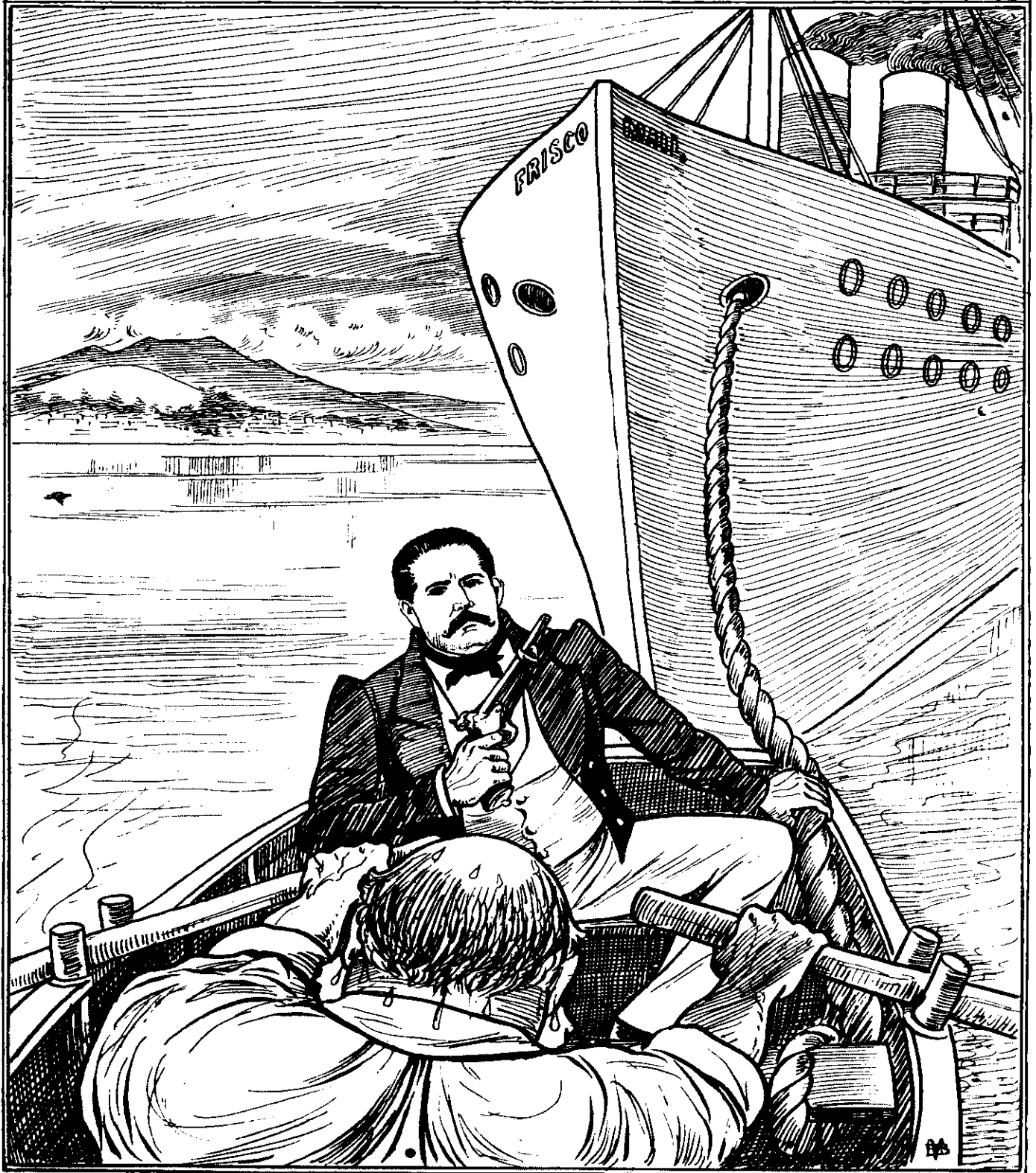


The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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Who Dares to Hint at Cutting the Painter?

At the Ministerial Conference last week the question of the continuance of the San Francisco Mail Service was discussed. Mr. Napier declared that if the service were discontinued a large number of the Auckland representatives would withdraw their support from the present Ministry, and even the Hon. James McGowan, Minister for Mines, would be reluctantly obliged to resign his portfolio.

Serial Story.

(PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT.)

HER LAST ADVENTURE.

By ANNIE O. TIBBITS.

(Author of "What Came Between?" "Under Suspicion," "Fighting a Lie," "Beth Gwyn,"
"The Shadow Between," etc., etc.)

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CHAPTER I. FATE-DRIVEN.

It was a cold night—cold and windy, with ice lying thick on the frozen roads and hanging like snow to the stiff black branches of the trees and bushes.

It was not late—scarcely seven o'clock—but darkness had settled down early that night, and had brought with it an ugly wind and a sudden storm of sleet that threatened to develop into snow before morning.

Rene Trennant looked round her room with a shiver. Then with a quick movement she stepped to the window and flung it open to the night.

Only half an hour before she had come in with her hat still on, with a blood stained glove tightly rolled in her hand, with a strange grey, frightened face that shrank from the shadows in the room, and hurrying across had drawn both blind and curtain and roused the fire to flame to drive out the hideous darkness of the night.

Now, for a moment, she seemed to have forgotten her terror. She leaned forward listening, her face turned breathlessly to the common that lay at a little distance and to the wood that stretched along one side of it.

Already the little straggling town was still. It was scarcely little more than a village, and only the inn at the top of the street seemed to show any signs of life.

Rene could hear nothing but the wind. It blustered through the trees and over the house, shaking the loose shutters and howling in the chimneys.

The sound made her shiver. It brought back all the ugly feeling of horror and terror and fear that she had felt an hour ago. She drew a long breath and listened again, as if she expected to see across the empty patch of common the desolate wood on the other side—as if she might see under the shadows of the bushes the thing she had seen a couple of hours ago—a face turned upwards to the grey sky with the wind moaning over it, and with the cold wet sleet beginning to moisten its white lips.

She peered forward through the darkness, shivering, shrinking, and yet waiting. What she expected she could not have told. What evil the night would bring she dared not think.

The wind swept on, crying to the darkening night, dying away across the wide common, and she still leant forward, forgetful of the cold, starting wildly at the drifting clouds and sullen sky.

Some flakes of snow falling on her face roused her at last. She raised herself and looked round. It would be thick before morning—thick and white over field and heather and the barren common.

A moment later another paroxysm of fear seized her, and with sudden hands she dragged down window and blind, and turning, shut her eyes to the glow on the floor and crouched before her fire and stared with hollow haggard eyes into its bright depths.

The flames leaped in the chimney, and the light flickered over her white face.

It was a beautiful, strange face; beautiful because of the eyes and mouth, and strange because of the shadows round both. There were lines,

too, that seemed to be out of place there, and a curious look in her eyes that would have startled the children she taught if they could have seen it.

They would have been still more startled, if they could have seen her thoughts—if they could have seen the things she saw—the faces that had stared up from the frozen common at the grey sky above it.

She shivered as she remembered it, and went slowly over the series of events that had brought her step by step to that room on that night with that face before her. She had been Fate-driven. She was Fate-driven still, and her next move lay already pointed out by the papers on the little table beside her.

She crouched closer over the fire, watching the pictures of the last three months of her life as they seemed to rise before her out of the red flames. They were all driving her on—driving her—where?

She shivered again and tightened her lips. Each one of those events had led her to this. Each one had taken her a little farther along the ugly road, until now there seemed only one way before her. She was intended to go on—she was meant to do the thing she shrank from doing, and in her heart she knew that she would do it yet.

The firelight played on her face, making it look hopeless and weary as her thoughts travelled backwards.

The first event had occurred only three months ago! But it seemed more like years since she and Effie Chaloner had been brought together. She remembered it with a shudder—the lonely London street, the dreary autumn afternoon deepening into fog, and the lost and nervous girl who had come to her for help.

They were the only two figures in sight. The fog was thickening over the muddy river, covering the gloomy buildings on the other side, and creeping up silently from the water into the roadway.

In all her miserable life Rene had never felt more miserable than she had done at that moment. There was no hope that day—nothing but deadly misery and despair, and she had stood staring into the river with dark eyes and ugly thoughts when the girl's voice startled her.

She was only inquiring his way, but Rene turned sharply with a feeling that, after all, she had not done with life yet.

She peered through the fog at the girl's bright face, and after she had directed her stood watching as she started across the road.

The next instant she darted forward. A heavy waggon had plunged suddenly through the fog and borne down upon the girl, and an instant later she would have been under the wheels if Rene had not caught her. As it was, the shaft had struck her, and hurled her to the muddy road.

Rene bent and raised her. For a moment she thought she was seriously hurt, but an instant later she raised her head and opened her eyes with a start.

"Oh," she cried with a gasp for breath as she looked up into Rene's face, "you have saved my life! If it hadn't been for you I might have—" She shuddered. "Let us get into a cab," she added nervously. "Oh, it frightens me, this London."

She looked round half helplessly

and clung to Rene's arm with chattering teeth.

"Mother forbade me to come out alone," she added, "but she is partly an invalid, and she was not very well, and I wanted to go so much. Oh, it served me right."

She scrambled to her feet and looked again into Rene's face.

"You must come with me," she added, "You must come and see mother and tell her. Oh, please do come."

It would have been easy to refuse, yet Rene did not. There was something in the girl's face that reminded her of something she had lost, and she yielded. There were more reasons than one why she shrank from accompanying her, but there came to her then, as there comes to most people sometimes in their lives, a feeling that something outside herself was leading her on—driving her to an end she could not see.

She yielded almost helplessly. She was so tired of struggling. She was so tired of life that she scarcely seemed to care what happened now, and as they drove to the hotel she scarcely heard the girl chattering beside her.

She was roused by a hand on her arm.

"Now you must tell me your name," she was saying. "Mine is Effie Chaloner and my brother is Sir Christopher Chaloner, and I'm going to take you straight to my mother, who, of course, is Lady Chaloner. Chris has some business to attend to and we came with him for a week, and that is why we are here. Now your name?"

Rene hesitated, but even as she did so her lips had spoken it.

"Oh, what a pretty name," cried Effie, "and just like you. Rene! It means queen, doesn't it? Oh, you are like a queen."

She was recovering quickly from the effect of her shaking, and she leant forward in the cab to look at her. Rene shivered and turned away a little.

"I would rather not come, if you don't mind," she faltered, "I—I would rather go away—"

Effie clung to her arm.

"No, I'm not going to let you go," she cried. "You don't understand how much you've done to-night, and you must come and be introduced to my mother. I'm not going to let you refuse—oh, you can't refuse."

She turned an eager, girlish face, and Rene yielded helplessly.

A few minutes later she found herself confronting two other faces that were destined to alter her whole life.

The one was an old lady with white hair and faded blue eyes, and the other was a man. Rene's first impression was that he was very tall and stern. When she looked again there

was something in his eyes that sent an odd thrill to her heart. She caught her breath. It was years since a man looked at her like that—years since a man had looked at her so gently as that!

Effie ran forward.

"Oh, mother, oh, Chris," she cried. "I've been nearly killed."

They looked up startled.

"Killed?"

"Oh, mother, it was all my fault for going out myself when you forbade me. I'm awfully sorry, I'm really awfully sorry."

Chris rose to his feet and Effie dragged Rene forward.

"This is the girl who has saved my life," she cried. "Miss Trennant. I got knocked down by a waggon, and she dragged me out from under the horses' very feet. If she hadn't been there I might have been hopelessly hurt, and even then if she hadn't been quick—oh, mother, it frightened me to death. I made her come to you, and here she is, and I'm not hurt a bit—thanks to her."

Lady Chaloner rose to her feet and held out her hand quickly. She was a proud and rather cold woman, but the sudden rush of gratitude made her forget her usual dignity. Whatever Rene was at that moment she did not care. For an instant she forgot herself. Rene felt the blood rush to her face and then die out again. For a moment she hesitated. How could she give her hands to a woman like that—she, with so much that was ugly in her life?

"How can I thank you? My dear girl, you have earned my everlasting gratitude," cried Lady Chaloner.

Her words seemed far away to Rene, and the old grey face that was looking at her so kindly seemed like a face out of a dream.

"There is no need to thank me," she cried. "I—I did what I could. I—I—"

She turned away a little and in so doing met Sir Christopher's grey eyes fixed on her. He, too, held out his hands.

"Indeed it is not worth it," she cried hoarsely. "It was—only a chance. I—anyone else might have done it."

"But anyone else didn't," said Sir Christopher. "It was you who did it. You saved my sister, perhaps from serious hurt, and we shall never know how to be grateful enough."

He looked into her eyes again and something in them sent over him a sudden shadow—a shadow of something that was to come perhaps.

He turned away half uneasily and then looked back at her again, as if she attracted him in spite of himself. Her face was the face of a girl with a woman's sorrow in it. Its beauty was almost irresistible, in spite of her shabby clothes and hat, and almost unconsciously he found himself watching her as she talked to Lady Chaloner. He watched her with an odd feeling at heart as the minutes sped on.

Effie would not let her go. With her usual impulse she had taken a fancy to the woman who had saved her, and for a while Rene let herself drift. There was no harm in it, she thought, and it was so comfortable, so warm, so like what she had known once, a long time ago, and so unlike the comfortless garret she called home.

Her heart fell at the thought of the word home.

"I hope your people will not be anxious about you," Lady Chaloner was saying. Her voice had grown stiff again. "Perhaps they do not mind—I mean they may not be waiting for you or wondering what has become of you."

"Rene's lips set a little." "I have no one to trouble about me," she said, bitterly. "I am all alone in the world."

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"All alone?" Lady Chaloner frowned a little.

"Yes, I have no one in London," Rene repeated. "I am alone."

Lady Chaloner looked at her for a moment in silence. The girl's face puzzled her. The sorrow and weariness upon it touched her and she hesitated before she questioned her.

She was just about to ask her how it was that she was so placed when Rene rose with a shiver. Something had made her—some feeling that she might be questioned, perhaps. She must get back into the cold streets. She must go. And the helpless feeling of misery swept back upon her. It was useless, she told herself. She must never dare to have friends or home again.

Lady Chaloner saw the sudden tears in her eyes, and with unusual impulse put her hand on her shoulder.

"I hope you will let us see you again," she said. "If you could spare time to call, or to come with us to a picture gallery, perhaps—"

"Oh, yes, do," cried Effie, quickly. "Do, please, Miss Trennant, say you will. We shall only be here for a week or so, and I should like it so much."

Rene hesitated. "I—I don't know," she faltered. "I—I'm afraid—"

"Oh, you must," cried Effie, emphatically. "Chris, do make her say she will."

Chris laughed a little. "I'll make an effort to persuade her," he said.

Effie linked her arm in his. "Oh, she won't be able to resist you if only you try properly," she cried.

"Well, if Miss Trennant will allow me to drive her home I'll do my best."

Rene started a little. "Drive me home?" she repeated. "Oh, no, no—indeed I could not—I—I could not give you so much trouble—"

"It is anything but a trouble," said Chris quickly. Somehow he wanted to be alone with her. Somehow he wanted to have a chance of looking closely into her eyes, and he meant at any cost to take her home that night.

He did not know the risk he ran. He did not know the danger of associating with her, but he would have scarcely cared just then.

Lady Chaloner stepped forward again.

"Oh, yes, indeed, he must see you home," she said, stiffly. "It will be safer for you. I should not like you to go alone—at this time of night."

Rene smiled bitterly. It seemed years since anyone had been anxious to see her home in that way; and Lady Chaloner little thought how much she knew of the London streets.

Rene turned half uneasily to Chris and lifted her eyes to his. If only some man like that had come to her years ago! If only someone like Chris had saved her from the past.

It was too late now, she thought, and she passed under the curtain he held up for her with wild and bitter regret at her heart.

Lady Chaloner stood in the middle of the room for a moment after they had disappeared. Her old white face looked puzzled, and doubtful, and anxious.

"What a strange girl, Effie," she cried as the door fell to. "There is something terrible in her face. I wonder what? I did not like to question her. I wonder who she is and how it is. . . . But I think she is all right. At any rate we will trust so, for there is something in her face that makes me terribly sorry somehow. Poor girl! And yet I wonder if I did right in asking her here again? It seems a strange chance that sent her across our path to-night!"

She did not know—it was the first move of Fate!

CHAPTER II.

THE SECOND STEP.

Sir Christopher insisted on accompanying her the whole way home, and Rene could not prevent him. Perhaps she scarcely tried. Why, after all, should she hesitate? Her life was honest now—clear, save for the one haunting shadow upon it—and though she was nearly starving, starvation was no crime, and what was the life she led to him? She would never see him again after to-night. Their lives

had touched for an hour, that was all; and now, darkness for her, sunshine for him, and when he wished her good night he should look into her eyes for the last time. So she told herself as she lay back against the cushions of the carriage and stared out at the dark street.

It is a fairly long drive from Charing Cross to Hampstead, but it was terribly short to Rene, and her heart sank heavily as they drew up before a row of dismal houses. Sir Christopher helped her from the carriage, and for a moment looked at her white face under the lamplight.

Perhaps at that moment he saw something in it that he had not seen before. Perhaps it seemed strange to him that a woman so beautiful should be living by herself, in such a street, for he looked at the sordid houses in front of them, and then back at her.

"You won't think it rude, will you?" he asked, "but won't you tell me something about yourself—how it is you are here alone—what you are doing?"

She flushed and paled again. "I—I have not been here long," she said, "and I am trying to teach. It is all I can do. I—I don't know yet how I shall get on."

He looked at her again curiously. Once more something odd in her face startled him, and then suddenly it gave way to something else. He held out his hand.

"Thank you again," he said, "for what you have done to-night. Words are cold, but we shall never forget. You must remember that we shall never cease to be grateful to you."

He turned and stepped back into the carriage, and Rene disappeared as it rolled away.

She went up to her room with a beating heart, determined that she would see none of them again. It would be best for all, she told herself. She must not see them again.

But she had not reckoned with Effie Chaloner, or on her own weakness. It was so easy to drift into a week's pleasure when she had almost forgotten what it was like, and Effie was gay and rash and impetuous, and happened just then to know no one of Rene's age in London. Besides which, Sir Christopher was busy with business matters. Lady Chaloner was partly an invalid, was unwell and unable to go out, and Fate seemed to have arranged no one to take her place.

The consequence was that Lady Chaloner was glad even to have Rene. Nevertheless she had some doubt. Her faded blue eyes grew grave and suspicious at times as she looked at the girl's delicate, beautiful face, and more than once almost sharp questions trembled on her lips.

"You say you have not been in England long?" she asked. "Did you live abroad?"

"Yes," she said, almost under her breath. "In—in many places. I think I have been in almost every country in Europe. We were never still, and after mother—"

She broke off abruptly, and an odd shudder passed over her.

"Oh, forgive me Lady Chaloner," she cried. "I—I can't speak about that."

Lady Chaloner looked half involuntarily at her shabby black dress, and at the young white face above it. Her mother was dead, no doubt—perhaps only lately dead, she thought, and a sudden rush of pity made her forget her suspicions for a moment.

"Poor child," she murmured.

Rene looked up sharply, and made a movement as if she would have spoken. Perhaps if she had it would have altered the lives of all four. But she caught her breath again with a little shiver and drew back. After all, what were they to her? Only acquaintances of a week, people who would misunderstand her perhaps—strangers in a big city who would leave her presently to drift back into the old, dark, ugly life. Why should she torture herself?

She made up her mind suddenly that she would tell them nothing—nothing, that is, more than she could help, but Lady Chaloner was bound to know something about her, and in answer to her questions Rene told her that she was trying to get teach-

ing to do, that she had a little—a very little, which might increase, and that her name was on the books of an agency.

How she had come to be thrown into such a position Lady Chaloner could not tell. All the explanation Rene gave was that after her mother died she became very poor, and was obliged to work for her living.

That was all. That was all the information she could get, and sometimes she felt uneasy. But sometimes, too, in looking at Rene's white face, Lady Chaloner felt ashamed of the suspicions that rose in her mind. She tried to crush them. Rene never forced herself on them in any way. It was Effie who ran after her. Effie who dragged her out, Effie who insisted that she was good and kind and trustworthy.

"Why, mother, dear, she's all right," she said in answer to the doubts Lady Chaloner raised. "Oh, I'm certain she's all right. She would not have jumped under the waggon for me if she hadn't been; and, besides, why should she tell us anything about herself? Perhaps she's had a lot of trouble—oh, sometimes I'm certain she has, and perhaps something happened that she feels too much to speak about. She's a lady, mother—you must see that."

Lady Chaloner nodded her head.

"Yes, yes, she is ladylike," she said slowly; "and, after all, it will only be a few days. We shall be going

home again presently, and may never see her again."

Only a few days! At the end of those few days Lady Chaloner liked the girl she had distrusted, and tried to forget there was such a strange background of silence to her life. Was it strange after all that she should hesitate to open her heart to strangers, as they were? She never tried to find out anything about them—she never asked a single question, and suspicion seemed unjust.

Lady Chaloner tried to crush her feeling of uneasiness, and did her best to befriend the girl who had so strangely crossed their path. Nevertheless, on the last day something happened which seemed to bring back the uncomfortable feeling that something more would come of it. Effie insisted on having Rene to dinner on that last night in town, and for once Rene had come in with a shining face.

"I've had a stroke of luck," she said. "I've got a berth—a temporary one—but still it is a beginning, and perhaps it will lead to something good."

Chris came forward as she spoke to shake hands, and he looked into her eyes.

"I hope it will," he said quietly. Lady Chaloner looked up.

"Indeed, we all hope it will," she said. "I'm very glad. Where is it, what sort of teaching?"

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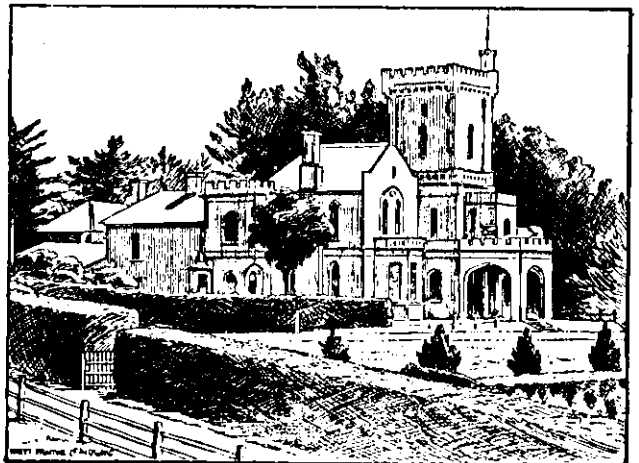


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Rene felt happier at that moment than she had done for years. Her face looked soft and radiant. Chris thought he had never seen a more beautiful face, and he watched the black lashes fall on her cheek with a strange feeling. Ever since the first night he had driven her home she had had a curious interest for him, but never like to-night. She looked up smiling, with light in her eyes and hope in her face. Perhaps after all she might crawl back into a little sunshine. Perhaps after all she was not so utterly outcast as she had thought, and she sighed—a little happy sigh.

"It's in a school," she said. "One of the teachers is ill—ordered away for a month, and I am to take her place. It is rather a big school, I think—at Walden."

"At Walden?" Effie sat up with a sudden pink tinging her cheek. "Oh, mother, how funny. Walden! Of all places! Why, a friend of ours lives there, Miss Trennant—an old friend—Mr Fyrtton. He's away just now, and won't be back for a few weeks, but when he does—"

The pink grew pinker in her cheek. Sir Christopher pinched her ear.

"Perhaps Effie may live there herself some day," he said—"When she's old enough."

Effie's blush became furious. "Well, I—I don't care," she stammered. "If you weren't such a wretch you'd let Halmer marry me at once. Oh, Miss Trennant, bless your stars that you never had a brutal brother. He says I'm too young to be married, I'm nearly eighteen, and heaps of girls are married at eighteen; but just because he's such a wretch poor Halmer has got to wait another year."

"Poor Halmer, indeed!" said Sir Christopher. "Poor mother and poor me, I think. What are we to do when that brute carries you off?"

Effie tried to frown. "Mother, tell Chris to behave," she cried.

But Lady Chaloner was almost serious. She was thinking how strange it was that Rene was to be thrown across their paths again. She had been congratulating herself that after to-morrow they would never see her any more. But Walden was a straight drive of three miles from her own home, and three miles in these days of bicycles is nothing. She remembered how often Halmer himself cycled over to them after dinner, and an odd feeling of oppression stole over her. She looked up. At that moment Rene's charming face was almost triumphant. She was looking up at Sir Christopher, and he was smiling back at her.

Lady Chaloner rose abruptly. What would come of it? She had been weak and stupid to let things go so far—mad to let a moment's gratitude shut her eyes to what might be danger. After to-night a step must be put to it. Who could tell what it was that lay so mysteriously behind Rene's life? Who could tell what was to come of this chance acquaintance?

She looked keenly into the girl's face. What a beautiful face it was! But what lay in the shadows upon it—good or evil, honesty or sin?

Lady Chaloner could not tell, but as her son gave her his arm to go in to dinner she saw that his eyes were on the slight, shabby, graceful figure of the girl in front of them, and a sudden harshness came into her face. She set her lips and involuntarily tightened her hold on his arm. This woman was coming between them. With a woman's sure, unreasoning instinct, she knew it, and the knowledge seemed to make her helpless.

Rene noticed her sudden coldness. She noticed, too, that when she left them she wished her good-bye, and not good-night, and she realised that Lady Chaloner never meant to see her again if she could help it.

It was this that seemed to force her on. It was this that, when the time came, helped her to do the ugly deed which brought them all together again.

(To be continued.)

Copyright Story.

Poor Augustin.

By C. L. NICOLAY.

Author of "The New Gardener," Etc.

"Ask for my Nandi? What next? No, my man, girls like her don't grow for him and his like. She is meant for a man who can keep a family, a man in office, with a title. Ha, ha! Such a man is for my daughter, not he."

These words were puffed forth by a man past middle age in a brocade dressing gown and a brown bob wig all awry over his red, angry face.

He over whose head the stream of invectives was showered was young and slim, with pleasant features and somewhat dreamy eyes.

He was a musician, and neither knew his father nor his mother, for a gipsy woman whom the town constable had taken up as a vagrant had had with her a very pretty, fair-haired boy—whom some of the people had stolen. Half a ducat, pierced and run on a thin silken string, was found on her. As soon as "Master Hans" had given her the first twitch on the thumb screws she confessed that this half gold coin had been found on the boy's neck, and had been kept as a charm. Where he came from even "Master Hans" could not get out of her. The boy, who was about five years old, and said his name was Augustin, was kept under the care of the Town Council of Vienna.

He had been taken up on the day of St. Wendelin, so he received the surname Wendel.

He was a good and gentle boy, passionately fond of music. Hence in due time he was apprenticed to the town musician where he soon surpassed his teacher. Whatever instrument was put in his hand he mastered in no time. Hence he was sent by his ingenious patron to all wakes and village feasts. There he fiddled day and night and would deliver honestly all the kreutzer and batzen which he had collected.

When his apprenticeship was finished he entered into his old master's band. He now played before the quality and the better burghers, and it was on one such occasion that he first cast his eye upon pretty Nanny Geldhuber.

She was black eyed and red cheeked. Her dark ringlets were coquettishly arranged under her white lace cap with its red bows. Her slender waist was bewitchingly set off by the little embroidered apron. Her small feet seemed exclusively meant for dancing, as they pattered along in schottische and waltz. How Augustin did long only for once to put his arm round her and to whirl away with her!

He supposed nobody perceived his admiring looks, but Miss Nanny would not have been a daughter of Eve and an arrant little flirt if she had not noticed the mute devotion of the handsome musician.

He had often seen her on Sundays or Saints' Days with prayer book and rosary devoutly tripping to and from St. Stevens. Upon one of these occasions Augustin had dared to address her.

She seemed by no means frightened, though full of blushing coyness, and Augustin felt himself in the seventh heaven, for he loved Nanny honestly. To him she was the incarnation of all that is sweet and good, whilst for the time being she was as much in love with Augustin as any girl of eighteen could imagine herself with a good honest young fellow.

The tears which Nanny shed were therefore very real, and she really thought her little heart was breaking when Augustin's wooing met with such an exceptionally ungracious reception from her father.

is over-particular, well she has only herself to blame if in after life—"

The girl hung her shapely head. She saw the truth of her mother's words. Yet she compared her handsome, merry musician in his plain gray coat and fair hair with the stately, prepossessing personage in his silver-laced maroon plush coat and peach coloured smalls; and the comparison was not in favour of Mr Councillor and Town Secretary Featherquill.

About the same time a stroke of luck had befallen Augustin Wendel.

The organist of St. Stevens for whom as a boy he used to blow the bellows, had taken some interest in the merry, good tempered youth and, as he discovered his marvellous talent for music, he had given him some lessons over and above the training he had received from the town musician.

At that time most of the Austrian magnates kept their own private "chapeles," their bands of sometimes excellent musicians. The place of the second fiddle in one of these bands became vacant, and the old organist recommended Augustin to the high patron, the Count Esterhazy.

The founding was now a man in office with six hundred florins, a load of firewood a year, and an allowance of twenty pence a month for music paper and candles.

The young musician cared little for the settled income. Its duties, the regular rehearsals and punctual attendances were rather irksome—but he felt now justified in asking for the hand of his beloved Nanny.

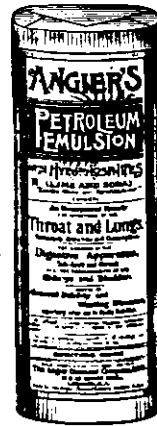
His fiddle sang jubilantly during the whole night, and the stars in the sky seemed to twinkle with delight at the happy musician.

The next morning he dressed very carefully. Alas! his grey coat was somewhat threadbare, his stockings curly worsted, and his shoe buckles nothing but copper. But he made them shine like ruddy gold, and brushed his shoes until they reflected his jolly countenance.

Then he set out for the "Tandel-market," where he encountered Master Geldhuber in his shop, inspecting a set of Dresden china, which he had bought the night before from a Polish countess, who had been unhappy at trix-trac. He was not in his very best humour. When the shop bell rang, and instead of an expected customer the musician timidly entered, his polite "good morning" only met with a short snarl, and before he had finished his speech the enraged Tandler had pushed him out of his shop, and banged the door behind him so that it set the bell jingling.

Augustin walked along as in a dream, and went back to his poor lodgings. It was a good thing that there was no rehearsal that day, or he would have entered upon office with a breach of duty. He pushed aside even his beloved violin—he sat with his hands before his face, and

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without his even knowing it, thick tears trickled through his fingers, upon the sheet of notepaper, on which he had been trying to write down a little tune he remembered from the gipsy camp.

Towards evening he felt a craving for the open air. He descended the many steps to his garret, and when he stepped from the house gate, an old dame suddenly slipped a piece of paper into his hand.

It was a note from Nanny, not very well written and very badly spelt; it bade him be of good cheer. His Nanny would love him for ever, she would rather die than forsake him.

This affectionate epistle was read and re-read and pressed to the lips of the ardent lover. He took to hoping at once, and trusted his Nanny as securely as the stars overhead. Again his violin sang out in the night, not quite so jubilantly, but not less sweet.

While Nandil liked her little secret romance with Augustin, she did not discourage Mr Featherquill, who became assiduous in his visits. He had presented her on her Name's Day with a beautiful necklet of amber beads and a silver cross, and on the occasion of a state function in the "Burg," he had taken Mrs Geldhuber and her daughter up through various corridors and backstairs to an ante-room, from which they could see the whole imperial procession.

For a while Nanny hovered between love and duty, but duty was enhanced by all the grandeur the future Mrs Town Secretary Featherquill could command, whilst love could offer nothing but himself. No wonder that duty got the day! Nanny was formally betrothed to the Councillor, who presented her with the same pearl and ruby ear-drops and necklet which she had admired from afar, and which he had once bestowed on his late lamented on a similar occasion; and a few days later, Augustin overheard the Hautbois telling the Flute that fair Nandil from the "Tandel Market" was betrothed to old Tohy Featherquill.

Augustin felt as if he were shot. He would have jumped up, but just then the conductor struck with his baton on the desk and the musicians had to go on with their stiff symphony by Lully. The poor second fiddle so often hit off the mark that the conductor gave him a good deal of warm language; and when he had once succeeded in getting the whole orchestra out of time and tune, the master

promised him, if he again come drunk to the rehearsal, he would have to report him to His Grace.

Augustin staggered away like one in a high fever. His Nandil betrothed to somebody else; moreover to a suitor with whom the poor musician could not compare himself in any point as to worldly advantage! Next Sunday afternoon Augustin took a walk through the Prater. He was lonely on the whole. His fellow musicians were a little inclined to look down upon him; besides he had a real fear of hearing them discuss Nanny.

The trees were green and the birds sang. Augustin felt an indefinite longing after the free life in the green-wood with the gipsy camp.

All on a sudden he heard loud laughter. It came from a group of men and women; mingled with it was a particularly silver strain, which he would have recognised through the roar of a stormy sea.

It was Nandil's. There she strutted along arm in arm with her elderly betrothed, and dabbled about with fan and lace mittens, and the shining jewels on ears and neck.

By her puffed her father in a bottle-green damask coat, the picture of content, whilst Madam Geldhuber and Mistress Featherquill, in great state, brought up the rear.

Augustin was so bewildered for a moment that without thinking what he did, he pulled off his felt hat and made a low obeisance.

"Poor devil!" he heard the Town Secretary's voice. "He wants a gift. Here, my man," he said with showy benevolence, "here is a 'six baetzner,' drink the health of my bride!"

Mistress Josepha pulled her skirts together over her wide hoops and murmured contemptuously something about "beggars and vagabonds."

But what pierced Augustin's heart like a dagger was that Nandil, whom so often he had held in his arms, proudly pursed the ripe cherry lips he was wont to kiss, tilted back her little turned-up nose and mimed by him, as if he were an object of the deepest and unmitigated contempt.

With a wrathful imprecation the musician pushed his hat over his eyes and stormed forth through thicket and brushwood, over meadow and lea—whither he never knew—until he came again to the dusty b'ghroad.

It led to a village he knew well—he had often fiddled there before. Mechanically he turned to the familiar inn. There, in the hall, wreathed with clouds of dust and tobacco, redolent with the odours of beer and heated humanity, in the place where he, Augustin, so often had been sitting, was now the humpbacked village tailor scraping away sadly out of tune. He was more than half drunk, and nodded, almost asleep. Yet the dancers were by no means willing to give in.

Augustin sprang up on the dais, took the violin from his hands, and fiddled away as he had never fiddled before. All the old gipsy life came back to him. His broken heart was in the fiddle, it did not weep and sigh, it yelled and screamed and laughed like the devil!

The delighted peasants brought him beer and brandy and he drank greedily. He stopped till the tallow candles had burnt to the sockets, till the sturdy lads and lasses had to give in—then he reeled home—a wreck in body and soul. Besotted and begrimed—now more like a vagrant and beggar than the neat second fiddle to his Grace's orchestra.

There had been a great Court Concert on for the evening. The Emperor and some of the Archdukes had been present; everything had been sorely upset on account of Augustin's unexpected absence. The Count was indignant, the conductor raved. When the fiddler appeared the next morning, pale, bear-eyed and downcast, and stammered an incoherent excuse, the bandmaster banged his ears with a music book and simply kicked him out of the room.

That was the end of Augustin Wendl's dream of a happy future.

He took again to his old life of fiddling for dancing peasants at wakes and fairs, and had soon earned for himself the name of "Mad Gustie."

Meanwhile an evil visitor was approaching the merry "Kaiserstadt." A gaunt sceptre had come from the east, with ashy features, blue lips and hollow eyes. Now it burned with the

fire of hell, now it shuddered in icy fever colds. Its dank clothes trailed after it like winding sheets, and where it touched a cheek or a hand with its bloodless finger, the skin of the stricken one shrivelled in loathsome disease, raving fever beset the brain, and life sank into death.

Old and young were swept away like autumn leaves before the fell disease. The spectre knocked at the crowded houses of the Ghetto, at the hovels of poor Bohemian and Croatian labourers, at the doors of well-to-do citizens, at the palaces of the grand, at the very "Hofburg," where the Imperial court resided. In a few weeks all the hospitals, all the graveyards were overcrowded. All the brother and sisterhoods sent out their members on errands of mercy, nursing the sick, burying the dead, until the nurses themselves fell and the plague-stricken sufferers had to remain unattended, the corpses unburied.

Outside the town large pits were dug, where the carts which nightly went from house to house collecting their terrible loads, discharged the numberless dead, who were just covered over with lime.

Among the first who succumbed was the "Tandler." In his business greed he had clutched at the chattels of a plague-stricken nobleman. The night after he had to join the gruesome company on the carts which the tinkling bell called together. Then Mr Town Secretary, that stately prepossessing personage, had to take the same bell for his wedding chimes, and now both Nandil and her mother were in the throes of the dreadful illness.

Augustin, in the meanwhile, to whom it did not matter a whit whether he lived or died, went on in his old wild ways.

A frenzy seemed to have taken hold of the population. Whilst some members of a family were dead or dying, whilst in all the churches the "Requiem" resounded day and night, those who as yet were spared gave way to the wildest merrymaking.

Augustin was never without dancers when he fiddled; and though pair after pair disappeared, others stepped in and took their places in the mad dance of Death.

One starlit night he staggered home from a village. He had drunk heavily, as was his wont now, and was alternately in a fit of wild hilarity and drunken tearfulness.

Where he was he could not guess, but somewhere in a wide field, and in the distance was a ruddy fog hovering over the large town.

All on a sudden he lost his footing and fell—he did not know where.

He felt about, he touched something cold, it yielded a little, yet there was a certain rigidity about it. He traced

its outline with his finger—it was a human form. The beer vapours left Augustin's brain; cold terror shook him; he had fallen into a post-hole; the bodies of the dead were his ghastly couch.

In the uncertain starlight he thought he beheld their livid faces, their contorted limbs, barely covered with a sprinkling of lime. He tried to get out; he could not move without stepping upon one of the motionless frames; they were about him, by him, a frightful, eloquent, tacit "memento mori."

Like to a drowning man, all his past life went by Augustin. He even saw, beyond the gipsy camp, a vision of a lovely lady in a white gown, leading him by the hand in a sunny garden. His whole honest nature woke up and filled him with loathing at his own weakness and folly. He thought of Nandil for the first time without anger. Alas, had he not proved utterly unworthy of her? Could any father be blamed, who would not entrust his daughter's happiness to so giddy a leader?

Like a flash, the old melody he had lately tried to remember came back to him, and in melancholy self-mockery he found words for it. If his hour had come, a fiddler he had lived, a fiddler he would die; so he guided the bow over the strings and in the clear night, under the starry sky and over the silent dead, Augustin's song sounded:—

"Oh, dear Augustin, mine,
All things are gone!
Gone is coat, stick, and shoe,
Money's gone, sweetheart too—
Oh, dear Augustin, oh—
All things are gone."

In the early dawn while he still sang and fiddled, the rumbling of wheels was heard.

All on a sudden a cry: "The devil is in the pest-hole!" reached him, and the leaders of the cart would have run away had not Augustin in a very human voice besought them to come and rescue him.

As soon as he arrived in Vienna, he walked into the hospital. "What do you want?" asked one of harassed doctors.

"I am come to die."

"That is what all do," was the sad reply, "what I shall do soon, when no relief comes! You do not look like dying."


Augustin told his tale and the doctor laughed.

"You have simply proved that you are plague proof. You had better stop here and make yourself useful."

The fiddler obeyed and for a few

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days worked hard in the plague hospital.

All order was upset, male and female patients were jumbled together. Constantly bearers walked in, carrying litters with writhing patients; constantly they took out stretchers with still, stiff forms.

Later two women had arrived together, an elderly and a young one, and with them a man of soldierly appearance with white moustache, and long stiff military "queue."

Augustin had to wait on these new patients. He staggered back in dismay, so altered, so disfigured were his Nandi and her mother.

Somehow the greatest power of the pestilence was broken. This was indicated by recovery in some cases.

The poor fiddler waited night and day upon his nurselings. He bathed their burning foreheads, he wiped the cold perspiration from their brows, but all was in vain for Mistress Gelhuber. Nanny's fine young nature struggled more energetically. Neither she nor the strange old soldier were in the worst state—and after desperate battling the plague seemed to relinquish its victims. Augustin sat by the girl's truckle bed—he did not know whether she recognised him or not, but once or twice he whispered "Nandi," and he thought he saw a sweet sad smile passing over her pale features.

The old gentleman next to her, a Saxon colonel, meanwhile recovered rather quickly and displayed all the ill temper of a convalescent.

Once when Augustin brought him a basin of gruel, the old warrior grew very irate and called for Tokay wine. Suddenly his eye lighted on the little gold coin, the half of the ducat, which the foundling was wont to wear, and which had slipped out of his shirt.

"Where have you stolen that?" the old man inquired.

"Nowhere at all," was the indignant reply. "It has been stolen with me. I have had it all my life."

"Stolen with you," said the colonel, and tried to jump up—"you mean you have been stolen? When and where?"

About the "where" Augustin could not inform him, as to the "when," it was about twenty years ago.

The colonel, with trembling hands, fumbled in his clothes and brought forth—the other half of the ducat; the two pieces talked together and formed a whole.

The old man was still too weak to bear much of a shock, but by and bye he told Augustin that twenty years ago his only child, a three years old boy, had been stolen by gypsies, as a revenge for the "trifling offence" that he, as village justice, had one of their old women burnt as a witch.

The mother had died broken-hearted—but the father now claimed the son. The evidence of Augustin's name and the coin was quite enough for him.

With the winter the dread guest slowly withdrew. The town, emptied of almost two-thirds of her inhabitants, resumed her former aspect.

Two of her children, however, were leaving.

The colonel wanted his son back to his home, but this son would not go with him without a certain damsel, who had been tried as by fire, and stood now quite alone in the world, safe for her Augustin, a sadder, a wiser, and far more lovable Nanny.

The young people settled down on their estate as highly respectable country gentry. Augustin seemed to have lost not his skill, but his passion for music.

Only one old tune he was wont to hum and to play, and it has outlived him by far—

"Oh, dear Augustin, mine!
All things are gone!"

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

Copyright Story.

The Frailties of Private Baker.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

The Rev. Julius Delap was a parson of the good old Irish school. That school is now sadly reduced in numbers. Its few remaining scholars lean heavily on their walking sticks, and polish shiny crowns with yellow silk handkerchiefs. From them you may hear the brogue as the brogue ought to be; with a real Oi for I, and all the verbal adornments of Mrs. Peggy O'Dowd. With them the Deans of Limerick are the Deans, and the ancient Danes are the Deans. You must remember this, and not attribute it to professional rancour, when you hear of the drunkenness and rapacity of the Deans, and how they have spoiled the cathedrals.

Julius Delap was a great pulpit orator. Modern taste might fail to be seriously impressed by his peculiar fervour. In its day and place, however, it was greatly admired. He never preached—nearly always against the Pope and in favour of William of Orange—to a congregation much less packed than a box of sardines or jurymen. In moments of emotional abandonment he would lean over the pulpit in such preponderance that every logical mind was persuaded that the remnant must follow, and something of the combined charms of rope walking and receiving cavalry accompanied the sitting under him.

Occasionally when he rose to a very declamatory Oi, his excellent set of teeth would fall, like a materialised rapture, into an adjacent lap. Whereupon the organist, a man of resource, would strike up an inspiring hymn while a little boy handed up the gold and ivory. The Canon (Delap was a Canon) would retire behind his pocket handkerchief, and having readjusted his teeth would signal to the organist that he was again in battle array.

O! thank you, dear friends," he would say, "for that sweet refreshment," and so would pounce upon Thirldy with energy reborn.

With such pulpit gifts, and social graces to correspond, Julius Delap was in constant request. No raid upon the lay pocket was judged well planned if it could not boast his leadership. He was the feather that winged home every arrow of philanthropy. Bazaars waited upon his convenience, societies timed their meetings by the clock of his engagements. When anybody asked if so-and-so were not considered a great orator. "Well, yes, he was once," people would reply, "before the conquest of Julius."

And, mind, he was really a good fellow. Pugnacious and bumptious, and narrow as a needle, his heart was yet in the right place. Heaven only knows how much of his income went in charity. He tried rather unfairly. I am afraid, to proselytize by the aid of such untheological articles as pounds of tea and yards of flannel. But to "his own" he grudged nothing. His great oak hall chairs were chronically filled with waiters upon his providence. Some stuffy (and perhaps not over abstinent) widow had a cut off every joint. His windows and floors were always being scrubbed by some ill-favoured castaway whom the process appeared to afflict with a curious redness of nose and a strange indistinctness of speech.

On the first of March the pensioners were wont to come and get their papers signed. Up to the grim old house, in the once aristocratic but now fallen square, they toddled by one, by two, from the swarming wynds around. Pathetic figures they were, often enough. A veteran of eighty-four, staggering on the arm of a lad of seventy odd. Here an empty sleeve fluttered in the air. Here a

wooden leg clumped on the cobble stones. There were wounds that officiated as recognised barometers of their neighbourhood. There were eyelids pulled smoothly down over nothing. The old lads had been with the colours all over the world. Some had memories of muddy marches, or stiff backs in the trenches. Some recollected having to take "a drarr of the pipe" instead of dinner. One or two recalled Sir Henry Havelock as a fine gentleman entirely. That was all. Not a soul of them knew anything about the country where he had fought his campaigns, or what the war was about, or how the victory was won, or what the sniff of battle was like. Some were maimed but all were dumb; they could tell nothing. So they came meekly in their turn and stood on the mat (if their robustness went so far), and handed out their dirty Identification Certificates, and touched the top of the pen (while the Canon made their mark) and went away grateful for the shilling that he gave. For they wouldn't get their money for a month yet, and when it came it was not very much.

"Shillin' a day,
Bloomin' good pay—

Lucky to touch it, a shillin' a day." Lucky indeed! But few were born to inherit silver spoons like that in pampered second childhood. Most of them had only sixpence—and their corporal barometers.

Well, one first of March there came at the tail of that forlorn old brigade a new pensioner. In that white-haired association, he looked crudely young. Perhaps he might be forty-five, but the Canon could not tell; it seemed as if a good dinner might bring him down ten years. Never had a suit—old, but not ragged—so little inside it. The Canon sent him down into the kitchen before he looked at the man's paper. He was back in five minutes, but in that time he had, to use the cook's subsequent phrase, eaten his way through all. She had to send for chops to eke the dinner out.

Then the Canon dealt with the paper. The man (not a whit fatter than before) stood curved out with over-erectness. He could not write his name, nor apparently was he perfectly clear as to what it was. He explained at great length the reasons for his indecision, but as he stuttered a good deal, and had to go back over four-and-twenty years, the Canon expressed the fulness of enlightenment a little before it actually came. The personal description of the Identification paper seemed unusually accurate. The height might be somewhere about the mark, and only one of his eyes was of a different colour from that set down to his credit. As to a mole (un-

der his clothes), the man showed no earnest a desire to have no secrets that the Canon, ladies being liable to appear, was convinced on the spot.

"And what," asked Delap, as he put his name to the document, "and what do you do for a living, Baker?"

"Starve," said Baker. He got that word out without a stutter.

"What are you able for?"
"Your Reverence, I'm the handiest man at all. I'm n—n—nearly as good as a p—p—painter. I noticed that your Reverence's front door wouldn't be the worse for a coat. A nice olive green, or a blue, or might be a salmon. And 'deed, then," he added, "your Reverence's front would be none the worse for a good washing." He meant his Reverence's residential, not personal, front.

With that he closed the door softly and took from his pocket a small prayer-book. He didn't mind confessing that, Catholic as he was by birth, all his joy was in that book.

"I does be reading it of nights, your Reverence, and —"

"You told me," the Canon broke in, "you couldn't read."

"Then if I told your Reverence that, you may be sure I can't. No, I'm not able to read, but I can find my way about a book." Then, forcing even the stout Canon across the hall in his resolute attempts to whisper in his ear, he asked to be put under instruction.

There was a little private talk, and then the Canon said:

"You may try your hand at the white-washing. If you make a job of that, you can paint the door."

Baker required a small advance for the materials of whitewash (which it would seem are supplied by licensed victuallers), and having received it, withdrew.

He made an excellent hand with the area, and proceeded to the door. Gradually he began to drop into the post of resident handy man. He was really happy up ladders, and sat out of upper windows, over spiked railings and area gulfs, with a whistling lightness of heart that had a sort of fascination.

His earnings (for he was not constantly employed) amounted to nine shillings a week—and his instruction.

One morning, a fortnight after his instalment, Baker, encountering the Canon in the hall, drew forth a small packet. Removing the blue handkerchief, he displayed a photograph—the photograph of a girl of sixteen.

"Your daughter, Baker?" asked the cleric.

Baker went into ecstasies behind his hand. "Your Reverence, that's my wife. I'm just after marrying her. Faith, I axed her as soon as I had the place, and knew your noble Reverence would stand by me."

The Canon was very angry, but he was also very much amused. He gave the bridegroom a severe lecture and an admonitory five shillings.

Baker replaced the photograph in the blue handkerchief with the comfortable feeling that he had struck a deeper root. That night there was a little party at his lodgings, and Baker's health was drunk. To say nothing of Baker herself.

About a week after that the Canon (who had a corn that loved him) happened to pass in his stocking feet through the study, when Baker was cleaning the windows. He came upon the pensioner in a singular attitude. At first he fancied the fellow was taking an astronomical observation, for his head was flung back and between his two hands protruded a

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cylindrical instrument. Standing there, however, the Canon beheld the cylinder rise slowly till it pointed to the zenith. Then he grew aware of gurglings connected with a purely terrestrial body, while the room waxed eloquent of Irish whisky.

Suddenly, in the midst of a comfortable sigh, Baker became aware of the awful presence. "I was looking, your Riverence," he said, "for an empty ould bottle."

"Were you, Baker?" answered the Canon. "In future there shall be no difficulty. Whenever you find a bottle you may rely upon its emptiness."

He was so delighted with that report and with the extraordinary ardour with which Baker fell upon the windows (and once or twice through them) that he could not bear malice about the whisky.

"It was my fault for leaving it in his way," he said. "Temptation, old in bottle, and warranted by John Jameson, is too much for Irish virtue."

However, he suggested to Baker that he should take the pledge—a suggestion enthusiastically adopted. Baker's only ground of dissatisfaction lay in the circumstance that he was not permitted to sign with his blood. He had to make shift with red ink. That night Baker's voice was yelling in the Square, but Baker himself very fortunately for his reputation, was in bed with a trembling in the limbs. It left his blue eye black for a week. Other tints followed.

Before that eye had settled down to the sober hues of common day, another thing happened. An old silver turp watch, accustomed to hang on a nail in the Canon's dressing-room, changed its habits and took to hanging in a pawnbroker's window. It had been pledged by a long thin stuttering man who reluctantly confessed that his name was Butler.

Delap shook his head. "The Butler and the Baker of the King of Egypt," he said. "I am afraid there is no doubt. I preached on Joseph's interpretation last Sunday."

And then the Canon remembered how regular Baker was at Church, and how he drank in the sermons.

"They have only one fault, your Riverence," Baker had ventured to say apropos of that very Butler sermon, "but that's a bad 'un."

"And what is that, Baker?" asked the smiling preacher.

"They're too short by one half," the pensioner replied. "That's what all the congregation does by saying."

Now the Canon never gave his flock less than an hour's solid feeding, and to know that this left it still with a sharp and whetted tooth was very gratifying.

"Oh, they say that?" he answered. "Your Riverence," Baker said, "they are like Pharaoh, King of Egypt, who swallowed the seven fat kine and was no stouter than before. 'Tis the same way with the wife and myself."

If Baker's details were a little mixed, it was not so with his motives.

The Canon, gazing on his watch, could not but remember Baker's Sunday face.

Next day the pensioner and the turp-winch were confronted.

"If I'd ha' known," said the former, "if I'd ha' known that ould watch was of any value, I would never have touched it, your Riverence, I wouldn't. But how would a body suspect that when he seen it hanging on a nail?"

The argument, perhaps, was not very convincing, but Baker's truthful face and earnest stammer carried a good deal of weight.

"I believe, Baker," the Canon said, "you are more fool than rogue."

"Now there you have it," Baker replied. "I was always a very simple kind of man. The officers used to say it was no use being hard on me, and that was the reason—not to tell your Riverence a lie—of me being kicked out of the army."

"Kicked out?" exclaimed the Canon. "Why, didn't they grant you a pension?"

Baker gave a little jump.

"In course they did," he said, after a moment's pause; "but in a manner of sp-sp-spakin', as one might say, according to the regulations me being more like a child nor anything else—"

And Baker plunged into such depths of circumlocution explanation, dragging the Canon with him, that in a little while the latter was grateful to escape with reason. He had to make a speech that night on a great political occasion, and it was necessary to retain mastery of a few elementary truths.

"All right," he said "all right. Listen to me now. You served with the colours and were the Private Baker of the Queen of England?"

"I was then, your Riverence," the pensioner proudly replied.

"Well, remember this, The Private Baker of the King of Egypt got into trouble. He was hanged."

The Canon retired chuckling to shut himself up in his study. A fiercely contested election was agitating the town. Party feeling had seldom run so high. The Orangistes and Tories were in brilliant feather, and half expected to return their man to Parliament. Their man's ordinary return was to his private address.

The Canon made the speech of the evening. He was cheered to the echo, and five editions of it. But on his way home there were a good many cries of "Proddy Woddy," and an orange knocked off his broad-brimmed hat, with the canonical rosette.

So things went on for several days. Never had the Canon been in such force. Never had the immortal memory of William of Orange been celebrated by thumps and jumps so worthy of their theme. It was thought by many that if the Pope were well advised he would contrive in some unostentatious way to cease to be.

However, as the Canon stumped stoutly home into his own dark region—the little dingy square pressed and pushed by its teeming Roman Catholic alleys—he received reminders of a possible other side to the question. Often he was hooted. Once he was hustled, and might have been hurt, but for a fist that shot out of nowhere and sent the ringleader thither. But the sturdy Canon cared for none of these things.

"The Pope shall get it pretty stiff next time," he said, as he mixed himself a glass of punch. "It shall be hot and strong, and without sugar."

A day or two later the Canon received notice that he was wanted by the Sergeant of Police.

"Show him in here," he said, facing round in his study-chair. "Well, Hogan?"

Hogan shut the door. "It's that man Baker," he said. "Deed he has made a fool of your Riverence."

"No," answered the Canon. "When I trust a man and he deceives me, it is I that make a fool of him. Hope, faith and charity make a fool of nobody. But what has Baker done?"

"Stole a poor ould pensioner's papers," said the sergeant. "Himself was dismissed from the service as a worthless char-a-ter."

"The villain," said the Canon. "I will dismiss him from my service too. I can forgive a good deal, but not that. He shall leave the place this minute. Cowardly dog."

He was rushing excitedly to the door when the sergeant caught his sleeve.

"Whist," he said. "Your Riverence will spoil all that a-way. Give him a hint like that, and the feller will be for clearing out altogether."

"Well, what do you want me to do?"

"To-morrow he will be for getting his papers signed again. When he

has it done for him, your Riverence will just look out of the window. That will be the signal to the police. We will be looking out for it, and as he goes home we shall arrest him."

"As you like about that. All the same I won't keep the blackguard in my house a day longer. I won't say a word about the pension and there are reasons enough. I have missed money to-day. Don't be arguing now. Out the blackguard goes."

The sergeant left, and, as soon as the door had closed behind him, the Canon summoned his doomed man.

"Baker," he said, "I shall not require your services after to-night."

"Ah, musha," Baker muttered, "you don't say that."

"Yes, I do say that. And perhaps you partly know the reason why?"

"Well, in course, the wages is a good deal out of your Riverence's pocket."

"No, that is not the reason. I was deceived in you. Why, man, because I don't choose to see everything, do you suppose I am born blind? You are a drunken rascal."

"Ah, your Riverence, the best of us is weak."

"And you are a thief. Now, don't say anything or I will give you in charge. Take your wages and go and never let me see your face again."

"My pension, your Riverence. Wouldn't I come to-morrow to get the paper signed?"

"Yes," said the Canon, with a bitter smile, "you may come for that. I won't grudge that trouble. Now go."

Baker turned his hat round in his hand. "I'm sorry, he said, "we are parting like this."

"No doubt. There may be a little difficulty about finding another place. If anybody asks for your character he shall get it."

"It ain't that, your Riverence," Baker went on, still twisting the hat. "I was always, saving your presence, a damned rogue. But I am sorry I acted so ungrateful to you."

He sniffed, and then after an interval gulped noisily.

"That will do," said the Canon. "You have got your wages, and that is the last thing you will ever get out of me. You can go."

"I suppose," said Baker, drawing himself up till he stood with his long back hooped in with very uprightness.

"I suppose you Riverence wouldn't shake hands?"

"No," said the Canon, "I would not. Go."

"Very well, your Riverence, that's all right. I done very bad by you and I don't deserve no better. I'm off. May God speed your Riverence and long may you reign. I was a damned rogue all my life, but I never regretted it till now."

He saluted and moved towards the door. Then he turned back.

"There's some that has more talk wouldn't do as much for your Riverence as myself. If I ever get the chance—"

"Go!" shouted the Canon.

"I will, God bless you!" said Baker and went.

About two hours later the eloquent Canon began to make ready for his meeting. Big posters and a perambulating donkey cart—the crown and blossom of local enterprise in the domain of publicity—had already wafted the news that he would positively appear. The Pope's disappearance was not expressly announced. That was a mere corollary.

Just as his hand was on the handle of his front door there was an agitated knock—a timorous, importunate knock that wanted not to be heard.

The Canon opened the door and a man made a hurried movement as if to slip inside. But Delap recognised him as Baker and sternly thrust him back.

"You!" he said, with withering contempt.

"Your Riverence," stuttered Baker, "for God's sake keep indoors. They are coming for you—so they are, mad as d—d—devils, black thousands of 'em. If they lay hands on you they will tear you up like a—like a Notice to Quit. Hear to 'em now—roaring like the deep sea."

"Rubbish!" said the Canon, grasping his blackthorn. "Do you think I'm afraid of them? Do you think the blackguards shall dictate to me? Stand out of the way and—"

For all answer Baker shoved him clean across the hall. He staggered into a chair as the door was pulled swiftly to.

That gave Delap a moment to think. "It's of no use," he said to himself; "I could never get through them. What's best to be done? Let me see—let me see."

From the back of the little Rectory garden there ran, past mews and unsavoury dilapidations, a long private way, terminated at either extremity by a gate. Of both these gates the Canon had a duplicate key.

"Good," he said, "I'll put on my fishing cap and coat—nobody has seen them here—and while they're yelling at this door I'll slip past the tail of them."

Without a word he pulled the things on, took the key and crept out.

At that moment there broke a howl, and he knew that the mob was come.

"Lucky I was alone in the house," he said. "Ah, that's glass. I thought they'd throw a few stones."

In two minutes he had emerged upon the little side street. All in front of him was quiet. Not a soul was in sight. But from below, from the old ill-lit square, with its one jumping central light, there rose a dreadful din—shrill and fierce: the inarticulate fury of an Irish mob.

The Canon stepped on, chuckling to himself. A little ahead there crawled a returning Irish car. He whistled, jumped in, and pointed to the station. The javey whipped up his

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sorry steel, and the mud flew in showers.

Suddenly there rose a yell such as neither driver nor fare had ever heard before; a yell of devil; a sound to hear once and remember, in nightmare sweats, for evermore.

The driver pulled up short. Both men stood on the footboards and stared.

The crowd was surging away from the Rectory, towards the middle of the Square. Two or three pipes lit the midmost faces, and there were all turned towards the lamp. There was a sharp movement of hugging and hauling, and then something dangled from theansom.

At first the Canon could not decipher its outline. Was it a sack? or a scarecrow? or—

Then, in a momentary stillness of the gas flame, the thing took shape. It became a body, a face: the face of Private Baker.

"There was another movement, and the figure fell and swung.

"Great Heavens!" gasped the Canon, "they have hanged him."

"Whist," said the driver: "if it was not himself, 'twould be your Riverence. Muffle the coat about you and sit low."

He lashed the horse into a gallop, but as they reached the head of the street there came a cry of panic and helpless rage. Upon that broke a long rumble and a swift flash.

The dragoons had ridden through the mob.

That night the Canon made no speech. He was on his knees, within his guarded hotel, humbling his soul, and weeping aloud.

Black Protestant as he was, I almost think he prayed for the repose of a soul—the frail soul, so suddenly set loose, of ex-Private Timothy Baker.

They had dragged him from the Canon's door, where he stood on guard.

He broke many heads before they got him, and he died like a man.

So, you see, that speech was prophetic. They hanged the "Queen's Baker."

(The end.)

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Stamp Collecting.

BY PHIL ATELIC.

The current English green 1d stamp has been surcharged "Bechuanaland Protectorate."

Nyassa (Portuguese Colony) has issued a new set of 13 stamps, ranging from 2½ to 300 reis.

Curacao has issued 1½ guelden on 2½ guelden.

It will be welcome news to philatelists that on April 24th, in Paris, a dealer in postage stamps was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and ordered to pay a fine of 50 francs, for selling false and faked stamps.

Some sheets of Congo (French Colony) 2 cent. stamps were by mistake printed in red, but not being issued have no philatelic value, although they may ultimately find their way to the market, as too many of these "mistakes" do.

Five millions of the remainder of Philippine Island stamps are stated to have been destroyed by a fire in the Customs House, Antwerp.

The 30c. rose Chili of the type just obsolete is likely to become rare. Two million were printed, and of these 1,750,000 have been surcharged "5," most of the remaining 250,000 being used on official forms which are periodically destroyed. Comparatively few, either used or unused, are likely to come into the hands of collectors."—"Ewen's Stamp News."

The new Greek issue are on paper water-marked E T and a crown.

In the "Questions Competition," "Ewen's Weekly Stamp News," the following received the most votes as the seven most valuable kinds, with their present values: (1) British Guiana, 1856, 1c., £500 to £1500; (2) Mauritius, 2d "Post Office," £960 to £1250; (3) Mauritius, 1d "Post Office," £750 to £1250; (4) Hawaii, 2c., 1851, £300 to £800; (5) British Guiana, 2c., 1850, £250 to £800; (6) Roumania, 81 paras, £75 to £300; (7) British Guiana, 4c., 1856, £80 to £150.

The Curator of the Sydney Technological Museum has set an example that might wisely be copied by the Auckland Museum, viz., the formation of a national postage stamp collection. He wrote to the various Postal Departments in Australia, and received satisfactory replies in the shape of stamps. Some of the State issues were marked reprints, others were lightly cancelled, while our own

Government forward unused originals. Auckland from its position might try and secure for its Museum a South Sea collection, so as to include Cook Island Federation, Fiji, Samoa, Tonga, New Caledonia, New Hebrides, German New Guinea, and Hawaii. No doubt by writing to the postmasters of the various places named, and also the States of the Australian Commonwealth the starting of a valuable collection would result, which might be added to from time to time as new issues appeared. Such a collection would be a boon to philatelists, and an added attraction to the Museum. The British Museum secured the Tapling stamp collection some years ago at a considerable cost, but our Museum might by taking prompt action gather together a collection for the South Seas with comparatively little expenditure. The work requires to be undertaken promptly, as no doubt in a short while the distinctive State stamps in Australia will be replaced by one for the Commonwealth. Then too the Cook Islands may in time be using the N.Z. issues, and United States labels replace those of Hawaii.

America is pre-eminently the land of "trusts." Even the stamp trade has been organised into a big trust, some of the most prominent stamp dealing firms in the United States having combined and formed a company, with a capital of £90,000. The new company has purchased the Scott Stamp and Coin Company and the New England Stamp Company for £80,000, paid as to £60,000 in six per cent. preference stock, and as to £20,000 in common stock (otherwise shares of \$1 (4/5) each). The vendors, having sold their businesses and taken stock in payment, are now desirous of selling the latter, and in fact have already disposed of nearly half. About £36,000 preferred and £7000 common stock remains for public subscription, the former being offered at 85 per cent., with a bonus of 20 ordinary shares therein.

The "Dundee Weekly News" recently had an interesting article headed "How Stamps are Made Adhesive," from which the following is culled:—"When the stamps are gummed they are tested to establish if the coating varies on sheets one seven-thousandth of a pound. The stamps after being printed go to the gumming-room. Pipes convey the gum in a heated and melted state to small vats, into which it is slowly dropped as needed. From these vats it is allowed to ooze slowly on to rollers. The sheets of stamps pass under the rollers, receiving a thin coating of gum, and then drop on to a continuous chain or belt. The belt carries them into vats which contain coils of steam pipe 50 feet long. The slow passage of the freshly gummed stamp sheets through the vats dries them. When they reach the other end of the vats they are dry enough to be piled one upon another, counted, tested, and packed ready for shipment.

A Celebrated Duel.

Many duels were fought in England during the early years of Queen Victoria's reign. One of the most celebrated was that which took place on Wimbledon Common, September 12th, 1840, between Lord Cardigan, who afterwards led the charge of the Light Brigade, and Lieutenant Tuckett. The encounter was one of the collateral issues of what was called the "Bottle Row," an event that created a great deal of excitement at the time, and which may be interesting enough to recall briefly. The origin of the dispute was a bottle of Moselle which Captain Reynolds, of the 11th Hussars (of which Lord Cardigan was the commanding officer), ordered at the mess on a "guest night." The Moselle was placed on the table in its original black bottle state, which gave offence to the Earl of Cardigan. The next morning Captain Jones delivered the following message to Captain Reynolds:—"The Colonel has desired me, as President of the Mess Committee, to tell you that you were wrong in having a black bottle placed on the table at a great dinner like last night, as the mess should be conducted like a gentleman's table, and not like a tavern or pot-house." Shortly afterwards Captain Reynolds met Captain Jones in the mess-room, and said to him, before those who were present:—"Captain Jones, I wish to speak to you about the message you brought to me this morning, in the first place, I do not think you were justified in giving it at all; as a brother captain, having no possible control over me, it would have been better taste if you had declined to deliver it." To which Captain Jones replied: "I received it from the commanding officer, and as such I gave it; and if you refuse to receive it from me I will report it!" Captain Reynolds replied: "Do not misunderstand me, Captain Jones; I have received it, and do receive it; but the message was an offensive one; and I tell you once for all, that in future I will not allow you or any other man to bring me improper messages." Captain Jones said: "If I am ordered to give a message I shall give it." Captain Reynolds said: "Well, you may do as you please, but if you bring me improper messages you must take the consequences." Captain Jones said he should do so, left the room, and reported the conversation to Lord Cardigan, who put Reynolds under arrest. This was the "bottle row" proper; that is to say—it is so much of a very long and complicated case as related directly to the utensil by whose name the whole proceedings came to be christened. Captain Reynolds would have been released from arrest, and nothing heard of the matter probably, if other things had not happened, one of which, strange to say, was an altercation between Lord Cardigan and another Captain Reynolds of the same regiment. Finally, the whole case was tried by court-martial, with the result that Captain Reynolds, who put the bottle of Moselle on the mess table, was cashiered. The newspapers of the day were, of course, full of the case, and Lord Cardigan discovered that writer of certain letters in the "Morning Chronicle," reflecting on his character, was a Mr Tuckett, late of the 11th Hussars, and a meeting took place in consequence. The first shot was ineffectual on both sides, but on the second fire, Mr Tuckett received his adversary's ball in the back part of the lower ribs, which traversed round to the spine, though apparently without doing any serious injury. The parties were prosecuted, and the case of the Earl of Cardigan being tried in the House of Lords, he was acquitted, the indictment having been quashed on account of a flaw which it contained, and which was popularly supposed to have been purposely inserted by the law officers of the Crown.

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Topics of the Week.

The Anarchists.

The spectacle of the *Comar* and *Carina* passing along a line of route so guarded on their account as to have the aspect of an armed camp, and of the heir apparent to the British throne protected in a less conspicuous but not less careful manner, as he journeys through loyal Canada, proclaims how dreaded is the power that has just laid low a President of the United States. Far from these precautions being extreme, it would seem almost impossible to devise precautions sufficiently stringent to guarantee safety from the disciples of Anarchy. One scarcely realises the torture which the royal objects of these precautions must suffer on public occasions. A man need be no coward to feel his nerves cracking under the strain of an apprehension which haunts him day and night. It is said that when the Duke of Cornwall was in Melbourne a little button-hole of violets thrown by an admirer in the crowd unexpectedly brushed past his face. For the moment he was startled, but only for the moment. The next instant his face had regained its ordinary composure. But few, had they noticed the incident, could have gauged what the shock must have been. For only those who know they are marked out by the Anarchists for their prey can realise how through all safeguards the assassin's bullet may find its way. Indeed, it would appear that the greatest safeguard of all lies in the fact that though these enemies of law continue to preach the doctrine of murder, there are few of them prepared to practise it. One shudders to think what they might not for a moment effect had they all the courage of their wild counsels. But it is only now and again that a Bresci or a Czolgosz is found. It probably takes months of inflammatory lecturing and conferring to evolve the murderer. I entirely doubt the theory that lots are drawn, and the man to whom the lot of killing falls cheerfully accepts his dread mission. It suits the Anarchists to tell that story. The doctrine of the Anarchists is the wild beasts' doctrine, and in so far as human nature is removed from the level of the wild beast, just so far does it fail to find disciples willing to obey its behests. It is the little bit of conscience developed in these savage breasts that stays their hand. And is not that the real safeguard that the world has against that residue which civilisation has failed to civilise at heart? Without it the world would be a den of ravening wolves.

Catholic Australia.

One could only regret any larger measure of independence which the creation of the Commonwealth may have conferred on Australia, did it induce such strange liberty of speech as that which Cardinal Moran indulged in last week. The Cardinal as a churchman may have reason to object to what he considers the cavalier treatment the Home Government have given to the protests of the Australian Catholics against the form of the coronation oath. He had a perfect right too, to express that objection; but he oversteps the bounds of both reason and right, and sadly demeans himself and his position by giving utterance to such vulgar and impotent language as he made use of. I feel sure that the good taste and loyal feeling of the Catholics of the Commonwealth must revolt against such expressions as his. I am perfectly certain he presumes much too far when he speaks as if roicing their views in the matter. He is but pandering to the Fenian tainted element in the Commonwealth, if there should happen to be any. Speaking of the present form of the coronation oath as an insult, to one-fourth of the people of Australia (that being his estimate of the number of Catholics in the community), he pictured the citizens of Australia snoring to the British Government: "If such a thing goes on we know our rights, and an independent Australia will startle you some day sooner than you expect."

On what grounds the non-Catholic Australians should take up a matter that concerns a fourth of the population and find there a cause for separation from the Mother Country, the Cardinal himself does not explain. But letting that point pass, one would like to know whether even a cardinal should be permitted to sow treasonable discontent among the fourth. The law of the State is lenient towards offences of that character: let the Cardinal thank his stars that he is not in Germany, where it goes hard with seditious mongers. But does the law of his church allow it? Surely it teaches rather long suffering and meekness in the face of insult and injury, not blatant and foolish language.

The American Mirage.

The City of Buffalo, "The Rainbow City," as the Americans term it, has within the last few weeks won an undesirable prominence in the eyes of the world, for it was there that President McKinley fell a victim to the Anarchists. A minor tragedy, though to us not a less affecting one, has brought the American city still closer within the ken of us New Zealanders. In its streets a fellow colonist succumbed a short time back to the effects of starvation. The story opens in the neighbourhood of Masterton, where a family of small settlers named Broska, dazzled by the accounts of American prosperity, and the fortune that is said to await the worker in that golden land, sold their modest possessions and made for Buffalo. It was no common exodus this, but a general movement of the clan, so to speak. The father, the mother and their children, and their children's children composed the sanguine band of sixteen souls which went forth from these shores seeking a new home. Cruel disillusionment seems to have been their portion almost immediately on their arrival in the Rainbow City. The old folks with the unmarried children bought a farm, the married settled in the town. The grinding sordidness of American farm life under the disadvantages they had to face must have awakened fond longing for the green pastures of far away New Zealand; but the lot of the sons who, with their wives, endeavoured to make a living in the city, was ten times worse. All in vain they went from door to door seeking work. Easy going settlers, perchance such as New Zealand's genial climate and fruitful soil beget, they were all untrained in the employments that might have offered to suitable men. No work meant no food, and starvation stared them in the eyes. "We are starving; God help us," came the cry in a letter to a New Zealand friend. And it was no weak appeal of a faint-hearted man this, no empty hyperbole, for not long after it was made one of the brothers fell down in the street utterly exhausted from want of food, and later died. Efforts are now being made by the New Zealand friends of the family to raise funds for getting them back to the colony. The Broskas are not the first New Zealand settlers who have been dazzled by the glamour of the far-off Republic. I have met in the bush good honest sanguine folks whose minds had become so saturated with

the "From Log Cabin to White House" theory, that they veritably believe they had but to be translated to one of the big go-ahead American cities to make a name and fame for themselves at the first jump. Lucky was it for them that the bush work only brought in a decent living, and that the bush farm was not likely to attract purchasers, or their hardly earned savings would doubtless have gone to buy a ticket for the States. And the country folks are not the only people who dream dreams, and see visions. How many a town dweller in the colony fondly imagines that New Zealand is much too small a place for a person of his abilities; that he is only wasting his time here; and yearns for the Californian shore.

The Kruger Spirit.

It still remains a moot point what is the quality of Kruger's patriotism; but even if it is all he has assured the world it is, he has not bequeathed it to his family in all its boasted strength. The cables tell us that Oom Paul's youngest son, Tgaard, has surrendered to Lord Kitchener, in order to secure the safety of the farms his father ceded to him. What a lapse in one generation from the irreconcilable Krugerian attitude! Is Tgaard a miserable exception to the unconquerable spirit of his house, or is his action only the revelation of a family trait? Whichever it is, the broad result is the same. The same selfish nature which, in spite of all his protests, the world still suspects as dominating the father, that same looking after number one has conquered in the son whatever of the more chivalric spirit that prefers poverty and death rather than yield, he may possess. It ill becomes a Kruger to be among those whom a love of this world's goods has brought to make terms with the enemy. The name ought never to have been in the list of those who surrendered for filthy lucre's sake. Better the race had died out, leaving the name as the synonym of irreconcilability, if of nothing higher; or that its living members had survived with no other inheritance than that name. Now, it may happen that the family of Kruger will be among the plutocracy of the new colonies, while the descendants of nobler men who sacrificed their all, it may be for an unworthy cause, pass their days in the shadow of poverty.

The Tyrant of the Counter.

The fashionable shopkeepers in the West End of London have been complaining that American visitors do not give them their custom. The fair Yankees, it appears, go to Paris to do their shopping. The reason for this, it is explained, is not that the French capital has other attractions, or even that its warehouses are better stocked, but that in Paris the shopmen allow one to do their own choosing, and, indeed, seem grateful for your ideas, whereas in London it appears to be the proper thing on the part of the shopmen to assume that the purchaser has no idea or taste of her own, and to undertake her education then and there. I am afraid that that failing is not confined to London shopmen only, but is shared by their brethren throughout the Empire. In the colony here I have frequently heard ladies complain of the officious shopman or shopwoman, who takes it for granted that he or she knows much better what you want and what will suit you than you do yourself. The poor male, as a rule, surrenders at once to the assertive tailor or hatter, or mercer, who tells

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AVERAGE DOSE.—A wineglassful before breakfast, either pure or diluted with a similar quantity of hot or cold water.
CAUTION.—Beware the name "Hunyadi János," the signature of the Proprietor, STORRES SÄLLNER, and the Medallion, on the Red Centre Part of the Label.

him with an almost irresistible assurance which brooks no contradiction, that he knows precisely the thing that you want. It may be that your conscience tells you the suit Salpa is measuring you for is not what you desire, or that the cut he insists on accords ill with the lines of your figure; it may be that the hat Smith has sent you forth into the street with makes you a guy; or that the tie fastened on you cries out on your taste. The chances are, if you are the average man, that you will meekly go on your way clothed, hatted and tied by the tyrannous shopkeeper. Ladies are not by any means so unresisting. They do not accept without a murmur the shopman's dictum. They know that the fact that he happens to sell ribbons by the half-mile does not make an artist of him; and he knows that they know it, for he will cheerfully spread his wares before them to choose when, were he dealing with a man, he would not go to a tithing that trouble. Still, even among the best of British shopmen, the tendency is to dictate to their customers. It is the tradition of the counter that the proper way to do business is to sell what you want to sell to your patron. Now, the success of the Paris and New York shopmen lies in this, that they seek to sell only what their patrons want to buy. And this difference of methods extends much further than the shops. Why is it that the British manufacturer is losing ground with his wares? Are we not repeatedly assured that it is because he will not make what his customers want.

A Rare Chance.

A wealthy Chicago lady has offered a prize of £200, to be paid to the first business or professional man who can conclusively prove that he has carried on his work for a month honestly and without lying. The offer, I understand, is confined to the United States, so there is no use in any New Zealander applying. But, although the business morality of the States is reputed to be somewhat low as compared with ours, I think anyone here might offer a similar prize to be competed for by his fellow colonists without much fear of loss. Not that I mean to infer that honesty and truthfulness are such rare qualities here, but the conditions of the competition are much too stringent. How is this absolute proof to be obtained? Where is even the saint who could lay his hand on his heart and swear to that absolute rectitude of conduct in his business affairs which is demanded in terms of the deed? For honesty and truthfulness have come to be in a large measure comparative. Here is the late Professor Blackie's category of lies which he would not have pretended was exhaustive. Just glance over them, and if you think you can live a month without being guilty of one of them, let me know. The "Graphic" is always on the look-out for novelties:—

1. Lies of carelessness, from loose observation and hasty generalisation—any hour's talk full of them.
2. Lies of cowardice, from fear of facing the truth, as when a man, labouring under a dangerous disease, reasons himself into the belief that he is quite well.
3. Lies of politeness, very common with women: taking the sting out of the truth, for fear of giving offence.
4. Lies of flattery, from a benevolent desire to please, or from a selfish desire to gain something by pleasing.
5. Lies of self-glorification, magnifying our own virtues or the virtues of the class to which we belong. This includes patriotic lies, sectarian lies, and almost every kind of lie that masks selfishness under a grand name.
6. Lies of malevolent hostility, consciously intended to deceive an adversary, as in war.
7. Lies of self-defence, to save nature when a force is put upon her, or to save one's life, where honour is not concerned.
8. Lies of benevolence, as to save another person's life, as when a righteous man dies to you for concealment, hoodwinked by his persecutors, and you say he is not in your house.
9. Lies of convention, as when you call a man a gentleman who is not a gentleman in any proper sense of the word; or when you call the King, in

the prayer-book, a most religious and gracious Sovereign, when he may be a great blackguard; or when you call yourself "your humble servant," when you are as proud as Lucifer.

10. Lies of modesty, when you say you cannot do what you can do, to avoid the appearance of forwardness.

11. Lies.

Merely a Suggestion.

The Japanese Consul in Sydney has protested against the Commonwealth Immigration Restriction Bill, which proposes to treat the Japs as aliens. He contends that the Japanese belong to an Empire so much higher than those the Bill proposes to include, that it would be a reproach to exclude them. From what one knows of the Japs, the protest is well timed. To exclude them on the ground that they are an inferior race is to ignore contemporaneous history. If we are to have legislation restricting immigration working on the lines of what is inferior and what is superior it would be much more logical to do away with racial distinctions, and adopt individual ones. But as under that arrangement the pig-tailed Ching might conceivably take precedence of Bill Sykes, and one is a Chinaman while the other is an Englishman, it is never likely to come into force, and the suggestion would be at once vetoed as absurd. Yet in a purely academic way one may be allowed to ask whether, so far as the future of Australia is concerned, it might not be better were the restriction of immigration to these shores based on individual, rather than racial distinctions. Supposing the thing possible, we might then have something approaching a perfect state, whose population was culled from the flower of all peoples—Caucasian, Mongolian, African. Perhaps in the far future some such social condition may be found, as the contrary condition is said to exist in some localities where the off-scourings of all peoples congregate.

WAGGONER'S UPS AND DOWNS.

Mr Robert Clucas is a sturdy specimen of a waggoner, who has passed through fifty years of arduous work, and it was with a view to obtaining an account of some episodes in his life that a reporter invaded his home in Oxford, Canterbury.

"Doubtless, Mr Clucas," said the reporter, "in the ups and downs of existence you have met with incidents well worth publication?"

"As a waggoner," was the reply, "I had to endure the hardships common to those of that calling. Often I have had to go about in my wet clothes all day long, and night after night I have lain in damp blankets. I was also exposed during my trips to rain by day and frost at night,

with the result that many years ago rheumatism and sciatica laid hold of me. My legs, arms and shoulders ached with continual gnawing pains, while sharp, shooting pains, something like needles going through one's flesh, tormented me in my thigh. These pains, I was told, were due to sciatica. At last I became so crippled by these diseases that I was unable to work for my living, and for six months I could not walk outside the house without both a crutch and stick."

"Confinement indoors must have been a terrible affliction," said the reporter, "for one used to outdoor life."

"Indeed it was," said Mr Clucas, "quite apart from the pain. I could get about so little that even a door mat formed an impassable barrier to me. Often for weeks I slept neither by day nor night, and as a natural consequence lost all desire for food of any kind. During these years of suffering I had excellent medical treatment and plenty of home remedies, such as hot water 'cure,' cold water 'cure,' and acid 'cure.' I also tried patent medicines, but they were

equally useless. Through continually seeing Dr. Williams' pink pills advertised in the papers I became at last convinced that there must be something in them," and I sent for a box. After using its contents I improved considerably, and thus encouraged I continued the treatment. As I did so the pains of sciatica and the aches of rheumatism gradually disappeared, my appetite returned, and I slept well every night. Now I have the full use of my limbs and faculties, and can do a day's work without trouble. I have advised friends to take these wonderful Dr. Williams' pink pills, and am pleased to learn that they have been benefited by so doing."

The case of Mr Clucas amply proves that Dr. Williams' pink pills are both a blood-builder and nerve tonic, for they cured him of rheumatism and sciatica, the first a disease caused by impure blood, the second a nerve disorder. For the same reason they cure neuralgia, lumbago, bronchitis, consumption, dysentery, skin diseases, St. Vitus' dance, hysteria, liver and kidney troubles, dyspepsia, anaemia, debility, nervous disorders of either sex, etc. Sold by chemists and storekeepers, and by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, three shillings, six boxes sixteen and six, post free. By regulating health they impart to ladies a beautiful complexion.

A 125,000 Miles Walk.

That postmen cover a great amount of ground in the course of performing their daily duties we are all aware, but that in delivering letters for six-and-twenty years a man should have so covered 125,000 miles of ground is a fact which few of us have ever imagined possible.

Yet such is the remarkable record of George Thompson, who has just retired from service as postman in the Langrick district of Yorkshire. Can you realise what that means? Probably not, though when it is stated that Thompson's twenty-six year walk, if taken as one outing and the course were over land and water right round the earth, keeping along the track of the equator, would mean that he would walk five times round the earth, you may be able to grasp the idea better. And yet this has only represented an average outing of sixteen miles a day.

"Why did you leave your last place?"

"The missus called me names."

"What did she call you?"

"She said I were a domestic, mum, and me as hard workin' and honest a woman as ever lived."

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

Sing a Song of Sixpence
a-pocket-full-of-Rye
ADISH of DAINTY-CUSTARD
IMPROVES AN APPLE PIE

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

NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!
BIRMINGHAM CAN OBTAIN SUPPLIES FROM ALL THE LEADING WHOLESALE HOUSES.



Mr Robert Clucas
(A Hardy Waggoner.)

C. BRANDAUER & Co.'s Seven Prize Medals Awarded.

Circular-Pointed Pens.

Neither scratch nor spurt the points being rounded by a new process. Attention is also drawn to their "GRADUATED SERIES OF PENS." Each pattern being made in four degrees of flexibility and points.

Ask your Storekeeper for an Assorted Sample Box of either series. Works: BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

PURE MILK COMBINED WITH WHEAT AND BARLEY MALT.

Full Nourishment, partly predigested. Sterilized.

Horlick's Malted Milk

THE BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS IN ALL CLIMATES.

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

After Dinner Gossip.

The Jekist and the Policeman.

The habit of looking at the light side of things is commendable enough in a world which takes not only itself but the other planets much too seriously. But too great a persistence in light humour has ruined many a man's life. As a rule, such a man is never taken seriously, but that was not the experience (says "Woomera" in the Australasian) of Mr O'Connor, late of Pentridge Gaol, later of Sydney. He was, taken very seriously—collar and elbow fashion. Being the bappy possessor of a playful fancy, as well as two equally pleasant lady-friends, he sought to exercise the one for the delectation of the other, and allowed his wit to sparkle upon a passing policeman. There was nothing unusual in that—the policeman has so long been a recognised subject for humour. Let a civilian fall in the mud, and it excites merely a smile that is one-third humour and the rest sorrow and sympathy; but should the same thing happen to a policeman, the result is universal, unrestrained enjoyment. Mr O'Connor had, perhaps, observed this, since keen observation was one of his professional gifts, so, having found his subject, he joked accordingly. The policeman, who might otherwise have passed, paused to look at the bright young man, and discovered in him a daring criminal and prison-breaker, who was very badly wanted. How sorry Mr O'Connor must be that he didn't keep his playful humour under reasonable restraint.

If you own a sense of humour,
Just a little sparkling thing,
You should keep it in subjection,
Like a building on a string,
Or if it's loosed entirely,
And allowed to have its fling,
Well, never let the victim be a policeman.

His feet are always heavy,
And his hair is often unbecoming,
But he carries perhaps your portrait,
And convictions—in his head;
You "take him down" completely,
And he takes you in, instead;
There isn't any humour in a policeman.

They are serious days that follow,
With their varying hopes and fears,
When the jokes are full of swear words,
And the laughs are full of tears,
For the verdict, perhaps is guilty,
And the sequel—seven years;
And the joke remains entirely with the policeman.

Cordiality Overdone.

One afternoon recently, says the lady, who tells her own experience, I was sitting on the verandah when a rather nice-looking young man, carrying a small satchel, came up the walk. He bowed pleasantly, and I returned his greeting as cordially as I could, while racking my brain for his name.

He looked familiar, but I could not recall his name. Here was an old friend from out of town, probably—perhaps a relative of my husband—and I must not fail in cordiality. So I greeted him warmly, shook hands, and invited him to be seated. I said I was delighted to see him, and knew my family would be equally glad. I regretted that so long a time had elapsed since we had last met. I hoped his family was quite well, and of course he had come to dinner.

Thus I rattled on, fearing to let him discover what a hypocrite I was, and hoping all the while that his name would come to me. Finally he managed to say:

"I'm afraid you don't know who I am."

"Oh, yes, I do," I responded. "Of course I know perfectly."

"No, I am sure you don't even know my name."

"Well," I admitted, "your name has escaped me for the moment; but I am so wretched on names! Don't tell me; I shall recall it in time."

"Do not try," responded the young man, pleasantly. "I am only the sewing-machine man. I came to repair your machine."

The Brutality of Man.

A correspondence full of eloquence and a speaking moral has been brought to light. The lady received the first letter and it read thus:

"Dear Madam,—I took pleasure in shipping to your address a rug valued at £2, for which I shall be glad to receive your cheque. If you do not desire the rug please return it. Very sincerely, and so forth."

"The idea!" exclaimed the indignant woman, and thereupon she sat down and indited the following reply:

"Dear Sir,—I have ordered no rug from your establishment, and I see no reason why I should go to the expense of returning that which I do not want and which you sent to me unsolicited."

To this complaint she received the following gently sarcastic rejoinder:

"Dear Madam,—I will send for the unsolicited rug, and I trust you will do me the favour to send for the unsolicited charity ball tickets which now lie with about twenty-eight others on my desk. Very sincerely, and so forth."

"The discourteous boor!" shrieked the lady.

The Mayor and the Mare.

If there is one thing more than another, though, upon which Australian morality will not bear too great a strain (says a contemporary), it is the ownership of lost horses, or even of horses that are in danger of being lost, and, by the way, the reputation of the country on that score has, I am afraid, not been materially improved by the operations of our fighting bushmen in South Africa. In a remote bush centre it was the custom to round up all stray horses some a quarter, so that the settlers might come down by the pound, and claim their own. "Amongst the lads unclaimed was a very handsome bay mare, which filled the experienced eyes of the Mayor as "a likely-looking thing." Inspiration or recollection was a long time coming, but at length it arrived. "Great Scott!" said the Mayor, "where are my wits going to? Why, that's the little mare that I bought a year ago from a hawker down at Jerry's lagoon. I don't wonder I didn't recognise her: she's improved out of all shape." He borrowed a halter, claimed the mare, and was leading her home, when the schoolmaster, who had only been three weeks in the district, met him. "Where are you going with my mare?" he asked. "Well," said His Worship, without the faintest sign of flurry, "I knew she was yours, and I thought I'd better fetch her down to the school, or some of those infernal thieves who hang about the yards would be claiming her." The teacher thanked him for his forethought, and they drank together, and became great friends.

Some Queer Police Court Excuses.

The habitual criminal may often be known by his defence when he offers one. His self-possession is remarkable, his tongue glib, his story plausible; and he occasionally overdoes it, as was the case with the pickpocket, who wound up a long-winded denial and plea of alibi, with the damaging peroration: "And as for me picking her pocket, my lord, why she hadn't got one."

The first offender seldom spins a long yarn when questioned by stern attendants or austere J.P. He blurts out a more or less lame excuse, and swears his doom. The plea of offenders charged with insobriety are perhaps the most humorous, as witness the following specimens:—

"I wasn't intoxicated, Your Worship. I had the misfortune to get wet through, and it was water on the brain as was the matter with me. My father died of dropsy, and his father before him."

"It was my nose that did it, Your Honor. As you see, it's very red, and when I asked the constable to show me the way, says he to himself, 'Here's a chap that's sure to be convicted. I'll run him in?' And he did; but I was as sober as a judge, Your Honor."

"It wasn't me as was drunk, Your Worship. It was my old 'oss as has a verry curious way when he's agoin' home o' wanderin' from one side the street to the other. The soberest man couldn't keep him straight, and he causes me a lot o' misery."

"As you see, sir, I've lost two fingers off my right hand. Well, sir, if you'll believe me, ever since them fingers went a mouthful of spirits has been enough to overbalance me."

"I wasn't altogether sober, Your Worship, and I'll admit it; but it wasn't drink that brought me here. It was a cigar, Your Worship. A friend gave me a foreign cigar, Your Worship, and it fairly overpowered me."

The Timaru Submarine Gold Mine.

The following appeared in a recent London paper:—"Many a gold mine has been found under the sea, and when, five years ago, a poor fisherman off Timaru, in New Zealand, pulled up a piece of quartz in his net, he naturally thought he was on the high road to fortune. Subsequently various syndicates have expended over a quarter of a million in trying to locate the mine, three divers have lost their lives in wandering amongst the rocks, but the gold still remains hidden, though there is every reason to believe that it is there somewhere." The Timaru "Herald" has made diligent inquiries, and can find neither the "fisherman" nor the "piece of quartz."

Coals of Fire No Good.

The late Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Stubbs, in his younger days had occasion to persuade a woman to try and cure her husband of drunkenness, and invited her to treat him kindly and gently and so heap coals of fire upon his head. "Coals of fire!" replied the woman in disgust, "ain't no good. I've lit 'im on the 'ed with a lighted lamp six times, and he gets drunk next day all the same."

New Idea for the Business Girl.

Not the least useful physical adjunct in commercial life is the ear. For do not ninety per cent. of our clerks use it as a convenient pen or pencil rest? If they could stick either of these instruments in their hair, no doubt they would do it. But not being ladies, wearing yards of curled up tatch, they are unable to do so. Lady clerks have a great pull over them in this respect. We saw one the other day in a Queen-street establishment who used her wonderfully constructed and luxurious "bun," or "teapot handle," or whatever it is on the top of her head, for the purpose of carrying her pencil when it is not in use. As it stuck out at a rakish angle, it looked for all the world like one of those extraordinary ornaments with which ladies are accustomed to "set off" their hair, and it was by no means unbecoming. It opens up quite a vista of utility for the employment by ladies of the hair in the transport of articles which they would otherwise put in their pockets.

The Bishop's Opinion.

In the course of a debate at which Blomfield, Bishop of London, was asked to preside, one of the students, with strong indignation evident in his voice, addressing the chair, inquired oratorically: "What, sir, would the Apostle Paul have said, could he have seen the life of luxury led by our present race of prelates and church dignitaries, riding about in the carriages and living in their palaces? What, sir, I repeat, would he have said?"

"I think," said the bishop, interrupting the speaker, in a meek and mild voice, "that he would have said, 'Things in the church must be looking up.'"

Even the Sausage Merchant Grows!

It was close upon midnight on a Saturday night, and the late business people, and the last outcasts from the bars were hastening to catch "the drunks' express." By the kerb a doleful purveyor of hot pies, savoyes and baked potatoes was calling his wares in a hopeless tone, wearing all the time the expression of a man who wondered whatever the passing people lived on. A customer confronted the merchant at length, however, and ordered a savoy and a roll. "Business not very brisk to-night, eh?" said the customer after biting into his sausage. "Oh, 'orrible!" groaned the proprietor of the eat, counting the change. "'Orrible, sir! I'm afraid I'll have to shut up 'an' go to Sydney if trade don't improve, and," he added with grave impressiveness, "mind you, it's all along of this Factory Act."

Kissing and Non-kissing Families.

Kissing among relatives goes by families, and it is quite true that certain households are known to all their friends as "great kissers." The members, men, women, and children, kiss each other the first thing in the morning, and the last thing at night, and on any occasion that they consider sufficiently emotional.

Still one may go too far the other way. A woman who came of a kissing family married a man who came of non-kissing stock. At one time her husband went to the railway-station to meet a son who had been absent from home for two years, and on his return the wife said:

"What did you do when you first saw Jack? Did you kiss him?" "X-no," faltered the husband and father, "of course I didn't kiss him." "I'll tell you what he said to me," volunteered the son. "He said: 'Well, Jack, was your train on time?'"

The Way of Safety.

Unless a cyclist is a "searcher" there is no need, generally speaking, to make an effort to avoid him. He will look out for collisions.

A lady was crossing the street when she saw a bicycle-rider coming towards her. She stopped, then dodged backward, and as he had sweved in order to pass behind her there was a collision, and both took a fall, but neither was much damaged.

"If you hadn't wobbled, sir," she said, angrily, as he assisted her to rise, "this wouldn't have happened!"

"Neither would it have happened, madam," he replied, "if you hadn't wobbled, or if you had wobbled in a contrary direction from my wobble. It was our concurrent and synchronous wobbling, so to speak, that caused it."

Then the cyclist, a college professor, doffed his cap, mounted his wheel and rode on.

Microbes in the Tank.

The lodger at an up-country boarding-house brought home a small filter, and the landlady was very much offended. "It is no reflection on you, Mrs. Brown," he said, "but I am very nervous about microbes and germs, and so I think it best to filter the water I drink." "Well, Mr. Solomon, I can only say it is the first time anyone has thought it necessary to bring a filter into this house. As for the water, it comes from the tank, and how any of them beasts you speak of can get into that I don't know, for it is covered with wire netting."

Aurora Australis that wonderful light,

That dazzles the eyes with its brilliance and light,

Occurs in those regions where ice and the snow,

Extend everlasting above and below.

Such a climate would kill us so used to the heat,

New Zealand's bright sunshine is so hard to beat.

It is here we escape coughs and colds to be sure,

By taking that WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE.

Turf Gossip.

By WHALEBONE.

TURF FIXTURES.

September 25, 2—Avondale J.C.
 September 26, 7—Geraldine
 October 1, 2—Wanganui J.C.
 October 2—Ohoka and Errolton J.C.
 October 3—Kurow J.C.
 October 4, 4—Masteron R.C.
 October 5, 7—Hawke's Bay J.C.
 October 9, 12—Otaki Maori R.C.
 October 9, 12—Dunedin J.C.
 October 10, 17—Napier Park R.C.
 October 11—North Canterbury J.C.
 October 23, 24—Gore Racing Club
 October 24, 25—Bovary Bay T.C.
 October 26th and 27th—Auckland Trotting Club
 October 21, November 1—Marlborough R.C.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H.C., Auckland—Necklace was foaled in ISI.

TURF NOTES.

Australian Colours is favourite for the Melbourne Cup.

There is still little or nothing doing over the New Zealand Cup.

Abergeldie, full brother to Moifad, is said to be a capable fence.

Musketry, by Maxim, has been leased and is now located at Wanganui.

R. Gooseman is now training Moifad and his full brother, Abergeldie.

Bluejacket's full sister, Eland, is said to be galloping well at Hastings.

The owner of Regalia II, and Jewellery had a good day on Saturday.

"Glorious Goodwood" completed its hundredth meeting on Friday, August 2nd.

Melwood was not considered ready to win a race at the Rangitikei meeting.

Over £1000 has been collected for the widow of the late Mr W. Forester in Australia.

Maratea, by Nordenfeldt from Fish-girl, has produced a filly to Explosion at Sylvia Park.

Cretone, who is running well in New South Wales, is described as a pony racehorse.

Some good and much indifferent horsemanship was displayed on Saturday at the Avondale meeting.

Canteen was supported at 500 to 30 by his owner on Saturday with a local penciler for the New Zealand Cup.

Pampers, second favourite for the New Zealand Cup, is reported to be going a bit short.

Menschikoff has been scratched for the King Edward Handicap at the Hawke's Bay Spring Meeting.

Minerva II, at Kensington Park, on September 4, won the 143 Handicap, and went out at odds of 2 to 1 on.

Mr J. J. Russell, the Taranaki owner and trainer, is in a very weak state again, and has quite lost his voice.

Proprietary racecourses keep on increasing within the metropolitan area near Sydney.

Mr Donald Fraser, breeder and owner of Advance, was present at the opening of the Avondale J.C. Spring Meeting.

A local penciler is said to have had a centenary on Nonette in the Avondale Cup. He was the only good winner I heard of during the day.

A full sister to the Grafton-Lady Trenton colt, for which 1000 guineas was paid at the last yearling sale in Sydney, was foaled early this month.

Owners must not forget that Friday is nomination day for leading handicap races at the Auckland Racing Club's spring and summer meetings.

The grass on the course proper at Ellerslie has been mown, as it was thought to be rather long to race over.

The Taranaki horses Tukapa, Vanquish and Klondyke arrived from New Plymouth, via Onehunga, this morning.

The New Zealand Metropolitan Trotting Club will give £1800 away in Stakes at their three days' meeting in November.

Minerva II, changed hands at 150 guineas, Mr Beckett selling the daughter of Metal recently to a foreign buyer.

Last week a cable from Sydney announced the death of Mr W. Lyons' eldest son, who had been ailing for some time past.

Renown has been eased up and relegated to the paddock by day, and we may conclude will not start in the New Zealand Cup.

Sir George Clifford has sent Wind-whistle, Somerled and Dirk to represent him at the Wanganui and Hawke's Bay meetings.

Paul Seaton is now running in the nomination of Mr Martin Taylor, who has the son of Seaton Delaval under lease from Mr J. Marshall.

Windsor, a two-year-old by Port Admiral, sustained injuries which proved fatal through colliding with a motor car near Melbourne.

A festered hee! has kept Firefly from doing just as much work as her owner would have liked to give her. Still she has not been idle.

Aura, dam of Aurum and Anraria, has foaled a colt to Wallace at Mr G. G. Stead's stud farm, Yaldhurst, and Ich Dien a colt to Multiform.

It is estimated that the full brothers, Florizel II, Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee, will next season at the stud earn £50,000 in fees.

In order to give New Zealand visitors a chance of seeing the Handicap races on the 14th inst., the departure of the Tarawera for Wellington was delayed till 6 p.m. on that day.

Mr A. A. Woods, who for some time officiated as judge at suburban Melbourne meetings, has had to resign through ill-health. Mr J. R. Row has been appointed his successor.

Crusoe, while being ridden through the streets at New Plymouth one day last week, fell and cut his knees, and will not be able to start for some time.

The Needle is being led about at Greenlane, and visits the racecourse at Ellerslie occasionally, and the swelling in his poisoned hind leg is reducing.

For the Park Stakes Handicap, the leading race on the Spring programme of the Napier Park Racing Club, seven-teen comprise the total of nominations.

Mr A. Hanna's brood mare Nellie, who was in the first flight of polo ponies in Auckland, and a shapely little lady, has foaled a filly to Hotchkiss.

Sequence, who spread-eagled the field in the Epsom Handicap, winning by a dozen lengths, got badly cut about in the Sydney Metropolitan Stakes.

It is said that the price paid for Hayda, purchased by a client of F. Macnaman's, and whose arrival at Ellerslie I announced on Saturday, was £220.

Some Southern clubs are petitioning the Premier to have the Workmen's Compensation Act altered so as to have trainers and jockeys excluded from its operation.

Mr T. Sinclair acted as substitute for Mr John Rollard in the judge's box at Ellerslie, owing to the unavoidable absence of the Avondale Jockey Club's official in Wellington.

Mustella, the aged Tatler mare, who won two races last season out of fourteen starts, and is entered for the Avondale Jockey Club meeting, will, it is said, go to the stud this season.

The Hawke's Bay Jockey Club have received a fair entry for the King Edward Handicap, to be run for at their Spring Meeting. The Auckland horses nominated are Nonette and Rosella.

Members of the Auckland Racing Club will be admitted to the Avondale Jockey Club's Spring Meeting upon production of their passes, which are being issued by Mr Percival from the A.R.C. office.

The gentleman in England for whom San Fran was purchased subject to being passed by a veterinary surgeon will regret that a splint stood in the way of him getting a great bargain.

Foalings at the One Tree Hill Stud are: Jewess, by Sou'-wester—Miss Masham, filly to Eton, and Cowrasser—Woodbine mare, filly to Cyrenian. So far this season six fillies comprise the list of foalings at this stud.

San Fran, who has proved himself a most consistent performer, and who is no doubt one of the best horses in Australia, is from the Grand Fleuret mare Procella, half sister to Abatross, dam of Merganser, Teksum and others.

Hastings is handicapped at 8.12 in the Geraldine Flying Handicap, and Bona Rosa at 8.7. Cora Linn is top weight with 9.5. Mr Dowse is too flattering to Bona Rosa, who on form should not be much above the minimum weight.

Thirty horses negotiated the fences at Sylvia Park in one of the drag hunts there without putting a foot wrong, and yet some people will tell us that New Zealand is not maintaining its reputation for producing jumping stock.

Splendid nominations have been received for the Canterbury Jockey Club's spring meeting. There are forty-five in the Stewards' Handicap, sixteen in the Canterbury Cup, twenty-nine in the Jubilee Cup, thirty-one in the Metropolitan Handicap, and forty-two in the Jockey Club Handicap.

By Nonette's victory in the Avondale Cup that colt has incurred a penalty of 3lbs in the New Zealand Cup, and this will be further increased to 7lbs should he win the Avondale Guineas, which looks at the time of writing a certainty.

The fact that Nonette and Formula are not entered for any of the handicap races or other events for which entries were taken by the secretary of the Canterbury Jockey Club, does not augur well for the New Zealand Cup backers of this pair. Auckland will, I fear, be unrepresented.

Orange and Blue, as late as Thursday last, in private, did a pleasing gallop with First Whisper over five furlongs. On Saturday in public she was never dangerous and finished last. Lindsay cannot explain the pony's running, which greatly took by surprise many of her backers.

There are some breeders who think that our racing and utility horses can be improved by a dash of Arab blood. A South Australian breeder has just imported a stud horse and two fillies from an English stud where Arabs are specially bred.

Connop's filly who raced first as Rere and later on as Takeke is now to be known as Torowai. All three were appropriate names for the daughter of Waterfall, but the first two were taken for other horses and consequently could not be allowed.

Attention is called to the fact that nominations for leading events at the Auckland Racing Club's spring and summer meetings are due on Friday, September 27. The Auckland Racing Club have never previously offered such valuable handicaps, and the various events are sure to fill well.

A Sydney paper refers to the owner of Kaimate, winner of the first Australian Jockey Club's steeplechase, as "the popular ringman and sustainer cyclist, Bill Lyons." There is no reason why a good cyclist should not be a good cyclist as well, but we have not yet seen Mr Lyons on the wheel.

Blaze Paul, who has wintered well, is to go into work almost immediately. Mr Warner in having Wellcast, the two-year-old gelding by Caator from Lady Wellington, and Malakoff, a three-year-old gelding by Stepiak from the Perkin Warbeck mare Faith, broken. Wellcast is growing into a nice horse.

Mr. Walters informs me that Lady Agnes, by Nordenfeldt—Sister Agnes, Salute, by Nordenfeldt—Sweet Alice, Sapphira, by Leoline—Lyra, Sunrise, by Kamarara—Awatea, Fairytale, by Tassman—Sapphira, Ruby, Lydette, and Lady Thornton, the last named by General Thornton from Hine-te-Hoata, are booked to visit Soult.

The Sydney "Morning Herald" has the following: Mount Vernon house and stables, situated in Botany-street, Randwick, have been purchased by the present occupier, Mr John Gough, from Mr Dan O'Brien, who built the stables a few years ago, and made Mount Vernon one of the most complete establishments in Australia.

The sale of the late Mr W. Forrester at Randwick was a success. The sale ring was crowded by breeders and metropolitan racing men, and the 38 lots realised £2615. Niagara, though carrying his 15 years lightly, only fetched 105 guineas. The progeny of Niagara are credited in the Sydney "Mail" with having won 173 races in six years, valued at £14,000.

Mr J. Douglas, of Te Mahanga, Hawke's Bay, is at present on a visit to Auckland; in fact, on his honeymoon. Mr Douglas was present at the Avondale meeting on Saturday, and has visited the various studs hereabouts and is much pleased with the yearling crops he saw. Mr Douglas has no less than twenty-one yearlings himself this season, and they are to be sold in the autumn as usual.

On Saturday at Sylvia Park a full brother to Explosion and a full brother to Paul Seaton were foaled. On the same day Lissadum, by Bill of Portland—Cooya, produced a filly to Wallace. On Monday Innisfail, by Nordenfeldt, had twin fillies to Seaton Delaval, and on Tuesday Miscalculation, by St. Hippo, a filly to Explosion.

A chestnut pony said to have been as well known as the town clock in George-street, Sydney, was recently "rung in" at a meeting at Forest Lodge after having been dyed a beautiful brown. A protest was lodged, and the pony was quickly got away from the course. The owner did not wait to argue the point raised as to her identity.

It is not often that we find two colts equally fancied for a race like the V.R.C. Derby as Grasspan and Hautvilliers are. That both are considered more than ordinarily good may be gathered from the fact that they are fancied for the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups. It is generally supposed that Grasspan will improve upon the showing he made in the A.J.C. Derby against Hautvilliers, when he ran unkindly.

Mr Furness on Friday purchased privately from Mr Sy. Coombes his old favourite, Favona, who besides being a fast horse on the flat was one of the best hurdle horses in Auckland. Mr Furness made the purchase for Mr Witherlow, of Suva, and Favona was shipped by the Taviuni for his des-

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horses on Saturday. Favours should have fine stock, for he has size and substance, and comes of a good family.

Most of the money won by backers in connection with the A.J.C. spring meeting was distributed with the public generally (says the "S.M. Herald"), but a few instances are reported of large amounts being won, the most conspicuous of them being in regard to a Riverina bookmaker, who secured a license to bet, but at the last moment changed his mind and became a backer, with the result that he won a large sum of money over the meeting, variously stated from £6000 to £8000. Several people who backed F. Kuhn's mounts also won a lot of money.

The Criminal Detective Department of Paris have been busily engaged in connection with a turf scandal, which has caused some interest in France. It is presumed that a well-organised band of sharpers have been engaged in running horses under false colours, and in otherwise putting up swindles to rob wealthy young Frenchmen of their money, large sums having been won from them at high play at cards. It was through discovering that one horse had been substituted for another that the police had their suspicions that an organised gang was at work.

Ma Mie Rosette, by Trenton, from Bonny Rosette, owned by Mr. J. E. Moore, of Bushy Park, Wanganui, has arrived on a visit to Cyrenian. Waiorongomai, stinted to that horse last year, and Lottie, the Auckland Cup winner of 1894, have come from the Waikato to the same sire. Two foalings of note to record to Cyrenian are Major George's Moonga, dam of Seahorse, a colt; and Mr. S. H. Gollan's Lady Hamilton, full sister to Nelson, a colt. Mr. Parsons' Sia, by Musket, a filly to Eton. Mr. McKinnon's mare Agate, daughter of Scot Free's dam Zenobia, has foaled a colt to Lochness.

A confrere states that Oroua, who has been referred to as a New Zealand bred mare, was really bred in Queensland and got by the Angler horse Isaac Walton from an Opawa mare. In this he is wrong. Oroua is by the Auckland bred Isaac Walton, who was standing in the Rangitikei district, and where there were many Opawa mares, and I fancy was called after the Oroua station, in which district she may possibly have been bred. Mr. Atieter Clark, who was in New Zealand and playing polo at the time the Oroua polo players were in full swing, if I remember, took the mare to Australia, hunted her there and won a couple of races with her last season in hunters' races.

The Department of Agriculture have announced the places at which their imported horses are to be located this season. The thoroughbred Amasis will be at Hamilton, Singlestick II, at Momohaki, Tyranny, perhaps the best for breeding racing stock, at Levin, each at the Government Stud Farms. Malachi is to be at Middle Park, Christchurch, Serapion at Oamaru, and Lupin at the Eden-dale Estate; the Shire horses Herefordshire Boy at Momohaki, and Danger Signal at Oamaru. A limited number of thoroughbred mares are to be taken from such breeders as may desire to patronise the horses. The

chief object for which the thoroughbreds were imported is to breed remounts, and their services are fixed at a most reasonable price. The difficulty will be to get the right class of mares from which to breed remounts to horses of the class these thoroughbreds have been represented to me.

The committee of the Auckland Racing Club sat for two hours when dealing with the applications for jockeys' and trainers' licenses, some of which were held over for consideration from their last meeting. Some licenses were granted without demur, other applications were refused altogether, some put back for further consideration, and a good many granted for short terms, so that the applicants should come up if required at a future date. The Auckland Racing Club are doing the right thing by all concerned in exercising a strict supervision over the trainers and jockeys, for, while we have many of a reputable class, there are some who are not at all well behaved, and who want holding with a tight rein to keep them from running riot. If they could only realise that it is for their own good that such steps are taken it would be well. The establishment of the Ellerslie racecourse of a reading and an amusement room, under the control of a committee selected from the leading trainers and horsemen, would be in the right direction, and such institutions could be provided out of the funds the trainers and jockeys have themselves contributed, and which are now awaiting the report of a committee of the Racing Conference before being applied for the benefit of trainers and horsemen who have been licensed by the various clubs throughout the colony.

The death of Colonel Wm. Fraser has removed a once prominent figure from the world of sport, as the deceased for many years identified himself with racing, first in Victoria in the fifties, and from the time of his arrival in New Zealand, in 1863, up to a few years ago, he was more or less interested in thoroughbred and racing stock. The Colonel was present at the big match in Victoria between Alice Hawthorn and Veno, and frequently referred to that particular and other memorable contests in the goldfields days of Victoria. Van Tromp, a winner of many races, was one of the steeds that the Colonel took delight in talking about. It was in the nomination of Colonel Fraser that Trenton won his first race. In his yearling purchases he was most unfortunate, and he lost in successive years a full-brother and a full-sister to Tirailleux within a few weeks of buying them through accidents, but Fancy Free was a filly with which he won a few races, and Tennyson and Pikau also won for him, while Scot Free, who he leased from Mr. Donald McKinnon, won some races for him and was no doubt a brilliant two-year-old. More recently the Colonel had a good colt in Royal Rose, trained by G. Wright, but he owned and raced many useful horses, and no man could have been fonder of turf pursuits. In recent years the Colonel had been a less frequent visitor at the leading meetings at other parts of the colony, but rarely missed attending at Ellerslie. Sportsmen generally, and a wide circle of

friends, will regret to hear of the Colonel's death, which, however, was not unexpected, as he had been ill some time and unable to attend to his Parliamentary duties as Sergeant-at-Arms.

It is in the interests of racing that the Marton Jockey Club and Rangitikei Racing Club should hold their spring meetings as they do, so close together, that is, at such a short interval between the dates. The courses are not more than eight miles apart, and there does not seem any good reason to be advanced in support of a continuance of the present arrangement of dates. The Marton meeting was held on the 3rd and 4th of the present month, and that of the Rangitikei Club on the 17th and 18th. It would appear that a better class of horses, taking them all round, ran at the last-named fixture. On the opening day the Dreadnought-Muriwai horse 'Ton' (a brave), who won two races, did something to remove the reproach that has hung over him. He has indeed been a most unprofitable racehorse so far. Muriwai, his dam, was a good mare, and comes of one of the best local families, running back to Sybil, a mare that Major Trafford used to race in the early days of Wanganui. Rangipuhi is one of the line, and the son of Feve was a very good handicap horse.

In another double winner on the opening day of the meeting referred to, Auckland is interested, seeing that Cure, the winner of the Maiden and Open Hack races, was bred at Wellington Park, and is by St. Leger from Lady Cureton, by Goldsbrough. Cure was purchased by Mr. L. de Pelechet on behalf of Mr. E. J. Watt, of Hawke's Bay, at the 1900 sale, and cost 200 guineas. Cure did not start last season, but he has classic engagements, and will be bidding good-bye to the hack ranks ere long, or I am mistaken. Perhaps we may see him competing in the Wanganui Guineas, Hawke's Bay Guineas and other important classic events. Another Wellington Park bred one that ran with success in the open race on the second day was Ringlet, by Castor from Bangie. And yet another Wellington Park representative to win at this meeting was St. Lyra, by St. Leger from Lyrelinus.

Ocean, the half-brother to Newhaven II, created a surprise by winning one of the short distance races, and his supporters received the nice dividend of £17. They had some very nicely-bred hacks racing at this meeting. Bones, winner of the Hack Hurdle Race, is a five-year-old son of Quilt and Nymph, by Ingomar from Woodnymph. Then Fakir, who won the last race on the card, was got by Catesby from Element. The old Volunteer gelding Claymore, who has been broken down twice, got home in the Arataumahi Steeplechase, and his supporters received the nice dividend of £10 5/, the second best of the meeting. Fancy a half-brother to Newhaven II, being so little thought of as to return investors the largest dividend at a two days' meeting.

AUCKLAND RACING CLUB.

A special meeting of the A.R.C. Committee was held last week, Mr. T. Morris presiding. A communication was received from the

committee of the Takapuna Jockey Club, notifying that they had renounced the unexpired term of disqualification existing against the horse Pokomoko. It was decided to endorse the same. The resignation of Mr. M. Carr as timekeeper was accepted. An application made to exercise trotting horses on the Ellerslie racecourse was refused. The programme of the Opotou Racing Club's meeting (November 2) was submitted and passed. Gentlemen riders' certificates were granted to the following:—Messrs G. R. Wilkinson, M. Deeble, F. H. Paton, and A. S. McKinnon. Licenses were granted as follows:—Trainers: E. J. Rae, J. Brigham, A. H. Barron. Rae's application was put in before he went South to the N.Z. Grand National meeting, but was overlooked at the last committee meeting. Jockeys: F. A. Johnson, H. Gillespie, J. McGregor, Cyril McGuire, J. Mackintosh, F. Howard, Woodward, E. Pepe, G. R. Phillips, J. Murphy, J. Fletcher. Conditional licenses were granted to the following jockeys: J. Katterna, W. Setman, E. A. Abbott, S. Lindsay, J. Graham, B. Thomas, T. Hall, F. McClelland, and F. Speakman. Apprentices: W. H. Goggin, W. Jenkins, W. Smith, H. Sparks, J. E. Cotton, F. C. Porter, W. Ross, E. Ross; W. Heap (conditional). A resolution was passed that all apprentices shall be indentured.

AVONDALE JOCKEY CLUB. SPRING MEETING.

The Spring Meeting of the Avondale Jockey Club, which commenced on Saturday at Ellerslie, could not have done so under more favourable conditions as regards weather. The fields were good, the attendance larger probably than the club could have secured on their own course, and speculation was such that there was a large turnover at the totalisators, and the bookmakers also did plenty of business. The sum of £2924 was passed through the totalisators, which, though a good deal below the record for the Ellerslie course, is certainly a large sum for the Avondale Club to put through, and exceeded last year's doings on the corresponding day by £4397. This increase was largely due to the change of venue, and to the system of paying out on two horses, the first and second in each event, a departure which was being discussed by racegoers at the conclusion of the day, and in such a way as to lead to the impression that there was anything but a unanimous opinion in favour of the new plan. Mr. T. Sinclair, who acted as substitute for Mr. J. Bolland, M.H.R., in his capacity as judge, was only called upon once to decide a very close finish, and this was in the two-year-old race—the classic Avondale Stakes—which resulted in a head victory for Messrs Nathan's colt Grey Seaton from Mr. Lennard's colt Idas, both being outsiders, and they were half a length in front of the favourite, Spalpeen, at the finish. Grey Seaton was bred at Wellington Park, and Idas at Mangers, and both are by the Sylvia Park sire Seaton Delaval. The Avondale Cup saw another pair of Seaton's in front at the finish in

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Nonette and Beddington, victory resting with the younger colt, who ran with some gameness when asked for an effort in the run home. This colt's track form during the preceding week had misled the watchers there, and Beddington was made a very strong favourite. Blue-jacket finished close to the pair, which has to be remembered in taking into account the value of Nonette's performance. Jewellery had an easy victory over the moderates that opposed her in the Hack Race, and Voltigeur, in the Steeplechase, once more demonstrated his usefulness by beating Sudden and a large field. It is seldom that so many as ten horses finish, but out of a field of eleven that number got to the end of the three mile journey, and the placed trio and Dingo made an interesting race of it. First Whipser won the pony race cleverly enough, but Orange and Blue, the favourite, ran an inglorious last. Val Rosa, by winning the Flying Stakes, made the third representative of Seaton Delaval to score outright during the day, and that horse, meeting with weak opposition, had an easy victory in that event. The catering of Mr J. King was excellent, the starting of Mr Cutts in most of the events satisfactory, and the general management both amongst the officials and totalisator workers was favourably commented upon. The following are the results:—

MAIDEN PLATE HANDICAP, of 50 sovs., second horse 5sovs from the stake. Six furlongs.

337—L. D. and N. A. Nathan's br g Glasgow, by Hotchkiss —Lady Augusta, 3yrs, 7.10, (Buchanan) 1

160—Sparkling Water, 7.6 (Satman) 2

12—Progee, 7.6 (Hushford) 3

Also started: 34, Cavalry, 7.11 (W. Bird); 76, Drudge, 7.8 (Skeates); 49, Sly Miss, 7.6 (McGuire); 17, The Don, 7.0 (Hill); 35, Lady Howitzer, 7.0 (Hutton); 41, Khama, 7.0 (Speakman); 23, Ramadon, 6.12 (Searle).

Sly Miss and Sparkling Water were the first moving, and Lady Howitzer and Drudge the two last, both being very slow off the mark. At the end of the first three furlongs Glasgow drew up. Sly Miss running wide into the straight. Glasgow was kept morning and got up below the people's stand, and going on had enough left in him to stall off a challenge from the fast finishing Sparkling Water, who beat Progee half a length for second place. Glasgow having quite that margin clear of Sparkling Water. Don and Sly Miss finished next in order several lengths away. Time, 1.18. Dividends, £1 15/ and £1 3/.

FIRST HANDICAP HURDLE RACE, second 10sovs., mile and three-quarters.

330—D. A. McLeod's b.g. Regalia II., by Regal—May, 6yrs, 10.3 (Wilson) 1

76—Chancellor II., 9.0 (Mitchell) 2

120—Cavaliero, 13.11 3

Also started: 39, Non-west, 11.3 (Katters); 67, Vanquish, 10.8 (Fakery); 66, Royal Conqueror, 9.10 (Fergus); 14, Lightning, 9.6 (Berry); 103, Princess of Thule, 9.4 (Deeble).

Regalia II. drew on Chancellor II. at the last hurdle, and cantered home an easy winner by three lengths. Cavaliero, who ran wide, being beaten by Chancellor II. by the same distance. Time, 3.24. Dividend, £1 13/ and £2 8/.

AVONDALE STAKES of 150sovs, second horse 10sovs, third horse 5sovs out of the stake.

10—Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan's Grey Seaton, 8.0 (Buchanan) 1

42—Idas, 7.9 (Skeates) 2

466—Spalpeen, 8.0 (Julian) 3

Also started: Kelburne, 8.0 (Speakman); 347 Northumberland, 8.0 (Gallagher); 128 Marshal Sout, 8.0 (Abbott); 26 Talavera, 7.9 (Sleman).

The moment the barrier was raised Spalpeen shot away, followed closely by Marshal Sout and Idas, Northumberland being left some lengths. Going very fast. Spalpeen and Marshal Sout ran to the turn a bit wide, and they went towards the rails again, Idas joining issue after reaching the Derby stand, where Spalpeen averred slightly interfering with her. This let Grey Seaton, who pursued a

straight course, up, and he won by a head. Spalpeen half a length off third, Marshal Sout and Northumberland close up. Time, 50 2-paces. Dividends, £1 19/ and £3 11/.

AVONDALE CUP, of 300sovs; second 30sovs and third, 10sovs from the stakes. One mile and a quarter.

248—J. T. Ryan's ch e Nonette, 3yrs, by Seaton Delaval—Chante, 7.9 (M. Ryan) 1

746—Beddington, 8.5 (Gallagher) 2

57—Bluejacket, 9.2 (Lindsay) 3

76, Formula, 8.4 (Taylor); 240, St. Ursula, 8.4 (Sceats); 107, Zealous, 7.4 (Cotton); 142, Volee, 7.2 (Bird); 151, Paul Seaton, 7.0 (Satman); 149, Winsome, 6.12 (Price); 29, Hesper, 6.10 (Speakman).

Soon after the start Formula got to the front and with Winsome carried on the running for about seven furlongs. Beddington, Bluejacket, Nonette and St. Ursula being then handy. Winsome retired first, and then Formula, and Beddington half way up the straight was left in the lead. Bluejacket, St. Ursula and Nonette closing on him. Nonette drew up steadily and joined Beddington, and worsting him in the run home won by half a length, Bluejacket nearly two lengths away, just clear of St. Ursula. Volee fifth. Time, 2min 11sec. Dividends, £5 2/ and 11/.

FIRST HACK HANDICAP, 50sovs; second horse 5sovs. Five furlongs.

444—Mr D. A. McLeod's br f Jewellery, St. Leger—Necklace, 2yrs, 8.3 (Ryan) 1

173—La Polish (Abbott) 2

163—Golden Rose (Bird) 3

68, Rocket, 8.12 (Sceats); 41, Up-to-Date, 8.6 (Taylor); 186, Millie, 7.6 (Lindsay); 37, Cressy, 7.5 (Price); 17, Sister Francis, 7.5 (Satman); 4, Amhantars, 7.4 (Percival); 9, Alicia, 7.0 (Porter).

Jewellery got smartly on her legs, and racing away when La Polish closed on her won easily by two lengths. Golden Rose, who finished fast, half a length off. Up-to-date fourth. Time 1min 5sec. Dividends, £1 14/ and £1 9/.

HANDICAP STEEPLCHASE, of 80 sovs; second horse 10sovs. About three miles.

257—Mr F. Ross' gr g Voltigeur II., by Lionel—Nora, 10.7. (Burns) 1

192—Sudden, 9.11 (Deeble) 2

19—Tarragon, 9.10 (Weal) 3

450, Dingo, 10.7 (Fergus); 102, Straybird, 11.10 (R. Hall); 33, Kowhai, 10.9 (Tooman); 31, Pungarehu, 9.9 (Mitchell); 6, Rolfe, 9.7 (McGregor); 19, Marine, 9.7 (Higgins); 13, Riolf, 9.7 (Julian); 11, Tuirne, 9.7 (Phillips).

Riot and Straybird were leading Dingo and the rest of the field over the first fence, where they dropped back. Dingo, Kowhai, Voltigeur, Sudden and Tarragon going on in order, Mariuc and Rolf bringing up the rear. They went over the hill, with Voltigeur, Dingo, Tarragon and Sudden in leading berths, Kowhai having fallen. There was no charge to the sod wall, where Dingo got in front, only to be passed again at the double by Voltigeur, Tarragon, Sudden and Straybird being all well together handy. Going up the hill for the last time Sudden led Voltigeur and Dingo by a length or two, but all three were in the air together at the last fence on the hill, Tarragon several lengths off. Dingo struck hard and lost his place, and Voltigeur racing down the hill came on to the course together, Voltigeur having the measure of his opponent, whom he beat by nearly three lengths. Tarragon two lengths away third, Dingo, finishing fast, less than a length off fourth, the other starters following at intervals. Time, 6min 25sec, Dividends, £2 14/ and £1 7/.

FIRST PONY HANDICAP, of 40sovs, second 5sovs from stakes. Six furlongs.

110—Mr T. Cunningham's br m First Whipser, 7.10 (Harr) 1

61—Pipihauraroa, 8.2 (Satman) 2

291—Heliades, 6.9 (Speakman) 3

Also ran: 301 Orange and Blue, 8.12 (Lindsay); 40 Lena, 8.6 (McIntosh); 53 Stepaway, 8.4 (Buchanan); 127 Mamoa, 7.11 (Abbott); 163 Trooper, 7.7 (Bird). Mamoa got away best, Heliades at once going up and heading her after going a furlong, and leading till half way down the straight, when Pipihauraroa headed her. Then First Whipser drew up, winning handily by a length and a half, same second and

third. Time, 1.19. Dividends, £7 and 4 4/.

FLYING STAKES HANDICAP, 100 sovs, second horse 15sovs. Six furlongs.

540—Mrs J. Lennard's b e Val Rosa, by Seaton Delaval—Vieux Rose, 4 years, 8.9 (Taylor) 1

49—Landlock, 7.0 (Speakman) 2

108—Balbirnie, 7.0 (Bird) 3

Also ran: 53 Solo, 8.6 (Hall); 280 St. Olga, 8.0 (Lindsay); 192 Lady Avon, 7.12 (Abbott); 36 Kissaline, 7.3 (Satman); 63 Despatch, 6.10 (Harr). Landlock and St. Olga were leading soon after the start, but Val Rosa went up and came away with Landlock, and holding him safe all down the running, won by a clear length. Balbirnie, under pressure, finishing fast at Landlock's heels. Time, 1.17. Dividends: £1 13/ and £6 1/.

WAIHI RACES

The first race meeting of the season at Waikhi will be held next Saturday on the course just outside the town, when a great day's sport is expected. The entries are excellent, no less than 59 being received, and the handicaps are considered satisfactory. All the necessary arrangements for the comfort of visitors have been attended to, and though the course is no distance from the town there will be suitable conveyances obtainable for the general public.

The following are the handicaps for the races to be held next Saturday at Waikhi:—

Maiden Plate—Hikutaia 9.7, Dick 9.7, Munga Munga 9.0, Jim Crow 8.0, Go Far 8.7, Fairy Queen 8.6, Gay Lad 8.0, Lyddite 8.0, Kedans 8.0.

Pony Race—May Flower 12.0, Ruby 11.4, Brewery 10.4, Anchor 10.0, Danger 10.0, Hikutaia 9.7, Victor 8.3, Bravo 8.0, Munga Munga 8.0, Fairy Queen 8.6, Tom 8.0, Redan 8.0, Rat 8.0, Lyddite 8.0, Ebony 8.0.

Trot Handicap—Bobadil scr, Flukem scr, Burridge 15s, Baucy Lass 15s, Molly 15s, Sunrise 10s, Streaker 20s, May Flower 20s, Spider 20s, Nod 5s, Furihi 40s, Snap 40s, Gay Lad 40s, Tramp 40s.

Hurdles—Oscar 11.5, May Flower 11.0, Victor 10.8, Hikutaia 10.0, Brewery 10.0, Jack 10.0, Go Far 9.7, Charcoal 9.8, Tom 8.0, Gay Lad 8.0.

Cup Handicap—Paddy 11.7, La Grippe 11.7, May Flower 10.7, Oscar 10.7, Dick 8.0, Jim Crow 8.9, Hikutaia 8.7, Munga Munga 8.7, Lyddite 8.0, Go Far 8.0, Nut 8.0.

HAWKES BAY JOCKEY CLUB'S SPRING MEETING.

NAPIER, this day. The following weights have been declared for the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's Spring Meeting:—

Hack Handicap Hurdles of 5sovs., 14 mile.—Derrington 11.8, Waterport 11.3, K. Jam 10.3, Taheke 11.1, Wakelny 9.3, Moteskin 9.0.

King Edward Handicap of 300sovs 1 mile 116 yards.—Jabber 8.0, Ideal 8.11, Tortulla 8.11, Menschikoff 8.11, Rosella 8.3, Crusoe 8.7, Ostiak 8.7, Okoari 8.2, Shannon 8.1, St. Denis 8.0, Nonette 7.13, Tauhei 7.12, St. Mar 7.0, Windflower 7.7, Goye 7.5, Tigress 7.2, Birna 7.0, Kahawai 7.0, Somerled 6.12, Perfection 6.12, Ngalo 6.12, Calceolaria 6.10, Menura 6.7, Destroyer 6.7, Warwick 6.7, Tira 6.7, Pearl Diver 6.7.

First Handicap Hurdles of 10sovs, 11 mile.—Hotu 11.7, Dartmoor 10.8, Derrington 10.8, Voltaire 10.0, Stockade 10.0, Seallyway 10.0, Waterport 9.0, Sylvanus 9.0, Phantom 9.0.

Welter Handicap of 5sovs, one mile.—Daphne 9.13, Rubin 9.13, Warwick 9.5, Tira 9.5, Paphos 9.5, Passion Fruit 8.13, Weaver 8.11, Destroyer 8.11, Duffer 8.5, Andromeda 8.0, Calcutta 8.0.

First Hack Handicap of 60sovs, one round.—Cure 8.12, Fleka 8.8, Robin Gray 8.7, Maro 8.5, Monsoni 8.4, Katrina 7.11, Blackwing 7.9, Cobra 7.7, Despatch 7.7, Comfort 7.7, Te Ikahoungata 7.3, Pearl Gun 6.11, Activity 6.9, Arrival 6.11, Calcutta 6.7, Notoriety 6.7, Stanley 6.7.

Flying Handicap of 100sovs, six furlongs.—Jabber 9.13, Ostiak 9.2, St. Denis 8.9, Battlear 8.9, Elvies 8.5, Nonette 8.5, Tauhei 8.2, Terra 8.13, Indian Queen 8.0, Ringlet 8.2, Somerled 7.2, Ngalo 7.3, Calceolaria 7.3, Murrum 7.2, Tooyal 7.2, Aeneas 7.0, Warwick 6.10, Destroyer 6.9, Woodthorpe 6.8, Pearl Diver 6.7, Kowhee 6.7.

HUNTING.

The Pakuranga Hunt Club met at Mt. Albert on Wednesday at Mr Kerr-Taylor's, and starting a drag there took a line through Messrs Hutchison and Carlie's, thence through Mrs Thomas' across the Kingsland Road, through Messrs Sewell, Boyle, Taylor, Ash, Crawford, Meares, and Marks', finishing on the Three Kings Road, the drag being laid by Messrs R. P. Kinloch and W. Ralph. Starting at Mr Meares' property a second drag was taken, this time by Messrs Carmena and Paton, through Mr Buck-

land's round the mountain, finishing at Mr Moody's, where visitors were hospitably entertained. Miss N. Gorrie, Messrs H. Crowther, Selby, jun., Ben Myers, and Korgrove were prominent in the runs, and amongst others riding were Mrs Cox, Mrs Moody, Misses Kerr-Taylor, Stribley, Roberts, O. Buckland, and Messrs Pittar, Adams, E. P. Goldsbro', and H. Kinloch. Mr Arkell was driving. Miss Kerr-Taylor had a rather nasty fall, being dragged some distance, but from latest accounts the lady is doing well.

NEW ZEALAND PRAISE OF BILE BEANS.

SPLITTING HEADACHES, BILIOUSNESS AND RETCHING CURED.

Amongst the citizens of New Zealand, and in all parts of the world, Bile Beans have earned for themselves, by their unequalled excellence, a reputation which places them far in advance of any other similar preparation. In evidence of this we quote the strong testimony of one who resides in Oamaru. His name is Mr Frederick Gerrie, and he says:—"For a considerable time I have been a sufferer from biliousness, splitting headaches, and repeated attacks of retching. Many remedies were advised and tried without success. Bile Beans for biliousness were then recommended to me. After taking the first dose or two I began to feel a decided relief, and continuing to take them, the pains in my head ceased, and retching became a thing of the past. Bile Beans are without doubt a marvellous remedy for biliousness and sick headaches, and for such complaints deserve to be widely known. I shall have much pleasure in recommending them to my friends, because they have proved in my case 'an effective remedy.'" Such is the testimony of an Oamaru gentleman, given for the benefit of his fellow colonists, with reference to the marvellous properties of Bile Beans in cases of biliousness, headache, and retching, and amongst you there are thousands who can testify to their worth in cases of indigestion, constipation, bad blood, pimples, piles, bad breath, female ailments, coughs, colds, rheumatism, as a preventive, or curing the after effects of influenza, and for a general toning up of the system. Obtainable from all chemists and storekeepers, and as the price is so very low, they should be in every home. Messrs Kempthorne, Prosser and Co., wholesale agents for New Zealand.

An exhibition of special interest to the Auckland public is to be held in the Palmerston Buildings, Queen-street, on Thursday next, the 26th inst., when Mr Watkins, the well-known artist, will have on view a number of his latest works. This is the first occasion for some years past that Mr Watkins has exhibited work, and is therefore an opportunity not to be missed. Mr Watkins is a water colour painter of considerable reputation in this colony, as well as outside. It may not be generally known that Lady Banfurly purchased one of his water colours of creek scenery as a gift to the Duke and Duchess of York, and we believe she was the only artist so honoured here. The works on view include finished paintings and a number of impressionist studies. The subjects are varied. Of very particular interest are pictures of the Hot Lakes and the terraces before the eruption. The water colour of Lake Tarawera is almost the first picture Mr Watkins painted on his arrival in the colony. What characterises this collection in common with all Mr Watkins' work, is its refreshing regard for local truth. In this artist's pictures more than in those of any other New Zealand painter, we have New Zealand as it really is under its varied aspects of summer sky or storm. Intense sympathy with Nature in her many moods and with the native life of New Zealand is the keynote of Mr Watkins' work.

Athletic Sports.

GOLF NOTES.

(By "Stymie.")

Mr E. D. O'Horne's Explorer's Prize was played for last Saturday. This was the Auckland Golf Club's first match over the new course. There were a large number of entries, and some very interesting games ensued. The first prize was won by Mr Colbeck, with a net score of 88 (21-3). The winner played good golf. He narrowly escaped winning the prize for second player, a box of balls, presented by himself. This, however, went to Mr H. McCosh Clark, whose score was one stroke more than the winner's.

The formal opening of the new links next Saturday will take the form of an At Home. Dr. Campbell, President of the Club, will declare the links open for play, and an exhibition foursome will be played over a 10-hole course by Dunedin and Wellington against Auckland and Christchurch. It is anticipated there will be a very large gathering.

"Loffer" sends me the following interesting account of the Hawke's Bay tournament:—

The annual tournament, which was played on the 11th, to 14th, was an unqualified success. The weather was perfect, with the exception of Saturday afternoon, when rather a stormy wind was blowing. The entries were very good for all events, 32 for the Men's Championship, and over 40 for some of the other events, including several ladies and gentlemen from Wanganui, Palmerston, and elsewhere. Mr Harold, of Wanganui, carried off the championship, after a hard fight with Kawhi and K. Tareha, two local players. Mr Harold played a fine consistent game, and eager crowds followed him on both rounds on Saturday; especially in the final, there must have been 200 to 300 of the public who watched every stroke.

Great interest was also taken in the final for the Ladies' Championship between Mrs Donnelly and Miss Rutherford, the latter carrying off the honours.

The visitors expressed themselves as highly pleased with the links, especially the variety and position of the bunkers. The course is exactly three miles for 18 holes, greens being from 115 to 430 yards apart, with good runs for brassy shots between. Natural sand bunkers are exceptionally good, and one great feature of the links is that, the soil being light, they can be played on half an hour after rain. Arrangements for play were carefully looked after, and there was no waiting or confusion about starting.

The results of the various matches were as follows:—

CHAMPIONSHIP.

4th Round.—Perston v. K. Tareha, won by K. Tareha, 3 up and 1 to play; Harold v. Kawhi, won by Harold, 2 up.

Final.—K. Tareha v. Harold, won by Harold, 4 up and 2 to play.

MEN'S FOURSOMES (42 Entries).

Gross H'cap. Net.	
Taranaki & J. Tareha	106 34 92
Jardine & A. Kennedy	109 16 93
Mathias and Morris	109 14 95
Kawhi and K. Tareha	95 sc. 95
Gordon & Manning	102 6 96
Harold and Earle	100 4 96
Gore and Grant	118 16 97

DRIVING AND APPROACHING (250 Yards).

Kawhi	10ft. 2in.
F. Tomoana	14ft. 10in.
Harold	20ft. 1in.

18 HOLES HANDICAP (43 entries).

Gross. Hdp. Net.	
Grant	107 18 89
Hole	108 18 90
J. Logan	112 22 90
Dawson	115 24 91
Harold	91 scr. 91
Tureros	94 3 92
F. Tomoana	101 8 93
Smith	104 9 95
Gordon	95 scr. 95
Nikera	95 scr. 95
Goudy	123 27 96
McNiven	108 12 96
Tanaraki	107 11 96
P. S. McLean	113 16 97
Earle	101 4 97
H. Peacock	105 7 98
Hogg	106 8 98
K. Tareha	98 scr. 98
Dr. Wilson	111 12 99
J. Peacock	111 12 99

The handicappers showed a due appreciation of the players, many of whom were strangers, when they were able to bring 20 within 10 points from the first to the last.

CONSOLATION BOGEY.

Nikera	scr. 1 down.
H. Peacock	4 3 down.
F. Tomoana	4 4 down.
Gore	8 5 down.
Tanaraki	7 5 down.
Smith	5 6 down.
A. Kennedy	6 6 down.

MIXED FOURSOMES (15 holes, 24 couples).

Kawhi and Miss Rutherford	84 6 90
A. Kennedy and Miss Davis	98 6 92
T. Lewis and Miss Karauia	93 scr 93
H. Peacock and Miss Shaw	102 4 98
Jardine and Mrs Jardine	115 16 99

LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP (16 entries).

Third Round: Miss Rutherford v. Mrs Smith—Miss Rutherford; Mrs Barnicoat v. Mrs Donnelly—Mrs Donnelly. Miss Rutherford v. Mrs Donnelly—Miss Rutherford 2 up.

LADIES' FOURSOMES (12 couples).

Mrs Wilson and Miss Begg	83 18 65
Mrs J. McLean and Miss L. Davis	90 20 70
Mrs Jardine and Miss Shaw	90 15 75
Misses Balfour and Bennett	95 20 75
Mrs Barnicoat and Mrs Phillips	84 8 76
Mrs Perry and Mrs Smith	84 8 76
Misses Hindmarsh and Cotterill	102 24 78
Mrs Donnelly and Miss Rutherford	80 scr 80

BOGEY (22 entries).

The result was a triumph for the handicappers, as three tied with two down—Mrs Perry, Misses Balfour and Davis. After playing off Miss Balfour came home the winner with 1 up.

DRIVING AND APPROACHING (140 yards).

ft. in.	
Mrs Barnicoat	9 3
Miss Davis	12 4 1/2
Miss Rutherford	14 3 1/2

PUTTING.

Won by Mrs Smith, who putted in 18 times from the yard distance, with Miss Begg second and Miss Rutherford third.

The first match on the Cornwall Park links was played on Thursday last, when the Auckland Ladies' Golf Club played a match over the new 18 hole course. Miss J. Draper won with the good score of 111-8-103. Miss Gillies returned the best score, 104—scratch—106. The other cards handed in were:—Mrs Peel, 119 less 10—109; Miss Barstow, 128 less 14—113; Mrs Hutchison, 147 less 32—115; Miss Shuttlesworth, 127 less 8—119; Miss Lewis, 120 less 6—114; Miss Torrance, 145 less 24—121; Miss Pierce, 155 less 28—127; Mrs Carr,

160 less 24—134; Mrs W. Bloomfield, 137—scratch—137.

There seems to be an impression amongst some of our promising players that because they feel sure they have no chance of winning they should not enter for the championship. I think that anyone playing a fairly good game who intends to follow the royal and ancient pastime up seriously should enter. It is always so much education, and when the time arrives that they are playing with some hope of figuring in the final the weight of playing for the championship will not press so heavily upon them. I have always encouraged promising players in any branch of sport to try for the highest honours early. It is well to get accustomed to playing in an important event like this before the real struggle takes place.

A very handsome silver cup, richly embossed, with two handles, and standing about 12in high on an ebony stand, has been presented by Mrs G. G. Stead for competition among the lady golf players in New Zealand. Its inscribed title is "New Zealand Ladies' Golf Championship Cup." The cup will be first competed for at Auckland on October 9th, but it is also to carry the names of the lady champions since the competition was instituted in 1893, and the list comprises Mrs Lomax Smith, Christchurch, 1893; Mrs E. Wilder, Christchurch, 1894; Mrs E. Melland, Christchurch, 1895; Miss L. Willford, Hutt, 1896 and 1897; Miss K. A. Rattray, Otago, 1898, 1899, and 1900.

Miss Izard won the September competition of the Wellington Golf Club, for the silver putter. The following are the best scores handed in:—

S. H. N.		
Miss Izard	108	25 83
Miss Gore	118	30 88
Miss Duncan	107	18 89
Miss Harcourt	110	20 90
Mrs Brown	121	30 91
Miss A. Johnston	107	14 93
Mrs Turnbull	105	8 97
Miss Brandon	115	18 97
Miss Bell	102	3 99

The second round of the Christchurch Club's Championship contest was completed on Saturday. A strong nor-wester which was blowing interfered with the play, and may have accounted for some of the results. The following are the returns:—Dr. Gosset beat C. Perry, 5 up and 4 to play; R. L. Orbell beat J. F. Miles, 7 up and 8 to play; W. Harman beat Dr. Campbell, 4 up and 2 to play; C. Treweek beat T. D. Harman, 7 up and 6 to play.

Mr Irwin, of South Australia, has won the Queensland championship, beating Dr. Thompson by only two points. The following were aggregate scores:—Charles Irwin (South Australia), 275; Dr. Thompson, 277; H. W. Appleby, 299; F. Ramsay, 302; W. D. Little (Toowoomba), 306; A. H. Chambers, 319; C. Varley (Victoria), 319.

For the N.Z. Amateur Ladies' Golf Championship meeting, to be held on Cornwall Park links, on 9th to 15th October, an excellent programme has been arranged. Besides the Ladies' Amateur Championship there is an 18 Holes Match Medal play, Bogey Match 18 Holes, Driving Competition, and Approaching and Putting competition.

The Tournament arranged by the Manawatu Golf Club, held last week, proved a great success, players from Wellington and Wanganui taking part in it. In the Ladies' Championship Mrs Cleghorn and Mrs Wilson played off for the final, the former winning easily by 5 up.

There was a perfect day for the final of the Men's Championship between Mr N. F. Perston and Mr Harold, Mr Harold winning by 3 up after a close game.

A putting competition for ladies resulted in a win for Mrs Barnicoat,

with the capital score of 8. The competition was decided by the fewest strokes to "put in" from the four corners of the green.

Arrangements have been made by the members of the Auckland Ladies' Golf Club to put up at their own houses all visiting lady players during this and the championship week. In the play off for the ties in the Taranaki Golf Club's "One Club" match for those who play on Thursday, Mr Wright was the winner, the scores being Mr Wright 99, Mr Johnston 111.

The Otago Golf Club held their usual competition for the St. Andrew's crosses on the Balmacevan links on September 7th. There was a good attendance of players, twenty-three entering for the gold cross and fourteen for the silver cross. Messrs. C. Turnbull and F. W. MacLean tied for the gold cross with a net score of 89; and the silver cross was won by Dr. Scott with a net score of 94, Mr F. L. Biss, with 100, being runner-up.

The following rules are said to be "Outing" to be essential in golf. No matter what style a player plays in he can never be first-class unless he obeys them:—

1. Keep your eyes on the ball.
2. Don't hit; sweep the ball away.
3. Don't sway the body.
4. Let your club be moving at its fastest pace when striking the ball.
5. Don't press; and last, but not least,
6. Follow through your stroke.

All other rules are broken by various players. These are never, except perhaps 5. I don't think there is much question about 5 being very frequently broken even by first-rankers, and as to No. 2, I am satisfied that it is more honoured in the breach than in the observance by our players.

POLO.

THE AUCKLAND POLO CLUB.

The Auckland Polo Club is likely to be in a stronger position this year than it has been for some time. Already five new members have joined, and there is talk of others. The Club is hopeful of getting a good playing ground of a permanent character before the season actually commences, and at present practice will be carried on in Messrs. Hunter & Nolan's paddock, Green Lane. At the recent meeting of the Club the following officers were elected for the ensuing season: President, Dr. A. C. Purchas; vice-presidents, Messrs. H. O. Nolan and W. R. Bloomfield; captain, Mr. H. C. Tonks; secretary, Mr. R. Burns; treasurer, Mr. M. H. Wynyard; umpire, Mr. Harry Wynyard; general committee, Messrs. Lloyd, Lockhart, Purchas, Clarke and Simpson.

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

BARTON, MCGILL AND CO.

BILLIARD TABLE MAKERS.

Makers of the Renowned Champion Low Cushions.

FULL-SIZED TABLES ALL PRICES.

Hotels, Clubs, Private Gentlemen, before purchasing elsewhere will find it to their advantage by giving us a call.

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SHOW ROOMS—421, QUEEN-ST.

We Make All Sized Tables.

Price List on Application.

HERE AND THERE.

There has been a startling break in the chain of British successes which Lord Kitchener has cabled home with such monotonous regularity. On three recent occasions (one rapidly following on the heels of another, we have had to bear the chagrin of hearing of defeat where we had grown used to read only of victory. The Boer plan is so obvious in these reverses that one wonders they have only adopted it now. By a few well-laid traps to give your enemy to understand that at any moment he may fall into the hands of a hand much superior to his own, is to force him into a less extended method of warfare. For many months now comparatively small parties of British have been separately scouring the country and thereby covering immense tracts, to the evident consternation of the Boers. The late disasters teach us that such tactics cannot be pursued save in a more limited way, and then not without the utmost caution.

The remark made in the House last week, that Bellamy's had become a mere drinking shop, may be comparatively true, yet it does not follow even if that is the case that the place should be shut up. Members have surely a right to be catered for in the matter of liquid refreshments if they desire such. Even the prohibitionists will admit how grateful the cup of hot coffee is during a long night's sitting, and the beef tea has a reputation for sustaining qualities that dates back to the time when port wine was an important though unsuspected ingredient in it, and it was in favour with temperate, intemperate, and total abstainer. I am ready to admit, however, that there is something in the argument that a House without Bellamy would probably keep earlier hours.

The other week we commented favourably on the protest raised by the Women's Political League against the publication in the newspapers of the proceedings in divorce suits. Since that time the organisation has been moving further in the matter, and seeks to get legislative support to its proposal by means of an act providing either that all such cases shall be heard in camera, or that the Judge shall have power to prohibit the publication of certain parts of the evidence. A Judge in the South has recently, in an application made to him, condemned the former expedient. And there are many reasons to be urged against it. It is not in the interest of justice that these trials should be virtually secret any more than any other trials. Further, it is not in the interests of morality that wrong-doers in this respect should have their misdeeds cloaked from the public eye, when with a great many of the offenders the fear of public scandal acts as their principal deterrent. But the suggestion that would give the Judge authority to withhold from publication anything in the evidence which appearing in print might have a prejudicial effect on the morals of the community, and the suppression of which would not affect the case—that suggestion is an excellent one.

The British bulldog has need of a very good reputation as a set-off to his fur from prepossessing visage; and I understand he is credited with no end of virtues, gentleness among them, by his friends and admirers. Unfortunately some degenerate representative of the breed is always getting himself into hot water, as last week, when a fierce brute almost tore a man to pieces at Riverhead. The description of the frightful injuries inflicted by the animal—the victim's ears were hanging by shreds of flesh, his scalp was torn away in several places, his nose and feet were bitten through, etc.—almost give one the impression that the man was an unresisting sufferer. One would have imagined that any man of even less than the average strength could have tackled the brute and in desperation broken his bones with his naked hands. If he could not, bulldogs are even more dangerous assailants than one had

thought, and should be given a wide berth.

The Bishop of Carlisle is convinced that the emptiness of churches on Sunday can be traced to "the amount of attention given to recreation on Saturday to relieve the strain which we all had to undergo." That he holds is tending in one way or another to make men take less interest in things spiritual and so to be less diligent than in former days in their attendance at the means of grace.

A rather amusing breach of promise case has recently been heard in Ohio, United States. The man sued for failing to keep his plighted word to the fair one put in as a defence that the girl when he proposed to her weighed 10st. She increased to 22st, and he abandoned her because she did so. The lady alleges that her great weight spoils her chances of getting anyone else, which is undeniably true, and that as the adipose tissue accumulated while she was waiting for him he is guilty of contributory negligence.

The mistaken arrest of Lillywhite on suspicion of murder at Colchester is going to prove almost as expensive to the authorities as it must have been disagreeable to the accused. The Colchester Town Council has been reckoning up its expenses in the affair, and they do not fall far short of £400.

The chief health officer of the colony is now collecting evidence as to the most suitable sites for sanatoria for the treatment of consumption. There is quite an ideal place on the slope of Tongariro, beyond Tokanua, which it is to be hoped the officer will inspect. The chief drawback to it is its distance from civilisation, but, apart from that, its altitude, the purity and invigorating quality of the air, the hot and medicinal waters all mark it out as a place in ten thousand for consumptives, if there is anything in the open-air cure.

Some youngsters in Feilding district recently meted out summary punishment to an unfortunate rooster which they discovered trespassing on a field. They caught the bird, painted it green, tied a kerosene tin to its wings, and left it to founder in a ploughed paddock. It was shockingly cruel, as the Feilding "Star" remarks, but there is no denying the fact that maltreated fowls elicit a much less degree of sympathy than horses, dogs or cats in trouble do. It is questionable whether the compassionate eye of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals takes particular cognizance of the woes of hens, or they might have their hands full. We are not so callous, however, as the Italian market women, who may be seen quietly gossiping while they pluck their poultry alive.

Our prohibition friends would do well to read the recent findings of the Investigating Committee of the British Society for the Study of Inebriety. They entirely consult those who believe and preach that drunkenness is hereditary. It is not denied that drunken parents may beget degenerate offspring, who in turn may become drunkards; but the drunkenness of the latter is not a specific inherited taint, but the result of weakness of mind or body or the evil environment in which they are brought up. This conclusion coincides with the dictum of science that there is no instance of the hereditary transmission of an acquired characteristic either in the animal or the vegetable kingdom.

A cablegram announced on Monday that French cruisers had interfered to prevent an engagement between a Venezuelan and Columbian gunboat. France's action is dictated largely by the fact that she has large interests in Panama, and holds a large part of the Venezuelan bonds. On the latter ground other European Powers might also interfere to keep the peace between the two countries. It is the United States, however, which will probably claim to be chief arbiter in the matter. The authorities there are

contemplating an extension of the Monroe Doctrine so as to embrace the proposition that there shall be no wars between the people of the American continent. The opportunity now presents itself to propound that doctrine openly and act upon it, but how such an attitude would suit the European Powers with interests in South America is questionable.

A Dairy Commissioner in America is so persuaded of the truth of Dr. Koch's contention that the tuberculosis of animals cannot be communicated to man that he has publicly offered to eat flesh and drink milk infested with the germs of tubercle, provided an annuity is guaranteed to his family in case of the result being fatal.

Mr Napier probably knew what he was saying when he declared that Mr McGowan was prepared to forfeit his portfolio in retaining the 'Prisco' mail service for Auckland. But whether Mr McGowan would actually do so or not, it is certain that no member or Minister who did not fight to his last breath against any attempt to do away with the service or alter the port of call need ever show his face to an Auckland constituency again.

Monarchs are flesh and blood after all, and whatever the considerations of policy which decide the courses even of the autocrat of all the Russias, he cannot fail to be touched by the delightful attention of the French. To be carefully guarded and so sumptuously feted is enough to elicit from even less generous-hearted men than the Czar an impulsive expression of friendliness, but France will make a mistake to presume too much on the alliance between the two peoples. Everyone understands that the Czar is not Russia, and that mightier movements than he can control guide the footsteps and shape the destiny of that giant nation. We may expect a strong wave of Anglophobia to follow the Russophile demonstration. Already the French have been striving to incite the Spaniards against us. They may now try the Russians.

A case recently came before one of our Police Courts in which a woman punished her drunken husband for his inebriety by tying him up to the verandah post upside down and leaving him all night to repent of his folly. This device will remind colonists from the North of England of an ancient practice still in vogue there called "riding the stang." In this case the drunkard is placed astride a pole carried on the shoulders of two men. His feet are made fast together below the pole and he has to balance himself as best he can—an awkward and difficult business—while he is marched round the town.

In reference to Mr Monk's desire to secure from New South Wales the early records of New Zealand which are kept in the archives of the Mother colony doubt has been expressed whether the New South Wales Government would be willing to part with them. One can scarcely suppose they would refuse save on the grounds suggested by one joker that their own early history is so dubious in its character that they would fain retain our records to give it an element of respectability.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

CORNWALL PARK.

The two pretty views of Cornwall Park and One Tree Hill are from photographs taken by Mr Bartlett, the well known photographer of Auckland.

THE SISTER LAKES OF WONDERLAND.

The average tourist who visits Rotorua seldom makes the acquaintance of the neighbouring lakes of Rotouiti, Rotomua, and Rotoehu. They lie off the beaten track. But for picturesqueness none are inferior to

Rotorua, and Rotomua far surpasses the latter in the beauty of its scenery. It only requires that there should be easy access to them, and they must become favourite haunts for the camper-out.

THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERIC.

The English mail just to hand has brought us some beautiful pictures from our London correspondent illustrating the mountain home of the late Empress Frederic of Germany, together with the most recent portrait of that gifted princess. Our readers, especially our lady readers, will feel a strong interest in these views, notwithstanding they come to hand some time after the sad event to which they have reference.

TRIAL TRIP OF THE AORERE.

On Monday last, at the invitation of Messrs Henderson and Macfarlane, the agents for the Wanganui Settlers' Steam Navigation Company, a number of gentlemen assembled to take part in the official trial trip of the new Tunnel boat Aorere, contracted for by the local firm of W. A. Ryan and Co.

This is the second boat on this tunnel principle that Messrs Ryan have successfully tendered for and turned out, and the results obtained more than justify the enterprise shown in adopting a new method. Among the invited guests were His Worship the Mayor (Mr A. Kidd), Mr F. Dillingham (United States Consul), Mr A. B. J. Irvine (manager Union Steamship Company), Mr A. B. Donald (Donald and Edenborough), Mr Miller (manager New Zealand Express Company), Mr Oakden (Paterson and Co.), Mr G. Paterson, Captain Nash (of the Herbert Fuller), also Misses Bell, Whitson, and Spinks.

A start was made at three p.m. and almost before it seemed possible Rangitoto Beacon was broad beam. Here, lying to, an assault was made on the many good things provided by the hosts.

Mr Dunnet, in a neat speech, commented favourably on the enterprise of the Wanganui settlers, and expressed himself satisfied with the new launch in every particular, and in concluding proposed the toast of "The Steamship River Steamship Company," which was drunk with enthusiasm. Mr Sproul (passenger agent for the Oceanic Steamship Company, with Henderson and Macfarlane) then called for the toast of "The Guests," to which Mr Irvine, manager of the Union Steamship Company, appropriately responded. He said the launch surpassed everything he had before seen in point of speed and easy running, and on behalf of the guests thanked the hosts for their most enjoyable outing. Mr Irvine then proposed the health of the contractors, Messrs W. A. Ryan and Co., coupled with the name of Mr C. Bailey, jun., to which Mr Whitson replied on behalf of the firm, and then called the toast of "Our Hosts," which was drunk with acclamation, Mr Dunnet responding.

Mr Spinks, when called upon, for a speech, remarked that the engine was doing his talking.

The Aorere was then steered for the Devonport wharf, where some of the guests were landed. The launch covered the distance from North Shore in the fast time of ten and a half minutes, Queen-street wharf being reached shortly after five o'clock. The Aorere has been built by Mr C. Bailey, jun., to the order of W. A. Ryan and Co., and was shipped via Onehunga to Wanganui on Thursday last. Her dimensions are 42 feet overall, 8 feet beam, draught 9 inches, and she will accommodate about fifty passengers. Being built on the tunnel principle, the 24-inch propeller, driven by a 13-horse-power "Union" oil engine, will work in only nine inches of water, and hence the boat is a valuable acquisition for river work. The contractors and owners are to be complimented for the successful manner in which she acquitted herself, performing even more than was expected of her, and the local agents are confident that she is the forerunner of many more of the same class.

THE SISTER LAKES OF WONDERLAND



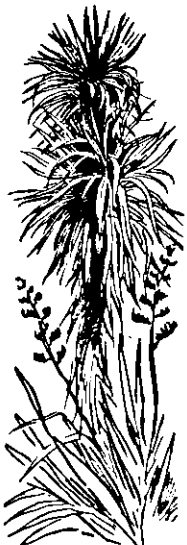
· ROTO-ITI ·



· ROTO-MA ·



· ROTO-EHU ·



The International Yacht Race.

Speed the Shamrock.



A Greeting From New Zealand.



Auckland's New Park. The Gift of Dr. Logan Campbell.

When Smoking was a Crime.

It is one of the curiosities of old-time legislation that the use of tobacco was in early colonial days regarded as far more injurious, degrading and sinful than intoxicating liquors. Both the use and the planting of the weed were forbidden, the cultivation of it being permitted only in small quantities, "for mere necessity, for physick, for preservation of the health, and that the same be taken privately by ancient men." But the "creature called tobacco" seemed to have an indestructible life. Landlords were ordered not to "suffer any tobacco to be taken into their houses" on penalty of a fine to the "victim-ler" and another to "the party that takes it." The laws were constantly altered and enforced, and still tobacco was grown and was smoked. No one could take it "publicly" nor in his own house or anywhere else before strangers. Two men were forbidden to smoke together. No one could smoke within two miles of the meeting-house on the Sabbath Day. There were wicked backsliders who were caught smoking around the corner of the meeting-house, and others on the street, and they were fined and set in the stocks and in cages. Until within a few years ago there were New England towns where tobacco smoking in the streets was prohibited, and innocent cigarette-loving travellers were astonished at being requested to cease smoking. Mr Drake wrote in 1886 that he knew men, then living, who had had to plead guilty or not guilty in a Boston police court for smoking in the streets of Boston. In Connecticut in early days a great indulgence was permitted to travellers—a man could smoke once during a journey of ten miles.

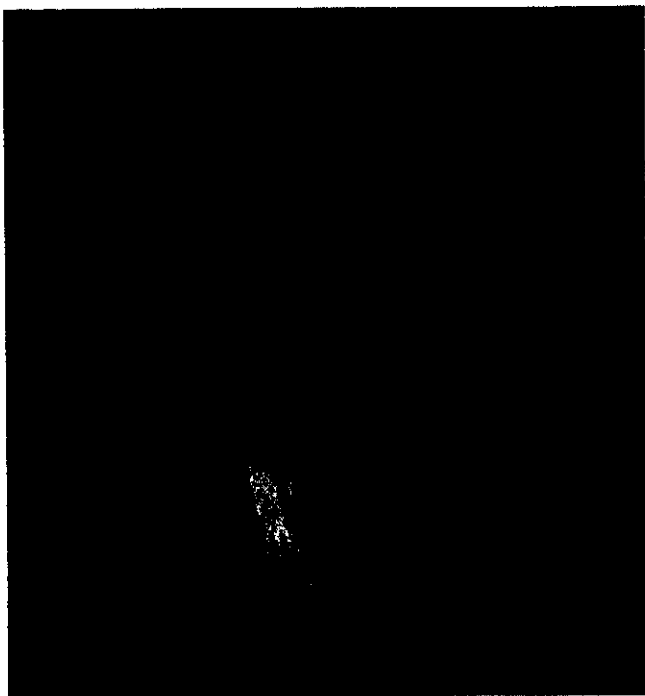
Guns Captured from the Boers.

Trooper G. B. Peacocke, of the Fourth New Zealand Rough Riders, supplies us with photographs of the nine guns captured from De la Rey, near Hartbeestfontein, by the Fourth New Zealanders and the Imperial Australian Bushmen, under their brigadier, Colonel Grey, on March 24th of this year. The capture of these guns was effected after three days of fighting and chasing after the fleeing Boers, many prisoners and waggons being taken, besides the nine guns, which consisted of two British 15-pounder field guns, six Maxims, and one pom-pom. The little tripod Maxim, shown in the foreground of our illustration, was not counted in this list. The 15-pounders had been previously captured by the Boers, one at Colenso and the other from General Clements. The guns are shown in the picture just as they were run together when brought into camp by our troopers.





THE MOST RECENT PORTRAIT OF THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK.



PELORUS JACK.

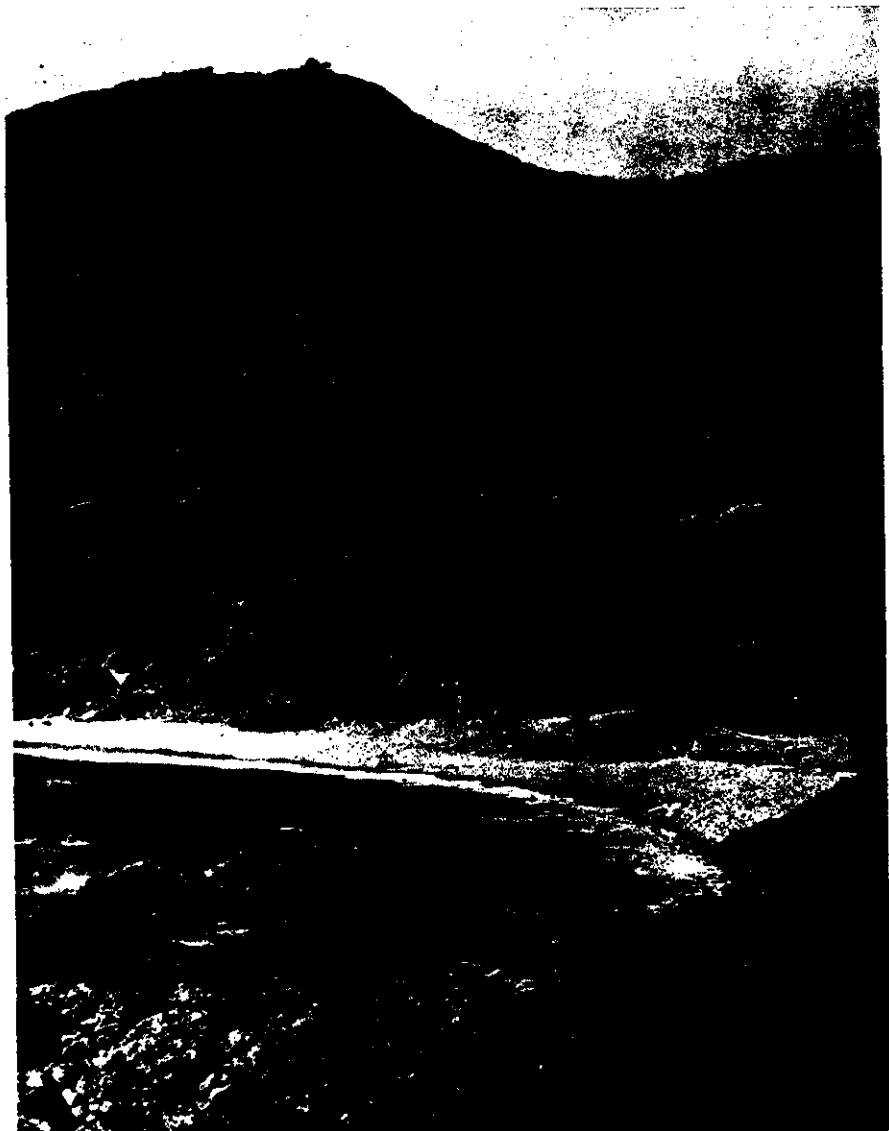
Pelorus Jack.

You cannot travel by any steamer running on the West Coast of the South Island of New Zealand without hearing of Pelorus Jack, and the chances are that you will see him. He is not a man, as his name might suggest, but a whale—a white whale—or “something very like a whale,” and he has his residence in the vicinity of Pelorus Sound and the French Pass. Jack is a sociable fish, who makes it a point of meeting every vessel going through the Pass, and accompanying it some distance on its way. His white form, some 14 feet long, is a familiar object to those who navigate this coast. The accompanying photograph taken, and kindly lent to us by Colonel the Hon. A. Pitt, is an enlargement from a snapshot which was obtained from on board the Mapourika.

French Duels as Fakes.

A French journal has been explaining how it is duels so rarely result in injuries to the combatants. It suggests that the bullets used are frequently composed of mercury and lead, which in weight and general appearance are almost perfect counterfeits except for a slightly silver shade and greasy touch. Though heavy and solid looking the first blow of the ramrod pulverizes them. All sorts of precautions are taken against this kind of deception. Pistol duels are never fought with revolvers or weapons requiring cartridges which do not present the necessary quantities, but such duels are fought with old-fashioned muzzle-loading pistols. Indeed, it is not unusual for seconds to agree on some celebrated “armurier” who shall furnish a sealed box of weapons containing two pistols sealed and certified, a number of similarly certified charges of powder and bullets. Trickery would, therefore, seem impossible.

In spite, however, of all these precautions the benevolent fraud goes on. There are usually four seconds, two for each combatant. As it is easier for two men to come to an understanding than four, the pair that have agreed to prevent bloodshed manage to take charge of the loading while their confreres are listening to the last nervous recommendations of the principals.



FANTAIL POINT, COROMANDEL COAST.



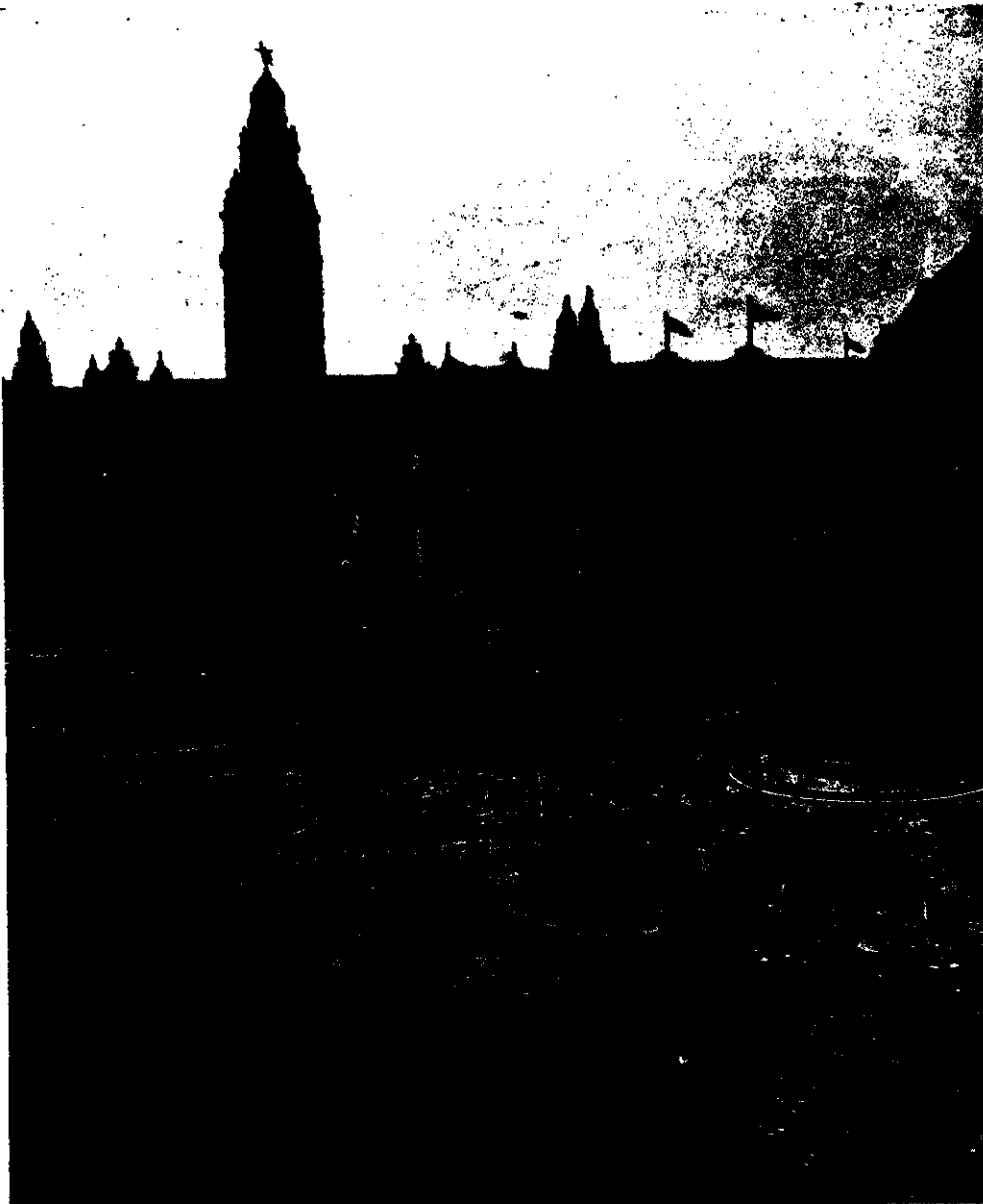
FRIEDRICHSHOF.—The Empress Frederic's Home in the Taunus Mountains.



FRIEDRICHSHOF: THE GRAND ENTRANCE.



FRIEDRICHSHOF: AN INTERIOR. Showing some of the art treasures collected by the Empress.



THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION AT BUFFALO, WHERE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY WAS ASSASSINATED.

With the Anarchists of America.

When Gaetano Bresci killed Italy's King he turned the eyes of nations on the town of Paterson, in New Jersey, U.S. The "silk city" sprang into notoriety as "the hot-bed of Anarchists," as if it were the capital of the whole red world and the headquarters for the training of regicides. It is said that here the Anarchists hatched their plot, here Bresci drew the blood number, fifty-eight, that meant "remove" a king or commit suicide. Whether this be true or not, secret-service men have yet to determine; but, meanwhile, if the latest tragedy of the Italian throne were to be written for the stage, the scene of the first acts would certainly have to be laid in Paterson.

The Italian quarter, in the heart of the town, is full of the footprints of the assassin. In the silk-mill in Straight-street one may see the loom at which Bresci worked and earned his last honest dollar; across the street is the cheap hotel where he lived; on the corner is the hardware store at which he bought the revolver and the bullet destined for the heart of Humbert; and not far away is the steamship agency office where he purchased his steerage ticket to Havre. Then, in Market-street, there is a certain row of ramshackle tenements which is known in the town as "The Anarchist Nest." Here lived the three accomplices and La Bella Teresa, the sweetheart who, it is said, sailed with Bresci on the Gascogne. Here also lived Sperandio, who, at the first drawing of lots, drew the fatal number, but who, in the sight of his fellows, proved a coward and took his own life instead of a king's. His murderous task is supposed to have been assumed by Bresci. Here also lived Count Enrico Malatesta, the intellectual arch-Anarchist, of good Italian family, who for thirty years has pushed others to deeds of violence, and who dominated Bresci, encouraging him till the deed was done.

In one of these tenements, No. 355, Market-street, is published "La Question Sociale," the organ of the Paterson Right to Existence Group, and here, in a back room up two dark flights, lives Pedro Esteve, a Spaniard, the editor of the paper, and the leader of the 3500 Anarchists in the city. Fanaticism is written in his face. What little of his skin is left free of beard is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of discontent. The room is thick with dust. Cleanliness is not in favour with any Anarchist. Portraits of Herr Most and other Anarchist leaders hang on the walls. Soon after the assassination of the King of Italy an American obtained an interview with Esteve. Introducing the subject of that bloody deed, he kept



WHERE THE ASSASSINATION OF KING HUMBERT WAS PLANNED, IN PATERSON, NEW JERSEY, UNITED STATES.

In the rear is the Italian settlement. At the right is the mill in which Miss Ernestina Cravello, "the girl queen of the anarchists," works, and the second frame dwelling on the left is the house where Bresci, King Humbert's assassin, lodged.

The Anarchist Outrage in America.



A TYPICAL ANARCHIST.*

ly watched the latter. Esteve banged the table with his sly, skunky fingers. "The newspapers lie," he shouted. "Reporters make all the trouble. We did not plot the killing of the King. We do not draw lots for such things. Each man for himself is our way. Bresci has rendered a great service to the 30,000,000 people of Italy. He did not kill the man Humbert, he killed a king, a tyrant. I cannot weep for the death of such a one, for I do not care—that," and he snapped his fingers. "Anarchy is firmly established in Paterson," he added. "And yet the police ignore us. So they should. It is no crime to say one is an Anarchist. Our organisation is getting stronger every day. We are opposed to government, which means political tyranny, in any form. We hope to accomplish our end by scattering our doctrines over the world until the people are united in one vast brotherhood. We do not believe in government, in individual ownership of property, in religion, nor in laws."

The editorial rooms of "La Question Sociale" are used by the Anarchists as headquarters. Here their

secret meetings are held. They have no constitution, no by-laws, no rules. They have no ruler, no president, no officers of any sort. On Wednesday

nights they simply drift in and talk. If a member has an opinion of what should be done to help the "cause" he freely expresses it. Besides the meetings of this particular group, the "Dritto All' Esistenza" (Right of Existence), slightly councils of other groups are held in various Italian saloons in the quarter, each saloon having a rear room used for the purpose. These Anarchists nearly all work in the mills, and have never given the police the slightest trouble beyond the disorder attending a strike. The night before the murder of Humbert meetings were held in various places, as they said, to receive the reports of agents abroad. But the meetings seemed to be of special importance, only "actives" being admitted, and doors locked. When came the news from Monza, a few hours later, many of them became as if drunk with enthusiasm, openly gloating in the streets over the truthness of Bresci's aim.

On the top floor of the tenement next door to the office of "La Question Sociale," No. 353, the interviewer found the Italian girl, Ernestina Cravello, who had said: "I am an Anarchist, and proud of it." She had not returned to her loom at the Paragon Mill since noon the day before, when a hoisting mob had chased her through the streets to the very door of her home. She was pale and tired, but defiant. She looked fully twenty-five, though she said her age was eighteen. She has beautiful violet eyes, the typical Italian mouth, curved and full-lipped, a voluptuous form—and there her beauty stops. Her features are irregular, her cheeks sunken, her chestnut hair, though abundant, has not that oily glossiness common to Italian women, but is dry and lifeless. Still she would be a picturesque figure in the story if she was really what the papers called her—the leader of the Anarchists. Though she has spirit and intelligence superior to other loom girls, she has not the educational foundation of a Lucy Parsons or an Emma Goldman, to whom she has been compared.

At the first interview between the reporters and the Anarchists she happened to act as interpreter, or spokesman, because she could speak English more fluently than her compatriots. With almost savage enthusiasm she put words into their mouths and said too much. Hence she was given undue prominence and importance. She came from Italy five years ago, an experienced weaver even at that early age, and went to work at once in the Paterson mills. This "daughter of the people," as she kept calling herself, said rabid things in gentle way, as if she did not fully realise the full import of her words. I suspect she was repeating what she had heard the men say at the meetings, such as, "This is not a free country.

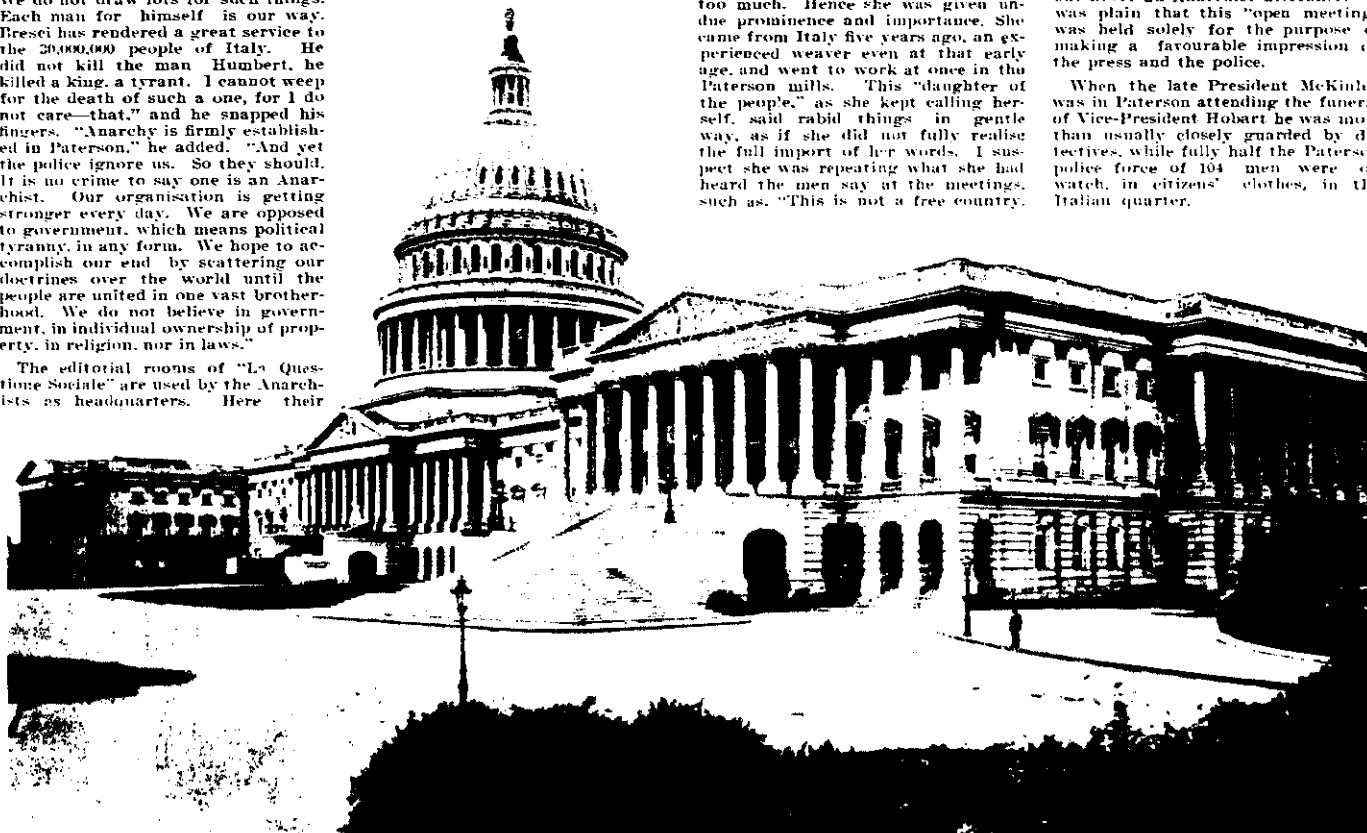
Killing a king makes people think. We never think of consequences. We want to exterminate evils by force, right now."

On the fourth day after Humbert's assassination Paterson was smeared with posters announcing a mass meeting of Italians—no mention of Anarchists—to be held that evening in Bartholdi Hall. The "reds" said they would show that their meetings were no worse than other political meetings. Everybody was invited. The news had just appeared that the Italian Government, through Ambassador Baron Fava, had asked the United States to uncover if possible the details of the plot, and Secretary Hay had notified Governor Voorhees, of New Jersey, to set machinery in motion to clear Paterson of Anarchists, but first to obtain evidence preliminary to the prosecution of any persons within the State who conspired to bring about the assassination of Humbert.

That noon, accompanied by a photographer, the writer turned into Straight-street towards Bartholdi Hall. A tough-looking man in a red shirt, standing sentinel on the corner, evidently put there to spot strangers, followed them. He was joined at intervals down the street by other toughs. In front of the saloon called the Bartholdi Hotel, where Bresci lived, they closed around us. Out poured a group of Italians from within, headed by Botta, the proprietor. "No, no," he protested. "You no taka da photograph of my saloon. I smasha da camera and I pusha your face in. If you giva me hundred dollar you can taka da photograph."

When the time came for the mass meeting a few hundred curious people gathered on the sidewalk opposite the saloon, too timid to come in, and about 300 filed into the very dirty back room, which was dignified as Bartholdi Hall. Bresci himself used often to address his pals in this room. As the place filled with pipe smoke the air became foul. The first words of the orator of the evening, the Pedro Esteve before referred to, were directed at the score of reporters from New York newspapers, who sat near the platform. "Well," said he, "this is a meeting of the 'reds' and the 'yellows.'" A prayer meeting could not have been tamer. The subject discussed was "The Situation in Italy," but never an Anarchist utterance. It was plain that this "open meeting" was held solely for the purpose of making a favourable impression on the press and the police.

When the late President McKinley was in Paterson attending the funeral of Vice-President Hobart he was more than usually closely guarded by detectives, while fully half the Paterson police force of 104 men were on watch, in citizens' clothes, in the Italian quarter.



THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.—Showing the dome of the Rotunda where the body of the late President McKinley lay in state.



ONE TREE HILL, FROM THE TOP OF Mt. HOBSON.

Auc
 fro
 Mt. H



THE MAGNIFICENT PANGRAM

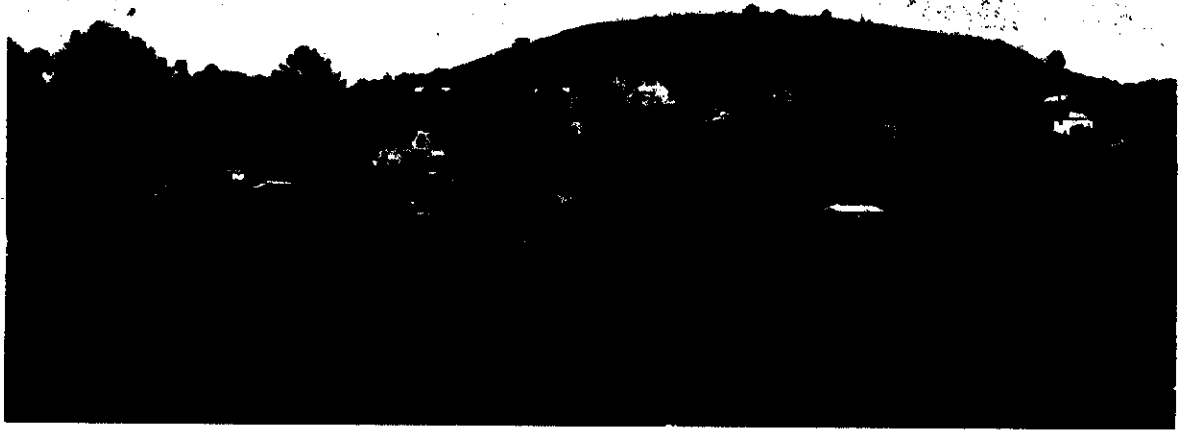


Mr. EDEN AND NEWMARKET, FROM Mt. HOBSON.



VIEW FROM RE

Auckland
from
Hobson.



Mr. HOBSON, FROM VICTORIA AVENUE.



ANGRAMA FROM THE SUMMIT.



M. REMUERA GARDEN.



REMUERA FROM Mt. HOBSON.

The Minimum Marrying Income.

How much money should a young man earn before marrying? Clergymen, business men, and prominent women have made estimates varying from 30/ to £3 10/ a week.

"A young man can marry on 30/ or £2 a week if he gets the right kind of girl. It isn't what the man makes, but what the woman saves that counts," says Father Dalton.

"I have never had a case of genuine poverty in my parish, and I know what can be done. The trouble now lies in the spirit of extravagance and display that prevails. Twenty-nine years ago men supported a wife on 5/

a day. These men raised large families, and some of them are now wealthy citizens.

"To-day a young couple think they cannot start out in life without ostentation. Instead of paying as they go they handicap their life journey by going on the hire-purchase system. The woman of to-day holds the solution of the question. Social conditions are such that her life is drifting away from household instincts.

"Why, a man and woman can live on less than £3 a week, and support a family. Of course it is an effort, but life is an effort at best. Everything is an effort."

"A young man can live nicely on

£2 5/ or £2 10/ a week if he wants to marry—it depends, of course, on the young man," said a lady who is much interested in the subject.

"It is the young man and his habits. Just think what cigars amount to and similar expenses? Certainly the young woman plays an important part in the economical scheme, for the majority are not properly trained for housewives, but if a young man is extravagant everything is lost.

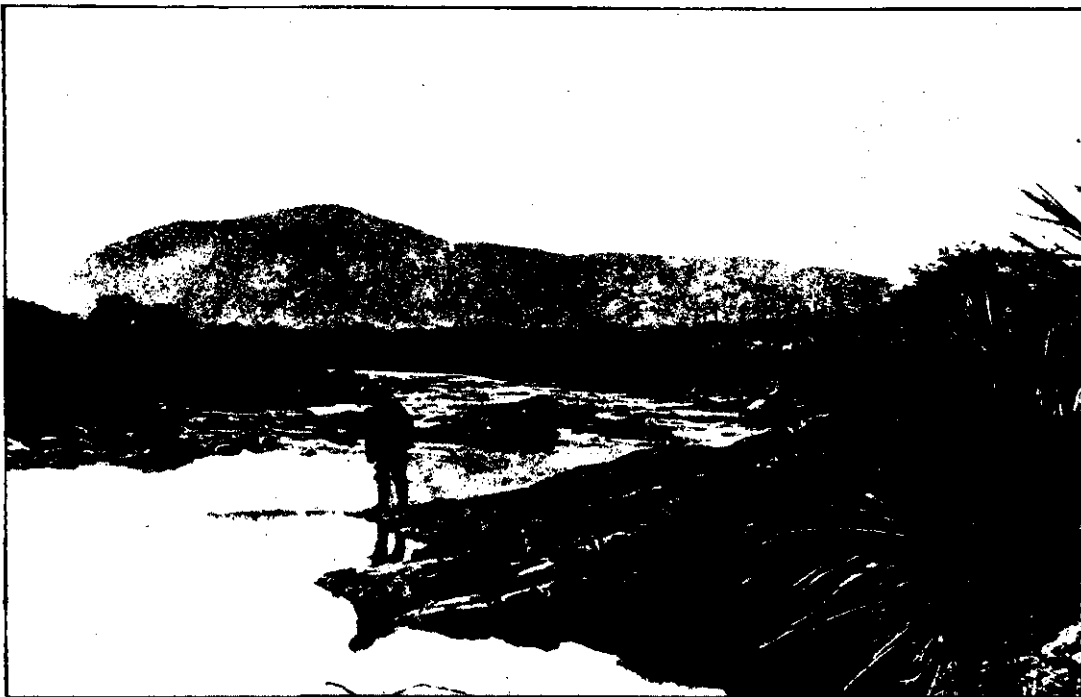
"I know of instances where young men have married on £2 5/ a week and lived pleasantly."

"I have married 1700 couples," said the Rev. S. A. Northrup, "and I

ought to know something about the subject. Young people to-day want to start out on the same scale that old people finish with. There is too much flourish and false aspiration.

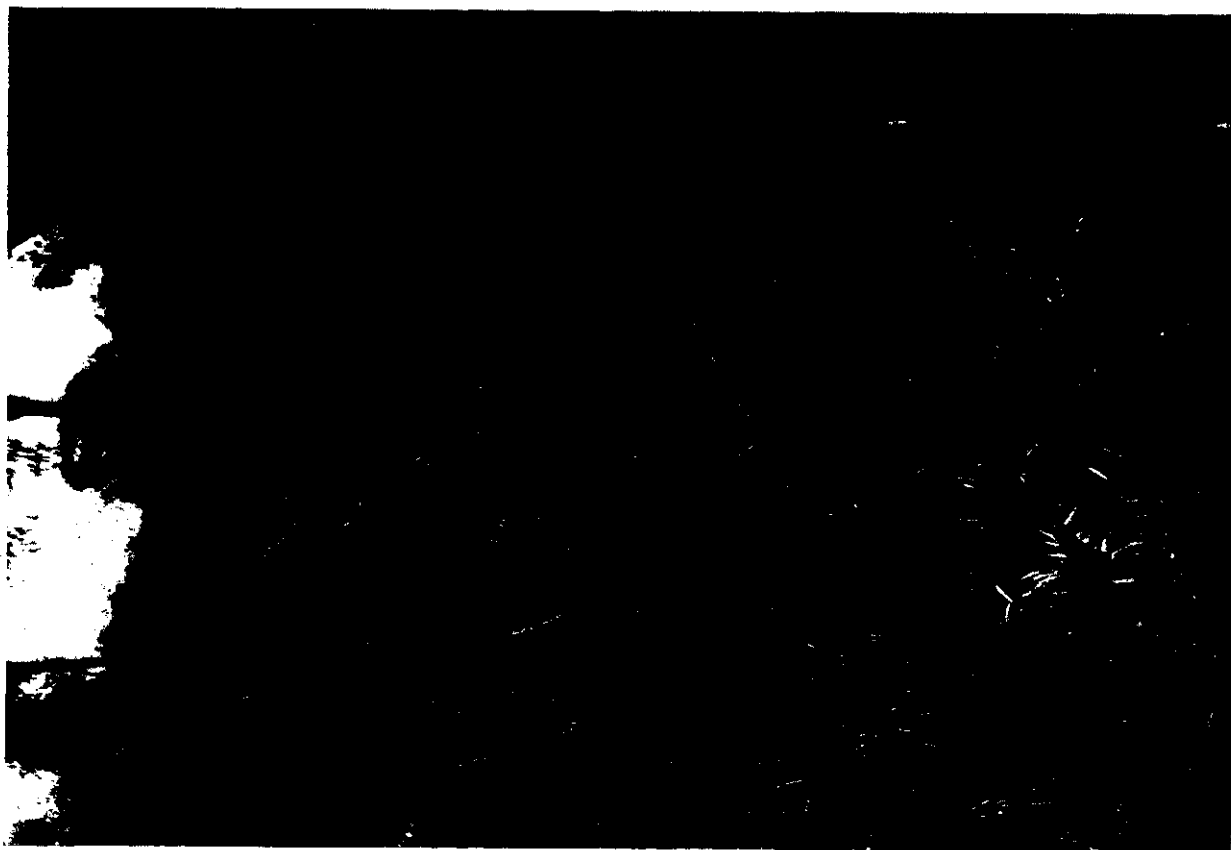
"No young man should contemplate matrimony until he has saved £25. A young man can live, though, on £100 a year, and if he marries the right kind of girl he can get along well."

"The average couple will spend every penny of the husband's salary," says another clergyman, "whether it be 30/ or £3 10/ a week. Of course I have seen families live on less than 30/ a week, but that amount is the minimum on which I think a young man should marry."



TWO TYPICAL NEW ZEALAND TROUT STREAMS.

Opening of the Trout Fishing Season.



Two Beautiful Tree-Fern Groves Near Auckland.

EARLY RECORDS OF THE COLONY.
 Mr Monk, M.H.R., is urging the Government to secure the early records of this colony which are now in the possession of New South Wales.

CLAIMING OUR REFERENCES

**N.Z. SHOULD BE CAUTIOUS
 WHAT IS TO PREVENT
 NEW SOUTH WALES FROM
 SENDING THE WRONG
 RECORD
 AND**

COLONIAL OFFICERS.

The Premier recently informed Mr Pirani that after his experiences in connection with Newtown Park his confidence in colonial officers had been somewhat shaken, and therefore he does not see his way to appoint a colonial officer to the position of commandant of the forces.

**MILITARY VISITOR - (AT BANQUET)
 "WHAT I ESPECIALLY ADMIRE
 IN YOUR LOCAL OFFICERS IS**

**THEIR SPLENDID ESPRIT DU
 CORPS & MILITARY BEARING
 AND THEIR ABILITY TO
 ADMINISTER A MOST PERFECT**

**DISCIPLINE
 EYE EYE
 WHICH SHOWS
 THAT THE
 PREMIERS
 OPINION
 IS RANK
 HERESY**



FULL SPEED AHEAD

LONDON, September 20.

The torpedo-boat destroyer *Cobra* was wrecked while making a steam trial from the constructors' yard at Newcastle to Portsmouth. She struck on a rock on the Downsing Shoals, broke in halves and foundered.

Three men were blown out to sea from Motu (Canterbury), and after three days turned up at Gore Bay, Cheviot in a very exhausted condition.

**"THREE MEN
 IN A BOAT"
 WITH GOOD REASON
 "TO SAY NOTHING
 OF THE DOG"**

Attention is directed to an advertisement from the Auckland Scenery Conservation Society requesting members to pay their subscriptions to the hon. Treasurer

GONE TO VIEW THE SCENERY



A Children's Treat.

The Crowd of Children who were unable to obtain admittance to the Auckland Opera House on Saturday last, when Miss Josephine Stanton gave a free performance to the youngsters on her birthday.

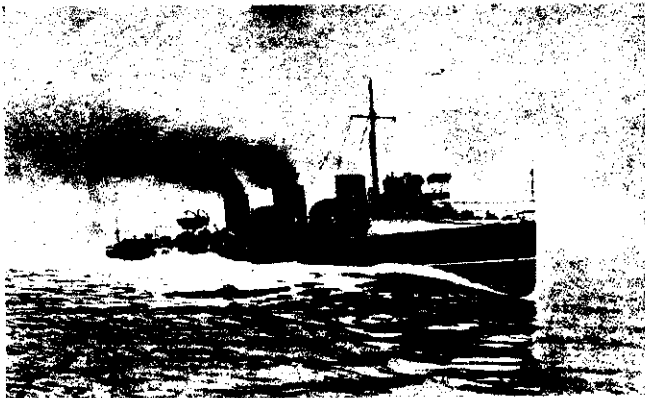


ONE OF THE POKER DRESSES AT THE WANGANUI HOSPITAL BALL.

The Loss of the Cobra.

The torpedo-destroyer Cobra, which struck on a rock on the Dowling shoals last week and foundered, involving the loss of nearly sixty souls, was a turbine vessel of 310 tons, built to develop a speed of 35 knots, with

10,000 horse-power. Her armament consisted of six quick-firing 12-pounders. The speed of the engines was 1000 revolutions a minute. The Cobra was a sister ship to the ill-fated Viper, wrecked in the Channel Islands during the recent naval manoeuvres, and had just been completed at the Elswick Works.



THE ILL-FATED TORPEDO DESTROYER H.M.S. COBRA.

The Late Mr C. C. Fleming.

We regret to record the death of Mr Charles Colville Fleming, which took place at his residence, Onehunga, on the 18th inst., after an illness of only a week. Mr Fleming was attacked by influenza, and was improving steadily, when he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and notwithstanding the attention of Dr. Scott he never regained consciousness, but gradually sank, dying in the afternoon. Deceased was born in Glasgow in 1837, and entered business life as a clerk in the East India trade in that city. At the age of twenty he embarked in the ship Josephine Wills, bound for the colonies, but that vessel was wrecked in the English Channel, and Mr Fleming returned to London, having lost his personal effects. He re-embarked in the Sanford, and reached this colony in the latter part of 1857. Settling at Onehunga, Mr Fleming assisted his uncle, Mr S. Fleming, for several years, afterwards entering into partnership with Mr W. Stevenson. In 1878 Mr Fleming purchased the leather

grindery business of Messrs J. H. Hoare and Co., High-street, Auckland, conducting the business up to the time of his death. Mr Fleming, who took a deep interest in matters affecting Onehunga, held the office of Mayor for one term and of Councillor for two terms. He assisted in the foundation of the Free Library, the Onehunga Building Society and the Onehunga Musical Society. Mr Fleming joined the Wesleyan Church on arrival in New Zealand. He leaves a widow and six children—one son and five daughters—to mourn their loss. Mr Fleming was one of the most genial and good-hearted of men, always ready to help, especially if anyone was down on his luck; and no matter what was done for the advancement of his fellow-men, it had his entire sympathy. He has left his mark in Onehunga, where, amidst many disappointments which might tend to make a despondent, he was always bright and cheery, and ready to push forward anything which might benefit the place.



THE NEW TUNNEL BOAT "AORERE"—Built by Messrs. Ryan and Co., Auckland, for the Wanganui Settlers' Steam Navigation Co. [See "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS."]



Bartlett, photo. THE LATE MR C. C. FLEMING, of Onehunga, Auckland.



THE WALK, BOTANICAL GARDENS.



Photos. by Stewart.

VIEW FROM WORSER BAY, LOOKING TOWARDS SEATOWN.

Round About Wellington.



Stewart. photo.

KILBIRNIE.

Round About Wellington.



Walrond "Graphic" photo.

THE AUCKLAND ELECTRIC TRAMWAYS.—The picture shows how the massive rails are held in their place with stone blocks.

Copy
C14, 9



HELLYER'S CREEK.—A PICTURESQUE ARM OF AUCKLAND HARBOUR.

STEWART DAWSON & CO.

146 & 148 QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

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

No. E3504.—Set. Gold Lucky Wishbone Pin Charm, 5s. 6d.

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

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

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

No. 196.—Set Links, 9ct. Gold, £1 1s.; 18ct. Gold, £2; Silver, 5s. 6d.

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

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

No. E324.—Set. Gold Chased Heart Pin Charm, 5s. 6d.

E3679—New Lucky Pin Brooch, Handsome Design, 9ct. Gold, 12s. 6d.

No. 112.—Heart and Lover's Knot Brooch, Artistic Design, Amethyst and 9ct. Gold, 16s. 6d.

The Empress Ladies' 18ct. Gold 3-plate Lever, all 18ct. cases (including dials), fine jewelled movement, thoroughly reliable, £10 10s.

No. 30.—Set. Gold and Real New Zealand Greenstone Brooch, 15s. 6d., and at 11s. 6d., 12s. 6d. and upwards.

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

No. E7020.—Solid Silver 4-Bell Baby's Rattle, with Ring and Rubber-Teether, 5s. 6d.

B3306—Jam Dish Elec. Silv. Mounted, 35s.

No. 209.—Gold and Amethyst Heart, set Pearls, £1 10s.

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

S. D. & Co.'s Gent's Gold Keyless Hunting Lever Watch has fine quality 3-plate lever movement, jewelled in silver, chronometer expansion balance, perfect bygone winding, strong steel gold case, £15 10s.; open face, £14 10s. In Silver Hunting Case, £3 10s.

F2918. Hatter Dish, Electro-Silver, 10s. 6d.

No. 206, 18ct. Gold Heart, 11s. 6d.; 9ct. ditto, 7s. 6d.

No. 197.—Set Links 9ct. Gold, £1 10s.; 18ct. Gold, £2 10s.; Silver, 7s. 6d.

182.—Elegant Carved Keeper 18ct. Gold, £2; others at £1 1s., £1 10s., 30s., 37s., 50s.

No. 178.—Wedding Ring, 18ct. Gold, £1

No. 161.—3 Diamonds, 1s.; Heavier Rings, 3 Rubies, 18ct. Gold, £3 10s.

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

Music and Drama.

OPERA HOUSE.

Lessee & Director Mr Henry Hallam
TO-NIGHT, TO-NIGHT.
 The Artistic Success of the Year.
MISS JOSEPHINE STANTON
 And Her
AMERICAN OPERA COMPANY.
TO-NIGHT (WEDNESDAY).
 The Funniest of them All.
W. A. N. G.
 "All America Laughing Yet."
THURSDAY AND FRIDAY.
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OPERA HOUSE.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.
FIRST GRAND CONCERT
 (SEASON 1901-1902).
 Assisted by the following Talented Artists—
 Mrs Hamilton Hodges Mr Arthur Ford
 Miss Ada Matheson Mr Hamilton Hodges
 Miss Lily Barker Mr F. Carter
 Mrs E. P. Queree Mr J. Lawrence
 Mr Alf. Bartley
 Dress Circle and Orchestra Stalls
 (reserved) 2/1 Stalls 1/
 The Box plan now open at Messrs
 Wildman, Lyell, and Arey's.

Never has a more interesting or interested audience occupied the Auckland Opera House, than that which filled the place to the doors last Saturday afternoon. The announcement made in the early part of the week that Miss Josephine Stanton, of the Opera Company, had generously decided to give a free performance to the children of Auckland on the occasion of her birthday, was the talk of youngsters till Saturday arrived, when from every quarter of the town the juveniles flocked into Wellesley-street. It goes without saying that there were many very early arrivals. Indeed, it was absolutely necessary to be early as the poor disappointed ones found who were shut out. What a contrast did the faces of these present to the smiling countenances within when the orchestra struck up. Still they sought to make the best of a bad business by drinking in the music and allowing their fresh young imaginations to picture the delights their eyes could not behold. It is calculated that fully 2700 children found room, sitting or standing, within the four walls—certainly the largest audience that the Opera House ever held. The performance was "Said Pasha," an opera which has plenty of rich Eastern colouring that delights children. Needless to say the youngsters were charmed, and many of them showed their appreciation of Miss Stanton's kindness by presenting her with small gifts. In connection with this performance Miss Stanton writes: "Will you kindly allow me, through your columns, to convey my sincere thanks to the parents of Auckland for allowing such a large concourse of children to attend my birthday entertainment this (Saturday) afternoon, and to add my regrets that such a large number of the little ones were unable to obtain admission. Trusting at some future time to renew my acquaintance with the young folk of this city."

On Wednesday of last week the Stanton Opera Company played "Maritana," and on Thursday and Friday "Fra Diavolo," that most tuneful and romantic of Auber's operas, was staged. Saturday evening witnessed the revival of "Wang." The piece, on its first production here, at the time of the company's first visit to Auckland, did not prove very popular, notwithstanding that on its appearance in New York it ran for 300 consecutive nights, but on its repetition here on Saturday it met with a most warm reception, the audience being apparently greatly taken with it. On Monday "The Fencing Master" was staged, and on Tuesday "The Bohemian Girl." The former, which

is new to New Zealand, is a very tuneful three-act opera, with plenty of fun in it. Well mounted and well played, it met with a warm reception.

On Saturday next the Auckland Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Club give their first grand concert of the present season in the Opera House. In addition to an excellent instrumental programme, the following well-known artists will contribute:—Mrs Hamilton Hodges, Miss Ada Matheson, Miss Lily Barker, Mrs E. P. Queree, Mr Arthur Ford, Mr F. Carter, Mr J. Lawrence, and Mr Alf. Bartley. Music lovers are promised an exceptionally good entertainment. The box plan is now open at Messrs Wildman and Lyell's.

Last week Mr. P. R. Dix celebrated the anniversary of his opening in Dunedin. It has been suggested in Christchurch that the various City Councils of the leading New Zealand towns should subsidise first-class opera companies to spend four months every year in the colony. Excellent from a musical point of view no doubt, but whether the struggling municipalities could judiciously make this concession to art is another question.

The following is the opinion of the New Zealand "Times" on "Sappho," the dramatised version of Daudet's novel, which the Cosgrove Dramatic Company produced in the Empire City on the Saturday before last:—"The author seems to have taken a delight in depicting some of the most objectionable phases of life in the French metropolis. For certain classes of audiences no doubt a play like 'Sappho' will have its attractions, but by the sner sections of the community such a meretricious performance will not be countenanced. The play has probably never undergone censorship, or, if it has, the censor must have been masquerading in the capacity of Justice-blindfold. It might be advisable for a representative of the City Council to visit the Opera House this evening and see for himself what is possible of enactment in a building licensed for the public amusement and edification." The company is now on its way north to Auckland.

We understand that the announcement that Mr Carter was to be married to Miss May Deatty in Oamaru was premature.

As Mr George Musgrove is terminating his connection with London, his object being to devote himself to Australia entirely, there is every prospect of a big rivalry between him and Mr Williamson—a rivalry, we assume, that will all be for the benefit of theatregoers here as well as throughout the Commonwealth.

Everyone will regret to hear that Williamson's Italian Opera Company will not visit this colony early next year, and it is questionable whether the organisation will come at all. Wilson Barrett's Company will take up the dates booked by the Opera Company.

Of "Sweet and Twenty," Basil Hood's play, which the Broughs are going to produce in Sydney, a London critic writes:—"Another nail was knocked into the coffin of the gloomy problem play, which has been vitiating the theatrical atmosphere for some years past. There was no taint of sexual degradation in Basil Hood's 'Sweet and Twenty,' produced at the Vaudeville, and stamped with the unqualified approval of the whole house. Seldom has a prettier story been told in a more convincing way, and seldom has pathos on the stage been more true to nature."

In order to advertise his new drama, "The Christian King," in Australia, Mr Wilson Barrett is offering cash prizes to the value of £40 to pupils of the Melbourne public schools for

the best essays on the life and times of King Alfred, on whose life the drama is founded. Half of this amount will be distributed amongst the primary, and half amongst the secondary schools. The head master of each school will select the six essays which he considers to be the best submitted, and these will be subsequently examined by judges appointed to make a final selection.

Miss Peggy Pryde, one of the most successful London vaudeville performers Mr Rickards introduced to Australia, left London last week for Sydney again, under engagement to the Tivoli manager.

Mr F. Conway Tearle has been engaged for a year by Mr J. C. Williamson to play leading parts. Mr Tearle, who will be accompanied by his wife, will leave England for Melbourne early in December, and will create the part of Ben Hur in the first Australian production of the drama of that name. Mr Tearle is a son of the well-known, provincial tragedian, Mr Osmond Tearle, who has been before the British public in that capacity for the last two decades.

"Fined £2 for flagrant disobedience of the stage manager's directions," was the notice posted in the Melbourne Royal green-room on a recent morning in connection with Mr Newfoundland Dog's refusal to take the water in the Yarra scene of Bland Holt's "Hiding to Win."

The latest Bland Holtian feature is the bicycle race in the melodrama "Hiding to Win," now running in Melbourne. The race (says the Melbourne "Sportsman") is cleverly worked. Don Walker, Lou Barker, Finnigan, Stewart, O'Callaghan and Kett are mounted on racers, securely stayed, and on home trainers. An excellent panorama of the Exhibition track forms the background, and, revolving in one direction, and the riders, colours up, pedalling for all they are worth in the opposite direction, accompanied by the bell for the last lap, gives such an air of reality that even the most critical is for the nonce convinced that a race under natural circumstances is taking place before his eyes; and when the final struggle between the hero, who is impersonated by Stewart, and the heavy villain (Finnigan) takes place, and the position of the riders is varied by the home trainers, who are cleverly hidden, being drawn forward or backward by unseen means, the illusion is complete.

We take the following paragraph from the Sydney "Daily Telegraph":—"The son of Mr E. Harland, of this city, writes from New Zealand that Gerardy has found a phenomenal 'cello player in Wellington. While he was here," says the writer, "he discovered to us a boy 'cellist of extraordinary ability. He has been playing with us in the society for two years and we never dreamed of his power. His father very wisely kept him 'dark,' only allowing him to play second cello. But on the visit of Gerardy he took counsel with that distinguished artist, and the result quite took our breath away. Gerardy pronounced the lad—be it only 14—to be the making of one of the world's few 'cellists. He has backed his opinion by engaging to return in a short time and take the boy to Europe with him, and bring him out as a 'first-water' artist. You can imagine Gerardy is right when I say the lad plays any of the pieces that the great 'cellist himself plays, and he played a long and difficult concerto from memory as a test for Gerardy, which quite satisfied him that he had got hold of a genius. The father of the lad is Mr Trowell; he used to play in Legatt's Band at the Art Gallery, Newcastleton-Tyne, and at Tynemouth Aquarium."

"I wish to see a bonnet," said Miss Pance, aged forty.
 "For yourself, miss?" enquired the French milliner.
 "Yes."
 "Marie, run downstairs and get me hats for ladies between eighteen and twenty-five."
 Bonnet sold.

OBITUARY.

It was with profound regret the news of the death of Mr S. B. Barker was received in Christchurch this morning, he having died at his residence, Cranmer Square, last night, the 17th, after a short illness supervening on influenza. Mr Barker was a son of the late Dr. Barker, coming to Canterbury in the Randolph, one of the first four ships, and had many a tale to tell of those early days. After his father's death in 1873, Mr Barker went to England, and also paid a visit to South Africa, where his health became somewhat undermined, and he returned to New Zealand, settling on a farm at Temuka. Thence he came to Christchurch, and was appointed Librarian of the Supreme Court Library. He was most intimately known in connection with the St. John Ambulance Association, and was one of the founders of it, and secretary at the time of his death. He also acted as secretary for the Christchurch Domain Board, and took a very warm interest in the work of the Beautifying Society. He was specially interested in the cultivation of native plants and shrubs, and the river bank between Madras and Manchester streets has been planted and cared for entirely by him.



The morning of life is the time of abundance, profusion, strength, vigor, growth. When the sun begins to sink, when the midday of life is past, then the hair begins to fade and the silvery gray tints of approaching age. Sunrise or sunset? Which shall your mirror say? If the former, then it is rich and dark hair, long and heavy hair; if the latter, it is short and falling hair, thin and gray hair. The choice is yours,—for

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always restores color to gray hair, stops falling of the hair, and makes the hair grow long and heavy. This is something you have been looking for, isn't it? And it is something you can have confidence in, for it is no experiment; people have been using it for half a century. We do not claim it will do everything, but we do claim it is the best hair preparation ever made.

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LATE SOCIETY NEWS

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, September 19.

Quite a gloom was cast over Wellington on Sunday when the sad but not altogether unexpected news of President McKinley's death was made known. Flags were immediately lowered to half-mast, and the town has had a dismal appearance ever since. Many entertainments and amusements have been postponed on account of the sad event. A small dance which was to have taken place at Government House last night has been postponed for a week, and Mr Maughan Barnett's and Herr Hoppe's first chamber concert has been altered from to-night to Monday next.

A very pleasant dinner party was given on Saturday by the Governor and Countess of Banbury. Among the guests were the Premier and Mrs Seddon, Miss Seddon, Mr Justice and Miss Edwards, Hon. C. and Miss Johnston, Mr and Miss Fraser, Sir Arthur and Lady Douglas, Miss Douglas, Miss Foster, Mr and Mrs Embling, Rev. Mr and Mrs Spott, Miss Spott, Mr and Mrs Tolhurst, Miss Tolhurst, Miss H. Williams, Hon. J. McGowan, Hon. L. Williams, Hon. C. C. Bowen, Mr J. Allan, and Messrs Buler, A. Cooper, and G. Johnston. Mineffe's string band was stationed in the corridor, and played all the evening.

Mrs Ian Duncan gave a very enjoyable little dance at her parents' residence (where she is residing during Dr. and Mrs Grace's visit to England), Hawkestone-street, on Friday evening. Lovely spring flowers were arranged about the rooms, and in the dining-room a very dainty supper was laid, the table being very prettily decorated with vases of yellow jonquils and violets. Mr King played splendid dance music, and extras were played by Mr Crawford and Miss Gore. Mrs Duncan received in a white satin gown veiled with black chiffon, and trimmed with black and white frills; Miss Duncan wore a pretty pale pink silk gown, trimmed with ecru lace. Among others present were: Mrs Bell, wearing a handsome grey brocade gown trimmed with deep cream lace and pearls; Miss Bell wore white silk, with red flowers on the bodice; Mrs Crawford, a handsome white satin and chiffon gown; Mrs Harold Johnston, pale pink silk, with chiffon frills; Miss A. Johnston wore white satin, with deep ecru lace; Mrs A. Pearce, in black; Mrs David Nathan, a beautiful pink satin gown, with cream lace berthe; Miss Cooper wore pale silver grey satin, trimmed with white chiffon; Miss Fitzherbert, pretty white satin and chiffon gown; Miss Pharyzyn, in pale blue silk with white lace; the Misses Williams (Dunedin) wore white satin and lace gowns; Miss Coleridge, blue figured silk, with white chiffon; Miss Rose, black satin, trimmed with white; Miss Harcourt, blue brocade, with cream lace berthe; Miss Higginson, in black; Miss F. Brandon, soft white gauze gown; Miss Gore, in pale blue, with white lace; Miss Izard, black satin and jet; and Miss Spott, in white. Also the Messrs Duncan, Johnston, Pearce, Higginson, Rolleston, Gore, Tripp, Harcourt, etc.

Mrs O'Connor gave a very pleasant afternoon "At Home" last Friday. All the rooms were most beautifully decorated with flowers and green, spring bulbs and violets being particularly in evidence everywhere. The garden too was gay with blooms, and the whole atmosphere seemed laden with delicate perfumes. The tea table had a very artistic arrangement of empress jonquils and violets, and was spread with every imaginable dainty and sweet. Mrs O'Connor was wearing a rich black brocade trainged gown with white lace and jet on the bodice. The Misses O'Connor were busily employed in the dining-room and elsewhere, attending to the wants of the guests in a most energetic manner. Among those present I noticed:—Lady Ward, Mrs and Miss Tolhurst, Mrs and Miss Williams, Mrs Pearce, Mrs Biss, Mrs and Miss Reid, Mrs Duncan, the Misses Brandon, Mrs Fitchett, Mrs Crawford, Mrs Menzies, Mrs Herries, Mrs Bailey, Mrs Newman, Mrs Par-

sitt, and the Misses Rose, Kennedy, Johnston, Tennison (Christchurch), Quick, Williams (Dunedin), Charlton, etc.

The tie between Mrs Harold Johnston and Mr C. Gore and Miss Cooper and Mr Buchanan for Mrs Bell's mixed foursome prize was played off yesterday. The weather was glorious, and after a most exciting game Mrs Johnston and Mr Gore won, with one up on bogey, their opponents being two down. Next Saturday there is another mixed foursome competition for prizes presented by Mr and Mrs Arthur Buchanan.

Spring is once more with us, and the weather is getting quite mild and warm already. The shops are full of lovely things for the coming season. The sweet flowered silks and muslins are very tempting indeed, especially when you see a perfect dream of a hat, or toque of chiffon and flowers, that would go so well with some of them.

OPHELIA.

Presentation to Dr. W. R. Closs-
Erson, of Onehunga.

On Saturday last there was a meeting in the Onehunga Hall for the purpose of presenting two illuminated addresses to Dr. Erson, the late Mayor of Onehunga, Mr W. N. McIntosh, headmaster of the Onehunga Public School, to whom the task was committed of making the first presentation, spoke in eulogistic terms of Dr. Erson. In reply, Dr. Erson, who was visibly affected, said that they could quite understand that no language of his could adequately express his feelings that evening. He had spent 16 years in Onehunga, and he had never got anything but kindness from its people. The address which had been presented to him amply compensated for any little thing he had done for Onehunga, and it would never be far from him. Captain McIntosh then presented a very handsome musical timepiece supplied by Mr A. Kohn. The Rev. Geo. Brown, M.A., referred to Dr. Erson as a medical man in whom the widows and orphans especially had a sincere and sympathetic friend in their troubles and afflictions. The same note of high praise and heartfelt esteem characterised the remarks of the other speakers. The first address was from the Doctor's friends' resident in Onehunga. A second address from the citizens of Auckland and Onehunga expressive of the services Dr. Erson had rendered to both ports during the time of the banionic plague scare was then presented by Mr D. Neilson. It was accompanied by a purse of sovereigns. Dr. Erson after thanking the donors of the second presentation shook hands with those present and cordially invited them to leave for a time the cool springs of Onehunga and visit him in his new sphere of labour, Rotorua, where hot water was always on tap.

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Personal Paragraphs.

Miss Mills, of Dunedin, is visiting among friends in Christchurch.

Mr and Mrs W. A. Moore, of Dunedin, are on a visit to Auckland.

Miss Rea, of Gisborne, is on a visit to Auckland.

Dr. Moore, of Napier, has been for a short visit to Wellington.

Mr E. Kokenbeck, of Sydney, is at present on a visit to Auckland.

Mr and Mrs Hole, of Wanganui, have been visiting Napier.

Mr and Mrs Douglas, of Napier, are at present in Auckland.

The Misses Wright, of Christchurch, are stopping at Rotorua.

Mr E. H. Collis, of Melbourne, is visiting Auckland this week.

Dr. and Mrs Bernau, of Napier, are at present in Auckland.

Mr Dunlop, of the Thames, is in Auckland this week.

Mr R. E. Fletcher, of Dunedin, is visiting Rotorua.

Mr Galbraith, of Whangarei, is paying a flying visit to Auckland.

Mr and Mrs. Petrie, of Wellington, are on a visit to the Hot Lakes.

Captain and Mrs Hawke, Christchurch, are staying at Summer.

Mrs H. H. Loughnan, Christchurch, is visiting in Timaru.

Mr H. A. Sharp, of Tauranga, was in Rotorua on a visit last week.

Mr and Mrs A. Young, of Wellington, are paying a visit to Auckland.

Mr P. Cotter, of Christchurch, has been visiting Rotorua.

Mrs and Miss Reeves, Christchurch, are in Timaru, staying at "Beverley," for change.

Mr, Mrs. and Miss Wheeler, of Sydney, are visiting the Taupo and Hot Lakes districts.

Dr. Makgill, of Auckland, was in Rotorua last week, and found that the health of the town is excellent.

The marriage of Miss Mary Gorrie, of Auckland, to Mr Harold Bagnall takes place to-morrow.

Mr L. de La Roche, of Wellington, has been paying the Hot Lakes a visit.

Mr and Mrs Nixon, of Dunedin, were in Auckland this week on a visit.

Mr F. Bagley, of Oldham, England, is touring at Rotorua, and is stopping at the Grand.

Mr and Mrs Devery arrived in Auckland on Sunday from Gisborne. They are stopping at the Central Hotel.

Mr E. C. Brown, the popular manager of the D.L.C., Christchurch, is seriously ill.

Mr and Mrs Empson, of Wanganui, with their daughter, are visiting Rotorua.

Dr. and Mrs Wilson, of Palmerston North, have been for a short visit to Napier.

Mrs Moss, and Miss Zeenie Davis, is expected in Auckland, en route for England, very shortly.

Mr and Mrs F. M. Wallace after a

pleasant holiday at Summer, returned to Christchurch.

Dr. De Lisle, of Napier, who leaves for London early next month, is now paying a visit to Gisborne.

Amongst last week's visitors to the Hot Lakes, are Mr. and Mrs. Widding, of Christchurch.

Father Malone, of Greymouth, was last week one of the visitors at Lake House, Ohinemutu.

Major Pirie, of Auckland, was at Ohinemutu last week, stopping at the Lake House.

Mr Rosenthal, the well-known American, is at present in Auckland, and stopping at the Star Hotel.

The Agent-General and Mrs Reeves spent the autumn holidays on the North Coast of Norfolk.

Mr J. B. Walker, of Sydney, was this week in Auckland, stopping at the Central.

Sergt.-Major Carpenter, of Wellington, paid Ohinemutu a visit last week, staying at Lake House.

Miss K. Kiver returned from Wellington to Christchurch last week, after a delightful visit to her sister.

Colonel and Mrs Roberts, of Tauranga, were amongst last week's visitors at the Grand Hotel, Rotorua.

Captain and Mrs Humphries, who are out from Home touring the colony, are at present in the Hot Lakes district.

Mr A. Eschaw, of London, who is touring the colony, is at present at Rotorua, and is stopping at the Grand Hotel.

Mr and Mrs Marfion, of Wellington, returned home last week after a short visit to Mr and Mrs Devore, of Ponsonby.

Mr J. E. P. Allen (Dunedin) has arrived in England to study law at Cambridge, and will be in England for four years.

Mr A. G. Firkins, of London, who is out in New Zealand on a pleasure trip, has arrived in Auckland, where he is stopping for a few days.

Mr Harrison, who is out from England on a pleasure trip, is at present at the Hot Lakes, where he is busy seeing the sights.

Mr and Mrs Hordern, of Sydney, are in Auckland this week. They are stopping at the Star Hotel. Mr J. L. Hordern is also with them.

Mr and Mrs C. B. Shanks, Christchurch, have returned from Hammer Springs. Mr Shanks has much improved in health.

Mr Earle and Mr Harold, of Wanganui, were amongst the visitors who went to Napier for the Golf Tournament.

Mrs W. Lake, Hereford-street, Christchurch, has been with her children at Lake Ellesmere for a week.

Miss Seed, of Wellington, is staying in Napier with her sister, Mrs Bowen.

Miss Hughes, of Gisborne, is staying in Napier with her sister, Mrs Moore.

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THE SOUTH BRITISH FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW ZEALAND.

Notice is hereby given that the Ordinary General Meeting of the Shareholders of the above Company will be held at the Head Office of the Company, Queen-street, Auckland, on WEDNESDAY, the 9th day of October, 1901, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

BUSINESS:

To receive the Report and Balance-sheet for the year ended 31st August, 1901.

To Elect Two Directors in place of William Scott Wilson, Esq., and John Batger, Esq., who retire in accordance with the Articles of Association, but offer themselves for re-election.

To Elect Two Auditors in place of W. B. A. Morrison, Esq., and G. B. Kinsling, Esq., who offer themselves for re-election.

The Transfer Books of the above Company will be closed from the 6th September to the 9th October, 1901, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board of Directors, JAMES KILNER, General Manager.

The Rev. Mr Davidson and Dr. Buchanan, of Scotland, have been seeing the sights of the Hot Lakes, stopping at Mr Nelson's house, Whakarewa.

Commander Orms Webb, R.N., has been paying Whakarewa and the Thermal district a visit, stopping at the Tiesyer Hotel.

Mr and Mrs Birdsall and Mr and Mrs Chandler, and Mr Girl are amongst our visitors from the United States. They are this week in Auckland, and stopping at the Star.

Mrs Hudson Williamson, of Auckland, is giving her dancing class pupils a plain and fancy dress ball in St. Benedict's Hall on September 26th. The committee include Messrs James, Banks, Dawson, Nelson, Goodall, etc.

Mrs H. C. M. Watson, who has been through so much sorrow and trouble since she left Christchurch a few weeks ago, returned last Friday from Ballarat, where Mr Watson died. At present she is staying with her sister, Mrs Munro, Linwood.

Mr C. H. Ambridge, of Gisborne, is visiting Dunedin. Mr H. Trigg, relieving manager of the N.Z. Clothing Factory, is acting as his locum tenens during Mr Ambridge's absence.

Mr George Gracewood, of the well-known firm of Thomas Hubbuck and Sons (Limited), London, will visit New Zealand shortly, and hopes to meet many of his friends in this colony.

Mr T. E. Hamerton has purchased the Inglewood "Record," and has already taken over the business. Mr Hamerton is an old pressman, and will be wished success by many confreres.

Mrs and Miss Thompson, Balmoral, were in Christchurch last week, and paid several visits to the opera; also Mr and Mrs A. Macfarlane, Mr and Mrs D. Macfarlane, Mrs J. N. Grigg, Miss Grigg, Mr and Mrs H. Lance (Horsley Downs), and Mrs F. Lance.

Miss A. Thomson, lately matron of the Sanatorium, Rotorua, left Rotorua last week greatly to the regret of the Rotorua people. She was presented with a beautiful gold watch at a social. Miss Ferguson arrived from Wellington on Saturday to take her position as matron of the Sanatorium in Miss Thomson's place.

Mrs Hugh Lusk, of Napier, who has been stopping with her people in Gisborne, came up to Auckland on Sunday, intending to go on a pleasure trip to the Islands. Unfortunately, Mrs Lusk was taken ill on the way up, and on arrival in Auckland went to the Star Hotel, whence she afterwards removed to a nursing home.

Mr P. Palmer, of Dunedin, was last week presented with a gold Albert and handsome pendant by the employees of the Glendinning Clothing factory. Mr Davies made the presentation, and spoke in eulogistic terms of the manager's tact and consideration for all those under his supervision.

Cowes week was spent by Mr Roskrugge cruising about the Isle of Wight in a private yacht. Wales and the English lakes are next to receive his attention, and on his way to N.Z. he intends with the kind permission of Botha, De Wet and Co. to visit most of the principal places in South Africa.

Mr Gatling, the manufacturer of the well-known guns, has just completed the construction of a new motor-plough which is expected to revolutionise the methods of land culture. A company with a capital of £200,000 is being formed to work the patent. It is asserted that with this machine a single man will be able to cultivate thirty acres daily. This is the article for New Zealand.

Mr and Mrs James Day, of Masterton, with their daughter, who left the Wairarapa the other day en route for South Africa, had rather an unpleasant experience at Wellington. They were aboard the steamer, and about to sail, when the daughter's child was taken ill. The Health Officer refused to allow the child to proceed, and the whole party, with their luggage, were put ashore.

Mr A. J. Newbould (Napier), who spent a week in Paris on the way over, has an extensive programme, which includes wanderings in England, Scotland, and Ireland, Antwerp,

Brussels, a tour up the Rhine, visits to the German and Austrian capitals, the Tyrol, Switzerland, and Italy, a voyage from Vienna to the U.S.A., by the N.D.L., a sojourn with friends in the Southern States, and a return to N.Z. via Niagara, the C.P.R., and Vancouver.

Mrs F. J. Townsend and her son (Dunedin) have spent most of their four months in England in the provinces. After a visit to Mrs Townsend's home in Staffordshire, they proceeded to Warwickshire and Yorkshire. Having satisfied themselves with the sights of London they are now staying with Mrs Townsend's sister at Grandport, Oxford. Her brother in Northampton will be the next relative visited, and Cheshire and Hull will thereafter witness the travellers' trail. They hope to be back in Dunedin in time for Christmas.

Mr J. Reid, B.A., who has left his department for Duntroo, the re-Union School, Dunedin, was, prior to receipt of several souvenirs from the scholars. The gift of the Seventh Standard was a biscuit barrel, suitably engraved, and that of the other scholars was an easy chair and an inkstand; while a marble clock formed the teachers' keepsake to their esteemed and energetic colleague. Mr Stewart, the headmaster, expressed his keen regret at losing so able a teacher, as also did Mr G. C. Israel, the chairman, and Mr W. Bull, of the School Committee, all wishing him success in his new sphere of action.

Mr Newton King, the Taranaki "god in the car," is to be tendered a banquet by the farmers of the great dairy province. It will take place in the Theatre Royal, New Plymouth, on Friday, 27th September. Mr John Elliott will be asked to take the chair on the occasion, and the vice-chairs will be filled by farmers from different parts of the districts. Considerable enthusiasm is being shown, and there is little doubt that the occasion will see the largest gathering of farmers ever assembled under one roof in Taranaki. The "Graphic" may add for the benefit of those who do not know what Mr King has done for Taranaki that it is practically owing to his enterprise that the butter industry has made such gigantic strides of late years.

Mr Thomas Roskrugge (Wellington) was one of the bowlers who have just completed their tour. After leaving the Omrah he had a pleasant journey with a party of N.Z. friends through Italy and via the Riviera and Paris to the Metropolis. With the bowlers he journeyed via the Canals to Inverness, and down the East Coast by way of Aberdeen and Dundee to Edinburgh. After the Irish tour the team journeyed through the Midland Counties, and after a match at Southampton, and several in the neighbourhood of

London, disbanded with a glow of enthusiastic recollection of the splendid hospitality shown them, and the hope that they will be able to return the compliment before long to Scotch and Irish teams in N.Z. The net result of the matches was 14 wins, 13 losses. In the long run the superiority of the Australians and the New Zealanders turned out to be a good thing. A team of 40 would have proved too unwieldy for most of the opposing clubs to tackle, and two score Antipodeans, with their ample storage capacity coming down like wolves on the fold at one fell swoop would have been a serious drain on even Scottish hospitality. As it was, even the smallest clubs could find a couple of rinks to oppose the 10 New Zealanders, and could do their visitors well. Even teams of 15 or 16, forming three rinks, could have been comfortably accommodated.

Mr Roskrugge was much impressed with the beautiful greens and the excellence of the play in Scotland, both far ahead of anything experienced in England, where the greens are distinctly inferior to those in N.Z. In Scotland, indeed, when a bowling club has to relinquish a site say for building purposes, it transplants not only itself, but its turf to its new locale.

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ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Evelyn Brown, of Wanganui, to Mr Arthur Bridgewater, of the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile, of that town.

The engagement of Miss Storey, of Te Awamutu, to Mr Morton Gorrie, son of Mr William Gorrie, of Auckland.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

WILSON-HARLEY.

A quiet wedding was celebrated on Wednesday at St. Michael's Church, when Rossmore Wilson, of Cheviot, was married to Miss Harley, daughter of the late Mr E. S. Harley, of Christchurch. The wedding party consisted only of the immediate relatives of the bride and bridegroom, owing to recent bereavement in the bride's family. Mr R. Harley, brother of the bride, gave her away, and she looked extremely well in her long white satin bridal gown trimmed with lace, transparent yoke and sleeves, with wreath and veil and exquisite shower bouquet completing the costume. Miss Pearl Harley was the only bridesmaid, and was in soft plumes, and carried a primrose bouquet. Mr Fred Harley accompanied the bridegroom.

After the ceremony the wedding party drove to the residence of the bride's mother, the bride and bridegroom leaving shortly afterwards for Akaroa, where the honeymoon is to be spent.

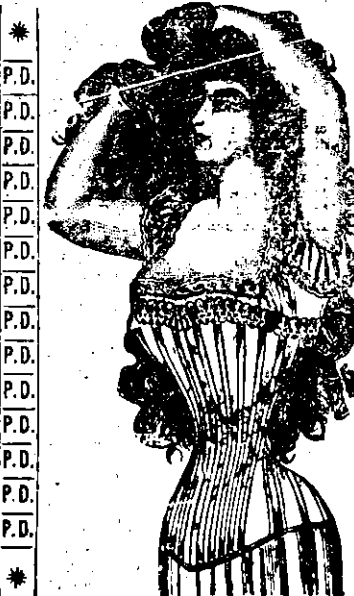
Mrs Harley wore grey brocade, black bonnet with violets; Mrs Wilson, mother of the bridegroom, handsome black toilette, the bonnet relieved with white; Mrs J. Millton (Birch Hill), blue foulard trimmed with lace, pretty pink toque; Mrs L. Harley, navy gown relieved with white, red trimmed hat; Mrs C. Wilson, brown coat and skirt, toque to match; Mrs Woodhouse, black gown and white vest, black plumed hat; Messrs J. Millton and C. Wilson were also present.

FIRTH-HARROWELL.

The marriage of Miss K. Harrowell, eldest daughter of Mr Henry Harrowell, of Papakura Valley, Manurewa, to Mr Wm. Thornton Firth, eldest surviving son of the late Mr J. C. Firth, was solemnized at the Anglican Church, on Wednesday, September 18th. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. O. Hewlett, vicar of the parish, in the presence of a large number of friends of the bride and bridegroom. The bridesmaids were Misses Gladys and Marjorie Harrowell (sisters of the bride). Mr Edward Firth (brother of the bridegroom) acted as groomsmen. The church was handsomely decorated for the occasion. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal party drove to the pretty residence of the bride's father, where they were entertained at a recherche wedding breakfast. Later in the day Mr and Mrs Firth departed for Rotorua, where the honeymoon is to be spent. The bride was the recipient of numerous presents, both useful and handsome.

SHAND-EAST.

A pretty wedding took place at the Beach Church, New Brighton, on Wednesday, 11th, when Mr. Harry J. Shand, third son of Mr. James Shand, St. Albans, was married to Miss Alice M. East, eldest daughter of Mr. East, of New Brighton. The church was prettily decorated by friends of the bride with spring flowers and a daffodil.



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and wedding-bell. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. F. M. Inwood and the Rev. H. East (uncle of the bride). Very sweet looked the bride, as she walked up the aisle leaning on her father's arm, in her wedding gown of tacked white silk, with transparent collar of lace, and true lover's knots of white beaded ribbon, while her tulle veil covered a spray of orange blossoms. She also carried a lovely shower bouquet, and was followed by two bridesmaids, Miss Elsie White (cousin of the bride) and Miss Nellie East (sister of the bride). They wore cool-looking white muslin dresses, trimmed with white lace and black chiffon hats, adorned with ostrich plumes and steel buckles, carrying shower bouquets composed of violets and tied with violet streamers. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a gold watch and granny chain, and to the bridesmaids pearl swallow brooches. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. L. A. Shand, and Mr. Fred East as groomsmen. There were about sixty guests (the majority of whom were relations), and after the ceremony they were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. East at the residence of Mrs. William White, junr. (aunt of the bride). Among the guests were: Mrs. East (mother of bride), black, relieved with violet, violet bouquet, bonnet to match; Mrs. Shand, senr., black satin, old rose bonnet; Mrs. H. East, green coat and skirt, brown picture hat; Mrs. J. Shand, pretty grey costume, apricot silk vest, grey hat with tea roses; Mrs. Major Shand, black, with cream passementerie trimmings, black toque with ospreys, daffodil bouquet; Mrs. A. S. Duncan, very stylish black Eton costume, cream satin vest, with lavender chiffon, lavender hat with hydrangea; Mrs. Robert Shand, black gown, hat to match; Miss Shand, grey Japanese silk, chiffon bodice, black and grey hat; Mrs. I. R. Walker, purple costume, black ostrich plumed hat, with mandarin velvet trimmings; Miss Blundell, Tussock silk, with pale blue; Mrs. G. W. Bishop, black silk, black plumed hat; Mrs. Triggs, purple Eton costume, velvet revers, black hat. Later in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shand left for the North Island amid showers of confetti and the good wishes of their friends. The bride's going-away dress was a dark blue coat and skirt, chiffon hat with ostrich feathers and sequined net.

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Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, September 24.

The Avondale Jockey Club was very fortunate on Saturday last in the matter of weather. The day was beautifully fine, though a cold wind sprang up during the latter part and had the effect of making matters a little uncomfortable for the fair sex. The new plan of paying dividends on first and second horses was introduced for the first time. The course was in splendid order and the verdant setting in which the beautiful Ellerslie course lies, was looking at its best, and formed a fresh, bright green background wherever one's gaze wandered over the spectators. Among the ladies present were Mrs Cox, cardinal skirt, fawn jacket, black hat with plumes; Mrs Thomas Morrin, mode grey voile, white hat, brim bent down at back of head, swathed with blue silk and finished with rosettes of the same in front; Miss Morrin, navy bolero and skirt finished with gold belt and buttons, white hat with roses; and her sister wore navy gown, white sailor hat with white ostrich plumes; Miss Hanna, iris blue cloth costume trimmed with black, spruce felt hat with silk ruchings; Mrs Nicol, black relieved with white braiding; Miss Griffiths, black bolero and skirt, white vest, black hat; Mrs Geo. R. Bloomfield, black skirt, green jacket, black hat; Miss Binney, black tailor-made gown, sailor hat; and her sister wore royal blue costume, black hat; Miss Roberts, fawn coat and skirt; Mrs Geo. Roberts, black costume, black toque with pink flowers; Miss Sutton, black gown, sailor hat; Mrs (Major) George, black costume, black toque; Mrs Pittar, black gown, black bonnet with white roses; Mrs Pittar, black skirt, violet velvet blouse, violet floral hat; Miss Pittar, black costume with lavender silk vest, white sailor collar, black hat swathed with black and white ostrich plumes; Miss Torrance, blue grey flecked tweed tailor-made costume, cream hat swathed with red; Miss Percival, dark skirt, fawn jacket, black hat trimmed with pink; Mrs Angus Gordon, dark skirt, fawn jacket, black hat; Mrs Cattana, black gown, grey jacket, black toque; Mrs Bell, navy serge with velvet trimming, black hat swathed with tulle; Miss Langsford, book green gown trimmed with black, black hat; Mrs W. H. Churton, black gown relieved with white, black toque finished with canary; Mrs Oldham, slate grey with brocade vest, black hat; Mrs Walker, black; Miss Atkinson, black skirt, red plaid blouse, fawn hat trimmed with red; Miss Davy, green costume, felt hat; Mrs Davy, black gown, black bonnet with scarlet flowers; Miss Thorpe, Lincoln green costume, black hat; Miss Buller, grey tailor-made gown, black hat; Miss Firth, black bolero and skirt, white velt, black hat with white befeester crown; Mrs Markham, white serge, saque jacket and skirt, black hat; Mrs Lawford, royal blue, black hat; Mrs Hope Lewis, navy, white hat trimmed with navy spotted foulard; Miss Lewis, navy serge; Miss Gorrie, black gown, black hat; Miss N. Gorrie, navy plaid, black hat; Miss G. Gorrie, navy gown, hat turned off face with cardinal velvet; Miss Cotter, black gown with white Garibaldi sleeves, white square cut collar, black velvet hat; Mrs E. O'Rorke was much admired in an elegant costume of trained black skirt; black bodice relieved with white, square cut lace collar, black hat with gold edgings and ostrich plumes, white rosettes beneath brim, fashionable black and white muff; Mrs Scott, black skirt, fawn jacket, black hat; Miss Waylans, navy; Miss Shephard, black costume; Mrs Hanna, royal blue with black, black hat; Mrs Black, periwinkle blue gown, white square cut collar, black hat with plumes; Mrs Ranson, navy serge, brown toque; Mrs W. B. Colbeck, black skirt, brown jacket, black hat; Miss Mitchellson, navy serge, sailor hat; Miss Draper, green gown relieved with white lace, black hats; Mrs Ware, black gown, black hat;

Miss Ware, gabelin blue with braiding of a lighter shade, white hat with white silk; Mrs Foster, black with bands of silk braiding, lavender tulle hat trimmed with poppies en suite; Mrs A. P. Wilson, navy serge, fur boa, black hat; Mrs Moody, black skirt, velvet blouse, black hat; Miss Moody, red costume; Mrs Creagh, black costume; Miss Creagh, black gown with black beads, white sailor hat; Mrs Crowe, dark skirt, fawn jacket, black hat with black ostrich plumes and pink flowers; Mrs Olive Buckland and her sister wore dark skirts, fawn jackets, sailor hats; Mrs Hamley, navy; Miss Wright, royal blue costume; Miss Thorne George wore a riding costume; Miss Scherff, navy serge coat and skirt, sailor hat.

THE REMUERA BACHELORS' CLUB "AT HOME."

held in the Remuera Hall on Friday, 20th inst., proved a most successful function. The committee, which consisted of Messrs Thomson, Hutchison, Corbett, Lennox, Reid, Ruddleock, Shera, Morrin and Meredith, deserve great credit for their untiring efforts for the success of the evening. The hall was nicely decorated with bunting and flowers for the occasion. The flags were kindly lent by the North-ere Steamship Company. The music and floor were all that could be wished for. The supper was catered for and done ample justice to. The tables were tastefully decorated by some of the young ladies of the district. Mrs Corbett, handsome brocade black silk; Mrs Stuart Reid, black silk trimmed with Honiton lace, and her daughter white; Mrs H. Kinder, black silk with sequin trimming; Mrs Beale (Parnell), black; Mrs Dr. Maitland, black silk en traine; Miss Buddie, black velvet, transparent lace sleeves; Miss Beazard Brown, white silk finished with lace, and her sister looked pretty in white silk, trimmed with Maltese lace; Miss V. Stone, yellow silk; Miss E. Gillilan, yellow silk with transparent sleeves; Miss Leys (Ponsonby), stylish black silk, veiled in net; Miss M. Dargaville, white; Miss E. Kinder, white muslin with white satin bands; Misses Bazile wore white; Miss J. Draper, pink with black bands; Miss Syme, black; Miss K. Shera, white relieved with blue; Miss Coates, black silk; Miss M. Coates, white; Miss F. Ryan, heliotrope; Miss Tylden, white brocade silk; Miss E. Tylden, white silk; Miss Mitchellson, pretty green silk; Miss Morrin, white net over blue; Miss May Cameron looked conspicuous in black, with blue rosette in hair; Miss Pearl Little, crimson and white; Miss Richardson, pink silk, black rosette in hair; Miss N. Carr, pink silk; Miss L. Atkinson, white, and her sister white with old gold; Miss J. Hardie, pretty white silk with shoulder straps of pink; Miss A. Hull, yellow silk; Miss A. Haslett, white; Miss Runciman, white satin with purple velvet bands across shoulder; Miss M. Hesketh, white satin; Miss Waller, handsome white silk; Miss Fraser, blue; Miss Rose, white; Miss K. Lennox, book muslin costume finished with frills edged with bands of black velvet ribbon; Miss J. Ruddleock, white silk; Miss Thorpe, pink silk; Misses Price, white satin; Miss Dineen, heliotrope silk; Miss Biss, black silk; Miss W. Cotter, black silk trimmed with white lace; Miss E. Pierce, pink silk; Miss G. Gorrie, cream silk; Miss N. Gorrie, white; and Miss D. Carr, white silk, tartan sash. Messrs Reid, Kinder, Finlayson (2), Beale, Leys, Lindsay, Owen, Donald (2), Peacocke, Bedford, Sellers, Rose, Hume, Buddie, Syme, Cook, Burns, Wyman, Somersfield, Northcroft, Haslett, Allieon, Abbott, Gorrie (2), Upton, Richardson, P. Mahon, L. Mair, Biss, Hesketh, Carpenter, Foster, Shera, Strong, Meredith, Worley, Bone, Ruddleock, Corbett, Thomson, Reid, Hutchison, Lennox, and others.

AUCKLAND LAWN TENNIS CLUB PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE PARTY.

The last euchre party of the season in connection with the Auckland Lawn Tennis Club took place last Thursday evening in Mrs Sowerby's Hall and was a pronounced success. The pretty little hall was just comfortably fitted to accommodate the forty or fifty tables occupied by players. Dr. and Mrs Parkes acted as host and hostess of the evening. Euchre was played until about 11 o'clock, when supper was served, after which the prizes were distributed. This over,

dancing occupied the rest of the evening, which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. The lucky prize-winners were: Ladies, first, Miss Pracecki, second, Miss Agnes Donald; the gentlemen's were won by Mr Maritson and Mr Bone. The two extra prizes given for the highest score during the season were won by Mrs Manning and Mr Maritson. Amongst those present were: Mrs (Dr.) King, who looked well in black brocade, the bodice embroidered with steel beads; Mrs Coates was gowned in a black velvet, en traine; Mrs (Dr.) Parkes wore blush rose pink silk, contrasted with green silk; Mrs P. A. Edmiston, effective gown of French grey, with decorations of figured velvet; Mrs A. B. Donald, lovely figured fawn and green silk, trimmed with green velvet; Miss Donald looked sweet in a pale blue silk blouse and a black satin skirt; Miss Cooper was charming in a black tucked chiffon bodice and satin skirt, pink rosette in coiffure; Mrs Haslett wore a black evening gown, brightened with crimson roses; Mrs (Dr.) Lawry, black and crimson gown, with drappings of black lace; Miss J. Runciman, pale green silk, with numerous frills edged with black velvet ribbon; Miss Goodall, pink spangled blouse and cream silk skirt; Miss Peacock (Ponsonby) wore a black net, to which yellow roses gave a becoming touch of colour; Miss Margaret Peacock, ivory white silk, veiled in lace, pink roses on corsage and in her hair; Miss Prouse was gowned in a lovely cream brocade satin, with sleeves and corsage drappings of rich cream lace, pearl ornaments and pale blue chiffon sash; Mrs (Dr.) Murdoch, yellow brocade, softened with white chiffon; Mrs Elliott Davis wore a sweetly pretty white silk gown, tucked and inserted with white lace, and corsage bouquet of violets; Mrs Keesing (Suva) looked exceedingly well in black, with berthe of rich cream lace; Miss Lillie Schem was pretty in black, cream lace fichu and rose pink velvet belt; Mrs Tibbs was gowned in black satin, with vest and trimmings of heliotrope satin; Miss Ruth Runciman, tomato red silk blouse and a pale cream skirt; Mrs C. M. Nelson wore black silk gown, with a Maltese lace fichu; Miss Nelson was graceful in a geranium pink satin blouse and black satin skirt; Miss K. Nelson was much admired in a pale green silk blouse, with corsage bouquet of pink roses, black satin skirt; Miss Ledingham was in black, lovely, lace collar and blue velvet bands; Mrs I. Alexander wore a becoming French muslin, with sleeves and yoke of tacked violet silk; Miss Dolly Moir was dainty in a pink silk blouse, softened with pink chiffon, and a black skirt; Mrs Culpan wore black brocade; Mrs E. Ashton, primrose silk blouse, black satin skirt; Miss Crowther, white tucked silk blouse, relieved with violet velvet, black skirt; her sister looked well in black; Mrs (Dr.) Grant was in black satin, ornamented with jet; her sister also wore black; Mrs W. Lambert, handsome black satin, embroidered with silver galleon; Miss Greatbatch, amber silk blouse and black skirt; Miss Lambert, white; Mrs E. T. Hart, rose pink silk bodice, with lace bolera, black silk skirt; Miss Hemus, black gown, trimmed with yellow silk; Miss Byrie, pale blue gown; Miss Auriel Gittos was in white; Mrs T. Keesing, black satin skirt and an amber tucked silk blouse; Mrs F. Turner, white silk gown, with touches of purple velvet; Mrs Wilfred Manning, lovely white satin and lace; her sister wore a blue blouse, black skirt; Miss Hewin wore a handsome white satin skirt, and a pale yellow silk blouse; Miss Jones, heliotrope satin blouse, draped with lace, white silk skirt; Miss Kennedy, vieux rose silk blouse, black lace skirt; Miss Davey, white lace over pink silk blouse, and a black skirt; Miss Elsie Hanna looked charming in black, with touches of turquoise blue velvet; Mrs W. J. Ralph, black gown, with pink roses on corsage and coiffure; Miss Jowitt looked graceful in blue brocade; Mrs Maritson, Nile green silk blouse, ornamented with black lace and jet, black skirt. Among the gentlemen were Messrs (Dr.) Parkes, A. Goldie, (Dr.) Goldie, C. Leys, W. Lambert, J. E. Hanns, Ziman, (Dr.) Grant, J. Sims, Donald (2), Peacocke, Manning, Tibbs, Crowther, Hemus, F. Turner, Elliott Davis, P. A. Edmiston,

Hackett, Coombs, H. Baker, I. Alexander, Kelly.

HOCKEY CLUB.

Last Saturday afternoon the University Hockey Club played the Mt. Eden (Kotiro) Club at Newmarket. A large crowd assembled to witness the match, which was a very exciting one. After a very hard struggle the University Club was victorious by two points to nil. The afternoon tea, which was amply catered for by the University team, was thoroughly enjoyed by all, as it was an exceptionally cold afternoon. Amongst the visitors were:—Mrs Talbot Tubbs, black skirt and fawn jacket, black tulle toque with red berries; Miss Runciman, brown skirt and white blouse with club's colours, gem hat; Miss Myers, black Eton jacket and skirt, feather hat with large buckle; Misses Ireland wore frilled black foulard skirts, fawn jackets with black and white revers, and black hats; Miss Ivy Biddle (on horseback), navy riding habit; Mrs Metcalf wore all black; Miss Trevithick, black costume; Miss Etia Cooper, brown coat and skirt, hat to match; Mrs Stewart, black skirt, stylish long black coat and gem hat; Miss Coates, black coat and skirt, gem hat; her sister wore a navy costume with sailor hat; Miss Hart, stylish blue coat and skirt, grey bob and sailor hat; Miss Dolly Mott wore a black velvet dress, white felt hat with folds of heliotrope silk; Miss E. Oxley, black bengaline skirt, long green jacket and gem hat; her sister wore grey tweed with a green mer-lawn blouse and revers, Eton jacket and blue toque; Mrs Wilson (Mt. Eden), navy blue coat and skirt, small black bonnet relieved with crimson; Mrs (Dr.) Coates, all black costume; Miss Lusk, black Eton coat and skirt, black hat; Miss Haven, black skirt and fawn jacket, sailor hat; Miss Holland, Czar blue coat and skirt, and white sailor hat; Miss P. Hanna, green costume with white silk yoke, black hat with green choux; Miss A. Gittos, green dress with green velvet yoke, felt hat with black plumes; Miss Lavers, black costume; Miss Ada Cook, navy-blue Eton coat and skirt faced with white, white and red hat.

My Rotorua correspondent writes: The early part of this week was saddened by the news of the death of President McKinley. As soon as the news came through on Sunday morning flags were flown at half mast. At St. Luke's Anglican Church reference was made to the great statesman's untimely death, a burial hymn was sung, and at the conclusion of the service the organist (Miss Empson) played the "Dead March" in "Saul." At each of the other churches the same respect was paid to the President's memory.

I am sorry to say we are about to lose Miss Thomson, matron of the Sarsaparilla, from our midst: Miss Thomson has been in Rotorua seven years, and has made herself so indispensable, socially and otherwise, by her sympathy and help, especially in St. Luke's church that we can hardly imagine the place without her. At a church social this week a handsome tribute was paid her, when the vicar (Mr Blackburne), on behalf of the congregation and townspeople, with whom Miss Thomson is deservedly popular, presented her with a beautiful little gold watch (to be suitably inscribed this week). He gave voice to the universal regret at her departure, and hoped that she would accept the watch as a mark of affection and esteem from the Rotorua townspeople, who wished her God speed. Miss Thomson was quite taken by surprise, and gracefully and feelingly thanked all for their gift and for their kind expressions towards her, and said she only wished she had deserved it more. A short programme was gone through during the evening, consisting of two glees by the choir, songs by Misses Butt and Wright, Dr. Kenay, Commander Webb, and a pianoforte solo by Miss Empson. Accompaniments were played by Misses Empson and Campbell and Mr Bouff. After refreshments had been handed round "Auld Lang Syne" was sung by all present, then the National Anthem. At the close of the evening Dr. Kenay, on behalf of Miss Thomson, briefly thanked those present for their kindness to her.

A slight earthquake shock was felt here about one o'clock on Saturday, but it was not alarming.

My Paeroa correspondent writes:—The Paeroa volunteers are much to be congratulated on the success of their social, which eventuated on Wednesday at the Criterion Theatre. The music as supplied by the band left nothing to be desired, and the catering, which was done by the ladies of the committee, was most ample. There was progressive euchre for those who did not care to dance, and a good number seemed to prefer it. The first and second ladies' prizes were carried off by Miss Shaw and Mrs Edwin Edwards; the gentlemen's being secured by Mr J. Howie and Mr Gotz. After supper Captain McArthur made a very happy little speech, thanking the various committees for the manner in which they had all worked, and declaring the winners of the euchre prizes. Amongst the many pretty dresses worn I particularly noticed: Mrs John Edwards, in a cream satin brocade, made with a train, the long sleeves were finished at the wrists with jewelled insertion, a pretty cream fichu completed this toilette; Mrs Harston wore a crimson corded silk blouse, trimmed with ribbon velvet, the front of the blouse being tucked black lustre, skirt also tucked; Mrs De Castro, cream broche silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs Gotz, black silk, white opera cloak; Mrs J. W. Mackay, cream blouse relieved with pastel blue silk, black skirt; Mrs N. Payne (Thames), black silk; Mrs Edwin Edwards, lettuce-green silk blouse, with ruchings of narrow satin ribbon, black silk skirt; Miss Cote, cream silk blouse, fichu of cream lace threaded with black bebe ribbon, black satin skirt; Mrs. Brunskill, tomato-red velvet blouse, guipure lace fichu, black skirt; Miss N. McArthur, cream nun's veiling; Miss Hubbard, pink evening blouse, black skirt; Miss E. Hubbard, cream silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Shaw, black silk; Miss Sylvia Smith, tucked blue silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Coonan, white; Miss Hackett, cream silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs Evans, black silk; Miss Silcock, cream; Miss Gibbons, black surah silk blouse, trimmed with ribbon velvet, black lustre skirt; Miss Shroff, yellow silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Clayton, black and yellow; Miss McGeehan, blue blouse, black skirt; Miss McCallum, white muslin; Miss Lyea, white muslin; Mrs Nothan, terra-cotta Liberty silk blouse, black skirt.

On Wednesday evening the Rev. F. A. Bennett delivered a most interesting and instructive lecture in the Wharf-street Hall on the "Condition of the Maori People." Mr Cock being in the chair. The Rev. Cowie was also on the platform. The Rev. F. A. Bennett is a most eloquent speaker, with a thorough grasp of his subject. In the course of his speech he dealt strongly on the desirability of the education of Maori girls; a collection for which was taken up at the conclusion of the rev. gentleman's lecture. It is to be regretted a greater number of people did not avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing the speaker.

The Choral Society are busy practising the "Merric Men of Sherwood Forest," for their forthcoming concert on October 4th. We wish the Society every success in their initial performance.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, September 20. The Auckland and the Taranaki representative football teams played a match in the Recreation Grounds last Thursday afternoon, and it ended in the visitors winning by 5 to nil. The day was endowed with splendid weather, so there was a large attendance, including numbers from the country and surrounding districts.

In the evening the Star Football Club held their

ANNUAL SOCIAL

In the Theatre Royal, so the visitors were able to attend, and as the men were in the majority I am sure everybody enjoyed themselves, besides

having excellent music rendered by McKinnon Bain's orchestra, and a good supper. The arrangements were carried out by a committee of ladies, Mesdames Dockrill, E. M. Smith, Bennett, and Ryan, assisted by Misses H. Humphries, S. Capel, Hursthouse, and Maud Capel, and the greatest praise is due to them for their untiring efforts to make the dance a success. The duties of M.C. were carried out by Messrs. E. and A. Humphries, while the energetic secretary, Mr C. Lever, took great pains to look after the enjoyment of those present. During the evening the cup won by the Star III, was presented by Mrs Dockrill, on behalf of Mr Dockrill, the Mayor (president), to the captain of the team, Mr W. Way. The presentation was made in a very gracious and graceful manner. Miss Murphy also sang, and was much applauded, and Mr Thomson did a clever exhibition in step-dancing, which was much appreciated. Among those present I noticed: Miss Capel, pink silk, with long pink chiffon sleeves; Miss Capel, blue silk blouse, veiled in white chiffon, transparent sleeves, dark skirt; Miss Hursthouse, pale pink veiled in white muslin; Miss Bedford, white silk blouse, white muslin skirt; Miss D. Bedford, pale pink; Miss M. Brennan, pale blue blouse trimmed with lace, dark skirt; Miss Carrol, black satin; Miss A. Biggs, pale pink blouse, dark skirt; Miss M. Bennett; Miss R. Hart; Mrs Crocker, black; Miss Crocker, pale blue trimmed with white lace; Miss Humphries, black trimmed with white chiffon; Miss H. Humphries, white silk and black velvet trimmings; Miss C. Cook, pink silk blouse, black satin skirt; Mrs G. Neil, white silk; Miss Pearce looked well in yellow silk with black velvet shoulder straps; Miss Pearce, very pretty, pale pink figured silk finished with chiffon; Miss Edgcombe looked pretty in cream, with transparent sleeves; Miss Carter, white, with chiffon on corsage; Miss McGonagle, looked handsome in a pretty white muslin with transparent sleeves; Miss McGonagle, blue and white blouse, dark skirt; Miss I. McGonagle, white muslin over pink; Miss Murphy, green shot silk, shoulder straps of pascuenerie; Miss I. Hill, pale blue velvet trimmed with white swansdown; Miss Matson, black velvet with transparent sleeves and bodice trimmed with yellow; Miss F. Page looked extremely well in yellow silk blouse, trimmed with black velvet; yellow cashmere skirt; Miss N. Moverly, pink silk blouse, white skirt; Miss Cobourgh, yellow blouse, black brocade skirt; Miss B. Thomson, blue and white; Miss Knowles, white muslin trimmed with yellow; Mrs Roberts, red silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss E. Roberts, dark skirt, cream silk blouse; Miss E. Black, white muslin; Miss Tunbridge, cream and cerise; Miss A. Flynn, pink silk blouse, white skirt; Miss F. Snell, cream; Miss F. Snell, pale blue; Miss C. Loveridge looked well in white with chiffon streamers; Miss F. Coombe, dark skirt, white blouse; Miss L. Coombe, pink blouse, white skirt; Mrs Campbell, cream; Miss Abbott, peacock blue silk; Miss Abbott, red silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss C. Jury looked pretty in black velvet; Miss B. Jury was much admired in soft yellow China silk, interfolded with lovers' knots and finished with frills; Miss Curtaine, cream blouse, dark skirt; Miss Hutchens, cream, trimmed with black velvet; Miss Nicholls looked well in a red shot silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Mace, white with red roses on corsage; Miss L. O'Donnell, cream relieved with pale blue; Mrs W. Jury, black and white silk blouse, black skirt; Miss A. Trigger, cream cashmere, and black velvet trimmings; Miss M. Fulljames, yellow blouse with cream lace collar, black skirt; Miss Sarten, cream silk and black velvet blouse, dark skirt; Miss Whitmore, pretty sky-blue veiled in black net; Mrs Hendry, black relieved with white; Miss Marten looked well in pale blue and chiffon trimmings; Miss Whitton, cream blouse, pale green skirt; etc., etc. Among the gentlemen were: Messrs. Beckett, D. Miller, Brennan, Paul (2), Carrol, Vernon, Neil, Moon, Ceyler, Brack, Thomson, Horrocks, (2), Hutchison, Currie, O'Donoghue, Edgcombe, Delvinger, Moverly, Doughty, Atkin, Beale, Glen, Halse, Sarten, Tunbridge, (2), Way, J. Jury, Grummitt, Webster (2), Nelson, Glasford, McKenzie,

Lo Launey, Hawkins, E. Bayley, and all the Auckland footballers.

NANCY LEE.

NELSON.

Dear Bee, September 14.

A most SUCCESSFUL BALL

was given in the Provincial Hall on Friday evening by the married people of Nelson, which was greatly enjoyed by all present. Everything was excellently managed by the Committee, Mesdames Robinson, Macquarie, Mackay, Fell, Booth, A. Glasgow, Roberts, C. Watts, Lewis, Messrs Macquarie, Sharp, Kingdon and Roberts, and their admirable secretary (Mrs Kingdon). The hall was prettily decorated with ferns and other greenery, and the east end was furnished with lounges, chairs, etc., for the chaperones. The floor and music were alike good, and the supper was little short of perfection, the tables being laden with all the delicacies of the season.

A Bad Skin Boils, Pimples, Impure Blood.

Boils are simply very large pimples. The trouble is not in the skin, but down deep in the blood. You cannot have a good, smooth skin unless it is nourished by pure blood; and the only way to make your blood pure is to take a strong blood-purifying medicine. Mr. F. E. Lillian, of 370 Rye Street, North Fitzroy, Victoria, sends us this letter and his photograph:



"I had a most frightful attack of boils and pimples breaking out all over my body. I had heard so much about

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

I thought I would give it a trial. It took only four bottles to drive all the impurities out of my system and make my blood rich. I have enjoyed the best of health ever since I took it.

If your tongue is coated, if your food disagrees with you, if you are constipated or bilious, take Ayer's Pills.

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

A Beautiful Fabric.

THE 'Louis' VELVETEEN.

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

and artistically decorated with tases of jonquils, daffodils and other spring flowers. The guests were received by Mrs Macquarie, Mrs Booth and Judge Robinson. Amongst the many present were noticed:—Mrs Macquarie, handsome black silk gown, relieved with white lace; Mrs Booth, deep red satin; Mrs Fell, an exceedingly handsome gown of sage green brocade; Mrs Kingdon looked well in black satin; Mrs (Dr.) Roberts wore a becoming black satin toilette; Mr Childs looked very graceful in white silk, with shoulder straps of black velvet, and a spray of pink roses on the corsage; Mrs Wolfe, black satin, effectively trimmed with rich lace; Mrs Higginbotham wore her wedding gown of white satin; Mrs C. Watts, black satin, with steel trimmings; Mesdames Leggatt, Harris, Mackay, Preshaw, Tomlinson, Blackett, Bell, MacRae, Houliker, Lightfoot, Wright, Trent; Miss Trix Atkinson, handsome pink broche satin; Miss Armstrong, red satin, with transparent sleeves of black net; Miss A. Bell, rich white satin; Miss Dorothy Bell, white silk; Miss Bunny, white corded silk; Miss Browning, black satin gown, with jet trimmings; Miss Buchanan, pale lemon silk; Miss Blackett, pink evening dress, with lace trimmings; Miss Ellis, becoming white silk; Miss Fisher (Masterton), white satin; Miss M. Glasgow, blue silk, with lace flounced underskirt; Miss Hubbard, pretty gown of white muslin and lace, with yellow daffodils on corsage; Miss Hill, white silk skirt, accordion-pleated, chiffon bodice; Miss Hunter-Brown, handsome black satin gown, with transparent sleeves and finishings of white and cream chiffon; Miss Huddleston, black satin and jet; Miss Hayter, a pretty gown of bright cerise silk, which was particularly noticeable, as so few bright gowns were worn; Miss Heaps, white silk, with fold of violet velvet on the corsage; Miss Harris, pink brocade; her sister wore a very pretty toilette of white muslin and lace; Miss Hanron, white silk; Miss G. Jones, ivory satin, brightened with Parma violets on the left shoulder; Miss Kempthorne (de-

butante) wore a becoming white gown, with aigrette in her hair; Miss Kelling (Westport), white silk; Miss Levien was admired in white chiffon, relieved with scarlet flowers on the corsage; Miss Leggatt looked very pretty in pale green silk, with lace trimmings; Miss Ledger, white evening dress; Miss L. Ledger, black, relieved with lace; Miss Ethel Ledger, pretty gown of light green silk; Miss Leslie wore a handsome gown of lemon satin; Miss Locking, white muslin, with heliotrope ribbon bows; Miss Edwards, light blue silk; her sister wore soft white silk; Miss MacRae, black evening dress; Miss E. Mackay, pretty toilette of soft white muslin; Miss Madge Mackay, white silk and chiffon; Miss Preshaw, blue satin; her sister wore pink; Miss Richmond, bright green moire, with lace trimmings on the corsage; Miss E. Roberts looked pretty in white silk, with chiffon frills; Miss Sealy, black satin, the corsage relieved with white chiffon and point lace; Miss Stevens, black and white gown, brightened with red velvet; Miss Tomlinson, pretty blue broche silk gown, with lace trimmings; Misses Trent (2) wore gowns of soft white silk; Miss Wright, white evening dress; Miss G. Wright, pale blue velvet; Miss D. Wright, white satin and chiffon; Miss M. Tendall, black satin. Among the gentlemen were the Rev. J. H. Sykes (Masterton), Colonel Wood, Major Wolfe, Major C. T. Major, Judge Robinson, Dr. Roberts, Messrs Macquarie, Kingdon, Fell, Houlker (2), Mackay, Adams, Dixon, Duncan, Ford, Leggatt, Kempthorne (2), White (Hawke's Bay), Coney, Styche, Detourettes, Moore (2), Preshaw, Roberts (2), Rowley, James, Clifford (2), Ellis (2), Squires, Selanders, Huddleston, Faulkner, Edwards, Roxley, Morton, Oldham, Blundell, Tompson, Heron, Levien, Watts, etc., etc.

The sad news of the death of President McKinley was received here yesterday morning with many marked tokens of regret. Flags were hoisted half-mast in the city and at the Port, and the bell of Trinity Presbyterian

Church tolled. Requiem was made to the sad intemperance in the churches and the "Dead March" in "Saul" was played by the organists.

PHYLLIS.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee,

September 20.

A great many people went out from town on Friday and Saturday for the concluding matches of the golf tournament at Waiohiki, and they were rewarded by seeing some excellent play. The final for the Ladies' Championship was between Mrs. Donnelly and Miss Rutherford, and the match was a very close one; but Miss Rutherford (2 up) proved to be the winner. Great interest was also taken in the Men's Championship. In the round played on Saturday morning were Messrs. Harold, Kawhi, E. Tereha and Peraton, and the winners, Messrs. Harold and K. Tereha, met for the final in the afternoon. They were both in splendid form, and made many excellent strokes, which it was a pleasure for the numerous onlookers to watch. The championship was won by Mr. Harold (4 up and 2 to play). In the men's 18-hole handicap, which took place on Friday, Mr. Grant (handicap 18) was first with a net score of 89. Mr. Hole (handicap 18), and Mr. Logan (handicap) 22 each made a net score of 90. Mr. Dawson (handicap 24) and Mr. Harold (scratch) were each 91.

Mrs. Perry, Miss Davis and Miss Balfour had to play off for the first place in the Ladies' Bogey Match, and the victory fell to Miss Balfour.

In the Men's Consolation Bogey Match Mr. Nikera (scratch) was first (1 down), and Mr. H. Peacock (handicap 4) was second (3 down).

The winners of the Mixed Foursomes were Mr. Kawhi and Miss Rutherford (handicap 6 behind scratch), with a net score of 90. Mr. A. Kennedy and Miss Davis (handicap 6) were second with a net score of 92. Mr. T. Lewis and Miss Karauria (scratch) were third with 93.

The Ladies' Driving and Approaching was won by Mrs. Barnicout, Miss

Davis came second, and Miss Rutherford was third. In the Putting Competition Mrs. Hector Smith was first, Miss Begg second and Miss Rutherford third.

The Men's Driving and Approaching was won by Mr. Kawhi, Mr. F. Tomoana came second, and Mr. Harold third.

This year's tournament was unanimously considered to have been one of the best ever held here, and as the links were in splendid condition the golfers thoroughly enjoyed the play, and those people who merely came to look on also spent a very pleasant time. Buses and drags went backwards and forwards from Napier to Waiohiki, which is seven miles from town, both in the morning and afternoon, and the golf grounds every day of the tournament had an exceedingly gay and animated appearance. Amongst those present on Saturday were: Mrs. Gordon, in a black coat and skirt, and black hat with feathers; Mrs. Davidson, in green, with a brown jacket and black bonnet; Miss Donnelly, in a black coat and skirt, red and white silk blouse, and black hat; Mrs. Bowen, who wore a light blue dress, trimmed with black, and a blue hat; Miss Seed, in dark blue; Mrs. Logan, in black; Mrs. White, in a tweed coat and skirt and a white hat; Miss Allen, in fawn, with a black hat; Miss Hamlin, in dark blue; Miss Roadley, in fawn, and a black hat, trimmed with yellow roses; Mrs. A. Kennedy, who wore a light blouse, dark coat and skirt, and black hat; Mrs. Lowry North, in a pretty grey and white dress, with a hat to match; Miss N. Cotterill, in a dark coat and skirt and a black hat; Miss Ward, in grey and white; Miss Shaw, in a brown dress, relieved with white, and a large black hat; Mrs. Morris, who wore fawn and green, with a black hat; Miss Tanner, in a black coat and skirt, light blouse, and black hat; Mrs. Shaw, also in black; Mrs. Ronald, in grey; Miss Guy, in light blue; Mrs. Peraton (Woodville); Mrs. Lemaize, Miss Burke; Mrs. Hole (Wanganui); Mrs. Wenley, Miss Chapman, Miss Hunter, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Innes, Mrs. Bennett and Mrs. P. McLean.

2 SPECIAL LINES.

2000 FIRESCREENS from 6d each.

1000 TEA POTS from 4d each.

Don't Miss These Lines.

Exceptionally Good Value.

TONSON GARLICK Company, Ltd.

THE PEOPLE'S FURNISHING WAREHOUSE,

Queen Street, Auckland.

The Bulb Show, held in the Garrison Hall on Wednesday and Thursday by the Napier Horticultural and Florists' Association was well attended, and the display of spring flowers evoked great admiration. They were arranged to the best advantage, so that none of their beauty was lost, and the great variety of daffodils, hyacinths, cyclamen, anemones, narcissi, and ranunculi were shown in all their perfection. The cup kindly presented by Mrs. Donnelly for the exhibitor of the best collection of narcissi was won by Mr. F. Perry, who had some splendid blossoms. Mrs. T. W. Balfour and Mr. A. K. Cotterill were also very successful prize winners, and in the exhibition of pot plants Mr. Yates, Mr. P. Anderson, Mr. Theakstone and Mr. Forrest were the most successful competitors. Mrs. Yates won the first prize for button-holes, and Miss J. Niven for ladies' sprays. The table decorations were most effective, and for these Mrs. W. Anderson won the first prize, and Mrs. Perry was second. Miss J. Niven was awarded first prize for a bouquet, and Miss Bishop for a shower bouquet. In the exhibition of bridal bouquets Miss J. Niven also gained first prize, and for the bridal shower bouquets Miss Bessie was first. For a pretty arrangement of narcissi in three vases Miss Sutton came first, and for an artistically arranged basket of flowers Miss Bishop took the first prize. Amongst those who visited the show on the two days were: Mrs. Donnelly, Mrs. Perry, Miss Chapman, in a light green dress relieved with white, and a white hat trimmed with black; Mrs. Douglas McLean, in a dark violet cloth dress and a black hat; Miss Bennett, in black; Mrs. Wenley, in black and fawn; Mrs. Lowry, Mrs. Balfour, Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Anderson, in light green, with a black hat; Mrs. Bowen, in blue; Mrs. Ormond, in black; Miss Morecroft, Miss Seed, Miss Ormond, Mrs. Grogan, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Stedman, in grey; Mrs. Antil, in dark green; Mrs. P. McLean, in fawn; Mrs. Goldsmith, Miss Hoadley, Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. Ronald, Miss Burke, Miss Balfour, Mrs. Grogan, Mrs. Davidson, etc.

An enjoyable concert was given the other evening in St. Augustine's schoolroom in aid of the piano fund, and the various contributions of delightful music were much appreciated by the large audience. Amongst the performers were: Miss A. Large, Miss Tanner, Miss Goldsmith, Miss

Lound, Mrs. Krieger, Miss Baum, and Messrs. Lound, Kennedy, Parker, Jones and Goldsmith. As well as the vocal and instrumental music there were some clever recitations, and everything was done to make the evening a success. — MARJORIE.

BLenheim.

Dear Bee, September 16.

The Friendly Societies have decided to hold a garden party this month to raise funds for their annual picnic on November 9th, and a meeting was held in the library on Friday evening, which ladies were requested to attend to make arrangements. It has been suggested, but I am not sure that it is quite settled, that the picnic should be held at Seddon this year, the picknickers going by train, the line being now completed to the township.

We are pleased to hear that Mr. Clouston, who was taken seriously ill in Dunedin on his way to Australia, is much better. He has decided to abandon his Australian trip, and will go instead to Rotorua, Mrs. Clouston accompanying him.

The New Zealand flag is floating at half mast on the Government buildings in honour of the late President McKinley, whose tragic death has filled so many with horror.

A Floral Fete and Children's Exhibition is arranged to take place in the Drill Shed on October 9th, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the Church of the Nativity Sunday school.

A very old resident of Blenheim, Mrs. F. J. Litchfield, died last week at the age of 82. She and her husband and family came to New Zealand in 1853, and after a sojourn in Motueka of a few years came here in 1859, where she has lived ever since. Mr. Litchfield, however, went to England again, where he died a few years ago. Mrs. Litchfield leaves four sons—Messrs A. J. and W. Litchfield, who are living here, Mr. A. Litchfield, who is in Palmerston North, and Mr. F. Litchfield, who is farming near Auckland.

Last June the theory examinations of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music was held here, and for senior harmony Master Hillier Cheek had 123 marks out of the maximum 150. An-

other of Mr. Cheek's pupils who did well was Miss Minnie McArtney, who obtained 86 out of 99 marks for harmony and grammar of music (distinction pass). Two of Mr. Lucas' pupils—Miss F. Pritchard and Miss May Lucas—and two of Mr. Cheek's—Miss Ivy McArtney and Miss Olive Peake—passed in elements of music.

On Saturday afternoon Mrs. J. Reid opened her tennis court, and on that pleasantly sheltered ground, surrounded by lovely flowers and choice flowering shrubs, a very enjoyable time was spent. Seats were placed under some trees, where afternoon tea and delicious cakes and sweets were served. Games were played all the afternoon, one quartette succeeding another, the players finding that tennis requires considerably more muscle than ping-pong, which is just as popular here as elsewhere, and that the balls seem sluggish and heavy in comparison. Among those present were Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Furness, Mrs. Carey, Mrs. Hulme, Mrs. L. Griffiths, Mrs. B. Clouston, Mrs. Vicars, Miss Stock, Miss Furness, Miss Anderson, Miss Parmar, Messrs Reid, Orr, Carey, Laery, etc.

The competition between the ladies of the Golf Club for the trophies presented by Mr. Clifford took place last week, and the first prize—a gold brooch—fell to Miss Amy Williams. Mrs. McIntosh winning the second prize—a scent bottle. Mrs. Monro could not play, as she was nursing one of her children, who was suffering from measles.

Yesterday was an atrocious day, so windy and dusty it was, and this afternoon rain (much needed) has set in, which is welcome to all, especially the farmers, who have been complaining bitterly of the drought.

FRIDA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, September 18.

Sadly we said farewell to the Musgrove Opera Company on Saturday night after a fortnight of genuine pleasure. Of all the operas they have put before us the general opinion is "Tannhauser" comes first. It certainly was a great treat, the mounting, music, and the acting being all alike good. Madame Slapofski's "Elizabeth" will long remain a delightful

memory, and Barron Berthold in his pilgrim's garments (or what was left of them) quite forgot he was anybody but "Tannhauser."

The Pollard Opera Company is now playing at the Theatre Royal, and opened with "Florodora." I heard a unit of the un-musical section of the Christchurch community said "he went to 'Florodora' to get the taste of 'Lohengrin' out of his mouth." So you see we do not all love grand opera.

There seems to have been little else going on socially except opera. A great many people too are away out of town for a little change, some to recruit after influenza, and a few trying to escape it.

A very beautiful silver cup has been on view in the window of Messrs Jones and Sons this week which has been presented by Mrs. G. G. Stead for competition at the New Zealand Ladies' Golf Championship to be held in Auckland next month, and it is to bear the names of the champions since the competition was started, which include Mrs. Lomax-Smith, Mrs. E. Wilder, Mrs. E. Melland, Miss L. Wilford, and Miss K. Rattray; the latter lady had won the championship three years in succession. Many trophies become the property of the winner after a record of 3 years in succession, but I have not heard the rules regarding the holding of this cup. It is very handsomely embossed, and stands about 12 inches high on a polished ebony stand.

Miss Izard gave her girl friends a very enjoyable outing one afternoon last week in the shape of a bicycle paper chase, and after the run a delicious afternoon tea at her mother's residence, Gloucester-street East. There was first and second prize, Miss Wynn-Williams earning the former, a handy sandwich basket, and Miss Denniston the second, a bicycle oil can. Among the riders were:—Misses Reeves, Coffe, Wall, Westera, Kitson, Prins, Slater, Poulton, Raine, Denham, Hill, and Burnett.

We are looking forward with great pleasure to the Bulb Show next week. King Daffodil reigns supreme just now, and all the narcissi family, while the air is heavy with the scent

Paris Exhibition, 1900 British Awards.

The ONLY Grand Prix for Toilet Soap

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

Pears

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

AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

Sunday Evening Suppers.

(By Josephine Grenier.)

There is a certain air of informality about the Sunday-night's supper, and a certain picnic flavour to dishes which go far to make this the most delightful meal of the week. Scraps of the midday dinner, such as cold lamb, or veal, may be put into a sauce which is quite as good, made with a cup of stock or beef extract, thickened, and seasoned with Tobacco or Worcestershire sauce, lemon juice, and chopped parsley. As the meat heats in this, a cup of chopped mushrooms, or one of oysters, may be added with good results.

Eggs may be prepared in many ways for supper. Simply scrambled with fresh or canned tomatoes and parsley they are very good; or they may be made into an omelette with

asparagus tips folded in, or, best of all, a cream sauce may be made and stirred thick with chopped olives and mushrooms, and this may be put in and around the omelette. Hard-boiled eggs may be cut in quarters and cooked in the cream sauce, and a teaspoonful of curry powder stirred in when they are well heated.

In warm weather a cold supper is often preferred to one that is hot, no matter how good the latter may be, and for this there may be something in the way of a meat-dish prepared the day before, such as a veal loaf. This is made by chopping three pounds of veal with a-quarter of a pound of salt pork, mixed with a cup of bread crumbs, two beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, another of onion juice, and half a teaspoonful of pepper. This is to be moulded into a loaf and baked two hours, with frequent basting of melted butter and hot water. There is an English dish

which Silas Wegg affected, known to him as a "veal and hammer," which under its more dignified name of a veal and ham pie is not to be overlooked in the search for appetising dishes for supper. It is made by stewing equal parts of veal and ham with plenty of bones from the veal, until the meat is tender. Then it is cut in strips, laid in a deep baking-dish in alternate layers, seasoned, and covered with the strained stock. A delicate crust is put on top and quickly baked, and the pie set away to cool, when it will be found that the stock has jellied, and the meat is embedded in an aspic. It is to be cut just as a pie is cut, and will be found the pleasantest sort of a change from the usual thing.

Jellied chicken is easily prepared, and makes an attractive dish, especially if there are stoned olives served with it, or quartered eggs around the mould, or chopped aspic jelly. Cold

lamb, sliced thin, is improved by a border of broiled tomatoes, and cold roast beef is rendered more appetising for them also.

If there is neither a hot dish nor one of cold meat for the main supper course, then there may be a rather heavy salad, either chicken or lobster, or a potato salad made by mixing equal parts of potato, English walnuts, and stoned olives with mayonnaise, and putting it on lettuce. But if there is another dish besides, then a light salad, such as a plain French dressed lettuce, or tomato, or a mixture of tomato and cucumber, is best.

Jingling Women.

The "Jingling Woman" of to-day is becoming a perfect nuisance to those of her fellow creatures afflicted with sensitive nerves and hearing. The dauling chatelaines, with their mul-



Walking Frocks.

titudinous little sham- useful articles hung at the end of metal chains, is responsible for a most disturbing jangling when the wearer moves. Now to these are added long loose chains of beads, which are the craze of the moment, and a variety of charms, anything but charming to those irritated by their tinkling, suggestive of, but less melodious than, the cow bells of Switzerland or the horse bells of some of our own vehicles. In the silence rooms of the ladies' clubs the entrance of the jangling woman when other women were writing and resting recently led to sharp remonstrance on the part of the unbeaded and non-tinkling occupants of the room.

The Philosophy of the Enlightened.

When we get what we want we are always disappointed to find that it is not what we wanted. What sounds so sweet as the human voice--to the one who is doing the talking? The knowledge that virtue is its own reward is what deters many from well-doing. The trouble with most reformers is that they waste their time and energy trying to reform somebody else. When a man or a woman asks for a candid opinion it may safely be taken for granted that "candid" is meant.

Free-Wheeling.

What is the best position for the feet when free-wheeling is a point not yet definitely decided. It is not likely to be, because this is a matter on which every rider must be his own judge. The best-looking pose, especially for ladies, is what is known as the "quarter-to-three" position, so that the pedals are horizontal. But this attitude is rather tiring, and, in coasting over jolty ground, is inclined to make you lose the pedals. The "six o'clock" position is one that, I think, the majority of men prefer, because they obtain a rest by putting some of their weight on the bottom pedal. But a long coast in this position tires the bent leg, and it is necessary to change the attitude. Besides, the "six o'clock" pose is not pretty. Probably the most servicable attitude is the "five-past-seven." It is an easy attitude, looks well, and, if you have a back-peddalling brake, you are ready to gently but quickly apply it.

All Labelled.

The Woman Writers' Club have introduced a new idea at their dinners. It is the fashion for everyone present to pin her name-card, daintily hung on a slender ribbon attached to a safety-pin, to her bodice, so that anyone in the room can see her name. This is sufficient introduction for two women to make themselves known to each other.

The New Royal Household.

It is understood that the office of maid of honor in England will in future be much more of a sinecure than it was in the last reign. Indeed, it will be so with almost all the offices connected with the household of Queen Alexandra, while, on the other hand, those about King Edward will have infinitely more to do. The household cavalry will be called upon to serve as escort much more frequently than during the late Queen's reign, and a major's escort must now always be in readiness to serve at a moment's notice.

No Time For Trifling.

An old couple, who had passed their lives in the quiet of a Derbyshire village, resolved to make a journey to London. The resolution was communicated to their neighbours, who gave them long instructions as to the best methods of taking care of themselves and avoiding city shavers. The villagers gathered at the station to see the departure, and all went well until the train reached Bedford. There the old man, in an evil moment, allowed himself to leave the compartment, with the result that the train went off without him. Fortunately an express was due in a few minutes, and the station-master, taking pity on the old countryman's distress, permitted him to board it, so that he was enabled to reach London fully twenty minutes before the arrival of his wife.

He was waiting eagerly at the station when the train came in, and seeing his wife, he rushed joyously up, crying out: "Hi, Betty, I'm glad to see you again! I thought we wor parted forever!" The old woman looked at him suspiciously, and remembering all the advice that had been showered upon her, said indignantly: "Away wi' ye, man! Don't be comin' yer Lunnon tricks wi' me. I left my owd man at t'other station. Be off at once, or I'll call a bobby and has yer locked up!"

English Dishes Popular in France.

Report has it that English dishes are becoming every day more popular in France and that a "French general of high position" adores cold plum pudding. This is a good beginning for a convert to English cookery--the most representative dish he could have chosen, with the exception of roast beef, and, without doubt, the most indigestible. Buttered toast is again mentioned as a favorite dish at afternoon tea, which meal has become quite the thing in Paris. It is, perhaps, not quite flattering to English feelings to feel that these two particular unwholesome dishes are those singled out by the French as worthy of their notice.

Funerals which Cost Many Thousands of Pounds.

The sum of £35,000 required to defray the expenses of Queen Victoria's obsequies, though considerable, is not the largest

amount spent on a public funeral. That of Lord Nelson cost five thousand pounds more; while the burial of the great statesman Pitt, six months later, cost the nation a similar sum.

King Edward witnessed the most gorgeous funeral of the nineteenth century in London. It was that of the great Duke of Wellington, on which about £70,000 is said to have been spent.

The Duke of Marlborough's funeral in the previous century cost barely £5,000; while the more recent interment of Mr. Gladstone involved an expenditure of only half that sum.

The last rites of the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia cost five thousand pounds more than that of our late Queen; and the great Emperor William of Germany was buried at a cost of only £25,000.

Six thousand pounds was spent on flowers alone at the funeral of the murdered President Carnot.

All About Gels.

Mothers in mothers. I'm talking about gels. What I say is as a man, be he ever so daft, never note the goat entirely until he finds a gel to lead him. A man in liquor's a ninny and a nuisance, but there's nothin' so despicable as a man in love. Now, me Uncle Tom was gettin' to years o' discretion afore 'e disgraced hisself, but once he started the looney business he loonied it in such a way as every calf on his father's farm was made to blush for 'im. As for the family, they was fit to run the country with upright and downstraight shame. And all the cold sense they gave him was wasted; he was so full o' foolishness that he'd nowhere to put it, and argufyin' with him was like tryin' to blow out a fire with a pair of bellows.

There was a slip of a gel Uncle Tom went to school with. They were comrades in a kid's way, and used to rob orchards, make mud-pies, play tip-cat, and fight with each other, until Tom went to boardin' school and got too much sense to play with gels.

Then the gel grewed, as gels do grow, in their gilly fashion, till she was all legs an' wings, an' elbers an' knees, with a big plait o' black hair down her back like a horse's tail o' May mornin'. You know the kind o' green wench I mean; one as wore her hat crooked, tried to throw stones like a boy, and giggled every time a dog barked or a whiff o' blue shadder fell across the sunny road. Mother said she seemed a harmless, heedless hussy, an' nobody guessed what was in her. But where is there a simpler, sillier-

An Athletic Duchess.

The new Duchess of Manchester is well known in Edinburgh and St. Andrews as an enthusiastic golfer, and is exceedingly fond of all outdoor recreations. She can cycle well, play tennis, take a hand at hockey, and even cricket. Her manners are those of a free and charming American girl, and she dresses in the best of taste.

There is a grim story associated with Tanderagee Castle, where the young Duke of Manchester and his American bride spent their honeymoon. The castle was inherited from a family named Sparrow, one of whose daughters brought the castle to her husband. Another daughter died in the great cholera plague at the beginning of the century, and was buried in the family vault at Tanderagee Churchyard. When the vault was opened years afterwards, the skeleton of an unfortunate girl was found far from the coffin, kneeling by the door of the vault.

'MENE' Every Lady when she gives these excellent Towels a trial. They are antiseptic, absorbent, and will last twice as long as any other in double the price.

SANITARY TOWEL

To be obtained from all Drapers and Chemists.

Wholesale of **CHARLTON & Co. Ltd. TOWEL** for **LADIES.**
Auckland and Wellington.

Dales' GOLD MEDAL Dubbin

make **BOOTS** and **HARNESSES** water-proof as a duck's back, and soft as velvet. It is three times as long as the wear of leather. Pleasant odor. Always polish with blanking. **EXHIBITION AWARDS** for superiority. Black or Brown color. Sold in Boot shops, Saddlery, Ironmongers, etc. Manufacturing--Dulwich, London (Eng.)

HIGHEST AWARD--GOLD MEDAL--PARIS EXHIBITION, 1900.

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KOKO



From **H.R.H. PRINCESS Hohenlohe**
(The German Ambassador's Daughter.)
KOKO for the Hair is the BEST Dressing I know. It keeps the hair cool, promotes growth, and is in EVERY way excellent.
PRINCESS HOHENLOHE

Recommended and Used by **H.M. The Queen of Greece**, **Princess Victoria of Schaumburg Lippe**, **Princesses Elisabetha, Princess Maria of Greece**, **Princesses Henry Reuss, Mary, Admiral Tinkler, &c.**

KOKO FOR THE HAIR
Is a tonic, cleansing, invigorating preparation, causes the hair to grow, keeps it soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, eradicates dandruff, prevents hair from falling, is the most cleanly of all hair preparations, and is perfectly harmless.

OLD PEOPLE LIKE IT
For its wonderful power to invigorate decayed hair, and induce an entire new growth when that is possible.

MIDDLE-AGED PEOPLE LIKE IT,
1) because it keeps dandruff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong.

YOUNG LADIES LIKE IT
as a dressing, because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, and enables them to dress it in whatever form they wish, where it will remain.

CHILDREN LIKE IT,
because it keeps the hair cool and clean, always brilliant, and keeps the hair in whatever position desired.

THEY ALL LIKE IT
because it is pure, as crystals, perfectly colorless, contains no poisonous substances, eye, nose or throat, sulphur, nitrate of silver, or arsenic. Does not soil or colour the neck, face, or the most delicate fabric in washing, produces a wonderful pleasant and cooling effect on the head, and no other dressing is needed to give the hair the most elegant appearance possible. Try it once, and you will use no other.

Sole Agents and Sole Mfrs. of all Chemists, Hairdressers, etc., etc.
Australian Depot: Holt-McIntosh & Co. Ltd., 14, Castlereagh St., Sydney, N.S.W.
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looking thing than an egg, and yet a crocodile may come out of it as likely as a hen, if 'tis laid that way.

Uncle Tom could see no farther than the rest o' them, and when he came home from school would pass the suckin' witch with a cool nod, not thinkin' it fit for his dignity to take more notice of her.

Then the gel went to boardin' school, stayed there three or four years, an' come back a woman. She were a real woman, too. All made up o' loveliness and sin. Even the gels owned she was 'andsome and clever. Mother wasn't soft on her, you may guess; but mother said she were as pretty as a bunch of flowers, as proud as a swan, and as selfish as a robin, as will take yer crumbs without a "Thank you," steal the hair off yer head to line her nest with, and sing "hey-derry-down" on your tombstone, with never a thought outside her own affairs.

A few days after she got back home Uncle Tom overtook her, coming out of church, and he, not knowin' her, oped the gate for her in his perlitte way. When she got through the gate she turned round and said, "Thank you, Master Tom," and Tom says "Carrie?" and they stood and looked at each other across the gate. She looked at him, smilin', with her big black eyes wide open, and one black curl flutterin' against a carnation-pink cheek, and he looked at her with the look of a startled deer, his lips parted, and all the blood in his body creepin' back in shivers to his 'art. His looks tickled her vanity and warmed her wickedness; but hers drew his soul right out at his open lips, as easy as drawing a silk handkerchief through a weddin' ring.—From "Tales for the Marines," by Robert Blatchford.

Courting and Flirting.

NOT ALL BILLING AND COOING.

Courting and flirting differ from each other as a good thing differs from a bad one. Courting is good and beautiful, flirting is sippant and vulgar. Flirtation has been described by Punch as "a spoon with nothing in it"; courtship, though it may be a spoon too, is a spoon with something in it—that is to say, the intention to marry. Flirting means attention without intention.

We need not be so long in love making as used to be the fashion, but a certain amount of time spent in wooing is owed to any girl who is deemed worthy of being asked in marriage. When a man proposed too prematurely, as she thought, to a certain Scotch girl, she answered, "Deed, Jamie, I'll have you, but you must give me my dues of courting for all that." She was right. The girl who makes herself cheap and throws herself at her lover ceases to charm. The celebrated physician, Abernethy, wrote to the lady of his choice, Miss Anna Threlfall, that he would like to marry her, but as he was too busy to make love, she must entertain his proposal without further preliminaries.

There would be no excuse for a man less usefully employed than Abernethy to rush things in this way, and even he might have discovered that love making or anything else that softens hearts and sweetens manners is a waste of time. There is a tendency now to put everything "through" by telegraph or telephone, but there should be one exception. If big business and diplomatic transactions, and the affairs of the head generally are now settled in no time, it should be different with the affairs of the heart. We cannot afford to

cut short courting days, for in them men and women are at their best. We see this amongst birds and beasts; the resplendent plumage and glossy fur which they obtain in the courting days of spring are not more natural than are the generous feelings and enthusiastic ambitions of young men and young women when they gently turn to thoughts of love.

LOVERS' 'CASTLES IN THE AIR.'

At an examination for a civil service appointment a candidate was observed to take something from his pocket; whenever a stiff piece of work was reached, out it came. The examiner thought that he had caught the young man copying, and demanded to see what was in his hand. The man blushed but handed it to him. It was the photograph of the girl whom he hoped to marry if the appointment were obtained. He had been gaining inspiration from her dear face. This is an illustration of the power which love has to urge us to be and to do our best. When taking delightful walks on sweet summer evenings, pure and faithful lovers build castles in the air. Some of these may reach to heaven, for they may be the beginning of mutual improvement and mutual work that will fit the happy pair, after a useful life here, for a better one beyond. When a young man falls in love his heart is put to school; and our hearts want schooling even more than do our heads. "You love? That's high as you shant go: For 'tis as true as gospel text. Not noble then is never so, Either in this world or the next."

COURTING AFTER MARRIAGE.

Some English tourists who had arrived at an inn at Achill Island, off the coasts of Mayo, asked the landlord what he could give them for dinner. "I can give you three kinds of mate," he replied. "I can give you

pork, I can give you ham, and I can give you bacon." After partaking of this varied assortment the tourists rang the bell, and asked the landlady, who answered it, if they could have any kind of sweets. She took bounsel with her husband. "Those English chaps want sweets, do they?" he said. "Then go down to the shop and buy twopenny worth of sugar stick and send it in to them." I am reminded of this when I see people making love. What can they have to talk so much about? They live on the same "mate" in different forms, or perhaps there is no "mate" at all in the diet of love, but only sweets—endless sugar sticks. It would be well if the spoony pair would keep a few of these to supply food for conversation after marriage. How stern and taciturn do many couples become in private life when they have been a year or two married! That silence is not gold, but shows that the golden days of courtship are passed. A human heart, that most valuable thing in the world, has been won by courting; will it not be lost if all playfulness and sweets of love disappear in a few years? The fact is, love, even more than friendship, needs to be kept in repair. In courting days before marriage there is demonstrative affection (too much of it, in the opinion of unsympathetic lookers-on) and self-sacrifice, and where these are continued after it the result is conjugal felicity. A man should not only love his wife dearly, but he should tell her that he loves her, and tell her often.

Clarke's B 4 Pills are warranted to cure Gravel, Pains in the back, and all kindred complaints. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. In boxes is 6d each, of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

Gold Medal Biscuits, —
Best Value in the Market.

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Best all comers for Quality.

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largest variety, best quality.

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Only Makers Cupid Whispers in the Colony.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

(BY MARGUERITE.)

At this season of the year, although the weather still occasionally reminds us that the season is yet young, the first whisperings of spring are in the air, and with the love of change, which is our feminine prerogative, we are all anxious to don the somewhat lighter and more frivolous garments suited to the season. The time has not yet come when we can quite dispense with warm wraps, but the sunny days are every week increasing in number, and provide occasions for the display of our new spring finery.

Never were spring fashions more redolent of simplicity and originality (says "Madame"), and though many have hailed from Paris, such is not

the case with all. All that is best in dress is certainly of a soft, clinging description, chiffon and lace being perhaps more to the fore than ever. The iron-frou of the fashionable woman can be heard from afar, though there is no suggestion of rustling silk. Cloths are of the finest texture, while such stuffs as crepe de chine, silk poplinette, gauzes, grenadines, and voiles, not forgetting satin Oriental and a soft make of taffeta, are all pressed into service.

The woman who can resist the fascinations of the show windows that just now dazzle the eyes with their display of spring fabrics is a rare person.

This is to be pre-eminently a lace

season. Lace collars in some shape or other, from the tiny turn-over above the neck-band to the large collar which is almost a cape, are to be worn. Next in popularity comes the lace bolero, which is a favourite finish for dressy gowns. Bought ready-made, this last is expensive, but any woman who is clever at lace work may easily manufacture one from lace by the piece, finishing the edges with lace braid and lace stitches. The newest silk blouses for afternoon and dinner are of silk strapped perpendicularly with lace insertion, put on as a yoke, to simulate a bolero, or with the straps of lace extending to the belt. The sleeves are strapped in like manner, and may be gathered into a band at

the wrist, overlaid with lace, or cut in pagoda shape, elbow length, and finished with puffed undersleeves of lace net. Such blouses are, for the most part, made in white lace on black silk, or vice versa, to suit the demand for fashionable half-mourning; they look equally well in colours, and the fashion affords an excellent method of renovating an old silk blouse.

On millinery all sorts of flowers are used, roses perhaps being the favourites, from the tiny Banksia specimens to the beautiful La France, while some exclusive models boast large sprays of hydrangea in various colourings. As a rule, this latter flower disappears with the early summer, but it has found great popularity this summer, and promises to remain with us for some little time to come.



An Elegant Spring Toilette.



Smartly-built Tailor-made Gown of Light Brown Tweed, strapped across the front and round the coat, finished with dark red velvet collar.



A BECOMING BLACK HAT.



A PARISIAN CHAPEAU.



This Blouse is of Peon Silk, with inner sleeves and vest of white Japanese silk, embroidered in silver and pale blue.



This Blouse is of pale green silk trimmed with straps, and Hungarian embroidery in green, black and gold silks.



This Visiting Gown is of soft green zibeline, with ruches of self-coloured satin ribbon, inner sleeves and vest of spotted muslin, and revers of gulfure lace outlined gold cord, with gilt buttons to bolero.



This is a rich Indoor Toilette of black Orion satin, with corded skirt and bodice, richly trimmed with black silk gulfure.



This is a smart tailor-built gown in beige serge, with black satin straps, finished with tiny steel buttons.



CHILDREN'S PAGE.

"Graphic." Hoping you will publish the results of the "Letter Competition" soon.—I remain, your affectionate Cousin, Aileen. P.S.—May more than one attempt be sent in for the "Angle Competition"?—A.

[Dear Cousin Aileen.—I hope to give you the result of the Angle Competition very soon. Your design is most excellent. I believe your letter is one of the cleverest I have ever had, but do you know I felt dreadfully sorry for that poor distracted woman, though no doubt it was comical enough. Ping pong is the rage here also. Your letter arrived rather late this week, so I cannot give it as long an answer as I should like.—Cousin Kate.]



COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I should like to compete for the "Angle Competition," and am sending you one attempt; but as I did not see the first announcement of it, I do not know if I am complying with the rules or not. It has been blowing a terrible gale here all day; hats blowing about in all directions. I always think it is a pity not to have a camera on a windy day, for one sees such funny sights. I saw one very fat old woman struggling along to-day. She was wheeling a perambulator with a little girl of about two in it; a little boy was hanging on to her skirt. He was crying dismally, evidently the wind and the dust combined was too much for him. I felt very sorry for her, though I could not help laughing. She looked like an old woman in from the country. She had a small bonnet on the back of her head; she had a dark veil on, but it was torn in several places, and her nose appeared through one of the holes. She was evidently terribly hot, for the dye from her veil had formed streaks of black down her face. The little boy was dressed in khaki; but he looked a very forlorn little warrior indeed, with his cap completely hiding one eye. Just as the old woman was crossing the road there was a particularly strong gust of wind, the perambulator was blown over. Naturally the little girl resented being suddenly shot on to the dusty road, and commenced to howl lustily; the poor woman looked as if she too was going to cry. A small coverlet that had been in the perambulator tumbled out and blew along the town; the pillow, too, rolled along a few yards. Several people ran forward to help the old woman; someone near her laughed, then the funny side of the situation seemed to strike her, for she commenced to laugh, and became so weak with laughing so much that she almost sat down in the middle of the road. I did not wait to see her recover herself, but I suppose she reached her home safely. "Ping Pong" seems all the rage now. I have never seen a game become so popular in so short a time. We have got it, but as we have broken all our balls, and we have not been able to buy any more, we have not played lately. It is rather and when you think the ball has gone under the sofa, or behind the piano, when you suddenly find you have trodden on it, and completely flattened it out. The balls seem to have a great tendency to go into the fire, and of course the heat melts them at once. I am sending you my photograph to be printed in the

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am home again now. We came down on Friday. It was the quick train, and we got here at five o'clock Friday evening. Have you been in the trains since they have got the new carriages? They are very nice and comfortable. The answer to that riddle, "Why is a cowardly soldier like butter?" is (answer), "Because he runs when exposed to fire." I think it very good. Do you? The weather is not half so nice down here as it was up at Okoroire. Our dancing-class has broken up, and Mrs Williamson, our dancing teacher, is going to give a dance on Tuesday evening. I am not quite sure if I am going or not, but I think it will be very nice. Gladys is having a party on Thursday. It was her birthday on the 6th of this month, so as she had it at Okoroire she is going to have her party down here. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I must conclude.—With love, I remain, Cousin Roie.

[Dear Cousin Roie,—How did you enjoy the dance? I am sure it must have been very nice. Yes, I travelled down from Rotorua in the new carriages. I like them very much, but they do not seem to me so strong as the New Zealand built ones. The party will also be over before this appears in print. You are really having it at the very time I am writing this, so I know you have a fine day, which is always nice for a party.—Yours sincerely, Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have a few minutes to spare, so I thought I would write to you. Have you been to see the Dartos, dear Cousin Kate? I went last Saturday night. Have you ever read "The Rightful Daughter," dear Cousin Kate? It is such a pretty book. I have just finished practising, and as it is raining I thought I would write to you. Our dancing teacher is giving a little dance on Tuesday evening, but we are not going. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I am afraid I must close this short note, as I have no more news.—With love from Cousin Gwendoline.

P.S.—I wish, dear Cousin Kate, you would put one of your photographs in the "Graphic." I am sure all the cousins would like you to.

[Dear Cousin Gwendoline, I hope you as well as Cousin Roie enjoyed the dance. I have never read the Rightful Daughter. Nowadays I get very little spare time for reading. I saw the Dartos and thought them very wonderful, but they appear for a very short time, do they not?—Cousin Kate.]

The Great Surprise.

(By Cousin Lois Thane, aged 9.)

Once upon a time there lived in an old-fashioned house in London a rich merchant. He had a little girl and boy. One day Harold and Marjorie were sitting alone in the nursery, when their father came in and said to Marjorie, "Run and tell nurse to put on your hats," for he had a great surprise for them. Well, off rushed Marjorie and burst into the room where nurse was lying down. Marjorie was a delicate child, and nurse was quite frightened to see the little flushed face usually so pale. "What is it, Marjorie?" cried nurse in a fright. "Oh, nothing," said Marjorie, "only put on my hat. Father said he had a surprise for us." "Oh," said nurse, rather relieved at the change. As soon as she was dressed, in a scarlet dress and white pinafore, Marjorie ran into the nursery. She found Harold already gone, so she went down to the dining-room and found Harold and Mr. and Mrs. Duncan in a state of great excitement, for Harold was asking questions all the time. When Marjorie came in Harold set on to her. "Madge, what do you think it is?" "Oh, I guess it's fowls." "No; is it not fowls?" "Then I cannot guess." Then Mrs. Duncan told them to come out in the garden. They all went out in the garden, and there in the drive stood a pretty little grey pony and a beautiful grey donkey, and on the pony was a lady's saddle, and on the donkey was a gentleman's saddle. The children cried for joy, and ran to thank their parents, and stood and looked with delight on them. Suddenly Harold said: "Mother, let us have a picnic in the woods." "Yes, dears," replied the mother, and I and your father will come afterwards." Soon after this the children were riding through the woods on their new companions. You must know that the pony's name was Clara, and the donkey's was Ted. Harold, who was in front of Marjorie, suddenly looked round, and to his surprise he found that he was in the midst of unknown scenery, and Marjorie was not to be seen. Suddenly he heard a coo-ee from about a mile behind, and he coo-ee'd back, but there was no answer. He turned Ted's head, and galloped back. There, under the tree, he saw poor Marjorie crying as if her heart would break. When she heard his voice she started up and said, "Oh, Harold, I thought I was lost." Then Harold told her to get on her pony, and they rode home, and the next thing they saw was father with a very white face, and mother lying unconscious on her bed. Harold was not allowed to ride alone again, or Marjorie, unless someone was with them. A few days after this their mother said they were going to the seaside for a trip, but it seemed such a long while till the holidays; but at last they came, and all was excitement. They packed the clothes that they wanted to take with them, and when it was 3 o'clock they started in the carriage for the station. They all got out and waited for the train, and when the train came the children clapped their hands, and at last they got in, and the carriage was hot and stuffy, but it was not very far, so they were soon there, and Marjorie had to go and lie down, for she had a headache. She had all the blinds pulled down, and Harold went and played on the beach till it was tea time, and after tea he went to bed, because he was tired after his journey. Marjorie woke up early,

and, getting dressed as fast as she could, she ran in to wake her brother, and found him still in bed. "Harold!" she called as loud as she could. But there was a grunt from the bed, and then she shook him till he woke up, and then she said to him: "Come on, Harold, and have some fun on the beach." "All right," said Harold. So Marjorie ran in to the dining-room, and waited for him, and at last he came, and they ran out together. The beach was a delightful place, and they all liked it better than Mulberry House, and they ran about together looking for shells and trying who could get the prettiest, and at last they were called in to breakfast. It was a lovely morning, and the birds were singing on the roofs. They had a very nice breakfast, and when they had finished they ran out again just as Marjorie was shutting the gate. Her eyes fell upon something glittering on the beach. "Oh, Harold!" she cried, "Look what I have found." Harold came running towards her and said, "What have you found?" "A gold brooch." "How lovely, Madge." Marjorie ran to her mother, and said, "Oh, mother, look what I have got." "Oh!" said their mother. "I know whose it is—your aunt's."

How the Rooster Became King.

(By Augustus Henry, aged 13 years.)

One day the Hon. Mr Rooster took it into his head to travel. Why he did so is neither my business nor yours, so we will let that question take care of itself. At the next meeting of the Poultryville Committee, of which Mr Rooster was president, he made known his resolution, and his announcement was greeted with cheers from all over the house. The chairman, the venerable Judge Turkey, moved that the president, who had resigned his office, should be made ambassador to represent Poultryville in the various cities he would come across in his travels. The former president was elected to his office by unanimous vote, and the next morning started off after an affectionate and pathetic farewell from his family. Under a hole in the fence, down the wonderful, strange road, walked Ambassador Rooster in dignified silence, when suddenly a most wonderful thing happened. Our astute friend went awkwardly scuttling down the road, as a most hideous noise arose nearby.

Remembering his important position in his community, Mr Rooster stopped and looked back to see what had caused his very undignified race. What should he see but a whole colony of donkeys guffawing loudly at his ruffled appearance, and he suddenly realised that he had appeared very foolish over a donkey's bray. "This will never do," he argued, angrily, "running away from the first foreign domain I have entered."

Thus was he musing when—plump went a disgusted fowl into a swift stream. Our friend Rooster had plunged over the steep bank and was being carried onward by the little stream. Imagine his terror at finding himself in this roaring ocean, as it seemed to his terrified eyes. Calling loudly for help, he battled the water desperately, looking everywhere for an avenue of escape. Suddenly all grew dark, and when he became conscious he found he was at home and he was told that he had fainted just as he was carried past his native city, when the doughty little Tommy Duck had plunged in and gallantly rescued him.

On being asked to relate his adventure he did so, ending by declaring that he had gone around the world, as his proof was that he had started and ended his journey at Poultryville. And on account of this wonderful feat he was created king, and as a signet of his office was presented a crown of the royal colour, crimson, and to this day he may be seen with his gorgeous crown, more popularly known as his comb, the monarch of the farmyard.

But let me tell you an astounding secret, which you must not divulge, at the risk of your life. Instead of going round the world, as all Poultryville had supposed, he had just made the circuit of the Farm, the country in which Poultryville is situated.



By JAMES COURTNEY CHALLISS.

Down the garden path one day,
Through the soft and balmy air,
Silently I stole away
Into Flower Town so fair.
And, if you will closer draw,
I will tell you what I saw—
What I saw when I went down
Into fragrant Flower Town.

Tall Miss Hollyhock, you see,
Dressed in satin, rich and rare,
Gave her friends a little "tea"—
Sort of afternoon affair.
Miss Tea Rose assisted her
(Just inside the leafy door),
And created quite a stir
With the gorgeous gown she wore.

Sweet Miss Mignonette was there,
Sitting near the Primrose girls;

And Miss Honeysuckle fair,
With her tresses all in curls;
Miss Sunflower, tall and slim;
Fluffy Miss Chrysanthemum,
China Asters, stiff and prim;
Modest Rose Geranium.

Miss Forget-Me-Not, in blue;
Both the Tulip twins in red,
And the Daisy sisters, too—
Yellow bows around their heads;
Miss Larkspur, in purple pomp;
Johnny-Jump-Ups, full of fun;
And you should have seen them romp,
Playing pranks on every one.

These and many others came—
All too numerous to name.
When the "tea" was nearly through,
Dear Miss Pansy, dressed in blue,
"Only a Fanny Blossom" sang!
Miss Bluebell with laughter rang;
All the Poppies popped and pranced,
While the Johnny-Jump-Ups danced!



TAKING TEA IN FLOWER TOWN.

New Games for Graphic Cousins.

AN OUTDOOR GAME.

Any number of persons can play at this game, which is best played in a large open space.

There are two bays, one the "king's palace" and the other the "robbers' den." The king shall be chosen, and shall go and reside in his "palace," while the robbers, who consist of all other persons playing in the game, shall go to their den.

The robbers shall then choose the name of an animal, place, or thing, and a messenger should be sent across to the king's palace to say what they have decided upon, simply telling the king the first letter of the word. Then the whole band will go to the palace and visit the king, who tries to guess their word. If he guesses it the robbers must immediately run off to their den before the king catches them. If they do not succeed in getting home safely, he that is caught is taken back to the palace, and has to become king and try to catch the others, and so on throughout the game.

"OPEN-EYED BILLY."

Open-Eyed Billy is a kind of "Blind Man's Buff." Any number can play, and all the players save "Open-Eyed Billy" are blind folded. These blind folded players have to catch "Billy," and he has to evade them. He runs from one to another touching them, calling to them, leading them on, but when they try to touch him he is gone. If he is touched he is blind folded, and the successful toucher becomes "Open-Eyed Billy."

A Girl's Household Duties.

It is a matter for regret and one of the least desirable features of home life in Australia that the daughters of the house are not taught the duties that their mothers were before them.

An exchange puts the case very plainly: "In households where the girls of the family undertake most of the housework between them they are generally too busy to waste much time, for if they do the work never gets done at all, but a young girl who has but recently left school, and who has hardly "fitted into" the home life as her mother's right hand, often becomes quite lazy and neglectful without realising the fact in the least. Every girl, if she be not thoroughly selfish, is anxious to lift some of the burden of household management from her mother's shoulders on to her own, but unfortunately, many girls wait to be asked to do things instead of being constantly on the look out for little duties which they are capable of doing.

If you would be of any real use in the home you must be quick to notice what is wanted—the room that needs dusting, the flowers which require re-arranging, the curtain which has lost a ring and is therefore drooping; and then you must not only be willing to do what is needed, but willing to do it pleasantly, without making people feel that you are being martyred. It is almost useless to take up any

household duties unless you do them regularly—if you do a thing one day, and not the next, you can never be depended on, and if someone else has to be constantly reminding you of, and supervising your work, it probably gives that person more trouble than doing it herself would cause.

Have a definite day and a definite time for all you do—the flower vases will need attention every other day, the silver must be cleaned once a week, and there should be one day kept for mending and putting away the household linen. Begin, too, directly after breakfast, and keep on steadily till your work is done. If you begin by sitting by the fire "just for a minute" with a book, or think you will "just arrange the trimming" on your new hat, the morning will be half gone before you know where you are.

A girl who has brothers may spare her mother all those tiresome little jobs which boys are always requesting to have done for them, if she will only do them kindly, but a boy will not come and ask his sister to repair frayed out buttonholes, and to make him paste for his photograph album, if she snaps and says he is "always bothering." It is not easy work, but it is quite possible for the daughter at home to make up a good deal of its sunshine—and it is only when she has learnt this that she is fit to go away and be the sunshine of a home of her own.

⌘ JUNGLE JINKS. ⌘

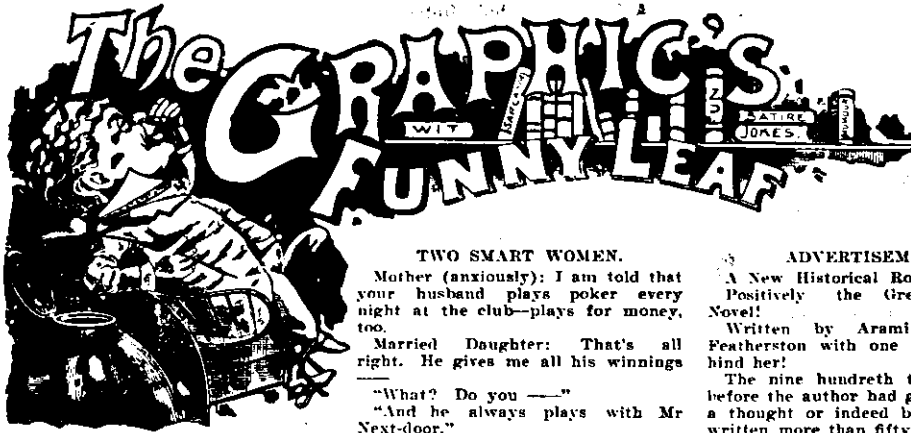
The Boars Go Fishing With an Acid-Drop.



1. The conceit of those two new boys—the Boars—is getting too much for Jumbo and some of the other big boys. The other day they were all talking about fishing. "You don't know the way to fish at all," said the elder Boar to Jumbo. "You ought never to use anything but acid-drops for bait—my uncle told me so." "Rot!" replied Jumbo. "Very well, then," cried Boar; "you chaps come down to the river this afternoon, and I'll show you how to catch fish." "All right," chorussed the boys; "we'll come."



2 and 3. As Jumbo and Rhino followed the Boars down to the river in the afternoon they were giggling and nudging one another, as if they expected to see some great fun. "Now," said young Boar, "I've fixed the acid-drop on, and if you keep your eye on the line you'll see something in a minute." Jumbo whispered in the ears of the other boys, and they all laughed and bent forward to watch. "A bite! A bite!" cried Boar suddenly. "It must be a whopper, too! I can hardly lift it!" "Perhaps it's a whale!" sniggered Rhino. But just then the fish came in view—a saucupun and an old boot! Fastened to the fish was a large label with the words: "Caught by an acid-drop. Please spare our lives!" The boys rolled about and yelled with laughter when they saw the look of disgust on the faces of the Boars. Of course, they guessed that Jumbo had been to the river beforehand and prepared the "fish." The Boars have given up fishing now!



AS OTHERS SEE US.

"Yes, sir," remarked the pompous individual in the noisy clothes, "I'm a self-made man, sir—and the architect of my own fortune." "Well," rejoined the matter-of-fact person addressed, "it's a lucky thing for you that the building inspector didn't happen to come along at the time."

REASONING BY ANALOGY.

Mr Bronston: Mr and Mrs Upton both had on new suits in church today. Mrs Upton's dress was tailor-made.

Mrs Bronston: Huh! How do you know it was tailor-made?

Mr Bronston: Because Mr Upton's clothes were ready-made.

A SHARP-TONGUED WOMAN.

Mrs Wicks: When my husband says anything I have to take it with a grain of salt.

Mr Hicks: When my wife says anything I have to take it with a good many grains of pepper.

RIGHTNESS.

"Be sure you're right," exclaimed the Confident Philosopher, "and then go ahead!"

"Be sure you're right," protested the Married Man, "and then get down on your knees and ask to be forgiven!"

A CHARITABLE HOPE.

Mrs Widder: My first husband always worried over the ice bills.

Mr Widder: Well, let us hope he is where he has none to bother him now.

MERELY BUYING.

Mrs Jones: What's your hurry? You're not off for the seashore now?

Mrs Smith: No, not until to-morrow. I'm going down town now.

Mrs Jones: Shopping?

Mrs Smith: No. I haven't time for that, there's so many things I simply have to buy.

THEY WILL DO IT.

"The young gentleman is now in the drawing-room waiting for you, miss." "Very well, Eloise. Go tell him I will be down right away. And come back in about half an hour and fix my hair."



A THOUGHTFUL EMPLOYER.

You say your present master treats you better than Mr Smith did?
Yes, sorr; and oftener.

TWO SMART WOMEN.

Mother (anxiously): I am told that your husband plays poker every night at the club—plays for money, too.

Married Daughter: That's all right. He gives me all his winnings.

"What? Do you —"
"And he always plays with Mr Next-door."

"What difference can that make?"

"Mrs Nextdoor makes her husband give her his winnings, too, and then she gives the money to me, and I hand her what my husband won from hers, and so we both have about twice as much money as we could get out of them otherwise."

PAYING.

"Did that mining stock you bought turn out to be a paying investment?"

"Yes," answered the mild-eyed man, after an ineffectual effort to cheer up. "It has kept me paying assessments ever since I first got hold of it."

AN UNSISTERLY FLING.

"She is pretty," said the young woman, "but she is so obviously made up."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "I can't help wondering how she got back from Europe without having duty collected on her as a work of art."



A TIP WORTH KNOWING.

Mr Gadd (at the police station): Can I see that burglar who was arrested for breaking into my house last night?

Inspector (hesitatingly): Well I don't know. What do you want to see him about?

Mr Gadd: Oh, there's nothing secret about it. I just want to find out how he managed to get into the house without waking my wife. It's more than I can do.

A LACK OF CELERITY.

"Don't you think that a public man should devote himself to study of his country's history and its present needs?"

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "all that is interesting. But it is a mighty slow way to get office."

PLAUSIBLE.

"Science has proven," said the professor of astronomy, "that there is no water at all in the moon. Now, Mr Fresh, what do we deduce from that?"

"That there is some excuse for its getting full so regularly," replied Mr Fresh.

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IMPARTIAL PRIZES.

Poet: I've called to know who won the £10 prize you offered for the best poem.

Editor: Oh, ah!—our cricket editor won that one, I think.

Poet: How about the £5 prize for the next?

Editor: Oh, ah!—my wife won that one, I think.

Poet: And the £2 prize. Who got that?

Editor: Look here, if you don't clear out I'll call the fighting editor—he won that one.

IT WAS NOT HUMILITY.

An Irish gentleman recently surprised his land steward in an intoxicated condition, and remarked to Dan, "How humble he must be getting to lie down so often on the ground." Dan was, however, equal to the occasion, and replied, "In throth, sorr, you are mistaken, for the road is bowing to me as if Oh wore a colonel!"

BUSY.

"That tall man seems to be the busiest person in the establishment. What does he do?"

"It is his duty to see whether the others are working or not."

A CERTAIN LECTURE.

"Yes," said Mr Caudle, "I, too, have my favourite flowers."

"And what may they be, pray?" sneered Mrs Caudle.

"They are the ones that shut up at night," he bravely managed to articulate.

A MOTTO FOR ENTRANCE HALL.

Pedlar: Wouldn't you like some mottoes for your house, mum? It's very cheering to a husband to see a nice motto on the wall when he comes home.

Mrs Duggs: Have you got one that says, "Better Late than Never?"

Lawyer: Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar? Witness: No, sir; but I have seen him many times when I strongly suspected he had been at it.

ONLY ONE.

She: Harry, tell me, do you love me for myself alone?

He: Of course, darling, and I'm so glad to know that you are to come alone. I was a little afraid that your mother might be thrown in as a sort of handicap, you know.

ASKING PAPA'S CONSENT.

"What did her father say?" I inquired of a love-stricken friend, "when you told him you wanted to marry her?"

"He didn't absolutely refuse," he replied, thoughtfully, "but he imposed a very severe condition."

"What was it?"
"He said he would see me hanged first."

IN DOUBT.

Diggs: Swawley has just been telling me of some of his family troubles.

Briggs: He has, eh? Well, what's your opinion of them?

Diggs: I think I'd prefer to hear his wife's side of the case before handing down an opinion.

IN NEED OF READJUSTMENT.

"Our economical system is badly in need of readjustment," said the Delaware legislator.

"Why?" asked the particeps criminis.

"Here are Senatorial votes bringing 10,000 dollars in Pennsylvania, while we can't force the price up above 200 dollars to save our necks."

WHERE HE HAD GOT TO.

Father (who catches Johnny stealing some tarts): Look here, Johnny, what are you up to?

Johnny (indistinctly): Up to the ninth, father, but they're awfully small.

WHAT HE ADMIRED.

He: Oh, yes, I have heard him sing. I admire him very much.

She: Really! You don't mean it? Why, his voice is awful.

He: It isn't his singing I admire. It's his nerve.

BLUE.

Richfello: That Miss Fortescue belongs to the blue blood, doesn't she?

Rival Belle: Yes, indeed. You ought to see her nose on a cold day.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

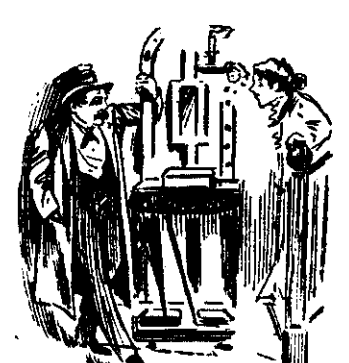
"My dear," said Growells, "you are simply talking nonsense."

"I know it," replied his better half, "but it's because I want you to understand what I say."

OUTSIDE THE POLICE COURT.

Mrs Casey: I hear, Mrs Murphy, that yer son, Larry, has been sent ter th' reformatory.

Mrs Murphy: Yis, an' sich good boy he was, too. Everything he stoled he brung home to his poor ol' mother.



HIS FIRST OFFENCE.

Wife: Oh! Edward, why are you so late? I have been so frightened.

Edward (who has been to a champagne supper): 'Portant bishness, m' dear.

Wife: Wouldn't it keep till to-morrow?

Edward: No, love; not after corksh drawn.