

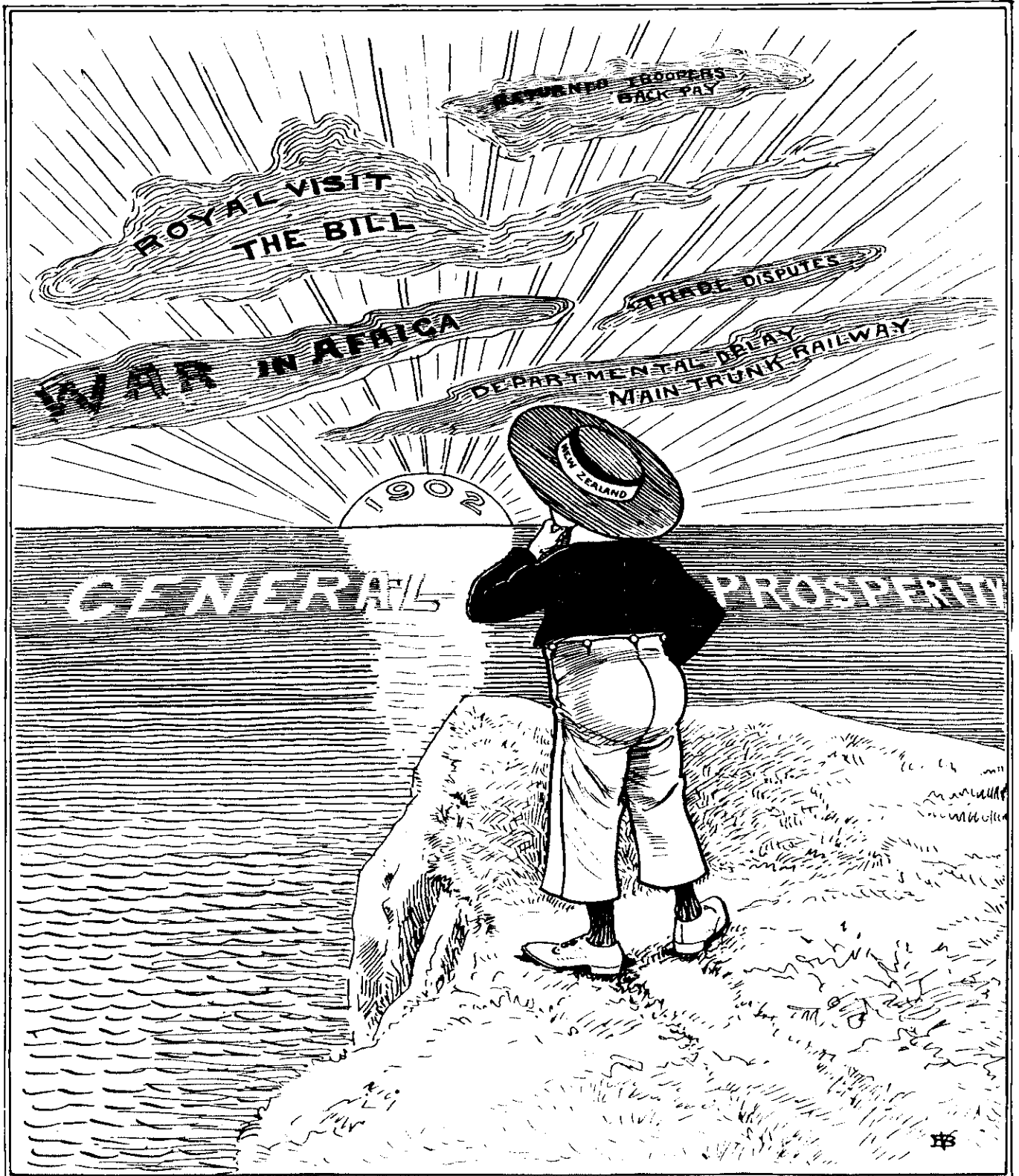
The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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The Dawn.

YOUNG NEW ZEALAND (LOQ.): "FAITH! IT'S NOT SUCH A VERY CLOUDY MORNING."

Complete Story.

Cressy's New Year's Rent.

A STORY OF A COLDER LAND.

Fred Hallowell was sitting at his desk in the "Gazette" office, looking listlessly out into the City Park where the biting wind was making the snowflakes dance madly around the leafless trees and in the empty fountain, and he was almost wishing that there would be so few engagements to cover as to allow him an afternoon in-doors to write "specials." The storm was the worst of the season, and as this was the last day of December, it looked as if the old year were going out with a tumultuous train of sleet and snow. But if he had seriously entertained any hopes of enjoying a quiet day, these were dispelled by an office-boy who summoned him to the city desk.

"Good morning, Mr Hallowell," said the city editor, cheerfully. "Here is a clipping from an afternoon paper which says that a French family in Houston-street has been dispossessed and is in want. Mr Wilson called my attention to it because he thinks, from the number given, the house belongs to old Q. C. Baggold. We don't like Baggold, you know, and if you find he is treating his tenants unfairly we can let you have all the space you want to show him up. At any rate, go over there and see what the trouble is: there is not much going on to-day."

Fred took the clipping and read it as he walked back to his desk. It was very short—five or six lines only—and the facts stated were about as the city editor had said. The young man got into his overcoat and wrapped himself up warmly, and in a few moments was himself battling against the little blizzard with the other pedestrians whom he had been watching in the City Park from the office windows.

When he reached Houston-street he travelled westward for several blocks, until he came into a very poor district crowded with dingy tenement-houses that leaned against one another in an uneven sort of way, as if they were tired of the sad kind of life they had been witnessing for so many years. The snow that had piled up on the window-sills and over the copings seemed to brighten up the general aspect of the quarter, because it filled in the cracks and chinks of material misery, and made the buildings look at least temporarily picturesque, just as paint and powder for a time may hide the traces of old age and sorrow. Fred found the number 179 painted on a piece of tin that had become bent and rusty from long service over a narrow doorway, and as he stood there comparing it with the number given in his clipping, a little girl with a shawl drawn tightly over her head and around her thin little shoulders, came out of the dark entrance and stopped on the door-sill for a moment, surprised, no doubt, at the sight of the tall, rosy-cheeked young man so warmly clad in a big woollen overcoat that you could have wrapped her up in several times, with goods left over to spare.

"Hello! little girl," said Fred, quickly. "Does Mr Cressy live here?" The child stared for a few seconds at the stranger, and then she answered, bashfully: "Yes, sir. But he has got to go away."

"But he hasn't gone yet?" continued Fred; and then noticing that the child, in her short calico skirt, was shivering from the cold, and that her feet were getting wet with the snow, he added, "Come inside a minute and tell me where I can find Mr Cressy."

The two stepped into the dark narrow hallway that ran through the house to the stairway in the rear, where a narrow window with a broken pane let in just enough light to prove

there was day outside. The little girl leaned against the wall, and looked up at the reporter as if she suspected him of having no good intentions toward the man for whom he was inquiring. Very few strangers ever came into that house to do good, she knew. Most of them came for money—rent money and sometimes they came, as a man had come for Mr Cressy, to tell him he must go.

"What floor does he live on?" asked Fred.

"On the fifth floor, sir," answered the child. "In the back, sir. But I think he is really going away, sir."

"Well, no matter about that," said Fred, smiling. "I will go up and see him. I hope he won't have to go out in the storm. It is not good for little girls to go out in the storm, either," he added. "Does your mamma know you are going out?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" She has sent me to the Sisters to try to get some medicine."

"Is she sick?" asked Fred, quickly.

"Yes, sir," continued the child.

"What floor does she live on? I will step in and see her."

"Oh, you'll see her! She's in the room, too."

"Then you are Mr Cressy's little girl?"

"Yes, sir."

So Fred patted her on the head and told her to hurry over to the Sisters, and gave her threepence to ride in the car; and then he opened the door for her, and as soon as she had left he felt his way back to the staircase and climbed to the fifth floor.

There he knocked upon a door, which was soon opened by a man apparently forty years of age, a man of slightly foreign appearance, with a careworn look, but with as honest a face as you could find anywhere.

"Is this Mr Cressy?" asked Fred.

"Yes, my name's Cressy," replied the man. He spoke with so slight an accent that it was hardly noticeable.

"I am a reporter from the 'Gazette,'" continued Fred.

"Oh!" said the man. "Come in," and as he spoke he looked somewhat embarrassed and anxious, for this was doubtless the first time he had had any dealings with a newspaper.

Lying on a bed in an alcove was a woman who looked very ill, and piled in a corner near the door were a couple of boxes and a few pieces of furniture. The stove had not yet been taken down, and some pale embers in it only just kept the chill off the atmosphere. Fred took off his hat, and led the man across the room toward the window.

"Have you been dispossessed?" he asked.

"Yes," said the man; "we must leave to-night."

"Why?" asked the reporter.

Cressy smiled in a ghastly sort of way.

"Because," he replied, "because I have not a cent to my name, sir, and the landlord has got it in for me—and I must go."

"Who is your landlord?" asked the reporter.

"Baggold—Q. C. Baggold, the shoe-man."

"How much do you owe?"

"Four pounds—two months' rent."

"Were you ever in arrears before?"

"Never."

"What's the trouble? Out of work?"

"Yes, sir, I have been. But I've got a job now, and I'll have money on the tenth of the month. But that is not it."

"What is it, then?" continued Fred.

"Well, I'll tell you. I don't want this in the paper, but I'll tell you. Baggold hates me. He knows the woman's sick, and he takes advantage

of my being him to drive me out. Do you want to know why? Well, I'll tell you. I worked for him for five years, sir, in his shoe factory. He brought me over from France to do the fine work. He had a lawsuit about six months ago, and he offered me £100 to lie for him on the stand. I would not do it, sir, and when they called me as a witness I told the truth, and that settled the case, and Baggold had to pay £2000, sir, for a sly game on a contract. Then he sent me off and I've been looking for a job, and I've got behind, and I'm just getting up again, and here he is sending me out into the snow! To-morrow is what we call at home, in France, the jour de l'an—the day of the New Year, sir, and it is a fête. And the little one here always looked forward to that day, sir, for a doll or for a few sweetmeats; but this time—I don't think she'll have a roof for her little head! I have not a place in the world to go to, sir, but to the police station, and there's the woman on her back."

Two big tears rolled down the man's cheeks. Fred felt a lump rising in his throat, and he knew that if he had had twenty dollars in his pocket he would have given it to Cressy. But he did not have £4, so he coughed vigorously and put on his hat quickly and said:

"Well, this is hard, Mr Cressy. I'll see what we can do. I must go up town for a while and then I'll come back and see you. Don't move out in this storm till the last minute."

As he rushed down the stairs he met the little girl coming back with a big blue bottle of something with a yellow label on it. He stopped and pulled a quarter out of his pocket, thrust it into the child's hand, and leaped on down the stairs, leaving the little girl more frightened than surprised as he dashed out into the snow.

He entered the first drug store he came to and looked up Q. C. Baggold's address in the directory. It was nearly four o'clock, and he argued the rich shoe manufacturer would be at his house. The address given in the directory was in a broad street in the fashionable quarter of the city. Half an hour later Fred was pulling at Mr Baggold's door-bell. The butler who answered the summons thought Mr Baggold was in, and took Fred's card after showing the young man into the parlour. This was a large, elegantly furnished room filled with costly ornaments, almost anyone of which, if offered for sale, would have brought the amount of Cressy's debt, or much more.

Presently Mr Baggold came into the room. He was a short man, with

a bald head and a sharp nose, and his small eyes were fixed very close to one another under a not very high forehead.

"I am a reporter from the 'Gazette,'" began Fred at once. "I have called to see you, Mr Baggold, about this man Cressy whom you have ordered to be dispossessed."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Baggold, smiling. "My agent has told me something about this matter, but I hardly think it is of sufficient importance to be of interest to the readers of the 'Gazette.'"

"The readers of the 'Gazette,'" continued Fred, "are always interested in good deeds. Mr. Baggold, and especially when these are performed by rich men. I came here hoping you would disavow the action of your agent, and say that the Cressys might remain in the room."

"Nonsense!" replied Mr. Baggold. "I cannot interfere with my agent. I pay him to take care of my rents, and I can't be looking after fellows who won't pay. This man Cressy is in arrears, and he must get out."

"But his wife is sick," argued Fred. "Bah!" retorted the other. "That is an old excuse. These scoundrels try all sorts of dodges to cheat a man whom they think has money."

"This woman is actually sick, Mr. Baggold," said Fred, severely, "and to drive her out in a storm like this is positive cruelty."

"Cressy has had two weeks to find other quarters, and to-morrow is the first of the month. I can't keep him any longer."

"Yes, to-morrow is the great French fete-day, and you put Cressy in the street."

"My dear sir," returned the rich man, "I cannot allow sentiment to interfere with my business. If I did I should never collect rents in Houston-street. And, as I told you before, I do not see that this question is one to interest the public. It is purely a matter of my private business."

"Very true," replied Fred; "but I don't think it would look well in print."

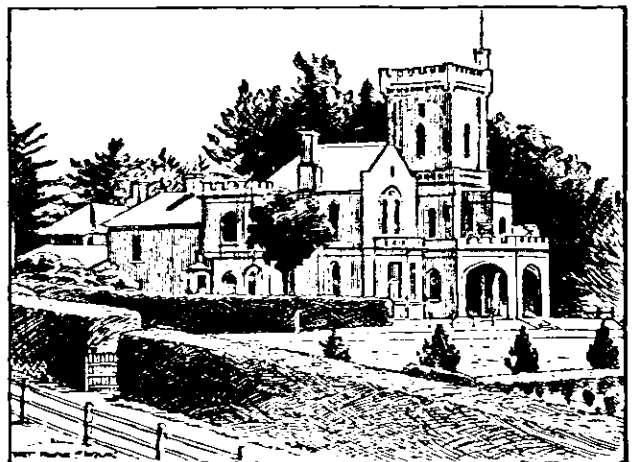
This statement seemed to startle Mr. Baggold a little, and Fred thought it made him feel uncomfortable. There was a brief silence, after which the rich man said:

"It would depend entirely upon how you put it in print. To tell you the truth, I am not at all in favour of these sensational articles that so many newspapers publish nowadays. Reporters often jump at conclusions before they are familiar with the facts of a case, and it makes things disagreeable for all concerned. Now, if you will only listen to me, sir, I think we can come to an un-

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derstanding about this Cressy matter. I don't want anything about it to get into the papers—especially now. I have many reasons, but I cannot give them to you. Yet I think we can come to an understanding," he repeated, as he looked at Fred and smiled.

"How?" asked the reporter.
 "Well," drawled Mr. Baggold, "there are some points that I may be able to explain to you. Of course I don't want to put you to any trouble for nothing. If it is worth something to me not to have notoriety thrust upon me, of course, on the other hand, it might be worth something to you to cause the notoriety. But just excuse me for a moment."

Mr. Baggold arose hastily and stepped into a rear room, apparently his library or study.

"Hm," thought Fred to himself. "This old chap talks as though he were going to offer me money. I'd just like to see him try! I'd give him such a roasting as he has never had before! Some of these crooked old millionaires think that sort of thing works with reporters, but I'll show him that it does not. I have never known a newspaper man yet that would accept a bribe."

And as Fred mused in this fashion Mr. Baggold returned. He bore a lone yellow envelope in his hand.

"Here," he said, "are some papers and other things that I should like to have you look over before you write the article. I think they will influence you in your opinion of the matter. I am sorry I cannot tell you any more just now, but I have an appointment which I must keep. Take these papers and look them over at your leisure, and if you find later this evening that there are not satisfactory, I will talk with you further. Good afternoon, sir. I hope you will excuse me for the present."

And so saying he handed the envelope to Fred, bowed pleasantly, and left the room. Fred had been standing near the door, and so he put the envelope in his pocket and went out. He walked a few blocks down the street, and went into the large hotel on the corner in order to get out of the storm and to find some quiet place where he might look over Mr Baggold's document. He was very curious to see what they could be. He found a seat in a secluded corner of the office, and there tore open the envelope. To his disquiet, it contained £6 and a brief note, unsigned, which read:

"The accompanying papers will show you that the matter we spoke of is not of sufficient importance to be published."

Fred Hallowell was furious. This was the first time in his brief career as a newspaper man that anything like this had happened to him. He grew red in the face, his fingers twitched, and he felt as if he had never before been so grossly insulted. As he sat in his chair, fuming and wondering what he should do, Griggs, the fat and jolly political reporter of the "Gazette," came up to him and said, laughing,

"Well, you look as if you were plotting murder!"

"I am—almost!" exclaimed Fred, and then he told Griggs all about what had happened.

Griggs listened patiently, and at the end he chuckled to himself and said: "Well, Hallowell, don't waste any righteous wrath on any such stuff as that Baggold. I'll tell you

how to get even with him." And then he talked for twenty minutes to the younger man.

At the end of the conference Fred smiled and buttoned his coat, and hastened back to Cressy's room in Houston-street. He found a Sister of Charity there nursing the sick woman. Cressy came to the door, pale and eager.

"Well?" he said, nervously.
 "Oh, it's all right," returned Fred, laughing. "I have just seen Mr Baggold. He said his agent was perfectly right in having you dispossessed, because that was business; but when he heard what I had to say he gave me this money." And here Fred handed out the £6. "It is for you to pay the agent with, and then you can keep your room, and you will have £2 besides."

Cressy was speechless. The sick woman wept softly. The Sister said something in Latin, and the little girl just looked; she did not understand what it was all about.
 "You see," said Fred to Cressy "I suppose Mr Baggold does not want his business to be interfered with by his sentiment." And before Cressy could reply the reporter had slipped out of the door, and in a moment was hurrying down town to his office.

The next morning—New Year's morning—the "Gazette" contained a pretty little story of how a rich man, who had heard of the distress of a tenant, put his hand in his own pocket and paid his tenant's rent to himself, so that the new year would begin well for him by having rents coming in at the very opening of the twelfth month.

"I'll bet Baggold was surprised this morning when he read that," sneered the genial Griggs; "but it will do him more good than ten columns of abuse and exposure. So here's a Happy New Year to him!"

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"My dear, it will be the very thing for you, so do not let me hear another word! It will be quite an introduction into good society."

"But I am not at all sure that I want to get into what is called 'good society,' Aunt Clara."

"My dear Edith, what do you mean?" cried Miss Mowbray, lifting her hands and looking at her niece in dismay. "I suppose you are going to be one of those dreadful modern women who wear divided skirts and make anarchist speeches in the Park!"

Edith laughed. "I do not think you need be afraid of that," she said. "What I mean is that, though I have come into this money, I should like to go on studying art all the same; only that now I shall be able to help some of the girls I know, who are struggling on against such difficulties."

"Well, of course you are your own mistress now," said Miss Mowbray, "and I need not expect that you will care any more for your own father's sister, who has toiled for you all these years."

Miss Mowbray's "toil" on behalf of her orphan niece had not consisted in anything more than allowing her to live in the house, and in giving her plenty of tasks to do in return; but Edith feared nothing so much as being changed for the worse by her unexpected legacy, and therefore she was melted by the reproach.

"Let us make a compromise, Aunt Clara," she said. "If you really wish it, I will go down and stay at Westleigh Hall for a few weeks, and after that I can go on with my work."

Miss Mowbray dried her eyes at once, and took up a letter which she had thrown down on her worktable during the foregoing discussion.

"Let me just read that part again," she said; "dear Mrs Boulton does not always put things so clearly as she might."

She adjusted her glasses and began to read, while Edith listened with a somewhat anxious expression.

"I am so enchanted to hear of your niece's good fortune, she ought really to see a little of good society now, for she will be quite a lady of wealth! By a strange coincidence I have just heard of the very thing for her. A friend of mine knows a lady of title who has a lovely place in the country, and who moves quite in the best circles. She has a large house-party staying there now, and I have been told that she would be willing to take a young lady to 'introduce,' on payment of a consideration. I believe this is constantly done now in society, so you need not feel any scruple; it would be entirely a private arrangement between Edith and Lady Benson."

"Lady Benson?" said Edith. "I don't think I ever heard that name before."

"Oh! well, there is nothing in that," said Miss Mowbray, rather testily. "You don't pretend to know the whole peerage, I suppose? I have no doubt that Lord Benson is a very distinguished person."

"I don't think there is a Lord Benson at all," remarked Edith.

"My dear girl, how very brusque you are! It is quite easy to see that you have never moved in good society; there is no repose about you. Many earls have quite common names. Grey, now; what could be a more common name than Grey? And yet there is an earl of that name."

"So I have heard," said Edith; but seeing the look of annoyance gathing again on her aunt's face, she got up and kissed her affectionately.

"We had better not discuss the matter any more," she said. "I have

promised to go, and that is enough."

In less than a fortnight's time Edith Mowbray might have been seen, one fine September day, getting into the train for Westleigh. She did not much like the errand on which she was bound, but she was a girl of spirit, and having been forced into the adventure she resolved to make the best of it.

It was not a long journey, for Westleigh was only about fifty miles from London, and she soon arrived at her destination. She got out of the train and looked about her with some curiosity; it was a little country place, and there were very few people to be seen. Her luggage had been put on the platform, and she was looking at it rather disconsolately, when she heard her name spoken, and, turning round, beheld a rather faded, careworn-looking woman dressed in mourning.

"I must introduce myself," said the new-comer. "I am Lady Benson; I was driving in this direction, so I thought I would call for you."

"Thank you very much," said Edith, looking at her in some surprise. She had pictured Lady Benson as a loud and dashing woman of fashion, and the contrast was rather startling.

"There is a cart for the luggage," went on Lady Benson; "I have told the porter to see about it." And so saying she led the way to the carriage.

"Perhaps you would like to hear whom you are going to meet?" said Lady Benson, when they had exchanged a few commonplace remarks. "One or two friends left unexpectedly last week, but there are still a good many staying with me. Have you ever met Lady Tyndal or Colonel Carrington?"

"No, I do not know either of them," said Edith.

"Lady Tyndal might be called a little eccentric by some, perhaps, but she is a dear creature. Colonel Carrington is a very polished man; he has travelled a great deal, and is familiar with most of the European courts. Then there is Mr Vaughan; he is one of the rising young authors of the day; and Miss Hecker, she says some rather sharp things at times, but she does not mean them, I am sure. There are several more, but I shall confuse you if I go on."

Edith made some courteous rejoinder, but she was not at all sorry that Westleigh Hall came in sight at that moment, and closed the category. It was a nice-looking house; but from the description she had expected a castle, and she found it rather difficult to respond to Lady Benson's appeals for admiration.

It was a relief when the drive was over and they drew up at the hall door.

"Would you like to join our circle at once?" asked Lady Benson, "or will you go up to your room and have a cup of tea?"

"I think I should like to be quiet for a little while," said Edith, catching at the respite. "At what time do you dine?"

"At eight o'clock; you will hear the gong. But let me show you your own room, and as soon as your boxes arrive they shall be sent upstairs."

It was with some inward trepidation that Edith heard the dinner-gong sound, and went down to the drawing-room; it seemed to be full of people, and she was glad when her hostess came forward to greet her.

"Let me introduce Miss Mowbray to you," she said, turning to Lady Tyndal. "This is Mr Vaughan, who is going to take you into dinner."

There was no time for more than a scrutinising glance from Lady Tyndal

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dall, for at that moment the butler opened the door and announced that dinner was served, and they all moved off to the dining-room.

"Have you ever stayed here before?" asked Mr Vaughan, as the soup was handed round.

"No; this is my first visit to Westleigh; it seems to be a very pretty place."

"Yes; you will find it well worth seeing. Lady Benson was telling us to-day that you are, like myself, a Londoner."

"Yes, I have lived there all my life, and I never leave it now for long together, for I am attending art classes."

"I have done a good deal of work as an art critic," said Mr Vaughan; and forthwith he plunged into a discussion of pictures, studios, and exhibitions that engrossed Edith's whole attention.

She had no time to observe her neighbours during dinner; but when the ladies left the room she found herself seized upon by Lady Tyndall, and subjected to a searching cross-examination. She was questioned as to whom she knew, where she had been, and what she had done; and though she tried to keep her temper, she found it hard work.

"I don't think I shall like good society much if this is a specimen of it," said Edith to herself when she went up to her room that night. "Colonel Carrington struck me as being very ill-tempered, while Lady Tyndall—"

But here she pulled herself up. "After all, I have no right to judge them on such a short acquaintance," she thought; "perhaps I shall find out their good qualities to-morrow."

The next morning was bright and warm, and Edith went down to breakfast fully determined to make the best of things. She had donned her prettiest morning dress, and looked so fresh and attractive that Lady Tyndall gave her an approving

nod as she surveyed her through her eyeglass.

"Come and sit by me, my dear," she said, "and I will tell you all about everything."

Edith accepted this comprehensive proposal in silence; but as soon as she was seated Lady Tyndall began to make awkward confidences in a hardly repressed tone of voice.

"I think I shall take you up, my dear. Between ourselves, I will tell you that there is not anyone in the house just now that I care very much about. Miss Heckler is a great friend of mine, but really she made herself so disagreeable to me after we went upstairs last night that I shall never be able to speak to her again."

"Shall I pass you the butter?" said Edith, hoping to put an end to the conversation; but the hope was vain.

"Yes, you may pass it," said Lady Tyndall venomously. "That is to say, if Mrs Broughton has left any; it is quite sad to see a woman eat so much."

To Edith's great relief, Mrs Broughton's head was, turned the other way, and she was engaged in such a loud-voiced conversation with Colonel Carrington that it was clear she could not have heard what was said; but Lady Benson had heard, and she turned a distressed look upon the speaker.

Lady Tyndall seemed a little ashamed of herself, and began an explanation. "It is not altogether Mrs Broughton's fault," she said, "so perhaps I ought not to have mentioned it. You see, she is not quite of our world, and there are allowances to be made—"

She broke off suddenly as Mrs Broughton turned round upon her with a look of fury. "Yes, there are allowances to be made!" she exclaimed. "How much do your creditors allow you?"

Everybody stared as though a thunderbolt had suddenly been shot down among them: Lady Tyndall

turned pale, and for a full minute no one spoke.

"I think that was a little too bad," said Colonel Carrington at last. "Suppose we all try to forget it."

It was about the best speech that could have been made under the circumstances, and Lady Benson looked gratefully at him; but it was evident that it was not received with universal favour. Lady Tyndall still seemed resentful, and Mrs Broughton aggrieved, while Miss Heckler's face bore an unmistakable expression of disappointment.

It was a relief to everyone when the meal came to an end, and they could get up from the table. Edith made up her mind to go out for a long morning's sketching, for the atmosphere was still highly electric, and Lady Tyndall and Mrs Broughton were glaring at each other across the drawing-room like two hungry tigers.

It was late when she returned for she had become so absorbed in her drawing that she lost all count of time, and it was long past the luncheon hour when she began to retrace her steps.

Lady Benson was in the hall when Edith entered, and asked her to come into her room to have some tea.

"I am very sorry that we should have had that little unpleasantness on your first morning," she said, apologetically. "Lady Tyndall and Mrs Broughton do not get on together, somehow, and it makes it very hard work to keep the peace."

She looked so thoroughly worried and overdone that Edith's heart was touched at once. "I will do my best to help you," she said, so brightly, that poor Lady Benson cheered up, and actually smiled as she began to pour out the tea.

They were not destined to be left long in peace, however, for a visitor soon disturbed them. It was Lady Tyndall.

"I beg to inform you," she began; but in answer to an appealing look

from Lady Benson, Edith fed without waiting to hear more.

"Really, this is a most extraordinary house!" she said to herself. "I don't wonder that poor Lady Benson looks so ill; but why does she not clear her house of visitors and take a thorough rest?"

Apparently the same thought appeared to be in other people's minds as well as her own, for as they sat in the drawing-room that evening Miss Erskine, a clever-looking Scotch lady to whom Edith had not yet spoken, came and sat down by her side.

"I have not seen you since breakfast time," she said. "I felt so sorry for you—thrown into such a crowd of wrangling strangers!"

She smiled as she spoke, and Edith felt attracted by her manner. "All the strangers do not wrangle," she said.

"Well, no, I hope not; but it is a great pity that any of them do. However, I suppose that one ought not to speak ill of people who are staying under the same roof with one."

"I think that Lady Benson seems to undertake too much for her strength," said Edith.

"Yes," said Miss Erskine quickly, "and I see that you wonder just as I do why she does it."

"I confess that it has puzzled me," said Edith.

The next two or three days passed uneventfully, although there was still a rumble of thunder in the air from the recent storm. Edith was glad to have found a congenial friend in Miss Erskine, and as Mr Vaughan showed a growing inclination to seek their society, she was able to shut her ears to the unpleasantness that went on with the charms of intellectual conversation. But when she was left alone she could not prevent her uncomfortable feelings from returning; such a household of ill-assorted guests it had never been her lot to encounter; and

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she wondered what her aunt would think if she could see the "good society" that she had vaunted so loudly.

The quarrel between Lady Tyndall and Mrs Broughton had broken out again one evening in a dispute over a game of backgammon; and when they came down to breakfast the next morning they exchanged glances of defiance, while Miss Heckler looked as though she had spent the night steeping herself in vinegar. A battle seemed in prospect, but hostilities were suspended by an announcement from Lady Benson.

"We have to welcome a new guest this afternoon," she said. "An Irish cousin of mine is coming unexpectedly. Larry O'Hagan we always used to call him; but he is a captain in the Indian Navy now. He is just home on leave, and says that as he hears I have a large house-party, he supposes it will not be much trouble for me to have an extra visitor for two nights."

Lady Benson looked round with a smile as she ended, but Edith detected a fresh note of anxiety in her voice, and wished that Captain O'Hagan had chosen a more opportune time for his visit.

The news answered one good purpose, however, in that it seemed to make things go more smoothly; and as soon as breakfast was over the party broke up into little groups, and began to discuss the coming visitor.

"He is sure to be an acquisition," said Lady Tyndall. "Sailors are always interesting, and Irishmen are always amusing."

Her expectations were destined to be fulfilled, for as soon as Captain O'Hagan arrived it was evident that he was both interesting and amusing. Stories and jokes flowed from his lips, enlivened by the most delicious Irish blunders; he was delighted to see his cousin again, and enchanted with everything and everybody.

Edith wondered that Lady Benson did not brighten up more under his sunny influence; but, though she seemed to be really attached to him, her face did not lose one whit of its usual anxious expression, even though her guests seemed to have forgotten their differences for the time being.

"And how long have ye lived here, my dear?" he inquired at dinner, in a tone that attracted the attention of the whole table.

"I moved here after you left England," said Lady Benson in a subdued voice, but the captain did not take the hint.

"Oh, yes, I remember," he said in the same loud key. "It's five years since I went out, and ye were living in Camden Town then."

At the mention of this unromantic locality everybody pricked up their ears, and Lady Tyndall remarked—

"I thought this was a family place!"

"Oh, no!" interrupted Miss Heckler in her most acid tone; "you cannot have thought that. Don't you remember what that man at the farm told us?"

She concluded her sentence with a mysterious telegraph of nods and signs, and Lady Benson flushed unasily.

"I think we may as well go into the drawing-room," she said, looking at Lady Tyndall; and though some of the ladies were reluctant to break off the conversation, they could not refuse to follow.

It was not long before the gentlemen came in, and Edith, who had stepped out into the verandah to enjoy the evening air, heard voices just beyond her.

"I will tell you all when we are alone."

"My dear girl! ye can rely upon my honour—"

Edith moved away then, she might hear no more, but the few words that had reached her were enough to show that her suspicions of some existing mystery in the house were quite correct.

"Isn't anybody going to shoot partridges?" asked Captain O'Hagan at breakfast the next morning.

"I was not aware that there were any partridges to shoot," said Colonel Carrington drily.

"Oh, no; of course not," exclaimed the captain hurriedly. "I don't know what made me think so; but I'll tell you what, it's a beautiful day for a picnic!"

Lady Benson looked up with a glance of alarm, and Mr Vaughan interposed.

"It is rather late in the year for picnics," he said.

"Late in the year!" exclaimed the captain. "Why, what could be better for a picnic than a glorious September day like this? What do you say, ladies and gentlemen? There's always plenty of conveyances in a country house."

Again Lady Benson looked at Mr Vaughan, and again he took up the cudgels on her behalf.

"I believe one of the horses is lame just now," he said.

Captain O'Hagan was one of the most good-natured of men, but he had a hot Irish temper, and this continued opposition was more than he could stand.

"Look here, my young friend," he said, "am I Lady Benson's cousin, or are you?" "Ye seem to think ye know more of her wishes than me, who was born and bred and brought up her blood relation!"

Mr Vaughan could hardly forbear a smile, but he tried to be conciliatory.

"I am very sorry if I seemed to interfere," he said.

"Seemed to interfere!" exclaimed the captain angrily. "Ye did interfere, I tell ye. What's more, I'll stand it no longer. It's fit to break my heart to see the poor girl that I love as a sister without a penny to call her own and slaving her very life out for her lodgers—"

"Larry! Larry!" cried poor Lady Benson, clasping her hands in dismay; but her voice was unheard amid the general excitement.

Lady Tyndall dropped her knife and fork with a scream, Colonel Carrington jumped up from his seat and glared fiercely at everybody, while a fire of exclamations went up from the other guests.

"Will you retract your words, sir?" said the colonel, stamping his foot.

"And why should I retract my words?" asked Captain O'Hagan.

"Because, sir, you have applied to these ladies and gentlemen a term that is most insulting, and I demand an apology."

"Oh! do ask his pardon, Larry!" sobbed poor Lady Benson.

"Ask his pardon, indeed!" said Larry, who was by this time so carried away by excitement that he hardly knew what he said. "I won't ask his pardon for speaking the truth. Is there one of ye doesn't pay for board and lodging? And if ye do, why shouldn't I call ye lodgers?"

A silence followed his words, which was only broken by Lady Benson's sobs; but suddenly Lady Tyndall turned upon her hostess.

"Am I to believe that this is really true?" she asked. "Did you delude me into coming here on the plea that I should meet a houseful of interesting people, when they were nothing but lodgers?"

"And do you dare to sit there and look me in the face," interposed Colonel Carrington, "when you led me to believe that you had an aristocratic house-party staying with you? It is scandalous, madam; perfectly scandalous!"

Suddenly Lady Benson took her handkerchief from her face and held out her hands towards her guests.

"Listen to me for a moment," she said, "and I will tell you all! I am a widow with nothing but my pension to depend on, as my cousin has told you, and my boy, though as loving a son as ever lived, has run into debt, and I must raise money to help him. Some friends persuaded me to hire this house and take in paying guests, but they told me that I should succeed much better if I asked each one to keep it a secret from the others. I only wish I had never come here at all, for, far from putting anything by, I lose more than I gain; and with the work and the worry, I am driven to distraction. Perhaps I ought to have explained my plans, but if it

was wrong I have been punished for it. Mr Vaughan can tell you that every word I say is true."

Every eye was immediately turned on Mr Vaughan, and he felt himself in an uncomfortable position.

"No doubt you will wonder how it is that I knew a secret which was hidden from you," he said, "but the fact is that my mother is an old friend of Lady Benson's. She tried to dissuade her from her scheme, and when she found that the difficulties she had prophesied were coming to pass, she asked me to come down and see if I could be of any use, as she is an invalid and unable to leave home."

"And he has been kindness itself!" broke in Lady Benson. "I could never have kept up through this last fortnight if it had not been for him."

"He's been better to ye than I've been!" said poor Captain O'Hagan, looking ruefully at his cousin. "I've got the will to do everything in the world for ye, Polly; but when once me tongue takes the bit between its teeth I can't hold it, so there's no use saying I can!"

"You need not apologise for what you have done, sir," said Colonel Carrington haughtily. "If it had not been for you we should still have been under this disgraceful delusion. I shall leave the house in half an hour's time."

"For my part," remarked Miss Erskine, "I don't see that we are any worse off than we were before. We have all been paying for our board and lodging from the first, and the only difference is that now we know that our fellow guests have done the same."

"That is exactly what I mean," returned the colonel; "we were paying under the supposition that we were joining a party of ladies and gentlemen, whereas now we find them to be nothing but lodgers!"

The last word was uttered in such a tone of disgust that Miss Erskine laughed outright. "According to that," she said, "we must each have had the dreadful knowledge that we were only 'lodgers' ourselves! At any rate, we are all on an equal footing now."

It was evident that her words had some effect, for Colonel Carrington looked a little ashamed of himself; and before he returned to the attack Captain O'Hagan took advantage of the pause.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I can't apologise to ye, for ye don't deserve it! But I'll tell ye what I'll do: I'd no business to let Polly's eat out of the bag, and I'll take the penalty. I'll give everyone their money back for the last fortnight if they'll undertake to leave this afternoon, and when I've got me poor cousin to meself I'll take a list of her debts and pay them, without the help of a mean-spirited set of lodgers!"

He dashed out of the room before anyone else could answer, and, flying upstairs, returned in a few moments with a bag of sovereigns.

"Now, then, I'll settle ye once for all!" he said.

"Captain O'Hagan," said the colonel, lifting his hand to command silence. "Allow me to say that I honour you for what you are doing; it is what I should do myself if I were in your place, and therefore I take your money, but I feel that I owe some apology to Lady Benson, and therefore I ask you to take it from me again and apply it to her benefit in some more congenial sphere."

Colonel Carrington might be bad-tempered and pompous, but he is a gentleman; and with a cordial

"Hear, hear," from Mr Vaughan, several of the guests followed the example that had been set them.

Mr Broughton was not one of the number. "You don't catch me being got over like that!" he said, as he jingled his sovereigns in his pocket; while Miss Heckler remarked, "I should have had much pleasure in contributing my mite, but on principle I cannot support anyone convicted of deception."

Lady Tyndall did not trouble herself to make any excuses at all, but, having hastily put her money into her purse, she snapped her reticule on her arm, and sat guarding it like a dragon.

"I don't want your money," said Captain O'Hagan, as he looked with moistened eyes at the heap before him; "I've come home with my pockets full, and who should have it if not my own blood-cousin? But it's the kindness I thank ye for, and I'll take it just to keep her in mind that some of her lodgers were ladies and gentlemen after all!"

"My dear Edith, what an extraordinary thing!" said Miss Mowbray, when, full of wonder at her niece's unexpected return, she had questioned out the whole story. "I was never so deceived in my life; it is a sad end to my plans for you, but I dare say I can soon hear of something else."

"No, thank you, Aunt Clara," said Edith. "I have had enough of such experiments, and now I am going back to my work again."

There was a determination in her voice that warned Miss Mowbray that it was no good to argue with her, so she prudently dropped the subject.

"Oh! well," she said, "I'm sure I don't wonder that you are disgusted and disappointed. What a dreadful woman that Lady Benson must be!"

"I think she is more to be pitied than blamed," said Edith.

"Now, my dear, don't try and defend her; such conduct is quite inexcusable, and I hope that you will never go near her, nor even mention her again."

But on this score also Edith refused to make any rash promises. She felt genuinely sorry for her late hostess, and when she found that through Captain O'Hagan's kindness Lady Benson had been enabled to return to a quiet little home of her own she made an early opportunity of going to assure her of her help and friendship. Nor did she seek to bury her experiences at Westleigh in oblivion, for when she and Mr. Vaughan found their brief acquaintance ripening into something deeper and closer they fully agreed that the most fortunate day in all their lives had been the day that brought them together in Lady Benson's house-party!

In Society.

She had signalled to the conductor, and was turning in her seat preparatory to leaving the car when she noticed down the aisle and across it a woman who met her glance with a smile.

"How'd you do," she said. "Oh, how do you do," answered the other. "I haven't seen you for a long time."

"Well, you never come up." "Oh, I haven't been going anywhere."

"You always say that." "Oh, no, really, I haven't." "Well, you must come up." "Yes, I will. You come."

"I will." "Good-by." "Good-by."

"More lies; won't do anything of the kind," said a cross-looking man in the corner, as he threw one leg over the other.

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Complete Story.

The Beauty Stone.

I.

"And you mean to tell me that the stone has brought you bad luck? Ha! ha! It's too funny for words. My dear chap, you've got a liver on!"

Horace Midwinter sat bolt upright on the shingle, and pitched five pebbles in succession into the sea before replying.

"Well, all I can say is that I wish you were in my place, then, Arthur," he responded, sullenly.

"So do I. Why, that Beauty Stone is worth a good bit of money to you any day, and if you are tired of bad luck you can easily get rid of it by giving the talisman to me. I'm always open to break my luck when a stone like that's at the bottom of it."

"So I would, only—well, there's a fascination about the thing somehow. Do you know how I got hold of it? (Given me by a poor wretch of an Arab dying of a gunshot wound in the desert—murdered, probably. I did my best for him, so he gave me the stone, and said there were only three like it in existence, and that it would bring me luck if I carried it about with me. He died, of course."

"Obviously, or he wouldn't have been fool enough to give you the stone."

"Well, I took it back to Cairo, and the niggers just grinned and said the stone would kill me. It brought luck to a coloured man, they said, but to a white one death. The niggers are right and the Arab wrong, unless he lied."

"But you're not dead yet."
"No; soon shall be, though. The vessel I came back to England in ran on the rocks, and I only escaped drowning by the skin of my teeth and a life belt. I was knocked down in Piccadilly by a cab within a month of my return, and then had a near go with blood poisoning. I came down here for a change a fortnight ago. A few nights after my arrival, as I left the house in the evening to go for a stroll, a brick fell from the roof of a house and smashed to pieces on the pavement almost at my feet, thrown at me by someone, no doubt. Now, to crown it all, a shot was fired at me as I was walking along the cliff late last night."

"You were shot at? By whom?"
"Don't know. It was too dark to see. The information has got into the papers that I have one of the famous Beauty Stones in my possession, and that I carry it about with me; so I suppose someone else wants it. Might have asked for it in a polite manner, though. I think I shall try the police, if there is such a thing as a bobby to be found in a quiet hole like this."

"Worst thing you could do. The police would only mess up the whole business. Try and find the culprit yourself. Do you usually walk along the cliff at night?"

"Yes, about ten, generally. But that's not the worst of it, Arthur. She refused me to-day for the second time."

"A woman in the case, eh? What's her name?"

"Oh, you know her well enough," replied Midwinter, irritably. "I came down here because she was staying in the town, and hoped to go back a happier man than I came, but it's this unlucky stone that's upset everything. You've never heard of Minnie Davenport, I suppose?"

"Good heavens! Not Jacob Davenport's daughter?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"She's already engaged."

"To whom?"

"Myself!"

Midwinter stared into his companion's face sceptically. Then this was the man who had robbed him of all he loved best in the world, his old college chum, Arthur Herman! He could not believe it.

"Do you mean what you say?" he gasped.

"Yes, I do. And I'll thank you not to trespass on my preserves in future," replied Herman, severely. Then, changing his tone, he added, half in earnest: "Perhaps you would need less persuasion to give me the Beauty Stone now you know all? Good luck to yourself and had to me ought to make matters even, eh?"

Midwinter's hand flew to his waistcoat pocket.

He pulled out the end of his watch chain, and attached to it was a gold setting in which lay a large pink stone that glistened in the sun with a strange luminence suggestive of the opal. For a moment he gazed at it intently, as if in thought, then replaced it in his pocket with decision.

"No, Arthur," he said, slowly. Giving this stone to you won't bring me the love of the woman who has already pledged herself to you, and under the circumstances I scarcely desire that it should. Good luck or bad, the Beauty Stone shall remain mine."

A savage look as of pent-up passion burnt in the other's eyes for a second, then as quickly melted away.

"Good-bye for the present," he said. And rising to his feet he strode swiftly in the direction of the town.

II.

Midwinter scarcely knew why he lingered any longer in Littlesea. He had failed in his object to win the love of Minnie Davenport, and that was sufficient to sweep away all enjoyment of the salubrious surroundings. In the evenings he slunk into the dark corners of the pier, and watched her in silence as she sat a short distance away listening to the lively strains of the band. She was ignorant of his presence in the vicinity; they never met, or when they did he turned his head aside. Nevertheless, her beauty entranced him more and more, and for the first time in his life he felt that he hated Herman, though never once did he see him in her company.

Three evenings later he remained on the pier until half-past nine, and then started for a walk. It was a lovely night, and the tide was low. Instead of walking along the cliffs as usual, he followed the narrow edge of wet sand that ran under the great chalk boulders.

For two miles he walked steadily forward, and then sat down on a projecting rock to ponder over his shattered hopes. Perhaps, after all, there was some hidden power for evil in the Beauty Stone. Why had misfortune dogged him so persistently of late, when, prior to becoming the possessor of the gem he had been considered the luckiest man in the world? But the sound of voices not far away caused him to forget his thoughts and listen.

"And you think I could get that enormous sum for the stone?"

"At Cairo, m'sieur; nowhere else."

Midwinter crouched into his hiding place as two dark forms outlined in the moonlight came into view. The voices he had heard caused his heart to throb with excitement, for one of them he recognised as Herman's. He saw they were walking slowly side by side, and when about ten yards from where he lay concealed, Herman stopped short and touched his companion on the shoulder.

"You are prepared to stand by me over this job?" he asked.

"Of course, m'sieur."

"Very well. I'm going to propose a scheme, and if you carry it out you shall have two-fifths of what the stone realises in Cairo."

"On your oath, m'sieur."

"On my oath," repeated Herman. "Now listen to me. I had it from his

own lips the other day that he walks along the cliff above here every night at ten. It is not railed in, and—it's difficult to see in the dark! He—might—fall—over! You understand?"

"I don't like it, m'sieur."

"Don't be a fool. People fall over there every year, numbers of them. There are plenty of bushes where you can hide, and a little push at the right moment will suffice. A paragraph in the local paper will record another fatal accident on the cliffs."

"Guarantee me two thousand pounds, and the 'accident' shall take place," said the foreigner, in the tone of one who is striking an important bargain.

"Very well; I will. And mind you don't muddle up the job like you did that shooting business. If it hadn't been for me you would have had the whole of Littlesea's Scotland Yard down upon you. Make it to-morrow night if you can."

Thus the compact was sealed, and they walked on in silence, until their forms were blotted out in the night.

III.

Midwinter tossed sleeplessly on his bed that night, and rose early the following morning, with a throbbing head and brain on fire. He left his breakfast untouched, and at nine o'clock put on his straw hat and walked across to the East Coast Hotel, where Herman was staying. That individual happened to be enjoying his morning meal when Midwinter entered the room.

"Hallo, Horace!" he ejaculated. "You're an early bird. Thought you were never on view before ten."

"Generally, but I have had a bad night."

"Heart wrong perhaps?"

"Don't joke because you've licked me in fair fight," replied Midwinter, bitterly, as he dropped into a chair. Then, drawing the Beauty Stone from his pocket, he threw it on the table. "You can have that. I'll make you a present of it," he added. "It'll be the death of me sooner or later."

"Been doing the target again?"
"Oh, dear, no. But I suppose I shall fall over the cliffs or something if I don't get rid of the beastly thing."

Herman stared. "You're out of sorts, old man," he said. "Have a brandy and soda?"

"No, thanks. I'm off to bathe. See you later."

"Don't know about that. The fact of the matter is, Horace, I'm thinking of going back to town to-day."

"I shall miss you, I'm sure," said Midwinter.

"Oh, no, you won't. I've had a letter from my solicitor this morning telling me to go and see him at once. I may run down again, or may not. It all depends on Minnie, because I don't think Littlesea suits me."

"Probably not; it becomes too tropical here sometimes. Why not try a sea trip? Do the Mediterranean, and don't forget to run up to Cairo."

Herman dropped his eyes quickly and fidgeted with his fork. "Not half a bad idea, Horace," he replied, decisively. "I'll try it."

And a week later Midwinter, still languishing at Littlesea, learnt that Herman had taken his advice and sailed in the Castilian. The presence of the Davenports in the town alone sufficed to keep Midwinter there also, for now that he and the Beauty Stone had parted company he confidently looked forward to a turn in his fortunes.

With the departure of Herman the genial summer weather departed also. Storms sprang up that drove the sea-horses across the rolling water, and kept all the holiday makers within doors. Gales ensued, and the wind, racked to fury, swept with loud moanings along the shore and hurled the sea birds away like fragments of tissue paper.

Four days after the Castilian sailed Midwinter came down to breakfast and picked up the daily paper lying on his plate. He opened it casually, but a number of bold headlines staring him in the face caused him to utter an exclamation and read the

terrible news that followed. A few minutes later he realised that the Castilian had gone down in the Bay of Biscay, and seventy persons, including Arthur Herman, had been drowned. So it happened that the Beauty Stone at last claimed a life and lay fathoms deep on the ocean bed.

It was not until the following morning that Midwinter came to any decision as to how to act. At first he thought of going to Minnie Davenport and boldly telling her the truth, but eventually decided that it might prejudice her against him for all time. That he must offer his condolences and also conceal the true characteristics of Herman's nature was subsequently apparent to him, and with this object in view he set out for an interview with her.

When he had nervously rung the bell of her house he became uncertain as to whether she would see him, but a domestic standing in the doorway crushed his fears. A moment later he was ushered into the drawing-room. A quick step sounded along the passage, the door opened, and the pretty face of Minnie Davenport, radiant with smiles, came into view.

"Good morning, Mr Midwinter," she said. "Pray be seated."

He sat down and faced her.

"I'm afraid I'm a poor hand at expressing sympathy," he began, awkwardly; "but I called to offer my sincere condolence to you in your great bereavement."

He expected her to burst into tears, but instead a fixed stare of astonishment spread itself over her features.

"I don't understand," she stammered with a foreboding that she was about to hear bad news.

"But surely you must have heard. The Castilian—"

"Yes, yes; it has gone down. Terrible affair. But to one of my acquaintance was on board with the exception of Mr Herman, poor fellow, who was drowned."

"Yes, that is what I mean. You were engaged, and—"

"Engaged! Nothing of the sort! He asked me several times to marry him, but I stoutly refused on each occasion. I did not care for him, although, perhaps, I should not say so now that he is dead."

"But he told me you were engaged to him," responded Midwinter, his countenance brightening.

"Then he told you what was certainly not true. The man I love still lives, thank God."

Midwinter's mouth quivered. Once again his hopes fell below zero.

"And might I ask his name?" he said.

A smile that broadened into a laugh rippled over the girl's face, and rising from her seat she went to his side and put her arms about his neck.

"You old dear, you've been so good and innocent all the time when I teased you so! Couldn't you understand that I refused you because I loved you and wanted to see if you really loved me too?"

He drew her face down to his and kissed her.

"Then I've lost one gem only to gain another of far greater price," he murmured, and thought of the Beauty Stone that had gone for ever.

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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, Maungakarakamea (the Iridescent Mountain), the Famous Arateates 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



PINEAHA

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.

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Complete Story.

Sundered Hearts.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

L

Far away to the north-east gleamed Sinbad's Diamond Mountains, their crags of crystal salt shining like flame above the tumultuous white-manned swell of the Persian Gulf. Spray flashed high at every plunge of the steamer, gulls wheeled and screamed astern, black shadows of mast and shrouds danced on the iron deck, while there, against the scorching sky and the light, leaning against the rails of the upper bridge, the mate stood brooding over the woman he had married for love.

Married for love—she was very pretty in her practical, wilful way; fair, dainty, crisp from the silken ribbons on her hat to the fresh white cotton of her well-cut skirt; and as she lay in a deck chair, the lining of her parasol casting a flush of warm colour over her sun-browned face, she seemed an impossible apparition to be found afloat on such a grimy ocean tramp as the "Juliet," of Liverpool. Everybody knows that a mate is never allowed to take his wife to sea, and even now Tom wondered vaguely by what wiles she had prevailed upon her uncle, the owner, to countenance a honeymoon here in the blazing East.

And what had induced her to marry him? His prospects? There were none. His money? The man was penniless. His gift for making love? Why she had reduced him to the very dust with

her chaff. His good looks? The handsome, manly chivalrous idiot had not the slightest suspicion of being so commended to a woman's eyes. As for her wanting to quarrel now, to be disdainful, whimsical, inconsequent beyond all bearing, these things were quite beyond the understanding of a mate at nine pounds a month.

The lady having a will of her own, flatly declined to conform with his theories as to the care and management of women; and so Tom, bewildered by her moods, could only come to one rueful and totally false conclusion—that he had married a cyclone in stays! They had quarrelled viciously, they were scarcely on speaking terms; in fact, the tramp "Juliet," bound in salt ballast from Ormuz to Bombay, carried something which was not declared in her manifest—a load of misery.

And yet, after pretending to read her novel this last hour, Mrs Brunt found it a sorry victory that she had reduced poor Tom to silence. Looking up with a wistful smile, and two big tears just ready to seal the peace. "This book is really too funny," said Tom's wife, partly to herself. "One would think that love ruled the world."

II.

Their quarrel would have been ratched up then, but that the steward was already half way up the lad-

der calling to Mr Brunt in a stage whisper:

"Can you come aft, sir?"

"Eh!" Tom went over to the ladder head.

"Hush, or she'll hear us! The old man's took bad, sir; yes, the cap'n, sir."

"What's wrong?" growled Tom, bending down over the handrail. "Over-eating again?"

Mrs Brunt could only hear an occasional whisper. "Since this time yesterday, sir. . . he was what you may call decoltay. . . them pilgrims we landed at Bassora. . . I've been shigmates with it before. . . Java way. . . you'll come, sir?"

Mrs Brunt ran to the ladder head when Tom went down, and saw him stop to speak with a young sailor by the wheel house door. "Hello—who on earth told you to leave the wheel?"

"Feeling awful bad, sir," groaned the man.

"Why," said the mate, more kindly, "what's wrong with you?"

But the sailor only looked at him, his mouth twitching as though he tried to speak, his face white and running with perspiration, his eyes glazed; then without a word staggered away past the boats and down the ladder which led to the upper deck.

Tom called to another sailor who was painting ventilators. "Johnson, relieve the wheel—east b' south."

"East b' south it is, sir."

And the mate went aft.

Mrs Brunt waited on the bridge, and listlessly she watched the cook sending away the sailors' dinner. The fo'ble answered seven bells to the wheel house, and the second mate was called; after a long time came the striking of eight bells at noon, the clanging of the wheel, then the relieved watch went forward to dinner; but still nobody came near the upper bridge.

The distant mountains had melted away in the haze; it would be a week before the land-fall at Bombay. The heat was stifling now as two bells

sounded; yet the steward never came to announce dinner, nor was the table laid under the poop awnings. Silence like the hush of death brooded over the ship, broken once by a distant scream of pain, and the time dragged on.

At last the steward arrived carrying a covered tray.

"Please, ma'am," he said, briskly, "Mr Brunt wants you to take your meals here for the present—not to come down. Bos'n has orders to rig up a tent for you; I'm to bring along your bed after sundown. Will you have claret, ma'am, or beer?"

With a scared white face, Mrs Brunt lay back in her chair, staring at him; then glancing at the tray with some disfavour.

"Take it away," she said, fretfully. "No, don't go," she cried, laying her hand upon his shirt sleeve. "For goodness' sake, what's the matter with us?"

"She noticed the man's hesitation. "Tell me at once!"

The steward had no lie ready that would deceive a child. "Better now," he muttered, "than later—orders be hanged. Well, ma'am, things might be worse. Mr Brunt's doing splendidly for us. Fact is, ma'am, there is sickness aboard, but bless you that ain't—"

"What sickness?"

"Well, ma'am—"

"What is it, I say?"

"Cholera."

She started to her feet. "Cholera? And he's down there in the middle of it. Oh, do go and see if he's all right. He looked pale! Stay, I'll go myself. I must—I will!"

"Hush, ma'am, don't ye take on like that. Mr Brunt has nothing to fear. Why, there ain't no confection made as'll touch the likes of him, that is— unless you make it worse by going down."

She fell back into the chair and rocked herself to and fro. "Cholera! Cholera!"

She must not move for fear of adding to his anxiety, she must remain hopeless, helpless, useless, while he

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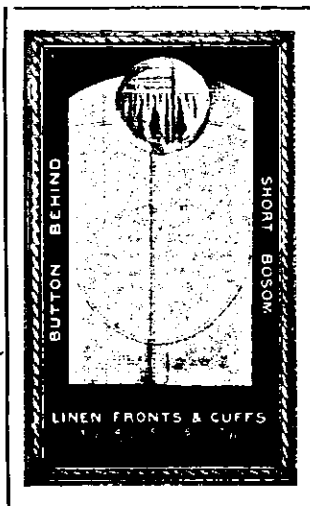
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fought the big fight with death. And the hours dragged on.

III.

All the afternoon both watches were at work hastily rigging a hospital tent on the after hatch, one for the sailors and one for the firemen on the fore hatches, an awning for the officers on number three; washing decks, sprinkling the bedding with disinfectants, putting up wind sails to freshen the fore-cabin, cabin and engineers' mess; while down below the bilges were being flushed with the steam pumps. Mrs Brunt pretended a lively interest in the arrangements made for her comfort on the upper bridge, but it was a real distraction at supper time to hear the fat chief engineer growling to his second beside the "fiddly."

"Pickles for all hands," snarled the chief, brandishing an unopened bottle, "so we've got to take pickles for cholera. Gimme a match," he was lighting his pipe now, "um"—puff, puff—"that's what comes of having a fool in command. Pickles! Ever hear of such rot? One would think that lime juice was bad enough without being poisoned outright. Captain Tom Brunt! Captain Tom Fool, scaring the hands to death with his precautions. Well, here goes his pickles, anyway." There was a slight splash as the pickles went overboard.

Was the captain dead, that Tom should have taken command? One could almost have known, she thought, by the airs and graces of the second mate, that he was a swaggering chief officer now.

All through the dog watch she could hear her husband pacing the lower bridge. Little she guessed Tom's silent torment of fear for her safety, with pestilence abroad in the ship, and his precautions, taken perhaps all too late, to save her. He dared not venture upon the upper bridge, for his clothes, his hands, his breath, must reek with infection.

When he had sent up the steward with supper it was only after warning the man to keep at a safe distance.

Once or twice he had come half up the ladder, cool and fresh in a clean white suit, to reassure her; but he never imagined how the woman longed to be allowed to share the risk, to help among the sick. He failed to notice her pitiful little advances, her ambition to be treated as something better than a mere doll, and had finally left her swearing to herself that she could kill him and dance on his body. Perhaps, she thought, bitterly, he was even now, while he paced up and down before the wheel-house, evolving fresh theories on the care and management of women.

All through the evening Tom's wife paced the upper bridge, desperate because of the awful silence settling slowly down. The moon was reeling in the fore rigging, black shadows raced across the hospital kents below, the bows of the ship lifted and plunged, lifted and thrashed in the swell, while the waves broke with a crash against her side, to be shivered into lashes of sharp spray. All the ship seemed to have fallen into a sleep of exhaustion except that the poor little restless woman wandered up and down fretting herself to death about Tom.

It was all very well to play with her fool, but she had gone too far, had driven him away, so now she was alone, and frightened. Her hair was all adrift, her dress in disorder, her face was white with fear—while the moon reeled in the bright sky, while the ship reeled on the black swell, and she was alone between sea and sky with none to comfort her. "Will he never come?" she sobbed. "Will he never come back to me?"

Then there stole up through the shadows his voice that cried between the sea and sky: "We therefore commit their bodies to the deep . . . looking to the resurrection of the body when the sea shall give up her dead . . . Blessed are the dead . . . for they rest from their labours . . . Lord, have mercy upon us . . . Lord, have mercy upon us!"

Upon that there was a silence

again, but she fell on her face crying aloud.

"Give him back to me! Oh, God, forgive me—give him back to me!"

IV.

Now, had the Angel of Death stalked up and down the bridge, Tom's wife would have welcomed him for company. The boiling nights passed in vain pretences of sleep; in the blazing days she saw men taken off one by one never to return; then she felt on the third evening that flesh and blood could endure no more of horror. Three firemen who had refused to eat the captain's pickles, and reviled against the hopeless mummeries of a hospital tent, crawled down into the fore-cabin to die quietly. This was the worst horror of all, for despite frequent swabbing of decks, a faint, sickening odour began to permeate the vessel, and the hot air vibrated with tremulous screams of pain. Mrs Brunt stopped her ears, buried her head in the pillows, sick with crying, hopeless because her prayers seemed all to have got lost. Mingled with the throbbing of the engines, she could hear Tom's steady footfall as he paced the lower bridge, because all night, save when he tended the sick, he must keep watch after watch since the second mate fell ill. He walked ever so quietly, barefooted, not daring even to whistle lest he disturbed her rest. This had been company in other nights, his presence lending her a sense of security; but now, when the outcries of the stricken firemen gave place to a stagnant silence more awful still, the poor creature forgot her resolution to give no trouble, forgot how bravely she could bear her loneliness, forgot everything save her terror, and cried aloud for help. He was at her side in a moment, making blundering attempts to comfort her.

"See here, little woman, do you want to make yourself useful, eh? Well, when I'm not on deck, you keep watch from here, and if you see any light or ship, stamp on the deck to rouse the man at the wheel."

"Why, you stupid, I've done all that for days," then she laughed merrily. "Tom, I'm all right, dear, never mind me. I only called out because it's so still in the ship. I was afraid that—surely the men in the fore-cabin must be wanting help."

Tom went down the ladder ashamed that he should need her courage to reinforce his own, while his wife, moved by a sudden impulse, knelt down to pray for his safety in the post-house forward. So long as he was out of sight she held her breath waiting, when he came back along the deck she returned thanks; but by the time he made his way to her side, she was sitting quite quiet in the deck chair.

"Are they all right?" she whispered.

She never saw his face, the awe-stricken face of one who has been down in the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

"The poor things are asleep, darling, all three of them—fast asleep."

V.

The sun was blazing down upon the eastward sea, the silver rippling sea barred athwart with the villa-speckled hills and smoky ridges of Bombay; already the odour of the East was in the air, the bay was opening out within the points, the distant mountains borrowing shape and substance from the mists as the ship raced towards them.

There in the bow was Tom, alert and ruddy in pyjamas and bare feet, holding forth to the boatswain and two surviving sailors who hung about the tent on the fore hatch, sullen, mutinous.

"My lads," he said, "you've worked nobly—you really have, indeed; I'm writing to the owners to tell them so. But that's no excuse for skulking. You know jolly well it's got to be done—done now. They must be taken out of the fore-cabin, and heaved overboard before we'll be allowed into quarantine—and you've got to do it. Come, be men—turn to. I'll never ask a man to do what I'm scared of myself; come, help me to clean out that hole. Mind, if you don't"—here Tom wagged his head up and down—"you'll jolly well go to gaol."

Still the men, black as niggers

from hard, hot work in the stokehold—(for the firemen were nearly all dead—stood banging their heads, shamed but afraid.

"It's brooms for four, coffins for three, that's what I say," cried the bo's'n, "I'll go to gaol."

A low murmur of approval greeted this sally; then old Bill Jackson spoke up defiantly. "I'd as lief go down the locker," to wit, Davy Jones, his locker. "Might as well as a chap to jump overboard!"

Tom's eyes flashed ominously. "No slack jaw," he said, "another word and I'll put you down that fore-cabin in irons."

The bo's'n went to the rail and spat.

"Come," said Tom, brusquely, "are you going to let me go down alone?"

There was no answer, but one of the men looked up with a start, pulling his forelock by way of a rough salute, for a little hand was stealing round Tom's arm, another little hand had grasped a broom from the hatch, a delicate little white face, with dusky hair and big black eyes, stole into view looking up at Tom with a smile and just a suspicion of tears.

"Tom," said a quavering voice, "Tom, dear, don't risk their lives. Let us two clear out the fore-cabin."

Tom clasped his wife's face in both his rough, red hands, kissed her reverently on the forehead, then without speaking looked up at his men.

"Come, lads," growled the bo's'n, "turn to—turn to. By George, she'll be sending us aft to darn socket Cap'n, I'll stand by you, anyway."

"And I."

"Come on, then," said Tom, "Go aft, little wife—God bless you!"

The Lady Still Has the Rings.

That Mrs Beatrice Wilson had a most wretched and unhappy time we can well believe. The plain facts, as she sets them forth, leave no room for doubt on that point.

She thinks the doctors were all in the fog; the Wyalong doctor in particular. As for myself, I would hardly go so far as to say that. A man may know a road without having the strength to walk on it, and a doctor may recognise a disease without having the power to cure it. Examples of this we come across every day.

Yet sick people are always in a hurry to get well, and, therefore, impatient of all slow and poky ways of making well. Possibly sometimes an unreasonable, but ever a natural feeling.

Mrs Wilson's own account (clearly

and forcibly written) runs thus:—"About two years ago—his being the 13th February, 1900, as I am writing at my home, 59, Fareaux-street, Sydney, N.S.W.— whilst living at Lismore, Richmond River, I became suddenly and wholly unexpectedly ill.

"I was weak and listless; I ceased to care for anything. I was soon unable to work; indeed, I even lacked the energy to move. I scarcely slept of nights; and such a nasty taste in the month in the morning! No one who has not known that taste has any idea how sickening and abominable it is.

"And, worse still, I began losing flesh, and the process went on until I was a miserable, half-starved looking creature. When the ailment, whatever it was, attacked me I was well-nourished and robust.

"But when I explain that no food whatever would remain on my stomach (no sooner down than up again), you will understand the reduction in weight.

"In hope to overcome this by sheer force of will, if possible, I sometimes forced food down and, so to speak, held it there by resolving it should stay there. This I did, knowing that I must digest or die.

"However, the plan was a failure. The result was excruciating pains across the chest and through the shoulders. So acute were these pains that they made me think what a sharp rheumatic attack must be like.

"At this time I went to Wyalong with my husband; and there also I was nearly dead with the same symptoms. The Wyalong doctor said my stomach was ulcerated; I don't believe it was. Auyhow, his medicines did me no more good than the medicines of the Lismore doctors.

"My friends thought I was going to die, and I thought so too. My mother, when I was leaving Wyalong, told me she knew I would not live, and she would never see me again on this earth.

"Her prophecy, poor soul! was correct; only it was she who died, while I am—thanks to Mother Selge's Syrup—still living, and (the crowning blessing!) well and strong.

"I had used three or four bottles before I was sure it was helping me, yet I persevered, taking it regularly, and in six months the disease was gone as completely as though it had never existed.

"To show you how despairing I was at one time, I actually told my husband how I would like certain rings, etc., disposed of when I should be no more.

"Thanks be to a merciful Providence, I yet keep them, and enjoy good health—which is better than gold."

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Rich in nourishing and
stimulating properties, it
builds up and invigorates
the system.

Best & Goes Farthest.

After Dinner Gossip.

Ballade of the Unkissed Kiss.

Love and its langours are awfully tame;
Promises, vows, are silly as sighs.
Piktonics are only a silly game,
Plain to see through as an old disguise.

Nothing there is of the dim surmise
That comes with the wonder of what
we've missed.

The peach on the branch is the one
we prize;
Sweet is the kiss that was never kissed;
Fools strive on for a fleeting fame,
Gazing at stars in the empty skies,
Laurels to wreath round a sand-wilt
name.

Jewels and gold for some suffice.
But oh, for joy in a newer guise
Than it came when at Eve the serpent
blissed.

Ponder well on the maxim wise:
Sweet is the kiss that was never kissed!

Fairest the rose on its stem affame,
Fragrant bloom till the last leaf dies;
Lips and roses are much the same.
Butterfly Cupid slips and flies,
Off on a hunt for hearts he tries:
Little love is a satirist.
The moon we cry for we idolise;
Sweet is the kiss that was never kissed!

L'ENVOI.

Prince, when the rose in your garden
lies,
And you long to wear it, I pray de-
sist,
Though it tempt with its bloom your
louging eyes,
Sweet is the kiss that was never kis-
sed!

A Photographer Tells This Story.

"There are many funny incidents in
the life of a photographer," said a
well-known artist. "A man came in
the other day and looked over all the
samples, asking the price of each.

"Do you want a sitting?" I asked.
"I don't see nothin' like what I
want," he replied.

"I told him if he would indicate
what he wanted that I might arrange
it.

"I don't know as you kin," he said,
'for I don't see nothin' at all like
what I want.'

"I repeated what I had already
said. He asked me to sit while he
told me.

"You see, it's like this," he began.
'I had a girl that I loved, and we was
going to git married. She had her
things made up, and as we was all
but ready, when she was taken ill
and died. And what I wanted was a
picture of me sittin' on her grave
weepin'.'

"I was touched at the homely story
of grief, and told him I could send a
man with him to the grave, and have
the picture taken as he desired.

"It's some distance," he said. "It's
over in Ireland. I expect it 'ud cost
a lot to send over your traps for what
I want.'

"I said it would.
"I thought," he answered, 'that
mebbe you could rig up a grave here,
in your shop and I would weep on it,
and it would do just as well. It's no
trouble for me to weep anywhere.'"

A Man Who Keeps Fowls.

"Chums" tells a funny story of a
certain short-tempered sea captain
who settled down to shore life by the
side of a good-tempered man, and the
two got along very well until a ques-
tion arose about some hens which
one of them kept.

Said the captain: "I like you as a
neighbour, but I don't like your hens;
and, if they trouble me any more, I'll
shoot them."

The mild-tempered man thought
over the matter; but, knowing the
captain's reputation well by report,
he replied, "Well, if we can't get
along any other way, shoot the hens;
but I'll take it as a favour if you will
throw them, when dead, over into our
yard."

"All right," said the captain. The
next day the captain's gun was heard,
and a dead hen fell into the quiet
man's yard. The next day another
hen was thrown over; the next, two;
and the day after that three.

"I say," said the quiet man,
'couldn't you scatter them along a
little? We really can't dispose of the
number you are killing.'"

"Give 'em to your poor relations,"
replied the captain gruffly. And the
quiet man did. He even kept his
neighbours supplied with poultry for
some weeks.

One day the captain said to the quiet
man, "I have half a dozen nice hens
I'm going to give you if you'll keep
quiet about this affair."

"How is that?" said the quiet man.
"Are you sorry because you killed my
hens?"

"Your hens!" said the captain.
"Why, sir, those hens belonged to my
wife! I didn't know she had any un-
til after I had fed you and your neigh-
bours for weeks out of her broods!"

The Colonial Woman's Latch-Key.

Is the latch-key the problem of emanci-
pation? Then is the woman already free.
At the Austral Salon a few nights since one
of the few men present rose up and said,
"A latch-key has been found. Has any
lady lost one?" A hundred and fifty gloved
hands dipped into a hundred and fifty
pockets, and pulled out a hundred and fifty
keys, while a hundred and fifty voices
said in a chorus, "It's not mine, anyhow."
'Tis but a straw," of course, but the breeze
on which it bends blows down the long road
that leads to the happy valley of woman's
emancipation.

Pat's Absent-Mindedness.

Three men, a barber, a bald-headed
man and an Irishman, were travelling to-
gether. Not liking the looks of the place
where they were to rest over night, they
decided that one should keep watch while
the other two slept. The barber was to
take first watch, the Irishman the second,
and the bald-headed man the last.

The barber amused himself by shaving
the head of the sleeping Irishman, and
promptly on the stroke of twelve, said:
"Pat, wake up!"

"Pat, half awake, yawned, and passing
his hand over his head said, "Holy Moses,
he's gone and waked up the bald-headed
man when he should have waked up me."

Funny Scene in a Chemist's Shop.

An elderly man dropped into a well-
known chemist's a short time back,
and produced a much ink-bespattered
but originally costly white shirt-front.
"Spilt the marking-ink over it," he
explained; "and I have just called to
ask you if you can get it out any
way. I've heard it's possible."

"Oh, yes, certainly," said the per-
son addressed—"that is, if it is the
ordinary marking-ink."

And taking the damaged article of
dress, he proceeded to eradicate the
marks, explaining the method mean-
while.

"You see, all these inks are chiefly
composed of nitrate of silver, and this
solution"—pouring some liquid over
the front and allowing it to lie in a
tray—"is bi-chloride of mercury, usually
known as corrosive sublimate, and its
action is really to bleach the parts
acted upon by the silver—some princi-
ple as intensification as practised in
photography."

"Er—yes. Just so," said the inter-
ested watcher.

In the space of a few minutes the
chemist, having rinsed the solution
out of the article, handed it limp but
white to its owner.

"How much?" asked that worthy.
"One shilling, please," was the re-
ply.

"Too much," remarked the gratified
but ungrateful "customer," laying a
sixpence on the counter.

"Just as you say," returned the
chemist, with affected carelessness.
"But I see there is one spot not
erased yet. Allow me!" and he re-
ceived the front back to remove the
imaginary spot. "You see," he went
on, laying it in another dish and
taking a bottle from the shelf behind
him, "the solution does not really
eradicate the ink, but bleaches it;
and this," he added, blandly, pouring
some liquid over it, "is ammonia,
which instantly restores the spots to
their previous blackness, with, per-
haps, rather more intensity."

The "customer" looked on in dis-
may, while the chemist coolly rinsed

the article, and handed it back to him,
with the remark:—
"I am always pleased to show these
little experiments, sir, and if you
wish to have those ink-stains removed
again I shall be happy to do so for
five shillings, sir"; and, as the elderly
skinflint left the shop in a towering
rage, the man of drugs went behind
his dispensing screen to have a quiet
langu.

Parent and Daughter.

As a means of securing indirectly
to the weaker sex some compensation
for the loss of woman's highest attri-
bute, the Courts have, by a sort of
fiction, allowed father of mother to
sue for damages in respect of the seduc-
tion of a daughter. The basis
of this action has always been the
assumed loss by the parent of the
services of the daughter by reason
of what has occurred. Hence the vital
question is—What amounts to
adequate service on the part of the
daughter to support the presumption
of loss? The Courts have always
striven to interpret the matter in
the interests of the injured person,
and so it has been held that where a
daughter is employed by the defend-
ant during the day, but does ordinary
household duties for the parents
at night, that is a "service" which
will support an action. Recently in
London the Court was asked to go
still further. The daughter was in
the employment of the defendant, an
hotel-keeper, and she lived entirely
at his premises. On one evening in
the week, however, she was allowed
to visit her home, and whilst there
she performed some small service for
her mother in the way of helping
with her younger sisters and brothers.
The parents sought to maintain
their claim for damages on this ren-
dering of service. The Court, how-
ever, decided that it could not go so
far as was sought. The daughter
could not be in the service of two
persons at the same time. As she was
throughout the week in the employ-
ment of the defendant, it followed
that at no time during the week
could she be said to be in the service
of her parents. "No man," quoted
one of the Lords Justices, "can serve
two masters." If the law can find a
peg upon which to hang the idea of
"service" it will do so. But the par-
ents must show some states of facts
not inconsistent with the idea of ser-
vice. This in the instance under re-
view they failed to do. The moral is
not far to seek.

Story of a Lady Typewriter.

The sharp-nosed man looked
dubiously after the retreating figure
of the typewriter. I am in a quand-
ary what to do with that girl," he
said. "I don't know whether to fine
her or raise her salary. I don't
know what to make of her. She is
the quintessence of either innocence
or deceit; I can't figure out which.
Anyway, she's got me into a pretty
pickle. About two months ago some
misguided member of a certain bene-
volent society sent me two tickets
for a charity ball to be given at a
well-known hall. I was surprised to
get these tickets, for I supposed that
everybody who knew me knew my
sentiments in regard to charity.
"I don't believe in it. I don't be-
lieve in giving things away. I have
to work for every halfpenny I have,
and I expect other people to do the
same thing. To my mind these folks
that dance for charity and sing for
charity and cut all sorts of dices for
benevolent purposes are only de-
grading the people they are supposed
to benefit. I had expressed this
opinion so often that I was amazed
that anybody should ask me to coun-
tenance a benevolent scheme by buy-
ing tickets for a ball. Naturally, I
hastened to send the tickets back.
I put them into an envelope, and
handed them to the stenographer.
"Here, Miss Drew," I said, "you
know what to do with these."
"Yes, sir," she said; "thank you."
"It struck me then that there was
no occasion for her to thank me for
requesting her to perform her regu-
lar routine of duties, but I didn't give
the matter a second thought until
three weeks later, when a represen-
tative of the benevolent society called
to collect for the ball tickets.
"But I didn't use the tickets," I
said. "I don't believe in charity."

"Pardon me," he said, "they were
used. Here are the numbers sent
you, and here are the tickets bear-
ing the same numbers which were
taken in at the door. If you didn't
want them, you ought to have re-
turned them to us at once as re-
quested in our communication to
you."

"But I did return them," I argued.
Then I called in the typewriter.
"Miss Drew," I said, "didn't I give you
two ball tickets some time ago to be
returned to the benevolent society?"

"Why, no," she said. "You gave
me the tickets, but you didn't say
anything about returning them. You
said I knew what to do with them."

"And what did you do?" I asked.

"I went to the ball," said she. "I
thought that was what you meant."

"I was furious, but I saw the bene-
volent society had the drop on me,
and I paid them the money. The
worst of it is, the girl seemed so
sweet and innocent and sorry that I
haven't had the courage either to
discharge her or deduct the money
from her salary. I can't make up
my mind to this day whether she
really thought I meant to make her
a present or whether she notified the
society to send me the tickets, and
then, deliberately worked me for a
good time. But, whatever her mo-
tive, there is one charitable organi-
zation in town that is now growing
fat off my hard-earned money."

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

Medicine for Men.

Has it ever occurred to you
that you sometimes need medi-
cine as men—not as old men or
young men, or men of any par-
ticular kind, but as men? Are
you never conscious that the
special wear and tear of life
which men sustain, need repair,
in your system?

WORRY WEARS WORSE THAN WORK.

but worry is not an accident. It
is a symptom—a symptom of
Nervous Exhaustion. Other
symptoms are Headache, morn-
ing lassitude that makes it diffi-
cult to get out of bed, a weak
feeling in the back, Dyspepsia
(Indigestion), Breathlessness,
Irritable Temper, Loss of Ap-
petite—perhaps some nerve pain
such as Neuralgia, Sciatica, or
the signs of incipient Paralysis.



In addition to their other prop-
erties, are a Medicine for Men.
They act directly upon the
source of discomfort. They re-
store manly Vigour and Energy,
improve the appetite, and tone
up the Nerves and Spine.

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"Owing to over-work my health be-
came run down eight years ago," said
Mr. J. D. Fraser, baker, of Waikiki. "I
was a victim to indigestion, lassitude
and insomnia, being troubled with se-
vere pains in the stomach and heart
burn after the lightest meal. Several
medicines proved useless. One box of
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills improved me
considerably; three boxes made me a
strong, healthy man."

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For an attention to my substitute. The
genuine pills have cured thousands of cases
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dance, convulsions, indigestion, leaden at-
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Topics of the Week.

The Gambler's Saturnalia.

It seems to me rather unfortunate for Auckland that the big race meeting of the year should fall at this season. The effect of so much horse-racing at Christmastide and the New Year is to convert the genial old festival into a gambler's saturnalia, and to make the incoining of the young year a time of feverish excitement. In the North here for one person I have heard repeating the simple watchwords of the happy season I have heard half-a-dozen gabbling about the chances of this likely colt and the betting on that horse. The street corners are buzzing with racing jargon and the vulgarrodomontade of the stables, and the good old colonial picnicking customs are waning before the ever-increasing attraction the racecourse holds for the masses. Less and less do the delights of the seashore or the cool fern-shaded bush stream charm the holiday maker from the city, and larger are the crowds that crush hot haste towards the totalisator and the rendezvous of the bookmaker. It is not the Christmas as we knew it of old, it isn't the holiday time of the past. The cherished conversations are forgotten, the hoary institutions voted slow, and the Christmas season—the festival of the poor as it was called, the time when men ceased a little in their struggle for wealth—has been overwhelmed by the money-grubbing spirit of the times. For it is not for the sake of the sport that the great majority flock to the races! Sport! the mean-spirited crowd that jostle one another at the totalisator, the breathless womenkind that hold their tickets with convulsive grasp as they watch the noble animals sailing up the straight—what in heaven's name can they know of sport or care for it. It is that eternal dividend that their gambling souls banker after. I understand that at this last Auckland meeting there have been many winners among the public. In one business place I know of sums ranging from £20 to £50, and over have been secured by the employees. No greater curse could fall on a community than success of this kind. No greater incentive could have been given to the innate gambling spirit. Whether these unlucky "lucky" ones hold to their prize or lose it in further speculation—the chances are a hundred to one on the latter course—their "good fortune" will not fail to have its effect on their neighbours within the hundred-mile radius. Last year a woman in a small Southern town drew some £5000 in an Australian sweep. Up till then she was one of just half-a-dozen in that little town who had ever invested a shilling in such lotteries. This year no less than a hundred individuals in the same street where she lives—not to speak of the same town—have invested. This is fact, not fiction. That woman is responsible for ninety-four gamblers at least in her neighbourhood. And mark well another point. It is precisely the folks who can least afford to gamble, because they can least afford to lose, who are tempted to woo fortune in this fashion. Altogether it is one of the sorriest, ugliest spectacles I know of this gambling mania among us; and it does not seem that any jeremiads one can raise against it have any effect. O tempora! O mores!

New Year Pranks.

When you rise on New Year's morning to find your garden gate gone from its hinges, and your neighbour's horse making havoc on your lawn, you know that the larrikin spirit has been at work, and use swear words, or their equivalent. But do not be too hard on the colonial larrikin. For this sort of pnyfulness at least he has a well established precedent. Such pranks as taking gates off their hinges, and throwing them in horse ponds, were the Hallowe'en amusements of a generation, that flourished before Captain Cook touched these shores. And to do the New Zealand larrikin justice, save at

this season, when he feels privileged as well as prompted to commit what he doubtless regards as reasonable larks, he does not seek to molest our peace very much. Compare him with a certain class of University students in the Old Country, and he does not suffer so very much—if, indeed, at all. I have known many of English University students, and Scotch University students, and German University students, and French University students, and making allowance for their disadvantages of social status and education they were by no means so far behind the colonial larrikin as one might have expected. The latter may often be quarrelsome in his conduct, and offensive in his language, which the University student as a rule is not; but the larrikin does not show that affectation for door knockers the flower of Edinburgh University used to cultivate, or that passion for cracking street lamps by the simple, efficacious means of a plug of lead tied to the lash of a four-hand whip, which Oxford nourished among other things. I shall not forget the Scotch University professor's indignation when a posse of police visited his house in search of various stray bells and knockers which they politely suggested his son had removed and forgotten to return to their proper places; nor his confusion and dismay when the missing articles and many others to boot were discovered hid away beneath the young hopeful's bed. Young hopeful is now, I understand, a flourishing medical man, the staid father of a family, with as zealous a regard for the safety of his own door-bell as if he had never pulled one in his life, or wrenched a knocker from its place. Now, except at this season, the New Zealand larrikin is guiltless of such pranks, and seldom indeed does he go to the extremes that the wild youthful spirits in the Old Country, who should know better, often overstep.

Holiday Making.

I am afraid that holidays have a demoralising effect. In theory they are supposed to make one fitter for work, and I suppose that in the long run they do, but I must confess that I have never felt less inclined for work than after a spell of a day or two. The usual Sunday rest is probably much more of a reviver than the ordinary public holiday. The cessation in your work comes so regularly in that case that it is a part of the routine of your life, and your whole nature has attuned itself to the arrangement. When you knock off work on Saturday all your mental and physical faculties mechanically acquiesce in the halt and adjust themselves to a rest which is expected and whose coming creates no excitement. A public holiday or a season of holidays is quite different. It is out of the ordinary routine and is not to be enjoyed save by a certain throwing out of gear of our everyday life. It makes demands on us which Sunday does not do. We feel we must go a-pleasuring at any cost and a-pleasuring in the orthodox fashion. Tradition in this respect holds us with an iron grip, and we must conform. The making of arrangements for the holiday thus becomes a sort of duty interfering in no small degree with our other duties. We go about our work thinking out and planning how we are to spend the leisure, always in accordance with tradition. It is this same tradition that hurries folks aboard over-crowded steamers and stifling trains, to roast in the sun and soak in the rain, to eat themselves into indigestion, and to frequently tire themselves out of all possible capacity for enjoyment. How very much the conviction that they are there to enjoy themselves leads them to delude themselves into the conviction that they are actually enjoying themselves! I don't say that a great many people do not hugely appreciate these outings. Of course they do, but the point is—in how far is it a delusion

as far as pleasure goes? As for the after effects, there can be little doubt that the immediate result of a day's outing of the usual kind, or a week, or a fortnight's holiday, spent in the orthodox fashion is to make work irksome and difficult for the time. When you have been running free in the paddock—even if you have not been tiring yourself, as it is more than likely you have—the resumption of harness is always uncomfortable. However, whether we are old stagers or gamesome colts and fillies the collar has to be shouldered and the bit mouthed, while the holiday becomes a memory.

How Many Do You Want?

I wish the German editor who first propounded the lie that colonial loyalty had been exhausted by our contributions to the war could be here now. Presuming that he believed ever so little what he said—the most charitable presumption it would certainly surprise him to find the ease with which a little colony like this can raise a thousand men for the war which the editor recognises is no child's play. Take up the paper any day and read the bulletins from near and far with regard to the enrolling of the men for the Eighth Continent, and the impression printed on one's brain is not that New Zealand could muster a thousand good and true men for the Empire at this moment, but ten thousand, or even twenty thousand. From every quarter the same story reaches our ears. It is always that the number of applicants far exceeds the number of places, twice, thrice or six times. One is surprised at the big contributions offering from small places that one had scarcely thought held the number of able-bodied men. In the matter of officers the disproportion between the number wanted and the number offering is almost ludicrously great. A telegram from Wellington announces 2000 applicants for 44 commissions. It is natural enough that when the mere rough fighting to be had in the ranks, coupled with hard fare and a hundred discomforts, appeals to so many, the prestige and the chances of winning distinction which attach to a command should hold stronger attractions still. New Zealand can furnish leaders as well as men to be led. And all this enthusiasm is the result of a very slight provocation. An obscure irresponsible German paper gibes at our loyalty, and so touchy are we that the foolish taunt carries all the way from the Fatherland and stings us. We will not give even obscure German rags the nearest cobweb of fact on which to hang their lies. But consider what it would be were the Empire really in danger, and the Mother Country needed what assistance we could give in a degree which is far from the case now. Never did fiery Cross summon more effectually to war the martial strength of the North than such a message from the Motherland would stir the heart of the colonies. It would not be a score here and a fifty there among us that would respond to that summons, but the whole manhood of New Zealand. It would not be a case of want of men, but of want of guns to arm them and ships to carry them. The world does not know the strength of Anglo-Saxon patriotism yet. Wait till the eye of Armageddon, "the last fight of all," when the banner of Empire waves defiance to its allied enemies, and the huzels of the Empire make music all round the world; it will be then that we shall begin ourselves to appreciate what "The Empire" really means to us.



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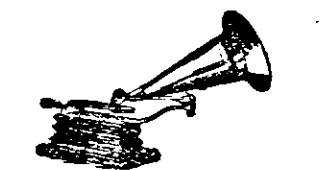
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Turf Gossip.

By WHALEBONE.

THE AUCKLAND RACING CLUB'S SUMMER MEETING. AUCKLAND CUP AND FOAL STAKES DAY.

Amongst sport of all kinds racing, it may in verity be said, still enjoys the premier position, and with a community essentially a sporting one keeps on growing in popularity, nowhere more so than in the fair North, where, judging from the support accorded, the large crowds that lend their patronage on the suburban as well as on the metropolitan courses, and the number of horses locally trained, there is no fear of Auckland being left behind; on the contrary, it would seem that in the matter of attendance at Ellerslie, the leading racing rendezvous in the North Island, Auckland is now more than holding its own. It is only a matter of a few years when the management will have their ingenuity tested to know what to do with the people. There is certainly plenty of room for the present day assemblages, but with greater facilities for getting to and from the course—and the sooner we have the electric trams to relieve some of the tension on race days the better—it will not be long before the crowd is doubled. Every year visitors pour in in greater numbers from the country districts by train and by steamer. Every year they come in stronger force from outside the province, the faster and better class steamers specially laid on to connect Taranaki with us being responsible for a large augmentation of holiday makers. Certainly visitors have never been present in greater numbers than they were yesterday from different parts of New Zealand to see the Auckland Cup run for, for after all the Cup has attained great prestige, and next to the New Zealand Cup is the leading betting race of the year—a race immensely popular probably because, like the New Zealand Cup, it is run over a big distance. The prize, now 1300 sovs. in value, is substantial, and the public dearly love to have their gambling over an event which they know so many owners desire to win. It is the winter betting that makes the New Zealand Cup the race it is, and attracts the people. Take away this lottery business that gives the New Zealand Cup and Auckland Cup, and other big races, a charm for speculators, and there are thousands of mild investors for the comparatively few who plunge, and—well, good-bye to the big attendances and a lot of the interest that attaches to our greatest racing carnivals. We cannot have racing without betting, or speculation upon the totalisator, or such form of revenue making, to provide the stakes. Upon the state of the people's finances depends the success or otherwise of the sport, so far as racing in this colony is concerned. Has it ever been more prosperous? The appearance of the Ellerslie racecourse yesterday supplies the answer. That it may long continue so lovers of the sport will desire.

There were visitors from as far south as Otago, a strong contingent from Canterbury, many from Wellington, a few from the Wairarapa and Hawke's Bay, a goodly number from Wanganui, and still more from the butter country of New Zealand—Taranaki. Then the Waikato was represented in force, the Thames, Whangarei, and Northern districts of Auckland, Gisborne, Tauranga and the East Coast settlements sent each their quota. It was indeed a goodly and well dressed Anglo-Saxon crowd that met the eye when the pretty Ellerslie racecourse property was

reached, with its lofty and fine Grandstand, Stewards' and People's Stands, spacious and tastefully laid off paddock, lawn and grounds generally situated, as it were, in an amphitheatre of hills, with smiling homes all round about it, some of them the homes of local trainers, but all wearing an air of prosperity, and adding a charm to the great scene.

The Ellerslie course, with its rises and falls, has been called the switchback by some visitors, but it is nevertheless extremely pretty and one of the very few upon which horses are called upon to race right-handed, not a serious inconvenience this even to those that have never been raced that way before. They do good time on it too, and yesterday it was, thanks to frequent visitations of rain during the past few weeks, if just a little slow, in splendid order. And the racing on the whole was full of entertainment, many of the best horses in the colony taking part, the presence of visiting forces lending additional interest to the proceedings and creating no end of speculation, with the result that the turnover at the totalisator was a record one, no less a sum than £21,029 being handled by Messrs Hayr and Co. during the afternoon, as against last year's total on the corresponding day of £20,159, an increase of £890.

Major George, who it is to be regretted is retiring from racing, had the satisfaction of seeing his filly Ragabrah, an Australian purchase, pull off the opening event on the card—the Trial Handicap—from ten others, of whom the ex-hack Reclaimer, hailing from Wanganui, was made favourite, but who, like Winsome, who was second in demand, Tauhei and other well-backed ones, was unable to pace it at the finishing stages of the race with the light weight, though the improved Solo gave the best exhibition of form since he has been owned by Mr Lovett, by getting such a close second. The Great Northern Foal Stakes is a race that usually excites much interest. The presence of Helen Faucit from Canterbury, and Porirua from Wellington, Auckland-bred youngsters that were, however, stripped for the first time at Ellerslie, gave the race an inter-provincial character, and there was plenty of speculation upon it, Mr G. G. Stead's filly finding most favour, while Mr L. D. Nathan's colts Northumberland and Grey Seaton were much in demand. Great expectations were formed of Northumberland. How well public form was borne out may be gathered from the fact that the unexpected happened so far as stable anticipations were concerned by Grey Seaton once more defeating his stable companion, while that colt in turn was beaten by Mrs Lennard's consistent filly Idas, who won by outstaying the opposition. It was, however, a capital race, as there was not much to spare between the placed trio, Idas, Grey Seaton, and Helen Faucit, while Northumberland, Porirua, and Spalpeen were each close up. Idas has fair claim to be considered our best two-year-old, but they are all too close together for any one to be considered high-class.

It was generally supposed that there would be eleven runners for the Auckland Cup, but the scratching of Djin-djin, who was lame after his last gallop, and of the Papakura gelding, Defender, left but nine to sport silk. A report had gained circulation in town, and was largely credited on the course, that St. Michael, who had ruled as favourite for over a week, was lame, and not likely to do himself justice, but, while the son of

St. Leger and Ich Dien was somewhat sore as the result of striking himself behind, there was no need for alarm. Auckland racegoers are very loyal, and Bluejacket is a great favourite with them, and so strongly did they support this useful horse that they sent him out the actual first favourite on the totalisator, while the bookmakers were offering much more liberal odds. Ideal did not have anything like so strong a following on the course, but money sent for investment from afar came in so well that the little daughter of Dreadnought was third in the totalisator pools, Nonette coming next. Bluejacket was probably never better in his life. Nonette was certainly dressed in her best, and Ideal looked in the pink of condition. Coronet looked really well, Mars perhaps a trifle big, Battelaxe a little light, and St. Ursula somewhat jaded. Beddington's condition seemed right, but he wore a bandage on one leg that did not look reassuring to his backers, and St. Ursula did not appear over sound, while Bluejacket's understandings were encased in linen supports. It would be hard to find a racehorse more perfect in shape, make and quality than the well-named Ideal. Coronet is certainly a fine specimen of his race. Bluejacket and Nonette, in contour, take a lot of beating, but it is a libel to say that St. Michael is a commoner. On the contrary, if somewhat plain-headed and wanting from the knee down, his detractors must stop there, for he is a rare—all too rare—type of horse, fit, by reason of his general appearance, to take part in any racing contest, and he is a splendid mover, a great strider, and evidently possessing a quality that most of our horses are deficient in—staying—and he comes of one of our greatest families, being by St. Leger from Ich Dien (who at three years old ran second for the N.W. Zealand Cup), by St. George from Ravenswing, by Apremont from Idalia, dam of Sir Modred and so many good performers and maternal ancestors of many of our best horses. The story of the race is told below. St. Michael was last away, first to finish, and his light weight and staying ability enabled him to score comfortably. Nonette ran the useful colt he is, while Mars rather surprised people by making so bold a front. Ideal, Beddington and Battelaxe may well be set down as the disappointing ones. The various stages of the race were timed by Mr Koha's chronograph as follows:—First four furlongs, 56 3-8; mile, 1.56 3-8; mile and a-half, 2.39 1-5; full distance, 3.32 3-5. Private watches varied. The sum of £4897 was invested on the race.

After old Tim had settled the pretensions of Dingo, one of the greatest outsiders in the Hurdle Race, and eight others in a meritorious manner, giving us a glimpse of his old form, the field of twelve weighed out for the Railway Handicap, for which the three-year-old Cruciform went out an odds on favourite, despite the fact that she was troubled with a skin eruption where the saddle sits, plainly visible when she went out to do battle, and which caused many to fear that she might be inconvenienced. How she got off none too well, came when asked, and romped over her field, will long be remembered. The only runner for whom excuse can be offered was Hohoro, whose chance must have been somewhat spoiled by the fractiousness he displayed before starting. Against this he got away best of all, and certainly ran a sterling race, remembering that his wind is affected. Cruciform's win was enthusiastically received. The other events do not call for special comment. Blue Paul's victory in the Pony Race was full of merit, and San Patricia showed what quality is worth in a moderate field, and thus added one more to the victories of the yellow jacket of Mr Stead, whose horses seldom win handicap races. The following are the details of the racing:—

- TRIAL HANDICAP** of 1000 sovs., second horse 100 sovs. Seven furlongs.
14—Major F. Nelson George's ch f Ragabrah, by Strathmore—1
Fragrant, 6.7 (Percival) 1
141—J. Lovett's ch g Solo, 8.5 (Jillings) 2
46—H. Hyland's ch f Despatch, 7.0, including 7lb over (Barr) 3

Also started: 214, Tabei, 8.12 (Ready); 249, Winsome, 8.12 (Seats); 267, Reclaimer, 8.3 (Lindsay); 170, Hesper, 7.9 (Satman); 67, Puffy, 7.7 (Buchanan); 146, Golden Rose, 7.7 (Chaafe); 21, Belfast, 7.4 (Mackay); 28, Jessamine, 8.10 (Cameron).

The colours of Winsome, Hesper, and Jessamine were first seen in front, and Winsome led to the five furlong post, when Hesper and Despatch headed her. Despatch was leading Hesper, with another furlong gone, Winsome and Reclaimer coming next, and after them Solo and Ragabrash. At the turn for home Ragabrash came on with Solo and Winsome, and a good race down the straight resulted in Ragabrash winning by a head from Solo, two lengths between second and third, Jessamine and Winsome just outside the places. Time, 1m 31 4-5th sec. Dividends, £7 0, and £2 3/4.

GREAT NORTHERN FOAL STAKES, of 500sovs., second 250sovs. Six furlongs.

- 184—Mrs J. Leonard's b f Idas, by Seaton Delaval—Ida, 8.3 (T. Taylor) 1
132—L. D. and N. A. Nathan's gr c Grey Seaton, 8.10 (Buchanan) 2
822—G. G. Stead's b f Helen Faucit, 8.3 (Hewitt) 3

Also started: 246, Porirus, 8.10 (Pine); 641, Northumberland, 8.10 (Gallagher); 150, Spalpeen, 8.10 (Julian).

Idas and Grey Seaton were restive and several times refused to face the starter. Meanwhile Spalpeen was anxious to get away. At last, when the barrier was raised, all appeared to get off well together, Spalpeen immediately taking up the running, with Porirus and Helen Faucit next, Idas bringing up the rear as they passed the five furlong post. At the end of the second furlong Helen Faucit was on terms with Spalpeen, and continued to keep him company into the straight, where Grey Seaton and Northumberland closed on them, Idas meanwhile making up her ground. At the Derby stand Helen Faucit was just in front of Spalpeen and Northumberland, but all three were slowing down as the half distance was reached. Here Grey Seaton drew up, and at the same time Idas, and a punishing finish resulting. Idas won by a short half length, a neck between second and third, Northumberland half a length further back fourth. Porirus and Spalpeen close up. Time, 1m 17s. Dividends, £8; on Grey Seaton and Northumberland coupled, 12/6.

WINNERS OF THE GREAT NORTHERN FOAL STAKER.

- 1896—Ricochet, by Musket 1 19
1896—Nigara, by Asteron 1 194
1897—Pearl Shell, by Musket 1 194
1898—Corunda, by Musket 1 20
1899—Fymalion, by Apremont 1 20
1899—Lobel, by Nordenfeldt 1 193
1899—Whakawata, by Apremont 1 16
1899—Defector, by Lochiel 1 194
1899—Three Star, by Carter 1 194
1899—Bloodshot, by Maxim 1 16
1899—St. Paul, by St. Leger 1 18
1899—Gold Medalist, by Medalion 1 173
1899—Conqueror, by Medalion 1 178
1899—Screwgun, by Hotchkiss 1 161
1899—Renown, by Dreadnaught 1 17
1899—Menschikoff, by Stepnik 1 19
1899—Idas, by Seaton Delaval 1 17

HANDICAP HURDLE RACE, 200 sovs., second horse 150sovs., third 150sovs. Two miles.

- 134—H. Moody's b g Tim, by Woolbroker, aged, 10.5 (Weal) 1
23—A. Coleman's Dingo, 9.10 (Howard) 3
238—R. Hannon's Rufus, 10.4 (Berry) 3

473, Cannongate, 11.11 (Stewart); 204, Regalia II., 11.9 (Wilson); 634, Royal Conqueror, 10.3 (Fergus); 90, Kos'-west, 10.2 (Moore); 140, Khama, 9.5 (Hall); 35, Tresham, 9.0 (O'Neill); 47, Master Mahoe, 9.0 (Burns). Tim and Master Mahoe were in front soon after the barrier was elevated. Dingo and Rufus going on next, while Regalia II. dropped back last. At the end of the first half-mile Tim and Dingo were still in front, Royal Conqueror and Rufus having now taken third and fourth places, and the race was practically confined to the two first-named, who raced well together throughout, Tim winning all out by three parts of a length, Rufus, who jumped the last hurdle cleverly, three lengths off third, Royal Conqueror and Tresham next in order. Regalia and Khama were the last two to finish. Time, 3.51 4-5. Dividends, £10 3/6 and £15 14/6.

AUCKLAND CUP OF 1500sovs., second 250sovs., third 150sovs. Two miles.

- 979—G. G. Stead's br h St. Michael, by St. Leger—Ira Dien, 4yrs, 7.4 (Hewitt) 1
569—J. T. Ryan's Nonette, 3yrs (Ryan) 2
158—E. D. O'Rourke's Mars, aged, 6.7 (Percival) 3

Also started: 1010, Bluejacket, 9.8 (Lindsay); 422, Battlexaxe, 8.7 (Seats); 361, Beunington, 8.3 (Gallagher); 450, Coronet, 8.0 (Julian); 799, Ideal, 7.1 (Davis); 139, St. Ursula, 7.4 (Chaafe).

Djin-Djin and Defender were the eleventh hour scratchings. Coronet set out to make the pace as soon as the barrier was released, Nonette and St. Ursula following, St. Michael who was slow off the mark, being last. By the time the first hundred yards had been traversed, Coronet led past the six and then the five furlong posts. Mars, Nonette, Beddington and St. Ursula being the order as they went through the cutting, Battlexaxe and St. Michael just behind this quartette, Ideal bringing up the rear. At the mile and a-half post Mars went up to Coronet, and turning into the straight took command, and as they came to the Derby stand was three lengths in front of Coronet, after whom came Beddington and St. Ursula, Nonette, St. Michael, Bluejacket, Ideal, and Battlexaxe. In this order they ran through the straight, Mars having increased his lead to fifteen lengths of Coronet, who was just clear of Nonette, while St. Ursula, Bluejacket, and St. Michael came next. Mars started to shorten his stride going through the cutting, and St. Michael commenced to go up, but Mars was quite six lengths in front of Coronet half a mile from home, St. Michael and Nonette coming on next in close order. Mars was just in front of St. Michael entering the straight, where Coronet was done with, Nonette being now at St. Michael's heels. Full

of running, the long telling strides of St. Michael soon brought him to the front, and though Nonette made a game effort to reach the son of St. Leger, it was of no use, for he sailed home a winner with something to spare by two clear lengths, Mars four lengths away third, Bluejacket two lengths further back fourth, just in front of Ideal a Beddington, Battlexaxe, Coronet and St. Ursula being the last three. Time, 3m 32 4-5th sec. Dividends, £3 7/6 and £1 18/6.

WINNERS OF THE AUCKLAND CUP.

- 1896—Mr. W. Bellon's Lavender 1
1896—Mr. M. A. McEwen's Arab 1
1896—Mr. M. A. McEwen's Arab 1
1896—Mr. M. A. McEwen's Arab 1
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RAILWAY HANDICAP, 4000sovs., second 500sovs., third 250sovs. Six furlongs.

- 1429—G. G. Stead's ch. f. Cruciform, by St. Leger, Forme, 9.0 (Hewitt) 1
396—C. Lovett's Hohoro, 9.12 (Julian) 2
177—T. McLennan's Highlander, 7.0 (Speckman) 3

483, Rosella, 9.5 (Gallagher); 132, Glenogle, 8.11 (Pine); 232, Takapuna, 8.4 (Gainsford); 58, Solo, 7.11 (Jenkins); 107, Landlock, 7.7 (Buchanan); 110, St. Olga, 7.5 (Chaafe); 40, Scotty, 7.3 (Seats); 214, Jewellery, 7.3 (Ryan); 118, Zealons, 7.0 (Satman). Hohoro's girth broke, and he came back to the paddock, delaying the start, and declining to join the field. After some time had been cut to waste Jewellery momentarily showed the front, only for Hohoro to take up in front of Glenogle, Jewellery and Highlander, Cruciform early being seen in the rear. At the end of the first two furlongs Hohoro was still leading, Glenogle, Scotty, Jewellery, Highlander and Cruciform being close up, Cruciform coming on the outside of her. Hohoro still kept the lead to the distance post, where Highlander and Zealons were handy, but Cruciform coming with a wet sail cut them down, and won easily by two clear lengths from Hohoro, who was the same distance in front of

Highlander, after whom came Zealons, the rest pulling up. Time, 1.16 1-5. Dividends, £1 13/ and £1. NUISERY HANDICAP, 100 sovs., five furlongs.

- 377—Hugo Friedlander's ch e Kelburn, by Hotchkiss—Lady Augusta, 8.7 (Gainsford) 1
732—L. D. and N. A. Nathan's Mary Seaton, 7.12 (Buchanan) 2
72—D. McKinnon's Loch Pyne, 7.10 (Speckman) 3
122, Swagsman, 7.7 (Satman); 83, Muskerdale, 7.7 (Skreats); 79, Boudoltria, 7.0 (Porter).

Mary Seaton was smartest in commencing, but Kelburn followed her over the cutting and into the straight, and drawing up took her measure and finally went on, winning easily by three lengths, Loch Pyne a couple of lengths in front of Swagsman. Time, 1.5 2-5. Dividend, £2 12/6.

PONY HANDICAP, 100 sovs., second 10 sovs., third 5 sovs. Seven furlongs.

- 355—J. Warner's b g Blue Paul, by Seaton Delaval—Lady Leger, 9.12 (Quinton) 1
712—M. Friedlander's br m Stepaway, 8.3 (Buchanan) 2
676—J. G. Ralph's blk m Lady Avon, 9.8 (Seats) 3

92, Pipihaururoa, 8.6 (Speckman); 189, St. Louisa, 8.6 (Gainsford); 348, Wherekino, 7.13 (Julian); 21, Pukiori, 7.4 (Hewitt); 41, Annoyed, 7.0 (Harr); 128, Gladys Rose, 6.10 (Jenkins).

Blue Paul, Stepaway, and Lady Avon were in the lead early, but going through the cutting Gladys Rose took command, and Wherekino went after her, and the pair came into the straight together, St. Louisa at their heels. Halfway down the running Lady Avon passed them, and Stepaway and Blue Paul came again, and after a good race Blue Paul won by a good length, half a length from Stepaway, half a length away coming Lady Avon, with St. Louisa and Gladys Rose next in order. Time, 1.32. Dividends, £5 4/6 and 17/.

CHRISTMAS HANDICAP, 150 sovs., second horse 15 sovs., third 10 sovs. One mile.

- 693—G. G. Stead's ch f San Patricia, 3yrs, by Hotchkiss—St. Evelyn, 7.8 (McKay) 1
239—R. Emerson's ch f Sparkling Water, 7.3 (Satman) 2
969—L. D. and N. A. Nathan's b m Laetitia, 8.3 (Gallagher) 3

226, The Needle, 8.7 (Gainsford); 328, Materoa, 8.0 (Ready). The Needle got all the best and Materoa all the worst of a straggling start, and led all down the back, with Sparkling Water and San Patricia at his heels. With half the journey run Sparkling Water was leading, and they were all at it down the running excepting San Patricia, who came on and won handily by a length from Sparkling Water, who beat Laetitia, the favourite, who could never get up, by two lengths. Time, 1.44 1-5. Dividend, £3 11/.

SUMMER CUP DAY.

The Auckland Racing Club's summer meeting was continued on Saturday in fine weather, and the racing was full of interest, while speculation was of the keenest, for, notwith-

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standing the fact that only £131 was awarded on the Criterion Handicap, in which there were but two starters, a total of £14,733 was put through the machines by Messrs. Hay & Co.'s staff, as against £12,335 last year, being an increase of £1,398, which, added to the £860 increase on the first day, gives a sum of £2,258 for the first two days, the figures standing at £33,778, as against £32,591. The management was all that could be desired, but the starting was not up to Mr. Cutts' best form. Mr. Jupp's band discoursed good music. As on the opening day, the catering of the Strand was good.

A field of seven went out for the Alexandra Plate, in which Highlander was made favourite. Zealous and Highlander were left some lengths at the start, and though Highlander made up his ground and was leading with Hesper at the turn for home and well down the straight, the effort to get there cost him too much. Glenogle, who was always prominent, came strongly, and won cleverly from Lætitia, Hesper, St. Olga and Highlander being some distance back. Sir George Clifford's win was a popular one. There were half a dozen runners in the Second Handicap Hurdle Race, Tim and Dingo fighting their battle of the first day over again, with the result that Dingo turned the tables on Tim after a slashing race. Rufus was some distance off third, but ran well. Cavaliero handled his big weight with credit, but was unable to pace it, and was beaten at the entrance to the straight. The Criterion Handicap was reduced to a match between Idas and Northumberland, and a good race was looked for, but Idas again showed her genuineness, and won all out by two clear lengths, after giving the colt quite two lengths start. The small sum of £131 represented the total investments of the public. The Summer Cup furnished a splendid contest. Nonette was the favourite, and justified the confidence of investors by winning after a well-fought race from Rosella, who, however, had some bad luck in the race, and was finishing faster than anything. Bluejacket, who was just beating for third place by Battlexe, was also running well in the straight, but Val Rosa was beaten before the distance was reached. Formula made a splendid run from the five-furlong post to the straight, but could not sustain it. The victory of Mr. Ryan's game colt was popular, and the colt and the rider (M. Ryan) on returning to the scales received an ovation. The Wanganui ex-hack, Reclaimer, came first in the estimation of backers in the Welter Handicap, Sparkling Water, Defender and Scotty next, but the field became thoroughly demoralized at the post, and after a lot of time was lost there, a dismissal, when Winsome, Reclaimer and Paul Seaton were not prepared, was effected, and indeed the field was soon in Indian file. Sparkling Water stuck to her task best, and always being handy won cleverly. Reclaimer finished best of those that were left, and both he and Winsome might have been upside with the winner but for the indifferent start. There were eight runners in the Pony Handicap, which was spoilt by a poor start. The favourite, Lady Avon, got to the front after a third of the journey was traversed, and won by four lengths all out from Orange and Blue, who finished just in front of Blue Paul and Gladys Rose, the last named having got badly away. The start for the Visitors' Plate was an unsatisfactory one, as Camille and Despatch got all the best of it, while the two-year-olds, Kelburn and Spalpeen, lost a lot of ground, and Maroon and Gold and Lady Scotty still more. Mars had a very easy victory in the Waitemata Handicap.

The following are the results:—
ALEXANDRA HANDICAP, 150sovs., seven furlongs.
 23—Sir Geo. Clifford's Glenogle, 9.2 (Pine)..... 1
 24—Lætitia, 8.8 (Gallagher)..... 2
 22—Hesper, 7.0 (Satman)..... 3
 Also started: 116, Solo, 8.17; 352, Highlander, 7.11; 216, St. Olga, 7.7; 244, Zealous, 6.9. Glenogle and Hesper were smartest to move, and Highlander and Hesper lost several lengths. At the end of the first three furlongs Hesper and Glenogle were still in front, but Highlander ran up to Hesper in the straight, and St. Olga with him. Half-way down the

running Glenogle came strongly, followed by Lætitia, and the pair, drawing away, Glenogle won by two lengths from Lætitia. Hesper three lengths away third. St. Olga and Highlander next. Time, 1.30. Dividends, £3 17/8 and £17/8.

SECOND HANDICAP HURDLES of 100sovs. One and three-quarter miles.

- 113—W. A. Coleman's Dingo, 10.4 (Munro)..... 1
- 293—H. Moody's Tim, 10.0 (Weal)..... 2
- 257—K. Hannon's Rufus, 10.8 (Berry)..... 3

Also started: 147, Cavaliero, 13.11 (Howard); 147, Royal Conqueror, 10.0 (Fergus); 131, Tresham, 9.0 (O'Neill).

Tim and Tresham cut out the pace for the first two furlongs, when Tresham fell. Tim, Rufus and Dingo were running together in the straight, and going down the back had placed a good gap between themselves and Cavaliero and Royal Conqueror. Turning into the straight Tim and Dingo drew away from Rufus, and after a good race Dingo won by half a length, five lengths between second and third. Time, 3min 24 2-5th sec. Dividend, £10 10/6.

CRITERION HANDICAP, of 150sovs., six furlongs.

- 53—Mrs. J. Lennard's Idas, by Seaton Delaval—Idas, 9.3 (Taylor)..... 1
- 76—Messrs. L. D. & N. A. Nathan's Northumberland, 9.0 (J. Gallagher)..... 2

These were the only two starters. Northumberland got two lengths the best of the start, but Idas soon forced a place, and going over the cutting led, and continued in front to the finish, winning by two clear lengths. Time, 1.17 1-5. Dividend, £2 2/6.

SUMMER CUP HANDICAP, 500 sovs., 1 1/2 mile.

- 812—J. T. Ryan's ch c Nonette, by Seaton Delaval—Charente, 3yrs., 9.0 (M. Ryan)..... 1
- 297—L. D. and N. A. Nathan's Rosella, 9.3 (Gallagher)..... 2
- 372—F. Watson's Battlexe, 9.3 (F. Davis)..... 3
- 361, Bluejacket, 9.9 (S. Lindsay); 533, Val Rosa, 9.1 (T. Taylor); 173, Coronet, 6.10 (Julian); 119, Formula, 5.8 (Scotts); 38, St. Olga, 7.5 (Phillips); 122, Ragabash, 6.10 (Perciva); 119, Hikipene, 6.7 (O'Brien).

The barrier rose to an excellent start. When they had settled into their strides St. Olga, Coronet, and Hikipene were in front, and the field came past the stand well bunched. Formula being last of all. No change took place passing the mile post, but St. Olga and Hikipene had drawn away from Coronet at the seven furlong post, where Val Rosa and Nonette were running fourth and fifth. At the six furlong post Coronet had drawn level with St. Olga, and Hikipene dropped back. Nonette and Val Rosa now being handy. Coronet was leading, with Nonette and Val Rosa, four furlongs from home, but a little further on the field closed up. Rosella, Battlexe and Formula coming fast entering the straight. Nonette, Formula, Coronet, and Val Rosa were all well in line, Battlexe and Rosella at their heels. At the distance Nonette, Val Rosa, and Battlexe were in front, and a tough race home ensued. Nonette winning all out by a bare length. Battlexe three parts of a length away, Bluejacket, who finished last, half a length off, fourth. Coronet and Val Rosa the next to finish. Time 2.12. Dividends £2 10/6 and £1 11/6.

WELTER HANDICAP, 200 sovs. One mile.

- 365—R. Emerson's ch f Sparkling Water, by St. Hippo—Waitemata, 3yrs., 8.7 (W. Satman) 1
- 137—J. A. Harding's Materoa, 9.10 (Ready)..... 2
- 347—D. A. McLeod's Scotty, 8.7 (Ryan)..... 3
- 360, Defender, 9.6 (Pyne); 111, Winsome, 9.0 (Scotts); 193, Cavalry, 9.0 (Buchanan); 131, Voice, 8.10 (Gainsford); 43, Balbirnie, 8.8 (Chaffee); 103, Paul Seaton, 8.8 (Gallagher); 62, Reclaimer, 8.7 (Lindsay); 82, Cairasette, 8.0 (Julian).

A very bad start, Cairasette, Balbirnie, and Scotty going off in front, while Reclaimer, Winsome, and Paul Seaton were left lengths behind a

straggling field. Cairasette and Balbirnie continued to lead down the back through the cutting, and to the straight, when Sparkling Water and Voice appeared handy. A little further on Sparkling Water drew to the front, and Materoa came from the rear, but Sparkling Water lasting longest won by a clear length, same second and third. Voice, Cavalry, and Reclaimer next to finish. Time 1.45 1-5. Dividends, £4 13/ and £4 2/6.

PONY HANDICAP of 100sovs; second horse to receive 10sovs. Six furlongs.

- 814—J. G. Ralph's blk m Lady Avon, by Seaton Delaval—Lady Leger, 9st 11lb (Scotts) 1
- 556—H. Barr's Orange and Blue, 10st 7lb (Lindsay)..... 2
- 200—J. Montgomery's Gladys Rose, 6st 7lb (O'Brien)..... 3
- 180, Blue Paul, 10st 3lb (Quinton); 239, St. Loanda, 8st 7lb (Gainsford); 69, Princess Perkin, 7st 2lb (Satman); 59, Pukiori, 6st 11lb (Phillips); 187, Mamo, 6st 10lb (Cameron).

Another straggling start. St. Loanda and Orange and Blue getting off in front. Gladys Rose last of all. At the end of two furlongs Lady Avon was in front, and remained there to the finish, winning by four lengths from Orange and Blue, Gladys Rose and Blue Paul two lengths off. Time, 1min 17sec. Dividends, £1 18/ and 15/6.

VISITORS' PLATE of 100sovs. Five furlongs.

- 182—C. Lovett's br f Camille, by Tasman—Cobweb, 9st (Jillings)..... 1
- 237—H. Hyland's Despatch, 9st (Barr)..... 2
- 113—Hon. H. Mosman's Cressy, 9st (Taylor)..... 3
- 92, Gatlock, 9st (Pope); 33, Miss Lottie, 9st (Gallagher); 100, Lady Scott, 9st (Scotts); 290, Maroon and Gold, 9st (Taylor); 44, Sensation, 9st (Ryan); 15, Lock Lomond, 9st (Satman); 823, Kelburn, 7st 9lb (Gainsford); 363, Spalpeen, 7st 9lb (Hewitt).

Despatch and Camille got best away, Spalpeen, Kelburne, Maroon and Gold and Lady Scott being strung out at the tail of the field. Spalpeen, however, ran into third place at the turn. Despatch and Camille continued in front till a furlong from home, where Spalpeen raced up to them, but failed to sustain his run, and gave place to Cressy, Camille winning by half a length. Cressy three lengths off. Time, 1min 5sec. Dividends, £8 11/ and £2 4/.

WAITEMATA HANDICAP of 100sovs. One and a half miles.

- 941—E. D. O'Rourke's ch g Mars, by Ingomar—Lyre, 8st 12lb (Gainsford)..... 1
- 208—J. Lynch's Golden Rose, 7st 12lb (Chaffee)..... 2
- 338—Messrs Macmanamin and Davis' Haydn, 7st 12lb (Byan)..... 3
- 150, Belfast, 7st 3lb (Jones).

Mars jumped off in front, and led throughout, winning easily by three lengths. Haydn a bad third. Time, 2min 44sec. Dividend, £1 10/.

THAMES JOCKEY CLUB.

SUMMER MEETING.

The Thames Jockey Club's summer meeting was commenced under favourable conditions. The attendance was one of the largest ever seen at Parawai, visitors from the Waikato being in strong force. There were several falls, happily without serious results, but a collision between two of the horses engaged in the Goldfields Cup caused some excitement, and Catastrophe, the offender, who bolted, was injured by the concussion, and Sundial, who did not show signs of injury at the time, had his chances of success practically extinguished. £2377 10/ was passed through the totalisator, being £5 less than last year. Results:—

Maiden Handicap, of 40sovs. Seven furlongs. Mr. R. Blaikie's Sly Miss, 8.10 (McGuire), 1; Mr. M. Eyre's Hector, 7.5 (Wilson), 2; Mr. W. Barron's Erert, 7.7 (Brown), 3. Also started: The Waster, 7.12; Capford, 7.12; Sea Nymph, 7.7; Jack Brown, 7.5; Valedictory, 7.0; and Hippowai, 7.10. Hector made the running to the back of the course, but Sly Miss came at this stage, and won with ease by two lengths. Evert a poor third. Time, 1.25 2-5. Dividend, £3.

First Handicap Hurdles, of 60sovs. About two miles. Mr. A. Dihar's Hamon, 9.9 (G. Merritt), 1; Mr. M. Debble's Princess of Thule, 10.3 (owner), 2; Mr. H. Morrison's Scallywag, 12st (C. Mitchell), 3. Also started: Straybird, 11.0; Pukia, 9.0; Donegal, 8.5; and Libeller, 9.0. Won by a length, Scallywag being six lengths away. Time, 3 59 1-5. Dividend, £3 3/.

Goldfields Cup Race, of 100sovs. One mile and a quarter. Mr. T. McKay's Cavalry, by Light Artillery—Sunningdale, 6.10 (B. Smith), 1; Mr. D. Crozier's Tukapa, 8.8 (McConnell), 2; Mrs. Ross' Red Lancer, 8.11 (Ross), 3. Also started: Sundial, 8.11. Cavalry and Red Lancer raced together until entering the straight, then Tukapa came with a fast run into second place, but was not able to overhaul Cavalry, who won with ease by fully three lengths, Red Lancer two lengths away. Time, 2min. 18 2-5. Dividend, £1 16/.

Pony Handicap of 35sovs, six furlongs.—Mr A. C. Gilman's Yarra, 8.3 (White), 1; Mr S. Fairweather's Mora, 7.2 (Ross), 2; Mr A. M. Tonge's My Lord, 7.7 (Pennell), 3. Also started: Lady Desborough, 8.0; Wild Flower, 7.0; Chief Miss, 6.10; Freda, 6.10; Brook, 6.7. Yarra won by nearly two lengths from Mora, four lengths off coming My Lord. Time, 1m 21 1-5. Dividend, £1 9/.

First Handicap Steeplechase of 75 sovs. About two miles and a-half.—Mr F. Rhodes' Cronje, 10.3 (A. Mitchell), 1; Messrs Pollard and O'Sullivan's Straybird 11.12 (Monaghan), 2; Mr H. Morrison's Scallywag, 12.7 (Mitchell), 3. Also started: All Fours, 9.7; Lightning, 8.10; Starlight, 9.7. Straybird led to the last jump, but Cronje gradually forged ahead and won by three-quarters of a length, Scallywag several lengths off. All Fours, Lightning and Starlight fell. Time, 5m 45 3-5. Dividend, £6 6/.

Stewards' Handicap of 45sovs, seven furlongs.—Mr A. J. Edwards' Honesty, 8.7 (J. Stewart), 1; Mr T. McKay's Cavalry, 7.4 (White), 2; Mr E. J. Sage's Balbirnie, 7.5 (Searle), 3. Also started: Rosiphele, 7.5; Repetition, 7.3; The Frenchman, 6.10; Evert, 6.7. Won by half a length, Balbirnie four lengths away third. The Frenchman fell and Repetition ran off at the turn. Time, 1.33 2-5. Dividend, £1 10/.

Back Race of 30sovs, six furlongs.—Mr D. Scully's Cyclone, 7.7 (Ross), and Mr W. Willis' Capford, 8.3 (Searle), dead heat, Mr H. Rennick's Hippowai, 7.7 (Heap), 3. Also started: Mount Zealand, 9.0; Dan McCarthy, 7.7; Engineer, 7.7; Brook, 7.7; Warbrick, 7.7. An exciting finish, Hippowai close up. Time 1.21 3-5. Dividends: Cyclone £1 16/, Capford, £1 10/.

Hauraki Handicap of 40sovs, five furlongs.—Mr D. Wright's Rosiphele, 7.15 (White), 1; Mr R. Blaikie's Sly Miss, 7.4 (McGuire), 2; Mr G. Fraser's The Frenchman, 6.10 (J. Pennell), 3. Also started: Scout, 7.0; The Waster, 6.10; Jack Brown, 6.7; Hector, 6.7. Won by a length, half a length separating second and third. Time, 1m 5 2-5. Dividend, £2 11/.

SECOND DAY.

THAMES, Friday.

The Thames J.C. Summer Meeting was concluded to-day, about 200 being present. The sum of £212 10/, of £31 10/ less than the corresponding day last year, was put through the totalisator. Results:—
Midsummer Handicap of 60sovs, seven furlongs.—Mr A. J. Edwards' Honesty, 8.12 (G. Stewart), 1; Tukapa, 8.3, 2; The Frenchman, 6.7, 3. Also started: Repetition and Balbirnie. Won by about a length and a-half. A protest lodged against the winner by Tukapa's jockey on the ground of a cross was dismissed. Dividend, £1 9/.

Thames Handicap Hurdles of 60sovs, about two miles.—Mr M. Debble's Princess of Thule, 10.8 (owner), 1; Voltigeur 11. 10.2, 2; Hamoa, 9.0, 3. Also started: Donegal and Libeller. Won easily. Time, 4m 34. Dividend, £6 6/.

Parawai Stakes, of 100sovs, six furlongs.—D. Wright's Rosiphele, 7.15 (D. White), 1; La Polsh, 7.2, 2; Evert, 7.5. Evert fell. Time, 1m 23 2-5. Dividend, £1 8/.

Thames Plate of 20sovs, one mile.—T. McKay's Cavalry, 7.8 (R. Smith), 1; Red Lancer, 8.12, 2. These were the only starters. Cavalry won by a bare length. Time, 1m 50 2-5. Dividend, 17/.

Second Pony Handicap of 30sovs, five furlongs.—J. May's Lady Desborough, 8.3 (Searle), 1; Mora, 8.2, 2; Mrs. Ross' 8.3. Also started: Repetition, Chief Miss, Freda and Wildflower. Lady Desborough managed to win by a neck. Time, 1m 2 2-5. Dividend, £2 15/.

County Handicap of 2000s, six furlongs.—M. Eyre's Hector, 41 (W. Ross), 1; The Frenchman, 430; 2; Takapa, 57. 2. Also started: Hoosier, 54; 3; Capford, 1100; 4; Ewert and Jack Brown, 1100; 5; length. Time, 1m 28. Dividend, 41/4.

Thames Handicap Steeplechase of 2000s, about three miles.—F. Rhodes' Croajie, 11.9 (A. Mitchell), 1; Evermore, 21. 2; Scallywag, 22. 3. Also started: Straybird and All Four. Won by the length of the straight. Time, 6m 52. Dividend, 24/4.

Final Handicap of 2000s, five furlongs.—A. Ogilvie's Scout, 1.8 (J. Pennell), 1; Hector, 1.8; 2; La Pollak, 1.2. 3. Also started: Rosphelo and Capford, but these two fell after going about 100yds. Won by a length. Time, 1m 7.5. Dividend, 22/5.

of the principal event at the V.A.T.C. meeting:—

THE HOPSTOWN CUP of 3000s.—One mile and three furlongs.

Mr S. G. Cook's b m The Union Jack, 4yrs, by The Admiral— Heroine (Manning) 1

Mr J. Wilson's ch f Cretonne, 3yrs, (Dunford) 2

Goport (Minter) 3

Ten horses started.

Betting: 4 to 1 Strathjoy, Seaport, and Cretonne, 10 to 1 the others. The Union Jack took command at the home turn and won easily. Time 2m. 1js.

Athletic Sports.

LAWN TENNIS.

(By "Vantage.")

I notice the Ashburton people are having rain at their tournament. I heard one tennis player say they deserved a Cheviot shake, but I do not think that after all they took away a single notable entry.

Some of the racquets used at the late tournament would have been better in Slazenger's museum of antiquities than on a tennis lawn, and it was truly marvellous to see good players using such antiquarian tools, and moreover doing good work with them.

The umpiring at the late tournament has been very freely commented on both by players and the press. My opinion is that, with one exception, it was neither better nor worse than at any ordinary tournament, but until something is done to educate players in the rules of the game these complaints must arise. I saw one young player taking a base-line in a championship match from a position eight yards behind it. This, of course, is quite ridiculous. I heard one umpire, himself an ex-champion, after putting his base linesmen, ask one of them suddenly during a rest, "How's that?" and so manifest was it that he had put the striker off his stroke that he gave it a let. My opinion is that to an umpire everything should be in that he doesn't know for a certainty to be out, and in the case under consideration if he has confidence in his linesmen he has no need to ask, as the moment a ball is over the line a competent linesman—none other should be employed—will give his decision. If he doesn't speak it must be assumed that the ball is in the court. These little circumstances plainly show that the idea of an Umpires' Association, mooted last season, should be vigorously taken up.

Miss Nunneley has been playing some of the local men singles, and it is quite amusing to hear the various causes which contribute to their downfall. I have heard of quite a basket. I am informed that she is to play a game against a prominent local player who has had a slight impediment in his game lately, but who asserts that if he is put down he won't plead physical disability. One player I did come across, and he was not an Auckland, who frankly admitted that the lady champion was too good for him.

Miss Van Asch, Miss Nunneley's partner, is a remarkably steady player, especially considering the fact that she rarely handles a racquet except a few days before tournament time.

The Misses Udy played a good game against their redoubtable opponents in the ladies' handicap doubles, Miss Daisy Udy's volleying and serving being very good.

J. C. Nicholson (scratch) looks to have a good chance of coming through the men's singles by the way he is acquitting himself.

"Keep your eye on the ball" is an axiom hurled at young golfers almost ad nauseam. Curiously enough one does not hear much of it at lawn tennis, yet it is quite as important in that game. Many young players look at where they intend to place their volley at the time of making the stroke, and of course the result is disastrous.

NEW ZEALAND LAWN TENNIS ASSOCIATION'S CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING

NOTES ON THE PLAY.

THURSDAY.

The 16th Championship Meeting of the New Zealand Lawn Tennis Association was started at the Mount Eden tennis lawns on Thursday, the 26th instant. The weather conditions were not very favourable, there being too much wind, and during the afternoon there were several fairly heavy showers.

The most interesting match of the first day was the meeting of Heather and Rice in the men's championship. These players are club mates, and partners in the champion and handicap doubles. Rice won by three sets to one after a good game. Heather is not playing quite up to his last season's form. Lack of practice seems the general cry this season, and no doubt the weather has been against tennis. Rice played very steadily, and no doubt on the day was the better man. In the champion singles Druce and Tuke fought out a "deadly go," which took all five sets, and ultimately ended 6-3, 7-5, 6-3, 1-6, 6-1. Both players were wonderfully steady, but in the last set Tuke had had enough, and was not able to respond to his opponent's placing. Laisley and Miss M. Simpson easily beat Dr. and Miss Marshall two sets straight. Bamford was put out of the handicap singles by Baker. Bamford is not certain enough. I am inclined to think his play is too ambitious, in other words, that he tries difficult fast shots when steady good-length ones would pay him better until he acquires accuracy. His smash is very defective, and requires close attention. I have looked for much greater improvement in Bamford than is apparent, for he is of a class too rare amongst young players, viz., those who devote thought to their game. In the ladies' championship doubles Misses Gorrie and Scherff beat Misses Stewart and Rice, 6-4, 4-6, 6-3. Miss Gorrie played very well. Miss Coates defeated Miss K. Simpson in the ladies' handicap singles. Miss Coates is one of the most promising lady players at Mount Eden just now. Her forehand shot is very good, and she is by no means uncertain on her backhand, although she generally plays this stroke a little out of position. In the backhand stroke it is a matter of the utmost importance that the right foot should be properly placed forward, and this most important detail is almost invariably overlooked by ladies. In the men's handicap doubles Marshall and Eerton beat Peterson and Taylor, 6-5, 6-4. Peacock and Fisher (owe 40) put Vaile and Sheppard (scratch) out two sets straight. Vaile is evidently out of form and condition; indeed, it could hardly be otherwise considering that he has practically been laid up for the last six weeks, and there was no combination in his team. Sheppard is a promising player, and although but a new member of the club is on the same mark in the singles as many who have been playing years; but he uses his head.

FRIDAY.

Marshall beat Druce three sets straight without any trouble, his forehand, as of old, being very deadly. Laisley beat Vaile in the Men's Championship Singles, 6-3, 6-0, 6-2, and in view of his scores against Fisher and Marshall the Mount Eden Player did not do so badly. J. M. Marshall secured two games more than Vaile against the Wellington player. Want of practice and want of condition were plainly evident in Vaile's play; indeed he is half lame still, and it would probably have been wiser not to have played at all at the tournament. Vaile must re-model his forehand, which is all to pieces. He is very good at the "chop," or downward cut, but has become too fond of it, and his forehand is demoralised. Laisley's forehand, however, is a treat to watch, and he is in the pink of condition. He will just about win the Champion Singles. The game of the day was that between Laisley and Fisher. Laisley won the first set, 6-3, and Fisher the next, 6-4. The third set was a good struggle, but Laisley was put to be denied.

ELLERSLIE TRAINING NOTES.

Monday.

This morning, at Ellerslie, on the advice proper, Menschikoff, Royal Artillery, and Cruciform executed a race and a quarter gallop, the two colts keeping together throughout and finishing about three lengths in front of the filly, running the distance in 2m 12s. The gallop was a good one. St. Michael went out on the same mission alone, and got over the first seven furlongs at a sound pace, when the saddle slipped back, and Hewitt tried to pull him up. This he had almost succeeded in doing, when St. Michael started to go on again, and Hewitt swung himself over the horse's shoulder and, hanging to the reins, was dragged some distance, but stuck to the horse, and, luckily, was unhurt. Helen Faucit and San Patricia covered six furlongs in 1m 18s, the two-year-old leading.

SYDNEY TATTERSALL'S SUMMER MEETING.

SYDNEY, December 28.

Sydney Tattersall's Club opened their meeting to-day at Randwick. The following was the result of the principal event:—

CARRINGTON STAKES, a handicap sweepstakes of 5000s each for starters, with 4000s added; second horse to receive 7000s and third horse 3000s from the prize. Six furlongs.

Mr J. B. Inch's b g Cast Iron, by Beauchamp—Little Nelly, 8.2 ... 1

Mr L. A. Cooper's b c Sir Leonard, 3yrs; 8.9 2

Mr W. Christian's br g Myall, 4yrs; 8.1 3

Seventeen horses started.

Betting: 6 to 4 Sir Leonard, 14 to 1 Cast Iron.

Cast Iron won by two lengths. Time, 1:15.4.

NO MORE HEADACHE.

AN AUCKLAND LADY'S PRAISE OF BILE BEANS.

THEY GET TO THE ROOT OF THE TROUBLE.

MILD AND PLEASANT TO TAKE.

To allow the good things on the table to pass without being able to partake of them is sad indeed. Yet such is the fate of those poor individuals who suffer from indigestion. Now Bile Beans for Biliousness act almost like a charm upon those who have dyspepsia, and the proprietors are in receipt of many testimonials from New Zealanders in support of this statement, and the following letter from Mrs. W. Todd, of Cross-street, Auckland, is one of these: "Having had occasion to use Bile Beans for Biliousness I have much pleasure in adding my testimony to their value as a remedy for indigestion, biliousness and nervous headache. It is my opinion that they surpass all other remedies. I have no hesitation in recommending them to persons suffering from a disordered liver. They are mild and pleasant to take, acting naturally and giving speedy relief." New Zealand people should not forget that Bile Beans for Biliousness give the stomach and liver power to do their duty, naturally and regularly, and at the same time they make healthy blood and steady nerve tissue. They make weak spots sound, and are absolutely the only medicine that can be relied upon for strengthening every organ of the body. They are compounded especially to act upon the liver, and through it upon the blood, and through the blood on the whole system. Bile Beans are sold at all chemists, at a price that places them within the reach of all, and no one should be without a box for emergencies. Kempthorne, Prosser & Co., New Zealand agents.

AUSTRALIAN RACING.

AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB'S SUMMER MEETING.

SYDNEY, December 28.

Glorious weather was experienced for the A.J.C. Summer Meeting, which was held to-day at Randwick. The following were the results of the principal events:—

THE DECEMBER STAKES of 2000s each, with 5000s added; second 1000s, third 5000s. For two-year-olds. Special weights, with penalties. Five furlongs.

Mr W. Brown's br or blk f Chantress, by Bill of Portland—Chand Bee Bee 1

Mr T. Payten's ch c Great Scot, by Lochiel—Scotch Mary 2

Mr W. T. Nowlan's br or blk g Point Piper, by Projectile—Hirondelle 3

Eight horses started. Betting: 3 to 1 Chantress, 5 to 2 Great Scot. Chantress won easily. Time 1m. 3s.

THE SUMMER CUP, a handicap sweepstakes of 1000s each, with 5000s added.

Mr C. Smith's b g Caledonia, 6yrs, by Gozo—Florrie, 9st 7lb (Harden) 1

Mr W. T. Nowlan's br g Blue Metal, aged, 8st 8lb (Brennan) 2

Naphro, 7st 3lb (Smith) 3

Seventeen horses started.

Betting: 3 to 1 Caledonia, 4 to 1 Pellissier, 7 to 1 Lucknow.

Caledonia held a good position throughout, and after a fine race from the distance between Caledonia and Blue Metal, the former won by a head. Time, 2m. 50js.

VICTORIA AMATEUR TURF CLUB'S MEETING.

MELBOURNE, December 26.

Fine weather was experienced to-day. The following was the result

C. BRANDAUER & Co.'s Circular-Pointed Pens.

Weather scratch our sport, the points being rounded by a new process.

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and took it at 9-7. Laishley won the last set fairly easily, and the match, the scores being 6-8, 4-4, 9-5, 6-3. The winner was clearly the better man and played perfectly. Fisher's style is not bad as a rule, but beside his opponent's clean, well placed, graceful shots it did not appear to advantage; moreover, he is somewhat stereotyped in some of his shots, which makes it comparatively easy to anticipate these particular returns. Laishley played with perfect coolness, and ran his opponent about a lot, and this told in the last set.

Mesdames Newell and Gentles beat Misses Davy and Mowbray in the Ladies' Championship Doubles. In the Men's Championship Doubles, Fisher and Peacock put Laishley and Gore out easily. Laishley was feeling the effects of his single, and Gore has had no practice. Ezerton put Peacock out of the Handicap Singles, the start proving more than the West End champion could manage. Ezerton has a good eye, but he does not put his weight into his volleys, but sends them back straight and too soft, and too many of them are picked up again. If he cannot get more weight into his volleys less weight and sharp across court would serve him better than his present shots. Vaile put Patterson out, two sets to one. He won the first set with great ease, 6-2, but slowed up and threw away the second and had to go all out to win the third. Both were on the same mark, and the scores were 6-2, 5-6, 6-5. Patterson could do nothing with Vaile's "chops" stroke, which kept plugging into his back hand, but he volleyed and placed well. Vaile's service is bad at present; indeed it is evident that his absence from the game has thrown him back. Patterson served well, but was slow in coming in.

SATURDAY.

The match of the day was the meeting between the Rev. Marshall and Laishley. Laishley looked in much the better condition of the two. The first two sets were fairly evenly contested, but it was apparent from the outset that Laishley had his opponent's measure. He ran him about a lot in the first two sets, which he won, 6-3 and 6-4, and in the final wave of condition told, and Laishley, finishing up his task like a race-horse, won it without his opponent

scoring a game.

Laishley's placing was a treat to see, and both players, in addition to keeping a good length, used the side lines judiciously. Some of the returns were very fine, both players driving and placing beautifully, while on the run.

Misses Van Asch and Nunnally beat Misses Udy, 4-6, 4-1, 6-1. The Mount Eden pair played a plucky game, but experience told in the two last sets. Miss Daisy Udy served and volleyed well, and Miss E. Udy was as steady as a rock. Turner and Cooke beat Baker and Druce, 1-6, 6-1, 6-3. C. Heather and Rice beat W. Heather and Euddock, 6-1, 5-6, 6-3. Brabant gave Peacock a bye in the men's championship singles. In the combined championship Miss S. Rice and Rice beat Miss Gorrie and Vaile, 7-5, 4-6, 6-4. Miss Stella Rice played a sterling game and Miss Gorrie was very steady. In the last set the games were 4-2, and 40 love against Miss Rice and her brother, but Vaile, who was plainly very tired, failed repeatedly on his favourite cross-court smash, and the set went to Miss Rice and her brother after a close but somewhat slow game. Miss Stella Rice is playing very well, and made a good fight in her single with Miss Nicholson, which the latter won by two sets straight. Miss Van Asch and Vaile (owe 15) beat Miss Towle and A. Brown (receives 4/6 15), 6-1, 3-6, 6-1. The first two sets were played on the preceding evening, and notwithstanding an agreement to the contrary by the players, it was decided by the committee to go on where the game left off, and Miss Van Asch and Vaile (owe 15) won very easily. They afterwards met Miss H. Brown and Le Sieur (receives 3/6 15) and won somewhat easily, 6-1, 6-3. Peacock and Fisher (owe 40) put Mair and Billing (scratch) out after a good match by two sets to one. The scratch pair played up well in the second set, which they won, but were somewhat wild in the last, which their opponents won comfortably. Misses Nunnally and Van Asch put Miss Nicholson and Mrs. Chapman out of the ladies' doubles championship after an interesting game, in which the Southern pair always had the best of it.

The committee of management have worked indefatigably, and I

have not heard any complaint as to their efforts, which says a lot to those who are in the habit of attending tournaments. The lawns are in very good order, and reflect great credit on the honorary ground superintendent and Mr. H. Walker.

MONDAY.

The tournament was resumed today, handicap matches being played. The weather was favourable, but a moderate breeze somewhat interfered with play. Results:—

Men's Handicap Doubles.—Rice and Heather beat Gore and Stoman, 6-4, 5-6, 6-5.

Men's Handicap Singles.—A. S. G. Brown beat P. A. Vaile, 3-6, 6-5, 6-1.

Combined Championship Doubles.—Miss Simpson and Laishley beat Miss A. Nicholson and Patterson, 6-3, 4-6, 9-7.

Combined Handicap Doubles.—Miss A. Stewart and Turner beat Mrs. Cooper and Taylor, 6-2, 6-4. Miss D. Udy and Billing beat Miss Stoman and Stoman, 6-1, 60-4.

Ladies' Handicap Singles.—Miss T. Walker beat Miss M. Rice, 6-3, 6-5.

Ladies' Handicap Doubles.—Misses Nunnally and Van Asch beat Misses K. T. and M. A. Gorrie, 6-0, 6-1.

LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP.

The semi-final for the ladies' championship between Miss Simpson (of Wellington) and Miss Nicholson (of Parnell) was commenced at noon. In the first set the game was splendidly fought out. Miss Nicholson was one ahead at the end of the third game, and maintained that lead till the eighth, when Miss Simpson drew level, and winning the ninth got a lead of one. Miss Nicholson, by winning the next two, again headed her rival, but another game to the visitor put the score at six all. Miss Nicholson won the next two games and the set. In the second set Miss Simpson was the first game, her opponent failing to win a stroke. Miss Nicholson then won two games, 50-30, and 50-15. In the fifth Miss Simpson only got one stroke, but won the next at 50-30. The local player was responsible for the next, and by winning the eighth, a close game, secured the second set and the match.

Both players put in some fine strokes, and many excellent rallies were witnessed. Miss Nicholson was especially good in backhand play,

driving hard and clean. She played well to the back-line, but did not give her opponent much running about. Miss Simpson's service was very good, but her opponent was quite equal to the pace. She tired during the second set.

OTHER MATCHES.

Handicap Doubles: Miss Nicholson and Patterson beat Mrs. Biss and Reg. Biss, 6-5, 6-3.

Ladies' Handicap Doubles: Mesdames Gentles and Newell beat the Misses Stewart, 6-3, 3-6, 6-2.

The final for the men's championship singles between Laishley (of Wellington) and Peacock (of Auckland) was commenced shortly before three p.m. to-day.

The final for the Men's Championship Singles was being played this afternoon between Mr. Peacock (Auckland), and Mr. Laishley (Wellington). The first set went to Peacock, 6-3, and when we went to press the games in the second set were Laishley 3, Peacock 2.

Peacock won the second set at 6-4, and by winning the third at 7-5 secured the championship.

Ladies' Championship Doubles.—Misses Nunnally and Van Asch beat the Misses Simpson, 6-2, 6-0.

Combined Championship Doubles.—Miss Neville and Stomer beat Mrs. and Mr. Goldie, 6-2, 6-4.

Ladies' Handicap Doubles.—Miss Mowbray and Mrs. Gord beat Mrs. Cooper and Miss Harvey, 6-5, 5-6, 6-1; Misses Van Asch and Nunnally beat the Misses Gorrie (3), 6-0, 6-1.

Ladies' Handicap Singles.—Miss Nunnally beat Mrs. Biss, 6-3, 6-4.

Next week's issue will contain a detailed criticism of Monday's play.

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To be had from Inspectors on the Cars, or at Our Office near the Wharf, FOR PRIVATE HIRE AT LOWEST RATES.

Cabs, Brakes, Horses, Buses, Buggies, etc., for Evening and Picnic Parties. Telephone Nos.—Queen-st. 33; Parnell-st. 33; Ryma, 33.

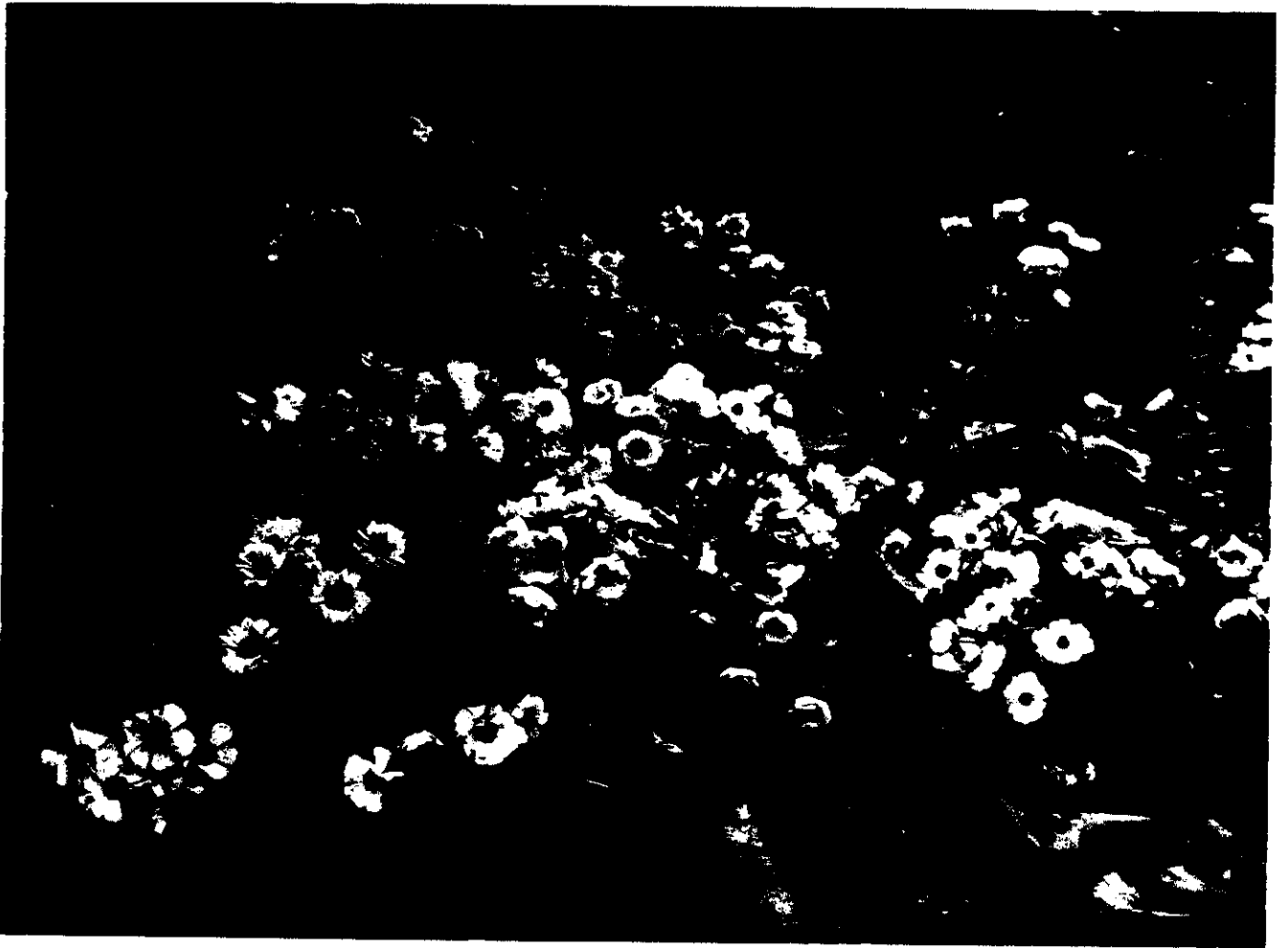
Paris
Exhibition, 1900
British Awards.

The ONLY
Grand
Prix
for
Toilet
Soap

The Highest Award for Toilet Soap at the Paris Exhibition, in 1889, was a Gold Medal, and the only one awarded solely for Toilet Soap was gained by

Pears

Again, at the 1900 Exhibition at Paris, The Highest Award obtainable for anything is the GRAND PRIX, and that also has been awarded to Messrs. Pears and is the only one allotted in Great Britain for Toilet Soap.



Muir and Moodie, photo.

NEW ZEALAND ALPINE LILIES.



Lester, photo

JUNCTION OF THE MANGAMUKU AND WAIROA RIVERS, HOKIANGA HARBOUR.



TO BACHELORS WHO WISH TO AVOID COMPETITION.—There are some Advantages in taking your Holiday Early in the Season.

Underground Criminals.

Several daring thefts that have been attempted, sometimes successfully, of late by means of underground tunnels remind us that this method of procedure is by no means new among criminals. In New York, a few years ago, a magnificent tunneling crime, which had for its object the theft of half a million dollars, was successfully brought off by a gang of European thieves, captained by the notorious prince of swindlers, Harry Raymond, the man whose name is associated with the theft of the Gainsborough picture.

Raymond arranged with one of his gang to purchase a small tobacconist's business next door but one to the bank premises. The purchase was part of the scheme to rob the strong room of the bank, and the man whose wife served behind the counter was a notorious "crook" named Steve Dayman.

When the premises closed at night the thieves with the aid of miners' drills opened the cemented floor of the shop and dug a pit twelve feet square. Circular holes were drilled through the brick and stone work of the foundations of the buildings and for two months the gang were busy removing the debris in hand bags.

Every morning before the shop was opened the floor was made good and covered over with matting and a square of heavy carpet for the customers to walk on. When the time came for the removal of the bricks of the party wall, and nothing else remained between the thieves and the bullion in the strong room of the bank but a thick steel plate wall, Raymond took charge of the operations. He was a skilled safe opener.

The bank closed on Saturday as usual, and the clerks had gone, leaving a caretaker in charge. Raymond and his gang lowered themselves into the pit and commenced drilling through the massive steel plates. At mid-day on Sunday, after twenty hours' incessant labour the hole was large enough for the slim figure of Raymond to squeeze through and he quickly brought to the hole notes, bonds, bullion and jewels valued at half a million.

In one of the American States a dangerous and expert thief was under a heavy sentence. The prison was a new one, and his friends organised a plan of rescue. Some quarter of a mile from the prison was a cottage situated near the river bank. It was taken by a supposed widow, with a family of grown up sons of the

labouring class. Silently and without arousing suspicion a small shaft was sunk and tunnelling was commenced towards the prison.

In six months they had removed the distance between themselves and the prisoner, having tunnelled right under the prison wall and to the cell where the prisoner was confined. The tunnel was finished, and nothing remained to be done but to strike away the uprights which supported the floor of the cell.

One night, as arranged with the man to be rescued, this was done,

while the inmates of the prison slept, but the rescue party found to their horror that the occupant was a stranger. The man they had tried to liberate had died two days previously.

Another case of the burrowing burglar is related in connection with the robbery that took place a short time ago in a London suburb. The owner of the property was a retired doctor. He had gone to the seaside for a month, and the police were, to use their phrase, "minding the house."

Four doors away there was a vacant house, which the local estate agent let to a gentleman, who paid the rent in advance and engaged workmen to put the drains in order. While these supposed repairs were going on the men tunnelled under four cellars and cleared the house of every article of value, including some priceless bric-a-brac and pictures.

The property was removed in daylight, under the nose of the police, in the furniture van that had brought a few things from a hire furnishing establishment.

The Ludgate Hill robbery, for which an insurance company paid £3000, is an example of the work of the skilled tunnel thief. The plan of operations was to commence work in a small office on the second floor of an adjoining building, enter through a party wall, and then cut a way through joints, flooring, plaster and lath, and finally cut a hole in the iron-protected ceiling.

The booty was taken up by means of a pulley and sack, and on this occasion the thieves succeeded in taking the bulk of the valuables found on the premises.

In Holywell-street there was a very curious crime committed recently. A block of buildings, part of which was occupied by a jeweller, obtained its light from a well sunk in the centre of the block. It was open to the sky, and the walls were lined with white glazed bricks.

A burglar of the "Spider" order, in dress suit, had designs on the premises, and after examining them found that his only way of entering would be by letting himself down this well with a rope. On reaching the ground he cut away the iron bars and entered the shop office at the rear of the premises. Cutting an electric wire he formed a circuit, and the proprietor of the shop, who lived some distance away, was alarmed.

He dressed, jumped into a cab, and opening his shop door with his key, saw the "Spider" in a dress suit disappearing up the rope ladder. Everything of value was packed ready for removal, and although the police were alarmed the man got away.



E. Dawson, Photo.
MONUMENT IN WELLINGTON CEMETERY TO THE LATE REV. ROBT. WARD—Pioneer Missionary of the Primitive Methodist Church.

The heavy guns were trained.
"Why this delay?" thundered the general.

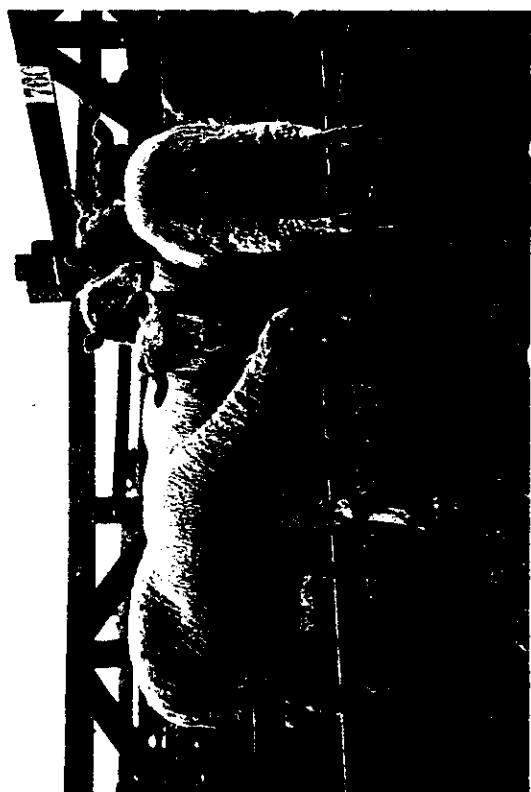
"The moving picture operators have signalled that their machine is out of order," elucidated the colonel.

"Then the battle is declared off! Order our forces to spend the rest of the day washing their shirts."



F. A. Hargreaves, photo.

SHIPPING WOOL AT WAIPIRO BAY, EAST COAST.



PEN OF SHORN WETHERS.



BRANDING SHORN SHEEP.



IN ROLL FLEECE.



SHEEP SHEARING BY MACHINERY.

The Shearing Season.

Famous Cricketers' Cranks.

(John Jones, in the "Royal Magazine.")

A tall, lithe figure, with a very dark, pleasant, roundish face, runs lightly down the pavilion steps, his white silk cricketing-shirt fluttering and shimmering in the wind and sun, the sleeves fastened at the wrist, and with long, easy, graceful strides swings itself across to the wickets. Who should this be but Prince Ranjitsinhji?

A big, burly figure, with keen brown eyes and a long black beard, just showing a suspicion of white in the middle, comes ponderously from the pavilion, surveying men with a monarch's glance. Ever and anon his hand goes to stroke the great beard. In due course his measured tread brings him to the wicket. He

lifts a bail from the wicket's top, stoops to mark very carefully a line on the ground, removes all particles of dust from the bail, and as carefully replaces it. He straightens his back, glances all round him, strokes his beard, and in his own good time faces the bowler. Who could this be but the great Grace?

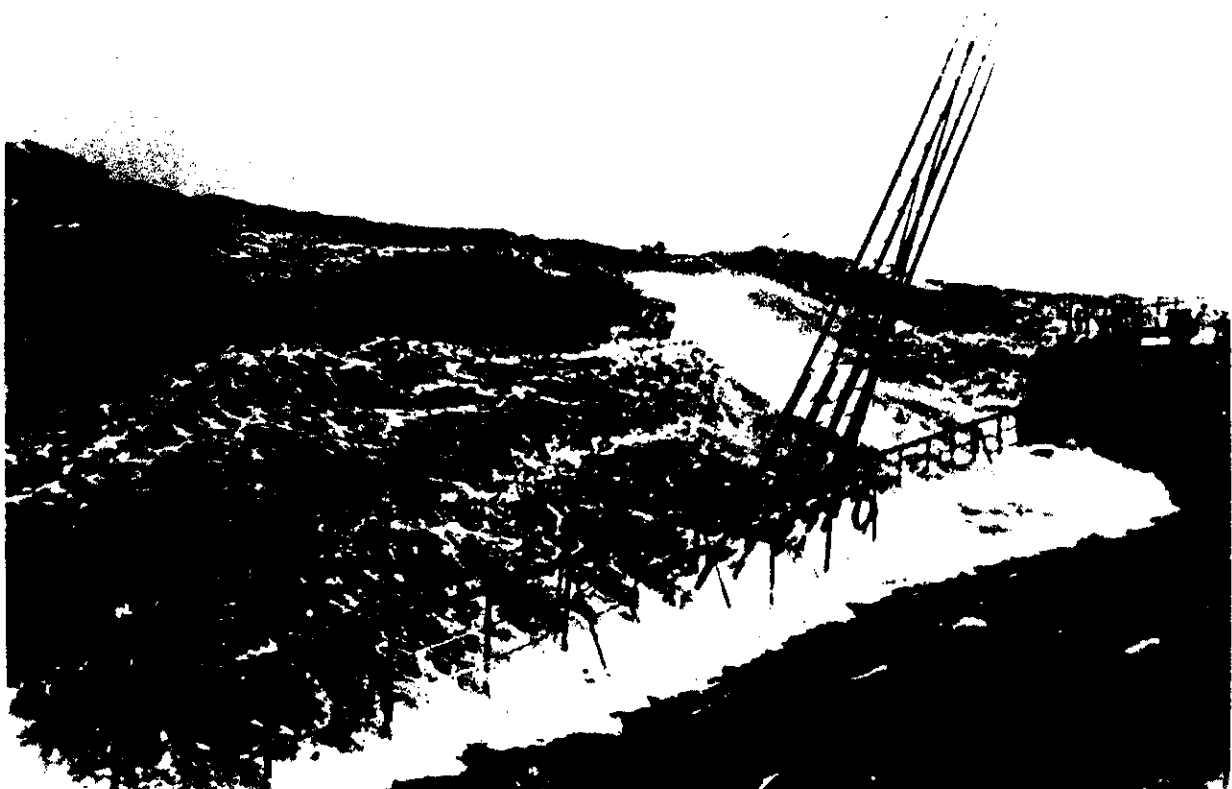
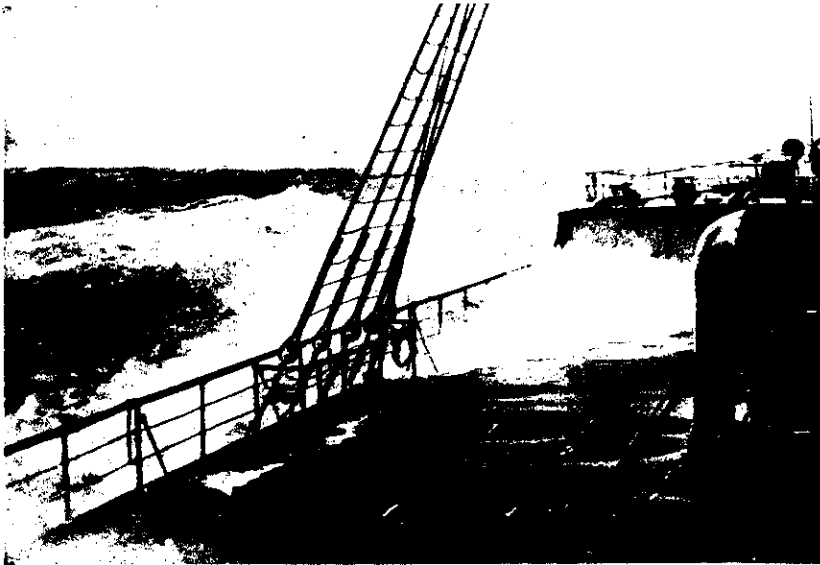
The unfailing eccentricities of two of the most popular men in the world as they go forth to bat for their counties have been faithfully set out. The Indian Prince always runs lightly down the pavilion steps, always wears a silk hat which flutters at the slightest breath of wind, and always wears his sleeves fastened at the wrists—a fashion adopted by hardly another cricketer in England. W. G. Grace is forever stroking his beard—when at the wicket, as he watches a well-placed cut skimming to the boundary—when in the field

as he exchanges a few words with one of the batsmen or fielders. And he always removes a bail to mark a little line on the batting-crease, and always carefully shakes off the dust as he replaces it.

Every cricketer has his eccentricity; an eccentricity well known to every cricket devotee, who looks for it, who would be disappointed if it were not apparent on any occasion. Some cricketers have only one eccentricity, others, like Ranjitsinhji and Grace, have two or three—Abel probably holds the record. I can call to mind five distinct eccentricities of Bobby Abel—little habits that he has formed, that you may notice every time when he goes to the wickets. First of all comes his curious trick of pulling at the kneeflaps of his pads as he leaves the pavilion to bat. Secondly, he has a strong partiality for pulling his cap over his

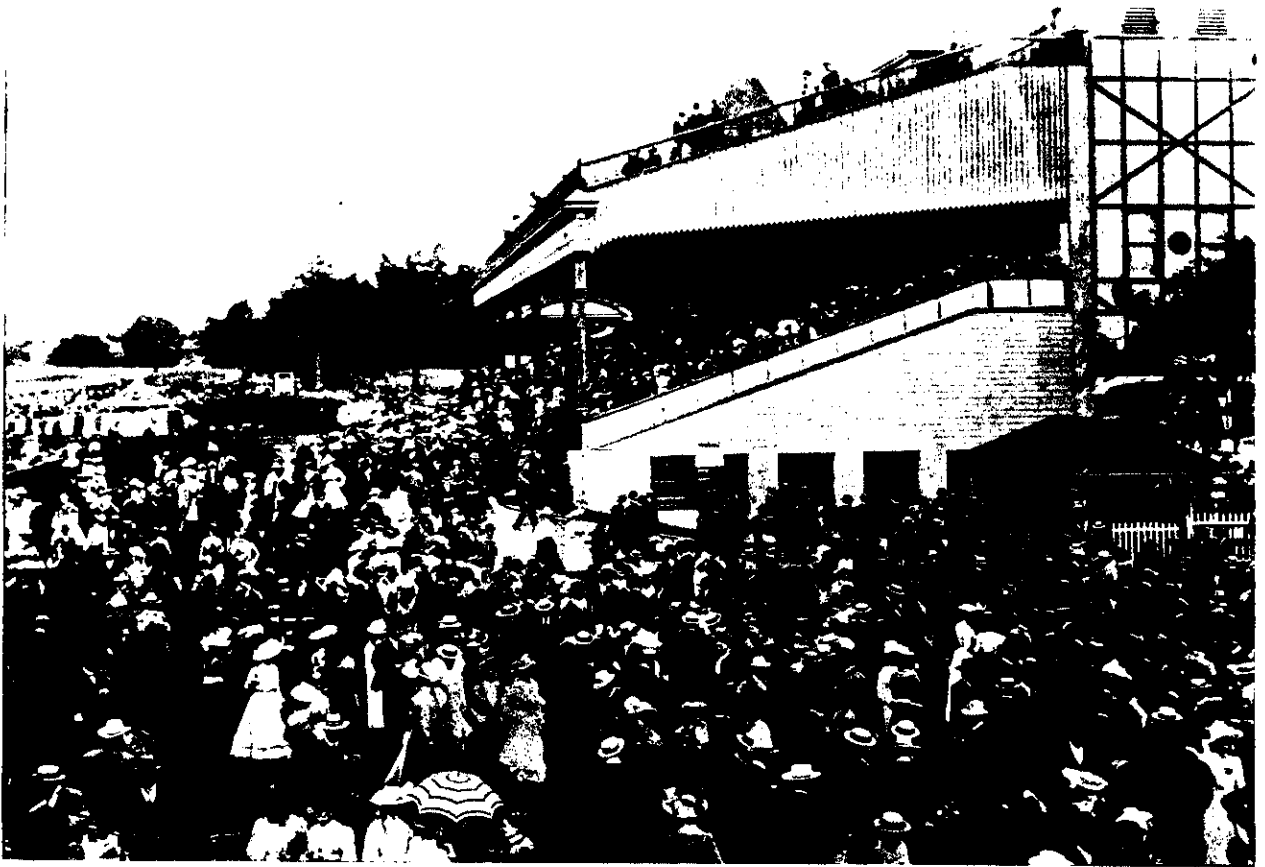
left eye. In the third place, none is so fond of sitting on his bat as little Bobby Abel. Fourthly, just when he is about to receive a ball, he delivers, with his bat, a series of quick little taps to his block. Fifthly, and finally, he plays imaginary ball. This is a very noticeable eccentricity. Abel is always trying to improve his cricket. He plays with his brains, throwing out the why and the wherefore of everything. If he should miscalculate a stroke, he will play it over again, and you may often see him, in his dressing-room, in the cricket pavilions, wherever a bat is likely to come to his hand, playing imaginary balls, making imaginary master-strokes.

Some men's eccentricities are most noticeable when they are marching out to bat; others when they are marching in at the end of their innings. Watch Jephson as he goes to the wickets, pulling on his gloves, with bat under his arm. In nine cases out of ten you see him turn his head as though looking round at a clock. Or J. T. Hearne, on emerging from the dressing-room, first he touches his cap, then he pulls up his pads, finally heaving up his trousers, sailor fashion, in the course of his progress across the ground. He also wears unusually thick soles to his shoes. Hearne may always be recognised by these eccentricities. Hayward is the possessor of two eccentricities—the one apparent on his outward journey to the wickets, the other on the return journey. When outward bound he wags his head. His head, indeed, appears to be on wires, and sways from side to side in a manner quite alarming. When homeward bound, especially after a good innings, he will run at speed for exactly half the distance from the wicket to the pavilion; the remainder he walks slowly, fanning himself with his hat. Noticeable voices and curious ways of using them are the outstanding eccentricities of Lord Hawke and Gunn. Anyone who has played with Lord Hawke can always tell by his voice when the old Yorkshire captain feels in good form. Having made a few runs and settled down to the bowling, he begins to call to his partner with a beautiful silver tenor note—a sound full of encouragement and inspiration to the partner.



Wave Studies in the Pacific.

The above photos were taken by Mr. Bonsor, of the Indraghiri, on a recent trip of the vessel from New Zealand to England, via Cape Horn, and are given here as showing how our great ocean belies its name, "Pacific."



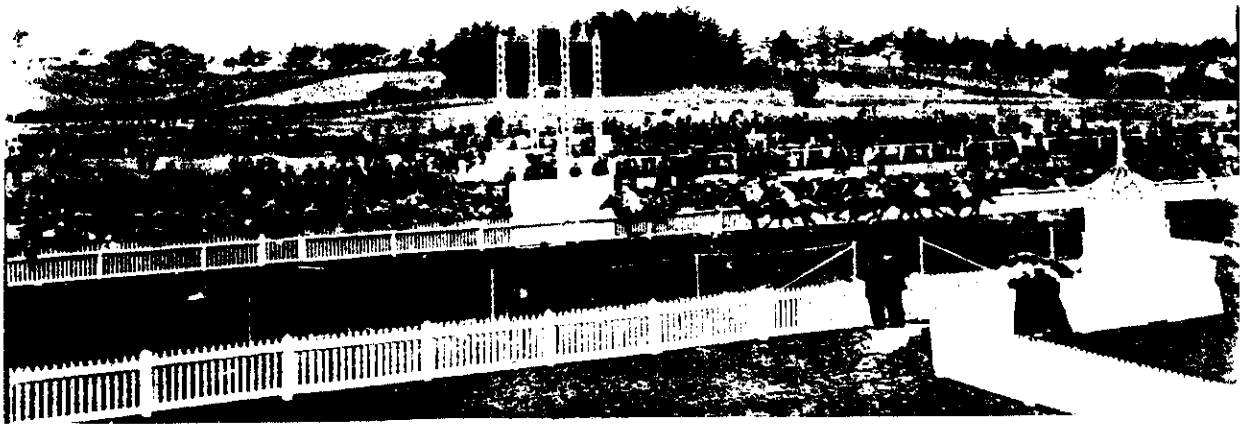
AFTER THE CUP—AWAITING DIVIDEND.



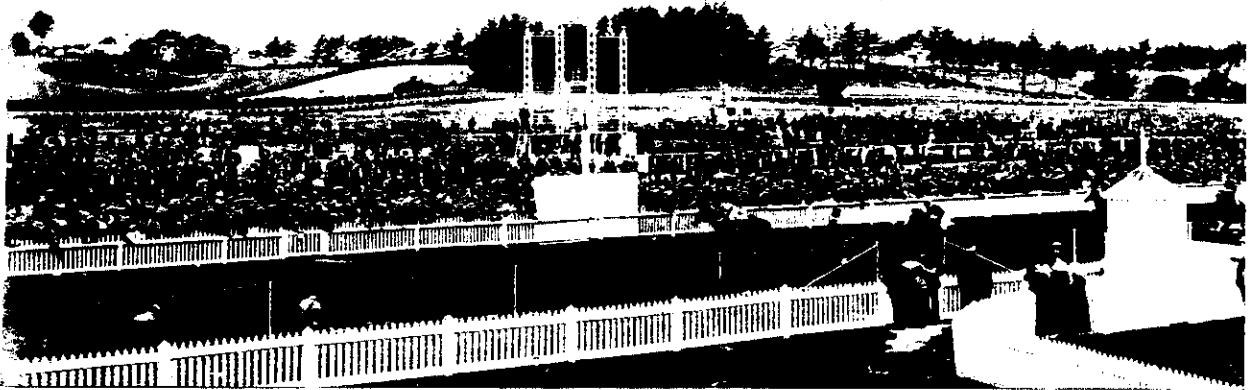
AFTER THE FOAL STAKES.

Auckland Racing Club's Summer Meeting.

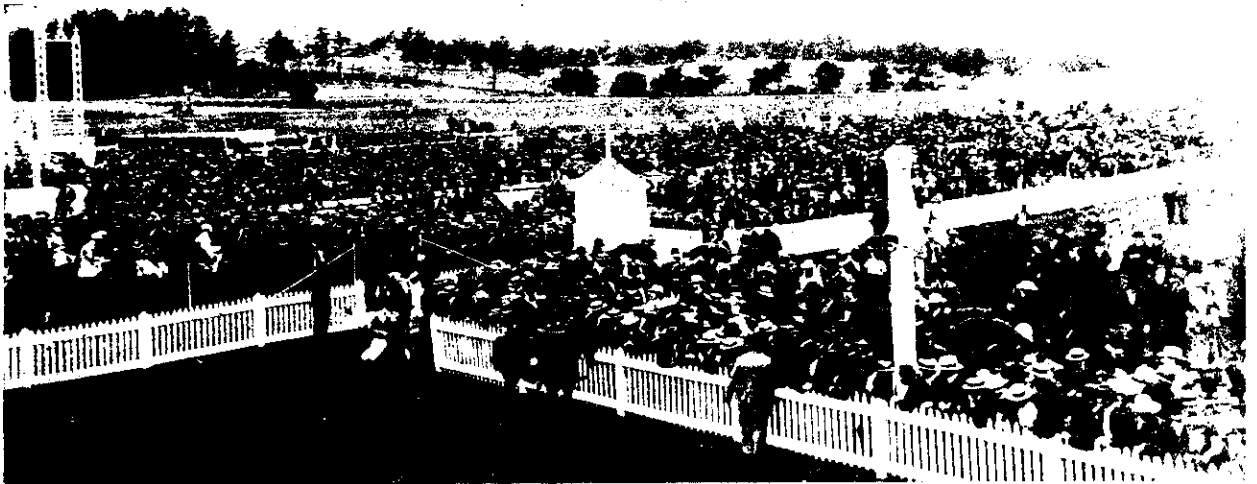
Photos. by Valle.



CUP RACE, FIRST TIME PAST STAND—Coronet second, Bedington third, St. Ursula fourth.



ST. MICHAEL WINNING THE CUP.



ST. MICHAEL AND NONETTE RETURNING TO SCALE.



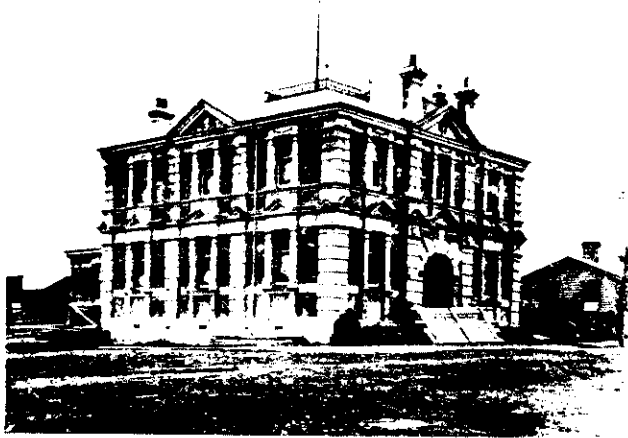
Valle, photo.

RAILWAY HANDICAP—Cruciform first, Hohoro second, Highlander third.

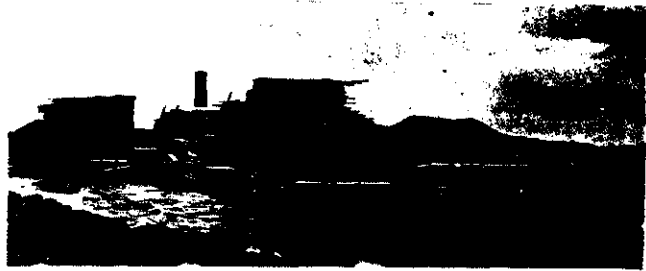
Auckland Racing Club's Summer Meeting.

Onehunga: The West

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NEW POST OFFICE.



KAURI TIMBER Co'S MILL.



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PANORAMA OF ONEHUNGA.



Maired. "Graphic" photo. ON THE BEACH.



CHURCH STREET.

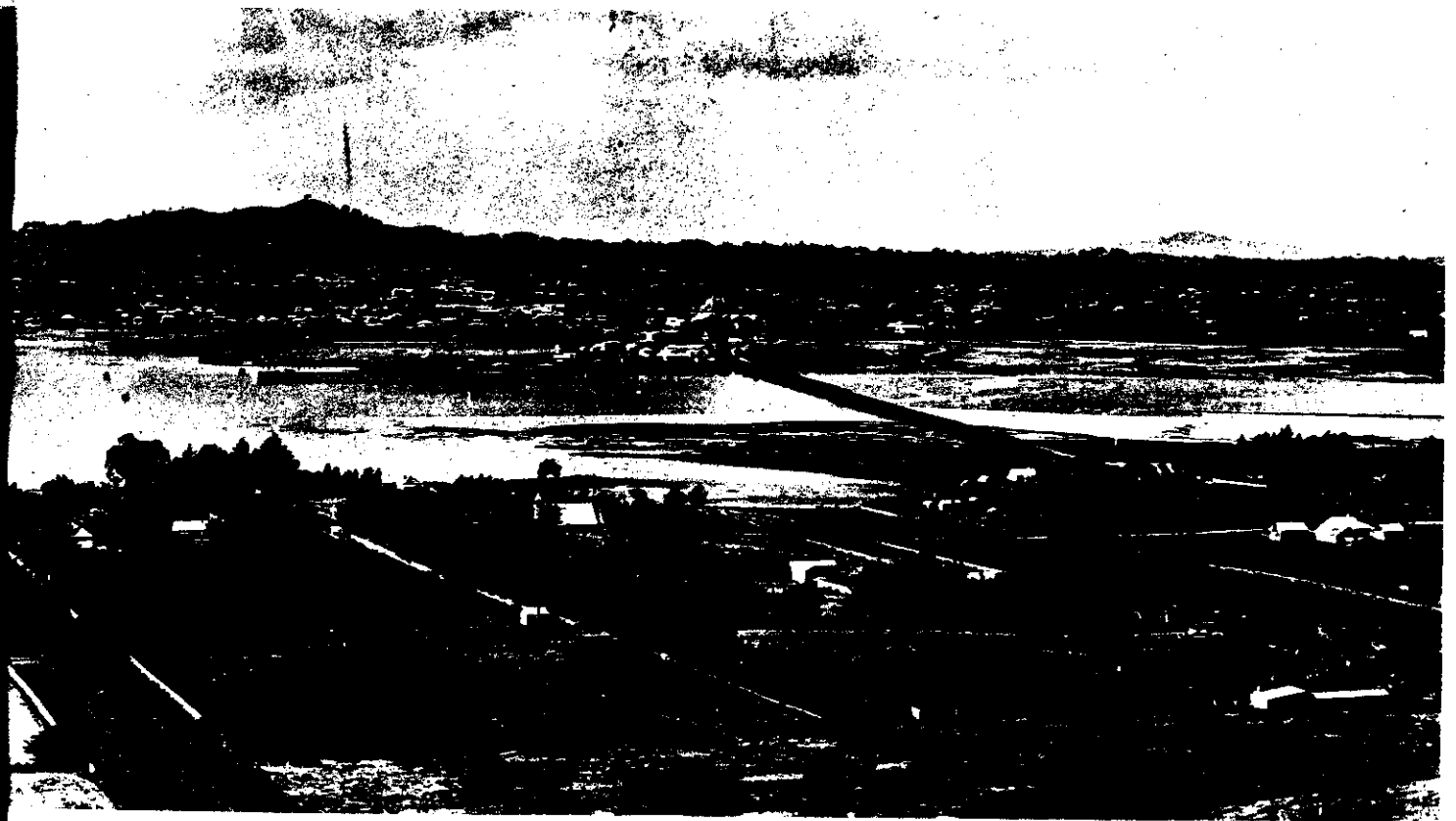
ern Port of Auckland.



YACHTING IN THE HARBOUR.

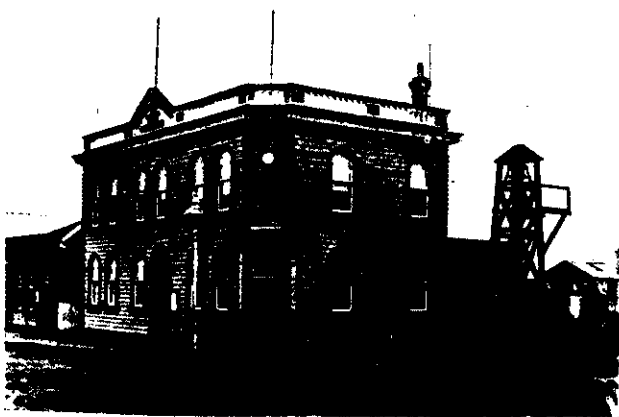


GREY STREET, SHOWING MOUNT SMART.



FROM MANGERE.

City map: C15, 339.



NATIONAL BANK AND BOROUGH COUNCIL CHAMBERS.



QUEEN STREET, LOOKING NORTH.

City map: C15, 342.

Copy negative no. C15, 393.



AT LOW TIDE.

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Waikond. "Graphic" photo.

QUEEN STREET, LOOKING SOUTH.

Onehunga; The Western Port of Auckland.

Kings Who Rule on Small Pay.

It would seem that riches and regal power do not always go together; at any rate there are several monarchs in receipt of salaries which the average city clerk would despise.

The King of Portugal is probably the poorest paid sovereign in Europe. He is supposed to receive £80,000 a year, but it is alleged it is some time since he received anything at all, because money is uncommonly "tight" in the national exchequer. Many of the royal dependents pay their tradesmen with credit notes, but no doubt in the future, when Portugal by practising the strictest economy rights herself, they will be above par.

The Sultan is a rich man, but his

position is not responsible for his wealth. Were it not that he has enormous private means he could not rule over Turkey, because some years have now elapsed since he drew even a portion of his salary, although the Turks boast that he is paid at the rate of about £800,000 per annum for occupying the throne. This is true—on paper, but in reality Abdul Hamid gives his services for nothing owing to the bankrupt condition of his country.

Eleven dollars and a quarter a week is the munificent salary of the king of Samoa. The Berlin general Act of 1889 brought this once-powerful monarch face to face with poverty, and settled the allowance mentioned upon him in lieu of the thousands he formerly played with. The most humiliating fact, however, is that his Chief Justice receives £1200 and his President of Council £1000 a year, while his most insignificant

subject has an income little below his own.

Until quite recently the King of Dahomey received the equivalent of £1 a week from the French Government to enable him to live in exile at Martinique. But eventually he appealed for an increase in salary in order to maintain a larger retinue, with the result that he was granted an additional 5 francs. After all, 24 a week is not an exorbitant allowance for the man who was once the most powerful monarch in West Africa.

The privilege of being King of Luxembourg is not an enviable one from a financial point of view at any rate, for although the salary accruing to the post is supposed to be £20,000 a year, there is often difficulty in collecting as many hundreds. The whole kingdom only extends over an area of 1000 square miles, defended by an army of 350

men. The inhabitants pay taxes when they choose to do so, but directly the Government becomes unpopular the country refuses to support it, and the soldiers, whose pay is months and not infrequently years overdue, side with the people. At such times the King has to give his country credit, and at others finds it difficult to secure funds necessary to uphold the dignity of a throne.

The unfortunate Emperor Kwang Su of China is supposed to be able to live without money; at all events his Government does not provide him with a penny. There is absolutely no grant to the reigning monarch of China, but the Emperor has the privilege of being able to order any goods he may require, and will not be asked to pay for them. The same rule applies to the Dowager Empress, but she receives pocket money in the shape of £250,000 per annum for "giving advice" to the Emperor on political matters.

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PUMPING STATION.

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ANGLICAN CHURCH

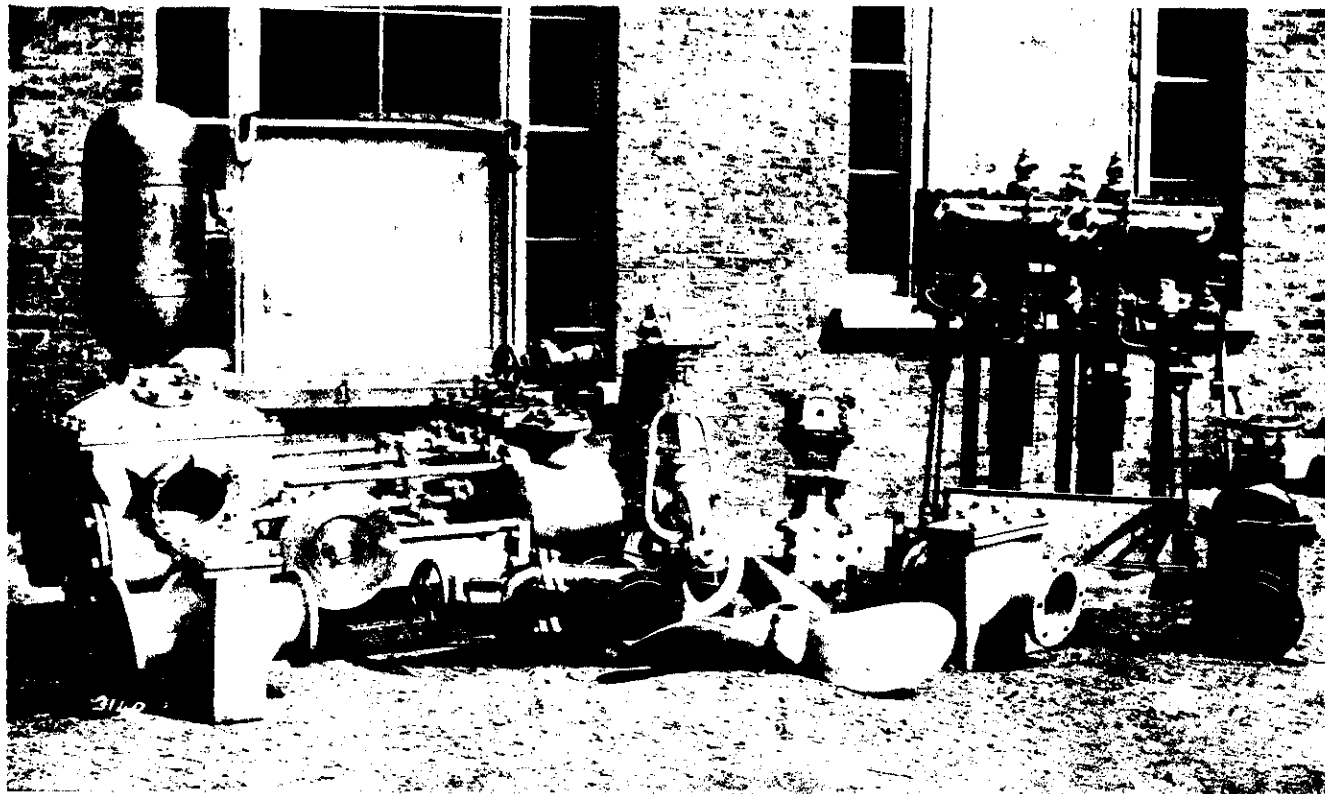
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THE WHARF.

Waikato "Graphic" photo.

Onehunga: The Western Port of Auckland.



MACHINERY FOR STEAM FIRE FLOAT FOR AUCKLAND HARBOUR BOARD.

- 1. Merryweather's Double Cylinder "Greenwich" Steam Pump, delivering 2000 gallons per minute.
- 2. Double Cylinder Vertical Propelling Engine.
- 3. Vertical and Horizontal Donkey Pumps.
- 4 and 5. Section Sluice Valves and Box.
- 6. Screw Propeller.



Waikond. "Graphic" photo.

THE NATURAL ROCK BRIDGE AT OKOROU.

Within an Aco.

A strange adventure, and one which would seem almost laughable but for its well nigh fatal consequences, once occurred at an extensive hop district in America.

Great quantities of the hops, after being kiln dried till they are almost as light as air, are put away in large store houses. In the district in question there is such a store house, well filled at the time of the occurrence with the product of the country round about. A bin contained a mass of hops. Above it some loose boards were laid across, upon which the workmen might pass from one side of the bin to the other.

One day a young man employed in the store house started to cross on these boards. If he knew that he was in a dangerous place he was not

governed by his knowledge, for he walked so carelessly that he dislodged one of the boards and fell into the mass of hops.

This at first only made him laugh, for the hops were soft and light; they had an agreeable smell and feeling. For a few moments, though the hops were about his ears, he had a delightful sense, as if he were in some big feather bed.

Then he started to walk out. He made a few movements with his feet, and was surprised to find himself sinking into the mass till the hops covered his eyes and the top of his head. Still he was far from being frightened, and continued to move his hands and feet in the feathery mass.

But now he had sunk so deep that all was darkness around him. He could not have told which way was up or which way was down if it had not been for

that terrible gravitation that carried him ever deeper into the yielding abyss.

Up to this moment he had not experienced any difficulty in breathing, but now he began to feel a sense of suffocation. He was thoroughly frightened at last and began to shout for help.

He had left his brother in the kiln room below, within easy sound of his voice, as it seemed. The poor fellow called and called, but his voice appeared to carry no further than the soft hops which clung about his lips. He redoubled his exertions and fairly screamed, but his efforts only served to deprive him of the little breath that the closing mass had left him.

The hops, so light at first, now seemed as heavy as lead. He gasped and gasped, but presently discovered that by diverting all his strength to pressing away the hops from about

his nostrils he could find a little air to breathe, though it was very bad air. Gaining breath in this he used it to shout with.

But soon he became aware that the air was not sufficing him, and that he was really smothering. He sank back inactive, with a strong temptation to give up the struggle. He lay very quiet, and as he did so it seemed to him that he heard the faint sound of a human voice. It kept as still as possible, and then the sound came to him again, and it seemed to say, "Joe!" It must be his brother calling him.

The moment before his senses had reeled in suffocation, but now they revived with hope, and he called "Here!" as loudly as he could. Then all was silent again. He fancied that his brother had not heard him at all, but had merely been looking for him, and not finding him here had passed on to some other part of the building. The despair which this thought brought made him lose his breath and his courage again, and he swooned.

Presently, however, he had a sense as if someone was poking him with a stick. This was indeed the case. His brother, hearing the muffled sound of his voice, had come to the rescue with a long pole, which he was thrusting about in the great mass of hops.

When this came in contact with his body the young man revived and presently had sense enough to lay hold of the pole.

His brother answered with a steady but strong pull, and soon the victim felt himself drawn to the surface of the heap. He saw the daylight around him and breathed the fresh air deeply.

He was soon on his feet and as well as ever, but he had been perilously near to death, and it is quite certain that hereafter he will take good care not to fall into hop bins.

On a sweltering Sabbath in a little church up country, the perspiring minister, instead of preaching a long sermon, called the attention of the congregation to the figures on the thermometer. "Just study those figures," he said. "It ain't half as hot here as you'll find it hereafter if you don't mend your ways."



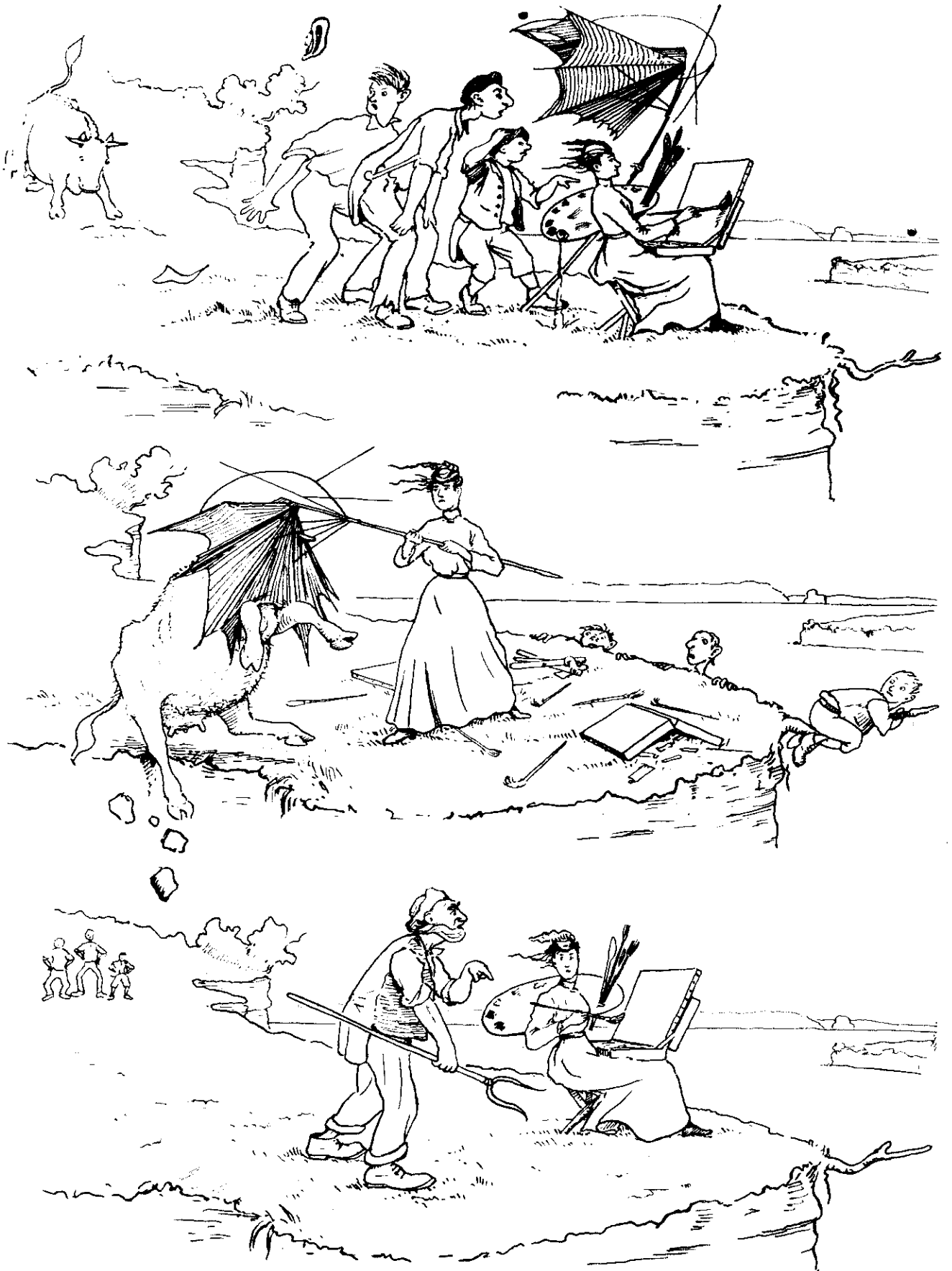
Edwards, photo.

SWAMP NEAR MERCER.



Hawkins, photo.

PICTURESQUE GORGE AND WATERFALL NEAR RAMA RAMA.



The Triumph of Art.



At the Police Court this morning a man named Edward Bailey was charged with assaulting a cabman named Edward Double. Bailey drove home in Double's cab, and for payment presented a revolver at the driver's head, remarking that that was to be his fare.

NOT A FARE THING
 FUTURE AUCKLAND CABBY (TO CHAMPION SHOT FROM THE COUNTRY)
 "H ENGAGED !!!"



Some light has been thrown on the agitation for the Federal Contingent, showing that the Federal Government is in no way entitled to any credit in the matter. It appears that at the request of Mr McCullough, the State Defence Minister, Mr Henniker Heaton some time ago wired to Mr Chamberlain that 1000 men could, if necessary, be despatched within a month.

CHARGE! CHESTER, CHARGE!
BRILLIANT EXPLOIT OF BRIGADIER BARTON
 Mr W. J. Napier, M.H.R., today sent the following telegram to the Minister of Defence: "Notwithstanding your promise to pay returned troopers £5 each on account of their wages, nothing has been paid the sorry treatment of returned troopers does not reflect credit on Defence Department."
 (Signed) W. J. NAPIER."



WHO'S TRYING TO GET AT MY CHICKENS



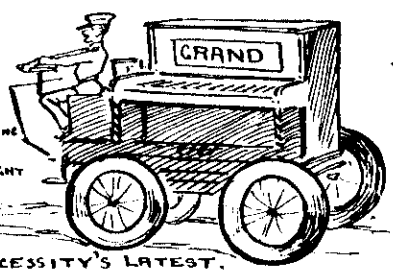
When Japanese applications have been received for entry into the contingent and other special commissions

A COUNTER ATTRACTION

(THE USUAL NEW ZEALAND WEARINESS, THEY MUST BE "TOPPS" AND "OFFICERS" OR NOTHING)
 (CHORUS OF N.Z. SHOPMEN,
HI! THAT'S MY BILLET.)

Japanese officers have been proposed to train Chinese soldiers, Japan has offered to send a general to organize the army.

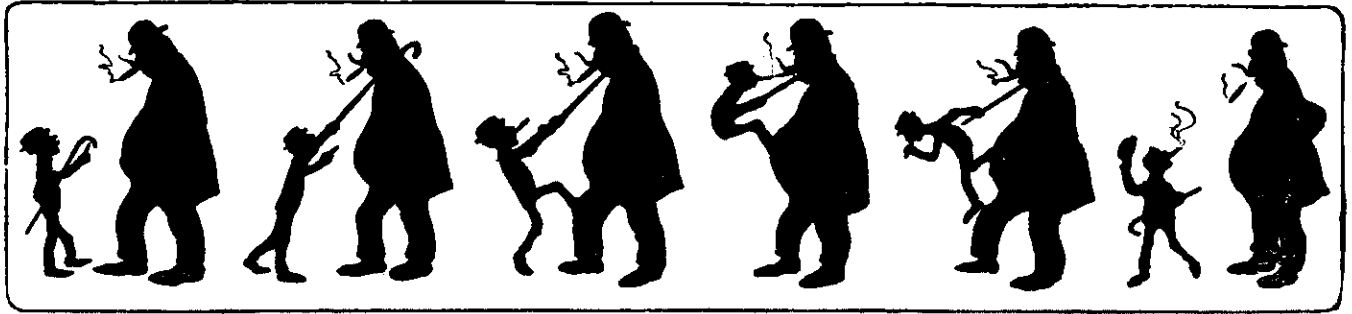
LORD ROBERTS HAS ISSUED ORDERS CENSURING LUXURIOUS HABITS OF OFFICERS IN SOUTH AFRICA & RESTRICTING OFFICERS BAGGAGE TO THIRTY POUNDS WEIGHT



NECESSITY'S LATEST.

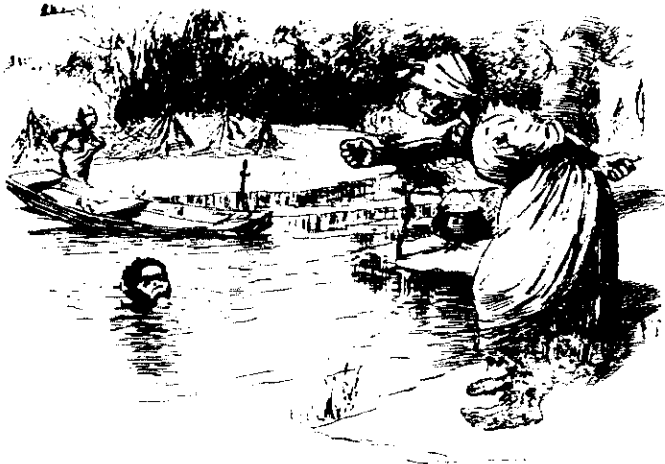
THE AUTO-CAR PIANO, GOES ON ITS OWN, GUARANTEED TO KEEP PACE WITH THE FLIGHTIEST "FLYING COLUMN" SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR THE USE OF OFFICERS ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

WELL! IN SOME THINGS NEW ZEALAND IS NOT PROUD, FOR INSTANCE SHE WILL STRAIN CHINESE VEGETABLES, SO WHY NOT GET SOME OF THOSE TRAINED CHINAMEN, BYE & BYE, TO TEACH OUR OFFICERS
 A THING OR TWO.



"Let me have a light." "But you're not tall enough." "Oh, yes I am." "See?" "This is it." "Thanks, awfully!"

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.



THE ONLY WAY HE COULD TELL.

Mrs. Toindexter: "Yo' Reginald, yo' kim out'n dat watah! Ain' yo' got y'o' o'f clean yit?"
 Reginald: "I doan' know, mommy. Barwick's got d' towl, en I ain't had no chance fer t' see 'f anyting rubs off'n me."



Sir Lucius O'Trigger: "The gentlemen I have the honor to represent being near-sighted, insists on standing three feet nearer his adversary than his adversary to him."

All for Xmas

BEING A SHORT LIST OF LITTLE ARTICLES SUITABLE FOR XMAS AND NEW YEAR PRESENTS. IF YOU DON'T SEE WHAT YOU WANT, WRITE TO

STEWART DAWSON & CO.

146 and 148 Queen St.,
AUCKLAND,

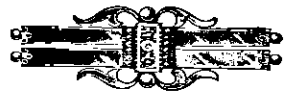
AND THEY WILL SEND YOU PARTICULARS AND PRICES OF ANYTHING YOU MAY FANCY. AND WE WILL SEND OUR NEW XMAS BOOK.



No. F 1628—9 ct. Gold Brooch, set with Diamonds and Rubies, £1 3s.



No. B 8733—9 ct. Gold Wishbone Brooch, 10s. 6d.



No. F 1631—9 ct. Gold Sapphire and Diamond Bar Brooch, £1 3s.



No. F 2253—Handsome Heart and Lover's Knot, 15 ct. Gold Brooch, set with finest Pearls, £3 3s.



No. F 1189—Set Gold Links, 9 ct. Gold, 21s.; 15 ct. gold, £2 2s.



No. E 9014—15 ct. Gold Pearl Heart and Crescent Brooch, £2



No. F 5419—18 ct. Gold 2 Diamonds and 3 Sapphires or 3 Rubies, £2



No. F 1657—18 ct. Gold, 1 Diamond and 2 Rubies, £3 3s.



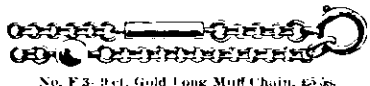
No. 178—Wedding Ring, 18 ct. Gold, £1 1s. Heavier Rings, £1 7s. 6d. and £1 13s. Keepers, £1 1s., £1 7s. 6d., £1 10s., £1 15s. and £2.



No. F 5544—18 ct. Gold, 3 Pearls, £2 7s. 6d.



No. F 5598—18 ct. Gold, 1 Sapphire and 1 Diamond, £4 4s.



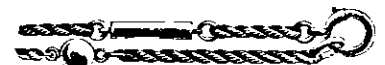
No. F 3—9 ct. Gold Long Muff Chain, £5 5s. Also at 4s., 5s., 6s.



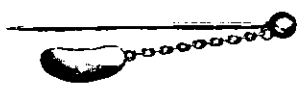
No. 3625—9 ct. Gold and Turquoise or Pearl Heart, 10s. 6d.



No. 112—Curb Chain and Padlock Bracelet, 9 ct. Gold, £3 3s.; 15 ct. Gold, £5 10s. No. 113—size smaller than 112—9 ct. gold, £2 10s.; 15 ct. gold, £4 7s. 6d. No. 114—size smaller than 113—9 ct. Gold, £1 13s.; 15 ct. Gold, £3 3s.



No. F 1—9 ct. Gold Long Muff Chain, £5 10s., 15 ct., £7 10s., £8 10s., £10 10s., and £12 10s.



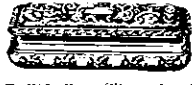
No. F 7345—New Lucky Bean Pin Charm, 9 ct. Gold, 8, 10, 12 smaller sizes, 3s. 6d. With Bell, same prices.



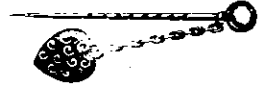
Real New Zealand Greenstone Brooches, 11s. 6d., 13s. 6d., 15s. 6d., 17s. 6d., to 30s.



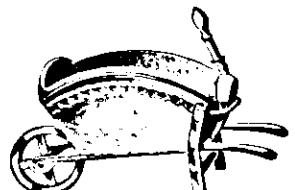
Silver-mounted Purses at 10s. 6d., 11s. 6d., 13s. 6d., 15s. 6d., 17s. 6d., 21s., 25s. 6d., 25s., 27s. 6d. and 30s.



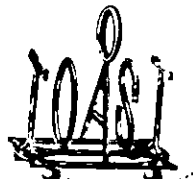
F 205—Best Silver-plated and Embossed Hairpin Box, 15s. 6d.; plain, 10s. 6d.



No. E 8212—9 ct. Gold Chased Heart Pin Charm, 6s. 6d.; smaller sizes, 3s. 6d. With Greenstone Heart or Bell, 10s. 6d.



No. F 6214—Novel Silver-plated Sugar with Shovel, £1 12s. 6d.



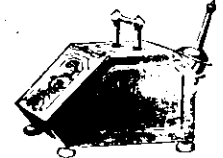
No. E 223—Best Silver-plated Toast Rack, 15s. 6d.



No. F 2576—Electro-Silver Jam Dish and Spoon, 14s. 6d.



No. E 7874—Best Silver-plated Jam Dish, £1 7s. 6d.



No. F 5700—Best Silver-plated Sugar Scuttle, with Shovel, £1 10s.

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"The Second in Command," the military play with which the Brouchs commenced their farewell season in Auckland, is the antithesis of the sensational melodrama and the musical comedy on which Northern theatre-goers are wont to feed. For that reason alone there is no doubt that many will prefer the spiced meat of the one, and the whipt cream of the other, to the wholesome interest and stimulation of Captain Marshall's clever comedy. But to those whose dramatic palate is neither crude nor degenerate, here is a drama that must appeal. For here are live men and women, instead of mere musical marionettes and impossible heroes and heroines, and here, too, is the realism that is altogether independent of the tricks of the stage mechanism and the calcium light man. The whole thing is delightfully cool and sane in its tone, unmarred by claptrap and exaggeration, and eminently healthy. The admirably conceived and no less admirably evolved little plot is simplicity and naturalness itself, deals nothing in ingenious convolutions of mystery, has no surprises; but depends for its hold on the audience on the skillful handling of such a dramatic incident as might happen in any of our lives. In the most quiet, unobtrusive way the story draws us into a charmed circle, and by the time the curtain has fallen on the first act we are, almost unconsciously, responsive to its most delicate influence as the needle to the magnet. It begins by mildly interesting, by amusing us. It ends by thrilling us in a way one could hardly have expected. It brings us in touch with a play of ennobling sentiment and passion; it leaves us better men and better women, with a higher appreciation of the depth of sterling worth that lies concealed in human nature. The military setting of the play—the barrack yard, the smart uniforms, the tramp of men, the bachelor luxury of the mess, the preparations for the war, the bugle calls, and the scenic appendages of the drama generally—must have credit for much. They give just the atmosphere in which the action of the play shows to most telling advantage. Mr Brough, as that most loyal of souls, though far from the most brilliant or successful of soldiers, Major Christopher Bingham, fills a role in which his very mannerisms are a distinct aid. In that final scene, where he feigning sleep hears the reconciliation between his lost Muriel and Colonel Anstruther, and later receives the Victoria Cross from the hands of the Duke, the audience remains spellbound. It was an admirable piece of silent acting, a triumph of repression on the part of Mr Brough; and no better evidence of the success of his entire impersonation of the noble-hearted "Kit" was required than the absolute appreciation of the strong situation which the house dis-

played. Mr Brough took so much of the sympathy of the audience that perhaps Mr Ward, as Colonel Miles Anstruther, hardly got his fair share of praise for a convincing study of a none too easy part. A trifle too stiff in his soldierly bearing sometimes, in attitude, tone, expression, he allows the workings of his storm-tossed soul to reveal themselves through the barrier of a strong and reserved nature. Miss Temple, always good in whatever she essays, is natural to the last degree in the role of Muriel Manning. It is a role that might easily be over-acted, and the chief praise that could be given the lady is that she never falls into that trap. Where the more subtle humour of the play might fail to reach a section of the audience, Mr Leslie Victor, as the Hon. Hildebrand Carstairs, comes to the rescue with a broader fun. With his mother, Lady Harburgh (Miss Susie Vaughan), he can claim most of the laughter of the evening. Miss Vera Gibson, as Nora, was fresh and charming, and the other roles were all ably filled. To sum up one's impressions of the play, it is absorbingly interesting, and holds the mirror up to phases of human nature which one cannot contemplate without feeling the better for it. It is an excellent play, excellently acted.

This evening (Tuesday) "The Magistrate" will be produced, and on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday there will be produced for the first time in New Zealand Carton's famous comedy "Lady Huntworth's Experiment." Mrs Brough will re-appear in the latter play.

The Pollards have no intention of giving New Zealand up for a considerable time to come. Bookings are arranged far ahead in all the main cities, including Dunedin for a five weeks' season in January, 1903.

The Wilson Barrett Company will open in Auckland on February 5th, playing during the season "The Sign of the Cross," "Man and His Makers," "The Manxman," "The Silver King," "Virginius," "Hamlet," and "Othello." The company commenced their New Zealand tour at Dunedin last Saturday.

Lily Mowbray, who was for a long time leading dancer with the Pollard Opera Company, and recently a member of the Holloway Dramatic Organisation, has (says Sydney "News-letter") decided to go in for vaudeville altogether. She has "doubled" with Ellie Mowbray, and the pair make a petite and graceful team. They are now appearing at the Brisbane Royal, where their "turns" have become a leading feature of the performance. Local critics say that their equal has not been seen there.

Advance agent L. J. Lohr, so well known on these coasts, now keeps a hotel at Anderson's Inlet, about seventy miles from Melbourne.

Some twenty-eight characters have roles allotted to them in "A Message from Mars," which the Hawtreys Comedy Company now in Christchurch are playing. An American critic says of "A Message from Mars":—"It raps selfishness of every sort and kind severely over the knuckles. It points a dozen morals and adorns a pretty tale. It's a dramatisation of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol," in short, made for everyday use. Dickens' Scrooge is transformed into young Horace Packer, a conceited, grasping, self-centred young Londoner, who refuses to take his pretty fiancée to a dance because he doesn't want to go in the snow again. After the girl has departed, chaperoned by her aunt, in the highest dudgeon, young Packer falls asleep in his easy chair and is visited by a messenger from Mars, who puts him through such a set of paces that by the time the pretty girl comes

home again he is a completely transformed character. It would be spoiling a good night's fun to enter into further particulars of the plot. It is one of those rare comedies which, while it keeps the front of you shaking with laughter, manages meanwhile to keep cold-chills running up and down your back.

When Charles Arnold revives his old piece "Hans the Boatman" at the Palace Theatre at Christmas, an important member of the cast will be "Lord Harry," the champion St. Bernard dog of Victoria. This massive creature weighs 14½ stone, and was considered the most savage dog at the Victorian bench shows; but Arnold took him in hand, and trained him so skillfully that now "Lord Harry" romps with the children, and even allows them to ride on his back. He also leads poor blind Hans about. Arnold agreed to purchase him if he succeeded in training him, but when the owner of the dog saw him art declined to part with him, so Arnold has borrowed him for his Sydney season.

The Wellington Amateur Operatic Society is again allowing the public to choose its own opera for production next year. The operas to be submitted to the ballot are "Les Cloches de Corneville," "Dorothy," "The Grand Duchess," "The Mountebanks," "Ruddiger," and "The Yeoman of the Guard."

"Florodora" will soon celebrate the conclusion of a year's run in New York. The occasion will have special honour, and the composer, Leslie Stuart, will conduct the orchestra.

Mrs Patrick Campbell, the famous English actress, will make her first American appearance in New York early in January.

We are all acquainted with Punch's advice to the person who was about to marry: "Don't!" Now comes the English actor-manager, George Alexander, who is idolised by the English matinee maidens, with these bits of sage counsel to the stage-struck:—"Don't—unless you can rough it. Don't—unless you can wait. Don't—unless you can eat your heart. Don't—unless you can weep—and win. Unless you can accept as your portion disappointment, delay, weariness, travel, travail, opposition, malice, neglect, and the thousand natural shocks that (stage) flesh is heir to, why—I would din it into you—don't!"

"The Thirty Thanes" is the title of a new and very successful English production, the Australian rights of which Mr Musgrove has just secured.

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Graphic Santa Claus' Toy Distribution:

THE CEREMONY AT THE CHORAL HALL.

No doubt all our juvenile readers, especially the "Graphic" cousins, and those who dressed dolls for the competition, will be interested in hearing of the exhibition of dolls, and of the distribution at the Choral Hall on Christmas Eve. Well, then, to begin at the beginning. The arrival of the dolls at the "Graphic" office is not a thing Conna Kate or those helping her is likely to forget. How they did pour in. The office boys seemed to be doing nothing else but running up and down stairs carrying the carefully packed gaily dressed children. For almost all of them were dressed as children. Curiously enough there were only two boy dolls sent in, and one little girl with a turn for humour had made hers a "new woman," with bloomers and a riding jacket. What a work it was ticking off the names and entering them and the ages on a list, and then placing on each doll a number, so that those judging should have no idea of who the competitors were. Every now and then those doing this work had to stop to admire some more beautifully-worked dress than usual, but the most satisfactory part of the whole competition really was the remarkable evenness of the work. The dresses were all so good that it seemed almost impossible to conceive how the judges would get through their work, and, as will be seen later on, they found their task difficult enough. Once all the dolls were unpacked they were taken in huge baskets to Messrs. Philipps & Son's window in Queen-street, and as many as possible were there displayed, and, as all Auckland children know, attracted an immense amount of admiration. Then on Tuesday afternoon all were removed to the Choral Hall, and arranged along the long tables, which were covered with purple cloth. It is a pity all the children who dressed dolls could not have seen the show as the dolls stood out with their dresses all carefully buffed out and arranged by a committee of ladies. All the colours of the rainbow were represented. Pink dolls, blue dolls, yellow dolls, dolls of all colours and of all ages, most beautifully and most neatly dressed. Two of the very best were two babies, one in long clothes, most exquisitely finished by hand, and the other also in long clothes, but machine made. Every detail was complete, one even having her bottle. Then, again, one family of three sisters sent a set of nurse, cook, and housemaid. All were beautifully done. The nurse was a regular hospital professional, and had two medals, a little note book and a pencil, the red cross badge, and a tiny little thermometer for taking the patient's temperature. The housemaid had a little silver with cards and letters for the "Graphic" and was most cleverly dressed in black, with the neatest of

white aprons and caps. The cook, too, was very complete in her get-up. A lovely canvas apron with a package of nursery recipes in the pocket. Another doll which aroused much admiration was dressed in white pique, relieved with blue. The dress and underclothing were marvels of neatness, and the whole effect was one of cleanliness and unalloyed pains. But one could go on discussing dolls by the hour, or rather by the volume, did space permit. All were in their way almost as good as the best, and when it came to the judging the ladies who had undertaken this work confessed themselves completely beaten. They insisted that it was quite impossible to judge the dolls for first, second and third prize, and so forth, for all were so even. All they could manage to do was to pick out the six they thought best, and all these six they considered equal, absolutely. The handsome baby doll, they thought, deserved special mention from the enormous labour put into the hand-drawn work on the skirt and the beautiful finish of the underclothing. The following are the names of the prize winners:

- Dolly McFarlane, Epsom.
 - Minnie McTier, Takaputa.
 - Ray Tole, Pongsonby.
 - Dora Dubson, Tapsaki.
 - Pearl Goodyear, Eden Terrace, Auckland.
 - Doris Gittos, Hamilton Road, Pongsonby.
- Special prizes have also been awarded to—
- Bessie Martin, Hawera.
 - Lillian Webster, Manukau Road, Parnell.

The judging took some time, and by the hour all was arranged and in order there was quite a crowd waiting to come in and see the show. Scarcely had the doors been opened before the young recipients, too, began to arrive, and though hours too soon, to walk round admiring the dolls and speculating on which they would get. Faster and faster they came, till at last it was evident that the children to receive presents must be separated, and got on the stage. They were arranged in rows, the youngest at the bottom, and these received their toys first. Never was such excitement. The children were wild with joy, and it was hard work to keep order. Still, at last, doll after doll and toy after toy disappeared, and the bright-faced boys and girls hurried off to compare their treasures, and chatter excitedly over their good luck. Then came the lotto distribution, and how the children did enjoy that! It was a pleasure to see them. Those distributing had a hard time to keep up with the eager little hands and expectant mouths, as the rows filed past. It had been hoped to take a group of the children, but they were far too excited and anxious to get home and show their mothers their presents, so all that could be done was to take some snapshots, and these will give some idea of the happiness given. All the best dolls were sent to the sick children at the hospital, who had also several other treats this year. Packages of dolls, etc., were also sent to other deserving institutions. In brief, the distribution was a great success, and all these children who helped can congratulate themselves on having given others much pleasure.

THE WELLINGTON DISTRIBUTION.

In Wellington the dolls dressed by the cousins and others were distributed among the following institutions:—Wellington Hospital, St. Mary's Orphanage, St. Paul's Dorcas Society, Letia Memorial Home, St. Mary's Home, Karori, and the Home for Incurables. As in Auckland, the recipients were delighted with the presents, which served in no small degree to brighten their Xmas.

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Personal Paragraphs.

Misses Kent (2), Auckland, are visiting Mrs Skinner, of New Plymouth. Miss Evans, New Plymouth, is on a visit to Wellington. Mr E. Govett, Wellington, is on a visit to his father, the Ven. Archdeacon Govett, at New Plymouth. Mr Roskrige, Wellington, passed through New Plymouth on his way to Auckland.

Captain and Miss McClatchie, Christchurch, are visiting their relations in New Plymouth.

The house party at "Langley Dale," Blenheim, entertained by Mr and Mrs W. Adams, included Mr and Mrs R. Kingdon, Miss Stevens, Miss Forbes, Mr Hamilton, all of Nelson; Miss Eley Maekintosh and Miss Zita Broad, of Wellington, and others.

Miss Maud Clouston, of Blenheim, is spending Christmas with Mrs Masfield, "Manaroa," Pelorus Sound.

Mrs (Dr.) Fell, of Wellington, is staying with Mrs A. G. Fell, at "Te Weranga," Picton.

Mr and Mrs G. Watts' guests at "Lansdowne," Blenheim, during the Christmas holidays were Mr and Mrs J. Sharp, of Nelson, Mr Corbett, and Mr P. Dillon, "Leefield," and Mr Mackay, Nelson.

Mr Stacy Griffiths, of New Plymouth, has come to spend a week or two with his parents, Mr and Mrs Griffiths, at "The Barton."

Mrs Orr returned last Saturday to Blenheim from her visit to Victoria, but, as we regret to hear, not very well.

Miss McCallum, who was taken seriously ill during her visit to Rotorua, was brought home to Blenheim on Saturday, and we hope that she will soon be restored to health.

The other day, when Captain Gilbert Yair offered his services to the Government for South Africa, the Premier replied how highly he appreciated "the spirit of the old warhorse," but that both he and the Captain had unfortunately been born too soon.

Miss Grace Parkes, of Waanganui, is on a visit to Auckland.

Among the visitors at Lake House, Takapuna, during the Christmas holidays were Mr and Mrs Joseph Eddle, Captain and Mrs Best, Mr and Mrs Carpenter, and Mrs and Miss Jolly.

Dr. Grace Russell, who arrived from London last week on a visit to the colony, is now staying with her mother, Mrs J. R. Russell, at the North Shore, Auckland.

Miss Hicks, Northcroft, second daughter of Mr Northcroft, B.M., leaves Auckland on the 6th inst. to take up the study of medicine in Edinburgh.

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ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Dr. Tracy Ingih, of the Auckland Hospital, to Miss Utting, of Pongsonby.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

BLACKLOCK—MEACHAM.

A wedding which created a good deal of interest was celebrated quietly in Wellington on Saturday last, between Miss Florence Meacham and Mr Arthur Blacklock. The bride wore a beautiful dress of white duchesse satin, and a tulle veil, fastened with a spray of orange blossom. She was attended by three bridesmaids, Misses Clare and Emma Meacham (sisters), and Miss Gwen Flaagan, niece of the bridegroom, all dressed in white silk, much tucked and inserted with lace. Their hats were of black, picturesquely trimmed. They carried large pink shower bouquets, and each received a gold cable bangle from the bridegroom.

CARSON—SCULLAR.

The shipping in Wellington harbour was gaily decorated with bunting on Monday last, on the occasion of the marriage of Mr Alexander Carson, chief officer of the s.s. Monowai, to Miss Mabel Scoullar, daughter of the late Mr A. Scoullar (formerly head of the firm of Scoullar and Chisholm). The ceremony, which took place at the manse of the Kent Terrace Presbyterian Church, was performed by the Rev. J. K. Elliott. The bride wore an Eton coat of tuckered white lace, and a skirt of the same. Her toque was of pale blue, trimmed with coralflowers. Miss Lillie Brown acted as bridesmaid, and the Mayor of Wellington, Mr J. G. W. Aitken, gave the bride away. Mr A. J. Walsh was best man. Among the numerous and valuable gifts was a handsome presentation from the employees of the firm of Scoullar and Chisholm, consisting of a solid silver tea and coffee service.

PILKINGTON—VESTY.

Mr Harold Pilkington, eldest son of Mr James Pilkington, of Riverdale, West Tamaki, Auckland, was married to Daisy, eldest daughter of Mr S. Vesty, of Hampden, on the 19th inst., at the Udenominational Church, Hampden, Hawke's Bay. The bride, who arrived with her father,

wore a dress of ivory silk trimmed with handsome lace. She wore a wreath of orange blossoms in her hair and a tulle veil, also a pearl brooch, the gift of the bridegroom.

PALTRIDGE—STEWART.

"A very pretty wedding was solemnised at Holy Trinity Church, Gisborne, on Saturday, Dec. 21, says the Poverty Bay 'Herald,' more than the usual interest being taken in the happy event on account of the popularity of the young people about to be united in the bonds of matrimony. The contracting parties were Mr William Paltridge, son of Captain Paltridge, of Auckland, and Miss May Campbell Stewart, only daughter of Mr J. Stewart, of the local Telegraph Department. There was a large number of friends present at the ceremony at eight o'clock, although the hour was made early in order to allow the wedding party to get away by the boat for Auckland. As the bridal party entered the church the hymn "The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden" was rendered, and on leaving the Wedding March was played by Mr Taylor. The marriage ceremony was impressively performed by the Rev. W. Welsh, the bride being given away by her father. The bride was tastefully attired in white muslin, white satin and chiffon trimmings, with orange blossoms, and carried a beautiful spray-bouquet. Misses Kirkland (Dunedin) and Bright acted as bridesmaids, and were handsomely dressed in white muslin over maize, and white muslin and lace trimmings respectively. The bridegroom was attended by Messrs F. Eare and W. J. Gaudin. The service was full choral, the choir rails and chancel being nicely decorated with evergreens and flowers. At the conclusion of the service the wedding party drove to the residence of the bride's parents at Kaiti, where a sumptuous breakfast was partaken of. Amid the good wishes of their numerous friends the happy couple left by the Kingamite at 10 o'clock for Auckland and Rotorua, on their honeymoon tour.

WOOD—MARSHALL.

A pretty wedding took place at St. Peter's Church, Wellington, on Wednesday last, between Miss Daisy Marshall, daughter of Captain J. T. Marshall, and Mr F. J. Wood, second son of Mr J. T. Wood, of Canterbury. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr H. Marshall, wore a dress of rich white silk, trimmed with handsome lace and sprays of orange blossom. She was attended by three bridesmaids, Miss Violet Marshall (her sister), Miss Lydia Blundell (her cousin), and Miss Kathleen Wood (sister of the bridegroom), all wearing white muslin dresses, much trimmed with lace and tucks. They had black picture hats, and carried shower bouquets of scarlet flowers. Mr S. Short officiated at the organ, and Mr Perry Wood acted as best man. The honeymoon is being spent in the Wairarapa.

WARREN—SWINEY.

A quiet but pretty wedding was solemnised at the Wesley Church, Wellington, between Miss Alice Swiney and Mr R. Warren. The bride, who wore a becoming dress of rich white silk, was attended by Misses Sainsbury and Brailsford and three little children as bridesmaids. Mr Kellow was the best man. After a reception, held in the Victoria Hall, the bride and bridegroom left for the South Island, where the honeymoon will be spent.

Our Christchurch correspondent telegraphs that on Saturday afternoon, at St. Mary's, Merivale, Mr R. Goring Thomas, Deputy-Registrar of the Supreme Court at Auckland, was married to Miss Wilkin, eldest daughter of Mr J. C. Wilkin, manager of the "Lyttelton Times" Company. The wedding was a very quiet one, only relations being present. Mr J. P. Whitetaw, an ex-Auckland, now a member of the literary staff of the Christchurch "Press," officiated as best man. The young couple were the recipients of many handsome presents.

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BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS KING'S COLLEGE AUCKLAND.

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- BOARD OF REFERENCE: LIEUT.-COL. GUDGON, C.M.G., British Resident, Rarotonga; COL. GORING, Whangarei; REV. HENRY MAJOR, M.A., Hamilton; CAPTAIN RICHARD TODD, Napier; VINCENT E. PYKE, Esq., Gisborne; W. E. COX, Esq., Taupiri; JOHN GORDON, Esq., Tauranga; S. L. ABBOT, Esq., J. H. M. CAMPBELL, Esq., ARCH. CLARE, Esq., M. A. CLARK, Esq., D. E. CLERK, Esq., T. COTTER, Esq., FRANK EARLE, Esq., T. FINLAYSON, Esq., A. HEATHER, Esq., H. B. MORTON, Esq., JOHN MOWBRAY, Esq., C. MANSON, Esq., H. C. TEWSLEY, Esq.

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RESIDENT CHAPLAIN: THE REV. CHARLES TISDALL, M.A., Formerly Curate of St. Paul's Cathedral, Wellington, and Vicar of Waitohara.

- ASSISTANT MASTERS: MR ARTHUR PLUGGE, B.Sc., of the Victoria University, England, late Science Master of Archbishop Holgate's School, York, England. MR E. H. STRONG, M.A., with Honours of University of N.Z. MR F. STUCKEY, B.A., University of New Zealand. MR C. MEREDITH. MR WORLEY.

- VISITING MASTERS: MUSIC (Pianoforte, Violin, and Singing) - MR ADAMS, MR H. CONNELL, MR R. L. HUNT. SHORTHAND - MR J. H. COLWILL. GYMNASTICS - PROFESSOR CARROLL. CARPENTRY - MR JAS. MCCOLL.

The Domestic arrangements are under the Personal supervision of MRS ASHTON BRUCE. NEXT TERM BEGINS FEBRUARY 11th.

The COLLEGE is situated on high ground in the Healthiest Suburbs of Auckland. The Buildings are replete with all the conveniences that are essential to a First-class School.

The SYSTEM OF DRAINAGE is most complete. The water supply is obtained from a well on the premises.

The GROUNDS are extensive and include several lawns and a large paddock, which has recently been sown with grass, so that there is every convenience for Football, Cricket, Tennis, etc.

The CLASSROOMS are large and well-ventilated. NEW CHEMICAL AND PHYSICAL LABORATORIES have lately been built, and are fitted up in an elaborate manner for instructing boys in Practical Science. Mr Arthur Plugge, B.Sc., is in charge of the Science Work of the School.

There is a large WORKSHOP, where instruction is given by a Practical Carpenter.

Regular Classes in Gymnastics are held by Professor Carroll. The GYMNASIUM was specially built, and the apparatus is of the most complete description.

The CADET CORPS, under Captain Bigg-Wither, is drilled twice a week. All boys are required to learn military drill, unless their parents object.

For the convenience of the Day Boys Special Buses run to and from town and Parnell.

Further information is contained in the Prospectus, which may be obtained by application to King's College, or Messrs Urton and Co., Queen-street. Telephone 396.

Guests Toilet Requisites.

- As used by every Vice-Royal Family in Australia and New Zealand. MALVINA HAIR RESTORER, in all colours, for instantly changing Grey or Faded Hair to its original colour; price 10/6, posted 12/. MALVINA CREAM for softening and beautifying the Skin; price 2/6, posted 4/. MALVINA SUMMER POWDER, for Removing Tan, Freckles, etc.; price 1/6, posted 1/6. MALVINA SECRET OF BEAUTY, in three delicate tints, white, blonde, and brunette; imparts a softness and brilliancy to the skin, and is invaluable for summer use; price 3/6, posted 4/. Also other Lines too numerous to mention.

Send for Price List, Posted Free; also a descriptive Pamphlet on the care of the Skin and the Hair. This is the Cheapest House in New Zealand for Toilet Preparations and Hair Work of Every Description. Combings worked up. Fancy Wigs for Sale or Hire. Auckland Depot: 54 QUEEN-ST., OPPOSITE STRAND. Address: MISS McLEWAIN. (N.Z. Representative for Westall Guest.) Telephone 24.

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

The P.S. AOTEA sails for Pipitiki every TUESDAY and FRIDAY MORNING, at 7 o'clock, returning WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS.

The AOTEA connects with the Company's AORERE at Pipitiki for the Taranaki.

For the benefit of those who are unable to take advantage of the longer trip to Taranaki, the Company has decided to run a steamer to the Coasts every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY MORNING at 6 o'clock, where some of the finest scenery on the River is to be viewed, returning to Pipitiki in time to connect with steamer for Wanganui. Further particulars, apply to HENDERSON & MACFARLANE, Auckland Agents.

Society Gossip BLENHEIM.

Dear Bee, December 27. The concert given by Mrs Lucas' pupils last week in Wesley Hall was most successful and enjoyable. Miss May Lucas sang a solo very pleasingly and afterwards joined in a duet with Mr Stanley Green. Mrs Lucas and Mr Graham Griffiths sang a duet, also the Misses Irving and Brewer. The concert concluded with the cantata "Red Riding Hood."

A large number of parents and friends were invited to the presentation of prizes at Miss McLaurin's school last week, and Mrs Jenkins gave the rewards, as Archdeacon Grace, who should have officiated, was unavoidably late. It was a most pleasing function, and the action songs, etc., of the children were capitally done, especially one called "The Japanese Fan," which they executed very prettily and gracefully. Among those present were Mesdames J. R. Green, Hay, McCallum, J. Mowat, J. Conolly, Reid, Adams, Moore, Smale, McKay, Harding, McKenzie, Monro, Dobson, Mrs and Miss Banks (Wellington), Miss Clark and many others. Afternoon tea was handed round by young lady friends and altogether a very enjoyable afternoon was spent.

A pianola and an organ were brought here from Wellington by a representative of the Dresden Company, and a large number of persons were invited to a performance in Edward's Hall, when Mrs Cranston and Mr L. Redwood sang several songs to pianola accompaniment. Among those I noticed were Mesdames Fish, Griffiths, N. Griffiths, Dunn, Gillon, McNab, Howard, E. Chaytor, and others too numerous to mention. Mr and Mrs Howard spent Christ-

mas at "Kehevanu" with Mr and Mrs E. Rutherford.

Mr and Miss Greenfield, of Victoria, are visiting the Misses Greenfield, at "Vernon."

Miss Moore has returned from a visit to relatives in Tasmania.

Mrs J. Bell had a number of visitors for Christmas at Hillersden, among whom were Mrs Carey, Miss C. Bull, and Messrs W. Carey, Cyril Carey, Stanley Green, Sydney Bull, A. Morton, etc. Mr Bell was unfortunately obliged to go to Brandon, his property in Raagitikei.

Mrs Moore, her sons and daughter, Miss Edith Bull, and others are camping in Queen Charlotte Sound, but Mr Moore and Mr Chrip were not able to go on account of the business of procuring horses for the Eighth Contingent.

Dr. and Mrs Redman and Mr and Mrs Reid and their children have gone to spend a fortnight at Endeavour Inlet, Queen Charlotte Sound, where they were able to obtain lodging with Mrs Bright. It is a delightful place to spend a few weeks in.

The Misses Smith and Anderson provided a delicious tea at the Marlborough tennis courts on Saturday afternoon, and had a large number of guests, among whom were the Misses Adams, Barron, Farmer, Horton (2), Francis (Wellington), Greenfield (2), Greenfield (Victoria), D. Redwood, E. Bull, A. Neville, Ida Green, Mesdames Griffiths, Adams, Coomb, F. Greenfield, A. Green, Vickers, Tilly, Rigginson (Wellington), E. Chaytor, Carey, Fish, and Messrs Howard (Wellington), Fish, Carey, Sim, H. Horton, Orr, Vickers, Coomb, Griffiths (2), Jackman, Major Chaytor, Captain Chaytor, and many others.

FRIDA.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, December 28. A day or two ago Mrs Thomson gave an

AFTERNOON TEA

to welcome Miss Paul, who has just returned from her trip to the Old Country. Miss Paul was, however, unable to be present through indisposition. During the afternoon several of the guests sang, while others played ping-pong. Amongst those present were Mrs Thomson, figured black silk, trimmed with heliotropes; Miss Roy looked very well in navy blue costume, pale blue revers, hat en suite; Miss Inomson, pink blouse, black skirt; Miss G. Holdsworth, pale blue blouse, dark skirt, white hat; Miss Walker, navy blue costume, white hat trimmed with chiffon and pink roses; Miss R. Thomson, pretty white muslin blouse, embroidered muslin skirt, silver belt; Miss B. Berry, white silk blouse, black skirt, white hat trimmed with blue; Miss G. Shaw, blue blouse, black skirt; Miss J. McKellar, pink blouse, black skirt, white hat trimmed with blue; Miss G. Stauford, pretty pink blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Carthew, green silk blouse, dark skirt, hat trimmed with roses; Miss W. Capel looked charming in black, black hat trimmed with roses; Miss N. Capel, black and white satin, black hat trimmed with violets; Miss Skeet, grey cashmere trimmed with white, black hat, pink roses; Miss McDiarmid, white blouse, black skirt, black hat trimmed with blue; Miss Strandish, grey cashmere trimmed with white, pink and white hat; Miss Goretz, pretty blue and white check costume; Miss Lawson, black silk, trimmed with chiffon, hat to match; Misses Fookes (2), black, trimmed with white; Mrs Sladdon, grey costume, black hat; Miss Z. Hammerton, white blouse, black skirt; Miss A. Hursthouse, blue silk blouse, black skirt; Miss E. Hursthouse, pink blouse, black skirt, white hat trimmed with roses and violets. NANCY LEE.

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, December 30. Mr and Mrs Arthur Nathan give a large "At Home" on Wednesday, January 15, 1902, on the occasion of the marriage of their daughter Julia with Mr Alfred H. Phillips. The ceremony takes place at the Synagogue at 2.30 o'clock, and reception

at Pembroke 3 to 8. The weather for the Auckland Racing Club's

SECOND DAY'S RACES.

unlike its predecessor, broke fine and clear, and beautiful summer dresses were worn by the ladies on the lawn, making a charming contrast to the scene of the prior day. The officials were as courteous as ever, and the meeting went off with smoothness, the events being got off well up to time. Amongst those present were: Mrs Thomas Morris, royal blue begaline, with pink flowered silk facings, white toque swathed with tulle and relieved with black velvet; Miss Morris, cream lustre skirt, white silk blouse, with green rosettes, sailor hat, swathed with tulle and white goose's quills; and her sister wore a cream lustre skirt, white blouse, with pink rosettes, white linen hat; Mrs. Anseane, black bolero and skirt, faced with white, black hat; Mrs. Martelli, black bolero and skirt, faced with white, violet hat with mauve flowers; Miss (Sam) Morris, brown holland; and her sister, dark skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Miss Olive Backland, brown holland, white square-cut collarette, sailor hat; and her sister wore white; Mrs. H. T. Gorrie, fawn bengaline bolero and skirt, white vest, black hat; Misses Gorrie (2) wore studies in white pique; Mrs. Grahame, also green costume, white tulle vest, black hat; Mrs. Masefield, white silk, with touches of blue, white Leghorn hat with ostrich plumes; Miss Wyld-Brown, white silk flowered skirt and tucked blouse, white hat with ostrich plumes; Miss Thorpe, white pique gown, black hat; and her sister wore a dark navy galatee, white hat with tulle; Mrs. McLaughlin, navy foulard with six small boucles on skirt, the bodice was finished with cream lace, black bonnet; Miss Brodie, brick pink molin, grey hat with flowers; Miss Stead, white pique bolero and skirt, blue vest, white Leghorn hat with ostrich plumes; Mrs. J. C. Smith, black silk, black toque; Miss Smith, black tucked silk gown, white vest, white hat swathed with pink and relieved with quills; Mrs. Pittar, grey figured foulard with cream lace, white hat with roses; Misses McLean (2), Dunedin, black silk costumes, wearing respectively pink, blue and black tulle hats; Mrs. (Col.) Dawson, grey check silk costume, with black waist band, ending in streamers at back, grey hat with blue rosettes; Mrs. Walker (Eilerslie), black silk gown, green bonnet; Miss Walker, blue floral muslin, hat with ostrich feathers; and her sister wore white surah; Mrs. J. G. Ralph, handsome black tucked silk costume, white tulle vest, cream hat trimmed with blue silk and green leaves; Mrs. Cot-

The warning cough is the faithful sentinel. It tells of the approach of consumption, which has killed more people than war and pestilence combined. It tells of painful chests, sore lungs, weak throats, bronchitis, and pneumonia. Do not suffer another day. It's useless, for there's a prompt and safe cure. A cure for fresh colds and old colds, easy coughs and hard coughs—

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

It often cures a fresh cold in a single night, and it masters chronic coughs and bronchitis in a short time. Consumption is certainly prevented, and cured, too, if taken in time.

If anybody tells you that consumption cannot be cured, they are certainly mistaken, for we have thousands of these cases reported to us, absolutely cured, and no mistake about it.

Put up in large and small bottles. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster placed directly over the tender, aching lung is a great aid to the Cherry Pectoral.

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

ter, China blue figured foulard, with black lace applique, black toque; Miss Cotter, canary flowered silk, with pink belt, black hat trimmed with white; Miss W. Cotter loweret exceedingly well in a lovely white muslin, with blue waistband and rosettes, white hat with blue; Mrs. Hutchison, black silk costume, white vest, white hat profusely trimmed with violets, and wreathed with goose's quill; Mrs. Stead, white silk veiled in black striped grenadine, cream turban toque with green leaves; Mrs. Forbes, black silk gown, white vest, black bonnet with pink flowers; Mrs. Barter, white silk, veiled in black mousseline de sole with broad black lace insertions, grey hat with black tulle and green velvet; Miss Dunnett, navy silk gown, hat with mauve flowers; Mrs. Lovelidge, brown cloth gown, brown hat with small rosebuds; Miss Donald, grey tuckered voile, finished with blue, black hat; Mrs. Bell, biscuit-coloured gown, black toque; Mrs. Williams, black; Miss Williams, grey tuckered voile, white vest, black toque; Mrs. Cottle, new grenit coloured silk, finished with black lace, black bonnet; Miss Coleman, handsome royal blue brocaded silk, with white let in at the neck, white turban toque with tulle and silver beading; Miss Griffiths, black skirt, blue silk blouse, black hat; Mrs W. B. Colbeck, china blue figured foulard, hat swathed with small rosebuds; Miss Thorne George, white silk tunic skirt with ecru lace threaded with black velvet trimming, tuckered white blouse, white hat with pink roses and black velvet; and her sister wore dark skirt, pink blouse, black hat; Mrs. Cony, green flowered foulard, hat with pink roses; Mrs. Owen, black silk; Miss Ring, white silk gown, white hat; and her sister wore grey check gown, white hat with green; Mrs. Basley, black silk; Miss Basley, white cambric with lace insertion, white hat; Mrs. Davy, black; Mrs. Yonge, brown holland; Mrs. Martin, black silk; Mrs. Firth, black gown, black hat; Mrs. Greenaway, black tuckered silk costume, fawn toque, with violets; Mrs. Markham, black bolero and skirt, blue vest, hat with blue ruchings and frills; Mrs. Lucas R. Bloomfield, black bolero and skirt, white vest, cream hat with red roses; Mrs. E. Lusk, lavender silk made circular flounced tuckered skirt, cream lace vest with black velvet bands, burnt straw hat with vieux roses; Mrs. Cattaneah, pale mode grey surah, trimmed with a darker shade, black hat; Mrs. Munroe, grey; Mrs. Geo. Read Bloomfield, lilac flowered silk, trimmed with black lace, black toque; Mrs. Ching, white foulard with black spots stylishly trimmed with black lace applique, black toque with chou of white tulle in front; Mrs. Hume, brown holland, with tuckered skirt, white sailor collar, blue waist band, white hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs. Devereux, black silk; Mrs. Makgill, black skirt, holland jacket, black hat; Mrs. Bamford, green costume, trimmed with black lace, black toque; Miss Binney, black tuckered silk costume, black hat swathed in black silk; and her sister wore a blue foulard, with gold braid, hat with lace and tulle, turquoise blue flowers resting on coiffure; Mrs. Clifton, very elegant royal blue tuckered costume and sleeves, white collarette, white hat swathed with silk; Mrs. Kingwell, black silk with bead passementerie, hat with pink roses; Mrs. Nichol, black silk; and her sister wore a white coat and skirt, white hat; Mrs. Roberts, black silk gown, fawn toque; Mrs W. H. Churton, black gown, white collarette, sailor hat; Mrs. Creagh, grey; Miss Creagh, green French muslin, sailor hat; Miss Olive Lusk, black silk with ecru lace insertions, pink waistband, black Leghorn hat with black and white ostrich feathers; Miss King, white muslin, blue sash, cream straw hat with flowers; Mrs. Stuart Reid, white serge gown with gold braided zouave, hat trimmed with old gold; Mrs. Hamley, black spotted foulard, with ecru lace, black toque; Miss Torrance, black gown, white sailor collar with pink embroidered flowers, white hat with brick red velvet; Miss Percival, grey tuckered voile, white vest, black hat; and her sister wore a pretty white tuckered muslin skirt, white silk blouse, hat with blue silk

swathings; Miss Raynes, pink and white foulard, black hat; Mrs. Ralph, Ponceby, black silk with blue plaid stripes; Miss Ralph, dark skirt, fawn jacket; Mrs. Simpson, pink and green costume finished with lace, black hat; Miss McDonald, greeny grey and white checked gown; Miss Langford, blue checked; Mrs. Crowe, white; Misses Chapman (2), dark skirts, light blouses; Miss Williamson, navy silk gown, white hat with tulle trimmings; Miss Roberts, black.

The Auckland Racing Club inaugurated their

SUMMER MEETING

on Thursday last (Boxing Day). The day was ushered in with threatening weather, but threats of a wet afternoon were not sufficient to deter the pleasure-loving community. It was a great contrast to the usual "Cup Day" at picturesque Ellerslie, when blue skies, sunshiny weather and pretty summery dresses were the order of the day. Most of the fair sex contented themselves with reviewing the scene from the grandstand. Now and again when the sun peeped out from behind a rain-cloud some of the ladies ventured out on the lawn, but, alas, not to display the beauty of their costumes, for most of them held them up in such an ungainly fashion that their dresses looked like Maori blankets. Amongst those present: Misses Atkinson, dark skirts, pretty silk blouses, black hats; Mrs. Ansenne, mode grey tuckered voile, cream straw hat, with wreath of roses; Miss Andrews, dark skirt, white silk blouse, black hat; Miss Brodie, white Japanese silk skirt, tuckered pink silk blouse, burnt straw hat, trimmed with black; Mrs. Geo. Read Bloomfield, white serge costume, hat wreathed with roses; Miss Griffiths, black bolero and skirt, faced with white, sailor hat; Mrs. L. Read Bloomfield, chateausse green and ecru lace combination costume, white hat, with pink roses and black velvet; Mrs. Ruck, black silk costume, black hat, with old gold coloured roses; Mrs. Bruce, grey voile, with tuckings and silk trimming, black hat; Mrs. Robert Dargaville, mauve flowered muslin, black toque; Miss Dargaville, green floral muslin, white lace toque, finished with green rosettes; Miss Leys, violet foulard, with ecru lace, white collarette, black toque; Miss Nelson, grey coatee and skirt, white waistband, hat with roses; her sister wore a brown gown, with white lace, black hat; Miss Basley, dark skirt, light blouse, black hat, swathed with black; Mrs. Wilfred Colbeck, black bolero and skirt, faced with white, black and white toque; Mrs. Marshall, moss green coat and skirt, white vest, black hat; Miss Raey, black; Mrs. Bell, brown check fancy pattern, black toque; Mrs. Edgcombe, black skirt, white tuckered silk blouse, black hat, with feathers; Miss Bell, black gown, black hat; Miss Binney, black lustre, with ecru lace collarette, black hat, with violets; Miss A. Binney, green, finished with blue, black hat; Miss Tus Binney, violet costume, black hat; Mrs. Clifton, white tuckered serge, fawn jacket,

hat with pannies; Mrs. Kingwell, black silk, with bead passementerie and ecru lace collarette, hat with flowers; Mrs. Nichol, black silk, fawn jacket, black and white toque; Mrs. C. Brown, fawn, edged with green; her sister wore violet costume; Mrs. Benjamin, black silk, white vest, black toque; Miss Marks, mourning costume; Mrs. Mair, black skirt, taupe coat, black hat; Mrs. W. Coseman, black silk skirt, green figured silk blouse, black hat; Miss Wyde Brown, white silk, with ecru lace trimming, pretty white satin ribbon and ecru lace blouse, hat swathed with tulle; Mrs. Buller, black, finished with white, black hat; Miss Buller, grey tuckered voile, white vest, white hat; Mrs. Foster, black costume, lilac floral hat; Mrs. Ching, grey tuckered voile, lace turban toque; Mrs. Caro, a combination of black and pink; Miss Caro, dark skirt, blue blouse, black hat; Mrs. Tom Keesing, black skirt; holland jacket, black hat; Mrs. W. H. Churton, black gown, sailor hat; Mrs. Keesing, fawn gown, black hat; Mrs. Creagh, grey check; Miss Creagh, dark skirt, navy foulard blouse, white hat; Mrs. Cottle, black silk gown, black toque; Miss White, navy spotted foulard, hat with roses; Miss Ring, black; and her sister, navy foulard; Mrs. Moss-Davis, black silk, black toque; Mrs. Moss, violet bolero and skirt, white vest, hat with flowers and gossamer veil; Miss Moss-Davis, pink cambric, with ecru lace, but with floral decorations; and her two sisters wore white muslins, one wearing a hat with pink roses, and the other's chapeau had forget-me-nots; Mrs. (Col.) Dawson, grey check, grey hat; Miss May Dawson, dark skirt, white tuckered silk blouse, lilac hat with grey ostrich plumes; Miss Hill, white cambric gown, hat swathed with silk; Miss Devereux, brown coat and skirt,


green hat; and her sister, white skirt, white blouse, black crowned hat, with white lace bounce; Mrs. Makgill, dark skirt, holland jacket, black hat; Mrs. Dufaur, black gown, black hat with pink; Mrs. Donald, black silk, with blue beading and white lace at neck, toque with blue; Miss Donald, green costume, mauve hat; Mrs. Duthie, black and white figured silk, trimmed with bands of black and white striped ribbon, yellow waistband, black hat; Miss Firth, white silk gown, black hat; Mrs. Greenaway, black skirt, fawn jacket, hat with flowers and

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SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE,
AT ALL SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

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Sole Makers—M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, England.

gossamer veil; Miss Murray, pson
 fonce green gown, black hat; Mrs
 A. P. Friend, galsis grey bolero and
 skirt, black hat; and her daughter
 wore white; Miss Thorne George,
 dark skirt, light blouse; Miss Rooke,
 black silk; Mrs Neilson George, black
 silk; black hat; Miss Williamson,
 white; Miss Morton, navy flowered
 muslin skirt, fawn jacket, black hat;
 Mrs Cotter, black silk gown, lovely
 violet toque; Miss Cotter, grey bea-
 griline, black hat; Mrs Gorrie, black,
 Miss Gorrie, dark skirt, fawn jacket,
 black and white hat; Misses Nora
 and Gwen Gorrie wore white piques,
 white hats; Mrs Kelly, white muslin,
 white hat; Mrs Dunnett, cream China
 silk, with embossed embroidery
 work finished with blue ribbon, blue
 tulle toque; Miss Dunnett, black silk
 skirt, black bolero with crewelled
 silk pattern, lilac hat with variegated
 peepies; Mrs Geo. Hill, black skirt,
 white blouse, black hat, Misses Ire-
 land (2), black canvas cloth skirts,
 black satin bodices, black hats lined
 with ruffled white tulle; Mrs Pollan,
 black bolero and skirt, faced with
 white, rose pink swathed toque;
 Miss Lusk, black gown handsomely
 trimmed with ceru lace, black hat
 with black and white ostrich plumes;
 and her sister wore a similar gown
 and hat, pink waistband; Mrs Keogh,
 black; Miss Keogh, brown shower,
 muslin, black hat; Mrs Hope Lewis,
 violet foulard, with ceru lace, black
 toque; Miss Hope Lewis, navy gown,
 white hat with blue; Mrs Markham,
 black costume; Mrs Reg. Masefield,
 dark skirt, blue silk blouse, white
 picture hat swathed with tulle; Mrs
 Coyle, black gown, sailor hat; Mrs
 Niccol, lavender gown, black toque;
 Mrs. Thomas Morrin's handsome
 mauve tacked voile, with white lace,
 white toque with black; Mrs Stead,
 cream striped silk, blue toque with
 gold feather in front; Miss Morrin,
 white gown, pink flop hat; and her
 sister wore white gown, white flop
 hat; Mrs S. Morrin, black gown with
 lilac finishings, lilac toque; Mrs Mc-
 Leaghlin, black silk, with bolero with
 white machined braiding, black bon-
 net; Mrs Grey, lilac striped zephyr;
 Miss Morrin, fawn bolero and skirt,
 hat with blue; and her sister wore
 a dark skirt, light blouse,
 sailor hat; Mrs Louis Myers, black
 silk, grey tulle bonnet; Miss
 Myers, blue foulard, black hat;
 Miss Richardson, fawn edged with
 blue, hat swathed with blue; Miss
 Percival, black silk gown, white silk
 fichu, black hat; Miss Ethel Percival,
 grey tacked skirt, white blouse, sailor
 hat; and younger sisters wore white;
 Mrs Stuart Reid, lavender skirt, the
 bodice was veiled in ceru lace; Mrs
 Roberts, white silk broadcated with
 black, black toque; Mrs Hutchison,
 black silk, black hat with wreath of
 roses; Mrs Torrance, black and white
 figured silk, black toque; Miss Tor-
 rance, black gown, white sailor collar,
 with embroidered flowers, sailor hat;
 Miss Thorpe, grey tacked voile, black
 hat with tulle; and her two sisters
 looked sweet in white hallstone
 muslin with touches of blue, white
 hats; Mrs Leo Myers, black silk,

black hat; Mrs L. D. Nathan, hand-
 some English costume of fawn mater-
 ial, bolero and skirt, with black lace
 applique, pink waistband, black
 toque with arlat roses; Mrs Alfred
 Nathan, black silk finished with blue,
 white crinkley toque relieved with
 blue; Mrs Arthur Nathan, black;
 Miss Julia Nathan, very handsome
 China blue figured silk over pink
 silk underskirt, lavender wire toque
 swathed in tulle and relieved with
 gold feather; Miss Dolly Davis, brick
 pink flowered silk with black velvet
 rosettes, black hat; Miss Peacocke,
 dark skirt, light blouse; Mrs (Dr.)
 Scott, grey gown; Mrs Bodle, black
 and white figured foulard with white
 lace applique, black hat; Mrs Ranson,
 periwinkle blue tacked costume,
 black toque; Mrs H. O. Nolan, cream
 silk, hat with violet decoration; Mrs
 A. P. Wilson, check skirt, black
 bolero, cream hat; Mrs J. C. Smith,
 black gown; Miss Smith, serpent
 green coat, and skirt, Italian hat;
 Miss Wallnutt, white gown, black hat;
 Mrs Martelli, electric blue gown,
 black hat; Mrs Walker (Elliott),
 handsome violet costume, violet bon-
 net; Mrs Bartor, white silk veiled in
 black net and lace insertion; Miss
 Wilkins, black bolero and skirt, hat
 with flowers; and her sister brown
 tailor-made gown, hat with blue;
 Miss B. Voren, blue flowered
 costume, black toque; Mrs Thornton
 (Waikato), black and white figured
 foulard, black hat; Mrs Williams,
 black; Miss Williams, dark skirt,
 white blouse, sailor hat; Miss Shep-
 herd, black silk; Mrs Waymouth,
 navy foulard, black hat; Mrs Fair-
 burn (Wellington), navy foulard,
 black toque; Mrs Munroe, bright pink
 flowered foulard trimmed with black,
 black hat; Mrs MacCormick, dark
 skirt, light blouse, black hat; Miss
 Nichol, grey; Mrs Goodhue, black;
 Miss Raynes, black gown, black hat;
 Mrs Kilgour, black over white lace;
 Mrs Godison (Hawera), violet foul-
 ard; Mrs Nichol, navy foulard, black
 hat; Miss Chapman, grey satin, white
 hat; and her sister, grey skirt, white
 blouse; Mrs Davey, black; Mrs Jones,
 mourning costume; Miss Kenp-
 thorne, grey; Mrs Crowe, grey; Mrs
 J. G. Ralph, black and white figured
 silk, black and white toque; Miss
 Ralph, white muslin, white picture
 hat swathed with tulle; Mrs Ralph,
 navy; Miss Ralph, navy; Mrs Clap-
 gott, black silk, black bonnet with
 yellow; Mrs Otway, black; Mrs
 Hume, white silk, white hat; Miss
 Little, dark skirt, light blouse; Mrs
 Otway, black silk, white hat
 wreathed with roses; Mrs Ot-
 way, dark skirt, pink striped blouse,
 black hat with feathers; Mrs Pas-
 more, black silk, black hat with
 plumes; Mrs Hamlin, black relieved
 with white; Mrs Hamley, black; Mrs
 Cattanaach, dark skirt, white blouse,
 black toque; Misses Possenski (2),
 dark skirts, light blouses, sailor hats;
 Mrs Read Bloomfield, black silk; Miss
 M. McDonald, black relieved with
 white; Miss Scherrf, green skirt and
 bolero, white vest, hat wreathed with
 flowers; Miss Stead, dark skirt, white
 blouse with blue tie, sailor hat; Miss
 Simpson, dark skirt, light blouse,

black hat; Mrs Forbes, black silk,
 black toque; Miss King, black skirt,
 blue blouse; Miss Morrow, fawn
 bolero and skirt; and her sister wore
 dark skirt, light blouse.
 PHYLLIS BROWN.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee,
 December 26.
 A large social was given by the
 members of the Crown Lands Depart-
 ment and their lady friends at the
 Government Life Insurance Building
 last week, the object being to con-
 gratulate Mr. Marchant on his ap-
 pointment to the office of Surveyor-
 General. Many eulogistic speeches

were made by Mr. Marchant's col-
 leagues and by Ministers present, at
 the conclusion of which Mr. Mar-
 chant was presented with a very
 handsome solid silver tea and coffee
 service, on a large silver tray, bearing
 the following inscription: Presented to
 John William Marchant, Esq., on
 his promotion to the position of Sur-
 veyor-General, by past and present
 officers of the Lands and Survey De-
 partment, Wellington and Canterbury
 districts, New Zealand, December,
 1901. Mr. Marchant made a speech,
 thanking them for their gift, and for
 the support and assistance he had
 always received. Supper was after-
 wards served, and dancing was kept
 up until a late hour.

Mr. James Burns, superintending

W W B

Erect Form

AMERICA'S LEADING CORSET.

The American "Erect Form" Corset is a triumph-
 ant combination of common sense and exquisite style. It has the ease
 and comfort of a ribbon girdle and combines every hygienic principle
 that can be applied to Corset building. There is an **ERECT FORM**
 for every figure. These Corsets are full of life and luxurious comfort.
 They are not stiff, unyielding pieces of armour, but give and bend with
 every give and bend of the body. In White Coutille or Black Italian,
 5/6, 6/11, 8/11, 21/-, 30/-, 35/-, 42/-, to 5 guineas.

TO BE HAD FROM ALL DRAPERS.

Sargood, Son & Ewen,
 SOLE AGENTS FOR AUCKLAND.



McMASTER & SHALDERS, QUEEN STREET.

ARE HOLDING THIS SEASON A MOST EXCEPTIONAL EXHIBITION IN

- TRIMMED MILLINERY**
 being in many instances, Parisian Models, and the complement of what is now being worn in Fashion centres on the other side of the world. Here is also the place to find the ideas and materials that will satisfy ladies of taste and discernment.
- SUMMER MANTLES and JACKETS**
 Beautiful Mantles, light, lacey, and dressy; Bolero and Eton Jackets now so fashionable at Home.
 Many kinds but not many of a kind.
- DRESS MATERIALS**
 Black Broches, lovely goods, and the newest; Eolians, the latest summer fabric, in Plain, Spots, and Springs; Plain Colours in Dress Goods will be much worn. We have every conceivable shade in various textures.
- PRINTED COTTON GOODS**
 There will be considerable enthusiasm amongst the Auckland ladies over our New Wash Goods. These have a freshness of style and originality of design in fabric and pattern, and London and Paris at the present time share their beauty with us.
- UMBRELLAS and PARASOLS**
 "No one knows what a (Spring) day will bring forth" in the shape of weather. We can prepare you for shine or shower. Such pretty handics that you will be proud to carry them.
- LACES and TRIMMINGS**
 This will be a great lace season. The best centres of design have contributed to our stock, and the ex-
 pression, "Oh, how lovely," is al-
 ready often heard in our store. Lace from 1d to 4s a yard. Our new Trimmings are the prettiest we have ever shown.
- HOSIERY and GLOVES**
 Dent's and Morley's have considerably been drawn upon for these goods, but we have also novelties from many other houses that can only be obtained in Auckland from us.
- FOR THE HOUSE.**
 Our Mr Shalders, when in England, saw such beautiful designs in Cretonnes, Art Muslins, Curtains, etc., that he could not resist investing largely in Drapings. They are al-
 ready selling very freely, and now, as the time of "Spring Cleaning" and freshening up of the house to be in keeping with Nature has come upon us, you cannot do better than call and see them. It will give you ideas.

REMEMBER - all our New Goods have been PERSONALLY selected in the Home Markets.
McMASTER & SHALDERS.

oversee of the Government Printing and Stationery Department, received a handsome gift from the employees of the Department on his retirement after thirty-seven years of service. The presentation, which took the form of a silver tray and tea and coffee service, was made by Mr. Mackay, Government Printer, who made a speech, praising Mr. Burns' earnest and long-continued work in the service.

Captain Dunk, of the Manawatu Mounted Rifles, Palmerston North, has been presented with a gold watch by the members of his corps, to mark his appointment to the command of the Second Wellington Battalion.

Mr. B. H. Gowen, who is leaving Wellington, has been presented with a handsome travelling clock, in recognition of his work as honorary secretary and librarian of St. Peter's Sunday-school. The presentation was made by the Rev. W. C. Waters, vicar of the parish, on behalf of the teaching staff.

At the Parliamentary Library, Wellington, recently, Mr. Charles Wilson, chief librarian, was the recipient of a handsome ebony and silver walking stick, as a token of esteem from the permanent staff.

Lieutenant Guy Powles, of Wellington, who went to South Africa with the Rough Riders, and has been on furlough in England, is a passenger by the Mokoia from Sydney.

Professor MacLaurin, Victoria College, Wellington, has gone to Sydney for the vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan, who have been residing in Mr. Warren's house in Hobson-street, during the latter's absence from Wellington, have taken Mr. J. P. Maxwell's house in the same street, while Mr. Maxwell takes a trip to England.

Mrs. Abbot and her daughters, who have been paying a visit to Wellington, have returned to Balgownie, Wanganui, for Christmas.

Captain and Mrs. Humphrey (England) are staying at the Royal Oak Hotel, Wellington.

Mrs. Lomar, of Wanganui, has been in Wellington for a visit, and Miss Moore, of the same town, has been staying with Mrs. Fitzherbert at the Hutt.

Mr. and Mrs. Travers (Lower Hutt) have been on a trip to the Hot Lakes District.

His Excellency the Governor and Lady Ranfurly, attended by Captain Alexander and Hon. H. C. Butler, have left for a cruise in the Tutaneaki. The party also includes Ladies Constance and Eileen Knox, Mrs. Matheson and Miss Douglas. A complete circuit of the South Island is contemplated, including many little-known places out of the usual route of steamers, and the trip will probably be extended to some of the islands farther south.

Miss Morgan (England), whose exquisite miniature painting has been so much admired, is back in Wellington again after a stay of some months in the South Island, where she has been extremely busy with commissions.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Johnston (junr.) have left Wellington for "Highden," the Hon. W. Johnston's place at Awahuri, near Feilding, where they will remain for Miss Ella Johnston's wedding on January 6 before returning to Wanganui.

John, and the Garrison Band was in attendance, and played a number of selections. Mrs. Littlejohn wore a handsome blouse of pale blue silk, with lace trimmings, black skirt, Legnora hat, trimmed with black silk and tips; Mrs. Chatterton, grey China silk, large black chignon hat; Mrs. Mules, black costume, heliotrope bonnet; Miss Mules, flowered muslin blouse, black skirt, large black hat; Mrs. James Marsden, black and white costume, toque to match; Miss Marsden, heliotrope mercerised lawn, black hat turned off the face; Mrs. Heaps, black serge coat and skirt, bonnet en suite; Miss Heaps, grey costume and hat; Mrs. Mackay, black, with full vest of heliotrope chignon, heliotrope bonnet; Miss Mackay, cream serge, braided with gold, becoming cream hat with red roses; Mrs. Dr. Roberts, black grenadine over white, white chignon hat finished with black velvet; Mrs. Tomlinson, black; Miss Tomlinson, pink muslin, sailor hat; Mrs. Kingdon, smart tailor-made coat and skirt of black cloth, pink hat; Mrs. Jack Sharp, black and white costume, becoming hat to match; Mrs. Fell, mourning costume; Mrs. A. Atkinson; Miss M. Atkinson, blue silk blouse, black hat and skirt; Mrs. Sclanders, black costume and bonnet; Mrs. Tonkin, navy foulard, black hat; Mrs. Allan; Mrs. Morrison, grey and black costume; Mrs. W. Rout, wedgwood blue costume with lace trimmings, toque to match; Mrs. B. Lewis; Mrs. Barr wore a becoming costume of black, pretty, heliotrope toque; her sister, Miss Boyd (Auckland), looked well in grey and black, black hat; Miss Richmond, pink muslin; Miss Huddleston, grey bolero and skirt trimmed with white braid, chip hat with navy silk; Miss M. Harris, white cambric with blue spots, sailor hat; Miss A. Trolove, light muslin; Miss M. Glasgow, smart costume of light grey voile, chip hat; Miss E. Ledger, white; Miss Gibson, grey cashmere, made with numbers of small tucks, straw hat with pink roses; Miss Rawson (Christchurch), grass lawn costume, black hat; Miss

Leggatt, pretty pink floral muslin and becoming black hat; Miss Blackett, heliotrope muslin, black hat; Miss Seely, white, black hat; Miss P. Sealy, light silk blouse, black skirt, sailor hat; Miss Armstrong, vieux rose costume, black hat; Miss Robinson, floral muslin and lace, sailor hat; Miss Johnson (Motueka), white muslin; Miss Forbes, white muslin and lace; Miss Fillet, light blue; Misses Preshaw (2), Douglas (2), Edwards (2), D. Roberts, pretty black and white muslin; Miss Ellis, white, with white chignon hat; Miss Buchanan, dark blue voile, large hat; Miss P. Fell, white; Miss Clifford, black and white; Miss Baine, white.

PHYLIS.

Ask for the latest models of the "HIP SPRING" (straight-fronted) Corsets.

S.L. DONNA
PRIMA DONNA
Corsets.



PERFECT
SHAPE
COMFORT
& STYLE

Obtainable at all Leading Drapers and Wholesale Houses in the Colony.

NELSON.

Dear Bee, December 21.
The

BOYS' COLLEGE SPORTS
were held on Tuesday afternoon on the College grounds, and were largely attended, the weather being perfect. The different events were closely contested. W. Moyes won the Majoribanks shield for the fourth time. The senior cup was won by Richmond Fell, and the junior cup by Mackay. At the conclusion of the sports the prizes were presented by Mrs. Chatterton. During the afternoon delicious tea and cakes were provided for visitors by Mrs. Little-

THE XMAS OUTFIT.

THE
RIGHT Lines
AT THE
RIGHT Time
AT THE
RIGHT Prices.

Attractive Specialities
FOR THE
HOLIDAY SEASON.

LACE AND SILK TIES
COLLARS AND COLLARETTES
FEATHER BOAS
LACE AND EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEFS

Gloves. Belts.

LIBLE THREAD AND LACE HOSE
EMBROIDERED HOSE
PIQUE COSTUMES AND SKIRTS
SUNSHADES AND UMBRELLAS
CAPES, JACKETS
RAINPROOF CLOAKS, ETC.

BUYERS will find
AN IMMENSE STOCK
In All Departments.
Rushbrook & - -
Bridgman's

Some very -
Smart Lines
In
TABLE COVERS
CURTAINS
LINEN GOODS
TOILET AND
NIGHT DRESS BAGS
ETC. ETC.
(Sample Goods)
Are worthy your...
Particular Attention.

IS "THE HOUSE" FOR

RELIABLE GOODS at the keenest possible Prices.

Our
Colonial Tweed
Suit
At
21/-
IS A MARVEL.

OUR Stock of **BOYS' AND MEN'S CLOTHING** is Unexcelled.
The brands "AKE AKE" and "KAIAPOI" are a Guarantee of Excellence, Fit, Style, Material. Equal to made to measure at HALF THE PRICE.

SMART NECKWEAR, SHIRTS,
HATS and CAPS, and
Holiday Attire of all kinds.

A Speciality.—MACKINTOSH and RAINPROOF GARMENTS
of all kinds. Quality Guaranteed. Newest Styles.

RUSHBROOK & BRIDGMAN,

Wholesale and family Drapers, Clothiers, and Outfitters.

364, 366, 368, 370, QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

PREMISES CLOSE
at 7 p.m. on WEDNESDAY, and are
OPEN on SATURDAY until 10 p.m.

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

AGONISING COUGH.
NINE MONTHS' TORTURE.
RELIEVED BY ONE DOSE OF HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE, AND CURED BY TWO BOTTLES.

"Dergholm, Victoria."
"Dear Sir,—I wish to add my testimony to the wonderful effect of your Bronchitis Cure. I suffered for nine months, and the cough was so distressingly bad at night I was obliged to get up and sit by the fire. I had tried all the 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 undeniably prove its distinct healing power. Signed by the Rev. JOHN SINCLAIR, Myers-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 I 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 Berrymount, Paddington, Sydney."

"My wife is 52 years old, and I am 71, 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, Blythwood, Morfudun, N.S.W."

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

"I lately administered some of your Bronchitis Cure to a son of mine, with splendid effect. The cure was absolutely miraculous.—F. A. PACKER, 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. SEWTER, 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 Sidang, 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, Ozono House, Lorne, Victoria."

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

"The bottle of Bronchitis Cure I got from you was magical in its effects.—CHAS. WYBROW, Knoch's Point, via Darlington, 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 wonderful medicine, does good at once, and "can't be licked."—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 E. RAMAGE,
Violet Town, Victoria.

Three Cases Completely Cured by One Bottle of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.
SEVERE COLD WITH LOSS OF VOICE, CURED BY HALF A BOTTLE.
A SUPPLY SENT TO A RELATIVE IN ENGLAND.

"Llewellyn, Katurra, Vic."
"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, 103, 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 singing 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 Barham, 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 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.

"99 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 of order."
"We often hear your Bronchitis Cure spoken well of. A gentleman told us today that he had given it to a child of his with the most remarkable result, the child being quite cured by three doses."

"We are, faithfully yours,
"THOMAS R. CHATER & CO.,
"Wholesale Chemists."

Cured in Ten Days.

THE EDITOR OF THE OLDEST NEWSPAPER IN VICTORIA EXPRESSES GRATEFUL APPRECIATION.

"W. G. Hearne, Esq. Dear Sir,—Permit me to express my grateful appreciation of the value of your Bronchitis Cure. I had, some months ago, a severe attack of Bronchitis, and took your medicine, with the result that at the end of ten days the complaint had completely left me. We are 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,
"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, RHOS, 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 HAD DONE FOR YEARS.

"5 Watson-street, Burton-on-Trent, Staffordshire, England."
"Mr W. G. Hearne, Geelong."
"Dear Sir,—"

"Your letter and Bronchitis Cure to hand quite safe. I am sure you will be glad to know that your Bronchitis Cure has quite cured me. I was very glad when it came, as I was suffering on a severe attack of Bronchitis at the time. I had had had sent for my own doctor, but had not had one night's rest for a week. I started taking the Bronchitis Cure three times a day, as directed, and was very much eased at once. At the end of a week I only took it twice a day, and then only every night for a week, and I felt very much better, when, (thanks to the 'Lip') for adding 'Geeching', 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 as well as I feel it. I am stronger than I have been for years. Thank you very much for your letter in sending the medicine, and am, dear Sir,
"Yours very truly,
"A. MORTIMER."

12 Years' Agony.
DISTRESSING, SUFFOCATING, DRY COUGH ENTIRELY REMOVED BY FIVE DOSES.
NO OTHER TREATMENT COULD EVEN EASE IT.

"Sir,—My wife was for 12 years a sufferer from a most distressing, suffocating, dry cough that could not be removed or even eased by any remedy, doctors' prescriptions and patent medicines having been tried, but I am happy to say that the cough, pain in the chest, and difficulty of breathing, etc., were entirely removed by the fifth dose of your Bronchitis Cure.—I remain, Sir, yours most respectfully,
"WILLIAM CROCKETT."
"Baker's Swamp P.O., via Dripstone, New South Wales."

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.

The Proper Life to Lead.

"I cannot understand," said Whittier, "why it is that so many fellows I know are in such awe of their wives. I don't feel that way."

"Do you mean to say," said Hiltner, "that you do exactly as you please, without being influenced by anything your wife says?"

"That's exactly what I mean," replied Whittier. "This idea of losing your individuality just because you happen to be married is all nonsense. I tell you that I lead an absolutely untrammelled existence. If I feel like not going home after business, I don't go. And if I want to ask the boys in for a little game of cards, I don't hesitate to do so. I smoke all over the house, insist upon having my favourite dishes, stay at home from church when I want to, rearrange the furniture to suit myself, and, in fact, down to the smallest detail of my daily life, I do absolutely as I please, without let or hindrance. It's the only way to live."

Hiltner regarded his friend with a look of grave suspicion.

"Well, well," he said, somewhat satirically, "you are a wonder. How long have you been doing this sort of thing?"

"I have been doing it," said Whittier, calmly and complacently, "ever since my wife went to the country on a visit."

A Common Occurrence.

The superintendent of schools was on a tour of inspection, and found the pupils in a certain room about to engage in the pleasing task of writing compositions.

"Now, children, said this dignitary, 'don't write about spring, or war, or history, or anything of that sort. Write about common occurrences—things that happen in our daily lives.'"

The small boy in the front seat listened attentively to this advice, and after labouring diligently for a half-hour, he produced the following:—

"It is very funny to see men put on their collars. They generally can't find the collar-stud for sum time, an' when they git that the button-whole has gone an' got lost, then the man jumps up an' down an' sez friteful things, an' after a while he gits it buttend a rite, an' looks rale present. This is a comon ocurenta."

A GRATEFUL PARENT BEARS TESTIMONY TO HIS DAUGHTER'S CURE OF LUNG DISEASE

By **Vitadatio.**

Singleton, N.S.W., May 30, 1901.
To MR S. A. PALMER—

Dear Sir,—My daughter has suffered with Lung Disease since she was five years of age. She is now eleven, and in good health, thanks to your valuable medicine. After trying a great many patent medicines, with varying effect, I was persuaded to give VITADATIO a trial, and the improvement in her condition was at once noticed by Mrs Porter and myself. My daughter has been a great sufferer, and was given up by the doctors after breaking a blood vessel, about three years ago, the medical man remarking that she could not live through the winter, but VITADATIO willed otherwise, as she is now well. Three years ago she had a bad attack, when she frequently spat up blood, so I immediately purchased a bottle of your medicine, with the result that it completely cured her. You can make any use of this testimonial, as I would like to see other sufferers benefit by your appropriately named medicine—VITADATIO.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM PORTER,
Bootmaker,
Johnston-street, Singleton, N.S.W.

For further particulars,
S. A. PALMER,
WAREHOUSE, WATERLOO QUAY,
WELLINGTON.
Or,
350, QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.
Correspondence Invited. Write for Testimonials.

THE Childerbridge Mystery.

NEW STORY

BY **GUY BOOTHBY.**

Will be
COMMENCED IN THE "GRAPHIC"
OF JANUARY 25th.

"The Childerbridge Mystery" is an exciting and breathless story of love and crime. It opens on an Australian sheep station, changes to London, to an English country house, and finally returns to Australia. The first set of dramatic personae are William Standerton (an early colonist who has amassed half a million sterling), his son and daughter, James and Alice Standerton, and Richard Murbridge—one of the villains of the piece. Under his assumed name, Murbridge has a close connection with the Standerton family.

On the family's migration to England they purchase a country house, in which, as they subsequently discover, a mysterious black dwarf makes periodical appearances. This dwarf, however, turns out to be a very real creature of flesh and blood, and upon its doings many of the exciting scenes of the story ultimately turn. The near neighbours of the Standertons in their new home are a Mr Bursfield, a mysterious recluse (really a madman, but whose madness is intermittent), and his ward, Miss Ducie, a beautiful Englishwoman. Young Standerton (a splendid specimen of an athletic, well-bred colonial) becomes engaged to Miss Ducie, strongly to the disapproval of Bursfield—from which time the story is full of the most striking and exciting events. There are two villains, one murder is accomplished, and another attempted. Two love passages run through the tale, and end in such manner as is sure to please every reader. There are minor characters, who, in their way, are as interesting as the chief actors. These are an old family butler, a detective, the factor of the Australian sheep station, and others.

Mr Boothby's great success as a novelist, and the world-wide popularity of his, almost render it unnecessary to say anything in praise of this latest work from his pen. It should be sufficient to recall to our readers' minds "Dr. Nikola," "The Beautiful White Devil," "Pharos the Egyptian," "Long Live the King," and "A Prince of Swindlers," to make them eager to peruse "The Childerbridge Mystery."

From a recent article by Mr Wilfred Kieckmann, we extract the following:

"GUY BOOTHBY AT HOME."

"Any bookseller will inform you, with an authority that confirms the more general testimony of the novel-reading world, that Mr Boothby is the author of some of the most strikingly successful volumes of the last six years. These books are for the most part tales of adventure so startling, so weirdly ingenious, yet withal so stamped with that imprint of earnestness usually associated with truth, that the reader is tempted to aver, 'This must be true, for it is even stranger than fiction!' To give an instance of the effect of Mr Boothby's powers of narration on the mind of at least one reader. In a railway carriage I once sat beside an arch-deacon—He was reading 'Dr. Nikola,' in serial form. 'Well! well!' he murmured, as he concluded the twenty-four page instalment. 'Wonderful but why can't these magazine people give us a few chapters every month, instead of these scrappy little bits?—er—pardon me' (to myself), 'did that porter say Horsham? Why, I wanted to get out at Tulse Hill!'"

LOOK OUT FOR THE "GRAPHIC"
OF JANUARY 25th,
PUBLISHED ON WEDNESDAY,
JANUARY 22nd.

BIRDS' CUSTARD POWDER

Sing a Song of Sixpence
a-pocket-full-of-Five
A-DISH-OF-DAINTY-CUSTARD
IMPROVES AN APPLE PIE



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

NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

WHOLESALE CAN BE OBTAINED FROM ALL THE LEADING WHOLESALE DEPOTS.

PURE MILK Full Nourishment, partly predigested. Sterilized.

COMBINED WITH WHEAT AND BARLEY MALT.

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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.



Milkmaid BRAND Milk
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Milkmaid BRAND Milk
LARGEST SALE In the WORLD.

See this Trade Mark on every Tin.

AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

Work for Women.

BUT NO WOMEN FOR THE WORK.

In these days, when the struggle for bread is so keen, it is surprising that a remunerative occupation, specially suited to women, should exist which presents a demand for which there is found no adequate supply. But this is the case with regard to the profession of shorthand and typewriting, concerning

which a representative of one of the largest firms in London says:

"Last year we filled nearly 2300 positions, 80 per cent. of which were for women." But "there is always a difficulty in finding a really competent shorthand typist."

Now, people who know little about the matter are very fond of declaring that the profession is overcrowded; and it is quite true that if an advertisement for a clerk or secretary were put into any daily paper the advertiser would be deluged with applica-

tions from women of all ages and conditions.

They would come in crowds, one and all fully confident of the fact that she could with justice claim to be an efficient shorthand writer. Suppose the advertiser had the time and patience to test the quality of the shorthand offered.

A test given a short time ago resulted in the discovery that there are thirteen different ways of spelling "disparagement," eighteen different ways of spelling "unprejudiced,"

and nineteen different modes in which "indubitably" can be written.

Therefore, dear girls, without wishing to say anything to your "disparagement," an "ounprejudiced" adviser would "injubitably" advise you to learn to spell before presenting yourself to any would-be employer of your services.

No one who has not been behind the scenes could imagine the appalling incompetency displayed by girls who believe themselves to be competent clerks.



A Smart Summer Gown.

There are instances—by no means solitary ones—of business letters being concluded thusly:

"Awaiting your reply,
"We are, dear sir,
"Yours affectionately."

An evidence of a warmth of regard on the part of his correspondent somewhat embarrassing to a grave and elderly merchant.

The profession, then, is truly overcrowded, in the sense that it contains a very large number of half-educated, untrained incompetents; but their existence would soon become a mere matter of history if the right people would only take up the work in the right way. There is room in it for girls who love literature; for others who have a business turn, and are attracted by commerce; for girls who are fond of social and philanthropic work; but there is no room at all in it for the girl who is not willing to work hard to fit herself for the post which she wishes to fill.

Let us see why there should be any "difficulty" in finding a really competent shorthand typist.

There are two facts which may act as deterrents to many who would otherwise take up clerical work. The one is the difficulty of learning shorthand; the other, the time necessary to be spent in its acquisition.

Now, it is useless to pretend that the study of an art whose mere alphabet, as Dickens says, "is an Egyptian temple in itself," can be taken up and laid down at pleasure; or that a knowledge of it can be acquired by means of half-an-hour's daily study, unless the student has reasonable grounds for supposing that she will live to the age of Methuselah.

THE TIME IT TAKES TO LEARN.

Close, steady application for at least six hours daily will produce a fair speed in six months; but the girl who becomes an expert writer in that time is the brilliant exception. As a rule, a year's steady work, with four hours per day for shorthand, and three hours for typing, is the best preparation for obtaining and keeping a good post at the end of that time.

It sounds formidable; still, after the initial drudgery is vanquished, the work becomes most fascinating and absorbing. Yet the drudgery is there, and has to be faced; and the statement at the beginning of the "Shorthand Manual" that "the art of phonography may be easily acquired," has at times caused the present writer to echo at leisure the statement made by King David in haste.

Now, that difficulty about the time. A year is, after all, not a very long time to give up to preparing yourself to be able to earn a good livelihood.

WHERE TO TRAIN.

Do not listen to the wiseacres who tell you that a knowledge of shorthand can be acquired in odd minutes snatched from other work, and that "typewriting can be picked up in a fortnight, and requires no teaching." Proper instruction and steady practice are as necessary for the acquirement of the one art as of the other.

Excellent shorthand writers have lost good posts because they were slow and inaccurate typists; good typists have been unable to find remunerative employment because they were slow and inaccurate stenographers.

The student should place herself in a good office, where, during the last part of her training, she is allowed to do actual work—that is, work which must be done in a specified time, and done as well as it is possible to do it. Otherwise, when she obtains an independent position, and is thrown entirely on her own resources, she will probably become nervous and hurried, and consequently do bad work, as soon as any unusual necessity for extra speed arises. If she possesses a fair knowledge of any foreign language, she should not allow it to rust during the time she is devoting to her new study, but by a "fair knowledge" is meant not only the ability to remark

that you have met "the little pink shoes of the gardener's daughter," but are the happy proprietor of "the blue umbrella of the coachman's niece," but that you can write it correctly and translate fluently from it. Such a knowledge of a foreign language represents at least a pound a week more salary.

There is also at the present time a splendid opening for French and German shorthand writers, the demand for them being very great, and the supply practically nil.

One large City office has instituted a weekly class for instruction in both these subjects.

A WORD OF WARNING.

And here a word of warning is needed.

Let no intending student place herself in the hands of any teacher without a thoroughly exhaustive inquiry into the amount and quality of the teaching professed to be given. Let her avoid the teacher who guarantees good posts at the end of a fabulously short training for a ridiculously small fee. No teacher living can possibly guarantee a good post to a pupil of whose ability she is utterly ignorant; while with regard to small fees, which sometimes mean practice on worn-out and imperfect machines, and shorthand lessons at odd minutes when the teacher is "not busy," let the intending stenographer remember that such cheap methods are usually the dearest in the end.

But small fees do not always form a feature of the trap set to catch the unwary. Sorrowful instances have been more than once brought before the notice of the writer where women have paid away the saving of years, leaving themselves practically destitute, and have not even received the semblance of a training, much less the "guaranteed" good appointment which was the bait which led them into the snare.

SALARIES TO BE EARNED.

Let no girl despair because she is neither highly educated, brilliantly clever, nor the possessor of a knowledge of foreign tongues. Without these qualities, the really good shorthand writer and typist can command a salary of 35/ or £2 weekly. It is not brilliance, but thoroughness that is wanted.

The girl who is fitted for the profession is the ordinary well-educated girl; fond of reading, so that literary allusions and scientific terms present no difficulty to her; punctual, neat, and orderly; possessing a liberal allowance of good common sense—a twentieth-century girl, in fact, able to turn to good account the freedom of thought and action which has come to her with the spread of modern enlightenment. If such girls would take up the work, there would no longer be any difficulty in finding really competent shorthand typists.

Sweeping a Room

HOW TO DO IT AT THE SMALLEST COST OF TIME AND TROUBLE.

Such an easy thing it seems, and yet, how many times out of a hundred is it done in the right way?

First, dust all the ornaments, and take them out; dust plain furniture, and let it follow; then bring in the dust-sheets. Dust the large pieces of furniture and cover them, also the

pictures.

Now proceed to stuffed articles, cushions and upholstery.

Brush these thoroughly with a stiff brush, noticing edgings, bindings and tuftings.

Carry cushions and movable articles out of the room.

Brush the ceiling and wall with a long feather broom, and if the room is one much used, rub the wall with what I call "the wall bag," for want of a better name.

To make this, take a good square of stout calico and fill it with powdered plaster of Paris (bought at the oil stores), tie it up firmly and tightly with a piece of stout string, and rub the wall down with it. You will find this a very efficient as well as an easy cleanser.

If the window curtains are left up, as they are at an ordinary weekly sweeping, brush them both sides with a soft clean brush.

If you do this regularly you will be surprised to see how long white lace curtains, even, will keep their fresh, clean look.

Try this way of cleaning the carpet instead of the old way with untidy tea leaves:

Sprinkle damp salt sparingly over the surface, and brush it immediately towards the fireplace. Then wring a cloth out of fresh cold water, to which you may add a little liquid ammonia, and go over the whole carpet. In this way it looks bright and clean.

Clean windows, dust ledges, by gathering up the dust, not flicking it away to another place; and then see that there are no dirty finger-

marks on the paint.

Pick up the dust-sheets so that the dust is kept in them, take them out of the room, bring in the furniture and ornaments, and close the windows.

These methods should be used regularly. They take no more time, and do not make nearly the fuss of a cleaning day, when a maid creates disorder in order to impress people with the fact that she is gaining it again.

Besides this, it is a far better plan to thoroughly keep a room clean than to have one hugely uncomfortable time in making it so.

Men Who Hate Money.

The croupiers are the most remarkable people in Monte Carlo. Apart from their wonderful powers of mental arithmetic, which are the result of years of patient training, they may safely be said to be the only men on the face of the earth who hate money.

They handle thousands of pounds in gold, silver and notes every day of their lives. They see it dinged down on the green cloth by gamblers and raked to and fro as though... were so much dirt. In a few years after a croupier has been employed at Monte Carlo he loses all sense of the value of cash. He is absolutely indifferent to the sight of it. He performs his duties of gathering in, or paying out, with the mechanical calmness of an unthinking machine.

Every croupier is searched carefully when he leaves the Casino, to see that he has not stolen anything.

KOKO
OF THE
HAIR

Recommended and used by H.M. The Queen of Greece, Princess Victoria of Schleswig Lippa, Princess Elizabeth of Greece, Princess Henry Ruman, Rear-Admiral Tinkler, &c., &c.

FROM H.H.R. PRINCESS HOHENLOHE.
The German Ambassador's Daughters!
"KOKO for the Hair is the BEST Dressing I know. It keeps the hair cool, promotes growth, and is an EVERY WAY excellent."
PRINCESS HOHENLOHE.

KOKO FOR THE HAIR
It is a tonic, cleansing, invigorating preparation, causes the hair to grow, keeps it soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, eradicates dandruff, prevents hair from falling, is the most cleanly of all hair preparations, and is perfectly harmless.

OLD PEOPLE LIKE IT
It has the wonderful power to revive decayed hair, and find use on entire new growth when that is possible.

MIDDLE-AGED PEOPLE LIKE IT.
It becomes it keeps dandruff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong.

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

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

THEY ALL LIKE IT.
Because it is pure as crystal perfectly colourless, contains no poisonous substances, dye, sugar or lead sulphate, mixture of all-veg. or grease, does not soil or colour the scalp, face, or the most delicate tend, and produces a wonderful, pleasant and cooling effect on the head, and no other dressing is needed to give the hair the most elegant appearance possible. Try it once, and you will use no other.

In No. 64, and No. 65, of all Chemists, Hairdressers, Grocers, &c.
Australian Depot: Koko-Martopon Co., Ltd., 14, Castlereagh St., Sydney, N.S.W.

CAUTION.—See that this Registered Trade Mark is on every bottle.

MENE'S Every Lady should give three or four bottles of MENE'S to her maid. They are antiseptic, absorbent, and will last twice as long as any other at half the price.

77 SANITARY
To be obtained from all Druggists and Chemists.

Wholesale of **W. & A. TOWEL** von LAZEL
Auckland and Wellington.

Dales'
GOLD MEDAL
Dubbin

MAKES BOOTS and HARRIS'S waterproof as a man's boot, and soft as velvet. Adds three times to the wear of a leather shoe. A horse polish with tanning & a SPECIAL STAIN. Sold by Best Furnish, Saddlers, Ironmongers, etc. Manufacturing—Dortmunder, London (Eng.)

The searching, however, is a mere formality, for nobody has ever been known to attempt to carry off even the smallest coin. The croupiers have plenty of chances of stealing, but they never think of taking them.

"Swell mobmen" who have gone to Monte Carlo for the express purpose of swindling the bank have over and over again tried to bribe the croupiers. Only one instance is on record of anyone having succeeded. A man called Ardison enlisted the aid of a croupier, and induced him to deal out a previously-arranged pack of cards at the "Trente-et-Quarante" table. "Trente-et-Quarante" is played with a big pack of cards, which are shuffled in the presence of the players, and therefore no cheating is possible. In this case, the substituted pack was introduced on to the top of the real one after the shuffling was over.

The swindler, who, of course, knew in what order the cards would appear, placed his stakes accordingly, and managed to win no less than 180,000 francs, or £7200. Immediately afterwards he cleared off, and was never seen again. When the cards were counted at the end of the game, of course it was found that there were more than usual, and the fraud was revealed.

Now comes the extraordinary part of the story. The croupier who had committed the fraud had not gained a single penny by it. He had substituted the forged pack simply as a favour to his friend. He hardly realised what he was doing. His friend had not paid him anything to do it, nor had he proposed to share his spoils. The croupier actually did not want to share in them. He had no use for the money.

The administration of the Casino only sent the offending croupier to

prison for two months, though his action—done with childlike innocence—had robbed them of such a large sum of money. They knew it was of no use punishing him heavily. And, strange to say, they gave him work again when he came out of prison, though not at his old employment.

About Children.

(By the Baroness de Bertouch.)

THE TEMPTATION OF PARTIALITY.

There is but one way to resist the temptation of partiality, strongly, patiently, and intelligently. Are there some of us who think that a child will not perceive and know where his nature jostles against the powers that be, in some dim, undefinable manner? Let them drop the illusion, the sooner the better. Nothing is so sensitive, so morbidly on the outlook, as the feelings of a child. He will weigh his merits measure the justice of his rebuffs with the accuracy of a sage, and all the efforts of after life will be vain to remove that impression on waxen infancy. The time for marble-like convictions will be forestalled, and the child will be an old dissembler, a finished rebel before the first bloom of youth has ripened in his soul.

We must exorcise the demon of partiality if we would live and let live. Take, for instance, the case of two children born of the same father and mother. The one is an incarnate embodiment of the qualities and tendencies of both parents, the other an utter stranger and outcast from all feelings of family traditions, tastes, and ambitions; in other words, the phoenix and the pariah. What is the

result? The first grows up like a fruitful tree that is pruned and watered by the tender culture of home influence and affection; the other simply struggles up in the shadow of the outer wall, or if lucky enough to find congenial soil elsewhere, he simply transfers his confidences, his affections, his everything, and small blame to him either. Nothing is more keenly peridious to children than the placing of confidence with strangers; and it is so easily avoided, if only care is taken not to tread on tender places or to shut doors that are better and safer left ajar. To deal with childhood in any shape or form is always a long matter, very often a difficult one indeed; therefore no one (not even a mother) should presume to take up the reins between her fingers if she intends to drop them every moment, or delegate them when convenient to a hireling or outsider. It may be easy for her to train one child, because he may be the counterpart of herself; and as hard to rear the other, because she does not understand him, or take the trouble to learn to do so. This is a fine opportunity for the demon of partiality to show his cloven foot! The excuse is ready made and plausible. "Dear 'So-and-so' is so good and easy to manage, but I can do nothing with his brother." This tale is told to neighbours and friends. Dear "So-and-so" usually degenerates into an insufferable, spoiled prig, and his brother into a sort of up-to-date Cain, who commits murder in his heart instead of with his hand.

Can none of my readers remember a time when scroffellows or comrades, who, from partiality were held up to them as paragons of excellence, became hateful in their eyes? If they cannot, well I can; and being

only human, I can realise what other youngsters feel similarly placed. If there is one thing I would preach against from the house tops, it is partiality. Not only in its sword-thrusts does it wound and scarify, but its pin-pricks are still more deadly. Its humiliations and snubs are without number, and its contagion marvellous. Once let an unfortunate child be thrust out of the magic radius, and he will remain there by public consent until the philosophy of time teaches him to strike out for himself and sneer at his tormentors.

Baby's Feet and Hands.

A baby's feet, like seashells pink. Might tempt, should Heaven see meet, An angel's lips to kiss, we think—

A baby's feet, Like rose-hued sea flowers toward the heat.

They stretch and spread and wink Their ten soft buds that part and meet. No flower bells that expand and shrink Gleam half so heavenly sweet

As shine on life's untrodden brink—

A baby's hands, like rosebuds furled, Whence yet no leaf expands, Ope if you touch, though close up curled—

A baby's hands, Then, even as warriors grip their brands When battle's hot is hurled, They close, clinched hard like tightening bands.

No rosebuds yet by dawn imperaled Match, even in loveliest lands, The sweetest flowers in all the world—

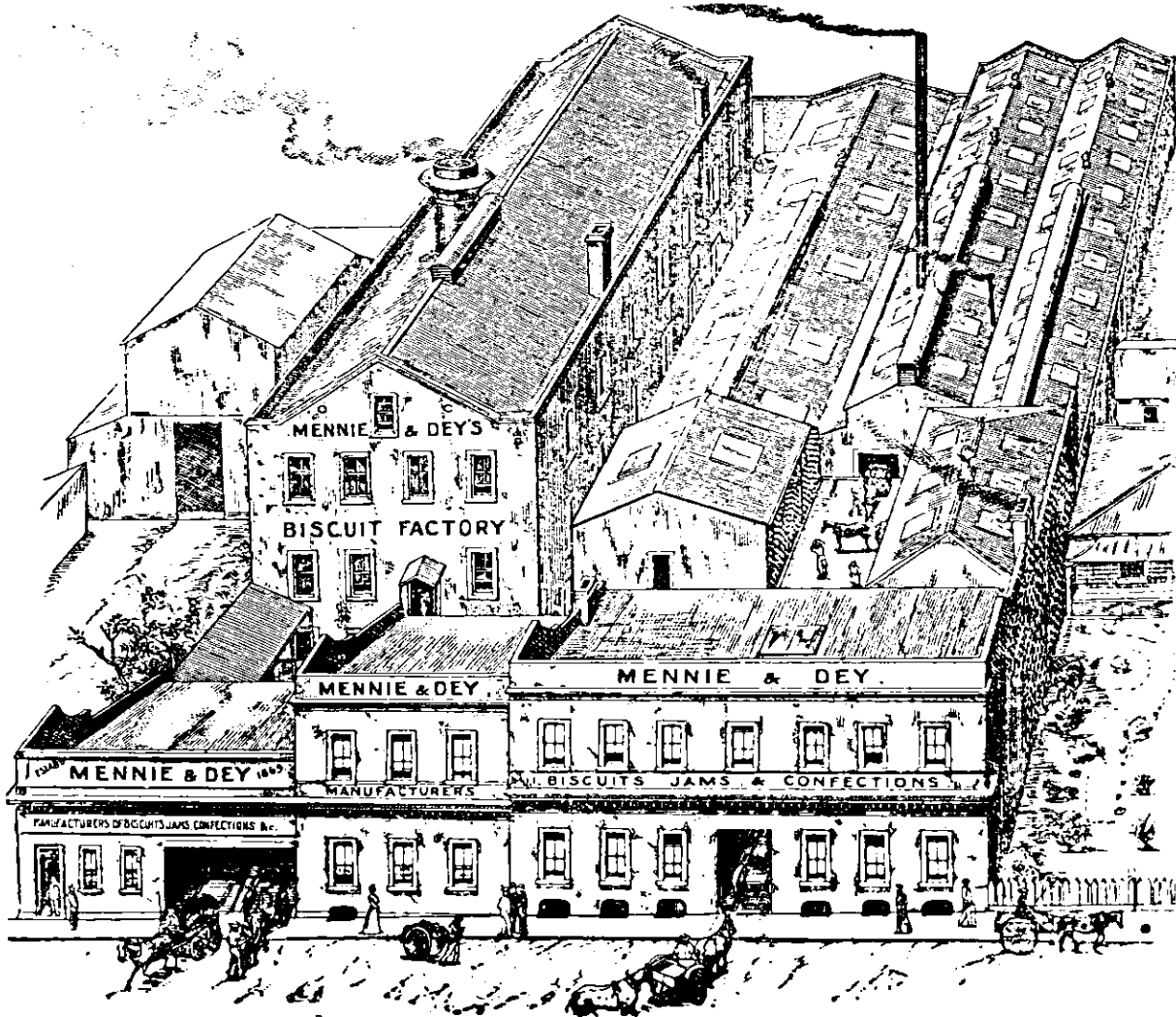
A baby's hands.

SWINBURNE.

Remarkable Disappearance of all dirt from everything by using Hudson's Soap. Reward! Purity, Health, Perfect Satisfaction by its regular daily use.

Gold Medal Jams, — Best Value in the Market.

Gold Medal Biscuits, — Best Value in the Market.



Gold Medal Confections, largest variety, best quality. Gold Medal Conserve Peels. Only Makers Cupid Whispers in the Colony.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

(By MARGUERITE.)

FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS.

In the new play at the St. James' Theatre (London) some very charming gowns are worn, and among the prettiest of all is the lovely evening dress of white crepe de chine worn by Miss Gertrude Kingston in the first act. The upper part of the gown is arranged en princesse, and looks as though it had been made from a white Indian silk shawl. It is elaborately embroidered with white silk flowers and bordered with a deep silk fringe, while on one side the fringed draperies are left open to show many little frills of soft white chiffon. On the low bodice there is a trimming of pearl embroidery and gold, the whole effect being very dainty and delicate. Miss Fay Davis in this act wears a pretty little gown of nut-brown crepon, with a bolero bodice, fastening over on one side, and a vest of ivory-white lace drawn down under a belt of nut-brown mirror velvet.

Miss Julie Opp's evening gown in this act is of white chiffon, finely pleated, and half hidden on either side under long panels of ecru guipure, through which wide black velvet ribbons are threaded in lines that run from waist to hem. Both at the back of the skirt and in front the white chiffon draperies are crossed

by insertions of fine black lace, while the bodice is arranged with a lace bolero to correspond, sewn with tiny silver paillettes. The bare shoulders are crossed by a trellis-work of black velvet ribbon in lieu of sleeves. Another very effective evening gown is that which is worn in this same act by Miss Granville.

In the second act, the scene of which is laid in the garden at Blair House, in Dorsetshire, Miss Granville has a very becoming dress, with a skirt of cream spotted silk and a pretty bodice of tucked cream mouseline de soie with diamond-shaped appliques of lace let into it, and lace under-sleeves to correspond. Mrs. Kemmis looks well in pale grey cloth, ornamented with applique designs in darker grey, and trimmed on the bodice with Irish lace and black velvet. Miss Gertrude Kingston wears a gown of blue canvas, trimmed with ecru lace, while Miss Fay Davis has a dainty little dress with a skirt of white voile, and a blouse of soft white silk, finely tucked, and finished with a chemisette of transparent lace. Miss Gertrude Kingston in the third act wears a simple gown of black silk grenadine, trimmed with black Maltese lace insertions, and in the last act a long coat of black cloth, softened in front by floating ends of black accordion-pleated chiffon and

lace. Miss Granville has a striking gown also in the fourth act. It is made with one of the new corselet skirts in fawn-coloured cloth, laced with black at the sides, and filled in at the throat with a transparent collar of cream lace, and a deep yoke of chemisette of black and white silk, with an applique of cherry-coloured silk.



COSTUMES AT THE PLAY.

Mrs Patrick Campbell is always well gowned, and in "The Second Mrs Tanqueray" she first appears in a wonderful evening gown of ivory-white chine brocade, patterned with giant pink roses and pale green foliage. On the trained skirt is a long trail of pink roses showered with diamond dewdrops and falling from one shoulder almost to the feet. The low bodice is draped in bolero form with a long scarf of real silver tissue, which is drawn up with a Watteau pleat effect in the centre of the back, where two long ends fall clear of the waist and form a kind of floating train, finished with soft flounces of ecru lace. There are shoulder-straps of silver tissue, and little half-sleeves of brocade, leaving the top of the arm bare and finished with ecru lace

flounces at the elbow. The decolletage is outlined with huge diamonds, and in the hair a diamond butterfly is worn. Over this gown, at the end of the first act, Mrs Campbell throws a magnificent cloak of flame-coloured satin, veiled with pale yellow lace and flounced with chiffon. This cloak has a deep shoulder cape of flame-coloured satin, embroidered with silver and diamonds, and finished with a broad band of sable. Mrs Campbell wears in the third and fourth acts an evening gown of champagne-coloured satin, veiled first with pale green chiffon, and then with ecru lace. The low bodice and the Directoire train are of pale lime-green panne, and on the front of the bodice there are clusters of pale purple wistaria and draperies, and long stole ends of ecru lace, with large raised vine-leaves covered with iridescent paillettes.

In "The Undercurrent," at the Criterion, the dresses are smart and up-to-date. Miss Violet Vanbrugh wears a marvellous coat enveloping her from neck to feet. Chestnut brown serge composes the outside of the wrap (a colour in favour in Paris this autumn), ivory satin lines in it, and there is a collar of pale old rose colour embroidered with brown braid. The front and collar linings are of pleated Ivory mouseline de soie, and



MISS GRANVILLE Act 1

MISS OPP Act 1

MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON Act 3.

MRS KEMMIS Act 1

Lovely Gowns in "The Awakening" at St. James's Theatre.

there are a cravat of point d'Alencon, a chain and large buttons to fasten the garment on one side, with further touches of rose velvet. The creamy white Argentan lace gown over which the coat is worn has a ceinture of rose velvet, and a transparency at the throat decorated with an embroidery of green leaves and shaded pink flowers.

Miss Anna Robinson, as the American girl, wears a lovely mousseline de soie gown, with a galaxy of exquisite embroideries done in silver and diamonds. It has billowing foot frills, and handsome silver-spangled collar that falls from the decolletage. The striking contrast of milkmaid elbow sleeves of rich cream lace is given to this blue gown.

But the frocks that are exciting most attention just now are those of "The Last of the Dandies," at Her Majesty's, which is essentially a costume and bric-a-brac play. The period, some sixty years ago, was that when the crinoline, or, at any rate, considerable fulness of the skirt, had reigned for nearly two decades, close little cottage bonnets were the survivors of the coal-scuttle of the thirties, sleeves were as full of vaga-

ries as they had been since the twenties, though in less exaggerated forms, and the hair was still worn either in bunches of ringlets above the ears, or by sedate women with a centre parting and straight Madonna curtains, ending in "braids" at the back of the head.

The costumes vary from grace to grotesqueness, from simplicity to garishness. As the famous Lady Blessington Miss Idly Hanbury dresses charmingly. In the first act she wears a rich blue satin dress, the skirt quite full, pleated at the back up to the waist and round the pointed bodice in front. The bodice is cut low, and a loose string of pearls is worn low down on the neck. A white satin muslin cape like fichu finishes the bodice, and is caught in front with a cluster of pink roses. A wide-brimmed flat-crowned ivory-tinted lace hat has roses most becomingly placed under the brim, while over the sides hang veil ends of the lace. The sleeves are long and tight, and of satin, while an emerald bracelet is worn outside the left sleeve. Miss Hanbury wears her hair divided in the centre, and drawn to either side, and makes a most delightful picture.

In the brilliant reception at Gore House, Miss Hanbury looks very queenly in a beautiful rich oyster-white satin dress, with a deep lace flounce put on full all round, and lended with a quilling of itself. The bodice is pointed in front, and the skirt pleated in round it. It is cut well off the shoulders, and a string of emeralds, with an emerald and diamond pendant, is stretched across it. Several diamond ornaments are worn in the lace round the berthe. The hair is dressed beautifully, but quite simply, with the centre parting of the famous Lawrence picture, and on the crown of the head is a golden comb, enriched with long pear-shaped pearls, from which a slender chain with a single cabochon jewel falls over the white forehead. A red scarf is worn loose round the shoulders and over the fore-arms. Mrs. Tree, as Lady Summershire, wears a full gown of grey silk shot with gleaming steel and figured with bows and spots in black. The perfectly round-cut-low bodice is furnished with a deep round collar of black and white lace, embroidered richly with steel, and having on it applications of raised shell-like small pieces of white

crinkled crepe. The hair in this case is arranged in a cluster of curls at either side of the face, caught with diamond slides, while the knob at the back is upheld by a large and handsome ornament of diamonds. A black lace scarf, spangled with steel, is worn, and the only colour is supplied by a cluster of red roses at one side of the hair.

Mr Tree's costume, too, deserves a few words. As Count D'Orsay he is veritably a "dandy," especially in evening attire, with stays on beneath a frilled shirt, fastened by jewel studs, and a brocaded vest, and quite a little waist! At Crockford's he appears in a full black cloak, touched with blue silk, almost like an academic hood, and for the river fete is splendid in white duck trousers, an immaculate white shirt, all frills and furbelows, and a very tall, dun-coloured beaver hat.

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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.)



Attractive Peignoirs.



CHILDREN'S PAGE.



COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

My Dear Cousin Kate.—I did not see my letter in the "Graphic" this time. I hope you got it safely. We have got such a lot of fruits. I would like to dress a doll, but I am afraid I would not be in time. We have a lovely tree called the Golden Shower. It is a large tree with long clusters of little yellow flowers; we have a tree now in bloom, and it looks so pretty. There is such a strong wind, and it blows everything about. I have got a good many flowers out, and my garden looks so bright. We went to such a nice picnic. It is a lovely island that they had the picnic on. It has a lovely white, clean, sandy beach, and we went in a steamer; the name of the island is Nukulau. There are some large tamarind trees—there is a large one at the side of the house, where we put three or four tables together, and had our dinner. Some of the people went in the breakers. I got some pretty shells, and I had two sea baths. I think I went all round the island. They took a piano, and we had music on board, and a dance for the grown-ups on the island. We went boating and played rounders. I built castles in the sand. There were other children there, so we could have games. We went early on Saturday morning, and returned the next evening. I enjoyed myself very much indeed. It is very hot now. I think it is going to be a very hot day. The flamboyant trees are out in bloom now, and they look simply lovely—just a blaze of scarlet. We are looking forward to Christmas very much. Do you hang up your stockings, Cousin Kate? We always do. Sometimes the stocking isn't big enough, and we put up a pillow case. I wish you and all the cousins a very Merry Christmas.—With love from Cousin Lorna.

[Dear Cousin Lorna.—I expect you will have seen your last letter in the "Graphic" before this reaches you. Your present letter is a lovely one, and makes me long more and more to visit your beautiful islands. That must have been a simply lovely picnic. You do seem to have grand times, and I am sure many of the cousins envy you. How I wish I could see those lovely trees. Tell me more about your garden next time you write.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I dare say you have heard that we are all going to England early next year. We are either going in the end of February or the beginning of March. Is it not lovely? I am very excited. Are the

dolls going to be on view for the public to see? It would be rather nice if they were, would it not? I must try and write you some nice, long letters when I get to England. I will be there for the Coronation. I did my basket for the Children's Flower Show with pink roses and fine maiden-hair fern. I have not got my prize yet, but expect to some time this month. Gladys did not compete for anything, as she is rather young yet. I think summer has really come, do you not? The weather is getting quite hot. We are going to Waiwera for a little time in the holidays, but not for long, as we will have to come home and get our packing done. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I must conclude.—With love from Cousin Roie.

[Dear Cousin Roie.—Your letter has been kept back for some time, as all the paper has been altered for the holidays. What a very, very lucky little girl you are. I envy you more than ever, but do hope you will enjoy every single moment of the glorious time you will have. Please write from all the ports, for I shall miss your letters dreadfully; no other cousin has been so regular. I suppose you have seen the dolls, and hope you came to the distribution.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I have not much time to write you a long letter, but I will try my best. It is not very long for Christmas now. All the machinery for the mill at Koutu is expected here some time this week. It is coming in a scow, namely, the Hawk. Our school broke up on Saturday for the Christmas holidays. One of my uncles gave me a new horse to-day, and I am breaking it in for the Christmas holidays. Only five of those kittens are living now. One of my brothers came back from Auckland last steamer. Please send me a badge. That weka which I had got choked, and died. My sick brother has been in bed for about thirteen weeks now, and I think he is going to get up to-morrow. After Christmas he has to get his arm cut open. Now I must close this short note. Wishing you and all the other cousins a Happy New Year, I remain, yours truly, Cousin Newton.

[Dear Cousin Newton.—I hope the new horse is turning out well, and that you are enjoying the holidays. What did you do on Christmas Day? Tell me next time you write.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I have not written to you for ever so long. But it is such a little while till Christmas that most of my time is taken up in making presents. Dad was drafting sheep to-day, and I helped him to drive them down the race. It was such fun. Dad got a new dog not long ago, and it jumps about, and in his play he often tears holes with his teeth in my sister Nellie's blouse. Naughty dog, that he is. I was running on the walk, and I knocked the skin off my toe, and it is very sore. Good-bye.—From Cousin Jenny.

[Dear Cousin Jenny.—I hope your poor foot is better. Are you having nice holidays? Please write and tell me all about them, and some more about the new dog.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you

and all the cousins. It is ever so long since I wrote to you last, and I am rather ashamed to begin now, but as it is Christmas time, I will try to write you a long letter. The weather has been rather hot and dry for a long time, but last week there was a good deal of rain. It did a lot of good in the garden, made all the plants grow, and has made it look a little fresh again. I think we are going to have more rain still; it looks very much like it to-night. Dad is shearing just now, and there are such a lot of dear little lambs, and they make such a noise when their mothers are taken away from them to be shorn. Cousin May is having a grand time down at Meadowbank, and she doesn't want to come home yet. She likes going fishing for eels with her uncles. The new dog, Shot, is awfully naughty; he likes jumping up at us, and pretending to bite us. Sometimes he nips a bit of skin, and he hurts very much, and he likes very much to bite our legs and feet; but of course if he bites hard we hit him. I think I must stop now, as I can't think of anything more to say.—Cousin Nellie.

[Dear Cousin Nellie.—Thank you so much for the nice long letter, which I read with very great interest. I expect the rain was very welcome to you, was it not? I have a cousin farming, and I know he was getting very anxious about feed for the sheep till the rain came. I am sure fishing for eels must be grand fun. I like any sort of fishing, don't you? Shot must be a nice playfellow, though he is naughty.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—Perhaps you have forgotten my address, so I will put it in at the end of this letter. Well, dear Cousin Kate, did you have any earthquakes in Auckland last week? We had several here in Christchurch; but were not the Cheviot disasters terrible? When the first shock took place mamma and the rest of our household, including myself, all ran outside, because it is safer in the open air. I went to St. Barnabas' this afternoon. We make clothes, such as pinafores and petticoats, which are sold at bazaars, and the money which we get for them goes to help the little black children in Norfolk Island. I am writing another story for the "Graphic" called "The Midnight Visitor." Mackie, my brother, is teasing the cat and making such a din that I can scarcely write properly. We are having such hot days now since the earthquakes. Ollie has the toothache to-day, and she went to the dentist to have it drawn, but the dentist was not in, so she came home with papa, who went with her, without having it out. I am so glad that Mackie has retired to his room, for perhaps there will be a little peace now. Dear Cousin Kate, I would write oftener to you if I had any news, but you see I have not had anything interesting to tell you. My address is:—Durham-street, Sydenham, Christchurch, and my name is Winnie Vincent. So good-bye, dear Cousin Kate.—From your loving Cousin Winnie.

[Dear Cousin Winnie.—We had no earthquakes in Auckland, I am happy to say. The new badges will be ready this week and I will post one. I have only time to put your letter in the paper without an answer this week, as we go to press early on account of the holidays.—Cousin Kate.]

Graphic Cousins' Toy Distribution

A full description of the Grand Distribution of the Dolls and Toys at the Choral Hall, and the names of the prize winners appears in another part of this issue.

Doll Dressing Competition.

The following are the names of "Graphic" cousins and others who dressed dolls for the above competition. The numbers in parenthesis after the names represent the age of the dresser. Where there is no number it means that none was stated by the competitor.

AUCKLAND LIST.

- Sylvia Andrews, c/o Wm. Elkin, View Road.
 R. Jameson, Te Awamutu (14).
 Ethel Pragnell, Graham-street (14).
 Ivy Burgess, Devonport (11).
 Ida Pearson, Arney Road, Newton.
 Daisy Merriek, King Road, Coromandel (7).
 Mary Pugh, Birkenhead (14).
 Gladys Devitt, Market-street, Epsom (9).
 Margaret Ellen Jones, Warkworth.
 Monowai Allen, Jermyn-street (7).
 Rebecca, Warkworth.
 J. Wilcocks, Regent-street, Newton (13).
 Mabel Potter, Waiuku (16).
 Katie Gee (13).
 Gladys Lawrie, Ayr-street, Manukau Road (12).
 May Patterson, Esplanade Road, Mt. Eden (12).
 Mary Taylor, Mount Eden Road (14).
 Edina Robert, Kiwi Road, Devonport (14).
 J. Eastham, Takapuna (6).
 Bessie Metcalfe, Haydn-street (11).
 Grace Lord, Eden-street, Mt. Eden.
 Phillis Beehan (11).
 Lizzie Geldard, Helensville.
 Valborg Jensen, Taitai, Wellington (13).
 Ellen Jensen, Taitai, Wellington (10).
 Violet M. Becroft, Helensville.
 Gwyneth.
 Ella Carter, Victoria Avenue, Remuera.
 Hilda Holland (11).
 Laurina Smith, Victoria-street West (10).
 Elsie Norman, Bella Vista, Waterloo Quadrant.
 Jean McFarlane, Epsom.
 Molly McFarlane, Epsom.
 Dorothy McFarlane, Epsom.
 Aileen Simmonds, Otahuhu.
 Violet Jesty, Somers-street, Eden Terrace (12).
 Pia Fabian.
 Nellie Becroft, Helensville.
 Millie Snook, Sheehan-street, Ponsonby (12).
 Amy French, Te Kopuru, Northern Wairoa (12).
 Ruth Tobin.
 Ida Richardson, Sash and Door Factory, Papakura.
 Hettie Stevens, 132, Ponsonby Road (15).
 Paulina Lomey, Jermyn-street.
 Lizzie Shaw, Warkworth.
 Katie Richardson, Sash and Door Factory, Papakura.
 Queenie Todd, Windsor Lane, Parnell (8).
 H. M. Staunton, Manukau Road, Parnell.
 Louisa Corkill, Duke-street, Auckland (11).
 Mrs. A. Galter, Forty-mile Bush.
 Violet Nelson, Upper Queen-street (10).
 Mabel Smith, Victoria Avenue, Remuera (11).
 Florence Franklin, Alexandra-street.
 Bertha Matthews, Hackett-street, Ponsonby.
 Muriel Logan, Hepburn-street (13).

Kathleen Brook, Hobson Bay Road, Parnell (14).
 Pearl Priestley (15).
 Ruth Priestley (5).
 Johanna Priestley (7).
 Alice Madigan, Union-street (10).
 Hazel Rotherham (10).
 Alma Welham, c/o Miss Wallace, St. Kilda, Wyndham-street.
 May Robertson (14).
 Marjorie Small, Birkenhead.
 Alma Allen, Jermyn-street (9).
 Nellie Devitt, Market Road, Epsom (12).
 May Bell, Mount Eden.
 Millie Devitt, Market Road, Epsom (8).
 Iris Dunlop, Selwyn Terrace, Parnell (11).
 Lottie Gwilliam, Durham-street West (11).
 Eileen Mahon, Helensville (11).
 Emaline Lupton, Manurewa.
 Ruby Barrett, Kimbiba, Huntly (12).
 Florence Stevens, 132 Ponsonby Road (13).
 Ethel Flewellyn, Birkdale.
 Mary McKeown, care Mrs McLean, Kerr-street, Devonport (13).
 Flossie Oakden, Cheltenham Terrace, Devonport (12).
 Winnie Smith, Rangiriri, Waikato.
 Edith Goldstone, Wallis-street, Ponsonby (15).
 Dora Mactier, Takapuna (10).
 Erica Northcroft, care Mrs James, Campbell's Point, Parnell.
 May Davies, Eden Terrace (10).
 Ethel Johnson, Bath-street, Parnell (14).
 Ruth Whitecombe, Wellington-street, Auckland (12).
 Agnes E. Noakes, Warkworth.
 Daisy Cruickshank, Matakana.
 Alice Wilson, Warkworth.
 Frances Grierson, Mount Eden (11).
 Gladys Houghton, Rangiriri.
 Kainar Gilbert, Duke-street.
 Florrie Rewcastle, Canada-street (13).
 Eva Bell, Surrey-street, Ponsonby.
 Lena Davies, Eden Terrace (8).
 Evelyn Sheath, Khyber Pass (11).
 Stella Farrell, Stokes' Road, Mt. Eden.
 Kathleen B. Parnell, Wellesley-street (13).
 Hazel May Houghton, Rangiriri.
 Maria Scott, Helensville.
 Millie Taylor, Mount Eden Road (16).
 Amy Mabel Londen, Northcote.
 Nellie Styles, Station House, Auckland (10).
 Bella and E. C. Leitch (12 and 7).
 Amy Hilditch (12).
 Ada Hilditch (16).
 Millie Marrett, Jermyn-street (10).
 Lily Walker, Hilton, Warkworth.
 Nellie McLean, Kerr-street, Devonport (10).
 J. Main, Helensville.
 Ione Wilson, Warkworth.
 Pearl Goodyear, Eden Terrace, Auckland (15).
 Lottie Carter, Dunedin-street, Ponsonby (12).
 Eileen Nelson, Upper Queen-street (13).
 Ethel Stanton, Mt. Eden Road.
 May Tracey, Nugent-street, Khyber Pass (12).
 Ada Moore, Bridge-street, Mt. Eden (15).
 Bessie Philips, Mackelvie-street, Grey Lynn (13).
 Vera Cooper, London-street, Ponsonby (9).
 Elsie Cassidy, care Mrs McKean, Oxford-street, Parnell.
 Vera Burgess, Devonport (9).
 Gladys Ehrman, Lake Takapuna (9).
 Emily Saunder, Abercrombie-street (14).
 Mary Nelson, Jermyn-street.
 Rhoda Greenhead, Waiuku (12 years 9 months).
 Nerla McLeod, Warkworth.
 Bessie Hogan, Mt. Rex, Helensville (14).
 Olive Spencer, St. Mary's Road, Ponsonby (9).

Maggie Foley, Haydn-street, Ponsonby (11).
 Jane Macpherson, Basque Road, (14).
 Maggie Clarkson, Liverpool-street (13).
 Jessie Smith, Rangiriri, Waikato.
 Amy Whaley, Jervois Road, Ponsonby (13).
 Henrietta May, Waiuku (12).
 Lena Dunning, Cheltenham, Devonport.
 Blanch French, Te Kopuru, North Wairoa (14).
 Lily Cook, Prince Arthur Hotel (13).
 Marjorie Wright, Selwyn Terrace, Parnell (9).
 F. Beach, Ohura Valley, Wellington.
 Elsie Spinks, Church-street, Devonport (13).
 Vera Possneskie, Park Road (17).
 Adelaide Queshin, Brown-street, Epsom.
 Jessie Jones, London-street, Ponsonby.
 Roie Nathan, Princes-street.
 Helen Heyes, Hamilton, West Waikato.
 Teresa Fagan, Bath-street, Parnell (12).
 G. Griffith, Mount Albert (12 years and 6 months).
 Florence Stevenson, c.o. Mr. Butterworth, Mount Albert (13).
 Clara Sheath, Khyber Pass (14).
 B. Beech, Grove Terrace, Ohuru Valley, Wellington.
 Olive Stevenson, c.o. Mr. Butterworth, Mount Albert (15).
 Rachel Ormiston, Brown-street, Epsom (14).
 Maude Fuller, Bridge-street, Grafton Road (16).
 Gladys Ludd, Stanley-street, Devonport.
 Nellie Whaley, Jervois Road, Ponsonby (10).
 Eileen Cottrell, Cheltenham Beach Road, Devonport (11).
 Ida Hamilton, Warkworth.
 Gertrude Rickard, Central School, Waiuku (14).
 Bertha Walker, Crummer Road, Grey Lynn (14).
 Gwen Lusher, City Road (9).
 Bessie Legge, Ponsonby Road and Mackelvie-street (13).
 Hazel Rossetter, Waiuku (11 years 3 months).
 Ethel Parker, West-street, Newton (11).
 Dorothy Cheeseman, Remuera (10).
 Muriel Protheroe, Prospect Terrace, Mount Roskill (16).
 Nellie Osborne, Eden Terrace (no age).
 Lily Warnock, Grey Lynn.
 Jennie Hutchison, Queen-street, Onehunga (13).
 Adea Spry, Railway-street, Parnell (11).
 Mary Osborne, Charlotte-street, Eden Terrace (12).
 Muriel Hanna, Motion's Road, Morningside (12).
 Lorna Callaghan, Montpellier Terrace, Ponsonby (13).
 Bessie Dalton, Mt. Roskill (12).
 L. Macpherson, care Mrs Stone, Mackay-street, Thames.
 Daisy MacKenzie, Howick (13).
 Alceasit Sinclair, Box 275, P.O. (13).
 Paulina Lomey, Jermyn-street (10).
 Nesta Thomas, Princes-street, Auckland.
 Mary S. F. Milne, Huia, Whakapirau, Kaipara.
 Myrtle Carnahan, Birkdale, Birkenhead.
 Mary Grierson, Sherborne Road, Mt. Eden (10).
 Ada Southgate, Warkworth.
 Gladys Graham (12).
 Dorothy Brettargh, Te Kaha, Mahurangi Heads.
 H. M. Blampied, Khyber Pass (13).
 Dorothy Hale, Cheltenham Beach Road, Devonport (8).
 Marjorie Syers, Selwyn-street, Onehunga (15).
 J. Rhodes, Crummer Road, Ponsonby (15).

Lydia Smith, Arnold Lodge, Devonport (14).
 Jessie Campbell, Great North Road, Grey Lynn (11).
 Gertrude McQuoid, Jermyn-street (10).
 Dora Dobson, Taupaki (11).
 Edith Price, Montpellier Terrace, Ponsonby (8).
 Zara Sinclair, Box 275 (12).
 Aggie Williams, Domain Cottage, Domain (12).
 Pearl Goodyear, Eden Terrace (15).
 Sophie Milne, Whakapirau, Kaipara.
 May Hoey, Sussex-street, Newton (12).
 Bessie Martin, Bayly Park, Hawera.
 Katie Falkoner, Balfour Road, Parnell.
 Florence M. Knight, St. Mary's Road, Ponsonby (6).
 Irene Jarvis, West-street, Newton (13).
 Maggie Dalton, Mount Roskill (10).
 Gladys Warin, Warkworth (14).
 Ethel McGregor, Canada-street (9).
 Winnie Neville, Gibraltar Crescent, Parnell (11).
 Nellie Bailey, Nelson-street, Auckland (13).
 Alice Cozens, Albion-street, Parnell (13).
 Bella and Kathleen Leitch, no address (12 and 5).
 Flora McLean, Kerr-street, Devonport (11).
 Adeline Renwick, Normanby Road, Mount Eden (12).
 Ivy Jarvis, Station Road, Newmarket (15).
 Maggie Gillander, Manukau Road, Newmarket (13).
 Alice Hansen, Fifth Avenue, Helensville.
 Hazel Craig, Beach Road, City (11).
 Mary Garland, S.M. Court (11).
 Daisy Benjamin, Symonds-street (14).
 Unisy Curtis, Takapuna.
 Mary Mills, Cheltenham Beach Road, Devonport.
 Gladys Ehrman, Takapuna (9).
 Ethel Ada Berry, Jermyn-street (16).
 Eustaquia Fernandez, Nugent-street, Khyber Pass (11).
 May S. Vickerman, Selwyn-street, Ponsonby (10).
 Gertrude Clarke, Whittaker Place, Symonds-street (13).
 Adelaide Impey, Newmarket (12).
 Ella Macgregor, Canada-street (11).
 Minnie McTier, Takapuna (12 years and 2 months).
 V. M. Worrall, Pah Road, Onehunga (13).
 Muriel Gentles, 132, Hobson-street (11).
 Nonie St. Clair, Box 275, P.O. (10).
 Gladys Kent, Seafeld View (9).
 Georgina Johnson, Union Bakery, Parnell.
 Pearl Goodyear, Eden Terrace, Auckland (15).
 Violet Bertha Belton, Hikurangiwaro (12).
 Lilian Webster, Manukau Road.
 Ray Tole, Ponsonby (12).
 Kate McGregor, Richmond-street (11).
 Doris Gittos, Hamilton Road, Ponsonby (14).
 Beryl Graham (14).
 Dorothy Mears, Mount Eden.

M. Chappell, care Turnbull's Tea Depot, Customhouse Quay.
 F. Dixon, 3, Hobson Crescent.
 C. F. Dormer, 84, Molesworth-street.
 P. Dormer, 84, Molesworth-street.
 M. Donaldson, Hopper-street.
 E. Dixon, 19, Hansen-street.
 D. Deacon, 72, Hahn House, Ghuznee-street.
 M. Elton, Coromandel-street.
 D. Felton, Mein-street.
 E. Greeks, Brooks-street.
 R. Hewett, 110, Banks Terrace.
 R. Hunt, Wadestown.
 G. Hawely, 8, Kent Terrace.
 Miss Hoget's, care of Mrs Mann, Park-street.
 D. Henderson, 29, Frederick-street.
 K. Harrison, Mt. Pleasant, near Reservoir, Mitchelltown.
 E. Jukes, 11, Pipitea-street.
 D. Jenkins, 2, Poplar Grove.
 M. Keeble, Hulk Coromandel.
 R. Keeble, Hulk Coromandel.
 D. Meek, Claremont Grove.
 E. Meek, Claremont Grove.
 A. Marryat, 14, Ohio Road.
 A. Nannestad, Kent Terrace.
 Miss Nathan, Hobson-street.
 F. O'Neil, 26, Dixon-street.
 E. Probyn, 50, Wallace-street.
 C. Probyn, 50, Wallace-street.
 G. Rhind, 53, Thorndon Quay.
 R. Rhind, 53, Thorndon Quay.
 Miss Reid, Wesley Road.
 Miss Salmon, Post Office, Newtown.
 D. Sadden, Petone.
 G. Stocker, Newtown.
 R. Skelly, 232, Willis-street.
 W. Swan, 80, Molesworth-street.
 L. Thane, 33, Thompson-street.
 Miss Wilkinson, Roseneath Gardens, Oriental Bay.
 A. Watson, 22, Tasman-street.
 R. Williams, 29, Moir-street.
 T. Webb, 17, Mulgrave-street.
 TAKEN OUT, BUT RETURNED UN-DRESSED.
 L. Ackermann, 14, Bute-street.
 F. Gillies, 76, Courteney Place.
 Miss Contessa, 72, Cuba-street.
 A. Lorant, 28, Roxburgh-street.
 E. Marshall, 52, Forester's Lane.
 A. O'Neil, 26, Dixon-street.
 M. O'Neil, 26, Dixon-street.
 L. Rutherford, Rona Bay.
 Miss Solomons, 29, Ebor-street.

Animals' Kindness to Animals.

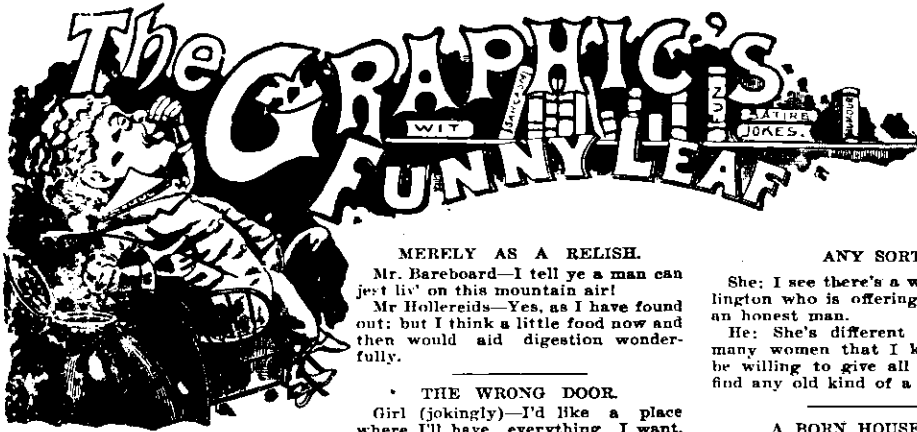
When animals lose their sight how are they cared for? So long as they are under human control they will be kindly treated. At least we must hope so. A blind horse is not useless on that account, and will serve its master well for years. Amongst wild animals it is pleasant to find that there is good reason to believe their mates attend to the wants of the blind. When Captain Stansbury was in Utah he observed that a pelican—old, fat and blind—was diligently cared for by its comrades. Indian crows have been watched feeding their sightless brothers, and this is true also of chanticleer. Instances of rats leading blind rats from spot to spot and guiding them to stores of good things to eat are quite common. And many examples of kindness on the part of animals of different species from themselves could also be quoted. A wild parrot once took care of a frost-bitten, wounded bird, feeding it, protecting it, and cleaning its feathers. In short, it is only "man's inhumanity to man" that "makes countless thousands mourn."

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

Major Crust: So you refuse me, Miss Fondant?
 Miss F.: I am very sorry, Major Crust, but your son just proposed to me and I accepted him.
 Major C.: Good gracious! You don't mean to say the boy has been such a fool!

LIST OF WELLINGTON COMPETITORS.

S. Atkinson, 18, Banks Terrace.
 L. Atkinson, 18, Banks Terrace.
 S. Ackerman, 14, Bute-street.
 C. Beadnell, 7, Wordsworth-street.
 K. Billeit, Wadestown.
 M. Billeit, Wadestown.
 L. Banks, Russell Terrace.
 R. Bushett, 118, Willis-street.
 D. Bramley, Coromandel-street.
 E. Clark, Turnbull-street.
 C. Clark, Turnbull-street.
 K. Churchside, 34, Broadway Terrace.
 M. Curtmann, Tasman-street.
 I. Coilyer, 13, Normanby-street.
 D. Chillman, 12, Brougham-street.



HIS OWN LAW.

A stipendiary magistrate in Christchurch, who was not given to err on the side of leniency, once had before him a cab driver who was charged with furious driving. After some severe comments on the man's conduct a heavy fine was imposed.

A few days after the trial the magistrate, who had been detained longer than usual in the court, was hurrying to catch his train, when, seeing an empty cab handy, he hailed the driver and directed him to proceed to the station, telling him he was pressed for time.

The driver, however, heedless of the hint, kept to a very gentle trot. "I say, I say, my man," exclaimed the fare, with his head out of the window, "drive faster than this."

"It can't be done, sir," replied the driver. "Ye see, if we drives faster we're had afore the beak and we gets fined, so we has to be careful."

He did not alter his pace, and neither did the "beak" catch the train.

GOOD GROUND FOR UNBELIEF.

Father Come, Johnny, take off your coat this instant.

Johnny—You ain't goin' to lick me, are you?

Father Certainly I am. Didn't I tell you this morning I would pay you off for your behaviour?

Johnny—Yes; but I didn't think you would. You told the grocer and the butcher you'd pay 'em off last week, and you ain't done it yet!

MERELY AS A RELISH.

Mr. Bareboard—I tell ye a man can jest liv' on this mountain air!
Mr. Hollereids—Yes, as I have found out; but I think a little food now and then would aid digestion wonderfully.

THE WRONG DOOR.

Girl (jokingly)—I'd like a place where I'll have everything I want, nothing to do, and no one to boss me.

Clerk—This, miss, is an employment office, not a matrimonial agency.

A LOVELY PEW.

"I think the De Peysters have such a lovely pew."
"Why?"

"It commands a view of the whole congregation."

SHOCKED.

Church: Did you ever ride in one of those electric cabs?
Gotham: Once.
"How'd you like it?"
"Got a terrible shock when I got out."
"Heavily charged, was it?"
"Yes; I was."

NOT BY BREAD ALONE.

Colonel Kekewich, during the siege of Kimberley, was approached by a private who asked;
"Colonel, when do you expect we are going to get something to eat?"
"Eat!" exclaimed the colonel, "did you join the army merely to get something to eat?"
"Well, that's about the size of it."

"And he called you a prevaricator, did he?" asked the lawyer of the defendant.

"He did, sir."
"And you struck him because he called you a liar?"

"No, sir. I struck him because I didn't know what he was trying to call me!"

ANY SORT.

She: I see there's a woman in Wellington who is offering £200 to find an honest man.

He: She's different from a good many women that I know. They'd be willing to give all they have to find any old kind of a man.

A BORN HOUSEWIFE.

She was a girl of wisdom. He said to her:

"Do you love to wander in the moonlight?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Why?"

"Because it saves the gas."
Then he did some mental arithmetic, thought it over and said:

"Will you be mine?"

FALSE PRETENCES.

"Murdstone, lend me £30 will you?"

"What for, old fellow?"

"I want to pay my wife's funeral expenses."

"Certainly."

(Writes cheque for the amount and hands it over.)

"Sorry to hear of your wife's death, Gagson. When did she die?"

"About a year and a half ago. The young woman I'm going to marry to-morrow says that bill has got to be paid first. Ever so much obliged to you, Murdstone."

APROPOS.

The following toast was proposed at a firemen's dinner, and was received with loud applause: The ladies—their eyes kindle the only flame against which there is no insurance."

THE GENTLE 'INT.

The sexton of a certain country church usually makes the most of an opportunity, and is not above giving what he describes as "a gentle 'int" to the sightseer.

The other afternoon he had conducted a party round the church, and despite the casual dropping of more than one "gentle 'int" it appeared as if the sexton was to go unrewarded.

On the porch the leader of the party paused a moment, thanked the old sexton profusely, and wished him "good afternoon."

"I suppose," he added, "you've been here many years?"

"Forty," replied the old man, "an' it's a werry strange thing, as whenever I'm a-showing a party out o' the church they allus asks me that question, or" (with emphasis) "the other 'n."

"Indeed," replied the visitor; "and what may the other question be?"

"What I calls question No. 2," replied the sexton, calmly, "is just this: 'Samiwell, is tips allowed?' And Samiwell allus answers, 'Tips is allowed.'"

"Samiwell" watched the party leave with a lighter heart and a heavier pocket.

SHE FOLLOWED THE DIRECTIONS.

A magazine writer recently told the following story:

"I was tuk that bad last night," said an old Irishwoman to the Lady Bountiful of her parish, "that I thought the life 'ud lave me."

After due inquiry into her symptoms she was given a packet of arrowroot with minute directions how to prepare it.

As she scarcely seemed to take them in a happy thought struck the lady. "You know how to make starch, don't you?" she asked.

"Yes," Biddy said, she did.

"Then make it just like that," said the friend, "and add a little sugar."

Biddy departed, to return next day with the information that "she was like to die a'ther atin' what Miss Norah gave her, and with all due respect to her, she couldn't get it all down, it wint so aginst her."

She was requested to bring what remained for inspection, which revealed that the directions as to starch had been literally carried out. She had put blue in it.



The Editor (writing)—William Jenkins left in our office a handsome bull-dog. Call again, Bill.
(This issue is late in going to press, but we crave our readers' indulgence, etc.)



Jimmy—Teacher says that chaps what knows predict that in two million years this world will be nothin' but a ball of ice!
Johnnie—Your notice them fellers never predict nothin' on a dog-fight or a prize-fight; it's allus suthin' yer can't nail 'em with a bet on!