

was rendered all the more obscure from the fact that the Christian name and surname were apparently combined. The same was either that of a former governor of a gaoi or of the State, they could not be certain which, and one of the judges, after the manner of a man who cries "I'll give it up," remarked that he had been trying to recall the name of a governor of a gaoi which might suggest a solution of the difficulty. The signature which troubled their Honours was that of—"Hopetoun."

Here is a yarn from South Africa, which would apply mightily well to certain places and people and dinners in New Zealand. Nina writes in the "South African Review":—"Public dinners in Capetown are frequently transformed into extremely grotesque functions by reason of the long-drawn out pomposity of one or other of our parochial noodles who are selected to propose a toast on the strength of his unhappy "gift of the gab." More often than not such a toast as "The Army and Navy" suffers from this kind of dull-as-ditch-water oratory, and an instance has been related to me which might just as well have happened in Capetown as in Edinburgh. At a big banquet a few weeks ago a local merchant took half an hour to submit this very toast to the company, and in doing so used many words of "learned length and thundering sound." A gallant admiral had to respond for the navy, and he contented himself with saying: "Mr Chairman and Gentlemen, Mr Blank knows a great deal more about battleships and destroyers than I do; therefore, I will simply thank you all for the way in which you have received the toast."

Mahuta's village of Waahi, on the Waikato River, has the unique distinction of possessing a band of feminine musicians. This is a life, or rather whistle, band of eleven Maori girls and women, augmented by the necessary male in the person of a youth who acts as drummer. The ladies' instruments are long tin whistles, and the effect, with the addition of the drum, is exactly that of a drum and fife band, rather high-pitched, but sweet and pleasing, as are also the players. This band is only recently organised, but plays exceedingly well; and on high days and holidays it makes things merry in the village square at Waahi. The bandswomen are apparently picked for their good looks, as well as their musical abilities, for they are all rather handsome girls, and as they pipe away at "Hold the Fort," or "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" (the last named air is a great favourite with the Maoris) or some dance tune, with their brightest yellow, or pink, or red, or blue "roundabouts" and equally gay gowns on, they make a picture besides which the ordinary masculine band is prosaic in the extreme. When the Native Minister and party visited Mahuta's settlement this week the ladies' fife band met them, played them up to the entrance to the village marae, and then opened out into two ranks and played away on a popular hymn tune Maorified into quick-time as the visitors marched solemnly through. One of the members of the band is a rather remarkable looking girl by reason of her peculiar golden-reddish head of hair. She is a pure-blooded Maori, but is what the natives call an "urukehu," a survival of an ancient golden-haired tinge in the Maori, a relic of some long-forgotten racial strain of Aryan blood which now and again crops out in the Maori and the Polynesian. The band, on state occasions in the royal kainga, is headed by a King's retainer bearing a large white flag, inscribed with the legend "Rangimarie" ("Peaceful").

The many friends in Auckland of Mr A. Reischek, the well-known Austrian naturalist will learn with regret that news was received by mail of his death at Lintz on the 3rd of April last. The deceased was for 13 years in New Zealand studying the fauna and securing specimens. He was an enthusiast in his special branch of science, and made many friends here by his kindly, courteous style. He tried hard to do lasting good to New Zealand by protesting against the introduction of stoats and weasels. He wrote to the press, and communicated with the Government, pointing out the evils that would result from these pests being let loose in this colony. His efforts were, how-

ever, without avail, and the stoats and weasels came to stay. Mr Reischek had a most wonderfully intelligent dog named Caesar, which accompanied him in his lonely wanderings through the New Zealand bush. Caesar was trained so as to catch birds in his mouth so gently that they would not be in the least damaged. On one occasion, when Mr Reischek was away alone in the bush, he met with an accident that laid him up for several days, and starvation in solitude would have been his fate but for the intelligence of Caesar, who hunted birds himself and brought them to feed his master. When Mr Reischek was leaving Auckland he made special provision for his dog with a friend. At the time of his death Mr Reischek was curator of the Lintz Museum.

The Mayor of New Plymouth, whose Christian name is Edward, presided at a meeting of citizens to consider the means of celebrating the Coronation in that city, and read the following poem, which he attributed to a schoolboy:—

Now Edward the Mayor,  
So as not to be beat,  
Must, like Edward the King,  
Give the youngsters a treat.  
An extra week  
Is what we seek.

Pinned beneath the poetical matter was a cable cutting from Wednesday night's "Herald," stating that King Edward had announced a week's holiday for the school children in Great Britain during Coronation week. The application was addressed to the Mayor and Messrs. Stohr, Tisch, and Carter—the Coronation Committee appointed by the Borough Council.

The medical etiquette case of Dunedin has aroused universal attention throughout the colony, and the "leader" columns of the press from the Bluff to the far North have been filled with dignified condemnation of the action of the Medical Association in general for its manner of treating the tragic incident, and the doctors chiefly concerned in particular. Certainly, so far as can be judged from the full evidence (on both sides), published in the Dunedin papers, no worse case of ridiculous and inhuman regard for professional etiquette has ever stained the annals of what is usually and justly looked upon as the noblest of professions. Most of the doctors who were appealed to in vain to go to the assistance of the unfortunate Mrs Marshall (who was in a critical condition, it will be remembered) have made more or less reputable, or, at all events, passable excuses. Dr. Davies, whose refusal has aroused most indignation, is reported by the papers to have said: "I, as one of those who do object, have a perfect right to refuse to attend. . . . My refusal causes no extra risk or suffering to the unfortunate patient when other doctors are willing to attend. I consider that my skill is my own property, and that I should not be called upon to dispense with it. . . . If I go to a case I cannot be compelled to use my skill upon it." As the Wellington "Times" remarks with justice in this connection, "To plead 'professional etiquette' is a poor excuse to offer when a mother's life is in imminent danger; and the indignation that has been aroused in Otago by Dr. Davies's conduct is justified alike by reason and humanity."

Amongst the many results in connection with the recent visit of Prince Henry of Prussia to the United States is—it goes without saying—the concoction of a new "Yankee" drink. It is known as "Hohenzollern pick-me-up" (had they called it "knock-me-down" it would have been nearer the mark). The recipe has been sent to the Kaiser. In case any would care to sample it, here it is: Four quarts of brandy, one quart each of port, sherry, Sauterne and rum, two quarts of Moselle, a half-pint each of Curacao, Chartreuse and Maraschino, six bottles of champagne, two bottles of Rhine wine and two of Chambertin. After mixing well add twelve thinly sliced lemons, the beaten whites of ten eggs, and two pounds of sugar. This makes enough for twenty-five persons, and averages almost two quarts per head. America is the land of "tall" things, and you will agree with me that this is a "tall" drink for twenty-five persons. It

would certainly be interesting to learn how many of the twenty-five, after imbibing the prescribed quantity, would be able to distinguish the American from the German flag and pronounce the word "Hohenzollern" distinctly.

It is stated that a number of broad-shouldered gentry, who possess good testimonials, will be released at Coronation time, and given another chance to riot at large and plunder the community in the good old way. Whether 'tis right (says the "Speculator") to extend the clemency of the costly crown to the avowed enemies of Society is a debatable matter, but, at any rate, were a referendum taken of the great law abiding public on the subject, the verdict would be that the gentle burglar, the larcenist, the forger, the sheep stealer, the horse thief, the incendiary, the manslaughterer person, and other individuals who had transgressed the social code, would be far safer where they were, unless, indeed, there were exceptional circumstances connected with any particular case or cases.

The full magnitude of the Martini-que disaster was not at first fully appreciated. Journalists had not started to look the island up on the map and explain about its exports and imports. The smoking carriage (writes Hoyet) appeared to have grasped broadly the fact that it was French, and there popular knowledge on the matter ended. "I don't wonder that this awful visitation has come upon them," said one good man. "Paris cannot always flaunt its vice in the face of the world without the day of retribution coming." "Oh, but you're wrong about this," said another man. "Paris hasn't been overwhelmed—it's somewhere right out in the suburbs."

Ping-pong has found its way into the quarters of the single constables at the Police Station at Christchurch. An excellent table and set have been placed in the dining-room, and in hours of "off duty" members of the force may be seen practising assiduously, with the intention of holding a tournament among themselves in a short time.

A resident of the Dannevirke district, a farmer, has just returned from a three months' trip round the North Island (says the local "Advocate"). He went by train from Dannevirke to Napier. From the latter town he walked, carrying a change of clothes and a few other things in a swag, to Rotorua, a distance of 156 miles, doing the journey in five days. From there he went to North Auckland, the journey being partly by train, boat and on foot. Returning to Auckland he went through the Waikato and to the Kawhia, of which block we have heard so much of late. The tourist thought very little of the Kawhia block, and prefers this district to it. Carrying his swag, he walked to Raetihi, where he met a friend, who drove him to Feilding, and thence he went by train to Dannevirke. The trip took three months, and the cost was about £20. It was a novel and interesting way of seeing the country, and the gentleman in question greatly enjoyed his experience.

Wellington society is laughing just now (says the "Free Lance") over a most unsophisticated remark made at afternoon tea the other day. A young married lady thought it awfully silly that the young man who stands in the Bank of New Zealand behind the brass lattice should be called a "teller." Asked why, she said, with a giggle, "Because he simply won't tell at all. Just out of curiosity, I went in one day and asked how much my husband had on deposit there and he only laughed at me. Fancy calling him a teller."

Few readers of the "Graphic" are, one supposes, aware that there are marriages and giving in marriage amongst the Boer prisoners at St. Helena. But there are, as witness this: One of the most miraculous escapes (says the St. Helena "Guardian") just to hand by the Cape mail) from death or serious injury we have heard of occurred on Sunday morning last. A prisoner of war—who, by-the-by, was to be married that day, the second one

permitted by the authorities to form a matrimonial alliance in the island—was driving a carriage and pair down the street, and the horses took fright near the Baptist Chapel, and rushed furiously through the town. Not being able to turn quickly enough to avoid that opening near the Market-place, the horses bounced against the iron railings, completely smashing them, and snapping some of the cast-iron uprights in which they were fixed, and fell headlong into the culvert, where they lay helpless, with the carriage smashed to pieces about them. The driver, when the carriage impinged on the iron uprights, was shot like an arrow from a bow heading into the same opening, which is about 12 feet deep, and escaped with but a slight bruise on the leg. Help was quickly at hand, and the affrighted animals were cut loose, and hauled up by ropes, apparently none the worse for their fall. The man must certainly be congratulated on his wonderful escape from injury, and Messrs. Deason Brothers, whose team it was, on their good luck in not having both horses killed.

A recently arrived English lady in Victoria has tearfully implored her people to leave their recently acquired home and establish themselves at some spot whither it is possible to proceed without running the risk of getting into entanglement of a tender nature. After staying on a visit with some friends in town, she proceeded to the station to get a ticket for the place to which her parents had shifted. "First return Darling, please," she said, in the soft, low voice which the great William declares is a most excellent thing in woman. The ticket clerk simpered, pulled down his cuffs, stroked his incipient moustache, and insinuatingly replied, "Where did you say? Dookie?" Unfortunately, he pronounced Dookie as if he was uttering that enduring epithet which is chiefly popular among the adventurous pairs who have just embarked upon the sea of matrimony, and the lady, in a confused way, said, "That is not what I said—Darling, on the Glen Iris line." The susceptible clerk pressed the pasteboard without another word.

Here is another instance of man proposing and nature disposing in the matter of animal pests and their cure:—Some time ago a number of cats were turned out on an island near the mouth of the Rakaia for the purpose of destroying the rabbits. The recent experience of a shooting party in the locality shows that the unfortunate animals are having anything but a good time of it. The



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 tints 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.

The choice is yours, — for

## Ayer's Hair Vigor

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

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

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