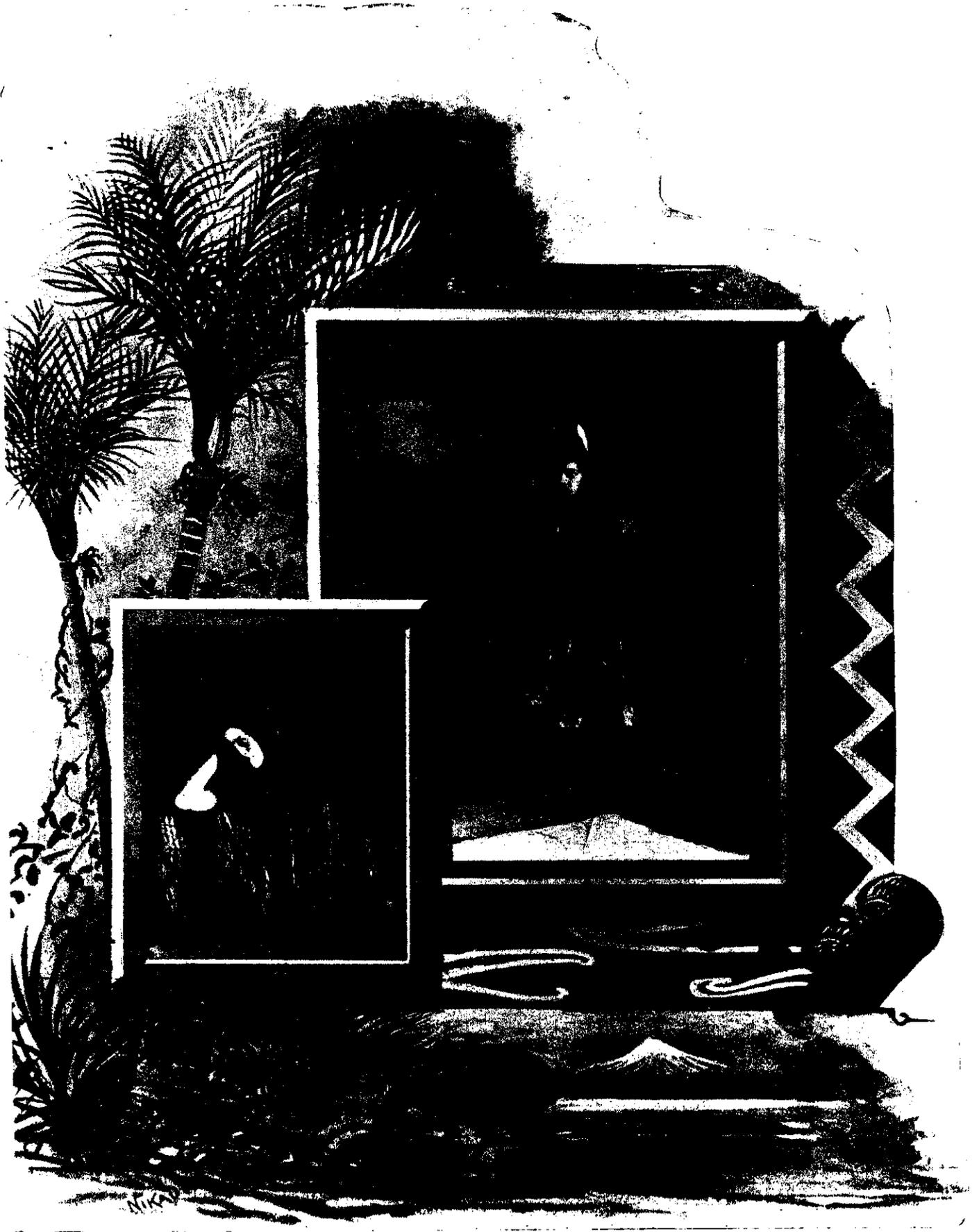
MISS COLEMAN,  
Napier.



MISS B. KETTLE,  
Greymouth.

Photos. by Hermann.

Some Ladies Who Were Presented at the Royal Reception, Wellington.



Favourites of the Kaianga.



LIEUTENANT OLIVER STEELE,—ROYAL BERKSHIRE REGIMENT,  
Late trooper Auckland Section, 5th Contingent. Age 19 years. For  
3½ years in Messrs. Jackson and Russell's office.



J. F. SHERIDAN—As Dan Rafferty in "When the Lamps are Lighted."



MORRIS—VERCOE WEDDING AT TAURANGA, AUCKLAND.

(See Orange Blossom.)





THE BURNING SHIP.

**How the Royalty of the World is Guarded by the Police.**

European royalty may pick and choose society to a certain extent, but the private police, like the poor, rulers have always with them.

Some sovereigns object strenuously to the surveillance. A few manage to escape it. Leopold II. of Belgium occasionally accomplishes that feat by making his movements so sudden and unexpected that his vigilant protectors do not know he is going until he has gone.

He frequently scurries off to his shooting-box in the Ardennes quite alone, and often drives through his capital in a closed carriage unattend-

ed; but his police are conscientious when they have the chance. At all public appearances he is guarded by a large squad of plain-clothes men; at night an armed and trusty valet locks the monarch in his room and sleeps in the ante-room, whose door is also locked and guarded.

The royal family of Denmark sets aside private police, as it disregards many other irksome royal traditions, and, save on unusual occasions, goes about unattended and simply. But the members of the family who have become sovereigns of other countries do not live so humbly.

The Dowager Czarina, who was a Princess of Denmark, stepped into an atmosphere of private police. The Czar of Russia is guarded more strictly

than any other monarch of Europe save Abdul Hamid, the Sultan.

Nicholas II. chafes against the attendance but recognises the necessity, and wherever he moves he is surrounded by secret guards as well as openly authorised attendants. If he walks in the forest at Peterhof he cannot flatter himself that he is alone, for posted behind trees, leaning over bridges, studying fountains, are inconspicuous men, absorbingly interested in the landscape. When he travels or rides or drives the same precautions are observed. In his palace his every movement is watched; his steps followed.

The story is told that on his last visit to Queen Victoria at Balmoral the Czar mistook the path in the forest and was obliged to ask his way

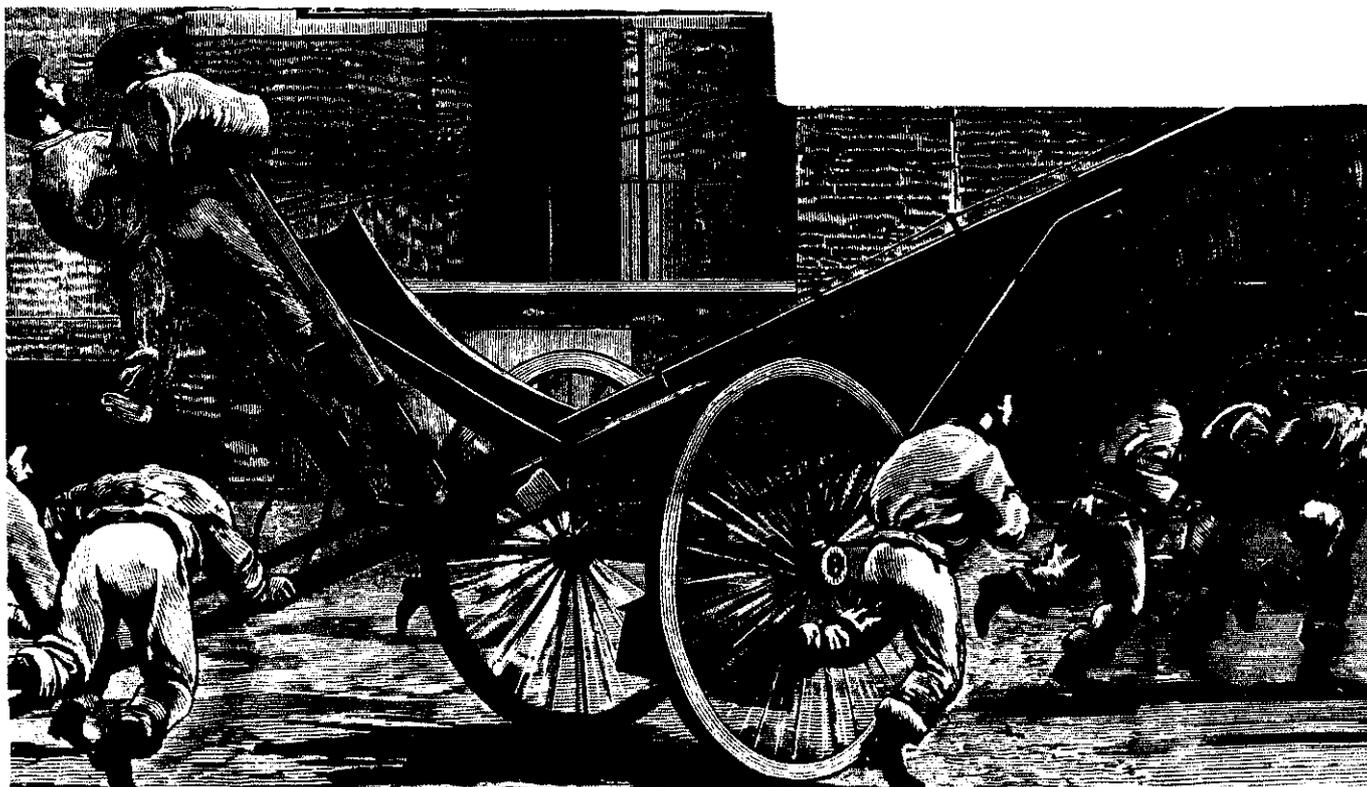
from a peasant whom he met. The man answered him in Russian. He was one the Czar's own private detectives.

William of Germany until recently was the only living ruler in Europe upon whose life no attempt had been made. Ill-natured critics say that he didn't enjoy the distinction—that, in fact, he deeply resented it, and that the recent assault was balm to his soul. Dramatic danger a sensational monarch may endure, but to be ignored!

In spite of his apparent immunity, the German Emperor has always been surrounded by elaborate precautions. His private police service is large and efficient, and his famous six-foot body-guard, looking tremendously specta-



HORSES ON DUTY, READY HARNESSSED.



TAKING ESCAPE TO A FIRE.

Drilling a Fire Brigade.

ON THE LOOK-OUT FROM WATCH TOWER.

lar in their eighteenth century hats and coats, are always in evidence in the royal antechamber.

When the Emperor travels he causes almost as much of a stir as the Czar. Every mile of the railroad, every bridge, tunnel, and rail is examined. Special guards are stationed along the route and the train is well guarded. It is only fair to say that the Emperor himself seems altogether fearless, and makes so many sudden moves without reference to safeguards, that his secret police are chronically out of breath.

The English King has a bodyguard corresponding to the German bodyguard; but the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms and the Yeomen of the Guard do not work for their salaries as their German prototypes do. They are for ornamental purposes only, and never are in duty except at State functions.

The real work of looking after English royalty is in the hands of Superintendent Fraser and his private police. The late Queen was always guarded in public, but less apprehension was felt about her than about the Prince of Wales, whose democratic fashion of appearing here, there, and everywhere, made him an easy mark for attack and kept his police attendants busy. Superintendent Winkler, who had special charge of the Prince's person, was not allowed to accompany him to Homburg last year, and insists if that exception had not been made Sipido's attack would never have come off.

The Duke of York has his own private police, much to his disgust, and his children are constantly guarded, even in their play, by detectives.

Humbert of Italy was one of the monarchs who most cordially detested the necessity of police attendance and avoided it whenever that was possible. He insisted upon driving about even the most squalid parts of Rome and Naples in an open carriage with only one attendant and would not listen to the constant protests against his reckless exposure of his life. His police service was carefully organised and guarded him in spite of his objections.

Whenever one met the handsome King driving in his dashing fashion one was sure to meet at a discreet distance behind the royal carriage an inconspicuous cab in hot pursuit, and in the cab was the keen, dark face of the head of the secret police. In the palace the King had a special guard, a gigantic Piedmontese, who slept at his door and was always near him.

The present King of Italy is much more strictly guarded than Humbert was, but the Dowager Queen Margherita goes wherever she chooses in carriage or on foot, and scorns all idea of surveillance.

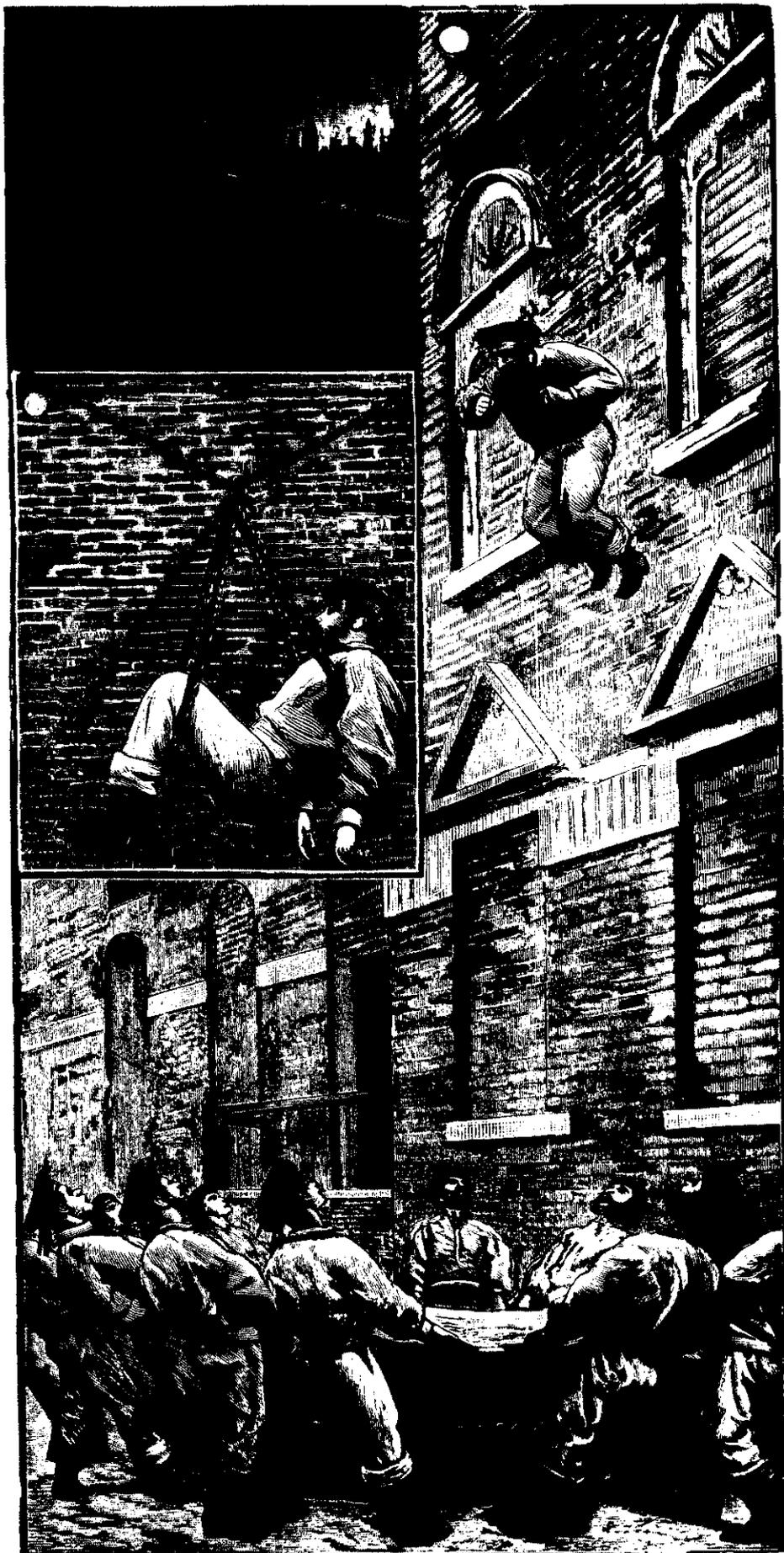
The Empress Elizabeth of Austria was as democratic in her actions as Queen Margherita and always objected to public attendance, which was, nevertheless, imposed. The Austrian Emperor, whose life has not been attacked since he was 19, is carefully guarded, and the late Empress was always intensely anxious in regard to his safety, though absolutely unconcerned about herself.

The personal defence of the royal family of Spain is intrusted to a bodyguard of men from Espinosa, this town having enjoyed the honour for hundreds of years. These men of Espinosa accompany the members of the royal family. One of them sleeps at the door of each royal bedchamber and the rest of the guard in noiseless slippers pace the halls of the palace.

But the hardest worked police in the world is the private force of the Sultan, Abdul Hamid. A Frenchman, M. Bonnin, is at the head of the service, and, if ever a policeman earned his wages, he does.

The Sultan has a firm and fixed belief that he is to die a violent death; and this cheerful certainty he contemplates with anything but Oriental calm. He refuses to move without a small army to protect him. When he goes to the Great Mosque 30,000 soldiers are turned out to guard the route, and a troop of picked men surrounds the carriage closely.

In his palace he has fifty bedrooms, all with iron doors and complicated locks, and he circulates around them like an Arabian Nights' monarch of guilty conscience.



CHAIR KNOT.

JUMPING INTO SHEET.

Drilling a Fire Brigade.

See "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS."



"ON THE WAY TO THE FOUNTAIN."



"THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER."

Winter Evening Amusements—Some Suggestions for Living Pictures.



H. Hillens, photo. Palmerston North.

Sisters.



LIVING PICTURES.  
"THE EXECUTION OF LADY JANE GREY."



A SOLDIER IN THE BOER ARMY. Many mere children are fighting in the Boer Army, as the accompanying photograph will show.



THE INGULFING CLOUDBURST WHICH SWEEP THE FAMOUS POCAHONTAS COAL FIELD, DESTROYING 300 LIVES AND £1,000,000 OF PROPERTY.

The Recent Terrible Flood, in West Virginia, United States.

**Remembrance and Resemblance.**

Living near a monarch does not necessarily make a man a courtier, as we may see by a story which the London "Chronicle" prints of King Edward VII. Every Christmas for a number of years His Majesty has given to an old tenant on his Sandringham estate a pair of boots.

The old man's feet are just the size of those of the King, who always tries on the boots before presenting them. This adds, of course, to the old man's pride in his gift.

On one occasion some months after the regular gift had been made, the Prince of Wales, as he then was, met the tenant, and noticing that his boots showed palpable signs of wear and neglect, advised him to polish

them.

"Ah," replied the old man, "I never look at those boots, dirty and worn as they are, without being reminded of Your Royal Highness!"

In relating this incident at home—for a prince tells his family funny things as readily as the plainest citizen—His Royal Highness said:

"A well-meant compliment, I dare say, but a very doubtful one!"



THE LATE SIR JOHN MCKENZIE.



Hanna, photo.  
THE LATE MR J. S. KIDD,  
Manager of the Auckland Tramways.



Photo by Hanna.  
THE LATE MR EVERY MACLEAN.

**NOTICE.**

**"Graphic" Xmas  
Story Competition.**

**THE PRIZE-WINNERS.**

In announcing the results of the Prize Story Competition for this year the editor of the Graphic takes the opportunity of stating that the competition continues to be very popular with New Zealanders, and even attracts competitors from the Australian Colonies and Great Britain. He has reason to believe that the object in view, namely the cultivation of Colonial literary talent, has been greatly furthered by these competitions.

The task of awarding the prizes was on this as on former occasions, one of no small difficulty. When the best stories had been weeded out they contained among their number many excellent tales, presenting various points of merit. Some excelled in literary workmanship, others in ingenuity of plot, others again in general interest, and so on. The judges were often in difficulty how to place them. But in the end the choice was made, and the tales placed in the order of their merit as judged by the considerations specially mentioned in the conditions of the competition.

The following is the list of the prize winners:—

**FIRST PRIZE £5.**

"MOANA,"  
By MR. NED REID  
Katui Kaihu, N. Wairoa.

**SECOND PRIZE £3.**

"PEHEA TE WHAKAARO KI TENA,"  
By MISS FANNY TOWGOOD  
Grassmere, Wanganui.

**THIRD PRIZE £2.**

"IN DAYS LONG, LONG AGO,"  
By MISS ELLEN SAUNDERS,  
May's Road, Papauni, Christchurch.

**FOURTH PRIZE £1.**

"THE RENEGADE,"  
By MR. JAMES HAVELock,  
Box 115, P.O., Auckland.

Cheques have been sent to the above Prize Winners.

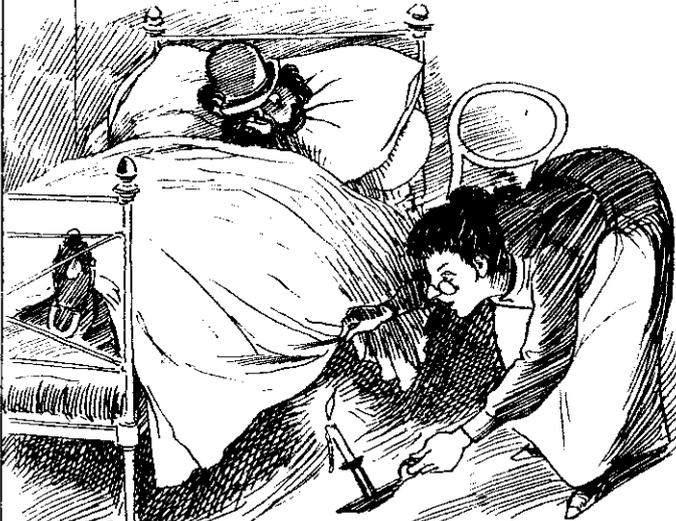
The successful stories will be published later on in the "Graphic."

A number of tales were highly commended by the judges.



M. GERARDY—The Famous Belgian Violinist, now appearing in Auckland.

A CLEAN BED  
 A DIRTY SWEEP  
 AN OLD MAID'S DREAD  
 AND A NERVOUS PEEP  
 TABLEAU

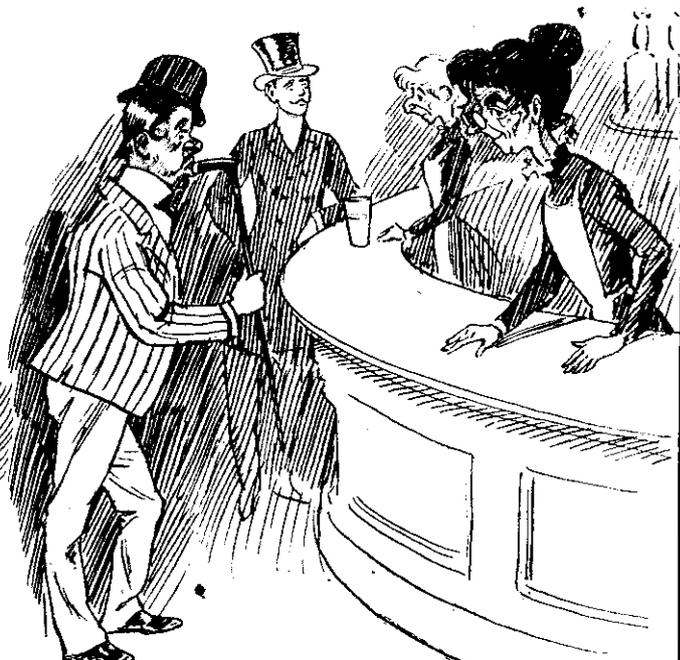


WILLIE'S HOME-COMING OR  
 THE WRONG PLACE TO LOOK FOR A MAN

LAST WEEK AT WELLINGTON, ONE HENRY DEIGHTON RECEIVED  
 THREE MONTHS' CAJOL FOR PROMISCUOUS "TURNING IN" ON  
 VARIOUS PRIVATE PREMISES

SHOWING 'EM A WRINKLE

UP TO DATE FORM OF PROHIBITION IN HUNGARY  
 IN BUDAPEST BARMAIDS UNDER FORTY YEARS OF AGE  
 ARE NOT ALLOWED ON THE GROUNDS OF MORALITY.  
 (CABLE)



GROWN IN IMPORTANCE

WHOEVER WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT THIS BIT OF MEAT  
 WAS ONCE CARRIED ON THE END OF A POLE

MR DEEDON IS HAVING A "SEARCHING INQUIRY" HELD ON  
 THE RAW MEAT PARADE OF NEWTON CAMP FAME  
 (DAILY PAPER)



UNIMPROVED VALUE

STILL ON WITH THE OLD LOVE

MISS UNIMPROVED — GUESS I SHALL HAVE TO DOLL UP A BIT  
 IF I WANT TO CATCH ON WITH THAT YOUNG FELLOW

**Business-Like Begging.**

A sort of beggar's comic opera was rehearsed in a London Police Court recently. The principal part was played by Alice Mary Hunt, a tall lady of forty, described as a governess, residing in Eccles Road, Battersea Rise. She was charged with begging. As the evidence unfolded it appeared that Alice Mary Hunt was a very extraordinary beggar indeed. She was seen going from house to house on the south side of Clapham Common, and when the inmates refused to give her anything she banged the garden gate with an air of offended dignity. To the constable who stopped her, Miss Hunt declared that she had a right

to ask for assistance. Her mode of resisting arrest was to throw herself on the ground. She kept note-books containing a record of her doings. The entries showed that she had for years carried on a system of business-like begging. Her earnings were sufficient to enable her to travel all over the country in pursuit of her calling. She appeared to have received most liberal donations.

The magistrate amused the court by reading the following extracts from the mendicant's diary:—

"School ruffled me very much; got all information, gave nothing; made me swear. Walked on to Petersham."

"Lady teacher—glass of claret and cake."

"Shrove Tuesday—enjoyed some de-

licious pancakes; went to Worcester Park, lovely place, lovely day, nature looked lovely; got 5/ at the Rectory."

"Hon. Mrs Shaw Stewart very kind to me—gave me a sovereign."

Her diaries mentioned sums received from, among other patrons, Lady Montague, Earl and Countess Montreal, Lady Frederick Cavendish Bentinck, the Hon. Lady Murray, the Countess Brownlow, and the Bishops of Islington and Manchester. From documents in her possession it appeared that Miss Hunt had begged assistance from the late Queen and King Edward. Mr Woolcombe, secretary of the Battersea branch of the Charity Organisation Society, said the prisoner had been under the notice of the society since 1884. Arrange-

ments were recently made to emigrate her, but on the way to the place of emigration she became hysterical, and was left behind. He held up a sheaf of reports relating to Miss Hunt's career.

"It is impossible to imagine a more deliberate course of systematic begging," said the magistrate, after perusing the books and documents produced. The prisoner seems to have travelled by express trains with the sole object of preying on the charity of well-to-do people, and she even carried her profession to such a length as to draw up in her diaries a regular profit and loss account, deducting her expenses from the proceeds of her begging operations." He sent her to prison for one month.



GENERAL FRENCH AND STAFF.



CAPTAIN LAYCOCK,  
A Millionaire Yeomanry Officer.



LORD KITCHENER,  
A Snapshot of the Commander-in-Chief at a Railway Station.

**The War in South Africa.**

# Music and Drama.

## OPERA HOUSE.

State Lessee and Manager,  
WILLIAM ANDERSON.

JOHN F. SHERIDAN.  
JOHN F. SHERIDAN.

EVERY EVENING.

REPERTOIRE FOR SEASON:

"WHEN THE LAMPS ARE LIGHTED"  
"A TRIP TO CHICAGO"  
"FUN ON THE BRISTOL"  
"GENTLEMAN JOE"  
"THE LADY SLAVEY"  
AND OTHERS.

PRICES—3/ 2/ and 1/.

## CHORAL HALL.

Commencing WEDNESDAY August 14.

Under the Direction of Mr. E. H. Camby.

JEAN GERARDY

THE RECOGNISED FIRST VIOLIN-

CELLIST IN THE WORLD.

JEAN GERARDY'S

Career in Europe and America has been

One

REMARKABLE SERIES OF TRI-

UMPHS.

JEAN GERARDY

is conceded to be the Greatest Living

Celostat.

He has appeared on several occasions

by Special Command before her late

MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

And has been associated on the Concert

Platform with such Great Artists as

MADAME MELZA

MADAME ADELINA PATHI

PADEREWSKI

HANS RICHTER

VON BULOW

YSAYE

And Many Others.

"Gerardy is the kind of player of whom

men yet young—if they have had the good

fortune to hear him—will talk rapturously

to their grandchildren"—Vide "Melbourne

Age."

"The audience sat as if spellbound."—

Vide "Melbourne Age."

"It was evident a supreme artist was

being heard."—Vide "Melbourne Argus."

MISS VIOLET MOUNT

(Soprano)

MR LAURENCE PHILLIP

(Solo Pianist and Accompanist)

Box Plan is now open at Wildman and

Lyle's, where seats for all parts of the

house can be obtained.

Prices of Admission—1/ Res. 2/ 2/ and

1/.

JOSEPH GIBBS.

Mr J. F. Sheridan, known all over these colonies for his inimitable impersonation of the Widow O'Brien in "Fun on the Bristol," commenced his Auckland season on Monday, the initial performance being "When the Lamps are Lighted." Sensational to the last degree is this melodrama of Messrs Sims and Merriek. Exciting incident succeeds exciting incident, and no end of rollicking humour is squeezed into the spaces between. There is not a dull moment in the drama, which is cleverly constructed. The plot is ingenious, the characters well drawn, the dialogue bright and effective, and Mr Sheridan has with him an excellent company of which he is the heart and soul. After the rather severe demands the opera season has made on the purses of Auckland theatregoers, the success of any theatrical company immediately succeeding Mr Musgrove's might have been questioned. But if Mr Sheridan has more of the same kind to give as "When the Lamps are Lighted" he will not have to go out into the highways for an audience. The present piece will run all the week.

Mr J. C. Williamson's Italian Opera Company commenced their Sydney season on the Saturday before last with Verdi's "Aida." The performance has won unstinted applause. The "Daily Telegraph" speaks of the orchestra as the best operatic band Sydney has had. So pleased were the audience with the music that the conductor, Signor Hazon, had to appear before the curtain at the close

of the evening in response to the vociferous demands of the house. The chorus is spoken of as very large and admirably trained, and the scenery and dresses superb. The first novelty of the Sydney season is to be Verdi's "Otello," with "La Gioconda" and "Romeo et Juliette" shortly to follow. The remaining events on the prospectus include "Les Huguenots," "Faust," "Fedora," and possibly "La Favorita."

Mr J. C. Williamson, who has just returned to Sydney from his European and American tour, told an interviewer that in the course of his travels he had witnessed some undoubtedly first rate performances both in England and America, and also in both countries had sat through representations drawing crowded houses that no Australian audiences would tolerate.

Here are some of the attractions Mr J. C. Williamson promises his patrons during the coming twelve months:—Mr Gillette in "Sherlock Holmes," Miss Maud Adams with "Aiglan," and Miss Edna May in musical comedy. The enterprising manager has arranged for the production of "Ben Hur" before it appears at Drury Lane. He has contracted with C. Frohman, Messrs Brady and Grismer, and Messrs Klaw and Erlanger in the United States, and with Messrs Greet and Englebach of the Savoy, and half a dozen other London playhouses, and Mr George Edwards, for the production of everything good that appears on the English or American stage.

The Government of the Australian Commonwealth has presented Mr George Musgrove with a handsome silver writing set as a memento of his having rendered valuable services at the recent Federal celebrations in Melbourne in connection with the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.

The vanishing lady trick with which Bertram, the conjurer, is mystifying large audiences at the Palace Theatre, Sydney, is a very clever thing. The lady seated on the stage is covered with a cloth, a pass by Bertram, and she vanishes, reappearing almost immediately in the body of the hall.

M. Jean Gerardy had a little experience of Sydney pickpockets a couple of weeks ago. He was watching the ruins of Hordern's fire, and noticed a man in the crowd fidgeting a pocket not far from him. In that case the result happened to be only an orange, to the disgust of the thief. A little later, however, M. Gerardy felt a hand in his own pocket, and turning sharply round he gave the man a smart blow on the face. In a second the thief (who had fortunately been unsuccessful in obtaining anything) was out of sight, and a rough-looking crowd surrounded the young Belgian. The police were, however, luckily at hand.

Mr Sullivan, who used to be treasurer with the Pollards, has gone on the boards.

The Greenwood Company are now in Sydney, having had a successful tour in Queensland.

The fate of Fitts of Pollards has been decided in three different ways by the newspapers lately. He had joined Dix's on one authority; he was singing in Sydney "pops" on another; and he had taken to dentistry on a third.

Alec Middleton, the advance agent, is making arrangements for the appearance here and in Australia of "Pitrot's American Globe Trotters," a clever troupe of dancers and jugglers.

This (Wednesday) evening, M. Jean Gerardy, the great Belgian violinist, will give the first of a series of concerts in the Auckland Choral Hall. M. Gerardy comes with a European reputation. He has been associated on the concert platform with the greatest singers and musicians, and in America he is a household word among musicians. In Australia he found immediate recognition of his genius. In the South he was equally successful.

"Sensational" is the only word for the new bicycling feat at the London Pavilion. Charlie Jones, the ex-mateur champion of Australia, rides furiously round a special track which is laid at an angle of nearly 50 degrees, shedding clothes and sections of his machine with engaging deliberation. To watch him is to induce a cold perspiration, which not even the sliding roof can avert.

Howard Chambers, according to a paragraph of never having sang "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" without being encoored.

In spite of the bad business now being done at London theatres, it is not possible to rent one for any length of time except at an exorbitant rental. Mushroom managements paying huge prices are preferred by the gentlemen who traffic in leases to those established on a common sense basis. Thus it is that the Garrick, for which Mr Hare paid a weekly rental of £100, is now leased at £350—and kept closed at that!

Home papers announce the birth of a son to Mrs. Robert Mitchell (Miss Bessie Doyle) in Paris.

Mr. Henry Stockwell, the well-known Dunedin tenor, is now leading tenor in an opera company at Hull.



## ZONOPHONE

THE LATEST AND BEST TALKING MACHINE.

Reproduces in Loud Clear Natural Tone.

Records are disks of hard rubber which do not break in transportation nor wear out with use, and are not affected by climate or moisture.

Every family should possess one for entertainment.

THE IDEAL MACHINE FOR EXHIBITORS.

Catalogue of Machines and list of Records Free.

Sample Machine and Dozen Assorted Records sent with all charges prepaid to any point in the world, on receipt of £3 or £5 10/.

Write for Catalogue of Automatic Picture Machines, Electric Fans, and other American Novelties.

F. M. PRESCOTT,  
Edison Building, New York, N.Y., U.S.A.  
European Office, Ritterstrasse 11, Berlin, Germany.

## "The Library of Famous Literature."

"The International Library of Famous Literature" is an endeavour to present, in a compact form, the cream of all literature. It is a great undertaking, and its success in England has been the event of the past publishing season. The general Editor of the "Library" is Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B., who, to an encyclopaedic knowledge of books acquired in his long service in the Reading Room of the British Museum, adds a critical skill and an enthusiasm for letters which have already made many charming contributions to contemporary literature. No man could be better equipped for a task so delicate and so difficult. He has been assisted in his labours by M. Leon Vallee, the erudite Librarian of the Bibliotheque Nationale, who has not only brought the fruit of his specialised experience, but has also enriched the Library by the contribution of an admirable study of French literature. Professor Brandl, who occupied the Chair of Literature in the Imperial University of Berlin, has also been associated with Dr. Garnett in the preparation of the Library, and has written, for the fourth volume of the work, a study of "The Main Currents of German Literature." Mr Donald G. Mitchell, who is, perhaps, better known under his familiar pseudonym of "Ik Marvel," is responsible for those sections of the work which deal with that American literature which, in a good deal less than a working century, has added so extensively to our bookshelves.

The plan of the work is simplicity itself. The twenty volumes of "The Library of Famous Literature" contain the best parts of each author's work, not a ragged extract, but a carefully chosen complete picture in that author's typical style—enough for half-an-hour's reading, enough to give the reader the desired sense of an intellectual change of air. More than a thousand of these examples are offered in a handsome and convenient form. Nor is the result a mere compromise. The best thing an author ever wrote is, for the purpose of occasional reading, better than the whole body of his work, since it enables the reader to get at the essence of his creation, without losing time over the straw and chaff which form a part of even the most precious literary growths. The "Library" in short, endeavours to do the reader's "skipping" for him, perhaps to do it more judiciously than he could himself, and in any case, to do it intelligently and with insight.

Fifty hundred full-page illustrations, printed apart from the letterpress, on enamelled paper, add to the beauty and interest of the volumes. In addition to an original series of portraits of authors in their homes, these illustrations include a number of coloured reproductions of illuminations from rare mediaeval manuscripts. The twenty volumes contain ten thousand pages of the best work that has been done in literature since men first struggled to give literary form to their traditions, their fancies, and their invention, from the most ancient fragment of an Egyptian papyrus down to the contemporary work of the American humourist.

PURE Full Nourishment, partly predigested. Sterilized.

MILK COMBINED WITH WHEAT AND BARLEY MALT.

# Horlick's Malted Milk

THE BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS IN ALL CLIMATES.

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD. IN POWDER FORM. KEEPS INDEFINITELY. OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

## HERE AND THERE.

It might seem a work of supererogation that the Government have set Mrs Bracher to do in appointing her to lecture in the country districts on "Sanitation and Hygiene." But, as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes pointed out years ago, in the smiling country, to which we are wont to go in search of pure air and good health, the germs of disease may lurk just as much as in the discredited town. The surroundings of the farm, so idealised by the town dweller, are frequently the very reverse of healthful. Sewage pools, stagnant in the sun, and a contaminated water supply, the characteristics of many settlers' homes, are much more likely to harbour and engender disease than the dirtiest of city streets.

The number of cases of gastric fever said to be traced to the eating of oysters casts suspicion on that succulent bivalve. And there seems reason for it too. The New Zealand oyster, first of his tribe, is, I fear, degenerating in more than size. He is by no means so particular as to his bed and board as of yore, and suffers himself to be contaminated by city inducements in the shape of sewage water. Therefore the Health Department means to put the inspector on his track.

A Home writer, who speaks with authority on New Zealand native matters, having at one time been an interpreter here, has been bringing Mr Reeves to book over that gentleman's knowledge of the Maori tongue. It appears that "Te Aotearoa" the name of Mr Reeves' book, is wrongly rendered as "The Long White Island." The reason why the Maoris called New Zealand by that name was this, says the Agent-General's critic: Coming, as the early Maori immigrants did, from a tropical island where the twilight was very short or non-existent, they were struck by the length of the twilight in their new home in the South Pacific, and they called the land of their adoption "Te Aotearoa" (the long twilight).

The one-line railway, which the cable informed us the other day is being constructed between Manchester and Liverpool, promises to put in the shade all previous railway records. According to Hiram Maxim, the great inventor, Brighton will be put within a few minutes of London by the monorail. Brighton is 5½ miles from the metropolis, so even without putting too literal a translation on Mr. Hiram's phrase "a few minutes," the travelling of the future will be "slick" indeed if it accomplishes what he predicts.

We hear a great deal in these warlike days of the man behind the gun, but really as far as concerns the average citizens a much greater danger waits him unseen in the boy behind the pea-rifle. Complaints are rife of the risk of grievous injury which these lethal weapons constitute in the hands of irresponsible youngsters, and it is certain that some restraining legislation would not be out of place.

The Government of New South Wales find that the able unemployed are so wedded to the dissipations of Sydney that they absolutely refuse to go on the relief works started for them in the country; so, to bring them to their senses, it has been decided that metropolitan relief works will only be started for the benefit of aged or infirm heads of families.

While there are certain ailments for which the victim looks in vain for sympathy, there are others to suffer, which is to raise a smile among one's friends. For instance, when we hear that Sir Joseph Ward is laid up with the measles, the apparent incongruity of the Knight of Awarua being laid low by such a juvenile complaint has something quite ludicrous in it.

From this distance one can admire the ingenuity of the Kalapoi youth who has constructed a set of South bagpipes at a cost of £7 for reeds and the leather bag, but probably were one to labour to the young man it might be hard to do so. It must be a musical pastime of a very persistent and patient sort that leads one to

turn bagpipe maker, and if this Mozart devotes as much labour and time to acquiring a mastery of his instrument as he has to its construction I should not wonder to hear of trouble in that neighbourhood.

The "amenities of journalism" still flourish in the smaller centres of the colony. This from a Gisborne journal:—"It is a pity the intellectual superiority of my highly-esteemed journalistic brother is not made apparent in respectable English. Really I am inclined to think he might be more successful in his efforts if the creations of his unparalleled magnificent brain were expressed in Dutch. That, however, is only an idea. In this instance he tells us: 'The opinion is also expressed that was the worth of these lands known, every available acre would soon find an owner.' Now, although we are told that the subjective mood is fast disappearing, there are times when an imperfect indicative creates as much havoc as a bull in a china-shop!"

At the sittings of the Supreme Court at Auckland this week a curious mistake occurred. An elderly man named George Ploverman was called when the jury were being chosen, and, being challenged, was told to stand down. He did so, but, being somewhat hard of hearing, misunderstood the instruction, and on the jury retiring he joined their number, making thirteen instead of the orthodox dozen. After an hour's deliberation "the twelve good men and true," with the interloper, made their appearance in Court with a verdict of "guilty." It was only when they filed into the jury box that the extra man was discovered, and His Honor severely asked how there came to be thirteen jurors. No answer was forthcoming, the men having been, it would seem, unaware of the fact till it was pointed out to them. Nor could His Honor find out by questioning who was the intruder. Finally the names had to be read out, and then the matter was made plain. But the Ploverman incident cost the Court a good deal of valuable time, and put the jury to a lot of useless trouble.

It would seem that the interest in the South African war has died out not merely among us stay-at-home colonials, but also among those of our number who have the stimulus of actual fighting to rouse them. Or why is it that the Sixth Contingent, who have just been six months in Africa, are wanting to get back home again? As one imagines the intrepid contingent, he likes nothing better than fighting; only give him plenty of it. But it upsets all our conception of him to find that after a brief half-year in the field he is sighing for the ease of his native land. I scarcely wonder that the Imperial authorities don't quite see the force of granting the contingent's request to be sent home again so soon. We shall see what Mr. Seddon will do in the matter. The Sixth have appealed to him.

The scenery at the Okere Falls (13 miles from Rotorua) was some time ago well known for its beauty, and the river banks a favourite resort for picnicking parties; but, alas! the ruthless hand of man cut away all the beautiful, shady bush, trees and ferns which overhung the banks at the Upper Fall, to make way for an up-to-date electric light plant! Groans of horror rose from picnickers at such devastation (although they may now be heard extolling the electric light); but they will be glad to hear that a road is to be made from Okere Falls to the Lower Falls, about a mile further down. These are almost as beautiful as the falls proper, and there is a beautiful bit of bush nearby, and an ideal spot for picnicking.

That penny dreadful "Deadwood Dick."

Perhaps may charm the vulgar mind.

Though rather apt to turn one sick Whose taste is cultured and refined. But though the mind be high or low, The body must its ill endure!

The thing for coughs and colds we know.

Is W. E. WOODS' GREAT PEPPER-MINT CURE.

## OBITUARY.

## THE LATE SIR JOHN MCKENZIE.

Just about the time we were going to press with our issue of last week, news came of the death of Sir John McKenzie, the ex-Minister of Lands, at his home at Shag Point, Otago. The sad event was not unexpected altogether. The deceased gentleman had been in failing health for a considerable time. Indeed, it was the severe nature of his complaint that compelled him to retire from the Ministry and politics in 1899. He was a commanding figure in the history of the colony, and his reform of the land system of the colony—the great public work of his life—remains an enduring monument of his good sense and devotion to the agricultural interests of New Zealand. In Parliament and throughout the country the highest eulogiums have been passed on his character and work.

Sir John McKenzie was a Scotch shepherd in Ross-shire, and emigrated to Otago in 1860, where he settled upon a small farm. He was first elected to the House of Representatives in 1871; he was whip to the Stout-Vogel Ministry in 1884; and he became Minister of Lands and Immigration in the Ballance Government in January, 1891, since which, in that and the Seddon Government, he continually held the same office up to his retirement owing to ill-health. Sir John McKenzie introduced, and got passed, "The Land for Settlements Act" of 1892, which authorised the purchase from private individuals of suitable properties for subdivision into small farms not exceeding 200 acres in extent. In March, 1891, he re-introduced with some modification, the original system of village-system, which was first begun on a small scale by Mr Rolleston in the provincial district of Canterbury in 1874. Sir John visited England, and underwent an operation there, and it then seemed that the result would be to considerably prolong his life, but no permanent improvement was obtained, and towards the end of 1899 he resigned his portfolio as Minister of Lands. Recently Sir John McKenzie was appointed a member of the Legislative Council, and during the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York he was made a K.C.M.G., in recognition of the valuable services he had rendered to the colony.

## THE LATE MR. J. S. KIDD.

Great regret was expressed in business circles on Friday last when it became known that Mr J. S. Kidd, manager of the Auckland Tramways Company, had died somewhat unexpectedly from pneumonia. Mr Kidd had been suffering from a cold on the chest, but being anxious to attend to his business, he would not lay up. Deceased, who was 45 years of age, leaves a widow and seven children, one only a few weeks old. Mr Kidd was well known in Oamaru and Otago generally. His brother and sister reside in Taranaki.

## THE LATE MR. EVERY MACLEAN.

The death of Mr Every Maclean, of Bleak House, Howick, which took place on Monday, makes another gap in the fast dwindling ranks of the pioneer settlers of Auckland province. It must be more than half a century since Mr Every Maclean and his brother Robert began their strenuous career as colonial pioneers. The brothers finally settled upon land in the East Tamaki district, and in partnership as R. and E. Maclean they became known not only in Auckland but throughout the colony as successful and enterprising farmers and stock importers and breeders. But in the early days when there was only a rough track into the infant city of Auckland, when the Tamaki river had to be crossed in a punt worked by a windlass and chain; when what are now smiling paddocks were covered with forest, or rough ti-tree and fern, the Maclean brothers like other stout-hearted settlers had rough experiences and a hard life for some years. But they came of the hard-working, high-spirited Devonshire Yeomanry stock, born farmers and

stock-breeders, and in a young country bound to succeed in their natural calling. Gradually by industry and good farming methods Messrs R. and E. Maclean became wealthy agriculturists and land owners. Some of the best land in the Tamaki district, such as the properties known as "Number One," Greenhill, and Buttery Manor, besides the Bleak House farm and homestead came into their possession. They were the first importers of a considerable scale of pedigree stock from England, and for years their shorthorn and Hereford herds were the best in New Zealand. They also imported English Leicester and Southdown sheep, and afterwards Shropshires, and their imported stock was so well managed and looked after that it always preserved the typical excellences of the purebred English strains from which it came.

During the Waikato war times Mr Every Maclean, athletic and a first-rate horseman, became the captain of a very serviceable troop of volunteer cavalry, and showed himself an active and capable officer. He was a prominent member of the old Auckland Agricultural Society, and was at one time a member of the Provincial Council. After the close of the Maori war Messrs R. and E. Maclean joined in the establishment of the New Zealand Stud and Pedigree Stock Company, and became interested in land speculations in the Waikato, which as many other cases did not turn out too profitable. Mr Robt. Maclean died several years ago, and now that his brother has followed him, those of the elder generation cannot but recall their kindly, genial nature, and their robust, manly, English character. Mr Every Maclean was unmarried, and during his later years of failing health and strength was affectionately tended by his grand niece Miss Bailey, who resided with him at Bleak House.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## FIGHTING THE FLAMES.

Our illustrations of a fire brigade at drill are appropriate at this time, when in several centres of the colony the question of up-to-date appliances for fighting the flames has been brought to the front. The antiquated system that has had to do duty in Auckland, for instance, has recently been brought into great discredit by a lamentable conflagration, and the result has been that the city is determined it shall be equipped with the machinery necessary to minimise the risk of destruction by fire and the loss of life. Anyone who has witnessed an up-to-date fire brigade at its drill, or has been near a station when the alarm is sounded, must have been surprised at the rapidity with which the firemen get into their places and the horses into their traces, and the fire engine is on its way to the scene of the outbreak. It is all a matter of seconds. The men who live on the premises above the engine-room practically drop from their beds into their seats. The horses, standing ready behind the engine, are trained to move quickly forward into their places when the alarm sounds; the harness suspended above their heads, and already attached to the engine, drops on their necks and automatically fastens itself; and the engine rushes forth to the fray. At the fire the same completeness marks all apparatus: hose, ladders, fire escapes, are designed to facilitate the work and to save those in danger. The trained firemen have all the alertness of man-o'-war's men, all the discipline of the soldier, and the combined daring of both; and the dangers they have to face are certainly not less than these encounter on sea or land.

## GOLDEN CROSS.

The Golden Cross is one of the mines owned by the Waitakauri G.M. Company, and has produced a large amount of bullion. Prior to the flotation of the present Waitakauri Company the Golden Cross property was successfully worked by Mr E. Russell.

LATE SOCIETY NEWS

WANGANUI.

Dear Rec. August 11.

The annual ball of the Wanganui Collegiate School Old Boys' Association was held in the Drill Hall on Friday, and was a decided success. There were about 400 present, and the arrangements for the dance were all that could be desired. The hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The floor was good; also the music.

Supper was supplied by the ladies, and was pronounced most recherche, consisting of turkeys, chickens, ham, tongue, salads, oysters, trifles, fruit salads, jellies, sweets, and all manner of delicacies. The committee are to be congratulated on the success of the function, due in no small measure to the indefatigable efforts of the secretary, Mr. A. Lewis. Among those present were: Mrs. Empson, black broche bodice, trimmed with real lace; Mrs. Nixon, yellow brocade, with handsome lace trimmings; Mrs. Wray wore black silk; Mrs. Kitchen, handsome black silk, with jetted trimmings; Mrs. Dymock, black, with white cloak; Mrs. Barnicoat, white chiffon over heliotrope satin; Mrs. Brookfield, cream corded silk; Mrs. Chometfeld, black velvet, with old lace trimmings; Mrs. Anderson, black; Mrs. A. Montgomery, white satin, transparent yolk and sleeves; Mrs. Cutfield, pink and heliotrope costume; Mrs. G. Letbridge, black and white; Mrs. Newcombe, black velvet, with red trimmings; Mrs. Anderson, black; Mrs. Sheriff, handsome black silk, with gold trimmings; Mrs. Dogshun, black, with transparent yolk and sleeves; Mrs. Walter Johnston, pink satin, the bodice trimmed with black velvet; Mrs. Edgar, white silk; Mrs. Alex. Higgle wore a black silk gown; Mrs. Bortase, red satin; Mrs. Phillips (Christchurch), yellow satin, with violets on bodice; Mrs. Prouse, white silk; Mrs. Lucena, black brocade; Miss Earle wore a pretty costume of pink satin and white lace on corsage; Miss Tui Letbridge (debutante) wore soft white silk; Miss Barnicoat, pretty white satin and chiffon; Miss Alice Willis' pink brocade, embroidered with sequins and pearls, was much admired; Miss Dogshund wore a smart gown of soft white silk; Miss Lily Newcombe (debutante), pretty white chiffon; Miss Anderson, black; her sister wore pink silk; Miss Flora Blair, pink satin and black velvet on bodice; Miss Anderson (debutante), white silk and lace; Miss McNeil, white satin; her sister wore white silk; Miss Polson, white muslin, with lace; Mrs. L. Jones, black satin and jet; Miss Christie, black and white chiffon; her sister wore black and green; Miss Pickering, cream silk; Miss Cutfield, white silk, with blue velvet on bodice; Miss Peat wore a gown of soft white silk; Miss Hare was gowned in pink satin; Miss Florin wore a pretty gown of cream; Misses Dean and A. Higgle wore black; Miss Lifiton was gowned in black velvet, with lace trimmings; Miss Dymock, blue costume; Miss Gurr, blue. Among the gentlemen present were: Mr. Empson (president), Messrs. Lewis, Wray, Dymock, Blair (2), Clay (Wellington), Stack, Johnston, Grace, Nixon, Edgar, Low, Brookfield, Watson, Harold, Bannister, Davis (Palmerston), Cholmondeley, Hare, Morton (2), Wilson and James.

The night following the dance went to see the famous Gerardy. Everyone went to hear him with great expectations, and it is too little to say that Gerardy's performances were beyond the very greatest. Everyone listened with rapt attention, and after each item he was greeted with a perfect storm of clapping and cheering. Mr. Lawrence Phillip, who accompanies Mr. Gerardy, as solo pianist and accompanist, is a musician with a brilliant career before him. His accompanying was perfect. Among the audience were Mesdames Empson, Barnicoat, Phillip, Aikens, Nixon, Walter Johnston, Kitchen, Ramsay, Zander, Hughes, Johnston, Dogshun, Hole, Innes, Collier, Brookfield, Hope-Gibbons, Higgle, and Misses Wilford (2), Earle, Dogshun, Gurr, Griffiths, Newman, Newcombe, Willis, Duncau, Christie and Young.

FLORA.

PERSONAL NOTES FROM LONDON.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, July 7.

Captain Neill, of the N.Z.M.R., was one of the officers who arrived last Saturday by the Simla.

Miss Celia Dampier has so improved in health that she is expected to return to her home this week.

Sir John Hall has, I am glad to hear, speedily recovered from his bronchial cold, and was able to go to the Royal Show at Cardiff, and to speak at one of the functions connected therewith.

Mr. and Mrs. Oatts, who have just returned to Glasgow after visiting the Y.M.C.A.'s of the Empire, were welcomed home by a large gathering in the Christian Institute of that city, presided over by the Lord Provost. Mr. Oatts, in replying, said that he was deeply impressed with the necessity for Y.M.C.A.'s in India and the colonies, where the temptations were a thousand times fiercer than at home, and there were fewer restraining influences. If the temptations at the Antipodes are a thousand times fiercer than those to be encountered at an evening in Piccadilly—well, "there'll be a hot time in the young town to-night."

The Rev. L. Fitzgerald (Wellington and Auckland), who came home with his sister, Mrs. Levin, by way of Vancouver and the C.P.R., and who is now staying with her at Turnstall House, Worcester Park, Surrey, has been so much benefited by the voyage as to have almost completely regained his health. Mr. Fitzgerald is taking duty for two months at the Old Malden Church, while the rector visits Germany. He intends to seek advice for his heart and his eyes, which have been giving him some trouble. Six months is the probable length of his stay.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Thomson, of Auckland, after three weeks in America, landed here a couple of months ago. Mr. Thomson will sand-wich mining and other business with visits to friends in or near London. His present headquarters are "Cuplands," Hadley Wood, Barnet, but he means before the close of summer to make some short trips with Mrs. Thomson to the West of England, Wales and Scotland, and possibly Ireland and France. They will fit again by way of the Canal in time to reach Auckland for Christmas.

Mr. John Henry Howell, B.A., B.Sc., science master at the County School, Aberystwith, has been appointed science master of the Auckland Grammar School. Mr. Howell has had eight years' experience in teaching at Craigmore College, Clifton, the Strand School, King's College, London, and the County School, where he has been preparing pupils for the London and Welsh University matriculation examinations. In addition to a successful course of study at University Colleges, Aberystwith and London, Mr. Howell has done research work at the University of Strasburg and the Federal Polytechnic, Zurich. He is 31 years of age and married, and takes a keen interest in all school sports. Mr. and Mrs. Howell will not leave for Auckland until August.

A New Zealand wedding took place at S. Paul's, Shanklin, in the Isle of

Wight, on the 20th of last month. The contracting parties were Dr. Walter Pemberton Fooks, M.B., eldest son of the late Mr. W. Pemberton Fooks of Otahuhu, and grandson of the late Mr. W. Crocroft Fooks, Q.C., of the Bowmans Lodge, Dartford, Kent, and Miss Maud Mary Appleton, youngest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Appleton, of Arlesford Lodge, Shanklin. The Rev. G. Locksley tied the knot.

The "Church Chronicle" has the following "In Memoriam" notice of the late Archdeacon Dudley, whom it terms "one of the oldest, most loving, and most loveable of the clergy in New Zealand."

"His life and work speak for themselves. Few among us have equalled him in saintliness of character, and in labours more abundant for his Lord and Master, and those for whom He gave himself. The writer of these few lines was amongst those privileged to listen to the sermon which he preached at Bishop John Selwyn's consecration. His text was 'Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us, and we ought to lay down our life for the brethren.' These words exactly express the secret of that beautiful life which has just been taken from us. May the memory of it long be cherished by us, and help us to follow in the same steps in which he trod."

Archdeacon Dudley's eldest son, who is a B.A. of Cambridge, is a medical student at the Westminster Hospital.

Consumption's often caused by cold, Neglected in its early stage, And once it gets a good firm hold, It hasn't much respect for age. Now when a man's so near the grave, When hope is dead and death seems sure, Oh! what can ease him, what can save? W.E. Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.



If you stop eating you will surely get thinner and thinner, until at last you starve to death. Grass won't answer, although it is good for the horse. You must have a food suitable to your needs.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

is a hair food. It won't take the place of grass or bread. It is good for the hair, and that is all. It feeds the hair with hair food. The hair can't keep from growing. It stops falling out because it is hearty and strong. And it always restores the early rich, dark color to gray hair.

We say that "gray hair is starved hair"; and the only way to treat it is to supply the best kind of hair food. This is where Ayer's Hair Vigor differs so greatly from other hair preparations; it feeds the hair. Just keep that in mind all the time you are using it.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

Latest Novelty in Corsets...

THOMSON'S 'GRACIOSA' Unbreakable Waist. Natural Hinge.

Extract from Madame Schild's Fashion Journal for March. "A New Corset. This corset is a very clever arrangement of the nature of a hinge at the waist, so that the wearer does not break the steel when stooping. This new Corset is called 'The Graciosa.' It is extremely comfortable to wear even from the first it fits the body at once, and is as easy as a glove. It is boxed with RUSTLESS 'SILVIDE,' and the bones cannot push through. Made in Colors, White, French Gray, and Black. At 10/6. W. & S. THOMSON & Co., Ltd., 112, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4. Sole Importers of the Colonies: Messrs. J. G. & Co., 112, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4. All details through the World."



Personal Paragraphs.

The Governor and the Countess of Ranfurly are at present visiting Napier, as the guests of Mrs. R. D. D. McLean.

Mr. J. A. X. Reidle, of Dunedin, is on a visit to Sydney.

Miss M. Carte, of Wellington, is on a visit to Mrs. Oldham, of Hamilton.

Miss Pratt, of New Plymouth, has gone for a trip to Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Woodrow, of Glasgow, are visiting Christchurch.

Miss Coborough, of Fiji, is visiting Miss George, New Plymouth.

Mr. Paul, of Ashburton, paid a flying visit to Timaru last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Barry Keesing are leaving Auckland to reside in Napier.

Mrs. Manton, of Wellington, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Collins, of New Plymouth.

Miss Hadfield, of Marton, is staying at "Wainui House," Nelson, for the benefit of her health.

Mr. N. Halse, of the Bank of New South Wales, New Plymouth, has been transferred to Bulls.

Miss Cunningham has returned to New Plymouth, after her pleasant trip to Wellington, where she was the guest of her sister, Mrs. S. Holford.

Miss N. Kelly, of New Plymouth, is visiting Mrs. Hobby, Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, "Meadowbank," Blenheim, are visiting Wellington.

Mrs. Fenwick and her daughter, Mrs. Teaschmaker, of Dunedin, are staying at "Wainui House," Nelson.

Mrs. Bewley, of New Plymouth, who has been spending a few weeks with Mrs. Griffiths, at "The Barton," left Blenheim last Friday to return home.

Lady Stout, who has been spending several weeks with friends in Nelson, has returned to Wellington.

The Misses Mills, who have been spending a week or two with Mrs. Neville at "Thurston," Blenheim, returned to Wellington on Friday.

Mr. Wilfred Conolly, after spending a week or two with his brother, Mr. J. Conolly, in Blenheim, since his return from South Africa, has now gone to Auckland to see his father and sisters, Judge and the Misses Conolly.

Mrs. Andrew Anderson, "Merchison," Opawa, gave a delightful dance for young people at her residence on Friday evening.

Mrs. and Miss Richmond, who have been for a trip to Auckland and Napier, have returned to their home in Nelson.

Mrs. Lightfoot, who has been spending several weeks in Auckland with her sister, Mrs. Roberts, has returned to Nelson.

Mr. C. Webb-Bowen, of the Bank of New Zealand, Wellington, has been spending a few days in Nelson with his mother, whose health is causing her family and friends much anxiety.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Wilcox, of Dunedin, have returned home after a pleasant visit to Auckland and Rotorua.

Miss Annie Bartlett, who for some weeks past has been an inmate of the Masterton Hospital, is making most satisfactory progress towards recovery.

Mr. Gow, Commissioner of Trades and Customs, leaves the colony on business connected with his office on the 17th inst.

The Rev. J. Gibb and Mr. C. J. Payne, of Dunedin, were in Wellington last week in connection with church business.

Mr. D. Johnston, the newly appointed Collector of Customs, arrived in Wellington from the Bluff last week, and immediately entered on his duties.

An exceedingly pleasant function took place at the Dunedin Shakespeare Club (which is the oldest in the colony) the other evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigs, with Misses Sigs (2), of Symonds-street, Auckland, have gone to live in Palmerston North, the former having bought a farm there. During their short stay in New Plymouth they were the guests of Mrs. Lawson, Mrs. Sigs' sister.

Miss Levien has returned to Nelson after spending several weeks in Wellington.

Miss B. Tukey, late nurse of New Plymouth hospital, has gone to England with Dr. and Mrs. Harrison, of Eltham. When they arrive there, the former hopes to join her sister in the Bartholomew Hospital.

The colony is losing Mr Sydney Bell, of Christchurch, a vocalist of great promise. He goes to join the Stanton Opera Company under a two years' engagement. A farewell complimentary concert is to be tendered to Mr Bell before he leaves.

Mr and Mrs Redwood Goulter, "Timaru," Blenheim, made a short visit to Wellington last week. Mr Goulter, who is President of the Land and Railway League, which has for its object the extension of the Blenheim-Pictou line to the South, was one of the deputation which waited on the Premier to urge the acquisition of land which would lead to the continuation of the railway line.

The friends of Mr Maurice Lousson, son of the Hon. C. Lousson, and Mr Gerald Russell, son of Mr T. Y. Russell, will be pleased to hear that they have passed their medical intermediate examination at the London University, with honours. Messrs Lousson and Russell are living at Guy's College, and studying at the Hospital, where they have been for the last three years.

Mr G. March, one of the staff of the Bank of New Zealand, Christchurch, has been removed to Leeston in connection with that office. In musical circles, Mr March will be a great loss. He was a member of the Christchurch Liedertafel, and a very pleasing solo vocalist at many of our concerts.

The Governor has accepted the resignation of Lieutenant John Findlay of his commission in the South Canterbury Mounted Rifles, as from March 28, 1901. Mr Findlay now holds the rank of major in the New Zealand forces serving in South Africa.

Mr R. F. Steele, who for the past seven years has been associated with Messrs F. G. Hoach and Co., of Wellington city, has accepted the position of travelling representative for Mr John F. Duff, silk merchant, of Christchurch.

The friends of Mr F. Wainhouse, of Lyttelton, will be pleased to hear that after studying at the Navigation School, Devonian, Lyttelton, he passed his examination last week for a certificate of competency as second mate of a foreign going vessel.

Mr R. Browne, of Gore school, who has been promoted to Croydon, was prior to his departure presented with a travelling bag by pupils of the school. Mr Browne thanked the pupils for their handsome gift, which would always serve to remind him of his connection with the Gore school.

Our troopers continue to receive honours and rewards from admirers in various parts of the colony. Last week at Nightcaps (this is in Otago) Trooper R. McAuley, who represented the district in the Fourth Contingent, was entertained at a social and smoke concert. Mr Handyside, on behalf of the Nightcaps people, presented the guest of the evening with a handsome gold watch and chain.

Mr H. H. Fooks, who for many years has filled the position of assistant town clerk to the Ashburton Borough Council, has been appointed to succeed his father, Mr C. E. Fooks, as town clerk. Mr Fooks, senior, who has been in failing health for some time past, filled the office of borough engineer from the date of the Council's inception in 1874 up to the year 1888, and since then till the present month he has filled the combined offices of engineer and town clerk, with the assistance of his son to do the heavier part of the clerical duties. Mr C. E. Fooks has been retained by the Council as consulting engineer. Mr J. R. Loy has been appointed to assist Mr H. H. Fooks with the office and public library work.

Mr C. E. Hutten, who has for many years been connected with the firm of Messrs Bing, Harris and Co., and who has just severed his connection with them, was presented with a well-filled gold sovereign case, on the occasion of his leaving the firm's employ. Mr F. H. King made the presentation on behalf of the employes. He referred to the recipient's long career with the firm, and the amicable terms on which he had worked

with his fellow assistants. He wished him every success in his future career.

One of the most popular and highly respected business men in Ashburton, Mr Rudolph Friedlander, of the firm of Messrs Friedlander Bros., Limited, intends making a holiday trip to America in the beginning of September. He will be away for two or three months. At a committee meeting of the Ashburton A. and P. Association on Tuesday Mr Friedlander tendered his resignation as treasurer, as he would be absent at the next annual show. The committee declined to receive the resignation and granted Mr Friedlander six months' leave of absence and passed a hearty vote of thanks to him for his services in the past.

Mr Harry E. Whitlaw, for eight years accountant in the warehouse of Messrs. Abbott Oram & Co., Auckland, who is leaving to take over the Takapuna Hotel, was recently presented with a gold pencil by the firm and a silver afternoon tea service by his fellow employees. Mr Whitlaw intends to make the Takapuna Hotel even more popular than it has hitherto been. Some £600 has been spent in redecorating the premises which are now fitted with every modern convenience. A special feature of the new management will be the table, and in this respect cyclists and visitors generally dropping in for a meal at the hotel will be agreeably surprised at the good things provided for them.

The members of the Shakespeare Club recently resolved that in honour of Mr and Mrs T. W. Whitson's silver wedding they should be presented with a silver tea kettle, suitably inscribed, as an acknowledgment of the indebtedness of the club to them. About twenty members waited upon the vice-president and entertained Mr and Mrs Whitson with a musical and dramatic entertainment. Mr J. G. Sawell made the presentation, and referred to the means whereby the recipients had been kept in ignorance of it. The vice-president expressed the pleasure which the surprise had afforded himself and Mrs Whitson. He mentioned that the club had started in 1877, a year after his wedding. Of those who took part in the club's first entertainment with Mr Whitson, Mr Burton is an honorary life member and Mr Wathen a working member. His Honor Mr Justice Chapman was the club's first president, and Mr Abraham Barrett first vice-president.

## Weak Children

### A Sickly Child Made Strong.

We know you will be greatly interested in this testimonial. It tells you how you can make your sickly child robust and hearty.

Mrs. A. Lawrence, of Bowden, South Australia, sends us this picture of her child, with the following letter:



My child, now four years old, was always delicate, and medicine did him no good. A friend told me to try

# AYER'S Sarsaparilla

I did so, and you would have been astonished to notice the prompt change. All my friends say it was simply wonderful. Only four bottles made my weak and sickly child strong and healthy. I want to urge all mothers who have delicate children to try this tonic.

Ayer's Pills are the best liver pills you can buy. They cure constipation, biliousness, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

MRS F. KELLY, Artist Flower, Florist in Natural Flowers, Florist to His Excellency the Governor. Bridal Bouquets a Specialty. Burya, Funerals, Wreaths, Crosses, and all the Latest Novelties. Country Orders promptly attended to. Show window in Caring's Queen-st. opposite Bank N.Z. Telephone 304.

## ORANGE BLOSSOMS

MORRIS-VERCOE.

On Wednesday, July 3, at Trinity Church, Tauranga, by the Rev. Chas. Jordan, Miss Alma Elizabeth Vercoe, sixth daughter of J. L. Vercoe, Esq., Tauranga, was married to Mr E. H. Morris, of Te Puke. The church was beautifully decorated by friends of the bride. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a cream trained gown, trimmed with cream satin and orange blossoms, and the orthodox wreath and veil. She carried a beautiful shower bouquet. Misses Josie Vercoe and De Simpson, sister and niece of the bride, acted as bridesmaids, looking charming in heliotrope dresses, trimmed with black velvet, and stylish black hats trimmed with feathers and violets. They carried pretty bouquets. Messrs F. Skeet and J. G. Vercoe acted as groomsmen. The service was choral, the Wedding March being played by Mrs Southey. After the ceremony the happy pair, amid showers of rice, drove to "The Camp," the residence of the bride's parents, where the guests were entertained to breakfast. After the usual toasts Mr and Mrs Morris left for their home at Te Puke, where they received a hearty welcome from a large concourse of friends and well wishers, who quickly assembled when the news spread that the bridal buggy had arrived. The happy couple have the best wishes of the district for their future happiness. The presents were numerous handsome and valuable, and upwards of sixty in number, an indication of the esteem in which the couple are held.

WHITE-ALLEN.

There was a very pretty wedding at Ormondville on July 24th, when the marriage was celebrated of Mr Kinross White, of Napier, and Miss S. H. Allen, second daughter of the late Dr. Allen, of Ormondville. The ceremony, which took place at the Church of the Epiphany, was performed by the Dean of Waipatu, and the Rev. T. Wills. The bride wore a pretty blue travelling dress, and a black velvet hat, trimmed with white. The bridesmaids, her three sisters, were in light blue, and wore becoming hats of black velvet, relieved with light blue silk. There was a large attendance of friends and relatives at the church, and they were afterwards entertained at Mrs Allen's residence. The bride and bridegroom left by the train later in the day en route for Taupo. Some of the guests at the wedding were: Mrs Wills, Mrs Jarvis, Miss Friberg, Miss White, Miss Wilson, Miss Webb, Dr. Jarvis, Dean Howell, the Rev. T. Wills, Mr Abbott, Mr Wilson and Mr Orr.

On Saturday evening Mr Kinross White, who is manager of the North British and Hawke's Bay Freezing Company, gave the members of his staff and his employees a dinner at the Masonic Hotel. Mr G. Fleming presided, and a letter was read from Mr White wishing all present a very pleasant evening. A short speech was made by Captain Tonkin, and everyone joined him in wishing the bride and bridegroom great prosperity and happiness. During the evening some enjoyable music was given by several of those present.

FOLEY-O'SULLIVAN.

A quiet but pretty wedding was celebrated at St. Patrick's Cathedral on Wednesday, 7th Inst., when Miss O'Sullivan was married to Mr Maurice Foley, of the shipping department of Messrs L. D. Nathan and Co. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Buckley. The bride, who was given away by her uncle (Mr Maurice O'Connor) looked charming in a trained gown of Royal blue silk poplin, elaborately trimmed with cream guipure lace, front of bodice of white tuckered chiffon, a dainty chiffon hat to match, relieved by pale blue forget-

me-nots and pink silk poppies. She also wore a diamond crescent brooch, the gift of the bridegroom, and carried a lovely shower bouquet, with long streamers. She was attended by Miss Brophy as bridesmaid, who looked exceedingly chic in a costume of fawn silk voile, prettily trimmed with white satin and gold lace, handsome black picture hat. She also carried a lovely bouquet. The bridegroom was attended by Mr T. A. Lonergan. The organist, Mr Hiseocks, jun., played the "Wedding March."

At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal party, which included only the immediate friends of bride and bridegroom, adjourned to "Tara," Wynyard-street, the residence of the bride's mother, where a recheche breakfast was partaken of, and the usual toasts proposed and duly honoured. Mr Buchanan, the well-known caterer, into whose hands these duties were entrusted, left nothing to be desired.

The bride's gift to the bridegroom was a diamond pin. The bridegroom's gifts to the bridesmaid and best man respectively were a gold necklet, with heart attached, and a pearl pin.

The happy couple were the recipients of a large and valuable collection of wedding presents. Prominent among these were a handsome upright grand piano to bride by bridegroom's father, an oak case of cutlery, suitably inscribed, to bridegroom by the firm of Messrs L. D. Nathan and Co., also a silver tea and coffee service, set of serviette rings, in case, and cake basket, from the employes, etc. etc.

Mr and Mrs Foley left by afternoon train for Rotorna.

Mrs O'Sullivan (mother of the bride), wore a handsome black figured silk, en traine, trimmed with jet, black velvet bonnet, with touches of heliotrope; Mrs M. Browne, black and pearly striped silk, with tucked chiffon front of latter shade, stylish toque to match, chenille boa; Mrs Donald, very pretty black and cherry brocaded silk blouse, with yoke of white satin, relieved with rosettes of cherry velvet, black chiffon toque; Mrs Simmonds, pale blue silk blouse, trimmed with cream lace and black ribbon velvet, pretty "blue" toque to match; Miss Moore, grey silk lustre costume, becoming black toque, relieved with red poppies; Miss Lonergan, tasteful green silk blouse, with white yoke and folds of emerald green velvet on corsage, black silk crepon skirt, black hat; Miss Browne, cornflower blue bengaline, trimmed with darker shade of velvet, cream silk yoke, pretty hat to match.

KIDSON-MELHUSH.

On Wednesday, 24th July, a quiet but interesting wedding took place at All Saints' Church, Nelson, when Mr H. T. Kidson, of Nelson, was married to Miss Mina Melhush, only daughter of Mr R. T. Melhush, of Nelson, the Rev. F. W. Chatterton, the vicar, officiating, and the "Wedding March" was played by Miss Stevens, the organist. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a travelling dress of dark blue cloth,

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

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

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

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

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

with a full vest of silk of a lighter shade, and a picture hat to match of dark blue. After the ceremony the bridal party, consisting only of relations, drove to the residence of Mr and Mrs Melbush, where afternoon tea was dispensed. The wedding presents were both numerous and valuable.

**WORKMAN—LA TROBE.**

Our Home correspondent writes:—On June 4th, at St. Paul's Church, Cambridge, England, Miss Edith Sanderson, elder daughter of Mr S. La Trobe, of Henderson, was married to Mr Frank Ernest Workman, only son of Mr Workman, of Woodchester Lodge, near Stroud. The church was prettily decorated with plants and white flowers, and the aisle covered with scarlet cloth.

The bride looked very lovely in a long-trained dress of pale cream silk trimmed with Maltese lace and chiffon. She wore a white veil and carried a shower bouquet of white roses, stephanotis, carnations, orange blossoms, and ferns. The bridesmaids—cousins of the bride—Miss May Arrowsmith and Miss Florence Appleby, were in dresses of white over yellow, and wore black picture hats with red roses and lining of white chiffon. Their bouquets were of red carnations. The younger bridesmaids, Misses Muriel and Lorna Campbell, wore cream silk dresses with hats to match, and carried baskets of Mareschal Niel roses and ferns. Each bridesmaid wore a gold and pearl brooch, the gift of the bridegroom.

The bridegroom was attended by Mr Reginald Hobday. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr W. Sanderson La Trobe, M.A., of St. John's.

After the marriage a large number of friends assembled at Downing Grove. Among those present were Mr and Mrs W. S. La Trobe, Mr Workman, sen., Mr Henry Workman, Miss Workman, Dr. and Mrs Gordon Campbell, Dr. and Mrs Stokes, Rev. W. Watkins, Rev. R. F. Smith, Mrs Lamb, Mr C. G. Lamb, Miss Huddleston, Rev. J. Carnegie Mullin, Signor Nordoue, Miss Van Ourdtshoorn, Mr and Miss White, Mr De Villiers, Mr Worrall, Mr Durack.

After the reception the newly-married pair left for Sidmouth for the honeymoon. The bride's travelling-dress was of pale grey cloth, with stitched pale blue satin trimmings and pale blue hat.

The bride and bridegroom received over 140 valuable presents from friends in New Zealand, Egypt, America, and England.



Mr A. L. Petrie, M.P. (From a photo.)

of Queensland than the subject of our sketch—Mr A. L. Petrie, member for Toombul. He was born on June 25, 1854, and educated in the Normal and Collegiate Brisbane schools. He was a member of the Toombul Divisional Board for five years, and in '93 became member for Toombul in the Legislative Assembly. His representation of this electorate has been marked by such integrity and ability that he still holds the seat for Toombul. Whilst in conversation with Mr Petrie recently he referred to the fact that his private life had not been without trials. Being questioned further he said:—

"For many years I have been troubled with rheumatism, which caused a dull, aching pain in my shoulders and limbs and stiffness of the muscles. For years also my digestion was impaired. My appetite quite deserted me, and although I forced myself to eat I could not relish my food. After meals there was a sense of weight, discomfort and sleepiness. At times there was a bitter taste in my mouth. Headaches now and again troubled me, and my ill health seemed to take away the activity which formerly characterised me. The medical skill available to combat my complaints seemed to give me only slight relief. Having read good reports of Dr. Williams' pink pills I decided to try them. After using them for four weeks an improvement was noticeable and from then onward my progress was rapid. Before long I was enabled to discontinue Dr. Williams' pink pills, as they had cured me completely both of rheumatism and indigestion. As it is over two years since I used them there is no doubt about the permanency of my cure. Several of my friends and relatives have obtained great benefit from them, and I can personally recommend Dr. Williams' pink pills to all sufferers from rheumatism and indigestion."

The combination of rheumatism and indigestion from which Mr Petrie, M.L.A., suffered is a condition often cured by Dr. Williams' pink pills. By enriching the blood and toning up the nerves they also cure anaemia, debility, consumption, pneumonia, bronchitis, poor circulation, effects of whooping cough, weak heart, liver and kidney troubles, sciatica, paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, neuralgia, etc. The pills can be sent post free (three shillings per box) from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Old Custom House-street, Wellington, on receipt of price, if they cannot be obtained from the nearest retailer without the customer being asked to buy useless substitutes. Dr. Williams' name on the wrapper is a guarantee.



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**Society Gossip**

**AUCKLAND.**

Dear Bee.

August 13.

**A MOST SUCCESSFUL SOCIAL.**

was given last Thursday evening in the St. Luke's Parish Hall, Mount Albert, as a welcome to Trooper Wilkins, who has just returned from South Africa. This function was mainly due to the exertions of Mr May (churchwarden of St. Luke's Church), as Trooper Wilkins was born in the district, and has always been a member of St. Luke's Church. The attendance was very large, there was scarcely seating accommodation for all those present. Mr and Mrs May must be congratulated on the success of the function. Rev. W. H. Wilson (vicar of St. Luke's) took the chair, and made an able and appropriate speech in welcoming back the trooper, to which Trooper Wilkins responded. During the evening piano solos were rendered by Misses Miller and Dixon; songs, Mrs Wilson, Misses Johnston, Martin, Chambers-Taylor, Ryan, and Mr Farley. Light refreshments were handed round, and then the forms were cleared away, and dancing was indulged in. Amongst the ladies present were:—Mrs W. H. Wilson, dark costume, black toque relieved with chou of red velvet; Mrs Drover, Lincoln green bolero and skirt, white vest, toque relieved with blue; Miss Drover, fawn costume, turban toque; Mrs Lewinberg, dark skirt, fawn jacket, toque with flowers; Miss Dixon, dark skirt, blue silk evening blouse, the décolletage was finished with lace; Miss Newall, black costume, the neck finished with deep point lace; Mrs May, dark skirt, fawn jacket, sailor hat; Mrs Woodroffe, striking red and black plaid skirt, white silk blouse; Miss Woodroffe, brown; Mrs Wilson, black costume; Miss Ryan, dark gown; Misses Willis (2), dark skirts, fawn jackets, sailor hats; Mrs Jamieson, black; Mrs Barker, dark costume finished with fox fur; Miss Miller, navy bolero and skirt, white vest; and her sister wore a plaid skirt, canary silk blouse; and her friend wore a navy bolero and skirt, white blouse; Miss Jackson, mourning costume; Miss Martin, black lustre skirt, plaid blouse with cream lace yoke; Mrs Wood, black costume, azure blue silk toque; Mrs Dixon, black costume; Misses Chambers-Taylor (2), wore navy serges, sailor hats; Mrs Waymouth, black skirt, fawn cape, toque with feathers and autumn leaves; Mrs Hurfit, dark costume, toque with red cherries; Mrs Harrison, black; Miss Jones-Parry, navy blue serge with gold braid, hat Harrison, black; Miss Jones-Parry, black costume, white pearl straw toque with head passementerie and feathers; Misses Stevenson (2), dark costumes; Miss Barnes, green and white; and her sister wore navy; Mrs Purley, black costume, bonnet with red flowers; Miss Farley, navy gown, hat with red; Mrs Daisley, black; Miss Daisley, dark skirt, light blouse; Misses Harvey (2), navy costumes; Mrs Wheeler, black gown with a

large picture hat turned back off face with orange velvet and ostrich plumes; Miss Tichborne, navy costume; Mrs Garrett, black relieved with white; Miss Garrett, Lincoln green skirt, azure blue and white striped silk blouse, green velvet Tam-o'-shanter toque.

**THE PAKURANGA HOUNDS**

met on Wednesday last at The Monument, Otahuhu, and from here proceeded to Mrs. Henwood's property at Mangere. It was a beautiful day, the air, though moist, was soft and mild, being springlike in its gentle caressing warmth, and the sun shone forth brightly in the midst of a perfect azure sky. The hounds, which are in perfect hunting condition, ran beautifully. Immediately the hounds were thrown off in a ploughed field (Mrs. Henwood's property), a fine hare was on foot. The hounds, without forcing any extraordinary pace, appeared well settled to the scent, and not inclined to flash over it a yard. Away pussie took them through Mr. Paul's property in a circle back passing through Mr. A. Henwood's estate, to where she started with another similar circle. A kill ultimately resulted. Two other hares were started in the same property with similar runs, and were killed. A fourth hare was started in Mr. Barker's property, but as pussie took to paddocks where the hounds were forbidden to enter, they had to be called off. The huntsman then proceeded to Ihumata. Amongst the farmers' properties the hounds passed during the afternoon were: Mrs. Henwood, Messrs. A. Henwood, —, Henwood, Barker, McKenzie, Wyman and Westney. There were a great many falls during the afternoon, as the country surrounding Mangere is trappy, there being so many blind ditches. Amongst the numerous unfortunate ones who came to grief was a gentleman from H.M.S. Mildura; he and his small grey steed took a complete somersault, but were soon both on their feet again, none the worse for their mishap. Mr. Evans and his charger, Monk, attempted a similar feat, but Monk, evidently finding the ditch more comfortable, refused to move, and it required the exertions of two or three other bipeds before he made any attempt to regain his feet. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Moody (Mike), Mrs. Crowe (Dick), Miss N. Gorrie (Starlight), Miss Griffiths (Neck or Nothing), Miss Abbott (Turine), Misses Baker, Davies, Stribley (2), Williamson, Buckland, Wynyard, Messrs. Crowthier (Skipper), Paton, Niell, Adams, Kinloch (Spees), Pittar (Marine), Bloomfield (M'Liss), Ralph (2), S. Buckland, Evans (Monk), and an officer of H.M.S. Mildura, etc.

Driving were Mrs. Kelly and family.

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.**

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. Is 1/6. The genuine is stamped

"L. B. Q."

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**THE 'Louis' VELVETEEN.**

NOTE WELL!—Each yard of Genuine "LOUIS" Velveteen bears the name (spelled LOUIS) and in no other way) and is stamped with a guarantee of wear.

**LIVES OF LEGISLATORS.**

No. 1.—MR A. L. PETRIE, M.L.A.

No Queensland politician has been more noticeably connected with the commercial and political life

\* P.D. \*



MANUFACTURES ROYALES.  
FRENCH P.D. CORSETS  
...THESE...  
WORLD-RENOWNED CORSETS  
Have been awarded  
10 GOLD MEDALS  
AND  
DIPLOMES D'HONOURS  
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THE HIGHEST HONOURS.  
OBTAINABLE FROM  
ALL LEADING DRAPERS  
Throughout New Zealand.  
IN MANY VARIETIES,  
SHAPES, AND STYLES.

Miss Olive Buckland and friend, and Messrs. Lockhart and Colgrove, etc.

Our Hamilton correspondent writes: The ball in aid of the Hamilton Library took place on Thursday evening at the Volunteer Hall, and was decidedly successful. It was partly fancy dress, several representing books, for which prizes were given to the best representation. Miss Cogswell as "Little Dorrit" took first lady's prize, a pretty fan; and Mr W. H. Paul as "Sky Pilot" was unanimously declared the winner of the gentlemen's. Among those who appeared in fancy dress, I noticed Mrs Major as "Cameos," Miss I. Sandes, "The Golden Butterfly"; Miss Scott, "Young America"; Mrs Furrar, "Under the Red Robe"; Miss Browning, "Out of Fashion"; "Dancer in Yellow," Miss Carey; "Victim of Good Luck," Miss M. Carey; Miss Henry, "Helen McGregor"; Mrs Currie, "Under Two Flags"; "Grey and Gold," Miss A. Gillet; Miss Cogswell, "Little Dorrit"; Miss Hill, "Golden Butterfly"; Miss Sturgess, "Lilac Sun Bonnet"; Miss Heyes, "Golden Jenny"; "Dancer in Yellow," Miss Gill; "Geisha," Miss Oberlin Brown; "Night and Morning," Miss Munroe; "Geisha," Miss Rinston; "Yellow Aster," Mr Currie; "Sky Pilot," Mr Paul; "Huntsman," Mr Chalmers; "Scottish Chief," Mr Gordon; "Sign of the Cross," Mr J. Burd; "Footballer," Mr Nazer. The dresses were particularly admired were Mrs Major's "Cameos," Miss I. Sandes' "Golden Butterfly," and Miss Browning's "Out of Fashion."

PHYLLIS BROWN.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, August 9.  
A great musical treat was enjoyed by the people of Napier yesterday evening, when Musgrove's Opera Company, who arrived from Auckland in the morning, gave a recital of "Faust" at the Theatre Royal. As the company had to leave at midnight by steamer for Wellington it was not possible for a performance to be staged with all the adjuncts of beautiful scenery and lovely dresses, but the songs and choruses were listened to with great delight by the large audience, who were unanimous in their applause, and only wished that the company had made a longer stay here. Madame Slapoffski's handsome

dress of white brocade and jewelled net was much admired. Amongst the audience were Mrs Ormond, in black; Mrs Menzies, in a pale blue silk blouse and black skirt; Mrs Wenley, in black, with a pale pink opera cloak; Mrs Stedman, who wore crimson velvet and white lace; Miss Cotterill, in black; Miss Chapman, in a blue brocade blouse and a black skirt; Mrs Kettle, in black silk; Miss Kettle, also in black, with transparent net sleeves; Miss Begg, in pink silk; Mrs Canning, who wore black silk trimmed with lace; Miss Howell, in cream, with a cream opera cloak; Miss Nimmo, in black and heliotrope; Miss Spencer, in black; Miss E. Spencer, in cream; Mrs Logan, in a becoming dress of black silk with long lace sleeves; Miss Locking, in pink; Mrs Ronald, in black; Mrs Moore, in cream silk trimmed with lace; Miss Ormond, Miss Hitchings, Miss Braithwaite, Mrs Fraser, Mrs McLean, Mrs Stopford, Mrs Wood, Mrs Laurence, Mrs Davidson, Mrs Williams, Miss Williams, Mrs Fannin, Miss Fannin, Mrs Jarvis, Messrs Logan, Williams, Tanner, Braithwaite, Fraser, Wood, McLean, Laurence, Menzies, Fielder, Stedman, Wenley, Cotterill, Morris, Shaw and McLean.

The Dog and Poultry Show held in the Drill Shed on Wednesday and Thursday attracted a great many visitors, and during the evenings the City Band helped to enliven the proceedings. The dogs were as usual the chief source of interest, and some of those exhibited were indeed beautiful animals. Amongst the people present at the show were Mrs Nantes, Mrs and Miss Hamlin, Miss Hitchings, Mrs King, Miss Hunter, Mrs Williams, Miss Williams, Mrs Swan, Miss Simcox, Miss Coleman, Mrs Smith, Mrs McLean, Mrs Duncan, Miss Twigg, Mrs Coleman, Messrs Stuart, Williams, Thomson, Smith, Hunter, McLean, St. Hill, Bowen, Williamson, Griffen and Canning.

There was a good attendance at the Waiohiki Golf Links on Saturday, and two matches were played—a men's match, for the vice-president's medal, and a ladies' match for prizes given by Mr Cotter, of Palmerston North, who has recently been staying in Hawke's Bay. The men's match was won by Mr K. Tareha (scratch), who made a splendid score of 89. Mr J. Peacock (handicap 8) came second. Messrs Cato, Antil, Stedman, Jardine, Herrold, McLean, Kennedy, Warren, Cato and Crowley were also playing. The ladies' match was won by Miss Ruther-

ford (scratch) with 63. Miss Shaw was second. Miss Linda Davis and Miss Burke came in third. Some others playing were: Mrs Donnelly, Miss Cotterill, Mrs McLean, Miss Nimmo, Miss Locking, Miss Balfour, Miss Davis, Mrs Tareha and Mrs Antil. The afternoon tea was given by Mrs Stedman.

Several people from Napier were present at the ball given at Waipawa by the Rifle Corps and thoroughly enjoyed the evening. The Oddfellows' Hall, which was used for the occasion, served as a splendid ball room, and much taste had been displayed in the decorations. The floor was good and excellent music was furnished by a good string band. A few of the numerous people present were Mrs Rathbone, in black; Miss Rathbone, in a pretty cream dress; Miss Baker, in black and yellow; Miss Balfour, in a becoming dress of pink satin; Mrs Williams, in a handsome gown of deep yellow; Mrs Todd, in a stylish black gown trimmed with embroidered net; Mrs Hamlin, in cream, Miss Bogle, in black; Miss Todd, in yellow silk; Miss Westmoreland, in cream; Miss Fallow, in a pretty light blue dress; Miss Hunt, in cream; Miss Flynn, in white satin.

MARJORIE.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee,  
THE THIRD ASSEMBLY  
was held in the Theatre Royal last Wednesday evening, and was much enjoyed by those present. Among those there I noticed:—Mrs Southey Baker, handsome black satin, decolletage relieved with pink and trimmed with jet; Miss Lloyd was much admired in a striking costume of French grey shot silk, brocaded with rose pink flowers, bodice of rose pink silk, veiled in chiffon, vandyked with sequins, softly finished round corsage with rose pink chiffon; Miss Holdsworth, pink silk trimmed with black; Mrs Messenger, dark green velvet; Miss Ranson, pretty cream silk; Miss Percy Smith, brown silk relieved with pale blue; Miss Humphries, handsome green satin; Miss H. Humphries was much admired in yellow satin, demi traine; Mrs Leatham, black satin; Miss Leatham (Welling-

ton), pink silk trimmed with pretty cream and black chiffon; Miss M. Pookes, soft pink silk; Miss E. Hamerton, cream Chinese silk; Miss Govett, very pretty pink silk veiled in pink and black chiffon; Miss J. McKellar, pink satin and cream chiffon fichu; Miss B. Webster, pretty blue silk trimmed with cream silk insertion round skirt and on bodice, transparent sleeves; Mrs Sladden wore her bridal dress of white satin, with Watteau back, and trimmed with real lace, transparent sleeves; Miss Thomson, yellow satin; Miss B. Thomson, white satin; Miss O. Stanford, pale green silk with cream silk streamers falling from shoulder; Miss George, white silk; Miss W. George, pink silk en traine; Miss Coborough (Fiji), black silk and jet; Miss A. Biggs (debutante) looked very dainty in a soft white silk trimmed with chiffon, demi traine; Mrs Percy Webster, white silk en traine, veiled in chiffon; Miss Dalziel, pale yellow satin; Miss N. Skeet, white satin; Miss E. Brown

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OBTAINABLE AT ALL THE LEADING WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRAPERS IN THE COLONY.  
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The Highest Award for Toilet Soap at the Paris Exhibition, in 1889, was a Gold Medal, and the only one awarded *solely* for Toilet Soap was gained by

Pears

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

(Inglewood), rose pink silk and chiffon; Mrs Robinson (Eltham), handsome black satin relieved with rose pink; Mrs Oswin, cream and black; Miss Tuke, turquoise blue silk, trimmed with lovely cream lace; Miss Sadler, black and white; Mrs C. T. Mills, black merveilleux, long pink satin sleeves veiled in black lace; Mrs E. Watt, cream silk, transparent sleeves; Miss V. Curtis (Stratford), cream corded silk; Miss E. Cartweg, white satin, decolletage trimmed with pink roses; Miss A. Wilson, pale heliotrope silk and white chiffon; Miss MacDiarmid, white muslin; Miss Hirst, handsome pink and gold brocade satin, with black lace trimmings; Miss Lawson, primrose silk trimmed with satin ribbon; Miss Siggs, cream silk; Miss Jackson, turquoise blue silk, pretty white chiffon fichu; Miss I. Cottier, white tarlatan and satin ribbon; Misses Humphries (2), black silk relieved with cream and pink respectively; Miss Hoby, yellow satin; Mrs Woodard, black satin trimmed with white, transparent net sleeves; Miss Standish, pink satin with feather trimmings; Mrs Collins, heliotrope silk and white chiffon; Mrs Wright, black lace over silk, bodice trimmed with jet; Miss Walker, soft white silk, decolletage trimmed with pale green; Miss Kemp, pink silk, veiled in fine white muslin; Mrs Laing, black silk, bodice ruched with yellow chiffon, transparent black lace sleeves; Mrs Buckleton, black satin and jet; etc. Among the gentlemen were:—Messrs Southey-Baker, Buckleton, Collins, A. E. A. Clarke, Spencer, Hutchen, Weston, P. Webster, Brasch, Paul, Thomson (2), MacDiarmid (2), Humphries, Holdsworth, Bruce, Currie, Trebellcoe, Kebbell, Grummitt, Miller (2), Laing, Govett, Tuke, Beckett, Halse (2), Woodard, Fookes (2), McTaggart, Knight, Kerr, Hoby, E. Clarke, Watt, McKellar, Stanford, Standish, Brown, Geoffrey, Robertson, Lewis, Drs. Home and Fookes.

NANCY LEE.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee,

August 8.

A very enjoyable dance was given by Miss Harcourt last Thursday evening. The large ballroom was decorated with greenery, chiefly lycopodium, and the mantelpiece was banked up with pot plants. In the diningroom a most elaborate sit down supper was temptingly laid out, the table being prettily decorated with clear vases of yellow jonquills and violets, on a handsome yellow and white centre, and was lit with high silver candlesticks.

Minife's Band played excellent music, and an extra was splendidly played by Captain Owen. Mr and Miss Harcourt received in the drawingroom, the latter wearing a pretty deep sky blue brocade gown, slightly trained, and the bodice softened with pale ecru lace. There were some very pretty dresses worn, among the wearers being Mrs J. R. Brown, whose gown was of soft black silk crepe, tucked, and the corsage edged with beautiful jet embroidery; Miss E. Richmond, a rich white pompadour silk, the bodice trimmed with white lace and turquoise velvet; the Misses Williams (Dunedin), wore handsome white satin gowns, with lace on the bodice; Miss Pharaayn, black spotted gauze, with pink roses on the bodice; Miss A. Johnston, lovely white, satin dress, with underskirt and berthe of palest coffee lace; Miss Douglas, deep blue silk gown, trimmed with white embroidery and lace; Miss M. Douglas, soft pink and white gauze, trimmed with narrow black velvet and white lace; Miss Bell, a pink satin gown, trimmed with deep flounces of chiffon to match; Miss Gore, a blue brocade silk gown, the bodice trimmed with white chiffon

and lace; Miss Higginson, rich white satin, trimmed with lace and chiffon and black velvet shoulder straps; Miss A. Brandon, black satin, the bodice trimmed with white lace and pink roses; Miss F. Brandon, deep cream satin gown, tucked and trimmed with chiffon to match; Miss Simpson, handsome white satin gown, with chiffon folds on the bodice; Miss Coleridge, black satin and chiffon gown; Miss I. Coleridge, blue figured silk, trimmed with chiffon; Miss Fraser, white merveilleux gown, trimmed with chiffon; Miss Fitzherbert, pale blue brocade satin, trimmed with lace frills; Miss I. Fitzherbert, in soft white tucked silk and lace; Miss Butts, a cream silk gown, trimmed with black velvet; Miss Foster (England), rich white satin, prettily tucked, and the bodice trimmed with lace and flowers; Miss Quick, black brocade, trimmed with jet and pink flowers; Miss Fitzgerald, soft white gauze gown; Miss K. Fitzgerald, pink satin, trimmed with chiffon to match; Miss Stowe, a black gown, with pink flowers on the bodice; Miss Beetham (Masterton), white satin, trimmed with lace and white violets; Miss Cooper, black satin, trimmed with soft figured net; Miss Sprott, in pink; Miss Hislop, black satin gown, the bodice trimmed with jet; Miss B. Hislop also wore black satin, trimmed on the bodice with cream lace; Miss Rose, black satin gown, with corsage of palest pink chiffon, and the elbow sleeves being composed of the chiffon under a trellis of black velvet; Miss Turton, black silk, trimmed with white lace; Miss Atkinson, black satin, with real lace round the corsage; Miss Burnett, deep pink silk gown, prettily embroidered with white; Miss Harding, in cream satin and lace; also the Messrs Harcourt, Beetham, Cooper, Duncan, Higginson, Brandon, Gore, Rolleston, Tripe, Drs. Hislop and Cahill, Professors Brown and McLaurin, Captain Hughes and Captain Rolleston, and several officers of H.M.s. Archer.

On Thursday afternoon a very enjoyable little "At Home" was given by Captain Rolleston and the officers of H.M.s. Archer on board their ship. The afternoon soon passed away as the guests had a varied programme of amusements provided for them in the way of shooting and other competitions, ping pong, etc., etc. The very tempting tea was laid out in a large apartment below, the table being laden with every kind of good thing and sweets in great abundance. Mrs Captain Rolleston received with her husband, and Mrs Dixon, wife of Lieutenant Dixon, was also present. A few of those present were Sir Arthur and Lady Douglas and the Misses Douglas, Miss Foster, Major and Mrs Owen, Mrs McPherson, Mrs and Miss Quick, the Misses Williams, Miss Fraser, Mrs and Miss Pharaayn, the Misses Higginson, Beetham, Johnston and others.

A charming concert was given last Monday evening in the Sydney-street Schoolroom by Mr Robert Parker's Glee and Madrigal Society. The room was well filled with guests, who one and all appeared to thoroughly appreciate the high order of the programme. Besides the numerous glee, which were splendidly performed by the Society, there were solos given by Mrs Ernest Izard, Miss Powhall, Miss Putnam, Mr T. Pringle, Mr Douglas Jackson, and Mr Searl. Two orchestral pieces made up the programme, Miss Page and Miss J. Parker being at the piano.

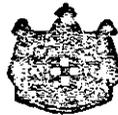
Yesterday M. Jean Gerardy gave a matinee in the Opera House, which was well filled with a most enthusiastic audience. This great musician was heard in a number of pieces from various composers, and was encored over and over again. The audience seemed unable to hear enough of M. Gerardy's exquisite playing, and were quite loath to leave their seats. Mr Lawrence Phillip played two solos splendidly and was recalled. There were no other performers, yet the programme was all too short.

UNDER THE ROYAL PATRONAGE OF

H.R.H. THE QUEEN OF GREECE.

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARIE OF GREECE.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF SPARTA.



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF SPARTA.

H.R.H. PRINCESS HOHENLOHE.

H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.

(High Commissioner of Order, &c., &c.)

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"HARLENE" FOR THE HAIR

THE GREAT HAIR PRODUCER AND RESTORER.

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A LUXURY AND A NECESSITY TO EVERY MODERN TOILET

"Harlene" Produces Luxuriant Hair. Prevents its Falling Off and Turning Grey. Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of the Beard and Moustache. The World Renowned Remedy for Baldness. For Preserving, Strengthening, and Rendering the Hair Beautifully Soft; for Removing Scurf, Dandruff, etc.; also for Restoring Grey Hair to its Original Colour.

Crown Prince's Palace, Athens.

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARIE OF GREECE

writes—" Madame Edwards' 'Harlene' for the Hair, has given entire satisfaction. H.R.H. wishes six more bottles of 'Harlene' sent as soon as possible."

Kittighaza, County Bika, Hungary.

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writes—" Please forward me three more bottles of 'Harlene,' as I am particularly satisfied with the two bottles sent me to Switzerland, and have been using it ever since."

Full Description and Directions for use in Twenty Languages supplied with every Bottle. 1/6, 2/6, and (three times 2/8 size) 4/6 per Bottle from Druggists, etc., all over the World.



Photo'd specially for the "Harlene" Co. by Langley, Bond St. W. Haymarket Theatre, London. MISS JULIA NEILSON

"I am at present trying your 'Harlene' for my hair, and I find it one of the best Hair Tonics and Restorers I have ever used, and I have tried many. Will you kindly send me two more bottles."



Photo's specially for the "Harlene" Co. by Langley, Bond St. W. Haymarket Theatre, London. MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH

writes—" I am very pleased to testify to the excellent qualities of 'Harlene.' It is most revivifying and invigorating, and I have found it very efficacious in the growth of my hair. I hope I have not been late in my order of the goods where I should be enabled to procure 'Harlene.'"

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" Co., 95 & 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Musgrove's Grand Opera season opens here next Saturday with "Il Trovatore." The rush for seats on the morning the box-plan opened was unprecedented, and the company is evidently going to have a successful season.

Wellington is being visited at present by influenza and measles—two equally unwelcome visitors—yet we have all to accept our fate with the best grace possible and sympathise with our suffering neighbours.

OPHELIA.

## NELSON.

Dear Bee, August 5.  
After a week of more or less rain and wind, we are once more enjoying bright sunshine, but with it have also returned the heavy frosts, which we fancied were a thing of the past for this season, but winter has not yet departed, and this morning frozen taps, and such like, were once more the order of the day.

## The annual BALL OF THE WAKATU MOUNTED RIFLES

was held in the Provincial Hall on Wednesday evening, and was in every way a great success. The hall was gaily decorated for the occasion with stars composed of bayonets, photographs, coloured streamers, greenery, etc. All manner of delicacies were provided for supper, and much credit is due to the ladies' committee, consisting of Mesdames J. Ching, Madigan, Roberts, A. Trask, and Misses D. Driscoll and Laird. The M.C.'s were Lieut. Ching, Corporal Clayden, and Trooper Kihagen, who carried out their duties in an efficient manner. Amongst those present were Captain A. and Mrs. Trask, Dr. and Mrs. Roberts, Dr. and Mrs. Andrew, Mr. and Mrs. F. Trask, Lieut. and Mrs. Ching, Misses Driscoll (2), Leslie (2), Laird, and many others. The large gallery was filled with spectators.

A number of prominent residents have formed themselves into a City Beautifying Committee, for the purpose of improving the Church Hill and other parts of the city. A deputation consisting of Messrs. Fell, Cook, Holloway, and W. Rout, jun., waited on the City Council on Friday evening to ask the necessary permission to carry out their desire, which was granted. The members intend to spend both labour and money on the work they have taken up with such praiseworthy zeal, and it is expected that before long our already picturesque city will be much improved.

PHYLLIS.

## BLENHEIM.

Dear Bee, August 5.  
The third of a series of concerts was held in the Church of the Nativity's Sunday schoolroom on Tuesday evening, and was well attended. This one was under the management of Mrs. Lucas, who arranged an excellent programme, the items of which were announced by Archdeacon Grace as they became due. Miss May Lucas played an opening piece with great facility, and Miss Purser sang a short but pretty song, which was followed by a vocal duet by Mrs. C. Powell and Mrs. Lucas. Mr. Wilmot sang "Will o' the Wisp" in capital style, and Mrs. Cranston "May Morning" very sweetly. Miss Wakelin recited "The Inventor's Wife," and the Misses Turner and Irving sang a duet. Three little boys, Masters Scott Hindmarsh, Roy Lucas and Noel White, in sailor costume, were encored for "The Jolly Tars," and another chorus, sung by four girls, the Misses Violet McIntosh, Connie Bull, Deanie Clouston, and Marjory Clouston, clad in Chinese style, received the same mark of approbation. It was a Chinese umbrella song, and was very taking. Miss Turner sang sweetly and pleasingly, and Mr. Banks and Mr. C. Powell sang "I'm Off to the Rio Grande" and "The Better Land," and Mrs. Cranston and Mr. Wilmot a duet. Mrs. Lucas acted as accompanist.

On Thursday evening Mrs. Neville gave a progressive euchre party at "Thurston," which was eminently enjoyable. As well as cards the guests were also entertained with dancing, singing by Mr. Wilmot and whistling by Mr. F. Bull. The card tables were

arranged in the drawing-room, and a most delicious supper was set out in the dining-room. Among the guests were: The Misses Mills (2), R. Greenfield, J. Chaytor, Clare, M. Ewart, M. Nosworthy, F. Nosworthy, Anderson, M. Clouston, Horton (2), D. Redwood, Mrs. Barlow, and Messrs. J. Greenfield, C. Mills, Burden, Appleby, K. Moore, Carey, G. Griffiths, F. Bull, Kelsall, D. Chaytor, Barlow, Banks, Sim, Jago, H. Anderson, L. Clouston, who were received by Mrs. Neville, the Misses Neville (3), and Messrs. Neville (3).

Mrs. Bull entertained a number of young persons at her house on Friday evening, to commemorate Miss Edith Bull's birthday, and some exceedingly amusing games were played. The prize for being nearest to the donkey was awarded to Miss Dixon. Others present were: Mr. and Mrs. Hulme, Mr. and Mrs. Coomb, Mr. and Mrs. Bull, the Misses Bull (3), Anderson, Irving, Smith (2), J. Horton, Waddy, C. Chaytor, Farmer, M. Nosworthy and Turner, and Messrs. Appleby, H. Anderson, D. Chaytor, Banks, Moore (2), R. McIntire, Fish, Kelsall, Bull (2), etc. Besides games dancing was indulged in, and some vocal music enjoyed, the singers being Miss Turner, who also played delightfully, and Messrs. Appleby, Banks and Moore (2).

Mr. J. Douglas Perrett had an exhibition of pictures here last week, which were chiefly painted by himself, though several other artists were represented. The majority were pastels, but there were several fine oil paintings, and the whole were sold by auction on Saturday. The prices were, I believe, satisfactory to the seller.

I am told that the Borough Council intend to take steps to improve the roads for cyclists and pedestrians, and hope that the news is true. The fact that so many have been fined for cycling on the footpaths is an indication that the roads, notably the Maxwell Road, are in a fearful state.

FRIDA.

## CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, August 5.  
It is all very well to say, "Blow, blow, thou winter wind." 'Tis have to endure it is another story, and a very cruel one. I simply do not believe the person who says he enjoys the winter. The shops have tried to make us think the summer is coming by big sales for the last week or two of everything cosy and warm, but with one's teeth chattering, a very blue nose, and watery eyes it is difficult to realise, even with a notice in your pocket of a private view of spring millinery, that we may wake up any morning and find that spring is here. I am a real "John Bull." My grumble out I can tell you the news.

One of the most delightful dances which has ever been given in New Brighton was held in Hawker's Hall on the 30th July by a committee of girls, the chaperone being Mrs. W. J. Bruce. The supper tables looked extremely pretty, arranged artistically in red silk, holly, pot plants and ferns. A special tram took about seventy from Christchurch, returning at 1.30 a.m., and the music supplied by Mrs. Vaughan was all that could be desired. Mrs. Bruce wore black and white and merveilleux, transparent yoke, and sleeves of lace and jet; Miss L. Harris, sweetly pretty evening dress of white silk, the bodice of tucks and silk Valenciennes insertion; Miss Dora Preston (Sumner), black velvet and turquoise blue; Miss G. Wheeler, white muslin; Miss Blundell, pale blue figured muslin; Miss Dulcie Inwood, white silk blouse trimmed with green velvet; Miss Dora Winter, white muslin and lace; Miss Edie Croxton, white with folded belt of eau de nil; Miss Essie Arrowsmith, white silk trimmed with pink; Miss Wright, black and pink; Misses Dexter (2) wore white; Miss Olney, very pretty white silk dress; Miss Ella Bruce, pale grey trimmed with butterfly; Miss Myra Bruce, cream dress with pretty lace fletu and yellow sash; Miss Gertie Cook, white with green sash; Miss E. Thomas, black and yellow; Miss Ida Thomas, pretty white muslin trimmed with white satin ribbon; Miss Dorothy Restall, pale blue and forget-me-nots; Miss Brown looked well in cream, with pearl passementerie trimming; Miss Lena Collins, white muslin; Misses Peapoint (2), white silk. Amongst the gentlemen were Messrs W. J.

Bruce, E. Hardy-Johnston, Major Milson, Guthrie, H. Anderson, C. Cotterill, Edgar and Gerald Stead, Cecil Louisson, C. McKellar, Wetbey, L. A. Shand, C. Bassett, C. Hawkins, E. Talbot, P. White-Parsons, A. Van Aesch, Reg. White, C. Wheeler, J. Quane, Arrow-smith, Shaw (2), A. Otway, B. S. Lawrence and many others. The pleasant evening terminated by those present giving three cheers for Mrs. Bruce and the committee.

On Thursday a most enjoyable concert was given by the Christchurch Musical Union in the Canterbury Hall to a very large audience. It was mainly an orchestral concert. Miss Maud Graham singing one song in the first part, and Hiawatha's "Wedding Feast," with Mr. Percy Denton as soloist, concluding the second part, making it varied enough to please all tastes. Beethoven's wonderful "Eroica" symphony, though long, was much appreciated, the movement containing the beautiful "Funeral March" being specially liked. Then the dainty music from "As You Like It" was a great contrast and prettily played. Miss Graham looked extremely well in a trained white silk gown, with scalloped over skirt, the bodice finished with pearl and crystal trimming. She was the recipient of a lovely white shower bouquet with long white streamers, after her song "Awake," which she sang in such a manner as to evoke an encore. Among the numerous audience were Judge, Mrs. and Miss Denniston, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wood, Dr. and Mrs. Jennings and Miss Henderson, Mrs. and Miss Julius, the Rev. Andrew Julius, Miss Ambler, Mrs. T. W. Stringer, Mesdames G. Moore, Kiver, W. Lake, J. Little, Mr. and Mrs. A. Kaye, Mrs. Webb (Adelaide), Mrs. and Miss Snow, Mr. T. and Miss Barnett, Misses Inwood, Haydon, Grant, Mr. and Miss Izard, Professor, and Misses Cook, Mrs. and the Misses Young, Mrs. and Miss Shaw, Mrs. Marsden, Mrs. Marks, Mrs. H. and Miss Harris, Mrs. and Miss Milson, Mrs. R. Gardner, Miss Conna, Mrs. and Mrs. J. D. Fairhurst, Mrs. N. Macbeth, Miss Wood, Mr. and Mrs. W. Wood and Miss Wilson, Mrs. F. M. Wallace, Mrs. F. Wilding, Mr. A. and Miss Wilding, Mrs. H. H. Loughnan, Mr. and Miss Denham, Mr. and Mrs. Cobham, etc. The majority of the audience were wrapped in opera coats, the members of the chorus almost all wearing them too.

Very often a great reputation spells a severe disappointment, but not so

with M. Jean Gerardy. Everything that has been said of his playing is, I think, absolutely true, and Christchurch people were in the mind to hear for themselves at the Choral Hall on Friday evening. The rush for seats was bordering on a free fight, and to the applause was added shouts of "Bravo!" and "Encore!" after every item, the quiet, staid young performer generously responding to more than one encore. M. Jean Gerardy was ably supported by Mr. Phillips, whose accompanying was most artistically done, and Mrs. Burns sang "La Mia Piccarella" beautifully, looking extremely well in white brocade, the bodice finished with crystal trimming, and cluster of crimson roses on the left shoulder. Among the many present were: Professor and Mrs. Hutton, Mr. and Mrs. Grigg, Professor and Mrs. Cook, Miss Grigg, Mr. and Mrs. Bevan-Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Tyree, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Stringer, the Hon. C. Louisson, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Wallace, Mrs. T. Garrard, Mr. and Miss Izard, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Loughnan, Mr. and Mrs. Hirschberg, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Fairhurst, Mr. and Mrs. N. Macbeth, Misses Fairhurst, Grant, K. Bewlings, Mrs. A. Merton, Mr. W. J. Bunz, Messrs. W. Day, F. Graham, Dr. and Mrs. Jennings, Miss Henderson, D. Mickle, Mrs. and the Misses Julius (2), Mesdames Appleby, F. W. Thompson, and Mathias, Misses Wither (2), Van Asch (2), Lightfoot, Mr. G. and the Misses Hart, Mr. and Mrs. T. Y. Wardrop, Mr. and Mrs. Russell, Miss Cabot, and many more.

Mr. and Mrs. William Pratt, Worcester-street, celebrated their golden wedding last week, but unfortunately Mr. Pratt was suddenly seized with an attack of pleurisy, necessitating postponing it for a day or two, but he was then well enough to be present at the gathering of children, grandchildren, and a few intimate friends. Mr. W. Pratt, from Nelson, and Mr. Alfred Pratt, from Waitotara, were present, and Miss Florence Pratt had returned to Christchurch about a fortnight before, after travelling many years in America, England, and the Continent. A handsome wedding-cake graced the board, and many presents were brought to the aged bride and bridegroom, who for the exception of the passing illness of Mr. Pratt are remarkably hale.

DOLLY VALE.



See this Trade Mark on every Tin.

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

# AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

## Shopmen's Signals.

### AN INTERESTING CODE TO TELL A BUYER'S CHARACTERISTICS.

"Did it ever strike you that on entering certain shops you were being 'signalled' as surely as any train entering a railway station? Most probably not; yet such a thing must often have happened in your case, especially if you are in the habit of going regularly to certain shops for certain things, so that some of the assistants come to know you by sight—as they very quickly do.

"Of course the same 'code' prevails in no two establishments, so that even though you were lucky enough to pick up that at one shop the knowledge you thus acquired would avail you nothing at the one next door.

"In this article, however, we propose to touch briefly on a few of the better known signs, giving the meanings which attach to them at a certain large shop in the metropolis, which, for obvious reasons, need not be further specified here.

"Old hands can carry on a sort of conversation in the presence of a third party as expert as themselves, but ignorant of the special code in which the two in question are working; hence the instances we are about to cite are only specimens of the many codes in use in the city.

"If, in showing you to the counter you seek, the shopwalker in the establishment in question extends the first two fingers of the right hand and grips the others, the assistants immediately understand that you are a kleptomaniac—not to put too fine a point upon it.

"A twirl of the right side of the moustache upward with the right hand signifies that you're a sort of fool who knows nothing and whom, consequently, it is safe to 'rush' for all you're worth—and the assistants charge accordingly.

"If, on the other hand, some assistant who has had previous experience of you, and has come to the conclusion that you are a particularly sharp customer, who cannot be taken in on account of your knowing the price of a given article to the fraction of a penny, he will let the assistant about to serve you know this fact by winding his watch chain about his left forefinger in an absent-minded sort of way, the exact significance of the sign being 'Tartar; no good trying bluff.'

"If a little flattery will work well with you an assistant, knowing this,

will telegraph the fact from the opposite counter by putting the fingertips of both hands together, the significance of it being 'Blarney!'

"Even more explicit instructions can be expressed. For instance if an assistant spies another bringing down a particular roll of silk, which he knows is dyed one of your favourite colours, he will pass his fingers over his upper lip, which means 'Raise the price of this particular article, in contradistinction to putting something on all round.

"A similar movement across the lower lip would mean that it is as well to lower the price if possible, as it can be made up in raising that of the next thing you ask for, many customers being easy to serve once they have bought something which they consider to be a bargain. 'Be cautious,' is indicated by rubbing the



Costumes for Cold Weather.

left eye with the back of the forefinger.

"Appear indifferent and she'll bite" is conveyed by putting a thumb and forefinger in each waistcoat pocket, while biting the thumb nail means, 'Take no pains; she is only an old stager who has come to look at something for a friend.' 'Postpone pressing the customer,' is signified by passing the hand over the forehead from left to right. These are only a few of the more frequently used signs in one establishment, but there are countless others. Indeed, a volume could be written on the subject without exhausting it."

**Courting Methods in Manila.**

**TEDIOUS PROCESS NECESSARY TO WIN A HEART.**

"One of the most curious customs among the social upper tandom of the Spanish at Manila is their method of courtship. When the young Spanish grandee wants to do the thing about right he dons a faultless suit of clothes, gets out a light bamboo cane, and waxes his moustache. Without this his case would be hopeless. He goes to the home of his lady love and takes his station on the walk where she can see him from her window. He struts up and down for her inspection, twisting his idolised moustache, twirling his cane, and going through gestures calculated to set off the offering to the best advantage. The lady may not even deign to look at him. In fact, he hardly expects her to until he has gone through his monkeyshines a number of times to prove his sincerity. It may be months before he receives the encouragement of a smile, but when it does come his raptured heart repays him for his labour.

After a while, say six months, the senora may drop a rose, a fan, or her perfumed lace handkerchief. He seizes the prize with the avidity that a half-starved miner reaches for a golden nugget where he expected none. But the bird is not yet within the suitor's grasp. Not by a long way. At this point the dutiful parents of the young lady appreciate the fact that matters may become serious some time in the future, and they begin looking up the young man's pedigree—and bank account. They never think of inviting him to see their daughter until these facts are ascertained with a fidelity that would do credit to a mercantile agency.

His standing having been ascertained, the bulldozers are tied up and the warders sheath their swords. The coast is clear now and the lover may fetch out his mandolin or guitar and send sweet melody along with the moonlight into the bed-chamber of his sweetheart. At the end of the year or twelve months if he still remains faithful and refrains from prosecuting his suit with undue haste he may approach the girl's parents and plead for a personal audience with her. This is getting to close quarters, and a favourable answer means that the girl has made the same plea to her parents. The young people are permitted to meet in the parlour, but not alone. The parent or guardian is always on hand to see that the proprieties are thoroughly respected, and

this sort of vigilance is never relaxed until they have plighted their troth. The lover cannot take his mistress to church, theatre, or even to the refined, elevating Spanish sport known as a bull fight until his matrimonial intentions are spiked down and welded. A person would think the rigorous custom would deter aspirants, but it doesn't. They accept the conditions eagerly and face them like martyrs.

**Hints for Saving Money.**

Clever needlewomen will find it easy to manufacture the lace coats either in blouse or bolero shape, which just now are the height of fashion for wear over a silk slip. Lace net with border in leaf or rose pattern, cut out of silk gauze and applied on the net, makes a pretty trimming for such a bodice, and bell sleeves opening over puffed undersleeves of mull or chiffon, or the simple bishop sleeve of the slip, are the preference.

Irish cut work, which is merely fine linen embroidered and cut out, has a constantly increasing vogue, and the French imitation done on batiste is among recent extravagances. A large collar or small bolero of this makes a most useful toilet accessory. Indeed, the rage for lace increases constantly. If you are the fortunate possessor of a real lace shawl, use it to cover a cape of delicately tinted satin, warmly and lightly lined, and froth its edges with ruffles of chiffon, narrow, full, and many. A frill of the same chiffon and a chou of satin or a bunch of flowers at the throat will complete a charming and up-to-date evening wrap for watering place wear this summer, and for the opera at any time. Several of the leading London tailors are making a specialty just now of dressy threequarter coats, composed of silky cloth of the most charming colours, such as gray-blue, orchid mauve, and the new buff, a delicate shade, reminiscent of the colour which years ago was exceedingly popular. The elaboration expended upon the collars of the coats is one of their distinctive features. Two plaits are taken right around the garment, underneath the arms, to give it an Empire effect, and these are carefully stitched; the turnover revers are also stitched, and a pretty effect is produced by the little lace lapels, which are stiffened to stand away from the cloth. The back of the coat is slit up in order to allow the skirt underneath full play.

**Bargains in Hearts.**

For Sale—a very fine line of hearts. At prices far below cost; A circumstance which affords you a chance To replace the one you have lost.

Hearts that are tender; hearts that are brave; One that's been worn on a sleeve Is marked down so low it surely must go, Though it is somewhat soiled, you perceive.

Broken hearts, too, that have been "stored;" One that has only a crack; And hearts that are set on a coronet, For lovers of bric-a-brac.

Sad hearts, glad hearts, hearts of gold, Hearts that gold only can buy; And a heart so true it will just suit you If you'll only take it to try.

MAUD HOSFORD, in "Life."

**Disappointment Through Those We Love.**

Now we reach one of the greatest tests which can be applied to any young woman's character. The loving, trusting girl who has believed herself to be blessed by the strong and true affection of a man who seemed to fulfil her ideal of manhood and then finds that she is mistaken, has met a sorrow that is a sorrow indeed.

The mere discovery that she has erred in fancying herself beloved is bitter, and if to this is added the disenchantment regarding the nature she

has trusted and believed worthy of her affection, it is bitter still. A thousand times would any true woman prefer to find herself unloved than to learn that one she had loved, revered and confided in was false and unworthy.

It is a beautiful trait in the character of all unselfish women that makes their crown of sorrow to find that one whom they had counted a true man is a mere semblance. Ten times easier is it to really fine natures to suffer through their own mistake than to see that a character which had won so much from them was unworthy.

In a disappointment like this, where all the dreams and hopes of a young life have linked themselves together to create a future which seemed full of the most beautiful promise, all the force of woman's nature must arouse itself in her own defence.

Concealment of regret is the natural instinct of even an inferior character. Complaint is impossible to a true woman. To be altogether fine and noble under such circumstances, no shadow of jealousy must darken the understanding. To be great under this trial a young girl must be free from desire to reproach and above criticism of a possible rival. She must simply, by a heroic and always ennobling effort, shut the door on this past.

Such disappointments as these are a crucial test of a girl's character. Here is the greatest opportunity of her whole life to put herself to the test. Here she can see easily enough whether she is really magnanimous and above bitter hardness. Here she can learn whether she is noble enough to limit her trial within its proper boundaries.

**'MENE'** Every Lady should give these excellent Towels a trial. They are antiseptic, absorbent, and will last twice as long as any other at double the price.  
**SANITARY TOWEL FOR LADIES.**  
To be obtained from all Druggists and Chemists.  
Wholesale of SHARLAND & Co. Ltd. Auckland and Wellington.

**Dales' Dubbin** makes **BOOTS** and **HARNESS** water-proof as a duck's back, and soft as velvet. Adds three times to the wear of leather. Pleasant odour. Allows polish with blacking. **Highest Awards** for superiority. Black or Brown colour. Sold by **Boots, Shoes, Saddlers, Ironmongers, etc.** **Manufactory—Duisick, London (Eng.)**

**KOKO FOR THE HAIR**  
From H.R.H. PRINCESS HOHENLOHE (The German Ambassador's Daughter).  
"KOKO for the Hair is the BEST Dressing I know. It keeps the head cool, promotes growth, and is in EVERY way excellent."  
FRANCE HOHENLOHE  
Recommended and Used by H.M. The Queen of Greece, Princess Victoria of Schaumburg Lippe, Princess Hohenlohe, Princess Maria of Greece, Princess Henry Reuss, Rear-Admiral Tinkler, &c., &c.

**KOKO FOR THE HAIR**  
It is tonic, cleansing, and purifying preparation, causes the hair to grow, keeps it soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, eradicates dandruff, prevents hair from falling, is the most **OLD FASHIONED** and **SAFE** preparation, and is perfectly harmless.  
It is 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 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, and enables them to dress it in whatever form they wish, where it will remain.  
**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 pure as crystal, perfectly colourless, contains no poisonous substances, free sugar of lead, sulphur, nitrate of silver, or grease, does not soil or colour the scalp, face, or the most delicate fabric in clothing, produces a wonderful, pleasant and cooling effect on the head, and no other dressing is needed to give the hair the most elegant appearance possible. Try it once, and you will use no other.  
Is. 6d., and 6s. 6d., of all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, &c.  
Australian Depot: Koko-Mariopas Co., Ltd., 21, Castlereagh St., Sydney, N.S.W.  
**CAUTION.** See that this Registered Trade Mark is on every bottle.

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**MELLIN'S FOOD**  
MELLIN'S FOOD yields a complete diet for the youngest infants, in all climates.  
MELLIN'S FOOD retains its properties for any length of time and is adapted for use in all climates.  
Samples etc. may be obtained of GOLLIN & Co., 56 1/2, Bourke Street, Melbourne, 172, Clarence Street, Sydney, Grenfell Street, Adelaide, and Wellington.  
Mellin's Food Company for Australia and New Zealand Ltd., 56 Cannon Street London

**The Value of Silence.**

The most socially inclined women often weary of the presence of people, even their nearest and dearest, and long to be alone. This longing is in itself a vigorous, but frequently un-  
harkened-to cry of the jaded nervous system, the healthy condition of which is best conserved by silence and by solitude.

The strain of living is great, the tension tightened to the last degree; nothing can be left until to-morrow, for no one can wait; life must be lived impetuously to-day, and to-morrow awakens again the same turmoil and rush.

The vexations which are inseparable from domestic life, the many and hurrying calls which imperatively beset the women of to-day, cannot fail to beget a certain querulousness and dissatisfaction in even the best-tempered and contented, and a lack of poise in those who are, in the main, wholesomely balanced, while in those who are more feebly equipped there ensues a distressing state of jangled nerves and weary brains.

To all such silence brings peace, and solitude an adjustment of all disturbing problems. Nervous irritability is soothed, plans prosper and speed to fulfilment, and happiness becomes an enchanting fact, instead of a receding possibility.

In these periods of silence it is easy to gain self-knowledge—to learn the individual strength as well as the individual weakness, and thus come to a completer understanding of one's personal equipment for the many things which force themselves into a life of action. As an artisan must know his tools before he can use them to advantage, so the individual woman must be alone with herself often enough and long enough to prosper and to accomplish an inti-

mate self-acquaintance. Only in this way can she use herself in the best and the most helpful manner. Only in this way can she successfully live her life as God intended that she—as an individual—should live it.

During these moments of quiet she should not disturb her soul with the thought that she is idle, but learn the lesson, which is often a hard one for the busy woman, that folded hands are not always idle ones, and that there is a silence which is more triumphant than a shout.

Let her forget all sordidness and all vanity, while she opens her soul to all that is ennobling and loving.

**Fashions in Dogs.**

To possess a diminutive, wide-eyed, flat-nosed toy-bulldog is quite the "correct thing."

But they are an expensive luxury. As much as £400 was recently paid for one. The Hon. Mrs Baillie, of Dochfour, who is among the leading lady "fanciers," has a toy-bull valued at over £200. The animal seldom scales more than twelve pounds, so that at his best he is practically worth his weight in gold.

It is even more difficult to obtain a good Pekinese spaniel. The first Pekinese spaniel to enter this country was looted from the Palace of Peking, and was presented to the late Queen Victoria. Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox possesses some fine specimens.

Quite a new kind of dog to be introduced in this country is the "Chuteer," it comes from India. The Hon. Mrs McLaren Morrison, who lived for some time in that country, possesses several of these pretty and rare creatures. The same lady has a large number of Japanese spaniels, which—to be very commercial—are worth from 8/6 to £1 an ounce.

Mrs W. J. Hughes, of Wolverley, near Kidderminster, makes a speciality of the Skye. So numerous are her pets that she has had large new kennels built, which in themselves are a wonder. The building has a handsomely furnished entrance-hall, and roomy bedrooms and other apartments for the servants who attend to the pets. Then there are bathrooms and sleeping-rooms for these very lucky dogs.

As for food, they have a menu varied daily, but it is understood that lamb's-head soup is a favourite dish with them.

Including puppies, the Duchess of Newcastle keeps nearly 200 canine pets. Her Grace spends over £3000 a year on her hobby. Several of the ladies showing to-day keep no more than three dogs each, and two servants to look after them.

**New Occupation for Women.**

A New York woman has opened up a new field of women's work. She is a consulting physician to canary birds, and the head of a special hospital for birds. Since she has taken up the study of birds and their diseases she has had under her personal care many unusual cases.

Frequently there are 150 patients at the hospital at one time suffering from such diseases as consumption, paralysis, vertigo, wind-bloat, tumours, rheumatism, inflammation of the bowels, nervous prostration, and acute indigestion.

The doctor has a remedy for every ailment. She has little baskets with a small hot-water bottle fitted into the bottom and covered with flannel, into which she puts the birds suffering from chills and inflammation of the bowels and kindred complaints.

For birds with broken legs or wings, she has a cleverly contrived bandage-

swing, which gives the little patients much relief. The swing is so suspended that it rests the injured parts. Many canaries with broken legs are brought to the hospital.

**This Invention is for Lovers.**

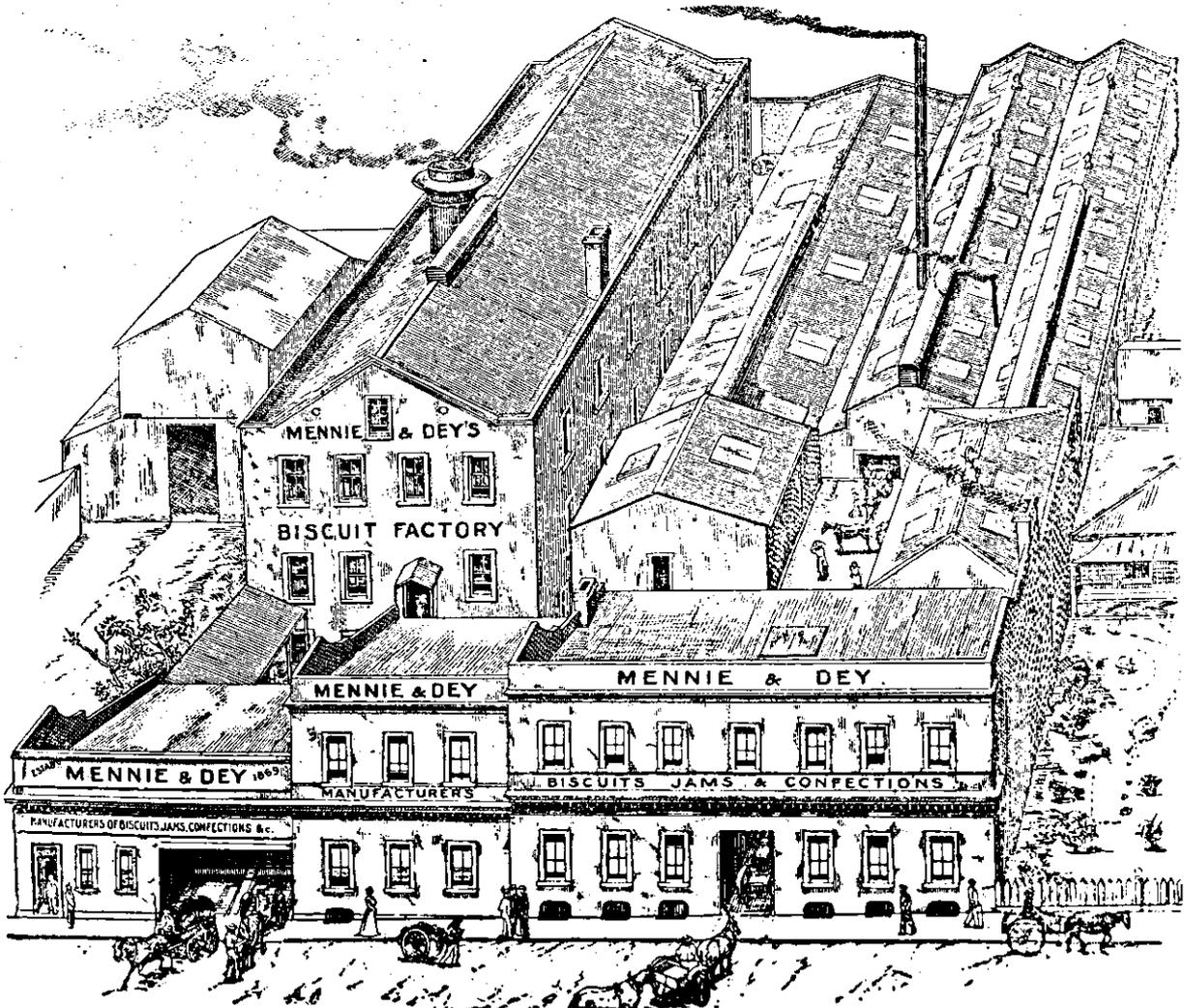
Now an inventor proposes to make things agreeable for lovers by putting on the market a superior kind of "paper for secret writing," as he calls it, which will be made of note size and packed in neat boxes, accompanied by the requisite envelopes. When a young lady wishes to write to her heart's adored, and is anxious that outsiders shall not by any chance become acquainted with the contents of her missive, she simply dips her pen in a solution of salt and water, with a little vinegar added, and in that harmless and invisible medium indites her epistle.

On receiving the letter the fortunate young man resorts to the oldtime expedient of holding it near the fire, and immediately the writing becomes visible, traced delicately in lines of blue. Where this new invention claims superiority to anything of the kind hitherto offered is in its extreme simplicity. Also, the paper is in convenient commercial shape, and, not the least important, the writing does not fade or deteriorate—a common difficulty with most "sympathetic" manuscript.

The paper is prepared by soaking it in soluble salts of cobalt, after which the cobalt is rendered insoluble by dipping the paper into sodium carbonate. The process is so easy that any intelligent person who chose to take the trouble might make the paper for himself, while the household punny will furnish the materials for the ink off-hand.

**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.

(BY MARGUERITE.)

Fashion includes almost everything this season, and so many and varied are her ideas that she defies you to create one of your own. But on three particular things has she set her seal—the flaring skirt, the blouse front and the bolero. They are without question the foundation of every toilet, and they lend themselves to endless changes. The skirt may have the applied ruffle or the circular flounce, or it may frill out about the feet with a trimmed accordion plaiting. Any of these changes may be rung on the skirt so long as it flares at the bottom and is beautifully and impractically long.

The skirt of the present, the one which is absolutely "the thing"—with the accent on the "the"—has marked fullness in the side gores and a marked fullness in the back. The front, of course, is very plain and clinging. But the golf skirt is fuller, a feature

that does not recommend itself to the golf player. However, Fashion says, "Play golf in a much fuller skirt than the one you wore last season."

The disappearance of the black taffeta Eton jacket has been prophesied, but the prophet is a false one, and the woman who regretted its doom can dry her tears and have another almost like the one she wore last season. The Eton never saw such a day of popularity as is in store for it this season. But how they are trimmed! Velvet and buckles and lace, and all sorts of insertion and shirring and tuckings enter into their adornment, together with white lace collars. In fact, taffeta has a new hold upon popular favour. Of course, every woman knows about taffeta, how it cracks into ribbons before the eyes of the owner.

The colour which I predicted would by the law of contrasts follow the reign of half mourning shades was

cerise, and there is no doubt that this shade, even verging into flame, will be much to the fore as soon as the general mourning is over. Such colours, we know, must be treated with care and discretion. Should we be allowed to run riot in the wearing of cerise the result would be worse than the crude pinks and blues of last season.

For evening wear there are some beautiful examples of this same bright shade. An entire frock of cerise tulle sounds crude, but let me tell you in such a garment at least five shades must be blended by a really skilled hand. The skirt of such a gown was gffered round the back and over the hips, almost to the knees, leaving a panel in front of finely accordion pleated tulle. The swathed sash was of crepe de chine, with fringed ends, and this formed the chief part of the bodice, which came right off the shoulders, finished with a

double fichu of some exquisite old lace, caught up with an enormous cerise velvet rose.

There is no doubt that once again our evening bodices will be worn off the shoulders, and there is a tendency to make the sleeve tight at the top and full at the elbow, while a good many of the smartest evening cloaks and carriage wraps are made after the style of the Henri Quatre period, with high Medici collars. I hardly know whether I prefer the large, falling collar of wonderful embroidery or sable or that of a high, imposing and regal type. Much depends upon the coiffure. Parisians—at any rate those in exclusive circles—are wearing the hair dressed low, and with this style the falling collar is by far the most in keeping, added to which the high ones under these circumstances are destructive to the coiffure. Ruffles, too, must be regarded from a similar standpoint.



Handsome Outdoor Costumes.



LITTLE GIRL'S BRETON CLOAK.



DARK-BLUE CORDUROY FROCK.



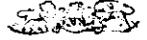
BRETON APRON.

BRETON APRON.

A dainty little apron for dainty little people of two, four, six and eight years is the "Estelle." It is cut just the same front and back, and fastens at back with one or two buttons. A curved strap over each shoulder holds it in place. This design is of dotted lawn with a band of embroidery across the top and over the shoulder. It can also be made of gingham or cambric.

TAILOR-MADE GOWNS.

A. WOOLLAMS & CO.  
LADIES' TAILORS.  
By Appointment



TO THE COUNTESS OF RANFURLY  
NEW SPRING GOODS NOW SHOWING  
COSTUMES, from ..... 24 4 6  
SKIRTS, from ..... £1 10 0  
PERFECT IN STYLE AND FIT.

A. WOOLLAMS & CO

LADIES' TAILORS,  
QUEEN-ST., AUCKLAND.

N.B.—Write for samples of self-measurement forms.



Visiting Toilettes.



## CHILDREN'S PAGE.



### COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am afraid I have not kept my promise very faithfully, and really now I think I have very little to tell you, if anything. Most of the people here have the "Ping-pong" craze. Do you play? We all do, and think it a very fascinating game. What a very nice story Cousin Roie wrote to the "Graphic." I think she is very clever. I go to gymnastics twice a week and enjoy them so much. I am going to take one of the chief parts in a play at school. It is to take place on Thursday night. The play is called "Jack Pepper-pot's Little Friends." I hope I won't laugh, as I did once before when I was acting. With love to the cousins and yourself from Cousin Zaidee, Wellington.

[Dear Cousin Zaidee.—How did the acting go off? I hope it was successful. I used to love acting when I was your age. We always had a play at Christmas, and were everlastingly "dressing up" and making drawing-room dramas for ourselves. Do, please, tell me all about it.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I wrote a letter to you about three weeks ago, but I never saw it in the "Graphic," but I hope to see this one in. There are not many cousins writing just now. I have got a photo. of myself in a group with my sisters and brothers, but I don't suppose that would do to send. I think May is going to write to-night. There is going to be a football match up here next Saturday, and I may be going to it. Did you see the Duke and Duchess. Cousin Kate? Would you mind sending me back those pictures I sent. I know they are not the right sort to send. I have collected a few shillings, but not very much. I will soon get it full. I have not much news to tell you, but I will tell you more next time I write. With love, from Cousin Annie, Kihikihi.

[You will have seen by answers to cousins last week how it was your letter was missed out. Don't worry about your collecting card. It is very good of you to collect at all. I can wait patiently.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am glad you received the money all right. I put that 3/6 in afterwards and forgot to put the amount in. I am sending you a picture of Uncle Angle. There is going to be a mill at a place called Koutu, just one mile and a half from where we live. There are a lot of men working there now. I think I have told you all the news. With love to all the cousins, not forgetting yourself. I remain your affectionate cousin, Norman.

[Dear Cousin Norman.—This letter arrived just too late for last week, but

I squeezed a line into the paper to tell you about it. The picture of Uncle Angle arrived all right. You will see a lot about the competitions this week.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—Excuse me for not writing for so long. I wrote one letter to you some time ago, but as it has not yet appeared in the "Graphic" I do not think you can have got it. Thank you very much for the collecting card and badge, which I received some time ago. It has been horrid weather here this week, Sunday and Monday being the only fine days. I have three sisters, two of whom are in Auckland at present, but I have no brothers. My father has three horses, whose names are Leo, Turk and Bobs. Leo is a very old horse, but the other two are young. We can go for nice drives to Paeroa in summer, but in winter we cannot go anywhere, as the roads are so muddy. I must now stop, as I have no more to say.—I remain, Cousin Stanley.

[Dear Cousin Stanley.—As I told some of the cousins last week, there was an accident with some of the letters a week or so ago, and that is why yours did not appear. I shall be as glad as you when summer comes again. All this wet weather is very depressing.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am sending in with my letter my card and 6/6 for the Cot Fund. It is a small sum, though the card is full. Never mind, I will try better next time. We have had very wet weather lately. We have had only two fine days this month. The technical school here is nearly finished now.—With love, from Cousin Walter.

[Dear Cousin Walter.—Your money arrived all right, and thank you so much for it. It has cleared up here in Auckland to-day, so I hope you too are having a little sunshine for a change. I hope your father is well. The school must keep him very busy. I should think. How is your garden getting on? Mine is in a dreadful state with the wet.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I received my prize safely, and thank you very much for it. When will we know the result of the "Letter Competition"? Is it decided yet who won the prize? Cousin Zaidee wrote an interesting letter about the visit of the Duke and Duchess, did she not? I had an amusing experience, which I must tell you about. We had seats on a balcony from which we had a splendid view of the procession as it passed beneath. A very fat Maori woman came and sat just behind us, and directly the Royal carriages came in sight, she rose up and made the most terrible noise, shouting a welcome, and wildly waving a black shawl. We could understand some of her talk—it was about the death of the Queen, and the Duke and Duchess; and she seemed to mingle wails of grief with joyful cries, which was rather awful so close to us. Of course she drew attention to our balcony, and a perfect sea of faces were turned in our direction. The veterans were greatly amused at her antics. The Maori arch was a little higher up the street, with Maori girls dancing, etc., but this woman evidently wanted to make a scene all by herself.—With love from Cousin Athie.

[Dear Cousin Athie.—Your letter is only just in time for this week's

paper, so I will answer its questions in the next number. Thank you for writing.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I should like a badge very much if you would please send me one. We have had two lovely fine days, they were just like summer, and everything was so still, all the trees were reflected in the lake and it looked lovely. I am reading a very interesting book just now, one of Charlotte M. Yonge's, called "The Clever Woman of the Family." Do you like her books? I have only read three, and I like them very much. My father was down in Auckland last week, settling something about a dairy factory, which is going to be built up here. Father says it will make the country flourish, and I am sure it wants a start, so that some more people will come and settle here. My sister Carrie and I drove down to Ohaeawai, that is seven miles from here, to meet Dad. It would have been a very nice drive if the roads had not been so muddy. I must stop now, with love, I remain Cousin Nellie.

[Dear Cousin Nellie.—Your letter has arrived just as the "Graphic" is going to be printed. I am putting it in for you, but I can only answer it very shortly. I hope the factory will be a big success. Those two days were lovely in Auckland, but it is dull and cold again to-day.—Cousin Kate.]

### Love Stories of the Zoo.

RELATED BY THE KEEPERS OF ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Among the first inhabitants of the Cincinnati Zoo was a family of three buffaloes. If they longed for the freedom of the prairies they did not show it, but seemed thoroughly contented and happy in one another's company, as they browsed about in their limited enclosure. But they had not been long in their captive home when one of the trio was loaned to a circus, and she was sent away to travel about the country to be stared at in a cage beneath a tent. She had not been gone a day before she was homesick. She missed her companions, and refused to be cheered. Could she have had them with her she might have been reconciled to a circus life, but without them she was utterly disconsolate and unhappy. She would not eat, and became listless and morose, until at last she was sent back to the zoo as unfit for exhibition, and as likely to die within a very short time. But the general family rejoicing over her return was followed by swift recovery to health, and for years after the happy trio lived contentedly together.

Pat and Grannie Rooney also lived in the Cincinnati Zoo. They were remarkably intelligent chimpanzees, and took much pride in the attention they attracted by their many accomplishments. Dressed as man and woman they ate their meals at a table, seated upon chairs and feeding themselves with forks and spoons in true human fashion. Pat always showed off to the amused spectators by bolting his food as rapidly as possible and then helping himself to what was left of his partner's portion. Gran-

nie never took offence at this impoliteness, though it sometimes cost her nearly her entire meal, for she was a slow and dainty eater. Without a sign of protest she would allow Pat to snatch the last morsel from her fork, and would then grin with loving pride when the onlookers laughed at her partner's bad behaviour.

She knew that her Pat acted in this way simply to be funny, for his thoughtfulness of her on other occasions was all that one monkey could ask of another. If at any time she was ailing or in bad spirits, or had been absent from him for some little time, he would take her in his arms and caress her with fond tenderness. They were both subject to colds and other ailments, and the sickness of one was always a cause of much worry and anxiety on the part of the other. Finally, after a number of years of affectionate companionship, Pat died of consumption. For two months poor Grannie grieved for him. Sad and lonely she crouched beneath her blanket, refusing to eat or to be comforted, until death released her from her loneliness.

Her rich gray coat and her gentle disposition give a special charm to Bessie, the queen of the coyotes in the Zoological Park of New York. She attracts much attention from the visitors, and takes great pleasure in their smiles and the dainty puts that some are brave enough to give her. But this is not agreeable to her surly mate, Pompey. He resents these attentions to his charming better half, and is far from pleased at the satisfied manner in which she receives them. When you speak to Bessie, and she thrusts her trim little nose through the bars for a few love pats or to lick your hand, Pompey quickly trots up, snarling with jealousy, and showing his teeth with such an unbenevolent grin that you are glad to leave Bessie alone.

But Bessie does not mind. She knows he cares for her in his own churlish way; and when he comes up growling and snapping fire from his fierce little eyes she turns and smiles upon him, gives his nose wrinkles a lick or two, and then frisks about him until he is obliged to yield and "make up" by joining with her in a little romp.

### A New Game with Soap Bubbles.

Here is a new game you can play with soap bubbles. It is really capital fun. Mind you try it one of these long evenings. All you want are soap bubbles and a small hoop. To make soap bubbles which will be sufficiently tough to be blown about through the air without exploding at once you should add a few drops of glycerine to the soap and water. Ordinary clay pipes, of course, will answer the purpose. Hang a small hoop, such as your mother uses in embroidering, in a doorway. Now, placing a table, on which stands the bowl of soapy water, about three feet in front of the hoop, blow a bubble, and, jerking it free from the pipe, gently blow it toward the hoop, always keeping a distance of three feet between you and the hoop.

The object is to make the bubble pass through the hoop. You and your friends take turns. It would be nice to offer a prize for the one who sends the greatest number of bubbles through the hoop.

Sometimes they explode just as they are in the centre of the hoop. An umpire must determine whether it has gone through or not before it disappeared. You might vary the contest by leaving half the company stand three feet on the further side of the hoop, who will try to prevent your bubble from going through by blowing it back. Fans could be used to create the necessary breeze.

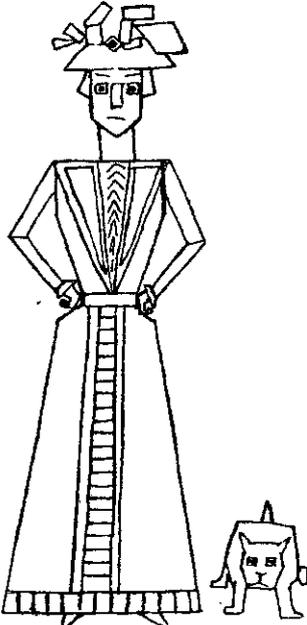
A small child was asked the other day who were the survivors from the flood. "Noah, Shem, and Ham," she said.

"Yes," replied her mother, "and who else?"

The child paused for a moment in thought. Then a brilliant idea struck her; "and," she added, "Joan of Arc."

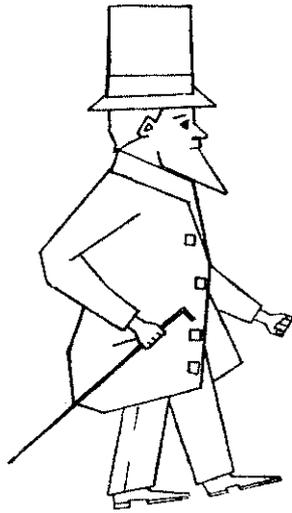
**Angle Family Competition.**

Dear Cousins.—Very few of you have gone in for the Angle Family Competition. Do you think it too hard? It really is not. To prove this here are some more by some American children, done in a similar competition in 'Erisco. I will leave the competition open for a little longer to enable you to try. The pictures which have already arrived will be well taken care of.—Cousin Kate.



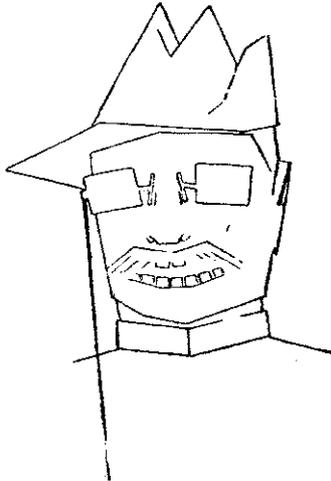
MISS SPINSTEROID ANGLE.

By Charles C. Buck.



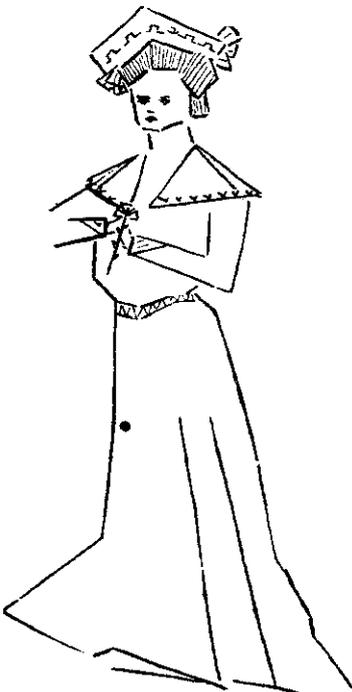
GRANDPA IRASCIBLE POLYGON ANGLE.

By William Murray Oates.



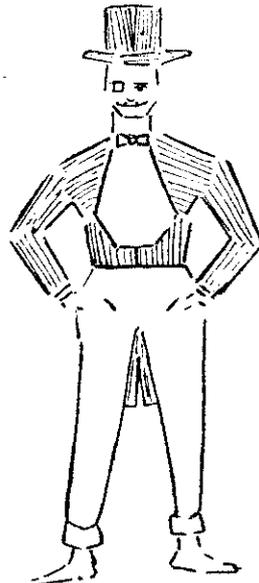
A ROUGH RIDER ANGLE.

By Irving T. Bartlett, aged 13 years.



THE RECTANGLE BRIDE AND GROOM.

By Jack Lowell.



**A Pen with Ideas.**

Fred's face showed that he was perplexed. He sat quietly at papa's desk. A pen was in his hand, and the inkwell was open before him. The sheet of paper on which he had begun to write bore these words: "Dear Cousin George."

When Fred had made this good start on the letter he stopped. It was not so easy to write a letter as he had thought it would be; and, besides, it was possible Cousin George would not care about getting a letter, anyway. But at this point Fred remembered that he was always wishing for a letter himself. So instead of making up his mind not to write to Cousin George, he only said, "Oh dear!"

Papa looked up from the book he was reading. "Why, what's the trouble?" he asked. "I want to write a letter to Cousin George, and I can't think of a single thing to say. I thought I had lots to tell him," Fred explained. By this time he was drawing a picture of a man on the letter-paper.

Papa's eyes laughed just as they always did when he was doing something for his boy. "Well, well!" he said. "Surely there must be something the matter with the pen. I think perhaps you'd better use my fountain pen."

"Do you s'pose I can think of something if I see your fountain pen?" asked Fred, doubtfully.

"Why, you'll hardly have to think," said papa. "It seems to me that the pen is always brimful of ideas, and that they come out of their own accord when I'm writing a letter. Now

you try it, and see if the first idea that comes out of the pen isn't something about how you started to write and couldn't think of anything to say. Next, there will be a bit about your Sunday-school teacher taking the class on a picnic, and after that, probably, there will come out of the pen something about your plans for the holidays. And I shouldn't wonder if there might be a question there concerning what George expects to do when summer comes. Now, suppose you try."

So Fred took papa's pen very carefully, and began on a new sheet of paper. For nearly half an hour he wrote, and then he said, "Papa, it's just as you thought. See what I've written." And he brought his letter to papa. This is what it said:

"Dear Cousin George.—When I began to write you this letter I could not think of anything to say and so papa let me take his nice fountain pen. He said it was brimful of ideas, and he even told me which ones would come out. Isn't it funny? Doesn't papa know lots?"

"My Sunday-school teacher, Mr. Gray, took our class for a picnic last Saturday afternoon. We had a long trip. The teacher let me drive a little way. I like to drive very well. When I am a man I will be a Sunday-school teacher, and take my class for an outing."

"The holidays are quite near now. I wish it was now. How do you expect to spend your holidays?"

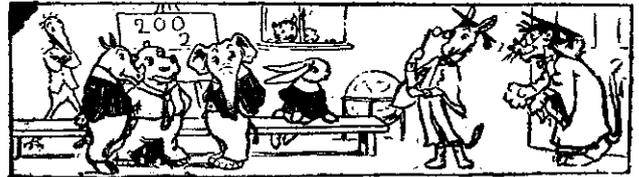
"Your loving cousin, Fred."

"Very good," said papa. "George will be glad to get this letter."

"It's all because you let me take the pen that has ideas in it," said Fred, with satisfaction.

**∞ JUNGLE JINKS. ∞**

**A New Master Comes to the Jungle School.**



1. Did you ever know such mischievous urchins as those Jungle School Boys? The other day Dr. Lion introduced a new assistant-master to the school—Mr. Bray, A.S.S. The boys didn't like the looks of him at all, and Jumbo especially made up his mind that Mr. Bray should not remain long in the school if he could help it. So, after school hours, the boys hatched a wicked plot against the new master.



2. "I know what we'll do," exclaimed Jumbo. "Let's go into his bedroom and make things as uncomfortable for him as we can." "Right you are," chortled Hippo; "I'll help you to do anything that will make old Bray take himself off somewhere else." And later that evening you might have seen them all dancing about the new master's bedroom, filling his boots with water, sticking brushes in his bed, and generally making things lively. Then, when everything was nicely prepared, they all hid themselves behind the furniture to see what would happen.



3. At last Mr. Bray was heard coming upstairs to dress himself, before going out for the evening. The boys all held their breath and waited. Presently Mr. Bray sat down on a chair to put on his new topboots. Squelch! His foot dived into a boot, and the water splurted out all over him. "Well, I'm——! 'Pon my——! Who has been doing this?" he cried in a great rage. But the boys, who had been peeping out of their hiding-places, dodged back out of sight, and all was silent. All the other boots were full of water, too, and at last Mr. Bray had to go out in his slippers. The boys nearly killed themselves with laughing afterwards; but the new master did not leave next morning, and Jumbo is thinking out some new plan.



MRS YOUNGWIFE'S FIRST BABY.

Dr. Redlight: Why did you send for me, Mrs Youngwife? There is absolutely nothing wrong with the baby.

Mrs Youngwife: Oh, I'm so glad, doctor.

Dr. Redlight: But what made you think he was ill?

Mrs Youngwife: Why, he hasn't cried a bit all the night.

OFTEN THE CASE.

Day: A man's ability to save money depends largely on his marrying a woman who is an economist in dress.

Weeks: That's true. The more economy the more cost.

A TELEGRAM FROM HER SWEET-HEART.

Nell (excitedly): Here's a telegram from Jack Punter, of the Varsity team.

Bell: What's it say?

Nell: It says, "Nose broken. How do you prefer it set—Greek or Roman?"

THE ORIGINAL WAY.

Little Micky: Oi saw Hop Lung, the laundryman, radin' a Choinase book just now. Instid av doin' loike a whoite man, shure, he begins at the back an' rades upwards.

McLubbe, ty: Begorra! Is the poor devil lift handed or cross eyed or phwat?

SWEETHEARTS.

George: I see nothing but for us to elope. Do you think your father would forgive us?

Ethel: I am sure he would.

George: How can you be sure?

Ethel: I felt a little nervous on that score and—and I asked him.

USUALLY.

School Teacher: What is the future of "he drinks?"

Bobby: He is drunk.

REASON ENOUGH.

"Why did you break off your engagement with Jim?" asked NeLye of Mae. "He got to signing his love letters 'Jyme,'" replied Mae.

IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Big Sister: Dick, I think it's time little folks were in bed.

Little Dick (on Mr Nicefellow's knee): Oh, it's all right. Mamma said I was to stay here until she came downstairs.

FATHER AND SON.

Father (who has helped his son with his home work): What did the teacher say when you showed him the sums?

Johnny: He said I was getting more stupid every day.

AN EASY QUESTION.

Teacher: What kind of boys go to heaven?

Sammy: Dead boys.

AN UP-TO-DATE YOUNG MAN.

"Dick proposed to me last night," confessed Madge to Elizabeth.

"Let me congratulate you, for of course you accepted him?"

"No."

"You didn't reject him?"

"Yes."

"How did he take it?"

"Oh, he was perfectly lovely about it, and I almost worship him for it. He said he knew the girls liked to have it to say that they have had a great many offers, and that he should not despair, but he hoped that when I had refused enough proposals to satisfy me I would intimate the fact to him in some way, and then he would propose again, and we could be married quietly and settle down. Do you think it would be forward in me to let him know that I have now refused all the offers I care to?"

RURAL SIMPLICITY.

"I don't like your milk," said the mistress of the house.

"What's wrong with it, mum?"

"It's dreadfully thin, and there's no cream on it."

"After you've lived in the city awhile, mum," said the milkman, encouragingly, "you'll get over them rooral ideas of yours."

AT THE CHEMIST'S.

An old woman having brought a prescription containing arsenic as one of the ingredients, observes the scrupulous accuracy with which the chemist weighs the desired quantity and says, "Why, my dear sir, you needn't be so very skippy particular. It's for a poor orphan, you know."

IN A THIRD-CLASS RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

Positive Passenger (pointing to old gentleman who has just alighted whilst the train was in motion); See that? Might 'a urt 'issel.

Comparative Passenger: Ur 'issel? Might 'a broke 'is neck.

Superlative Passenger: Broke 'is neck? Might 'a killed 'issel!

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Newly-married Husband (home late for the first time); I know I'm a little late, Alice, dear. You really shouldn't sit up and wait supper for me, darling.

Newly-married Wife (with withering scorn): Supper, dearest; it's too late for supper. I've laid the breakfast table!

ALMOST PARADISE.

Mrs Cobwigger: How is the family in the next flat?

Mrs Hillaire: I couldn't ask for better neighbours. Their little boy is tongue-tied, and they use only noiseless rockers.

HAD HIM THERE.

His Lordship: What does counsel suppose I'm on the bench for?

Counsel: Well, my lord, I confess you have me there.

THE IRISH OF IT.

German Woman (calling her little child): Komm' hierher, mein kind.

Irishman (passing by): Faith, how kin yez lxpict a little kid loike thot t' understhaud yez? Phy don't yez shpake t' him in English?

A BIG ADVERTISEMENT.

An enterprising patent medicine advertiser recently ornamented the walls of a graveyard outside Kimberley with the warning:—"If you want to keep out of here, use 'Drastic Dyspepsia Pills,' 2/9 per bottle. ! ! !

A WOMAN'S CURIOSITY.

Charibel: You told me you were never going to write to young Hankinson again.

Adelina: He's sent me a dozen letters I haven't answered; but in his last one he left a page out, and I had to write and ask him what it was about.



Bilks: Doctor, I am getting too stout for comfort, and I want your advice.

Doctor: Nothing reduces flesh like worry. Spend two hours a day thinking of the unpaid bill you owe me.

PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

"It cannot be," sighed the maid. "I respect you highly, Mr Hunniwell, but we are incompatible."

"Well, I suppose it cannot be helped," replied the young man, pocketing his chagrin and looking about for his hat. "But it defeats all my cherished hopes. I had planned a house in which I fondly imagined we might be happy. It was to have a drawing-room twice as large as the ordinary size, with a capacious wardrobe in every room in the house."

"Stay, Harry," she said, falteringly. "Perhaps I have been too hasty. Give me a day or two to think it over. It is not impossible that—that—"

And Harry stayed.

A DEFINITION FROM EXPERIENCE.

Master Bobby Henpeck: Papa, what is a bachelor?

Papa Henpeck: A bachelor, my son, is a man to be envied; but don't tell your mother I said so.

THE FLOWERY WAY.

Stubbs: Hello, Jack! why, what in the name of fortune have you been up to? You look as if you'd been in-validated home from South Africa!

Staggs: Oh, my wife has been throwing flowers at me.

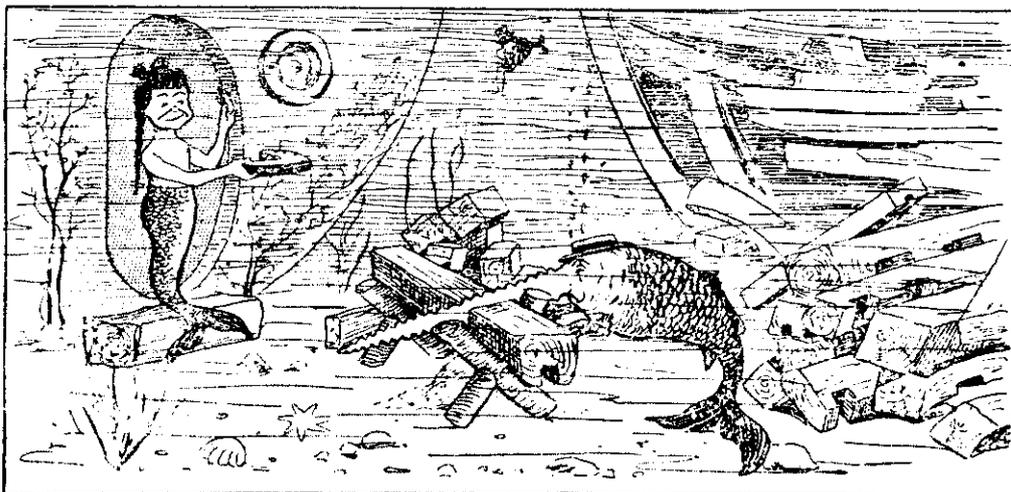
Stubbs: But, Great Scott, man, flowers wouldn't cut you about like that!

Staggs: Well, you see they were in pots.



Higgs: I do admire a man who says the right thing at the right time.

Chiggs: So do I—particularly when I'm thirsty.



IN THE SUBMARINE WORLD.

Merkil (to tramp): "Ma says if you want some pie you will have to saw all the rest of those waterlogs!"