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No Surrender.

WEARY KRUGER TO JOHN BULL: "Now look here! if you'll come out of that paddock, pison yer dog, pull down that notice board and stick up the old one again, I'll let you down easy on this side of the fence."

Serial Story.

[PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT.]

HER LAST ADVENTURE.

By ANNIE O. TIBBITS.

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

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CHAPTER XVII. (Continued).

A SENSATION IN COURT.

A few minutes later Rene was being driven rapidly towards Walden, and Lady Chaloner was sitting back in her chair, staring dully into the fire, trying in vain to understand what it all meant. If Rene did know something about the murder why had she not spoken—why had she not instantly given information to the police about the dead man in the wood? Why had she remained for nearly a week in silence? Why? Why?

Then again, no one dreamt that she had known the dead man, or Rayner Hall, or the other who had disappeared. There was surely something very black and ugly and sad behind it all!

It seemed like hours, but it was in reality only minutes before Chris came down.

"I refuse to be budged by accounts this afternoon," he began. "I'm going to take Rene—why, where is she?"

He looked round. Lady Chaloner rose stiffly to her feet.

"Oh, Chris," she cried, "I—I—scarcely know how to tell you. The—most terrible thing has happened."

He looked at her quickly. Then his face grew steady and set.

"Yes, mother," he said, hoarsely, "try to tell me—quickly. It's Rene—I can see that it is Rene."

"Oh, yes, yes, Chris, it's Rene," Lady Chaloner cried, with a sob. She put up her two white hands against his shoulders. "Oh, yes, Chris, it's Rene—she has gone."

"Gone? Left us, do you mean? But—but—mother, for heaven's sake, explain quickly."

She did so in a few hoarse, broken words, and Chris roused himself as she finished.

"But why didn't I know?" he cried. "Why didn't I go with her? Such rubbish. What fools these detectives are—always up to some idiotic trick. Good heavens, to think of my poor darling! But I shall catch them up."

He dashed from the room before Lady Chaloner realised what he was going to do, and reached Walden on his bicycle just as Rene was being placed in the dock.

The first thing he did was to take her hand before the whole Court. Then he set to work to find out the exact nature of the charge, and the evidence in favour of it.

Halmer was in one of the rooms waiting. He had seen Chris go in, and he knew that there was a bad quarter of an hour for them both. He had meant to prepare him before—earlier in the day—but he had not been able to get away from the Court, and he would have to explain now as best he could.

He bent forward anxiously when Rene was remanded and Chris came out.

"I want to speak to you," he said, hoarsely, "I must speak to you first before anyone else."

Chris turned wearily.

"Yes?" he said, "there's a corner here—come quickly. There's no time to waste. I must get her out as soon as possible or it will kill her."

Halmer's face tightened.

"I'm afraid I have nothing good to tell you, Chris," he said slowly, "for I'm the cause of this. It

was through me that she was arrested."

"Through you!" Chris started back. "For heaven's sake what do you mean?"

Halmer's face grew set and white. "God knows, if I'm wrong I shall never forgive myself," he said, "but—no—I can't be. Chris, she was in the wood on the night of the murder—I saw her myself, and I have been afraid ever since. I saw her in the King's Gallery with you three nights ago. Chris—Chris, old man, forgive me! If it is true—"

Chris flung away his hand. "If it is true," he shouted, "it is not true! Good heavens. True! I'd believe her before all the world. She doesn't deny that she was in the wood, and she doesn't deny her knowledge of those men, but that isn't enough to bring her here—to subject her to all this insult. My God! . . . My poor little girl!" He turned sharply.

Halmer watched him as he walked away. What had he done? Had he for the sake of his sister Carrie, and because he had conceived a prejudice against Rene, committed a rash, blackguardly act?

For a moment until the facts grew clear again he felt almost persuaded that he had. But after all there were so many things—Rene's strange silence, her unknown past, her acquaintance with the two men, Rayner Hall's admission that he had met her with Ross in Milan, and then the mysterious attempted burglary at Raynham, and her anxiety about the burglar.

It was all so strange, so inexplicable, and so black for Rene.

Yet at that moment Halmer would have cut off his hand if he could have undone it all again.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IF IT IS TRUE.

For three days nothing happened, and no one knew exactly what was going to happen. Rayner Hall was free. People stopped to shake hands and congratulate him in the streets. Their impression was that he was relieved, of course, to be cleared of suspicion, but that he was sorry and distressed (in spite of his opinion of her) for the girl who had been put in his place, and for the unhappy master of Raynham Court. He was most magnanimous, people declared, most generous to feel for the girl at all, considering she was such a cruel and heartless adventuress. As for poor Sir Christopher—everybody pitied him, and were surprised that not only he, but Ethel, too, stuck to Rene loyally in spite of everything.

Chris put a bold front on it, but when the third day passed he began to be anxious. Rene could not or would not offer any explanation of her silence, and to his astonishment she appeared to accept her acquittal as not only improbable but impossible.

"Oh, Rene, darling, don't talk like that," he cried when he saw her for the third time after she had been charged. "You break my heart."

He saw her flinch, but she tightened her lips.

"But suppose—suppose I can't prove my innocence?" she asked. "Oh, Chris, Chris, I can't. I'm afraid I

can't! And after all it may be best—you'll know some day it may be best."

He could not understand her.

"But, Rene, dear, that's nonsense," he cried. "I'd rather confess to the murder myself. I'd rather—oh, Rene, you don't realise how much I love you."

He was only beginning to realise it himself, and he could scarcely grasp it. He had said a week ago to Lady Chaloner that whatever she did or had done, whatever she was, would make no difference to him, and it seemed as if it was true.

Only Rene did not understand that yet. He did not believe her guilty she told herself, and perhaps never would, and therefore he would always love her—at any rate until it was all over. Then, perhaps, some day he would come across the papers she had left in his room, and then he would understand and hate her. She didn't care, she told herself, so long as he loved her while she lived! If he found the papers afterwards it would not matter. Nothing would matter so long as he did not learn the truth until she was where she could not see the change in his face—the look that would take the place of the love-light in his eyes.

It was not that which had kept her silent at first, but it was one of the things that helped to snuff her lips now. Her hope was that he would believe her innocent until she was out of his reach. If he believed her guilty he would cease to love her, she thought, and as long as her letter to him did not come into his hands he would not know.

A couple of weeks dragged slowly on. Her landlady proved that she had come in at about seven o'clock on the night of the murder; Halmer Fytton, more heartsick than ever, told of his meeting with her in the wood; and a labourer swore to seeing her rush out of the wood and across the field to Walden at a quarter to seven o'clock. He had noticed her, he said, because she seemed scared.

The detective who arrested her produced some things which he had found. There were only three, but they seemed damning evidence against her.

The first was a button, which had been found close to the spot where the murder had taken place, and which corresponded with those on her jacket; the second was a blood-stained glove, tightly rolled; and the third was a torn piece of a letter in thick, crabbed handwriting which might or might not have been Watson Ross's. It bore no date and no address and no beginning, but it was signed "Watson," and when it was produced

and read in Court Rene started and paled and shivered.

It ran:

"So you are here in London, you little fool! It is no use thinking to escape me. I shall find you if I want you, and force you back if necessary. You know what that means."

No one had any doubt that the Watson who signed that letter was the Watson with whose death she was now charged. She had owned to knowing him. Even Chris felt a wave of sickness pass over him as he heard the letter read, and saw her shrink and start. It seemed to him that that was enough to send her to trial—that, and the glove and Halmer.

Nevertheless, he refused to doubt her. They had not heard her explanation yet, he said. And, indeed, she had not explained anything either to him or to the solicitor he had provided for her.

Other people, who were not so blind as he, wondered how it would be possible to explain away such facts as these. And Rayner Hall in particular shook his head over the hopelessness of her position.

He was more indifferent, more careless, more debonnaire than ever now that he was safely out of prison. It is an ugly, unnering position, even for an absolutely innocent man, and it might have been very awkward for Rayner Hall if it had been absolutely necessary for him to prove his identity.

"For I am almost unknown in England outside Walden and Raynham," he explained carefully to everyone, and also to Carrie Fytton. "I made no friends until I came to the Towers. Now—"

He looked down at her with a half-contemptuous, half-flattering expression on his face. They were standing in the road just outside Raynham Court, and Carrie was going to give Ethel a message from Halmer.

He looked wonderfully handsome in the fading light. The cold wintry sun was fast dropping over the edge of the road, and the pale light made his face look almost martyr-like to Carrie as she looked up at him.

"Now—" she repeated softly.

He bent down to her with a smile on his lips. He could never resist fascinating a woman, and Carrie had thrown herself so deliberately at his head.

"Ah—now I have you, and presently everyone shall know it—presently, when all this business is cleared up, people shall know who it was I returned to Walden to see. Shall they? Eh, my girlie?"

Carrie's little thin face flushed. She trembled suddenly. A strange, almost frantic, look came into her eyes.

"You do love me?" she cried. "Oh, Rayner, I think if you didn't—"

He bent to her.

"If I didn't, what then, little one?" he asked.

The desperate look flashed into her eyes again.

"I'd kill myself," she cried.

He lifted his head and laughed. He liked a woman to grow desperate over him, but Carrie was not the first, and there had been unpleasantness attaching to some of them.

Perhaps it was some recollection of one of these that made him stop short in his laugh, and draw himself up with a darkened face, but Carrie, knowing nothing of these recollections, attributed it to a man who passed them just at that moment.

He was a young man with a pair of blue shifty eyes, and he had an odd, slouching walk. He passed very close to them, and stared up defiantly into Rayner's face.

For a moment it seemed to Carrie that Hall was angry, but the next she

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thought she must be mistaken, for he was smiling down into her face again when she looked up.

"Poor little darling," he murmured. "But now run in and come back as quickly as you can, for I'm going to wait for you."

Carrie opened her eyes. "To wait?" she cried. "But I may be an hour! Effie is sure to try and keep me."

"I'm going for a sharp walk through the village," he said, "and I'll come back here for you. Don't be too long. I shall be less than an hour."

He smiled, raised his hat, and turned, and Carrie, with a flushed face, walked up past the lodge towards the house. Her heart was beating foolishly. Her eyes were bright, and the hard lines round her mouth had disappeared. She looked almost young, almost pretty.

Suddenly she stopped and turned again. The remembrance of the man who had passed them, and of the odd, angry look on Hall's face, made her slightly uneasy.

She stood for a moment staring back at the little piece of road that showed at the end of the drive. Then some impulse made her suddenly go back down the drive to the gates and stare up the road.

It ran straight for some distance past the lodge gates. Then it bent abruptly, and at the bend of a small lane ran off from it—a lane little more than a cart road, that was, as she knew, thick with mud and ruts in the winter.

The sun had almost gone, but a long shaft of red still stretched along the road, and it seemed to get in her eyes for a moment, and prevent her seeing anything distinctly.

Then it disappeared, throwing a long shadow over the cold road, and as it went she saw Rayner Hall turn sharply into the small lane to the right.

It was not the way to the village. Raynham lay a little further on along the main road, not down the little narrow lane. That led nowhere but to the steward's lodge, and the outlying meadows belonging to the Court, and a sudden fierce suspicion seized her.

She caught her breath suddenly, and, bending her head, ran swiftly along the wide road.

When she came to the lane she hesitated for a moment, then bent forward eagerly.

In the dim light she could just see that a man was walking swiftly down the lane—walking like a man who knew his way, and she watched him with a puzzled frown between her brows.

It grew deeper as she watched. For instead of following the lane he turned suddenly and mounted the stile on the right which led through a couple of meadows to the Silent Pool and then on through a coppice and shrubbery to the Court.

Her heart leapt, and with a choked sigh she ran forward.

She ran swiftly and stealthily, creeping up to the stile like a cat, looking over it with narrowed, cunning eyes.

Just as she reached it the man disappeared into the hollow, and she mounted the stile and ran on again.

When she reached the gate belonging to the Long Meadow she stood breathless and frightened. She had not the slightest doubt as to whether it was Rayner Hall or not she had seen cross the meadow and disappear. Some fierce instinct told her that it was Rayner, and she stood with ears alert and anxious, for some sound or movement which would tell her of his whereabouts.

Nothing seemed to move, however, and she crept on until she came in sight of the pool.

It lay still and silent, looking cold and gloomy and more desolate even than usual in the twilight. It was going to be a frosty night, and already the water seemed to shine clear and white.

She crept along the hedge until she stood opposite it, and then suddenly a voice made her start.

She crouched down, against the bank, with her eyes on an opening between the bushes a yard or so away, with a fear at heart lest Rayner Hall himself should come out upon her.

But he seemed to be standing unconsciously on the other side, talking angrily to some man he had just overtaken. The hedge was thick, and she could see nothing, but she strained ears and eyes and listened anxiously.

"I'm sick of it, curse you," he shouted. "Don't be a fool, Paul. When we do move, we shall have to be sharp, or we shall lose the whole thing. Give me the papers. We must know the whole place by heart before we attempt it. Now, then, let's have them. I'm not going to cheat you. Confound you, I've got nothing to gain by that, now."

"Don't I tell you I haven't got them?" the other cried hoarsely, "I told you so the other day, and by Jove I'm not sure that you're not swindling me, now. I believe you've got them yourself. If you haven't, who has? Here I am on my last legs, and you know it, and by Jove, curse you, I believe you mean to romp in and collar the whole lot. But you're not going to. I mean to have the papers, I mean to have the jewels. I should have had them the other night if it hadn't been for that fool of a girl. I got in—I was there—I'd seen the papers once, and I should have found the spring—I know I should if it hadn't been for Rene. And now, curse you, you're keeping the papers back. You're lying all the time. You think because I've got no money, and because I'm obliged to lie low, that I am helpless. But I'm not—I'm not, and your cursed lying face shall go where Ross' went. Ah, ah, ah, we'll see who's master, now!"

There was the choked hoarse cry of the man taken unawares, a sudden scuffle, and the fall of a heavy body. It was followed by a splash, and a low cruel chuckle.

Carrie started to her feet. She stood for a moment trembling, and then rushed forward towards the opening in the hedge.

She reached it, and plunged through it into the field; and the sight that met her eyes was worse than the newspaper paragraph she had seen in Paris—worse than the news of Hall's arrest—worse than anything in the world for her.

Rayner Hall was lying quite still on the grass, with his face turned up to the sky, and with an ugly dark patch spreading slowly over his heart. He was lying with his arms flung out, lying just as a few weeks ago Watson Ross had lain, with a knife in his chest, and his life's blood welling up and trickling slowly to the grass.

Carrie stared for a moment without moving. It seemed as if her heart too was stopped in its beat. She saw nothing of the man who stood over him—she saw nothing but that awful motionless figure at the side of the water, and the dead face that had smiled into hers only a few minutes ago.

It could not be true. It was impossible—ridiculous. She caught her breath with a cry, and flung herself forward.

"Rayner, Rayner, oh, my darling—Rayner?"

She dropped to her knees on the ley grass, and lifting his head pillowed it on her knee.

She looked down wildly into his face. It was very white, with grey patches round the eyes and mouth. The eyes were wide open and staring—ugly, terrible eyes, but she saw nothing ugly in them.

She bent and kissed the stiffening face, stroking his dark hair, and calling wildly to him to speak.

When at last she realised that there was something unnatural and awful about his silence and stillness, she got up with a start, reeling on her feet as she did so, with the pond and meadow going round giddily before her eyes.

Then she turned with a jerk to find the other man a couple of yards away, standing rigidly, watching her.

She caught her breath as she saw him and fell back.

"You have done this! My God, it is you," she cried, unsteadily. "Murderer! You have murdered him!"

She stood staring at him and he at her.

He did not move. It seemed for a moment as if he had been petrified by her sudden appearance, and could not, as if she had been sent from heaven to accuse him. He scarcely seemed to breathe. Only his lips moved, and when the words broke

from them at last they were hoarse and incoherent.

"It's no good—no use! It's God at last!"

His voice roused Carrie. She pulled herself up with a jerk, and turning fled through the break in the hedge and back along the meadow until she came to the coppice.

Then she turned and ran wildly on towards Raynham village.

Dr. Crisp was her first thought. His house lay close at hand, and it did not take her many minutes to reach it.

She pulled the great iron bell, and when the door opened almost rushed past the servant to the doctor who happened to be crossing the hall.

"Come at once," she cried, wildly. "Mr. Hall has been murdered in the Long Meadow, and the man is there—there still. We shall catch him if we're quick. Murdered! Oh, my God, murdered!"

She threw up her hands and turned.

Dr. Crisp stared at her white, fierce face, and then snatching his hat, followed her as she ran out into the road.

A policeman was sauntering slowly along. She caught him and made him turn, and calling to a couple of labourers who were passing, made them come too.

A few minutes later they were all standing on the edge of the silent pool. The water looked cold and

cheerless. The ugly reeds dropped over it, the whole place looked weird and sinister, and on the bank Rayner Hall still lay on his back, with his eyes still staring at the darkening sky, and the ugly patch of blood still trickling to the grass.

The policeman looked round quickly at the water, the bunk, and the empty meadow. He snapped his fingers and turned with a jerk.

The murderer had disappeared.

CHAPTER XIX.

EFFIE HAS AN IDEA.

Meanwhile the afternoon had dragged slowly on at Raynham Court. Both Effie and Lady Chaloner were restless and miserable, and in spite of their efforts they could think of nothing but the ugly police court at Walden, and Rene, and Chris, who was there, working night and day for the girl he loved. Effie would have gone, but neither Chris nor Lady Chaloner would allow her, and she spent the days when Rene was being tried in miserable, frightened restlessness.

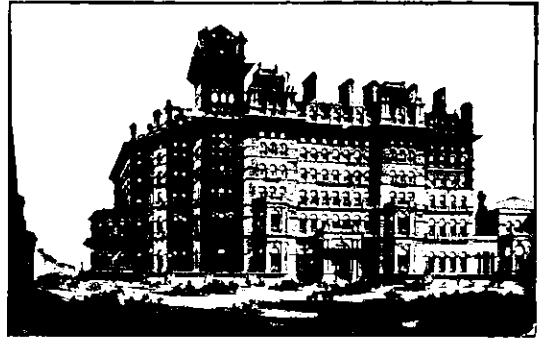
She was miserable for more than one reason, miserable for Chris and Rene, and for herself and Halmer too, for since Rene had been arrested Chris could scarcely bear to hear Halmer's name mentioned.

"Oh, I know, I know, he didn't know what to do," he cried, when she

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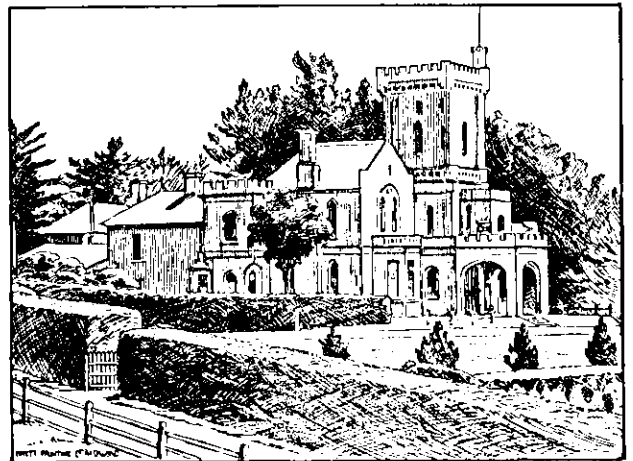


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tried to smooth matters, "and even if he had remained silent the button they found might have put them on the track, but I can't forget what he did while she is there, like that."

He would not admit or hear any doubt of her innocence, but both Effie and Lady Chaloner began to be uneasy, and each week that brought fresh evidence seemed to make her action all the more inexplicable.

Then there was the attempted burglary, too. Rene had never given any satisfactory description of the man who had broken into the Turret Chamber; and Martha, overflowing with a sense of her own importance in the matter, had told Lady Chaloner the story she had told to Georgina Fytton, and her exaggerated description of the papers she had seen, and the word "diamonds," filled Lady Chaloner with terror. She immediately placed all the jewels she had in the care of the Walden Bank, and even then did not feel satisfied, but began to wonder uncomfortably whether Martha had lied.

"The fact is I shall get rid of that girl," she said this afternoon to Effie. "Since all this trouble she has become more impertinent than ever, and she has told me that there are plenty of people in Walden who would be glad to have her Lucas says she means Dr. Crisp, and declares she saw him stop and speak to her in a peculiarly friendly fashion the other night outside the lodge gates. Of course, I did not listen to Lucas, but I did not like Dr. Crisp. He always seemed inclined to be a little underhand. Probably he thinks Martha would make him a good housekeeper, but he might have gone about things in a more open manner."

She sat upright in her chair and tried to take some interest in the embroidery she had in her hands, but a few minutes later it fell to her lap again. Effie stared at the fire.

"What papers could she have meant, mother?" she said suddenly at last. "It is queer that we never heard of them before, and now she says Rene's table was strewn with them. If that is true, where have they gone? The detective found nothing, and there is nothing anywhere in the Court. Could she have given anything to that man? Or could she—oh, could she have left them in the Turret Chamber?"

She sprang abruptly to her feet. "Mother, mother!" she cried. "If there should be something there—some clue—some explanation!" A flush rose to her face, her eyes grew eager. "We've never looked—the room has scarcely been used since that day, and no one would touch the papers except Chris. If she left anything behind it would be there now, and it might be something that would—"

Her face grew suddenly white again and her lips trembled.

"Oh, mother!" she cried. "Suppose it only proves Rene guilty? Oh, mother, mother, what shall we do?"

Lady Chaloner sat for a moment rigid and motionless. Then she rose. "We must go and see," she said, slowly. "We must get at the truth, whatever it is!"

She went slowly from the room, and Effie followed her to the Turret Chamber.

As they opened the door a puff of dusty, cold air seemed rush out at them, and Effie shivered as she looked round.

Dust lay thick over everything, over the tables and chairs, over the strewn papers and books.

They had not been touched. Chris's pen was just as he had left it; a half-finished cigar lay on the edge of his desk, and a packet of tobacco had been torn open and left by his tobacco jar.

Effie sighed and looked around. He had not been near the room since the afternoon of Rene's arrest, and no one ever touched his papers without permission.

"I wonder what he will say? I daresay he won't be able to find a thing after we've finished, but I mean to look, Effie. We must."

Lady Chaloner turned to his desk. "You begin on the table in the corner," she said. "If she really did leave anything, it would be either here or there. It would be left accidentally, of course, and not hidden." She looked round the room. "Oh, it could never be hidden."

She commenced turning over the papers, and Effie rummaged the table on the other side of the room, and for a few moments they searched in silence.

Effie's fingers were black with dust when at last she looked up with a cry.

"Mother, mother, here it is—this is it—this, this! I'm certain of it! I know it! It will tell us everything."

She rushed over to Lady Chaloner and held up Rene's square bulky envelope in her shaking fingers.

"Oh, mother, look. It's addressed to Chris—Rene addressed it herself. A letter for him! And put here on the night of the dance! Oh, mother, can't we open it? What does it mean? I can't rest till Chris comes back. It's not yet six o'clock, and it may be hours before he comes. Oh, mother, mother, do open it, for goodness' sake!"

Lady Chaloner shook her head. "No, no, we'll send for him," she said.

She sat down at his desk and took his pen.

"We have just found something which may be of the utmost importance," she wrote. "Come at once. But, oh, Chris, my dear boy, don't expect too much."

Then she sent off the footman to Walden and went back to the King's Gallery.

Twenty minutes later Chris came in. The footman met him on the road, and now he looked weary and worn out and apprehensive.

It had been a tiring day. Things were looking blacker than ever for Rene. There seemed no loop-hole of escape, no explanation, and her silence even to him was beginning to fill him with heartsick wonder.

He dropped into a chair. "What is it, mother?" he asked, hoarsely. "Tell me quickly, if it's bad."

Effie jumped up. "We don't know what it is," Lady Chaloner said quickly. "We don't know what it is. But Effie had an idea this afternoon to search your room. It occurred to her that something may have been left behind—that Rene herself may have left something there, and—we found this."

He seized it in his hands. When he saw the writing he trembled suddenly.

"Rene herself!" he cried. "It is her writing."

He stared at it for a moment. Then tore it open.

The first paper he pulled out was the document Rene had picked up in the wood. He looked at it with his face growing ashen. He thrust it hastily into Lady Chaloner's hands at last.

"Read it," he said hoarsely.

Then he got up and sat with his back to them while he read the long letter Rene had written him.

It was hastily written. The words were shaky and blotchy, but there were none scratched out or altered, there seemed no hesitation. The letter ran on from beginning to end, written from the heart, a confession—an honest confession evidently.

His hands trembled as he held it. At first he could scarcely see. The words danced before his eyes, and his heart seemed to be beating to a question, "What will it be? Good or bad? Good or bad?"

He steadied himself at last, and straightened the sheets, and lifted his head. His face grew set and grey.

(To be continued.)

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I stood transfixed by an overwhelming horror, scarcely able to realise that the sight before me was not the creation of my own brain.

It could not be true! Only two hours ago I had left him—this friend of my bosom, this man I loved and trusted above all other men. Only two hours ago there had been laughter on his lips and in his kindly eyes. We had parted with a jest; and now, although I looked upon his face, although I held his hand in mine, Anstruther and I would meet no more on earth.

I had found him fallen forward upon the table at which he had been seated, writing. He had been stabbed to death.

There was a door behind him leading from the corridor. The assassin had had but a few paces to tread from the door to the victim, and the floor was so thickly carpeted that it was easy to enter unheard.

But who had reason to compass the death of Anstruther? The motive had certainly not been robbery, as very quickly transpired. We had come that morning, he and I, strangers to the great hotel, where men and women of all countries came and went. Impossible to fix suspicion upon any one of the many whose temporary dwelling was the same as our own.

For a year past we had been comrades, Anstruther and I. He was my senior by some seven years at least; but this did not detract from our close friendship. I, who was but twenty-one, an orphan, with no near relatives, and who had never met a woman who had called forth anything but the most transient passion in my heart, loved Anstruther with all the strength of my being.

That he should regard me with like feelings I neither hoped nor expected; but I knew that his affection for me was strong and true, and the past year had been the happiest of my life.

Now all was done, and I was alone and desolate. He was gone from me, my hero and my friend, stricken down in the pride of his manhood, snatched from me by the hand of an unsuspected, yet most deadly foe.

So far as I knew he had not an enemy in the world. Such as profited by his death were beyond suspicion. What had he done, whose beauty and fascination won him friends wherever he went, to deserve so cruel a fate?

All efforts to solve the mystery were futile. The chief of the police even hinted that he believed an addition was made to the already long list of undiscovered crimes. I lingered on in Paris, following now one clue, now another, failing always to throw the desired light upon the baffling darkness.

But by my friend's dead body I had registered a vow. Rash and foolish, perchance, but wrung from a heart almost broken. Never to enjoy the rich inheritance now mine, never to make a dwelling-place of my ancestral home, never to seek the love of woman till Geryys Anstruther was avenged!

Two years had passed away, and the dark shadow which had fallen over my life upon that terrible day when I found Anstruther dead oppressed me still.

There were times, it is true, when it seemed that the intensity of my grief was passing away; for I was young, and might have tasted to the full all the pleasures of life. But then the recollection of my friend's

dead face would rise before me, and something that was like remorse would fill my bosom because I had been willing to forget for a while his cruel fate and the task so clearly assigned me.

I was in London, whither I had gone in the following up of a supposed clue, which led, as all the rest had done, to nothing, when I met an old college chum, George Irving. It was three or four years since we had seen each other, though we had been close companions once, and, at his earnest entreaty, I went to spend a few days with him at his home.

It was a country house, about an hour's journey by rail from London. There were to be no other guests, and the family, I knew, consisted of Mr and Mrs Irving and George's two sisters. The brief journey down was a very pleasant one. My companion's bright, unclouded face, his ready laugh and gay spirits transported me to the glad world where we had once lived together. My own youth awoke in sympathy. Surely for a while I might put by my gloomy memories and my self-appointed work of justice?

I cannot tell how it was that, as we left the little station and drove in the light dog cart that awaited us along the country road, the recollection of my vow came upon me with overwhelming force. I could think of nothing but the tragic scenes of two years ago.

It was a September evening. The scent of autumn was in the air, and the lurid light of an angry sunset shed its glow upon the woods through which our road lay.

"We shall soon be at home now," said, George's cheery voice. "The Priory lies in a hollow, you know, and so we shall not see it until we are close upon it. It's the jolliest old place in the world, Bertram. I've always wanted you to see it."

He spoke with happy pride of his home. And my home had no master. I thought of the eager welcome awaiting him. Ah! happy George!

I was watching him, half wistfully. His eyes were glancing about at every well-remembered and well-loved landmark. His lips wore a smile of pleased anticipation. Suddenly I saw a change, a flicker of



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emotion, ardent, and gladly surprised.

Amidst the trees by the roadside a woman stood, and while I wondered at her beauty I was tormented by a vague unrest and one of those half-memories we have all known. I could not tell of what she reminded me, but I knew it was of something painful and pitiable.

From behind the trees shone the western sky, all aflame with rose and amber. The red beams lit the crimson and yellow leaves that yet clothed the branches thickly, and the glory of the dying day and the sad splendour of the waning year were in harmony with her who stood before us.

She was young, graceful, and tall; and to features, beautiful in form, were given those rich and glowing tints beloved of the old Venetian painters. Her head was uncovered, and her hair shone like ruddy gold. She held a mass of trailing, crimson vine leaves in her arms.

George drew up his horse and bent to speak to her. Then a child ran out from amidst the trees with a shout of welcome. She was George's youngest sister, a little girl of seven, pretty, winsome, but decidedly spoilt. The lady was introduced to me as Miss Salvati.

"I thought you had no visitors, George," I remarked as we drove on again.

"Nor have we," he replied. "Miss Salvati is our constant guest. She came here, actually, to be Nettie's governess. She is like one of ourselves now."

"She is singularly beautiful," I said, musingly, still haunted by imperfect recollection.

George glanced at me quickly. I frankly returned his look, guessing his thought. Already I had learnt two things George was madly in love, and the object of his passion would never return it.

I was not likely to be his rival even in wish, and this I think he understood. No, her beauty did not touch that secret spring in my heart which is in the heart of every man, and often so mysteriously moved. He did not even assent to my praise, but looked away before him. The shadows were falling fast. His young face was troubled by the reflection of unutterable emotions.

"Your sisters are very fond of her, no doubt?" I said at last.

"Nettie adores her," he answered, turning to me again. "And Mildred—oh, Mildred loves her dearly, also, of course, only being older she is less demonstrative in her affection."

I detected a note of uneasiness here, as though he tried to convince himself of what he was forced to doubt.

"How terrible it seems," he went on, "that she, with the blood of nobles in her veins, should be compelled to earn her bread."

"She is not English?" I queried.

"No; she is a Venetian. She is the last of an ancient, but impoverished family."

"At last she is fortunate in having found such a happy home and such kind friends."

"Giacinta Salvati would find friends anywhere," he responded, with a touch of pride in the woman he would never win, almost pathetic. "But I think she is content with us. She is devoted to my mother and Nettie; and Mildred, being only a few years

younger than herself, is naturally her friend; and—I am sure she loves the old place, too. Look, Bertram, there it is!"

He pointed with his whip to the old gray mansion down in the hollow. I knew he pictured Giacinta its mistress.

We entered the carriage drive, and were soon alighting at the broad flight of steps that led to the wide door.

It was hospitably open. A flood of cheerful homelight poured from thence. A gentleman with silvery hair and upright figure was awaiting us, and beside him a young girl dressed in white.

Just a slender, sweet-faced girl of seventeen, with soft, light brown hair and lustrous grey eyes, and a dainty, delicate bloom on her rounded cheeks. But I looked at her, and I forgot the gorgeous vision of Giacinta in the autumn wood. I forgot poor George and his hopeless love. I forgot Anstruther, my vow, myself—all but her! One touch of those small soft fingers, one glance of those sweet eyes, and the secret spring was moved: the door of my heart flew open wide, and Mildred Irving entered in, to reign its queen for evermore!

The week, at first proposed for my stay, passed away all too swiftly, and my visit was lengthened for a few days more.

Days stolen from Paradise for me, though the dark hours of the night brought over the recollection of my vow.

I had not broken it. By no word or look had I revealed my love, though Mildred and I were much together. One strong, kindred taste we had, in addition to many subtler affinities—this was the love of Art.

I could only appreciate, for creative talent I had none; but Mildred had unusual gifts, and, having now left school, devoted a great deal of time to their cultivation. A room on the ground floor, with long windows opening on the garden, was her studio and favourite retreat. George and I were often there; but Giacinta, I observed, seldom entered it.

Between her and Mildred there was a barrier, invisible, but impassable. The younger girl gave to the other, invariably, all the delicate attention and unobtrusive kindness that real friendship itself could have prompted, but I saw she did not love her; while Giacinta, on her part, appeared almost to shrink from any attempt at the affectionate intimacy that might have been expected to exist between two young women, equals in birth and education, if not in wealth, living together in a country house.

Giacinta, however, was capable of strong attachment. She was devoted to gentle Mrs. Irving. She lavished upon little Nettie almost impassioned love. I met her one evening, when the two had been absent a long while, coming through the glades of the park with the child asleep in her arms. She would not let me relieve her of her burden, though her step told that she was weary; but she went on, with the little figure in her embrace, and upon her face, and in her whole bearing that ineffable tenderness that comes to a woman only when she looks upon a child.

Ah, she was meant for love, she was meant for maternity, this beautiful and sorrowful creature! How was it I could never picture her the centre of a peaceful home?

It was that same night that I awoke from a troubled dream that of late had visited me often.

In proportion as my waking hours, spent in the society of Mildred, were happy, the dark nights were filled with sorrow.

In my dreams I was constantly with Gervys Anstruther. Again and again I visited the room where I had found him dead, and, with peculiar vividness and distinctness, every detail of that fatal room, down to its most trifling ornament or chance disorder, was brought before me.

It seemed that Mildred was always at my side. I had never talked to her of Anstruther. George may have told her of the tragedy, but he had no idea of the manner in which it had coloured my whole existence.

She was so bright, so untouched by any shadow of trouble, my pretty Mildred! I would not sadden her serene spirit by dwelling on the dark history in which I had borne a part.

Yet I longed as never before to penetrate the mystery, for my vow stood between me and my soul's desire.

I awoke, as I have said, from that off-recurring dream. I was suddenly wide awake, restless, and full of a strange expectancy. Sleep had become an impossibility, for the difficulties in which I was involved came upon me in the exaggerated form all trials and forebodings wear in the night.

I rose, and partly dressed, determined to drown my thoughts by reading, since "beyond the ivory gate" was nothing but disquiet for me. Mystical region whence Anstruther's image came, and where Mildred's gentle spirit met my own!

Between George's room and mine was a smaller one, half dressing-room, half sitting-room. I had left a book there. I would go and get it.

There was no communicating door. I stepped out on the gallery, which ran round three sides of the great hall, and to which the principal rooms opened. I had no light in my hand, for the moonlight, streaming through the tall windows, gave sufficient light for me, and I knew where my book was.

The opposite side of the gallery was in shadow.

I stood for some moments admiring the picturesque effect of the silver moonshine on the old carved staircase, the banners, and suits of mail. No wonder George was proud of his ancestral home. One could picture a lady in dim brocade pacing the gallery, and gliding down the staircase—the ghost of some fair Irving dead and gone. Or, perchance, a monk of even more distant days, revisiting the dwelling-place of his brotherhood.

Was it fancy? Surely something moved there on the staircase, amidst the silver patches of light and the dense shadows cast by the oaken carving. A veritable White Lady was gliding, step by step, to the hall below, and there the shadows swallowed her up.

In some part recovering from my surprise and eerie sensations, I hurried to the staircase and down to the hall. But the white figure had completely vanished, and I returned to my room mystified.

After all, I reasoned, I might have been deceived. Some effect of the vivid moonlight, my own excited and disturbed imagination, had called up the ghost between them.

But I took an opportunity next day, when I sat in the studio with George and Mildred, of turning the conversation on ghosts.

The Priory claimed more than one. Mildred and George, in turn, related family legends. I kept my nocturnal

experience to myself, however; and from ghosts we went on to supernatural warnings, prophetic dreams, and the like.

George laughed at it all, and professed uncompromising scepticism; Mildred spoke as if, like myself, she believed.

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

She possessed a most impressionable and sensitive nature. Her instincts and perceptions were remarkably keen. Often, even in those early days, I have seen the comprehension of some thought of mine lighting up her large eyes before my lips had uttered it.

I felt that it was impossible for her not to know how dearly I loved her. I was sure she did know it, and I had sometimes hoped, in spite of all, that Mildred loved me.

George sauntered away presently through the open French window, which was, I need hardly say, an innovation. I had seen Giacinta at a little distance, and knew he had gone to join her.

"Mr Arundel," said Mildred, gently. "I am going to tell you something. George would laugh at me, but you will understand, I know. I am very troubled."

She looked up at me with the clear, confiding gaze of a child. Perplexity, fear, and awe were in the depths of those dear eyes lifted to mine.

"When we talked of ghosts just now," she went on, almost in a whisper. "I could not feel as George does. Mr Arundel, this room is haunted! Every night it is visited, and I have discovered this in so strange a manner—"

She was trembling and very pale. What would I not have given to clasp her in my arms and kiss her quivering lips.

"Tell me all, dear Miss Irving," I entreated. "Be assured there is some natural explanation."

"If you locked a room fast at night, carried away the key with you, hid it in a place known only to yourself, and then found the room had been entered, would you seek a natural explanation?"

"I think I should. How do you know the room is entered?"

"A week ago I found, on a canvas left upon an easel ready for use next day, the outlines of a picture. I was frightened. I cannot quite explain why, except that the picture was a tragic one. I spoke of it to no one. You know, the servants have orders never to interfere with my palettes, canvases, and sketches; but I never, till that night, locked this door. Next

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morning I found the easel as I had left it, pushed away into a corner and covered with a drapery. But I lifted up the covering, and I found—she shuddered—"the mysterious artist had been at work again!"

"The windows," I suggested. "They are fastened securely upon the inside. There is but one door. You imagine someone is playing me a trick, perhaps? So did I at first. That is why I kept silence, and took such care to fasten up the room from all intruders. Still, as I tell you, the work goes on, the picture grows to completion."

"In all houses like this there are often sliding panels and secret doors."

"Oh, there are none here, I am convinced. This part of the house has been so completely renovated it must have been discovered. Only recently papa had the electric light fitted. Besides, Mr Arundel, I do not think anyone in the house could paint such a picture as this. It is terrible, but it is wonderful!"

"May I see it?" "Yes," she answered, paling, but evidently glad to share her weird secret.

A painter ghost was a novelty to me. Had my White Lady any connection with the mystery? I waited with interest and curiosity whilst Mildred drew a curtain and lifted a drapery from an easel.

How shall I express my horrified amazement? The shock of grief and misery I had felt two years before was upon me again.

I saw upon the canvas, portrayed with such realism that I seemed to be viewing actualities, the scene of Anstruther's death. The actual blow was being struck. He, with a last effort, had half-risen and beheld his murderer. His face was turned to wards us. But the figure behind him was but an undefined shadow, an impalpable terror, without face or form.

I staggered back from the easel, unable to conceal my emotion. Mildred covered the picture from sight.

"I must destroy it!" she said. "It fills me with dread. It is not like a picture; it is too real!"

"Miss Irving," I asked, trying to speak in my usual voice, and failing, "will you grant me a request?" "Oh, yes," she responded.

"Will you let me watch here to-night, unknown to anyone?" "I had rather you did not," she answered.

swered, artlessly. "I should be afraid for you."

"There is no need. Do you give me leave to come here, when all the household are at rest? I shall solve the mystery, I am certain. It is not only that I cannot bear you to suffer any further uneasiness; I have another reason which I will one day explain."

"One that concerns yourself?" she asked, quickly.

"Yes, and all my life's happiness." "Then come here, if you will," she said; "but I wish the night were over!"

"The picture is not yet complete, you see. The figure of the murderer has yet to appear. And now let us forget this till to-morrow morning, when you shall hear my adventures."

I do not suppose she forgot it any more than I did—and I know I thought of it all day long, and that it filled my soul with alternate hope and dread as night fell.

Should I find what I had sought so long in vain here, where I had never sought it? Would the picture be finished that night, and in my presence?

I was pacing the garden walk, in the light of the newly-risen moon, and presently my reverie was broken in upon by the sound of voices behind a hedge of yews—George's voice, in earnest pleading; Giacinta Salviati's, soft, melodious, but, ah, how sad!

I moved away; but soon after she came down the alley where I walked. She was alone; George had left her; and she turned, without seeing me, to look after his retreating figure.

There was a white drapery about her head. I saw that she had been weeping; and, looking at her thus, I knew of what she had always reminded me.

Do you know that portrait of Beatrice Cenci which hangs in the Barberini Gallery? If so, you will at once recall that face, so exquisitely fair, those locks of richest auburn, the dark eyes, full of unfathomable woe, in such pathetic contrast to lips of almost childlike beauty. Giacinta Salviati was like that picture!

When all the house was silent I stole out from my room, but before making my way to the studio I waited awhile to see if my White Lady walked each night.

I did not wait in vain. Presently I saw the white shape gliding on the oaken stair. This time I was determined she should not elude me. I followed her into the hall, down a corridor. She appeared to be going before me to the studio. In the winding passages I lost her; but I found her again.

Mildred had promised to leave the key of the studio door in the lock. The door was ajar. There was a light within. Did the spirit need the electric light, then, for its work?

I entered noiselessly, breathlessly. There, before the easel, sat a figure in white robes and streaming hair, at work upon the dread painting my White Lady.

It was Mildred herself! I moved cautiously forward, so that I saw her face. She was quite unconscious of my presence—awake, or, rather, in a trance. Her large eyes were wide open and fixed upon her work.

I dared not wake her. Silent and awe-stricken, I watched and waited, while under the hand of my innocent love the likeness of Anstruther's destroyer was made manifest to me!

When it was finished, she rose, put the easel in its former position, turned off the light, and passed, with the same gliding step, along the passage through the corridor and hall, and up the staircase. I saw her enter her own room, and returned to my own, far more disturbed than when I quitted it.

Through the ivory gate, whence come spirits to the souls of men, had come the awful vision to my darling. I could not believe that with Anstruther and all his surroundings so faithfully portrayed, the figure added that night could be other than the murderer.

What, then, must be done?

Mildred was before me in the studio. I am sure my haggard face prepared her for something strange; but my relation of what I had actually seen bewildered her.

"It cannot be, Mr Arundel!" she exclaimed. "I cannot paint like that. And, besides, how could I do it in my sleep?"

"Look at the white dressing gown you wore last night," I answered. "You will find splashes of paint where the brush fell from your hand. Have you looked at the picture?"

"No, I have not yet had courage, though I have brought the easel forward, as you see."

I would have prepared her, but with a sudden gesture she flung aside the covering.

A cry burst from her lips, and she turned, shuddering away. I drew her into my arms, and hiding her face on my shoulder she gave way to frightened tears.

For the face and the figure added last night in the picture were those of Giacinta Salviati!

Then, while I endeavoured to soothe her we were both startled by a noise in the grounds outside, the clatter of hoofs, shouts and cries.

I rushed to the window and out upon the lawn. Mildred followed me.

Along the carriage drive came a pony belonging to George. It was tearing madly along, and Nettie—who, I afterwards learnt, had mounted it in the stable yard in spite of the entreaties of the lad who had charge of it—was clinging to its mane and shrieking with fright.

While I ran with all speed to the rescue I saw Giacinta rush out from amidst the trees, catch the pony by the bridle, and hold it fast while it plunged and kicked.

The harm was done before I could reach her. Mischievous Nettie was safe and sound, and no more frightened than she deserved to be. But Giacinta—

She was carried within the studio, which was the first place to come to. A doctor was sent for, and came presently upon the scene. But she was beyond human aid. She had given her life to save Nettie from harm.

While she lay there, with Mrs Irving's hand in hers, and poor George, for whom she had no thought, watching her from the background with yearning eyes, someone passing by the easel, which Mildred had covered, disturbed the drapery and let it fall.

The dying girl gazed with horror upon the picture.

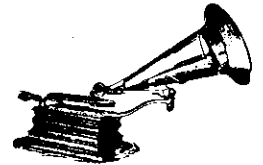
"Oh, my sin, my sin!" she moaned.

"How comes it to rise before me now!"

There is no need to tell at length that painful story. It is enough for me to say that Gervys Anstruther was a villain, and Giacinta a deeply wronged and injured woman. She had avenged herself. She had suffered and repented. And she gave her life for an innocent child.

Seven years have passed since then. Mildred and I have spent them together. George has never married, but there is a fair haired, blue-eyed girl who loves him fondly, and have hopes that he will yet be happy.

[The End.]



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PINEAHA.

mountain waters down to the great Pacific Ocean. From there to the Oira Gorge is spread before him a wealth of Alpine Scenery—snow and ice everywhere, peak upon peak, glacier upon glacier; roaring torrents hundreds of feet below, avalanche and waterfall and precipices upon every hand. The Hot Mineral Springs of Hanmer are within a day's journey of Christchurch. Here are good baths and excellent accommodation.

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Edward VII. Chez Lui.

We are so accustomed to regard our King as a monarch pure and simple that we are apt to forget that he has a private side to his life as much as ourselves, and that sometimes King Edward VII. is, for the time being, transformed into a quiet country gentleman.

The King's chief delight is still to take upon himself every responsibility in connection with the Sandringham estate, and to personally interest himself in the people who live upon it. Nothing happens on the estate without his hearing about it.

At Sandringham the King puts all conventionality aside. At dinner, for instance, the King and Queen do not take the head and foot of the table, but sit facing each other at its centre.

The sport which the King loves most is undoubtedly shooting, whether at Sandringham or elsewhere; and in this connection it is interesting to know that whenever His Majesty goes on a shooting visit he takes his own dogs, gillies and loaders, who have complete charge of his guns, and always attend him during the day's sport. There is, of course, scarcely a sport or a pastime that the King has not tried during his life.

From 8 a.m., as a rule, the King concentrates all his energies on affairs of State and private business; a light breakfast of eggs, tea and toast being served to him in his own apartments about nine o'clock.

Indeed, meals in the Royal family are served at most reasonable hours—luncheon at half-past two, afternoon tea (which is a meal and not a pretence) at five, and dinner from seven onwards, according to the arrangements made for the evening.

The King's favourite meal, however, says "One of His Majesty's servants," in "The Private Life of the King," is supper; and it is His Majesty's delight about midnight, with two or three intimate friends, to sit down to a meal composed of a considerable variety of dishes.

At Sandringham or Windsor, where it is not necessary to keep such late hours, supper is often dispensed with; the King beginning the day with a true country breakfast, which he

finds a necessary prelude to the long morning's walk in the open air which usually follows.

His Majesty is very fond of tea as a beverage; and afternoon tea is quite a feature at Sandringham, the meal comprising a wealth of sandwiches and dainties of all kinds, for the King and his family are extremely fond of sweet cakes and biscuits. Indeed, all forms of confectionery appear at tea time.

The King is a real country gentleman in his fondness for "square meals." The menus for the day are even now often submitted to him, and he alters them when not to his taste.

From time to time he even writes his comments on the menu that stands before his plate at luncheon or dinner. Needless to say, these comments find their way to the kitchen regions and the heart of the chef.

His Majesty is very fond of oysters, and when they are in season oyster suppers are frequently arranged.

Many of the King's holiday trips, especially those he took for his health to Homburg and Marienbad, entailed a considerable reduction in the quantity and quality of his meals; but when he makes a "cure" His Majesty is always most careful in his observation of the regulations and orders of his doctors.

The King seldom takes anything to drink between his meals; but if he has occasion to break through this excellent rule he generally has a "lemon squash," which he has made popular as a wholesome and fashionable beverage.

It is largely owing to the fact that the King likes to smoke directly he has finished dining that after-dinner drinking has gone quite out of fashion.

The reason why champagne is more often called "boy" than "fizz" nowadays is not generally known. On one broiling hot day during a stay at Homburg the King went for a picnic with a large party of friends.

When luncheon arrived everything was beautifully cooked and cool, but what appealed most to everyone were bottles of champagne standing in silver pails of ice, with white wet napkins round their necks. A small cupid of a "Tiger Tim" was told off to fly about and spill the frappe nectar into the glasses that everyone

presented with the unanimity of a comic-opera chorus.

There was little ceremony observed, and the lad was distracted from the usual routine of service by cries of "Here, boy!" "I say, boy!" "This way, boy!" which gradually got abbreviated into staccato calls—"Boy!" "Boy!" "Boy!"

Seeing one little lady, more bashful than the rest, sitting silently with her plate untouched before her, the King said, "Are you waiting for anything?"

"Yes, sir," said the modern Miss Meffel, "I am waiting for the boy."

"Oh!" said the King, "pray take this," handing her his glass, and taking her empty one from her. "Now I'll have some boy, too."

The magic sound of the King's voice brought the boy to his side, and for the rest of the afternoon, when anyone's glass was empty, the King kept up the joke by saying, "Have some boy!"

The writer of "The Private Life of the King," which Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, have just published at 8s., relates many other interesting anecdotes in the course of his interesting book, which every subject of Edward VII. should read.

Death-Bed Gossip.

The admonition in "Richard II."—

"Let's choose executors, and talk of wills"—

falls often enough on heedless ears, the property owner thinking within himself that any time may serve for so dreary a topic, and so, in the end, dying without a legal testament. On his death-bed, perhaps, he seeks to distribute his belongings by a series of gifts, and although by an anomalous introduction of the civil law he is permitted to do this to some extent, yet, as was recently shown in this column, the risks of failure of his design are considerable. For example, according to Mr Justice Holroyd, he cannot avail himself of the principle of donatio mortis causa to give land. Suppose he has title deeds to an estate, and, desiring that a particular person should have the property, he hands the documents to him, in a manner which would constitute a

death-bed gift as to personal assets; nevertheless, the estate will not pass to the donee. Why? you ask. Are not deeds personal assets, and if the muniments of title be thus given, what more can be needed? It is answered, that whilst deeds so given may, perhaps, be the absolute property of the donee, still, the holder of them will not be able to eject anyone in possession of the land. The gift being imperfect, because there is no conveyance to the donee, no enforceable right can be acquired, without the aid of the administrator of the deceased; and him the Court will not order to convey, for the recipient of an imperfect gift is not favoured by the Court, he being a purely voluntary donee. Now, if the rule of donatio mortis causa applied, the donee could call upon the representative of the deceased donor to complete the gift, but that would mean that the land itself could be the subject of a death-bed gift, and this the law will not have. Why? Because the civil law doctrine in question applied only to pure personal property, and so, when you invoke its help in English law, the same limitation has to be accepted. Not a very satisfactory reason, perhaps; but, historically it is sound, and a good many English jurists think that the whole idea of death-bed gift is contrary to the proper interpretation of the Act of Parliament, which makes wills in general invalid unless they are not merely in writing, but also witnessed in a prescribed way. It is a little odd in this connection that there can be a good death-bed gift of a mortgage deed, the effect of which is to enable the donee to become the owner of the mortgaged land by means of foreclosure. The Courts, however, excuse the inconsistency by saying that the gift of the mortgage is really a gift of the money secured by it, and that the ultimate result as to the land is a mere accident. Which proves once more how wise the law is!

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Sir Hector's Mission.

Why did Sir Hector Macdonald come to New Zealand? I cannot believe it was merely for a pleasure trip, that before he had been a few days back from the war in Great Britain, he should have packed his portmanteau and sailed for Australasian waters. His own Scotland had claims on him before this part of the world, and had inclination determined his movements the natural place to have found him would have been his native heath. It seems a much more reasonable presumption to hold that he came here at the call of duty, not of pleasure, and under direct orders of some kind from the Home authorities. Now, what were these orders? Did our martial ardour need stimulating? The seven contingents, our contribution to the war, is an answer enough to that. Was he sent to examine our preparedness for war? His remarks before leaving Auckland might be construed in that way, but then he did not give himself the time, and moreover it was not altogether in his line to determine such matters. The most likely suggestion is that gallant Mac, if he came on business at all, came to have a look at our raw material. Australasia's South African contingents were good, very good, but how were the authorities to know whether in spirit and physique they did not represent the choice samples? Had we much more of the same sort of thing, and how much? were the questions. And who so well fitted to judge our true capacity in that respect—better fitted than we ourselves—than Fighting Mac, the general who had been a ranker, and who knew the army not merely as a machine, but as an aggregation of human individualities? Here was the man, the very man for the work; a man who came and went most unostentatiously, who required no elaborate examination to tell him what he wanted to know, but at a glance could find his facts. In his rapid passage through Australasia where he mingled with the people as no other army celebrity could have done, the gallant General probably got the hang of things military, and our true fighting potentialities better than any one else would have done. And whether he came for that purpose or not, we are pretty safe in believing that if the Home authorities want to learn more about us, they have in Sir Hector the man who can tell them.

City v. Country.

The management of the Auckland Agricultural Show, which took place last week, made a concession to the non-agricultural portion of their patrons by giving on both days of the exhibition the riding, jumping and driving competitions, which have formerly been confined to one. This new arrangement is equivalent to a confession on the part of the management that the public as a rule, that is to say the city-bred public, are not interested in monster bullocks, milch cows, fat sheep and pigs infinitely more prepared to die from the butcher's point of view than the most blameless among us can pretend to be. The city folks do not take that absorbing pleasure in the contemplation of the peaceful eyed kine as the countrymen one sees lingering lovingly at one pen after another, as he slowly makes his way along the line. All cows are very much alike to them, and the distinctive merits of the Berkshire or the Yorkshire porker are lost on them. It seems in a way a mistake for the country to hold these exhibitions in town, seeing the unappreciative character of town patrons. But I suppose it is chiefly on account of the central advantages which the city affords that it is chosen. All roads lead to the city, and it is the most convenient place for the country to congregate in on such occasions. The popularity of the Agricultural Show is said to be waning in Great Britain. That, I fancy, is due to the decline of interest in matters agricultural among

the community which every day becomes more and more a purely manufacturing and industrial one. The cities continue to absorb the country population, and while the first generation of boys and girls who leave the farm for the factory, and counting house may still visit an agricultural show for the sake of the pleasant memories it recalls, their children, and still more, their children's children, will probably find a music hall much more to their taste, and racy snatches of popular songs more melodious than the mellow low of kine. To these town dwellers the fresh country and its pleasures are unknown. But it would be absurd to expect the same sort of thing in an infant colony like this, where for years and generations to come the country and not the town must be the predominant partner here. We town folk make a mistake to get out of touch with the country thus early. One of the daily papers has taken the occasion of the show to sound a warning note in this matter, and it is a text on which we cannot keep harping too long or too loud. This is an agricultural and pastoral community, and the cities which have grown so marvellously need not think that they are the colony. As town dwellers, let us recognise that if the future of New Zealand is to be great it can only be the country that makes it so, and if our descendants are to be associated in that future we should be careful to turn the thoughts of our sons in the direction of the farm.

The Latin Faith.

The declaration of the Chief Inspector of Schools that "Latin might with great advantage be entirely withdrawn from the course of study that ministers to a modern liberal education" will be received with general satisfaction by that section of the community—a small one in the colony—which is condemned to hard labour among the dry bones of that dead language. What would we in our youthful days have thought of an inspector who ventured such scholastic heterodoxy? If we could have credited his sanity, and, even if we could not, he would have been hailed as a sort of grammar school Messiah. I am speaking of that period in the school course when Latin is indeed a dead tongue to its youthful students—a period from which I fear very few of them ever emerge—and when it is impossible for them to conceive that a people ever lived who could find pleasure in discoursing in such an intricate lingo. We know now that as a fact they did; nay more, some among us who have forgotten the declensions can wax quite eloquent on the beauties of the Latin tongue and the overwhelming advantages of a classical education. When the Chief Inspector's suggestion to sweep away Latin and substitute French in its place in the high schools came before the Auckland Education Board the other day one of the members exclaimed, "I believe in Latin," a confession of faith which a second member piously repeated. Perhaps these gentlemen were entirely sincere, but yet that "I believe in Latin" has been so long an article of the educational creed that, like some of the articles in the Church's creed, we have got into the habit of repeating it parrot-wise without thinking what we are saying. How many a devout believer in Latin has our met who had as much knowledge of either the letter or the spirit of the tongue as he had of Sunserit? But it had been his father's creed before him, and he had inherited it with the family patrimony as so many, alas, inherit, not merely their religious beliefs. Nine-tenths of those who tell you they believe in Latin could not construe a Latin sentence to save their lives; and surely this faith, without works, is dead. How long are we to perpetuate this humbug? Let us be honest. Let each man ask himself

what use he has made of the painfully acquired smattering of Latin he carried away from school. Let him test the value of it at the next Latin quotation he comes across, and I question whether there are five per cent. who can conscientiously say they yet have some tangible result of all their long study to show. If they had been taught Latin to a purpose the position would be entirely different, but since they were not, and their children are not likely to be any better off, don't you think the Inspector's suggestion to substitute French might be worth acting on? I don't suppose that even when the latter language receives the place of honour hitherto held sacred to Latin the immediate result will be a race of schoolboys chattering French with the ease of a Paris gamine, but, as a writer in the "Star" points out, the chances in favour of the study of French as against Latin being continued so as to be of actual educational and practical use to the pupil are enormous.

The War Holocaust.

A Paris correspondent of one of the Home dailies has taken the trouble to compile from the French journal, "La Patrie," its statistics on the Boer war for the last two years. If only the readers of the paper had gone to the same labour the result could hardly have failed to shake the confidence of the greatest Anglophobe among them in the representations of the Paris press. The "Patrie" reported in its columns 1101 battles. Examining the accounts of these conflicts one by one, and adding up the totals, our investigator found that according to "La Patrie" 204 Boer officers and men lost their lives in the engagements, while 317 were captured. On the other hand the total British loss was: killed, 3,189,180 men, including 60,000 officers; and captured 190,000 men and 8000 officers. For the 2160 guns we lost we had only 14 Boer weapons to show, and against 7 decisive victories to our credit we had to enter 1094 crushing defeats. No Boer generals were killed by "La Patrie," but the journal sacrificed 71 British of that rank, and with a reinforcement of hate despatched five of them three times, and one, General Methuen, seven times. General Kelly-Kenny had innumerable horses shot under him, and three heads shot off him; and Lord Roberts left behind him five legs and nine right arms. Obviously, therefore, the latter was only a travelling trunk when he departed by steamer from the Cape. This is a sample of the journalism on which the French people feed. Is it a wonder that Kruger's emissaries should meet with sympathy and financial support if the French newspapers support their falsehoods in that fashion? Surely the Boers would be a race of heroes indeed according to these figures. Beside this how modest appears Lord Kitchener's weekly report, with its paltry hundred Boers placed hors de combat. The heaviest item he has to show is cattle and horses, and though these are so considerable as to make us sometimes suspect that the same animals have been captured twice over, the numbers in the aggregate can hardly be up to the "Patrie's" estimate of British dead, which has converted South Africa into a charnel house, and may be said to have already given permanent occupation of the country to the hated Briton. Colonial journals are not free from error, and the obscurity of the war cables leads to as many errors as the perfunctory typesetter or the gamesome linotype, but they escape the deliberate falsifications of the editor's desk, and mete out a rough justice to for as well as friend.

A Husband Trust.

The latest development of the syndicate is the husband trust, and it belongs to that home of trusts, America. The fertile brain of the New Jersey girl originated the idea, which is simply a spinster combine for the purpose of effecting the marriage of its members. It is hardly necessary to say that the trust is a secret one, or as much secret as a feminine organisation could be. I don't mean a nasty bit by that, for, as a fact, to be successful, the trust's objects must be



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kept dark. Men may be simple creatures as a rule, but matrimonially speaking they are not to be caught without careful stalking. The trust has a club, ostensibly a ladies' club, for the social intercourse of its members, and to this club the unsuspecting man is introduced. He goes once and likes it. He goes twice; he goes thrice; and then probably he finds himself taking a more particular interest in one of the ladies. But, as we all know, that phase may be a very long way off proposal. Don't we know how young men are always taking a particular interest in some girl, enough to awaken great expectations in her fluttering heart, and it all comes to nothing. Now it is just here where the trust comes in and saves the situation. The young man is given to understand, in a proper, decent sort of way, of course, that could not possibly wound his feelings, that on his actually marrying the club will make it its business to assist him in buying clocks, pianos, carpets, baby carriages, sideboards, and so forth. With such inducements before his eyes it is useless for him to plead the common excuse that he is not in a position to wed, and the usual result is that he finds himself married before he has altogether grasped the situation. I have always been disposed to look upon women's clubs as entirely unnecessary things. There was no sufficient *raison d'être* for them. But an organisation of this kind is not open to that objection, and I don't see why the American originator should not have imitators. The principles of the "combine" are—up to a certain point, of course—as applicable to the matrimonial market as to the stock exchange, or railways, or mines, and should prove as successful in the one as in the others, provided, of course, the ladies are prepared to hold fast by these principles. The members of the syndicate must be absolutely loyal to one another, and there must be no envy and jealousy on the part of those who don't go off quickly towards those who do. It must be a case of backing the favourite right up to the winning post. And she, in return, when she leaves the course

to take her ease in the meadows of matrimony, will not be so ungrateful as to forget her stable mates. As a matron there are hundreds of ways in which she can help the spinster cause, and there is no reason why, after marriage, she should not continue a working member of the trust.

Behind the Veil.

Paris has condemned the veil. In the very temple of fashion itself sentence has been passed on the thing by the health authorities, who, I understand, are disposed to enforce obedience to their ruling that the veil must go. The crusade is not a new one. Doctors have long cried out against those dotted absurdities with which ladies adorn or conceal their faces. We have been told time and again that to walk down the street with an assortment of black spots shifting hither and thither before your eyes is to invite all sorts of maladies to these organs, and, in short, to court blindness, or, at least, a squint. To this objection the Paris health authorities have added another against the veil. It is pointed out that in its minute meshes noxious germs—our old enemy the deadly microbe again—get entangled and remain there until the fair wearer all unconsciously inhales them into her system. These are arguments against the veil which probably count little, however, with the average female. She who risks curvature of the spine by wearing high-heeled boots, and ruthlessly displaces half of her internal organs by painfully tight-facing herself is not likely to discard so small a wish of her apparel as a veil, though it is proved to be the direct cause of blindness and the indirect cause of a score of diseases if she thinks she looks well in it. Unless she can be persuaded that her personal appearance suffers by the use she does not trouble about her health. And it would be hard to say that in many cases the charm of a feminine face is not greatly enhanced by the gossamer which conceals natural de-

fects, softens artificial touches, and gives a misty indefiniteness to the countenance that leaves the romantic male mind to imagine beauties where all is plain enough. But just on the ground that it lends itself to deception quite as much as for hygienic reasons man would like to see the veil done away with. What mortal male is there who at some period of his life has not known bitter disappointment on account of a veiled lady? Innumerable are the veiled faces one sees and pronounces charming, only to discover when the gossamer is removed that they are commonplace, and probably ugly. A further inconvenience which results from veil-wearing is the fact that it adds enormously to the difficulty of recognising the wearer—a difficulty already sufficiently great from the varied head-gear that ladies affect. It might influence the fair sex in the right direction to know that men look with no partial eye on the veil. They are beginning to understand its deceptive character and suspect the lady who does not show her face to the world. I believe in the East it is the custom among certain peoples for the bride not to reveal her visage to her husband till after the marriage knot is actually tied. Were this pig in a poke sort of arrangement—pardon the metaphor, ladies—admissible here a good many Western women would not linger so long in the matrimonial mart; for the veil, as we know it, is capable of effecting greater transformations than the Eastern covering, which merely conceals. But, as no man in his senses marries a woman for how she looks when she has a veil on, it is probably waste of labour on the part of husband-seekers to adopt the device.

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After Dinner Gossip.

A Hot Cure With a Vengeance

New cure for sciatica—described by the experimenter in the "Bulletin." Couldn't stand the pain anyhow. Drove into township to see the doc., who gave me a liniment to rub on. Went in again next day and told him it was no good, an' to give me something that would burn. Gave me a prescription. Chemist wanted to know whether doc. hadn't made a mistake, and told me to be careful, anyhow, and only apply the stuff with a feather. Went 'ome, dipped it in thick. Felt nothing. Got a rag, poured a lot on, and daubed it all over the part. Still felt nothing. Poured some into me 'and, and rubbed it in real 'ard. Felt nothing. Took a sip of the stuff. Ticked my throat a bit and made me cough, so I slung the bottle in the fire, and the darned stuff went up the chimney in a blue flame. Went across to the blacksmith's, got a flat piece of iron made white-hot, an' 'old it close to the part till the skin began to peel. Went to bed, and got up next day with sciatica gone. It's never come back; and if ever you 'ave sciatica, take my tip an' try the white-hot iron.

This may be no exaggeration. The actual cautery, a radical remedy, has been used, as witness Henry Stuart Russell's anecdote in "The Genesis of Queensland," about how, smelling burning flesh one night, he got up and went into the tent of explorer Leichhardt, whom he found holding the big nerve of his upper arm over a candle flame as a palliative for his agonising neuritis. And there are other instances.

The Scripture Reader and the Stable Boys.

A Scripture reader called at a racing stable, and asked the lads to allow him to read to them. To give them their due it must be admitted that they treated the visitor respectfully and appeared to listen while he was reading. When he had finished, however, and was preparing to depart, one of the boys said, "I say, boss! Can you tell me whether the kangaroo is mentioned in the Bible?" "No, my boy, it certainly is not," replied the visitor, kindly. "Ain't it?" said the lad. "Well, I'll lay you half a dollar that if you turn up the 9th verse of the 5th chapter of Hezekiah you'll find the kangaroo mentioned." Wondering what hallucination the visitor opened the Bible and had passed over Nehemiah, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Zephaniah and Zechariah in his vain search for the Book of Hezekiah when the propounder of the question said, "You'd better read up a bit, old pal, before you come here again to teach us. If you knowed your business you'd know you was looking for what ain't there." Since hearing this story I have (says Javalin, of "Pepper and Salt" fame) played it off on several friends. Two of them in particular rather pride themselves on their knowledge of the Scriptures, but I had them hunting for Hezekiah and that kangaroo all the same!

Love's Labour Lost.

It is astonishing the pains people will take over senseless and useless objects. According to a usually veracious exchange the "Graphic" learns an old lady has in her possession a walking stick made entirely of old used postage stamps. It was made by her father when he was a clerk in a large ship broker's office. He saw the stamps being thrown into the waste paper basket, and he wondered if nothing could be done with them, and the novel idea of making a walking stick struck him. He rolled up one and then another, with the sticky side next, and so on until after many years of patient waiting completed his task. It took 230,000 penny stamps, 230,000 half-penny and 23,000 other different kinds to

make this wonderful case, which is about three feet high. On the top is a golden guinea piece embedded in the mass of paper. It has been on loan at many exhibitions of curiosities, and, extraordinary as it may seem to "Graphic" readers, large sums have been offered for it, but the old lady will not part with it for any money.

If We Have Navy Training Ships in New Zealand.

If we have navy training ships in New Zealand it will be well to see they are managed in a different way to what apparently prevails at "Home." A correspondent in the "Daily News" says:—"I have lately seen a letter from a lad on board one of our training ships, in which the following passage (substantially) occurs: 'They caught a deserter the other day. I think he must have been mad. He was a boy instructor, and had nearly completed his service. He has been ducked sixty days' pay, sixty days' leave, and other privileges, and all his good conduct stripes have been taken away, and he was to receive eighteen cuts with the birch. All the boys were forced to assemble and watch the punishment. When it was over he was all over blood and writhing in agony, for he was quite naked.' Sir Hector has recommended "drastic discipline" for our New Zealand boys. Drastic discipline (with a vengeance!) Sir Hector, however does not mean brutality of this sort, the "Graphic" takes it.

Horses That Pay Their Way.

A high-class thoroughbred horse is assuredly no insignificant possession in the Old Country. Mr. R. S. Sievier, who was known a few years back in Australia as Bob Sutton, a cash bookmaker, owns three two-year-olds, whose aggregate value is considered to be not less than £40,000, and in Florizel II., Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee, His Majesty King Edward possesses three stallions which, if placed at the service of breeders, could easily, I suppose, earn £25,000 a year amongst them in stud fees! If they lived and served for ten years they would in that time return a quarter of a million sterling, would those three hidebound Mount Morgans! Horses like St. Simon and Orme standing publicly at the stud would, while they lived, bring in as much per annum in fees as about 30 average-sized shops in one of Melbourne's principal streets would return in rents.

The New Zealander's Little Joke.

A New Zealand sporting man, who has played his last joke, delighted to "have" his friends on sporting wagers—an indulgence possible only when one's friends are quite certain that the joke is of more importance to him than the wager. On a visit to England he drove four-in-hand to Epsom, taking down, in the double sense, as he thought, a fashionable party. With a stiff breeze blowing, the New Zealander spoke of the wonderful skill of the coach drivers of his native land in lighting their pipes one-handed while driving in the teeth of a strong wind. "I can do it myself," he said, putting a cigar in his mouth for the attempt. Five times the match failed without getting near the cigar, and there were meaning smiles all over the drag. The driver produced his sixth and last match. "A sporting wager with any of you," he said, "Five pounds I do it this time." They took him in half a dozen places and won easily. The loser had had his joke all the same. "How they would have enjoyed winning," he explained afterwards, "had they known that I can light a cigar in a heavy wind 39 times out of 40, that I bungled the first five matches purposely, just to draw them on, and the sixth went out simply because I couldn't help it."—"Australasian."

The "Buckers" Turn Now.

The first Melbourne Cup of the twentieth century witnesses the victory of a hot favourite. The last Cup of the nineteenth century saw the victory of a rank outsider. What is the clear lesson to be drawn from this, writes the witty Woomeera? Undoubtedly, it means that the troubles of the gentle public which backs racehorses ended at the close of last century and the new era is all with them. Hurrah! Hurrah! The turn of the buckers has come at last. The worker who toils and slaves in the hack blocks throughout the year will in future go back with his pockets bulging with his winnings, the young man in a position of trust will now be able to borrow a hundred or two from the funds in his charge with the utmost confidence that he will be able to pay it back before the audit takes place, and those near and dear to him will not suffer. So long have we waited in patience and hope for this turn of the tide that now it has come we must lift up our voices and sing:—

The miracle has happened,
The favourite has won,
The trustful public happy,
The Chosen People gone.
The century has opened
With open clear and bright;
The lesson which it teaches
Is "Back the Favourite."
The reign of the outsider
From this time forth is o'er;
O! Three-legs-and-a-swingler
Shall soon be no more.
No more shall Israel's children
In glee throw up their hats,
Sorrow shall dwell with Judah,
Luck shall enrich the flats.

A gallant Clean Sweep ended
The nineteenth century;
But no such unbacked flyer
Shall mar the years to be.
Rejoice, ye vallant plungers,
Your hard times all are through;
The winners of the future
Shall all spell re-ven-ue.

No dreams of dread disaster
Shall trouble your sweet rest,
The jewels of the ringman
Shall deck your hands and breast.
In future shall the layer
Walk humble midst the crowd,
Whilst the once modest backer
Struts in the pattern loud.

No more shall rise the clamour,
"I lay, I lay, the re-ud"
The field shall not in future
Its golden harvests yield.
Now a new voice arises,
The plunger in his might,
Who roars "I want to back one:
I back the Favourite!"

Thus the new century golden,
Opens a glorious view;
Down which the speculator
Sees naught but Revenue;
Whilst Israel's mournful children,
Falling to fleece their sheep,
By Babylonian waters
Once more sit down and weep.

Half Greater Than the Whole.

A shrewd member of the southern mercantile world tells the following amusing story, illustrative of the dangers of ignorance, especially when combined with greed.

"I once had, in circumstances which it is unnecessary to particularise, to divide up some personal property and effects, consisting of furniture, jewellery, and the like, amongst the members of a certain small rustic society or club. "Unfortunately, they had been unable to agree upon any method of division, whether by age, length of membership, or services rendered; but, after some angry discussion, they all agreed on a plan of division which I drew up, that is to say, all but one member—a dull, obstinate son of the soil—with whom I foresaw I should have trouble.

"Sure enough, when I announced that his share of the spoil would be one-sixteenth of the whole, he rose up and violently protested, threatening to upset the entire arrangement unless he was awarded at least double that amount.

"Now, I had taken this man's measure at the beginning of the business, and, with a meaning glance at one or two of the more intelligent members, I asked the discontented whether he really meant that he ought to have a thirty-second part? 'Certainly!' he shouted. 'Very well,' I said, 'I have no doubt the other members will agree to give you a thirty-second, instead of the original sixteenth.' "Whispers and meaning glances

passed round; the other members saw the joke; and amid suppressed chuckles the grasping man was awarded a thirty-second part, and accepted it with a grin of satisfied greed. Whether he subsequently discovered his blunder I never heard, but if he did, I have no doubt the other members had a lively time of it!"

Flannelette.

"The child was standing in front of the fire when a spark set her flannelette nightgown in a blaze. In spite of prompt assistance, the burns were so severe that, in a few hours, death put an end to her suffering. Any day, any paper.

Oh, there's nothing like cremation
To reduce the population,
And the cheapest way to do it is to let
All the kids you don't require
Stand around a blazing fire,
In their little nightgowns made of flannelette.

Flannelette! Flannelette! though it's useless
In the winter time it keeps the kiddies cool.
It's so very cheap and clean, and it
burns like kerosene,
Does the gandy cotton stuff that
"wears like wool."

There's nothing now slatimink
In the trade of baby farming—
The police can never get you in their
net.

And they'll have to beg your pardon
When they've dug up all your garden,
If you just cremate the kids in flannelette.

Cottonette! Cottonette! Oh, the "pre-
miums" you may get,
If you're careful how the little pets
are dressed.

You may advertise, "Kind lady will
adopt a little baby"—
And a roll of flannelette will do the
rest.

Then, a cheer for Federation,
With a larger importation
Of the stuff that's "warm for children."
How they burn!

Send our wool ships to that other
land
They call the "dear old Motherland,"
And take her cotton shoddy in return.

Flannelette! Flannelette! That's the name
for it, you bet!
And the Law should have it stamped on
every yard,
It may save the shopman lying, and the
little ones from frying,
And put all foolish mothers on their
guard.

CRIPPS CLARK,
In the "Bulletin."

For Those Who Liked Big Girls.

The secretary of a dance, in sending out invitations, desired to offer encouragement to gentlemen by pointing out that there would be no dearth of partners. But he put it in this way: "Ample lady partners will be present." He meant that the numbers would be ample, not the proportions; but it must be confessed there was sufficient ambiguity to account for the small attendance of gentlemen.

Health and How to Obtain It.

READ WHAT VITADATIO IS DOING.

QUEENSLAND SPEAKS.

Co. Mrs. Talk,
Bowen Terrace, Brisbane.

S. A. PALMER, Esq.

Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in adding my testimony (among the very many you have received from all parts of the colonies) to the curative power of Vitadatio. I have been suffering from indigestion for some considerable time, and have tried various medicines without avail. I am glad to be able to testify that Vitadatio has effected a thorough cure. I will always be able to speak of your medicine in the highest terms, and can with perfect confidence recommend it to anyone suffering from the same complaint.—Yours truly,
(Signed) STEPHEN C. CARTER.

For further particulars,
S. A. PALMER,
WAREHOUSE, WATERLOO QUAY,
WELLINGTON.

Correspondence Invited. Write for Testimonials.

Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

THE FAMOUS REMEDY FOR COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA and CONSUMPTION, HAS THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY CHEST MEDICINE IN AUSTRALIA.

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Sufferers from any form of Bronchitis, Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and immediate relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a Complete Cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice, and it neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become chronic, nor Consumption to develop. Consumption has never been known to exist where "Coughs" have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a Complete Cure is certain.

A Lady in London.
A MARTYR TO COLDS AND BRONCHIAL ASTHMA.
CURED BY ONE BOTTLE OF HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE. THE DOCTOR SO INTERESTED THAT HE CARRIED OFF THE EMPTY BOTTLE.

"Orange, N.S.W."
"Mr Hearne— I enclose for your own private perusal portion of a letter received from my mother, Mrs _____ of London, England, from which you will glean that your medicine has been a perfect God-send to a martyr to colds and bronchial asthma. I do not wish any names to be mentioned, but you are at liberty to make use of any portion of this letter you choose, and you can confidently refer anybody to me."
"I heard of your excellent remedy, and sent it to England. You can see for yourself what an immense success it was.— Yours faithfully,"
Extract from letter alluded to above:—"You will be interested in hearing that I think the Bronchitis Cure really excellent. I was very bad when it arrived, and I imagine that how it was last Friday, and it has quite cured me. Dr _____ is very much interested in it. He came yesterday, and carried off the empty bottle to find out if he could get a full one from a chemist who is in a large way here."
The names are withheld from publication, but will be supplied privately when desired.

AGONISING COUGH.
NINE MONTHS' TORTURE.
RELIEVED BY ONE DOSE OF HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE, AND CURED BY TWO BOTTLES.
"Dergholm, Victoria."
"Dear Sir,— I wish to add my testimony to the wonderful effect of your Bronchitis Cure. I suffered for nine months, and the cough was so distressingly bad at nights I was obliged to get up and sit by the fire. I had medical advice, and tried other 'remedies' without avail. I tried yours, and never had a fit of coughing after taking the first dose, and though I have had but two bottles, I feel like a different man, and the cough has vanished. You may depend upon my making known the efficacy of your wonderful remedy to anyone I see afflicted.—Yours faithfully,"
"JAMES ASTBURY."

We, the undersigned, have had occasion to obtain Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, and we certify that it was perfectly and rapidly successful under circumstances which undoubtedly prove its distinct healing power. Signed by the Rev. JOHN BINGLEY, Myers-street, Geelong, and BIRNCLAIR, other leading residents.

Consumption.
TOO ILL TO LEAVE HIS BED.
A COMPLETE CURE.
Mr W. G. Hearne—Dear Sir,— I am writing to tell you about the wonderful cure your medicine has effected in my case. About three years ago I began to cough. At first the cough was not severe, but it gradually got worse, and I became very weak and troubled with night sweats, pain in my chest, and great quantities of phlegm. On several occasions there was blood in the expectorated matter. I had been treated by a doctor, who pronounced my case to be Consumption, and various other treatments had been tried, but without benefit. It was at this stage that I heard of your Bronchitis Cure, and sent to you for a course of the medicine. When it arrived I was too ill to leave my bed, but I commenced taking it at once, and gradually improved. I am glad to say that the few lots of medicine you sent have effected a complete cure, for which accept my very best thanks.—Yours gratefully,"
J. BLAIR,
Westminster, Bridge Road, S.E., London.

Severe Cough.
FIVE YEARS' CASE.
RELIEVED AT ONCE AND COMPLETELY CURED BY HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.
Dear Sir,— I suffered from a severe cold on the chest with cough, for five years, and during that time got treatment from different sources, but derived no benefit

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.
"I used your Bronchitis Cure for three of my family, and it cured each of them in from one to three doses.—A. F. MULLINS, Cowle's Creek, Victoria."

"Your Bronchitis Cure relieved my son wonderfully quick. I only gave him four doses, and have some of the medicine yet; but I am sending for another bottle in case I should want it.—D. McDONALD, Trinkey, via Quirindi, N.S.W."

"Your Bronchitis Cure is a wonderful medicine.—A. B. SIMMONS, No. 7 Renny-st., Paddington, Sydney."

"My wife is 82 years old, and I am 79, and I am glad to inform you that your Bronchitis Cure has done us both a wonderful deal of good, having quickly cured us both.—R. BASSETT, Strath Creek, via Broadford, Victoria."

"I have used one bottle of your Bronchitis Cure with great benefit to myself, as the smothering has completely left me.—(Mrs) JOHN RAHILLY, Glenmaggie, Victoria."

"I have found your Bronchitis Cure a splendid medicine.—JOHN MADDEN, Skipton, Victoria."

"I have finished the Bronchitis Cure you sent, and am amazed at what it has done in the time. The difficulty of breathing has all gone.—J. HARRINGTON, Blingong, Morundah, N.S.W."

"My cold, bad as it was, disappeared after two doses.—C. J. CURRIE, Solicitor, Victoria Chambers, Queen-street, Melbourne."

"I lately administered some of your Bronchitis Cure to a son of mine, with splendid effect. The cure was absolutely miraculous.—F. A. PACKER, Quilera, Neutral Bay, Sydney, N.S.W."

"Your Bronchitis Cure, as usual, acted splendidly.—C. H. RADFORD, Caster-ton, Victoria."

"Kindly forward another bottle of your famous Bronchitis Cure without delay, as I find it to be a most valuable medicine.—(Mrs) J. SLATER, Warragul, Victoria."

"I am very pleased with your Bronchitis Cure. The result was marvellous. It eased me right off at once.—G. BETER, Bourke, New South Wales."

"Your medicine for asthma is worth £1 a bottle.—W. LETTS, Heywood, Victoria."

"I have tried lots of medicine, but yours is the best I ever had. I am recommending it to everybody.—S. STEELE, Yankoo Siding, New South Wales."

"I suffered from Chronic Asthma and Bronchitis for which I obtained no relief until I tried your medicine, but I can truly say that I am astonished at my present freedom, as a direct result of my brief trial.—JOHN C. TRELAHNEY, Severn River, via Inverell, N.S.W."

"Last year I suffered severely from Bronchitis, and the doctor, to whom I paid seven guineas, did not do me any good; but I heard of your Bronchitis Cure, and two bottles of it made me quite well.—H. HOOD, Brooklands, Avoca-street, South Yarra, Melbourne."

"Please send me half-a-dozen of your Bronchitis Cure. This medicine cured me in the winter, and has now cured a friend of mine of a very bad Bronchitis.—A. ALLEN, Ozono House, Lorne, Victoria."

"Your Bronchitis Cure has done me much good. This is a new experience, for all the medicine I previously took made me much worse. I am satisfied that the two bottles of Bronchitis Cure I got from you have pulled me through a long and dangerous illness.—HENRY WIRLOD, Alma, near Maryborough, Victoria."

"The bottle of Bronchitis Cure I got from you was magical in its effects.—CHAS. WYBROW, Enoch's Point, via Darlingford, Victoria."

until I used your Bronchitis Cure, which gave me relief at once, and completely cured me. I am delighted with it. It is really a wonderful medicine; does good at once, and "can't be licked."—Yours sincerely,
W. TREMLLEN,
Modewarre, Victoria.

A Child Seven Months Old.
A SUFFERER FROM BIRTH.
CURED BY A BOTTLE OF HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.
Mr W. G. Hearne, Dear Sir,—Kindly forward me a small bottle of your Bronchitis Cure as soon as possible, as I cannot speak above a whisper, owing to a cold. I had a bottle from you before for my little girl when she was seven years old. She had been suffering from bronchitis from her birth, and now she is three years old and has not had a return of it since. It is a splendid medicine for bronchitis or colds of any sort.
I remain, yours truly,
Mrs H. RAMAGE,
Violet Town, Victoria.

Three Cases Completely Cured by One Bottle of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.
SEVERE COLD WITH LOSS OF VOICE, CURED BY HALF A BOTTLE.
A SUPPLY SENT TO A RELATIVE IN ENGLAND.
Llewellyn, Katunga, Vic.
"Mr Hearne,—
"Dear Sir,— I am very much pleased with the effects of your Bronchitis Cure.

Last winter three of my children had very bad coughs, and one bottle cured the three of them. The housemaid also had such a severe cold that she entirely lost her voice, but half a bottle cured her. I always keep it in the house now, and recommend it to anyone requiring a medicine of this kind.

"I now want you to send at once four bottles to England to my mother, who is suffering greatly from bronchitis. The address is enclosed.
"Yours gratefully,
"JOHN S. MORTIMER"
The relative in England, who is 90 years old, also cured by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

12 Years' Agony.
DISTRESSING, SUFFOCATING DRY COUGH ENTIRELY REMOVED BY FIVE DOSES.
NO OTHER TREATMENT COULD EVEN EASE IT.
"Sir,— My wife was for 12 years a sufferer from a most distressing, suffocating, dry cough that could not be removed or even eased by any remedy, doctors' prescriptions and patent medicines having been tried; but I am happy to say that the cough, pain in the chest, and difficulty of breathing, etc., were entirely removed by the fifth dose of your Bronchitis Cure.—I remain, Sir, yours most respectfully,
"WILLIAM CROCKETT."
"Baker's Swamp P.O., via Dripstone, New South Wales."

Gratitude and Appreciation.
HUNDREDS CURED IN THEIR OWN CIRCLE.

"The 'Scientific Australian' Office, 118, Queen-street, Melbourne.
"Dear Mr Hearne,—The silent workers are frequently the most effective, and if there is anybody in Victoria who during the last few years has been repeatedly working for and praising the praises of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, it is our Mr Phillips.
"This gentleman, some three years ago, was recommended to try your Bronchitis Cure by Mr Heaman, accountant, Collins-street, and the effect that it had was so marked that he has ever since been continually recommending it to others.
"We are glad to add this our testimony to the value of Hearne's most valuable Bronchitis Cure, which has eased the sufferings of hundreds and hundreds of people even in our own circle of acquaintance.

"Believe us always to be,
"Yours most faithfully,
"PHILLIPS, ORMONDE & CO."

Queensland Testimony.
FROM BRISBANE WHOLESALE CHEMISTS.

"@ Queen-st., Brisbane, Queensland.
"Mr W. G. Hearne, Dear Sir,— Please send us 50 dozen Bronchitis Cure by first boat. We enclose our cheque to cover amount of order.
"We often hear your Bronchitis Cure spoken well of. A gentleman told us today that he had given it to a child of his with the most remarkable result, the child being quite cured by three doses.
"We are, faithfully yours,
"THOMASON, CHATER & CO.,
"Wholesale Chemists."

Cured in Ten Days.
THE EDITOR OF THE OLDEST NEWSPAPER IN VICTORIA EXPRESSES GRATEFUL APPRECIATION.

"W. G. Hearne, Esq., Dear Sir,— Permit me to express my grateful appreciation of the value of your Bronchitis Cure. I had, some months ago, a severe attack of Bronchitis, and took your medicine, with the result that at the end of ten days the complaint had completely left me, and I am now never without the medicine in the house, and at the first indication of a cold it is taken, with immediate curative effect.
"I am, my dear Sir, yours faithfully,
"R. QUARRILL,
"Editor 'Geelong Advertiser'."

"Upon looking through our books we are struck with the steady and rapid increase in the sales of your Bronchitis Cure.—ELLIOTT BROS., Ltd., Wholesale Druggists, Sydney, N.S.W."

WAS A GREAT SUFFERER.
HAD NOT WALKED FOR TWELVE MONTHS.
ALWAYS WALKS NOW, AND IS QUITE WELL.
FEELS STRONGER THAN SHE HAS DONE FOR YEARS.

"3 Watson-street, Burton-on-Trent, Staffordshire, England.
"Mr W. G. Hearne, Geelong.
"Dear Sir,—
"Your letter and Bronchitis Cure to hand quite safe. I am glad to be glad to know that your Bronchitis Cure has quite cured me. I was very glad when it came, as I was suffering on a severe attack of Bronchitis at the time it arrived. I had sent for my own doctor, but had not had one night's rest for a week. I started taking the Bronchitis Cure three times a day as directed, and was very much eased at once. At the end of a week I only took it twice a day, and then only every night for a week, and I felt very much better, when, thanks to the Lord, for adding His blessing, I was quite well, and walked into town and back without feeling any fatigue. I had not done that previously for 12 months (always went in the omnibus), as walking caused me such pain and distress in the chest. I always walk now and never feel it, and I am stronger than I have been for years. I thank my son for his great kindness in sending the medicine, and am, dear Sir, yours very truly,
"M. MORTIMER."

Prepared only and Sold Wholesale and Retail by the Proprietor,

W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria.

SMALL SIZE, 2s. 6d.; LARGE, 4s. 6d. Sold by Chemists and Medicine Vendors.

FORWARDED BY POST TO ANY ADDRESS WHEN NOT OBTAINABLE LOCALLY.

of Nelson had been landed, and he held Morrison that he had not seen a horse landed from the colonies in better order. This is highly satisfactory to the New Zealander, and to those who secured his services to go home with the horse, Morrison, as stated a few weeks since, may take service in England for a time.

Hewitt, the New Zealand Sloan, rode nine winners at the C.J.C. Spring Meeting. Good judges think that he missed one on Royal Artillery that he might have won had he sat down in the old style. The trouble about the American style is this: A horseman requires to ride short to adopt it. It serves well all through the race with a free goer, but directly an effort is required from a horse who wants riding to get him all out the horseman cannot get down properly to work. Hewitt has, it must be allowed, given us a fair exhibition of the crouching style, and either a la Sloan or under the old style is a good horseman.

Some of the riders at the A.R.C. Spring Meeting on the last day found it difficult to hold their horses at the post when the rain got on their reins. Two horsemen were fined during the afternoon, and one of them, M. Ryan, whom I spoke to immediately after the race, had had luck under the circumstances detailed to be fined at all. His mount, Jewellery, has a habit of jerking her head down suddenly, and as she attempted to kick at something else Ryan moved her forward, and she suddenly darted through the tapes. As a rule Ryan sets a good example at the tapes, and when old practitioners like he get fined it is odds on that the horse and not the rider is at fault. Jewellery is rather smart off the mark.

Mr W. Knight's handicaps for the first day's events of the Takapuna J.C. Spring Meeting will bear perusal. It is seldom that handicappers find it necessary to start their handicaps so high, but recent form could not be lost sight of, and while we have good and bad horses entered for handicap races the good must be weighted so as to try and give the duffers a chance. It is a pity that a scheme for classing our racers cannot be devised. Fixing a maximum weight might do it, and debarring the cracks from certain races would assist.

Mr G. G. Stead has made such a fine start this season that it looks more than likely that he will come out at the end of the season not only the top scorer of winning owners, but with an amount to his credit greater than any owner has won in any previous season. Royal Artillery, the full brother to Seringapatam (Screw Gun), is a great advertisement for the Wellington Park sire Hotchkiss, Crutform, daughter of defunct St. Leger, maintains her position as queen of the New Zealand turf, and there is probably no filly in the colonies her equal, while he would be a bold man who would declare Menschikoff, the brilliant son of Steppiack, to be second to any three-year-old south of the Line at the present time. Mr Stead is a good buyer and breeder of thoroughbreds, and has imported some of the best blood we have, and deserves all the good fortune that comes his way. The Portuga stable made a good start at Grand National time, and by Tortulla's win in the New Zealand Cup probably come second on the winning list. It is to be hoped that Advance may come out again and do good service for Mr Douglas Gordon.

A Yorkshire paper in announcing the death of the Hon. Frank Lawley, who as a writer of turf literature in England was widely known, said, "the turf has lost one of the ablest men that his calling had ever known, a writer of large knowledge, accomplished and gifted with style at once elegant and pleasant." An Auckland friend who knew the deceased, says that he had a great down on crooked running, and that the tricksters had, to use his own words, a deep seated fear of "Lawley and Old Ross."

The Hon. Francis Lawley, according to an English exchange, died very suddenly in his seventy-sixth year, was the youngest son of the first Baron Wenlock, and an uncle of the present peer. After a distinguished career at Oxford, Mr Lawley turned to politics, and in 1852 entered the

House of Commons for Beverley as a Liberal. During the two years he represented that constituency he also acted as private secretary to Mr Gladstone, and between him and his "chief" there existed a sincere friendship, which lasted until death separated them. Mr Lawley was also a keen sportsman, and was associated with many events which have become famous in the history of racing.

Some writers who were present at the C.J.C. Spring Meeting think Royal Artillery, the full brother to Seringapatam, quite as good a colt as Menschikoff. This is a big order and may prove perfectly correct, but public form does not suggest that he is. Menschikoff would probably never have once got into trouble in the Stewards Handicap as Royal Artillery did, as he is such an excellent starter, and I think he would have accounted for the brilliant Blazer in the Electric Plate which Royal Artillery failed to do. Time will no doubt do a good deal for Royal Artillery, who is of different conformation to Menschikoff, but nevertheless a fine stamp of racehorse. Royal Artillery cost Mr Stead 1400 guineas, Menschikoff 210 guineas. Royal Artillery is by a number two horse from a number two mare, Menschikoff by a number five horse from a number five mare.

AUCKLAND RACING CLUB'S SPRING MEETING.

THIRD DAY.

The racing all through was interesting. Nothing had a chance with Royal Conqueror and Chancellor II. in the Maiden Hurdles, but the last named was ridden a long way to get us close as he did to the winner. Rosella won the Ascot Handicap in brilliant style, and Val Rosa finished stronger than Formula, who was always well in a leading position. San Patricia and Defender made most of the running. In the straight Formula looked likely to succeed, but she failed to pace it with Rosella when Buchanan brought the daughter of Seaton Delaval with a final run. Tarragon, the favourite, won the Hunt Club Cup with something to spare from Woodcock, who ran a stern chase through-out. Tuirne ran over a good deal too much ground, making a wide detour on the hill, but Tarragon outstayed the opposition. Kaitera took liberties with the fences, and tired to nothing in the last mile. Wilkinson, who rode Peter Simple, who fell at the stone wall, had his thigh broken, and had to be taken to the hospital, after being attended to by Drs. Sharman, Walker and Reid. Mr M. Deebie was not much hurt when Sudden fell with him in the Tally-ho Steeplechase, and Mitchell only received a wetting when Pungarehu landed in the water jump. Takapuna went out a rather better favourite than Camille, who was coupled with Hohoro, in the Publicans' Handicap, but Lady Avon, Zealous, Rosiphele and Tauhei were each well, and nearly equally, backed. A good race resulted, Takapuna, however, finishing stronger than on his two previous essays. M. Ryan, the rider of Jewellery, was fined £5 for breaking through the tapes. In a race which resulted in a match between Cannongate and Voltigeur II. for the Tally-ho Steeplechase, owing to the falling of Pungarehu and Sudden, Voltigeur, who ran with his usual gameness, always had a little the worst, Cannongate having the most pace. On this race only one dividend was paid, as there were but four starters. Sundial was made favourite for the Welter Handicap, St. Olga coming next in demand, but the favourite never showed dangerously, and St. Olga won cleverly at the finish from Cavalry, who was just in front of a well bunched field. Miss Drury was made a decided favourite for the Hunt Club Hurdle Handicap, and was running well when she fell four furlongs from home. Tangahoe came down through jumping on the displaced hurdle, and both horses were stretched out for some seconds. Mr Austin, rider of Miss Drury, had his foot injured. Tip, who was ridden by Mr H. Tonks, was left with a good lead, but Boxer was catching him fast at the finish and narrowly missed paying a seasonal dividend. As it was his five supporters received

£37 3/ for each £1 invested, this being the only really big dividend of the meeting. The sum of £7878 was passed through the totalisators, as against £7080 last year, making £24,087 for the three days, or £1108 less than at the Spring Meeting of 1900.

MAIDEN HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 100sovs, one mile and three quarters.

- 215-Mr. P. Wylie's Royal Conqueror, 11.7 (Fergus), 1
159-Mr. G. Meredith's Chancellor II, 11.0 (Mitchell), 2
68-Mr W. G. Bowden's Leona, 9.7 (O'Neill), 3
Also started: 38 Hinemoa, 11.0 (McElville); 49 Rocket, 10.9 (McGregor); 48 Tiki 10.0 (Howard); 6 Ponamu, 9.0 (Henry); 7 Puffing Billy, 9.0 (Connell).

Tangahoe and Firefly were scratched.

Tiki went away with the lead, followed by Hinemoa and Royal Conqueror. Puffing Billy whipped round at the raising of the barrier and took no part in the race. Tiki was a long way in advance before the first turn was made. Hinemoa being then some lengths ahead of Royal Conqueror and Leona. Chancellor II. commenced last of all, well back. All up and out of the straight Tiki remained in front, and stayed there till going up the hill, when Royal Conqueror had got to the head of affairs, Chancellor II. meanwhile going through a beaten field got second place, but could not catch the leader, who won by four lengths. Leona was a poor third. Time, 2.7. Dividends: £1 17/ and 16/6.

ASCOT HANDICAP of 250 sovs., second horse 35 sovs., third horse 15 sovs. One mile and a quarter.

- 171-Messrs. J. D. and N. A. Nathan's ch m Rosella, 5yrs., 9.5 (Buchanan), 1
293-Hon. H. Mosman's b m Formula, 8.10 (Lindsay), 2
58-Mrs J. Lennard's b c Val Rosa, 9.3 (Tyler), 3

Also started: 86 Coronet (Julian); 212 St. Ursula (Chafee); 53 Materoa (Ready); 133 Tukapa (Ryan); 75 San Patricia (Mackay); 117 Defender (Thomas); 57 Volce (Satan); 11 Sparkling Water (Jenkins).

After some delay at the post a good start was effected, Rosella being turned the wrong way. San Patricia jumped off smartly, and passing the stand was leading Sparkling Water and Tukapa, after whom came Formula, Volce and last of all Materoa. San Patricia continued to lead round the top turn and down the back, Sparkling Water close at her heels. Defender had got close up with Formula as they went to the five furlong post, but San Patricia was still leading as they came to the final bend, where Defender and Formula passed her. Rosella, who had been racing behind next the rails, drew up, and was about two lengths away at the distance post, but there, making a fast run, got on terms with Formula, and went on and won by a clear length. Val Rosa was half a length away third, and Coronet close up fourth. Time, 2m 13s. Dividends, £5 8/ and 15/6.

HUNT CLUB CUP of 70sovs, three miles and a half.

- 210-Mr C. Dawson's gr g Tarragon, 12.11 (Mr C. Dawson), 1
70-Mr G. Dunning's ch g Woodcock, 12.0 (Mr Gordon), 2
23-Miss E. Abbott's b m Tuirae, 11.0, 3

Also started: 181 Kia Tere; 7 Joker; 103 Cronje; 17 Peter Simple; 26 Marine; 57 Boxer. Marine led Tarragon and Cronje over the hill, Woodcock bringing up the rear. Entering the course Tarragon was in front, but at the sod wall Marine was on terms, Cronje a length or two away, Peter Simple close up fourth, Tuirae next. Marine fell at the foot of the hill, going over. Tuirae was well in front of Tarragon, but the former making a slight detour, Tarragon again came to the front, and Cronje and Kia Tere also passed her. Going down the back Tuirae led Tarragon, Cronje and Kai Tere coming next, Peter Simple having fallen. Once on the flat Tuirae made up her lost ground fast, and was with Tar-

ragon again at the double, Cronje being again third, and Kia Tere, who kept striking his fence hard, fourth. This order was kept up over the hill the last time, when Cronje fell. Woodcock came strongly from the last fence on the bill, and passing the others got into second place, but Tarragon won by ten lengths, Tuirae, a little distance off, third, The Joker and Kia Tere easing up fourth and fifth. Time 8.11. Dividends, £2 7/ each.

Wilkinson, rider of Peter Simple, was rolled over and had his thigh broken.

NURSERY HANDICAP of 100sovs, four furlongs.

- 303-Northumberland, 11.0, 1
180-Idas, 11.0, 2
144-Keibourne, 11.0, 3

Won by two lengths. Time, 52.45 secs. Dividends: £1 19/6 and £1 2/. Publican's Handicap of 100 sovs., second horse 10 sovs. Six furlongs.

- 231-R. and R. Duder's br c Takapuna, 4yrs., by St. Hippo-Ann, 8.8 (Blackford), 1
135-J. Harding's Tauhei (Ready), 8.8, 2
165-R. Wright's Rosiphele (Buchanan), 7.7, 3

27, Hohoro (Hall), 10.4; 63, Jewellery (Ryan), 7.9; 167, Lady Avon (Scaats), 7.8; 163, Zealous (Lindsay), 7.6; 33, Goetzer (Fercival), 6.10; 37, Depatch (Phillips), 6.8; 182, Camille (Jenkins), 6.7.

Zealous made play, attended by Camille, to the end of the first three furlongs, where Lady Avon and Rosiphele headed them, Goetzer being last to this stage. Half-way down the straight Takapuna came through, and at the same time Tauhei, but Takapuna finishing well won by a length and a half, Rosiphele about the same distance off third, Lady Avon fourth. Time, 1m, 17 2-5 secs. Dividends, £3 11/ and £15/6.

Tally-ho Steeplechase Handicap of 100 sovs., second horse 10 sovs. About three miles.

- 265-E. J. Sage's br g Cannongate, 6yrs., by Cannon-Fishlag (Stewart), 12.9, 1
266-F. B. Ross's Voltigeur II (Burns), 11.3, 2
140, Sudden, 11.10 (owner); 46, Pungarehu, 9.7 (Mitchell).

Cannongate and Voltigeur II. led throughout, Cannongate always having the best of it. Pungarehu fell in the water, and Sudden at the rise of the hill. Several times Voltigeur tried to lead Cannongate, but the top-weight had most pace, and jumping well stilled off his game antagonist, and won by two lengths. Time, 6.32. Dividend, £2 8/6.

Welter Handicap of 100 sovs., second horse 10 sovs. One mile.

- 209-J. Chafee's b f St. Olga, 4yrs., by St. Leger-Satanella, 9.9 (Searle), 1
57-McKay's Cavalry, 8.3 (Speakman), 2
23-J. Lynch's Golden Rose, 8.0 (Black), 3

166, Cavaliero, 11.0 (Howard); 319, Sundial, 11.0 (Lindsay); 147, Regalia II. (Ryan); 61, Hesper, 9.6 (Pope); 46, Khama, 8.10 (Hall). Cavaliero and Sundial ran in company from a good start till reaching the six-furlong post, where Khama and Cavalry were handy. St. Olga and Golden Rose closed up going through the cutting, Cavaliero and Golden Rose were together entering the straight, but St. Olga came through and had her horses beaten, and won by two clear lengths from Cavalry, who beat Golden Rose half a length, Cavaliero, Sundial, and Regalia II. well up. Time, 1.45. Dividends, £3 6/ and £4 1/.

Hunt Club Handicap Hurdles of 50 sovs., second horse 10 sovs. Two miles.

- 124-H. C. Tonks' br h Tip, aged, by Ingomar-Zip, 11.5 (H. Tonks), 1
5-E. P. Selby's Boxer, 10.7 (Mr C. Selby), 2
30-W. D. Pittar's Marine, 10.9 (owner), 3

148, Tangahoe, 13.1 (Mr Gordon); 211, Miss Drury, 12.10 (Mr Austin); 30, Puriri, 11.4 (Mr J. Duckland); 83, Tuirne, 11.0 (Mr Deebie); 83, Freewill, 10.7 (Mr Paton); 12, Peter Simple (Mr Crowther). Miss Drury led for six furlongs, Tip

Music and Drama.

OPERA HOUSE. POLLARD OPERA COMPANY.

EVERY EVENING,
THE CASINO GIRL.
THE CASINO GIRL.
THE CASINO GIRL.

GRAND MATINEE.
SATURDAY AFTERNOON at 2.30.

SPECIAL PRICES.
Full Particulars in Daily Papers.

Certainly "Florodora" is a record breaker. After a fortnight's run, with a rare day matinee, the management risked "just one more" on Saturday afternoon with another matinee. This time the People's Day at the show was the counter attraction. All the world and his wife, or about 15,000 of them, were at the show, but even this left a bumper house for the Pollards. There was not a vacant seat in the theatre, and the applause (and the heat) were to be remembered. So far as deponent knows, no opera-comic or otherwise has even nearly approached "Florodora" in popularity.

"The Casino Girl" was put on at Auckland on Saturday. The sparkling and vivacious music, the excellent acting, and the boisterous buffoonery of the principals, greatly pleased the audience, and the production was unanimously voted a great success. "The Casino Girl" is a musical absurdity of a rather advanced type, but it keeps the audience on a ripple of laughter the whole time, and not infrequently these increase to roars of uncontrolled mirth. Mr Percy and Mr Dave O'Connor shine conspicuously, and so do Master Bain and Mr H. Quealy, whose impersonation of Potage is capital. That there is not a little that is vulgar in "The Casino Girl" cannot be doubted, but we like vulgarity nowadays, and managers consult their own interests by giving it us. In staging the musical farce is superb. The dresses are rich (and in some cases rare), and the grouping of colour shows a master stage manager. Probably the production will run freely till after our next issue. There is at present every indication that way. The Karkeek Sisters come out very strong. Miss Wilmut, as the Casino Girl herself, and Miss Zoe as Mrs Malaprop Rocks, who is, all things considered, one of the best characters in the opera. Worthy of special mention, by the way, is Master Bain. His Errand Boy is ex-cruciatingly funny.

Everyone is now looking forward to Christmas. In Auckland, as everyone is aware, they will have the Broughs, Wellington will welcome the Pollards; and Christchurch will greet the "Messenger from Mars." There will be no special boxing night attraction in Dunedin, says Mr Dix's company, so that popular variety impresario should do well. On the whole, however, Mr Wilson Barrett will stalk majestically on to the Princess' boards.

Williamson's Grand Italian Opera Company opened at His Majesty's, Brisbane, on Monday, October 28. During the evening the electric light went out, and the house for some time was in complete darkness. Eventually matters were put right.

Miss Florence Perry, who will be remembered as the original O Mimosa San in the Australian production of "The Geisha," has been playing in a musical comedy, "The Thirty Thieves," which has met with success both in London and the provinces.

Melba's advt. cable announcing her professional engagement to George Musgrove, was thoroughly characteristic of that distinguished artist. As Manager Williamson points out, the

difficulties which have kept the yearning prima donna so long absent from her own native land were altogether of her own making. As far back as '94 the "Firm" thought they had Melba fixed for a visit, but she changed her mind. More than a year ago, when Musgrove brought out his opera company, the whisper went around that he had practically secured the "Australian Rights" to a grand production of Melba at the earliest possible opportunity. But the wily lady didn't sign a contract until she had given J. C. Williamson another chance to bid, and she invited him to name the highest price he would pay for enabling her "to add some joy to the lives of her dear compatriots." J.C.W. having named his top figure, the lady persuaded G.M. to go one better—and that's all about it.

Speaking of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, Gilbert's cold critic, Archer: "Oddly enough, on our very first meeting, I posed Sullivan with a musical problem. It was at the old 'Gallery of Illustration,' then occupied by the German Reeds, for whom I had written several short pieces. Frederick Clay introduced me to Sullivan, and I determined to play off upon him a piece of musical clap-trap which I happened to have in my mind. I had just completed a three-act blank verse play called 'The Palace of Truth' for the Haymarket Theatre. One of the characters in that play is a musical pedant, and it occurred to me to convert one of his speeches into prose and to try its effect on Sullivan. So I said to him: 'I'm very glad to have the pleasure of meeting you, Mr Sullivan, for you will be able to decide a question which has just arisen between my friend Fred Clay and myself. I maintain that, if a composer has a musical theme to express, he can express it as perfectly upon the simple tetrachord of Mercury, in which (as I need not tell you) there are no diatonic intervals at all, as upon the much more complicated diatonic (with the four tetrachords and the redundant note), which embraces in its perfect consonance all the simple, double, and inverted chords.' Sullivan appeared to be impressed by the question, which, he said, he could not answer off-hand. He said he would take it away and think it over. He must have thought it over for about thirty years, for I never received an answer to the question. I obtained my musical facts from the 'Encyclopaedia Britannica,' under the head 'Harmony.' I took a sentence and put it into blank verse without any idea as to what it may have meant."

It is announced in the London press that Miss Ada Belan, who visits New Zealand shortly under engagement to Mr J. C. Williamson, will be seen next spring in a new play by Mrs Martha Morton, called "The Fascinating Miss Ford."

Mr John Fuller now opens his entertainment at the Sydney Empire with a one act drama. John is getting nearer the "legitimate" every day.

An injunction has been issued against Clarence Harvey and George Lyding, late of the Stanton Company, restraining them from playing in the Globe Comedy Company, which they joined after leaving the Stanton organization, their defection from the latter being a breach of agreement. The Globe Company may shortly play in New Zealand.

Mr Gillette's "Sherlock Holmes," which we are to be privileged to see is melodramatic, but unconventionally so. Lacking observation—or allowing it to slumber—one revels in a thrilling series of sensations, which stir the most sluggish pulse, and set the hearts of the less sophisticated beating wildly. In the attainment of this end, Mr Gillette's success is dual. As part author, he has skinned the cream of a dozen stories, and mixed

them with extraordinary skill with material of his own. The result is a play, in which one is constantly brought into touch with the spirit of the "Adventures," and yet in which every detail serves a dramatic purpose.

Mr George Musgrove's attractions for Christmas will be "Red Riding Hood," which is to be first played in Melbourne. Mr Musgrove and Miss Nellie Stewart, and the principals are coming out in the Orizaba. During the season the comic operas "The Fortune Teller" and "The Singing Girl" will also be produced. The chorus and the ballet of Mr Musgrove's Grand Opera Company, which has recently disbanded, and were on their way to Melbourne in the unfortunate Monowai, have been retained for the pantomime. The delay caused by the breakdown of the steamer, which has necessitated her return to New Zealand, will considerably limit the time for preparation for the pantomime in Melbourne. The orchestra, which was also connected with the Grand Opera Company, will probably be engaged for the pantomime.

Another actress has joined the peerage, for the marriage recently took place at Brighton (Eng.) of the Earl of Clonmell and Miss Rachel Estelle Berridge. The bride at one time toured the provinces in pantomime.

The De Wynne Bros., really about the cleverest people in their line who ever visited this part of the globe, are doing exceedingly well on their return visit to Auckland. They are unquestionably one of Mr. Dix's happiest engagements.

Mr. John F. Sheridan, who is now winding up a very successful season in New Zealand, has secured the Australian rights of the sensational dramas, "Honour Thy Father" and "The Greed of Gold." These plays will probably be produced on Mr. Sheridan's return to Sydney.

Mr. Harry Pimmer and his wife have settled down in San Francisco for at least 44 weeks. They are playing with the stock company at Morosco's Grand Opera House. Within 48 hours of landing in Frisco Mr. Pimmer received no less than four offers for lengthy seasons, the managers anxious for his services, being James O'Neill, Daniel Frawley, Helasco and Thall, and Morosco. After deliberation Mr. Morosco's offer was accepted.

Colonel Mapleson, whose death is just called, was in his prime the most brilliant and daring of operatic impresarios. He experienced extraordinary professional vicissitudes, mainly owing to the vagaries of the great singers connected with his vast operatic schemes and tours. He took a company to America one season and received vast presents of plate and jewels, and was made a veritable prince. In the following year, through a concentration of circumstances, his luck turned, and the American season beggared him. He, however, made and lost several more fortunes before he retired some years ago on a comfortable if not an extraordinary competence. He paid many high salaries in his time, but always declared "Puff" was not merely the highest priced, but the keenest in getting her money. He paid her £1500 a performance on one occasion. Colonel Mapleson married Madame Marie Rose, the famous star of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and perhaps one of the best Carmens who ever sang the Habanera.

NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS. SUPPLY AND DELIVERY OF CASTOR OIL.

Railway Department,
Head Office,
Wellington, 2nd Nov., 1901.

Written Tenders will be received at this Office up to noon of MONDAY, the 25th of November, 1901, for the SUPPLY and DELIVERY of CASTOR OIL. Specifications and forms of tender to be obtained at the Railway Store Offices Newmarket, Addington, Hillside, & the Stores Manager's Office, Wellington. Tenders to be addressed to the General Manager, New Zealand Railways, Wellington, and to be marked outside, "Tender for Castor Oil." The lowest or any tender not necessarily be accepted, and telegraphic tenders will not be entertained.

By order,
T. RONAYNE,
General Manager.

OBITUARY.

Throughout Napier there has been much sorrow felt for the sudden death of Dr. Sturt, who was a passenger from Sydney by the Zealandia. He was travelling for the benefit of his health, and finding that he was so much better for the voyage on his arrival at Auckland he decided to go on to Dunedin and return by the same boat. He, however, grew suddenly worse at Napier, and in a very short space of time was dead. The deceased was suffering from aneurism. A short service was held in the Wesleyan Church previous to the departure for the Napier cemetery on Monday last, and a large number of Napier citizens joined the funeral cortege.

MR JAMES PARK.

On Saturday night Mr James Park, manager of the Onehunga Woollen Mills, died from peritonitis at his residence, Onehunga. On Thursday night he complained of feeling ill, and Dr. Parkes was sent for. He gradually got worse, and after a consultation an operation was performed by Drs. Scott, Gordon and Pabst. This proved unsuccessful, Mr Park passing away on Saturday night. Deceased was a native of Galloway, Scotland, and went to Victoria in 1874 to set up a woollen mill, proceeding thence to Oamaru, and two years later to Onehunga. Mr Park was highly esteemed by the directorate and by the employees. He leaves a widow, one son and four daughters.

MR ADAM CAIRNS.

Mr Adam Cairns died on Sunday at his residence, Chapel-street, Auckland, after a long illness. Deceased had been suffering for some years from partial paralysis of the left side. He paid a visit to England a couple of years ago to be treated by specialists, and on return felt better. Not long after his return, however, he had again to take to his bed, where he remained for the last 18 months. Mr Cairns was for many years a member of the City Council as representative of North Ward, his retirement being caused by his illness. He was also a member of the Charitable Aid Board, and was a prominent Mason. He was at one time employed in the British navy, and was afterwards chief steward in the first "Frisco" line of steamers, and in the New Zealand S.N. Co. He was best known as licensee of the Star and Grand Hotels, both of which were very ably conducted by him. It was during his tenancy of the Grand Hotel that deceased was stricken by paralysis, and he was in his 61st year at the time of his death. His wife has been in ill-health for some time.

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

Neither scratch nor spurt, the points being rounded by a new process.

Attention is also drawn to their

new

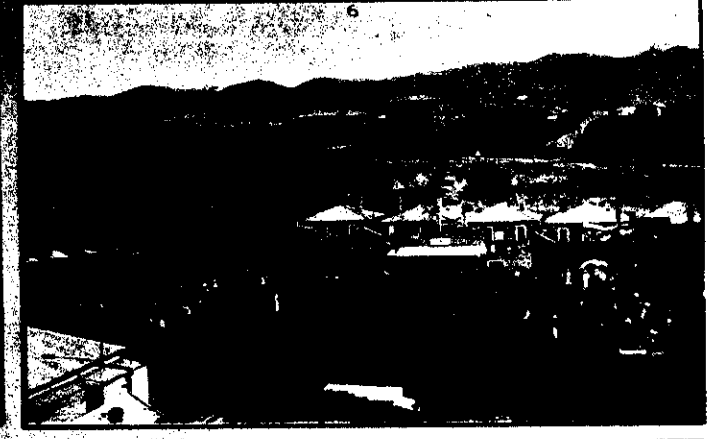
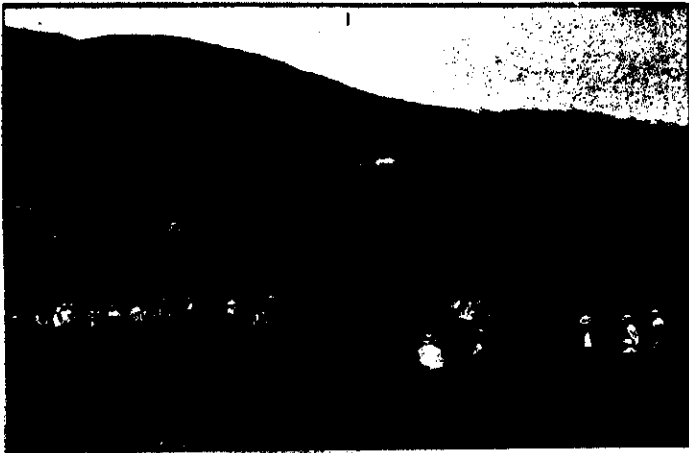
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Each pattern being made to four degrees of flexibility and points.

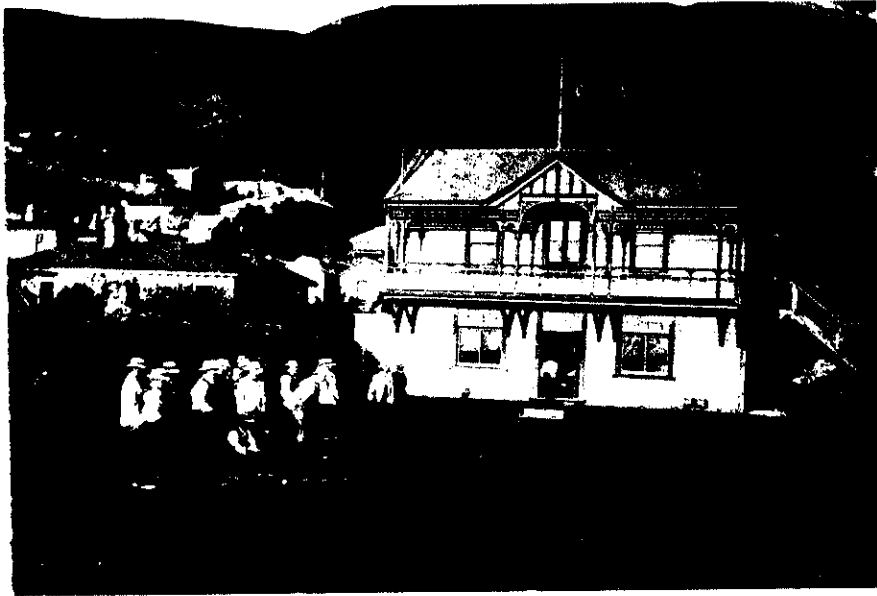


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Bowling in Wellington.

1. Mr Chas. Hill's Private Green. 2. Opening Day at Mr Charles Hill's Green. 3. Two Champions, Wellington Club. 4. Play at Wellington Green.
 5. Sir Robert Stout Opening Newtown Green. 6. General View of Newtown Green. 7. Play at Victoria Green. 8. Thorndon Green.



WELLINGTON BOWLERS.—VICTORIA GREEN.



Hanna, photo.
THE LATE MR A. CAIRNS.



JOHN DUTHIE, ESQ., PRESIDENT OPENING WELLINGTON BOWLING GREEN.

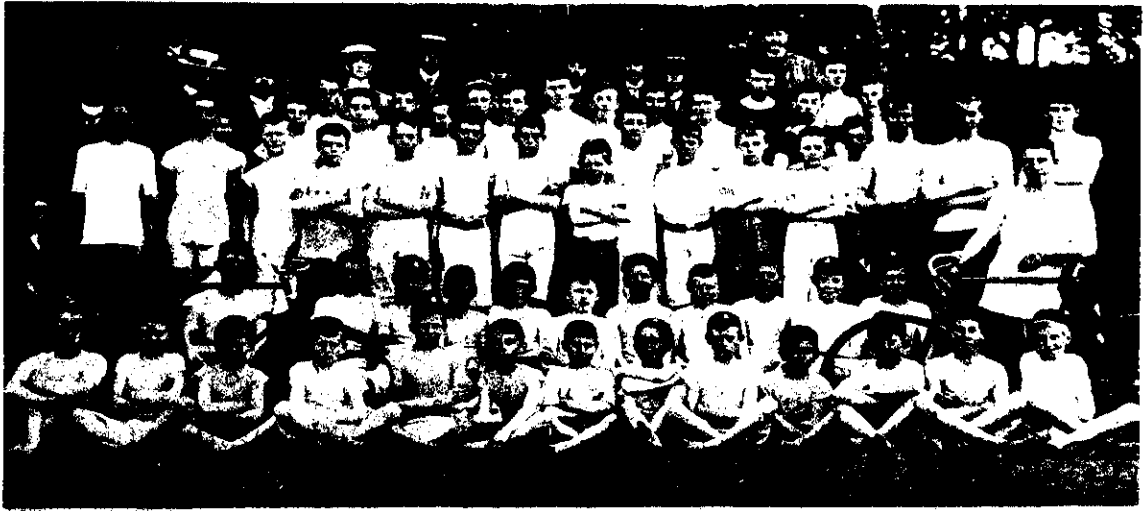
Bowling in Wellington.



Pegler, photo.
THE LATE MR JAMES PARK,
Of the Onchunga Woollen Mills.



VIEW ON THE CHEVIOT ESTATE—SCENE OF THE EARTHQUAKE.



2



5



4



Valle, photo.

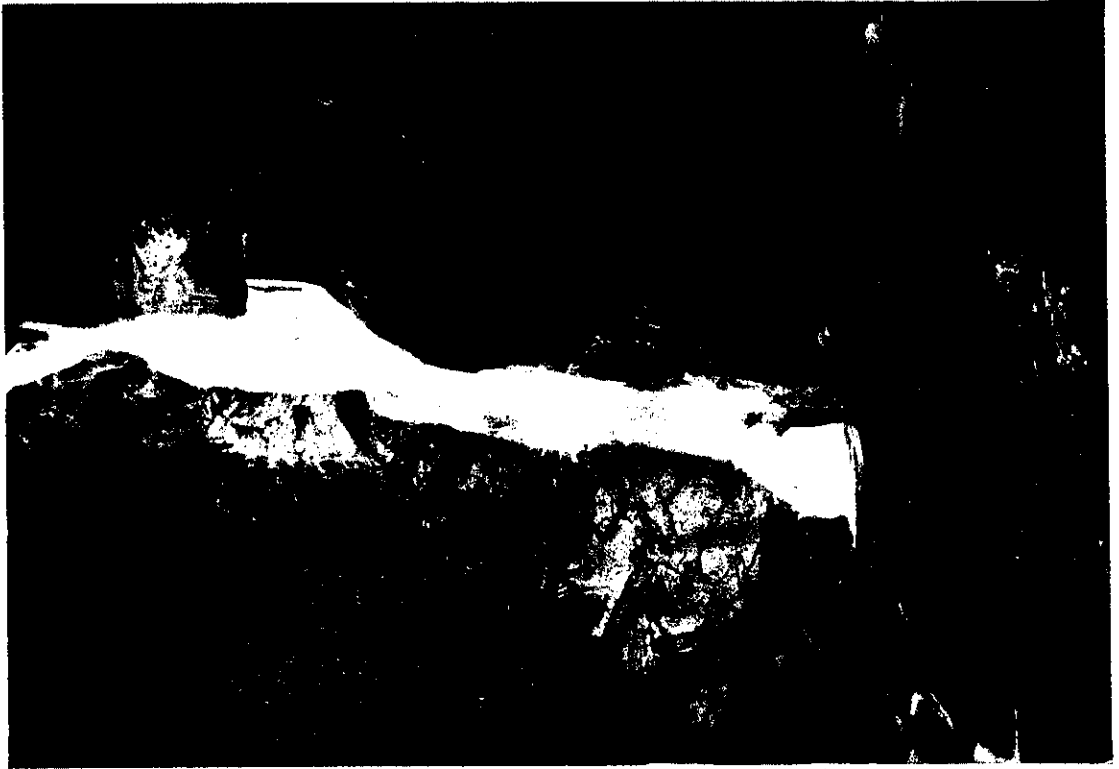
King's College (Auckland) Athletic Sports.

1. Group of Competitors. 2. Watching the 440 Yards Handicap. 2. Start of Half-mile Bicycle Championship, won by J. Burns. 4. Todd winning the High Jump.

Waipiro Bay, East Coast.



The Largest Sheep Station in the North Island.



WATERFALL, WAIPIRO STATION.



STUDY IN WOOL, WAIPIRO STATION.



F. A. Hargreaves, photo.

HIRUNGIA STATION, WAIPIRO BAY.

For Afric's Shores I Pine.

(A Member of the Lady Cadet Corps Speaks.)

I've worn a uniform or two, I've seen the powder burn,
No linkater I, as knew my pals—I'd like to have a turn—
At soldiering! at soldiering! again before I die,
These horrid Boers want punishing -- to help I fain would try.

I like to tend the wounded, I like the sick to heal,
(What misery these cruel wars inflict on subjects leal!)
Oom Paul has much to answer for, his countrymen still more,
Who ever heard of "treachery" as practiced by this Boer.

The "White Flag" often has been used to hide these cruel sneaks'
Designs upon our gallant boys when climbing stony peaks;
The "Red Cross Flag" they disregard, yet seek the skilful aid
Of well known British surgeons whose brave comrades they've betrayed.

Such scurvy tricks need punishment, need punishment severe,
(That's why I fret and fume and storm at being kept back here!)
I like to use my ventral fire, I'm ready for the fray!
Like "Baker" when he joined "his boys" and died at "Abu Isaa."

When fighting Boers in "Orange State," in "Transvaal" or "Natal,"
We trooper-leaders badly want, like dear old ill-used "Val,"

We want men like "Val Baker" the man of "Balkan Pass,"
Who traversed such its rugged heights and proved the Turk an ass.

Oh, where is "Gordon Cumming" - another ill-used man,
The lion-hearted soldier he—the bravest of his clan,
Is't thus that England woodeth out the noblest of her sons;
Oh! "Cumming" come! Come quickly, and give these Boers your guns.

Your country wants a soldier, much, who knows what warfare means
(I know of no more able man to give these Dutchmen "beans"):
Raise quick a troop of Scottish lads, some Yorkies likewise choose,
But use despatch lest the Black Watch should all its soldiers lose.

Trap Listeners on Phone.

Sweethearts who make love over the telephone will bless the name of this Swede when they learn it. It is reported that an employee of the Stockholm Telephone Company has invented a device by which the telephone user can tell when a third party is listening to his conversation, or to hers, which is more important.

The visible part of the device is a small metal box with a glass front. This is attached to the wall or desk near the telephone instrument. The pressing of a button connects the "listener detector," as it is called, with the telephone. The intrusion of "central" is indicated by the illumination of a red Maltese cross behind the glass of the "detector," which remains lighted up as long as "central" is on the wire. The connection of the operator at the second exchange with the wire is indicated by the illumination of a white cross, so that the telephone patron can tell not only when and how long the operator is on the wire, but also which exchange "cuts in" to ask him whether he is through talking, or to listen to what he is saying.

The device, including its installation, costs less than 8/, and is being put in by a large number of business houses which use the telephone for transacting more or less confidential business.

True Christian Science.

An American woman, who is a Christian Scientist, maintains that mosquitoes have brains and reasoning powers, that it is "outrageous" to kill the "little harmless insects," and that all that is necessary is to reason with them. She says: "If a mosquito is troubling you, just speak to him kindly, and say, 'Look here, my friend, you leave me alone and I'll leave you alone.' Then believe that he won't bite you! Even if he does his sting won't hurt. I have done this for years, and now enjoy having the pretty little things around and listening to their musical buzz."



STANDING AT EASE.



AWAITING ORDERS.



AWAITING TRANSPORT.

Turner, photo.

Parnell (Auckland) Lady Cadet Corps.



THE COMMITTEE, JUDGES AND STEWARDS.



Vale's photo.

VIEW OF THE GRAND PARADE.

Auckland Agricultural Association's Show.



SERGEANT BARRIBALL, WINNER OF VICTORIA CROSS COMPETITION



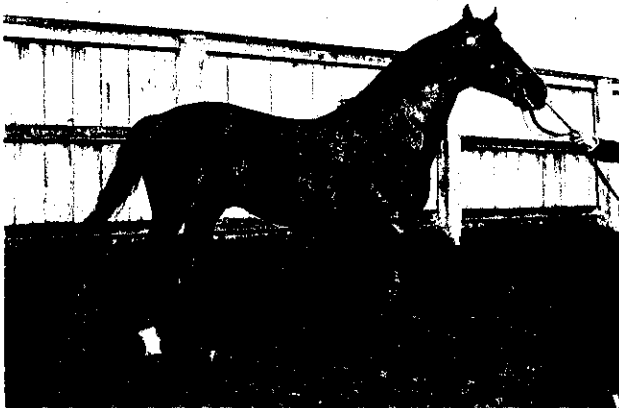
IN THE KOPJE—LIFTING DUMMIES ON TO HORSES.



BARRIBALL AT THE LAST HURDLE.



L. TAYLOR ON "DANDY DICK."—One First and Two Seconds.



SINGLESTICK II., GOVERNMENT THOROUGHBRED STALLION.



JAMES TAYLOR, WINNER OF PONY CLASS UNDER 11.2.



MR A. K. BELL, CLERK OF THE COURSE.



Photos by Walrond. TAKING THE STONE WALL.



QUEENSTOWN, LAKE WAKATIPU.



Photos. by Brucewitz.

THE REMARKABLES, LAKE WAKATIPU.

Around Lake Wakatipu.



HUMBOLDT RANGE, LAKE WAKATIPU.



GLENORCHY, LAKE WAKATIPU.

Photos. by Brueswitz.

Around Lake Wakatipu.



Watford, "Graphic" photo.

PARADE HEAVY DRAUGHT ENTIRES.



Watford, "Graphic" photo.

PARADE OF HACKS.



Valle, photo.

WATCHING THE COMPETITION.

Auckland Agricultural Association's Show.



Valle, photo.

PART OF THE GRAND PARADE, AUCKLAND AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

Care of the Complexion.

CREAMS TO COUNTERACT THE EFFECTS OF SUN WIND AND RAIN.

The use of a good skin food massaged with discretion into the face each day not only keeps wrinkles away but induces the complexion to assume a fair fine and pure appearance. Two creams that have been tried and found exceedingly good are made as follows:

The first is called *crème marquise*, and is made of a quarter of an ounce of white wax, two and a-half ounces of spermaceti, the same of oil of sweet almonds, one and a-half ounces of rose water, and one drop of attar of roses. The wax and spermaceti should be melted and put in a porcelain pan, then the almond oil must be added, and the mixture heated slowly. It should next be removed from the stove, and the rose water is then poured in. Another is

KNOWN AS ORANGE FLOWER skin food, and is made after this recipe. Take of spermaceti half an ounce, of white wax the same, of sweet almond oil two ounces, of lanoline one ounce, of eucognit oil one ounce, of tincture of benzoin three drops and of orange flower water one ounce. Melt the first five ingredients in a porcelain pan and take it from the fire, then add the benzoin and the orange flower water, mixing with an egg-beater until it is cold.

During the warm weather a nice astringent wash is required by those who perspire very freely and who find the pores of the skin large and inclined to puffiness. Take one ounce of cucumber juice and three ounces of elder flower water and mix them in a bottle. To this add two table-spoonfuls of Eau de Cologne and next pour in slowly half an ounce of simple tincture of benzoin finally adding three ounces of elder flower water. This is also a whitening lotion and makes the skin fine and smooth.

It should be recollected that all the ingredients are to be measured exactly, for otherwise the cream will not be a smooth and pleasant production. It is for this reason always the wisest plan to give a beauty prescription to a chemist, who has weights and measures at his command to insure perfect exactitude.



Watford, "Grumble" photo.

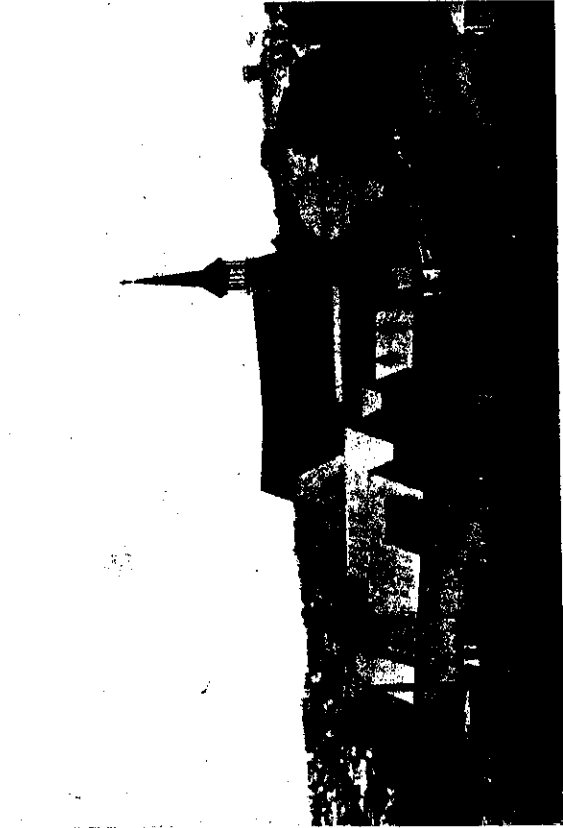
REMINISCENCES OF THE RING AT THE SHOW.

Mr P. Chuafe's pony "Cadger" prefers a circus performance to taking the hurdles in Boys' Riding Competition



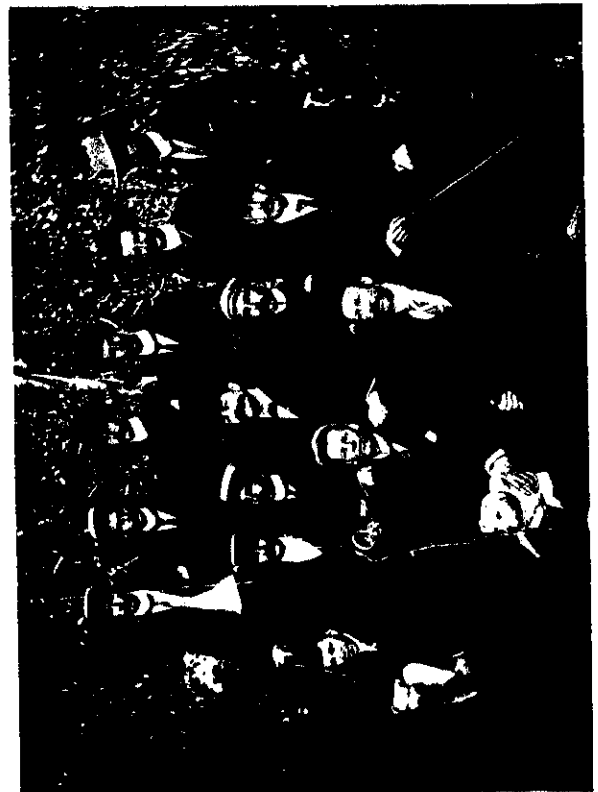
CATHOLIC CONFIRMATION CLASS, PARNELL.

Turner, photo.

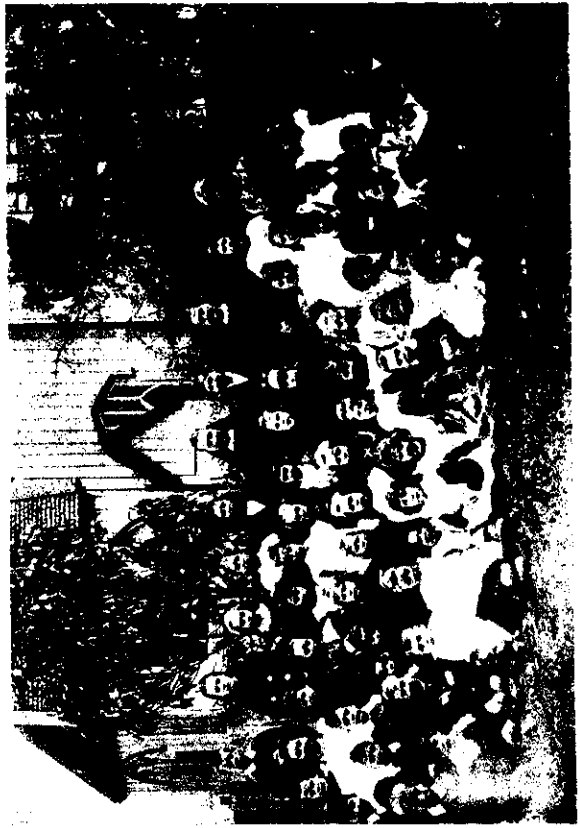


ST. MATTHEW'S SCHOOLROOM, AUCKLAND.—To be removed to make place for the new church.

M. Cowie, photo.



GRAFTON LACROSSE CLUB.



CHILDREN WHO ATTEND ST. MATTHEW'S DAY SCHOOL.

M. Cowie, photo.



BRASS BAND.

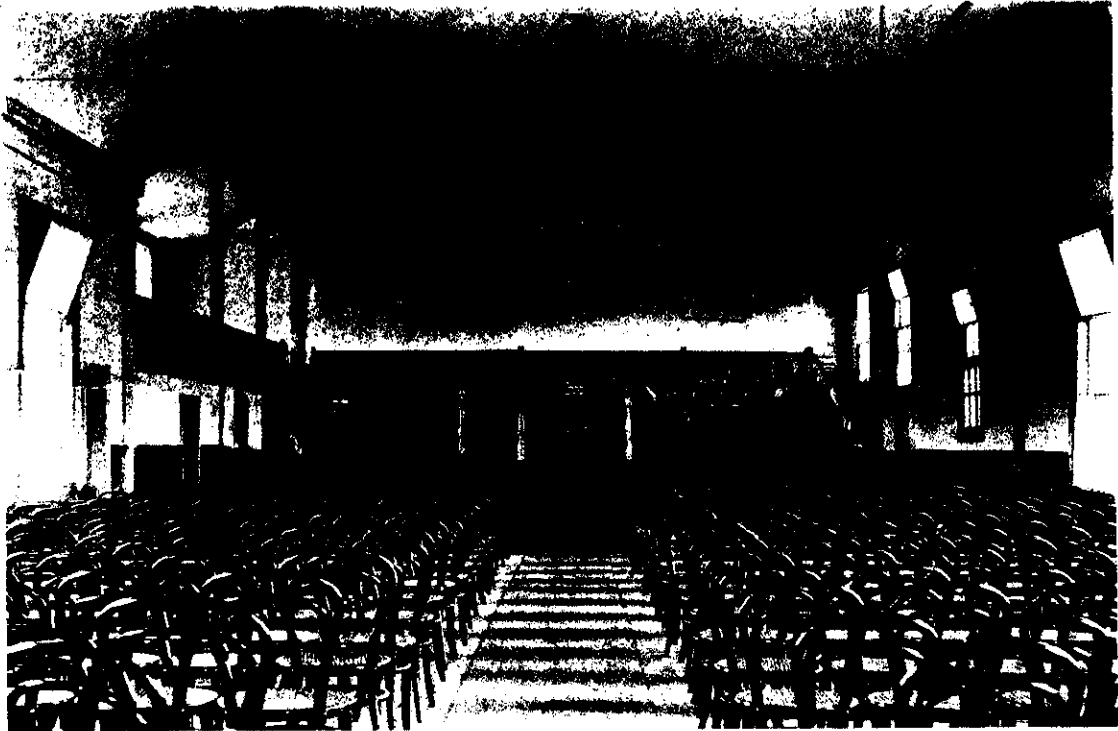


ORCHESTRA.



COUNCIL.

THE AUCKLAND CENTRAL MISSION.



INSIDE VIEW OF THE AUCKLAND CENTRAL MISSION.

The Auckland Central Mission.

From this heading we do not intend to give our readers a homily on their Christian duties, as this would not be the special function of a society paper, and might not lead to edification, but as we promised ourselves to en-

quire into the good work done by the above excellent institution, we thought it would not be inappropriate to reproduce in this issue some nice photos supplied us from the Sarony studio, which will no doubt be prized by many who have never visited the Mission, but have often heard of its progressive work.

The Mission is very young, having only come to its fourth anniversary, and may be said to be only in its babyhood, as far as years count, but in its advancement it seems to have been in existence for thirty years or more. It was founded by a half-dozen of earnest Christian workers, having for its object to reach some of the lapsed masses which crowd our city, and to assist such when reached, to attain a higher altitude in life than they have hitherto aspired.

In keeping with this project, the first founders rented the very unpretentious Oddfellows' Hall in Cook-street, and called the work the Auckland Central Mission. The hall was scarcely opened when every available seat was occupied. Several months here of successful labours brought the Mission to a period when it was evident that unless a bigger hall, and

more centrally situated, were secured, progress in the new venture would terminate, and fortunately (or, as the workers call it, providentially), the Albert-street Temperance Hall was available and at once secured.

The Mission set at once to work, and by funds raised from the workers, and donations from citizens, the whole building was converted from a dingy, prison-looking edifice, to a handsome, bright-looking place, exquisitely adorned, lighted and ventilated to perfection, with 400 easy-sitting chairs replacing the heavy

cumbersome forms of a previous generation.

The Mission now breathed freely for three years, and multitudes of people heard the Gospel, who in all probability would have never had religious ministrations in any other way.

For the past few months the council of workers have been at their wits' end how to accommodate the visitors at the Sabbath services, and once again a progressive movement was projected. The crowds attending

(Continued on page 997.)



See letterpress.
MISS ELLEN M. STONE,
The Captured American Missionary.



A MORNING'S FISHING AT OKOROIRE.
Caught by Mr. Stephenson, of Puriri. Largest Fish, 31lbs.



MISS ALICE POLLARD AND MR. CHAS. CARTER IN "FLORADORA."



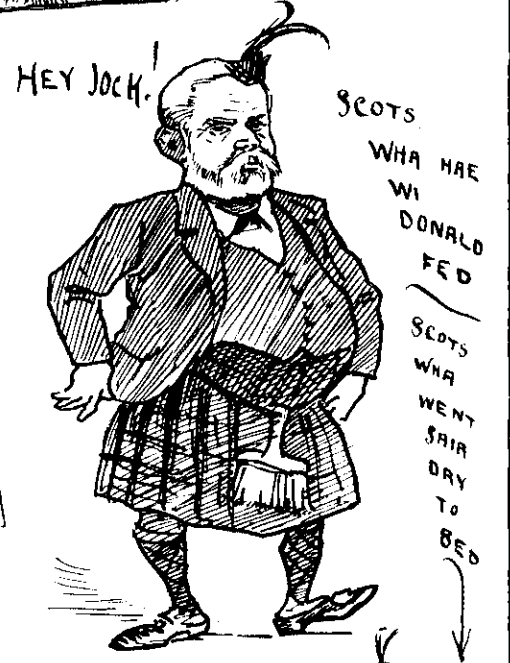
COUNCILLOR HANNAN
DREAMS HE IS IN HEAVEN OR
SOME PLACE WHERE THE BANDS PLAY ON A SUNDAY.

THE RUCKLAND TRAMWAYS RIDE ON A FAST TEAM SERVICE
FOR THE AGRICULTURAL SHOW,
LUCKILY OWING TO RECENT
WET WEATHER
PACEMAKERS
WERE PLENTY
AND ACCIDENTS
FEW.



PROBABLE RESULT
OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S
NICKEER ADMIRATION POLICY IN
AMERICA A.D. 2000

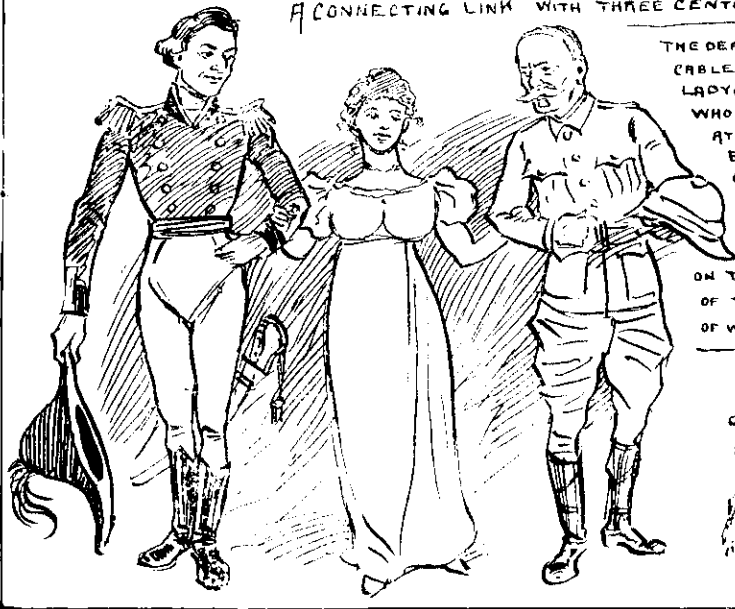
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HAD APPOINTED AN NEGRO
MAGISTRATE



HEY JOCK!

SCOTS
WHA HAE
WI
DONALD
FED
SCOTS
WHA
WENT
SAIR
DRY
TO
BED

A CONNECTING LINK WITH THREE CENTURIES



THE DEATH IS
CABLED OF
LADY CAREW
WHO DANCED
AT THE
BALL
GIVEN BY
THE
DUCHESS
OF
RICHMOND
ON THE EVE
OF THE BATTLE
OF WATERLOO



A HUMOURIST WRITING TO THE "STAR"
SUGGESTS THE USE OF GOATS IN LIEU OF MOWING MACHINES
FOR ALBERT PARK. THIS PAPER ALSO SUGGESTS GOATS
TO THE AFOREMENTIONED HUMOURIST



Duets in the Days of Yore.

The duel, which we associate especially with France and Italy, was probably derived from the barbarous north. Nor did it at the outset touch the point of honour. It was rather an appeal from the judgment of a

man to the judgment of an all-wise Providence. The ordeal by duel, in fact, was a rough-and-ready kind of justice with divine sanction. If a man had been wronged by his neighbour he challenged him to mortal combat, he accepted the result without question, and if death did not accompany defeat the gallows awaited the miscreant who was worsted in the fray. And, as became an affair of

justice, the duel was solemnly arranged and solemnly attended. The King, who permitted it, commonly witnessed it with all his court, so that it was often a stately pageant. Such a duel took place in 1349 between the Baron d'Aguerre and the Lord of Fendilles. Henri II. of France forbade it, but the Duc de Bouillon granted the lists in his own country, and the battle took place at Sedan. The

cause of the quarrel is immaterial, and the duel is chiefly remarkable for the truculence which inspired the Lord of Fendilles to prepare a gibbet and a fire for his adversary when he should have vanquished him. But pride had its fall, the Baron d'Aguerre was victorious, the gibbet was never used, and we are left with a strange comment upon the manners of the fifteenth century. More remarkable still, because it lies outside the rules of chivalry, was the fight between two tailors. These persons, two common journeymen, were not permitted any other weapons than wooden clubs and triangular shields, and were compelled by strict ordinance to fight to the death. As they entered the lists they cut an odd figure. They were shaved and barefooted. Their nails were pared, and their leathern clothes were tightly sewed upon them. Before they began to fight they demanded grease, wood ashes and sugar-grease for the besmearing of their garments, wood ashes that their hands might be better able to hold their clubs, and sugar to allay their thirst. The fight, of course, was a piece of crude brutality: the victor tore out the eyes of his victim and flung him over the stockade for the hangman to finish on his gibbet.—"London Spectator."



W. Stevenson, photo.

PARNELL CROQUET LAWN.

Shrawd.

Mr. Timmins—What are you doing now, dear?

Mrs. Timmins—I'm writing to the Smiths, asking them to dinner, to meet the Joneses, and to the Joneses, asking them to meet the Smiths. We owe them both dinners, you know.

Mr Timmins—But I've heard they've quarrelled, and don't speak.

Mrs. Timmins—I know that. They will refuse, and we needn't give a dinner party at all.

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.

Advertisement for Stewart Dawson & Co. featuring various jewelry items like brooches, pins, and watches, each with a number and price. Includes a large pocket watch illustration and a list of watch models.

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.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

AUCKLAND CENTRAL MISSION.

(Continued from page 994.)

necessitated many to be refused admission, and the question was asked: What was to be done? The only thing left undone was to expend some hundreds of pounds, and add two big wings to the building, extending out 30 feet to the boundary of the land. This was no sooner thought of than action was taken, and the first gathering of workers to confirm the scheme subscribed in the room £113. Plans and specifications were soon out, and quickly builders, plumbers and decorators were at work, and in three months the new hall was in readiness to receive the workers, and the congregation, who had been worshipping in the Opera House during the alteration period. We may also add that during the Opera House services as many as 1200 persons were ministered to on each Sabbath.

It will not be out of place to mention that the progress of the work during the latter six months has had a big propelling force, in the persons of Mr. James Wilson and his wife, who for many years have been forceful and prominent officers in the Salvation Army, but now under engagement to the Mission. Mr. Wilson is an eloquent Scotchman, filled with fun and humour on the platform, and sometimes breaks out into sacred song, and accompanies himself on the banjo. He wears a solemn countenance at other times, and his style eminently suits the Mission people. He holds also the appointment of manager to the "Christian Worker," a bright, joyous religious monthly, which is making rapid progress under the new regime. The Rev. Mr. Walker is also a prominent Mission worker, to whom hundreds owe a debt of gratitude which cannot easily be paid.

Now, we are not at all surprised that the Central Mission is succeeding. We live in an age of religious awakening, in days when apathy in religion as well as in any other department, public or private, has fairly gone by. The agencies at work for good are numerous and powerful, and if the earnest doers who are at work in schemes of philanthropy and righteousness (which is a good word for righteously) were suspended, universal paralysis would quickly set in, and society become stagnant, and all true greatness perish.

But there is not the slightest chance yet that such a catastrophe will take place, for Auckland at least is a favoured city, where missions, associations and churches abound with religious services on the Lord's day, and their influences are so restraining and benign that thousands kneel weekly in prayer and adoration, testifying emphatically to the religiousness of the human heart the world over.

It may be asked, how is it that missions are so attractive and usually productive of the highest results? We reply it is mainly attributable to the style of service. Fifty years ago the hour and a half sermon and execrating singing, worried the common people who attended churches; now it is the song and story of the rescued ones that thrill the listeners, and men and women look on in wonder. The addition of the organ and orchestra captivate and add not a little to the charm of the service, and when results are tabulated these latter count much in favour. The pith and vigour of the short addresses are a potent factor in missioning. Howland Hill once said that some men preached the Gospel as a donkey mumbles a thistle—very cautiously; but this style of preaching would not pay in any good up-to-date mission, where enterprising, earnest, business laymen, with nothing to gain but hard work, usually control affairs. They conduct the work on the same principle as their own business; that is, every department must pay, and it usually succeeds, and indeed earnest men succeed anywhere. A further fact in mission work is that the worshippers are in the main the plain folks of mankind. They come from the common walks of life, from the dust and daily toil of life, and they do not want or need learned sermons, and care little for refined distinctions, and take but little interest in manuscript performances, but they have

common sense and warm hearts.

The Central Mission deserves the cordial and unanimous support of citizens. The Mission saves the community thousands of pounds in the course of years by the men and women who are reformed and steadied upon their feet instead of being a financial burden upon society. It has the welfare of the people at heart, whom they consider it a duty to guard. There is a work in the Mission for all—the sick, the poor, the prisoner, the hopeless, the lost child and the benighted are all sought out and cared for, and we wish the work continued success and prosperity in every sense of the term.

We would add that it would certainly be a gracious act on the part of our well-to-do citizens or country settlers if during the coming festive month of December they remembered the Mission in some practical way. We can guarantee that any donations forwarded will be thankfully received and put to a good and lasting use. The Council of Management are:—Mr. W. H. Smith, Superintendent (Smith and Caughey); Mr. James Wilson, Assistant-Superintendent (Christian Worker Office); Mr. Thomas Miller, Hon. Treasurer, Victoria-street; Mr. J. J. Macky, Hon. Secretary, Victoria Arcade.

MISS STONE, THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY, HELD TO RANSOM BY THE BULGARIAN BRIGANDS.

The entire Christian world has been interested in the fate of Miss Ellen M. Stone, the American missionary, who was captured by brigands in the mountains of European Turkey on September 3rd, and held for a ransom of £25,000. At the time of the capture Miss Stone was on her way from Bansko, Macedonia, where she had been holding a summer school for Bible-workers, to Djumiak, a half-day's journey.

Other members of her party were six students from the collegiate institute at Samokov, three or four Bulgarian teachers, Mr. and Mrs. Tsilka, who had spent several years in America, and Mrs. Coshera. On the afternoon of the day named, as they were resting in the mountains, a party of thirty or forty armed men suddenly surrounded them, and ordered the party to proceed up the mountain side. After going a short distance the prisoners were halted and all stripped of their watches, money and other valuables. Then all, with the exception of Miss Stone and Mrs. Tsilka, were set free. Word was then sent by the brigands to Samokov that unless the sum of £25,000 was paid into their hands by October 8th Miss Stone would be put to death.

Strenuous efforts were made by Consul-General Dickinson at Sofia to reach and rescue the imperilled women, but all in vain. Our State Department also took prompt and vigorous measures to the same end, but this effort was also unsuccessful. An appeal was made finally to the friends of missions in America and elsewhere to subscribe the amount necessary to secure Miss Stone's release. A prompt and generous response was made to this request, and over half the sum demanded had been raised by October 8th, when it was reported that the brigands had given another month's time.

The mountain fastnesses of the Balkans in Southwestern Europe, where this outrage occurred, have been for years the El Dorado of brigands. Macedonia and Albania, made up of a heterogeneous population of Serbs, Bulgars, Albanians—the descendants of the old Spartans and the last corner of Europe remaining under Turkish sovereignty—are still the scenes of more crimes and horrors than any other part of the Balkan peninsula. Abduction, robbery and murder are every-day occurrences, and instead of being punished by the Turkish authorities, are encouraged.

The land, though naturally rich and fertile, has been so grossly neglected under Turkish rule that brigandage seems universally conceded to pay much better than agriculture. Christians are forbidden, under severe penalties, to carry arms, but they take to the hills quite as naturally as the Turkish Kurds, and travellers who would make their way through these regions must take their lives in their hands.

Only four years ago Mr. Gerasim D.

Kyrias, who established the school at Kortoba, Albania, where Mrs. Tsilka, the captured Bulgarian missionary, was stationed, was taken prisoner by the brigands, who mistook him for a wealthy merchant, for whom they were lying in wait. When they learned that their captive was connected with a British society they refused to release him, expecting that a large ransom would be paid for him.

Then followed four months of indescribable dangers and sufferings in his wanderings and hidings with the highwaymen. Untiring efforts, in the meantime, were made by Mr. Kyrias' friends for his release. At length the brigands accepted the terms offered them—about one-fourth the exorbitant sum which they at first named—and the captive was released.

The only time that the Ottoman Government rouses into activity is when some high Turkish official or opulent tax-gatherer is haled away and held for ransom. In these cases pursuit of the brigands is vigorously organised, and in case of capture justice is summary. The brigands are usually crucified, and the cross with its ghastly burden set up in the market place as an object lesson for those who would dare mistake a Turk for a Christian.

WELLINGTON BOWLING.

Through the courtesy of Mr A. Brown, of Wellington, we are enabled to present our readers with some interesting pictures of bowling in Wellington. In the Empire City the good old game flourishes as vigorously as anywhere in the colony, and has many ardent votaries.

HERE AND THERE.

When Sir Hector Macdonald was packing at the Northern Club, on the eve of his departure from Auckland, he had no small difficulty in finding room in his portmanteau for the souvenirs which had been added to his already overflowing stock. Loath as he naturally was to leave behind him anything his admirers had bestowed on him, the breaking strain of his traps had to be considered, and something had to go. The lot of being discarded fell to an enormous bundle of religious tracts, which, I understand, had been shored on the General in the Southern part of the colony. They were of the most pronounced character, breathing forth brimstone and the pains of hell from every page. The kind donors, not satisfied with merely sending them to Sir Hector, had carefully marked passages which, in their view, might be applicable and beneficial to the General. Although he was not untouched by this solicitude for his eternal welfare, and would fain have carried the bundle with him, it had to be among the things he left behind. But in discarding it from his luggage he is said to have expressed the hope that the tracts might do some good among those into whose hands they should fall. Doubtless the fact that they were once part of the General's property may rescue these prius from the oblivion which, as a rule, so speedily overtakes literature of that class. And in the same way the exhortations, from having been addressed to the hero, may carry extra weight with lesser folks.

I cannot but think that the telegraphic accounts of the havoc wrought by the earthquake on the Cheviot Estate are greatly exaggerated. People living on the spot are apt to be alarmed out of all proportion to the extent of the danger, and folks writing on the spot are apt to reflect the perturbed state of mind of the inhabitants rather than the actual risk of the terrestrial disturbance. Besides, it is an opportunity which the descriptive newspaper writer is bound to make the most of. It is natural that to his eye the ruins of the little township should seem a sort of second Herodotium. None of us in New Zealand can afford to make light of these occurrences, however, for there is probably no part of the colony that can be guaranteed free from such disturbances. Wellington, our capital, knows them better than any of us, but even in

Auckland, which may boast itself almost entirely free from shock, the volcanoes which ring the city, tell of a time when the waters of the Waitemata reflected the fires of a score of mountains—a time that for all we know might occur again. There is a danger of this earthquake business being made too much of by the picturesque writer, and of our colony getting up a reputation for that sort of thing which is not at all desirable. "A hot spring on the property" may sound most luxurious in an advertisement of a New Zealand farm; but "an earthquake on the estate" would be a doubtful attraction to advertise.

An Auckland surveyor, writing to the "Star," says that some ten years ago an expert visiting the Cheviot Estate reported that the geological conditions were such that the whole country must eventually break up. This recalls the story to the effect that when Ready Money Robinson sold the estate to the Government—it was the first experiment in the way of cutting up the big runs and putting small settlers on them—he was not altogether unaware of the unstable character of the property. However, whether he had any idea of the sort or not, the expert's prophecy is being fulfilled. There is a suggestion of irony in asking people to "settle" on a country of that character, and it may be questioned whether the recent disturbance does not constitute a breach of contract on the part of the Government.

The timely revelations with regard to the concentration camps would suggest that the accusation of our killing or ill-treating our brother Boer has had its foundation in our wishing to wash our brother. It was in the interests of clean government that Great Britain marched into the Transvaal, and now it is plain that in the interests of physical cleanliness alone she has a heaven-given right to remain there. Such revelations make it more necessary than ever for the European friends of the Boers to whitewash them.

The story comes from Napier of two rival soap agents who met in single combat on the boardings there. One was the representative of the world-renowned manufacturers, Pears, the other not less enterprisingly boomed the wares of a much less prominent firm. Pears' man made his presence conspicuous in the town by the appearance of the well-known device bearing the legend, "Good morning! Have you used Pears' soap?" Two days afterwards the boardings bearing these great placards were further decorated with others stuck immediately below Pears' advertisement. The new bills read, "Yes; but I like Smith's better. Good morning."

Bishop Julius, of Christchurch, struck the nail on the head in a sermon the other day, when he said: "We all gamble. I don't say it is wicked. But I do say it is infinitely harmful. It causes much ruin in innumerable cases. Yet we all gamble—ladies as well as men." Still, in gambling the grades of harmfulness vary very greatly with the people and the circumstances, so that in a sense there has come to be such a thing as legitimate gambling. What are many forms of commercial speculation? But what may be expedient for me may not be expedient for you, and the curse of this colony is that we don't and won't understand this.

You expect a certain run on Macdonald stories just now, and therefore they can be introduced without excuse. Apropos of the General's good nature and the not-to-be-denied enthusiasm of his compatriots, a little incident that occurred at Morrinsville is worth putting in print. When the train from Rotorua arrived at the junction the General was taking his ease, and hoped by lying low to escape from the inevitable "reception" that met him at every station. As soon as the train stopped the usual thing commenced. A gathering of the settlers headed by a bustling old gentleman was ready on the platform. The old gentleman singled out a carriage likely, in his opinion, to contain "Fighting Mac" and the crowd raised a cheer that might have

been heard a mile away. The General, who was in a carriage at the other end of the train, snarled and lay low. Again and again the cheer went up, but no Macedonian appeared from the carriage where he was supposed to be. Then it leaked out where he actually was, and with a rush impetuous as a charge of his own Highlanders, the cheerers, headed by the old gentleman, had won the other end of the platform. Still the General lay low. But it was no use. In stentorian tones the old gentleman, who had by this time begun to suspect the General was lying low, shouted, "Come out, Macedonian! Come out, Mac, come out!" This he repeated in various tones of insistence ranging from entreaty to command, and at last his importunity had its effect. Sir Hector came out and submitted to the admiring glances and hand-shakes.

No doubt, Sir Hector will carry away from New Zealand several mementoes of his visit, but certainly not all. The gifts of chocolates and "sweets," which were among the offerings presented to him by admiring youths on the occasion of his reviewing the Auckland school cadets, can scarcely hope for preservation. Yet Sir Hector took them with the most charming grace, as if he really meant—as indeed he probably did—to have a real good tuck in when he went back to his hotel.

Surprise parties are usually very agreeable things in this colony where, especially on winter nights they enjoy a wide popularity. Probably this is partly due to the fact that the promoters thereof are usually judicious in the amount of "surprise" administered. "Not too much surprise but just surprise (and supper) enough." A very distinguished visitor to Auckland last week gave a real surprise party to a certain public institution. He dropped in "quite promiscuous like" without the smallest warning, and it is whispered found a condition of things on which he commented somewhat forcefully when he had left. His remarks were, however, unofficial, and cannot be repeated, but "on dit" they will be heard of again and will do good. Bravo! This is what several institutions require.

The proposal of Mr Calder in the South Australian Assembly that the ordinary State Parliament should meet only once in ten years to alter old Acts or pass new, and that during that time the State should be administered by twelve business men chosen by the people, is to be commended to our New Zealand legislators. By all means let the representatives be elected and paid as at present, if it is impossible to secure their consent to the arrangement on any other terms. That expense would be repaid us over and over again by the saving effected in other directions, and the peace we should enjoy for a season. But under such an arrangement the mana of the politician would be gone, and not even the prospect of a well-paid sinecure would reconcile Mr Seddon to a ten years' oblivion.

There must still be money at the back of the Boer cause, or how comes it that thousands of mercenaries have been arriving from Europe bound for the rebel ranks. Certainly these men are not likely to make for South Africa in a spirit of chivalrous devotion to a lost cause. They must be paid, and paid well, before they take the chances of a lonely and forgotten grave on the veldt. But whence the money? Can it be, as has been suggested, that foreign Governments slip a heavy cheque now and again into the palms of the Boer committee?

As a career for a young New Zealander Parliament has been considerably improved by the final act of last session, which improved the financial status of the representative by £60 a year. At £300 a year the House offers as good a thing as a young man beginning in life, or an old man ending it, or a middle-aged man for that matter, as he could look for in these days. And then consider that, as compared with other occupations which bring in the same sum, the work involved is much lighter and the talent required on the whole considerably less.



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Rashes, and irritations instantly relieved and speedily cured by hot baths with CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin, gentle applications of CUTICURA Ointment, to heal the skin, and mild doses of CUTICURA Bismolvent, to cool and cleanse the blood.

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Personal Paragraphs.

Mr Steele, of Christchurch, was in Rotorua last week.

Mr H. Brett, of Gisborne, was up in Auckland on a visit last week.

Mr and Mrs Sydney Smith, of Wellington, were in Auckland last week.

Mr and Mrs Brown, of Auckland, are visiting Rotorua.

Mr Fowlds, M.H.R., and family, are on a visit to Te Aroha.

Mr Gordon, of Hastings, has been on a visit to Rotorua.

Mr J. S. Shelton, of Gisborne, was in Auckland on a visit last week.

Mr Bryden, of Auckland, paid Rotorua a visit last week.

Mr, Mrs and Miss Ross, of Dunedin, are at Te Aroha.

Mr and Mrs Court were visiting the Hot Lakes last week.

Mrs T. W. Leys and family, of Home Bay, Auckland, have gone to Waitakere for a few weeks.

Dr. McGregor, of Wellington, was in Auckland for a few days last week, staying at the Star.

Mr and Mrs Waters, of Auckland, were stopping at the Lake House, Ohinemutu, last week.

Miss Wright (Canterbury) was staying at the Grand Hotel, Rotorua, last week.

Mrs and Miss Blackett, of Wellington, are visiting Mrs P. Smith, in New Plymouth.

Mr and Mrs Fortescue, of Sydney, are "doing" the sights at Rotorua and Taupo.

Mrs G. B. Sutton, of San Francisco, is at present on a visit to Auckland, stopping at the Star Hotel.

Mr and Mrs N. Miller, of New Plymouth, were in Auckland for the Show.

Miss Roberts, who has been visiting Mrs Cook, of New Plymouth, has now returned to Wellington.

Mr and Mrs Wallace, of Wellington, were visitors at Whakarewarewa last week.

Mr and Mrs Moss Davis were amongst the visitors at the Grand Hotel, Rotorua, last week.

Mr and Mrs Moritzson, of Dunedin, are still stopping at the Geyser Hotel, Whakarewarewa.

Miss Holdsworth has returned to New Plymouth, after her trip to Wellington.

Mr Frank Allen, of Wellington, is at present in Auckland, on a brief business visit.

Mr George Dunnett, of Auckland, has gone on a brief business visit to Sydney.

Amongst visitors to Wellington is Miss Parsons, of the India and Poona Missions.

Mr Guinness, M.H.R. for Grey-mouth, with Mrs Guinness, have been on a visit to Rotorua.

Mrs G. F. Tendall, Christchurch, has gone up to Nelson, where she intends to make her home for the present.

Mr Frank Colbeck, of Whakapirau, returned home on Thursday, having visited Auckland for show week.

Mr W. Mowbray and Mrs S. Barraud returned to Wellington from Christchurch last week.

Mr C. C. Williamson is the new Government Sanitary Inspector for the Auckland District.

Mr Roberts has now returned to New Plymouth after a long visit to America and England.

Dr. H. Barraclough passed through Auckland from Rotorua last week, en route for his home in Wellington.

The Mt. Hobson Croquet Club open their lawn on Wednesday, November 20th, at half-past 2 o'clock.

Sergeant-Major Hoare was staying at the Lake House, Ohinemutu, last week.

Mr and Mrs A. F. Scott, of Napier, are visiting Auckland, staying at the Albert Hotel.

Mr Napier, M.H.R. for Auckland, was amongst the visitors at Rotorua last week.

Mr Miller, of New Plymouth, with his brother from England, paid the Hot Lakes a visit last week.

Mr and Mrs T. Billington, of Auckland, have returned home after a pleasant holiday in Australia.

The Rev. Father Lewis, of Wellington, was amongst the tourists at the Hot Lakes last week.

Mr and Mrs Steel, of Christchurch, are on a visit to Mrs George Hill, of St. Stephen's Avenue, Parnell, Auckland.

Mr and Mrs Perry Gibson, of Marahau, Whakapirau (Kaipara), returned home on Thursday, after a pleasant trip to Auckland.

Mr Josiah Martin, of Auckland, who has been a trip round our new possessions in the Cook Group, etc., has returned home.

Mr T. Garrard has returned from Hanmer Springs much benefited by his fortnight's holiday to that favourite resort.

Captain Sutcliffe, of the Tongariro, paid a brief visit to the Wonderland during the stay of his fine steamer in Auckland. He put up at the Grand, Rotorua.

Mr and Mrs Edgell, of Teddington, England, were in Auckland last week, to meet the Rev. W. M. Edgell, of the New Hebrides. They were stopping at the Star Hotel.

Major-General Hogge has arrived in Auckland from Sydney for the fishing season. He goes up the line in a day or so to some of his favourite resorts.

Mr Lucas Bloomfield, who has been up at Okoroire fishing, has returned to town, having enjoyed excellent sport.

Miss Julius, daughter of Bishop Julius, passed through Auckland last week. She arrived by the Southern Cross from Norfolk Island, and immediately went South.

The Revs. T. Ferguson (Devonport) and Watt (Pukekohe) returned home from Dunedin yesterday by the Moura.

Mr and Mrs Thornton, of Cambridge, were at Te Aroha last week, and from thence drove on to Rotorua.

Mr and Mrs Withy, of Auckland, leave for a trip to Japan in February next.

Mr Charles Robinson, of the Harbour Board's service, Wellington, was presented with a Sicilian marble clock by his colleagues on Wednesday last, on the occasion of his marriage. Mr Prince, wharfinger, was spokesman for the donors.

The many friends of the Rev. H. O. Fenton (son of the late Ven. Archdeacon Fenton, of Dunedin) will be glad to hear that he was ordained to the Curacy of Torpoint, Devonport, England, on September 22. The service took place in Ely Cathedral. Mr Fenton sent in a brilliant Greek paper, though fifteen months prior to his examination he did not even know the alphabet. He is described in the "Guardian" as a B.A. of University of New Zealand and Ely Theological College. He says he likes his parish work very much.

A golden wedding ceremony was held in Auckland last week, when Mr and Mrs G. Garrett were entertained

by a number of friends at a social gathering held in the Masonic Hall, Newton. About 80 guests were present, and a very agreeable time was spent in dancing and games, etc. The respected couple, who were born at Greenwich, were joined in matrimony in London 50 years ago, and came out to New Zealand some 40 years back. There are two surviving sons and four daughters, and they, along with their respective families, were present at the function. Mr and Mrs Garrett were the recipients of many congratulations.

Mr Fred Boyce, who has for many years been associated with the firm of A. J. Entrican and Co., of Auckland, was on Saturday morning presented with several mementoes of esteem from his fellow-employees, the occasion being his approaching marriage. The presentation, which took the form of a timepiece, bisuit barrel, and butter-cooler, was made on behalf of the employees by Mr J. Brownlee, who testified to the good fellowship that had always existed among the staff, and in a few well-chosen words conveyed to the recipient the heartfelt wishes of the members for his future health and happiness. Mr Boyce, in responding, said these evidences of the esteem of his associates afforded him the deepest gratification, the more so that he had been taken completely by surprise, and in returning grateful thanks for the honour done him hoped that the friendships which he had formed among his fellow-workers would long continue.

LADY'S LIFE IMPERILLED.

From the Victoria Coffee Palace, a largely-patronised and admirably-conducted institution in Nolan-st., Maryborough, Vic., comes particulars of a strange affair by which the life of a young lady residing there was imperilled. When a pressman called post haste and asked for particulars he was introduced to Miss Minnie Lethlean.

"What you have heard is quite true," she said in answer to inquiries. "To give you full particulars I must tell you that when I was nineteen, influenza attacked me, and left me weak, listless and bloodless; then pneumonia set in. I suffered from shivering fits, feverishness, dry burning skin, hacking cough, quick irregular breathing, shortness of breath, and my chest was extremely painful. My general health further declined and I became partially paralysed. Indeed, my life was despaired of. Now was this all, for anaemia developed. My face and lips grew more pallid than ever. I could scarcely put one foot before the other. Sometimes I fainted quite away in the hot weather. Later on the anaemia seemed to be developing into consumption."

"Of course you were well attended to?"

"Yes, I was, but medical treatment and tonics proved valueless. Then I read a paragraph stating that Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people were efficacious in extreme cases. I sent for a supply, and after using the contents of one box felt brighter and stronger. As I continued taking them the colour came back to my cheeks, I put on flesh, and day after day recovered strength. Now every trace of influenza, pneumonia, paralysis, and anaemia has left me. I am in good spirits, and the wonderful improvement in my appearance, has been remarked by all."

The general decline from which Miss Lethlean suffered made her system peculiarly liable to attack by disease. By replenishing the lost blood, toning up the nerves, and strengthening the spine, Dr. Williams' pink pills restored her to perfect health and freed her from every trace of disease. They cure consumption, weak heart, liver and kidney troubles, diarrhoea, effects of fevers, measles, influenza, etc., dyspepsia, skin diseases, open sores, etc. Stocked by chemists and storekeepers and by the Dr. Williams' Medical Co., Old Customhouse-st., Wellington, three shillings per box, six boxes sixteen and six, post free. Be sure you get the genuine.

MARTIN-HARE.

At St. Matthew's Church, Auckland, on Tuesday, November 12th, a pretty wedding took place, when Miss Amy Hare, daughter of Mr. — Hare, was married to Mr. Charles A. Martin. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. E. Gillam, in the presence of a large number of spectators. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked graceful in a pretty trained white silk, the skirt being finished with a foam of tiny flosses. The bodice had a transparent yoke of tucked chiffon, and a long sash tied at the waist, also of chiffon. She wore an embroidered tulle veil over a wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a lovely bouquet. The bridesmaids were Miss Smart and the two young sisters of the bride. The former was prettily attired in a cream tuckered lustre, with a V of lace, and white erinoline hat with feathers, and carried a pretty bouquet. The others wore white spotted muslin frocks over nil green silk, and Leghorn hats, and carried baskets of white and yellow flowers. Mr. Armitage acted as best man. Mrs. Hare (mother of the bride) wore black silk, embossed crepe, black bonnet; Mrs. Martin (mother of bridegroom) wore steel grey striped bengaline, grey velvet toque, with turquoise blue bows and folds.

ALLEN-BARTLEY.

A pretty choral wedding was celebrated at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Devonport, Auckland, on Wednesday, when Miss May Bartley, daughter of Mr. Edward Bartley, architect, was married to Mr. William George Allen, of Auckland, son of Dr. Allen, Hastings, England. The Rev. Canon Nelson officiated.

The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a cream corded silk, trained robe, trimmed with applique and chiffon. She wore a soft tulle veil over a wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a lovely shower bouquet. The bridesmaids were the Misses Eva Bartley (bride's sister), Reine Aubin, Eileen Mason (bride's niece), and Marjorie Wildman. The two first maids were attired in white silk, with black picture hats, and they carried shower bouquets of scarlet flowers. The two youthful maidens were frocked in white embroidered muslin over yellow, with white chiffon hats, and carried baskets of yellow daisies and grasses. The bridegroom presented each with a gold brooch set in pearls. Mr. George Kutherford and Mr. A. Bartley acted as groomsmen.

After the ceremony the bridal party drove to "Orphen Lodge," where Mr and Mrs Bartley entertained the guests to afternoon tea. Later Mr and Mrs Allen departed for their honeymoon trip, the bride wearing a navy travelling costume, with a white satin front, and a picture hat.

Mrs Bartley (bride's mother) wore a black brocade silk; Mrs F. Mason (sister of the bride), wore pale pink and white grenadine, black chiffon hat; Mrs A. Bartley, pale grey costume, white satin vest, black hat; Mrs Lees, purple costume and black hat; Miss Jenkin, green and white flowered silk, hat to match; Mrs Templer, black silk, blue and white silk blouse; Mrs F. Bartley, black skirt, grey and black silk blouse; Mrs P. Haancken, black silk, yellow vest, black chiffon toque; Mrs Mason, black figured lustre, handsome lace mantle; Miss Mason, white skirt, pale blue silk blouse, hat to match; Mrs Tudehope, black brocade skirt, white silk blouse, black chiffon toque; Mrs Gilbert, fawn costume, hat to match; Mrs Philcox, black silk; Mrs E. Hill, black brocade, black bonnet; Mrs E. Queree, black silk skirt, pink silk blouse; Mrs J. Queree, green and black striped grenadine, bonnet to match; Mrs F. Mouzer, black voile skirt, pale green silk blouse, toque; Mrs Wildman, black and white flowered muslin; Mrs Cleave, blue costume, cream vest; Miss Holder, pale grey lustre, black hat; Mrs C. Williamson, royal blue costume, black chiffon toque.

Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Rec, November 19.

OPERA HOUSE.

Among the audience during the week I noticed: Mrs Trwsley, who wore a Nil green brocade satin gown, softened with white chiffon, crimson rose in coiffure; Mrs Arch. Taylor, black evening gown, with long transparent sleeves; Miss H. Williams, pale pink silk blouse, with sleeves veiled in ecru lace, black skirt; Miss Julia Nathan was in white, pink rose in her hair; Miss Thorne George wore pink, with smart opera cape; Miss Zoe Thorne George, soft white silk; Miss McGinnity looked distinguished in heliotrope silk, with touches of white; Miss Aubin (Thames) looked pretty in a white tuckered silk, trimmed with lace; Miss Bartley, heliotrope silk blouse, with bands of violet velvet, black skirt; Miss Eva Leighton, rose pink silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs Lusk, bright blue silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Gorrie, white silk blouse, with touches of Czar blue velvet, black skirt; Mrs Hyndes wore a very pretty rose pink tuckered silk blouse, trimmed with chiffon, black silk skirt; Miss Dawson, fawn costume; Miss L. Leighton, crimson silk blouse and dark skirt; Misses Ireland, black and white figured blouses, black skirts; Misses Whitson, white muslin and lace inserted blouses and black skirts; Mrs D. Miller, black embossed voile gown, with white satin yoke; Mrs Hudson Williamson wore black; Mrs Friend, black crepe gown; Mrs Goodwin, black silk; Miss Goodwin, white muslin blouse and black skirt; Mrs Martelli; Miss Williamson, light blouse, dark skirt.

A most enjoyable afternoon was given by Miss Greenhough at her mother's residence, "Moewaka," Ponsonby, on Wednesday. There were some thirty guests present, and some good music was given by Miss Dora Judson, Miss Possenskie, Miss Ettie Maginnity, Miss Edson, Miss Connelly and others. The table was prettily decorated with yellow and white. Among the guests I noticed: - Mrs Greenhough, violet dress; trimmed with white satin; Miss Greenhough, primrose silk, finished with black velvet; Miss G. Greenhough, white silk blouse, fawn skirt; Miss Moses, delaine blouse, black skirt, toque trimmed with pink; Miss Edson, blue silk blouse, black skirt, blue hat; Miss Angus, white silk blouse, white lustre skirt; Miss Crawford, pretty white silk dress, black hat; Miss E. Crawford, white silk dress, white tuckered silk hat; Miss Maud Farrel, blue spotted dress, point lace collar; Miss Possenskie, blue cloth coat and skirt, hat trimmed with roses; Miss Leyland, pretty white silk dress, trimmed with Maltese lace, hat trimmed with cherries and black velvet; Miss Ettie Maginnity, of Wellington, looked stylish in an Eton coat and skirt and black chiffon hat; Miss Morton, black skirt, white silk blouse, black toque; Miss Jessie Morton, delaine blouse, relieved with black velvet, hat trimmed with cornflowers; Miss Dora Judson, grey dress, black hat; Miss Hennis, grey coat and skirt, sailor hat; Miss Irene Hennis, brown dress, trimmed with blue silk, hat to match; Miss Connelly, pretty white silk tuckered blouse, black lustre skirt, white chiffon hat; Miss Linda Connelly, white silk dress, white hat, trimmed with chiffon; Miss Amy Simmonds, muslin blouse, black skirt; Miss L. Gregory, tartan skirt, blue silk blouse, hat to match; Mrs Latimer, heliotrope dress, white lace fichu, white hat; Miss Amy Gregory, grey costume, relieved with pink, hat trimmed with chiffon; Mrs Mellie, blue spotted silk dress, black chiffon hat.

THE AUCKLAND PROVINCIAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW

opened on Friday last. The weather though cold and blustery was not sufficiently bad to keep many people away, and there was a better attendance than on prior years. That so far as entries, attendance, and general arrangements go, Auckland has never had such a successful Show.

Mrs E. Burton, black skirt, fawn jacket, sailor hat with swathing of pink veiling; Miss Pierce, black gown, black hat; and her sister wore navy costume, sailor hat; Mrs Dillingham, black silk, black and white hat; Miss Thorne-George, black skirt, fawn jacket, sailor hat; Mrs Seth Smith, black coat and skirt, black toque; Mrs Towler, navy gown, sailor hat; Mrs W. Gorrie, black gown, black bonnet; Miss Tierrle; black skirt, grey jacket, sailor hat; Mrs Williams, black skirt and coat, sailor hat; Miss Williamson, dark skirt, fawn jacket, white hat; Miss Taylor, black gown, white vest, white hat; Mrs Jervis, mourning costume; Misses George (3), dark skirts, fawn jackets, black hats; Mrs Isidor Alexander, black coat and skirt, violet hat; Mrs Elliot Moss-Davis, royal blue bolero and skirt, white vest, fawn toque with pink roses and black velvet; Miss Paton, mourning costume; Miss Bingley, navy fonderl trimmed with gold braid, sailor hat; Miss Horton, grey coat and skirt, faced with gold braid, white vest, sailor hat; Miss Gorrie, black; Mrs Johnstone, black skirt, fawn jacket, sailor hat; Mrs Ralph, blue costume, sailor hat; Mrs Kelly, riding habit; Miss Muir, navy; Mrs Clifton, grey bolero and skirt, white vest, black hat; Mrs F. Peacocke, black crepon, black bonnet with violets; Miss Peacocke, brown gown, sailor hat; and her sister navy skirt, navy tartan blouse; Mrs McLaughlin, black; Mrs Ching, black coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs Ball, mourning costume; Mrs Mahoney, biscuit-coloured gown; Mrs Angus Gordon, fawn; Mrs H. O. Nolan, black gown, hat with violets; Mrs Harvey, dark skirt, fawn jacket, sailor hat with blue rosettes; Mrs Coleman, black gown, sailor hat; Mrs Otway, dark grey coat and skirt, hat with black; Mrs Hume, navy; Mrs (Dr.) King, dark skirt, fawn jacket, black hat, black bon; Miss Cooper, fawn coat and skirt, sailor hat with brown silk; Miss Shepherd, black gown, fawn jacket, black hat; Miss Kitty Lennox, dark skirt, fawn jacket, sailor hat; Miss Hazelden, green skirt, blue plaid blouse, sailor hat; Miss Kirker, blue skirt, fawn jacket, sailor hat; Mrs Markham, fawn coat and skirt, black hat; and her friend wore a dark skirt, fawn jacket, black hat; Miss L. Worsp, green plaid gown, white toque, with blue silk rosettes; Mrs Thomas Morrin, black skirt, fawn three-quarter jacket, white hat with blue rosettes; Miss Morrin, navy bolero and skirt, sailor hat; Mrs Moody, brown; Mrs Crowther, black; Miss Crowther, grey check bolero and skirt, faced with black, white vest, violet velvet waistband, sailor hat, fur bon; Mrs (Col.) Dawson, navy coat and skirt, sailor hat; Misses McCosh Clark (2), black gowns, grey meckintosh cloaks, sailor hats; Miss Brown, fawn gown, black hat with pink roses; Miss Worsp, dark skirt, white blouse, white hat with black ribbons; Mrs Tom Schnackenberg, fawn; Mrs Prater, navy faced with white, finished with ecru lace, and white stitching, blue vest veiled in fawn lace, and edged with black velvet, black hat; Mrs Schnackenberg, black; and her daughter wore green coat and skirt, sailor hat; Miss Tisdale, black coat and skirt, faced with white, black and white hat; and her sister wore a black skirt, grey blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Holgate, brown coat and skirt; Miss Sage, black; Mrs Ashley, red tweed tuckered with black, red silk let in at neck, black hat with white silk; Mrs Peel, dark skirt, fawn jacket, black hat with red roses on crown, and pink roses beneath brim; Miss Haigh, navy coat and skirt, black hat with blue silk and black velvet; Miss Stevenson, black dress, sailor hat; and her sister wore a dark skirt, fawn jacket, black hat with feathers; Mrs Lennox, black gown, black hat with pink in bonnet; Mrs E. dy, black silk gown, white hat with black; Miss Fenton, grey coat and skirt, fur bon, black hat; and her sister wore a green grey gown, sailor hat, fur bon; Mrs Jones, black.

The second day of the Agricultural Show took place on Saturday last. The weather was fine, and the attendance quite a record one. Miss Abbott's riding was very much admired, especially in the class of the ladies' hunter competition, when during the first round the girl broke, and the young lady, without drawing rein, threw

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ORANGE BLOSSOMS

GARRATT-VESTY.

The marriage of Mr J. R. Garratt with Miss Louisa Vesty, third daughter of Mr Matthew Vesty, of Hampden, Hawke's Bay, was solemnised in the Un denominational Church, Hampden, on the 13th inst. The wedding party began to arrive at the church quite early, and by the hour fixed for the ceremony the sacred building was filled by a very large congregation. The bride arrived at the church at the appointed time with her father, Mr Matthew Vesty, who gave her away. She was attired in a very simply made dress of white silk, the bodice trimmed with lace and pearls she wore a few sprays of orange blossoms in her hair and a lace veil. Behind her came her two sisters, the Misses Jessie and Alice Vesty, wearing dresses of white figured muslin, with frills of white lace round the edge of the skirt. Their hats were of white straw, and were trimmed with lace to correspond, bows of ribbon and white ostrich tips. Their bouquets were composed of roses and maidenhair. The Rev. H. Johnston performed the marriage ceremony. The organist played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" as the newly wedded couple left the church. Many relations and friends of the bride and bridegroom afterwards re-assembled at Mr Vesty's residence, where the reception was held. Later on the newly wedded pair took leave of their friends and started for Wellington for the honeymoon.

RICHTER-DODSON.

A quiet but very pretty wedding took place at St. Mark's Church, Wellington, on Tuesday, November 12th, when the Rev. T. Wynne Bond united Mr Roy Richter, of A. S. Patterson and Co's, Auckland, to Jessie, youngest daughter of the late Henry Dodson, of Blenheim, for many years M.H.R. for Wairau.

The bride, who was given away by her brother-in-law, W. S. Furby, Esq., looked particularly charming in a dainty white silk and chiffon gown, with transparent yoke and sleeves. She wore the usual veil and orange blossom, and a handsome gold bracelet, the gift of the bridegroom. Her two wee nieces, Nita and Corn Clark, who attended as bridesmaids, wore pretty frocks of white silk trimmed with insertion and lace, heliotrope lace straw hats trimmed with chiffon, and carried tastefully arranged baskets of white and heliotrope flowers. They each wore gold bird brooches, the gift of the bridegroom. Mr Osborne Richter attended his brother as best man, Mr Morshad, an old friend of Mr Furby's, kindly presided at the organ, and played the "Wedding March."

After the ceremony Mr and Mrs Furby entertained a few of the most immediate relatives of both families at their residence in Willis-street. The hostess wore blue voile, handsomely trimmed with cream lace, black and pink toque; Mrs Richter, of Palmerston North (mother of the groom) wore a handsome black merveilleux, and black toque relieved with pink roses; Miss Richter, a grey costume and pretty hat of violets; Mrs Morton, black floral muslin, trimmed with lace and velvet, and most becoming hat of black and vieux rose; Mrs Dodd, blue costume, pretty chiffon ruffle, and black and gold toque; Miss Dodd, blue muslin, and chic hat of blue and pink; Mrs Munton, lovely cream striped silk, with touches of pink and blue, and black fancy hat; Miss Kathleen Clark, white muslin.

The bride and bridegroom received many valuable and useful presents.

FIVE THOUSAND AGENTS wanted to wear and advertise the...
WATER AGENCY, 15, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.

away her saddle and completed the course, negotiating the double jump barebacked. Naturally she received an ovation from the numerous spectators. In the afternoon an amusing incident took place, a pony (evidently a circus one), ridden by a small boy, when brought into the ring to display the boy's riding, started to play all sorts of amusing tricks, bowing to the spectators, or dancing on his hind legs, etc., which highly entertained the crowd. The Maori exhibition of riding over the hurdles caused a great deal of merriment.

Mrs H. O. Nolan, dark gown, violet floral hat; Miss Nolan, black; Mrs Cochrane, black gown, with black bead poussementerie, black bonnet; Mrs Hope Lewis, black bolero and skirt faced with white, white vest, black hat with pink rosettes; Mrs Schnackenberg, black; Miss Lewis, dark skirt, fawn jacket, sailor hat; Miss Williamson, black skirt, white silk blouse, white hat; Mrs McKeane, black skirt, fawn jacket, black bonnet; Miss Cheeseman, dark skirt, blue plaid blouse, black hat; Miss Stewart, black skirt, blue blouse, sailor hat; and her sister wore black gown, sailor hat; Miss Noakes, navy gown, red hat; Miss Sage, biscuit coloured gown with green waistband, and sailor collar, hat with flowers; Mrs Markham, cream serge coat and skirt, black hat; Miss Williams, white pique gown, black hat; Miss Firth, white pique, black hat; Mrs Hitchcock, fawn gown, white sailor hat; Miss Hooper, dark skirt, green plaid blouse, black hat; Miss Nicol, navy; Miss Berry, fawn gown, sailor hat; Mrs Hume, black gown, fawn jacket, black bonnet; Mrs Johnston, black dress, black hat with black and white wings; Mrs Fowlds, black gown, black bonnet; Miss Baber, fawn coat and skirt, pink at neck veiled in ecru lace, black hat; Mrs Atkins, black gown, black toque; Mrs Tanner, black relieved with white; Miss McLaughlin, grey coat and skirt, black hat; Miss Lizzie Gorrie, black and white striped gown; Mrs Bagnall, navy costume, faced with white, blue hat wreathed with wild thyme; Mrs Crowther, black; Miss Crowther, black skirt, grey jacket, black hat; Mrs Tom Schnackenberg, dark skirt, pink brocaded blouse, white chiffon bow, white hat wreathed with ostrich feathers and pink roses; Mrs Cornelius Taylor, black gown, grey toque; Miss Taylor, brown holland, ecru lace zouave, sailor hat; Mrs Frater, navy faced with white, hat with pink; Mrs Kingswell, navy gown; Mrs Clifton, pale grey bolero and skirt; Mrs (Dr.) King, dark skirt, fawn jacket, black hat; Miss Cooper, fawn coat and skirt; Miss Blanche Banks, grey gown, black hat; Miss Wyld Brown, brown holland, white toque with pink and blue rosettes; Mrs McLaughlin, black costume, black bonnet; Miss Peacocke, green plaid costume, sailor hat; Mrs Knight, black gown, black hat; Mrs Buddle, grey gown, sailor hat; Mrs Oldham, grey gown, black velvet hat trimmed with white; Mrs Whitson and Miss Leese wore mourning costumes; Misses McFarland (3), dark skirts, light blouses, sailor hats; Miss Kitty Lennox, dark skirt, fawn jacket, sailor hat; Mrs Hume, brown holland costume, hat with white feathers; Mrs Otway, black; Mrs Otway (jun.), pinky grey costume, black hat; Miss Suttie, grey tailor-made gown, sailor hat; Mrs McCallum, black skirt, pink blouse, sailor hat; Miss Sholto Douglas, purple foulard, sailor hat; Mrs Grahame, violet costume, white vest, white bow, black hat; Miss Rice, navy gown, royal blue hat; Mrs Marrison, brown coat and skirt, sailor hat; Miss Gorrie, brown Holland; her sisters wore dark skirts, pique jackets; Mrs Thorne George, black gown, black bonnet; Miss Thorne George, navy; Miss Devore, mourning costume; Miss Dixon, navy serge coat and skirt, sailor hat; Mrs Cox, black; Mrs Dunwoodie, navy foulard, black bonnet; Miss Phillips, navy serge gown, sailor hat; Miss Jessie Nichol, navy gown, blue at neck, black hat, finished with blue; Miss Mary Wright, dark skirt, blue foulard blouse, black hat; Miss Cotter, black gown, with ecru lace, black hat; Mrs Wheeler, black gown, black picture hat, with ostrich plumes; Miss Smiles, black coat and skirt, faced with white, white vest, black hat; Mrs Taylor, black gown, heliotrope vest, white

toque; Miss Udy, green skirt and bolero, white vest, blue toque; her sister wore white skirt, purple and white striped blouse, sailor hat; Miss Trevithick, white muslin, black hat; Miss Girdler, grey check skirt, fawn jacket, brown felt hat; Mrs Faulder, black; Miss Faulder, white, veiled in black striped muslin, black hat; Miss White, black skirt, fawn jacket, sailor hat; Mrs Garratt, black; Miss Garratt, black skirt, pink blouse, black hat, with tulle; her sister wore green, and another sister navy; Miss Griffiths, royal blue skirt, grey check blouse, sailor hat; Miss Morrin, navy; Miss Horton, grey gown, white hat, with silk; Miss Stevenson, black; her sister wore a dark skirt, fawn jacket, sailor hat; Miss Pierce, navy bolero and skirt, white lace collarette, white hat; her sister wore blue gown, sailor hat; Mrs Worsp, black; Miss Worsp, ecru-bred strawberry gown; her sister wore periwinkle blue; Miss Thomson, green gown, white turban toque, with black ribbons; her sister wore navy; Mrs Jackson, navy gown, very much tucked, white toque; Mrs Lockhart, black dress, sailor hat; Miss Possenski, navy gown, white lace collarette, hat wreathed with flowers; Mrs A. M. Ferguson, violet gown, white collarette, black hat; Mrs Youngusband, electric blue, trimmed with velvet of a darker hue, black hat; Mrs Pittar, black; Mrs Pittar, jun., blue foulard, with white collarette, edged with lace, pink hat, with pink roses; Miss Jordain, blue foulard, white silk yoke, outlined with ecru lace, cream hat, with pink roses; Mrs Gutteridge, black skirt, violet blouse, veiled in black, black hat; Mrs Eliot Moss Davis, navy coat and skirt, faced with white, fawn toque, swathed with black and white spotted foulard; Mrs Browning, mourning costume; her daughters wore dark skirts, light blouses; Mrs Watkins, grey; Mrs R. Walker, navy coat and skirt, hat with pink roses; Mrs Arnold, black coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs J. B. Russell, black silk, with cape, black jet bonnet, with white roses; Miss Russell, black gown, white feathered boa, black and white hat; Misses Kerr-Taylor, green, with white braid, hat en suite; Mrs Noah Wood, dark skirt, azure blue muslin blouse, black hat; Mrs A. P. Wilson, navy coat and skirt, sailor hat; Mrs Sharland, dark skirt, fawn jacket; Miss Morton, grey check coat and skirt, sailor hat; Miss Waylans, navy bolero and skirt, white vest, black hat; Miss O'Rorke, slate grey; Miss Bockett, brown gown, white vest, sailor hat; Misses Scott (2), navy skirts, blue blouses, sailor hats; Mrs (Dr.) Scott, fawn Holland gown, faced with white, black hat, with flowers; Mrs Johnstone, grey costume, white lace at neck, black hat, with white plumes; Miss Roberts, brown coat and skirt, black hat; Misses Willis (2), dark skirts, light blouses, sailor hats; Miss Morrow, dark skirt, white blouse, black hat, with red; her sister, fawn bolero and skirt, faced with white, blue vest, hat, with blue; Mrs May, black costume; Mrs R. A. Carr, periwinkle blue cloth gown, with ecru lace, black toque; Miss Carr, navy bolero and skirt, white lace collarette, black hat; Mrs Crowe, black grenadine; Mrs McCosh Clark and her daughters wore mourning costumes; Miss Olive Buckland, dark skirt, light blouse, sailor hat; Miss Crowther, dark skirt, light blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Jervis and her sisters wore mourning costumes; Mrs J. G. Ralph, royal blue; Mrs Angus Gordon, fawn; Miss Crowe, navy.

The Auckland Racing Club's last day of their spring meeting, held on Wednesday last, was not favoured with good weather. During the morning a stiff south-west gale was blowing, and as it was very cold, the day was more in keeping with winter than spring. As the afternoon progressed the wind went down, and a drizzling unpleasant rain set in. Particularly limp and unsuitable the light muslin and white silk gowns looked. Amongst the ladies present were:—Mrs G. R. Bloomfield, white China silk, black hat; Miss Griffiths, French blue skirt, grey check blouse with white collarette, hat with white chiffon; Miss Thorne-George, black skirt, white satin blouse, black hat

with red roses. Miss E. Thorne-George, dark skirt, white silk blouse, black hat; Mrs Bell, fawn gown with black military braiding, black toque; Mrs Thomas Morris, pale grey gown with tucked hem of skirt, bolero, hat with sky blue silk rosettes; Mrs S. Morrin, black coat and skirt, black toque; Miss White, pink silk veiled in fawn spotted muslin, white picture hat with flowers and tulle; Miss Draper, green costume with bands of fawn lace, black toque; and her sister wore white pique, black hat; Mrs Hamley, black faced with white; Mrs Kelly, black grenadine, white sailor hat; Mrs Caro, violet costume, black bonnet with pink; Miss Caro, black gown, black hat; Miss Little, blue figured foulard, white sailor hat with white ribbon; Mrs Hume, slate grey with white tucked silk yoke; Mrs Cattanach, purple foulard, white vest, black toque with canary; Mrs Walker, black silk, black bonnet with violets; Miss Gorrie, navy; Miss N. Gorrie, dark skirt, pique jacket; Mrs Cox, white silk, grey saeque jacket, black hat; Mrs Stuart Reed, white Indian silk, fawn cape, black toque with white flower; Miss Torrance, black grenadine, black hat; Miss Percival, pale grey voile, hat with roses; Mrs Benjamin, black silk relieved with white; Mrs Ralph, navy dress, black hat; Miss Ralph, black; Miss Davy, black skirt, pink flowered blouse; Miss Chapman, grey check skirt, white blouse, white hat; Mrs McLaughlin, black foulard skirt spotted with white, black silk saeque jacket, black bonnet; Miss Langsford, navy; Mrs Crowe, pale grey; Mrs Johnstone, white muslin, hat with white ostrich plumes; Miss Jordain, blue foulard; Mrs Pittar, navy foulard; Mrs Ernest Moss Davis, black faced with white, black toque; Miss Moss Davis, pale grey Eton jacket and skirt, pink hat; and her sister wore navy serge, hat with roses; Mrs Markham, black gown; and her friend wore white; Miss Williamson, white silk, white hat; Mrs (Col.) Dawson, black and white check silk, black hat swathed with tulle; Miss Blanche Banks, grey plaid bolero and skirt, white vest, black hat; Mrs Clem Lawford, pale ciel blue summery muslin with white lace sash and belt, lavender hat with ostrich plumes; Miss Dunnett, vieux rose pink cambric bolero and skirt, with white stitching, white vest, white chip toque with blue rosettes; Mrs Masfield, dark skirt, fawn blouse, white chip toque with blue rosettes; Miss Wyld-Brown, dark skirt, black and white silk blouse, pale blue chip toque with pink and blue rosettes; Mrs Chamberlain, fawn gown, black cape, bonnet with blue flowers; Mrs Herries, Lincoln green coat and skirt, cream lace toque with roses; Mrs Cheeseman, black gown with cardinal at neck, white hat with green ribbons; Miss Keesing, black, relieved with white; Mrs Peel, dark skirt,

fawn jacket, black hat; Miss Pen-ocke, blue figured foulard, sailor hat; and her sister wore white pique; Mrs Grey, black; Miss Nichol, navy blue, black net hat relieved with blue; Mrs Cherton, black gown, black toque; Miss Muir, brown holland, black hat; Mrs Nichol, black gown; Miss Creagh, black skirt, white blouse, hat with black and white ribbon and pink rose; Mrs E. Yonge, dark green; Mrs Alfred Nathan, black relieved with white, black hat; Mrs Hamlin, black silk; Mrs Grahame, fawn coat and skirt, black hat.

KING'S COLLEGE ANNUAL ATHLETIC SPORTS

were held on Thursday afternoon last in the Domain. There was not nearly so large a gathering as on prior occasions, owing no doubt to the atrocious weather, hail showers falling in the morning, accompanied by a keen cold wind. Warm wraps were to be seen everywhere, and the afternoon tea, with its bountiful supply of tasty cakes, which was served at the pavilion, was much appreciated. A band was in attendance. Amongst the ladies present were Mrs Vaile, black; Miss Hall, fawn coat and skirt, sailor hat; Miss M. Heywood, navy tucked costume; Mrs E. W. Payton, mourning costume; Miss Sloan, black skirt, blue blouse, fur bow, white sailor hat; and her sister wore a cardinal costume, sailor hat; Mrs Finlayson, grey coat and skirt, black hat; Miss Fenton, grey gown, black hat; Mrs Thornes, navy gown, black toque; Miss Thornes, dark skirt, fawn jacket, sailor hat; and her sister wore a dark skirt, blue blouse; Misses Pickmere (2), mourning costumes; Miss Cowan, mourning costume; Miss Basley, navy coat and skirt, with gold buttons, white vest, white sailor hat; and her friend wore black gown, white vest, black hat, swathed with tulle; Mrs Hume, black skirt, fawn threequarter jacket, black bonnet; Miss Hume, grey dress, white sailor hat; Mrs (Dr.) King, handsome black figured skirt, fawn jacket, black toque; Miss Cooper, brown coat and skirt, sailor hat; Miss Morrow, grey costume, circular flounced skirt, hat with blue ribbons; and her sister wore a black skirt, brown jacket, sailor hat; Miss Scherrf, black bolero and skirt, with gold buttons, white vest, sailor hat; Miss Buchanan, grey bolero and skirt, white vest, sailor hat; Miss Binney, black costume, black hat; Miss A. Binney, green costume, hat with blue trimming; Miss T. Binney, blue foulard, with spots, black hat; Mrs Clifton, grey bolero and skirt, white vest, white hat, with tulle; Mrs Whitney, dark grey tweed coat and skirt, sailor hat; Miss Lennox, black skirt, white vest, fawn jacket, sailor hat; and her friend wore grey;

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Mrs Hudson Williamson, black costume, black and white feather boa, and toque; Miss Williamson, dark skirt, brown holland jacket, pink vest, sailor hat; Mrs McLean, black; Mrs H. O. Nolan, black coat and skirt, mauve hat, with floral decorations, finished with ribbons to match; Miss H. Nolan, mourning costume; Miss Cheeseman, dark skirt, blue plaid blouse, white hat, with black trimming; Mrs Tewsley, abstein green and white striped costume, with black lace embroidered trimmings, white toque with rosettes of pink, blue and lavender silk, fawn three-quarter jacket; Miss Kempthorne, violet gown with bands of silk of a lighter hue, black hat; Miss Ryan, navy skirt, fawn jacket, sailor hat; Mrs Carpenter, black tailor-made gown, black hat; Mrs Jervis, black skirt, black and white blouse, sailor hat; and her sister wore black; Mrs Jackson, brown gown, finished with pink; Mrs A. P. Friend, black costume, azure fine vest, black hat; and her daughter wore navy, with red sash, black hat; Mrs Nelson Pierce, navy coat and skirt, sailor hat; Mrs W. H. Churton, black bolero and skirt, faced with white lace, white vest, red hat; Mrs (Dr.) Erson, grey jacket and skirt, navy hat, with pink flowers; Mrs Goodwin, navy gown, black bonnet, with blue tulle; Miss Goodwin, navy gown, white hat, with black trimming.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, November 14.
THE NEW PLYMOUTH BOWLING GREEN

was opened last Monday, and was attended by a large number of on-lookers. Mr Tisch, vice-president, gave an opening speech, and Mrs Paul threw the Jack. Mrs Paul provided the afternoon tea, being helped by Misses Lawson and Perry. Amongst those present I noticed Mrs Bean,

white blouse, black skirt, grey toque; Mrs Cottier, black trimmed with amber; Mrs Humphries, black; Miss Humphries, black, white toque; Miss Wells, black, white front, black hat; Mrs Tisch, black, hat to match; Mrs Cook, brown, brown and cream hat; Miss C. Cook looked very pretty in black, white hat, ostrich feathers; Miss Roberts (Wellington), dainty white silk, tucked, pink tulle hat; Mrs Paul, black trimmed with figured silk, toque en suite; Mrs Clarke, black skirt, scarlet blouse, hat to match; Mrs H. Bailey, brown velvet blouse, brown skirt, toque trimmed with yellow; Mrs A. D. Gray, black and heliotrope blouse, dark skirt, gem hat; Mrs Webster, black; Miss Webster, dove grey costume; Mrs Watkins, delaine blouse, black skirt, gem hat; Mrs Marks, dark costume; Mrs A. C. Fookes, white pique sacque jacket, blue skirt, gem hat; Mrs Goldwater, heliotrope blouse, black skirt; Mrs Morey, red; Miss George, white silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Avery, black, black and white bonnet; Misses Avery (2), French muslin blouses, black skirts, gem hats; Miss Jackson, blue; Mrs Ellis, black; Mrs Dell, navy costume, white hat trimmed with rose; Mrs Dempsey, black; Mrs Mitchell, dove grey skirt, French muslin blouse, fawn hat trimmed with feathers; Mrs MacIntosh, brown and blue; Mrs Hall, grey; Mrs Hadfield, black and crimson front; Mrs Biggs, black; Mrs Collins, black and white velvet blouse, black skirt, gem hat; Mrs Langford, blue silk blouse, dark skirt, white hat trimmed with blue silk bows and black velvet; Mrs Alexander, black, black hat trimmed with feathers; Mrs Wright, blue blouse, dark skirt, gem hat.

Also last Monday evening the FIRE BRIGADE HELD THEIR ANNUAL BALL,

in the Theatre Royal, the children having the floor from 7 p.m. till 9.30 p.m., and the adults from that time forward till morning. The floor was

like glass, and the music, as usual, excellent, rendered by Mr McKinnon Bain's orchestra. The supper tables (both the children's and adults) were prettily decorated with yellow daisies by Mrs P. Webster and Miss Hursthouse. Much praise is due the ladies' committee, which consisted of Mesdames Dockrill, P. Webster, Ryan, Yates, Smith, Misses E. Hursthouse, Robin, Drake, C. Jacob, Stephenson, Smith. Amongst the children that were in fancy dress were: Miss N. Francis, Japanese; Miss A. Blair, Japanese; Miss M. Buchanan, Cachucha Girl; Master Jury, sailor boy; Master S. Pearce, Duke of York; Miss W. Smith, Duchess of York; Miss Jury, Japanese; Miss D. Nash, Japanese; Miss N. Thompson, fairy; Misses E. and Ethel Russell, sailor girls. Amongst those in evening dress were: Miss V. Jury, cream; Miss M. Ellis, pink; Miss S. O'Brien, cream silk; Miss L. Ryan, cream; Miss Dempsey, white; Miss N. Dempsey, Miss S. Laing, white; Miss B. Clarke, cream; Mrs Dempsey, black; Miss B. Ford, white; Miss F. O'Brien, cream silk; Miss A. Crawford; Miss I. Sole, white; Miss M. Capel, pink satin blouse, pink nun's veiling skirt; Miss M. Pearce, pink silk; Miss A. Joseph, pink; Miss R. George; Miss E. Sole; Mrs Dockrill, black; Miss Pearce, white; Miss Crawford; Miss C. Jacob looked very pretty in white satin; Miss N. McAllum, white; Miss Bellringer; Miss E. Nash; Miss N. Fullames; Miss V. Quilliam, silver and blue blouse, black skirt; Miss R. Bennett, white blouse, dark skirt; Miss A. Catley, pink blouse, white skirt; Miss W. Thompson, pink blouse, dark skirt; Miss K. Hall, blue blouse, dark skirt; Miss E. Hursthouse, white; Miss B. Bayley, white silk; Miss C. Bayley, white satin; Miss J. McKellar, white blouse, dark skirt; Miss A. Hursthouse, white; Miss A. Drake, white; Miss H. Drake, yellow blouse, white skirt; Mrs Hursthouse, black; Miss Gunson, white blouse, white skirt; Miss E. O'Brien, blue blouse, black skirt; Miss G. Gold-

water, white; Mrs Goldwater, black; Mrs Langford, black; Mrs Webster, black and white, lace shawl; Mrs Ryan, black; Miss R. Clarke looked charming in white muslin; Miss D. Bedford, cream; Mrs H. Goldwater, white blouse, dark skirt; Miss R. Shotlander looked very pretty in white; Miss W. Bennett, white; Miss M. Bennett, black and white silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss R. Knott, yellow blouse, dark skirt; Miss Black, white, blue sash; Miss J. MacGonagle, white; Miss N. Lowbridge, green; Miss Hawkins, white; Miss F. Petty, white and pink; Miss E. Way, white with pink sash; Miss A. Ross, red velvet; Miss Hutchens, pink silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss MacGonagle, white; Mrs

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K. Bennett, white; Mrs Pascoe, pink and black; Miss D. Kent, white with blue; Miss I. Ellis, black and white blouse, dark skirt; Miss Trigger, red blouse, dark skirt; Miss A. Trigger, cream and black; Miss Roberts, cream silk blouse, dark skirt; also Messrs. Currie, Beckett, Paul, Robertson, Horrocks (2), Cutfield, Aitchison, Ford, Weston, Goldwater (2), Gilmour, Foote, Clarke, Crawford, Pearce (2), Humphries (2), Pascoe, Dockrill, Hayley, Tribe, Jennings, Thompson, Movell, Tunbridge (2), Hart, Bellringer, Moon, Roberts (2), Bonn, Canning, Gardiner (Stratford), Webster.

NANCY LEE.

BLENHHEIM.

Dear Bee, November 11.

I am sending this off very early, as the Mayor has decreed that the King's birthday shall be kept to-day instead of Saturday. There is some growling about the change of day, but I think that it meets with the approval of the majority, especially as Saturday, which was lovely in the morning, with a light sea breeze, became very chilly, and a south-easter blew with considerable violence. The Friendly Societies sports will take place in Picton to-day, and I hear that there are crowds going. Besides this a large contingent is going to picnic at White's Bay, despite the fact that the new road, which was to have been made by the picnic season, is still only on the plan. Some differences of opinion amongst those in whose hands the work of laying it out lay being the cause of the delay I am told. It is a great pity, as neither of the roads that lead to the sea are in good order.

Two old residents have passed away lately: Mrs Rush, at Grovetown, at the age of 94; and Mr R. Matthews, of "Sunnybourne," Spring Creek. Mrs Rush was one of the early colonists in Nelson, and had undergone many of the vicissitudes of pioneer life, of which, too, Mr Matthews had his experience.

There was some excitement on Thursday evening when the firebell was rung, and it was found that the Marlborough Club was on fire. The origin is quite a mystery, as it broke out in the private room of the steward, in which a baby was sleeping, without a light. Had the door been closed the infant would probably have been suffocated, but, fortunately, it was open, and the fire was discovered and promptly extinguished.

Mrs Renwick and her niece, Mrs Robertson, have returned from their European tour, and are in town for a few days, having missed the Nelson steamer on Saturday.

The attendance at the Marlborough tennis courts on Saturday afternoon, when the Misses Greenfield, "Vernon," provided the afternoon tea, was not so large as usual on account of the bleak weather.

The "Sychem" storm paid us a perfunctory visit on Saturday week, and seemed to re-appear again last Saturday, but must have lost most of its violence in coming northward, as no damage has been done that I have heard of.

I hear that Mr W. E. Clouston has improved considerably in health since his visit to Rotorua, but that he is likely to go to the Hamner Springs shortly, which we hope will complete his restoration to health.

The Hibernian Band held a concert at Renwick on Thursday evening, which was a great success. Several singers went from town to assist, among whom were the Misses Clare, A. and F. Morrison, and Preston, and Miss McCabe as pianiste. Mr A. J. Stratford showed his fine collection of lantern slides, which were greatly appreciated, and Bandsmen Watson and McDonald acted the farce, entitled "Wanted, a Cook," which excited much merriment. The concert was for the new instrument fund, and I hear that the band are thinking of giving one at Tia Marina shortly.

Mrs Griffiths had a number of visitors at "The Barton" on Friday afternoon, among whom were—Mesdames Fish, J. Bell, Vickers, Buckenridge, MacShane, Carey, the Misses Mildred Turner, A. Pasley, and others.

FRIDA.

NELSON.

Dear Bee, November 11.

There was an exceedingly large audience at the School of Music Hall on Monday evening, when Mr J. Stilling Duff, who has lately become a resident in Nelson, gave a

DRAMATIC RECITAL

of some of Shakespeare's plays and other works, besides several humorous pieces. Mr Duff, who is a very clever elocutionist, delighted his audience, and at the end of each item he was loudly applauded. Mr Duff was assisted in the entertainment by several well-known local musicians. Miss Clarice Hunt sang twice, and of course was encored each time. It is always a pleasure to hear her sing, her beautiful voice is so sweet and mellow. Miss Nina Moore played a pianoforte solo with brilliant execution. The Misses L. Croucher and P. Buchanan contributed a violin duet, which was much applauded; and Miss Trix Atkinson played a very pretty viola solo, Miss N. Moore acting as accompanist. Miss Hunt wore a becoming gown of black velvet, with jet trimmings and a pretty spray of cream roses on the corsage; Miss Moore, white evening dress, with long silk sash; Miss Atkinson, a graceful gown of soft white silk, trimmed with lace insertion; Miss P. Buchanan and Miss Croucher also wore white evening dresses.

Amongst the audience were noticed: Mrs Stilling Duff, cream opera cloak over black evening dress; Mrs H. Cook, black; Mrs (Dr.) Roberts wore a smart yellow evening dress; Miss Madge Mackay, blue silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs C. Watts, black; Mrs Kempthorne, black silk, white lace fichu; Miss E. Kempthorne, light evening blouse; Mrs Chatterton, black; Miss Hunter-Brown, smart opera cloak of white broche, red evening dress; Miss W. Hunter-Brown, grey fur-trimmed opera cloak, black evening dress; Miss Bunny, pretty blue silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Johansen (Motueka), rose pink silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs and the Misses Gibbs (3); Mrs and Miss Humphries; Mr, Mrs, and the Misses Moore (2); Mrs and Miss Stevens; Rev. E. and Mrs Ensor (Blenheim); Mr and Mrs Allan; Miss Gribben, heliotrope silk blouse, black skirt; Mesdames Duff, Lemmer, Blackett, Selanders, Kissing, Harris, Bell; Misses Field, Ledger (3), Hill, Richmond, M. Duff, Hanron, Forbes, Douglas, Raine, Sealy (2), Watkins, Ellis, Driscoll, and others.

A small, but successful SALE OF WORK,

under the auspices of the Christ Church Ladies' Guild, was held in the Bishop's Schoolroom on Wednesday afternoon and evening. The stalls, which were all well laden, were under the management of the following ladies: Flower stall, Misses Richmond, Heaps, and Tomlinson; the Ladies' Guild (fancy stall), Mesdames Kempthorne, Magninity and Bamford; refreshments, Mesdames Richmond and Selanders; producer, Mrs A. E. Tasker, Misses Dumant and E. Bell. In the evening a very good concert programme was arranged by Miss Edith Kempthorne. Those who took part were Mrs Patterson, Misses A. Bell, Aubrey, Harley, Kempthorne, Stevens, and Stratford, Messrs Coney W. Houlker, and Patterson.

Amongst those present were Mrs and Miss Mules, Rev. F. W. and Mrs Chatterton, Mrs and Miss Houlker, Mr and Mrs B. Lewis, Mrs Levin, Mr and Mrs Clifford, Mrs Harley, Mrs Kissing, Mrs Bell, Mr and the Misses Magninity, Mrs Vining, Mrs Robinson, Misses Poole, Sealy (2), V. Leggatt, Gribben, Cohen, Selanders, Ellis, Trolove, etc., etc.

Saturday, being the anniversary of the birthday of King Edward VII., was observed as a public holiday. The weather was perfect, and there were numbers of picnic parties in all directions. A Royal salute was fired at 8 a.m. by the "H" Battery from the North end of Trafalgar-street. The chief attraction in town was the

NELSON RIFLES' CHARITY SPORTS,

which were held in the Botanical

Reserve. The programme was most attractive and varied, and there were a large number of competitors for each event. City, Country, and Motueka Volunteers took part, and the Garrison Band played selections during the day. There were a large number of people present, and all seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves. Mrs Wolfe wore a stylish black and white costume, with hat to match; Mrs Littlejohn, dark grey coat and skirt, chip hat, with trimmings of dark and light blue silk; Miss M. Littlejohn, bright blue flowered silk blouse, white skirt, sailor hat; Miss Stewart Forbes, white muslin, small hat, trimmed with black; Mrs Baigent, grey and black muslin, trimmed with lace, black and white hat; Mrs Allan, flowered muslin-gown, black hat; Mrs Wright, green costume and toque; Misses Wright (2), blue silk blouses, white skirts, blue chiffon hats; Miss Mackay, white muslin and lace, white chiffon hat, with pink roses; Miss Sealy, white muslin, black hat; Miss Gribben, light costume, hat en suite; Miss Leslie, light blue blouse, white skirt, hat trimmed with cerise silk; her sister wore white pique; Miss Gabson, light muslin; Miss Trolove, white muslin, large black velvet hat; Miss Harris, flowered muslin, white hat, trimmed with chiffon; Miss Stevens, light costume; Miss Douglas, light flowered muslin and lace, hat to match; Miss Driscoll, grey muslin, pink chiffon hat.

PHYLLIS.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, November 13.

After such a wildly dissipated week, it seems almost impossible to settle down to common-place things; but we have to climb down somehow, and we gradually put on the sober man. The one blemish has been the very changeable and unseasonable weather, getting both Arctic and tropical in one day, causing a good deal of discomfort on the racecourse, as one cannot travel with a portmanteau to a function of that kind. But we have survived it all, and greatly enjoyed having so many visitors amongst us.

On Thursday Mrs G. G. Stead gave a large garden party at "Strowan," which was greatly marred by a very smart thunderstorm coming up just at 4 o'clock, preventing many people from attending, though a very large number of guests were present. The house has recently had another wing added, and as the whole house, now a very fine one, was thrown open, it was just an afternoon "At Home," all the garden and lawns being too wet to even look at. There was some very good music in the drawing-room, and many pleasant meetings amongst friends. A good band discoursed some excellent music from one of the summer houses, and delicious afternoon tea and other dainties were served.

Mrs Stead received in black silk, relieved with pale green, white ostrich feather boa, pale cream toque with green wreath; Miss Stead wore white, with rose belt and tie; the Misses Royle, who are staying with Mrs Stead, and Miss Babington, assisted in looking after the guests. Lady Ranfurly was present, and wore a lovely gown of grey voile, the bodice and elbow sleeves trimmed with white chiffon and lace; large black-plumed hat; Lady Constance Knox, Eton coat and skirt of violet rose frize, black hat; Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, dark blue coat and skirt, with white muslin and lace collar, black plumed hat; Mrs Heaton Rhodes, black gown, with pretty blouse and bolero of handsome brocade with pink flowers, black hat; Lady Clifford, black Eton coat and skirt, black and gold toque; Mrs Hawke, her lovely race dress of white chiffon and embroidery. Most of the race dresses were worn. Amongst others were Mrs and Miss Denniston, Mrs J. Palmer, Mesdames Ogle, Wardrop, A. Elworthy, R. Macdonald, Kettle, Litchfield, O'Rourke, T. Cowlishaw, G. Gould, Woodroffe, J. G. Duncan, Colbeck (Auckland), A. Roberts, P. Campbell, C. Dalgety, Cameron, Buckley, Bewick, Johnston (Wellington), and many more.

The Canterbury Jockey Club Ball is always recognised as the ball of the year, and the one of this season was, one might say, perfect in every

detail. The decorations, under the supervision of Mr Evan Macdonald, whose taste is well-known in Christchurch, were better, if possible, than last year. In the dining-room (the large room of the Art Gallery) the pictures remained on the walls, a festooning of pale green muslin running round the top; quantities of white broom, flax, cabbage trees, and palms were grouped with fine effect, with beautiful pot plants in flower, handsome carpets and rugs covered the floor, and the best of furniture was used, the raised dais for Lady Ranfurly being a special feature of the room. Baskets of flowers were suspended with pink streamers between the gasaliers, the globes having pink edges. The small gallery was used for the ball-room, and was charmingly decorated; the walls were panelled with a rather dull pink, outlined with narrow bands of pale green; the top was festooned with the pink over a frieze of arum lilies with their leaves, and a dais of arum lilies and flax alternately, the corners being filled with tree ferns, with seats under. Baskets of flowers were also suspended here between the gasaliers with pink streamers, and at intervals on the walls large bows of blue and white, the colours of the Cup winner, were conspicuous. A covered way connected the Art Gallery with the Government Buildings, the handsome Council Chamber being, as usual, used as the supper-room, the corridors being brightly done with flags, broom, flax, and pot plants. The supper-room was draped at each end with blue and white, the window sills filled in with lovely flowering plants. The quantity of arum lilies used, I believe, came down from Auckland. Lady Ranfurly was present, with Mr and Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes and Captain Alexander. Amongst others present were Sir Geo. and Lady Clifford, Hon. H. C. Butler, Commander J. P. Rolleston (H.M.S. Archer), Lieut. Stewart (H.M.S. Archer), Staff-Surgeon Bearblock, C. S. Moore (H.M.S. Ringarooma), Lieut. Williams (H.M.S. Ringarooma), Mr and Mrs O'Rourke, Mrs Heaton Rhodes, Major and Mrs Owen (Wellington), Mr and Mrs W. H. Woodroffe, Mr and Mrs Herepath (Wellington), Mr Justice Denniston, Mr M. E. Denniston, Mrs and the Misses Denniston, Mr and Mrs Colbeck, Mr and Mrs J. H. N. Burnes (Wellington), Mr and Mrs G. A. M. Buckley, Mr and Mrs E. M. Turrell, Mrs W. F. M. Buckley, Mr and Mrs J. G. Duncaun (Wellington), Mr and Mrs Melville Jamieson (Timaru), Mr and Mrs J. H. Bewick, Mr and Miss Molineaux, Mr and Mrs A. Elworthy (Pareora), Mr and Mrs C. Dalgety, Mr and Misses Westera (2), Mr and Mrs Wanklyn, Mr and Mrs W. Tonks, Mr G. G. Stead, Miss Royle, Messrs W. and



Losing your hair? Do you bring out a combful each morning? Has it lost its natural brightness? Is it beginning to look faded and dead?

Do you like this condition of things? Certainly not. Stop this falling of the hair at once. Stop it before your hair is thin, short, and lifeless. Make your hair beautiful, glossy, silky, abundant.

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

G. Stead, Mr J. and Miss Babington, Mr and Mrs T. Cowlishaw, Mr and Miss Peache (Mt. Somers), Mr D. and Miss Kettle, Mrs Nicholls, Mrs Rislop, Mrs W. Macfarlane, Mrs W. C. Walker, Mrs E. C. Kettle, Mrs Fisher, Mrs Foster, the Misses Hill (2), Foster, Sine (Dunedin), McKellar, E. and L. Wilson, Naish, Nicholls, E. Newton, Syme, Cracroft-Wilson, J. Turner, Erle, Nelson, Hennah, L. Harper, F. Buss, Thomson, Ruasell, McKee (2), E. and M. Maling, Tolhurst (Wellington), Walker, Messrs B. Lane, Finch, T. O. Jameson, E. A. Buchanan, E. S. Orbell, G. Rhodes, P. and H. Acton-Adams, Anderson, Naish, F. and C. G. Harper, G. Palmer, P. C. Fryer, J. F. Studholme, McKellar, C. Ollivier, Burke, B. Crosbie, Hill, H. H. Stockfeldt (Melbourne), Crawford, J. W. Abbott, Skerrett, Young, J. B. Reid, L. O. Ingram, Ensor (2), Dr. Cahill (Wellington), and others. Some lovely gowns were worn, notably Lady Ranfurly, in rose brocade and exquisite lace, with beautiful emerald and diamond ornaments; Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, heliotrope satin and lace, diamond ornaments; Mrs Heaton Rhodes, pink, with black embroidered chiffon, diamond ornaments; Mrs O'Rorke, white crepe de chine over pink silk, diamond necklet; Mrs T. Cowlishaw, white tucked crepe de chine and lovely lace; Mrs Herepath (England), black silk and lace; Mrs Hawke, white silk under silver embroidered chiffon, diamond ornaments; Mrs Pyne, black silk, under net embroidered in white; Lady Clifford, black sequin net; Mrs C. Dalgety, yellow brocade; Mrs J. G. Duncan (Wellington), white brocade; Mrs J. C. Palmer, pink satin; Mrs Burnes (Wellington), white spangled net and scarlet velvet trimming; Mrs Colbeck (Auckland), white silk and black lace; Mrs G. Gould, white silk, the overskirt embroidered in sequins and turquoise, turquoise velvet trimming; Mrs Denniston, cream brocade; Misses Denniston, very pretty white silk and lace gowns; Miss Naish (England), pink silk and lace inser-

tion; Mrs G. A. M. Buckley, heliotrope satin with lace rounce, and profusely trimmed with violets; Mrs W. F. M. Buckley, white satin and black lace; Mrs H. D. Buchanan (Little River), black satin trimmed with lace and roses; Miss Buchanan, black lace over white silk; Miss Babington (debutante), white silk and lace insertion; Miss Kettle (debutante), white silk and chiffon; Miss Earle, pink silk, cream insertion and lace; Mrs Woodroffe cream lace over satin; Miss Brandon (Wellington), white lace over satin; Mrs Owen (Wellington), white satin and lace; Mrs J. H. Bewick, blue crepe de chine; Mrs A. Elworthy (Pareora), white satin and accordion pleated chiffon rounce; Mrs Melville Jamieson (Timaru), an exquisite blue satin; Mrs Owen Cox, black chiffon, embroidered with silver sequins; Mrs Cameron, cream lace over white satin, diamond ornaments; and many other lovely gowns were worn.

Mrs Wilding gave an exceedingly pleasant afternoon "At Home" for the visitors and some of her friends, and fortunately got a fine day. Tennis and Croquet were played during the afternoon, while ping pong in one of the rooms and music in the drawing-room suited all tastes. Mrs Wilding received in a pretty black and white fouldard, large black plumed hat; Miss Wilding, all white; Miss Cora Wilding, pink linen trimmed with white lace, white sailor hat. Among the guests were Mesdames Cameron, Cobham, Crook, Denniston, Bourne, Burns, A. Anderson, W. Wood, Misses Tolhurst, Nedwill, Anderson, Denniston, Buckley, Wilson, Reeves, Thomson and Garsia.

A polo match was played on the club grounds, Hagley Park, between Wellington and Christchurch, resulting in an easy win for the visitors. Mrs Woodroffe provided afternoon tea, and Lady Ranfurly, Lady Constance Knox and Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes were present. Among other spectators were Mrs Hawkes, Mrs H. Rhodes, Mrs B. Campbell, Mrs Burnes, Mrs T. Cowlishaw, Mrs Ogle, Mrs Wardrop,

Mrs Duncan, Mrs W. Bidwill, Mrs H. Johnston, Mrs D. Cameron, Sir G. and Lady Clifford, Mrs O'Rorke, Mr and Mrs G. Gould, Mr and Mrs H. D. Buchanan, the Misses Wilder, Mr and Mrs J. D. Hall, Mr and Mrs E. Turrell, Mr and Mrs R. Macdonald, Mr and Mrs Stead, Mr and Mrs Bewick, Mr and Mrs W. B. Cowlishaw, Dr. and Mrs Fox, etc.

The Misses Denniston organised a picnic to Sumner on Friday, going by tram and walking over the hill to Taylor's Mistake. The party included the Misses Naish, Wilding, Stead, Babington, Williams, Tolhurst, Messrs E. Stead, Denniston, Babington, Wilding and Williams.

Miss Curnow had a farewell tea for her girl friends last week prior to her marriage, which takes place shortly. Among those present were Misses Symes, Cracroft-Wilson, Wall, Wilding, Lean, Lingard, etc. A very pleasant time was spent inspecting the lovely wedding presents and playing croquet.

Dinner parties have been given frequently by Mr and Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, "Te Koraha," during Lady Ranfurly's visit, and one evening Mr and Mrs G. C. Stead gave a dinner party, at which the Countess was present. Mrs Heaton Rhodes also entertained Lady Ranfurly at dinner.

On Saturday evening the dinner party at "Te Koraha" included His Excellency the Governor, Lady Ranfurly, Lady Constance Knox, Captain Alexander, Sir George and Lady Clifford, Sir James Fraser-Tyler, Bishop and Mrs Julius, Mr Justice and Mrs Denniston, Captain Rich, Captain Rolleston, Mr and Mrs Heaton Rhodes, Miss Tolhurst, Miss Ella Hill and Miss Berkeley.

The A. and P. Show was open three days and seemed as great a success as ever, some twenty thousand people visiting it on Friday, the People's Day. The parade of horses and the jumping was closely watched. A revival of the Spring Flower Show, held on the grounds, was a long way behind those in years gone by, but

was visited by Lady Ranfurly, who was wearing heliotrope silk with large white spots, the bodice finished with lace, and a lovely pearl necklet and diamond pendant, large black hat and feathers; Lady Constance Knox, black Eton coat and skirt, white satin and lace revers, white silk blouse, black hat; Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, grey coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs Heaton Rhodes, grey cloth with blue lines, Eton coat and skirt, pretty straw hat; and with them the Hon. C. Butler, Mr A. E. G. Rhodes, Dr. Levinge, Mr G. C. Stead and Mr Niirn, who had the honour of showing Lady Ranfurly round the show. The committee gave afternoon tea, and among those present were Lady Ranfurly, Lady Constance Knox, Mr

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Also some exclusive Black Dresses, Special Value at 21s. and 25s. Black and Navy Rain Proof Cloths, 60in., 4s. 6d.

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DRESS WAREHOUSE.

and Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, Mrs Heaton Rhodes, Sir George and Lady Clifford, Mr and Mrs Archer, Mr and Mrs G. G. Stead, Captain Alexander, Mr John Anderson, Dr. Levinge, Mr R. M. Macdonald, and Mr C. Lewis. Most of the visitors have returned to their homes, and we feel very quiet, but I hope there are not many among us who are sadder and wiser for the week's dissipation.

(DELATED.)

Dear Bee, November 7.

There seem to be more visitors to Christchurch this year than ever for our Carnival week, and the presence of Lady Ranfurly amongst us gives an increased pleasure; her gracious manner in moving about amongst friends at any function with evident enjoyment makes one think it must be altogether charming, and so it would be, but for the very objectionable behaviour of the wind, which quite spoilt Canterbury Cup Day at Riccarton. All day it blew furiously from the north-west, with clouds of dust and an oven temperature till just before the last race, when, with a sudden whirl to the south, an icy gale came up with leaden clouds, which fortunately did not break until people were home. However, Derby Day was delightful, and a great many lovely costumes graced the lawn. Lady Ranfurly wore coat and skirt costume of a lovely shade of grey cloth, with white facings, white lace front and bunch of crimson geranium, giving just the touch of colour, a black hat and feathers; Lady Constance Knox, Eton coat and skirt of a similar shade, white silk and lace blouse, black plumed hat, and white feather boa; Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, heliotrope and white foulard, white ruffe, black plumed hat; Mrs I. Gibbs, a lovely pink spotted voile, handsomely trimmed with cream insertion, black toque, white ruffe; Mrs Wardrop, blue voile, trimmed with lacings of narrow black velvet, hat en suite; Misses Wilder, very pretty grey costumes, hats to match; Misses Murray (South Australia), very pretty blue muslins and handsome coats with fur collars; Mrs Symes, all black; Miss Symes, pink muslin and pale pink chiffon hat; Mrs Heaton Rhodes, cream silk gown, pale pink tucked silk blouse, crinkled pink straw hat with black velvet; Misses Nedwill, lovely gowns of white silk and lace, one wore a hat with yellow roses, the other pale blue and hydrangeas; Mrs H. Burns (Wellington), cream gown, Tuscan hat with crimson poppies; Mrs B. Burns, black and white muslin, trimmed with black lace, white platoon hat with green leaves and black velvet bow; Mrs C. Dalgety, a beautiful gown of blue grey poplin, corselet skirt, Eton jacket of cream and gold lace, white hat with feathers; Mrs J. D. Hall, all black gown of voile, black ruffe, hat relieved with white; Mrs Kettie, a charming grey gown, grey chiffon ruffe, grey hat with white feathers, grey and white striped parasol; Miss Kettle, heliotrope muslin, Tuscan hat and white feathers; Mrs J. C. Palmer, lovely pink silk gown and long fawn coat; Mrs T. Cowlishaw, cream skirt, with stripes of electric blue satin ribbon, the blouse of the ribbon and lace, hat with green wreath; Mrs G. G. Stead, black silk, with pale green silk vest, the skirt had trimming of green silk under cream lace, toque with green wreath; Mrs Owen Cox, pale blue muslin, chiffon toque with pink roses; Mrs Ogle, pale blue cloth skirt, tucked, satin blouse to match, tucked, black hat and ruffe; Mrs W. Bidwell (Wellington), green cloth gown, handsomely trimmed with cream lace and beaver fur; Mrs S. Barraud (Wellington), pale blue linen prettily trimmed with insertion and black velvet, black and white hat, and black and white ruffe; Mrs J. Duncan (Wellington), twine embroidered lawn, finished with lace; Mrs Hawkes wore on one of the other race days a lovely gown of white embroidered chiffon, and narrow chine ribbon, a deep flounce at the foot of the embroidered chiffon over white silk slip; Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, an exquisite grey figured voile, white chiffon ruffe, grey hat trimmed to match with grey and white roses. Grey was much worn among the material dresses, and blue and pink most among the muslin gowns.

Mr and Mrs Heaton Rhodes are staying at Elmwood for race week, and have Major and Mrs Owen (Wellington), and Mr and Mrs H. Buchanan (Little River) as their guests.

Several dinner parties have been given during the week for Lady Ranfurly. Mr and Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes gave one at "Te Koraha" on Friday evening, when Captain and Mrs Hawke, Mr and Mrs Beswick, Mr and Mrs Ranald Macdonald, Miss Harper, Miss Earle, Miss Anderson, Messrs. C. Perry, J. Lance, B. Lane, and C. Turrel, were invited.

Another dinner party was given by Mrs Heaton Rhodes at Elmwood on Saturday evening, when Lady Ranfurly, Mr and Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, were present.

DOLLY VALE.

Sly and Dangerous.

It was not very long ago that Mr. George Monk thought his days were numbered. It was certainly a very depressing conclusion to arrive at. When a man is so cornered that he can neither fight nor fly his courage oozes out of him like water from a squeezed sponge.

Even the bravest swordsman is afraid of cold steel when his hands are tied behind him; and the sailor who has laughed at hurricanes shivers with horror when he feels his wrecked ship sinking under him on a smooth sea.

The facts, as given by Mr. Monk in a letter dated January 20th, 1900, and written at his home, Willowbank, Makara, New Zealand, are these:—

About eighteen years ago he was troubled with occasional attacks of indigestion, which are more common among young persons than parents are apt to imagine, and lay up a store of mischief for the future. For of all the sly and subtle things which are enemies to man this ailment is the most dangerous.

Like the Red Indian it is both deadly and patient. It waits and it kills.

In Mr. Monk's case the disease culminated in a condition which, he says, was a martyrdom. He was almost continually belching, the foul gas being so rapidly produced in his stomach by the fermentation of the undigested and rotting food therein.

When he rose from a sitting posture, or stooped for any reason, his head swam with giddiness. Dyspeptics fall in the street from this cause, and the police and the doctors often think it drunkenness or apoplexy.

"My stomach," says Mr. Monk, "pained me severely, and there was a feeling at my chest as though I carried a great weight there. I became so bad at length that I was obliged to give up all but the lightest work, and I thought my days were numbered.

"Of course you will take it for granted that I, and my friends on my behalf, made every effort to obtain relief. Everybody who knew me had some sort of remedy to suggest, and many of them I actually tried; yet I grew worse in spite of them all.

"The man who persuaded me to use Mother Seigel's Syrup will always occupy a cosy nook in my heart. He had to do a bit of talking, because I was like a fish that sees the hook through every piece of bait; I was afraid of, and disgusted with, everything in papers or in bottles. So I kept on saying 'no,' and he kept on saying 'do.' But he stuck to his text, and I gave up. 'Be quiet, and I'll have a go with Mother Seigel's,' I told him.

"Before I had finished the first bottle I was much better, and began to believe I might pull through yet. In two words, I continued taking Seigel's Syrup, and no other medicine, until the three empties on my shelf showed how far I had gone with it.

"And I had no further to go. I was a well man, and have since enjoyed better health than ever before in my life.

"I am the oldest settler in Makara, having resided here for over 44 years, and most of my neighbours can vouch for the truth of the statement I have made."

One of these, Mr. W. Trotter, writes that he knows Mr. Monk, and can testify to the facts as the latter has related them.

BIRDS CUSTARD POWDER

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A POCKET FULL OF FIVE
A DISH OF DAUNTY CUSTARD
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AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

Cheeriness Pays Better Than Despondency.

Whatever your position, you can take life in either of two ways. Laugh at it, and it will laugh back; storm at it, and it will as surely hit back in retaliation. It will hit hard, too—so hard that, even if it does not cripple at the first blow, you will feel very sore at the second.

It doesn't pay to be sour. The man with a grievance—how well we all know him!—never seems to get there. People refuse to help such a bore. Most people have enough worries of their own without listening to other folks'. It's selfish of them, no doubt, but it is very natural. The man who goes about with a long face is already half-way to getting a refusal.

A few months ago a man entered a Strand bootmaker's and made some trivial inquiry. The manager eyed him sourly up and down, and replied

that it was not in his line. He visited three other places with similar results.

At the fourth emporium, however, the boyish manager made no trouble too great. He cheerfully ransacked every available price-list and reference book, although without avail. Finally, when the stranger felt his indebtedness to the fullest, the salesman cleverly turned the tables by selling his visitor a pair of boots.

Then the latter showed his hand. He was, he said, a big American boot manufacturer, about to open a large London depot. He wanted a manager. Would the youth come to him on double salary?

Needless to say, the youth accepted. As a matter of fact, he was inferior to the others as a business man. But his manner, the cheerful alacrity with which he had performed a thankless task, and subsequently turned it to the firm's advantage, was sufficient for

the far-sighted Yankee. This man would sell three pairs of boots to the other men's two.

Be cheerful. It pays. Every year people spend thousands upon nerve and liver nostrums, when with a little more cheerfulness they could easily save their pockets.

There is no surer way to get "run down" than by giving way to melancholy. It fathers complaints galore, from sluggish circulation, with its attendant horrors, up to melancholia and insanity itself.

It is customary to regard low spirits, depression, or melancholy as the result of disease. In certain cases this is so. But have you ever thought of the thousands of other cases in which the disease has been brought on by the patient's wilful habit of "giving way," or revelling in "blues"? This may be a novel view to many, but it will well repay a little pondering over.

On the other hand, a cheerful nature not only makes a happy home, but has an actual business value.

A remarkable piece of good fortune recently fell to the lot of a stock-broker owing to this very cause. He had plunged deeply in a certain American security, which had suddenly depreciated in value. By a miracle he just escaped being hammered in the panic which ensued; but as he left the house that morning he saw no chance of surviving the next settlement.

Nevertheless, he took his reverse smiling. He walked out with his usual jaunty air, stopped on his way to tell a funny story to one man and to chaff with another, and generally conducted himself more like a man who has made thousands at a stroke.

In his absence, some of his fellow-members put their heads together. They knew him to be a shrewd fellow. "He has not acted the part of a ruined



Lady Marjorie Carrington's Wedding Dress and Her Bridesmaids' Costumes.

man," they argued to each other; "perhaps there was something behind it all. At any rate, it was worth risking. They bought on the off-chance. By the time the "ruined" man returned to his usual post, he was amazed to find "Rattlesnakes" at a heavy premium. When the house closed that night the cheerful one found that, as a reward for facing Fortune with a smile, Fortune had smiled back.

On Bead Chains.

The love of beads is innate in woman, for the tiniest girl-child loves to wear a row of beads, and a present of such an ornament is one she generally likes best of all. What girl does not remember making bead chains and rings, either for her own wear or those of her dolls? And this taste is the same in all countries, for all women, from the savage to the white woman of the new century, have testified to their inherent love of beads. When she is grown up the same desire is shown and intensified, for the average woman loves to adorn herself with necklaces and other ornaments of gold or precious stones, which are but refined editions of the bead chains she loved as a child, while it cannot be denied that these gew-gaws add to the feminine attractions and charms.

This season bead chains have become all the fashion, and our love of beads has become quite a craze. The most unlikely individuals have succumbed to the fashion and worn a bead chain.

Bead chains can, of course, be bought ready-made by those whose purses are long enough to allow of their doing so, when they may cost anything from 10/ to £5 5/; but the less fortunate ones may, by the judicious expenditure of from 2/9 or less, to about 5/, fashion a very pretty finish to their gowns. There are many varieties of beads to be had at the various fancy repositories, and I have seen some charming Venetian and other kinds in some of the shops in the Arcade, and also at other places. For the benefit of those who contemplate making such a chain, I may say that it must be long enough to go at least once round the neck, and then hang down a good way on each side. In the making there is considerable scope for showing one's taste, and, of course, a little attention should be paid to one's characteristics and colourings in the selection of the beads. Gold and bright-coloured ones can be used by the brunette, while the blonde should let the colouring most becoming to her predominate. The chains may either be made in a single row, small beads alternately with large ones, according to fancy, or the chain may be made partly double with broad beads dividing them, in the manner of the bead rings children often make. In the finishing up of the ends there is much scope, as these may be either of the tassell order, which is the usual way, or finished off with double loops of beads. The best thing to thread the beads on is catgut; failing this, good strong waxed thread should be used, while specially prepared thread is sold at some of the fancy repositories, where the beads for the chains can be had. I think I need hardly say it is no use stringing the beads on cotton, as it soon breaks.

Dulness, Headache, and Irritability.

HOW SOME OF US INVITE THEM IN HOT WEATHER.

In summer time a large number of people feel in poorer health than at any other period of the year.

This is mainly due to their own want of care and discretion.

There are people, for instance, who eat precisely the same kind of food in the hottest as in the coldest weather; and others still who rush about as actively when the thermometer is at 80 degrees as when it is at 40 degrees. Anyone of ordinary intelligence must see that this must be wrong. Almost every organ in the body is more or less weakened by hot weather. Our lungs do not breathe in so much oxygen, our heart does not beat so strongly, our digestive organs do not work so well, our liver becomes inactive, and our nerves lose their "tone."

Consequently we suffer from dulness and weariness. Headaches are common. Knut is universal. And irritability is the rule.

To begin with the most important subject for attention: that we ought to eat considerably less in summer than in winter.

As the stomach is weaker it cannot digest so much, and, as we breathe less oxygen, there is less waste of muscle and fat, so we really do not want so much.

What we eat, however, should be nourishing.

No exact rules can be laid down as to the kinds of food suitable for each individual. But whatever one finds indigestible must be avoided. We ought, also, perhaps, to avoid rich dishes, and we ought to eat plenty of fruit, for, owing to the loss of salts through perspiration, we need an abundant supply.

Errors in drinking are a fruitful source of poor health in summer. We take our tea and coffee too strong and too hot.

Beer, except in very small quantity, is almost the worst of beverages. Probably mineral waters in large quantity are the worst of all. Pure water, weak tea, and light wines are the really wholesome summer drink.

When the thermometer is over seventy our bodies have hard work to keep themselves cool. They manage it, of course, by perspiring.

Obviously everyone ought to dress lightly in summer. But it is a mistake to wear very thin materials. Something light and porous, but moderately thick, is wanted to keep out the heat of the sun.

As to the colour of the clothes, there are some colours to be chosen, and others to be avoided. White is the best. If the sun sends 100 units of heat through a white dress, it will send 155 units through light green, and 208 through black. In other words, white material, in so far as colour affects it, is twice as cool as black. Straw-coloured stuff is almost as cool as white, and blue is almost as hot as black.

A useful list of the best and worst summer colours:

BEST COLOURS.	
White	100
Pale Straw	102
Dark Yellow	140
Light Green	155
WORST COLOURS.	
Turkey Red	165
Dark Green	188
Light Blue	195
Dark Blue	204
Black	208

It is most essential to keep the skin perfectly clean and open for free perspiration.

Cold baths are not good for all, even in summer. If there is a pleasant glow and a feeling of briskness after the cold bath, then it is good. But if there is a chilly feeling, numbness or blueness of the fingers, then it is bad. If you take a cold bath in the morning and feel fatigued during the day, it does not agree with you.

Exercise before breakfast is not good for everyone, and no person in the least delicate should be tempted out by the beauty of the summer mornings till food is taken.

Thirdly may be essential by keeping the mouth closed.

And the most essential of all summer precautions is to maintain an even temper. An even temper lowers the thermometer at least fifteen degrees, and is better than any quantity of ice.

Do You Breathe Correctly?

EXERCISES THAT IMPROVE HEALTH.

When you get up in the morning slip on a dressing gown and bed-room slippers. Open the windows quite wide, wider than they were during the night, and then take your breathing exercises.

Place yourself in an erect, easy position, with one foot a little forward, allowing the weight to rest upon it. Set the arms akimbo, with the fingers pressing on the waist line muscles in front and the thumbs on the muscles on either side of the spine. Hold the head straight and the hips and shoulders back, and let the chest be high and full. Take a deep, tranquil breath, but one that will cause the chest to rise and fall freely at every effort. Do this twenty times. In the act of inspiration take in as much air as you can, and in the act of respiration give out as little as possible. This is particularly necessary in effusive breathing, which is excellent for chest development. Draw in a full breath and send it forth again in a prolonged sound of the letter H, caring not at all if you do sound like a steam boiler about to explode. These exercises will bestow upon you a good figure.

Exercise next in expulsive breathing. Draw in a full breath and emit it with a lively expulsive force, still clinging to the H sound. Do not prolong it as you do in your effusive breathing. Let it be a sort of snort, the breath being projected into the air. At night before going to sleep give your lungs an air bath. Lie flat on your back with no pillow under your head, place the arms close to the sides, then inhale and exhale slowly, allowing yourself a rest of five or ten seconds between each breath. Do this fifteen times. Next, with arms extended straight out across the bed, breathe slowly and deeply just as many times more. You will be sure to sleep like a top after all this without disturbing starts or bad dreams.

Hints on the Choice of Colours.

The colour of the eyes should determine the choice of the dress and millinery.

A blonde may wear pure white with advantage, but the brunette nearly always looks better in cream-coloured fabrics. This ought to be more generally recognised.

Brown eyes and a brown dress go well together.

Blue-eyed girls should wear blue as often as possible.

The tan shades are not often suitable for slim figures.

Black satin intensifies the effect of round shoulders.

A small toque is excessively unbecoming above a large round face.

Dull black is the best choice for a fair-haired woman, while a brunette must order something brilliantly black if she really wishes to look her best.

Tucks and stripes running downwards become the Juno type of woman, but the thin, angular beauty should have the stripes and tucks running round her dress, and she will be surprised to find how much her appearance will be improved.

Finest Sables in the World.

The Dowager Empress of Russia is the possessor of the finest collection of Russian sables in the world, says the Argonaut. One of her mantles, which she wears in winter sledge-drives and in travelling, has a lining worth fifty thousand dollars. It was made of skins gathered for her by the governor of a polar province, where taxes are paid in kind with furs.

KOKO FOR THE HAIR

From H.R. PRINCESS HONENLOHE.
 (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."
 HENRIETTE HONENLOHE.

Recommended and used by H.M. The Queen of Greece, Princess Victoria of Schaumburg Lippe, Princess Hohenlohe, Princess Maria of Greece, Princess Henry Baux, Rear-Admiral Tinkler, &c., &c.

KOKO FOR THE HAIR
 As 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,
 because it keeps dandruff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong.

YOUNG LADIES LIKE IT
 as a dressing, because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, and enables them to dress it in whatever form they wish, where it will remain.

CHILDREN LIKE IT,
 because it keeps the hair and scalp cool and clean, always irritation, and keeps the hair in whatever position desired.

THEY ALL LIKE IT,
 because it is pure as crystal, perfectly colourless, contains no poisonous substances, dye, sugar of lead, sulphur, nitrate of silver, or grease, does not soil or colour the scalp, face, or the most delicate fabric in clothing, produces a wonderful, pleasant and cooling effect on the head, and no other dressing is needed to give the hair the most elegant appearance possible. Try it once, and you will use no other.

Is, Ss. 6d., and 6s. 6d., of all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, &c.
 Australian Depot: Koko-Mariopon Co., Ltd., 14, Castlereagh St., Sydney, N.S.W.
CAUTION. See that this Registered Trade Mark is on every bottle.

MENE'S Kerry Lady should give three excellent towels a trial. They are antiseptic, absorbent, and will last twice as long as any other as double the price.

SANITARY TOWEL

Wholesale of SHARLAND & Co. Ltd. from TOWEL LADIES. Auckland and Wellington.

Dales' Dubbin

MAKES BOOTS AND HARNESSES WATER PROOF. Rubs on a horse's back, and soft as velvet. Adds three times to the wear of leather. Pleasant odor. Allows polish to shine. **HIGHEST AWARDS** for superior quality. Black or brown colour. Sold by Boot Stores, Saddlery, Ironmongers, &c.

Manufacturers—Dulwich, London (Eng.)

Sandwiches to Suit All Palates and Occasions.

Brown bread sandwiches are very easily made by cutting the brown bread in thin slices, spreading it with butter, and putting a thin slice of rich cream cheese between the slices. If cream cheese is not liked it can be dispensed with and the brown bread and butter served alone in slices cut round, or a filling made of ordinary cheese mixed with chopped olives will be found delicious.

A very good way of using lettuce is in the form of sandwich fillers between buttered bread cut in thin slices, with the crust taken off or left on, just as it is liked best. Small leaves of lettuce after they have been nicely washed in cold water and dried should be laid on a slice of bread, then the lettuce should be spread with mayonnaise dressing and the other half slice of bread added. To make a nice dressing for such sandwiches the yolk of an egg, which is either raw or hard boiled, mixed with the needed oil and vinegar will be found sufficient.

Potato and ham sandwiches are made by stirring two eggs, without beating them, into a pint and a half of well seasoned mashed potatoes. Two tablespoonfuls of this potato are then spread out smoothly and on it is laid a slice of neatly trimmed boiled ham. This in its turn is covered with potato, the edges are pinched together well, and the whole is laid in boiling lard and fried a delicate brown.

Here is a recipe for making sardine sandwiches. Take the contents of a half-pound box of sardines, remove the bones and skin, and chop the fish fine. Then add two eggs which have been hard boiled, chopped, and seasoned with half a teaspoonful of

grated horse radish and the same quantity of French mustard. These ingredients should then be mixed well together, and the result spread between thin slices of buttered bread, or they are nice on biscuits.

The latest addition to the sandwich is the ice cream one, made of wafers and ice cream spread half an inch thick and frozen together.

Sydney Ping Pong Varieties.

Everybody in Sydney took to ping-pong with such a rush that the supply of racquets, balls, and nets ran out almost immediately, but, rather than wait for the fresh shipments to arrive, they put up with anything (writes "Marcia"). No two houses could boast of a "decent" ping-pong set. There were silk balls that became unravelled, cork balls that split into neat sections like the shell of an almond, celluloid balls that cracked if you treated them unkindly, and rubber balls that burst. Nets were made at home out of a remnant of last year's muslin dress, held in position with painted pegs stuck into little squares of wood, and tied under the table with long pieces of twine. Racquets had to be gummed up after each evening's play. People were afraid the game would go out as quickly as it came in, but players are more enthusiastic than ever, now that they have discovered "the science of the thing." A Shakespearean ping-pong party was given recently. Cards, on which were written the names of some of Shakespeare's heroes, were placed in a hat, from which the men drew, and in another were names of heroines for the ladies. Then each man had to find his partner, and if he happened to be backward in English literature, his little knowledge soon became evi-

dent. The man vowed after that party that he had learned more Shakespeare than ping-pong. "I always thought Cymbeline was a woman and Audrey was a man," he said. "That is, I really never thought about either of 'em before." The other day I saw verandah ping-pong, in which the patients had marked with white chalk a court on the verandah, had rigged up a net, and were kneeling on cushions beyond the serving line. Every few moments they were obliged to jump up to look for the ball, which would hide in a garden-bed some distance away. A variation of ping-pong I came into contact with lately is "head tennis," which some benighted people play "for a limited season only" with air-bladders, which they knock with their foreheads backwards and forwards across a table. This bewildering game induces spectators to believe that the players are qualifying for entrance to a lunatic asylum.

Self-Reliance in Women.

Tired mothers, with the care of a large household on their shoulders, often allow themselves to become slaves to the whims of their children, with never a moment's rest from early dawn until late at night, after the babies want to go to bed.

All day long it is a constant cry, "Mamma, I want this," "Mamma, give me that," and instead of casting the child upon its own resources, the weary mother leaves her work, her rest, or her guests, to perform some absolutely needless service for the child.

It is wearing on the mother; but that is not its worst feature—it is positive ruin to the disposition of the child.

The children of such a mother

grow up selfish, unsatisfied, restless.

They come to look upon their mother as a mere convenience—a machine for contributing to their personal comfort—and thus the mother is robbed of the child's love and respect, and the child is robbed of that most blessed of human virtues, true love and veneration for its mother.

Is Man Braver than Woman?

It is admitted by men, even by confirmed woman-haters, that woman is more patient of suffering than man. Born to suffer, Nature has endowed her with endurance. Dentists all agree in saying that women are more courageous than men in the torture-chair, and doctors are unanimous in declaring that women are more docile patients than men.

We might, however, say a word in defence of man's cowardice and want of courage and patience during an illness.

It is he who is the bread-winner, and for him an illness may mean the stoppage of his salary, the loss or weeks of fees, or even the ruin of his business.

And, nine times out of ten, it is the anxiety thus caused by an illness that makes him such a bad patient.

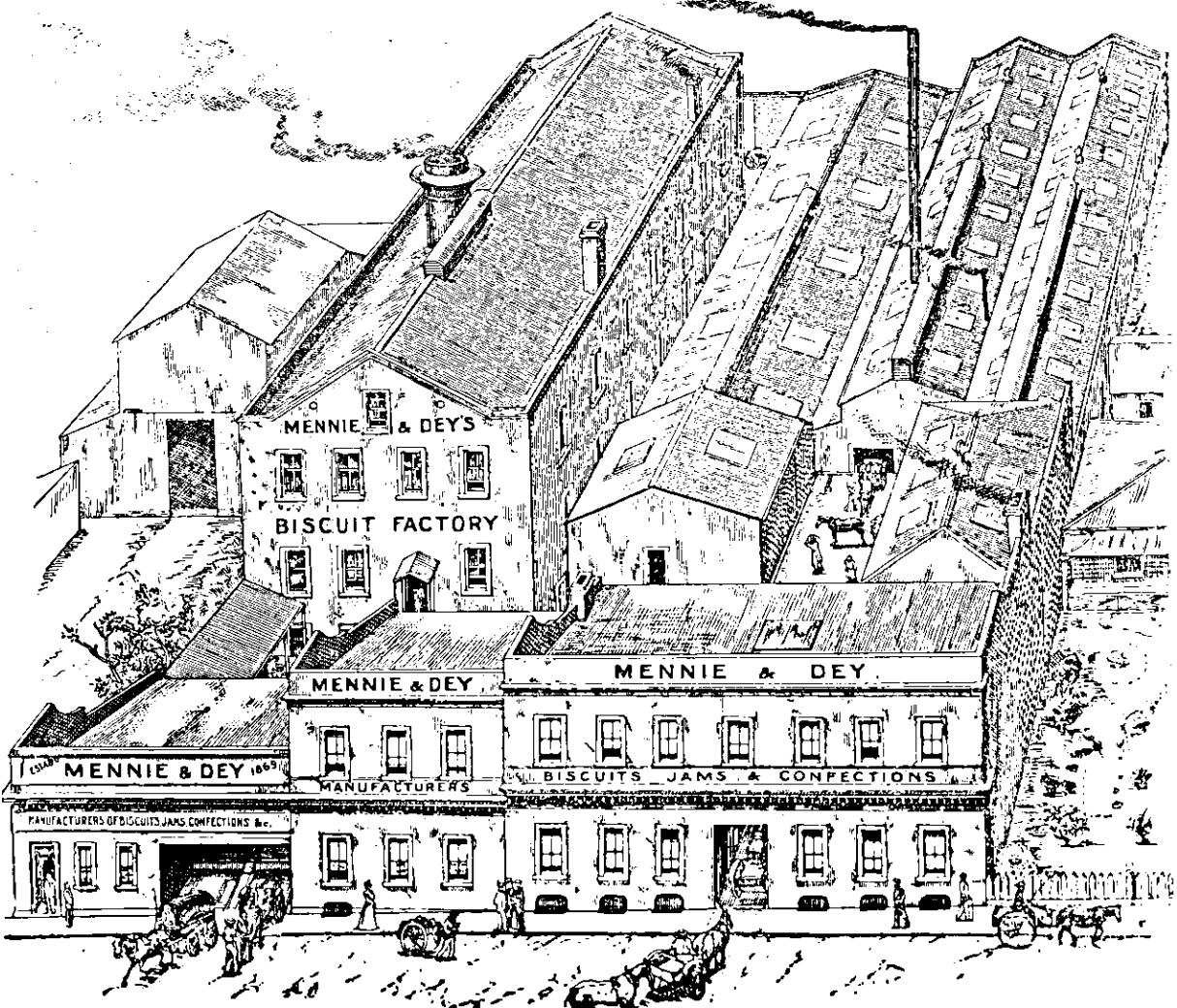
The wife who is ill may be replaced by a daughter, a sister, a mother, a housekeeper; but the working husband cannot be replaced by anybody if he be a professional man or a worker employed by a master.—Max O'Rell.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

Apply Sulpholine Lotion. It drives away pimples, blotches, roughness, redness, and all disfigurements. Sulpholine develops a lovely skin; 1/6 bottles. Made in London.—(Ad.)

Gold Medal Jams,
Best all comers for Quality.

Gold Medal Biscuits,
Best Value in the Market.



Gold Medal Confections, Largest variety, best quality, **Gold Medal Conserves**
Peels. Only Makers Cupid Whispers in the Colony,

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

(BY MARGUERITE.)

Cycling costumes become prettier and prettier, and yet are thoroughly comfortable and safe, fairly short, full enough for grace and quite devoid of braid and trimmings to catch in the machine.

No materials beat the Scottish and Irish homespuns and the woollen canvases for cycling wear, as the ventilation provided by such materials and their extreme lightness make them thoroughly hygienic. They do not hold the dust so pertinaciously as serge, and have a newer look than that old friend, which is, of course, always smart.

Girls who are fond of something quite new should order their cycling suits to be strapped with linen instead of with silk. There is only one disadvantage in the combination of

wool and linen, and that is that the linen soils more quickly than the wool. The 'Varsity Bunnels, which make good cycling suits, have found success among French women riders in cool greys and duck-egg green, with a very faint plaid of pink or purple upon it. These, strapped with silk or linen, are completely smart and charming.

More and more is it becoming the fashion that the blouse shall tone with if not match the skirt in colour. A white skirt, for instance, is inadmissible with any but a white blouse, but a white blouse may be worn with a skirt of any colour whatever. So, also, the flannel blouse worn with a black serge skirt must be striped either in white and black or blue so dark as to appear black.

Just now the thoroughly up-to-date woman is occupied with the question of gowns for travelling. A prophecy reaches me that short skirts, indeed, all skirts, are likely to remain clinging about the top, but will flare extravagantly at the base, necessitating more material to their composition than ever. The aim of the moment is a species of Lois Fuller swirl, and so subtle is the present-day modeller of skirts that it will take considerably more than the average amount of ingenuity to discover the means employed to achieve this end. There are indications that one of these means will be gores, gores so sharp as to be rather gussets. However, the masters of the sartorial art, having realized the value of styles so difficult as to insure practical monop-

oly, can scarcely be expected to allow so formidable a weapon in the upholding of their high estate to pass from out of their hands.

An enterprising firm of tailors with an international reputation for yachting garments has exploited a humble material for coats of scouring cloth.

Every now and then some such fabric, in common use with the lowly, is carried to the summit of fashion by accident or caprice. Cheesecloth was for several seasons a fashionable material for garden party gowns, and owed its vogue to the fact that a pretty girl who looked well in anything and whose social position made her a leader needed a new gown and had exhausted her moderate dress



Attractive Sea-Side Gowns In Serge and Linen.

allowance, and in desperation fell back on the cheap cotton stuff.

This year a Parisian "elegant" has made blue butcher linen the height of fashion, not from economy but from caprice.

© © ©

Here is an original design for a gown. The skirt is quaintly arranged with black chiffon, the hem being finished with a very thick ruching of the latter fabric. The bodice, I think, is very pretty, being plain at the back and sides, but slightly gathered in front, where it is cut in tab arrangements, which fasten each



on the opposite side with small paste buttons, over a gathered vest of black chiffon, which is transparent at the décolletage, where it is drawn up with a black velvet ribbon. The deep, shaped collar and small sleeves are of jetted chiffon, the latter being so long that they almost cover the hands. Wear a huge bunch of Parma violets, a black chiffon ruffe, and a black hat trimmed with chiffon and ostrich feathers.

© © ©

In the accompanying design I am showing a grey cloth dress, strapped with grey suede. The skirt is

made with a plain flounce, with two rows of strapping, and the bodice is also trimmed down the front and on the cuffs in like manner. The wide, pointed revers are of white satin, strapped with the grey suede, and the small white satin waistcoat is



fastened with tiny gilt buttons. The inner vest, rosette and ends are of white chiffon, the rosette being caught up with a bunch of violets. The under sleeves are of chiffon.

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VEILS CONDEMNED.

WHY SOME NETS ARE COMPLEXION DESTROYERS.

Veils are largely responsible for the poor complexions of the present day, and incidentally put several hundred pounds a year into the pockets of the beauty doctors.

Probably no fashion more deleterious to the complexion could have been devised than the wearing of fine meshed veils close upon the face and twisted into a little ball beneath the chin. This mask—for it is nothing else—does real injury by keeping the countenance heated. Then when the

dust from the street blows into the open pores they receive it, whereas without the veil a friendly breeze would very likely carry away most of the particles before they had had time to attach themselves to the skin.

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer, quickest, safest, best; restores the natural colour. Lockyer's, the real English Hair Restorer. Large bottles, 1/6; everywhere.—(Ad.)



FASCINATING ACCESSORIES TO THE TOILETTE.



This Cycling Gown is of dark grey cloth, trimmed on coat and round the large sapphire-blue velvet collar, with stitched strappings.



This Cycling Gown is of dust-coloured cloth, with broad curved straps of brown and white check, the coat being finished with a row of small brass buttons.



CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Hidden Proverbs.

In each of the numbered lines there are the letters which will enable you to make a complete proverb. Place them together till you find the right result, and then send it to Cousin Kate.

1. EEEEE mm r s tt x.
2. A dd e g i ll n oo tt.
3. B eeee gr liii l nn ss v.
4. A d eee ll nn oooo rr tt v.
5. Aa h eeeeeeeeee hhhh m nn o rrr s ttttt w.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I would very much like to be one of the "Graphic" cousins, if you will accept me as a correspondent. I have always enjoyed reading the letters of the "Graphic," and should like to be one of them. I want to tell you about a clever cat, which lives at the hotel at Okoroire. It has four kittens of its own, and one day, after being away from them for some time, it came back with a little baby rabbit in its mouth, and is now bringing it up with the kittens. Is it not funny of her? Are you fond of dogs? I have a dear little pug called Toby, who is three years old. He has not been very well lately, so we sent him into the country for a change. I hope you will soon have time to answer this, and if you will let me become one of your cousins will you please send me a badge? I am yours, sincerely, Dorothy.

[Dear Cousin Dorothy,—Excuse my not answering your letter before, but it must have got mislaid. I would dearly love to see that cat and rabbit. It ought to be photographed, I think, don't you? Please write as soon as you have seen this in print, to let me know you saw it.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I was very pleased to see my first letter in print. I got the doll all right, and have begun to dress it. I think the dolls will look very pretty when they are all dressed. I was not the cousin who competed for the map, but it was my sister Eva. You must have a good memory to remember the surname, which, I suppose, you went by. It was a very nice prize she got. The green fruit trees look very beautiful now; they always do in spring time. My brother went to the Domain yesterday and saw Sir Hector Macdonald, but I did not see him, as I stayed at home to sew some of the doll's clothes. We have a holiday from school on Monday, and perhaps I may see Sir Hector there. I must now conclude with love from Cousin Alice.

[Dear Cousin Alice,—Thank you for dressing the doll. I think I remember most of the cousins and their accomplishments. I wish your sister would write sometimes. I think she might, as she was one of the prize-winners.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am writing to thank you for that lovely book you sent me. I did not expect to win it, you may be sure. I shall keep it for a long time; as yet I cannot read it very well, as I am only eight years of age. Do you remember what it was

called? "A Christmas Child." Well, I am that little girl, as I was born on Christmas day. So now I send my love and best wishes, and remain your little friend, Hannah.

[Dear Cousin Hannah,—I am glad you like the prize. It was very curious about the book title and your name. It must be lovely to be born on Christmas Day. Write again soon.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Since I last wrote I have been to Wellington for my holidays. I had an enjoyable time, although the weather was not very good. I think I like Auckland better than Wellington. I went on board the s.s. Gothic, and would like a trip home in her. We put our flag up on the King's Birthday, and played tennis all the afternoon until seven o'clock. It has been a horrid day today. We lost our schoolmaster about five weeks ago. He was ill for about two weeks and then died. We had no school for three weeks, as there was nobody to teach us. There was a Maori house burned down to the ground here not very long ago; also a Maori badly hurt by a plough passing over him. He is getting better now. I have told you all the news.—From Cousin Walton, Waitotara.

[Dear Cousin Walton,—I was so sorry to hear of the death of your school teacher. I remember your telling me he was not well. You seem to have had very bad luck lately up your way. Let us hope it will change soon.—Cousin Kate.]

My Dear Cousin Kate,—I am quite a stranger to you, and I suppose before long you will know me. I wish to join your happy band of cousins, and if you will favour me by sending me a badge I shall be very pleased. I received the present you sent me, and it just suited me. I was wishing for a good knife. The day after I got it I cut myself in five places, and for a few days my hand was sore I can tell you.

I was just thinking that the boy cousins should have dolls to dress as well as the girls, or else have some other competitions. Well, dear cousin, I must say good night, with love to the cousins, especially the sweet little girls.—I am, yours truly, Cousin Robert.

[Dear Cousin Robert,—I am glad the knife pleased you, but hope you have not hurt yourself very badly. They are very sharp knives, are they not? I will try and think of some competition for boys alone.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—We are having lovely weather up here just now, and the daisies are in full bloom, and the bush flowers are coming out. There are a lot of wild pigeons and tuis about just now. The pigeons are mostly on the kowhai trees, and they look very pretty too when the sun is shining on them. Dear Cousin Kate, I expect you find it very unpleasant in wet weather, especially if you have much of it. But I don't mind it for when I have nothing much to do I read. I have read "Ungava," "Every Day Battles," and "Sir Godfrey's Grand-daughters," and a few others that I found very interesting. Dear Cousin Kate, I am very

sorry to hear that the snails are so hard on your garden. So far they have not devoured my stocks and poppies, but they have eaten a few of my Coboea Scandens, so I have only two left out of six. I have taught my cat, Snowy, to come to a whistle now. One of my greatest pleasures is looking forward to the "Graphic." I enjoyed reading Cousin Geraldine's letter very much, and I liked her photo. for I think she has such a nice face. I also enjoy reading Cousin Role's letters, and I do really think she is a very fortunate girl to have so many pleasures, though I don't think I would change places with anyone, for I have a great many pleasures too. I have been having a ride on my pony to-day.—With love, from Cousin Jessamin.

[Dear Cousin Jessamin,—Your letter only reached me to-day. What a long time it has been on the way, or perhaps you forgot to post it? You are a very sensible little girl in being so content with your happy lot. The great thing is to envy no one. Please write again soon, as I do enjoy your letters.—Cousin Kate.]

An Exciting Adventure.

(Written specially for the Children's Page by Cousin V. A. Roche.)

"Arthur—Charlie!" called a voice which rang clearly through the air.

"All right—coming," answered the owners of the two names, and presently a couple of boys, about ten and eleven years of age respectively, emerged from a clump of trees and hurried towards the house, from whence the voice proceeded. As they reached the doorway they were confronted by their sister.

"What do you want us for; Alice?" they asked.

"I want to know if you will come with me to Maitland's Bush and get some clematis and ferns?" answered Alice. "Everything is at a standstill at present, and the township is frightfully dull. The girls are trying to get up a dance to liven the soldiers up a bit. They sent round to me for some flowers to decorate the hall, but we have such a few flowers in the garden. Some nice ferns and clematis would improve the appearance of the hall greatly, for it is not properly finished."

It was at the time of the Maori war, and the township in which Arthur and Charlie Harsant lived was in danger of being attacked by the Maoris any day. It was situated in the Waikato district, where the natives were extremely troublesome. However, they had been singularly quiet lately, and the girls of the township thought it would be safe enough to get up a dance, to relieve the monotony of the soldiers' lives, as well as those of the inhabitants.

"We will have to go beyond the boundary of the town to get to Maitland's Bush," said Charlie.

"Yes, I know," answered Alice, "that's the worst of it, but we might manage to get past the sentries without them seeing us. The Maoris haven't troubled us for a long time, and I think it is quite safe."

So they decided to go. The boys were only too glad of a change, for they, too, felt the severity of the restriction placed upon the inhabitants. Had Alice's parents been there they never would have consented to their expedition, but, unfortunately, Mrs. Harsant was dead, and Mr. Harsant was a soldier, and was away on duty all day, and slept at the barracks at night. Marjory Harsant, Alice's elder sister, was left in charge of the house, but she had very little control over her fifty 16-year-old sister. So, notwithstanding Marjory's remonstrances, Alice and her two brothers cleared off to the bush the next morning. They skillfully eluded the sentries, and after crossing a small tributary of the Waikato River, which ran near the township, they plunged into the bush. The New Zealand bush is pretty at any time, but just then, in the month of November, it was simply lovely. Large punga trees grew in abundance, and the clematis, a mass of snowy blossoms, wound gracefully round the trunks of various trees, and hung in huge festoons from the



Puzzle Competition.

INTERESTING PRIZES.

Cousin Kate is now able to start some prize competitions. Answers to the puzzles here given will be received till November 27, 1901. A prize will be given for the first correct answers drawn from a box, where all letters will be placed as they arrive. The letters will be well mixed before one is drawn.

MARK ALL LETTERS PUZZLE COMPETITION.

CLOSES NOVEMBER 27.

Transposition Puzzle.

Here are ten words of jumbled letters. Each of the ten spells a Christian name. The initial (or first) letters of these names, placed in the same order, will give you the name of an English town of which you have often heard in history.

1. Ilwimla.
2. Caias.
3. Mnrroan.
4. Neloj.
5. Lrhdoa.
6. Crei.
7. Yedisn.
8. Shatma.
9. Nstree.
10. Lprha.

Riddle-Me-Rees.

- My first is in enctus, and also in prickle;
- My second is in stroke, but not in fickle;
- My third is in bacon, but not in ham;
- My fourth is in sheep, but not in lamb;
- My fifth is in bought, but not in sold;
- My sixth is in laid, but not in mould;
- My seventh is in green, but not in blue;
- My eighth is in ten, and also in two;
- My ninth is in apricot, but not in plum;
- My tenth is in finger, but not in thumb;
- My eleventh is in roe, but not in deer;
- My twelfth is in ship, and also in pier;
- My thirteenth is in play, but not in rush;
- My fourteenth is in velvet, but not in plush.
- My whole is a town in Europe.

branches above. Alice went into ecstasies over the beauties of Nature, and then she and Charlie and Arthur set to work to fill their huge baskets and kits with ferns. After this was done they sat down to eat their lunch.

"Isn't this jolly?" said Charlie, throwing himself down on the grass and gazing at the bits of blue sky which were visible between the branches above him.

"Rather," answered Arthur, whose utterance was rather indistinct, owing to his mouth being full of cake. The fresh keen air sharpened his appetite, and the contents of his lunch basket were disappearing with surprising rapidity.

They were in the midst of enjoying their lunch when suddenly some wild, unearthly singing rang clearly through the air. Alice and her brother sprang quickly to their feet, and stood spell-bound with fear. For a moment none could speak, but Alice's white quivering lips formed the words Maoris. "Quick!" she cried, rousing herself, and seizing her two brothers. "There is not a moment to lose. If we go back to cross the bridge we will meet them. We must hurry, and swim the river lower down. They haven't seen us yet, and we might get away without being observed."

They all ran swiftly through the bush until they came to the river bank. Fortunately they could all swim, and they plunged into the water without hesitation. They soon reached the other side, and they had run fully fifty yards from the bank before the Maoris espied them. With a wild yell of triumph the natives turned to retrace their steps, intending to cross the bridge, for they did not want to wet their guns and ammunition by swimming the river. By the time they had crossed the bridge the three Harsants were a considerable distance in front of them.

Whizz-whizz-whizz! and some bullets whistled past, dangerously near them.

"Keep up, boys," cried Alice encouragingly. She found it very difficult to run with her wet skirts clinging to her legs, but she did not lose her courage. The Maoris were gradually gaining upon them. Whizz went another bullet, and this time poor Alice sank to the ground with a cry. She rose again almost immediately. "It's nothing serious," she panted. "My shoulder is only slightly grazed." Suddenly Charlie gave a shout. "Look, Alice," he cried, "they are sending some soldiers to our assistance. The sight of the soldiers hurrying from the fort renewed their hopes and they struggled on.

The Maoris, seeing that the soldiers outnumbered them, fired a few more shots, which luckily did no damage, and then turned and fled. Alice's wound was more serious than she had imagined, and by the time the men reached her she was in a half-fainting condition from the loss of blood, and had to be carried home. Marjory nursed her sister very tenderly, and did not in any way reproach her for her waywardness. Alice's shoulder took a long time to get well, and during her illness she learnt to be a better girl to her sister. The dance didn't come off, for the presence of Maoris in the neighbourhood caused the soldiers to be on the qui vive. Arthur and Charlie pretended to regard their adventure as a huge joke, and made themselves the envy of all the other little boys of the town. However, they never ventured outside the boundary of the town or entered the bush again until the war was entirely over.

(End.)

The Fate of Miss Brownie.

Miss Brownie was considered very good-looking by all her friends. 'Tis true she was very fair for a mouse, and had very fine skin, and her eyes were black and piercing which by the mouse tribe are recognised as very good points. But this was no reason why she should have been so very silly and vain.

She was always dressing up in the finest of clothes, and walking with her nose in the air as if the whole place belonged to her. She was also very lazy and selfish, and, however

nice-looking a lady is, one does not like her any the better for that.

But one day when she was idling about at home, as usual, her mother called her and told her that the baby was not at all well, and asked her to go at once to Mr Frog who kept the medicine shop round the corner, and get a powder which would probably do the poor mite good.

But do you think Miss Brownie would do a little thing like this cheerfully? Not she. She grumbled a great deal, and said the baby was only cross and wanted a beating. And when at last she did consent to go she spent quite half an hour dressing herself up with ribbons and lace, and all the time the baby was crying itself into fits, and poor Mrs Brownie was at her wits' end to know what to do.

But at last Miss Brownie finished her toilet, and off she sallied in her best frock and bonnet, and thinking all the time how very nice she looked, instead of thinking of the baby and getting the powder as soon as possible.

She had not gone far, however, when she heard someone calling, and looking up at a house she was passing, she saw the prettiest little kitten nodding its head to her from the doorway.

At first she was very frightened; but the kitten was so small, and looked so pleasant and amiable, that she stopped on her way and nodded back.

"Dear me," said the Puss. "How very nice you look. That's a very becoming bonnet, and suits you down to the ground."

"Do you think so," said Miss Brownie, with whom a little flattery went a very long way. "I was afraid there was rather too much trimming at the back."

"Not a bit," said Miss Puss. "But I can't see well from where you stand. Suppose you come up here and let me look."

And that silly Miss Brownie, overcome with conceit, actually did what she was told; although her mother had constantly told her to give all the pussy cats as wide a berth as possible.

She went up the steps; but what happened at the top of the steps is too dreadful to relate, for Mrs Claws—shy little pussy's mother—was lurking round the corner, and she had had only the smallest of breakfasts that morning, and was feeling very hungry.

At any rate baby Brownie never got his powder, and Mr Frog told Mrs Brownie, when she came flying in to know whether her daughter had been in, that he had not seen her at all; but that Mrs Claws had just been in with a very bad attack of indigestion. That was enough for Mrs Brownie, and I daresay it is for you, too.

The Language of Animals.

Just as a meaning has been given faithfully to flowers, so certain characters have been given to animals. What the animals themselves think on the subject is open to conjecture. Here is a table of this "language":

- Ant, prudences.
ape, stupidity.
bat, blindness.
bear, ill-temper.
bee, industry.
bull, strength.
bull-dog, obstinacy.
cat, deceit.
cock, vigilance.
dog, fidelity.
dove, innocence.
eagle, majesty.
elephant, swiftness.
fig, foolishness.
fox, cunning.
goose, folly.
hare, timidity.
hawk, rapacity.
hen, maternal care.
horse, speed.
kang, scoldings.
lark, cheerfulness.
lion, nobility.
maggot, chatterbox.
mole, blindness.
monkey, frivolity.
mouse, chatulness.
ostrich, stupidity.
ox, piety.
owl, wisdom.
parrot, gossip.
peacock, pride.
pigeon, cowardice.
pig, obstinacy.
pig, stupidity.
rabbit, trustfulness.
serpent, wisdom.
sheep, silliness.
snipe, wiliness.
swan, grace.
tiger, ferocity.
tomato, tenderness.
turkey, insolence.
wolf, cruelty.

Some of these characters are rather misleading, as, for example, in the cases of the ass, bat, bear, and sheep.

Avonshire, Sabbath School Teacher: Tell me, now, what kind of children go to Heaven?

First Boy: I know. The deid yins.

A Similar Predicament.

Near-sighted Old Gentleman: Can you tell me what inscription is on that board over there?

Irish Rustic: Sure O'm in the same boat, sorr! It was mighty little schoolin' O' had when O' was a bhoy mysilf, sorr!



Dignity.

I know it isn't pleasant To be shouted at, my dear, But I think it would be better To pretend you do not hear. 'Tis the penalty of greatness To attract the vulgar crowd,

And, in a way, I think it ought To make us rather proud.

But all the same, I feel that it Is needless to reply; Don't tell them who your better is, Or where I got my tie.

"Little Folks."

JUNGLE JINKS.

Breaking-Up at the Jungle School.



1. You may guess that the Jungle School boys were all very delighted when the last day of the term arrived and prizes were distributed before the general breaking-up for the holidays. The prize-giving was a great success, and most of the boys got one or two nice books to take home to show their mammas. You may be sure there was great clapping of hands when popular little Jacko went up on the platform to receive his prize for gymnastics.



2. The scene in the bedroom next morning was a delightful muddle. All the boys were busy packing up their boxes, ready to go home for the holidays "I say, Jacko, what time does the train go?" inquired the Boars, who had received prizes for being tall-tales. "Why, don't you know? It goes at five minutes past two," replied the mischievous monkey, who knew all the time that the train really left the Jungle Station at two o'clock exactly. "Oh, then we have heaps of time to pack. What are you all in such a hurry for? Are you afraid of getting left behind?" The other boys only grinned, for they saw that Jacko was up to some trick.



3. All the boys were at the Jungle Station early— all except the two young Boars. Exactly at 2 o'clock the train whistle blew, and the engine steamed out of the station amid ringing cheers from the boys. Just at that moment the two Boars came dashing along the platform. Instead of having five minutes to spare, as they expected, they found the train already on the move. "Stand back, there! Too late! No more trains to-day!" cried the porter. You should have heard the yells of laughter that came from Jacko and his friends when they looked back and saw the dismay of the Boars.

The GRAPHIC'S FUNNY LEAF

WIT · JOKES · LAUGHING · MERRY · AMUSING · ENTERTAINING · PLEASANT · INTERESTING · CURIOUS · UNUSUAL · RARE · VALUABLE · TREASURES · OF · THE · PRESS

HARD TO UNDERSTAND.

Little Jane, aged six, was a terror for asking questions. A neighbour died, and Jane wanted to go in and see the remains. She solemnly agreed to ask no questions. When she came home her mother said, "Did you keep your promise?"

"Yes."
"Did you say anything?"
"I only just said I should not suppose that just losing the judge's suit out of him would have made such a change in his looks."

HIS PREDESTINED COURSE.

"But, my son," said the fond parent, "if you do not attend school and college regularly you will never be regarded as an intellectual light."

"Oh, yes, I will, papa," responded the fair-haired youth; "I intend to make a few millions and then endow colleges, and thus acquire more degrees than I could win in a lifetime or study."

With eyes moist with pride, the father bade the child go bravely forward upon the path of duties.

WELL BRED.

Mrs. Hatterson—Are those people who have moved next door to you well bred?

Mrs. Calerson—Oh, yes. They answered all my questions, and never asked me one about myself."

A GENTLE HINT.

Diner—Come, tell me straight. Is it any real advantage to a man who gives you a tip?

Teutiful Waiter—Honestly, I can't say that it is; but it is apt to go hard with the gentleman that doesn't tip me.

GOING TO EXTREMITIES.

Mrs. Wunder—Yes, our new cook is an awfully good girl, but I think she is almost fanatical.

Mrs. Askit—How is that?
Mrs. Wunder—Why, she is so opposed to flitting that she will not mash the potatoes.



AN ILLUSTRATED DEFINITION: TAKING IT EASY.

BETTER THAN EVIDENCE.

Jaggles—His lawyer is getting him a new trial. Did he find more evidence?

Waggles—No. The prisoner's friends found more money.

NOT A SUCCESS.

"I warn you," he said, threateningly. "to keep away from Miss Bilton. I've been making love to her myself."
"Have you really?" replied his rival.
"Well, she'll be glad to have the matter cleared up."

"Cleared up! What do you mean?"
"Why, she said she thought that's what you'd been trying to do, but she wasn't sure."

HE DREW FROM LIFE.

Sue—You said you were going to marry an artist, and now you're engaged to a dentist.

Flo—Well, isn't he an artist? He draws from real life!

A POSER.

Owner of Dog: "He ate your pup, quite true; but then you see, your pup ate his meat first. How was the poor chap to get it otherwise?"

UNFORTUNATE.

"You are looking handsome to-night, Miss Flite," Bagster remarked in the pauses of the dance.

"So Mr Smythe told me a few minutes ago."

Bagster (only remembering that Smythe is a hated rival): "Well, you wouldn't believe anything that idiot said, would you?"



OUR SERVANTS.

Master: Joseph, if Mr — calls while I am away, tell him that I shall be back by to-morrow morning.

Joseph: Yes, sir; but if he does not call, what am I to tell him?

NAUTICAL.

Mr A.: "Isn't Miss Ella rigged up in grand style?"

Mr B.: "No wonder; she is steering a straight course for the harbour of matrimony!"

ALONG DIFFERENT PATHS.

The Squire: "I don't seem to know your face, my man. Do you live about here?"

Old Rustic: "Yes, sir. But, yer see, I ain't often at the public 'ouse."

DIFFICULT TO SOLVE.

Prisoner: "Well, this ain't much of a world to live in. I don't think. When I prosecute me profession I gets three years for burgling, and when I don't I gets took hip for 'aving no visible means of support! 'Ow's a man ter live?"

"They say he ran through his wife's money in two years."
"What caused the delay?"

GREATLY RELIEVED.

Employee: "Sir, I would like to speak to you a moment upon a very serious matter."

Merchant: "Don't bother me."
"But —"

"Go away to work, I say."
"I want to ask your consent to my marriage with your daughter Nellie, and —"

"Oh, is that so? Take her, my boy, and may Heaven bless you both! I thought you were going to ask for an increase of salary."



HOPELESS.

Turnbull (consolingly): But perhaps she didn't mean to refuse you once and for all. She might—

Druggie: It came to the same thing. She said she was willing to wait until I could support her.

REMINDED HER.

"Doesn't washing day seem to take all the poetry out of life, Mrs Soap-em?"

"No, indeed; in fact, I never tackle these threadbare garments, but I am reminded of Tennyson's lines, 'Wring out the old.'"

CUTTING.

He: "What would you do, madam, if you were a gentleman?"

She: "Sir, what would you do if you were one?"

DELICATELY PUT.

He: "How many bridesmaids are you going to have, dearest?"

She: "None."
He: "Why, I thought you had set your heart on it."
She: "I had; but, fr m present indications, the girls I can will all be married first!"

A LITTLE AHEAD.

Doctor: "From now you may let your husband have a glass of beer every day—do you understand?"

Wife: "Yes, doctor; just one glass a day."
Doctor (a week later): "Now, I hope you have kept strictly to that one glass per day that I allowed your husband to take?"

Wife: "Most decidedly, doctor—only he is four weeks in advance with his allowance."

AT THE BUTCHER'S SHOP.

Young Housewife—Any liver today, Mr. Bones?

Butcher—Yes, madam.
Young Housewife—Then I'll take ten pounds; but please see that it is not that wretched torpid kind, which the doctors say is the cause of so much disease.

BUT A MAN CAN, OF COURSE.

Potts: Now, you mustn't let it go any further.

Watts: Oh, certainly not; but how did you hear it?

Potts: My wife told me. Just like a woman. Can't keep a secret.

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

"John, dear, does your business bring you into contact with publishers?" asked the innocent little wife.
"Yes," John replied, hesitatingly.
"But why do you ask?" "You were talking in your sleep about book-makers."

LARGE DOSES.

Fortieth Friend (since breakfast): By Jove! old fellow, you've got a fearful cold! What are you taking for it?

Sufferer (hoarsely): Advice.

HER CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

"Yes, she wouldn't speak to the editor when she met him."
"Had he offended her?"

"I should say he had! His society reporter called her one of the past century's buds."

A LITTLE CYNIC.

Little Dick: You can say what you please 'bout boys, but mens is polite, anyhow. Mens always give up their seats to ladies.

Little Dot: That's 'cause sitting down makes their trousers bag at the knees.

TOOK IT BACK.

Singleton: I hear you're engaged. Congratulate you, my boy!

Ben Dietus: You didn't hear it quite right, I'm married.

Singleton: Oh! Excuse me, old man.

THE FRUIT OF FAITH.

Sunday-school Teacher—Faith, children, is believing in the existence of something we can't see. For example, when you buy bananas you know that there is a delicious fruit inside the tough skin. Do you understand?

Children—Yes, ma'am.

Sunday-school Teacher—Well, what is faith?

Children—Bananas.

A DIFFERENT MATTER.

"Let me see," said the clerk, filling out a marriage license. "This is the fourth, isn't it?"

"No," said the husband-to-be, indignantly, "it's only my second."

WOMAN'S ACQUAINTANCE.

Herr—Do you know my wife?

Frau—Very well.
Herr—But I don't remember introducing her to you.

Frau—Quite true, but I have a new maid who was with your wife for two months.



THE WAY OUT.

Miss Green (who is dying to go on the stage): Is it true that if I go into the chorus I can never rise? They say I shall never be able to get out of it.

Miss Stager: Don't you believe it. I got out the first week, easy.

Miss Green: Indeed? How did you do it?

Miss Stager: I was fired.