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A Terrible Fellow.

THE AUCKLAND VOLUNTEER KNOCKS THE BOTTOM OUT OF THE NEW ZEALAND TREASURY IN SPITE OF DICK'S WEIGHT.

Complete Story.

Drowsy Dick's Wager.

By JOHN DOUGALL REID.

"I tell you the fellow's dead, if he had but the sense to lie down."

"Don't you pack your kit with any such ideas, Verron. There isn't much of the dead 'un about him, take my word for it. All he wants is waking up."

"Well, and isn't that enough, Steele? It's all a dead man wants, isn't it?"

"Yes, but it's what a dead man can't get, while Fenn is open to the process at any time."

"Then the sooner the process is in evidence the better," growled a red-faced major. "He's not half a bad fellow—or rather he wouldn't be if he could be galvanised into something like life. But, demmit, he's about the sleepiest hand I ever saw, and I don't think he'll turn out much of an acquisition to the regiment, in spite of Steele's good opinion of him."

Listening, Captain Steele only smiled. He knew he was in a hopeless minority in holding his good opinion of the young lieutenant, and so did not attempt to argue. But he stuck to his conviction none the less firmly on that account, and being streets beyond the others in keenness of observation, had much more solid ground for his judgment than they had for theirs.

"By the way, is it true that that rogue, Mattee, has turned up again?" asked Lieutenant Verron, suddenly.

"I believe so," replied Major Trench. "Alleyne here says there's some new story about the brute circulating in the bazaar."

"Yes, that is so," replied the officer referred to. "The story is that he is on the rampage about thirty miles from here; has wrecked a village and killed half a dozen natives."

"If that's true, we'll have another go at him," said the Major. "He escaped us the last time—how, I've never been able to understand—but his luck can scarcely last for ever. But, see, yonder's Drowsy Dick coming," nodding towards a tall figure hastening towards the parade ground, "and as he never turns up till the last minute, it's about time we broke up this convective."

As if to give point to his words, the bugler at that moment sounded the "Fall in," and the group of officers dispersed to their several companies, leaving the Major sitting on his great black horse, and looking across the wide, dusty level for any sign of the Colonel's approach.

Although the companies had fallen in, dressed ranks, and called their several rolls, before the lagging lieutenant came up, he did not seem to think he was in any way remiss, for he dawdled in his place like a man to whom time is a thing of no account.

"Damn it, sir, can't you turn out in better time?" asked his captain, sharply. "You're setting an infernally bad example to the men."

The sleepy one's eyes opened wide, and he was about to speak, when the colour-sergeant, who was close beside him, and knew Captain Bentley's fiery temper, interposed.

"Best say nothing, sir," he said, in a low tone. "It will only mean trouble."

The lieutenant nodded and remained quiet, but the firm setting of his mouth showed how keenly he resented being rated in that fashion before all the company. He was a tall, well-built, young fellow of about twenty-four; fair-haired, blue-eyed, and, so far as looks and bearing went, the very incarnation of laziness. Yet he contrived to get through his work smartly enough when fairly at it, and although he might be slow to start, was always in at the finish. To the colonel and the majors he was something of a puzzle, while the younger officers set him down as a muff, who

would neither gamble nor dance nor flirt—in fine, a man who seemed to prefer his own company to all the attractions and distractions of the little town on the Burmese frontier, in which life at its liveliest scarcely came up to the standard of the Yorkshire Light Infantry.

More than ten minutes elapsed before the colonel put in an appearance, and during that ten minutes Lieut. Fenn, standing in the still, ranked mass of the waiting regiment, seemed to be revolving something in his mind. What that something was came out when the colonel, who, to do him justice, was seldom late, approached at a hand gallop. Then a plaintive voice, in a sort of overgrown whisper, was heard murmuring:—

"Really, it's setting an infernally bad example to the men."

Everybody beyond reach of the captain's eye was on the broad grin on the instant, and as for that officer himself, asphyxiation, or something very like it, seemed to have seized him by the throat all at once, for he could only glare at the blandly unconscious face of the ailing lieutenant, words being altogether beyond him. So much was his martinet soul upset, indeed, that he quite failed to notice that the adjutant, in collecting the reports, had halted on the flank of his company, and was eyeing him wonderingly.

"Oh—er—yes, sergeant," he got out when his attention had been drawn to this. "I—good"—then in a shout. "All present and correct."

The adjutant saluted, and rode on to the next company, while the captain, beginning to recover from the shock, found his mind wandering in the direction of court-martials and things, in spite of the calls made up on his attention by the intricacies of battalion drill.

By the time pause was over he had cooled down to some extent, but not enough to keep him from telling the story in the smoking-room of the mess that night after the colonel had withdrawn. To his surprise, instead of the horror he had expected, the narration was received with roars of laughter, and with some merriment was in full volume. Lieutenant Fenn came into the room, followed by the colonel, who had returned with a forgotten communication for one of the majors.

There was an awkward hush, during which the newcomers looked around them inquiringly. Then the colonel spoke.

"Seems to me there is a joke on foot. What is it?"

No one answered, and after waiting for a full minute, the colonel grew angry.

"Are you all deaf and dumb?" he demanded sharply. "Major Trench, I insist upon knowing the cause of the merriment prevailing when I came in."

Thus cornered, the officer named put the best face possible on one business, and told the whole story. The colonel listened, in silence, and when the major ceased to speak, turned to Fenn.

"Is that true?" he asked, and the icy coldness of his tone told those who knew him best that he was in a dangerous rage.

Although taken by surprise, and with full knowledge of the ugliness of the scrape he was in, the lieutenant's answer was not withheld for so much as a moment.

"It is, sir," he replied.

It seemed to cost the colonel a severe struggle to repress an outburst, although he finally succeeded. But when he spoke again his voice was icier than ever.

"As I was in the same fault as you,

this morning, I shall take no active notice of your conduct on this occasion," he said. "But — and the emphasis was very heavy—"there are two things you will do well to remember, sir. The first is that to criticise your superiors in the hearing of the men on parade is about the best possible plan for getting yourself dismissed the service; the second is that the very first time you are late for any duty you will find yourself under arrest. You are no credit to the regiment, nor are you likely to be, but at least I'll keep you from disgracing it, or my name is not Hastings."

Turning on his heel, he quitted the room, leaving Fenn very white, but in all else as cool and sleepy as ever. The others, genuinely sorry for the turn events had taken, crowded round him, none showing more concern than the quick-tempered, but warm-hearted, Bentley, who roundly cursed his own length of tongue, but for which the thing would not have happened.

"Never mind, my boy," said Major Trench, soothingly. "It's bad, of course, but then it might have been worse. You'll just have to live it down, you know."

"If you take my advice, Fenn, you'll buck up and go on as if nothing had happened," said Captain Steele. "The worst of it is," he added, regretfully, "that the colonel is so slow to change a bad opinion of anybody."

Fenn looked up. There was a queer smile on his face.

"And yet I'll make him—the lot of you, for that matter—change it within about a week," he said.

"What do you mean?" asked Verron, who had been eyeing the speaker curiously.

"You heard what he said—that I was no credit to the regiment. Well, I mean that I'll make him take it back."

Some of the listeners smiled, while Verron shook his head emphatically.

"Can't be done," he said.

"I say it can," replied Fenn, coolly.

"I'll bet you a level thousand rupees on it."

"Done with you," said Verron, all his sporting instincts aroused.

"The only stipulation I have to make is that you gentlemen will get the colonel to grant me a few days' leave of absence," continued Fenn, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and rose to his feet.

"I think we can manage that," returned the major. "The colonel's strict, but he's not vindictive."

"And, I say, Fenn, there's a party—half a dozen of us—going out after that devilish brute, Mattee, at the end of the week. I'd like you to join," said Steele.

"All right. This is Friday. If I get away to-morrow I'll be back on Thursday morning, if that will do."

"That will fit in nicely," was the answer, and forthwith the lieutenant quitted the smoking room.

"Wonder what he's up to," said the major, when the tall, slight figure had disappeared.

"Seems to me he's got something up his sleeve."

"Don't know about that," said Verron. "What I do know is that he has as good as made me a present of two thousand rupees."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that if I were you," was the reply. "He's a cool card, and can take a facer without whining, egad. Shouldn't wonder if there's more in him than we've given him credit for."

And with that expression of opinion the subject was for the time dropped. But Captain Steele, shrewdly suspecting that Fenn contemplated something rash, determined to see him next day, and, if possible, gain his confidence. Duty, however, interposed a succession of obstacles, so

that it was afternoon before the captain was free to seek Fenn—which he did, only to find that the latter had left the station, going none knew whither.

But though his action may have appeared unaccountable to Steele, the lieutenant himself had no misgivings about it, and still less about its object. Stung to the quick by the colonel's words, and, if that were possible, hurt even more by the thinly-veiled contempt of the others, Steele alone excepted, all the innate recklessness of his nature had been aroused, impelling him to prove them wrong at all hazards—in so far, at least, as evincing utter disregard for personal danger would go. This state of mind reached, he was disposed to regard it as a very fortunate chance indeed that the rogue elephant, Mattee, should have turned up at the time—and it was to tackle Mattee, single-handed, that he had left the station.

The job was a tough one, and might well have given pause to even a trained and experienced shikari, which Fenn certainly was not. He had been barely four months in the country, and his knowledge of jungle work was pretty well non-existent. But, although his brother officers were as yet unacquainted with either fact, he had a cool courage that, when brought to action, was well-nigh unshakable, and he was one of the deadliest shots that ever lifted a rifle.

Even with these aids to success, however, his errand was undoubtedly a foolhardy one, or would have seemed so to nine men out of ten. Mattee was a brute of exceptional size and strength, uniting a perfectly devilish ferocity to a cunning and intelligence almost human. When it had escaped from its Burmese owner some fifteen months before, it had possessed even then an evil reputation, having killed at various times no fewer than seven men. Subsequent to regaining its freedom, it had become the terror of the whole country, appearing at uncertain intervals at points widely apart, and never without dealing death and destruction among the unhappy villagers attacked. As it was always alone it is probable that the wild herds had refused it entrance among them, a fact which would go far to explain its abnormal ferocity and hatred of everything human. Strong parties from different garrison stations had repeatedly gone out in search of it, yet such was its cunning and so well did the wild nature of the country favour it, that it had hitherto eluded them all. The bravest man in all the shikari caste, knowing all this, would have felt uncomfortable at the thought of being found alone by the demon elephant—and yet our lieutenant was going deliberately in search of the terror without so much as a dog for company.

The sun was nearing its setting when, at the conclusion of his thirty miles' ride, Fenn drew near the wrecked village. It was a small cluster of rude huts, constructed partly of dried mud and partly of bamboo wattles, and was surrounded by a mud wall about seven feet high, pierced at one point by a single gateway. But the gateway was now a wreck, the strong wooden gate itself a mass of splintered planks, while at no fewer than three separate places huge gaps yawned in the encircling wall, showing where the vast bulk and weight of the raging brute had burst a passage as if through cardboard. As for the huts, most of them were past recognition as human dwellings, mere heaps of rubbish. The only erection that had not been damaged was a strong circular tower of stone overlooking the wall close to

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the gateway. It seemed to have been intended as in some sort a guard-house, and before it, as the lieutenant rode up, were gathered a group of dejected-looking natives, with two armed white men among them—the district commissioner and a trader who had chanced to be his guest at the time.

Needless to say, the young soldier was warmly welcomed, even the despairing faces of the villagers brightening up a little.

"Are you alone?" asked the commissioner, when a mutual exchange of names had been effected.

"Yes. I heard of the brute's outbreak, and came on at once, in the hope of getting a shot at it. You see I'm quite ready for an interview," and he held up the heavy elephant rifle, which, with a bandolier filled with cartridges, made up his armament.

"But you are never going to attack that devil alone?" asked the commissioner agnast.

"If I can get at him—why not? I suspect that the reason he has escaped so often is the time that is lost in forming parties to go after him. When was he here, oy the way?"

"On Monday."

"And is it the case that he killed six men?"

"Five men and a woman. But as he has not been seen since he has probably left the district. He has had plenty of time."

At that moment a tall native, who had joined the group as the lieutenant came up, and who evidently understood English, stepped forward and salaamed.

"No, sahib, he not gone," he said. "He yonder last night," and he pointed towards the rolling wooded hills that sprang up from the plain about half a mile to the north of the village.

"Are you sure?" asked the commissioner, doubtfully.

"Yes, sahib, so sure as truth." Just then the ears of all received startling confirmation of the truth of the man's words in a strange and terrifying sound that came down from the distant wood. It sounded like the far-off blast of a trumpet, but shriller, and having a ringing, brassy note in it. It was the demon elephant getting up steam for some new work of murder.

The faces of the natives went grey, and several of them drew nearer to the door of the tower. A steely light shone in the lieutenant's eyes, and there was positive animation in his voice as he gathered up the reins and turned his horse's head towards the broken gateway.

"Come on," he said. "The brute is quite close, and we have nearly an hour of daylight yet."

The commissioner looked uncomfortable. He was in no sense a coward, but he had a wife and family, and the prospect of facing such a foe as Matlee in the close jungle and falling darkness seemed to him very like courting disaster. The trader, however, whose first action on hearing the elephant had been to look to his rifle, had plainly no such fears.

"Wait till I get my horse and I'm with you," he said.

As his horse was led up, and he hoisted his fat person into the saddle,

die, the commissioner felt compelled, for very shame, to make a move.

"I'll go too," he said. "But what is your plan of action; or have you any?"

"All the plan I've got is to try to get the beggar to charge us in the open—then shoot for all we're worth. Three rifles should be enough to settle his hash, eh?"

The commissioner had his doubts, but he said nothing, and they rode out on the plain, heading straight for the point from which the recent trumpeting had seemed to come.

They had nearly reached the edge of the jungle when a second blast, so close and so loud that the air quivered to it, rang out above them. The sound was followed by a tremendous crashing among the undergrowth, as the mighty beast came charging down, its ponderous tread shaking the very earth.

At this critical moment the lieutenant's horse, which was a young one and altogether unused to such work, went nearly wild with terror, and rearing madly, tried to bolt. A fierce struggle between horse and rider ensued, which ended by both stumbling over the brow of a nullah and rolling headlong to the bottom. But before he fell the lieutenant saw the trader fire at the darkening forest wall, out of which was bursting a huge and rushing form, with uplifted trunk and gleaming tusks. Then came the crash and whirl of his own descent into the nullah, the fury of which was such as to render it nothing short of a miracle that he reached the bottom with whole bones.

Meanwhile the two on the plain above were having a lively time. The shot fired by the trader grazed the elephant's shoulder sharply, eliciting a scream of rage, and, if that were possible, increased speed of approach. The sight was too much for the trader's horse, which reared and threw its rider heavily, wrenching his left arm severely.

As he struggled to his feet the commissioner, who had fired twice without effect, dropped his rifle and made a dash at the runaway. Very fortunately, indeed, the horse ridden by the commissioner was a trained waler, whose nerves were proof against jungle terrors, and the trader's mount was secured before it had time to make off.

"Up, Simpson! Quick, for God's sake!" gasped the commissioner, and in another instant he had aided the other to regain his saddle, and the two were off at a headlong gallop, with the raging elephant close at their heels. The whole thing was but a matter of moments, yet so great was the speed of the savage beast that their escape was of the narrowest. Gradually the horses drew away, however, until at length the elephant gave up the chase, and with a succession of defiant trumpeting turned back towards the jungle.

"Are you much hurt?" asked the commissioner, as they pulled up.

"My arm's badly twisted, though I don't think any bones are broken," was the reply. "But what has become of the soldier?"

"I don't know. I saw him struggling with his horse when that devil charged, then he disappeared. I—Why, what's the matter?"

"Look! Look yonder!" The commissioner did so, and felt the blood run cold in his veins. Far out on the plain, clearly outlined in the yellow glare of the almost sunken sun, was visible the hurrying figure of the lieutenant. He was deliberately running to place himself between the elephant and the jungle.

"God help him!" said the trader, in a shaken voice. "He's either mad outright, or he's about the bravest man that ever lived."

The lieutenant himself would have disclaimed both alternatives. In his present temper, risk, however great, seemed to him a small price to pay for success, so that on getting out of the nullah, his instant decision had been to prevent the escape of the man-killer at all hazards. He knew perfectly well that only straight shooting could save him from a horrible death, for, run as fast as he might, or in what direction he might, the elephant would be upon him before he had gone a hundred yards. Yet he addressed himself to

his trying task as coolly as if he had been in the stubble among the partridges.

When the elephant caught sight of the puny foe in front it stopped for a space, then began to advance towards him at a quick walk, until, when about two hundred yards away, it broke into a run, seeing which the watchers felt their hands clench and their breath come quick. The tall figure, outlined against the green jungle wall, stood motionless as a stone.

A hundred yards—eighty yards—sixty—and then, with a fierce trumpet note, the elephant's speed doubled, and it bore down on the waiting marksman like a whirlwind.

Out of the now gathering darkness came a keen flash of light. The elephant staggered, but recovered itself and went on faster than ever. But the second shot was waiting, and when the furious brute was barely twenty yards off the rifle spoke again, and this time its word was death. Stumbling forward, the great beast came crashing down, rolled over on its side, and lay still, its career of devastation ended.

"I think," said Drowsy Dick, reflectively, as he stood looking down on the huge carcase, "I really think they'll take it back, Colonel and all."

They did, for when, after the rejoicing natives had got his horse out of the nullah, the Commissioner and Simpson accompanied him back to the station, in order to get surgical aid for the latter's injured arm. When that came about the Colonel, on hearing the story, not only "took it back," but even forgot to condole with Lieutenant Verron on the loss of his thousand rupees.

Two Good Theatrical Stories.

Mr G. Spencer Edwards writes in the "Free Lance":—"Mr Walter Passmore, the popular comedian of the Savoy Theatre, told me recently the story of the actor who was fat and scant of breath. He was a bad actor, as well as a fat one, and the gallery guyed him a little while he went through his part in a military drama. He kept his temper fairly well until towards the close of the last act, when he had to be shot dead. His supposed corpse was stretched out on the stage, but did what no respectable corpse is expected to do—it panted. Said one irreverent galleryite to another on the opposite of the house, 'I say, Bill, look how his bellows blows.' Thereupon the wrathful corpse sat up, and, with angry looks, replied, 'Respect the dead!'

"And now, just by way of showing that I, too, was once guilty of a ruthlessly rude remark, let me relate an experience at the Standard Theatre, which is Shoreditch way. I had endured three acts of a new but very extravagant melodrama, and had gone into the saloon for a little relief. Here I was encountered by sundry members of the critical fraternity, who were hobnobbing with little Johnnie Douglass, the manager, and an individual who to me was altogether a stranger.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked a well-known journalist.

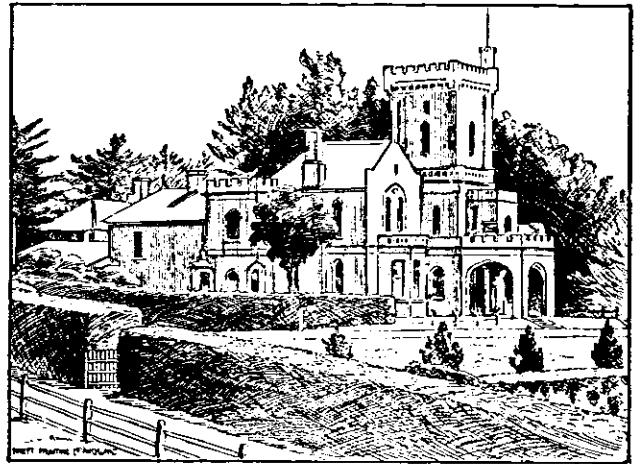
"R-O-T, and that spells rot," was the reply.

"I am pleased to hear you say so," said Douglass, bringing forward the stranger. "Allow me to introduce you to the author!" "Tableau!"

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Complete Story.

The Loss of the Beacon.

By GEORGE E. WALSH.

It was a dark and stormy night off Race Point Light, fitful gales of an approaching hurricane hurling giant waves in seething foam against the rocks. In the great dismal tower of the lighthouse, three hundred feet above the floor of the sea, Albert Ross watched the turbulent bosom of the Atlantic with eyes that blinked with anxiety. The straight, athletic young figure was clad in oil-skin coat and hat, which shed the water that poured down upon him whenever he stepped outside to inspect the lowering clouds.

It was a night when the Race Point Light would shine as a welcome sight to any belated mariner, and the boy knew the importance of keeping the great revolving turret of glass in perfect order. If perchance the flashes of light should cease for a moment there might be trouble, and some unfortunate steamer might trip on the shoals and rocks to certain destruction.

It was a peculiarly critical night to Albert for other reasons. The steamer "Atlantis" was expected up the coast any hour. She was already two days overdue, and her appearance at the rocky gate of the harbour on such a night meant much to the boy. Returning with her was Albert's father, William Ross, the old keeper of the Race Point Light, who for a quarter of a century had been known to every captain navigating the waters along the coast.

Three months before this the little lighthouse family had been broken up by the death of Mrs. Ross. The isolated life on the few acres of rock had not seemed so lonely and unpleasant when Mrs. Ross was alive, for her sunny disposition and loving ways had made father and son happy and contented. They had fished and sailed in the daytime, and returned at night to take turns in watching the great lonely "eye of the sea"; and in this simple life they had found the contentment that comes only with a clean conscience, healthy bodies, and God-fearing trust.

But the death of Albert's mother had come like a blow out of the darkness. It had prostrated the boy more than he had dreamed it possible, but he soon forgot his own grief in witnessing the dumb agony and despair of his father.

William Ross felt that his life was broken, and from the strong, stalwart fisherman of the sea he became almost a physical and mental wreck. Day and night he grieved over his loss, and Albert felt that he had no power to rouse him. With true love and affection for his father the boy worked hard to relieve him of all care and responsibility. Gradually he had taken full charge of the lighthouse and of the floating beacon light anchored half a mile away from the lighthouse. This beacon was a necessary adjunct to the Race Point Light, for when a ship rounded the point of rocks it had to pick up the beacon on the left to make the narrow, tortuous channel across the shoals. By means of the two lights a skilled captain could safely pass through the channel on the darkest and stormiest night.

Mr. Ross had finally become so helpless in sorrow that Albert had induced him to go away for a change. He had a brother in Savannah, and he had gone south for a month to visit him, trusting that the change would return to him some of his mental and physical vigour.

It had been a long month to Albert. Alone on the point of rocks he had nursed his sorrow in secret. Many times during the long days and nights he had suffered and grieved at the changed conditions of his life.

But Albert was strong, robust, and sensible, and he buried his gloomy feelings in hard work. It was only

on stormy nights, when the wild sea seemed ready to cast up its dead, and moaned and wailed around the rocks like wild demons, that he felt the depression of mind and body that would steal over him.

But to-night the storm had another message for him. Out of it at any moment might come the "Atlantis," bringing back to him his father restored to health and strength, and anxious once more to greet his son. What if anything should happen to the steamer? Why was she delayed on her trip?

These questions sprang to the boy's lips a thousand times as he trimmed the lights, polished the glass globe, and oiled the machinery. They would intrude themselves upon his mind in spite of brave efforts to banish them.

Then the storm came on in violent fury, sweeping up from the West Indies in tropical luxuriance of wild demonstration and devastation. He knew that it had laid waste whole empires of sandy beach below Cape Hatteras, and strewn rocks and reefs with wrecks and debris of a world's shipping.

Anxiously Albert scanned the rim of light that still faintly gleamed around the horizon where clouds and sea seemed to melt into each other. Several times he thought he caught indistinct flashes of a steamer's light. Then, as often disappointed, he would turn to see if the reflector over his head was all right, and if the gas-lighted beacon on the shoals was doing its duty.

It was well towards the middle of the night, when the storm was at its height, and the sea around the rocks a raging maelstrom, that the first actual glimmer of a light appeared out of the darkness. Albert stared intently at it, fascinated by the sight, and then shutting and opening his eyes to make sure that it was no optical delusion, he tried to read the set of signals already flashing out from the masthead of the approaching steamer.

Albert knew the signs and signals of the sea by heart, and long before the steamer was near enough for a landsman to make much out of the lights he knew that it was the "Atlantis," and that her starboard screw had been injured. She was proceeding up the coast in this crippled condition, battling with a storm that made progress slow and dangerous, and making for the sheltered waters back of Race Point Light.

It was a delicate piece of navigation to take the steamer through the narrow channel on such a night with one screw disabled, but the boy knew no better captain sailed the seas than the commander of the "Atlantis." And, besides, was not his father aboard, who knew every rock and shoal of the coast!

Nevertheless, Albert felt nervous and anxious. The responsibility rested heavily on his shoulders. It would take such a little thing to cause trouble and probably great loss of life and ship.

As the lights of the ship grew brighter and more radiant, the boy's heart felt lighter and more thankful. Once behind the lighthouse, the steamer could drop anchor in safety until the dawn of another day. It would take but fifteen minutes to do this after the ship once entered the channel just abreast the light.

When the steamer was only a few miles away, Albert studied the waters of the channel once more. The seas were rolling fiercely through it and breaking on the rocks and shoals at either side. The moan and roar of the breakers were deafening, while the wind and sleet whistled

around like a dozen sirens. The gas-lighted beacon, which marked the sharp turn in the channel, was bobbing heavily in the waves, almost threatening to tear itself loose from the moorings.

Once Albert thought that it had disappeared forever beneath the waves, so fiercely did it dive down in the trough of the sea. The white light of the big reflector over his head was arranged to strike this beacon at every revolution. The boy watched for a moment to see if the beacon was in the path of the light.

The sharp line of light slowly drifted across the sea, lighting up the mass of foamy waves, and then it struck the rocks, then the rippling shoals, and then—

Albert stopped a moment and held his breath. The ray of light had missed the beacon, and was now sweeping landward. A moment later the light of the beacon shone out clear and distinct on the water.

What had happened? Was it an optical illusion, one of those strange freaks that often bewilder the mind of the navigator and seaman? Albert did not utter a word, but waited impatiently for the revolving path of light to come around again. Slowly and surely it swept around the great circle, and then, when it struck the channel and missed the beacon again, Albert exclaimed:

"The beacon has broken loose!"
This was only too evident now. The tumbling waves had snapped the huge cable, and the beacon was drifting on the waves, making navigation in the channel more dangerous by its false light than if it had not been at all. It would deceive the "Atlantis" captain, as well as his father, for

they would head straight for the beacon light after crossing the bar. His father might at the last moment see that the path of light from the lighthouse failed to touch the beacon, but it would be too late then. The steamer would be on the rocks and shoals!

Albert turned pale, and a heavy perspiration broke out on his forehead. A great fear and sense of helplessness seized him. He could neither act nor think.

Then, remembering the great things at stake, he tried to rouse himself. He stumbled down the spiral stairs of the lighthouse, hardly knowing what he was going to do, but dimly conscious of the fact that he must in some way reach the shoals ahead of the steamer. The automatic light of the lighthouse would take care of itself, but the beacon light must be replaced.

At the rocky landing the staunch lifeboat, ribbed with sheet iron and encircled with cork, was ready for launching. Albert threw a large reflector lantern in it and a can of oil, intending to use the latter to quiet the seas around him if necessary, and then, lowering the craft into the water, he started to battle with the waves.

On the leeward side of the lighthouse the water was comparatively calm, and the strong lad had little difficulty in rowing against the tide. But when he got beyond its shelter, wind and wave beat him back and nearly upset the boat. Recovering himself he pushed his frail craft once more out into the seas.

This time he gained some headway, and taking advantage of a slight lull he pulled lustily on his oars. The

Was Very Weak

Lost Flesh Rapidly,
Took Quantities of Medicine, Failed all the Time.
Was Quickly Cured with

Ayer's Sarsaparilla



"Some time ago I had a very severe attack of influenza which left me greatly weakened. I lost flesh rapidly and was in a very bad way.

"I took quantities of medicine, but constantly grew worse all the time. Finally, I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla and began to improve from the start.

"I took about six bottles and was perfectly cured. I have used this remedy in my family a great deal and I know it to be a thoroughly reliable health-giving compound and family medicine."

John Murrell, Railway Station Master, of Sunnybank, Queensland, sends us this letter together with his photograph, which we reproduce above.

This is a strong letter, one which must remove all doubt. It is additional proof that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is

"The World's Greatest Family Medicine."

You ought to profit by it greatly, for if you are weak, have lost flesh, are without appetite, and feel languid and depressed, here is a quick and certain cure.

Perhaps the trouble is with your blood and you are suffering from headache, boils, eruptions of the skin, scrofula, and rheumatism; or if you are suffering from weakness of any kind, here is a prompt and most perfect cure.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Removes All Effects of Hot Weather.

AYER'S PILLS — A Vegetable Laxative for the Whole Family.

lifeboat slid down a huge wave, and then seemed to be engulfed for a moment. But the boy was used to this work, and with great skill he rowed and pushed his craft forward.

He was now in the channel, and over the stern of his craft he could see the coloured lights of the steamer. How near they seemed, and how fast they approached! For a moment the boy doubted if he could reach the shoals in time. Then closing his eyes he pulled with all his might. The revolving light swept a path around him, and by its aid he saw that he was near the anchorage place of the rocks. He rowed harder, and waited for the returning light.

When it came, the boy took his bearings and immediately plunged the two heavy anchors into the sea. It was shoal water here and he knew that the anchors would reach bottom. But the fearful strain on the ropes was made manifest the moment the boat rose and fell in the trough of the sea.

"If they will only hold for twenty minutes," muttered the boy.

Dropping his oars, he sprang to the prow of the life-boat and raised his lantern aloft. How feebly the rays from it seemed to shine out of that intense blackness! The boy's heart sank within him at the sight. Such a feeble light would never serve the purpose.

Suddenly above the roar of the storm the hoarse whistle of the steamer sounded. To Albert it seemed like the death knell to all his hopes, for it was a distress signal. The captain had swung his craft into the channel, but had been unable to pick up the beacon light. Quick, sharp and fearful came three hoarse

blasts. They made the blood of the boy tingle in his veins. He realised that all his efforts were in vain. Higher and higher he awing the lantern, shouting and screaming to attract attention. But again came the three startled, frightened blasts of the steamer.

It was too late now for the "Atlantis" to retreat. Her prow was in the channel, and no steamer could swing around or retreat. It was a death-trap if she could not force the channel.

When the second series of alarm whistles rang in his ears Albert's hands fell to his side and he groaned aloud. Then his foot struck the huge can of oil, which he had brought along for any emergency. Without thought of the consequences, he poured the oil in a stream over the prow of the boat, and then, dashing his lantern upon it, he stumbled back before the flash and blaze that leaped up around him.

The blaze lighted up the angry waves none too soon. The steamer was now whistling hoarsely, and, to Albert it seemed, fiendishly. But when the flames of the burning oil shot upward, the blasts of the steamer were changed to sounds of triumph. They indicated orders that were not new or strange to the boy's ears.

He smiled and watched the steamer's lights as if fascinated. They no longer wobbled, but looked up steadily and evenly. The steamer had found its bearings and was making the channel safely.

Just then the path of light from the lighthouse swept around, and Albert's heart gave another leap of joy when he saw that it brought his burning boat of oil directly in view. He had not made a mistake in his moorings.

Then out of the darkness there came the roaring and surging of the mighty leviathan, which, though crippled, could still beat the waters with furious energy. The boy watched it pass him, and then as it changed its course the coloured lights disappeared.

The danger was over, and for a moment the boy stood perplexed and helpless. Something seemed to grip his heart. The great steamer had been saved, but he was left to his fate. The burning oil had already eaten through his boat, and no human effort could put out the fierce blaze.

The boat rapidly filled, and Albert turned to make his last desperate battle for life. But as he stepped upon the gunwale, ready to plunge into the seething waves, a light broke out of the darkness, and a familiar voice shouted:

"Wait a moment, Albert! Wait, my boy! It was the call of his father, and from despair the boy's soul was suddenly raised to hope. The approaching boat from the "Atlantis" swept swiftly through the seas, and, just as the life-boat lurched and then sank beneath the waves, Albert felt himself clutched by a strong arm.

Then for the first time, when he saw that he was safe, he wept for joy.

"Father, have you come back to me?" was all he could utter.

But there was expressed in that all the pent-up loneliness and anxiety that he had suffered, and Mr Ross seemed to realise it as he answered in a quivering voice:

"Yes, Albert, back for good—never to go again. My brave lad, what can I say!"

As the two fell into each other's arms, the sailors rowed them back to the "Atlantis" in silence; but when they reached the deck of the steamer there was such a cheer that the poor, lonely lighthouse boy felt that he had been more than rewarded for his bravery.

Complete Story.

Miss Norman's Menagerie.

"Heavens above! What in the name of all that is wonderful is happening now?"

John Mercer's heart sank into his boots as he watched the performance which was flying on outside.

The village fly stood at the wicket-gate of the little rose-covered cottage next door to the one in which he had settled himself for two months' hard sloggling. Someone within the fly was engaged in hauling out—one by one—a whole menagerie of animals and birds. Mrs Higgins took each one separately in her motherly arms, and marched with it into the cottage, and returned yet again to the charge.

Three black cats, one white kitten, two pug dogs, two canaries and one green parrot!

"Great Scott!" gasped John. His whole figure seemed to unknit and come to pieces with horror. He wopped his eye and glared at the door of the fly. Out tripped the mistress of the menagerie—a quaint looking elderly lady of the spinster persuasion.

He rang the bell. "Mrs Sparkes," he said, "I'm sorry, but I must go—must go this very evening. Three black cats, one white kitten, two pug dogs, two canaries, one green parrot, and one old maid have come to live next door!"

Mrs Sparkes looked startled, then the tears began to trickle down her nose. Would'n't Mr Mercer try and stay on? He had taken the room definitely for two months. She had written her other people off. The few months of summer were her only harvest; and so on. So on, till John felt like pitching something at her head to relieve the intensity of his over-charged nervous system.

"My good woman," he said, "did I not tell you I was coming here to work? Work is my bread and butter. I'll pay you—"

He was going to say the two months' board in full. But, alackaday! like so many rising young geniuses, his pockets were empty.

Before he had time to make any further remark Mrs Sparkes' thirteen year old daughter came bounding in to the room.

"Please, mother, Mrs Higgins sends her love and says don't get frightened. The old lady with the cats and birds and things has only taken the rooms for a week."

John breathed for the first time. "A week! Thank Heaven! Suppose I'll have to put up with it that long. But keep out of my way, Mrs Sparkes. I shall most likely want to murder someone before the seven days are up."

Long before he had got through his simple meal that evening the concert was in full swing next door.

John ordered all the doors and windows to be shut and barred, and sat stewing at his work for an hour. No baker's oven was ever hotter than the rose-covered cottage for those awful sixty minutes. Then he threw open the window to let in the full blast of the chorus again. The old lady was daintily tripping about the garden, minutely examining each rose leaf with her lorgnette.

John dashed out of the house and went for a good sharp five mile stretch. He felt very much better when he returned and the concert had ceased.

During those five miles he had thought only of his work and his little girl. He had left her in London with her people, enjoying all the mad gaieties of her first season. For Dollie's people were rich, and she was their heiress. John was a struggling genius without two farthings in the world, therefore he had left his love unspoken. But he would win her. He was at the present moment engaged upon a great play, which would make his name at once and send him to Dollie to lay his love and his fame at her dear little feet.

He rose early next morning, partook of a hasty breakfast, and settled himself down in his favourite corner of the garden and began to work.

When at last he paused and looked up, it was to discover a great, solemn-looking black cat sitting staring at him. A white kitten jumped down off the back of his chair, perched on his shoulder, gambolled across his paper, and finally spilt his ink.

He colliared the two imps and threw them over the garden wall.

For his lunch he had a note, which ran in this wise:—

"I would thank you to treat my poor dear pussies with kindness and respect. I will not have them roughly handled."

For tea the elderly spinster had her answer:—

"Madam,—Have you ever seen a man kill a cat? Look out, for there will be slaughter done among yours. (Signed) JOHN MERCER."

Every time the garden gate was opened the two pugs entered and disported themselves on the flower-beds. John slapped them the first time; but they yelled so loudly and so long he did not indulge in that particular form of spite again.

At the end of three days he resigned himself to his fate, gave up all idea of work, and took to fishing. The relaxation would do him good, he decided. He would be able to settle down with renewed vigour after the departure of the menagerie at the end of the week.

He became every bit as intent on fishing as he had been on play-writing. On the second afternoon, just as he was engaged with an unusually large pike, he heard a plaintive voice saying:—

"Come away, pussie, dear. Young men are a delusion and a snare of the Evil One. They ill-use sweet little pussies like you. Come back, dear, to the protection of your auntie."

Away went the pike, and John's fishing tackle with it. On an old tree trunk, right under his very nose, sat the elderly spinster, her three black cats, white kitten, and two pugs bearing her company.

"Why the dickens didn't you bring the birds as well!" demanded John, in tones of murderous intensity.

She glanced up at him appealingly through her thick black lace veil.

Something in her expression touched a curious chord in his memory. Her voice, also, was not entirely unfamiliar. Where in the name of conscience had he struck this evil genius of his before? "Madam," he continued, stern-



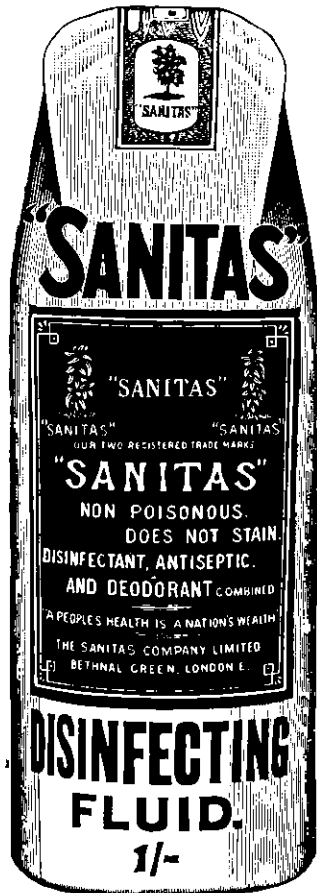
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ly. "You have put a stop to my work. Do you also wish to put a stop to my fishing?"

She smiled peculiarly. "I like you to fish, young man," she said.

"Then take those animals away before I tie stones to their necks and pitch them into the water."

"That is an amusement for bad, naughty schoolboys," she answered. John banged his things into the fishing bag and strode angrily off in the direction of the cottage.

"Dear me, what a very nice young man!" sighed Miss Norman sarcastically. "If I were young and pretty, pussie, would he have marched off like that, I wonder?"

John packed a portmanteau and proceeded to town by the first train that would take him there. He remained for the rest of Miss Norman's week. When he returned he sought Mrs Sparkes.

"She's gone, of course?" said he. Mrs Sparkes shook her head.

"Not yet, sir. She's caught a cold and cannot travel to-day."

John only groaned. He had reached the final heights of grim despair. He walked till his legs nearly dropped off. When he got back he found two black cats lolling in a leisurely manner on the scattered pages of his play, and through his window came the screechings of the parrot.

He didn't shy anything at the cats. A man who has reached John's state of mind is past shying things. He gently took the creatures by the skin of their necks, and threw them over the garden wall. As they alighted on the other side, he was quite sure he heard a merry, girlish laugh somewhere. Mrs Sparkes's little daughter was the only young thing for two miles round, and the laugh did not belong to her.

All next day he watched for the departure which did not take place. Evening found him trying to make friends with the white kitten.

"I see her game perfectly. Mrs Sparkes," he said, when she came in to lay his dinner. "She's staying on to spite me because I pitched her blessed cats over the wall. She thinks she'll force me to leave first. But she won't. Mrs Sparkes, I've never been bested by an elderly spinster in my life: I swear I'm not going to be bested now. If she stays in there six months, I'll stay in here six months. I'll never budge to give her the laugh. Mark you, Mrs Sparkes, I shall most likely have to rob a church to pay you, but you shall have your money."

Mrs Sparkes closed the door somewhat sharply behind her. Next time she entered she was singing a hymn. John, irreverent brute, noticed nothing!

"Hang work, Mrs Sparkes!" was all he said. "I'll show her if she can drive me away in a hurry!"

He put his precious play under lock and key, and settled down to enjoy the tussle. He ate well, slept well, lazied well, and grew as fat as a hog. He lost his over-wrought, lantern-jawed appearance completely, turning out to be quite a decent-looking chap.

He led the cats and dogs an awful life of it. When he fancied all was safe, he even shied things at the parrot as he hung on his nail in the latticed window. How that parrot talked!

One evening there was a note from Miss Norman asking him why he still persisted in behaving like a bad, wicked schoolboy. John laughed heartily, and wrote back to know if he might have the extreme felicity of taking her on the river.

Heavens! She took him seriously. Yes, she would be most pleased to go with her bold, bad neighbour. Would Mr. Mercier please let her know what time?

John had put his foot in it nicely. To his surprise he found his companion rather fascinating than otherwise. She had only brought one of her pugs. This told greatly in her favour.

"I fear you do not like my pussies, Mr. Mercier," she said, as she watched him lazily scuffling.

"I fear I do not, madam," he an-

swered, truthfully. "You see, I came here to be quiet and to work."

"Dear, dear!" she sighed. "And have I prevented your working?"

"No, madam; your menagerie has. But pray don't let it distress you. Doesn't matter in the least, I can assure you. The holiday has done me a world of good; though, of course, it means that I shall have to starve for a time later on to make up."

"Starve!" Miss Norman's voice literally thrilled with horror and concern. Evidently she was ignorant of the woes of struggling young geniuses.

"Starve!" she repeated. "But food is so frightfully cheap, Mr. Mercier!"

"Doubtless it was, madam. Everything has gone up now, you know."

She was pensive for the rest of the excursion, merely sighing in answer when he addressed her. She was so struck with the idea of his starving, perhaps she'd move out next day. Not so, however. On the contrary, she ceased to make excuses for remaining on.

John never knew how it happened, but another boating trip was arranged. This time he asked her why she always wore such a thick black veil. He thought he would like to see her face.

"Ah, young man," she answered, sadly. "The lines about my poor, withered old countenance would make you wish you had never brought me here. And it is so pleasant—so, so pleasant!"

"Your voice is not old," he suggested.

"Oh, isn't it!" she replied, queerly. "It ought to be."

"No, it's rather young. That is why I thought I should like to see your face more plainly."

Next evening they went again, and she led him on to talk of Dollie. This suited John perfectly. He had grown tired of breathing her name and her sweetness to the roses.

"What a nice motherly interest you seem to take in her," he remarked.

"Do I?" she said, quizzically. "Are you very much in love?"

"Madly!"

"How charming! And she loves you?"

"I cannot say. I dared not tell her of my passion, for she is rich and I am poor. My play—when it is finished—will give her to me. But, then, it can never be finished while you stay here."

Miss Norman actually giggled.

"How naughty I am!" she murmured. "I suppose I shall really have to run away. You have been idle three whole weeks, haven't you. And how very much better you look for the holiday! You must return a vote of thanks to my menagerie, Mr. Mercier, or I shall feel very disappointed in you."

He said, "Oh, hang it!" under his breath.

Somehow, without intending to be, she was very awkward that evening in landing; so awkward, in fact, that she fell into the river. John dived in and brought her out safely. He laid her carefully on the ground before he had time to notice that the water had washed away her veil, and also—her grey, curly wig.

John was a strong man—plenty of grip and nerve and muscle; but some how this experience knocked everything out of him.

The elderly spinster with the cats and dogs—his evil genius—the nice old lady who took a motherly interest in Dollie—was Dollie!

"Heavens!" was all he managed to get out, for Dollie opened his eyes.

"Aren't I dead?" she asked, miserably. "Oh, John, take me to the cottage. I feel so cold and shaken! I thought I was dead!"

In silence the wet man carried his wet burden to Mrs Higgins.

"When you have been properly attended to, I shall return to know the meaning of this masquerading," he said, severely.

Two of Dollie's black cats were on his desk as usual. He did not seize them and throw them over the wall. He gave them a pint of milk between them, and laughed heartily when the two little wretches fought for the cream which was on the top. Anyway, he thought they were fighting for it. He did not know where Dollie had got her cats, but

he would like to punch the man who said they were not clever.

Later, in the evening Dollie informed him that he was not to be cross. She had done it all for his own good.

"Dear old silly!" she said, sweetly. "You went away without telling me you loved me, but I knew it because I love you. Well, John, you were overworked when you left town, and you came here to kill yourself altogether. Now, I can't spare you, so I made up my mind that you were to have a holiday."

"Indeed! How the deuce did you think it all out?"

"Oh, it was perfectly easy, John. I knew you could not work if there was the least noise, therefore I just provided a little. It acted like magic. You did everything I knew you would. But, oh, John, fancy taking an elderly spinster on the river. You wicked, wicked fiend!"

John volleyed forth a hundred and fifty questions. Dollie would answer none of them. The only thing she condescended to explain was the fact that as Mrs Higgins had been her nurse, she easily persuaded her people to let her run down into the country.

"You've had your holiday, John," she concluded. "Thanks to my menagerie. I may tell you, dear, that I do not mind marrying a man who writes plays; but I draw the line at a cadaverous, lantern-jawed specimen. You look as fat as can be now; and, whatever you may think to the contrary, I consider my plan has turned out a brilliant success."

John kissed her.

How to Choose a Husband.

It is no good asking your best friend. It is not supposable that she would want to marry the same man you do—at least, it is hopeful she would not. You must rely solely on your own powers of discernment with the assistance of a few outward signs which speak volumes if rightly interpreted.

First of all, pass a glass of lemonade to the subject of inspection and observe him drink. If his eyes remain lowered during the process he will be a faithful husband. If he looks up over the rim of the glass, beware! He is light of heart, and will flirt.

Perhaps you are not of a jealous disposition and value only amiability and uprightness of business principle. The eyes and eyebrows are the index to this department. If the eyebrows come closely together over the nose the temper is violent if the lids of the eyes open wide, if they droop under the meeting eyebrows it is the worst phase of a surly brooding disposition that would destroy the happiness of an angel.

With this ill-natured person honesty may exist, but if one eye rests naturally closed more than the other, it bespeaks artfulness, if not actual lack of principle.

If the eyebrows rise as they extend from the bridge of the nose backward, it argues a licentious turn of mind, accompanied frequently with a clear intellect and natural gift of languages. Generally speaking, the heaviness of the eyebrow indicates a comparative strength of character whether good or bad.

Then you may observe his hand-shake. Is it an unaffected grasp of

the hand? If so he is almost sure to be genuinely warm-hearted; only a superficial vain man will adopt the stupid fashion of raising the hand high in the air and giving it a sideways wriggle for a greeting; the chances are he will be as faithful in his following of new loves as he is of new fashions.

The man who gives a "pump-handle" shake, and nearly pulls one's arm from the socket and presses the hand painfully, is usually a good sort, but requires his impulses to be directed by a gentler wisdom than he himself possesses.

Ask him to clasp his hands. If he naturally clasps the right thumb over the left, he will be firm of purpose and most difficult to persuade from an intention or idea. If vice-versa, the left thumb goes over the right, he will be submissive and quite under your control in all domestic and social matters, which, however attractive it sounds, is not the most desirable trait in a man.

You will wonder if he will spend his money as freely after marriage as before, and to ascertain this fact ask him to open his hand and spread out the fingers. If the thumb makes a broad angle with the index finger, he will be generously inclined. If an acute angle, he will watch carefully the expense account. If in opening the hand the thumb opens naturally in front and opposite to the palm, he will not object to indulgence of pretty frocks and hats. If, on the other hand, the thumb opens widely, making the hand more spatulate, he will be more sympathetic to a sumptuous table than to a Paris hat.

Speaking of hats, you must notice how he sets his own hat upon his head. If square on the top, it denotes a methodical, upright person. If tilted to the front, fond of sports, and will be likely to neglect you for clubs and the turf. If worn on the side, it means a reckless, good-natured temperament, but not likely to be prosperous owing to lack of application. A thoroughly business character, absorbed in accumulating this world's goods and indifferent to the idealistic, wears his hat well off the eyebrows, slightly to the back of the head.

The corners of his mouth should not droop, as it indicates a melancholy and pessimistic disposition; neither should they point upwards, indicating a lack of sympathy and a tendency to make light of everyone's troubles but his own. A straight mouth is the best, with rather thick lips and the corners not rounding, for that suggests deceit, but sharply cut, the red of the under lip ending before it meets at the corner with the upper lip.

On entering a room, the active, observant young man, full of energy, will invariably seat himself in a straight-back chair if he is paying a social call. The non-industrious youth, who will consider his own luxuries comfort before everything, excepting the little society gallantries, will select a reclining-back chair, lean his head against the cushion, and make himself comfortable.

These points appear trifling, and are not to be studied without some intelligent allowance for circumstances and environment, but it must not be forgotten that it is "little things" that make the happiness of life—especially for a woman. One can easily be trained to attend to the big things, but in the little innumerable the true character of a man is laid bare.

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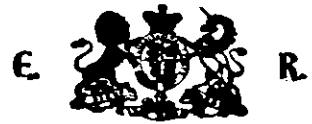
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The variety and beauty of the **COACHING JOURNEYS** in New Zealand have possibly no equal elsewhere. The great Coach Route from Rotorua to Wanganui takes the tourist past Boiling Lakes and Streams, Mud Volcanoes and Great Geysers, Sulphur and Oil Pools—Lakelets of Brilliant Hues, Maungakakaramea (the Iridescent Mountain), the Famous Arateatea Rapids and the Huka Falls, Snow-clad Ruapehu with its Boiling Cauldron (9,000 feet high), Volcanic Ngauruhoe with its Eternal Steam. The traveller is led over forest-clad mountains to Pipiriki, thence for 38 miles down the Wanganui River, justly famous for its Wealth of Verdure, its Transcendental Loveliness—Unsurpassable! Indescribable!! Unforgettable!!! The cone-shaped Mount Egmont, with its hoary head, is seen standing solitary on the fertile lands of Taranaki. The journey from Nelson through the Buller Gorge to Westport and thence to Christchurch through the Otira Gorge opens out all that is Grand and Spectacular in Nature. The first portion introduces the visitor to the charm of the New Zealand forest, carpeted with hundreds of varieties of lovely ferns; then, emerging from that, he comes to the narrow rock road, hewn out of the solid mountain, with the roaring Buller alongside, rolling its

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

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

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

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

Complete Story.

A Tale of a Cigarette Case.

King and I had been dining early at the Giroudins, a small restaurant in the purlieus of Soho, known only to a select few. We had dined early for the simple reason that, when one attempts to regard breakfast as a needless luxury of the effete moneyed classes and luncheon as a meal only suitable to people of debased and vitiated tastes, there is ample time between, say, seven o'clock on Tuesday and half-past six on Wednesday evening to become conscious of at least a due appreciation of the flesh pots of Egypt, or more particularly of the Giroudins.

King had had three passes for the Lyric Theatre given him by a journalistic friend, or at least so he chose to account for their existence; one we had bartered for a packet of cigarettes, the other two we reserved for use.

It was a bitterly cold night, and King had no overcoat; as a matter of fact he had parted with it early in the week, and we had lived riotously for three days on the proceeds. Mine was still dragging out a shabby genteel existence, and contained in the side pocket a battered leather cigarette case of common design, in which were the remnants of the packet. It hung behind King as we sat, so I asked him to hand over the case. He rummaged first in one pocket, then in the other, and finally produced it. We lighted up, and having paid our bill, strolled off to the theatre.

We had not, however, gone more than twenty paces when a man darted out of the restaurant and came running up the street after us, calling to us to stop.

The light of the street lamp shone on his face, and I recognised him as

the swarthy, rather unwashed individual who had occupied the next table to us.

"Senor, you have got my cigarette case," he began, excitedly. "You have got it in your coat pocket."

"I am sure I've got nothing of the sort," said I. The man's manner was aggressive, not to say threatening, so I didn't feel over civilly inclined towards him.

"Senor, I insist," he said. "You can insist till you're blue in the face," I retorted, with, I admit, but scant courtesy; "but you'll find it more comfortable to insist at the other end of the street. I've no use for the word."

"Give to me my case." He was working himself up into a perfect fury, and probably forgetting what he was doing laid his hand forcibly on my arm.

There is one obvious reply to a movement of that sort, when the scene is an ill lit Soho slum, where knives are by no means invariably of the usual pocket dimensions.

I gave a twist and an upward jerk with my elbow. It caught my gentleman fairly under the chin and he subsided into the gutter.

His face was not a pleasant sight as he rose, rubbing himself, for the fall had been a heavy one; but when King so far forgot himself as to laugh the fellow became an incarnate, livid demon.

"Now," said I, "if you feel able to speak quietly and civilly, I don't mind showing you my cigarette case to prove to you that you are in the wrong."

I produced the thing as I spoke in all the glory of its shabby, black

leather and cheap nickel frame.

"There," said I, triumphantly, conscious of a pleasing, virtuous glow at being for once in the right.

The man's only answer was an inarticulate, hoarse cry, and a quick grab at the case as it lay in my open palm.

"Steady," said I, closing my hand on the thing. "The kerbstone is pretty hard; do you want to try it again?"

"Git," said King abruptly, and suiting the action to the word, he took the fellow by the shoulders, ran him briskly down the street for a yard or so, and shot him forward with a powerful upward swing of the right boot. After that we proceeded leisurely on our way.

"Now, why," said I, "why should that individual take so much trouble to annex a cigarette case, which in its more aristocratic day cost but 1/2? The desire to steal I can understand, and a good big diamond, with a few priceless rubies thrown in, might tempt even me from the narrow path of rectitude; but a shabby old case that the most friendly relation wouldn't lend you twopence on—!"

The evening was still in its infancy when we arrived at the theatre and went to our places in the upper boxes. The place was crowded and very hot, so after much deliberation as to ways and means, we determined to expend the rest of our available capital in a much-needed drink.

While we were standing in the bar King touched my elbow. I looked up, and three yards from us stood our irascible gentleman of the Giroudins. He was evidently keeping his eye on our movements, although he made no further attempt to speak to us or even acknowledge our presence in any way.

Just to see what the man's game really was we moved off into the corridor, as if to leave the building; we had not gone ten yards, however, before the fellow came slinking out after us.

I remembered noticing in the restaurant that he was accompanied by

a young woman, also dark-complexioned, but dressed with a certain air of distinction. I reminded King of this, and we determined to try and discover her among the audience. Waiting till we were about half-way down the passage, the man being ten paces behind us, we suddenly wheeled round and faced him as he turned the corner. He made no attempt to stop us as we retraced our steps, but seemed rather to try and avoid observation by holding his head well down and making way for us.

The curtain rose on the second act as we resumed our places; just look where we would, neither the man nor the girl was visible.

When the piece was over we started for a walk home to our rooms in Great Ormond-street. I was struggling into my coat, and, as I did so, I felt something hard in my breast-pocket. Wondering what it might be, I pulled it out. It was my cigarette case! With an exclamation I fumbled in the other pocket, and lo and behold there was its twin brother, identical in every way. The same worn black leather, the same cheap metal frame with the brass showing through where it had been rubbed.

"Well, I'm blest!" ejaculated King.

"How the deuce!" said I. "Why, I've got that unfortunate black-guard's case, after all, and I knocked him down," I added, ruefully. "But how, in the name of all that's beautiful, did the beastly thing get into my pocket?"

"I've got it," said King. "You know when you asked me to get the cigarettes at dinner?"

"Yes."

"Well, that other fellow's coat was hanging on the peg next to yours. I remember noticing it. I expect that when I turned round—we were talking at the time, if you remember—I must have dived my hand into the wrong coat, and the case being exactly like yours we never noticed it."

"No wonder the chap was annoyed. Still, it's rather an absurd fuss to have made about such a trumpery thing. If we find him, or, rather, if

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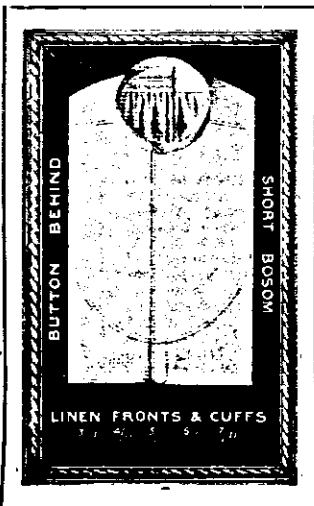
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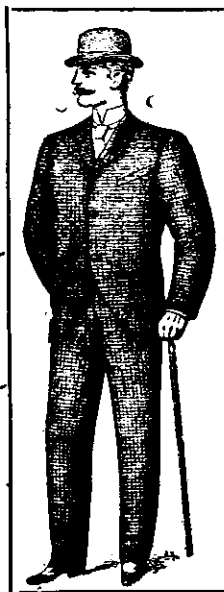
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Queen-St., Auckland.

he follows us, I suppose I shall have to apologise and hand it back."

"Yes, either that or give it to the man at the Girondins next time we dine."

We went along Long Acre, turned up northwards across Holborn, and were well into Southampton Row, smoking my own cigarettes, be it understood, this time, when we saw a woman, who was walking quickly a little way ahead of us, raise her hand to her breast and stagger as if about to fall. She swayed to and fro, and made a desperate effort to reach the railings.

We ran up, but before we could catch hold of her she had slipped to the ground. King bent over her to lift her up. "Hullo!" said he, "it's the lady of the Girondins, I expect."

"Jump!" I yelled, before he could say any more, and hit out with all my strength. What had happened was this, that as we bent over the woman, I heard a footstep behind me and instinctively turned round, just in time to see the owner of the cigarette case with his arm upraised and something glittering in the lamp-light. I hit up at his descending wrist and he dropped the knife with a groan of pain, but not before the point of it had got well home into the upper muscle of my fore-arm. "Collar him," I said, clapping my hand to my arm. King has played football for a crack team before now, and the work was mere child's play to him.

"Where shall we go?" he asked, panting a little, for the foreigner was a heavy built man. "Let's take them back to our rooms and see what they're got to say for themselves. I don't want to go to a beastly police station."

I assented, and turned to the woman, who had now risen to her feet and was regarding us with a scared, white face, though with a certain look of sullen defiance in her eyes. "Will you accompany us to the house?" I asked. "It's not far from here. Or shall we leave you and take this man by himself?"

"I will come," she said, shortly. Accordingly we all set off, King and the man leading, I, in virtue of my damaged arm, escorting the woman, but keeping a keen look-out for trouble ahead.

Once in our rooms, with the gas turned up, King locked the door. We annexed the sitting-room of an affluent friend, who occupied the drawing-room floor, for the occasion, by the way.

"Now," said I, having placed a chair for the girl, who, as I saw by the better light of the room, was by no means ill-looking, "now, perhaps, you'll be good enough to explain yourself. First of all, you chase me out of a restaurant and practically assault me in the street; then you follow me to the theatre; and last, but by no means least, you, with your accomplice, deliberately lay a trap, in the hopes of knifing myself and my friend. Be good enough to remember that you are in London, and that there are policemen in cas; not in Barcelona or Naples, or wherever you hail from.

"It is perfectly true that I have discovered in my possession a cigarette case similar to my own, which may or may not be your property; but a man doesn't run the risk of being hung for the sake of a wretched thing like that!"—and I laid the case on the table. "I only discovered that I had made a mistake on leaving the theatre. That case there is exactly similar to my own, and I confess that at first I thought it was my property. However, I think that any further explanation should come from you. Since you have let a considerable quantity of blood out of my arm, and so far I have only deprived you of three cigarettes, which I and my friend smoked on—"

"Merciful Heavens!" The cry seemed to tear the heart of the man, and his swarthy skin turned ashen. "Senor, Senor, for the love of Grace, tell me truly, you have not smoked any of the little cigarettes? Say you jest at me. I will give you ten, twenty, thirty of your golden sovereigns here—now, on the spot, if you will return me that case and its contents complete."

King swore under his breath.

"What the deuce are cigarettes for if not to smoke?" he asked.

"You have smoked them!" screamed the Spaniard. "You have wasted these cigarettes for a mere momentary pleasure. Do you know what you have done? You have burnt the work of months, the labour of weeks and weeks of toil and struggle night and day. You have ruined the greatest scheme—"

"Silence," hissed the girl in French.

"Humph!" said King. "There seems to be something at the back of this. Thirty pounds for a handful of cigarettes and a case worth half nothing, an attempt at murder for its recovery, and the result of months of work spoilt by smoking two or three of them.

"I think I'll have a look at one of them," he continued, opening the case. He selected one haphazard and held it close to the uncovered gas jet, turning it about to inspect it more closely. He rolled it round and round very slowly between his fingers, to all appearance a very ordinary cigarette of one of the cheaper brands, without so much as the maker's stamp upon it. Suddenly he gave an exclamation of surprise.

The outside of the paper had almost instantaneously become covered with writing in palish blue characters, which darkened as the heat of the gas flame affected them. I leant across to have a look for myself. There was the crash of an overturned chair, the click of a lock, and before we could either of us recall our presence of mind, the Spaniard had grabbed the case containing the few remaining cigarettes and was leaping down the stairs half a flight at a time. He had dashed out of the front door and slammed it behind him before I could reach the first landing. The brute had fled, leaving his accomplice behind him.

Rather crestfallen, we returned to the room. The girl was still sitting as we had left her.

"Senors," she said, raising her white face, "Senors, let me go, and I will tell you the truth. Garcia—he who has just gone—and myself, we are of Southern Spain. We are not loved, as you say, by the authorities in our home. We, with many others, wish to alter affairs. To this end there are many societies. We are here in your city to carry out the instructions of our society, to which we are bound by ties of life and death, and whose commands we are bound to obey. Communication with our leaders is, as you may imagine, Senors, both difficult and dangerous.

"We had just determined on a new, and, as we thought, safe plan. Those cigarettes in that case each bore a portion of a message written in invisible ink. When you, Senor," turning to King, "held one to the heat of the gas the writing became plain. One or two alone could not do much harm; it is only the contents of the whole case that would render the message clear. That you have rendered impossible.

"Now, Senors, you will let me go. I am doing no harm to your country. It is against people in my own land that I work."

I looked at King, and King looked at me. I crossed the room and held the door open.

"And you will burn that?" indicating the cigarette.

King threw it into the fire. She bowed gracefully to each of us, with a little pathetic smile.

"I am much obliged. Good-night, Senors," and passed out.

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—this being the 13th February, 1900, as I am writing at my home, 59, Fareaux-street, Sydney, N.E.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 mouth 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 pain 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. Anyhow, 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 Seigel'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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Topics of the Week.

The South African Picnic.

Auckland's contribution to the Eighth Contingent, the largest this province has yet given to the war, left for the South on New Year's Day morning. As compared with the departure of former sections from the North there was very little demonstration. The streets were indeed filled with crowds of people, but it was not to see the volunteers depart en route for South Africa that the citizens had turned out in holiday attire, but to depart themselves by steamer or train for a day by the seashore or in the country. The light-hearted throng were, I fear, too concerned with the prospect of enjoying themselves to devote much attention to the contingents, and speculation ran much more on the chances of a bright day than on what might be the fate of the boys off to the war. Fortunately the boys themselves were not likely to be much affected by our seeming indifference. They were too full of their own enthusiasm to feel the lack of demonstration on our part. Certainly no party of picnicers left the wharf for any of the many pleasure resorts with higher spirits than the men of the Auckland section of the Eighth departed on the first stage of their South African picnic. Judging by those of them I spoke with they must have experienced something like good-natured contempt and pity for us poor civilians trudging with our picnic kits and "billsies" to the railway station or ferry tee. How tame compared with the glorious prospect that stretched out before their young eyes must the most delightful day on the sands or in the cool bush appear. They could well do without our enthusiasm and applause. Least of all did they want our sympathy. They could have given us sympathy, we poor unfortunates condemned to enter upon another year of commonplace moiling and toiling for a living, while they, booted and spurred, were off to seek adventure, fame, and fortune, on the veldt. However, we would not like that they should leave these shores altogether without some display of enthusiasm on our part, and we are glad to think that the final send-off of the Eighth is likely to be something of an affair.

Boers for New Zealand.

It now appears that there is a pretty general desire here to accede to the suggestion made by the Imperial Government that we should undertake the custody of a thousand or so of the Boer prisoners. The actual decision in the matter rests with Mr Seddon and the members of Parliament, to whom he will submit the question of whether we should or should not become custodians of a section of the captured burghers until such time as it is deemed advisable to send them back to their country. When that question is settled there still remains the further and more difficult one of deciding in what part of the colony the men will be confined. There is certain to be a good deal of interprovincial jealousy in arranging this. For though it might not at first sight appear, advantages are likely to accrue to the city in whose neighbourhood the prison camp is set up. There is the building of the accommodation and the catering for the food and clothing of a thousand men. If they are put in Stewart Island, which is one of the places suggested, all the orders for these things will inevitably go to the tradesmen of Invercargill and the Bluff; if they are sent to the Great Barrier, another place that has been named as suitable, Auckland will reap the benefit. With this fact in view, I should not be very much surprised to hear once more the cry of "justice to Auckland" and the "Neglected North" if the Government should think best to choose Stewart Island instead of the Great Barrier. And so far as the relative advantages of the two places is concerned, the Barrier can, I fancy, claim a certain

superiority. Residence on it would be more agreeable for the prisoners because of the climate alone, and escape from it should not be easier. The Boer who could make the mainland without a boat would be a slim fellow indeed. It would also add not a little to the interest of the island to have a Boer camp there. We could have special excursions to the place during the summer, and make the acquaintance of the burghers, who at present are but a name to us. In the eyes of yachtsmen an attraction would be added to the Barrier by its being made the site of a Boer camp. The picturesque but rather lonely beauty of the place would be decidedly the better of a little more stir in it, while the rather monotonous life of the settlers there, and on the neighbouring coasts, would be kept more lively by the possibilities which the presence of a thousand enemies of the Empire in their vicinity would suggest. Consider what splendid practice in guerrilla warfare would be afforded our volunteers in case of any of the prisoners escaping from the camp and taking to the Barrier bush. We might have a sort of repetition of the South African campaign on a small scale, which would give numerous opportunities to the military geniuses, who have now to content themselves with criticism at the street corners.

A Contrast.

We may complain of the rainy and uncertain weather of the recent holidays—and certainly the weather was not all holiday-makers could desire—but the best of climates is not free from the defects of its qualities, and it was the same rain that marred the picnics which makes New Zealand the land of green pastures and running waters and unobtrusive forest—the ideal picnic land in fact. What would not poor New South Wales have given for a few such showers to cool its burning plains as we here so strongly deprecated. No greater blessing could Santa Claus have brought the parched country than a good downpour. In vain they prayed for it, but in its place their holidays were marked by stifling heat that rendered life a burden, and raging conflagrations with terrible destruction on their wings. The New Year has begun most mournfully for many settlers in Australia, who enter on the new season with nothing but the ashes of their crops, their cattle and their homesteads. To those of us whose interest in New South Wales is merely that of occasional visitors, the destruction of the beauty spots in the Blue Mountains, of which one has pleasant memories, will be regretted. You can picture those wooded, rock-flanked gullies reduced to ruin by the flames. What precautions the authorities take against the disaster that has befallen one at least of these famous resorts—the Leura Falls. The picniker needs not search for wood to boil his billy. It is there dry cut and ready for the fire at convenient intervals in the bush, where also are erected fire-places and tables, thus leaving the public no excuse whatever for ignoring the strict injunctions issued against the indiscriminate lighting of fires. In New Zealand, while precautions against fire are not altogether unnecessary, we do not require such elaborate provisions, which run in a way detract somewhat from the *al fresco* charm of picnicking.

The Feminine Invasion Again

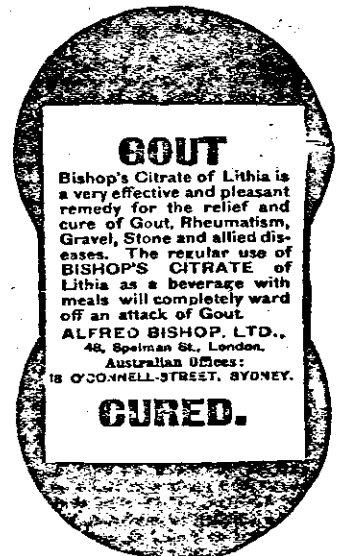
The way in which women are entering into competition with men was a state subject of comment last century, and one does not feel in the least surprised now to hear of the gentle sex having invaded new masculine spheres. It is evident that we men must prepare ourselves for sweeping changes in the same direction, and probably within the next fifty years we shall find women firmly established on an equal platform with men in positions we have not

yet dreamt of their filling. The tendency to prefer them to men is growing very rapidly. Their attention to their work, trustworthiness, and carefulness being superior to that of the ordinary youth of the day, who are at the beck and call of a hundred distractions, of which their sisters know nothing. The latest experiment in the way of substituting feminine for male labour has recently been initiated by Reuters' Telegram Agency in London, which has engaged some hundred and twenty girls as messengers in the place of boys. The company was led to make a trial of girls through "the growing tendency of boy messengers towards levity and neglect," and the results are described as most satisfactory. The quickness, willingness, and intelligence of the little women has charmed the authorities, who mean to extend the system. This sounds to me very much like the death knell of the message boy generally, and though he is of my sex, I cannot say that I entirely regret it. There may have been a time when the message boy was a paragon of promptness and reliability, but he must have sadly degenerated before I came to know him. To speak of him as I have found him, he was not burdened with a great sense of duty, was prone on the other hand to regard the discharge of little commissions as an unwarranted interference with his leisure, and never allowed the urgency of the message to interfere with his attention to every street row, or pursuit of stray cat, or interchange of witticism with a friend, or even a friendly turn at marbles. Message bearing has so long been the monopoly of the small boys that they have become a distinct caste, with all the pride and insolence of a caste. They saunter about the streets with an impudent indifference to the world at large that is quite unattainable by any other section of the community. They are the worst type of jacks-in-office. Contrast them with the neat little, quick little, polite little girls, who, under the new system will take their place, and who would not vote for the innovation? Whether, however, the advantage would be lasting is another question. New brooms sweep clean. How much is the apparent superiority of ladies in certain positions due to the fact that they are fresh to them, and that they feel their sex is there in a way on sufferance. When they have acquired the assurance of office, it is possible they may develop faults not less than even if different from those of the men. I know one or two instances where this has already happened, and I have found myself sighing for one of my own sex in place of the pert female who kept me waiting while she finished her frivolling with some acquaintance, and when she did attend to me, made the greatest favour of doing so. When you speak of the superior conscientiousness, alacrity, and the rest of the woman in office, don't forget that special instance—the domestic servant.

To Horse! To Horse!

The Lyttelton "Times" takes as a text for a recent article on the decay of horsemanship in the colony the fact that nearly one-third of the candidates for the Eighth Contingent at the local Defence Office failed to pass the riding tests. It is a matter quite worth the notice given it. The old boast that every New Zealander—as well as every Australian—was a horseman, seems to be a rather empty boast in these days. With the growth of our towns and town population, and the increasing facilities for internal communication, the centaure-like colonial of the old times is becoming rarer and rarer. The more settled conditions of agriculture too limit the necessity for the settler to be in the saddle daily, and as a consequence the man who could sit anything with the name of a horse to it, and go anywhere on its back, is receding into the pages of the old colonial days novel. Among the town population the number of young fellows who can ride is, of course, a much greater proportion than the Home cities can show, be-

cause horseflesh and horse keep are cheap, but it is a diminishing proportion, and, considering our advantages, a much too rapidly diminishing one. There is not a very large number of the young fellows in town who are riders. Of course, they all speak as if they rode, and were at home on horseback, in deference to the tradition that every colonial is a horseman, but what a sorry figure the majority would cut on a restive nag. Now, the war in South Africa shows pretty plainly that the horseman, the good horseman, is the most important factor in the field, and lacking the military training, the colonial can only hope to atone for his shortcomings in that respect by his excellence as a rider. In the next Imperial war of offence or defence, the mounted soldier will doubtless play a very large part though probably not so large as in Africa, and the Imperial authorities will count on the colonies for the men who can ride. It will be rather a surprise if they find on application that we have not got ready the class of men wanted, which must be the case if the decline in horsemanship continues. And we are doing nothing to help it. Where horsemanship comes most prominently in evidence in the colony is, I regret to say, on the racecourse, and everyone knows that that prominence makes gamblers rather than horsemen of our young fellows. Our equestrian salvation does not lie in that direction. I notice that the Government have decided to thoroughly organise all the school cadet corps of the colony. It might be suggested that no organisation which has for its object the embuing of the corps with a love for, and a certain proficiency in warlike exercises, can be complete which does not teach them to ride. To introduce horsemanship into the curriculum would, of course, entail no little additional expense in connection with these youthful companies, but unless the thing is done, our young soldiers must grow up ignorant of or little proficient in a department of military training, which is of the first importance. It need scarcely be pointed out that the opportunity for riding would commend the cadet corps to scores of youngsters who are not now in the ranks.



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After Dinner Gossip.

The Doctor at Fault.

A fashionable doctor, who has a sweetly pretty and very well connected wife, is always putting his foot into it, and when she remonstrates with him he says he cannot help it (writes "Chloris"). On her day at home she likes him to come into the drawing-room and talk to the ladies, and as he will do anything to please her he comes in when he happens to be disengaged. It is rarely, however, that he recognises any of even his most wealthy patients. "You know Mrs. So-and-So, don't you, dear?" she says to him, well aware that some weeks before her husband had constantly attended the lady. The doctor doesn't catch the name, but bows, and murmurs something about "not having had the pleasure." A few minutes' conversation shows him that the "dear doctor" is counted among the lady's "dearest friends." After all the visitors have gone, and this sort of thing has occurred many times, his wife gives him a "thorough good talking to." "What is the use of my bothering round securing patients for you, and hunting up mother's rich old friends, if you forget them in such an absurd fashion?" "Well, don't be angry with me for telling you that I think women must be all frauds, with, of course, one exception. When I visit them professionally, I behold them dressed in deshabille, looking dreadfully miserable and dejected, their hair straight and scanty, and perhaps their jaws are innocent of teeth. They come and visit you attired in youthful muslins or beautiful English confections, and they wear gorgeous Paris hats over their lovely heads of fluffy, plentiful hair. Then there is always the veil, which hides multitudes of blemishes, I suppose. I really can't help it. They ought to be labelled with their names and addresses, and then I should know them. I flatter myself I recognise them when their husbands are out with them. I can draw an inference." "It's possible," she replies, "you may draw a wrong one if you're not careful."

Kodak v. Somerset House.

Kodak, Limited, is up in arms against the Inland Revenue Department, and rather than continue to pay what it regards as an unjust impost, it is proposing to sell its entire undertaking to an American company. It remains to be seen whether the British shareholders will sacrifice their patriotism by accepting shares in the Yankee concern in exchange for their holding in the English. We rather think they will, and we can do nothing but sympathise with them. Will the Inland Revenue authorities retaliate by persuading their friends in the Government to place an import duty on Kodak specialities? Whatever happens, it is clear that the directors intend to go ahead, and to fight the Imperial Government if need be. And they will soon be strong enough to do it if the British Exchequer continues to be drained by the war, and the passion grows for pressing the button while the Kodak Company does the rest. There are wonderful developments impending in this great concern, which, in the estimation of the Board, is as yet only in its infancy.

A Pearl Necklace and Its Owner.

The famous pearl necklace of the Countess Castiglione, which has just been sold by auction to a French Jewellery dealer for £25,000, is one of the most beautiful things of its kind in existence. The piece consists of two hundred and seventy-nine pearls, which are threaded on five strings. Each string was put up separately and knocked down to different bids. Grunberg, of Paris, succeeded in securing all of them, thus giving him possession of the beautiful necklace in its entirety. The countess was an eccentric character. To punish France for having become a

Republic she shut herself up in her house and never let the light of day shine on her, contenting herself with candles and gas. At the same time she abolished mirrors from her apartments and thus spared herself the pain of looking at her face as it aged. She was immensely rich.

Australian Boys and Santa Claus.

An Australian Christmas story, vouched for by the father of a bright family of boys. The father in question is a settler who has succeeded fairly well and almost developed into the farmer stage. His boys have an old chook and log hut that was the original homestead for a sleeping room, and the settler had schemed with his wife to give the youngsters a visit from Santa Claus. At about twelve o'clock the father, roughly disguised as the original Christmas saint and carrying a pack on his back, stole forth from the house, and with the assistance of a ladder he let himself down the wide sod chimney of the hut. The idea was to put the presents with which he was provided into the stockings and then after waking the three lads to make his escape, leaving them to believe that Santa Claus had actually called in person. Alas! the scheme was a disastrous failure. No sooner had the father reached the hearth than he was set upon by three sturdy young miscreants armed with sticks, and Santa Claus suffered robbery with violence. It transpired that the three hopefuls, dissatisfied with previous gifts, had arranged to sit up for Santa Claus, with the intention of baiting up the saint and securing his whole stock by force of arms.

How to Deal With a Dead Bird.

The young lady in the costume department in a big city establishment was an inveterate punter, and her friend "in the millinery" who shared her room at their boarding establishment at Albert Park, and who eschewed gambling, frequently cautioned her against the evil propensity. One Monday morning the costume girl remarked dolefully to her friend, "Bother the tips, they've left me without a feather to fly with!" "Well, my dear," replied the millinery young lady, "I'm never like that you see, because the tips I stick to are ostrich tips." "Yes," returned the costume girl, not to be outwitted even in her distress, "yours is certainly the more profitable way of dealing with a dead bird!"

When They Were Young.

They were two handsome old ladies sitting at the window with their work in their laps, one the hostess and the other the visitor. They were children together, and still talked of their former playmates as "the girls." "Where's Margaret?" asked the visitor. "Out in the back yard with some little friends skipping the rope. My favourite granddaughter, you know." "Rather delicate, I'm afraid. I declare I don't know what the race is coming to, judging from the girls now growing up. They don't seem to endure anything. Do you remember how we used to skip the rope, Sue?" "Just as though it was yesterday. 'Salt' was the designation when we just jumped an ordinary rate of speed, 'pepper' was faster, and 'mustard' was the fastest." "That's right. To do anything faster than 'mustard' meant fits or palpitation of the heart. Dear me! I don't suppose that there is one of those children out there who could skip 'mustard' without having a sick spell. We certainly do go backward with each generation, Sue. Let's take a look at them." When they reached the back door, there was Margaret flying up and down as though she had wings, springs and lungs like a long-distance runner. She was jumping two ropes going in opposite directions at the same time, and whirling as rapidly,

as the operators could make them. "Come here at once, Margaret," called the hostess; "what in the world are you doing, child? It's enough to give you convulsions. Why, it's far faster than 'mustard.' 'Mustard!' sneered the granddaughter, who was breathing easy; "it's too slow for us. That's 'cayenne' I'm doing. Then the two old ladies fled back, looked sheepishly at each other, and went to talking about how much better looking girls used to be than they are now.

Those Draggie-Tail Skirts.

In connection with draggie-tail skirts, a curious fact has been noted. On wet days and ladies, no matter what size their feet may be, gather them well up, and yet on fine days, when they could do precisely the same thing, they let them drag! A suggestion has been made by a brute to stop the long-tail habit. It is to have an army of boys, and send them out to step on every train they find. Dr. Grant is in favour of men, armed with shears, to snip off sufficient material to keep the skirt some inches above the ground. By the way, it is all very well to denounce spitting in the streets, but what is one to do when one gets a mouthful of the choicest city corporation dust?

How Pierpont Morgan was "Had."

J. Pierpont Morgan, while talking to Bishop Potter and Bishop Doane, told them the following story of his experiences in London: A representative of the London "Times" insisted on seeing him, and Mr Morgan said: "Tell the 'Times' man that my time is worth £10 a minute. I said to the man who brought in his card, 'Pretty soon the man came back with the newspaper man's reply that he would take two minutes of my time at my own terms. My curiosity was aroused, and I gave orders to let him come in. He gave me £20 as he sat down and talked to me two minutes by both our watches. He did all the talking. To a second he ended the talk. As he was about to depart I asked him why he had sought my presence at my terms. He blandly replied that he had bet £100 he could get to see me in his newspaper capacity. I congratulated him on his enterprise and success, and dismissed him during the third minute I had delayed his exit.' "Did you keep his £20 sterling?" dryly inquired Bishop Potter of Mr Morgan, as the latter ended the story. "Yes," said the noted financier, "and I have never earned money in a long time that gave me so much satisfaction as that £20 did."

An Homer's Problem.

"The Cyclops was a gorilla," says Dr. Zell, the German philologist and scientist. "What!" ejaculates the Homeric student, resenting, perhaps, this delumanisation, "do you mean to tell me that Polyphemus, the monster, who was near making a hearty meal of Penelope's husband, was an — an anthropoid ape?" "Ja doch!" replies the doctor. More: through the reputable publishing firm of W. Junk, of Berlin, he has issued a witty and learned volume of some two hundred pages, in support of his scientific interpretation of the famous episode related in Book IX. of the "Odyssey." In the Ulysses' adventure with the Cyclops our German iconoclast sees no mere phantasy, but a "real recollection of actual experiences." "Roaring" Polyphemus was a gorilla, he says. Let any one carefully compare the known characteristics and habitat of these beasts—their solitariness, ferociousness, methods of attack (with a heavy bough, corresponding to the club of Cyclops), troglodytism, and what not, with the description given in the "Odyssey," and then say whether or not Dr. Zell has not some ground for the assertion that Ulysses outmanoeuvred, not a man, but an ape.

Cricket Critics.

While the New South Wales team were battling against England, Ireland went to the wickets, but in hand. Three "pavilion critics" were sitting together, and next to them a

stranger. One of the former remarked, "There's a man to pick to the best eleven of the State! One of the have-beens, who hasn't been able to bat for two years or more!" Before a minute had elapsed Ireland cut Barnes beautifully to the boundary. "What rotten cricket," exclaimed the stranger; "he ought to have glanced that ball!" Whizz went another to the asphalt from one of Frank's best on drives. "Well, I'm beggared," said the stranger. "Where could that chap have learned his cricket? Why, he ought to have batted cut that!" The batsman's third fourer was the result of a lovely hit in front of cover-point, perfectly timed, which drew from the stranger an emphatic, "Oh, hang this chap, he's a perfect mug; why, he should have pulled that to leg, shouldn't he?" At last it dawned upon one of the trio that the stranger had been "pulling his leg" all the time, and remarking that the sun had worked round he suggested to his two friends that they should move into the shade. As they got up the stranger quickly observed, "Yes, it is getting a bit hot here, isn't it?"

TREKKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Few of our hardy waggons (says a Canterbury paper) have, to use an appropriate Boer word, "trekked" under greater difficulties than Mr Robert Lucas. This soon became evident in the course of a chat which our representative had with him.

"Often I have had to go about in my wet clothes all day long," said Mr Lucas. "Night after night I have lain in damp blankets, exposed to frosts and rain, with result that many years ago rheumatism and sciatica laid hold of me. My legs, arms and shoulders ached with rheumatism, whilst sharp, shooting pains in my thighs were due to sciatica, so I was told. "You must have been almost a cripple," remarked the interviewer. "Indeed I was," said Mr Lucas. "For over six months I could not walk outside the house without a crutch and stick. Even a door mat formed an impassable barrier. Through the continual pain I have gone for over a week without sleep. I lost all taste for food, and grew so thin and emaciated as to be hardly recognisable. I had good medical treatment and every attention at home, and when these means failed I tried patent medicines, but they also proved useless."

"But what is the secret of your activity now?"

"Well, I make no secret of it," said the now stalwart waggoner. "I noticed some time ago how truthful the testimonials concerning Dr. Williams' pink pills seemed to be, so I sent for a box, and after using its contents felt better. Another supply was bought for me, and as I continued taking these pills the pains of sciatica and the aches of rheumatism began to abate; later on every trace of these diseases left me, and I now have the full use of all my limbs and faculties. A day's hard work has no effect on me now. Since my recovery several friends have taken Dr. Williams' pink pills on my advice, and they have all been benefited."

The experience of Mr Lucas, who resides in Oxford, Canterbury, shows that Dr. Williams' pink pills are both a blood-builder and nerve-tonic, for they cured him of rheumatism (caused by impure blood) and of sciatica (blood disorder). For the same reasons they cure neuralgia, lumbago, St. Vitus' dance, hysteria, rickets, acrofula, bronchitis, consumption, dysentery, skin diseases, etc. From chemists and storekeepers, and the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, three shillings per box, six boxes sixteen and six, post free. Nervous sufferers without energy and ambition, and ladies afflicted with irregular health, will find that these pills increase the blood supply, restore the wasted tissues and bring about complete health and happiness.

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Turf Gossip.

By WHALEBONE.

TURF NOTES.

Messrs G. G. Stead, Pyne, and other visiting sportsmen, went to Rotorua on Friday, and will probably go thence down the Wanganui River, en route for Canterbury.

The nominations received for the Takapuna J.C. Summer Meeting are fairly good. The meeting will be confined chiefly to local horses.

J. Thorpe is about building half a dozen new boxes at Ellerslie, to accommodate an increasing team. Some of the yearlings purchased by patrons of this young trainer will be located there.

Nelson, three times winner of the Auckland Cup, lately presented by Major George to his old trainer, E. Cutts, was to-day shipped to Christchurch by the Waihora, under the care of Mr Albert Cutts.

Mr C. H. Chavannes, who secured the Hotchkiss—Jadestone colt at Sylvia Park, was tempted to take an advance of 50 guineas on his purchase from Mr Davis, acting on behalf of Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan, the breeders of the colt.

Nominations for the Auckland Racing Club's Great Northern Foal Stakes of 1903-4, and Ninth Royal Stakes of 1903-4, close on Friday next, at 9 p.m., at the offices of the Auckland Racing Club, Canterbury Jockey Club, Hawke's Bay J.C., Dunedin J.C., Wellington R.C., and Marlborough Racing Club, and also at the offices of the V.R.C., Melbourne, and A.J.C., Sydney.

The jockeys Hewitt, Pine, and Derrett returned South by the Waihora. Hewitt, with seven wins, topped the list of winning horsemen at the A.R.C. meeting. Derrett, whose mount San Patricia fell with him in the County Handicap, will not be all right for a week longer, one of his feet having been rather badly sprained. The veteran horseman was really more hurt than was at first supposed.

There are only seven horses left in the Wellington Cup, which, on paper, looks a fair thing for St. Michael. The turns in the Wellington course, and the left-handed way of going, may, however, not suit St. Michael as well as the Ellerslie course. Cannie Chief may run well, but with St. Michael out the race would look more open. St. Michael, Menschikoff, and Cruciform will be taken off the Waihora at Wellington, and will remain there for the W.R.C. summer meeting.

Mr Stead's team of horses, Menschikoff, Royal Artillery, Cruciform, Helen Faucit, St. Michael, the three yearlings purchased at Wellington Park, respectively from Radiant, Rubina, and Lady Gertrude, and the Sybil colt purchased at Sylvia Park, were shipped South by the Waihora, in charge of Mr Mason. Mr Stead's private trainer, Sir George Clifford's pair, Glenogle and Goldenmere, and Messrs Pollard and Sullivan's Djin-Djin, in charge of Mr A. Cutts and Mr A. Harding's pair, Tauhei and Materoa, were also on board.

The owner who races under the assumed name of "A. Morgan" succeeded in his appeal against the disqualification of himself, jockey and the filly Austerlitz by the Auckland Racing Club because the evidence, in the opinion of the Appeal Court, did not justify it. The general opinion was that the stewards of the Auckland Racing Club must have had some doubt, or they could not well have imposed such a mild sentence as a three months' disqualification. From all accounts they were not unanimous in

arriving at the disqualification. In two-year-old racing it often happens that we see striking reversals of form, but in this instance there were plenty of arguments in favour of Austerlitz, and a weighty piece of evidence in her favour was that she got bumped by another starter in her first race.

The following is the list of winning owners at the Auckland Racing Club's Summer Meeting:— Mr G. G. Stead, £2210; Mr J. T. Ryan, £1390; Mrs Leonard, £560; Mr C. Lovett, £490; Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan, £335; Mr H. Friedlander, £340; Mr E. D. O'Rorke, £240; Mr F. B. Ross, £240; Mr E. J. Sage, £215; Mr Emmerson, £175; Sir Geo. Clifford, £175; Mr P. Chaufe, £175; Mr H. Moody, £170; Mr R. Pearce, £150; Mr M. Deeble, £125; Mr W. A. Coleman, £125; Major F. Nelson George, £115; Mr J. G. Raip, £105 10/; Mr M. Friedlander, £95; Mr J. Warner, £92 10/; Mr R. Hannon, £80; Messrs R. and R. Duder, £46; Mr Douglas Gordon, £40; Mr J. Chaufe, £40; Mr J. A. Harding, £35; Mr F. Watson, £25; Mr T. McLennan, £25; Mr J. Lovett, £25; Mr S. Bradley, £25; Mr H. Rennick, £25; Mr T. Wyllie, £15; Mr D. A. McLeod, £15; Mr A. F. Vail, £10; Messrs Pollard and Sullivan, £10; Mr D. McKinnon, £10; Mr H. Barr, £10; Mr J. Montgomery, £10; Mr H. Hyland, £10; Mr J. Lynch, £10. Total, £3900.

A.R.C. Summer Meeting.

DERBY DAY.

Beautiful weather favoured the Auckland Racing Club for the third day of their Summer Meeting, and there was again a fine attendance, hundreds of visitors who had not been able to attend on the opening days being present to see the racing on the opening day of 1902. The ladies were in greater force than ever, and as they ventured out in lighter and brighter attire the lawn presented an extremely pretty picture indeed; it is no idle boast to say that in no other part of New Zealand can be seen such a gay throng as meets the eye at Ellerslie at this festive season. It was a record Derby Day assemblage.

There was plenty of speculation at the totalisators, and, notwithstanding that there was no business on the Great Northern Derby the turnover on the seven races decided during the day constitutes a record. £20,228 is a large sum to handle, and showed an advance of £1610 on the corresponding day of 1901, the turnover for the three days of the meeting having reached no less than £56,006. Mr Cutts' starting showed an improvement on that official's work on the second day. The only faulty dismissal was in the Midsummer Handicap, in which Idas and Wairiki were left some lengths. The judging gave satisfaction, and Mr Lusk had a very close finish to decide in the A.R.C. Handicap, between Nonette and Bluejacket, and a still closer one for second place in the Pony Handicap between Lady Avon and Blue Paul. The management generally was up-to-date. An accident, fortunately not attended with serious results, occurred in the County Handicap through the falling of Landlock and San Patricia. Satman and Derrett were the respective riders of these horses. Derrett was brought back to the paddock in the ambulance waggon a little late.

The racing was full of entertainment. Rosella, the favourite, had a somewhat easy victory in the Glasgow Handicap from Solo, Sparkling Water and seven others. Princess of Thule, Rufus and Tim were the leaders throughout in the New Year Hurdle Handicap, and the Lord of the Isles mare had something to spare in the run down the straight, while Tim

was beaten off. The Great Northern Derby was reduced to a match between Mr. G. G. Stead's representatives, Menschikoff and Royal Artillery, and the spectators had the satisfaction of seeing two champion colts on the track, but it can hardly be said that they measured strides, as Menschikoff was always well in front, and won very easily in record time for the race, viz., 2.38 1/2. A low-set, lengthy, handsome colt, Menschikoff was greatly admired, and so also Royal Artillery, who is a commanding, big colt, that may be served by time. There was considerable enthusiasm as they returned to scale, and again when the son of Stepiak was decorated on the lawn with the blue riband by Miss Buckland, daughter of the president of the club. Helen Faucit had everything apparently her own way at the business end of the Midsummer Handicap, after getting a bad passage, but the outsider Mary Seaton, sold on the previous day by auction at the Sylvia Park sale for 125 guineas to Mr. R. Pearce, stole up on the inside, and snatched the race from the favourite. Hohoro's victory in the County Handicap was full of merit, as he carried the steeper of 10.5, and won most decisively. The race of the day was fought out by Nonette and Bluejacket. This was in the Auckland Racing Club's Handicap, in which St. Michael, the Cup winner, was favourite. While St. Michael ran a good race, he could not finish with the other pair. Opposite the grandstand Nonette caught and passed Bluejacket, but the last-named responding, though Lindsay had dropped his whip, got within a head of the younger horse as the line was crossed. There was much cheering as the horses were walked back to scale, and the cheering was renewed when the clerk of the scales declared "all right." Nonette's performance was a distinctly good one, his time, 2.38, being the fastest accomplished race by a three-year-old or by any horse carrying so much weight. Steppaw cleverly won the Pony Race, and Balbirnie, on whom we had a good exposition of the Sloan style of riding, for once in a way, showed winning form in the Maiden Handicap, the concluding event on the card. Cavalry came in second, but was found to be short-weight, and that place was assigned to Royal Conqueror. Results:

- GLASGOW HANDICAP of 150 sovs., second horse 15 sovs., third horse 10 sovs. Seven furlongs. 954—L. D. and N. A. Nathans' ch m Rosella, 5yrs., by Seaton De-la-val—Roie, 9.12 (Gallagher) 1 120—J. Lovett's ch g Solo, 8.10 (Jillings) 2 138—R. Emmerson's ch f Sparkling Water, 8.4 (Satman)..... 3 138, Tauhei, 8.5 (Ready); 203, Red Lancer, 8.3 (Buchanan); 725, Reclaimer, 7.9 (Lindsay); 46, Golden Rose, 7.9 (Phillips); 186, Ragabrah, 7.0 (Percival); 76, Despatch, 7.0 (Barr); 21, Putty, 6.10 (Cameron). Rosella, Despatch and Reclaimer was the order from the barrier, but Reclaimer went on in front of Despatch to the turn for home, where Solo and Sparkling Water were running close at the heels of the leading pair, Rosella closing up. Reclaimer retired a little further on, and once in the straight Rosella ran through, and with something to spare won by two lengths from Solo, who beat Sparkling Water a length, Red Lancer a nose off fourth. Despatch and Golden Rose together next. Time, 1.30. Dividends £1 16/6 and £4 17/6. NEW YEAR'S HANDICAP HURDLES, 150 sovs., second 15 sovs., third 10 sovs. Two miles. 383—M. Deeble's br m Princess of Thule, by Lord of the Isles—Lady Sarah, aged, 9.11 (M. Deeble) 1 433—R. Hannon's Rufus, 10.0 (Berry) 2 743—H. Moody's Tim, 10.11 (Weal) 3 129, Cavaliero, 13.10 (Howard); 223, Cannongate, 11.7 (Stewart); 120, Khama, 9.0 (R. Hall); 128, Tresham, 9.0 (O'Neill). Rufus, Princess of Thule, and Tim made the running so strong that all the rest were beaten off after the first six furlongs had been traversed. Princess of Thule headed Rufus half a mile from home, and won handsily by three lengths. Tim ten lengths off third. Time 3.50. Dividends, £1 6/6 and £1 5/6.

GREAT NORTHERN DERBY, 500 sovs., second 30 sovs., third 25 sovs. One mile and a half.
 G. G. Stead's b c Menschikoff, by Stepniak—Fibroch, 2.10 (Hewitt) 1
 G. I. Stead's Royal Artillery, 2.10 (Derrett) 2

Menschikoff went off with the lead from the barrier post, and making the pace strong led from end to end, winning easily by a length. Time 2.38. Betting 3 to 1 on Menschikoff.

MIDSUMMER HANDICAP of 200sovs., second horse 35sovs., third horse 15sovs. Five furlongs.

160—R. Peace's b f Mary Seaton, by Seaton Delaval—Bragela, 7.7 (Buchanan) 1
 1234—G. G. Stead's b f Helen Faucit, 8.11 (Hewitt) 2
 468—D. Gordon's ch c Porirua, 8.10 (Pyne) 3

694 Idas, 9.6 (Taylor); 273 Northumberland, 9.0 (Gallagher); 125 Wairiki, 8.0 (Gainsford); 257 Spalpeen, 7.3 (Lindsay).

Porirua and Helen Faucit were first away, Idas and Wairiki being left some lengths. Porirua and Spalpeen led into the straight, Mary Seaton, Helen Faucit and Northumberland being the order of the other runners. Half way down the straight Porirua was leading, but inside the distance Helen Faucit forged ahead. Mary Seaton, however, came with a run at the finish, and sneaking up on the rails won by a length, two lengths between second and third. Time, 1.43. Dividends: £13 10/6 and 11/6.

COUNTY HANDICAP of 200sovs., second 35sovs., third, 15sovs. Six furlongs.

777—C. Lovett's b g Hohoro, by Tasman—Lady Moth, 5yrs., 10.5 (Jilling) 1
 294—R. and R. Duder's Takapuna, 8.3 (Gainsford) 2
 250—Major George's Zealous, 6.10 (Percival) 3

899 Goldenmere, 8.7 (Pyne); 651 San Patricia, 8.7 (R. Derrett); 106 Winsome, 7.11 (J. Scats); 195 Reclaimer, 7.11 (S. Lindsay); 152 St. Olga, 7.6 (Speakman); 35 Cressy, 7.6 (Cameron); 105 Landlock, 7.4 (Satman); 66 Despatch, 7.3 (Barr); 108 Maroon and Gold, 7.3 (Buchanan); 193 Scotty, 7.3 (Jones).

The start was a good one, Takapuna, Reclaimer and St. Olga showing out early. After running a furlong Goldenmere drew to the front, Winsome, Reclaimer and Maroon and Gold next in order. Goldenmere remained in front to the straight, where St. Olga, Hohoro and St. Patricia and Landlock were prominent. Here Landlock and San Patricia came down. Half way down the running Hohoro came to the front, and Takapuna and Zealous catching Goldenmere, Despatch and St. Olga in the run home, finished neck and neck, second and third respectively, three lengths away from Hohoro. Time, 1.17. Dividends: £2 17/ and £2 10/.

AUCKLAND RACING CLUB HANDICAP, of 750sovs., second 100sovs., third 50sovs. 1 1/2 miles.

434—J. T. Ryan's ch c Nonette, by Seaton Delaval—Charlotte, 3yrs., 9.4 (Ryan) 1
 730—P. Chasfe's Bluejacket, 9.3 (Lindsay) 2
 1654—G. G. Stead's St. Michael, 9.0 (Hewitt) 3

340 Battleaxe, 9.3 (Gallagher); 226 Coronet, 8.6 (Julian); 54 Formula, 8.2 (Pyne); 277 Laetitia, 7.7 (Buchanan); 128 Materoa, 7.7 (Ready).

A good start was effected, Laetitia at once showing in front, with Bluejacket, Nonette, and St. Michael in order, and in this way they came to the Derby Stand, where Materoa came through and joined Laetitia, the pair leading past the stand to the mile post, where Bluejacket was third, Coronet fourth, St. Michael and Nonette fifth and sixth. At the back of the course Laetitia was still leading Materoa, after whom came Bluejacket, who displaced Materoa at the five furlong post, where Coronet and St. Michael were together, with Nonette at their heels, the field having taken close order. At the turn for home Bluejacket assumed command, and Nonette and St. Michael went after him. When just

below the distance Nonette had got within a length or two of Bluejacket, St. Michael being two lengths away. Nonette was then called upon, and passing the main stand had headed Bluejacket by nearly a length. Answering again, Bluejacket made a final effort, and after a struggle the pair went past the post together, the judge declaring in favour of Nonette by a head, St. Michael two and a half lengths away third, Battleaxe, Laetitia, Coronet, and Formula following the placed trio home. Time 2.38. Dividend, £5 19/6 and £1 3/6.

PONY HANDICAP, 100sovs. Second 10sovs., third 5 sovs. Six furlongs.

465—M. Friedlander's br m Stepaway, by Stepniak—Kate Greenaway, 5yrs., 9.0 (Buchanan) 1
 784—J. G. Ralph's Lady Avon, 10.6 (Scats) 2
 234—J. Warner's Blue Paul, 10.4 (Quinton) 3

* Dead heat.
 395, Orange and Blue, 10.7 (Lindsay); 202, Wherekino, 7.12 (Speakman); 61, Trooper, 7.2 (Ross); 316 Gladys Rose, 7.3 (Jennings); 190 Mamo, 6.7 (Cameron); 27, Annoyed.

Lady Avon made the pace, followed by Gladys Rose to the straight, where Stepaway appeared on the scene, and coming from the distance strongly, won by two clear lengths. Blue Paul catching Lady Avon and making a dead heat for second place. Time, 1.18. Dividend, £3 7/6 Stepaway, 7/6 Lady Avon; £1 5/6 Blue Paul.

MAIDEN HANDICAP of 150sovs., second 15sovs., third 10sovs. 1 1/2 miles.

324—E. J. Sages' ch m Balbirnie, by St. Leger—Coalscuttle, 8.0 (Hewitt) 1
 91—T. Wylie's Royal Conqueror, 7.7 (McKay) 2
 894—T. McKay's Cavalry, 8.10 (Buchanan), disqualified.

135, Sly Miss, 7.12 (Satman); 457 Commodore, 7.7 (Speakman); 224, Jessamine, 6.9 (Cameron).

Jessamine, Balbirnie, and Sly Miss ran in company past the stand, and were running in that order past the mile post, but going along the back and past the cutting Sly Miss was in front. A little further on Balbirnie went to the head of affairs, and galloping freely stalling off a late run by Cavalry, won by three lengths, Royal Conqueror a length off third. Time, 2.14 1/5. Dividend, £5 19/.

STEEPLECHASE DAY.

The Auckland Racing Club's summer meeting was brought to a conclusion on Thursday in fine weather, the several light showers that fell during the progress of the sport not causing any discomfort to the goodly assemblage—probably a record one for a fourth day's racing at Ellerslie. Speculation was as keen as ever, the sum of £17,533 being handled at the totalisators, as against £15,904 on the corresponding day of 1901. Thus the total reached the sum of £73,539 for the four days, being an increase of £6023 over last year, and a record turnover for the colony, at which the executive of the Auckland Racing Club, who have increased their stakes largely, should be pleased. The judge, Mr R. B. Lusk, had only one really close finish to decide during the day, that in the Pony Race, between St. Loanda and Lady Avon. Mr Cutts got the fields away very well, and Mr Percival (secretary) and staff, Mr H. H. Hayr (totalisator worker) and staff managed their respective departments in a manner that gave satisfaction to the public.

Seven went to the post for the Ascot Handicap, Materoa being made favourite. In the hands of Hewitt, Balbirnie came through in the last furlong, after the running had been made in turn by Golden Rose, her stable companion, and by Ragabrah and Despatch, and won easily. There were five starters in the Sylvia Handicap, Helen Faucit being with-

drawn at the last moment. Kelburn got a winning turn. Smartest from the barrier, the fine-looking, improving son of Hotchkiss finished strongly, and shaking off the opposition, won cleverly from Grey Seaton, who was conceding him 11lb. The Grandstand Handicap saw Nonette go out first favourite in a field of nine, and a really good race he ran, carrying, as he did, the substantial impost of 9.10, and giving away lots of weight to other runners. He ran a slashing race, the best of his career, but had to put up with a length defeat at the hands of St. Michael, who, after running behind his field, came on the outside over the last three furlongs, and won in a masterly manner, while Volee just beat Sparkling Water, another outsider, for third place. The Seventh Royal Stakes was easily won by Royal Artillery. As Stead has won this event six times. Sir George Clifford furnished the runner-up in Goldenmere, who just beat Mr Douglas Gordon's Porirua for second place. The Steeplechase was a treat to witness, and was won by that consistent gelding Voltigeur II, who appeared to be beaten when Princess of Thule fell on top of the hill the last time round. There was great enthusiasm when the old grey was ridden back to scale by Mitchell. Rufus ran a capital race for a small one, but old Nor-west, the hero of so many bat's, was quite used up before breasting the hill the last time. Hohoro covered himself with glory by getting away last and winning the Newmarket Handicap, carrying 10.12, top weight, and beating 13 others, including Rosella, Glenogie, and Takapuna, recent winners, all in receipt of liberal allowances in weight. Mr Lovett's victory was most popular. Mr Stead elected to give Cruciform a run in the Auckland Plate, and the daughter of St. Leger and Forme easily accounted for Bluejacket and for Lippowai, who was nearly distanced. St. Loanda and Lady Avon were about equal favourites for the Pony Handicap, which ended up in a very close finish between the pair. The following are the results:

ASCOT HANDICAP of 100sovs., second horse 10sovs. One mile.

361—E. J. Page's ch m Balbirnie, 4yrs., by St. Leger—Coalscuttle, 8.0 (Hewitt) 1
 221—Major George's ch f Ragabrah, 6.10 (Percival) 2
 143—H. Hyland's ch f Despatch, 6.9 (Barr) 3

329 The Needle, 8.0 (Gainsford); 545 Materoa, 8.0 (Ready); 102 Paul Seaton, 11.0 (Phillips); 173 Golden Rose, 7.0 (Satman).

The Needle and Materoa were prominent for a few strides, where Golden Rose took up the running and carried it on in front of the Needle and Ragabrah till well into the straight, Despatch and Balbirnie coming next. Just before the Derby Stand the fast-compounding Golden Rose was headed by Ragabrah and Despatch in turn, and Despatch was in front at the Derby Stand, but there Balbirnie shot up and coming on won easily by two lengths, a length between the second and third, Materoa fourth. Time, 1m 44.3s. Dividends: £4 11/6 and £1 16/.

SYLVIA HANDICAP of 150sovs., second horse 15sovs.; third horse 10 sovs. Six furlongs.

546—Mr H. Friedlander's ch c Kelburn, by Hotchkiss—Lady Augusta, 8.7 (Gainsford) 1
 409—Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan's br c Grey Seaton, 9.4 (Gallagher) 2
 383—Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan's b c Northumberland, 8.7 (Buchanan) 3

Also started: 214 Mary Seaton, 7.10 (Pyne); 105 Swagsman, 8.10 (Satman).

Kelburn and Mary Seaton got the best, and Northumberland the worst, of the start. Kelburn continued in the front to the turn for home, where Mary Seaton retired and Grey Seaton started to close up. Half-way down the running Grey Seaton ran up to Kelburn, who, however, responded, and finishing the faster won by two clear lengths, Northumberland a length away third. Time, 1m 19s. Dividend, £2 14/6.

GRANDSTAND HANDICAP of 600 sovs., second horse 30sovs., third 25sovs. 1 1/2 miles.

697—G. G. Stead's br h St. Michael, by St. Leger—leb Dien, 4yrs., 9.5 (Hewitt) 1
 909—J. T. Ryan's ch c Nonette, 9.10 (Ryan) 2
 113—Mr S. Bradley's Volee, 6.7 (Cameron) 3

Also started: 599, Battleaxe, 9.3 (Gallagher); 259, Val Rosa, 8.12 (Taylor); 273, Coronet, 8.2 (Julian); 517, Letitia, 7.9 (Buchanan); 131 Sparkling Water, 7.0 (Satman); 127, Tauhei, 6.12 (O'Brien).

As soon as the barrier was raised Laetitia and Battleaxe went off in front, but in passing the stand and going to the mile post Sparkling Water, Laetitia and Tauhei was the order. Tauhei assumed command going past the seven-furlong post and down the back of the course, where Sparkling Water and Laetitia were running second and third, Nonette fourth and St. Michael last of all. Going through the cutting Tauhei faltered, Sparkling Water and Laetitia being left in front. Then came Battleaxe and Val Rosa, Nonette on the inside and St. Michael closing up on the outside. At the Derby Stand Sparkling Water was still in front, but Nonette was handy, and opposite the main stand had caught Sparkling Water, but St. Michael, coming with telling strides on the outside, got through and won handily by a length from Nonette, Volee, who finished well in the last stride, beating Sparkling Water by a nose, three-quarters of a length behind Nonette, Laetitia fifth. Time, 2.10. Dividends: £3 17/6 and 17/.

SEVENTH ROYAL STAKES of 500 sovs., second horse 50sovs., third horse 25sovs. Six furlongs.

236—G. G. Stead's br c Royal Artillery, 3yrs., by Hotchkiss—Rose of Wellington, 9.2 (Hewitt) 1
 25—Sir George Clifford's ch g Goldenmere, 8.3 (Pyne) 2
 47—D. Gordon's Porirua, 6.13 (Cameron) 3

These were the only starters. Porirua had a length advantage as they galloped to the barrier, and he and Royal Artillery went on in company to the turn for home, where Royal Artillery came away and led for the rest of the journey, winning pulling up by a clear length from Goldenmere, who came on at the finish and beat Porirua by half a length for second place. Time, 1.16.3 sec. Dividend, £1 3/.

AUCKLAND STEEPLECHASE HANDICAP of 360sovs.; second 50sovs.; third 10sovs. 3 1/2 miles.

524—Mr F. B. Ross' gr g Voltigeur II, by Lionel—Nora, aged, 10.7 (Mitchell) 1
 360—Mr R. Hannon's Rufus, 9.7 (Berry) 2
 149—Messrs Pollard and Sullivan's Straybird, 10.5 (Morraghan) 3

Also started: 872, Nor-west, 11.12 (Moore); 644, Dingo, 10.6 (Monro); 160, Jack, 9.10 (Wright); 54, Kowhai, 9.10 (Tooman); 630, Princess of Thule, 9.9 (Deeble).

Voltigeur II went to the front as soon as the signal was given, followed by Rufus, Princess of Thule and Nor-west. Going over the hill Princess of Thule and Voltigeur II were together, Nor-west, Rufus and Straybird being handy, and in this way they came down the hill and ran over the flat. Voltigeur II, Princess of Thule, Nor-west and Rufus were well together over the first water jump and over the second water jump. Going down the back Voltigeur still led, with Princess of Thule at his side, Straybird and Rufus following, with Nor-west and Dingo in close order. There was no change in the order over the hill, and on to the flat the second time, but Voltigeur and Princess of Thule were still forcing the pace as they crossed the double, Straybird, Nor-west and Rufus being next in order. At the hill Princess of Thule went to the front, and led Voltigeur II by two lengths going through the trees, Rufus passing Straybird and getting into third place when the summit was reached. At the first fence on the hill Princess of Thule dislodged her rider, leaving Voltigeur II ten

or twice lengths in front of Rufus, Straybird next, and Dingo and Nor-west a long way back, Dingo following the example of Princess of Thule. Rufus started to close on Voltigeur as they came down the hill, and had got to within a couple of lengths of the grey at the last hurdle but could not improve on his position, and finished three lengths off, Straybird seven or eight lengths off third, Jack and Kowhai walked in with the crowd. Time, 8.15. Dividends, £4 7/6 and £2 2/6.

NEWMARKET HANDICAP, 300sovs., second horse 40sovs., third 10sovs. Six furlongs.

- 471—C. Lovett's b. g. Hohoro, by Tasman—Lady Moth, 5yrs, 10.12 (Jillings)..... 1
- 103—J. Chaeffe's St. Olga, 7.4 (Speakman)..... 2
- 254—R. R. Duder's Takapuna, 8.8 (Gainsford)..... 3
- 649, Rosella, 9.12 (Gallagher); 267, Glenogle, 9.7 (Pyne); 261, Formula, 8.10 (Hewitt); 24, Tolstol, 8.0 (McKay); 87, Tukapa, 9.10 (Jones); 117, Reclaimet, 7.8 (Jenkins); 30, Winsome, 7.4 (O'Brien); 254, Lady Avon, 7.4 (Abbott); 103, Zealous, 7.4 (Percival); 87, Scotty, 7.2 (Barr); 76, Hesper, 6.9 (Setman), also started.

Reclaimet and Scotty got off smartly, St. Olga and Lady Avon showing clear of the ruck, at the tail end of which came Hohoro. Reclaimet led till coming down to the four-furlong post, where Lady Avon shot out and led St. Olga and Scotty to the turn and well down the straight, when Scotty retired, Lady Avon slowing down. Rosella and Hohoro were now close up. About the half-distance Hohoro, next the rails, got through and won by half a length from St. Olga, Takapuna a length and a half away third, Lady Avon fourth, Rosella fifth, Glenogle sixth. Time, 1.16. Dividends, £4 4/6 and £6 9/.

AUCKLAND PLATE, of 400sovs., second 75sovs., third 25sovs. out of the stakes. One mile and a half.

- 603—G. G. Stead's ch. f. Cruciform, by St. Leger—Forme, 3yrs, 7.11 (Jones)..... 1
- 193—P. Chaeffe's Bluejacket, 9.4 (Lindsay)..... 2
- 20—H. Rennick's Hippowai, 8.11 (Taylor)..... 3

Bluejacket led Hippowai past the stand, and there Cruciform was hampered for a few strides by Hippowai, Bluejacket going on six lengths in front past the seven-furlong post. At the end of the circuit Cruciform was on terms, and going on won easily by a clear length, Hippowai distanced. Time, 2.41. Dividend, £1 4/6.

PONY HANDICAP, 100sovs., second 19sovs., third 5sovs.

- 857—H. Friedlander's ch. m. St. Loanda, by St. George—Flat-terer, 5yrs, 9.2 (Gainsford)..... 1
- 817—J. G. Ralph's Lady Avon, 10.11 (Soats)..... 2
- 202—J. Montgomery's Gladys Rose, 8.4 (Jennins)..... 3

Also started: 304, Orange and Blue, 10.12 (Smith); 164, Ukase, 8.10 (Searle); 56, Polly Perkins, 7.0 (Barr); 66, Grisette, 7.0 (Abbott); 349, Man-moa, 6.8 (O'Brien); 90, Pukiori, 6.7 (Cameron); 01, Annoyed, 6.7 (Phillips). Won by a head. Time, 1.62. Dividends, £2 9/ and 17/.



TAKAPUNA J.C. WEIGHTS.

The following are the weights assigned by Mr W. Knight, handicapper to the Takapuna Jockey Club, for the Cup and Steeplechase at the Summer Meeting—**TAKAPUNA CUP of 500sovs. Distance, 14 miles.**

at lb	at lb
Nonette..... 9	Red Lancer..... 7 5
Bluejacket..... 8 8	St. Gordon..... 7 2
Rosella..... 8 10	Spiking Water..... 7 0
Beddington..... 8 10	Rogalia II..... 7 0
Nal Rosa..... 8 6	Defender..... 6 12
Coronet..... 7 13	Blue Paul..... 6 10
St. Ursula..... 7 12	Scotty..... 6 9
Formula..... 7 12	Hikipeno..... 6 9
St. Paul..... 7 10	Golden Rose..... 6 7
Mukapa..... 7 5	Hesper..... 6 7

FIRST HANDICAP STEEPLCHASE of 150sovs. Distance, 2 1/2 miles.

at lb	at lb
Cannogah..... 12 7	Dingo..... 10 2
Nor-west..... 11 6	Kanaka..... 10 2
Voltigeur II..... 10 8	Rufus..... 9 12
Straybird..... 10 8	Thule..... 9 7
Princess Thule..... 10 8	Tuirne..... 9 7
Sudden..... 10 4	Kowhai..... 9 7
Wags. Wonder..... 10 4	Jack..... 9 7

Thoroughbred Yearling Sales.

THE ONE TREE HILL LOT.

The first annual sale of thoroughbred yearlings, the property of Mr. Leonard Marshall, was held at the One Tree Hill Stud Farm on Monday, when fourteen lots came under the hammer. Mr. S. Buckland, of the firm of Alfred Buckland & Sons, officiated as salesman. Mr. Buckland, in opening the sale, announced that the vendor intended that every lot should go absolutely to the highest bidder, and that it was the first sale from what was a growing stud, which in time would develop into greater prominence. There were present at the ringside quite a representative crowd of racing men and breeders, and some of the lots were well competed for. Amongst those present were Sir George Clifford, Messrs. G. G. Stead, H. Friedlander, J. B. Reid, well-known Canterbury horse-owners; Mr. W. G. Stead, Mr. F. H. Pyne, of Pyne & Co., stock salesman of the firm of Pyne & Co., who sell the annual drafts of Elder's yearlings in Canterbury. Mr. E. O'Rorke, who was shortly to claim once more as an Auckland, was also present. Conspicuous were Mr. T. M. Wilford, M.H.R., from Wellington; Donald Fraser, breeder and owner of Advance, from Rangitikei; Mr. Predeux Tancred, a long-time racing man from the Wairarapa; Monte Mills, from Taranaki; and L. D. Pelechet, from Hawke's Bay. There were other visitors more or less identified with sport, and most of the more prominent Auckland horse-owners, and a number of visiting as well as local trainers.

It was some time before Mr. Buckland secured a bid for the first lot, a bay, plain-headed lengthy daughter of the Dreadnought horse, Coeur de Lion and the Musket mare Falconet, who went to Mr. James Hill cheap enough at 20 guineas. The very next lot, a shapely and medium-sized all-quality bay filly, by Eton from the Robinson Crusoe mare Pit-a-pat, strangely failed to attract attention, and fell to the bid of Mr. Sands, a great bargain, at 16 guineas. The first of the Cyrenians to come under the hammer was a good bay from the Howitzer—Fair Lillian mare Chic. Fair Lillian and Howitzer both being by Musket, in this gelding we have the doubling up of a stout strain, and in conformation and general appearance there was no fault to be found, and 31 guineas, the price at which he was secured, was not his value. His destination is Taranaki, Mr. Monte Mills being the buyer. The Eton-Orini gelding, the result of an experiment with the Certes Impregnator, went cheap at 14 guineas. The appearance in the ring of the Medallion—Melodia colt caused more life to be infused into the proceedings. Mr. Stead put in several bids, and stayed to 150 guineas, but Mr. E. D. O'Rorke capped that offer with another 5 guineas, and secured a well-grown, lengthy and racing-looking youngster, probably the pick of Mr. Marshall's lot. A neat chestnut filly on the small side by the same sire, out of imported Kilmorley, and half-sister to Newry, had recently met with an accident, and Mr. Sands got her for 38 guineas, less probably than she would have realised had she been perfectly right on the day. A brown colt, lop-eared and somewhat plain, but of fair size, by Splendor, went from 50 guineas to 112 guineas, and was secured by Mr. Telfer. Enlarged hind fetlocks detracted from his appearance, but probably not from his actual value. A brown colt, a bit slack-backed, by Jet d'Eau from Iphimede, daughter of Nordenfeldt, of medium size, went cheap to Mr. B. Nichols for 20 guineas, and for breeding purposes alone the Captain Webb—Lady Hamilton filly should repay the outlay of 15 guineas she cost. By many regarded the pick of the stud, "the show of the shop," the Cyrenian—Silk colt, a good dark bay, attracted much attention, chiefly, it may be surmised, on his breeding, being a descendant of the famous Juliet family. Taking some of the character of his sire, he nevertheless gave the impression of being a little short-necked and stub-shouldered and wanting in lower thighs, but competition soon told that he was held in respect by men of metal, and Mr. H. Friedlander staying longest got him at 195 guineas, the top-priced colt of the

day. I hardly expected the Cyrenian—Windmill colt to go for as little as 30 guineas, at which price he was secured by Mr. Handley. An injury to one of his hocks, all signs of which are nearly obliterated, however, may have stopped intending buyers, and then again he was not shown in the best of condition, having been more recently than others affected with influenza—a trouble that the Torpedo—Sabrina colt purchased by Mr. Chadwick had only lately suffered from. Both these colts would have made more money had they been put into the ring in better condition. Mr. E. Stenning got the bay gelding by Cyrenian, from Avoca, for the low price of 20 guineas. The orphan filly, by Eton from Kitty Flynn, by Trident, only the size of a foal, was purchased by Mr. Gorrie for 15 guineas. The total for the fourteen lots came to 761 guineas, giving an average of 54 1/2 guineas per lot. The following is a list of the sales:

- Bay filly by Coeur de Lion—Falconet, 20 guineas, Mr. Jas. Hill.
- Bay filly by Eton—Pit-a-pat, 16 guineas, Mr. Sands.
- Bay gelding by Cyrenian—Chic, 31 guineas, Mr. M. Mills.
- Bay gelding by Eton (per Certes Impregnator), out of Orini, 14 guineas, Mr. Hodge.
- Bay colt by Medallion—Melodia, 153 guineas, Mr. E. D. O'Rorke.
- Chestnut filly by Medallion—Kilmorley, 38 guineas, Mr. Sands.
- Brown colt by Splendor—Storm, 112 guineas, Mr. Telfer.
- Brown colt by Jet d'Eau—Iphimede, 20 guineas, Mr. Nicoll.
- Bay filly by Captain Webb—Lady Hamilton, 15 guineas, Mr. J. Thorpe.
- Bay colt by Cyrenian—Silk, 193 guineas, Mr. Friedlander.
- Bay gelding by Cyrenian—Avoca, 90 guineas, Mr. F. Stenning.
- Bay colt by Cyrenian—Windmill, 90 guineas, Mr. W. Handley.
- Black colt by Torpedo—Sabrina, 20 guineas, Mr. J. Chadwick.
- Brown filly by Eton—Kitty Flynn, 15 guineas, Mr. H. T. Gorrie.

MESSRS. DUDER BROS.' YEAR-LINGS.

Five yearlings, all by Cuirassier, were then sold on account of Messrs. Duder Bros. of the North Shore. The first, a very shapely, promising brown colt from Lady Agnes, by Nelson, from Sister Agnes (imp.), went dirt cheap to the bid of Mr. F. Stenning at 71 guineas. A Roman-nosed, lengthy, loose-made bay colt, a good useful sort, from Annabelle, was bought, well worth the money, by Mr. H. Friedlander, at 65 guineas. Anita's daughter, a racy filly, went to the same buyer at 50 guineas, and was probably secured as much for her blood as anything else. She should race, however. Hune's daughter, purchased by Mr. C. Weal for 35 guineas, is well grown. Had the filly by Cuirassier from Miss Stead, and purchased by Mr. Barleyman, been better hocked, she would no doubt have commanded a much higher price. The average was 50 1/2 guineas.

- Brown colt by Cuirassier—Lady Agnes, 71 guineas, Mr. F. Stenning.
- Bay colt by Cuirassier—Annabelle, 65 guineas, Mr. Friedlander.
- Brown filly by Cuirassier—Anita, 50 guineas, Mr. Friedlander.
- Bay filly by Cuirassier—Hune, 35 guineas, Mr. C. Weal.
- Bay filly by Cuirassier—Miss Stead, 21 guineas, Mr. J. Barleyman.

THE SYLVIA PARK LOT.

The tenth annual sale of yearlings bred by the Messrs. Nathan was held at Sylvia Park on Tuesday. There was a large attendance of sportsman, many of whom had come from

different parts of the colony. Amongst the more prominent of the visitors were Sir George Clifford, the Hon. H. Mosman, Hon. Horrie, Messrs. G. O. Stead, P. H. Lawry, F. H. Pyne, Abbott, Turnbull, D. Fraser, T. Wilford, J. B. Reid, J. Cooke, G. Palmer, L. D. Pelechet, J. Collier, A. Gordon, E. D. O'Rorke, M. Miller, F. Watson, H. Friedlander, P. Tancred, C. Chavannes, W. F. Massey and D. McKinnon; but nearly all our local horse-owners were at the ringside, and a larger muster has never been seen there. The sale was conducted by Mr. H. Nolan, auctioneer for the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company, and it was announced that every lot would be sold without reserve. This led to spirited competition, and generally the prices obtained may be said to have been good, the average of the thirteen lots being just on 128 1/2 guineas. Mary Seaton, the two-year-old, by Seaton Delaval from Bragela, with her engagements, was sold for 125 guineas to Mr. R. Peace, of Waikoi, after which the yearlings were disposed of in the order following:

- Brown filly by Seaton Delaval—Charents, Mr W. Ryan (Auckland)..... 123 Gns.
- Bay filly by Seaton Delaval—Campania, Mr W. Thompson (Auckland)..... 150
- Brown colt by Hotchkiss—Jade-stone, Mr C. Chavannes (Wanganui)..... 485
- Bay colt by Seaton Delaval—Innisfail, Mr B. Armitage (Auckland)..... 45
- Chestnut filly by Seaton Delaval—Leocant, Mr F. H. Pyne (Christchurch)..... 40
- Brown filly by Cuirassier—Lady Moth, Mr W. Lovett (Auckland)..... 120
- Bay colt by Seaton Delaval—Miss Letty, Mr H. Friedlander (Christchurch)..... 200
- Chestnut filly by Seaton Delaval—Maratea, Hon. H. Mosman (Queensland)..... 25
- Chestnut filly by Seaton Delaval—Miss Gladys, Mr J. B. Reid (Christchurch)..... 100
- Chestnut gelding by Splendor—Orchestra, Mr P. Chaeffe (Auckland)..... 20
- Bay filly by Seaton Delaval—Sunbeam, Mr Irving Sayles (Auckland)..... 30
- Brown colt by Hotchkiss—Sybil, Mr G. G. Stead..... 260
- Bay filly by Seaton Delaval—Waitemata, Mr H. Friedlander (Christchurch)..... 90
- Total..... 1670

THE GLENORA PARK LOT.

- Bay colt by Soult—Helen McGregor, Mr J. Litherland..... 65 Gns.
- Brown colt by Soult—Lady Emmeline, Mr H. H. Hayr..... 55
- Brown colt by Soult—Lady Antrim, Mr B. Nichols..... 65

WELLINGTON PARK YEARLINGS.

The sixteenth annual sale of the Wellington Park yearlings was attended by one of the largest audiences that have assembled at the old familiar stud farm. There are few attractions connected with the racing world more thoroughly enjoyable than an afternoon at these annual sales, and Mr. Morrin made excellent arrangements for the accommodation of intending buyers and others who were present merely as interested spectators. When the auctioneer, Mr. H. Nolan, mounted the rostrum, the scene presented round the well-tanned yard was one that will not soon be forgotten, for seated round the enclosure were representative

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New Zealand sportsmen in strong force, and a few from our sister colonies. Amongst the visitors were Messrs. Darlow (West Australia), Balliere (Victoria), the Hon. H. Mosman (Queensland), Sir George Clifford, Messrs. G. G. Stead, W. G. Stead, J. B. Reid, F. H. Pyne, P. Campbell, H. Friedlander, W. P. Cowllahaw, R. Allen, E. D. O'Rorke, G. Palmer, all of Canterbury, J. Cooke (Dunedin), L. D. Pelech, T. H. Lowry (Hawke's Bay), D. O'Brien, A. Goodson, M. Mills, J. Tyree (Taranaki), D. Fraser (Rangitikei), T. M. Willford, M.H.R. (Wellington), P. Tancred, J. Cotter (Wairarapa), C. H. Chavaunes (Wanganui). Local owners, breeders and trainers mustered strongly, and there were many from the country districts. Visiting owners secured two-thirds of the thirty lots, but Mr. H. Friedlander, who was the heaviest speculator during the afternoon, will probably, as during the past year, have some of his purchases locally trained, while there is reason to believe that several lots secured by visitors will remain to undergo their early tuition. On the whole Mr. Morrin may be said to have had a good sale, though some of the lots went well within their value. An average of 181 guineas was obtained for 29 of the lots, the foal bred to English time, by Castor from Sapphire, brought down the average, however, of the 30 lots to just under 176 guineas. Mr. T. H. Lowry secured the highest priced colt, by Hotchkiss from Janet, for 500 guineas. The following is the complete sale list:

- Brown filly, by Castor—Tattaghan, Mr. Donald Fraser, 35 guineas.
- Chestnut colt by St. Leger—Lady Harriet, Mr. J. Chadwick, 50 gns.
- Grey filly, Seaton Delaval—Virandiere, Mr. J. Lynch, 75 gns.
- Bay colt by Castor—Lady Peer, Mr. A. Phillips, 30 gns.
- Brown colt, Lord Roslyn—Lady Gertrude, Mr. W. Stead, 35 gns.
- Chestnut filly by Hotchkiss—Dunoon, Hon. H. Mosman, 120 guineas.
- Brown colt by Seaton Delaval—Radiant, Mr. G. G. Stead, 100 guineas.
- Chestnut colt by St. Leger—The Witch, Mr. E. D. O'Rorke, 35 guineas.
- Brown filly, by St. Leger—Cuiralba, Mr. J. Cotter, 70gns.
- Brown colt, by Hotchkiss—Rubina, Mr. G. G. Stead, 340gns.
- Brown filly, by Soult—Jinny, D. Eawright, 50gns.
- Brown colt, by St. Leger—Lady Cecelia, Mr. G. Dunnet, 70gns.
- Chestnut filly, by Muskapeer—Ladybird, Mr. W. Sands, 60gns.
- Chestnut filly by Musketry—Sunningdale: Mr. J. B. Williamson, 45gns.
- Chestnut colt by Hotchkiss—Crescent: Mr. E. J. Watts, 140gns.
- Brown colt by Torpedo—Antelope, 430gns, Mr. P. Chaffe.
- Bay filly by Hotchkiss—St. Evelyn, 260gns, Mr. J. T. Moore.
- Brown colt by Hotchkiss—Lady Evelyn, 260gns, Mr. H. Friedlander.
- Brown filly by Hotchkiss—Rose of Wellington, 520gns, Mr. H. Friedlander.
- Chestnut colt, by Castor—St. Mary, Mr. W. Patterson, 30gns.
- Brown colt, by Hotchkiss—Lady Augusta, Mr. G. Cutts, 350gns.
- Brown colt, by Hotchkiss—Janet, Mr. T. H. Lowry, 560gns.
- Chestnut filly, by Hotchkiss—Armilla, Mr. G. G. Stead, 240gns.
- Chestnut colt, by St. Leger—Brown Alice, Mr. Carlow (Western Australia), 200gns.
- Bay colt, by Castor—Bangle, Mr. D. McLeod, 180gns.
- Chestnut filly by St. Leger—Ganet, Mr. D. Fraser, 170gns.
- Fav colt by St. Leger—Edith Careton, Mr. G. Wright, 250gns.
- Brown filly by Castor—Necklace, Mr. G. Wright, 70 guineas.
- Brown filly by Soult—Forme, Mr. H. Friedlander, 510 guineas.
- Bay colt, by Castor—Sapphire, 20 gns., Mr. G. Patterson.

A total for the sale of Mr Morrin's lots of 5,275 guineas for 30 yearlings.

Doth Distribution.

WELLINGTON ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

The warmest thanks of the proprietors of the "Graphic" and of "Cousin Kate" are due to those in Wellington who gave time and assistance in the judging, distribution, and exhibition of dolls. Mrs. H. Beauchamp, assisted by some kind friends, took a great amount of trouble in connection with the affair. Messrs Warnock and Adkin, the well-known drapers, of Thorndon House, Lambton Quay, were most kind in giving a portion of one of their most important windows for the exhibition of the dolls. A photo of their window, showing the dolls displayed, appears in this issue. The daily press are also thanked for the notice bestowed on the distribution.

KIDNEY AND LIVER COMPLAINT AND WEAKNESS OF THE BLADDER.

CURED BY Vitadatio.

499, Bourke-street, Surrey Hills, Sydney, September 9, 1899.

Mr PALMER—

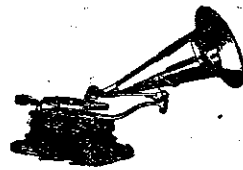
Dear Sir,—Four years ago I was very bad; in fact, I had to walk on crutches. The doctor told me I was suffering from Kidney and Liver Complaint and Weakness in the mouth of the Bladder. He gave me some medicine, but it did not do me any good. I saw in the paper about a Mrs STRANGER having been cured by VITADATIO I decided to try it. I took four small bottles and one large one; the result was that in six weeks I was perfectly cured, and have thrown away my crutches. After I commenced taking VITADATIO I gained one stone in weight in six weeks. From that time to this I have never taken a dose of medicine, and I am perfectly cured of the old complaint. When I took your medicine four years ago I was residing in Macquarie-street, Hobart. I give this testimonial of my own free will, and you are at liberty to publish it if you so desire.—Yours faithfully,

W. R. HURBURGH.

Witness: D. B. Thomas, 367, George-street.

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

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Athletic Sports.

LAWN TENNIS.

(By "Vantage.")

The championship tournament is over and we must now look for other excitement. The Auckland Championship will soon have to be decided, although there is not much likelihood of great interest being taken in that event, except amongst those who aspire to the position of runner-up. The inter-club doubles will shortly be continued, and finished, and I am informed that the Mount Eden Lawn Tennis Club intend to hold a club tournament shortly.

Fisher has, I think, the best service of any man now playing in New Zealand. He varies his pace, places well, and gets a lot of "work" on the ball, all points which the average player generally neglects. Watching the players at the late tournament, I could not but be struck by the stereotyped service of the great majority of them, and in this respect ladies are particularly bad.

"Short of work" will sufficiently describe the form of most of the players at the tournament just finished. Fisher has had little or no "grass" tennis, Peacock was playing so badly that he did not play for over ten days, and only resumed play a week or two before Christmas. The climate prevented Laishley getting as much as he should have had, and many of our local players have suffered similarly. Except in two or three of the championship matches, the form shown this year was, to my mind, very mediocre.

NEW ZEALAND CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT.

FOURTH DAY.

The weather was almost perfect when play was resumed on Monday morning. The chief event of the day was the final for the men's singles championship, in which Peacock of Auckland met Laishley of Wellington. Laishley had been showing brilliant form during the tournament, especially in his matches against Fisher and J. M. Marshall, while Peacock, on the other hand, had not been doing too well either before the tournament or during it, so that good judges of the game were inclined to favour Laishley's chances of success. There was a large attendance of the public by the time the match started, and this increased later on. There must have been nearly five hundred spectators during the later stages of the match. Peacock adopted aggressive tactics from the first. He kept a fine length, placed well, ran in with judgment, and, volleying accurately, had no difficulty in winning the first set 6-2. Continuing his aggressive game, Peacock won the next set 6-4 after a somewhat more evenly-contested set, in which, however, he always had a bit the best of the play. The third set reached five all, when Peacock took the next two games and the single championship of New Zealand, the scores being 6-2, 6-4, 7-5. Peacock played the right game from the start, and gave his opponent few chances. He anticipated well, and when he went up to the net generally scored. Scarcely any one thought that Peacock would win in the hollow fashion in which he did. Laishley is a fine player, but it must be remembered that in Wellington he does not get any one to run in and smother his game as Peacock did in this match. Laishley, unfortunately for him, has not much opportunity of getting practice with better players than himself, and naturally he must suffer for this. Laishley's service is good, being very fast, although somewhat erratic at times, and his sweeping cross-court drive is both graceful and effective. Peacock has been runner-up for this

event several times, and has at last secured the coveted honour, and in congratulating him on the result I must say that his game was well worthy of the final for the men's singles championship of New Zealand.

The men's championship doubles were won by Peacock and Fisher, who beat the Marshall, brothers 8-6, 6-4, 6-3. The absence of Southern entries was very much felt in this event, the "field" unquestionably not being of the same class as that of last year's tournament.

In the champion combined Fisher and Miss Nunneley beat W. S. Stoman and Mrs Neville, 6-2, 6-4. Stoman plays a very good game, and Mrs Neville, considering her long absence from the game, performed wonderfully well. Their match against Peacock and Miss Simpson, in which they put the singles champion and his partner out, was a very good effort.

Miss Nunneley put up a record, even for her, I should think, at this tournament. She was in five events—ladies' champion singles, ladies' champion doubles, combined championship, ladies' handicap, singles and doubles—and she came through in the whole lot. She won her match against Miss Nicholson very easily, 6-1, 6-0.

The final for the ladies' championship doubles was won by Misses Nunneley and Van Asch by two love sets to love, their opponents, Misses Corrie and Scherff, being unable to get a game against them. In this match Miss Van Asch was a model of steadiness. She did not miss anything, and when Miss Nunneley got a chance the rest generally ended.

Several of the handicaps were played off on Tuesday afternoon, when Peacock and Fisher beat Heather and Rice in the men's handicap doubles.

Miss D. Udy and Billing beat Miss Nicholson and Paterson in the combined handicap.

Miss Nunneley had no difficulty in winning the ladies' singles, even with her heavy handicap.

On the whole the tournament was a decided success. The weather on the opening day looked very bad, and the committee wisely decided not to play any championship matches, as there was a heavy shower or two, but after this there was little, except a shade too much wind, to growl at. The committee worked well and energetically, the balls were good, and the umpiring, generally speaking, very satisfactory. A special word of praise is due to the hon. secretary, Mr W. B. A. Morrison, who made an ideal secretary, and carried out his by no means light duties in a manner which gave the utmost satisfaction to players and his colleagues. The lawn stood the wear remarkably well, and I must compliment Mr Horace Walker on the result of his care and attention. At the conclusion of Monday's play Dr. Coates, president of the Association, presented the prizes to the winners of the events which had been finished.

The great clearance sale of summer goods now in progress at Rushbrook and Bridgman's offers a great chance to buyers. Many seasonal lines are being cleared at nominal prices, and substantial reductions are announced in all departments.

After the evening service at the Napier Cathedral recently Mr. Sharp, on behalf of the choir, made a presentation of two Russian leather purses to the Misses Hilda and Kate Hitchings, who have been members of the choir for several years. Miss Hilda Hitchings left by train on New Year's Day for Wellington, and the Misses Kate and Una Hitchings by Thursday's steamer, the two former en route for England and the latter only as far as Wellington to see them off.

EVERY MAN

SUPPLIES from NEWFOUND and PHYSICAL

THE BEST should send for a valuable Pamphlet explaining how all Nervous and Chronic Diseases may be successfully treated without stomach medicine. The method is easy and pleasant, and will affect the most stubborn cases. Sent in a plain sealed envelope free of charge. H. B. FROST, 10, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, E.C. 4. (See also page 10, this issue.)

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Gems of the Pacific.

GROVE OF MAHOGANY TREES.

Tahiti, the largest and most important of the French possessions in the Pacific, is justly celebrated for its enchanting scenery and its fertile soil.

The island is the home of some magnificent specimens of forest flora. Conspicuous among these is the variegated foliage of the Te manu, or island mahogany. A grove of these grand old trees is shown in the photograph.

RAIATEA.

Nearly all the Society Islands are favoured with commodious and sheltered harbours, into which the trading steamers and coasting vessels find safe and easy entrance. Many of these island ports are provided with excellent accommodation for shipping.

Raiatea possesses a substantial wharf, or quay, alongside which vessels can land in safety.

The island is also celebrated for its "Fire Walkers," one tribe particularly being experts at the wonderful performance of walking bare-footed through a furnace of heated stones, and they occasionally give to visitors an exhibition of their daring feats.

BORO-BORO.

The Society Islands, which are nearly all volcanic, are remarkable for the grandeur of their romantic scenery. The steep and craggy outlines of the precipitous hills assume a variety of striking forms, like the weather-worn ruins of towers, castles, or temples.

Boro-boro, the most northerly of the larger islands of the group, presents many changes of aspect, according to the position and distance of the observer. At first it is discerned as a great pyramid, the upper portion of which is lost in the clouds; then, as the cloud lifts, it reveals a counterpart of St Michael's castle-crowned mount. On a nearer approach it assumes the shape of a grand old cathedral, changing again into a representation upon a gigantic scale, of Edinburgh Castle, as seen from the Grass-market. Boro-boro has one of

the finest harbours in tropical Pacific, well protected by the frowning heights and a great coral reef.

NARUTONGA.

This beautiful island is one of the "Pearls of the Pacific." When seen from an approaching vessel, it seems to rise from the sea until its mountain tops are lost amid the clouds. It is the seat of government, and the central depot for the Cook Island Group, recently included within the boundaries of New Zealand.

The island is closely surrounded with a formidable reef, in which there are only a few openings, the largest of which is only a small boat harbour. Unfortunately this is the only shelter at present available for shipping visiting the group. There is a possibility of improvement by blasting some of the rocks which obstruct the passage.

Narutonga is celebrated for its beautiful scenery. The lofty hills—so often caupied by clouds, the many streamlets, the ravines and rivers, clothed with luxuriant foliage, and a glorious coastline, broken with picturesque openings and wooded islets, make some of the most impressive pictures in the tropics. The Ngatangia River, at the back of the island, affords some lovely vistas, which will be sure to delight the artist, and form the subject of many pictures.

SHIPPING ORANGES AT MAUKI.

Many of the Cook Islands are closely surrounded by a fringing reef, across which all goods and passengers must be carried. The surf beating on the reef wall forbids the close approach of vessels, and as there is no anchorage they have to keep "off and on," or else moor to the reef, with just sufficient sail to keep her steady, and a cargo of 2500 cases of oranges is being shipped. The boats are loaded up, then dragged through the shallow water over the reef, and launched through the surf into the sea. It is very dangerous work, but the natives are expert boatmen, and it is very rare that an accident happens, but at every mishap they shout with merriment.

SHE HAD A LIVER.

BILE BEANS FOUND IT OUT.

A SPEEDY CURE FOLLOWS.

It is liver complaints that kill. The liver becomes unhealthy. The patient takes no notice of it for some time, but when that organ gets very troublesome, then the sufferer begins to worry. If he takes the proper remedy all well and good, but if he should chance to take medicine that will not have the desired effect, woe betide the patient. Other complications will follow, and there is no telling where they will end. Now Bile Beans for Biliousness will not cure all disorders, but no matter how unhealthy the liver might be, Bile Beans will step right in and put that organ in a healthy condition. It must be remembered that the Beans are not a mere physic. They play upon the liver by touching the buttons of the nerve centres, and nature does the rest.

From Mrs Isherwood, of Armagh-street, Christchurch, we have the following testimony:—"For a considerable time past I have suffered from one of the ailments traceable to a disordered liver, indigestion and biliousness being complaints most trying to me, for which I have tried many remedies, but without success, and it was only when I began to take Bile Beans that I became conscious of the fact that liver disorders, like most ailments, are curable when the remedy is secured. Bile Beans are without doubt a sure and speedy relief for indigestion and biliousness. They are mild and pleasant to take, act naturally, and are easily worked off, they give no pain, and leave the patient enervated and refreshed. I can strongly recommend their use to all suffering from biliousness and indigestion, and have every faith in them as a specific for any of the many complaints arising from a disordered liver. Many of my customers and friends repeatedly exclaim: "How well you are looking, Mrs Isherwood," and certain it is, however I may look, I feel as if I had secured a new lease of life since I began to take Bile Beans. Gratitude to you for the benefit I have derived

from their use compels me to write to you, and you have my full permission to publish this letter if you think others will be likely to benefit by a perusal of it."

Bile Beans are an undoubted specific for Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Debility, Female Ailments, Liver Trouble, Costiveness, Piles, that tired feeling, etc. Obtainable from all chemists and storekeepers, or direct from the Australian Depot, 39 Pitt-street, Sydney, and their low price places them within the reach of everyone.

Mrs W. Pharaayn and her daughter have gone to Palmerston North to attend the wedding of Mr Godfrey Pharaayn to Miss Ella Johnston. Miss Marianne Pharaayn is to be bridesmaid. A large house party of relatives and friends has been invited to "Highden," the Hon. W. Johnston's residence at Awahuri, for the wedding.

HAS
No Equal.
The Most
Lasting.
The Most
Reliable.



PRICES:—
10/6,
12/6, 15/6, 21/6
25/- to £20.
Of all
Stationers.
Ask for
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93, Cheapside, London, Eng.

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.



MOUNT SEFTON IN THE SOUTHERN ALPS (10,359 Feet).—TAKEN FROM THE MUELLER VALLEY.

Muir and Moodie, photo.



Waikond "Graphic" photo.

The above are pictures taken of some of the "Graphic" dolls (Auckland section) exhibited and distributed in the Auckland Choral Hall, last Xmas Eve.



W. Stewart, photo.
SOME OF THE WELLINGTON DOLLS EXHIBITED IN MESSRS. WAR-
NOCK AND ADKINS' WINDOW, LAMBTON QUAY.



Walrod "Graphic" photo

The "Graphic" Xmas Doll and Toy Distribution.

SNAPSHOTS OUTSIDE THE AUCKLAND CHORAL HALL AFTER THE DOLL AND TOY DISTRIBUTING ON XMAS EVE.

A Yankee's Proposal of Marriage.

"Captain Martin, of the liner Gaelic, was a man of many experiences; but a fresh one came to him when Silas Z. Crackston proposed for his daughter Susan. It was not only that Mr Crackston was a millionaire—in pounds, not dollars—but the Captain had never previously had such a suggestion made to him; and the suitor's manner was unconventional, at least from a Britisher's point of view.

"Say, skipper," the American said one evening as the two paced the bridge deck together after dinner—"say, skipper, that's a daisy girl of yours you have aboard this trip."

"She's been well brought up," assented Martin, "though I've had anxious times about her since I lost her poor mother; but you are a widower yourself, Mr Crackston, and know what that means to a man."

"You bet," the other answered, with more feeling than the words seemed to imply; "but when I get down to bed-rock of the thing I reckon I'm not sorry sometimes my Priscilla didn't leave me chick nor child. She was a p'ain woman, was Priscilla; and I calculate my cash and her babies would have been a tough team to drive together nowadays."

The sailor laughed. "Well," he retorted, "I know nothing about that, never having had money enough to make trouble that fashion. If I had Susan would know well enough how to handle any she had to do with. She's all there, though I say it myself."

"I guessed that," Crackston answered in his deliberate drawl, "which is just why I think, Captain, me and you might make a bit of a deal about her."

The other flicked the ash of his cigar over the rail and stared at his companion, but did not answer. The master of a ship carrying millionaire passengers soon learns that silence is golden.

"I guess," the speaker continued in a perfectly level voice, "you'd be glad, now, to see Miss Susan well married and settled down?"

"That's so," replied the skipper; "it's in the natural order of things. Not but that I'd be sorry to lose her."

"Yup," concurred the millionaire, "that's the right thing to say; but you see I'm on the other side of the fence—I've made my pile, and a fairish one, too, as you know, Captain—and I rather reckon what I want now is a wife with tone to help spend my income. And I think Miss Susan's just the gurl to do it, and get the value for it every time."

"You want to marry her?"

"That is my notion, Captain. I'd settle what you please on her; and if you'd a fancy to drop the sea and start shipowning ashore I guess there ain't no impediment to the money she'd have bein' put into shipping. Is it a deal?"

Martin was much perturbed. A better match financially he could hardly hope for; and, spite of the prosaic way in which Mr Silas Z. Crackston's business instincts had led him to put the matter, he knew the American for a man who would make an indulgent husband for his daughter. But there were difficulties, and the Captain hesitated.

"I never took stock in family myself," the other continued, noting his doubt, "but if that's in your mind I calculate it's obtainable. There was a man of my name in the Mayflower; and if you say the word I'll send an order to the right place for the all-firedest kind of ancestry they hold, and get a pre-emption on the family estates if so be as Susan has a notion to be lady squires. You can count on Silas Z. every time, Captain."

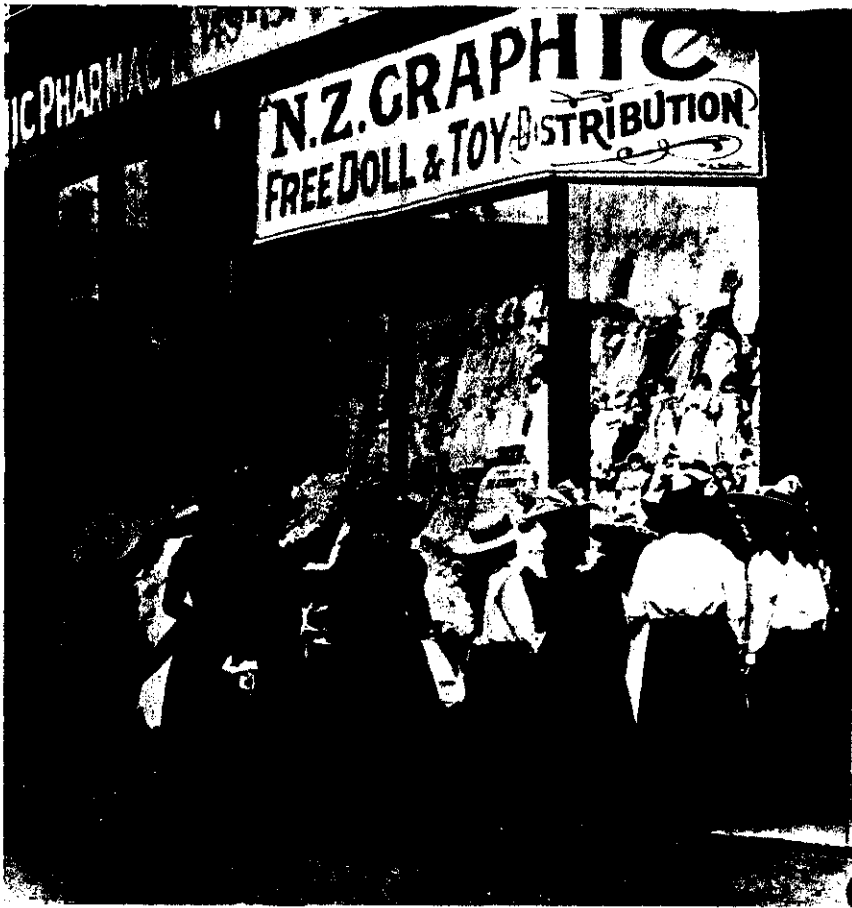
"Tisn't that," Martin said at length; "and if she chose to take you I wouldn't stand in the way; but—"

"I jump," interpolated the American, quickly; "there's another man?"

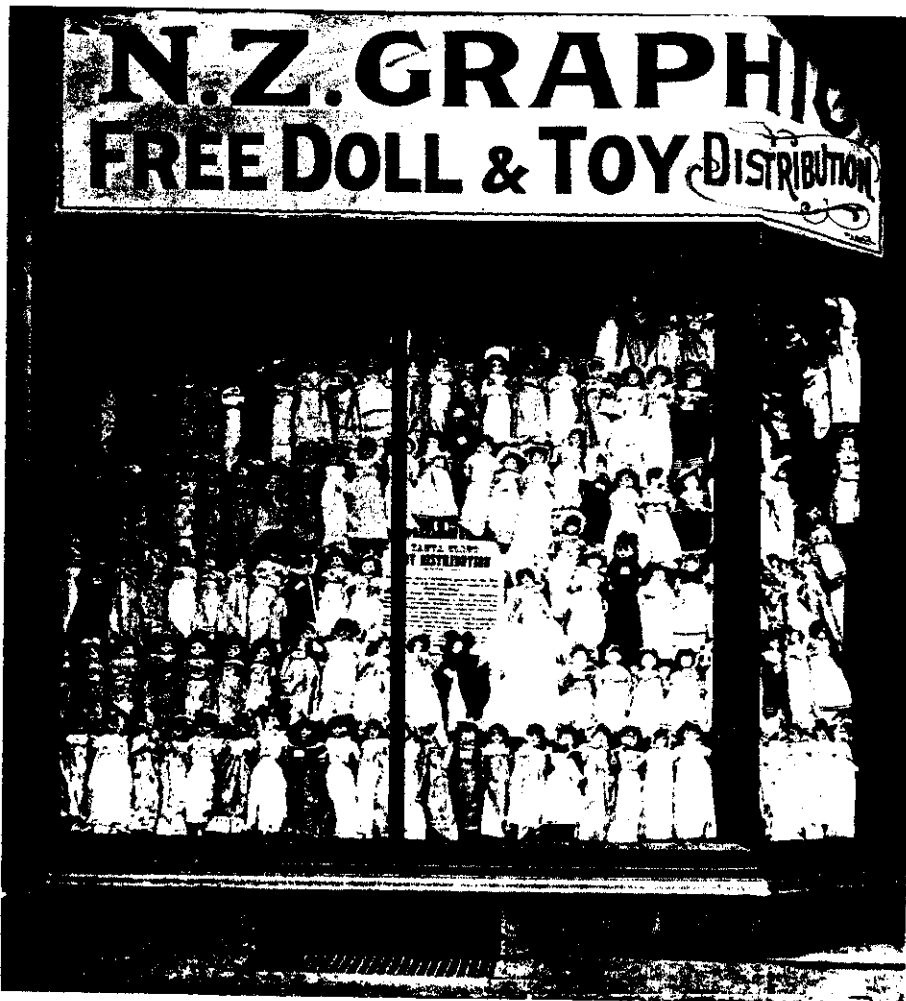
"I wouldn't just say outright; but I have my suspicions."

"So?" Crackston was all alertness. "Then he's got to be worked. I'm not the kind to let a little thing like that stand in my way. Who is he?"

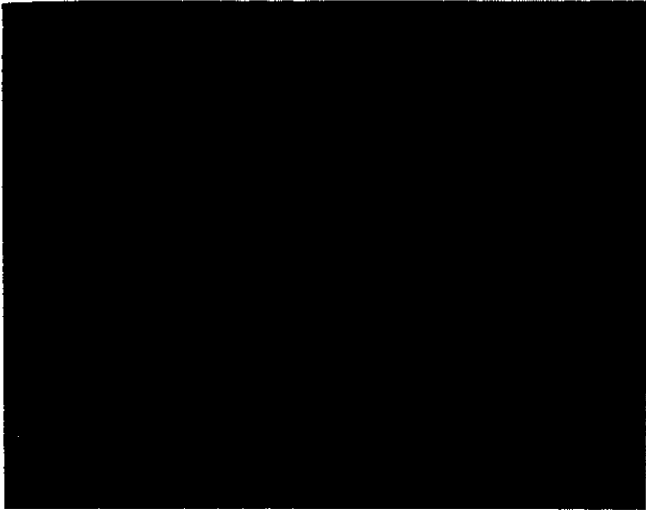
—From "The Sailing of Susan Martin," in "Chambers' Journal."



CRITICISING THE FROCKS.



SOME OF THE AUCKLAND DOLLS IN MESSRS. W. PHILLIPPS AND SON'S WINDOW, QUEEN STREET.



ENTRANCE OF KELBURNE AND KARORI CABLE TRAM.



FIRST TUNNEL.



SECOND TUNNEL.



VIADUCT NEAR BOTANICAL GARDENS—Showing No. 3 Tunnel and fine view of Harbour.



THIRD TUNNEL—Showing Mr. Martin Kennedy's House.



THE POWER HOUSE From which the Cables are Worked.

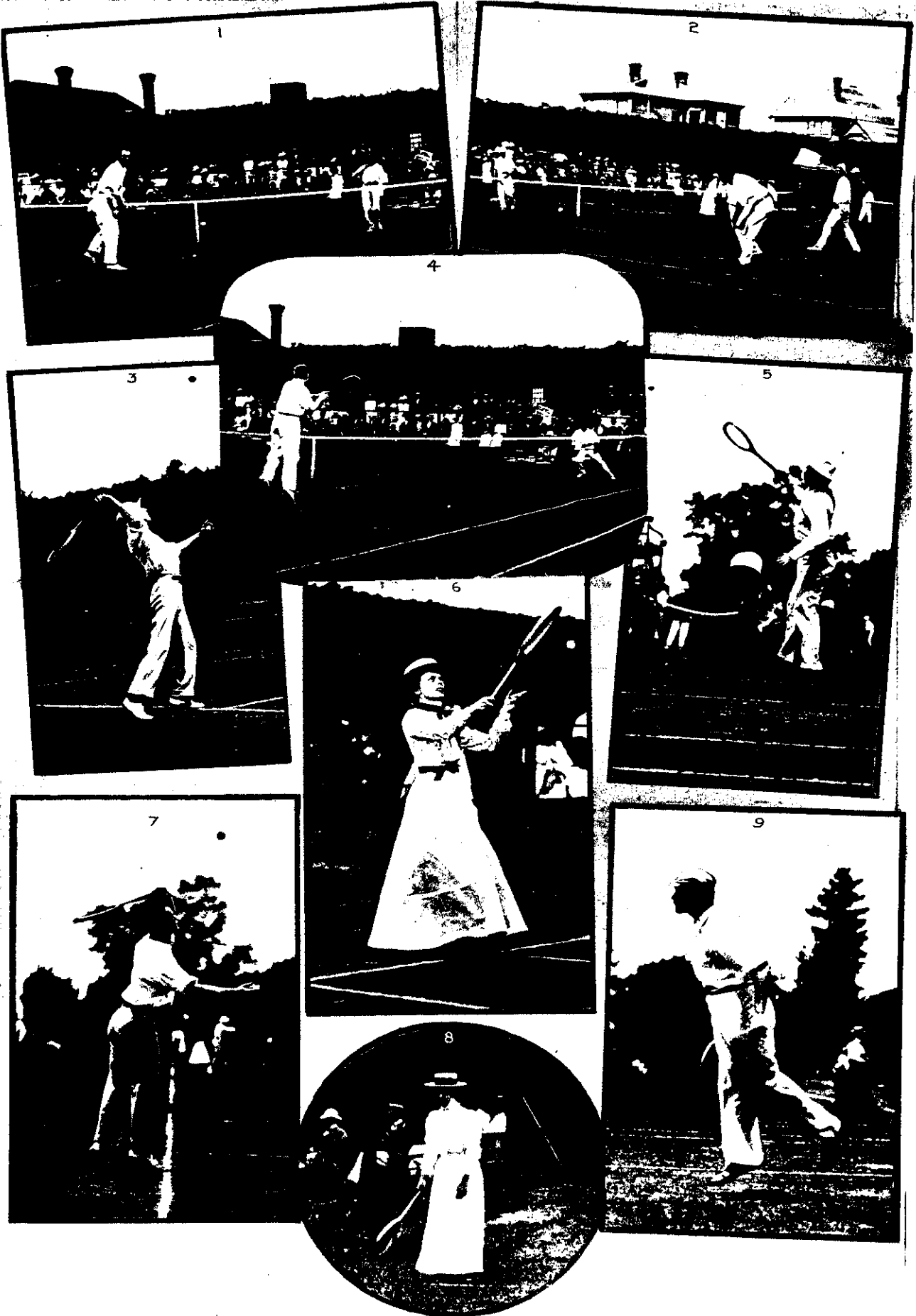
Wellington City Improvements.

THE KELBURNE-KARORI TRAMWAY, CONNECTING LAMBTON QUAY WITH KARORI.
We are indebted to Mr. W. C. Fitzgerald, of Clifton Terrace, Wellington, for the above photos.



1. Miss Gorrie playing a back-hand shot. 2. Peacocke, winner of the Championship. 3. Fisher serving. 4. Misses Nunneley and Van Asch.
 5. Group of competitors, Mount Eden Tennis Lawn. 6. Peacocke serving. 7. Miss Stella Rice serving. 8. Laishley, runner-up for the Championship.
 Watron, "Graphic" photo.

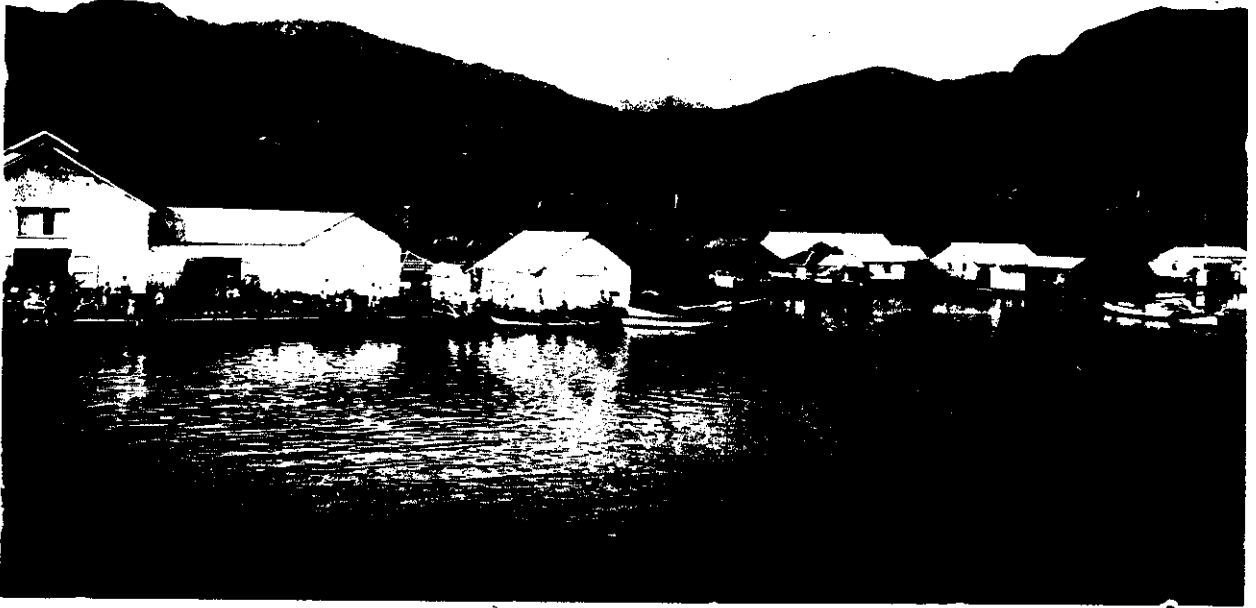
The New Zealand Lawn Tennis Championship Meeting.



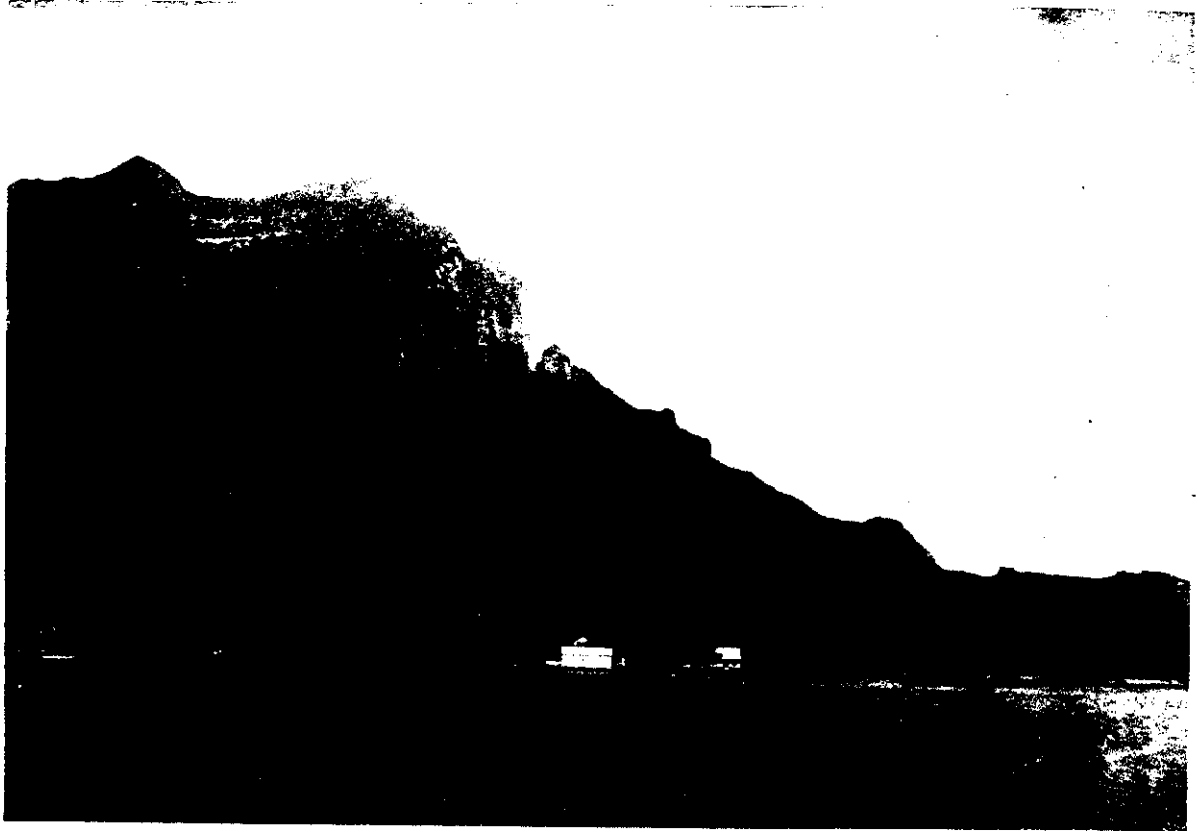
1. Fisher v. Laishley. "Passed at the Net." 2. Combined Double Championship. 3. G. H. Baker Serving. 4. Fisher v. Laishley. 5. H. B. Cook, Mrs. Chapman. 6. Mrs. Chapman. 7. Fisher Serving. 8. Miss A. Stewart. 9. P. A. Vaile after a smash.

Wairond, "Graphic" photo.

The New Zealand Lawn Tennis Championship Meeting.



RALATEA (SOCIETY ISLANDS).



BORO BORO (SOCIETY ISLANDS).

(See letterpress

Gems of the Pacific.

Joshiah Martin. Photo.



TA MANU, OR MAHOGANY TREES, HITIAA, TAHITI.



Julian Martin, Photo.

RIVER SCENERY, RAROTONGA.

[See letterpress.

Gems of the Pacific.

Curious Polyglot Newspapers.

Three curious polyglot periodicals are now being published. One is the China "Times," which is regularly printed in seven languages. It is published in the capital of China, and the languages in which it appears are the English, French, German, Italian, Russian, Japanese, and Chinese.

Another polyglot paper is the Austrian semi-monthly entitled "Acta Comparationis Literarum Universarum." It has correspondents and subscribers all over the world, and the contributions of the former are invariably printed in the language of the countries from which they are

sent. As a result, it frequently happens that in one number of the paper there are articles in twenty-five or thirty languages.

The third polyglot paper is the "Pantolodion Magazine," which is published in St. Petersburg, and which contains critical essays regarding the new books published throughout the world. Each of these essays is printed in the language of the country where the new book of which the essays treats appeared. Thus a review of an American book is printed in English, a review of a French book is printed in French, and so on. One number of this periodical has contained articles in fifteen different languages, namely, German, French, English, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, Portuguese, Swedish, Danish, Hungarian, Roumanian, Russian, Servian, Bohemian, and Polish.

Spontaneous Combustion of Trees

Spontaneous combustion is a mysterious thing at all times, but as long as it confines its attention to inanimate objects there is nothing very uncanny about it. But when trees become subject to it there is no telling where it will stop.

The banks of the River Cam, in Cambridgeshire, England, have recently exhibited an unusual number of such cases, and young growing willows have been the victims in nearly every case. Cambridge used to pride itself upon its beautiful willows, and it was therefore with sorrow that the people discovered one morning the charred remains of what had once been a really beautiful specimen of the willow tree.

The fate of the tree naturally attracted attention to the phenomenon,

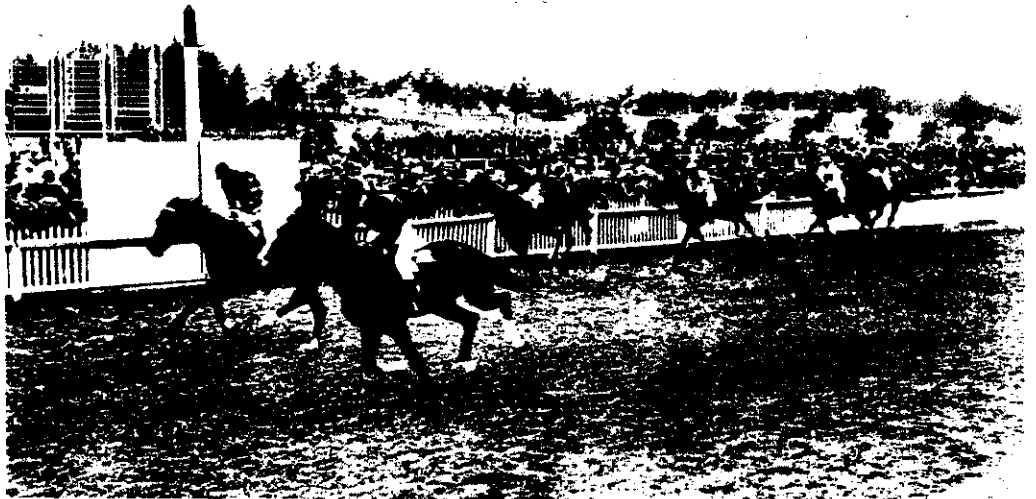
and thereafter but too much opportunity was afforded for the study of it. At one point, in the river in particular the process was seen. Green trees covered with rich masses of foliage suddenly burst forth into conflagration and burned to their very cores. Fine willows in full vigour poured forth clouds of smoke from their half-burned stems.

An examination of the charred remains of the trees revealed nothing in the way of explanation, but as the trees which met their fates were for the most part young there could hardly have been any putrescence or fermentation.

Just why the willows should meet such sudden ends is not apparent, but the peculiar formation of the tree, its pliant boughs, and the drooping of its leaves and flower may have had something to do with it.



L. H. HEWITT, THE NEW ZEALAND SLOAN. Role Seven Winners at the A.R.C. Summer Meeting.



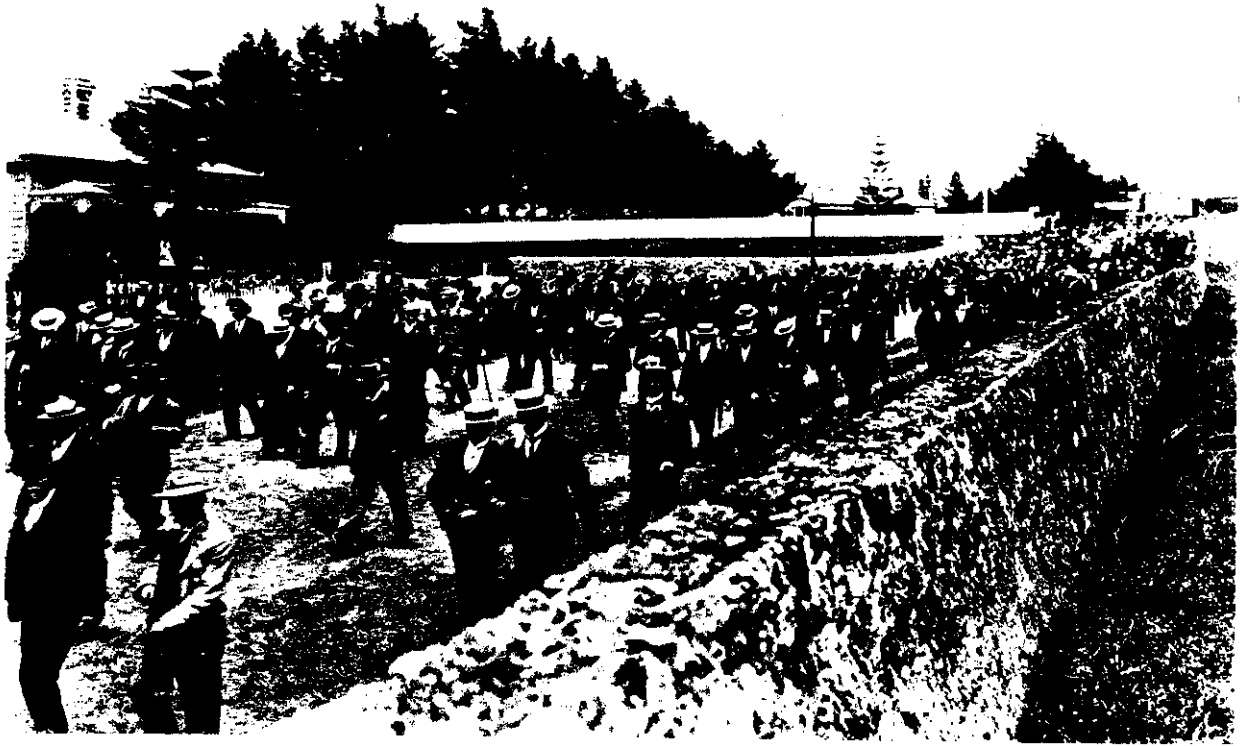
NONETTE WINNING THE A.R.C. HANDICAP.



Vallie, photo.

VIEW OF THE LAWS.

Auckland Racing Club's Summer Meeting.



ARRIVAL OF A RACE TRAIN AT ELLERSLIE.



Valle, photo.

MENSCHIKOFF CROSSING THE LAWN AFTER WINNING THE GREAT NORTHERN DERBY.

Auckland Racing Club's Summer Meeting.

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New Views

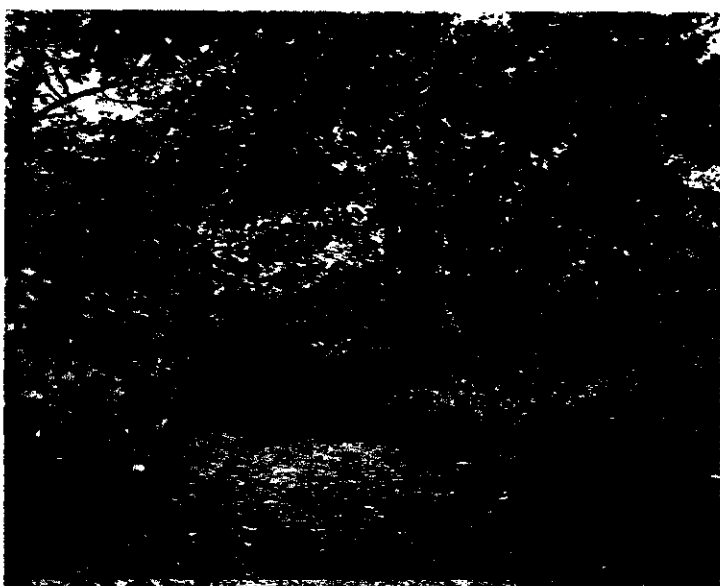
IN

Auckland Domain.

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VIEW FROM THE OUTER DOMAIN.



IN VALOMBROSAS VALE.



Copy neg: C13, 973



GLIMSES OF THE CITY.

Copy neg: C13, 974.

C22,820



Portrait photo.
MR. W. C. KENSINGTON.
The New Under Secretary for Lands.

Above we give a portrait of Mr. W. C. Kensington, until recently chief draughtsman in the Lands and Survey Office, Auckland, who has just been promoted to the position of Under-Secretary for Lands. Mr. Kensington arrived in the colony at Auckland in the ship William Miles on 9th November, 1862. On the calling out of the first-class militia in 1863 he took his full share of all the military duties. After being in camp and on guard as sergeant at the Tamaki River he was transferred as private secretary to H. Stanley Jones, the commissary general, who was an old friend of his family's in North Wales. Upon the expedition, consisting of portions of the 65th and 43rd regiments and 1st Waikatos, being sent to occupy Tauranga and Maketu, Mr. Kensington volunteered for active service, and was attached as staff sergeant to the expedition, and was first at Tauranga, and then at Maketu, where, by Major Colville's kindness, he was allowed to take part in some of the sharp skirmishes which took place. The day before the Gate Pah he accompanied only

by an orderly, rode through the enemy's lines to Tauranga with a despatch for Major Colville. He obtained permission to see the Gate Pah assault, and was stationed in the Howitzer Battery, one of the nearest to the assault. Very shortly after this Mr. Kensington was transferred back to Auckland, and in 1865 was appointed second lieutenant in the 1st Battalion of the New Zealand Militia, and holds the New Zealand war medal. On 1st September, 1864, acting under the advice of Lieutenant-Colonel J. Earwood Roake, of the 18th Royal Irish, he entered the General Government Survey Department under Major Heaphy as a surveyor. After completing his survey time Mr. Kensington passed his examination as a surveyor before the Government Board

of Examiners in June, 1866. In 1869, a dispute having arisen as to the cost of carrying out native surveys between the Hawke's Bay Provincial Government and the General Government, Mr. Kensington was sent on special service to Napier, and under his direction the whole of the Hawke's Bay surveys were mapped, and sketch maps prepared of the whole of the Seventy-mile Bush blocks in Wellington and Hawke's Bay districts. Returning to Auckland, Mr. Kensington acted as Department Inspector of Surveys under Mr. Theo. Heale from 1871 to 1873. On the abolition of provinces in 1876 and the amalgamation of the three survey departments of provincial-consecrated lands and inspector of Surveys Department, Mr. Kensington was offered the position of chief draughtsman by Mr. J. T. Thomson, Surveyor-

General, Mr. Percy Smith being then Chief Surveyor. In 1877 he was sent on special service to Dunedin to learn the Otago system of surveys, and to assist Mr. Percy Smith in introducing it into the Auckland district. Since then he has held office as chief draughtsman. As deputy for the Commissioner of Crown Lands he has had large experience in working the department. Mrs. Kensington is the daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Kenny, of the Legislative Council, and Lieutenant-Colonel in the old 7th Black Watch Regiment, and sister to Mr. H. Eyre Kenny, S.M., of Wairangi. Mr. Kensington's family living consists of three sons and two daughters.



MR. NEIL McCAY, the Tenor with the Hollander Company.



THE REV. GEORGE A. CARVER.

Above is a portrait of the Rev. George A. Carver, the newly-appointed vicar of St. Sepulchre's Church, Auckland. Mr. Carver has a good record as a parish clergyman. He has been for some years rector of Wagawagga, in the diocese of Goulburn, N.S.W. He is in the prime of life, and may be expected to do good work in the parish where Archdeacon Dudley did his life's work. Mr. Carver, with his wife and family, will arrive by the Elingamite on February 3rd and will be inducted by the Most Rev. the Primate in St. Sepulchre's Church on Tuesday, February 4th.

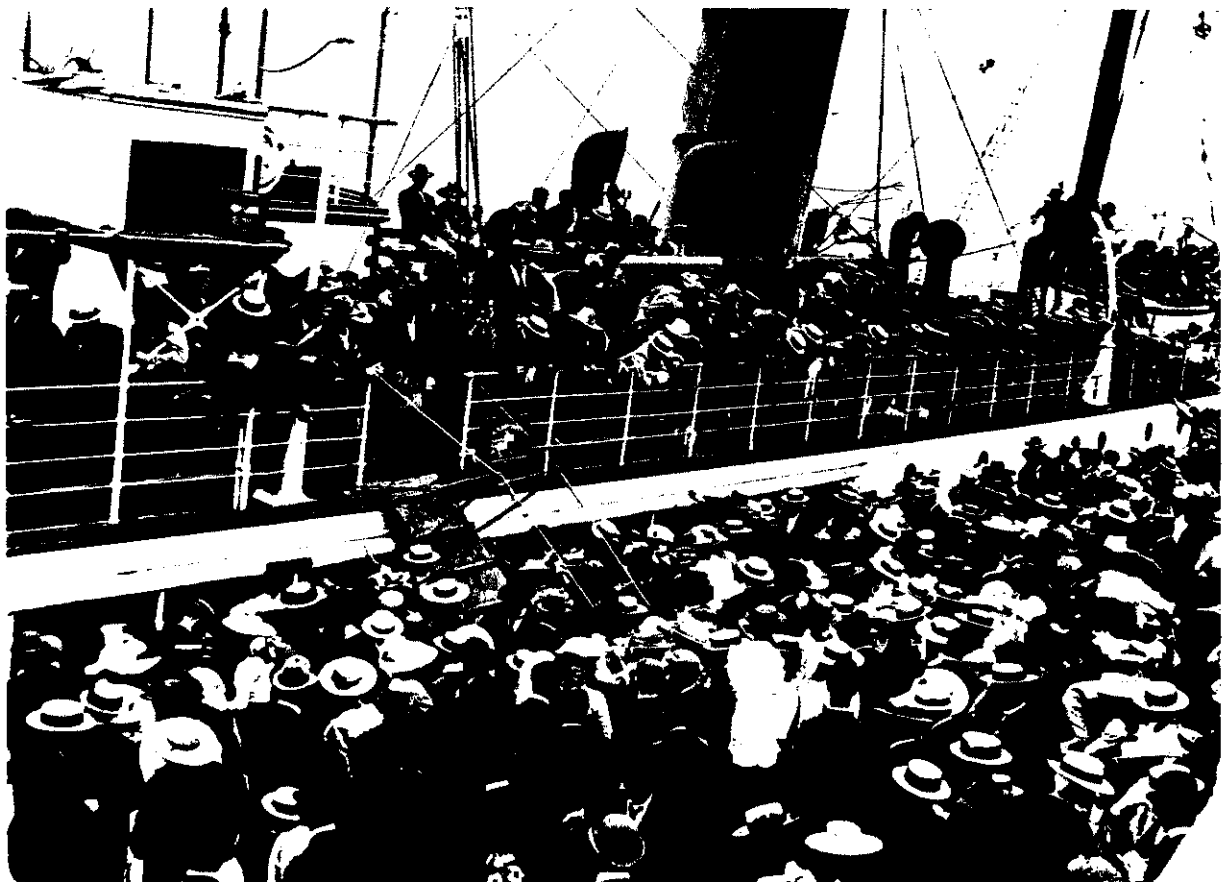


J. & M. Martin Photo.

SHIPPING ORANGES AT MAUKI COOK ISLAND.



1. The Camp in the Auckland Domain. 2. The Mayor and Colonel Davies. 3. The Muster on New Year's Eve. 4. The Camp Kitchen. 5. The Rotoiti leaving Onehunga. 6. Some of the 'Troopers' Friends.



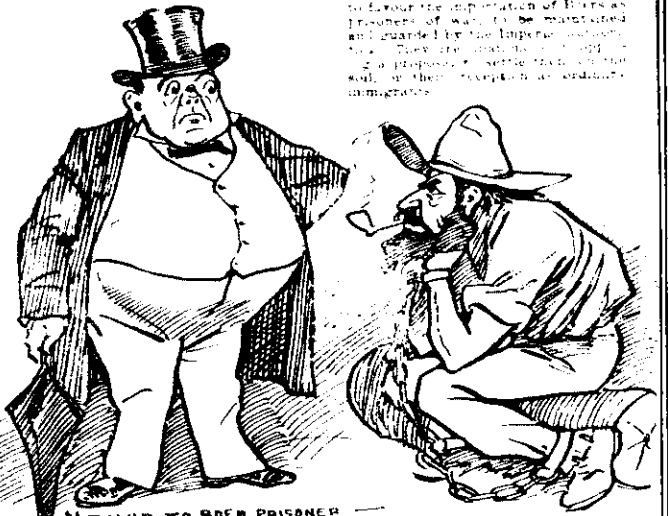
Waikond. "Graphic" photo.

DEPARTURE OF THE AUCKLAND SUNCTION FROM ONEHUNGA.

The Eighth Contingent.



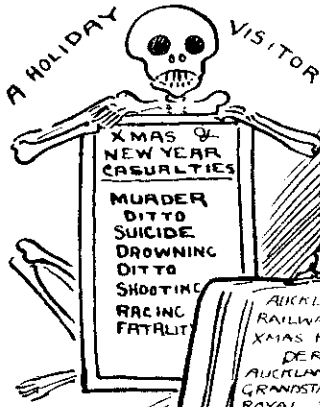
LORD ROBERTS, AT THE KING'S COMMAND, HAS ISSUED AN ORDER ABOLISHING GOLD-BRAIDED TROUSERS AND BELTS.



Local members of Parliament, interviewed by the Star, are inclined to favour the importation of Huns as Troopers of War, to be recruited and guarded by the Imperial Mounted Police. They are anxious to see the Government notice that the souls of their reception are gradually immigrating.

N.Z. M.H.A. TO BEER PRISONER — "MAKE YERSELF USEFUL" CERTAINLY NOT, YER HERE TO BE LOOKED AT, A FREE SHOW FOR H'US, AS DIDN'T CARE ABOUT CROSSING THE WATER TO SEE YOU

1ST OFFICER OF LOCAL SWITCHBACKS TO 2ND DE — "I TAKE IT VERY UNKINDLY OF 'BOBS' ITS A DEAD SET AT US, THAT'S WHAT IT IS, WE'LL HAVE TO RESIGN IN A BODY OLD CHAPS, AND LET THE EMPIRE GO TO THE DEVIL"



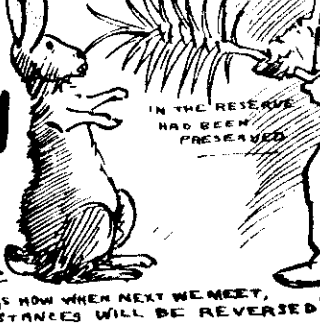
A HOLIDAY VISITOR

XMAS & NEW YEAR CASUALTIES
 MURDER
 DITTO
 SUICIDE
 DROWNING
 DITTO
 SHOOTING
 RACING
 FATALITY

AUCKLAND CUP
 RAILWAY CUP
 XMAS HANDICAP
 DERBY
 AUCKLAND PLATE
 GRANDSTAND HANDICAP
 ROYAL STAKES
 TOTAL £3210

AT ROTORUA THE PRISONERS ENGAGED IN TREE PLANTING, HAVE HAD TO PLANT CARRIAGE TREES

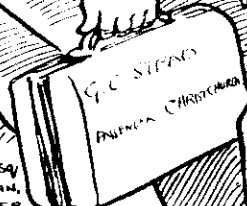
ROUND THE RESERVE TO PROTECT IT, AS THE HARES EAT THE FIRY TREES THEY COME TO THEM AND CAUTION THE CARRIAGE TREES AND THE YOUNG TREES



IN THE RESERVE HAD BEEN PRESERVED

IN THE SOUP — "HOPES AS HOW WHEN NEXT WE MEET, CIRCUMSTANCES WILL BE REVERSED"

G.C. STEAD Esq. — NOW MY LITTLE MAN, IS THERE ANY OTHER GAME YOU CAN PLAY



AUSTRALIA HAS DECIDED TO REDUCE THE SALARIES OF STATE GOVERNMENT OFFICERS

WHAT IT MAY COME TO IF SALARIES CONTINUE TO BE REDUCED



"HAW! CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO GOVERNMENT HOUSE? MY MAN,



Waikond, "Graphic" photo.

IN THE KAHIKATEA BUSH.

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 5s.



No. B 8733—9 ct. Gold Wishbone Brooch, 11s. 6d.



No. F 1831—9 ct. Gold Sapphire and Diamond Bar Brooch, £1 5s.



No. F 2233—Handsome Heart and Lover's Knot, 15 ct. Gold Brooch, set with finest Pearls, £3 5s.



No. F 1180—Set Gold Links, 9 ct. Gold, 21s.; 15 ct. gold, £2 2s.



No. E 9414—15 ct. Gold Pearl Heart and Crescent Brooch, £2.



No. F 3419—18 ct. Gold 2 Diamonds and 3 Sapphires or 3 Rubies, £2.



No. F 1657—18 ct. Gold, 4 Diamonds and 2 Rubies, £3 5s.



No. 178—Wedding Ring, 18 ct. Gold, £1 18s. Heavier Rings, £1 7s. 6d. and £1 18s. Keepers, £1 18s., £1 7s. 6d., £1 10s., £1 16s. and £2.



No. F 5544—18 ct. Gold, 5 Pearls, £2 7s. 6d.



No. F 5398—18 ct. Gold, 1 Sapphire and 4 Diamonds, £4 4s.



No. F 3—9 ct. Gold Long Muff Chain, £5 5s. Also at 35s., 70s., 10s.



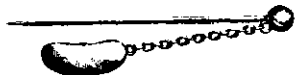
No. 3023—9 ct. Gold and Turquoise or Pearl Heart, 10s. 6d.



No. 142—Curb Chain and Padlock Bracelet, 9 ct. Gold, £3 7s.; 15 ct. Gold, £3 11s. No. 143 (size smaller than 142)—9 ct. gold, £2 10s.; 15 ct. Gold, £1 7s. 6d. No. 144 (size smaller than 143)—9 ct. Gold, £1 15s.; 15 ct. Gold, £3 5s.



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



No. F 7333—New Lucky Bear Pl. Charm, 9 ct. Gold, 3s. 6d.; smaller sizes, 2s. 6d. With Bell, same prices.



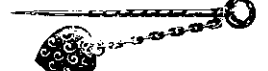
Real New Zealand Greenstone Brooches, 11s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 11s. 6d. to 9s.



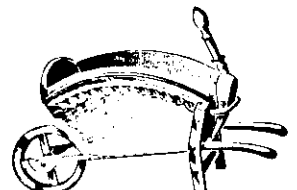
Silver-mounted Purses at 10s. 6d., 11s. 6d., 13s. 6d., 14s. 6d., 15s. 6d., 21s., 22s. 6d., 25s., 28s. 6d. and 30s.



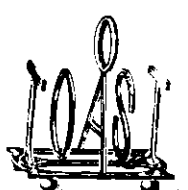
F 2133—Best Silver-plated and Embossed Hairpin Box, 13s. 6d.; plain, 10s. 6d.



No. F 8242—9 ct. Gold Chased Charm, 6s. 6d.; smaller sizes, 3s. 6d. with Greenstone Heart or 5 ct. 10s. 6d.



No. F 1024—Novel Silver-plated Sugar with Shaver, £1 12s. 6d.



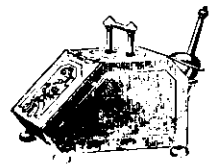
No. E 2233—Best Silver-plated Toast Rack, 15s. 6d.



No. F 2570—Electro-Silver Jam Dish and Spoon, 14s. 6d.



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



No. F 3700—Best Silver-plated Sugar Scuttle, with Shaver, £1 10s.

Music and Drama.

Personal Paragraphs.

CHORAL HALL.

THE HOLLANDER CONCERT CO.
Under the Direction of Mr C. C. Bethune.

Commencing
TUESDAY, JANUARY 14.
MISS ALICE HOLLANDER,
The Phenomenal Contralto,
MR NEIL McCAY,
Tenor.
(By arrangement with Mr J. C. Wil-
Hamson, Esq.)
HERR GUSTAVE VOLLMAR,
Violoncellist.
MR ERNEST FARRELL,
Solo pianist and Accompanist.
Prices Admission, 2/ (Reserved); 1/ 1/.
JOSEPH GIBBS, Manager.

OPERA HOUSE.

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Representative... Mr Allan Hamilton
BROUGH COMEDY COMPANY.
FARWELL APPEARANCES
IN AUCKLAND

MR AND MRS BROUGH,
Prior to their Retirement from the
Australasian Stage.
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2.
"MRS DANE'S DEFENCE."
An Original Play in Four Acts,
By Henry Arthur Jones.
Author of "The Liars."
THURSDAY AND FRIDAY,
JANUARY 9 and 10.
First Production in New Zealand of the
"TYRANNY OF TEARS."
A Comedy in Three Acts.
By C. Haddon Chambers.
SATURDAY AND MONDAY,
JANUARY 11 and 12.
First Production in New Zealand of
"SWEET AND TWENTY."
A Comedy in Three Acts.
By Captain Basil Hood.
Box Plan at Widman, Lyell, and Aroy's
PRICES—Dress Circle and Orchestral
Stalls, 1/; Stalls 2/; Pit, 1/.
Day Tickets at Williamson's and Thea-
tre doors.
Early Doors to Pit and Stalls open at
7, 8d extra; Doors open at 7.30; Curtain
at 8; carriages at 10.45.
Children Under Six NOT ADMITTED.

houses greeted it every appearance, but owing to Mr Brough's policy of quick changes it was replaced on Monday with "Mrs Dane's Defence."

In the last-named work we have a return to the problem play, and meet once more with the woman with the inevitable past. Public taste has evidently changed, for this character no longer appeals to an audience as she did a few years ago. It is the same "past," and there are the same consequences. The circumstances are slightly altered, the principals are unmarried instead of married, but "Mrs. Dane's Defence" is, to put it brutally, Tanqueray and water—and there is plenty of water. The wretched woman who attempts to construct a rampart of lies to defend her secret, and by doing so secure her lover, fails entirely to hold us in the vice of sympathy in which Paula Tanqueray did. We feel for her, never with her, as in the case of Piner's heroine, but at the same time the long-drawn torture which she has to endure as she sees her falsehoods demolished, afflicts us with a sense of irritation against the author. The central male character of the play, Sir Daniel Carteret, is certainly a masterly creation, and the notion of making his friendly cross-examination gradually unfold the guilt of the woman, whom he has set forth to assist and defend, is extremely dramatic. But two acts lead up to this one strong situation, this one telling scene, and one follows it, and even so clever an act as this, is handicapped by being, if one may so express it, so heavily sandwiched between the others. Mr. Brough's acting as the retired judge—whose son is in love with Mrs. Dane—and who discovers her secret when attempting to help her clear herself, makes ample amends for any painfulness in the play. As a finished study in character it equals anything in the same vein this truly fine actor has done, and is altogether worth seeing and studying. Mrs. Brough has a part which makes almost superhuman demands on an actress, and achieves a great measure of success, but Mrs. Dane is not one of the roles we shall remember her by. Miss Temple and Miss Susie Vaughan both shine, the former as a society lady, and the latter as a vulgar scandal-monger and husband terroriser, whose humiliation and defeat are the only gleams of humour in a sombre play. To-morrow Haddon Chambers' "Tyranny of Tears" will be played, and on Saturday and Monday "Sweet and Twenty."

We have given a portrait in this week's issue of Mr Neil McCay, the young and gifted tenor, who will appear with Miss Alice Hollander at her concerts, commencing on the 14th instant at the Choral Hall. The lovers of music will be afforded an opportunity of hearing this young gentleman's sweet and well-trained voice and artistic method. Mr Neil McCay has just come from England under engagement to Mr J. C. Williamson. Miss Alice Hollander, since she appeared here a year ago, has improved vastly, having had the experience of appearing before large audiences in both Melbourne and Sydney, where she was an undoubted success. A leading paper in Sydney, after speaking of her contralto that have gone to England, says:—"But we are not now discussing any other question than that of a world-famous voice; and we repeat that no such contralto as Miss Hollander has been heard in Australia since Miss Ada Crossley left the country." The other "star" will be Herr Gerard Vollmar (violoncellist), a musician of great repute, who always plays the best music, never allowing himself to be associated with meretricious or "tricky" pieces; therefore a rich and rare treat may be anticipated by the Auckland music lovers. Mr Ernest Farrell is a young Sydney pianist—a musician who has not won his spurs on the concert platform like the other "stars," but from reports he is a brilliant performer.

"The Magistrate," "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," and "Mrs Dane's Defence" have been produced by the Brough Comedy Company since the last issue of this paper, and all have been enthusiastically received by enormous audiences. Either the taste for high comedy and farcical comedy has vastly increased in Auckland, or people are frightened at missing the last chance of seeing "The Broughs," but certain it is that had such splendid houses been the rule in past seasons only a very feather-brained manager would have determined to give New Zealand the "go-by." "The Magistrate" went extremely well. Old stagers who remembered the first production by Williamson's London Comedy Company were a trifle disappointed in the revival, but it is much to be doubted if their regrets were justified. It must always be remembered concerning revivals that "no one makes cakes as mother did," which, being interpreted, means that a few years of retrospection lend wonderful enchantment even to the critical view. No doubt the performance by Auson, Titherage, Stansfield and Frank Cates was an extraordinarily fine one, but one must not forget it came first. There is the rub. Had we seen the Broughs first in it, and then the Williamson Comedy Company, we should almost certainly have reversed judgment. Mr Brough as the unwilling sinner, the altogether estimable Pockett, could really not be improved upon; and the Colonel Lukin of Ceu Ward is good, and there is a satisfactory Horace Vale. Southern readers should tick off "The Magistrate" for attendance. "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" is without exaggeration one of the brightest and most interesting modern comedies we have lately seen, and it is well nigh perfectly acted. In it Mrs Brough made her first re-appearance this season, and was most enthusiastically welcomed. Mr Carton's notion for the play is happy, and he works it out in admirable fashion. The characters are, without exception, finely drawn, and stand out like cameos, while the dialogue is always smart and often extremely witty. "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" could easily have run two or three more nights, as packed

Mr. J. L. Morrison, of Wellington, was in Auckland this week.

Mr. Louissou, of Christchurch, was staying at Lake House, Ohinemutu, last week.

The Dean of Waipapu and Mrs. Howell are spending a fortnight in Ormondville.

Mrs. Kilgour, of Auckland, was a passenger for the South on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Rees, of Gisborne, are staying in Auckland at Glenalvon.

Mrs. Lucas, of Blenheim, is visiting Mrs. J. Bond, at "Homewood," Petorus Sound.

Mr. W. Carey has returned to Blenheim from a brief visit to Wellington.

Mr McCullough and Mr Wingate, of Auckland, have returned home after a long tour of the thermal and lake districts.

Mr and Mrs Rothchild, of Wellington, are visiting Rotorua.

Mr and Mrs Baxter, of Christchurch, are up in Auckland at present.

Mr Lamb, of Wellington, has been on a visit to Auckland, staying at the Central Hotel.

Mr Straghan, of Wanganui, is visiting the Hot Lakes.

Mr and Mrs MacDonald, of Auckland, were at Rotorua last week, and put up at the Grand Hotel.

Mr A. S. Biss and Miss Bias, of Wellington, are at present visiting Auckland, staying at the Star Hotel.

Mr and Mrs Lowry, of Hawke's Bay, who were up in Auckland for the races, have returned home.

Mr and Mrs Esam, of Marton, were amongst last week's visitors to Auckland.

Dr. and Mrs. Mielke, of Christchurch, are on a visit to Auckland.

Mr Benjamin, of Wellington is staying in Auckland.

The Rev. Dr. Sidey, of Napier, has, owing to ill-health, been obliged to resign his position as chairman of the Education Board.

Mr. and Mrs. Denham and family are spending a few weeks at Sumner.

Mr. H. C. Godfrey, Christchurch, returned from New Plymouth and Nelson on Saturday.

Mr. Mrs. and Miss Anstey, Fendalton, have gone to Hammer Plains for a week or two.

A large number of New Plymouth men came up to Auckland for the races. Messrs A. McIntosh, A. Richmond, and J. W. Harding were amongst the guests at the Star Hotel in New Year week.

The Rev. Scott West, late of St. David's, Auckland, and now of Burwood, Sydney, will arrive in Auckland on a visit by the mail boat.

Mrs. C. Watts, of Nelson, is the guest of Mrs. Monro, at "Bank House," Blenheim.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Sharp, who have been spending Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Watts, at "Lansdowne," left Blenheim on Friday to return to Nelson.

Mrs James W. Bibby, of Waipawa, returned to New Zealand by the Papanui last week after a nine months' trip to England.

The Hon. W. Jennings, M.L.C., was in Auckland last week, and was warmly welcomed by his many Auckland friends both in the printing and political world.

The Board of Management of the Parnell Orphan Home desire to tender their many thanks to the proprietor of the "Graphic" (N.Z.) for the dolls he so kindly sent to the inmates.

The Very Rev. Dean Grogan, of Napier, is leaving for a 12 months' holiday in America, England and Ireland. The Rev. Father Goggan, of Wellington, will undertake his duties during his absence.

Some visitors at present staying at the Lake Hotel, Takapuna, are Canon, Mrs. and the Misses Cole, Misses Horne, Mrs. King (Sydney), Misses Ward, Earl, Hamilton and Young.

Mr. Tangye, son of Sir Richard Tangye, Birmingham, England, is the guest of his sister, Mrs. John Chambers, who is staying at Lake Takapuna for the summer months.

Miss Dixon, who has been staying with Mrs. Lambie at "Birch Hill" for a week or two, was in Blenheim this week on her way to "Manaroa," Petorus Sound, where she will pay a visit to Mrs. Maschell.

Among the visitors at Waiwera Hotel during Christmas holidays were: Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Nathan, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Ross, Messrs. Ross (2), Dr. and Mrs. Parkes, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Hanna, Mrs. Misses and Mr. Jackson, Mr. Mrs. and Misses Leddingham, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Mahony, Miss Devereux, Mrs. C. Motion, Mrs. Proud, Mr. and Miss Sinclair, Messrs. Mowbray, D. Pencock, Blair and Hall.

Mr C. E. Macky, who is leaving Stratford to practise as a solicitor in Wanganui, was entertained by his Stratford friends at a dinner at the "Silver Grid" on the evening of December 29th last. Mr T. E. Hammetton (Inglewood) presided and the vice-chairs were occupied by Dr. Carbery and Capt. Liardet. A large number were present, including several from Whangamomona, Strathmore and Toko, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

Kipling, according to the table, has appeared in his stirring verse to the young Briton to recognise the necessity of Imperialism and accept conscription; and he adds a condemnation of the excessive devotion of his compatriots to cricket and football to the exclusion of exercises as manly and of infinitely more value to the nation. His description of their "fawning on younger nations for men who can shoot and ride" sounds flattering to our ears, but as a fact it is the necessity of the position rather than our recognition of the importance of horsemanship and marksmanship that has acquired us some proficiency in both. We are every bit as likely to devote our spare energies to cricket and football as to neglect shooting and riding as our British brothers, and where, as in our cities, there is no immediate necessity for these requirements we do neglect them. Kipling's appeal is almost as much addressed to us town dwellers as to the young men of London or any big city, and if we don't see that at the present the future will most certainly prove it. Why cannot our young men be persuaded to take up riding and shooting with the same zeal they display on the cricket or football field?

A story of miraculous rescue from the "jaws of death and mouth of Hell," in which Mr Marks, of the Australian athletic team, figures as hero, has found its way into several papers here and on the other side. Mr Marks is described as clutched at a brother athlete, Mr Oxlade, whose foot had slipped on the terrible brink of Hell's Gate, Tikitere, and dragging him back from that awful inferno. Mr Marks, who left Auckland for Sydney on Monday, declares that the story is a horrid stretch of somebody's imagination. Mr Oxlade never slipped, and was never clutched at by Mr Marks, or anybody else. He certainly was led rather nearer to the pit mouth than was quite safe, through his passion for photography, but it only required a warning from some of his friends to withdraw him from danger. So says Mr Marks. Now, the point is, does he say so out of respect for fact or through sheer modesty? It is a point worth investigation, although, such is the hero worshipping tendency among some of us, no contradiction of his heroism Mr Marks may offer is likely to entirely save him from his friends.

Miss Morrah (Wellington) is on a visit to Invercargill; Miss Swanson and Miss Taylor are spending the holidays with friends and relations in the Manawatu and Rangitikei districts; Miss Butts is in Hawke's Bay; Mrs Ewen and her daughter have paid a short visit to Napier over the New Year; Miss Fraser is at Palmerston North; Mrs Higginson and Mrs Tilley have gone to Blenheim; Mrs Dalcombe Brown is spending Christmas with her people, Captain and

Mrs Baillie, at Faro, Blenheim; and Mrs Mackintosh is the guest of Mrs Fell, Pictou.

Amongst visitors to Wellington at present are Mr and Miss Ismay (England), who are staying at the Royal Oak Hotel. Mr Ismay is one of the well-known shipping firms owning the White Star Line, and has come out with his daughter to "do" New Zealand. With them is Mr Geoffrey Drage, for some years M.P. for Derby, and a great authority on matters connected with the poor, having represented England at several international conferences held at various Continental cities.

Other arrivals in Wellington include the Misses Reynolds, who returned by the Papanui, after two years in the Old Country; Mr Pennefather, who is a frequent visitor to New Zealand; Miss Gertrude Martin, who has been studying music in England for two years and a-half; and Revs. A. Jacob and J. Deuring, who have come out to assist the Bishop of Wellington in work throughout the diocese.

Other visitors to Wellington include Dr. and Mrs Innes, from Blenheim; Mrs Barndocot, from Wanganui; Mrs P. Hulme, Blenheim; Mr and Mrs C. Howard, Pictou; Mrs C. Beauchamp, "Anaxiva," Pictou; Mrs and Miss Hughes, Napier; Miss Horne, who is at Lady Douglas's; Mr George, of the National Bank, Auckland, who has been transferred to Wellington, and has taken rooms at Mrs Castendyke's.

Among people who are staying with friends or relatives in Wellington at present are Mrs and Miss Browne (England), who are staying with Mrs Stove, having come out to New Zealand to see Mrs Browne's married daughter, Mrs Reginald Stove; Mr Williams (Dorsetshire), who is on a visit to his sister, Mrs Wallis, at Bishopscourt; and Miss Greenfield (Blenheim), who has come over for Miss Alice Rose's wedding, and is the guest of Mrs Gilmer, 102, The Terrace.

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(Abridged Prospectus for 1908.)

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ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement of Mr Erward Gilmour, of New Plymouth, to Miss Bertha Heywood, of Foxton, is announced.

MAGILL—WINKS.

There was a large gathering of friends at St. Andrew's Church on December 25th (Christmas Day) in honour of Miss Ellen Winks, daughter of Mr Jonathan Winks, who on that day was married to Mr Henry Magill, of Sydney. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Henry B. Gray. Loving hands had made the sacred edifice beautiful for the occasion with flowers and greenery, and the service was choral. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked exceedingly well in a rich cream silk robe and cream chiffon hat, with plumes. She carried a beautiful shower bouquet composed of white flowers and maidenhair fern, and wore a handsome diamond marquise ring, the gift of the bridegroom. Two Bridesmaids, Miss Lottie Winks and Miss Jessie Scott (cousin of the bride) were in attendance, both wearing very pretty cream silk gowns, black chiffon hats adorned with pink roses, and bouquets of pink and white blossoms. Their "souvenirs" were handsome gold cable bangles. Mr J. W. Winks officiated as best man, while Mr D. Winks acted as groomsmen. After the ceremony the wedding party drove to Whare-Panauanga, the residence of the bride's father, where they were entertained at an afternoon tea. Among the large number of wedding gifts the young couple received was a very handsome mantel statuette, group from the employees of the firm of Winks and Hall.

Miss Alice Johnston's wedding is definitely settled for Wednesday, January 30th, and will take place at the Hon. C. J. Johnston's pretty country residence, "Homewood," Karori. The bridesmaids are to be Miss Zoe Johnston and Misses Brandon and Bell. Miss Emily Johnston, who has been living in England for some years, is on her way out to New Zealand, but will not arrive in time for her niece's wedding. She is accompanied by Miss Doris Johnston, youngest daughter of the Hon. C. J. Johnston, who has been at school in England.

BLOOMFIELD—ROCHFORD.

On Saturday morning, at All Saints' Church, Nelson, a marriage was solemnised between Mr S. Bloomfield, of Nelson, and Miss J. Rochford, youngest daughter of Mrs Rochford, of Nelson. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. F. W. Chatterton. The bride, who was given away by Mr Ralph Catley, looked very charming in a dainty gown of soft white silk; she wore the usual veil and

wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a lovely shower bouquet of white flowers. She was attended by Miss Julie Tomlinson, as bridesmaid, who wore a pretty gown of pink floral muslin and lace, with toque of tacked white chiffon; she also carried a dainty shower bouquet of pink flowers. Mr Frank Washbourne acted as best man. Mrs Rochford, the bride's mother, wore a grey costume with white lace fichu, heliotrope bonnet; Miss Lochfort wore grey, black, hat; and Misses Mabel and Annie Rochfort wore pretty light muslin costumes and black hats. After the ceremony the bride's most intimate friends were entertained by Mrs Rochford at her residence.

M'KAY—SADDLER.

The marriage of Mr Douglas M'Kay, of Hampden, with Miss Mabel Saddler, daughter of Mrs Saddler of Gisborne, was solemnised in the Hampden Undenominational Church, Hawke's Bay, last Christmas morning. The marriage ceremony took place at eight o'clock. The bridegroom was attended by Mr Ernest Pettitt, as best man, and there were two bridesmaids. The bride wore a dress of pale grey cloth, and a white hat; her dress was trimmed with white satin and lace. Her bouquet was composed of white carnations and roses. The bridesmaids were dressed in white muslin, trimmed with blue, and hats to match, ornamented with blue flowers. The Rev. H. W. Johnston officiated. The service was choral. The bride's relatives afterwards welcomed the bridal party at Onga Onga at a reception. The relations and friends present were numerous.

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Society Gossip

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, January 3.

There is very little to tell you of "society" doings during the Christmas holidays; for the most part "society" is out of town, and the rest confine themselves to family gatherings or nearly so. Boxing Day was a perfect day, but all the others have been gloomy, and a cold feeling in the air, not at all days for basking on the sea shore, yet thousands found their way to Brighton and Sumner, and on New Year's Day the regatta at Lyttelton attracted almost as many people as previous years. The submarine explosion, under the management of Captain Falconer, was exceptionally good, and quite one of the features of the day's proceedings. Mrs. Laurenson, wife of Mr. G. Laurenson, M.H.R., pressing the button to fire the fuse. Lyttelton was gay with bunting, and the usual display of fireworks took place at night, the darkness being all that was wanted for that, but the gathering gloom drove many people home.

A number of small tennis parties have been given lately, and a friendly tournament concluded, Mrs. Ogle and Mr. Woodroffe proving the winners. Several matches have been played at Mrs. Palmer's, "Woodroffe," Papanui, and at Mrs. T. Cowlishaw's, Bligh's Road.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Cowlishaw, at present with Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Turnbull, are staying at Avonside, at Mr. W. P. Cowlishaw's residence, during his absence in Auckland.

On New Year's Day Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie Moore, Papanui, had a few friends for the afternoon and evening, including Mr., Mrs., and Miss Earle (Oamaru), Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm (Opawa), Mr. and Mrs. T. Gardner, Miss Wastney (Nelson), Miss Geddes (Oamaru), Mr. F. Deamer and one or two others. Croquet and deck quoits were played, and afternoon tea with delicious raspberries and cream were served on the lawn, high tea following later, with ping-pong and other games after.

A good many picnic parties were organised for that day. One I saw returning about six on the North Road, half the party cycling, the remainder in a drag. Amongst the number were Mr. and Mrs. F. Waymouth, the Misses and Masters Waymouth, Mr. and Mrs. de Vries, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Kinsey, Miss Martin, Mr. W. C. Hill, etc.

Camping out parties are also a favourite way of spending the holidays. A large one has gone to the West Coast, including Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. Jackson (of the High School), Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert, the Misses Cuthbert (2), Mrs. H. C. Godfrey and others, eighteen in all. They purpose being three weeks on the journey.

The Misses Robinson have returned to Cheviot with their brother, the house having been partially restored and things quieting down generally.

Sie George and Lady Clifford have gone back to Stoneyhurst. The damage there had not been so severe as at Cheviot, but quite bad enough.

The Hawtreay Comedy Company,

with the "Message From Mars," is a great treat. The company is a clever one, and the play a wholesome one, with opportunities for many a hearty laugh. The theatre has been crowded, and I believe "Tom, Dick and Harry" is funnier than the last.

A very quiet wedding took place at Holy Trinity Church, Avonside, on the 28th December, when Mr. Alfred T. Dunnage and Miss Annie Y. Otway were married. Miss Otway is a daughter of the late Rev. E. R. Otway, well known in Christchurch. The Rev. Dunnage officiated, assisted by the Rev. F. R. Inwood, of Burwood. The bride was given away by her brother, and wore a simple gown of white tulle silk, with chiffon trimming on the bodice, tulle veil and bridal wreath. She was attended by two bridesmaids, the Misses Dunnage, wearing pale grey Etou costumes, white silk vests and white hats, trimmed with pale blue chiffon, black velvet, and quills.

DOLLY VALE.

ROTORUA.

Dear Bee,

We are having most wretched weather in Rotorua, nothing but rain, rain, rain, with an occasional fine day just sufficient to remind us that we ought to be having summer weather. Rotorua is thronged with visitors, and a tremendous amount of sight-seeing goes on, despite the weather. There was to have been a promenade concert in the Sanatorium grounds on Boxing Night, in aid of the Rotorua Band, but the rain came down just at seven o'clock, and the concert was postponed until the following evening, when it was a great success. As usual, the grounds looked beautiful with their decorations of Chinese lanterns and brilliant arc lights, and the band stationed in the rotunda played excellently before and after the concert. Several items on the programme were very kindly contributed by visitors, and amongst the remaining items were duets, a plantation song and a few vocal solos. Miss Empson played several accompaniments, also Miss Griöben, a visitor.

On Saturday afternoon a small sale of work was held in the Sanatorium grounds, and in the evening a concert by St. Thomas' choir, Auckland, assisted by Mr., Mrs., and Miss Boulton. In spite of the threatening aspect of the weather a fairly brisk sale of goods went on in the afternoon. The afternoon tea stall was largely patronised, of course, and another stall that attracted a good deal of attention was the photographic stall. There was to have been a musical programme, but it was too damp for the piano to be taken out. In the evening the grounds were charmingly lit up with Chinese lanterns, and the ivy house was turned into an ice-cream and tea stall, where a brisk business was done. The other stalls were arranged on the verandah, and during the twenty minutes' interval most of the articles were sold, and the remainder auctioned after the close of the concert. Miss Boulton contributed two violin solos, which were greatly appreciated. The collection at the gates amounted to £9 13/0 odd, but the result of the day's sale has not yet been published. At the conclusion of the concert the Rev. H. G. Blackburne thanked St. Thomas' choir and Mr., Mrs., and Miss Boulton for the help so kindly given, and all those who had helped in any way with the sale of work, which was in aid of St. Luke's Anglican Church.

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee,

THE AUCKLAND RACING CLUB'S CARNIVAL.

The third day of the summer meeting was held on Wednesday, New Year's Day. The morning broke dull and sunless, and for some little time those who had been anticipating a day at Ellerslie were rather anxious as to how the clerk of the weather was going to treat them, as he has behaved so strangely this Christmas that for any eccentricity on his part pleasure-seekers had to be prepared. Fortunately the wind took a southerly direction, though at no time was the sky cloudless, there was beautiful sunlight, pleasantly tempered by fleecy clouds. The attend-

ance was tremendous. The scene on the lawn was full of life and colour. The ladies had a chance at last to display to advantage their newest and best of frocks. The extremely smart and moneyed people of the Auckland population feel bound to present themselves, once at any rate, if not twice, three times, or the whole four days of the summer meeting. It was more particularly on Derby Day that the dressing of the ladies was superb. Nine-tenths of the whole of the ladies present had their attention completely absorbed in admiring each other's dresses. Admirable taste had been the characteristic of most of the ladies' dresses. Eyesores were very few and far between—a somewhat rare state of things at such a monster assemblage. Pale azure blue and white were the predominating colours on the lawn. Miss Buckland, the president's (Mr. A. Buckland) daughter, gracefully decorated the winner of the Great Northern Derby, Mr. Stead's Menschikoff, with the blue ribbon, in front of the grand stand, amidst the hearty cheers of the crowd. Amongst those present were: Miss Buckland (president's daughter) looked well in a grey tullecked voile with black lace, black chiffon hat; Miss Alison, white tulle muslin, black hat; Miss Atkinson, blue mercerised silk, black hat; and her sister wore a mode grey bengaline, white hat; Mrs. Isidor Alexander, beige brown, with ecru lace trimming, toque with roses and chiffon; Mrs. Elliot Moss Davis, ecru silk, with ecru lace and blue rosettes, black hat with feathers; Mrs. Ansenne, grey tullecked voile, with white lace and silk at neck, hat with pink roses; Mrs. Atkins, grey tullecked voile bodice, and frilled skirt, blue hat with tulle; Mrs. Armitage, pale green costume, with ecru lace, hat with pink flowers; Miss Phillips, brown holland; Mrs. Bodle, black foulard, with white spots, the bodice was stylishly trimmed with ecru lace, black hat; Mrs. S. Anderson, black bolero and skirt, white vest, pink waistband, hat with pink; Mrs. G. Bloomfield, white serge gown, hat with flowers; Miss Griffiths, white nun's veiling skirt, white silk blouse, hat with blue and pink; Mrs. Lucas R. Bloomfield, a combination of absinthe green and ecru lace, hat with pink roses and black velvet; Miss Raey, black silk, with a blue brocaded design, white vest, black hat; Mrs. Reade Bloomfield, black costume, black bonnet, relieved with turquoise blue choux; Mrs. William R. Bloomfield, pretty pearl grey crepe de chine, with ecru lace braid trimming, white hat with wreath of yellow and red roses beneath the brim; Mrs. Sharland, white tullecked silk, with narrow bands of black velvet, black toque; Miss Berry, white flounced costume, hat with two brims; Miss Minitt, grey check bolero and skirt, black collar, black hat; Miss Cruickshank, grey voile, with touch of blue, white lace collar-ette, hat with blue; Mrs. Bruce, silver grey voile, black hat; Mrs. Edmiston, beige brown, trimmed with coffee lace, black toque, finished with pink; Miss Edmiston, navy bolero and skirt, black hat with white tulle swaths; Mrs. C. Brown, cream muslin, with green floral design, hat with cream and pink tulle; and her sister wore white; Miss Wylie Brown, white silk skirt, with ecru lace, blouse of white satin ribbon and ecru lace, white hat with ostrich feather and ribbons; Mrs. Benjamin, grey tullecked voile, black toque; Mrs. Bush, black silk; Miss Bush, white muslin, pink ribbon band at waist, black hat; Mrs. Browning, black silk, black toque, relieved with white; Miss Ronillan, white pique blouse, white silk skirt, sailor hat; Mrs. Bamford, black silk bolero and skirt; Miss Van Asch, cream holland gown, white hat; Miss Brodie, white Japanese hat; Miss Olive Buckland, brown holland; Mrs. Cheeseman, pale green skirt, with ecru lace, fawn three-quarter jacket, hat with green silk; Mrs. Keating, black silk, relieved with fawn lace, black bonnet; Miss Keating, green skirt, cream lace bolero and blouse, black toque with pink flowers; and her sister wore cream silk, black toque; Mrs. Cotter, white silk, with large black spots, finished with black lace and violet velvet, cream toque, with violets and velvet; Miss M. Cotter, grey voile skirt, silk blouse, black hat; her sister wore a grey voile, black hat; Miss Stenenson, white

plique coat and skirt, black hat; her sister wore a white silk; Miss D. Stenenson, blue flowered muslin, white hat, trimmed with blue; Mrs. Seavill, white silk, white picture hat, swathed with tulle; Mrs. Ruddock, white muslin, with lilac design, white hat, swathed with lavender; Mrs. Colbeck, grey tullecked voile, black toque; Miss Binney, pale green muslin, trimmed with white, black hat; her sister wore white tullecked silk gown, black hat, with turquoise blue feathers; Mrs. Clifton, royal blue and white, white hat; Mrs. Kingswell, black silk, with beading; Mrs. Napier, navy, with grey wave traced pattern, black toque, with flowers; Mrs. Cox, black silk bolero and skirt, with ecru lace, black toque, with feather; Mrs. Creagh, grey check; Miss Creagh, green French muslin, with black tulle trimming; Mrs. Caro, black silk, with lace, black hat; Miss Croo, white muslin gown, black hat; Miss Coleman, royal blue and white, hat swathed with tulle and silver beads; Mrs. Louis Myers, black foulard, with white figured pattern, white tulle collar-ette, pectunia toque, with gold crown; Mrs. Baume, black and white figured silk, black bonnet; Mrs. William Coleman, French blue, relieved with white, black toque, with feathers; Miss Myers, lovely white gown, black hat; Mrs. (Col.) Dawson, lovely black silk, white tullecked silk yoke, black hat, with blue flowers; Miss May Dawson, dark skirt, white blouse, heliotrope hat, with ostrich plumes, her sister wore white muslin, with blue waistband, white hat, with blue; Miss Hill, white skirt, blue blouse, white hat, with blue tulle rosettes; her sister wore white; Mrs. Devereux, black silk, with bead passementerie, black toque, with violets; Miss Devereux, brown coat and skirt, black toque; Mrs. Dufaur, holland costume; Miss Horne, wood violet satin soiled, with ecru lace braiding and white ribbons, black hat; Mrs. Donald, black silk, with blue at neck, black bonnet, with blue; Miss Donald, greeny muslin, hat with crysanthemum pink trimming; Miss Dunnett, grey tullecked voile, with ecru lace, cream hat, with flowers; Mrs. J. M. Dargaville, black mirror silk, with steel passementerie, black toque; Miss Dargaville, green flowered muslin, white lace, straw toque, with pink flower and black ostrich feather; Miss M. Dargaville, pink flowered muslin, white hat, with plumes and ossemer veil; Mrs. Lowry (Hawke's Bay), very handsome Nil green silk, with ecru lace

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insertion, black ribbon waistband, white toque, with silk, threaded with black velvet, white lace ruffles; Mrs Duthie, cream silk, with fawn lace applique, black and white toque, with pink roses; Miss Firth, black; Mrs Greenaway and Mrs Markham wore black sacque silk jackets, black skirts, black hats; Mrs A. P. Friend, grey bolero and skirt, black hat; her daughter wore white; Mrs Russell, white, with mauve finishings, black toque; Misses Thorne George (2) wore white gowns, black and white hats respectively; Miss Sutton, fawn gown, Italian hat; Mrs H. T. Gorrie, black silk; Miss Gorrie, brown holland; her sisters wore white; Miss McLean (Christchurch), green and pink plaid, black hat; her sister wore black silk, blue hat, and another sister wore blue foulard, black hat; Mrs Hope Lewis, cream muslin, with blue and pink floral design, toque with pink rosette; Miss Hope Lewis, black skirt, navy blouse; Mrs Martelli, white gown, black hat, lined with pink crushed tulle; Miss Percival, absinthe green gown, with ecru lace, black toque; Miss Ethel Percival, white Russian silk costume; her sister wore a white tucked book muslin gown, hat with blue bows; Mrs Tanner, royal blue, finished with white; Miss Tanner, grey voile, white hat, swathed with flowers; Miss Torrance, brick pink silk, with ecru lace, hat with red nasturtiums; Mrs Coney, green flowered foulard, on white ground, hat with pink roses; Miss White, grey muslin, her sister wore pink; Mrs L. D. Nathan, black silk, with green velvet bands, black toque, with red flowers; Miss Davis, blue flowered silk, blue sash, cream hat, with blue tulle and flowers; Mrs Alfred Nathan, black merveilleux, black toque; Mrs Marshall, green coat and skirt, sailor hat; Mrs Abbott, green, trimmed with cream lace; Mrs Cundall, black gown, with pink floral design, black toque; Mrs Ware, navy mercerised silk, with white lace, black toque, with pink roses; Miss Ware, grey voile, black hat; Miss D. Ware, white tucked silk; Mrs J. Fairburn (Wellington), dark green coat and skirt, black-toque; Miss Moss, holland gown; Miss Wilkins, white silk, with lace insertion, black hat; her sister wore a sky blue skirt, silk blouse, cream hat, with black ribbons; Mrs Smith, black silk; Miss Smith, black silk, white vest, white hat with pink silk; Mrs Ranson, black moire, white tulle at neck, white beads, black toque; Mrs H. O. Nolan, cream silk, white toque with pink flowers; Miss Smith, green figured foulard with black and white tulle, black toque; Miss Claire Smith, black gown, lavender hat with velvet bow at back; Miss Eve Smith, lavender flowered muslin, black hat; Miss Ireland, black silk costume, black hat; Mrs Hutchison, violet foulard, white hat with violets; Mrs Roberts, black silk, fawn toque; Mrs Arthur Nathan, brown tussore silk edged with black velvet and pink roses; Miss Julia Nathan, cream embossed net skirt, silk blouse, mauve tulle toque; Miss Knight, grey voile skirt with ecru lace insertion, white silk blouse, black hat; and her sister wore white silk gown, black hat; Miss Andrews, dark skirt, light blouse; Miss Rooke, crushed strawberry gown, black hat; Mrs Stafford Walker, grey gown, black bonnet; Mrs McLaughlin, black silk with silver thread machined stitch, black bonnet; Mrs S. Morrin, black silk with mauve finishing, mauve floral toque; Mrs Thomas Morrin, lavender silk, black toque; Miss Morrin, white; and her sister wore a white gown with pink spots, white hats; Miss King, pink gown, veiled in white lace; Mrs Stead, black grenadine over white, green vest, black toque; Miss Stead, white pique; Miss McLean (Mount Albert), blue foulard, black hat; Mrs Younghusband, bright navy bolero and skirt, white stitchings, revers and vest, black hat; Miss Bees George, white silk with black velvet, black hat; Mrs P. M. Hansen, grey bolero and skirt, white collar-ette, mauve toque; Mrs Segar, black bolero and skirt, white vest, heliotrope hat with tulle and grey ostrich feathers; Mrs Scherff, black silk, black bonnet; Miss Lusk, white silk with ecru lace, black hat; Miss O. Lusk, white silk with ecru lace, pink waistband, blue lace, straw hat with wreath of red berries beneath crown; Mrs R. Lusk, heliotrope silk, cream

hat with vieux roses; Miss Raynes, handsome blue figured silk, black hat; Miss Whyte, white muslin gown, white hat; Miss Williamson, white gown, white hat; Miss Hudson Williamson, white; Mrs Billings, black; Mrs Passmore, black; Mrs Cattanch, fawn, trimmed with brown; Mrs W. Nichol, white muslin, black hat; Mrs Lockhart, black silk, white silk let in V shape back and front, blue tulle hat with black feather; Mrs Ruck, black silk with old gold roses in bonnet; Mrs Walker (Eilerslie), violet gown, violet bonnet; Mrs Foster, mauve silk, black hat; Miss Langsford, blue foulard; and her sister wore a crushed strawberry gown, black hat; Miss Walker (Thames), crushed strawberry gown, black hat; Mrs Hunne, dark skirt, white blouse, white hat; Mrs Keogh, black, silk with white let in at neck; Mrs Orway, white silk, white hat; Miss Nelson, grey voile, hat with flowers; Mrs Rathbone, black voile with white let in bodice, black toque; Miss Leys, white silk with blue ribbons, pink hat; Mrs Kilgour, black; Mrs Goodson, blue silk gown, black hat; Mrs Geo. Hill, white gown, black hat with wreath of blue flowers; Misses Chapman (2), grey skirts, light blouses; Mrs Leo Myers, grey silk with black spots, black toque; Miss Worsp, blue flowered gown finished with blue ribbons; and her sister wore a similar pink flowered costume; Mrs Tewlesy, crushed strawberry made with tulle skirt and trimmed with velvet of a darker hue, black hat; Miss Kempthorne (Dunedin), crushed strawberry costume, with white vest, black hat; Mrs (Dr.) Pabst, blue brocade cream hat with tulle and feathers; Mrs Fitzroy Peacocke, black; Miss Peacocke, white muslin finished with blue, white hat with blue; Miss Shepherd, grey costume, black toque with touch of yellow; Mrs Richardson, violet silk, white vest, black toque; Miss Richardson, grey tucked voile; Mrs Crowe, white tucked muslin, black hat; Mrs Kelly, white gown, white hat with yellow roses; Mrs Ralph (Ponsonby), black silk with green plaid stripes; Mrs J. G. Ralph, black silk, white collar-ette; Mrs Grabame, mauve figured foulard; Miss Mitchell, black costume, black hat; Mrs Mair, dark skirt, fawn jacket, black toque; Mrs W. H. Churton, black bolero and skirt, white vest, sailor hat; Mrs Nichol, black; Mrs McCormick, brown holland gown, hat with red swathing; Miss Davy, dark gown; Miss Waymouth, grey voile, white vest, black hat; Miss Miller, fawn lace gown, lace flap hat with red flowers; Mrs Howard, muslin gown sailor hat; Miss Howard, dark skirt, light blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Williams, black; Miss Williams, grey voile, bolero and skirt, white vest, black hat; Miss McAndrew, black dress, white vest, black hat with ostrich feather; Mrs Goodhue, black skirt, blue blouse, black hat; Mrs Polan, black costume, toque with rose pink swathing; Miss Savage, pale blue gown, white hat.

THE CONCLUDING DAY

of the Auckland Summer Race Meeting took place on Thursday last, under unfavourable weather. Heavy showers fell during the day, and looking down from the grandstand during the rainfall, the eye was met by a sea of umbrellas. Of course, the lawn did not bear the gay appearance of Derby Day, the costumes worn by the ladies being of a more sombre shade.

Mrs Dufaur, black silk gown, with ecru lace, white vest, black hat; Miss Dunnett, black silk, with passementerie, cream hat with flowers; Mrs Duthie, a combination of black and white, canary waistband, black toque; Miss Thorne-George, black costume, black hat; and her sister, dark skirt, light blouse; Mrs H. T. Gorrie, fawn bolero and skirt, black hat; Miss Gorrie, brown holland; and her sister, a coffee coloured gown; Miss G. Gorrie, white pique; Mrs Bodle, grey bolero and skirt, with black lace, black hat; Mrs Ranson, handsome black silk, white tulle vest with silver passementerie; Miss Horne, violet gown, sailor hat; Mrs Stafford Walker, grey gown; Miss Devereux, dark skirt, white silk blouse; Miss Atkinson, dark skirt, pink blouse; and her sister wore blue mercerised silk; Mrs Atkins, cream

tucked bengaline with ecru lace, white hat swathed with tulle; Mrs Benjamin, greeny grey bolero and skirt, with white pipings, white square-cut collar, black and silver bonnet; Mrs G. R. Bloomfield, lavender figured silk, hat with roses; Miss Griffiths, black and white striped skirt, grey check blouse, hat trimmed with blue; Mrs William R. Bloomfield, blue cambrie circular flounced skirt, fawn jacket, hat with wreath of roses on hair; Mrs Lucas R. Bloomfield, black bolero and skirt, white vest, hat with red roses; Mrs McLaughlin, violet foulard, with ecru lace, black bonnet with white osprey; Miss Brodie, white Japanese silk, cream hat trimmed with black; Miss Wyde-Brown, fawn costume, green toque with rosettes of blue and pink ribbon; Miss Russell, pink flowered French muslin; Mrs W. H. Churton, black bolero and skirt, white vest, sailor hat; Miss Creagh, navy skirt, navy blouse; Miss Chadwick, navy spotted foulard, white yoke, white toque; Miss Binney, black costume, cream hat with black; Miss — Binney, navy spotted foulard with gold braid, hat with fawn lace and turquoise blue flowers; Mrs Clifton, grey bolero and skirt, white vest, white hat with swathings of white silk; Mrs Kingswell, navy tucked voile, black toque; Mrs Coyle, black coat and skirt, white vest and hat; Mrs Nichol, black relieved with white, black and white toque; Mrs Bush, dark skirt, blue blouse, black hat; Miss Bush, dark skirt, navy blouse, Italian hat; Mrs Cox, black bolero and skirt, black toque finished with white; Mrs Dargaville, black silk, with black passementerie, black bonnet; Miss Dorothy Dargaville, china blue figured muslin, white hat; Mrs Ware, black costume, black bonnet with yellow buttercups; Miss Ware, striped coat and skirt, sailor hat; Mrs Moss Davis, black silk, white vest, black bonnet; Misses Moss Davis (2), pink boleros and skirts, with ecru lace, white and black hats respectively; Mrs Moss, pink silk veiled in a cream surah, white hat with roses; Misses Dawson (2), dark skirts, light blouses; Miss Raynes, China blue figured foulard; Mrs Hope Lewis, blue pongee, with white lace, toque with blue; Miss Lewis, blue and white striped gown, sailor hat; Mrs R. Lusk, pale green silk, with ecru lace, burnt straw hat with pink roses; Miss Lusk, black gown, with ecru lace, black hat with ostrich plumes; Miss O. Lusk, black silk, with ecru lace, blue fancy straw hat with red berries and black ribbons; Mrs Loveridge, brown gown, rose coral tulle toque; Mrs Thomas Morrin, royal blue gown faced with pink brocade, white toque swathed with white tulle and black velvet ribbon; Misses Morrin (2), white silks; Mrs Stead, black silk, with motifs of ecru lace, white toque with primroses, white parasol with large black chenille spots; Miss Stead, navy blue coat and skirt, white vest, blue waistband, sailor hat; Mrs Holmes, black silk, finished with blue silk, brown hat; Mrs Hay, black; Mrs Hutchison, black silk, with gold buttons, white silk toque with gold braid and ostrich plumes; Miss Edith Isaacs, iris purple gown, made with bolero, blue collar-ette, cream hat with flowers; Misses Ireland (2), black skirts, black satin blouses, black hats lined with white; Mrs Cheeseman, handsome cream serge skirt with machine stitchings, fawn jacket with green; Miss Keesing, green skirt, light blouse with ecru lace bolero, black toque; Mrs Tanner, royal blue and white costume, white hat; Mrs Pittar, black silk; Mrs Scwerby, black gown, black hat; Mrs Keogh, black silk; Mrs Lowry, grey voile skirt, white tucked silk blouse, black hat swathed with tulle and trimmed with black and white feathers; Mrs Hill, black skirt, white blouse; Mrs C. Brown, black skirt, white blouse; and her sister wore white; Misses Peacocke (2) were much admired in white trained surahs with ecru lace applique, blue beads, white picture hats with blue rosettes and white ostrich plumes; Mrs Markham, black bolero and skirt, white vest, white hat with blue flounces; Mrs Greenaway, black gown, white hat swathed with ecru lace; Mrs Bell, fawn check, black toque; Mrs Isidor

Alexander, mode-grey voile skirt, handsomely trimmed with black lace braid, black bolero, grey tulle toque with bird and berries; Mrs Elliot Moss, fawn skirt, black blouse, veiled in ecru bolero, fawn toque with pink roses; Miss Moss, brown holland; Miss Tanner, white muslin with ecru lace insertion, white hat with flowers; Mrs MacCormick, fawn holland, hat with red silk; Miss Lizzie Gorrie, white pique skirt, white silk bodice with ecru lace insertion, white hat; Miss Cruickshank looked exceedingly graceful in a white surah edged with blue bebe velvet, white hat with pink roses; Misses McLean (2), white gowns, black hats; Mrs Alfred Nathan, black silk relieved with white, white toque; Mrs Arthur Nathan, black silk, fawn toque with roses; Mrs L. D. Nathan, English costume, black silk with rows of black velvet on skirt, bodice with beaded passementerie, toque with globe de dijon roses; Miss Davis, metal coloured silk (an English costume), made in bolero and skirt, black hat; Mrs Graham, navy spotted foulard, turban toque with mauve rosettes; Miss Shepherd, a striking white silk veiled in black lace, black hat with yellow roses; Mrs Caro, blue costume with ecru lace, black toque; and her sister dark skirt and fawn blouse; Miss Caro, dark skirt, blue blouse, black hat; Mrs Tom Keesing, black skirt, silk bodice; Miss Percival, rich black silk en traine, with white silk fichu, black hat; Miss E. Percival, dark skirt, light blouse, sailor hat; and her two younger sisters wore navy and brown holland respectively; Mrs T. Masefield, bluey gown, turban toque with blue rosettes; Miss Maggie McDonald, green and white striped gown with ecru lace, white hat; Miss Davy, dark skirt, pink flowered muslin blouse, black toque with pink roses; Miss Wilkins, black; Miss Maud Wilkins, dark skirt, blue blouse, hat with black; Mrs Barter, rich blue foulard, with ecru lace; Mrs Forbes, green plaid cambrie gown, sailor hat; Miss Wallnutt, white muslin; Miss Langsford, navy blue tailor-made gown; Miss Torrance, brick pink silk; Mrs J. G. Ralph, black; Mrs Kelly, greeny grey bolero and skirt, white vest; Mrs Crowe, white muslin, black hat; Mrs Owen, fawn gown; Miss Shepherd, blue gown, sailor hat; Mrs Mair, dark skirt, fawn jacket, black toque; Miss Gain, light gown, white tulle hat with wreath of purple flowers; Miss Berry, white muslin gown, blue hat with flowers; and her sister wore a crushed strawberry gown, hat en suite; Mrs Cotter, royal blue gown, trimmed with ecru lace, square white collar-ette, royal blue and cream toque; Mrs Seaville, navy foulard, black hat; Mrs W. B. Colbeck, china



The morning of life is the time of abundance, profusion, strength, vigor, growth. When the sun begins to sink, when the midday of life is past, then the hair begins to fade and the silvery gray tells of approaching age.

Sunrise or sunset? Which shall you mirror say? If the former, then it is rich and dark hair, long and heavy hair; if the latter, it is short and falling hair, thin and gray hair.

The choice is yours, — for

Ayer's Hair Vigor

always restores color to gray hair, stops falling of the hair, and makes the hair grow long and heavy.

This is something you have been looking for, isn't it? And it is something you can have confidence in, for it is no experiment; people have been using it for half a century. We do not claim it will do everything, but we do claim it is the best hair preparation ever made.

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

blue mercerised silk, hat with small pink rosebuds; Miss Cotter, black with blue choux of chiffon, hat with blue; and her sister wore a green silk; Miss Stevenson (2), white gowns, black hats; Miss McFarland, dark skirt, white silk blouse, black hat; and her sister wore a grey mouseline de soie with lace insertion, black toque; Mrs Otway, dark skirt, pink silk blouse, petunia toque with white wings; Mrs Hume, brown holland with white sailor collar; Mrs Hamlin, black silk, black toque; Mrs Martelli, black costume; Mrs Abbott, navy; Mrs J. C. Smith, greeny coat and skirt; Miss Smith, black coat and skirt, Italian hat; Miss Smith, black skirt, green blouse, black hat; Miss Eve Smith, black skirt with ecru lace, black hat; Mrs McLean, royal blue foward, black hat; Miss Williamson, dark skirt, light blouse, black hat; Mrs Foster, black silk gown, lavender hat; Miss Walker (Thames), crushed strawberry gown; Miss Chapman, grey skirt, white blouse; and her sister wore dark skirt, grey blouse; Mrs Wallcutt, dark skirt, light blouse.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

scarf; Mrs Collins, pale blue and white, black hat with flowers; Mrs Wood, pale blue; Mrs Ogle, creme silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Cook, brown and gold; Miss Siggs, white silk, large black hat; Mrs Barnett, white silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Ellis, black; Miss Erice Bailey, black and grey muslin; Miss Ambridge, white silk; Miss C. Jacob, white muslin; Mrs A. D. Gray, black satin, jet trimming; Mrs Mitchell, white silk, grey velvet hat; Miss Cottier, white; Miss Murphy, creme; Mrs F. Watson, creme blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Brennan, black; Misses Holdsworth (2); Miss Rennell; Misses Brewer (2); Miss Brennan; Miss Cameron; Miss Day; Miss Cleveland, blue and white striped dress; Mrs Standish, black; Miss Standish, white; Mrs Shotlander, black, sequin trimming.

NANCY I.E.E.

HASTINGS.

Dear Bee, January 3.

The second day of the tournament here on the tennis courts adjoining Mr Fraser's school was quite as successful as the first, and the weather on both occasions was most propitious. The lawn was crowded with players and spectators, and the games were exciting. The Misses Spencer and Tunner won the Ladies' Handicap Doubles, beating Mrs Wexley and Miss Ward, 60 to 48. Miss Todd was victorious in the Ladies' Handicap Singles. She beat Miss N. Heath by four points, as the score was 60-56. In the final of the Combined Doubles Miss Ward and J. G. Johnston were vanquished by Mrs Hamlin and C. Margolouth, 60-49, and in the Men's Doubles Dixon and Margolouth beat Smith and Jones, 80-55. In the Men's Singles Fenwick was successful and beat Coleman, 80 to 76, after a hardly contested game. On both days afternoon tea and lunch were provided by Misses Seale and Ralfour, of the Kia Ora Tea Rooms, Napier. Some exceedingly pretty dresses were worn. Mrs Williams looked well in a handsome black costume; Mrs FitzRoy wore grey and white; Miss Ward, light muslin dress; Mrs Manuering wore blue; Miss Chapman, dainty pink muslin dress, sailor hat; Miss Fitz Roy, soft white costume; Miss Sutton's yellow muslin dress, with a number of frills on the skirt, was much admired; Mrs Arthur Kennedy wore a pale blue zephyr blouse and a dark skirt; Miss Rees had a holland dress and a hat trimmed with yellow flowers; Miss Hamlin, bright blue blouse, serge skirt; Miss Todd, pretty flowered muslin, large hat; Miss Burke, holland dress; Miss E. Burke, cream muslin, sailor hat with red band; Miss E. Spencer, light blouse, dark skirt; Miss Williams, white muslin; Miss Heath, black; Miss Tuke also wore black relieved with white; Miss Macfarlane, white blouse, grey skirt.

A gloom was cast over the town, and indeed over all Hawke's Bay, when the news was received of the certain death of Lieut. L. P. Russell,

son of Captain Russell, M.H.R. It had been hoped that the news was incorrect, but, alas! it is only too true, and wide-spread sympathy is felt for Captain and Mrs Russell in this last bereavement. The deceased was twenty-four years of age, and was the only Lieutenant Russell in the West Yorkshire regiment, so that there can be no mistake. He was educated at Wanganui College, afterwards at Cambridge, and came out to Hawke's Bay at the end of his University career, before going home to join his regiment.

DOROTHY.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, January 2.
Another Christmas has come and

gone, and we are now vainly trying to settle down to peace and quietness

AFTER THE EXCITEMENT OF THE HOLIDAYS.

I don't know why it is, but holidays do upset one terribly. Everything seems to be turned round, and no one ever knows what day it is, or anything at all ordinary or commonplace. We had most glorious weather for all the Christmas holidays, and New Year's Day, too, was lovely, but to-day it has broken, and has been raining steadily all day. The ferry boats were very largely patronised last week; Day's Bay, Seatoun and Worsler Bay, and, in fact, every seaside place, by train or steamer, was thronged with gay holiday-makers; and in the evening the town would be lined with tired, yet happy, picnickers returning from their day

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, January 3.

The N.P.J.C. inaugurated their Summer Meeting on Boxing Day, and on the following Friday. The weather on both days was all that could be desired, and the commencement of the great improvements instituted by the club to the stand, lawn, and saddling paddocks were much appreciated by the patrons of the meeting, who attained a record number, as did also the investments upon the totalisator. Amongst those present at the meeting for both days were: Mrs Alexander, black brocade silk; Mrs Paul, violet brocade silk, toque to match; Miss Paul looked very pretty in white silk, slip-over skirt of net, lace hat trimmed with pink; Mrs W. Webster (junior), fawn coat and skirt, white hat; Mrs W. Webster, black; Miss McAlpine, pink and white brocade silk, black hat; Miss B. Webster, heliotrope muslin; Miss Cook, white; Mrs Oswin, white muslin, pink hat; Miss Ellis, black Eton coat and skirt, pink and black hat; Mrs Hall, heliotrope dress, creme satin zuave; Mrs Biggs, black trimmed with creme lace, black hat; Mrs Nathan, black silk, creme bonnet; Mrs Goldwater, black; Miss Brewer, black; Miss E. Rennell, white pique skirt, heliotrope muslin blouse; Miss V. Rennell, white silk, black and pink hat; Mrs A. Holmes, pale blue blouse, blue skirt; Mrs Rennell, black; Mrs Clarke, pink silk blouse, black silk skirt; Miss Avery, white silk; Mrs P. Webster looked charming in pink muslin, black hat; Miss Cunningham, pale grey, floral hat; Mrs H. Goldwater, black; Miss Holford, heliotrope; Miss N. Skeet, tussore silk; Mrs Pascoe, black satin; Mrs Wright, pink and white muslin; Miss Walker, blue and white muslin; Mrs McClelland, black and heliotrope, beautiful real lace



W B

Erect Form
CORSETS

AMERICA'S LEADING CORSET.

The American "Erect Form" Corset is a triumph 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, myriaphing pieces of armour, but give and bend with every give and bend of the body. In White Cotton or Black Italian, 5/6, 6/11, 8/11, 21/-, 30/-, 35/-, 42/-, to 6 guineas.

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THE ERECT FORM

is the newest W. B. CORSET, and is a triumph of good sense and modelling; meets all the requirements of the present fashion, and is perfect fitting, elegant, and comfortable; it throws the shoulders back; it takes away pressure, so that there is no shortness of breath. Physicians will join with your modiste in praising it

OUR ASSISTANTS HAVE TAKEN LESSONS IN THE ART OF FITTING FROM THEIR REPRESENTATIVE, MRS. HAHN.

McCullagh & Gower,

246, 248, 250, QUEEN STREET.

N.B.—LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING IN LARGE VARIETY.



of utter enjoyment, and weary parents trudging home, with the children lagging behind, as they always will do on these occasions.

We went for a jolly little picnic to Day's Bay, and greatly enjoyed the outing, although the boat was very full, and children with bugles numerous!

In the evening we made up a party for

"FLORODORA."

which was an excellent wind-up to the day. The Opera House has been crowded to its utmost on every night since the Pollards opened their season. The play is charmingly mounted, and the music and dresses are so bright and pretty that it would be impossible to do otherwise than thoroughly enjoy it. Mr Peter, as Anthony Tweedlepunch, is really capital, and he keeps the audience in a continual simmer of laughter. He is so full of life and fun, and each night he will introduce some new little bits of by-play. His acting in the burlesque of the Darios, with Miss Rosie Eveson, was simply splendid, and the audience insisted on encores all through the piece.

Some of those I have seen in the audience are: Mr and Mrs Johnston, Mr and Mrs Travers, the Misses Cole-ridge, Mr and Mrs Duncan, Miss Duncan, Dr. and Mrs Purdy, Mr and Miss Harcourt, Mrs and Miss Simpson, Mrs and Miss Bell, the Misses Johnston, Mrs and Miss Reid, Mr and Mrs Brown, Mr and Mrs Ross, Mr and Mrs Pearce, and others.

SAILORS' ENTERTAINMENT.

A splendid day was provided for the sailors in port yesterday, when about 200 of them were entertained by Mrs Rhodes at her beautiful residence, "The Grange," at Wadestown. After a sumptuous luncheon the programme of sports was gone through under the supervision of Mr James Moore and Mr Bartrop, and the successful competitors were presented with prizes given by Mrs Rhodes

after tea. Ringing cheers were given for the hostess in acknowledgment of her great kindness, and the guests then made their way back into town. In the evening a concert was provided for them at the Art Gallery by Mrs Clarke Johnston and several others, and altogether the sailors spent a most delightful time on that day.

Mr and Mrs H. D. Bell had a large home party for Christmas at their Lowry Bay residence. Among their guests were Mr and Mrs Harold Johnston, the Misses Johnston, Mrs and Miss Duncan, and the Messrs Duncan, Jackson, Higginson, etc.

Mrs Arthur Pearce also had a number of guests at her house in Lowry Bay, and a very enjoyable time was spent by everyone.

Quite a number of people went up to Featherston on Tuesday for the races there on New Year's Day and two other days following. Some of those whom I heard had gone up are Mr and Mrs Ernest Izard, the Misses Johnston, Higginson, Bell, Brandon, Messrs Duncan, Higginson, Johnston, and others.

Captain and Mrs Rose and the Misses Rose (3) have just returned from England after a very long visit. They seem to have greatly enjoyed it. They are at present staying at the Royal Oak Hotel.

The wedding of Miss Alice Rose to Mr C. V. Houghton, of Auckland, took place this afternoon from the hotel. The ceremony was performed at St. Peter's Church by the Rev. W. C. Waters in the presence of a number of friends and relations. The bride looked very nice in her pretty wedding gown of white surah, both skirt and bodice being artistically trimmed with lovely Limerick lace. The veil was surmounted with a spray of white heather, and she wore the bridegroom's gift—a gold and diamond pendant—and carried a shower bouquet. Her two sisters

attended as bridesmaids, and their dresses were very pretty, of white muslin profusely trimmed with lace and insertion and with a new looking arrangement of scarlet, ribbon on the skirts and bodices, finished below the knee with butterfly bows. Their hats were all black with plumes, and they wore their gifts from the bridegroom, which were handsome gold chains. Afterwards Captain and Mrs Rose received the guests at the Royal Oak, where the breakfast was held, accompanied by the usual toasts. Mr and Mrs Houghton are spending their honeymoon on their way to Auckland. Going away Mrs Houghton wore a very pretty cream linen gown strapped with green and with lace on the bodice, and a cream hat trimmed with green leaves and flowers.

OPHELIA.

NELSON.

Dear Bee, December 23.

The weather has been beautifully fine for the Christmas holidays, and from all accounts everyone has spent a thoroughly enjoyable time. On Christmas Eve the principal streets in the city presented a gay and animated appearance, there being numbers of people everywhere. The children were particularly happy, their favourite toy being the "squeaker," which certainly gives forth plenty of sound, though little can be said in favour of its quality.

On Christmas Day service was held at the principal churches. The Cathedral was beautifully decorated with ferns and other foliage, and white flowers. The service in the morning was full choral, the Rev. J. P. Kempthorne officiated, and preached the sermon. In the evening a carol service was held, which was largely attended. Carols and choruses were sung by the choir, and solo and recitatives were rendered from "The Messiah" by Misses Harley, Hanby, Mac-

kay, Mrs J. Shields, the Rev. J. P. Kempthorne, and Mr Maginarity. Mr G. F. Naylor presided at the organ. A musical recital was held on Christmas night at St. John's Wesleyan Church, which was also well attended. Several organ solo were played by Miss Nina Moore. The other soloists were: Mrs Snodgrass, Miss Greenen, Miss Nelson, Mr A. P. Lucas, and Herr J. Lemmer.

On Boxing Day the city was very quiet, but military sports were held at Motueka, and an athletic carnival at Wakefield, which attracted large numbers of people. Picnic parties were also very numerous at all the usual pleasure resorts.

PHYLIS.

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

S.L. DONNA
PRIMA DONNA
Corsets.



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

GREAT CASH SALE

OF SUMMER GOODS

NOW ON AT

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Goods in all Departments

HEAVILY REDUCED IN PRICE

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IS SECOND TO NONE.

Numerous **SPECIAL LINES** bought at a big discount will be run out during **THE SALE** at Nominal Prices.

COME AND SEE US.

A VISIT WILL REPAY YOU.

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AUCKLAND.

PREMISES CLOSE
AT 1 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 MARTYR TO COLDS AND BRONCHIAL ASTHMA.

CURED BY ONE BOTTLE OF HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE. THE DOCTOR SO INTERESTED THAT HE CARRIED OFF THE EMPTY BOTTLE.

"Mr Hearne— I enclose for your own private perusal a letter received from my mother, Mrs. — of London, England, from which you will glean that your medicine has been a perfect God-send to a martyr to colds and bronchial asthma. I do not wish any names to be mentioned, but you are at liberty to make use of any portion of this letter you choose, and you can confidently refer anybody to me. I heard of your excellent remedy, and sent it to England. You can see for yourself what an immense success it was— Yours faithfully,

Extract from letter alluded to above— "You will be interested to hear that I think the Bronchitis Cure really excellent. I was very bad when it arrived, and I immediately flew to it. That was last Friday, and it has quite cured me. I have never since had a cold 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.

"Dear Sir— I wish to add my testimony to the wonderful effect of your Bronchitis Cure. I suffered for nine months, and the cough was so distressingly bad at nights I was obliged to get up and sit by the fire. I had medical advice, and tried other remedies without avail. I tried yours, and never had a fit of coughing after taking the first dose, and though I have had but two bottles I feel I am a different man, and the cough has vanished. You may depend upon my making known the efficacy of your wonderful remedy to anyone I see afflicted— Yours faithfully,

"JAMES ASTBURY."

We, the undersigned, have had occasion to obtain Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, and we certify that it was perfectly and rapidly successful under circumstances which undoubtedly prove its distinct healing power. Signed 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 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 left; but I am sending for another bottle in case I should want it.—D. McDONALD, Thirkey, via Quinaldi, N.S.W."

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

"My wife is 52 years old, and I am 23, 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, Kingsong, Morandah, 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, Quera, 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. SEYLER, 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, Yanka Siding, New South Wales."

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Child Seven Months Old. A SUFFERER FROM BIRTH. CURED BY A BOTTLE OF HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

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

Three Cases Completely Cured by One Bottle of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

SEVERE COLD, WITH LOSS OF VOICE, CURED BY HALF A BOTTLE. A SUPPLY SENT TO A RELATIVE IN ENGLAND. "Llewellyn, Katunga, Vic.

"Mr Hearne— Dear Sir,—I am very much pleased with the effects of your Bronchitis Cure.

Gratitude and Appreciation. HUNDREDS CURED IN THEIR OWN CIRCLE.

"The 'Scientific Australian' Office, 165, Queen-street, Melbourne.

"Dear Mr Hearne.—The shirt 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 our testimony to the value of Hearne's most valuable Bronchitis Cure, which has done us 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.

"39 Queen-st., Brisbane, Queensland. "Mr W. G. Hearne, Dear Sir,—Please send us 50 dozen Bronchitis Cure by first boat. We enclose our cheque to cover amount of order.

"We often hear your Bronchitis Cure spoken well of. A gentleman told us today that he had given it to a child of his with the most remarkable result, the child being quite cured in three days.

"We are, faithfully yours, "THOMASON, CHATER & CO., Wholesale Chemists."

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

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

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

WAS A GREAT SUFFERER. HAD NOT WALKED FOR TWELVE MONTHS.

ALWAYS WALKS NOW, AND IS FEELS STRONGER THAN SHE HAS DONE FOR YEARS.

"3 Watson-street, Burton-on-Trent, Staffordshire, England.

"Mr W. G. Hearne, Geelong. "Dear Sir,—

"Your letter and Bronchitis Cure to have 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 it arrived. I had sent for my own doctor, but had not 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, as I felt very much better, when, thanks to the Lord for adding His blessing, I was quite well, and walked into town and back without feeling any fatigue. I had not done that previously for 12 months (as was well in the omnibus, as walking caused me much pain and distress in the chest. I always walk now as if I were well, and I am stronger than I have been for years. I shall say a word for the great kindness in sending the medicine, and am, dear Sir, "Yours very truly, "M. MORPHY, E."

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 medical 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 Better Part of Valour.

He was a dodish little man, but he had a loud voice, and evidently wanted everyone to know what he said.

Mme. Christensen's Fast.

One of our poets has something to tell us regarding the "grievous sorrow of a hermit's fast," and it was possibly the anticipation of some such prolonged privation, in the absence of the motive which may be supposed to strengthen the hermit,

The crossing of Niagara on a tight rope offers more daring suggestions of peril to the ordinary mind than an abstinence from food for show purposes protected by the presence of doctors who, for their own sakes, would not allow the matter to go too far.

In the case of Mme. Christensen, something better than this has been accomplished by the proprietors of Horlick's Malted Milk. It occurred to them, not unnaturally, that, as they claimed for their product a great field of service to disorganised humanity of all ages, here was assuredly a signal opportunity for demonstrating it under the most difficult circumstances, and with the permission of the medical advisers of Mme. Christensen, their food was administered to her at the conclusion of her fast, and it appears by her own testimony that it has brought her rapidly round in the direction of her normal strength and health.

THE Childerbridge Mystery.

NEW STORY

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Will be

COMMENCED IN THE "GRAPHIC" OF JANUARY 23th.

"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.

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.

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.

From a recent article by Mr Wilfred Kliekmann, 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!'

LOOK OUT FOR THE "GRAPHIC" OF JANUARY 23th, PUBLISHED ON WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22nd.

P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D.



MANUFACTURED BY... FRENCH P.D. CORSETS... WORLD-RENOWNED CORSETS... HAVE BEEN AWARDED 10 GOLD MEDALS AND DIPLOMES D'HONOURS...

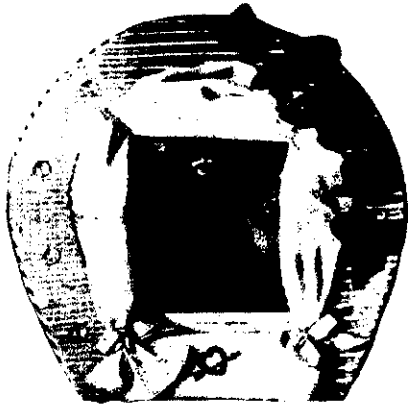
Advertisement for Horlick's Malted Milk. Features the text 'PURE MILK COMBINED WITH WHEAT AND BARLEY MALT' and 'Full Nourishment, partly predigested, Sterilized.' Includes a graphic of the product name in cursive.



Milkmaid BRAND Milk LARGEST SALE in the WORLD. Milkmaid BRAND Milk LARGEST SALE in the WORLD. Milkmaid BRAND Milk LARGEST SALE in the WORLD. Milkmaid BRAND Milk LARGEST SALE in the WORLD. Milkmaid BRAND Milk LARGEST SALE in the WORLD.

See this Trade Mark on every Tin.

AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.



IVY-LEAF PHOTO. FRAME.



HAND-PAINTED WATCHSTAND.

NEW IDEAS FOR BAZAAR NIC-NACKS.

Here are two new ideas for bazaar nic-nacks which any woman with a little skill can easily fix up. Both are made from covered horse shoes of the smaller size. The covering may be silk, or any material which suggests itself to the maker.

nic-nacks which any woman with a little skill can easily fix up. Both are made from covered horse shoes of the smaller size. The covering may be silk, or any material which suggests itself to the maker.

Good Stories of Queen Alexandra.

In those dark days of 1871, when the King, then Prince of Wales, was struggling against the all but deadly grip of typhoid fever, the Princess, who spent sometimes twenty hours out of the twenty-four by his bedside, would yet slip away at intervals. Not to sleep, nor eat; only to go and visit another sick man. Blegge, the Prince's groom, had been smitten with the same illness as his Royal master, and, in spite of her terrible anxiety, the Princess found time to either see or send a message to him every day. Alas! poor fellow, he died. The tombstone over his grave was placed there by the Princess, and bears the words, chosen by her, "One was taken, and the other left."

Is it any wonder that the people among whom she moves, when at home, at her much-loved Sandringham, simply adore Queen Alexandra? Read all that has been written about this gracious lady, or listen to the talk of those to whom she has extended the privilege of her friendship. You will not hear of witty things she has said, of smart and brilliant doings, but of instance after instance of thoughtfulness and kindness of heart. She has been known to bring delicacies to a sick labourer with her own hands at 11 o'clock at night.

Here is another illustration of her thoughtful charity. She noticed one winter day a tired-looking girl standing in the hall at Marlborough House. Stopping, she bade her sit down, and asked her what her business was. The girl had brought some children's clothes, which she had made on the sewing machine, then a new invention. The Princess took the girl into her own sitting-room, praised her work, and drew from her her story. It appeared that the seamstress had an invalid mother to support, and that she was trying to earn enough to buy a sewing machine.

The Princess, of whose identity her visitor was completely ignorant, then gave the girl some fruit for her mother, and sent her home. A few days later Christmas came, and on that morning the little sewing girl was amazed to receive a bulky present. It was a splendid new sewing machine, with a card attached, "Wishing you a happy Christmas.—From Alexandra."

The Queen's love of children is well known. An acquaintance of mine has more than once seen her driving her pretty pony, "Huffy," on the Sandringham Road, with her cart

absolutely packed with small boys and girls, children of tenants on the estate. What is more, she does not merely give them a little lift for the fun of the thing. She knows where each youngster lives, and delivers him or her safe and sound at their parents' doors.

When Queen Alexandra was a little girl it was one of her greatest treats to be allowed to entertain some of her young friends to tea in the gardens at her father's palace of Bernsdorf. On one occasion the children began to talk over what each would best like when she grew up. One said she wanted to be very rich, another had the idea of living on a yacht, a third wished to go to the university and take high honours. The little princess listened to them all in turn, and then half shyly remarked: "I think I should like best for people to be very fond of me." Surely no other of those children can have so fully realised her ambition.

When her deeply mourned elder son was a baby his mother never failed, unless away from home, to give him his nightly bath. In order that there might be no delay caused by the necessity of changing her dinner gown, the Princess had a sort of over-gown constructed of heavy flannel. This was kept in the nursery,

and putting it on over her dress she protected her silks from splashes.

Her fondness for pets exceeds even that of our late illustrious sovereign. Queen Victoria loved dogs chiefly. The wife of our present King has at Sandringham something like sixty dogs, each of which she feeds daily with crusts of bread, calling every separate animal by name. One day a visitor remarked that he was afraid his dog would not eat bread. "Oh," said his Royal hostess, with a smile: "I am afraid you do not train him properly."

Unlike Queen Victoria, who could not bear a cat about her, Queen Alexandra is very fond of cats, and has, as special pets, a family of long-haired Angoras of a peculiar dark brown colour. Another pet to which she was very devoted was "Cocky," a disreputable old cockatoo who used to pull every feather he could reach out of his skinny old body.

"Cocky" used to inhabit a cage in her dressing-room where he lived for some fifteen years. He was a queer creature with a remarkable vocabulary, and a screech of amazing shrillness. The King used to laugh at his wife about her affection for the bird, but she always said, "I cannot part with Cocky." At last, some years ago, "Cocky" took to uttering a

series of ear-piercing screeches in the early dawn, and more than once brought servants up under the impression that something was wrong. Then at last his mistress consented to have him banished to another room.

Queen Alexandra has a dislike of new things about her, or of changes in her furniture. Some years ago, when spring-cleaning had been in progress at Marlborough House, she came home to find that the position of several articles of furniture had been changed. She said little, but next year a plan was found hanging upon the walls of each of her private rooms. On these were marked the exact position of every single chair and table in the apartments. There has been no change since in the arrangements of the furniture.

Lost Children.

It is only those parents whose children have been "lost, stolen, or strayed," who can possibly realise what a great amount of mental anguish can be caused by the fact that one of the children is missing.

I should like, therefore, to say a few words first to parents who may have the misfortune to lose their little ones temporarily, and, secondly, to those who may happen to find children who have strayed from their homes. Undoubtedly, quite the most important step is to inform the police immediately, as by this means information as to age, name, appearance, clothing, etc., is at once telephoned by those in authority to every police station in the neighbourhood; consequently, members of the force are on the look out for any child answering the description given.

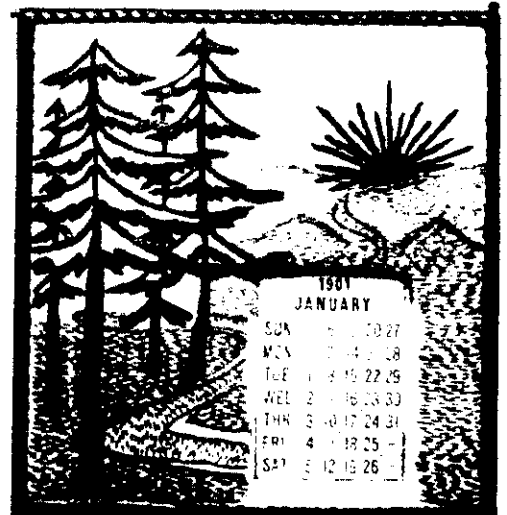
Unfortunately, much valuable time is frequently lost because the police station is usually looked upon as a last resource, and thus, during the delay, the child may be wandering farther and farther from home.

Another important point is to try to keep calm, and not to let the judgment become biased by what other people say.

Some friends prove veritable "Job's comforters," they delight in telling harrowing stories of children who disappeared and were never again heard of by their sorrowing parents; and they remind the troubled mother that sometimes robbery may be at the root of the child's disappearance, while others dwell at length upon the nearness of tram cars, trains, and rivers, as possible dangers to the children. It is well,



AN EMBROIDERED CLOTH.



A QUIANT CALENDAR.

This quaint calendar is done in embroidery.

also, not to put too much faith in the words of passers-by. A great deal of valuable time may be lost by stopping to question people as to whether they have, or have not, seen a child answering to a certain description pass that way. The average person is often very garrulous, and will ask the most minute questions as to age, clothing, height, etc., only to say at the end that he has not noticed any child like the one described.

Another point, which I feel to be very important, is that of teaching children their names and addresses as early as possible. It is really deplorable to find quite big children who are utterly at a loss as to their surnames and addresses.

I remember once seeing a boy of six years old standing in the middle of a crowd of people. When asked to give his name, he merely howled the louder, and said he wanted his mother. Eventually, a policeman carried him off, to be claimed later on by his parents.

When children usp, or do not speak plainly, or when they are very young, it is always a good plan to write their names and addresses plainly, and to stitch them inside the cap or bonnet, as this plan will often greatly facilitate the restoration of the children.

I cannot refrain from mentioning a very foolish practice which many parents have of using the policeman as a sort of bogey to scare the bairns into good behaviour. If the children are taught to regard all police officers as their natural enemies, they will hardly be expected to let them take charge of them without making a scene.

The Value of Lemons.

No family should be without lemons. Their uses are almost too many for enumeration.

Lemon juice removes stains from the hands.

A dash of lemon in plain water is an excellent tooth wash. It not only removes tartar, but sweetens the breath.

Two or three slices of lemon in a cup of strong tea will cure a nervous headache.

Lemon juice (outward application) will allay the irritation caused by the bites of gnats and flies.

A teaspoonful of the juice in a small cup of black coffee will certainly relieve a bilious headache.

Lemon peel (and also oranges) should be all saved and dried. They are a capital substitute for kindling wood. A handful will revive a dying fire.

The juice of a lemon, taken in hot water on waking in the morning, is an excellent liver corrective, and for stout women is better than any anti-fat medicine ever invented.

Glycerine and lemon juice, half and half, on a bit of absorbent cotton, is the best thing in the world wherewith to moisten the lips and tongue of a fever-parched patient.

Dainty Sardine Dishes.

The sardine, always highly esteemed by good liver, has yearly grown in favour as a summer dish, the more especially as it has become more generally known that it can be prepared for the table in many different ways. To secure the best results always get the best of sardines—the French. A measure of success can only be expected in the use of the American product. The reason for this lies in the fact that the so-called American sardine is not a sardine at all, but a small herring put up to resemble the little fish so plenty on the shores of France.

Sardines a l'Indienne.—Place the yolks of four eggs in a stewpan with a pat of fresh butter, a spoonful of chutney, a little salt, and cayenne to taste; stir these ingredients over a slow fire until they form a fairly firm paste. Carefully trim each sardine, and absorb the moisture with a fish cloth. Thoroughly cover them with the mixture, egg and bread crumb them, fry a delicate hue in clarified butter, dish them up on strips of thin toast, and serve very hot.

Dressed Sardines.—Cut six bread croutons two inches in diameter, fry them, and then make a mixture of two teaspoonfuls of essence of anchovy, two teaspoonfuls of good table sauce, a grain of cayenne, one dessertspoonful of flour, two ounces of butter, and a quarter of a pint of boiling water, which should simmer until the flour is well cooked. Scrape and bone six sardines, pound them in butter, and put them on the croutons; then pour over the sauce, squeeze a few drops of lemon juice over, and serve.

Sardine Eggs.—Boil four eggs ten minutes and drop them into cold water; scrape four sardines gently and pound them in a mortar. Shell the eggs and cut them into halves lengthwise, take out the yolk and add them to the sardines in the mortar with one ounce of butter, a little white pepper and salt, and a dessertspoonful of parsley. Pound all together; then fill the whites and put the two halves together and serve in a nest of small salad sprinkled with oil and vinegar.

Sardines a la Piedmontaise.—Fry some bread in boiling lard or butter; cut it into fingers; scale and wipe some sardines, make them hot in the oven, and place three on each finger of bread, then pour over them the following sauce: Lay yolks of four eggs well whipped, half an ounce of butter, one teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar, one teaspoonful of made mustard, and a little salt. Stir these ingredients well over the fire until the sauce thickens but does not boil.—Parker Quincy Adams in "The Daily Inter-Ocean."

To Preserve Gilt on China.

Nearly all requests of this kind come from young beginners in house-keeping, but this varies from the others. She says she should have learned in this time, but has been very unfortunate, also, in breaking some very handsome pieces. If you wish to be successful with such work let me advise you to never turn it over to some one else. Much of the trouble comes from this practice. It is considered noblesse oblige to wash your handsome china, says our dear old grandmother. One especially wishes to preserve family pieces of gilt-banded china. The housewife of limited means can save a good deal by mending broken pieces of china with this cement; it is also good for glassware. Marion Harland told me of this recipe, and she used it very successfully. It is made of plaster of Paris and a thick solution of gum arabic. Make a paste of the two, and apply to the broken edges with a brush and carefully unite the broken parts, and set away to dry. For mending stoneware the plaster of Paris may be mixed with water and must be used at once, for it soon hardens.

In washing china, of course you must avoid a too sudden change from cold to heat. No soap should be used about glassware or these dainty pieces of hand-painted china. When you wash them prepare a warm suds of pearline and wash them singly; never put two pieces in together; rinse through a clear, warm water, and dry quickly on a soft linen towel, and rub the glass to polish highly with tissue paper. I consider this a valuable recipe for

mending china, and it will be worth many dollars to you. Wash every piece of your gilt china yourself; you follow this recipe, and you will have them many years from now.

Aristocrats in the Wholesale Trade.

Aristocrats no longer despise wealth that is gained by honest trade. The old order of things is changed now. Tradesmen are becoming landed proprietors, and peers are turning grocers, hotelkeepers, coal merchants, wine merchants, and the like.

Mr Sydney Greville, one of the King's equerries, has gone in for the wine trade by becoming a partner in a firm of wine merchants; and Lord Portsmouth finds that there is money to be got out of mineral waters.

If you like you can have your cream cheese from Lord Hampden's farm in Sussex, and Lord Londonderry will deliver half a ton of coals at your door if you care to send him an order.

A grandson of William IV. will send you through the medium of the post a packet of tea; and Lord Harrington will supply you with fruit and vegetables grown at Elvaston Castle.

Don't worry about your fish and your poultry—an Austrian archduke will send it to you promptly if you wish.

Mr Algy Burke was one of the first of the Upper Ten to put his energies into the restaurant business, and succeeded in making Willis' Rooms fashionable; while Lord Walsingham went still further, and turned his ancestral home in Piccadilly into an hotel.

MOIR'S ANCHOVY PASTE.

In Tins about 2 ozs.

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MENE! A very large & fine these excellent towels are. They are soft, absorbent, and will last twice as long as any other at double the price.

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Wholesale of **SHARLAND & Co. Ltd.** Auckland and Wellington.

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makes **BOOTS** and **SHOES** waterproof as a duck's back, and soft as velvet. Adds three times to the wear of leather. Pleasant odour. Allows polish with Machine. **2/2** Sixpence. Highest Award for Superiority. Black or Brown colour. Sold by Boot Stores, Saddlers, Trainers, etc.

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I CURE FITS

I do not see you as a doctor, but I will tell you whether my remedy will cure you. Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, &c. If I ask you to try it, I will send you a **FREE** Bottle and to try it I will give you the result of the experiment by the Medical Profession.

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KOKO FOR THE HAIR

KOKO FOR THE HAIR



Photo from Life original may be seen at 11, St. James Street, London, W.

KOKO FOR THE HAIR

Under Royal Patronage

KOKO FOR THE HAIR

It is a tonic, cleansing, invigorating preparation, causes the hair to grow luxuriantly, keeps it soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, prevents dandruff, prevents hair from falling, in the most cleanly of all hair preparations, and is perfectly harmless.

OLD PEOPLE LIKE IT

for its wonderful power to invigorate decayed hair, and induce an entire new growth when that is possible.

MIDDLE-AGED PEOPLE LIKE IT,

because it prevents them from getting bald, 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, ensures a luxuriant growth, and enables them to dress it and keep it in any style that may be desired.

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 as pure as crystal, perfectly colourless, contains no poisonous substance, no share of lead sulphur, nitrate of silver, or arsenic, and does not soil or colour the scalp, face or the most delicate fabric in clothing. It produces a wonderfully pleasant and cooling effect on the head and no other dressing is needed to give the hair the most beautiful appearance possible. Try it once and you will use no other. It contains no coloring matter or dye.

KOKO is sold in 1/2, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 12, 16, 20, 24, 30, 36, 48, 60, 72, 84, 96, 108, 120, 144, 168, 192, 216, 240, 270, 300, 324, 360, 384, 408, 432, 456, 480, 504, 528, 552, 576, 600, 624, 648, 672, 696, 720, 744, 768, 792, 816, 840, 864, 888, 912, 936, 960, 984, 1008 bottles every year.

Manufactured by **W. H. P. & Co. Ltd., 11, Castle Street, London, W. 1.**

See that the Registered Trade Mark is on every bottle.

Meet Your Husband With a Smile.

"I do wish someone would write a few rules for men," said a young married woman recently. "I'm awfully tired of reading in magazines and newspapers that I must meet my husband when he comes home from his office 'pleasantly and cheerfully.' That the house must be like a new pin, I must be prettily gowned, the dinner must be daintily cooked and served, and that the mustn't be worried with a recital of the troubles of the day, no matter if delirium supervenes for me.

"These precepts are all right theoretically, and under ordinary circumstances are practical. Every woman follows them instinctively who wishes to retain her husband's admiration. But why aren't there a few laws of this sort laid down for men to follow?"

"Why isn't there someone to tell them to look cheerful when they come in, and to forbear to grumble if dinner is a trifle late for any good reason, to be a little sympathetic and affectionate, and remember that theirs are not the only troubles in the house.

"According to the ordinary writer a woman's whole married life should be spent in practising experiments to keep her husband's love from growing cold; while he, apparently, may pursue any course he pleases, civil or uncivil, tyrannical or gentle, and be sure of retaining hers.

"I sedulously keep all such articles away from John, for he is a good husband, and I'm afraid such literature would put ideas into his head and spoil him.

"Now, poor unenlightened soul, he has an idea that my side of the partnership has its own worries, and he

tries to help me straighten them out; but who knows how he would change if he ever discovered that he is really made of china, and has to be handled with care to keep him from being broken?"

The Women Got Seats.

The "tram car manners" of colonial gentlemen do not differ materially from those of gentlemen in other parts of the world, stress being laid on the word "gentlemen," of course. Nevertheless there is occasionally such a dearth of those who are entitled to bear that fine old name that those who happen to be present feel called upon to work overtime. That was apparently the case with the "tall, broad-shouldered man, wearing a black slouch hat," who boarded a tram car near its starting point.

Before the car started two women got on the rear platform. The tall man got up and opened the door for them. Then he doffed his hat, bowed and said, "Allow me to snow you to a seat."

He went through the same performance every time a woman boarded the car. When all the seats were filled, and the next woman got on the car, the man with the black slouch hat was on his feet at once.

There happened to be three women in the party. He gave one of them his own seat. The other two he escorted back into the car, and stopped before two young men who were buried in their morning papers.

"Here, ladies," said their escort, "are a couple of young men who will get up and give you their seats."

While the rest of the passengers stared and smiled, the two men rose and surrendered their seats. Thereafter the stranger met every woman

who got on the car, and secured a seat in the same way. Finally only two men were left on the seats.

When the next two women got on board, the polite man went through his regular course of procedure, but the men made no move toward surrendering their seats. The tall man reached out two brawny hands, clutched the men by their collars, and dragged them through the car to the rear platform. Then he returned, saw that the waiting women sat down in the vacated seats, and delivered a little lecture:

"This is my first visit to town, an' Ah reckon Ad doan' know just what yo' customs are. But down where Ah come from we doan' sit down while there are ladies standing, and Ah can't get used to seeing it. An' if those persons Ad jes' took out on the platform ain't satisfied, why, Ah'll be right glad to give them satisfaction."

A Mother's Hints.

The whole duty of fathers should not consist in playing the part of traditional bogey-man to his erring sons and daughters. "If you're a naughty boy I shall tell your father," is a most objectionable form of nursery threat.

It is wisdom, indeed, that a father should be regarded as the supreme court of appeal, but also he should be the "guide, philosopher and friend" of his small family. He is expected to be a fount of wisdom, able to answer the most intricate of questions on every subject under the sun.

His reproofs, when reproof is needed, should be short, sharp and essentially to the point.

The first baby is often an object of

terror, and the average father lives in hourly dread of its piercing yells, which he fears any attention on his part may aggravate.

This is a mistake; a baby knows when it is comfortable, and there is a feeling of security in the strong, firm arm of a man that baby is not slow to appreciate, and, instead of tears, smiles are likely to be the reward of the brave man who holds baby tenderly and with care.

Baby has prejudices, of course—who hasn't? Don't kiss it when your breath is tainted with tobacco smoke, and don't be unduly boisterous; violent tossings and loud chucklings terrify and amaze the small infant, and it exclaims to itself:

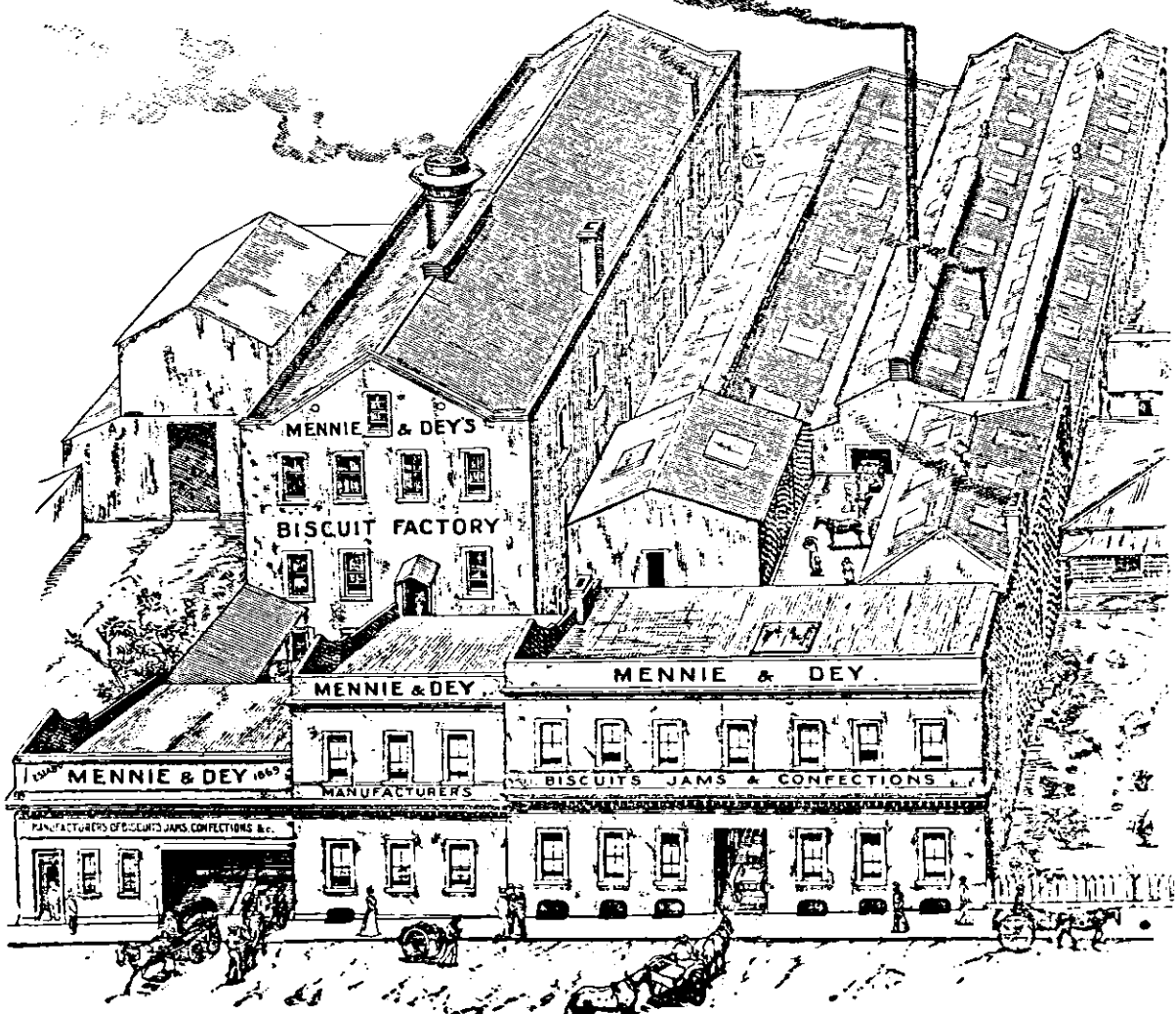
"What does the idiot who's holding me imagine he's doing? I'll teach him that I cannot be insulted with impunity." And baby howls forthwith; and the well-meaning but mistaken parent deposits it on a sofa, the floor, or in the first pair of indignant feminine arms that happen to be waiting for it. Instead, take the baby firmly, but gently, without hugging it tightly or holding it so loosely that it is in danger of falling; talk to it quietly, and move it to and fro occasionally, and baby will beam and be altogether delightful.

N.B.—Don't practise getting used to baby in a room full of jeering aunts and cousins, and perchance a disdainful nurse in the background, but choose a quiet opportunity where you can make the first attempts in seclusion.

Clarke's B & H Pills are warranted to cure Gravel, Pains in the back, and all kindred complaints. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. In boxes 1s 6d each, of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties' Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

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Peels, Only Makers Cupid Whispers in the Colony.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

(By MARGUERITE)

TEA GOWNS.

The rage for Empire gowns has not been so fleeting or so inconsistent as not to have largely influenced the modes in other directions. How can we help, when we adopt so radical a style, suiting ourselves and our sartorial possessions to it? The straight robes of a century ago have loosened our corset strings, and have made us sensible women at last in the estimation of our physicians.

The afternoon negligee, the tea-gown, has received a new lease of life through its gracious influence. For this reason alone we can be grateful to this Empire revival. That a certain mode brings along with it certain manners is well recognised, and, when draped in the robes of the First Empire, the mondaine has almost unconsciously stretched out her pretty feet upon the classic bench of the period in the chaste and graceful attitude of the belles of the First Empire.

We all know how charming Beccamier looked in this pose—how beautiful the Princess Pauline Bonaparte, for David and Canova have told us in paint and in marble; and to-day Bejaune, in the play she recently produced of the first part of the century, wears the Empire robes and the Empire manners to perfection. To be sure, the modern Parisienne puts somewhat more of diablerie in the posture, when she heaps the pink and gold cushions under her arms, and throws her sinuous train of black crepe and gold bullion into writhing folds about the slippered feet stretched out upon the seat.

DRESSMAKING AT HOME.

A THEATRE BLOUSE.

The comfort and convenience of being able to go, as may well be done to-day, to a theatre, a concert, or even

a dinner party, provided it be not a very formal affair, in a bodice other than the once regulation low-necked one, must be appreciated, I think, by every woman. It is so much less trouble to dress, and perhaps time is an object; it is so much safer in bad weather, especially when, as is the case with many of us, we have some distance to go by train or omnibus; and, lastly, it is so much more economical—a consideration that is rarely without weight. A very dressy little blouse I saw was made of yellow taffetas in a shade peculiarly adapted to artificial light, and which would be rather too bright for day wear. The tucked full fronts were outlined with a fine black lace applique, in which silk cord and glittering sequins were cunningly intermingled; the chemisette, full vest, and undersleeves were of cream white point d'esprit over a foundation of cream glace, the finish-

ing touches being given to the blouse by shoulder straps of narrow black velvet, which also edged the neckband and undersleeves, and appeared in a wider and more important form as a waist-belt. The value of these touches of black can hardly be overrated, since most blouses are worn with black skirts, and a little black judiciously introduced in the bodice will nearly always prevent the half-and-half look that so often spoils the effect of a light blouse, however pretty in itself, when combined with a dark skirt.

The materials required are 2½ yards of cream glace for lining, 4 yards of yellow taffetas, 1½ yards of double-width point d'esprit net, 2½ yards of applique trimming, 4 yards of narrow and 1½ yards of wide velvet. The bodice is to fasten down the back, so that very little turning need be allowed on the fronts, and they are to be tacked up, and the backs left open. Next cut out the full over-



Some Fascinating Lingerie.

sleeve, front and back in the yellow silk, using the same side piece as for the lining. The tucks must be run with silk before putting lining and material together, and in the case of the fronts and sleeves care must be taken to finish off each little tuck neatly on the wrong side, but the back, being tucked for all its length, will be finished by the collar and the binding at the waist. The point d'esprit is to be slightly gathered and arranged on the lining front, more fullness being put in the centre than towards the shoulders, and the lower half of the sleeve linings is also to be covered with the net. The sleeves may then be seamed up, and the yellow silk seamed separately, and arranged on the sleeves afterwards. The silk fronts are to be placed on the lining, being tacked across the bust, and at the under-arm seam, joined to the side pieces, and then to the backs. When all these seams are machined up, open and press them out with a hot iron.

Make the blouse to fasten with hooks all down the back, where the opening may easily be hidden under one of the tucks, and put a narrow flap of the yellow silk on the left-hand side under the eyelet holes. For such a blouse these last, worked in silk, are neater and less liable to come unfastened than eyes. Set the sleeves in at the armhole, though it is well to make sure of the exact position by trying on. There will be no fullness worth mentioning, and a little easing will be all that is required to make sleeve and armhole fit each other. Draw the front fullness into place at the waist line, and tack it down, allowing it to pouch over in a becoming manner. Turn in the edges of the yellow silk very lightly and lay the applique over them, stitching it down firmly by following the pattern. The upper edge of the applique should lie on the net chemisette, and when putting the applique on the sleeve, you should lay a narrow strip of the yellow silk over the gathered edge of the puff, so as to cover the raw edges, and get the same colour effect as on the bodice, instead of having the applique entirely over the point d'esprit of the under sleeve. Finish the wrist by turning it in, keeping the shape of the points well accentuated, and running a row of the narrow black velvet about a quarter of an inch from the edge. The shoulder straps are best put in at the shoulder seam by unpicking just the tiny space needed and stitching it firmly up again, the other end of the velvet being hidden under the applique of the front. Make the collar of glace: cover it with the net put on full; run two rows of the black velvet round it, and place it on the neck of the blouse, closing it with a couple of hooks. Take a narrow sarcenet ribbon, and cover the edges of the blouse at the waist where the yellow silk is tacked down to the lining. This latter will be found to reach about two inches below the waist, and may be hemmed all round, very narrow, in the machine. The same sarcenet may be used for binding all the seams when they have been trimmed off, or they may be pinked out, and only the armholes bound. The front darts, under-arm seams, and back, seven in all, should have strips of whalebone sewn up them; this is best done by stitching a ribbon of the required length (six or seven inches) up each seam, slipping the bone inside, and closing each end, remembering that the ribbon case should always be stretched as tight as possible, so that the bodice seams will fit without a wrinkle.

The wide velvet for the waist-belt should be stitched to the back on the side of the hooks, at its upper edge, leaving room for a skirt to be worn over the blouse, folded to about half its width at the sides, where a stitch will keep it in place, and the bow should be made up, fastening with a large hook and eye, as by this means the velvet looks fresh much longer than if it be tied each time.



STYLISH TOQUE.

This is a design for a smart walking costume in purple cloth. The skirt shows a panel of the cloth, trimmed with a scroll design in velvet ribbon of the same shade. The bolero is cut rather short at the back and longer in the front, where it displays a sort of little double waistcoat of cloth, and a deep waistband of purple panne or velvet. The sleeves are quite new, the upper one being braided with the velvet ribbon to match the panel and bolero, the double under-one of cloth to correspond with the waistcoat, and the small bishop and cuff of soft white satin. Have a little inner vest and jabot of the satin, and a turned-down collar of real lace. A hat which would look well with this would be composed of drawn mauve tulle and ostrich tips of the same shade.



This is quite a simple gown for morning wear in town. It is made in a fine diagonal cloth, with a plain skirt, fastening at the side with three scallops and the same number of antique silver buttons. The bodice is finely corded from neck to waist, scalloped and finished with two buttons. The collar is quite new, being a small rolled one of black velvet, with long ends, finished with silver tags, and showing a tiny inner vest of lace. With this wear a small hat, the brim draped with lace, and the crown simply trimmed with a bunch of flowers.

Remarkable Disappearance of all dirt from everything by using Hudson's Soap. Reward! Purity, Health, Perfect Satisfaction by its regular daily use.



Seen on the Riviera.



CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Doll-Dressing Competition.

WELLINGTON PRIZE-WINNERS.

By an unfortunate error the names of the Wellington prize-winners in the late Doll-dressing Competition were omitted in last week's "Graphic," the cards having been temporarily mislaid. The following are the names of these industrious workers:—

First Prize (Over 14).
Miss Dolly Sladden, Petone.

Second Prize (Over 14).
Connie Bendnall, 7, Wordsworth-street, Wellington.

First Prize (Under 14).
Florence Dixon, Hobson Crescent, Wellington.

Second Prize (Under 14).
Ethel Probyn, Wordsworth-street, Wellington.

Answers to Second Puzzle Competition.

WHEEL PUZZLE. WINIFRED.

FLORAL TRANSPOSITION PUZZLE. CARNATION.

- C alceolaria
- A nemone
- R ose
- N asturtium
- A ster
- T ulip
- I ris
- O rchid
- N arcissus.

RIDDLE-ME-REE. Chair.

TRANSPOSITION PUZZLE. BEETHOVEN.

- B uttercup
- E thel
- E leanor
- T ailor
- H enry
- O range
- V eal
- E arring
- N eedles.

RIDDLE-ME-REE. Scarlet.

There were a fair number of cousins who worked out all the puzzles correctly, but the majority only answered one or two, and did not attempt the lot. The first correct answer to be taken from the box was that of

J. Alexander Main, Wellington.

He is known to you all as Cousin Jack, and has won a prize before, being very clever at puzzles.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—It is very cold to-day, and as I was unable to go out I thought I would write to you. We are now having our Christmas holidays of six weeks. So far we have had pleasant days, as to-day it is the coldest of all. Yesterday we all went in for a bathe, and it was very good. The river is about a quarter of a mile away from the house. Dear Cousin Kate, were my competitions right? And if they were I wonder if I will get a prize? I would very much like to get one. Dada took our little pup out with him while he went away after cattle, but not taking much notice of him, the pup strayed away and got lost. I have very little news to tell you this week, and hoping to get a prize for the competitions, I remain, your loving cousin, Bertha.

[Dear Cousin Bertha,—You will see that the answers you sent in are right but that yours was not the first correct answer taken from the box. Better luck may be yours next time, so mind you try again. Poor little puppy! I wonder if he found anything to eat after he was lost, or was found by anyone else. It is dreadfully cold weather for the holidays, is it not?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have often thought of becoming a cousin and entering for the competitions, but this is my beginning. I have done all the puzzles, but I do not know if I have to put the name of each flower and then the one they form. Our holidays begin on Thursday, but I am going away, as I have only come back a short time ago from Wellington. I stayed in the country and enjoyed it very much. This wind is dreadful for the fruit, and has blown off most of our Christmas plums, but we hope to have a few left. I have a garden of my own, and have set a few different plants which I brought from Wellington. I got some carnations which are coming out. A good many girls from our school went up for the Bishop's Prize Examination, but the results will not be heard until January, which is a long time to wait. I must stop now.—I remain, your loving cousin Alison.

[Dear Cousin Alison,—Please send me your full name next time you write, so that I may enter it on the list. Also send me an addressed envelope for a badge. The wind has been bad here too, and has ruined much fruit. Were your flowers much knocked about by it? Write regularly, and try and win the prize for this.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—May I become one of your cousins? We take the "Graphic," and like reading the letters and stories on the children's page. I am going to tell you about our school picnic that was held at the Kakamui Beach. The school broke up at nine a.m. and then the people proceeded to occupy the vacant seats in the waggons that were drawn by a traction engine. At 10 o'clock a.m. everything was ready, and we started. Although the morning had been rather gloomy, there were signs of fine weather, and by

the time we reached our destination the weather was so fine that anybody would have thought that there had been no rain. The refreshments were provided by the committee. Every child received a prize. I must conclude with love from Cousin Aileen.

Dear Cousin Aileen,—You are indeed very warmly welcome to our band of cousins. I am extremely pleased to have some more from your district. You were very lucky with your picnic. The weather for Christmas was dreadful in Auckland, so bleak and cold and rainy. Mind you write regularly.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—May I become one of your cousins? We take in the "Graphic" now, and I thought I would write to you. I would be very pleased if you would send me a badge. We broke up on Friday, 20th of December. We had a picnic down at Kakamui Beach. We ran races and I got a box of paints. We went in trucks, drawn by a traction engine. There were four trucks. The committee supplied refreshments. I was very tired after the picnic. I must conclude now, with love.—Cousin Kathleen.

[Dear Cousin Kathleen,—I have posted badges to your sister and yourself, and hope you will like them: they will reach you before you see this in print. I want you to write as often as you can. I shall give a prize to the cousin who sends the best and most regular letters for the quarter.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am writing to you to tell you that I am sending my doll to-morrow (Monday). I did not get a prize for dressing it at school, so I don't suppose I have got any chance in this competition. Cousin Kate, I am very sorry, but one of its legs came off on Thursday morning. My brother and myself fixed it, and I don't think it will come off again. It is loose, but I think it is safe. Don't look at the stockings. It did not have any on, so I thought I would make it a pair. We broke up on Friday night, and I got a prize for second English and first arithmetic. It was a lovely book, called "The King's Story Book." Have you ever read it? It is a boy's book. Are you going away for Christmas? We are all going to Otaki next week. I am quite excited, because we have seven or eight weeks' holidays. Did you get my photo in the last letter. I thought I put it in, but I found one on the table after I had posted the letter, and so, of course, I thought it was another that I had not put away. It is very windy. This morning it rained about eight, and cleared up soon after, and the result is that it is very windy. I must stop now as I am going down the wharf with my sisters. Wishing you and the cousins a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I am, Cousin Ina, Wellington.

[Dear Cousin Ina,—As you will see, your letter was just too late for last week's paper. It was rather miserable here on Xmas Day and Boxing Day, and New Year's Eve was one of the coldest days in the year. I have not read that book. Your doll was very nice indeed. We fixed up its leg quite strongly.—Yours affectionately, Cousin Kate.]

Gems From School.

One of the latest lists of curiosities of examination papers records these facts:—

An antiquarian is a place for animals, and neutral is a kind of reptile. A citadel is one who lives in a city, while a glacier is a member of windows.

A prig is a little boat, and Juggernaut is a mountain in Switzerland.

Sapphira is a high priest, a chamois is a kind of big insect, and the Milky Way is the thick, creamy stuff on the top of the milk.



Cousin Kate's General Letter to All Cousins, New and Old.

Dear Cousins,—The holidays are over, so far as we "grown ups" are concerned, and do you know, I am tempted to say "a good job, too." They have sadly disorganised all our correspondence, and ever so many letters have had to be left out. I want all my cousins to begin writing regularly again now, and can assure them their letters will appear promptly and be quickly answered. But I want again to explain to new cousins that, owing to certain office arrangements, letters must reach the "Graphic" at least a week before it is desired that they appear in print. Cousin Kate is very desirous of having as many regular correspondents as possible, and will give a prize to the cousin who, for the next six months, writes most regularly week by week. The Puzzle Competitions have not been taken up with as much enthusiasm as was hoped, but will be tried again shortly. If any cousin can think of a way in which the children's pages can be improved, or made more attractive, Cousin Kate will be delighted to hear from them.

"New Zealand Graphic" Cousins' Badges.

For a long time past no badges have been procurable, as there was such a rush in the office work they could not be made. A quantity are now ready. It is impossible to remember all who have asked for them during the past month or so. Will the cousins who have already asked for badges, as well as new cousins who would like to have one, send to Cousin Kate an envelope, clearly addressed, when the badge will be sent by return post. The envelopes need not be stamped. The new badges are of red satin, and are very pretty.

The New Sister.

(By Laura E. Richards.)

"Look carefully," said the kind nurse, turning down a corner of the flannel blanket. "Don't touch her, dears, but just look."

The children stood on tiptoe, and peeped into the tiny red face. They were frightened at first, the baby was so very small; but Johnny took courage in a moment.

"Hasn't she got any eyes?" he asked. "Or is she like kittens?"

"Yes, she has eyes, and very bright ones, but she is fast asleep now."

"Look at her little hands!" whispered Lily. "Aren't they lovely? Oh, I do wish I could give her a hug!"

"Not yet!" said nurse. "She is too tender to be hugged. But mamma sends word that you may give her something—a name. She wants you and Johnny to choose the baby's name, only it must not be either Jemima, Keziah, or Keren-Happuch."

Then nurse went back into mamma's room, and left Johnny and Lily staring at each other, too proud and happy to speak at first.

"Let's sit right down on the floor and think!" said John. So down they sat.

"I think Claribel is a lovely name," said Lily, after a pause. "Don't you?"

"No," replied Johnny. "It's too girly!"

"But baby is a girl."

"I don't care! She needn't have such a very girly name. How do you like Ellen?"

"O Johnny! Why, everybody's named Ellen! We don't want her to be just like everybody! Now Seraphina is not common."

"I should hope not. I should need a mouth a yard wide to say it. What do you think of Bessie?"

"Oh, Bessie is very well, only—well, I should be always thinking of Bessie Jones, and you know she isn't very nice. I'll tell you what, Johnny! Suppose we call her Vesta Geneva, after that girl papa told us about yesterday!"

"Lily, you are a perfect silly! Why, I wouldn't be seen with a sister called that! I think Polly is a nice, jolly kind of a name."

"Well, I don't!"

"Well," said nurse, coming in again, "what is the name to be, dears? Mamma is anxious to know."

Two heads hung very low, and two pairs of eyes sought the floor and stayed there. "Shall I tell you," the good nurse went on, taking no notice, "what I thought would be a very good name for baby?"

"Oh, yes, yes, do tell us, 'cause we can't get the right one!"

"Well, I thought your mother's name, Mary, would be the very best name in the world. What do you think?"

"Why, of course it would! We never thought of that! Oh, thank you, nurse!" cried both voices, joyously. "Dear nurse! will you tell mamma, please?"

Nurse nodded and went away smiling, and Lily and John looked sheepishly at each other.

ing, and Lily and John looked sheepishly at each other.

"I—I will play with you, if you like, Johnny, dear."

"All right, Lill! Come along!"

The Heroism of Matilda.

(By Ruth B. Hand, age 15.)

Matilda was six and chubby. Three days ago Matilda had walked proudly up from the kindergarten and had taken a seat in "school." "School" was a wily exciting place to Matilda, so much so that sometimes she would sit and gaze enraptured at the reciting class, forgetful of lessons, until Miss Kate, the teacher, would gently remark, "Matilda," when Matilda's pink cheeks would grow pinker and she would obediently fasten her eyes on her primer.

But yesterday a terrible thing had happened. The boy next her had

spoken "right out loud" in class and said, "Miss Kate, Teddy Jones's whipperrin'."

Miss Kate had looked very severe and had told Harry sharply not to tell tales. What a terrible thing it must be to tell tales and have Miss Kate speak to you like that! Matilda writhed at the thought.

Matilda was pondering upon all these things while making numbers on a slate. She was at eight now, and toiling laboriously, making first one little "0" and then another on top of it, when—

"Ouch!" groaned Matilda invariably.

There was a sharp pain in the back of her neck. She moved cautiously to the end of her seat, but—there it was again, this time in her shoulder. Grasping her plump shoulder in her plump hand, she slid to the other end of the seat. Vain hope! The pain went to the other shoulder. Matilda bent flat upon her desk, her eyes smarting and her cheeks hot with agony, and as the pain renewed it-

self in her back she slid about on her seat quite recklessly. Miss Kate looked at her wonderingly.

"Can't you sit still, Matilda?"

"Yes 'm," replied Matilda, obediently, and sat up, with her eyes on the slate.

There was no peace for Matilda, however, and the torture began again; but this time Matilda sat silent and quiet, till at last two big tears rolled down her plump cheeks.

"Why, what is the matter, childie?" asked Miss Kate, coming over to her.

Matilda bowed her head and wept.

"Oh-h," she wailed hopelessly. "I didn't want to tell a tale, but somebody's been stickin' pins into me!"

Johnny (sobbing): "But does it really hurt y-you to w-whip m-me, m-m-mamma?"

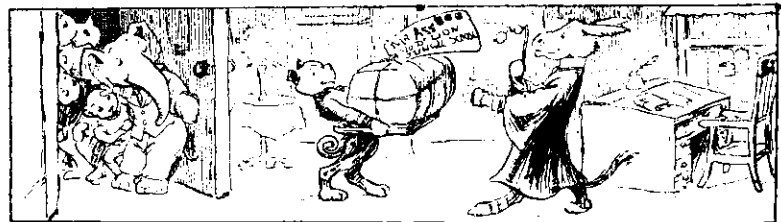
Mamma: "Yes; very much more than it hurts you."

Johnny (drying his eyes): "I'm so glad."

JUNGLE JINKS.



"Look here," said Jumbo, "Let's do up a bogie parcel for that stupid old bounder, Dr. Ass." So all the waste paper and odds and ends were collected and put in a parcel, and Rhino wrote the label.



2. So Toby carried it up. "Ah-ha," said Mr Ass, in his most pompous tone, a present from some grateful parent, no doubt. Let us see what it is."



3. And when Mr Ass opened it just wasn't he cross! But he never found out those naughty boys.

THE ONLY GOLD MEDALLIST, AUCKLAND EXHIBITIONS, 1897-98, 1898-99.

Under the Royal Patronage of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.

By Special Appointment Photographer to His Excellency the Earl of Ranfurly.

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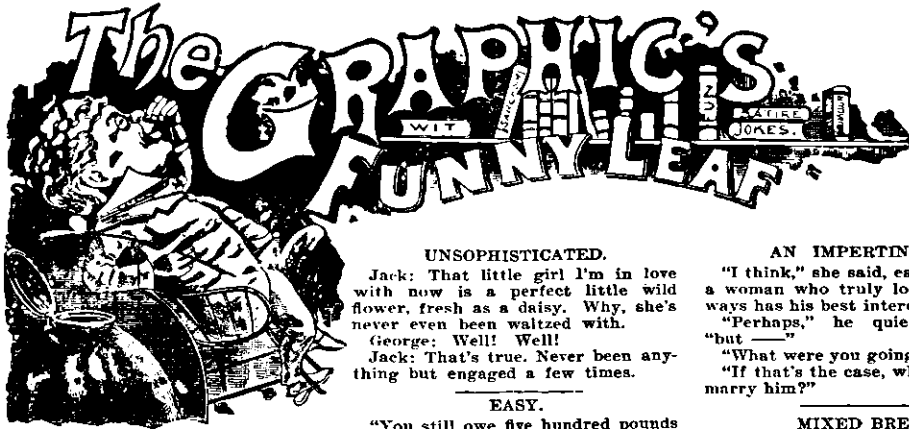
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Photo by W. H. Bartlett

"SO TIRED,"

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MAN WHO TELLS HIS DREAMS.

The world is full of awful bores
 (You may be one yourself,
 So much so that your friends would like
 To put you on the shelf).
 But when I pass them in review,
 From mild ones to extremes,
 Among the very worst I count
 The Man Who Tells His Dreams.

"I dreamed the strangest thing last
 night."
 He tells you when you meet.
 You have a sigh, but wretched man,
 Politeness chains your feet.
 And then he pours into your ear
 A farrago that seems
 Of highest interest to him,
 The Man Who Tells His Dreams.

You try to break away, and can't.
 He holds you by the coat
 Until he's told his foolish tale,
 From common sense remote.
 What cares he though his victim writhes
 And mentally blasphemes?
 He thinks of no one but himself,
 The Man Who Tells His Dreams.

A SUNDAY OBSERVATION.

If you want to know what sort of
 disposition a Christian has before he
 is converted, notice him on Sunday
 when he finds his pew full of stran-
 gers.

MOST APPROPRIATE.

An appropriate wedding present
 for a bachelor is a copy of "Paradise
 Lost."

NUMBER TWO.

"I always look out for number
 one," said the selfish man. "Don't
 you?" "Well, hardly," said the per-
 son addressed, who happened to be a
 widow. "I am looking out for num-
 ber two."

BARRED OUT.

"I have decided to be a hospital
 nurse," said Amy. "I saw it stated
 that 75 per cent. of the unmarried
 men fall in love and propose marriage
 to the women that nurse them
 through severe illnesses."
 "I saw that statement, too," added
 Mabel; "but my recollection is that
 it said pretty nurses."

UNSOPHISTICATED.

Jack: That little girl I'm in love
 with now is a perfect little wild
 flower, fresh as a daisy. Why, she's
 never even been waited with.
 George: Well! Well!
 Jack: That's true. Never been any-
 thing but engaged a few times.

EASY.

"You still owe five hundred pounds
 on your new golf club-house, don't
 you?"
 "Yes; but we expect to pay it off
 soon. We have just elected two new
 members.

HIS PRINCIPAL FUNCTION.

Towne: There's nothing like a
 friend in adversity.
 Browne: That's right. He's in a
 class all by himself. He can tell you
 at least a score of reasons why you
 failed.

EFFECT ON DIFFERENT FACES.

Mrs Myles: That hat makes your
 face look very short.
 Mrs Styles: That's funny. It made
 my husband's face look long.

TRUTHFUL.

She—Oh, Dr. Pillsbury, I am so anx-
 ious about poor Mrs. Perkins. She
 is in your hands, is she not?
 Dr. Pillsbury—She was, but I have
 left off attending her for the present.
 She—Oh, that's good. She is out of
 danger then.

MISSED SOMETHING.

"Did you hear the thunder last
 night, Emilie?"
 "No; did it thunder?"
 "Yes; frightfully!"
 "Then why didn't you wake me?
 You know I can't sleep in a thunder-
 storm!"

NOT HIS DRINK.

The Prohibitionist had assailed the
 Demon Rum mercilessly, and with
 every fresh onslaught the man with
 the red nose had applauded.
 "Friend," said the lecturer at last,
 "you look like one who has been a
 drinking man."
 "You bet I have been, stranger,"
 replied the man earnestly; "but it
 does my heart good to see you get
 out after rum. I never did have no
 use for it. 'Tain't a fit drink for any
 man. You can't hammer it too hard
 for me, an' when you're through I've
 got a bit of old rye here that'll warm
 your heart up good. I like a man
 that knows what to hit an' what not
 to hit."

AN IMPERTINENCE.

"I think," she said, earnestly, "that
 a woman who truly loves a man al-
 ways has his best interests at heart."
 "Perhaps," he quietly answered;
 "but—"
 "What were you going to say?"
 "If that's the case, what makes her
 marry him?"

MIXED BREED.

X: That dog's a pointer, isn't he?
 Y: Gad, no! He's a disappointment!

AT A CHICAGO SUMMER RESORT.

Strange Man—Beg pardon, but was
 I not engaged to you last summer?
 Strange Lady—No, sir; but your
 mistake is excusable. You were mar-
 ried to me year before last.

LUKEWARM.

First Golfer—He doesn't play very
 well, but he says he's too busy to
 give any more time to practice.
 Second Golfer—Oh, well, if a man
 neglects golf to attend to his busi-
 ness what can he expect?

SHE WOULD DO THE FOLLOW-
ING THEN.

"I could follow your footsteps all
 my life long, dearest."
 "Oh, yes; you say that; but when
 we are married no doubt you'll al-
 ways walk about ten feet ahead of
 me, just like all other husbands."

Though some look down on pawn-
 brokers,
 And quite despise the creatures,
 We must confess
 Their business
 Has its redeeming features.

HE ARRIVED AT TEN.

Hubby—If I'm not home by ten,
 don't wait for me, dear.
 Wifey—No, love, I won't wait for
 you, I'll go for you.

THE WORST.

"Don't you know that smoking
 gives a man catarrh, bronchitis, ton-
 silitis, and weakens his nervous sys-
 tem to a degree that may bring on
 cerebro-spinal meningitis?"
 "Yes," answered Mr. Meekton,
 gloomily; "and that isn't the worst
 of it. It spoils the lace curtains."

ACCOUNTED FOR.

First Suburbanite—I see Jones has
 bought a cow.
 Second Suburbanite—Yes; he's got
 to get rid of the vegetables he raises
 some way.



2. You can't break it.



3. And it's fireproof.



4. And water-proof. Now, I'll leave it here to dry.



IN THE INSECT HOTEL.

The Boots: Great mandibles! I'll throw up the job! The idea of
 allowin' them centipedes in a respectable hotel!



1. Yes, £5 is a lot for a hat, but they're indestructible, you know.



5. But it wasn't Billy-goat proof.