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Through the Open Door.

THE CHILDERBRIDGE MYSTERY

By GUY BOOTHBY.

SYNOPSIS OF INSTALMENTS I. to IV.
William Standerton, a successful colonist, with his two grown up children, have decided to leave Australia and settle down in the Old Country. Just before their start, the son, Jim, is accosted by a "swagman" who tells him to inform his father that Richard Murbridge will meet him in the morning. When Jim delivers the message, his father seems greatly agitated, and although no harm comes of the meeting with Murbridge, whom Standerton acknowledges having known in previous years, both Jim and his sister are rendered very uneasy. Childerbridge Manor becomes the English home of the Standertons—an historic mansion with an army of ghosts. Jim, out driving, runs over a dog, and becomes acquainted with its mistress, Miss Devle, and her guardian, Abraham Bursfield. The two young people in time fall in love with one another, but Mr Bursfield refuses his consent. Jim encounters Richard Murbridge in the park. He forbids him to see his father, but the latter, on hearing of it, sends for the man and they have a stormy interview. That evening a fainting servant declares she has seen a ghost, and the next morning William Standerton is found dead in bed, strangled. Suspicion fastens at once upon Murbridge, who, it is found, has left for London. "The Black Dwarf" again appears, frightening the inmates of the Hall.

CHAPTER V.

The inquest on the body of William Standerton was held next morning at the George and Dragon Inn in the village, and was attended by half the neighbourhood. The affair had naturally caused an immense sensation in all ranks of Society, and, as the Coroner observed in his opening remarks, universal sympathy was felt for the bereaved family. Wilkins, who had not altogether recovered from the fright he had received on the night before, was the first witness. He stated that he had been the first to discover the murder, and then informed the Coroner of the steps he had immediately taken. Questioned as to the visit paid to the Squire by Murbridge, he said that the latter was in a great rage when he turned away from the house, and on being asked to do so, repeated the words the latter had made use of. In conclusion, he said that he was quite certain that no door or window in the house had been left unfastened on the night in question, and that he was equally sure that none were found either open or showing signs of having been tampered with in the morning. Jim followed next and corroborated what the butler had said. A sensation was ensued when he informed the Coroner that Murbridge had threatened his father in his bearing in Australia. He described his meeting with the man in the park before dinner, and added that he had forbidden him to approach the house.

Examined by the Coroner, he was unable to say anything concerning the nature of the quarrel between the two men. The doctor was next called, and stated that he was summoned to the Manor House. He described the body, and gave it as his opinion that death was due to strangulation. Then followed the Police Officer. The landlord was the next witness, and he gave evidence to the effect that the man Murbridge had stayed at the inn, had been absent on the evening in question from eight o'clock until half-past twelve, and that he had departed for London by the first train on the following morning. The driver of the mail cart, who had seen him standing beside the stile, was next called. He was quite sure that he had made no mistake as to the man's identity, for the reason that he had had a conversation with him at the George and Dragon inn earlier in the evening. This completing the evidence, the jury, without leaving the room, brought in a verdict of "Willful murder against some person or persons unknown," and for the time being the case was at an end.

"You must not be disappointed, sir," said Robins afterwards. "It is all you possibly can expect. They could do no more on such evidence. But we've got our warrant for the arrest of Murbridge, and as soon as we can lay our hands upon him we may be able to advance another and most important step. I am going up to London this afternoon, and I give you my assurance I shall not waste a moment in getting upon his track."

"And you will let me know without fail how you succeed?"

"I shall be sure to do so," Robins replied.

"In the meantime there can be no harm in my putting an advertisement in the papers offering a reward of five hundred pounds to anyone who will give such information as may lead to the discovery of the murderer."

"It is a large sum to offer, sir, and will be sure to bring you a lot of useless correspondence. Still, it may be of some use, and I would suggest that you send it to the daily papers without delay."

"It shall be done at once."

Jim thereupon bade the detective good-bye, and returned to the house to inform his sister of what had taken place at the inquest. She quite agreed with him on the matter of the reward, and an advertisement was accordingly despatched to the London newspapers together with a cheque to cover the cost of a number of insertions.

Next day the mortal remains of

William Standerton were conveyed to their last resting place in the graveyard of the little village church. After the funeral Jim drove back to the Manor House, accompanied by his father's solicitor, who had travelled down from London for the ceremony. He was already aware that, by his father's death, he had become a rich man, but he had no idea how wealthy he would really be, until the will was read. When this had been done and he discovered that he was worth upwards of half a million sterling, he shook his head sadly:

"I'd give it all up willingly, every penny of it," he answered, "to have the poor old Governor alive again. I wonder what the police are doing. It seems an extraordinary thing to me that so far they have not been able to obtain any clue as to the whereabouts of Murbridge. Look at this heap of letters," he continued, pointing to a heap of correspondence lying upon the writing table, "Each one hails from somebody who has either seen Murbridge or professes to know where he is to be found. One knows just such a man working in a baker's shop in Shoreditch, another has lately returned with him on board a liner from America, and on receipt of the reward will give me his present address. A third says that he is a waiter in a popular restaurant in Oxford street; a fourth avers that he is hiding near the docks, and intends leaving England this week. So the tale goes on, and will increase, I suppose, every day."

"The effect of offering so large a reward," replied the lawyer. "My only hope is that it will not have the effect of driving the man we want out of England, in which case the difficulty of laying hands upon him will be more than doubled."

"He need not think that flight will save him. Let him go where he pleases; I will run him to earth."

Helen had spent the day at the Manor House, trying to comfort Alice in her distress. At nine o'clock

she decided to return to the Dower House and Jim determined to accompany her. They accordingly set off together. So occupied were they by their own thoughts that for some time neither of them spoke. Jim was the first to break the silence.

"Helen," he said, "I cannot thank you sufficiently for your goodness to poor Alice during this awful time. But for you I do not know how she would have come through it."

"Poor girl," Helen answered, "my heart aches for her."

"She was so fond of our father," James answered.

"Not more than you were, dear," Helen replied. "But you have borne your trouble so bravely—never once thinking of yourself."

The night was dark, and there was no one about, so why should he not have slipped his arm round her waist.

"Helen," he said, "the time has come for me to ask what our future is to be. Will you wait for Mr Bursfield's death before you become my wife, or will you court his displeasure and trust yourself to me? You know how I love you!"

"I know it," she answered. "But I do not know what answer to give you. Do you not see how I am situated? I owe everything to my Guardian. But for his care of me I suppose I should now be a governess, a music-mistress, or something of that sort. He has fed me, clothed me, and loved me, after his own fashion, all these years. Would it not, therefore, seem like an act of the basest ingratitude to leave him desolate, merely to promote my own happiness?"

"And does my happiness count for nothing?" asked Jim. "Let us talk the matter over dispassionately, and see what can be done. Don't think me heartless in what I say, but you must realise yourself that Mr Bursfield is a very old man. It is just possible, therefore, that the event we referred to a few moments ago may take place in the near future. Then, owing to our terrible loss, it will be impossible for me, I suppose, to be married within the next six months. Now the

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question to be decided is shall we go on as we are doing now until, say, the end of six months, and then make another appeal to your guardian. It is just possible he may be more inclined to listen to reason then."

"I will do whatever you wish," she answered simply. "I fear, however, that while Mr Bursfield lives he will take no other view of the case."

"We must hope that he will," Jim replied. "In the meantime, as long as I know that you are true to me and love me as I love you, I shall be quite happy."

"You do believe that I love you, don't you, Jim?" she asked, looking up at her lover in the starlight.

"Of course I do," he answered. "God knows what a lucky man I deem myself for having been permitted to win your love. I am supremely thankful for one thing, and that is the fact that my poor father learnt to know and love you before his death."

"As I had learnt to love him," she replied. "But there, who could help doing so?"

"One man at least," Jim replied. "Unhappily we have the worst of reasons for knowing that there was one person in the world who bore him a mortal hatred."

"You have heard nothing yet from the police?"

"Nothing at all," Jim answered, shaking his head mournfully. "They have given me their most positive assurance that they are leaving no stone unturned to find the man, and yet, so far, they appear to have been entirely unsuccessful. If they do not soon run him down I shall take up the case myself, and see what I can do with it. And now here we are at the gate. You do not know how hard it is for me to let you go even for so short a time. With the closing of that door the light seems to go out of my life."

"I hope and pray that you will always be able to say that," she answered solemnly.

Then they bade each other good night, and she disappeared into the house, leaving Jim free to resume his walk. He had not gone many steps, however, before he heard his name called, and turning round, beheld no less a person than Mr Bursfield hurrying towards him. He waited for the old gentleman to come up. It was the first time that Jim had known him to venture beyond the limits of his own grounds. The circumstance was as puzzling as it was unusual.

"Will you permit me a short conversation with you, Mr Standerton?" Bursfield began. "I recognised your voice as you bade Miss Decie goodbye, and hurried after you in the hope of catching you up."

For a moment he hoped that the old man had come after him in order to make amends, and to withdraw his decision of a few nights before. This hope, however, was extinguished as soon as it was born.

"Mr Standerton," said Abraham Bursfield, "you may remember what I told you a few evenings since with regard to the proposal you did me the honour of making on behalf of my ward, Miss Decie?"

"I remember it perfectly," Jim replied. "It is scarcely likely that I should forget."

"Since then I have given the matter careful consideration, and I may say that I have found no reason for deviating from my previous decision."

"I am sorry indeed to hear that. The more so as your ward and myself are quite convinced that our affections are such as will not change or grow weaker with time. Indeed, Mr Bursfield, I have had another idea in my mind which I fancied might possibly commend itself to you and induce you to reconsider your decision. You have already told me that Miss Decie's presence is necessary to your happiness. As a proof of what a good girl she is I might inform you that, only a few moments since, she told me that she could not consent to leave you, for the reason that she felt that she owed all she possessed to you."

"I am glad that Helen has one little spark of gratitude," he answered. "It is a fact though you may not believe it, that she does owe everything to me. And now for this idea of yours."

"What I was going to propose is," said Jim, "that in six months time or so, you should permit me to marry your ward, and from that day forward should take up your residence with us."

The old man looked at him in astonishment. Then he burst into a torrent of speech.

"Such a thing is not to be thought of," he cried. "I could not consider it for a moment. It would be little short of madness. I am a recluse. I care less than nothing for such things as society; my books are my only companions. I want, and will have, no others. Besides, I could not live in that house of yours, were you to offer me all the gold in the world."

Here he grasped Jim's arm so tightly that the young man almost winced.

"I have of course heard of your father's death," he continued. "It is said that he was murdered. But, surely, knowing what you do, you are not going to be foolish enough to believe that?"

"And why should I not do so?" Jim asked in great surprise. "I can believe nothing else, for every circumstance of the case points to murder. Good heavens, Mr Bursfield, if my father was not murdered, how did he meet his death?"

The other was silent for a moment before he replied. Then he drew a step nearer, and looking up at Jim, asked in a low voice:—

"Have you forgotten what I said to you concerning the mystery of the house? Did I not tell you that one of the former owners was found dead in bed, having met his fate in identically the same way as your father did? Does not this appear significant to you? If not, your understanding must be dull."

The new explanation of the mys-

tery was so extraordinary, that Jim did not know what to say or think about it. That his father's death had resulted from any supernatural agency, had never crossed his mind.

"I fear I am not inclined to agree with you, Mr Bursfield," he said somewhat coldly. "Even if one went so far as to believe in such things, the evidence given by the doctor at the inquest, would be sufficient to refute the idea."

"In that case let us drop the subject," Bursfield answered. "My only desire was to warn you. It is rumoured in the village that on the night of your father's death, one of your domestics was confronted by the spectre known as the Black Dwarf, and fainted in consequence. My old manservant also told me this morning that your butler had seen it on another occasion. I believe the late Lord Childerbridge also saw it, as did the individual who preceded him. One died a violent death—the other abandoned the property at once. Be warned in time, Mr Standerton. For my own part, as I have said before, though it was the home of my ancestors, I would not pass a night at Childerbridge for the wealth of all the Indies."

"In that case you must be more easily frightened than I am," Jim returned. "On the two occasions you mention, the only evidence we have to rely upon is the word of a hysterical maid-servant, and the assurance of a butler, who, for all we know to the contrary, may have treated himself more liberally than usual on that particular evening, to my poor father's whisky."

"Scoff as you will," Bursfield returned, "but so far as you are concerned I have done my duty. I have given you warning, and if you do not care to profit by it, that has nothing to do with me. And now to return to the matter upon which I hastened after you this evening. I refer to your proposed marriage with my ward."

Jim said nothing, but waited for him to continue. He had a vague feeling that what he was about to hear would mean unhappiness for himself.

"I informed you the other day," Mr Bursfield continued, "that it was impossible for me to sanction such a proposal. I regret that I am still compelled to adhere to this decision. In point of fact I feel that it is necessary for me to go even further, and to say that I must for the future ask you to refrain from addressing yourself to Miss Decie at all."

"Do you mean that you refuse me permission to see her or to speak with her?" Jim asked in amazement.

"If, by seeing her, you mean holding personal intercourse with her, I must confess that you have judged the situation correctly. I am desirous of preventing Miss Decie from falling into the error of believing that she will ever be your wife."

"But, my dear sir, this is a most absurd proceeding. Why should you

object to me, in this fashion? You know nothing against me, and you are aware that I love your ward. You admitted on the last occasion that I discussed the matter with you, that Miss Decie might expect little or nothing from you at your death. Why, therefore, in the name of common sense, are you so anxious to prevent her marrying the man she loves, and who is in a position to give her all the comfort and happiness wealth and love can bestow?"

"You have heard my decision," the other replied quietly. "I repeat that on no consideration will I consent to a marriage between my ward and yourself. And as I said just now I will go even further and forbid you most positively for the future either to see or to communicate with her."

"And you will not give me your reasons for taking this extraordinary step?"

"I will not. That is all I have to say to you, and I have the honour to wish you a good evening."

"But I have not finished yet," said Jim, whose anger by this time had got the better of him. "Once and for all let me tell you this, Mr Bursfield, I have already informed you that I am desirous at any cost to make Miss Decie my wife. I may add now, that your tyrannical behaviour will only make me the more anxious to do so. If the young lady deems it incumbent upon her to await your consent before marrying me, I will listen to her and not force the matter; but give her up I certainly will not so long as I live."

"Beware, sir, I warn you, beware!" the other almost shrieked.

"If that is all you have to say to me I will bid you good evening," said Jim.

But Bursfield did not answer; he merely turned on his heel and strode back in the direction of the Dover House. Jim stood for a moment looking after his retreating figure, and when he could no longer distinguish it, turned and made his way homewards.

On reaching the Manor House he informed his sister of what had taken place between himself and Helen's guardian.

"He must be mad to treat you so," said Alice when her brother had finished. "He knows that Helen loves you; surely he cannot be so selfish as to prefer his own comfort to her happiness."

"I am afraid that is exactly what he does do," said Jim. "However, I suppose I must make allowances for him. Old age is apt to be selfish. Besides, we have to remember, as Helen says, that she owes much to him. I shall see what he says at the end of six months, and then, if he is not agreeable, take the matter into my own hands."

But though he spoke so calmly he was by no means at ease in his own mind. He was made much happier, however, by a note which was



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It was in Helen's handwriting, and he tore it open eagerly.

"My own dear love," it ran; "Mr Hursfield has just informed me of his interview with you this evening. It is needless for me to say how sorry I am that he should have spoken as he did. I cannot understand his behaviour in this matter. That something more than any thought of his own personal comfort makes him withhold his consent, I feel certain. Whatever happens, however, you know that I will be true to you—and if I cannot be your wife, I will be wife to no other man.

Your loving, Helen."

(To be continued.)

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One autumn evening I stood in the office ready for the journey, only waiting until the last package should be brought in; and, if the truth must be told, the one thought that engrossed me at that moment was a cricket match then going on in Australia. I was buried in the evening paper, gleaning over the splendid play when a messenger informed me that Mr. Ashburn wished to see me before I left. It was not often that the principal remained so late at the office, but important business had detained him that day. I went at once to his private room. I was an acknowledged favourite with Mr. Ashburn, and he greeted me with a friendly smile.

"Well, Watson, so you are just starting?" he said.

"Immediately, sir."

"Are you troubled with any misgivings as to this particular journey?" he went on, looking at me curiously.

"Certainly not, sir. What makes you think so?"

"I do not," he said, in a more satisfied tone. "Only I have received a mysterious communication informing me that we had better be on the alert to-night; and, although I make it a rule to pay no attention to anonymous letters, I give you a hint."

"Don't believe a word of it, sir," I cried, warmly. "Friends never write anonymous letters—they generally turn out to be some trick of the enemy trying to have us at a weak point."

"I expect you are right," Mr. Ashburn assented, smiling at my earnestness. "Well, we shall not play into their hands. But would you like one of the men to go with you? Or shall I send round to Scotland Yard for someone from there to accompany you?"

"Pray don't, sir," I entreated. "that kind of people only encumber one with their help."

"Very well, then," he said, good-humouredly; "off with you—only keep your eyes open."

Somewhat ashamed of my swagger, I begged Mr. Ashburn to remember how often I had been on similar journeys, and that I was known to every official on the line. Then I ran downstairs and got into my cab.

As I had told Mr. Ashburn, I was well known to the railway officials. The guard with whom I expected to go down on this particular journey was a man named Rogers. He and I were great cronies, and had enjoyed many a talk together. It was my habit to travel in the guard's van, as I never lost sight of my charge until it reached its destination. On this night, in spite of my boasted self-confidence, I found myself quite looking forward to Rogers' social companionship.

The six unpretending-looking clamped cases were deposited safely in the end van, and I took my place near them. The guard seemed busy, and did not come up to greet me as was his wont. Indeed, it was not until the train was actually starting, and he sprang in and took his place,

that I really saw him. Then I recognised with a start of dismay that it was not my genial friend Rogers, but a sullen, taciturn man, who had not long been in the employment of the company. How he had been promoted guard of the train I was at a loss to understand. I was angry with myself for being so disconcerted at his appearance, and addressed him civilly, but he gave me a short, surly answer, and we relapsed into silence.

The guard's van is not a luggage van proper; nevertheless, many odds and ends find their way into it. Boxes brought up late and hurried in at the last moment, or some fragile article entrusted to the guard's particular care. In the compartment with me were one or two trunks, a child's mail-cart carefully sewn up in packing cloth, and a small wicker basket. I counted and recounted them, as one is apt to do when staring at the same thing for any length of time. The basket interested me most, as I fancied it contained something alive, and, looking at the label, read "Live pigeon," and the name of the owner, a wealthy merchant whose hobby was the breeding of carrier pigeons, or, more properly speaking, "homers."

This train of thought led me back to my school days, and so engrossed me that for a while the time slipped by unheeded. I was recalled to myself by our stopping, and knew we had come to the one break in our journey. After that we should not stop again until we reached Dover.

Very soon after we had continued our journey the carriage we were in began to rock from side to side, as though the metals were uneven, or something had gone wrong with the coupling of the van to the rest of the train.

"What is amiss?" I inquired in as indifferent a tone as I could assume.

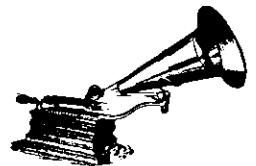
The guard muttered some incoherent reply, and thrust his head and

shoulders out of the window as if to ascertain what was wrong. I rose from my seat, intending to look from the opposite window, but, before I could reach it, the face and figure of a man appeared there. Although the train was going at a rapid and uneven rate, he stood on the footboard, holding securely to the door, which he proceeded to open.

"It's all right, young man," he said, addressing me coolly before I could speak; "don't be alarmed. Sergeant Jones, of Scotland Yard—at your service."

For an instant I experienced a feeling of relief, as it flashed across me that my employer had warned the police after all, and I should not be left to cope with my difficulties alone; but even as the thought struck me I detected a quick look of intelligence pass between the men, and I knew that I had now two enemies instead of one to deal with.

How the plan of attack would have begun I cannot say, had not matters been settled for us. The big man had laid his hands heavily upon my shoulders, when the van we were in suddenly broke away from the rest of the train. It rocked wildly for an instant, and then darted forward, the



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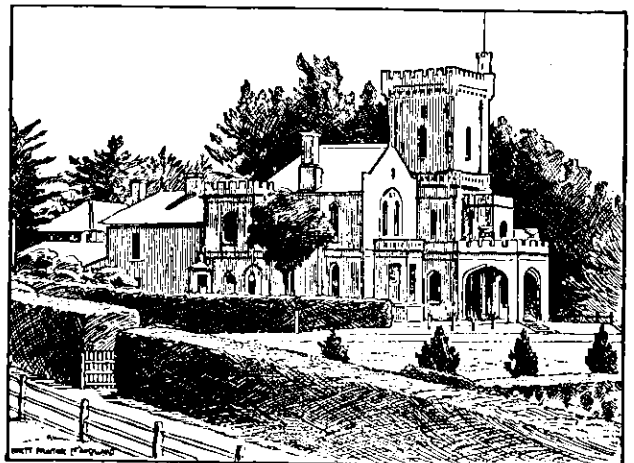
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violence of the impetus throwing us to the ground. My assailant still held me in his iron grip, and one of my feet catching against a case was doubled sharply under me, every bone in the ankle seeming to break. The pain was so intense that for a moment I lost consciousness.

When my sense returned the rapid movement of the van had ceased. I kept my eyes closed, hoping to be thought still unconscious. The men had evidently risen to their feet.

"Have you got the handcuffs?" I heard the surly voice of the guard ask.

There was a pause; the other was doubtless hunting in his pockets.

"By Jove!" he muttered blankly; "I must have left them in the other compartment."

"Then the more fool you," was the savage rejoinder. "I made sure of your having them ready to clap on, and brought no rope, so there's nothing for it but to put an end to him, and as I said before, dead men tell no tales."

"Not so fast; leave the man to me," Jones returned decidedly. "Properly managed this job will be a credit to us, but I'll not risk the chance of swinging."

The van came to a standstill, and I heard the door open and one of the men jump out. He had evidently gone to reconnoitre, for in a few minutes he returned, and an angry altercation ensued.

"It's you that are the fool now," the voice of Jones said, wrathfully. "After all the weeks you have been up and down this line on purpose, to think you should have botched the business like this."

"What's the matter now?" growled the other.

"The way you have overshot the mark. We have passed the place where the horse and cart is waiting a full quarter of a mile."

"How could I tell the thing would shoot on as it did? Anyway, it's done now, and can't be helped, so you had better bring the cart on here."

"What! With a ploughed field like a quagmire to be crossed! You couldn't get the cart up empty, and once the ingots were inside it would not move an inch."

The guard asked, in his sulky tone, what was to be done.

"There's nothing for it but to carry the cases between us, and take them, one by one, to the cart."

"And what's to become of the chap there?"

All this time I had lain perfectly still, and, although my brozen limb was torture, the bodily pain was nothing to my mental anguish.

When I heard myself referred to I thought it time to speak. I was about to raise myself with difficulty on my elbow when I reflected that it might serve my purpose better to be thought even more helpless than I was, so I remained still and called out to them for help.

"My foot is broken," I said, addressing myself to Jones.

He lifted it.

"That's true enough," he returned coolly; "and so far as we are concerned it's lucky, for never was horse more surely hobbled."

I requested that I might be raised a little, and this the big man did not ungrudgingly. Then, looking from one to the other, I said:

"You have a very cleverly laid plan for possessing yourself of this bullion, and, so far, have carried everything before you. I quite realise that I am in your power. I can do nothing; but this I will say, that in spite of your present success, I consider you a couple of fools."

"Look here, young man, we want none of your preaching, the guard said in a threatening tone.

Here the guard would have expressed his opinion of me in deeds, not words, but that his companion motioned him back. Jones was evidently paying attention to my remarks, so that I was encouraged to go on, and, addressing him, I laid my hand on one of the cases near me.

"If these boxes were filled with gold coins," I said, "you would be as great a thief for taking them, but I should not consider you as great a fool."

Then I proceeded to explain the difficulty that was always experienced in the disposal of metal in its raw state. The ingots might be hidden, and detection eluded, for weeks, but as soon as an attempt was made to realise their money value the whole truth would come to light, and I wound up by declaring my conviction that all the two men would gain by that night's work would be a term of penal servitude.

Perhaps the bold manner in which I had expressed myself met with Jones' approval, for as I finished speaking he nodded at me affably as he remarked:

"Maybe there's truth in what you say, but I'd have you know we are not the fools you take us for, as this business has been well thought out. In a market cart with a few vegetables on top, we shall soon get the cases safely up near Covent Garden, and once there everything is arranged; so that before your people have realised their loss we shall be off, leaving no trace of the ingots behind."

If they were prepared to dispose of the bullion in this manner it seemed impossible that Mr Ashburn would ever recover it, and I felt sick with pain and disappointment.

The men dragged one of the cases to the door, and then Jones turned and informed me that I need have no anxiety about myself. They intended taking me with them and leaving me with a friend upon the road, where I should receive hospitality for a couple of days until they had got a start.

Before leaving me the guard was anxious to secure my hands behind me with a handkerchief, and in other ways to add to the tortures of my position. But his companion, whose physical advantages, I fancied, made him master of the situation, declared that I could be left as I was.

When the sound of their footsteps and died away in the distance the place was very still. But after a while a faint rustling sound attracted my attention. Then I saw that the small wicker basket, which I had noticed when I first started on the journey, had fallen over and was lying near me. I lifted it up with a feeling of pity for my fellow prisoner.

At that instant, like a flash of light, came the thought that here was a way out of the difficulty! In a moment I was all excitement. I felt like a doomed man who had just received a reprieve when I fully realised the miraculous way in which help had come.

As I have said, I had some knowledge of pigeons, and I had great faith in the capabilities of a well-trained homer.

At first I was scared by the fear that I had no materials for writing, but, after some search, I found a small notebook with a pencil in it, which was just what I wanted.

I did not know exactly how far we were from London, but I imagined between thirty and forty miles. A full-grown pigeon could, I knew, manage that distance with ease, car-

rying a message weighing three-quarters of an ounce. I could make mine lighter.

I took one leaf of the notebook, and, although the writing was necessarily very small, I was careful to make it clear. This took me some time, but at last it was accomplished to my satisfaction, when I rolled it tightly into the smallest possible compass. The next thing needed was something with which to fasten it to the feathers in the pigeon's tail. A piece of silk was the proper thing, but that, of course, was not to be had. However, "necessity is the mother of invention," and, as I looked about for something that would serve my purpose, I noticed that the cloths around the child's mail-cart were sewn with strong packing thread. With much difficulty, I succeeded in getting to it, unpicking a few stitches, and drawing out a thread of sufficient length.

When all was in readiness, and nothing remained but to fasten on the message, I was assailed with the nervous fear that the men would return. My preparations had taken so long that at any moment they might be back. There was nothing for it but to wait until they had been for a second case, so I waited with what patience I could. At last I heard them approaching. Doubtless getting over the ground with their heavy load had taken them longer than they had expected, for they were in great haste now. Just glancing at me, and apparently satisfied that I was exactly as they had left me, they seized another case and were off. As soon as they were gone I opened the basket and drew forth the little crea-

ture upon whom so much depended.

The business of fastening on the tiny billet was soon accomplished.

It was not an easy task for me to reach the open door of the van, but the torture I endured as I made my way through the many obstacles, was scarcely thought of in my anxiety to start my messenger. I stood up, grasping with one hand the frame of the doorway, and, leaning out, I threw the bird up as well as I was able. Fortunately, the mists of the earlier part of the evening had gone, and the atmosphere was very clear. I saw the pigeon circling high above me, and then it disappeared.

The nervous excitement that had kept me up so far suddenly left me, and I fell into a state of collapse. The hours that followed were so hopelessly confused that I could not say what happened. I only know that I was moved from one place to another and that movement was torture, but that when left alone I sank into a drowsy stupor.

At length, coming suddenly out of a strange dream, I found an anxious face leaning over me, and recognised Mr Ashburn. As I saw his troubled look I feared that the worst had happened, but he hastened to assure me.

"It's all right, my dear fellow," he said, heartily, as he took my hand in his. "Both the thieves and their booty are in safe custody. You have acted splendidly. My only regret is that it has been at so much personal cost."

And so from what after all was sheer luck I found myself regarded in the light of a hero instead of a culprit.

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A STORY OF A STRUGGLE FOR A SON-IN-LAW.

Mr Spencer was a business-like man, and he looked on love-making in a business-like manner. So it came about that he expressed himself one evening to his wife:—

"Well, the sooner they get it over the better."

"They" constituted his daughter Mary and young Robert Binnie, who had been formally engaged now for the past two years, quite time enough in Mr Spencer's opinion. He had his eye on the gas bills and other little items which helped to increase the household expenditure owing to Mr Binnie's frequent visits; for Robert lived in lodgings, his parents being dead, and couldn't for the appearance of the thing entertain Mary there any more than he could for ever be strolling round the parks with her.

"Yes," said Mr Spencer. "It certainly is time Bob asked Mary to name the day if he really means business. Unless he does so pretty quickly I shall have to gently hint the matter and hurry up proceedings a little."

So a few nights later he hinted in his usual bluff manner; he asked Bob straight out when he might have the pleasure of really including him as a relative in the family circle.

Bob hummed and hawed a little, so his prospective father-in-law decided to help him. He hoped it wasn't monetary reasons that were delaying the wedding.

"Well," said Bob, "it is, and it isn't. Personally, I'm quite ready, and I've money; but you know, Mr Spencer, there's my old uncle. He's enormously wealthy, got tons of cash, and I'm his only relative, consequently, that fortune's coming to me."

"Yes; that's all the more reason why you should marry," said Mr Spencer.

"Naturally; but you see, Uncle Peter, he's a bit of a woman-hater. 'Bobby, my boy,' are his words to me, whenever I go to see him, 'beware of woman. Never get married.' And do you know, I think if he imagined I was engaged, he would alter his will at once."

"Then you've got to wait until he's dead?"

"Yes," sighed Bob. "I'm afraid it's that, or marry and miss a fortune. But," with a cheerful smile; "he can't last much longer. He is over seventy-five, and suffers with chronic asthma; that's why he lives in the country. A London fog would kill him."

"I suppose you couldn't get him to come and live in London for a winter?" Mr Spencer suggested. "It's a bit rough on Mary, you know."

"Oh, I've fully explained it all to her," Bob said, cheerfully, "and she has agreed to wait."

Mr Spencer sighed. Under the circumstances there was nothing to do but wait, though he hoped Uncle Peter would soon finish his career on earth, not because, as he put it, he wished him any harm, but he would like to see other people happy.

The months flew by. Uncle Peter still lived; indeed, according to Bob, he seemed to be improving in health, and with it to get more antagonistic towards the tender sex.

Spencer was tired of waiting for him to die. Mary was wishing he would make haste, and even Bob found himself wondering now and then how much longer Uncle Peter intended prolonging his stay.

A year passed, and Mr Spencer had agreed with his better-half that it really was time, uncle or no uncle, and fortune or no fortune, Bob and Mary should be married.

"But it's useless to hint the idea to Bob," he said. "The only thing I think that would work him, would be a fortune on Mary's side, accompanied by coolness on her part."

And it was this that brought Uncle Benjamin into being.

Mary had been more than usually annoyed with Bob one night, for he had, a growing suspicion that she was flirting just a little with another young man.

"And what if I have?" she asked. "Perhaps he isn't waiting for someone to die."

Bob felt hurt.

"I'm not going to wait much longer myself," she went on. "I'm willing to take you, money or no money, Bob, so you can make your mind up pretty quickly."

When Robert arrived at her abode it was to learn another startling piece of information. Mr Spencer's brother Ben, who had gone to Australia fifteen years ago, was coming home with a fortune. He had never been heard of for all those years, and the family had thought him dead; but here he was with a big fortune returning home, and going to bestow a large sum on "little Mary."

"Ah," said Mr Spencer, "she was little in those days, and he loved her like his own child."

While the conversation was in progress in dropped young Mr Springs, the man of whom Bob was jealous; and the longer he waited watching his Mary absolutely making love to his rival the madder Bob grew.

Going sadly home that night he thought the matter well over. He loved Mary, and but for his "con-founded old uncle" would marry her, but then there was Uncle Peter's fortune to consider. The more he thought the more undecided he became as to what step he would take.

At length he determined to pay his uncle a visit, and gently sound him on the woman question. He went and sounded, and was by no means made the more cheerful.

"If ever you get married, Bob," said Uncle Peter, "never a penny of my money do you see. At least, if you get married while I'm alive, my lad. When I am gone you can make as big a fool of yourself as you choose."

So he returned disheartened, and perched himself disconsolately on the fence which divides matrimony from single blessedness. When he went round to the Spencers', and he went nearly every night, it drove him wild crazy to have Uncle Benjamin dinned into his ears, and more so to find Mr Springs encouraged there.

To Mr Spencer he was a puzzle and a despair.

"I don't believe he'll ever get married," he said, half savagely, one night in Bob's absence. "Uncle Benjamin might as well have been left in the land of shadows. To think of the lies we've told all to no purpose," and he felt mad enough to forbid Bob the house.

"Perhaps if we could only show him Uncle Benjamin," said Mrs Spencer. "If we could get Ben to talk of the fortune—"

"If pigs could fly; if you'd only talk sense, Mrs Spencer," said her husband, angrily. "How the deuce can you get a man to talk as don't exist? Tell me that."

But she couldn't. Instead she changed the subject.

"Ah, I don't think I told you, but a gent came after the rooms to-day," she said. "A nice old gent he seemed. I asked him to call again tomorrow morning when you would be at home, because you settled all the business arrangements, and he said he would."

"Anyway, it will be something," growled Spencer, "if we can let them. Goodness knows they've been empty long enough."

The next morning Mr Spencer received his probable lodger, a nice affable old gent from the country.

"I'm not used to staying in places like this," he confessed. "I prefer hotels, but I'm afraid of the lifts, you read of such terrible accidents; and I can't climb stairs, my chest is all out of sorts."

Mr. Spencer sympathised with him, and was sure he would find the rooms quite comfortable. They had been newly furnished; and meals could be provided or otherwise. His face fell as his visitor remarked he did not expect to stay longer than a week.

The old man examined the apartments carefully, and was particularly struck with a shell, a tiny, pretty seashell he found on a bracket against the wall in the dining-drawing-room.

He took it down and looked at it carefully, and as Mrs. Spencer entered the room, explained that he was a conchologist. He remarked on its beauty and peculiarity, and handing it to Mrs. Spencer, thought he wouldn't decide about taking the rooms then, but would let them know later in the day.

And with difficulty he descended the stairs, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, and the latter, as the old gent politely wished her good-day, dropped the shell slyly into his pocket.

"What the—why did you do that?" asked Spencer, aghast, as he closed the door.

"He's our uncle Benjamin," she said, with a laugh. "Quick, follow him and bring him back."

Spencer was down the street on the stranger's heels in a second.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, touching his shoulder.

The old man turned, frightened.

"Why, what—what is it?" he gasped.

"Well, if you will come back I can explain better," Mr. Spencer answered.

"Why? why?"

"You've got our shell in your pocket!"

Into his pockets went his hands. "Why, good gracious me, so I have! I thought I put it back on the shelf. My dear sir, accept my apologies, I—"

"Look here," said Spencer, brusquely. "I know this little game. A nice old gent from the country you are. If you are looking for lodgings you will soon find them in the police station."

"But, my dear sir, it was a mistake," the old man urged, with fear in his voice. "Certainly, I will return with you."

"Of course," said Mr. Spencer, when inside once more. "This is a very serious thing."

The old man sat on the sofa and looked white.

"I used to suffer from kleptomania years ago," he explained. "I was specially treated for it and cured, at least, they said I was cured, and now I suppose it's broken out again."

"Oh, that's a very fine story, I'm sure," said Spencer, and his wife and Mary re-echoed the remark.

"I will pay you any sum within reason you like to name," the old man went on. "I can assure you I've no wish for the shell; it isn't worth twopence."

"Well, put in Mrs. Spencer, "we are not unreasonable people, sir. If you decided to take our rooms," and she smiled suggestively.

"But, my dear madam, I couldn't live here after this; a thief in your eyes! Still, I will pay you the rent of the rooms and be gone."

"Oh, no, no; nothing of the sort," said Spencer, charging his tone. "I see, it's quite a mistake, my dear sir, let the matter drop; consider your self our guest. This is our daughter Mary."

"My name is Holdsworthy," and the stranger bowed. "But I couldn't trespass on your hospitality, Mr. Spencer."

"As a favour only, Mr. Holdsworthy. I am a generous man, sir. We will say nothing about the shell if—"

and he coughed suggestively and he talked so glibly that he at length induced Mr. Holdsworthy to remain.

And later, talking, he poured into his ears the stories of his woes concerning his prospective son-in-law, who would not marry.

It's only Uncle Benjamin who's

nussing," he said, sadly. "Now, if you were Uncle Benjamin; if you talked like a loving uncle to our daughter, and as one of the family to us; spoke of your wealth, and how much you are going to leave Mary, why, the thing would be done. Bob would propose right away, I'm sure."

"But he'd probably lose his uncle's fortune," said the old man.

"Oh, I expect his uncel would relent afterwards. Anyway the two would be happy, and fortune or no fortune I'd like him for a son-in-law."

"Still, it wouldn't be fair to get him by a trick to release the substance for the shadow. I think I'd rather have nothing to do with the matter."

Mr Spencer's grief at the apparent failure of his attempt was sincere.

"Anyway, what does your daughter say about it?" inquired Holdsworthy.

"Oh, she, like yourself, doesn't think it's right; but she is my daughter and will do as I wish."

"And what sort of a young man is this Mr Bob?"

"Well, be our uncle and you shall see for yourself," pleaded Mr Spencer.

"Ah, that's his knock at the door," as there came a gentle rat-tat. "You will now, won't you?"

"Oh, well, yes," and the old man smiled knowingly. "Just introduce the young man."

Spencer descended the stairs at double quick speed, fearful lest his wife or daughter should say anything to spoil his plans.

"Hallo, Bob!" he cried, cheerfully. "Come upstairs, Uncle Benjamin's come," and he caught him by the sleeve of the coat. "Come and be introduced, a jolly old boy, Bob. You'll like him immensely."

Uncle Benjamin was standing regarding himself in the overmantel when the door opened, and Spencer entered with Bob.

"Here we are, Ben," said Spencer. "This is Bob, Mr Bob Binnie; Bob, my brother Ben, Mary's uncle."

Uncle Benjamin slowly turned round.

"Very pleased to make your acquaintance Mr—why—why—" and he looked keenly at the young man through his spectacles.

"Why, it's my Uncle Peter," Bob cried out, falling back in amazement.

"And you are the Bob, eh? Well, I'm—" but the old man broke into such a fit of laughing that the tears ran down his cheeks, while Spencer simply sank on the sofa, as limp as a washed out collar.

"Well, fortune or no fortune, I'm going to marry Mary now since you know all," said Bob. "But what licks me is how you got here."

"I thought there was a woman in it, and came to see," said Uncle Peter, with a twinkle in his eyes. "I was going to spend a week in London watching you."

"And he came here to look for lodgings," groaned Spencer.

"But how about Uncle Benjamin?" asked Bob.

"Let the reader rest content. The farce was explained satisfactorily, and Uncle Peter returned to the country; but not before he had acted as best man to his nephew.

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The Practical Value of Politeness

It has been suggested that a charming smile serves its owner better through life than the fattest of purses. An extreme view, certainly, but true it is that, altogether irrespective of the higher motives for speaking and acting kindly and considerately towards one's fellows, the study of politeness is one eminently important, indeed essential, to those who would get through this world creditably and in comfort.

It is noticeable, more especially in the smaller ways of life, how materially will a smile or tactful word used aptly influence people in the speaker's favour. It is more than probable, indeed, that did the taciturn and peremptory individual realise the actual net value, as it were, of politeness, he would devote considerably more attention to the study than he feels naturally inclined.

Perhaps nowhere is it more forcibly and visibly demonstrated how true a wisdom is politeness than when shopping. The young man behind the counter may willingly, and (oh, rare thing!) smilingly rummage forth the whole of his stock, and yet betray to another lady, perhaps both young and pretty, by means of sighs and stupid looks (for have not shop assistants a language all their own, far more expressive than mere mortal words, whereby to show their bored unwillingness?), anything but a flattering alacrity to serve. The reason, of course, is not far to seek. The elder lady addresses the assistant politely, and is not above smiling encouragingly, when the young man staggers forward half-enveloped in rolls of material; the other lady, meanwhile, gives her orders, while looking in the very opposite direction to her hearer and inclines her head icily when an answer is required of her.

Even at a railway station politeness has its value. Of course, here money will go a very long way, but the pas-

senger who harasses and deluges with contrary orders his bewildered porter will reap far less satisfaction from his exertions than the passenger who explains his business moderately and lets the porter do the rest.

And—still more or less to the point—how extremely ruffling is insolence from a servant! Yet it is an annoyance by no means uncommon in small establishments. It is wrong, of course, but scarcely surprising, that having been harangued at intervals all day long over one small carelessness, because her mistress is annoyed by an occurrence quite outside the servant's province, the injured maid becomes impertinent.

One might give instances innumerable all to this one effect, the gist of which is—smile and look amiable, and don't be haughty, often. Hauteur is not a bad plan, but, like spirits, if indulged in frequently, it becomes a chronic weakness. Some of us are apt to indulge very freely in this sort of demeanour towards our dependents in the fond, false hope that we are imbuing them with a sense of awe for our importance, whereas probably they are either amused at our "airs" or describe us to their colleagues as "Houghty toighty!" Now, what is more humiliating than to be designated by one's inferiors as "houghty toighty?" But we are not to be pitied, for we should remember that we have everyone of us our "little feelings," and in so remembering, learn the truest secret of politeness.

Three Phases of Life.

At birth we respire, at twenty-five aspire, at eighty expire. This is the beginning, the sum, and the end of us, according to the philosophic mind of Hugo. He states the phenomena of life tersely, and with the touch and meaning of a master. That is all right for those who are in a frame of mind to philosophise. The panorama of life is one thing;

its detail and analysis quite another.

The greater question is: How are you living? How am I existing? That concerns us more.

There is a vast difference between living and existing. It is the difference between health, strength, happiness, aspiration and power in whatever numble sphere we work, and the endurance, the anguish, the pain and misery of bodily affliction.

Nature fashioned us all to be healthy. She did more; she secreted roots and herbs in her fields and forests to assist some of us to maintain this health, or regain it when lost.

There is a gentleman living at 373, Bourke Street, Sydney, whose interesting story illustrates this in a practical, common-sense way. "Six years ago," he writes, "my health broke down badly. My appetite got to be fickle and uncertain; then failed entirely. What I forced myself to swallow did me but small good. In fact it often gave me such discomfort and distress that I actually dreaded to sit down to table.

"After a while my stomach and other digestive organs became so upset and disordered that I was practically forced to live—or rather exist—on a diet of slops, gruel, weak broths, etc, and even these things occasioned me considerable pain and inconvenience. Medical treatment did me no good whatever.

"From time to time I tried all sorts of medicines that were recommended to me, or that I saw advertised, but with no better results. I became so debilitated that my relatives thought I was going into a decline. In truth I was fearfully thin and wasted. At this stage of my trouble a friend said I ought to try Seigel's Syrup. He made the strongest kind of a point of it, and pressed the idea upon me. I yielded, and it was the best investment I ever made.

"I began taking the medicine without faith, as I was sceptical as to the virtues of drugs and physics in general, but before I had taken half a dozen doses I found I was on the right track at last.

"In short, I persevered with the Syrup, taking it strictly according to the directions, and it speedily alleviated and ultimately cured my complaint. I used in all four bottles, and while still on the fourth I felt myself a new man. I could eat well, sleep well, and work well; and once more laugh and enjoy myself to the full. More than this what does any man want?—what more can the world give him?

"As to the thoroughness and permanence of the cure there can be no doubt, as what I have related took place over five years ago, and since then I have remained in good health with the exception of trifling ailments unworthy of mention.

"Other members of our family—notably my sister Emma Lillian, who has sent you her own account of her case—have derived signal benefit from the use of the Syrup, and can tell their stories for themselves. We always keep a bottle in the house, and whenever any of us feel out of sorts, hipped, or seedy, we take a dose or two and it never fails to give the needed relief.

"In conclusion, I can honestly and conscientiously recommend Seigel's Syrup to any persons who may be suffering from a weak stomach, impaired digestion, chronic dyspepsia, or kindred complaints, as a remedy that will really accomplish all that is claimed for it."—(Signed) William James Edward Fisher, 373, Bourke Street, Darlinghurst, Sydney, June 26th, 1901.

Seigel's Syrup is made of eighteen natural ingredients, each of which is a product of the soil. Its curative properties are derived from roots and herbs in scientific combination, and its healing action has been acknowledged in all civilised parts of the world during the past thirty-three years. Kept handy for occasional use, it keeps the body strong and the functions active. This is the way to resist diseases, to avoid the daily miseries which take the snap and go out of life. There is a difference between living and existing, as Mr. Fisher relates.

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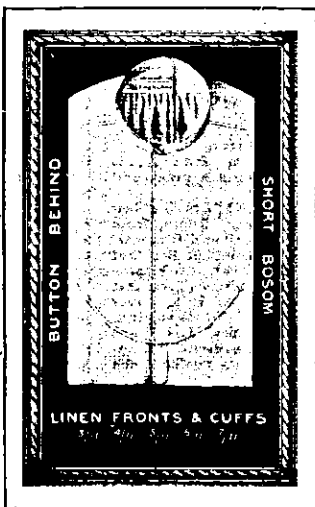


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Topics of the Week.

The Great Negative Pleasure.

Of all the enthusiasms which attack both young and old alike, there is none to compare with the camera fever. When a man is in the throes of his first bicycle days, or deeply bitten with the golf mania, he may be bad enough, but by dexterous leading you can occasionally direct his mind from these pursuits. The really enthusiastic amateur photographer may be said to live for his hobby. He is always seeking what he may photograph—person, place or thing. The retina of his eye becomes a sensitive plate, and he watches nature and man to snap them unawares. His only reasonable conversation is of slides and developer, and lenses, and changing bags, and P.O.P. bromide, gravura, nikko, dark rooms, light, tone, exposure, subject, effect, and so on, ad infinitum. He becomes daring where before he was careful, obtrusive where he was rather shy. Nothing is allowed to stand between him and the quarry he has marked for his shot. If it is a public function he makes his way to the forefront, deaf to the remonstrances of the ill-natured—for as a rule the good natured crowd look with a lenient eye on his amicable weakness. I have known men who were the most absolute sticklers for the proprieties, who never appeared in the street, save groomed to a fault. I have known others so retiring in disposition that they uniformly found themselves in a back seat. But when these became amateur photographers, propriety and bashfulness disappeared as by magic, the same men could be seen tearing along the street in the most dishevelled and disorderly condition, careless of the convenience or criticism of others, that they might get a shot. Those who have never come under the spell of the camera do not understand it. The loss, I can assure them, is theirs. They have never known the delight of warily stalking your subject, camera in hand, the suspenseful psychological moment of focussing, and the thrill attendant on the click of the shutter that proclaims the deed is done. Then that mysterious time in the secrecy of your pitch black or ruby-lighted closet where like some alchemist of old, you work amid strange compounds and curious smells. With expectant heart and often not without misgivings too, you draw the precious square of glass from its sheath. It reveals nothing, but gradually as chemical after chemical changes it from milky white to inky black, the hidden picture takes form before your waiting eyes. Then there are the other interesting processes of printing and fixing, all leading up to that triumphant point where your mounted and framed handiwork from a prominent place on your mantelpiece, courts the praises of your genial friends. "All my work, all my work," you say in your heart, and you feel something of the pride of the artist and creator in one. Has not your hand led it through all these mysterious processes of development. Hence the fascination of the thing. As an honest fact you had very little to do with it, but fortunately one can never persuade the amateur photographer of that—and who would try? Who would deprive him of the satisfaction which he takes in his work, even when it is only a poor, over-exposed, under-developed, badly printed little quarter plate. Did you ever see the mother of the most ill-favoured child in existence who did not think the baby a paragon of beauty? So is it with the enthusiastic amateur. And went all this, dear reader, let me draw your attention, if you are a camera devotee, or if you have friends who are, to the Photographic Competition announced in these pages to-day. Here is a chance for you to repay yourself for the many wasted plates of your life.

China Goes to School.

The other day the Dowager Empress declared through her repentant tears that China had decided to adopt what was best in Western civilization. Now it is announced that the European professors have been dismissed from the Imperial University on the grounds that China needs elementary schools more than universities. Here's a rather suggestive conjunction of word and deed. Presuming the Empress to be sincere—always a rash thing to do—one is led to assume that China is dubious as to the value of the "higher education" of the West. In her unregenerate state, the Western University system, in so far as it meant the cramming of useless knowledge, and the waste of time on unpractical speculations, would seem to have been the thing most likely to appeal to a people who pinned their faith to competitive examinations, and gave the first offices of State to the man who could memorise the largest number of lines from that Confucian classic "The Book of Poetry." But all these ideas are apparently going by the board. Intellectual China is at last getting down to the practical, amid which her toiling millions have been living a life of ant-like industry and unprogressiveness these many centuries. She wants elementary schools to raise these millions from their lethargy, not universities, which will come in all good time. Here's a marvelous recognition of her real necessity that marks more strongly than anything else the dawn of a new era. China is going to school in the Western sense. Just think what that means. It is said that the Chinese mandarins were strangely surprised when the early Jesuit missionaries showed them how small a bit of the world their empire made in the general map. Probably there are not ten millions out of China's 250 millions who are to-day any wiser than the mandarins were. But let the elementary schoolmaster get among those myriads with his maps and his history books, and the Chinese will know not only their smallness but their greatness also; and then their thoughts will begin to move in a somewhat wider circle than their own red-roofed village and the rice fields beyond. A fig for your universities so far as China is concerned. There may be foster the pedantry of the land, but the elementary school will carry the taper of knowledge into the furthestmost corners, and when China lights up then you may prepare for the opening of the great drama of East versus West.

The Arraignment of the Jury.

Fancy a judge having the temerity to tell the full court that trial by jury is becoming a farce, as Mr Justice Conolly did last week in Auckland! And he said this not of the grand jury, which has been reckoned fair game for abuse and ridicule this long time, but of the common or petty jury. Was it becoming in one occupying the seat of judgment to thus summarily convict an institution that has been an integral part of our judicial system since the days of King Alfred, on such evidence of its worthlessness as the alleged stupidity or obstinacy of one or half-a-dozen juries might afford? Within the last thousand years there must have been hundreds of times when juries flew directly in the face of the judge's summing-up—hundreds of times when their Honors felt disposed to rise in their seats and condemn the system as Mr Conolly did. I cannot suppose that the average jurymen of King John's day, who probably could neither read nor write, would have been more skilful in weighing evidence than the average jurymen of to-day. Indeed, at the very initiation of the jury system, the probability, nay the certainty is that there was a greater danger of the jurors coming to a wrong decision than there is now, especially if, as would appear to have been the case, they were much

less aided in coming to a verdict by the suggestions of the Bench than they are now. Yet through all these centuries the institution has been most jealously guarded both by the people and the greatest legal authorities as the great bulwark of the people's liberty. Nor are we prepared to-day I think to discard that institution, even if the alleged stupidity of twelve men may have led one of our judges to condemn it. Nay the very fact that the judge permitted himself that unwonted license might be regarded as an unfavourable reflection on the judicial wisdom of the Bench, and an argument in favour of the retention of "the twelve good men and true" as the final judges. It is certainly not uncommon nowadays to hear the jury system ridiculed and condemned in lower places than the courts of justice, but we must not take too seriously the casual judgments of a time that is as superficial on the one hand as it is profound on the other. It is rather in fashion among those who do not discern the true inwardness of things to depreciate ancient institutions which have stood the shock of years. But what would they propose to put in place of the jury? Until judges become infallible as well as incorruptible there is a plain necessity for some sort of substitute, and none that I have ever heard suggested could hope to serve the ends of justice so fully well as the present system.

Our Friend in the East.

Kipling's dictum that "East is east and west is west, and never the twain shall meet" may be true as expressive of the radical and ineradicable antipathy between the two divisions of the race. For instance it is difficult to think of a Chinaman ever seeing eye to eye with an Englishman. But such rapprochements as that between Great Britain and Japan, of which the cable informed us last week, are inevitable. Yet, does it not strike us as strange, this meeting of the extremes of the Old World, this clasping hands of the island Empires of the European and Asiatic continents? Ever since Japan came to rank with the West as one of the great naval Powers, the possibility and desirability of a European alliance has been present before her. And, in the same way, the European peoples had not ignored the value of such a powerful ally in the East. Of them all Japan courted the friendship of Great Britain most, and Great Britain, both from the point of view of her own interest and her sympathy with the progressive islanders, seemed marked out as Japan's natural ally. All the same these considerations never bore fruit till the other day. Indeed, the newspaper and review world, which believes it fore-shadows where it does not direct Britain's foreign policy, had given up all reference to a Japanese alliance and had taken to advocating a union with Russia or with France, when, lo and behold! without warning this new arrangement is sprung on us. We all feel surprised, not to say a trifle taken aback, to find ourselves so suddenly a relation by diplomatic marriage of the Japs, whom we have rather been accustomed to patronise no less in everyday life than in comic opera and musical comedy. Treaties we have had many with black as well as white people, but I don't know of anything in the sable line that approached the same dignity and equality of give-and-take on both sides as this compact with Japan. The arrangement at once concedes the parity of position in the European family which Japan politically and commercially has been striving after. As the ally of "the mistress of the seas" her prestige goes up fifty per cent. She can speak of "our cousin, England," with a certain haughty confidence that does not come unnatural to the Japanese. We, on the other hand, will doubtless have to bear the jealous criticism of the Continent that we had to go to the East for an ally, and until we get rid of racial prejudices we may be doubtful as to the amount of cordiality we should extend to our new friend. But despite criticism abroad and prejudice at home the value of the alliance to Great Britain is indubitable. Of course, it

has its dangers, as, for instance, the chance of our plucky friend jumping into quarrels precipitately because he can more or less depend on our being dragged with him; but it has its safeguards too.

The Royal State.

King Edward's first levee is described as having been an exceptionally brilliant function, and it is understood that in that respect it foreshadows the large degree of pomp and circumstance with which the King intends to invest the Royal Court of Great Britain. During the long lifetime of Victoria there was comparatively little display in the Court functions; more especially of later years this was the case; and the memory of the oldest inhabitant does not associate pageantry with the Royal House. And, indeed, throughout Europe there is an absence to-day in the regal entourage of those elements of magnificence which in an earlier time dazzled the eyes of the common herd. His Majesty the King goes about in sack suit and hard hat, and even his Royal Cousin of Germany, who affects display more than any of the crowned heads, is occasionally attired in sombre tweeds, to judge by the photographs. As to princes of the blood, there is nothing in their apparel to distinguish them from the poor bank clerk who spends a tenth of his income on cuffs and collars and ties, unless it is that he is better cuffed and collared and tied than they. Now, you can't conceive of our English Harrys or French Louis in such plebeian garb. We figure them glittering with gold and purple, ermine and diamonds, from their rising up to their lying down. Could you fancy them for a moment in commoner's doublet and hose? Perhaps the historical perspective deceives a little, but in those days, when the male bird had not relinquished his natural prerogative of fine feathers, there was an atmosphere of glory and effulgence round about a throne which we have not nowadays, and cannot have. The fashion has changed to a much more sombre key than of yore. Perhaps our taste is more correct now, and we would find such pageants as filled "the spacious times of Great Elizabeth" somewhat tawdry and wearisome. Then there is this great difference between the Royal pomp of to-day and that of the past. While the latter blazoned itself before the eyes of an admiring populace, the Court splendour is now—save on special occasions—reserved for the eyes of the privileged few. Perhaps, too, it would not be advisable in these ultra democratic days to give too much publicity to that sort of thing.

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After Dinner Gossip.

Proposed Lady Curates.

It is said that lady curates might be advantageously employed in parishes to look after the young men. This idea cannot be passed by scoffingly, seeing that we have women doctors, dentists, house agents, etc. No doubt our churches are in want of attraction, and a pretty lady curate in white gown and hood would not only be a fetching sight, but would bring in a good many stray sheep to the fold that now go eye-bling, fishing, poloing, and cricketing on Sunday. And for sick-bed visits the lady curate would be very hard to beat. At all events, she is worth a trial.

Testing Friendship Wholesale.

A gentleman has tried the following peculiar way of probing the ties of friendship. He sent letters to 24 intimate friends asking for the loan of £1. Thirteen of the two dozen friends did not reply at all; five declined to lend the money, two promised to send it on the next day and did not do it; one sent his "last ten shillings"; and only three sent the full sum asked for. The supplicant and all the "friends" he had written to are well off.

Where Ladies Smoke 16-inch Cigars.

Cigars sixteen inches in length and five inches in circumference are the size that the ladies of the Philippine Islands prefer to smoke. They are not for an afternoon whiff, but are intended to last for five or six days, being lighted when required, and put out again when the fair smoker is tired of blowing rings.

Of course, the weight of such a cigar is considerable, and to offset this difficulty the end which is inserted in the mouth is filled with a soft fibre of tobacco, so that when the cigar is grasped firmly between the teeth so great an indentation is made that for the remainder of the six days' smoke the huge cigar fits naturally to the mouth, and can be held without any conscious effort.

Even seven-year-olds smoke a roll of tobacco the size of the average cigar used in this country.

If a woman smokes a cigar sixteen inches long, what would a grown man smoke? That is a problem that would naturally have for an answer, a cigar twice as big. But such is not the case. The men are inveterate cigarette smokers, and it is only the women who smoke cigars.

At a Savings Bank.

The business man who was in a hurry was standing in line at the savings bank, waiting his turn to deposit. There was only one person ahead of him, and he was congratulating himself upon this good luck. The person ahead was a woman, and when the business man arrived she was just opening negotiations with the receiving teller.

"Now, I want to open accounts," she began, "for some little nieces and nephews of mine. It's for a present, you know—confidentially—and I'm only going to put £3 birthday in each bank. Of course that isn't much, but"—Here the teller endeavoured to get down to the business details, but in vain. "If they're real saving, as I want them to be, they'll soon make it more. Lots of rich men started with—"

"Yes, yes, madam," interrupted the teller, in desperation: "of course they did. Now, what are these children's names and ages?"

"Why, there's Fannie, my namesake, she's nine—no, maybe it was eight, her last birthday—What? Oh, her full name? Frances Jane, of course; how stupid of me! And then Johnnie—no, John William, named after an uncle that died—he's six, and just as 'cute as he can be. You wouldn't believe what that child"—

"Yes, I would, madam; but please be as brief as possible and omit everything but business. Are there any more children?"

"Oh, yes; there's the baby, Mildred. She's ten months old, and I thought she seemed pretty young to have a bank-book all to herself, so I'd like to take one for her and her mother together—her mother's only my brother's sister-in-law, but she's just like an own sister to me. What? I can't do that? Well, that's funny; but you fix it according to the rules, of course."

The business man, who had at first glared savagely at the loquacious depositor, now shifted wearily from one leg to the other, and began to show signs of collapse.

The teller succeeded in extracting the necessary information as to the birthplace of the children, and then inquired in whose names the books were to be held in trust for them.

"Will you have it in their mother's name or their father's, or whose?" he asked, shortly.

"Their father's! Mercy sakes!" exclaimed the depositor, energetically. "Why, he's a perfect good-for-nothing scamp, if there ever was one. You couldn't trust him!"

"No, I suppose not," hastened the teller, repenting that unfortunate suggestion. "The mother's, then, I suppose. Her name, age and birthplace, please. Be as quick as you can, madam."

As he finished the entries he turned with a sigh of relief and a look of pity for the business man who had been waiting so long. But the latter had given up.

Snake in Church.

The snake is intimately associated with theology, and not Christian theology alone; in nearly all religions the serpent has a conspicuous place, and it is strange that the appearance of a snake in the Church of England at Bass, in Australia, the other Sunday should have occasioned so much surprise amongst the congregation and such consternation in the clergyman. The snake made two or three appearances on the platform behind the pulpit without the clergyman being aware of the presence of the enemy, and finally Satan's representative was overcome, not by the eloquence of the pastor, but by a layman armed with a riding whip. Since playing so unpopular a part in bringing about the fall of man, the snake has shown some good taste in avoiding churches, but the action of this snake at Bass is not the only exception to the rule.

A Doctor and his Fees.

A certain medical man has great faith in clocks, and whenever he enters a fresh patient's house he is always careful to look round and see if there is a timepiece in the room. If so, all well and good, he feels satisfied that he will be paid; if not, the chances of his recovering his fees are very doubtful. This sign, he contends, has invariably proved accurate. Recently he received a visit from a stranger late at night, and was asked to go and see a sick woman some two miles away. It was a wet night, and the doctor debated as to whether he had not better send the case to another practitioner, as he knew nothing of the new patient or her family. Neither could he apply the clock test, and he did not want a journey for nothing. Suddenly a bright idea struck him. Turning to the young man he inquired, "What was the time when you left home?" "Well," was the prompt reply, "it was half-past ten by the kitchen clock, and five minutes later by the one in the sitting-room." This, at any rate, was reassuring, and he decided to go. Imagine his chagrin when, on arrival, he found there was not a clock in the house. The man happened to have heard of the doctor's eccentric-

ty, and so was prepared for the query. Now comes the funny part of the story. After attending the patient for a few days, and bringing her to a state of convalescence, the medical man sent in his bill, and receiving no reply called again, only to find the house empty, and no one could tell him where the people had gone. Since then, his faith in the infallibility of the clock test has been greater than ever.—"Birmingham Post."

From South Africa.

An exciting incident, in which an officer, by the timely use of his fists, saved himself from a humiliating position, is reported from the Western Transvaal, the hero being Captain H. C. B. Phillips, commanding the 13th (Shropshire) Company, Imperial Yeomanry, with Lord Methuen's force.

Captain Phillips, the ex-English amateur heavy-weight champion boxer, it seems, was going his rounds, visiting his sentries on the outskirts of the camp, when, in an isolated position, he was suddenly confronted by three Boers, two of whom were armed. They made him prisoner, and at once proceeded to divest him in the usual fashion of his personal property, uniform, etc. They had got possession of pretty well everything except his spurs, which they ordered him to remove. He declined, at the same time telling them they must take them themselves, whereupon two stooped down to unfasten the straps, Captain Phillips being covered with the rifle of the third man. No sooner, however, had the two men got into the kneeling position than Captain Phillips, with two well-directed blows, bowled them over, and, seizing the Mauser of one, which had been incautiously laid on the ground, felled the Boer who was covering him with a tremendous blow on the side of the head with the butt-end of the rifle, giving him his quietus, not, however, before he had fired, the bullet passing uncomfortably near to the gallant officer's head. Captain Phillips then turned the tables by securing the two Boers and marching them into camp.

A Cruel Hoax.

At a certain Melbourne club six men met who were all capitalists, breeders, stock-owners and prominent members of society, and who had all been storekeepers in the good old early fifties on Ballarat or Bendigo. Each, relates "Javelin" in the "Leader," had preserved for half a century a relic of the old canvas store in the shape of something drinkable, and as it transpired that one had kept a bottle of port wine, another a bottle of whisky, another a bottle of brandy, and so on, it was agreed that on a certain day each should bring his half century bottle to the club, and that they would have a connoisseurs' treat amongst themselves. The son of one member of the party was the only invited guest, and by the time they got to the last bottle, which happened to be his father's bottle of brandy, the young fellow was the only one of the party perfectly sober. Probably that was why he enjoyed the joke, as, after his father had with a freshly ordered table napkin himself specially wiped each of the liqueur glasses into which the priceless fluid was cautiously poured, he watched those winking and blinking old swells drawing long breaths, and exclaiming ecstatically: "Ah! By Jove, that's nectar if you like!" Just imagine the feelings of the only six men in Melbourne privileged to drink brandy half a century old! The jolly old Sybarites; no wonder they winked and blinked! Also imagine, if you can, the amusement they were giving to the youngster, who at the old man's office on the previous day had swapped the labels on that old bottle and a new one. Those old humbugs, who flattered themselves that since they ran into money their palates had been aristocratically educated, had been enthusing over a bottle of Boomerang, and the treasured half-century bottle was in the safe as intact as when it stood in the corner of the tent store in which its proprietor had made the money which transformed him into a wool king of later years.

A Curse Which Was Fulfilled.

The unexpected fulfilment of a healthy, vigorous curse lately occurred in connection with the barque Ashmore. At Lyttelton (N.Z.) some olskins, placed temporarily in shore trucks, went astray, and the raging owner, unable to get satisfaction, stood on the wharf when the boat was leaving and dealt out lurid language to all and sundry, ending with the hope that the man suspected (and quite innocently, it transpires) should fall from aloft, break his neck or tumble into the sea. After a few weeks, while the watch was furling a sail, the man in question, through no apparent cause, fell from the yard, struck the rail, fell overboard, and couldn't be picked up. The owner of those olskins should now have something heavy on his mind.

Racing Blunders.

We have all heard of the short-sighted starter, who, after calling three times to the trooper to "come back" and "stop trying to get a break," said to the clerk of the course, "Fine that chap in Jimmy Wilson's colours two quid." An equally ludicrous mistake was recently made by a country judge, who had joined in drinking the healths of all the winners on the first day, and had been to the race club dinner in the evening. A very popular local owner's colours are like Mr Carslake's scarlet jacket and black cap, and as the horses flashed past the post in the "cup" race on the second day the fuddled judge roared out, "Hoora! Shove up ole Billy Brown's number, boy, whatever it is—won by a good length! Bravo, Bill!" "Please, sir," whispered the youthful assistant, "Mr Brown ain't got nothink runnin'; the green jacket won by a good neck; that there one as you've give it to is Tom Duke, the clerk of the course!"

Near It.

A well-known sporting man took a holiday trip to England last year. Recently one of his wife's friends who is thinking of taking a run home herself said, "What boat did Mr — go by? He might give me a useful hint." "Really, the name is on the tip of my tongue," replied the wife, "but I can't remember it. I shall think of it, however, as I am sure that it was one of the Orient line, and they nearly all commence with O." "No, ma," chimed in her seven-year-old daughter, "I remember daddy saying that he went in the Khubarb and came back in the Custard!" That was the nearest she could get to the Oruba and Cuzco, and not a bad attempt, was it?

SUMMER FAG

WOMEN are the chief sufferers from summer fag. Hard work indoors, lack of fresh air, and home worries, spoil the appetite, impoverish the blood, weaken the system, and bring on that weary, tagged, feeling.

Bile Beans for Biliousness

by stimulating the digestive system, sharpening the appetite, ending constipation, restoring sound sleep, toning-up the liver and kidneys, and purifying the blood, restore strength and vigour to the enervated frame, end anaemia and all weaknesses.

Of all Chemists, 1/4 per Box, or from the Bile Bean Manufacturing Co., 30 Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

BILE BEANS FOR BILIOUSNESS

NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS SUPPLY AND DELIVERY OF HORSE FORAGE.

Railway Department, Head Office, Wellington, 11th February, 1902. Written Tenders will be received at this office up to noon of MONDAY, 3rd March, 1902, for the Supply and Delivery of HORSE FORAGE at Auckland.

NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS STEEL CASTINGS.

Railway Department, Head Office, Wellington, 11th February, 1902. Written Tenders will be received at this office up to noon of MONDAY, 3rd March, 1902, for the Supply and Delivery of STEEL CASTINGS.

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

Fleet: P.S. AOTEA, S.S. AORERE, AND S.S. AORANGI (now building).

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

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

For the benefit of those who are unable to take advantage of the longer trip to Taranaki, the Company has decided to run a steamer to the Caves every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY MORNING at 8 o'clock, where some of the finest scenery on the River is to be viewed, returning to Pipiriki in time to connect with steamer for Wanganui.

HENDERSON & MACFARLANE, Auckland Agents.

HERR RASSMUSSEN, THE DANISH HERBALIST, 81, Lambton Quay, Wellington. Thousands of Cures which have been effected by his ALPINE HERBAL REMEDIES. Thousands of Testimonials Prove the Wonderful Cures Effected.

EVERY MAN SUFFERING from NERVOUS and PHYSICAL Debility should read for a valuable Prescription containing the most effective Remedies for all ailments which may be remedied by means of the most powerful and successful medicine.

Turf Gossip.

TURF FIXTURES.

Feb. 19 and 20—Egmont R.C. Summer Feb 20 and 21—Poverty Bay T.C. Annual February 22, 26, March 1—Otahuhu T.C. Feb. 22—Waikī J.C. Annual J.C. Autumn Feb. 25, 28, and March 1—Dunedin J.C. Autumn

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Walhi."—Yes. Military started in the Auckland Cup of 1901. Bets were paid on the outside machines only when the fields exceeded six. On the second and third days the club instructed the totalisator bureau to pay out on first and second horses both inside and outside.

TURF NOTES.

Kalmate is now located in Victoria. Donerale, by St. Leger—Balista, broke his leg recently. Aurous is first favourite for the Newmarket Handicap. The English Derby will be run for on June 4th.

The Egmont Racing Club will follow their old custom of debarring the bookmakers from going on their racecourse. Bacchus has changed hands, having been purchased during the week for a Thames sport. The death of Jack O'Brien, who at one time was racing in different parts of New Zealand, is reported from Opanake.

the Taranaki J.C. Summer Meeting, will probably be favourite for the Egmont Sires' Produce Stakes, to be run for next week.

Koss Heaton has decided to throw in his lot as a trainer, and his had Golden Rose placed in his hands by Mr J. Lynch. Koss has boxes at R. Hall's Green Lane stables.

A. Gray, a steeplechase rider, was rejected by the selector officers of the Ninth Contingent because it was considered by those officials that he did not show proficiency!

It is reported that the Wellington Racing Club may license bookmakers to do business at future meetings, and it is suggested that a prominent Southern racing club will do the same.

Reflex, who won the Telegraph Stakes at the Canterbury Jockey Club's Summer Meeting, is by the Lochiel sire Reflector, who was returned the winner of the Great Northern Foal Stakes in 1872.

The Taranaki Jockey Club appear to have come out well over their Summer Meeting financially—£11,137 was put through the totalisators, as against £10,254 last year.

D. Morrighan, who went Home with Snabrose, came out in charge of the Messrs Nathan's new purchase, San Francis, and Hon. J. D. Gorman's Harkhead, and should arrive in Auckland on Sunday.

The Auckland pony Little Bess has won another race. This was at Kensington Park, New South Wales, last Wednesday week, when she came fast and got up in time to win by a head the Fourteen-one Handicap.

A. Sutherland and J. Gallagher are the only two jockeys who have ridden the same horse in the Taranaki Cup in successive years. W. Kraft, "the old identity," was twice successful in the race, and also the late G. Williams.

The death is announced of Mr W. Eiland, who was many years ago an official in the Australian Jockey Club's office under Mr S. C. Burt, when that gentleman was secretary. Many New Zealanders will remember Mr Eiland.

The local stock inspectors had a busy day on Tuesday at the Remuera yards, overhauling horses brought there for sale for remount purposes. A fair proportion of the horses proved suitable.

Mr A. Davis, manager of the Sylvia Park Stud, leaves Wellington on Thursday, bringing back with him the newly-imported San Francisco, whose safe arrival was announced on Tuesday.

At Newmarket, Athlestone, by the defunct Navigator from Athole, foaled in 1897, and got by Blair Athol from the Macaroni mare Florence MacCarthy, ran well and is described as a useful sort.

Acting under instructions from Mr Dan Eild, the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency will sell without reserve on Friday, February 22nd, the racehorses Jewellery, Scotby, Sensation and Miss Duvel, the last named in foal to Cyran.

Ames, the American jockey, who passed through Auckland a short time since, is to ride Carinthia in the Newmarket Handicap. It is thought that such a quick beginner and free mover will be suited to his style of riding, and that Carinthia may be very hard to beat.

Mr H. C. White, of New South Wales, at present in England, has purchased the English horse Gambol, by Galopin from Happy Hampton, for the Havelock Stud. The same gentleman has also secured two blood colt foals, which will accompany Gambol to Australia. Mr Tristram, purchased for Mr Reynolds, of Totara, will be shipped by the same boat.

L. H. Hewitt has ridden three successive winners of the Canterbury Jockey Club's Midsummer Handicap, in Ben Farcy, Skoboff, and Dundas. From a time point Ben Farley holds the record, viz., 2m 36 2-5 secs, or a fifth of a second faster than Dundas recorded. L. Hewitt is the only horseman who has ridden the winners in three successive years.

A two-year-old by Beauchamp from Melinda, imported, and now in Mr Leonard Marshall's stud at One-tree Hill, died on the 5th inst. of lockjaw at Randwick. She was operated upon for navel trouble, and was doing well, but being a highly-strung, nervous filly, she tried to jump out of the yard in which she was being treated, and thus re-opened the wound, bringing on lockjaw.

Crescut, by Torpedo, from Egyptia, is said to be seventeen hands one inch in height. This is evidently a record height for a three year old thoroughbred. The Loch Eria, winner of the Hack Race at

biggest that I can remember was Jumbo, a son of Gladiator, bred by Mr H. Nixon, of Wanganui. Jumbo was full brother to Batanella, who ran there about twenty years ago. He stood just eighteen hands but was not a clean bred one.

The Taranaki Jockey Club it appears could only exclude the bookmakers from a portion of the new money, for that they could not keep them of another portion, and they were obliged to submit with good grace to the leather lunged fraternity, who, at their last meeting, had made the discovery that they were safe in insisting themselves on a part of the grounds. The club did "increased business notwithstanding the presence of the bookmakers.

Battleaxe has won the Taranaki Cup twice. Last year he carried 111 and this year 9 2. J. Gallagher, who was in good form at the Taranaki meeting, had the honour of carrying the money. He won in 1875 and 1877 the race has not been won twice by the same horse until Battleaxe succeeded. Opawa on the occasion of his second win carried 9 0, and no horse had succeeded with so much of a weight until Battleaxe won on Thursday last.

The London "Sportsman" of December 30 says: "D. Maher, the American jockey, who was second last year in the list of winning jockeys in England, and who is now under engagement to the King, is at his home in Hartford, Conn., but is continuing to back and train in the commencement of the flat racing season. He is not enjoying very robust health, and it is probable that next year will be his last in the saddle." What a pity Maher wasted so hard.

The Grove Stud Farm, near Ashburton, has produced seven horses that have accounted for the success of the Otago Handicap. Dundas, the latest winner, and before him those good horses Sultan, Prime Warden, Lady Zealand (twice), Reynard and Marquis of Zealand were beat there. Lady Zealand is the only dual winner of the Otago Handicap. The name of Hobbs has been more frequently associated with victorious horses in it than any other owner. Mr M. Hobbs, who owns Dundas, has not been having a great deal of luck of late.

In deciding on increasing the added money to be run for at Randwick next year by the Australian Jockey Club, according to the "Otago News," have raised the amount of the stake contributed by it for the Metropolitan from 1500sovs to 2000sovs, the Derby from 500sovs to 1000sovs, the St. Leger from 300sovs to 500sovs, and the Champagne Stakes from 500sovs to 1500sovs. The Sydney Cup, which was last year 2000sovs irrespective of sweepstakes, was not altered.

An accident which might have resulted much more seriously occurred at the New Zealand Jockey Club's meeting recently, four of the best horses of the Otago Handicap, when the barrier rose Myall took the lead, and kept to the front till reaching the back of the course, where he fell, owing to the slippery state of the course through rain. Fearful, Stetson, and B.K. also came down in a heap, and the jockeys being mixed up together. Two brothers, Callinan, were taken to the hospital, and the other two were badly shaken.

Psyche, dam of Antigone and Greek Maid, has proved a most useful stud-matron to Mr T. Sheehan. I have no record of her first foal, Lucifer, having won a race, but between 1886 and 1888 she had eleven others, all of which have been returned winners. Voregang, amongst other events, won the Middle Park Plate, C.C. Champagne Stakes, and the Wellington Cup, and Ben Farley the C.J.C. Midsummer Handicap. Psyche has been the most successful daughter of Anteros at the stud, and descends from the same sire as Pungawere, indeed is half sister to that sire, who has done so much for the Wellington Park stud. Daughters of Psyche and Pungawere should prove good matrons.

It must be allowed that Mr D. O'Brien has stuck gamely to the pastime he loves so well. At one time that owner could not do wrong; all the luck seemed to come his way, but "the good old colours that never were struck" to quote Lindsay Gordon, "the rose and black stripes" have not been seen to the fore often in late years, and indeed for a long period no owner in the colonies could have found the faster so Dundas, the interregnum between winning, which extended to about three years, Mr O'Brien told me it had cost him over £7000. Even at that time that owner has been fortunate enough to win a lot of money at the racing game. It takes a bit of pluck to keep at it when the fates go on proving unkind year after year. Military's success the other day at Taranaki was well received, though that gelding was not fancied to any extent by the public.

An Australian exchange says that Mr W. N. Willis is getting together a splendid lot of horses to the order of someone in South Africa. No doubt, people over there can see that the war is pretty sure to terminate shortly. When it comes to an end, there will be a glut of surplus people from all parts, and as the past shows racing is the popular sport there, good horses will not only have a chance of winning good prize money, but they will sell well. The best of the purchases is Newry, by Abercorn from Killmorley, imported, and now in Mr Leonard Marshall's stud. Newry has amply demonstrated that he can gallop, but the racehorses are not the only ones who have got by Abercorn. He is not always in the humour. About the best performance that stands to Newry's name is the winning of the Members' Handicap at Rand-

wick with 7.11, when Rock Gun, 8.7, was second."

The V.R.C. recently had to deal with complaints of owners as to the treatment of the horses in and outside of the Newmarket Handicap, but treated the matter lightly, and elected not to refer to the handicapper.

At a country meeting in Australia on January 21st a mare called Miss Gladstone was saddled up four times in the day, won twice, and ran second twice, finishing up with a win. Miss Gladstone is evidently composed of tough material.

City Tattersall's Club in Sydney (says an exchange) has eliminated from its rules the provision permitting complaints being entertained from non-members. The reason for this was that the different race clubs now hear all cases and protect the public.

According to an American writer, the Percy Gray law, which since 1895 has made it a crime to make a book on the races in the city, yet permits bookmaking on the races, is about to be put on trial for its life in the United States Circuit Court. The result should be interesting.

Proceedings are pending against the Pahiatua Racing Club by the owner of the Pahi for the value of two races in which that gelding was not allowed to start at the recent meeting. The question is one for the racing authorities and not for the law courts. The question is a simple one as to whether Trea had putted with his hack qualification or not.

Birkenhead, whose arrival in the colony has already been referred to in these columns, and whose performances have been given also, is said to be a nice sort of horse. By Orme, son of Ormonde, he is come right on the sire's side, while his dam Tragedy is by Ben Battie, sire of Bendigo, from White Witch by Masalusina from Jou des Mots by King Tom from Jou d'Espriet.

Mention has been made of the fact that a number of horses have been purchased in Australia for South Africa. Newry was added to the list, and he is said to have won his race at the S.T.C. meeting, and later on Golden Ring, a useful mare over a middle distance, was secured, as well as Fryte, Gay Gordon, Ranjitnath, East Iron, Carlisle, Lark, Meta, Maid, Selous, Truthful, and several other good fellows. They will be shipped from Sydney for South Africa in a few days.

The success of Gratia, says the "Referee," in referring to that filly's recent victory at Rosehill, draws pointed attention to the fact that Wallace's snarling youngsters are doing this season. His fillies especially are going to keep him in the forefront among the successful stallions, and he has already such good ones as Heloise and Independence at his side. Then Dundas won the Oaks, and Carra won a two-year-old race at Rosehill.

The continual dropping of water, it is said, will wear a hole in the hardest stone. A conferee in a Southern paper, dealing with the question of appointing paid stipendiary stewards, says "The clubs one day are in the direction, and the other day it is only a matter of time that the appointment of paid assistant officials to become general." The subject is a very old one, but advocates in New Zealand of his system have grown tired of trying to impress the public with the advisableness of making such appointments.

Evidently the paying of two dividends has not taken well in South Australia. An Adelaide writer says that the committee of the S.A.J.C. need not regret having adhered to the old principle of paying one total dividend at its regular meeting. In a single complaint case was heard at Morphettville, and the Anniversary Meeting at Victoria Park the objections to the dual dividend were numerous, and emanated from the public and owners alike. This is confirmation of opinions previously expressed from another quarter.

Most people would be pleased at Mr Dan O'Brien's success in the Autumn Handicap at Taranaki with Military. The filly seems to have been quite unexpected, however, as the son of Light Artillery paid the excellent dividend of £15 10s. I have been expecting Military to reward Mr O'Brien for restoring the old flag. There was not much merit in the performance, but he may go on and do better now that he has started winning again. Since winning the Challenge Stakes at Taranaki as a two-year-old filly, she has failed to secure a win. The Military has failed to secure a win in a day. He has not been raced a great deal, which is something in his favour. He ran four times as a two-year-old and nine times last season.

By winning the Midsummer Handicap at the Canterbury Jockey Club's Meeting on Thursday, Dundas, who has proved always very brilliant, but too often faint hearted, has rewarded his owner for sticking to him, though he came hourly parting with the son of Perkin Warbeck in two months ago. Mr J. O'Driscoll of Taranaki, wanted him, and bid £300, but would not spring a little at that price, and so no business resulted. There was very little between would be buyer and seller. It was the intention of Mr O'Brien to have put Dundas over Mr O'Driscoll's bid, but he was evidently in a galloping humour. For he covered the distance in 2.30 3/5, and won by eight lengths from Fulmen.

In a special article dealing with betting as a business, "Martindale" in the "Town and Country Journal" has the following:—"Slowly, but surely, the book-

maker, so far as Australia generally is concerned, is being beaten. It was all very well when he was opposed in the way of backers by only what might be termed gentlemen amateurs. It is different now. The whole business of horse-racing is on a professional basis. Practically all our good horses are owned by a number of people are living on the business just the same as by any other. At times an individual realises a handsome sum, so might a speculator at any other business. The fact of the matter is that things are not so simple as they used to be. A man can make what may be termed decent wages after paying his clerk and all other expenses, it is about as much as he can, taking the year round."

Time was when Dunedin was looked upon as the best betting centre in the colony, when more money was wagered over the Dunedin Cup than any race in New Zealand. Things have changed. The Dunedin Jockey Club have waged war against the bookmakers and layers of the odds, and racing has gone back sadly. Now a crusade is being made there against the betting, and some of the best people. Two prominent racing men were discussing the position the other day, when one of the number was heard to say that the Dunedin Jockey Club would not feel it very much if they were to lose the title of the best betting centre in the colony from that source having fallen so low. It is to be hoped that racing will take a fresh lease of life in Otago, for there can be no doubt that the decadence of racing there has been a real disaster to the club. Canterbury, which received considerably more support from owners further South in times gone by than at present.

Colonial sires are playing an important part in the studs at home and in America, and New Zealanders will always evince an interest in the doings of any bred in this part of the world. The following taken from the "Sporting Chronicle" recent visit to the Colham Stud:—"The stallions all looked wonderfully well and in capital trim for the approaching stud season. First of all we came across Merman and Aurum being ridden round the straw bed in the paddock. Old Merman has put on flesh and thickened into a shapely sire, and Aurum was full of life and go. Bill of Portland, dark brown, with only a small star of white, was muscular, and reminiscent in appearance to the sire of the late Sir John's subscription list is full. Trenton's flowing lines always command attention, and it is difficult to realise that he is now well on in his teens. Abercorn, last but not least, completed the tale of sires, and looking at him it is easy to understand why Carbine was three times beaten by him at weight-for-age."

New Zealand Ted Sloan, L. H. Hewitt, was much in evidence at the Canterbury Jockey Club's Summer Meeting on Thursday, when that rider piloted four winners in a succession in the Middle Park Plate and in the easy victory in the Dundas Plate but all the better for being ridden in American style appears to have made a runaway race of the Midsummer Handicap. Then Greek Maid won the Lyttelton Plate, after good racing in the hands of the same horseman, who, in finishing with, lauded the aged Vandyke a winner in the Craven Plate by a bare head from the favourite Glenlogie. Another horseman who showed to advantage was the veteran Derritt, who rode Lady and Antigone, the first two winners, each of them paying good dividends, and finished second on Fulmen in the Midsummer Handicap to Dundas, and second on Lark in the Farewell Handicap. James and Cahill each won a race, and were each prominent in other events. McClusky rode two close seconds and a third, and J. Pine and Riecky each a second and third. Other jockeys to secure good honours were James, Manning, Wilson and Scouler.

Betting affairs are much duller than they used to be, and it is not surprising (says a Sydney exchange of the 8th inst.), and Mr Oxenham says that he never knew them to be so bad during his lengthy connection with the ring. There is, however, always a little doing on horses which are bet on, and he has befriended on a comparatively large scale, Aurous, who was elected favourite for the Newmarket Handicap when the weights appeared, but lost her place early in the week, is back in her old position, and is expected to win. Last of the money was 100 to 8. But she is only a point more in request than Insect, Mam-o'-War, Carinthia, Sir Poole, and Tip-top, about each of which it is difficult to get a better figure than 100 to 1, and unless something unforeseen occurs, the collection will further shorten. The flying tier is firm at 100 to 6; so are Juindo and Drawbridge and the best offer against The Victory is 100 to 6. The Australian Cup has not attracted much attention, backers at a rule preferring to wait until they have got through with the shorter event; but Revenue has been supported at 5 to 1. Haymaker at 8 to 1, and small investments are reported in favour of Blue Metal, The States, Mam-o'-War, and Florence, at 100 to 8.

In an article dealing with handicapping troubles, prompted no doubt through the complaints of owners who felt that their horses had been allotted too much weight on the form they have shown, the "Australasian" says that it cannot be said in any case in which an inquiry has resulted in favour of the aggrieved owner, and then asserts that no flagrant mistake has ever been proved. This, of course, refers to cases that have been brought before the clubs, but have not been taken up. It takes been made and referred to in the columns of the sporting papers, the "Australasian" amongst others. Ow-

ers whose horses are unfairly treated as a rule are reluctant to make public their troubles. A few in my experience who have done so would have been much better had they left it alone. Far better to go and interview the handicapper and try and reason matters out, some will say, but satisfaction is not always got in that way, as a Southern friend of mine knows. Feeling that one of his horses had received more than its fair share of weight, he repaired to the handicapper, and told him his mind in a quiet way. After listening for some time, the weight adjuster in characteristic style said: "It's no use, man; you know damn well you can win."

Looking at the way Mr Knight has previously handicapped Ding Dong and at that gelding's running, it is hard to understand why he should have come in for such distinction at the Rotorua meeting as compared with other horses. For instance, with Evrnt, whom he has previously been asked to meet by the same weight-adjuster on very much different terms, Ding Dong's owner has good reason to complain. The fact is, much fault is to be found with the handicapper generally as far as the form of the better known horses of those engaged can be followed, but when horses are engaged in two races of the same distance and the handicapper starts with one horse at the same weight in both events, why should the other horses not be treated correspondingly? Can anyone explain? The inconsistencies are not very pronounced, but they are inconsistencies all the same. To come to actual figures, honestly received 9.8 in the Tourists' Plate and 6.8 in the Electric Handicap, both races six furlongs; Hector received 7.8 in both events; while Sly Miss received 2lbs less in the Electric than in the Tourists' event, and fota 2lbs more—a difference of 5lbs. Mr Knight gave Cavalry the same weight in the Rotorua Cup as in the Electric Handicap, but strangely six other horses claiming engagements in both events are asked to meet him on from 2lbs to 5lbs better terms in the Cup than in the shorter events.

The appointment of a Track Committee at Randwick has been hailed with satisfaction, and is thus referred to by "Chevalier" in the "Town and Country Journal":—"The visit of such men must do no end of good, and there is little doubt but what we shall eventually see something done in the matter of having a training track laid down at Randwick on good, sound lines. My contention is that, with so many horses in work, it is an utter impossibility to have a grass track that will stand the wear and tear. What is more, I am dead against tan tracks. The latter may be all very well for slow work, but when it comes to galloping at their top, I think tan gallops have in the past ruined many good horses. To my thinking no better kind of track could be wished than that at Flemington. If we have a similar one laid down at Randwick, with a good rubble foundation, there will never be any necessity for our trainers to be going elsewhere. Pipes could be laid on all round, so that when required it could be thoroughly watered. With such a track for general work, the cinders, tan, for wet weather, and inside grass track and the course proper for winding-up purposes, there should be little left to grumble at. Strange to say, it is the training tracks at the racing head-quarters of the English Jockey Club, Newmarket, that are now giving the committee the greatest amount of trouble."

Though there have been many slyers of the same family, and winners of

other classic races, no descendant of the great Pulchra family had won the Middle Park Plate since Lady Evelyn won in 1881 until Cruciform scored on Thursday. What a lot of high class two and three year olds have won that race. The names of Carbine, Maxim, Kussley, Gold Medalist, Sirowan, First Lord, Vogengang, Dunkeld, Dunekeld, Bloodshot on Silver Gun, Conqueror and Menschikov are those of the colts that have won, and all fine colts too. Then in addition to Lady Evelyn and Cruciform those good fillies Florrie and Rose Argent were winners. Menschikov holds the record for the race, viz., 1.14, and Cruciform's time, easily accomplished, is better than any of the other fillies have done. Looking over the tables of previous winners I find that on twelve occasions two year olds have been successful, and on seven occasions three year olds have scored. Bloodshot is the only winner whose sire also won the race, and the only one who appropriated the stake at two and also at three years old. The G. G. Duke has won the race twelve times, and bred six of the winners, including Bloodshot, and imported Pulchra, maternal ancestress of the first and last winners. In connection with the race it is worthy of remark that while Derritt has sought the judges' eye first on several occasions, no other jockey has ridden more than one winner.

Battleaxe is said to have run two of the best races of his life at the Taranaki meeting. The Shannon, on the Egmont handicapping of Mr Henrys, was that weight-adjuster's first tip, and next to the Shannon, Battleaxe. The Shannon, however, ran unplaced. St. Michael beat the Shannon in the Wellington Cup and was next day beaten by Mr Wattle's mare, caught it hot at the hands of Mr Henrys in the C.J.C. Midsummer Handicap. When we come to look back upon the form of Coronet at Takapuna, and his Taranaki display, and to turn to the running of Bluejacket at Takapuna, and of that horse, Nonette, St. Michael, Battleaxe, and Coronet at the Auckland Racing Club's Summer Meeting, the form looks somewhat confusing. Battleaxe is at his best days, which are rare, may be better than he gets credit for. Coronet has always had the reputation of being somewhat unreliable, but one thing is certain, and that is that Bluejacket has been much over-rated in Auckland judged through his best form this season, and that St. Michael, good four-year-old as he is, and Nonette, useful three-year-old as he has proved, can each be asked to do a lot more in the way of weight-carrying. Had St. Michael started in the C.J.C. Midsummer Handicap he would have had to put up a record mile and a-half performance to carry his 10.3 home in front of Dundas, and Tortulla would probably have had to give Battleaxe 10lbs in the Taranaki Cup.

A two-year-old filly, Gratia, by Wallace from Loch Ness, by Lochiel, from Nonette, the brilliant but somewhat uncertain daughter of Albany, who ran Tasman to a head for the first New Zealand Cup, came out at Rosehill on the last of the month and won the Nursery Handicap from eleven others, having four lengths the best of the pair that finished second and third. Gratia was practically an unknown quantity until she appeared at the post. Then her connections supported her, and the public followed the stable, making her first favourite. In an article headed "Betting Business," "Martindale" in the Sydney "Town and Country Journal" refers to the changes betting has undergone in Australia in recent years, and by way of illustrating how the public follow the

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LAWN TENNIS.

(By "Vantage.")

The weather on Saturday afternoon was not all that could be desired from a tennis player's point of view, but nevertheless a considerable number of matches were played in the tournaments now being conducted by the local clubs. At West End several matches were played, but the committee finally decided to extend the time for finishing the first round for one week.

Miss Stella Rice has now won the Ladies' Championship of the Mount Eden Lawn Tennis Club two years in succession. During last week she met and defeated Miss A. Stewart by two sets to one, the scores being 8-6, 3-6, 7-5. During the first set Miss Rice was much the steadier and early established a good lead, which she kept until she was 6-5. Miss Stewart then by a great effort made it six all, but Miss Rice won the next two games and the set, the last stroke being won by a ball which hit the tape and dropped short over the net. In this set Miss Stewart was a little inaccurate, but she made up for it in the second by simply outclassing her opponent by the severity of her drives and her accurate placing. The third set looked like a gift to Miss Stewart, as she speedily obtained four games to love, but at this juncture Miss Rice came to light, and playing a steady, determined game wore her opponent down and won the set, 7-5, which, it must be admitted, was a fine up hill effort. Miss Stewart's chief strength is her excellent length and pace, but a lot of her shots are too straight down the court, and her play is a little too stereotyped. Miss Rice was very steady, and in the later stages of the game kept an excellent length. In this match it was very manifest that if either of the players could have volleyed only a little it would not only have saved her an immense lot of running about, but would have made a great difference in the scores.

Brabant beat Billing in the Auckland Championship by three sets to one. The match was played at Mount

Eden, and was an interesting game, but Brabant's superior steadiness and length pulled him through. Rice beat Maddox by three sets to two. At two sets all Maddox suggested an adjournment for tea, and from this out Rice obtained the advantage and kept it. Turner provided the surprise of the afternoon by defeating Vaile by three sets to two. Vaile played a fair game, but was as usual too slow in getting into position at the net and was taking his volleys underhand on the service line instead of overhead at the net. Turner's performance was a very creditable one, and he lasted the match out well. As I have before remarked, I do not know a member of the Mount Eden Club who puts more "head" into his game.

In the Auckland ladies' championship Mrs. Cooper met and defeated Miss Stella Rice by two sets to one. The first set was won very easily by Mrs. Cooper, but Miss Rice after a good struggle annexed the second. Mrs. Cooper was playing a very cool game, and finally won the third set and the match. The play of the winner was a striking illustration of my many sermons on the subject of ladies volleying off the ground. Although Mrs. Cooper is very steady, my choice would be Miss Rice every time, but simply because Mrs. Cooper comes quietly in now and again and places the ball across the court, or even pats it quietly back over the net, she wins, and, worse still, wins against a rival quite as capable as she is of playing exactly the same game. I was very pleased to see Mrs. Cooper's game, and I sincerely hope more of the Auckland ladies will follow suit. Mrs. Cooper will require to get up to the net a little more quickly and to get a little practice on low volleys, and she will be a dangerous opponent for any Auckland lady.

The following are the results of the matches played at West End during last week:

- Men's Handicap Singles—H. Burton beat R. Angus, 9-6.
- Men's Handicap Doubles—Brabant and Paterson beat Jones and McCoy, 9-5. Bourke and Hodges beat Ormiston and Horsley, 9-7.
- Ladies' Handicap Singles—Miss Butters beat Mrs. Andrews, 9-3. Mrs. Newell received a bye from Mrs.

Gentles; Miss E. Russell beat Miss M. Blades, 9-5.

Ladies' Handicap Doubles—Misses M. Blades and O. Gittou beat Misses E. Russell and Mrs. Burton, 9-4. Brabant is playing a good steady game just now, but he will require to be playing quite up to his form to get away with Rice should he strike

the latter on a "good" day.

In the championship events at Mount Eden Mair beat Egerton three sets straight, 6-0, 6-4, 7-5. Egerton played up very well in the last two sets. He is putting more weight into his shots, and has improved considerably in his game.

A PROPOSAL



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

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

NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

Storekeepers can obtain Supplies from all the leading Wholesale Houses.

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

Circular-Pointed Pens.

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



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

Paris Exhibition, 1900 British Awards.

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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.

Music and Drama.

OPERA HOUSE.
Under the Direction of
MR J. C. WILLIAMSON.
THE WILSON BARRETT BOOM.
TO-NIGHT.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19.
Shakspeare's Grand Tragedy,
OTHELLO.

THURSDAY EVENING, 20th FEB.
Mr Barrett's Otorious Dramatisation of
QUO VADIS.

FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 21.
FARSWELL NIGHT OF THE SEASON
When Shakspeare's Masterpiece
will be presented.

"HAMLET."
Box Plan at Willman, Lyell and
Arey's.

PRICES—5s, 3s, 1s.
Early Doors, Stalls and Pt. 6d extra.
at W. Williamson's, Tobacconist, and at
Theatre Boxes, 6s to 12s. Children
under six not admitted.

The "Sign of the Cross" and the "Silver King" have both been produced by Mr Wilson Barrett in Auckland since the last issue of this journal, and both have proved enormously successful. The "Sign of the Cross" filled the house to overflowing on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, and literally hundreds of persons were turned away on each occasion. The performance is unquestionably a fine one, the majority pronouncing it superior in almost every particular to that given by the Knight Ferrar Company, good as that was. Mr Barrett does not look as youthful as some might wish for the part, but after all there is nothing artistic or improbable in the character having passed first youth. Marcus might have been 35, just as well as 25. The superb staging of the drama aroused universal admiration, and the fate of the principal character was followed with a breathless interest by the audience. Miss Lilah McCarthy looked lovely as ever as Mercia, and her performance was an exceedingly moving one. She endowed the part with a pathos and reality which again and again reduced the more emotional of the ladies present to tears. Mr Ambrose Manning gave a splendid character study as Glabrio, and the other parts were very well filled, more especially that of Berenice.

"The Silver King" drew packed houses on both Friday and Monday. Naturally, old playgoers were anxious to compare Mr Barrett in his original creation of Wilfred Denver with the impersonation of Mr Walter Bentley and others whom we have seen in the part in the colonies. It seemed to be the general impression that while Mr Bentley's Denver was more picturesque and more strenuous Mr Barrett infused more thought, more finish, into the part. In the earlier scenes, leading up to the murder of Geoffrey Ware, he is really remarkably fine, and completely outstrips any exponent of the part we have seen here. Also in his assumption of the disguise of Deaf Bill he could not be excelled, these being the most noteworthy points in a most noteworthy performance, the like of which we are not likely to see again. Mr Ambrose Manning, Old Father Christmas, alias Elijah Coombe, gave a truly marvelous character study. The Kruger-like make-up, the oleaginous voice, the indescribable but perfectly fascinating villainous grin, were utterly incomparable to anything we have seen, and place the part above any praise we can accord it in these columns. The other parts are all admirably filled, better than we have ever seen them here before. Miss McCarthy was natural, and looked lovely as ever as Nellie Denver, and Mr Horace Hodges was excellent in the very beautiful and touching role of Jaikes. The staging is in the main very fine, but signs of wear and tear are not wanting in some of the less important scenes. A little retouching would do no harm. These small theatres ruin scenery more in a week or so than years would do where there are proper appliances.

Music lovers will be glad to hear that Madame Antoinette Dolores—better known to most of us as Madame

Trebelli—will give a series of concerts in New Zealand shortly. She opens in New Plymouth first, and goes thence to Napier, having already made contracts for those places. From thence she goes to Auckland, where she will appear about Easter. The Melbourne critics declare madame's voice to be in better condition than ever, and award her recitals unstinted praise.

After his New Zealand season Mr Barrett goes to Queensland, and then farewells in Sydney, prior to leaving for South Africa.

They call Rickards The Astronomer in Sydney now. He is away so often looking for stars.

Mlle. Lotty, now showing at Sydney Tivoli, gives a sensational turn of the poses plastique school, but with the additional charm imparted by stereoscopic colouring. She claims to have invented this class of show while a comedienne on the Parisian stage. Variations of her act have been already given in Australia, notably by Mme. Cecile Dubois, a singularly beautiful woman, Madame Dante, and Ada Delroy. Mlle. Lotty has shown in all the principal English, American, and European cities, and her show is named, most appropriately, Dressed in Light. The house is darkened, when she appears, heavily cloaked, against a background of black cloth. She suddenly throws this off, and seems to be clad from top to toe in fleshings only, but coloured lights are thrown on her at once from a stereopticon, which clothes her in a series of costumes, all marvellously beautiful, and which change every ten seconds or so. For one brief second only is she discernible clothed, statuelike, in the altogether, or what looks remarkably like it. The lady in face and form is all that lovers of the beautiful could desire.

It is the opinion of Mr Wilson Barrett, that despite the fillip the visits of the King and Queen to the theatre, must have given to theatre going in society, there will not be any marked lift in the theatrical depression existing at Home for about a year yet. Until the Coronation and its attendant festivities are over by a good six months, the slump will not be raised, but after that it is likely, if the King lives, and if wars and rumours of wars exist not, that the theatrical world will be bright indeed. The King is passionately fond of the theatre, as is also the Queen, and State visits thereto and to the opera will be frequent.

The Broughs are having a very successful season in Christchurch. They opened in "Lady Huntworth's Experiment." One notes by the way, that "Niobe" is included in the Christchurch repertoire. That dismal failure—"Sweet and Twenty"—has been wisely dropped.

"Man and His Makers" will be produced this evening after we go to press. It is a study in heredity. Naturally nothing more can be said in this issue.

On Tuesday evening, February 4, Mrs Barrington Waters, an Australian pianiste of wonderful capability, and a new arrival in New Zealand, gave a pianoforte recital in Gisborne to a large and representative audience. Mrs Barrington Waters was a pupil of Henry Kowalski, but resembles her master very little, inasmuch as she prefers the classical to the frivolous, and is an ardent disciple of Beethoven and Chopin. Her Gisborne programme consisted of the "Paraphrase Rigoleto," Liszt, "Sonata in A flat, Op. 12" Beethoven, "Polonaise in A flat Op. 52," Chopin; "Due Forello," Schubert-Beller; "La Campanella," Paganini-Liszt; "Intermezzo in octaves," Lechetski; "Valse Caprice," Rubinstein; and "Berceuse," Chopin. Mrs Barrington Waters' repertoire consists of upwards of two hundred of the works of the great masters, played entirely from memory.

HERE AND THERE.

In our cartoonists this week we deal pictorially with the disgracefully lenient sentence passed on a blackguard who so burned his horses and so flayed them with the whip that three weeks after the offence their condition aroused the horror of all those who saw them in the court-house yard. The few pounds fine inflicted was at once a direct encouragement to brutes of this sort to think they can practise their devilish cruelties with impunity, and an insult to the community. The Magistrate who would reward so disgusting a crime with so trivial a sentence may be a respectable and reputable person in his own private walk of life, but his notions of proportion and of right and wrong are decidedly peculiar, and the Bench is no place for such indiscriminating persons as he. If it is not possible to flog for such an offence as this it ought to be, and in cases where such an absurd miscarriage of retributive justice occurs the higher court should have power to bring the man or woman up again and inflict a more suitable penalty.

While we in this colony are grilling under a broiling hot sun, and anathematizing the heat, the unfortunate folk at Home are, according to the cables, suffering agonies of cold—the Thames itself being frozen over as far down as Marlow. Verily we are an ungrateful lot if we complain. The heat we growl about, what is it after all? Does it ever cause real illness, or even inconvenience, far less death as it did in New York and London this summer. As for the suffering, this cold snap will entail, it does not bear thinking of. Just imagine, what must be the agony of body for those who have to pass the night in the streets of London with one ragged garment alone to cover them; to do this when the cold is so intense as to freeze running water. Certainly we may thank God we live in New Zealand.

Valentine's Day passed on Friday, utterly and entirely unnoticed. "How are the mighty fallen!" Twenty-five years ago, Valentine's Day meant a big strain on the Post Office, and from one end of the colony to the other, passed a stream of valentines. The ugly or insulting personal sort endured for a further year or so, and were even to be seen in certain small stationer's shops twelve months ago. This year they seemed entirely to have disappeared. The age is too busy for love-making by valentine nowadays, and if one wants to insult a man, one does it by telephone.

The following advertisement was in the Auckland "Star" last week:—"Found, horse and gig. Owner can have same by paying all expenses." This would seem to argue that someone had lost the same. One would have thought a horse and gig not a very easy thing to mislay, but it's wonderful what a man (and women) can do in this matter. For example, one constantly sees lost false teeth advertised for, and it is not so very long ago that a Wellington advertiser offered 5/ reward for the return of a wooden leg left between Lambton Quay and the Manawatu railway station. How on earth that man had managed to get rid of his leg "unbeknownst," as it were, and how he got home without it, and who found it, and what he, or she, did with it, are problems over which this scribe seriously ponders in the solemn watches of the night.

An unlucky individual in a Dunedin paper inserts the following advertisement in the morning paper:—"The King's Coronation.—For sale, three and a-half second saloon return tickets, New Zealand to London, per Orient Line. Bertha booked per Omrah, leaving Sydney about middle of March." This tells its own tale of disappointment pretty plainly, and whatever may be the reason the advertiser has had to postpone his trip, he has the sympathy of the "Graphic." To have made arrangements, and then not to be able to go, must be most annoying. But the "ad" also prompts one to wonder if any attempt has been made to corner the market in the matter of

bertha this year. To a bold speculator it might have provided a very handsome profit to buy up every berth for England during the next four months. The capital required would have been large, but enough rich folk would probably have given at least 25 per cent. advance on current rates rather than miss the show. As an old mining speculator of Auckland used to say, "There's money in it," or at least there would have been if someone with enough cash had thought of it in time.

Filial affection, and the steadfastness of lovers willing to sacrifice their own happiness for the sake of comforting the declining years of their parents, are not entirely virtues of the past. Last week at Ouebunga there were married a couple who became engaged fifteen years ago. The girl was the last of a large family, all of whom had married, and she declined to leave the old people lonely and desolate. Her lover agreed to wait. After several years one parent died, and just the other month the other passed peacefully away, tended by the loving daughter. So this last week, after fifteen years of patient and devoted duty on the one side, and steadfast faithfulness on the other, these two fine characters were united. May they have all the happiness this world can give will be the wish of all who read this paragraph. A modern romance such as this is an object lesson to us all.

Notice.

Owing to unusual pressure on our space, several columns of personals, weddings, and other interesting matters are unavoidably held over till next week.

A LADY 67 YEARS OF AGE
CURED OF

BRIGHT'S DISEASE, ERYSIPELAS,
AND LIVER COMPLAINT.

BY

Vitadatio.

READ MRS H. FLYNN'S TESTIMONY.

Nowra, 16th July, 1901.

The Proprietor of VITADATIO.

Dear Sir,—This is to certify that I have taken VITADATIO, and it has completely cured me of Bright's Disease, Erysipelas, and Liver Complaint, and has also cured me of Swelling in the Legs and Arms, from which I have suffered for the last 40 years. I can now go about my work and do it as well as I could 30 years ago, which is saying a good deal. I am over 67 years old. I procured the VITADATIO from Woodhill and Co.'s Store.

Yours very gratefully,

(Mrs) H. FLYNN,

Rudgong, Nowra, N.S.W.

Witnesses:

H. GRAHAM, W. PULLAN,

J. A. McARTHUR, F. HAWCROFT.

Employees of Woodhill & Co., Store,
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For further particulars,

S. A. PALMER.

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Or,

350, QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

Correspondence invited. Write for Testimonials.

Personal Paragraphs.

Professor Tuohis has arrived back in Auckland after his trip South.

Dr. and Mrs. Aubin, Thames, are visiting Rotorua at present.

Mr K. Logan, one of the London directors of the National Bank, is at Rotorua with Mr Jim Coates. Mr and Mrs Duthie and Mrs Wilson are also of the party.

Miss Rice, who left Auckland in December for South Africa, was married to Dr. Edward Phillips at Capetown on the 11th instant.

Many changes are taking place in Wellington on account of so many people going home.

Mr. and Mrs. Embling, of Wellington, have rented Dr. and Mrs. Findlay's house in Boulcott-street, while Dr. and Mrs. Findlay take a trip home via the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. Elgar (Featherston) are coming into Wellington for a time, and will occupy Mr. and Mrs. Duncan's house in Fitzherbert Terrace.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson are giving up their rooms at Miss Malcolm's, and will shortly take possession again of their own house, "Linda," on the Terrace, now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. A. Macintosh.

Mr. and Mrs. Duthie are contemplating giving up their Wellington town house and flying at Nainai, Lower Hutt, where they have a beautiful country place, at which they have been spending the summer regularly for some years past.

Quite a number of Wellington people have taken passages by the Moana to Vancouver next month, en route to England. They include the Premier and Mrs. Seddon, and two of their daughters, Misses Mary and May Seddon, and their married daughter, Mrs. F. Dyer, and her husband; Lady Douglas and her daughters; Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, of Reuter's Agency; and several more.

The many friends of Miss Edith Whitelaw, of Ponsonby, Auckland, who is now studying at the Royal College of Music, London, will be pleased to hear that she has dis-

tinguished herself by carrying off a much coveted "Exhibition." The young lady's success will be the more gratifying to herself and her friends on account of the fact that her master, Senior Arbos, was averse to her entering the competition, being of opinion that she had not been studying a sufficient length of time to warrant it. Miss Whitelaw has been at the College about three sessions.

There are a very large number of English visitors in Auckland just at present. Amongst those staying at the Star Hotel during the week were: Captain and Mrs. Gunne, Miss Davis and Master Gunne, Mrs. and Miss Clayton, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Loggan, Mr. and Mrs. Ray, Mr. E. C. Charleton, Miss C. H. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. R. Rugeley-Bury, Mr. and Mrs. V. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Mahler, Mr. and Mrs. Master Stewart Dawson, Mr. McNab.

Mr Francis Hull, of Auckland, who has been confined to his bed ever since Boxing Day with acute sciatica, is now, his friends will be glad to hear, on the road to convalescence. He was up for the first time this week, and hopes shortly to get down to business for a day or so to settle more urgent matters, and then to go to Rotorua to recuperate for a week or so. All who know Mr Hull will wish him a speedy and complete return to health.

Visitors at the Grand Hotel, Rotorua, last week were: Countess Riasz, London; Mesdames Von Buri, Egan, Wise, Phillips, Wilkinson, Rosenthal, Williamson, Sydney; Anson, Wellington; Roland, Napier; Cooke, Ireland; Seegner, Currick, Porter, Auckland; Aubin, Thames; O'Meara, New Plymouth; Hon. Phyllis Riaz, London; Misses Egan (2), Antill, Faithful, Jennings, Tobin (2), Sydney; Bloomfield, Porter, Auckland; Caselberg (2), Masterton; Messrs Rolker, Reburn, Watney (2), Greenwood, London; Von Buri, Fletcher, Green, Hon. W. P. Crick, Jenkins, Faithful, Collins, Phillips, Williamson, Loughman, Myers, Rosenthal, Sydney; Carr, Holmes, Bloomfield, Currick (2), Hood, Seegner, Bryden, Porter, Davis, Myers, Auckland; Col. Shaw, Soames, England; Brewster, Hart, Fitzgerald, Esterbrook, Hoyte, U.S.A.; Dr. Anson, Wellington; Dr. Ronald, Napier; Dr. Aubin, Thames; O'Meara, New Plymouth.

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THE BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS IN ALL CLIMATES.

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

THE "GRAPHIC"

£25 Photographic Competition. £25

£25—IN PRIZES—£25.

The fact that so many specimens of excellent Photographic Work are submitted to the Editor of the "Graphic" by amateurs and others in all parts of the colony has suggested that a Photographic Competition with a wide range of subjects and substantial money prizes would not fail to be as popular as the "Graphic" Competitions in other departments have always proved.

It is also anticipated that such a Competition would put the "Graphic" in touch with the large and ever-increasing number of New Zealanders who possess cameras, and thus afford them a permanent and remunerative market for good work.

The proprietors of the "Graphic" have therefore much pleasure in inviting those interested in practical photography to send in specimens of their work for competition on the following simple conditions.

1. The picture submitted must in no case have been published previously, or be under offer to any other paper till the result of this Competition is announced.
2. The negatives must have been taken by the Competitor, though he need not have made the prints.

Competitors may send in as many pictures as they please, printed on any paper, and mounted or unmounted. Each print should bear the name of the subject and sender, with the latter's address, all clearly written in pencil on the back along the bottom edge. The print or prints should be carefully packed and addressed "Editor, 'Graphic,' Auckland," and the words "Photographic Competition" should be written on a conspicuous place on the parcel.

PRIZE LIST.

The sum of TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS will be given in prizes, divided as under:—

New Zealand Scenery, Landscape or Seascape.

FIRST PRIZE, £3; SECOND, £2; THIRD, £1.

Pictures of Colonial Life

Including Settlers' Homes, Farm and Station Scenes, Pastoral Studies, Scenes and Incidents of Bush Life.

FIRST PRIZE, £3; SECOND, £2; THIRD, £1.

Study in Child Life

European or Native, with or without Domestic Pets.

FIRST PRIZE, £2; SECOND, £1; THIRD, 10/-.

Scenes in Native Life.

FIRST PRIZE, £2; SECOND, £1; THIRD, 10/-.

Work and Play Scenes.

These may include views of any of our industries, such as Gold Mining, Timber Felling, Gum Digging, etc.; or, Yachting, Fishing, Hunting, Shooting, Mountaineering, Camping, etc.

FIRST PRIZE, £3; SECOND, £2; THIRD, £1.

There are hundreds of New Zealanders who possess cameras, and few who do not in the course of the year come across some beautiful scene or interesting incident worth making a picture of. It means comparatively little trouble to "take a shot" on such an occasion, and the subsequent work entailed is certainly not great in proportion to the pleasure the picture gives when finished, not to mention the very great chance which a good print has of winning a substantial prize.

THIS COMPETITION WILL CLOSE ON THE 5TH MAY, 1902.

NOTE.—The Proprietors reserve the right to publish any photo. sent in for competition.

REMEMBER!

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Professor Immermann, Basle, Professor of Internal Medicine at the University—

"Munyadi János has invariably shown itself an effectual and reliable Aperient, which I recommend to the exclusion of all others. Never gives rise to undesirable symptoms even if used continuously for years."

AVERAGE DOSE.—A wineglassful before breakfast, either pure or diluted with a similar quantity of hot or cold water.

CAUTION.—Note the name "Munyadi János," the signature of the Proprietor, ANDREAS SAKLEHNER, and the Medallion, on the Red Centre Part of the Label.



Lake Manapouri, from Fairy Cove.



NAPIER AND GISBORNE SECTIONS.



TARANAKI SECTION.

The Ninth Contingent in Camp at Onehunga.

Walrond. "Graphic" photo.



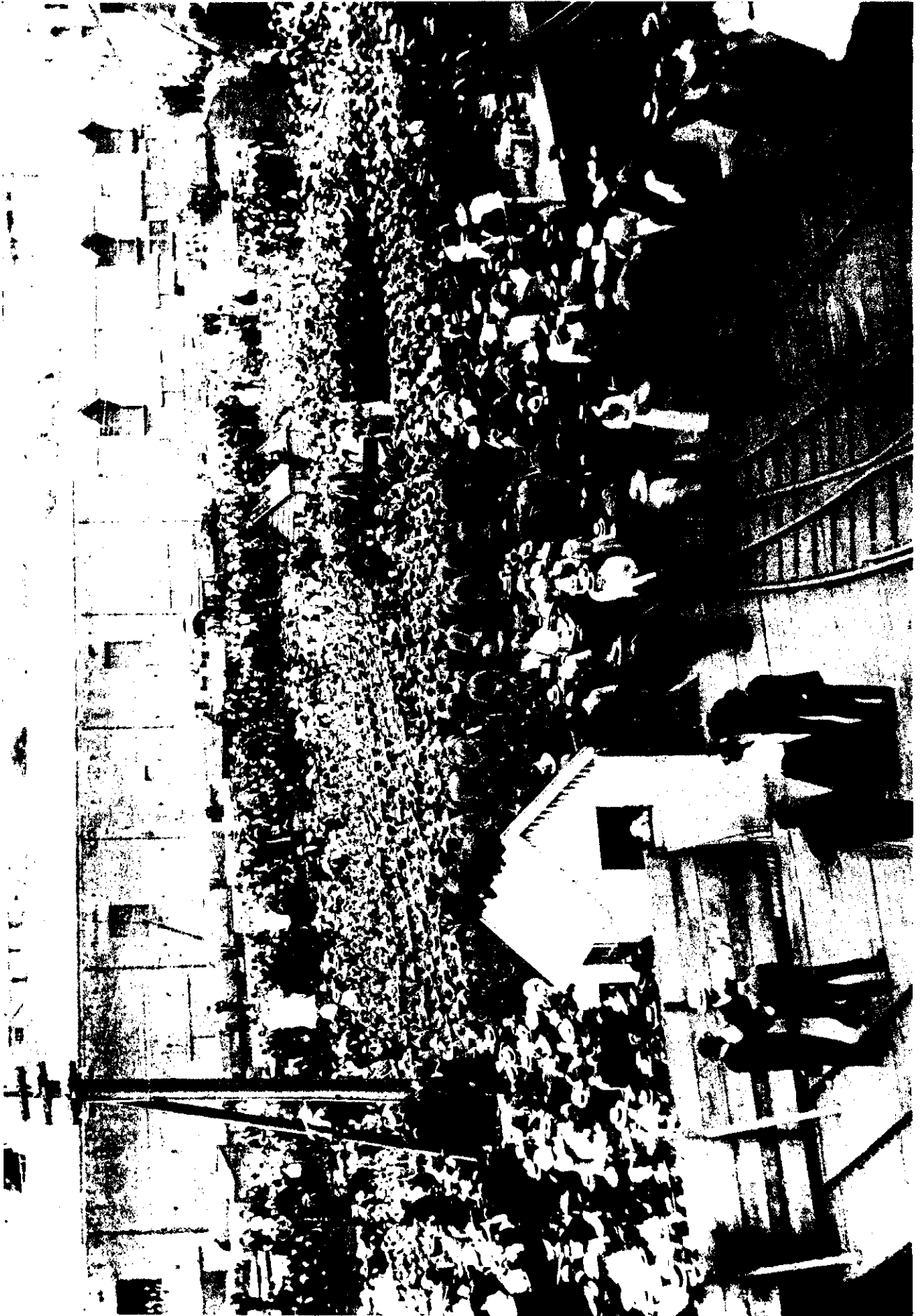
PALMERSTON AND WAIRARAPA SECTIONS.



WANGANUI SECTION.

Wairond "Graphic" photo.

The Ninth Contingent in Camp at Onehunga.



Departure of the Eighth Contingent from Lyttelton.—The Premier Addressing the Troops.



AT THE CAMP, ADDINGTON - THE FINAL INSPECTION.



Photos by L. Hinge.

LEAVING TRAIN WITH KEES FOR CORNWALL.

Departure of the Eighth Contingent from Lyttelton.



WAIKATO-HAMILTON-CAMB RIDGE SECTION.



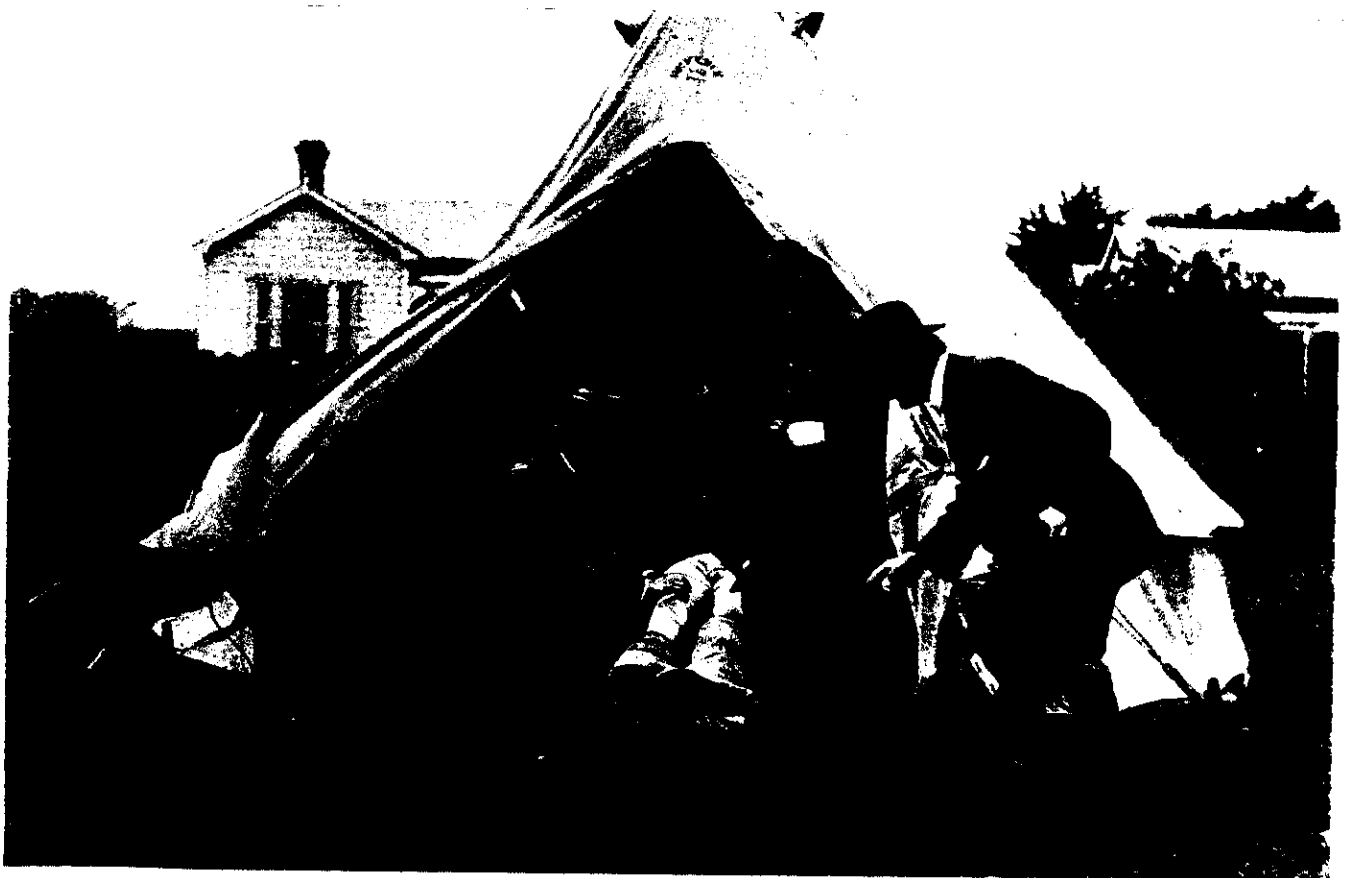
WELLINGTON SECTION.

Waipoua "Graphic" photo.

The Ninth Contingent in Camp at Onehunga.



NORTHERN WAIROA—WHANGAREI SECTION.

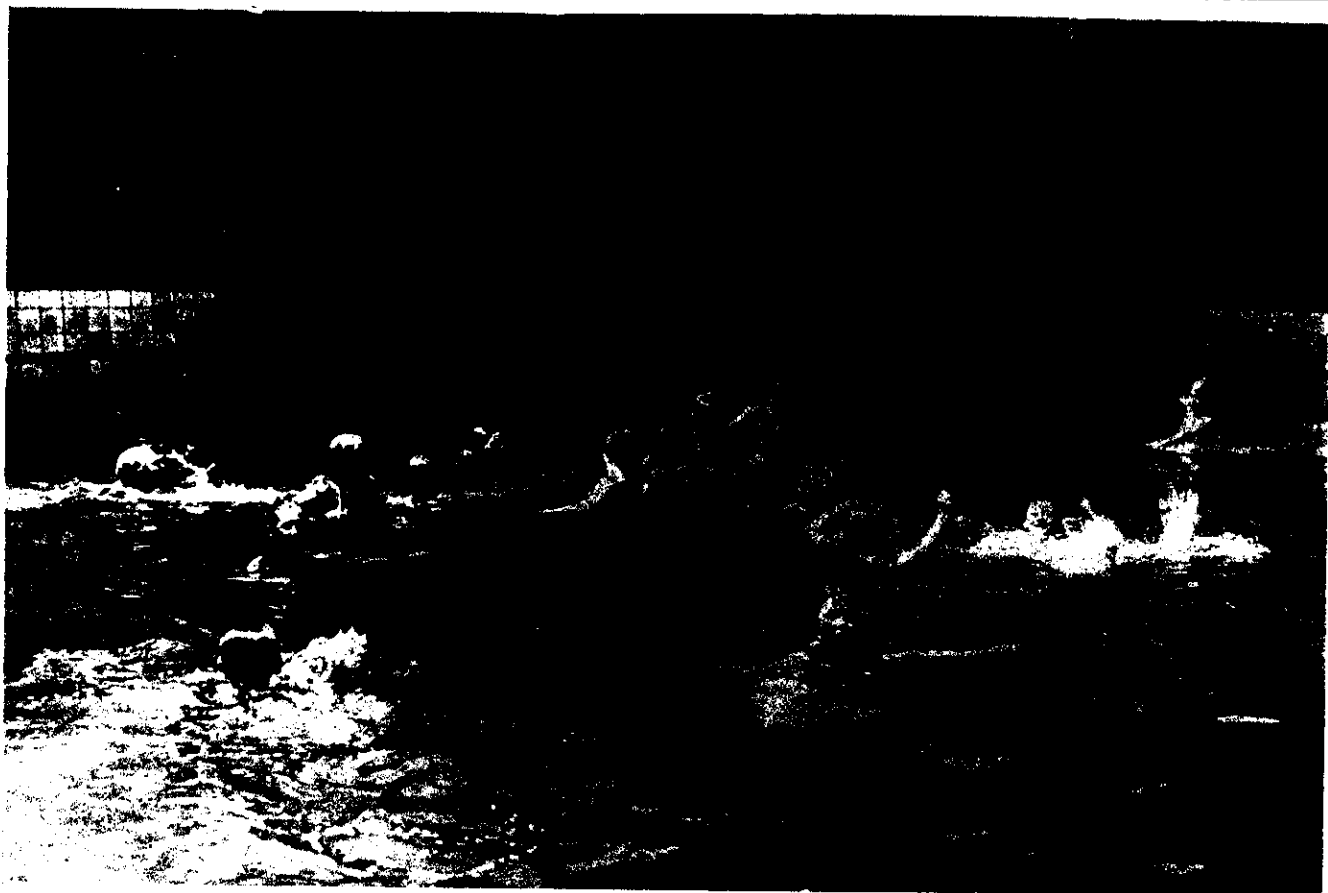


Walrond. "Graphic" photo.

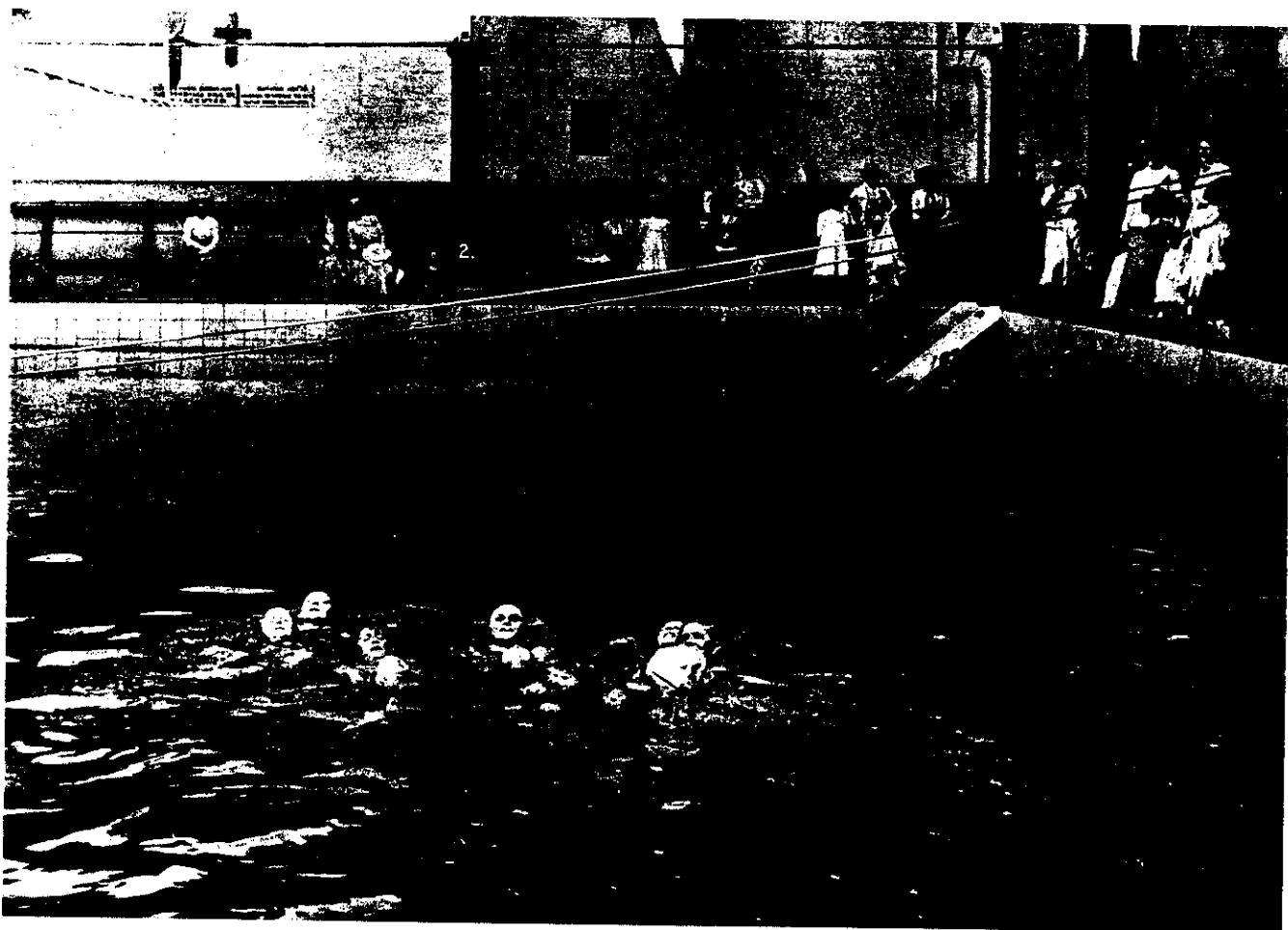
A MINOR CASUALTY.

Surgeon-Captain Murray on the left and Surgeon-Major Walker on the right. Dispenser G. Wishart and Orderly W. Bassett attend to the patient, J. Leydon.

The Ninth Contingent in Camp at Onehunga.



CHILDREN IN THE FRESH WATER BATHS.



Photos by Walrod.

LIFE SAVING TRIALS.

Children's Swimming Display, Auckland Freshwater Baths.

Copy No. 1: C14, 868

Something About Contingent Horses.

The pictures we give on this page represent some snap shots taken at the Waikato State Farm, near Hamilton, where some 150 horses for the Eighth Contingent were assembled prior to their shipment on board the troopship Surrey, which left Auckland on February 1st last. Here, where we inspected them, Mr E. Clifton of the Agricultural Department, had assembled his purchases, and at the time of our visit they were enjoying the best times the poor animals were likely to have for many a long day. These horses were in various grass paddocks on the farm, and were being fed liberally on oats and good chaff in feeding troughs set up in the field, as shown in one of our pictures in this issue. We entirely agree with Mr Clifton in his idea that a horse intended for military service in South Africa should be put on board the troopship in as good fettle as it is possible to have him. There is no economy in saving feeding expenses at this end, and thus rendering the horses less capable of sustained work on effort when they get to the front. They will not stand exposure, hard work, and short rations any better, but very much worse, by being scurvy, treated while there is no difficulty in doing them well. Horse feed and grass is cheap and plentiful in New Zealand, and we were glad to see these 150 contingenters putting on good hard, healthy condition in the Waikato paddocks, thus building up their constitutions to stand the strain of the sea voyage and the subsequent hardships of the campaign in South Africa. The health and strength of the horses of a mounted corps are as important to efficiency as the health and strength of the troopers that are to ride them.

Well, the Contingent horses at Ruakura were, without doubt, a fine lot of animals on the average. There certainly was some want of uniformity of stamp, which is only to be expected when there is no systematic breeding of military remounts in this country. One of the finest horses of the lot was a fine upstanding bay, about 15.1 in height, with a great girth, a good shoulder, and nine inches of good flat bone below the knee. He was from the King Country, six years old, and probably Maori bred. He was a bit raw and timid, having evidently been very little handled or ridden, with splendid feet as hard as iron, which had never been shod. He had a plain, hold-looking head, but he carried it well and showed courage and power all over. He probably had thoroughbred blood in him, but though fast and active as a pony, there were more evidences of strength and good constitution about him than of what is known as "quality." We give a portrait of him which does not flatter him by any means.

The youth who rode the horses for trial purposes was a typical colonial rider, quiet, calm and fearless, and able to stick on anything on four legs. He was evidently disappointed at the absence of some good buckers amongst the mob, so that his capabilities of sticking to the pigskin might be properly displayed. We only saw one mild attempt at bucking amongst the whole lot, but as a rule the real buckjumper is rare in New Zealand, although now and then one comes across some real artists at the game.

At the Ruakura Farm the selected horses were getting good heart into them, with two or three feeds a day of chaff and oats, mixed in the proportion of 20 bags of chaffed oats sheaves to 6 bags of good oats, besides the grass they could pick up, and they were shipped on board the Surrey in capital condition to stand the voyage as all horses should be which are sent to Africa for active service. Each horse was shod on the forefeet, to prevent injury to the hoofs by stamping and pawing on board ship. One of our pictures shows the shoeing smith at work, the job being well and expeditiously carried out at the farm by Mr Slade, of Hamilton.



LUNCH TIME.



WAITING TO BE SHOD.



A FEW GOOD ONES.



A "MOKE" FROM THE KING COUNTRY.



THEIR LAST DAYS ON NEW ZEALAND PASTURE.

Waikato Horses for the Eighth Contingent.

H. Boscawen, photo.



THE WEDDING CAKE.

The beautiful wedding cake made by W. Buchanan, Karangahape Road, standing five feet high, with graceful pillars and lovely decorations, a triumph of the confectioner's art.



Taken Outside

THE WEDDING PARTY.



THE WEDDING PARTY.

Hanna, Photo.

The Williamson—Mennie Wedding, Auckland.



THE BRIDE AND HER BRIDESMAIDS.



THE WEDDING CAKE.

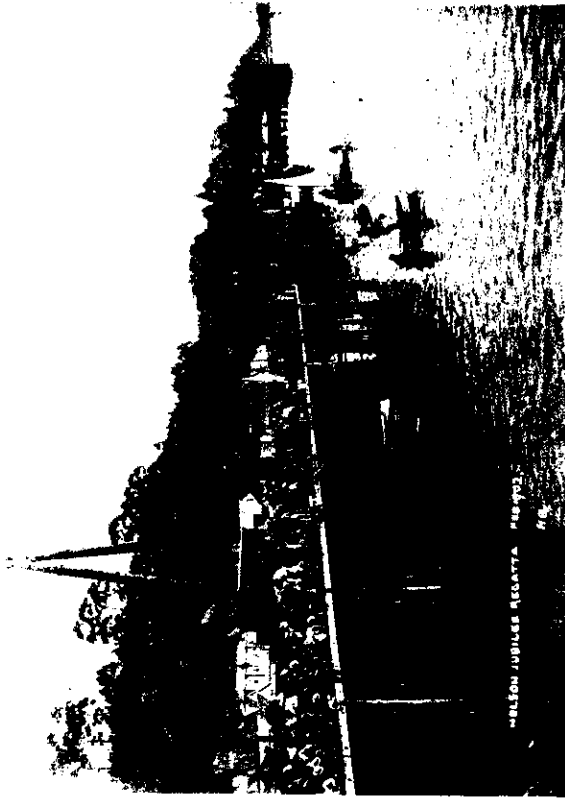
Large three-deck cake made by W. Buchanan, Karangahape Road. The cake stood about five feet high and was beautifully decorated and surmounted with a handsome bouquet and vase, and hung at the sides with wedding bells and other ornaments



THE WEDDING PARTY.

Hanna, Photo.

The Rosenthal—Hancock Wedding, Auckland.



DIVING THROUGH HOOPS.



SIDE-SHOWS AT THE WHARF—PREPARING FOR THE GREASY ROOM.



JUBILEE MEETING OF THE N.A. AND C.C. SPORTS, FEBRUARY 3.



MEN-OF-WAR'S ROWING RACE.

Photos by Bruzewitz.

Nelson Jubilee Regatta.



GROUP OF GEISHA GIRLS AT THE PRESBYTERIAN BAZAAR HELD DURING JUBILEE WEEK.



Brusewitz. photo.

PART OF THE MARCH PAST, CHILDREN'S DEMONSTRATION AT RICHMOND, FEB. 6, 1902.

Nelson's Jubilee.

The Garden Party at "The Pah."



THE PAH MANSION.

For the past nineteen years a boys' school has been established at St. John's College, Tamaki. It was begun by the Rev. W. Gulliver, M.A., and was continued by the Rev. T. F. King, who died in 1889. From that date until 1901 the Rev. P. S. Smallfield was the headmaster of the school, and under his management it became one of the leading boarding schools of the colony.

At the last session of the General Synod, however, the question of the management of the theological college of St. John received a great deal of consideration, and, with a view to the improvement of the College, and to the settlement of its affairs on something like a permanent basis, it was resolved that the boys' school should be removed from the college buildings, and that these should be used in the future for the occupation of the theological students alone. Mr Smallfield thus found himself obliged to look for a new location for his school, and as the beautiful Pah homestead happened at the time to be in the market, he was fortunately able to arrange for its purchase, and to adapt it to school purposes. Spacious class-rooms have been built on the grounds, the roomy stable has been turned into a gymnasium, and several important alterations have been carried out within the house itself. The result is that the well-known mansion, "The Pah," which stands out so prominently on the hill overlooking Onehunga, has become a well-equipped boarding school for boys, fitted with every convenience for the comfort of the inmates, standing in grounds beautiful and attractive in the highest degree, and, owing to its elevated position and nearness to the West Coast, situated in one of the healthiest spots that can be found anywhere in New Zealand. The school grounds include the large area of 48 acres, partly playing fields and partly gardens and shrubberies, thus affording the pupils plenty of space for recreation, and imparting that sense of freedom so essential to the proper development of growing boys.



PING PONG.

On the eastern side of the house are the garden and orchard, and an attractive green slope ending in a level cricket ground. On the western side is a large quadrangle on one side of which stands a detached dormitory for elder pupils, also the boys' library and social room. Adjoining the quadrangle are the class-rooms, gymnasium, armoury, workshop, etc. The class-rooms have been built with a special view to securing sufficient light and good ventilation, and the science-room has been admirably designed for lectures and laboratory work.

On Monday, February 10, the opening day of the new school, about 500 guests assembled at the invitation of the Rev. P. S. and Mrs Smallfield, and spent a very pleasant hour in the garden and in making an inspection of the buildings and grounds. Among the guests were several of the clergy of the diocese, with their wives and families. One of the clergymen present, Dr. Purchas, could recall the time when the site of the Pah was but a fern-clad hill. The Most Reverend the Primate, Bishop Cowie, the visitor of the school, was unavoidably prevented from being present. Our illustrations record some of the scenes of this interesting occasion.

(Continued on Page 369.)



GROUP ON THE VERANDA.



A CORNER OF THE GROUNDS.



THE TENNIS LAWN.

St. John's Collegiate School, The Pah.—Opening Garden Party.

Photos by Morrison.



The 9th Contingent Camp at Te Pahi have a canteen for supplying the troops with good liquor. This is an advance on every other military camp previously held, when the boys have had to come to town for their beer.—(Daily Press.)

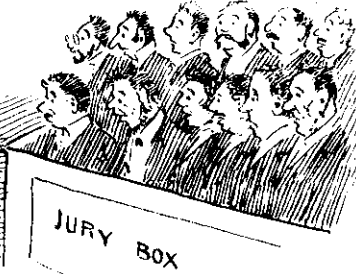
VOLUNTEER, WEARY, BEERY!

OF COURSE NOW THEY HAVE A CANTINE IN CAMP. THIS SORT OF THING IS OF THE PAST. THIS PICTURE ONLY SHOWS HOW OUR MILITARY AUTHORITIES CAN BE WINE IN TIME.

His Honor Mr Justice Conolly, during a recent trial, remarked that trial by jury was becoming a farce, and that he thought the present jury had done his words. After discharging the prisoner, His Honor, turning to the jury, said: "and I wish I could discharge you also."



TRIAL BY JUDGE



JURY BOX

PERHAPS WHEN THE NEW REGIME COMMENCES THERE WILL STILL BE A PLACE FOR THE JURY EVEN AS NOW THERE IS A PLACE FOR THE JUDGE, (WHEN HE KNOWS HOW TO KEEP IT)

At Balclutha lately, a man was fined £1 for selling hay here, found to contain 1 per cent. of alcohol. At Trentham Camp, the keeper of a restaurant booth was found guilty of a similar offence.



"A FELLOW FEELING MAKES US WONDROUS KIND."

BALCLUTHA PROHIBITIONIST TO MANKI — NEVER KNEW I WAS SUCH A JOLLY CHAP BEFORE

At Rotorua, the other day, a man was fined £2 with costs 10/- for cruelty to horses. He lashed the animals so severely that the warts were unhealed, and showing raw flesh after a period of three weeks. He also built a fire of 12 trees under them, burning them severely.



WHAT IT MAY COME TO YET

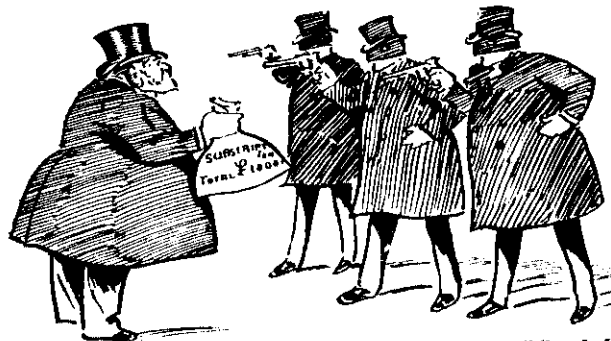
PRESIDING MAGISTRATE — POOR FELLOW! SYMPATHISE WITH YOU & THE ORDER OF THE COURT IS THAT YOU BE IMMEDIATELY RELEASED, AND YOU ARE THEREAFTER INVITED TO DINNER WITH THE BENCH



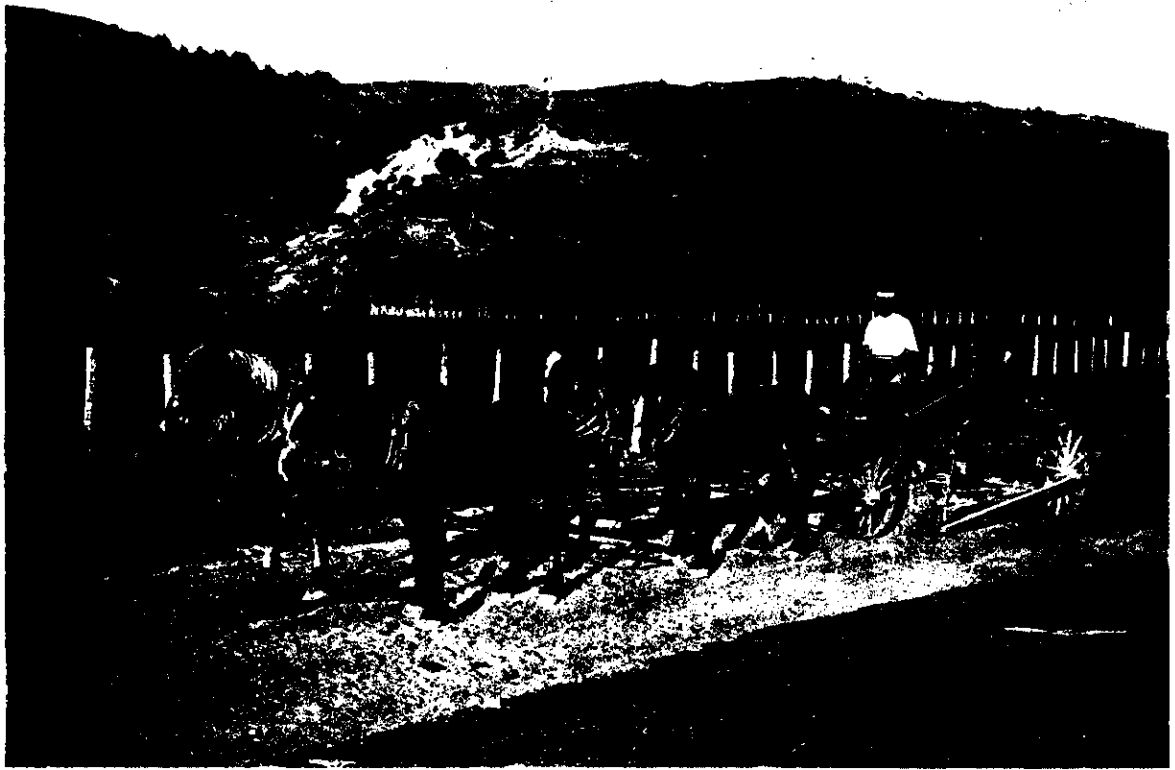
The Premier has received his official invitation to the Coronation. The King would be further pleased if Mr Seddon is accompanied by a lady member of his family.

EMBARRAS DU RICHESSE

Subscriptions are coming in rapidly for the testimonial to the Premier. The first six cheques forwarded to the Wellington committee totalled £200. No banquet is intended.



IF THE PREMIER TAKES AUSTRALIA, EN ROUTE TO THE CORONATION, SOMETHING LIKE THIS MARY HADDEN & THE AUSTRALIAN STATE PREMIER WOULD TRAVEL ON THE MOO AFTERALL



F. A. Hargreaves, photo.

ROAD-MAKING MACHINE, WAIPIRO BAY, EAST COAST.

Thousands of Presents

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BIRTHDAYS ---
WEDDINGS ---
AND
CHRISTENINGS.

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.

See their Illustrated 80-page Catalogue (Free by Post).

ALWAYS YOUR MONEYS WORTH



No. F 5418—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 1s. Heavier Rings, £1 7s. 6d., and £1 10s., £1 15s. and £2.



No. F 5514—18 ct. Gold, 3 Pearls, £2 7s. 6d.



No. F 5376—18 ct. Gold, 1 Sapphire and 4 Diamonds, £1 4s.



No. F 1628—9 ct. Gold Brooch, set with Diamonds and Rubies, £1 5s.



No. F 2233—9 ct. Gold Brooch. New Design, 13s. 6d.



No. F 1531—9 ct. Gold Sapphire and Diamond Bar Brooch, £1 5s.



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



No. F 7070—Solid Silver 4-Bell Baby's Rattle, with Ring and Rubber Soother, 9s. 6d., and at 10s. 6d., 11s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s. 6d., and 22s. 6d.



No. F 8414—15 ct. Gold Pearl Heart and Crescent Brooch, £2.



No. F 2—9 ct. Gold Long Muff Chain, £5 5s. Also at 5s., 7s., 9s.



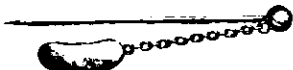
No. 5625—9 ct. Gold and Turquoise or Pearl Heart, 10s. 6d.



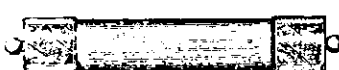
No. 142—Curb Chain and Padlock Bracelet, 9 ct. Gold, £3 2s.; 15 ct. Gold, £5 10s. No. 143 (size smaller than 142) 9 ct. gold, £2 10s.; 15 ct. Gold, £4 7s. 6d. No. 144 (size smaller than 143)—9 ct. Gold, £1 15s.; 15 ct. Gold, £3 5s.



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



No. E 7365—New Lucky Bean Pin Charm, 9 ct. Gold, 5s. 6d.; smaller sizes, 3s. 6d. With Bell, same prices.



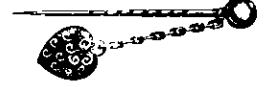
Real New Zealand Greenstone Brooches, 11s. 6d., 13s. 6d., 15s. 6d., 17s. 6d. to 35s.



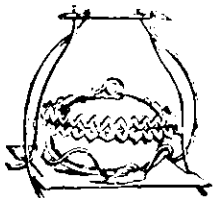
Silver-mounted Purses at 10s. 6d., 11s. 6d., 13s. 6d., 14s. 6d., 17s. 6d., 21s., 22s. 6d., 25s., 27s. 6d. and 30s.



F 2215—Best Silver-plated and Embossed Hairpin Box, 12s. 6d.; plain, 10s. 6d.



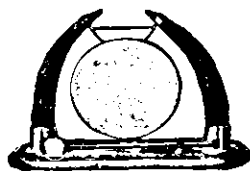
No. E 8242—9 ct. Gold Chased Heart Pin Charm, 6s. 6d.; smaller sizes 3s. 6d. With Greenstone Heart or Bell, 10s. 6d.



No. E 5611—Electro-Silver Jam Dish, £1 7s. 6d.



No. W 2013—Egg shaped Jewel Case, Best Silver Plated, £1 5s.



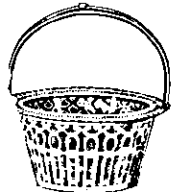
No. F 2504—Elegant Electro-Silver Gong, £2 2s. 6d.



Solid Silver Serviette Ring, in many Pretty Designs. The prices run, 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 9s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., Electro-Plate at 2s., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d. to 6s. 6d.



No. W 36—Best Silver-plated and Embossed Shaving Mug, £1 7s. 6d.



No. E 2333—New Silver-plated Glass-lined Sugar, 10s. 6d.

(Continued from page 366.)
THE GARDEN PARTY AT "THE PAH"

and show the guests assembled in the garden engaged in social conversation or playing tennis and ping-pong.

On February 11th, the school was formally opened with a large number of pupils. There are at present 45 boarders in the two houses, while many day pupils attend the school from Onehunga, Epsom, and also from Remuera and Parnell, these last reaching the school by special bus or on horseback. All the accommodation at present available for boarders is now taken up, and it will be necessary to extend the buildings as the school increases.

The headmaster, the Rev. P. S. Smallfield, has had 25 years' experience as a teacher, and is well-known in Auckland. He is assisted by an efficient staff of resident and visiting masters; the first assistant master being Mr R. McIlroy, M.A., a graduate in honours of the New Zealand University. The school is divided into a classical side, a commercial side, and a science side, the work of the last side being arranged to meet the case of boys who are preparing for engineering or for agriculture. Instruction in Holy Scripture is an essential part of the school course for all boys. Many pupils who have passed through the commercial side of the school are now holding important positions in Auckland and elsewhere; while a fair number of those trained in the classical side have passed various University examinations at school and subsequently.

The Cadet Corps is a prominent feature of the school institutions. The corps has always borne a high reputation for efficiency, and has been successful in winning on three occasions within the last four years the challenge vase presented by Dr. Campbell as a prize for an annual firing competition. The St. John's College School Cadet Corps was the first volunteer company in New Zealand to march in review past the Duke of Cornwall on his recent visit to New Zealand.

Given the advantages of such attractive, spacious, and healthy surroundings, the school at the Pah bids fair to become one of the largest of the boarding schools in New Zealand, and may in time be the Eton of Auckland.

LUNCHEON AND TEA ROOMS.

Mrs Hudson Williamson opens those fine luncheon and tea rooms known as Iredale's, situated in Queen-street, on Monday next. The rooms have been beautifully renovated, and are airy and commodious. Sitting and reading-rooms for the use of ladies and gentlemen have now been added.

General and Mrs Babington have taken the large residence of Mrs Judge Richmond, in Brougham-st., Mrs Richmond and her family having taken Lady Douglas' house in Hobson-street, during the latter's visit to England.

Mr and Mrs Arthur Duncan have returned to Wellington from their honeymoon trip up the Wanganni River, and are in their new home, Halswell-street, the late residence of Mr and Mrs W. Turnbull, who have moved to their new house in Tinakori Road.

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Cabs, Brakes, Horses, Buses, Buggies, etc., for Evening and Picnic Parties. Telephone Nos.—Queen-st., 318; Ponsonby 22; Epsom, 314.

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FLORAL WORK.
THE FINEST DISPLAY IN THE CITY—WEDDING BOUQUETS A SPECIALTY—WREATHS, CROSSES, AND FLORAL EMBLEMS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION AT MODERATE PRICES—CUT FLOWERS DAILY—POT PLANTS ON HIRE.—Porcelain Wreaths, Crosses, and other Designs in Glass Shades.—G. J. MACKAY, Florist and Seedsman, 195, QUEEN-ST., 4 doors from Union Bank.

 VICE-REGAL FLORIST.
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MISS ELLENCE KELLY.
 ARTISTIC WORKER IN NATURAL FLOWERS.
 Show Window in "Canning's," Queen-st., opposite the Bank of N.Z. For the last three years Miss Kelly has done all the Floral Work for their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Ranfurly, and has received a special letter from them expressive of pleasure for the manner in which she carried out the decorations of Government House for the Reception of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall. Miss Kelly also made the Bouquets and Floral Baskets which were presented to Her Royal Highness in Auckland.
BRIDAL BOUQUETS A SPECIALTY.
 Floral Baskets, Wreaths, Crosses, and all kinds of Floral Work. Country Orders will receive Prompt Attention.
 Address: MISS F. KELLY, QUEEN-ST., AUCKLAND. Telephone 988.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

ROSENTHAL—HANCOCK.
 A fashionable wedding, that attracted considerable attention, was solemnised on Wednesday afternoon at St. Paul's Church, Symonds-street, Auckland, when Miss Rita A. H. Hancock, only daughter of Mrs P. A. Edmiston, of "Waimarie," Symonds-street, was united to Mr H. S. Rosenthal, of Sydney. The vicar of St. Paul's Church, the Rev. Canon Nelson, performed the ceremony. The sacred edifice was thronged with spectators, and many were unable to gain admittance. Long before three o'clock the vicinity of the church put on an unwonted aspect, a large crowd taking up positions of vantage in order to obtain a glimpse of the bride. The wedding evoked great interest, owing to the bride and her parents being so well known. The chancel of the church was most beautifully and tastefully decorated, a pretty effect being gained by the arch of greenery and flowers, from the centre of which was suspended a bell of white flowers, spanning the chancel steps overhead. The flowers used for this decoration were white rambler roses, white China asters, white jasmine, and early white chrysanthemums. The pews reserved for the guests were also prettily adorned with satin ribbons. The service was choral, the choir rendering a hymn and a psalm during the ceremony. The bride, who was given away by her stepfather, Mr P. A. Edmiston, looked exceedingly pretty in a most becoming white bridal dress of crepe de chine, trimmed with lace insertion. The bell-shaped skirt was tucked, and had deep accordion pleated flounces to the waist at back, forming a fan, and two killed flounces in front. The Russian bodice was tucked and trimmed with silk and chiffon applique. She wore a beautifully embroidered bridal veil with the customary wreath of orange blossoms in hair and on corsage. Trails of orange blossoms adorned the skirt, and she carried an exquisite white shower bouquet. As the bridesmaids, four in number, Misses Richardson, Cameron, Lindsay (2), were gowned in blue, mauve, spring green, and pink, the wedding was in appearance quite a rainbow one. The fair bride had shown much thought in her choice of her maids, as all four were dark Auckland belles; the contrast with the bride, who is very fair, was perfect. Miss Cameron wore a turquoise blue

fancy chiffon over glace, made with killings, blue hat swathed with mauve chiffon, and she carried a red shower bouquet; Miss Richardson wore a similar gown of mauve fancy chiffon over glace, mauve hat swathed with blue. Both these dainty costumes were made by Miss Carter, of Parnell. Miss Richardson carried a shower bouquet of white flowers and heliotrope. Misses Marjory and Phyllis Lindsay (two little daughters of Dr. Lindsay) were prettily attired in green and pink Liberty silk dresses respectively, trimmed with lace and bebe ribbon (made by Milne and Choylee), erinoline and chiffon hats to correspond. The mother of the bride wore an opal green Paris costume, veiled in ecru lace, with bands of black Spanish lace applique, black toque with ruffled chenille round brim, relieved with yellow flowers. She carried a handsome crimson shower bouquet. Mr W. H. Howe, of London, officiated as best man, and Mr W. Hewsou, of Sheffield, as groomsmen. At the conclusion of the ceremony the guests, numbering 200, drove to "Waimarie," the residence of the bride's parents, where a reception was held. The house was luxuriously decorated for the occasion, prominent amongst the floral decorations being a large horseshoe of white blossoms, hung with satin ribbons, upon which were the initials of the bride and bridegroom in silver letters. At the entrance to the front verandah were the British and American flags, surmounted by the New Zealand Ensign, all tastefully draped. Mr and Mrs Edmiston received the guests on the verandah, while the bride and bridegroom received in the drawing-room, whence an exit was made to the garden by way of the balcony, where the wedding presents, which were beautiful, there being many works of art, and articles in sterling silver, were displayed. The garden in front of the house was completely enclosed with canvas, thus forming a huge grass carpeted tent, enclosing the growing plants and flowers, and furnished with small tables, surrounded with chairs, where afternoon refreshments were set out. There was a profusion of white blossoms everywhere, and the whole function passed off amidst the most auspicious conditions, the lovely weather adding to its success. The table upon which the wedding breakfast was served was as beautifully decorated as the house and grounds—white silk drapery with large silver centre-piece, with hanging grapes, and surrounded with specimen glasses of white flowers, intermingled with sprays of maiden-hair ferns. Several felicitous speeches were made during the ceremony of cutting the cake, and the bride and bridegroom were toasted enthusiastically in the customary fashion in bumpers of champagne. The wedding cake was a triumph of Mr Buchanan's art. The newly-wedded pair left during the afternoon for a short honeymoon trip to Rotorua. The bride's going-away dress was a singularly beautiful and uncommon confection of pale grey silk, brocaded with pink flowers, with deep broad ecru lace insertion, displaying the rose pink glace underskirt, Russian blouse of ecru lace, grey hat with coloured flowers. The happy couple were warmly greeted as they took their departure, their path being strewn with flowers and rice, and they departed amidst the heartiest of good wishes. Mr and Mrs Rosenthal will eventually take up their residence in Sydney, leaving by the next inward mailboat.

Amongst the visitors were: Mrs (Dr.) Purkes, black silk, with lavender at neck, hat with lavender; Mrs Thomas Morrin, lovely lavender mauve tucked crepe de chine, white tulle swathed toque with black velvet; Miss Morrin, white chine skirt, blue striped silk blouse, white hat with tulle and white goose's quills; Mrs Lorna R. Bloomfield, absinthe green gown, with deep ecru lace applique, black hat with flowers; Mrs (Dr.) de Olive Lowe, pretty spring green mousseline de soie, black hat swathed with black ostrich plumes; Mrs Isidor Alexander, tobacco brown gown, with bands of ecru lace trimming, brown

toque with variegated flowers; Mrs Ethel Moss Davis, white silk, with tuckings, the skirt was a flounced one, the bodice was finished with rosettes of blue, black hat with plumes; Miss Myers, white cambrie, with tucks and lace insertion, black hat; Miss Ettye Myers, biscuit coloured silk, black hat; Miss Sinclair, stone grey tullel voile, black hat; Miss King, black and white check silk, black hat; Miss Worsp, biscuit coloured gown, black hat; Miss Wood, violet voile, black hat; Mrs C. Brown, cream silk, figured with brown, hat with green; Mrs Ledingham, black skirt, blue and black plaid silk blouse, black hat; Miss Ledingham, pink gown, with fawn lace insertion, black hat; and her sister wore a dark skirt, light blouse, white hat; Miss Towsey, black skirt, lavender blouse, hat with lavender; Mrs Fred E. Baume, slate grey silk, white and black rume at neck, black hat with plumes; Mrs Rachelder, white Bengaline bolero and skirt, with gold buttons, white vest, black hat with plumes; Mrs Hutchison, black satin, with fawn lace applique, black lace transparent sleeves, black hat with ostrich plumes; Mrs (Dr.) Lindsay, hydrangea blue mercerised silk, with bands of black lace trimming, white lace collar, black hat trimmed with blue; Miss Cruickshank, grey tucked bengaline, relieved with fawn lace, burnt straw hat with wreath of roses; Mrs Baume, black silk, with iridescent head trimming, black bonnet; Miss Cotter, grey voile skirt, satin figured blouse, hat swathed with pink and fawn lace; Miss Winnie Cotter, white muslin, with tucks and lace insertion, made with bolero, blue waistband, hat with blue; Miss Thomson, black silk skirt en traine, black and white striped silk blouse, black and white toque; Miss Laingsford, crushed strawberry voile, trimmed with ruby velvet, fawn lace bolero with gold beading, white hat with pink; Misses Hanna (2) were studies in white silks, with tuckings and lace insertion, one wore a grey hat with hydrangea, and the other wore a brown hat trimmed with blue silk; Mrs Ireland, black silk with lace, relieved with white, black bonnet; Misses Ireland (2) wore black silk skirts, satin blouses, white satin boleros with gold braid, black hats with feathers; Mrs Keesing, fawn costume, with ecru lace applique, black hat; Mrs Nelson, black silk, with cream lace collar, black hat with feathers and violet flowers; she carried a lovely shower bouquet of blue China asters; Miss Nelson, white cambrie, with embroidery insertion, black hat with flowers; and her sister wore a white muslin with lace insertion, lavender waistband and collar, white hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs Leo Myers, white silk, figured with black, choux de blue at neck, black hat; Miss Dinnert, black costume of bolero and skirt, with crewel flower work, hat with mauve flowers; Mrs Roberts, black and white figured silk; Mrs Stafford Walker, blue and black plaid, with black velvet trimmings, white let in at neck, black toque, with feathers; Mrs Rathbone, hydrangea blue figured silk, white pleated tulle vest, and finished with ecru lace, black toque, with ostrich plumes; Mrs Roneh, oyster grey silk, with black markings, black hat, with flowers; Mrs Segar, white muslin, with tucks and lace insertion, white hat, with scarlet flowers; Miss Reid, white muslin, with tucks and lace insertion, black hat; Miss Grace Hesketh, lovely white brocaded silk skirt, white silk bolero and blouse, black hat; her sister wore black skirt, striped blouse, with mauve choux, black hat; Miss Thompson, mauve bengaline, with ecru lace, black tulle hat; her sister wore brick pink costume, pale green hat, with bunches of pink wild roses; Mrs Cotter, black and white figured bolero, trimmed with black lace applique, black hat; Misses Kerry Taylor (2), pink groundines, pink hats en suite; Miss Gorie, white China silk, with tucks and lace insertion, white hat, with ostrich plumes; Mrs Arch, Taylor, white silk, with tuckings, and lace insertion, black hat, with plumes; Miss Waller, mauve chiffon over glace of the same hue, with white lace insertion, black hat; Mrs Benjamin, grey voile, black bonnet; Mrs Benjamin, black; Mrs Brett, handsome black silk, white vest, cream straw bonnet, with mauve flowers; Mrs Rainger looked well in a wedgwood

blue silk, with black Spanish lace insertion braiding, black hat, with crown swathed with blue forget-me-nots and black ostrich plumes, and relieved with blue rosettes; Mrs William Coleman, pearl grey voile, with tuckings and ecru lace insertions and trimming, black hat, with feathers; Mrs Bagnall, periwinkle blue silk, with ecru lace insertion, hat wreathed with flowers; Mrs Arthur Nathan, wore black crepe de chine, edged with handsome black Spanish lace and bands of the same lace were inserted diagonally in skirt, the under dress was of white glaze silk, white ponne vest and collar, handpainted with mauve irises, black toque, with gold wire and lavender flowers; Mrs (Dr.) King, grey floral muslin, floral toque; Miss Cooper, white tuckered silk, trimmed with cream lace, white Tuscan hat, with black feathers; Mrs Louis Myers, black and white figured silk, gold bonnet, with chrysanthemum flowers; Mrs Moss Davis, black silk, white vest, black toque; Mrs Moss, pink glaze, veiled in oyster grey voile, the bodice was pink, veiled in cream, black hat; Miss Moss Davis, white muslin, with tucks and lace insertion, finished with blue chon, white hat, profusely trimmed with blue forget-me-nots; Mrs E. Moss Davis, zinnia pink flowered mercerized silk, black hat, with ostrich plumes; Miss Kent, white muslin, hat trimmed with blue; her sister wore white; Mrs Cameron, black; Mrs Richardson, violet bengaline, trimmed with velvet, cream bonnet, with pansies; Miss Hadley, grey dress, with gold beads; Messrs Elliot M. Davis, Hutchinson, Taylor, Rainer, Hadley, Ledingham, Bachelder, Lennox, Drs. Clive Lowe, Ingalls, Sharman, Canon Nelson.

PRESENTS.

The bridegroom's present was a lovely diamond and opal pendant. Silver-plated spirit stand, Mr and Mrs Playfair (Sydney); silver hon-bou dishes, Mr and Mrs Shrimski; bedroom clock, Mr and Mrs Trent (Christchurch); silver-mounted perfume, Miss E. (Christchurch); cut-glass silver-mounted scent bottle, Miss Ring; picture, Mr Lennox; jewel casket, Miss Somerville; silver fruit basket, Mr and Mrs Wilson; silver kong, Mr and Mrs Ring; silver sugar bowl, Mr and Mrs Thomson; two silver and cut-glass ash trays, Mrs Playfair (Sydney); silver casket, Mr and Mrs W. Coleman; carvers, Mr and Mrs Levy; silver inkstand, Mrs Dean Pitt; silver-mounted scent bottle, Mr Lowry (America); silver inkstand, Mrs Levy; picture, Mrs and Miss Woods; picture, Miss Kate Cameron; bust, Mrs Leo Myers; silver nut bowl, Mr and Mrs Jefferson; silver-mounted ink bottle, Miss Dunnet; silver soap, Mrs and Miss Cruickshank; silver ash dish, Mrs and Miss Coleman; silver inkstand, Mr and Mrs McArthur; lace collar, Mrs Lowry; cheque, Mr P. A. Edmiston; picture, Mr and Mrs Stafford Walker; fish knife and fork, Mr and Mrs P. A. Edmiston; planic, Miss and Mr J. Donald; set of fruit knives and forks, Mr Hinson (Sydney); vase, Dr. and Mrs Lindsay, handsome silver-mounted mirror, Mr and Mrs King Davis; ornament, Mr and Mrs David Craig; silver teaspoons and tongs, Mr and Mrs Richardson; sweet forks, Miss Richardson; silver cake basket, Mr and Mrs Donald; saltcellars, Misses Ledingham; butter knives, Mr and Mrs Ledingham; picture, Mr and Mrs H. Hadley; scent bottle, Misses Thomson; scent bottle, Misses Hanna; claret jug, Mr and Mrs Kent; N.Z. photo frame, F. Lloyd; clock, Mr Phing; triple mirror, Misses Gorrle; china rose bowl, Mr and Mrs Brown; china forks, Miss Coward; cut-glass silver biscuit barrel, Mr and Mrs Benjamin; silver card case, Mr and Mrs S. Nathan; nut crackers, Mr and Mrs Finlayson; pearl and silver card tray, Mrs Ralinger; chest of table silver, Mr P. A. Edmiston; silver jewel casket, Miss Sinclair; silver biscuit barrel, Mr H. Whitton; silver pepper casters, Miss Hardie; silver jam dish, Mr and Mrs Alexander; autograph album, Mr and Mrs Roberts; Tennysson's poems, Mr and Mrs Bachelder; china ornament, Rev. and Mrs Nelson; silver and pearl jam spoon and knife, Mrs Cotter; butter knife, Mrs Ireland; table centre, Miss Ireland; tray cloth, Miss J. Ireland; picture, Mr and Mrs L. Bloomfield; picture, Mrs Bloomfield, sen.; silver candlesticks, Mr and Mrs Gorrle; glove box, Inlaid N.Z. woods, Mrs Bagnall; Maltosa lace handkerchief, Mrs T. Morrin; picture, Mr and Mrs Phillips; scent bottle, Mrs Moss; silver flower pot, Mrs Archdale Taylor; handsome egg stand, Mr V. Frost; silver teaspoons, Mr and Mrs Roach; silver nut bowl, Mrs (Dr.) Owen; pair of scent bottles, Mrs and Misses Mueller; picture, Mr and Mrs F. Barme; silver salver, Mrs J. Hadley; Doulton vase, Mr and Mrs Kelth; carvers, Mr and Mrs and Misses Hamilton (Manutahi); photo frame, Mrs and Miss Rymes; scent bottle, Mr and Mrs Myers; silver card case, Major and Mrs Renno; silver and glass saltcellar, Mr and Mrs E. Davis; silver egg stand, Mr F. Hoeketh; fan, Miss Woods; china cups, Mrs C. A. Brown; silver jam dishes, Dr. and Mrs Parkes; silver scent bottle, Mr and Mrs J. C. Smith; silver and cut-glass vases, Mr and Mrs E. H. Davis; silver butter dish, Mr G. and Miss Kent; silver cake

dish, Misses A. and L. Cameron; carved stool, Miss May Cameron; Tennysson's poems, Mr and Mrs F. Huskinson; silver and cut-glass salad bowl and ladies, Mrs Cameron; case silver salts, Mr W. H. Howe; picture, Misses A. and G. Hoeketh; silver and glass flower bowl, Mr and Miss Towsey; silver egg toiler, Mrs Lane; Mrs; silver sugar stand; cream stand, Mr and Mrs Sprecker; silver bread platter, Dr. and Mrs de Clive Lowe; table centre, Mrs W. Rathbone; cushion, Mrs Baume; pair gold serviette rings, The good fortune of this lucky bride does not stop here for in Sydney presents are awaiting her, while others are on their way from San Francisco and Manila.

WILLIAMSON—MENNIE.

St. Paul's Church, Auckland, was the centre of much attraction on Wednesday morning last, when a very pretty choral wedding took place, namely, that of Miss Agnes Mennie, only child of Mr J. M. Mennie, of Grafton Road, Auckland, to Mr W. Williamson, of Sydney. Notwithstanding the early hour at which the marriage took place, there was a large gathering in the church. The service, which was full choral, was conducted by the Rev. Canon Nelson, Mr Philpot presiding at the organ. The church was tastefully decorated, the scheme including an arch of ferns and flowers, from which depended a wedding bell. Under this symbol the happy pair stood during the service. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very pretty beneath her bridal veil, and wore a lovely white Duchesse satin robe, with a court train, caught on both shoulders, and lined with chiffon ruffles. The overskirt was scalloped and outlined with lace insertion, and fell over a iron frock of chiffon accordion pleated killings. The pouched bodice had transparent yoke and elbow sleeves of tuckered net, and a berthe of chiffon ruffles, and she carried a beautiful shower bouquet, which completed this charming toilette. The bridegroom presented her with a lovely diamond star pendant. The first maid of honour was Miss Lovett, who was attired in a rich white tuckered merveilleux frock, white crinoline hat, swathed with folds of chiffon, with a wreath of buttercups underneath brim in front, and she carried a lovely shower bouquet of yellow abutilons, calliopsis, and ferns. The bridegroom's gift was a beautiful gold horseshoe brooch, set closely with pearls. The younger bridesmaid, Miss Daisy Wallace, was prettily frocked in white crepe-de-chine, made a l'Empire, with a sash brought round underneath arms and finished with pendent ends in front, a crinoline hat with chiffon, white quills and buttercups, and she carried a basket of yellow flowers. The bridegroom's gift was a gold cable bracelet. Mr Hinson, of Sydney, officiated as best man.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the Star Hotel, where the bride and bridegroom received the felicitations of their friends. The wedding breakfast, which was of an exceptionally recherche character, was laid in a private room, and the table looked very pretty with a huge wedding cake in the centre—a veritable triumph of the confectioners' art—and white and yellow ribbons festooned from the ceiling to each corner of the table. A very pleasant time was spent before the bride left to prepare for her journey, when happy and appropriate speeches in compliment of the occasion were made. During the afternoon the bridal party were photographed, and later Mr and Mrs Williamson left on their honeymoon tour, which includes Rotorua and the Wanganui River. The bride's going-away frock was of white silk, made with numberless tucks, and lace insertion, a long French grey cloak, with capes and Medici collar, and a white hat.

Mrs Mennie (mother of the bride) looked exceedingly well in an English costume of dove-grey silk, with lengthy tucks and ecru lace insertions, a grey tulle toque with black chiffon and pink flowers, and she carried an exquisite bouquet of pink flowers; Mrs Lovett wore a black, green and blue plaid silk gown, black and white hat; Mrs C. M. Nelson was in black cashmere, with white silk vest, cream Maltosa collar, black toque; Mrs A. Wallace was in a vieux rose voile, with

cream guipure lace insertion, white crepe-de-chine pleated vest, and a black crinoline hat with black chiffon and feathers; Mrs H. Moore-Jones wore a grey voile, tuckered silk bolero edged with cream lace insertion, white crepe-de-chine pouched bodice, grey silk toque trimmed with tuscan coloured lace; Mrs J. L. Holland, black and white figured foulard, white silk V in bodice, black and white bonnet; Mrs Posseneskie, rich black brocade, black lace edged with gold ficu, black and gold sequin toque; Mrs Fred. Babe, soft white tuckered silk inserted with lace, black picture hat; Mrs W. Blaikie, slate grey voile strapped with silk bands, black chiffon hat with feathers; Mrs Oxley, heliotrope satin blouse, black silk skirt, black velvet and chiffon toque; Miss Scott, grey tuckered voile, with overskirt, white turban hat; Mrs McCallum, tussore silk trimmed with ecru guipure lace insertion, black chiffon hat; Madam Griffo, black costume.

FOOKES—FARRINGTON.

On Tuesday afternoon, 11th inst. a large number of people assembled at St. Mary's Church, New Plymouth, to witness the marriage of Dr. E. Faber Fookes, third son of Mr A. C. Fookes of that town, to Miss Evelyn McLeod Farrington, eldest daughter of Colonel Malcolm Farrington, C.B. (51st Yorkshire Light Infantry) of Leamington, England. At 1.30 p.m. the bride entered the church, accompanied by her brother, Mr Malcolm Farrington, of Foxton, looking elegant and altogether charming in a trained gown of rich ivory satin, with a sheen of mother of pearl on the surface, beautifully trimmed with mousseline de soie, with transparent neck and sleeves of applique lace. Tulle veil, with, according to the latest English fashion, a wreath and neck spray of blue forget-me-nots. This proved a very pretty innovation, the flowers matching the eyes of the wearer. The bridesmaids, the Misses Fookes (3), and Olive King, were prettily gowned in white figured muslins, profusely tuckered and frilled with elbow sleeves and white silk mitts. Hats of black crinoline, chiffon and feathers with clusters of pink roses, and shower bouquets. Dr. Fookes was accompanied by his brother, Mr Bertie Fookes (Auckland).

The ceremony was performed by the Ven. Archdeacon Govett, assisted by the Rev. F. G. Evans. Mr Fletcher ably presided at the organ. The church was prettily and elaborately decorated. After the ceremony a reception was held at Willow Field, the residence of the bridegroom's parents, after which the happy pair departed to catch the train, under showers of rice, rose petals, and the best of good wishes. The going-away dress consisted of an iron-grey coat and skirt, with white silk front, and beautiful hat of shaded red silk and velvet. Were it not for the fact of etiquette decreeing the bridegroom into the background on these occasions, this scribe could cover reams with what this bridegroom wore, and how charming he and his best man looked, therefore for these details readers must as usual go hungry. The honeymoon will be spent on the Wanganui River, and possibly at Rotorua. The guests on this occasion numbered over fifty and were, with a few exceptions, all members of the "clan." These exceptions included the Ven. Archdeacon Govett, Mr and Mrs Evans, Dr Leatham, Mrs Newton King.

Mrs Fookes, sen., wore a gown of rich black silk trimmed with jet,

black and white chiffon bonnet, showery bouquet of large white daisies. Mrs H. Fookes, blue and white muslin dress, black and white chiffon hat; Mrs A. B. R. Fookes, blue and white patterned dress trimmed with black velvet, bonnet to correspond; Mrs Kelsey, electric blue trimmed with black velvet, black chip plumed hat; Miss Mary Fookes, white dress, heliotrope hat; Miss Hirst, with whom the bride has been staying since her arrival in New Zealand a few weeks ago, wore a beautiful costume of black striped silk grenadine, bodice trimmed with white lace, black and white plumed toque, white chiffon boa; Mrs Evans pale grey coat, skirt, and hat; Mrs N. King, an elegant dress of black and white foulard silk, shaded yellow toque and marigolds; Mrs G. Marshall (Wanganui), white tuckered dress, black sash, feather boa and black chiffon toque; Mrs Matthews, slate grey tuckered dress, applique bolero, black chiffon hat; Miss Matthews, white silk and muslin dress with blue ribbons, white hat; Mrs G. Wilson (Wellington), black voile skirt and bolero, white silk and heavy lace front, stylish black and white hat; Miss Marshall, grey and silver costume, heliotrope hat; Miss Cameron, black skirt, white silk blouse, gold brocade collar and blue hat; Miss Haigh (Auckland), white cambric dress, lace trimmings, white hat; Miss K. Hamerton, black skirt and Eton jacket, white front, black and white chiffon toque; Miss E. F. Hamerton, elegant white silk costume, white plumed hat; Miss Devenish, steel grey dress with cream trimmings, pale blue tulle hat; Mrs W. H. Skinner, pale grey costume trimmed with black velvet and lace, black chiffon toque with shaded tomato velvet roses and dress spray Miss I. Skinner, white tuckered costume, black and pale blue chiffon hat and red corals; Miss L. Skinner, cream figured muslin and lace dress, cream hat, with shrimp pink trimmings and sash; Mrs Y. Wilson, black skirt, white silk blouse, black chiffon toque; Mrs Horner (Patea), black and white muslin dress, black and white hat; Mrs W. Hirst (Hawera), black skirt, pink and white hat, pink silk blouse; Mrs Devenish, black moire dress, black silk cape, black and white bonnet; Mrs Marshall, black silk and velvet dress, black and white bonnet; Mrs Hamerton, black brocade dress, lace mantle, black and white bonnet.

In the evening Miss Hirst held a reception at her house in York Terrace. I have actually written so far and forgotten the presents, which were by no means the least feature of the occasion. Several very handsome cheques were included in these, and the tables on which they were arranged seemed to be a blaze of silver of every description, in table, toilet, and ornamental requisites. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a pearl and diamond ring and gold chain, and to the bridesmaids gold brooches. The bride's present to her husband was a gold watch-chain.

An interesting little ceremony took place at the Basin Reserve on Saturday, when the members of the Phoenix Cricket Club, in saying farewell to their brilliant young batsman, Mr. Fred Midlane, presented him with a handsome travelling bag, suitably inscribed, and with a ticket of membership to the Sydney Cricket Ground Pavilion. Mr. Benbow acted as spokesman in a neat little speech, to which Mr. Midlane suitably responded. Rousing cheers were given by the club as the departing cricketer left to catch the Sydney steamer.

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Society Gossip

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, February 15.
The Taranaki Jockey Club inaugurated their

SUMMER MEETING

last Wednesday, under favourable circumstances. The weather was all that could be desired, a few showers rather tending to increase the enjoyment by cooling the air and keeping down the dust. The attendance was large, the racing interesting and the arrangements excellent. The Garrison Band played selections during the intervals, which were much appreciated. Amongst those present I noticed on the

FIRST DAY:

Mrs. MacClelland looked well in black, trimmed with cream lace, picture hat; Mrs. Paul, black silk, sequin zouave, toque, trimmed with roses; Miss W. Capel, black Eton coat and skirt; Mrs. Nathan, green silk, covered with black lace; Miss MacKenzie, white muslin; Miss Lewis, blue costume, black hat; Mrs. Hall looked striking in cream silk, cream toque, trimmed with violets; Mrs. Standish, black silk; Miss Standish, grey; Miss Paul looked very pretty in grey, white hat trimmed with pink roses; Mrs. H. Weston, black coat and skirt; Miss Govett, blue costume, pink hat; Mrs. W. Webster (junr.), blue silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs. W. Webster, blue and white, black hat; Miss L. Webster, white muslin; Mrs. Oswin, yellow muslin, black hat; Mrs. Holmes, grey; Mrs. Teed, rose pink blouse, dark skirt; Mrs. Wright, white silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Ellis, black Eton coat and skirt, rose chiffon hat; Miss I. Ellis, flowered muslin; Mrs. Alexander, black; Mrs. Major, black coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. Nolan, black silk; Mrs. Goldwater, black flowered silk, jet trimmings; Mrs. Hart, black; Miss Hart, tucked white silk; Miss Goldwater, white muslin; Miss C. Bayly, pale blue; Miss B. Bayly, violet blouse, dark skirt; Miss E. Jacob, black; Miss C. Jacob, white silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Thomson, white silk; Mrs. Beane, a tucked grey dress; Miss Teed, pretty white tucked silk; Miss D. Teed, blue silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs. Newman, pink silk, covered with beautiful lace; Miss Cunningham, blue and white, white hat; Mrs. Fordham (Wellington), white silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs. E. Cock, black; Miss E. Rennell, pink and white blouse, dark skirt, white hat; Mrs. Biggs, black, black hat; Miss Skeet, Tussore silk; Mrs. Percy Webster looked well in pink muslin, black hat. On the

SECOND DAY

were: Miss Walker, blue and white muslin; Miss Walker, pink and white muslin; Miss Weston, fawn costume, pink vest, toque en suite; Miss Humphries, black lace over helio-

trope; Mrs. W. Webster, cream; Mrs. Fordham, white tucked muslin; Miss E. Rennell, white tucked silk; Miss V. Kennell, tucked white silk; Mrs. S. Teed, white; Mrs. Holmes, white pique, white hat with blue; Misses Ellis (2), figured muslins, pink hats; Miss McKenzie, blue and white silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Teed, white silk; Miss Robertson, white silk; Mrs. Percy Webster looked very pretty in blue silk blouse, black silk skirt; Mrs. Paul, brocaded violet silk, violet toque; Miss Roy, white silk; Miss George, blue and white muslin, black hat; Miss E. Bayly, white silk, pink hat with roses; Miss C. Bayly, blue and white, pink hat; Mrs. Palmer, white costume, black chiffon hat; Mrs. Alexander, black; Mrs. Stubbs, grey; Miss Reed, black lace over gold; Miss Murphy, black, green toque; Mrs. Nathan, flowered black silk, chiffon boa; Miss Drury (Sydney), blue and white; Mrs. Oswin, white muslin, pink hat; Miss C. Jacob, black and white muslin; Miss Jacob, white, black hat; Mrs. Goldwater, black and white; Mrs. Hart, black; Miss Hart, grey; Miss Goldwater, white silk; Miss Paul looked extremely pretty in cream net lace over cream silk; Miss Cunningham, grey, floral hat; Mrs. Hall, green, fawn zouave, toque to match; Mrs. Biggs, black; Miss Cleveland, blue and white muslin; Mrs. Wright, white; Miss Standish, white silk; Miss Skeet, Tussore silk; Mrs. Major looked stylish in a most beautiful dress of turquoise blue, trimmed with cream insertion, black hat; Mrs. Abbott (Wanganui), black; Mrs. Watson, wine-coloured dress; Mrs. Langford, electric blue; Mrs. Newman, white muslin, black hat; Mrs. Beane, black silk; Mrs. Alexander, pretty tucked tussore silk; Mrs. Gray, black satin; Miss G. Holdsworth, pink silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs. Brewer (Waitotara), black silk.

NANCY LEE.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, February 13.
Sir Robert and Lady Stout were at Home last Friday afternoon to a very large gathering of friends, to celebrate their silver wedding. The host and hostess were the recipients of hearty congratulations from everyone and also received a number of handsome silver gifts. The fine large rooms and hall were decorated for the occasion with flowers and greenery. Tea was laid in the dining-room, the tables being laden with every imaginable kind of dainty and sweet, and in the centre was a large wedding cake surrounded with white and silver flowers. Delicious ices and grapes were also handed round and the day being one of the hottest we have had this summer they were, needless to say, much appreciated. A room downstairs, on the ground floor, was used for Ping-Pong, and, considering the temperature, people were wonderfully energetic in playing. Minife's String Band was stationed at the side of the staircase, and their music was greatly enjoyed. Sir Robert and Lady Stout received in the drawing-room. The latter wore a beautiful trained gown of pale grey satin brocaded in a darker shade, and with yoke and sleeves of cream lace. She wore a handsome pearl necklace and pendant, and carried an artistic bouquet of roses and maiden hair. Amongst the many handsome gowns worn I noticed Lady Berkeley's, of rich black silk and lace, and a small black toque; Miss Berkeley, wore a pretty pink figured muslin gown, the bodice tucked and trimmed with insertion, white and pink straw hat trimmed with pink flowers; Mrs. C. Johnston's gown was of rich stone grey lace brocade with pink, and with pink chiffon revers and vest veiled with open ecriu lace, small black toque trimmed with cream and pink flowers; Mrs. Jellicoe wore a lovely white merveilleux gown the bodice trimmed with coloured embroidery, and a flat black tone with flowers; Mrs. Duncan, a striped black silk canvas gown with mauve satin vest, and a black bonnet with mauve crown; Mrs. Edwards wore a lovely gown of biscuit coloured lace veiled in an overdress of fine gauze of the same shade embroidered with white applique flowers, and a black chiffon toque; Miss Edwards, a pretty gown of white tucked muslin and cream insertion,

and a cream hat with flowers; Mrs. Findlay wore a dark blue corded silk gown, tucked and with a yoke of cream lace, black hat with flowers; Mrs. Fitzherbert wore a soft grey spotted crepe gown trimmed with white lace, and a grey straw toque with crimson flowers; Mrs. Bell, a pale grey voile gown with vest of white lace, and a black chiffon toque; Miss Hell, a blue and pink Paisley silk gown, tucked and trimmed with ecriu insertion, white straw hat with pink roses; Mrs. Wallis in a blue and white gown, and straw hat with cream chiffon and red roses; Mrs. Newman wore a very pretty gown of pale greyish mauve voile trimmed with handsome broad cream guipure, and a chiffon toque to match trimmed with roses and cream lace; Mrs. Stowe, a grey brocaded gown with cream lace vest and a black bonnet trimmed with white chiffon and pink roses; Miss Stowe wore a pale green flowered silk gown and a cream straw hat with roses; Mrs. Gore, handsome black brocade gown with vest of white under black lace, cream and blue bonnet with ospreys; Miss Gore wore a cool white muslin dress tucked and trimmed with embroidery, and a cream straw hat with mauve and blue hydrangeas; Miss Knight (Australia) wore a black spotted merveilleux gown with yoke of white under black chiffon, and a black and white bonnet; Mrs. Barron, a black silk gown with white lace scarf and a cream toque; Miss Barron wore a lovely pink and white checked girdle silk gown made with an underskirt and yoke of cerise accordion chiffon, and a cerise straw hat with flowers; Mrs. Kemp (England), black skirt and grey silk bodice trimmed with white lace, and a black bonnet with blue flowers; Miss Kemp had a blue Eton gown with cream lace collar and vest, cream straw hat with roses; Mrs. McKenzie, a white skirt and silk blouse and a pink hat; Mrs. Tuckey, a black gown and mantle, and a black bonnet with roses; Mrs. Leckie, black brocade, black and blue bonnet; Mrs. Deane had a pale blue figured muslin gown and a large black toque; Mrs. Easterfield, black coat and skirt, black hat with tips; Mrs. Quick, handsome black silk gown with cream silk lace scarf and a black and mauve bonnet; Miss Quick in a white and finely tucked and insertioned silk blouse, straw toque with pink roses; Mrs. Morrison, sage green gown with white yoke and a hat to match; Mrs. Butt, black, black satin gown and black toque with violets; Miss Butt, black skirt and pink tucked silk blouse with lace; Mrs. Joseph in a black costume with real lace collar; Mrs. Rawson in a dark gown and large black hat; Miss Rawson wore a pretty white tucked silk and lace gown, and a burnt straw hat



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 your mirror say? If the former, then it is rich and dark hair, long and heavy hair; if the latter, it is short and falling hair, thin and gray hair.

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

swathed in white silk; Mrs Symonds, black silk gown, and bonnet trimmed with flowers; Mrs McIntosh, black gown and jetted toque; Miss McIntosh in a blue linen Eton suit and black hat; Mrs Martin, grey gown and black hat; Mrs A. Brandon wore a black skirt and tucked lace Eton with lace collar, burnt straw hat with pink roses; Miss Brandon wore a corduroy blue gown and white hat trimmed with blue; Miss A. Brandon had a deep pink crepe gown, the bodice trimmed with white lace and black velvet, and a pink chiffon toque; Mrs C. Izard wore a blue and white linen gown and hat to match; Miss Izard's dress was a pretty white muslin embroidered with black, and a becoming black chiffon toque; Mrs Tweed, dark blue foulard silk spotted with white and trimmed with cream lace, black toque; Mrs Burns wore a light royal blue figured voile gown, the bodice trimmed with white lace and a large white and black hat; Mrs Wilford in a white muslin gown and black hat; Mrs H. Johnston wore a pretty pale grey spotted voile gown, white ruffle and white hat trimmed with chiffon and cerise flowers; Mrs Travers wore a white pique skirt and pretty tucked silk and insertion blouse, round black hat with feathers; Mrs Hudson, a blue Eton gown with white vest, and a black hat; Mrs Sprott had a black tight-fitting gown and hat with tips, and Miss Sprott wore a grey skirt, cream flowered silk blouse, and cream straw hat with pink flowers; Mrs Ewen, black skirt and tucked lace Eton with lace collar and a black hat; Mrs J. Tripe wore a black canvas gown, tucked and trimmed with black lace insertions, black picture hat; Mrs C. Richardson, a black skirt and cream silk and lace blouse, and a cream straw toque with flowers; Mrs Butts, black figured gown trimmed with white, and a black and white bonnet; Miss Butts wore a blue and white gown, and her sister was in white with a red hat; Mrs L. Ross, grey voile skirt and grey satin Eton coat with high collar, black and yellow toque; Mrs Miles, royal blue gown and black toque; Miss Miles, a holland gown trimmed with white insertion, and a cream straw hat with flowers; Miss Harcourt, in a white voile gown, very much tucked, and a yoke of lace, white feathered hat; the Misses Halse both wore white; Mrs Judge Cooper, black silk gown, trimmed with lace, and a black jetted toque; Miss Cooper, dark skirt and light silk blouse, black hat; Miss Harding wore a cream tucked voile skirt and satin blouse with lace collar, white straw hat with pink and white chiffon and roses; her sister wore a light blue figured silk gown, with white lace collar and vest strapped with black velvet, cream hat with red roses; the Misses Edwin had light figured delaine gowns and floral hats; Miss Contes in a dark blue voile gown, the bodice trimmed with cream guipure, black toque; Mrs Fitzgerald, handsome black silk gown and jetted toque; Miss Somerville, a green figured gown and cream straw hat, trimmed with red velvet and roses; Miss Skerrett, a cream crepe gown with lace scarf and a green toque; Miss Fraser, in a pale blue figured gown trimmed with white, and a straw hat with flowers. There were also present the Messrs Stout, Bishop Wallis, Messrs C. Johnston, Fitzherbert, Harcourt, Jellieco, Ratkin, Cooper, Dalziel, Quick, Edwin, Easterfield, Atkinson, Barnett, Sir K. Douglas and others.

Another very large afternoon at home was given on Tuesday in the Sydney street schoolroom, by the Rev. Mr and Mrs Sprutt. The large hall was decorated with flowers and greenery, and small tables, on which were pot plants and dishes of sweets, chairs and screens were placed about. Afternoon tea was dispensed on the stage, and King's string band played merry music during the afternoon. Mrs Sprutt received in a black skirt and grey brocaded blouse, softened I noticed Lady Stout, who wore a white muslin dress with yellow belt. Amongst the large number present I noticed Lady Stout, who wore a blue and white foulard silk gown with broad white satin belt, and the bodice trimmed with white lace, black hat with feathers; Lady Berkley wore a black gown and toque with wings; Mrs Wallis, a blue and white

striped gown with white yoke, and a white straw hat with crimson roses and chiffon; Mrs Pharyzyn, a handsome black brocade gown with white lace on the front of the bodice, and a bonnet trimmed with white and pink; Miss Pharyzyn, a pale blue skirt and silk blouse with white lace, white straw hat with blue and pink flowers; Mrs Duncan Menzies (Dunedin), wore a very pretty palest grey voile gown, the revers and vest veiled in fine white lace, and a large black hat; Mrs Stowe, grey figured gown, black bonnet with pink flowers; Miss Stowe had a green flowered silk gown and black and white hat with red roses; Mrs Quick, a black brocade gown with cream lace scarf and a black and yellow bonnet; Miss Quick had a white gown with a cream lace bolero and turquoise belt, cream toque; Miss M. Quick, a pale blue blue gown trimmed with white lace and a black toque with white flowers; Mrs A. Brandon, a black voile skirt and lace bodice trimmed with open ceru lace, and a black toque with tips; Miss Brandon, white skirt and silk blouse, and pretty black velvet and chiffon toque; Mrs Gore, black brocade gown trimmed with white, black and white bonnet; Miss Gore, in a white embroidered muslin, with a blue belt, white hat with blue and white flowers; Mrs Knight (Sydney) a black silk gown figured with a tiny white spot, the bolero bodice made over a soft white blouse, black and white bonnet; Mrs Owen wore a pale blue linen gown with cream lace on the bolero, and a cream straw hat with shaded ribbon; Mrs Kemp (England) wore a sage-green gown and black bonnet trimmed with pink; Miss Kemp, a grey Eton gown with deep white collar, and a cream hat with flowers; Mrs G. Campbell, wore a light blue and white foulard gown trimmed with white silk and lace, and a cream toque; Mrs Burnies, a soft blue and white voile dress with lace on the bodice, and a black hat lined with white; Mrs McIntosh, black gown and jetted toque; Miss McIntosh wore a blue linen Eton suit, and white hat swathed with silk; Mrs Rawson, a heliotrope figured foulard gown, the white vest strapped with black velvet, and a black hat with tips; Mrs Rawson wore a soft white tucked silk and lace gown, and a white hat swathed in pink chiffon; her sister also wore a white gown and black and white hat; Mrs Biss (Dunedin) wore a black skirt and white silk blouse, black and white toque; Mrs M. Ross, grey Eton gown with white flowered revers, black toque with yellow flowers; Mrs Edwin wore a black coat and skirt, and black and green bonnet; the Misses Edwin both wore cream flowered delaine dresses; Mrs Leekie, in a black silk gown, and black and white bonnet; Mrs Barron, black skirt and silk blouse, with cream ruffle, and a cream and green toque; Miss Barron wore a cream Eton suit, and cerise hat with flowers to match; Mrs Joseph, in a black gown with lovely white lace collar, black bonnet; Mrs Butt, black gown and toque; Miss Butt wore a pale blue figured muslin gown, and black hat with tips; Mrs Tweed, blue and white spotted foulard with lace insertion, and a pink and black toque; Mrs Miles, a blue gown and black toque; Miss Miles, light holland dress, and large mauve toque; Mrs L. Reid, black costume and black and yellow toque; Mrs Arthur Young had a pretty cornflower blue gown trimmed with broad ceru guipure, and a black chiffon toque; Mrs Medley, a black gown and cape, black and white bonnet; Mrs Brown, a black gown and lace trimmed cape, black bonnet trimmed with red roses; Mrs Mantell, a fawn gown with white silk vest, and a green tulle toque; Miss Fraser, blue and white striped gown, and a cream hat trimmed with pink roses; Mrs Martin, a grey gown and black hat; Miss Martin had a pink muslin gown and a black hat with tips; Mrs Warren, black coat and skirt with white revers, black toque with tips; Miss A. Brandon, a pink voile gown trimmed with bands of black velvet, and white lace, pink chiffon toque; Miss Higginson, a pale blue muslin dress with cream insertion, and a pretty black toque; the Misses Hislop wore black skirts

and white silk blouses, cream and black hats; Miss Atkinson, a black and white muslin dress, and hat to match; Miss Parker, a pale blue muslin gown, and white hat; and her sister in white; the Misses Harding wore white skirts and tucked satin blouses, with lace collars, cream straw hats with roses; Miss K. Fitzgerald had a grey voile gown with white vest, and a black toque; Miss Berkley, a black and white striped muslin dress, and white hat; Miss Seddon, black coat and skirt, and black hat with feathers; Miss Izard, white muslin dress, and black chiffon toque; Miss Harcourt, a blue linen Eton gown and black hat with tips; Miss Nathan, a violet coloured gown and creamy toque; Miss Butts, white muslin gown with lace bolero, and a cream hat with flowers; Mrs Mills, a fawn gown, and yellow straw toque, trimmed with black; Miss — Mills, in a cream tucked silk gown, and pale blue chiffon toque.

OPHELIA.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, February 13.
The Hawtrey Dramatic Company have left Napier after a most successful season of five nights, ending last Tuesday with "Tom, Dick and Harry." Some of those present at this week's performances were: Mrs. Hovell, in a handsome black silk dress; Mrs. Tabuteau, looking well in a pale pink gown, trimmed with lace and a light grey skirt; Mrs. Bowen wore black net and lace over silk; Mrs. Wood was also in black; Mrs. Perry, white silk, with long transparent embroidered sleeves; Mrs. Kinross White had a black dress, with long ends of pale blue chiffon hanging from the bodice; Mrs. McLean, black silk dress; Mrs. Smith's black dress was covered with net; Miss Seed (Wellington) looked well in pale blue and black; Miss Ella Burke, light pink blouse, dark skirt; Miss Page, handsome black dress,

trimmed with lace; Miss Hovell, dainty pale blue blouse; Miss Cotterill, cream silk; Miss Wood also wore cream trimmed with chiffon and cream flowers; Mrs. Keesing, black satin and lace; Miss Violet Twigg, blue silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs. Bernau, pretty cream silk dress; Miss Lovell, pink blouse, dark skirt.

MARJORIE.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, February 13.
During the last week we have been very much engrossed with our Eighth Contingent, they taking their departure on Saturday afternoon amid great enthusiasm. A charming garden party was given in their honour by the Mayor and Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, at "Te Koraha," on Wednesday afternoon, His Excellency the Governor, accompanied by the Hon. C. Hill-Trevor, being present. The contingent arrived shortly after three o'clock, and after the officers being introduced to their host and hostess the men were dismissed and moved about amongst their friends, enjoying strolling round the beautiful grounds, inspecting orchards, stables, etc. The Garrison Band was stationed on the lawn, and two large marquees for afternoon tea, ices, fruit, etc. Mrs Rhodes wore a charming toilette of pale grey voile finished with white lace, hat and parasol to match; Mrs Heaton Rhodes, white skirt, pink glaze silk blouse, pink straw hat trimmed with black; Mrs Alister Clark, pink crepe de chine, much tucked, cream lace and black velvet trimmin, black chiffon hat and feathers; Mrs O'Rorke, cream dress, black hat; Mrs G. G. Stead; Mrs Julius, black satin and lovely lace collar black and pale blue bonnet; Miss Julius in white with pale blue silk trimmed hat; Mrs Hawkes, pale fawn chiffon, with lovely gold and silk embroidery, Tuscan hat with crimson wreath of berries; Mrs Ogle, a charm-

* P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. *



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ing black costume with insertion over white, white hat with pink roses; Mrs Wardrop, pale blue gown with white lace, pretty toque; Mrs Elworthy, all black; Mrs Bond, black relieved with heliotrope; Mrs G. Gould, very pretty grey gown, black hat; Mrs T. Cowlshaw, pale blue and white crepe de chine, pretty toque trimmed with green velvet and pink roses; Mrs Boyle, a charming grey costume; Mrs G. Lee, heliotrope gown finished with white, Tuscan toque; Miss Lee, Eton costume of white serge, pink hat; Mrs Kettle, black silk canvas over pink, black hat; Miss Kettle, heliotrope frock with lace collar, white hat; the Dean of Christchurch and Miss Harper, Bishop Julius, Bishop Grimes, Bishop Lenihan (Auckland), Mrs E. C. J. Stevens, Mrs (Dr.) Fox, Mr and Mrs V. Hargreaves, Mr and Mrs C. Morris, Professor, Mrs and Miss Cook, Mrs J. C. Palmer, Mr and Mrs Corfe, Mr and Mrs I. Gibbs, Mrs Palmer, Mr and Mrs R. Allen, Miss Allan, Mrs Kettlewell, Mrs R. Macdonald, Mr and Mrs Waymouth, Mr and Mrs Stringer, Misses N. Reeves, Cotterill, Tabart, Hill, Mrs and Miss Guthrie, and many others. The contingent left about five p.m., giving three hearty cheers for Mr and Mrs Rhodes, called for by Lieut.-Colonel Chaytor.

On Friday the agents of the troopship Cornwall (Messrs Kinsey, Burns and Co.) invited a number of the leading citizens to a luncheon on board, Lord Ranfurly also being present. This was followed by an afternoon tea, about four hundred being invited and conveyed by special train to the ship's side. Some of the decks had been enclosed and nicely decorated, and a band discoursed lively music. A delicious afternoon tea was served by Freeman, Limited, and with partaking of that, viewing the horses, the men's quarters and chatting with friends the time to take the train again came all too quickly. Among those present were Mr and Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, Captain and Mrs Heaton Rhodes, Lieut.-Colonel, Mrs and Miss Chaytor, Captain and Mrs Jackson, Captain and Mrs Lewis, Major and Mrs Slater, Colonel Webb, Colonel and Mrs Gordon, Lieut.-Colonel Day, Bishop, Mrs and Miss Julius, Mrs and Miss Denham, Mr and Mrs J. Anderson, Mr and Mrs A. Anderson, Misses Anderson and Pratt, Mr and Mrs G. Rhodes, Mr and Mrs O'Rorke, Mr and Mrs Wardrop, Mr and Mrs Owen Cox, Miss Hardy-Johnston, Mr and Mrs Meredith-Kaye, Mrs and Miss Denniston, Mr and Mrs Barkas, Mr and Mrs Bickerton Fisher, Mr and Mrs Lambie, Mr and Mrs A. W. Bennett, Mr and Mrs I. Gibbs, Mr and Mrs A. Kaye, Mr and Mrs H. D. Carter, Mr and Mrs Gilbert Anderson, Mr and Mrs de Vries, Mr and Mrs F. Waymouth, Mr and Mrs R. E. McDougall, Mr and Mrs Burns, Mr and Mrs Wm. Wood, Mr and Mrs Staveley, Mr, Mrs and Miss Secretan, Mr and Mrs Appleby, Mr Morton Anderson, Mr and Mrs Graham, Captain and Mrs Bone, Cap-

tain and Mrs Willis, Mr and Mrs T. C. Field, and many more. On Thursday evening about one hundred of the contingent were present at Miss Alice Hollander's concert by invitation. I regret to say these concerts have not been so well attended as they deserved. The youthful contralto has much improved since her last visit, and Herr Vollemar, Mr Neal McCay and Mr Farrell are all worth hearing, as 'cellist, tenor and pianist respectively. I have noticed there Mr and Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, Mrs E. C. J. Stevens and party, Mrs Mathias, Mrs and Miss Julius, Mr and Mrs Barkas, Mr and Mrs Burns, Mr and Mrs Struthers, Mr and Mrs Kohn, Mrs and Miss Merton, Mrs and Miss Gibson, Mr, Mrs and Miss Graham, the Misses Gardner, Mr T. Garrard, Mr and Mrs A. L. Parsons, Mr Carrick, Miss Martin, etc. Tennis parties continue to be held. Mrs G. Gould had a very pleasant afternoon party last week for the purpose, and though rather warm a delightful time was spent. Among those present were Mrs Hawkes, in a cool tussore gown; Mrs Woodroffe, white linen costume; Miss Earle; Mrs Gould wore a cool white costume; Mrs Boyle, Mrs Alister Clark, Mrs Ogie, Mrs Wardrop, Mrs T. Cowlshaw, Mrs J. D. Hall, Mrs Beawick, Misses Cowlshaw, Hill, N. Reeves, and others. Miss Cowlshaw gave a boating party one day last week, and the day was so hot the river was really a delightful resort. The party landed at Park Terrace and had afternoon tea at the residence of Sir John Hall. Among those present were Mr and Mrs J. D. Hall, Mr and Miss Cowlshaw (Sydney), Mr and Mrs J. M. Turnbull, Mr and Mrs W. Cowlshaw, Mr and Mrs T. Cowlshaw, Mrs Wardrop, Miss Lee, Mrs Alister Clark, Mrs G. Gould and others. Mrs Pat Campbell, "Ham," entertained a number of friends one afternoon last week, but not at the name by which the guests were summoned, a "Hay Party," the ruin in the morning damping everything. But some of those present were Mrs and Miss Stead, Mrs and Misses Denniston, Mr and Miss Connal, Mrs Pyne, Mr and Miss Neave, Mrs Cotterill, Mrs O'Rorke, Misses Sanders, Mrs and Miss Bowen, Mrs Boyle, Mrs Rhodes, Mrs Woodroffe, Miss Earle, Miss Hoskins, etc. On Saturday no one thought of anything but farewelling the contingent. Lord Ranfurly took leave of them at the camp at Addington before they entrained for Lyttelton. There was great disappointment the men did not march through the town, as the citizens wished to show more enthusiasm than they were able to. A great crowd greeted them at Lyttelton, where the Premier and Mrs Seddon, Sir Joseph Ward and Lady Ward, the Hon. W. C. Walker, the Hon. G. Jones, Mr A. E. G. Rhodes (Mayor of Christchurch), Mr T. C. Field (Mayor of Lyttelton), Messdames A. E. G. Rhodes, Heaton Rhodes, T. C. Field

and others were on the platform. After the men had put their kits on board several speeches were made, and the unfortunate length of the Premier's quite forbade the troopers getting even a last few minutes with their friends. No one seeing the Cornwall steaming away from the wharf could think solely of the sadness of the departure, for there was so much noise of bands, steam whistles, rockets and cheering, with the men cheering and waving in return, one forgot for an instant what it was all for. The greatest sympathy has been expressed for Mr and Mrs W. Reece, who have just returned from England, at the death of their eldest daughter, which took place on Sunday at their residence, "Norholme," Springfield Road. Miss Reece accompanied her father and mother on their recent tour, and it was hoped the trip would benefit her health, which was not altogether satisfactory. It has turned their home-coming into a very sad one, but expressions of sympathy are widespread. DOLLY VALE. NELSON. Dear Bee, February 10. Our week's festivities in connection with the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the foundation of the province of Nelson were begun last Monday morning under most favourable auspices, and were most successfully carried out. In fact, the whole of our Diamond Jubilee celebrations have been a great success in every way. The weather has been perfect throughout. Several days were intensely hot, but we did not mind that. There were numbers of different amusements each day and night, so many that it was impossible to see everything; but we all did our best and gave ourselves up to a week of enjoyment. There were hundreds of visitors present from the country districts and all parts of New Zealand. The city was most gaily decorated with flags and ferns, etc., and was beautifully illuminated each evening. On Monday morning the town was astir at a very early hour, and many finishing touches were put to the decorations and other preparations. At 8.30 the salute was fired by the "H" Battery, and at nine o'clock a short religious service was conducted by the Bishop of Nelson at the church steps, in the presence of several thousand people. A grand procession was then formed to the Botanical Reserve, where speeches were made by the Premier, Sir J. G. Ward, Colonel Pitt, and others. One feature in the procession which called for special mention was a dray drawn by ten bullocks, a sight which has not been seen here for many years. Amongst those who drove in the procession were the Mayor and Mrs Bagient, the latter wearing a smart grey costume, white chiffon toque with pink roses be-

neath the brain; the Premier and Mrs Seddon, the lady wearing a black and white costume with hat to match; Sir J. G. Ward, Lady Ward, heliotrope costume, toque en suite; Mr C. H. Mills and Mrs Mills, the latter wearing a smart black costume with full vest of heliotrope silk, black hat. Mrs Seddon and Lady Ward each carried a beautiful bouquet, presented to them by little Miss Mabel Traak. A BANQUET TO THE MINISTERS was given by the citizens on Monday evening, which I hear was a great success, but ladies were not admitted. The Mayor presided, and amongst those present were the Premier, Sir J. G. Ward, Hon. C. H. Mills, Captain Watson, of H.M.A. Lizard, the Bishop of Nelson, Colonel Pitt, M.L.C., Messrs Graham and Mr McKenzie, M.H.R., and many others. On Monday afternoon the Athletic and Cycling Club held most successful SPORTS in Trafalgar Park, and on Tuesday afternoon the chief attraction was the VOLUNTEER REVIEW AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT. In the Botanical Reserve. On both occasions there were thousands of people present, and I noticed numbers of pretty costumes worn by ladies. A few were: Mrs Seddon, black and white foulard, hat to match; the Misses Seddon (2), pretty white silk and lace blouses, black skirts, large black chiffon hats; Lady Ward, white and heliotrope flowered costume, toque to match; Mrs Mills, black costume and toque; Mrs Traak, smart black costume, hat en suite; Mrs Baigent, grey costume, white toque; Mrs Wolfe, white, hat to match; Mrs Mules, black costume and bonnet; Miss Mules, light costume, black chiffon hat; Mrs Richmond, black; Miss Richmond, white skirt, blue muslin blouse; Mrs F. Richmond (Blenheim), white muslin, heliotrope toque; Mrs Barr, heliotrope costume and toque; and her sister, Miss Boyd, wore white, hat with blue trimmings; Mrs and Miss Oldham; Mrs Stafford (Moutere), black and white; Mrs Scudlars, black; Mrs Macdonald (Cable Bay), white silk, white hat; Mrs B. Lewis, white costume, large black hat; Mrs Levien; Miss Levien, white, red hat; Mrs de Castro, light muslin; Mrs and the Misses Preshaw; Mrs Robinson, black and white; Mrs and the Misses Wright; Mrs and the Misses Harris; Miss Blackett, heliotrope muslin, black hat; Miss Lunny, royal blue muslin trimmed with lace, hat en suite; Miss Buchanan, white muslin; Miss Clifford; Miss Duff, white blouse, black skirt and hat; Misses Edwards (3); Miss P. Fell, white; Miss Gribben, rose pink, black hat; Miss Gibson, floral muslin; Miss Grubb, blue blouse, black skirt, sailor hat; Miss W. Hunter Brown, floral muslin, large black hat; her sister wore white; Miss Heaps, green linen,



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GENUINE BARGAINS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS. EVERYTHING REDUCED.

MCCULLAGH & GOWER, 246, 248, 250, QUEEN STREET.

black hat; Miss Johnston (Wellington), light costume; Miss Johansen (Motueka) looked well in flowered muslin, white hat; Miss Perrin, white; Misses Sealy (2), white, black hat; Miss G. Sealy, pink muslin, white hat; Miss Tomlinson, pink floral muslin; Miss Watkins, white, black hat; Miss Watkis, white muslin; and others.

TENNIS AND BOWLING TOURNAMENTS

were held each afternoon, the play in both cases was good, and there were a large number of visitors present, who took a keen interest in the games. Here, again, numbers of smart dresses were worn. I noticed Mrs Robinson, blue and white foulard, bonnet en suite; Mrs Renwick, handsome black costume, bonnet to match; Mrs Sclanders, black voile; Mrs Booth, black costume, blue chiffon toque; Miss G. Booth, white muslin, large hat; Mrs B. Lewis, yellow muslin, hat to match; Mrs Kingdon, lemon silk blouse, black skirt, black hat; Mrs Roberts, black and white, white chiffon hat; Mrs Burnes, white muslin relieved with heliotrope; Mrs Macquarrie, black; Mrs Childs, light flowered muslin, grey hat with pink roses; Mrs Bloomfield, white silk, hat with scarlet trimmings; Mrs G. Watts, (Hlenheim), smart grey costume, chip hat with scarlet flowers; Mrs Jack Sharp, black costume, black and white hat; Mrs Houliker, dark blue foulard; Miss Houliker, white; Mrs and Miss Heaps; Mrs Baigent; Mrs Rout, black and pink; Mrs Clarke; Mrs Dodson, black; Mrs Coull, light silk blouse, black skirt and hat; Mrs Wratt; Mrs Maginnity, black silk; Mrs Monro, light blue and white foulard, black hat; Mrs Trent, black; Mrs Green, black and white; Mrs and the Misses Preshaw; Mrs and the Misses Edwards; Miss Dorothy Bell, white blouse, navy skirt, sailor hat; Miss Brabant (Auckland), light blouse, dark skirt, white hat with red trimmings; Miss Bunny, blue muslin; Miss Blackett, floral muslin blouse, black skirt and hat; Miss Bay-

ley (Westport), dark blue linen, sailor hat; Miss Campbell, white; Miss Clifford, white; Miss M. Glasgow was stylish in white; Miss Johansen, light muslin; Miss Hursthouse, white dress and hat; Miss Johnson, rose silk blouse, dark skirt, smart hat; Miss Kempthorne, light costume, white hat with roses; Miss Levien, red hat, light costume; Miss Humphries, white; Miss L. Hunter Brown, white; Miss Mules, floral muslin, black hat; Misses Ledger (2) wore white; Miss Perrin, light green costume; Miss Roberts, pink muslin; Miss Richmond, pink muslin; Miss D. Roberts, black and white; Miss Sealy, white silk, black toque; Miss F. Sealy, white, large black hat; Miss Stevens, light costume; Miss Tully (Wairarapa), light silk blouse, black skirt, smart hat; Miss Robertson, grey voile, large hat.

On Tuesday evening the JUBILEE BALL

was held in the School of Music Hall, and was an enjoyable function, but there were not nearly as many present as was expected on such an occasion. Messrs H. Baigent, Muller, J. Orsman, Major Wolfe, and Lieut. Levien were the M.C.'s, and excellent music was supplied by Mr Trussell's orchestra. Amongst those present were: Mrs Baigent, wearing a handsome gown of black silk; Major and Mrs Wolfe, the latter looking well in black; Judge and Mrs Robinson; Mr and Mrs Allan; Mr and Mrs G. Watts; Mr and Mrs Lewis; Mr and Mrs Kingdon, the latter wearing handsome black silk; Mr and Mrs A. P. Burnes, the latter looked well in a handsome gown of yellow satin; Mrs W. Adams (Hlenheim), black evening dress; Mrs Willis (Wellington); Mr and Mrs Monro, the latter wearing black satin; Mr and Mrs A. Trask; Mrs Johansen (Motueka), black; Miss Johansen, a debutante, was greatly admired in a pretty gown of white silk, with chiffon frills on the skirt and bodice; another debutante was Miss Daisy Douglas, who also looked

very pretty in a beautifully made gown of white satin; Miss Heaps, white silk; Miss Hursthouse (Motueka), pretty white muslin; Miss Bunny, black; Miss Douglas, pink silk; Miss Stevens, black net over white; Misses Clifford, D. Bell, Brabant (Auckland), and others. Amongst the gentlemen were Captain Watson and officers of H.M.s. Lizard, Colonel Pitt, M.L.C., Major Major, D.S.O., Messrs Adams, Broad, Morton, Rowley, Hursthouse, Clifford, Irvin, James and others.

On Friday a very enjoyable

DANCE

was given at "Wainui," Mrs Lightband's boarding-house. Amongst those present were Messrs James Lightband, Allan, Douglas, Monro, Burnes, Sealy (Christchurch), the Misses Douglas (3); Miss D. Douglas was very much admired and looked pretty in white silk; Miss M. Glasgow, handsome pink gown with trimmings of ruby velvet; Miss E. Ledger, black; and her sister wore white silk; Miss Grubb (Wellington), pretty blue evening dress; Miss Bunny, black evening dress relieved with blue; Miss M. Bunny, white; Miss E. Kempthorne looked pretty in soft white silk; Miss D. Roberts was also admired in white silk; Miss Watkis, lemon satin; Miss Stewart-Forbes, white; Miss Stevens, black net over white, the bodice finished with ruby velvet; Miss Raine, white satin; Miss Filleul; Miss Hursthouse, white muslin; the Misses Ellis (2) wore becoming evening dresses; Misses Wright (2), Edwards (3), Trent (2), Tatton, etc., etc. Amongst the gentlemen were Messrs Lightband (2), Allan, Duncan, Monro, Purnes, Coney, Major, Broad, Edwards, Trent (2), Hursthouse, Adams, Hamilton (2), Grace, Dixon, Kempthorne, Roberts (2), James, Dr. Douglas, and several officers of H.M.s. Lizard.

The

GEISHA BAZAAR.

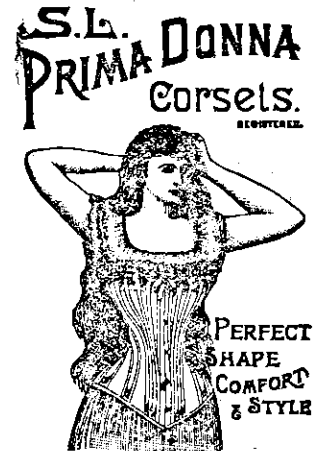
organised in connection with the

Presbyterian Church, was opened in the Provincial Hall on Tuesday afternoon by the Premier. Mrs Seddon, Sir J. G. and Lady Ward, and Mrs Trask were also present. All the stalls were tastefully decorated in bright colours, and each surmounted by an immense Japanese umbrella, and the lady stall-holders were attired in Japanese costume.

The Jubilee was brought to a close on Friday evening with a torchlight and trades procession, and Fire Brigade demonstration, which was most successful; the whole city was brilliantly illuminated and the streets thronged with people.

PHYLLIS.

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



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

GREAT CASH SALE



OF SUMMER GOODS

NOW ON AT

RUSHBROOK & BRIDGMAN'S.

Goods in all Departments

HEAVILY REDUCED IN PRICE

To Clear Before Taking Stock.

THE STOCK

OF GENERAL AND FURNISHING DRAPERY, DRESS GOODS, HOSIERY, MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING, &c., &c.

REDUCED 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.

SALE NOW ON.

RUSHBROOK & BRIDGMAN,
Drapers, Clothiers and Outfitters.

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

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.
MARIE TO COLDS AND BRONCHIAL ASTHMA,
CURED BY ONE BOTTLE OF HEARNE'S
BRONCHITIS CURE.
THE DOCTOR SO INTERESTED THAT HE
CARRIED OFF THE EMPTY BOTTLE.

"Orange, N.S.W."
"Mr. Hearne—I enclose for your own private personal perusal of a letter received from my mother, Mrs. [redacted] of London, England, from which you will glean that your medicine has been a perfect Godsend to a martyr to colds and bronchial asthma. I do not wish any name 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 have of your own medicine, and sent it to England. You can see for yourself what an immense success it was."
"I have been interested in hearing that I think the Bronchitis Cure really excellent. I was very bad when it arrived, and I immediately took it. That was last Friday, and it has quite cured me. Dr. [redacted] was very much interested in it. He came yesterday, and carried off the empty bottle to find out if he could get a full one from a doctor who is in a large way here."
"The name and address of the 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.

"Derholm, Victoria."
"Dear Sir—I wish to add my testimony to the wonderful effect of your Bronchitis Cure. I suffered for nine months, and the cough was so distressing that at night I was obliged to get up and sit by a fire. I had medical advice, and tried every remedy, without avail. I tried years, and never had a bit of coughing after the first dose, and though I have had but two bottles of it I am a different man, and the cough has vanished. You may depend upon my testifying to 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 efficacy, bearing your signed by the Rev. JOHN SINGLIER, Myers Street, Geelong, and thirty-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, and the cough at first was not so distressing as it later became, and I became very weak and troubled with night sweats, pain in my chest, and great quantities of phlegm, which, undoubtedly prove its efficacy, bearing your signed by the Rev. JOHN SINGLIER, Myers Street, Geelong, and thirty-nine other leading residents."

Severe Cough.
A FIVE YEARS' CASE.
RELIEVED AT ONCE AND COMPLETELY CURED
BY HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

"Dear Sir—I suffered from severe cold on the chest with cough for five years, and during that time got breakfast and dinner for my little girl who she was seven months 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 faithfully,
"Mrs. E. RAKAGE."

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 been suffering from your medicine for years before my little girl who she was seven months 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 faithfully,
"Mrs. E. RAKAGE."

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.
"I used your Bronchitis Cure for three of my family, and it cured each of these 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 he was cured of the malady; but I am sending for another bottle in case I should want it.—D. McDONALD, Traralgon, via Geelong, New South Wales."
"Your Bronchitis Cure is a wonderful medicine.—A. B. SIMMONS, No. 7, Banny Street, Paddington, Sydney."
"My wife is 62 years old, and I am 70, and I am glad to inform you that your Bronchitis Cure has done as both a wonderful deal of good, it having quickly cured us both.—S. ZAKSKEVITZ, Huxford Creek, via Geelong, Victoria."
"I have used one bottle of your Bronchitis Cure with great benefit to myself, as the coughing has completely left me.—(Mrs.) JOHN MADDEN, Kipton, Victoria."
"I have found your Bronchitis Cure a splendid medicine.—JOHN MADDEN, Kipton, 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, Bingsong, Marandah, N.S.W."
"My cold, had as it was, disappeared after two doses.—C. J. GURRIE, Solidier, Victoria Chambers, Geelong Street, Melbourne."
"I lately administered some of your Bronchitis Cure to a son of mine, with splendid effect. The cure was absolutely miraculous.—F. J. PACCKI, Geelong, Neutral Bay, Sydney, N.S.W."
"Your Bronchitis Cure, an usual, acted splendidly.—C. H. BRADFOUR, 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 cured me right off at once.—G. SEVIER, Bourke, New South Wales."
"Your medicine for asthma is worth 20/- a bottle.—W. LEVINS, Heywood, Victoria."
"I have tried lots of medicines, but yours is the best I ever had. I am recommending it to everybody.—S. STEELE, Yacko Sliding, 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. TINKLER, Severn River, via Liverpool, 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. BLOOD, Brooklands, Avoca Street, North 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. ALLIN, Oonah 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.—HELVET WULLOOD, Alma, near Maryborough, Victoria."
"The bottle of Bronchitis Cure I got from you was magical in its effects.—CHAS. WYBROW, Ezeah's Point, via Darrington, Victoria."

Gratitude and Appreciation.
HUNDREDS CURED IN THEIR OWN CIRCLE.

"The 'Scientific Australian' Office,
"Dear Mr. Hearne.—I had, Queen Street, Melbourne.
"The most effective, and if there is any body in Victoria who during the last few years has been suffering from cough and who has ever since been continually re-commending it to others."
"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 marvellous 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 saved the suffering of thousands and hundreds of people even in our own city."
"I believe you always be."
"Yours most faithfully,
"FRANKLIN, 'ORANGE' & CO."

Queensland Testimony.
FROM BRISBANE WHOLESALE GERMIST.

"Mr. W. G. Hearne.—I have sent you 25 dozen Bronchitis Cure by first post. We enclose you cheque for same amount of order."
"We have heard your Bronchitis Cure spoken well of. A gentleman told us today that he had given it to a child of his with most remarkable result, the child being quite cured by three doses."
"We are faithfully yours,
"THOMAS CHATER & CO.,
"Wholesale Chemists."

Cured in Ten Days.
THE EDITOR OF THE OLDEST NEWSPAPER IN
VICTORIA EXPRESSES GRATITUDE
AND 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 in the end of ten days the complaint was completely cured. We are now never without the medicine in the house, and at the first indication of a cold it is taken, with immediate curative effect."
"I am, my dear Sir, your faithfully,
"R. QUARRELL,
"Editor 'Geelong Advertiser.'"

A Five Years' Case.
CURED BY ONE SMALL BOTTLE.

"Dear Sir—Kindly send me one large bottle of your Bronchitis Cure, as my place here with the result of your wonderful medicine, as a small bottle cured my little girl, who had been suffering for five years, and now I do not feel safe to be without."
"I remain, yours faithfully,
"AGNES F. KENNEDY,
"Bulgara, Victoria."

A Seven Years' Case.
EXPECTORATING BLOOD AND MATTER.
COMPLETELY CURED.

"Mr. W. G. Hearne,—
"Dear Sir—Your medicine has cured me of bronchitis and asthma. From which I suffered for upwards of seven years, during which period I was scarcely ever free from cough, and frequently the difficulty of breathing was so distressing that I had to lie in bed for many days at a time. I have tried many different medicines, but without success. I was confined to bed suffering from a most violent cough, expectorating blood and matter, and apparently beyond hope of recovery. The first dose of the medicine gave me welcome relief, and I gradually improved as I continued the treatment until I became, as I am sure, quite well."
"Yours sincerely,
"M. WALKER,
"Melburn, Sydney."

Asthma.
PREVIOUS TREATMENT FAILED.
A SEVENTEEN YEARS' CASE.
CURED BY THREE BOTTLES.

Mr. Alex. J. Anderson, of Oak Park, Charlesville, Queensland, writes: "After suffering from Asthma for 17 years, and having been under a great many different treatments without benefit, I was induced to try your medicine for asthma. After taking three bottles of this medicine I got rid of the asthma, and since then, which was in the beginning of 1885 (16 years ago), I have not had the slightest return of it. The medicine quite cured me and I have used Hearne's in recommending it."
"Writing again on the 4th April, 1902, he states:—I am completely well now. Never have the slightest return of the Asthma."

12 Years' Agony.
DISTRESSING, SUFFOCATING, DRY COUGH
ENTIRELY REMOVED BY FIVE DOSES.
NO OTHER TREATMENT COULD EVEN KEEP IT.

"My wife was for twelve years a sufferer from a most distressing, suffocating, dry cough that could not be removed or even eased by any remedy, doctor's prescriptions and patent medicine 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, your most respectfully,
"WILLIAM CROCKETT,
"Baker's Swamp P.O., via Dripstone, N.S. Wales."

Prepared only and Sold Wholesale and Retail by the Proprietor,

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

N.Z. Branch Office—COFFEE PALACE BUILDINGS, MORAY PLACE, DUNEDIN.

SMALL SIZE, 2s. 6d.;

LARGE, 4s. 6d.

Sold by Chemists and Medicine Vendors

FORWARDED TO ANY ADDRESS WHEN NOT OBTAINABLE LOCALLY.

Postage: 6d. for Small; 9d. for Large Size.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

KING'S COLLEGE, AUCKLAND.

AUCKLAND.

FOUNDED 1886.

(Abridged Prospectus for 1902.)

VISITOR:

THE REV. W. BEATTY, M.A.,
Vicar of St. Mark's Parish, Remuera.

BOARD OF REFERENCE:

LIEUT.-COL. GUDGEON, C.M.G., British Resident, Rarotonga; **LIEUT.-COL. GORING,** Whangarei; **REV. HENRY MAJOR, M.A.,** Hamilton; **CAPTAIN RICHARD TODD Napier;** **VINCENT E. PYKE, Esq.,** Gisborne; **E. B. COX, Esq.,** Taupiri; **JOHN GORDON, Esq.,** Taupiri; **Auckland—B. L. ABBOT, Esq., J. H. M. CAMPBELL, Esq., ARCH. CLARK, Esq., M. A. CLARK, Esq., D. E. CLERK, Esq., T. COTTER, Esq., FRID. EARL, Esq., T. FINLAYSON, Esq., A. HEATHER, Esq., H. B. MORTON, Esq., JOHN MOWERAY, Esq., C. RANSON, Esq., H. C. TEWSELEY, Esq.**

HEADMASTER:

MR GEO. BIGG-WITHER, B.A.
(New Zealand University.)

RESIDENT CHAPLAIN:

THE REV. CHARLES TISDALL, M.A., Formerly Curate of St. Paul's Cathedral, Wellington, and Vicar of Waitotara.

ASSISTANT MASTERS:

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

VISITING MASTERS:

MUSIC (Pianoforte, Violin, and Singing)—**MR ADAMS, MR H. CONNELL, MR R. L. HUNT**
SHORTHAND—MR J. H. COLWILL
GYMNASTICS—PROFESSOR CARROLLO
CARPENTRY—MR JAS. McCOLL

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Telephone 904.

Stamp Collecting.

Apparently up to the present Niue Island has not had an obliterating stamp, for letters have been received on which is the New Zealand penny universal stamp, surcharged with the word Niue, and obliterated by having the same word written transversely across from corner to corner, and the date 6/1/02 underneath. The surcharge is that of the rubber stamp.

From April next it has been decided that Wurtemberg shall use the German Imperial postage stamp, while retaining others for local use.

Belgium parcel post stamps are to have added 30 cent orange, 40 cent dark green, 70 cent dark blue, 90 cent bright red, and 3 franc black, of the 1895 type.

Cape Verde "remainders" are to be sold by auction in London on the 21st of this month as follows: 20,693 of 5 reis black, 49,314 of 10 do. green, 93,554 of 20 do. red, 13,884 of 25 do. violet, 3058 of 40 do. brown, 41,052 of 50 do. blue, and 98,664 of 300 orange. Catalogue values will fall to zero as far as Cape Verde stamps are concerned.

A new series of Dutch Indies stamps is about to appear similar in style to low value Netherlands, with figure value in the centre. Surinam is also to have a similar issue.

North Borneo has issued a 10 cent lilac grey, and 16 cent dark green, so far not surcharged "British Protectorate."

A pair of Zululand 5/ carmine realised 115/ at auction in London.

United States 1 dollar black, 1895-96 issue, are offered for sale at 1/6, and 2 and 3 dollars at 10/ the pair.

The Cape 1d blue error is now quoted at £36 as a special offer.

The accidental vagaries of printers have resulted in there now being over 200 different V.R.L. and O.F.S. surcharges on South African stamps.

The "Senior," writing in "Stamps" states: "In counterfeiting the scarce stamps of Schleswig-Holstein, the forgers of the 1856 issue were bothered by the blue silk threads of the originals. In the genuine stamps, the silk thread is embedded in the substance of the paper; in the counterfeits the silk thread is held between two thin sheets of paper and can be released when the stamps are placed in water for a time.

A new British South Africa stamp has appeared, same type as the others, value 7/6, colour black.

Fiji 6 cents, with Gothic V.R. unused, sold for 27/ in London.

Mauritius has issued "arnis" stamps as follow: 1 cent dull or tinted black, 2 cent dull purple, 4 cent brown and carmine on yellow, and 10 cent bluish grey green and light red.

At a stamp auction in London a New Zealand half of 1/ green, 1856 issue on blue paper used on front of an envelope as sixpence, realised £6 10s.

The Dominican Republic has issued a new series of eight stamps, 1895 design, the values ranging from 1 cent to 1 peso.

Amongst prices realised for stamps at recent auction sales, the following Australasians changed hands: N.S.W. Austlem, 1d perf., 11 for £6 15s; South Australia, V. and C.R. error, 4d purple, £1 16/; N.Z. 2d vermilion lozenge watermark £3 5/; Tasmania, 2 serrated perfs. £3 9s; South Australia 1d 15 x 11 block of eight, £6 6s; Victoria, first 2d lilac, £3 17/6; do. 1862, perf. 6d orange, heavy penmark, £2; Westralia, imp. 1867, two-pence brown black, £1 10s; and do. 6d black bronze, £3 12/6.

The "Scottish Critic," referring to stamp collecting, has the following: "Collecting stamps is another form of aberration sometimes visited with hard names, generally because large sums are given for what the uninitiated regard as bits of worthless paper. There was a fine outburst the other day because £35 was given for a "British Guiana, 1850, 4 cents orange-violet, cut octagonally," and £50 for "a Hawaii, 1851, five cents blue, slightly repaired." Sixteen stamps brought £799.

The following Angela "remainders" are to be offered by auction this month in London: 12,505 of 12 reis black, 58,205 10 do. green, 2419 of 20 do. carmine, 16,184 of 25 do. violet, 169,931 of 40 do. chocolate, 19,023 of 50 do. blue, 32,153 of 100 do. brown, 130,000 of 200 do. lilac, and 131,588 of 300 do. orange. A slump in Angela stamps will surely follow the sale.

LADY SAVED FROM A NASTY FALL.

(From a Contemporary.)

The report of a popular young lady's escape from a nasty accident reached us just as we were going to press, so a reporter called without delay upon Miss Petrea Peterson, at her residence in Featherstone, for particulars.

"I hear, Miss Peter on," said he, "that you have been saved from a nasty fall."

"Yes, indeed," was the reply, "but it occurred some time ago. It was in this way: suddenly, whilst walking through a room, I found myself falling head first to the floor."

"How were you saved from injury?"

"Well, I just had presence of mind enough to clutch the furniture; then then I sank down into a chair utterly exhausted. This occurred several times, for I had been weak and anaemic and subject to dizziness for several years; my face was thin and pale, my legs bloodless, and I suffered from fearful, throbbing headaches. I could neither eat nor sleep properly; more than once at night I have been taken with cramp in the legs, the stinging, tingling pain causing me to scream. If I went upstairs my heart palpitated rapidly, and I would have to rest to recover my breath; sometimes I was too weak to speak. During my illness doctors attended me, but their treatment did not strengthen me. In June, '97, I saw an advertisement in the "Evening News," in which a young lady told how she had been cured of anaemia by Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people. I sent for a supply, and even after a few doses felt better. Four boxfuls strengthened me greatly; five more cured me. There is no trace of anaemia about me now; I am bright and strong, I sleep soundly, and my complexion is greatly improved."

The cause of many ailments which afflict women and men is bloodlessness, or anaemia. Insufficient blood leads to a train of symptoms having indigestion as their immediate cause, such as loss of appetite, pain after eating, biliousness, sluggish liver, headaches, etc. Dr. Williams' pink pills make new blood with every dose, and thus assist young ladies to develop properly and regularly; they strengthen the nerves and ward off the danger of consumption they have cured cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, bronchitis, consumption, St. Vitus' dance, rickets, skin diseases, ladies' ailments, effects of pneumonia, pleurisy, influenza, fevers, etc. Sold by chemists and storekeepers and the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, three shillings per box, six boxes sixteen and six post free. Beware of imitations dyed pink; they are useless and may be poisonous.



See this Trade Mark on every Tin.

Milkmaid
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In the
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AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES

"Crimes of the Corset."

In the four hundred years that have elapsed since Catherine de Medicis introduced corsets into France, criticism of the article and of the women wearing it has not been lacking. Indeed, it was not long after the death of Catherine when a celebrated French savant gave a lecture in his dissecting room at the Hotel Dieu to demonstrate the "crimes" of which the corset was guilty. These lectures raised much discussion at the time, and they, perhaps, and not coquetry and the feminine love of change, were responsible for the loose, floating lines of the Watteau pleat, or, a century afterward, for the costumes of the Directoire.

Now another celebrated French doctor has returned to the charge, and, not content with lecturing and demonstrating the evils of corsets,

has gone so far as to form a bill which it is his intention to present to the Chamber, and which, in the case of its becoming law, would most effectually put a stop to what this doctor terms "the crimes of womanhood."

Dr. Marechal is a physician whose reputation would not lead one to accuse him of mere sensationalism, yet the charges that he brings against corsets in his recent lecture are perhaps more stringent than those ever uttered before by any member of the anti-corset brigade. Dr. Marechal makes the astonishing assertion, and pretends to back it up by statistics, that out of a hundred young women who wear corsets only thirty retain perfect health.

The law that Dr. Marechal is endeavouring to have passed is divided into three articles. Article 1 forbids any women under thirty to wear a

corset of any description. Any woman convicted of doing so shall be punished by three months of imprisonment, if the delinquent should be a minor, her parents or guardians as well shall be condemned to pay a fine of from 100 to 1000 francs.

Article 2 permits any woman over thirty to wear any corsets she wishes.

Article 3 provides for the most rigorous formalities surrounding the manufacturing and sale of corsets. Every one licensed to sell corsets shall be obliged to take the name, address and age of every buyer, and shall be subject to fine and confiscation of business in case of an illegal sale.

Although Dr. Marechal asks that legislation shall only take cognizance of the evils of corsets at present, he is by no means to stop there in his desire for dress reform. He has a good deal to say on the subject of

high heels and pointed toes, of tight gloves and long skirts. In short, he claims that women's dress has caused a frightful physical deterioration in the human species. While the cranium of the Merovingian woman had a capacity of 1383 cubic centimetres, that of the modern French woman has a capacity of only 1337 cubic centimetres, and this loss, the doctor declares, is due to the habit of wearing heavy head-dresses.

As to whether or no a modern French head weighing only 1337 cubic centimetres is worth more than a Merovingian cranium weighing somewhat more is a subject on which the learned doctor does not care to enter. He is convinced that corsets, hats, veils and various other items of the feminine wardrobe are bad, and has come to the conclusion that if women will not be persuaded to discard them they should be forced to do so.



Smart Cloaks.

Dr. Marechal is an ardent supporter of the woman's rights movement in France, and yet it is to men and the law that he appeals to bring about the reform which he has so much at heart. He tacitly admits that the vanity of the average woman will not allow her to give up these coquetties, and that she must be brought to do so through the intervention of her old time "lord and master," the man and husband.

But it has been argued by people whose perspicuity has been brought to bear on the subject that the strongest objections to the uncorseted figure come from man—the ordinary average man. When he shall become convinced that a trig waist and confined hips are not necessary to a woman's good appearance there is a possibility that the corset will be done away with.

A Gentia Hint.

Polish yourself up, madam; you had a pretty wit once, a pleasant laugh, a conversation that was not confined exclusively to the shortcomings of servants, the wranglings of tradesmen. My dear madam, we do not live on spotless linen and crumpled carpets. Hunt out that bundle of old letters you keep tied up in faded ribbon at the back of your bureau drawer—a pity you don't read them oftener! He did not enthuse about your cuffs and collars, gush over the neatness of your darning. It was your tangled hair he raved about, your sunny smile—we have not seen it for some years, madam the fault of the cook and the butcher, I presume; your little hands, your rose-bud mouth—it has lost its shape, madam, of late. Try a little less of scolding of Mary Ann, and practice a laugh once a day; you might get back the dainty curves. It would be worth trying. It was a pretty mouth once.—Jerome K. Jerome.

Novel Methods of Getting Thin.

To compel himself to take the distasteful exercise necessary to keep down his weight, a Sussex farmer adopted some years since a novel expedient. This was nothing less than to take such a start of a ferocious bull which he owned as would enable him, by running at his topmost speed to reach safety ere the animal came within tossing distance. This curious race, which took place daily, kept him in most excellent condition.

A certain North Country publican, who bid fair to qualify for a "fat man," and whose natural sloth and love of good cheer rendered out of the question that regimen usually prescribed for persons of his habit of body, thought that abstinence from sleep would bring about the desired result. He installed, therefore, two potmen as watchers, with stringent orders to allow him on no account more than three hours' sleep in the twenty-four. So faithful were these to their trust that their master endured agonies of discomfiture, which although for the time they lowered his weight, bred in him a determination to forswear banting for the future.

A native of Genoa named Lecondi, who was much overburdened with adipose tissue, conceived the idea that his state was due to the amount of oxygen present in fresh air. To obviate this he kept to his room, the door of which was only opened once on Sundays to permit of provisions for the following week being introduced. The result was only what might have been expected; Lecondi became dangerously ill, and but for the prompt interference of his family would have paid for his mistaken eccentricity with his life.

A year back the inhabitants of Neodesha, Kansas, were noted for their extreme tenuity, not one scaling over seven stone. This came to the ears of certain scientists, who, after investigation, declared that the phenomenon was due to the vast amount of oil and natural gas that was stored beneath the town. Forthwith came a rush of fat folk desirous to undergo the cure, and the town now presents a strange appearance, half of the population being perfect skeletons, and the remainder Daniel Lamberts daily and visibly wasting. In the early forties a half-witted Mancunian, of Falstaffian proportions, having heard that a fellow townsman had been worried almost to a skeleton by a nagging wife, conceived that a like treatment might serve his turn. He therefore proposed to a bitter-tongued splinter of uncertain years and, on the strength of a small competency that he possessed, was promptly accepted. Whether his wife's tongue relieved him of much solid flesh is not recorded, though it certainly did of

what little sense he had been originally gifted, for he ended his days in an asylum.

Equally strange was the idea of a Mr Fuller, of Chicago, who lately summoned hypnotism to his aid. Alarmed at his increasing bulk, he placed himself under a local mesmerist of repute, who, having put him into a state of trance, communicated the very alarming fact that he was a ruined man. This "suggestion," which was repeated daily, had, it is averred, the desired effect.

A singular fancy took possession of the brain of a banker, named Hallmayr, who died at Berlin in 1813. Belonging to a family whereof all the members became with years excessively corpulent, he conceived the extraordinary notion that he could fend off his dreaded fate by wearing a stout leather casing, which, by fitting tightly to his body, would infallibly prevent its increasing in bulk. Such a suit of torture then did he cause to be made, with the result that he worried and tormented himself into a decline, and died at a comparatively early age.

Thoughts on Reading.

There is more potent influence in the average life than the books one reads. In youth the character must almost be said to be moulded by them and in later life their influence is inestimable.

There never was a time when more books were read than at present. New books are appearing every day, and the effort to keep up with the newest in current literature is a perceptible strain, and the results do not always justify the expenditure of time and energy. If one could only

sift the accumulation, rejecting the inconsequential and retaining the looks of genuine worth, it might be worth while, but such a procedure is hardly practicable.

Would it not be as well for the busy ones whose time for reading is limited to await the verdict of time as to the merit of a book, rather than to read as indiscriminately as is now the rule. In the scramble to read the very latest publications, the standard literature, which has withstood the test of generations of readers and critics is neglected and the great poets especially have been crowded from the high positions they formerly held with those who read and think.

Professor Norton's recommendation to busy people, that they should read one worthy poem each day, is worthy of consideration, and one could not put the time to better use. One should certainly, too, read the best books of the day, when time enough has elapsed to prove that they are such. But by all means read the masterpieces of literature. A writer in a current magazine laments that the literary quality is wanting in modern stage representation. We also need more of it in our daily reading.

Whatever else one neglects, one should keep in touch with the progress of the day, and to that end newspapers and magazines are a necessity, but even with these discretion should be exercised. One's mental diet should be varied, and there should be a due portion of substantials. The physical organism would degenerate under an exclusive regimen of pastry and ice cream. A piece of resistance is necessary for the mental health as well.—Elizabeth Berry in "Household Companion."

THE HIGH-CLASS WASHING MATERIAL

'Viyella'

DOES (Regd.) NOT SHRINK.

For Men's Day Shirts, Night Shirts, Pyjamas, &c.

For Ladies' Shirts, Blouses, Nightdresses, &c.

For Children's Frocks, &c.

'Viyella'

is a luxury for DAY and NIGHT Wear.

Does not irritate the skin.

To be obtained from the leading Drapers.

make BOOTS and SHIRTS water-proof as a duck's back, and soft as velvet. Adds softness to the wear of leather. Pleasant odour. Allows polish to shine. All in 20 minutes. Highest Award for superiority. Black or Brown colour. Sold by Boot Shops, Saddlers, from

Dales' GOLD MEDAL Dubbin

Wholesale and Manufacture—Dial Works, London, E.C.

MENE! Every Lady should give these excellent Towels a trial. They are antiseptic, absorbent, and will last twice as long as any other at double the price.

SANITARY TOWEL

To be obtained from all Drapers and Chemists.

Wholesale of SHARLAND & Co. Ltd. 100, Strand, LONDON, W.C.2.

I do not ask you to spend money to test whether my remedy does or does not cure Pits, Eruptions, St. Vitus' Dance, etc. All I ask of you is to SEND for a FREE Tonic and to try it. Table by the result. A safe remedy approved by the Medical Profession.

E. G. HOOT, 28, Wimpole Gardens, London, N.W.

I CURE FITS

KOKO FOR THE HAIR




Photo from Life Original may be seen at 111, Regent Street, London, W.

KOKO FOR THE HAIR

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, eradicates dandruff, prevents hair from falling, is the most efficacious 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, causes 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 sugar of lead, sulphur, nitrate of silver, or grease, and does not soil or colour the scalp, face, or the most delicate fabric in clothing, 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 colouring matter of any kind.

KOKO is sold in 1/2 oz and 4 oz bottles everywhere. Australian Depot, Koko Hairdressing Co. Ltd., 111, Castlereagh Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

BARTING—See that this Registered Trade Mark is on every bottle.

Toilet Hints.

HOW MUCH WE OUGHT TO DRINK.

Doctors tell us nowadays that the average person does not drink nearly as much as he or she should do. For an adult the quantity is two and a half pints daily. A glass of cold water habitually taken at night, and another half an hour before breakfast in the morning, is often most useful in curing bad constipation.

FOR BLACKHEADS.

Friction and nightly washing with good soap and lukewarm water is the best way to cure blackheads. After washing with the soap rinse your face thoroughly in clear lukewarm water till every vestige of soap is removed. Then dry with a towel, and dipping your fingers—which, of course, must be perfectly clean—in a very little cold cream, massage the affected parts thoroughly. Then gently wipe off any remaining grease. Remember it takes months, and sometimes years, to cure blackheads, so don't expect marvellous results to follow immediately. It must be done regularly if it is to do good.

A GOOD FACE CREAM.

Ingredients: Quarter of an ounce of white wax, two and a half ounces spermaceti, two and a half ounces oil of sweet almonds, one and a half ounces rosewater, and, if liked, one drop attar of roses. The wax and spermaceti should be melted in a lined saucepan, the almond oil added as soon as they are melted, and the whole heated slowly. Remove from the stove, pour the rosewater in, and stir till cold. This is more a cleansing cream than a skin food. If you have blackheads rub some into your face two or three times a week before washing at night. Carefully wipe off before washing, and you will

be surprised at the amount of dirt it removes.

CARE OF THE TEETH.

To prevent the teeth decaying unduly, brush well every morning, using a good tooth-powder and having a little carbonate of soda in the water.

After each meal rinse the mouth with tepid water in which a little carbonate of soda is dissolved, and before retiring at night brush the teeth again.

If strong medicines have to be taken have them made up in the form of pills if possible as tinctures of iron, acids, and so on, have a very bad effect on the enamel of the teeth.

Photographed Sitting on the Royal Bed.

An amusing story is related of the Royal visit to Victoria, when the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall travelled across the Gulf of Georgia on R.M.S. Empress of India, of the Canadian Pacific Railways Oriental fleet.

For a few hours during their short stay the public were permitted to go over the vessel for a hasty glimpse at the suite of state rooms and cabins set apart for the Royal guests. Both the camera fiend and the souvenir hunter were ably represented. For, although nothing of any real value was removed, flowers and ferns were dragged piecemeal from vases and howls to be hoarded up by loyal Victorians in remembrance of the visit.

A thousand and one other methods were observed as a means to the same end. But the "lady" who must really have felt that her afternoon had not been spent in vain was the enterprising female who climbed on to the Duchess' bed—boots and all—and lay there while a friend "kodaked" her.

Pictures for the Nursery.

Among the many parents who are really anxious to make their nurseries the healthy, bright rooms they should be, and who carefully select suitable furniture for them, there is not always a large proportion of those who consider the adornment of the walls a question of primary importance. And yet surely it should be, for even the six-months-old baby will manifest a certain amount of interest in a coloured picture, and many quite little tots weave for themselves odd stories about the nursery pictures.

It always seems to me as if the importance of accustoming children's eyes, from the very first, to good drawing and good colouring cannot be over-estimated. Certain it is that cheap, badly-drawn, and crudely-coloured picture-books so accustom little people to these atrocities that in after life they find it difficult to distinguish between good and bad art.

The amount of pleasure which a sensitive, naturally artistic child derives from a good picture is perhaps incredible to many grown-up people. I remember hearing an artist say that one of the strongest influences of his childhood was a picture hung up and forgotten in a corridor, showing a lonely Scotch moor, surrounded by hills, behind which the sun was sinking to rest, and that the grandeur and solemnity of the scene, and the half-suggested possibilities of the great world behind the hills had made a never-to-be-forgotten impression.

The question of ways and means alone, however, prevents many of us from acquiring pictures, we fain would have, but good photographs, or similar reproductions of well-known pictures, are cheap—very cheap, when we consider the amount of pleasure they are able to give.

It is interesting to see how keen children get about their nursery pictures when encouraged to do so. It is an excellent plan for the parents to contribute half the cost of any particular picture they desire, if they contribute the other half themselves. By this means the nursery folk often come to acquire quite a picture gallery.

A Shattered Ideal.

AT SIXTEEN.

"O, the man whom I wed must be handsome and tall,"
 Said a maiden just out of her frocks;
 "I can't love a man, who in stature is small,
 And I won't marry houses and stocks.
 Of course he must keep me as papa does now,
 Still I'll start on an income quite small;
 But I never will marry," and mark well her vow,
 "A man who is not six feet tall."

AT TWENTY-THREE.

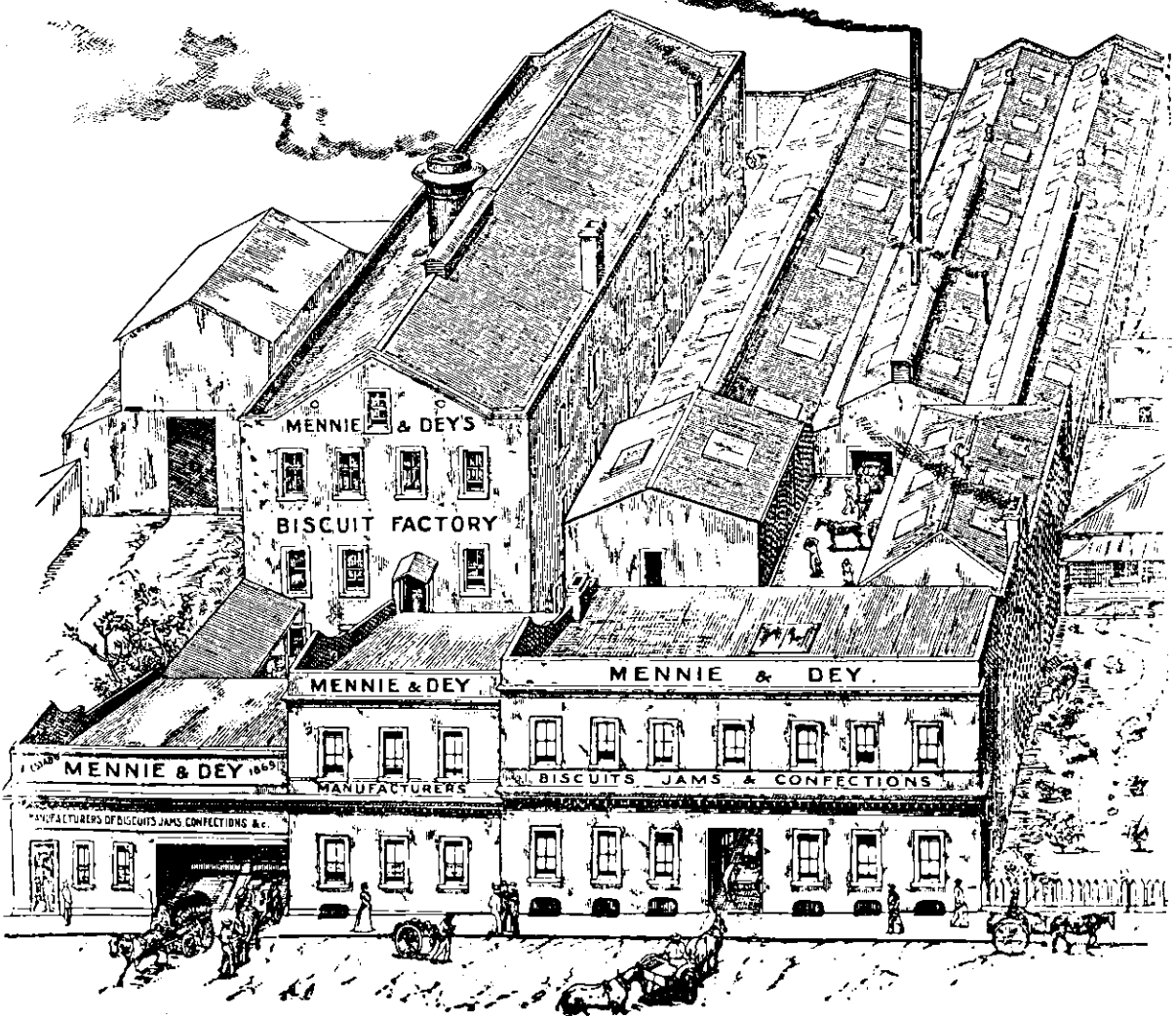
"I think that tall men are so nice," said this girl,
 "But, of course, I'll not marry for looks;
 Big, broad-shouldered fellows, with hair that will curl,
 The kind that you read of in books.
 I love to see men who walk head erect,
 Their chests expanded with pride;
 And deep in my heart I hope and expect
 To be such a man's darling bride."

AT TWENTY-EIGHT.

She was nervous, of course, as she walked up the aisle,
 And she looked as she wished it were o'er;
 But she held by the arm with a conquering smile,
 A man who was scarce five feet four.

Gold Medal Jams,
 Best all comers for Quality.

Gold Medal Biscuits,
 Best Value in the Market.



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

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

(By MARGUERITE.)

Sales are now on, and what good news this is to womenkind in general. On every side my friends tell me that they hate sales. Whether they do or not, one thing is certain, they always go to them, and another still more certain thing is that they purchase at them. Perhaps they do not purchase everywhere, but it would be indeed a strong-minded female who has not collected all sorts of odds and ends during this February.

In reality, there has never been a season when greater bargains were to be obtained, partly because the season has been a late one, and the hot weather has only come to us with February.

Muslins this year are prettier than ever, besides being cheaper, and everyone can be well dressed. Of course, a great deal depends on the making, but as simplicity is the order of the day, we can be nicely gowned

at small cost, providing we bring individuality, taste and skill to bear.

At the same time, some of the most lovely gowns show an amazing quantity of work in tucks and insertions, and these when in muslin, crepe-de-chine, or batiste, can only be effective when done by the master hand and untouched by a machine.

Traveling cloaks will soon be in request, and these must be of a sensible kind. These wraps are made

long enough to cover the skirt of the gown, not a thread of which should appear below the edge of the wrap. The latest shape is copied from a Russian officer's coat. One such in clay coloured silk is perfect of its kind. It has a hidden plait held in by a black suede strap at the back, and a turned-over collar of black Persian lamb, with huge cuffs to match. Most of the Baglans and semi-fitted coats, be it noted, are provided with inside



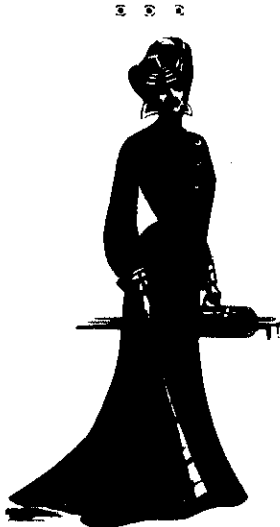
A Seductive Evening Wrap.

belts of ribbon or elastic tape to keep the back in proper position, and ease the shoulders from the weight of the skirt. For travellers by steamer at any season the dreadnaught of heavy frieze, over a waterproof serge or tweed frock is the most suitable wear. For deck wear both gown and coat should clear the floor; for the railway train, alas, ultra-fashionable women insist that they shall escape touching by a mere hair's breadth, which, of course, means that they touch when the wearer walks. The new colour for travelling suits and wraps is cinder-gray, ocean-gray, as some call it. The colour is a dull, dark gray, which reproduces the leaden tint of the sea under a sunless sky, and which shows dust less than any other colour which has been invented.

Englishwomen show a marked preference for the Tam-o'-Shanter as a travelling hat, next comes a soft felt with the simplest trimming; a buckle of soft surah passed through a buckle, and a couple of quills being what London houses most affect. Although nearly all the new hats call for hair twisted low on the head, the experienced traveller will continue to consult comfort and common-sense, and arrange her hair high.

Opera cloaks and carriage wraps are perfectly gorgeous, and here again is lace more to the fore than ever, while we never tire of the charms of endless frills of accordion-pleated chiffon. Painted pannes are still used, and some of these, trimmed with point d'Alencon and lined with accordion-pleated chiffon frills form truly regal garments. These are cut somewhat after the old shawl pattern, with the draped hood effect on the shoulders, consisting of lace over chiffon.

Evening coats are still cut a l'Empire, caught up with a wonderful band of gold embroidery and finished with a large falling collar of lace. Some are threequarter length but the best are fully trained and as long as the dress beneath.



AMERICA'S LEADING CORSET.

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

TO BE HAD FROM ALL LEADING DRAPERS.

Sargood, Son & Ewen,
SOLE AGENTS FOR AUCKLAND.



BRIDESMAID'S DRESS.

The bridesmaid's Empire gown is of white peau de soie, with sleeved bolero of white point d'Alencon lace threaded with gold and lined with chiffon. A scarf of chiffon and picture hat of white satin straw and gold thread relieved with autumn foliage and chiffon, black velvet choux and gold buckles completes a charming costume.



WEDDING DRESS.

This is a very pretty wedding gown of white satin veiled with mousseline de soie. The skirt has two deep flounces of old Brussels lace headed with white satin ribbon tied at intervals in true lovers' knots. It is finely tucked round the waist for a short distance downwards, and there finish-

ed with white satin ribbon, tied again at intervals in true lovers' knots. The bodice is tucked to correspond with the tuckings below the waist, and draped with Brussels lace and ornamented with sprays of orange blossom. The long Court train of white satin is also tastefully arranged with Brussels lace and mousseline de soie.



CHILDREN'S PAGE.



Cousins' Badges.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

+ + +

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—A little girl called Dorothy Nolan is going to write to you. I stayed with her a few days. Have you ever read a book called "The Lamplighter"? I think it is so pretty. Did you get many Christmas presents? I received three brooches—a greenstone one, a silver one, and a gold one. Our holidays will soon be over now, as we begin school on Tuesday. Do you like playing croquet? Now, dear Cousin Kate, I must end with much love.—From Cousin Airini.

[Dear Cousin Airini,—I think you are going to be a most excellent cousin, for you are writing very regularly. Yes, I have read "The Lamplighter," and think it a most excellent book. I am much afraid my time for Xmas presents is over. I have to give them nowadays. I like croquet, but am rather a "duffer" at it, I fear; the new game is so hard, I think.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Cousin Airini persuaded me to write to you and ask if I may become a cousin. Please will you send me a badge. I enclose an addressed envelope. I am going away soon, but when I come back I intend to write regularly. Have you ever read a book called "Little Lord Fauntleroy"? It is so nice. Cousin Airini and I tried to make some Turkish Delight, but it was not quite right, but nearly. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I must end. With love from Cousin Dorothy.

[Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am very pleased to welcome you to our band, and very obliged to Cousin Airini for introducing you to us. "Lord Fauntleroy" is a lovely book—one of the prettiest stories ever written. I think Turkish Delight must be rather hard to make, I should think. When I was your age I never was clever enough to attempt anything but coffee, and usually burned that.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate. Thank you very much for sending me the badge; it is very pretty, and I like it very much. The weather is very hot just now; I put the thermometer out in the sun to-day, and at half-past twelve it had

risen to 106, but that is not half as hot as it has been. The gardens are getting like iron, they are so dry. A little while ago there was too much rain, and now it is too hot and dry. We would be very glad if it would rain a little. There is a good deal of fruit in the orchard this year—more plums than last year, I think. I go out every morning before breakfast, and get some. I am reading a story out of a "Girls' Own Annual" just now. The "Girls' Own Annual" is a very nice book, isn't it? There is something about nearly everything in it, and some very nice stories, too. I think it is the best book I ever had. Now, Cousin Kate, I am going to give you and all the cousins some riddles.

(1) What is the centre of gravity?
 (2) What plant clothes half the world?
 (3) Is there any reason to doubt the Giants' Causeway? I will tell you the answers next week, or the week after. Cousin Jenny is going to write then, too; she did not have time to write to-night. I must stop now, with love to you and all the cousins.—I am, your loving cousin, Nellie Willis.

[Dear Cousin Nellie,—As the weather is so hot, as you say, I hope you will not mind if my answer is rather short and stupid. I hope some of the cousins will try and answer your riddles. I think the "Girls' Own Annual" lovely. I gave four copies away as prizes for the Doll Competition. Please remind Cousin Jenny to write. I am so very busy I must now stop.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I wrote to you about a fortnight before Christmas, and have never seen it in print yet. I expect you were so busy with the dolls just then that it got overlooked. The "Graphic" arrived last night by the overland mail, and I was so amused by what you said (in your reply to Cousin Zaidie) about your school days. I was very interested, for I think I am something the same myself. As my teacher always tells me, I am the very worst girl in the school; but then he is so provoking I always feel inclined to throw a book at his head. Dear Cousin Kate, you asked us some time ago to tell you what we thought was the best way to make the Children's Page more interesting. I think if you were to tell us little bits like that occasionally about your school days it would be intensely interesting. To see you now no one would think you had ever been the least bit naughty. But now I suppose I must talk about something else. The holidays are over, and, worse luck, school commences to-morrow. I enjoyed the holidays very much. We had plenty of boating and bathing. The weather this last few weeks has been very fine, but very warm; you feel as if one garment is enough to wear. I go out black-errying a great deal, there are such lots, and they are so large and nice. I wish I could send you some. There are heaps of fruit about now; I nearly live on them. We have had peaches, plums and pears. I had intended writing every week during the holidays, but, like a great many other good resolutions, it has been broken. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I must conclude with love.—Your ever-loving Cousin Ma.—P.S.—Did you get a Christmas card I sent you?—L.F.

[Dear Cousin Ma, -- Many thanks for your long and most interesting

letter, which I greatly enjoyed. I am glad you liked the little reminiscence of my very very naughty school days, but fear I cannot spare time this week for a tale, at least not a very long one. One naughty thing I did, I remember, was to catch all the White Leghorn hens of our neighbour, one dark night, and dip them into blue, red and yellow dye, which we had prepared beforehand. After they were done we let them go again. You never saw a more astonished old lady than she was when she came out to feed them next morning. Of course we looked as innocent as angels, but I sadly fear that old lady guessed, for she had been used to give us sponge cakes sometimes, and the supply ceased for several months.—Cousin Kate.]

Prize Picture Puzzle Contest.

Dear Cousins,—

Here is a picture of little Theophila Jenks, who has just bought her pussy cat a coat. It is a birthday present for her, so, of course, she could not have pussy try it on at the shop or she could not have been a bit surprised.

Now Theophila is looking for pussy to give it to her and try it on, so as to be sure that it will fit. Pussy has hidden away, for she is in a very bad temper, as she did not want that kind of a coat at all, but a coat of red velvet, with green cuffs and yellow collar. Little Theophila is looking for her just as hard as she can, but she does not seem able to find her. Suppose you help her. You know, we are always rewarded for doing kind deeds, and your reward might possibly be a prize.

I want each of our readers to find the cat, which is hidden in plain sight, and then to write us a letter describing just where she is to be found. Cut this picture out and send it to us with your letter, marking pussy's hiding place carefully with ink or pencil.

COUSIN KATE.



FRANK GIBBITY.

It has to do this because the stem grows round the trunk. There is a nice beach at Orewa of hard white sand, and the breakers look grand as they break from one end of the beach to the other, with the white foam that looks so pretty. It is not a very good beach for bathing, because of those great waves, which makes it rather dangerous. From one end to the other it is one and a-half miles of hard white sand. Grass grows above the beach, some of it is rather funny looking. Some I saw had a little ball at the head of the stem, and from that, long, stiff sort of blades grew, and as it was dry it broke off and rolled over and over till it got to the sea. It was always blown into the sea, because the beach sloped towards it. I am afraid I have not described the grass well, and I don't know the name for it, but perhaps you have seen it. I hope you have, as you will know what I mean by the blades, which would look more like trailers when they were green. I think there is no wharf to land at, but all have to get off the steamer into a pulling boat and are rowed to the rocks. I will have to stop now, as my letter is too long already. --With love from Cousin Alison.

[Dear Cousin Alison.—I have had some friends at Orewa, and they say it is just lovely. Your letter is a very clever and charming one, and I am sure all the cousins will enjoy it as much as I did. I will tell you something about that grass next week if you will write and remind me. It is rather interesting.—Cousin Kate.]

+ + +

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am writing to tell you I shall be very pleased to write to you while I am going to London, and when I get there. It is very good of you to offer to keep my letters for me, and I should like you to very much. Another little girl and I wrote to you some time ago, but our letters have never appeared in the "Graphic," so I suppose they must have got mislaid. I have very little time here now, have I not? Not quite three weeks. I think I am going to the theatre to-night. The name of the piece is "The Sign of the Cross." I hope I will enjoy it. We certainly made a great deal of noise in the bath at Waiwera, but I cannot think how you know we did. Has it not been very hot lately? We had swimming races at the Albert-street Baths on Monday, and I was lucky enough to gain a first prize. Gladys also gained a prize. Now dear Cousin Kate I must conclude.—With love, I remain, Cousin Roie.

[Dear Cousin Roie.—You will be on your way to England ere this appears in print, I expect. Thank you for promising to write. I can only give a scrap of an answer as your letter arrived so late.—Cousin Kate.]

On Duty.

Uncle Alec came out into the garden, and was just going to seat himself in the summer house when he spied a large spider in its web. He

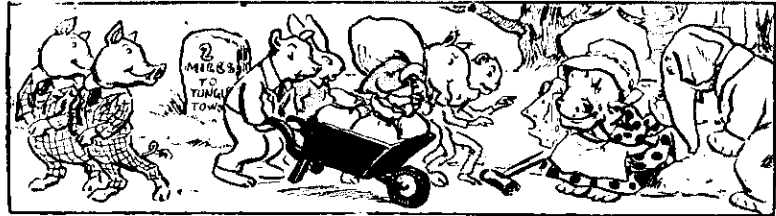
went closer to look at it, and presently called Neddie, who was playing near by. "I can't come now, uncle," replied Neddie; "I'm on duty." "What are you doing?" asked Uncle Alec. "I'm a sentinel keeping guard," said Neddie. "Can't you come over here just a minute if I watch for you?" "No, indeed!" answered Neddie, firmly. "Well, well," said Uncle Alec, quite

amused, as he sat down to read his paper. The next day Neddie's mother called him, and asked him to go to the village for some currants and sugar, and told him to be sure and not be long. About ten minutes afterwards Uncle Alec started for the post office. When he reached the little brook, which had to be crossed to get to the village, he saw Neddie standing on the bridge throwing stones into the water.

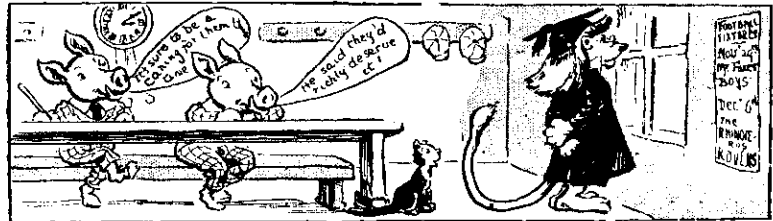
"Hallo, Neddie," he said; "I thought you were on duty." "Oh, no, uncle, mother sent me on an errand." "Did she send you to throw stones in the brook?" "No, sir. She sent me to get some currants." Then Neddie looked sturdily in his uncle's face for a moment or two, and then, turning towards the village, he was off like a flash. You see, he realised he was on duty.

X JUNGLE JINKS. X

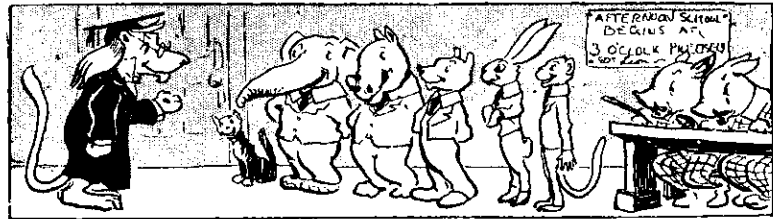
How the Kind Jungle School Boys Helped Old Mrs. Hippo.



1. As the Jungle boys were hurrying back to afternoon school one day they came upon poor lame Mrs Hippo sitting by the roadside sobbing bitterly because she was unable to push her heavy barrow any further. "It is market day in Jungle Town," she said to Jumbo, "and if I don't sell my potatoes I sha'n't be able to pay my landlord his rent." "Oh, never mind, Mrs Hippo. Dry your eyes, and we'll go to the market and sell your potatoes for you. Dr. Lion will come us, perhaps, for being late for school, but we don't care."



2. "You chaps can do as you like," sneered the two Boars, "but we are not going to get a caning for the sake of an old woman." And off they ran to the Jungle School, to tell Dr. Lion how naughty the other boys were. "Very well," said the Doctor, when they had told him all about Mrs Hippo's barrow, "you two can go on with your lessons, and when the others come back I will give them something they richly deserve." "It's sure to be a caning this time," chuckled the elder Boar. "Yes," whispered his brother, "he said they'd richly deserve it."



3. But when Jumbo and the rest came back expecting to be caned, they were astonished to hear Dr. Lion say they could all take a holiday. "I am very pleased indeed to find my boys ready to risk punishment to help a poor old woman," he added. "You may all run and play now, and the Boars will stay in and do your lessons for you." Then the Boars saw that they had been too clever, and began to blubber.

Under the Royal Patronage of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.

THE ONLY GOLD MEDALLIST, AUCKLAND EXHIBITIONS, 1897-98, 1898-99.

By Special Appointment Photographer to His Excellency the Earl of Ranfurly.

THE NEW SEPIA PROCESS.

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Photo by W. H. Bartlett

"SO TIRED."

Queen St., Auckland.

THE NEW SEPIA PROCESS.

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IN A SHADY GARDEN.

He had come on her dozing in a hammock, and when she woke up she accused him of stealing a kiss. "Well," he said, "I will admit that the temptation was too strong to be resisted. I did steal one little kiss." "One!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "I counted eight before I woke up."

ALMOST ALL.

Suspicious Customer: "Has this paper got the news of the latest revolution in South America?" Newsboy: "I'll be honest with you, mister. It's got all 'ceptin' them what's broke out in the last fifteen minutes."

SHE WANTED TO KNOW.

They sat on the portico of the Rush-street house. "Annie, dear, do you love me?" She looked down at the tall, handsome youth, who spoke to her with such pleading in his tones. "You say your are soon to become the junior partner in the firm, George?" "Yes, my own." "And that you have £15,000 in the bank?" "Yes, darling." "And that you will inherit at least £150,000 from your mother?" "Yes, pet." "Then, George, I love you. I am yours." She fell into his outstretched arms."

CONSOLING.

She: I believe you are marrying me for my money alone? He, Oh, no; that'll be gone soon.

IT DEPENDED.

Collector: "Is Dr. Smith in?" Servant: "Do you wish to pay a bill or leave one?"

JUST WHAT HE WANTED.

Frank: "What! You going to propose to Miss Heartburn? Why, you're the last man in the world she'll engage herself to!" Harry: "I hope so, old fellow."

PUTTING IN TIME.

Grudge-But why do you wander aimlessly from place to place? Tramp-Well, eight hours' sleep a day is enough for anybody, an' I've got to do something with the other sixteen hours, ain't I?



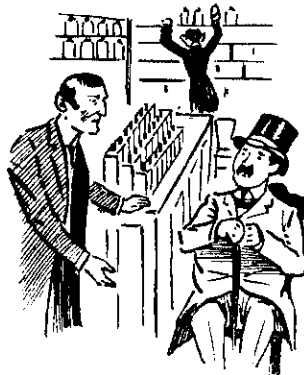
DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE.

Jack: What's become of that fellow Sample? Bert: Oh, he opened a shop. Jack: Doing well? Bert: No, doing time. He was caught in the act.

He: No, you are not the only girl I've ever loved. She: It's immaterial, so long as I'm the one you'll marry.

AT THE MENAGERIE.

"Those people in front of our cage say they are descended from us," observed the First Monkey. "Well," commented the Second Monkey, "we are about the only ones of their ancestors that they would pay an admission to see."



Druggist: I am going to discharge that new assistant. He is too careless. Friend: What has he done? Druggist: This morning he sold a wild-eyed woman a dose of poison and trusted her for the money.

SHE UNDERSTOOD.

"Excuse me," he said, to the applicant for the typewriter's position, but I would like to know your age." The young woman looked astonished. "May I ask what has that to do with my fitness for the place?" she inquired. "Nothing," he promptly answered. "You see, it's my wife that wants to know." "In that case," said the applicant, who was pretty as well as young, "tell her I am forty-seven." And the smile that followed this ingenious statement brought out four delightful dimples.

IN THE DRAWING ROOM.

Bobby: "Sister will be down in a few minutes, Mr. Softly; she's upstairs rehearsing." Mr. Softly (who has come prepared): "W-what is s-she rehearsing, B-Bobby?" Bobby: "I don't know; but she's standing in front of the mirror and blushing and saying: 'Oh, Mr. Softly—er—this is so sudden.'"

THEY THREW THEM AWAY.

Young woman (in open street car): "I don't see why some men are bound to smoke every moment they are on the car." Old Woman (loudly): "Oh, let 'em smoke, poor fellows. I s'pose their wives won't let 'em smoke at home."

THE REASON.

Sallie: I suppose you know why mother whipped you? Tommy: Because I wasn't big enough to whip her.

NO DOUBT WHATEVER.

Mistress: "Did you tell the lady I was out?" Servant Girl: Yes, ma'am. "Did she seem to have any doubt about it?" "No, ma'am; she said she knew you wasn't."

ON THE RACECOURSE.

During one of the principal events at a race-meeting in the North, the cry of "Hats off in Front!" was raised and obeyed. When the horse had passed, the hats of course were replaced. A few moments later a young man began wildly to lift the hats of the spectators around him, replacing them with savage expressions of annoyance. On lifting the hat of one of the spectators, he was asked what he was "up to." "Why," he exclaimed, "I bet a niver with a bald-headed man, an' I can't find him!"

A SACRIFICE ACCEPTED.

Clarence: Clara, if I let you buy a new winter coat I'll have to wear my old one. Clara: Oh, you dear, sweet, lovely, generous old boy!

ANGULAR.

Miss Thinley: I believe he was nice enough to say I had many good points. Miss Sharply: Not exactly. He said you had a good many points.

CLEVER MAID.

Caller: Don't forget to tell Miss May I called. Servant: I'll go up and tell her right away, sir.

RIGHT TO THE POINT.

"Where do all the pins go to?" said a Haarlem girl to her best beau when the talk about bicycles had lapsed into obnoxious disquietude. "I'm pretty sure I know where a million of them go," he answered. "Indeed! With start, where?" she asked, with a show of surprise that made him withdraw his arm hastily from around her belt. Gazing ruefully at the brand-new scratches on his wrist, he pointedly replied, "They go to waist." The next time he called she wore her brother's ulster.

THAT ENDED IT.

Maud-What makes you treat Jack so coldly? You used to find him so interesting. Marie-Didn't you know I was engaged to him now?



THE BRUTE.

Mrs Nagge: They say that when a tiger has its prey in its power the victim feels neither fear nor pain, only a dreamy ecstasy. Mr Nagge: I don't doubt it. I felt just like that the night you accepted me.

Alice: She's the luckiest girl I know. She's got a lovely engagement ring.

Annie: Oh, other girls have lovely engagement rings.

Alice: Yes, but very few girls can show the ring off as she can. She's left-handed.

CHARGE ADMITTED.

"Your wife says you have trampled upon her affections," said the lawyer. "Yes," assented the client; "I'll admit it. All the affection she has is centred in a little hairy dog, and the way I've trampled on him has been frightful."

FAITH IN HIM. Towne-Do I understand you to say that Spender's case was really a faith cure? Browne-Yes. You see, the doctor and druggist both trusted him.

CAUSTIC.

Minnick: I sent some verses to that magazine, but I don't think the editor read them at all. Simnick: Ah! They were accepted, were they?

A POLITICIAN.

"You can't fool anyone with that lion's skin," sneered the fox. "Everybody knows that you are an ass." "That's where you are mistaken," replied the ass. "I fool the other asses."



SILENCED.

Little Boy (with toy camera): Call that a cow you are drawing! It doesn't look like a cow. Little Girl: This isn't photography—it's art.

SITTING-ROOM DRAMA.

"Who comes there?" called little Willie the sentry, in threatening tones, as he brought his deadly wooden gun into shooting position. "A friend," answered little Tommie from behind a rocking chair. "Advance and give the counter-sign," hissed the sentry, "or I'll shoot your head off." An ominous silence followed this terrible threat; then Tommie said, plaintively: "I've forgot it." "You can't remember nothin'," exclaimed Willie, in disgust, throwing down his gun. "Come over here, and I'll whisper it to yer agin."

AN ANALYSIS.

"Who is your favourite composer?" inquired the visitor. "I s'pose you mean classical," responded Mr. Newrich. "Certainly." "Wagner" was the answer. "Gimme Wagner. Some of them other music writers start with a tune, but as soon as you get your foot going steady in time to it they break off in a way that pretty near sprains your ankle. But Wagner never fools you. He plays fair. You know from the beginning that you ain't going to find anything, and you might as well go to sleep or read the advertisements in the programme."