

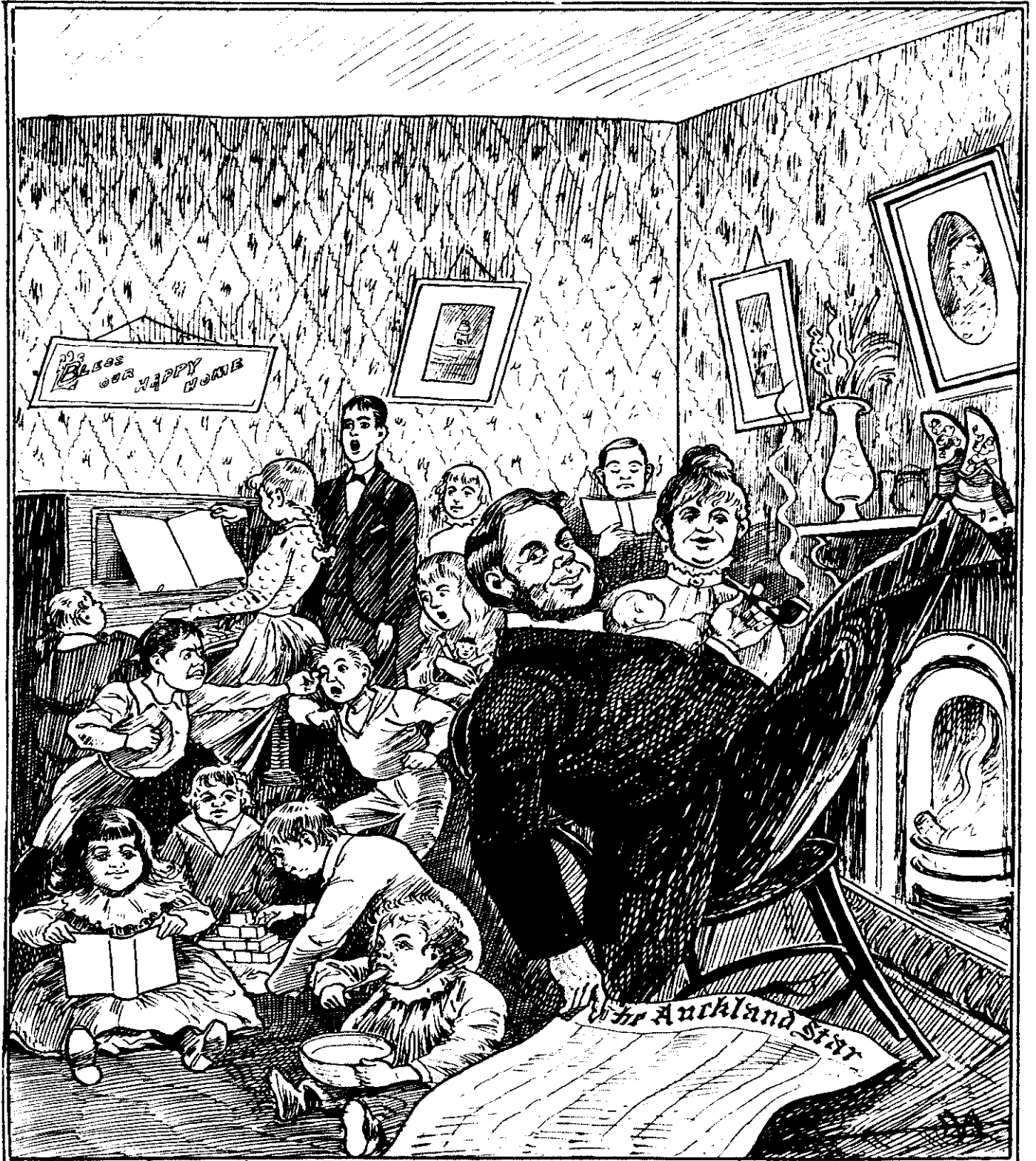
# The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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## The Royal Road to Wealth.

MRS. SMITH (the modern Cornelia): "H'ss H'i allus says, 'These are our jewels. Were would we be without 'em?'"  
MR. SMITH (the father of twelve): "Most like breakin' stones."

M. O'Meara, M.H.R., pointed out to the Premier last week the millions that have been spent in assisting immigration, and urged as a better means of increasing the population that the Government should pay a bonus to the parents of large families.

Serial Story.

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# TRISTRAM OF BLENT.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

AN EPISODE IN THE STORY OF AN ANCIENT HOUSE.

## CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

"Of course I was put on the track of the affair," Edge pursued, "by the disappearance of the money. I had little difficulty in guessing that there had been something queer, but what it was did not cross my mind for a long while. Even after I had a clue, I found Migratz a tough customer, and for a long time I totally failed to identify Madame Valfier. When, thanks to a series of chances, I did so, it was a shock to me. She was the wife of a man of high position and high reputation. She had contrived—she was a remarkable woman—to carry out this expedition of hers without rousing any suspicion; she had returned to her husband and children. Finding herself in danger, she took the bold course of throwing herself on my mercy, and sent for me to Paris. It was not my desire to rake up the story, to injure my brother's memory, or to break up the woman's home. I pocketed the loss as far as I was concerned. As for you, I didn't know you were concerned. I had never gone into the details; I accepted the view which your own conduct, and Lady Tristram's, suggested. I promised silence, guarding myself by a proviso that I must speak if the interests of third persons were ever affected. Your interests are affected now, and I have spoken, Mr Tristram—or Lord Tristram, as I undoubtedly ought to say."

Harry turned to Mr Neeld with a smile and pointed at the leaves of the Journal.

"There was something Cholderton didn't know after all," he said. "A third date—neither the 18th nor the 24th! Twenty-four hours! Well, I suppose it's enough!"

"It's enough to make all the difference to you," said Neeld. "It makes the action you took in giving up your position unnecessary and wrong. It restores the state of things which existed—"

"Before you and Mina Zabriska came to Blent—and brought Mr Cholderton?" He sat smiling a moment. "Forgive me; I'm very inhospitable," he said, and offered them cigarettes and whisky.

Neeld refused; the Colonel took both.

"You may imagine with what feelings I heard your story," Edge resumed, "and found that the Comtesse's fraud was really the entire basis of your action. If I had been in England the thing need never have happened."

"It has happened," said Harry, "and—and I don't quite know where we are." For the world was all altered again, just when the struggle of the evening had seemed to settle it. The memory of the girl in the restaurant flashed across his mind. What would she—what would she say to this?

Colonel Edge was evidently rather a talkative man. He began again, rather as though he were delivering a little set speech.

"It's perhaps hardly to be expected," he said, "that any degree of intimacy should exist between your family and mine, Lord Tristram, but I venture to hope that the part which it has been my privilege to play to-day may do something to obliterate the memories of the past. We don't perhaps know all the rights of it. I am loyal to my brother, but I knew the late Lady Tristram, and I can appreciate all that her friends valued and prized in her."

"Very good, Edge, very good," mur-

mured emotional old Mr Neeld. "Very proper, most proper."

"And I hope that old quarrels need not be eternal?"

"I'm very much in your debt, and I'm sincerely grateful, Colonel Edge. As for the past—there are graves; let it lie in them."

"Thank you, Lord Tristram, thank you," and the Colonel gave Harry his hand.

"Excellent, excellent!" muttered Mr Neeld as he folded up the leaves of Josiah Cholderton's diary.

"You can call on me for proofs whenever you wish to proceed. After what has occurred I presume they will be necessary."

"Yes, yes—for his seat," assented Neeld.

"And to satisfy public opinion," added Edge.

There was a pause. Neeld broke it by saying timidly:

"And—er—there is, of course, the—the lady. The lady who now holds the title and estates."

"Of course!" agreed Edge, with a nod that apologised for forgetfulness.

Of course there was! Harry smiled. He had been wondering how long they would take to think of the lady who now held the title and estates. Well, they had come to her at last—after providing for the requirements of the House of Lords and the demands of public opinion—after satisfying the girl in the restaurant, in fact. Yes, of course, there was the lady, too.

Though he smiled, he was vexed and suffered a vague disappointment. It is to be wished that things would happen in a manner harmonious with their true nature—the tragic tragically, the comic so that laughter roars out, the melodramatic with the proper limelight effects. To do the Tristrams justice, this was generally achieved where they were concerned; Harry could have relied on his mother and on Cecily; he could rely on himself if he were given a suitable environment, one that appealed to him and afforded responsive feelings. The family was not in the habit of wasting its opportunities for emotion. But who could be emotional now—in face of these two elderly gentlemen? Neeld's example made such a thing ridiculous. Colonel Edge would obviously consider it un-soldier-like. The chance had been frittered away; life was at its old game of neglecting its own possibilities. There was nothing but to acquiesce; fine melodrama had been degraded into a business interview with two elderly and conscientious gentlemen. The scene in the Long Gallery had at least been different from this! Harry bowed his head; he must be thankful for small blessings; it was something that they had remembered the lady at last.

At a glance from Edge Neeld rose to go.

"Pray wait—wait a minute or two," begged Harry. "I want to think for a minute."

Neeld sat down again. It is very likely they were as surprised at him as he was childishly vexed with them. For he exhibited perfect calm. Yet perhaps Colonel Edge, who had given so colourless an account of the Comtesse's wild appeal to him, was well suited.

"I'm going down to Iver's to-morrow," said old Neeld, tucking the extract from the "Journal" into his pocket.

"To Iver's?" After a moment's silence Harry fairly laughed. Edge was

surprised, not understanding what a difference the Comtesse's manoeuvre had made there too. He could not be expected to know all the difference it had made to Harry's life, even to the man himself. Two irresponsible ladies—say Addie and—well, Madame Valfier—may indeed make differences.

"Yes, to Fairholme," continued old Neeld. "We—we may see you there now?"

Edge looked up with an interested glance. It had occurred to him that he was turning somebody out as well as putting somebody in.

"You'll have, of course, to communicate what I have said to—to—?"

"Oh, well! say Lady Tristram still," Harry interrupted.

Edge gave a little bow. "I shall be ready to meet her or her advisers at any time," he remarked. "She will, I hope, recognise that no other course was open to me. She must not think that there is any room for doubt."

Harry's brain was at work now; he saw himself going to Blent, going to tell Cecily.

"Possibly," Mr. Neeld suggested. "It would be better to entrust a third person with the task of giving her this news? One of her own sex perhaps?" He seemed to contemplate a possible fainting-fit, and, remembering his novels, the necessity of cutting stay-laces, a task better left to women.

"You're thinking of Mina? Of Mina Zabriska?" asked Harry, laughing. There again, what a loss! Why had not Mina heard it at first hand? She would have known how to treat the thing.

"She's always taken a great interest in the matter, and—and I understand is very friendly with—with Miss Gainsborough," said Neeld.

"We shall have to make up our minds what to call ourselves soon," sighed Harry.

"There can be no doubt at all," Edge put in; "and if I may venture to suggest, I should say that the sooner the necessity is faced the better."

"Certainly, certainly," Harry assented absently. Even the girl in the restaurant must know about it soon; there must be another pow-wowing in all the papers soon. But what would Cecily say? "If ever the time comes—." He had laughed at that; it had sounded so unlikely, so unreal, so theatrical. "If ever the time comes, I shall remember." That was a strange thing to look back to now. But it was all strange—the affair of the beastly new viscounty, Blinkhampton and its buildings, the Arbitration and the confidence of Mr Disney, Madame Valfier—Comtesse d'Alberville—with a little help from Addie Tristram, had brought all these things about. The result of Harry's review of them was English enough to satisfy Wilmot Edge himself.

"The whole thing makes me look rather an ass, I think," said he.

"No doubt you acted impulsively," Edge allowed. It was fully equivalent to an assent.

"Good heavens, I'd been brought up to it! It had always been the fact of my life." He made no pretences about the matter now. "It never occurred to me to think of any mistake. That certificate—it lay on the table still—'was the work of Damocles.' He laughed as he spoke the hackneyed old phrase. "And Damocles knew the sword was there, or there'd have been no point in it."

The two had rather lost track of his mood. They looked at one another again.

"You're a lot to think of. We'll leave you," said the Colonel.

"But—but what am I to do?" Old Neeld's voice was almost a bleat in his despair. "Am I to tell people at Blent-mouth?"

"The communication should come from an authoritative quarter," Edge advised.

"It's bound to be a blow to her," said Neeld. "Suddenly lifted up, suddenly thrown down! Poor girl!"

"Justice is the first thing," declared Wilmot Edge. Now he might have been on a court-martial.

They knew nothing whatever of the truth or the true position.

"We may rely on—on Lord Tristram—to treat the matter with every delicacy," Edge said.

"I'm sure of it, Neeld, I'm sure of it." "He has been through what is practically the same experience himself."

"A very remarkable case, very remarkable. The state of the law which makes such a thing possible—"

"Ah, there I don't agree, Edge. There may be hardships on individuals, but in the interests of morality—"

"You must occasionally put up with damned absurdity," Harry interrupted rather roughly. "I beg your pardon, Mr Neeld. I—I'm a bit worried over this."

They sat silent then, watching him for a few moments. He stood leaning his arm on the mantel-piece, his brows knit, but a smile lingering on his lips. He was seeing the scene again, the scene in which he was to tell Cecily. He knew what the end of it would be. They were strangers now. The scene would leave them strangers still. Still Mina Zabriska would be left to cry, "You Tristrams!" Given that they were Tristrams, no other result was possible. They had been through what Mr Neeld called practically the same experience already; in that very room it had happened.

Suddenly the two men saw a light born in Harry's eyes; his brow grew smooth, the smile on his lips wider. He gave a moment's more consideration to the new thing. Then he raised his head and spoke to Wilmot Edge.

"There are a good many implications in this matter, Colonel Edge. I've had my life upset once before, and I assure you it's rather troublesome work. It wants a little time and a little thinking. You get rather confused—always changing your train, you know. I have work on hand—plans and so forth. And, as you say, of course there's the lady too." He laughed as he ended by borrowing Neeld's phrase.

"I can understand all that, Lord Tristram."

"Do you mind saying Mr Tristram? Saying Mr Tristram to me and to everybody for the present? It won't be for long—a week perhaps."

"You mean to keep the change in the position a secret?" Edge seemed rather startled.

"You've kept the secret for many years, Colonel. Shall we say a week more? And you, too, Mr Neeld? Nothing at all to the people at Blent-mouth. Shall we keep Miss S. in the dark for a week more?" The thought of Miss Swinkerton carried obvious amusement with it.

"You mean to choose your oppor-

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tunity with—with your cousin?" Neeld asked.

"Yes, exactly—to choose my opportunity. You see the difficult character of the situation? I ask your absolute silence for a week."

"Really I—" Old Neeld hesitated a little. "These concealments lead to such complications," he complained. He was thinking, no doubt, of the Iver engagement and the predicament in which it had landed him.

"I don't ask it on my own account. There's my cousin."

"Yes, yes, Neeld, there's the lady too."

"Well, Edge, if you're satisfied, I can't stand out. For a week then—silence."

"Absolute," said Harry. "Without a look or a word."

"You have my promise," said Wilmot Edge.

"And mine. But—but I shall feel very awkward," sighed poor Mr Neeld. He might have added that he did feel a sudden and poignant pang of disappointment. Lived there the man who would not have liked to carry that bit of news in his portmanteau when he went out of town? At least that man was not Mr Jenkinson Neeld.

"I'll choose my time, and I won't keep you long," said Harry.

With that they left him; but they had a word together before Edge caught his 'bus in Piccadilly.

"Cool young chap," said he. "Took it quietly enough."

"Yes, considering the enormous difference it makes," agreed Neeld. His use of that particular phrase was perhaps an unconscious reminiscence of the words in the Journal, the words that Addie used when she burst into Madame de Kries' room at Heidelberg.

Edge chuckled a little. "Not much put out about the girl either, eh?"

"Now you say so—" Neeld shook his head. "I hope he'll do it tactfully," he sighed.

Edge did not seem to consider that likely. He in his turn shook his head.

"I said no more than I thought about Addie Tristram," he remarked.

"But the fact is they're a rum lot, and there's no getting over it, Neeld."

"They—er—have their peculiarities, no doubt," admitted Mr Neeld.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A BUSINESS CALL.

"My dear, isn't there something odd about Mr. Neeld?" Mrs. Iver put the question, her anxious charity struggling with a natural inquisitiveness.

"About Neeld? I don't know. Is there?" He did not so much as look up from his paper. "He's coming with us to Bleat to-night, I suppose?"

"Yes. And he seems quite excited about that. And he was positively rude to Miss Swinkerton at lunch when she told him that Lady Tristram meant to give a ball next winter. I expect his nerves are out of order."

Small wonder if they were, surely! Let us suppose Guy Fawkes' scheme not prematurely discovered, and one member of a full House privy to it and awaiting the result. That member's position would be very like Mr. Neeld's. Would he listen to the debate with attention? Could he answer questions with sedulous courtesy?

From the moment of his arrival Mr. Neeld had been plunged into the Tristram affair, and surrounded by people who were connected with it. But it must be admitted that he had it on his brain and saw it everywhere. For to-day it was not the leading topic of the neighbourhood, and Miss S.'s observation had been only by the way. The engagement was the topic, and only Neeld (or perhaps Mina Zabriska too, at Bleat), insisted on digging up a hypothetical past and repeating, in retrospective rumination, that Harry Tristram might have been the lucky man. As for such an idea—well, Miss S. happened to know that there had never been anything in it; Janie Iver herself had told her so, she said. The question between Janie and Miss S., which this assertion raises, may be passed by without discussion.

He had met Gainsborough essaying a furtive entry into Bleatmouth, and heading towards the curiosity-shop—with a good excuse this time. It was Cecily's birthday, and the occasion, which was to be celebrated by

a dinner party, must be marked by a present also. Neeld went with the little gentleman, and they bought a bit of old Chelsea (which looked very young for its age). Coming out, Gainsborough sighted Mrs. Trumbler coming up High-street, and Miss C. coming down it. He doubled up a side street to the churchyard, Neeld pursuing him at a more leisurely pace.

"It's positively worthy of a place at Bleat—in the Long Gallery," painted Gainsborough, hugging his brown-paper-covered prize. "You'll be interested to see the changes we're making. Mr. Neeld. Cecily has begun to take an enormous interest in the house, and I—I'm settling down."

"You don't regret London ever?"

"I shall run up now and then. My duty is to my daughter. Of course her life is changed." He sighed as he added, "We're getting quite used to that."

"She has come to love the place, I daresay?"

"Yes, yes. She's in very good spirits and quite happy in her position now, I think." He glanced over his shoulder. Miss S. was in sight. "Good-bye. So glad we shall see you to-night." He made his escape at a run.

Neeld, having been interrogated at lunch already, was allowed to pass by with a lift of his hat.

Janie was very happy. She at least thought no more of that bygone episode. She asked no questions about Harry Tristram. He had dropped out of her life. He seemed to have dropped out of the life of the countryside, too. That was strange anyhow, when it was remembered how large a local figure the young man had cut when Neeld came first to Fairholme: it was stranger still in view of what must soon be. The announcement of the engagement seemed to assume to write "Finis" to Harry as a factor in Bleatmouth society. In that point of view the moment chosen for it was full of an unconscious irony. Janie would not have gone back to him now, and Neeld did not suspect her of any feeling which could have made that possible. It was merely odd that she should be putting an appropriate finish to a thing which in the meantime had been suddenly, absolutely, and radically undone. Neeld was loyal to his word; but none may know the terrible temptation he suffered; a nod, a wink, a hint, an ambiguity—anything would have given him some relief.

Harry was mentioned only once—in connection with his letter to Iver about the Arbitration. Iver was not inclined to let him go.

"He has great business ability. It's a pity to waste his time. He can make money, Neeld."

Disney's a good friend to have," Neeld suggested.

"If he stays in, yes. But this thing won't be popular."

Neeld could maintain no interest in the conversation. It had to proceed all along on a baseless presumption, to deal with a state of things which did not exist. What might be wise for Harry—Harry Nothing-at-all—might be unwise for Tristram of Bleat, and conversely.

"I must leave it to him," Iver concluded. "But I shall tell him I hope he won't go. He's got his way in the world to make first. He can try politics later on, if he likes."

"No doubt you're right," murmured old Neeld, both uneasy and uninterested. He was feeling something of what he had experienced once before: he knew the truth, and he had to keep his friend in the dark. In those earlier days he had one confidant, one accomplice, in Mina Zabriska. The heavy secret was all his own to carry now.

As a consequence of his preoccupation, Janie Iver found him rather unsympathetic, and with her usual candour she told him so.

"You don't really appreciate Bob," said she. "Nobody quite knows him except me. I didn't use to, but now I know what a strong character he has."

Unwonted cynical thoughts rose in old Mr Neeld. Had he come down to Fairholme to listen to the platitudes of virtuous love? Indeed, he had come for no such thing. All young men have strong characters while they are engaged.

"And it's such a comfort to have a man one can lean upon," Janie pursued, looking, however, admirably capable of standing without extraneous support.

"There it was again! She'd be calling him her "master" next—as the heroine does in the Third Act, to unfeeling applause. What was all this to ears that listened for a whisper of Harry Tristram?"

"The most delightful thing is," Janie pursued, "that our marriage is to make no change at all in his way of life. We're going to live at Mingham just as he has lived all his life—a real country life on a farm!" There was no hint that other ideals of existence had ever possessed an alluring charm; the high life with Harry, the broad and cosmopolitan life with the Major—where were they? "I've insisted on it, the one thing I've had my own way in."

Bob was being transfigured into a Man of Iron, if not of Blood. Vainly Mr Neeld consulted his memories.

"And Mingham's so bound up with it all, I used to go there with Mina Zabriska." She smiled in retrospect. It would have been pardonable if Neeld and smiled too. "I haven't seen her for ever so long," Janie added, "but she'll be at Bleat to-night."

Ah, if he might give just the barest hint to Mina now!

"Bob isn't particularly fond of her, you see, so we don't meet much now. He thinks she's rather spiteful."

"Not at all," said Neeld, almost

sharply. "She's a very intelligent woman."

"Oh, yes, intelligent." She said no more. If people did not agree with Bob—well, there it was.

Bob bore his idealisation very well. It was easy to foresee a happy and a remarkably equable married life. But the whole thing had no flavour for Mr Neeld's palate, spoiled by the spices of Tristram vagaries. A decent show of friendliness was all he could muster. It was all that Iver himself seemed to expect. He was resigned, but by no means exultant.

"The girl's very happy, and that's the thing. For myself—well, I've got most of the things I started to get, and if this isn't quite what I looked forward to—well, you remember how things fell out?"

Neeld nodded. He remembered that very well.

"And, as I say, it's all very satisfactory." He shrugged his shoulders and relighted his cigar. He was decidedly a reasonable man, thought Neeld.

The evening came—Neeld had been impatient for it—and they drove over to Bleat, where Bob was to meet them.

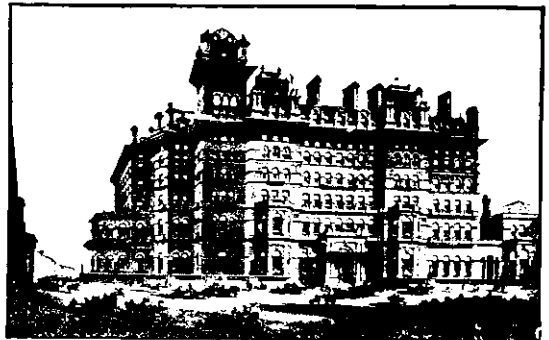
"It's a fine place for a girl to have," said Iver, stirred to a sudden sense of the beauty of the old house as it came into view.

They were all silent for a moment. Such a place to have, such a place to lose! Neeld heard Mrs Iver sighing

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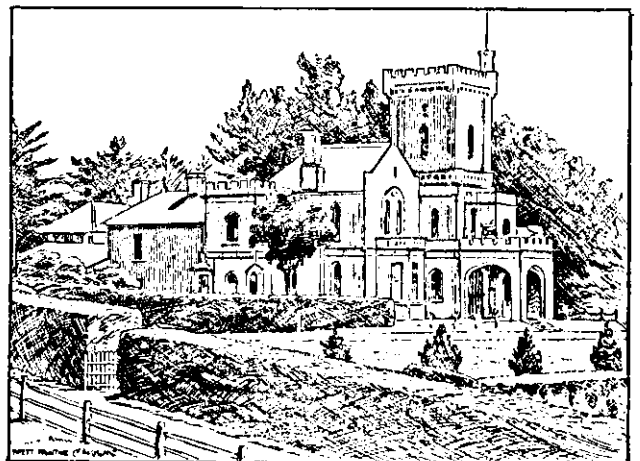


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in her good-natured motherly fashion. But still Harry was not mentioned.

"And if they had a business man—with his head on his shoulders—to manage the estate it'd be worth-half as much again." This time it was Iver who sighed. The idea of anything not having all the money made out of it that could be made offended his instincts.

"She'll have a husband, dear," his wife reminded him.

"I wonder of Bob'll get there before we do," said Janie, with the air of starting a subject of real interest in lieu of continuing idle talk.

The evening was hot and the hall door of Blent stood open. Cecily was sitting in the hall and came out to greet them. She seemed to Neeld to complete the picture as she stood there in her young fairness, graciously welcoming her guests. She was pale, but wore a gay air and did the honours with natural dignity. No sign of strangeness to the place and no embarrassment were visible.

"Oh, my dear, how you remind me of Lady Tristram!" good Mrs Iver broke out.

Neeld pressed the girl's hand with a grip that she noticed. She looked at him in a sort of question and for a moment flushed a little.

"It's very kind of you to come," she said to him softly.

"How are you, Mr Neeld?" The Imp had suddenly started out from somewhere and was offering her hand. "I'm staying here, you know." And in a whisper she added, "That young man of Janie's has been here a quarter of an hour, and Cecily wasn't dressed, and I've had to talk to him. Oh, dear!" She had her hand on his arm and drew him apart. "Any news of Harry Tristram?" she whispered.

"Ei—no—none."

Her quick eyes looked at him in suspicion. He had hesitated a little.

"You've seen him?" she asked.

"Just casually, Madame Zabriska."

She turned away with a peevish little pout. "Then you're not very interesting," she seemed to say. But Neeld forgave her: she had asked him about Harry. He could forgive more easily because he had deluded her.

Addie Tristram's picture was at one end of the dining-room now, and Cecily's place was under it.

"My first dinner-party! Although it's a small one," she said to Iver as she sat down.

"Your first at Blent?"

"The first anywhere—actually!" she laughed, and then grew thoughtful for a moment, glancing out into the dark and listening to the flap of a bat's wings against the window.

"You'll have plenty now," said he, as he watched her admiringly. He forgot, man that he was, that girls do not find permanent happiness in dinner-parties.

It was evident that Neeld ought never to have come to Blent that evening. For the talk was of futures, and out of deference to the young hostess, even more of hers than of the engaged couple's. Theirs indeed was not provocative of discussion; if satisfactory, it was also obvious. Cecily's opened more topics; she herself was willing and seemed even eager to discuss it. She fell in with Mrs Iver's suggestion that she ought to be a centre of good works in the district, and in pursuance of this idea should accept the position of Patron to Miss Swinkerton's complicated scheme of benevolence. She agreed with Iver that the affairs of the estate probably wanted overhauling, and that a capable man should be engaged for the task, even at some expense. She professed herself ready to co-operate with Bob in protecting the fishing of Blent. She was, in a word, very much the proprietor. It was difficult for Neeld to sit and hear all this. And opposite to him sat Mina Zabriska, rather silent and demure, but losing no chance of reminding him by a stealthy glance that this ordinary talk covered a remarkable situation—as indeed it did, but not of the precise nature that Mina supposed. Neeld felt as though he were behind the scenes of fate's theatre, and he did not find the place comfortable. He saw the next tableau in preparation and had to ask himself what its effect would be on an unsuspecting audience. He came to the conclusion that foreknowledge was an attribute not likely to make human beings happy; it could not easily make terms with sympathy.

When dessert was on the table, Iver, true to his habits and traditions, felt that it was the occasion for a few friendly informal words; the birthday and the majority of young Lady Tristram demanded so much recognition. Admirably concise and simple in ordinary conversation, he became, like so many of his countrymen, rather heavy and pompous when he got on his legs. Yet he made what everybody except Mina Zabriska considered a very appropriate little speech. Gainsborough grew quite enthusiastic over it; and Neeld thought it was wonderfully good (if it had not happened, of course, to be by force of circumstances an absurdity from beginning to end). Cecily was content to say, "Thank you," but her father could not refuse himself the privilege of reply; the reply was on her behalf, but it was mainly about himself—also a not uncommon characteristic of after-dinner oratory. However, he agreed with Iver that everything was for the best, and that they were entitled to congratulate their hostess and themselves on things at large. Then Neeld had a turn over the engagement (a subject dull but safe!), and the proceedings were stopped only by Bob Broadley's headlong flight when the question of his response arose.

"Thank goodness, that's over!" said Mina snappishly, as she stepped out into the garden, followed by Mr Neeld. The rest went off to see the treasures of the Long Gallery. Miva turned to him with a quick question: "You saw Mr Tristram. How is he?"

"Harry Tristram is quite well and in very good spirits. I never saw a man better in my life."

Mina was silent for a moment. Then she broke out: "I call it disgusting. He's in good spirits, and she's in good spirits, and there's an end of it, I suppose! The next thing will be —"

"It's not the end if there's a next thing," Neeld suggested timidly.

"Oh, don't be tiresome. The next thing'll be some stupid girl for him and some idiot of a man for her. How I wish I'd never come to Merriam!"

"Don't despair; things may turn out better than you think."

"They can't," she declared fretfully. "I shall go away."

"What a pity! Miss Gainsborough

—Lady Tristram, I mean—will miss you so much."

"Let her!" said the Imp ungraciously. "I've put myself out enough about the Tristrams."

Neeld forbore to remind her of the entirely voluntary nature of her sacrifices; after all he was not the man to throw stones on that account.

"Wait a few days anyhow," he urged her. In a few days something must happen.

"A few days? Oh, yes!" As a matter of fact she meant to stay all the winter. "She's started," she went on, with an irritated jerk of her head towards the Long Gallery, "putting all the things in different places and rearranging everything."

"I should imagine that Mr Gainsborough's enjoying himself then?"

"She doesn't let him touch a thing," replied Mina with a fleeting smile. "He just stands about with a duster. That contents him well enough, though. Oh, yes, I shall go. The Broadleys won't care about me, and Cecily won't want me long."

Neeld could give real comfort only at the price of indiscretion. Moreover he was not at all sure that a disclosure of the truth would bring any comfort, for Mina wanted to be on both sides and to harmonise devotion to Cecily with zeal for Harry. Neeld did not quite see how this was to be done, since it was understood that as Harry would take nothing from Cecily, so Cecily would refuse anything from Harry.

"We must wait and see how it all turns out," said he.

"I hate people who say that," grumbled Mina disconsolately. "And I do think that the Ivers have grown extraordinary stupid—caught it from Bob Broadley, I suppose."

When injustice springs not from judgment but from temper, it is not worth arguing against. Neeld held his tongue and they sat silent on the seat by the river, looking across to Merriam and hearing the voices of their friends through the open windows of the Long Gallery.

Presently there came to them through the stillness of the night the sound of wheels, not on the Blent-mouth side, but up the valley, on the Mingham and Fillingford road. The sound ceased without the appearance of any vehicle, but it had reminded Neeld of the progress of time.

"It must be getting late," he said, rising. "I'll go and see if they think of starting home. Did you hear wheels on the road—towards the Pool?"

"Bob Broadley's cart coming for him, I suppose."

"No; I don't think so. He's going back to Fairholme with us. I heard him say so."

Mina was languidly indifferent, and Mr Neeld trotted off into the house. Mina sat on, frowning at the idea that in a few minutes she would have to go in and say good-bye; for the voices came no more from the Long Gallery, and she heard the guest-

laughing and chattering in the hall, as they prepared for departure. Suddenly she discerned the figure of a man coming into sight across the river. He walked slowly, as it seemed stealthily, till he came to the end of the footbridge. Then he halted and looked up at the house. It was gaily lighted. After waiting a moment the man turned back and disappeared up the road in the direction of Mingham. Mina rose and strolled to the bridge. She crossed it and looked up the road. She could make out dimly the stranger's retreating form.

She heard Cecily calling to her, and ran back to the house. A wonderful idea had come into her head, born of a vaguely familiar aspect that the bearing of the man had for her. But she laughed at it, telling herself that it was all nonsense; and as she joined in the talk and farewells it grew faint and was almost forgotten. Yet she whispered to old Neeld with a laugh:

"I saw a man on the road just now who looked rather like Harry. I couldn't see him properly, you know."

Neeld started and looked at her with obvious excitement. She repaid his stare with one of equal intensity.

"Why, you don't think —?" she began in amazement.

"Come, Neeld, we're waiting for you," cried Iver from the wagonette, while Bob in irrepressible spirits burst into song as he gathered up the reins. He had deposed the coachman and had Janie with him on the box.

They drove off, waving their hands and shouting good-night. Mina ran a little way after them and saw Neeld turning his head this way and that, as though he thought there might be something to see. When she returned she found Gainsborough saying good-night to his daughter; at the same moment the lights in the Long Gallery were put out. Cecily slipped her arm through hers, and they walked out again into the garden. After three or four minutes the wagonette, having made the circuit necessary to reach the carriage-bridge, drove by on the road across the river, with more waving of hands and shouts of good-night. An absolute stillness came as the noise of its wheels died away.

"I've got through that all right," said Cecily with a laugh, drawing her friend with her towards the bridge. "I suppose I shall be quite accustomed to it soon."

They went on to the bridge and halted in the middle of it, by a common impulse as it seemed.

"The sound of a river always says to me that it all doesn't matter much," Cecily went on, leaning on the parapet. "I believe that's been expressed more poetically!"

"It's great nonsense, however it's expressed," observed Mina scornfully.

"I sometimes feel as if it was true."

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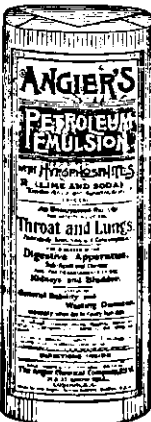
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Probably Cecily thought that nobody—no girl—no girl in love—had ever had the feeling before. A delusive appearance of novelty is one of the most dangerous weapons of Cupid. But Mina was an experienced woman—had been married too!

"Don't talk stuff, my dear," she cried crossly. "And why are we standing on this horrid little bridge?"

She turned round; Cecily still gazed in melancholy abstraction into the stream. Cecily, then, faced down the valley. Mina looked up at; and at the moment the moon showed a quarter of her face and illuminated a streak of the Fillingford Road.

The man was there. He was there again. The moonlight fell on his face. He smiled at Mina, pointed a hand towards Blentmouth, and smiled again. He seemed to mock the ignorance of the vanished wagonette. Mina made no sign. He laid his finger on his lips, and nodded slightly towards Cecily. The clouds covered the moon again, and there was no more on the Fillingford Road than a black blotch on the deep grey of the night; even this vanished a moment after, and still Cecily gazed down into the Blent.

Presently she turned round. "I suppose we must go in," she said grudgingly. "It's getting rather chilly." They were both in low-cut frocks, and had come out without any wraps. With the intuition of a born schemer, Mina seized on the chance.

"Oh, it's so lovely!" she cried, with an apparently overwhelming enthusiasm for nature. "Too perfectly lovely! I'll run in and get some cloaks. Wait here till I come back, Cecily."

"Well, don't be long," said Cecily, crossing her bare arms with a little shiver.

Off the Imp ran, and vanished into the house. But she made no search for wraps. After a moment's hesitation in the hall the deceitful creature ran into the library. All was dark there; a window was open and showed the bridge, with Cecily's figure on it making a white blur in the darkness. Mina crouched on the window-sill and waited. The absolute unpardonableness of her conduct occurred to her; with a smile she dismissed the consideration. He—and she—whodesires the end must needs put up with the means; it is all the easier when the

means happen to be uncommonly thrilling.

Harry was humbled! That was the conclusion which shot through her mind. What else could his coming mean? If it meant less than that, it was mere cruelty. If it meant that — A keen pang of disappointment shot through her. It was the only way to what she desired, but it was not the way which she would have preferred him to tread. Yet because it was the only way, she wished it—with the reservation that it would have been much better if it could have happened in some other fashion. But anyhow the position, not to say her position, had every element of excitement. "Poor old Mr Neeld!" she murmured once. It was hard on him to miss this. At the moment Neeld was smiling over the ignorance in which he had been bound to keep her. It is never safe to suppose, however pleasant it may be to believe, that nobody is pitying us; either of his knowledge or of his ignorance some one is always at it.

She started violently and turned round. The butler was there, candle in hand.

"Is her ladyship still out, ma'am?" he asked, advancing. "I was going to lock up." He was hardly surprised to find her—they knew she was odd—and would not have shown it, if he had been.

"Oh go to bed," she cried in a low voice. "We'll lock up. We don't want anything, anything at all."

"Very good. Good-night, ma'am." What an escape! Suppose Cecily had seen her at the window!

But Cecily was not looking at the window. She moved to the far end of the bridge and stood gazing up towards Merrion, where one light twinkled in an upper room. Mina saw her stretch out her arms for a moment towards the sky. What had happened? It was impossible that he had gone away! Mina craned her head out of the window, looking and listening. Happen what might, be the end of it what it might, this situation was deliciously strong of the Tristrams. They were redeeming their characters; they had not settled down into the ordinary or been gulped in the slough of the common-place. Unexpected appearances and midnight interviews of sentimental moment were still to be hoped for from them. There was not yet an end of all.

He came; Mina saw his figure on the road, at first dimly, then with a sudden distinctness as a gleam of moonlight shone out. He stood a little way up the road to Cecily's right. She did not see him yet, for she looked up to Merrion. He took a step forward, his tread sounding loud on the road. There was a sudden turn of Cecily's head. A moment's silence followed. He came up to her holding out his hand. She drew back, shrinking from it. Laying her hands on the gate of the bridge she seemed to set it as a fence between them. Her voice reached Mina's ears, low, yet as distinct as though she had been by her side, and full of a terrified alarm and a bitter reproach.

"You here! Oh, you promised, you promised!"

With a bound Mina's conscience awoke. She had heard what no ears save his had any right to hear. What if she were found? The conscience was not above asking that, but it was not below feeling an intolerable shame even without the discovery that it suggested as her punishment. Blushing red there in the dark she slipped from the window seat and groped her way to a chair. Here she flung herself down with a sob of excitement and emotion. He had promised. And the promise was broken in his coming.

Now she heard their steps on the path outside. They were walking towards the house. Telling herself that it was impossible for her to move now, for fear she should encounter them, she sank lower in her arm-chair.

"Well, where shall we go?" she heard Cecily ask in cold, stiff tones.

"To the Long Gallery," said Harry. The next moment old Mason, the butler, was in the room again, this time in great excitement.

"There's someone in the garden with her ladyship, ma'am," he cried. "I think—I think it's my lord."

"Who?" asked Mina, sitting up, feigning to be calm and sleepy.

"My Harry, I mean, ma'am."

"Oh, well, then, go and see."

The old man turned and went out into the hall.

"How are you, Mason?" she heard Harry say. "Her ladyship and I have some business to talk about. May I have a sandwich afterwards?"

There he was, spoiling the drama, in Mina's humble opinion! Who

should think of sandwiches now?

"Do what Mr Tristram says, Mason," said Cecily.

She heard them begin to mount the stairs. Jumping up, she ran softly to the door and out into the hall. Mason stood there with his candle, staring up after Cecily and Harry. He turned to Mina with a quizzical smile wrinkling his good natured face.

"You'd think it a funny time for business, wouldn't you, ma'am?" he asked. He paused a moment, stroking his chin. "Unless you'd happened to be in service twenty years with her late ladyship. Well, I'm glad to see him again, anyhow."

"What shall we do?" whispered Mina. "Are you going to bed, Mason?"

"Not me, ma'am. Why, I don't know what mayn't happen before the morning." He shook his head in humorous commentary on those he had served. "But there's no call for you to sit up, ma'am."

"I'll thank you to mind your own business, Mason," said the Imp, indignantly. "It would be most—most improper if I didn't sit up. Why it's nearly midnight!"

"They won't think of that up there," said he. The sound of a door slammed came from upstairs. Mina's eyes met Mason's for a moment by an involuntary impulse then hastily turned away. It is an excellent thing to be out of the reach of temptation. The door was shut!

"Give me a candle here in the library," said Mina, with all her dignity. And there in the library she sat down to wonder and to wait.

Mason went off after the sandwiches, smiling still. There was really nothing odd in it when once you were accustomed to the family ways.

(To be continued.)

Who wouldn't be a brainless fool  
With heaps of glist'ning gold,  
Than some poor scholar fresh from school

Thrust homeless on the world?  
Who wouldn't rather lose his wealth,  
Than coughs and colds endure?  
Then be content, enjoy good health,  
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Copyright Story.

# An Eagle Feather.

By DANIEL CAIN.

A London drawing room, artistic and slightly Bohemian in tone, rather crowded this evening. The hostess, Mrs Sinclair, is speaking to one of her guests who is also her friend, Damaris Whitby. Damaris is twenty-five, medium height, with brown hair which ripples all over and catches the light. She is in mourning, her dress is something soft and crepe, cut square at the neck, showing her white skin. A bunch of violets, the only ornament, is beautiful and fresh, despite the hot room—somehow Damaris always has fresh flowers. Her hair is her principal feature—till you get to know her, and then you discover that her eyes are wonderful.

Mrs Sinclair says, "Damaris, I'm going to introduce Mr Hammerton to you."

"Oh, thanks. I don't like him, but I'd like to know him."

"Why don't you like him?"

"I don't know anything about him personally, except that he always looks rather bored, but I mean I don't like his pictures—they're not honest. I'm sure he could do better work, for now and then he does paint something which is quite different—in fact—"

"Hush, here he comes. Mr Hammerton. I want to introduce you to Miss Whitby." After the usual commonplace Mrs Sinclair leaves them and she sits down beside Damaris in a rather negligent attitude which irritates her—for it looks like affection. A girl is playing Schumann's "Aufschwung." They listen to the passionate soaring notes, full of a wild sadness—like a soul striving after the unattainable. The girl plays well—when she stops there is a murmur of applause and renewed conversation.

Damaris gives a long sigh. "Oh! that was lovely. I wish I could play like that."

"Don't you play?"

"No."

"What a blessing!"

"Is it a blessing?"

"To find a young lady who does not strum—yes—I hate girls who play 'a little' or paint 'a little!'"

"Oh," says Damaris, laughing slightly.

"Well?"

"I paint—a little."

"I beg your pardon—I didn't know—what do you paint?"

"I study."

"Ah! Art with a large A, stipple and cross-hatch; try for Academy Schools—that sort of thing!"

"No," indignantly.

"Don't you really? How original!"

"I hate stippling and cross-hatching." Then a pause, and she says still indignant but with a premonitory twinkle in her eyes, "And I don't paint pot-boilers—impossibly pretty haymakers with a background 'child' in—or sweetly pretty pictures of the domestic virtues!"

He wakes up at this, and eyes her as a man might who had been examining a butterfly through a microscope were it suddenly to find voice and criticise him in turn.

"Tha—anks," he draws,—"well played! Never lose a chance of hitting back; who knows but you may touch a weak spot by chance."

She flushes and looks apologetic. "I beg your pardon, I'm afraid I was very rude—but you made me cross."

"Don't apologise—I was quite as rude. You are perfectly right. So long as I prostitute my art for money I have no right to criticise any one else."

She looks distressed, tries to say something, but cannot find words. He goes on, with a smile which looks like a sneer. "After all I'm no worse than

the manufacturer who makes cheap pretty cloths because the public does not appreciate good material. The great British Public likes the pictures I paint to please it and doesn't like, and above all won't buy, those I paint to please myself. The first it hangs on its dining-room walls and points out with pride to its guests—Done by Hammerton—quite a rising man—doesn't always paint as well as that you know—sometimes paints the most extraordinary rubbish—can't tell whether they're meant for a sunset or a girl with a red parasol.' The great B.P. always thinks that little joke rather clever!"

He says this in a cynical, drawing way and then pauses, and in a slightly altered tone adds, "Miss Whitby, don't you think motive goes for something?"

"The end justify the means? Yes, I think motive goes for a good deal, if it's a good one."

"Not so bad, as motives go!"

Her evening gloves are tied up above the elbow with long black ribbons: one of these has come loose—he takes the long streamer and twists it illy round his finger. She tries to feel indignant at the liberty, and can't—thinks perhaps it is only absent-mindedness—would like to snatch the ribbon away, and daren't—and after all doesn't quite want to, but hopes nobody will look their way and notice.

"What do you paint, Miss Whitby?"

"I study from the life and Antique, and that sort of thing—I find it all so difficult—I like best painting out of doors. Just now I'm working down at Pangbourne, where my sister has a cottage."

"Happy people to be up the river while we poor Londoners are suffocating in town."

"Yes, it's very pleasant up there just now. By the way, I think you know my brother-in-law, Mr Staithes."

"Jack Staithes? Oh, yes, I know him a little. Is he your brother-in-law?"

"He has the honour!"

"He asked me to go down to Pangbourne next week end. I didn't intend to go."

"Why not?"

"I don't know—can't afford it for one thing."

"Oh, that's a pity—it's at its prettiest just now; the river is enchanting."

"Yes, and it's beastly stifling in town—I beg your pardon again; I'm afraid I have a bad habit of calling spades spades." Then a pause. "Perhaps I'll go."

"I'm sure my sister would be pleased to make your acquaintance. Don't you work out of doors?"

"When I can—just now I've some portraits on hand—pot-boilers!"

She flushes again, and says, "I'm sorry I said that."

He smiles a little, and looks at her meditating, and then says, "I'll come to Pangbourne. I'll write to Staithes to-night."

At this point Mrs Sinclair comes up. "Damaris, I want you to come and be introduced to Miss Townsend, the artist. She wants to know you."

"I'm flattered."

"She liked your Academy picture." James Hammerton looked reproachful. "You never said you exhibited in the Academy."

"No, I was too modest."

"That was unkind of you."

"Good-bye, Mrs Sinclair, I must away."

"So soon? Well, if you must—good-bye."

Mrs Sinclair says, "Well, do you like him any better?"

"I like him better—yes—but he strikes me as being rather—she

pauses for a word—"warped, perhaps."

"He has rather 'hard lines.' He keeps his mother and sisters, I have heard."

"Ah! that's rather decent of him." "I think so—but come along, Miss Townsend is waiting."

Five o'clock on a hot Sunday afternoon. Two in a boat under the willows in a pleasant backwater. They have seen a good deal of each other since they met first at Mrs Sinclair's "at home," and she has grown to understand and like him, Jack Staithes and he are chums, and this is the third week-end he has been with them. This afternoon Jack and his wife are spending in the orthodox Sunday fashion—dozing in two arm-chairs.

So Damaris and James Hammerton depart by themselves with the boat and the tea basket, nothing loth to be without any other company.

He looks up at her and says—"This is very jolly."

"Yes, it's perfect."

"If it were not so soon to be over."

"Oh, never mind that, enjoy it while it lasts."

"Can one enjoy one's beer and skittles properly, with the knowledge that the more skittles one plays, and the more beer one imbibes the duller the days will seem which are bound to follow, which will contain neither beer nor skittles?"

His mouth again takes that extra curve meant for a smile, but which looks like a sneer.

"But there will be plenty of beer and skittles in the future when you've arrive, as the French say. The British Public will admire and buy your best work, and you will be able to have beer and skittles every day if you like."

"Perhaps—when it's too late!"

"Too late for what?"

A gleam from his blue eyes gives her a little nervous thrill, but he says nothing and she begins to bestir herself to make the tea. She takes the tea basket out of its place in the stern behind her seat, lights the little lamp and sets the silver kettle on to boil. The tea is soon made and they become quite merry over their little picnic.

"Tea is a very good substitute for beer and skittles," he says.

When they have finished he helps her to wash the tea cups in the river and to pack them up again.

She says, "If we want to go to church it's time we returned."

"Do we want to go to church?"

"I'm not particularly anxious to, I like church out of doors," she answers smiling.

"So do I," he said. "I have got to that point where faith seems so far away that I cannot even understand the point of view of those who have it."

"It's the modern disease," she says, "and yet I do believe in the faith of the future. The old forms are worn out and the future is simply waiting till they are finally got rid of and the 'new bottles' are ready."

"Perhaps you're right. I believe nothing and hope nothing. I confess I've almost lost my interest in these questions. They used to worry me, but now my life is so full I have no time for philosophising. It's good to be lazy, for once in a way."

"Do you work so hard?"

"Yes, don't you?"

"Of course I do—I'm going to Paris to study this winter if I am lucky. I've nearly saved up the necessary 'twopence halfpenny.'"

"I envy you!"

"Paris?"

"Yes."

"Did you never go?"

"No, I never got the chance. You see, I've a family to support."

"Yes—I know," she says softly.

"I've kept myself since I was thirteen—engraving and one thing and another. I'm comparatively emancipated now—since I took to painting pot-boilers, but it's hard work sometimes."

"Your father is dead?"

"Yes, don't think I'm complaining—my mother is the best woman in the world."

She says, "My mother died years ago, and my father six months since. I wish I had been more to him—one does not realise it till afterwards."

"But your sisters," she continued, "can't they earn anything?"

"I don't wish them to."

"Don't you think that's a mistake? A woman is always happier doing something."

He shrugs his shoulders. "Oh, they have plenty to do. Perhaps my ideas are old fashioned, but I don't care to think of them slaving as governesses."

"Nursing is better," she says.

"Think of all they'd have to go through—it's degrading—I daresay they will marry."

She raises her eyebrows. "That's always a profession for a woman!"

"A useful one."

"Perhaps!"

"Don't you think so?"

"If she loves, that would make it beautiful—but as a profession! That is degrading!"

"I believe you are right—you always are!"

"I know I'm right in this instance."

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Love is the only thing which can make marriage tolerable."

He does not answer for a moment, and then says, "I don't suppose I shall be able to marry for at least ten years. I would never ask a woman I loved to share such a tied-down life as mine."

She would like to say what she feels, that if a woman cared for him she would count her life well lost if thereby she gained his love, but she only says, "No great loss! When you are thirty five you will be so wise, you will be able to choose a wife much better."

"Perhaps." The light dies out of his eyes and he begins to talk about other things—art and books.

There is a pause after this—then he unties the boat and they drift down the stream past the islands with the pollard willows and between the green meadows where the Sunday evening lovers are strolling—down to the boathouse again.

He has to return that night and goes in, intending to say good-bye to Mrs. Staithes. She is at church, the maid informs them, so they sit in the little drawingroom looking over the river. It is nearly dark. Damaris sits in a swing chair by the window—her hat is off and her face looks pale and tired in the twilight. He longs to take it between his hands and kiss the sadness out of the eyes—but he thinks of his mother and sisters in their shabby London home, and prudence conquers. They talk in a desultory fashion till his train time. Then he stands up and looking at his watch says, "I must be off now. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. Shall I see you again?"

"Oh, yes, we shall meet again."

Damaris is in Paris. To-day she is almost happy as she takes her numero d' appelle for the tram to the Champs de Mars, for the desire of her heart is accomplished and she has a picture in the "New" Salon.

To-day is artists' Vernissage, and she has stopped work in order to see the pictures and the artists. Arrived at the immense building devoted to the younger art of France, she wanders through the rooms, appalled at their size, and wondering in what obscure corner her picture is to be found. In one of the principal rooms, on the line, a picture attracts her eye by its strong technique and the daring originality of its treatment. The picture is called "Circe." The principal figure is very beautiful, but with the beauty of the devil. She is seated on the ground, her hands clasped round her knees. Straight auburn hair falls over her shoulders and lies on the marble floor around her in heavy masses. Green grey eyes, full of cruel triumph, beautifully curved but sensual lips, half parted. The woman looks, not at the swine which grovel at her feet, but straight out of the picture. Her eyes give Damaris a cold thrill of hatred as they gaze into her own. The whole picture is full of a nameless fascination. Damaris stands before it for a long time before she thinks of looking for the artist's name. Then she looks it up in the catalogue. "Circe," by James Hammerton, 226, Rue St. Anatole, Paris. Was it possible? James Hammerton in Paris! "If that is his picture he is at least arrive with a vengeance." And her thoughts go back to that day on the river two summers ago. Their lives had drifted apart, and she thought he had not seemed over anxious to keep up the friendship.

She looks at the picture again and then turns to renew her walk through the endless galleries. As she turns she sees him. He also is gazing at the picture, but with an expression of disgust on his face. He looks ten years older, and the whole pose of the man expresses such a weariness that she stands and stares at him, wondering what can have changed him so. Her gaze attracts his notice and their eyes meet.

"Miss Whitby—here!"

"You, also, Mr Hammerton!"

"I am glad to see you. You have a picture here, have you?"

"Yes, a humble one. And that is yours?"

"It is."

"It is wonderful."

"Do you like it?"

"I think it is splendidly clever."

"But you don't like it?"

"Yes. But she is almost too dreadful. Where did you find your model?"

"She's beautiful, isn't she?"

"Yes, with a beauty du diable."

"You're right. She is a devil. It is a good likeness."

Then he turns his back on the picture and says, "Show me yours." They find it at last—a watercolour, fresh and strong, an out of doors study.

He says: "I like your work. It is so healthy. It is like a cool north wind after all this tropical rubbish."

"I'm glad you like my little picture. My work is everything to me."

"Everything?"

"Well, you see I'm alone. I have no home and few friends."

"Your sister?"

"She is very good, but I only see them in the holidays. I have lived here the last two years."

"Alone?"

"With two American girls. We live in a flat, au quatrieme, and are very Bohemian, I assure you."

"You don't look very flourishing on Bohemian diet."

"Oh, I'm all right; only rather tired sometimes. You don't look very flourishing either. Are you living in Paris?"

"Yes. My mother died six months ago."

"O, I am sorry to hear that. You will miss her."

"Yes, I miss her. Then my sisters did get married, except the little one, who took to nursing. I'm willing to confess I was in the wrong in her case, and marriage is not always a success. So you see I got my chance at last and worked my own way. I got on, too, and was happy enough till I came to this cursed place."

She looks up in surprise at his tone. "Don't you like la belle France?"

They have reached the huge pavilion where the sculpture is, and are sitting on one of the green benches. He savagely digs little holes with his stick in the yellow sand at their feet—

"I wish I had never seen it." He forces the feeling back from his face which is saying too much. "What have you been doing since the day we spent together on the Thames?"

"I crossed a moor with a name of its own.

And a certain place in the world, no doubt.

Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone 'Mid the blank miles round about."

That was the handbreadth and I've carried the 'eagle's feather' with me ever since."

A faint colour comes into her cheeks and she says simply, "Yes, I enjoyed those old days, and the river—there is nothing like it here. I've been working hard ever since at Delecluse's Studio—and enjoying life generally." This with a little sarcastic tone and a smile which is rather weary.

"Do you enjoy life?" she says.

"Oh, if one has work to do it is bearable."

"Have you seen enough of these pictures?"

"Yes, for this time."

"Let me take you home—is it far?"

"No—the Quartier Latin."

So they leave the great wandering palace of the arts, with the blue dome overtopped by the Eiffel Tower, out into the May sunshine and along the boulevards towards the Latin Quarter. They talk of student life in Paris, and the sights and sounds around them, but neither is brilliantly conversational—his melancholy affecting her, though she has a sense of bien etre having him at her side again.

At last they turn into the Boulevard Raspail. "This is my road," she says, indicating the Rue Boissanade on her left. "Will you come in and I'll make you some tea again? You say you enjoyed the last."

"But the Americans?"

"They have their own rooms."

So they turn down the little street. She stops at a tall house with balconies at each etage. She calls out a cheery good evening to the concierge as they pass up to the fourth floor where she enters with a latch key. Her little sitting-room looks out on the street. All about the room are photographs and nick-nacks. The whole place is redolent of her dainty personality.

She says, "You sit down and rest while I make tea."

So he takes a seat in a rather rickety basket chair and watches her while

she goes to and fro.

She lights a little gas stove in the tiny kitchen, puts the kettle on, and then comes back to the sitting-room and clears some books off a table and proceeds to lay thereupon a snowy cloth and quaint cups and saucers. Suddenly she says, "Oh, I've no cakes!"

"Never mind, I don't want any."

"But I do. You must go and get some at the cake-shop at the corner—you know we passed it— and she gives him a frame with minute instructions as to the kind of cakes she requires, and he goes off obediently to do her bidding.

He soon returns with the cakes. "Your stairs are no joke."

"Oh, one gets used to them—you ought not to feel them."

"No, I oughtn't to—I don't think I've been very flourishing lately—I've had worries—that tells on one."

"But you should see a doctor," she says anxiously.

"I have done so. He says I must live a quiet life—it's my only chance of a long one. I'm not to worry!" he smiles, "that's easier said than done. Well, it's not of any consequence—here are the cakes."

She still looks anxious, but she puts the cakes on a plate and they sit down—she in another rickety chair—and they drink their tea and talk of old times in the gathering dusk.

After a long pause—difficult to break—he says, at last, "Miss Whitby, I'm a coward."

She looks a question.

"I ought to have told you a not unimportant fact about myself."

"What is it?"

"I am married."

She grows a little paler, but tries to look and speak brightly. "Indeed—yes, you ought to have told me—when will you introduce me to Madame?"

"Never."

"Why? What have I done that I may not know your wife?"

"You have done nothing—may I tell you about it?"

"Do."

"I came to Paris five months ago—took a studio and worked at my salon picture—I secured a beautiful model for my 'Circe'—you have seen it." She nodded. "Well—one day I lost my head—hardly my heart. My model is now Mrs. Hammerton. Now, do you wish to be introduced to Madame?"

She says softly, almost in a whisper. "Do you not love her?"

"I did—madly—for a month—if you call it love. I don't. I soon found out what she was—pah! I can't talk to you about her."

All her sweet compassionate soul looks out of her eyes, and she forgets her own agony in his.

She only says—"Poor boy!" and they are silent. She is thinking what a wasted life his has been, and he what a fool he was not to have spoken out that day on the river.

At last he rises and says, "Good-bye, you have been very sweet to me, but I shall not see you again."

She says, "We shall meet sometimes."

"No. There are limits to a man's endurance."

There is no mistaking his meaning now—he takes her hand, which is cold and trembling, and looking into her eyes reads her secret there. They stand thus for a moment, then he says:

"What a fool I have been—I should have trusted more in the future and in myself." She is crying quietly, and her tears are like drops of fire on his brain. "That I should have made you suffer too! Dearest, why need we spoil our lives; let us begin over again."

"How can we begin again? The past lives on."

"Damaris! Come with me, darling—to Italy—anywhere. We would hurt no one. It is not God's law we should be breaking, and she could not refuse to set me free."

She gently releases her hand from his hot grasp. "You cannot escape so easily from your own deeds. You have made a mistake. I will not help you to spoil your life still further. Love is not everything—I love you—I am not ashamed to say it—but I love your honour more. Be a man and go back to your work."

"You could not speak so calmly if you loved me."

"Could I not? My God—you men love so many you do not know what love means to us women!" Her self-control is giving way beneath the strain, and a little sob escapes her. He catches her to his breast and kisses her again and again. She shrinks away from him, and covers her face with her hands for a moment. Then she faces him calmly and says, "You must go—go, if you love me."

"Forgive me, I am a brute. I will go back to my work."

She holds out her hand—it is steady enough. He takes it into his own—stoops and kisses her on the forehead and goes out. Fiercely he walks—on through the now lighted streets—for hours it seems to him. He comes to the river and leans over the parapet. Notre Dame looms up darkly on his left, and the little steamboats dart to and fro below him like meteors, with their many-coloured lights. Long he gazes at the river—"One would sleep well." Then he turns homeward up the Boulevard St. Michel. As he passes a cafe, brilliantly lighted, and thronged with students and gaily dressed women, he sees his wife. She is seated at one of the little round tables outside the cafe, the centre of a group of students, laughing, talking and drinking.

As he passes she sees him, and calls him by name. He takes no notice, but he hears one of the men laugh. "C'est M. le Mari." His heart gives him a stab, and he walks on blindly.



hardly seeing where he goes. At last he reaches his home and mounts the stairs. He strikes a match, lights a candle, and goes through the outer room into his studio.

At midnight his wife enters. He is not in the outside room. She lifts the curtain which divides it from the studio. He is sitting in a chair with his back to her—leaning on a table, his head on his arm. She laughs—a quiet, cruel laugh.

"Wake up, my husband, here is your beloved." She goes up and lays her hand on his shoulder and gives him a little shake. He does not raise his head. She puts the candle down on the table and looks at him more closely. He is dead.

(The end.)

No doubt were Dickens still alive  
He'd yet write many a tale,  
Though he is dead his works survive.  
Their reading ne'er grows stale,  
So many try to imitate,  
But they remain obscure,  
For coughs and colds don't hesitate,  
Take WOODS' GREAT PEPPER-  
MINT CURE.

**PEARSALL'S**  
Embroidering Silks

**Pearsall's**  
Washing Filoselles  
Stand Boiling Soapsuds. 400 Shades.

**Pearsall's**  
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Lustrous. Easy to Work. Fast Colours

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Larger. For Portières, Coverlets, etc.

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In 250 Washing Colours.

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Shade Cards 60 each  
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A. BRUCE, 104, STRAND, SYDNEY.

# Stamp Collecting.

BY PHIL ATELIC.

The genuine stamp collector is thoroughly cosmopolitan. If two philatelists meet, no matter what their nationality, provided only they both understand one language, they become friends at once and promptly set to work at exchange. When the Argentine Republic training ship Presidente Sarmiento was here the other day the youths on board lost no time in trying to secure New Zealand stamps, either by exchange or purchase. One dealer sold £10 worth of New Zealand stamps the same day, and during the week could have disposed of at least £50 worth had he possessed the stock.

The value of the Tapling collection of stamps acquired in 1891 by the British Museum for £40,000, is now estimated at £100,000. Mr E. D. Bacon was engaged eight years arranging the collection for the Museum authorities.

The "Philatelists' Register," referring to stamp collecting, states:—Of course the great "secret of success" in anything is enthusiasm. And the stamp collector who wishes to make his stamps a success and a source of interest to himself and his friends must be enthusiastic. Without enthusiasm of the proper sort even money loses its power. A big balance at the bank, or a liberal allowance of cash, as the case may be, is fortunately not an essential element to philatelic success, although many assert that it is. We would say, rather, that having a deal of money at one's disposal to spend upon stamps is a drawback in some respects. For when the budding philatelist can march off to a dealer's and buy up a lot of stamps indiscriminately, regardless of expense, he loses half the pleasure which may be derived from "bargain hunting," and is very likely to give up the hobby in disgust before long. We would advise the collector just commencing not to buy too many of the "cheap packets" advertised by a certain class of dealers. The announcements look very tempting—"200 stamps for fourpence," and so on—but the packets contain always the same sort of stuff, and when two or three of them have been purchased the collector will find himself loaded up with a heap of useless duplicates.

Another new issue is announced from Bolivia—1 cent., 5, 10 and 20 cents, also 2 dollars.

The halfpenny green stamp Tasmanian pictorial issue is now stated to be out of issue owing to the heavy cost of production. In future the old type half purple and orange will be used.

Two new surcharges are reported from Bulgaria, 10 on 50 and 5 on 3 st; also the commemorative stamps of the anniversary of independence 5 st and 15 st.

Canada proposes issuing a new set of stamps in commemoration of the late Queen's long and prosperous reign. It is probable that the portrait of the widowed Queen upon the present 20 and 50 cent. stamps will be utilised for this new issue.

Some of the penny New Zealand pictorial issue, brown and blue, London print, possessed the peculiar feature of having the centre sketch on the back as well as the front of the stamp. Naturally, these particular stamps are very scarce, as it is probable that only one sheet was printed with the view on both sides. The explanation is that one impression being taken when a sheet had not been put in the pad received the view and transferred the sketch to the back of the next sheet.

The war in South Africa continues to furnish matters of special interest to stamp collectors. For instance letters are now reaching Auckland with the stamps surcharged E.R.I. instead of V.R.I., as formerly. It appears now that as late as April 9th the Boer Government issued stamps in the northern Transvaal. These are roughly type set, and count of six values, ½d, 1d, 2d, 4d, 6d, and 1/. On the border at each side is "Z. AFF. REP.," at the top "Postzegel," and on the bottom 1901. The value, with an ornamental border around it, is in the centre of the stamp, and in part of the space appears the initials written by the controller of stamps. Only about £500 worth of these stamps were printed at Pietersberg, but these were not all issued, as the British troops captured the place, and it is said the blocks were destroyed and the office blown to bits. These stamps were printed in black on red paper, some roughly perforated and others not perforated.

## Drugging to Avoid Conscription.

HOW IT IS WORKED ON THE CONTINENT.

From time to time, apropos of the talk of introducing conscription in Great Britain, attention has been drawn to the manner in which it works on the Continent, where it has long been in vogue.

The latest instance of what young men will do in order to avoid doing military service, however, comes from Rhenish Prussia, where the stringent investigations of the military authorities have resulted in the discovery that the practice of giving drugs to young men liable to military service with the object of incapacitating them is alarmingly widespread; and this despite the fact that severe examples have been made from time to time of those caught offending in this way.

At Elberfeld some months ago, for instance, several young men were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment for using drugs to this end.

The authorities have also arrested doctors in Dusseldorf and Zeichlingen, who have been pursuing lucrative businesses in this line for some time past, young men coming to them from far and near.

The sons of certain wealthy parents paid them large sums, in some cases as much as £1000, for pills and other medicines, which, when taken two or three days before their examination by the military doctors, gave them the appearance of jaundice or heart disease.

## A Duke of London.

King Edward will probably see fit one of these days to raise his little grandson, the Heir Presumptive, to the dignity of a dukedom. Though there are many place-names which the young Prince Edward of York might then assume, the number of appropriate ones is comparatively limited. Edinburgh had for her duke the second of our late Queen's sons, while the King's sole remaining brother is Duke of Connaught, and the Duke of Cornwall may in due course assume the title of Prince of Wales. Thus the four countries of Great Britain have all been represented; and though many, in view of the wave of Imperialism which has been sweeping over the Empire, would doubtless like to see the young Prince take some Colonial name, such a step would scarcely be practical in view of the fact that one dominion would thus be honoured above the rest, and a not altogether unnatural spirit of jealousy thereby engendered. Inimical as such a spirit would assuredly be to the well-being of the Empire, the suggestion at once becomes impossible, and we must therefore look for a name nearer home.

The one that seems to us by far the most appropriate in the circumstances is that Prince Edward of York should take the title of Duke of London.

The metropolis of the world has never been honoured by having a Duke named after it, and what time could be more fitting than the commencement of the new century for conferring such a title on the Heir Apparent in the second generation? It would be at once a graceful compliment to the heart of the Empire, and a means of intimately associating the personality of one of our coming Kings with the capital of his realm; nor could any petty feelings of umbrage be aroused at such a creation. Moreover, London is not only a city, but a county, too.

## Read What Vitadatio is Doing.

CONSUMPTION  
CAN BE CURED.

READ WHAT MR FRED. STEVENSON  
SAYS VITADATIO HAS DONE FOR  
HIM.

Dungog, July 17, 1900.

Mr S. A. PALMER,

Dear Sir,—For over two years I suffered from what the doctors here told me was Consumption, and during that time I suffered considerably, and could not get any relief. Seven times I broke a blood vessel, and gave up all hope of recovery. The doctors told me they could not do me any good, and gave me up. It was then that I heard of VITADATIO, and I determined to try it. The first bottle did me a deal of good, and after taking twelve bottles I can now say I am quite cured. Twelve months ago I weighed under nine stone, and to-day I was weighed at your representative's request, and was just ten stone eight pounds, and am now working on the roads as maintenance man, and well able to do a hard day's work as well as I could years ago. I am well-known here, and will do all in my power to persuade others who are suffering to try your medicine.

(Signed) FREDERICK STEVENSON,  
Government Maintenance Man.  
Dungog, N.S.W.

I have read the above carefully, and know it to be correct, as I have known Frederick Stevenson during his illness, and have watched his wonderful recovery; he is now quite well. I can also add that I have tried VITADATIO for Indigestion, and it has done me a wonderful lot of good.  
(Signed) EDWARD PIPER, J.P.

For further particulars,  
S. A. PALMER,  
WAREHOUSE, WATERLOO QUAY,  
WELLINGTON.  
Correspondence Invited. Write for  
Testimonials.



# Topics of the Week.

## The Imperial Stomach.

The decision of the Admiralty that only Australian wines shall be used in connection with the christening of British vessels built in His Majesty's dockyards is doubtless meant as a gracious compliment to Australian patriotism, and a lift to the Australian wine trade. As the latter, however, one scarcely sees that it will greatly benefit the industry. As an actual purchaser of the colonial article the Admiralty cannot count for much if the wine, as indicated, is only to be used in christening war vessels. At a bottle, or even a dozen bottles a ship, the most extensive building programme would make but a very light call on the Australian cellars. As to the value of the arrangement as an advertisement of colonial wine, it would surely have been a better testimony to British appreciation of the article if the Home Government had ordained that in the drinking of all patriotic toasts only it should be used. Only to give it place as the baptismal fluid in the Government dockyards suggests a doubt as to its worth as a beverage. It is questionable whether the Australian makers would greatly promote the popularity of their vintages by labeling the bottles, "As used in His Majesty's dockyards." That would be an excellent recommendation for kauri pine or jarra, but hardly so appropriate for wine. Unfortunately the stomach is probably the last organ to be reached by the Imperial sentiment. Statesmen and orators at Home talk eloquently about promoting close relations between the colonies and the Motherland, and drink prosperity to "the land of the five new nations"; but they do so in French champagne and German hock after a banquet in which colonial products are absent, or apologetically introduced as very minor entrees. The Imperialism that I would like to see at Home would be that which thinks it treason to eat bread made of any wheat but colonial, or to spread on it any butter that was not of Home or colonial manufacture. "A free breakfast table" used to be a great cry among the British free-traders. What say you to an Imperial breakfast table and an Imperial dinner table? Her Majesty the Queen expresses the sentiment I would inspire when she intimates the hope that ladies attending the coronation will wear as far as possible dresses of British material and manufacture.

## The Duke's Cigars

The veil of anonymity hides the cableman even more completely from the public than it does the leader writer. Yet despite that and the laconic nature of his utterances, one comes to have a certain inkling into the character of the man he is who, in a flash, brings the outside world daily before our eyes. Severely impersonal as the cable messages are, they must reflect in a measure the individuality of the sender. Now, for one thing, one could never doubt the profound respect which the cableman feels for wealth and royalty—but especially royalty. How careful he is to chronicle the minutae of the court, and from the moment the Duke of York departed on his tour the watchful eye of the cableman and his brethren have been on him. Nothing escapes those argus eyes. For instance, at Adelaide, His Royal Highness was not allowed to suffer in secret such a very common affliction as toothache without all the world being asked to sympathise. Now we are called upon by the cableman to rejoice over an equally trivial matter connected with the Duke's tour. A message from New York last week announced that several thousand of the cigars intended for consumption by the Heir-Apparent on his visit to Canada had been recovered from the wreck of the Lusitania. I don't know what losses may have been sustained in connection with the wreck, but that hardly matters. The thing that really concerns the Empire is the providential rescue of these cigars. You

cannot say what disastrous results might have ensued had they not been recovered, for doubtless they were particularly choice, and the judicious gift of a good cigar by His Royal Highness might do wonders to stimulate the loyalty of loyal Canada. To those Canadians who have a fair chance of sampling the dual "smokes," the cable item may be of interest, but to us in these colonies who have or have not partaken of his bounty in the matter of cigars the news is surely of little moment.

## The Real Bank Clerk.

In his evidence on the Shops and Offices Bill, Mr Tregear, the head of the Labour Department, pleaded the cause of the overworked bank clerk. The clerks themselves, as we all know, have ostensibly objected to the measure, which it was claimed was introduced in their interest to deliver them from the thralldom of night work, but Mr Tregear seems to think that, so far as the clerks' actual feeling and opinion is concerned, they would welcome the Bill, and are only deterred from doing so openly by the fear of losing their places. An ex-bank clerk, speaking to me the other day, assured me not only that the men were systematically overworked, but that no class of employees went about with the fear of losing their billets so constantly before their eyes as they. There is certainly room for legislation if the cases quoted by Mr Tregear are not exceptions. He tells of one young fellow who had to do his courting on a Sunday, like the hero of "Sally in Our Alley," because for months before his marriage he was working at the bank till late every evening. The other instance Mr Tregear quoted of overwork was that of a young man he met at Blenheim, who for three months had been engaged in the bank till midnight every night, and had finally broken down through heart disease, induced by overwork. Here are pictures very different from those of the be-cuffed and be-collared sauntering dandies who have been held up to us as the typical bank clerk. And I do believe that if that species did once exist it is getting rarer every day. There is noticeable in our banking institutions a good deal less collar and less cuff, and less mathematical exactitude in the hair-parting than of yore. Is it overwork that is the cause?

## Courtship and Marriage.

In connection with the last I notice that Mr Tregear, in complimenting on his approaching wedding, the young man who had to do his courting on Sunday, said that "unfortunately marriage ends one of the pleasantest times of a man's life, that of courtship." The observation was not original which must be taken as an excuse for it. For frequent as it is, I consider it requires an excuse very much. There is no getting away from the reflection which it casts on the felicity of marriage. The inference is that the lovers bid adieu to the altar to a period of bliss and enjoyment they are never likely to encounter again. Were this indeed the case it is surely cruel to waylay the young hearts on the threshold of matrimony with such doleful croakings. But is it the case? It would be interesting to open these columns to the discussion of the question whether on the average courtship is a happier stage in one's existence than married life. Unfortunately the weight of available evidence is on the side of courtship, for the poets in most ages have dwelt on the springtime of the ardent passion more than on its ripper phases. They accompany the happy pair with dance and song up to the portals of Hymen's temple, and there stop, giving the impression that beyond those portals there is no more dancing or singing. But should it ever become the fashion to sing of matrimonial blessedness, as of pre-nuptial bliss, we would hear the other side.

## That Secret Loan.

The most hopeless stage in a drunkard's downward career commences when he takes to secret drinking, and there could hardly be a worse sign in a borrowing administration than the surreptitious raising of loans. This is the last charge that has been levelled at the Government. Whether it is true or false I really cannot pretend to say, nor have I looked into the public accounts to solve the matter, for I have found that much wiser financial heads than mine find it difficult to discover the actual position of anything in the intricate and enigmatical statements which the Government publish. The witty Frenchman said of speech that it was given to conceal thought. So it might be said of the Budget that it is published to obscure facts, not to elucidate them. However, despite the Budget and its smooth prophecies, keen critics have discovered that on or about June of last year Mr Seddon went secretly and borrowed a cool half million. Now, with a debt of close on fifty millions to our name, we are not the folks to feel much compunction about going on the money market. Borrowing has come to be looked upon as one of the most legitimate processes in the work of nation building. We have been at it ever since we can remember, and when the Premier in the Financial Statement told us without winking that the debt had increased by a million and three-quarters we took the announcement with equal nonchalance. But the borrowing process wears quite another aspect, and a very suspicious one, when the Government without saying anything about the matter goes behind our backs and secretly and surreptitiously pledges our credit. It has something analogous to the action of the spendthrift who raises money on post obits, with this in favour of the latter, that the rich relative may never know what his prospective heir has done. We, on the other hand, must surely learn our indebtedness sooner or later, even if an astute Premier may keep us some time in the dark regarding it. Of course the powers of secret borrowing which a Government have are very limited, but with an autocrat like Mr Seddon one does not know what might happen. Is it possible that when he departs we may find ourselves inundated with little bills for a hundred thousand here and a quarter of a million there, representing the secret advances made to R.J.S.? I wish some financial authority would set my mind at rest on that score. I confess I feel nervous after this last half million affair.

## The Invitation List.

The inviting of a representative of the Transvaal Republic to the wedding feast of the Prince of Oldenburg has been construed by Continental pro-boers as a valuable act of recognition on the part of the Czar. But is it not possible that, as was the case in regard to lesser royal and vice-royal functions here in the colonies, the invitation list was neither compiled, nor even carefully revised, by the giver of the feast? Or again, it may have been that the Czar, out of a certain compassion for poor Kruger, paid the courtesy of an invitation to a State that no longer exists. Or perhaps out of those millions he carried away with him the ex-President had sent a valuable marriage present to the bride, and so had to be invited. At all events the incident should not be allowed to minister to the Russo-phobist proclivities of the Briton. Hostesses generally who know the difficulties associated with the compilation of an invitation list, even in the humblest sphere of life, will sympathise with the autocrat of all the Russias, who evidently has his difficulties in the matter. And it may partly reconcile them to their own troubles to find that even in the highest ranks there are such difficulties; nay, that they become more pronounced the higher you go. Goodness knows what international complexities, and diplomatic ruptures the Czar's intentional or unintentional recognition of the Transvaal Republic might not cause. You see the British representative stayed away from the function, to begin with. Now, in society something of the same kind might happen, but the results would not be in any way disastrous. If Mrs Jones, who

has no acknowledged place in the social ladder, or occupies a very low rung, were invited to the Smiths' wedding, the Robertsons also invited, might comment on the curious people the Smiths take up with, but there would be no cessation in the friendly relations of the two households. But nations are even more puerile in their ways than individuals.



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## STOP THAT COUGH!

STOP THAT COUGH!

STOP THAT COUGH!

STOP THAT COUGH!

STOP THAT COUGH!

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# After Dinner Gossip.

## On an Auckland Tram Car.

"I hate to be taken advantage of, but sometimes it can't be helped," said the conductor of a tram on the Auckland-Ponsonby line. "You know, we're not allowed to carry dogs inside the cars. Well, one day last week a woman got on with a bulldog. I was up in the front of the car, and she and the dog were both on before I could remonstrate. She took a seat near the door, and Mr Dog sat down at her feet. She had her fare all ready, and handed it to me. 'I'm sorry, madam,' says I, 'but it's against the rules to carry dogs.' 'I'm only going a short distance,' says she. 'Makes no difference,' says I. 'I'll have to put him off.' 'Oh, very well,' says she, smiling very sweetly. 'If you must, I suppose you must.' The dog was as ugly a looking brute as I ever saw outside a comic paper. He had an under shot jaw that you could almost set a free lunch on, and little bloodshot eyes that looked like red fannel. He had scars all over his body, and his ears were cut bias with 'pasmentric' trimmings, where chunks had been bitten out of them. Oh, he was a peacherina, all right. Moreover, he had a deep bass voice that wasn't at all friendly. He looked at me and growled. 'Gr-r-r-r!' he says, like that, away down in his throat. 'Gr-r-r-r!' 'Come on, Tow-eeer,' I says. 'I don't want any trouble, but you don't ride to-day.' I took a step toward him, and he curled up his lip and showed his fangs. 'Gr-r-r-r!' he says again, more emphatic this time. The woman he was with—she was a stunner and as pretty as a picture—just sat there and smiled, and the other people in the tram joined in. 'Why don't you put him off?' she says. 'He'll follow the tram.' 'Madam,' I says, 'I have a wife and four children at home and I have been so careless as not to take out a life insurance policy. Your dog rides if I lose my job for it. He's too gentle a creature to get his feet muddy running after a tram. He stays right where he is.' This he did."

## First-Class Hair Cut.

The farmer from the Waikato was angry. He had gone into a barber shop near the depot, and the barber was trying to rob him. The barber asked him sixpence for a hair cut. The farmer roared. He led the barber outside and pointed to the sign. "Ye can't bunk me," he yelled. "That's yer old sign. Sixpence for a first-class hair cut. Ye can't get around that."

"Look here my friend," said the barber, diplomatically, "that sign says sixpence for a first-class hair cut, all right. But you haven't got first-class hair."

The farmer meditated a minute. "Well, I guess that's right," he said. And he paid the bill without another word.

## Lurid Views by Boys.

What a lurid view boys take of politics! A schoolmaster gives some examples in "Chambers' Journal." Asked to explain the cause of the Transvaal disturbances, a boy of 10 wrote this: "Kruger and Kannerbulism is one. He is a man of blood. Mr Chamberling has wrote to him sayin' come out and fight, or else give up the blood of the English you have took. He is a boardutchman and a wicked beethin. Lord Kitchener has sent for his gory blood and to bring back his scanderous hed ded or alive." And another boy's essay describes Mr Gladstone as having "lovd everybody. He lovd publicans and einners and Irishmen, he wanted the Irish to come to England and have home rool, but Mr Chamberlain says no no. So slars he got his blod up and killed Mr Parnel. Mr Gladstone died with great respect, and is burrid in Westminster with pieciful ashes." Compared with these versions of modern history, the following on Queen Elizabeth is faithful: "Queen Elizabeth was a vurgin queen, and she was

never marrid, she was so fond of dresses that she was never seen without one on, she was beautiful and clever with a red hed and freckles."

## Dirty Wellington Playgoers.

Playgoers in the Empire City seem to be a rather curious lot, for they have apparently a mania for wiping the mud off their boots on the back of the dress of any lady who may be sitting in front of them. Listen to this from a Wellington daily paper:—"In important theatre seasons, such as the present series of operas, there is much perturbation amongst ladies on account of the habit of some persons—and not always persons of the rougher sex—of showing the toes of muddy boots through the backs of the seats in front of them, greatly to the detriment of dainty costumes worn by the occupants of those chairs. It is true that the shape of the chair-frames is partly to blame, but unless or until this defect can be remedied, a little thoughtfulness on the part of the wearers of the aggressive boots will save much annoyance, and even actual damage."

A local hotelkeeper recently replied to an advertisement in which a barmaid sought for a situation. In his letter mine host asked for references; he was met by the following communication:—"Mr —, I write to decline your situation on behalf of my daughter. If you care to engage a cab for the day I can send you all over Auckland gathering in references as to character, etc. We were pretty well known to all the clan of — in the colony!" Holy, toity!

## The Very Latest "Duke" Story.

Stories in connection with the recent Royal visit continue to circulate. Most of them are silly, but here is one which, if slightly full flavoured, is decidedly amusing. It is told by the "Bulletin":—"The Duke," said the old Maoriland war veteran, "is a perfect gentleman. Why, he actually shook hands with me, asked how I got my medal, and when I'd told him of the fighting I've seen he said I had set a noble example which he hoped every young fellow would follow." "Come home, you darned old bald-headed pig-thiefin' curse!" said a rough-looking female, laying hold of the Noble Example by the coat and half dragging it off him. "You and the Duke—do what I will I can't keep you out of bad company. If the Duke only knew you as well as I do he wouldn't touch you with a long pole. Your medal for service—stealing the Maoris' pigs and potatoes when the warriors were away fighting for their country! As old Colonel Four-eyes said, you were the most infernal pig-and-spid thief in the whole army; if there had been many more like you, there would have been no Maoria left for the Duke to see—they would have all starved to death. And the little devil actually hopes the young fellows will follow your noble example, does he? As if the goals aren't full enough already. Better for them to follow your funeral. Now you just follow me home and think yourself lucky to have a wife who will look out that you don't go hungry while you're sneakin' round after the Duke like a little poodle"—and keeping a firm grip of the pig-pilferer she marched him off out of sight of the grinning crowd.

## These Awful Christchurch Leads.

The average colonial "human boy," as Mr Chadband would call him, is usually very much of a "holy terror" wherever you find him, but evidently in Christchurch the City Councillors think they have a particularly tough variety of the genus larrikin to deal with. Last week, in the City Council Chamber, Cr. Clarke exhibited a sample of a wire fence with very ugly looking tops of considerable cutting power, which he proposed should

be erected round the band rotunda to keep the boys from climbing up and annoying the bandmen. The sample fence looked formidable enough, but Cr. Smith, evidently speaking with a knowledge of boys, emphatically declared that in five minutes the wicked looking cutting bars at the top would be wrenched off and the fence triumphantly climbed. However, the matter of devising a fence strong enough to circumvent the agility of the awful youth of Christchurch has been remitted to the Works Committee.

## Isn't this New Zealand Law Unjust?

Even in these days, when women's rights are supposed to have usurped the place of their privileges, there are one or two injustices which will be considered monstrous by any reasonable member of the male sex—to which by the way the writer belongs. At the Dunedin Police Court last week a counsel in one of the cases made a statement on the law relating to husband and wife, which, as the local paper justly remarks, will be news to many. He said: If a wife is not destitute there is no obligation on the part of her husband to support her. That she is his wife has nothing to do with it. Unless she is destitute she has no claim whatever; and if destitute she can be awarded no more than £1 per week, even though her husband were the manager of a bank at £200 a year. Presumably this is correct, since it was not contradicted by either the opposing counsel, or by the Stipendiary Magistrate. Granting then that this is the law, all readers of the "Graphic" will doubtless agree that it is infamous. The amount a man should have to contribute to the support of his wife should be reasonably in accordance with his income, and if she can prove that such is not the case, the Courts should have discretionary power to force the mean husband's hand more deeply into his pocket.

## Christchurch Undergraduate Reformers.

It need hardly be explained that this effort at moral improvement amongst our colonial young fellows. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to see the humorous side of the attempt of some of the undergraduates of Canterbury University College to establish a "Varsity Temperance Brigade." A meeting of undergraduates was called at the College the other evening. In order to safeguard themselves, some of the students decided to forswear the entering of public bars. A constitution was adopted which provides that all members must wear a blue ribbon and must refrain from entering hotel bars under a certain penalty, to be fixed by the committee. The proceeds that may accrue from this source will be devoted to a picnic at the end of the session. A curious rule is one providing that all members transgressing the rules must report themselves. It must be admitted that, excellent as is the resolve of these exemplary young men, they have in their rules laid themselves open to chaff from the undergraduate students who imbibe the sinful shandygaff, the balful beer, or the seductive whisky. No doubt the price of the penalty is fixed with due regard to human frailty at a not too rigorous figure, and one wonders how many of the temperance students will occasionally have these illicit and expensive drinks now and again. Evidently the students themselves think those who fall from grace will be many and that the lapses will not be infrequent, since it is assumed by the constitution of the society that the fines will provide funds for "a picnic at the end of the session." It will be noted that only "public bars" are prohibited. If the thirsty student chooses he can evidently drink as much as he chooses in, say, the smoking room of the hotel, or even in the billiard saloon.

## Wanted the Bricks Back.

Two Wellington neighbours are hoping to give lawyers some work. One—we will call him "A"—is a lawyer. He is a man of high professional attainments, but of tenacious and irritable temper. His next-door neighbour is a retired Major, noted for the eccentricity of his habits. Between the two there

has always existed anything but a friendly feeling, and they are continually doing all in their power to annoy and harass each other. One night recently during a serious storm the Major's chimney was blown down. Crash went the bricks through the roof of the Judge's house, and thence down through floor after floor, carrying havoc in their course.

The man of law was in no good humour as he contemplated the destruction; and what made matters worse, it was the Major's chimney which had occasioned the wreck. His mind was actively engaged in devising some process by which he could get satisfaction from his arch enemy, when a note arrived from the latter, couched in the following language:—"Send me back my bricks immediately or I will put the matter into the hands of an attorney."

## The Fate of the Welscher.

It needs considerable moral and physical courage in these days to adopt deliberately the somewhat unpopular profession known as "welsch-ing." But there are some brave hearts who, since there is no other means by which they can indulge their passion for sport, calmly accept the risks and visit every racecourse with imperturbable good humour, bearing patiently with the weakness of mankind. At times, however, it goes hard with them. At a recent meeting one of the fraternity had a most unpleasant experience. Having collected all the money he could, and satisfactorily made his book, he was attempting to leave the course before meeting his creditors at the appointed time. Unfortunately for him his intention became known. In a moment he was in the hands of a hostile crowd of indignant sportsmen, who stripped him of his clothing, and then chivied him round the course and past the grand stand. It is said he made good running, and eventually escaped from his tormentors; but that is not the sort of race a welscher loves.

## The Crowded Tram.

Pack 'em in,  
Wedge 'em in,  
Whack 'em in,  
Edge 'em in,  
Jack 'em in,  
Sledge 'em in,  
Any way to get 'em in.

They run the trams for the public good  
And don't want them full of solitude.  
So they stuff them full of people, and  
If they don't get seats they have to  
stand;  
Stand in the aisles and hang to straps,  
Stand on the toes and fall on the laps  
Of people who wonder what they've  
done  
That they should be thus imposed upon;  
Stand in the open trams before  
People who just stand much more.  
People who pay their way and ought  
To have the rights which they have  
bought;  
Stand on the platforms; stand anywhere,  
While conductors yell — "Move  
forward, thank 'em in,  
But they can't move forward very far.  
For they're packed to a standstill in  
the car.

Pack 'em in,  
Wedge 'em in,  
Whack 'em in,  
Edge 'em in,  
Jack 'em in,  
Sledge 'em in,  
Any way to get 'em in.

"Pack the public," the companies say,  
Pack the public by night by day,  
Pack the public, it's the easiest way  
To make the tram car business pay.  
The public be packed: Do the companies  
care  
A care for the public except for fare?  
Not much; they don't and they never  
will  
As long as the trams are there to fill.  
To fill to the limit, and stuff and stuff,  
No matter how many cry — "Enough."

Pack 'em in,  
Wedge 'em in,  
Whack 'em in,  
Edge 'em in,  
Jack 'em in,  
Sledge 'em in,  
Any way to get 'em in.

## Reformed.

"Willie, didn't I see you matching pennies with Willie Blimmer?"  
"Y-yes, mamma!"  
"Well, don't you know it's very wicked?"  
"Deed I do, mamma!"  
"Then don't you do so again."  
"I w-won't, mamma—I'm b-better-ed!"

# Turf Gossip.

By WHALEBONE.

## TURF FIXTURES.

August 29—Amberley R.C.  
 September 4, 6—Marion J.C.  
 September 12, 19—Rangitikei R.C.  
 September 21, 25, 2—Avondale J.C.  
 September 26, 27—Geraldine  
 October 1, 2—Wanganui J.C.  
 October 3—Ohoka and Eyreton J.C.  
 October 3—Kurow J.C.  
 October 3, 4—Manterton R.C.  
 October 5, 7—Hawke's Bay J.C.  
 October 9, 10—Otaki Maori R.C.  
 October 9, 12—Dunedin J.C.  
 October 14, 17—Napier Park R.C.  
 October 17—North Canterbury J.C.  
 October 23, 24—Gore Racing Club  
 October 24, 25—Poverty Bay T.C.  
 October 31, November 1—Marlborough R.C.

## TURF NOTES.

Profits over the Victoria Amateur Turf Club's meeting exceed £2000.  
 The Saracen filly Despatch is growing, and will yet make a useful mare.  
 T. Hodson has Rolf, the jumper, and Alicia at Ellerslie nearly every day.  
 The Queensland colt, Musket, has gone wrong. He was voted a good one.  
 At the Glenora Stud, Papakura, Lady Musket has produced a filly to Soult.  
 Whakawatea, the evergreen, is still working away on the tracks at Randwick.  
 Hairtrigger was sold after the N.Z. Grand National Meeting for £100, and has gone to Otago.  
 Riot, the jumper, is looking in better form than when he raced at Ellerslie in June last.  
 Sir George Clifford is said to have a nice lot of two-year-olds at Riccarton in E. Cutts' charge.  
 Mr G. G. Stead's two-year-olds are reported to be in forward condition for the time of the year.  
 Mr Scott, one time owner of Bluejacket, has been back from a trip to England about a fortnight.  
 Firebrand, by Stepiak from the Patrol mare Firecross, is a colt that is doing well at Riccarton.  
 Alex. Williams is working Puriri, a half-brother to Pokomoko and Plain Jack, a brace of chestnuts.  
 Mr J. Beckett purposes leaving Sydney for Auckland this day week, or at latest on September 4th.  
 The much-talked-of Rocket visits the Ellerslie tracks occasionally, and is looking in healthy condition.  
 Leeholme, half-brother to Merriwee, was sold recently in Melbourne for 200 guineas to Mr. J. Wilson.  
 B. Nichols has Himalaya, a West Coast hack, in his charge now, and the chaser Tarragan still in commission.  
 Carbine's three-year-old son, Saint-fred, won the Warwickshire Plate, 1 1/2 miles, just before the mail left England.  
 From a private source I learn that New Zealand pencils on a visit to Australia have been losing money all the time.  
 At Wilton Park, N.S.W., Fear-naught, full sister to defunct Dread-nought, has foaled a filly to imported Haut Brion.  
 Mr. H. Oxenham won the Sydney Tattersall's billiard tournament. Mr. W. Lyons, the Auckland penciler, played well.  
 Dingo is about as forward as any of the jumpers at Ellerslie. On Tuesday he was schooled over a few flights of hurdles.  
 Sparkling Water is at times a handful for Stenning, her trainer, to manage, and a treat to ride when on her worst behaviour.

Tresham, by Catesby from Allah-culia, was schooled over the small hurdles at Ellerslie on Tuesday morning and shaped fairly.  
 Nor-west looks a bit dull, but if his coat has lost its bloom the old chaser is gay of heart, and will soon be got into form again.  
 The Leolantis—Fishbag gelding, half-brother to Cannogate, is the worst-winded horse in training at Ellerslie—a pronounced roarer.  
 Camille, by Tasman, from Cobweb, is doing pleasing work, and is a shapely filly, and Stenning should win a stake or two with her in time.  
 Winsome is the picture of health just now, is carrying plenty of condition, and moving along strongly. A win for this mare is long overdue.  
 Pekin, a recent winner amongst two-year-olds in England, is by St. Simon, from Lady Yardley, dam of Castor, the Wellington Park sire.  
 Mr Donald McKinnon informs me that he intends bringing Hesper and Gatelock, and possibly another of his youngsters, to Ellerslie next month.  
 Solo, who had a poisoned leg for a time, is a daily visitor at Ellerslie, and though a bit on the big side, is in nice health, and looks sound on his understandings.  
 The Ellerslie racecourse has been receiving a top dressing of grey sand. The tracks were better this morning than they have been this season.  
 Kenley, Sequence, and Abington were the ruling favourites for the A.J.C. Epsom Handicap at 100 to 8 each when the mail left Sydney.  
 J. Rae returned from Christchurch on Sunday with Natation and The Needle, and by the same boat, the Mararoa, D. Moraghan brought Straybird and Sundial.  
 The Waikato Hunt Club's annual race meeting is to take place on the 11th September. Capital entries have been received, and the weights appear in this issue.  
 La Gloria is one of those worked during the afternoons. It is a settled thing that we are to see her competing in hurdle races soon. Fergus is schooling her.  
 Abington had run the best mile and Kenley the best six furlongs on the Randwick track up to the 16th August since the commencement of the season.  
 In the Ladies' Bracelet, at the Wanganui Hunt Club's meeting, a horse called Berber fell and broke his neck. There were a number of falls during the afternoon.  
 Moifad, I am informed, was going strongly in the N.Z. Grand National Steeplechase until he ran off. He ran down some of his fences rather badly however. This is a habit the son of Natator has.  
 Belfast is freshening and doing well under H. Franks' care, and Fire-fly, who is to be kept at the jumping business, is looking in good form to start hard work.  
 Jewellery appears to me to have got light of flesh rather fast. This is a nice filly, and all going well with her she may be taken South to the Canterbury Jockey Club Spring Meeting.  
 Kissaline and Crecy, in F. Macman-min's team, are getting into shape, and will soon be forward enough to race, and there are races on the calendar that both should be able to win.  
 Beddington and Rosella are doing useful work, and so also is Laetitia, in the same stable. Glasgow, who is a steadily improving colt, has been eased off during the past few days, being in physio.

The faining of eighty-eight persons caught in shops in Sydney alleged to be used for betting purposes is announced in the police reports in Sydney papers. In each case forty-eight hours were given in which the fines of £2 each were to be paid.  
 A full brother to Altair, Dayatar, Circe, and Janet (dam of Scotty), and half brother to Sant Harjo and San Remo is a recent arrival at the Wellington Park Stud, where also a full sister to Korowai and Motor put in an appearance during the week.  
 Bluejacket shows great exuberance of spirits when he appears on the track, and is as jolly as a sandboy. He is rounding up, too, and getting into his first. He is doing most of his work on the tan.  
 The increase in the totalisator turnover at the New Zealand Grand National Meeting was £9235. There will be a substantial profit over that meeting.  
 At the Kensington Pony and Gallop meeting on August 8th, in the 15-hand class, Minevra ran second in the Kensington Handicap, carrying 9.6, to Little Gull, 7.12, a daughter of Tasman's brother, Prodigal.  
 St. Ursula and St. Peter are a pair that are getting through sound work. On Saturday they were extended over the best part of a mile, and yesterday put in a sound gallop once round the tan. St. Peter looks very bright, but blows more than the mare at the end of their gallops.  
 I have never seen the pony Lena so robust as she is now. Always a thick-set little mare, she is one of the attractive sort. Lena must be about the oldest equine in training here, and she is certainly one of the best-legged and soundest. I believe she is 14 years old this foaling time.  
 In a sprint of three furlongs on the course proper last week Rondellia, by the Trenton horse Ronda, moved in fine style for a little one, and she is a sweet, little, precocious one that can show a clean pair of heels to some of the bigger ones of her own age.  
 The most commanding of the two-year-olds at headquarters is Mr L. Marshall's Spalpeen, the chestnut son of Gossoon and the Goldsbrough mare Windmill. He reminds me of Vogen-gang in colour, contour and markings, and can handle himself well for a big one. He is not so forward as some of the juveniles, however.  
 Tyrant, own brother in blood to Tyranny, one of the horses imported by the New Zealand Government for stud purposes, is evidently a useful sire. At a meeting in England the last week in June Claquer, a son of his, won the Thirty-eighth New Biennial Stakes, value 850sovs.  
 A Sydney exchange has announced the arrival there of a New Zealand racehorse in Bird of Passage. This I presume is the five year old brother to Straybird by Wanderer from Fleetwing, who started three times at three years old and won once—the Wairarapa Hack Guineas of 100 sovs.  
 Record Reign is credited with having run a mile and a half gallop at Flemington on the 16th with a light boy up in 2.41 secs. The son of Castor was shipped for India on Wednesday, and we may not see such a hurdle horse again for years. I have never seen his equal during my experience.  
 Coronet is galloping freely in his work. On Saturday morning he brushed over five furlongs with Bobs, and kept that colt, who is a good mover, busy. In a second sprint he led Bobs, Girtan Girl (an improving daughter of Medallion), and Etona as the business end of the run was entered upon.  
 Absolum has Val Rossa looking nice and bright. This horse glides over the ground in a taking manner, in contra-distinction to some of the high-acted sprawling goers that one always sees amongst track workers. Maroon and Gold, in the same stable, is healthy and well for the time being.  
 The nomination fee for the Victoria Racing Club's Sires Produce Stakes has been reduced to 10 sovs. instead of 20 sovs. as before. The race has been in existence over thirty years. The secretaries of the Auckland R.C. and Canterbury J.C. receive nominations up to Monday, September 2nd.

Cressy, by Soult from Cressina, is the most nervous gelding at Ellerslie. At times he appears afraid of his own tail. A month or two in a long shafter would do him good. Macman-min and his staff are exercising great patience with this chap, and Fergus and Mark Ryan take the piloting of the refractory one in turns.  
 Cavaliero is one of the horses worked before breakfast at racing headquarters, and J. Thorpe has the hurdler looking very well. The same trainer has Pandarus in good health, and may get a race out of the son of Hotchkiss during this spring. The ponies Heliades and St. Loanda are brushed along solidly at times.  
 A colt that will probably want plenty of time is Kelbourne, the Hotchkiss—Lady Augusta two-year-old. He is a slow beginner, and his action is against him, and he requires to be ridden to get him to extend himself. Time may do a good deal for him, however. He is a colt apparently of good disposition.  
 Mr George Rhodes, of Ellerslie, has patented a starting machine which he intends offering to the Auckland Racing Club together with his services as starter. I have seen the model work, and there is no doubt that the method is simple, and as far as can be judged likely to be effective. A racecourse trial is to be given shortly.  
 New South Wales race crowds are sometimes demonstrative to a degree. At some meetings they fairly take charge. Thus the "Sydney Sportsman": "Lady Era's driver had to dodge blue metal at the finish of the trot at Forest Lodge. Lady Era was as warm as they make 'em, and punters thought a few rocks would liven the driver up."  
 Beddington's two-year-old brother, La Valette, is doing less than others of the same age at Ellerslie, and it is evident will not be wanted before about November. La Valiere, the sister to Nonette, has not really commenced to do anything on the tracks. A start will be made with her next month. Mary Seaton shows fair sprinting form.  
 Dudge and Rattler, two of Major George's chestnut fillies, are usually worked in company, and are going on all right, but it will be some time before they are likely to be seen at their best. Zealous is going in her usually free style, and works with the New Zealand Cup candidate Shell-back, who, after giving a few furlongs, displays considerable waste action.  
 The sweet little cherub that sits smiling aloft evidently does not always take care of the poor bookie, judging from the following advertisement taken from the "Sydney Morning Herald" of August 10th:—"Bookmaker's Bag, cost £5, nearly new, pawned 15/., M. de P., sell ticket 25/., Broke, "Herald" Branch." What a chance for an enterprising man with a small capital.  
 Record Reign was made nearly a level money favourite in the Malakoff Stakes, one mile and three furlongs, at the Victoria Amateur Turf Club's meeting, and carrying 9st 2nd to W.P., 6st 13lb, Kinglike, 8st 9lb, finishing third. There were eight other starters, and W.P. was a 20 to 1 chance, Sydney "Sportsman" says: "The

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books had a rare trump in the Malakoff Stakes. Record Reiga went out a hot favourite, but W.P., the winner, had little difficulty in beating him.

Mr J. R. Carrigan disposed of his horses Sundial, Forward Guard, and Employer after the N.Z. Grand National Meeting. Sundial realised 200 guineas and was purchased by Mr W. Foss, of Auckland, while Forward Guard was sold to Mr J. E. Reid for 25 guineas, and Employer to Mr D. Price for 65 guineas. Other sales were Roller 195 guineas to Mr Sam Brown of Ashburton, and Formosan 105 guineas to Mr M. Friedlander of the same place.

Alliaga, who won the Spring Handicap at Sydney Tattersall's meeting on Saturday, is a five-year-old daughter of Pilgrim's Progress and Vendetta, and is engaged in the Melbourne and Caulfield Cups, Sydney Metropolitan and Toorak Handicaps, Brantwood, who ran second, is by Grafton, and, besides engagements in the leading spring handicaps, is engaged in the A.J.C. and V.R.C. Derby events.

Mr. Howard, at Avondale, is the first breeder to claim a representative to Phoebus Apollo, the imported Wellington Park sire, in a filly foal from his St. Leger mare Pearl II., a daughter of Miriam Grey, a Peter Flat mare, that won many races about Wanganui at one time. In Garnet Mr. Howard owns the first foal got by Soult, the first St. Simon horse imported to New Zealand. At Sylvia Park Brangela has produced a filly to Seaton Delaval.

It has been stated in several Southern papers that 1500 guineas was the price paid for Seahorse. Two thousand guineas, as stated in the "Star" at the time the sale was effected, was the price Mr. Gollan's representative paid, and I have Major George's authority for stating so. Moonga, the dam of Seahorse, is this year in foal to Cyrenian, and the result of the union of a St. Simon horse with a Goldsborough mare will be watched with interest.

The book programme of the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club for the season 1901-2 has reached me. The chief races in the spring are the King Edward Handicap, of 3000sovs., the Hastings Stakes, of 2300sovs., for two-year-olds, entries for which were received some months since, and the Hawke's Bay Guineas, in which all the best of last season's two-year-olds are engaged. The summer programme is not heavily endowed. The Hawke's Bay Cup, run for in the autumn, is worth 300sovs., and the Hawke's Bay Stakes, 500sovs.

W. H. Jordan, with 215 mounts and 77 wins, comes out at the head of the list of winning jockeys in Australia. W. Winter rode in 252 races, winning 44; Bob Lewis in 226, winning 42. F. Kuhn leads the riders in New South Wales, and has 62 wins to his credit. Kuhn's license had not been granted when the mail left Sydney. This came as a surprise to many. Whatever the reasons, the Australian Jockey Club Committee have it can be said, started at the top of the tree. Kuhn was lately before the stewards at one of the suburban meetings.

Mr William Forrester, "Black Bill," as he was familiarly called, was one of the most popular men racing in Australia, and his death announced in

this issue will be read of with regret by New Zealanders who knew him. Gaulis, The Grafton, The Chief, and other horses in recent years kept the name of this sportsman prominently before the public. Mr Forrester was one of the few owners who have had the satisfaction of winning the Melbourne Cup on more than one occasion. The New Zealand bred mare Industry gave him Gaulis and The Grafton his winning representatives.

Some of the carpet bag contingent of jockeys are displaying activity lately, and there is no lack of horsemen to ride work at the Ellerslie tracks of a morning. Some are looking for mounts thus early now licensing day is coming round. Trainers should encourage the workers all they can, not those who shirk taking their coats off to strap a horse and get as far away from stable duty as they can in the winter, and are seldom to be found when really wanted. There are horsemen who, to their credit, do stick to work and keep themselves in form, and deserve well at the hands of owners.

The "Sydney Daily Telegraph" says:—The financial year, which ended on the 31st ult., was the most successful the Australian Jockey Club has had for many years, there being excess of revenue over expenditure to the amount of £6797 18/. The most striking feature, perhaps, is that a profit of £257 accrued in connection with the club's last autumn meeting. It is not a very large sum, certainly, but Mr T. S. Clibborn says that, with that exception, there has never been a profit on the spring or autumn meetings since 1888, in which year the stakes were raised from £16,000 to £24,000.

Mr S. R. Kennedy, a member of the Australian Jockey Club, recently gave notice of his intention to move at the annual meeting of members for the abolition of the shilling entrance fee at the outer gate at Randwick, but fearing that there was little chance of carrying the motion asked leave to withdraw it. The takings there were less last year than for five previous years. Mr Kennedy explained that his initial action in the matter was not prompted by any antagonistic feeling towards the club, but merely in the interests of the turf, and with the earnest desire to make horseracing a public amusement, and not merely a gambling medium for a few. These sentiments are good.

Under date of July 20 our London correspondent writes:—"At the Newmarket blood stock sales, on Tuesday evening, two Antipodean racers, to wit, Oban and Gold Medalist, were submitted to auction. The former elicited bids up to 630 guineas, and at that price was bought in. For Gold Medalist, who has done nothing worthy of his New Zealand reputation since he came Home, the best bid was 230 guineas, and he also was passed out unsold. A private deal, however, was effected between Mr Cohen and Mr T. W. Phillips later on, and Gold Medalist changed hands at 300 guineas, a poor price, even in view of the horse's failure at Home, for the New Zealander is undoubtedly a horse of class, and is almost sure to win a King's Premium, even if a good race cannot be got out of him by his new owner later on.

The Wanganui Hunt Club had a very successful meeting on the Wanganui racecourse on Thursday. The fields were good, the attendance large, and there were present three members of Auckland Tattersall's Club, and four other bookmakers, who voluntarily subscribed five guineas each, and carried on their business on the course. Others were doing business also, and there was a fair amount of speculation. Only one favourite scored during the afternoon. This was Haukura, who won the Mile Hack Race. The Hunters' Hurdles fell to Ingatarangi, the Hunt Club Steeplechase resulted in a dead heat between Untravelled and Iodoform, the Open Six Furlong Hack Race to Starlight, the Licensed Victuallers' Steeplechase to Jack Tar, the Hunters' Flat Race to Snapshot, and the Ladies' Bracelet to Full Cry L.

The purchase was announced from Melbourne on Tuesday by cable of the thoroughbred four-year-old colt Finland, by Bill of Portland from Fishwife, by King of the Anglers, from Nameless by Panic. King of the Anglers by Angler. It will be seen that Finland thus combines the St. Simon, Fisherman and Panic blood. He was a very useful two-year-old, winning at that age the V.R.C. Marybrong Plate and Sires' Produce Stakes, and running second to Debutante in the Gwyn Nursery Handicap and second in the Ascot Vale Stakes to Malster. At three years old he won the South Australian Jockey Club Goodwood Handicap, carrying 9st, and the Victoria Racing Club's St. Leger, and was second in the Caulfield Guineas to Kinglike, Malster being third. On pedigree lines Finland has plenty to recommend him, being a descendant of imported Spawife, the maternal ancestress of many horses of note.

Mr Evett, on Wednesday, gave us the weights for the Avondale Cup and Flying Stakes Handicaps. Hohoro is in his right place at the top of the list of horses engaged in the longer race, but will probably not be ready to do himself justice. Battelaxe has all he has earned, and Bluejacket could not well have been left off with less, but on public form of those below Corouet it could be easily shown that Rosella has been too favourably placed, and that Beddington has been given an advantage over others engaged that he has no right to. Take his running all through the season with Formula, and take his last performance as a guide, when he gave Volee 22lbs. and a beating in the Third Winter Welter at Ellerslie. Now there is 17lbs. between the pair. Without going into a long story, it appears to me that Rosella, Beddington and St. Ursula have all the best of the argument on paper when form is carefully studied, and that unless Nonette should really prove a first-class three-year-old so early in the spring, and Formula show a good deal of improvement upon her best previous efforts, one of the trio first named will account for the race. I like the look of Nonette at his allotted weight in the Flying better than anything else. It is a far cry to the opening day of the meeting, and acceptances are not due till the 13th September. Meanwhile, owners will learn more about the form their horses are likely to show.

This morning on the track at Ellerslie some interesting work was got through. Before breakfast Northumberland and Grey Seaton galloped half a mile fast. Beddington and Glasgow covered a circuit at a solid pace in company. Laetitia galloped a mile and Rosella a mile and three furlongs. Heliades and St. Loanda were well matched in a half mile spin. Val Rosa and Maroon and Gold covered six furlongs in company, moving pleasantly. Tresham was schooled over the pony hurdles, then over the bigger ones, and afterwards ran along at a strong pace over six furlongs. Coronet had Etona as a companion the first half mile and Bobs over the last half of a mile, which was traversed in fair time. Cavaliero, on the tan, put in good striding work. After breakfast Balbirnie and Golden Rose, Camille and Sparkling Water were allotted useful tasks. Winsome galloped about a mile at a sound pace. Zealous led Shellback, who had most weight up, and Rattler at the end of a strongly run six furlongs. Formula and Nonette covered a circuit of the tan in even time. Bluejacket, St. Ursula and St. Peter went a mile and a quarter together, brushing over the last two furlongs at top. Nor-west, Firefly, and Cannonade's half brother put in strong work in company. Cressy and Kissaline, Drudge, Crey, Blaircarrig, Rocket, Nereid, Capford, Riot, Dingo, Despatch, Volee, Gladys May, Belfast, and a number of others were set more or less useful tasks. Spalpeen led Rondeletia, the Eton-Asthore gelding and Joy in a 3 furlong brush. While schooling in company with Marne Ballinger carried a hurdle away, and gave T. Hall a fall which rendered him unconscious for a time. He, however, mounted again and took the son of Crackshot for another turn over the obstacles, which he jumped in a bold style.

Racing is booming in every part of the globe. In England, in America, in Germany, in France, it is the same cry, and the records of the past season's doings from each of the States of Australia show that substantial progress is being made. Nowhere is racing making more progress, however, than in New Zealand. It may seem remarkable to some people that other countries where the totalisator is not used are making such solid advancement. We are being continually told that if the totalisator were taken away from us we should see racing decline in this colony. It is possible that we might have much less racing and smaller stakes, but with a public so thoroughly educated as the public of New Zealand now is, to speculate on horse racing, the bookmaker would have a big business, and have to pay for this privilege as he does in other parts. The non-betting owner, who is content to race for the stakes, and now finds the cost of nominating his horses is light compared to what it was years ago, would have to provide a bigger portion of the fees by way of entrance, and the public would have to find more money to gain admission to the courses, as such charges would have to be raised. They would not, however, contribute so largely to the racing clubs and the Government of the colony as they do now indirectly. The sum of £18,000 went to the Government last year, and this year they

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may get anywhere from £23,000 to £25,000 out of racing, since the 1-3 system of paying out at the totalisator means an abnormal increase. So many clubs are now in such a prosperous condition that they could well afford to work on a clear five per cent. takings from the totalisator, and the Government, who do next to nothing to earn their thousands, should be satisfied with 1 per cent., or a third less than they have been drawing from the racing community, seeing that they must be deriving thousands of pounds annually from racing in other ways, the railways and telegraph departments contributing enormously. The racing public are paying well for their sport, but the 1-2 system of speculating is going to be a big drain upon them, which they must feel in time.

AVONDALE JOCKEY CLUB'S SPRING MEETING.

Mr J. O. Brett has declared the following weights for the Avondale Jockey Club's Spring Meeting:—

AVONDALE CUP, 1 1/2 mile.

st lb	at lb
Hohoro .....	9 8
Kaitiame .....	9 2
Bizejacke .....	9 2
Cerone .....	9 9
Beddington .....	8 5
Formata .....	8 4
Rosella .....	8 4
St. Ursula .....	8 2
Cavaliero .....	8 2

FLYING STAKES, 6 furlongs.

st lb	at lb
Battleaxe .....	9 6
Rosella .....	8 12
Val Ross .....	8 9
Solo .....	8 6
Noette .....	8 4
Laetitia .....	8 3
St. Olga .....	8 0
Lady Avon .....	7 12
Tukapa .....	7 8

WAIKATO HUNT CLUB RACES.

The following weights have been declared for the Waikato Hunt Club races:—

Welter Race: Glenora 10.12, Fear Not 10.12, Lady of the Lake 10.12, Billy Whiskers 10.12, Harry 10.12, Kuku 10.12, Liberty 10.12, Kohere 10.12, Fairy 10.12, Reahy 10.12, Central Fire 10.12, All Fours 10.12, Te Murekhu 10.12, Guardian 10.12, Yorkie 10.12.

Hurdles: Lieutenant 12.4, Bombardier 12.0, Kiatera 11.7, Whare 10.12, Bonnie 10.12, Woolman 10.10, Reckless 10.0, Tallisman 10.0.

Steeple: Bombardier 12.0, Lieutenant 11.12, Kiatera 11.10, Bedrock 11.8, Joker 11.4, Woolman 11.4, Bonnie 11.2, Te Murekhu 10.7, Dusky Jack 10.7, Reckless 10.0, Mona 10.0, All Fours 10.0.

Hack Race: 5 furlongs: Mount Zeehan 10.12, Rifle II 9.10, Major 9.10, Rector 9.3, Elty 8.12, Weira 8.4, Glenora 7.7, Central Fire 7.7, Kohere 7.7, Fear Not 7.7, Tallisman 7.7, Guardian 7.7, Peggy 7.7, Fairy 7.7, Reahy 7.7.

Braecliff 1 mile: Lieutenant 11.12, Kiatera 11.0, Whare 10.12, Bonnie 10.12, Radcliffe 10.10, Harry 10.0, Te Murekhu 10.0, Pale Pace 9.10, Sunbeam 9.10, All Fours 9.10, Fairy 9.10.

Trot: Duke C. aer, Woodbine 5s, Miss Victor 25s, Virginia 30s, Laddie 40s, Prince Impetuous 50s, Pleasant Tom 70s, Lady Gorton 70s, Coacher 70s.

SYDNEY TATTERSALL'S MEETING.

SYDNEY, August 25.

At Sydney Tattersall's Meeting yesterday the Spring Handicap (one mile and a quarter) resulted in a victory for Allinga, by Pilgrim's Progress—Vendetta, with Bruntwood second, and Brazen Lad third. Seventeen horses started. Lucknow was favourite at 2 to 1 against; 8 to 1 against Allinga. Allinga won by three lengths. Time, 2m. 11 1/4.

HUNTING.

WAIKATO HOUNDS.

By Follower.

The hounds met on Saturday, the 17th, at Whatawhata for the first time, and judging from the hospitable reception accorded to all it is safe to predict it will not be the last. By 12 o'clock horsemen to the number of about 50, and a good many driving, assembled at Mr Rae's Hotel. Mr Ferguson, on behalf of the residents, tendered a speech of welcome to the Waikato Hunt Club. The master, Mr Bullock-Webster, in an appropriate speech, thanked the sportsmen heartily for their welcome, and stated it gave him great pleasure to witness such a large gathering. After this a move was made to Mr Kempthorne's property, past the racecourse. Here

the master decided to throw off, and work towards Mr Ferguson's property, over about five or six well-made good jumps. Hounds soon found a good hare, which made a line direct for the creamery. Tearing slightly to the left, she crossed the racecourse, then along the river, to level country, then across to Mr Ferguson's property, where the hounds soon killed. After this it was decided to draw Mr Kempthorne's place, near Mr Calder's. There in some native ground a hare was soon found, which gave a short but good run, but unfortunately was lost in the bush. The next hare was found in some low ground in Mr Napier's paddock, which took a line over Mr Calder's and Mr Fitzgerald's properties, but like the first she also was lost, much to the disgust of the followers. The master evidently thought that both hounds and huntsmen had had a good afternoon, and ordered a return to Mr Rae's Hotel, where Mr Rae had provided refreshments, which were thankfully partaken of. Following the hounds was the master (Mr Bullock-Webster), on Vixen; C. Selby (huntsman), on Rifle; Messrs. T. Rothwell, on Ann Jones; Mr Greenwood, on Dick; Mr Rae, on Mosquito; Andy Ramsay, on All Fours; Mr Hunt, on Melba; A. Livingston, on Larry; P. Jones, on Whare; Kempthorne, on Major; Mr McCutcheon, on Kingman; and a great many others whose names your correspondent is not familiar with. In the evening a smoke concert was held, which was largely attended. Several toasts were proposed and responded to, and several songs rendered. After three hearty ringing cheers were given for Mr Rae and his wife, for their kindness and hospitality to everyone, an enjoyable evening was brought to a close.

On Wednesday, 21st, the hounds met at the kennels. The morning, which did not promise well, ultimately turned fine, and a few minutes after 12 o'clock a move was made to Mr Forest's property. Jumping a Hawthorn fence off the road, the master decided to draw the first paddock, and with success, for very soon a fine hare got up, and made a line for the main road again. Here another fine fence had to be negotiated. Turning from here hounds forced her up past the Hautapu school, down No. 1 station road, back to Mr Forest's top paddock, where hounds lost her. Working down the road again, we tried this side of the road, and after getting safely over a ditch and bank fence, then a stiff rail, hounds again found a hare, which dodged about for a little affording some splendid jumping, and then turned off across the road double to Mr Thomas' property, at a great pace; and from there into Mr John Brown's. The hounds, who never worked keener, had her going at a great pace, over the road again into Messrs. Beere Bros.' property. From there we had probably the best run of the season, hounds going both straight and fast. We must have left a good four miles behind us, over about twenty jumps of all sizes and descriptions, right on to Hannon Bros.' property, where there was a slight check. Puss was soon seen making a final attempt for cover, but it was useless, as the hounds were closing with her every stride, and she soon succumbed. Now came a breather and slight rest, which our horses needed, having been kept busy following for the last half-hour. We had not long to talk of our varied experiences at several fences, etc., as the master was keen on finding another good hare, and soon had hounds casting about in Mr Watts' property. We did not have to wait very long before a hare, closely pursued by hounds, was making a straight line towards Cambridge, but turning to the left she went into Mr Jas. Taylor's, only to dodge along a Hawthorn fence to the railway line. Now we all thought she really was going into the township, but after working half a dozen little sections, through back yards, round several roads, she careered along past the domain, close to Mr Richardson's, and sought shelter in a hole in a ploughed paddock. Her rest was very short, however, as hounds soon had her going again at a hot pace, but a sheep dog jealously guarding his owner's garden suddenly

turned pass from her course, and she was unfortunately lost in the vicinity of the railway line. Hounds tried several places to find her again, but were baffled. By now the master thought we and our horses had had quite enough for one day, and had the hounds called off, and we separated, after a splendid day's hunting. A word of praise is due to the huntman (C. Selby) for the splendid condition his hounds were in, and the way he handled them, giving us all a merry time to follow him sometimes. The following riders and horses were out: The master (Mr Bullock-Webster), on Paleface; Messrs. C. Selby (huntsman), on Makeshift; C. Ashwin, on Lieutenant; R. McMeekan, on Zeehan; J. Richardson, on Dusky Jack; H. Dodd, on Fairy; Dr. Roberts, on Bismarck; A. Gane, on Madge; R. Hannon, on Harry; A. Hine, on a bay; R. Eyre, on Hector; and several others; also Mrs. Gane on Reckless; Mrs. Dodd, on Nip; Miss Ward, on New-boy; Mrs. Martin, on Banabee; Miss Pickering, on Yorky; Miss Care, on a grey; Miss Hunt, on a bay; and other ladies. Driving were Mr Gibbons and party of ladies; Mrs. Wynn-Brown, Mrs. Hine, Mr Boston Cooper and wife.

PAKURANGA HUNT CLUB.

The Pakuranga hounds met on Wednesday at Panmure, and the day proved one of the most enjoyable this season. Hounds were thrown off on Mr Bailey's farm, and after working awhile a good hare was forced to view, giving followers a short but merry run until she was lost. Another was unearthed in the vicinity, but after a short run escaped. The piece de resistance was to come, as a splendid hare was put up on the same estate, making a strong pace in the direction of the Panmure Road, across difficult and trappy country, many of the jumps having broad ditches in front. Crossing several properties, puss ran into Messrs Nathan's farm and out again into adjoining property, where she escaped altogether. There was a run of several miles, and a number of followers came to grief, two being landed in the ditch on their backs. It was certainly the best run of the season. Amongst those riding consistently to the front were Messrs Adams, on a fine bay; Tomka, on Lepperton; Ben Myers, on Rally; and Ralph, Jca. Shorter runs were enjoyed as the afternoon wore on, in the last of which the hounds were rewarded with a kill. Mrs. Crow had a rather nasty fall, her horse Dick rolling right over her, but fortunately she escaped with a few bruises. Amongst others following were Mesdames Moody, on Mick; Crowe, on Dick; Misses N. Gorrie, on Jimmy; Leese, on a bay; George and Wynyard; Messrs Ralph, sen., master, on Peter Stimpie; Waller, on Cragsman; Crowther, Seccombe, and Carmena, on Tip.

Fine weather was experienced for the meet of the Pakuranga Hunt Club on Saturday, and a goodly number of members were out. Scent was not good on account of the extent of the ploughed land operated over, and it was some time before a hare was started. Followers had fair sport for a time, when puss escaped. Taking an active part were Mesdames Moody (on Mick), Kelly (on Steeltrap), Crowe (on Dick), Misses Gorrie (on Jim), N. Gorrie (on Starlight), Harris, O. Buckland, Roberts (on Mollyhawk), Messrs. Burns, Waller (on Cragsman), Ralph, jun., Crowther, Purchas (on Neck or Nothing), B. Lewis (on Tip), and Ben Myers (on Rally). Driving were the master (Mr J. G. Ralph) and Mrs. Ralph. The hounds meet next Saturday at Mount Albert.

A MISERABLE LIFE.

MADE HAPPY.

BY BILE BEANS FOR BILIOUSNESS.

A WOMAN'S MESSAGE TO NEW ZEALANDERS.

Mrs F. H. Vause, who keeps a neat little store in Napier-street, Auckland, should, under ordinary circumstances, have been a very happy woman. But for some time during her life she was a martyr to debility and sick headaches and other ills, a condition indeed under which none could possibly be happy. It was only to be expected that Mrs Vause would have striven to be cured: This she did, and consumed a great quantity of patent medicines. She eventually took Bile Beans for Biliousness, and they having cured her, a representative was sent to interview the lady, and she volunteered the following remarks:—"My name is Mrs E. H. Vause. I was a martyr to debility and sick and nervous headache for



some time. So much so that life became simply a burden to me. I could retain nothing on my stomach, and retching was a daily occurrence. Beef tea would not even remain on my stomach. At times I became dizzy, and frequently found it impossible to stand without holding on to something. My case was no ordinary one, and to effect a cure I tried many so-called remedies, but I had little faith in them. I was advised to try Bile Beans, and I decided to do so. I commenced with half a bean as a dose, and I continued taking them until I had used seven boxes, and can honestly say that they effected a cure that to me, and those who know me, is considered simply marvellous. It is now six or seven months since I have stopped taking the Beans, and during that time I have only had a slight attack of retching. I am now able to take my meals regularly and with enjoyment, a circumstance which at one time I never hoped to attain again." Bile Beans for Biliousness are without doubt superior to all known medicines for liver and kidney disorder, blood impurities, ulcers, pimples, constipation, headache, debility, nervousness, female ailments, colds, chill, indigestion, buzzing in the head, pain between the shoulder, rheumatism, and as a preventive of influenza. Obtainable from all chemists and storekeepers. Kempthorne, Prosser and Co., Wholesale Agents.

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

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BRAIN FOOD.

MAKES LIFE WORTH LIVING



# Athletic Sports.

## GOLF NOTES.

(By "Stymie.")

A number of players went out to Cornwall on Saturday and put in the afternoon over the new course. Some of them are not much impressed with it in its present condition. One of them told me of his and his partner's experiences. "We spent an hour and a half, and six balls to do six holes," was his announcement. I wish him better luck later on.

I am seriously afraid the course on Cornwall will not be too good by the time the championship comes to be played on it. Some of the greens will require a lot of attention and favourable weather to be fit for play by the time they will be wanted. Wandering round the lovely slopes of the hill lately I came across some toy rollers. One might almost as well pat the greens with the palm of one's hand as to hope to get them playable with such trides. The grass is very long, and tussock is very obtrusive. Indeed, I am inclined to think that before it is all over many will regret that the championship was not held at Green Lane. I shall be delighted if my forebodings prove unfounded, but if they do I shall be the first to extend to the energetic committee all the praise they will have well earned. For the merest tyro in such matters can see that they have a stiff contract before them to get the course into "championship form" in five weeks.

The club house at Cornwall is rapidly approaching completion, and when finished will have a most picturesque appearance. Already from the road it looks very well. The lovely view from it is, I should think, easily first amongst golf club house views in the Southern Hemisphere.

The following are the results of the fourth round of the Men's Tournament of the Taranaki Golf Club. Mr. Pollen qualifies for the final. Messrs Morrison and Medley, who have tied for second place, have to play off:—Pollen, 102, 8, 94; A. Stanford, 92, owes 4, 97; Morrison, 110, 12, 98; Medley, 110, 12, 98; Dr. Walker, 94, owes 9, 103; Wright, 93, owes 6, 104; Bayley, 115, 10, 105; Fraser, 114, 8, 106; Johnston, 117, 8, 109; Paton, 123, 12, 111; R. W. D. Robertson, 123, 12, 113; Elliott, 122, 7, 115; W. C. Weston, 129, 10, 119. \*Have previously qualified.

Mr. A. Stanford, who returned the good score of 93, unfortunately put in an irregular card and was disqualified. This should be a warning to those who are inclined to be careless in this respect.

For the Ladies' Tournament Miss O. Stanford and Miss McKellar qualify for the final. The scores are as follows:—\*Miss Read, 83, 2, 83; Miss O. Stanford, 89, ser., 89; \*Miss Skeet, 89, owes 2, 91; \*Miss Standish, 97, 5, 92; \*Miss G. Stanford, 90, owes 10, 100; Miss McKellar, 110, 9, 101; Miss Dalziel, 107, 5, 102; \*Miss Tukey, 115, 10, 105. \*Have previously qualified.

For the aggregate prizes presented by Mr. R. L. Stanford, Mr. Fraser is the winner with the lowest aggregate for any two games with 94, Mr. Morrison being runner up with 97.

Two amusing incidents occurred during the invitation tournament of the Oakley (U.S.) Golf Club. A. K. Chadwick, of the Country Club, Lowell, sliced his ball from the 11th tee, and landed on the roof of a barn near by. The hole in the longest on the course, being 515 yards, Chadwick, with the assistance of a ladder, climbed to the roof of the barn, and found his ball lying in the gutter. From this position he made a remarkable brassie shot, making the hole in 5, and beating the bogey score by 1 stroke. On the fifth hole Arthur G. Lockwood sliced his brassie shot, his ball entering the stable and landing

in a stall. He had to play out through a narrow doorway, but had the misfortune to hit a fir tree and bounced back. He finally succeeded in holing out in 10.

"Lofter" writes me from Napier as follows: Saturday (17th) was an ideal golfing day, the first for many weeks. The 10th was very wet, but notwithstanding three or four players faced the rain, and say they enjoyed it. On Saturday last the men's foursomes made a fine game, and were keenly played. The scores were:

	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
F. S. McLean and J. McLean	100	26	83
Cat's and Cato	115	21	94
K. Tereha and Kawhi	96	scr.	96
Kennedy and J. Tereha	111	13	98
Joy and Crowley	123	23	100
Jardine and Wenley	129	23	101
Pescock and Pescock	113	10	103
Aotili and Tabuteau	126	23	103
Smith and Cotterill	129	21	108
Morris and Mathias	117	12	105
Herrold and Gandy	142	32	110

The Ladies' Club has been very fortunate this season in having something to play for almost every Saturday. This week the contest was for a gold bangle, which was won by Mrs. H. I. Smith, with a net score of 64. After her came three 72's. Altogether about twenty entered. Great interest is being taken in the forthcoming tournament, and the committee are gradually getting the ground into first-class order.

The Metropolitan Championship, the most important event next to the Amateur Championship, was this year decided on the links of the Apawamis Golf Club at Rye, U.S. The semi-final round was productive of some very fine golf, and the defeat of the champion, Walter J. Travis, by Seeley, furnished a big surprise. Seeley, who is only twenty years of age, is of remarkably fine physique, and puts a tremendous amount of muscle into his swing, driving a very long ball, both with his wooden clubs and his cleek; his chief weakness heretofore has been on the short game, more especially on the putting greens, but in his match with Travis his putting was quite as good as that of his illustrious opponent. Travis, I notice, has decided to visit England.

The editor of "Golf Illustrated" is evidently very much opposed to the playing of golf in shirt sleeves, if we may judge from the following note, which appears in that paper: "Man's Attire": I devoutly hope that the American custom of playing golf in shirt sleeves will never obtain in this country. If the weather is too hot for a flannel jacket or a thin tweed coat, it is too hot for golf. It is absurd, one may argue, to drag your perspiring limbs round an undulating course on an August day in a coat, when by taking it off you may play in comparative comfort. Not at all. The absurdity lies in playing the game at all under unsuitable conditions. There are always certain days in the cricket season when the players stand shivering in striped blazers or white sweaters, appropriate but ineffectual cricketing attire. Why not apply the shirt-sleeve argument to them and say that they would look more sensible in great coats and furred boots. There is an appropriate season and an appropriate costume for every game; and when a spell of weather comes along which is too hot to play golf in without undressing, the man who has due regard for the fitness of things lays aside his driver and takes up his bat or his racquet. If he be a youngster, and his bicycle or fishing rod if he be of maturer age.

A good deal of discussion is going on at Home as to the merits and demerits of a full swing. Some players drop their club so that they nearly injure their left knee. There is a good deal of affectation and ignorance in the exaggerated swing. Most players recognise that anything be-

yond the horizontal is unnecessary. I will go much further and say that I believe it is quite unnecessary to go beyond the perpendicular to get as good results in many cases as the horizontal or beyond. Hooper, for instance, has a very short swing, yet few local players, if any, get a longer ball. Dr. Coates probably has the shortest swing of any member of the A.G.C., yet at times he gets an astonishing long ball with it. The follow-through, in my opinion, is of much greater importance than the length of the swing. I shall have more to say on this subject later on.

## ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

### WELLINGTON V. AUCKLAND.

#### THE VISITORS VICTORIOUS.

The first interprovincial Association match of the season took place on the Domain Cricket Ground on Saturday afternoon, when the Wellington representatives met Auckland's eleven. The attendance was good, there being well over a thousand present. Contrary to general expectation—both in Wellington and Auckland—the visitors defeated the local team by two goals to one, this being the first defeat which Auckland Association representatives have suffered at the hands of Wellington.

Wellington won the toss, and defended the eastern goal, playing with a strong wind at their backs. From the kick-off the Auckland forwards dribbled near Wellington's goal with a pretty rush, which ended in Yates making an unsuccessful shot. Care dribbled to the goal from the throw in, but the Wellington fullbacks got possession, and transferred play to midfield, and thence, with a strong attack, to Auckland's territory, F. Goldie relieving. Hales and Johnson then got on a nice passing dribble,

which Sawbridge stopped, sending the leather back to Wellington's half. Clark intercepted a dribble and relieved the pressure, Renal following with a long kick. Sawbridge missing, the ball settled in Auckland's half. Here White had a shot a goal from a dangerous position, but Wright stopped nicely, and play centred. After a pretty dribble to the penalty mark, Heather centred to Bradstock, whose shot went just outside the post. Goldie followed with a shot from the kick off, but Renal stopped, and give and take play followed near midfield, until Heather again carried up the field, his shot just missing the upright. Heather then received a nasty kick on the ankle, and had to retire, Clark taking his place. Bradstock returned to the attack, Fitzgerald, in goal, stopping a good shot. Wellington then rallied, and a nice bit of passing by Wells and Johnson ended in Sawbridge kicking out just in time. Wright, in goal, stopped the corner kick, and soon after Sinnott had a shot at goal, but missed. By a nice dribble along the line Cave and Bradstock returned the ball to Wellington's half, but the forwards again swept down to the blue and white goal, Meldrum relieving the pressure. Tricky play by Richards improved Auckland's position, and Goldie carried the ball to the dangerous area, Renal relieving. Some exciting play in front of the goal followed, a nice shot by Meldrum being well stopped by Fitzgerald. A fine piece of play started near midway by Bradstock took the ball to the corner flag, where Hawkins kicked behind, but Yates made a poor attempt at corner kick. Clark then carried to Auckland's half, but Meldrum, with a long kick, again had the black end goals near their back line. A couple of shots by Bradstock were unsuccessful, and the visitors then invaded Auckland's half, off-side play by Smellie putting an end to a dangerous rush. A long shot by Hales was

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knocked behind by Kober, and Wellington had a corner kick. Hales centred nicely, and Wells with a low straight shot, registered first goal for Wellington. Wellington kept the black and whites in their own quarters, until Richards and Cave carried up the field, Renai spoiling the dribble near the penalty line. Auckland made desperate efforts to score, but the defence was too sound, and the leather travelled back to centre. Wright gave Wellington a corner, but Renai made a poor shot, and Bradstock, and Cave rushed to the visitors' half, Cave's shot failing. Wellington again rallied, and with a couple of kicks had the home team busy defending. Kober rulled a long shot and Johnson, Hales and Wells charged the ball through the posts, scoring Wellington's second goal. For the rest of the spell Wellington kept up the attack.

Sinnett started the ball rolling in the second spell, and immediately after the black and golds were dangerously near scoring. Wright saving. Auckland then assumed the aggressive, and a beautiful centre by Sawbridge was saved by Fitzgerald. A good centre by Yates was spoiled by Bradstock, and Hales made a brilliant run up the wing to Auckland's line, but he failed in centering. The visitors were penalised in their own half for handling the ball, Renai saving. Continuing the attack, Bradstock had a shot at goal, which Fitzgerald stopped. Bradstock received a kick on the ankle when making his shot, and had to leave the field, McDougall coming on in his place. Meldrum made a couple of shots at goal, but they were made at too great a distance from the goal, and Fitzgerald had little difficulty in saving. From centre Goldie dribbled up the field and made a good shot, Fitzgerald again saving. Goldie had another shot directly after, the ball going behind, and from the kick off Wellington invaded Auckland's half. McDougall returned with a pretty dribble, and F. Goldie carried on to the mouth of the goal, where a shot was neatly saved by Renai. Cave centred well from a corner kick, and Yates made a good attempt, but Fitzgerald was equal to the occasion, and the black and golds transferred the scene of operations to Auckland's ground, a beheld eventuating. Goldie dribbled back along the line, White kicking out. Following the throw-in a good chance was given Goldie, but he did not take advantage of the opportunity, and he soon afterwards threw away another chance by making a poor kick. From a shot by Richards, Fitzgerald returned up the field, and Wells dribbled to the home team's end, Wright kicking behind. The black and whites returned to midfield, and a long dribble by Cave was stopped by White near the goal. Meldrum made a long shot from the edge of the ground, and Fitzgerald mauling badly, Goldie rushed the ball into the net, scoring Auckland's only goal. Thence to the end of the game Auckland kept up a merry attack, but the defence was not broken through, and the ball sounded with the score at Wellington 2 goals; Auckland 1.

**RUGBY FOOTBALL.**

**OTAGO V. NEW SOUTH WALES.**

DUNEDIN, Saturday.

The match between the New South Wales representatives and Otago was played in splendid weather to-day, resulting in a win for the home team by 5 points to nil. The ground was in excellent order, and each team had the benefit of a fairly strong wind in turn. The attendance was very large, numbering probably 8000. Conlon stood out of the New South Wales team, his place being taken by Hughes. It was expected that the visitors would give a good exhibition of back play, considering the state of the ground, but the three-quarters did not get the leather from the halves often enough. When they did get it, however, they showed how dangerous they were. The visiting forwards got possession in the scrum much oftener than the local forwards, but the New South Wales backs were slow in getting the leather away, and Duncan invariably nipped their efforts in the bud. The New South Wales backs, however, used their kicking powers to good advantage. The local forwards, though

beaten in the packs, fairly smothered their opponents in the open, their loose rushes being very effective. The Otago halves were responsible for almost all the passing on their side, the ball not reaching the three-quarters very often. Some excellent runs were put in by Duncan and Utley. The game was interesting throughout, and exciting in the last few minutes, when the visitors made most determined efforts to score, but without avail, fortune being against them. But for the excellent defence of the visitors, their tackling being almost perfect, a large score would probably have been recorded against them.

Duncan won the toss, and took advantage of the wind, Judd setting the ball rolling for the visitors. Otago soon made their way near the New South Wales line, but not for long, the visitors, by pretty passing, quickly removing to neutral territory. Matthewson marked near midfield, Booth making a rather poor kick at goal. Offside play by Judd again let Otago near the visitors' line, but their defence was sound, and they soon took play past the half-way. From the Otago 25 Findley initiated a splendid passing rush, from which Lindsay was almost over, Booth saving by knocking into touch-in-goal. Otago then attacked, the visitors being forced down. A few minutes later Bennett had a shot at goal from a free kick outside the visitors' 25, but the ball fell short. From a scrum outside New South Wales' 25 Duncan got nicely on the blind side, but an almost certain score was lost by a bad pass to Booth. Another passing rush by the Otago backs ended in Booth being well collared by McMahon when looking very dangerous. Four minutes later Utley made a splendid run to near the visitors' line. Maund, however, with an excellent kick, removed the danger. Lindsay put in another brilliant run, and looked like scoring, but the home team broke away, and, taking the leather down to the visitors' line, almost scored, a force down being recorded. After a lot of fast, open play the Otago forwards carried the leather over New South Wales' line, but the ball was taken back for an infringement. Then Maund, by splendid tackling, just stopped Booth from scoring for Otago. The visitors were penalised near their own line a few minutes later, and Duncan centred with a good kick. Smith got possession, and ended a short run by grounding the ball near the posts. Bennett was entrusted with the kick, and added the major points. Between this and half-time Otago were pressing, and were nearly over, Maund saving by marking on his own line just on half-time.

On resuming the home team, keeping the game fairly tight, assumed the aggressive. A few minutes after starting O'Brien (Otago) retired with an injured ankle, Burt (who was hurt two weeks ago) replacing him. The home team attacked strongly for some time, but could not break through the visitors' defence. Findley and Burdet eventually removing play to the Otago 25. After a lot of open play in midfield, Otago, chiefly by the instrumentality of Given, placed New South Wales on the defensive. From the throw-in near the visitors' 25 passing between Matthewson, Duncan and Munro, and then back to the first named, let Matthewson over at the corner, but the leather went into touch-in-goal. The home team kept up the attack, but Findley, by an excellent kick, shifted play from New South Wales' 25 to Otago's 25, where Maund marked, a force-down resulting from the kick. The next item of note was a splendid run by Duncan, the result of which was that Booth was thrown into touch a few yards from the visitors' line. The Otago forwards dribbled the ball over the line, but Maund managed to force. From the kick-out Otago forced. Then a passing rush among the New South Wales backs, in which Hughes was prominent, was stopped very close to Otago's line, but Given put in a good kick, which removed the danger. New South Wales made determined efforts to score in the last few minutes. The home team was awarded a free kick just on time, from which Judd marked. Shortland attempted to place a goal, but the ball went wide, Otago forcing. The bell sounded shortly after, with the visitors still pressing, leaving Otago winners by 5 points to nil.

**AUCKLAND V. THAMES.**

The annual contest between the representatives of the Auckland and Thames Rugby Unions was played at the recessure, Thames, on Saturday afternoon, and resulted in a narrow win for Auckland by six points (two tries) to four points (a goal from the field). The match was largely attended, some 3000 people being present, including over 400 visitors from town, and some five hundred from the Upper Thames. The ground was in fairly good condition and the day fine. The game was an exciting one, and the result rather a surprise to Aucklanders. The visitors had rather the worst of the game, and only won by the narrow margin of two points. The form of the Auckland team was very disappointing. A regrettable feature of the game was the attitude of a section of the crowd towards Mr Ohlson, who had charge of the game, and who controlled it with much ability and strict impartiality. The two teams turned out as follows:—

Auckland (blue and white): Full-back, Sutherland; three-quarters, H. Absolum, McKenzie and G. Smith; five-eighths D. Hay and P. Gerrard; half, H. Kiernan; wing forward, Doran; forwards, Tyler, Brady, A. Wilson, H. Wilson, Rod. McGregor, Bakewell and Bonella.

Thames (blue and black): Full-back, A. Newdick; three-quarters, M. Buckland, C. McLean, and G. Kingham; five-eighths, R. McGregor; half, A. Houghton; wing forwards, S. McGregor and A. Cameron; forwards, G. Smith, G. Huddleston, R. McDuff, J. Swindley, T. Mullins, S. Smith and H. Bennett.

H. Absolum captained the visitors and R. McGregor the local team. Messrs McGregor and A. Braund were the line umpires.

**THE PLAY.**

Auckland won the toss and elected to defend the southern goal, with the sun partly in their eyes. The wind had dropped to almost nothing, what little there was coming from the south-east. Play went almost immediately into Auckland's quarters, where the visitors carried the first scrum. The Thames forwards were making the game very willing, and the visitors had not yet "found themselves." Play remained about the 25 flag for some time, when McLean, taking the ball a few yards on the Thames side of the 25 line, in the middle of the ground, took a pot at goal, and to the huge delight of the Thames supporters the ball sailed beautifully over the bar. Thames, 4; Auckland, 0. This woke Auckland up a bit, and play was taken over the half-way line by the blue and whites, but not for long, and the ball was soon down on the visitors' 25 line again. A rolling kick by Smith gave some relief, and a little later off side play by S. McGregor gave Auckland a free kick, and play was transferred to Thames quarters for the first time. Auckland tried a passing run, but low passing spoilt the effort, and good play by S. McGregor prevented Kiernan from getting the ball away. Kiernan made a good run and transferred to McKenzie, who was put out near the corner, and a little later a run by Absolum ended in the same way. Off side play on the part of Thames gave Auckland a free kick a few yards from half way but A. Wilson failed with the kick and Thames forced. Play continued to hang about the 25 line, scrums being numerous, but Auckland's inability to secure the ball gave their backs no chance. Eventually Buckland kicked out at half way, and a rush by the Thames forwards carried the ball to Auckland's 25, where Sutherland relieved. Near half way Houghton passed to Dick McGregor, who made a slashing run, beating Sutherland, but being put of bounds

by Smith a few yards from the line. Eventually Gerrard relieved with a good kick. A few minutes later D. Hay picked up the ball a few yards on the Thames side of the half way line and making a splendid opening transferred to McKenzie who made some ground and passed to Smith, and the latter going at "top" up the boundary line dashed over and drew first blood for Auckland about a dozen yards from the corner. Absolum made an excellent though unsuccessful attempt at goal. The spell ended almost immediately leaving the scores Thames, 4; Auckland, 3.

**SECOND SPELL.**

In the second spell the Auckland skipper sent Gerrard up from five-eighths to keep Doran company on the wing. It was thought that Auckland's condition would tell, but such was not the case, for though they increased their score by 3 points Thames had the best of the play. Play remained in neutral territory for some time after the kick-off, until McLean kicked out in Auckland's territory. Three scrums were fought out on Auckland's goal-line, and excitement ran high, but eventually Auckland were awarded a free-kick, and the pressure was relieved. From the throw-in Dick McGregor had a shot at goal, forcing Auckland, and directly afterwards McLean also made an unsuccessful attempt at goal, with the same result. A nice bit of play by Doran, Kiernan and Absolum took the ball over the half-way line. A little later A. Wilson picked up near the Thames territory and passed to McKenzie, who in turn passed to Smith, and the latter, beating McLean and Newdick by a beautiful bit of dodging, scored behind the posts. Absolum was again unsuccessful with the kick. Auckland, 6; Thames, 4. This score roused the local men, and Auckland's quarters were immediately invaded. Newdick had a shot at goal, forcing Auckland. Thames continued to press until Sutherland relieved. After some minutes' play in neutral territory Houghton got the ball out to Buckland, who streaked up the line, but Sutherland got him and threw him out of bounds. A Thames forward rush, following on a bad pass by Kiernan, nearly resulted in a score, and the excitement became intense. Thames were now doing their utmost to score, and as often as Auckland cleared their lines Thames would come on to the attack again. Gerrard gave some temporary relief with a good run, and play was in neutral territory for some time, but Hay did not seem able to get away with Kiernan's passes. About ten minutes from time S. McGregor and the other Thames forwards swept the ball down on Auckland's line, and Buckland dashing up and falling on the ball, Thames supporters threw up their hats and proclaimed a try. The referee, however, brought the ball back for a knock on by S. McGregor, and Auckland once more breathed freely. Soon after, Thames were awarded a free-kick in a likely position, but Huddleston was not equal to the task. Thames, recognising that their chances of victory were slipping from them, kept up the attack, and just on time were awarded a free-kick. McLean took the kick, amidst great excitement. The ball flew straight in the required direction, but at the critical moment a slight puff of wind came and turned the scale in Auckland's favour, the ball going just outside the post. Time was then called, leaving Auckland victors by 6 points to 4.

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"FUN ON THE BRISTOL"

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Walter Bentley is now in London.

Mr. Harry Musgrove has definitely intimated in Wellington that as a result of the success of the present opera season in the colony New Zealand will be included in the future itinerary of Mr. Musgrove's companies.

The Hawera Dramatic Society produced a farcical comedy, entitled "Our Gallant Defenders," on Monday last, which was of an entertaining character.

On Thursday next the Ponsonby Choral Society will produce Gade's cantata "Una," Mr. Rupert Mantell singing the baritone parts of the Hermit and the Knight. His fine voice and the growing reputation of the Society will doubtless attract a large audience.

Madame Belle Cole and her concert company appear at Hawera to-night (Tuesday), and will arrive in Auckland on Saturday first, giving concerts on their way here at Stratford and New Plymouth.

The dances in the forthcoming production of "Iolanthe" by the Auckland Amateurs promise to be particularly good, and good dancing is one and not the least important factor in the success of an opera.

At the lowest estimate the number of persons who have witnessed "The Sign of the Cross" since its production is put down at not short of 14,860,000.

Miss Nellie Stewart and Mr. George Musgrove are now in London to close their connection with things English. Mr. Musgrove is parting with his interest in the Shaftesbury Theatre, and will make Sydney his home in the future.

Sheridan's favourite play, and the one in which he made and has kept green his fame, "Fun On the Bristol," to wit, was staged at the Auckland Opera House on Saturday. It is many years since Mr. Sheridan was in New Zealand, and consequently as long since New Zealanders saw "Fun on the Bristol" for the piece is his, and his only, and without him has not, and, one is forced to believe, could not, have any existence. The Widow O'Brien is the soul of the play, and he is the Widow O'Brien, and for anyone else to attempt to be she, would be a distinct case of false pretences. How that good lady has kept the theatres of the world on a roar for these many years. And age does not seem to have withered nor custom staled her infinite variety. Hers is the good healthy innocent fun that is ever new wherever folks keep their hearts young. It is superfluous to say then that "Fun on the Bristol" was an out and out success on its opening night, and that it still keeps the boards and shows no signs as yet of making room for anything else. Of the popularity of "Fun On the Bristol" no better evidence is wanted than the courteous tribute paid to the piece by the Salvation Army. The Army's band was marching up Wellesley street on Saturday during the performance of the piece; the torches were waving, the brass was blaring, and altogether the enthusiasm of the Corybaantic throng was at its height; but when opposite the door of the Opera House, suddenly mindful of the disturbing effect of the music to those within, the captain exclaimed:

"Stop! the Widow O'Brien to-night!" and trump and tabor were at once silent. Honour to the Army for their broad-minded thoughtfulness, and to play that can evoke such a valuable token of respect.

The alterations to the Auckland Opera House required by the new regulations of the City Council for the safety of buildings in case of fire are now being effected. Apart from the improvement the change will be viewed from the point of view of the possibility of fire, it will be an advantage in the ordinary goings in and out of the patrons of the house.

The Janet Waldorf Dramatic Company open in Auckland on Wednesday next. The season will be of a fortnight's duration, and among the pieces played will be "Frou Frou" and "Camille." The company, which hails originally from America, and has just completed a two years' season in India, arrived in Melbourne about three weeks ago.

Mrs. Fiske is about to bring suit against Miss Annie Hughes, who has lately produced a version of "Vanity Fair" in London, which she calls "Becky Sharp." Mrs. Fiske owns the title in England, having purchased it from J. M. Barrie. Moreover, Miss Hughes' play is said to follow closely the lines of Lorimer Stoddard's dramatisation of Thackeray's novel. Mrs. Fiske won a similar action against Mrs. Lewis Waller, who produced a dramatisation of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles." She is hardly likely to win it. "Becky Sharp" was the name of a stage version of the story more than twenty years ago.

The ancient Olympian theatre at Vicenza, Italy, was re-opened recently with a presentation of Sophocles' "Edipors Rex," in which Gustavo Salvini took the leading part. It was the first performance in the theatre in many hundred years. Three thousand people attended the re-opening.

Piner's new serious comedy, on which he has been working nearly two years, goes into rehearsals at the Garrick Theatre about August.

The comedy "Caste," performed recently by the Dannevirke Dramatic Society, went off very successfully, and frequent applause was given by the large audience. Those who took part in the play were: Miss Parker, Mrs. Burmester, Miss Tansley, Messrs Tansley, Hill, Blakiston, Harrison and Simpson. The performers thoroughly entered into the spirit of their parts, and represented the various characters most creditably.



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## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

### CHILDREN AND FLOWERS.

A number of ladies and gentlemen assembled at the Mount Eden public school grounds, Auckland, on Tuesday of last week, the occasion being the presentation of the champion floral banner won at the last children's flower show. In making the presentation Professor Thomas congratulated the school on the result of their efforts. It was an honour to them that Mount Eden should be the first name to be inscribed on the banner. He trusted that they would make a fight to retain it, and he hoped that the fight would be a good one on the part of all the schools. The professor then went on to give the children some hints as to what was essential to success with flowers. The head master (Mr Alfred Hosking) in returning thanks to Professor Thomas said that they were honoured in the presence of the professor on that occasion, and also in that of Mrs Thomas, to whom the foundation of the children's flower show was due. He hoped that they would be able to retain the banner this year also, and he would be delighted if his school should win by a margin of one point. Three cheers for Professor and Mrs Thomas and the head master concluded the proceedings. On leaving Professor Thomas requested that the children should be given a half holiday to commemorate the occasion, and this was agreed to. In addition to the banner, and as a personal memento of the occasion, the Horticultural Society presented each of the prize winners with a silk badge entitling them to free admission to the society's shows throughout the year.

### AUCKLAND'S FUTURE FIGHTERS.

We continue this week our pictures of the Cadet Corps of the Auckland public schools, the corps published being those of Newton West, Richmond Road, Beresford-street, Wellesley street, Napier-street, and Northcote Schools.

### NORTHCOTE AND BIRKENHEAD.

These marine suburbs of Auckland have of late years increased wonderfully in popularity, and indeed for healthiness, beauty and convenience to town they can hold their own against any of the suburban districts of the northern city. A good ferry service brings the residents as near to Queen-street as the dwellers of Epsom or Remuera, and they have an advantage over the latter in the invigorating breezes they have perforce to inhale in the trip across the harbour. No view of the city can surpass that obtained from Birkenhead, when Auckland in all its width and length, from Ponsonby to Remuera, and from the wharf to Mount Eden, lies stretched out before the eye; while Northcote, the Lake, Devonport, Bangitoto, and the headlands and islands of the gulf are all comprised within the magnificent prospect. From their natural position as well as from the fact that in their vicinity the land is comparatively cheap, these suburbs cannot but share very largely in every measure of prosperity and advancement achieved by Auckland. Our pictures give a series of views of the districts that have not yet appeared.

### THE MERCER CANOE BUILDERS.

A ceremony which excited great interest amongst the Lower Waikato Maoris took place on Saturday last at Mercer. It was the formal christening of two new canoes, which have been built for racing purposes on the Waikato, and which will compete for the first time at the Mercer regatta next December. One of the canoes, which is called the "Matui Hanata," is 72ft. 9in. long, and is constructed of kahikatea. The other is named the "Erueti" (Edwards), and is cut out of a rimu tree; it is 52ft. long. Both canoes were dubbed out in the bush at Pukekawa, on the western bank of the Waikato, and were hauled by large parties of natives to the river, the hauling-out operation taking two or three days. The construction of

the canoes was supervised by Te Aho-te-Rangi and Kima, of Rangiriri. On Saturday the canoes, one manned by a full crew of men, and the other paddled by women, were brought up to the river side at Mercer, where about two hundred Maoris were assembled. Mr J. Thomson, of the Auckland Northern Rowing Union was present, and christened the canoes on behalf of the Union and the Mercer Regatta Association. He made a short speech complimenting the natives on their enterprise in making the canoes, and expressed a hope that the next regatta at Mercer would be a most successful one. Te Morehu responded on behalf of the Maoris. The crews paddled up and down the river during the afternoon and sang some canoe-songs.

## OBITUARY.

### THE LATE HON. JAMES KERR. WESTPORT, Sunday..

The Hon. James Kerr, member of the Legislative Council, who suffered from a severe attack of bronchial asthma while on his way to Grey-mouth on Tuesday last, and was detained at Westport, passed away at the residence of Mrs Hughes, at twenty minutes past four this morning. Mrs Kerr and Mr Jas. Kerr, son of deceased, were present at the time death took place. Deceased was unconscious for several hours before the end came. He was a pioneer of the West Coast, founder of the Kumara "Times," part proprietor of the Grey "Argus," and a prominent figure in local politics, being at various periods member and chairman of the Westland Education Board, the Grey-mouth Harbour Board, member of the Borough Council, etc.

Tasmania is coming to the front as a producer of operatic artists. Following Lempriere Pringle, one hears now that Miss Jeannie Bateman, a Tasmanian, studying at the Royal Academy, played Frederic in a students' performance of "Mignon" in London last month. Miss Addie Place, another Tasmanian singer, now of the Morell-Mouillet Opera Company, is reported to be engaged to Mr George Yates, a son of an old English actor.



Soft, silky, glossy, abundant, beautiful, elegant, a splendid, handsome—you can't find words to describe a magnificent head of hair. Is this the kind of hair you have?

Is your hair long enough to suit you? Does the color exactly please you? In a word, are you perfectly satisfied with your hair? If not, give it a good hair-food. Give it

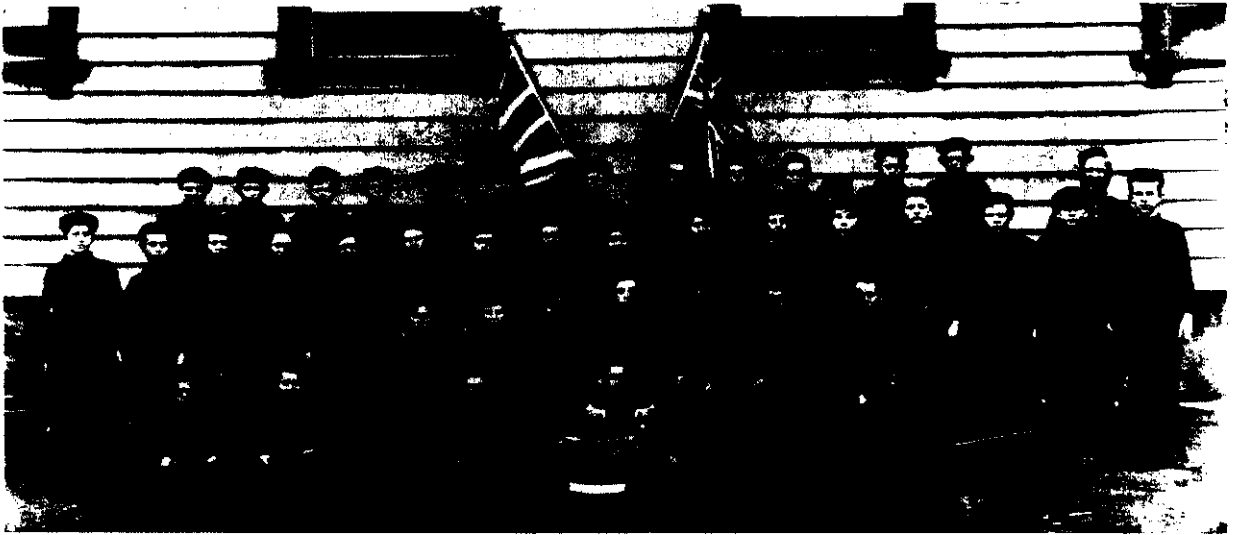
## Ayer's Hair Vigor

"It will make you have long, rich, abundant hair, and it will stop falling of the hair, too. Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color. You can depend upon it every time. It brings back all the rich, dark color you had when you were young. If you are 30, there is no need of looking as if you were 50 just because your hair is gray.

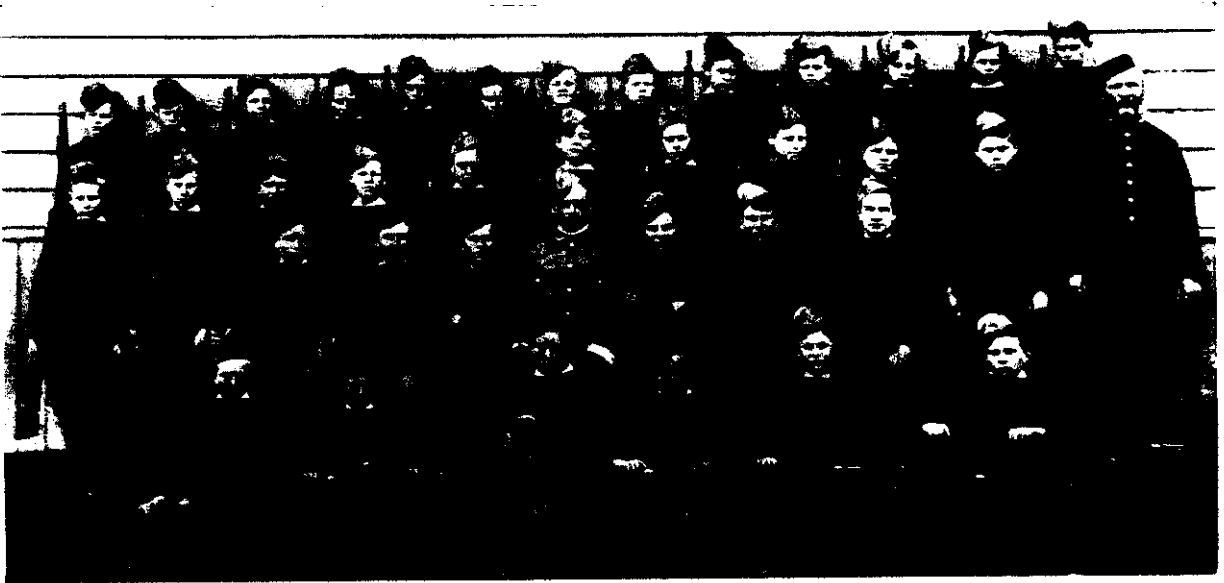
And you will like our Hair Vigor, also, as a hair dressing; while it forms a valuable addition to any toilet table because of the elegant way in which it is put up.

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

SECRETARIES TO FOOTBALL LEAGUES and other Winter Sports can have their Orders for Printing executed with despatch and at Lowest Rates at the "STAR" PRINTING WORKS.



NEWTON WEST CORPS.



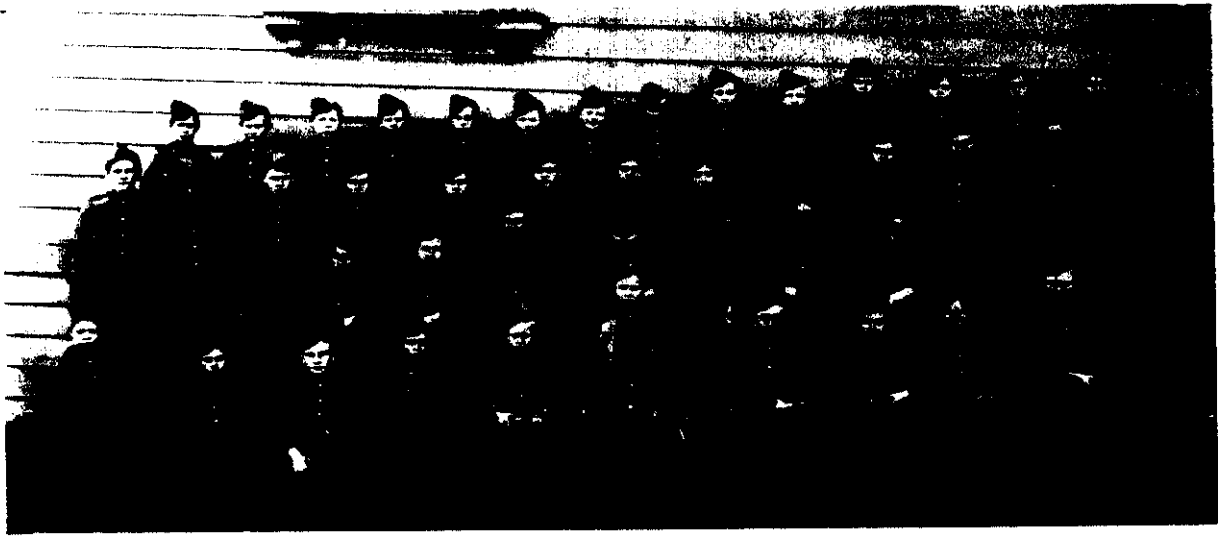
RICHMOND ROAD CORPS.



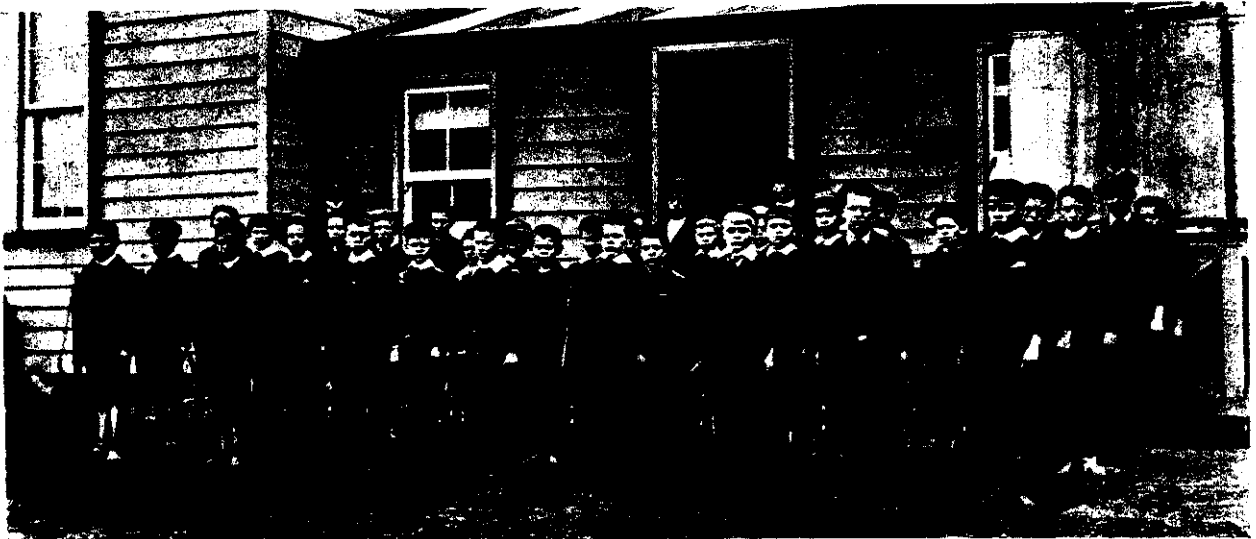
BERESFORD STREET CORPS.

Photos. by Valle.

Auckland Public Schools' Cadet Corps.



WELLESLEY STREET CORPS.



NORTHCOTE CORPS.

CADETS  
25/8/01



NAPIER STREET CORPS.

Waikato "Graphic" photo.

Auckland Public Schools' Cadet Corps.





WELLINGTON TEAM.

BACK ROW—Mr J. Roberts (manager), Fitzgerald, L. Hawkins, L. White.  
 FRONT ROW—Mr H. McKeown (secretary), Hale, Sinnett, Wells (captain), Johnson, Godber, Mr H. Major (linesman).  
 SITTING—Smellie, Clark, Renal.

Vaile, photo.



AUCKLAND TEAM.

BACK ROW—Mr J. Knott (linesman), J. Kober, J. Wright, Meldrum, H. Goldie, Mr T. Southall (secretary).  
 FRONT ROW—F. Goldie, W. Sawbridge, C. Heather (captain), V. Richards, R. Cave.  
 SITTING—S. Yates, H. Bradstock.

Vaile, photo.

See Football.

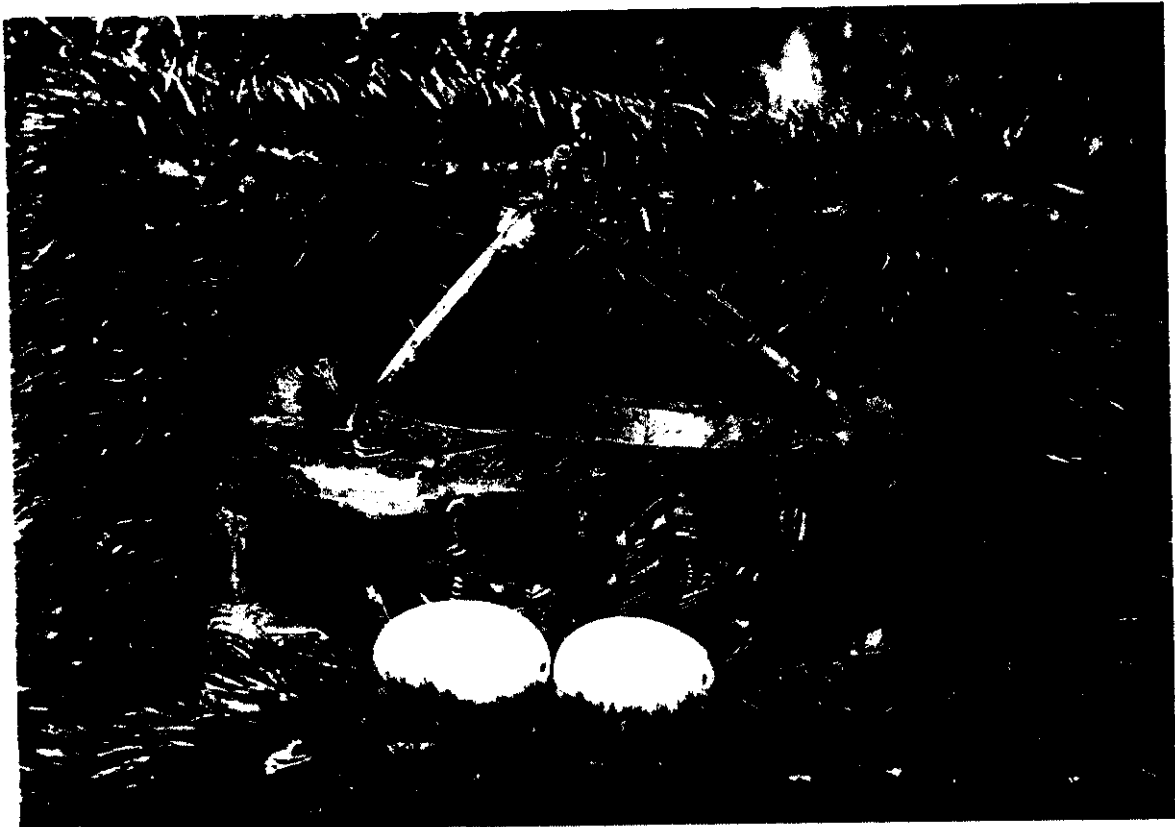
Auckland v. Wellington—Association Football.



Vaile, photo.

[See "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS."]

PRESENTATION OF THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S CHAMPION FLORAL BANNER TO MOUNT EDEN SCHOOL AUGUST 29, 1901.



Muir and Moodie, photo.

NATIVE FEATHER MAT AND MOA EGGS.

**Very Versatile Parsons.**

The Rev. J. P. O'Brien is rector of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church at St. John's, Newfoundland, and is probably the cleverest yacht designer living. He designed a boat called the Columbia, which has raced in Bermuda waters, and has beaten everything she was matched against. At present he is at work on a very much larger craft, the Regina.

But we need not go to the colonies to find clergymen who are as good with their hands as with their brains and voices. Take, for instance, the case of the Rev. G. M. MacDonald, vicar of St. John the Baptist's Church, at Spalding. The church had not been painted for many years and the wood work was getting into bad condition. Funds were scarce, so Mr MacDonald procured paint, a ladder and a blouse, and set to work at the job himself. And a very good job he made of it.

Dressed in a suit of brown duck the Rev. George L. McNutt looks like a fine type of the American mechanic. That is, indeed, what at present he actually is. He has given up his pulpit—that of a Presbyterian church in Indianapolis, Indiana, to become for a time a workman in the great Westinghouse air brake works. This he has done in order to study social problems from a standpoint which is impossible to a clergyman.

There are two churches in the old Quaker city of Philadelphia which owe their existence to their pastors. One is a Moravian Church in Kensington Avenue. The Rev. Elwood Raub, its minister, tried for four years to collect sufficient money to build a new church, but his congregation was poor, and he realised that the work must be done by the hands, not the pockets, of the people. He set to work in spare time to learn all that he could of carpentering and building. He drew up the plans himself and then broached the subject to his people. They joined heartily and then progressed rapidly during the long summer evenings. By good luck sand suitable for mortar was found in digging the foundations, and also clay usable for bricks. Although small, the church is a very handsome one. It is estimated that it cost less by £50 than the lowest contract price.

The other builder of his own church in Philadelphia is a negro preacher called Randolph. He and his congregation of two hundred and fifty built with their own hands the whole of his neat church from the

foundations to the steeple. It will hold a congregation of seven hundred, is equipped with a telephone, and is altogether a model edifice.

In the wild delirium of fever Father Lepore, a clever young Italian priest, stood and watched helplessly a great building teeming with screaming people blaze and burn. When he returned to sanity the vision remained, and he set his capable brain to work to evolve a novel fire escape, which has already been endorsed by experts as almost perfect. Many other useful inventions have been patented by this clever cleric, such as a needle cleverly designed for people with weak sight, and a hospital cot with appliances for painlessly lifting a patient. But Father Lepore's great invention is a life-saving suit. Its special feature is the visor, which when closed enables the wearer

to bid defiance to the roughest sea, and yet to breathe in perfect comfort. The suit is provided with food pockets and with a lamp to signal at night. There is, too, an ingenious arrangement for altering the centre of gravity so that the wearer may float in comfort at any angle he may desire.

An Italian priest, Don Giovanni Grannino, of Ivrea, in Piedmont, evidently believes that the only way to stop war is to make fighting so deadly that the nations will be forced in self-defence to abandon it. He has patented a range finder, which is the smallest, neatest, most compact thing of the kind ever invented. It is specially adapted for infantry, and will make rifle fire accurate up to 3000 yards.

More curious even than an inventor of deadly weapons is the new calling of the Rev. Samuel F. Pearson, of Portland, Maine, who is compelled by his

recent election as Sheriff of Cumberland County, Maine, to carry weapons. Mr Pearson is a strong prohibitionist. Maine was the first State in the Union to pass laws restricting the sale of liquor, but those laws have failed so dismally in their purpose that the desperate step of electing a clergyman to be sheriff has been resorted to.

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



MRS. DAVID NATHAN.



LADY WARD.



MISS MARY SEDDON.



MISS MAY SEDDON.



MISS HIGGINSON.

Photos. by Kinsey.

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



MR. J. THOMSON, SECRETARY NORTHERN ROWING UNION, CHRISTENS THE NEW CANOES.

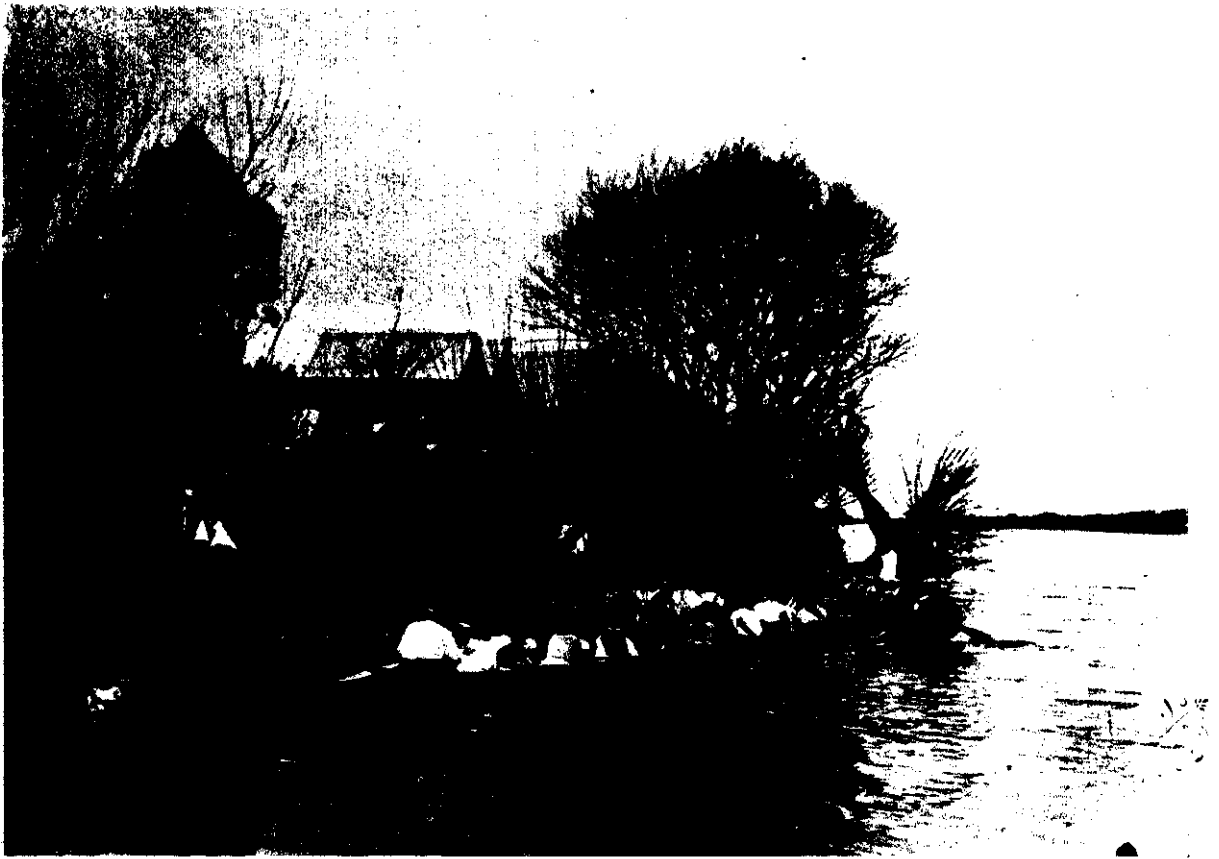


RETURN FROM THE CHRISTENING.

Walrod "Graphic" photo.

[See letterpress.

### The Mercer Canoe Builders.



NATIVES GOING FOR A SPIX IN THE NEW CANOES.



Wairond "Graphic" photo.

GROUP OF NATIVES WHO CUT OUT THE NEW CANOES.—Te Aho, chief of the tribe, seated in canoe.

### The Mercer Canoe Builders.





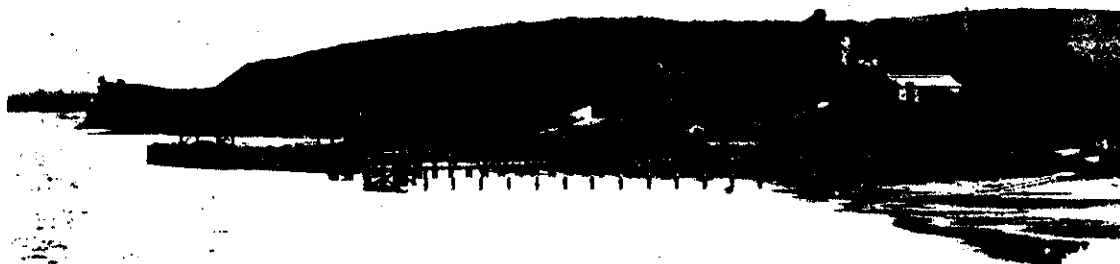
BIRKENHEAD WHARF FROM NORTHCOTE.



A PIONEER OF THE FERRY



PANORAMA OF NORTH



Wairond, "Graphic" photo. THE COLONIAL SUGAR COMPANY'S WORKS FROM BIRKENHEAD.



A BIRKENHEAD

Two of Auckland's Water-side S

*Coby neg. C15. 277*



SERVICE—The old "City of Cork."

NORTHCOTE FROM BIRKENHEAD.



FE FROM BIRKENHEAD.



RESIDENCE. - 367 1103  
222 183

THE MAIN ROAD, BIRKENHEAD

*Coby neg. C15. 770*



IN SHOAL BAY.



IN WINTER QUARTERS.

Wairond "Graphic" photo.

Northcote and Birkenhead.

Negative No. C5861



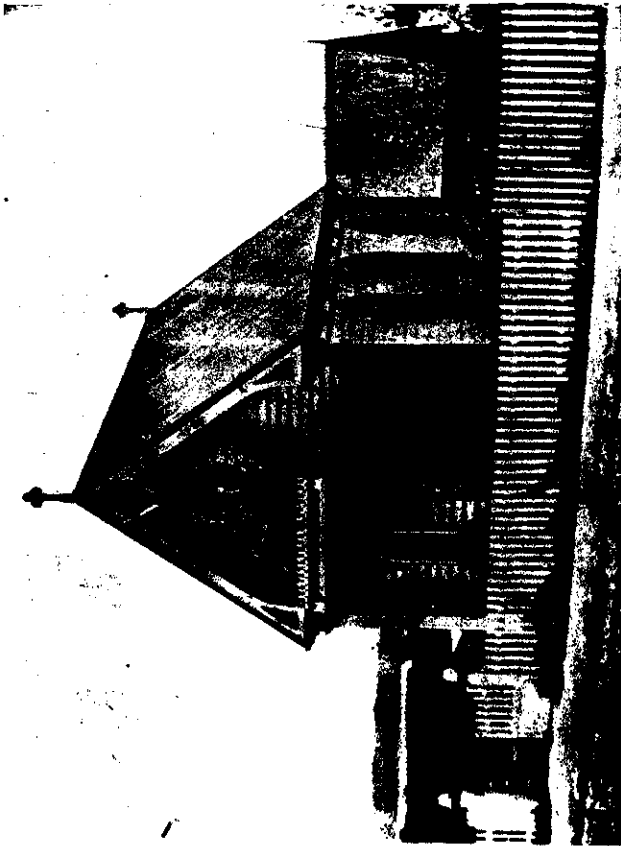
THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NORTHCOTE.



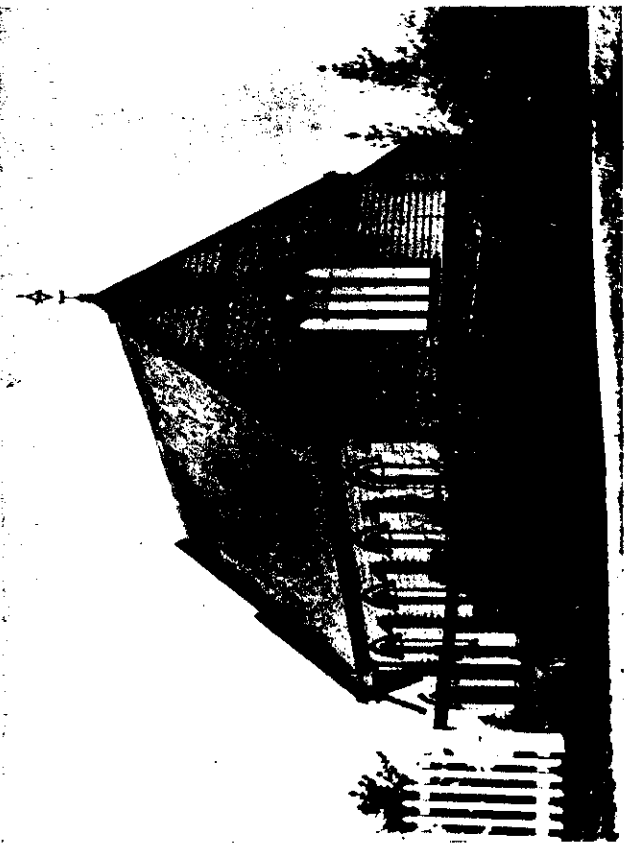
THE ENGLISH CHURCH, NORTHCOTE.

Negative No. C5862.

Negative No. C5859



THE NEW WESLEYAN CHURCH, NORTHCOTE.



THE WESLEYAN CHURCH, BIRKENHEAD.

NORTHCOTE AND BIRKENHEAD.

Wairoad, "Graphic" photo.

Negative No. C5860



THE SCHOOL HOUSE.

re No.  
163



GIRLS' DIVISION.

re No.  
64

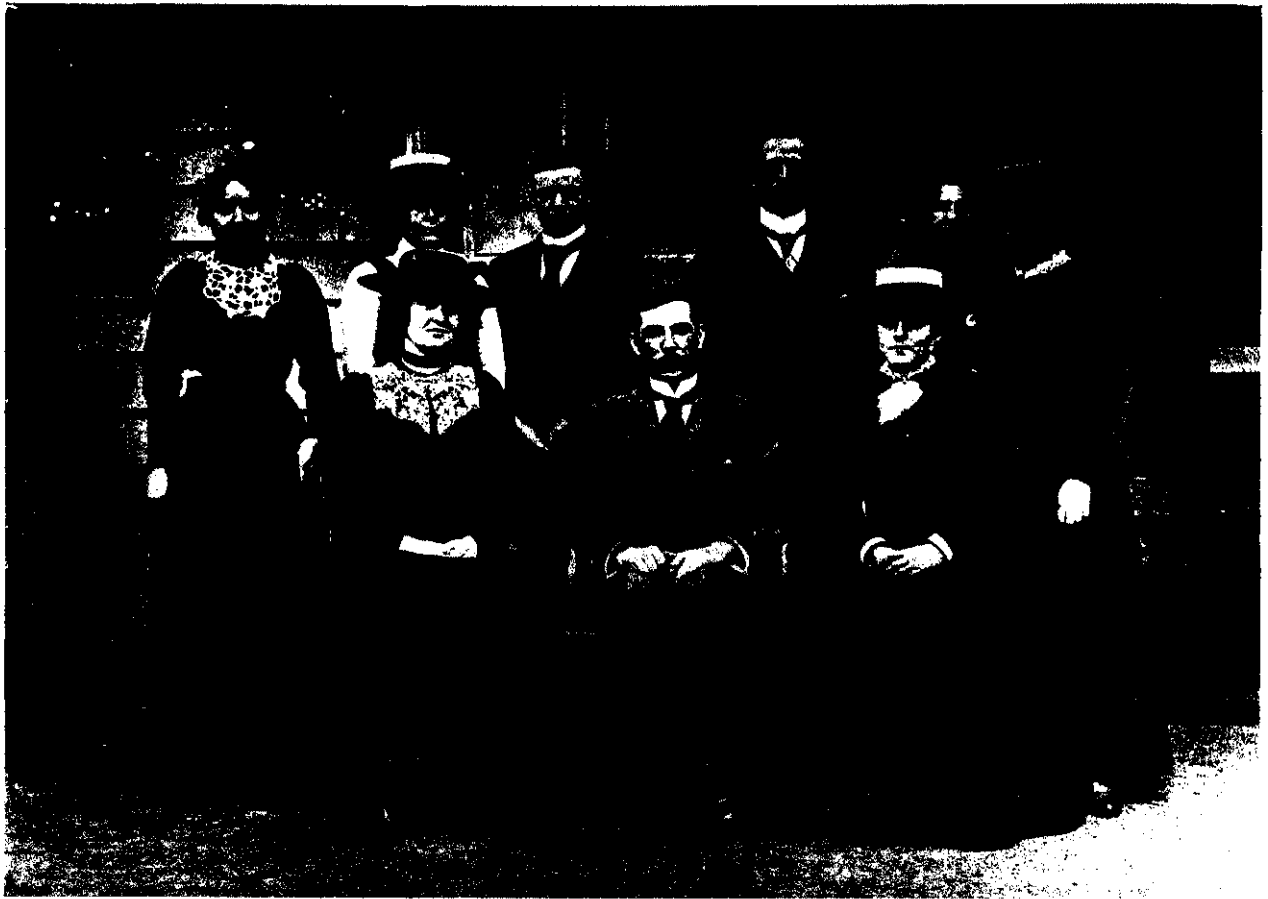


BOYS' DIVISION.

re No.  
165

Watson "Graphic" photo.

Northcote and Birkenhead.



Nega  
C 3

Walrond "Graphic" photo. TEACHING STAFF OF THE NORTHCOTE SCHOOL.  
BACK ROW:—Miss Newman, Mr. Shanahan, Mr. Moore-Jones, Miss Johnston. FRONT ROW:—Miss Collier, Miss Lysaght, Mr. Taylor, Miss Cooper, Miss Wernham.

**Buried Alive.**

**SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE KARNICE APPARATUS.**

Emile Camis has been buried alive, and is willing to be buried alive again. He says there is nothing dangerous in the experience, and wants to introduce the Karnice method of life preservation in cases of premature burial. To show his faith in the invention of his friend, he is anxious to be put in a coffin and lowered into a grave. Then he wants the clods to be piled in on top of the casket, his appliance put in place, and a thorough test of the efficacy of the invention made.

In France 10,000 persons have asked that the Karnice apparatus be put over their graves when they die. With it in place it is absolutely impossible, according to M. Camis, for a person to die because he has been buried alive.

The method has been tried with success in France. It was operated when it was in the formative stage, and now that it has been perfected its advocates assert that no one should be buried without it.

Its compositions and results are as follows:

An ordinary coffin is used. In that part of the lid just over the chest of the occupant a hole is cut, and on the chest a ball is placed. This is connected with a rod that goes up through a shaft to a box above the ground, in which burns a light, and to which is affixed a bell.

At the first sign of returning life the chest stirs, and the ball, acting upward through the rod, gives the signal to the outer air. At night it discharges a rocket, and by day rings a bell for half an hour, and after that at intervals. These warnings, it is thought, would be noticed by persons in the cemetery, and rescue would be effected.

Enough air is stored in the shaft

so that the person in the coffin could live two days upon it. When the time during which it is possible that he could come out of a trance elapses, the appliance can be removed easily, and the grave will look like any grave over which there has been no Karnice apparatus.

M. Camis is a friend of Count Karnice, who invented the appliance. He

has helped him perfect some of the details, and he has just gone to the United States to do what he can towards introducing it there. He thinks that in time the Karnice method will be made a part of the knowledge of every undertaker, who will carry his apparatus in stock. The materials in it are inexpensive. The whole outfit would cost hardly more than £3, and

M. Camis thinks there will be no difficulty in putting the article on the market.

At the Turin Exposition M. Camis consented to be buried alive to show that the invention of his friend was all he claimed for it, and at the end of two hours he was liberated from his narrow prison. He says he could have remained underground for two days if necessary, and that if proper facilities for making a test are accorded him he will let himself be buried again and have the Karnice appliance put over his grave.

Through it he can signal to watchers above. He says there is not the slightest danger in the feat he is willing to attempt, and he scoffs at the notion that extraordinary courage is required in him to try it.



MR. J. H. WITHEFORD, M.L.R., MAYOR OF BIRKENHEAD.

**Breaking Bad News.**

It is always an unpleasant and painful task to have to be the bearer of ill-tidings, but occasionally one comes across a case where some rugged and untutored nature has solved the problem of "breaking the news" in a manner which would never have occurred to a person of higher sensibilities. For example, a railway porter had been killed whilst on duty, and after much consultation one of his "mates" volunteered to carry the sad news to the unfortunate man's wife. Arriving at the bereaved home, the messenger accosted the mistress: "Does Widow B— live here?" he asked. "I'm Mrs. B—; but I'm not a widow," replied the woman. "Ain't you," said her interrogator, putting on a look that was meant to be at once knowing and sympathetic. "I'll bet you five bob you are." In another and a similar case the bearer of ill-tidings rapped at the door, and on the wife appearing asked, "Does Mr. Blank live here?" "Yes, but he's not at home," was the reply. To which he answered, "No, I know he ain't, 'cause I've got him dead on this 'ere handcart."



THE WHITE KANGAROO Presented to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall during their Visit to Tasmania.

**Convicting Clever Criminals.**

Few people who read the straightforward reports of criminal trials in the newspapers, or who witness the smooth processes of adducing evidence in court, are aware of the enormous amount of labour entailed in preparing a case for judge and jury. Everything must be in proper order, and theories placed in tangible form. In cases where, as frequently happens, mystery plays a prominent part, the work of preparation for public inquiry is heavy indeed. No stone is left unturned, no expense spared, in the pursuit of light and truth. Frequently as are the police glibed at for incapacity they are the most skilful and painstaking workers imaginable. It should be borne in mind that they have often to measure wits with the most shrewd, subtle, and cunning rogues to be found in the criminal classes, who nearly always start with an advantage over them—the advantage of preconcerted plans and a clear escape. It is easy enough to be wise after the event, and there are plenty

of people who, when matters are made plain to them, will theorise with superiority readily enough.

With the kindly aid of an ex-Assistant Commissioner of Police I was recently enabled to considerably strengthen my convictions on this subject.

First, let us suppose a murder in a wood. A man has been shot dead. The whole area of the crime is very narrowly examined, and all abnormal appearances duly noted. The precise position of the body is carefully kept in mind and compared with surrounding objects.

Photography frequently plays an important part in placing evidence and theories in a tangible and material form. In time suspicion will probably point to a certain individual, or to certain individuals, as being concerned in the crime; then the hypothesis of the method of the murder will shape itself.

Then to illustrate the theory, the police officials will themselves personate the individuals concerned—victim and presumed culprits—and



THE AUCKLAND UNITARIAN CHURCH, Of which the Foundation Stone was Recently Laid.

taking up the positions supposed to have been occupied by the actors in the tragedy at the time of its commission, will be photographed in a series of stages.

These photographs are sometimes used as evidence in court, and sometimes are very convincing to the minds of the jury. There is nothing like ocular demonstration, especially as the gift of imagination is so rare.

"Murder will out" is a very trite, but it is to be feared not a very true, saying. In the absence of a tongue it frequently fails to betray the presence of any "miraculous organ." That the police fail occasionally to "fix" a homicide is not to be wondered at when one bears in mind how often the criminal "comes like a shadow, so departs."

Many people will remember the Great Coram-street crime, when a young woman was murdered one Christmas morning. The police had a cast-iron nut to crack on that occasion. It has never yet been fractured. They exercised herculean efforts, too. One clue was the finding of a bitten apple in the room in which the crime was committed, which showed peculiar teeth-marks. Apples wither in time, so the police made plaster models of it. These are still kept.

Some years ago—January of 78—a mysterious murder was committed at 2, Union-walk, Shoreditch, where an old man was done to death in his own

workshop, with one of his own mallets. The police theory was that the murderer must have been secreted somewhere in the building, because the doors were found fastened, and could be opened only from the inside. They had a wooden model of the doors made, which served to impress their theory on the not too translucent minds of the coroner's jury.

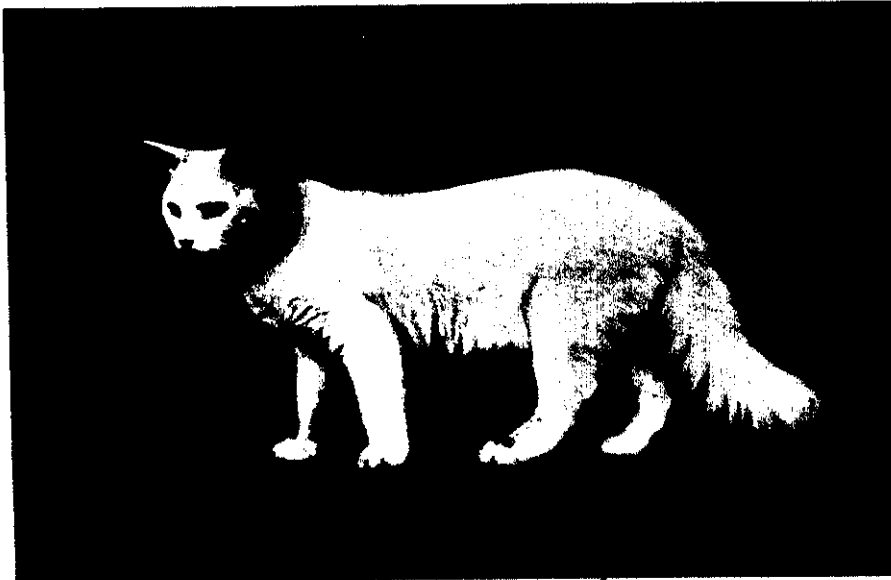
The doors were of peculiar construction, one having a stake fixed on the inner side, working on a hinge, and when the doors were closed falling into a socket in the floor. When in this position no pressure from the outside would avail against it. To open you had to be inside and lift the stake from the socket. It was a mysterious crime. There was no apparent motive, no trace, no clue, justice baffled, and the miscreant melted into the sable shadows of the unknown. It is not pleasant to the police to be baulked, they are so unjustly treated. They get plenty of metaphorical cuffs when they should receive material hapence. Their work is often more brilliant when they are unsuccessful, which may sound paradoxical, but is true. A public trial only can do justice to their efforts. If there is no capture there is no trial. Ergo—what I've said. A little while back they had a pet notion of identifying an absconding murderer in his absence. They thought his image might be found upon the retina of the eye.

They photographed the face of a dead woman as an experiment, but to their disappointment they discovered that the idea was incorrect. They have the negative still—it is not a pleasant picture. Pity it was fallacious. I suppose, if the theory had proved sound, there would have followed a series of murders committed from behind.

Police work is frequently perilous, and it is regrettable that heroic members of their body on night duty are sometimes laid low by concealed desperadoes. One night in September 1881 burglars were busy at a house known as The Knoll, Kingston-hill, when Police-constable Atkins, of the V Division, was passing on his beat.

He suspected something was wrong, and proceeded to reconnoitre. He had just reached the entrance of the house when he was shot down by a burglar, who was awaiting his approach. The wound was fatal, and the murderer got away, every effort to trace him proving fruitless.

An elaborate drawing of the front of the house was made, together with a ground plan to scale. The spot where the burglar was supposed to have fired from, where the constable fell, and where the bullet entered the wall, were all plainly shown. The exact situation of doors, windows, steps, etc., were also given. But nothing came of it.



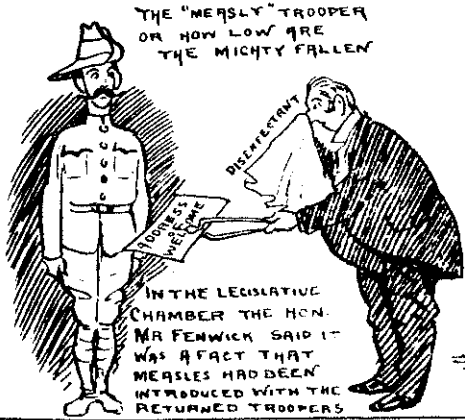
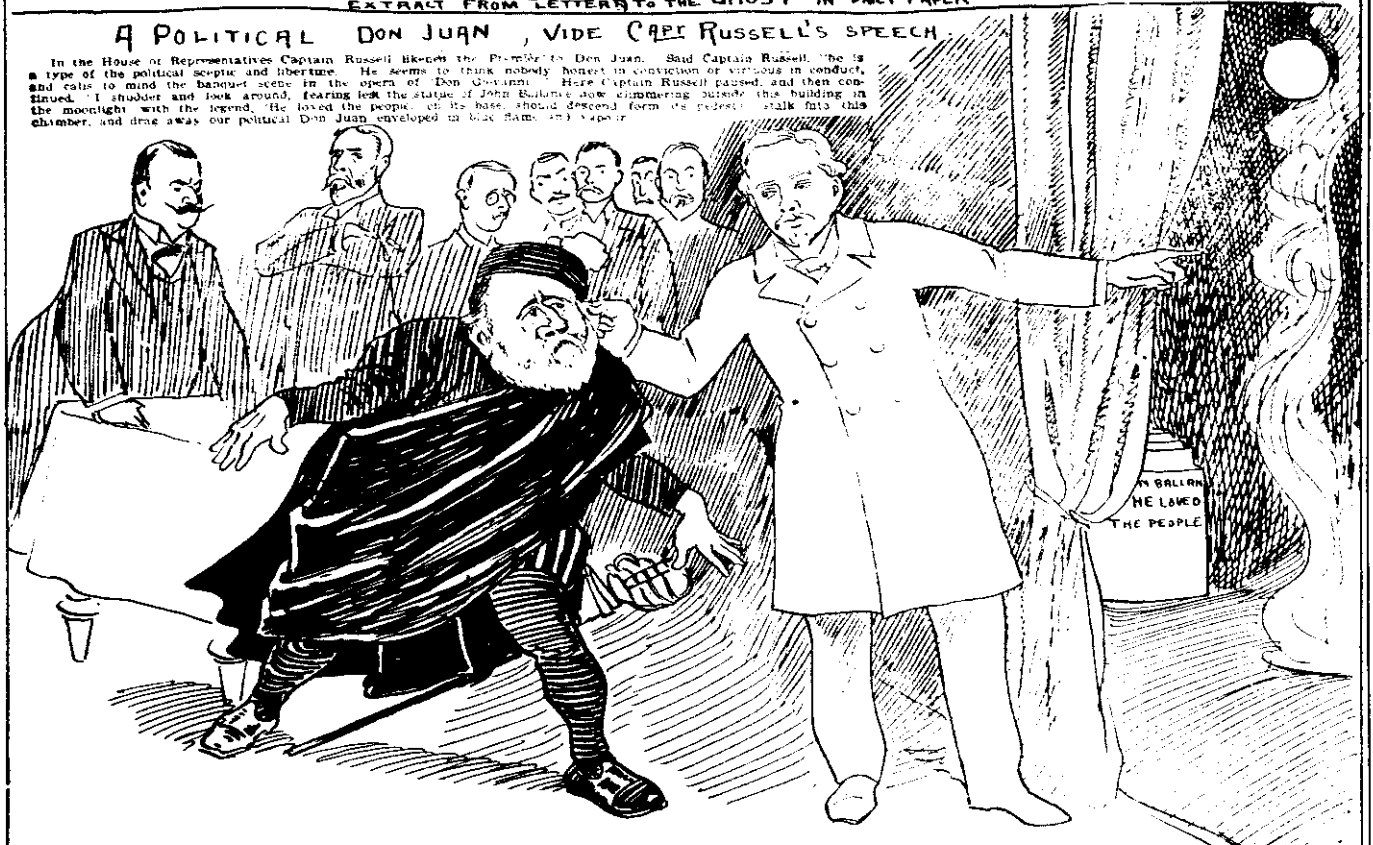
A BEAUTY FROM CEYLON.





### A POLITICAL DON JUAN, VIDE CAPT RUSSELL'S SPEECH.

In the House of Representatives Captain Russell likened the Premier to Don Juan. Said Captain Russell, "He is a type of the political scoundrel and libertine. He seems to think nobody honest in conviction or virtuous in conduct, and calls to mind the banquet scene in the opera of Don Giovanni. Here Captain Russell paused, and then continued, "I shudder and look around, fearing lest the statue of John Ballance now commemorating justice this building in the moonlight with the legend, 'He loved the people of his base, should descend from its pedestal, walk into this chamber, and drag away our political Don Juan enveloped in black satin and vapour."



AGAIN "THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD" THE WARRIOR (?) FIRES, THE PRESSMAN CATCHES THE BALL IN HIS TEETH





GORGE NEAR CROWN MINE, KARANGAHAKE.



S. Milnes, photo.

BUSH SCENE, NEAR CABBAGE BAY, COROMANDEL.

COPY NEG-C-21,095

# STEWART DAWSON & CO.

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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. E9504.—Oct. Gold Lucky Wishbone Pin Charm, 6s. 6d.

F3705—Elegant New Bird Brooch with Lucky New Zealand Greenstone Bell, 13s. 6d.

F4299—Handsome 15-carat Gold Bird and Shamrock Brooch. £1 1s.

F3553—Handsome Commonwealth Brooch. 9ct. Gold, 14s. 6d.

No. 105.—Set Links, 1st. Gold, £1 10s.; 1st. Gold, £2; Silver, 5s. 6d.

No. 167.—1 Diamond, 2 Rubies, 1st. Gold, £2

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

No. E8247.—Oct. Gold Clashed Heart Pin Charm, 6s. 6d.

E8629—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 3-plate Lever, all 1st. case (including dome), fine jewelled movement, thoroughly reliable, £10 10s.

No. 30.—Oct. Gold and Red New Zealand Greenstone Brooch, 15s. 6d., and at 11s. 6d., 10s. 6d. and upwards.

Ladies' Silver Mounted Purses in all the Fashionable Leathers, 12/6, 14/6, 16/6, 21/6 to 45/6.

No. E7070.—Solid Silver 4 Bell Baby's Rattle, with Ring and Rubber Sootley, 10s. 6d.

B8808—Jam Dish Keco, Silv. Mounted, 25s.

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No. 309.—Set Links, 1st. Gold, £1 10s.; 1st. Gold, £2 10s.; Silver, 7s. 6d.

18% Gold Heart, 11s. 6d.; Oct. ditto, 7s. 6d.

18s.—Elegant Caravel Kesper 18ct. Gold, £2; others at £1 1s., £1 10s., 25/-, 27/6, 30/-.

No. 178.—Wedding Ring, 18ct. Gold, £1 1s.; Heavier Rings, 8 Rubies, 1st. Gold, £3 10s.

No. 161.—2 Diamonds, 8 Rubies, 1st. Gold, £3 10s.

S. D. and Co.'s "Eolique" Watches have finest quality 3-plate full cappel dust-proof movements, jewelled in 8 holes. The best watches at the price ever sold. In hunting cases, £2; crystal front, £1 10s.

R. D. & Co.'s Gent's Gold Keyless Hunting Lever Watch has fine quality 3-plate lever movement, jewelled in 8 holes, chronometer expansion balance, perfect keyless winding, strong 18ct. gold cases, £15 10s.; open face, £14 10s. In Silver Hunting Cases, £1 10s.

F2018—Butter Dish, Electro-Silver, 10s. 6d.

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.

HERE AND THERE.

A lady made her way into one of the Auckland banks last week, and laid down four half-pennies on the teller's counter. "I understand," she said, "that you are purchasing these." The teller looked a trifle puzzled, but he had been told for some years, and knew how to control his features. He didn't, for the life of him, know what she meant, but he ventured the reply, "We don't sell stamps here, madam. Try the chemist." "I did not ask for stamps," she rejoined, a trifle nervously. "I wish to know if you would purchase these coins. I understand you are giving £3 19/2 for each. They are of the right date, I believe." The teller's face cleared. He grasped the situation, and at once began smilingly to minister to a mind diseased. But his client had all her wits about her, and resented the reflection on her sanity, which his gentle voice and soft manner revealed. She dived into the depths of her reticule, and pulled out a newspaper cutting, saying with some frigidity, "I understood from this that you were buying these coins." The teller looked at it and read, "Among the curiosities of collecting is the fact that 1900 Victorian halfpennies will now bring £3 19/2 at any bank." As he elegantly expressed himself to some friends afterwards, "He did not tumble to the joke at first," and took the cutting to the accountant. The manager was called into the consultation, and between the three light broke on the mystery. There was a roar of laughter in the back which reached the lady's ears, and made her feel uncomfortable. Then the teller appeared and explained that 1900 halfpennies, that is, one thousand nine hundred, would fetch £3 19/2 anywhere, but that that fact did not affect the coin value of four halfpennies. The lady left hastily, mad in quite another though not less dangerous sense than the teller had thought her.

The Hon. Mr Feldwick's proposal to destroy or fumigate the clothes of returned troopers on their arrival here, in order to guard against the introduction of disease, was bound to meet with a rebuff. It may be true as he said, that measles have been brought into the colony by our boys coming back from the war, but what is the danger compared to a remedy which would be destructive of half the romance surrounding the battle-stained warrior. To deprive the latter of his uniform on his arrival, or even to submit it to the indignity of fumigation on or off his person, would be to make a common man of a hero. The Government might as well have fresh tweed suits for the men to change into before they landed. The sentiment that sent them forth with glory demands that they should return showing as much as possible traces of the rigorous campaign, and measles or no measles, mothers and sweethearts would not think half so much of the boy who did not arrive just as if he had stepped off the battlefield itself.

The decision of the Auckland Tramway Company to stop the cars at certain fixed places only, instead of whenever signalled by those travelling, has no doubt been arrived at with the object of accustoming the public to the newer system before the arrival of the electric cars. If meant as a humane reform in the interest of the horses, the arrangement comes rather late in the day. Why it was not adopted years ago, is a puzzle to humanitarians, who have in vain bemoaned generations of poor geesees driven to an untimely grave by the cruel thoughtlessness of the individual who insists on being set down exactly at his own front door. Though the car has already stopped within twenty yards of it, or the indignant lady who vilifies the driver, conductor, and company generally for not drawing up on an incline of one in five.

In the new Presbyterian Church in Wellington, of which the Premier recently laid the foundation stone, a full brass band will take the place of the organ. This innovation has been de-

clined on with the avowed object of making the services more attractive to young people. Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis. I remember the time when an organ was just tolerated in the more advanced Scotch churches, while in country churches it was regarded as a temptation of the devil. But even the most advanced clergyman of that day never contemplated a brass band. Whither will this effort to be attractive, this deference to the light tastes of the young lead the churches? I wonder whether it is the actual music of the brass instruments or the secular, not to say frivolous, associations belonging to a brass band that is to be relied on to allure the young. If the latter, then a radical departure from the present style of church music may be necessary in addition to the change of instrument in order to keep the youth-ful.

A cable message from London this week announced that Tom Mann, the Labour leader, had been fined £10 for selling diluted beer in his hotel. Nothing that Tom could have done would have discredited him more swiftly in the eyes of his followers than tampering with their drink. No doubt he had poured out on them rivers of Socialistic nonsense, or diluted Nihilism, without their intellectual taste suffering or their intellectual stomach being offended; but, alas! they are connoisseurs in the matter of beer, and are not to be deceived so easily.

The Inglewood schoolboys whose daring conspiracy to deliver themselves from the slavery of home lessons came to nought through a craven fear to support their leader Harris at the critical moment, are thinking of forming a union and bringing their case before the Conciliation Board.

The late Major Fox's advice to his people that they should not go to England to the Coronation "lest they be made as dogs" would seem to indicate pretty plainly that the old chief—loyal though he was in outward expression, and in heart too, I believe—had his grievances. Probably the Rotorua Royal kowtow was not much to the taste of a warrior who could remember the time when the favour of the Maori was sought after in the land by the now all-powerful pakeha. But the present generation of natives have no feelings of that kind, and would suffer no sense of indignity in going to England to grace His Majesty's Coronation Day next June. To be frank, it is quite as much a love of excitement as excess of loyalty that prompts the native proposal to send a native contingent to the great function. Similarly, although it may seem a little ungracious to question the sincerity of Hon. Toia's "deep regret" for the Iokiangia trouble, which he has expressed to the Premier, one cannot help thinking that his desire to atone for his conduct by going "to fight for the King in any part of the world" may be due to ennui of the wet winter in the North and the stirring of the ancestral passion for a fight.

It is only in accordance with the legislative tendencies of the colony to regulate everything that the Statutes Revision Committee should have recommended, a legal limit being put to the amount recoverable in a breach of promise suit. A broken heart or damaged affections should have some fixed maximum value attached to them, whereas, as the law now stands, the amount claimed, and often given by a sympathetic jury, is generally in proportion to the ability of the defendant to pay. There is no business principle in this—and breach of promise cases are as a rule business affairs—and the proposed amendment of the law is desirable. If it is adopted wealthy males will be considerably less at the mercy of designing females who make a breach of promise action the profitable alternative to a rich marriage. The utmost amount recoverable even from a millionaire will be £350.

MOST LIKELY.

"She says her new dressmaker didn't give her a fit."  
"No, but the bill gave her husband one."

Personal Paragraphs.

Mr F. Richmond, of Blenheim, is spending a few days in Nelson.

Dr. Waitt has returned to Oamaru after his trip to Christchurch.

Mr D. B. Cruickshank, of Wellington, was in Auckland last week.

Mr Maurice Passmore, of Auckland, is in Wellington on business.

Miss Mills (Dunedin) is on a visit to Mrs C. C. Kettle.

Mr G. H. Swan, who has been a resident of Napier for forty years, and

Miss Booth (Masterton) is staying with friends in Wellington.

Miss Milly Taylor, of Mt. Albert, has gone on a visit to Napier.

Mr and Mrs Moss Davis are at present in Wellington.

Dr. Whitelaw left Auckland by the Takapuna for Scotland, via the South.

Mrs and Miss Fell, of Nelson, have gone to Wellington to see the opera.

The Hon. Mr and Mrs Rolleston, of Christchurch, are staying in Wellington.

Mr and Mrs Peacock, of Ponsonby, Auckland, have gone to the Islands for a trip.

Miss Dixon, of Mt. Albert, is at present on a visit to Te Awamutu.

Mrs (Dr.) Skerman (Rangitikei) is staying in Wellington with Mrs Anson, The Terrace.

Miss May Whitelaw, of Ponsonby, Auckland, is on a visit to Whangamata.

Mrs Nimmo and Miss Nimmo (Napier) arrived in Auckland by the Mararoa from the South.

The Rev. J. C. and Mrs Andrew, of Wairarapa, are on a short visit to Nelson.

Mrs Jerram, of Napier, has been staying with her sister, Mrs Devore, of Ponsonby, Auckland.

Miss Kemphorne and Miss Maginity, of Nelson, have gone to Wellington to see the opera.

Mrs and Miss Denniston (Peel Forest) are staying with Mrs Wigram, Park Terrace, Christchurch.

Mrs W. A. Moore (Dunedin) is on a visit to her mother, Mrs J. J. Kinsey, Mervale, with her little daughter.

Mr Harold Stow, Blenheim, has gone for a trip to Sydney, to complete his convalescence from typhoid fever.

Mr and Mrs Phil Myers have arrived in Wellington after their trip to England.

Mr, Mrs and Miss Buchanan (Little River) were in Christchurch during Grand National week.

Dr. Syme, formerly of Stawell, and now of Melbourne, was in Auckland last week. He returned to Australia by the Mararoa.

Mrs Douslin, of Blenheim (nee Miss Winnie Errington), is at present on a visit to Auckland, where she is a great favourite.

Mr J. Chadwick, of Hastings, has been appointed choirmaster of St. Matthew's Church in that township, Mr H. H. Hunt having resigned.

Mr and Mrs Zelle have been welcomed home by their many Dunedin friends, after their tour of England. They returned by the Wbakatane.

Mr and Mrs John Anderson (Christchurch) paid a visit to Wellington recently to see their son off to England by the Rimutaka.

Mr W. F. Crawford, Poverty Bay, is expected to return to the colony by the White Star liner Medie, which left Liverpool on July 20th, and is due in Melbourne on September 3rd.

Mr and Mrs Northcote (Highfield) and Mr and Mrs T. H. Lance (Horsley Downs) were the guests of Mr and Mrs Wilson, Cashmere, Christchurch, recently.

Miss Beauchamp, of "Anikiwa," Queen Charlotte's Sound, and Miss Plaisted, of Christchurch, have been making a short visit to Mrs. Bull, in Blenheim.

Mr W. Brown and Mr W. H. Gundry, of Dunedin, have returned South after interviewing the Colonial Treasurer with regard to the Audit Bill on behalf of the Incorporated Institute of accountants.

Mr Mostyn Webb-Bowen, of the Eastern Extension Cable Co., who has been out East for several years, has been transferred to the Nelson cable station.

Mr and Mrs Pasley and the Misses Pasley, late of Gisborne, have decided to live in Nelson, and arrived there last week, where they are now busy house-hunting.

Mr Leslie Reynolds, engineer to the Nelson Harbour Board, left Nelson last Tuesday after a visit of some weeks devoted to the preparation of his working plans for the improvement of the Nelson Harbour.

Mrs Powdrell (nee Miss Barnes, of Onehunga) has been on a visit to her people, but owing to an accident to her husband has returned rather suddenly to her home in Wellington.

Miss Harrison, on severing her connection with the Tahora (Hindon) school were presented with a purse of sovereigns as a token of esteem from her friends in the district and her late scholars.

Guy G. Mereweather, who was at one time well known in Ashburton and Christchurch, has been drowned in the Zambesi River while trying to rescue one of his comrades from a similar fate.

Mr McLaren, one of the staff of the Napier Post Office, who has been recently transferred to Wellington, was presented before his departure by the other members of the staff with a memento in the shape of a silver cigar.

Mrs F. Barnett, of Fiji, with her sister, Miss Tilly Raddock, are spending a few weeks in Auckland, staying at "Bella Vista."

The other evening Mr Knowles, jun., of Napier, who since the end of 1894 has eight times rescued people from death by drowning, was publicly presented by the Mayor with the silver medal and certificate of the Humane Society of New Zealand.

Mr and Mrs Myers passed through Auckland to Wellington last week. They have been spending their honeymoon travelling after being married at Home.

Mr J. E. Coney, who has occupied the position of Chief Postmaster at the Thames for more than a quarter of a century, and has been in the service forty-three years, will shortly retire on a pension.

Colonel Fraser, the Government Sergeant-at-Arms, has shown a slight improvement in health since his arrival at the Thames, but he is still in a low condition. Dr. Bond is in attendance, and we hope that under this medico's care Colonel Fraser will rapidly improve in health.

was fifteen times Mayor, intends leaving soon to live at Hawera. Great regret will be felt at his departure, and his place will be difficult to fill. He always took great interest in the welfare of Napier, and it is mainly owing to his energy and perseverance that the town has its splendid Marine Parade. Both Mr and Mrs Swan have many friends by whom they will be greatly missed.

Residents of the North Shore (Auckland) will have pleasant memories of Captain Mackenzie, R.N., who was in charge of the local forces for some time. The genial captain had a very pleasant trip across the Pacific, and very much enjoyed the scenery of the Canadian Pacific railway—Vancouver to Toronto. After Toronto Captain Mackenzie visited Niagara, Buffalo, and New York, sailing thence to England.

Amongst new arrivals to Wanganui is Mr O. N. Firth, who for the last eight years has been a resident of Napier, and more latterly connected with the Government Insurance Department, and who has accepted an appointment with Mr A. D. Willis, M.H.R., publisher, Wanganui. Mr Firth was a lieutenant in the Honourable Rifles, Napier, which position he has now resigned. His Napier friends gave him a very hearty send-off.

A pleasing presentation was made at Cambridge last week, at a social

Clarke's World-Famed Blood Mixture.—The most searching Blood Cleanser that science and medical skill have brought to light. Sufferers from Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Siles and Bad Diseases, Imples and Sores of any kind are solicited to give it a trial to test its value. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. Bottles 3s 6d each, sold everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

at the Presbyterian Church, the recipient being Mr. F. J. Brooks. The Rev. Mr. Erwin was in the chair, and made the presentation, which consisted of a number of handsomely-bound volumes, with the following inscription: "Presented to Mr. F. J. Brooks, by the members and adherents of Trinity Presbyterian Church, as a token of esteem, and a mark of appreciation of his services as treasurer during a period of 25 years." In making the presentation Mr. Erwin said the congregation were only doing themselves credit in giving to Mr. Brooks some little remembrance as a token of the esteem in which he was held for his work's sake. Mr. Brooks, in replying, said he was completely overcome by the kindness shown, and all he could do was to thank them very sincerely. He would prize their gift as long as he lived. A musical programme was submitted.

Mr and Mrs Edmund Bell left Auckland by the Mararoa for Canada, via Sydney, where they intend to settle. On the previous Saturday evening, Mr Edmund Bell was entertained at the Strand Cafe by his many friends, prior to leaving for Canada. The chairman (Mr R. Cameron) said during Mr Bell's 20 years' residence in Auckland he had taken an active part in public matters, and the colony could ill afford to lose him. Messrs D. B. McDonald, Graves Aickin, F. G. Ewington and Peter H. Oliphant, Thos. Buddle, E. W. Burton and Green spoke eulogistically of Mr Bell. Mr Bell, responding, said he did not feel that he was leaving his friends in Auckland, as he would still be a citizen of the Empire. He wished New Zealand every prosperity, and, when in Canada, would always think kindly of Auckland.

**The News From Abroad.**

"It is about ten years ago," says Mrs Gray, "that I became acquainted with Seigel's Syrup—a time when I greatly needed something having healing virtue in it.

"A cousin of mine in the Old Country (near London) had for years been a perfect martyr to indigestion. His trouble was principally a violent colic, from torpid stomach and liver.

"After years of almost hopeless suffering he finally discovered in Seigel's Syrup a perfect remedy. I presume he first came to know of it through reading some kind of advertisements. It does not matter.

"As I always keep up a regular correspondence with my relatives they were aware of the dreadful condition I was in with indigestion.

"Naturally they lost no time in letting me know of my cousin's marvellous recovery—after he had vainly expended a deal of money in feeing doctors and so forth.

"They said Mother Seigel's Syrup alone had restored his health, and strongly urged me to try it.

"You may hardly believe it, but I was so opposed to all advertised medicines that I used them with great reluctance and entire want of confidence. Nevertheless I had already tried such of them as I, or my friends, could think of, without any tangible or permanent benefit.

"I suffered from violent pains across my stomach and under the shoulder blades, a bitter and disgusting taste in the mouth, want of sleep, languor and weariness, and all the evils and ailments, bodily and mental, which seem part and parcel of that common and abominable malady.

"Finally, under the strong importunity of a friend, I was induced to try a dose of Seigel's Syrup. I wish to state emphatically that even so small a quantity gave me immediate relief, and after I had used it for a time, regularly and according to the directions, I was gradually and surely restored to my usual good health. I now believe in this famous remedy for the best of reasons—my experience of its merits. I never cease praising it to my friends, and always keep it in the house against the time when it may be needed.

"I feel grateful for what Mother Seigel has done for me; and if you desire to publish my statement for the good of others you may have my free permission so to do."—Jane M. M. Gray, Ave Maria Cottage, Auburn, Sydney, N.W.S. October 4, 1899.

MISS P. KELLY, Artistic Worker in Natural Flowers, Florist in His Majesty the Governor's Bridal Bouquets a Specialty. Sprays, Buttonholes, Wreaths, Crosses, and all the Latest Novelties. Country Orders promptly attended to. Show window in Canning's Queen-st., opposite Bank N.Z. Telephone 334.

**ORANGE BLOSSOMS**

RAE-REID.

The marriage of Miss Jane Reid, elder daughter of the late Mr Andrew Reid, of Geraldine, to Mr James Rae, younger son of Mr Robert Rae, of Geraldine, was celebrated last week in that pretty township. The ceremony (which took place at the residence of the bride's mother, was very quiet, but was prettily effective. The Rev. A. Bruce Todd officiated, and the bride was given away by Mr John Mundell, a very old friend of the family. The bride, who was attended by two sisters as bridesmaids, was stylishly dressed in a handsome grey costume, trimmed with rich ivory satin and lace. She wore a bridal wreath and veil, and looked exceedingly well. Her beautiful bouquet was the present of Miss Knowles, of Geraldine. The two bridesmaids were becomingly gowned in blue costumes, relieved with white silk. The best man was Mr Robert Rae. After the wedding a sumptuous breakfast was served, and shortly after the bridal pair left for St. Andrew's, where they will reside. The bride wore as a going-away dress a smart navy blue jacket and skirt, with cream vest and black hat, becomingly trimmed. Amongst the many wedding presents were:—

Mrs Reid (mother of bride), and family, cheque; Mrs Rae (mother of bridegroom), house linen; Mrs R. Rae, jun., cheque; Mr and Mrs W. Rae, cheese dish and salad bowl; Mr and Mrs T. P. Wooding, cheque; Mr and Mrs Robert Irvine, silver teapot; Miss Rae, tray and set jugs; George and Edith Wooding, glass fruit dish; Percy Rae, candle stick; Mr S. Rae, cheque; Mr John Irvine, ruby glass and silver honey dish; Mr and Mrs Mundell, bedroom towels, cake plates, and glass jug; Sara and Tilly Mundell, glass and silver butter dish; W. Mundell, half-dozen table spoons; Mrs Cockran, two feather pillows; Mr B. Cockran, silver-mounted pickle jar; Mr Burridge and family, brass mounted fender and fire irons; Mrs Wallace, oak tray; Mr T. E. Wallace, silver cake tray; Mr J. Finn, cheque; Mr and Mrs D. Taylor, cheque; Florence Taylor, pair of vases and pictures; James and Gwen Taylor, bedroom set; Miss McLean, cheese dish; Mrs McLean, three glass dishes; Mr Alex. McLean, half-dozen knives; Miss Carrie Hewson and Mr William Hewson, jun., cheque; Miss McDonald, silver jam spoon and butter knife in case; Mr and Mrs Knowles, set of irons and set scales; Miss Lottie Knowles, silver-mounted pickle jar; George Knowles, jun., silver salts; Mr and Mrs McKay, knives and spoons; Mr and Mrs Smith, pair vases; Mr G. T. Marshall, silver clock; Mr and Mrs McCully, oak biscuit barrel; Mr John Rodman, ruby glass and silver sugar basin; Mr James Gresham, glass fruit dish; Mrs K. McKenzie, preserving pan; Mr and Mrs A. Irvine, set irons; Morrison Bros., coal scuttle; Mr J. S. Hay, cream jug, sugar basin, and fruit dishes; Mr and Mrs Turner, framed picture; Miss Quade, fire screen; Mrs McCullough, set jugs; Mr and Mrs Grant, oak biscuit barrel; Rev. Mr and Mrs Todd, silver thimble; Mr W. S. Waite, elderdown quilt; Miss Jones, mantel border; Miss F. Rae, silver jam spoon and butter knife.

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

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

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**Brilliant Wanganui Function.**

**HOSPITAL FANCY DRESS AND POSTER BALL.**

A brilliant and most successful function was the fancy dress and poster ball held in Wanganui last week in aid of the Victoria Memorial Ward of the Wanganui Hospital. No doubt the excellence of the object for which the dance was given aided the result, but as a social function the dance was a quite exceptional triumph. The dresses were brilliant in the extreme, the posters were original, and the management was very capable. The Opera House proved an ideal place for a mammoth dance of this description, and there was not a moment's hitch in the proceedings from first to last.

Wanganui has certainly never seen so bright and gaily dressed a crowd, and it is to be doubted if it could have been excelled in any of the larger cities of the colony. Here are some of the dresses:—

Mrs Hatrick, Marie Stuart; Mrs Vane, Hospital Nurse; Hon. Mrs Rowley, The Latest Out; Miss Honor, Duchess of Devonshire; Mrs Goodson, Powder and Patches; Miss C. Brewer, Powder and Patches; Miss J. Place, Nestle's Milkmaid; Mrs Hope-Gibbons, Old Mother Hubbard; Miss Barnicoat, Shepherdess; Mrs Barnicoat, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People; Mrs J. H. Nixon, Night and Morning; Miss Maude Brewer, Fair Japan; Miss Beadnall, poster, Denton's Photographic Studio; Miss Florence Jackson, poster, Rambler Bicycles; Miss Hearn, Queen of Hearts; Miss Kennedy, Patience; Mrs Swan, Powder and Patches; Miss McNeill, Powder and Patches; Mrs Prouse, Lady Journalist; Mrs E. A. Wakeman, Greek Costume; Miss Austin, A Daughter of the Navy; Miss Hirst, Mrs Hardcastle; Miss Ethel Light, Nancy Lee; Miss Pitt, Nurse Wanganui Hospital, on duty; Miss Valentine, Canada; Mrs R. W. Comyns, Lady Last Century; Mrs Reid, Night; Mrs Garrett, Nurse Wanganui Hospital, on duty; Miss Beasley, Nurse Wanganui Hospital, on duty; Mrs T. Boswall Williams, Spanish Lady; Miss Hair, in the Olden Days; Miss Cutfield, Merveilleuse; Miss Tilley, Mrs Balchristian, from "Heart of Midlothian"; Mrs W. Rodwell, Powder and Patches; Miss Allan, Hospital Matron; Miss B. Williams, Spanish Gataña; Miss McNaught, Africa; Mrs Hall, Red Cross Nurse; Mrs W. R. Borlase, poster, Willis' New Zealand Playing Cards; Miss Todd, Grecian Lady; Miss L. Delves, poster, Williams' Brothers' Tea; Miss A. Delves, poster, A.T.C. Navy Cut Tobacco; Miss Borlase, poster, Empire Blue; Miss F. Borlase, poster, Gatenby's Blue Flag Liver Cure; Mrs Robert Higgie, Makie Papanura; Miss Christie, Army Nurse; Miss Nora Delves, poster, Music-Messrs Collier and Co.; Mrs Brookfield, Powder and Patches; Miss Treanor, poster, Daffodil, representing Sinclair's Famous Daffodils; Mrs Fitzmaurice, poster, Sunshine for the hair; Mrs H. Baker, Maritans; Miss J. Urquhart, Tambourine Girl; Miss Hope, Luggage; Miss Hulme, Greek Girl; Mrs. Phillips, Winter; Miss Higgie, Powder and Patches; Mrs. Cyril Ginders, poster, London Dental; Mrs. A. C. Lennard, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree; Mrs. Jones, Night; Miss C. Clapham, Dolly Varden; Miss Clapham, Spanish Dancer; Miss F. Blair, poster, Hean's Tooth Powder; Mrs. E. J. Chapman, poster, Johnston & Co.'s Saratara Tea; Miss Ross, poster, representing Great Northern Land Agency, Co-It and Cook's Agency; Miss Marshall, Gipsy; Mrs. J. Cutfield, Lady of the Eighteenth Century; Miss Ping Wilford, Mistress Nancy Moleaworth; Mrs. E. Reid, Night; Miss Remington, poster, America, representing Dresden Piano Company; Miss Crawley, Italian Peasant; Miss Suisted, poster, Rudge Whitworth Cycle Company; Miss F. Gunn, Jeannie Deans, from "Heart of Midlothian"; Miss Pawson, poster, Portia, representing the D.C.L.; Miss Caulton (Hastings), Stars and Swipes; Miss Croucher, Nurse, Wanganui Hospital (on duty); Miss N. Gerrie, School Girl; Miss Lockett, Powder and Patches; Miss Walker, poster, A. Hatrick & Co.'s River Steamers; Miss Isa Walker, Lady Sixteenth Century; Mr. Wilson, Gentleman of Last Century; Mr. Hatrick, Nineteenth Century Gentleman; Mr. A. Watt, Barrister; Mr. J. H. Clay,

Windsor Uniform; Mr. H. Nicholson, Windsor Uniform; Mr. McKeearney, Man-o-war's-man; Mr. Hope-Gibbons, poster, Jack Tar, representing Willis' Capstan Tobacco; Mr. Simpson, Old English Gentleman; Mr. Swan, Miss Van Winkle; Mr. Edwin Hastie, Twentieth Century; Mr. J. McNeill, Windsor Court Uniform; Mr. Prouse, 11th Hussars; Mr. Selby Morton, Huntsman; Mr. R. J. Moore, Forester; Mr. E. A. Wakeman, Gordon Highlanders; Mr. Lewis, Windsor Uniform; Mr. W. Richings, "Herald"; Dr. Connolly, On Hospital Duty; Mr. T. Boswall Williams, City Man; Mr. A. Cutfield, Cook; Mr. H. Tilley, poster, A Bottle of Gibbons and Hoie's Beer; Mr. W. Rodwell, Windsor Uniform; Dr. Anderson, House Surgeon; Mr. T. L. Williams, Gondolier; Mr. E. Miller, poster, Zealandia Shirts and Collars; Mr. A. Delves, British Admiral; Mr. Hall, poster, White's Furniture Warehouse; Mr. W. R. Borlase, as Borlase and Barnicoat, Solicitors; Mr. J. Hastie, French Gentleman of the 17th Century; Mr. T. Vance, Captain Fire Brigade; Hon. R. T. Rowley, A.D.C.; Mr. J. Barker, Romeo; Mr. H. W. Bishop, poster, Quaker Oats; Mr. W. G. Wood, Convict; Mr. J. J. W. Harle, Windsor Uniform; Mr. F. Harkness, Summer; Mr. Kennedy, Gentleman 19th Century; Mr. C. H. Mountfort, Highlander; Mr. Arthur Geddes, poster, Monkey Brand; Mr. V. Dimock (Wellington), Tourist; Mr. Faber, Waiter; Mr. W. Pawson, Adolphus Birkett; Dr. R. Barnard, Rouge et Noir; Mr. B. D. Campbell, Yankee; Mr. L. T. Brinkley, poster, K Jam; Mr. T. H. Battle, Horatio; Mr. Imlay Saunders, Lord Nelson; Mr. Guy Abbot, Russian Midshipman; Mr. J. Enderby, Richard III.; Mr. E. G. Brodie, poster, Old Mull Whisky; Mr. R. Stevenson, Cricketer; Mr. M. Dennehy, Italian Brigand; Mr. L. Peake, British Admiral; Mr. A. R. Williams, Lancer; Mr. Hope B. Gibbons, poster, Old Father Time, representing Thomson, watchmaker and jeweller; Mr. A. W. Mountfort, New Zealand M.A.; Mr. B. Gordon, Steward; Mr. A. S. C. Anderson, Portinbras; Mr. J. Tynona, poster, Sarah Gamp, representing The Economic; Mr. Urquhart, Admiral; Mr. E. W. Andrews, Rosserucian; Mr. J. A. Webberley, Gentleman of 19th Century; Mr. G. Braithwaite (Upper Waitotara), Mephistopheles; Mr. W. McCaul, Highlander; Mr. S. L. Wright, Lord Duncannon; Mr. C. Dymock, Courier; Mr. James W. Muir, Planter; Mr. John Krull, Gentleman of 19th Century; Mr. Speed, Waiter; Mr. Fred House, Knight of the Garter; Mr. Earle, Anything; Mr. J. Sullivan, Gentleman of Last Century. Other characters, whose names were not recorded on the tickets, included An Australian Bookmaker and French Gentleman of the Legion of Honour.

Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. announce that they will publish in their well known Colonial Library to arrive in Australia during September or October, a novel of Australian mining and exploration experiences, entitled, "At the Warrigal's Well." This powerful story, which has some startling denouements, appeared originally in the Melbourne "Argus." It is the joint work of Mr. Donald Macdonald and the late Mr. J. F. Edgar. The remarkable success of Mr. Donald Macdonald as a war correspondent and lecturer, together with the exceedingly high praise accorded to his "How We Kept the Flag Flying," the sale of which is keeping up very steadily, is certain to cause considerable enquiry for "At the Warrigal's Well."

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Learn Hypnotism, Personal Magnetism and Magnetic Healing. It brings you success in life, health, and happiness. It is the key to all business and social success. You can perform wonderful feats, cure diseases and bad habits, or produce fun by the hour. If you desire this precious knowledge send two stamps for Free Book and full particulars.

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

**Correction.**

We regret that in our issue of the 17th a mistake occurred in giving the photographs of the ladies presented at the Royal reception in Government House, Wellington. The name of Miss Kettle, of Greymouth, appeared below the portrait of Miss Kettle, of Napier, and vice versa. The fact that the surnames of the two ladies are the same sufficiently accounts for the error.



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**Baby's Bath**  
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**CUTICURA**  
SOAP.

It prevents chafing, redness, and roughness of the skin, soothes inflammation, allays itching and irritation, and when followed by gentle applications of CUTICURA Ointment, the great skin cure, speedily cures all forms of skin and scaly humours and restores the hair.

**Society Gossip**

**AUCKLAND.**

Dear Bee, August 27.  
**DRAWING-ROOM EUCHRE.**  
Mr and Mrs Ziman's "Euchre At Home" on Saturday evening was simply delightful. "The Grange" is a charming place for entertainment, for the rooms are large, and the conservatory, which was lighted up with Chinese lanterns and tiny coloured lights for the occasion, looked like fairy-land. The guests occupied about 16 tables, and play was kept up merrily until about 10.30, when Mr Ziman announced that it was the last game, and the usual "playing off" was gone through. Mrs Hugh Wilson was the winner of the first prize (a very handsome one), the second being won by Mrs Crawshaw. The gentlemen's were won by Mr Donald and Mr Ralph. The supper-table, decorated with white flowers, pale green satin and fairy lamps, was laden with refreshments and confectionery of every description. Mr and Mrs Ziman received at the drawing-room door, the latter wearing a trained black silk, the bodice encrusted with black lace and adorned with a spray of white and yellow flowers; Miss Bessie Ziman wore a dainty white silk frock; Mrs C. J. Parr was gowned in a lovely white satin trimmed with Limerick lace; Mrs Hugh Wilson, white silk gown profusely tucked and inserted with lace; Mrs J. R. Hanna was in black merveilleux, the velvet bodice ornamented with jet; Miss Mabel Hanna, ivory tucked silk en traine, with silver galeon on corsage; Miss Effie Hanna wore a black satin skirt, black net bodice spangled with gold sequins, pink rose in coiffure; Miss Myers, charming white tucked silk, with touches of black velvet; her sister also wore white; Mrs Crawshaw wore black silk and lace; Mrs (Dr.) Bedford, black merveilleux skirt, and black tucked chiffon bodice; Mrs Hugh Owen, handsome black silk, with transparent lace sleeves, chou of pink chiffon on corsage and in coiffure; Mrs Keesing looked sweet in white silk and lace, blue forget-me-nots in her hair; Mrs I. Alexander wore an elegant black satin encrusted with jet; Mrs Tibbs, black silk trim-

med with black and white lace; Miss Violet Tibbs, white muslin trimmed with rose pink; Miss Frances George looked pretty in white; Mrs Baker, black and crimson; Mrs W. J. Ralph, wore black silk and lace, crimson rose in coiffure; Mrs P. A. Edmiston, very pretty French grey gown with berthe of white chiffon edged with black; Mrs (Dr.) King wore a handsome black merveilleux with jet corsage; Miss Edmiston, blue silk blouse inserted with white silk and lace, black satin skirt, blue chiffon chou in her hair; Mrs Henry Wilson, elegant black satin en traine; Miss Dolly Moir looked winsome in a shell-pink silk blouse, softened with chiffon, and a black skirt; Miss Cooper looked exceedingly well in a black satin striped voile, with soft gauzy sleeves, and pink rosette in her hair; Miss Donald wore a very pretty blue silk blouse softened with lace, and a black satin skirt; Mrs W. Douglas was gowned in black satin; Miss Winnie Leys was charming in white lace over shell-pink, large bow and pendent ends of pale blue chiffon on side of corsage; Miss Hudson looked bewitching in pink silk, with a crimson rose in her hair and on corsage; Mrs C. Smith, ivory brocade satin blouse and black satin skirt; Miss Kennedy, vieux rose silk blouse, black lace skirt; Miss Brabant looked pretty in white silk brightened with bands of ruby velvet. Amongst the gentlemen were: Messrs. Henry Wilson, C. J. Parr, Cecil Leys, P. A. Edmiston, J. R. Hanna, A. Myers, Donald (2), Tibbs (2), B. Baker, W. Douglas, Keesing, Brabant, Dr. Bedford, H. Foster, Dr. Hugh Owen, H. M. Wilson, Dr. Goldie, A. Goldie, G. Ralph, Alexander, C. Smith, Dr. Hood, H. Vaile, N. George, etc.

The North Shore Sailing Club held their annual social on Friday in the Foresters' Hall, Devonport. The hall was tastefully decorated with flags, pictures of well known yachts, and yachting scenes. There was a good attendance of members and friends, and Mr E. W. Alison presided. The chairman congratulated the club upon its sound position, and said that he hoped every encouragement would be given not only to this club but to yachting generally. During the interval the chairman presented the following trophies won during the past season:—First class, silver afternoon tea set, presented by Mr A. Alison, commodore, won by Capt. Gibbs' Spray; second class, gold watch, presented by the Devonport Ferry Company, won by Mr Murphy's Peri; third class, Gladstone bag, presented by Capt. Parker, vice-commodore, won by Mr S. Mays' Paua; fourth class, set fish knives and forks, presented by Mr P. Delancy, won by Mr R. Wilson's Rambler; fifth class, dinner gong, presented by Messrs Stevenson and Frater, won by Mr J. Reed's Mona; 24th class, aneroid, presented by Mr A. Grattan, won by Mr E. Message's Eulalie; general handicaps, 1st prize, silver cup, presented by Mr J. Dunning, president, won by Mr E. Alexander's Irish Lily; second prize, pair of binoculars, presented by Mr J. Dunning, won by Mr T. Le Huquet's Uira; third prize, photo enlargement, presented by the secretary, won by Captain Barker's Mavis. A number of fine cinematographic views were exhibited, these comprising, among other interesting places, the U.S. cruiser Brooklyn steaming up New York Harbour, the R.M.S. Coptic in a gale, the accident to Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht Shamrock II., and about 60 local yachting views and comic pictures. The programme was provided by the Spray Orchestra; Mr A. McMurtrie, Miss Boulton and Mr Gillett, Miss Heyward, Mr Woolley, Miss Crosher, Messrs Woolley and McMurtrie, and Mr Will Skerrett. At the conclusion of the programme dancing was indulged in until an early hour this morning.

One of the pleasant affairs of the past week was a particularly

**SUCCESSFUL DANCE BY THE AUCKLAND TENNIS CLUB.**

It took place in Mrs Sowerby's Hall on Thursday evening, there being about 150 present. The committee who controlled the general arrangements worked most assiduously, with the result that nothing was left wanting to ensure the comfort and promote the enjoyment of the company. Dancing, to excellent music, commenced shortly after eight o'clock,

and was kept up with vigour till 11 o'clock, when an adjournment was made to the supper room, where the lady members of the club had provided a tastefully laid out repast. The next progressive euchre in connection with the Club takes place on September the 19th, and promises to be as successful as the previous ones. Among some present I noticed:—Mrs (Dr.) King, who looked well in a black merveilleux, with jet corsage; Miss Cooper was charming in a shell pink tucked silk, and soft white lace; Mrs C. M. Nelson wore rich black silk; Miss Nelson looked graceful in white brocade; Miss K. Nelson wore white satin; Mrs (Dr.) Parkes was in a black silk toilet; Mrs Coates wore black silk; Mrs Goodall, black silk, Mrs (Dr.) Thomas wore a lovely white satin, covered with spangled net; Miss Winnie Leys pink silk, with knot of turquoise, blue ribbon velvet on side of corsage, was very effective; Mrs (Dr.) Lowe wore black satin, encrusted with steel; Miss Maud Murray, white silk; Mrs Montague was in black silk; Miss Towsey was graceful in pink satin, with touches of black; Mrs Lusher wore a black silk skirt, and a blue silk blouse; Miss Brewer (Wellington) was in green silk; Miss Jordan wore blue silk; Miss Gee was in white silk, with silver spangles; Mrs Roach wore black satin, veiled in spangled net; Miss Davy was in pink silk; Miss B. Atkinson looked well in black satin, with rose pink velvet on décolletage; Miss Hemus wore black merveilleux; Miss Sturges was in white satin; Mrs Moritzon wore a black silk skirt and a pale blue silk blouse; Miss Jowitt, black and white; Mrs Stevenson, black silk; Miss Myers was in pink crepe; Miss Holland wore yellow silk and white lace; Miss Hooper was in black, relieved with red; Mrs McCullum wore white brocade; Miss Reid was in black and pink; the Misses Moses wore black and pink, and black and blue respectively; Miss Player, white silk. Amongst the gentlemen I noticed Messrs Coombe, Bilton, Thomson, Leys, Simpson, Donald (2), McCrae, McCaughey, Airey, Montague, Holland, Hemus, Moritzon, Dr. Thomas, Dr. Parkes, Dr. Lowe, Dr. King.

A very pleasant evening was given last week by Mr and Mrs H. M. Clark, Pompallier Terrace, Ponsonby, to their friends. Progressive euchre was played in the drawing-room. After twelve games had been indulged in an adjournment was made to the dining-room, where a dainty supper was served. Some good music afterwards brought a very enjoyable evening to a close. Mrs Clark wore a pretty red velvet blouse, lace collar, black silk skirt; Mrs (Dr.) Bedford, silk grenadine blouse, black strapped skirt; Miss Smith, pretty green silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs Angus, pink silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs H. Wilson, black silk grenadine dress; Miss Kinivg, pale blue silk blouse, cream skirt; Miss George, pale blue striped silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs Wilson Smith, black satin bodice, with red roses, figured skirt; Mrs Dalrymple, black velvet blouse, black brocade skirt; Miss Easton (Dunedin), black silk blouse, tucked skirt; Miss English, heliotrope silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs Gulliver, striped silk blouse, black merveilleux skirt. There were also present Messrs Clark, Wilson, Gulliver, Angus, Paterson, Coombs, Watt, Kinivg, Thomson, George, English, and others.

**MUSICAL MATINEE.**

The concert given by the Musical Matinee Society in St. Sepulchre's Parish Hall yesterday afternoon was not so largely attended as the prior one, though the concert proved to be of the same high artistic order. The following was the programme:—Two piano quartettes, by Misses Dora Judson, Batger, A. L. Colegrove, M. Heywood; Miss Mary Day sang with good taste and expression Mascheroni's "For All Eternity," with violin obligato by Herr Kreutzer, and "The Promise of Life" (Cowan); two piano solos by Miss M. Heywood, while Herr Kreutzer gave in his usual polished style two violin solos. The platform was artistically decorated with arum lilies and greenery. Refreshments were served to the performers in an ante-room, after the concert.

Mrs Owen, grey skirt, with bands of black braid, at hem, blue (gobelins) blouse, fox fur cape, black hat; Miss Edith Owen, fawn jacket and skirt, relieved with white, white sailor hat; Mrs Williams, dark green gown with red collar, black toque; Mrs Stone, black; Miss Reid, fawn gown, red hat; Miss Blanche Banks (Waikato), black gown relieved with white, black hat with plumes; Miss O. Cuff, black gown, sailor hat; Mrs Boscawen, black gown, violet vest, violet toque; Mrs T. Reid, black gown; Mrs Newton, brown gown with velvet trimmings, black velvet hat with feathers; Miss Langsford, dark blue finished with azure blue, toque en suite; Mrs Phillips, black silk costume, black bonnet with white rosettes; Miss Phillips, Prussian blue coat and skirt, sailor hat; Miss Butler, grey tailor-made gown, blue collar, black velvet hat with white feathers; Miss Batger, electric grey lustre, blue vest, sailor hat; Mrs Stericker, black gown, sailor hat; Miss Hewin, charet coloured serge, with black braid, grey hat with red roses; Mrs James, black, black bonnet; Miss James, grey skirt, velvet jacket, black hat with yellow; Mrs Heywood, black silk, black bonnet; Miss Heywood, black costume, with white tucked silk yoke, black toque; Miss Cameron, black cashmere, with white revers, black hat with feathers; Mrs Biss, black silk, fox fur boa, black bonnet with violets; Miss Colegrove, dark skirt, brown jacket, black hat; Miss Baker, black skirt, brown cloth cape, black hat; Mrs Rachelder, Soutre brown costume, with yellow pipings, black hat; Mrs Petrie, dark green coat and skirt; Miss E. Smith, black gown, with tucked white silk let in at neck, black hat swathed with white silk; Mrs Fenton, black; Miss Fenton, dark green costume, with fur trimmings, black hat with red flowers; Mrs Hutchison, black gown; Miss Flora McDonald, grey, with black braid, hat with yellow flowers; Mrs Hudson, navy costume, black bonnet; Miss Crowther, black skirt, grey blouse, cream lace zouave, black and grey toque; Miss Millie Heywood, navy serge, white vest; Miss Girdler, black gown, white vest, fawn deer-stalking felt hat; Miss Horton, chocolate brown gown, with cerule lace encrustations, blue ribbon round neck, brown felt hat with swathing of brown velvet; Mrs Horton, navy serge coat and skirt, faced with white, black hat with plumes; Mrs Workman, black silk, with white lace applique, black bonnet; and her daughter wore a Sultan red cashmere, with black braid; Mrs H. Gillilan, black costume, black toque; Miss Yonge, navy serge, sailor hat; Miss Gillilan, black skirt, fawn jacket, black toque; Miss Pierce, navy tailor-made gown, black toque; Miss Devereux, black skirt, black velvet blouse, sailor hat; Miss Kensington, golden brown costume, black hat; Mrs Ware, plaid dress, trimmed with bands of brown velvet, black toque; Mrs Dignan, black silk, black velvet toque, with white lace; Miss Hall, black gown, white vest, black hat, with white quill; Mrs Heather, black costume, black bonnet; Miss Towle, black skirt, dome blue silk blouse, hat trimmed with blue to match; her sister wore a black skirt, royal blue velvet blouse, sailor hat; Miss Firth, black serge, black velvet toque, with white lace edgings; Mrs Roberts, black silk, black toque; Miss Stevenson (Ponsonby), black gown, white vest, black toque; Mrs A. Myers, black silk, black bonnet; Miss Etie Myers, navy blue, with white silk pipings, white hat, with swathings of blue; Mrs Muuro, fawn dress, white vest, black hat, with green feathers; Miss Taylor, fawn skirt, brown jacket, fawn toque, with pink; Miss Thompson, Lincoln green costume, hat trimmed to match; Miss Daisy Stevenson, navy serge, black hat, with feathers; her sister wore a galois grey costume, white sailor hat; Mrs C. B. Stone, black bolero, faced with black and white striped silk, black skirt, white vest, black turban toque; Miss Vera Alexander, black skirt, gendarme green silk blouse black hat, with feathers; Miss Tilly, grey check, trimmed with black braid, black toque, with feathers; Mrs Lockhart, black lustre, black and white toque;







about four the next morning.

On Thursday evening another ball (this time a military one) was given by the officers, who left no stone unturned to make it a success, especially Captain Lewin. It was held in the same rooms as the Hunt Club, so the decorations were largely the same. The official set to open the ball was comprised of the Commandant, Colonel Pole-Penton, and Mrs Lewis, Lieut.-Colonel Slater and Mrs Bingley, Commander Rolleston (H.M.S. Archer) and Mrs G. A. M. Buckley, Major Day and Mrs Snow, Lieut. Lewis (H.M.S. Archer) and Mrs Lewin, Capt. Bingley and Miss Slater, Captain Chaffey and Miss Denham, Captain Snow and Miss Palaret. Mrs G. A. M. Buckley wore a handsome black satin; Mrs Lewis, pale blue satin, with touches of pink velvet, finished with white chiffon; Mrs Bingley, rich white brocade; Mrs Snow, black satin relieved with white; Mrs A. Elworthy, lovely pink and white brocade; Miss Julius, white satin; Miss Slater, blue silk; Miss Palaret, white satin; Mrs W. McRae, handsome white brocade; Mrs Woodroffe, very pretty black and white costume; Mrs H. D. Buchanan, white satin and lace, yellow flowers; Mrs G. E. Rhodes, very handsome white brocade, and lovely diamonds; Miss Wilder wore blue and white; Mrs Frank Courage, handsome black satin; Mrs J. C. Palmer, pale pink satin and chiffon; Mrs Lewin, black satin; Miss Earle, pink mousseline de soie and lace insertion; Misses Irene Wilson, Symes, Graham, Lean, Prins, Anderson, Rolleston, Lewin, Denniston, Grigg, Mesdames Dampier-Crossley, Cobham, Donald, Wardrop, Barker, Macfarlane, Lance, Captains Lindsay, Millton, Palaret, Buckley, Donald, Surgeons Palmer, Anderson, and Thomas, several officers of H.M.S. Archer, Messrs Duncan, Cameron, Starkey, Wardrop, Cobham, Williams, Cholmondeley, Symes, Curnow, Turrell, Dampier-Crossley, Lawrence, Harper, and many others were present.

On Friday evening the Savage Club

entertained the "wahinees" at the Art Gallery, and, as usual, were very successful, the great charm of their entertainments being their originality. A dainty supper was provided, and a short dance followed. Sir George Clifford was duly installed as chief for another year, and among those present were Lady Clifford, in black evening dress and handsome red opera cloak; Mrs Arthur Elworthy, white brocade; Mrs Julius, black velvet, crimson plush opera coat; Miss Julius, white satin; Mrs Bourne, black satin; Mrs Meredith-Kaye, black satin; Mrs G. Rhodes (Blueliffs), black satin and sequin trimming, lovely white opera wrap; Mrs Lewin, black satin; Mrs T. W. Stringer, a lovely gown of white silk and silver sequin net; Miss Fairhurst, black velvet and white lace; Mrs H. Quane, black satin and silver sequin net; Mrs (Dr.) Thomas, black satin, white lace fichu; Mrs (Dr.) Jennings, handsome velvet gown, long grey cloak; Miss Graham, white silk, pearl and crystal trimming; Mesdames Kinross White (Napier), G. P. Williams, S. Gordon, Roper, Marciel, Misses Way, Haydon, Denniston, Williams, Lean, Fodor, Merton, and many others.

A charming afternoon, which took the form of a Ping Pong party, was given by the Misses Hargreaves on Wednesday in honour of the Misses Greenfield, of Blenheim, who are staying with them, and as a farewell to Mrs W. H. Derry, who shortly returns to Wellington. Among those invited were Mesdames B. Hargreaves, K. Garrick, D. Matson, J. Fairhurst, D. Wood, Davidson, Waymouth, T. Garrard, R. Anderson, W. H. Derry, the Misses Wilson (2), Way (2), Waymouth, K. Wood, Deamer, Grant, Fairhurst, G. Trent, Thomas, Ross, Graham, Marsden, and Turner. Delicious afternoon tea and cakes, and all kinds of home-made sweets were served. Two Ping Pong tables were kept in use, and some very pleasant music varied the afternoon.

DOLLY VALE.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee,

August 23.

Last Saturday was a beautifully fine day, and consequently there was a good attendance at the Waiohiki Golf Links, and a large number of entries for the match for the gold bangle. The winner was Mrs Hector Smith (handicap 16), with a net score of 64. Mrs J. McLean (handicap 30), Miss Bennett (handicap 24), and Mrs Maud Shaw (handicap 17) came second with a net score of 72. Miss Rutherford (6 behind scratch) was fifth with 74. Some others playing were: Mrs Perry, Miss Burke, Mrs Jardine, Miss Nimmo, Miss Cotterill, Miss Ormond, Miss Locking, Miss Davis, Miss Balfour. The afternoon tea was given by Miss Ormond. The Men's Foursome Match was also played, and in this Mr J. McLean and Mr P. S. McLean (handicap 26) were first with a net score of 83. Messrs Cato, and C. Cato came second, with a handicap of 21, and a score of 94. Messrs Tareha and Kawhi (scratch) made the excellent score of 96. Messrs J. Tareha and Kennedy (handicap 13) were fourth with 98. Messrs Tabuteau, Goudy, Antil, Gore, Herrold, Wenley, Morris, Peacock, Crowley, Mathias, H. Smith, and Cotterill were also playing. Next Saturday an interclub match between Napier and Whakatani is to be played at the Waiohiki Links.

At the meeting of the Hawke's Bay Philosophical Institute, held on Monday evening, Mr Tanner gave an interesting lecture entitled "The Wonders of Creation, as Revealed by the Telescope." It was illustrated by some good photographic slides, and was much enjoyed by the audience.

On Tuesday a delightful lecture was given by Mr Westall on "Kingsley," and it was listened to from beginning to end with marked appreciation. The subject was ably treated and delivered in such a way as to give great pleasure to all present.

Lord Ranfurly, who has been staying in Napier, at the residence of Mr R. D. D. McLean, paid a visit before his departure for Wellington to the Boys' High School, and also to the District Schools. The cadets went through a number of exercises in his presence, and were much complimented by him on their excellent drill. Lady Ranfurly and Lady Constance Knox also visited some of the schools, and at the Girls' High School the former gave a prize to be awarded to the writer of the best essay on an English historical subject. The vice-regal party left Napier this week.

MAIJORIE.

BLENHIM.

Dear Bee,

August 23.

Last Friday evening Miss Waddy's "Cinderella" dance was held in Ewart's Hall—the last of the series, and was very enjoyable. The night was fine, but very cold, which was an advantage for the dancers. The supper was laid on a long table at the back of the stage, and the golden blossoms of the mimosa were chiefly used for decorations. Mrs. Waddy was becomingly gowned in black merveilleux, the V-shaped bodice finished with black lace. It was remarkable that nearly all the ladies wore black or white, the exceptions being the emerald green velvet worn by Miss May Ewart, the white mousseline de soie over pale blue, worn by Miss Purser, and the black skirt and yellow silk bodice, worn by Miss Mullen. Miss J. Chaytor looked well in a white hailstone muslin, the square-cut bodice outlined with two rows of narrow black velvet; Miss Connie Chaytor wore a white dress; Miss Zoe Redwood wore a black dress, the bodice finished with a silver trimming; Miss Dora Redwood was in white muslin, the bodice trimmed with white satin, and a spray of red flowers; Mrs. An-

LADIES

Please note that we hold Three Special Show Days this Week  
**WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY,**  
 when our Spring Shipments of Goods will be displayed.

**FURNISHING DRAPERY  
 CARPETS and HEARTHURGS**

**BEDHANGINGS A SPECIALITY.**

NOVELTIES IN MEDALLIONS Coloured Pictures, Landscapes, etc., photographed on glass.

SOMETHING NEW TO AUCKLAND.

**TONSON GARLICK Company, Ltd.**

Queen Street, Auckland.

P.S.—Afternoon Tea, 3 to 5, FREE.

erson wore black satin, with bodice trimmings of white satin and steel and jet passementerie; Miss Maude Clouston wore her pretty debutante dress of white mervelleux; Mrs. Hulme was in black satin; Miss Carlock wore a black dress, the pretty bodice trimmed with black lace; Miss Waddy wore white muslin and insertion; Mrs. L. Griffiths wore black silk, and a dainty white fichu; Mrs. E. Chaytor, black; the Misses Alice and Amuri Neville both wore white dresses; Mrs. Shaw, black satin; Mrs. Carey, black; Mrs. Clouston, black satin, the bodice trimmed with jet passementerie. Among the gentlemen were: Messrs. Wilnot, Carey (2), C. Waddy, L. Clouston, C. MacShane, Hulme, Jago, Sim, C. Hiley, Banks, L. Griffiths, E. Chaytor and others. Mrs. Lucas played the dance music, and Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. E. Chaytor and Mr. B. Moore the extras.

The Rev. J. A. Crump, who has worked as a missionary among the savage inhabitants of the New Britain Islands, intends to give a lecture on the life and work in those parts in Wesley Hall to-night. The lecture, which is likely to be very interesting, will be illustrated by photographs taken by Mr. Crump, during his several years' residence amongst the cannibal islanders.

Miss Mildred Turner, who studied music at Trinity College, England, under several eminent teachers, and who has elected to become a teacher here, intends to give a concert here on Wednesday evening, to which we are looking forward with pleasing anticipations of a musical treat. She will be assisted by several local musicians.

Mr. Allen, S.M., has been granted a month's holiday, but will have to attend the Magistrate's and Warden's

Courts once a week. The local lawyers conferred together, and decided that, if it would be any convenience to Mr. Allen, they would defer any litigious business until his holiday had ended, so that it might be a real one, not in name only. Mr. Allen thanked them for their consideration, but thought that other work would compel his weekly attendance.

FRIDA.

## NELSON.

Dear Bee,

August 19.

On Wednesday afternoon Miss Richmond gave a very enjoyable

## AT HOME

at her mother's residence "The Cliffs." The weather was beautifully fine, and so delightfully warm that most of the guests spent the time on the verandah, or wandering about the grounds admiring the exquisite view. Songs were sung by Mrs. Wood, Miss Leggatt, Miss Stevens, and Miss Houlker, and pianoforte selections were played by the Misses Kempthorne, Stevens, Greenfield, Humphries, and others. A most recherche afternoon tea was served in the dining-room, the table being beautifully arranged with tall vases of yellow jonquils and small vases of primroses. Mrs. Richmond wore a handsome gown of black silk, relieved with jet, white lace cap; Miss Richmond, smart blouse of shot green silk, black skirt; Mrs. Kissling, pink silk blouse trimmed with cream insertion, black skirt. Amongst the many guests were noticed: Mrs. Andrew, navy cloth costume, with vest of beautiful lace, black and white hat; Mrs. J. Wood (Christchurch), black costume, toque to match; Miss Mabel Atkinson, black and grey blouse, black skirt, toque en suite; Miss Bunny, greyish-green coat and skirt, white felt toque with black tips; Miss Blackett, brown coat and skirt, brown velvet toque to match; Miss A. Bell, pretty costume of light blue serge, toque to match; Miss Boyd, black relieved with white; Miss Buchanan, brown skirt, light coat, black hat; Miss Campbell, navy cloth costume, toque relieved with white; Miss Davidson, black; Miss Edwards, violet cloth costume, toque to match; Miss Filleul, brown, toque relieved with red; Miss Gribben, black cloth coat and skirt, black velvet hat trimmed with bows of amber satin; Miss M. Glasgow looked well in a stylish costume of grey, with finishings of light mauve ribbon, large chip hat trimmed with mauve ribbon; Miss Greenwood, fawn coat and skirt, large black hat with feathers; Miss Greenfield; Miss Gibbs, Miss Heaps, smart brown coat and skirt, brown hat to match; Miss Humphries, dark costume, black picture hat; Miss Hunter-Brown, dark costume, pretty brown hat; Miss Hayter, navy cloth costume, hat trimmed with pink; Miss Cora Hill, navy costume, burnt straw hat with yellow roses beneath the brim; Miss Holloway, brown coat and skirt, hat en suite; Miss Hubbard; Miss Houlker, cigar brown, hat to match; Miss G. Jones, electric blue costume finished with white, white straw hat with large black bows; Miss Kempthorne, straw-coloured costume; Miss Levien looked well in black, deep point lace collar, large black hat; Miss Leggatt, navy serge skirt and bolero, small black hat; Miss Lindsay, dark green; Miss Littlejohn, smart costume of royal blue, white silk and lace vest, chic hat en suite; Miss Locking (Napier), mode grey costume, with full vest and finishings of primrose silk, grey hat to match; Miss Madge Mackay, black skirt, fawn jacket, white chip hat trimmed with blue silk; Miss McGregor, navy costume; Miss Maginnity, dark costume, blue and brown hat; Miss Pasley, brown skirt, blue blouse, brown sailor hat; Miss Robertson (Port), black and blue costume; Miss Preshaw, grey costume, green and white toque; Miss M. Preshaw, dark mauve, hat to match; Miss Stewart-Forbes, navy cloth coat and skirt, smart hat; Miss Sealy, brown coat and skirt, black hat; Miss Stevens, green costume, black velvet toque; Miss Tomlinson, grey costume, black hat with pink roses; Miss Turner, violet costume; the Misses Tendall (2), navy coats and skirts, black hats; Miss Trulove; Miss Watkins, black costume with point lace collar,

large hat; Miss Watkins, smart costume of fawn cloth, black hat.

## THE SPINSTERS AND BACHELORS' BALL

which was held in the Provincial Hall on Friday evening was without doubt the most successful of the season, and in every way a most brilliant function. The decorations were very bright, the walls being hung with pretty shades of art muslins, and lace curtains adorned the windows. The mantelpieces were covered with ferns and other greenery and vases of spring flowers. The floor was perfect for dancing, and the music, which was supplied by Mr Trussell's band, was very good. The supper decorations, which were much admired, consisted of narcissus and yellow jonquils loosely arranged in specimen vases. The tables were abundantly supplied with good things such as chicken, ham, mayonnaise, oysters, trifles, salads, fruit salads, creams, and shapes of all kinds, all of which were beautifully made by the spinsters.

Amongst those present were:— Mrs. Andrew (Wairarapa), black satin; Mrs. Booth, black satin relieved with white lace; Mrs. Clarke, black and white evening dress; Mrs. A. Glasgow wore a handsome black gown, the corsage finished with point lace and pink roses; Mrs. Hudson, black evening dress with fichu of white chiffon; Mrs. Harris; Mrs. Leggatt; Mrs. Lemmer looked well in black; Mrs. Macquarrie; Mrs. A. Mackay; Mrs. Preshaw; Mrs. Roberts; Mrs. (Dr.) Roberts looked remarkably well in a becoming gown of rich black satin, relieved with rich white lace on the corsage; Mrs. Twyford (Cable Bay) wore a particularly handsome gown of white broche silk softened with chiffon; Mrs. Tomlinson, black silk; Miss Trix Atkinson, handsome gown of pink brocade; Miss Browning (Stoke) looked well in bright red silk finished with dull ecru lace; Miss Aggie Bell, white satin evening dress; Miss Dorothy Bell, soft blue silk with lace trimmings; Miss Bunny, black evening dress relieved with sapphire blue chiffon; Miss Blackett, pale pink evening dress; Miss Buchanan, white silk with pink roses in her hair; Miss Blicke (Blenheim), blue silk; Miss Ellis looked pretty in soft white silk; Miss Edwards, pale blue satin; and her sister wore white silk; Miss Eggesden, white and gold; Miss Mabel Glasgow, blue silk trimmed with cream lace; Miss Green, black velvet; Miss Greenfield, black; Miss Heaps, pretty white silk; Miss Hayter looked very well in cerise silk; Miss Hunter-Brown, ivory silk and lace; Miss Huddlestone, black silk and jet, powdered hair; Mrs. Robinson; Mrs. Wright; Miss K. Hursthouse (Motueka), becoming black evening dress; Miss M. Harris, pink silk; Miss Hunt looked well in pale pink silk; Miss Haaron, pink, and her sister wore white; Miss Hubbard, pink evening dress; Miss Leggatt was admired in black; Miss Lindsay, pink; Miss Levien looked remarkably well in black evening dress; Miss Ledger, a very pretty gown of white corded silk; Miss L. Ledger, pink silk; Miss Locking (Napier), blue satin finished with chiffon; Miss Leslie, white satin; Miss — Leslie, white silk, and their sister wore cream muslin and lace; Miss Mackay looked very well in white shower muslin; Miss Madge Mackay, white silk; Misses McRae (2) wore black evening dresses; Miss Moore, soft white silk with trimmings of narrow black ribbon velvet; Miss McLennen (Wellington), black silk relieved with lace; Miss Preshaw, blue satin; Miss M. Preshaw, pink silk; Miss Richmond, bright green silk; Miss W. Roberts, black and white; Miss E. Roberts (debutante) looked very pretty in white silk relieved with chiffon; Miss Roberts, black with finishings of pink; Miss Sealy, soft white silk and lace; Miss Stevens, black net over white satin; Miss Treat (debutante), white broche silk; Miss Tomlinson wore a pretty shade of blue silk; Miss Tendall, black velvet; Miss Mabel Tendall, blue trimmed with white; Miss Watkins, light blue silk; Miss G. Wright, white silk and lace; Miss G. Wright, sapphire blue velvet; Miss Dorothy Wright (debutante) wore a handsome gown of white satin with pearl trim-

mings.

Amongst the gentlemen were:— Colonel Wood, Major Major, Judge Robinson, Dr. Roberts, Messrs Adams, Coney, Booth, Bourne, Blackett, Clarke, Colt, Clifford (2), Dixon, Duncan, Detonettes, Ellis, Edwards, Ford, Falkner, L. Levien, Lemmer, Houlker, Hursthouse (2), Haaron, Huddlestone, Herron, James, Kempthorne, Leggatt, Morton, Mackay, O. Moore, P. Moore, H. Moore (Wellington), Macquarie, Preshaw, Hayter, Roberts (2), Rowley, Roxley, Green, Squires, Selanders, Twyford, J. Tomlinson, O'Bierne, etc., etc.

PHYLLIS.

## AN ARMY OFFICER IN DISTRESS.

There are few residents of St. Peters (a suburb of Sydney) to whom Mrs. Jane Booty, Sergeant in the Salvation Army, and her good work, are not known. Many years of Mrs. Booty's life have been spent in commendable endeavour to alleviate the distress and suffering of those with whom her labours have brought her into touch. That Mrs. Booty herself, who, in addition to ranking as Sergeant, is an instructor in the girl's class, was not proof against the distress which she did so much to alleviate for others, may be gathered from the following:—

"About fifteen years ago," she told a reporter, "my nerves received a very severe shock, and about the same time my husband died. My health naturally suffered, and my sphere of usefulness in the Army was considerably curtailed. Neuralgic attacks came on suddenly and disappeared with as little notice, leaving me quite exhausted, and causing sometimes hysteria, and at others, fainting fits. The pains I suffered were so severe that my sight became dimmed, and every nerve seemed on the rack. Sometimes the pains seemed to run up my spine and grip me behind the ears, until my head felt as if it were being squashed flat. An attack of neuralgia would immediately follow upon my hands being placed in cold water or my coming into contact with a draught. My heart was very much affected, too, and used to beat and flutter in an indescribable manner. Rheumatism in the knees also added to my troubles, and I always required assistance to rise from my knees. I was also very liable to constipation."

"Was nothing taken which afforded any relief?"

"I took every medicine I saw advertised, but without the desired effect, and I had also good medical attention. The doctors frankly told me that I had chronic neuralgia, and that they could not benefit me."

"Then what may be the cause of the wonderful change?" was asked.

"There is a wonderful change, is there not?" replied Mrs. Booty. "I have become so plump and well that none of my clothes fit me now. But before this change was accomplished I must tell you I had almost despaired of recovery, when I chanced to read an account of some wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people, and consequently decided to try two or three boxes I had been ill a long time, and only very slight benefit was noticeable when I had taken these. But I was encouraged to continue, and I am glad to say that from then on my health improved. The attacks gradually lessened both in violence and frequency, and now I do not suffer from neuralgia; I sleep soundly, my head is clear and untroubled with pain, and my colour has improved."

Sergeant Booty's case is worthy of special notice, owing to her official position, for a Salvation Army officer would not be likely to give publicity to anything but facts. Sergeant Booty, however, believes it her duty to let other sufferers know how they can be cured. Dr. Williams' pink pills alleviate all ailments caused by blood impoverishment and unstrung nerves, chest and lung troubles, etc. Sold by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Old Custom House Street, Wellington, three shillings per box, post free, and by chemists and storekeepers. But mind you ask for Dr. Williams'. Write us a description of your case and receive a free reply.

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**The Sahib's Little Lark.**

Teddy Jeffries and Harry Maylands, Calcutta, aged respectively 18 and 20, sat smoking on the verandah of the Grants' bungalow at Nuddea. These two young scapegraces were spending their six weeks' leave with the Grants. Mrs. Grant was Teddy's sister, and Harry Maylands was Teddy's friend and boon companion.

"Look," suddenly remarked Teddy, "there goes that Jasodha again, with that everlasting bundle on her head. Off to the river to wash, I suppose, and I'll bet you she's left her babies squirming about in the hut to scarp for themselves, poor little kids."

Young Maylands slowly drew up his long legs, removed his fragrant cheroot, and glanced between the scarlet-blossomed pomegranate trees into the dusty road, where a tall Indian woman, with a saree draped gracefully round her voluptuous form, was passing. She was balancing a large bundle on her head, and walked with a graceful swinging motion.

"By Jove, though," said Maylands, "she's got the face and figure of a Hebe, if only she wasn't black. These Indian women are wonderfully beautiful."

"I should like to give the old girl a jolly fright," said Teddy. "I say, old man," he chuckled, suddenly seized with a brilliant idea, and giving Maylands a vigorous slap on the shoulder, "let's have a lark. Suppose we 'coop' Mrs. Jasodha's babies, what a scare the old girl will get. It will

teach her a lesson in maternal duty," continued the irrepressible Teddy. "Oh, confound you, Ted," retorted his companion, rubbing his injured shoulder. "I wish you weren't so deuced energetic, and the thermometer 150 in the shade. Bother the woman's babies. Look here, I want a whisky peg, my throat's as dry as pepper."

"So's mine," said Teddy. "Here you, Beehna! Beehna!" he yelled. "What can have got the lazy dog. These blessed servants are never about when you want 'em."

A dusky form appeared at the door; the man's face wore a broad grin. In fact, he was all grin.

"Here, Beehna, you lazy dog, you, bring us two whisky pegs, and be quick about it, and don't stand there grinning like a hyena."

"Yes, Sahib," was all he said as he made a profound salaam and disappeared inside.

"That fellow does annoy me with that sardonic grin of his," remarked Maylands. "I'm sure he is a treacherous brute."

"All your fancy, my dear boy. Beehna is a rum dog, but a splendid servant. The Grants would not part with him for the world."

Beehna appeared with the tray, grinning more than ever, salaamed and glided off.

The men sipped their whisky and discussed their plan.

"We'll slip round after tiffin," chuckled Maylands. "Take a couple of tea baskets with us, and dump the little beggars in. If we are seen folks will only think we have been to the plantation. What a lark it will be."

Just then Mrs. Grant appeared at the door. She was a pretty, fair English girl.

"Oh! you naughty boys," she said, "to be drinking whisky at your tender age, and five minutes before tiffin, too; shame on you!"

"Well, Edith, a fellow must do something to pass the time," yawned her brother, "and it keeps us out of mischief. You ought to be thankful for that, you know," he said, gravely.

"Yes, but while you drink whisky you hatch the mischief," Mrs. Grant well knew her brother's propensity for mischievous pranks, very often to her cost. "But come in and have tiffin, you pair of disgracees."

"Well, what are you fellows going to do with yourselves this afternoon?" enquired Tom Grant, as soon as they were seated.

"Yes," said Edith. "Why don't you do something? You've done nothing but get into mischief ever since you came here. Have Sultan and Morning Light saddled and ride over to Simla and call on the Kings. You really ought to, after the dance."

Teddy put his tongue in his cheek, winked and kicked his friend under the table.

"Oh! Edith, spare me that," making a wry face. "I'll never forgive that Dora King, never."

"Why?" asked his sister in surprise. "For dancing on my toes the way she did. They were reduced to a jelly after the first dance. That girl would make her fortune if she hired herself out by contract for levelling the roads at Simla."

"Teddy, I'm ashamed of you. How can you speak so disrespectfully of anyone? Remember, Dora King is a thorough lady," said his sister. "Being a lady don't make any difference to the size of her feet, does it?"

"I'm ashamed of you," repeated Edith. "All right, old girl, so long as I've got you to blush for me I shall be all right," said the incorrigible boy. "By Jove! Edith, this curry is extra good," applying himself with renewed vigour to his plate.

Edith heaved a despairing sigh; her wild brother was a great trouble to her.

"We thought we would take a stroll over and have a look at the plantation this afternoon," said Harry Maylands, addressing Tom Grant.

After tiffin the three men strolled over to the plantation, which was but a few minutes' walk from the bungalow, a ten-acre clearing surrounded on three sides by dense jungle.

Such a hubbub of life and noise, the coolies and graceful native women busy picking tea, shouting and calling to each other in Hindustani, for the Indians are the noisiest people in the world. The voices of the white

and overseers, shouting to the "niggers" in the vulgar tongue (for a native will not work unless he is sworn at) added to the general confusion. After staying long enough to sily suspicion by talking and discussing the tea crop, our friends watched their chance, possessed themselves of two empty tea baskets, and slipped out.

"We must look sharp," said Teddy; "it's almost time to knock off work, and we'll have the 'niggers' about our ears."

A few minutes brought them to the native village which was nestling beside the jungle, a mere collection of huts. Not a creature was about; the great tropical sun blazed cruelly down; everything seemed to quiver and shake under the intense heat.

"Now for it," grinned Teddy. "Wonder if the little beggars have crawled down to the river? More likely to be in the hut though."

"There they are!" cried Maylands as he caught sight of two comical little black figures sitting in the opening of one of the huts, and regarding the intruders with a solemn stare on their queer ebony faces.

Their sole attire consisted of a "key" attached to a scarlet cord, which was slung round their fat waists, put there by their mother as a charm to ward off the evil eye.

They were fine twins of perhaps a year old, and were alike as two peas. Both were contentedly sucking their thumbs.

"Good afternoon," remarked Teddy politely with a profound salaam. "The Sahibs come to take little black fellows ta-ta."

The infants slowly removed their thumbs, remarked something to each other in gurgling Hindustani, then turned to the Sahibs with a fat smile of approval.

"Like to come? Thought so," said Teddy. Amid much crowing and gurgling the infants were packed into the baskets and submitted with lamblike

meekness to be covered with the leaves of the tea plant.

"By jove," remarked Maylands, "what game little beggars. I thought they would have yelled like the very mischief."

"Yes, but it will be just as bad if they carry on like this," said Teddy as the infant he carried in his basket hilariously popped his black head up through the leaves and gave vent to a delighted chuckle.

"Oh keep still, you little beggars." The plantation bell suddenly clunged out. Teddy groaned.

"We had better run or we'll have the whole pack in full cry if they see us."

There was not a moment to lose; in a few seconds the natives would swarm out of the plantation, and if they were caught—well it is better not to speculate upon what would have been the consequences.

Quick as thought our friends tucked the baskets under their arms and bolted as fast as their legs could carry them. The infants wobbled and bumped, crowded and chuckled with delight, evidently thinking this all part of the programme.

"Oh, I say," gasped Maylands when they arrived at the bungalow gate. "There's Mrs. Grant on the verandah; we're cooked, sure as eggs."

"No fear! You go and talk to Edith and keep her occupied. Make love to her; tell her she's the most beautiful woman in India—anything—only for goodness' sake keep her occupied," said Teddy excitedly. "I'll dodge behind these palm trees, watch my chance, and then slip round to our room with the baskets. Go on man, quick, or she'll spot us."

Maylands walked reluctantly up the path leading Teddy in charge of the baskets, from which one of the infants had escaped, and was going on a voyage of discovery round the

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THE MEDICINE OF THE AGE.

garden. Teddy dragged it back and dumped it into the basket regardless of its indignant squeals.

After dinner that evening the Grants, in company with our two friends, were sitting on the verandah of the bungalow. The night was a beautiful one; that subtle indescribable scent that belongs only to an Indian night hanging over everything. The glorious yellow moon shone like a lantern in the sky. The palm trees whispered and nodded to each other in the scented air.

"I consider," Teddy was remarking, with a grand air, "that the way these Indian women leave their—"

A loud pitiful wail broke upon the still evening air.

"Hark! What was that?" cried pretty Mrs Grant, starting up in alarm.

The wail was followed by another and another, finally developing into ear splitting shrieks. Then came a flying figure up between the palm trees, and prostrated itself before them.

"Oh, Sahibs, Providers of the Poor, Representatives of God, turn not from the voice of your slave!"

"Well, what is it?" asked Tom Grant kindly.

"Oh, my Lord Sahib! Woe is me! The evil eye is fallen! My babes, the light of mine eyes, are gone; devoured by some evil beast. I have prayed to Krishna, and behold, he will not hear. Oh, woe is me!" and the woman lifted her poor black face, upon which the mother love shone on every feature.

It was Jasodha. Our friends wriggled somewhat uncomfortably in their chairs. Perhaps they had a conscience stowed away somewhere, who knows?

"Do not despair, Jasodha," said Tom Grant. "Your babes may have crawled into the jungle. We will come at once and help search for them."

"Oh, my Lord Sahib, as rain to the parched field so are thy words unto thy slave, for to help the afflicted is a nobler deed than to sacrifice to the gods," said the poor woman as she pathetically embraced his boots.

"The old girl's quite eloquent," grinned Teddy, as he dug Maylands in the ribs.

"Come on, you boys. Get some torches and we'll start," said Tom.

Edith begged to be allowed to go too, so each armed with a flaming torch, the procession moved to the gate, Jasodha running in front, calling upon her gods to protect her children. In the interval of preparing to start, our friends assured themselves of the safety of the infants. They were peacefully sleeping between the white sheets of one of the beds. Teddy locked the door and possessed himself of the key. Oh, the wild excitement of that search. The village was all astir, the natives calling loudly upon their gods, the jungle beaters ready armed with stout sticks and lighted torches, for though the moon shone brightly, it did not penetrate the dense depths of the jungle. Foremost in the search were the two hardened culprits, enjoying it to the full. A huge fire was lit, which shed a lurid glare for miles, and our friends worked like Trojans, stoking the great fire and breathing about the jungle. For hours the search continued, but no trace of the missing babies was found, which of course was not extraordinary. Pretty Mrs Grant was trying to comfort the unfortunate Jasodha, who was well nigh distracted.

"Say Ted, old man," said Maylands, "I think it's time we cut this. We've had a jolly lark; let's go and get the kids, slip back, pretend we found them in the jungle, present them to their distracted parents, and the natives will treat us like a couple of gods ever after."

They slipped off, made their way out of the jungle, and hurried to the bungalow. It was quite deserted. All the native servants were away assisting in the search.

Teddy was the first to go into the room.

"The devil," he exclaimed. "What's up?" said Maylands, following close at his heels.

**THE CHILDREN WERE GONE.**

"Heavens!" exclaimed Teddy, staring at the empty bed, "perhaps they have crawled underneath," as he dived under to look.

But no, they were not underneath the bed, or anywhere in the room.

"What the Dickens can have got them?" groaned Maylands, "the door was locked. I'm sure no living being could scale that partition (which was open at the top for ventilation), and drag two babies after them. It's queer."

Then a second search began, one that was desperately earnest. There was no levity about this search, but it was just as fruitless as the other. After looking in every possible and impossible place and finding no trace of the children our friends were obliged to abandon the quest as hopeless.

"We've got ourselves into a proper hole this time," groaned Teddy with a woebegone expression. "Wouldn't the fellows roar if they knew," and a ghost of a smile played round the corners of his lips at the thought. "I say, old man, can't you suggest something?"

"The only thing I see is to make a clean breast of it to Tom and see if he can help us out."

"Yes, I suppose that's the only thing," said Teddy, gloomily, but I don't relish telling him. Tom is such an upright old sort, and makes a fellow feel such a cad. Confound it all, let's have a smoke."

They went inside and settled down to their cigars, with very gloomy countenances. Presently steps were heard upon the gravel.

Teddy sprang up in his chair. "By Jupiter! Here they are, Hal, old man, I can't face it. I'd rather face an infuriated tiger than the lecture we shall get from Tom."

"Too late, old man; the Philistines are upon us."

"Well, I must say you boys look jolly comfortable," remarked the cheery voice of Tom Grant, as he entered the room with his wife. "Is this what you gave us the slip for?"

"Any luck?" inquired Maylands, with a sickly smile.

"No; it's all up with the poor little beggars, I'm afraid; no trace of them anywhere. The tigers must have got them, or else the crocodiles."

Pretty Mrs. Grant shuddered.

"Don't you think," said Teddy, "that someone may have taken the old girl's babies, just for a lark, to give her a jolly scare? These native women are very careless about their children."

"Nonsense, Ted, the fellow who would do a mean trick like that must be nothing short of a cad, and deserves horsewhipping."

Poor Teddy totally collapsed. "You boys look a bit queer," said Tom. "What's the matter?"

"I think we're in for an attack of ague," said Maylands feebly.

"No, we're not," cried Teddy, jumping up, the light of determination shining in his honest eyes. "I'll have to tell the truth or burst. I stole the blessed kids."

Then Harry Maylands pulled himself together, and came to the rescue, related the whole incident, from the parloining of the infants, their return from the jungle, and their dismay at finding the youngsters gone, how they had only intended it for a piece of harmless fun, never dreaming the consequences would be so serious.

"We should be awfully grateful?" he added, "if you could help us out of this."

Tom Grant looked seriously annoyed. "H'm," he said, "case of the bitter bit, eh? I suppose you are aware that if the children are not found it will be uncommonly awkward for you. The only thing is to make a clean breast of it to the natives," and, with a grim smile, "I wouldn't be in your shoes for something—50."

"Oh! No! No!" sobbed Edith, as she sprang up and lunged her arms round her brother, "they will rend them limb from limb. Oh! Tom, how can you be so cruel?"

"It's all right, Edith," said Teddy, soothingly. "Whatever I am I don't think I am a coward, and I guess I'll come out top end up. Good-bye, old girl, take my watch for a keepsake, in case I come off worst. There, there, don't cry. This diamond pin you might send to the Clifford girl and tell her—tell her—with a queer break in his voice—"I'm an awful cad, and not worth bothering about. Good-bye, darling," and he kissed her affectionately. Edith clung to her brother, sobbing wildly; her husband

came and whispered something in her ear, which brought a faint smile to her woebegone face, and she released him.

"Good-bye, Tom, old man," said Teddy, with a gulp, and extending his hand.

Tom took it solemnly. "Thanks for all you've done for me."

Young Maylands made his adieux with a face that would have done credit to any undertaker. Teddy slowly walked to the door, followed by Maylands.

"No, old man," said Teddy, "you're not in this; it's all my fault, and I'm going to fight it out myself."

"Come back! You couple of asses!" roared Tom, choking with laughter, "do you suppose I'm going to leave you in this hole. I only wanted to scare you."

"No, old fellow," answered Teddy, firmly. "I've done a caddish thing and I must get out of it the best way I can. I guess we'll fight it out. It will be a bit of sport for the natives. And, Tom, old man, if I should fall, tell the fellows—"

"Shut up with that idiotic drivel," interrupted Tom. "You pair of innocents, don't you know that there is one thing that will console the distressed parents for their loss?"

"No. What is it?" said Teddy, eagerly.

"Money," answered Tom, lightly.

"Pon my word," cried the boy, joyfully, "I never thought of that," and the light of his good natured face.

"Oh, Tom! Look! Look! A tiger," suddenly exclaimed his wife in a voice of terror, as she pointed out of the window by which she had been standing.

All turned to look, and true enough there was a huge tiger stealthily making its way up the moonlit path.

"Oh, Tom, dear, get your gun quick!" gasped Edith, as she jumped upon the table, "or we shall all be eaten."

"All right, little woman. I don't think there is much danger," said Tom, looking out of the window. "I fancy the thing is injured. See how slowly it walks. Look, it is holding up one of its fore paws. I'll just see what's the matter. Maylands, will you come with me. Ted, old man, you take care of Edith. It's quite safe, little girl," seeing the look of terror on her face.

He opened the door. By this time

the tiger had reached the verandah, and as soon as it saw the open door made a bolt inside, and straight into the room, giving vent to the most dismal growl. Edith gave a terrified scream.

The tiger evidently did not intend to attack any of them, but lay down on the floor and growled and roared as if in agony.

Edith plucked up courage and came down from the table.

"It must be in dreadful pain, poor thing," she said. "Look at the swollen paw. I'll get some hot water and bathe it."

The animal began to screw itself into the most horrible contortions, and tied itself into knots, writhed and squirmed and growled in a truly blood curdling manner.

"Oh, it's going to have a fit!" cried Edith, again taking refuge upon the table. "Oh, Tom," with a piercing shriek, "I do believe it has eaten the children!"

The unhappy boys started violently at Edith's horrible suggestion, and things were getting worse and worse. No doubt now as to what was the matter with the animal. They were red-handed murderers, and would carry the brand of Cain to their graves.

Suddenly the great beast rose on its hind legs. There stood Beehma—Beehma, with the broadest of grins on his black face! And on the floor sat Jasodha's twins, who immediately set up a chorus of lusty howls.

No one spoke for a moment. Our friends' faces were studies. Beehma was enjoying the situation immensely. He had a keen sense of humour, had this Beehma.

"Beehma," said Tom Grant, sternly, "What fool's trick is this?"

Beehma's only answer was another grin.

"Stop grinning, you infernal idiot, and tell us where you found the children."

With great difficulty Beehma composed his features to their normal condition and answered:

"Beehma hear Sahib's talk. Sahibs have lark. Beehma have lark, too. Climb over partition. Steal babies out of charpoy (bed)."

"You confounded black scoundrel, you," said Teddy, shaking him violently. Then slipping his hand into his pocket, "Here are twenty rupees for you."

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# AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

## Mrs M'Gifferty's Gas Bill.

If a conservative critic were asked what kind of a woman Mrs M'Gifferty is, he would not describe her as a blonde or a brunette, or as being tall and willowy, or short and thick-set; he would simply reply by describing her as an uneclipsed champion of domestic economy.

The other day she decided to indulge in the long-dreamed-of luxury of a gas stove, the price of which was three pounds.

"It's an outrageous price," she said to her husband, "but I'll economise and save the price of the stove in two months. We'll only eat things that

can be fried in a couple of minutes, and I'll save gas at every point, if I have to resort to the half-crown oil stove to do it, and then we'll have the beautiful gas range for next to nothing."

Mr M'Gifferty, realising that there are two kinds of economy, said nothing in reply, but did some high grade long distance thinking.

That afternoon Mrs M'Gifferty went to the office of the gas company to buy the range. When she had made her selection, the clerk obligingly said:

"We can put this in for you this afternoon if you wish."

"I don't want it put in until the day after to-morrow," replied Mrs M'Gifferty.

This declaration astonished the clerk: "If you put it in to-day," continued Mrs M'Gifferty, in an explanatory tone, "you'll send me the bill the day after to-morrow; but if you put it in the day after to-morrow, you cannot send the bill until the end of the quarter."

And the champion economist smiled all over in her wild ineffable glee.

The range was finally put in and tested and explained at great length, that they might know how to manage it. And the battle of economy began in real earnest. The cheap oil stove was brought out, and several pounds of candles were purchased.

"It is warm enough to sit in the porch," said Mrs M'Gifferty, "and that

will save the candles and make them go further. Subtract the cost of this way of lighting and cooking from the amount of the average gas bill, and you'll see how soon we'll save the price of the stove, and be able to buy hats and gowns. I tell you I'm a manager," said Mrs M'Gifferty, with great swelling pride.

"I suppose we shall be toasting bread over the lamp chimney and frying eggs over the candles before long," said Mr M'Gifferty.

"And won't that be right, if we can cut down the gas bill by so doing? We shall have a three-pound bill for the range next quarter, and if we go on burning gas all the time it will be five more."



The Pompadour Period.



"If the gas range will cut our gas bill down to nothing," said Mr McGifferty, "I am certainly very glad that we have added it to our effects. I suppose the heat is so intense that you can give an egg an ordinary four-minute boil in a minute and a-half. I suppose you will boil about 50 at a time until they are as hard as door knobs, and then make a couple of quarts of tea at a time, and then we shall have cold breakfasts for a week ahead, which is just the thing for this kind of weather. I suppose the best way to save gas is not to use it, and yet it seems a paradox of economy to say that gas stoves were made to save and not to consume gas. If such is the case, I might argue that if one stove will save a pound a month, six stoves will, or should, save six pounds a month. This means that the more stoves one has the more money one will save. Now, as a method of raising a mortgage on the fly—"

"Are you making fun of me?" demanded Mrs McGifferty, in measured tones, while her nostrils dilated like those of a racehorse leading the way down the home stretch.

"Not at all," replied Mr McGifferty, "I was only making a few obvious remarks. And let me say that I only trust that your economic zeal may be fully and justly realised."

All that month Mrs McGifferty scarcely lighted the gas range; she was equally careful with the illuminating jets, as she was on her mettle to keep the gas bill down to a ridiculously low figure. She bought great quantities of fruit for breakfast, and surgeon for luncheon. In fact, she had apples instead of potatoes, and made it a point to eat as much uncooked food as possible. Mr McGifferty was becoming weary of cheese and Bologna sausage, and tinned beans and other ready-cooked foods, and he was very glad when the month came to an end.

About that time the gas man came to look into the condition and standing of the meter. When he came up from the cellar his face was lit by a grin that seemed to flow off his features in continuous waves.

"You have been economical this month, Mrs McGifferty."

"I have tried to be," she replied, with a smile of triumph. "I have certainly tried to be."

When Mr McGifferty came home later, he found Mrs McGifferty looking as glum as if her gas bill was twenty pounds.

"Do you know how much the gas bill is?" she asked.

"No," said Mr McGifferty.

"It is nothing!"

"I congratulate you!"

"Don't do that," she said—"don't do that!"

"Why not?"

"Because I have thrown away all the money I spent for oil and candles, besides all I spent for fruit and ready-cooked food."

"I don't understand you, my dear."

Mrs McGifferty burst into tears, and replied, as she swayed wildly to and fro:

"When the man said the bill was nothing I thought I was a great economist; but when I found out why, I could have cried my eyes out."

"Well, why was it?"

"Penance," replied Mrs McGifferty.

"The man told me that the two diaphragms in the meter had been perforated, and that this accident had rendered it impossible for the meter to register. So you see I spent money on oil and candles and ready-cooked food, when I might have burned a thousand feet of gas a day for nothing, for the man says no bill can be rendered. Isn't it perfectly awful?"

"Not at all, Mrs McGifferty, not at all! It is very fine. But it would have been finer still if you had only—"

"If I had only what?" broke in the poor woman, who virtually bowed beneath the load of chagrin and sorrow, while she wrung her hands in an ecstasy of despair.

"If you had only found out from the meter-man just where those diaphragms are located, and if they can be reached by an ordinary hatpin."

"And while Mr McGifferty laughed, Mrs McGifferty sank into a sea of sofa cushions in a swoon of anguish."

**Education Gives Woman More Self-Control.**

All education is of value only so far as it fits the student for the place she is to fill. College education, in rounding character, fits a woman to fill more various places.

Inasmuch as it tends to the perfection of the woman's character in the abstract, it will, in the particular instance under discussion, fit her to be a more perfect wife, mother and helpmeet in the truest sense of the word.

Education fills up character, makes women more self-controlled, gives them a nobler purpose in living, and tends to cultivate the higher virtues.

Education develops the finer qualities of the woman, and aims to the perfection of the noblest character. The more finely developed the woman the more capable she is of the highest quality of the human mind—which is love. She can be in the truest sense of the word a helpmeet to her husband and sacrifice her own fame to his.

I have in mind a particular woman whose husband holds a high official position in the city. She is a graduate in the University, and he is a lawyer of position. She subordinates herself entirely to him. She is his companion and counselor in business life and the ornament of his home.

In his business life no one ever hears of her, yet I know that she is the inspiration of many of the moves

he makes which call attention to him and cause him to be looked upon as a great and rising man.

Therefore, I say, that an education is of value only so far as it fits the student for the place she is to fill.

I speak of this woman not as an exception, but as an example of many others who are equally benefited by the ennobling influences of college training, and conclude that an education is of value only so far as it fits the student for the place she is to fill, a life of "foil unsevered from tranquility."

**Should Black be Worn as Mourning.**

It is only in face of public or national sorrow that the individual ventures to audibly question the meaning and utility of mourning garb. Under private bereavement the sufferer feels that it is essential to conform to custom, lest divergence might be held to indicate enclousness, want of love for the deceased, or personal eccentricity. Everyday wisdom, that wisdom which neither courts martyrdom nor achieves greatness, makes an axiom of assent to what is usual, and many evils, recognised as such, are prolonged because they can be endured.

The wearing of black clothing as an expression of sorrow for the death of relatives has much against it and little in its favour. Some people regard it as inhuman, uncivilised, un-Christian, wasteful in the case of the well-to-do, and for the poor, often involving financial ruin.

Self-disfigurement is barbaric. Familiarity has evolved comprehen-

sion of the symbolic meaning of mourning; but seen for the first time, a woman in black draperies is a terrifying object, at whose approach young children scream and hide their faces.

Mourning attire is uncivilised, it is a crying aloud of our private woes to the indifferent, a habit which it is the object of all culture, of all education, to control. While the unexpressed or barely expressed sympathy of those of like mind with ourselves—that sympathy which is like a cordial handclasp—proves a stimulant under affliction, the notice of the indifferent—their consciousness that we suffer, their passive acceptance of suffering as right and fitting for us—adds indescribably to human pain. Who wants to proclaim aloud that she is diseased, has borne mutilation, is impoverished? Are not valorous efforts made perpetually to appear well, to show no smart under defeat or disappointment, to create an aspect of prosperity? Why then should we advertise our bereavements? Looked at in the abstract, and apart from ourselves, manifestation of grief is vulgar. Are we hurt? Instinct tells us to draw the wounded member to ourselves and hide it from all but those who love us, yet the irremediable sorrow, the sorrow of death, we proclaim to tradespeople, dressmakers, milliners, all our neighbours, all the district in which we live. Who has not had reason to shrink from the careless condolence of the casual acquaintance who says, with kind intention it may be, "I see you have lost a relative." Yet surely we invited this stroke on our wound. —"Sunny at Home."

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**What is Onychomancy?**

**FORTUNES TOLD BY THE FINGER NAILS.**

"Vanity Fair" records a new cult which, it says, is coming over from America to set up in London. It is called Onychomancy, which, being interpreted, means fortune-telling from the nails. The system carried on by professors of onychomancy, says "Vanity fair," "is to rub some substance on the nails, after which they are exposed to the sun, and the professors read the hidden secrets of the future through the nails, which become slightly transparent under the action of the chemical and the sun's rays."

Another mode by which the secrets of the future were unravelled until only recently, and may be still by professors of the occult, consisted in placing strands of differently coloured wools before the client, who was told to pick out two or three of the wools and place them in any position best liked. The combination of colours was read by the professors into certain prophecies.

Happily there are fewer soothsayers practising at present. Many an hour's unnecessary misery is traceable to their utterances.

**Wearily Straining for Novelty.**

It is said of us by foreigners that as a nation we do not know how to relax; that our recreations retain too much of the element of business; our enthusiasm is too self-conscious. We play as if the world were looking on, and we feared to become ridiculous by laying aside our dignity; and there is a good deal of truth in this. The American temperament is both stern and eager; it enters into all things intensely, and exhausts them rapidly. Then it must have something new.

As the elders, so are the children. Not only do they inherit a tendency to be critical, but they are encouraged from the first in a passion for novelty by the parents and guardians, who cannot endure monotony themselves. They have no chance to

develop affectionate associations with certain modes of recreation and particular toys; for the amusements of the hours pass, giving place to others, and the toys, frailly constructed by dealers, interested in their speedy demolition, break before they have time to grow dear, and are carried off in the rubbish cart. Something goes with the load of discarded household treasure that nobody sees, and perhaps nobody knows anything about. A tiny bit of some child's heart, a portion of that precious faculty that makes life gracious, sentiment, is wasted, and he is left the poorer for the loss. He is given a new doll or horse to replace the old ones, now deemed too irreparable to be allowed about the house. But they are not the same. He is obliged to learn to love over again, and his feeling is not so deep or spontaneous this time. The tender grace of a dead love never comes again.

I suppose few people stop in these busy, prosperous times, when the term of an object's usefulness is limited by fashion, to think of the moral effect of durable, substantial possessions. They can scarcely get them, any way, for houses are now pasted together, furniture made with rotten woods, varnish, and glue, and fabrics outlast manufacturers' intentions if they wear longer than a season. Let adults do as they like and consume their vitality by the fever of keeping up with the age, but let us be wiser for our children. Let us secure for them some things on which they may safely set their affections because they will last. Markets are always regulated by demands, and if a few people insist upon sound, sensible productions, they will infallibly obtain them. If when we buy toys for our young people, we will have none that are wrought of cheap, shabby materials, and seek everywhere for something really worth the having, don't you imagine merchants will revolutionize their stock?

It may seem a slight thing, but I protest that the joys of childhood are all slight things, yet out of them character is wrought and a large part of the pleasures of age are made. It is a matter of some moment that our baby girl's first doll shall be so strong, as well as beautiful, that she may continue to be, in all the te in of nursery

plays, mother of the growing doll family, and that little Jack's rocking horse may grow old with him, and yet retain its functions and parts. New things delight the eye, but it is human nature to love old things best. We injure child nature when we too often detach it from what it has taken to its heart.

Strive as we will, we cannot get beyond our human limitations. That which has once been part of us claims us in some way for ever. We cannot quite renounce it even if we would, for there is a vein of sentiment in us all that will not be dried up, and it makes us regret sometimes, even while we consent to the banishment of things endeared to us by association.

There is such a thing as growing so wise that nothing in the whole world will be sufficiently fresh to amuse us; and the only safeguard against it is to cultivate in our young children, while their hearts are still innocent and loving, a taste for simple, natural enjoyments, instead of an insatiable craving for novelty.—Mrs F. H. Winterburn in the Household.

**The King of Italy and His English Governess**

The King of Italy's great regard for English and English customs is due, no doubt, to the fact that he was brought up by an English governess, Mrs Lee, who had almost entire charge of his education during his early boyhood. Mrs Lee was always extremely well received at the Quirinal, the late King Humbert and Queen Margherita having the greatest regard for her. What was still more wonderful, she managed to secure the goodwill of the Italians about the Court without in any way incurring their jealousy.

When Mrs Lee died, the Italian Royal Family took her death quite as a personal loss, and showed every possible mark of affection and esteem for her memory.

**A Picture by the Late Empress Frederick Fetched £500.**

The King lately acquired a picture in Bayswater which was shown under circumstances of unusual interest. At the time of the Crimean War each member of the Royal Family contributed pictures by their own hands, to be sold for the benefit of the widows and orphans of fallen soldiers. One of these works by the Princess Royal, called "The Battlefield," attracted considerable attention, and was purchased by a resident in Lancaster Gate for the sum of 500 guineas. The picture recently came into the possession of a Mr Ellis, of Bayswater, and the King, being informed of the fact, promptly acquired the work.

**Are You Perfect?**

The dimensions of a perfect woman are these: Five feet 5 inches in height; weight 128 pounds. From tip to tip of each middle finger just five feet five inches, the same as her height. The length of her hand should be one-tenth of her height; her foot one-seventh, and the diameter of her chest one-fifth.

From her thighs to the ground she should measure just the same as from her thighs to the top of her head. The knee should come exactly midway between the thigh and the heel.

The distance from the elbow to the middle finger should be the same as from the elbow to the middle of the chest. From the top of the head to the chin should be just the length of the foot, and the same distance from the chin to the armpit.

A woman of this height should measure twenty-four inches around the waist, thirty-four about the bust, if measured under the arms. The upper arm should measure thirteen inches and the wrist six inches.

The calf of the leg should measure fourteen and a half inches, thigh twenty-five and ankle eight.

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**Peels. Only Makers Cupid Whispers in the Colony.**  
**Gold Medal Conserves**

# THE WORLD OF FASHION.

(BY MARGUERITE.)

Here are a few suggestions for fancy dress balls. The first figure represents a sporting dress in white satin and black. Night comes next and is extremely effective.

My next sketch is Dolly Varden. The tight pointed bodice opening over a chemisette of white silk muslin and the ample panniers must be made of a nice old fashioned looking brocade—pink roses on a silver grey satin ground, just pointed with silver thread, look charming worn over an embroidered silk petticoat of palest pink. The tight elbow sleeves flounced with lace and tiny ruches of pink silk outlining the corsage complete a very dainty little frock. A tiny fan will be carried, and silk mittens will take the place of gloves, the hair being carefully dressed a la period, but not poudre.

Apropos of this style of dress, it may be remarked that gowns which need to be historically accurate are always best entrusted to some well known costumier, who is accustomed to turning out dresses of all periods for stage purposes, as it is naturally not to be expected that a modiste whose end and aim in life is to be up to date, should be an authority on modes which have been obsolete for centuries. And unless one is personally conversant with all the details, and capable of supervising the entire making the chances are that the dress will fall far short of perfection if entrusted to any but experienced hands.

The next sketch can justly claim to share the honours of novelty with the sporting dress. It represents, of course, the popular game of poker.

The lady representing this fickle fair will be garbed in a tightly fitting skirt of black satin, upon which a pack of cards is painted in sets of five, precisely as if they had been dealt for playing.

A fan-shaped head dress of cards crowns the coiffure, displaying a most enviable hand of clubs.

The bodice of this gown is made simply in the style of an ordinary evening frock, being slightly pouched in front; but it gains distinction from its glittering corselet of coins—imitation sovereigns, we will suppose—which a single string carried over the shoulders forms the total amount of sleeve which Dame Fashion permits her votaries at present.

With this costume, of course, any amount of ornaments, in the shape of bangles and neck chains, may be worn,

provided they be gold, to correspond with the corselet.

Flower costumes of various descriptions are generally popular, if not always particularly distingue looking, but the charming "Lily of the Valley" dress here sketched could hardly be surpassed either for style or beauty.

The foundation is of pure white satin, which gleams through the over dress of pale green mousseline de soie, very much as the sweetest of woodland flowers gleams through its sheltering leaves.

At the hem of the skirt is placed a light but rather bulky ruching of lilies, interspersed every here and there with a few delicate blade-like leaves. Just above this a white satin ribbon is lightly festooned, and small bunches of lilies with their own leaves are dotted at intervals over the skirt.



STEEPLECHASE.

NIGHT.

DOLLY VARDEN.

ZINGARA.

Suggestions for Fancy Dress Balls.

The corsage, as may be seen in the sketch, has the effect of one gigantic bunch of lilies, and some little ingenuity will be required to bring this charming idea to a successful issue.

The ground work of the bodice should be of pale green, precisely matching in shade the mousseline du soie of the skirt. Round the top of it thick clusters of lilies must be arranged back and front, and rather narrow pale green ribbons, slightly stiffened at one edge, must be drawn lightly downwards from bust to waist, to simulate the stalks.

This effect is heightened by the jauntily tied waist band of white ribbon.

But after all the crowning glory of this dress is the hat.

It is made of soft straw woven in basket pattern, and indeed it represents nothing more nor less than a fancy basket turned upside down, the crown being formed of what would be the body of the basket in ordinary usage. A wreath of lilies crowns it,

and the bundle is formed by the strips of green satin fastened to the extreme edge of the brim, and tied daintily under the chin.

The impersonation of "Lady Gay Spanker" affords an opportunity to those whom riding dress becomes, for arraying themselves in the most becoming of costumes, namely, the long skirt, cut away coat, and lace cravat, and the beplumed hat, which gains such infinite grace and distinction from the powdered wig and patches which appear beneath them.

The dress shown here might be carried out very effectively in a soft shade of maroon habit cloth, or even velvet, the vest being of pale pink satin, and the cravat of snowy lace.

The coat will be lightly braided with gold, and fasten with buttons to correspond, and the big picture hat is of maroon felt, trimmed with shaded plumes galore.

A powdered wig will prove an infinitely more satisfactory investment than going to the trouble of bleaching one's own hair for the occasion,

not to speak of the trouble entailed afterwards. There can be no two opinions about the excellent effect this costume produces at a fancy dress ball, its only drawback being the management of the skirt and the inconvenience of dancing in top boots.

The seventh figure shows our old friend "Winter" in a new garb, viz., in a gown of grey satin, edged with swansdown, just lightly powdered with frost. A veiling of white net, spotted with chenille balls about the size of an ordinary snowflake, covers this and also drapes the corsage. The principal trimming of the latter consists of an applique design of mistletoe. The coiffure worn with this costume is also powdered and surmounted by a spray of real mistletoe, but tinuous mails will doubtless substitute the harsher holly.

A charming black and white Pierrette costume has the merit of being exceedingly smart, and could scarcely fail to exalt its wearer above the commonplace in any assemblage.

It has a double skirt of white satin

over black, both being cut in slender points at the bottom, and having a black chenille ball at the tip of every white one.

From either hip depend three graduated tongues of white satin, stitched at the edges with black, and each finished with a big pompon.

The quaint crossover bodice has a cascade-like frill arranged over the shoulders, finishing at the waist on one side.

A fly away frill of black and white is worn round the neck, and on the head is set a jaunty cocked hat ornamented with black plumes.

The remaining sketches of heads offer further suggestions which may be carried out on established lines.

A Spanish gypsy dress would, of course, be the natural accompaniment to the becoming "Zingara" head dress shown at the head of the page, whilst a second "Pierrette" dress, and an Early Victorian toilet would be demanded by the others, the details of which may, however, safely be left to the taste of the wearer.



LILY OF THE VALLEY.

LADY GAY SPANKER.

WINTER.

PIERRETTE.

Suggestions for Fancy Dress Balls.



## CHILDREN'S PAGE.



### COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I have got a sore throat, so as I am not allowed to go out I intend to write you a long interesting letter. Since our school was burned down the cadets have no place to drill, so every fine Monday they go up to Kelbourne Park and drill for about an hour, after which they march down to school. Last week I was school monitor, and I had to fill ink wells and pick up paper from around the school. On Sunday morning mother's canary woke me up by singing; the cage was on a table near my head, so I could not go to sleep again. Dear Cousin Kate, I suppose you saw in last week's issue of the "Graphic" about a certain Harry Butt who was going out to Singapore in the service of the Eastern Extension Cable Company. He is my eldest brother. He has been at Cable Bay, the head quarters of the company, for three years, and he is now home till he leaves for Sydney in the U.S.S. Monowai on the 27th of this month. The Musgrove's Opera Company arrived here a few days ago. I am much excited over the New Zealand cup, and which team will win it. A friend of mine made a bet with me that Auckland wouldn't get the cup, while I made a bet that Otago wouldn't get it. I had my photograph taken to-day at the American Art Studio. The photos are about an inch and a half square, and you get sixteen for one shilling. I am sending you a photo of myself taken by my brother in our back yard with my camera. You ask for photos of your cousins, but I am sure that many of them would just as soon see yours than those of their fellow cousins. Try to put one of yours in the next issue. I must stop now as the light is getting bad, and my stock of talk, if at all interesting, has all been used up, so I must say good-bye, and remain, your cousin correspondent, Cousin Stanley.

Dear Cousin Stanley.—I hope you are now quite recovered from your sickness, and are up and about again. Your letter is very interesting indeed, and I read it with much enjoyment. I know several men in the Eastern Telegraph Extension Company. It is a very interesting service to be in. Do you play football yourself? I expect so. Almost all nice boys do.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I would like very much to become one of your little ponies. I promise to be kind to all my animals. I have three cats:

their names are Topsy, Kitty, and Black Boy, and I have a dear little pony, and would you please give me a name for her.—I remain, your loving friend, Ida White, Oakbourne: aged 10 years.

[Dear Cousin Ida.—You are warmly welcome as a cousin. How old are your kitties, and which is favourite? Do you know I think it must be Black Boy. He sounds as if he would be a lively fellow. What colour is the pony? If black I would call her Black Beauty, or if brown Brownie would be nice. Winnie is rather a pretty name, I think. If none of these suit I will try and think of another.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am going to write you a little letter, and I hope you will like it. I have just got up, as I have a bad cold. It is my birthday next month and I will be 8 years old. I like looking at the children's page very much. I must now say good-bye, with love.—I remain, Cousin Gladys. P.S.—Please will you send me a badge?

[Dear Cousin Gladys.—Certainly. I like your letter very much, and hope next time you will make it a little longer. It is pleasing to know you like our special page. I try to make it nice for all.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—As I have nothing else to do just now, I thought that I would write you a few lines. We are going to school again, as there was a relieving teacher sent up to us. I was glad to get back to school again, as I would sooner be at school than at home. In a paddock on the way up to our school is a pet foal. It is very rough to play with, and whenever it sees us it always runs up to us. We do not like that, as when it comes near it kicks out and jumps where we are. Generally it comes to meet us, either at the bridge or at the gates. All the children going or coming that way are frightened of it. We have four very tiresome horses here, because this morning and yesterday morning they got in at the oaten stack and ate a lot of oats, and threw a lot of straw on the ground. This morning my sisters and I were up at the stack heaping up the best of the straw, when we found a nest of dear little mice. They were so small, and could not run about very well. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I must conclude, and remain, yours truly, Cousin Bertha.

[Dear Cousin Bertha.—What a nice interesting letter you send me this time. I hope none of you will get hurt by that pony; he sounds to me rather dangerous. Could you not get the owner to shut it up in a different field? I expect those other mischievous horses think it grand to pull the stack about, but it is like the boys who used to rob our apple trees; it's not so much what they eat as what they damage in getting it.—Cousin Kate.]

Old Lady.—Now, little boys, can any of you tell me what commandment Adam broke when he ate the forbidden fruit?

Tommy.—Please, ma'am, there wasn't any commandments then.

### The Rajah's Elephant.

Once upon a time there lived a great prince who was called the Rajah of Jaunporeesingh. His kingdom was in the middle of India, and his subjects were very poor, and lived almost entirely on rice, a few handfuls each day being their whole bill of fare. The Rajah lived in great state, and his court was a beautiful place indeed, but it cost a great deal to keep up the splendid way of living to which he was used. The Rajah soon spent all the money in his treasury, and then he taxed the people terribly in order to get more. The people were very angry, and some of them refused to pay the taxes; but the Rajah had those who would not pay punished fearfully, and the rest were so frightened that they made haste to pay even their last pennies to the tax collector. The Rajah was not a cruel man, but he did not know how very poor his people were, and his courtiers all urged him to make the taxes heavier and to kill those that would not pay them.

Things went from bad to worse, and, finally, the army began to mur-

as the elephant trotted along far away from the furious people, who were destroying the gorgeous palace.

"Be of good cheer, master," replied the elephant. "Things may be better than you think."

"I don't see how they could be much worse," said the Rajah, angrily. "Here I am, driven away from my country, my palace burned, nowhere to lay my head, and very little money, and my enemies everywhere. When my money is gone I must sell you. Then I will have to walk, and that would be a fearful disgrace for a Rajah." The elephant had lived among the people when he was young and he knew how they lived. "Cheer up, master," he said. "One single gold coin is enough to keep us for a day, and that finely. These fourteen bags that I feel on my back will last for a great many years. You have no idea how cheap things are. Now, if you will do just as I tell you, and let no one know that you are the Rajah, we will get along finely and you may sit on the throne again after all." This made the Rajah feel better, and he promised to do just what the elephant said, and see how it worked.

Finally, they came to a little village and the elephant walked up to a hotel and told the Rajah to get down from his back and ask for a room for the night. The Rajah did so, and ordered that the elephant be taken to a stable and fed. He gave the hotelkeeper a piece of gold and was astonished to receive a handful of silver in change. He was so surprised that the hotelkeeper thought he must be a stranger, and began to tell him about the Rajah's being driven away and his courtiers killed. He told all about how the people had been taxed, their goods taken, and those who had no money to pay had been killed. The Rajah had not known of this before, and was very angry. "I don't wonder that the people arose," he said. "I wonder that they stood it so long." Then the hotelkeeper told him that there were seven poor families in the village who had mortgaged their houses to get the money to pay their



mur because they were taxed, too. The Rajah had not paid them anything in a long while, and so they had nothing to pay taxes with. They were afraid that as soon as the Rajah found they were not paying the tax collector he would have them all killed, one by one; and so one night they all marched away at once and went to another country to find a prince who would pay them. As soon as the people heard that the army had gone away they all arose at once and armed themselves with brooms, dustpans, rakes, crowbars, and everything they could lay their hands on, and marched straight to the court. There were so many of them that nothing could stop them, and they very quickly overcame the few officers who had remained with the Rajah. The Rajah himself mounted on his favourite elephant and escaped, but the wicked courtiers were all killed, which was a very good thing.

The Rajah had loaded his elephant with fourteen bags of gold, hidden under little bundles of cloth, and he himself was disguised as a merchant. Still, he was very sad, for he was all alone, all his courtiers were dead, he had no place to go to, and, although one single bag of gold would have secured a tremendous fortune to a poor man, the Rajah had frequently spent fourteen bags in one day. "Ah! What is to become of me?" he cried.

The mortgages were to be foreclosed the next day, and the poor people were to be turned out into the street. "How much do they owe?" asked the Rajah. "Three pieces of gold each," was the answer. The Rajah went to bed and lay thinking a great while before he fell asleep.

In the morning the Rajah went to the elephant and told him all he had learned from the hotelkeeper.

"What shall I do?" he asked.

"Pay the mortgages at once," said the elephant, "for you have brought the people to poverty by your taxes."

"I think I had better give them each a bag of gold, for it really came from them in the first place," said the Rajah.

"Not by any means," said the elephant, "for they would be so rich that they would be unhappy. Besides they have only paid out a few pieces of gold for their taxes. Keep the rest for people who need it more than they." So the Rajah went to pay off their mortgages, so that they would be free from debt and could keep their little houses. They called all kinds of blessings on his head, and mounting his elephant he rode away, feeling happier than he had ever felt in his life, happier even than when he was in the midst of his court. The elephant amused him by telling him stories as they went along, and after a while they reached another village.

Here was a great crowd of people all moving one way.

The elephant followed the crowd, and soon they came to a house that was burning fiercely. The whole building was wrapped in flames, and the crowd of people were doing their best to put the fire out, but without success. They had no fire engines, and they had to carry buckets from a small river to throw on the flames. This was very slow work and did not do any good, for they had only a few small buckets. The elephant ran to the river, and filling his great trunk with water, returned to the burning house and squirted a large stream of water on the fire. He soon had the fire out, but the house was burned so badly that it was ruined and not fit for anyone to live in.

"You had better give five pieces of gold to the poor people who were burned out," said the elephant.

"I will give them ten," said the Rajah, and he did. All the people in the village saw the act, and they praised the Rajah greatly. He felt that this praise was very different from that of his former courtiers, and it made him so bashful that he climbed on to the elephant's back and they went off at a great rate, leaving the people behind cheering them.

The Rajah and his elephant were going along a wide, dusty road when they saw a lot of people digging in the fields by the roadside. Some of them were so weak they could not stand, and all were so thin that it was pitiful to see them. "I wonder what is the matter with them all?" said the Rajah.

"Stop and ask them," said the elephant. The people explained that they had been obliged to sell all their crops before they were grown to get money to pay the heavy taxes, and now they had nothing to eat. They were obliged to dig in the ground for roots which were very scarce and bad eating. Still, they had to do that or starve, for the grain dealer who had bought their growing crops charged so much for ripe grain that they could not buy it. They said that if they could get along until the next year they would be all right, for their crops would grow again, and they would not have to sell them again, for the Rajah had been driven away and there were no taxes to pay.

"What shall I do?" asked the Rajah of the elephant.

"Buy back the grain from the dealer, and give it to the poor people," said the elephant. They went on to the village, and the Rajah bought all the crops from the dealer for five hundred pieces of gold. Then he gave the grain to the people, who blessed him as their deliverer from starvation.

The Rajah and the elephant travelled for many days among the poor people, doing good wherever they went. They went through every part of the Rajah's country, and all the people had heard of them and went to them with their troubles. The Rajah had never mingled with the poorer classes before, and he learned a great deal from them, although no one knew who he was. At last they found themselves near Jaunpore-singh, where the Rajah's palace had been, the city that he had been driven from some time before. The Rajah was afraid to enter the city, but the elephant said that he must go. "You have never yet been sorry for having taken my advice," he said, and the Rajah was silent.

When they entered the city they found immense crowds of people waiting for them, for the news of their coming had gone before them. The people hailed them with wild shouts of joy, which frightened the Rajah almost to death. "Long live the new Rajah of Jaunpore-singh!" cried the crowds. Then a spokesman came forward and told the Rajah that, although they did not know his name, they had heard of his good deeds all through the country, and had decided to make him Rajah, as he was the very best man they knew of.

"Tell them who you are," whispered the elephant. Then the Rajah arose and told the people who he was, and how sorry he was that his people suffered from his ignorance and greed. He said that he was perfectly happy as he was, without being Rajah, but if they wanted him back he was will-

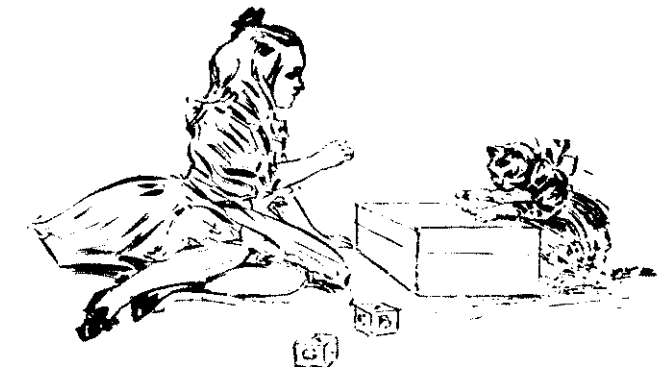
ing to oblige them and would do his best to govern them wisely and to make them happy. Then the people shouted: "Long live the Rajah of Jaunpore-singh!" louder than ever, and led the elephant to the palace and seated the Rajah on his throne again."

From that time on the Rajah of Jaunpore-singh was beloved by all his subjects; and the elephant was fed on delicacies as long as he lived.

Games With Animal Pets.

PLAYING HOUSE WITH A KITTEN.

A very great many of our boy and girl cousins have written to me in the last two weeks, and I have yet to find a more delightful pastime than reading their clever and entertaining letters. A large number of our little readers have told me interesting stories about their pets, dogs, kittens, and other cunning animals. This has suggested the idea of telling a few new ways of having fun with dumb animals, that will not hurt them, which, for the most part, they will readily understand and enjoy quite as much as their young masters and mistresses. One entertaining pastime is to "play house" with a kitten. All that is necessary is a little bell, similar to a sleigh bell, or the kind often tied round pussy's neck; a small



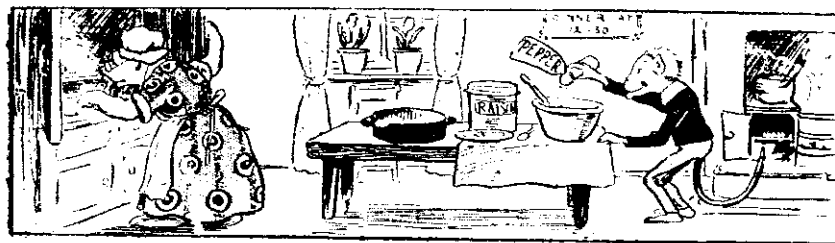
"The kitten will understand."

box and a spool. Tie a piece of cord to the bell and hang it from a tack driven into the inside top of the box, one side of which must be open. Put the spool inside of the box, then place the kitten inside the box, as if it were a table; ring the bell, take out the spool, place it on the table, and then give the kitten some milk or a piece of meat. After this is repeated several times the kitten will understand that the bell must be rung and the spool placed upon the box before she

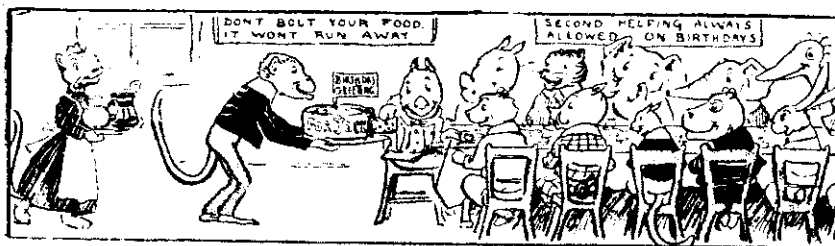
will be fed. It is laughable to see her try to hurry the process. A little girl told me her kitten tried to ring the bell and put the bell on the spool before she caught the idea correctly. When she had learned what was expected of her she would get the box, drag it to the middle of the floor, ring the little bell furiously, and rattle the spool about on the top of the box whenever she was hungry. If you should try this I should like to have you write me how you succeed.

JUNGLE JINKS.

How Jacko Peppered the Cake.



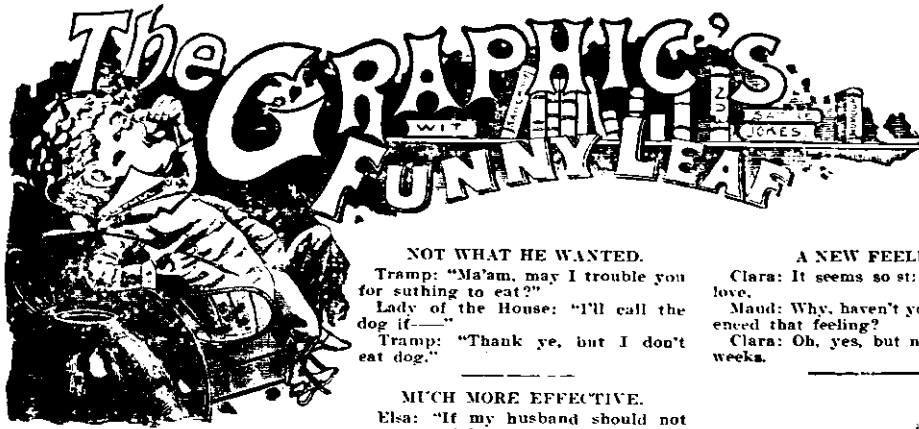
1. That rascal Jacko was in the Jungle School kitchen the other day looking about to find some mischief while cook was busy making a cake. "Dear me," exclaimed cook, as she opened a cupboard door, "I don't believe there's a scrap of sugar in the house, and the price has gone up a halfpenny a pound. I'm sorry I didn't get a lot in before." "Now is my chance," chuckled Jacko. "I'll put a heap of cayenne-pepper in this cake while she is not looking. Won't Doctor Lion hop when he eats it? I should like to be there to see."



2. Jacko heard no more about the pepper for some time; indeed he gets into mischief so often that he cannot remember half of his tricks. But one day he had a birthday-party, and Mrs Lion, according to her usual custom, gave him a big cake, and round the cake himself, and the when everybody had received a slice began.



3. Being very greedy, most of the boys swallowed a big mouthful to begin with. Then something extraordinary happened. Rhino suddenly threw down his cake, and jumped from his seat with a yell. "How-w!" he cried, as he hugged himself, and hopped about the room. "What's the matter with the cake?" At the same moment Hippo and young Boar made a dash for the tea, and all the others showed similar signs of pain. Of course, that cake spoiled the whole party. Nobody knew how it came to be so hot; but between you and I, Jacko made a very good guess.



**A GOOD SIGN.**  
He: "Do you think your father will give his consent if I ask him for your hand?"  
She: "I am pretty sure he will. He seems to take great interest in you."  
He: "Is that so?"  
She: "Yes, he has taken steps to find out the amount of your debts."

**MOVING IN EXTREMIS.**  
Friend: "How is your wife, old chap?"  
Mr Henpeck: "Last week she was dangerously ill, and just now she is dangerously healthy."

**WILLING TO SUFFER.**  
Girl: "Are you a lover of music, professor?"  
Professor: "Yes, I am; but it does not make any difference. Just go on and play away."

**A COMING INSULT.**  
Judge: "So you confess that you struck Karlson? But why did you do it?"  
Prisoner: "Well, your honor, he insulted me. He says, says he—and there were others who heard him—says he, 'Anderson is a—' but he didn't get any further, your honor, for I smashed him before he had time to say this."

**UNABASHED.**  
Guest: "See here, landlord, I just found this half-burned cigar in my soup."  
Landlord: "Bring this gentleman a match, Johann."

**AN UP-TO-DATE PROPOSAL.**  
Tom: "Do you believe in palmistry?"  
May: "Yes."  
Tom: "Give me your hand, and I will tell you who your husband will be."  
May: "With all my heart."



**A FRIEND INDEED.**  
Foster: "There is nothing better than to have a friend you can trust, eh?"  
Porter: "No; unless it is to have one who will trust you."

**NOT WHAT HE WANTED.**  
Tramp: "Ma'am, may I trouble you for suthing to eat?"  
Lady of the House: "I'll call the dog if—"  
Tramp: "Thank ye, but I don't eat dog."

**MUCH MORE EFFECTIVE.**  
Elsa: "If my husband should not treat me right I would tell him that I would go back to mother!"  
Josephine: "You had better threaten him with sending for your mother; that would be more effective!"

**KNEW OF IT.**  
Dr. A: "I performed an operation on Bornson yesterday."  
Dr. B: "Yes, I know; saw it in the papers."  
A: "In the papers?"  
B: "Yes; in the death notices this morning."

**HIS OPENING.**  
Ada (pensively): "I hope you'll invite me to the wedding when you get married."  
Jack (boldly): "I'll invite you the first one, and if you don't accept there won't be any wedding."

**APPRECIATION.**  
She: "I like some of your articles very much."  
He: "O, I'm so glad! Which was the part you liked specially?"  
She: "Well, I liked the quotation from Balzac."

**IN HASTE.**  
Customer (to waiter): "Here, John, take my order—ox tail soup, roast lamb, fried sole, green peas, onions, tomatoes, cucumber, mince pie, cheese and coffee, and be spry about it; my train leaves in exactly six minutes."

**PROOF POSITIVE.**  
"Heavens, Maria! was that photograph open during a car fight?"  
"No, I turned it on last night when you were sleeping. Perhaps you will believe now that you snore."

**AT A SICK MAN'S BEDSIDE.**  
Two physicians at the bedside of a patient disputed as to the nature of the disease. At last one of them ended the discussion by saying, "Very well; have it your own way now, but the post-mortem will show that I am right."

**THE WORST OF IT.**  
He was one of those smart men who like to show their cleverness. "See me make him look small," he said, as the beggar approached. Then he listened solemnly to the tale of hard luck. "That's the same old story you told me last week," he said when the vagrant had finished. "Is it?" was the reply. "Praps I did, praps I did," he admitted, "but I'd quite forgotten meeting you for the moment. I was doing seven days last week, and there was such a lot of us, you see."

**WOMAN'S WAYS.**  
It is strange what a small nibble a woman will take out of a piece of cake when her lover is looking. But with what alacrity she can get fifteen clothes pegs in her mouth on washing day, when she is in a hurry and wants to go out in the afternoon!

**PREPARING FOR A SIEGE.**  
Wife: "The last time I asked you to give me some money you said you couldn't because the cashier was sick. Now you say it's the treasurer."  
Husband: "I know it. He caught it from the cashier, and now I'm afraid the secretary will get it."

**A NEW FEELING.**  
Clara: "It seems so strange to be in love."  
Maud: "Why, haven't you ever experienced that feeling?"  
Clara: "Oh, yes, but not for several weeks."



**CHANCE FOR HEROISM.**  
Adorer (anxiously): "What did your father say?"  
Sweet Girl: "Oh! He got so angry I was afraid to stay and listen. He's in a perfectly terrible rage. Go in and appease him."

**THE POLITICAL PATIENT.**  
"Doctor," said Li Hung Chang, "have you got the list of symptoms all prepared?"  
"I have," answered the Court physician.  
"Is there any sign of popular uprising in the city?"  
"None at present."  
"Any demands for anybody's yellow jacket, peacock feather or life?"  
"Nothing strenuous in that way."  
"Anybody trying to interview me for publication?"  
"No one. Such efforts are thoroughly discouraged."  
"Well, if you are sure that's the case I guess I'll begin to convalesce."

**COULDN'T HEAR IT.**  
"My poor friend," said the earnest reformer, "do you never hear the still, small voice of conscience?"  
"No," replied the wicked person.  
"I'm so hard of hearing that conscience couldn't get word to me with a ten-foot megaphone."

**BACKS.**  
"Oure? Why, at the hunt she rode bareback."  
"What! Not in evening attire?"  
"Stupid! The horse's back, not her own," exclaimed my wife, regarding me disdainfully.  
I laughed at myself a little, for I was not as yet thoroughly under this woman's domination.

**WHAT WOULD FOLLOW.**  
"Take away woman," said the orator, "and what would follow?"  
"We would," said a man in the audience, promptly.

**LESSENING THE BLOW.**  
"Make it easier for me to bear, can't you, Grace?" pleaded the hapless youth, whom she has just refused.  
"Yes, George," gently answered Grace. "I snore dreadfully."

**SPARING HIM.**  
"Well, father," exclaimed the prodigal son, as he made his appearance at the family fireside, "are you ready to kill the fatted calf?"  
"No," replied the old man, grimly. "I think I'll let you live."

**A FAMILY BOOK.**  
Customer (hesitatingly): "I suppose—er—you have some—er—suitable books for a man—er—about to be married?"  
Bookseller: "Certainly, sir. Here, John, show this gentleman some of our account books—largest size."

**A BITE.**  
Frank Frankleigh: "Yes, Miss Antique, to be frank with you—"  
Miss Antique (with a chirp): "Oh, Mr Frankleigh, of course you may be Frank with me—but this so sudden."

**A PERTINENT QUERY.**  
Wagg: "What are you doing now?"  
Verisophit: "Oh, I'm living by brain work."  
Wagg: "Whose?"

**GOOD HEARING.**  
Love may be blind, but his sense of hearing is so acute that he never mistakes the jingle of copper for that of gold.

**SOON OVER.**  
Bridegroom: "I'm afraid we shall look so happy and contented that everyone will know we are just married."  
Best Man (consolingly): "Don't worry, old chap. It will only be for a day or two, you know."

**SHE DEPARTED IN PEACE.**  
"Did you have any words with your mistress which caused you to leave your last place?"  
"Niver a word. Sure, an' Oi locked her in the bathroom, and tuk all me things, and slipped out as quiet as yez please."

**WHAT DID SHE EXPECT?**  
He: "We are having a very quiet passage."  
She: "Yes, I expected much more osculation."

**BOTH WERE HAD.**  
Deserted Wife (in conversation with sympathetic grocer): "And I trusted him so."  
Grocer: "Confound it, so did I!"

**TOO LATE.**  
She: "I hear you have just got married, Jim. Is it too late to offer congratulations?"  
He: "Oh, yes. I was married a month ago."

**ON THE SPUR.**  
She: "Oh, Jack, here's your pearl in this oyster."  
He (excitedly): "Ethel, may—may I have it set in an engagement ring?"



**PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION.**  
Flo: "Now, when I am asked to sing I never say 'Oh, I can't!' but I always sit down at the piano—"  
Elsie: "And let the audience find it out for themselves, eh?"