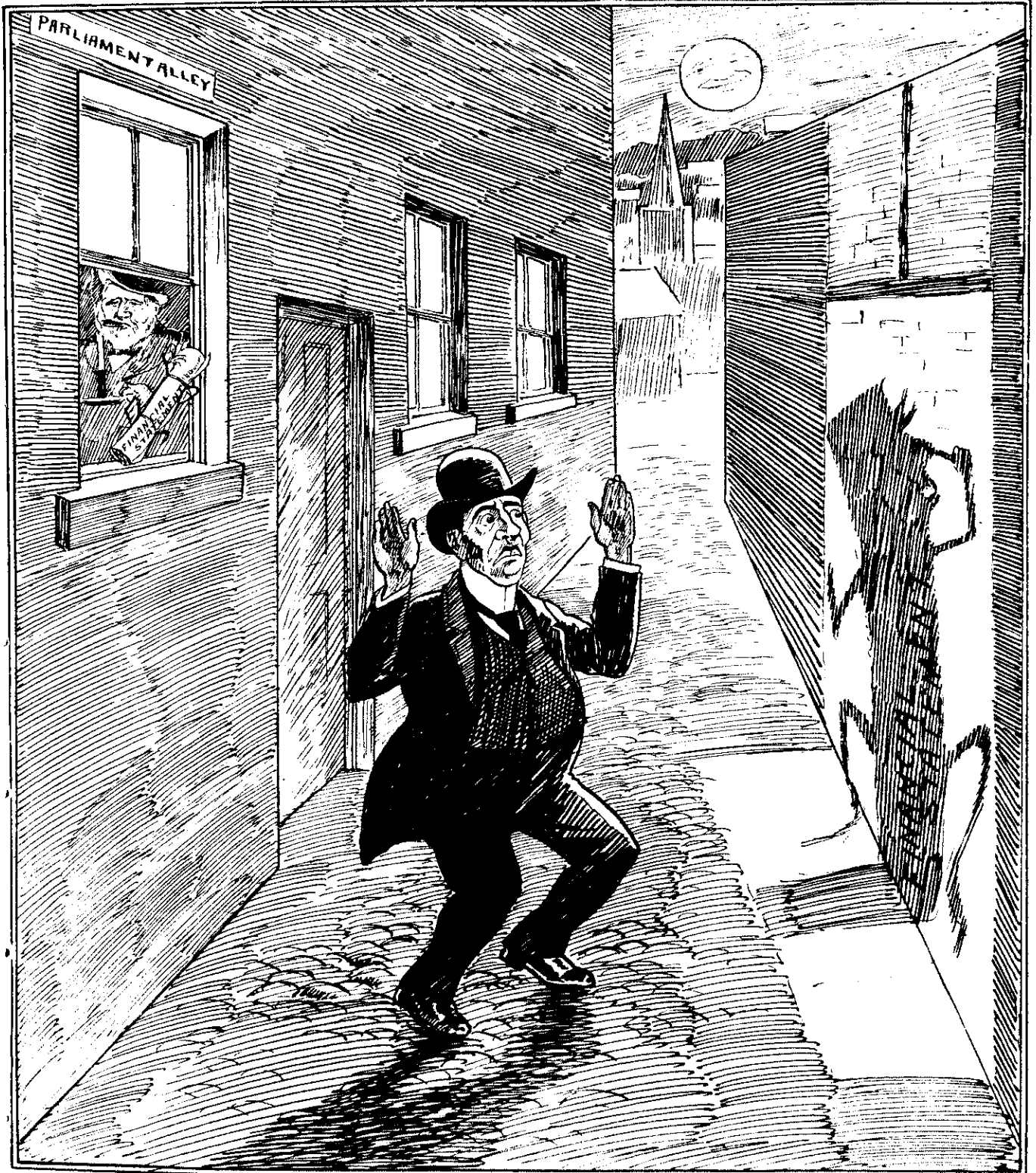


The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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The Parliamentary Ghost.

RELATED WELLINGTONIAN (loq.): "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wrecked or charitable."

(Great, and as we now know, quite unnecessary apprehension existed last week as to the nature of the Financial Statement.)

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KIM.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

She trotted forth to raise a typhoon off the cook-hut, and almost on her shadow rolled in the Babu, robed as to the shoulders like a Roman emperor, jowled like Titus, bare-headed, with new patent leather shoes, in highest condition of fat, exuding joy and salutations.

"By Jove, Mister O'Hara, but I am jolly glad to see you. I will kindly shut the door. It is a pity you are sick. Are you very sick?"

"The papers—the papers from the kitta. The maps and the murasla!" He held the key impatiently; for the present need of his soul was to get rid of the loot.

"You are quite right. That is correct departmental view to take. You have got everything?"

"All that was handwritten in the kitta I took. The rest I threw down the hill." He could hear the key's grate in the lock, the sticky pull of the slow-rending oil-cloth, and a quick shuffling of papers. He had been annoyed out of all reason by the knowledge that they lay below him through the sick idle days—a burden incommunicable. For that reason the blood tingled through his body, when Hurree, skipping elephantinely, shook hands again.

"This is fine! This is the finest!" Mister O'Hara. You have—ha, ha!—swiped the whole bag of tricks—locks, stocks, and barrels. They told me it was eight months' work gone up the spouts! By Jove, how they beat me!

Look, here is the letter from Hilas! He intoned a line or two of Court Persian, which is the language of authorised and unauthorised diplomacy. "Mister Rajah Sahib has just about put his foot in the holes. He will have to explain officially how the deuce-an'-all he is writing love-letters to the Czar. And they are very cunning maps . . . and there is three or four Prime Ministers of these parts implicated by the correspondence. By Gad, Sar! The British Government will change the succession in Hilas and Bunar, and nominate new heirs to the throne. "Treason most base" . . . but you do not understand? Eh?"

"Are they in thy hands?" said Kim. It was all he cared for.

"Just you jolly well bet yourself they are." He stowed the entire trove about his body, as only Orientals can. "They are going up to the office, too. The old lady thinks I am permanent fixture here, but I shall go away with these straight off—immediately. Mr Lurgan will be proud man. You are officially subordinate to me, but I shall embody your name in my verbal report. It is a pity we are not allowed written reports. We Bengalis excel in their exact science." He tossed back the key and showed the box empty.

"Good. That is good. I was very tired. My Holy One was sick, too. And did he fall into —"

"Oh yes. I am his good friend, I tell you. He was behaving very strange when I came down after you, and I thought perhaps he might have the papers. I followed him on his meditations, and to discuss ethnological points also. You see, I am verree small person here nowadays, in comparison with all his charms. By Jove, O'Hara, do you know, he is afflicted with infirmity of fits. Yess, I tell you. Cataleptic, too, if not also epileptic. I found him in such a state under a tree in articulo mortem, and he jumped up and walked into a brook and he was nearly drowned but for me. I pulled him out."

"Because I was not there!" said Kim. "He might have died."

"Yes, he might have died, but he is

dry now, and asserts he has undergone transfiguration." The Babu tapped his forehead knowingly. "I took notes of his statements for Royal Society—in posse. "You must make haste and be quite well and come back to Simla, and I will tell you all my tale at Lurgan's. It was splendid. The bottoms of their trousers were quite torn, and old Nahau Rajah, he thought they were European soldiers deserting."

"Oh, the Russians? How long were they with thee?"

"One was a Frenchman. Oh, days and days and days! Now all the hill-people believe all Russians are all beggars. By Jove! they had not one dam thing that I did not get them. And I told the common people—oah, such tales and anecdotes! I will tell you at old Lurgan's when you come up. We will have—ah—a night out! It is feather in both our caps! Yess, and they gave me a certificate. That is creaming joke. You should have seen them at the Alliance Bank identifying themselves! And thank Almighty God you got their papers so well! You do not laugh verree much, but you shall laugh when you are well. Now I will go straight to the railway and get out. You shall have all sorts of credits for your game. When do you come along? We are very proud of you though you gave us great frights. And especially Mahbub."

"Ay, Mahbub. And where is he?"

"Selling horses in this vicinity, of course."

"Here? Why? Speak slowly. There is a thickness in my head still."

"aba looked shyly down his nose. "Well, you see, I am fearful man, and I do not like responsibility. You were sick, you see, and I did not know where deuce-an'-all the papers were, and if so how man. So when I had come down here I slipped in private wire to Mahbub—he was at Meerut for races—and I tell him how case stands. He comes up with his men and he consorts with the lama, and then he calls me a fool, and is very rude—"

"But wherefore—wherefore?"

"That is what I ask. I only suggest that if anyone steals the papers I should like some good, strong, brave men to rob them back again. You see they are vitally important, and Mahbub Ali he did not know where you were."

"Mahbub Ali to rob the Sahiba's house! Thou art mad, Babu," said Kim with indignation.

"I wanted the papers. Suppose she had stole them? It was only practical suggestion. I think. You are not pleased, eh?"

A native proverb—unquotable—showed the blackness of Kim's disapproval.

"Well"—Hurree shrugged his shoulders—"there is no accounting for their taste. Mahbub was angry too. He has sold horses all about here, and he says the lady is pukka (thorough) old lady and would not condescend to such ungentlemanly things. I do not care. I have got the papers, and I was very glad of moral support from Mahbub. I tell you I am fearful man, but somehow or other the more fearful I am the more dam-tight places I get into. So I was glad you came with me to Chini, and I am glad Mahbub was close by. The old lady she is sometimes very rude to me and my beautiful pills."

"Allah be merciful," said Kim on his elbow, rejoicing. "What a beast of wonder is a Babu! And that man walked alone—if he did walk—with ruffled and angry foreigners!"

"Oh, that was nothing after they had done beating me; but if I lost the papers it was pretty jolly serious. Mahbub he nearly beat me too, and he went and consorted with the lama

no end. I shall stick to ethnological investigations henceforwards. Now good-bye, Mister O'Hara. I can catch 4.25 p.m. to Umballa if I am quick. It will be good times when we all tell thee tale up at Mister Lurgan's. I shall report you officially better. Good-bye, my dear fellow, and when next you are under the emotions please do not use the Mohammedan terms with the Tibet dress."

He shook hands twice—a Babu to his boot heels—and opened the door. With the fall of the sunlight upon his still triumphant face he returned to the humble Dacca quack.

"He robbed them," thought Kim, forgetting his own share in the game. "He tricked them. He lied to them like a Bengali. They gave him a chit (a testimonial). He makes them a mock at the risk of his life—I never would have gone down to them after the pistol shots—and then he says he is a fearful man. . . . And he is a fearful man. I must get into the world again."

At first his legs bent like bad pipe stems, and the flood and rush of the sunlight air dazzled him. He squatted by the white wall, the mind rummaging among the incidents of the long dooli journey, the lama's weaknesses, and now that the stimulus of talk was removed, his own self-pity, of which, like the sick, he had great store. The unnerved brain edged away from all the outside, as a raw horse, once rowelled, sidles from the spur. It was enough, amply enough, that the spoll of the kitta was away—off his hands—out of his possession. He tried to think of the lama—to wonder why he had tumbled into a brook—but the bigness of the world, seen between the forecourt gates, swept linked thought aside. Then he looked upon the trees and the broad fields, with the thatched huts hidden among crops—looked with strange eyes unable to take up the size and proportion and use of things—stared for a still half hour. All that while he felt, though he could not put it into words, that his soul was out of gear with its surroundings—a cog-wheel unconnected with any machinery, just like the idle cog-wheel of a cheap Beheea sugar crusher laid by in a corner. The breezes fanned over him, the parrots shrieked at him, the noises of the populated house behind—squabbles, orders, and reproofs—hit on dead ears.

"I am Kim. I am Kim. And what is Kim?" His soul repeated it again and again.

He did not want to cry—had never felt less like crying in his life—but of a sudden easy, stupid tears trickled down his nose, and with an almost audible click he felt the wheels of his being lock up anew on the world without. Things that rode meaningless on the eyeball an instant before slid into proper proportion. Roars were meant to be waked upon, horses to be lived in, cattle to be driven, ground to be tilled, and men and women to be talked to. They were all real and true—solidly planted upon the feet—perfectly comprehensible—clay of his clay, neither more nor less. He shook himself like a dog with a flea in his ear, and ram-

bled out of the gate. Said the Sahiba, to whom watchful eyes reported this move: "Let him go. I have done my share. Mother Earth must do the rest. When the Holy One comes back from meditation, tell him."

There stood an empty bullock cart on a little knoll half a mile away, with a young banian tree behind—a look-out, as it were, above some new-ploughed levels; and his eyelids, bathed in soft air, grew heavy as he neared it. The ground was good clean dust—no new herbage that, lying, is half-way to death already, but the hopeful dust that holds the seed of life. He felt it between his toes, patted it with his palms, and joint by joint, sighing luxuriously, laid him down full length along in the shadow of the wooden pinned cart. And Mother Earth was as faithful as the Sahiba. She breathed through him to restore the poise he had lost, lying so long on a cot cut off from her good currents. His head lay powerless upon her breast, and his opened hands surrendered to her strength. The many rooted tree above him, and even the dead man-handled wood beside, knew what he sought, as he himself did not know. Hour upon hour he lay deeper than sleep.

Towards evening, when the dust of returning kine made all the horizons smoke, came the lama and Mahbub Ali, both afoot, walking cautiously, for the house had told them where he had gone.

"Allah! What a fool's trick to play in open country," muttered the horse-dealer. "He could be shot a hundred times—but this is not the Border."

"And," said the lama, repeating a many-times told tale, "never was such a chela. Temperate, kindly, wise, of ungrudging disposition, a merry heart upon the road, never forgetting, learned, truthful, courteous. Great is his reward!"

"I know the boy—as I have said."

"And he was all those things?"

"Some of them—but I have not yet found a Red Hat's charm for making him overly truthful. He has certainly been well nursed."

"The Sahiba is a heart if gold," said the lama earnestly. "She looks upon him as her son."

"Hmph! Half Hind seems that way disposed. I only wished to see that the boy had come to no harm and was a free agent. As thou knowest, he and I were old friends in the first days of your pilgrimage together."

"That is a bond between us." The lama sat down. "We are at the end of the pilgrimage."

"No thanks to thee thine was not cut off for good and all a week back. I heard what the Sahiba said to thee when we bore thee up on the cot." Mahbub laughed, and tugged his new-dyed beard.

"I was meditating upon other matters that tide. It was the hakim from Dacca broke my meditations."

"Otherwise"—this was in Pashto for decency's sake—"thou wouldst have ended thy meditations upon the sultry side of Hell—being an unbeliever and an idolator for all thy child's simplicity. But now, Red Hat, what is to be done?"

"This very night,"—the words came slowly, vibrating with triumph—"this very night he will be as free as I am from all taint of sin—assured as I am when he quits this body of Freedom from the Wheel of Things. I have a sign," he laid his hand above the torn chart in his bosom, "that my time is short; but I shall have safeguarded him throughout the years. Remember, I have reached Knowledge, as I told thee only three nights back."

"It must be true, as the Tirah priest said when I stole his Cans'

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wife, that I am a sufi (a freethinker); for here I sit," said Mahhub to himself, drinking in blasphemy unthinkable. . . . I remember the tale. On that, then, he goes to Jannatu O'Add (the gardens of Eden) But how? Wilt thou slay him or drown him in that wondrous river from which the Babu dragged thee?"

"I was dragged from no river," said the lama simply. "Thou hast forgotten what befell. I found it by Knowledge."

"Oh, aye. True," stammered Mahhub, divided between high indignation and enormous mirth. "I had forgotten the exact run of what happened. Thou didst find it knowing-ly."

"And to say that I would take life is—not a sin, but a madness simple. My chela aided me to the River. It is his right to be cleansed from sin—with me."

"Ay, he needs cleansing. But afterwards, old man—afterwards?"

"What matter under all the heavens? He is sure of Nibban—enlightened—as I am."

"Well said. I had a fear he might mount Mohammed's Horse and fly away."

"Nay—he must go forth as a teacher."

"Aha! Now I see! That is the right gait for the colt. Certainly he must go forth as a teacher. He is somewhat urgently needed as a scribe by the State, for instance."

"To that end he was prepared. I acquired merit in that I gave alms for his sake. A good deed does not die. He aided me in my Search. I aided him in his. Just is the Wheel, O horseseller from the North. Let him be a teacher; let him be a scribe—what matter? He will have attained Freedom at the end. The rest is illusion."

"What matter? When I must have him with me beyond Balkh in six months! I come up with ten lame horses and three strong-backed men—thanks to that chicken of a Babu—to break a sick boy by force out of an old trot's house. It seems that I stand by while a young Sahib is hoisted into Allah knows what of an idolator's heaven by means of old Red Hat. And I am reckoned something of a player of the Game myself! But the madman is fond of the boy; and I must be very reasonably mad too."

"What is the prayer?" said the lama, as the rough Pashtu rumbled into the red beard.

"No matter at all; but now I understand that the boy, sure of Paradise, can yet enter Government service, my mind is easier. I must get to my horses. It grows dark. Do not wake him. I have no wish to hear him call thee master."

"But he is my disciple. What else?"

"He has told me." Mahhub choked down his touch of spleen and rose laughing. "I am not altogether of thy faith, Red Hat—if so small a matter concern thee."

"It is nothing," said the lama.

"I thought not. Therefore it will not move thee sinless, new-washed, and three parts drowned to boot, when I call thee a good man—a very good man. We have talked together some four or five evenings now, and for all I am a horse-coper I can still, as the saying is, see holiness beyond the legs of a horse. Yes, I can see, too, how our Friend of all the World put his hand in thine at the first. Use him well, and suffer him to return to the world as a teacher, when thou hast—bathed his legs, if that be the proper medicine for the colt."

"Why not follow the Way thyself, and so accompany the boy?"

Mahhub stared stupefied at the magnificent insolence of the demand, which across the Border he would have paid with more than a blow. Then the humour of it touched his worldly soul.

"Softly—softly—one foot at a time, as the lame gelding went over the Umballa jumps. I may come to Paradise later—I have workings that way—great motions—and I owe them to thy simplicity. Thou hast never lied?"

"What need?"

"O Allah, hear him! 'What need' in this Thy world! Not ever harmed a man?"

"Once—with a pen case—before I was wise."

"So? I think the better of thee. Thy teachings are good. Thou hast turned one man that I know from the path of strife." He laughed immensely. "He came here open minded to commit a dacoity (a house robbery with violence). Yes, to cut, rob, kill, and carry off what he desired."

"A great foolishness!"

"Oh! black shame too. So he thought after he had seen thee—and a few others, male and female. So he abandoned it; and now he goes to beat a big fat Babu man."

"I do not understand."

"Allah forbid, it! Some men are strong in knowledge, Red Hat. Thy strength is stronger still. Keep it—I think thou wilt. If the boy be not a good servant, pull his ears off."

With a hitch of his broad Bokhariot belt the Pathan swaggered off into the gloaming, and the lama came down from his cloud—so far as to look at the broad back.

"That person lacks courtesy, and is deceived by the shadow of appearances. But he spoke well of my chela, who now enters upon his reward. Let me make the prayer! . . . Wake, O fortunate above all born of women. Wake! It is found!"

Kim came up from those deep wells, and the lama attended his yawning pleasure; duly snapping fingers to head off evil spirits.

"I have slept a hundred years. Where—? Holy One, hast thou been here long? I went out to look for thee, but"—he laughed drowsily—"I slept by the way. I am all well now. Hast thou eaten? Let us go to the house. It is many days since I tended thee. And the Sahiba fed thee well? Who shampooed thy legs? What of the weaknesses—the belly and the neck, and the beating in the ears?"

"Gone—all gone. Dost thou not know?"

"I know nothing, but that I have not seen thee in a monkey's age. Know what?"

"Strange the knowledge did not reach out to thee, when all my thoughts were theward."

"I cannot see the face, but the voice is like a gong. Has the Sahiba made a young maff of thee by her cookery?"

He peered at the cross legged figure, outlined jet black against the lemon coloured drift of light. So does the stone Bodhist sit who looks down upon the patent self-registering turnstiles of the Lahore Museum.

The lama held his peace. Except for the click of the rosary and a faint clop-clop of Mahhub's retreating feet, the soft, smoky silence of evening in India wrapped them close.

"Hear me! I bring news."

"But let us—"

Out shot the long yellow hand compelling silence. Kim tucked his feet under his robe edge obediently.

"Hear me! I bring news. The Search is finished. Comes now the Reward. . . . Thus. When we were among the Hills, I lived on thy strength till the young branch bowed and nigh broke. When we came out of the Hills, I was troubled for thee and for other matters which I held in my heart. The boat of my soul lacked direction. I could not see into the cause of things. So I gave thee over to the virtuous woman altogether. I took no food. I drank no water. Still I saw not the Way. They pressed food upon me and cried at my shut door. So I removed myself to a hollow under a tree. I took no food. I took no water. I sat in meditation two days and two nights, abstracting my mind; inbreathing and outbreathing in the required manner. . . . Upon the second night—so great was my reward—the wise Soul loosed itself from the silly Body and went free. This I have never before attained, though I have stood on the threshold of it. Consider, for it is a marvel!"

"A marvel, indeed. Two days and two nights without food! Where was the Sahiba?" said Kim under his breath.

"Yes, my Soul went free, and wheeling like an eagle saw indeed that there was no Teshoo Lama nor any other soul. As a drop draws to water,

so my soul drew near to the Great Soul, which is beyond all things. At that point, exalted in contemplation, I saw all Hind, from Ceylon in the sea to the Hill, and my own Painted Rocks at Suchzen. I saw every camp and village to the least where we have ever rested. I saw them at one time and in one place; for they were within the Soul. By this time I knew the Soul had passed beyond the illusion of Time and Space and of Things. By this I knew that I was free. I saw thee lying in thy cot, and I saw thee falling downhill under the idolator—at one time, in one place, in my Soul, which, as I say, had touched the Great Soul. Also, I saw the stupid body of Teshoo Lama lying down, and the hakim from Dacca knelt beside, shouting in its ear. Then my Soul was all alone, and I saw nothing, for I was all things, having reached the Great Soul. And I meditated a thousand and thousand years, passionless, well aware of the Causes of All Things. Then a voice cried, "What shall come to the boy if thou art dead?" and I was shaken back and forth in myself with pity for thee, and I said, "I will return to my chela, lest he miss the Way." Upon this my Soul, which is the soul of Teshoo Lama, withrew itself from the Great Soul with strivings and yearnings and retchings and agonies not to be told. As the egg from the fish, as the fish from the water, as the water from the cloud, as the cloud from the thick air, so put forth, so leaped out, so drew away, so fumed up the soul of Teshoo Lama from the Great Soul. Then a voice cried, "The River! Take heed to the River!" and I looked down upon all the world, which was as I had seen it before—one in time, one in place—and I saw plainly the River of the Arrow at my feet. At that hour my Soul was hampered by some evil or other whereof I was not wholly cleansed, and it lay upon my arms and coiled round my waist; but I put it aside and I cast forth as an eagle in my fight for the very place of the River. I pushed aside world upon world for thy sake. I saw the River below me—the River of the Arrow—and, descending, the waters of it closed over me; and behold I was again in the body of Teshoo Lama, but free from sin, and the hakim from Dacca bore up my head in the waters of the River. It is here! It is behind the mango-tape here—even here!"

"Allah Kerim! Oh, well that the Babu was by! Wast thou very wet?"

"Why should I regard? I remember the hakim was concerned for the body of Teshoo Lama. He baled it out of the holy water in his hands, and there came afterwards thy horseseller from the North with a cot and men, and they put the body on the

cot and bore it up to the Sahiba's house."


"What said the Sahiba?"

"I was meditating in that body, and did not hear. So thus the Search is ended. For the merit that I have acquired, the River of the Arrow is here. It broke forth at our feet, as I have said. I have found it. Son of my Soul, I have wrenched my Soul back from the Threshold of Freedom to free thee from all sin—as I am free, and sinless. Just is the Wheel! Certain is our deliverance. Come!"

He crossed his hands on his lap and smiled, as a man may who has won Salvation for himself and his beloved.

THE END.

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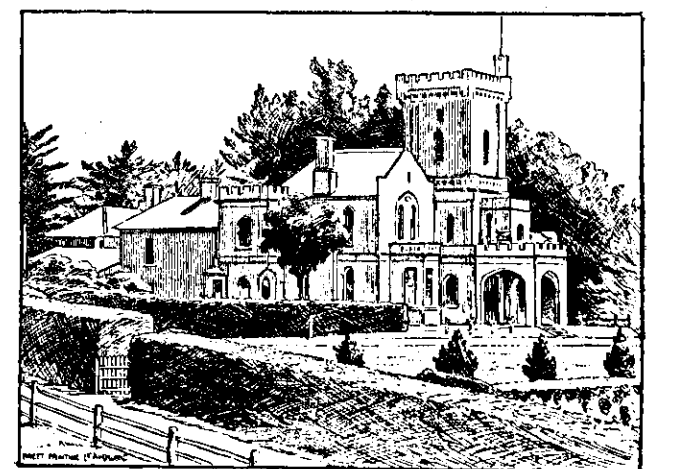
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Social Story.

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TRISTRAM OF BLENT.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

AN EPISODE IN THE STORY OF AN ANCIENT HOUSE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AFTER THE END OF ALL.

"My Dear Cousin,—I shall faithfully obey your commands.—Yours very truly, H. A. F. Tristram." And below—very formally—"The Lady Tristram of Blent."

To write it took him no more than a moment—even though he wrote first, "The commands of the Head of the House," and destroyed that, ashamed of the sting of malice in it. To send it to the post was the work of another moment. The third found him back at his Blinkhampton plans an elevations, Cecily's letter lying neglected on the table by him. After half an hour's work he stopped suddenly, reached for the letter, tore it into small fragments, and flung the scraps into his waste-paper basket. Just about the same time Cecily and Mina were getting into the train to return to Blent.

This returning to Blent was epidemic—not so strange perhaps, since mid-August was come, and only the people who had stayed in town. Harry met Duplay over at Blinkhampton; Duplay was to join his niece at Merriion in about ten days. He ran against Iver in the street. Iver was off to Fairholme by the afternoon train; Mr Neeld, he mentioned, was coming to stay with him for a couple of weeks on Friday. Even Southend—whom Harry encountered in Whitehall, very hot and exhausted—cursed London and talked of a run down to Iver's. Blent-mouth, Fairholme, Iver's, Merriion—they all meant Blent. Cecily had gone, and Mina; the rest were going there—everybody except the man who three months ago had looked to spend his life there as its master.

And business will grow slack when autumn arrives: it is increasingly difficult for a man to bury himself in deeds, or plans, or elevations, or calculations, when everybody writes that he is taking his vacation, and that the matter shall have immediate attention on his return. Harry grew terribly tired of this polite formula. He wanted to build Blinkhampton out of hand, in the months of August and September. The work would have done him good service. He was seeking a narcotic.

For he was in pain. It came on about a week after he had sent his curt acknowledgment of Cecily's letter, laying hold of him, he told himself, just because he had nothing to do, because everybody was taking his holiday, and Blinkhampton would not get itself bought, and sold, and contracted for, and planned, and laid out, and built. The politicians were at it still, for two more hot, weary, sultry weeks, but they were of little use. Lady Flora had fled to Scotland, Disney was smothered in arrears of work which must be made up before he got a rest. London was full of strange faces and outlandish folk. "I must take a holiday myself," said Harry in a moment of seeming inspiration. Where, where, where? He suffered under the sensation of having nowhere whither he would naturally go, no home, no place to which he could return as to his own. He found himself wishing that he had not torn up Cecily's letter; he remembered its general effect so well that he wanted to read the very words again, in the secret hope that they would modify and soften his memory. His own answer met and

destroyed the hope; he knew that he would have responded to anything friendly, had it been there.

Yet what did the letter mean? He interpreted it as Cecily had declared he would. When he held Blent, he held it in peace of mind, though in violation of law, till one came who reproached him in a living body and with speaking eyes; faced with that, he could find no comfort in Blent. Cecily violated no law, but she violated nature, the natural right in him. To her then his presence would be intolerable, and she could not find the desperate refuge that he had chosen. Her only remedy was to forbid him the place. Her instinct drove her to that, and the instinct, so well understood by him, so well known, was to him reason enough. She could not feel mistress of Blent while he was there.

Indeed he had not meant to go. He had told Iver that in perfect good faith. It would have been in bad taste for him to think of going—of going anything like so soon as this. Whence then came his new feeling of desolation and of hurt? It was partly that he was forbidden to go. It was hard to realise that he could see Blent now only by another's will or sufferance. It was even more that now it was no question of refraining from going at once, in order to go hereafter with a better grace. He awoke to the idea that he was never to go, and in the same moment to the truth that he had always imagined himself going again, that Blent had always held a place in his picture of the future, that whatever he was doing or achieving or winning, there it was in the background. Now it was there no more. He could almost say with Mina and with Cecily herself, "This is the end of it."

What then of the impressions Mina had gathered from Mr Disney's dinner party? It can only be said that when people of impressive natures study others of like temperament they should not generalise from their conduct at parties. In society dinners are eaten in disguise, sometimes intentional, sometimes unconscious, but as a rule quite impenetrable. If Harry's had been unconscious, if the mood had played the man, the deception was the more complete.

He went to see Lady Evenswood one day. She had sent to express her desire for a talk before she fled to the country. She had much that was pleasant to say, much of the prospects of his success, of his "training on," as easy-mannered Theo had put it to Mina Zabriska.

"And if you do you'll be able to think now that you've done it all off your own bat," she ended.

"You've found out my weaknesses, I see," he laughed.

"Oh, I doubt if there's any such thing as an absolute strength or an absolute weakness. They're relative. What's an advantage in one thing is a disadvantage in another."

"I understand," he smiled. "My confounded conceit may help me on in the world, but it doesn't make me a grateful friend or a pleasant companion?"

"I believe George Southend agrees as far as the grateful friend part of it is concerned. And I'm told Lord Howe does as to the rest. But then it was only Flora Disney herself who said so."

"And what do you say?"

"Oh, pride's tolerable in anybody except a lover," she declared.

"Well, I've known lovers too humble. I told one so once. He believed me, went in and won."

"You gave him courage, not pride, Mr Tristram."

"Perhaps that's true. He's very likely got the pride by now." He smiled at his thoughts of Bob Broadley.

"And you're settled down in the new groove?" she asked.

He hesitated a moment. "Oh, nearly. Perhaps, there's still a touch of the 'Desdichado' about me. His would be the only shield I could carry, you see."

"Stop! Well, I forgive you. You're not often bitter about that. But you're very bitter about something, Mr Tristram."

"I want to work, and nobody will in August. You can't get the better of your enemies if they're with their families at Margate or in the Engaine."

"Oh, go down and stay at Blent. No, I'm serious. You say you're proud. There's a good way of showing good pride. Go and stay in the very house. If you do that I shall think well of you, and even better than I think now of the prospects."

"I've not been invited."

"Poor girl, she's afraid to invite you! Write and say you're coming."

"She'd go away. Yes, she would. She consents to live there only on condition that I never come. She's told me so."

"I'm too old a woman to know your family. You upset the wisdom of ages, and I haven't time to learn anything new."

"I'm not the least surprised. If I were in her place I should hate to have her there."

"Nonsense! In a month or two—"

"If anything's certain it's that I shall never go to Blent so long as my cousin owns it."

"I call it downright wicked."

"We share the crime, she and I. She lays down the law; I willingly obey it."

"Willingly?"

"My reason is convinced. Maybe I am a little home-sick; but your month or two will serve the purpose there."

"There's a great deal more in this than you're telling me, Mr Tristram."

"Put everything you can imagine into it and the result's the same."

She sighed and sat for a moment in pensive silence. Harry seemed to ponder too.

"I'm going to think of nothing but my work," he announced.

"So many young men in their early twenties succeed in that!" she murmured mockingly.

"Don't those who succeed in anything succeed in that?"

"Not all, happily—and none would if they were your mother's sons. My dear boy, just open a window in you anywhere—I know you keep them shut when you can—but just open even a chink, and Addie peeps out directly! Which means great success or great failure, Harry—and other things on the same scale. I fancy. Thank goodness—oh, yes, saving your presence, really thank goodness—I'm not like that myself!"

"Shall I prove you wrong?"

"I'm safe. I can't live to see it. And you couldn't prove me wrong without opening all the windows."

"And that I shouldn't do, even to you?"

"Do you ever do it to yourself?"

"Perhaps not," he laughed. "But once a storm blew them all in, Lady Evenswood, and left me without any screen, and without defences."

"Have another storm then," she counselled. She laid a hand on his arm. "Go to Blent."

"As things stand, I can never go to Blent, I can go only to—Blinkhampton."

"What does little Mina Zabriska say to that?"

"Oh, everything that comes into her head, I suppose, and very volubly."

"I like her," said the old lady with emphasis.

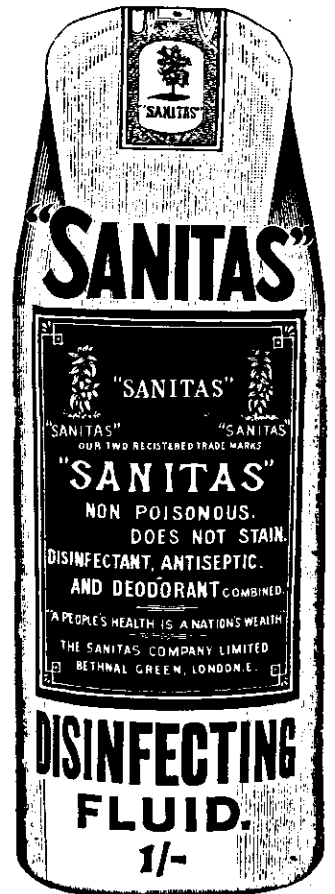
"Is there such a thing as an absolute liking, Lady Evenswood? What's pleasant at one time is abominable at another. And I've known Madame Zabriska at the other time."

"You were probably at the other time yourself."

"I thought we should agree about the relativity!"

"There may always be a substratum of friendship," she argued. "You'll say it's sometimes very sub! Ah, well, you're human in the end. You're absolutely forgetting Blent—and you spend your time with an old woman because she can talk to you about it! Go away and arrange your life, and come back and tell me all about it. And if you're discontented with life, remember that you too will reach the stage of being just told about it some day."

Things will come home to a man at last, strive he never so desperately against them—if the things are true and the man ever honest with himself. It was one night, a little while after this conversation, that the truth came to Harry Tristram and found acceptance or at least surrender. His mind had wandered back to that scene in the Long Gallery, and he had fallen to questioning about his own action. There was a new



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light on it, and the new light showed him truth. "I must face it; it's not Blent," he said aloud. If it were Blent it was now Blent only as a scene, a frame, a background. When he pictured Blent Cecily was there; if he thought of her elsewhere, the picture of Blent vanished. He was in love with her then; and what was the quality that Lady Evenwood had praised in a lover? Let him cultivate it how he would—and the culture would be difficult—yet it would not serve here. If he went to Blent against Cecily's commands and his own promise, he could meet with nothing but a rebuff. Yes, he was in love; and he recognised the impasse as fully as Mina herself, although with more self-restraint. But he was glad to know the truth; it strengthened him, and it freed him from a scorn of himself with which he had become afflicted. It was intolerable that a man should be love-sick for a house; it was some solace to find that the house, in order to hold his affections, must hold a woman too.

"Now I know where I am," said Harry. He knew what he had to meet now; he thought he knew how he could treat himself. He went down to Blinkhampton the next morning, hurried his builder out of a holiday expedition, and got a useful bit of work in hand. It was, he supposed, inevitable that Cecily should journey with him in the spirit to Blinkhampton; he flattered himself that she got very little chance while he was there. She was the enemy, he declared, with a half-peevish half-humorous smile. It was altogether without amusement to invent all manner of devices and all sorts of occupations to evade and elude her. He ventured to declare—following the precedents—that she had treated him shamefully. That broke down. Candour insisted once again on his admitting that he himself would have done exactly the same thing. It never occurred to him to regret, even for a moment, that he had not taken her at her word, and had not accepted her offer. That would have been to spoil his dream, not to realise it. He asked perfection or nothing, being still unhealed of that presumptuous way of his, which bade the world go hang if it would not give him exactly what he chose. The Tristram motto was still, "No compromise!"

An unexpected ally came to his assistance. He received a sudden summons from Mr Disney. He found him at work, rather weary and dishevelled. He let Harry in at once, but kept him waiting while he transacted some other business. Here was the place to see him, not in a drawing-room; his brusque words and quick decisions enabled him to do two men's work. He turned to Harry and said without preface:

"We're going to arbitrate this Barilland question, on behalf of the Company, you know, as well as ourselves. Another instance of my weakness! Lord Murchison's going over for us. He starts in a fortnight. He asked me to recommend him a secretary. Will you go?"

Here was help in avoiding Cecily. But what about Blinkhampton? Harry hesitated a moment.

"I should like it, but I've contracted certain obligations of a business kind at home," he said.

"Well, if you're bound, keep your word and do the work. If you find you're not, I should advise you to take this. It's a good beginning. This is Tuesday. Tell me on Saturday. Good-bye." He rang a hand-bell on the table, and, as his secretary entered, said "The Canadian papers, please."

"I'm very grateful to you, anyhow." "That's all right, Tristram. Good-bye."

There was no doubt what would be the practical way of showing gratitude. Harry went out.

He left Mr Disney's presence determined to accept the offer if Iver could spare his services for the time. The determining cause was still Blent, or his cousin at Blent. Blinkhampton was not far enough away; it rather threw him with people who belonged to the old life than parted him from them. He was weak himself too; while the people were at hand, he would seek them, as he had sought Lady Evenwood. At the Arbitration he would be far off, beyond the narrow seas and

among folk who, recognising the peculiarity of his position, would make a point of not mentioning Blent or speaking of anybody connected with it. It was from this point of view that he was inclined towards the offer, and he did not disguise it from himself; but for it he would rather have gone on with Blinkhampton, perhaps because he had a free hand there, while he could go to the Arbitration only as a subordinate. Blent apart, the offer was valuable to him as a sign of Disney's appreciation rather than on its own account.

He went home and wrote to Iver. The letter weighed all considerations save the one which really weighed with him; he put himself fairly in Iver's hands but did not conceal his own wish; he knew that if Iver were against the idea on solid business grounds, he would not be affected by Harry's personal preference. But the business reasons, when examined, did not seem very serious, and Harry thought that he would get leave to go. He rose from his writing with a long sigh. If he received the answer he expected, he was at the parting of the ways; and he had chosen the path that led directly and finally away from Blent.

An evening paper was brought him. A tremendous headline caught his notice. "Resignation of Lord Hove! He will not arbitrate about Barilland. Will the Government break up?" Probably not, thought Harry; and it was odd to reflect that, if Lord Hove had got his way, he would have lost his heroic remedy. So great things and small touch and intersect one another. Perhaps Theo (who could now settle that question about the kicking with his friends) would maintain that Flora Disney had talked too much to Harry at dinner, instead of taking all pains to soothe Lord Hove!

It was his last struggle; he had no doubt that he could win, but the fight was very fierce. Impatient of his quiet rooms, he went out into the crowded streets. At first he found himself envying everybody he passed—the cabman on his box, the rough young fellows escaped from the factory, the man who sold matches and had no cares beyond food and a bed. But presently he forgot them all and walked among shadows. He was at Blent in spirit, sometimes with Addie Tristram, sometimes with Cecily. His imagination undid what his hand had done: he was smiling again at the efforts of Duplay to frighten or to displace him. Thus he would be happy for a moment, till reality came back and a dead dullness settled on his soul. Half afraid of himself, he turned round and made for home again; he could not be sure of his self-control. But again he mastered that, and again paced the streets, now in a grim resolution to tire mind and body, so that these visions should have nothing to work on and, finding blank unresponsive weariness, should go their ways and leave him in an insensible fatigue. Ever since he disclaimed his inheritance he had been living in a stress of excitement that had given him a fortitude half unnatural; now this support seemed to fail, and with it went the power to bear.

The remedy worked well; at eight o'clock he found himself very tired, very hungry, unexpectedly composed. He turned into a little restaurant to dine. The place was crowded, and rather shamefacedly (as is the national way) he sat down at a small table opposite a girl in a light blue blouse and a very big hat, who was eating risotto and drinking lager beer. She assumed an air of exaggerated primness and gentility, keeping her eyes down towards her plate, and putting very small quantities into her mouth at a time. Glad of distraction, Harry watched her with amusement. At last she glanced up stealthily.

"A fine evening," he said, as he started on his chop.

"Very reasonable," she began in a mincing tone; but suddenly she broke off to exclaim in a voice and accent more natural and spontaneous, "Good gracious, I've seen you before, haven't I?"

"I'm not aware that I ever had the honour," said Harry.

"Well, I know your face, anyhow."

She was looking at him and searching her memory. "You're not at the halls, are you?"

"No, I'm not at the halls."

"Well, I do know your face—Why, yes, I've seen your face in the papers. I shall get it in a minute now—don't you tell me." She studied him with determination. Harry ate away in contented amusement. "Yes, you're the man who—why, yes, you're Tristram?"

"That's right. I'm Tristram."

"Well, to think of that! Meeting you! Well, I shall have something to tell the girls. Why, a friend of mine wrote down to the country, special, for your photo."

"That must have proved a disappointment, I'm afraid. The romance was better than the hero."

"You may say romance!" she conceded heartily. "To be a lord and—!" She leant forward. "I say, how do you get your living now?"

"Gone into the building trade," he answered.

"You surprise me!" The observation was evidently meant to be extremely civil. "But there, it isn't so much what your job is as having some job. That's what I say."

"I wish I always said—and thought—things as sensible;" and he took courage to offer her another glass of lager. She accepted with a slight recrudescence of primness; but her eyes did not leave him now. "I never did," he heard her murmur as she raised her glass. "Well, here's luck to you, sir! (He had been a lord even if he were now a builder). You did the straight thing in the end."

"What?" asked Harry, a little startled.

"Well, some did say as you'd known it all along. Oh, I don't say so; some did."

Harry began to laugh. "It doesn't matter, does it, if I did the straight thing in the end?"

"I'm sure as I shouldn't blame you if you had been a bit tempted. I know what that is! Well, sir, I'll say good evening."

"Good evening, miss, and thank you very much," said Harry, rising as she rose. His manner had its old touch of lordliness. His friends criticised that sometimes; this young lady evidently approved.

"You've no cause to thank me," said she, with an admiring look.

"Yes, I have. As it happened, I believe I wanted somebody to remind me that I had done the straight thing in the end, and I'm much obliged to you for doing it."

"Well, I shall have something to tell the girls!" she said again in wondering tones, as she nodded to him and turned slowly away.

Harry was comforted. The stress of his pain was past. He sat on over his simple meal in a leisurely comfortable fashion. He was happy in the fact that his enemy had at least nothing with which she could reproach him, that he had no reason for not holding his head erect before her. And the girl's philosophy had been good. He had a job, and that was the great thing in this world. He felt confident that the struggle was now won, and that it would never have to be fought again in so severe a fashion. His self-respect was intact; if he had been beaten, he would never have forgiven himself.

He regained his rooms. A letter lay waiting for him on the table. He opened it and found that it was from Mina Zabriska.

"We are back here," she wrote. "I am staying at Blent till my uncle comes down. I must write and say good-bye to you. I daresay we shall never meet again, or merely by chance. I am very unhappy about it all, but with two people like Cecily and you nothing else could have happened. I see that now, and I'm not going to try to interfere any more. I shan't ask you to forgive me for interfering, because you've made the result quite enough punishment for anything I did wrong. And now Cecily goes about looking just like you—hard and proud and grim; and she's begun to move things about and alter arrangements at Blent. That's what brings it home to me most of all. (And to me, interposed Harry as he read). If I was the sort of woman you think me, I should go on writing to you. But I shan't write again. I am going to stay at Merion through the winter, and since you won't come here, this is the last of me for a long time anyhow. Oh, you Tristrams! Good-bye,

MINA ZABRISKA."

"Poor little Imp!" said Harry. "She's a very good sort, and she seems about right. It's the end of everything." He paused and looked round. "Except of these rooms—and my work—and, well, life at large, you know!" He laughed in the sudden realisation of how much was left after there was an end of all—life to be lived, work to be done, enjoyment to be won. He could know this, although he could hardly yet feel it in any very genuine fashion. He could project his mind forward to a future appreciation of what he could not at the moment

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relish, and he saw that life would be full and rich with him, even although there were an end of all. "But I don't believe," he said to himself, slowly smiling, "that I should ever have come to understand that, or to fulfil it unless I had—that did the girl say 'done the straight thing in the end and come out of Blent. Well, old Blent, good-bye!' He crumpled up Mina's letter and hung it into the grate.

The maid-servant opened the door. "Two gentlemen to see you, sir," she said.

"Oh, say I'm busy—" he began. "We must see you, please," insisted Mr Jenkinson Needl, with unusual firmness. He turned to the man with him, saying, "Here is Mr Tristram, Colonel Edge."

CHAPTER XXV. THERE'S THE LADY TOO.

There was nothing very remarkable about Colonel Wilmot Edge. He was a slightly built, trim man, but his trimness was not distinctively military. He might have been anything save that just now the tan on his face witnessed to an out-of-door life. His manner was cold, his method of speech leisurely and methodical. At first sight Harry saw nothing in him to modify the belief in which he had grown up—that the Edges were an unattractive race, unable to appreciate Tristrams, much less worthy to mate with them. He gave the colonel a chair rather grudgingly, and turned to old Mr Needl for an explanation of the visit.

Needl had fussed himself into a seat already, and had drawn some sheets of paper covered with type writing from his pocket. He spread them out, smoothed them down, cleared his throat and answered Harry's look by a glance at Edge. Mr Needl was in a fidget, a fidget of importance and expectancy.

"You will know," said Edge, gravely, "that no ordinary matter has led me to call on you, Mr Tristram. However little we may be responsible for the past we have to recognise it. I should not under other circumstances have sought your acquaintance. You must consider this interview purely as one of a business kind. I have just returned to England. For two months I have been out of the way of receiving letters or newspapers, I went to the Imperium Club to-night—I arrived only this morning—and dined in Needl's company. As it chanced, we spoke of you, and I learnt what has happened since I left England. I have lost no time in calling on you."

Needl was listening and fidgeting with his sheets of paper. The Colonel's preamble excited little interest in Harry. The reaction of his struggle was on him; he was courteous but not keenly attentive.

"It is not agreeable to me to speak of my brother to you, Mr Tristram. Doubtless we should differ if we discussed his character and conduct. It is not necessary."

"Is Sir Randolph Edge concerned in what you have to say to me?" asked Harry.

"Yes, I am sorry to say he is. Another person is concerned also."

"One moment. You are, of course, aware that I no longer represent my family? Legally I'm not even a member of it. It is possible that you ought to address yourself to Lady

Tristram—my cousin—or to her lawyers."

"I have to speak to you. Is the name of the Comtesse d'Albreville known to you, Mr Tristram?"

"Yes, I've heard my mother speak of meeting her in Paris."

"That would be when Lady Tristram was residing with my brother?"

"My mother was never in Paris after that, I believe. It would be at that time, Colonel Edge."

"You are aware that later—after he parted from Lady Tristram—my brother went to Russia, where he had business interests?"

"I have very good reason to know that," Harry smiled at Mr Needl, who had apparently got all he could out of his papers, and was sitting quiet and upright in an eager attention.

"What I am about to say is known, I believe, to myself alone—and to Needl here, to whom I told it to-night. While my brother was in Russia, he was joined by the Comtesse. She paid him a visit—secretly, I need hardly add. She passed under the name of Madame Valfier, and she resided in the house adjoining Randolph's. Lady Tristram was not, of course, aware of the relations between her and my brother. I will come now to the time of my brother's death. When he fell ill, he had just completed the sale of one of his Russian properties. Lady Tristram did not, I daresay, speak of the Comtesse's character to you?"

"I never remember hearing my mother speak of anybody's character," said Harry with a smile.

"She was a brilliant woman—she died, by the way, two or three years ago—but extravagant and fond of money. She prevailed on my brother to promise her the price of this property as a gift. The sum was considerable—about seven thousand pounds."

Harry nodded. Here seemed to be some possible light on the reasons for the interview.

"This money was to be paid—in gold—on a certain day. I speak now from information imparted to me subsequently by the Comtesse herself. It was given under a promise of secrecy which I have kept hitherto, but now find myself compelled in honesty to break."

"There can be no question of what is your duty, Edge," Mr Needl put in.

"I think none. My brother during his illness discussed the matter, with the Comtesse. The money was payable in Petersburg. He could not hope to be well enough to go there. At her suggestion he signed a paper authorising payment to be made to her or to an agent appointed by her. The money being destined for her ultimately, this naturally seemed the best arrangement. She could go and receive the money, or send for it—as a fact she went in person when the time came—and all would be settled."

"Quite so. And the transaction would not appear on the face of Sir Randolph's accounts or bank-book," Harry suggested.

"It's possible that weight was given to that consideration too, but it is not very material. The Comtesse, then, was in possession of this authority. My brother's illness took a turn for the worse. To be brief, he died before the day came on which the money was to be paid."

"And she presented the authority all the same?" asked Harry. "And got the money, did she?"

"That is precisely the course she adopted," assented Colonel Edge.

Harry took a walk up and down the room and returned to the hearth-rug.

"I'm very sensible of your kindness in coming here to-day," he said, "and your conduct is that of a man of honour. But at this point I'll stop you, please. I'm aware that prima facie the law would pronounce me to be Sir Randolph's son. That has always been disclaimed on our side, and could easily be disproved on yours. I have nothing to do with Sir Randolph Edge or his property."

The Colonel listened unmoved. "In any case you would have nothing to do with my brother's property," he remarked. "He left a will by which I was constituted sole legatee."

"Then if she robbed anybody she robbed you?"

"Certainly; and three years later she came and told me so."

"Then how in the world does it concern me?" cried Harry impatiently.

"You put your finger on the spot, Mr. Tristram, but you took it off again. You said she presented the authority all the same."

"Yes. The authority would be revoked by his death. At least I suppose there's no question of that? Did she get at them before they heard of the death?"

This money was payable on the 22nd ulne—the 10th as its reckoned in Russia—but we needn't trouble about that. As you and Needl are both aware, on the 18th my brother fell into a collapse which was mistaken for death."

"Yes, the 18th," murmured Needl, referring to the paper before him, and reading Josiah Cholderton's account of what Madame de Kries had told him at Heidelberg.

"From that attack he rallied temporarily, but not until his death had been reported."

"I am not the man to forget that circumstance," said Harry.

"The report of his death was, of course, contradicted immediately. The doctor attending him saw to that."

"Naturally; and I suppose the Comtesse would see to it too."

"And the only importance that the occurrence of the 18th has for us at present is that, according to the Comtesse's story, it suggested to the doctor the course which she, on his prompting as she declared, and certainly with his connivance, afterwards adopted. My brother, having rallied from his first collapse, kept up the fight a little while longer. It was, however, plain to the doctor that he could live but a very short time. The Comtesse knew this. My brother was not in a condition to transact business, and was incapable of securing to her any benefit by testamentary disposition even if he had wished to do so. Her only chance was the money for the property. This she saw her way to securing with the doctor's help, even although my brother should die before it fell due, and the authority she held should thereby lose its legal validity."

"You mean that they determined to carry out a fraud if necessary?"

"Precisely. I must remind you that my brother knew nothing of this. He was altogether past understanding anything about it. I may be very brief now, but I am still anxious that you should fully understand. All that I'm saying to you is beyond question and can be proved at any time by taking evidence on the spot; it is easily available."

Harry had sat down by now and was listening intently.

"On the morning of the 22nd," Edge pursued in his level methodical way, "the Comtesse went to the station escorted by Dr. Migratz; that was

his name—rather that is his name; he is still alive. On the way they met the British Vice-Consul, and in reply to inquiries from him said that my brother had had another attack but had rallied again. Dr. Migratz expressed the opinion that he would live another two days, while Madame Valfier (the Vice-Consul knew her by that name) was sanguine enough to talk of the possibility of a recovery. She impressed him very much by her courage and hopefulness; she was, I may remark, a handsome and attractive woman. Leaving the Vice-Consul, they reached the station and there parted. Migratz returned immediately to my brother's house and remained there, the case being declared to be so critical as to require unremitting attention. Madame Valfier—the Comtesse—took the train to Petersburg, reached it that evening, presented the authority early next morning, and was back about midnight—that being the 23rd. The next day my brother's death was announced, certified by Migratz, and duly registered as the law of the place required." He drew a paper from his pocket. "This is a copy of the entry, showing death on the 24th."

"That document is very familiar to me, Colonel Edge. It gives both Styles, doesn't it?"

"You, both Styles, but—Well, you see for yourself. My story is done. With Migratz's connivance—a woman who acted as nurse was squared row, and her evidence is available—the actual date of death was concealed, and the Comtesse d'Albreville had time to present her authority and receive the money. After paying her accomplices their price, she left Russia with the bulk of it immediately."

Harry glanced at Needl; the old man's face was full of excitement and his hand trembled as it lay on the leaves of Josiah Cholderton's Journal.

"My mother was married to my father on the 23rd," said Harry slowly. "My brother died on the 22nd," said Wilmot Edge. "He was dead before the Comtesse started for Petersburg."

Harry made no comment. He sat still and thoughtful.

(To be continued.)

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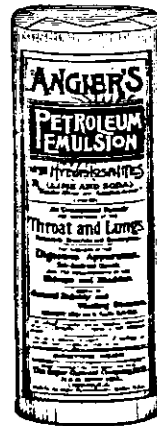
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Copyright Story.

SEED and FRUIT.

By AMELIA E. BARR.

Author of "Jan Veddar's Wife," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

A city not set upon a hill, but rising out of the sea; for here the island on which it stands is so flat and narrow that the streets begin and end in the Gulf of Mexico. Such pretty streets, bordered with oleanders and opening continually into charming tangles of myrtle and orange trees, the screens of still more charming houses.

It was an August day, and high noon, and the still, hot air was laden with luxurious faintness. It was neither a very safe nor a very pleasant time for a walk, but I wanted to go to Cornelia Peyton's, and the trouble of getting a carriage at this time of day seemed on reflection the more fatiguing effort of the two. For first the particular shady, out-of-the-way corner in which Bill was sleeping would have to be discovered, and then, this done, the awaking him out of sleep against his inclination was always a task involving some expenditure of vital and vocal force. Besides, it was more than probable that at the lively stable men and horses were alike off duty. So I put on my large sun-bonnet, and, keeping well within the shadow of the oleanders, reached very comfortably the Peyton mansion. It was a mansion, though built of wood; white and desolate it looked now, wild and neglected the luxuriant shrubbery, grass-grown the garden walks, but still it was a little wilderness of beauty; especially under the thick trees where the earthy smell of moss always lingered. The door of the house stood wide open, but no living thing appeared. I might have been in some enchanted castle—the quiet was so profound. So, as I knew the way to Cornelia's room, I went slowly there, feeling somehow as if all the energy and impulsiveness with which I had started had under some subtle influence evaporated. I walked softly on the matted halls, and turned the handle of the gilded door as gently as if I was going into a dying room. Cornelia lay on a low couch, breathing heavily like one in a troubled dream, and I did not wonder, for the room was all closed, and the languid air heavy with some perfume which she habitually used. She heard me throwing open the windows, and before I could speak said:

"Why have you come through the heat, Mary? Have you any news worth the risk?"

"Better than might be: I got a letter an hour ago—Richard is across the Rio Grande."

"She sprang to her feet and began pacing the long, dim room with rapid strides, ejaculating with intense feeling, 'Thank God.'"

"I was standing at the open window looking through the half-closed jalousie, to where the Gulf lay blue and quiet in the white sunshine. I did not answer, but I shook my head doubtfully."

"Yes, Mary, I do thank God, and I do not believe He listens to me with such an unsympathetic face as you do. Why, even the hard justice of the Mosaic law found out cities of refuge for the innocent shedder of blood."

"Yes, the innocent."

"Well, Richard is innocent; I, his mother, say so; you do not know how provoking Harold is. He always knows just the most unpardonable thing to say—and says it."

"But Richard acknowledges he was excited by liquor as well as anger at the time."

"And Harold is incapable of excitement. For this reason I say he will get well; he could not fever under any circumstances."

ently broken for ever. To me their friendship had always been a marvel; for never were two men more dissimilar. Richard was honourable and generous, but overbearing, and proud to that foolish point where men become anticipative of insult. Harold was cool and prudent, given to a suspicious "motive hunting," and inclined to translate the Golden Rule as meaning "an intelligent love of himself." But the young men had grown up together, all through their college and travelling days Richard had fought his cousin's battles. And these had not been few; for Harold had a way of sowing doubtful sarcastic little speeches which sooner or later brought forth plain unequivocal truths and disputes. In his way, too, Harold had been of service to Richard by controlling his lavish expenditure and keeping him away from temptation which had no charm for his more refined and dispassionate nature. But when they reached manhood their graver interests clashed. First Harold won a beautiful girl, whom both had visited. Richard felt he had been over-reached, but just how he could not define. When the war broke out both joined the same regiment, but Harold was highest in command, and his cousin fancied he made him feel this in a quite unnecessary manner.

Before going into active service Harold sold off all his lands and negroes and advised Richard to do the same. The suggestion was received with a storm of contemptuous reproaches. Nevertheless, Harold carried out his intentions, all doubtful property was turned quietly into gold, and that gold so well invested that the peace which made Richard a comparatively poor man found Harold complacently and satisfactorily enriched.

There seemed no just cause here for Mrs Peyton and Richard to feel aggrieved, but they did, and Harold removed from their house, and bought himself a still more splendid home. He was soon after elected to the legislature, and Richard, having some claims on the Government, followed him to the capital. While there the fire so long smouldering broke out. Richard had bargained for a span of very fine horses; he was to pay for and remove them the next day; but Harold in the meantime offered two hundred dollars more and carried them off at once to his stable.

But this time his triumph cost him more than he expected; for a fierce quarrel ensued in which he was dangerously wounded. So now he lay apparently at the point of death, while Richard was a fugitive and a wanderer with the mark of Cain on his brow. By some strange perversity, too, the whole sympathy of the community was with the runaway. To be cheated in a horse-trade was a wrong which touched the tenderest point in these men's code of honour. "Served him right," was the unspoken and outspoken verdict of the majority.

Richard, accompanied by a favourite servant, fled at once to Mexico. Another had brought the news to me with a promise from Richard to write as soon as he was safe. This letter I had just received and in some respects it had amazed me. In it he had dropped all bravado, all blame of his enemy, and spoke only of his remorse and wretched restlessness. Not one word of reproach for Harold, not one word of excuse for himself. "Surely," I said, "here is a noble nature spoiled by bad training and uncontrolled powers."

The letter did not please Cornelia. "The boy is moping," she said; "to speak in this way of himself is to insult me."

I did not answer her remark. Leaning against the open window to catch

the cool sweet sea-breeze, I was thinking of Richard's childhood; so full of beautiful possibilities, redeemed at such ruinous discount by his actual manhood.

"Do you not hear me, Mary Holmes? What do you think of all this nonsense?" She stopped in her restless walk and stood waiting for my reply in the centre of the large dusky room. I turned then and looked at her. What! What scorn and anger in the proud white face! What intellect in the wide open brow! What power and will in the straight tall figure and firm mouth! And what a compelling influence in the very richness of her attire which in soft, snowy, perfumed folds robed (not dressed) her! What I thought of it I need not repeat; she did not care for my opinion; she was only anxious to defend herself to her own heart. But she could not hide from me that her conscience was upbraiding her with the careful cherishing she had given the very passions which had in this tragedy found their legitimate culmination. We talked long and earnestly.

As it began to cool, the attitude of still-life in which all was cast broke gradually up. A bright pretty mulatto girl peeped into the room. In the garden the mocking-birds and cicadas sang cheerily, while on the road outside the myrtle hedge, I heard the lumbering of waggons laden with shell from the beach, and the merry calls of their sable drivers.

Before leaving we drank a cup of coffee together, and I noticed that Cornelia dropped into hers a dark fluid.

"Laudanum?" I asked her, with wide open eyes.

She answered coolly, "Laudanum. In it, Mary, there is at least forgetfulness."

"O, Cornelia, how sinful and foolish! What will you do in that day when there is neither laudanum nor nepenthe for your conscience?"

"I am talking now of the present, Mary, and so I say that anaesthetic remedies are the greatest boon given this century. Sometimes I think even annihilation, if it were possible, would find embracers." She raised her eyes to the servant standing at her side and pointed to a gilded volume on the couch. It opened almost without an effort at a page where a pencil had definitely marked out this passage: "Not to be is best of all; but when one hath appeared, then to return with swiftest foot to whence we came is next best." I looked at the title-page. Then I understood it: it was a translation of the Oedipus.

The next three months brought little change. Harold slowly recovered, but he lost his right arm. Towards Christmas he came back to the city, but did not go near Mrs Peyton; and she told me with great increase of bitterness that he had commenced a law suit against her about the management of his property while he was a minor. She was anxious and harassed, and her magnificent beauty

visibly faded.

"Laudanum," I answered one day, in reply to some fretful complaints about her thin cheeks and white hair. "No, no," she said, "I have not touched it for many weeks; it is anxiety. I have not heard from Richard for two months, and besides there is the worry about that infamous lawsuit. Oh, dear; if only Richard would come back!"

"The book of May-be is exceeding broad; perhaps that event is down in it for next year."

But the year came and grew to its meridian, and still he did not come. However, in August again, I got another letter. It announced his return, and asked me to prepare his mother for it, as he might follow the news in a few days or perhaps hours. I longed to carry Cornelia the letter, but I durst take no noon-day walk now; for the air was not only hot, but heavy with poison. The very leaves on the trees hung drooping and sickly in the blazing sun, shining fierce and lurid through the dense clouds and clammy mists. I waited until near sunset and then went. It was a terrible walk. The fever had placed its yellow cross on nearly every door; moans and shrieks filled my ears; and I durst not raise my eyes for the sights of horror and suffering at every open window. Nature was sick, too; the very perfume of the oleanders was faint and full of death. I met no one but black-stoled priests and sisters-of-charity gliding along like ghosts of doom and mercy. When I reached my destination I found the large iron gates (always open before) closed. A negro lay sleeping on the gallery, and another sat on the stairs with her elbows on her knees, and her head in her hands, softly weeping.

"What's the matter, Cassy?"

"Coral and Dan and Tiny got the fever, Miss Mary, an' I s'pect my turn come next."

"How is Miss Cornelia?"

"Oh, she's done had it long time ago, an' Massa Dick he's not here, thank gracious!"

She followed me upstairs, talking all the way. Cornelia was deep in some favourite author, but she was delighted to exchange him for living sympathy and society. We talked over the all-absorbing theme, and then I gave her Richard's letter.

When she read it she was as angry as ever she permitted herself to be.

"It was just like Richard Peyton to stay away a whole year, and then come back in the midst of an epidemic."

"He has not heard of it, perhaps."

"What nonsense, Mary. All the world has heard of it."

For the last six months she had been fretting at his absence, praying, she said, for his return, and now that her prayer was answered she was dissatisfied and angry. I felt it a little hard to bear with her, and I went home thinking little of the gratitude



of man, but much of the patience of God.

In a few days Richard came to see me, and we had a very pleasant conversation. He had been among the lowest and wildest peons of the Mexican frontier, and had there seen vice and ungoverned passion in all its naked uniformity. During a pause in the conversation I mentioned the loss of Harold's arm; he was greatly shocked, and scarcely spoke afterwards until he bid me good-night.

Then I did not see either him or Cornelia for another week, for the fever increased both in extent and malignity, and there were now scarcely enough well to nurse the sick. Gloom inexpressible settled over the dying city, a kind of hopeless despairing gloom, which was intensified by the fearful weather.

I was standing one dismal afternoon looking into the deluged, deserted streets, when I heard a buggy coming towards me rapidly. I knew its rattle well; it belonged to a physician whose strength and goodwill had been taxed almost beyond human endurance. He passed my house, but suddenly turned, and, tying his horse, opened my gate. Immediately I went to meet him, for anyone to look hopefully or to say a few cheerful words almost made me weep for joy.

"Come in, doctor, come in; what can I do?"

"Let me lie down in your parlour. Mary, while you make me some strong coffee. When it is ready wake me at once."

I was darkening the room as he spoke, and I did not hurry the coffee. As he drank it, he told me, sadly enough, of the death of many whom I knew and respected, and then he added:

"I am now going to sit an hour with Harold Rieves."

"Harold Rieves? Who is nursing him?"

He raised his head, and with a most suggestive smile, said, "Dick Peyton." "Good," I was so glad I could have clapped my hands. "Tell me all about it."

"There is not much to tell, Mary. Harold Rieves sent for me, and I sent word to Mrs Peyton. Richard answered my note in person, and I feared from his excited manner that there had been a scene."

"Very likely. How did Harold receive him?"

"He did not know him then, and now he is too weak to make either objection or remonstrance, even if he wanted to. Dick has behaved nobly, and if Harold lives he may well forgive and forget, I think."

Perhaps a week after this I was standing at my gate early in the morning. Richard Peyton was coming slowly up the avenue, and I waited until he joined me. Sitting down on the steps of the piazza, he removed his large light Panama hat, and leaned his head in a tired manner against the pillar. I saw at once that his face was flushed, and his eyes red, and taking his hand I felt readily the fierce peculiar bounding of his pulse.

"Richard," I said, "you have got the fever."

"I thought so, Mary, and I wanted to speak to you in case—I die. Harold has forgiven me, and since God has heard my prayers for my cousin's life and accepted my efforts to save him, I hope he has forgiven me, too. If anything happens to me, Harold has promised to settle that suit at once, and to see that my mother receives enough to keep up the old house in her usual style. It goes to him next, you know. He says her name, her welfare, and her happiness shall be sacred to him. We have shaken hands on it, and I can trust him."

"Dear Richard, is there anything for yourself I can attend to?"

"If I die—don't be afraid to say it, Mary. Yes, that is what I came about—there is a little girl in Austin I love very dearly; you will see she gets this parcel, and, Mary dear, do not let them take me to the cemetery. I want to be buried under that clump of live oaks in the garden, and tell mother to leave the grave unmarked and unnamed. Twenty-seven years of selfish, wasted life, Mary. It presses hard on me to-day. But if God spares me I'll try another road for the future."

While he was speaking a friend passed in a carriage, and at Richard's request took him home. As they drove away he leaned forward and gave me such a sad, yearning look. Next day I was so uneasy that I took advantage of the doctor's buggy and went out to Cornelia's. Such a house of mourning as I found! The faces of the doctors and nurses told me before I saw the sick man that there was no hope. Our farewell at my gate had been (as I think he foresaw) our final one. He did not know me now; he never knew anyone again. A few hours of quick, sharp agony, and a few of restless stupor, and then "Death with sweet enlargement set him free."

I stayed all night with Cornelia, but she hardly spoke to or noticed me. With hard, dry eyes and swift noiseless step she paced her own room, occasionally passing out of it into the one where her son lay, already in his coffin. Doctors and nurses had gone, most of the servants were sleeping. The silence of death was only stirred by the sad, dreary monotone of the waves breaking on the beach, and the low, fitful sobbing of Richard's servant, who was watching the corpse. Poor Jeff; he had followed his master's footsteps with a devotion more than human since they had flown kites and gone turtle-hunting together. It would be a different world to Jeff without "Massa Dick" to take care of, but ignorant as he was, spiritually and mentally, he realised only too well that the simple coffin lid, which he could have lifted with one hand, sundered them as widely as the whole starry space.

At the very earliest dawn of day a weeping crowd of dark faces gathered in the solemn death-room. They sobbed wildly and uttered passionate terms of endearment. It seemed to irritate Cornelia. "Peace," she said almost angrily, "what do you know of grief? Let him rest." Then she motioned with her finger to four of the eldest men in the room (two of whom had hair as white as snow) and bid them by a gesture lift the corpse. Jeff looked imploringly at her, and walked to the head of the coffin and kissed it. With a great effort she answered his look. "No, Jeff, give me your arm;" and they two were chief mourners.

I had told Cornelia of her son's wish to be buried in his own ground, and the grave had been dug as he desired under the oak trees. I leaned against one of them and watched the simple rites. It was a chilly morning (indeed the sudden change in the weather had hastened it not caused his death), and at this early hour there was even a slight hoarfrost stiffening the withered grass and leaves. Mournfully the wind tossed them about, and there was something strange and awful in this synthesis of life and death—the strong fresh wind that knows no decay, and the helpless, drifting, dying leaves. There was no minister but love, and no service but tears, until the grave was closed. Then one of the old men that carried him knelt down, and all save Cornelia followed his example. I cannot believe that one word of that prayer fell to the ground. Even Cornelia was greatly touched; before she turned away she said, "Thank you, uncle Isaac."

"Thank God, Miss Nellie," he answered. "I done prayed for that chile an' you more dan twenty years now, an' I don't 'fieve the Lord Jesus treats them prayers as no 'count."

She looked at him gratefully but made no reply; indeed I do not think she was able. Jeff took her tenderly back to the house, and in that act transferred his whole heart and service to her.

All through the winter I was witness to such grief as I had never before seen, and which mocked all my efforts to console it. For we were on earth, and comfort is in heaven, and thitherward she would not turn her eyes. In her darkened room, week after week she sat pitying her own heart. She could see now how her own hand had mingled the cup she was drinking. Back to her memory came the days when Harold and Richard had been babies at her feet. How she had laughed at her boy's infant anger, and prided herself on the temper which made him a tyrant even

in his nursery.

No czar had ruled his millions as absolutely as Richard ruled the boys on the plantation. He threatened and they trembled; he struck and they submitted. She could recall many an act of petty cruelty and injustice which she had seen and "not restrained."

It was still harder to remember that even in the childish quarrels between him and his cousin she had always managed to give Richard the pre-eminence. It had galled her beyond endurance to see Harold winning wealth and popularity, and Richard adding nothing either to his name or possessions. If only Richard had been safe she would have made no mourning for Harold's life. Once in a paroxysm of self-reproach she accused herself of being at heart a murderer. Somehow I did not seem to have any message for her; my attempts at advice or consolation either fell like words or irritated her.

One day I met there a clergyman who was collecting money for a free night school for adult negroes. He was one of those men "anointed with the oil of gladness above his fellows." There was virtue in the clasp of his hand, and his words strengthened the heart like old wine. I felt sure that in some way or other he would do her good. She entered warmly into his schemes, and promised considerable help; and sooner or later I thought she could not but choose to seek spiritual advice and comfort from him. Two events occurred during the summer which confirmed this hope. The first was a perfect reconciliation with Harold Rieves, the second a more active care for the servants who through every change of condition had been faithful to her.

Then the whole course of my life was altered, and Cornelia's bark and mine parted company. A current I was powerless to resist carried mine northward; hers still lies moored under tropic skies. But I firmly believe that she has found peace ere this. Twenty years' praying like that I heard over Richard Peyton's grave cannot be "of no 'count."

Is Cornelia's sin a rare one? Alas, no. Great is the multitude of sons and daughters ruined for home and eternity by too much of their mother's blessing. And this in spite of unvarying evidence, that the sin of Eli is a just sin and always punishes itself; and that in the family as well as in the world "what a man sows that shall he also reap."

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Before finishing the first bottle the effect was marvellous, the patient vomiting and passing Hydatids and Hydatid Cysts. These conditions continued for about three weeks, during which time the patient was unable to take a morsel of solid food, and suffered extreme pain almost continuously. After three weeks the vomiting ceased, and the lad rapidly recovered, gaining in weight daily. He is now enjoying as good health as he experienced before the commencement of his illness ½ years ago, and I can detect no symptoms of a return of his trouble.

Mrs Lane and myself firmly believe that his present condition of good health is due to Webber's Vitadatio, and to Vitadatio only. You are at liberty to make whatever use you wish of this communication.—Yours faithfully,

W. H. LANE, Painter, etc., Burnie.

P.S.—I may state that he has taken in all 5 bottles of Vitadatio.—W.H.L.

It appears there was once doubt as to whether Master Lane's trouble was in reality a bad case of Hydatids, and a bottle of the disease which passed from the boy was sent to the Bacteriological Institute at Melbourne, and the Bacteriologist pronounced the contents of the bottle to be Hydatids and Hydatid Cysts, which is an additional confirmation that Webber's Vitadatio will cure this dreadful disease, which is so prevalent all over the Australian colonies.

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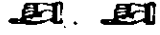
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AN INTERESTING LETTER

From Sir ROBERT STOUT, K.C.M.G.,
Chief Justice of New Zealand.



Judge's Chambers.

WELLINGTON

8th August 1901.

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Topics of the Week.

The Budget.

The Financial Statement this year bears the weighty impress of the Premier more clearly than any of its predecessors. It is Seddonian in its bulk. Never was there such a long tale of our financial position told the colony at one time. The Premier's tedious verbosity was a joke last century, but he was a taciturn man then to what he is now. The length of the Budget is the first thing that strikes everybody, and with the vast majority of people it will be the only thing that strikes them, for those columns on columns will certainly frighten them off any perusal. The general opinion of the Budget, therefore, must be quite a second-hand one, derived from the few who have read it or who pretend they have. Probably the latter will be the more numerous critics, for it is an infinitesimal percentage of the reading population that could lay its hand on its heart, and swear it had conscientiously waded through those so-called facts and figures. Only a grim sense of one's duty as a member of this self-governing community carries one through the task. There is nothing interesting in the Statement, and Mr. Seddon lacks the faculty of imparting interest to it. And moreover it is not always clear. It seems a pity that the Premier did not hand it over to some journalistic friend, who could have cut the thing down by one-half with advantage to its lucidity. But of course Mr. Seddon would never listen to such a suggestion. He loves to go piling sentence on sentence, introducing irrelevant matter, and losing sight of all proportion. It is evident that so long as he is dealing with the prosperity of the colony he takes credit for the whole thing. "All my work, all my work," he seems to say. And even when he comes to deal with vast expenditures and treats of loans past and present, the largeness of the sums he is working with are a source of satisfaction. With what sanguine cheerfulness, for instance, does he tell us that the public debt has in the last year jumped nearly two millions. Two millions! What's that? Yet to a good many of us that one fact—so lightly treated in the Budget—and the sister fact that this year another million is asked for, are disturbing elements. There's a good deal of trash in what Mr. Seddon says about the necessity for public works, assisting settlers, etc., but still, but still, can we go on at this rate indefinitely? Is it not questionable whether we should not have devoted a larger part of our income to these works rather than take up measures, the old age pension for example, which make such holes in our annual revenue.

The Tariff Joke.

The eager way in which our merchants were clearing their bonded stocks last week in view of the rumour of an increase in the Customs duties suggests how easily the Treasurer might direct an immediate stream of money into the Treasury chest. Let him but drop the vaguest hint that an increase in the tea tax might with advantage be made and next day from one end of the colony to the other the tea men would be paying in their duty and taking out their tea. And the same with kerosene and every other article in demand that is included in our tariff. There is no end to the way in which the game might be worked, and the national till made to overflow with cash for the time being. Last week there were not a few who gave Mr. Seddon credit for working it just for the sake of the money in it. The honour of the thing would also be a considerable incentive to play such pranks with the taxpayer. When a mere word from his lips can cause such commotion in the mercantile community the Ministerialist joker must find it somewhat hard to hold his peace. Mr. Seddon is not above that delicate kind of wit known as "pulling one's leg," and among the relaxations of his arduous office the pleasure of watching the apprehensive taxpayer speculating on the contents of

the statement must have something of the attraction for him which a cat finds in playing with a mouse. It would not be a very dignified sort of behaviour for a Treasurer, it is true; but then, if there is one thing characteristic about New Zealand politics, it is their lack of dignity. To judge by certain explanations of the Premier's recent statement regarding the finances of the colony we must not take Mr. Seddon too seriously. He must be allowed his little joke. His Jeremiad to the West Coast deputation was, we are now told to believe merely a clever ruse to depress the national spirits preparatory to raising them to the seventh heaven of satisfaction with our national lot. But after all should Premiers do these things?

The Conciliation Boards.

Mr. Seddon expressed disapproval of and impatience with the Conciliation Boards the other day; and now he wishes he had held his tongue, for his words have raised a storm about his ears—the friends of these tribunals indignantly defending them, the opponents openly rejoicing at a confession of their failure from such a source. What the Premier said in haste, however, he doubtless continues to think in leisure all the same. The fact is, he himself is at last alarmed at the Frankenstein he has created, and foresees that it will be no small difficulty to stop the machinery he set in motion now that it has gained so much momentum. His apprehension shines through his most optimistic speeches, so that even when he told the House last Wednesday that he looked forward to hearing early next year that all disputes had been settled, and that there would be no work for either Boards or Courts to do, it was impossible to think he believed what he said. Is there anyone among us so foolishly sanguine as to dream for a moment that we are on the eve of an industrial millennium, when the lion-like employer and the lamb-like employee—or perhaps the epithets might be more correct if transposed—will lie down together in peace and contentment. It is only too plain that our conciliation and arbitration legislation, passed it may be with the best intention in the world, has taken us not a step nearer that happy period, nay, strange though it may seem to say so, we are probably farther away than ever. Yes, although the principle of arbitration as opposed to war is in itself the most humane and just, yet its successful working out in practice depends on the existence of a high standard of social conscience controlling the relations between class and class. Save where it is resorted to from an unselfish desire to obtain justice, and justice only, it may engender rather than allay strife. Under the old system of industrial war men hesitated to take up arms except on some weighty grounds. Now, the ease with which the Act may be invoked invites them to fly to it on every trivial occasion, the result being a constant state of irritation among the employers and of unrest and discontent among the workers which was absent in the other case. Mr. Seddon is amazingly ignorant of human nature if he really believes that next year will see all industrial disputes amicably settled. The litigious spirit will be riper than now, and we may look for a more plentiful harvest of "cases" than we have yet had.

Christian Citizenship.

Sunday last being Citizen Sunday in Auckland, there was a sort of "general post" among the clergy, and each minister lectured his brother minister's flock on "Christian Citizenship." In discoursing on a general subject of this kind, it is just as well there should be an interchange of pulpits if the remarks of the preachers are to have the full force of freshness. For it unquestionable that any preacher's ideas on what constitutes

Christian citizenship must have often been ventilated in the course of his ordinary exhortations on Christian conduct generally, and his own congregation might derive little stimulus from the repetition of them in a special address. But the ideas of another man, even if not so good as those of their own minister, and even if not specially novel, might appeal to them because of the new face in the pulpit and the new voice speaking to them. There is really not very much that is new to be said on the subject of Christian citizenship. The essence of Christianity is that it should be, not an affair of the temple and synagogue only, but the guiding principle of the counting-house, the mart, the street. That we should have to specialise Christian conduct under different headings in this way shows how terribly the guiding spirit of Christianity has become divorced from our daily walk and conversation. Yet since we have forgotten this, it is well that the Church should take special occasion to remind us of the fact; and, indeed, no duty of the Church is more necessary than to contradict the growing tendency to assign to the Church and State two totally different moral standards, and to assume that a quite different series of rules is applicable to the Kingdom of God and the national and civic government of His creatures here below. The political arena is confessedly 'too dirty' for Christian ethics, neither do they belong to the sphere of municipal affairs. At least they are but qualifying factors of little account in both cases, instead of the first principles and foundation of all the rest. The orise as you please, that is practically the accepted position; and it has got so firmly established that one doubts whether the infrequent repudiation of it from the pulpit is sufficient to have much effect in the other direction. It would require years of Citizen Sundays to bring a change about if the pulpit is the only agency at work.

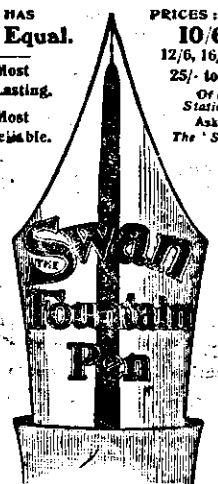
A Socialist Society.

A Socialist society has made its appearance in Auckland, and already has a considerable membership. I should have imagined that in New Zealand of all countries such an organisation was least needed. Has not the Government been doing as fast as legislation may effect, all that even the moderately advanced socialists in the Old Country aim at? I thought it was admitted on all hands that we were going a little too fast, but evidently there are folks who are impatient with our slowness, and mean to jog us along. Though I am not one to jib at the terms socialism or socialist, as if they were synonymous with anarchism and anarchist, yet the appearance of a society to promote socialism in a community so socialistic suggests a tendency to extremes that may be dangerous. We have recently seen with what vigour the single taxers wage war on the existing order of things. Are we to be at the mercy of some similar organisation pledged to the realisation of ideals more visionary still? From the way every mad finds followers in this country I no question that preachers of the most revolutionary doctrines would find disciples here. Our socialist friends would doubtless disclaim any kinship with tenets of that class, but if they do, why a society in a country like this where, as I said before, the socialistic programme is being carried through as rapidly as may be? Really, I begin to have suspicions of the new society and its objects. It wants watching. There is a smell of gunpowder and dynamite about it that I don't like. So obvious is it that there is no legitimate sphere for its activities that one can only fear it contemplates an illegitimate one—perhaps the making of bombs or internal machines. Perhaps it is single tax in a new guise, giving phoenix like from its recent defeat in the northern city. Under a more embracing and more popular name, the disciples of Henry George may rally round their banner a larger following than they have yet done. But of course all this is surmise. What the Socialist Society is, and what its aims I do not really know. On the strength of its name alone have I ventured to pen this note.

These Ghosts of Ours.

There is almost an entire absence in these colonies of the conditions favourable to the existence of ghosts. Everything is much too new, and everybody much too sceptical. How would it be possible to regard with the necessary awe a building whose history does not extend beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant, whose associations are as fresh as its first paint? In vain would imagination seek to people with ghostly shapes a dwelling from which a human soul never took its flight save under the most ordinary circumstances? No doubt the Maori history and tradition of the colony could furnish grounds for gruesome enough apparitions, but the white races invariably refuse to adopt the ghosts of the brown or black ones. We are taught to believe that distinctions of colour do not exist in the spirit world, but from the well known psychological fact that black ghosts never haunt white mortals, and white ghosts rarely bother to disturb black folks, it would seem that the exclusiveness of this world is carried into the next. As we refuse to have any traffic with Maori spirits and have no ghosts of our own as yet, the probability is we shall never have them. For the ghost theory is an ancient one and cannot live in the cold critical atmosphere of modern investigation. It exists in the Old Country merely as an inheritance from the past, and has no logical but only a sentimental raison d'être. Here we have properly speaking no past of our own from which to inherit anything; and we have more than most people the practical material attitude of mind that makes the re-evolution of the ghost theory here an impossibility. How absolutely is this proved in the failure of some frolicsome individuals of late to affright the community by perambulating the roads at night in such ghostly similitude as a white sheet, and a liberal use of phosphorus can effect. There was a time when such apparitions would have at least won some little respect from the credulous. Met, say, in a lonely churchyard of the Old Land, the spectre might have shook the heart of even the sceptical. But here it is in vain that the masquerader tries to invest his appearance with the weird suggestion of the mysterious. Women and children may fly at his approach, but it is not his ghostly character that affrights; it is the arm of flesh they fear. Let the ghost come within striking distance of the average man, however, and his ghosthood will have short shrift.

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Minor Matters.

Collaborate a.

In the "Times" Mr Percy Fitzgerald tells us how Besant and Rice collaborated. Rice and Besant consulted, Besant wrote, Rice criticised, Besant re-wrote. That, we are told, was the order of proceedings; and it may partly account for the fact that the earlier novels of Besant alone are more like the books the two men wrote together than the later ones. The echoes of the voice of the critic were still heard for a while after the voice itself was silent, and then gradually ceased to be heard or attended to. It is probably the best method of collaborating, but it is not the only one known to literary history. In "The Green Bay Tree," which had a success de scandale a few years ago, the two authors—Messrs. Wilkins and Vivian—signed their names to their respective chapters, and the result was tolerably harmonious; but the most interesting idea of the functions of a collaborator was that of Dumas the Elder, who offered the appointment to his son. "I will give you a thousand a year," he said, "and you will have nothing to do but raise objections." The offer was refused—possibly because the author of "La Dame aux Camelias" knew that his father was not the man to listen to objections meekly. The collaborators who were found by Dumas Pere were practically little more than the great man's amanuenses. At any rate they never did any tolerable work of their own.

A Club Yarn.

Two men were arguing in the club. One, a fellow of ineffable conceit, was boring everybody with boasting of the power of his will, maintaining with much violence that his will was stronger than that of anybody present.

"You are wrong there," said one of the gentlemen, "and I will prove it. Go and stand in that corner, and I will have you out of it before I have commanded you the second time."

The smart one stood in the corner, and the quiet one said:

"Come out of that corner."
The other grinned and shook his head. The quiet man sat down and looked at him steadily. Five minutes passed, and then the smart man said, with a sneer:

"Don't you think you'd better give it up? I don't feel any influence at all, and I can't stand here all the evening."

"Oh, as to that," replied the quiet man, "there's no hurry. I am perfectly comfortable. You recollect that there's no time limit; you are simply to come out before I ask you twice. And as I don't intend to ask you again until a week from to-day, in order to give your strong will a fair and vigorous trial, we might as well take it easily."

The man with the iron resolution sneaked out of the corner, and the experiment was declared off.

Don't Give Letters of Introduction.

"I disapprove of letters of introduction," said an elderly Auckland business man. "I won't give one under any circumstances, but I must confess that I stopped writing them on account of a little accident that had nothing to do with the proprieties of the case."

"A certain friend asked me to give a letter to a young Englishman, introducing him to a former business partner of mine now living in Wellington."

"I didn't want to do it, but lacked the moral courage to refuse; so I wrote two letters, one the introduction requested, the other a brief note to the Wellington man, explaining the circumstances, and saying that I didn't really know whether the Englishman was a gentleman or a horse-thief."

"Two days later I got a telegram from my old partner, saying that he had received a letter of introduction, and was at a loss to know what to make of it. You see I had put the two letters into the wrong envelopes,

and had given the Englishman the private note of repudiation."

"I suppose he read it, of course," remarked some one in the group of listeners.

"That's just what has been troubling me," replied the merchant. "I don't know whether he did or not. He presented it without turning a hair, and if he knew the contents he certainly made no sign. At least that is the report of my friend, who was so surprised when he ran his eye over the epistle that he nearly fell out of his chair."

"And all this happened four years ago, and I haven't written a letter of introduction since."

What Do you do Your Best Girl's Garters?

If any of the un-married male readers of the "New Zealand Graphic" are in love and wish to know if the young woman is favourably disposed towards matrimony, they should endeavour to find out—by indirect means of course—what coloured garters she wears. For if a fashionable young woman wishes a young man to propose she now wears certain colours in garters as a charm. A young lady writes over the initials of M.L.M. to an Australian paper as follows: "The best and surest way of getting a man to propose is to wear a yellow garter on the left leg, and a black one on the right. When a piece of yellow elastic can be procured from a girl who has just become engaged all the better. I know of three cases where this has been a perfect success. One young lady said that she wore hers for three months, and never took it off in that time. She is happily married now." It is to be hoped that the young lady who never took hers off for three months did not extend the same iron-bound rule to other intimate garments, in which case she might have resembled that celebrated Spanish Queen who vowed not to change her linen until a certain siege was raised, and who, in consequence, gave her name to a certain dingy yellow colour, which then became fashionable among the ladies of her court.

He Got It At Last.
The bullying manner sometimes assumed by certain barristers in cross-examination in order to confuse a witness is notorious, and many are the tales told of witnesses who have turned the tables on their persecutors.
The following relates to a case of this kind:
In a civil action on money matters the plaintiff had stated that his financial position was always satisfactory. In cross-examination he was asked if ever he had been bankrupt.
"No," was the answer.
Next question was: "Now, be careful; did you ever stop payment?"
"Yes," was the reply.
"Ah!" exclaimed the counsel, "I thought we should get it at last. When did that happen?"
"After I paid all I owed," was the answer.

Process Too Expensive.
Warts are curious things. They come and go mysteriously, although their going is frequently marked by exasperating delays, and there are almost as many infallible cures as there are warts, the only trouble with these cures being that they are useless when applied to the particular wart you happen to have. They are only good for other people's.
"In my opinion," said a club-man, who was discussing the subject with a friend one day, "a wart is merely the outward correspondence of some mental excrescence. Get rid of that and it goes away."

"Let me give you a bit of my own experience," he continued. "Last year I went to Europe. For about three years I had had a wart on my little finger, on which I had tried everything I could hear of, but without effect. It only grew larger.
"Well, in the excitement of prepar-

ing for the trip, and of the journey itself, I forgot all about my wart, and when I looked for it, about six weeks later, it had vanished, without leaving the slightest mark. I simply forgot it, and it had no mental condition to feed on. I see you have one on the back of your hand. Forget all about it for a few weeks, and it will go away of itself."

"Yes," said the other club-man, shrugging his shoulders, "but I can't afford to take a trip to Europe for the sake of curing one wart."

How to Treat Them.

When the new boarder went in to the dining-room of a smart Auckland establishment and sat down there was only one other person at the table. The new boarder had a kind heart, and thought he would be affable.

"I suppose you've boarded here for some time?" he said to the other man.

"Yes; quite a while."
"How is it? Any good?"
"Yes, pretty fair. I have no complaint to make."

"Boarding-house keeper treat you decent?"

"Well, perhaps I ought to—" and then he hesitated.

"Oh, never mind, old man," said the new boarder. "That's all right. I'm on. But, say, mebbey you never tried checking her under the chin once in a while. That's the way to get on with 'em. Call 'em 'sister' and give 'em softy, sweet, oozy talk about their looks. That's the way to fetch 'em. I'll bet I can live here for a month right now without bein' asked for a sixpence. Watch me nudge her when she comes in. Before this time to-morrow she'll be telling me her family history. Poor old girl! She looks as if she'd had her troubles. Probably got tied up to some gallowt who was about man enough to shoo chickens out of the yard, and that's all. My name's Hudson. Let's see, I haven't heard yours, have I?"

"N—no, I believe not. But it does not matter. I'm just the boarding-house keeper's husband."

The Bankrupt and His Opal.

There is one superstition of wide range and influence that is directed against one of the most beautiful objects in nature—the opal. A certain man failed in business, and what do you think he did? Took his opal ring into the yard and smashed it to pieces with a hammer? He did that in the nineteenth century? He ascribed his bankruptcy to that opal, and he intended neither to suffer such misfortune again nor to allow any other one to do so by inheriting or buying that ill-starred property.

The Coming Coronation.

The approaching coronation is already making itself felt in the West end of London. No longer do a few geraniums or calcitolarins in window boxes represent the best efforts of individual householders in the matter of decorations. Window gardening has been taken seriously in hand, and where one might least expect green leaves and fragrant bowers are to be seen masses of creepers, flowering shrubs, palms and ferns flourishing in profusion. The areas of the West End are converted into cool and restful ferneries, and balconies and even roofs now literally blossom as the rose. It is high time some similar movement was undertaken locally. Never was a city more barren of window boxes than this, and yet it is doubtful to imagine anything more calculated to give universal pleasure at the cost of a very little time and trouble than these are. Lobelia, sweet peas, nasturtium, cineraria, cyclamen and ivy geraniums are only a few out of scores of flowers that grow cheerfully with almost any aspect. The last named of these, combined with white Sweet William and scarlet geraniums, generally go to form the patriotic window box, and as this will be most in demand at coronation time its creation is worthy of consideration.

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Turf Gossip.

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TURF FIXTURES.

August 29—Amberley S.C.
September 4, 5—Marion J.C.
September 18, 19—Rangitika R.C.
September 21, 25, 26—Avondale J.C.
September 26, 27—Geraldine

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R.J., Newton Rd.—Derringtona has not yet won over hurdles.
Inquirer, Mount Roskill. — Ballinger is by Crackshot from Little's Spec, by Poul Play, dam by Old.
Waker, Auckland. — Straybird did not start at the North New Zealand Grand National Meeting.

TURF NOTES.

Calibre is again at work at Riccarton.

Advance maintains his position in the betting on the New Zealand Cup

A report is in circulation that The Needle has a leg trouble.

Huku, by Vanguard-Spray, has won three jumping races in succession.

The Crackshot gelding, Ballinger, will have to be re-named before he can start again.

A full sister to Kissmary, by Hotchkiss—St. Mary, is the latest arrival at Wellington Park.

Stepniak's full sister, Stepfeldt, on Monday produced a filly to Seaton Delaval.

To become a bookmaking member of New Zealand Tattersall's Club it will in future cost £100.

A returned visitor says old Favona pulled up sound after running in each of his races at the N.Z. Grand National Meeting.

There were only eight starters in the Grand National Steeplechase, and no mistakes were made. A record this.

The few days of fine weather we have been having lately have done an immensity of good to the Ellerslie tracks.

Hohoro has not been on the Ellerslie tracks for some time, but all the other members of Stenning's team, including Solo, are frequent visitors.

The report that Opaku was purchased by J. Rae is a mistake. Opaku is leased by Mr. Faber, of Wanganui, who placed him in Rae's hands.

Mr R. Sevier has refused £20,000 for his promising colt Duke of Westminister, who is voted by some the pick of the two-year-olds in England.

Satanella, dam of St. Paul, St. Peter, St. Ursula, and St. Olga, who was delivered of twin foals (dead) last week to Ben Godfrey, is doing nicely.

The Hon. H. Mosman's The Afghan, by St. Leger from Yattaghan, having failed to stand a preparation, has been sold in Queensland for stud purposes.

It transpires that Moifaa is under offer to Mr. Gollan's manager, Mr. de Pelechet. A cable at any time accepting or declining the purchase is expected.

Surrey, by Ascot—Fides, might have made his mark at the illegitimate game had he been put to it earlier in life. As it is, he is a decidedly useful horse still.

The speedy Ostiak is an example of successful inbreeding. Stepniak, his sire, is a grandson of Musket, and his dam, Miss Betty is a granddaughter of the Topopolite horse.

Lady Moth, dam of Hohoro, has foaled a colt to Seaton Delaval. The newcomer is therefore a full brother to Fairyhouse, the worst Seaton I know of, and half-brother to Hohoro, the best Tasman we have seen.

Cannongate returned from his unfortunate trip to the New Zealand Grand National Meeting on Sunday, and was walking quite sound. It was a pity he injured his foot after being taken so far from home.

Mr W. Douglas' fine mare Brooklet, winner of the Wellington Cup and other races, and dam of Kahawai and a yearling colt by Gold Reef, and in foal to Cyrenian, died recently at Te Mahanga, Hawke's Bay.

The absence of The Needle's name from the Avondale Jockey Club's meeting is an indication that the mishap to the son of Brigadier, which caused his absence from Riccarton engagements, is of a somewhat serious nature.

Nominations for the Avondale Cup, Flying and Plumpton Handicap, received on Friday last are satisfactory, though fewer horses were nominated from outside districts than was anticipated.

Riccarton trainers and owners and friends of the well-known horseman R. Derrett have got up a petition to the Dunedin Jockey Club on that rider's behalf, and are asking the Southern club to reconsider his case.

J. Rae will be on his way back to Auckland by the time these notes appear, bringing with him The Needle, Natation, and Opaku. The Greenlane trainer has not had a good time with his horses, and, moreover, has not been very well during his trip South.

Terror was a very strong public fancy in Auckland for the Winter Cup at the Canterbury Jockey Club's N.Z. Grand National meeting. Some of the books were refusing to go on against the son of Dreadnought.

Au Revoir, whose death was recorded from Carterton on Thursday, was one of the best sons of St. George at the stud. He was a fair handicap horse in his time, and a good friend while he lasted to Mr P. Butler, who has gone quite out of racing.

Training operations are living up at Ellerslie, and will continue to do so as the tracks improve. The Avondale Jockey Club will receive good support from owners at their coming meeting, though a good many horses are in backward condition.

Anything like a speculative feeling in connection with the New Zealand Cup is quite dormant, transactions over that race being small indeed. A few days since 500 to 32 was accepted here from one penciller about Ideal, but that is the only line of any consequence.

In the official report of the conference business transacted last month I notice that the list showing the amounts paid away in stakes by each of the racing clubs of the colony now gives the total of the Takapuna Jockey Club's payments at £2590. This is correct. An extra £50 should at the same time have been added to the total payments made by the Auckland Racing Club.

At Ellerslie on Saturday morning the Van Buskirk Magic bit was tried on Capford and Cressy, the one a hard puller, the other a nervous gelding, inclined to go faster than required when horses are passing him from behind. Capford, in the hands of the boy who usually rides him in work was easily restrained. On Monday Winsome and Ballinger were worked in one, and Capford again, with satisfactory results.

Social Pest would have gone out a strong favourite for the New Zealand Grand National meeting, judging from the support he was receiving. One Auckland bookmaker told me that he could have laid thousands the combination Social Pest and The Needle, and there was such a run on

the first named that money was wired from different parts of the colony for him on the morning of the race by backers who were unaware that he had gone wrong.

The Hunt Club races here this season, writes my Cambridge correspondent, promise to be the best the club have had, as there are more and better horses out this season than previously, and, all going well, the Hunt Club Steeplechase should be worth going a long way to see. The following horses are expected to be of the field: Woolman, Bedrock, Bombardier, Lieutenant, Radical and Joker, all tried ones. The meeting should bring forward some beginners as well.

The secretary, Mr J. W. Renwick, informs me that his club have, after repeated applications to the owners, placed nine horses on the forfeit list for fees due, which fees would, if paid, enable the Te Aroha Jockey Club to pay their liabilities. Four of the horses whose names are mentioned in the list, if not more, are in training, and it will be necessary that fees be paid before they can be nominated at country meetings.

One Auckland bookmaker laid the winning double, Gobo and Haydn, for £400. The first two bets he made with Gobo early in July were with Haydn. Before the decision of the New Zealand Grand National Hurdles the penciller was shaking hands with himself, but found, like several others, that he had been working for six weeks for lucky punters. However, the bookmakers had not suffered much over the meeting up to Thursday; in fact, two or three have won a little, and one member of the ring is reported to have had a good time of it.

The "New Zealand Turf Register," which is growing more voluminous year by year, has been received from the publishers, the "Press" Company, Christchurch. Reports of the past season's racing and trotting tables showing the results of principal Australian and New Zealand races, rules of racing, entries for the coming classic races, sales of blood stock, racing statistics, registered colours, and in fact a mass of information that secretaries of racing clubs, owners and others who are engaged, or are interested in racing pursuits require to have within reach, is contained in this handy book.

In the matter of fast times America holds nearly all records. Dirt tracks and flying starts are generally supposed to have contributed towards the results, and I have never heard that distances have been questioned, or that the times have been unreliable; indeed, in the timing of races the authorities are said to be perfect in their methods. A new record was put up in the American Derby by a medium-sized colt called Robert Waddell, who created quite a sensation by winning in 2min. 33.3 sec., carrying 8.7. The performance was followed by three other wins. Robert Waddell was an outsider, starting at 12 to 1, and until a few weeks before the race was quoted at 100 to 1. With 9st. on his back he has been beaten since in a handicap. Parader, who finished third to him in the American Derby, afterwards beat Commando, who has been looked upon as the best of his age in the land of the Stars and Stripes.

It is not generally known that Crackshot, by Nordenfeldt from Pungawerewere, is dead. Mr Gaibe Carrington, of Gisborne, has been in Auckland during the week in quest of a successor to that sire, who, he informs me, died about three weeks ago. Over three months ago Crackshot was kicked by one of the mares he was running with, and had his hind leg broken five inches above the hock. The leg was put into splints, but these were pulled off, then plaster of Paris was tried, and the horse contrived to get that off too. Ultimately he was allowed to take his chance, and at the end of nine weeks, during which time he was in the paddock, was doing well, but broke a blood vessel one morning when getting upon his legs, and died soon afterwards. Upon examination it was found that the bone had overlapped and knitted, and the leg, which the horse had commenced to use with confidence, was about two inches shorter in consequence. It is a rare thing for a fractured hind leg to mend.

The fact that £16,395 was passed through the totalisators at Riccarton on the first day of the New Zealand Grand National Meeting as against £10,004 on the opening day of last year, coming so soon after a similar large increase of business at the Wellington Racing Club's winter meeting where the system was inaugurated for the first time at least by a New Zealand racing club, goes to show that we are in for an increase of gambling on our leading racetracks where the fields are large enough to carry on the system. At each of the meetings under notice bookmakers were having free play, and as plenty of money was going on in all the leading cities and towns, it will give some idea of the extent betting is carried on on the favourite pastime of the people in Maoriland. On the three days of this meeting the C.F.C. put over £10,000 more through the totalisator than last year.

Moifaa is voted our champion cross country gelding. He may possibly have been a bit off at the New Zealand Grand National Meeting. When I expressed the opinion that he had received too much weight I did so believing that none of his performances really entitled him to be classed so high. A number of my confreres were speculating before the appearance of the handicaps as to what weight the big son of Natator would get, and they one and all appeared to think that he would receive all the weight he got. The practice of giving expression in this way to opinions that are likely to meet the gaze of weight adjusters before they do their work is not to be encouraged. Writers might just as well publish anticipatory handicaps. There could be no objection to their doing so, provided their handicaps were handed in to appear simultaneously with the official productions.

On Saturday the committee of the Auckland Racing Club had under consideration the programme for their meetings during the coming season, and after they had finished their work it was found that the stakes had been increased to the extent of £1370 over last year's total. The amount to be given this year is £21,420. The increases are not confined to any one class of races, but are spread over the programmes. The pony races are to receive additional money, and the support accorded by their owners and the public warrants this being done. The welter races have been increased in value also, and the Great Northern Steeplechase is now worth 750sovs., as against 600 sovs. last year. This makes the race the most valuable stake of the kind in New Zealand. The Auckland Cup has been raised to £1350, and the winner will now get a clear thousand, while the second money, 250 sovs., and third money, 100sovs., are decent stakes in themselves. The A.R.C. Handicap and Railway Handicap have gone up in proportion, as well as the Easter and Autumn Handicap. Some people are sanguine enough to imagine that the Auckland Racing Club will put £200,000 through the totalisators this season, but it would be rash to anticipate to this extent. The outlook for the season, however, is sufficiently bright to warrant the increased expenditure proposed.

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The committee of the Auckland Racing Club have commenced their duties and at their first meeting, held last week, elected officers for the year, with the exception of a judge and starter, for which positions applications are to be invited. The appointment of a paid judge is in the right direction, and a competent and reliable man will no doubt be secured. It is freely whispered that the way has already been paved for a gentleman who has acted in the same capacity for other sporting institutions here, but it is hardly likely that such is the case. The committee will advertise for a judge and can be left to decide the applications on their merits. There are sure to be a number of applicants for the position of starter, a billet, by the way, not always easy to fill, and one, so far as some clubs are concerned, that has not been over well paid. There are a few racing officials in New Zealand whose places it would be hard to fill, but none so perfect that fault cannot be found at times with their work. There is always room at the top, and no doubt we should have sufficient good starters if opportunities were afforded for aspirants to obtain practice, as men with experience are few and far between. The business of the Auckland Racing Club has been developing, and Mr Percival has had more work to attend to than was to be expected of him. With a well paid assistant the clerical duties of the Auckland Racing Club should be performed in an up-to-date manner. The Avondale Jockey Club were again fortunate in obtaining the use of the Auckland Racing Club's course at Ellerslie, their own not being yet fit to race upon. Friendly assistance of this kind is appreciated by the favoured club and by the public, who are its patrons.

NEW ZEALAND GRAND NATIONAL MEETING.

The New Zealand Grand National meeting commenced under most favourable circumstances as regards weather and the attendance of the public, and speculation in the various events throughout the day under altered conditions to what has pertained at Riccarton at previous meetings showed a wonderful increase. Paying out on first and second horses is taking on with the public, and this and the presence of the bookmakers has been the cause of a lot more money finding its way to the course than would otherwise have been the case.

Leaboard Watch, who opened the proceedings by winning the First Hunters' Hurdle Race, in which he paid the handsome dividend of £14 10/., is a Southland-bred horse. He had a few days previously started favourite in a hack hurdle race at the Christchurch Hunt Club's meeting, and finished second to Huku, who in the Maiden Hurdle Race was so little thought of in a field of four that his backers received the substantial dividend of £6 15/- a nice price about a horse that proved good enough to run fourth in the New Zealand Cup. Huku's jumping on the eve of the meeting in private kept many from supporting him, and the fact that he had given a fair exhibition of form during the previous week was overlooked, or the performance much under-estimated. Huku is by the defunct Vanguard, from the Hippocampus mare Spray, a winner herself, whose dam Foam won, among other races, the Wanganui Derby, and whose grand dam, Maid of the Mist, ran third in the Canterbury Derby. The Dainty Ariel and Ravensworth combination has proved a rare one for jumping. Norton's sister, The Hempe, has a cross of the Ravensworth blood through Romp, her dam, and this mare got second, while Dartmoor, a strong fancy in Auckland, finished a close third. The performance of Huku must have caused his owner to regret not having entered him for the New Zealand Grand National Hurdle Race.

Stepniak has started his winning account thus early through the success in the Winter Cup of his speedy son, Ostiak, who was a good winner during the past season. The long-time retired Mars narrowly escaped effecting a coup for Mr. O'Rourke when he ran second. The top weight, Battlexe, got into a place, and this performance may cause the son of

Notchkins to receive some support for the New Zealand Cup, as a fair-sized field was behind him. The Porirua stable was evidently in great form, for in the very next race, the New Zealand Grand National Steeplechase, the Nator-Germaine gelding Gobo pulled them through. This gelding has had a somewhat chequered career, but steeplechasing would appear to be his forte. Germaine, his dam, was one of the gamest mares in the colony, and defunct Nator, his sire, probably left more winners over hurdles and country than any other sire in New Zealand. Not only did the Porirua stable furnish the winner of the big cross-country event, but The Guard, who won for Mr. Prosser last year, ran second, and one of Auckland's representatives, Straybird, who was favourite, was third. The race was evidently a fine one, as all the starters stood up. The weight Moifad was set to carry was a big one, but he did not perform under it as well as most people expected. The race was the fastest ever run over the course—a sufficient explanation for the defeat of Moifad I should say. Next to Gobo's time, 7.16 1/2, that of Dummy, 7.25, The Guard 7.25 1-5, and Mutiny 7.26, are the best.

The Hawke's Bay hunter K Jam keeps form well and does credit to Kaiwaka his sire. His good jumping stood to him, whereas several other starters in the Tally-ho Steeplechase he won made mistakes. Pipi, another of the Nator family, apparently had the way paved for him in the Enfield Steeplechase through mistakes made by most of the starters, Nipapu, the favourite, being one of those to fall. Hawthorn, the winner of the Woolston Plate, is a game consistent mare, useful in her class, a daughter of Euroclydon's sire Gorton, who was got in England and foaled in Auckland. St. Leger's son St. Michael from Ich Dien, who ran second in the New Zealand Cup won by Rosefeldt, made a creditable first appearance by winning the Ladies' Bracelet, in which, however, he had nothing better to beat than the infirm Favona, who was ridden by Mr. O'Rourke into second place. Mr. W. Stead piloting the winner, who hitherto would not stand training.

The New Zealand Grand National meeting was continued on Thursday under conditions the reverse of favourable for the sport, the weather being against a large attendance, and the course somewhat holding. Muscovite, who started off by winning the Summer Handicap, is a six-year-old son of Stepniak, who has won a number of races during the past two seasons in country districts. Again did St. Hario disappoint his connections, though he appears to have run very well. He was heavily supported, and must still have a big following. Rowlock, a son of Hanlan, a half-brother to Nator, who did not appear on the first day of the meeting, created some surprise by winning the Hunt Club Cup from the consistent K. Jam and the well-known performer Coastguard. In that race Angle again fell, and so did Mangatera. Cora Linn, who won the August Handicap, has proved herself a useful mare, and this daughter of expatriated Auckland-bred Foul Shot, who claims a mare at one time well known in Auckland in Lalla Rookh as her dam, was until last summer owned by Mr. J. R. Corrigan, the present owner of Sundial, who proved the runner up. Goldspur, who finished third, was omitted from the list of acceptors.

In the very next race, the New Zealand Grand National Hurdle Race, another West coaster scored in the Hawera ex-hack hurdler Haydn, whose dam, Myra, is a daughter of Cap-apie, who was for some years in the Auckland Stud and Pedigree Stock Company's stud at Sylvia Park. Haydn, as late as last March, was running in the back ranks, but at the winter meeting of the Wanganui Jockey Club won the hurdle races there. He is a strong-made gelding. Long Tom, the runner up, is a son of Artillery, who, like Foul Shot, is in America. Long Tom has only recently been showing good form. A fast gelding and a fine jumper, he has usually been noticeable for more pace than staying. His half-brother and sister, Clarence and Minerva, by Tekoa, were useful over hurdles. Long Tom was ridden by the well-known amateur, Mr. E. Harley. To have won

a Grand National Hurdle Race would have been a feather in the cap of this accomplished horseman. Auckland had a winning turn though the success of Straybird in the Beaufort Steeplechase. Four months ago one could hardly have imagined that the Wanderer gelding would have been forward enough to run a good third in a New Zealand Grand National Steeplechase, run at such a sound pace as was that event. To start favourite in it must have been a surprise to most people. After the scratching of Social Pest he was my first selection. Friends will be pleased at the success of the owners and their trainer, Morraghan. The fine race Sundial ran in the August Handicap gave a line to his after form, but nevertheless he went out at a comparatively long price in the Islington Handicap, for which there were a number of runners more fancied. Sundial seems rather an uncertain customer. In beating the Gibraltar mare Taubel he put up a very fair performance. I fancy the holding condition of the track materially assisted to Sundial's success. He invariably gallops well in dirt.

The New Zealand Grand National meeting was brought to an end on Saturday in favourable weather. The racing was of an interesting character, and though the attendance was not so large as on some previous occasions it was nevertheless good, and speculation was keen. The sum of £43,179 was handled at the totalisator during the three days, as against £33,000 last year, an average increase per day of over £1,000. There would probably have been an increase in the turn-over in any case, as nearly all clubs in the colony of any note have been handling more money each succeeding year. The abnormal increase over the meeting under notice can be attributed mainly to the new system of paying out dividends on second horses, as well as on winners. The presence of bookmakers, who were transacting a large volume of business, and acting for clients in distant centres, would account for a fair proportion of the sum.

The St. Clair gelding St. Denis was made second favourite for the Heathcote Handicap, in which he ran a good race, finishing second, but the Hon. J. D. Ormond's Jabber, who seems all at home under weight, and still retains his form, defeated him, followers of the "all cerise" receiving a good dividend. Somerled, who was little fancied, finished third, and there were fourteen other runners, including Crusoe, who was fourth, and Taubel, who started out first favourite. The Grand National Hurdle Race winner Haydn just succeeded in defeating Long Tom at the finish of the Sydenham Hurdle Race, after a good race, in which The Hempe was third. Thus the form shown in the Grand National Hurdle Race by all three was again borne out. The Hempe started favourite.

Surrey, in the hands of Mr. R. E. Harley, won both the Third Hunters' Hurdle Race and the Hunters' Plate Handicap on the flat, defeating The Jester, Derring-do, and Leaboard Watch in the first-mentioned event, and Vulcan, The Jester and six others in the last. Rex II. was coupled with Surrey in the flat race, and backers had to accept short prices about both the first and second horses. In the Lincoln Steeplechase the Hon. J. D. Ormond's Roller had a winning turn, the improved conditions under which he was racing, the weight, and distance suiting him. Straybird was set to concede Roller Giba, and Pipi, who beat him for second place, 13lbs. Moifad was handicapped within 1lb of 14st. The unsatisfactory part of it was that Moifad ran off one of the fences going down the back. St. Denis swayed by the shorter course than that run over earlier in the day, and after a close race beat Goldspur and Sundial in the Selwyn Handicap, a dozen others starting. In the Final Hurdle Handicap Dartmoor gave Mr. Watson a winning turn after two disappointments. Rodara, who had competed in a previous race, was a great outsider, and ran second, his supporters receiving the nice dividend of 47/19. The Hunlan gelding Rowlock again showed his usefulness by winning the Hunters' Steeplechase, the opening race on the card, from Dooppy, K. Jam and three others.

AVONDALE JOCKEY CLUB SPRING MEETING.

The following nominations for the principal events at the Avondale Jockey Club's forthcoming spring meeting were received by the secretary (Mr. H. H. Hayr), at the club's offices, High-street, on Friday evening.

Avondale Cup of 300sovs., one mile and a quarter: Volee, Coronet, Beddington, Rosella, Glasgow, Hohoro, Bluejacket, Cavaliero, Paul Seaton, St. Peter, St. Ursula, Formula, Nonette, Hesper, Zealous, Tukapa, Battlexe, Winsome.

Flying Stakes of 100sovs., six furlongs: Picklock, Lady Avon, Val Rosa, Maroon and Gold, St. Olga, Rosella, Solo, Balbirnie, Nonette, Kissaline, Landlock, Deapatch, Tukapa, Highlander, Battlexe, Winsome, Hikipene, Laetitia.

Plumpton Handicap of 150sovs., one mile: Volee, Val Rosa, Maroon and Gold, Coronet, St. Olga, Rosella, Laetitia, Beddington, Hohoro, Bluejacket, Cavaliero, Balbirnie, Paul Seaton, St. Ursula, Formula, Kissaline, Gatecock, Zealous, Tukapa, Highlander, Battlexe, Winsome.

HUNTING.

WAIKATO BOUNDS.

(By Follower.)

After an absence of about two months, owing to rain, bounds met last Wednesday at Mr Reynolds' property, "Trecure." I need hardly say that hunting men as a whole are always partial to this place, as the fences about here are a fair size if stiff, and afford excellent jumping. Our first draw was near the river; here a fine hare jumped up in full view almost at once, which started off across a nice rail fence through the plantation and over another rail, and here along the fence she doubled back; over again the same line of fences she was speedily killed, after a fast, short run, next the gully. Further up the river was tried with success; bounds were soon following their second hare, which, owing to the course she took, prevented any jumping, but both hounds and horsemen were pushing her hard, and, as in the previous case, doubling back to the river caused her end. This was our second kill in a comparatively short space of time. Leaving here, the master decided to draw Mr. Bridgman's property, which evidently abounds in hares, as two or three were put up at once, which soon gave us a nice run across the road double, which was too much for Reckless (D. Shaw), as in trying to refuse she got tangled up in a wire fence, but with the aid of a file and a few willing hands she was extricated with a few trifling scars. This slight check had given hounds a fair lead, but, after a rail fence and then a double ditch and all, we lost our hare in some wet, marshy ground. Moving on, we were again met by "Trelawny," and as we neared the homestead we were kindly treated to a glass each of Mr Hicks' famous cider, which needless to relate put us in a good hunting humour; our hares were very few and far between, as up to a late hour none were ordered. Those following were the master (Bullock Webster), on Falefale; W. Douglas, sen., on Suburban; W. Douglas, jun., on Bob; J. Richardson, on Dusky Jock; C. Ashwin, on Lieutenant; J. Goddard, on Harry; Dr. Roberts, on Te Kooti; I. Pine, on Bombardier; D. Shaw, on Reckless; J. Allen, on Liberty; M. Reynolds, on a brown; J. Hicks, on Taffey; and several other gentlemen whose names I am not familiar with; also Miss Cave, on a grey; Miss Ward, on Tommy; Mrs. Bolton (Couper, on Captain); and a large following of other ladies watching the sport. Driving were Mrs. Hines and Co., Mrs. Wyn Brown, Mr. Gibbons, Miss Hally and Mrs. Hally. Mr. Giddens had a fall over a ditch and bank fence, which in his opinion did not result in a serious accident, as Mr. Graham's horse, who was following, jumped on him; but a slight knock on the head was all he received.

A MESSAGE FROM MA'S.

Whatever the result of Dr. Tesla's experiments in sending messages to planets, the message which scores of ma's are daily sending to their daughters and friends is that Bill Beans for Biliousness are beyond all doubt the world's specific for colds, coughs, rheumatism, indigestion, chest pains, buzzing in the head, flatulence, debility, liver and kidney disorders, constipation, piles, headache and all female ailments. Bill Beans may be had from any chemist, or direct from the Australian depot, 39 Pitt-street, Sydney, by sending price, one and three half-pence. The above message should be noted by all women.

Athletic Sports.

GOLF NOTES.

(By "Stymie.")

Last Saturday the clerk of the weather treated local golfers, much to their delight, to a complete reversal of form, the afternoon being perfect from a golfing point of view. There was a good attendance at Green Lane links, and a number of adventurous spirits went across to Cornwall links. It will take all the time between now and the championship meeting to get the course as it should be. The club house is rapidly nearing completion, and already one room is available for members' clubs.

I have received from the hon. secretary, Mr J. McLean, the programme of the Hawke's Bay Associated Golf Club's championship meeting, which will be held on the Wai-o-hiki links on the 11th to 14th September inclusive. There are a large number of men's and ladies' events, and the meeting should be a great success. Our southern friends expect visitors from Wanganui, and no doubt many of those returning from the New Zealand championship meeting will decide to spend a few days at Napier.

The following are the results of the first round of the Tarauaki Golf Club's mixed foursomes, for prizes presented by Mr A. Standish:—Miss Deacon and Mr A. R. Stanford, 84, scr. 84; Miss G. Stanford and Mr Paton, 86, 2, 84; Mrs Morrison and Mr Pollen, 94, 10, 84; Miss Percy Smith and Mr Fraser, 96, 11, 85; Miss Read and Mr Strouts, 93, 0, 87; Miss Skeet and Mr Johnston, 94, scr. 94; Miss Stanford and Mr R. L. Stanford, 103, 9, 94; Miss Tuke and Mr A. Standish, 108, 13, 95; Miss Standish and Mr Clarke, 104, 6, 98; Miss Dalziel and Mr Ward, 103, 4, 99; Miss O. Stanford and Mr Morrison, 109, 2, 107.

The first four doubles play in the final rounds. Draws and handicaps are as follows:—Miss Deacon and Mr Stanford, scr. play Miss G. Stanford and Mr Paton, 2; Mrs Morrison and Mr Pollen, 7, play Miss Percy Smith and Mr Fraser, 7. Holes play, games to be played by 25th August. For handicap of 2, strokes will be taken at 7 and 10 holes; for handicap of 7, strokes will be taken at 1, 3, 5, 6, 7, 9 and 10 holes. The following have been appointed umpires, and with whom players must make their own arrangements.—Dr. Walker, Messrs Spencer, Wright, and Weston.

At a special general meeting of the Tarauaki Golf Club held last Friday night, the rules for the club were passed. The members also unanimously decided to accept Mr Standish's offer of the use of his grounds for links. The change will probably be made in time for next season, though the work of getting the new grounds in order and laying out the holes will be commenced at once. A good nine or twelve hole course can be easily arranged. The links are quite as near town as the present ones, and if anything the turf is better.

The following paragraph appears in the annual report of the Otago Golf Club, which lately concluded a very successful year:—Caddies.—Considerable trouble has been taken by a sub-committee formed to deal with this matter. . . . We are aware that members have had difficulty frequently in obtaining good caddies, and also have frequently found the caddies rather out of control; but the perfect caddy is born, not made, and members should sometimes bear this in mind. Another difficulty is sometimes due to the supply not being equal to the demand. . . . Fortunately the Auckland supply has hitherto been equal to the demand, although we have not many of the "born" articles.

Lofter writes me from Napier as follows:—On Saturday the westerly wind appeared to be having a holiday, and fairly got on the loose. No one has seen such a gale before, and hopes not to again. When the drag started for the links we thought we were lunatics, and our friends who saw us knew we were. However, after two o'clock the gale gradually dropped, and we had a capital game. Kurupo Taraha won the vice-president's trophy from scratch, being one up on Bogey with the excellent score of 89. All the other players went down from one to eleven holes.

Mr John Cotter, of Wairarapa, who lately visited Napier, had some good play at Waiohiki, and kindly presented the ladies with three trophies, which were competed for on Saturday. Miss Rutherford again carried off the honours of the day with the record score of 63. On a windy day 63 for 12 holes is not bad golf for a lady. Miss Shaw got second trophy. Miss L. Davis and Miss Burke tied for the third, and are to play off on Wednesday.

The August competition for the ladies of the Wellington Golf Club for the silver putter took place on Aug. 7th, and was won by Miss Bell. The bogey score has been reduced to eighty-eight, and Miss Bell, with a handicap of six finished five up. Miss Pearce (scratch) was second with three up. The Ladies' Committee are working up a team to represent the Wellington Club at the Championship Meeting here. Some of the club's strongest representatives cannot get away, but it is hoped that a fair team will be arranged.

The full course of the eighteen holes at the Christchurch links is now open and appears to give every satisfaction to those who have played over it.

My recent remarks on putting have caused a considerable amount of discussion, and one golfer has intimated to me that he would be willing to provide a prize for a putting competition to, if possible, test the soundness of my conclusions. This would be rather a difficult matter, although his suggestion is ingenious. He proposes to count any putt which is more than two feet short of the hole as two. This would certainly be an encouragement to players to "be up." Some modification of his idea may suggest itself to my readers, and I shall be pleased to hear anyone's opinion on the subject, for it is a matter of common knowledge that in this department of the game, which certainly cannot be classed as the most difficult, several of our leading players are very deficient, especially when their play on the green is contrasted with their sterling "long game."

Many players like to putt with a little drag on the ball. It is a well known fact that "cut" imparted to a tennis ball gives the player in many cases great assistance in placing. So at golf it is asserted that getting a little drag on the ball assists one in regulating the strength, and also causes the ball to find the hole more readily in passing across it. I wonder whether it has ever occurred to golfers who have developed from tennis players that this drag is the old "cut" or "chop" of tennis, and that to be up-to-date they should try the "lifting drive," or a modification thereof on the putting green. I am prepared to be laughed at for this suggestion by the silly wise, and I must confess I derived the notion from a child; yet upon trial I think it may be found not absolutely childish. The putt I refer to caught the ball on the rise of the club, and after the face had passed the vertical point and the manner in which the ball in repeated trials found the hole caused me to speculate and ruminate thereon. I am referring now, of course, chiefly to medium and short putts, which are rarely played this way.

The open championship of America was decided on the links of the Hunt Club of Boston, situated at Hamilton, Mass., on June 14th, 15th and 16th, and was won by W. Anderson, Tillsfield, after a tie with Alex. Smith, of Chicago. Both of these players are Scotchmen, and the winner is quite a recent importation, having only been about a year in America. Scotchmen are having a good time in golf lately with English and American championships.

FOOTBALL.

N.S.W. V. WELLINGTON.

A NARROW WIN FOR WELLINGTON.

WELLINGTON BEAT NEW SOUTH WALES BY A POINT.

(Wellington 17 points, New South Wales 16.)

WELLINGTON, Saturday.

The New South Wales representatives played the first game of their New Zealand tour this afternoon at the Athletic Park. The day was fine and the ground was in good order. There was a large attendance (about 5000 being present), and they were rewarded by just the sort of match the public likes to see, no succession of dismal-packed scrummages, but a breezy, dashing, quick scoring game at top speed from start to finish. The size of the score does not speak well for the defence on either side; both were much stronger in attack than when on the defensive. There was a stiff wind blowing down the ground, and Wellington should have put on a larger score in the first spell, but they did not get going till it was half over, and nearly lost the game through their missing their opportunity. When the visitors got the wind they at once showed they could play a bold game, and their backs, kicking high, the men followed up fast, and nearly always scored. The Wellington players soon realised that they were going to be badly beaten if they did not smother the backs, and made it an open forward game as much as possible, with the best results, as they got two well-deserved tries, and ultimately scraped through by the narrow margin of one point. Manson was their shining light; he was always in front, backing up at top speed, and scored no less than three tries. The visitors are rather light, but an active lot of young men, keen at following up and quick to take advantage of an opening. Their passing is rapid and accurate, and they seemed in excellent condition. Judging by to-day's match, their forwards are rather weak, for they could not stand up to the sweeping rushes of their opponents, nor is the defence of their backs of the strongest. Given them an opening, however, and they are very likely to score. The game was played in two spells of 40 minutes. Wellington wore black and

the visitors light blue. Kelly, the local captain, won the toss from Costello, and the latter kicked off at a quarter past three against the wind. The blues were at once driven over their line, and Wallace had a shot at goal from a free kick, but the distance was too great. For some 20 minutes the local backs seemed unable to take the ball, and all attempts at passing were a failure. Several free kicks were awarded against Wellington, which gave the blues breathing time, and then Kelly got over after a long punt by McIntyre, but was called back, as the ball had gone out of touch. For New South Wales Wickham has a try for goal from a free kick, and made a good effort, but the wind was too strong. A score looked imminent at any moment, and as soon as the backs had got properly warmed up it came. Wood made the opening, and, passing to McIntyre and Manson, the latter got over. No goal was kicked: Wellington, 3 to 0. The blues rather unexpectedly at once equalised matters by a dashing piece of passing, in which the ball travelled from hand to hand, and every man backing up, a wild scramble at the finish resulted in Hughes getting over. No goal was kicked: Three all. The next score was to Wellington, and resulted from a perfect piece of play by Wood and Manson. The latter ran up to the line, and at the right moment passed to Manson, giving him a clear run, free from obstruction, to the back of the goal. This was an easy chance, but Wood's kick ran along the ground. Wellington 6, New South Wales 3. Five minutes afterwards McIntyre fairly galloped through the Sydney backs and crossed the line. From a difficult position Wallace kicked a splendid goal: Wellington 11, New South Wales 3. The blues responded by forcing the game to the other end, but the local vanguard came rushing down again, charged Maund, the fullback, and ran over him. The try was, however, averted, but the Sydney fullback got a nasty knock on the hip. The first spell then ended.

In the interval McMahon was shifted to fullback, and Conlon was allowed to fill the gap. On resuming, the visitors, with the aid of the wind, at once proceeded to make things very lively for their opponents. They caught the Wellington men unawares, and, following the kick-off in a body, fairly hustled the blacks out of the way, and scored a try as they liked by the agency of Shortland. No goal resulted; in fact, the place-kicking on both sides was poor, or the scores would have been much larger: Wellington 11, New South Wales 6. About this point Wrigley, the Wellington fullback, touched the ball for the first time in the game. The blues kept up their attack, and, securing a mark, Wickham kicked a beautiful goal: Wellington 11, New South Wales 10. The rapidity of the scoring fairly took the breath of the spectators away, and matters looked very dismal for the local representatives, but they rose to the occasion, and, recognising that their only chance was to keep the ball from the Sydney backs, they set to work at a ding-dong

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

NERVE TONIC.

DO NOT BE PERUADED TO TAKE ANYTHING ELSE.

BRAIN FOOD.

MAKES LIFE WORTH LIVING

forward game that brought its reward. Following up fast, they smothered the skirrmishing division, and Kelly grounded the ball over the line. He dropped it immediately, and the ball was grabbed by a blue. The referee, who doubtless did not have a clear view of what actually happened, disallowed the try, but it was fairly earned. Kelly, however, came again, and by a rapid pass made an opening for Manson, who scored his third try: Wellington 14, New South Wales 10. In answer, Judd came through the scrum with the ball in his arm, and a series of quick passes gave Wickham a try: Wellington 14, New South Wales 13. The blacks, in return, dashed up the ground, and made a terrific assault on the blue line. Wood was thrown out at the corner flag, and scrummage after scrummage saw them still assailing the blue's defence. Finally McInyre got a pass, and went over the line like a catapult: Wellington 17, New South Wales 13. Then came Sydney's turn. Shortland got in a sizzling run, which put Wellington on the defence, and a series of scrummages similar to those at the other end resulted in Conlon scrambling over. Wickham missed his chance of winning the game for his side by failing with the kick at goal, and the score became: Wellington 17, New South Wales 16. With only three or four minutes to go, there was fever excitement, as it was still anybody's game. A thrill ran through the crowd as Wallace, after taking a high punt, very finely allowed himself to be tackled in front of the goal, and the next moment the blue forwards were raging round the posts. They could not, however, get through, but still another chance was left, for a catch was secured close handy. Again the kick failed, and time was called, after a rattling game, with Wellington victorious by the scanty margin of one point.

Opinion is divided about the merits of the four three-quarters game, as played by New South Wales. The arrangement gave them a strong attack, which, when helped by wind, sorely tried the opposing side, but the forwards were correspondingly weakened and could not stay against the smashing charges of the local men; and it is well known that the latter are a weaker-forward team than Wellington has had for years. The combination afforded by the Southern trip stood Wellington in good stead, and but for the practice thus obtained the forwards could not have done the work they did. When the Sydney men have the experience of a few matches together they will be much more formidable, and will probably give the scratch New Zealand team all they want. The passing of the visitors was particularly good, and the backs run level spread across the field, instead of following behind the man with the ball. Several of their tries were obtained in this way.

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CANTERBURY DEFEATS OTAGO.

DUNEDIN, Saturday.

The Canterbury-Otago interprovincial football match was played to-day on the Caledonian Ground, which was in good order. Canterbury (red) won the toss and played with the wind in the first spell. The struggle against the heavy pack no doubt took a good deal out of Otago and except for the last ten minutes the game was not very exciting. Canterbury made the play as tight as possible while the blues strained every nerve to make it open and fast. Duncan played a wonderful game and with Armstrong zipped in the bud many of the Canterbury rushes. He was everywhere, and his collaring, kicking and charging down on the opposing backs were mainly responsible for the visitors not showing to better advantage. He got his men together in the last ten minutes and had decidedly bad luck that some of his cleverly organised tactics did not result in a score.

From the kick off play settled about the Otago 25 flag, the home team being forced. The kick out did not relieve them much, and Ormandy securing a mark Harper made a somewhat indifferent attempt to place a goal. The blues then got on a loose rush and went on to the reds' 25, but a free kick to the reds saw play settle again about Otago's 25 flag. Here there was more tight work, and then

Harper getting the ball from a scrum made an unexpected long pass to Ormandy. The Otago full-back made a poor attempt at collaring and Ormandy slipped quietly round him and scored the first and only try. Harper failed to enhance the score. Despite Duncan's efforts to open up the game play was for some time very uninteresting until Utly made a high kick in front of his own goal, which Harvey cleverly marked. Harper was again at fault with the kick. For the rest of the spell Otago were on the defensive. From Canterbury's kick off Otago, with the breeze in their favour, burst into Canterbury's territory and a forward rush ended in the visitors forcing. The blues were soon back again after the kick out, but the Canterbury forwards broke through and play centred for some time. Line out and scrum work followed for some minutes and then the reds with a fine rush invaded the Otago 25, but the blues soon cleared their lines. The blues swept down the ground, and were pressing Canterbury hard, but over eagerness gave the visitors free kicks three times in quick succession just in the nick of time. Duncan, handling his men well, got back on each occasion, and Bennett had a shot at goal, but he was not successful. In the Canterbury 25 Armstrong whipped out the ball to Duncan, and he passed to Bennett, who sent the leather on to Booth, who had a clear field, but failed to take the ball. Buchanan failed to take the ball from a kick near the corner, when a score appeared certain if he had succeeded. The blues once more returned to the attack, but a kick by Canterbury finding the touchline the bell sounded no time, and Canterbury thus won by 3 points to nil.

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THE NEW ZEALAND REPS.

FOUR AUCKLANDERS INCLUDED.

WELLINGTON, Saturday.

The following team has been chosen to represent New Zealand against New South Wales on the 28th inst.—Full-back, W. H. McKenzie (Auckland); three-quarters, G. W. Smith (Auckland), R. McGregor (Auckland), Jacobs (Southland), L. Allen (Taranaki); half-backs, Humphreys (Taranaki), Wood (Wellington), Duncan (Dunedin); forwards, Dodd (Wellington), Udy (Wairarapa), Drake and Cross (Canterbury), Cunningham (Auckland), O'Dowda (Taranaki), Purdie (Southland).

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AUCKLAND V. THAMES.

The following are the teams selected to play at Parawai, on Saturday, August 24th:—

Auckland:—Full-back, D. Sutherland; three-quarters, G. W. Smith, McKenzie, Absolum; half-backs, D. Hay, Kiernan, Gerrard; forwards, Doran (wing), C. Brady, G. Tyler, H. Wilson, A. Wilson, R. McGregor, Bakewell, Bonella.

Thames:—Full-back, Newdick; 1/2s Buckland, McLean, Kingham; five-eighths, R. McGregor; half, Houghton; forwards, S. McGregor, A. Cameron (wings), G. Smith, Huddleston, McDuff, McPike, Mullins, G. Smith and Bennett.

STARCH EATING BY YOUNG LADIES.

A FOOLISH AND DANGEROUS HABIT.

It has recently been stated, on the authority of a lady doctor, that the eating of starch is a habit practiced by many young ladies in the hope of improving their complexions. Many young ladies are led to contract this dangerous habit, because they overlook altogether the fact that the complexion is a matter which the liver and digestive organs govern by keeping the blood pure. To have good blood the liver must be in excellent working order, the stomach able to perform its part of the contract, and the system must be absolutely free from all digestive troubles. Bile Beans for Biliousness bring about this condition of things, and girls with a pasty white skin cannot do better than try them. Once the organs of the body are in good order the skin will soon assume a beautiful colour without aid from harmful cosmetics.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PUBLIC SCHOOL CADET CORPS.

We commence in this issue a series of pictures of the Public Schools Cadet Corps of Auckland city and suburbs, which we trust will be of considerable interest to a large number of our readers. The value of these corps cannot be exaggerated. It was recognized at once by the Duke of Cornwall and York on the occasion of his visit here, and the Home papers commenting on the New Zealand part of the tour laid great weight on this new development of the volunteer movement in the colony, and highly commended it. We must do all in our power to encourage these bodies of schoolboy soldiers, and to maintain the strong interest they now have in the drill. The evolution from a member of a cadet corps to a full-fledged volunteer is so very natural for every boy that we would like to see the corps much larger than they are.

A BANK ON WHEELS.

Our picture representing the removal of the Bank of New Zealand premises in Palmerston North, shows the comparative facility with which large buildings can be transported. The weight of the edifice was over 100 tons. It has been sold for a gentleman's private residence, and promises when established on its new site to be a commodious and comfortable dwelling. A fine up-to-date brick building will do duty for the bank in future.

THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH IN NEW ZEALAND.

Last Saturday afternoon the ceremony of the laying of the foundation stones of the first Unitarian church in New Zealand took place in Ponsonby Road, Auckland. The Rev. W. Jellie conducted the proceedings, and

after reading portions of Scripture offered up a dedicatory prayer. The foundation stones were laid by Mr Jellie and Captain Lamb, of Mahurangi Heads, who were both presented with handsome silver trowels by the congregation.

The Rev. Mr Jellie, addressing those present, said:—I greet you in the name and spirit of Him whose name we bear. I congratulate you on this beginning of the fruition of many hopes and labours. We raise this church in no spirit of antagonism to other churches, in no spirit of narrow sectarianism. The City of God has its family, its friends and neighbours, whose independence as well as interdependence make it a true city. We aspire to be one family in the City of God. The significance of this event lies in its unexampled freedom. I think we may claim to be the freest church in this city. It is our care to keep the present and the future alike unfettered in creed, ritual, or even name. The spirit of God is like the wind that bloweth where it listeth; and we build no barriers that may not be taken down at a moment's notice to allow ourselves and those who come after us perfect liberty to follow every leading of the spirit of reverence and truth. Never was such a free foundation more needed. You are aware of the prodigious changes of our time. A truer philosophy of human nature is lifting it out of the wreck of its abasement, and declaring that salvation means deliverance not from future wrath, but present sin. Larger views of history are teaching the rise and not the fall of man, with an assurance of human progress bearing us on towards an unseen goal. The conceptions of science are every-conceptions of science are everywhere revolutionising our religious ideas. The democratic movement of the time is inspiring the churches, with nobler ideals and fresh enthusiasm. Everywhere it is springing in the world of thought. Everywhere there are fresh adaptations of truth

A

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to the service of humanity. Our work is to serve man. We are definitely on the side of the new ideas in religion, partly because we cannot help ourselves, partly because we know that the new ideas are more helpful than the old. This is to be a place of Divine service, but we remember that the service to which the Master calls is the service of man. That service will take the form of prayer and preaching to cherish and quicken within us the springs of a higher life. But it will not be confined to that. It will also take whatever form of brotherly helpfulness the needs of those we touch may demand and we can supply. There will be no artificial restraints on our knowledge, our judgment or our affections. If our free church has not the largest sympathies, it ought to have. If it is not most deeply devout, it ought to be. For we value our freedom only as a means to this end—that it may make us riper, richer and more enriching. "For God and humanity" is our motto. To this service we dedicate our building. To this service we dedicate ourselves. May the spirit of the Master hallow all our work!

Lay on MacDuff! Who hasn't read
How bold Macbeth was slain,
But now he's been so long since dead,
Why rake him up again?
Then let him rest, he's out of date,
We'll turn to something newer,
If you've a cold, be not too late,
Take Woods' Great Peppermint Cure

NOVELTIES IN CARDS.

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

OBITUARY.

The news of the death of the Rev. H. C. M. Watson at Bendigo yesterday (the 8th August), has filled a very large number of people in Christchurch with profound regret. Only three weeks ago Mr Watson, accompanied by Mrs Watson, left on an extended sea voyage, and a visit to England, but some of his friends feared then he would never return to New Zealand. Mr Watson himself must have had a presentiment of the same kind, for at the farewell gathering given for him and Mrs Watson (at which he was too ill to be present), he wrote a very pathetic letter wishing his parishioners and friends goodbye. The Rev. H. C. M. Watson is well known in Australia, having been educated in Tasmania and Sydney, and ordained by Bishop Perry in Melbourne. He was then appointed to the curacy of Christ Church, Ballarat. He was married to Miss Annie Macdonald Wright, of Hobart, in 1863, and the same year appointed incumbent of St. Mary's, Caulfield, near Melbourne. He remained in various charges in Victoria until 1873, when he came to New Zealand, and became incumbent of St. John's, Latimer Square, Christchurch, which position he has held ever since, twice visiting England since his appointment.

Mr Watson was an extremely well read man, a great thinker, and few clergymen perhaps kept themselves so well in touch with the current literature of the day, with philosophy and science. He was a writer himself of considerable merit, and has bequeathed his literary talents to his eldest son, Mr H. B. Marriott Watson, who has made quite a name for himself in English literary circles. Mr Watson, too, was a most warm, kind-hearted friend to all, especially the poor, and he will be greatly missed and genuinely regretted. Mr Watson leaves a widow and a family of four sons and six daughters. Three of his daughters are married and living in Christchurch—Mesdames F. J. Cowlishaw, H. M. Marshall, and C. M. Taylor. At the time of his death

Mr Watson was staying with his brother, Canon Watson, of Bendigo, Victoria.

Great regret was felt in Napier at the death, on August 13th, of Mrs Alexander Davidson, of Cameron Rd. It is between thirty and forty years since she came to reside here, so that she was well-known, and will be greatly missed by her friends in Hawke's Bay. Much sympathy is felt with her husband in his sad bereavement.

A Five Years' Train Journey.

Our universe is estimated to be a circle with a diameter of 9,000,000 miles in round figures. Within this "enclosure," the centre of which is the sun, navigate, so to speak, eight large planets, the earth amongst them, not the largest by any means—also about 400 minor planets discoverable only by means of the telescope, a certain number of flighty comets, and a greater quantity of shooting stars, fragments of disaggregated planets, which have literally "gone to pieces."

This is "our" world; nearest to it is the word around star "A" of the constellation Centaurus, whose distance from us is over 225,000 times greater than that between us and our sun.

And yet, insignificant as our sun may seem, after all these fantastic figures, it is yet 1,600,000 times larger than the earth, and if a train were started on a trip round the sun it would take five years at the rate of sixty-two miles an hour for it to complete the journey.

This huge globe is the source of all the heat and light our earth receives, and still all the power that reaches us out of these elements hardly amounts to the "two billionth part" of what is exhaled by this incandescent mass, whose actual temperature has been variously calculated to attain between 12,000 and 20,000 deg. Fahrenheit.

Lake Rotomahana and Pink Terraces.

A party of Rotoruaites went on a voyage of discovery to Lake Rotomahana last week, and returned highly elated with their discoveries. The party was organised with the idea of locating the site of the old Pink Terraces, so long buried by the eruption of Tarawera, and of finding whether it would be possible to uncover the buried treasure to delight the eye of man again. The party went by coach to Wairoa from Rotorua, then by boat across Lake Tarawera to the foot of the mountain. Here a little pig hunting was indulged in by way of a change, pigs being very plentiful on the mountain. After camping the night the explorers in the morning got a splendid view of the Waimangu Geyser, playing to a great height, then proceeded to carry the boat overland until Lake Rotomahana was reached. Then the boat was launched on Rotomahana, the first since the eruption. The lake is now about 500ft deep in places, and by rowing over portions of the lake that were boiling (an uncanny experience, to say the least of it) the party discovered a huge torpedo and several very peculiar geysers, these latter in the banks of the lake. The last, the geyser discovered lately, was reached. It lies quite close to the water's edge, and is very evidently the old cauldron which crowned the top of the Pink Terrace, and the exploring party came to the conclusion that the terraces extend from this geyser into the lake, and are but buried, and very probably quite sound. An ascent to the top of Tarawera was made, and the view obtained magnificent. The men who made this very interesting and delightful trip are of opinion that by making a small canal from Lake Rotomahana to Lake Tarawera, the water could be drained off the terraces, and enable further operations to be carried on. Think what this would mean to New Zealand.

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in a Few Days.**

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H. Billens. photo. Palmerston North.

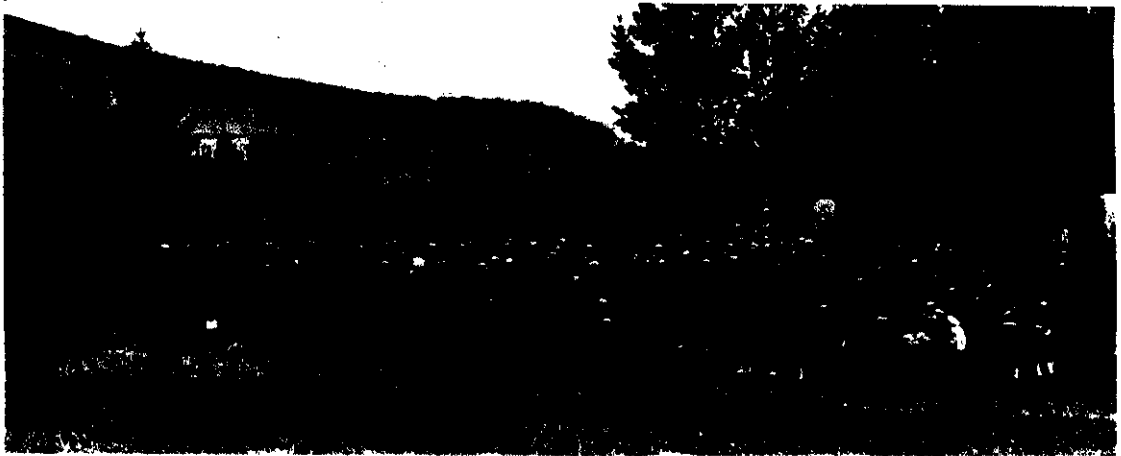
"Good-Night Mum."



FUNERAL LEAVING HEATHFIELD.



FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING SHAG POINT.



AT THE GRAVE SIDE, PALMERSTON NORTH.
The Funeral of the Late Sir John Mackenzie.



Valle, photo.

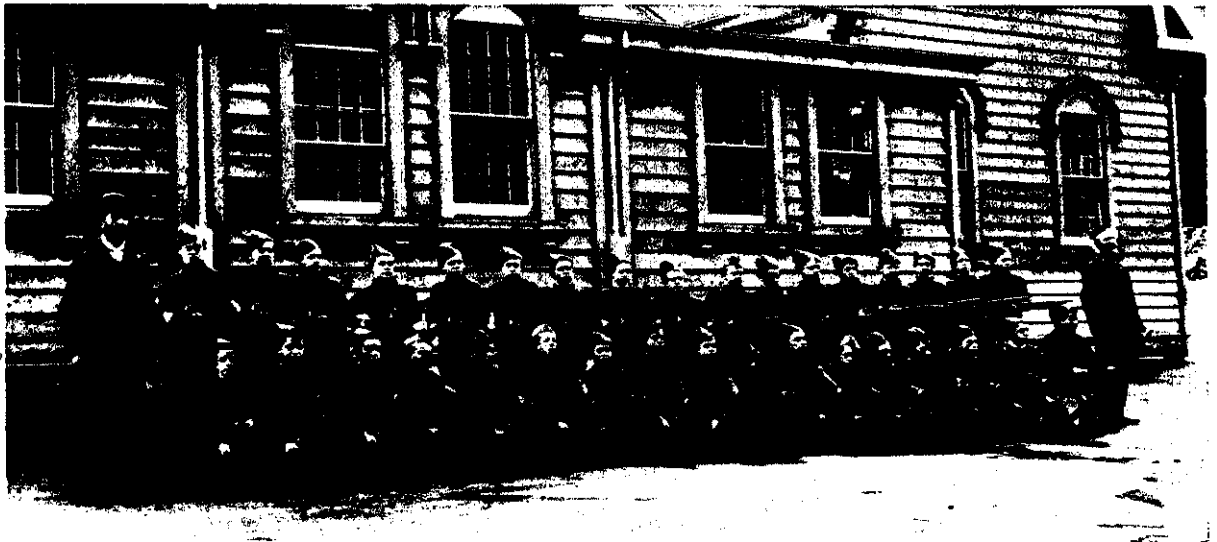
"STILL STANDS THE FOREST PRIMEVAL."



Berry and Co., photo.

DELEGATES TO THE CONVENTION OF THE NEW ZEALAND CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR UNION, HELD IN WELLINGTON ON 22nd JULY

BOTTOM ROW:—Mr. Jack, Rev. C. Dallaston, Miss Hustwick, Rev. H. Kelly, Miss Hopkirk, Miss H. McKenzie,
 TOP ROW:—Miss M. McKenzie, Miss Brown, Mr. Hall, Mr. Jenkin, Mr. Sim, Miss Rugg, Miss Hayes.



MOUNT EDEN CORPS.



NEWTON EAST CORPS.

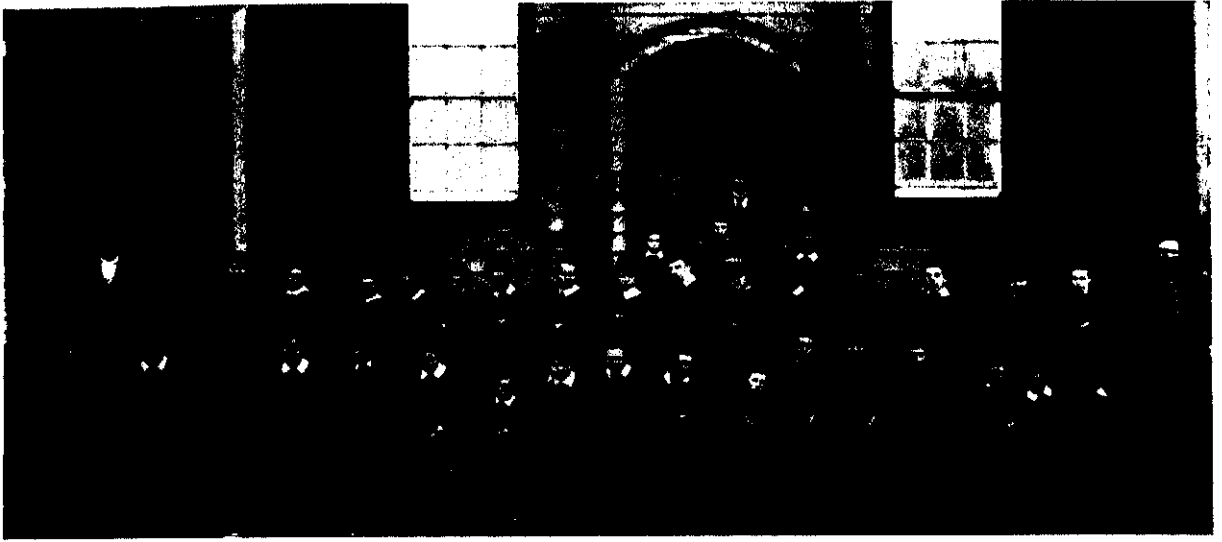


GRAFTON ROAD CORPS.

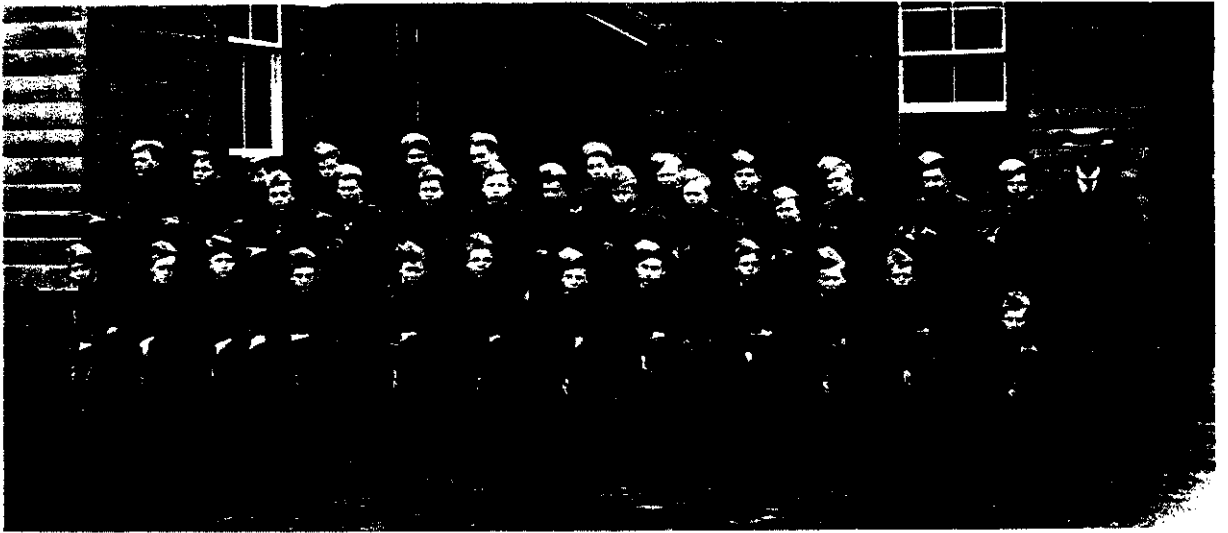
See "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS."

Auckland Public Schools' Cadet Corps.

Photos. by Valle.



EPSOM CORPS.



REMUERA CORPS.

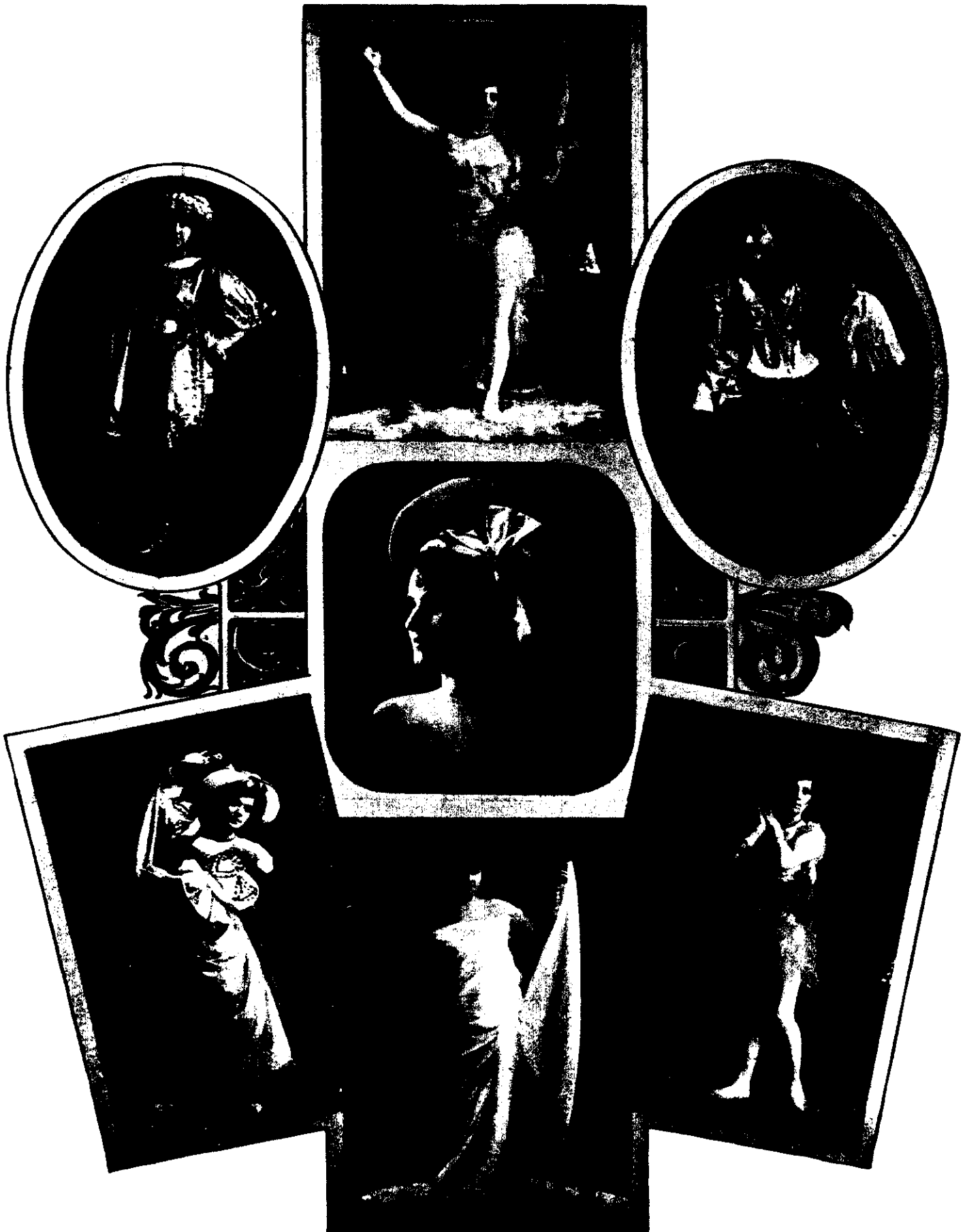


PARNELL CORPS.

[See "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS."]

Photos. by Valle.

Auckland Public Schools' Cadet Corps.



Hemus. photo.

The Art of Posing.

AS ILLUSTRATED BY SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF MUSGROVE'S GRAND OPERA COMPANY.

Copy negative no. C9071.



Wairond "Graphic" photo.

A CORNER OF THE STATUARY ROOM IN THE AUCKLAND MUSEUM

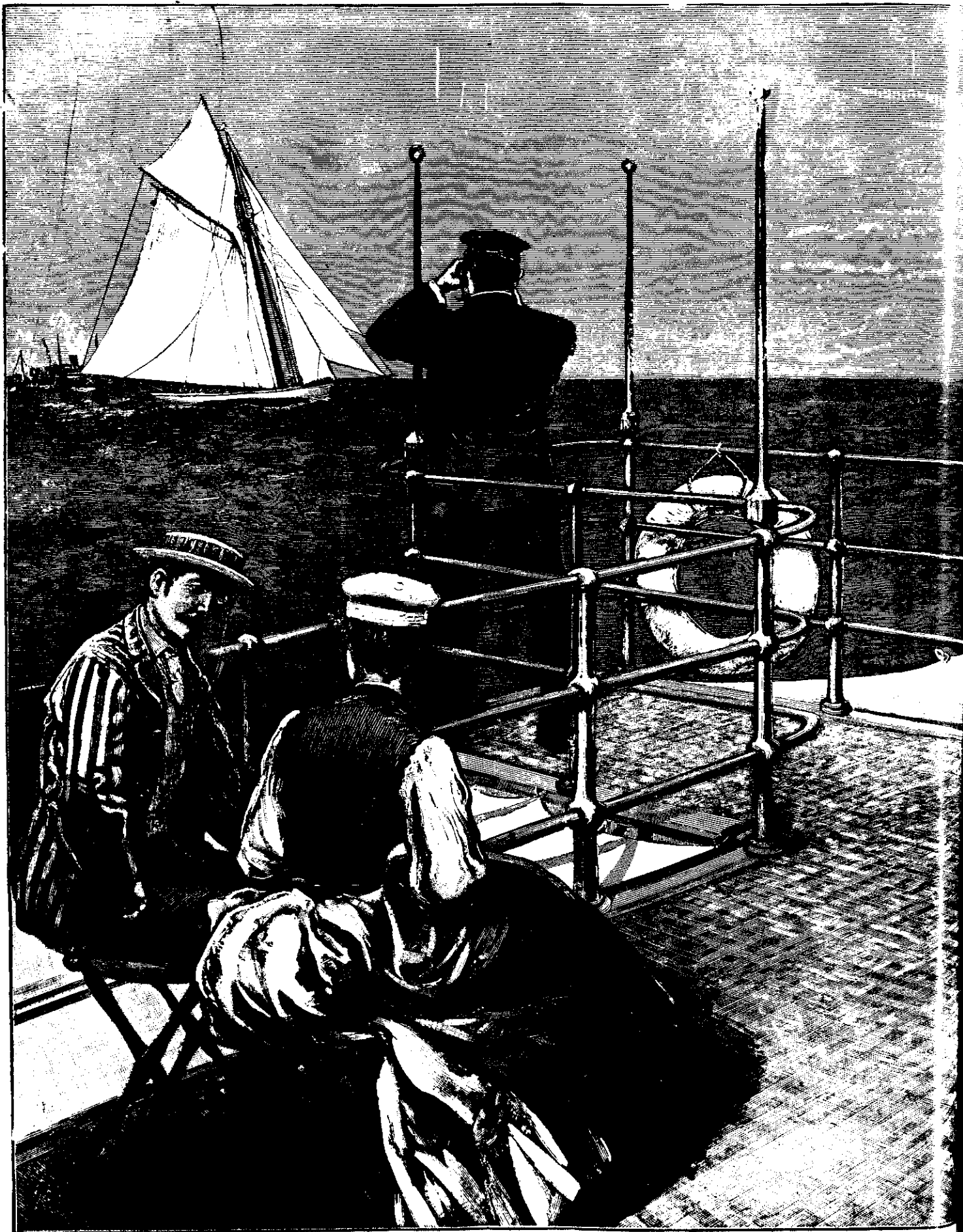


Wairond "Graphic" photo.

THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH IN NEW ZEALAND.

See "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS."

Laying the foundation stone of the Auckland Unitarian Church in Ponsonby Road.



YACHTING ON THE CLYDE, SCOTLAND.—The Home of Sir T. Lipton's Yacht



"Shamrock II," now at New York to contest the possession of the America Cup.



CAPT. SICCAMORE. SIR THOMAS LIPTON. MR. G. L. WATSON.
THE CAPTAIN, OWNER, AND DESIGNER OF "SHAMROCK II."



"WHEN WOMANHOOD AND CHILDHOOD MEET."

By Miss F. A. De Biden Footner.



SCENE AT WAHKEKE ISLAND, AUCKLAND.

The New Profession for Men.

The servant problem is one of those vexed questions that are always troubling us. There really seems to be but one answer to the question: Who will do our housework for us in the future?—let the men do it. It is the only field of labour which is not crowded to overflowing, for women have become lawyers and clergymen, cattle-dealers, and type-writers. Besides, domestic service is man's work on three grounds, at least.

In the first place, laundry-work, scrubbing floors, and beating rugs and mattresses are heavy labour, requiring the strength of a manly arm, a force beyond the unimproved woman biceps.

In the second, to cook in first-class style demands that the cook himself love good eating and appreciate it. Where on this planet is the manly heart that does not thrill with delight or the manly mouth that does not water at the prospect of a perfect dinner?

Finally, it is man's nature to grab every good thing in sight. Here is an uncommonly good thing—a profession offering larger income than that of many a poor author or clergyman, with a good living included.

A young man who has already invaded this new industrial field for his sex assures us that he gets £1 a week "salary," besides being "found." Moreover, he will only work stated hours, from eight o'clock to six, and even with this cast-iron proviso he is overwhelmed with offers of employment from housekeepers wildly craning their necks for deliverance from misery. You observe, too, that he calls his wages his "salary," which is something—which is much, indeed.

Again, the gifted and well-educated man cook housemaid will dignify domestic labour and elevate it to its true plane in the social scale—a thing the servant girl has never yet been able to do. He will reign and rule triumphant king of the kitchen.

To sum up the whole, the man kitchenmaid may drop cigar ashes upon the roast, but he will never drop tenns into the pudding. Furthermore, his hair is short. Neither will he have followers to look in of an evening and be fed on the fat of the land at his employer's expense.

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SCENE ON THE WAITAKEREI COAST.



A GIANT POHUTUKAWA.



AN INTERESTING SCENE AT THE PARIS SALON—MADAME LOUBET ADMIRING MR. KRUGER'S PORTRAIT.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURSE.



HENLEY REGATTA: HELD LAST MONTH ON THE THAMES.

Special interest attached to the great English water carnival this year in consequence of the entry of the Pennsylvania University for the Grand Challenge Cup, and the entrance of a Ghent crew for the same race.

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, Papanui, 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.

The Coming Age of Glass.

If the visions of a French savant are realised, we shall all be living in glass houses before very long, according to the "Express."

The foundation and walls will be constructed of a variety of glass recently invented called "stone glass," which has already successfully withstood the severest tests.

The walls will be built of glass, held together by angle irons, so as to permit of a hollow space through which pipes could pass (the pipes themselves being glass-work) conveying hot air,

hot and cold water, gas, electric wires, drains, and everything needed for the health and comfort of the inhabitants.

Stairs and balustrades, ceilings, and wall decorations, mantelpieces and fireplaces, would all be constructed of glass.

Our chairs and tables, in the new glass age, will be made of vitrified material, toughened to the strength of oak and mahogany. Our cooking utensils, our plates and cups and saucers, will be made of the same substance. Even our knives and forks will have glass handles, if not glass blades.

The new glass house will be abso-

lutely clean, and practically indestructible. The whole of its surface can be washed from the top storey to the basement without a trace of humidity being left. Dust cannot collect on its polished face, and the spider will find no place on which to hang its cobwebs.

They have already begun to pave the streets of Paris with glass, and it is found that the substance, while practically indestructible, is admirably suited to the feet of both men and beasts; and, as it neither holds nor makes any dirt, it is absurdly easy to clean. Its only fault is that it somewhat increases the noise of the traffic, but even this might by and by be over-

come.

Perhaps it might be possible, in connection with one of the many projected exhibitions, to construct on a modest but sufficient scale a dwelling of the kind M. Henrivaux describes. People would then be able to experience the actual sensation of walking along glass floors, of climbing a glass staircase, of being surrounded by glass walls, of sitting on glass chairs at glass tables, drinking tea out of glass cups, and stirring it with glass teaspoons.

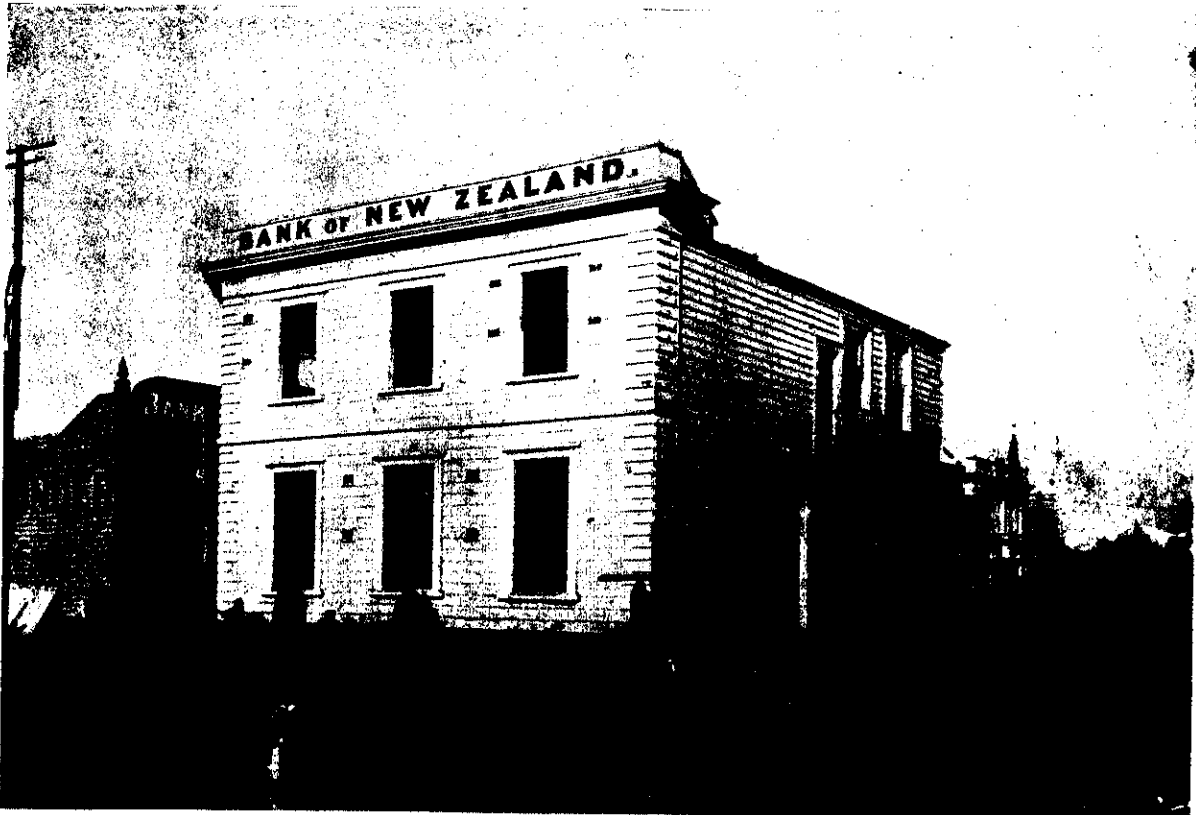
How far this could be accomplished with due avoidance of monotony it is hard to say.



GENERAL DELAREBY.

GENERAL C. DE WET.

THE TWO BOER GENERALS WHO HAVE GIVEN MUCH TROUBLE TO THE BRITISH.



H. Billens, photo.

A BANK ON WHEELS.

[See "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS."]

During the past week the centre of attraction in Palmerston North—the Chicago of New Zealand—has been a traction engine drawing the Bank of New Zealand along the public highway.

Elephant v. Mouse.

A FIGHT TO A FINISH IN A CIRCUS.

Why is the gentle elephant afraid of the fierce and bloodthirsty mouse? Various theories have been mooted to account for the well-known natural antipathy of the huge pachyderm for the tiny grey creature. Some scientists say that the very smallness of the mouse is the cause of the elephant's terror—my lord being afraid that the mouse will run up his trunk, with results that could not fail to be disastrous. On the other hand, some trainers say that it is because mice inflict painful wounds on elephants' legs. You know, a healthy elephant's skin is as likely as not to be half an inch thick. An industrious mouse, with an appetite for live elephant cuticle, can nibble a deep hole in it without his victim becoming aware of it until the excavation reaches to the quick. Sores in a half-inch skin take a year or two to heal, so the elephant is no more to be blamed for his fear of a mouse from that point of view than a man is for his fear of a wasp.

Be that as it may, the fact that the elephant is really afraid of Master Mouse was practically attested at a circus the other day in the presence of a very interested audience, including a contingent of reporters. The mouse approached the arena in his own trap—which is to say, the one in which he was caught. The weights were somewhat unequal—the mouse weighing less than two ounces, while his antagonist scaled near a ton.

When the tiny mouse skipped nimbly into the ring, the elephant showed his appreciation of his presence by sticking out his ears at right angles, raising his tail and keeping it as rigid as a cross-bar.

After making several short rushes in different directions, the mouse retired into a corner and pensively combed his whiskers.

All the time the elephant had never taken his eyes off the tiny thing, and displayed his agitation by waving his broad, flapping ears. Presently he backed slowly away from the mouse, which, in the meantime, was vainly seeking for an avenue of escape. Presently he darted straight between the elephant's forelegs, cleverly escaping a vicious blow aimed with the trunk of his huge opponent.

These tactics roused his elephantship to frenzy. Trumpeting furiously, he stamped about with his ponderous feet, which the mouse missed by a series of swift darts hither and thither. The elephant kept his hind-quarters jammed against the wall so as to avoid an attack in the rear. In order to prevent the mouse from repeating his tactics of rushing between his forelegs Brer Elephant kept them close together, swinging his trunk the while and waiting for a chance to land a knock-out blow.

The end came very suddenly. In one of his lightning rushes the mouse met the elephant's huge forefoot, and the impact lifted him several feet into the air. When the wee thing landed again his big antagonist was waiting for him, and promptly stamped him out of existence. Even after the first blow had fallen, and poor Master Mouse was flatter than a pancake, the elephant in a sort of frenzy continued to trample on the tiny corpse.

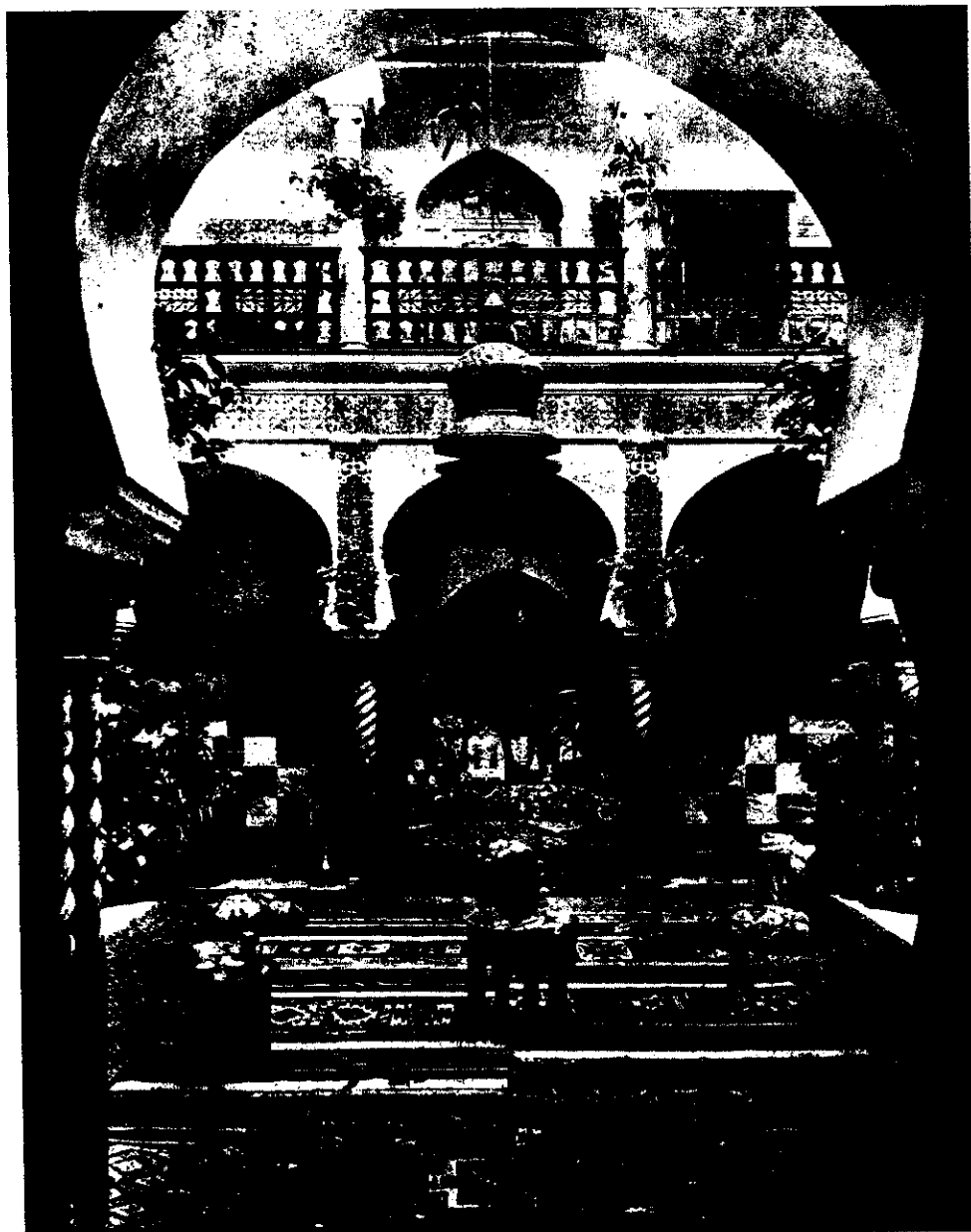
And that is the story of the first recorded fight between a mouse and an elephant.

The Autocrat of Commerce.

One of the most powerful magnates on the planet just now is Mr Pierpont Morgan, the New York banker, who is credited with a desire to secure the control of the world's steel production. A Bostonian to the finger tips, he owns some of the finest dogs in the world, and when he reached London the other day one of his first acts was to pay 300 guineas for an addition to his kennel. A curious proof of his power was given when he actually bargained with the Indian Government to allow him to secure for his own business their greatest financier, Mr Clinton Dawkins.



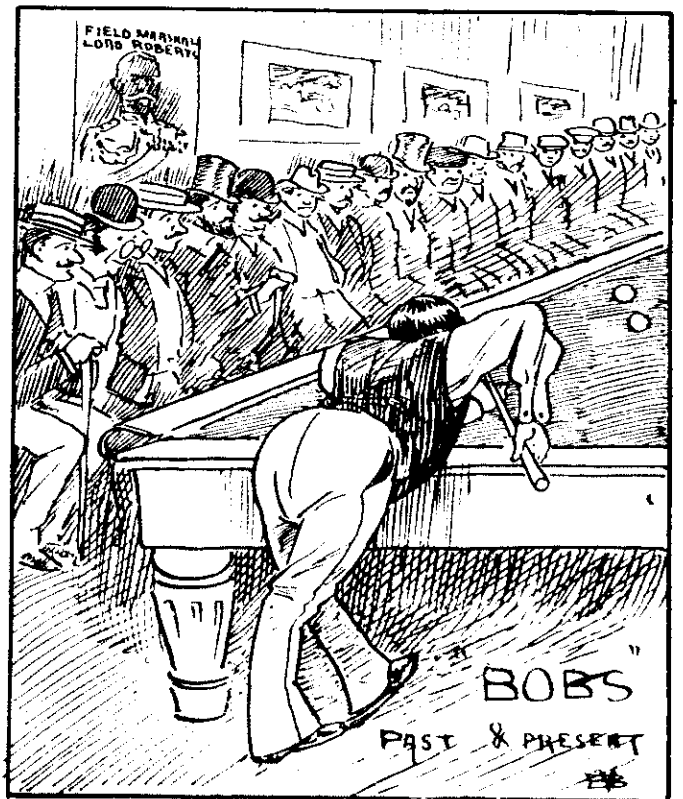
A NOVEL MILKING PLACE.



INTERIOR OF AN ALGERIAN HOUSE.



WITHEFORD TAKES THE "FLURE."



CARTOONLETS.

The white-sheeted ghost has again made its appearance in Auckland.

The hero of the hour in certain New Zealand circles just now is Roberts, the Champion Billiard Player of the World.



THE ROYAL TOUR: COVERS OF ADDRESSES AND TUBES IN WHICH THEY WERE CONTAINED, PRESENTED TO T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AT MALTA.

STEWART DAWSON & CO.

146 & 148 QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

The Great Watch, Jewellery and Plate House of Australasia—AUCKLAND, WELLINGTON, SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, PERTH—and LONDON.
 ALL GOODS AT FIRST-HAND PRICES. NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS TO PAY.

No. E924.—Set, Gold Lucky Wishbone Pin Charm, 6s. 6d.

F3705.—Elegant New Bird Brooch with Lucky New Zealand Greenstone Bell, 14s. 6d.

F4299.—Hand-some 15-carat Gold Bird and Shamrock Brooch. £1 5s.

F3558.—Handsome Commonwealth Brooch. 9ct. Gold, 14s. 6d.

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

No. 166.—Set Links, 9ct. Gold, £1 15s.; 18ct. Gold, £2; Silver, 6s. 6d.

No. 167.—1 Diamond, 2 Rubies, 18ct. Gold, £2 7s. 6d.

No. E824.—9ct. Gold Chased Heart Pin Charm, 6s. 6d.

E5629.—New Lucky Bell Brooch, Handsome Design, 9ct. Gold, 12s. 6d.

No. 112.—Heart and Lover's Knot Brooch, Artistic Design, Amethyst and 9ct. Gold, 18s. 6d.

The Empress Ladies' 18ct. Gold 1-plate Lever, all 18ct. case (including home), fine jewelled movement, thoroughly reliable, £10 10s.

No. 39.—Set, Gold and Real New Zealand Greenstone Brooch, 15s. 6d., and at 11s. 6d., 16s. 6d. and upwards.

Ladies' Silver Mounted Purses in all the Fashionable Leathers, 126, 146, 166, 210 to 450.

No. E2050.—Solid Silver 4 Bell Baby's Rattle, with Ring and Rubber Sooter, 7s. 6d.

J536s.—Jam Dish Elec. Silvr. Mounted, 25s.

No. 299.—Gold and Amethyst Heart, set Pearls, £1 10s.

S. D. and Co.'s "Eclipse" Watches have finest quality 1-plate full cased dust-proof movements, jewelled in a hole. The best watches at the price ever sold. In hunting cases, £2; crystal front, £1 10s.

S. D. & Co.'s Gent's Gold Keyless Hunting Lever Watch has fine quality 1-plate lever movement, jewelled in holes, chronometer expansion balance, perfect Keyless wind up, strong 18ct. gold case, £17 10s.; silver face, £14 10s. In Silver Hunting Case, £3 10s.

F294x.—Butter Dish, Electro-Silver, 10s. 6d.

No. 29s. 15 1/2 Gold Heart, 11s. 6d.; 9ct. ditto, 7s. 6d.

No. 107.—Set Links, 9ct. Gold, £1 10s.; 18ct. Gold, £2 10s.; Silver, 7s. 6d.

183.—Elegant Carved Keeper 18ct. Gold, £2; 18ct. Heavy Rings, 3 Rubies, 18ct. Gold, 25/-, 270, 300.

No. 178.—Wedding Ring, 18ct. Gold, £1

No. 161.—2 Diamonds, 3 Rubies, 18ct. Gold, £3 10s.

Any of the Articles illustrated above will be sent free and safe on receipt of remittance. 80 page Illustrated Catalogue free anywhere. Call or write. Post Card will do.

Music and Drama.

OPERA HOUSE.

Sole Lessee and Manager,
WILLIAM ANDERSON.

CONTINUED AND UNABATED
SUCCESS
OF THE

INIMITABLE IRISH COMEDIAN,
JOHN F. SHERIDAN,
(THE ORIGINAL WIDOW O'BRIEN.)

SATURDAY NEXT.
"FUN ON THE BRISTOL."

POPULAR PRICES—3/ 2/ 1/.

Mr John F. Sheridan ran "When the Lamps Are Lighted" to full houses last week in Auckland, and it was not till Saturday that the exciting melodrama gave place to the amusing farce comedy "A Trip to Chicago." The new piece partakes a good deal of the character of "Fun on the Bristol," Mr Sheridan's most famous production. Here the genial actor is once more a lady, and the pivot on which the entire fun and frolic of the evening revolves. Johanna Murphy, as her name bespeaks her, is Irish, with all the volubility, outspokenness and vigour of the Widow O'Brien, and not a whit less of that matron's humour. The play is of the accommodating nature of musical comedies generally, and permits the introduction of numerous interpolations, which certainly add to the amusement of the audience. Of these Mr Sheridan's impersonation of Juliet Brown-Potter in the duologue "Romeo and Juliet" is laughable in the extreme. To-morrow evening (Wednesday) Dion Boucicault's great Irish drama "The Shaughraun" will be staged.

Many who heard Mr Donald Macdonald, the Australian war correspondent, lecture on the South African campaign, predicted that he would make a big success as a lecturer on anything besides war. It now appears that his own spirit prompting him, or that of his pushing representative, Mr Edward Geach, Mr Macdonald is to act on the advice given him by many of his admirers. He has just returned from a tour of the world, and will commence a lecture season in Sydney shortly. The principal lecture is "London Up-to-Date."

"Florodora," under the wing of the Pollard Opera Company, boomed in Dunedin. The "Geisha" followed, and had equal success.

Madame Belle Cole gave no concert in Wellington lately, as she had previously arranged to do. Musgrove's Grand Opera Company being there she elected to go on to Napier.

On September 16th the Nance O'Neil Company opens a season at Capetown, and Mr Joe St. Clair, so long one of Mr J. C. Williamson's managers, sailed from Albany by the Damascus a little over a fortnight ago to prepare for the South African campaign. Mr McKee Rankin takes with him as leading man Mr Thomas Kingston.

Madame Clementine De Vere Sapio, now with Mr J. C. Williamson's Italian Opera Company in Sydney, is regarded as a great acquisition to that organisation. Signor Sapio, her husband, who accompanied his wife to Australia, but had recently to return to America, is a conductor of note. He recently conducted a season of grand opera in English at the America Theatre, New York, under the management of Messrs Grau and Savage.

Mr Charles Kensington Salaman, who died recently in London, at the great age of 87 years, was the "father" of the Royal Society of Musicians. He published continuously from 1828 to 1878, composed some fine choral services (Hebrew) for the chief synagogue in London, and made a world-wide reputation for one speci-

ally charming song, "I Arise from Dreams of Thee."

Becky Sharp, the new play founded on Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," is to be produced this month at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, London, under the direction of Mr Dion Boucicault.

Wellington has not been behind Auckland in the warmth of the reception it accorded Mr Musgrove's Grand Opera Company. The organisation is certain to do splendid business in the Empire City, if, as it seems pretty certain, the succeeding weeks of the season are as good as the first has been.

Melbourne's "Punch" describes Mr P. R. Dix as the "Maoritand Vaudeville Colossus." It is understood the term has no reference to Mr Dix's substantial proportions, which prosperity has so markedly developed.

Mr Harry Quealy, of Pollards, is a big attraction in "Florodora." His song and dance brings down the house.

Bernard's circus will play in Auckland for a brief season shortly.

Miss Florence Young, well known in the colonies in connection with Williamson's Opera Companies, will again join Mr Williamson's present company in October. She will play the leading parts in "San Toy" and other musical comedies.

Mascagni is to be paid £2000 a week for a season of eight weeks in America, the money to be lodged in a bank in Italy before he starts. His orchestra will consist of ninety performers from the Pesaro Lyceum, of which he is director. His wife and children will accompany him. "I ardently hope," he said to an interviewer, "to win favour with the Americans, as American opinion is rapidly becoming the touchstone of artistic success, whether musical or otherwise."

Mons. Jean Gerardy has left for 'Erisco, having in the space of a little over a fortnight afforded dwellers in the chief urban centres of the colony the chance of hearing a past master on that singularly beautiful instrument the 'cello. In Auckland, as elsewhere, Mons. Gerardy was received with boundless enthusiasm. He is unquestionably a great artist, and one of whom we are bound to hear more in the future. The three concerts in the Choral Hall were very largely attended, and those present will not easily forget the marvellous ease with which the young Belgian overcame the severest technical difficulties, and the exquisite tone he produced from the beautiful Stradivarius. It is understood that the youthful virtuoso is so pleased with his reception in the colonies that he will return in about eighteen months time.

HERE AND THERE.

It appears that the pittites in Wellington are not a whit more amenable to the fascination of grand opera than their brother pittites in Auckland. Complaints are just as rife with regard to the behaviour of the colonial gods during the present season of Musgrove's Company in the Empire City as was the case when the organisation was in the North. One can only assume that the rowdiness is the result of a want of appreciation of the performance, for at other theatrical exhibitions one does not meet with it. Nor is it so surprising that the pit should fail to appreciate grand opera when even in the stalls one meets a similar denseness though it does not express itself so loudly. During the second act of "Lohengrin" in Auckland one somewhat bucolic gentleman was heard to remark to the other, "I say, Jim, when is the show going to begin?" He had evidently assumed that what he had witnessed was but the tedious prologue to some sensational drama probably of the Bland Holman class. I remember myself sitting

next to two ladies at a performance of "The Second Mrs Tanqueray," who during the first half of the play were on the qui vive for the farcical humour of the piece which, they had come expecting, and during the last half sat in mental stupefaction as to the meaning of the whole affair.

An Auckland agent recently arranged with a man to distribute by hand a number of circulars. The individual to whom the work was entrusted did not relish the long tramp which was entailed, and he thought him of the post office as a distributing agency that might be taken advantage of. So he deliberately addressed the circulars with the names of those for whom they were intended and dropped them stampless into the post office box. The consequence is that for several days householders in several parts of the city have been in receipt of letters on which there was a fine of 2d to pay. In theory, of course, one can always refuse to accept letters and so escape the fine they carry, but in practice people pay the penny or pence, never being quite sure of the value of the enclosed communication. When that proves to be a mere advertising circular, however, one may more easily imagine than express their feelings towards the advertiser.

The story is told of a Dunedin man who left a wife and two children in the southern city and went to Auckland a-courting. He represented himself as a widower to a fair lady, and by way of emphasising his lonely condition showed her a funeral card of his late spouse. It ran: "In memory of Mary —, aged 28; died on November 16, 1900, at Dunedin. She sleeps in peace." Then followed the verse—

"A light is from our homestead gone,
A voice we loved is stilled;
A place is vacant in our
Home which never can be filled."

In spite, however, of the sentiment of the last two lines, the gay Lothario did all in his power to fill it. His wife, however, seems to have got wind of the position of things, for she suddenly appeared on the scene, and—well, there the curtain falls.

The ghosts which are now disturbing the quiet of Auckland at nights are silly tricky spirits with no better aim and purpose in their hauntings than to affright timid passers-by. But it will be within the memory of many Aucklanders how in one of the suburbs some years ago an individual played the ghost business to much better purpose. There was a house which this gentleman coveted for his own residence, but the rent was much above his means. In the ordinary course of things he could not hope to occupy it. But, nothing daunted, he laid his plans. The then tenants soon complained of hearing strange noises—the usual conventional ghost noises you know—and, being rather timid folks, they preferred to lie trembling in their little beds instead of jumping up and investigating. Thus emboldened the ghost took to making occasional appearances. This fairly broke the nerves of the tenants, and they quitted, spreading abroad the most awful tales of the place. As ill-luck would have it for the landlord, the next tenant was just about as chary of spirits as the first, and the ghost soon got him out. The result was that no third tenant was forthcoming, and the evil reputation of the place was confirmed. Then the ghost himself, in his work-a-day attire, approached the landlord and offered to take the place at half the rent. The landlord demurred to such a reduction, but a few more appearances of the ghost and he was glad to take a tenant for quarter the ordinary rent. The ghost moved in, and lived comfortably till the reputation of the house became quite rehabilitated. Then the landlord suggested a rise in the rent, whereupon the spirit that had been quiet so long began once more to walk. It was not till some time after that, however, that the identity of the ghost with the tenant became known.

The ubiquitous Scot! A correspondent of the "London Express" narrates how, when travelling in Russia recently he got stranded one Sun-

day at a little out-of-the-way village many miles from anywhere. Having nothing else to do he attended the service of the Greek Church. The chant of the processionists was in a language unknown to the visitor, but some words of an old, reverend-looking, long-bearded priest struck the ear as being strangely familiar, and at last, after straining to hear, the visitor was astonished to catch the following, chanted over and over again in the very "braidest" of Edinburgh Scotch:—

"If it does ye see guid it'll dae ye nae hairm, if it does ye see guid, it'll dae ye nae hairm."

And so the chant went on until towards the end a turn in the music led to this curious change:—

"See me in the vestry, laddie; see me in the vestry, laddie; see me in the vestry."

In the vestry, to which the visitor repaired after the service, the quaint character of the rites of this particular Greek Church was still further illustrated, for the first act of the venerable clergyman was to produce from a secluded cupboard a bottle on which the advertisement of a well-known Scotch whisky firm was conspicuously displayed. This was accompanied with the observation that there was "naething like a drap o' auld kirk sae lang as ye dinna make the mistake of no' taking enough o't." The stranger stayed for some time, and learned that his worthy host had been sent out to Russia many years ago by a commercial firm, whose service he had left to join the Greek Church, about whose dogma he knew nothing, and cared less.

But the main strain of his talk was the beautiful city of Edinburgh, which he affectionately called "Auld Reekie." In the same breath, he spoke of the Tron Kirk and Rutherford's (a famous public house), and of a Lord Provost, now dead, whose great topic was the perseverance of the Scot, and who, in speaking on it, invariably aired the only Latin he ever knew—"Perferendum ingenium Scotorum."

The decision of the Liverpool municipality to provide twelve thousand bottles of sterilised milk daily as a provision against the excessive infant mortality of the city is by no means new. In Copenhagen all milk for infants is sold in sealed bottles of various sizes, each bottle containing just enough for one drink. By this excellent means absolutely pure milk is secured for the infant, and the danger of dirty bottles, the cause of one-half the infant ailments, is removed. The empty bottles are collected daily and undergo a thorough cleansing at the dairies before they are re-filled.

The best cough drops are drops of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

The next time you take cold, dose yourself with a lot of home remedies and dilly-dally along until your cough is deep-seated and you are threatened with pneumonia or consumption. That's one way, to be sure.

Here's another way: Take
**Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral**

at bedtime and be all right the next morning. Isn't this the better way? Then continue the Cherry Pectoral a few days until your throat and lungs have completely healed and all danger of future trouble is past.

Another grand thing about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is that it cures hard coughs, the hardest kind of old coughs, even after all other remedies have failed.

Put up in large and small bottles.

When it hurts your lungs to cough, then apply one of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plasters directly over the painful lung. It will quiet the pain, remove all congestion, and greatly strengthen.

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



ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Gudgong, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Gudgong, C.M.G., British Resident of Barotonga, to Dr. Geo. Craig, recently returned from South Africa.

Among recent engagements is that of Miss Stella Rice, of Auckland, to Mr. Cooper, science master Auckland Grammar School.

The engagement of Miss Ada Martin, of Rotorua, to Mr. H. O. Shearman, of Tauranga, is announced.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

PABST-PEACOCKE.

On Thursday last a quiet but very pretty wedding was celebrated at the bride's residence, Portland Road, Remuera, when Miss Frederika Peacocke, second daughter of Mr. Fitzroy Peacocke, was married to Dr. Joseph Charles Pabst. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Egan, assisted by Father Keogh. The large dining-room had been tastefully decorated with flowers, a special feature being a large floral wedding bell, the work of the bride's girl friends, under which symbol the happy couple stood during the service. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked sweetly pretty in her white satin robe with cream guipure lace encrustations and transparent sleeves and yoke of gathered chiffon. She wore a handsome gold brooch, presented by the bridegroom, and a beautiful pearl necklace, the gift of her parents. She also wore a lovely Limerick lace veil over a wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a beautiful shower bouquet composed of freesias, azaleas, and maiden-hair fern. The bridesmaids were the three sisters of the bride, two wearing charming white silk frocks with semitrails and applique with silk lace; while Miss Madge Peacocke wore a pale yellow silk. They all carried posies composed of daffodils and maiden-hair, and wore pearl dagger brooches, the gifts of the bridegroom. Mr. Douglas Hay acted as best man. After the ceremony the party adjourned to another room, where a recherche wedding breakfast was served, the table decorations being clematis, snowflakes and ferns. In the cutting of the wedding cake an old Irish custom was followed, the cake, whilst being cut, was held by the groomsmen over the bridal couple kneeling. A programme of toasts, comprising "Bride and Bridegroom," "The Bridesmaids," "Bride's Parents," etc., etc., were proposed and responded to: The bride was the recipient of numerous presents, both useful and handsome. The bride's travelling dress was of pale grey voile, prettily trimmed with silver passementerie and pink silk, grey hat lined with gathered pink chiffon, and caught up in front with a grey ostrich plume. Mrs. Peacocke (mother of the bride) wore a violet cloth gown with cream silk vest, and a violet toque with gold crown and violets; Mrs. Gerald Peacocke, black, trimmed with black and white silk, black bonnet relieved with pink and white chiffon; Mrs. Frank Pilling, black and white check, with white pointed satin vest and revers, black hat; Mrs. Eddy Pilling, black silk, hat en suite; Mrs. Peacocke, royal blue cloth gown, white silk vest; Mrs. Lindsay, shaded purple cloth gown, trimmed with passementerie, bonnet to match; Miss Queenie Peacocke, violet velvet blouse, with cream lace bolero, checked skirt, burnt straw hat, trimmed with violets; Miss Trevithick, navy cloth, braided with white and a white silk vest, blue velvet toque with white feathers; Miss Lillian Peacocke, pale grey check cloth, with Eton jacket and pink vest, grey toque with pink roses; Miss Maud Peacocke, navy blue cloth, trimmed with white braid, white revers, red and black toque; Miss Violet Lindsay, pale blue, fawn and blue hat; Miss Cussen, black silk bengaline, black and white bonnet, with white osprey.

DELL-ELLIS.

A very quiet but pretty wedding took place last Tuesday afternoon at Te Henui Church, when Miss Edith Ellis, fourth daughter of Lieut.-Col. Ellis, was married to Mr. Edgar Dell,

both of New Plymouth.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a handsome dress of sarah silk, with transparent lace yoke, finished with chiffon, white chip straw hat, veiled in chiffon, with a large white ostrich feather drooping gracefully round it. She carried a dainty bouquet. She was attended by her two sisters as bridesmaids (Misses Winnie and Isabel Ellis), both being robed in dainty blue and white flowered muslins, with ruffled overskirts, edged with lace, black Tuscan picture hats, swathed with blue silk and finished with black ostrich feathers; they also carried prettily arranged bouquets and wore handsome gold dagger brooches, studded with opals, gifts of the bridegroom.

BOYCE-PORTER.

A very pretty wedding took place at St. John's Wesleyan Church, Ponsonby, on Tuesday morning, the church being packed with well-wishers of the bride and bridegroom. The contracting parties were Mr. J. J. Boyce and Miss Emie Whitfield Porter.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a beautiful dress of soft white silk, the bodice and sleeves tucked and trimmed with chiffon and orange blossoms, the skirt being finished with a tucked flounce, trimmed with fine lace insertion; she also wore a coronet of orange blossoms and veil and carried a beautiful shower bouquet.

The bride was attended by three bridesmaids — her sister, Miss Adeline Porter (Cisy), Miss Boyce and Miss Leona Beaumont. The Misses Porter and Beaumont wore dainty white figured muslins, with underskirts of turquoise green satin. Miss Boyce was in a pretty white muslin. All wore black velvet picture hats and carried lovely bouquets of daffodils and maidenhair fern.

The bridegroom was attended by Messrs Astley, Thompson and Porter. The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a handsome gold ring, and to the bridesmaids pretty gold brooches.

Mrs. Porter (the bride's) mother wore a beautiful black figured silk, with stylish black bonnet, relieved with white. Among the guests were Miss Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Munroe, Mrs. Boyce, Mrs. Henry, Mr. and Miss Astley, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Munroe, Mr. and Miss Beaumont, Mrs. and Miss Jackson, Rev. and Mrs. Ready, Mr. Stevens, Miss Porter, Miss Burton, Mrs. Parkinson, Miss Edmunds, Miss Boyce, Miss Scott, Misses Crisp, Tonkin, Mrs. Munroe, Miss Latta, Mrs. O'Shane, Mr. Munroe, Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson, Mr. and Mrs. Elcombe, Miss Butler.

The bride's travelling dress was blue costume, with white serge vest, embroidered with gold, and large black chiffon hat, relieved with white.

The presents were numerous, and costly.



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Personal Paragraphs.

Lord and Lady Ranfurly have been staying in Napier as the guests of Mr and Mrs R. D. D. McLean.

Mr. Lincoln Rees, of Gisborne, was in Wellington last week.

Mrs Quane, Christchurch, went South on a visit last week.

Mr and Mrs Barron, of Wellington, paid a visit to Masterton last week.

Miss Arkwright (Bulle) is staying with Mrs Pharazyn in Wellington.

Mrs Montgomerie (Wanganui) paid a short visit to Wellington last week.

Miss Jensen, of Christchurch, is at present on a visit to Auckland.

Mr Bright, of Blenheim, made a flying visit to Wellington last week.

Mrs Knight, of Dannevirke, has been visiting friends in Napier.

Mr. David Goldie, of Auckland, has returned home from Wellington.

Lieutenant-Colonel White, of Auckland, was in Wellington last week.

Dr. Hughes, of Gisborne, has left Poverty Bay on a trip to England.

Mr. H. Baxter is relieving the Auckland district traffic manager, Mr. Buxton.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Wethered leave Gisborne about the end of this month for London.

Captain Davidson, of the New Zealand Underwriters' Association, was in Gisborne for a few days last week.

Mrs A. Reeves (Rangiora) is visiting her mother, Mrs Helmore, Penedalton.

Miss Roberta Greenfield, of "Vernon," Blenheim, has gone to visit friends in Christchurch.

Mr. R. M. Houston, M.H.R., arrived in Wellington from Auckland on Monday.

Miss E. Izard, Christchurch, has gone on a visit to the Chatham Islands.

Mr T. M. Wilford, of Wellington, was in Christchurch for a few days recently.

Miss Stndholme (Waimate) is visiting Mrs Arthur E. G. Rhodes at "Te Koraha," Christchurch.

Mrs A. Fisher has returned to Blenheim from a long visit to friends in Christchurch.

Mrs Marchant, of Timaru, is visiting her mother, Mrs Tom King, of New Plymouth.

Mr J. Greenfield, "Vernon," Blenheim, is making a brief visit to Wellington.

Miss Smith left Blenheim at the end of last week to visit friends down South.

Miss Douglas from Westport is visiting her relations in New Plymouth.

Miss Dunnett, of Auckland, leaves by the Sierra for a two months' visit to Sydney.

Mr and Mrs Walcot Wood and Mr and Mrs Peter Wood have taken a house at Sumner for three weeks.

Mr and Mrs Arthur Elworthy (Pareora) are visiting at Bishops-court, Christchurch.

Miss Lawlor, of the Thames, is at present in Auckland on a visit to Mrs Kenderdine in Parnell.

Mrs. Browne and daughter, formerly of the Lower Tavers, but latterly of Pahiatua, are en route for Scotland.

Mr. R. Moate, of Whataupoko, who has been away from that district for some time, returned to Poverty Bay last week.

Mrs MacShane, of Blenheim, is spending a few weeks with Mrs Fell at "Te Weranga," Pictou.

Mr. T. J. Lea is manager of the new branch of the Bank of New South Wales at Cambridge. He has with him Mr. N. R. Farnall as accountant.

Captain A. Cameron, of the Union Steamship Company, left for England via "Frisco" per the Ventura on Saturday.

Mrs Garrick, who has been staying at Glenalvon on a visit to Auckland, returns to her home in Fiji by the Ovalau on Wednesday.

Mrs T. Truman, who has been visiting Wanganui and New Plymouth, has returned to her home in Wellington.

Sir George and Lady Clifford (Stoneyhurst) and family are at their town residence, "Avonhead," Penedalton.

Mr. Holbrook Chatfield, of Auckland, left for America on Saturday to pursue his studies in dental surgery.

Mr F. Greenfield, who has been enjoying a month's holiday in Wellington and Nelson, returned to Blenheim last Friday.

Mr J. Bell, of "Hillersden," Waikanae Valley, arrived in Blenheim from a visit to Australia on Saturday, and drove home yesterday.

Mrs and Miss Ambridge have returned to New Plymouth after their most enjoyable trip to the Old Country.

Colonel Fraser, Sergeant-at-Arms, has returned to his home at the Thames, having come up from Wellington in a very low state of health.

Amongst distinguished passengers by the "Frisco" mail steamer were Prince and Princess Kaeluimuaole, of Hawaii. They are on a prolonged pleasure tour.

Mrs Barrington Waters recently gave a most enjoyable musical recital at Hastings, and was greeted by a large and appreciative audience, who passed a delightful evening.

Mr Rudman, master of the Porangahau school, Hawke's Bay, will leave very soon for Wellington, where he has been appointed as one of the masters at King's College.

Mrs Fraser has returned to New Plymouth after her trip to Auckland, where she visited her many friends. She was accompanied home by Miss Q. Parkinson, of Christchurch.

Mrs J. C. Palmer, of Christchurch, is at Sumner with her baby, who has been ill, also Mrs Clark with her baby, who is now recovering from a rather serious illness.

Mrs Reid's brother (Mr Currie) has been spending a week or two with her in Blenheim, and those who had an opportunity of hearing him sing were charmed with his fine voice.

A memorial to the late Mr. J. S. Kidd, some time manager to the Electric Tramways Company, Auckland, is being subscribed for. It is proposed to purchase a plot of land for Mrs. Kidd and her family.

Popular Dr. Hocken, of Dunedin, who is well known all over the colony, has gone home on a trip. He will be away about a year and a half. Prior to leaving Dunedin the genial doctor was entertained by his friends of the Medical Association, and made the recipient of a handsome presentation.

Mr. E. Rudman, master of the Porangahau School, has received an appointment on the staff of Wellington College. His departure from Porangahau will be a loss to the locality, where he had many friends. He was also clerk to the Wallingford Road Board, in which capacity he will be succeeded by Mr. R. Sidwill.

Mr C. Hiley, of the Cable Station, Whakapuaka (Nelson), came to Blenheim to spend a week with his mother (Mrs Edward Chaytor) at "Marshlands" before he takes his departure for Singapore, where he has been transferred.

Mr and Mrs Chas. MacCormick are leaving Parnell, where they have lived some years, to take up their residence at Ellerslie. They will be much missed in the district, where

both have made themselves very popular. Mr MacCormack was a valuable member of the Borough Council. Miss E. Stevenson, M.A., of the Girls' High School, Christchurch, has just been appointed head mistress of the Girls' High School, Invercargill. Miss Stevenson will be much missed in Christchurch and in North Canterbury. The members of the Old Girls' Association will regret her departure, as she has been a most capable and energetic secretary, though they rejoice at her promotion. The 'Idlers' Club will also miss her greatly.

It is announced that Miss Moore, of the Church of Scotland Mission, intends leaving Dunedin on Thursday, 22nd inst., to be joined at Wellington by Miss Fraser, on their return to China. They expect to reach their station at Ichang, on the Yangtze River, before the end of October. Miss Tarlton, of Riverton, has been appointed to the office of deaconess in St. Paul's, Christchurch.

About one hundred of the friends and neighbours of Mrs Davis, Coult's Island, met last week and presented her with an armchair and shawl, and Miss Davis with a workbox. Regret was expressed at the fact that Mrs Davis was leaving the district. Mr J. Wright, chairman of the Eyreton Road Board, made the presentation.

At a social gathering at Toanga, Poverty Bay, a pleasing ceremony took place, a presentation of a silver crucifix being made to Miss Alice Bach and Mr. T. Witty, on the eve of their marriage. The gift (which was presented by Mr. J. Georgeson) was made on behalf of a circle of friends who attend an annual picnic gathering, and was given as a mark of esteem. Hearty good wishes were extended to the recipients.

Drs. T. Whitelaw and Marshall, who came out from Scotland to Australia in connection with the celebrations at the union of the Presbyterian churches in Australia, are at present on a flying trip to New Zealand. They leave for Wellington in a day or two, and thence proceed to Melbourne, Adelaide and Perth, leaving the latter city in a month or two for Scotland.

A sad accident happened last week to the adopted son of Mr C. McKinley, of Te Aroha West. The boy was returning from school, and picked up a detonator, and commenced rubbing it with his hands, with the result that it exploded and blew his left thumb and two fingers off, and injured the side of his face. The sufferer was conveyed to Te Aroha, where he was attended to by Dr. Guirness.

At Kihikihi the other day a pleasing ceremony took place, when the members of the choir of the Kihikihi Presbyterian Church, through the medium of the Rev. W. Smith, presented a set of silver spoons, an electro-plated butter dish, and salt cellars, to Miss Armstrong. In making the presentation the rev. gentleman spoke of the valuable services rendered by the lady to the church, and thanked her on behalf of the choir and church members, and wished her God-speed.

It is understood that Mr J. E. Coney, chief postmaster at the Thames, intends retiring shortly after 43 years' active service in the Postal Department. All who have been brought into contact with Mr Coney will regret that so able and so courteous a public servant is about to be lost to the colony, but it will be generally felt that the rest which Mr Coney proposes to take is well deserved, and warm wishes for his health and prosperity will follow him in his retirement.

Amongst the visitors to Rotorua lately were Mrs. Helby, England; Mr. and Mrs. Lord, Christchurch; Mrs. Battle, Palmerston North; Mr. and Mrs. Bainard-Browne, Manukau; Miss McDonnell, Lake Wakatipu; Miss Crawford, Wellington; Miss Fraser, Alexandra South; Miss Hewett, South Australia; Mesdames Foley, Haytor, Auckland; Mesdames Bevan, Wilson, Dunedin; Mesdames Thomas, Brown, Lyttelton; Mr. and Mrs. Tripp, Mrs. Henderson, Christchurch; Misses Todd, Bakey, Ferguson, Auckland; Misses Ross, Irvine, Auckland; Messrs Telford, Melbourne; Forsythe, Napier; Bayne, Canterbury; Forrester, Allan, Canterbury; Mitford, Fiji; McLaren, South Australia; Lambie, Mel-

bourne; Butel, Lake Wakatipu; Law, Shannon, U.S.A.; Rev. Baird, U.S.A.; Rev. Chappell, Birkenhead; Major Crawshaw, Captain Davy, Captain Todd, Lieutenant Ross, New Zealand contingents; Messrs Townsend, Wilson, McKegg, Dunedin; Acland, Christchurch; Grantham, Brown, Thomas, Lyttelton; Smith, Hawke's Bay; Wilson, Grey-mouth; Foley, Haytor, Auckland; Appeltou, Melbourne; Dr. Wiseman, Melbourne.

"The gratitude of men," which Wordsworth said had often left him mourning—for its touching simplicity and the ease with which it is earned, was in evidence at the Costley Home, Auckland, last week, when, with the utmost earnestness and fervour the aged inmates thanked Mrs. Pearson, who is leaving the Home, for the thoughtfulness and kindness which she has shown them during her stay. They regretted they were not in a position to make her a present, but wished her every prosperity and happiness in the future. Mrs. Pearson said she was amply recompensed by the gratitude and goodwill expressed towards her. She would occasionally visit the Home to see them all.

Capt. G. Mair returned to Rotomua last Friday from a trip to Rotomahana, where he spent two or three days. He took with him appliances for sounding the lake and found the greatest depth to be 67 fathoms. On the portion where the White Terrace stood was 47 fathoms, and on the site of the Pink Terrace 36 fathoms. The thermal action was not great at the time of his visit. He also visited Waimangu, which had been in eruption just before his arrival, as a stream of boiling water was flowing down the gully leading to Rotomahana.

The Mayoress of Dunedin, Mrs Denniston, was last week presented with a very unique and beautiful trophy by the Reserves Committee of the City Council. A deputation waited on the Mayor in his private room at the Town Hall, and presented to Mrs Denniston, through the Mayor, a very chaste and unique miniature gold shovel, with green stone handle. On one side of the blade was engraved representations of the two oaks, with the names "George" and "Victoria Mary" beneath. Upon the other side was the following inscription:—"Presented to the Mayoress (Mrs G. L. Denniston) by the Reserves Committee of the City Council in commemoration of the planting of the two royal oaks in the Botanical Gardens." Councillor Christie, the chairman of the committee, in making the presentation, expressed the hope that Mrs Denniston might long be spared to happily and usefully wield the shovel with which they that afternoon had presented her. The Mayor (on behalf of Mrs Denniston) expressed his warm thanks.

The friends of the Rev. H. C. Frere, formerly vicar of the Palmerston and Waikouaiti charge will be interested to learn that his son, Mr Allan G. Frere, who was born in New Zealand, has lately received his commission in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. He enlisted in the Royal Horse Artillery, and was soon promoted to the rank of bombardier, and served in the battery for 18 months. Just before the war in South Africa broke out he effected a transfer into the 6th Dragoon Guards, and went out with them. That regiment, on arriving at the front, found themselves in the same brigade with the first New Zealand Contingent, and so young Frere met with some old schoolfellows and several old friends of his father. Before long he was made a corporal, and now, as already mentioned, he has received his commission.

Detective J. J. Cassels, who has been moved from Dunedin to Wellington, was the subject of a handsome testimonial before he left the South. As many of the local police and detective force as could be spared from duty assembled in the library at the police barracks. In the course of a happily-voiced speech, Sergt. Hurke expressed the regret felt by the whole force at Detective Cassels' departure, and referred in warmest terms to the latter's many good qualities, both professionally and as a comrade. Sergeant Hurke then presented, on behalf of the force, a purse of sovereigns and a silver-mounted cigarette case to Detective Cassels, and assured him that he car-

ried with him to his new sphere the good wishes of the whole force.

Mr C. F. Dickeson, of Ngaruwahia, Waikato, was last week the recipient of a handsome presentation from his fellow churchmen and the citizens of the riverside township. In making the presentation the Rev. H. Mason explained to those present the object of the gathering. It was primarily called to commemorate the completion of 21 years of continuous service as lay reader by Mr Dickeson, at the Holy Trinity Church, Ngaruwahia, and to congratulate him on the attainment of his 74th birthday. The services Mr Dickeson had rendered to the Church were very valuable, and it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to in any way adequately repay him. Mr Dickeson, in well chosen words, made a very feeling reply in acknowledgment of the compliment paid to him, and said all he had done was a labour of love to him, and that he only hoped that in his capacity of lay reader he had done a little spiritual good in the district.

DONALD'S DANGER.

A TALE WITH A MORAL.

Little Donald Macpherson lives with his parents in Myrtle-street, Thompson's Estate, South Brisbane (Q). He is a bright boy, nine years of age, and his face shows a strong trait of the determination which lately helped to carry the little chap through a most trying and dangerous ordeal.

"From the earliest," said his mother, addressing herself to a special reporter. "Donnie possessed both courage and will. And a good thing for him, too, for three years ago we very nearly lost him. He was at the time very ill with whooping cough, which would not leave him in spite of all the remedies which had been tried. Whenever he had a fit of coughing it racked his little frame

and seemed to leave him without the strength for which he fought so hard. He became very thin and pale and I could hardly get him to eat anything. In fact, for close on three years he was weak and ailing. At night time particularly it was distressing to hear the fits of coughing overcome him. Sometimes they would last all night, and my husband and I both thought we would lose him. Whenever it was wet or cold the cough became worse."

"Now for the bright side of the picture, Mrs Macpherson," said the reporter.

"Well," said the lady, "I thought permanent relief for Donnie was quite out of the question, but one day I resolved to try Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people. I bought him one box and it benefited him a little and improved his appetite. So I continued giving Dr. Williams' pink pills to him, and by degrees his cough grew less and less. At last it disappeared completely, and he began to gain strength and liveliness."

"All danger is now passed, I suppose," said the reporter.

"Indeed, yes," said his mother. "He is as well and hearty as you could wish a boy to be. He sleeps soundly, and would play all day if we would let him, but of course he attends school, and is getting on nicely. Both my husband and self think it our duty to recommend Dr. Williams' pink pills and give this testimonial."

Those who are afflicted with chronic coughs or colds, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, effects of influenza, consumption, will find Dr. Williams' pink pills an invaluable remedy. They enrich the blood, tone up the nerves, and thus enable the strengthened system to resist and throw off disease. They also cure liver and kidney troubles, dyspepsia, insomnia, paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, etc. Sold by chemists and storekeepers, and by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Old Custom House-street, Wellington, three shillings per box, six boxes sixteen and six, post free. Ladies will find normal health restored by their use.

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Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, August 20.
PARNELL LAWN TENNIS AND CROQUET CLUB "AT HOME."

A most enjoyable "at home" was held in the Parnell Odd Fellows' Hall on Friday evening under the auspices of the Parnell Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club. Everything was excellent, managed by the committee and their admirable secretary, Mrs. George Hill, and Mrs. McConnell treasurer. The supper, arranged on extensive tables in the ante-room, was little short of perfection, and included fruit salads, trifles, jellies, lobster mayonnaises, etc., while the decoration of the tables, in which daffodils and jonquils were conspicuous, was pretty and artistic. The floor left nothing to be desired, and a similar compliment may be paid the music. Mrs. George Hill was charming in an ivory satin, with lace frills on skirt and on corsage to form a bolero, spray of cream roses and autumn leaves on shoulder, and aigrette in coiffure; Mrs. J. Kenderdine wore a rich black silk en traine, with point lace on décolletage; Mrs. Younghusband's becoming white satin was brightened with Parma violets on one shoulder, and fold of velvet on the other; Mrs. Tewsley wore a handsome mignonette green brocade, with jewelled lace flounce, and white aigrette in her hair; Mrs. Thorne George wore a black toilette; Miss Thorne George looked exceedingly well in a lace-flounced white satin, with white light lace vandyked overskirt, black chiffon chou in coiffure; Miss Zoe George was very much admired in white satin; a charming toilette of turquoise blue chiffon trimmed with black lace insertion over white satin, was worn by Mrs. Duthie, pink un-

mounted roses enhancing the corsage and adorning the coiffure; Miss Mowbray wore an elegant white brocade en traine, and a white aigrette in her hair; Miss Davy wore soft white silk with chiffon; Miss Atkinson's black poul-de-sole had geranium pink velvet on corsage; Miss Ethel Atkinson looked graceful in white satin, with turquoise blue velvet swathed across décolletage, and caught with paste ornaments; Mrs. George Bloomfield was attired in a black satin, with a gold butterfly and velvet bow in coiffure; Miss Griffiths looked pretty in black brocade, with shoulder straps of pink unmounted roses and gold galoon; Mrs. Nelson wore black velvet; Miss Nelson was in black satin, with crimson roses; Miss Whitson wore black satin, embroidered with silver sequins; Miss Sturtel Whitson was dainty in a handsome white satin, with frills of Venetian point lace, shoulder straps of pink roses; Miss May White wore a pretty pink silk, with touches of black velvet; Mrs. J. Anseme looked exceedingly well in black satin, with paillettes on corsage; Mrs. Ireland wore black satin; Miss Ireland was in black satin, with V of point lace on corsage; Miss Jennie Ireland wore a poupadour silk, with shaped flounce of white satin; Mrs. Lyons was in white silk, with rose pink velvet folds defining the square décolletage, pink flowers in coiffure; Mrs. (Dr.) Marsack wore a rich white satin; Miss Lusk looked well in black satin, with bolero edged with guipure, and revealing white chiffon bodice; Miss O. Lusk wore mandarin yellow silk, with white fichu and pendant ends; Miss Millie Mueller, white silk; Miss A. Berry was charming in white silk; Miss Smith wore white satin; Miss Clare Smith's becoming black toilette had transparent sleeves of sequin net; Mrs. Beale wore black poul-de-sole; Mrs. Beale (debutante) was dainty in white silk; Miss Withers wore black, with touches of pink; Miss Maud Nicol was in soft white silk; Miss Brabant looked pretty in white merveilleux, with lace flounces, and silver galoon on corsage, and crimson chrysanthemums in coiffure; Miss Reece George was in black, with white fichu and stoff ends; Mrs. Orley wore white silk; Miss Kennedy was in white silk, with rose velvet bands, and pink roses; Miss Marjorie Fenton wore black satin, and pale blue chiffon chou in coiffure; Miss Preece was in azure blue crepe; Mrs. Leese wore white silk; Miss Whitaker was in white silk; Miss Thomas, black satin skirt, yellow satin corsage, veiled in black lace; Mrs. Pittar wore black; and her sister was in white satin; etc. etc. Among the gentlemen I noted a few: Messrs. Hill, Thorne George, Kenderdine, Younghusband, Upfi, Holmes, C. Leys, Brabant, Williams (Hawke's Bay), Beale, Purchas, Duthie, Lyons, Dr. Marsack, Anseme, Dargaville, McCrae, Waddy, Gorrie.

A very pleasant evening was given to her friends by Mrs. Hesketh at her residence, "St. John's Wood," Epsom, last Thursday in connection with the Epsom Euchre Club. Progressive euchre was played in the dining-room, which afforded ample space for twenty tables. When the winners and the boobies had received their

due rewards and consolations, a dainty supper was served, and the guests afterwards adjourned to the ball-room, where dancing was kept up with spirit until an early hour in the morning.

Mrs. Hesketh wore a dress of black merveilleux trimmed with jet; Miss Alice Hesketh, cream silk with black velvet and lace trimming and red geraniums; Miss Milly Hesketh, cream satin with sequin trimming and yellow flowers; Miss Margaret Hesketh, black grenadine, effectively relieved with turquoise blue silk. Among the guests were:—Mrs. Beaumont, black dress; Miss Carr, pale blue silk; Miss Dargaville, blue silk with lace zouave; Mrs. George, black; Miss George, pink satin blouse and black skirt; Miss Hardie, white silk frock with pink roses; Mrs. S. Hesketh, black silk; Miss Muriel Hesketh, black skirt and white silk blouse; Mrs. Heather, black satin dress; Miss Alice Ferguson, black skirt, red silk blouse; Miss Ettie Ireland, black satin; Miss Jennie Ireland, white and black satin gown with pink trimming; Mrs. Mahoney, white brocade and black flowers; Mrs. Mounier, black silk; Miss Martin, white silk dress; Mrs. J. Owen, white silk skirt and muslin blouse; Miss Owen, white silk; Mrs. Noakes, bright pink silk blouse and black skirt; Miss Ethel Percival, black satin skirt, tucked white muslin blouse with cerise trimming; Mrs. Arthur Shepherd, white satin, trimmed with lace; Miss Shepherd, oyster gray skirt and white silk blouse; Miss Flo Smith, white satin frock with red flowers worn on the shoulder; Mrs. Thorpe, black with white lace; Miss Thorpe, white silk dress; Miss Torrance, black silk, relieved with touches of red; Miss Blanche Pickering, black corded silk, silver and black zouave trimmed with black velvet; Miss Waller, white silk trimmed with lace; Miss Whitson, white silk trimmed with blue; Miss Williamson, black skirt and white silk blouse with blue trimming.

There were also present:—Messrs. Brigham, Busck, Carr, Clarke, Cochran, Chivas, Dargaville, Frost, Gorrie, Hardie, Heather, Rossall Hesketh, Kissing, Horton, Reece George, Thorne George, Johnstone, Martin, Norman Mair, J. Owen, W. Owen, Mahoney, Shepherd, Simpson, Smith, Pickering, Ruddock, Waddy, Waller, Whitson, Noakes, Sykes, etc.

JEAN GERARDY CONCERT.
 The attendance and enthusiasm at M. Jean Gerardy's opening concert at the Choral Hall show that the Auckland people know how to appreciate good music, and I believe the violinist was even more cordially received at the following performances. Miss Violet Mount, who sang with much delicacy and expression, wore a lovely gown of whitet tucked chiffon over white silk, with spray of lilies of the valley on the corsage. It was not possible in such a large audience on Wednesday night to discover all the familiar faces, but here and there were recognised some well-known lovers of music and local artists.
 Mrs. (Dr.) Lewis was in a pale pink silk blouse and black silk skirt, long

French grey cloak; her daughter wore a white silk blouse and dark skirt; Miss Fenton, azure blue striped silk, with transparent lace yoke, and trimmed with turquoise blue velvet; Miss Rice, lemon coloured blouse, relieved with white, and a black skirt; her younger sister was in white; Mrs. (Dr.) Parkes was gowned in a wedgwood blue voile, en traine, the bodice being adorned with pale cream lace; Mrs. Sidney Nathan, white, with corsage drapings of lace and crimson roses; Mrs. Baume wore all black; Mrs. R. M. Watt, blue gown and a

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We have made
EXCEPTIONAL CONCESSIONS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS
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white cloak; Mrs Pierce, black silk gown ornamented with jet; Miss Florence wore a very pretty blue silk blouse and black skirt; Mrs Moss Davis, black satin gown with jet incrustations; Miss Moss Davis wore white silk, with transparent lace yoke and corsage bouquet of pink roses; her two younger sisters looked pretty in blue; Mrs G. Smith, grey striped silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Sybil Lewis, light striped silk brightened with blue velvet; Mrs Moritzsen, white silk; Mrs (Dr.) Cox, black silk gown with corsage drappings of pink chiffon; Mrs Boardman, black silk and jet; Miss Bush (Thames), black silk, with a cream lace sailor collar, blue velvet neck band; Mrs Shakespear, black gown, and a pretty white opera cloak; Mrs Elliott Davis, Nil green silk bodice inserted with lace, black skirt, and a white silk cloak with chiffon ruffings; Mrs Montague, crimson velvet gown; Miss Hewin wore white; Miss Ryrie, black; Mrs Lewis, black gown and a long crimson and black cloak; Mrs A. Reid, black gown and a white cloak; Mrs Duthie, black; Miss Levi, black; Miss Dolly Moir, light blouse and dark skirt; Miss Belle Moir, blue; Mrs Wm. Coleman, black gown and a pretty white cloak; Mrs Myers, black; Miss Haven, pink silk blouse and black skirt; Mrs Edgar, black gown; Mrs Arthur Nathan wore a rose pink silk blouse and black satin skirt, cream cloak; Miss Julia Nathan was in black, with a white cape; Mrs Barry Keesing, white silk with touches of bright blue; Miss Wallnut, black and fawn; Mrs Webb, black gown; Miss Hemus, black; Miss Kennedy, grey and white gown; Mrs Hay, black satin and jet;

SILVER WEDDING.

Mr and Mrs E. W. Alison, of "Lochaber," Lake Takapuna, entertained a large number of their friends on Wednesday last to celebrate their "silver wedding." In the afternoon a delightful "At Home" was given, when the hostess received her many guests in the drawing-room, and after a charming tete-a-tete an adjournment was made to the dining-room, where a sumptuous repast was dispensed. The breakfast table was tastefully arranged with daffodils and Marguerite daisies, and was laden with all the delicacies of the season, including a handsome wedding-cake, wines, and Champagne. During the afternoon some excellent music and songs were rendered by Mesdames Archdale Taylor, Lawry, Miss Levi, and recitations by Miss Maude Niccol. In the course of the afternoon the guests wandered through the beautiful grounds attached to the residence, and gathered lovely bunches of flowers. They returned to town in brakes shortly after five o'clock.

Mrs Alison looked exceedingly well in a trained silk grenadine gown with numerous little frills on skirt, side panels of sequined net, and a tucked silk bodice; Miss Alison was charming in a crimson surah silk blouse with a cream silk Maltese lace fichu and black skirt; Mrs Frater wore a royal blue and white plaid silk blouse, black skirt and black hat; Mrs Sharland was in a rich black brocade with white vest, and a black bonnet with touches of heliotrope; Mrs W. Sharland, black costume, and black hat with feathers; Mrs (Dr.) King, black spotted Sicilian threaded with moonlight tinsel, green fawn sac coat, black velvet hat; Miss Cooper, black and white check skirt, short black jacket, hat with pink and blue ribbon bows; Mrs Colonel Burton; Mrs Baume, olive-green cloth costume, grey velvet bonnet trimmed with sable fur; Mrs F. Baume, black cloth skirt and habit jacket, black chenille hat with feathers; Miss Levi, red serge trimmed with cream guipure lace, black hat with shaded roses; Mrs Goldie, black skirt and coat, emerald green velvet toque; Miss Goldie, plaid skirt and fawn jacket, black and white hat; Mrs Bond, navy blue, white satin revers on jacket, black hat; Miss Moon; Miss Coleman, black cloth skirt and coat, black chip hat with feathers, white ostrich feather boa; Mrs L. Myers, royal blue braided cloth costume, black bonnet. Mrs Sidney Nathan, black voile embroidered with white silk and a black toque; Miss Houchen; Mrs (Dr.) Lawry, black satin skirt, black and red brocade bodice, black toque with steel-green and white aspreys; Mrs Berry, black silk; Miss

Berry, fawn skirt and coat, fawn hat with pink roses; Miss A. Berry, blue cloth skirt and Eton jacket, white sailor hat; Mrs J. R. Hanna, rich black brocade, black toque with gold crown; Miss Hanna, grey voile with braided bolero, black chip hat with feathers; Mrs Bloomfield; Mrs Menzies, slate-grey tweed, black velvet jacket trimmed with ostrich feathers and jet, black bonnet with yellow primroses; Mrs Archdale Taylor, black cloth skirt and coat, violet chip hat with large pansies; Mrs Brooksmith; Miss Culpan, black cloth costume, royal blue hat; Mrs Oliphant, grey cloth skirt and coat, black and white toque; Mrs Oxley, electric blue cloth, trimmed with velvet, black lace straw toque; Mrs Ralph, plaid skirt, fawn jacket, black hat; Miss Maud Niccol, royal blue cloth skirt and Eton jacket, black hat with touches of blue; Mrs J. J. Craig, black brocade, royal blue velvet hat; Mrs Hazard (Canada), bright blue and white plaid silk blouse, black skirt, black hat with feathers; Miss Campbell, navy cloth, black hat; Mrs Morrin, black silk, black matalase cape, black and silver bonnet; Mrs Bradstreet; Mrs Littler, black silk, red cloth jacket, black hat; Mrs Geddis, navy, black chip hat with feathers; Miss Darby, blue and black plaid costume; Mrs Squirril, black silk; Mrs Jackson; Miss Gilbert, black costume with touches of white; Miss Keith, etc.

On Friday evening (9th of August) there was held in St. Benedict's Hall one of the most enjoyable dances of the season, given by the Old Boys' Association of King's College. Great praise is due to the president, Mr R. Owen, and the committee, Messrs. Porteous, Thompson, Frater, Morrin, Phillips, and Murray, for the energetic manner in which they worked to make all enjoy themselves. The hall was prettily decorated with flags and the floor was perfect. The supper was supplied by Parkinson and left nothing to be desired. Mrs Ashton Bruce kindly acted as hostess for the boys.

Among the large number present (about 200) were the following:—Mrs A. Bruce, black silk trained gown; Mrs Edmiston, grey silk and long opera cloak; Mrs Sibbald, black silk skirt and yellow silk blouse; Miss Bruce, black lace gown; Miss Owen, black silk with pale yellow fichu; Mrs Ruddock, black lace; Miss M. Frater, blue silk; Miss Hanna, black silk and point lace; Miss E. Hanna, cream silk; Miss Player, cream cashmere relieved with crimson; Miss Player, white silk; Miss Cooper, violet silk; Miss J. Cooper, white muslin; Miss Syme, cream silk; Miss E. Haven, white; Miss Lennox, white silk; Miss Whitson, white silk; Miss Devore, white silk; Miss Stevenson, white muslin; Miss Gillfillan, yellow silk; Miss — Gillfillan, white silk; Miss Sibbald, cream cashmere with black sash; Miss Trevithick, pale yellow; Miss Beale, white; Miss Tibbs, white silk; Miss Haslett, cream silk; Miss Basley, cream silk; Miss Crawford, black lace; Miss Ethna Pierce, pink silk; Miss Gittos, cream silk; Miss A. Owen, pale green silk; Miss Douglas, white silk relieved with cerise; Miss Alison, cream tulle over silk; the Misses Metcalfe wore white; Miss L. Atkinson, white silk; her sister also wore white; Miss Cameron, cream silk; Miss Fraser, heliotrope silk; Misses Mahon, white silk; Miss Witt, white silk; Miss Hudson, pink silk; her sister wore cream silk; Miss Crowther, pale grey; Miss Edmiston, white silk and lace; Misses Cook, white; Miss Holland, pale blue silk; Miss Hunt; white muslin; Miss Cox, black silk; Miss Cruickshank, pink silk; Miss Jowitz, pale blue brocade; Miss R. Moore, pink satin; Miss Whitaker, white silk; Miss James, white silk chiffon over pale pink silk; Miss Culpan, white silk; Miss Withers, black sequined net relieved with red roses. There were also present Messrs. Pluggee, Meredith, Bigg-Wither, Worby, Short, Rainger (2), Secombe, Tibbs, Holinden, Hume, Marshall, Gannon, Foster (2), Murray, Connelly, Lennox, Owen, (2), Frater, Porteous (2), Thompson, Morrin (2), Murray, Phillips, Ruddock, Carpenter, Hanna (2), Rose, Walker, Reid, Culpan, Howard, Trevithick, Wilson, Chatfield, Bagnall, Valle, Dignan, Samuel Winks, etc.

The Pakuranga Hounds met last Saturday at Three Kings, the day being a brilliantly fine one. The people mustered in force, though the weather was rather too warm and dry for a good scenting day, as volcanic soil dries very quickly. After the recent rains the country presented a charming verdant appearance. The hounds were thrown off in Mr Mear's property, which is clean going country, when a hare immediately was on foot, which gave the lovers of this exhilarating sport a quick but short run into the Pak estate. Pass led them at a merry pace through Mr

O'Callaghan's across the Pak road, the wire here bringing Mr Bloomfield on M'Lisa and Miss Leese on Ruby to a stand still, their quadrupeds getting entangled in the wire, the rest of the followers sought a gate as a safer exit to this paddock. The hounds had an excellent run to themselves in the Pak district, which was cut up into such small sections with wire fencing en galore. The followers thought it wiser to stay on the road. The hounds at length were called off and again cast in Mr Mear's swamp, but without success. They were then thrown off in Three Kings property, drawing over the mountains and the back of the Maori school, but still unsuccessful. The hounds were then cast in Mr Ash's property, when soon a hare was on foot, but they lost her in a by road, as the scent was very bad. We picked up another hare in Mr Ash's, which ran away to Three Kings, and was lost in a paddock of furze. The view was admired from the top of Three Kings. It would have been difficult to find a more peaceful and picturesque view. The sky a deep blue, and the sun smiling on the landscape, filled it with light and warmth. The hounds were recast in Mr Ash's property, and another hare was started which ran towards Mr Moody's, but the quarry evidently doubled, for Mr Selby worked his hounds very patiently, drawing through the outskirts of Mr Moody's property in vain. Many of the followers now turned for home rather disappointed with their day's sport. Some of the riders, by Mr and Mrs Moody's kind invitation, adjourned to their residence to partake of afternoon refreshments. Amongst those riding were Mr J. G. Ralph (Peter Simple), Mrs Moody (Mike), Mrs Cox, Misses O. Buckland, Roberts (Molly Hawke), Abbott (Tiurne),

Bae (Carbine), Gorrie (Jimmy), M. Gorrie (Starlight), Kerr-Taylor (Nimrod), Thorne-George (Sawdust), Davies, Grey, Tanner, Morris, Stribley, Buddle, Stevenson, Horton, M'Coah Clark, Moody, Leese (Ruby), Mrs Crowe (Dick), Messrs C. Puchas (Neck or Nothing), Bloomfield (M'Lisa), Carmner (Laporang), Lewis (Tip), Burns (Squire), R. P. Kinloch (Specs), H. Kinloch, Kinloch, Tonks (Lepperton), Dalton (La Grippe), Moody (Brown Bear), Morrin (Hona), Adams, Miller (Kaiser), Gray (Kilkerne), Crowe (Ptarmigan), Myers (Ralley), Somers (Tarrigon), Niell, Harvey, Norgrove (Polo), Wallace (Bic), Evans (Monk), J. M. Walker (Game Boy), V. Kerr-Taylor (Woodbine), H. Crowther (Bovril), W. Ralph (Snowy), — Crowther (Skipper), Secombe (Puriri), T. Brown (Maxiue), Seth-Smith, Alexander, Elytt, Lockhart, Small, Walker (Gragsman). Driving were:—Mrs Ralph and party, Mrs Markham and Miss Buddle, Miss Crowe and party, Mr Gorrie, Misses G. Gorrie, Lewis, Ching, Mr Goldsbro' and party, Mrs Dignan, her two sons, and Mrs Albridge, Mrs (Dr.) Scott and Miss Wylans. Mrs Gray, Miss Griffiths followed on a bicycle.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, August 15. The Musgrove Opera Company opened their season here on Saturday last, with Verdi's beautiful opera "Il Trovatore." The Wellington public showed their appreciation of good

Was Very Weak
Lost Flesh Rapidly,
Took Quantities of Medicine, Failed all the Time.
Was Quickly Cured with
Ayer's Sarsaparilla



"Some time ago I had a very severe attack of influenza which left me greatly weakened. I lost flesh rapidly and was in a very bad way. I took quantities of medicine, but constantly grew worse all the time. Finally, I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla and began to improve from the start. I took about six bottles and was perfectly cured. I have used this remedy in my family a great deal and I know it to be a thoroughly reliable health-giving compound and family medicine." John Murrell, Railway Station Master, of Sunnybank, Queensland, sends us this letter together with his photograph, which we reproduce above. This is a strong letter, one which must remove all doubt. It is additional proof that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is

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You ought to profit by it greatly, for if you are weak, have lost flesh, are without appetite, and feel languid and depressed, here is a quick and certain cure. Perhaps the trouble is with your blood and you are suffering from headache, boils, eruptions of the skin, acrofula, and rheumatism; or if you are suffering from weakness of any kind, here is a prompt and most perfect cure.

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music and acting by greeting the company with a splendid house, and on every night since the house has been packed. Everyone was ebullient with Madame Slapoffski as Leonora, her fine clear soprano voice being a great treat to us all. She has a wonderfully flexible voice, and her high notes she takes with greatest ease. As Azucena, Miss Agnes Jansen was simply splendid. Her rich contralto voice is heard to great advantage in "Trovatore," and she has a charming stage presence, and altogether to my mind was the success of the evening. Herr Max Eugene makes a fine Count Di Luna, and his principal solo, "Il Balen," was in itself worth going far to hear.

"Faust" was produced on Monday, and attracted a very large audience. I thought Miss Lillian Coomber as "Marguerite" was simply delightful. She is quite a young girl and possesses a sweet soprano voice, which she uses with great skill. Her acting too was pretty, and she looked very nice. Miss Coomber and Mr Lempiere Pringle as Mephistopheles, were the two successes of "Faust." "Faust" himself was impersonated by Mr Barron Berthold, but I did not think the part suited him. His voice is a very light tenor, and he sings with great expression.

On Tuesday a tremendous audience witnessed a splendid performance of "Carmen." Miss Jansen in the title role proved herself to be a most accomplished actress, as well as songstress. She sang beautifully on Tuesday, and quite came up to everyone's expectations. Signor Salvi as "Don Jose" was capital, and Herr Eugene made a good "Escamillo." His singing of the "Toreador Song" was lovely.

Wagner's strange, weird music was introduced to the Wellington theatre-goers on Wednesday in "Lohengrin." As Elsa Madame Slapoffski was very good, acting and singing throughout with grace and power. Mr Barron Berthold was Lohengrin, and in this he excelled himself. His beautiful sweet tenor voice was just suited to this music, and his acting too was brilliant. Miss Crichton made a splendid Ortrud, a part not easy to play. The scenery and dresses of the company are very beautiful. In "Faust" especially the scenery is most attractively arranged. The garden

scene was beautiful. No expense seems to have been spared in this direction. The dresses throughout are gorgeous. Carmen's soft black frock is ablaze with exquisite moonlight and silver sequins, arranged in downward stripes from the waist half way down the skirt, and from there to the hem is a pretty trellis pattern. From her head, reaching almost to the hem of the skirt, is draped a lovely black lace veil. In "Lohengrin" Madame Slapoffski wears a lovely white satin robe, the front exquisitely sequined, and a court train of pea green silk, lined with pale blue satin; another lovely dress is of cream brocade.

Some of those I have noticed in the audience during these four nights are Mrs and Miss Phrazyn, Mrs and Mrs Bell, Mrs and Mrs Johnston, Miss Johnston, Mr and Mrs McPherson, Mr and Mrs Stott, Professor and Mrs Brown, Miss Arkwright, Dr. and Mrs Fell, Mrs and the Misses Richmond, Mrs and the Misses Williams, Dr. and Mr Martin, Mrs and Misses O'Connor, Mr and Mrs Reid, the Misses Reid, Mr and Mrs Herries, Mr and Mrs Simpson, the Misses Simpson, Mr and Miss Fraser, Miss Quick, Major and Mrs Owen, Mrs Pynsent, Mr and Mrs Loughnan, the Misses Williams (Dunedin), Dr. and Mrs Findlay, Mrs Montgomerie (Wanganui), Mrs and Miss Higginson, Mrs and Miss Brandon, and others.

A very pleasant dance was given last week by the Wellington College Old Boys in honour of the visiting football team of Wanganui Old Boys. The floor and music (Minifie's) were splendid, as also was the supper, which was laid in the large gymnasium room. The table was nicely arranged with vases of mimosa and greenery, and laden with all kinds of good things. The dancing room was very prettily decorated for the occasion with flags, greenery, etc. A few of the chaperones were Mrs Seddon, Mrs Butt, Mrs Blundell, and others, and there were also present the Misses Seddon, Butt, Smith, Blundell, Elliott, Gibbs, Brandon, Simpson, Reid, Bendall, Haselden, Young, Hitchings, (Napier), Gilmer, and the Messrs Reid, Bethune, Duncan, Riddiford, Simpson, Cooper, and others.

OPELHA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee,

August 14.

We have had nothing short of a deluge of concerts, and really good ones too, but it is quite an error to suppose in these days that music hath charms to soothe the "savage" breast; on the contrary, the bigger and bulkier the breast the more savage it became when fighting its way to a shilling seat, or even a two shilling one. It is always understood a policeman's life is not a happy one, but it is just as proverbial the greater the crowd the farther off the policeman, and some very unseemly pushing had to be endured by the music-loving public of Christchurch last week to enable them to hear Jean Gerardy and the Belle Cole festivals. Having got through the menagerie of wild animals safely, found one's watch and chain hanging, though not in its pocket, and all limbs sound, excepting bruises, one was glad to drop into any seat (but in the Canterbury Hall that is a matter of indifference, for all are good), yet it needed a good concert to make up for the unpleasant struggle to get there.

On Tuesday, in conjunction with the Motett Society, Madame Belle Cole and Mr. Prouse gave us a delightful rendering of "Elijah." Mrs. Burns taking the soprano soli, and Mr. Mark Woodward the tenor. And on Thursday "The Messiah" was given, Mr. J. A. Allan taking the tenor part in place of Mr. Woodward, the other soloists being the same. Of Madame Belle Cole's singing in oratorio one cannot speak too highly; she is so intensely dramatic, and Mr. John Prouse is close up. It was a happy inspiration of the Motett Society to secure these two artists. Madame Cole looked very handsome on Tuesday in white moire velour, transparent yoke and sleeves, white aigrette in her hair, diamond necklet and diamonds sparkling on her bodice. Mrs Burns wore black sequin net over silk, jet shoulder straps, bunch of violets on corsage, and black aigrette. The Canterbury Hall was well filled each night.

A very enjoyable "At Home" was given by the Christchurch Liederkranzchen last week, the musical programme being under the direction

of Mr A. J. W. Bunn. Songs were given by Misses E. Lake, Burrell, Samuela, and others, and the part songs were nicely rendered, Miss Winifred Jacobs acting as accompanist. Mr Bunn played a "Valse Caprice" very acceptably. During the interval afternoon tea was dispensed by the members. Among the audience were Mrs Arthur E. O. Rhodes (their president), wearing a mourning costume and handsome sealskin coat; Mrs and Miss Cracroft Wilson, Mrs and the Misses Cook, Miss Julius, Miss Cholmondeley, Mrs J. and Miss Anderson, Mrs and Miss Allen, Mrs Laurie, Mrs L. Matson, Mrs and Miss Weymouth, Mrs and Miss Graham, Miss Currow, Misses Russell, O. Fisher, Andrews, Winter, Newton, Mrs Cardale, Mrs and Miss Marsden, etc.

The Christchurch Hunt Club had a beautiful day for the annual steeplechase last Thursday at Plumpton Park, and many visitors were tempted thither. Mr Wilfred Stead has quite recovered from his accident, and rode in one of the races, which he won. Among the spectators were:—Mrs G. G. Stead in a black cloth gown, violet hat trimmed with chiffon and ermine, white ostrich feather boa; Miss Stead, dark green dress, long fawn coat, red hat; Lady Clifford, all black with sealskin cape; Mrs E. C. J. Stevens, black cloth costume, grey feather boa; Mrs P. Campbell, black coat and skirt, large black hat and feathers; Mrs Hawke, navy blue cloth gown, sable Eton coat, blue and white hat; Mrs T. Cowlishaw, vieux rose Eton coat and skirt, ermine collar, hat to match; Mrs J. D. Hall, all black, black toque; Mrs C. Dalgety, dark green gown showing facings of white edged with fur, large black hat; Mrs A. Murray-Aynsley, Mrs Woodroffe, Mrs Wardrop, Mrs Ogle, Mrs Bond, Mrs Buckley, Mrs E. Turrell, Mrs Rutherford were only some of those present.

It is all races this week; in fact almost as giddy a whirl as November, for there are several dances and every hall has some performance nightly to attract the visitors. The Grand National was favoured with a very fine day, but the cold wind compelled the ladies to wear wraps. Mrs G. G. Stead wore a handsome coat and skirt coat

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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.

Some of navy blue cloth strapped with silk, cream front, black toque with cream roses, white ostrich feather boa; Miss Stead, dark green cloth dress, red hat; Mrs C. Dalgety, violet frieze gown trimmed with velvet to match and black and silver braid, shaded violet hat; Mrs J. D. Hall, black coat and skirt, large black hat and feathers; Mrs A. Elworthy (Parsons), black coat and skirt strapped with silk, cream lace front, black picture hat with feathers, sable fur; Mrs Pat. Campbell, coat and skirt of slate coloured cloth trimmed with white, large black velvet hat; Mrs Hawke, white cloth gown, saule Eton coat, black and white toque; Mrs Denniston, brown cloth gown, cream lace front and undersleeves, finished with panne, red eape braided in black, fawn hat with shaded green plume and cream lace; Miss H. Denniston, royal blue cloth gown trimmed with panne, pretty hat with shaded roses; Mrs D. Macfarlane, blue cloth gown, long sealskin coat, black toque; Mrs G. Gould, dark red cloth braided in gold, black hat; Mrs Owen Cox, black silk Eton coat and skirt finished with Maltese lace, black-hat and feathers; Mrs Wardrop, dark green coat and skirt, green straw hat trimmed with pale blue silk; Mrs Ogle, brown skirt and Eton coat, pink silk blouse, brown hat with pink silk trimming and brown quills; Mrs T. Cowlishaw, pale grey coat and skirt relieved with panne, toque to match, ermine muff and necklet; Mrs W. Stringer, black Eton coat and skirt strapped with silk stitched with white, becoming toque; Mrs Davidson, very light tweed coat and skirt, black plumed hat; Mrs E. Turrell, Mrs and Miss Graham, Mesdames Woodroffe, Kettle, K. Garrick, F. Courage (Amberley), G. Helmore (Rangiora), P. H. Barker (Orari), Cobham, Sim (Grassmere), Lichfield, the Misses Thomson (Balmoral), Nedwill, Hill (2), Wilson, Williams, Anderson, Allan, Way, Martin, Croston, Milsom, etc.

DOLLY VALE.

NELSON.

Dear Bee, August 12.
On Monday afternoon great interest was taken in the SEVEN-ASIDE FOOTBALL TOURNAMENT, which took place in Trafalgar Park for the cup presented by Mr. Littlejohn, president of the N.R.U. The weather was perfect, the attendance large, and the football display very good. The tournament was won by the College, and the victory was deservedly popular, not a doubt being left that the best team won. The victors were heartily cheered at the conclusion, their schoolmates rushing the field and carrying them triumphantly off. The College also won the tournament last year.
Amongst the many there were noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Littlejohn, Mrs. and Miss Robinson, Mrs. (Dr.) Roberts, the Misses Mackay (2), Leggatt (2), Stewart-Forbes, Preshaw, Miles, M. Glasgow, Locking, D. Bell, Hodson, Coote (2), Grace, Tomlinson, Moore, Booth, etc., etc.

There was a large audience at the Theatre on Wednesday evening to witness the entertainment organised by the

NELSON ROWING CLUB MIN-STRELS.

Those who took part were: Mrs. Walker, Miss M. Driscoll, Messrs. A. Aldershaw (tambo), H. McCabe (bones), D. Forsyth (interlocutor), Cook (2), A. C. Maginnity, L. Levien, D. Edwards, C. Redworth, H. Finney, J. Richards, P. Giblin, W. Houker, C. Whitwell, P. Gully, C. Palmer, W. Livick, R. Bethwaite, H. Roberts, W. Smith, E. Pratt, Mr. S. Rankin was the accompanist, assisted by Miss Shone (violin), and Mr Good (cornet). Mr. W. Squires was stage manager.
Miss Driscoll, who sang a solo, wore a becoming gown of black velvet; Mrs. Walker, black silk, the bodice and sleeves of sequin net. Amongst

the audience were noticed: Mrs. and Miss Leggatt, the latter wearing a blue silk blouse; Mrs. (Dr.) Roberts, Dr. and Mrs. Andrew, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wood (Christchurch), Mrs. and Miss Alex. Glasgow, Miss Ellis, red evening blouse; and her sister looked well in pink; Miss Roberts and her sister wore black; the Misses Heaps, Gribben, E. Mackay, M. Mackey, Hodson, Pillen, Stewart-Forbes, Bunny (2), Levien, Tomlinson, Blackett, Sealy (2), Edwards (2), Locking (Napier), Selanders, Leslie, Moore (3), Hawby (2), Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Booth, Mrs. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Macquarie, and many others.

The spinsters and bachelors of Nelson are going to give a ball next Friday evening, which promises to be a very great success.

Miss Richmond has also issued invitations to an "at home" at "The Cliffs" on Wednesday afternoon.

PHYLLIS.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, August 13.
The Rugby Union bazaar, which is being held in the Gaiety Theatre, was opened on Wednesday evening by Mr Logan, and so far it has been an immense success. Its object is to raise funds for paying part of the expenses of the footballers, who will be sent to represent Napier in the South, and as by the end of the first evening of the bazaar about one hundred pounds had been made, it is expected that at the close an adequate sum will have been realised. It is to remain open until to-morrow night, and as there are various other attractions besides the prettily decorated stalls and the enlivening music contributed by the City and Battalion Bands, there will no doubt be a large attendance. Amongst those present on the various days were: Miss Cotterill, Mrs Logan, Miss Williams, Miss Balfour, Mrs De Lisle, Miss Cornford, Miss Heath, Miss White, Mrs McLean,

Mrs Ronald, Miss McVay, Mrs Bowen, Mrs Wood, Mrs Anderson, Mrs Moore, Mrs Stedman, etc. The ladies who kindly presided at the various stalls Miss McLernon, Mrs Puffett, Miss Miss McLernon, Mrs Perrett, Miss Morcroft, Mrs Halpin, Mrs McCarthy, Mrs Halpin, and Miss Puffett.

A team of Wairarapa footballers have been visiting Napier, and on Saturday, in spite of the wet weather and the slippery ground, a match which attracted quite a large number of onlookers was played at the Recreation Ground between Wairarapa and Hawke's Bay, but the local players were beaten by the visitors by 10 points to 3. On Wednesday, in the match between the Wairarapa team and Hawke's Bay junior representatives, the latter were the winners by 20 points to 11.

Saturday afternoon was unfortunately too showery for the golf matches to be played, so that they had to be postponed until later in the season. Mrs Donnelly had given a first, second, and third prize to be competed for by the ladies, and there was universal disappointment at the wretched weather. The Championship Tournament to be held by the Hawke's Bay Associated Golf Clubs will take place on the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th of next month, and it is expected that there will be a great number of entries for it.

Madame Belle Cole, assisted by Mr Prouse, gave a concert last evening at the Theatre Royal, and her delightful singing was thoroughly enjoyed by an appreciative audience. "The Lost Chord," "Douglas Gordon," "Creation Hymn," "The Fisher Song," and "In May Time" were amongst the songs which she gave, and all were of course most beautifully rendered. Mr Prouse, who is well-known throughout New Zealand, was heard to great advantage; and Miss Florence Harding, the pianist, gave ample evidence of her talent. Madame Belle Cole will give another concert to

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DRESS WAREHOUSE.

night.

On Tuesday evening Dr. Moore gave one of the series of lectures now being held in the Athenaeum Hall, and chose as his subject "Froude." Mr Buckridge assisted by reading various selections from the works of the author under discussion. These interesting lectures were arranged for the winter months only, and very few remain still to be given.

MARJORIE.

BLLENHEIM.

Dear Bee, August 12.

The chief event last week was the Masquerade and Fancy Dress Ball given by the Operatic Society in Ewart's Hall, which was very prettily decorated for the occasion with flags and banners, and the floor was in excellent order. Mr F. Bull was secretary, and the fact that the liveliness and interest did not flag was certainly due to him, for he allowed no long pauses; and praise is also due to the orchestra, who, with Miss McCabe as pianist, played in capital time, and lively music. Nearly all wore masks, a few dominoes, and a few fancy dresses. Three ladies in dominoes piqued everyone's curiosity, and many were the attempts made to make them disclose their identity before the appointed time, which was about the middle of the first half of the programme, and much amusement was excited by the ineffectual efforts made to discover who the wearer was of the costume which represented Picton coal, but, needless to say, without effect until the proper time came, when Mr Sidney Norgrove was revealed. The white dominoes were the Misses A. Horton, M. Ewart and Ewen. Miss Rose was very much admired in a dainty pink dress, made in the style of the early Victorian period, a large black velvet poke hat, lined with pink and surmounted by nodding plumes, and a pale pink gauzy scarf across her shoulders and over her arms; Miss Delphine Bottrell was a pretty "Gunderella"; Miss Bythell represented "Summer," and Miss Annie Rayner "Springtime"; Miss Annie Healy looked exceedingly well in a white Grecian dress, banded and braided with gold; her sister was very striking as a "Gipsy"; Miss Rosamund Greensill (Picton) wore a very effective costume in a "Gipsy Fortune Teller"; Miss Buckhurst wore a Grecian dress, braided with black, and Miss Minnie McCartney was a "Fairy"; Miss May Mills was the "Alphabet." A.B.C. in either letters forming a coronet, and silver letters on red being draped over a short dress skirt; the Misses J. and K. McCartney wore short dresses and large hats, the costumes worn in some opera, which were becoming and pretty; Miss Denham was bright and pretty as "Cards," playing cards forming a crown and edging her skirt, and down the front of her dress were velvet representations of the four suits; Miss Kerr wore a sailor blouse and cap in pale blue, and white skirt; Mrs Shaw wore the cap and gown of a Doctor of Music, which became her well, and Mrs F. Dodson was "Powder and Patches"; Mrs W. Baillie was a "Barrister," in wig and gown; Miss Clare wore a yellow domino; Miss Mulken, a green one, and Miss Purser a red one; her sister was graceful in white draperies, with large white hat with touches of pale blue; Mrs Anderson looked extremely well in black satin, the trimming of the bodice of white satin, covered with steel and jet pascamenterie; Mrs Hulme was also much admired in black satin, the bodice draped with black lace and banded with jet; Mrs Olivecrons looked well in a rich white satin; Mr Sim and Mr W. Baillie divided honours in the opinion of many with their fancy dresses, that of the former representing a "Spanish Cavalier," and that of the latter a "Maori"; both were exceedingly good, but when Mr Baillie sang or chanted some Maori haka during the evening one felt how realistic a costume it was; Mr F. Bull wore a picturesque costume and Mr Mogridge was in Court dress; Mr Banks was a "Monk," Mr Pawson a "Mounted Policeman," and Messrs F. and C. Carey wore dominoes, one of dark red, the other yellow. There was the usual sprinkling of sailors, cricketers and

troopers. Others present were the Misses Watson, F. Nosworthy, Dixon (2), Cresswell, Johnson, Broughan (8), Messdames Redman, Carey, Macalister, R. McCartney, Bottrell, S. Norgrove, Buckhurst, Watson, Salkeld, Mogridge, and Messrs Burden, Wilmot, S. Bull, Meehan, Corry, Keddie, F. Bottrell, A. Rayner, Johnson, Jago, R. Simson, W. Girling, Vincent Dodson, Cresswell, Spraggon, Fred. Broughan, Olivecrons, and many others too numerous to mention.

I am very sorry to hear that Mrs Butt, widow of the late Archdeacon Butt, is very ill, suffering, I believe from jaundice, which may not be a very serious disease, except, as in this case, the sufferer is of very advanced age. She lives with her daughter, Mrs Rogers, who is a devoted nurse.

Mr Fish, of the Bank of New South Wales, has a month's leave of absence, and left for Christchurch last Friday. His locum tenens has not yet arrived.

FRIDA.

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 paneth 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.

BOOKS AND BOOK-MEN.

"DORSET PASTORALS."

This is a very appropriate title of a delightful collection of tales of rustic life. Most unpretentious they are, and most interesting. I have rarely met with anything better done of their kind than such little sketches as "Johnny at Shroton Fair," "Shepherd Robbins," "How Granter Volunteered." Broad rustic farce grins out at you from one of two of the collection, but more generally the stories are characterised by touches of tender humour and charming pathos that sometimes deepens—as, for instance, in "The Rosy Plate"—into tragedy, all the more affecting, perhaps, from its simplicity. The book has some capital illustrations, and the fact that some of the situations in the stories are induced by the Boer war brings it up to date.

"Dorset Pastorals," by M. E. Francis—Longmans, Green, and Co.

INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM.

The "Library of Famous Literature," particulars of which will be found in our advertising columns to-day, is being issued on the same plan of monthly payments that proved so successful with the issue of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" by "The Times." The offer presents an opportunity to

secure, for a short time only, and upon the preliminary payment of ten shillings, the complete set of twenty large volumes. These volumes contain 10,000 royal octavo pages, and make a collection, unparalleled in extent of the greater literature of the world, from the dawn of letters, through ancient and mediæval times, to the work of living authors like Tolstoi, Mommsen, Hardy, Herbert Spencer and Mark Twain. It includes over 300 of the finest poems, over 400 of the best stories, together with the best of travel and adventure, philosophy and science, art, wit and humour, religious meditation, criticism and miscellaneous essays from the literature of the world. It has been edited by Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B., late of the British Museum, one of the foremost of English scholars, and who has had the assistance of many qualified foreign writers and professors. Other notable features of the Library are the many illustrations and coloured plates, which have been gathered from rare sources, and comprise some of the most exquisite specimens of the antique art of book illumination. It need only be added that the present opportunity should not be missed of obtaining this great collection at a considerably reduced price. It will remain open for but a short time.

Ned Kelly in his suit of mail, Was proof against all lead, And how he laughed when all did fail, To lodge it in his head. Then let us all be on our guard, While long life we assure, For coughs and colds have some regard, Take Woods' Great Peppermint Cure



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Ask your Storekeeper for an Assorted Sample Box of either series.
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AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

Boudoir Chat.

The woman who has "no time for relaxation and systematic exercise" is precisely the woman who most needs to take it. Rest, exercise, diet, amusement and work are of equal importance in the vast scheme of living, if one would live sanely, that is, healthfully. The old saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is perfectly true, and that all play and no work have the same effect is equally correct. It is the wise adjustment of the proportion of each that makes for health.

"I get all the exercise I need in going about my household duties," many women assert, but that is the greatest mistake possible. Under ordinary circumstances a few sets of muscles are called into activity, and the mind, at the same time, is fully occupied. For physical exercise to be helpful, the mind should be at rest. A walk of twenty minutes' duration in the open air is an absolute daily necessity, and should be at a reasonably brisk pace. Deep breathing should be practised on these walks, until it becomes a fixed habit. A good plan is to inhale slowly while taking seven steps, then exhale during seven. The mental application soon ceases to be necessary, and the walker almost unconsciously breathes in this way. Deep breathing is

also helpful in cases of insomnia also.

The average woman takes too little care of her health until she loses it, and then she takes too much care of it, with tonics and nostrums. She drinks two or three cupsful of strong coffee for breakfast, eats meat three times a day, takes cakes and ices ad infinitum, and by the time she is thirty or earlier has established a chronic dyspepsia that is guaranteed to last until her death. There are many more illnesses from overeating than from overworking, and far greater danger to beauty.

Another hindrance to health and consequently beauty is the wearing of unnecessary clothing. The body breathes through the skin, and when layer after layer of cotton and wool envelop it, so that no breathing is possible, the whole physical organism suffers. Every night before retiring, the entire surface of the body should be rubbed with the hand enclosed in a glove of Turkish towelling. This opens the pores and stimulates the skin to a proper performance of its breathing and excretory functions. The woman who does this, then sleeps in a properly ventilated room, takes a warm sponge bath and a cool splash every morning, and eats sensible food does not need to worry about her complexion, unless something is radically wrong, demanding a physician's care.

Economies That do Not Pay.

"Gracious! What is that?" exclaimed a careful house mistress, hearing a sudden crash in the drawing room. Hurrying to the spot, she found the maid had smashed the chimney of one of the tall standard lamps. "Oh, Mary! How did that happen?" she cried, reproachfully. "Share and yeaz tould me to be more savin' with the matches, ma'am," replied Mary, "and I was thyring to make wan do to loight the two of them, and didn't see where I had put the chimney, I was that hurried." "That's just like you women," commented her husband, who had followed her to the scene of action—"you save a match and break a chimney, and then think you are economists!" There is a good deal of truth in this criticism—to be over-saving in very small things does not always pay. While pure waste should, of course, be strictly guarded against, a generous policy in the household has much better results, and is in the end a saving.

"Do not worry your servants unnecessarily about trifles that are really unimportant. Reserve your censure for vital issues," was the advice of an experienced housekeeper to a young beginner. "Let

them eat and drink all they want, and keep the brown teapot simmering all day, if they like; give the cook all the utensils she asks for, and see that the housemaid has a plentiful supply of everything that she needs. A generous policy in small things makes it possible to effect real reforms."

The same advice holds good for the family. Do not stint your children unnecessarily. A well-to-do man should recognise the unalterable fact that he will never be able to inculcate the habits of thrift by which himself may have risen by being niggardly with his children; there is no surer method of making them spend-thrifts. Be generous with them in small things that they may appreciate your reasons when you draw the line at actual extravagance. Even people who are comparatively poor and who find difficulty in making both ends meet might do well to realise that some economies are a mistake. The mind and the spirits should not be starved to feed the body. A generous supply of current literature in the way of periodicals, etc., and a provision for simple pleasures would keep many a family happy at home that might otherwise drift apart. The individual who "grew rich by the saving of candle ends and such" doubtless lost much that made life worth living.



Sporting Costumes.

The Informal Dinner.

"Nothing is really informal nowadays," declares a fashionable woman. "That is, you need not expect an entertainment to be simpler and less stately because the word 'informal' is written on the invitation. If you are asked to dine 'informally,' you may be sure that you will be expected to dress as smartly and that you will partake of quite as elaborate a menu as if it were a grand dinner party. It simply gives you to understand that your hostess is giving a small and exclusive entertainment. Oddly enough, it is what are called the informal functions that are the smartest. Miss X. gives a large ball and asks every one she knows, then, considering that her duty to society at large is accomplished, she gives small entertainments to a select few, which she calls informal. For instance, the invitation to a general dance, which is not at all smart in the sense that it includes society at large, is on the stiffest and most imposing 'at home' card, while the really exclusive affair is often merely a visiting card with 'very small dance' written in the corner. With dinners it is the same way. If you are bidden by a personal note to an ultra-fashionable house, then is the time to put on your best and freshest gown, and to feel that you have received a compliment, for you will find to meet you only members of the ultra-exclusive set. A formal dinner card often includes 'duty' people who are not particularly interesting.

Recipe for a Successful Luncheon.

Just before the date set for the luncheon the little hostess was all a-flutter with anxiety. There was a very plausible reason for this. On the morrow there were coming half a dozen women upon whom she would be glad to produce a favourable impression. To this end she had, several weeks before, asked them to drop in to luncheon on the date set and arranged.

But before the arrival of the day there had been an occurrence that rose almost to the dignity of a domestic catastrophe. The faithful and well trained serving maid had been thoughtless enough to allow herself to become ill, and had been reluctantly compelled to lay down the burden of her office for the time being. To fill the breach the little hostess, after many wearying trials, had secured a treasure whose principal recommendation was her unfailing good humour.

When it is added that, in addition to being sunny tempered, the new maid possessed neatness of person, but was totally unacquainted with the ethics of polite serving, being as apt to bring on the salad before the bouillon as not the nervousness of the luncheon giver may be approximately imagined.

"I know Luella will make some ridiculous blunder," she declared repeatedly, prior to the event, "and it is so seldom that I give a luncheon that I am so anxious for everything to go off smoothly. I have struggled with her, as they say on the stage, until I should think a graven image would understand what is wanted, but she simply grins maddeningly, and I am pretty nearly discouraged to the point of tears."

The advice of the masculine portion of the household was in favour of her "not worrying," everything would come out all

right. To which she responded that men had such a delightfully conclusive way of dismissing with a glittering generality the particular trials of women, and she was constrained to worry more than ever.

However, when the man came home from his daily task after the day of the luncheon, instead of finding lamentations and refusals to be comforted, he was enthusiastically greeted and apprised of the entire success of the little function. "Everything passed off splendidly," said the little woman.

"Just as I said it would," returned the man, "but how did you manage with Luella?"

"She served beautifully," said the hostess proudly. "I made sure of that. I went into the kitchen myself before the guests came, arranged everything in its proper place, and then got a lot of blank cards. I numbered them consecutively, placing Number 1 beside the oyster plates, Number 2 beside the bouillon and so on. Luella had sense enough to follow the numbers, and there wasn't a hitch in the programme. I intend to recommend the plan to all hostesses who worry with green servants on state occasions."

A Useful Milk Boiler.

Housewives will find a very useful addition to the kitchen in the "Marvel" sterilizer, or milk boiler, an invention which has just come under our notice. The great feature of this new article is that it boils milk more quickly than an ordinary pan will boil water, while by a simple yet clever arrangement the boiling over of the milk is rendered absolutely impossible. These points, especially the last, are advantages which busy housewives will not fail to appreciate. Not being in the form of a water jacket, the boiler is free from the inconveniences of the latter. We can recommend it as good.

Girls Everybody Likes.

You have undoubtedly met disagreeable girls, who, without doing anything especially spiteful or mean, have impressed you as girls to avoid. But have you ever met the girl that you, as well as everybody else, likes? You are unfortunate if you have not met her.

She is the girl who is not "too bright and good" to be able to find joy and pleasure all over the world.

She is the girl who appreciates the fact that she cannot always have the first choice of everything in the world.

She is the girl who is not aggressive, and does not find joy in inciting aggressive people.

She is the girl who never causes pain with a thoughtless tongue.

She is the girl who, when you invite her to any place, compliments you by looking her best.

She is the girl who makes this world a pleasant place because she is so pleasant herself.

Nursing Sick Children.

The rudiments of sick-nursing should be included in every woman's education; in some things, unfortunately, we are far behind our grandmothers. Their ideas concerning ventilation and cleanliness may have been crude, but they practised "leechcraft" according to their lights, and thoroughly understood domestic arts.

Illness is sure to come even to the healthiest chicks, and it is well that a mother should be prepared to cope with it when it does come.

With children, recovery or otherwise rests almost entirely with the nurse, who must be firm and cheerful, full of tact and gentle will, gifted with keen intuition.

Mothers, however capable, do not as a rule make the best nurses for their own children; they are too anxious, and not always Spartan enough, for, necessary as obedience is in health, it is ten times more so in times of illness.

Nevertheless, a mother naturally longs to be with her sick child, and if she is gifted with infinite self-control and clear judgment no one has a better right.

The question of trained nurses is a vexed one, and it is always well in the day of health to find out two or three trustworthy, capable women, known either to your doctor or yourself, so that if you are in sudden need you will not be dependent on a nurse selected haphazard from an institute, who may know her work thoroughly, but yet not assimilate well with the ways of your household.

Should it be necessary to engage the services of a nurse the mother must be staunch in upholding her, and delegate to a certain extent her authority to her. It is not an easy thing to do,

but by ascertaining beforehand that nurse is to be completely trusted, she may do this without fear.

New for the cases nursed without outside aid.

When the chick is taken ill, choose the lightest, airiest room available, and turn out all unnecessary furniture and hangings.

Have a place for everything, so that you can put your hand on it at a moment's notice. Put all liniments and lotions in one place, far away from the medicines, and put both carefully out of the reach of little fingers.

Except in the hottest weather, a small, bright fire should always be burning, and a kettle of hot water should invariably be on the hob.

Food, as a rule, should not be kept in the sick-room; but when frequent feeds are ordered, the necessary milk, beef-tea, essences, etc., should be kept carefully covered on a table either in the dressing-room or in the adjoining passage.

Keep a notebook, and carefully enter what the child's temperature was at different times of the day, when the medicine was taken, how much nourishment, and when taken.

Notice how long it sleeps, and whether the sleep is calm and unbroken, or whether the little one is restless and tosses about, or moans in its sleep, the state of its bowels, and so on.

Such notes, intelligently kept, are of the greatest service to the doctor.

It's no use greeting him with, "I really think baby is a little better; he has had about an hour's sleep and nearly a cupful of milk."

"Abouts and nearlys" aren't of any use to a doctor, neither is a lay opinion of whether baby is better or not. Faithfully report the slightest symptoms, and the doctor will form his own opinion.

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MENE! Every Lady should give these excellent... SANITARY TOWEL FOR LADIES. Wholesale of SHARKEY & Co. Ltd. Auckland and Wellington.

Dales' GOLD MEDAL Dubbin. makes BOOTS and SHAPES water-proof as a duck's back, and soft as velvet. Adds three times to the wear of leather. Pleasant odour. Allows polish with bicarbonate of soda. Highest Awards for superior Black or Brown colour. Sold by Boot Stores, Saddlers, Trainers, etc. Manufactured by J. D. Dales, London (Eng.)

I Cure Fits. You are not asked to spend any money to test whether my remedy does or does not cure Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, &c. All you are asked to do is to send for a FREE bottle of medicine and to try it. I am quite prepared to abide by the result. A Valuable and Safe Remedy. APPROVED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION. H. G. ROOT, JR., Electric Gen., LONDON



KOKO FOR THE HAIR. Under Royal Patronage. KOKO FOR THE HAIR. It is a tonic, cleansing, invigorating preparation, causes the hair to grow luxuriantly, keeps it soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, eradicates dandruff, prevents hair from falling, is the most cleanly of all hair preparations, and is perfectly harmless. OLD PEOPLE LIKE IT. for its wonderful power to invigorate decayed hair, and induce an entire new growth when that is possible. MIDDLE-AGED PEOPLE LIKE IT, because it prevents them from getting bald, keeps dandruff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong. YOUNG LADIES LIKE IT. as a dressing, because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, causes a luxuriant growth, and enables them to dress it and keep it in any style that may be desired. CHILDREN LIKE IT, because it keeps the hair and scalp cool and clean, allays irritation, and keeps the hair in whatever position desired. THEY ALL LIKE IT, because it is as pure as crystal, perfectly colourless, contains no poisonous substance, no sugar of lead, sulphur, nitrate of silver, or arsenic, and does not soil or colour the scalp, face, or the most delicate fabric in clothing, produces a wonderfully pleasant and soothing effect on the head, and no other dressing is needed to give the hair the most beautiful appearance possible. Try it once, and you will use no other. It contains no colouring matter or dye. KOKO is sold in 1/2, 2 and 4 oz bottles everywhere. Australian Depot, Kohn Mercurios Co. Ltd., 34, Castlereagh Street, Sydney, N.S.W. EASTON See that the Registered Trade Mark is on every bottle

Reliable Recipes.

BROWN VEGETABLE SOUP.

Ingredients: Four potatoes (large ones), three onions, two carrots, one turnip, 1oz of dripping, one teaspoonful of sugar, three pints of stock, seasoning.
 Method: Clean and cut up vegetables, melt dripping in a pan, add sugar. When hot fry the vegetables a nice brown, pour on the hot stock, and simmer until all the vegetables are tender. Rub through a sieve, stir over the fire till it gets hot. Add seasoning, and serve at once.
 Time: One hour. Cost: Fourpence.

LEMON SYRUP.

Ingredients: 12 lemons, 1lb loaf sugar, ½-pint water.
 Method: Rub the sugar on to the rind of six only of the lemons. Put it in a saucepan with half a pint of water, and stir over the fire until sugar is dissolved and the syrup is quite clear. Add the strained juice of all the twelve lemons, and simmer gently for two or three minutes, but do not let it boil after the juice has been added. Bottle at once, and when cold cork closely.
 Time: One hour to prepare. Cost: 1/6 (about).

BLACK CAP PUDDING.

Ingredients: 5oz flour, two eggs, ½-pint milk, 1½oz sugar, ½ teaspoonful salt, few currants.
 Method: Beat the eggs and add milk to them. Stir this smoothly into flour. Add salt and sugar, and let all stand for half an hour. Well butter a basin, sprinkle currants on the bottom of it. Pour batter into it. Cover

with greased paper, and steam either in a steamer or in a saucepan with water half-way up the basin. In the latter case have a kettleful of boiling water from which to replace the water that escapes from the saucepan in the form of steam. When set turn out and serve.
 Time: 1½-1¾ hour. Cost: 4d.

COCOANUT BUNS.

Ingredients: ½lb flour, 3oz lard or butter, 3oz sugar, 2oz grated cocoanut, one tablespoonful baking powder, one egg, salt, milk.
 Method: Rub lard or butter into the flour. Add sugar, baking powder, salt, and three-quarters of the cocoanut. Beat egg well, and add it. Lastly add sufficient milk to mix to a decidedly stiff paste. Place in small pieces on a greased tin, and bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes. Brush over with white of egg, and sprinkle at once with the remainder of the cocoanut.
 Time: Twenty minutes. Cost: 5d.

WHAT TO DO WITH RICE.

Rice Croquettes With Jelly: Wash one-half cupful of rice in several waters; add it to one-half cupful of boiling water and one-half teaspoonful of salt; cover and steam until the rice has absorbed all the water; then add one cupful of scalding hot milk; stir lightly with a fork; cover and steam until the rice has absorbed the milk or is tender; remove from the fire; add the yolks of two eggs and teaspoonful of butter; spread on a platter; when cold form into balls, roll in crumbs, and make hollow in the centre by pressing with the thumb; dip in beaten egg, then in crumbs again; fry in deep fat to a

golden brown; put a cake of jelly in each croquette; arrange on a folded napkin.
 Rice Caramel Pudding: Wash one scant cup of rice thoroughly and soak it in cold water for one hour; drain off all the water, put the rice into a double boiler with a generous quart of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, and one stick of cinnamon, and cook until tender, then add two well-beaten eggs. Put two-thirds of a cup of sugar into a frying pan, and stir constantly until it browns and becomes liquid; pour at once into a pudding mould, turning it rapidly in order to thoroughly coat it; pack in the rice, and stand the mould in a pan of hot water and bake for one-half hour. Serve with caramel sauce. The mould should be so placed in the pan that the hot water can run freely beneath it.
 Frozen Rice Pudding: Boil one quart of milk, to which two tablespoonfuls of rice have been added, in a double boiler, for two or three hours, or until it is reduced to a thick cream. If the flavour of raisins is liked, a few stone ones may be boiled with the rice. Sweeten and flavour to taste, then cool and freeze. When perfectly frozen add a pint of sweet cream, either plain or whipped.

The Wonders of the Human Body.

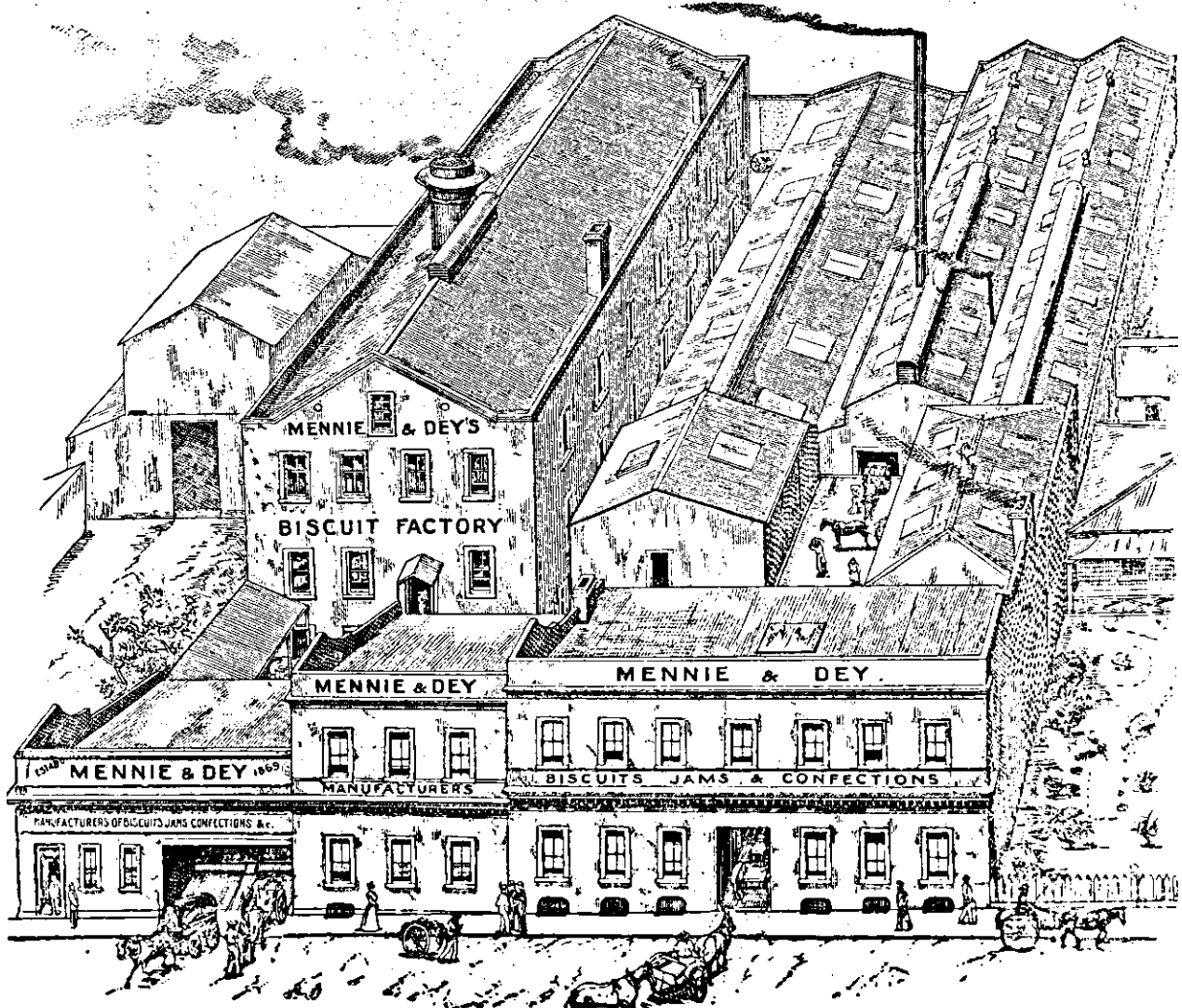
Two sides of a face are never alike. The eyes are out of line in two cases out of five, and one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten. The right ear is, also, as a rule, higher than the left.
 Only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes, the large percentage of defectiveness prevailing among fair-haired people. Short sight is more common in town than among country folk, and of all the people the Germans have a larger proportion of short-sighted persons.
 The crystalline lens of the eye is the one portion of the human body which continues to increase in size throughout life, and does not cease with the attainment of maturity.
 The smallest interval of sound can be better distinguished with one ear than with both. The nails of two fingers never grow with the same rapidity, that of the middle finger growing the fastest, that of the thumb slowest.
 In fifty-four cases out of a hundred the left leg is stronger than the right. The bones of an average human male skeleton weigh twenty pounds; those of a woman six pounds lighter. That unruly member, the tongue of a woman, is also smaller than that of a man, given a man and woman of equal size and weight. It may be appalling to reflect, but it is true, that the muscles of the human jaw exert a force of over five hundred pounds.
 Clarke's B B Pills are warranted to cure Gravel, Pains in the back, and all kinds of complaints. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. In boxes 4s 6d each, of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

Lady Alington Wins Fame in the Farming World.

The Countess of Warwick is not the only titled lady who takes a keen interest in agriculture. Lady Alington has established a dual reputation in the farming world—the one for her lovely White Farm, which is the pride of Dorsetshire, the other for her success in rearing bantams, which have become so famous that no poultry show seems to be complete without them.

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.)

STYLES IN HAIR DRESSING.

THE LOW COIFFURE IS GRADUALLY GAINING FAVOUR—TINY CURLS AN EFFECTIVE ADDITION.

Paris has decided in favour of the semi-long coiffure, so it may be well to prepare for the inevitable by studying a few of the newest Parisian styles in hair dressing. In one the front hair is divided and waved in deep, wide curves with a side parting, the effect being soft and fluffy. The back hair is twisted somewhat loosely into a figure 8, reaching from neck to top of the head, the ends being rolled into puffs at the top.

Another style has the hair waved and puffed at the side, with side parting. The waving extends over the forehead in a series of points. The back hair is arranged in a Catogan braid, with a short curl on each side.

The first essential to an artistic low coiffure is that it shall not distort the contour of the head. An inch too

high or too low may make the difference between a graceful and an ugly outline. In arranging it the effect should be noted most carefully with a hand mirror.

The side parting, too, should be adopted with caution, as it is not suited to all types of face, but when it is becoming it may be made highly picturesque. When this mode is employed, the parting should be made before the hair is waved; otherwise the entire effect is altered. A good plan is to part the front hair off and wave. In this way the entire top of the hair is wavy, adding greatly to the beauty of the coiffure. Looseness of appearance is considered desirable, and the height of fashion is achieved when the coil looks as if it were about to drop off, yet is perfectly secure.

High combs and gem set lace are very fashionable at Home. The combs are perched very well forward upon the head, and many lovely and light designs of a novel kind, mingling

diamonds, set all a tremble, and pearls, have been made by the jewellers. The hair is worn quite as much high as low, and the rule is that girls and young looking women are coiling theirs in the nape of the neck, and the rest keep to the more becoming method.

It may reasonably be expected that at the opera, where the smartest assemblages are to be seen this season, some of the exquisite gem-set lace pieces will be first seen. What is this gem-set lace? Read, and you shall learn.

Imagine a butterfly of finest Chantilly lace, whose double wings, stirring with every movement of the wearer, are studded with tiny rose diamonds, and whose antennae stand erect, clubbed with large brilliants. Or muse upon a smart Brussels point aigrette for the hair, or a corsage ornament of Mercury wings, with sapphires gleaming on every floweret, and fine sapphires set in the form of miniature antlers, sparkling apart

from the lace.

The latest form of dog collar, always a favourite, and now permissibly worn in the day time, is exquisite made of gem-set lace. Another throatlet of black Chantilly, of cobweb-like fineness, has a clasp of brilliants, while pendant pearls edge the lace, and tiny diamonds outline the design. Such a collar would bestow a perfect finish upon one of the new bodices which have no collar band. Very beautiful, too, is a rose point yoke with an upstanding collar set with turquoises, just the possession for the woman who dines out frequently at restaurants, and must possess smart high evening dresses with a very distinguished and uncommon air about them. Something gemmed in lace is surely the most desirable of wedding gifts for the bride.

The craze which is already being talked about as a novelty for the decoration of the splendid toilettes the Coronation will see was originated



Two Handsome Carriage Wraps.

by Mrs Nevill Jackson, whose History of hand-made lace is so deservedly well known as a standard book on lace.



FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS.

SMART FROCKS AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

In the new piece at the Vaudeville, "Self and Lady," Miss Ellaline Terriss has some delightful gowns, eminently becoming to her pretty figure. Our artist has sketched on this page some of the gowns worn by Miss Ellaline Terriss in "Self and Lady."

A very dainty little dress is that which is made in white chiffon with a fairly large white silk spot, and quite a simple skirt, finely tucked on the hips, but finished near the hem with three little waved frills of spotted chiffon. The bodice is very prettily arranged with a fichu of white chiffon edged with lace, and caught up with a red rose on one side, the long ends falling to the hem of the skirt. The waist-band is fastened with a diamond buckle, and the bodice is left slightly open at the throat. There are long sleeves of spotted chiffon, with little puffs of lace at the wrist.

A charming Empire coat is also worn by Miss Terriss, made in pale turquoise blue cloth, elaborately stitched, and finished with revers of white satin, and a handsome collar of Irish guipure. In front the effect is softened by a big jabot of ivory white chiffon. With this coat Miss Ellaline Terriss wears a most charming hat. It is of ivory-white soft felt, left with an unbound edge to the brim. Two long white ostrich feathers trim this hat, the one curling gracefully round the crown and lying along the brim, while the other has its stem thrust through the felt, and lies softly upon the hair under the brim, on the left side towards the front.

This gown is composed of rose-pink oriental satin, which will look perfectly lovely with old lace. The skirt is plain at the back and tight-fitting over the hips, with a piece of the lace brought from the waist down

fancy soft straw and chenille, trimmed round the crown with black velvet, and some very good, thick black ostrich feathers.



THEATRE DRESS.

the front to the hem, which lies on the ground all round, bordered with the lace flounce. The bodice is round and made in wide tucks, with a berthe of the lace, which is continued down to the waist, finished at the decolletage with a large rosette of black panne velvet, caught in the centre with a fine old paste buckle. The sleeves are very quaint, being composed of the satin, with puffings of white chiffon, of which fabric the chemisette is also composed. Wear with this an ermine cape, and a medium-sized black picture hat of



Miss Terriss

This design is made up in yellow-- or primrose shade--satin Oriental. The skirt is long and plain with the exception of a frill of satin and a few pipings at the hem. The cross-over bodice is slightly full and is trimmed with two bands of black Chantilly lace passed round the entire body. The waist is encircled by a black velvet narrow ribbon, and the decolletage is swathed with yellow chiffon; the quarter length sleeves are composed of the same fabric. Drape a spray of tinted Virginia creeper leaves from the right shoulder down the front of the bodice.



EVENING DRESS.

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SKIRTS, from £1 10 0
PERFECT IN STYLE AND FIT.

A. WOOLLAMS & CO.

LADIES' TAILORS,
QUEEN-ST., AUCKLAND.

N.B.—Write for samples and self-measurement forms.



Costumes Worn by Miss Ellaline Terriss in "Self and Lady."



CHILDREN'S PAGE.



COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I saw my last letter in the "Graphic." I think the Royal number of the "Graphic" was very nice indeed. Our examination is to take place in October. The school I go to intends to have an exhibition of the work done in school hours. We have got a parrot named Cockie, but he does not talk, as he is too young yet. My birthday is on Tuesday, and I will be eleven years old. I am learning music now, and like it very much. My flower garden in the orchard is not looking very good now, as it has been raining so much lately.—I remain, your loving cousin, Walton.

[Dear Cousin Walton,—I do hope you had a nice day for your birthday, it has been so dreadfully wet lately, has it not? Did you have any presents? When I was your age I used to have simply lovely birthdays, but nowadays I don't think anyone ever remembers me. We were three—two sisters and a brother—all very near each other's ages, and we used to combine to make all birthdays lovely. We always had a huge children's party, and a scrumptious birthday cake, covered with sugar, and on the top as many toy candles as we were years old. Ten candles for ten years and so on. I am glad you like learning music. It will be such an enjoyment to you when you grow older.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Every week I have looked anxiously for the result of the letter competition, but it has never appeared, and you have not even mentioned it. Is it because it takes longer to decide than the others? Do say something about it in next week's "Graphic." I know several girls who are wanting to know the results. My poor pigeon met with a very sad fate the other day. A rat trap had been left set in a garden some doors off. I suppose that it was attracted by the piece of bacon used as a bait, and tugged at it, the trap went off, and the poor bird was killed instantaneously. We all went to "La Mascotte" the other night. I liked it very much. I hope that I will be able to go to this Italian Opera that is coming here soon; everyone seems determined to go to it. I expect a great many people will be disappointed in it. If you hear a great deal about anything, and expect a lot, the play, or whatever it is, nearly always falls short of your expectations. The weather here has been very cold lately, the kind of weather which seems to catch the tip of your nose, and freeze your eyes. This winter I have been suffering a good deal from chilblains, things which I have never had before. Yes-

terday some friends and myself determined to go for a long walk to make up for the long hours spent over the fire. We started about one o'clock after an early lunch. We had very little to carry, only two or three baskets full of cakes and a billy for afternoon tea. We reached Crofton at about three o'clock. Most of us at once plunged into the bush, the rest stayed to make a fire and lay the cloth. It was rather damp in the bush, but very pretty. We were following up a winding stream, jumping from stone to stone. After going for a long way we heard a booming noise in the distance. As we advanced it grew louder and louder, and at last rounding a corner we saw a most lovely waterfall straight in front of us. The sun struggling through the trees and ferns made a patch of light on the water as it fell into the pool below only to splash up again all round. I don't know how long we stayed there watching the different colours on the water, but at last we heard a faint "cooee" in the distance, and knew that the billy must be boiling and it was time to return. After several cups of steaming billy tea we packed up and had a lovely long walk home in the dusk. Hoping you will be able to print this on your cousins' page.—I remain, your affectionate cousin, Aileen.

[Dear Cousin Aileen,—I must look into the question of the letter competition. I was under the impression that the result had been announced long ago, but just at the time of the Royal visit several matters for the children's page were put on one side owing to lack of room in the paper. I think it may have been overlooked then, but will go over the "Graphics" and tell you all about it next week. I felt dreadfully sad about your poor little pigeon. What a horrible death, but it is a comfort to think the poor little thing could not have suffered much. Indeed, Aileen, I can sympathise with you in the matter of chilblains. As a child I suffered agonies from them, but have never felt them in New Zealand. What a grand walk you seem to have had, and a picnic tea in the middle of winter is quite a novelty. I must compliment you on your letter. It is most interesting, and very brightly written.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—This is the first time I have written to you. I have been reading your letters in the "Graphic." We had such a nice old dog for a few days and he ran away and never came back again. His name was Posen. I have a cat named Woody; he is yellow. His mother is dead. My sister writes to you. My little brother has got croup. I have a canary of my own; it came from Las Palmas. I hope you will excuse the writing and allow me to be one of your cousins. My name is Jean Beauchamp, and I am 9 years old. I have been at school a year. Good-bye.—Your loving cousin J.B.

[Dear Cousin Jean,—I am glad you are going to become a cousin, and hope you will write regularly. Has the dog Bo'w'n come back yet? It was very disappointing to lose him, was it not, but perhaps he did not like Woody. Dogs and cats often get on very badly, don't they? Is your little brother better? I hope so, for I know how dreadful it is for parents to have anyone sick with croup. How do you like school? Write and

tell me all about it next week.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have not written to you for a very long time, and now I have not got very much to say. I am in standard five now, and I was so glad when I knew that I had passed. I cannot see the lines very well to-night, and my writing is also very bad. Dear cousin, when is your birthday? Mine is next month, and it is also my little nephew's, who will be one year old. We have not had very nice weather lately. Is not it a very long time since we have had some riddles? I cannot think of any more to say.—I remain, your affectionate cousin, Amy.

[Dear Cousin Amy,—It was a very pleasant surprise to get a letter from you once more. Please do not leave me without one for so long again. My birthday is in October; but I am too old for birthdays (proper ones with treats I mean) nowadays. You are a very young aunt, are you not, but I am sure a kind one? There will be a heap more riddles very soon.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am writing to you to ask you if I may become a cousin. We get the "Graphic," and I enjoy the cousins' letters very much. I am thirteen years of age, and am in the seventh standard at school. My sister has a pet cat named Topsy. We also had a dog named Kruger, but one day while we were out walking with him he got away from us, and in spite of our efforts to regain him that was the last we ever saw of poor Kruger. Please, Cousin Kate, if I am allowed to become a cousin may I go in for the next story competition? I like writing stories very much. I have also made an attempt at writing poetry, though I fear that it is not very good. I had a good view of the Royal visitors. I think that the Duchess is very pretty. There were a lot of arches here in Christchurch. If I am accepted as a cousin I will tell you about them in my next letter.—I remain, your affectionate cousin, Winnie.

[Dear Cousin Winnie,—Your letter was not in time for last week's paper, so I hope you were not disappointed in seeing it. Of course I am delighted to have you for a cousin, and shall be only too pleased to have you enter for the story competitions. We will start one very soon. Please don't forget to write again and tell me all about Christchurch, as you promise.—Cousin Kate.]

My dear Cousin Kate,—I am going to write to you regularly now. We have got such a pretty canary, and I clean him every morning. He sings beautifully. Have we not been having wet weather? It will be a treat to get summer again. I have just finished reading such a pretty book; it is called "Grandmother Dear." Have you ever read it, Cousin Kate? I must now close, dear Cousin Kate, as I have no more news. Please excuse a short letter.—Love from Cousin Gwendoline.

[Dear Cousin Gwendoline,—It was very pleasant to hear that you intend to write regularly now, and I hope you will stick to your good resolution. Cousin Kate is simply splendid; she writes lovely letters and scarcely

misses a week. I think she deserves a prize at the end of the year, don't you? I do not think I have read "Grandmother Dear." Have you ever tried "Lilian's Golden Hours?" It is lovely, and so is "The Children of the New Forest." I simply loved them when I was about your age.—Cousin Kate.]

My Dear Cousin Kate,—I hope you will forgive me for not writing to you before. I have been busy with my lessons. I passed my examination. It was very kind of you to send me a badge. I like it so much. I have not filled my card as yet. I am waiting until my Uncle comes. I know he will give me something. What a lot of new Cousins you have. I like to read the country Cousins' letters. I think they have nicer fun than we town ones. They have such nice pets. We only have a dear little canary and a Fiji parrot. I think I will say good-bye, dear Cousin Kate, with love to you and all the Cousins.—From Cousin Brightie.

[Dear Cousin Brightie,—It was quite right not to let writing to me interfere with your lessons. But I hope you will in future be able to spare me a moment or two of play-time. I too wish sometimes I was one of the country cousins, though in this wet weather it must be rather dull.—Cousin Kate.]

My Dear Cousin Kate,—I am starting a letter now. I hope we will get the "Graphics" to-morrow. It is no good my going in for the competition, as it is over when you get my letters. We went a long way in the boat the other day, and we got towed by one of the launches.

July 31st.—We got the "Graphics" yesterday. I was in school, and could not wait. I was so glad to see yours and my letter in the paper. We are having lovely weather; so cool. Mother's garden looks very nice. It has a lot of flowers in it, and the things in my garden are coming on nicely. We have a dear little kitten. It is so playful. It has a smudge right across its nose. We will have a lot of pineapples soon. I wish I could send you some; there are hundreds in the garden. I have not got a photograph of our home to send you; but I send you a few other prints.—With love, from Cousin Lorna.

[Dear Cousin Lorna,—Your letter has just arrived. How I do envy you your lovely tropical weather. It is so cold and wet here. I will put some of the photos in an early number of the "Graphic," so look out for them. Thank you ever so much for wanting to send me pine-apples. How funny it seems to us to hear of them growing in the garden. I expect many New Zealand cousins will wish they could visit you. How is the kitten getting on? It is a pity they grow into cats; is it not, they are so pretty when small.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am so pleased you liked my story. I wonder which opera you saw me at. Will you please tell me, as I should like to know? What a great many new Cousins there are, are there not? I see Cousin Gwendoline is going to begin to write regularly now. I am so glad, because it seems such a shame to leave off. Do you not think so? I have just read such a lovely book called "Miss Nonentity," by L. T. Meade. Have you ever read it? It is lovely. I have just started another book called "The Boys and I," and that is by Mrs. Molesworth. Cousin Gwendoline lent it to me, and I think it will be very pretty. Are you fond of reading, Cousin Kate? I am, very. I must now conclude, as I cannot think of anything more to say. Hoping you will excuse a short letter.—I remain, Cousin Role.

[Dear Cousin Role,—How good you are to write so regularly. You are quite the best of all my cousins. I have not read "Miss Nonentity," but all L. T. Meade's books are good. "The Boys and I" is indeed capital. Have you read "Carrots: the Story of a Little Boy?" It is so pretty and

tender. I am very fond of reading. Cousin Roie, and am glad to hear you are. I forget which opera it was. I saw you at, but think it was "Faust." But my memory is very bad. Please keep up writing; it is so nice to have cousins one can depend on.—Cousin Kate.]

Playing School.

A FUNNY STORY FOR THE WEE ONES.

The evening meal was ended, the dishes cleared away; and Grace, Winnie, Agnes, and Bertie sat around the white table, ready for play and mischief.

Uncle John, a gray-haired boy, was watching their faces over the top of his newspaper.

"Let us play school, and have Uncle John for our teacher," proposed Grace, her face breaking into smiles at the thought of what a mischievous little school girl she would make.

"Oh, Uncle John, do be our teacher," cried Agnes.

Uncle John laid down his newspaper. His heart was still young enough to enjoy the fun. Besides, he loved children; and their laughter was music and their happy faces were sunshine to his soul.

"I can spell cat, Uncle John. K-a-y-x, cat," Bertie said, looking as big as it was possible for a boy only five years old to look.

This wondrous display of knowledge by his youngest pupil decided Uncle John; and, arising from his chair, he rapped sharply on the table with his knuckles, and commanded "Order! The school will now come to order."

Grace looked and wiped her eye-glasses, Bertie looked as if he had a thought in his head that weighed about a ton, and school had begun.

Uncle John took out his notebook and pencil. "Your name, age, and residence, please?" he enquired, addressing himself to Grace.

"Lillian Russell, eighteen years old, Happy Avenue, City of G-Lucky," Grace replied, looking demurely up into Uncle John's astonished face.

Uncle John scratched his head, glanced at Grace, and then gravely wrote down the name and address.

"Your name, age, and residence, please?" he next asked of Winnie.

"My name is Yolande Belle Irving, and I'm ninety-two years old, and I live in Humpty Dumpty Square, Topsy Turvy Land, and I don't like going to school one bit; no I don't. My mamma says —"

"That will do Miss Irving," interrupted Uncle John. "The wisdom of your very aged mother's remark we will take for granted. Your name, age, and residence, please?" and he gave his attention to Agnes.

"Mary Mannering is my name. I'm forty-eleven years old, and I live—" Agnes paused and winked once, twice, three times behind her glasses; and then she remembered where she lived — "I live at 29 Bonbon-street, Chocolate-town."

"And this," Uncle John said, laying a hand on the curly head of Bertie. "is, if I remember rightly, Lieutenant-Colonel Major-General Commander-in-Chief Cullen. Am I correct, sir?"

"S-u-r-e," responded Bertie, solemnly.

The school laughed. "Silence!" commanded Uncle John. "Young man, we will call you General for short."

"Teacher, teacher, Mary Mannering is pinching me."

"Lillian Russell pulled my hair, teacher."

"Silence! Silence this instant!" and Uncle John rapped loudly on the table, and tried to look as if he ate children every morning for breakfast.

"Ma! I want my mamma!" whimpered Yolande Belle Irving, pretending to be very much frightened, and thrusting both her fists into her eyes, seemingly forgetful that it was not just the proper thing for a ninety-two-year-old child to be crying for her mother.

"Please don't whip me, teacher. I be as good as chocolate creams," promised Lillian Russell, who had a very high appreciation of said creams, as Uncle John's pocket-book might testify.

"The General's making faces at me, teacher."

"Ouch! Yolande Belle Irving stuck a pin into me."

"I can't find my pencil."

"Please may I get a drink of water?"

"Children!" Uncle John's voice was harsh and stern. "Children, you have been disobedient; disobedience is very wrong, and I am going to punish you severely." He paused to mark the effect of his words.

Lillian Russell looked defiant, and shook her curls saucily. Yolande Belle Irving gave her short hair a toss and made a grimace. Mary Mannering looked up through her glasses a little doubtfully into Uncle John's face. The General's countenance became very solemn, and he cast a quick glance over his shoulder to see if his mother was within running distance.

"Miss Lillian Russell, you may speak a piece," commanded Uncle John.

Miss Lillian looked astonished, then frowned, then a mischievous twinkle came into her blue eyes, and, taking a couple of quick steps toward Uncle John, she made so graceful and sweeping a courtesy that her nose nearly bumped against the back of a chair, and thus spoke:—

"Here I stand and make my bow. A pretty little figure; If the boys don't like me now, They will when I grow bigger."

"Oh, my! How pathetic!" exclaimed Yolande Belle Irving. "It's enough to draw hot tears out of an icebox," and she placed one hand over her heart and rolled her eyes up toward the gas jets.

Uncle John looked at her severely, and commanded her to declaim, which

she did, with many genuflections and wild flourishing of the arms, as follows:—

"Humpty, dumpty, goodness me! The cat and dog are roasted tea! The cow ebbed with a jumping flea, And the farmer's wife laughed, 'Fie! ho! he!'"

The children all applauded. Uncle John now ordered Mary Mannering to step forward and speak her piece.

Mary caught the front of her dress up in her fingers and began twisting it; then, turning her head a little to one side, she looked up slyly at Uncle John and spoke the following:—

"I'm just a little girl as you can see, But I'm growing big every day; And if I keep a growing pa says me Will soon grow up into a lady."

"Oh, dear! I don't see why Little girls am so slow; I most can't wait till I A great big woman grow."

The applause that followed this literary gem had to be silenced by Uncle John, who now directed Lieutenant-Colonel Major-General Commander-in-Chief Cullen to favour them with a choice selection of his declamatory skill.

The General was evidently greatly embarrassed. His forehead wrinkled all up, and he winked very hard several times. Suddenly his face brightened; and, jumping to his feet, he shouted:—

"Here I stand, all ragged and dirty; If the girls come to kiss me I'll run like a turkey."

With a yell, every girl in the room

accepted the challenge, and the General bolted for his mother's lap.

In an instant all was confusion, and before the loud smacks and shrill cries had quieted down the children again had become plain Grace, Winnie, Agnes and Bertie.

EVERETT McNEIL.

Willie: "Say, pa, my Sunday-school teacher says if I'm good I'll go to heaven."

Pa: "Well?"
Willie: "Well you said if I was good I'd go to the circus. Now, I want to know who's right—you or her?"

"Uncle," said the dusty pilgrim, "how far is it to Sagetown?"
"Bout a mile and a half," replied the farmer.

"Can I ride with you?"
"Sartin. Climb in."

At the end of three-quarters of an hour the dusty pilgrim began to be uneasy.

"Uncle," he asked, "how far are we from Sagetown now?"

"Bout four mile and a half."
"Great grief! Why didn't you tell me we were going away from Sagetown?"

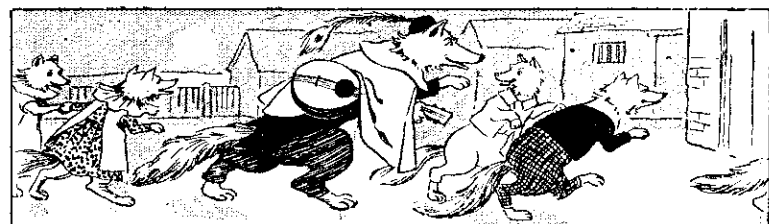
"Why didn't you tell me you wanted to go that?"

Teacher (suspiciously)—Who wrote your composition, Johnny?

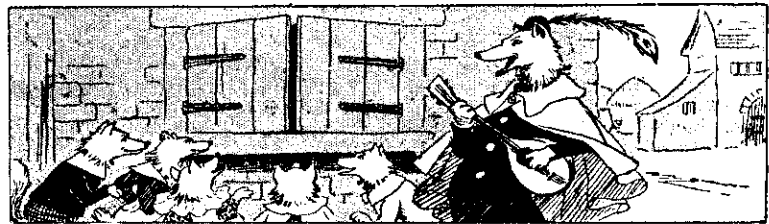
Johnny—My father.
Teacher—What, all of it?
Johnny—No'm; I helped him.

FARMYARD FUN.

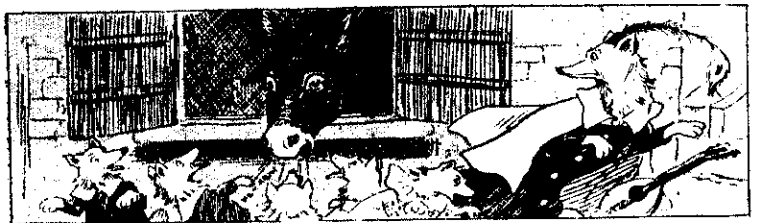
Sly Mr. Fox Has Another Disappointment.



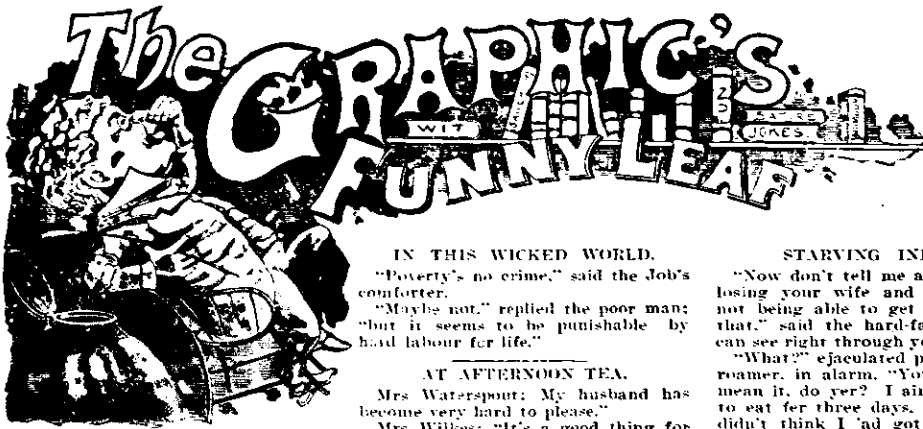
1. What is that wicked Mr. Fox up to now? I wonder. See, he is creeping through the farmyard with all his greedy cubs. It is very clear he is up to no good. "Are you quite sure you know which is Miss Turkey's house?" inquires one of the cubs in a whisper. "Oh, yes," says Mr. Fox; "it is the one at the end of the yard, on the left. I saw her go in the other night, but that horrid dog was about, so that I couldn't get near her. She is a nice, plump little bird, and I can promise you all a good supper."



2. "Now, children," says Mr. Fox, "keep close under the window-sill while I serenade Miss Turkey. Directly she opens the shutters to see who is singing, you must all spring upon her, and carry her off before anyone has time to come to the rescue! I will now begin that tender song, 'Mingle Your Eyebrows with Mine, Love.' If that doesn't fetch Miss Turkey out, I don't know what will!"



3. Before Mr. Fox had finished the third verse, the shutters begin to open. "Hoony! she's coming!" the cubs whisper to one another; and then they prepare to make a spring. But instead of Miss Turkey, the head of Neddy, the donkey, suddenly appears. "Hee-haw!" says Neddy. "What is all this row about? If I have any more of your noise, I'll set the dogs on you!" And not till then did Mr. Fox discover that Miss Turkey had moved to another house. "To think that I should have wasted my beautiful tenor voice on a brain less ass like that!" exclaims Mr. Fox in disgust as he hurries away.



THE FLESH IS WEAK.

Mrs Crossley: "Oh, Henry, on New Year's Day you made a vow you would never stop out late again of a night, and last night you were later than ever."

Henry: "My dear, I only wanted to test my good resolution. But it wasn't a good test, I'll admit. I'll try again to-night."

DIDN'T APPLY TO HER.

An English clergyman once preached a sermon on the fate of the wicked. Meeting soon after an old woman well known for her gossiping propensities, he said, "I hope my sermon has borne fruit. You heard what I said about the place where there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth?"

"Well, as to that," answered the dame, "if I has anythink to say, it be this: let them gnash their teeth as has 'em—I ain't."

A GOOD TEST.

Curley: "See that fellow. He used to go to the same college as I did. I wonder if he remembers me?"
Burlleigh: "Ask him for the loan of five shillings. If he remembers you you won't get it."

THE LATE MR SMITH.

Mrs Gay: "My first husband never did such a thing."
Gay: "It seems to me, my dear, that other husbands of yours formed a great many bad precedents."

GIVING HER AWAY.

"Well, Ethel," said the caller, "what are you going to do when you get big like your mamma?"
"Oh," replied Ethel, "I suppose I'll have to put my teeth in a glass of water and paint my face, too."

AND THAT SETTLES HIM.

"See, Joe," remarked Stroller, who was anxious for a jaunt, "what do you say to a tramp after dinner?"
"Generally," replied Joe Kose, "I say, 'Get out, or I'll turn the dog on to you!'"



A CADDIE CARRIES HIS CLUBS NOW.

Old Lady (to wealthy golfer en route for the links): Hi, wait a minute, I've an umbrella I want mending!

IN THIS WICKED WORLD.

"Poverty's no crime," said the Job's comforter.
"Maybe not," replied the poor man; "but it seems to be punishable by hard labour for life."

AT AFTERNOON TEA.

Mrs Waterspout: My husband has become very hard to please."
Mrs Wilkes: "It's a good thing for you, my dear, that he was not always that way."

SUSPICIOUS.

Mr Hoon: "I am convinced that the groom at last night's wedding was either a widower or a bigamist. Didn't you notice that he looked neither scared nor sneaking during the ceremony?"



EVIDENCE.

Father: Bobby, did you eat that little pie your mother made for you yesterday?
Bobby: No, sir; I gave it to my teacher.
Father: Did she eat it?
Bobby: I expect so; there wasn't any school to-day.

ANOTHER WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.

"I suppose you feel the usual regret at not having further improved your opportunities as a student?" said the young man just out of college.

"Yes," answered the hollow-chested man, with a slight cough. "I kind of wish I had paid less attention to books and more to football and rowing."

AN ABSENT-MINDED FATHER.

Hewitt—Congratulate me, old man: I'm a happy father.
Jewett—Boy or girl?
Hewitt—By Jove! old man: I forgot to inquire.

THE WAY OF IT.

"You managed to laugh very heartily at that nonsensical piece at the theatre last night."
"Yes. It was a kind of instance of reflex action. I got to laughing a little at some of the foolishness, and then I got to laughing at myself for not laughing at all, and then I discovered that I couldn't stop."

THE HEIGHT OF DIGNITY.

"There's a lucky man for you!"
"How's that?"
"Why, he's got a butler so dignified that he even awes the cook into submission!"

HER SARCASTIC.

"If I had known how sarcastic you were I never would have married you," he said.
"You had a chance to notice it. Didn't I say 'This is so sudden' when you proposed after a two years' courtship?"

APPROPRIATE.

To a silver wedding celebration recently a pious old lady sent as a present a pair of flat irons, a rolling pin, and a mottle worked on cardboard reading, "Fight on!"

STARVING INDEED.

"Now don't tell me any tale about losing your wife and children, and not being able to get work and all that," said the hard-faced lady. "I can see right through you."

"What?" ejaculated poor old Road-runner, in alarm. "You don't really mean it, do yer? I ain't 'ad nuthin' to eat for three days, I know, but I didn't think I 'ad got as thin as that!"

TO USE EXTERNALLY.

Customer—I want twopenn'oth of zine for my sister.

Drug Clerk—What kind of zine? There are about forty kinds. What does your sister want to use it for?

Customer—I mustn't know the kind. She said I don't not tell what she wanted it for.

Drug Clerk—Was it oxide of zine she wanted?

Customer—Yes, that's it—outside of zine to put on her face.

APPRECIATED.

Curate (very pleased)—Vicar, I've had a great compliment paid me to-day. A member of the congregation asked to be allowed to see the MS. of my sermon.

Vicar—That's very nice. Who was it?

Curate (more pleased)—Oh, Thompson, You know Thompson, the inspector of nuisances.

A COOL YOUNG MAN.

"So you want to marry my daughter? Well, what are your prospects, young man?"

"I expect to come into possession of one hundred thousand pounds in a short time."

"Why, that is just the amount of my daughter's fortune."

"Yes; that's the hundred thousand I meant."

A POPULAR HOST.

Traveller—Eh? Has this hotel changed hands?

Clerk—Yes; the old landlord busted up—owed thousands of pounds to all the provision dealers in the neighbourhood. For every ten pounds he took in he spent twenty.

Traveller—To bad! Too bad! He's the only landlord I ever met who knew how to keep a hotel.

AT THE ADVERTISING COUNTER.

"I suppose," the advertising manager of the "Daily Howler" said, "you would prefer a position next to pure reading-matter?"

"Oh, no!" replied the advertiser. "As I cater to the swell trade, a position next to some society scandal or divorce story would suit me best."



Magistrates' Clerk (swearing witness): Take the book in your right hand.

Witness: Yes, sir.
Magistrates' Clerk: That's not your right hand.

Witness: I'm left-handed, so my right hand would not be binding on my conscience.

ABOUT GOSSIP.

Lady (to new servant): I do not tolerate gossip, but—if you know any interesting news you may tell me.



KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.

Lawson: Wilson got married rather suddenly, didn't he?

Dawson: Yes, somebody gave him a pass to Paris for two, and he didn't want to waste it.

TOLD BOTH WAYS.

An Arizona lawyer gave an example of the style of justice that prevails in some sections of the frontier: A Justice of the Peace, whose knowledge of the law was never gained from books or actual practice before the bar, was hearing an assault and battery case. The lawyer for the defence was shouting his arguments when the court said, "That will do. Set down." He then adjusted his spectacles and said, "Prisoner, stand up! Accordin' tah th' law an' th' evdince—an' there is no evdince—Oo foind yez guilty, sor, an' foine ve 50 dollars. If yez air guilty, faith, it's a very loight sintince, an' if yez air not guilty it'll be a mighty good lesson for ye."

FOR THE BEST OF REASONS.

Kittie: Harry won't take no for an answer.

Trilbena: How do you know?
Kittie: Because I shan't give it to him.

COULDN'T HELP HERSELF.

Clara: How did you come to accept Mr Saphead?

Dora: I had to. He proposed to me in a canoe, and he got so agitated I was afraid we'd upset."

INCONSIDERATE.

The Bride (from Chicago): This is my fourth bridal tour.

The Groom: Well, I hope it will be your last one.

The Bride (busting into tears): You selfish thing!

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

"Mrs Stebbins is really the meanest woman on earth."

"What has she done now?"

"She gave her little boy a slice of bread and told him to go out and sit where he could smell the jam Mrs Perkins was making."

SHE WANTED TO KNOW.

"You trust me thoroughly, don't you, Ethel?"

"Of course, Edgar. But tell me just one thing, dear. Are the instalments on this diamond ring all paid off?"

ELECTED UNANIMOUSLY.

One evening recently the members of a certain country cricket club met to choose a captain for the forthcoming season. Of the dozen youngsters present fully one half were candidates for the vacant post. One after another rose and stated his claims and qualifications, and the matter was still in doubt when the last of the half dozen rose to his feet. He was the son of the owner of the cricket field, and his speech, if brief, was very much to the point. "Chaps," he remarked convincingly, "I'm going to be captin, or feythur's-a-goin' to turn his bull into the field." He was elected unanimously.