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The Dartos Up to Date.

CHORUS OF WALLFLOWERS: "Oh dear, what a terrible fellow! I do hope he won't ask us to dance."

Serial Story.

(PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT.)

HER LAST ADVENTURE.

By ANNIE O. TIBBITS.

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

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CHAPTER XX. RENE'S LETTER.

Rene's letter began abruptly. "By the time you get this I shall be far away. I hope—out of your reach, out of your sight for ever! I have a great deal to say to you, and it will take a long time, but I must go to-night or to-morrow at latest, and you must know everything before I do.

"I will try to tell you the whole story of my life from the beginning until now, so that you will know why I am going—why I can never be your wife. When you have read this you will not wish it. When you know what I am you will wish you had never seen me, but, oh, Chris, for God's sake try not to think too badly of me. I never meant to be

There was a time, not very long ago, when I was as simple and innocent as your own sister, and for the sake of what I was once pity me, Chris!

"I cannot remember my own mother. She died when I was born, and three years afterwards my father married again—a woman many years his junior, a fragile, delicate, nervous woman, who it was thought was almost dying of consumption.

"She did not die, however. She grew stronger as the months passed, and when my stepbrother was born she seemed to alter suddenly and become almost robust.

"She was of a kindly, gentle nature, and treated me like her own child, even after she had one of her own.

"In those days we were rich, and lived in a great house in Kensington, but all of a sudden my father made some unlucky speculation, and then things began to change.

"We moved from Kensington to a smaller, shabbier house in Bayswater—from that to another even more shabby, and so downwards, and then I was sent to school in the country.

"For nearly six years I remained there—until I was sixteen—and then suddenly I was sent for.

"My father had met with an accident, and was dying. Of course they did not tell me so, but I can remember when I spoke of coming back that the governess looked at me in an odd pitying way. She knew that there was no hope—she knew that I should never come back.

"I reached Bayswater at the close of a dull, dreadful autumn day. It was getting foggy. Everything looked gloomy and wretched, and as we drove up it seemed to me that the house in which we lived looked more hopeless, more miserable than ever. It bore an unmistakable impress of poverty. The paint was peeling off the door; the little front garden was choked with weeds, and—more hopeless feature than any—the Venetian blinds hung brokenly and unevenly in the dirty windows.

"I shivered as I passed up the little gravel path. Something cold seemed to touch me as a dirty servant opened the door to me. She was not the one who had been there during my last holidays, and she stared at me, with hard, curious eyes.

"I was taken almost immediately to my father's room. My mother, red-eyed and thin and white, came out to fetch me. She broke down hopelessly when she saw me.

"It's no use, Rene!" she cried. "It will be all over in a little while—oh,

Dick! Dick! Oh, Rene, what shall we do?"

"When she was a little quieter we went in. My father was lying on his back very still, very strange. I remember I scarcely recognised him. He had always been a big, strong, happy-hearted man, and had never had a day's illness in his life.

"Now he was thin and white, and seemed suddenly small and sunken amongst the pillows.

"He frightened me. I stood staring, dazed and horror-struck, until at last he roused and stretched out a feeble hand to me.

"Is it you, Rene?" he asked. "God bless you, child—my poor child!"

"He tried to clasp my hand, but his fingers were too weak. I knelt down at his side sobbing, with my head on his shoulder, and then he tried to speak again, but his voice had become suddenly husky and incoherent, and I only caught a little of what he said.

"You will be quite alone, my little Rene—you and mother and Paul. You must try to take care of them for me. It will be hard at first, perhaps, Rene, but you are growing up quickly now, and you will soon learn. Some day, if I had lived, you would have been my right hand, my little girl!"

"My mother sobbed helplessly in a corner of the room. Father knew how helpless she was—how impractical and unfitted for a tussle with the world, and he was almost afraid to die and leave her.

"There will be very little money, Rene," he went on slowly, "oh, very little, my child. But there will be the insurance, and perhaps old Hardcastle will know best what to do with it for mother and you. Paul will be able to take care of himself by-and-by. He is a boy. But you—poor child, poor mother!"

"I saw his face grow worried and strained, and I caught his hand.

"Oh, we shall do very well, father," I cried. "I shall know how to take care of mother—oh, I promise you I will take care of mother!"

"He smiled up at me—oh, I can scarcely write now for remembering that he called me 'his brave child!' His brave child! And I have been anything but brave! And mother—and Paul! Oh, the care I took of you!

"And yet I was only sixteen, and I could never remember a child's life. There was always the shadow at home—the growing poverty, the gradual, gradual downward growth! I think I was old before my time. At sixteen I was quiet and subdued, and thoughtful beyond my years. But afterwards the never-ending poverty, the constant strain to make both ends meet, crushed all the spirit out of me.

"It was so different with my stepbrother Paul. Nothing ever seemed to crush him. Even when father was dying I can remember hearing his voice below—abouting some song while he trundled a wooden horse along the floor. He was thoughtless. He never meant to be cruel. He was only thoughtless.

"Father died that night, and in the morning we were face to face with life with not a soul to help us. We had no friends. As they had sunk downwards father and mother had gradually lost sight of all their old acquaintances. Father was a proud

man, and shrank from them, and mother's only relative had died some time before.

"The only friend whose advice we could ask was an old lawyer named Hardcastle. He had charge of what little money father left, and it was through his advice that we took a little boardinghouse in a small side street just off Bayswater Road.

"It was not a large house, but much better than the one we had been living in, and there for five years we struggled on, sometimes doing fairly well, sometimes doing badly. I kept the books, and took nearly all the management on my own shoulders. Mother knew so little. She was only fitted to sit at the head of the table and look pretty, and entertain the visitors. She was always gentle and smiling, and always vainly ambitious, and proud of being what she termed a lady. Poor mother!

"During those five years we managed to educate Paul, and when he was seventeen one of the visitors managed to get him into a bank. It was a godsend to us. We were so proud and delighted and happy when it was decided. Oh, I am heartstuck to think of it now.

"We hoped it would steady him down—he was so wild and careless and thoughtless, and for six months he seemed to get on well. Then something happened.

"While I was at a concert—oh, I think I have forgotten to tell you that I had studied music. After we took the boardinghouse an old German professor hearing me play one day volunteered to give me lessons. They should be free, he said, and he begged so that mother consented at last. I was worth it, the professor declared, and for five years I went to him twice a week, practising in all my spare moments, working hard until at last he really had cause to be proud of me, and he began to get me to accompany him at concerts, and finally I got some small engagements myself, sometimes for concerts, sometimes for small dances and 'at homes.'

"When I was at one of these—a concert given at a small hall in Bayswater—a man came up to the professor and touched him upon the shoulder.

"He looked like a foreigner. He was tall and graceful—a handsome man, then, with black eyes, and a heavy black moustache, and with a diamond flashing on his white hands.

"He was the man you know now as Watson Ross, but he had no beard then, and he called himself Captain Carlisle.

"I was introduced to him when the concert was over, but something

seemed to tell me—something that was like a foreboding—as his eyes met mine, that there was evil in store for us through that man, that his life and mine were in some way to be linked together, and I shrank from him.

"He was wonderfully handsome. Even while I hated him there was something about his face that fascinated me in spite of myself. His dark eyes, his strange smile—there was never a man who could smile as he smiled—almost bewildered me. As he bowed over my glove and looked up into my face I felt an odd, sickening sensation pass through me—a feeling as if I had been mesmerised, and I clung to the old professor's arm as if he was the only protector I had in the world.

"You must make good friends with the Captain, Gretchen," he said as we walked homewards. "He is rich—oh, so rich! And handsome! There are no words for it, child, he is very handsome."

"Handsome is as handsome does," I said, bluntly. "I don't like him!"

"Not like the Captain?" He turned and peered at me with his little grey eyes. "Why, you are a strange girl, Gretchen. All the ladies were in love with him when I saw him in Germany, three years ago. They were all begging for bits of his hair, Ach Himmel! they were foolish girls!"

"I hate a man like that," I said again. "I hate a woman's man."

"His eyes twinkled a little.

"Well, well, Gretchen," he said—Gretchen was his pet name for me. "You are an odd girl. But you should make friends with the Captain. He may be useful to you. He is rich, and money is a good thing to have in this world."

"I knew that bitterly enough. But somehow the meeting with the Captain had had a strange effect on me. It had made me suddenly bad-tempered.

"What do you know of this Captain?" I asked. "How much do you know?"

"He shrugged his shoulders.

"Ah, Gretchen, you are determined to find some hole in me, and, in fact, I do not know so much about him after all. Only at Munich three years ago he was the most popular man in the place. He had taken a big house in the very best part, and had everything in fine style, and then he was generous. People I knew there were loud in their praises of him. He was so kind-hearted, they said, and had gone much out of his way to help persons in distress—a most charitable, kind-hearted man, and all Munich was anxious to make his acquaintance. Ah, yes, he was very rich, Gretchen, and if he is as rich now he may help you a great deal if he takes a fancy to you!"

"I felt a cold thrill pass through me. I hoped with all my heart that he would not take a fancy to me.

"Apparently Captain Carlisle did not think anything more about me, or my playing, for I did not see anything of him for two or three weeks, and I did not mention him to my stepmother. Somehow I was afraid. Somehow the look he had given me on the night of the concert terrified me, in spite of the admiration I had seen in his eyes.

"People told me I was a pretty girl. They all said so. But I did not know. I had had no time to think of it, but after Captain Carlisle stared at me with his dark eyes I looked at myself in the glass with a new feeling. Oh, Chris, my beauty has not brought me any good. When I found it out I was proud of it, but, oh, what would I not give to have been horn ugly and plain!

"A fortnight after the concert I had almost forgotten Captain Carlisle.

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but one afternoon when I came in my mother ran forward, her face all flushed and her eyes bright, to tell me that she had let the best bedroom and a dressing-room to one of the handsomest gentlemen she had ever seen—a tall and most graceful man—Captain Carlisle, and that he had made no dispute about the rent—had agreed to all she had asked.

"My heart sank. I suppose some change showed itself on my face, for she looked at me in surprise.

"But you are not pleased, Rene?" she cried. "Surely nothing can have happened—nothing unpleasant this afternoon, was there, dear?"

"I shook my head.

"No, no, nothing," I cried in a choking voice. "But what about this man?"

"Oh, a most delightful, liberal man!" my mother declared. "Most gentlemanly, most charming. If only we could keep him! He said a few weeks, but we must do our best to persuade him to stay through the spring. It would carry us over the worst time of the year, until the season begins again!"

"She clasped her hands together, and looked up at me with such a bright face.

"Oh, Rene, dear, there will be no difficulty about your new evening dress now. It is so necessary for you to have one—you must look well if you are to play in public—and we need not fear to spend the money now. I was so worried about it, too. I do so want you to have some of the good things of life—you and Paul!"

"I kissed her and turned away. Poor mother! She spoils us both, and though I was only her step-child she scarcely made any difference between us. Perhaps in her heart Paul would always be first, but she tried her hardest not to show it. I think she had loved my father so much that she forgot everything but that I was his child with his eyes and hair.

"Paul was so different—so unlike her, and so unlike my father, too. He was quite fair, and his blue eyes seemed the only point of resemblance between him and mother.

"He was so careless, too. He would do the most thoughtless things sometimes, and sometimes, too, he seemed to forget that we had to work hard for every penny we earned, but we were so fond of him that I think we did not mind. It was only afterwards that I— But let me go on.

"The day after the Captain engaged the rooms he arrived with a cab full of luggage. To me it seemed as if he had brought enough to last twelve months at least.

"I watched listlessly through the dining-room window. Then I heard mother's voice in the hall, and a minute afterwards she came in, followed by the Captain.

"I saw the odd light flash into his eyes as he bowed to me. I felt that I had seen something lying behind his smile—something ugly and dark—and I watched him with hard eyes.

"So I have found you again," he cried. "What a strange coincidence. It was fate evidently that guided my

steps. I cannot tell you how fortunate I consider myself."

"He bowed again with a laugh. Mother was looking bewildered.

"Why, Rene, you did not tell me," she began, but Captain Carlisle waved his hand.

"There was so little in it!" he said. "I saw her playing at a concert, I recognised an old friend who was there, and asked him who she was. That was all!"

"I looked into his eyes. It may have been foolish, but I felt as if he was trying to get some secret understanding with me.

"You forget," I said, hastily. Professor Steinhilf introduced us!"

"He bowed again.

"I am not likely to forget that," he said.

"Something, not in his words, but his manner, made my face flush. I was irritated, annoyed, almost un-nerved.

"There was something so cool, so determined, so confident about him, that I grew even more frightened as the days went on. It was nothing tangible—nothing that I could speak of, and yet slowly but surely he began to get an odd sort of hold over me. Once I spoke vehemently to mother, but her eyes and ears were shut. She said nothing except what he wanted her to, and she could not understand what I meant. Besides, he had plenty of money, he paid well for his rooms; it would have been almost wicked to turn him away.

"In those days I scarcely knew what I meant myself. Captain Carlisle seemed to take the greatest interest in me. He went out of his way to do me kindnesses, and he showed endless sympathy with mother, and made friends with Paul. Then suddenly I realised that we had no one to rely upon—no one to help us—no man to stand by us. I had never thought of it before, but Paul always seemed a boy—thoughtless and heedless, and it never occurred to us to seek his help in anything. Now, with Captain Carlisle in the house, it came upon me with a rush that we were terribly alone and helpless.

"This winter, too, we were unfortunate. The house was almost empty, and we had lost money over some people who left without paying. We were so crippled that I felt we dared not turn Captain Carlisle away, much as I would have liked to, and something which happened six weeks or so after he came made it almost impossible.

"When it was that he first began making love to me I scarcely knew, but gradually I became aware that his manner had altered. He began to bring flowers—at first apparently for mother, but later he made no secret of their being for me, and when I persisted in refusing them, instead of laughing and shrugging his shoulders, as he had done at first, he looked dejected and serious.

"Why do you dislike me, Miss Trennant?" he asked once. "I only wish to be friends with you. I want you to think well of me."

"I felt suddenly ashamed and sorry. Ah, Chris, I did not know him then.

I never realised, never dreamt—oh, God knows, if I had been firm and determined and turned him out at first the evil might not have come after all. Poor mother! And poor Paul, too, for he was only thoughtless at first. He never meant to be cruel.

One day, late in the afternoon, mother came to me. She looked eager and excited, and I knew at once that something unusual had happened.

"She sat down with an air of nervousness, and looked up at me with shining eyes. She took up her needle-work, but I could see that her hands were trembling.

"I went up to her and knelt by her side.

"What is it, mater?" I said. "Something has happened, I can see."

"She looked at me shyly.

"Oh, nothing, nothing really, Rene, only—oh, Rene, why is it that you dislike Captain Carlisle so much?"

"I seemed to stiffen involuntarily but somehow I too grew nervous.

"Dislike him?" I repeated. "Oh, I—I don't know. Don't let's talk about him!"

"She leant forward.

"Oh, but, Rene, I want to—I must. Something—something has happened. Oh, Rene, he admires you very much—he—he wants you to be his wife!"

"I started up. Something seemed to tell me at once then that what he wanted he would get. I trembled suddenly, and sat down again.

"His wife!" I cried. "His wife!"

"Things grew black and dim around me. The little room, the cosy fire; my white and dainty mother with her knitting in her hands seemed to grow strangely indistinct. I felt myself grow cold to the lips.

"His wife!" I repeated hoarsely. I saw mother look at me; I saw a shadow creep over her face, and a look of disappointment come into her eyes.

"Do you feel it so much as that?" she asked. "Oh, Rene, what a pity it seems. He is so good, and it would help us so much. But not if you don't wish it, dear. Oh, my child, do you think your father would ever forgive me if I made you unhappy?"

"I broke down suddenly. I put my head on her knee, and broke into a paroxysm of sobbing.

"I felt her kind soft hands on my head. Oh, poor, poor mother!"

"She stroked my hair, and tried to lift my face.

"But my dear, no one will force you to marry against your wish," she cried. "You cannot think I meant to do that! It was only that he seemed to care so much, and that if you married him you would never fear poverty any more."

"She sighed a little. "It was only that, Rene, dear, and he spoke to me to-day, asking me if I thought you were beginning to like him a little better. He did not press it. He said nothing after that."

"I lifted my head and tried to think.

"What did you say to him?" I asked.

"I only said that you had never thought of him in that way, dear,

that even though he was so kind, he was only a visitor after all. Then he sighed and went away, and oh, Rene, I think he feels it, and I believe he will ask you to marry him yet."

"It was two days after that that a shock burst in upon us all. Paul came in early from the bank looking sullen and strange.

"He had been peculiar at times lately, and subject to strange fits of nervousness and depression, but to-day he was worse than ever.

"He came in, and, sitting down in a chair, stared hopelessly into the fire. His face looked old and haggard, and all the brightness had gone.

"Mother bustled away to order tea for him, and I went up and looked into his set, worried face.

"What's the matter, Paul?" I asked. "What's gone wrong?"

"He looked up, and then stared furtively round the room. Then he shivered and buried his face in his hands. A sudden fear seized me.

"What is it?" I cried again. "There's something wrong, Paul, I know, and you must tell me. If it is anything bad we must keep it from the mater. What is it, dear?"

"He shivered again.

"We can't," he muttered hoarsely. "She'll have to know, Rene. I'm dismissed from the bank!"

"Dismissed, Paul!" I cried. "Oh, you can't mean that. Dismissed! But what for? Oh, Paul, what for?"

"He turned to me, and I saw that there was a new look on his face—an older, harder, more wretched look than he had ever had before.

"Why this?" he said in a choking voice. "I've forged a cheque for a hundred and fifty pounds, and they've found it out, confound it!"

"I caught my breath.

"Forgery! Paul, Paul, you can't mean that. You don't mean it! Paul, you can't—you can't tell me that again!"

"But even as I spoke he looked at me, and I knew that it was true, and before mother came in again I knew the worst—that he was dismissed in any case, but that if he could find a hundred and fifty pounds by the next morning the bank would not prosecute for the sake of the lady who had recommended him.

"I stared blindly at the bright, cosy fire. It seemed to mock me now with its cheerfulness. A hundred and fifty pounds! And we had not a hundred and fifty shillings to spare, and no means of getting it.

"In my horror and despair it did not occur to me to wonder why he had done it. He must have known it would be found out. I did not know then that he was already a confirmed gambler.

"I sat dumbly while he drank his tea, wondering how we should be able to get the money—what we should do, what we could tell mother.

"She sat looking so happy and contented—so proud of Paul that it sickened me to think of it. Her boy a forger! Her only child a thief!"

"I tried to think, but my brain seemed on fire. All I could remember was that at that time to-morrow, if the money was not paid, he would



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be arrested as a thief, and mother's heart would be broken.

"At any cost something must be done. Yet what could we do? We had no money—nothing to sell, no friends who would lend us any. Professor Steinich was a poor man, and probably had not a hundred pounds to his name, and I knew of no one else. No one! And yet—

"My heart gave a sudden leap. I felt suddenly helpless, suddenly sick and hopeless. Oh, Chris, I can remember still the awful feelings I had as I stood up and looked at mother and Paul. Mother, whom my father had left to me to take care of, and Paul, who was going to break her heart.

"I must do something to try and save her—even though it meant begging of a man I hated.

"I went slowly out of the room. I was going to forge my own chains, I knew. I knew what it would mean if I asked a favour of him. I knew—I knew that there would be no more liberty for me.

"I found him in the smoking-room alone. He was sitting in a big chair by the fire with a newspaper. He looked terribly handsome. If only he had been uglier, I should have hated him less, I thought.

"He sprang to his feet when he saw me.

"Miss Trennant?" he cried. "Oh, do come in. You are not going to turn away because you see me here by myself?"

"I hesitated.

"No," I said. "I came on purpose to find you. I—I wanted to—ask you for something."

"He made me sit down, and then somehow I told him.

"When I had finished he looked at me with an odd expression on his face.

"You know—you must know, that you would never ask me in vain for anything," he said. "Of course, I'll help you. And as for paying me back, as you say, you must not speak of that."

"He sat down and took out his cheque book.

"If you like," he said, "I'll give you gold to-morrow, but if you do not mind a cheque here it is."

"I felt the colour rush to my face. His generosity made me suddenly ashamed. Not a breath of suspicion touched me. It never occurred to me that he was not honest. I felt only gratitude. I would have done anything for him.

"Oh, how can I thank you?" I cried. "What can I do to pay you back? It will take a long time, and will only be slowly, even if Paul helps me; but, oh, if I could only do something—"

"You can," he said quickly. "There is only one way in which you can ever pay me back. You can guess what it is. I love you, Miss Trennant, and I'd do anything to make you my wife."

"I looked up at him and I tried my hardest to like him then, but I failed, as I failed always.

"If I could only love you," I cried.

"He stretched out his hands to me.

"If you give me permission to try I'll make you," he said, confidently.

"I did not know what my reply was, but somehow he came back with me to our little sitting-room and announced our engagement at once. I shivered as he did it. I opened my lips to deny it—to refuse, but mother looked so astonished and delighted that I could not.

"Oh, Rene, Rene, you hypocrite!"

she cried. "Why, only the other day I could have declared that she detested you, and now to think of it!"

"I saw a sudden, ugly look flash across Captain Carlisle's face, but it was gone in an instant. He only bowed and smiled at mother. 'Ah, I have got to make her care,' he said, and somehow it seemed to me that there was an ugly suggestion in his words. They frightened me, he always frightened me, and yet somehow during the next few weeks he managed to lull all my fears to sleep.

"He was kindness itself. He never forgot the slightest thing, and he was so careful of mother, and seemed to think so much of her that I began to be grateful and thankful in spite of myself.

"We kept the cheque business a secret from mother. Paul went out next morning as if he was going to the bank. Captain Carlisle said it would be best for him to pretend to go there every day and meanwhile to try and find something else to do. I thought it would be best too. It was the very first piece of deceit I was ever guilty of, and now, even though it seemed right then, it is to me like a milestone in my life.

"We were to be married early in the spring, and mother was delighted. She was to sell the boardinghouse and take a little villa at the seaside, or somewhere in the country, and we were to come to her when we were tired of travelling about.

"Captain Carlisle was going to settle ten thousand pounds on me, and somehow it was suggested that mother and he should both be insured. He did not think it necessary for me to be insured, as mother's money would come to me, he said, and I could leave it to whom I pleased.

"So we—mother and I—went to an insurance office, and mother was insured for £10,000.

"If we had been men, or had any real experience of life, perhaps we should have been afraid. But mother was blind to everything. Captain Carlisle was perfection in her eyes, and I was too grateful for what he had done for Paul to feel any doubt.

"Paul meanwhile seemed to know nothing. He seemed rapidly drifting away from us all. We scarcely saw anything of him nowadays, and somehow mother was too excited over me to feel any suspicion about him.

"We were married—Watson and I—early in April. Oh, Chris, what will you say when you learn that the man who was murdered in the Walden wood was my husband! I meant never to tell you, but somehow I must, and I am doing my best to tell you everything. I want you to know all that is possible—oh, Chris, you do not know what it costs me to tell you this. Chris, Chris, forgive me!"

(To be continued.)

Complete Story.

Satin and Silver.

By A. M. SHERMAN.

The little shop bore, over its window, the name of "Mrs Perkins," spelt with the homely "i" that proud people (like Mrs Perkins genteel cousin, who was a lady's-maid in the West) transmuted into "y."

Mrs Perkins, of 100a, Hinton-street, Victoria, sold ladies' wardrobes, and arranged these in all their faded splendour in her little shop window, displaying a nice taste in the selection of those garments that would be appropriate to the weather that she thought likely to prevail during the day.

The shutters were taken down every morning at eight o'clock sharp by a small Jill-of-all-Trades, and then it was Mrs Perkins' habit to step to the door and cast a comprehensive glance round the horizon—what she could see of it—and up at the sky. From weather signs thus gathered she would determine the character of the garments to be exhibited that day: rainy weather brought out semi-stylish "tailor-mades" and crumpled circular mackintoshes; frosty weather demanded moth-worn furs and dejected capes. Sometimes, in a shameless spirit of frivolity, regardless of all climatic portents, the good woman would bedeck her window with robes that had once fretted their brief hour in the hall-rooms of the great; and these would still be so impregnated with the essence of the society in which they had originally moved, that, even in that small show-window, they would spread out their tinsauts haughtily, and exercise an awful fascination over the slender work girls, as they passed the window to their work each morning.

When the evening gowns were displayed the little work girls were more in danger of being late for their work than usual, and their giddy beads would be full, all the day after, of fair dreams of a time when they might perhaps call a "Perkins" costume their very own.

As a rule Mrs Perkins did not get her gowns first hand from their aristocratic original wearers; she would have had no market for so much lovely freshness. No, they filtered down to her through gradations of "second-hand" shops, from the elaborate "wardrobe houses" in Shaftesbury Avenue, through Notting Hill and Kensington, and so to Victoria.

We might take a look in at Mrs Perkins' one December morning, frosty and cold, when the very air outdoors seemed to chatter crisply of dances and all manner of winter festivities. Inside, however, you would not observe a like gaiety of aspect. With the best intentions in the world to be brave and careless, "second-hand things" have a depressed look about them; their spirit being broken by the dreary vicissitudes they have been forced to encounter since they were born, spotless and radiant, in a West End atelier. They had started life with such high hopes and aspirations, resolved so to enhance the charms of their mistress that, in gratitude for their good services, she would finally lay them away in lavender, so that, long years after, their quaint-scented folds would be shaken out by tender hands, and some fresh voice would exclaim: "Oh, wasn't this a dear, funny old dress that Great Grandmamma used to wear!"

Such things have been, as even second-hand garments know. How, otherwise, can there still be extant those old robes and gowns that some of them had seen at exhibitions and so forth that they had visited with their mistresses? So, living in hopes of a like kindly fate, they rustle and

trull and shimmer with all the grace with which their creator has endowed them: only, alas! to awaken, as old age draws nigh, to the sad knowledge that this is an iconoclastic epoch, and that it is futile to hope for honourable retirement in scented cupboards, for tender consideration as a reward for services rendered in the past. Down, down, ever down—

sink to that final stage of degradation over which we can but draw a kindly veil.

Mrs Perkins was the woman to put heat even into second-hand garments, if such a thing were possible, and had carefully arranged her window that frosty December morning with a mothy mink cape, a little old Russian coat that had been very smart two or three seasons ago, and a costume or so that she thought would be suitable for December weather. She had even graced the stands that bore these costumes with hats to match, but though her arrangements looked to her tasty enough, Mrs Perkins was still far from feeling satisfied; for there was no hiding the fact that business had been by no means brisk lately.

"I want something' startlin'," Mrs Perkins decided, as she sat behind her counter and waited for the customer who did not seem disposed to put in a appearance. She remembered regretfully a certain flame-coloured velvet robe, embroidered with huge, tarnished gold flowers, that had made a sensation in her window some time back, and had unquestionably brought her quite a number of customers.

"I wish I 'ad something like that again!" she sighed, and then—"Lor' sakes!" she exclaimed. "Who ever can it be?" For a cab had stopped directly outside her door, and someone was getting out.

Before her curiosity had time, however, to become unpleasantly acute, she discovered that it was her genteel cousin who had alighted from the cab, and was paying the driver his fare with a languid haughtiness that Mrs Perkins felt sure was a very good copy of high society manners.

"Why, it's Hemma," she said admiringly. "My, she do know 'ow to do the proper thing!" She hastened around from her counter and met Miss Emma Perkins in the doorway. That lady was very tastefully attired, but the dignity of her appearance was a trifle marred by the big brown-



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paper parcel with which her arms were cumbered.

"Well, I'm glad to see you, Hemma!" said Mrs Perkins warmly. "It's ever so long since you've been to look at me!"

"We've been away in the country," explained Miss Perkyns, "and haven't been very long back in town."

"How's your lady?" asked Mrs Perkins, who took a keen interest in her cousin's mistress since she had seen the portrait of the pretty, fair creature that Emma had once brought to show her.

Emma shook her head mysteriously. "Poor dear, thereby 'angs a tale!" she said, and laid a hand upon the brown-paper parcel, which was now reposing upon the counter. Mrs Perkins' interest was vividly aroused.

"Lor, Hemma, you don't say! What is it?"

"I have something to show you, Maria," returned her cousin. "Can you leave the shop for a little while?"

"Yes, of course—ere, Milly, come and set in 'ere a while!" she called to the Jill-of-all-Trades, who was busy in the back premises. So mop-haired Milly arranged herself on Mrs Perkins' seat behind the counter, and tried to look important, while the two ladies adjourned to the parlour.

Emma removed her gloves, turned up her veil, and loosened her neat black coat; then she cut the string of the parcel she had brought into the room with her, and revealed a white cardboard dress-box, from which she carefully lifted a gown, that Mrs Perkins greeted with many "ohs" and "ahs" of admiration.

Her enthusiasm was certainly not misplaced; it was really a poem of a gown, all snowy white satin, with multitudes of little soft frothy frills about the hem, and a beautiful flight of silver butterflies all across its front. There was more silver and softness about the décolleté bodice, and dainty suggestions of turquoise blue, and trails of delicate Neapolitan violets.

"Isn't it just too lovely? and quite new, too, isn't it?" asked Mrs Perkins, longing yet afraid to handle the white richness of the fabric.

"Came over from Paris last week, and only worn once. Them butterflies is 'and-embroidered," said Emma gloomily, reverting to her original mode of speech in the emotion of the moment.

"But what's the matter with it? What 'ave you brought it 'ere for?" questioned Mrs Perkins very naturally.

Again Emma shook her head mysteriously. "Take it out of my sight, Rosa; don't let me see it again," says my lady; and here it is!"

"Yes, but why? You mightn't be so close, Hemma!" cried Mrs Perkins, vexedly. "Ave a cup of tea, and tell me all about it, like a good gal!"

Tea was always a temptation to Emma (Rosa) Perkyns, so while the balmy liquid was brewing she removed her hat and coat, covered the satin gown with tissue paper, and sat down.

"It's my opinion as how my lady is very unhappy," she began.

"Lor, the poor young thing!" exclaimed Mrs Perkins, pausing in the act of buttering toast.

"Yes, we women 'as a lot to put up

with," sighed Emma. "It's a man, of course."

Mrs Perkins' attention was riveted. "My lady met 'im at Osborne when we was there for the yachting; the Hon. Mr Arthur Verrinder he is, such a 'andsome man! And ever since we have been meeting him heverywhere. I know my lady likes him, for she has been ever so bright and 'appy since Osborne."

"Dear young lady!" breathed Mrs Perkins, sympathetically. "And now 'as somethin' gone wrong between 'em, Emma?"

"I'm afeered so," said Emma, sorrowfully. "We came up to town on Monday last week, and there was a big dance night before last at Lady Dawton's, in Belgrave Square; Mr Verrinder called soon after we got to London, and saw my lady, and I knew he was going to that dance, because she was so set on wearing her Paris gown. She looked just beautiful when I dressed her, and so happy! I says to Mrs Baker—that's our housekeeper, you know—"If she don't come 'ome engaged to Mr Verrinder, my name ain't Emma Perkyns, and she quite agreed with me. But when my lady was back from the dance that night she didn't look so bright!"

Mrs Perkins interrupted with a sympathetic gasp: "Did she cry, Hemma?"

"Cry? Not for me to see; the quality don't. But she looked pale and quiet, and all yesterday she was the same, till someone—I don't know who it was—called in the afternoon, and after she 'ad gone, my lady came up to the boodoor with two red spots on 'er cheeks, and found me mending a little bit of frill on this skirt. She looked at it, just as though she couldn't bear the sight of it, and presently, when I says something about it, she tells me to take it right away."

"What are you goin' to do with it, Hemma?" asked Mrs Perkins, looking at the rich gown with yearning eyes.

"Take it to Mademoiselle as usual, I suppose; she'll 'ave to give me a better price than usual, though, seeing as it's next to quite new."

"Don't you feel like you would like to do me a good turn, Hemma?" suggested Mrs Perkins insinuatingly; for it had occurred to her that the silver-embroidered gown was just the "sensation" of which she stood in need.

"What is it?" asked Emma, guardedly, though the tea, and her cousin's interest in her story, had done much to mellow her.

"Only to let me show that there gown for one day," said Mrs Perkins. "Business is that bad, Emma, you can't think, and it wants something like this to perk it up! You could have it later to take to your Mademoiselle."

"Well, I don't mind if I do let you have it," answered Emma, magnanimously, after a moment's thought. "Mademoiselle won't ever know it's been shown here, and you'd take every care of it."

"Every care of it. Indeed, you may promise yourself that," cried Mrs Perkins, enraptured at her good fortune, and already seeing visions of the brave show that her gown would make on the morrow.

So when Emma Perkyns had gone away she sent Milly out for several yards of cheap pale pink sateen, and, behind her closed shutters, after business hours, stretched it as a covering over all the floor and walls of her "window," so that it blushed palely, as though surprised at its own sudden beauty. And she hardly slept all night for thinking how lovely the gown would look against this delicate pink setting.

As a matter of fact, it did look well when Mrs Perkins had very carefully arranged it on her best stand in the window, and spread posies of old Parma violets upon the floor about it, and hung an ancient cream lace-shawl (not "real," of course) over one portion of the pink sateen background. No wonder the little work-girls paused outside the window longer than usual that morning as so much unaccustomed and elegant splendour burst upon them; the winter sun glistened on the silver butterflies, so that they seemed to sparkle with life and brilliancy, and the

foamy frills looked as pure as new-fallen snow upon the tender pink lining of the window.

Mrs Perkins' success was assured with that lovely lure in the foreground, and it impressed her numerous customers when she casually mentioned that she had got it first-hand from a lady who had worn it only a night or two back in Belgrave Square.

The good creature had just contentedly consumed her belated dinner (for business had kept her well employed that morning), and was back again at her perch in the shop, when she noticed a cab very suddenly arrested outside her portion of pavement, and a top-hat—yes, actually a top-hat—jump out and walk straight to her window.

"Well, I never did!" ejaculated Mrs Perkins, noting that the hat was beautifully shiny. "What hever can a gent want to look at a dress for, and well I sure! Coming in, too!"

The little shrill bell on the door was jangling as she spoke, and a gentleman entered. Perturbed though she was, Mrs Perkins was able to remark how handsome and manly the new-comer looked.

"That dress in the window," he said, "I want to buy it."

"Yes, my Lord, Sir, is it for yourself?" asked Mrs Perkins, too startled to be either coherent or sensible.

The gentleman smiled. "I don't want to wear the dress myself, of course, but I want to have it, nevertheless; what would be the price?—£20, £30?"

Mrs Perkins was in a quandary; she had no idea what Emma would get from Mademoiselle in the ordinary way for such a toilette, for the pos-

sibility of a customer for it in Hinton-street had occurred to neither of the Perkins ladies.

"It really isn't mine to sell, sir; someone left it with me just for a day, and didn't mention a price."

"Not a lady?" asked the customer anxiously.

"No, sir, a lady's maid that I know." "Ah, you couldn't tell me the lady's name, could you?" asked the gentleman, with a most persuasive glance from a handsome pair of blue-grey eyes.

Mrs Perkins wasn't proof against their appeal, though it was clearly unprofessional to mention a client's name.

"It was Lady Marjorie Fyvan's dress, sir."

"I thought so; what did she—? But no matter; I must have the dress. Tell me the price, like a good soul, and if you find that it was not enough according to its present owner's estimation, I will send you the rest."

He placed a card upon the counter, and, quite as she expected, Mrs Perkins read upon it the name of the "Hon. Arthur Verrinder," together with his address.

"I will say £20, sir, and hope I am not making a mistake," she said.

"That's right; then take it out of the window at once."

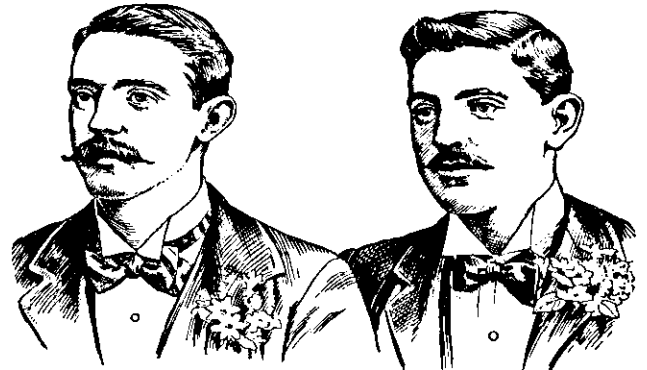
"I will send it to you, sir?" said Mrs Perkins conventionally, though she was very unconventionally trying to imagine the story that appeared to lie between the dress, its mistress, and the man.

"No, I'm going to take it with me," the Hon. Arthur stated decisively; so Mrs Perkins, not a little sorrowfully, destroyed the attractive aspect of her window, removed the dainty gown from off the stand, and began to fold

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it carefully. The gentleman pulled a gold-brown moustache thoughtfully as he watched the proceedings.

"E20, sir, thank you," said Mrs Perkins when the dress was packed, and she hustled out to the cab herself, and hid the box on one half of the seat; then watched the Hon. Arthur Verrinder drive away.

"What did he want to go and buy that dress for?" she wondered. "A gent like 'e! It fairly beats me; what will Emma say? I do 'ope as how she didn't want more money for it! I'd better write and tell 'er all about it; she will be rare and surprised!"

Later that day when the shutters being up, Mrs Perkins was busy writing her letter of explanation to Emma, a man and a woman were standing in the flower-perfumed conservatory of a big London house, where a "crush" was in progress.

"I cannot pretend to understand what 'explanation' can be necessary between us, Mr Verrinder," the lady was saying rather formally; she was a graceful, supple creature in soft, dusky black, against which the white of her flesh and the gold of her hair shone very effectively.

"Don't be hard, Marjorie," the man pleaded, "after all that has passed between us you cannot mean it in your dear, gentle heart, so do not force yourself to play a part!"

"Really, Mr Verrinder, I think you are quite forgetting yourself this evening!" answered Lady Marjorie-Fyvie, drawing herself up and speaking stingingly. "If you have nothing more interesting to talk about than the past, perhaps you will kindly take me back to the reception rooms."

"When I have asked and told you several things, I will," said Arthur Verrinder, very patiently. "Tell me, have you ever seen this note before?" He held out a little three-cornered twist of paper as he spoke. Lady Marjorie took it.

"No, but I see it is addressed to me, where did you get it? Why, it is directed by yourself?" She was about to open it, when Arthur stayed her hand by laying his own over it.

"No, not yet, let me explain; I found it in the hem of your 'butterfly' dress—you know, the one you looked so sweet in at Lady Dawson's?"

Lady Marjorie felt intensely bewildered. "My dress? But where—how could you —?"

"It is a long story and I will tell you presently; but first about this note. You remember at Lady Dawson's that night how anxious I was to get you alone? And how their never seemed to be the least opportunity; if it wasn't Mrs Hammond close at hand, there was always someone else to interfere, do you remember?"

"Did she remember?" Yes, for she had thought she knew why he was so anxious to speak to her alone those words that his unremitted attention had made it her right to hear; she had been more than a little vexed herself that no fitting solitude had presented itself that evening; and, later, had been hurt that he had allowed three whole days to pass without making the occasion to see her and put into words the love that his eyes seemed so plainly to speak. She bowed her head now in answer to his question.

"You know after that last dance of ours we sat out on the stairs, and Mrs Hammond and her partner came and sat quite near?"

"Yes?"

"And you dropped your handkerchief, and I picked it up?"

"Yes, while a couple were waiting to pass us."

"Well, in its folds I placed this note as I picked it up, hoping you would feel it in your pocket presently, and make an opportunity to read it before your left."

"I never knew that there was a note!" said Lady Marjorie hastily. "I never felt it."

"No, it must immediately have slipped through a loose seam in your gown, for I found it lying close to the hem this afternoon. Now read the note."

have been longing to tell you all the evening; I love you, sweet! If there is any hope for me, will you say—"Good night, Mr Verrinder, I hope you are coming to see us soon?" when I put you and your mother into your carriage. I can't be happy to-night without this comfort to help me through.

"Your lover.
"ARTHUR."

Marjorie put out her hand with a swift gesture. "And I never said a word! Oh, I am so sorry!"

"So was I, beloved, and you were so strange and cold when I met you afterwards!" said Arthur, as he held the hand very closely.

"I was angry, and Mrs Hammond called the next day and said you were notoriously such a flirt," whispered Marjorie contritely.

"Jealous old horror! But you don't really think me one now?" Arthur's chestnut-brown head was very near Marjorie's gold, and a glance from her bright blue eyes was his sufficient answer.

"Would you have asked me about the note if it hadn't been found in that wonderful way?" questioned Lady Marjorie, after an interlude.

"I am afraid I shouldn't, my beastly pride—I beg your pardon, darling—mightn't have let me!"

"Then I am so glad you bought my dress!" said Lady Marjorie softly. "Why did you, dear?"

"It reminded me so much of you, and of all my fond hopes that night, that I couldn't bear to see it exposed in that mean little window; so I had to dash into the shop and buy it, and take it home with me. I think I smoothed it and stroked it a little when I opened it there!" admitted Arthur, rather shame-facedly. "And I am glad I did, for it was then that I felt the note and knew how your apparent cruelty was to be explained."

"I am so glad I gave Rosa the dress," cooed Marjorie happily. "I felt I hated it, for, honestly, I had expected to be so happy that night when I wore it, and, instead, everything went wrong. But now I shall love it! You will let me have it back, Arthur?"

"But not to wear of course, dear-est?"

"Oh, no, I shall keep it as my greatest treasure!"

And that is how it will come about, that, in years to be born, Lady Marjorie Verrinder's descendants will find a time-yellowed satin gown, across which tarnished silver butterflies take their formal flight, preserved in the scented recesses of a sandal-wood cabinet, as though it were some precious and costly talisman. As, indeed, it was the talisman which brought back love to two lives that appeared fated to drift apart.

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fectly restored and without an ache or pain in the stomach after food. I can now eat 3 good meals per day and enjoy them. I am at a loss for words wherewith to express my gratitude, but you may be sure I shall spread the good news that Webber's "Vitadatio" can, and has, cured Indigestion in its worst form. I hand you this testimonial perfectly voluntarily, and you may have my permission to use it as you deem advisable. I shall be pleased to interview and give details of my case to anyone.

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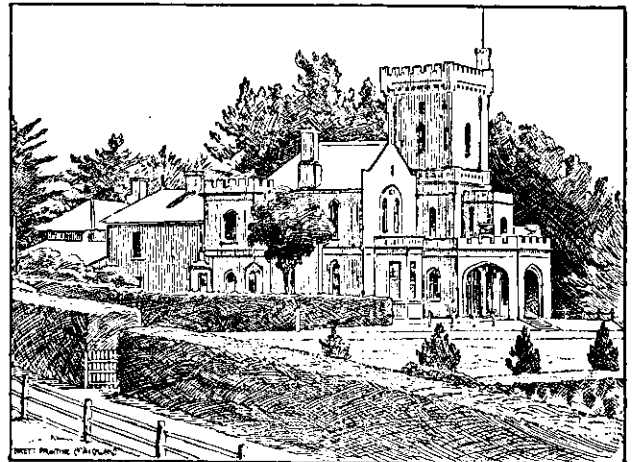
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Perhaps one of the shortest courtships was that of an eminent American jurist. He was on his way to hold court in a town, when he met a young woman returning from market. "How deep is the creek, and what did you get for your outter?" asked the judge. "Up to the knee and ninepence," was the answer, as the girl walked on. The judge pondered over the sensible brevity of the reply, turned his horse, rode back and overtook her. "I liked your answer just now," he said, "and I like you. I think you would make a good wife. Will you marry me?" She looked him over and said "Yes." "Then get up behind me, and we will ride to town and be married." She got up behind, and they rode to the courthouse and were made one. It was recorded that brief though the courtship had been the marriage proved a pre-eminently happy one.

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The variety and beauty of the **COACHING JOURNEYS** in New Zealand have possibly no equal elsewhere. The great Coach Route from Rotorua to Wanganui takes the tourist past Boiling Lakes and Streams, Mud Volcanoes and Great Geysers, Sulphur and Oil Pools—Lakelets of Brilliant Hues, Maungakakarama (the Iridescent Mountain), the Famous Arateatea Rapids and the Huka Falls, Snow-clad Ruapehu with its Boiling Cauldron (9,000 feet high), Volcanic Ngauruhoe with its Eternal Steam. The traveller is led over forest-clad mountains to Pipiriki, thence for 58 miles down the Wanganui River, justly famous for its Wealth of Verdure, its Transcendental Loveliness—Unsurpassable! Indescribable!! Unforgettable!!! The cone-shaped Mount Egmont, with its hoary head, is seen standing solitary on the fertile lands of Taranaki. The journey from Nelson through the **Buller Gorge** to Westport and thence to Christchurch through the **Otira Gorge** opens out all that is Grand and Spectacular in Nature. The first portion introduces the visitor to the charm of the New Zealand forest, carpeted with hundreds of varieties of lovely ferns; then, emerging from that, he comes to the narrow rock road, hewn out of the solid mountain, with the roaring Buller alongside, rolling its

mountain waters down to the great Pacific Ocean. From there to the Otira 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.

Amid the **Vast Southern Alps** rises **Mount Cook**, the Cloud-piercer, 12,349 feet in height. Here are majestic glaciers, running down to within 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, and great avalanches thundering down night and day. The marvellous colouring, with its ever-varying gradations over those mighty snow-clad peaks and slopes, presents scene after scene of marvellous beauty. The "Hermitage," a hotel of 30 rooms, is built in a green vale within a few minutes' walk of the great **Tasman Glacier** at the base of Mount Cook. The great Tasman Glacier is the largest outside of the Polar regions.

The **Great Southern Lakes**, including Wakatipu, Te Anau, Manapouri, Hawea, Wanaka and others, are surrounded by snow-covered mountains, and present a series of pictures unsurpassed for Beauty, Grandeur and Magnificence. They are easy of access, and can be thoroughly inspected by means of the steamers and steam launches.

The **Gigantic Fiords and Sounds** of New Zealand have a world-wide reputation. Larger, more magnificent and wonderful than those of Northern Europe, they alone warrant a visit to "this LAND of LOVELINESS." The **Sutherland Falls**, 1,904 feet in height, the highest in the world, are situated at the head of Milford Sound, and the route to them passes through a long stretch of scenery of the most remarkable and entrancing character.

The extreme Southern point of New Zealand, **Stewart's Island**, is a scenic spot of many attractions. Indented with lovely coves and bays, covered with a wealth and beauty of vegetation, it has many claims on the artist, while its sea fishing and health-giving shores make it an ideal visiting place alike for the fishing enthusiast and the invalid.

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For information regarding New Zealand inquire at the office of the Superintendent of Tourist and Health Resorts, Wellington, or at the Branch Offices at Auckland, Rotorua, Christchurch, Dunedin and Invercargill.

Stamp Collecting.

BY PHIL ATELIC.

The New Greek Stamps.

Referring to the new issue of Greek postage stamps, the London "Times" states: "In design, colour, and execution, they are among the most beautiful ever issued. The 'motive' of the design is, as it has always been in the case of the stamps of Greece, a figure of Hermes, with his petasus, or winged cap, his wings on his heels and his caduceus, or serpent entwined and winged wand, denoting his office as herald. The particular form of the messenger of the gods portrayed on the stamps is that of the statue of Mercury, by Giovanni da Bologna. Of the new stamps there are fourteen different values embraced by three distinct designs, the central figure being always the peculiarly appropriate Hermes, the difference consisting only in the framework, and, in the case of the four highest values, in the size of the stamp. The third group, consisting of four long stamps for the values of one drachma, and the two, three and five drachmae, has the simplest and most severely classical design, though this is, of course, relieved by the richness of the colours, which are black, with bronze, silver and gold respectively. The design consists of a simple Greek ornament border, enclosing the figure of Mercury, with the word "Ella" at the top, and the value in drachmae at the bottom. The new

stamps are all alike, most delicately engraved and beautifully coloured, and reach the greatest excellence of printing and production."

A writer in the "Philatelic Record" makes a welcome protest about the multitude of perforations. He states: "Why not be honest and admit that we are getting tired of multitudinous varieties of perforations, that we sigh for relief therefrom, and that we would gladly take refuge in the simple and all comprehensive differentiation of 'imperf,' 'rouletted,' and 'perf.' But, alas, there be many stumbling blocks to such a solution of the trouble some question. There be some 'perfs' that have emptied many a well filled pocket, and there be many more similar 'perfs' stored up for similar use for a gay and gladsome future. But this perforation business will force itself to the front in its own good time, and some day we shall have to decide something."

The report of the Postmaster General of Great Britain for the year 1900-1901 furnishes interesting facts. More than 382,000 postal packets were returned from South Africa as undeliverable, and nearly 25,000 letters from there could not be delivered in Great Britain. It is estimated that the number of postal packets delivered in the United Kingdom during the year was 3,723,817,

and the letters numbered 2,323,600,000. The Army mails from England contained each week little short of 750,000 letters, newspapers, and parcels for the troops. In the general mail matter of Great Britain no fewer than 345,600 packets were posted without address. These contained £251 in cash and notes, £7203 in bills, cheques, postal orders, stamps, etc. The total value of property found in undelivered letters was £681,335.

The 20 cent, Uruguay ship type, current series, is now issued black and blue. In 1895 it was black and green, 1897 black and green, and now is black and blue.

The one penny Jubilee stamp (Jamaica), with a view of Llandoverly Falls, is to be reissued in two colours, the frame being in red and the centre in black.

The Philippine Islands will continue to use surcharged stamps until incorporated with the United States by Act of Congress.

Japanese stamps surcharged for use in Corea have ceased to be used in that country.

The provisional issue of Tumaco stamps have been destroyed, and an official dismissed for speculating in them. May other countries follow the example.

From 1840 to 1849 the total of the postage stamps of the world amounted to 68 different ones, issued by eight different countries. The

figures for 1890 to 1899, were 5631 different stamps from 217 places. Of course this points clearly to stamp making for collectors' benefit, rather than for the requirements of small states and colonies, who issue most new varieties.

Three new stamps have been issued in Corea: 50 ch, green and pink; 1 wn, grey, blue and red; and 2 wn, mauve and green. The 50 ch is in green, the frame portion having a ground of pink; the 1 wn has the centre in blue, and the rest of the design in grey on a ground of diagonal lines in rose red; and the 2 wn has the centre in bright green and the rest of the design in mauve.

Specimens of the current 5, 10, 20, 25, and 30 Austria have appeared on paper which, in addition to fragments of silk in its substance, has on the back a series of parallel bars, about 2 mm. wide and 8 mm. apart, printed apparently in a slightly yellowish varnish, but more conspicuous by their shiny surface than by their colour. These bars run diagonally, and three show on each stamp.

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Royal Visits.

Our Governor has written a letter to the "St. James' Gazette" describing the Royal visit to Australasia as of inestimable and far reaching value, and adds that more frequent visits are desirable. While we would not seem to deprecate Lord Ranfurly's hospitable expressions, we would modestly suggest that Royal visits, if too often repeated, might become somewhat serious visitations. Like those Royal progresses which in some countries leave empty larders and hungry stomachs in their train, if we had to entertain Princes every year or so it would come to be a rather heavy item in our expenditure. No one grudges the money we spent on arches, decorations, fireworks, reviews, etc., when the Prince of Wales was here, though a good deal of it was badly spent, but if we had to do the same sort of thing periodically it might really affect our loyalty, while it would certainly interfere with the everyday work. Besides, I am not at all so sure that a Royal visit does not gain more than it loses by being, like angels' visits, few and far between. We appreciate most what we see least. But it is probably quite unnecessary to discuss the matter, for the fact is that however cordially we might invite or entertain the invited, Royalties are not likely to be seen a great deal in this part of the world. More urgent duties and pleasures that are duties too keep them nearer home, and if they wish the rest and relaxation which their peculiar position rarely allows them they can find it incognito in some foreign country. A visit to Australia must almost necessarily be a formal State affair, invested with all the publicity, pomp and circumstance which the weary Prince is anxious to escape. The beau ideal of an Australasian tour, if Royalty could only accomplish it, would be for His Majesty King Edward, or His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to drop down "promiscuously like" an Australia, as the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid used to do in Baghdad's back streets. As plain Mr Smith or Mr Jones they would probably have a much better time and get to know a great deal more of the country than now, when their going forth and coming in, sitting down and rising up is trumpeted all over the land. But such a trip, open to the meanest of his subjects, is denied a Prince nowadays. He can't escape from the shadow of the Throne, which must occasionally be rather trying, even to one born under it.

Who's to be Next?

Why the earthquake should have singled out innocent little Cheviot as the special object of its fury not even the geologists can tell us. No one presumes for a moment that the people of McKenzie on whom the chimneys and roof trees fell were more deserving of such treatment than all they that dwell in the cities of that coast. It might fall to the lot of the proudest of our centres to suffer in the same way with a thousand times more disastrous results, for the very humbleness of Cheviot was its salvation. It is the old story of the sapling and the oak. The simple tents of the township succumbed to the rude shock of the earthquake without doing any great harm to anyone. Had a Christchurch or a Dunedin or an Auckland stood on the same place consider the terrible havoc which would have been caused by the topping brick edifices. Cheviot's fate reminds us of our instability. Whoever dreamt of an earthquake on the Cheviot estate? The most unlikely places may be among the first victims. Now if it had been Auckland the world would not have been so much surprised, for of all likely positions the northern city would seem to have taken up the likeliest as far as any chance of terrestrial disturbance is concerned. She deliberately sat down in what was undoubtedly one of the hottest corners

of the planet in bygone days. A hundred volcanoes look down upon or towards her. She snuggles under their arms, builds her villas beneath their noses, and disembowels them to make her roads. Where the hot usies fell and the streams of molten lava rolled she grows her flowers and vegetables and cuts the stone for her houses. The timid stranger asks of the Aucklander does he not feel nervous in close proximity to such things. But he pins his faith to that one word "extinct." If one knew as much in regard to what is going on a thousand or two feet below the ground, as of what is happening on the surface, that faith would be worth a good deal more than it is. The old folks in Pompeii and Herculaneum regarded Vesuvius in the same way, for history contained no record of its ever having been in eruption. It was as peaceful as Mt. Eden, Mt. Albert, or Rangitoto all the hundreds of years that Pompeians dwelt under its shadow. And then with comparatively little warning it played up, to the terrible astonishment and consternation and destruction of the place. Now I don't wish to disturb the harmony of Auckland by suggestions, but I would like to know if there is any scientific grounds for believing that neither Mt. Eden nor Rangitoto could follow the example of Vesuvius. There is none, and for aught we know or can do to prevent it the colony might waken one day to hear that half a dozen volcanoes were concentrating their fire on Queen-street, and lava streams were wandering over the country.

Mora Anglonobis.

Why this recrudescence among the Germans of long-tongued hatred against Great Britain? We know that we are the worst hated nation in Europe, for we have abundant evidence of the fact. But we do not understand such intermittent demonstrations of passionate enmity among certain sections of the people as we hear of from Berlin. If our German cousins are determined to hate us, we are sorry; but what can we do? But we would prefer that they went on hating us in a quiet gentlemanly sort of way, instead of filling the Fatherland with shrieks that wax hysterically loud and vehement on no particular occasion. As a nation we are much more self-respecting in our hatreds. We do not get frantic and foam at the mouth. We hate decently. But perhaps we wrong the Germans in attributing to them as a people an agitation that has its beginning among the student class, and no doubt among the beer drinking, swaggering, duelling section of that. Youth is proverbially rash and irresponsible, university students from China to Peru are peculiarly so; and probably for rashness and irresponsibility the German student is as bad as the worst. A harder worker, when he is a worker, than his brother students of Edinburgh or London, he is also a "harder" character generally than the latter, when he takes to mischief. Student escapades generally take the line of most resistance; when authority is to be defied, the typical freshman defies it. There is so much political freedom in Great Britain that British students are rarely a dangerous element in politics. There is so little political freedom in Germany or Russia that the universities very frequently become a hotbed of revolt against existing conditions. Thus the Continental student is nursed in a political atmosphere of a rather unhealthy kind; and while the Edinburgh boys give vent to their high spirits by wrenching off door knockers and making night hideouts, the German burche consume the rawest of politics with their beer. They are impressionable lads, with an ear for any demagogue, and a sword for anybody's quarrel. The Poor emi-

series, one can easily believe, found them the most tundry of material, and hence all this commotion. There, I warrant, is the secret of it all. But, as the "Times" insists, it is the duty of the German Government, if they do not actually mean to countenance these demonstrations of hatred, to put them down. The leniency they show them is their greatest encouragement. No foreign State would suffer such internal exhibitions against itself to pass unchecked; and in the same way it should not allow them against any other State with whom it professes to be on friendly terms.

A Timely Loan.

It is not very complimentary to the Government's finance that the public generally should have attributed the dismissal of the men from the North Island Main Trunk Railway works to the Treasury chest running low, and should have felt relieved by the announcement of the floating of the million and a-half loan in London. The public are evidently quite persuaded that we are living in a very hand-to-mouth way, in spite of Mr Seddon's assurances of plenty of cash; and the wonderful thing is that they accept the position with the utmost equanimity. There is nothing to equal the easy-going indifference of the average New Zealanders in this respect. It is in vain you try to alarm him by pointing out the mountain of debt rising higher and higher. He rejoices in the flow of ready money, and takes no count for the morrow, when the loan will be spent and the interest on it still remains to be met and the principal to be repaid. Mr Seddon flatters himself that this contentment is the sign of an absolute confidence in his administration. But he is entirely mistaken. If it springs from confidence of any particular kind, it is confidence in the country itself and its resources. But our attitude is mainly one of indifference. We do not trouble ourselves about the cost, but deliver the matter into the hands of our rulers to do as they see fit. It rests with them whether we are an economically or extravagantly managed colony. If good men get into power, it is well with us; if bad men, then the reverse is the case, but to a much smaller degree, for the country will thrive even despite bad management. If Mr Seddon is extravagant, if he is autocratic, if it is our indifference that is chiefly to blame. In another community he might have been a very different individual; and in yet another he might never have been heard of. We are not fools; we are not deceived. It is the Premier who is the fool if he thinks we are. We are just a careless, happy-go-lucky colony, spending while we have the money to spend, and hastening to borrow again when the last loan is exhausted. That million and a-half which comes in the nick of time to replenish a depleted Treasury will go just as the other millions went, and not go very far. Then we shall lie us to the lender once more. How long this sort of thing will go on depends precisely on how long the lender will lend. Our ability to pay the interest does not necessarily affect the position, for we can borrow the wherewithal to pay that. I suppose there must be an end to it some time, but before that time there will have been an end of Mr Seddon, the King, and us, his obedient servants.

The Business Cabinet.

I am not surprised to see that someone in political authority has taken exception to Lord Rosebery's ideal Cabinet - one composed of business men of the Sir Thomas Lipton and Andrew Carnegie class. Sir M. Campbell-Bannerman pronounces a Cabinet of business men impracticable, and my own opinion, be it worth little or nothing is the same. Nor do I believe that Lord Rosebery seriously meant what he said. Probably his remark was merely a bit at what he regards as unbusinesslike in Lord Salisbury's Cabinet. The noble Lord, when himself head of an Administration, was once called "The Butterfly Premier," and the impression that he

is not in dead earnest in his political convictions waxes rather than wanes the more one studies him. Invested with Mr Gladstone's mantle for a brief period he was never the serious character on the stage that the Grand Old Man was. Out of the hurly-burly of politics the position he takes up and his public utterances never entirely convince one of his seriousness of purpose. With all his undoubted talent and eloquence, he suggests the dilettante and the coquette. Happiest of phrase-makers among our present-day politicians he undoubtedly is; and I honestly believe he thinks far more of the literary value of the phrase than its practical truth or applicability. These later letters and speeches of his with regard to Liberalism make splendid reading for friend and foe alike, but I fear they rather conceal the absence of strong political purpose than reveal its presence. I am greatly mistaken if he stands self-pledged in any deep sense to any great party or national principle. His suggestion for a Cabinet of business men was probably nothing more than a rhetorical inspiration. No doubt in practice he would be prepared to qualify it till it lost any originality it may possess. Business qualities, the qualities which make men successful in the ordinary affairs of life, must also be of value to a Minister of the Crown. For him to be a mere dreamer would of course be out of place. But it is quite another matter to contend that the best men to manage the national estate are the men who have made fortunes in trade by shrewdness, industry and lucky speculation. After all, running the British Empire is not quite the same thing as running a gigantic retail pork and tea combine, or mammoth steel works in America. The men who could do the first well might be dead failures as dry-goodsmen or ironmasters; and, on the other hand, the dry-goodsmen and ironmasters, though self-made millionaires to boot, would probably be as unsuccessful out of their proper sphere. This is the day of the apotheosis of the success-

ful business man, when the foolish worshipping world assures his Highness that "he would have been equally successful in any other walk of life." That is an idle presumption. Do you suppose that any combination of circumstances could have made a Tennyson or a Shakespeare, of these two Scotch urchins—Tommy and Andie? They might have made money as butchers or bakers or candle-stick-makers; but making money is one thing, and controlling the affairs of an Empire is quite another.

Special School Holidays.

During the last two years or so the schools have rejoiced in a larger number of special holidays than they have ever known in any previous period of their existence. What with victory celebrations, Royal deaths, Royal receptions, flag unfurlings, and similar functions, the monotony of school life has been frequently relieved, and as a rule the power to grant these holidays has been exercised by the respective committees. In the full tide of our Royal or patriotic enthusiasm it would, of course, have been churlish on the part of the Education Board to deprive the committees of this privilege, but now the former body, apprehensive that the privilege may be abused, has issued an intimation to the effect that in future committees must not grant special holidays—an order which the committees rather resent, contending that it is another attempt to deprive them of every vestige of authority and responsibility. But I feel disposed to side with the Board in this matter. There is a distinct danger of the committees going too far in this holiday matter, and coming by degrees to regard every trivial local circumstance as a fit occasion for shutting up the school. It would probably be safer to leave to the judgment of a committee the selection of the course of study than the granting of holidays; for throughout the whole community the holiday hunger is more pronounced than ever,

and the tendency to throw work aside in favour of play finds an ever-increasing indulgence among all classes. In the smaller country districts committees would be even more untrustworthy distributors of holidays than similar bodies in town. Not merely would they be inclined to close the school on local festival occasions, if they had the power, but the chances are that they would frequently be tempted to do so at seasons when the help of the youngsters would be valuable in the work of the farm. To vest a committee with full holiday giving powers is to lay the whole system of education open to the interference of local influences and prejudices in a way that is altogether undesirable and dangerous. If it were only to instil into the youngsters' minds a clear appreciation of the duty of work it is very necessary that holidays should not be granted on every trivial pretext. If they are, our children will grow up to regard pleasure making as the main business of their lives and work as a disagreeable and rather unimportant incident therein. Some of us, I fear, have almost got to that stage already without any special training in our youth. Don't let us begin to plant those ideas in our youngsters' heads. They will acquire them only too soon.

GREAT TRAVELLER INTERVIEWED.

From Norwich (England) to Lyttelton (New Zealand) is a far cry, but Mr William R. Taylor, of St. David-st., Lyttelton, has spanned the distance and more besides, for he has visited some of Australia's most interesting spots.

"After doing some 15,000 miles of travelling," said he, "I lived in various parts of New Zealand, eventually settling in Lyttelton. The climate suited me fairly well until two years ago, when I gradually became weak, the result of indigestion,

which prevented me from obtaining nourishment from my food. The symptoms were fulness and discomfort after meals, flatulency, heartburn and considerable internal pain. I received medical treatment, but without permanent effect, and I also tried advertised remedies with a like result. Some time ago I had bought Dr. Williams' pink pills for my daughter, and they had cured her of anaemia. I now noticed they were recommended for indigestion so I started taking them. After a few doses I began to relish my meals and no pain or discomfort followed. I could almost feel these pills making blood. Day by day the flatulency, heartburn and other discomfort faded away; I grew strong and slept soundly. Four boxes cured me. Now I can eat almost anything and my health is splendid."

In enabling the blood to absorb and make use of the nourishment in the food, Dr. Williams' pink pills remove the cause of indigestion, and permanently cure its effects. To cure indigestion move the bowels freely; then take one Dr. Williams' pink pill after each meal for the first week; later on take two. Many severe and chronic cases have been thus permanently cured. By enriching the blood and toning-up the nerves Dr. Williams' pink pills also cure anaemia, debility, nervous exhaustion, hysteria, ladies' ailments, insomnia, rheumatism, sciatica, consumption of the bowels and lungs, bronchitis, effects of pneumonia and influenza, etc. From chemists and storekeepers, and the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, three shillings per box, six boxes sixteen and six, post free. Purgatives cannot cure indigestion; they simply move on the food, still undigested, leaving the stomach dry and sluggish and the patient worse.

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THE PEOPLE'S FURNISHING WAREHOUSE,

Queen Street, Auckland.

After Dinner Gossip.

Three Soldiers and a Dead Man's Ghost.

The following true story is vouchered for by a correspondent of "The Regiment":—The passage leading to the mortuary attached to a military hospital in India was formed of timbers similar to railway sleepers placed end up, and securely fastened to cross rails.

A defunct warrior occupying the deadhouse, a sentry, in accordance with regulations, was posted at the end of the passage. After about a quarter of an hour's "sentry go" this man appeared at the guardroom door, and, pitching his rifle into the arm rack, said: "Make a prisoner of me. I'll do no more guard there. Why, Bill has got up from his coffin and gone down to the native bazaar."

He was promptly placed under arrest, and the sergeant proceeded to put another man on guard. At the same time he made an inspection of the mortuary, where he found the dead soldier just as he had been placed there.

The non-con. returned to the guardroom, and was soon startled by the appearance of sentry number two, who, pale and agitated, said in effect the same thing as the first man. Having put him under arrest, the sergeant said to one of the guard:—

"Here, you come along and see if you can stop Bill's pranks."

"Faith, I was always as good a man as he, when he was alive, and sure I ought to be better now he's dead!" observed the selected one, as he marched off.

The sergeant watched the clock until the hour of relief came somewhat anxiously, and then proceeded to the deadhouse, where he found the sentry standing upright, stone dead, with his bayonet driven firmly into the piling.

How We Use Our Hats.

It is a curious thing, too, how we utilise our hats to express various emotions. When we are successful in wagering on racehorses, we take it off and jump on it. Should a dear friend pass from this tough world, we encircle it with a black band. We show our politeness by taking it off; defiance by cocking it over one eye; if we are angry we kick it; and when we have been dining out too much, the first thing to remind us of it next morning is our faithful hat, hanging crushed and dejected from the gas bracket, with a very much "O! Why did you do it?" air about it. Yes; there is an immense amount of meaning in the old time query, "Who's your hatter?"

A Dip!

They were two cyclists and had arrived hot and dusty at a rural hotel. "Can we have a bath?" they asked the landlord. "Certainly," was cheerily replied. "No, hold on," said one of the wheelmen, "a swim would be better. Is there a spot handy?" "Yes," answered the obliging boniface; "out yonder there's a beautiful pond with willows round it. It's quite secluded." And away went the would-be bathers, but after much searching they failed to find the idyllic pool. They, however, came upon a more prosaic, oblong tank of water, without any willows, and not very fresh looking, but still tempting enough to the road soiled cyclists. They duly had their swim, and although clenched they were not refreshed, and returned to the hotel spitting a nasty taste out of their mouths. "Well," said the landlord, "did you find the pool all right?" "We found a pool, but there were no blooming willows, and — for heaven's sake give us a whisky to take the taste out of our mouths." Then the truth flashed upon their host. "Good Lord, boys," he exclaimed, "you must have struck the sheep dip." They had.

A Hunt for Royalties.

In Canada the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall had to give up promiscuous hand shaking on the ground that though the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak. This recalls an incident of Mr Gladstone's memorable Midlothian tour. On one occasion there was a great hand shaking ordeal at the window of the old gentleman's railway carriage, and he was rapidly getting the worst of it. A stalwart young policeman, who accompanied Mr Gladstone, proved equal to the occasion. Crouching behind the great man, and thrusting his hand under Mr Gladstone's Inverness cape, the muscular "peeler" gave each comer in turn a grip that had no lack of cordiality. "The auld man's uncommon veegorous at his time o' life," observed one unsuspecting Scot as he stroked his fingers. "He is that," concurred another of the policeman's victims, "but did ye notice his nails?"

Caught Again.

Out in the Australian back-blocks rain falls once in 10 years or so—and little wonder that when it does come the owners and watchers of flocks alike hold celebration. One pastoralist, saturated in joy and rain water, was driving up to the bush hotel in a heavy shower, when he noticed the habitual loafer under the verandah throwing out a string, to which a piece of meat was attached, just as though he were fishing for Darling lobsters in a back lagoon. "What are you doing there?" he asked, curiously. "Fishin'," was the curt answer. "Go on, man; you're mad—the rain has sent you off your head. Come and have a drink." The angler drew in his line with a beatific smile, the while murmuring gently to himself, "Good iron—got another bite."

Opals "Barred" from the King's Crown.

King Edward has decreed that opals shall not be included among the jewels of the crown at the Coronation, and has been (privately) called an old woman in consequence. Fact is that H.M., in discarding opals, has only obliged a host of old-woman friends of both sexes. His son and daughter-in-law accepted enough opals from the people of Queensland to wreck the monarchy, if there was anything in apalophobia.

A Shop-Window Comedy.

A young lady left her husband's side to look in a Queen-street window. On leaving it, she took (as she thought) her husband's arm and continued her conversation.

"You see," she said, "you don't even look at anything I want you to see; you never care how I am dressed; you no longer love me; why, you have not even kissed me for a week, and —"

"Madame, I am sorry, but that is my misfortune, not my fault," said the man, turning round.

The lady looked at him, and gasped. She had taken the arm of the wrong man!

Sir Hector's Snub.

Stated that one or two people in the colonies were not intensely enamoured by the remarks made by S'rector Macdonald to them, but it was brought on by themselves, because "Fighting Mac" came out to enjoy himself, and not to withstand a campaign on the part of some self-glorifiers. Macdonald, no doubt, has a healthy contempt for the blood-thirsty ballroom warrior, and a South Australian brand of this same class of khaki proceeded to tell the sturdy Scot that he had followed the South African war from the very inception. "I knew every engagement by heart," he is reported to have said. "But," retorted Mac, "you did not go there!"

"No," replied the other, "yet it was not my fault." "I suppose not," rejoined S'rector, "no doubt they could not spare you!"

An Infernal Dinner.

A tiny girl of seven gave a dinner party the other day, for which 12 covers were laid, and that number of small maidens sat down to dine. It was a real little girls' dinner, and the little hostess herself presided, sitting at the head of the table. She had been very anxious, in looking forward to it, to do everything as it should be done.

"Mamma," she asked, "shall we say grace?"

"No," said mamma; "it will be a very informal dinner, and I think you need not do that."

That meant one ceremony the less to be gone through, and was a relief. But the little lady was anxious to have all her guests understand it. So, as they gathered about the table, she explained:

"Mamma says that this is such an infernal dinner that we need not have grace to-day!"

The New "Jay Pay."

One of the newly appointed county "Jay Pays" had the misfortune to drive into the middle of a very merry free fight outside the local hotel on his next visit to the township (writes "X."). With his new honours pressing heavily upon him, he knew that it was beneath his dignity and opposed to his duty to pass over such a glaring breach of the peace, so he drove to the edge of the surging mass, and standing in his cart, called loudly, "Oi, Patrick O'Brien, Jay Pay, command yez, in the name of the King, not to shtroike another blow." But the contestants were not overawed by the new-found dignity of Mr O'Brien, and continued to rain blows on each other with increased vigour. In desperation he rose again. "Oi, Patrick O'Brien, Jay Pay, command yez in the name of Hivin not to shtroike another blow." Before he could see the effect of his mandate, the horse took fright at the movements of one of the pugilists, and the driver fell heavily to the road. When the fight was over the victors removed him to the hotel, and put arnica and sticking plaster on his bruises, and ever since he has been occupied entering into elaborate explanations to account for his injuries and to convince sceptical acquaintances that he did not participate in the disgraceful affair of the same date.

About Mickey.

Mickey was the school's best reciter, and even our "member" prophesied a great future for him. The action and expression which he learnt as a reciter stood to him in need. One day his old man sent him to a farm about four miles off to bring home a bull. On his way home Mickey thought he would give the old piebald a lesson in jumping. A cockatoo fence ran along one side of the road, so he turned his charger and drove home the spurs. The moke, not being used to this, gave a bit of a pig-jump and landed on one of the shore legs of the fence, which penetrated in his chest some half-dozen inches. Mickey led the mare home and told his old man how the ferocious bull charged him time after time and gored the mare, while he only escaped with his life by climbing a tree. To hear him talk of this adventure would cause you to dream of bulls chasing you. Mickey was told to get the gun and go back and shoot the bull, which he did with great enthusiasm. The moke was put in the high fenced slaughter yard, to be away from the other horses while being doctored. Mickey's grandmother had climbed to the top of the fence to have a look at the mare, when she fell and broke her arm and fainted. Mickey ran to the old man and told him that the mare rushed the old lady and kicked her through the fence. Granmy did not know how it happened. The gun was again ordered and Mickey shot the moke. "By gum!" said Mickey, afterwards, "I was wishing the old woman would do something so that I would have

to shoot her!" He would have done it, too. Mickey is now a J.P., an alderman, and a member of the show committee, so the prophecy of "our member" came true.

Jumping on Hats at Races.

There is a type of man who almost invariably expresses profound emotion by jumping on his hat. This type is always fairly well represented at Flemington on a great race day (writes "Javelin" in the "Leader"). One worked himself into a condition of extraordinary excitement over the Nursery Handicap. "Loyal wins!" he yelled ecstatically. "Loyal! Loyal! Loyal! By thunder, he's won!" He took off his bright hat in his delirium, put it on the ground, and was about to jump when a revulsion of feeling seized him, and catching up the hat again, he wiped it affectionately, saying, "By jove, no! I only put a pound on Loyal after all." The other enthusiast had evidently backed Loyal for a large sum, and for about five minutes he simply went off his head. He was a portly greybeard, and his hat was a particularly good one, new enough to have been bought for the occasion, but in his paroxysm the old gentleman simply dashed it on the ground, and was about to jump when another man snatched it up, and offering his own hat, a speedy boxer, said, "Look here, if you must jump on a hat, I'll change you—jump on mine." "Certainly!" yelled the winner, and dashing the boxer on the ground, he jumped it into the soft turf, while the other man made off with the nice new topper.

Valuable Pictures.

The unfortunate gentleman who told a London magistrate a week or two ago how he had sold a picture for half a crown which he subsequently discovered to be worth some hundred pounds has the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that he is by no means the first to have made such a mistake. Perhaps the most famous error of the kind was committed by the Duchess of Kingston, the notorious heroine of the bigamy trial of 1776. This lady was very anxious after her disgrace to obtain in a foreign Court the social position which she had forfeited at home. After some hesitation she fixed upon Russia as offering the likeliest opportunity for her advances. Needless to say, the making of handsome presents to those in high places who would receive them was an essential feature of the duchess's plan of campaign. To one Grand Duke she sent a couple of pictures, inherited from her first husband. The duke, in thanking her, casually remarked that the paintings must be worth at least £10,000, for they were originals by Raphael. The lady's chagrin at discovering the enormous value of her gifts may be imagined, but in spite of all her efforts the duke could not be persuaded to return them for a less costly "donation."

'SWAN' FOUNTAIN PENS

Are Willing, Faithful, and Fast Workers.

One Filling Lasts for Days.

One Pen for Years.

Prices: 10/6, 12/6, 15/6, 21/-, 25/- and upwards.

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS.

Insist on Having the 'SWAN.'

Catalogues Post Free

Mabie, Todd & Bard, 93, Chapside, E.C. LONDON, Eng.

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."
"Dear Sir,—I enclose for your own private perusal a 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 to me as your best authority.
"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 immediately flew to it. That 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.

"Derkholm, 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 I am 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 SINCLAIR, Myrtle-street, Geelong, and fifty-nine 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 two 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.
A 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, Cowie'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 70, 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, Binggong, Morundah, N.S.W."
"My cold, had 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, Quiera, Neutral Bay, Sydney, N.S.W."
"Your Bronchitis Cure, as usual, acted splendidly.—C. H. RADFORD, Casterton, 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. SEYTER, 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, Yanko 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. TRELAWNEY, 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, Ozone 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 WURLOD, Alma, near Maryborough, Victoria."
"The bottle of HENRY'S 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 ficked.—Yours sincerely,
W. TREMELLEN,
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.
"Illovellyn, Katunga, Vic."
"Mr. Hearne,—
"Dear Sir,—I am very much pleased with the effects of your Bronchitis Cure.

Gratitude and Appreciation.

HUNDREDS CURED IN THEIR OWN CIRCLE.
"The 'Scientific Australian' Office, 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 stating 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. Gatham, 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 valuable 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.

"33 Queen-st., Brisbane, Queensland."
"Mr. W. G. Hearne, Dear Sir,—Please send us 36 dozen Bronchitis Cure by first boat. We enclose our cheque to cover amount and 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 glad to hear of your success.
"THOMASON, CHATER & CO.,
"Wholesale Chemists."

Cured in Ten Days.
THE EDITOR OF THE OLDEST NEWSPAPER IN VICTORIA.
PRESES 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. We are 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 & CO., 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.

"8 Watson-street, Burton-on-Trent."
"Stafordshire, England."
"Mr. W. G. Hearne, Geelong."

"Dear Sir,—Your letter and Bronchitis Cure to hand quite safe. I am sure you will be glad to know that your Bronchitis Cure has quite cured me. I was very glad when it came.
"I was suffering from a severe attack of Bronchitis at the time I ordered. 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 on every night for a week, as 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 on my feet, 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,
"A. MORTIMER."

12 Years' Agony.
DISPRESSING, 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."

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.

NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS
MERCER REGATTA.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30th, 1901.

Cheap Excursion Tickets at the rate of 5d per mile First class and 1d per mile Second class minimum 5/- and respectively, with 1/- added to each ticket for Admission to Regatta, will be issued to Mercer from Porotarae, Cambridge, Onehunga, Auckland, and intermediate stations on SATURDAY, November 30th, all available for return on day of issue only, with the exception of tickets issued from Porotarae-To Puhl and intermediate stations, which will be available for return on MONDAY, 2nd December.

Excursion Trains will run as follows:—
 Leave Penrose 8.35 a.m., passengers ex Onehunga leave by 8.15 a.m. train; Puhuhu 8.45, Papakura 9.20, Drury 9.37, Pukekohe 10.5, Tuakau 10.20, Pokeno 10.34, arriving Mercer 10.48 a.m. This special will pick up passengers at all stations Penrose to Pokeno inclusive.

Leave Auckland 8.58 a.m., Newmarket 9.0, Remuera 9.5, Ellerslie 9.23, Penrose 9.18, arriving Mercer 11.10 a.m. This special will not stop for passenger traffic after leaving Penrose.

Leave Auckland 9.18 a.m., arrive Mercer 11.30 a.m. This special will not stop for passenger traffic after leaving Auckland.

Leave Te Awamutu 7.30 a.m., stopping where required, Ohaupo 7.55, Hamilton 8.35, Frankton 8.5, arriving Mercer 10.35 a.m.

Return Specials will leave Mercer as follows:—

For Onehunga, Penrose, Ellerslie, Remuera, Newmarket, and Auckland, at..... 5.10 p.m.
 For Te Awamutu, Cambridge, and way-side stations, at.....5.30 p.m.
 For Penrose, Ellerslie, Remuera, Newmarket, and Auckland, at.....5.45 p.m.
 For Onehunga, Auckland, and way-side Stations, at.....6.35 p.m.

Passengers holding Excursion Tickets will not be allowed to travel to Mercer by the 6 a.m. express or 9.30 a.m. trains from Auckland, nor, with the exception of passengers from stations on the Cambridge Branch, and from stations between To Puhl and Porotarae inclusive, by the 10 a.m. ordinary train from Frankton.

Excursion Tickets may be purchased at Auckland and Newmarket stations on the evening of 29th November.

The 8.45 a.m. train Mercer to Auckland will not run.

BY ORDER.

WANGANUI SETTLERS' RIVER S.S. COMPANY, LIMITED.

F.S. AOTEA, S.S. AORERE, AND S.S. AORANGI (now building).

The F.S. AOTEA sails for Pipiriki every TUESDAY and FRIDAY MORNING, at 7 o'clock. Returning WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS.

The AOTEA connects with the Company's AORERE at Pipiriki for the Tangaraku.

For the benefit of those who are unable to take advantage of the longer trip to Tangaraku, the Company has decided to run a steamer to the Caves every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY MORNING at 6 o'clock, which affords the best scenery on the River is to be viewed, returning to Wanganui. Further particulars, apply to

HENDERSON & MACFARLANE, Auckland Agents.

NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS
COAL SUPPLY, 1902-1903.

New Zealand Government Railways (Head Office), Wellington, 18th November, 1901.

Written Tenders will be received at this office until noon of MONDAY, the 30th December, 1901, for the Supply and Delivery of Coal for the New Zealand Railways. They must be addressed to the General Manager, New Zealand Railways, Wellington, and marked outside "Tender for Coal."

Specifications can be seen, and forms of tender obtained, at the offices of the Railway Managers at Auckland, Christchurch, Dunedin, Invercargill, and the Stores Manager's Office, Wellington.

The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted, and telegraphic tenders will not be entertained.

By order, T. RONAYNE, General Manager.

NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
SUPPLY AND DELIVERY OF STORES

Head Office, Wellington, 18th November, 1901.

SEPARATE WRITTEN TENDERS will be received at this office up to noon of MONDAY 2nd December, 1901, for the SUPPLY AND DELIVERY of the under-mentioned Stores, from the 1st April, 1902, to the 31st March, 1906, at Auckland, Wellington, Addington, and Hillside:—

GENERAL IRONMONGERY
 FURNISHING IRONMONGERY
 CEMENT AND LIME
 LEATHER, etc.
 BRUSHWARE
 SHIP CHANDLERY
 OILS, COLOURS, etc.
 IRON AND STEEL
 DRAIN PIPES, etc.
 IRON, GALVANIZED
 INDIARUBBER GOODS

Specifications and forms of tender may be obtained at the Railway Stores Offices, Newmarket, Addington, Hillside, and the Stores Manager's Office, Wellington, at which places statements showing the local consumption of articles chiefly in demand will be on view.

Tenders to be addressed to the General Manager, New Zealand Railways, Wellington, and to be marked outside, "Tender for STORES."

Telegraphic Tenders will not be received and the lowest of any tender will not necessarily be accepted.

The accepted tender rates will be published in the "New Zealand Gazette."

By order, T. RONAYNE, General Manager N.Z. Railways.



Z O N O P H O N E
 THE LATEST AND BEST TALKING MACHINE.

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

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Turf Gossip.

BY WHALEBONE.

TURF FIXTURES.
 November 21, 26—Dunedin J.C. Summer
 November 29, 30—Felding J.C. Spring
 November 30, December 4—Takapuna Jockey Club
 December 25, 27—Taranaki J.C. Hack
 December 28, 27, January 1—Northern Wairoa R.C.
 December 28, 28, January 1, 2—Auckland R.C.
 December 31, January 1—Greymouth J.C. Midsummer
 January 2, 10—Lake County J.C. Annual
 January 20, 22, 24—Wellington R.C. Summer

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Gentle Punter, Grey Lynn.—Hope to obtain data shortly.
 X.Y.Z.C., Coromandel.—The stewards were probably satisfied on the evidence of their own eyes, and the case might be looked upon as one of fact if they should, however, have taken evidence on the protest. If, as alleged, they refused to do so, good grounds to appeal to the A.R.C. on that score could be advanced, and the A.R.C. might go in to the merits of the case. Read the rules.

TURF NOTES.

Motor was racing on the big side, and badly at that, at the Hutt on Thursday.

I hear that R. Derritt will be at the midsummer meeting of the Auckland Racing Club.

Mr Stead's team will probably leave Lyttelton on December 11th for the A.R.C. meeting.

Mr Piper's starting at the Hutt was up to his best form, and was a treat to witness.

Tirea, one of the competitors in the back races run at the Hutt, looks a likely sort for fencing work.

Lady Thornton, by General Thornton—Houe to Hauto, has foaled a colt to St. Leger, a bay with black points.

From a conversation I had with Mr Douglas Gordon, I gather that Advance will be in commission again.

Mr Donald McKinnon talks of going to South Africa ere long. The genial Scot will be missed.

At the recent V.R.C. meeting the stakes amounted to £19,025, of which New South Wales horses secured £5969.

Prosser, when asked how Porirua was doing, informed me that that colt is a rare doer, but never looks right in his coat.

Belfast has been lame ever since the A.R.C. Spring Meeting as a result of the kick Sparkling Water gave him.

San Fran is only a medium-sized horse, but is believed to have been the best of those in commission at the V.R.C. and A.J.C. spring meetings.

After the Maiden Hack Race at Wellington, Mr Lance Wood purchased Mooi, by Strenuous, from WI Parata.

Mr Harry Hayr acted as timekeeper on the opening day of the Wellington meeting, as substitute for Mr Grace, resigned.

It is reported that Glenogie and Djin Djin are to come north to compete at Ellerslie at the summer meeting. The more the merrier.

J. Buchanan, the local horseman, is going to give Sloan Hewitt a hard run for leading jockey honours this season. This rider has few, if any, superiors in the colony.

A report was current on the other side that both Wakeful and Revenue were to be taken to England. Mr C. L. MacDonald states, however, that there is no foundation for the rumour.

Beccles, a half-sister to The Watchdog, won the Commissioners' Purse at Poonah recently in a very hollow fashion, and then bolted round the course.

There are now fourteen colts and eleven fillies at Sylvia Park while at Wellington Park nineteen colts and seven fillies have so far made their appearance.

Mr Jorgenson is building commodious stabling near the Hutt Racecourse, twenty-two boxes in all, and will thus supply a long felt want there.

G. Wilkinson, who had his thigh fractured in the Hunt Club Steeplechase, owing to Peter Simple falling, is progressing very favourably at the Hospital.

L. Hewitt, L. King, and Raynor each had two winning mounts on the first day at the Wellington Racing Club's meeting; J. Pine and Cross one each.

The Porirua stable will probably be represented at the Midsummer Meeting of the Auckland Racing Club by Porirua, the Seaton Delaval—Waitemata colt, and others.

Kowhete, by Apremont from Whisper, therefore half-sister to First Whisper, was sold recently by Mr G. Hunter to Mr Redford, in whose colours she ran at Wellington.

The Carbine colt Mannlicher was made favourite for the Cesarewitch, but even with such a light impost as 6st 7lb he finished in the rack. The winner, Balsarrook, started at 25 to 1 against.

Major Von Gossler's Tuki, by his victory in the Hamburg Derby, has now placed to his credit the sum of £8550, the largest amount ever won in a single season by any horse in Germany.

The Carbine mare Semper Vigilans had an easy task set her in the Fifty-second Triennial Produce Stakes at Newmarket, England. She went out an odds on favourite in a small field, and won handily.

After running in the V.R.C. Handicap at Flemington the Carbine horse George Frederick was got back to the paddock with the utmost difficulty, when it was found that he was suffering from a severe sunstroke.

It is reported that the Caulfield Cup winner, Hymettus, will not be seen out under silk again, but will go to the stud, at which, if good looks and breeding are of any account, he should be a conspicuous success.

Two outsiders in Indian Shot and Coran put up a great finish in the November Handicap at Wellington, the judge being unable to separate them, while none of the more highly fancied division could get near them.

That great horse St. Simon is once again at the head of the list of winning sires in England, his progeny having won races to the value of £28,356. Lord Rosebery's favourite, Ladass, is next on the list.

Writing of Wakeful, "Feringa," in the "Australasian" sums her up as the best mare he has ever seen. A fairly tall order this, when La Carabine and Anarim have to be taken into consideration.

The attendance of the public at the recent V.R.C. meeting was reported to have been the best on record, and this statement looks correct when the club is found to have netted the nice little profit of £470.

Little Bear, who claims Seaton Delaval as her sire, has been doing fairly well among the ponies on the other side. She won a handicap the other day at the headquarters of pony racing in Sydney, Kensington Park.

Quite contrary to his usual custom with other horses, Mr Stead still hangs on to that exceptionally moderate customer Skobloff. The son of Stepniak was a starter on the opening day at Wellington, but as usual failed to distinguish himself.

The non-inclusion of jumping races in the spring programme of the Wellington Racing Club was a matter of comment amongst visitors—nothing like a little variety. Ellerslie is the great variety show place of New Zealand.

Mr W. C. Whitney's winnings on the turf this season must have run into big figures. Kilmarnock II, by Sir Dixon—Miss Esed, helped the popular American to gather in 4000 sovs., by annexing the Prix du Conseil Municipal, one of the plums of the French turf.

A Marton syndicate took a book of twenty-five tickets in Tattersall's on the Melbourne Cup. Someone unknown sent a telegram saying they had drawn the winner—Revenue. Champagne flowed freely. The telegram proved a fraud. A local publican was one of the syndicate, but there is no suggestion that he had anything to do with the wire pulling.

It is reported that the Hon. J. D. Ormond has purchased the stallion Bilenhead, a son of Orme and Tragedy. If this is correct the Napier sportsman has certainly obtained a most promising sire, as Orme was Ormond's best son, and sire of the speedy Flying Fox.

Mr Stead's bay colt Emperor created a very favourable opinion by his running in the Nursery Handicap at Wellington. Although quite in the rear during the early stages of the race, yet when called on the son of Gipsy Grand fairly smothered the field, coming in for quite an ovation on returning to the saddling paddock.

Emperor is the first of the Gipsy Grands to score. His dam, Coronet, is a full sister to Gold Medallist, who was one of the most brilliant two-year-olds in New Zealand, but not worth a row of pins after being in England for a time. Emperor's granddam, Waterlily, is the dam of Revenue, the Melbourne Cup winner.

The Auckland Trotting Club announces a good programme for its summer carnival. The big items are the Auckland Trotting Club Cup of 200 sovs, the Summer Cup of 100sovs, the President's Trot of 100sovs, and the Pony Cup of 100sovs. Nominations close on Friday, December 13.

The Bill of Portland horse Finland, who was recently secured by a Southern breeder, has had quite a considerable number of mares booked to him, and he is evidently to be given every chance to make a name for himself at the stud.

The Flying Stakes at the Otahuhu meeting on Saturday gave rise to a fine race. Hinemon, St. Loanda, Blue Paul and Texas had each plenty of admirers, there being any amount of betting on the flutter. None of the fancied division, however, ran up to expectation, the little thought of Gladys Rose just squeezing home by a neck from a sixty to one chance in Mimosa, the biggest outsider in the race.

A notice from a Sydney paper that a big string of trotters is to invade New Zealand about Christmas time with a view to taking part in the N.Z. Metropolitan Club's big summer meeting. Dr. Slate and Messrs Buckland and Fitzgerald are bringing teams, included among which is that great trotter Fritz. Aucklanders would like to see him performing at Alexandra Park.

Taking into consideration the fact that on both days of the meeting the adverse weather greatly militated against a big muster of the general public, the volume of business which went through the totalisator at the Wellington meeting must have been considered highly satisfactory by the club. The figures for the two days amounted to £21,514, which is £1289 in excess of the corresponding total for last year.

A number of bookmakers were doing business on the double-event principle in front of the totalisator at the Hunt, but they lost money. Some of them laid 15 to 1 Emperor and Cannie Chiel. "This and the next" was their cry all the afternoon.

One man struck four doubles—only to think of it. Some people can't back angles.

Diamond Jubilee has been now retired from the English turf and sent to the stud. Although his record is tarnished with several defeats, still there can be little doubt but that he will become the progenitor of a long string of winners, although he will have a very hard task set him in this respect trying to follow in the footsteps of his brilliant relatives Persimmon and Florizel II.

It is generally admitted that the system of paying out on two horses in races is not working out so satisfactorily as the originators anticipated. The Carterton Jockey Club will only follow it in races in which there are at least seven horses. A prominent owner thus expressed himself to me on the subject: "As an owner, I am against the principle; but as a club man I am in its favour when worked on races in which good fields compete."

When the late Baron Hirsch's horses were successful the winnings usually went to swell the funds of various charities. The American sportsman, Mr Whitney, is apparently following this excellent example, as he has handed over the Derby Stakes of £5670, won by Volodyovski to the stewards of the English Jockey Club for some benevolent institution.

The ex-Auckland Record Reign has been sent to Patiala. According to the Indian "Planters' Gazette" it seems extremely doubtful if the big son of Castor can be got ready in time for the Calcutta meeting, a which it was hoped that he would distinguish himself. Record Reign got into a rather low condition as the result of his voyage to India, and owing to the severity of the climate it will take some time before he is ready to show his accustomed brilliancy.

The disqualification of Austerlitz has been the topic of conversation during the week, owing to the owner having applied for a re-hearing. The stewards of the Auckland Racing Club went most fully into the case their decision being that the sentence of three months' disqualification of horse, owner and jockey be confirmed. That this would be the verdict seemed to be a foregone conclusion, to judge by the opinion of the man in the street, and it is hard to see how the stewards could have gone back on their own decision without being guilty of a very weak-kneed policy.

The committee of the Takapuna Jockey Club has decided to pay totalisator dividends on the first horse only on the inside machine, and on the first and second horses on the outside machine. Mr W. Blomfield has obtained the right to work totalisators for the Club's meetings this season.

With the exception of Hollywood in the Harness Trot Handicap, in which, however, there were but three starters, the favourites did badly in the various trotting events at Alexandra Park, consequently some very good dividends were paid out. In at least one of the races the public were of the opinion that the most fancied candidate was merely out for an airing, and that the stewards should have taken action in the matter. The latter gentlemen, however, like Brer Fox, were content to "lay low and say nothing."

Cannie Chiel was in fine form at the Wellington meeting, as he won both the big handicaps. The son of Clanranald carried 8.11 in the Pearce Handicap run on the second day, and won in such a resolute fashion that it looked as though another stone in the saddle would not have stopped him. On each occasion Sir George Clifford's chestnut came in for quite an ovation on returning to scale, for the well-known colours are most popular with punters, who always get a run for their money when supporting them.

The first of a series of charges of tote betting against Peter Grant, of Barnett and Grant, Dunedin, was heard at the Dunedin Police Court yesterday. In addition to Mr. Graham, S.M., four J.P.'s. put in an appearance, and took seats on the Bench. Two witnesses called declined to give evidence, which might incriminate them. Mr. Graham, S.M.,

thought he had power to issue certificates of indemnity, and the Crown Prosecutor produced a telegram from the Justice Department stating that if witnesses gave full evidence they would not be proceeded against. The majority of the Bench overruled the Magistrate's opinion, and the case was dismissed on the ground that the amount paid out was not the same as the totalisator dividend. There are 58 other charges, which were adjourned to December 5.

Carbine is having his best season so far in the Old Country. When the last mail left Home the amount won by his progeny totalled £443, as the result of sixteen wins. The cable now tells us of another good race to be added, this being the Manchester November Handicap, of 1375sovs, which was carried off by Carbine, a three-year-old son of the Melbourne Cup winner, and Saintfield. Black Sand, by Melanion—Sauda, and Rambling Katie, by Hampton—Barmaid, filled the other places.

Nominations have been received for some of the big classic races of the Auckland Racing Club, and the list of entries is a very lengthy one. The number nominated for the Great Northern Champagne Stakes, 1903, falls short of the century by only one, while the Great Northern Guineas has received ninety-one names. The thirtieth Great Northern Derby, to be run at the Summer Meeting, 1903-4, has the biggest list, this totaling one hundred and two; while the Ninth Royal Stakes has attracted eighty-seven candidates. There are forty-seven down for the Fourth Century Stakes, so that altogether there is plenty of good material to provide sport in the future.

It seems a pity that some reciprocity scheme between the colonies cannot be devised so as to debar horses from having similar names. For instance, the winner of the Adelaide St. Leger is named Royal Artillery, as is Mr Stead's galloper. Then again, Mr Leonard Marshall's Gossoon colt is known as Spalpeen, but there is a three-year-old colt of the same name running in New South Wales, who also claims Gossoon as his sire. Many more instances of a similar character could easily be pointed out, but the cases cited go to show that an effort should be made to check the evil, or endless confusion must result in the future.

The finish of the Telephone Trot on Saturday proved somewhat exciting. K.O. and Black Bess were disputing the issue in the straight, but the former broke opposite the Derby stand, thus apparently leaving the race at the mercy of Black Bess. Twenty yards from home the mare broke, however, and K.O. coming with a rattle just managed to get up in time to win by a yard.

Mr G. G. Stead's team to compete at the Auckland Racing Club's Summer Meeting will probably consist of Menschikoff, Cruciform, Royal Artillery and Helen Faucit. This is a very powerful quartette and one which promises to make a big hole in the prize money offered by the senior club. Nonette is our sole hope among the three-year-olds, but on form he can have little chance of beating the Doughty Russian. With Northumberland, Grey Seaton, Idas and La Vallette to do battle on our behalf we have a good chance of holding our own among the youngsters.

Mr Lanneston apparently possesses a filly with a good dash of foot in Sunfish, who won the Juvenile Handicap on the second day at Wellington. She carried 8st and reeled off the four furlongs in 49 1-5sec, a by no means bad performance. Sunfish is by the Australian sire Far Niente, from Cattlefish, and is most aptly named.

Golden Mere gave another winning turn to Sir George Clifford by annexing the Hunt Park Spring Handicap. He is a three-year-old chestnut gelding by Clanranald from Golden Vale, and in the race in question was made favourite in a field of five horses, all of whom met with very considerable support. Golden Mere jumped away in front and was never headed, winning in a canter by three lengths.

A Wellington Park bred filly won the Nainai Handicap, this being Ringlet, the three-year-old daughter of

Castor and Bangle. She ran in the colours of Mr R. W. Paterson, and won from a strong field, of which Muscovite was the most fancied candidate.

About one hundred thoroughbreds, some eighty being yearlings, have already been placed in the books of local auctioneers for sale during the last week of December and first week in January. Auckland thus presents a fine field for buyers of blood stock, and some very choice lots can be obtained from the different studs. I have always advocated that breeders should follow the plan of selling without reserve, and all the lots so far advertised are to be sold absolutely to the highest bidders.

The recent decision of the committee appointed by the Racing Conference that it is impossible to satisfactorily arrange for the appointment of stipendiary stewards will no doubt shelve this much needed reform for many years to come. In view of the fact that in other countries the stipendiary steward is a proved success it would be interesting to know the nature of the chief obstacle that daunted the ardour of the committee. Financial reasons could not have been the only stumbling block, because in New Zealand there are several wealthy clubs to whom the expense would have been the merest bagatelle. One would have thought that a few practical business men could have easily evolved a feasible scheme, but, to judge by the committee's finding, this is not so. That the stipendiary steward is urgently needed there cannot be a shadow of doubt, and the committee would have done well to have taken for their motto that old and much tried adage, "Where there's a will there's a way."

Australian Colours and Grasspan were about the most conspicuous disappointments of Caulfield-Flemington carnival season (says the "Bulletin"). Mr Raby's colt certainly scored second place for the Derby, and was unlucky, perhaps, in missing the blue ribbon, but, with that one exception, he ran like a very over-rated colt. Re the Derby jostle, there were some who declare that Rock Gun must have got a place under fair conditions. Anyway, his backers for the classic race acted up to their opinion by taking 3 and 4 to 1 that the colt would down Sequence in the C. B. Fisher Plate. Thanks to Corsican making a merry pace the downing of Sequence duly happened. Rock Gun collared the brilliant non-stayer in the straight, bumped him, and beat him home by two lengths in the exceptionally fast time (for Flemington) of 2.30 3/4sec. One of the best races of the meeting was this struggle between the "Gun" and Sequence, after Corsican had spun himself out. As a sporting spectacle, it was worth 10 of the minor handicaps, in which half of the mob get blocked, and the result would almost invariably be different if they had to run the jostle again.

Referring to the Melbourne Cup the "Bulletin" says: The victory of Revenue was a quite orthodox achievement, after all. There was no taking the lead a mile from home and winning by "half a furlong." Revenue's friends and enemies confined themselves to two rival predictions—the dark horse was either going to romp away from the field, or prove an utter fraud. In the end, he neither romped nor failed. He ran like an ordinary "good thing," which gets ordinary good luck. Had he started at an ordinary short price for a fancied Cup horse—say 6 to 1—his win would have seemed fairly "solid," but, under the circumstances, it looked to be drawn rather fine. Revenue was the best animal in the race at the weights, but the advantage that the handicapper gave him was probably of less consequence to the big, steady-going gelding than it would have been in the case of his stable companion, Wakeful. One would pick Revenue for a weight-carrier rather than a flyer. The same paper says that it is reluctantly whispered San Fran may not race again. Said that one of his legs was filled! If true, 'twill be a big loss to the present owner, who unloaded £2500 for his nag a month or so ago, and piled the coin on him in recent Melbourne Cup. And San Fran being easily the best horse in these parts now, the Australian turf will suffer too.

TAKAPUNA JOCKEY CLUB'S SPRING MEETING.

The Takapuna Jockey Club will make a commencement with the Spring Meeting on Saturday next, November 30th. The course is looking in exceptionally fine order, and present indications point to the fact that the meeting promises to be most enjoyable. With two exceptions the fields should maintain their customary strength, and as many good horses are engaged the racing should prove full of interest.

The big event of the day is the St. Andrew's Handicap of 200 sovs., for which, however, only six have accepted. On form nothing looks more dangerous than Chaaf's pair, St. Ursula and St. Olga, and I expect the muga-ta jacket and white cap to prove victorious, with Tauhei as next best.

In the Cambria Handicap it is hard to make a prediction, as the form of the two-year-olds has not so far been properly gauged, but possibly Irish or Sensation may be found in the van.

In the Pony Handicap Trooper looks to have a decided pull in the weights, judged by his running at Alexandra Park, as he now meets practically the same field on much better terms than when he won.

In the Trial Handicap I like the chance of Cavalry, who ran very creditably at the Ellerslie meeting, and here he has but three against him.

In the Hurdle Race Cavaliero has been allotted a rare load with 13st, 13lb in the saddle. He is such a good one that even that imposition will not stop him, but I prefer the chances of Regalia II. or Princess of Thule.

Royal Conqueror has been set a fairly severe task with 12.4 to carry in the Maiden Hurdles, but I fancy he will prove equal to it, although Fire-fly or Sudden may trouble him.

The Hack Race should bring out a big field, and it looks a very open event. Possibly La Polish may be found equal to scoring, with Cressy as next best.

The race of the day, however, should be the Cheltenham Handicap, for which there are seventeen acceptors. Takapuna has a big weight in 9.4, but he is very well, and the distance just suits him. Lady Avon is another whose specialty is five furlongs, while if St. Olga is started she should prove hard to beat. Solo or Orange and Blue may run forward, but I think that the place getters may be found to be Takapuna, St. Olga, and Lady Avon.

FIRST DAY.

St. Andrew's Handicap of 200sovs. 11 mile.—Coronet 8.4, St. Ursula 8.4, St. Olga 7.12, Tauhei 7.6, Materoa 7.4, Sparkling Water 6.7.

Cambria Handicap of 100sovs. 5 furlongs.—Curriassie—Dolosa colt 8.0, Sensation 7.10, Irish 7.10, Swagsman 7.10, Mary Seaton 7.5, Wellcast 7.3, Seatonia 7.0.

Pony Handicap of 50sovs. 6 furlongs.—Blue Paul 9.12, First Whisper 8.10, Slip-away 8.4, Princess Perkin 7.10, Waka 7.4, My Lord 7.3, Mamoa 7.2, Trooper 7.2.

Trial Handicap of 50sovs. 1 mile.—Balmice 8.5, Cavalry 8.0, Golden Rose 7.7, Lance Corporal 7.0.

Handicap Hurdles of 100sovs. 2 miles.—Cavaliero 12.13, Regalia II. 11.6, Nor-west 10.9, Voltigeur II. 9.12, Princess of Thule 8.11, Chancellor II. 9.0, Rufus 9.0, Pungarehu 8.0.

Handicap Maiden Hurdles of 70sovs. 1.5 mile.—Royal Conqueror 12.4, Sudden 11.3, Chancellor II. 10.12, Firefly 10.6, Yarra 9.10, Tik 9.10, Balling 9.8, Lady Dash 9.4, Puffing Billy 9.0, Peter Simple 9.0.

First Hack Handicap of 50sovs. 5 furlongs.—Cressy 8.10, La Polish 8.10, Hypatia 8.5, Evert 8.2, Etiona 8.2, Ding Dong 8.0, Cyclone 7.9, Mechara 7.12, Lady Sout 7.10, Neroid 7.10, Jessamine 7.9, Capford 7.8, Goldweb 7.8, Sea Nymph 7.7, Francis Lovejoy 7.0, Ahnanta 7.0.

Cheltenham Handicap of 100sovs. 6 furlongs.—Takapuna 9.12, Gipsy 9.12, Sudden 8.12, Suddal 8.8, Lady Avon 8.3, Solo 8.2, Jewellery 8.0, Orange and Blue 7.12, Rosiphie 7.9, Hikipene 7.3, Blaircarrig 7.8, Curassette 7.4, Sparkling Water 7.0, Miss Tota 7.0, Della Rose 6.12, Despatch 6.12, Tota 6.12.

SECOND DAY.

Handicap Steeplechase of 100sovs. about 3 miles.—Cannogate 13.3, Nor-west 11.10, Sudden 11.3, Voltigeur II. 11.0, Ding 10.10, Princess of Thule 10.2, Master Mahoe 9.12, Tuirae 9.7, Peter Simple 9.7, Cronje 9.2, Rufus 8.7.

WELLINGTON RACING CLUB'S SPRING MEETING.

FIRST DAY.

November Handicap of 100sovs.; second horse to receive 10sovs from the stake. One mile.—91, Mr F. Martin's br m Cornea, 6yrs, by St. George—Hettins, 6st 10lb (D. Cameron), and 76, Mr H. Frank's br g Indian Shot,

aged, 7st 9lb (C. Cross), dead heat for first; 168, Mr A. Paterson's b g Aide-de-Camp, aged, 7st 9lb (H. Telford), 3. Also started: 247, Perfection, 7st 11lb; 121, Rebel, 7st 6lb; 108, Regret, 7st 6lb; 302, Fakir, 7st 5lb; 29, Gorrick, 6st 10lb. The field moved off in line, and when they had settled down Perfection showed in front, with Indian Shot and Rebel in close attendance. The latter assumed the lead passing the six furlong post, Fakir being next and Perfection third. Half a mile from home the last named dropped back into the rack, and Aide-de-Camp made a forward move to such effect that he showed the way into the straight. A hundred and fifty yards from home he was challenged and beaten by Indian shot. Opposite the lawn Cornea came with a great rattle and was able to make a dead heat of it with Indian Shot. Aide-de-Camp finished two lengths behind the pair. Time, 1min 45 2-5sec. Totalisator, 1142. Dividends: Indian Shot, £6 15/; Cornea, £5 12/.

Nursery Handicap of 150sovs; second horse to receive 30sovs from the stake. Five furlongs.—312, Mr G. G. Stead's b c Emperor, 2yrs, by Gipsy Grand—Coronet, 8st 5lb (Hewitt), 1; 95, Mr E. J. Watt's ch g Rajah, 2yrs, 7st 3lb (Jenkins), 2; 91, Mr J. H. Prosser's b c Hamua, 2yrs, 7st 3lb (O'Sullivan), 3. Also started: 124, Optimist, 7st 7lb; 85, Ringman, 7st 6lb; 97, Gold Purse, 8st 6lb; 92, Drakensberg, 7st 5lb; Ora, 7st (bracketed with Hamua on the machine); 162, Ascension, 7st 2lb; 62, Stepson, 7st. Optimist and Rajah were in the lead as the field came round the far turn, the favourite being among the rear division. Rajah led into the straight, but once heads were turned for home Hewitt got to work on Emperor, and after a great run landed him a winner by half a length, Rajah being four lengths in front of Hamua. Time, 1min 31.5-sec. Totalisator, 1120. Dividends: Emperor, £2 8/; Rajah, £2 13/.

Wellington Handicap of 400sovs; second horse 50sovs, third 10sovs. One mile and a quarter.—362, Sir George Clifford's ch c Cannie Chiel, 4yrs, by Clanranald—weather Eye, 7st 11lb (J. Pine), 1; 265, Tortulla, 9st 3lb (C. Jenkins), 2; 140, Kahuwai, 7st 7lb (D. Kemp), 3. Also started: 177, Battleaxe, 9st 4lb; 368, Palaver, 8st 9lb; 194, Skobeloff, 7st 10lb; 63, Fashion, 7st 9lb; 142, Dundas, 7st 7lb; 166, Tukapa, 7st 6lb; 126, Robin Adair, 6st 7lb. From a capital start Cannie Chiel, Dundas and Kahuwai were first to show in front, and the two led the field round the hill bend, Palaver and Battleaxe lying last. Fashion joined Cannie Chiel along the back stretch, the pair racing together until the far turn was reached, where Kahuwai, Dundas and Skobeloff momentarily showed up prominently. At the bend opposite the training sheds Tortulla began to move up, and had assumed the lead by the time the straight was entered. Cannie Chiel, who in the meantime had dropped back to third place, was not, however, done with. He put in a strong challenge in the straight, which Tortulla was unable to stave off, and the New Zealand Cup winner suffered defeat by three-quarters of a length, Kahuwai, who had run well up all the way, being a similar distance off third. Time, 2min 12 2-5sec. On totalisator, 2023. Dividends: Cannie Chiel, £3 15/; Tortulla, £1 14/.

Maiden Hack of 60sovs; second horse 10sovs. Six furlongs.—146, E. J. Watt's Trade Wind, 3yrs, by Sou'wester—Liment, 7st 7lb (Hewitt), 1; 138, Mooli, 8st 3lb, 2; 123, Walpare, 8st 3lb, and 331, Kohwete, 7st 7lb, dead heat for third place. Also started: Aldinga, Motai, White Heather, Languid, Shelter, Stephanotis. Won rather easily by two lengths. Time, 1min 19 2-5sec. Dividends, £4 18/6 and £1 4/6.

Shorts Handicap of 100sovs; second horse 10sovs. Five furlongs.—88, L. Connop's Torowai, 3yrs, by Waterfall—Maid Philar, 7st (W. King), 1; 147, Sentry, 7st 11lb (H. Price), 2; 228, Ringlet, 7st 11lb (H. Telford), 3. Also started: Ostiak, Ayrdale, Osborne, Sunfish. Won on the post by a long neck. Time, 1min 4sec. Dividends, £8 9/6 and £1 3/.

First Hack Handicap of 60sovs; second horse 10sovs. One mile.—66, J. Bennett's Reclaimer, 6yrs, by Recluse, 7st 13lb (Raynor), 1; 203, Fleka, 8st 9lb (Davis), 2; 113, Laureate, 7st

11b (Jenkins), 3. Also started: Shrapnel Shell, Blackwing, Te Pake, Benefactor, Raema, Westerly, Jingle, Rata, Hokio, Zaska, Aldinga. Reclaimer jumped off with a good lead, which he held all the way and won by two lengths, Laureate being beaten by a length for second place by Fleka, who came with a late run. Time, 1min 45 3-5sec. Dividends, £13 3/ and £1 2/6.

First Welter Handicap of 100sovs; second horse 20sovs. One mile and a furlong.—125, J. Grupen's Calceolaria, 5yrs, by Recluse—Daisy Clipper, 9st 8lb (Raynor), 1; 181, Stockade, 8st 8lb (Jenkins), 2; 112, Rebel, 8st 11lb (Ayres), 3. Also started: Roamahunga, Jewel Gun, Tira, General Wolf, Motor. Calceolaria, who was with the leading division along the back stretch, assumed the lead before the straight was entered and won easily by five lengths. Time, 2min Dividends: Calceolaria, £5 2/; Stockade, £1 3/6.

Flying Handicap of 150sovs; second horse 20sovs. Six furlongs.—217, H. A. Solomon's Muscovite, 5yrs, by Stepniak—Aileen, 8st 4lb (King), 1; 425, The Shannon, 8st 7lb (Davis), 2; 262, Golden Mere, 7st 3lb (Cameron), 3. Also started: Stepina, Ayrdale. As the straight was entered Muscovite established a couple of lengths' lead. The Shannon made an effort in the straight, but could not catch Muscovite, who won rather comfortably by two lengths. Time, 1min 15 3-5 sec. Dividends, £3 13/6 and 12/6.

SECOND DAY.

Petone Handicap.—Aide-de-camp, 1; Muscovite, 2; Regret, 3. Scratched: Cornea and Rebel. Won by a head. Time, 1m 41s. Dividend, £6 16/.

Hack Welter.—Hokio 1, Gipsy 2, Jack Jingle 3. All started. Won by two lengths. Time, 1.50. Dividends, £2 4/6 and £1 10/.

Pearce Handicap of 300sovs; second horse 40sovs, third horse 10sovs. One mile and a furlong. 306, Sir George Clifford's Cannie Chiel, 4yrs, by Clanranald—Weathereye, 8.11 (Pine), 1; 335, The Shannon, 7.11 (Hewitt), and 111, Fashion, 7.4 (Price), dead heat; 181, Dundas, 7.6 (O'Brien), 4. Also started: 262, Tortulla, 9.10; 466, Battleaxe, 9.9; 220, Kahuwai, 7.10; 65, Robin Adair, 6.7. Before the field had gone far Robin Adair, who was one of the rear division, fell, and his rider, W. King, sustained a nasty shaking. Cannie Chiel was momentarily in front at the start, but passing the mile post Dundas was in the lead, attended by Fashion and Cannie Chiel. Racing along the back the order was Dundas, Fashion, Kahuwai, and Cannie Chiel, with Tortulla and Battleaxe last. At the four furlong post Fashion was sticking to Dundas, with The Shannon next. In the run home Fashion got in front, and was joined by The Shannon and Cannie Chiel. The latter dashed out 50yds from the post, and won by three-quarters of a length from The Shannon and Fashion, whom the judge was unable to separate. Tortulla was fifth, Kahuwai sixth, and Battleaxe last. Time, 1.59. Dividends: Cannie Chiel, £4 5/6; The Shannon, 13/; Fashion, £1 19/.

Juvenile Handicap of 100sovs; second horse 20sovs. Four furlongs. 81, A. Launceston's Sunfish, by Far Niente—Cuttlefish, 8.0 (Pine), 1; 65, Optimist, 7.7 (Price), 2; 81, Drakensberg, 7.4 (Cameron), 3. Also started: Torowai, Ringlet, Rajah, Stepdughter, Hamua, Gold Purse, Ascension. Gold Purse was left at the post. Optimist and Drakensberg raced together at the head of affairs until the entrance to the straight was reached, where Sunfish came out, and won by three-quarters of a length. Time, 40 1-5s. Dividends: £11 6/ and £1 16/6.

Second Welter Handicap of 100 sovs; second horse 20sovs. Seven furlongs. 75, A. Hope's Regret, by Turquoise, 9.3 (Brown), 1; 213, Calceolaria, 10.11 (Naylor), 2; 144, Stockade, 9.12 (Jenkins), 3. Also started: Rebel, Tira, Jewel Gun, Motor, Skylark, Osborne, General Wolfe. Osborne and Regret were in the lead along the back. The former fell away at the far turn, and Calceolaria made a forward move, running into second place as the straight was entered. Regret easily shook off the

challenge by Calceolaria in the straight, and won by a length and a half. Time, 1.32 1-5s. Dividends: £12 5/ and £1 8/6.

Hutt Park Spring Handicap of 150 sovs; second horse 20sovs. Seven furlongs. 434, Sir George Clifford's Golden Mere, by Clanranald—Golden Vale, 7.12 (Cameron), 1; 157, Fakir, 7.2 (Price), 2; 362, Palaver, 9.4 (Davis), 3. Also started: Indian Shot, Tukapa, Golden Mere skipped off with the lead, and was never afterwards headed, winning by three lengths. Time, 1.30 2-5. Dividends: £2 3/ and £1 19/6.

Hack Flying Handicap of 80sovs, second horse 10sovs. Six furlongs. 240, J. Bennett's Reclaimer, by Recluse, 9.7 (Raynor), 1; 153, Blackwing, 8.8 (Jenkins), 2; 59, Pure Silver, 7.3 (Pritchard), 3. Also started: Fleka, Shrapnell Shell, Stage Whisper, Te-pake, Gipsy Jack, Trade Wind, Mool, Zaska, Shelter. Reclaimer led from start to finish, winning comfortably by two lengths. Time, 1.16 3-5. Dividends: £4 9/ and £2 6/6.

Naiwai Handicap of 100sovs; second horse 20sovs. Five furlongs. 167, R. W. Paterson's Ringlet, by Castor—Bangle, 8.0 (Brown), 1; 220, Torowai, 8.0 (Gallagher) and 391 Muscovite, 9.1 (L. King), dead heat. Also started: Ostiak, Sentry, Stepina, Ayrdale, Osborne. Ringlet cleared out from the start, and, establishing a commanding lead along the back stretch, won easily by four lengths. Time, 1.4 2-5. Dividends: Ringlet, £6 5/; Muscovite, 8/6; Torowai, 15/6.



A.R.C. SUMMER MEETING.

WEIGHTS FOR THE AUCKLAND CUP.

WELLINGTON, Monday.

Mr Evett has declared the following weights in connection with the Auckland Racing Club's Summer Meeting:— THE AUCKLAND CUP HANDICAP of 150sovs. (Run on December 26.)

Table with 3 columns: Horse Name, Weight (st lb), and Odds (at lb). Includes Bluejacket, Tortulla, Ba tieaxe, Boreas, Bedington, Coronet, Gipsy Rosa, Nonette, Ideal, Palaver, Pampero, Skobeloff, Formula, Ostiak, St. Ursula, St. Michael, San Remo, Cantea, Materoa, Fashion, Dju-Dju.

THE RAILWAY HANDICAP of 400sovs.

Table with 3 columns: Horse Name, Weight (st lb), and Odds (at lb). Includes Menshikoff, Elazer, Hohoro, Pampero, Rcellia, Jabber, Val Rosa, Roy's Artillery, Cruciform, Nonette, Glenogie, Ostiak, Formula, Takapuna, St. Michael, Tauhei, Knight Errant, Cateen, Solo, Ringlet, Jimena, Landrook, Glasgow, Phooka, Wusome.

THE AUCKLAND STEEPLCHASE HANDICAP of 80sovs. About 3 1/2 miles. (Run January 2.)

Table with 3 columns: Horse Name, Weight (st lb), and Odds (at lb). Includes Cannogate, Cavaliero, Nor-west, Haydn, Gobo, Hoko, Voltigeur II., Kurokoko, Dingo, Straybird, Seallywar, Hinna, Sudden, Luchan, K Jam, Ballinger, Tangahou.

Linea Lasts Longer! Use Hudson's Linea Lasts Longer! Soap for Soak- Linea Lasts Longer! ing and Wash- Linea Lasts Longer! ing Clothes. Linea Lasts Longer! Hudson's Soap Linea Lasts Longer! is as good for Linea Lasts Longer! Washing-up as Linea Lasts Longer! for Clothes.



Another Canal Scheme for Auckland.

In addition to the suggested canal by way of Tamaki to connect the Waitemata with the Manukau, another, by way of the Whangape River and Karaka Bay, has been proposed. In the opinion of engineers this second scheme is more feasible than the other. An actual cutting of not more than one mile and three-quarters would unite the waters of the two harbours, and the land through which the waterway would run is almost quite level and easy of excavation. The part of the Waitemata harbour showing in the picture is the Hobsonville branch, the point on the left of the picture being Hobsonville point. The main waters of the Waitemata are still further to the left.



BACK VIEW OF McTAGGART'S SHOP, CHEVIOT.

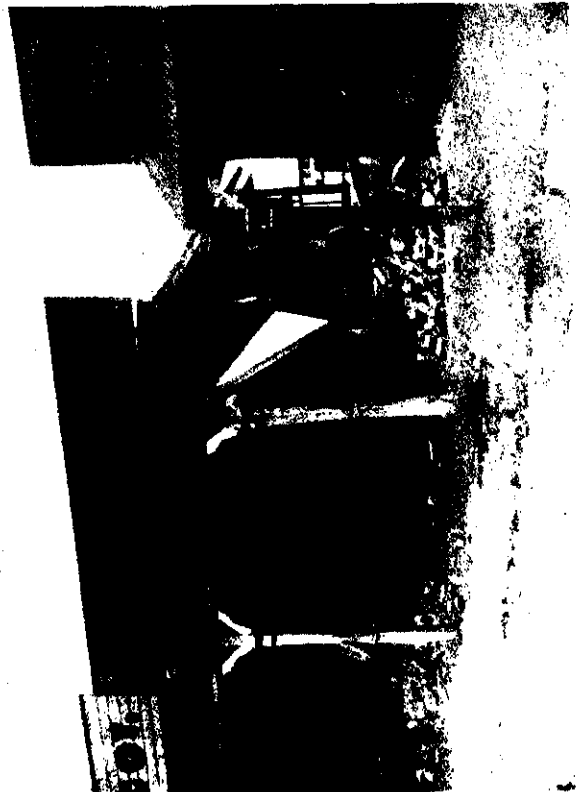


ON THE ROAD TO PORT ROBINSON, FROM CHEVIOT, SHOWING OPENINGS.

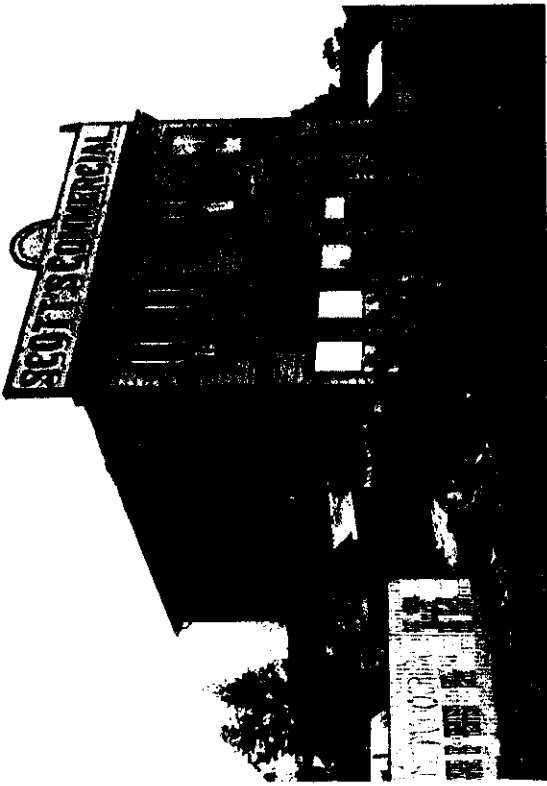
The Earthquake at Cheviot.



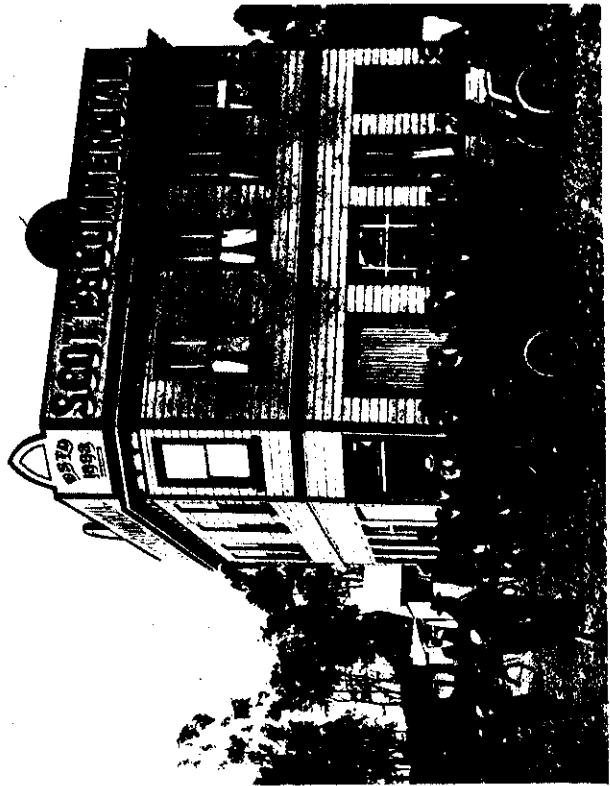
INTERIOR OF DINING ROOM AT PEMBERTIN'S HOTEL.



FRONT VIEW OF METTAGART'S SHOP, CUVEOT.



SCOTT'S COMMERCIAL HOTEL, SHOWING WHERE THE CHIMNEY FELL.



SCOTT'S COMMERCIAL HOTEL, showing Motor Cars and Damage to Front of Building.

The Earthquake at Cheviot.

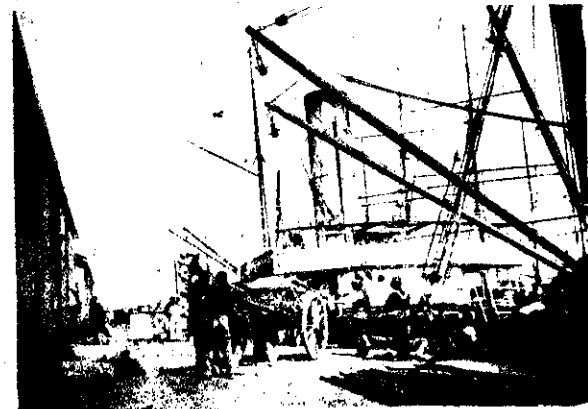
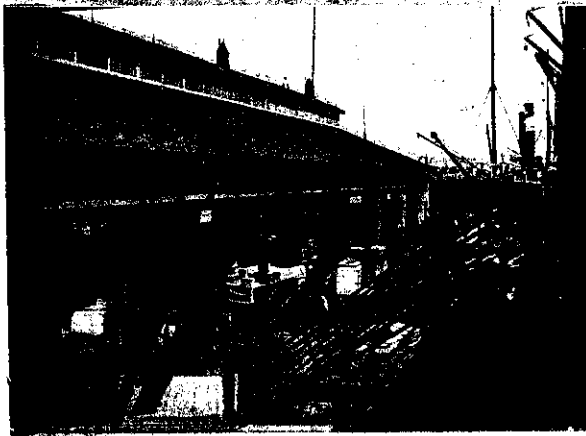
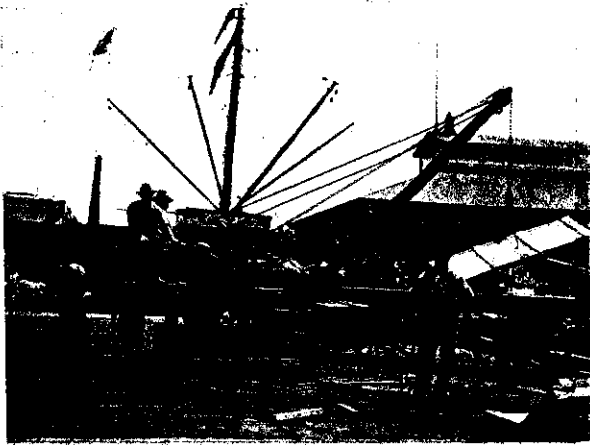
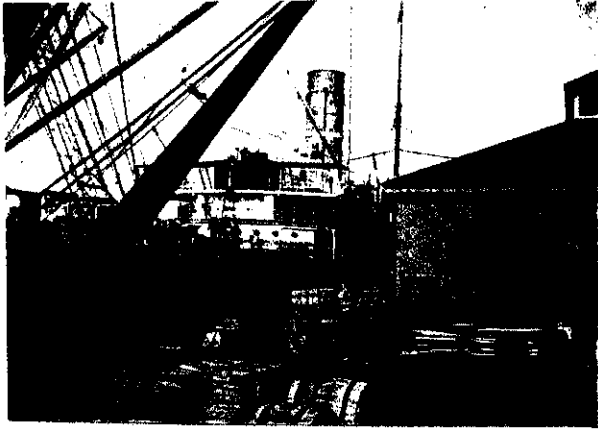


INTERIOR OF SCHOOL, CHEVIOT, SHOWING EFFECTS OF EARTHQUAKE.



MR JOHNSTON'S HOUSE, SHOWING ROOM WHERE CHILD WAS KILLED THROUGH WALLS FALLING IN.

The Earthquake at Cheviot.



A Busy Day on the Auckland Wharves.



"Graphic" photo.

Snapshots Outside Choral Hall at the Auckland Children's Flower Show.

A Real Boon.

Science has closed with the mosquito in what may be a death struggle for that pest. And science gives a needed testimonial to the sanity of the age. To devote time to Arctic exploration, wireless telegraphy, political economy, and non-essentials, while the mosquito actually kept down the average of human happiness, was to behave irrationally. The mosquito could fetch malaria to the best of us. And what should it profit a man to establish the authorship of the Pentateuch, or demonstrate the objectivity of the sea serpent, if he lost his health meanwhile, or even if his comfort were destroyed and his temper quickened? What avail to know all else but how to keep from being stung to desperation by a creature that knows nothing except how to sting at its work? And now science, with its trusty kerosene can, goes out to pour oil upon the troubled waters, and myriads of mosquitoes yet unborn stay that way. An addition is thus made to the reasons for which life is worth living, and, of all human effort, how little has achieved so much? When the triumphs of the twentieth century are recounted this should be foremost. But it probably will not be. The mosquito will be rather an interesting tradition, and the populace, no longer speckled and lumpy, will be passing laurels to the deviser of inter-planetary communication, or something else which we could do very well without—"Puck."



GILBERT J. MACKAY'S EXHIBIT.

The above exhibit comprises a Bridal Shower Bouquet, arranged with the choicest flowers and foliage; a Wreath of Lilies, Ixias, Canterbury Bells and Choice Maidenhair and other Ferns; a Butterfly of Pansies, which was a great attraction; a floral Design, representing "Gates Ajar"; a Broken Column composed of White Roses as a foundation, and surmounted with pale pink Roses and choice foliage.

Mrs Nebb: I am going to an observation party this afternoon, dear.

Husband: An observation party? What sort of a party is that?

Mrs Nebb: Mrs Quizzer's next door neighbour is moving, and Mrs Quizzer has invited a few friends to watch through the windows and see what they've got.



Wulron, "Graphic" photo.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXHIBITS.

AUCKLAND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW.



MR. THOS. REID'S CHAMPION DRAUGHT, "SALISBURY YET."



MR. TAYLOR'S CHAMPION DRAUGHT MARE AND FOAL



LUNATIC ASYLUM'S CHAMPION AYLESBURY BULL, "PRINCE."

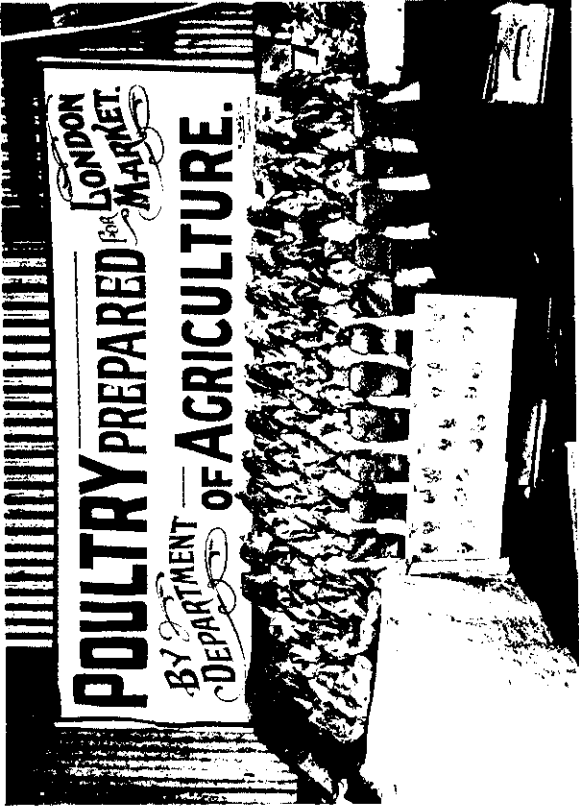


N.Z. LAND ASSOCIATION'S CHAMPION SHORTHORN BULL, "DUKE OF MANCHESTER."

Champions at the Auckland Agricultural Show.



MR C. DAYS' CHAMPION JERSEY BULL, "SAILOR BOY."



Champions at the Auckland Agricultural Show.



NEW ZEALAND LAND ASSOCIATION'S CHAMPION ROMNEY MARSH RAM.



MR. F. MARSHALL'S "LEOQUANTIS," 1st Prize for Entire for improving breed of saddle horses and hunters.

Waikato "Graphic" photo.



VIEWING THE MACHINERY EXHIBITS.



F. W. Dutch, photo.

CANTERBURY SHOW GROUNDS—THE YEARLY TRYSTING PLACE.

Canterbury Metropolitan Show, 1901.

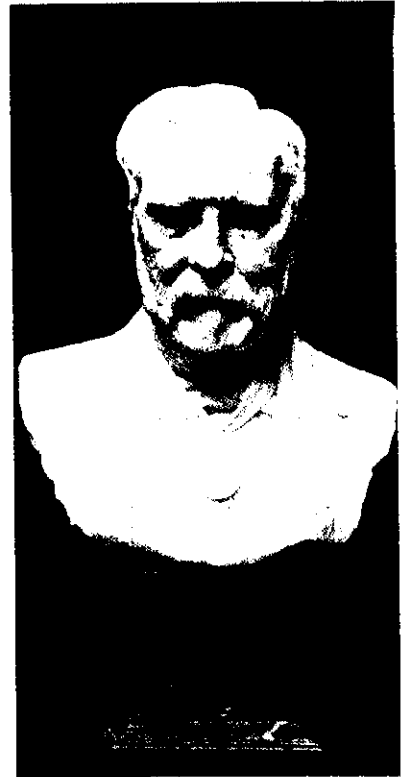


EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE BUILDING.



ONGHUNGA SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

Back Row—Mr E. Hall, Mr S. Barr, Mr J. Kelsall. Front row—Canon Haselden (chairman), Mr C. McLeod, Mr C. Vause.



BUST OF THE LATE SIR GEORGE GREY.

(By Onslow Ford, R.A.)

placed over his grave in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The Gentle Art of Gossip.

Mr W. D. Howells recently declared that reading has become for many people a craze, even a vice, rather than an intellectual gain. They read too much, too fast, too promiscuously, and they think and talk too little. Such reading replaces, undesirably even gossip, which may be, and often is, a bad thing, but ought to be, and can be, a good one.

"Good fiction," Mr Howells asserts, "is only an exquisite distillation of human facts, which biography and history more and less attractively embody; and all three are gossip de-personalised by remoteness of time or place." He adds that there is no reason why our own spoken gossip might not be such as to produce the effect of "all that is charming and edifying in these forms of literature."

Here is the opportunity for a new fine art! Since we do, naturally, talk about our neighbours, why not study how to do so fitly and finely, rather than intrusively and pettily? No manual of gossip is yet published, but when "The Perfect Gossip" does issue from the press it will contain some advice quite easy to anticipate. Its first page will forbid prying, depreciation, malice and mockery. It will recommend the cultivation of charity and a sense of humour, the study of character, and of graceful and unexaggerated expression. Criticism it may tolerate as a wholesome social influence, but criticism will itself be criticised and discredited at the least suspicion of haste or harshness.

Good and graceful acts, noble, charming or odd characters graphically portrayed, will be acclaimed among graduates in the Gentle Art; wise interpretation, generous excuse, delicate appreciation will enrich their own nation. Light and worthless reading about imaginary people will have given place to bright and worthy talking about real ones.



THE TEACHING STAFF.

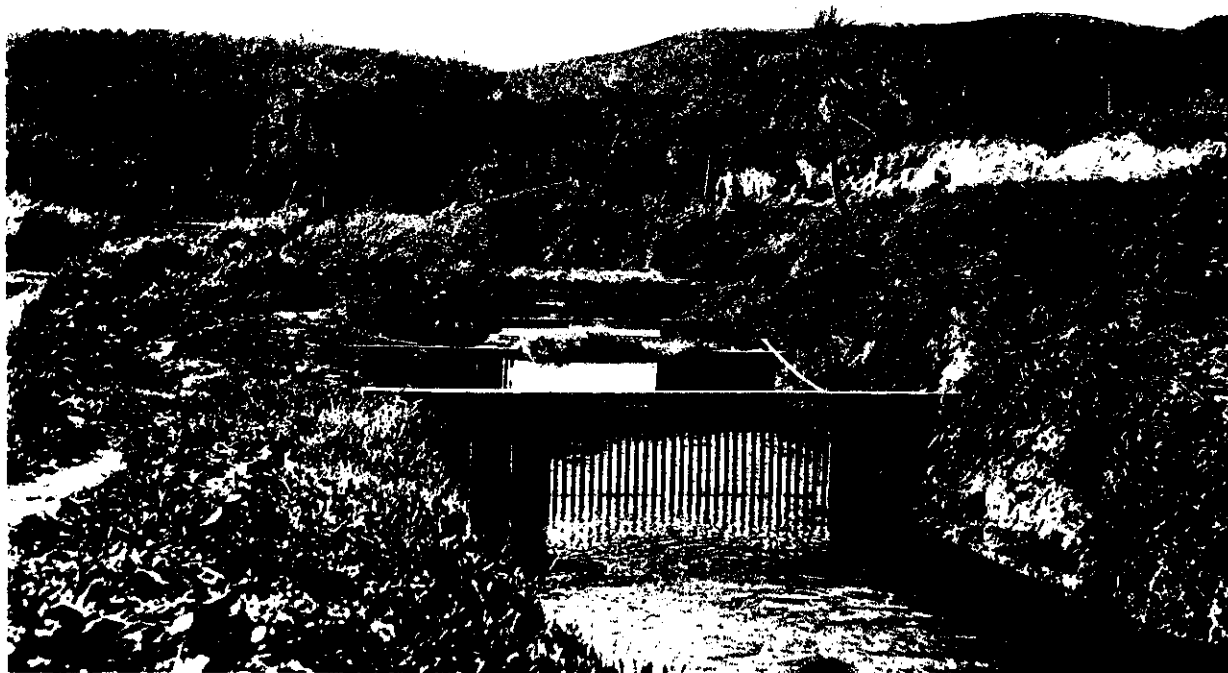
Photos. by Simpson, Onghunga.

Back row—Mr Perkins, Miss Tisdall, Miss James, Miss Bower, Mr J. Robb. Middle row—Miss French, Miss Hill, Mr W. N. McIntosh (head master), Miss Robb. Front row—Miss Cooper, Miss Hosking.

The New Public School, Onghunga.



A LIKELY SPOT FOR A RISE ON THE WAIHOU RIVER.



Walrond, "Graphic" photo.

FISH PONDS AT HATCHERY ON THE WAIMAKURIRI RIVER.

Trout Fishing at Okoroire.



Senior, photo. GROUP OF TE AWAMUTU GIRLS DRESSED TO REPRESENT AMAZONS AT THE TE AWAMUTU FLOWER SHOW.



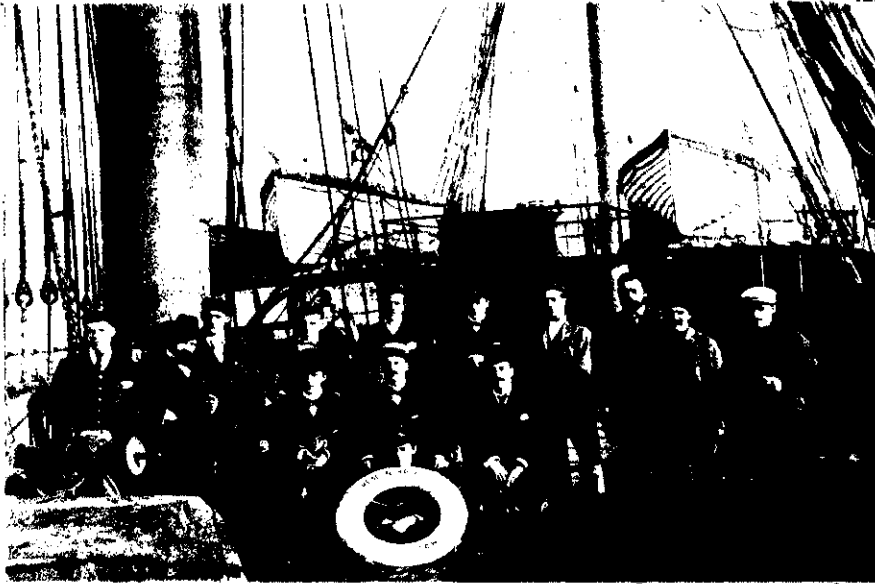
THE LATE MR A. MORRISON, M.H.R.

Mr Morrison, who was returned as a labour member in 1893, was a firm supporter of the present administration. He had great strength of character, and was a clever speaker in debate. His name was frequently mentioned in connection with Cabinet vacancies, and he would no doubt have held a portfolio but for the fact of several of the Otago members being on the Ministry. Up to the session before last Mr Morrison was one of the strongest members of the House, but during the recess, while chairman of the Midland Railways Commission, he was taken ill at Nelson, and had to be removed to his home, and had to be removed to his home. All through last session he suffered from cancer of the throat and left Wellington about a month before the adjournment. He lost the power of speech soon after returning home, and then went to the Hammer Spring Sanatorium, where he gradually sank.



Wairond "Graphic" photo.

"BY STREAM AND MOUNTAIN," from the picture by Mr. Mudden at the Auckland Art Exhibition.



W. Stewart, photo.

CREW OF BEACON ROCK.

The Beacon Rock.

The ship Beacon Rock, Captain Hughes, 1789 tons register, left Port Pirie, S. Australia, October 6th, last year, with 1200 tons of lead and silver ore, intending to make for Wellington, with a view of completing her cargo with wool, but owing to the very severe weather she experienced was forced to abandon her passage to the above port. The heavy gales she encountered threw her upon her beam end, shifting the cargo, the consequence of which was that the crew were working three days and three nights in righting the vessel. The damage done aloft was considerable, carrying away several sails and yards, the result of which was Capt. Hughes decided November 22nd to proceed to Chili, where she arrived December 29. After remaining there three months re-fitting, she left again March 18th, 1901, but before making her final port, Wellington, had to put in at Lyttelton on June 22nd for a fresh supply of provisions. At this port she took a pilot for Wellington, where she now is. The Beacon Rock is chartered for Home by Mr Seales, who intends to despatch her, if possible, early in December. She will be the first sailing vessel laden with wool that will leave Wellington this season, and expects to make a quick passage.

Pola and the Biscuits.

During her residence in Samoa Mrs Isobel Strong, the step-daughter and amanuensis of Robert Louis Stevenson, adopted a native boy named Pola. He was a most delightful child and well deserves the name which she gives him in "Scribner's Magazine," "A Little Savage Gentleman." And yet he did tell one lie, but it was under circumstances which made it easy to forgive him.

Mrs Strong had given the boy two large ship biscuits one morning, but instead of eating them he asked leave to carry them home, for he served his adopted mother by day and his own mother by night.

"Eat them," she said, "and I will give you more."

"Before leaving that night," she records, "he came to remind me of this. I was swinging in a hammock, reading, when Pola came to kiss my hand and bid me good-night.

"Love," I said, 'Talofa.'

"Soifua," Pola replied, 'may you sleep,' and then added, 'Be not angry, but the ship's biscuits—'

"Are you hungry?" I asked, 'Didn't you have your dinner?'

"Oh, yes, plenty of pea-sonpa' (a general name for anything in tins), but you said, in your high-chief kindness, that if I ate the two biscuits you would give me more to take home."

"And you ate them?"

"He hesitated a perceptible moment, and then said, 'Yes, I ate them.' He looked so glowing and sweet, leaning forward to beg a favour, that I suddenly pulled him to me by his bare brown shoulders for a kiss. He fell against the hammock and two large, round ship's biscuits slipped from under his lava-lava.

"O, Pola!" I cried, reproachfully. It ent me to the heart that he should lie to me."

Indeed, it was a tragic moment, for the child, too, although he repressed his tears, was evidently suffering. But Mrs Strong's tact was equal to the occasion. She uttered no further reproach, but simply promised the two biscuits if he would explain why he had lied for them.

"Teuila' (his name for Mrs Strong), he cried, anxiously, 'I love you! I would not pain your heart for all the world. But they are starving in the village. My father, the chief, divides the food so that each child and old person and all shall share alike; and to-day there was only green baked bananas, two each, and to-night when I return there will be again a division of one for each member of the village. It seems hard that I should come here and eat and eat, and my brother and my two little sisters and the good Tuman' (his



Stewart, photo.
THE SHIP BEACON ROCK ON PATENT SLIP, WELLINGTON.



Stevenson, photo. THE RECENT DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN HIGH STREET, DANNEVIRKE.

mother) 'should have only one banana. So I thought I would say to you 'Behold! I have eaten the two biscuits,' and then you would give me two more, and that would be enough for one each to my two sisters and Tuman and my brother, who is older than I.'"

It was all true. There was famine in the village, but the Samoans were too proud to mention it; and only through little Pola's disclosure was it discovered and relieved.

WHY IT TAKES TO KILL A MAN NOWADAYS



MYNHEER BOER — ALLMIGHTY! whose dot firing now? it must be dot verdomme New Zealander General Macdonald said would shoot off a million and a half rounds in de next war

On being told that the quantity of ammunition in one of the arsenals in cities in the Government service was a million and a half rounds, General Macdonald remarked that it was just about enough for one round in New Zealand was engaged in actual warfare

At Cheviot, during the recent earth quake, a green-rover was dining at the house of a rather party lady at the time of the first shock. The lady promptly fainted, and the vegetable man, unequal to bear the task of holding her up, was forced to call for assistance.



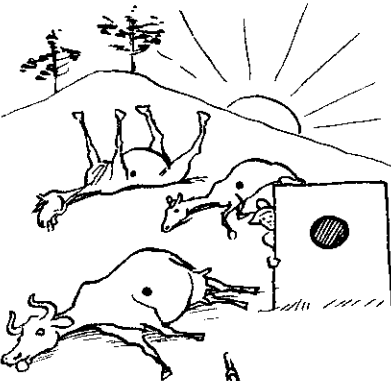
AH CHEE — as the weight settles Hi! BLING SCALES

DANGEROUS SHOOTING

Intimation has been received from the Defence Department that the rifle range at Parawai has to be closed as once pending inquiry. It is reported to be dangerous with the new rifles. It is stated that animals belonging to an adjacent resident were shot. Improved targets, a protecting wall, and a better range are urgently needed.

Lord Ranfurly in a letter to the "St. James' Gazette" says that the Royal visit to Australia was of inestimable and far reaching value. The absence of stiffness was a pleasant surprise, and more frequent visits are desirable.

General Macdonald, in his letter of advice to the School Cadets, said: "Each of you boys can be the envy of the slouch and the sloven, he of unsmooth gait, etc."

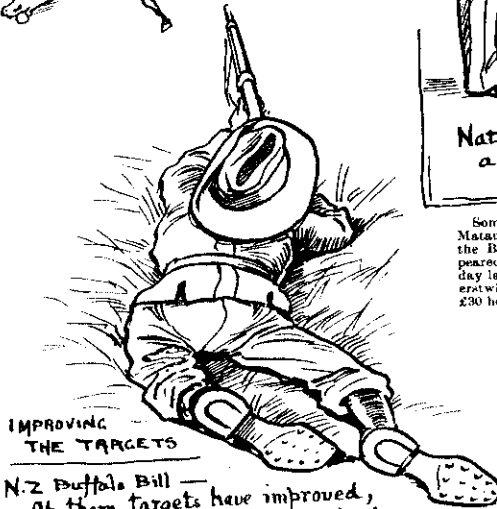


"THE ABSENCE OF STIFFNESS" Naturally the Royal digits might require a little starching after being squeezed so affectionately by the democracy of N.Z.

"THE ENVY OF THE SLOUCH AND THE SLOVEN"

CADET OFFICER — Now you boys, be a little smarter, dont you remember what Sir Hector Macdonald said etc etc

Some fourteen years ago a settler in the Matura district was discharged through the Bankruptcy Court. He then disappeared, and was forgotten, till on Wednesday last he walked into the office of his erstwhile grocer and planked down the £30 he owed him 14 years ago.



IMPROVING THE TARGETS

N.Z Buffalo Bill — Ah these targets have improved, last time I was here they kept movin about, now I can get a steady shot

AN AWFUL EXAMPLE

Smiling recipient — Shade of Diogenes has it come to this





Walrond, "Graphic" photo.

LAGOON ON THE MANGAWHARE TAUPIRI, WAIKATO.

THE NEW GOODS

are coming in almost daily now, the designs being more beautiful than ever, and such as you can find nowhere else. We will be glad if you will look at them, even if you don't want to buy just yet. We illustrate a few here.

STEWART DAWSON & CO.,
146 & 148, QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.



No. F466—Solid Silver Glass-lined Powder Jar, £1 10s.



No. 4500—Silver-Plated Candlestick, solid silver mounts, £2 7s. 6d. a pair.



Solid Silver Trinket Boxes, 7s., 2s., 3s.



No. 91—Silver-Plated Jewel Box, £1 1s.



No. F440—Silver-Plated Ink Stand, 16s. 6d.



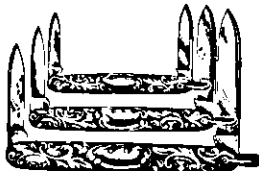
No. F4551—10ct. Gold and Fine Pearl Brooch, £4 10s.



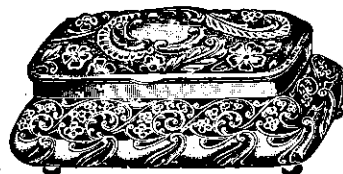
No. 29204—Solid Silver Shaving Brush, 18s.



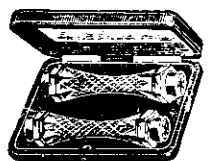
Out and Silver-Plated Butter Plate and Knife, 2s. 6d.



Solid Silver and Best Steel Pocket Knives, 2s. 6d.; Best Gold, £1 2s.



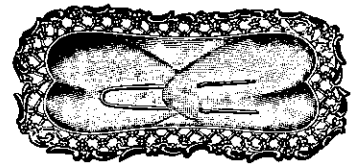
No. 11—Silver-Plated Jewel or Trinket Box, £1 1s.



Mounted Knife Rests, 12s. 6d., 12s. 6d.



No. F4594—Silver Photo Frame, Midget size, 2s. 6d.



No. 15—Silver-Plated Hair Pin Box, 1s. & 6d.



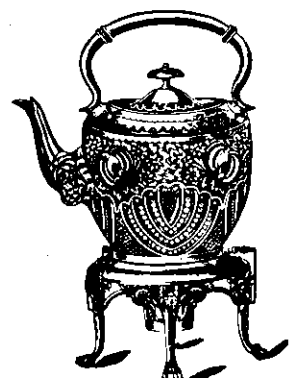
Silver Glove Hooks, all sizes, 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s.



No. F4547—Spectacle Case, plated mounts, 10s. 6d.



No. F5004—Spectacle Case, silver-plated, 14s. 6d.



No. B3800—Full Blue Kettle, silver-plated, £4 10s.

Music and Drama.

OPERA HOUSE. POLLARD OPERA COMPANY.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, AND SATURDAY.
20th, 21st, and 22nd NOVEMBER.
"HELLE OF NEW YORK."
"HELLE OF NEW YORK."
MONDAY, TUESDAY, AND WEDNESDAY.
2nd, 3rd, and 4th DECEMBER.
"LA POUPEE."
"LA POUPEE."
GRAND MATINEE.
EVERY.
SATURDAY AFTERNOON at 2.30.
SPECIAL PRICES.

The Pollards, who are doing splendid business in Auckland, withdrew "The Casino Girl" on Monday, substituting "The Geisha," which will be played to-night (Tuesday) and tomorrow night. On Thursday "The Belle of New York," which proved such a favourite with the Aucklanders, will be staged and run for the rest of the week.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week the favourite opera, "La Poupee," will be staged, and "La Perichole" will follow.

The Auckland public who have shown a lively appreciation of the Pollards this season will be glad to hear that the Company have booked the Easter dates at the Opera House. It is their intention to stage "San Toy" on that occasion.

The Auckland Choral Society gave their fifth performance of the season yesterday (Tuesday), just as we were going to press. The programme of the evening comprised the second and third parts of Coleridge Taylor's "Hiawatha," which were performed in response to a very large number of musical people who were charmed with the Society's recent rendering of the first part.

The management of the Auckland Opera House contemplate changes in the building which will considerably increase its accommodation and improve the theatre in other respects. A gallery capable of seating 500 people will be erected above the dress circle, and the present roof replaced by a movable one. The place will also be lighted by electricity instead of gas.

The Brunson Concert Company gave a performance in the Auckland Federal Hall on Saturday last which attracted a fair audience. The chief singers were Misses Ethel Moulton and Mary Laing, Mr W. Brunson and Mr J. Indor.

The Sisters Lingard, who were very popular when in Auckland last year, form one of the attractions this week at Dix's house. Madame Celine Robe, the xylophone player, Miss Amy Lewis, Mr Chas. Ewing, and the De Wynne Bros. are on the programme.

Miss Amy Castles promises to make as great a name for herself as her Australian country-woman, Madame Melba. A telegram from London last week announcing Miss Castles' successful debut quotes the "Times" comments on her singing, which are peculiarly laudatory. That paper says she has been admirably taught, and if she perseveres will reach a very high place. Her voice is of beautiful quality, resembling Madame Melba's.

Actors in the Crane-Power Company (says Melbourne "Arena") praise the unselfishness of the actor-manager, who they say is not always pining for the limelight and the fat parts himself, and who, whenever there is an enthusiastic call, instead of taking it all for himself generally contrives to bring forward some junior member to share in the sweets of applause.

Middle. Antonio Dolores (Trebelle) will begin her New Zealand season in Wellington early in February next. It was her intention to open last October, but her successful season in Australia necessitated an alteration in her arrangements. She is accompanied by Mr Clarence Newall, a very brilliant pianist.

Colonel Henry Mapleson, the well known impresario, who did the other day, was at one time a colonel in the British Army Reserve. Like his father before him he adopted the profession of operatic director, in which he was very successful both in London and New York.

In his memoirs the late Colonel Mapleson tells the following story of Sir Michael Costa, the great conductor:—

"Costa would have been horrified at the way in which operatic enterprises are now too frequently conducted, especially, I mean, in a musical point of view; works hurriedly produced, and in some cases without a single complete rehearsal. Often, no doubt, the prima donna (if sufficiently distinguished to be allowed to give herself airs) is in fault for the insufficient rehearsals, or for rehearsals being altogether dispensed with. When such singers as Mme. Patti and Mme. Nilsson stipulate that "the utility of rehearsing" shall be left to their judgment—which means that they shall never be called to any sort of rehearsal—all idea of a perfect ensemble must in their case be abandoned. Sir Michael would, I am sure, have protested against the acceptance of such conditions. Nothing would satisfy him but to go on rehearsing a work until everything, and especially until the ensemble pieces, were perfect. Then he would have one final rehearsal in order to assure himself that this perfection was maintained; and the opera could be played the night afterwards. Costa was born with the spirit of discipline strong within him. As a singer he would never have made his mark. In his original occupation, that of second tenor, his remarkable qualities were lost. As a conductor, on the other hand, his love of order, punctuality, regularity in everything, stood him in excellent part."

Miss Lulu Evans, leading lady sourette, and her brother, the comedian, are the two latest additions to Mr Pollard's theatrical throng. They were engaged for Mr Pollard by Mr Williamson when the latter was last in London, and are due in Sydney about the week after next. The probability is that they will be in this colony in time to open with the Company in Wellington on Boxing night.

Miss Ada Rehan, the American actress, is coming to Australia next year under engagement to Mr J. C. Williamson.

Mr Harry Plimmer and his wife have signed engagements with a well-established stock company in San Francisco.

Miss Florence Young, who with Mr Claude Bantock is coming to Australia to play in "San Toy," arrives in Melbourne next week.

Mr George Musgrove, with Miss Nellie Stewart, are due in Melbourne early next month. The Melbourne season will see the production of "The Fortune Teller" or "The Singing Girl," in addition to the pantomime "Little Red Riding Hood."

Mr Arthur C. Pell, the musical conductor of the Josephine Stanton Opera Company, may be remembered in musical circles here as the brilliant child-pianist who toured Australia during 1878-1880. That adventure possessed an element of romance. Little Pell's parents were well-to-do, and although the youngster had shown precocious talent as a pianist in New York concert rooms, they

deemed it wiser to keep him at school. Little nine-year-old Pell had ideas of his own, however. He secretly contracted with an entrepreneur for a visit to Australia, took train to San Francisco without his parents' knowledge, and thence embarked for Sydney. He stayed in Australia nearly three years, and was then sent for by his father, and returned to New York. His only recollection of Sydney is of "a park with an iron fence round it," his childish memories having been dimmed by a long illness, the result of a fever, which nearly ended his life. Mr Pell's mother was considered in her day the best amateur pianist in Brooklyn, and it was in her care that, after a period of schooling, he entered the Leipzig Conservatorium. He stayed there not quite the fixed term of three years, and before leaving Germany heard the first performance of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth under the great composer's personal direction.

Mr Wilson Barrett concludes his Sydney season on December 21st, and opens in Dunedin on December 28th. The New Zealand visit will be brief. The company has been playing "The Sign of the Cross," "The Manxman," "The Silver King," "Virginus," "Hamlet," and "Othello."

Mr Williamson has purchased the Australian rights of "The Toreador," one of the most successful pieces yet produced at the Gaiety, London.

The dramatic company organised for Australia by Mr George Musgrove will arrive in Sydney about March next.

Mr Walter Bentley made his re-appearance in Glasgow, after an absence of ten years, on September 16, with a revival of "Rob Roy." Mr Bentley, of course, appeared as the chieftain, and Madame Amy Sherwin was Diana Vernon, and "the Tasmanian nightingale" introduced several new songs.

Mr Gillette, author of "The Secret Service" and "Sherlock Holmes," who is to come to Australia next year, has extended his London season until the middle of January. He will then return to the States, and continue the run of "Sherlock Holmes," which is to be followed by a revival of "Hamlet." Mr Gillette will prepare his own version from the quarto edition, and make a great feature of the lighting of the production.

"San Toy" will be Mr Williamson's Christmas attraction in Melbourne, and "Alice in Wonderland" his Sydney production for the same season.

Says a San Francisco critic of Miss Hilda Spong, who is the rage there at present: "Tall, elegant, exquisitely attractive, in her smiling ease, equipped to the finger tips with the alluring graces of the queen of society, full of a fascinating suggestion of unsounded depths, with a play of feature and a trained grace of pose and gesture that holds the eye enraptured, with a charm of voice and variety and expressiveness of tone that make the ear hunger for more, she richly fulfils the dramatist's idea of the woman who, in a half-hour's chat, charms the heart out of the hitherto contained breast of the middle-aged bachelor."

Sir Henry Irving's American tour was to have commenced at New York on the 21st of last month.

Miss Amy Sherwin will sing the prima donna parts in "Rob Roy" for thirteen weeks in Scotland.

Fitzgerald's circus has no less than six advance agents in the colony preparing the way for the big show.

Tapley, the singer, has, it is said, been offered good engagements on the dramatic stage. It appears he has histrionic as well as vocal talent.

The Wanganni Amateur Operatic Society's performance of "Rip Van Winkle" was so good that the organization propose giving a second season shortly. Among those who chiefly distinguished themselves in Planquette's melodious production were Mr W. Pawson (Rip), Mr George Swan (Nick Vedder), Miss Lufford (Gretchen), and Miss Pawson (Katrina).

HERE AND THERE.

The Rev. Edward Walker's calculations of the colony's drink bill are plainly designed with a view of proving that the drinkers are drinking more heavily than ever. This, indeed, is the only conclusion he can get compatible with the undoubted increase in the amount of liquor consumed by the colony, and his own prejudices in favour of the success of the prohibition cause. According to his showing the expenditure on drink per head of the population in the colony is £3 8/4. But when he has deducted the children and Prohibitionists who do not drink, and the 10,000 Maori women who are not allowed to drink, and divides the drink bill among what is left of the people, the amount per head comes to £7 16/3, or some £40 per household. As, however, he very properly supposes that many who are neither children nor avowed Prohibitionists are practically total abstainers, a further weeding out of the sheep from the goats will still further increase the proportion of the drink bill which the individual drinker has to account for. The result we arrive at is certainly staggering—£60 a household or so. Considering the enormous number of non-temperance families whose total income is not much more than twice that sum, Mr. Walker's calculations hardly carry conviction. I am afraid his prohibition bias throws him out. In his devotion to his mission his manifest tendency is to saddle the poor so-called drinkers with more than their full share of the drink. The increase he points out might as reasonably and more justly perhaps be accounted for by presuming a slight rise in the drink consumption of the temperance as opposed to the total abstaining section of the community. But the Prohibitionist is alas! the apostle of extremes. He that is drunken let him be more drunken still, rather than we should admit the increase of a moderate indulgence among the people generally! There is their attitude.

According to a Christchurch paper Mr Seddon and Mr Pirani recently "tried" their weight at a bazaar at Ashurst, when the Premier's portly figure caused the hand on the dial plate of the machine to fly round to twenty stone, while his illipitian "friend" could not register eight and a half stone. Mr Seddon is the biggest man in Parliament and Mr Pirani the smallest, but no member in the house makes his weight so felt against the Ministerial benches as Mr Pirani does his hundredweight, and no man bumps against the Premier with more effect than does that same little member.

The Attorney-General of South Australia has promised the Society for the Protection of Birds that he will bring in a Bill making it a penal offence to wear the plumage of birds. There was a time when such a measure might have fluttered Fashion's dove coats, but at present the small bird, in part or whole, is an unusual ornament in ladies' hats or head dresses. The ostrich plume still holds its place, but as it is obtained at little or no sacrifice on the part of the bird the society does not make war on its wearers.

The lady who was engaged by the Government some time ago to give health lectures or something of the sort—one of the curious freaks of our paternal administration—is reported to be organising a crusade against the small waist. She is appealing to the male portion of the population to discontinue the contortion of the figure of which so many ladies are supposed to be guilty, and a great many no doubt are. She advocates the abolition of the corset altogether, an extreme in which I am by no means so certain that the gentlemen would support her, for the latter are also the slaves of fashion to some extent, and their eyes have been so long used to the incourning line that a Venus-like liberality of waist might offend them. Then it could only be the married men who could, with any propriety, protest against the slender waist, and that only in their own families, where it is well known their opinion on the subject would go for very little.

General Sir Hector Macdonald looks at things with a soldier's eye very much indeed. His remarks on hearing that in one of the Southern cities the Government's ammunition supply was a million and a half rounds—"just about enough for one man if you were actually engaged in war," was his comment—gives an inkling into his point of view. Making all allowance for hyperbole, it is clear the General would have us armed and ready in quite a different way from what we actually are. Our coasts would bristle with cannon and the march of civilian soldiers would be heard constantly in the land, while every butt would re-echo with their rifles.

All sorts of rumours are getting about regarding Mr Seddon's trip Home. There is a strong impression that he does not mean to come back again. To a Northern member who put the question bluntly to him the great man said he did, but the truth is that he really does not know himself. It all depends on the treatment he gets from the Home Government, and as the Home authorities have a tantalising way of dropping no hint as to their intentions in matters of this kind, Mr Seddon is quite as much in the dark as the rest of us. Mr George Fowlds, I understand, is persuaded that the Premier will be made a peer or something in that direction, but a governorship of a third-rate colony—Jamaica, Fiji, or the Bermudas—seems the more probable destiny of Mr Seddon, if he would accept it. And I fancy there is a pretty big if in the matter.

In one of the Auckland churches last Sunday the clergyman, in the course of his address, took occasion to condemn what he seemed to regard as the irreverent attitude of some of the worshippers who retained an upright posture during prayer instead of inclining their heads. "During the last prayer," he continued, "I counted no less than ten of the congregation who had not even their eyes closed." To adapt the words of Mr W. S. Gilbert it was a case of round the corner he could see that each one wasn't kneeling on his or her knee.

Sports, like individuals, are judged by the company they keep. Frotting in this colony has a questionable reputation, because of its devotees. In the same way billiards, one of the best of games, has, in the eyes of a great many respectable people, acquired a disreputable character merely through its associations. The game stands much in the same position as cards did in the days when card playing was synonymous with gambling, and it can't get out of that position so easily as cards did. The expenses of the table are too great for it to attain that domestic popularity that has quite redeemed the reputation of what were known as the Devil's books. In the popular imagination billiards will long continue to be regarded as especially the pastime of publicans and sinners, a device of Bacchus to ensure his unfortunate victims. That it is under present conditions a minister to drinking and idling, especially idling, there can be little doubt. Even the Maoris have discovered its demoralising influence in this respect, or the Tomaten (East Coast) District Maori Council would not have put their ban so severely on the green cloth. Among the laws enacted by the council at their last meeting was a provision subjecting anyone putting up a billiard table to a fine of £25, while it is also provided that the table may be removed or destroyed.

On Sunday last the Wairoa geyser at Whakarewarewa was soaped for the benefit of the public, and, as is usual on such occasions, a crowd collected to see the sight. "Wairoa" this time refused to respond to the first application of soap (not soft soap), and a second lot had to be thrown in before the geyser would play. In a very few minutes up it went, and played magnificently, better than when it performed for Sir Hector Macdonald's pleasure. Rotorua

inhabitants are extremely thankful that, while such dreadful earthquakes have been wrecking parts of the Northern Island, not so much as a tremor has been felt in Rotorua. No difference has been noticed in the geysers, and all hope that this is a good augury, and that no severe earthquake shocks are in store for the district.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE FISHING SEASON AT OKOROIRE.

The fishing season at Okoroire is proving very successful. Fish are fairly plentiful, and in good condition. In proof of this, it may be mentioned that Mr F. Earl, of Auckland, landed six fish weighing in the aggregate, 28 pounds during a morning's fishing. Many other excellent baskets have been secured.

BOER-BRITISH WAR PICTURES.

The end of the war is in sight. Everybody will now want Pictures illustrating the various Battles fought in South Africa. We have at great expense published nine large and beautiful Pictures, on heavy, superfine, calendared paper.

- BATTLE OF BELMONT.
- CHARGING THE BOER GUNS AT ELANDSLAAGTE.
- ATTACK OF ROYAL CANADIANS AT PAARDEBERG.
- CHARGE OF GENERAL FRENCH'S CAVALRY ON THE RETREATING GENERAL CRONJE'S ARMY.

These pictures are 20 by 28 inches. Sample and terms, 1/3 each, all four for 3/6; 7/ per dozen, 50 for £1 6/, £2 10/ per 100.

- BATTLE OF TUGELA BAY.
- BATTLE OF SPION KOP.
- GORDON HIGHLANDERS AT BATTLE OF BELMONT.
- BATTLE OF MAGERSFONTEIN.
- SURRENDER OF GENERAL CRONJE AT PAARDEBERG.

These Pictures are each 22 x 28; samples 2/3 each; all five for 10/; 1 dozen for £1; 50 for £4; 100 for £7 10/6.

- MAJ.-GEN. SIR GEORGE STEWART WHITE, V.C.
- FIELD MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS.
- GEN. PIETER ARNOOLDESS CRONJE.

Each 22 x 28 in.; Sample 1/3 each; all three for 3/6; 12/6 per dozen; £2 5/ for 50; 100 for £4 5/.

AGENTS

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Personal Paragraphs.

Dr. Ronald, of Napier, is at present enjoying a holiday in the North. Mr Stowell, of Wellington, is in Rotorua.

Dr. Pollen, of Wellington, spent a few days in Nelson last week.

Miss Stephenson, of London, is staying at the Grand Hotel, Rotorua.

Miss Allison, of Sydney, is staying with Mrs Dr. Roberts, Nelson.

Mrs Moyle, of Australia, is enjoying Rotorua at present.

Mr John Kirkland, of Sydney, was stopping in Auckland last week.

Mr Kield, of Australia, is taking the baths at Rotorua.

Dr. Ronald, of Napier, was in Auckland last week.

Mr and Mrs Moritzon, of Dunedin, are on a visit to Rotorua.

Mrs John Neill, of Orehunga, is at present on a visit to Te Aroha.

Dr. Makgill paid Rotorua a flying visit last week.

Mr and Mrs Roads, of Cincinnati, U.S.A., are on a trip to the Hot Lakes.

The Earl and Countess of Seafield are expected shortly to arrive in Christchurch on a visit.

Messrs Watson, Carmichael, Bradney and Corbett are among the English visitors to Rotorua just now.

Miss Nelson (Wellington) has been staying with Mrs J. J. Kinsey, Christchurch.

Mr and Miss Simecock (England) are among the English visitors to Rotorua just now.

Mrs G. Gould has been spending a few days with her sister, Mrs Wells, at Amberley.

Mr Vial, of Wellington, has been on a visit to Auckland.

Sergeant-Major Hoare and the Rev. Father Lewis, of Wellington, are staying in Rotorua.

Mr Geo. Smith, of Sydney, has been staying at the Albert Hotel, but returned to Sydney on Monday.

Messrs Gittell and Fraser, and Messrs Power and Atkins, of Ohinemuri, are now on a visit to Rotorua.

Mrs and Miss Manoy, of Sydney, returned from Rotorua on Saturday, and are staying at the Albert Hotel.

Mr and Mrs Boyle are expected back from England at the end of this month.

Mr and Mrs F. W. Thompson (Christchurch) have gone on a holiday trip to the North Island.

Mr and Miss Coombrough, of Australia, have been staying at the Geyser Hotel, Rotorua.

Miss Stowe (Wellington) is paying a visit to Mrs Bowen, Middleton.

Miss Scrimger, from the Wairarapa, is at present on a visit to Auckland.

Mr and Mrs and Miss Brown (England) are having a pleasant stay at the Hot Lakes.

Mrs Rudd, of Sydney, is at present in Auckland, staying at the Central Hotel.

Dr. Barraclough, of Australia, is now on a visit to Rotorua.

Mrs Rudd, of Sydney, is at present in Auckland, staying at the Central Hotel.

Mr Snowball, of Dunedin, and Mr J. H. Marshall, of Glasgow, are guests at the Grand, Rotorua.

Mr Luckock, of Sydney, was in Auckland last week, staying at the Central Hotel.

The Misses Wright, of Ashburton, are still visiting Rotorua.

Mr P. Simecocks and Miss Simecocks, of Kaipara, were at the Star Hotel last week.

Mr A. R. Lyons, of Wellington, paid a flying visit to Auckland a few days since.

Mr E. G. Wright, M.H.R. (Canterbury), with the Misses Wright, are resident at the Grand Hotel, Rotorua, at present.

Staff-Surgeon Innes spent two or three days in New Plymouth on his way to Auckland.

Captain Sutcliffe, of a.s. 'Tougararo,' paid a flying visit to Rotorua lately.

Mrs Hughes, late of Gisborne, is on a visit to her daughter, Mrs T. Moore, of Tennyson-street, Napier.

Mr W. Bruce, of Wellington, paid Auckland a flying visit last week.

Colonel Davies and Captain Reid, Auckland, are on a short visit to Rotorua, where Judge Gill is also staying.

Mr J. Bradney, of Christchurch, is paying Auckland a visit, and was last week staying at the Star Hotel.

The Messrs O'Neill, of Australia, are having a pleasant sojourn in the geyser region, Miss Foster, from the other side, is also there.

Mr James Burnett, of Wellington, was in Auckland last week stopping at the Star Hotel.

Mr and Mrs Kinross, who used formerly to reside in Napier, are now living at Bedford, England.

Mr Fox (England), Captain Irvine (Dublin), Messrs Tothunter and Darlot (Australia) are in the Hot Lakes district.

Mr G. Ellis, of Coolgardie, is on a visit to New Zealand.

Miss Empson, accompanied by Miss Gresham, of Auckland, has returned to Rotorua, after spending a month's holiday in Auckland.

Mr V. Mrs, and Miss Rice, of Mt. Eden, Auckland, have been on a visit to Rotorua.

Mr Guinness, M.H.R., and his wife, of Greymouth, are amongst the visitors to Rotorua this week. They are at the "Grand."

Miss Watkins, matron of the Nelson Hospital, has gone to Wellington for a short holiday.

Mrs Sainsbury and Mr O. Sainsbury have returned to Napier, after a prolonged visit to Dunedin.

Miss Chapman, of Napier, has been staying with Mrs Frank Ormond.

Mrs James Hally and Miss Hally, of Cambridge, are on a visit to Auckland, and are staying at "Sonoma," Alfred-street.

Mr Ingleby, of Ceylon, and Mr Mahler and Mr Durander, of Liverpool, are staying at the Grand Hotel, Rotorua.

Mr and Mrs Stafford Walker and Miss Cotter are at present staying at Lake Takapuna.

Mr and Mrs Hagman left on Tuesday for the South, after spending their honeymoon in Sydney and Auckland.

Mr and Mrs Court, of Auckland, are staying at Lake House, Rotorua. Mr and Mrs Roulston have rooms at the same hotel.

Mr and Mrs John Reid, with their son and daughter, are expected back in Auckland—after their visit Home—before Christmas.

Mrs Wardrop and Mrs Ogle (Christchurch) went to stay with Mrs Smithson, Timaru, for the South Canterbury races.

Among the visitors at the Grand Hotel, Rotorua, this week, are Dr. and Mrs Anderson, of Christchurch, and Mr and the Misses Wilson, of the same city.

Colonel Newall paid his first official visit since his return from South Africa to Napier, Hastings, and the surrounding district.

Mr and Mrs Nolan and Mr and Mrs Hogarth, from the Old Country, are in Geyserland at present. They have put up at the Geyser Hotel.

The Dean of Waiapu has returned from Woodville, where he went last week in order to preach at the opening of the new Woodville Anglican Church.

Napier visitors to Rotorua are Messrs Luckie and Cooper.

Mr Willis, M.H.R., of Wanganui, and his wife, are visiting Rotorua at present.

Miss Innes, who has been visiting Wellington, Nelson, and New Plymouth, has now returned to Auckland.

Miss Nicholson has returned to New Plymouth, after a visit to Wanganui.

Miss Roy, of New Plymouth, after spending six months at Wellington and Wanganui, has now returned to her home.

Mr. Heathcote Williams, of Napier, in his way home after an extended visit to England and the Continent.

Auckland visitors at the Geyser Hotel, Rotorua, this week are Mrs. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Moss Davis, and Messrs. Marks, Howard, Murray, Arnold, Kollo and Meddings.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen, of Honolulu, are living at the Grand Hotel, Rotorua, at present, where Mr. and Mrs. Kissling, of Tasmania, are also.

Mr. Alex. Stewart, of Dundee, has been touring the colonies, and returns to the Old Country on Saturday next via San Francisco.

Among the visitors staying at the Grand Hotel, Rotorua, this week are Messrs. Martin, Black, Davies, Matthews, J. Paterson, Thomson, Davy, Bellhouse, and Bryden, of Auckland.

Mr. C. D. Greenwood (Teviotdale), Mr. H. Roberts, and Mrs. Mitchellson (Christchurch) returned from England by the Tongariro.

Colonel Babinston has quite recovered from his recent severe illness and is back in his home, "The Bungalow," Strouan.

Australian visitors of Rotorua just now include Messrs. Fletcher (Sydney), Bigler and Thomson (Victoria), Ellis (Coolgardie), Withers (Perth), Hyndes and Bray (Maitland, N.S.W.), and Hutton (Melbourne).

Mrs. Clifford and her two daughters, after spending a few days in Auckland on their return from the Old Country, have left for their home in New Plymouth.

Mr. J. B. Mrs. and Miss Way, who have been at Rotorua recently, returned to Christchurch greatly benefited by the change.

Trooper A. Turnbull, of Napier, is on his way home in the Delphic. His many friends will be delighted to see him again, after eighteen months in South Africa and England.

Captain Davidson, of India, who is spending his long leave in New Zealand, is at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Littlejohn, Boys' College, Nelson.

Professor and Mrs. Dendy left Christchurch for a trip to England last week, and the Hon. W. C. Mrs. Walker, and family have removed to Dr. Dendy's house on the Port Hills during their absence.

Mr. M. A. Phillips, a well-known young Aucklandier is now the N.Z. representative for Henry W. Peabody and Co., a very influential New York and London firm, and comes to Auckland from Sydney shortly to start a New Zealand business tour.

Our London correspondent writes: Dr. Prendergast Knight has booked his return passage by the Ormuz, which leaves London on November 23.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Meadows (Dunedin), who came home by the Waivera on family business, and who are making Balham their headquarters, propose to pay visits to Paris, Nottingham, and Southampton, and to leave for New Zealand, via Sydney, about the middle of January.

Messrs. A. W. Thompson and C. H. Withers, of Christchurch, who were passengers by the Papanui, are temporarily resident in Lambeth, but have not yet decided upon their future movements.

Mr. John Anderson, jun. (Christchurch), has entered Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he will study engineering for three years, at the end of which time he will probably go into works in Glasgow to make himself acquainted with the practical side of engineering.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Baker have, since their return from France and Switzerland, been staying at Southend-on-Sea. From there they go to Manchester to attend the meetings of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, which this year is to be joined by the Unions of Ireland and Scotland. The gathering is to be presided over by Dr. Parker, and over 12,000 delegates are expected to be present. Mr. and Mrs. Baker then go on to Scotland and several of the provincial towns.

Dr. Jas. H. Neil (Dunedin) spent the greater part of September at Braemar, and in the keen air completely threw off the effects of the enteric fever, only to become infected with

golfing fever, which is endemic on the Deeside. After a day or two at the Glasgow Exhibition he went to Netley Hospital, where, at the instance of the N.Z. Government, he has been going through the course of instruction for the Army and Indian Medical Services, practically a post-graduate course in public health and tropical diseases. He will remain at Netley until the end of January, returning to the colony shortly afterwards.

Mr. David Thomas and his family are back in London again looking none the worse for their experiences in the merry motor, although it nearly proved Juggernaut for the genial and adventurous Ashburtonian. The family started out in their Daimler early in August, and whirled along through Melton Mowbray, Nottingham, Peterborough, Sheffield and Bradford to Carlisle. In the neighbourhood of Sheffield, while the motor was climbing a hill, Mr. Thomas got down to ask a policeman the way. Seizing the standards, he tried to get in while the motor was in motion, but was dragged under the car, the back wheels of which passed over his feet and left thigh and arm. Though suffering considerable pain, he continued his journey to Carlisle, where the motor, which was rather out of order, broke down. The party therefore travelled by train to Glasgow, where Mr. Thomas was induced to put his feet in the hands of Dr. Guthrie. The doctor pronounced the right foot broken, but after it had been bandaged up in plaster of Paris, the motor once more made its appearance, and was safely manoeuvred by Mr. Thomas and party to Loch Lomond and back. Another break-down, however, finally rendered it hors de combat, and Mr. Thomas henceforward entrusted himself and his family to a less exciting but somewhat surer means of locomotion. After journeying, via Stirling, to Inverness and back by the canals and the Clyde to Glasgow, and after a brief stay in Edinburgh, they crossed to Belfast, and went down to Killarney. After another visit to Stirling they made their way down the East Coast as far as York, and then across to Manchester, Liverpool and the Isle of Man. After touring in Wales they made for Bath, and then to Southampton, intending to cross to the Isle of Wight. Rain, however, set in, and they returned to London, where Mr. Thomas has been studying the ways of Smithfield ever since. Before they leave on the 9th of next month by the Oroya they intend to visit Maidstone, Mrs. Thomas' birthplace, Worcester and Derby, and to take a look at Brussels and Paris on their way down to Marseilles.



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ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Una Hitchings, youngest daughter of the late Dr. Hitchings, of Hitchings' Gully, Napier, and Dr. Edgar, of Tennyson-street, Napier.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

WALL.—CURNOW.

A very pretty but quiet wedding took place at St. Luke's Church, Christchurch, on Wednesday last, when Professor Wall, of Canterbury College, was married to Miss Gipsy Curnow, the Venerable Archdeacon Lingard officiating. The church was prettily decorated with white flowers and foliage by the bride's girl friends, and a lovely day greeted the bride, who looked exceedingly well in a long trained gown of ivory white satin, transparent yoke, and sleeves of tucked chiffon, and tucked bolero of the satin. A lovely old lace veil covered all, and an exquisite bridal shower bouquet completed the costume. Four bridesmaids were in attendance—Miss Wall, the Misses Cracroft Wilson, and Miss Symes, who wore white muslin gowns, two had picture hats of violet velvet with white ostrich feathers and violets, and the two others pale blue chiffon hats. They carried lovely white shower bouquets, and wore opal brooches the gift of the bridegroom. The bride was given away by her grandfather, Judge Munro, of Auckland, and Mr. O. T. J. Alpers acted as best man. After the ceremony Mrs. Curnow held a reception at her house, Cambridge Terrace, which took the form of a garden party, the day fortunately being fine. She wore a pale fawn costume with stitched bands and becoming toque. Among the guests were:—Mesdames Cracroft Wilson, Wilding, Denniston, Symes, Anderson, Blunt, Cook, Izard, Haslam, Ollivier, Bevan-Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Condel, Mr. and Mrs. Lewin, Professor Blunt, Mrs. and Miss Mills, Misses Denniston, Archdeacon and Miss Lingard, Misses Cook, Lean, Izard, Julius, and others. The bride's going away gown was pale grey cloth with white vest, turquoise blue toque with black feathers. The honeymoon is to be spent in the North Island, and their future home at Fendalton. Many useful and handsome presents were received by both bride and bridegroom and duly admired by the guests during the afternoon.

EDMUNDSON—DOLBEL.

On Wednesday, the 20th inst., at the residence of Mr. C. Dolbel, Mr. P. H. Edmundson, of Napier, was married to Miss Annie Dolbel, daughter of Mr. C. Dolbel, Barrack Hill, Napier. Mr. T. A. Edmundson acted as the bridegroom's best man, and Miss Hilda Dolbel, a sister of the bride, attended as bridesmaid. The ceremony was performed by

the Rev. J. A. Asher, and in the course of the afternoon the newly-wedded pair left en route for the South, where the honeymoon will be spent.

FRASER—BISHOP.

The neighbourhood of the Napier Cathedral presented a gay appearance on Wednesday last week, the occasion being the marriage of Miss Annie Bishop, second daughter of Mr. R. Bishop, Napier, manager for Messrs Sargood, Sen and Ewen, to Mr. William Fraser, third son of Mr. Alexander Fraser, on the staff of the "Daily Telegraph," Napier. The ceremony took place at 2.30 p.m. at which time the church was filled with guests and onlookers.

The bride wore a grey silk gown and dainty hat of tucked white chiffon. The two bridesmaids, Miss Knowles and Miss Mabel Bishop, wore dresses of Japanese silk, tastefully arranged with cream coloured trimmings of lace and ribbon.

The officiating clergyman was the Rev. De Berdt Howell, Dean of Waipapu.

The "At Home" at the residence of the bride's parents was largely attended, and the bride and bridegroom left by the 4.7 p.m. train en route for the South for the honeymoon, amid the hearty congratulations and good wishes of a host of friends.

WALWORTH—CROUCHER.

On the 20th inst., Miss Kitty Croucher, of Napier, was married at St. John's Cathedral, Napier, to Mr. A. Walworth, of Wanganui.

The bride had two bridesmaids, Miss Ada Croucher and Miss Dulce Rogers, who wore white muslin dresses, the skirts being edged with a deep frill; the bodices were made with puffed sleeves and sashes, white lace being arranged as fichus round the shoulders. Their large white picture hats were trimmed with ostrich plumes and lace. They carried bouquets of cream roses tied with broad satin streamers, and wore gold brooches, the gift of the bridegroom.

The bride wore an Eton costume of blue cloth, with satin vest, and large black picture hat.

Mr. Walworth was attended by his brother, Mr. Arthur Walworth, as best man.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. De Berdt Howell, Dean of Waipapu. The newly-wedded pair left later for Wanganui.

Australasian papers are asked to note the wedding last Wednesday of Mr. Charles Edgar Williams, youngest son of the late Mr. J. J. Williams, of Sutton, and Mrs. Williams, of West End, Southampton, to Miss Elizabeth Josselyn Ledger, youngest daughter of Mr. Robert G. Ledger, of Blackheath. The ceremony was performed at St. John's, Blackheath, by the Vicar, the Rev. Canon Marshall, assisted by the bride's cousin, Rev. A. E. B. Wale, Vicar of Bentley, Dorchester.

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Society Gossip AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, November 26. HORTICULTURAL SHOW.

Seldom if ever has the Choral Hall been so crowded with people as it was on Friday afternoon, the first day of the Horticultural Show, which quite eclipsed all shows of previous years.

Among those present I noticed: Mrs W. J. Napier, who wore a stylish black trained voile skirt, holland sac jacket, and Tuscan hat, draped with brown and blue figured silk; Miss Westwood, green gown and green velvet toque; Mrs Sidney Nathan looked remarkably well in a white tuckled silk blouse, grass lawn skirt, and fawn straw hat, trimmed with pink roses; Mrs (Dr.) Parkes, black and white muslin gown, white square collar, ruffled with cream lace, white chiffon toque, with touches of black; Miss Savage, dove grey gown, black and white toque, with plumes; Mrs (Prof.) Egerton, green cloth Eton jacket and skirt, with green velvet revers, cream silk vest and black toque; Miss Somerville, electric blue voile, white and black hat; Mrs Goldie, black voile gown, with touches of white, black and white toque, grey ostrich boa; Mrs Hayr, black gown, black toque, trimmed with cream roses; Mrs Baume, black gown and jet bonnet; Mrs Rainger, black figured grenadine, with blue bead decorations, black and blue toque; Mrs (Dr.) Lindsay was charming in a white embroidered muslin gown, pale blue tie, and black hat; Mrs Lennox, black brocade, black bonnet, embroidered with jet and trimmed with violet flowers; Miss K. Lennox wore a dainty green gown and white hat, brightened with pale blue silk and pink roses; Miss Craig, white muslin; Mrs John Kenderline, royal blue skirt, white muslin blouse and black and white toque; Miss Mowbray, white silk blouse, inserted with lace, black hat and skirt; Mrs (Dr.) King, black brocade satin gown, smart short cape, with Medici collar, black velvet toque with plumes; Miss Cooper, blue and white striped silk blouse, black and white check skirt, white hat with plumes; Mrs Shakespear, black and white spotted gown, black bonnet, with pink flowers; Miss Pierce, white drill jacket and

skirt, and sailor hat; Mrs C. J. Parr, fawn shot costume, black and white toque; Miss Wilkie, blue and white coat and skirt, white toque with feathers; Mrs A. B. Reynolds looked exceedingly well in a pink-French muslin blouse and black trained voile skirt, black erinoline hat, with black and white plumes; Mrs C. B. Stone wore an effective blue figured gown, with square collar, black and white toque; Mrs (Dr.) Moir, black silk gown, with decorations of turquoise blue satin, blue and black bonnet; Miss Dolly Moir, heliotrope silk blouse, black skirt and sailor hat; Miss Belle Moir, white muslin blouse, inserted with lace, dark skirt and sailor hat; Mrs Harvey, stylish lawn costume, brown hat, trimmed with forget-me-nots; Mrs (Dr.) Knight, rich black corded silk, bright red toque, with black plumes, grey ostrich boa; Mrs Kent, black silk gown, with touches of blue chiffon, black and blue bonnet; Mrs Edmund Mahony looked pretty in a white tuckled silk, with transparent yoke and dainty white toque; Mrs. Arthur Nathan, royal blue brocade voile, square collar of rich cream lace, and black hat; Mrs. H. Ashton, navy and white spotted fawn gown, with large cream lace collar, black chip hat brightened with poppies; Mrs. W. S. Douglas, striped silk blouse, black trained skirt, and black hat with cream and pink roses; Mrs. (Dr.) Scott, navy cloth gown, with light silk vest, black hat with touches of pink; Mrs. Porter, black brocade silk skirt, fawn jacket, and black hat with pink roses; Miss Porter, black tuckled silk Eton jacket and brocade skirt, black hat, softened with pink chiffon; Mrs. J. Buchanan, black brocade gown, trimmed with purple, black and purple toque; Miss K. Nelson, blue and white floral blouse, with white silk collar inserted with lace, black skirt and white hat trimmed with black velvet and yellow roses; Mrs. Cheeseman, black cloth Eton coat and skirt, white toque, trimmed with black velvet and plumes; Miss Milne, stylish black silk lace cloth jacket, black skirt, and bonnet brightened with violet; Miss Meta Aitken looked pretty in white, with large black hat trimmed with violets; Mrs. Benjamin, black and white costume; Mrs. Armitage, smart fawn costume, brown straw hat with folds of cerise silk; Miss Sinclair, black gown and black toque with feathers, ostrich feather boa; Mrs. Haven, black silk gown, formal bonnet; Miss Haven, white blouse, black skirt, white hat with large bright pink bow; Mrs. Rees, fawn cloth gown, cream and black bonnet; Miss Rees, pretty pink muslin blouse, dark skirt, white toque; Mrs. Self, navy costume, with white vest, black toque; Mrs. Manning (Hamilton) looked dainty in a white halstone muslin and large white hat with plumes; Mrs. J. J. Craig wore a grey voile skirt, white silk tuckled blouse and black toque; Mrs. Laurie, fawn costume, pink toque; Mrs. Oldham, black silk gown and cloak, black bonnet with violet; Miss Oldham, black skirt and tuckled blouse, black hat, brightened with crimson; Mrs. Phillips, rose pink silk tuckled blouse, black skirt and toque with pink roses; Miss Binney, navy tuckled lustrous and black toque; Miss Graham, grey and white striped gown, Tuscan hat, trimmed with black chiffon and violets; Miss Doughty, blue and white spotted fawn, white hat; Miss Davey, pale pink gingham dress, sailor hat; Mrs. Ernest Beale, black voile, black chip hat trimmed with various coloured roses; Miss Cousins, black skirt and blue blouse, black hat; Mrs. Nelson, black and white figured dress, black toque, with turquoise blue rosette under trim; Miss L. Butters, black skirt, white silk blouse, black picture hat; Miss Towsey, black skirt, blue blouse, black hat; Miss E. Hurt, black skirt, white tuckled muslin blouse, sailor hat; Miss Posseneskie, white silk dress; Miss Nelson, black skirt, navy silk blouse, sailor hat; Mrs. I. Alexander, handsome black silk, the bodice inserted with white tuckled silk, blue toque, with autumn leaves; Miss Tring, grey dress, black toque; Mrs. D. Toie, black skirt, white silk blouse, with black bebe ribbon, black and white hat; Mrs. Tibbs, grey dress, bonnet to match; Mrs. Metcalfe, black dress and toque; Miss Wyldie Brown, black satin skirt, pretty floral silk blouse, and Clara Batt hat with blue

bow; Mrs. Montague, black dress and hat; Mrs. Cousins, black and white; Mrs. Towsey, grey skirt and jacket, black picture hat; Miss Rees George, black skirt, floral silk blouse, white sailor hat. Mrs Street gave a large afternoon tea in her pretty garden at "Hirtley," Parcell, last Friday. It was the first outdoor function of this season, and fortunately the weather was simply perfect, the sun shining out, as if approving fully of the festivity, and if his unshorn beams should be too hot for the pleasure-seekers, a gentle breeze rolled across the lawn. Mrs Street, ably assisted by her niece, Miss Rooke, received her many guests on the croquet lawn. A marquee was erected, where afternoon tea, accompanied by tasty cakes, was dispensed. Croquet was indulged in by the devotees of that game. Mrs Broham, who is on a visit to Auckland for a month, is a guest of our hostess for that time. Amongst those present:— Mrs Street, rich black silk, cape, black bonnet; Miss Rooke, violet fawn, white silk vest, with lace revers and trimming, cream hat with blue silk; Mrs Gillies, very handsome black silk, with houston d'or let in the neck, and Garibaldi sleeves, black bonnet with houston d'or roses; Miss Gillies, very stylish white silk, with embroidered let in at hem of skirt and on bodice, pink hat swathed with pink tulle, pink at neck; Mrs Broham, striking black mirror silk, with black lace and passementerie finishings, black bonnet; Mrs Goodhue, black and white vest, black bonnet; Mrs Foster, mauve silk bolero and skirt, white vest, black hat; Miss Horton, mauve silk, black toque swathed with tulle; Mrs Moss, black; Miss Moss, black grenadine; Mrs Reade, grey voile trimmed with narrow bands of brown velvet, black hat; Mrs Williams, black skirt, white silk blouse, black toque; Mrs Louis Myers, very handsome trained black silk, magenta pink velvet bonnet; Mrs Hutchison, black gown, hat with roses; Mrs Arnold, grey gown, black hat; Mrs W. F. Colbeck, very pretty china blue flowered muslin, lace bolero, black hat; Mrs Thorne George, black; Miss Thorne George, blue muslin, black hat swathed with tulle; Mrs S. Kissling, black silk, black bonnet with sea-green ribbons; Miss Kissling, dark skirt, blue blouse, black hat; Mrs H. Kissling, black costume, white vest, hat with roses; Miss Conolly,

grey costume, black hat; Miss Stevenson, grey costume, sailor hat; Mrs E. Payton, black costume; Mrs Shepherd, black silk, black toque; Mrs R. A. Carr, flowered muslin skirt, black tuckled silk bolero, black hat; Miss Russell, cherry foulard, black toque; Miss Alexander, black, white hat with pink roses; Mrs Chambers, black; and her friend wore a purple foulard, white hat; Mrs Ware, navy gown with white embroidered pattern, black toque with white lace and pink roses; Miss Ware, white silk, black hat; Mrs Huller, black silk, black bonnet; Miss Butler, white silk, black and white toque; Mrs R. Dargaville, black relieved with white; Miss Dargaville, white gown, black hat; Miss Towle, white shower muslin, black hat; Miss Hargreaves, navy coat and skirt, black hat with flowers; Mrs Theo. Kissling, black costume trimmed with jet ornaments; Miss Kissling, black skirt, white blouse; Mrs Kerr Taylor, violet skirt, fawn jacket, violet toque with blue forget-me-nots; Miss Reade, white silk skirt, blue flowered blouse, white hat; Miss Colbeck, black and white figured foulard, black hat; Miss Horne, blue coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs Upfal, white flounced pique skirt, white blouse, black hat; Mrs W. R. Holmes, black gown, white hat swathed with pink silk; Mrs Nelson George, black silk, black bonnet; Miss Sutton, pale green silk, grey hat; and her sister wore fawn tussore silk, black hat; Miss Outwaite, grey ponlin, black hat; Mrs Ashley Hunter, black; Mrs Hunt, black; Mrs Rathbone, black silk with nink at neck, black toque; Mrs Aldrich, brown and white striped silk, black bonnet; Mrs Dignan, grey and pink figured foulard, black hat with covers; Mrs Cheeseman, black; Miss Cheeseman, dark skirt, grey blouse; Misses Kerr Taylor, fawn gowns, toques en suite; Mrs McCullagh, white tuckled muslin, black hat with white ostrich feather; Mrs McDonald, black costume, black bonnet with red flowers; Mrs Wilkins, black gown, black bonnet with yellow; Miss Wilkins, white muslin, black hat; and her sister wore brown coat and skirt, white hat trimmed with black; Miss Hull, blue, trimmed with black; and her sister wore grey; Mrs Segar, black gown, black toque; Mrs H. Campbell, violet foulard, black hat; Mrs Duthie, grey silk, trimmed with black and white striped silk ribbons, black hat; Miss McCrae,

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black; Mrs Harington, black silk, black bonnet.

Mount Hobson Croquet Club held their formal opening on Wednesday last on their lawn. There was a large attendance. Mrs Kingswell, Mrs Frater, and Mrs Bodie did all in their power to promote the enjoyment of the guests. Afternoon tea was served in the pavilion, which was gaily decorated with flags. The tea table was adorned with vases of yellow and white daisies. The lawns looked particularly gay, being surrounded with ropes of flying flags. Amongst those present I noticed:— Mrs Frater, navy skirt and bolero faced with white and finished with cream lace, blue vest, veiled in fawn lace, black hat, with vieux rose; Mrs Kingswell, navy lustre, tucked skirt and bodice, black hat; Miss Hiney, black bolero and skirt, with tuckings, black hat; and her sister wore navy bolero and skirt faced with white, black hat; Mrs Newton, black skirt, black tucked silk bolero, black and white hat; Mrs Hill, black gown, black hat; Mrs Tewsley, black costume, white toque with rosettes of pink, heliotrope and blue, finished with black quill; Miss Kempthorne, light violet gown made with bolero and skirt, and trimmed with bands of a lighter hue, white hat trimmed with black; Mrs H. O. Nolan, dark skirt, violet plaid blouse, hat with mauve flowers; and her friend wore black; Mrs Sanderson, white pique costume, black hat; Miss Gibson, black gown, black hat; Miss Nichol, purple striped foulard, black hat with pink roses; Miss Nolan, silk mourning costume trimmed with braid, black hat; Mrs Clifton, grey bolero and skirt, white vest, white hat with tulle; Mrs Bamford, black gown; Mrs Caldwell, black gown, white hat with pink roses; Mrs Ching, grey silk with narrow black stripe, black silk fancy braiding, black hat with tulle; Mrs Herrold, black gown, black bonnet with red roses; Miss Stevenson, mourning costume; Mrs Woolcot, pretty blue flowered muslin, white

hat with pink roses; Mrs W. R. Holmes, black bolero and skirt, white hat swathed in pink silk; Misses Kerr-Taylor (2), plaid skirts, green boleros, white blouses, hats en suite; Mrs and Misses Court, mourning costumes, black hats with tulle swathing; Mrs Laxon, black gown, white toque; Mrs Bodie, mourning costume; Mrs Jervis and sisters wore mourning costumes; Mrs Stevens, black; Mrs Carpenter, brown coat and skirt, faced with white, white vest, brown hat with white ostrich feathers; Miss Kennedy, fawn costume, white sailor hat; Mrs Perrin, black figured voile gown, cream and heliotrope toque; Mrs Hegman, black skirt and silk blouse, black straw hat with bows; and many others, whose names I did not know, wore dark skirts, light blouses.

Mrs Cheeseman gave a most enjoyable

GARDEN PARTY

at her picturesque residence, Maruani, Remuera, last Saturday afternoon. It was a great success. The weather was glorious, and Maruani was looking its best in the brilliant sunshine. Mr and Mrs Cheeseman received their guests on the verandah in their usual courteous manner. The scene here was full of life and colour, the pretty peep of the blue sea in the distance, the emerald surroundings, and the animated groups of brightly dressed ladies, who had been tempted by the day to put on their summer costumes, and seemed to have left their worries behind, so that the scene was one of light laughter and brilliant colour. Many of the guests wandered ad lib through the grounds, admiring the beautiful and rare flowers, which grew in such profusion in the garden, and the lovely trees and shrubs, while others grouped themselves in sociable knots, or seated themselves beneath the spreading trees. The conservatory also attracted a great deal of attention. The Italian musicians were in attendance and took up their position near the house. During the afternoon the guests were entertained in relays in

the dining-room to afternoon tea, coffee, strawberries and cream, fruit salads and other light refreshments, being all set out in profusion, the table being arranged with exquisite taste and presented an elegance of form and a harmony of colour. It was decorated as a rose table with a pale green silk square centre piece, handsomely embroidered with gold thread and pink flowers, which was placed diagonally with the corners of the table and relieved with vases of asparagus ferns intermingled with beautiful roses of every variety and also surrounded with dishes of strawberries that the table literally basked in a warm glow of colour. Later on in the afternoon vocal music was rendered by some of the guests. Amongst those present Mrs Cheeseman looked extremely well in a cream voile skirt, the bolero of the same had gold buttons, the costume was machine stitched with gold thread, lace revers, cream hat with pink roses and pink rosettes veiled in cream net and lace and her little daughter wore white; Mrs Keesing, black silk, black bonnet with pink roses; Miss Keesing, black satin skirt, silk bolero, lace vest, black turban hat with pink roses; and her sister wore a navy foulard, cream lace collarette, black hat swathed with black and white tulle; Mrs Tom Keesing (Fiji), lovely white China silk, betucked prettily on skirt and bodice, white hat swathed with tulle, and finished with a feather; Mrs Hutchison, navy foulard, black hat with white; Miss Pearce, white Indian silk with embroidery let in at flounce, very much betucked, white hat trimmed with azure blue silk and ostrich plumes; Mrs Thomas Morrin, French blue costume with white let in at neck, cream hat with rosettes of blue; Miss Morrin, white lustre skirt, green foulard muslin blouse with green rosette at corsage, pink silk frame hat with two brims of silk; Mrs Cheeseman, black; Miss Cheeseman, grey check with narrow bands of black velvet, black hat; Mrs Foster, white, pique bolero and skirt,

mauve waistband, mauve floral hat; and her little daughter wore white; Mrs Ranken-Reid, black costume, cream hat with black; Miss Moss, dark skirt, white blouse, black hat; Mrs Tilly, black; Miss Tilly, dark skirt, black and white plaid blouse, black hat; Mrs Humlin, black; Miss Little, pretty white silk, white hat; Mrs Swales, mode grey relieved with ruffled white silk at neck, white hat; Mrs Kerr-Taylor, violet serge; Misses Kerr-Taylor (2), fawn with pink; Mrs Ware, black grenadine skirt, silk blouse, black toque with yellow flowers; Miss Ware, white Indian silk, white hat with black velvet and ostrich feathers; Mrs Bliss, black costume, black bonnet; Miss Cheeseman, grey skirt, white blouse, black hat; and her sister wore fawn costume finished with cornflower silk, white hat with cream lace and cornflowers; Mrs H. B. Morton, fawn silk with mauve floral design, fawn hat with violet flowers; Miss Morton, black silk, pink vest and Garribaldi sleeves, black hat with pink roses; Miss Heywood, white lawn skirt, white silk blouse, black tulle hat; Miss M. Heywood, blue check gingham, black hat; Mrs Bamford, dark green lustre with black lace, black hat with red roses; Miss Thorpe, grey tucked voile, white collarette, black hat, with tulle; and her sister wore a slate grey gown, white vest, cream hat with black silk; Mrs Ashley Hunter, black silk bolero and skirt with satin bands, black tulle hat; Mrs E. W. Dayton, grey figured silk with bands of black velvet, black hat; Mrs McMillan, handsome black silk with bands of white, veiled in black lace, black bonnet; Miss Watkins, grey costume pink hat with black velvet and pink roses; Mrs A. P. Friend, pale galeis grey bolero and skirt, black hat; and her daughter wore white; Miss Brodie, dark skirt, white blouse, cream hat with bunch of red in front; Mrs Gillies, stylish black silk with bouton d'or vest and Garribaldi sleeves, black bonnet with yellow

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roses; Mrs Hume, black brocade with albinthe green slashes, black bonnet; Mrs A. H. Wilson, grey check skirt, black bodice and bolero, white hat with yellow daisies and corn-flowers; Misses Lusk (2), white skirts, blue flowered silk blouses, white hats with plumes; Mrs Seegner, dark green silk, black hat with pink roses and white veiling; Mrs Tewlesy, navy and white figured foulard, black toque; Miss Kempthorne, crushed strawberry costume, black hat; Mrs Worsp, black; Miss Worsp, crushed strawberry gown, black hat; Mrs Gutteridge, bright navy silk, coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs Snell, black skirt, blue plaid blouse, black toque; Miss Brown, fawn coat and skirt, black toque; Mrs Buller, dark green, white vest, black bonnet; Miss Buller white China silk, white hat; Messrs Cheeseman (2), Peacocke, Tewlesy, Ashley-Hunter, Hutchison, Brodie (2), H. B. Morton, Buller, Seegner, Watkins, McMillan, Dr. Swales, Rev. J. Inglis, etc.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, November 22.

Last Saturday the NEW PLYMOUTH TENNIS CLUB opened their courts. At twelve o'clock the weather did not look very promising, but towards the afternoon it cleared, so that there was a large attendance watching the games. Afternoon tea was provided by the members. Amongst those who were present were Mrs S. Teed, green costume, gem hat; Mrs Holmes, red and white silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss I. Skinner looked very pretty in white pique trimmed with black; Miss G. Holdsworth, cornflower blue, white lace collar; Miss Holdsworth looked charming in a tussore silk, relieved with blue; Miss J. McKellar, blue silk blouse, black skirt, white straw hat trimmed with black; Mrs Paul, black, black toque; Miss Lester, black and white silk blouse, black skirt, gem hat; Miss MacDiarmid, white blouse, black skirt, white gem hat; Miss MacDiarmid, navy blue costume, toque to match; Miss J. Fraser, white muslin blouse, black skirt, black hat; Mrs Pollei, bright pink blouse, white lace zouave, black skirt, white hat trimmed with black; Misses Drake (2), light green blouses, dark skirts, white gem hats; Miss Skeet, white blouse, blue tie, navy blue skirt, white gem hat; Miss Thompson, pink blouse, cream lace collar, black skirt, gem hat; Miss Reid, grey coat and skirt, gem hat; Mrs Collins, black skirt, white silk blouse, black hat; Miss C. Bayley, black costume, cream revers, pink silk front, black hat; Miss Shuttleworth, heliotrope blouse, black skirt, black hat; Miss Kemp, blue and white blouse, blue skirt, white hat trimmed with black; Miss Day, pink blouse, dark skirt, white gem hat; Miss B. Webster, tussore silk blouse, black skirt, white gem hat; Miss B. Berry, light blue blouse, white lace collar, black skirt, gem hat; Mrs Hopkins, fawn jacket, navy blue skirt, gem hat; Miss E. Hursthouse, green jacket, black skirt, white hat trimmed with pink; Mrs Hursthouse, black; Miss Hammonn, black and white costume, black hat; Mrs Reid, grey, black hat; Mrs Wilson, black; Miss Evans, blue French muslin blouse, black skirt, cream hat; Miss B. Evans, light blouse, black skirt; Mrs Holdsworth, black, black bonnet trimmed with mauve; Mrs Tribe, black; Miss Tribe, dark grey, white hat; Mrs Fenton, light green, toque to match; Mrs Penn, black; Miss Kirkly, black; Miss Nixon, grey skirt, light blouse, white fichu, gem hat; Miss Hawkins, blue blouse, dark skirt, picture hat; her sister, pink blouse, dark skirt; Miss Harley, green; Miss Stanford, black; Miss Mabel Stanford, pink blouse, grey skirt; Mrs Meek, black costume, gem hat; Mrs Martin, grey costume, relieved with white satin; Miss E. Standish, blue blouse, green skirt, gem hat; Miss Paton, black.

NANCY LEE.

HASTINGS.

Dear Bee, November 22.

The Napier and Hastings Bowling Clubs competed for the shield on

Wednesday afternoon, when afternoon tea was given by Mrs. Trimble. A large number of people were present, and the scene on the ground was an unusually gay one.

Mrs. J. N. Williams gave a delightful garden party at Primley on the 19th inst. Mrs. Williams, who received her guests in the large entrance hall, wore a becoming toilette of black and white foulard, trimmed with black lace, and bonnet to correspond; Miss Williams had on a handsome blue costume, with black hat; Miss C. Williams' dress was of white muslin; Mrs. Fitzroy wore white silk, veiled with black lace, and trimmed with black satin and jet, her bonnet being adorned with pale pink roses; Mrs. F. W. Williams wore black and white foulard, and a black toque with a cluster of red flowers; Mrs. Donnelly was in terracotta figured silk and black hat; her daughter, Mrs. Frank Perry, was in a white silk blouse and fawn skirt, with large coat of purple cloth; Mrs. Howell, navy blue foulard, with white guipure lace, and a small black toque with small clusters of blue flowers; Mrs. Carlyon, pretty light dress of various colours, and bonnet trimmed with flowers to harmonise; Mrs. Saxby, pale grey bengaline trimmed with yellow, and grey hat trimmed with yellow flowers; Mrs. Goldsmith, fawn cloth, with fawn chip bonnet; Mrs. Christopher McLean, blue delaine, flowered with white, blue trimmings covered with black lace, bonnet to match; Mrs. Tanner, black silk, with lace mantle, and her bonnet was trimmed with yellow; Mrs. Coleman was in moss green poplin, trimmed with black lace and passementerie, and wore a black bonnet; Miss Coleman, grey cloth coat and skirt; Miss Howell looked well in a dainty grey dress, trimmed with white satin, and a large chip hat, with white tips; Miss Giblin, blue muslin, white lace hat and feathers; Mrs. P. S. McLean, dark blue foulard, figured with white, with roses; Miss Balfour, blue grey skirt, pink blouse, and hat with pink flowers; the Misses Fitzroy were attired in the most dainty of costumes of white muslin and lace; Miss Panner also wore white muslin. Refreshments were served in a marquee on the lawn. A special feature of the afternoon was the delightful music given by the band, and a ping-pong table afforded much amusement in the house to several of the guests.

DOROTHY.

BLENHHEIM.

Dear Bee, November 18.

There has been very little stirring here since I last wrote, excepting several birthday parties for little folks. Last Wednesday afternoon Mrs. A. Mowat gave a large party for little girls, for her little daughter, Hermione, whose birthday it was, and the time was pleasantly spent in playing games. The sale of work at the Church of England Sunday-school last Wednesday, in aid of the fund for a new building, was poorly patronised, though many useful things were there for sale. Strange to say, the fancy department was the most successful. Mrs. Reid invited a number of ladies to meet Mrs. J. Bell on Tuesday afternoon, and, though the day was windy, perfect shelter was found in the pleasant grounds, where tea was served near the croquet lawn. Among those present were Mesdames Anderson, Griffiths, Carey, McIntire, Vickers, B. Clouston, Miss Clouston (Nelson), etc. Mr. J. M. Butt, of Wellington, made a flying visit here last week, to see his mother again, and brought Miss Butt, who is now staying with Mrs. Rogers at "Eltham Lodge." The Rev. Mr. Dolamore and Miss Dolamore, who have been making a short visit to Mrs. W. Bell, at "Flaxmere," left for Nelson last week, where Mr. Dolamore will attend the Baptist Conference. After spending a week with Mrs. Griffiths at "The Barton" Mr. S. Moffitt has returned to Nelson. We celebrated the King's Birthday on Monday, instead of Saturday, and had good reason to be pleased that such an arrangement was made, as the weather on that day was beautifully fine, whereas on Saturday there was a bitterly cold wind. The Friendly Societies' excursion to Picton attract-

ed a large number, and at the sports held by them there Mr. Cecil Gouiter, of Blenheim, won the chief event. Besides this excursion there were many picnics; a large one near Benwick, also at White's Bay and at the Bluff. By the way, though a new road to White's Bay was to have been made for those who like to go to the sea during the summer, and, indeed, has been surveyed, nothing more has been done. The amount of time that is frittered away before necessary work is done is wonderful, but what is still more extraordinary is the equanimity with which those concerned will allow their interests to be put on one side without taking any steps to see that they are attended to.

On Monday evening a Catholic social was held in Picton, and a large proportion of those attending it were from Blenheim, about 200 travelling on the special train that left at the end of the dance.

The Supreme Court opened here on Wednesday, and again the Chief Justice complimented the district on the absence of crime, the several cases, only one of which was criminal, taking only a few hours to dispose of.

Nothing of consequence was damaged by the earthquake on Saturday morning, as beyond the stopping of clocks and overflow of milk pans, etc., no damage was done, but it lasted sufficiently long to frighten many. There is a wide divergence of opinion as to the direction of the move-

ment, and the time it lasted. The Blenheim Rifles, who have been in camp for a week, attended the parade yesterday at the Church of the Nativity, commanded by Captain Powell. In the afternoon they were inspected by Major Rogers and put through skirmishing movements by Sergeant-Major Healy, and the opportunity was taken of presenting Volunteer Harding with the medal he has won as the best shot in the South Island. The Garrison Band played a number of pieces during the afternoon.

Miss Horton has returned from a visit to friends in Nelson.


We have been very unfortunate in having cold windy Saturdays for some time, and the last was no exception to the rule, so that Mrs. Griffiths, who provided tea at the Marlborough tennis courts, had not many guests. Among those who were there were the Misses Greenfield (2), Todd (Starborough), J. Chaytor, D. Redwood, and Mesdames E. Chaytor, Hindmarsh, Reid and others.

FREDA.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, November 21.

We are still as dull as ever we can be in Wellington. There is nothing whatever going on in the social world, and there does not seem to be



A Spotless Complexion

PIMPLES, Face Sores, &c., are an abomination to a pretty girl or a handsome young man; yet nearly all young people are troubled more or less with this complaint. They are caused by the impure matter contained in the blood striving to escape from the system. The skin contains thousands of little blood vessels very minute in size, which are called capillaries; when one or two of these get stopped up by foreign particles in the blood, a pimple is the result. On the pimple coming to a head this refuse matter is squeezed out, the capillary heals, and in a day or two all trace is removed. It will be clearly seen therefore that cosmetics cannot remove the cause of pimples, while they may hide their appearance for a time. The only real remedy for pimples therefore is the one that will prevent impure matter circulating in the blood vessels, and this can only be done by acting on the liver and digestive organs, enabling them to clear all waste matter out of the body. This latter is the especial object of BILE BEANS, and acting as they do, direct on the liver, causing it to create the natural purgative for the body (i.e., the bile), they obtain a beneficial result in the safest, surest and quickest manner.

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anything to look forward to, which is really a most dismal state of affairs. The 11th of December is the nearest date on which we are to have any function, as far as I have heard. This is to be a garden fete, given in aid of St. Mary's Home, in the lovely grounds in Fitzherbert Terrace, belonging to Miss Johnston. If the weather is good, the organisers of the fete should be well repaid for their labours. A feature of the afternoon is to be a Ping Pong Tournament, both ladies' and gentlemen's, and this is sure to be an attraction.

The weather was very windy and dusty for the first day of the Wellington Racing Club's Spring Meeting to-day, but in spite of the elements, quite a number of people went out to the course. The lawn was looking very green and nice, and the bright flowers growing near the stand made it look very pretty. It was hardly a day to wear one's pretty new spring costumes, and there were not many ladies who risked having them blown about and spoilt. Some of those I noticed on the course were the President and Mrs McCarthy, Mr and Mrs Duncan, Miss Duncan, Mrs and Miss Bell, Mr and Mrs Arthur Pearce, Mr and Mrs Ian Duncan, Mr and Mrs C. Pearce, Mr and Mrs Biss, Mr and the Misses Skerrett, Mr and Mrs Harold Johnston, Miss A. Johnston, Mr and Mrs Buchanan, Mr and Mrs W. Moorehouse, Miss Studholm (Christchurch), Mr and Miss Harcourt, Dr. and Mrs Purdy, Mr and Mrs Burnes, the Misses Fitzherbert, the Misses O'Connor, Mr and Mrs Nathan, Mr and Mrs Turnbull, Mr and Mrs Baldwin, Mr and Mrs A. Crawford, Miss Cooper, Mrs Tweed, Mrs H. Crawford, Dr. and Mrs Newman, Mr and Mrs Brown, Mrs Collins, Miss Williams, and others.

Quite a number of Wellington people are going Home at the beginning of the year, to be in time for the Coronation. Some of the fortun-

nate ones are Lady Douglas and the Misses B. and M. Douglas, Mr and Mrs Duncan and Miss Duncan, Mrs D. Nathan, Mrs Bell, the Misses Henry (2), Mrs and Miss Riley, the Misses Hislop (three), the Misses Pollen (two), Mr and the Misses Williams. It will be a very delightful trip, especially if one is really able to get a glimpse of the important proceedings on Coronation day; but I should think it was doubtful, when one thinks what a mass of humanity will be in London on that day.

Mr and Mrs Alec Crawford have lately returned from a long trip to England. They seem to have had a lovely time.

Mr and Mrs H. Rawson and their family have also returned from their trip to England and the Continent.

Dr. and Mrs Grace, with their son and daughter, are on their way to New Zealand again; and Mrs and Miss Johnston are also expected to arrive shortly, to be in time to be present at the marriage of Miss A. Johnston and Mr A. Duncan, which I hear is to take place in February.

OPHELIA.

NELSON.

Dear Bee,

Herr Lemmer's

CHAMBER CONCERT.

which took place in the School of Music Hall on Wednesday evening, was undoubtedly a great success and thoroughly appreciated by those present. The programme was of a high order, and included items from various composers. The opening number was a string quartette in A Minor, Op. 29 (Schubert), played by Herr Lemmer, Misses M. Shone, B. Atkinson and I. Jacobs. Herr Lemmer also played a violin solo, "Concerto No. 8, Op. 47" (L. Spohr), and in the second part of

the programme the violin part of the "Kreutzer Sonata" (Beethoven), with Miss N. Moore at the piano. In both items he scored a success, especially in the latter, when both performers were enthusiastically applauded for their artistic rendering of this remarkable work. Miss Alice Stevens gave two brilliant piano soli, "Andante Capriccioso" (Mendelssohn), and "Polka Brillante, Op. 95" (Raff). Miss C. Hunt, who was in excellent voice, sang Gounod's "Serenade," and the recit. and ari. "Lascia chio Pianga" (Handel), and, as usual, charmed her hearers. Mr Coney sang "Prince Ivan's Song" (Allitson) with telling effect.

Miss Hunt wore a becoming evening dress of pale pink silk, with tiny chiffon frills on the skirt, the bodice was prettily finished with lace and a spray of cream roses; Miss Stevens, white silk, veiled with black net, the corsage relieved with red velvet; Miss Nina Moore, white silk evening dress; Miss Atkinson, soft white silk and lace; Miss Shone, white muslin; Miss Jacobs, white evening blouse, black skirt. Amongst the audience were noticed: Mrs Lemmer, evening dress of black silk and lace; Mr and Mrs A. Atkinson; Miss Mabel Atkinson, white blouse, black skirt; Mrs W. Atkinson, black silk; Mrs Fell, black evening dress, with fichu of black and white chiffon; Misses Fell (2), white dresses; Mrs Patterson, Nil green silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs Kissling, light blue silk blouse, with lace trimmings, black skirt; Mrs Gibbs, black, white lace cap; Miss N. Gibbs, pink evening blouse; Mrs and Miss Humphries; Mrs Stevens; Miss Browning (Stoke), black evening dress, relieved with yellow; Miss Buchanan looked well in white; Miss Hunter Brown, light grey silk blouse, with transparent yoke of lace, black skirt; her sister wore black silk, relieved with white lace; Miss Heaps, light blue; Mrs Ront, white silk and lace; Miss Cora Hill; Miss Kempthorne, light silk evening

blouse, black and white skirt; Miss Hursthouse (Motueka), becoming evening gown of black, bodice relieved with rich white lace; Miss Rodhart, black evening dress; Misses Bicknell, Greenwood, Richmond, Pike, N. Jones, Talbot, Corrigan, Green, Cooté, Rev. F. W. Chatterton, Messrs Browning, King, Kempthorne, F. Gibbs, Fell, Hursthouse, Selanders, Duncan and others.

On Tuesday evening an organ recital was given at All Saints' Church by Mr Harold Light, the clever young organist, who has recently returned from England. The programme was varied, and included compositions of

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DRESS WAREHOUSE.

Bach, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Wolstenholme and others. There was a large number of people present, and all speak in terms of high praise of Mr Light's playing. Mr Concy sang a solo, Miss Baigent and the Rev. J. P. Kempthorne a duet, and the choir rendered several anthems.

PHYLIS.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, November 20.
The wires would flash you the news of our rough and rude shaking up on Saturday morning, when our Cathedral spire was again damaged by the earthquake, though not to the same extent as it was about thirteen years ago, probably the improvement in its construction alone being answerable for that. The cross, with its base, is moved towards the east, and a section lower down is also shifted, making the spire look anything but safe, yet experts say it is, and service was held on Sunday, but the bells were not rung. Our neighbours at Christchurch have suffered very badly, the McKenzie township being in ruins, and one little child was killed by a wall falling in while it was in bed. It is not only the actual loss that these poor people are suffering from, but the nervous tension that goes on all the time the earth tremours last, which in this instance has been several days, and some have had no sleep at night. It is pitiful to think of Christchurch people are not backward at helping fellow sufferers, and a fund is started to assist in putting some of the most unfortunate on their feet again. The break in the Cathedral spire is a most unfortunate thing, just when we are struggling to finish the building itself, the work of which has been going on some weeks now. It is suggested taking down a good deal of the upper portion of the spire and to rebuild in wood. It certainly would give a greater feeling of security.

But to turn to pleasanter matters, on Friday Dr. and Mrs Crooke gave a delightful afternoon "At Home" at their rooms at the hospital, the lovely grounds sloping down to the river looking their best after the recent showers. Many of the guests enjoyed strolling about under the trees, while others played croquet, and some discoursed charming music in the drawing-room. A piano duet by Mrs Wilding and Dr. Crooke was much enjoyed. Other items, songs, and afternoon tea, made the time all too short. Mrs Crooke received on the lawn, and wore a handsome black gown, with grey tulle hat and feathers, and carried a posy of roses; Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, a chic costume in blue, hat to match; Mrs Julius, black silk with white chiffon front and ruffle, pale blue and black bonnet; Miss Julius, pale grey coat and skirt with lace front, large black hat; Mrs Heaton Rhodes, soft pink gown with cream lace, black picture hat; Mrs Denniston, blue and white foulard trimmed with lace, black toque; Mrs Wilding, wendwood blue and white gown trimmed with lace, black hat; Miss Wilding, pink floral muslin, white and pink hat; Mrs R. Macdonald, black and white costume, ruffle and hat en suite; Mrs J. Palmer, charming pink costume, chiffon ruffle; Mrs I. Gibbs, Royal blue voile handsomely trimmed with wide cream insertion, black and gold toque; Mrs Bourne, black coat and skirt, soft white front, large black plumed hat; Mrs Fenwick, handsome black toilet, lace and jet mantle; Mrs Lewin, fawn voile over pink, black chiffon toque; Dr. and Mrs Moorhouse, Dr. and the Misses Nedwill, Dr. and Mrs Fox, Dr. and Mrs Thacker, Mrs Morton Anderson, Mr and Mrs A. Cracroft Wilson, Professor, Mrs and Misses Cooke, Mr and Mrs A. H. Turnbull, Mr and Misses H. J. Hall, Mr and Mrs W. Wood, and Miss Wilson, Mrs J. J. Kinsey, Miss Fairhurst, Mr and Mrs W. Cowlshaw, Mrs and Miss Holmore, Mrs J. and Misses Anderson, Mr and Misses Ainger, Dr. and Mrs Jennings, Mr and Mrs Burns, Mr and Mrs Fisher, Mrs Mathias, Mrs Gould, Mr and Mrs R. Harman, Mrs and Miss Bowen, and others.

The Misses Hill gave the final afternoon of the Ping-Pong Tournament, Miss Cowlshaw and Miss Helen Denniston being left in to play, the former proving the winner, and

so much pleasure has been derived from this innocent amusement that I believe another is already in progress. It would be a great improvement for the summer to have a table on the lawn in some shady nook. It would be delightful.

The promoters of the bazaar for the Melanesian Ship Fund have the satisfactory balance of £670 to credit. I think we all wished the title of Prince and Princess of Wales had been conferred on the Royal visitors before they came to our shores, now, having known them as the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York we feel as if something had been taken from us, as we are not likely to meet under the new name.

HOLLY VALE.

Sly and Dangerous.

It was not very long ago that 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.

A PROPOSAL



TO EVERY LADY TO MAKE DELICIOUS CUSTARD WITH BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER A DAILY LUXURY!

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

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PURE MILK COMBINED WITH WHEAT AND BARLEY MALT.

Full Nourishment, partly predigested. Sterilized.

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THE BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS IN ALL CLIMATES.

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



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See this Trade Mark on every Tin.

AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES

The Kind of Man a Girl Should Marry.

Choice in matrimony does not as a rule come from the female side. A refined girl will not take the initiative, but she has the responsibility of refusing those who are ineligible. On what principle should this be done? First of all, we would say, that however handsome and agreeable a man may be, he should not be thought of as a husband if his character does not commend itself to the father and brothers of the girl. An

Irish magistrate asked a prisoner if he were married. "No," replied the man. "O, then," said his worship, "it is a good thing for your wife." It is indeed a good thing for a woman not to have to live with a liar, with a thief, with a drunkard, for twenty, or forty, or even sixty years. A lazy man will make but a weak band or support for a woman's house; so will one deficient in fortitude—that is, the power to bear pain and trouble without whining. Beware of the selfish man, for though he may be drawn out of his selfishness in the early

weeks of courtship, he will settle back into it again when the wear and worry of life come on.

To be happy in marriage, it is necessary to marry a gentleman in the proper sense of the word—that is to say, one who is generous and unselfish, who considers another's happiness and welfare and not merely his own. A man who is a bear to his sisters, discourteous to his mother, and careless of the feelings of servants and poor relations is just the man to avoid when you come to the great question to be answered, yes or

no. A "duck of a man" generally makes a goose of a husband, so it is wise to choose for a husband one with lasting qualities of heart and character. We would not state a truth so obvious were it not that some women say that they like a man to be a little bit of a rake, just a small garden one. If he is not all he ought to be before marriage he is sure to reform after it, and so they marry in a sort of missionary spirit, hoping to turn him from the error of his ways. This is not a wise thing to do, for people's



Some Tea Jackets.

characters do not as a rule alter much after 30 years of age, and if a man has a bad character it is far more likely that he will improve his wife off the earth by bad treatment rather than that she will much alter him. The poorhouses are full of women who thought that they could reform their husbands.

A husband need not be handsome, but he should be good-looking, in the sense of looking good morally and physically. It is a risk to marry one in whose face the ten commandments are conspicuous by their absence. "When I see a man," says Addison, "with a sour, riveled face, I cannot forbear pitying his wife; and when I meet with an open, ingenuous countenance, I think of the happiness of his friends, his family, and his relations." We need hardly say, however, that we do not recommend a professional beauty, who thinks that he is a lady killer. Why should you have the trouble of keeping a husband for the exclusive benefit of other women? "When I marry," said a budding schoolgirl, "I'll want a fine, tall, broad, handsome man that everybody will admire." "There's where you are wrong," said her elder and more experienced sister. "You'd have much less trouble in watching a less good-looking man, and would enjoy a great deal more of his society."

An Island of Widows.

Off the coast of Norway is a small island called Aarud, which boasts the unique distinction of being peopled exclusively by widows. The circumstances under which this state of affairs was brought about are no less curious than distressing.

A short time since a man arrived on the island from Haugesund, on the mainland, with his wife and family, to participate in the spring egg gathering. While testing his ropes on a cliff, preparatory to commencing his search, he happened to make a false step forward over the cliff. He was instantly killed. As there had not been a death on the island since eleven years before, when a boy was killed by a boulder from the same cliff falling on him, the occurrence naturally cast a gloom over the small community established there. This consisted of some thirty fishermen with their families. As a mark of sympathy and respect, all the men determined to attend the funeral of the unfortunate, which was to take place at the cemetery at Haugesund, on the mainland. During the proceedings at the burial ground a tremendous gale arose, and when the men returned to their smack the storm was at its height.

After carefully considering the situation, the thirty fishermen determined to sail for Aarud, and having taken advantage of the opportunity to replenish their household supplies, the boat was rather heavily laden. The progress through the angry sea was most anxiously watched by the people on the mainland, who, when the boat

had gone the distance of about a mile and a-half from the coast, saw that the vessel was in great distress. Efforts were at once made to go to the assistance, but the heavy sea beat back every boat that was launched. A few moments afterwards the unfortunate smack plunged forward into the trough of the foaming waves, and forever disappeared from mortal view. Every one of its thirty occupants was drowned, and on the following morning their bodies were found along the beach.

News of the disaster was as speedily as possible conveyed to the island. Every wife in the place had by the dreadful event been made a widow, and out of thirty as many as twenty-eight were left without any means of support. These women are now receiving assistance from the Norwegian Government, which is credited with the intention of settling a number of unmarried men on the island as soon as arrangements can be made. Until this is done, however, all its women must of necessity remain widows.—Exchange.

Do You Know How to Wash Your Face?

While very frequent ablutions are of course taken for granted, it by no means follows as a matter of course that everyone knows how to wash her face, even though that primary process is a fundamental of daintiness. Most persons wash their faces enough, but many of them with poor results. The face that shows its scientific washing is the one that has been bathed correctly at night. If one has been on a railroad journey or a dusty drive all day, of course the only and obvious thing to do is to bathe it in the ordinary way; but if you would have your complexion look its best and freshest next morning retire to your room early, rub cold cream all over the face, rubbing in thoroughly, and leave it on ten or fifteen minutes; then remove it with a dry Turkish towel. Next, lather the hands with fine soap and very warm water; dip the palms in cornmeal and rub the face over and over, rinsing off with warm water and then in cold, and dry with a rough towel. Every particle of dust will be eliminated from the skin, leaving it as fresh and soft as an infant's. Putting ammonia in the water makes the skin dry and wrinkly, and it is not as good for the hair as borax, though ammonia is an excellent toilet accessory. If, after this kind of a face bath, a few drops of benzoin are put into a pint of water and mopped over the face it helps to restore the natural fairness, if one is sunburnt. A few drops of benzoin in a whole bowl of water make no impression whatever.

Thrift a Homely Virtue.

When I used to hear my dear old grandmother make this remark in regard to thrift being a homely virtue, it did not strike me with the force that it now does. It is truly the basis of all success in life. It is truly a virtue, and one we should all strive to cultivate. It cannot be cultivated too early in our children. Let them learn, however, to distinguish between thrift and stinginess. It is the thrifty man or woman we go to when we want help in our charitable work. A penny saved is a penny earned. What I wish to speak of most in this short article is to learn thrift in the expenditure of strength as well as in the spending of money. We must learn to value the things of life correctly. A weary, cross, irritable wife and mother, too desperately tired to be companionable in her family, makes a sad mistake. The biggest leak we have to mend is worry. My dear sister woman, while a thrifty wife is better than a rich one, thrift means intelligence and thought, and try to save yourself all the extra steps possible. A woman may reduce her household expenses temporarily by overworking herself, but this is a foolish and sometimes a fatal economy, for medicine and doctors' bills loom up before you like a mountain. What we want most is a cheerful, healthy, happy wife and mother, and she cannot possibly be so without health. Study the best methods of bathing. Use pulverised borax in your bath water to purify it. It is wonderfully cleansing, and invigorates and tones up the system when run down, and acts like a tonic.

How to Dress on £15 a Year.

AND ALWAYS BE ATTIRE IN GOOD TASTE.

There is not a woman living, no matter how beautiful, who is not improved by being well and artistically dressed.

To be well dressed does not necessarily mean to be dressed in the latest fashion, but to be dressed in good taste, and in a garment suitable to the occasion.

"Yes," you say, "but how is this to be done, and on the small sum of £15 a year?" Not long ago I was compelled to ask myself the same question, and for a time was completely nonplussed as to how I was going to manage. I was employed as typist and shorthand writer at the time, and it was absolutely essential for me to always appear well dressed.

The first thing I did was to overhaul my wardrobe and make a list of everything that I possessed. Fortunately I had never been extravagant, and my clothes were all in a fairly good condition, my wardrobe being as follows:—One good black dress with evening bodice, one light evening dress, one tailor-made coat and skirt, one Rob Roy cape for travelling, one blue serge frock, one Holland skirt, three cotton frocks, six cotton blouses, two silk blouses, two dark moreen underskirts, four cotton underskirts, one black hat, suitable for either summer or winter, one light straw hat, trimmed with roses and foliage, one large flop hat, for river or seaside, one white sailor hat, one black sailor hat, six pair of suede gloves, one pair winter gloves,

MOIR'S BLOATER PASTE. In Tins about 2 ozs. and 4 ozs. Manufacturers: JOHN MOIR & SON, LIMITED, LONDON, ABERDEEN, & SEVILLE. Head Office—9 & 10, Great Tower Street, London, E.C. Purveyors by Special Appointment to His Majesty the King.

MENE... SANITARY... TOWEL... LADIES.

Dales' GOLD MEDAL Dubbin... makes BOOTS and HARNESS waterproof...

I CURE FITS... I do not ask you to spend money to test whether my...

KOKO FOR THE HAIR... Under Royal Patronage... KOKO FOR THE HAIR... OLD PEOPLE LIKE IT... MIDDLE-AGED PEOPLE LIKE IT... YOUNG LADIES LIKE IT... CHILDREN LIKE IT... THEY ALL LIKE IT...

two pairs of white kid gloves, two pairs boots, two pairs of walking shoes, two pairs of dress shoes, one umbrella, one sunshade, also good supply of underclothing.

After I had made out the list, I carefully examined each article, putting on one side those that needed mending or renovating in any way. I next obtained two old sheets, sewing the sides together, and running them down the middle so as to form two bags, into which I put my best skirts. This done I procured a quantity of tissue paper, and filled out the ribbon bows, and trimmings on my hats, afterwards wrapping each hat carefully in several folds of paper, and placing it in a hat box at the bottom of my wardrobe; for I knew that clothes become destroyed far quicker by being handled carelessly, or by being left lying about in the dust than they do by hard wear.

I had always been taught to keep my clothes in thorough repair, so that I had not much sewing to do; quicker by being handled carelessly, about little details such as gloves, ribbons, boots, and shoes.

Although I had trees for my boots and shoes, I rarely troubled to put them on the trees each time after taking them off, but I made up my mind to do so in the future. I was also determined to clean my gloves myself, as I knew that I could no longer afford the endless twopences that I had been spending hitherto. I had always trimmed my hats myself, and made all my light frocks. My heavier frocks I had made by a reliable dressmaker, because I found that it was cheaper in the long run; a dress that is both well made and well cut wearing out two that are made or cut by an inexperienced hand. I was also in the habit of brushing my skirts well before putting them away, as the

least particle of dust will work its way into the material and make a good skirt look shabby long before it is worn out.

By dint of following these rules, and adding to my clothes from time to time I managed to preserve a well-dressed appearance on £12 per annum without the smallest difficulty.

During the first year I bought:—A navy blue serge frock, £2; one dark underskirt, 6/; two cotton undershirts, 6/; light evening frock, £1; coat and skirt, £3 3/4; pair of boots, 15/; walking shoes, 11/; house shoes, 4/; four pair of gloves, 12/; one cotton frock, 10/; summer hat, 10/; sailor hat, 3/; sunshade, 5/; replenishing underclothing, 41; sundries, 15/. During the following year I managed to do without a new serge frock, as my last year's had been worn very little. My coat and skirt was also in good condition, but as the winter was a very cold one I bought a heavy ready-made winter coat; and I also found it necessary to have a new black frock, the one with which I had started my wardrobe having seen much hard wear.

With these more expensive garments, and a few oddments, I managed splendidly throughout the second year, the entire list being as follows:—

Winter coat, £2; black gown, with evening bodice, £3 15/; summer frock, £1 10/; three cotton blouses, 10/; one silk blouse, 10/; four pair of gloves, 12/; one pair of boots, 15/; one pair of dress shoes, 5/6; umbrella, 7/6; sailor hat, 3/; best black hat, 12/; replenishing underclothes, £1.

At the end of the third year I found that my wardrobe was, if anything, in a better condition than when I started, my purchases during the third year being:—

New coat and skirt, £3 3/4; tweed frock, £2 5/; one dark underskirt, 6/; two cotton undershirts, 6/; one light evening frock, 18/; two cotton frocks, £1; two cotton blouses, 5/; Holland skirt, 5/; summer hat, 10/; four pair of gloves, 12/; pair of boots 15/; pair of walking shoes, 15/; replenishing underclothes, £1.

Thus, by economising, I was always well-dressed, and looked better than others spending three times the amount.

Children and Pictures.

The keen delight which a child may take in pictures is prettily illustrated by an anecdote recently related by an aged English lady of her father, who in his boyhood was taken to visit the studio of Romney, where the portrait of Lady Hamilton as "Cassandra" was on exhibition.

The little fellow, only nine years old, fell completely under the spell of her exquisite face and graceful figure, and no sooner was he left alone for a moment than he stole across the room, came closer to the wondrous picture, and kissed it—a tribute of which the artist might well have been proud.

Teachers and workers who have the opportunity of watching young children from unlovely surroundings making their first acquaintance with pictures in embellished schoolrooms or settlement parlours have similar tales to tell. A teacher in one of our public schools has recently been transferred from a bare-walled room to one where there are pictures. Among her pupils there is one little girl, not bad but so restless as to be troublesome.

After a short time in the new room the teacher observed that whenever

this child was reproved or called to order, she glanced quickly at a picture hanging near her—Richter's noble and gracious Queen Louise.

Children's fancies are shy things, and the lady had the tact to ask no questions; only the next time the little fidget was at fault she said nothing; instead, she lifted her eyebrows warningly and herself looked up at Queen Louise.

The culprit flushed, stared, then smiled; and ever since, with no word spoken, a glance at the picture is enough. Moreover, finding herself thus unobtrusively sympathised with and understood, the child has become an adoring little friend to the teacher whom before she tormented and disliked.

Yet another anecdote is different, although akin. There is a picture of a puppy in a certain primary room, and the teacher noticed that one small boy on going out always tipped and rubbed his hand over it. The glass suffered from his smelly little fingers, and she remonstrated: "Don't touch; you can look just as well without touching, Bobby."

Bobby's eyes filled. "Oh," he cried, distressfully, "I've never had a real puppy to pat, but I thought I could pat this one! He's awful nice and live, and I make believe he's mine."

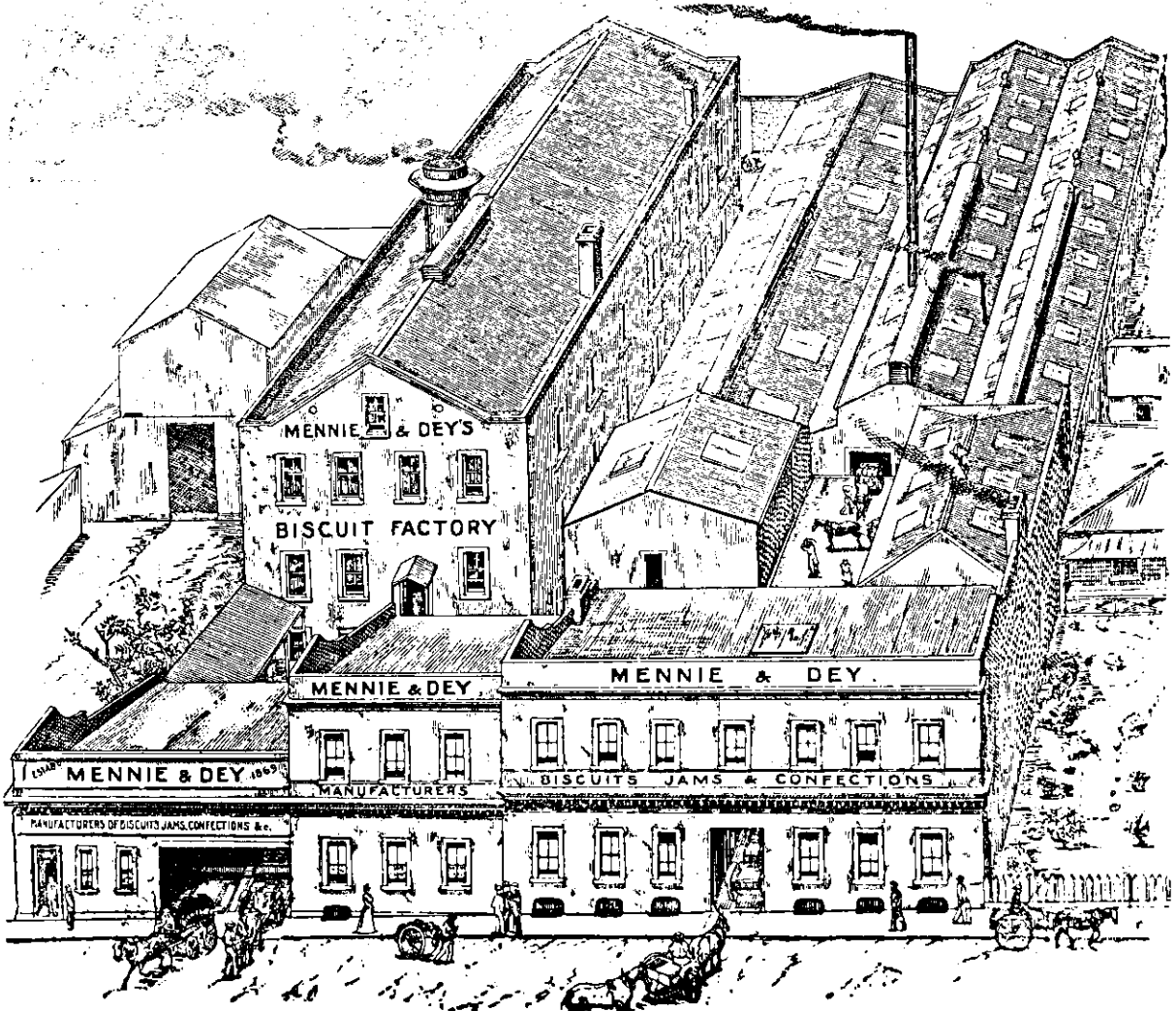
The teacher now scrubs that glass off once a week with a special duster, and Bobby continues to pat his pictured pet.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

Apply Sulpholine Lotion. It drives away pimples, blotches, roughness, redness, and all disfigurements. Sulpholine develops a lovely skin; 1/ 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.)

Of all the gowns of the year, none appeals to the heart of a woman quite the same as does the summer gown of muslin and lace and other fabrics that belong with the season. There is something about a lawn gown that appears to be within the reach of the home woman. Even if she does her own sewing all the time, she puts the scissors into wool goods and into silk with more or less trepidation, but with a cambrie or a dimity it is different. Even if she is no great dress architect, she can still see the ruffles and the frou frou of a muslin frock even before it is cut from the piece, and from the colour and her past experience she knows whether it is becoming to her or not. Then, too, summer goods

are so inexpensive that if made at home any woman can afford quite an outfit; for after all it is the linings, or "findings," as the essentials are called, that bring the cost of a wool or silk gown up to the limit figure, and all these are escaped in a muslin gown.

THE MUSLIN GOWN.

The foundation skirt of a muslin gown is of importance, and it is as well to make it first, even if it is nothing but a petticoat. Whether of muslin or silk, it must be made and finished with its ruffles just exactly like a dress skirt. It is indeed the underskirt of the gown, for upon it depends the appearance of the muslin gown itself. This petticoat should

have a slight sweep, and the required flare about the feet at the front and sides. If you have an old or half worn taffeta skirt, it will prove of value in this particular. In making a thin gown of, we will say, Swiss muslin, make the taffeta skirt with a deep silk accordion-plaited flounce. Cover this with a circular flounce of the muslin covered with inch-wide bias folds running round, and overlapping each other just enough to hide the edge and the stitching. Then the skirt proper falls over this flounce like a tunic, and has a pointed or scalloped edge finished with lace. The bodice should have a lace guimpe, and may be finished simply with a fichu if it is becoming. Or it may be finished with a lace or silk

bolero. Silk boleros to match the skirt lining are a pretty feature of the summer season.

Another pretty muslin gown is fitted to the hips by a succession of perpendicular tucks extending to the knee, where the tucks are released to furnish a flounce that is in turn tucked in inch-wide tucks running round in parallel lines. This, however, is not simple of construction, and is not to be recommended, unless the skilled artist has it in hand.

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SUMMER GOWNS FOR ELDERLY WOMEN.

"Harper's Bazaar" gives some useful hints on dresses for elderly



A Dainty Summer Frock.

women: "Many suitable materials may be purchased now for dresses for older women. Among the soft materials are the foulards, silks, and taffetas, as well as the grenadines, velvings, and the many muslins which make most charming gowns. The dress of the elderly woman is not an especial style, but a modification of the fashion which does away with gay and ornate effects. Her gowns are characterised by some show of individuality.

"In the mixed Oxford suitings are a number of different qualities in dark colours that make up well in coat and skirt. The skirt is best that has a flaring flounce at the side and a front breadth narrower at the top than at the bottom. A coat three-quarters length looks best, with straight front and pointed revers. If the wearer is stout, she should have her coat made rather shapeless, with a box back and a seam in the middle, and the side seams curved in somewhat to the figure. This will be far more becoming than a tight-fitting jacket.

"Nun's veiling gowns with clusters

of tucks which run from belt to hem of the skirt are very smart in appearance. Another way is to tuck only the front breadth, leaving the sides and back plain, and finish with a circular ruffle beaded with narrow satin or watered ribbon.

"It is necessary that an elderly person should always wear black, though fashion has seemed thus to dictate. Grays and purples are extremely becoming and really suitable. White, too, is exceedingly appropriate for summer home wear. There are some charming qualities of all-black India and foulard silks this season, made without any figure at all or with a small polka dot or flowered design. These are peculiarly appropriate for elderly women on dressy occasions."

• • •



My other sketch is of a gown of mauve and white foulard. The upper skirt is quite plain, falling over frills of the mauve and white material. The bodice is made with a separate vest of white tucked lawn, and the frilled fichu is made of the same, held in front with bands of black velvet. The upper sleeves are tucked, and finished with a frill over an under-sleeve of lawn with a lace wrist-band. I suggest lawn, as it washes beautifully and wears well, and does not get the dirty yellow look that chiffon does.



GIRL'S SAILOR FROCK.

• • •



STYLISH MUSLIN DRESS.

STYLISH MUSLIN DRESS.

I am giving you a design of a really elaborate frock for a muslin. The skirt is cut in three parts, each edged with an ecru lace insertion, while the front width is of accordion-pleated, or finely-tucked, plain white muslin. The bodice, which fits tightly at the back and sides, shows a full vest of the plain white muslin, with a deep collar of tucked muslin embroidery, caught with a large rosette of black velvet ribbon. The upper part of the sleeve is of the flowered muslin, edged with lace, and the lower portion consists of two puffs of white muslin.

• • •



This sketch is a design of a frock to wear at a bazaar or for a garden party. It is a very simple gown of tucked black chiffon, inserted with black Chantilly lace insertion. The bodice is slightly pouched at the waist, and is finished with a round yoke of the lace, mounted on chiffon. A large rosette and ends of chiffon finish the bodice in front.

• • •

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.)



A STYLISH SPRING MODEL.



A NEW RACE COAT.



A VISITING TOILETTE.



CHIC SIMPLICITY.



CHILDREN'S PAGE.



COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

My dear Cousin Kate,—Will you please excuse me for not writing to you for so long. I have been very busy with my lessons, and I have not had time to write. Did you go to the show on Friday or Saturday? I did not go myself, but my brother had his horse down, and he got three first prizes with him. We have got such a lot of little chickens out now. A clutch of thirteen dear little things came out on Monday. We have a dear little lamb now; it is between my little sister and me. I call it Daisy. Have you sent me my badge yet, because I have not got it by post. You will be pleased to hear that my little pony Pat got first prize for child's pony at the show on Friday. I must say good-bye now.—From Cousin Barbara.

[Dear Cousin Barbara,—I was not able to go to the show, but hear it was lovely. How lucky your brother was. I expect you are all very proud of him and his horse, are you not? And your pony, too! How pleased you must be about him. I cannot get the badges made yet, but as you will see in this week's paper hope to have them soon. Send an envelope for yours.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—This is, as you know, my first letter. My mother takes in the "Graphic" every week, and I read the cousins' letters, and I thought I would like to become a cousin. I live in Petone, and go to the public school. I was eleven last January, and I am in the fifth standard at school. We have two pets, and that is one cat and kitten. Dear Cousin Kate will you please send me a badge and a collecting card. I must end this short note.—I remain, your affectionate cousin, Nellie.

[Dear Cousin Nellie,—You are warmly welcomed as a cousin, and I hope you will take part in all our competitions, and also will write regularly. The badges will be ready next week, I hope. Will you send me an envelope for yours?—Cousin Kate.]

My Dear Cousin Kate,—Thank you very much for your nice long letter. I saw such a dear little Shetland pony some time ago. It was so small that it seemed just like a big dog. I have an aunt called Auntie Kate. Mother had two little chickens. I am going to the "Pirates" in Suva. We get into the launch, which comes up every day, and goes back again the

same day to Suva. After a time she goes through a little back river and then into the sea. We live on the bank of the river, and we see the cane launches pass by, when she passes with the empty punts which she leaves at different places. We wait till she comes back with the full punts, and we call out for cane, and they throw us some sometimes, and we eat it and enjoy it very much. We are making a tennis court. Sometimes we get on a bamboo and go in the river. I saw that notice about writing on one side of the paper. Mother says it is quite right the way I write. She says the sheets could be torn in half. Please, Cousin Kate, will you let me know if it is quite right. I would like to go in for the story competition. The gardens are all nice. With love to you and all the cousins, I remain, Cousin Lorna.

[Dear Cousin Lorna,—Your letter interested me very much. Are you fond of riding? It was always one of my greatest pleasures, but I never get out now. You are writing quite right. It does not matter the sheets being joined together as long as you only use one side of the paper. I used to get sugar cane at one time. It is very nice, is it not?—Yours affectionately, Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have often been going to write to you to tell you the doll arrived safely, but I have kept putting it off, and as I have nothing to do I thought I would write to you. It is my sister's birthday next Wednesday, and my niece will be four years old on the day after Christmas; it is a pity it wasn't on Christmas day, isn't it. I am going to Waitetuna in about three weeks. I am so glad, because I have been there before, and I like being out there very much. It is quiet out there, but I like the country best. I will give you a description of the place. It is very hilly; there is a lot of big hills very steep, a very nice bush with plenty of nice ferns and nikau palms. The piece of ground on which the house is built has a creek running three parts of the way round it. There is a small waterfall in the creek and it makes such a noise. I must now say good-bye.—I remain, your loving cousin, Helen.

[Dear Cousin Helen,—What a very pretty place that seems to be. It must be quite like our coloured picture in the Christmas number. I should think Boxing Day would be a lovely day for a birthday, because then you get both Christmas and birthday presents.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am going to try for a prize for the Puzzle Competition, and I hope I will get one. Did you go to see any of Pollard's Opera Company. We went to "Flordora," and are going to "The Casino Girl" on Saturday. Have you ever read "Daddy's Girl"? It is such a pretty book. I have not written to you for a little while, Dear Cousin Kate, as I have not had any time. I think the story that is in the "Graphic" must be very interesting. I have not yet had time to read it. We have such a lovely little canary, and he is getting quite tame. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I must close, as I have no more news.—Love from Cousin Gwendoline.

[Dear Cousin Gwendoline,—The holidays will soon be here now, and then you will have time to write regularly, I suppose. I have not yet read "Daddy's Girl," but must try and find time, as you say it is so very nice. I have been to Pollard's once or twice and saw you there one time.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am writing to tell you about our sports. On the 7th it was such a horrid wet day that we thought it would be impossible to have them, but towards the evening it cleared. On the 8th, which was Friday, it turned out to be a lovely day. At 9.30 three drags left the school with about ninety people in all. We arrived at the Hut a little after eleven, and had our first race about a quarter to twelve. The first race was an ordinary running race. In that race I came in second, and was so tired after it. I didn't think I would get a prize, but as it was one of the longest races they gave me one. The races were much the same as last time, except that they had the long jump, and Cousin Aileen won that. She jumped eleven feet three inches. Was not it good? Cousin Aileen won two prizes, and I got one, so you see neither of us came home disappointed.

A lady gave a speech just before the prizes were given out, and she said, "What would our grandmothers say to girls running?" But she continued and said that it was far better than lying on a sofa all day. I am sure you must think the same, Cousin Kate. Most of the girls were in their gymnasium dresses and looked very nice. About three o'clock a great many visitors came out, and so it was much more jollier. There was a married ladies' walking race, and it was so funny! We arrived home about 6.30 or 7. The girls did not make such a noise this time as last, but everyone said that it was quite the nicest of days we had ever had for our sports. I am so stiff now that it hurts me to cough or laugh, but I will soon recover from that. I have got a doll to dress for the hospital, and so I will be quite busy for a week or two. We had a play last week and it went off pretty well. Some of the Preparatory School sang and danced, so it really wasn't very dry. I must now stop.—With love to you and all the cousins, I remain, yours sincerely, Cousin Zaidee.

[Dear Cousin Zaidee,—Your letter is the nicest and most interesting I have ever had from you, and I am sure the cousins will much enjoy it. The sports must have been simply splendid, and I am as pleased as you can be over your success and that of Cousin Aileen. The more exercise you take the better, and I quite agree with that speech.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—It must be two or three weeks since I have written. I could not get another doll, so when I send the one I have in you will know I did not break it. I have been playing croquet nearly all the afternoon until now, and the time is nearly 7.30 o'clock. Fancy! Is it not lovely to think only five more weeks' school, and then the Christmas holidays? I went to the Burnell bazaar on Thursday. They had some very pretty little things from England.

Will you please excuse a short letter, as I want to do something more to the doll's clothes.—I remain, Cousin Roie

[Dear Cousin Roie,—I was really beginning to fear my most faithful cousin had given me up, and was very delighted to see your familiar handwriting. I forwarded you a doll today and hope it is the right size. If not do not bother about the broken foot. It cannot be helped.—Cousin Kate.]

Poor No. Eight.

Tuk, tuk, tuk, tchah! Tuk, tuk, tuk, tchah!"

Seven of the hens—there were eight altogether—made a rush forward as this sound greeted their ears, for each was anxious to receive the dainty morsel that their lord and master had found.

"It is no use my going," said No. 8, as she looked rather sadly after the others; "he never gives me anything but pecks, and I think I've had nearly enough of those for to-day."

Poor No. 8! Her life was not a happy one, though any passer-by would unhesitatingly have decided in his own mind that she lived in a very paradise.

Cool, green, wavy grass to stroll about in, a house fitted up with perches at all heights to sleep in, tall fruit trees overhead, laden with sweet scented blossoms, fresh water every day, abundance of food, and company of her own kind.

Surely she must have been of an exceptionally bad disposition to be unhappy under these circumstances.

But she was not altogether to blame; she could not help being a little lame, for instance, or having an appearance as of moulting around her neck, any more than she could help her comb being such a very poor one.

Sometimes she would look half enviously at her sisters as they strutted about, for their combs were so abnormally large that they drooped forward over their eyes, and wobbled about in the strangest manner; but after a minute she would come to the conclusion that perhaps she was the best off, after all, for at any rate she could see where she was going, which was certainly more than they could.

"Ah," she said to herself one day, "how happy I was in that little back yard, before we were taken away from mother and put to live here! Then we were all treated alike, and nobody thought about combs."

The fact was, that the cock ruled in that little domain. No sooner did he make his appearance in their midst than the hens all did their best to win his approval—except No. 8, who apparently took no interest in him whatever. Whether it was this indifference, or whether it was that she appeared so very inferior to her sisters, I cannot say, but the fact remains that that cock took a very violent dislike to her, and never lost an opportunity of giving her a violent peck in the back, an example which, from the first, was imitated by the seven devoted hens.

From her solitary corner she could see that the cock was telling the hens something particular, for he was perched up on a piece of brick, and his fine red comb was wobbling vigorously.

A few scattered words came to her ears, for he was talking loudly.

"This evening—adventure—caged up," she heard quite plainly, and, drawing a little closer, she at last made out that he was tired of being cooped up there, and that he was going to escape in search of adventure.

All the hens loudly lamented his decision, but not one dared to suggest that he had much better not do such a foolish thing.

No. 8 put her head on one side, and thought for some minutes.

"I wonder," she said to herself, "if he knows that Rough, the terrier, is always turned loose towards evening; at least, I am sure he doesn't, or he would never suggest such a thing as going out. I must go and warn him!"

She started off across the grass to join the group, and then stopped short.

"What a lesson it would be for him," she thought; "and serve him right, too!" she added, as she thought of all the vicious pecks he had given her.

For fully five minutes she wavered. Then her mind was made up.

"I'll warn him," she said to herself. "Because he is horrid, it's no reason why I should be horrid too."

The cock looked scornfully down on her as she went up to him, and her voice trembled as she told him that it would not be safe for him to go out, because of the terrier.

"And you think I am afraid of a dog, do you?" he said angrily. "A miserable little animal that can no more fight than fly! Do you hear!" he exclaimed to the other hens. "She calls me a coward. Drive her off; peck her, peck her."

At this they all made a rush at her, and poor No. 8, hustled and pecked, retreated as fast as ever she could to her own special corner.

An hour or two later she learned that the cock had successfully scaled the henhouse, and started on his travels, for the hens were all discussing it as they went to roost.

Noor No. 8 felt very unhappy, and long after her sisters were all sound asleep, with their heads hidden under their wings, she still sat at the door of the henhouse, listening for any sound that might be the wanderer returning, for he said that he should be back to crow at daybreak.

At last she fancied she heard him, and, peering through the netting, she beheld him strutting towards her. At the same moment there was a rush and a scamper through the bushes on the right, and, to her horror, No. 8 saw Rough, the terrier, dash at the terrified cock with a loud bark.

Then what a commotion there was, to be sure! What with the poor cock crowing loudly to the hens to come and help him, the seven hens, awakened by the noise, all crying, "I cuck, cuck, cuck—couldn't! I cuck, cuck, cuck—couldn't!" and Rough's barking, it was absolutely deafening.

How No. 8 managed it she never knew, but almost before she had time to think, she found herself over that division, and flying at Rough with all her might and main, pecking at his eyes, his nose, his ears, any part of him that she could reach. Her feathers flew in all directions, but she thought nothing of that; her one idea was to save the cock, and she battled on bravely, though her strength was fast ebbing away.

Help was at hand, though. One of the farm hands, hearing the commotion, rushed to the spot, just in time to drag Rough away, as poor No. 8 fell fainting to the ground beside the cock whose life she had saved.

Tender hands lifted her from the ground and bore her away, and for weeks she was not seen. Indeed, the cock and hens all wept for her, because they thought she was dead, and the cock was often heard to say sadly, "It was all my fault; if only I had listened to her and not gone out all would have been well"; and then the hens would chime in and say, "No, no; it was our fault; if we had been brave we should have helped her to fight, and then she would not have been killed."

So each learned that it was a courageous and unselfish hen whom they had been so unkind to all their lives, and had twitted for being ugly, and they saw, too, how selfish and cowardly they had all been in treating her so badly and neglecting her.

Imagine their joy, then, when one morning No. 8 came walking into their midst. She had been taken charge of by the farmer's daughter, and tenderly nursed back to health and strength; new feathers had grown in the place of those she had lost, and no one, to look at her, could have guessed how near she had been to losing her life.

Great were the rejoicings over her return and No. 8 soon found herself installed as head of the little colony, and the favourite of all instead of the insignificant slighted and hen-pecked creature of former days.

Even the cock became her devoted slave and would save the choice mor-

sels for her instead of eating them himself, while the hens would leave the nicest perch for her to roost on, and from that time all lived happily together without ever quarrelling or pecking, all because No. 8 had taught them to be unselfish.

Winifred Fenn in "Little Folks."

The Little Sentinel.

"Nurse, what do you think mamma told me?" asked a little bit of a boy. "I haven't the slightest idea," answered nurse, as she looked up from the stocking she was mending.

"Well, she said I might stay up all night. You know, nurse, I've always wanted to."

"That is very good of mamma," answered nurse. "And where are you going to spend the night?"

"Well, men who camp out, you know, have a fire. I am going to pretend I'm camping out, and I'm going to spend the night by the parlour fire."

"That's a good idea." "No. I think I'll be a sentinel and walk up and down before the fire, with my gun over my shoulder."

"But a sentinel must not go to sleep. He must be on the watch all the time and say—"

"I know! 'Who goes there?'" "And you are going to watch all night?"

"I think I shall," answered Harry proudly.

It had long been Harry's wish to sit up all night, and he could not help thinking his mamma very unkind never to let him. He teased so much that mamma finally said:

"Well, Harry, you may." "At about eight o'clock Harry, who

was usually in bed and asleep at that time, took his stand by the fire. His toy gun was over his shoulder, and on his head he wore his soldier cap. Up and down he walked before the fire, and at first it was great fun. Whenever he heard a sound he would call, "Who goes there?" And it would be papa coming to look for a book, or mamma. Once, when he called very loud, "Who goes there?" what do you think happened? The little white kitten ran into the room! Up and down, up and down, went Harry. Heavier and heavier grew the gun. Harder and harder was it to keep to the straight line in the carpet. Harry looked at the easy chair and the sofa, but proudly he shook his head.

"I've always wanted to sit up all night, and I'm going to show mamma how much I was; to!"

Oh, what a loop from the straight line that time, Harry! Time went on. Mamma and papa said good-night, and white kitty curled herself up on the rug and went sound asleep. Harry's eyes began to blink, but he held them as wide open as he could. Soon he had a lonely feeling. "A soldier should be brave," he whispered.

"But why shouldn't I sit down?" "Because you'd go to sleep," a small voice within answered. So up and down Harry trudged. Soon something rolled down the sentinel's cheek. Harry dashed it away, but then another something rolled down the other cheek.

"I'm a baby!" the little boy sobbed. But still he kept marching. Everything in the room seemed to swing—and swing—and swing. His feet were too tired. He tripped and fell upon the soft rug. How soft it was! He couldn't get up. He heard some one.

"Who goes there?" he asked, freely. "The Sand Man," a gentle voice answered, that sounded something like papa's and mamma's combined.

When Bedtime Comes.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

When bedtime comes, the stupid child is cross and tries to run away; As if the long long day were not Enough for little people's play. When bedtime comes, the clever child Gives every one a happy kiss; And off to dreamland hurries, lest Some flying merry dream he miss. When bedtime comes in our town, You cannot find a curly head, Or good, or bad, or in between, That isn't safely tucked in bed.

The Little Torments.

"O, mother, get my bonnet, do, I want to go to play;" "And hurry, mother, tie my shoe, Or Jane will run away."

"O, mother, do untie this string, It's in a hateful knot, And tell me where I put my sling, I really have forgot."

"Mother, see here; my dress is loose, I wish you'd hook it up;" "Oh, dear, I want a drink so bad; Ma, reach me down a cup."

"I've cut my finger, mother, oh, Do tie a tag upon it;" "And, mother, here, do sew this string Again upon my bonnet."

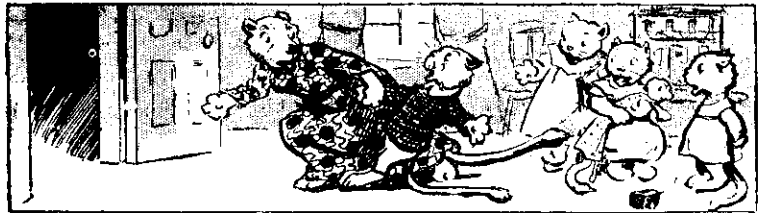
Thus hour by hour, and day by day, These little things intrude— Till many a mother's anxious heart Is wearied and subdued.

Yet not on earth can there be found, Through all life's varied plan, A nobler, greater work than hers Who rears an honest son.

(LOUIE HESELMOOD, age 15 years.)

JUNGLE JINKS.

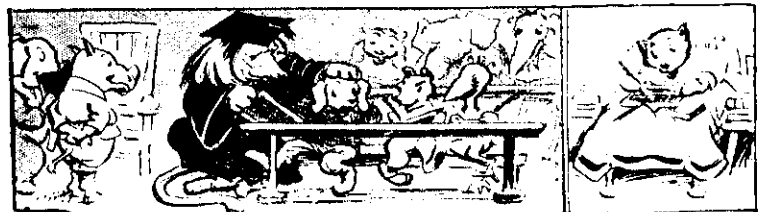
Young Lion Cub Goes to School for the First Time.



1. When the Jungle School opened for the new term, Dr. Lion said that his eldest son should begin school life with Jumbo and Jacko and all his other pupils. But young Cub made an awful fuss when his mamma went to the nursery to fetch him. "Leave me alone! I don't want to go to school! I want to stay here!" he bellowed. And it was as much as Mrs. Lion could do to drag her naughty little boy to the schoolroom.



2. Jumbo and Rhino couldn't help laughing when they saw young Cub brought into the school room, kicking and squealing. "It sounds just like a pig in pain," giggled Jumbo. "Yes," chuckled Hippo; "he seems to think school is an awful place, and doesn't guess what fun we have here. After he has been here a week or two he won't want to go back to the nursery again."



3. Dr. Lion was very angry with his boy for being so naughty and he made him sit down at a desk and gave him a slate. But the Cub simply wouldn't look at a slate or a book all the morning, so at last his papa had to send him to bed. The last picture on the right shows how young Cub spent the rest of the day at work in bed. He has promised his mamma now that he will never be naughty in school again.



LUCK? WELL—
Brown—What a lucky fellow Robinson is.
Jones—Lucky! I should say he was. Why, his fiancée's birthday comes on Christmas.

FICKLE FORTUNE.
Tom—What is Dick wearing mourning for?
Harry—His wealthy uncle has just recovered.

AN OBSERVING BOY.
Little boy—When I'm grown up I'm goin' to be a perliceman, an' you can be my nurse.
Little girl—Policemans don't have nusses.
Little boy—Don't they? I guess you've never walked up the avenue.

AN OLD HABIT.
"I see that Masie has decorated her sitting-room with swords, guns, pistols and fols."
"No wonder. She always was particularly fond of having arms about her."

THE REAL PROBLEM.
Hostess (to famous explorer): Tell me, Dr. Polarovich, what is the most interesting problem of polar expeditions?
Dr. Polarovich: How to get back home!

THE LAST WORD.
Mr Jigsby (the discussion having become somewhat personal): "You may talk till doomsday, George Jigsby, but you'll never get me to admit that a wife is bound to do as her husband tells her."
Mrs Jigsby: "By gravy, madam, if I outlive you I'll have it engraved on your tombstone that you were a good and obedient wife!"

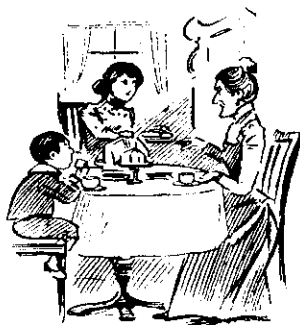


BETTER THAN THE EASY PAYMENT SYSTEM.

Mrs Trippe: Didn't you say that Mrs Strappe got her furniture on the instalment plan?
Mrs Craven: Yes, she had four husbands, and got a little with each!

DISGUISED.
Manager: What's this item in your expense account for "hardware, \$50"?"
Salesman: Hardware? Oh, yes; that's for poker. I thought it would look better put in that way.

SHE KNEW HER HUSBAND.
Peddler: Wouldn't you like some mottoes for your house, mum? It's very cheering to a husband to see a nice motto on the wall when he comes home.
Mrs Daggs: Have you got one that says, "Better late than never?"



Lady (who is taking tea with friends, is asked to take another roll): No, thank you. Really I don't know how many I have eaten already.
Son (aged eight; has been allowed at tea table on strict understanding that he doesn't chatter): I know, Miss James. You've eaten six, 'cause I've counted 'em.

LOVE'S GRAMMAR.
"I wish I dared to ask you something, Miss Millie," said Archey, with trembling and wobbling chin.
"Why don't you dare to ask it?" the maiden said, demurely.
"Because I can see 'no' in your eyes."
"In both of them?"
"Y-yes."
"Well, don't you—don't you know two negatives are equivalent to an—how dare you, sir! Take your arm from around my waist instantly!"
But he didn't.

FORWARD YOUTH.
It was late and getting later. However, that did not stop the sound of muffled voices in the parlour. Meantime, the gas meter worked steadily. The pater endured it as long as he could, and then resolved on heroic measures. "Phyllis," he called from the head of the stairs, "has the morning come yet?" "No, sir," replied the funny man on the "Daily Bugle," "we are keeping it back for an important decision." And the pater went back to bed wondering if they would keep house or live with him.

CONSCIENTIOUS.
Biddy: I'm sorry to say, sor, Miss Giddy ain't at home.
Mr Colde (facetiously): Why sorry, Biddy?
Biddy: Because it's the biggest story I ever told in my loife.

THE SPREAD OF EDUCATION.
Tatters: Wot I say is this, free education is a cuss to de perfession.
Raggles: 'Ows that, Tatters?
Tatters: 'Ow's that? Why, spend-in' the 'ard-earned taxpayers' money in givin' gals cook'ry lessons, teachin' 'em 'ow to use up cold wittles. Life won't be wuth livin' for sich as us.

THEY HAD PAID.
A gentleman who was on a visit to Niagara (when the car raised and lowered by steam power was in use) went into the starting house to witness the descent, being too timid to go down himself. After the car started, fully impressed with the danger, he turned to the man in charge, and said: "Suppose the rope should break?" "Oh," replied the man, who had no eye for anything but business, "they all paid before they went!"

AN ANGEL.
Tramp: Be careful how you refuse me food—you might be entertaining an angel unawares!
Servant: Faix, I niver see an angel, but if they be loike yez it's divil a wan I want to be.

WHAT HE THOUGHT.
Mrs Blossom (wrathfully to 'bus conductor): Why didn't you stop the 'bus when I waved my hand the first time?
Conductor: I didn't know you wanted to ride, ma'am.
Mrs Blossom: What did you suppose I waved my hand for, then?
Conductor: I thought you was a-trying to mash me.

EASILY DECIDED.
Patient: What have I got, doctor?
Young Physician: I can't exactly tell whether it is rheumatism or influenza, but I've been called in to see a man with influenza, and when I see what he looks like I'll come back and tell you.

AN EASY TASK.
Miss Vervysoph: Oh, professor, I hear that you maintain that the world is millions of years old; so you must sit next me at dinner and tell me all about it!

NATURE'S ARRANGEMENT.
He: "On what ground do you explain the fact that a great many more men than women are born into the world?"
She: "I don't try to explain it. Nature probably knows what it is about. I am told that the male mosquitoes outnumber the females in about the same ratio."

ALWAYS ASLEEP.
"Suppose I put on your husband's headstone the word 'Asleep'?"
"It will not be necessary; he was a policeman."



TO DECIDE THE BET.
Farmer Hayrick: 'Scuse me, mister, but ther boys er bettin' thet yew be one o' them idiots they call dudes. Be ye?

AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY.
So you lent Harbinger the money, did you?"
"Yes. He promised to pay with alacrity."
"He did, eh? Well, let me tell you this: if there's one thing that's scarcer with him than money, it's alacrity."

WOMAN'S AMENITY.
Miss Plainly: "I never had a picture of myself that I liked one bit."
Miss Caustic: "I don't blame you, my dear."

THE PERFECT BOY.
"I never heard of but one perfect boy," said Johnnie, pensively, as he sat in the corner, doing penance.
"And who was that?" asked mamma.
"Papa—when he was little," was the answer.
And silence reigned for the space of five minutes.

WOULD ACCOUNT FOR IT.
Mistress: "How is it I saw a police man hugging you in the kitchen last night?"
Maid: "I don't know, mum, unless you was peeping through the key-hole."

THOUGHTFUL MAIDEN.
"Isn't that the young man you were engaged to?"
"Yes, auntie."
"But why did you break it off?"
"He believes in the germ theory, and that kissing is dangerous."
"But surely that is right and proper?"
"In a scientist, yes; but not in a husband."

CALL FOR AUTHOR.
Passenger (to bookstall boy): "You probably did not know when you sold me that book that I was the author."
Bookstall Boy: "Did you write it, sir?"
Passenger: "I did."
Bookstall Boy: "Then ye'd better keep quiet about it, sir. I heard a chap say he would like ter kill the man as writ that book."

STILL TRUE TO HIS COLOURS.
Weary Raggles: "What has become of Lazy Luke?"
Tired Tatters: "He's at work."
Weary Raggles: "Horrors!"
Tired Tatters: "He's at work trying to perfect a labour-saving machine."
Weary Raggles: "Oh!"

SQUELCHED.
Philanthropist: My good man, what do you do with your wages each week? Put part of it in the savings bank?

Drain Worker: Naw; nawt on yer life. After I be payin' de landlord, de grocer, de bootcher, me life insurance, de corner s'loon an' de instalments on me wife's bicycle and me darter's piany, I packs away what's left in barrels. I don't believe in thim savin's banks.