

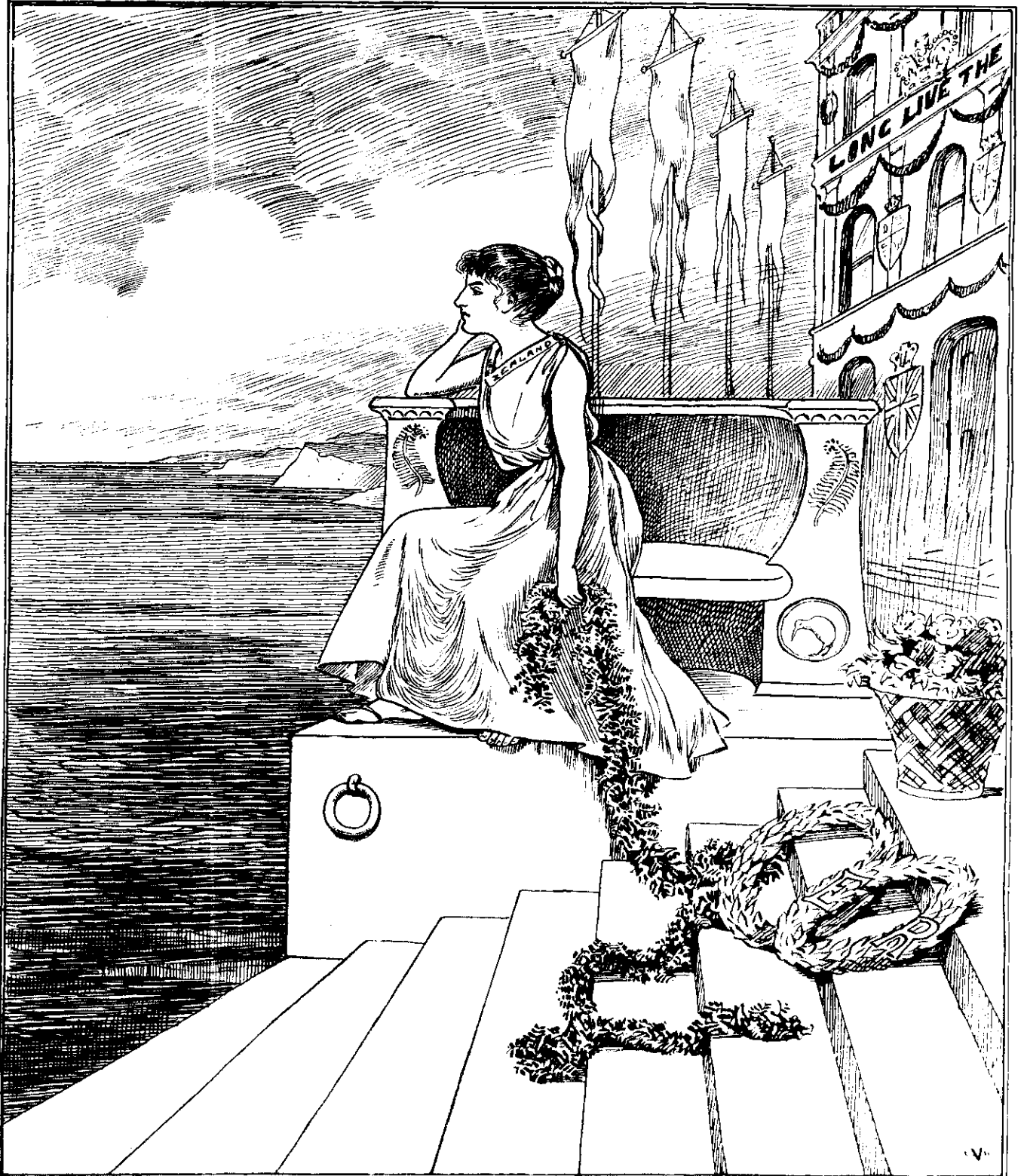
The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

Vol. XXIX.—No. 1.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1902.

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What News?

People Talked About

The New Governor of Fiji.

All that concerns Fiji is of interest to New Zealanders just now, and we therefore give a portrait of the new Governor, Sir Henry Moore Jackson, K.C.M.G., a man of wide experience and exceptional training. He is the youngest son of the Bishop of Antigua, W.I., and was educated at Marlborough and Clifton Colleges. He entered the Royal Artillery in 1870, and retired as captain in 1885. He was private secretary and A.D.C. to the Governor of Trinidad till 1876, and A.D.C. to the Governor of Newfoundland till 1879. In 1880, he assumed the position of Commandant of Sierra Leone, and afterwards occupied



SIR H. M. JACKSON, K.C.M.G.

posts of increasing importance, including Colonial Secretary at Gibraltar, and Governor of the Leeward Islands, West Indies, which position he occupied till appointed to be Governor of Fiji. He was decorated for colonial services in 1892, C.M.G., and in 1899, when he received the higher order.

Two N.Z. Heroes of the War.

Among the recipients of honour in connection with the war none are of more interest to us than the two New Zealanders, Lieut. Hardham and



LIEUT. W. HARDHAM, V.C.

Captain Coutts, who are now at Home, and were to have received their well-earned decorations after the Coronation. Lieut. W. Hardham V.C. was the only New Zealander to gain that great decoration, the Victoria Cross, in the recent Boer war. Hardham belongs to Wellington, where he is most popular, and was one of the best forwards that represented Wellington in Rugby football.

He always took a great interest in volunteering, being a member of the Petone Navals for many years. He went to South Africa with the Fourth Contingent as sergeant-farrier, and it was during one of the engagements of that contingent that Hardham, through his great pluck and daring in rescuing a wounded comrade from under the hot and close fire of the enemy, won the notice of his commander, and was singled out for special distinction. After his return to New Zealand he again volunteered for active service, and was given a lieutenant's commission to the Ninth Contingent. On arrival in South Africa Hardham received orders to proceed to London to receive his coveted V.C. medal. The honour carries with it the sum of £10 per year, as a pension, for life. Lieut. Hardham is a fine specimen of the colonial youth, and is most popular.



CAPTAIN COUTTS, Q.S.

Like Lieut. Hardham, Captain Coutts is also well and favourably known in Rugby football circles, he having represented Taranaki for several years on the football field. Captain Coutts belong to Hawera, where he is a farmer. He was one of the first New Zealanders to volunteer for active service against the Boers, and went as a private in the First New Zealand Contingent. He so distinguished himself in the field as to be one of the recipients of the late Queen Victoria's scarf, a decoration of which only four were given to the colonial contingents who assisted the Home Country in the recent war. For his distinguished services Coutts was promoted to a commission as captain. Like Lieut. Hardham he was ordered to London to receive his honoured decoration.

Technical Education in Auckland.

Mr. George George, the newly-appointed director of the Auckland Technical School, is a young man of the very highest qualifications. He is recommended by the London County Council, and the Auckland Board of Education, who made the appointment on Wednesday last, are to be congratulated on getting so eminently suitable a man for the position. Mr. George is 28 years of age, is married, and is at present headmaster of the Sutherland Technical Institute, London, the equipping of the Institute and the organisation of the courses having been left in his hands when he took over the position in 1899. He was trained in the Merchant Venturers' Technical College, Bristol, an institution which was built at a cost of £100,000, and having a staff of over 50 professors, lecturers, etc. He obtained first place on the engineering side of the college, and was awarded an exhibition in 1891. He is a Fellow of the Institute of Chemistry and of the Chemical So-



MR GEORGE GEORGE.

ciety, and an Associate of the Merchant Venturers' College. He is the author of a book on "Practical Organic Chemistry," and the inventor of several pieces of apparatus for illustrative purpose in science classes. Mrs. George holds diplomas under the National Union in cookery, dressmaking, needlework and laundry-work.

A Thames Diamond Wedding.

Diamond weddings are, unfortunately, rare. Much interest, therefore, naturally attaches just now to Mr and Mrs Robert Scott, of the Thames (Auckland), who the other day celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding. As will be seen in our picture, it would be hard to pick a more handsome "Darby and Joan" in this colony, or any other part of the world, and one can well believe what a fine-looking bride and bridegroom they must have made sixty years since. Mr and Mrs Scott are among the oldest of the "old colonists," having come to Auckland in the Jane Gifford, one of the historic



MR AND MRS ROBERT SCOTT.

"first two ships." Mr and Mrs Scott were married on June 7, 1842, in St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Union-street, Glasgow, by the Rev. Geo. Almond. They left 11 days later for New Zealand, in the Jane Gifford, arriving on October 8th, in Auckland. About a year later they went to the Bay of Islands, and lived there till the Heke War was threatening, when they returned to Auckland. In 1867 the big rush to the Thames goldfield took place, and Mr

and Mrs Scott brought their family to try their fortunes in the new land of gold, and have resided in the locality ever since. Both Mr and Mrs. Scott were born in 1821, in the North of Ireland, the former in the suburbs of Donegal, and the latter in the Barony of Dungannon, County Tyrone. Mrs. Scott's maternal grandfather was a refugee French Huguenot, whose family had all perished in the terrible persecutions, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and who himself escaped in an English man-o'-war. Mr Scott is the oldest of a family of seven, who came out all together with their parents, and 10 years ago the seven were all living. His father died some years ago in his 101st year, so longevity is in the family. Both the octogenarians are hale and hearty. Their descendants are scattered over the length and breadth of the land. Of their 10 children seven are living, six sons and a daughter. Their grand children living number 40, and great-grand-children eight. One of their grandsons died of enteric fever whilst serving as a trooper in the Fourth New Zealand Contingent in the South African War. The "Graphic" joins with their many friends, and cordially wishes them several years more of health, prosperity and happiness.

A Distinguished Visitor.

Amongst visitors to the colony just at present is a man whose name was, with that of Stanley, in everybody's mouth a few years' back, Arthur Mounteney Jephson, who commanded a detachment in the Emin Pasha relief expedition, and played so important and honourable a part therein. Mr Jephson is not in robust health, and is travelling partly for pleasure and partly to recuperate. It is doubtful if he has ever quite recovered from the fearful responsibility and



MR A. M. JEPHSON.

strain of his South African experiences. He was last week in Hawke's Bay, and goes thither to stop with His Excellency Lord Ranfurly at Government House, Wellington. Mr Jephson is a King's Messenger. He is the youngest son of the Rev. John Mounteney Jephson, and was educated at Eton. He joined the army, and was lieutenant in the Royal Irish Rifles. He was a Queen's Messenger from 1887 till the death of her late Majesty. He has written several books in addition to his memorable "Emin Pasha and the Rebellion at a Billiard Ball" and "Stories Told in a South African Forest." He is a keen hunting man, and his hobby is travelling.

The Evolution of the Air-Ship.

The Aeroplanes for the War Office.

Dr. F. A. Barton, of Beckenham, England, who is constructing a dirigible airship for the British War Office, is confident he has solved the problem of aerial navigation. The difficulties which M. Santos-Dumont has had to encounter, Dr. Barton believes he has entirely overcome in his style of flying machine. In fact the English inventor claims to have experimented nearly twenty years ago with a machine practically identical with the Santos-Dumont VI.

"The aeroplane is what Dr. Barton believes to hold the secret of aerial navigation. A course of experiments, however, made some years ago demonstrated the difficulty of making trials with aeroplanes with an assurance of safety to the inventor so in the Barton airship the balloon and the aeroplane are combined.

"My first series of experiments was made at Dover in 1883 with a machine almost identical with that of M. Santos-Dumont," said Dr. Barton, in a recent interview. "It consisted of a cigar-shaped balloon, below which was an elongated car, carrying a propeller at the stern and a rudder arranged in a high framework between the propeller and the end of the balloon. The propeller was worked by a twisted rubber band.

"In my second series of experiments I discarded the balloon altogether and made a machine consisting entirely of aeroplanes, some of which were fixed, the others movable.

"I studied the flight of birds, but my observations, together with my knowledge of anatomy, convinced me that one could never put into machinery that nervous system which enables a bird by reflex action, automatically, so to speak, to adjust its feathers to the varying currents of air.

"It was not until the year 1898 that it occurred to me one day to construct a machine combining the two principles I had experimented with. My first machine constructed on this plan had a balloon twenty-one feet long with a diameter of five feet, made of gutta percha tissue. It did not weigh three pounds, but its capacity of 250 cubic feet gave a lifting power of 8½ lbs with coal gas and 17½ lbs with hydrogen."

The model of the airship he is building for the British Government is more or less cigar-shaped, the largest diameter being considerably forward of the centre. The length is 180 feet, the largest diameter 41 feet, and the capacity 156,000 cubic feet.

The balloon will be made of the best Japanese silk, and will be divided into three compartments, one division being between the main body and the tail, the other between the nose and the main body. The divisions will not be tightly stretched diaphragms, but quite loose. Under ordinary circumstances the fore and aft compartments will be closed, and there will be a special arrangement under the control of the aeronaut by which the gas can be allowed to escape if the pressure is too great after the diaphragms are fully expanded.

Over the whole balloon is a chemisette of Japanese silk containing five strips of bamboo bound together as one continuous bar around the skirt, to which is suspended the aeroplane frame.

The advantages of this arrangement, besides strength and rigidity, are that no cord, metal or rough surface comes in contact with the balloon, and that it will prevent the leakage of gas from the balloon, as it is extremely unlikely that there would be two holes, one in the balloon, and the other in the cover, exactly in the same place.

Then, too, in warfare, if the balloon and the chemisette were both

penetrated by bullets or a shell, a certain amount of gas would undoubtedly escape, but as the balloon got smaller the two envelopes would slide over one another until in a few moments a portion of the chemisette would cover over the hole in the balloon, thus making it self-sealing.

Suspended below the balloon is the aeroplane frame, which in the full sized airship will be made of tubular steel. This, when properly braced by steel wire in tension, makes an exceedingly light, rigid and reliable framework on which to support the aeroplanes, rudder and car.

The propellers are six in number, arranged in pairs on each side of the car. They are in different levels, as not to take the wind of the one in front. Each propeller consists of six blades arranged in three pairs, on the box girder type. They are 17 feet long by two and a half feet wide.

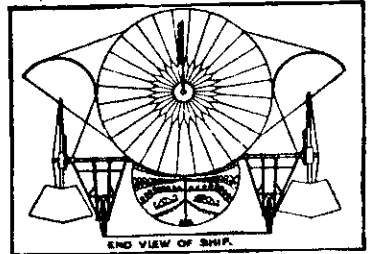
argument to prove that this is the opening of a hollow interior, which will be found to be made up of sea and land, mountains and valleys, rivers and undulating meadows, just as the outer surface of the earth is constituted.

Here he expects to enter and find the inner surface inhabited by a civilised race of people. He is firm in the belief that it is inside this sphere upon which we dwell that Andree and his party will be found. Mayhap they are living Robinson Crusoe lives, but this he doubts.

His argument on this subject does not differ very materially from some that have been advanced by scientists in the past, except that he goes further and gives some logical reasons for the faith that he has. Talking of the hollow shell idea, Mr McDonnell said:—

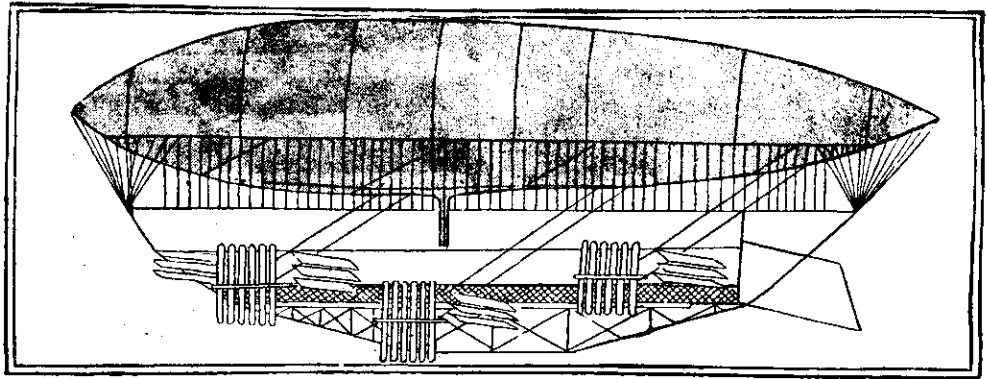
"I hold the theory that in the early

the reason of the speed being produced, would be equalled by the inward or gravitating force much near-



CROSS SECTION.

of the axis of rotation. For the reason of the shell lacking the fullness of a true circle at the Poles—the centri-



LONGITUDINAL PLAN OF DR. BARTON'S AIR SHIP.

the weight of each propeller being 100 lbs. They will travel at the rate of 250 revolutions per minute. There are three 45-horse power petroleum motors, placed each on a platform to drive the propellers in front of it, and of the same type as that used by M. Santos-Dumont. Each weighs 350 pounds. The car, which is suspended from the aeroplane frame, will probably be made of nickel steel. The deck of the ship is made of fine wire netting, covered with Indian matting, or some such light material. It is 194 feet long, and, with the exception of the four platforms for the motors and wheel, is two and a half feet wide. The platforms are five and a half feet wide. Thirty-six tanks of petroleum are stored along the sides.

"I expect my airship to make easily twenty miles per hour. If I can get my arrangements completed in time I may take part in the St. Louis race in 1903."

Dr. Barton, who is a surgeon with a large practice, is a graduate of Cambridge, and about forty years old.

He Would Fly to the North Pole.

Huge airships, to the number of three, will constitute a fleet that will sail from Chicago this summer in search of Andree's party of Arctic explorers. Patrick Eneas McDonnell is the genius in whose brain the plans of these mighty vessels found form, and he is building them now at a shop in a remote section of that city. He and his sons are the mechanics, and all the work is being carried on in the strictest secrecy. He has no doubt of the successful operation of his vessels, for a test with a fifty foot model proved all that is claimed for the larger machines.

But the rescue of the balloon party is only a small part of what this inventor hopes to accomplish. He believes that where the North Pole is supposed to be will be found a huge hole, probably five hundred miles in circumference. He presents scientific

formation of the earth, as the composing matter became more solidified and heavy and the earth began to rotate on its axis, the centrifugal force threw the heavy particles from the centre out to where they were met and equalled by the inward force toward the earth, or centripetal force, produced by the sun's rotation—this last at present being understood as the force of gravitation. These two forces solidified certain molecular masses of the earth's composition in the form of a globular shell.

"The conditions under which this would obtain would also leave this shell or crust open at the Poles, as the centrifugal force at this point, for

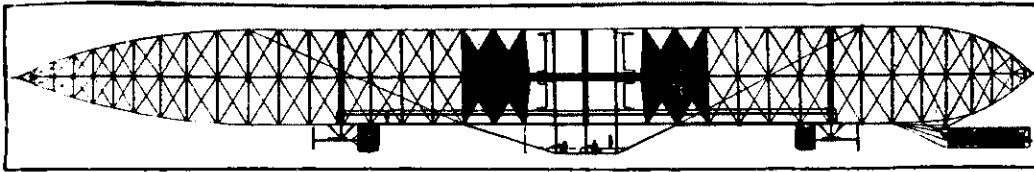
fugal force being less in these directions—there would be no "dead" spot where this last force would not act.

"For this reason there should be an opening which would have a gradual curvature until forming a unit with the inner surface of this shell or earth's crust. These two opposing forces would cause heat of great intensity at the centre of this crust.

"Such a globular shell, rotating on an axial line at the tremendous speed of that of our earth, would be a much closer counterpart of a dynamo than a solid ball, and would have a more dynamic reason to create an electric current, the presence of which we are positive exists, than if its centre were a highly heated mass.



LAND OF IMAGINATION.



SHEER PLAN OF P. McDONNELL'S AIR-SHIP.

"This electric current, too, would create a luminosity such as by passing an electric current through a glass tube having most of the air withdrawn, as the conditions would be identical, only on a larger scale. This light and current would afford sufficient heat and energy for plant and animal life. The existence of this electric force is explained by the dipping of the compass needle about one thousand miles this side of the Poles on the outer surface."

This idea of the North Pole being the beginning of a new continent is not altogether the product of the mind's fancy. Lieutenant Lockwood and Sergeant Brainard, of the Greely furthest north expedition, reached the eighty-first parallel and found evidences of a former civilisation so recent in character as to lead to the belief that the people, whoever they might be, had in a recent century evacuated their land for one of a milder climate.

Each vessel will have a speed of sixty miles an hour in a calm, it is claimed, and will be able to sustain itself at the full power of its motors for at least six days without replenishment.

Each airship, when complete, will be 450 feet long and fifty-five feet in diameter, composed of a tubular bridged framework having metal cones on each end, the whole covered with a gaslight envelope, and sufficiently rigid to resist the pressure of the air at one hundred miles an hour speed. A cabin, fifty feet long, twenty feet wide and fourteen feet high, having an upper and lower compartment, is rigidly attached to any part of this framework, and will be water and air tight when the ports and doors are closed.

The upper or storage compartment of the cabin will be six feet high. The lower compartment will be eight feet high and will be used for the crew, motors and other machinery. It will be divided into six sleeping rooms, one dining room with kitchen, one office or captain's stateroom and a pilot and engineer's space in front. The rest of the space is set apart for the motors and other equipment. The partitions are formed of cable padded with a light material, which carry the cabin floors, as well as make the divisions. The outer walls of the cabin are of the same material.

The combination of the cabin and framework is such as to do away with the netting heretofore used on dirigible and other balloons. The framework, with its gaslight cover, constitutes the buoyant body, having 700,000 cubic feet of space. It is divided by gaslight partitions every twenty-five feet of its length, forming eighteen compartments, sixteen of which are used for gas.

The two centre compartments above the cabin are used as expansion chambers, and are of 100,000 cubic feet capacity, and are open with the outer air freely. The gas, however, is enclosed by two movable partitions, which drive the air out when the gas expands by high altitude or high temperature, and draws it back again by contraction automatically.

This leaves 600,000 cubic feet for buoyancy, which, with hydrogen, has a lifting power of twenty-two and one-half tons. The complete ship, without the machinery, will weigh ten and one-half tons. Four motors of fifty horse-power each, will weigh two tons. Ten and one-half tons will be allowed for crew, storage and fuel, leaving one-half ton to be lifted by the motors.

The National Cigarette.

There is a fight royal going on for the British cigarette, and the parties are the United States and Britain.

The pipe seems to take a back seat to-day, so, in considering the national consumption of tobacco at Home, we will suppose that it forms one gigantic cigarette.

The national cigarette has grown enormously since 1841, as the diagram shows. In 1841 our fathers were content with a 13oz cigarette a year. The sons require 2lbs 0oz to the

2966 in all. Taking this average for the rest of Asia, the death rate on that continent from animals alone may be put at 4500 a year, of which number tigers are responsible for 1500, wolves for 600, leopards for about 450. Wolves have a far wider range than leopards.

Lions account for some 600 lives yearly in Africa, other animals for 800, while the toll to jaguars in South America, panthers in North, wolves and other dangerous beasts all over the world may be calculated on a population basis at a further 1800.

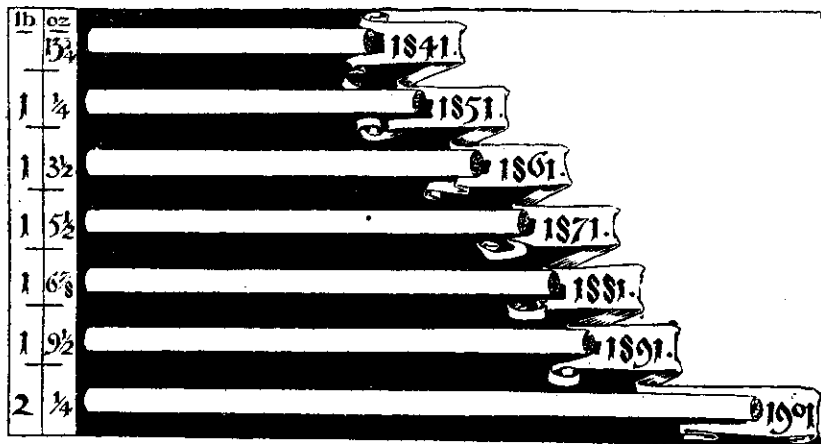
But this total of 7700 is only the beginning of lives lost to the forest kings. Cobras and other coiling death

rattlesnake, moccasin, and fer de lance account for another 1500 in the northern half of the continent.

Add a further 2000 for the great Polynesian Islands, Australia, and Europe, the total yearly loss of life by snakes amounts to 47,000. Wild beasts and snakes between them killed 5,470,000 persons during the Nineteenth Century.



Wolves manage to dispose of 600 persons per annum, a large number of whom are subjects of the Czar.



A Diagram showing the growth of the national cigarette since 1841. In fifty years the consumption has more than doubled.

cigarette of 1901. This figure is arrived at by dividing the total amount of tobacco consumed among the whole population. But if non-smokers are omitted, the smokers will be found to consume about 8lbs per head. In 1841 there were 26,700,000 people in the United Kingdom, and 23,096,281lbs of tobacco was consumed. This gave a cigarette of 13 1/2 ounces each.

In 1891 we numbered 37,740,000 people; the national cigarette now therefore is more than double the size of the cigarette of 1841.

The Toll of Tooth and Claw.

7,700 PEOPLE ARE YEARLY KILLED BY WILD ANIMALS.

(From "The Pictorial Magazine.")

Last year, in India, tigers killed 899 people, wolves 338, leopards 327. 1402 more met their deaths by the teeth, horns, or claws of other animals; or

dealers killed 24,621 human beings in India last year, and that despite the fact that rewards were paid for the death of 108,000 reptiles.

Snakes, principally cobras, account for a full 35,000 of Asia's yearly death roll. Africa, the home of the vipers and hideous puff adder, adds 6000 to this list.



The deaths arising from snake bites in India every year almost pass belief, and in the Asiatic Continent total to no less than 35,000.

South America comes next. The bush master, and many swamp snakes, besides the giant anaconda, claim their share of lives.



The man-eating tiger alone disposes of 1,500 persons yearly, heading the list of animals that dine off mankind.



450 deaths are credited to the ferocious leopard in the course of every twelve months.

Not less than 2500 South Americans die yearly from snake bite, while



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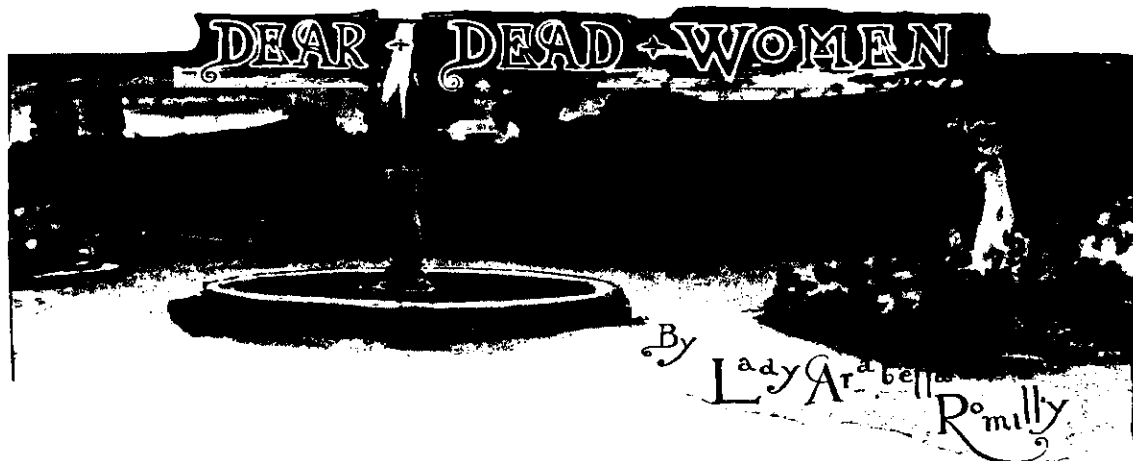
The Hon. Sir JOSEPH WARD, K.C.M.G.

Superintendent —

T. E. DONNE.



THE YELLOW TERRACE, WAIOTAPU



PART I.
CYNTHIA.

This is not a story of detail, or incident, it is merely the soul-journal of part of my life—the story of my life with two dear dead women.

Dear Cynthia!—she was not quite young, she had never been a brilliant woman of the world. She had been in, but not of, the world, but she was beautiful, with the white regular beauty of a statue.

How well I remember our last evening together—after eight long years of intimate friendship—she knew she was dying, she had long known it. She was lying on her sofa in her long gown of a mist-like grey, and her dark hair, closely wound round her head, accentuated the whiteness of her face. Her blue, sad eyes looked at me tenderly; her slight white hands lay folded listlessly, as if they could never do any work again.

I remember how she played with the violets at her side. She loved flowers; she loved all that was good and pure and innocent. She knew little of evil, and what she knew she shuddered at. She had a horror of all that was material, as the ermine dreads a speck on its whiteness.

Cynthia's life was one of extreme loneliness. Since her husband had left her to join his regiment in India she had lived entirely in his little place in Scotland, with an old aunt to keep her company—a kind soul, who loved her, and who welcomed my visits as the only happiness of her life.

When I came in that evening, she rose with a cry of welcome. "Oh, Lancelot, you have come! I did not think you would come so quickly." She was so weak, it was almost too much for her. I made her lie down again, and took her hand.

"How could you doubt my coming, you sent for me?" I answered quietly, perhaps too quietly. She looked at me, tears were swimming in her eyes.

"Lancelot, I feel much stronger since you have come. I almost think I could walk once round the garden. I have not been off the sofa for three days, and I wish to show you the autumn flowers once again."

"Could you walk?" I said. "Let me push you in your chair."

"No," she answered, "I would rather walk. I don't mind being tired, I shall have such a long rest soon—nothing is too much for me now. All the same."

I wrapped her long grey cloak round her, how well I remember it, fastened at the neck with a silver clasp, and falling back from her slender wasted figure. I almost lifted her out of the door-window opening into the garden, and then she laid her head upon my arm, once or twice she paused for breath, and touched her heart, as if she felt pain there.

She did not speak much of herself and I did not ask her if she suffered. Sometimes I have reproached myself much for saying so little. Why, why do we not say more to the living—when they are the living? When

they become the dead—too late—too late.

Cynthia had an unquestioning faith. Even I, her friend, to whom I had imparted all my doubts and perplexities, had not been able to shake her gentle faith, and to that faith she clung, and it carried her safely, if sadly, through life.

That was a beautiful old garden where Cynthia and I walked that September evening.

I had met her first in September, and it seemed to me as if her fate and mine were connected with that month.

Beautiful old beeches, whose leaves were hardly turning colour, enclosed the trim Dutch garden. Through the high yew hedges were cut arched openings leading on and ever into winding paths and fountains upspringing, casting round them the sunset-tinted spray.

Great beds of feathery chrysanthemums and late sweet carnations were set about the garden and planted along the lower yew hedges, their brilliant colouring a relief to the sombreness of this old-world spot.

Cynthia led me to a seat within the yew hedge and close to a bed of violets and mignonette. A robin came bubbly almost to her feet, and then he fitted to a beech-tree branch above us and sang us his autumn song.

Cynthia took off her hat and laid it on her knees, idly twining an ivy spray round it. At last she spoke, in that clear voice which always suggests a spiritual nature in a woman.

"Lancelot, I like to tell you of my fancies. I want to have violets and forget-me-nots only planted by my grave. I may be forgotten by all the world, but not, I think, by you. I wish to be buried beside my little boys; I should like you to have seen them. You came into my life when it was very desolate. You will never forget me, will you, Lancelot?" she said, and she turned and looked at me wistfully.

I held her hand closer. I knew there were tears in my eyes. I knew life would be a terrible blank to me when I lost this woman's love. I knew I should not strive to attain the good and the ideal when she left me; and yet, even then, I knew that there was another woman who, if she held out her hand to me, would lay me at her feet.

And I was not her lover, not even her friend, only one of her friends.

Why did the vision of Veronica's face come between us then?—a face not so classically beautiful as Cynthia's, but with that little nameless bewitchment Cynthia's had always lacked.

And as the thought of Veronica's face rose before me I hated her, and turned to Cynthia with a sort of remorseful passion I had never felt before.

"Forget you, Cynthia? Forget you! Does a man so easily forget a woman who has been all you have been to me for eight years?"

"I don't know," she said, softly.

"You often have told me I don't understand men. You have other friends—one of them may take my place. Oh, promise me, promise me."

and both her hands clasped mine, "that you will never care for any woman again as you have cared for me. I am dying—I may dare to speak like this to you."

"Dear Cynthia, dearest friend," I said, hardly less agitated than she was.

"Oh, but promise. Sometimes I think I have wearied you—I have thought sometimes that you wished to break the chain. The chain will soon be broken, Lancelot."

"Cynthia—"

"No, let me speak. I know the truth. There is one woman. You have never told me her name, but I know you will love her. She is a woman a man must love if she cares at all for him. A heartless, bad woman could not attract you, but this woman is not heartless or bad."

"Cynthia," I said, speaking as calmly as I could, "tell me her name."

"Don't ask me to say her name to you—I know it too well. I know about her, too, I have asked people. She is a strange, subtle woman, sweet as these violets, sympathetic, gentle, and, above all, bewitching. Oh, Lancelot! I know she has already taken hold of your fancy, though not your heart as yet. Promise me." Her face was white with the anguish of her soul. At that supreme moment of her life—it was a cruel moment for us both—I turned to her—I bent down and kissed her. "Promise," she murmured.

"Cynthia," I said, "how can I refuse you? I promise you no other woman shall take your place in my heart." I meant what I said then



She was lying on her sofa.

and yet why did two sweet half-closed eyes haunt me?

I shivered. I seemed already to be sitting with a spirit—the coldness of the dead was around me. Against my will I seemed to turn with a human longing to the smile, the warm, small hands of Veronica. Why did you come then? Why did you not leave me alone for a little moment with my dying Cynthia?

(And yet, Veronica, forgive me for writing so of you.)

"Now we will go home," Cynthia said. "Thank God for your promise. If I am allowed I will come to you in your dreams. I shall be waiting for you there, with the little boys. I shall show you my children, Lancelot," and she smiled. "But you have made up for all—for everything."

I had bound myself for life to a woman about to die—a woman who could not be my wife—a woman who was not the passion of my life—though deep friendship had grown into affection and love!

(Looking back all these long years, I thank God I did give Cynthia the only solace of her sad life, and I found in her a friend such as I should never find again. And had the love been passionate could it have lasted for eight long years?)

She was so tired, she could speak no more. She let me lead her from the garden home again. I arranged her cushions and gave her her tea, and waited on her very tenderly. It was our last evening together.

That night she died.

I did not know that I felt anything but a stunned grief at Cynthia's death.

Men do not, perhaps, understand so well as women the subtle analysis of the age. They do not try to unravel the meanings of subtle sensations as women do. They understand human passionate love better than women, but they do not enter into all the strange paths of analysis—the tortuous, devious windings into which it leads those who once listen to its enchanting call. Not being skilled in analysis, I cannot understand how it was that in this dark hour of my life I should have been torn in two with conflicting emotions. My God! why was Veronica's little gentle laugh, her low voice, ever at my ear, as I knelt hushed and outwardly calm by the bed of Cynthia?—Cynthia, who lay so quietly and restfully! Do we rest? Yes, Cynthia rested, I felt sure of it as I looked on her. Her hands were lying straightly down—I raised one in mine, and saw her wedding-ring gleaming on it. She had been a lonely wife. What would he feel when he heard of her death? Had he ever loved her? Perhaps for a year or two; but he was so coarse and unrefined that she had at last found her only happiness in my company.

And what had lain heaviest on her heart was the fear that another woman should take her place with me.

How I resented the bewitchment of Veronica, and yet my human heart longed for her.

In that long death chamber, in which I shuddered, my whole soul went out in longing for that dear living woman.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

"I seemed to know her well by her sweet air,"—Rossetti.

I drove away after Cynthia's funeral with two white roses from the cross I had laid on her grave.

How I hate all connected with funerals and coffins and crosses!

The disgust of it had seized me even as I knelt with bowed head, and heard the earth fall over that beautiful woman.

But when I drove away on that September morning, glorious as September mornings can be in Scotland, and saw the long sunbeams glide along the grass, in and out among the shadows of the beeches, and watched the sudden flight of the partridges across the yellow corn, and looked up at the happy blue of the sky, a great sense of relief came over me, and I thanked God for it. One piece of life was over. "Let the dead past bury its dead."

No regrets can bring back Cynthia—and she was dead, I was alive. And there was Veronica, and there was a letter of Veronica's lying in my pocket! It had been there all the time of Cynthia's funeral, and unconsciously I had placed beside it a sprig of cypress tree overshadowing her grave.

It had left a stain on Veronica's letter. And I felt I had in some mysterious way brought the shadow of death on Veronica, whom I was trying to hate.

To hate Veronica! A man is never so near loving a woman as when he tries to hate her!

A cloud came across the sky, and the cypress spray in my hand made

band, and groaned aloud. I was debarred from love, I was debarred from sympathy, and from the society of the most sympathetic of women, Veronica Eastlake—I was cut off from a sympathy I had lost with Cynthia.

I felt at that lonely, storm-tossed moment of my life how soothing Veronica's presence would be.

I said to myself, "There is nothing on earth so calming as the friendship of a gentle, spiritual woman." Perhaps I had forgotten that something like human looked out of her eyes like grey-toned passion flowers; something of human nature in the smile of her curved lips.

One evening, lying back in my chair,

never met anyone so free from all the wiles and ways of a pretty woman.

Quietly patiently indifferent to everything, looking as if happiness and health were alike unknown to her, I felt much drawn to her. I sat by her that evening. She was sympathetic to me. She was not even then quite young; she had been married ten years.

Someone sang a heart-breaking song that evening. It was in Scotland, and on Sunday, and was one of the songs admitted into the Sunday set—the song of the "Reaper and the Children." Cynthia sat very still, her fingers were closely locked together, and when I said "It is too sad a song," she did not answer. Her eyes were swimming with tears. When it was over she said, in that sudden confidence which only reserved natures understand, "She did not know or she would not have sung it—both of them, both of them." She got up gently and no one noticed when she left the room. Afterwards the lady of the house said, "I suppose Mrs St. John has a bad headache and has gone to bed. She has looked ill all day," then, in a whisper, "She lost both her children two or three years ago."

I said to Colonel St. John afterwards, "I hope Mrs St. John will be better to-morrow. Her head aches badly to-night."

"Does it?" he said, rather carelessly. "Mrs St. John easily gets low about herself. I tell her," he said—turning away from me to his host, and speaking in a confidential aside, but loud enough for me to hear—"I tell my wife, if she would only brisk up a little—go out more, mope less—she would not be always fancying herself ill. You see, 'twas the little chaps that did it—two in one week. Lord, I was cut up enough at the time myself; but I tell her no fretting will bring them back again. 'Twas the Lord's will." Here he blew his nose loudly, as if to conceal his emotion, drank down a glass of whisky and soda, and lit a large pipe.

I do not think Colonel St. John knew that I had heard what he was saying to his host, but if ever I felt inclined to kick a man downstairs he was that man.

We were ten days together in that house in Scotland. A week draws two sympathetic souls closely together—ten days is simply fatal. Those last three days decide if it is to be only a pleasant acquaintance or a continuing friendship.

Colonel St. John took no dislike to me, nor did he seem in the least jealous of his wife.

I found, through long years of intimacy that followed, that Cynthia St. John was not a woman who universally attracted men. If they began by admiring her they very soon found that their admiration was lost on her. She did not even notice it. Except to me, and to the memory of those dead boys, she was utterly cold—gentle and courteous—but always cold.

I think at first I grew almost afraid of the closeness of our friendship.

I am very reckless, but I could never allow myself to be so where the honour of a woman was concerned. I found there were no fears. Cynthia was very circumspect, partly from the dread of our intimacy being put an end to.

Just the last day of our visit in that Scotch house she spoke to me, a very little, of her boys.

"My heart lies in their graves," she said. "I do not like to be away from them."

St. John asked me to go and stay with them in their little place in Northshire, and there, year after year, her soul and mine were "drawn a little nearer yet."

(To be continued.)



Colonel St. John.

the shadow of the cross on Veronica's letter.

We are superstitious, after all, though we pretend to despise superstition in women. That cross shadow on Veronica's letter seemed doomed to bring sorrow on her—and perhaps on me.

She asked me in her letter to come and see her. Poor Veronica! (I called her so to myself, her real name is Mrs Eastlake.)

I was angry at her daring to ask me to come and see her in her friendly way so soon after Cynthia's death. I was unjust to her. She could not know what Cynthia and my story had been. I was cruel to her in my thoughts. I was suspicious about her.

I knew her to be a woman much loved and sought after. It seemed to me in my injustice as if Veronica were trying to steal me away from Cynthia.

Cynthia, to whom I had been the only friend on earth!

Sometimes during the long months that followed after Cynthia's death after staying at my Scottish home and when I came back to London, the longing came over me to go and see Veronica.

But I lingered—I faltered. My deep grief for Cynthia—grief just tinged with the suspicion of remorse and the promise of that evening—made me shun society. Then I almost reproached her sometimes, as I sat alone, leaning my aching head on my

in those hours of the night when the soul seems most awake. I went over those past years since I had first met Cynthia St. John and Veronica Eastlake.

I remembered how I had met Cynthia in a great country house in Scotland. She came down the staircase dressed in silvery grey and diamond stars in her dark hair and a few roses in her hand.

"Who is that beautiful woman?" I asked my host.

"Mrs St. John; that is her husband following her. He is a good, rough sort of fellow, but I don't fancy he and his wife are very well suited to each other. It is rather a case of Beauty and the Beast, is it not?"

Mrs St. John sat next to me at dinner. She was pathetic and sad-toned in her manner. Her life seemed set in a minor key. Sometimes she smiled with an innocent gaiety which quickly died away. Both the pathos and the gaiety were touching. I have

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Complete Story.

"A Lost Angel."

THE LIFE STORY OF A NOTORIOUS BRIGAND.

It was in an old artist's studio that I saw the picture called "A Lost Angel." Near it hung a head, which was catalogued "A Cherub."

In these two works the extremes of human expression were depicted. The larger, in fact, merited the name bestowed upon it; the smaller seemed too sweet for anything but heaven. A mother might have said, "Thus my child must look in Paradise!" but it was almost impossible to believe that such a divine creature actually existed on earth.

"Everyone," says something like that," said the old artist whose work it was. "I saw that face in Florence years ago. A mother and child sat together at the door of the little vine-wreathed stone house. The woman was sweet simplicity itself. The child was far more beautiful than that attempt to reproduce its features. I felt that I should never again have so angelic a model, and advancing, requested the mother to allow me to sketch her child.

"I will pay you well," I said. "Do you think you can persuade him to be quiet?"

"She gave me a bright smile of assent. "Yes," she answered. "Little Isidor shall pose for signor artist. It is time he began. He must earn his bread as a model. It was his poor father's business before he died. He was said to be the handsomest model in Florence. They painted him for their lovers, and little Isidor resembles his father."

"His mother also," I said. "She laughed, but answered in business-like fashion:—

"Oh, I'm well enough; but they only engage me when they need peasant women. I am not fine, like my poor husband; besides, youth is quick to go. Hold up your head, Isidor. Show the signor painter that you know how to pose."

"The little Italian instantly threw himself into an exquisite attitude. His eyes uplifted, his carnine lips slightly apart, an ineffable sweetness in his eyes.

"Tell me, then, if I am right," he said, after a moment, and I nodded an affirmative. Instantly he seemed to have forgotten the world, and to be listening to the harps of the angels. One might have fancied that he would vanish like a beautiful dream. He seemed too fair, too holy for earth. I painted him with rapture, but at my second sitting decided to make a larger portrait than I had at first intended.

"I presented my first sketch to his mother, who received it with delight, and fastened it to the wall, on which a gilded crucifix and a print of the Virgin already hung, and I worked many days over my picture. When it was completed I paid my model's mother liberally, and gave little Isidor a handful of small Italian coin that made him feel as rich as a king.

"Wherever I carried my 'little angel,' people exclaimed over the beauty of the face. I think no woman ever saw it without crying out upon the moment: 'What a lovely child!' I often thought of the boy. In all the years that followed I never forgot him. They were many, for I am an old man now. I was 25 when I left the little stone house, with the mother and the beautiful boy standing on the high steps under the shadow of a great vine that clung to the old wall. I was 60 when I saw it again—a man with his life behind him.

"One or two graves lay across the path I had trodden; many disillusion I thought of the man who had painted little Isidor almost as of some other whom I had known and had been fond of.

"I stood before the house where little Isidor had lived with his mother. It seemed unchanged. A vine grew over the door, springing, doubt-

less, from the same roots. The door was fast locked, and in case it was foolish to fancy that those two dwell there still, I walked away, and, wrapped in a reverie, stumbled over the toes of an old friend, who was a Government official, and who seized me by the arm with a light, Italian laugh:—

"Well met," he said. "I thought of going to find you. There is something in the town which an artist like you must see. It will not be on exhibition long, for it is a fine specimen of the genus rascal, and he will be executed in a few days. He is a bandit—a murderer—everything that is horrible. He has cut off the ears and fingers of his prisoners, and sent them to their friends, with intimations that if a certain ransom was not paid, this was only the beginning.

"He was captured at last on a visit to his sick mother, whom he seems to have been fond of. My dear fellow, I give you my word, he is the most hideous creature living. If you want a fearsome villain for any of your fine pictures" (here he gave me a complimentary Italian bow), "there is his head for you. He would, very much have you paint him; he believes himself a hero. Come, I can admit you to the prison."

"I went with him. As an artist who wished to transfer this doomed Italian to canvas, I was permitted to pass into his cell. He lay upon his cot asleep when we entered, but started up at our approach. The most fiendish countenance I had ever beheld was turned towards us.

"A wild, black beard hid the lower part of his face. His eyebrows, grown long and shaggy, flung a shadow over the eyes, that glittered like black diamonds, and were immense and long-lashed; but in expression eyes of Satan. A great scar crossed his forehead; a deep seam lay upon his left cheek; his nose, straight as that of a Greek statue, had nostrils that, while finely cut, had an expression of contemptuous cruelty past all bearing, an expression that must have infuriated an enemy and horrified one who was in his power.

"Campani," said my conductor, "this is an English gentleman—an artist, who would like to sketch your head. He is a celebrated artist. Your face will be in all the great salons. You will pose for him—will you not?"

"I have a talent for that," said Campani, with the air of a monarch receiving ambassadors from a foreign court, and shall rejoice to oblige the signor artist. I will look as terrible as possible. The signor, as an artist, will comprehend my motive. The signor will kindly not perpetuate the scars upon my face, which I do not wish handed down to posterity, as without them I am remarkably handsome."

"Instantly he assumed an expression for which I have no words, and, with a word of thanks, I fell to work. As the head grew beneath my fingers, I found that he was right. The scars and his expression alone made him hideous. His features were perfect. His hair glorious.

"I like it," he said, approvingly, pocketing the money I gave him. "Bring me some wine and cigars, you there! I will drink the signor's health. No thanks. It is a pleasure to pose once more for a true artist."

"Great goodness!" said my friend, as he examined the picture in an outer room. "You have made a lost angel of our great brigand, Campani."

"I never added the scars; I felt that the brigand was right in his request from an artistic point of view."

"A few days afterwards he was executed. Florence was astir with the

excitement, and the lottery people made a fortune from the losses of those who bought numbers which were supposed, I do not know why, to have become lucky because of the execution of a brigand. Terrible stories that made the blood run cold were told of him. He had had no mercy, no pity, no honour, no decency. But he seemed always to have been posing as a terrible hero; to have done everything with a view to effect.

"Leaving the crowd, I wandered away to the quiet portion of the city, where stood the little stone house in which I had sketched the angelic Isidor.

"Now a crowd surrounded the door. On its outskirts I saw my old servant Antoine. He bowed and spoke:

"There is something the signor should see. This is the house of the mother of the brigand Campani. There he was captured. Within is his portrait when a child."

"I will see it," I said.

"I joined the crowd, and paid my bit of silver to a greedy old crone, who gathered the coin into her apron. Two candles burnt in scones near the object of interest, and, as the peasant who had been before me crossed himself and retired, I saw, hanging beside a gilded crucifix over the head of the little bed, my own little sketch of the child.

"It is like him," said the old hag at the door. "That was my son, Isidor Campani, at the age of five. He was like that, only lovelier. A great English artist painted it. His father was the handsomest man in Florence."

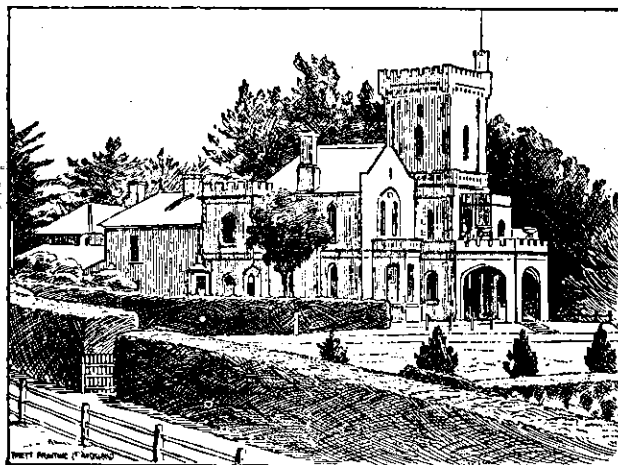
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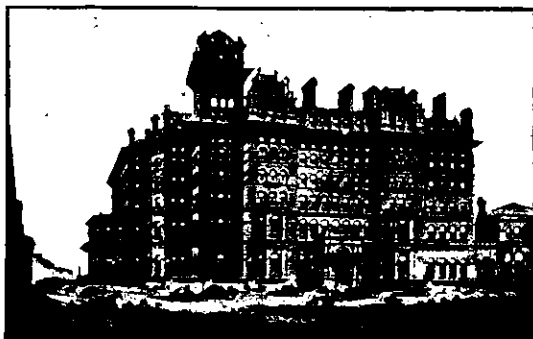


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Copyright Story.

A City Idyll,

By J. MARSHALL MATHER.

Author of "The Veiled Lady" and "The Two Marriages," Etc.

The city clocks were booming the hour of eight, confirmed by the discordant accompaniment of gongs and whistles from the surrounding manufactories. Snow was lying thickly along the streets, and an east wind blew shrewdly, nipping the wayfarer, and awakening the invalid's cough and slumbering rheum. No one was out of doors who could obtain shelter, and at the same time fulfil their duty; while those who were forced otherwise hurried along as fast as their feet could carry them, swinging their arms and blowing into their hands to seek artificial warmth. It was a morning to be dreaded, Nature being in one of her relentless and cruel moods—a bitter morning, prophetic of a still bitter day.

The gloomy portals of the great gaol looked gloomier than ever at this gloomy hour as they were thrown open to release a batch of prisoners who had that day completed their term. It was a motley procession of both sexes, and of all ages. There was the worn-out tatterdemalion, the swell mobsman, the ragged remnants of what once had been a woman, and roystering youths and girls. Some scampered out, others trailed weary limbs, while not a few put on an air of bravado as though to mock society and law—a study for the student of human nature, a field for the philanthropist, and fuel for the devil's flame.

Last and least came a child—a pinch-faced, lean-limbed, trembling child. She walked with a timorous gait, a look of shame shadowing her face, as she crouched beneath the under side of the gaol wall. A quick eye could easily have detected that it was her first imprisonment, and that the iron had entered into her soul. She looked about in a wild, scared manner, as though some other prison were about to open and receive her—and so it was—the fearful prison of society that holds out no hope and shows no forgiveness to those who have once crossed the threshold of a gaol.

Poor child, she had been more sinned against than sinning, not having stolen for her own end, but that she might gain one which would soothe the suffering of an ailing sister whom there had been none to befriend. This sister was two years older than herself, and lived with her, and her drunken mother, in a room in Angel's Court. Kitty loved her dearly, and keen was her pain as she saw her waste away day by day, powerless to help, save in supplying through the sale of matches, a handful of shreds and scraps that barely held together soul and body. One night, as they lay awake side by side, Pollie's cough cruelly torturing her, she turned to Kitty and said: "How I could eat an orange." Kitty sighed a sigh of despair, for she knew full well that no orange was within her reach wherewith to grant the suppliant's request, and all that night she lay, tossing and tumbling, and fretting and weeping because her dying sister was without this nectar of Nature's which she longed for to cool her parched lips. At last an idea struck her: "Why not be early at the market, and see if any by mischance, rolled out of the packing boxes as they were unloading! Surely she might take one of these without fear of molestation! At any rate it was worth the risk, for poor Pollie's cough was bad and her throat parched, and her cheek flushed, and oranges were so cooling, and she was so longing for one. Yes! she would

go and risk it." And getting quietly out of bed, she donned her scanty wardrobe, and crept down the stairs into the Court and along the back streets to the market, towards which the wains of vegetables and fruit were rolling.

Though but in the small hours everything was bustle and activity. Horses were stamping, men were cursing, crates and hampers were being thrown in wild confusion amid the glare of lanterns and the flare of gas. As she was entering the market, the wheel came off a light cart of fruit, and hurled the contents on the pavement. In a moment she saw her chance, and, without stopping to think of moralities or of consequences, she seized three luscious oranges and buried them in the tattered bosom of her gown, sweeping round, and making for a rapid flight into the darkness. But the eye of the law was too swift for her, and its hand too strong. In a moment a sturdy policeman had her in his grip, and rudely snatching the fruit out of her breast, he said, "Not sharp enough this time, young woman; caught in the act, so come along with me."

"Oh," pleaded the child, "they are not for myself, they are for Pollie that's dying at home; please let me go, do let me go! I only picked them up in the street, I didn't take them out of the box. It was not stealing; no, I'm sure it wasn't. I only took what fell; and they were lying in the gutter too, and covered with dirt."

"Stow that, and come along with me," said he. And along with him the child walked with shamefacedness and fear, and was the same morning brought before the magistrate and sentenced to a week's imprisonment, from which she was emerging into the cruel world on this cruel March day.

With temerity and a blushing sense of shame she crept forth once more into the world, which now to her was full of eyes that searched her through and through. Every object seemed to scan her, nay, to burn its fiery inquisitorial glance into her very soul. To her the foot-passengers appeared to pause and turn and follow her with their cruel scrutiny; the windows glared into her face as she had never known them before, and the signboards stared her out of countenance. Where should she turn, whither should she go? If she followed the main thoroughfare there was the shame of publicity; if she turned to the right she would tread the purlieus where she was wont to ply her trade as vendor of matches, and be subject to the skits and chaff of her merciless companions, while if she took the turn to the left it would bring her within the precincts of her home, which she dreaded to enter, knowing too well what awaited her there.

For a moment she halted, undecided as to her course. Here in a whole city full of homes she had none—a child-wreck, drifting out into a shoreless sea. Suddenly she made a rush across the street, and passing through a narrow thoroughfare began to climb some waste ground which mounted upwards towards a crest of trees that fringed one of the parks of the city, amid which she disappeared. In a little while she emerged into an open space intersected with walks, and dotted with shelters. She was the sole occupant, and in her loneliness she felt at home—now no rude eye would scan her, no rude hand would molest her, the snow and the trees were her sole companions, and these she knew would harm her not.

For half an hour she paced the grounds in a mood of settled despair, her little body shivering in the blast, her feet sodden with the snow, her limbs bitten with the cold. Then she turned into one of the shelters, and gathering herself together into a corner fell asleep, the sleep of utter weariness and despair.

She slept long and soundly, slept while the snow fell, slept while the wind blew, while the great city groaned and screamed at its tasks and toils, slept while fires burnt brightly in warm homes, and the well-to-do moved about in warm wraps or sat before well spread boards. The clocks struck the successive hours, the sun rode low in the heavens, and then began to fall, while the shadows lengthened and deepened, and the mists dropped their canopy over the streets that were now ablaze with gaslights, and windows aflame with illumination. How long she might have slept it is hard to say; but the rude hand of the park-keeper aroused her as he cleared the ground for the evening, bidding her begone.

Once more she was adrift, but not so shame-faced as before, for darkness was now lending its kindly shadows, and wrapping her in its gloom. She dropped down the brow which in the morning she had ascended, and passed beneath the walls of the gaol out of which but a few hours before she had emerged; then crossing a bridge she dived down into a netway of narrow streets, for curiosity and love had overcome her sense of fear and shame, and she determined to discover how her sick sister was faring, even at the risk of that cruel strap which her drunken mother kept for her flagellation. Shyly she crept into the court, and stealthily she stole up the winding stair until she reached the door of the wretched room she called home. As she paused upon the threshold the tones of a strident voice struck upon her ear. It was her mother who was madly raving, and who in wild and inhuman language was denouncing her delinquent daughter, vowing that when she returned home, as she knew she would that day, she would flay her alive for her theft and imprisonment. Terrorised and in despair Kitty crept downstairs, seeking refuge again in the city streets and under the now starlit sky.

It was a rude wooden structure heated with the flare of gaslights

and stifled with the breath of children who were massed round a lantern screen on which was a hideous and realistic representation of the most fateful scene in all history. There upon the brow of a hill, and above a surging mob were three crosses on which were nailed three writhing forms. The figure to the left was wagging his head in rallery, the figure to the right was lifting his head in pleading prayer, while the centre figure whose brow was bloody with its crown of thorns was looking on in pity and in love. Before the screen stood a rough, uneducated man, telling in somewhat coarse phraseology the old story of the Cross. "Now boys and girls," said he, raising his pointer to the screen, "these two were thieves, and if they'd been living to-day the gaol would have been their place and not the cross. Now nobody cares for thieves; they didn't care in those days, and they don't care now. Give a dog a bad name and hang him, so the world says, and so the world does. But Him as hangs on this middle cross cared for thieves, loved thieves, died for thieves, and He took this chap on His right hand up with Him into heaven, and he's there with Him to-night." Then after a pause he continued, "Are there any thieves here, boys and girls, upon whom the world has shut its doors? If there are, let them remember that Jesus is still the thief's Saviour, the thief-lover, the thief-redeemer—that is, if they are penitent thieves. His arms are open when the world's arms are shut, and so is the door of His Kingdom, His beautiful paradise, where He lives and reigns with His Father."

At this juncture a lady stepped on the platform, with a face as pure as the driven snow that lay upon the roofs, and in a voice as sweet as an angel's, and low, yet penetrating tones, sang:

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven
Saved by His precious blood.

Every eye was riveted and every ear was fascinated. The plaintive air, the touching theme, the pathetic voice together went home to every little heart, and tears coursed down

For health, strength and good digestion,

DRINK

van Houten's Cocoa

Pure
Soluble

It is not only a delicious beverage but a nourishing food, possessing the great advantage of stimulating and strengthening the nervous system. It is easy of digestion and assimilation, makes good the waste caused by work and exercise and imparts fresh force and vigour.

Don't let yourself run out of Van Houten's Cocoa. Order a Tin.

checks that were callous in sin, and bosoms heaved in response. The song—accompanied by the rude lantern slide—told its own tale, and told it well.

There had been no more attentive listener than Kitty. At first her ears had been opened in fear as she had heard the name of thief. Then as the story proceeded fear had given place to shame. But now shame was lost in hope and in joy. She had heard of someone who cared for her, who loved her, who had forgiven her, and who had a great house of His own to which He would take her, where she would be for ever happy and at rest; so she made up her mind that she would find out where He had died and where He now lived, and ask Him to take her in.

That night as she stood beneath the city lamps looking up into the frosty heavens where the moon was calmly sailing, she determined to commence her search, for until she found Him how could she be forgiven, how could she find a home? She remembered that it was a green hill and on a cross where He died, somewhere outside a city wall. But then the city was so big, and there were so many roads leading in so many opposite directions out of it! Which should she take? She might easily take the wrong one, and so journey in vain. Should she enquire of the wayfarers? Nay, she dare not do that, they might suspect her of being a thief, and want to know what she wanted with the thief's friend. Still she might ask for the green hill, and, bracing up her nerves for one supreme effort, she appealed with her enquiry to a benevolent-looking old gentleman who was walking leisurely past her side.

"Please sir," she said, "could you tell me where green hill is?"

"Green Hill, my little girl," was his reply, "yes, and it's a long long way from here, too far for you to walk on such a night as this."

"But I must go, sir, please show me the way."

"But Green Hill," he continued, "is a burying ground; what can you want there at such an hour as this? There are no houses and no shelters of any kind."

"But, please, sir, I must go, will you show me the way?"

"Well," said he, "when must drives there's no standing in the gait. You follow these tram lines as far as they go, and then continue straight ahead, for twenty minutes, and that brings you to Green Hill burying-ground. You can't miss it, for it stands on the brow."

With joyous steps Kitty leapt from his side, and bounded along like a young hart, the snow crunching beneath her poorly shod feet, and her breath steaming in the frosty air. For upwards of two miles she kept up this racing speed, then as her strength began to ebb unwillingly slackened. But her mission gave her zest and on she kept. She had long since left the warehouses behind, and the shops and the streets, and she was now passing the villa residences within their enclosures of trees. Soon these became further and further apart, until at last she was in the open country where the tram lines stopped. The high road lay stretched before her, and now she knew she was within twenty minutes of her destination, and she clapped her hands for joy. But her strength had almost gone; she had been long without food, and pinched with exposure to the cold. But her spirit and her hope sustained her. She was going to the green hill, where the thief's friend had died, and she would find out the house where He now lived, and she would ask Him to take her in.

A few minutes brought her to the foot of the hill she was so eagerly seeking, and climbing a low moss-grown wall she stood among a crowd of tombstones marking the underlying dead. They were all sizes and all shapes, some recumbent, others upright. There were obelisks, broken columns, urns, and on the summit of the hill, silhouetted in the moonlight, stood a huge granite cross. In a mo-

ment Kitty's eye caught its outline, and plunging knee-deep through the snow, she climbed with eager haste and expectancy the heights. Soon she stood at its foot and looked up in wonder, then tears came into her eyes, and with a great sob she fell down and kissed it.

There she lay in silence and alone, with no watchers save the stars, and no companions save the dead. But while she lay there the message of admittance came from the home of the thief's friend, and angels carried the soul of the little sufferer into the Paradise of God.

At daybreak, as the sexton was making his early rounds, he saw a child's form lying at the foot of the granite cross that marked the tomb on the summit of the hill. He hastened towards her, shouting her to be gone, but her ears were opened to other sounds, and her eyes beheld other glories than those of the frosty sunrise on the eastern sky.

HIS RUPTURE CURED.

Engineer on the Midland Railway Restored by the Wonderful Rice Method.

One of the well-known engineers on the Midland Railway, having been in their employ a long time, relates some very interesting facts about how he cured himself of a bad rupture by the Rice Method. His name is George Jordan, and is in good standing, so what he says for the benefit of other railway men who are ruptured can be relied upon as truthful and of value.



Dr. W. S. Rice, July 21, 1901.

Dear Sir, I am very pleased to say that I am cured of Rupture after using your treatment for three months, having been ruptured for seventeen years.

I have already spent a lot of money on treatment, having paid one doctor sixteen guineas without getting much good, and I had lost all hope of being cured until I read your advertisement in Lloyd's Newspaper.

I acted strictly on your advice, and I have not been troubled with my Rupture since the first week I tried your treatment, and although I get a lot of shaking about (being a locomotive engine driver on the Midland Railway), I have not worn a Truss for about two months, and I do not feel the slightest weakness now, and am enjoying better health than I have had for seventeen years.

You can make what use you like of this letter, as I am anxious for all sufferers to know of your treatment; and I shall advise all my friends afflicted with this complaint to use it, as I know it will cure permanently.—Yours faithfully, GEORGE JORDAN.

The RICE Method of curing rupture is so near perfect as anything could be, and a great many remarkable cures have been effected. Every ruptured railway man should write Dr. W. S. Rice, 37 Bishopstone Road, Gloucester, E. G., who will send a FREE SAMPLE of his method, also a complete and illustrated series of pamphlets showing conclusively that his method cannot fail of a cure. It is a home treatment at small cost, without pain, danger, operation, or an hour's detention from work. Do not fail to write for either yourself or someone you know to be ruptured.

Advertisement for 'GOOD WEATHER FOR DUCKS' featuring 'TOWER'S OILED CLOTHING' and 'FISH BRAND'. It includes an illustration of a duck and text stating 'WET WEATHER PROTECTION IS GUARANTEED UNDER THIS TRADE MARK' and 'A. J. Tower Co., Mfrs., Boston, Mass., U.S.A.'

Complete Story.

A Night in a Haunted House.

Smile if it please you, and if your smile come at midday, when the sun is high and all nature is serene, perhaps we nocturnal investigators will smile with you, for we are all the bravest of the brave under the soft light of a clear blue sky. With the first ray of sunlight we can snap our fingers at the grandmother tales of hobgoblins and spectres, for does not tradition teach us that even the most courageous of ghosts fail to assert themselves under the reign of the sun? Brave? To be sure, if you do not pry too closely, but give us a night when the elements are at war, when the winds howl and shriek around the corners, when the windows rattle and the floors creak, a sudden blast comes down the chimney, sending before it particles of soot and spiteful little stars like tiny wraiths out upon the hearthstone. Form a semicircle around the flickering flame and tell stories. Be sure to touch upon all the various undiscovered laws of phenomena; relate all the dreams and forewarnings you have ever had; supplement this with a good, old-fashioned ghost story; then, if you really are brave, go into an empty room alone without a gleam of light, and call in a loud voice for all the earth-bound souls of departed ones to manifest themselves. If you do not experience a shivery feeling that you must fly instantly or a bony hand will reach out in space and grasp you by the hair, or two lean arms grab you from the back, you are indeed entitled to the qualification of bravery.

It is said that walls have ears. If this be true the walls from cellar to garret of the haunted tavern of which this story is written could relate many a gruesome tale of robbery and gambling debts paid with a bullet or a keen-edged dirk. There is even a story in which the birth and death of love, a stiletto with a jeweled handle, two flashing eyes and a lace mantilla have figured. To an observer, the broad balcony, the doors, the windows, the very walks in front spell tragedy. The old Spring Hill tavern on the ocean road—old timers well remember it, for thirty years ago the place figured as the toll-house, and the wily landlord waxed fat on the revenue from the pockets of travellers who stopped to pay toll and incidentally take a drop and chat a moment with the cherry-faced barmaid, for in those days feminine smiles were a rarity and were valued accordingly.

As the city added to its population travel gradually swerved to other roads, and the Spring Hill tavern became less prosperous. Finally, after changing hands several times, it was abandoned, and now, for a little over ten years, the odd-looking windows have been curtainless, an uncanny silence has reigned throughout the day, and equally uncanny (according to rumour) disturbances throughout the night, for no family, after hearing the history of the inn and of the unexplained nocturnal happenings, could be induced to live there.

The place being a white elephant on the hands of the owner as far as making it a residence goes, is now used as a sort of storehouse, but the low, shed-like barn is put to its original use and shelters some half dozen horses. Several months ago the man who cares for these horses asked permission to sleep in the barn. Being a Spiritualist, he laughed at the fear of spectre night owls, but it was noticed that after a night or two in the place another habitation was sought, and although the fellow was quite accustomed to holding conversation with the visitors from the other world, when chaperoned by a medium, he is strangely reticent concerning his sudden change of mind about sleeping in the tavern. "Oh, no, I heard nothing," he says, but it is said very much as our Chinese friend says, "No sabee," when he thinks it is none of your business. However, a house with a history is always interesting, and considering the weird tales that reach Market-street occa-

sionally, this one is doubly so. And ghosts—even the name is a temptation to the investigator.

At any rate, an excursion to the haunted tavern was planned, and, through the courtesy of the owner, who consented to be one of the party, we were permitted to make a midnight tour of the house and the premises in general. Being a trifle sceptical about ghosts, but having a wholesome belief in footpads and traps in that somewhat lonely and desolate spot, I spent the earlier part of the evening in putting a beautiful polish on the 32-calibre revolver; which weapon should put to flight all which weapon should put to flight all. This was given place of honour in the Night in a Haunted House—Take 2 right-hand corner; xzff xzff right-hand pocket; then, with the additional arms of candle and matches, one is apt to feel very brave—at first.

At the appointed hour the party of six, with the owner of the house in the lead with a lantern, thus completing the mystic seven, trailed its way, Indian fashion, through the thick growth of grass round to the back door of the historic place. As the house has been vacant for many a year the doors, whose hinges have long since confessed their uselessness, are nailed up, likewise the windows. So, to effect an entrance, it was necessary to knock off a few slats. One by one the party clambered down through the window into what was formerly used as a pantry. Impelled by a curious thought, which seemed to influence all at the same moment, candles and bicycle lanterns flashed their lights here and there, on floor and wall, in search of blood stains, and of all places—in the pantry! None was found, so on we went to the sitting-room and parlour, then the bedrooms. One of the party, who knew the history of the house from beginning to end, said, pointing to a corner: "A man was stabbed there; was found one morning all huddled in a heap, lying in a pool of his own blood." Same old story—love, jealousy, desertion—with a plentiful accompaniment of liquor. The girl shot herself afterwards. The dark stains on the floor may be blood—or they are possibly the natural discoloration of old wood. At any rate, they acted as a spur to the imagination, and with a creepy feeling that I did not care to be first or last, I scaled the ladder to the attic, full of fantastic shadows and gigantic cobwebs. Suddenly a blast swept around the corner. What's that? Everybody looked at everybody else. A strange rattling, scratching sound, ended in a prolonged scr-a-s-p. "A rat," said one. "Not on your life; no rat scratches like that." Finally, after much useless palaver, it was found to be a loosened wire, that with every strong gust of wind scraped around inside the old-fashioned stove-pipe. Down the ladder again we went to another bedroom; from there into the basement barroom.

If walls could talk, what tales would we not hear in this room? A few boards of flooring had been pried up and a hole some four feet in depth and about three in length and width had been dug, for what reason no one could conjecture, except, perhaps, for the purpose of exhuming a chest of treasure, or, as someone else said, "drag out the evidence of another crime." We all favoured the crime theory.

From off the barroom to the left is a small closet-like room probably intended for storage, but Dame Rumour will not have it put to its original use. She has something far more strange and weird to say of this aperture, which is sided by the clay-bank, whose rough sides, bulging with an occasional rock, reach to the floor above. Here is located the real mystery of the ghost. The place looks innocent enough, to be sure, although it is said that a man was found tucked away under the stairway with his throat cut. Somewhere in this clay-bank, should your eyes be sharp enough to detect it, is a tiny

stone, one among a million seemingly; behind this nature's "push button" is a spring, which, upon the utterance of a little fairy-tale magic, or an ordinary push without the magic, will swing open a clay door large enough to comfortably admit a man. From this, a short hallway leads to a spacious room some ten feet in height and ten or twelve in length and width. Here a white pine table with innumerable stains, a broken box or two, a few broken bottles, whose contents contribute their share to the real horror of the place, and were of assistance changing a mortal into a ghost no doubt. While the guests made merry in the room above the wise few apparently visited the barroom for a glass and a chat, but really to slip into the little clay door where they knew great piles of shining twenties awaited, should fickle fortune turn the tide their way. Here the clank of gold was muffled, and an occasional sharp scream or the sharp report of a pistol were alike heard only by those upon whom the clay door had closed. Why the cellar was finally abandoned is the strangest part of all, for it deals with the superstitious side of human nature.

The story is something like this: An unusual crowd had gathered in the cellar that night, great sport was announced, for a stranger, a tourist, foreign, rich, and with love of the game, was to be initiated. The little clock at the end sounded one, two; still the gold clinked, and the piles increased and diminished with the fancy of the coquettish goddess of chance, who was now kind to the hardy miner to the right, now to the pale-faced stranger, whose eyes gleamed and brightened as he stacked up in front of him the piles of gold. Three, four; the little clock was nearing the next hour when the final game was announced. The stake was high—a last swig at the bottle all around—then silence; the game had begun. "Deal two," said the red face, without raising his eyes; three came from another. Then they noticed that the stranger, who had out the deal, required only one to complete his hand. A gleam of suspicion shot across the table. "Raise one hundred," growled one; "five hundred," said the next; "ten"; the last had risked his all, so ten was the limit. "Call." The miner displayed four kings, and prepared to take the coin, but the stranger, without a word, spread four aces on the table face up. The words "Fair play" and "Cheat"—the muttered threats were lost in the general brawl which followed. The gentlemanly foreigner, with satirical smiles, said nothing, but calmly donned coat and gloves, and, without a glance at the crestfallen loser, reached for his bag of coin. Like a flash across the table shout out a brawny hand, grabbed that of the stranger, laid it flat upon the table, and, before the startled, half-drunken on-lookers could interfere, drew his knife and in a moment held up the first and second fingers, saying, with an oath: "Finished his cheating!" The stranger stared at the blood dripping upon the earthen floor, then, with quick decision, he looked his contempt, and, drawing his slight form up in dignity the pale face gleamed more pale, the low narrow eyes glistened, and a curse, blood curdling in its awfulness, fell from the thin lips. "Shall never have peace while you live." He finished, then picked up the knife—the same that had severed his fingers—and in a moment his life blood was staining the clay.

The horror was not that of seeing a man die, but the curse—the curse. With blanched faces the now sober men dragged the body out to the closet stairway, where it was subsequently discovered. That night the clay doors were closed never to be opened again, and rumour will have it that from that day to this the inn has never been on a paying basis. With the finding of the shapely glove with the two fingers missing, the tale ends, only to be revived again and again with the reported appearance of the real or imaginary spectre, who is always seen holding high his right hand with the two fingers gone. After a

fruitless search for this mysterious door or secret spring in the clay bank, everybody started again, this time over a low, rumbling sound. I noticed how every brave put a hand on the pistol pocket. The wind rattled a loose piece of glass from a broken window in the bar-room, the candles flared wickedly, the house trembled, everybody held his breath. Then the owner, with a gleam of mischief in his eye, said: "That is the car coming over the bridge. A mirthless joke or two was responded to by little forced laughs, and we left the basement, where I fancy a million invisible spectre eyes were curiously looking on, and went upstairs again.

Not more than a year ago a tramp was found hanging to a tree back of the tavern. Some one dared some one else to go up to the tree—a few women demurred—at last all decided to go. The little grove surrounding the house on the hill swayed with the wind, sobbed and sighed as he stopped near a little tumble-down fence and flashed our lights over the mounds covered with a thick growth of tangled weeds, mingled with half-stifed roses. A little private burying ground—relatives who were mourned or victims? Because of the roses, presumably the former. To one side we found an old-fashioned well, with the traditional moss-covered bucket, only in this instance the bucket stares up from the bottom, for the rope has long since rotted away.

Six wells in all are scattered about in the grove within a radius of half an acre. Truly a more ideal stalking ground for restless spirits could not be found. It is small wonder that with all the weird surroundings, the place has gained its reputation for ghostly tenants.

After taking a look at the tree which aided the tramp in his flight from this plane to another we made our way back to the entrance. "Sa-a-a-y," in a stage whisper.

Everybody stopped. "I saw something white move." "Where!" (Still in whispers, just as if a ghost could not hear a whisper.)

"Up there," and a black-looking window at one end of the shed-like barn was pointed out. We all laughed nervously and said, "All imagination"; then eyes began to grow round. There was something and it was white. "Look there!" Ah, it had vanished! We stood fascinated; twice, three times it came. Some of the less nervous suspected a trick. The others simply shook and said nothing. Upon investigation this mysterious something was found to be the nose of a white horse stabled in the shed. Upon hearing voices at that time of night his curiosity was aroused, and he made an attempt to look out, but the rope being too short, only his nose appeared.

What will not the imagination form out of a horse's white nose in a dark window of a haunted stable! That being settled, we all entered again through the pantry window and selected the old-time sitting-room for the ghost to do his specialty in. We sat about on boxes, on pieces of barrel, or anything that is part of the furnishing of a vacant house. The lights flared and sent up little wreaths of smoke as the draughts whispered through the holes in the window. Some one held up a candle, and said: "Look, it has wound a death sheet." After that superstition had been explained, another proved curious as to what these particular ghosts were supposed to do for a living, elank chains or howl death wails? At the last word, a long, blood-curdling shriek pierced the air. All came to their feet with a bound, then sat down again looking rather foolish, as the supplementary tooth-toot of the Southern Pacific whistle stamped the first shriek as decidedly from this sphere. A snatch of the banquet scene from Macbeth was rendered by an ambitious student, who I fancy will never have a better inspiration than that occasion furnished.

At last the two hands of the watch pointed to 12, that mystic hour when graveyards yawn. By

common consent silence reigned, but in that peculiar atmosphere silence was far less comforting than the most gruesome babble. My hair seemed ready to assume a perpendicular position at every blast, for many were the curious freakings, rappings, and unaccountable noises caused by a mischievous wind and a rickety old building.

The tall trees on either side of the tavern rustled their branches in fantastic harmony; a drizzle of rain which finally grew into a sharp shower lent its cheerfulness to the occasion. To the evident relief of the assembly, nothing supernatural made its appearance—more's the pity—for it would have had an en-

thusiastic audience, wrought up to a splendid state of nervous appreciation. With more story-telling and conjectures as to the origin of ghost stories, haunted house tales, etc., the retelling of rumour emanating from the residents in the vicinity of the old Jewish Cemetery who have seen vapoury shadows fitting about among the tombstones in the dark hours, the time slowly passed.

Finally the clouds began to lift, the rain and wind were less violent, and we waved our farewell to the spooky tavern. Never have the lights of early dawn appeared more welcome than on this occasion after spending ten hours trying to wrest a secret from another world.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

Sing a Song of Sixpence
a pocket-full of Five
ADJUSTED DAUNTY CUSTARD
REMOVES AN APPLE PIE

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

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"New Rival" loaded with Black powder, and "Repeater" loaded with Smokeless powders. When buying, always insist upon having them, take no others, and you will get the best Cartridges for the price that money can buy.

NO TROUBLE TO GET, ALL DEALERS KEEP THEM.

SOAPS that injure the skin are dear at any price. A delicate skin demands a delicate Soap like VINOLIA, which improves the complexion, and Purest, Safest, and best for the Nursery.

VINOLIA CREAM, for Itching, Prickly Heat, Sunburn, etc.

VINOLIA POWDER, for Redness, Roughness, Tetter, Nursery, etc.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

After Dinner Gossip.

A Parliamentary Story.

The "Saturday Review" tells a good story of the days when Lord Randolph Churchill was leader of the Conservative Party in the House of Commons. Lord Randolph wished a debate in the House to come to a speedy end.

A Whip brought the bad news that Sir Richard Temple had a long speech in his pocket, and felt he simply must speak it. All remonstrance was vain. The Empire's interests demanded that the speech should be made.

The Whip failing, Lord Randolph tried the bludgeon. Turning in his seat just when the obstinate orator was preparing to rise and catch the Speaker's eye, Lord Randolph said, with savage emphasis, and in tones that could be heard distinctly by the ouender and those who sat near, "What's the good of my trying to lead this House if every damned fool on my own side thinks he ought to make a speech?"

And the speech was never spoken.

The Increasing Cost of Battleships.

Twenty years ago a battleship cost about £500,000 sterling, but owing chiefly to cemented plates displacing the old wrought-iron armour and the increased effectiveness of the guns, that figure has been more than doubled. Three new ones are now being built for the Admiralty—the Commonwealth, King Edward VII., and Dominion—each of which will cost about £1,500,000.

"Punch" Proprietor Interviewed.

Mr W. H. Bradbury, one of the proprietors of London "Punch," in the course of an interview at Adelaide yesterday, had something to say about literary leaders. He considers that there is not a living master of fiction who is the peer of Dickens, George Meredith's, he says, is probably the greatest name of the present day in prose literature, though, perhaps, not the most popular. Hall Caine's works were selling in vast numbers, but could not be regarded as filling the large sphere Dickens made his own. The same applied to poetry. Tennyson and Browning had left no successor of equal genius. The days of epics and long poems had passed, but there was a great opening for men who could write good lyrics, ballads and short poems. He was not familiar with many Australian poets, but of the works he had read he regarded Gordon's as the best. Speaking of cartoons in Australia, he incidentally remarked that Australian politics were a strange mixture. "You have," he said, "a Parliament for each State, and then a Federal Parliament." He paid a high tribute to the genius of Phil May, and was enthusiastic in his praise of Du Maurier, whose place he had been unable to completely fill. Mr Bradbury says he regards Ada Crossley as among the most promising of Australian singers. He intends to visit Melbourne and Sydney, and will return via Canada.

Dinner a la Slot.

"Drop your money in the slot and get a meal" will be the rule at a new restaurant to be soon opened in Chestnut-street. (says the "Philadelphia Review") by a well-known firm. Against the main wall of the restaurant will be built an immense automatic machine, out of which, when the money is dropped in the proper slot, will issue sandwiches, steaming cups of coffee, oyster pieres, cakes or anything on the average lunch counter bill of fare. This machine will be ninety-two feet long against one wall and forty-two feet long against the other. Built of mahogany, marble, glass, the intending purchaser must visit one of its compartments and drop in his coin. If the coin be bad the machine will promptly spit it out. But if the machine sends the money satisfactory the food or drink desired will issue

forth on a tray, all ready to be eaten. Hot food will come out just off the fire, and cold articles just off the ice. In this novel restaurant the diner's ears will not ache from the strident calling. He will go quietly to the machine, which will look like an unusually large sideboard with no counter in front of it, get his food and take it to the table where he desires to sit and eat. The only waiters in sight will be noiseless ones, whose duties will be to clear away the debris after the patrons of the place have finished their eating. The machine will cost about £6000. Just 104 different varieties of food and drink will be vended by it, so that there can be no complaint of a lack of things to choose from. On the other side the machines are built to provide beer, ale and spirits, some of them even having champagne to sell. A stock company has been formed to sell the machines.

Ping-Pong Balls a British Secret.

One British trade secret has remained undiscovered by the Americans, viz., how to produce xylonite table tennis balls, absolutely round. The British maker holds this secret very tight, and as a result exports gigantic quantities of the balls to the United States, where the game is in the full height of popular favour. The demand is such that no balls are kept in stock, every day the output of about 300 gross being sent direct from the factory. A week's output represents over £1000. Since the game was invented some 5,000,000 balls have been turned out in London.

Not Born Yet.

A gentleman walking down a street observed a little boy seated on a doorstep. Going up to him he said, "Well, my little chap, how is it you are sitting outside on the doorstep when I see through the window all the other young folks inside playing games and having a good time? Why aren't you inside joining in the fun?" "I guess, stranger, that I'm in this game," replied the boy. "But how can that be, when you are out on the doorstep and the others are all inside?" "Oh, I'm in this show right enough. You see, we're playing at being married. I'm the baby, and I ain't born yet!"

Not Real Soldiers.

The Boer is not without a gentle wit. Here is one of his flashes of humour. A little son of a Boer looked upon his father's prisoners as something to play with, and on a British soldier being removed to another place the little fellow began to cry, whereupon his father promised to catch some more to-morrow, which he did. "Now, sonny, here are the soldiers I promised you." The little fellow looked over them carefully. Then his lower lip began to pout, and tears rolled down his cheek. "What's the matter, my son?" asked the astonished father, "doesn't he like his khakees?" "No, daddy," replied the little chap, striving with his tears. "Why not, my lad?" Then the child's restraint gave way, and he burst out: "Oh, daddy, they're not—(sob)—real—(sob)—soldiers at all!" They were two of the C.I.V.

When Astor Went Down

John Jacob Astor was asked one day what was the largest amount of money he had ever made in one transaction. This he declined to answer, but said that he would tell the largest sum that he failed to make. With De Witt Clinton and Gouverneur Morris, he said, he had planned to buy Louisiana from France and to sell it to the United States Government, retaining the public domain and charging 24 per cent. commission. They changed their minds, and Mr Astor said that he lost thirty millions of dollars by failing to go into the deal.

A Girl with Two Sweethearts.

The "Slate" publishes the following curious letter recently received by a country J.P.:—Dear Sir,—I want you to tell me if Arry can make me marry im, Georg come up this mornin and they had er ste, and arry got the beat of im, and did not think they wos in ernust when they started and will you kindle tell wot I can do as soon as possible Arry says I am too marry im—I never give im no encouragement whatever nor maid im eny promices, Arry has treated to shute Georg if he comes ere I told im a cude do the same to me as he done to Georg, pleas let me no as soon as possible as e is going inter — on saterday to by the rings and I am terible worryed, and I donot want im at no price. Arry seys you carnt do nothink if you are a J.P., but you jest show im what you can do for me—he dont know nothink abote the lor, e thinks I am fritened in im now sins e give Georg the hamerin, whatevers he does to Georg he can do to me.—yours truely,

The Elter Bit.

"Does enybody wante buy a dorg?" That was the plaintive problem put a few nights ago by a certain smart "sport," and immediately another smartly spoke up and said: "Wot's he like? Wot's his pedergree?" "Oh, he's a reg'lar ring-tailed roarer," replied the First Sport; "none o' yer 'Soonah' stop at all, but a dorg as blue-blooded as th' King himself." "Well, if the price suits, I'll take him," said the Second Sport; "I want a dorg to mind some prize poultry I'm rearin'." That was a lie that would have stiffened Ananias; the fellow had no poultry, and no need for a dog, but he really had a sixpence which was cleverly gilded over, and he thought he scented a chance to make it masquerade as half a sovereign. So he said: "If the pup's wot you say, I'll give you five bob for him." "Make it half a thick 'un and drinks roar," said the dorg owner, "and he's yours." "I'll go the coin, but not the dorg," replied the other. "I'm a blue-ribbon man now; sworn to put down th' accur-sed drink in every round." Which was true as regards putting it down his neck, but that's all. The bargain was closed, but before the night was over the new owner of the dog began to suspect that he had been taken down at his own game. The party who sold the dog took the shiny "sprat" without even looking at it, stuck it in his pocket, and then took the dog to its new owner's residence. On arriving there he told the other fellow's wife that her husband had bought the pup for five bob, and wanted her to change half a sov., so that he could pay up. "I don't know what he wants a dog for," said the lady sharply; "he can't keep himself too well just now," but she took the crook coin and handed over four half-crowns. When Mr Smartman came home that night and heard what his superior had done he swore a little softly, but when he saw the miserable, mangy, half-starved, wholly-useless dog he went out in the yard, threw up his hands, and implored high heaven to spicate the other fellow by chain-lightning, and blow his ashes to the four corners of the earth, and clean over into the unwholesome and unpleasant world beyond. It's a poor thing to take down a bosom friend, but it's a still poorer thing to discover that you have been taken down yourself during the course of the operation.

Silk Hat Coincidence.

There is something weird about a coincidence that was established in the Westminster County Court, just before the mail left. Captain Hampden Waller, a member of the King's Body Guard, and one of His Majesty's messengers, sued Messrs. Hill and Son, hairdressers, Bond-street, for 23/6—the price of a silk hat which he stated was removed from a peg while he was being shaved on February 17. In its place was another hat with the name of "Howe" inside. In cross-examination he admitted that he had attended a marriage reception at Oxford on January 1, and on that apparently innocent fact the defence was based.

Messrs. Hill stated that after February 17th a Mr Howe called, and was shown the hat, which he immediately claimed as his own. He had lost it at a wedding party on January 1, he being the bridegroom. The defence maintained that Captain Waller had taken the bridegroom's hat and worn it until February 17 without noticing the fact. The Captain maintained, however, that he had entered the hairdresser's with his own hat, and his Honor Judge Woodfall, after commenting on the extraordinary coincidence, gave judgment for the amount claimed, with costs, and refused leave to appeal.

Why is an Old Yarn a Chestnut?

According to Farmer's "Americaisms Old and New," the introduction of the word "chestnut" in its slang sense is to be attributed to the late Mr William Warren, a veteran comedian of Boston. In "The Broken Sword," a melodrama by William Dillon, there is a Munchausenese character called Captain Xavier, who is constantly relating his exploits to the low comedian, Pablo. Says the captain: "I entered the woods of Coloway, when suddenly, from the thick boughs of a cork tree—" Pablo interrupts with the words: "A chestnut, captain—a chestnut." "Bah!" replies the captain; "Booby, I say a cork tree." "A chestnut," reiterates Pablo. "I should know as well as you, having heard you tell the tale these twenty seven times!" Warren, who had often played Pablo, was at a dinner party, when one of the diners told a story of doubtful age and originality. "A chestnut," murmured Warren, quoting from the play. "I have heard you tell the tale these twenty-seven times." The application of the lines pleased the rest of the table, and when the party broke up each helped to spread the story and Warren's commentary.

A Strange Prize Competition.

The latest and most original addition to the crowds of prizes nowadays offered by newspaper proprietors (says a correspondent) has been exhibited during the Easter holidays in the streets of Paris. A Parisian journal has commissioned a very popular novelist to write a sensational romance, and every reader of the romance is tempted, by the chance of winning an "automobile with four seats," to make guesses at the fate of each of the eight leading characters in the story. Life size "portraits" of these persons are placarded about the streets; five are women and three are men. Under each portrait stands the name of the person, and a series of questions for the competitors to answer. For instance: "Catherine: Will Catherine marry?" If so whom will she marry? Again, "Liane: Will her scheme to gain the Marquis be successful?" Next comes: "Germaine: Will she deceive her husband?" Then, "Marie: Will she marry or die before the end of the romance?" Lastly, "Zizi: How many men will she attract? Who will be her last lover?" These individual queries are followed by a group of general problems for solution. "Which of these five women will die of poison? Which of them will administer poison? To whom?" Each of the three masculine portraits is also underlined by one or more similarly ridiculous questions. No competitor may send in any reply until a specified number of chapters of the novel has been published.

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Here and There.

Mr. Jules Verne, the famous French novelist, is to be presented with a gold-headed walking stick, subscribed for by his boy admirers in Great Britain. The presentation was inaugurated by the Boys' Empire League.

The Education Department has obtained the signatures of all the Maori owners of the 25 acres of first-class land required for the native village on European lines which is to be established at Corinth, on the Wanganui River. The land has been given to the Government free of cost. The opening of the village will probably take place about the end of the year.

The magistrates of Dundee, it is stated, have not only reduced the number of licenses in the burgh and enforced 10 o'clock closing in one of the wards, but they have dropped upon ping-pong. It is a common practice that those who lose the game (as it is played in a public-house) have to "stand" drinks to those who win; and this is viewed by the Bench as a sort of gambling.

The Tolago Bay correspondent of the *Gisborne Times* writes: A native named Harry Manuapua received a rather nasty gash in his throat the other morning. He was having a sun-light shave in the open air, when a few during the course of its flight hit against the razor, cutting a portion of his windpipe. He was immediately attended by the local amateur medico, and is doing as well as can be expected.

The Mayor of Wellington (Mr J. G. W. Aitken) and Mr Thomas McKenzie (the first white man to land on the site of the Wellington city) have each received from the Chinese residents of Wellington valuable gifts in commemoration of the Coronation. Mr McKenzie's present is a large scarlet mat, worked in most elaborate patterns with green and gold and finished off with elaborate gold-mounted tassel work. The whole surface of the mat is hand-worked with gold braid representations of peacocks and various Chinese figures and bird devices, and is elaborately studded with miniature mirrors.

A man whose wife asked for an order of separation from him at the Magistrate's Court, Christchurch, last week, on the ground of persistent cruelty, raised the novel counter-claim that if took him all his time to keep his partner from fortune-tellers and spiritualists. On one occasion, he alleged, she was so incensed at his refusal to let her bring a real spiritualist home to show to him that she left him and went to live with a party of them for more than a month.

Mr John Handley, of Wanganui, is now the proud possessor of an old flag, which was presented by Sir George Grey to Purakau in 1865, when the Wereroa Pah was surrendered to the British. The flag, a red ensign, bears abundant evidence of its age, and is a most interesting relic of by-gone days and events on this coast, says the local paper. We understand that Mr Handley intends to present this historic flag to the Wanganui veterans, of which he is a member, on the occasion of the King's Coronation on the 26th inst., and we have no doubt the recipients will value their comrade's gift very highly.

Serious complaints have been made by cabmen and others in Christchurch concerning the disastrous effects of the debris from the destructor which has been laid down in some of the streets of that city. "Clinkers," glass, tin, galvanised iron, nails and other substances are reported to have been discovered from an analysis of the mixture. Horses have been lamed by the nails that prevail in the new form of metal.

Lord Roberts, when inspecting the Guards Reservists the other day, had the pleasure of looking on a fellow-countryman. Private McCulloch, who stands 6ft 10in, and is tallest man in the British Army, overtopping even Captain Ames of Diamond Jubilee fame, McCulloch visited Auckland with the Imperial troops contingent. In the Prussian army there is an officer of the Guards known as "Der Lange Pleschkow," who stands 7ft in his stockings.

The "Samoanische Zeitung" of June 7 says that the German Government intends to introduce general and compulsory vaccination. The first supply of vaccine lymph has been obtained from Dr. Naviu, Hastings, New Zealand, and successfully applied by Dr. Schwenger. A fresh supply of the lymph is expected to arrive every three weeks, via Pago Pago. The several school committees have to forward the names of all the children attending their school, as these will be the first to be operated on. The vaccination of the natives will follow later.

The Hokianga correspondent of the *Kawakawa Luminary* writes:—"Hokianga, generally, appears to be on the verge of prosperity. We have now no less than three large saw-mills in full swing, and another is also being erected at Utakura, for the purpose of sawing puriri and totara sleepers exclusively. Other industries, such as fruit-canning, cheese and butter factories, are also being promoted. The newly-erected saw-mill at Koutou is now in full working order, and employs about fifty hands."

The proverb which teaches that "charity begins at home" was shamelessly disregarded by one James Healey, a former resident of South Melbourne, who died in Ireland, leaving his accumulated savings, amounting to £360, to 12 Victorian charities, and his wife and three children destitute and in want of the common necessities of life. The money was sent to the Rev. Dr. J. J. Graber, of South Melbourne, for distribution, and when divided yielded a dividend of £37 5/8 to each institution. Dr. Graber, recognising the gross injustice of the will, asked that the Melbourne Hospital should forego the odd £7 5/8, as all the other benefiting institutions had agreed to do, in order that Healey's widow and children might have something with which to keep the wolf from the door. It was unhesitatingly decided to comply with the request, and the doubtful charity of the testator was made the subject of some adverse comment.

Waddell, an American engineer, has contracted to build for five million dollars a cantilever bridge over the strait at the mouth of the Saint Lawrence River. This is interpreted as the prelude to a line of fast steamers between Canada and Ireland.

Some extracts from the recently-gazetted new regulations under the "New Zealand Industrial Schools Act": "Except in the day school, corporal punishment shall not be inflicted in the presence of other inmates. Except for grave offences, corporal punishment shall not be inflicted upon inmates who are over 17 years of age. Such whipping as mothers administer in private with the open hand or with the sole of a light slipper is not forbidden. No stroke on the head or neck can in any case be tolerated under any name whatever, and shaking, pushing and all similar forms of punishment are prohibited. No inmate shall be handcuffed or chained."

The precise business which France is most anxious just now to negotiate with Menelik is concerned with railways. In 1894 Menelik, who is eager to assimilate Western civilisation,

granted concessions to certain French engineers to construct a railway from the Red Sea to Adis Abeba, the official capital, and to Harrar, the commercial centre of Abyssinia. M. Chefnex, the French adviser of Menelik, who was for some years practically his Prime Minister, also got control of all prospective railway concessions, in addition to rights for the establishment of a State bank and the issue of coinage. But the interest of France in Menelik's kingdom centres chiefly in the success of this Jibuti and Harrar railway. The French speculating public, who eagerly swallowed the fabled discovery of the Queen of Sheba's gold mines in Ethiopia, were for a time very sanguine over the prospects of this venture, but since the Fashoda episode French enthusiasm over African affairs has distinctly cooled. To obtain the requisite capital the French promoters arranged for the flotation of an International Ethiopian Railway Trust and Construction Company on the London market. This trust has received valuable encouragement in England, where the importance of securing an interest in the future development of Abyssinia is now beginning to be recognised.

His Majesty Edward VII. is credited with the saying that it is vastly easier to live up to the obligations of a play king than to those of a real one; and the same thought, with a slightly different turn, was once expressed by President Lincoln. In 1862, says a writer in the *Kansas City Journal*, Colonel Alexander, of Topeka, who was an intimate friend of the President, visited him at Washington, and found him in a greatly depressed state of mind.

"This being President isn't all it is cracked up to be, is it, Mr Lincoln?" enquired Colonel Alexander.

"No," said Lincoln, his eyes twinkling momentarily. "I feel sometimes like the Irishman, who, after being ridden on a rail, said, 'Begorry, if it wasn't for the honour av th' thing I'd rather walk!'"

The passion for economical recipes is spreading, and amateur chefs are putting forward menus absolutely startling in variety, highly attractive in composition, and probably nutritious. But they do not yet seem quite to have reached bed-rock. Probably they want a lead. The following might set the cooks to work again:—

Jugged Air.—Take two quarts of fresh air, from the seaside, if possible. Whip it till it is as thick as cream. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Ornament the knuckle end with a ham frill. Serve on a clean dish and eat with two forks.

Sunday's Dinner.—Collared Fowl.—Catch one of your neighbour's chickens, when he is not looking. Shove it into a saucepan of boiling water at once. Eat when half-done, as it goes further. The water, nicely seasoned, with salt and cayenne, will make Monday's and Tuesday's meals.

Particulars of an interesting drink bill were disclosed in an Australian County Court action which came before Judge Chomley. Plaintiff was Fergus McConill, formerly licensee of the Campbellfield Hotel, Campbellfield, and defendant Alfred Oliver, farmer of Campbellfield. It was alleged that between 8th May, 1900, and 13th August, 1901, defendant was supplied with beer and other liquid refreshments, besides cigars and cigarettes, to the value of over £95. The greater portion of the liquor was consumed on the premises, but plaintiff calculated that £26 7/6 worth was taken away. The licensing law provides that a person cannot be sued for liquor consumed on the premises, but discriminating legislators saw no objection to preserving to publicans the rights of an ordinary vendor in regard to beer and spirits which are taken away in bottles to be disposed of in the privacy of one's own home. Defendant, while admitting that the "slate" was correct in regard to some of the entries, denied that he had run up anything like the account charged against him. He pleaded the statute so far as the liquor consumed on the premises was concerned, and paid £2 9/6 into Court in satisfaction

of plaintiff's claim. Mr Sidner, who appeared for plaintiff, characterised the reliance on the statute as a contemptible defence, but realising its validity, abandoned £63 5/9 of his claim. After plaintiff had given his evidence the case was postponed, but the hearing was not resumed, the parties having in the meantime agreed to a settlement. Defendant paid plaintiff £13, each party to bear his own costs.

The Auckland police have arrested a man named Alfred Graham on charges of vagrancy and opium-smoking in a Chinese den in Wakefield-street. This is the first occasion on which a European has been charged here with opium-smoking, which is now an offence against the law.

In the course of an address (save the Patea "Star") the Rev. T. G. Hammond (Wesleyan missionary in Taranaki) referred in glowing terms to the noble work that was being done by the Native Minister (the Hon. J. Carroll) amongst the Maoris. He was going about in his own way, but, nevertheless, he was working a remarkable change for good amongst his people.

Mr George Forbes (says an English paper) is an inventor who has the courage of his opinions. Unlike the inventor of a bullet-proof jacket, who disappeared when the Duke of Wellington proposed to test the patent on the person of the patentee, Mr Forbes obtained permission from the War Office to try his range-finder in actual warfare, and he recently returned to London from the front, after taking part in several skirmishes in Cape Colony. His range-finder has won the approval not only of General French, to whose corps he was attached, but of Tommy Atkins, who soon became an adept in the use of the instrument.

The residents of Levuka have been urging upon the Government of Fiji the necessity of establishing telegraphic communication between Levuka and Suva with such result that the Administrator has decided to forward a scheme involving a cost of about £5000 to the Secretary of State for the Colonies for his approval and sanction. If a serviceable line of telegraphic communication can be established for the sum mentioned the work should be put into hand without unnecessary delay.

Messrs Henderson and Macfarlane, the local agents of the Oceanic Steamship Company, last week received a telegram from the secretary of the General Post-office, Wellington, that the mail steamer Sonoma had arrived at San Francisco from Auckland at 11 a.m. on Sunday. This is the fastest run yet made by any steamer between the ports, and the Sonoma has landed her mails at San Francisco 29 hours ahead of contract time. The Sonoma left Auckland at 3.30 p.m. on June 7, and as the distance to San Francisco is 5930 miles, the average distance travelled per day must have been 395 miles, or in other words, to complete the voyage in the time credited, a speed of 16 knots per hour would be necessary. The steamer has evidently performed this remarkable feat, and taking into consideration stoppages at Pago Pago and Honolulu, the actual steaming time will credit her no doubt with a speed of nearly 17 knots per hour. The steamers of this line are now evidently getting their machinery into good running order, and are capable of carrying the mails between Auckland and San Francisco within the contract time of sixteen days.

A Paris bank has been victimised to the extent of £10,000 in the most audacious manner. A business house in Berlin some time ago wrote to its correspondent at Buenos Ayres to remit the balance due in four cheques of 100,000 marks each. The instructions were obeyed, but not quite in the way intended. Two cheques for the amount stated were drawn to the order of the Berlin house, and sent off. Two other cheques the correspondent made payable to himself at the Banque Internationale at Brussels. These he ap-

propriated, and took the same steamer which carried the letters of advice he had sent off. On reaching Brussels he presented the cheques at the Banque Internationale, and asked that they might be endorsed, and made payable at the Paris branch. As soon as the endorsement had been made and the Paris bank communicated with by telegram, he left Brussels for the French capital. He promptly turned up at the Paris office, presented his cheques, and received in exchange the sum of £10,000. Half an hour afterwards a telegram from Berlin was received at the bank stopping the payment of the cheques, and ordering the arrest of the swindler. He, however, had departed, leaving no trace behind. Curiously enough, the police authorities in Paris hold that they are powerless to act in the matter. The offence was committed in the Argentine Republic, between whom and France no convention exists which would enable the former State to demand extradition on a charge of fraud or embezzlement.

Two boys, Walter Hasler and Silas Hatcher, escaped from the Burnham Industrial School on Saturday week, and made their way to Gearicris Bay, where they presented themselves at a settler's house. After they had gone the settler discovered his boat was missing, and that an outhouse had been broken into, and two guns and a number of other things disappeared. The lads were arrested at Diamond Harbour when they stated that they had endeavoured to make their way out of the harbour, with a view to reaching the North Island.

As sure as the ball season comes round in Melbourne, writes "Boyet," a critic appears to pitch into dancing. Last year it was the Rev. Mr Gladstone, and now the Rev. Dr. Torrey has taken on the contract. Of course it is "mixed" dancing that the divines object to. They do not mind gentlemen dancing with gentlemen, nor ladies with ladies. Nor would they find fault with a gentleman or a lady "taking the flure" and doing a pas seul, something after the fashion of King David, who, we are told, gathered up his garments and danced before the ark. It is just a little curious that denunciations of any particular sport or pastime are generally made by those who have had their time, and are past the age when sports and pastimes are alluring. Pitching into dancing and into mixed bathing is always a safe card to play, and a good advertisement for the pitcher. It can always be worked up by an artist into very tasty reading. The "denouncement" generally does a good deal more harm than the amusement itself ever could or did. There are risks in all forms of amusement, even in going to Sunday-school entertainments. Because one man cuts his throat with a razor should razors be abolished?

The Makerua Swamp, on the western side of the Manawatu railway line between Leving and Shannon, has, says the "Post," been purchased by Dr. Chapple, on behalf of a Wellington syndicate, from the directors of the Railway Company. The price paid is £30,000 cash. The swamp has an area of 12,356 acres, of which 7000 acres are actual swamp, while the balance is subject to being covered with water during flood time. It is considered that the 7000 acres can, on a moderate expenditure, be drained sufficiently to grow flax, while the balance would not require very much drainage. It is proposed to dredge the Tokomaru River, and put in subsidiary drains to carry the water off the swamp. Since the end of the financial year the Manawatu Railway Company has sold for £43,000 land that was shown upon its books as being worth £13,000.

Nurse Littlelot, of Ashburton, who has recently returned from South Africa, interviewed by a local paper, said that of the many duties falling to a nurse's lot not the least was writing the home letters of the sick, ill or well. There the cry was: "Say I'm all right, Sister. Say I'm having a good time. Don't say I'm sick. They'd only worry over it." Often when the poor brave hearts

were nearly sobbing out their last strong breath the cry was still the same: "Say I'll be well soon, Sister. Don't say I'm sick." When the letters were to sweethearts things were even more embarrassing, patients saying: "Oh, you know what to say, Sister. Just say what you'd say yourself."

"Ping-Pong" seems to have taken firm hold on the clergy. In a certain village in a certain county in the north of England the rector, since the beginning of the war, has held a short service each Wednesday afternoon in the schoolhouse, to pray for the boys at the front. On a recent Wednesday afternoon some of the worshippers arriving at the schoolhouse found the door locked. The old sexton explained that there would be no service that day, for there was a meeting of the "quality" up at the big house to fix up a "Ping-Pong" Club, and the rector, together with the curate, were there, being ardent devotees of the game!

In the middle of the night Mrs Carter smelled gas. She had a habit of smelling and hearing things at hours when most people are peacefully asleep, so when she shook her husband and tried to wake him to the present danger, he suspected that it was the same old story, and refused to come out of his dreams.

Finally, Mrs Carter herself crept downstairs to investigate. Returning with great excitement, she shook her husband vigorously.

"What's the matter?" he murmured, sleepily.

"John, there's a leak in the gas pipe in the kitchen. If it isn't fixed we shall all be asphyxiated."

"Um-m! 'Sphyxiated?'"

"Yes, hurry!"

"Leaking much now?"

"Not much, but it's dangerous."

"John, you're going to sleep again! Go down and fix it."

"Oh, put a bucket under it and come to bed!"

"No one has ever visited the colonies without being struck by the hospitality and kindness with which people are received there" (said Mr Chamberlain, at the opening of the Empire Club for ladies in London); "and it occasions a feeling of regret—almost of humiliation—to realise that we on this side of the water are able to do so little in return. It is not due to any want of cordiality or goodwill, but we are so pressed for time and opportunities (especially work will not be less important than we are able to make but a poor return for the kindness which is shown us across the seas. I hope this club will do something to supply the deficiency. If this club does this its work will not be less important than that of statesmen and others who are pursuing other methods with a similar object in view. Anything which is calculated to unite the people of the Mother Country more closely with those of the colonies will, I am sure, do much towards the consolidation and strengthening of the Empire." Reference is made to the club opening under "Australians Abroad." "A Colonist," writing to the "Daily Mail" a week previously, made the complaint that people on tour, who accept any amount of hospitality and indulge in much gush, are apt, when the compliment is returned, to put the colonist who comes to London off with a vague invitation to lunch. The Secretary of State may have heard of something of the kind.

The oldest colonial churchman has (says the Melbourne "Leader") just passed away in the person of Dean Cowper, of Sydney, who died last Sunday at the ripe age of 92. Archbishop Murphy, of Hobart, is now the veteran amongst Australian churchmen of note, and he is 87. Dean Cowper's Australian experiences date back to the days when the kangaroo bounded where electric trains now mow down the unwary, and when the emu fed where bicycles now abound. He was an Australian native, and, like a true Australian and a clergyman of the old school, could "ride like an angel" in his younger days. When the late Dean first took up his duties as a clergyman he was

called upon to preach to scattered flocks, and the ministers of those days had to be hard riders to meet their engagements. The Rev. W. M. Cowper was the hardest rider of them all. On one occasion, when the young parson was preaching to an up-country congregation, while his horse waited tethered at the back of the small church, a newly arranged practical joke was carried out. The joke consisted in substituting for the preacher's horse a notable little buck-jumper, which, with a little faking, very closely resembled the former. The horses were changed, and the jokera, to whom the Rev. Mr Cowper was a stranger, awaited developments, and the expected overthrow of the parson. The preacher issued from the church, removed the horse's nosebag, and sprang into the saddle, and then the fun commenced. The bucking was fast and furious for about five minutes, but the parson, although visibly surprised at the animal with perfect composure, and presently the beast took the bit between his teeth and bolted. The owner of the horse, one of the jokers, followed on the Rev. Cowper's horse, and after riding 40 miles found the clergyman preaching comfortably in another church, and the buck jumping horse feeding in an adjacent stable, broken and contrite. No more horse jokes were played upon the parson in that district.

Mr Hyde, private secretary to Sir Joseph Ward, has purchased the "Winton Record" (says the "New Zealand Times") and intends to leave the Government service at the end of the present month. He is one of the most popular of private secretaries, and will be greatly missed in official circles.

As illustrating the powers and functions of the Maori Council, it is related that the chief of a settlement on the West Coast came home drunk. The Maori Council met and promptly fined him 15/-, and threatened to fine him £10 if it occurred again. There is evidently no favour in Maori justice for the erring "rangatira."

The following notice, for which some wag was responsible, posted up on the main door of the old Supreme Court, Dunedin, caused (says the "Otago Daily Times") some amusement amongst the legal fraternity yesterday morning, when they assembled preparatory to proceeding to the new Courts:—"Regimental order, No. 1 Company Devil's Own.—Members will parade at 10 o'clock on Monday, June 23, at the old Supreme Court buildings, Water-street; full dress, wig and gown, satchel, and armed with bill of costs.—By order Mephistoph, officer commanding."

Captain Rason, R.N., the newly-appointed British Resident for the New Hebrides group, who arrived in Sydney lately, some years commanded H.M.S. Royalist, which frequently visited the islands. He stated last week that the matter of island labour recruiting will come within his scope, and he intends making special inquiries into the allegations that

French recruiting vessels are occasionally given to flying the British flag. This practice, it is stated, has been adopted to more successfully recruit, because the natives prefer to serve under English settlers than under any other nationality. Any vessels found so offending will be seized in the future. On his arrival the Resident will probably make arrangements for British settlers to obtain labour from the islands to assist in the work of agricultural development.

Jane Toppan, a trained nurse, at Barnstable, Massachusetts, has been sentenced to be confined in an asylum for life for poisoning thirty-one patients with morphine and atropine, causing paroxysms and degeneration.

The Crown Prince of Portugal, Princess Henry of Prussia, and a deputation representing German regiments, have deposited wreaths on Queen Victoria's mausoleum.

Count August Potocki, the Czar's aide-de-camp, lost £70,000 playing baccarat in Warsaw. His valet prevented him from committing suicide.

A hundred and thirty-six motor-cars started in a race from Paris to Vienna. Many serious accidents, one fatal, occurred.

Russia, through the Governor of Tashkend, has asked to have an official representative at Cabul. The Ameer is favourable to the proposal, but one of the late Ameer's widows, and mother of Mahomed Omar Khan, exhorts the Ameer to refuse.

A woman, whilst giving evidence at the Magistrate's Court against a small boy who was alleged to have stolen a couple of sticks of chocolate, and three or four peanuts, said, "Your Worship, I saw him in front of the shop before the deed was done."

One of the most touching scenes witnessed in Westport during the peace thanksgiving (says the "Buller Miner") was the spectacle of a boy of fourteen being wheeled home drunk at midday by his youthful comrades, with a little Union Jack floating at the forepeak of the barrow.

It was in the crush at the last Castles concert in Melbourne, and an able-bodied lady, who seemed to have trained for the occasion as a follower in a football team, was breaking up the "serum" in the best Rugby style. She had paid for a shilling seat, and wanted the best that the building could afford. "You will hear about this outrage," she said to the dazed and powerless usher, as she worked both elbows in the Collingwood fashion. "My husband is the proprietor of a newspaper." "Ah, go on," retorted a brutal proletarian, "if your husband was a newspaper owner you'd have a front seat kep'; you wouldn't be dealin' it out in the ruck."



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Constable Beattie, of Waitara, had to enforce the Waitara town by-laws against himself on Monday. He prosecuted himself for allowing a horse to wander, and the Justices fined him 1/ and costs. The constable, however, had three other Waitaraites for company, and they were each fined 1/ and costs. The constable's excuse was that the horse got out of the paddock.

"Here! Three to one on the field!" roared the bookie. "Come on, what d'yer want?" "Thirty to ten Pay Out," responded the punter. "There's a name to give a horse," said the metallician. "No wonder he's favorite. Gives a feller the creeps to write it." "Yes," said the backer, "and did you notice what it spells if you transpose the letters?" "No," said the layer. "What?" "Why, Tap You!" answered the punter—and he did, for thirty of the best!

Professor Bickerton has received from Mr Baracchi, the Victorian Government Astronomer, a letter, from which the following is an extract:—"I have read your 'Romance of the Heavens.' It is certainly written in a fascinating style; but is by no means easy reading. There is enough in it to think of for a lifetime; and I have not yet finished thinking about the 'Theory of Partial Impact.' I am extremely sorry to see that your astronomical studies have brought trouble to you. This is not, indeed, as it should be." A writer in the "Worker," an Australian newspaper, in a review of Professor Bickerton's book, says:—"The subject is a vast one—what could be greater than that of an eternal universe—and I must leave the matter on its very threshold, with the hope that the Board of Governors of Canterbury College will not sacrifice this sexagenarian enthusiast simply because his theories are new and unfamiliar."

William Tobias Christian, a Norwegian, who had saved money by digging for kauri gum in New Zealand, and was going home for a holiday in the German mail steamer Oldenburg, fell into the hands of confidence men while the steamship was at Port Melbourne. They made friends with him and took him to a quiet public-house in Prahran, where, after partly drugging him, they deprived him of £60, at one of the usual sharpers' games. Before hearing of Christian's misfortune, the detectives made an arrest on suspicion, and then, through the alertness of Constable Brown, at Port Melbourne, found Christian on board the steamer, greatly downhearted, and bewailing his loss. Two men were taken into custody, and on one was found £59, with Christian's handkerchief. Christian identified them both. A third man is yet being looked for.

What an exciting unrehearsed item must have been the scuffle between Mme. Celeste and Miss Kitty Loftus at Mr. Arthur Roberts' West End theatre, London, after a performance of "H.M.S. Irresponsible" some little time ago. Mr. Roberts appealed against a decision of Mr. Justice Darling and a jury awarding Miss Loftus £250 damages for breach of contract. The actress claimed that she had been formally engaged by letter to play the part of Victoria Chaffers in the comedy, but when the piece was on the eve of being produced she declined to appear on the score of indisposition, and Mme. Celeste was secured for the part. When the first night came Miss Loftus drove to the theatre and insisted on assuming the character, with the result that the green room was enlivened with a set-to between the ladies, accompanied by voluble language, tears and smelling salts.

The champion mean man is always being found afresh. Two correspondents of the "Graphic" write to say they have found him this week. One is from Rotorua. It appears that just as the coach for Taupo, or somewhere else, was leaving the township the driver espied on the road half a crown. Now, so my correspondent avers, treasure trove of this description on the highway belongs to the driver of whatever vehicle first passes and discovers. This is a cus-

tom, he says, from time immemorial. The coach was pulled up, and the driver, handing the reins to another passenger, prepared to get down. But another passenger a little Australian Jew, reputedly vastly wealthy, nipped down on the opposite side and grabbed the half-dollar before the Jehu could descend. Nor, in spite of strong comment and sarcastic chaff, would he give it up or even stand the coachee a drink.

The other case, curiously enough, also concerns a coachman. A gentleman taking a cab from Ponsonby, missed the Kaipara train at Auckland, and cabby suggested he might catch it at Mt. Eden. He whipped up his horses and managed to reach that station just as the train steamed in. The passenger grabbed his bag and rushed off, followed by the cabby, crying for his fare, which he imagined had been forgotten in the hurry, but it was soon evident the passenger intended to try and escape payment. Cabby was not, however, to be beat, and held on to his overcoat tails. Finally the train began to move, and with a desperate wrench the man broke away, leaving, however, his overcoat behind in the indignant coachman's hands. His howl of rage from the car platform as the train glided off may be understood when it is explained that the comforted cabman extracted from the pockets half a dozen cigars, a 3/6 pocket flask of whisky, and about eightpence in change. "Things," as he says in his note, "might have been worse." The owner of the coat, by the way, has never applied for it yet.

There is a printer in Cape Town (says Nina) who either possesses a very fine sense of humour or is as devoid of that quality as an average hen. As illustrative of the remark I quote the following advertisement which appeared in the "Times of Natal" the other day:—"For sale—Mammoth Bronze Turkey Cooks, seven months old, bred from special prize Cook last Maritzburg Poultry Show. For particulars, apply, etc." Such a gem did not fail to attract the notice of a lady resident up country, who writes to the gentleman whose name is given in the advertisement:—"Dear Sir—I note your advertisement of Mammoth Bronze Turkey Cooks. Are they male or female Cooks, and can they make a Turkish pilan fit to eat? They would appear to be peculiarly precocious. I have been looking out for a French Chef for some time, but I dare say one from the Court of the Sultan would suit just as well. In case Turkey 'Cooks' are meant, would you be kind enough to let me know the price?"

One description has already been given of the way piff-puff is played. X sends another, stating that the game is called puff billiards or bagatelle. A special round table is used, and with a high ridge all round to keep the very light balls from flying off. Each player holds in hand a tube which is wider at the base than at the mouth. On it being squeezed the air puffed out sends the ball about the table. The object is to direct it into particular holes made to receive it. Each hole counts so many points, as in bagatelle. The great art consists in using just the right pressure.

Gentlemen of the icy-cold morning tub, listen to this from the "Lancet." "I have" (a celebrated doctor is writing) "taken a warm bath on getting up in preference to cold for years. It always seems to me to be not only more cleansing, but infinitely more invigorating. Depend upon it, the warm bath is not only the more comfortable, but the more salutary." Now, I have "mixed it" for years, just raising the water to a little above blood heat. For doing this I have to put up with many rude remarks, such as "Mollie-coddle," "old woman," "softy," etc., from the icy-water-on-cold-winter-morn-men. But, with Dr. Kelvin, I am quite sure the warm bath is the more invigorating, as I have given both a pretty fair trial. After a long railway journey, say from here to Sydney, just try a warm bath and see how it sets you up, while the cold bath, on the other hand, makes you lethargic and drowsy.

Even in the summer, the warm bath beats the cold as a refresher. Try a warm cup of tea on a hot summer's day, instead of a long iced drink, and you will soon find out which is the better.

The Chinaman is always more or less a sphinx. The smartest man may take him in hand as a suitable subject for banter, and yet end the encounter with an uneasy feeling that the accumulated knowledge of centuries cloaked with the same period of bland dissimulation has left the Oriental "snag" proof. During the late troubles in China a Queensland doctor, who is an enthusiastic Freemason, sought information from Ah Fat, the local storekeeper, as to the Boxer societies. "Oh, yes," said Ah Fat, "me know em Boxer verry well. Boxer bad man—verry bad man. Sectet society—Boxer dam loque, allee same Fleemason."

The craze for twisting words about was once a popular form of amusement, though without forethought the results were sometimes disastrous. I know one good lady with whom it was either a natural mannerism or an acquired habit. As a result, her order to the greengrocer generally is "A college and a cabby-flower, please." A few mornings since the family cat was indisposed—mental worry, perhaps, on account of the prevalence of bubonic plague in rats. Aunt sought the advice of the first tradesman who called, but he was naturally astonished on being asked, "Cat, do you know anything about grocers?"

The King's illness on the eve of the Coronation was regarded as a bad omen by the Indian troops in London.

The Wellington Committee treated the selection of locally composed Coronation odes as a mere subject for laughter, and passed a resolution rejecting all the compositions offered, as unsuitable. The following is a verse from one of the best odes:—

"Our dear old Premier has gone abroad, And left in charge his old friend Ward, We hope to have a grand old time, And nothing lacking all sublime— On the King's Coronation."

At an inquest held at Otaki on the death of Dorothy Drake, aged 73 years, a verdict was returned of death from shock, the result of a severe whipping administered by the deceased's mother. The mother, Harriet Drake, has been arrested, and charged with manslaughter and remanded.

A girl three years old, the daughter of Mr. John Buchanan, of Spar Bush, Invercargill, was shot by her brother with a Remington rifle. The youth had returned home from a shooting excursion when the charge unaccountably exploded, the bullet entering the back of the girl's head. Death resulted in a few hours.

The humane genius of our modern law, whilst abolishing the stocks and the slitting of ears that marked in ancient times the Court's abhorrence of evil, has imposed a more effective solatium for the injured party. Not only is a criminal punishable by imprisonment to the extent sanctioned by statute and thought fitting by the judge, but if he has any goods or chattels wherewithal to make compensation for the hurt done, he must pay, as well as suffer corporally. Thus, in Sydney the other day, a servant embezzled £147 whilst acting as secretary of a company. He received a sentence of twelve months' imprisonment, and was then called upon to show cause, under the local Crimes Act, why he should not restore the money, the sentence being suspended under the First Offenders Act during good behaviour. The accused promised to repay, but did not, and so the Court was asked to sequestrate his cat for the benefit of his creditors. This the Court did, and the matter thus goes into the regions of bankruptcy. The net result strikes me as rather odd, for the effect of the clemency shown is to purge the theft of its criminal character, and place it purely on the level of a civil liability—a conse-

quence which rather invites the acceptance of some settlement in lieu of prosecution in a criminal case; and yet that would be treated by the law as the compounding of a felony. One sees here the meeting of the tides of old and of new law, and surprise must 'em be stifled if some spice of incongruity floats on the surface after the contact. In old days the vindication of the criminal law was the supreme aim, and theft meant the gallows. Now it may dwindle to the semblance of a civil wrong.

HOSPITAL DISPUTES.


These have been vigorously ventilated in Sydney of late, owing to a medical man having been suddenly dismissed from his office on the staff of a country hospital on the ground that he had charged fees to a patient, contrary, as the hospital committee alleged, to the rules. The medical man sued for damages as for wrongful dismissal, and also for an amount for salary kept back. The committee justified their strong action on the ground that the doctor had been guilty of gross misconduct in taking the fees. The plaintiff, however, alleged that the committee knew what he was doing. The jury found for the plaintiff, and so illustrated the rule of law that if you, being an employer, want to discharge your servant contrary to the terms of the contract made between you, it lies upon you to establish a case of misconduct by the servant sufficiently aggravated to amount to an intention by the servant to himself break the contract—for that is the principle upon which alone a discharge against the terms of the agreement can be justified. The jury apparently took the view that the doctor had done nothing wrong, and that the committee had acted hastily, and without due warrant. The verdict of the jury, of course, does not finally decide the question raised as to the right of the doctor to charge the fees. That is a matter of the construction of the contract, and of the regulations of the hospital in each instance. The proceedings show, at all events, the necessity for a clear understanding between committee and medical man.

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Topics of the Week.

To Down Laudamus.

The dark forebodings which besieged all hearts last week when successive cablegrams made it seem more than possible that our beloved monarch would not survive his illness have been dispelled by the latest news announcing that King Edward is beyond danger. From the whole Empire has been lifted a load of anxiety heavier than ever rested on it at any critical moment during the Boer war; heavier, too, than was laid upon it when Victoria the Good lay sick unto death. For, in the first case, we knew that there could be no reverse to our arms so great that British valour would not repair it; and in the second we knew that in no case could we look to have our Queen long with us. Death came to her at a time when his coming even to the strongest of us cannot be said to be unexpected. But "the abhorred Fury with the shears" threatened our King in the prime of his faculties, and at the very moment when his exit from the world would have given the most tragic ending to his reign. A strong sense of this, combined with the Empire's affection for its popular King to make singularly intense the universal feeling of sorrow which the most ominous cablegrams of last week inspired. The spectacle of the Prince struck down by sudden disease on the eve of his formal assumption of the sceptre, amid a wealth of pageantry and display of power such as no other Empire on earth could present—such a spectacle appealed to the imagination of the dullest and the most callous hearts. There was but one sentiment common to all classes—the staunchest royalist and the most rabid democrat alike—a sincere hope that King Edward might be spared to us a little longer. Spoken or unspoken, that was the one prayer in which all joined. And now that it has been granted, a no less sincere sense of thankfulness pervades the Empire. That sense possesses our hearts too entirely for us to speculate thus early on what course is likely to be pursued in regard to the Coronation. It is certain that it cannot take place until His Majesty is wholly restored to strength and health, which must be at least three months hence. Whether a function involving so much the spectacular element could be very successfully carried out in the dreary and uncertain month of October is very questionable. There is also to be considered the difficulty of reassembling so soon after they have separated, the military and civil representatives from the colonies and sister states, whose presence contribute so much to the splendour and prestige of the occasion. Under these circumstances it seems not improbable that the three months postponement will come to mean the putting off the great event for another year. That it should be abandoned altogether is, of course, out of the question. That it should be celebrated with much less pomp and circumstance than would have invested it last week had all gone well is an alternative that one does not willingly contemplate. The general feeling, I think, now more than ever, will be in favour of making the Coronation as striking a spectacle as possible.

Lord Hopetoun's Champagne.

Well meant, no doubt, but singularly ill-advised, and as things have turned out, ill-timed too, were Lord Hopetoun's Coronation gifts to the Melbourne unemployed. Generously anxious that the poor should have an opportunity for merry-making on the great occasion, the Governor-General gave three hundred bottles of champagne and £100, to be distributed, and to this a brewing company added six barrels of beer. His Lordship, of course, imagined an orderly, if for the time, jovial crowd, drinking modest bumpers to His Gracious Majesty in unaccustomed champagne, and felt pleased. The crowds in the operas do this sort of thing constantly, and why not the Melbourne unemployed? It is within the limits of possibility that the directors of the brewing company, equally innocent of the ways of the Australian proletariat, may have felt equal confidence in its ability to behave itself.

Had either they or His Lordship consulted an ordinary policeman, he could have given valuable advice. Apparently they didn't consult anybody, but handed the liquid and the cash over to the secretary of the unemployed, and he apparently showed as little discretion in the distribution of their bounty as they themselves. Lovers and drunkards of both sexes swarmed around the secretary's office, and pandemonium ensued. The proceedings had to be suspended after two hours, and after a second attempt to continue this ill-chosen, ill-placed charity, the whole thing had to be stopped. Lord Hopetoun now understands the impossibility of reproducing the ideal conviviality of the opera stage in the streets of Melbourne, with the unemployed as a company. As an instance of misapplied generosity, the incident is, I think, one of the richest in our annals. Lord Hopetoun's champagne will be remembered in Australia for many a day by folks who never tasted it. Indeed, those who actually did seem to have been few, for the majority of those who secured a bottle quickly converted it into beer, that beverage being both so far as quality and quantity was concerned, much more to their taste. We are not likely to make His Lordship's mistake, because we haven't got the champagne, but there is little question that a good deal of the charity going is as ill-judged as his, and in some other way people are every day proclaiming themselves equally as ignorant and injudicious in their eleemosynary acts.

Reminiscent.

Apocryphal of the above, I am reminded by an old Melbournian that this is not the first occasion on which his city has distinguished itself in this way—a fact the secretary for the unemployed should have known had he been up to his business. It was when the late Duke of Edinburgh visited the colonies, and Melbourne, to celebrate the honour, laid herself out to rejoice with unusual prodigality. Among other things, she undertook to emulate the public hospitality of the Middle Ages in the erection of a fountain, from which flowed wine. But the Melbournian populace even in these early days had gone some considerable distance in the development of a taste for free drinks, and it was not long before a man narrowly escaped drowning in the liquid. He was rescued in a state of no doubt blissful-unconsciousness, for his head had been under the rosy fluid quite four minutes, and he must have had his fill of it. I believe the fountain had to be stopped. Occasionally it happens at times of public merry-making that the inebriate folly which gives free drink, as lib to the mob goes a step further, and forces on the unwilling what the greater number probably require no persuasion to partake of. Some old Aucklanders may recall one festive occasion in the old days when casks of free beer were ranged across the thoroughfare, and the passers by had to partake or in default suffer a sharp stroke across the pate from the cudgel of an individual placed there to see that no one shirked his convivial duty with impunity. I imagine there was no organised prohibition or temperance party in those days in Auckland, or there might have been a plentiful crop of actions for assault and battery, for the cudgel was stout, and he was an earnest rascal who wielded it.

The Colonial Muso.

The laudable attempt of the Wellington Coronation Committee to grace the celebration with a patriotic ode was defeated through the poverty of the productions submitted for their approval by local and colo-

onial bands. Committees in such cases are not over hard to please. They are not experts in prosody, and something with a good patriotic flavour, and a bit of a swing in it, even if it comes short in actual poetic merit, has a fair chance of a hearing. But the odes sent into the Wellington Committee appear to have had no saving grace whatsoever, to judge by the verse, said to be, from one of the best, which was telegraphed to Auckland as a taste of their quality; and the judges took refuge in a resolution to the effect that all the compositions offered were unsuitable. Only editors know the priceless value of that euphemism. Without it the art of graceful refusal would be impossible. I speak from experience. Long ago I should have been buried deep beneath the weight of MSS., which I dreaded to reject outright, if there had not been such a word as "unsuitable" in the language. But with it one can deal summarily alike with the passably good and the unspeakably bad contribution, without the risk of offending the contributor. In the matter of verse especially, it has pained me to have to use it so frequently. I imagine that in New Zealand we must have more people to the square mile who think they can write poetry than any other country in the world. They flourish under the most discouraging aspect of the daily and weekly press, and give them but half a chance, and they would inundate the colony with rivers of rhyme. A request for an ode, whether payment is attached to the work or not, sets scores of pens a-scribbling in every province. It is significant of this cacophony scribendi, that this colony, with a population of 800,000, has just contributed 71 Coronation odes to the "Good Words" competition, while Canada, with a population of five and a half millions, only produced twenty more. Perhaps the drain made by "Good Words" on New Zealand's poetic resources is responsible for the poor quality of the stuff submitted to the Wellington Committee. In the interests of the colony, one grasps at such an assumption, for it is sincerely to be hoped that the odes presented for home consumption were not a fair sample of what was exported to the Old Country. We have built up a name for ourselves by the quality of our mutton and our butter. It would be most regrettable if we should in the least degree jeopardise it by the inferiority of our poetry.

Getting Rid of a White Elephant.

A correspondent, writing all the way from Aratapu, makes a suggestion which should commend itself alike to His Excellency the Governor and the Auckland Harbour Board. The former is desirous of establishing a comfortable home for the old veterans resident in the colony; the latter are at their wits' end to know what to do with Admiralty House now that the building is finished. My Aratapu correspondent comes to the rescue of both with the proposal that the ornate edifice should be turned into a veterans' home. There is no doubt that the place would be a delightful residence for our old warriors, whose lines in later life may not have fallen in the most pleasant or prosperous places. Compared, for instance, with the Costley Home, the place is absolutely paradisaical. The other day I paid a visit to the building with this idea in my head, and I confess that I felt myself rapidly becoming a convert to it. I pictured the happy veterans luxuriously housed in these spacious rooms, or smoking the pipe of peace and contentment on the broad piazza that commands one of the finest views of the gulf, and I felt that if the choice is to be between the place lying empty—as appears almost certain to be its fate if the Auckland Harbour Board persist in reserving it exclusively for the Admiral and naval visitors—and being turned to some purpose, the old veterans had probably no good a claim as tenants as anyone else. The Board are averse to diverting the building from the purpose for which it was built, but if such divert-

ing is necessary, to give it to the old military men would seem the next nearest thing to keeping it exclusively for their naval brethren. A good deal has been said against the founding of any permanent institution on the lines suggested by the Governor, the argument being that in a decade or two there will be no old veterans of the old school to provide for. There is wisdom in the contention, but it in no way affects the proposal for a temporary institution as Admiralty House might be made.

The Coronation Honours.

Grief and anxiety for our Sovereign have so filled our hearts and minds that there is little room for interest even for the published list of coronation honours, the conferring of which has not been interfered with by the postponement of the great function. The spectacle of the sovereign of the greatest world Empire hovering between life and death was calculated to minimise the value of such distinctions; and even the recipients of them must have received the public announcement of their elevation with a satisfaction greatly qualified by the sad circumstances under which honour had come to them. Of the New Zealanders to whom it was expected a knighthood would probably be given, Dr. Campbell, of Auckland, and Captain Russell, of Hawke's Bay, are the only gentlemen in the official list. As was stated in these pages before, Dr. Campbell's distinction was an assured thing some time ago, and nothing but the sincerest pleasure and satisfaction has been expressed regarding it. As to Captain Russell, all colonists of all shades of political opinion will unite in congratulating that gentleman. The absence of Mr Seddon's name from the list has caused some speculation. It is interpreted to mean either that our Premier refused a knighthood—as he did once before when it was offered him—or that he is reserved for some great honour. Personally I do not hold with the latter supposition, as I understand it would be, if not entirely against precedent, at least contrary to a strongly confirmed rule to offer anything beyond the knighthood. The other names on the list concern us little, the ones that will attract most attention being those of Mr Charles Wyndham, the actor, Mr Burnand, the editor of "The Punch," Mr Conan Doyle, and Mr Gilbert Parker, the novelists. The knighthoods conferred on these gentlemen are a tribute to art and literature; but it is not so easy to understand why they should have been singled out of the army of players and writers for distinction. Much as Mr Burnand may have helped to keep us merry, and Messrs Conan Doyle and Gilbert Parker to amuse our leisure moments, a dozen other names will suggest themselves to my readers of men equally worthy, if not more worthy, of the honour.

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Turf Gossip.

Sundial was sold at the Haymarket last Friday for £25 to Mr S. Morrah. The New Zealand Grand National nominations are due on Friday.

The Swimmer is to be taken to Wellington, and afterwards to Christchurch for the Grand National meeting.

Royal Conqueror is likely to journey South to the Wellington and New Zealand Grand National meetings.

Hippogriff, the ten-year-old three-quarter brother to St. Hippo, is engaged in a Ladies' Bracelet at Gisborne.

Tauhei is a rare good sort for hurdle racing. If she has not lost her form altogether.

Mr J. Bowman advertises his snug little racing property at Greenlane for lease or sale.

Mr H. Friedlander has purchased Firefly for breeding purposes from her owner-trainer, G. H. Franka.

Hylas and Doctor were shipped by the Te Anau for Gisborne on Saturday. They will probably go on to Wellington also.

A race meeting is to be held at Newcastle in aid of the Deaf and Dumb Institute.

Boomal is a horse likely to run prominently in the V.R.C. Grand National Hurdle Race.

Owing to The Guard not being paid up for in the V.R.C. Grand National Steeplechase, a few doubles have gone wrong.

"Pilot," in the Sydney "Referee," states that Rufus, the Auckland jumper, may be taken to Sydney ere long.

Holka and Sindhia were backed for the double, V.R.C. Hurdles and Steeplechase soon after the nominations were sent in.

The funeral of H. Underwood in Melbourne was largely attended by jockeys, trainers, and racing men.

J. Cameron, the New Zealand horseman, while schooling Volcanic recently at Randwick, had a fall and dislocated a shoulder.

The Duke of Westminster rode his own horse, Sprig of Shillington, in a maiden national hunt race recently, but could only finish third.

According to a Southern authority, J. Gainsford purposes returning to Auckland from Sydney and settling down here permanently.

The Doctor, if in anything like form, should have a fair chance of winning the Flying or the Winter Oats Handicaps at Gisborne.

We have at last got a Ping Pong amongst our racehorses. A hunter steeplechase candidate at Gisborne bears this name.

Billy, who is engaged in the Hunters' Steeplechase, is by Perkin Warbeck, and probably the oldest horse racing in New Zealand.

It transpires that it is the Auckland-bred Hengist that figures in the Melbourne Cup and Caulfield Cup nominations.

A.B.N. (the initials are those of a prominent Gisborne resident) is the name of the Crackshot gelding, winner of the Ladies' Bracelet at Hawke's Bay.

Tirea is either a very badly treated horse or is racing a long way below his best form, judging from his running last month at Ellerslie and at Hawke's Bay.

Singletick II, the colt imported by the New Zealand Government, and now in the Waikato, is said to be developing into a very fine horse.

Lord Senton, full brother to Beddington, and the Torpedo-Antelope colt are probably both under 14.2 at the present time. They are doing nicely, however, and the last-named is a little thick 'un.

Dexterity, winner of the Winter and June Handicaps at the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's Meeting, is a filly by Sou'wester from Eclet, by Satolr, from Fume, dam of that good mare Dudu.

Benedick, full brother to Mr J. Monk's three-year-old colt Ghoorka, won a hurdle race at Warwick Farm, New South Wales, on the 14th inst.

H. Spencer, the American jockey, on his first winning mount in England brought off a 100 to 8 chance on Mardi Gras. Spencer passed the post first on Cappa White for a Maiden Plate at Hurst Park in April, but was disqualified on the grounds of bumping and boring.

Mr D. A. McLeod, who has been laid up for some weeks owing to an accident through a runaway horse, is, though still lame, able to get about again.

Survivor, after an absence of nearly two years, was in evidence in a Trial Plate recently in England, but finished amongst the "also started" division.

Referring to the backing of Slego Gun for the New Zealand Cup, "Advance" says: "Punters are getting in early to avoid the crush."

Entries for classic race events of the Wellington Racing Club closed on Monday. Breeders complain that the cost to start for some of the events is rather stiff. The W.R.C. will no doubt see this themselves.

The detectives on Thursday removed several persons from the enclosure at Chevalier Park, acting on instructions from the North New Zealand Coursing Association.

According to latest advices from different parts of New Zealand, Nonette has been supported for more money than any other horse in the New Zealand Cup. Not since the weights appeared.

In the Hunt Club Steeplechase at Gisborne, Mr C. S. Bennetts estimates The Gryphon to be 11lbs better than Peter Osbeck. In the Hunters' Steeplechase, at Napier Park, Mr Henrys makes a difference of 15lbs the other way. "When doctors differ, etc."

Writing to a friend here on the eve of the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's Winter Meeting, an Aucklandier who was present said that Reliance was voted a bad jumper in private, and was considered too green a one to win at the first time of asking.

Sir Rupert Clarke, the well known Australian studmaster, and owner of La Carabine, passed through Auckland on Friday on his way to San Francisco, from Sydney, on the Ventura. Sir Rupert has at his disposal a ticket for the Victoria Racing Club's Grand National Meeting. His stay in Auckland was very short, a matter of a few hours, but he took a drive to the top of Mount Eden, and got a view of Auckland and suburbs, which he has not visited for some years. There was no time to visit the studs hereabouts, however, as the Ventura went on early in the afternoon.

Though little known in recent years in the world of sport, the late Mr Thomas Skeaton, J.C., 18, Rosehill R.C., in England, at one time took considerable interest in racing down South, and was a regular visitor at the leading meetings at Riccarton. As a traveller for the firm in which he became the senior partner he was widely known and respected.

While working on the tan on Thursday the 1st, Leger gelding Putty, who has been getting in nice condition, slipped, and in the fall badly cut one of his knees, his rider escaping unhurt. The accident will cause Putty to remain in retirement for some time.

The victory of the Auckland-bred gallo-way Gelder, by Howitzer, in the Coronation Handicap at Fiji is an event to which some little importance can be attached, since the cable announcing the fact is the first on a racing subject to be despatched to this colony from that part of the world. Under a light weight Golder is a useful little horse. Evidently he likes the climate.

Some recent appropriate names claimed are: Martindale, by Wonderland-Incense (this is a brother to Eucheris and Jack-o-Lantern, who were racing at Hawke's Bay during the week); Walmann, by Phloxite-Waterbaby, a half-sister to Kelpy; Chant, by The Officer-Lulubay; and Bandmaster, by The Officer-Lyrebird.

The number of race meetings sanctioned by the A.J.C. for the season 1902-3 are:—Australiana, J.C., 18; Rosehill R.C., 11; Canterbury Park R.C., 9; Warwick Farm R.C., 8; Moorefield R.C., 8; Tattersall's R.C., 4; Sydney Turf Club, 3; Hawke's Bay R.C., 3; City Tattersall's Club, 2.

Up to a few years ago Mr G. F. Donnelly was one of the best known of our jumping horse-owners. Lately, however, he has had more flat horses than timber-toppers. In Kahuwha he has evidently now got at very useful mare for hurdle racing. The two essays of the daughter of Quilt and Brooklet at the Hawke's Bay J.C. Winter Meeting stamp that mare as much ahead of a number of other beginners over hurdles that were seen here at the same meeting. Kahuwha ran one good race of a mile and a-half on the flat. She used to stumble a great deal at three years old. Putting her to the hurdle game may improve her in staying qualities.

A Sydney exchange says that the owner of Cavallero was recently asked to put a price on the son of Cullaster and Clio, and named £500 outsize. A horse of this kind would readily have fetched more than that in Melbourne, and would bring far more in England were he known there.

As a result of the recent discussion on the question of increasing the distances of races, it is probable that we shall see fewer four and five furlong events during the coming season in New Zealand. The Australian Jockey Club are taking steps to lessen the number of short scrambles in and about Sydney. One result that is sure to follow is better starting.

A new racing club has been formed at Whangarei, and an endeavour is to be made to obtain a permit for it. The following are the officials, with power to add to their number:—President and Judge, Mr R. Thompson, M.H.R.; vice-presidents, Drs. Hall and Sweet; and the Mayor of Whangarei (Mr W. G. Jones), judge, committee, Messrs A. G. McKean, R. S. Hunter, N. McInnis, J. Main, J. S. Dent, R. S. Hill, J. R. McInnis, J. Rawley, E. O. Weaver, L. W. Nelson, F. P. Brendon, F. W. Moore, starter, Mr L. W. Adams, Mr R. A. R. Cave, clerk of the scales, Mr R. Dent, clerk of the course, Mr R. Whitlaw; treasurer, Mr J. Main.

A gentleman who is on a visit to New Zealand will likely select a couple of Arab stallions for a friend in Christchurch, specially for the purpose of getting polo ponies there on his return to India. There are many tough and useful horses in the colony got by Arab sires, but, however, have not been up to the standard of early day importations.

To-morrow the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's Winter Meeting will be commenced at Hastings, and it is likely that there will be good racing. The following are suggested as likely to run prominently in their engagements:—Nonette and Rucharis in the Trial Steeplechase; Convo and Luch Erin in the Winter Handicap; Ladies' Bracelet, Kelpy or Valliant; Hawke's Bay Hurdles, Reliance and Rufus; Hunt Club Steeplechase, Jack-o-Lantern; Hack Hurdles, North Star and Abergeide; Corinthian Stakes, Daredevil and Convo.

The death of Mr Lawrence Levy, who for some years raced under the assumed name of Mr L. Arthur, took place on Saturday night. After a long illness the deceased passed quietly at his home at his funeral on Monday there was a large following, including members of Tattersall's and representatives of sport. For some years Mr Levy was chairman of "Tattersall's Club," Auckland, and his opinions and decisions on affairs brought before that tribunal were held in much respect. Amongst horses at one time owned by the deceased may be mentioned the Bay Pegasus, Omata and Hiko-kowari, the pony Blue Paul, and latterly the promising young gelding Tresham.

The following is a list of the foals now at Cambria Park. It will be seen that there are nine colts and ten fillies:—bik c by Simmer-Kiluaorley (imp); b f by Simmer-Neringia; ca f by Medallion-Bebe; ca f by Cyrenian-Silk; b f by Silmer-Lady; b f by Cyrenian-Windmill; b f by Cyrenian-Pauline; b c by Silmer-Melodia; b c by Cyrenian-Lady Hamilton; b f by Cyrenian-Irina; b f by Cyrenian-Morocco; b f by Soult-The Sheik; b f by Brigadier-Polly; b c by Brigadier-Barmid; b c by Louisa-Princess Alice; b c by Brigadier-Sappho; b f by Brigadier-Gwendoline; b f by Cyrenian-Mantilla.

Mr G. G. Stead has been a consistent nominator of horses for the New Zealand Cup, and time after time horses entered by him have been freely supported by the public, and occasionally made favourite. Ever since the year 1887, when he won in 1887, and so many bookmakers lost more than they could pay, Mr Stead has kept on nominating, and has started a number of horses. By the way, the probable winners, have been rendered hors de combat about the eleventh hour. In other words have failed to stand the strain of necessary preparation, or have met with accidents, or have precluded them from competing in the big handicap.

A correspondent suggests the name "Tornado" as a suitable one for the Torpedo-Antelope colt, conveying at once the idea both of destruction and speed. The name is certainly very appropriate, and it is possible might be adopted. We have had a couple of Tornados running in New Zealand. They were geldings, and one, by the three-quarter-bred Sydney Bylong from Policy, was very brilliant. The other was a half-bred, a hurdler. My correspondent suggests, as an alternative, Submarine. By the way, this reminds me that I saw a photograph of the Torpedo-Antelope colt during the week taken with a fox terrier sitting on his back. This colt and the canine are fast friends, evidently.

The Auckland Racing Club are about to make a number of improvements at Ellerslie. The course is to be made wider by taking a slice of the lawn, and the judge's box is to be moved back from the fence than at present—a win thing to do. The grass slope to the grandstand is to be replaced with concrete steps. This will, it is expected, give more room on the lawn, or at least compensate for the strip being taken to make the course wider. The widening of the course is really wanted at this part. After crossing the last stone wall in steeplechases riders will be able to pursue a more direct line for some in future, as

the fence which leads to the course will be placed further out. Some further stand accommodation outside is contemplated, and the time is opportune for improving the bookmakers' corner.

That jockeys can be more effectively disciplined by suspension than fines is what an exchange contends, and the contention is probably right. An old English trainer once told his jockey, "Now be sure these gets well away at the start. If these gets fined I'll pay it for thee. If these gets suspended I'll board thee. But if these gets left at the post I'll break every bone in thy body." The latter-day crop of jockeys are evidently imbued with the "get away at all hazards" policy, and to that end will take any risks with the starter.

When noticing the success of The Victory in the Birthday Handicap at Adelaide "Martindale" took occasion to refer to a one-time New Zealand racing man thus:—"We have few of the old-time owners at the present time taking an active part in the great racing scene. One of the few is Mr. B. C. Allen, one of the hearty old sportsmen whom I am always pleased to meet. No man has had a worse run of luck than Mr. Cook, but he is always cheerful, and the good work done by the stock sired by his old favourite. The admiral will have put him in great spirits this week."

Blessed is he who expects little—he is likely to get it. From Sheershead Bay, where the Whitney horses are quartered, the news comes that the demand has been set up and it is good-bye to his chances of taking part in these stake events in the near future. Hard luck, Mr. Whitney, and you are deserving of far better. Nor is Frank the only one afflicted in this manner. King Hanover, another crack three-year-old of this same collection, is likewise on the sick list. King Hanover was one of the first to be attacked with the fever—had it mildly, and has been doing well ever since. Now his understandings have gone wrong.

"At latest advices," says a Sydney paper, "the Indian horse market was in a very sluggish condition, the demand for racing animals being much below the standard of previous years. Some of the horses taken to India by Mr. T. C. Napier did not find buyers, and altogether the season has been an unsatisfactory one for shippers. The foregoing suggests that Mr. B. Allen will have trouble in getting good prices for his horses if he takes them to India." Shippers like the late Teddy Weekes usually bought on behalf of sportsmen who were requiring racing stock, and did not trust greatly to getting a market for high-priced horses.

Mr. R. Siewer received the following letter shortly before the decision of the Two Thousand, the writer evidently being a strong believer in the efficacy of prayer:—

"Sir,—You would, I am sure, be disappointed Sceptre did not win at Lincoln. I asked for £3 at 12 to 1—£312 10/—to be put on St. Maclou the night before the race. I felt I was praying for him, and I humbly prayed to God for St. Maclou to beat it, which it did, but through a misunderstanding, nothing was invested for me, and I relied on it so that I could be married. It has made me ill, and I feel that I have thrown a spell of ill-luck around Sceptre, but I pray that you will be very lucky, and I believe it will be so.—Yours, etc., Yorkshire, April 23."

A writer in an English exchange says that the Hungarian Jockey Club intends to adopt summary measures against offenders under Racing Law. Trainers and owners are reminded that they will be fined unless their horses enter under the post with the other runners. Special permission must be obtained from the stewards should it be imperative that a horse should be led to the start. The club also announces that it maintains its right to refuse to issue ring tickets for the betting enclosure to certain persons, and that those who have started and returned themselves in any way objectionable may be summarily ejected from the enclosure after the money paid for their ticket has been reimbursed them. This means that a sharp eye will be kept on those who work commissions with the bookmakers, and more particularly on the conduct of the jockeys, who have again been cautioned against indulging in betting or accepting presents from any person not being the owner of the horse they have ridden.

The American correspondent of the "Sportsman" says that he was surprised to read in the evening papers that a tournament has been arranged, and was not expected for a moment that he could be prepared for the Derby, seeing that the time was so short. Yet (says the writer), we had hoped that he would afterwards come out in some of his best horses, and prove that we were not so far wrong when it was claimed for him that he was a first-class colt. Now we must say goodbye to him. Perhaps he may emulate the doing of Prince of Wales, who certainly has a wonderful turn of speed. Still, that is not what was wanted of him. We wished him to prove himself a Derby horse, and the fact has been against him throughout, where a man has a big string of horses in training, they seem to come with persistent regularity. W. C. Whitney's string has suffered greatly this past winter from the rains, but few of his best horses were left in the stable. One of the two which escaped was Yankee, the winner of last

season's Futurity. He is an immensely powerful fellow, with legs apparently like iron, and much was expected of this thoroughbred dray horse in this year's stake events.

Mr. Morrin has nineteen colts and eight fillies at Wellington Park this year, being fed with a view to the annual sale. Though we have had anything but good weather for the past few months, all his yearlings are in splendid condition, and there are some exceptionally fine colts amongst them. Mentschikoff, the latest addition to the sire ranks at Wellington Park, is a son of the imported stallion, imported Phobos Apollo is getting more into stallion estate, and the four colts and fillies by the son of St. Simon do him much credit; while the seventeen yearlings, to which are attached like stallions, are, with the exception of the son of Muskiet, who has never been represented by a more promising lot than the ten colts and two fillies he has on the estate, all of a full-blooded quality. The best are Battleaxe, and San Patricia, by this sire; full brothers to Daystar and Casket, by the defunct Castor; and half brothers to Nobility and Euroclydon, by Hotchkiss, and half brothers to the great sires, Cureton, Crescent, Cresy, by Hippocampus, and Mantle, that are very well developed. Freedom, St. Paul and Cyrenian are other sires represented in the list of the yearlings.

Lochade, who won the Hawke's Bay Steeplechase, is a sample of the half-bred racers bred on the West Coast of the North Island. At Wanganui this gelding, who is a son of the Muskiet—Georgi horse Pintlock, ran second in the Steeplechase of The Guard, the Hemptie, who won the Hawke's Bay Hurdle Race, is a half-sister by Nator to good old Norton. She has raced consistently, but never jumped too well. Collette deserves as success, as he has persevered with this mare in the face of the odds, and she has won a half-Buffin ran well in both his essays at the Meeting. He is one of the gamest little horses we have, and was well supported for both races by his owner and local followers, though many were afraid he might make a mistake over the Hawke's Bay country, which a trainer from Auckland described as a nice one, no fence therein being over 3ft 10in high. Kept at one game, Rufus can fence with the best of them, but many of our best horses have to take on both lines of business.

Traducer, who as a sire in this colony has probably had no superior, was a New Zealand-bred horse, the sire of Ard Patrick, yet partly because no horse of that line had ever sired an English classic race winner, that good authority on racing, the "Special Correspondent" of the "Sportsman," elected to pass him over as an unlikely Derby winner, with such opposition as Sceptre engaged. The number 5 family of the dam of Ard Patrick has been responsible for many of the best horses in the world, and many notables in the colonies, and as the influence of the dam is by experts invariably considered greater than that of a sire in the production of racing stock, it is not surprising that Morgnette had already led a Derby winner in Galtee More, it could only have been the presumed superior excellence of Sceptre that prevented many of the owners of the colts summing up more strongly in Ard Patrick's favour. Springfield, sire of Morgnette, was the greatest miler of his time. It will be interesting to note how the blood of Cyrenian, in some of the such No. 5 mares as have been mated with that horse, turn out.

We are accustomed to read of horses falling and receiving fatal injuries while competing in steeplechases over the Flemington country, which is constructed of much too solid material. The number killed there forms a long roll indeed, and the number of horses who have been badly injured or killed is also large. It was only a couple of weeks ago that the news was received of the death of Harry Underwood through the falling of the German at one of these formidable obstacles. On Thursday last, Jack Tar, while running in the Steeplechase, fell and broke his neck. Earlier in the day, however, the accident that happened in the Kurdie Race, in which seven horses came down, four of the number being killed, and one badly injured, must constitute a record of casualties for a jumping race. If such a thing had happened in the Steeplechase the racing authorities would perhaps have been induced to alter the stability or formidability of the country. Fortunately none of the riders were seriously injured. We have only the bare intimation before us of the fact that such an accident did happen, and can only surmise as to the cause. The riders escaped, and the horses were unhurt. The dog was all known performers. The Watch Dog was in the stable of P. Nolan, an erst Auckland horseman.

There is a numerous class in Australia, as in the Old Country, narrow-minded enough to denounce everything as bad and undesirable which they may not happen to approve and support, and there is good reason for believing that by such people an attempt will be made through the medium of Parliament to place all manner of irksome restrictions upon sport—especially horse-racing and the speculation inseparable from it—even to the extent of endeavouring to prevent betting on racecourses, quotations of betting, and so on (writes "Javelin" in the "Leader.") It would be well to see all sports properly controlled, but it would be a sorry experience for any part of the English Empire if one section of it were compelled to relinquish its legitimate ways of amusing itself because those ways did not happen to fit in with the ideas of another section. The moralists of this community are continually being invited to assist in bringing about a desirable supervision and re-

gulation of speculation on horse-racing, and whenever they are disposed to accept the invitation they may depend upon the support of all good and true sportsmen. The latter, however, must insist upon having most to say in regard to a matter concerning which the former are necessarily ignorant, and possibly in fact ignorant. There is, however, reason to believe that a big political attempt to harass and place absurd restrictions on sport is contemplated in certain quarters, and therefore it behoves supporters of legitimate sport to keep their weather eye open, and to remember that this is a genuine warning—not an alarmist's scare.

It is a well known fact that some of our best horses have been deep-rooted dislike to bookmakers, and would not allow them on racecourses if they could help it. The bookmaker, however, is a creation of the people, and will live long after his would-be exterminators are dead. Some of the highly educated are deservedly so. Few are allowed to stand high in the social scale, but where is the difference between the man who lays the odds and the man who accepts? Bookmaking is a profession, and is not England, finally becoming a profession. There are bookmakers in the colonies who own racehorses—not a wise thing, perhaps—but run them honestly and on their own terms, and the people who are fairly good judges in the matter. The victory of a recent winner owned by Mr. H. Oxenham, the Australian bookmaker, is thus referred to by "Martindale" in the "New Zealand Country":—"Racegoers have become so used to seeing Mr. Oxenham's violet and gold striped jacket heaten lately that it was quite a change to see it once more in front. Whenever one of Mr. Oxenham's horses start it is pleasant to say that it is heavily backed. Perhaps not by the owner, but the public will have their bit on, as they know from past experience that they are sure to be on a trier. It is strange, but never as before, that the people who will wait off before backing horses owned by people who are high in the social world have not the slightest hesitation in putting their money upon a horse owned by Mr. Oxenham. It is a sign that the public are getting to be a leading bookmaker, who is not, through the laws of the leading racing club, allowed to do business upon our race tracks."

The Special Commissioner of the "London Sportsman" has the following reference to the late Captain Machell:—"The Captain was certainly one of the greatest sportsmen I have ever seen of the turf, though he never was really himself, owing to his illness of about eight years ago. Perhaps his surest key to success was in being absolutely straightforward, and yet his keen reputation for being singularly astute. He would not flatter himself, but if he went round his stable and yet, such is the peculiar instinct of suspicious humanity, that the truth told in this way is rarely believed in. I have in my mind many of the many states that I never knew any owner, trainer, or manager who would tell you so much as would Captain Machell. For instance, in the spring of the year, when Suspender was two years old, he pointed the big race to me, and I pointed to a stable hand, said, 'I think he is sure to win whenever he is fit to start.' This was in response to no question of mine, but how true the information was the 'Calendar' will prove. Suspender was a man who would have gone up somewhere near top in whatever walk of life he had chosen for himself, for his was a very high order of intelligence and a large share of that magnetic influence which makes men leaders of their fellows. Moreover, he was a thorough stayer, never flinching under adverse fortune, and, even in this struggle with his last grim enemy, it was not until he was nearly broken by weakness and resolution, he lived on when men of weaker spirit would have long ago lain down and died. From almost my earliest recollections of racing I have had a sincere admiration for Captain Machell, and, now that he has gone, there is a great void which no one that I have ever come across is at all likely to fill.

It is evident that there is a general awakening of the subject of longer distance racing. The following is a letter from the "Australasian," from the pen of a gentleman in Detuliquin, who says:—"Another subject that will stand more criticism is the question of longer distances. They are all flutters. About 70 per cent. of the flat races are six furlongs or under. 'Improving the breed of the horse' is now much talked about; but if these men sincerely desire to improve their influence will be felt in years to come. I would like to see a mile and a half made the standard distance for the chief handicap at all country meetings; and, in the case of the metropolitan programme would still leave plenty of room for the sprinters. A meeting should not be registered that cannot run, at least, one mile and a quarter race. Committees are too busy on trying to make every race as great a success as possible, so have cut down the distances for the sake of nominations. It is a common thing to see about six entries for a mile and a quarter race, twenty-six for a six-furlong event, and more still, there is a half-mile flutter; in fact, no distance seems too short for the nominators. This seems like admitting that the average modern thoroughbred cannot get a distance of more than a mile and a quarter, and that the majority of the colts watch the six over the top, and the 3/4 over the six. So it is not the gate that is considered. The entries for the long races would soon improve if there were more than one. It is from the rank and file of the race that the majority of our Australian saddle horses come, so every encouragement should be given to those with stamina. If the V.R.C. or

A.J.C. cannot legislate to increase the distances, they can, at least, set the example by always having a mile and a half event at headquarters at all their off-meetings."

The latest performance of the Australian mare Wakeful was even more phenomenal than early news by cable gave us to imagine, says the Special Commissioner of the "Sportsman." Her one great victory on Easter Monday, when she carried the 110 lb. weight in the Sydney Cup, two-mile handicap in the record time of 3m 25sec, was cabled home, but it is only on receipt of the mail that I find she won on the preceding day of the meeting the Autumn Stakes (one mile and a-half), then, taking the Sydney Cup of two miles on the second day, she came out all right on the third day and won the All-aged Stakes of one mile, finishing up on the fourth day of the meeting by winning the A.J.C. Plate of three miles. She had been run even harder than this at the V.R.C. Meeting a month earlier, for there she had a very severe race over three miles on the third day, and nevertheless ran twice on the fourth day. It is within my knowledge that an offer of £4000 for her has been refused, though 3000 guineas would have bought her before the Sydney Cup victory, and a cable sent actually on that day arrived just too late. It is a good thing that she is now in the hands of a young stock time to mature, for this extraordinary mare never ran until she was a four-year-old, and she is now a five-year-old by Australian time. Poor old La Carbine had no chance with her at the Sydney meeting. Wakeful stands only 15 1/2 in the weight, and is a model of power, and her successive victories worked up the mass of spectators to wild displays of enthusiasm. How good the time for the Sydney Cup, 3m 25sec, was may be judged from the fact that the record for that race up to that time was held by Carbine and his Wallace, both of whom won it in 3m 31sec—Carbine in 1833, and Wallace in 1886. Carbine won a second time, with 8st 9lb in the saddle, but on that occasion the time was 3m 35sec. The records of the Melbourne Cup show the Flemington track to be held by faster than any other, but the best ever in it was by Carbine, 3m 23sec, in 1840 and that was before the days of the starting gate, which naturally tends to make times a little longer, as the start is made from a stand.

Last week I referred to some of the notices of motion to be brought before the Racing Conference this month at Wellington. There are others that can be touched upon. The Wairarapa Racing Club are desirous that the Wairarapa Club should be stated at the time of entry, whether registered or not. The secretaries of clubs are often put to a lot of trouble through owners neglecting to furnish their colours, and some rule should be introduced on this subject. The proposed alteration in Rule 89 in reference to starting, so that horses shall not be started when more than half a chain behind the post, is in the right direction, but it may not always be in the power of a starter to carry such a rule into effect. The proposed alteration to Rule 156, having reference to the issuing of gentlemen riders' certificates, is one that is likely to meet with favour. In rule 167 it is proposed to alter the wording so that a major-voting power should be given to the stewards, which may decide. This may receive some opposition. The Wai-kouaiti Racing Club and Tuaepeka County Jockey Club are desirous of abolishing the Official Calendar, and substituting in its place the names of one or other of the following newspapers published in New Zealand, viz., "The Weekly News," Auckland; "The Mail," Wellington; "The Press," Christchurch; the "Canterbury Times," Christchurch; and "The Otago Witness," Dunedin." It is felt by some of the clubs of the country that they should not be compelled to advertise their programmes in any paper published outside, or at least at any great distance from the districts in which their meetings are held. The reason advanced in favour of this suggestion is that the question has been raised, has been one of expense. The expense, however, is not a big matter, and in the interests of the sport it is certainly advisable that all programmes of duly registered Racing Clubs should appear in an official and standard form. The practice will, no doubt, continue to insist upon this being done. The Clubs can give their advertising to such papers as they deem advisable, apart from this. It seems, however, that while a few of the country clubs are desirous of protesting against being made to advertise in the Official Calendar, they are very inconsistent, for they would make it compulsory that clubs should advertise in one or other of certain specified papers, whether they desired to do so or not. By the proposed alteration, only five weekly papers would be considered, and two of the number are published in one city. Each is published in important racing centres—Dunedin, Christchurch, Wellington, and Auckland. There is no provision for the advertisement of the Wairarapa, Taranaki, Napier, Invercargill, Marlborough, Greymouth, and other important Racing Clubs. They could be left to choose for themselves. The change would lead to endless trouble. They could cover the advertising of the papers indicated, thus selecting any of the Official Calendar they might think fit, or advertise in all, or give such a turn at their pleasure. In the event of the Racing Conference wishing a Racing Club to be independent of any newspaper, which could of course be done, it would first have to be

considered that the expense would be, all clubs would have to pay for show... sent to the advertisements in the same way as they do now. It would probably cost them more than at present...

TURT TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

(By Telegraph—Special to "Graphic.") CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday. The absurd rush to back Siege Gun for the New Zealand Cup having abated, the son of Hotchkiss has retired to a less excited position in the betting market than the one he occupied for the first three weeks after the outbreak of the races...

CHRISTCHURCH, Tuesday. The weights for the New Zealand Cup made their appearance in yesterday morning's paper without arousing much interest here. The public has other things on the mind just now, and more-over the weather has been so atrociously bad that the bare thought of racing, with its attendant early rising and loitering in the open air, is calculated to bring on an attack of the shivers. I have ranked them in order of their desirability. Although I must confess my examination has been hurried, the first thing that struck me, and I fancy it will strike most

people, is the difference separating Nonette from Cruciform. Mares are little chicks at the spring, and often deteriorate after they are the year-old. Nonette is, I understand, a sturdy, strong-constituted, contented colt, who may be trusted to improve with age; but daughters of St. Leger do not as a rule go off, and there are numerous instances of them showing considerable improvement at four and five years of age. Under these circumstances I think Mr Henrys may be said to have treated Cruciform leniently and Nonette a little harshly in asking them to meet at weight for sex, but there is very little in it either way, and I am quite prepared to find that Nonette, owing to his being a proved stayer and a sound, good-constituted colt, will receive more support than the filly. As a past winner that good and consistent mare Tortulla is not overweighed, and if St. Michael were certain to stand a preparation he would be sure to have a strong following. Renown has been fired, and the operation is said to have had a beneficial effect upon his legs, but it is doubtful if he can start on the day of the race. Both Pampero and Dundas will be troubled by the distance, and a similar remark applies to Canine Chief, and I am inclined to add, Beddington. The task of going through the list categorically may be left to your own sporting contributors, and among the rest I propose simply to touch on the few who strike me as standing out prominently. First and foremost of these I should place Melwood, whom I should select if I were compelled to undertake the impossible task of picking the winner. As a horse which has been backed for more money perhaps than any candidate, Siege Gun is not badly treated; and Lady Lillian has a good outside chance. Of Mr Prosser's three-year-olds, Ghoorka, and Triumph, but at present I fancy the winner may come from Nonette, Cruciform, Siege Gun, Melwood, and Mr Prosser's selected, and the Hon. J. D. Ormond's selected.

The following are the local betting quotations on the New Zealand Cup—14 to 1 against Cruciform; 16 to 1 Glenaladale, and Nonette; 20 to 1 Achilles, Beddington, Canine Chief, Pampero, Portira, Pampero, Siege Gun, Tortulla, and Weibick; 25 to 1 Convoys, Fakir, Ghoorka, Ideal, Imperator, Kiwi, Lady Lillian, Ostiak, Renown, Sirius, and Vladimir; 25 to 1 Canine Chief, Dundas, and Triumph; 30 to 1 Euclypsus, Ghoorka, Gladisla, La Valerie, Laureate, Motor, Northumberland, Olngo, and Senation; 50 to 1 Bombarde, Calibre, Comfort, Clanburn, Grey Seaton, Kelburn, Kahurangi, Meruira, Punamu, Terecelet, Triumph, Tradewind, Terrapin, and Waipawa; 60 to 1 La Valerie and Ora; 100 to 1 Huku, Legion of Honour, Lolah, Magnificent, Ontario, Sarcodon, and Secret Service; 200 to 1 Romany Queen, Stepdancer, and Sparkbrook.

Ben Farley, the doubtfully bred son of Burlington or Ben Trorate and Psyche, has changed hands, and is to be sent to the stud in the Kalkoura district during the coming season. The weather cleared on Sunday afternoon, and for a few hours looked like remaining fine. It is now cold and cheerless, and a cold fog is on for snow. Very little work has been done at Riccarton during the week, and still less schooling. Dundas and Calibre have both been lame during the past few days. The former was suffering from an abscess in the fore limb, and caused by a neck way, recovered as soon as the gathering was lanced; but the cause of the latter's infirmity has not been eradicated, and may give further trouble.

Huku is being kept up to the collar in view of the Wellington meeting. A similar remark applies to Nell Perkins, Windwhistle, and Pip. With these exceptions the locally trained animals have been taking it easy. The South Canterbury Jockey Club has appointed Mr C. O'Connor starter for the approaching season.

HAWKE'S BAY JOCKEY CLUB WINTER MEETING.

Blue weather favoured the Jockey Club for the opening day of the Winter Meeting to-day. The attendance was large, owing to many country people having come in for the Coronation festivities. There is no telegraph wire on to the course. The course is heavy. Results:— Trial Steeplechase Handicap of 50sovs; about 2 miles.—Phantom, 10.7; Eucharis, 10.3; Tukurangi, 11.0. 2. Scratched: Awahuri. Won easily. Great Scott and Kingstons fell. Time 6.4. Dividends: Straight out, £14 17/; on the 1, 2 machines, 45 12/; and on Eucharis, 23 12/. Winter Handicap of 100sovs; once round.—Dexterity, 13; Loch Erin, 5.4; Olngo, 15.5. All started. Won by a length. Time 1.33. Dividends—Straight out £18 2/; first, 29 9/; second, 21 10/. Ladies' Bracelet of 25sovs, 2 miles.—Scratched—Valiant. Won easily. Time 6.4. Dividend 11 1/4. Hack Hurdles—Vathek 1, Ogie & Cronje & Won easily.

HAWKE'S BAY HURDLES of 20sovs. Two miles. Mr V. H. Collier's The Hemple, aged, by Nator—Romp, 14.5 (Land 1) Mr J. Beckett's eh g Rufus, 14.5 (McGregor) Mr G. P. Donnelly's b m Kahurangi, 10.3 (M. Naylor) Also started: Mofra, 12.7; Gimble, 13.5; Plain Bill, 10.9; Dr. Bill, 9.7; Missie, 9.6; Willawau, 9.3; Sylvanus, and Dr. Bill took charge of affairs, and led for a mile and a quarter, when The Hemple made a forward move, and passing Dr. Bill two furlongs from home, led into the straight, where both Rufus and Kahurangi made their efforts, but the sturdy little daughter, The Nator, and Romp kept them at bay, winning by a length from Rufus, who was the same distance in advance of Kahurangi. Time, 4m 54. Dividends: Straight out, 23 4/; first and second, 25 1/ and 21 1/.

HUNT CLUB STEEPLCHASE of 40 sovs. Two miles and a half. Mr P. Wootton's Jack-o'-Lantern, 5yrs, by Wonderland—Incense, 12.3 (Mr A. Mitchell) Mr F. M. Nelson's Chance, 11.9 (Mr G. Hirt) Mr C. Gordon's Garnet, 11.0 (Mr C. Gordon) Also started: Billy, 11.9; Peter Osbeck, 11.0; Hokowhitu, 11.7; Mazzini, 11.0. Peter Osbeck and Hokowhitu led in close company until half a mile from home, when both ran off, and Jack-o'-Lantern won rather easily by a length. Time, 5m 50. Dividends: Straight out, £1 13/; first and second, £1 13/ and £2 1/.

CORINTHIAN STAKES of 50sovs. One mile and a quarter. Mr A. Mitchell's br g Convoys, 5yrs, by Vanguard—Squib, 12.7 (Mr A. Mitchell) Mr Oliver Evans' A.B.N., 10.1 (Mr R. Griffin) Mr C. Gordon's Ogie (Mr G. Gordon) Also started: Daphne, 11.3; Daredevil, 11.1; Legion of Honour, 11.3; Lady's Link, 11.3; Pearl Shot, 10.9; Aroha, 10.7; Tukurangi, 10.2; Ballistite, 10.0; Helleponit, 10.0; French Maid, 10.0; Shackle, 10.0. Convoys led all the way, and won easily. Dividends: Straight out, 25; first and second, 25 1/ and 24 7/.

SECOND DAY.

LADIES' NECKLACE of 30sovs. About 1 1/2 miles. Mrs F. Rhodes' A.B.N., 11.9 (Mr R. Griffin) Defoe, 11.0 (Mr C. Gordon) Borax, 11.0 (Mr R. Neagle) Also started: Ballistite, 10.7; Athos, 10.7; French Maid, 10.0. A.B.N. led almost from the start and won easily. Time, 3m 15. Dividends: Straight-out, 22 1/; first and second, £1 18/ and 17/.

HANDICAP HURDLES of 125sovs. About 1 1/2 miles. Mr J. Cotter's Great Scott by Exchange—Armaddio, 9.0 (Galbraith) Kahurangi, 10.2 (Naylor) The Hemple, 11.5 (Lynn) Also started: Trea, 11.9; Derrincoote, 11.5; Euclypsus, 9.5; Laureate, 9.0; Missie, 9.0; Sylvanus, 9.0; Wilson, 8.8.

The race was a magnificent one from start to finish, five of the starters keeping together and taking the jumps almost in line. Approaching the straight first one and then another had a trifling advantage, but after getting over the last jump the battle commenced in earnest. The Great Scott, Kahurangi, and The Hemple fighting out every inch of the way, and it was only in the last stride that Great Scott got his head in front, and won by the barest of margins, while The Hemple was less than a neck away in third place. Time, 3m 41. Dividends: Straight out, £19 16/; first and second, £13 18/ and 19/.

HACK AND HUNTERS' STEEPLCHASE of 50sovs. About 2 1/2 miles. Mrs J. B. Rhodes' The Phantom, 12.7 (Mr C. Mitchell) Canine Chief, 11.3 (Mr G. Hirt) Jack-o'-Lantern, 11.7 (Mr A. Mitchell) Also started: Peter Osbeck, 10.2; Clovis, 10.2; Hokowhitu, 10.0; Master Model, 9.7; Garnet, 9.7; Te Rehunga, 9.1.

The Phantom was always in a forward position, and won by six lengths. Time, 5m 57s. Dividends: Straight out, 24 6/; first and second, 23 13/ and 21 15/.

FINAL HANDICAP of 50sovs. Six furlongs. Mr W. Rathbone's Assayer, 10.8 (O'Brien) Brilliantine, 9.9 Rain, 9.0 Also started: Terror, 10.8; Daredevil, 9.11; Mongonui, 9.11; Katrina, 9.11; Armaddio, 9.8; Shackle, 9.0; Helleponit, 9.0; French Maid, 9.0.

Assayer led for half a mile, when he was momentarily displaced by Terror and Daredevil, but at the distance Assayer came again, and wearing down the leaders won by a length from Brilliantine, who was just in front of Rain. Time, 1m 52s. Dividends: Straight out, 25 13/; first and second, 24 18/ and 21 14/.

NAPIER PARK RACING CLUB'S WINTER MEETING.

The following handicaps were declared for the first day of the Napier Park Racing Club's Winter Meeting:— Hack Handicap Hurdles of 50sovs, one mile and three-quarters.—Vathek 10.4, Levan 10.2, Medallion 10.2, Cronje 10.0, Reliance 9.8, Ogie 9.8, Ogie 9.8, Pearl Shot 9.3, Monument 9.1, North Star 8.4, Rocket 8.4, Clovis 8.4, Master Model 8.4, Teha 8.4. Hunters' Steeplechase of 50sovs, two miles.—The Phantom 14.0, Jack-o'-Lantern 11.2, Clovis 11.2, Peter Osbeck 11.2, Chance 11.2, Hokowhitu 11.0, Billy 11.0, Lane Gryphon 11.0, Gasbet 11.0, Mazzini 11.0, Te Rehunga 11.0. Handicap Hurdle Race of 100sovs, one mile and three-quarters.—The Guard 11.1, The Hemple 11.1, Kahurangi 11.1, Sabour 11.4, Trea 11.4, Kahurangi 11.0, Princess of Thule 10.9, Rufus 10.7, Great Scott 10.1, Strathnairn 10.0, Penrose 9.13, Reliance 9.7, Dr. Bill 9.7, Tukurangi 9.7, Missie 9.6, Sylvanus 9.0, Wilson 9.0, Ogie 9.0, Medallion 9.0. Settlers' Hack Handicap of 50sovs, six furlongs.—Murao 11.0, B.N. 11.6, Kahunui 10.4, Katrina 10.2, Armaddio 10.0, Loe 10.0, Triumph 10.0, Culcitra 9.12, Aroha 9.12, Cobra 9.10, Valiant 9.10, Rain 9.7, Helleponit 9.7, Ballistite 9.0, Hawani 9.0, Helleponit 9.0, French Maid 9.0, Dretus 9.0, Inamorata 9.0.

Stewards' Stakes Handicap of 100sovs, one mile and a quarter.—Convoys 11.3, Ideal 11.0, Bextery 10.8, With-the-Wisp 10.7, Materoa 10.5, Hinstaura 10.5, Murao 9.7, Inspan 9.7, Rubin 9.7, Daphne 9.7, Lady's Link 9.7, Ontario 9.7, Daredevil 9.7, Facion Fruit 9.5, Legion of Honour 9.4, Comfort 9.0, Cave 9.0, Brilliantine 9.0, Andrew 8.8, Modesty 9.0, The Pony 9.0. Napier Steeplechase of 50sovs, three miles.—The Guard 12.1, Mofra 12.6, Ogie 11.3, Scallywag 11.1, Locandee 10.10, Princess of Thule 10.7, Rufus 10.6, The Phantom 10.0, Great Scott 10.0, Tira 9.13, Derrincoote 9.12, Dr. Bill 9.12, Sudden 9.12, Cronje 9.1, Yvonne 9.0, Bergelitz 9.7, Awahuri 9.7, Master Model 9.7, Sir Alhol 9.7, M. Jam 9.7. Ladies' Bracelet Handicap of 50sovs, one mile and a quarter.—Kelly 12.10, Murale 12.1, Borax 11.7, Aroha 10.12, Valiant 10.12, Shackle 10.10, Andrew 10.10, Spark 10.0, Brook 10.10, Crown Prince 10.9, Paced 10.7, Aureole 10.7, French Maid 10.7, Modesty 10.7. Hunters' Steeplechase of 50sovs, two miles.—The Phantom 14.0, Jack-o'-Lantern 11.2, Clovis 11.2, Peter Osbeck 11.2, Chance 11.2, Hokowhitu 11.0, Billy 11.0, Lane Gryphon 11.0, Gasbet 11.0, Mazzini 11.0, Te Rehunga 11.0.

Handicap Hurdle Race of 100sovs, one mile and three-quarters.—The Guard 11.1, The Hemple 11.1, Sabour 11.4, Trea 11.4, Kahurangi 11.0, Princess of Thule 10.9, Rufus 10.7, Great Scott 10.1, Strathnairn 10.0, Penrose 9.13, Reliance 9.7, Dr. Bill 9.7, Tukurangi 9.7, Missie 9.6, Sylvanus 9.0, Wilson 9.0, Ogie 9.0, Medallion 9.0. Settlers' Hack Handicap of 50sovs, six furlongs.—Murao 11.0, B.N. 11.6, Kahunui 10.4, Katrina 10.2, Armaddio 10.0, Loe 10.0, Triumph 10.0, Culcitra 9.12, Aroha 9.12, Cobra 9.10, Valiant 9.10, Rain 9.7, Helleponit 9.7, Ballistite 9.0, Hawani 9.0, Helleponit 9.0, French Maid 9.0, Dretus 9.0, Inamorata 9.0.

THE NEW ZEALAND CUP. CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday.

Mr Henrys has declared the following handicap for THE NEW ZEALAND CUP of 1500sovs. Two miles.

Table with columns 'at b' and 'at lb' listing horses and odds for the New Zealand Cup. Includes entries like Nonette, Cruciform, Tortulla, St. Michael, Renown, Pampero, Dundas, Beddington, Canine Chief, Halberdis, Ideal, Ostiak, Achilles, Siege Gun, Melwood, Portira, Glenaladale, Motor, Golden Vein, Northumberland, Ghoorka, Vladimir, Imperator, Grey Seaton, Weibek, Lavelette, Calibre, Lady Lillian, Fakir, Menura, Terrapin.

V.R.C. GRAND NATIONAL HURDLE RACE. MELBOURNE, June 1.

Holkar continues favourite for the V.R.C. Grand National Hurdle Race, 3 to 1 being the best offer against him. Battaxe has been supported to win a few hundred £s and 10's to 1, being mostly New Zealand money.

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Athletic Sports.

FOOTBALL

CITY v. PONSONBY.

These teams met for the second time this season on Saturday, and the match was looked forward to with a good deal of interest, owing to the fact that they drew on the first occasion. City made no mistake this time, and after one of the uninteresting games of the season won by 16 points to 3. It was a forward game from start to finish—scrum succeeding scrum—and one in which City forwards kept up their reputation, keeping their opponents continually on the defence. There was little to choose between the two back divisions, Young, McGee and W. Tyler showing up for City, while Sid Riley, McCall, and the full-back did most of the work for the other. The latter was a bit fluky at starting, but stopped some rushes in good style at the finish. City forwards all played well, bar a tendency to lie on the ball in the scrums, but a couple of free kicks on Saturday soon stopped that. Francis and Dunning played well for Ponsonby. Donovan, McGee, Scott, and Asher scored tries, Young and W. Tyler converted a try each.

NEWTON v. GRAFTON.

This match was played on No. 2 ground, and play was first right through, the ball being fast at one end, and then back to the other. A good number of the spectators left the stand to watch this game, and a good deal of barracking was indulged in. The game ended in a sensational win for Newton by 7 points to 6, Rowe kicking a goal from the field for Newton right on call of time. Cowan scored the other points for Newton. Kiernan kicked a penalty goal, and McKenzie scored a try for the losers.

NORTH SHORE v. PARNELL.

This match ended in an easy victory for North Shore by 14 points to nil. McClusky, Irvine, Smith and Harp scored tries, and Yeoland converted one into a goal.

SECOND FIFTEENS.

Grafton beat City by 6 points to 0.

THAMES FOOTBALL.

The Thames-Waihi football match was played on Saturday on the local recreation reserve. Higgins and Mathias having met with accidents were unable to play for Waihi. Garvey captained Waihi (maroons) and Laing captained Thames (blue and black). Mr. Burman (Auckland) referred Mr. McGregor, the Thames selector, was present, with a view to selecting a combined team to play against Auckland. So far Waihi had never succeeded in lowering Thames' colours. Last season's match ended in a draw at Thames, and the previous year at Waihi Thames beat the maroons by 17 to 6, so that this match was looked forward to with great interest by both sides. Waihi have lost the services this season of such first-class players as Cunningham and McColl, now playing in Auckland, and Graham.

Thames won the toss, having a strong wind in their favour. The kick-off brought the oval in dangerous proximity to the blues' goal, where the maroons obtained a free kick. Laing made a good attempt at goal, but failed. Neutral play followed. An open rush by the maroons brought hostilities back into Thames' 5, where the blues again rallied, central play being the result. The maroons, however, answered gamely, and a combined open rush took the ball right up to the Thames goal line, where all efforts failed to relieve it. Brown (Waihi) got the oval over the line and scored first blood. Laing added the major points with a good kick. Waihi, 8; Thames, nil. After some neutral play, the blues made a determined effort to make good to ground lost, and Kingham obtained a mark in a dangerous position opposite Waihi's goal, but no goal was kicked. Shortly afterwards Morgan marked for Thames, but the attempt to score again failed. The blues kept up active hostilities in Waihi's 25. Laing on one occasion nearly scored, but was grazed by Currie, the full back. The maroons at this point forced the game to their opponents' territory, where the maroon back division took possession of the oval. Garvey, picking up, passed to Flett, who sent along to Phillips. The latter smartly transferred to McKay, on the wing, and he, being clear, made a short dash to

the corner, registering another try for Waihi. Laing failed to add the major points. Waihi, 8; Thames, nil. This passing run by the Waihi backs was certainly the best bit of football during the whole match. The whistle sounded half time shortly afterwards.

The second spell was noted for good play, the Thames working hard to score, but they were certainly outclassed in most departments. Waihi had all the best of the game during the latter end of the spell. No further score resulted, though Waihi nearly added to the score on several occasions.

So far as the Waihi men went, it would be difficult to pick out a weak one in the entire fifteen. The back division were in splendid form. Flett, Laing, Garvey, Phillips, and McKay showing exceptionally brilliant play. Currie, at full, was safe in kicking and tackling, and Fraser was undoubtedly the best wing on the field, though Laing did excellent work. Laing stood out far ahead of the other Thames men. McLean and Kingham, however, showed first-class form for Thames. The forwards worked well, proving more able than their opponents in hooking out from the scrum. Houghton took full advantage of this and fed his backs well.

CRICKET.

THE AUSTRALIANS IN ENGLAND.

MATCH AGAINST YORKSHIRE.

AUSTRALIA.—First Innings.	
Trumper, c Hirst, b Rhodes.....	3
Hopkins, b Hirst.....	0
Hill, c Wainwright, b Rhodes.....	34
Darling, c Hunter, b Haigh.....	40
Gregory, lbw, b Rhodes.....	6
Duff, not out.....	11
Noble, c and b Rhodes.....	0
Kelly, c Tunnicliffe, b Rhodes.....	0
Trumble, b Haigh.....	0
Howell, c Washington, b Haigh.....	3
Saunders, b Haigh.....	4
Sundries.....	5
Total.....	106

Bowling Analysis: Rhodes, 5 wickets for 49; Haigh, 4 for 18; Hirst, 1 for 24.

YORKSHIRE.—First Innings.

Tunnicliffe, b Trumble.....	0
Brown, c Darling, b Trumble.....	14
Denton, c Hill, b Saunders.....	13
Taylor, lbw, b Trumble.....	11
Hirst, c Noble, b Saunders.....	5
Washington, c Gregory, b Trumble	5
Wainwright, c Trumper, b Saunders	4
Haigh, b Trumble.....	0
Rhodes, b Saunders.....	0
Whitehead, c Saunders, b Trumble	11
Hunter, not out.....	10
Extras.....	6
Total.....	77

Bowling analysis: Saunders took four wickets for 58 runs; Trumble, six for 17.

AUSTRALIA.—Second Innings.

Darling, c Rhodes, b Haigh.....	2
Trumper, c Hunter, b Rhodes.....	9
Hill, c Taylor, b Hirst.....	9
Hopkins, b Haigh.....	10
Gregory, not out.....	45
Duff, b Haigh.....	4
Noble, c and b Rhodes.....	1
Kelly, b Rhodes.....	7
Trumble, c Hunter, b Rhodes.....	0
Howell, b Haigh.....	0
Saunders, b Haigh.....	0
Sundries.....	4
Total.....	87

Bowling Analysis.—Haigh, five wickets for 49; Rhodes, four for 22; Hirst, one for 12.

YORKSHIRE.—Second Innings.

Tunnicliffe, c Trumble, b Saunders.....	7
Brown, b Trumble.....	5
Taylor, b Trumble.....	0
Denton, b Trumble.....	1
Hurst, b Howell.....	14
Washington, c Hopkins, b Trumble	23
Wainwright, lbw, b Trumble.....	10
Haigh, c Hill, b Saunders.....	5
Rhodes, run out.....	6
Whitehead, not out.....	0
Hunter, lbw, b Trumble.....	0
Sundries.....	0
Total.....	72

Bowling Analysis: Trumble, six wickets for 27; Saunders, two for 26; Howell, one for 15.

MATCH AGAINST AN ENGLISH ELEVEN.

AUSTRALIANS.—First Innings.

Noble, b Knutton.....	1
Trumper, b Knutton.....	113
Hill, b Knutton.....	1
Darling, b Knutton.....	0
Hopkins, c sub, b Knutton.....	10
Duff, b Knutton.....	182
Armstrong, c Crawford, b Knutton	28
Carter, b Knutton.....	8
Jones, not out.....	19
Howell, b Wrathall.....	16
Saunders, b Knutton.....	5
Sundries.....	5
Total.....	402

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Knutton took nine wickets for 100. Kinnear none for 41. Quaise none for 59. Crawford, none for 29. Whitehead none for 50. Seymour, none for 16. Snowden, none for 48. Wrathall, one for 44.

ALL ENGLAND.—First Innings.

Kinnear, b Jones.....	4
Seymour, b Jones.....	1
Wrathall, c Carter, b Noble.....	37
Quaise, c Howell, b Hopkins.....	63
Knight, c and b Saunders.....	12
Whitehead, c Trumper, b Saunders	43
King, run out.....	47
Crawford, c Jones, b Noble.....	3
Sowden, b Saunders.....	9
Knutton, b Noble.....	8
Bairstow, not out.....	0
Sundries.....	13
Total.....	240

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Saunders, 3 wickets for 13 runs. Noble, 3 for 34. Jones, 2 for 76. Hopkins, 1 for 31. Howell, none for 18. Armstrong, none for 37.

ALL-ENGLAND.—Second Innings.

Kinnear, b Jones.....	18
Wrathall, c Trumper, b Noble.....	23
Seymour, c Darling, b Noble.....	19
Quaise, c Armstrong, b Saunders	4
Crawford, b Jones.....	90
King, b Saunders.....	8
Whitehead, c Saunders, b Howell	13
Sowden, c Carter, b Saunders.....	8
Knutton, c Armstrong, b Noble..	5
Bairstow, not out.....	10
Extras.....	5
Total.....	203

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Noble took three wickets for 67 runs. Jones, two for 20. Saunders, four for 66. Howell, one for seven.

AUSTRALIANS.—Second Innings.

Darling, c Crawford, b Knutton.....	0
Noble b King.....	1
Hopkins, c Wrathall, b King.....	11
Armstrong, not out.....	14
Duff, not out.....	11
Extras.....	5
Total for three wickets.....	42

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

King took two wickets for 20 runs. Knutton, one for 17.

TRUMPER'S BRILLIANT RECORD.

By scoring 113 in the first innings of this match Victor Trumper has now placed over 3000 runs to his credit since the tour began. His figures are: Twenty-two innings, highest score 129, total number of runs 1024, average 46.5. To have scored over 1000 runs at this early stage is a very brilliant feat, and as only about half the matches on the programme have been played the Sydney batsman may establish a fresh record in the number of runs scored during an Australian tour in England. Darling at present holds the record, his aggregate for the 1899 tour being 1041.

Winter comes with chilly drafts. And coughs and colds we can't escape; We're bound to face it every year. However much the damp we fear. We long to see Old Sol's bright rays Through those wet and gloomy days, While our health we do assure With some WOODS' GREAT PEPPER MINT CURB.

A determined suicide occurred in Auckland last week, a Frenchman named Eugene Pitavy jumping from the upper window of the Victoria Hotel to the pavement below, and being so severely injured that he died in a few minutes. Pitavy came from the Upper Thames goldfields a week ago, stopping at the Victoria Hotel. He complained of being ill a day or two ago, and as he refused his food Mr O'Connor, the proprietor of the hotel, took him to Dr. Williams, who has attended him since Monday. The doctor said that there was nothing wrong with the man, who continued to imagine that he was suffering from some complaint. He was talking to one of the boarders shortly before nine o'clock in one of the front sitting-rooms, and soon after the other occupant of the room left it a man ran into the hotel, and informed the landlord that a man had fallen out of a top window. Mr O'Connor went out and found Pitavy lying on the pavement in an unconscious condition. He was carried into the hotel, where he expired almost immediately. The distance he had fallen was about 16ft, and he apparently landed on his head. Dr. Williams was sent for, but could only pronounce life to be extinct, and the body was accordingly conveyed to the Morgue. Deceased was not addicted to drink.

HYDATIDS AGAIN CONQUERED.

TWELVE YEARS A SUFFERER.

ANOTHER WONDERFUL CURE.

READ WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY

ABOUT

Vitadatio.

76, Dorcas-st., South Melbourne. May 10th, 1896.

MR S. A. PALMER.

Agent for Vitadatio. Dear Sir—I have much pleasure in giving my testimony of what VITADATIO has done for me. I was taken ill two years ago last November, with jaundice. I was then living at Kensington, and the doctor who was attending me discovered that I was suffering from Hydatids. He brought me through that illness, but after twelve months I was again taken bad, suffering terrible agony at times, and a large lump formed in my stomach, which the doctor said was hydatids again, and that I would have to undergo an operation; but while arrangements were being made I heard of your wonderful medicine. After taking one bottle, which made me very ill, I threw up three (3) gall stones. I then continued the medicine and passed 14 more. While taking the medicine I also passed hydatids. I took nineteen bottles of VITADATIO, and now believe I am thoroughly cured of both hydatids and gall stones, and feel better and stronger than I have done for years. Whiting you every success with your wonderful medicine. I am, yours, very gratefully.

MRS H. WEBSTER.

P.S.—You are at perfect liberty to make what use you like of this. My cure took place twelve months ago.

Anybody wishing to see the gall stones can see them at 45 and 47, Bourke-st., Melbourne.

AFTER THREE YEARS

MRS WEBSTER

Voluntarily Testifies to the

PERMANENCY OF HER CURE BY

Vitadatio.

76, Dorcas-st., South Melbourne, May 23th, 1901.

Dear Sir.—It is now three years since I have been cured of Hydatids and Gall Stones, by WEBSTER'S VITADATIO, and I beg to state that I have had no return of either complaint since that time, and have been in the very best of health, in fact life is quite a pleasure to what it used to be, as I have been a very great sufferer. I find you this as a proof of the permanency of my cure.

Yours faithfully,

HARRIET WEBSTER.

We can testify to the truth of the above statement.

CHARLES FRANZ, AGNES FRANZ.

54, Napier-st., Fitzroy.

For further particulars,

S. A. PALMER,

WAREHOUSE, WATERLOO QUAY,

WELLINGTON.

Or, 33, QUEEN-ST., AUCKLAND.

Correspondence invited. Write for Testimonials.

The price of Medicines is 1/6 and 1/4 per bottle.

News of the Week.

CABLE ITEMS.

A record wheat harvest is reported in Kansas, U.S.A.

Oxford University has conferred a Doctorship of Civil Laws on Mr Barton, the Federal Premier.

The "Standard" states that the total of Boer-surrenders has reached 20,000.

The renewal of the Triple Alliance in its original form was signed at Berlin on Saturday.

Lord Hopetoun's successor has not yet been chosen. Lord Tennyson administers after July 14.

Mr Barton, Mr Seddon and the colonial Agents-General have sent messages of condolence to the Royal Family.

The Prince and Princess of Wales entertained 1300 children, mostly orphans, at dinner at Marlborough House.

General Botha visited the Boer prisoners at Pretoria and counselled them to submit. Forty took the oath and were released.

Lightning struck a church at Orense, in Spain, while a funeral service was being held. Twenty-five people were killed and 25 injured.

Earl Fitzwilliam's estate has been proved at £3,000,000. Practically all the Fitzwilliam's estate has been left to the present Earl.

A cablegram from South Africa states that the Tenth Contingent will embark for New Zealand early this month.

In view of the conclusion of peace, and the absence of documents, those implicated in the recent Pretoria plot have been released.

The American Steel Corporation is raising the wages of a hundred thousand employees ten per cent., at an annual cost of four million dollars.

A proclamation will be issued on July 4 amnestying all political prisoners in the Philippines, including Aguinaldo.

The revolution in Venezuela continues. The Vice-President and 1744 men with five guns surrendered after five hours' fighting.

A fire in the heart of Capetown destroyed the South African Mutual Insurance, Fletcher's, Dix's and other offices.

An agent of the Argentine is endeavouring to persuade the Boer refugees in Portuguese territory to found a colony in Patagonia.

The death is announced of the Right Hon. William Liddersdale, P.C., ex-Governor of the Bank of England, aged 70 years.

Mr Seddon has suggested to Mr Chamberlain the subsidising of vessels flying the British flag, and conveying British goods, and is hopeful something will result.

Many Transvaal and Orange River Colony burghers are petitioning the British Legation at Brussels to be allowed to take the oath of allegiance, and to return to South Africa.

Mr Chamberlain is communicating with Lord Milner regarding the appointment of Boer leaders to civil posts, but is unable to give particulars at present.

Four hundred and seventy-eight Boers at St. Helena signed the declaration of allegiance and marched to the harbour, carrying Union Jacks headed by a band. They embarked amidst immense enthusiasm.

The death is announced of Hugh Edward Colson, of the Tenth New Zealand Contingent, by the accidental dislocation of his neck at Newcastle.

News has been received that Lieut. and Commander Watson, of H.M.S. Lizard (now in Auckland) has been promoted to the rank of Commander in the Royal Navy.

A college porter fatally shot Professor McAdam and his assistant in Surgeons' Hall laboratory, in Edinburgh, during a lecture. The porter walked into the room with a loaded rifle. He is supposed to be insane.

Falling Fiji being controlled by the Commonwealth or New Zealand, Mr Seddon advocates the introduction of an elective element in the Government similar to that of Ceylon.

The Queensland Cabinet decided to show clemency to 38 prisoners in recognition of the Coronation. Some will be released, and the sentences of others reduced.

A hundred prisoners at Simons-ton have returned to their farms, and other batches are starting daily. The repatriation from the concentration camps will be completed in August.

A railway bridge at Jalca collapsed, precipitating a train into the river. Many were killed. Others were rescued through and from the roofs of the carriages in the river.

Lord Milner was sworn in as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Orange River Colony, in the presence of De Wet and others. Mr H. E. Blain has been appointed Legal Adviser, and Mr A. Brown Colonial Treasurer.

Prince Komatsua, the Japanese envoy, speaking at the Coronation lunch at the Mansion House, said he trusted England and Japan would both deepen and extend the friendly relations whereinto they had entered.

Mr Chamberlain said the return of the deported Fijian chiefs and the question of the Group's future were not raised at present, though Mr Copeland convenes a meeting of the Australian Agents-General in support of Mr Barton's attitude.

Lord Roberts has repeated his appeal to the people not to treat the returning troops to stimulants, adding that he is equally jealous and proud of the stainless reputation of his gallant comrades.

The National Bank of the South African Republic, in Pretoria, held its first meeting for three years to-day, when a dividend of 3 per cent. was declared. It was decided to change the title of the bank to the National Bank of South Africa.

The N.S.W. Government distributed £2000 to the poor through the benevolent institutions for the Coronation. The Premier stated that if insufficient the Government will provide what is necessary.

The Imperial Government object to the manufacture at less than cost price curative serum in England, with a view to supplying it at less than cost price to all British territories visited by the plague. They have asked the Federal Government to contribute £333, Australia's proportionate share of the cost of production.

Mrs Uru has received a cable message from the Premier stating that Capt. Taranaki and Lieut. Uru (of the New Zealand Coronation Contingent) had not contracted enteric fever, though both are in hospital. They are expected to be about again in four or five days.

At the swimming carnival of the Life Saving Society at Highgate Ponds, the international mile race for the Prince of Wales' Cup was won by Jarvis, Billington being second, Read (of Sydney) third, and Cavill fifth. Time, 23m 35s. Lane, of Sydney, won the 150 yards handicap. Thirty thousand people witnessed the carnival.

A great public welcome is being arranged for Lord Kitchener. There will probably be a procession through London. Lord Kitchener will be escorted by the war veterans who arrived in the s.s. Bavarian from South Africa.

In the House of Commons Mr Ral-four, referring to the Education Bill, said that instead of grants to the amount of £440,000 to voluntary schools, representing 5/ per child, and £220,000 to necessitous school boards, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was prepared to grant £1,750,000, making 4/ per child on the average attendance at all elementary schools, the remainder to be distributed among poor districts whose financial capacity would be shown by the amount procurable from a penny rate.

Mrs Seddon christens the Union S.S. Company's new steamer Moeraki at Dumbarton, on July 8th.

[The Moeraki is a new steel steamer of about 4500 tons gross register, and will be engined up to 4500 horse-power. She is built to the order of the Union S.S. Company of New Zealand, and is intended for the inter-colonial trade.]

As a result of the revolutionary fighting in Venezuela German and French warships are proceeding to La Guayra, the seaport of Caracas, the capital, to look after their respective interests. The French cruiser Suchet is returning to Cartagena. The German cruiser Falke is being temporarily entrusted with French interests.

It was reported that seven French traders were arrested by the Venezuelan Government, the object being to enforce duties already paid to the revolutionists. Release being refused the Suchet kept the gunboat Restrauder under her guns. This had the desired effect, release being effected within an hour.

Lord Kitchener, at a luncheon prior to his departure from Capetown, in accepting a sword of honour, said he did so as a compliment to the army. He was relieved to find that Cape colonists did not denounce martial law, for the declaration of which he was primarily responsible. Without it the Cape farmers would have been actually or politically dead. They were fed with lies, not always in Dutch, until they thought of a nation of monsters. Martial law intervened and prevented people from taking a fatal step. Now peace was restored, he urged all to banish racial feelings, to banish leagues and bonds, and unitedly throw in their lot with the movement for promoting the common welfare.

A collision occurred between a British steamer and a German torpedo-boat at the mouth of the river. The latter sank. The commander and three of the crew are missing.

Lord Iveagh was rescued from the collision between a British steamer and a German torpedo-boat at the mouth of the Meuse River. Reuter's Agency states that at the time of the collision the German torpedo boat was following a yacht race. Five of the crew were drowned. There were four Englishmen aboard, including Mr Robert Guinness, who was accompanied by Lord Iveagh and Sir Edward Birkbeck. They were saved.

The steering of the German torpedo boat, which sank in the recent collision in the river Meuse, caused the disaster. When sinking the commander ordered that all Englishmen on board should be saved first. The British colliding steamer was the Forsby, and she was detained by the Kaiser's order, in view of damages. She will be released on payment of a £25,000 sterling deposit.

Congress has adopted the Panama Canal route.

A cablegram from Washington on 20th June stated that the Senate by 42 votes to 21 agreed to the Panama Canal scheme, if the title is clear and purchasable at 40,000,000 dol., otherwise the Nicaraguan scheme will be carried out. On April 23rd last a treaty was signed by Mr Hay, the U.S. Secretary of State, and Senator Concha, the Columbian Minister at Washington. The treaty contained 27 articles involving concessions and obligations. It granted the Panama Company the right to dispose of its entire rights, title and interest to the U.S., the lease to run by hundred year periods. The following is a short history of the canal—M. Ferdinand de Lesseps convened an international congress for the construction of the canal at Paris in 1878. As a result the Panama Canal Company was formed, and set to work in 1881. On New Year's Day, 1881, the company went into liquidation, having got through about seventy millions sterling and done one-fifth of the work. The tremendous Panama scandals followed, shaking France to her foundations. The concession was kept alive, the Co-

lombian Government granting extensions first to 1900, then to 1910. Meantime, the need of inter-oceanic communication impressed itself more and more keenly upon the United States. The Auditor, for the concession, work done, and standing plant, asked the United States a price of about eight millions sterling, but not before the United States Canal Commission had reported for the Nicaragua route. The cost of the Nicaragua route was estimated at thirty-eight millions sterling, that of the Panama route nine millions less. But the latter was found to be the shorter route and capable of being soonest finished.]

The death is announced of Mr James Brunton Stephens, the Australian writer and poet, of angina pectoris, at the age of sixty-seven.

[The late Mr James Brunton Stephens had a high reputation in Australia as a writer of excellent verse and prose. He was born in Litchingdown in 1835, and went out to Queensland in 1856. For some years he was in the service of the Queensland Education Department as a school teacher, and was afterwards transferred to a clerkship in the Colonial Secretary's Office, which he held to the time of his death. He contributed largely to several leading Australian Journals, and his fine blank verse poem "Mine Discourse" first appeared in the Melbourne "Review." "Convict Once," his most ambitious poem, was published by MacMillan, and "The Godolphin Arabian" and "Miscellaneous Poems" were published in Brisbane. Stephens had also written two novellas of Australian life. He was regarded as the wittiest of Australian poets.]

GENERAL CABLES.

THE PREMIERS IN ENGLAND.

The North Staffordshire Chamber of Commerce entertained the Colonial Premiers at a luncheon at Stoke.

Mr Barton, responding to the toast of the colonies, said a vast number of colonials regard fiscal policies, except as a sequence to moral principles, as expedients. How that would influence him at the Imperial Conference was a matter of speculation, even with himself. English policy ought to be directed to cheapening steam, telegraphic and mail transit between the Motherland and the colonies. He emphasised the illimitable resources, production and trade of the Commonwealth.

Mr Seddon said the colonies did not desire to raise the fiscal question, which would place parties in the Motherland in mutual antagonism. They desired to help bind them together. The granting of subsidies to steamers carrying British goods would be no interference with free trade or protection.

At the annual West Australian dinner the guests included the Agents-General and Lord Onslow.

Sir John Forrest (Federal Minister for Defence), in proposing the toast of the Imperial forces, said he hoped Britons would not lose their heads in a spirit of generosity, but would deal with the settlement of South Africa in a businesslike spirit. The war had welded the Empire with bonds of steel, and had immensely strengthened the confidence of the colonies in the Empire's ability to manage international defence. Alluding to the Imperial Conference, and speaking his private sentiments, not committing the Commonwealth, Sir John Forrest said he recognised that the time had now come when the colonies, although unable proportionately to equal the Motherland's efforts, must do all in their power to assist the taxpayers of Britain in maintaining the Empire's fleet, whereon all were dependent against attack.

Mr Barton, in proposing the toast of West Australia, enlivened his sturdy energy and splendid rally to the Commonwealth. He cordially agreed largely with Sir John Forrest's remarks. The difficulty was how to realise his aspirations. Would West Australia like to postpone the transcontinental railway in order that the Commonwealth might make a much larger contribution to the navy? The Commonwealth had been asked to assume control of the Northern Territory. That might be burdensome, but such difficulties were made to be overcome by the Australians.

Lord Onslow said all recognised the obligations of Empire. If Australia was compelled to go slow for a time it was not because she did not wish to go faster, but was unable to do so, owing to financial limitations.

At the United Empire Trade League's luncheon, Mr James Lowther occupied the chair.

Lord Halsbury proposed the toast of the Empire's trade.

Mr Barton said he deprecated the idea of unduly considering the outside nations in connection with the trade problems affecting the common interests of the Empire. In the event of an emergency similar to the South African trouble Australians were prepared to do much more than heretofore.

Mr Seddon also spoke. He said the lost British trade ought to be attracted back to British channels. New Zealand's offer of preference without asking a return represented 3 per cent. upon five millions' worth of trade. This would not be unimportant if devoted to strengthening the navy. He declared that free trade throughout the Empire was impossible owing to financial considerations.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have invited Mr Seddon to dinner on July 8th.

Mr Seddon has visited the House of Commons, and was introduced to many members.

Mr Seddon and Mr Barton attended the crowded and impressive intercessory services in St. Paul's.

Mr and Mrs Seddon and Miss Seddon will visit Wales and Ireland.

Sir E. Barton is president of the committee which includes Mr Seddon and other Premiers, the Agents-General and leading Australians in London in support of the ball at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday in aid of King Edward's hospital fund.

The Premiers are re-accepting engagements, and are overwhelmed with public and private hospitality.

NEW ZEALANDERS IN AFRICA

Sir Joseph Ward has received a communication from Colonel Porter, dated Durban, May 14, in which that officer says an injustice has been done to the Seventh Regiment New Zealand Mounted Rifles through the censors having suppressed an important cable message of his to the Premier, dated March 3. This message said:—

"I am gratified to report a most dashing capture by the Seventh New Zealanders to-day of De Wet's guns (one 15-pounder and two pom-poms) and a large amount of ammunition, waggons, rifles, etc., a most important capture. These are said to be the last of the enemy's guns. De Wet escaped. From close quarters the Seventh charged the guns gallantly and took them after hand-to-hand fighting."

Colonel Porter adds that in his Bothasberg despatch he was reported to have said, "Not one skulker reported." "This was an error in transmission. What he wrote was "Not a single reproach." He also says that he regrets that many of his cables were mutilated by the censors.

THE FEDERAL TARIFF.

Mr Seddon, referring to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's speech on the third reading of the Finance Bill, declared that his attitude in regard to preferential trade had destroyed the main interest of the Imperial Conference, supposing that he represents the views of his Government.

In the House of Commons the Finance Bill was read a third time by 206 to 181.

Sir M. Hicks-Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer, declared himself a free trader. He said it was true that Canada and Australasia, with almost limitless resources, prospered under protection, which in England foreshadowed grievous social and fiscal dangers.

Replying to complaints regarding the disparity between imports and exports, he emphasised the fact that the growth of the income tax returns proved a better condition in every class of the community.

IMPERIAL CONFERENCE.

Mr Chamberlain on Monday delivered a short address at the Imperial Conference. The proceedings were confidential. The Conference will sit two days in the first week and afterwards much oftener. A strong effort will be made to complete the business expeditiously. Sir E. Barton does not commence negotiations with the cable companies until the Conference has discussed ocean telegraphy. The "Sydney Telegraph" says that

from the recent speeches of English statesmen and the colonial Premiers it becomes more and more evident that the differences of opinion which exist in regard to the questions of the Empire's defence and commercial relations are as hopeless as the material difficulties in the way, which, as a matter of fact, the advocates of union have never seriously discussed.

In reference to Mr Seddon's suggestion that New Zealand would be willing to give British trade preference without asking any return, and thus supply an important money contribution to the navy, the "Telegraph" says:—"The obvious commentary is that there is nothing to prevent New Zealand from giving preference. No one has objected or is likely to do so, but where is the contribution to the navy to come from? If New Zealand gives preference to that extent it will not collect duties. The British Government will not get the remitted taxes. How, then, the navy is to be benefited is impossible to conjecture, unless New Zealand will pay a subsidy to the amount of the remitted duties."

CHINA.

The Methodist Church at Chengtu was destroyed by Chinese. Ten converts were killed. Boxerism is spreading.

Belgian missionary advices received from China state that 50,000 armed Boxers are 150 miles south-east of Paoingfu, in Northern China.

A Belgian priest has been murdered at Welshin, in the Shantung province.

In the House of Commons Lord Cranborne, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, announced that Russia, having declined to press certain conditions upon China in reference to the occupation of Tientsin, Sir E. Satew, British Minister in China, had been instructed to endeavour to obtain a modification of some of them.

The English and American Mission buildings at Tientsin and Lzechuan have been destroyed by Chinese rioters.

An edict degrading the magistrate at Lzechuan has been issued, and the Government has also ordered the extermination of the destroyers of the missions.

The disturbance arose in connection with the indemnity riots.

The Russian forces at Mukden have been withdrawn. Kirin will be evacuated in December.

The King's Illness.

The announcement of the King's serious illness and the postponement of the Coronation, published on Wednesday morning through the medium of a "Star" extra, came as the greatest shock to everyone in the community, and was especially unexpected and unwelcome just at this time, on the eve of the new King's Coronation. Not alone our colony, but the whole Empire had just completed arrangements for the great event, when the ominous news was given forth. In the Auckland community the intelligence created nothing short of consternation. The workmen engaged on the decorations of buildings in the city dropped their tools for the time being as if their occupation were gone. Then the telephones were set ringing, and from all parts of the city and suburbs enquiries came as to whether the news were true, and whether the celebrations next day would be postponed. The news of the postponement was received with grave faces everywhere, and expressions of sorrow and regret were heard on every hand. Acting upon a suggestion from the Acting-Premier, the whole of the festivities announced in honour of the event throughout the colony were postponed, excepting in cases where preparations had been made to treat old people and children.

On Wednesday Sir Joseph Ward, Acting-Premier, forwarded the following telegram to the Mayor of Auckland:—"Regret to inform you that I have received the following cables from London, timed 1.35 p.m., 24th: 'Acting-Premier, Wellington.—Coronation postponed. King undergo operation.' There is no signa-

ture to the cable, but I assume it is from the Premier. I do not think it desirable until His Excellency the Governor receives official information by cable for me to suggest what course should be followed. Should the news be confirmed, all ceremonies in connection with the Coronation will require to be postponed."

Subsequently Sir Joseph Ward, Acting-Premier, telegraphed as follows:—"Since my previous telegram I have received the following from the Hon. Mr Seddon, dated London, 24th, 1.45 p.m.: 'Colonial Premiers were to be received by His Majesty the King to-day, and dine with him this evening. All postponed; His Majesty the King is suffering from perityphlitis. Operation necessary. Coronation postponed.'"

Perityphlitis, the complaint mentioned in our cables as being that for which the King has been operated upon, is defined as inflammation of the connective tissue about the caecum, which is the blind of the large intestine beyond the entrance of the small intestine (called also the blind gut). The caecum ends in a slender portion called the vermiform appendix.

The news of the King's condition came as a thunderclap on the nation. It was understood that the King had quite recovered, though the public were suspicious because of his taking daily drives in Windsor Park in a closed carriage.

His Majesty's presence at the banquet to the Princes and the reception of the visiting suites on Monday night also appeared to confirm the reports of his recovery.

Startling rumours concerning the health of the King were abroad at midday, but the first official intimation was made by the Bishop of London (Dr. A. F. Winnington-Ingram), who at Lord Esher's request informed the clergy and choristers rehearsing at Westminster Abbey, inviting all to join in the Litany from the Coronation Service, and prayer for the King's recovery.

The "Times" states that the Nationalist members of the House of Commons received the news of the King's illness with unfeigned regret.

The King's illness evoked real sympathy in America and throughout the whole of the Continent of Europe, notably Paris.

President Roosevelt cabled to the King asking him to accept his sincere assurances of sympathy and wishes for a speedy convalescence.

The French Government notified its deep concern and a hope and desire for the King's recovery.

The "Daily Telegraph" states that on the 24th the King's temperature developed, demanding immediate investigation.

The physicians unanimously decided that an instantaneous operation was urgent, and that opinion was vindicated by the subsequent knowledge that if the operation had not then been performed the King would have succumbed in a few hours.

The King was informed of the necessity of the operation and unhesitatingly declared that he had no dread of the ordeal, but he grieved at the public disappointment. He added: "Operation or no operation, I must be at the Abbey."

When he recovered consciousness after the operation he inquired for the Prince of Wales and spoke to him calmly, saying he felt relieved as a result of the operation.

Sir Frederick Treves performed the operation. Later bulletins greatly reassured the public.

Early on the 26th Sir J. G. Ward, Acting-Premier, at Wellington, received the following cablegram from Mr Seddon:

"Tatest. His Majesty had a refreshing sleep, and a better night, and is improved in respect of constitution, his condition is favourable. Wound healing satisfactorily."

There were thousands of callers at the Palace, and two thousand names were entered in the visitors' book the first day. The Queen was unremitting in nursing the King, and bore the strain admirably.

The Duke of Cambridge, in addressing the Duke of Cambridge's Own Regiment, said he was hopeful and

almost confident with regard to the King.

The Kaiser, President Loubet, the Emperor of Austria, and all Heads of State expressed their concern, and frequently enquired regarding His Majesty's condition.

Many special intercessory services were held in Great Britain.

Prayers for the recovery of the King were offered in all the churches and synagogues in the United Kingdom.

When the bulletin announcing the successful operation on the King was posted at the Mansion House the crowd sang the National Anthem; also after the issue of the evening bulletin.

The London City Council on the 25th adopted an address to the King, Queen and family, expressing sympathy and wishes for the King's recovery. They then recited the Lord's Prayer and adjourned. Innumerable public bodies carried similar resolutions.

Loyal tributes were received from every colony and the British communities in the foreign capitals.

The whole of India was deeply moved, and every creed joined in prayer.

The Kaiser was profoundly affected by the King's illness.

The Stock Exchange and all markets and shipping houses are closed till Monday.

All the provincial fetes, except those of a charitable nature, have been postponed. The surplage of the Parliamentary luncheon intended to be given at Westminster Hall dinner (including 1000lb of salmon, 1200 fowls, 200 brisquets, and 50 carcasses of lamb), went to the hospitals.

The chaplains of the American Senate and House of Representatives, in invoking blessings on the United Kingdom, recalled Britain's sympathy with President McKinley and the American nation.

The Italian Senate sent a message of sympathy to the King and expressing joy at the latest and better news.

Germany officially expressed her earnest sympathy.

The German and French newspapers vied with one another in the warmth of their expressions. The latter remarked that the colonies are inseparable and indistinguishable from the Motherland in their joy and sorrow.

A bulletin at ten o'clock on the 27th stated: "The King had a fair night and some settled sleep. His appetite is improving and the wound is much more comfortable. On the whole his condition is attended with less anxiety."

Crowds congregated at Buckingham Palace night and day.

The King was greatly touched, and expressed gratification at the loyalty and love his prostration had evoked among his subjects.

A beautiful and impressive service was held in St. Paul's, and was attended by the most representative congregation ever seen in the Cathedral. Among those present were the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and many Bishops, Royalities, Ministers and ex-Ministers, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, Sir Gordon Sprigg, Sir A. Hime, Sir John Forrest, Mr Douglas Robinson and President Roosevelt's sister. A silent and sympathetic multitude assembled in the adjacent thoroughfares.

The King, having accepted the honorary position of Admiral in the German navy, the Kaiser on the 26th signalled an order to the German fleet at Kiel to hoist the British flag at the masthead and salute it with twenty-one guns. This was done.

The following is the King's message, which the Kaiser signalled to the fleet at Kiel:—

"Deeply touched at your kind thoughts. Proud to be an Admiral of your fleet."

Bulletins regarding the King's health were read in the New York theatres. The entire audience at Wallack's rose and sang "God Save the King."

The "Daily Telegraph" correspondent states that Botha, De La Rey, and other Boer leaders have conferred to formulate a message of sorrow.

The King's illness caused a great shock throughout South Africa, and

ferent intercessory services were held by all creeds.

The "Daily Telegraph's" Cape correspondent states that the leaders of the various churches, including the Dutch Reformed Church, offered special prayers for the King's recovery.

At the instance of Sir W. Laurier and Sir E. Barton, the Premiers of the self-governing colonies and Governors of Crown colonies met and resolved to ask Mr Chamberlain to express to the King the profound sorrow his realms beyond the seas felt at his affliction and their earnest hope for his early restoration; also to express to the Queen and Prince and Princess of Wales the cordial sympathy of men differing widely in race conditions and living widely apart, yet all uniting in a common feeling of the deepest attachment to the throne and person of the Sovereign, and all stricken with grief at His Majesty's serious illness, and watching its course with intense and painful anxiety.

Intense relief was felt throughout New Zealand on Sunday morning when it became known that a cablegram had been received to the effect that the King was out of danger. In Auckland the joyful tidings were made known through "Star" extras circulated in the churches and read from the pulpits. On Monday the papers were filled with further information confirming the good news.

Thinking of the Empire's disappointment, the first words of the King on recovering consciousness on Tuesday were: "Will the people ever forgive me? It was further stated that the Queen at intervals reads newspapers to the King, who is permitted to smoke in moderation.

The Queen asked Sir E. Barton (Federal Premier) to express her warm thanks for the Commonwealth's loyalty and sympathy so generously given in a time of much trouble and anxiety.

The Governor on Sunday received the following cable from the Secretary of State, timed twenty minutes past four p.m.: "London, June 28. The bulletin this morning states that His Majesty the King is out of immediate danger, but recovery must necessarily be protracted."

Sir J. G. Ward received the following cable from Mr. Seddon, dated London, June 28, at 10 minutes past 1 p.m. "His Majesty the King had a good night, and his improved condition is maintained. The doctors are happy to state that they consider the King to be out of immediate danger. His general condition is satisfactory. The wound, however, still needs constant attention. In this respect much concern is attached to the case, which must of necessity be protracted."

The King on Saturday was transferred to a wheeled couch.

When five brakes containing Australasians in khaki were passing the palace on Saturday all the men rose from their seats and saluted.

The Queen, Prince of Wales and other Royalties were present at a special service in Marlborough House Chapel.

The National Anthem was sung kneeling as a prayer.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Crown Prince of Sweden, the Grand Duke Serg, and other Royalties, were amongst those present at the intercessory service at St. Paul's. The Bishop of Stepney preached, and the Anthem was sung kneeling.

Yesterday's (Tuesday) cables continued to report further improvement in His Majesty's health.

Many homecoming steamers celebrated the Coronation joyously, calculating the moment when the King was crowned. They learned of his illness when they arrived. The Campania, which has arrived at Queens-town, reports that amidst the Coronation festivities in mid-ocean a Marconi message from the Saxonia was received announcing the illness of the King. Prayers were then substituted for music and song.

The Prince of Wales inspects the colonial contingents on Tuesday on the Horse Guards' parade. The Duke of Connaught commands.

The colonial military contingents are bitterly disappointed that they will not see the King. They sail for

their homes on 11th July.

On the 26th the colonial visitors were given an opportunity of seeing the great fleet of warships before dispersal.

The cost of the erection of the Coronation stands was half a million, one-fifth of which is covered by insurance.

Thirty miles of warships at Spithead dispersed.

Marlborough House was among the first to remove its decorations.

The Governor has received the following cablegram from the Secretary of State for the Colonies:—

"I am desired by Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince of Wales to convey to you, your Government, and the people of New Zealand, including the Maoris, the cordial thanks of themselves and the Royal Family for the warm expressions of sympathy."

CORONATION HONOURS:

The Coronation honours include:—

FIELD MARCHALS.

Sir Henry Wyllie Norman.

The Duke of Connaught.

GENERAL.

The Prince of Wales.

MARQUIS.

Lord Hopetoun.

VISCOUNT.

Lord Milner.

Sir W. Vernon-Harcourt declined a Viscounty.

BARONS.

Lieut-General Sir Francis Wallace Grenfell.

Lieut-General Sir Francis Knollys (Private Secretary to the King), Companion of the Bath.

Lieut-General John Fletcher Owen.

BARONETS.

The Lord Mayor of London (Sir J. C. Dimsdale).

Sir Francis Evans.

Sir Francis Laking.

Sir Thomas Lipton.

Sir Frederick Treves.

Sir Charles Hubert Parry.

Sir Edward Poynter.

Sir George Lewis (solicitor).

KNIGHTS.

Mr Conan Doyle.

Mr Gilbert Parker.

Capt. W. R. Russell.

Dr. John Logan Campbell.

Mr Charles Wyndham (actor).

Mr F. C. Burnand (editor of "Punch").

Mr Thomas R. Dewar, M.P. for Tower Hamlets.

A decoration to be known as the Imperial Service Cross, for members of the Civil Service, has been instituted.

COMMANDER OF THE BATH:

Maj-General Tulloch.

Lieut. Hedley Kirkpatrick, of the 24th Dragoon Guards.

GRAND CROSSES OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE.

Sir Gordon Sprigg, the Cape Premier.

Mr Barton, Federal Premier.

Sir E. Satow, British Minister in China.

COMPANION OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE.

Mr W. L. Allardyce, Receiver-General of Fiji.

Mr W. L. Mercer, Crown Agent for the Colonies.

Hon. G. Leake, recently deceased Premier of West Australia.

Commander G. R. A. Gaunt, of the Royal Navy, son of Judge Gaunt, of Melbourne.

A NEW ORDER OF MERIT.

An order of merit has been instituted, which includes Lord Roberts, Lord Wolseley, Lord Kitchener, Lord Rayleigh, Lord Kelvin, and Lord Lester, Mr John Morley, Admiral Keppel, Admiral Seymour, and Mr Watts, the Academician.

Right Hon. W. E. Lecky, author and historian, Member for Dublin University and Privy Councillor.

Sir E. Cassell.

The following is the list of Australasian Coronation honours:—

GRAND CROSS OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE.

Mr Barton, the Federal Premier.

KNIGHTS COMMANDER OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE.

Mr John See, the New South Wales Premier.

Mr A. J. Peacock, ex-Premier of Victoria.

Mr N. E. Lewis, Premier of Tasmania.

Mr F. W. Holder, Speaker of the Federal House.

KNIGHTS BACHELOR.

Judge Stone, Chief Justice of West Australia.

Mr J. L. Sterling, President of the South Australian Legislative Council.

Dr. MacLaurin, New South Wales Legislative Council.

Mr Alfred Routledge, Attorney General of Queensland.

Mr A. J. Douglas, President of the Tasmanian Legislative Council.

COMMANDERS OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE.

Mr Edmund Frosberg, Inspector-General of New South Wales Police.

Mr Wm. McCulloch, Minister of Defence in the last Victorian Ministry.

Mr Deschon, Auditor-General of Queensland.

Mr Anthony Musgrove, Government Secretary of New Guinea.

Captain Clare, of the South Australian warship Protector.

The following Coronation war honours are announced:—

Commander of St. Michael and St. George: Col. O. Tunbridge, Queensland.

Colonel Bauchope, New Zealand. Commander of the Bath: Lieutenant-Colonel Wools-Sampson.

Companions of the Bath: Honorary Colonels of the Army.

Colonel C. W. Cox, New South Wales.

Colonel Wathorn, Tasmania.

Colonel T. W. Porter, New Zealand, Seventh Contingent.

Colonel Kelly, New South Wales.

Colonel Colenbrander, of Kitchener's Fighting Scouts.

Distinguished Service Order: Capt. Dallimore, Victoria.

Distinguished Conduct Medal: Sergeant W. F. Hunt.

Trooper Borlase, New South Wales Bushmen.

Death of the Primate.

Very few of the many friends of the Most Rev. Dr. Cowie, Bishop of Auckland, and Primate of New Zealand, had any idea when the fact was announced a fortnight ago that His Lordship had decided to resign the high office he has so long held, he was only doing so because his life was also ebbing to a close. Such has, however, proved to be the case, and the sad news that the Primate was dead came as a shock on Thursday to all but those intimate relatives and friends who knew how critical was the condition of His Lordship's health. The tolling of St. Mary's bell in the morning first gave forth the sad intimation that the kindly, courteous gentleman, whose venerable figure is so well known to the present generation of Aucklanders, had been called to his rest. Before long flags were at half mast all over the city, and also on the vessels in port, for the late Primate was a man highly esteemed by all who knew him, whether members of the Anglican Church or not. He was in no sense a narrow man, and wherever he stayed in his parochial visitations round the diocese, he made life long friends, who will sincerely mourn their loss. It was on account of his critical condition that he felt it his duty to resign office a fortnight ago, and for the past few days it was seen that the Primate was gradually growing weaker, consequently the members of his family were summoned.

As already indicated, the death of His Lordship was not entirely unexpected, as he had been getting gradually weaker for the last five weeks, and Dr. Mackellar, who had been in constant attendance, had warned the relatives that the condition was critical.

His Lordship remained conscious until within about fifteen minutes of

his death. He occasionally spoke to his son on family matters before he became unconscious. After that he remained perfectly quiet, and finally drew three or four long breaths, and died. So sudden was the finish of His Lordship's life that although a messenger was despatched at once for Dr. Mackellar, and that gentleman ran over the road in great haste, still upon his arrival he saw at once that death had already taken place, the cause being heart failure.

Dr. Cowie was born in 1831, and consecrated to the Bishopric of Auckland in 1869, in succession to Bishop Selwyn. A biography of His Lordship appeared in our issue of Friday week, when his resignation was announced, and will not therefore require repeating. Very general sympathy is expressed with the bereaved family, and more particularly the widow, who has to bear this trial in addition to her own bodily weakness.

If evidence had been required of the great esteem in which the Most Rev. Dr. Cowie, Bishop of Auckland and Primate of New Zealand, was held by those amongst whom he spent the greater portion of his life, it was amply demonstrated at his funeral on Saturday afternoon. It may be stated without any exaggeration that many hundreds walked four abreast from St. Mary's Cathedral to the picturesque Anglican Cemetery at St. Stephen's, and several thousands lined the road along which the funeral procession passed. It was plainly manifest that all classes and creeds had attended for the purpose of paying the last tribute of respect to one who was generally esteemed. Gentle and Jew, Catholic and Protestant, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Wesleyans, Primitive Methodists, Congregationalists, and members of the Salvation Army were all to be seen walking side by side behind the remains of the late Bishop of Auckland, an eloquent testimony that his long service in this city had not been in vain. The desire of the deceased that there should be no carriages was strictly adhered to, and it was fortunate that such was the case, because the crowd near St. Mary's Cathedral was so great that there would have been danger of accident. So many wreaths were forwarded that it became necessary to convey them to the cemetery in a large van, and after the interment was ended quite a pyramid of floral tributes of respect was raised over the grave.

The fact that the late Primate was senior chaplain of Auckland entitled him to a military funeral, apart from the fact that he had also been a chaplain in the Army, and in that capacity saw active service in India. The special request of His Excellency Lord Ranfurly that the members of the Empire Veterans' Association should attend was well responded to, Captain Daveney and some 60 or 70 of those who in bygone days had fought for the Empire being present. Amongst them were some who wore medals for the Indian Mutiny, and were, therefore, in that respect old comrades of the deceased. The veterans assembled at Bishop's Court, where the coffin, bearing the body of the Primate, was placed on a gun carriage, under escort of the A Battery of Artillery. Volunteers lined both sides of the road from Bishop's Court to the Cathedral, and between the lines passed the procession of the clergy, the Rev. Canon MacMurray reciting the first portion of the funeral service. Next came the funeral car, with the coffin covered by the Union Jack, and behind marched the veterans and officers of the various volunteer forces. As the church bell tolled slowly the Garrison Band played the "Dead March" in Soul, and the great gathering of people reverently uncovered as the gun carriage bore past them the remains of the Primate. Meanwhile the Cathedral had been crowded, with the exception of the seats reserved for the veterans, officers and others. A combined choir of the Anglican churches filled the seats in the chancel. When the solemn strains of the "Dead March" were heard all present in the Cathedral rose, and remained standing until after the coffin had been placed in position before the altar. Immediately behind the coffin walked the three sons of the deceased—Rev. E. M. Cowie, Rev. John Cowie, Mr Arthur

Cowie—Mr Marshall (son-in-law) and the Primate's old friend, Sir John Logan Campbell. Amongst those present in the church or at the funeral were Captain Boscawen, Hon. A.D.C. (representing His Excellency the Governor), Captain Rolleston, H.M.S. Archer; Lieutenant Harbord, H.M.S. Lizard; Major Harris, M.L.C., Hon. E. Mitchelson, Hon. T. Thompson, Hon. J. A. Toie, Messrs George Fowlds, M.H.R., R. Monk, M.H.R., Hone Heke, M.H.R., A. Kidd (Mayor of Auckland), H. W. Wilson (town clerk), Crs. J. McLeod, J. Patterson, J. H. Hannan, A. Rosser, John Pitt (Mayor of Parnell), B. Gilmer (town clerk), Cr. C. Wood, J. O'Neill (chairman Waitemata County Council), O. Mays (secretary), J. Stinchbury (chairman of Hospital and Charitable Aid Board), N. G. Garland (secretary), and G. J. Garland (member), W. Gunson (chairman of Harbour Board), Anglican General Trust Board, Messrs J. H. Upton, Captain Clayton, J. Daere, H. B. Morton, H. Brett, and S. Luke; Standing Committee, Messrs W. H. Armstrong, F. G. Ewington, Dr. Hooper, S. L. Abbott, T. Gresham, and C. J. Thunks; Cathedral Chapter, H. G. Seth Smith and V. Rice; Anglican Sunday School Union, Wm. Taylor and W. Collins; Diocesan Pension Board, W. J. Speight, W. S. Whitley; Church of England Diocesan Office, W. S. Cochran and G. B. Osmond; Melanesian Trust Board, Captain Frater and A. Heather; General Church Trust, G. S. Kissling, A. S. Russell; Principal and students of St. John's College; Governor of St. John's College, Rev. Beatty and Dr. Mackellar; Auckland Presbytery, Rev. W. Gray-Dixon (Moderator), Revs. T. Norrie, R. F. Macneil, G. B. Munro, Hugh Kelly, and H. B. Gray; Pastor Clark (Baptist), Revs. C. H. Garland, W. Heady, J. J. Lewis, J. Simmonds, J. D. Pinfold, W. Gittos; Free Methodist, Rev. Potter; Professorial Board, Messrs Brown, Thomas Egerton, Tubbs, Segar, and Dr. Thomas; Journalist Institute, R. M. Hackett (president), Messrs W. S. Douglas, N. Burton, T. Cottle, and F. Baxter; Sailors' Home Council, Captain M. T. Clayton (vice-president), G. O'Halloran (secretary), C. Grant (manager), Captain J. Adamson, Messrs H. Peeke, P. J. Nerheny, J. W. Coleman, J. K. Kneen, and Rev. W. Budd (members); Y.M.C.A., Messrs T. Buddle, C. Hemery, and Braekening (secretary), Captain Le Roy, E. Barthey, W. G. W. Philson, D. B. Metger, H. Choyce, G. V. McDonald, C. M. Calder, Colonel Burton, E. Colson, O. Bronberger, Lincoln, A. Bruce, H. O. Nolan, J. W. Hall, G. A. Buttle (chairman Auckland Stock Exchange), R. B. Shalders, Melutosh, R. Hobbs, Inspector Mulgan, W. Spragg, B. J. M. Kemp Francis Hull, A. C. Whitney, J. W. Nicholl, W. J. Cousins, A. Towsey, J. H. Phillipot, Theo Kissling, J. Kenderdine, E. Kenderdine, Hugh Campbell, H. C. Tewsey, H. Gillilan, C. Purchas, S. Hesketh, W. Crowther, H. N. Poland, W. Manning, H. Haseelden, Brook-Smith, George Higgins, P. Mackay, Captain Duder, D. Hay, H. W. Brabant, S.M.C. T. Hutchison S.M.C., Judge Williams, Judge Smith, J. W. Tibbs, W. Kayll, E. Page, J. A. Bond, Dr. H. Walker, Dr. Robertson, Warren Blyth, Bankhart, G. L. Peacocke, W. Thompson, Thomas Peacock, H. Edmiston, E. Barker, A. Litterer, J. H. M. Carpenter, H. Wilding, T. Morrin, E. Langley, H. Lodge, W. Holmes, G. Gregory, Major Pirie, Southall, H. C. Brewer, J. Savage, T. Arthur, J. Thomas, W. Coleman, L. J. Levy, F. Brodie, R. Horton, A. Clements, Roche, Brigham, A. Clements, R. R. Hunt, J. Kennedy, H. Harrop, F. Moore, J. A. Beale, E. Cox, McCosh Clark, E. Mahoney, W. H. Churton, Major Morrow, Captain Morrow, Captain Archer, W. W. Kidd, E. Turner, Edward Morton, L. Mount, F. Smith, Stanton and Graves Aickin, Rev. Father Patterson, Messrs J. M. Shera, C. Charter, John Gregory, G. Cuddey, T. Culpan, S. Stokes, White, W. Fricker, C. Fricker, J. Ferriday.

FLORAL TRIBUTES.

An immense number of wreaths and other floral marks of sympathy were sent to Bishopscourt.

THE SERVICE.

The following clergy occupied places in the chancel—Archdeacon Calder and

Willis, Canon MacMurray, Nelson, Gould, and Haseelden, Revs. W. E. Lush, W. E. Gillan, Fowler, G. A. Carver, F. Lutter, O. H. Hewlett, H. B. Wingfield, P. Smallfield, J. K. Davis, W. H. Wilson, W. M. Du Rieu, S. Ingle, R. Boler, T. Ekykn, J. M. Devenish, A. G. Purchas, E. C. Budd, Tisdall, Hoete, Cherrington, F. W. Walker, Aston, and F. B. Dobson.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

Outside the church the troops lined the roadway from the doors right along to Bishopscourt. The coffin was carried out to the gun carriage, and the procession started for St. Stephen's cemetery, Sergeant-Major Turton leading, followed by the Eden Cadet Corps, St. John's Collegiate School Cadets, and King's College Cadets, all preceding the gun carriage. Immediately behind walked the relatives of the deceased, then the clergy, headed by Ven. Archdeacon Calder and Rev. Dr. Purchas. Following the clergy were the veterans, and next came the troops, with the senior officers walking together behind. The following were represented: Detachments from H.M.S. Lizard and H.M.S. Archer, Auckland Beaver Company, under Surgeon-Captain Parkes; Victoria Rifles, Captain Skinner; College Rifles, Lieut. McHardie; No. 1 Natives, Captain Hutton; No. 2 Natives, Lieuts. J. Coates and Massey; No. 3 Natives, Captain J. R. Reedy; Gordon Rifles, Captain Knight; Newton Rifles, Lieut. Plugge; Engineers, Lieut. Cumming; Auckland Mounted Rifles, Lieuts. Wynyard and A. A. White; Devonport Submarine Miners, Lieuts. Davis and Murdoch; Ponsouly and Auckland Navals, Captain G. W. S. Patterson, Lieuts. J. Spinley and Ewan; and Permanent Force, Lieut. Wall, who was in command of the Navals and firing party. The Battalion was under the command of Major A. M. Myers. The 'A' Battery Artillery, under the command of Lieutenants Bosworth and Lipscombe, was the escort to the gun carriage, and the Garrison Band was in attendance, and during the march to the cemetery played "Departed Comrades," "Final Halt," and the "Dead March."

Immediately behind the two officers from the warship, marched the Mayor of Auckland, Mr A. Kidd, followed by some hundreds of gentlemen, all walking four deep, the pavements on each side being also thronged with people. The scholars of St. Stephen's Native School, under the master, Mr Smith, awaited the procession in the Avenue, and formed at each side of the road. As the gun carriage passed through they sang in Maori the beautiful hymn, "When our heads are bowed with woe," and subsequently fell in behind.

THE BURIAL.

As the cemetery was approached the troops once more lined each side of the street, and allowed the gun carriage and the remainder of the followers to pass through to the gates. The sun was just sinking in the west as the body of the Primate was lowered into the grave. The remainder of the funeral service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Purchas, and concluded by the Ven. Arch. Calder. The beautiful hymn, "Now the labourer's task is o'er" was then sung by the choir, and the religious portion of the service terminated. There only remained one thing more to be done, the firing of three volleys over the grave where the remains of the soldier-priest were laid to rest.

MESSAGES OF SYMPATHY.

Messages of sympathy have been received from His Excellency the Governor and Lady Ranfurly, the Right Hon. R. J. Seddon, Bishop Neville (Dunedin), Bishop Julius (Christchurch), Bishop Stretch (Queensland), Bishop Williams (Waiapu), Bishop Miles (Nelson), Bishop Walls (Wellington), Dean Hackett and his flock, Dean Howell, Archdeacon Willis, Archdeacon Walsh, Archdeacon Goyett, Archdeacon Fancourt, Archdeacon Pitt, Archdeacon Williams, Father Patterson, Sir G. M. O'Rourke, Rabbi Goldstein, Mayor of Auckland and the Town Clerk, and many societies, schools and private individuals throughout the colony.

Death of Mr W. S. Wilson.

The hand of death has been busy among Auckland's prominent citizens of late, and it is again our melancholy duty to record the passing of another of the builders of the city in the person of Mr William Scott Wilson, one of the proprietors of the "New Zealand Herald." Mr Wilson passed away at his residence, Princes-street, on June 28, his end being a peaceful one. He had been in failing health for some time past, and had been rather despondent. The main cause of his illness was weakness of the digestive organs, but the immediate cause of death was heart failure. He had been attended by Dr. McDowell, and when more serious developments occurred, about a fortnight ago, Dr. McKellar was called in in consultation.

Mr Wilson, who was 67 years of age, was twice married, and leaves a widow and three grown-up sons to mourn their loss.

Deceased was the son of the late W. C. Wilson, one of the fathers of New Zealand journalism. He arrived in New Zealand from Tasmania, where he was born, with his father and mother and the rest of the family in 1841, deceased being then six years of age. His father started the "New Zealander" in 1845, the late Mr John Williamson being a partner in the business. The firm introduced the first Caxton press into New Zealand, and also established the first gasworks, a small plant to light the office being purchased. In 1865 a dissolution of partnership was effected, and the "New Zealand Herald" was started a few months later. After leaving school deceased joined the staff of the office as a practical printer in the composing room, and rose to the position of foreman, which position he held for some years. On the death of his father in 1876 deceased and his brother, Mr Joseph L. Wilson, undertook the management of the business, and two years later the "Southern Cross" and the "Herald" were amalgamated, Mr A. G. Horton, who had purchased the former paper from Sir Julius Vogel, entering into partnership. Deceased then left the composing room, and assisted in the management of the paper up till the time of his death. He was a man of great enterprise, and under his direction the printing works of the "Herald" were extended, he being always ready to avail himself of the most modern improvements in machinery.

On the death of his father, who had taken a prominent part in the foundation of many Auckland institutions, Mr W. Wilson was appointed to most of the directorates thereby rendered vacant, and he continued to hold positions in public companies up to the time of his death, when he was chairman of directors of the South British Insurance Company, and a director of the Northern S.S. Company. He was almost exclusively devoted to his business, and was indisposed to take public office of any kind, except those connected with commercial enterprise. In these, as well as in the development of the mining industry, he took a very active part. He was a member of the Wesleyan Church, and was liberal in the support of any religious or philanthropic object. The Y.M.C.A. owes a great deal to the liberality of both himself and his brother, Mr J. L. Wilson. He was very open-hearted and charitable. He was a very unassuming man, and so attached to Auckland that until within the last few years he had not been outside the colony since his arrival in 1841. He was then induced to pay a visit to Australia, and two years ago, when signs of failing health made it desirable that he should have a complete change, he paid a visit to England, the trip apparently being of great benefit to his health. After his return he immediately fell into his former groove, and continued his work until a fortnight ago, when his serious illness overtook him.

Deceased won the respect of all with whom he came in contact, and the news of his death will come as a great shock to his wide circle of friends and acquaintances.

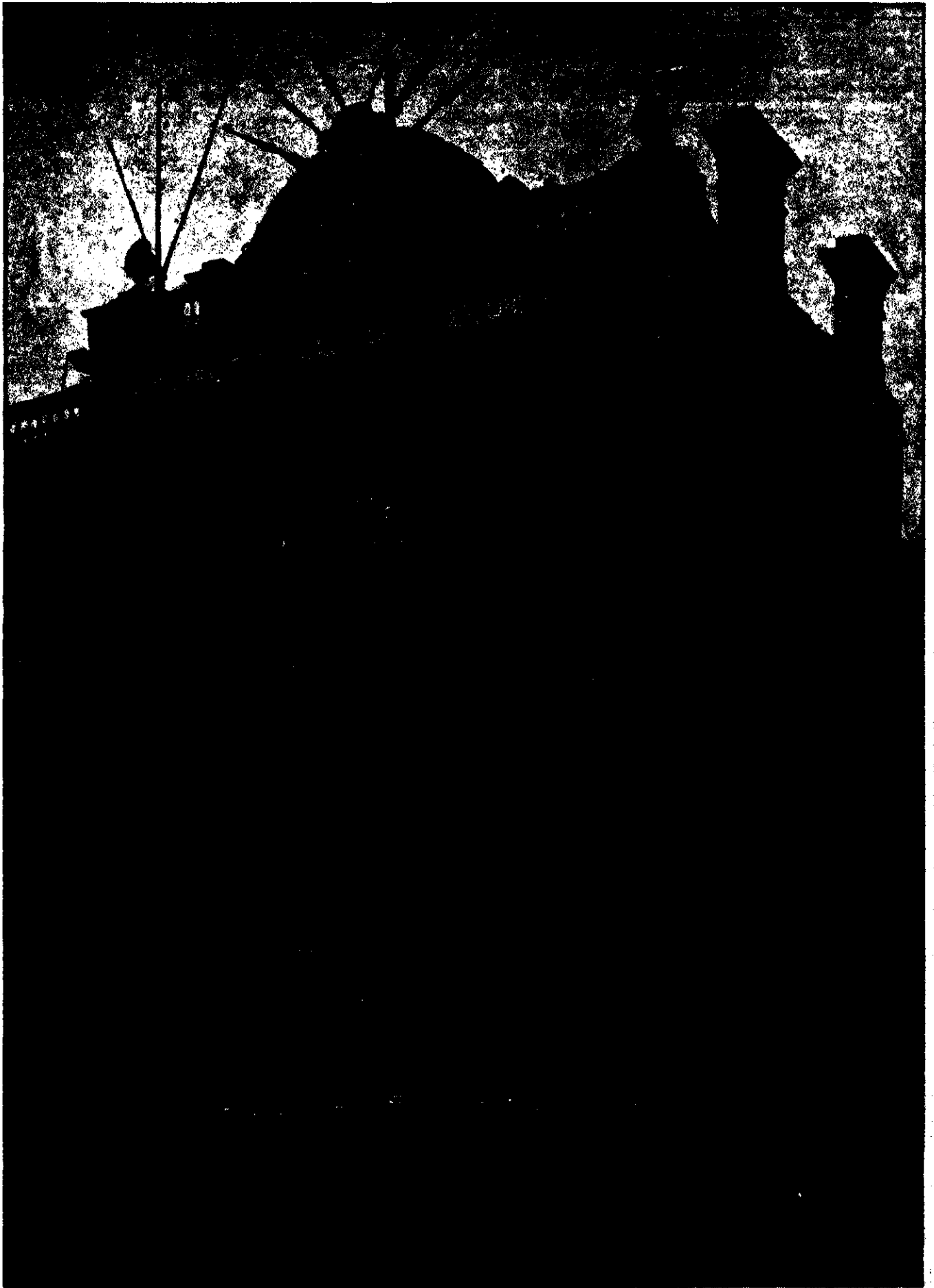
The flags on the shipping and on

buildings in town were half-masted as a mark of respect to deceased, and in Otago the news of the death of Mr. Wilson was received with similar tokens of respect.

The funeral of the late Mr W. S. Wilson left his late residence, Princes-street, for the Purewa Cemetery, shortly after two o'clock on Monday. A large number of the friends of deceased assembled in the house, and on the pavement in front a small crowd had collected, while large numbers also congregated in the Albert Park, opposite the dwelling. The pathway from the gate to the hearse was lined on one side with directors of the South British Insurance Company and several prominent citizens, including "the father of Auckland" (Sir J. L. Campbell), while on the other side were employees of the South British Company, of which deceased was Chairman of Directors. The casket, which was a polished oak with brass fittings, was borne to the hearse by six of the oldest employees of the firm, men who had been co-workers with the deceased prior to his resignation of active work in the printing room. The coffin was covered with beautiful wreaths of white flowers, similar floral tributes being placed on the top of the hearse, while a wagonette was completely filled with those which could not be placed in the hearse. The wreaths were all very beautiful, and almost every institution and business house in the city, besides the personal friends of deceased, sent their offerings of sympathy. The chief mourners were the brother (Mr J. L. Wilson), three sons, and grandson of deceased, also Dr. McDowell and A. C. Whitney, nephew of deceased. In all nearly fifty vehicles followed the hearse, including two large brakes filled with employees of the firm.

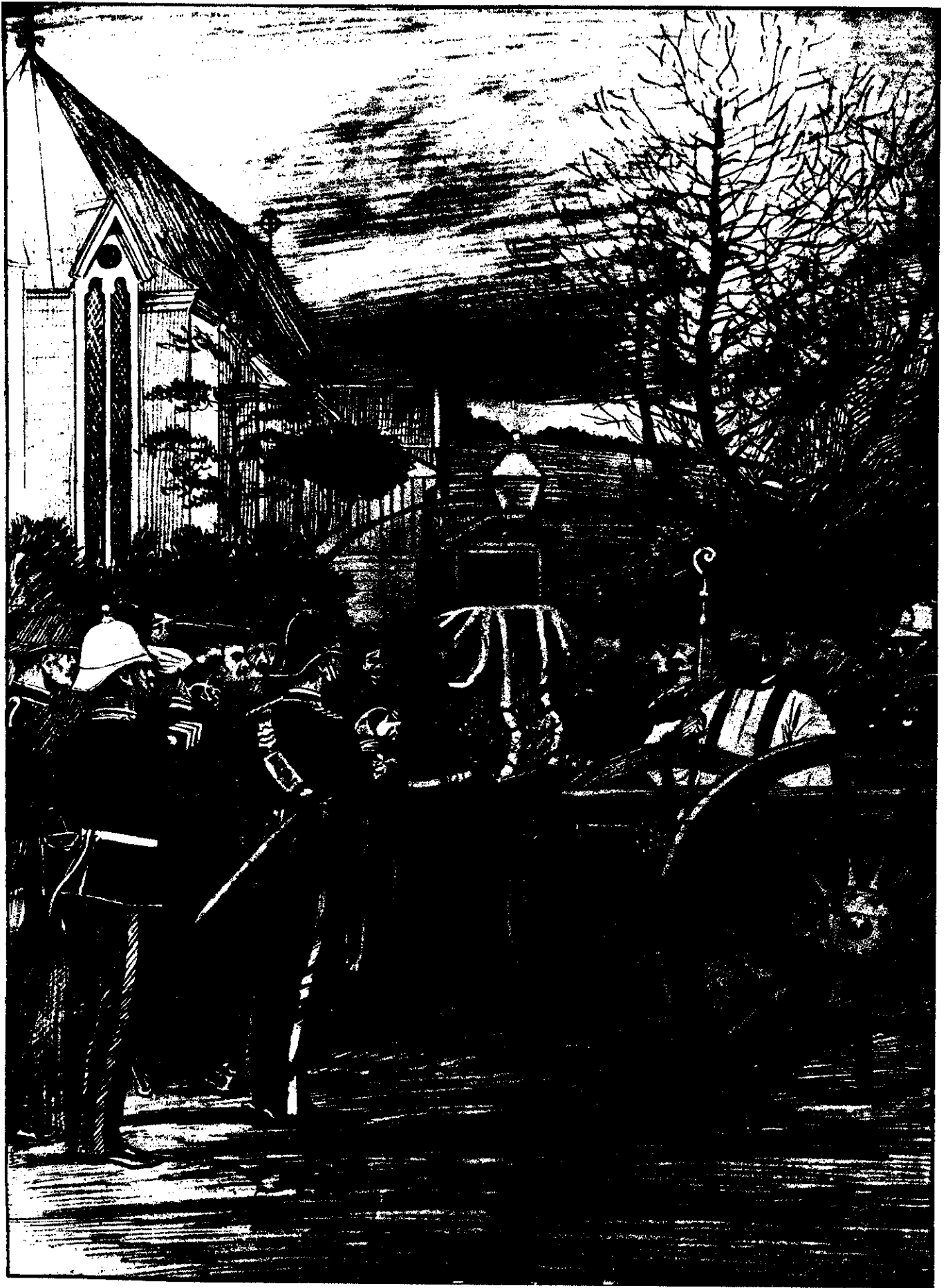
The Rev. C. H. Gariand, of whose congregation the deceased was an active member, was to conduct the burial service at the grave side.

Amongst those present were: Sir John Logan Campbell, Messrs. A. Kidd (Mayor of Auckland), John McColl (Mayor of Newmarket), Messrs. F. Earl (vice-president), G. S. Kissling, and Gordon (secretary), representing the Northern Club; Messrs. J. H. Upton, T. Peacock, J. Kirker, C. C. McMillan (South British Insurance), G. Winstone (chairman), J. Heron, R. C. Carr, C. B. Stone, and T. Hodgson (secretary), representing Northern Boot and Shoe Company, of which deceased was a director for nearly 20 years; J. J. Macky (representing Riverhead Paper Mills), Kerr (representing Northern Steam Company), A. C. Coughley and J. W. Shackelford (representing Wesleyan Church stewards), J. M. White, W. Gunson (chairman of Harbour Board), S. G. Ambury, T. McMaster, Jones, and Mann (representing Wesleyan Church Trustees), Whatford (representing Northcote Anglican Church); F. Rodde (N.Z. Loan and Mercantile), Messrs. H. Brett, T. W. Lays, C. Williamson, Colonel Burton, W. Berry, W. S. Douglas, A. Bruce, W. Bruce, N. Burton, G. Lane, R. M. Hackett, N. Newcombe, R. Goulstone, G. A. Buttle (chairman Stock Exchange), D. B. McDonald, J. Macky, D. G. Macdonnell, F. Hull, J. M. Menzie, C. J. Eller, T. Arthur, C. Arthur, R. Keesing, W. Marston, T. Adams, F. Rollett, S. Aickin, Creagh, S. Aickin, Rev. Canon Calder, Geo. Higgins, H. Harrop, J. Birch, Rev. Canon Nelson, C. Spooner, J. Regan, A. M. Myers, W. Gorrie, J. Savage, D. Tole, W. Coleman, Rev. Simmonds, J. Marshall, Rev. Pinfold, Major Morrow, J. Wiseman, F. A. White, J. Banbury, W. H. Churton, Brakearig, R. Hobbs, J. Edwards, W. Thorne, J. H. Witham, H. Partridge, C. F. Corlett, R. R. Hunt, G. M. Reed, Rev. Griffiths, C. Hemery, J. Savage, Rev. Lawry, Rev. W. Gittos, Hon. T. Thompson, A. G. Horton, H. Horton, A. Horton, Rev. C. H. Garland, V. Rice, W. McCullagh, W. Graham, R. Graham, Rev. Ready, R. B. Shalders, T. Morrin, F. L. Prime, C. Cawkwell, A. H. Nathan, Bidson, Rev. Father Patterson, J. M. Shera, J. Dykes, W. Spragg, Hume, J. Leekie, P. Olliphant, H. A. Gordon, P. Darby, John Burns, H. P. Taylor, S. Vaile, Alex. Rose, A. Bell, D. Craig (N.Z. Insurance Co.), D. W. Duthie, Graves Aickin, J. J. Craig, Mariner, A. H. Grainger, R. Fenwick, James Mitchell, and others.



The Postponing of the Coronation.

THE CROWD IN FRONT OF THE AUCKLAND "STAR" OFFICE, READING THE BULLETIN WHICH FIRST ANNOUNCED THE POSTPONEMENT OF THE CORONATION.



The Funeral of the Late Primate.

THE REMAINS BEING CARRIED FROM ST. MARY'S CHURCH TO THE GUN CARRIAGE.



THE CORTEGE LEAVING BISHOPSCOURT.



AT THE GRAVE.

Walrond, "Graphic" photo.

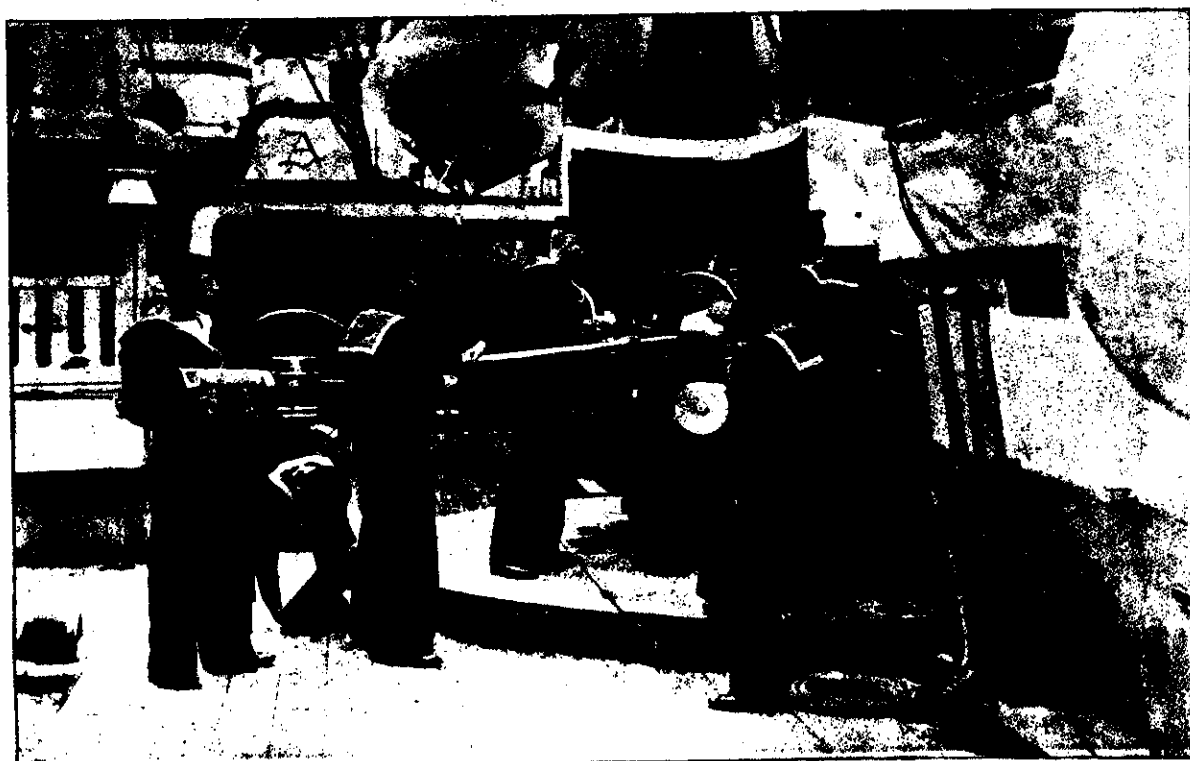
The Funeral of the Late Primate.

A Great Heiress.

"Most people," says "M.A.P.," "have heard of Baron Hirsch, but few know anything of the young girl who has inherited the greater part of the vast wealth which her grandfather accumulated. Mlle. 'Lilie' Hirsch—undoubtedly one of the greatest heiresses of the twentieth century—lives in Brussels, where she may be seen daily walking on the boulevards or driving in the Bois. Of middle height and inclined to embonpoint, she has a plump and cheery appearance, with a face crowned by a wealth of the loveliest chestnut hair. Her style of dress—in elaborate costumes, heavy furs, etc.—was, I used to think, not altogether becoming to so young a girl. I have never seen her look better than she does at present, dressed in simple mourning. Mlle. Hirsch has made her home with the Montefiores. Her life, so far, has been very quiet, very happy, and as uneventful as that of the ordinary Belgian girl of the upper classes. Some years ago I went to a children's party given in honour of 'Lilie's' birthday. Most of us spent the greater part of the afternoon inspecting her multitudinous dolls, which were of every size and quality, and dressed in the costumes of every nation known and unknown. We were much amused, however, to find that of all that gorgeous array, a gentleman doll was the one dearest to its little owner's heart. It had been dressed by a fashionable tailor, and had quite a complete wardrobe. Riding, evening and shooting suits, overcoats and caps, and—not least among the many accessories that go to make up the toilette de l'homme du monde—a dainty little handkerchief with 'Jonathan' embroidered across the corner! But this was half-a-dozen years ago. A serious matter will soon occupy the mind of her guardians—the selection of a life partner for their young ward. May he prove as satisfactory a companion as the little curly-headed gentleman doll of long ago!"

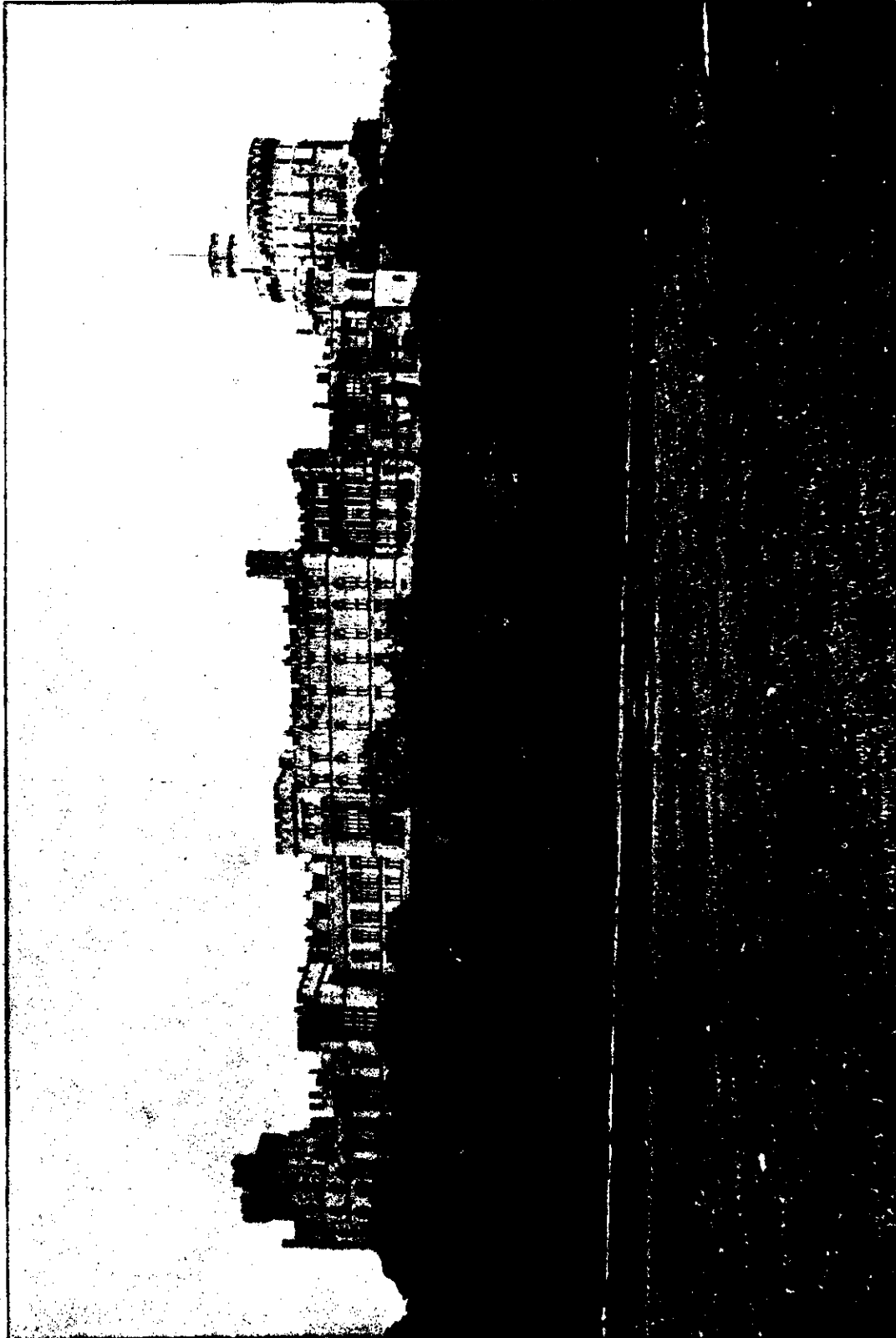
Mrs. Seidom-Holme—Do you know anything about these people that moved into the house next door to you yesterday?

Mrs. Jenner Lee Ondego—I know all about them. They haven't put any blinds on their windows yet.



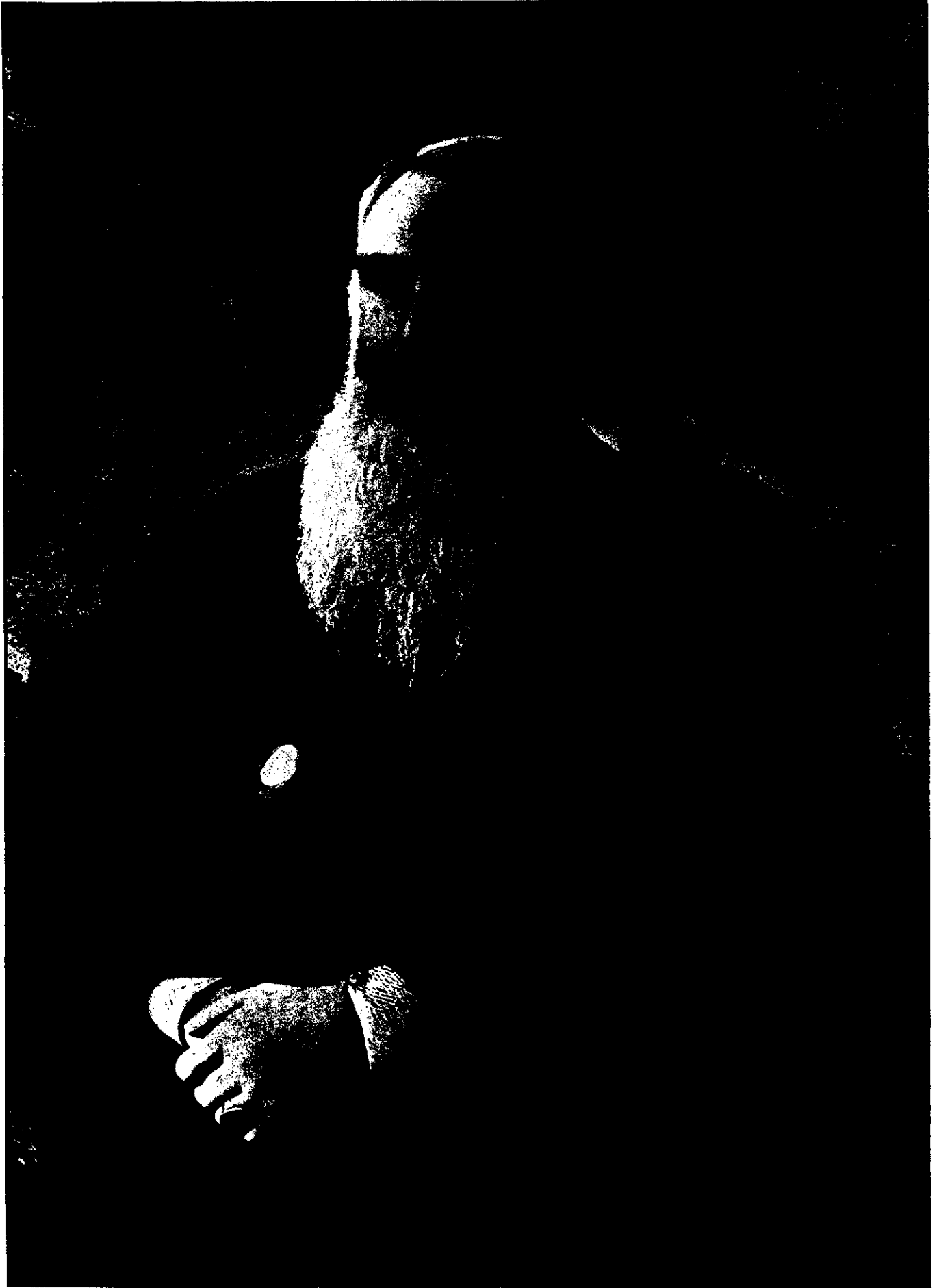
The Postponement of the Coronation.

Receiving the news on board H.M.S. Archer in Auckland Harbour. On receipt of the message all preparations for the Coronation were at once suspended.



North Terrace, Windsor Castle, from the Home Park,

It was here the King rested prior to coming to London for the Coronation. The fact that he took his exercise in Windsor Park in a closed carriage was the first circumstance that aroused public suspicion as to the gravity of his illness.



Lafayette Studio, Auckland.

The Late Primate of New Zealand.

The above is one of the best portraits of the Most Rev. William Garden Cowie, D.D., Bishop of Auckland and Primate of New Zealand, who died last week.

The King's Illness.

The name of Sir Francis Laking has been frequently mentioned of late in connection with the King's illness. Sir Francis is evidently the medico in whom our sovereign places chief confidence. In Queen Victoria's lifetime Sir Francis occupied a subordinate position in the Royal confidence to Sir James Reid, but since our present monarch came to the throne he has made Sir Francis not only his special physician, but a close and intimate friend. The reason why Sir Francis has thus gained such an ascendancy is very simple. He is just the sort of man the King likes most. He is after His Majesty's heart in every respect, and the King never discovered this so well as just after Queen Victoria's death, when he went to Germany for a short season, and took Sir Francis with him, feeling at that time very much below the mark. The King and his doctor are chums in the fullest sense of the term. This is because the doctor, while giving the King the very best medical tips about his health and how to keep it, is not by any means a faddist, and never preaches. The general advice which he openly offers is, "Do what you like, eat what you like, drink what you like, smoke what you like, but do the whole thing sensibly, and then you will be all right." Latterly the King has felt the necessity of having Sir Francis in such close touch with him that he has even had a telephone line run between Sir Francis' house in Pall Mall and the Royal residence. When asked what were the secrets of long life Sir Fran-

cis said that there were three of them. "The first of these," he said, "is the conservation of energy, the second is moderation, and the third is system. The greatest of the three is the conservation of energy. And you mustn't worry. That is all."

Sir Francis, whose name was mentioned last week in the cabled list of Coronation honours as the recipient of a baronetcy, has been unremitting in his attention on his sovereign during this trying time. Associated with him were, of course, many others, notably the eminent surgeon, Sir Frederick Treves, who has also been created a baronet. It was the latter who performed the critical operation on the King.



HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

To the Duke of Norfolk, as Earl Marshal of England, His Majesty committed the sad task of announcing the postponement of the Coronation. The Earl Marshal was commanded "To express His Majesty's deep sorrow at the fact that, owing to his serious illness, the Coronation must be postponed, but to state that the King's earnest hope is that all the celebrations in the country will be held as arranged, also that the dinners be given to the poor."



SIR FRANCIS LAKING.
The King's Favourite Physician.



THE SERIOUS ILLNESS OF THE KING (THEN PRINCE OF WALES) IN 1871. CROWDS READING THE BULLETIN AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

For a counterpart of the deep anxiety which has held all hearts since the seriousness of the King's illness became known we must go back to December of 1871, when the Prince lay sick unto death. The intensity of the public feeling on that occasion was indescribable, revealing among all classes a wondrous depth of affectionate loyalty to their future sovereign.

(This Picture is from "The Illustrated London News" of 1871.)



CATTLE CROSSING MATA RIVER, WITH AORANGI MOUNTAINS IN THE DISTANCE.

F. A. Hargreaves, photo.

First Prize Colonial Life Class.



THE RISING GE...



CAMP SCENE.

E. A. Anderson, Wellington, photo.



"TRUST HER NOT, SE...

L. H. Morrison, photo.



C. F. Bell, photo.

MULLET FISHING, AUCKLAND HARBOUR.



ING THEE."

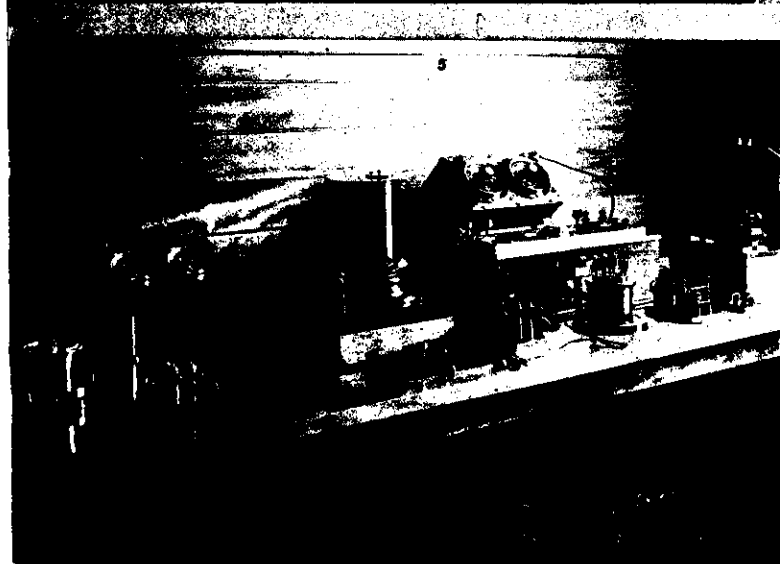
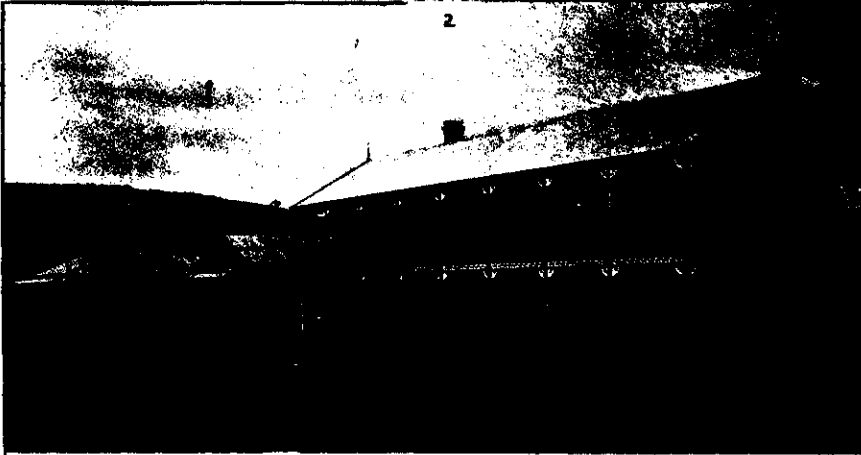
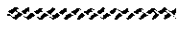


H. Winkelmann, photo.

OHOKOMOKO BAY, WHANGAROA.

Second Prize Scenery Class.

The Pacific Cable Station in Doubtless Bay.



1. General View of the Station and Bay. 2. Quarters of Staff. 3. Artificial Line of Condensers. 4. Operating Room. 5. Testing Instruments. 6. Group of Staff. See letterpress next page.

The Pacific Link.

Some time ago there appeared in these pages pictures of the laying of the Pacific cable and of the station at Doubtless Bay, where the New Zealand end of the cable comes ashore. The station has now been in working order for some little time as the frequent news from Fiji contained in the daily papers show, and it will not be so very long before the entire work of connecting us with the American Continent is complete and we are in direct touch with the new and old worlds by another line of communication. When that is done the staff at Doubtless Bay will no doubt have to be larger than it is

now, and the remote locality will be a more stirring place. But, as it is, what between work and play, the officials at the northern station have not by any means such a slow time of it as we might imagine. Indeed they appear, from all we hear, to enjoy themselves very much.

Any technical explanation of the method of working the cable would be out of place here, but a few words may be useful as supplementary to our pictures. The recording instrument in use is not the ordinary machine used for land telegraphy. Instead of the messages coming in the form of sound and being read by the ear of the receiver, they are permanently recorded on a paper tape by means of what is known as a "syphon



LIEUT-COLONEL THOS. W. PORTER, of the Seventh New Zealand Contingent, who has been made a C.M.G.



NAPIER CATHEDRAL, showing the new Chapel which is being built in commemoration of peace.

recorder," the invention of Lord Kelvin. The Syphon recorder consists of an extremely fine glass tube, not thicker than a hair at its point. This tube is hollow and contains the ink which marks the tape as the latter passes under it. By means of the electric current the tube is deflected above and below the centre line of the tape, the marks on the upper side representing the dots and those on the under side the dashes of the ordinary Morse system. Among the instruments to be found in the Doubtless Bay station which are not used in ordinary land telegraphy the condenser is the most important. The difficulty of passing ordinary electric currents through an extended cable, except at long intervals, makes it necessary to interpose an instrument in the receiving circuit. By means of this instrument the current is, popularly speaking, collected before it passes on to act on the recording instrument.

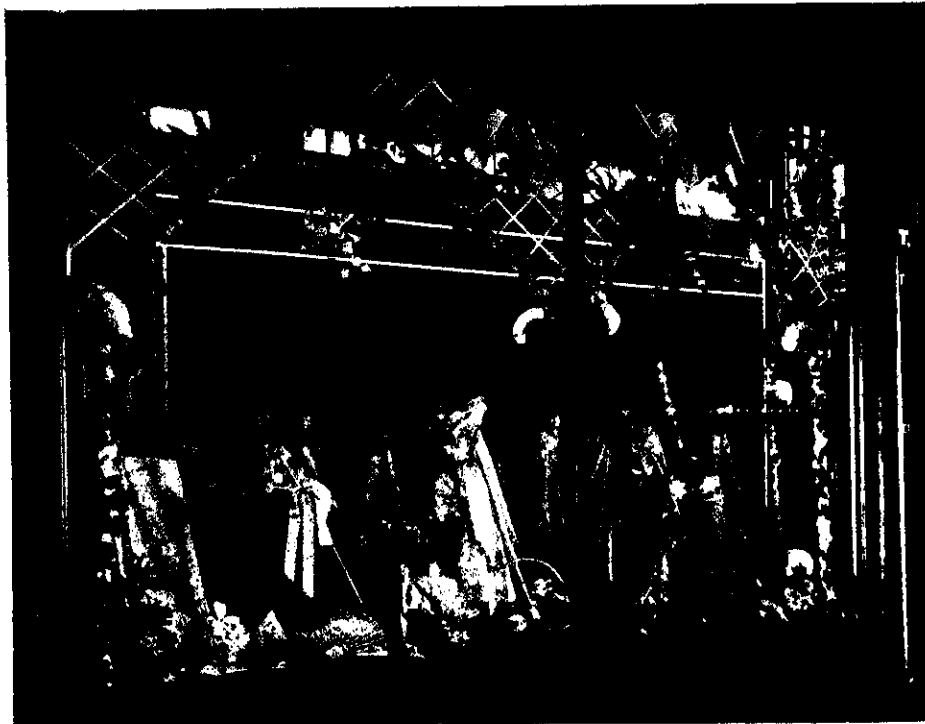
by Milne and Choyce, Limited, last week; a glance at the picture will show in what graceful proportions this display is arranged. The goods shown are such as this firm have always been noted for, and the window is full of ideas for smart weddings and festive occasions. The bridesmaids' hats and crooks were much admired, the rich brocades, silks, laces and flowers all evoked admiration. The other windows also were all designed in most excellent taste, being at once elegant, rich and exclusive, and really represented the house. Notably amongst them "The Coronation Window," with its handsome plaster pillars, panelled with crimson plush and mirrors. This window contained several pieces of choice millinery, emblematic bouquets or roses, shamrocks and thistles also a magnificent jewelled crown reposing on a velvet and ermine cushion and drape.

The Bride of To-day.

The beautiful window display produced here, entitled, "The Bride of To-day," is one of the series shown

The Ranfurly Challenge Shield.

A picture is given of the Ranfurly Challenge Shield presented to the New Zealand Rugby Union by His Excellency the Governor. It was originally suggested by His Excellency that the shield should be held by the winners of a North v. South Island match. This was considered impracticable, and it was decided by the N.Z.R.U. that the shield should be held by the province obtaining the greatest number of wins in inter-union matches. The first competition takes place this year. The shield was manufactured by Mr. A. Kohn, the well-known silversmith and jeweller, of Auckland, and is a splendid specimen of the silversmith's art.



"THE BRIDE OF TO-DAY."

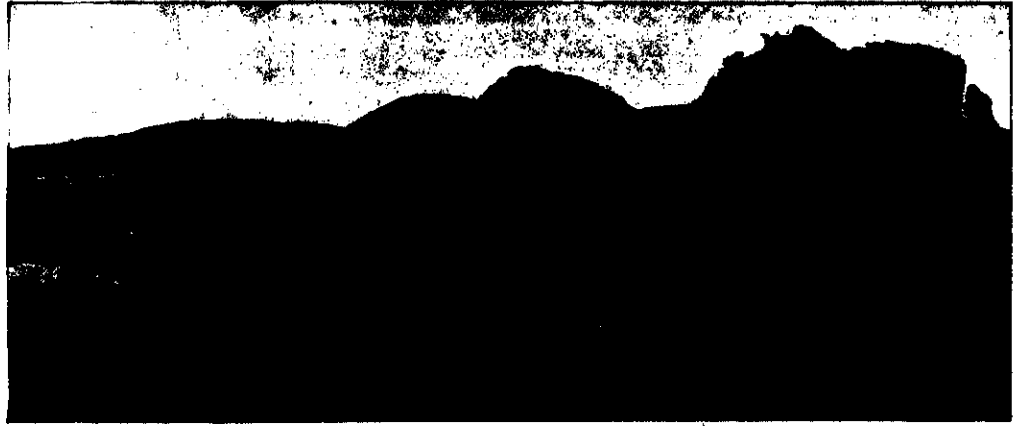


Horus, photo. THE RANFURLY CHALLENGE SHIELD.

The Wonders of Te Puia.

THE GAS COUNTRY OF THE EAST COAST.

Every visitor to Rotorua is familiar with the boiling springs which the Maoris utilise for their cooking operations, and we are all more or less accustomed to these phenomena of which we have heard and seen so much. A much rarer wonder in this country, and one much less known, is to be found at the Te Puia hot springs, which lie about four miles distant from Waipiro Bay, and about seven miles from Tokomaru Bay. There, in addition to beholding the not uncommon sight of boiling water issuing from the bowels of the earth, one can evoke jets of gas from the soil by the simple process of poking a hole with a stick. On withdrawing the stick and applying a match to the



GENERAL VIEW OF TE PUIA SPRINGS AND GAS COUNTRY.



A SUPPOSED HAUNT OF THE TANIWHIA ON THE ROAD TO THE SPRINGS.

aperture you have at your service a fine jet of gas, over which you can boil your billy as quickly as you do at home with your gas ring. It has been said of the fertile East Coast land that you have but to tickle the soil and it smiles with a harvest. At Te Puia you have but to scratch it a little harder and it yields you fire. A favourite amusement of visitors to this strange place is to scratch their name in the soil with a stick and apply a match, when they have the rare satisfaction of seeing their signatures traced in letters of flame. In one of the pictures on this page a lady may be seen performing this little trick. Unfortunately an idea of the wonderful effect is not obtainable by a photograph, for the flame does not show in the daylight. Indeed, for the experiment to be entirely successful it should be performed in the darkness. In the bright light of day the flame often does not show at all, and it is very strange to see a billy hanging midway in the air attached to a stick and boiling furiously if you do not happen to know of the presence of the invisible flame. Still stranger and fraught with no little danger it is to sit down suddenly on

a burning patch, as has been done. The most of the hot springs issue from the rocks, clearly shown in our picture, and three of the largest gas jets are to be found on the very top of one of the pinnacles.

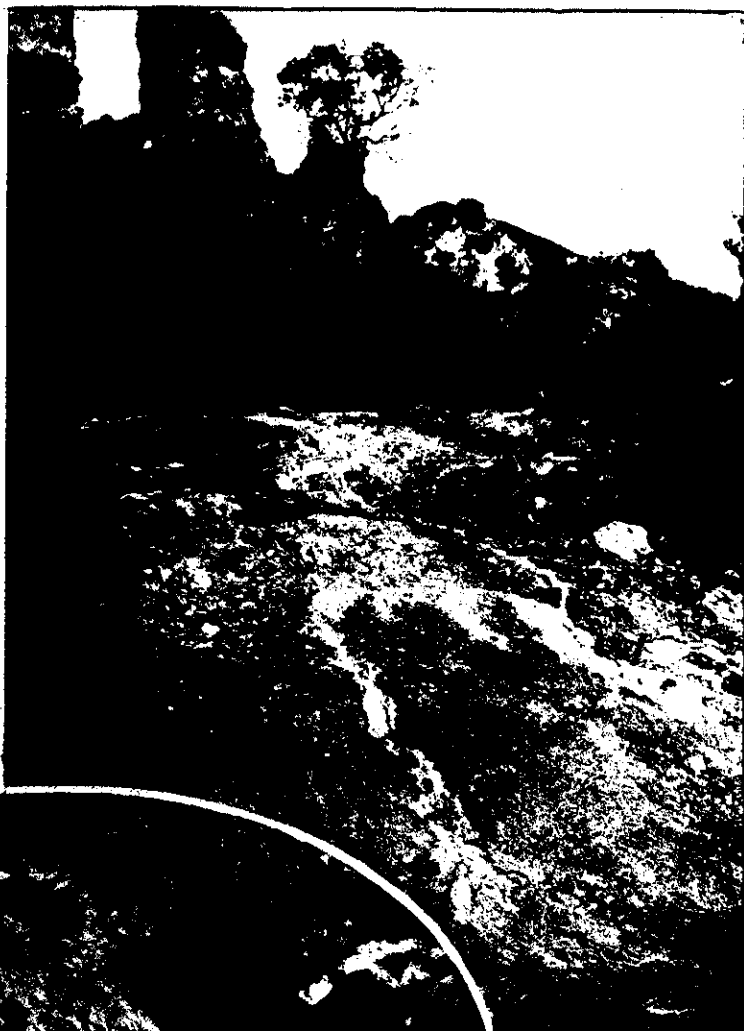
So far the gas has only been utilised to light the Gordon bathhouse, a small building erected in the vicinity, through which 1500 gallons of hot water flows every hour, the temperature being regulated by the bather to suit his taste. But there is no saying to what developments the presence of this reservoir of gas may lead. In the near future the place is bound to be a health resort—we understand that the Government are arranging for the better accommodation of visitors to Te Puia—but it is not improbable that the wonderful resources of the place will be turned to commercial advantage. In America the gas from similar reservoirs is conducted miles in pipes, and affords the cheapest of all illuminants. There is also to be considered the chance of petroleum deposits in the neighbourhood, a source of riches frequently associated with these gas phenomena. The day may come when the lonely hills behind Waipiro will present the same appearance as the West Virginia oil fields in the picture on the following page.



P. A. Hargreaves, photo.

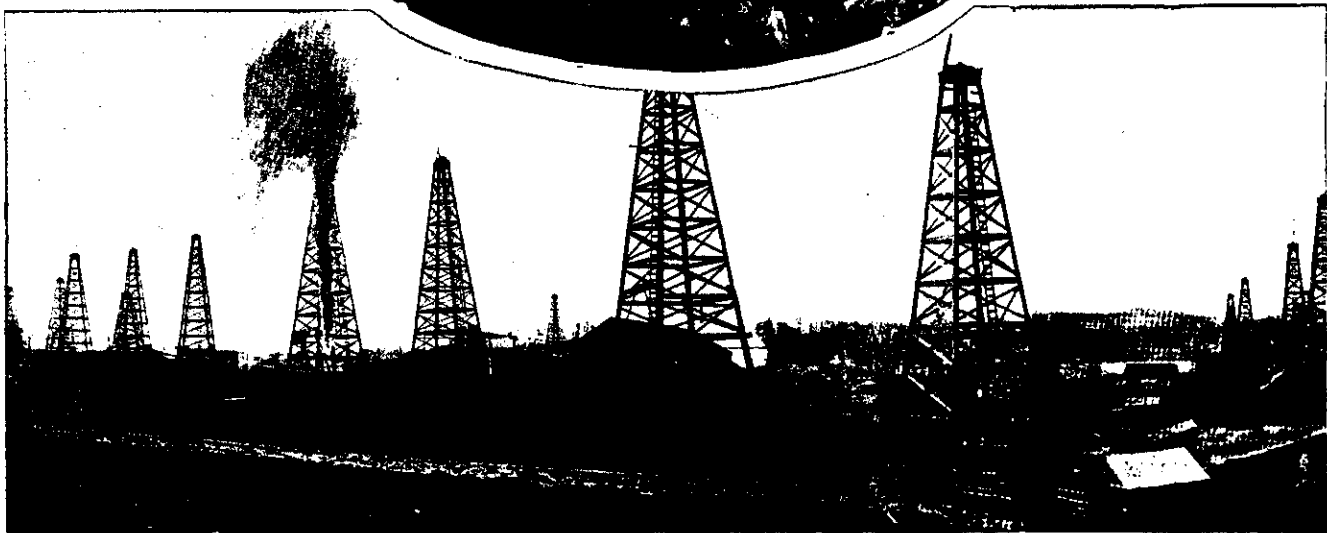
VISITORS WRITING THEIR NAMES IN FIRE.

The Wonders of Te Puia.



BOILING THE BILLY OVER A GAS JET.

A BOILING SPRING WITH SULPHUR DEPOSITS.



THE WEST VIRGINIA OIL FIELD.

The Wonders of Te Puia.

Opening of the Gisborne-Karaka Railway.



The weather was gloriously fine for the opening of the first section of the railway towards Karaka, and there were crowds of people in Gisborne. The streets were beautifully decorated with flags and evergreens brought in profusion from the bush. At 9.30 a.m. a procession in which the volunteers, by special permission, took

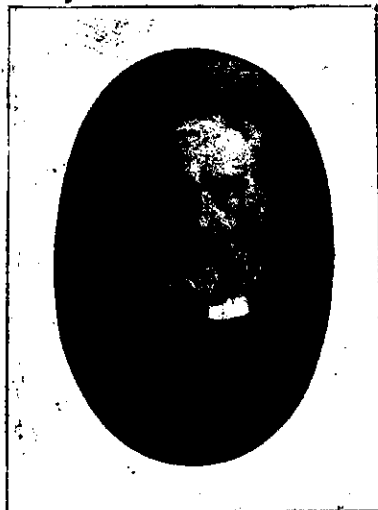


part, was formed and marched through the town to the station, where the school children were entrained. The Hon. J. Carroll, who declared the railway open, was presented with a gold key, and congratulatory speeches were made. A resolution was passed for telegraphing to the Governor conveying the sympathy of the great meeting at the King's illness.

1. The First Train on the Line. 2. A Free Ride for Everybody. 3. The Arch in Gladstone Road prepared for the Coronation. 4. Gladstone Road, showing the New Post Office in course of construction.



THE LATE MR HELLABY,
of Auckland.



BISHOP NEVILLE,
of Dunedin, now Acting Primate.



THE LATE MR W. WILSON,
of Auckland.

The Sawyer's Bay Railway Accident.

The early morning goods train from Oamaru collided with a cow at Sawyer's Station, where the North Main line junctions with the Port Chalmers' line, and was thrown off the rails. The engine crashed through the shunting rails and, mounting the station platform, drove into the ladies' waiting-room, when the boiler became detached from the bogie. The driver and the fireman crawled out of the wreckage quite unhurt. The sheep trucks were smashed to pieces, and piled up on top of the tender, the sheep being terribly mangled. Some 60 or 70 sheep were killed or maimed.



De Maus, photo.

THE SAWYER'S BAY RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

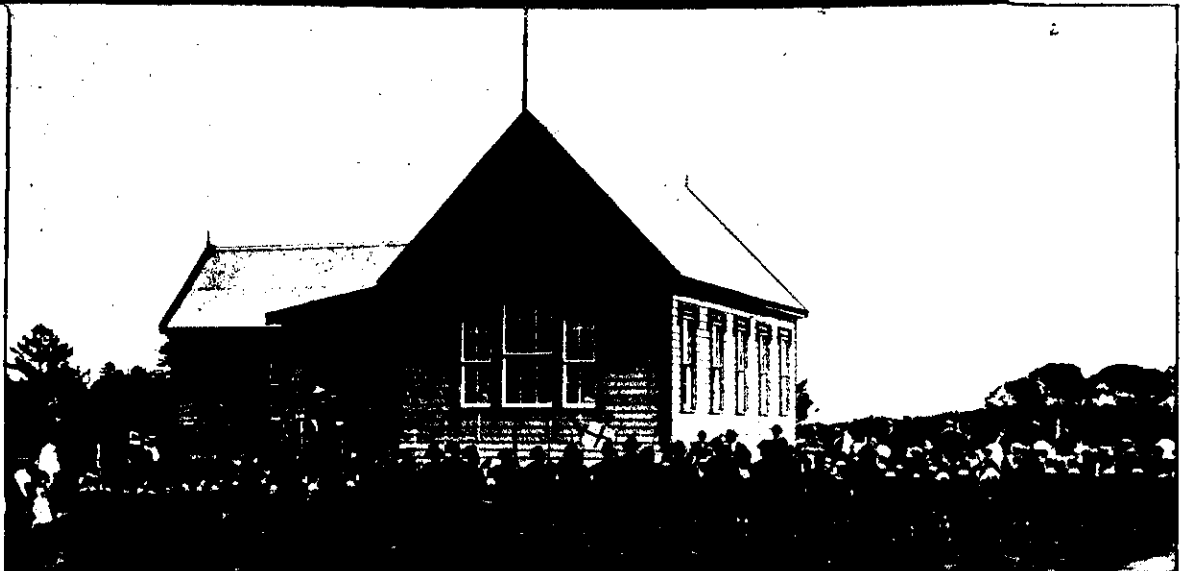
Unfurling of the Flag at Lake Takapuna.

The proceedings at Lake Takapuna in connection with the unfurling of the flag last week were of a picturesque nature. Shortly before eleven o'clock the children of the public school, about 80 in number, wearing rosettes and carrying flags, were marshalled inside the school grounds, under direction of the headmaster, Mr Hames, assisted by Miss Tidd. They then marched in double file order to the main gate, where they were met by about 60 boys of the St. Joseph (Roman Catholic) industrial school, in charge of the Sisters of Mercy. This section joined in the proceedings by invitation of the Lake School Committee, and being nearly all clad in khaki presented a pleasant effect. The next halt was made at Robertson's

corner, where part of the Takapuna section of the Seddon Horse, on foot, fell in, under Sergt.-Major White. Capt. Reid then arrived, and took command of the whole company. A further parade through some of the principal streets brought the procession into the school grounds again, where extended order

was formed for saluting. Captain Reid performed the ceremony. Saluting and marching past were then duly gone through, the "National Anthem" was sung, and King Edward VII. and the national flag were cheered. The flag was one sent out by the Board of Education, and the staff was erected by the

School Committee, by the aid of private subscriptions. Luncheon was provided in the schoolroom, where the arrangements were carried out by a committee of ladies, working in harmony with the School Committee. A copy of the Coronation number of the "Graphic" was also given to each family represented.



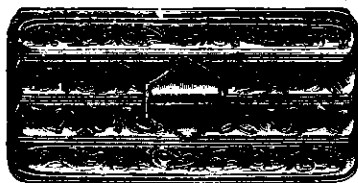
Photos by Valle.

Unfurling of the Flag at Lake Takapuna.



Stewart, photo.

WELLINGTON PUBLIC LIBRARY. THE NEW READING ROOM.



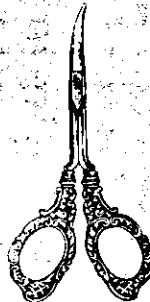
Plain Solid Silver Cigar Case. £2 10/, £3, £3 10/, Engraved, £2 10/, £3 10/, £4, £4 15/.

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NELLIE STEWART BRACELETS.—All these are perfect, and are so beautifully jointed that it requires careful examination to detect the joint and catch. Every one is perfectly finished and of good weight.



E6535—Solid Silver mounted NAIL SCISSORS 18s. 6d.



No. 259A—Solid Silver Cigarette Case, elegantly engraved. £1 10/; plain, £1 7/6; size, 3 1/2 in. long, 2 1/2 in. wide.

STEWART DAWSON & CO.

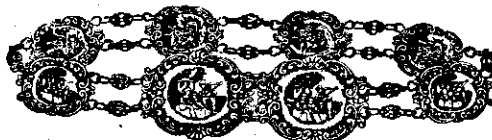
146 AND 148, QUEEN ST., AUCKLAND.



E9283—Silver mounted and Glass Match Holder, 3s. 6d.



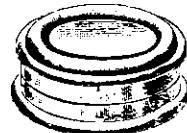
E8857—Amethyst HEART, set with Pearls, 22s. 6d.



Ladies' Sterling Silver BELTS, 50/, 70/, and 80/. Crocodile Skin Belts, mounted in Solid Silver, £5. Handsome designs in E.F. Belts, 14/6, 16/6, and 17/6.



E8838—Pearl and Amethyst PENDANT, 14s. 6d.



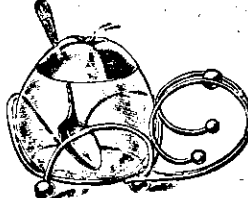
F7385—Solid Silver Billiard CHALK HOLDER, 2s.



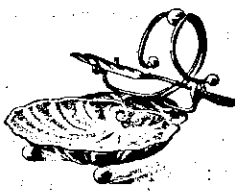
This illustration shows one of our LADIES' small size KEYLESS HUNTING WALTHAM LEVER WATCHES. The case is made of 10-ct. Gold and is nicely engraved. The movement is a nickel plate, 7 Jewels, exposed pallets. Compensation Balance, Patent Breguet Hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, and we guarantee its time keeping quality. £8 10s. We have this Watch in Silver Case, 4s.



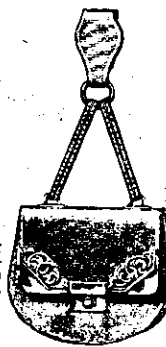
F6905—Gent's Silver Card Case, 11s. 6d.



No. F2875—New Design Pear Shape JAM DISH, with Spoon, complete. Best Electro-Silver, 12/6.



No. F2876—The Newest of the New. Best Electro-Silver-Plated Shell Pattern BUTTER DISH, Glass Lined, with Knife, complete, 14/6.



F1890—Silver-mounted CHATELAIN BAG, in Crocodile Skin. Perfect Keyless Action, convenient and reliable. Hunting Cases, 47 1/2 in.; Half-Hunting, same design, Hunting, £8 10s.; Open Face, £6 10s. 17/6, 25/7, 37/6.



S. D. & Co.'s Lady's Magnificent 18ct Gold Keyless NONPARIEL WATCHES are truly a specialty among specialties, much recommended to ladies who desire a unique, compact and elegant inexpensive Gold Watch. The entire watch is most exquisitely finished, the full-jewelled movement, 18ct Gold Strong Case, Perfect Keyless Action, convenient and reliable. Hunting Cases, 47 1/2 in.; Half-Hunting, same design, Hunting, £8 10s.; Open Face, £6 10s. Warranted for three years.

YOU MAY FIND Cheaper Qualities elsewhere, but YOU CANNOT FIND LOWER PRICES for Equal Qualities, and QUALITY IS IMPORTANT.

GENERAL NEWS.

The Rev. George Burgess, of Auckland, is gazetted Chairman of the Auckland Board of Conciliation.

The Dunedin "Star" tips Mr McNab as the coming Minister for Lands, after the general election, with Sir J. G. Ward as Premier.

The Representation Commissioners have concluded their labours at Wellington, and prepared their report for presentation to the Governor. After being signed by His Excellency it will be gazetted and distributed throughout the colony.

Major George is still in London. He also has been laid up with a severe cold and an attack of bronchitis. He expects to return to Auckland about the end of the year.

The Agricultural Department last week had an application before the Auckland Crown Lands Board for 39 acres of Crown land in the parish of Whangamarino, for a cannery and buildings in connection with a fruit farm. The application was granted.

At the Hawke's Bay Gun Club's meeting at Napier last week the Open Winter Handicap, of 125 sovs, was won by Mr C. H. Gorrick, a well-known New South Wales shot, who killed 42 birds without a miss. Mr Alexander took second place with 40 birds.

Intending settlers in Kawhia, who may be planning a tour of inspection will for a while be confined to the over-sea route by the Northern Co.'s boats. The Auckland Tourist Office of the Government this week received a telegram from the coach proprietors playing between Te Awamutu and Kawhia, stating that owing to the bad state of the road it had been found necessary to stop the running of the coaches.

Captain Harold Batger (formerly of Auckland) returned with the Seventh Contingent from South Africa to Wellington this week. Speaking of the Bothasberg fight he said: "The Boers were in a tight corner, and had either to fight or throw up the sponge; and I can tell you they fought bravely. I shall not soon forget that night. There were 200 of the Boers to the six men in our post." Captain Batger's coat (says the Wellington "Times") has four bullet holes in it—evidence of the fight at Lager Wacht.

Last Thursday King Edward's sovereignty over Fiji was declared.

Twenty rorok, or provincial native Governors, were sworn in.

The Administrator read a letter to the native people from the King, thanking them for the "burua" in honour of her late Majesty. He assured the Fijians of his personal interest in their welfare, and exhorted them to give no heed to those who would cause disaffection, but to obey the Governors set over them for their good, whose laws were his laws. He also advised them to pay their just taxes without murmur.

The Coronation ceremonies were postponed.

A gin bottle was lately picked up on the Clive (Hawke's Bay) beach containing the following message:—"June 13th, 1902. Barquentine Alice.—Heavy sea; pumps won't work; sinking fast off Cape Turnagain.—(Signed) J. Johnston, Liverpool." It is very probable (says a contemporary) this is an idiotic hoax. There is no barquentine Alice on Lloyd's register, and the fact that the writer gives his address as Liverpool would lead to the supposition that the Alice is an over-sea vessel. The barque Alice which trades between New York, Auckland and Wellington could not be the vessel referred to.

Mr John Handley, of Wanganui, is the possessor of an old flag which was presented by Sir George Grey to Puraku in 1865, when the Wairoa pa was surrendered to the British. The flag—Red Ensign—bears abundant evidence of its age, and is a most interesting relic of bygone days and events on this coast. Mr Handley intends to present this historic flag to the Wanganui veterans, of which he is a member, on the occasion of the King's Coronation.

There has been a very serious outbreak of anthrax on a farm near Te Awamutu, with considerable mortality amongst the stock, and three men are at present in the Waikato Hospital suffering from the same disease, viz., R. Cunningham, A. H. Storey, and West.

The first named is in a most critical condition, and the doctors hold out no hope of his recovery.

It is reported the disease was contracted through handling the affected animals.

The Rev. H. D. A. Major has resigned his position as vicar of the Hamilton Anglican Church, as a result of a disagreement with the parishioners in regard to the vicarage site, and the means to be adopted to provide a vicarage. At a meeting of the vestry on Friday the following resolution was adopted:—"That the members of the vestry desire to place on record their deep regret at the resignation of the vicar, the Rev. Mr Major, and the circumstances which have led up to it, but are of opinion that no other course was left open to him. They further desire to record their appreciation of the good work he has done in this parochial district during the period of his ministrations here, and of their high esteem and regard for him. They feel that they themselves have no alternative but to resign their several offices, which they now do, in order to afford the parishioners at the earliest possible moment every opportunity to take such steps as they may desire with regard to the settlement of the vicarage question and the appointment of a successor to Mr Major."

Owing to exceedingly heavy rain which prevailed all Friday night and Saturday morning, accompanied by thunder and lightning, Waikato was practically under water about noon. The main street was transformed into a river, and in some places the water on the footpaths was over a foot deep. The culverts were all choked and the bridges swept away. The floods have been unparalleled in the history of Waikato.

All the houses on the surrounding flats were flooded, and the occupants were compelled to make a hasty exit. In one house the water rose four feet, the children taking refuge on top of the tables, etc. Furniture and personal effects were lost in almost every instance. Four families were completely flooded out. Rescue parties had to go to their assistance and save the children.

The water rose over three feet in six minutes.

The following are the names of the Auckland officers and troopers of the Seventh Contingent who returned by the s.s. Manila last week:—

Captain Batger, Captain Forbes (Eighth N.Z. Regiment), Lieut. and Adjutant S. A. Grant, Lieutenants J. A. Spera, H. Robertson, R. S. V. Potter.

Sergeant-Major W. Johnson; Sergeants Houston (Mongonui), T. Backley, Horne (Coromandel), J. R. Whimp (Whangarei), T. J. Coates, Corporals Ollivier, C. S. Smith, D. Loader, Lance-Corporals A. E. Green (Auckland), M. C. Sheffield (Wairangi), J. Sellers, W. Pye (Te Aroha), J. Bradley (Te Aroha).

Troopers T. Arnold (Rotorua), C. Brookfield, W. Byrne (Cambridge), W. Currell, R. Cairnes, W. C. Curtis, H. A. Cooper, T. Cooper, Farrier J. T. Campbell, Troopers R. E. Carter (Manurewa), F. Dibble (Waikato), T. Daenvoitet, M. A. Edkiss (Ngauruhaha), E. Flavell (Waikato), W. J. Farrell (Matamata), A. Gill (Tukau), T. Gillon (Thames), H. P. Gobbusey, farrier (Waikato), A. Gracie, R. Heard, W. J. Hamlin, saddler (Cambridge), F. Heighton (Waikato), A. M. Hurrop, J. Hunter (Onehunga), G. Kendall, S. Marshall (Tauranga), A. Moid (Raglan), A. J. Morris (North-east Waikato), E. Morton, C. McDonald (Rotorua), J. B. McDonald, P. J. Mulhane, F. Mayne (Rotorua), J. Nolan, W. Patterson, G. C. Parker, W. Schofield, A. J. Thom, T. Tippetts (Te Awamutu), J. F. Thomson, N. Upton, T. Pahi, E. Wrigley (Tauranga), K. S. C. Williams.

Mr and Mrs John Ross and family, who arrived by the Gothic, after spending a few weeks in London, have gone down to Bournemouth. Mr

Ross has improved considerably in health, and has gone to Bournemouth on the advice of a specialist.

The litigation that threatened over the will by which a relative bequeathed Mr Davis (Onehunga) a large sum of money has, happily, been averted, and the dispute settled in the New Zealand's favour. Mr and Mrs Davis have been touring in the North and in Wales, and hope to spend a few weeks on the Continent, come back for the Coronation, go to Worcestershire for farewell visits, and make their way back to Auckland via America, visiting relatives in Toronto and Chicago en route.

Mr F. C. Richardson (Auckland) has been elected an honorary member of the Thames Royal Yacht Club and of the Royal London Yacht Club, and was on board one of the competing yachts in the latter's river matches yesterday on the triangular course, of which the Nore was the apex.

Mr Andrea Lucchesi has completed his marble statue of Peace for the Auckland Domain. It will leave Italy on 10th June and will be shipped from London for Auckland by cargo steamer.

Mr Walter Hope (Hamilton) has quite recovered from the illness and injuries which he sustained as a member of the 6th Contingent, and is devoting himself to the study of electrical engineering. His address for some time to come will be 67, St. Charles' Square, North Kensington. Miss Hope, who has been travelling in Italy and Switzerland, is staying with him for a while, but shortly goes North to the English Lakes.

Two presentations were made the other day to Mr F. B. Allen, late director of the Thames School of Mines, who is leaving for Australia to take up an important position in connection with the School of Mines, Perth. Both presentations were made at the School of Mines. The first, which took the form of a valuable gold quartz pendant, was from the old students of the institution, and it was accompanied by an address. Mr J. H. Hodge acted as spokesman, and he pointed out that out of the 12 old students who had signed the address 10 had succeeded in securing first-class mine manager's certificates under Mr Allen's tuition. Mr M. D. O'Keeffe and Mr Alex. Whiteley also spoke highly of the good work accomplished by Mr Allen. Mr Allen suitably replied, thanking the donors for their kind remarks and gift. The second present received by Mr Allen was from the present students of the institution, and took the form of a handsome tea and coffee service, bearing a suitable inscription, together with Mr Allen's monogram on each piece. The presentation was made by Mr J. H. Adams, one of the students. Mr Allen, in returning thanks, said he was parting from the school and the students with great regret. The function concluded by all present singing, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." At a later period of the evening the past and present students entertained Mr Allen at a social, held at the Pacific Hotel, where a very pleasant hour was spent.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

So far as this colony is concerned, theatrical news this week is just now decidedly not of an important or novel character. The various companies who have been touring the colony North and South for the past month or two have each moved on a stage, and that is about all there is to report. The William Anderson Dramatic Co. (No. 2) have finished their Auckland season satisfactorily, and the World's Entertainers, whose fine show we have had cause to praise so many times during their tour of the colony, is now in possession of the Auckland Opera House. When they vacate the building, after a short season—which it is evident is going to be a fabulous financial success—the builders will take possession, and the work of demolition and reconstruction will be commenced. This will be carried on with the utmost despatch, for the substantial alterations, improvements, and decorations put in hand must positively be completed before September 22, when Miss Nellie Stewart and Mr Musgrove's Comedy Co. open in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," which has created a furor of enthusiasm wherever produced on the other side in Australia and Tasmania.

Dunedin is now applauding the incomparable Cinquevalli, who terminates his season there on July 12. The Company, will doubtless do good business in the Southern capital, but a fortnight of a travelling variety company is rather a daring "spec" in that city of sober Scots.

That excellent bioscope entertainment, "Our Navy," seems to do well all over New Zealand. It moved up to Christchurch last week, and there continued till Monday, when it again took the road, and is just now doing some of the small. With the exception of a local concert, the Theatre Royal in Christchurch will remain vacant till the 24th inst., when the peripatetic Pollards once more make a reappearance for four nights only.

No doubt Mr Dix will put his very best foot foremost in Auckland when the Opera House closes down. The circus offers strong opposition for one thing, and Mr D. is far too cute a manager to not know that it is a non-trous bad thing to let theatre-goers get into a habit of staying at home o' nights. Theatre-going is much a matter of habit with many, and if left off for a long period can be left off altogether. The Gaiety programme during the past week or so has not been up to the excellent standard Mr Dix maintained pretty continuously for the last two years up till the last few days. It would be a pity to let the thing drop back, more especially now when there are so few other entertainments available.

"Ping-pong amongst the Tigers" is the sensation of the hour in Auckland. This Wednesday evening a ping-pong tournament by local players is to take place in the tiger's cage. The Wirth Bros. give such an excellent entertainment as a rule, and cater so well for young and old that the present departure seems to this paper to be regretted. It is pandering to a morbid craving for sensationism, without a redeeming point in its favour, save its novelty, and this is no great thing, for after all it is a mere variant of the marriage amongst the lions or tigers, etc., etc.

It is pleasant, on the other hand, to be able to announce that in all other respects a better managed circus show has

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seldom been seen in this colony, and that a Cinderella pantomime is in rehearsal, over which children are already wild with excitement. There are to be 100 children in the production.

Seldom has a larger or more enthusiastic audience filled the Choral Hall than that which gathered on Friday last to hear the concert given by the Auckland Liedertafel. The part songs by the 39 singers present were received with every demonstration of approval, and the whole affair was a most unequivocal success. A feature in the performance was "The Soldiers' Chorus," with full band accompaniment, and the very beautiful "Voice of the Torrent." But all the items were enjoyable.

The "Thirty Thieves" has worked its way into public favour on the other side, chiefly through the merit of some of its principals and the manner of its production. The Princess's, Melbourne, has no reason to complain of the want of patronage. New songs, with topical allusions, have been introduced—there was a time when Mr Musgrove scorned the idea of tickling the ears of the groundlings in this way—and the brightness of the performance disarms criticism. Mr Edward Lauri is a comedian of indefatigable agility, and Mr Piddock increases the appreciation with which he has been received. Miss Josephine Stanton, Miss May Beatty, Mr Foster Courtenay, and others contribute also to the general result.

The enterprise of Mr Slapoffski (here with the Musgrove Opera Co.) in presenting Tchaikowsky's "Symphonie Pathétique" to the Sydney public, has not failed to elicit the support of that section of the public which is capable of appreciating the highest efforts of musical genius. The Town Hall on Saturday afternoon was filled by a large and representative audience, who listened to this marvellous production of the Russian composer. The novelty and originality of the movements, even on a single hearing, create a profound impression, and the force of feeling displayed cannot fail to strike responsive chords. Mr Slapoffski has made the musical public his debtor, and there should be no question about the encouragement which should induce him to continue the undertaking he has commenced. Madame Slapoffski's beautiful voice, so often appreciated during the Musgrove opera season last year, was heard to advantage in the selection from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." Mr Slapoffski has arranged to repeat the concert at an early date.

It is said that Mascagni has been greatly disappointed because the post of director to the Accademia di Santa Cecilia, at Rome, left vacant by the death of Marchetti, for which he was a candidate, has been bestowed upon Falcini, the composer of an opera entitled "Il Trillo del Diavolo." Meanwhile Mascagni's position as a director of the Conservatory at Pesaro seems to be somewhat uncertain. At the last meeting of the Pesaro Town Council serious complaints were made of his behaviour. He receives a stipend of £450, for which, it is alleged, he makes a very poor return. He leaves the Conservatory to look after itself for ten months out of twelve, and only goes to Pesaro for the bathing season, which happens to be holiday time at the Conservatory.

The attendance at the farewell concert of Miss Amy Castles at the Melbourne Exhibition Building is quoted at 18,000 people, and the receipts at popular prices amounted to £1222—in both cases a record for Australia.

Sherlock Holmes was what we term
A specialist in crime;
His methods surely must confirm
Man's greatest of all time.
And though our object's not the same,
Our method's just as sure,
We kill bad coughs to our great aim,
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ENGAGEMENTS.

The marriage between Miss M. Gillilan and Mr S. Cave has been arranged to take place early in July.

The engagement is announced of Miss Olga von Sturmer, youngest daughter of Mr S. W. von Sturmer, of Auckland, to Mr P. R. Kenderdine, of Auckland.

The engagement is announced of Miss Annie Cornford, only daughter of Mr H. A. Cornford, solicitor, of Cameron Road, Napier, to Mr Roadie, also of Napier. Mr Roadie has been acting as locum tenens for Mr W. Frosi, dentist, during the absence of the latter in America.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

Our London correspondent writes: Miss Esie Bell's marriage to Mr. Mavrogordato takes place on July 2.

CHRISTIAN—GUTTBERLETT.

A quiet wedding was celebrated at St. Peter's Church, Wellington, last week, between Miss G. Guttberrlett, of Brunnerton (West Coast), and Lieutenant Christian, who has just returned to the colony from South Africa. The bride, who was given away by Mr Edward Wilson, the bridegroom's uncle, was attended by two maids, Misses Bland and McConish. The bridegroom presented the bride with a gold watch and chain, and to the bridesmaids he gave gold brooches. Mr H. McConish was best man. Lieutenant Christian was on active service throughout the war, first with the Natal Light Infantry, and laterly with the Johannesburg Mounted Rifles. Mr and Mrs Christian are leaving very shortly for South Africa, where they intend to settle.

RANISH—YUILE.

The marriage of Mr E. H. Ranish and Miss Beatrice Yuile, only daughter of Mr E. T. Yuile, Austin-street, was solemnized on Wednesday last at St. Mark's, Sussex Square, Wellington. The bride, who was attended by four bridesmaids, Misses Gard, Shortt, Early, and Devlin, wore a handsome dress of white satin trimmed with lace and chiffon and sprays of orange blossom. Mr P. J. G. Frazier was best man. After the ceremony Mr and Mrs Ranish left for Wanganui, where the honeymoon will be spent.

ACLAND—ST. HILL.

A pretty New Zealand wedding took place on May 14, at the parish church, Rugby, when Miss Mary Eveline St. Hill, elder daughter of the Rev. Canon St. Hill, of Hawke's Bay, was mar-

ried by her father, assisted by the Rector of Rugby, to Mr John Dyke Acland, eldest son of the Hon. John Barton Acland, Mount Peel.

The bride, who was given away by her brother, Captain St. Hill, of the 3rd Provisional Dragoons, wore a handsome gown of white satin, profusely trimmed with old Limerick lace and Duchess point (the latter Lady Acland's gift), and accordeon-pleated chiffon, veil, and orange blossom, and carried a shower bouquet of roses, lilies-of-the-valley, tuberose, and white carnations, the bridegroom's gift. Her only ornaments were a gold chain studded with pearls, the bridegroom's gift, and a pearl and turquoise pendant, the gift of Mrs Acland. The bridesmaid, Miss Annie St. Hill, the bride's sister, was dressed in eau de Nil voile, with tucked bodice and skirt with string coloured lace insertion, tucked white silk front and undersleeves, and wore a large black chiffon picture hat with ostrich feathers. Her antique paste buckle and bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley and malmaison carnations were the bridegroom's gifts.

Dr. H. T. D. Acland, the bridegroom's brother, was best man. At the reception held subsequently at 27, Hillmorton Road, the residence of Mr E. A. St. Hill, the bride's brother, the following were among the guests: Sir Thomas and Lady Acland, Lady Ogilvie, Rev. A. V. and the Hon. Mrs. Baillie, Dr. Gerald Harper, Mr and Mrs Frank Nelson, Mr and Mrs A. H. Russell, Mr and Mrs E. D. Tanner, Mr and Mrs J. F. Studholme, Mrs Tanner, the Misses Tanner, Colonel and Mrs Monnell, Mrs Mitchell Clarke, Mrs Coleman, Miss Watt, Mr I. H. Loughnan and the Misses Nairn.

When Mr and Mrs Acland left for London, the latter wore the palest grey silk voile, tucked and strapped with glace silk to match, with tucked chiffon front and undersleeves, a large black hat of crinoline straw, with feathers and pink roses under the brim. Their home will be Porlock, in Somerset, where Mr Acland has a farm.

A FASHIONABLE WEDDING.

"B.P.'S" BROTHER MARRIES A NEW ZEALAND GIRL.

LONDON, May 30.

Despite a showery day there was a great congregation of frocks and frills at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, last Wednesday afternoon to witness the marriage of Mr. Frank Smythe Baden-Powell, son of the late Professor Baden-Powell and of Mrs. Baden-Powell, of S. St. George's Place, Hyde Park Corner, and elder brother of Major-General Baden-Powell, C.B., to Miss Florence Sidney Watt, third daughter of the late Mr. James Watt, of Napier, New Zealand, and Mrs. Coleman, of Queen Anne's Mansions, Westminster. The service, which was full choral, was conducted by Bishop Welldon, late of Calcutta, assisted by the Rev. J. Baden-Powell, Precentor of St. Paul's Church, the bridegroom's cousin.

The bride, who was given away by her mother, looked very handsome in a gown of ivory satin Duchesse, the skirt made with folds down the front, and a deep flounce of accordeon-pleated chiffon, headed with silver sequin motifs, caught together with trails of orange blossoms. The bodice had a berthe of old rose point over a bolero of iridescent embroidery, and draped chiffon sleeves with silver motifs at the elbow. The court train of satin was bordered with drawn chiffon and edged with frills, with a love-knot of orange blossoms on one corner. A coronet of bridal flowers was covered by a tulle veil, and her ornaments included a diamond star, her mother's gift, while her bouquet was composed of white orchids, and lilies of the valley. Her bridesmaids wore Miss Coleman, her half-sister, Miss Baden-Powell, the bridegroom's sister, Miss Kyros, Miss Flower, Miss Angela Sharp and Miss Maud Baden-Powell. Their dresses were of ivory voile with yokes of string-coloured lace, some of which was inserted in the tucked bodices above the waist and in the sleeves, which were tucked and let loose to form Bishop's sleeves,

at the wrist. The skirts were tucked down the front, and finished round the hem with shirred flounces headed with insertion. The white satin straw hats were wreathed with forget-me-nots, and trimmed with chiffon and lace, and they held bouquets of pale pink roses and maiden-hair, with long streamers of blue ribbon to match their sashes. The latter, with gold bangles set with borsehoes in pearls, were given by the bridegroom. Mr. Warrington Baden-Powell, K.C., who has an extensive Admiralty practice, was his brother's best man. After the ceremony a reception was held at the Hans Crescent Hotel, and in the course of the afternoon Mr and Mrs. Frank Baden-Powell left for Paris, the bride in a gown of pale fawn voile, with panels of embroidery on the tucked skirt, and a large collar of blue embroidery and lace on the tucked bodice. A white satin straw hat trimmed with cornflowers and chiffon was worn with it. Mrs. Coleman's black glace silk gown was tucked, and had a vest of pink chiffon and steel embroidery. A bonnet to match was worn, and she held a bouquet of pink flowers. Mrs. Baden-Powell wore a handsome mauve gown, much trimmed with lace and embroidery; bonnet en suite and bouquet to harmonize.

At the reception in the winter garden of the Hans Crescent Hotel there were present over 450 guests, thoroughly representative of the fashionable aristocratic and artistic world, making a picturesque and kaleidoscopic throng. The bridegroom studied sculpture under Rodin, and painting under Carolus Duran, and his "Nelson's Foudroyant Wrecked On the Coast of Lancashire" is well hung in the Academy this year. Among the numerous brothers of the brush who assembled to support and congratulate him were Sir L. and Lady Alma-Tadema, Messrs Luke Fildes, Orchardson, Storey, Farquharson, Seymour, Lucas, Solomon J. Solomon.

Several New Zealanders were present among whom I noticed Major and Mrs Nelson George, Mr and Mrs James Russell and Miss Russell, Mr and Mrs T. Brassey, Miss Collins, Mrs and the Misses Browning, Mr George Gray Russell, Mr and Mrs "Joe" Studholme, the Misses Dymock, Mrs Stewart Bridge, Mr and Mrs Percy Adams, Mrs Charles Taylor, and Miss Taylor, Mrs T. C. Williams and Miss Williams, Captain and Mrs Ewart Grogan, Mrs and Miss Eyres, Mrs Sharp, Mr and Mrs Arthur Sharp, Mr and Mrs Patrick Blair, Miss St. Hill, Mrs Sam Begg and Miss Begg (illness prevented Mr Sam Begg, the well-known illustrator, from being present), Lady Nelson, Messrs Hal Williams, H. Von Haast, and Nairn and Dr. Gerald Harper.

Among the numerous and handsome presents were prominent a magnificent tusk from an elephant shot by Captain Grogan, a pair of silver muffineers from Miss Dorothy Grogan, a pink and gold china jug from Mr Warrington Baden-Powell, which had been given to his great-grandmother by the King of Naples in 1794, a crystal umbrella top with a circle of pearls from May, Duchess of Sutherland, a writing case from Mr and Mrs J. F. Studholme, and a silver photograph frame from Major and Mrs Nelson George.

On their return from their honeymoon, Mr and Mrs Frank Baden-Powell (who, by the way, pronounce their name "Bayden-Poel") will reside for a time at that happiest example of a united English family home, 8 St. George's Place, but it is very probable that if peace is proclaimed soon they will at an early date go out to South Africa for a long visit to the famous Major-General. Captain and Mrs Grogan will also proceed to South Africa in a year's time. Mr and Mrs T. H. Lowry (the bride's brother-in-law and sister) are due in London to-morrow, the date of the wedding having unfortunately been fixed before their trip Home was settled.

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BEREAVEMENT NOTICE.

MRS R. HELLABY AND FAMILY desire to express their sincere thanks to the numerous friends for the many beautiful floral gifts and kind expressions of sympathy accorded them in their sad bereavement, especially as to those country friends who came so far to pay their last respects to the dear departed.

Personal Paragraphs.

There were no vice-regal movements of importance last week, all Government House engagements in connection with the Coronation being cancelled in consequence of the illness of His Majesty the King. On Tuesday His Excellency opened Parliament in customary form. The Governor is still exceedingly busy over the proposed Veterans' Home, which he is determined to carry through.

A very large number of the multitudinous friends of Sir John and Lady Campbell called on them at their beautiful residence, Barnell, on Sunday afternoon, to tender their congratulations on the honours so recently bestowed by His Majesty King Edward VII. Sir John was in the very best of health and spirits, and Lady Campbell, though not yet completely recovered from an attack of influenza, was well enough to receive her callers and their warm congratulations.

Mrs. Jones, of Wanganui, is staying at the Masonic Hotel, Napier.

Miss Reed is staying with Miss Cotterill, Fitz-Roy Road, Napier.

Miss Fraser, of New Plymouth, is on a visit to Wellington.

Miss Glendinning, of Wairoa, is staying in Napier.

Mr F. W. Butement is on a visit to Masterton, having sold his interest in the Apiti Hotel.

Mrs Kendal, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Fenton, of New Plymouth, has returned to Ponsonby.

Mr and Mrs J. Mowlem, of Masterton, leave for South Africa early next month.

Mr. Fred. Weston, of the Wellington "Post," has been appointed to fill a vacancy on the Hansard staff.

Mr. and Mrs. Mills, of Dunedin, are staying at the Masonic Hotel, Napier.

Mr D. Scanlon, who is well known in Masterton, successfully passed at the recent dental examination held in Wellington.

Lieutenant George Cotterill, who left Napier with the Eighth Contingent, is now in London.

Misses E. and M. Abbott, who have been visiting the Wanganui district, have returned to their home in Parnell.

Miss Day, of New Plymouth, is on a short visit to Wanganui. She is accompanied by Miss Wilson, of the Clutha, Dunedin.

Captain Rich, of H.M.S. Ringarooma, is staying at Government House, Wellington, during the warship's stay in port.

Hon. and Mrs Scotland have been staying at the Albert Hotel, Auckland, for several days, and went to Wellington yesterday.

On the occasion of Mr T. M. Wilford's thirty-second birthday, some of his constituents presented Mrs Wilford with a handsome service of plate, as a recognition of his useful work as member for Wellington Suburbs.

The Hon. G. and Mrs Maclean (Dunedin) have come to Wellington for the session, and have taken Miss Holmes' house in Hawkestone street.

Mr and Miss Hiorus left Wellington by the Warrimoo last week for Sydney, where they will join the F. and O. Co.'s India, and proceed to London for a trip before returning to the colony.

Mrs. H. A. Cornford, of Napier, has been to Wellington to meet her son, Mr. E. Cornford, who is returning from South Africa with the Seventh Contingent.

Mr and Mrs Tobin, of San Francisco, have been staying at the Albert for a week or so. Mr Tobin was at Rotorua for several weeks for his health.

During the absence of Dr. Makgill in Sydney, where he has gone to study plague, the duties of Health Officer for Auckland will be taken by Dr. Frenzel, of Christchurch.

A very successful ball was given by members of the New Zealand Farmers' Union at the Upper Hutt, Wellington. Mr Field, M.H.R. for the district, and the Minister for Lands were present.

Dean Mahoney.—The many friends of the Very Rev. Dean Mahoney will be glad to learn that the Rev. Father George Mahony, Nelson, has received word through the cable that the Dean had arrived in London, and in excellent health.

Mr Bernhard Walther, the well-known Belgian violinist, arrived with his manager, Mr Alex. B. Giesen, by the s.s. Mararoa from Sydney yesterday. He is at present staying at the Star Hotel.

Mrs Malcolm Niccol, late of Auckland, has been presented with the Royal Humane Society's medal for saving life in Auckland Harbour in February last.

Very many hearty congratulations were offered to Captain Russell on the receipt of a telegram from the Governor announcing that he had been knighted, which telegram was handed to him last Thursday on the Hastings racecourse.

The employees of the D.S.C. met on Thursday evening for the purpose of presenting Mr Maurice Ferguson, their late fellow-employee, who is leaving for the South at an early date, with a handsome silver-mounted pipe. They bade him a hearty farewell and expressed best wishes for his future success and prosperity.

Mr Lachlan Fraser, after nine years' service on the Southland County Council, is about to retire. We learn that a well-known resident of Waianui, Mr W. Ronald, is likely to offer his services to the ratepayers of Wallace town riding as their representative on the Council.

Dr. E. J. Roberts, who has been in partnership with Dra. Hudson and Andrew for some years past, is about to leave Nelson to take up his residence in South Africa. Dr. S. A. Lucas, of Takaka, will join the firm in succession to Dr. Roberts. During his stay in Nelson Dr. Roberts has made many friends, who will wish him every success.

Miss E. Ashby, mistress of Komata School, who has severed her connection with the Board of Education, has received several practical tokens of the esteem and regard in which she is held at Komata. The pupils attending the school presented her with a handsome marble clock, silver toast rack, set of flat irons, and a mincer, the presentation being made by Master Fred Miles, on behalf of the scholars and parents. A nicely worded letter accompanied the gifts, which were appropriately acknowledged by the recipient.

Among visitors who have arrived in Wellington for the Coronation festivities are Miss Bell and Miss C. Maclean (Dunedin), who are staying with Lady Ranfurly; Mr and Mrs J. Mills, Mrs and Miss Gibson (who intend staying for the winter), and Miss Roberts, all of Dunedin; Miss Julius and Miss Elworthy, from Christchurch; Mrs Strang, Palmerston North; Miss Stoddart, Christchurch; and Miss Cox, Sir Maurice O'Rourke, and Major Shepherd, Auckland, who have come down in readiness for the opening of Parliament; Misses Campbell, Christchurch; Mr and Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, Christchurch, who are the guests of His Excellency and Lady Ranfurly at Government House.

One of the most interesting functions which have occurred lately was the opening of the new office of "New Zealand Times" at Wellington. All day long a stream of visitors flocked through the building, a general invitation having been issued to the public. In the evening a grand social was held, to which all the leading people were invited. An excellent musical programme was gone through by such artists as Miss Murphy (Dunedin), Miss A. Syme, Miss Jeanne Ramsay, and Messrs E. J. Hill, Ballance, Harry Smith, etc. The biggest room was cleared for dancing, and in adjoining rooms a ping-pong tournament and a progressive euchre party were very keenly contested by the non-dancing guests. A recherche supper was provided, and proceedings were kept up with the greatest spirit till a very early hour.

Amongst the guests at the Central Hotel have been—Miss Williams, Wellington; Ben Jehu, Sydney; Captain Bird, Sydney; Mrs and Miss Smith, Sydney; Davis, Melbourne; Mr and Mrs Smart, Napier; Lamb; McCosachie, Glasgow; Cox, Thames; Stevens; Erskine, Sydney; Riley, Haslem, Roach, Fiji; Mrs McAndrew, Best, Mr and Miss Kennedy; Mr and Mrs Hayman, Christchurch; Joly, Dunedin; Duffy, Dunedin; Handcock, Sydney; Phillips, England; Dymock, McNeill; McEwen, Keep, Captain and Mrs Stenhouse; Close, Christchurch; Robertson, Sydney; Dr and Mrs Forbes; Lamande, Sydney.

Among the numerous visitors to the Star Hotel during the past week were H. J. King, Herbert Price, P. Mathers, Hong Kong; Mr B. Osborne and party, Australia; A. Gaffney, A. Grierson, E. C. Browne, J. Masters, W. Karquhar, Sydney; J. Williams, F. Anderson, B. Gleeson, Melbourne; H. Hunt, S. Mahood and party, F. Cox, London; J. Ferris, Count Kuth and valet, Copenhagen; Mr and Mrs Jones and family, J. D. Davidson, Edinburgh; Dr. McEasters and J. White, Outrim, Ireland; J. Walters, A. Street, B. Branson, San Francisco; Mr and Mrs Milne, Akaroa; Mr and Mrs Murdoch, London; Miss Ferguson, C. Ziele, O. Granville, Wellington; Mr and Mrs Pearson, Mr and Mrs Benstead and maid, England; W. Guthrie, Colombo; Mrs Wightman, Melbourne; Mrs Beddard, Suva; G. E. Borella and valet, Italy; Dr. Blanchard, Ireland.

Miss Fodor, of Christchurch, who has been the guest of Sir John and Lady Campbell for some weeks past, returned home on Tuesday.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT WRITES:—

Dr. T. Hope Lewis and Mr. W. Miller Lewis have been elected Fellows of the Royal Colonial Institute.

Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Bealey (Canterbury) arrived at the beginning of the week, having spent some time en route in South California with Mr. Bealey's brother, and in North-west Canada. They are staying at Hampstead.

Mr. George Jones (Petone) arrived by the Orizaba last Saturday for the purpose of inspecting machinery for the local water works. With this object he will shortly proceed to Leeds and Glasgow, and return next August.

Mr and Mrs Underwood, with their son and daughter (Wellington) had a first rate trip in Canada and U.S.A., visiting Toronto, Niagara, Montreal, and New York. They will visit Paris, tour through the Midlands, Scotland, and Ireland, and only set their faces homewards when tired of sightseeing.

Mr W. B. Cocks (Christchurch) has obtained employment in the well-known firm of furnishers, Mapie and Co., where he should gain experience that will hereafter be of great service to him in the colony.

Mr. J. Graham Gow, your trade representative, left London last Thursday. After a day with his brother at Manchester he will sail from Liverpool on Saturday for America, en route for Japan, China and India, where he will endeavour to open up fresh markets for your trade.

Dr. Parkinson, after his world wanderings, has established himself in London. He has taken No. 77, Sloane-street, Chelsea. Mr Beerbohm Tree's house, and will in the course of the next fortnight commence practice in that fashionable locality.

Mr J. W. Graham (Sumner), who arrived by the Oceana, has been up in the Midlands. After the Coronation he will tour England and Scotland, spend the end of July at Oban, and afterwards go to Holland, Switzerland, and other parts of the Continent.

Mr and Mrs Geo. Cliff are at present seeing their friends and relations in Staffordshire. They will come to London for the Coronation. After that their plans are uncertain, but they will return by the N.D.L. Rhein, leaving on September 8th.

Mr and Mrs J. H. Cocks and family, of Nelson, who arrived per s.s. Gothic on the 8th May, are at present at Bromley, in Kent. After the Coronation they will pay visits to friends in Devon and Cornwall, and later on intend making a lengthened tour and stay on the Continent.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Brown (Wellington), after "coronating," will cycle round England, spend the winter in Switzerland, see Italy the following spring, return on their cycles through France, spend the summer of 1903 in England again, and leave for New Zealand the following autumn.

Mr F. G. Gibson, who has just passed his M.B. examination, and has in the course of the last 15 months been Assistant House Surgeon, Assistant House Physician and House Physician at Guy's, leaves to-day with his cousin, who is an invalid, for a six months' tour of Canada, China and Japan, and Australasia, in the course of which he will pay a visit to his own colony.

Mr Begg leaves on Monday for a tour in Scotland and Ireland. After the Coronation he too has America and the Continent in view, and has booked his return passage by the Omrah, leaving 29th August.

I am glad to report that the health of Miss N. W. Thomsson (Invercargill) has been much improved. She and Miss Thomsson will spend the summer in the country in England, and the autumn in Scotland, before returning to New Zealand.

The Misses Henry (Wellington and Christchurch) have begun their year's holiday by visits to their relations in Southsea and Cheltenham and friends in Ealing, and have now taken quarters in Earl's Court until the Coronation, after which they will proceed to Scotland.

Mrs Heaton Rhodes (Christchurch) and Mr and Mrs G. H. Rhodes, who came by the Canadian Pacific route, reached London early this month. Mrs Rhodes is staying with Mr W. A. Clark, at 12, Onslow Square, and her plans are entirely dependent on the movements of Captain Heaton Rhodes and the Eighth Contingent.

Miss Rachel Richmond (Wellington) is attending lectures at the Froebel Educational Institute Training College, and means to visit the most advanced kindergarten schools in London and spend some time on the Continent studying the latest methods of teaching French to young children. She expects to leave England early in November.

Mr and Mrs W. Searle (Queenstown) are renewing their acquaintance with the friends of his youth at Southampton, will come up to London for the Coronation and spend a month in the metropolis, then stay for another month with Mrs Searle's family and friends in Devon and Yorkshire. After another sojourn in Hampshire and a few weeks on the Continent, they will leave again at the beginning of November.

Mrs R. W. England's (Christchurch) health has kept herself and her husband and daughter in Leamington until this week. They are going next week to Bournemouth, and their future movements will depend very much on the improvement in Mrs England's condition. They will probably come up for a few days for the Coronation, and Mr England will attend the New Zealand dinner.

Mr George Wilson (Wellington) had a pleasant trip with his wife and daughter across the Rocky Mountains and visit to Toronto and Niagara, but his arrival in England was saddened by the news that his mother had died three weeks previously in Edinburgh. They left last Saturday for the North of England and Scotland, where they will spend three months with their relations. After a short trip on the Continent they will probably leave by the P. and O. Co.'s China on 5th September.

I regret to hear that Mr. G. A. M. Buckley, of Lagmor, Ashburton, who has been staying at the Isle of Wight, and has purchased a beautiful yacht, is lying at a nursing hospital in London seriously ill with ulceration of the stomach, attributed to eating putrid meat during his travels in Patagonia. Mr. Buckley is under the care of Sir Thomas Lauder Brunton. The great authority on the disorders of digestion, and there is some talk of an operation before long.

The annual New Zealand dinner on June 17 promises to be quite the best yet held. The big hall of the Holborn restaurant has been secured, a band

engaged, and a new departure taken in the admission of New Zealand ladies to the galleries round the banquet hall to hear the speeches. Mr. Cameron has already had over fifty applications for tickets, and as a rule the great bulk of the tickets are taken in the fortnight just before the gathering.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Roberts and Miss Roberts (Christchurch), after leaving the Omrah at Plymouth a month ago, had a fortnight's tour in Devonshire, seeing old friends, and spent a similar time in Penzance, Mr. Roberts' native town, and the Scilly Islands. Up to the end of June they will devote themselves entirely to sight-seeing, visiting France and Belgium shortly, but after the Coronation is over Mr. Roberts will make himself an fait with the newest ideas in the mechanical and surgical branches of dentistry. He hopes to be back again in the colony before the end of the year.

After leaving the Himalaya at Marseilles early in March Mrs and Miss Hughes (Wellington), spent some time in the Riviera, visiting Cannes, Nice and Monte Carlo, and a week in Paris before coming to London. After the Coronation they will travel in England and Scotland, perhaps take one of the excursions to the Norwegian fiords, and then Miss Hughes will settle down to her art studies first at Slade School and afterwards at Paris. Mrs and Miss Hughes will remain in Europe for a couple of years.

Mr Edward Anderson and his son Mr Millward Anderson (Wellington) after leaving the Omrah at Plymouth made their way slowly to London by way of Exeter, Bristol, Bath, Salisbury, Wells, and Clifton. They will travel shortly to the North of England, Scotland, and Ireland, then visit France, Germany and Switzerland and leave on the 6th September, via America, where they will spend at least a month.

Among the New Zealanders on the Britannia were Messrs Arthur Adams, New Zealand correspondent in the Boxer war; Mr Platts, the well-known Port Chalmers oarsman; and Mr and Mrs George Foa and their daughter (Inglewood). As they had Mr and Mrs Tearle and Mr Black, of the "Bou Hur" Company, as fellow passengers, and picked up at Colombo Sir J. West Ridgway, the Governor of Ceylon, and at Aden numbers of Anglo-Indians coming home for the Coronation, the Britons of the South on board had a lively time. At Marseilles, Messrs Adams and Platts left the boat for a Continental tour before plunging into the Coronation crush. Mr Foa and his family came on to Plymouth. Before leaving England next December or January, he expects to travel in Scotland, Wales and Ireland, and to take a short trip on the Continent, visiting Rome in particular.

Mr. William Vicker, (Dunedin) has been going through some of the large wood-working manufactories in London and noting the latest improvements in machinery. He is at present on a visit to his sister, but after he has acclaimed King Edward VII. will stay with his friends in the ancient and quiet city of York, and then by way of contrast cross the herring pond to the modern and bustling city of New York. While in U.S.A. he will visit the chief cities and inspect the woodware machinery, and in St. Louis will stop with his brother.

Dr. and Mrs. Findlay (Wellington) saw a good deal of Canada on their way over, as they proceeded from San Francisco by train to Seattle, then by steamer to Victoria and Vancouver, thence by the C.P.R. to Montreal, breaking the journey at Banff, Winnipeg and Ottawa. In Ottawa Dr. Findlay spent a very pleasant afternoon with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and in Boston had a long interview with Chief Justice Holmes and saw a good deal of several other notable people. He is to appear before the Privy Council in two New Zealand appeals, one of which is to be argued early next month, and expects to be in London for two or three months.

Mr Louis P. Christenson (Wellington) has just arrived in London from America, where he has been studying electrolysis and dermatology under the well-known dermatologist, Dr. Rhodes, of Lowell, Mass. After passing his examination, Mr Christenson

made a tour of the chief cities of U.S.A., studying fashionable styles of ladies' hairdressing, in which, by the way, he finds the American coiffeurs considerably in advance of the English. He is just now engaged in the same work with one of the best Court hairdressers here, and after the Coronation leaves for Paris, where he will spend some time at the French Academies of Ladies' Hairdressing to acquire the most up-to-date styles. He is off in a few days for a run through Scotland and Ireland, and a visit to the Cork Exhibition, and will make his way back to New Zealand by way of Europe, the Holy Land, and the Suez Canal.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Firth (Wellington) are doing as much sightseeing in London as Jupiter Pluvius allows. They have been some time en route, having spent a fortnight in Egypt, proceeding up the Nile as far as Luxor. They came leisurely through Italy, made a short sojourn at "lovely Lucerne," where they ascended the Right, paused again in pleasure-loving Paris, and arrived in Bloomsbury and bustle about a fortnight ago. They will remain in London until after the Coronation, and Mr. Firth will devote some time to the investigation of our educational methods, including the system of technical instruction. When London empties they will tour a while in Scotland, Ireland and Wales, and towards the end of the year begin their homeward journey via America, where Mr. Firth will spend a month to see how the young idea is taught to shoot in that practical and progressive land.

Mr Thomas S. Culling of Dunedin and his wife made their appearance in London a few days ago, having taken travel leisurely since they left the colony three months ago. They came by the China as far as Port Said, and then spent a week doing Cairo and environs. Thence across the Mediterranean by the Osiris they sped to Brindisi, and after doing the usual Italian round, including visits to Rome, Milan, Florence and Venice they sojourned awhile in Switzerland before sampling the delights of life in Paris. There they stayed a fortnight, and then crossing the Channel made their way down into Somerset on a brief visit to relatives resident there. They have now settled down in London to do the "lions" and await the Coronation after which period of gaiety they propose to rusticate awhile in "Scotia, stern and wild" before starting on their homeward trek by way of America. Mr and Mrs Culling have enjoyed their trip so far immensely, and until they arrived in London they had met everywhere with the kindest reception from the clerk of the weather, never meeting even with a shower of rain till they struck Lucerne. Since their arrival in the metropolis, however, Jupiter Pluvius has done his best to repair his previous omissions, and, as we Londoners are painfully aware, his best has been very good indeed.

Fashions and festivities are the objects that have brought Messrs James Arthur (Dunedin) and Alex. Bezz (Christchurch) home. The former in Paris combined sight-seeing of "lions" and focks, and leaves next week on a cycling tour to the English lakes, returning for the Coronation. Afterward he will cycle in Scotland and Ireland, perhaps take a run over to America, tour on the Continent, and get back to Dunedin by Christmas time.

Mr Augustus Prevost, presiding over the annual dinner of the Old Boys of University College School held at the Hotel Cecil, said they had hoped Mr Chamberlain would have been present that night to have done honour to his old school, but unfortunately the right hon. gentleman had been detained in another place. The Colonial Secretary's name, he said, figures frequently in the school lists of the early fifties, and here is the record for one of those years, showing a remarkable all-round capacity, the scholastic foreshadowing the commanding statesman:—Greek, VI. Form Prize; Joseph Chamberlain Latin, V. Form; Mentioned with praise, Joseph Chamberlain. French, V. Form; Mentioned with praise; Joseph Chamberlain. Mathematics, V. Form Prize; Joseph Chamberlain.

Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, July 1.

A LARGE RECEPTION

The uncertainty of the weather is a cause of much anxiety to the hostess venturing to give an afternoon "At Home" in the winter season, and Mrs. Cotter, of Remuera, who last Tuesday entertained a large number of guests, must have appreciated the bright afternoon for her "At Home." The hostess received her guests in the hall, and was assisted by her daughters, who were assiduous in their attention to the comfort and pleasure of those assembled.

"Oaklands," with its picturesque surroundings and spacious apartments, is an ideal home for such a gathering of friends. The large ball-room lent itself admirably to a ping-pong tournament, which was entered into with vigour by the younger folks, and enjoyed equally by the spectators. The prize winners were Miss Kathleen Thompson, first; and Miss Myers, second. During the afternoon selections of music were contributed by Messdames S. Nathan, Archdale Taylor, Lawry, J. W. Stewart, and the Misses Jackson, and K. Thompson.

Trifles, Spanish creams, and many seasonable delicacies were arranged on large tables studded with narcissus and violets, intermingled with sinlax, the whole setting having a most charming effect.

Mrs Cotter looked handsome in a white silk spotted with black and inserted with black Chantilly lace, white shirred chiffon chemisette with touches of mauve; Miss Cotter was charming in a white flounced skirt and silk blouse inserted with guipure, cerise silk ceinture; Miss Millie Cotter's French grey voile, with large Richelieu collar of tucked lawn and lace, was much admired; Miss Winnie Cotter wore a lichen green chine silk, with lace on vandyke overskirt, and bands of emerald green velvet on bodice; Mrs John Ansenne wore black merveilleux, white chip hat trimmed with white and black chiffon; Mrs Aldridge, navy and white spotted satin, black bonnet with red roses; Miss Graves Aiekin, black flounced gown, black toque with grey wings; Mrs Black looked exceedingly well in a dove grey voile with handsome wide ecru Luxeuil lace on flounced skirt, lace bolero, black picture hat; Misses Buckland wore black cloth Eton tailor-made costumes; Mrs Baume, black cloth skirt and jacket, black bonnet; Mrs F. Baume was in a stylish pearl grey glace silk with overskirt and tiny frills to the waist at the back, black velvet picture jacket, black velvet hat with white crown and pompons at the side; Mrs Bachelder wore tabac brown strapped hat with silk of a darker shade, pastel felt hat with shaded roses; Mrs Thor. Buddle, rich black satin, white silk vest, and cream lace applique round bolero, black toque; Mrs George Bloomfield, electric blue zibeline, with black cascade revers and muff, black hat; Mrs Brett, black voile with silk strappings, black bonnet with dark red roses, and black chiffon boa; Mrs Wilfred Bruce, violet voile, point lace cape collar over-yellow silk, back chip hat swathed with chiffon and feathers; Mrs H. Bull, black coat and skirt, square lace collar, black hat with violets; Mrs Clas. Brown, check blouse and dark skirt; Mrs Bews; Miss Bews, fawn cloth costume; Mrs Bamford, black brocade, cream lace collar, lace straw hat with violet velvet and violets; Mrs McCosh Clark, black voile, black hat with ruch of feathers, and wore a sealskin cape; Miss Clark, French grey cashmere trimmed with cream guipure insertion, black hat with violets; Miss Pearl Clark, hyacinth blue, cream guipure lace collar, black picture hat; Mrs Cruickshank, black brocade, black toque; Miss Cruickshank, Prussian blue-frieze, strapped with black, black hat; Mrs Coleman, black brocade; Miss Coleman, electric blue, white feather bon, black hat swathed with pink silk and pink roses; Mrs R. A. Carr, dark costume; Mrs Ching, grey costume, toque to match; Miss Ching, navy coat and skirt with touches of white, grey toque with wings; Mrs W. Coleman, grey cloth costume strapped with black hat en suite; Miss Conolly, black merveilleux, black hat; Mrs Aiekin Carrick, black Italian cloth costume; Mrs Craig, black brocade,

black bonnet; Mrs R. C. Carr, black; Mrs Dargaville, handsome black striped silk grenadine over black satin, white chiffon front, black toque swathed with white and black spotted velvet and black plumes; Mrs Robert Dargaville, fawn face cloth strapped with brown silk, point lace vest, black King Hal hat with touches of turquoise blue; Mrs Duthie, bright navy, with glace silk bands, turquoise blue velvet plateau hat with cream lace; Mrs Dignan, black cloth with white vest, black hat with violets; Miss Moss Davis, gazelle brown cloth gown strapped with silk, brown toque; Miss Moss Davis, stylish electric blue zibeline, white satin and lace revers on Russian blouse, black picture hat; Mrs W. Frater, black with tucked bodice, violet velvet toque with posies of violets; Mrs Finlayson, black coat and skirt, black hat with black wings tipped with white; Mrs Foster, black cloth skirt and coat, pink silk blouse, black hat; Mrs Gorrie, black brocade; Miss Gorrie, dark navy coat and skirt, cream lace applique on revers, white straw hat trimmed with black velvet and scarlet geraniums; Mrs Nelson Gamble, navy cloth tailor-made frock, with revers faced with white silk, black hat; Mrs Andrew Hanna, black lace silk, cream lace collar, black velvet hat lined and swathed with white chiffon; Mrs S. Hanna, black satin, point lace revers, black toque; Miss Pearl Hanna was pretty in a white silk blouse and dark skirt; Mrs Houghton, stylish white frieze skirt and Eton, black hat; Miss Horton wedgwood blue cloth, white cloth collar, grey and white panne plateau toque; Mrs E. Hesketh, black brocade; Miss Hesketh, myrtle green and black-striped gown, white felt marquis hat with green velvet and leaves; Mrs S. Hesketh, black merveilleux; Miss Hughes, black; Mrs H. Horton, brown costume; Mrs Hunter, black cloth skirt and coat; Mrs Hunt, black voile, strapped with lace silk, ecru Luxeuil lace collar, black hat; Mrs Isaacs, black brocade, black bonnet with cluster of pink pompadour roses; Miss Isaacs, navy embossed velvet tight-fitting jacket, black skirt and hat; Mrs Moore-Jones, black brocade; Miss Moore-Jones, brown costume; Miss Jackson, navy coat and skirt; Miss Cissy Jackson, pretty shell pink silk blouse, tucked and inserted with lace, dark skirt, black picture hat; Miss B. Jones, fawn with touches of peacock blue; Mrs Keesing, black and white spotted satin bodice, black skirt and hat; Mrs Kempthorne, black brocade; Miss Kempthorne, black cloth tailor-made costume; Mrs H. Kiender, black silk with white silk vest, floral toque of Russian violets; Miss Kennedy, violet cloth with guipure lace collar, grey hat with pink chiffon and black wings; Mrs Langguth, navy cloth tailor-made gown, black and white velvet hat with seagull on crown, ermine collar; Mrs Lawry, black satin; Mrs Latimer, lustre; Mrs Thomas Morrin, slate blue frieze, coronation red velvet hat with shot silk chon; Mrs S. Morrin, black brocade, cream lace straw toque with violets; Mrs Maitland, smart violet voile with cream lace applique on skirt; Mrs C. C. McMillan, black satin, grey bonnet with grey plumes, grey ostrich feather boa; Miss Macfarlane, Tussock silk; Mrs O'Rorke wore a very stylish reseda green cloth with white revers and vest of cream lace, grey and white panne toque lined with blue velvet and bunches of violets; Mrs MacKay (Wellington), green laid costume, black toque; Mrs Louis Myers, black figured silk, amethyst panne bonnet with white satin crown; Mrs Leo Myers, grey velvet, short black merveilleux cape, trimmed with cream lace insertion, grey and cream lace toque; Miss Myers, dove grey voile overskirt, cut in castellated tabs, peacock blue cape, collar edged with fur, black picture hat; Mrs Mitchellson, navy coat and skirt, black hat with red roses resting on her hair; Mrs Mueller, black voile with satin bands, black bonnet with white chiffon rosettes and magenta roses; Miss Mueller, vieux rose satin faced cloth, strapped with black silk, white glace silk vest, inserted with lace, black velvet hat; Mrs L. D. Nathan, stylish black glace with finely tucked overskirt in vandykes over deep bounee, toque of leaves, bordered with wreath of bright

red silk poppies; Mrs Arthur Nathan, carmine red zibeline, cream lace collar, black Tudor hat; Mrs Nolan, mourning costume; Miss Nolan, black and white striped satin blouse, black skirt, black hat with violets; Mrs S. Nathan, bright navy coat and skirt, cream lace revers; Mrs C. M. Nelson, black, ecru lace collar, black toque; Mrs Oxley, heliotrope silk blouse, black cloth skirt, black velvet hat with touches of white; Mrs Alfred Porter, black brocade, greeny grey sac jacket, black hat; Miss Porter, turquoise blue silk blouse, black brocade skirt, black lace hat with wreath of pink unmounted roses round brim; Miss Percival, reseda green costume, with cream lace insertions; Mrs Peacock, brown mervilleux, bonnet to match; Miss Peacock, navy, grey toque; Mrs Payton, black skirt and coat, black and white toque; Mrs Pond, black brocade, black toque; Mrs Pritt, black spotted silk grenadine, black toque with chenille; Mrs W. Rainger, Prussian blue frock, with light blue chine silk vest, Maltese lace collar, and black satin hat with chenille round broad crown; Mrs Rankin Reed, fawn tweed, with brown fur edgings; hat en suite; Mrs J. Reid, black; Mrs Richmond, black; Mrs Runciman, black silk with satin frills, black silk mantle and bonnet; Miss Rose (Wellington), black and white shepherd's check skirt, black velvet coat, with cream revers, large black hat with drooping feathers; Dr. Grace Russell, navy coat and skirt; Mrs Arthur Robertson, electric blue, black picture hat; Mrs Sutherland (Fiji), beaver cloth, with black bands, red marquisse hat; Mrs A. Stewart, black brocade; Mrs John Stewart, fawn and brown costume, fawn velvet toque, with touches of pink and blue; Mrs Stuart (nee Graves Aickin), black skirt and silk Russian bodice, black toque; Mrs Saunderson, French grey voile, white vest, black hat; Miss Stevenson, fawn tailor-made skirt and coat; Miss Alice Stevenson, Coronation red zibeline; strapped with black lace, black picture hat; Miss Ina Stevenson, navy coat and skirt; Mrs Stevenson (Ponsonby), black silk; Miss Stevenson, black tailor-made frock; Miss Towle, blue satin blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Tilly, black costume, brown fur cape; Mrs J. A. Tole, mauve satin blouse, black satin skirt, violet silk toque; Miss Thorpe, black skirt and coat, white hat with black bows; Mrs Archdale Taylor, black skirt and velvet blouse, black hat with violets; Mrs Herbert Thompson, rich black satin, black bonnet with turquoise blue velvet; Miss Kathleen Thompson was pretty in an electric blue zibeline, cape collar edged with white fur, black picture hat; Mrs Upton, black matalasse, black and white bonnet, with brown fur; Mrs P. Wood (Christchurch), bottle green gown, ribbon embroidery on revers, mango yellow velvet folds on vest, black hat with grebe on edge of brim; Mrs R. M. Watt, violet cloth costume, trimmed with black satin rouleaux, violet silk and velvet toque; Mrs F. Winstone, wine-coloured cloth, red straw hat, wreathed with red roses; Mrs Williams, black mervilleux gown and mantle; Miss Ware, navy coat and skirt, black velvet hat with touches of white; Mrs J. Wilson, black, cream lace bolero, black chiffon toque with blue; Mrs Whitney, black satin, cream lace yoke, black hat swathed with cream lace; Mrs A. P. Wilson, black cloth Eton suit; Mrs Walker, black satin, toque with violets.

A LARGE DANCE.

The dance held in the Remuera Hall on the 25th inst. was universally pronounced a great success. The committee, comprising Mesdames Maitland, Shera, Corbett, Kinder and Finlayson, Misses Tylden, Lennox, Reid, Shera, and Hanks, Messrs Buddle, Reid, Corbett, Abbott, Finlayson, and Dr. Maitland, deserve credit for the way in which it was carried out. The supper was excellent, and the table decorations were very pretty, the vases being filled with red camellias, and white jonquils. The floor and music were alike good. Many pretty dresses were worn. Amongst those present were: Mrs Maitland in black voile skirt, pretty yellow silk blouse; Mrs Corbett, black brocade silk; Mrs Shera, black, relieved with red; Mrs Finlayson, black voile, with strapings of black silk, and silver trim-

ming; Mrs Henry Walker, black; Mrs White, black; and her daughter wore white, with cluster of roses on corsage; Mrs Tylden, black silk poplin, with point lace vest; Mrs Dawson, black; Miss M. Dawson, green silk; Mrs Kinder, black, with transparent sleeves; Mrs Winstone, pretty cream silk blouse, with pearl passementerie on corsage; Miss P. Gorrie, white Liberty silk, with lace insertion threaded with red bebe ribbon; Miss D. Ware, white brocade silk; Miss Muriel Peacocke looked pretty in white silk; Miss M. Hesketh, black; Miss Hunter (Cambridge), white; Miss D. Metcalfe, pink muslin, with white satin bands; Miss Muriel Hesketh, yellow silk; Miss M. Nice, white; Miss Nora Gorrie, white silk, with heliotrope flowers on corsage; Miss Gwen Gorrie, cream; Miss Kenny, white silk; Miss Cussen (Hamilton), black frock; Miss Tylden, white brocade silk, with sequin trimming; Miss Elsie Tylden, soft white silk, trimmed with chiffon; Miss B. Taylor (Cambridge), black; Miss K. Farley, cream; Miss Elsie Gilliland, white; Miss Witchell was much admired in white, with black velvet bebe ribbon; Miss May Cameron, black silk; Miss E. Pierce, pretty white Liberty silk, with lace insertion; Miss Myra Reid, white; Miss K. Shera, cream, with ecru insertion; Miss V. Banks, white muslin; Misses Sloman, black velveteen frocks; Miss Young, white spotted net, over blue satin, frills of net, edged with white satin ribbon; Miss M. Walker, white silk, with pink rasette on shoulder; Misses Beale (2), both wore white; Miss Wallace, cream, with green stripe; Miss N. Crowther, white muslin; Mrs Kinder, yellow; her sister wore blue; Miss Frater, cream; Messrs Meredith, Irving, Stuckey, Worley, Stephens, Sellers (2), Gorrie, Upton (2), Buddle, Reid, Shera, Benjamin, Kenny, Banks, Cotter, Mclayson (2), Cooke, Winstone, Walker (2), Goldie, Holmden, Murray, Hunter, Hutcheson, Northcroft, Hesketh, Gudgeon, Morrin, Pierce, Lennox, Nolan, St. Paul, Sloman, Somerville, Corbett, Tibbs, Sharland, Haynes, Walsh, Dr. A. Maitland, and G. Tylden.

PING-PONG CLUB.

A capital idea for a winter afternoon was evolved recently. Cards were issued by Mrs C. Heigbington Jones (Ponsonby) for the At Home at the Federal Club Room on Wednesday last, ping-pong being, of course, the "piece de resistance." Upwards of thirty ladies were present, and were all charmed with the cosy aspect of affairs on entering, the change from the wet and windy street to the brilliantly-lit rooms being most welcome. A series of matches was arranged, and the players handicapped on their merits. After very keen interest and competition, the winners were found in Miss Belle Moir (scr) and Miss R. Russell, each of whom received a very pretty prize. All present were unanimous in their praises of the idea as most successful and popular, and already other "afternoons" on similar lines are mooted. During the afternoon the hostess dispensed afternoon tea.

CORONATION DANCE.

Mrs Malcolmson Boulton and her pupils gave another delightful dance last week at the Foresters' Hall, Devonport. Before the dance started the tableau "Britannia and Her Daughters" was arranged most effectively. Miss Gould looking very handsome as Britannia. Then followed the Coronation March by the pupils, who looked pretty in white frocks and scarlet badges. Mrs Boulton wore a black evening gown; Miss Rees George, black velvet skirt and crimson blouse; Miss Bouillyon, black silk and jet trimmings; Miss Cardno, black silk and cream lace; Mrs Gould, black silk, softened with white chiffon; Mrs Cardno, black gown; Miss Graham, white silk with turquoise blue belt and red flowers; Miss Gavey, black, and red roses; Miss MacNeil, white, and deep crimson roses; Miss Butters, black silk and crimson roses; Miss Garret, pretty red dress; Miss Cunningham, cream lace, satin trimmings; Mrs Hayles, white silk; Miss Bennett, white silk; Miss Allison, white silk; Mrs Hall, black and plum-coloured brocade; Miss Ella Macky, cream cash-

mere and lace; Miss Kirk, cream silk and lace; Miss Craignault, pale green and black lace trimmings; Misses Molndoe, cream silk; Mrs Tanton, black silk and jet; Miss Tanton, white muslin and scarlet roses.

My Hamilton correspondent writes: The Masonic ball, which came off in the Volunteer Hall on Thursday evening, was a brilliant success. The hall was artistically decorated with Masonic emblems and evergreens. The music (Marriage's band) was, as many of the dancers remarked, "just lovely." The extras were played by Mrs and Miss Swarbrick, a most tempting supper was laid in the room behind the stage, and was done ample justice to by the large number present. There were many handsome dresses worn, and between the Masonic regalia of the Masons and a sprinkling of volunteer uniforms the hall presented a very bright and gay appearance.

A ping-pong club has been formed in Hamilton. The members meet every Tuesday evening. A tournament has been arranged to take place next week.

The members of the Girls' Hockey Club contemplate giving a dance shortly.

Miss Sandes is spending the holidays with her sister, Mrs Paislret, North Shore.

PHYLLIS BRON.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee. June 27.

TARANAKI RIFLES BALL

was held in the Drill Hall last Thursday evening, and proved a great success. Not only was the floor crowded with a merry throng, but numbers of spectators were sitting and in the gallery. The decorations consisted of festoons of red, white and blue, running right across the hall, full length, and improvised mirrors were arranged on the walls, finished with nikau ferns and flags. The whole, with the dresses of the ladies and the new scarlet uniforms of the volun-

teers, made a very pleasing and picturesque sight. The music was in the hands of Mr. McKinnon Bain, so nothing more could be desired. The supper table was very prettily decorated, by Mrs. T. O'Donnell, the national colours being the prominent colouring. Among those there were: Miss Drake, very pretty pale blue silk and white lace; Miss A. Drake, white silk; Mrs. Govett, black and white; Miss Govett, black grenadine over silk, finished with scarlet chou and streamers; Mrs. Morrison, black silk; Miss George, cream silk; Miss W. George, pale pink silk; Miss Geoffrey, black; Miss Rawson, cream; Mrs. Messenger, black silk, trimmed with white; Misses Rennell (2) wore pretty white tucked silk dresses, trimmed with white lace; Mrs. Dempsey; Miss Dempsey, white silk; Mrs. Taunton, black silk and gold sequin trimmings; Miss Humphries, black and white; Mrs. Fookes; Miss G. Fookes, white muslin; Miss E. Fookes, white silk; Miss M. Humphries, pale blue satin; Miss H. Humphries, yellow satin and chiffon; Miss B. Webster, pale blue silk; Miss I. Hill, blue velvet, trimmed with white; Miss Pearce, yellow and black; Miss A. Pearce, pale pink silk; Miss Capel, white muslin and yellow flowers on shoulder; Miss Jacob, black velvet and scarlet ribbon; Miss C. Jacob, white satin, with scarlet poppies on shoulder; Miss Ambridge, pretty dress of white frilled muslin over yellow; Mrs. Neil, yellow silk, trimmed with heliotrope flowers; Mrs C. Lever, white figured silk; Miss Knight, pink silk blouse, green satin skirt; Miss Ellis, blue silk; Miss I. Ellis, pale pink silk; Miss McAllum, white satin; Miss J. McAllum looked pretty in white muslin, trimmed with red ribbon; Miss Skeet, pink; Miss Standish, pale blue mirror satin; Miss Paul, cream satin; Miss Walker, black silk and sequin trimmings; Miss Hamerton, white silk; Miss McGonagle was much admired in white silk and silver trimmings; Miss —, McGonagle, black; Miss J. McGonagle, white muslin; Miss B. Thomson, white muslin and pale blue trimmings; Miss W. Thomson, pink blouse, white skirt; Mrs. O'Driscoll, pretty mauve checked

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

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

MANUFACTURE ROYALES.

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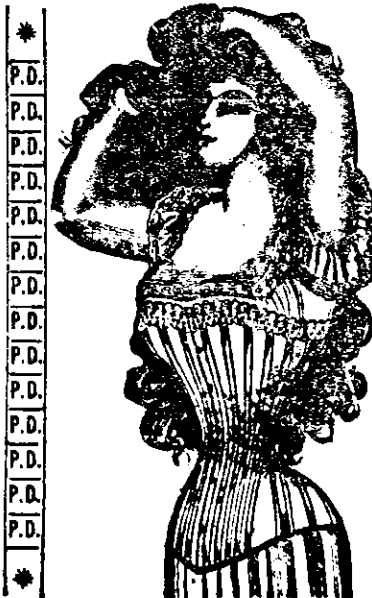
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IN MANY VARIETIES, SHAPES, AND STYLES.



silk, trimmed with a darker shade of velvet; Mrs. Hadfield, black silk and pink roses; her little daughter wore white silk, with yellow ribbons; Miss M. Moon, white tucked silk; Mrs. Holmes, Miss G. Morey, Mrs. Oswin, Mrs. Fenton, Miss Kendal (Auckland), Madame Tuschka, black grenadine; Mrs. W. Bayly, black silk and pink roses on shoulder; Miss Wells, white silk; Miss O. Sole, pale blue, with gold trimmings; Miss O. Cook, pale blue silk blouse, white skirt; Miss Hook, scarlet silk; Mrs. J. Roberts, red blouse, white skirt; Miss A. Fynn, white corded silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Burton, white silk; Miss O. Burton (Dunedin), pink flowered muslin; Miss Sarten, red silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs. T. O'Donnell, scarlet velvet blouse, dark skirt; Mrs. Penn, black satin; Miss J. Fraser, pale blue silk, white silk skirt; Miss Irvine, pale pink satin; Miss Rundle, pink silk. Among the gentlemen were: Messrs. Smith, M.H.R., Captains Cook, and Weston, E. Gilmour, Priar, Smith, Goldwater, Armitage, Bacon, Bellringer, Carter, Rogers, Morgan, C. Givett, Newall, Robertson, Standish, W. Bayly, Beckett, Paul, Kirky, George, Hughes, Dempsey, Fookes, Wynn Williams, Humphries, Cliff, Thomson (2), Horrocks (2), Cutfield, H. Stocker, Northcroft, Hadfield, Tuschka, Tunbridge, Weston (3), Kennell, T. Shaw, Drake, Messenger, Goldwater, Breunan, Brasch, Bruce, Williams, Miller, Spencer, Clarke, C. Davies, W. Moon, Sarten, Barrett, Tonks, Rowan, Griffiths, Bennett, Wilson, Cook, Tribe, etc.

NANCY LEE.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee,

June 27.

At last Saturday's meeting of the Waiohiki Golf Club, though the weather was most unpropitious in the morning, there was a good attendance, and some very interesting play in the ladies' foursomes. The scoring on the whole was higher than usual.

Mrs. Jardine and Miss Mary McLean were first with 98-20, 74; Mrs. C. Cato and Mrs. A. Kennedy with 91-12, 79, came in second; and Misses M. and L. Davies, 85-12, 82, were third. The men's course was unplayable, as four of their greens were covered with water, so their match for the captain's trophy was postponed. Tea was provided by Mrs. Herrold, who looked well in a grey tweed coat and skirts and a sailor hat; Mrs. Donnelly wore a black dress, a sable cape and a large black hat; Mrs. C. Cato had a stylish grey dress, and a Panama straw hat; Miss Page wore a black jacket, dark skirt and fur boa; Mrs. Jardine was in black. Most of the players wore red and gold, the colours of the club.

Mrs. A. Davidson gave a pleasant entertainment to her friends on June 24. It took the form of a "personal tea." The first prize was won by Miss Mary McLean, and the second by Miss Todd. Mrs. Davidson looked well in a pretty black silk, with vest of black and white silk and black ribbons introduced on the bodice; Miss Connan wore black foulard, with a tucked bodice; Mrs. Pharazyn wore a rich grey dress; and Mrs. Stedman was dressed in blue, trimmed with gold, and she wore a little red introduced into her hat; Mrs. Kettle was also in blue, large red hat; Mrs. P. S. McLean, dark cloth dress; Mrs. Hovell, fawn jacket, black skirt, pretty toque covered with silver passementerie; Miss Myra Williams had a black dress; Miss Nellie Cotterill also wore black; Miss Cornford wore a grey blouse, a black skirt, and a hat trimmed with blue; Miss Glendinning (Wairoa) was in navy blue, and her hat was trimmed with red; Miss Kitty Williams wore a dark serge costume; Miss Kettle had a fawn jacket, a dark skirt and a burnt straw hat; Miss Louie Hoadley, bright blue cloth dress, white boa and hat; Miss Hovell, fawn jacket, dark skirt, bright rose-pink hat; Miss Todd wore a dark coat and skirt, and a hat to correspond.

MARJORIE.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee,

June 26.

How little we thought, a few days back, what sad and painfully sudden news Wednesday would bring us! The serious illness of His Majesty the King has cast a depressing gloom over the whole community, coming so unexpectedly after the news of his apparent recovery. Crowds of people await each piece of latest information outside the newspaper offices. Of course, all festivities are cancelled, also the ball at Government House, which was to have been held to-morrow night, and the Reception there on Tuesday. The only arrangements which were carried on were the school-children's treats and dinners to the poor, as this was His Majesty's expressed wish.

It was a sad piece of news to greet the returned troopers of the Seventh Contingent with yesterday. The troopship Manila arrived in the harbour at about half-past twelve, and the Contingent was landed immediately after being passed by the Health Officer. The troopers were enthusiastically welcomed with cheers, and

were afterwards entertained at a luncheon by the Ministry in the Drill Shed. His Excellency the Governor presided, Major Johnston (in command of the Contingent) being on his left. Others who were present were Sir J. G. Ward, Mr Aitken (Mayor), General Babbington and his A.D.C. Captain Campbell, Major Moore, and several members of Parliament. The health of the King was proposed by Lord Ranfurly, who made a short speech, referring briefly to the sorrowful news of our Sovereign's illness, which they had received but a few hours before. The toast was honoured enthusiastically, and the National Anthem was sung. Sir Joseph Ward proposed "His Excellency the Governor," and also "The Seventh Contingent," and Captain Johnston replied to the latter in a very brief speech. The troopers seem very bright and well, and are full of their adventures. There are two invalids among them, but they were carried into the Drill Shed and were able to take part in the festivities there.

The Misses Harding gave a very pleasant afternoon "At Home" to a number of their girl friends last Friday. Unfortunately it turned out a horribly windy, wet day, but in spite

A BEAUTIFUL FABRIC.

THE

'Louis' Velveteen.

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An exquisite combination of
Comfort and Elegance designed
to give simultaneous rest to all
parts of the human frame.

EXTRACT FROM "AUCKLAND STAR," NOVEMBER 19th, 1901.

"An armchair, which for ease and comfort may fairly be said to surpass anything of its kind, has been put in the market by Messrs. Smith & Caughy. The chair, which has been patented, is the invention of Mr. W. Aggers, of this city. Its external appearance is that of an ordinary armchair, but by an ingenious arrangement of springs, the new invention is made as comfortable as one could desire. The seat, back, and arms are all fitted with springs, which yield to every motion of the sitter, absolute ease being thus secured. The chair is very simply constructed, there being nothing to get out of order, and the one originally made by the patentee, after two years of use, is now in perfect order. For invalids the chair should be very popular, and in clubs and hotels it will probably be widely used. The maker has styled it the "Advance." In a slightly different chair the arms are made rigid."

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of this there were numbers present. Tea was prettily laid in a morning room, and ping-pong was kept going in the dining-room. Another attraction was a fortune teller, who was kept very busy on the landing at the top of the stairs. The quantity of lovely spring flowers were the envy and admiration of all. Violets and primroses were particularly in evidence. I believe they came from the Wairarapa, where these sweet flowers always flourish. Mrs Harding was present, and wore a black gown, trimmed with lace. Miss Harding wore a figured green foulard gown, with a white vest; Miss H. Harding, a dark skirt and white tuck-ed silk blouse; and Miss E. Harding wore a cornflower blue gown with white silk vest and lace revers. Some of those present were the Misses Edwin, Hislop, Brandon, Higginson, Gore, Fitzgerald, Harcourt, Dransfield, Barron, Swainson, Spratt, Morrah, Skerrett, and others.

Quite a number of people have arrived in Wellington for the expected Coronation festivities, among them being Mr and Mrs Hugh Beetham and Miss Beetham (Masterston), Mr and Mrs Abraham (Palmerston), Miss Roberts and Miss Gibson (Dunedin), Miss Elworthy (Timaru), Mr and Mrs Godfrey Pharazyn (Rangitikei), and others.

Mr and Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, of Christchurch, and the Misses McLean (Dunedin) are guests at Government House.

The Misses O'Connor were among those who went for the Islands trip by the Waikare.

OPHELIA.

NELSON.

Dear Bee. June 23.

On Wednesday evening Miss Dora Judson, who has recently come to Nelson from Auckland, gave a

CONCERT

in the School of Music, which was in every way a decided success. Miss

Judson is an accomplished player and an artist, her expression is charming, and her touch clear and crisp. The programme included selections from Bach, Brahms, Chopin, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, and in all this clever young musician proved herself mistress of her instrument. The many present were delighted, and showed their appreciation by rounds of applause. Miss Judson also took the piano part with Herr Lemmer (violin) in Grieg's "Sonata Op. 8," which was capitally rendered. Herr Lemmer also played a violin solo, accompanied by Miss Duff, who also very ably played all the accompaniments throughout the evening. Mr B. Couey was in splendid voice, and his two songs were received with tremendous applause, and to everyone's delight he responded to both encores. Miss K. Fell sang Wilson's "Shepherd, Thy Demeanour" with great success, and also had to respond to an encore. Altogether the concert was one of the best held in Nelson, and the School of Music is fortunate in securing the services of such a talented musician as Miss Judson. Miss Judson wore a gown of soft white silk, trimmed with chiffon and lace; Miss K. Fell wore a handsome gown of black silk, the bodice finished with white chiffon; Miss Duff looked well in white. Amongst the large and fashionable audience were: Mrs Mules, black silk, pink cap; Mrs Fell, black, relieved with white; Misses Fell (2); Mrs Sealy and the Misses Sealy (2); Mrs Lemmer, heliotrope silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs Bell, black; Miss A. Bell, white silk; Miss Glasgow, black evening dress; Mrs and Miss A. Glasgow; Mrs de Castro; Mrs James Marsden; Miss Marsden, white fur-trimmed opera cloak over dark gown; Mrs and Miss Nalder, the latter wearing light blue; Mr and Mrs F. H. Richmond and Miss F. Richmond; Miss Heaps, long heliotrope cloak, trimmed with white fur; Mrs Jack Sharp, black; Mrs A. Grace; Mrs and Miss Duff; Miss L. Ledger, blue silk blouse; Miss Dorothy Bell, mauve silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Kempthorne, black and white silk, relieved with scarlet

Bowers; Miss Hunter - Brown, black evening dress; Misses Pike, Huddleston, Bunny, Selanders, Gibbs, Coote (2), Buchanan, Cuthbertson, Gribben, Gibson, Stevens, Browning, Moore, and many others.

On Friday evening a large

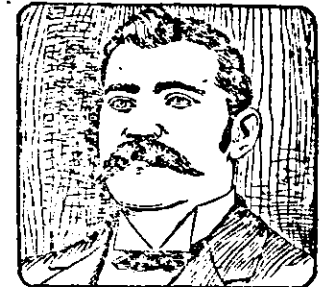
PING-PONG TOURNAMENT

was held at the School of Music, under the auspices of the Nelson Lawn Tennis Club. It was in every way a very great success; there was a large attendance of spectators, and over seventy players. Six tables were in use all the evening, and some of the games were most exciting, especially in the finals, when Miss M. Robinson beat Miss Gully by 4 points, and Mr Beere beat Master Hugh Hamilton by 13 points; the two champions, Miss Robinson and Mr Beere, were loudly applauded. A short musical programme was rendered during the evening; songs were sung by Miss Gilbert and Mr T. Houlker; violin solo, Miss Buchanan; and pianoforte solo, Mr Coney. The proceedings, which were altogether most enjoyable, terminated with an hour's dancing. Amongst those who took part in the tournament were Mrs Bunny, Mrs Roberts, Misses M. Robinson, Gully (2), Grant, Kunny, D. Bell, Blackett, M. Glasgow, Fell, Roberts (2), Moore, E. Sealy, Buchanan, Trent, J. Wright, Lee, Lightfoot, Heaps, Nalder, M. Harris, E. Ledger, Seldon (2), Street, St. John, Booth, L. Preshaw, Messrs Beere, Hugh Hamilton, C. Broad, Dodson, A. P. Burnes, Roxby, Strachan, Rowley, Houlker, Wright, Bishworth (2), Coney, Parker, Cutfield, Campbell, James, Heaps, Laureson, Kellow, C. Hamilton and others. Amongst the audience were noticed Mesdames Robinson, A. P. Burnes, A. Glasgow, Sealy, Bell, Harris, Blackett, Fell, Dodson, Lightfoot, Hamilton, F. Hamilton, J. Sharp, Perston, Lemmer, Ellis, Trent, Wright, Misses A. Bell, Gilbert, Mackay (2), Fell, Wright, Edwards, Robertson, Ledger, Tatton, S. Blackett, Tomlinson, Maginnity, Selanders, Pasley, Preshaw, Hunter-Brown, Messrs Selanders, Levien (2), Patterson, Fell,

Booth, de Tournelles, Harkness, St. John, J. Sharp, Perston, Porter (Gisborne), Gully, and many others.
PHYLIS.

Can't Eat

You certainly don't want to eat if you are not hungry. But you must eat, and you must digest your food, too. If not, you will become weak, pale, thin. Good food, good appetite, good digestion, — these are essential.



Mr. Robert Venn, of Lancaster, Tasmania, sends us his photograph and says: "I suffered greatly from loss of appetite, indigestion, pain in the stomach, weakness, and nervousness. Several doctors tried in vain to give me relief. A friend then induced me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, for it had done him much good. The first bottle worked wonders for me. Soon my appetite came back, my indigestion was cured, and I was strong and hearty."

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PERSONAL NOTES FROM LONDON.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

LONDON, May 23, 1902.

At the Court held by the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace last Friday night, there were presented the Countess of Seafield, by Lady Forestier-Walker, and Mrs Joseph Stidholme, on her marriage, by the Countess of Glasgow. Among those present were the Earls of Glasgow and Seafield.

The Countess of Glasgow's dress of palest heliotrope satin, was broche, with a graceful floral pattern. It opened in deep points over an underskirt of chiffon and lace, over which was a festoon of chiffon and gold roses. The bodice was trimmed with point d'Alecon lace, and garlands of chiffon roses with silver centres. The train of mauve miroir velvet was lined with lemon-coloured satin, and trimmed with real lace.

Lady Forestier-Walker was gowned in white satin, wrought with silver, and had a train of red velvet with a silver ornament forming a kind of hood.

Dr. Haines (Auckland) will return to the colony in October or November. During his two years' sojourn on this side he has toured largely in Great Britain and abroad, and while in London he has been in constant attendance at the Medical Graduates' Polyclinic, the West London Hospital, and elsewhere, with a view to studying all recent developments in his profession.

Mrs and Miss Morrissen (Auckland) arrived at the end of last week by the Africa, and will go North in a few days to relations in Inverness, afterwards proceeding to Ireland and returning to the colony about September.

The Seddon Memorial Fund now amounts to over £250. Among the latest subscribers are Shaw, Savill and Albion Co., W. Weddel and Co., Turnbull, Martin and Co., each of which firms subscribe ten guineas; Hallenstin Brothers and Co., and Mr Geo. Beetham, who sympathise to the tune of five guineas apiece; Mr John Cooke and N.Z. Farmers' Co-operative Association, who each subscribe three, and "N. Seafield," who gives a modest guinea. It has been decided that the memorial shall take the form of a service of plate, address and album, in which the contributors will sign their names. The presentation will be made at the New Zealand dinner on 17th June.

Last Monday Miss Mary Frances Neale, only daughter of Mr W. A. Neale, J.P., of Waikato, and granddaughter of Mrs Neale, late of Sunny Moor, Bourne-mouth, was married to Dr. John Aston Swindale, M.B.B.S., eldest son of Dr. J. Swindale, M.R.C.S.,

L.S.A., Ipswich. The ceremony took place at Dr. yton, St. Leonard, and was performed by the bride's uncle, the rector, Rev. J. H. F. Hope, M.A.

Mr John Bayne, M.A., B.Sc., former Director of the Lincoln Agricultural College, was last week unanimously appointed by the Technical Instruction Committee of the Lancashire County Council at Preston the Principal of Agriculture for the county, at a salary of £530 a year. Mr Bayne will take entire charge of the agricultural educational work through the county, which should profit handsomely by his colonial experience.

Mr C. J. Parr has considerably enlarged his mental horizon since he left Auckland, and it will be surprising if he does not return a far more valuable councillor to the city after his experiences in America and the Old Country. The experiences of himself and Mr D. L. Caldwell, who were fellow-travellers in the American liner, gave them cause for reflection as to the effects of the swallowing up of British shipping by American trusts. The two Aucklanders spent a very profitable couple of months in U.S.A. and Canada, travelling through Southern California, Salt Lake City, Kansas City, Chicago, Detroit, the best managed and equipped municipally Mr Parr has yet seen, and Niagara. In Canada they visited Toronto, Montreal, and Quebec, where Mr Caldwell discussed with several leading business men the development of business and trades relations between Canada and New Zealand. The hospitality experienced by the two Aucklanders at the hands of their Canadian cousins was almost overwhelming, and they both came away impressed by the great potentialities of Our Lady of the Snows. Through Boston and Philadelphia the travellers passed on to Washington, where through the kind offices of Senator Dillingham they obtained a ten minutes' interview with President Roosevelt at the White House. The President, who before receiving them had just gallantly bidden farewell to two lady visitors with the compliment, "Ladies, you have brightened my day," was in genial mood. He showed himself well acquainted with New Zealand characteristics, and much interested in the trend of its legislation, and plied his callers with questions about the colony, evincing a special interest in the Maoris and their approximation to European civilisation. He expressed himself as much struck by the loyalty of the colony, and the large number of men, in proportion to its size, it had despatched to the war. Altogether the interview, though brief, was very cordial. Mr Parr, who during the past fortnight has been making some investigations into the matters of street paving, sewerage, and garbage destructors, will fill in the interval before the Coronation by trips to the Dukeries and the chief Midland cities. After the great event he will travel to Ireland and Scotland, and leave for the Continent about the beginning of August, seeing something of France,

Switzerland, and Italy, and catching the outward boat at Naples.

Mr Seddon's speeches at Durban attract a good deal of attention in the London press. The "Times" sees in them an indication of what a repetition (of a Majuba betrayal) might cost us amongst the great and growing democracies on whom the future of the Empire largely depends. The "Daily Telegraph" devotes a leader to Mr Seddon, in which it says: "New Zealand is the most democratic of all our colonies, and Mr Seddon is the most typical democrat who has ever filled the office of Prime Minister within the borders of the Empire. It might, therefore, have been thought that he would have been 'a grateful person' to the Radicals of Great Britain. He is a great man and a powerful, but he is a staunch Imperialist. And so it comes to pass that next to Mr Chamberlain, and possibly Lord Milner, the Prime Minister of New Zealand is an abomination to the Little Englanders. He has given them cause, for New Zealand has, in proportion to its numbers, sent more contingents to the aid of the Mother Country than any of the daughter nations. But the raising of volunteers in his colony is by no means the gravest offence Mr Seddon has committed in the eyes of the enemies of their country. He has used the most uncompromising language about the bases of peace, and his virile words have made the Spaniards allies of Mr Kruger wince, and have brought on hysteria."

After contrasting the position of the pro-Boers with that of the colonial statesman, the "Telegraph" continues: "He has no voice in the Imperial Parliament, he can give no votes, nor can he win them, and yet England would have lost more, perhaps, than her honour even—she would have lost her sense of gratitude—if she did not listen with the most favourable ear to the pleadings and arguments of chosen representatives of the daughter-nations. In the hour of stress and storm, without appeal, they proffered their assistance to the Mother Country. They made no terms, they asked no reward, they gave freely of their best without counting the cost. Constitutionally, of course, they have no right to raise their voices in Parliament, but morally the opinion of Mr Seddon and other Colonial Premiers outweighs the judgments of all the pro-Boers at Home. Mr Seddon asserted at Durban that 'no one desired peace more than he did, but it must be peace on an everlasting basis. Nothing less would be in accordance with the feeling of the colonies. The surest way to bring about peace was to bring more men. These are the words not only of the Chief Minister of a democratic colony; they express the ineradicable convictions of every true Imperialist wherever he is to be found, under oak, or palm, or pine."

"We must insist (concludes the "Telegraph") that, whatever the terms we grant to the vanquished Boers, they must be such as will command, at least the acquiescence, if

not the unqualified approbation, of the loyalists of South Africa, and of every British colony which has played its part in this war."

The Executive of the British Empire League propose to enter shortly on a campaign to educate the people of the Old Country to a proper appreciation of the desirability of establishing an Imperial Zollverein. To begin with they propose sending Lieut.-Col. Denison, President of the Canadian branch of the British Empire League, to visit various important provincial centres in this country, and address meetings in connection with the Chamber of Commerce and kindred bodies on the subject of tariffs and fiscal arrangements. At the end of last year Colonel Denison, who is now in London, and who will deliver his first address in the North within the next few days, was the principal speaker at various meetings in the interest of the League in Canada, when on two occasions the following resolution, moved and seconded by prominent members of both political parties, was unanimously adopted: "That this meeting is of opinion that a special duty of 5 to 10 per cent. should be imposed on every port in the British possessions on all foreign goods, the proceeds to be devoted to Imperial defence, by which each port would not only be doing its duty towards the common defence, but at the same time be receiving a preference over the foreigner in the market of the Empire." Colonel Denison in his addresses will deal at length with the subject-matter of this resolution.

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Dr. Campbell's Knighthood.

The information that Dr. Campbell had been made Sir John Logan Campbell was conveyed to him last week in a telegram from His Excellency the Governor, as follows:—

"I have the honour to inform you that His Majesty has been pleased to confer on you the rank of Knight Bachelor.—Ranfurly." The telegram is addressed "Sir John Logan Campbell, Kt."

Sir John Logan Campbell answered His Excellency as follows:—"His Excellency, the Earl of Ranfurly: I have the honour to acknowledge receipt of Your Excellency's telegram, intimating to me that His Majesty has been pleased to confer upon me the rank of Knight Bachelor." In accepting the great distinction which His Majesty has been pleased to confer upon me, I feel I cannot dissociate myself from my fellow pioneer colonists, and that the honour so graciously bestowed extends to them as well as to the citizens of Auckland. I pray Your Excellency to convey to His Majesty in such words as you may deem most fit the acknowledgments of his devoted subject."

A telegram from Wellington says that in its reference to Dr. Campbell the "Post" says: "The honour conferred on Dr. Logan Campbell singles out one of the oldest and most deserving of New Zealand's colonists. Dr. Campbell was one of the most energetic citizens of the rising township of Auckland in its earliest days, and when, on the occasion of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, he was called as a veteran to the Mayoral chair, he signalled his munificence by the gift to the city of a valuable park at One Tree Hill. Dr. Campbell owns a beautiful residence overlooking the Waitemata, and his biography is contemporary and intimately connected with the growth of the Northern capital."

His Worship the Mayor, Mr Alfred Kidd, was the first citizen to congratulate Sir John Logan Campbell this morning. Mr Kidd waited upon Sir John first thing, and said he wished to congratulate him on behalf of the citizens of Auckland upon the well deserved honour His Majesty the King had been pleased to confer upon him. "To no one," said the Mayor, "throughout the length and breadth of the colony could an honour have been given that would have been more popular." On behalf of Mrs Kidd and himself the Mayor also asked Sir John to convey congratulations to Lady Campbell. After fittingly responding, Sir John Campbell remarked, with that homely dry manner so well known, that though the King had been pleased to alter his designation, he had no doubt he would still be "Dr. Campbell" to the people of Auckland for the rest of his days.

On an occasion like the present one, when His Majesty has seen fit to recognise the worth of the Father of Auckland, it is but fitting that some brief reference should be made to the past career of the recipient of the King's Coronation honour, although to Aucklanders generally the principal facts are pretty well known. Sir John Logan Campbell, M.D., M.R.C.S., is the only son of the late John Campbell, Esq., M.D., of Edinburgh, and the grandson of the late Sir James Campbell, Baronet, of Abernethy and Kilbride, Perthshire. He therefore comes of an old Scots family, and is not the first of the line that has been honoured by the Crown with the right to bear the title "Sir." Of more interest from an Aucklanders' point of view is the fact that Sir John Logan Campbell, being now in his 84th year, is still hale, hearty and wonderfully active, advancing years apparently having only ripened his judgment, without prejudicially affecting his physical or mental powers. To him belongs unchallenged the title of Father of Auckland, for he has seen the present city develop from a few raupo wharves to its present condition, when

the main street is to be asphalted, and electric tramways laid to the suburbs. Apart from the kindly interest felt on all sides for one who has helped to found the city, the fact that he presented to the people the magnificent Cornwall Park, makes his present honour at the hands of the King all the more appreciated by the citizens.

Sir J. L. Campbell was educated at Edinburgh, and graduated at the University, taking the degree of M.D. In 1838-9 he threw up a commission in the East India Company's service, and sailed from Greenock, July, 1839, in the ship Palmyra, Capt. Brown, bound for Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney, with emigrants, being medical officer in charge. In 1840 he came over to this colony, first landing at Wellington. Shortly afterwards he came on with a comrade to the North, and first landed in the beautiful land-locked Waikou Harbour (Coromandel), where he remained some time under the protection of the great Maori chief, Te Taniwha, generally known as Old Hooknose. Subsequently the adventurous doctor made a boat excursion up the Waitemata, and navigated its waters before a white man had set foot on the Auckland beach (Horotiu). On their way up they called at Waieke, where the Delhi, barque, was loading spars for England. They next sailed to Orakei Bay, and went over to the Manukau, ascended One Tree Hill (Maungakiekie), and afterwards went up the Waitemata to Pine Island (Pahi). As the Maoris were averse to selling any land, the party went back to Coromandel. Later on Dr. Campbell changed his quarters on the Hauraki Gulf to Waiomo, where he and his partner, Mr William Brown, sojourned with the chief Kanini, of the Ngatimatera tribe, and bought from the natives Motu Koroa (Brown's Island) in August of 1840. In September of the same year Dr. Campbell was present at the unfurling and saluting of the flag at the foundation of Auckland. The only other two survivors of those then present are Messrs E. M. Williams and Horatio Nelson Warner. In the following December Dr. Campbell pitched his tent in Commercial Bay, gave up the medical profession, and started the firm of Brown and Campbell, on the allotment on which it has ever since conducted its business. Nine years afterwards he visited the Old Country, returning in 1850. In 1855 Dr. Campbell first entered the field of politics, being elected Superintendent of the Province, and also member of the House of Representatives for Auckland. It was at this period he started the volunteer movement in Auckland long before its commencement in England. Subsequently Dr. Campbell was a member of the Stafford cabinet, without portfolio, but resigned in 1856 to again visit Britain. In 1859 he was returned for Farnell, and in 1861 made a long visit to Europe, from which he did not return till 1871. In May, 1897, the firm of Brown, Campbell and Co. joined forces with the late firm of Ehrenfried Bros., the two constituting at the present time the Campbell and Ehrenfried Co. Ltd., of which the subject of this sketch is the venerable Chairman of Directors. When, a year ago, the citizens of Auckland were looking for a fitting Mayor to represent them upon the occasion of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, by common consent, the Father of the City was turned to, and he, recognising the wishes of the people, once more returned to public life. It will thus be seen that Sir J. L. Campbell's career is intimately associated with the progress of the city, and the honour done him by the King to some extent is reflected upon the people amongst whom he has so long dwelt, and by whom his many virtues are so thoroughly recognised and appreciated.

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Stamp Collecting.

The colour of the 15 cent Spanish stamp has been changed from blue-black to lilac.

The 1d rose and 6d stamps of Cook Island Federation, Queen Maken's head, are now issued in much deeper tints than formerly. Evidently there has been another printing.

The greatest auction sale of stamps in the world is reported to have been that of the W. Elliott Woodward Company's collection, about 13,800 dollars' worth changing hands.

Something like 28,000,000 of the new stamps of Greece were issued, but only 50,000 were 3 drachmae, and 25,000 were 5 drachmae. Every stamp is water marked, but unfortunately not very clearly.

Stamp collectors have this week shown considerable eagerness to secure specimens of the new issue bearing the head of King Edward VII. This is the natural result of the distressing news received regarding His Majesty.

It was intended that the 1/2 and 1/4 anna postage adhesives, 1/2 anna post-cards, and 1/2 anna envelopes, with head of King Edward, should be issued in each of the Indian Presidencies on Coronation Day.

The 15c. green and blue Mauritius has been issued with surcharge 12 cents in black, with black bar through the original value. Although 30,000 of these provisionals were issued, they were all sold out the same day, so that dealers will have ample stocks for the benefit of collectors.

In honour of the Coronation a new stamp album has been issued, called "The King's Own." This will provide for the new issue of stamps of Great Britain and the colonies, bearing the King's head. A Victoria album, exclusive for stamps bearing the late Queen's head, would also be useful.

The latest figures regarding the Pan-American stamps for the Buffalo Exhibition go to prove that collectors need not fear any scarcity for the future. The actual issues were as follows: One cent, 91,401,500; two cent, 209,759,700; four cent, 5,737,100; five cent, 7,201,300; eight cent, 4,921,700; and ten cent, 5,040,700.

The Postmaster-General, London, has definitely stated there will not be any Coronation issue of stamps to mark the commencement of the reign of King Edward VII. Philatelists have therefore special cause for thankfulness, for new issues come out so rapidly now all over the world, that the collector in despair is ready to cry out, "Hold! enough!"

The stamps of Swaziland should steadily increase in value now that the Boer Government has ceased to exist in South Africa. The Boer issue only lasted four years, and as there will not be any more in the future Swaziland should be gilt-edged. It may not be generally known that Swaziland is a small Kafir State, S.E. of the Transvaal, peopled by about 60,000 blacks, and about 1000 whites. After this tract of land had come under the administration of the South African Republic, the Boer Government extended their own postal system to it, issuing October, 1899, a set of stamps created simply by overprinting in black 3 values of the Transvaal stamps of 1885—the new design of the Second Republic—with the name Swaziland in lower case sans-serif letters; 4d. to 1/. The next year saw the remaining higher values, 2/6 to 10/ treated in a similar manner, followed in 1892 by the half-penny value overprinted in red instead of black. Care, however, requires to be used when buying Swaziland stamps, as many forgeries are in existence, as, for instance, "Swaziland" with "a" in place of "z"; also purely bogus overprints like the 3d., a stamp which never existed, or a 2d. stamp surcharged "4" in violet in the corners of a genuine stamp over the original face value, and once in the centre, to make collectors believe a 4d. provisional has been created because hitherto no 4d. was issued in Swaziland. Reprints are also in existence.



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See this Trade Mark on every Tin.

The Humbert Hoax.

THE MOST GIGANTIC SWINDLE OF THE AGE.

The affairs of the diamond necklace and the Tichborne claimant must be ranked as very small and clumsy impostures compared with the colossal and complicated frauds of the Humbert-Crawford case, which after a successful continuance for a quarter of a century are being gradually brought to light in the French capital. The central figure of this romance of crime, who—with all her entourage—has made a magnificent and mysterious exit from the scene of her triumphs in a fashion quite in accordance with the traditions of sensational fiction, is Madame Humbert, a plump and stylish dressed brunette of more than 50 summers, and a familiar figure in Paris society. Her maiden name was Therese d'Aurignac, and her mother kept a linen draper's shop in Toulouse, in the house in which dwelt M. Humbert, a professor of law, who in 1881 held the Portfolio of Minister of Justice. Therese married the professor's son, a barrister who dabbled in poetry, and for some time sat in the Chamber of Deputies. Humbert, she however, a thin, worried-looking individual, only played a minor role in the melodrama—his wife was the mastermind. They lived in a beautiful house in the Avenue de la Grande Armee, purchased from Count Branicki, and adorned by costly pictures, drapery, tapestry, and antique furniture, had two or three country houses, and a fine steam yacht. Madame Humbert gave liberally to charities, had one of the best boxes at the opera, which cost her 30,000fr. for the season, and was much in evidence at charity bazaars and Parisian fetes.

Whence came the funds? From credulous creditors on the strength of the Crawford-Humbert romance, in which conflicting wills, a love affair, valuable securities worth millions, and an iron safe were cunningly interwoven, and the interest of the story sustained in a style that would have made even Dumas green with envy. This is the outline of the tale, as told by Madame to her creditors, and as unfolded to the public in a long series of lawsuits, the true inwardness of which is just beginning to appear. About 25 years ago died Robert Henry Crawford, leaving a will dated at Nice, 6th September, 1877. By it he bequeathed a hundred million francs to Mdle. Therese d'Aurignac. But just as the lady had become Madame Humbert there appeared upon the scene two Americans, Henry and Robert Crawford, nephews of the deceased, who produced another will of Robert Henry Crawford, also dated Nice, 6th September, 1877. According to this Therese's sister, Marie d'Aurignac, was to have one-third, and the rest was to go to the nephews, provided that they invested in France capital to produce an annuity of 30,000fr. a month for Therese. The Humberts and the Crawfords could never come to a final settlement. They fought case after case in the law courts, with alternate victory and defeat, came to terms, repudiated settlements, and carried their lawsuits from the lowest court to the highest, but always without a final and decisive result. The numerous phases of the story are too kaleidoscopic to be described in detail, but after various purely financial settlements had been negotiated, the love interest cropped up. The Crawfords declared that they had plenty of money already, but desired an alliance of hearts and millions, and proposed that one of them should marry Therese. But she had a husband already. Well, one of the accommodating Crawfords would marry her sister Marie. But she was an ugly little school girl. "Never mind," said the Crawfords, "we'll wait for her to grow up." In the meantime Madame Humbert would be appointed by them trustee of the fortune. The money would be invested in French Rentes. From the annual income of the sum Madame Humbert would appropriate each year 365,000fr. The remainder would be allowed to accumulate, and would, with the compound interest, constitute Marie's dowry on her marriage with one of the Crawfords. Madame Humbert agreed. The securities representing a hundred million francs were placed in a great iron safe in Madame Humbert's house, which the Crawfords locked, and to which they affixed their seal. But it was part of the bargain that if Madame Humbert opened the safe, or, according to one version of the

story, if she opened the envelopes containing the securities in the safe, she forfeited all claim to the property. In course of time Marie came of age, but then she declined to marry either of the Crawfords, and the Crawfords declined to unseal the safe till she gave one of them her hand. There was another deadlock. In fact, the whole story was one of deadlocks. Just as the Crawfords and the d'Aurignacs seemed on the point of a final arrangement, and of the definite division of the spoil, some hitch occurred, litigation was resumed, and Madame Humbert and her sister, with this fabulous wealth almost in their grasp, were compelled to borrow once more on the strength of the securities in that exasperating safe.

There is the key to the mystery. No one had ever seen Crawford, the testator; no one had ever seen either of the nephews. These Crawfords were supposed to live in New York, but no one could trace them, although they had been represented by solicitors and counsel in a score of suits in different Courts of France. Courts, counsel and creditors alike were duped by the astute Madame Humbert, who has borrowed for years millions and millions of francs, from bankers, notaries, companies, private individuals, land owners and manufacturers, has bought a house in Paris, and chateau, put money into great business enterprises, established hospitals and charitable societies. Whenever this Machiavellian woman, who must surely have had some legal confederates, found her creditors pressing, another step in the bogus litigation afforded them further proof of her bona fides, and at the same time enabled her to tap a fresh source of supplies.

The device by which she induced her victims to believe in the existence of the securities in the safe was ingenious, but should in itself have roused their suspicion. She persuaded the creditor to whom she had applied for an advance to come to her house, and there pretended that, having confidence in him, she would, contrary to her understanding with the brothers Crawford, show him the Rente Stock. Opening the mysterious safe she took out a large envelope bearing five big seals alleged to have been affixed by the Crawford brothers. Madame Humbert then affirmed that by a clever trick of a workman, who had made the envelope, she could open it without breaking the seals. Doing so, she produced real or counterfeit three per cent. Perpetual Rente Bonds for a total of five hundred and eighty-seven thousand six hundred and sixty francs, worth, at the market price, about ninety-one million francs. This trick was played by Madame Humbert on the Liquidator of the Girard et Cie Bank, to which establishment Madame Humbert owes six million francs. To escape from the responsibility which the loan entailed on him, M. Duret committed suicide. The owner of a vineyard in the south is said to have passed over to her an estate that he valued at £32,000. She offered double that money provided he did not ask for a mortgage guarantee, and that he was prepared to accept notes of hand instead of ready money. Then she spoke of the magnificent Crawford estate, and the dazzled proprietor sold her his property and never received a sou for it. In the meantime she mortgaged it for £12,000, has been working the vineyard ever since, and possesses an establishment at Bercy for the sale of her wine.

In May, 1893, Madame Humbert founded the Rente Viagere, an insurance company, for which she obtained the patronage of the Church, and in which all sorts of clerics, widows and people of small means invested their money.

But even the patience of the most credulous of creditors may become exhausted, and at length a M. Morel, who had lent Madame Humbert 130,000 francs, obtained from the Court—after strenuous resistance from the supposed secretary of the supposititious Crawfords and from Madame Humbert and her sister—an order for the opening of the safe by legal officials and the making of an inventory of its contents. Amidst public excitement the safe was officially opened. In it were some

empty envelopes bearing a red seal, a fifth part of an obligation of the town of Poudicherry, empty jewel cases, a sham gold brooch, and a trouser button! The safe and books of the Rente Viagere were also opened and found to contain only a few securities of small value and a little petty cash. The company, in which from fifteen to twenty millions of francs had been invested, has been declared insolvent.

In the meantime M. and Mme. Humbert, Mdle. d'Aurignac, her brothers, Romain and Garcia d'Aurignac, and Eve Humbert, for whose arrest warrants have been issued, have fled. But with what éclat Madame Humbert made her exit! Only a couple of nights before the safe was opened and the swindle exposed, she, accompanied by her husband, coolly occupied her box at the opera, wearing a famous rivière of diamonds—unpaid for—and a costly pearl collar. Rumour has it that both husband and wife went to the opera with their clothes padded with bank notes. From the opera they seem to have made for Dieppe, where their splendid steam yacht, the Levrier, was waiting for them with steam up. "Once aboard the lugger" we can imagine them chuckling as they steamed away. At all events they have not been heard of since. Several solicitors and notaries, who are believed to have been the real instigators of the swindle, and two of whom are supposed to have impersonated the Crawfords, have been arrested, and the last act of the romance may bring forth startling revelations.

Up in the World.

When your enemy is down keep him down is the advice offered by those who regard the game of life only in its brutal aspect. It was reserved for the twelve-year-old boy who afterwards became the first Duke of Wharnton to adopt and put into practice the contrary opinion. The father of this young hopeful was a friend of Joseph Addison, the distinguished critic, and was anxious to secure his services as tutor for his son. With this view, Addison was invited to the Wharnton country estate, where he was charmed by the engaging manners of his prospective pupil, who showed him over the place and proved a most intelligent guide. The little lord having one day taken Addison to a distant part of the estate to see some racehorses, upon coming to a very tall barred gate was greatly concerned at having forgotten to bring the key. "No matter," said Addison, "I can climb over it, I think," and then with difficulty mounted to the top bar. At that moment the little lord whipped a key out of his pocket, opened the lock, and began swinging the gate to and fro rapidly, keeping the stately Addison aloft in that ridiculous situation. "As you are to be my tutor," said the boy, "I may as well make terms with you while I have you in my power," and forthwith proceeded to extract various promises of leniency from the critic before he would allow him to descend. Addison thought it better not to undertake the instruction of that youth.

Now, whatever may be said of the policy of keeping your enemy "down"

or "up," as the case may be, the great difficulty usually is the getting of him into one or other of those positions. With regard to health, it is certainly easier to retain it unimpaired than to recover it when once it is lost; but that curea are effected, even where the indications seem hopeless, the following case will prove. It is described by Mr Charles M. Morrison, of Arcade Buildings, High-street, Armadale, Victoria, under date January 9, 1902. "In 1887," says Mr Morrison, "a fire broke out in the kitchen of the house I then occupied in Melbourne. The flames burst forth with great fury, and threatened to speedily destroy the house and its contents. My wife was first to discover the fire, and she rushed forth to give the alarm. A neighbour's Newfoundland dog, hearing her outcry and seeing her run, sprang at her and knocked her down. Fortunately, the fire was extinguished before it had time to reach the main building; but the shock of it, intensified by the attack of the dog, had a calamitous effect upon the health of my wife. She was completely prostrated by it, and brought as near to death as it is possible for any one to be and yet live. Her nervous system was entirely deranged. She was unable to sleep, and perceptibly wasted away day by day. But her most serious trouble was an inability to retain food. The small quantity which she forced herself to take nearly always occasioned vomiting and intense pain. In this pitiable condition my wife continued for years, notwithstanding that she was at various times under treatment of no less than five different doctors. None of them appeared to understand her case, and all their efforts to relieve her proved quite futile. One doctor suspected she was suffering from cancer of the stomach. He made a searching examination, and, as a result of his investigations, stated that though there was no cancer, the stomach was badly ulcerated. He thought her condition very precarious. However, he could do nothing for her, and we had quite lost faith in doctors and proprietary medicines when, a little over three years ago, a friend advised us to try Mother Siegel's Curative Syrup. He was very persistent, and at last we obtained a bottle of it. My wife took it regularly, as prescribed, and soon began to benefit in health and strength. In a little while she was able to take ordinary food, and retain it without pain of inconvenience. She took Mother Siegel's Curative Syrup three times a day for three months, at the end of which time she was completely cured, and she has remained well ever since. At present she is quite plump, has lost the haggard look she once had, and is able to perform her household duties. Having got the enemy 'down' ('or up') by aid of Mother Siegel's Curative Syrup, we intend to keep him in that position by the same means. We hope our experience may prove of benefit to others."

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Complete Story.

The Secret.

The Sampson Steel Works, a score of big buildings of brick or corrugated iron with metal roofs, were located on the outskirts of a large city. About them was a stockade fence of timber. The smoke from their high stacks, whether it blew east or west, crossed railroad embankments and smudged the fronts of many parallel rows of two-story brick houses each one exactly like its neighbour. The ends of the streets which separated their houses straggled into empty lots, rusked with coarse grass wherever piles of battered tin cans and ash heaps left bare a few feet of clay.

In one of the houses which overlooked this waste land lived the widow of Barney Scott, who, for many years before he met his death, was driver of the giant electric travelling crane in the open-hearth shop at the Works. Mrs Scott was a little, clear-eyed, grey-haired Irish woman, with the bloom of apples in her cheeks and the warmest heart there ever was. But all of this did not pay the house rent, nor all the frying pan; so, after Barney's death, she put a card in the front window marked "Boarding."

A week later a man walked up the two steps to her house door. He was almost six feet in height and heavy shouldered, but he had the face and bearing of a boy. He could not have been over twenty years of age. A peaked cloth cap was pulled down over his shock of reddish-brown hair; his kersey coat opened over a jersey of home knitting. He held out a scrap of paper to Mrs Scott, and from this she learned that his name was Lars Nilson, that he was a new hand at the Works, and wanted a boarding place, but could speak only a few words of English.

Mrs Scott remembered that she knew a dozen words of Swedish; Carl Olson, who had written the note in her hand, had taught them to her. She repeated these words now, laying stress on every syllable, beaming on her visitor in consciousness of her attainment.

Lars Nilson grinned, but made no reply. Mrs Scott was chagrined, but repeated the Swedish words more slowly and emphatically. When he still remained unresponsive, she remarked in an injured voice: "T's a poor eddication y' got not t' know y'r own langweege."

He nodded and continued to smile upon her. His mouth was large and good humoured; he had a broad face and clear, ruddy skin. Mrs Scott, looking into his blue eyes, knew that she could not turn him away.

"Y'll promise t' pay me y'r board?" she said, compromising with her business instincts.

He shook his head promptly, and she laughed. "T's independince some people 'd put in y', aft'er that shake a y'r head," she exclaimed. "But, t' my mind, t' ripraisins honisty; an', since y're not tryin' t' d'ave me, in y' come." She held the door open by way of invitation, and Lars Nilson walked in and into her heart.

Nor from either of these places was he ousted in the months to come. At the end of the first week he held out his wages in the broad of his huge palm; and, from the eight dollars there, Mrs Scott took three, counting them on to the table, while she said: "Wan! Twot! Thray!" Lars Nilson repeating the words after her. Mrs Scott had taken it upon herself to become his tutor on the first night he came home from the Works. There he

was one of the day force in the shop where they melted the steel in great brick furnaces and "lapped" it, sixty thousand pounds of liquid, glowing metal, like so much soup, into a huge ladle that was swung aloft from the chains of the giant travelling crane. In the shop his strong arms made him a valuable man; but, in Mrs Scott's kitchen, or on the front steps, he would sit, his hands idle in his lap, and struggle patiently to reproduce the words she spoke as she laid a finger on the object she named, or illustrated the action she phrased. And she—while she washed the dishes, perhaps—would go over the lesson again and again. Neither of them grew weary of the exercise, and, in a few months, Lars Nilson could make himself understood in a language that was English in intent, but remarkable for its Milesian twists and Scandinavian reversions.

Yet he was a queer fellow in his way. Several times in these early days he came home, gloomy and silent, and once he was very angry and scant of words. It was some time before Mrs Scott learned the cause. Then she made out that they had poked fun at him at the Works for some stumbling confidence of his about his home. Long Jones, the leather-faced, shrewd giant, whose place at the Works was beside the eighty-ton hammer, and who was liked and respected by all for his outspoken ways and many years of experience—Long Jones, coming upon Nilson one evening as he sat on Mrs Scott's doorstep and she stood in the doorway, did not hesitate to voice the general opinion regarding Nilson. "He's a strong, good-natured boy," he said, in his rambling bass. "But he's dumb—dumber 'n most any man I've come across."

Nilson, his big hands resting on his knees, had nodded to Long Jones, then resumed his placid watch of the pale flare of flame from one of the stacks at the Works. But Mrs Scott had seen his fingers curl and his neck grow hot as Long Jones spoke his mind, and she believed he had understood the words.

She told Long Jones to hold his tongue.

"What fur?" he returned. "I like t' boy, but I could call him any name I'd a mind t' an' t' wouldn't make no difference t' him. The't's what I was a sayin'—he's dumb. Any one else in three months 'd a knowed how t' talk English some sort a way. But he—he don't know more 'n a dozen words er so."

"What?" exclaimed Mrs Scott, and was about to enquire Long Jones, when, her eyes falling on Nilson, she got a signal from him, and finished her reply with: "Now ye don't say so! An' here I've bin thinkin' t' wur shyness a r'iself that kept him from talkin' more."

"No, jus' dumbness," asserted Long Jones, confidently. "T's queer, too." He added, "fur I never seen a new hand so anxious t' learn."

Mrs Scott had in mind to ask Nilson, when Long Jones should go, what this concealment meant; but he forestalled her. "I had not tell them effering," he said. "You will help me?" And she promised that she would, not understanding, but won by his frankness and trusting smile.

Yet she could not resist the temptation to learn how far Nilson had been able to deceive the men at the Works; and when she artfully questioned Dan Campbell and Olson and others, her wonderment grew. All of them asserted that Nilson could speak but a few words of English, though he was a smart workman already.

It was Nilson's deftness and strength and apparent isolation in the matter of language that made the General Manager at the Works pick him out, with a score of other men—mostly unskilled foreigners—to labour in the department where steel for heavy guns was harden'd by a new process. The formul' for this process had been bought from a European manufacturer at a big cost, and was a jealously guarded secret. Its exclusive possession by the Sampson Steel Works enabled that plant to obtain high prices from the United States Government.

Nilson, by virtue of his dexterity,

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promptness and energy, proved himself the best man in the new gang. It was because of this very eagerness on Nilson's part that Mr Sager, the head of the new department, began to watch him closely. A little learning is sometimes a dangerous thing when a valuable secret is at stake, and rival manufacturers stand ready to pay handsomely the man who will tell them the same. When, therefore, quite by accident, Mr Sager found out that Nilson could speak much more English than he pretended, he started a quiet investigation of Nilson's antecedents and behaviour. This being unsatisfying, he summoned Nilson to his office one day.

"Tell me why you didn't say you could speak English," he demanded.

Nilson's lips worked, and he kicked the heel of one boot with the toe of the other. His face grew a dull red. "Der was no one haf asked me," he said in a half audible voice.

The reply nettled Mr Sager. "Nonsense!" he answered. "You have tried to fool every one."

Nilson was silent. He looked like a school culprit, and began to crack his finger joints, so that Mr Sager cried to him to stop.

"Why did you pretend not to be able to speak English?" he repeated.

Nilson shifted his footing and began again to pull at his fingers; then, remembering that this was forbidden, looked around him wildly and suddenly whirled about as if to run.

Mr Sager's voice halted him. "Here, there! Where are you going? I want an answer. Speak out!"

"Vat I say?" cried Nilson.

"Why did you pretend—make believe—let on that you couldn't speak English?"

Nilson remained mute a moment. Then, all at once, he said, as if he had weighed every word of his reply: "Day laugh at de men vat no can speak English right. I was learn it before I tell dem."

It was the reason of a child; Mr Sager refused to credit it. Yet, when he told Nilson this and pressed him for another explanation, the lines on the Swede's face deepened and his eyes grew cold, and he began to work his shoulders ominously. Mr Sager foresaw a struggle with the obstinacy of the North, and ordered him to speak up. Nilson set his lips and stood with chin thrust forward, sullen and silent.

"I've a mind to discharge you!" said Mr Sager, after a minute's fruitless wait; and, even as he said it, knew that to discharge this man was the thing he feared to do. At large, thrown upon his own resources, armed with what he knew of the secret process, Nilson could be as dangerous to the Sampson Steel Works as is the stray torpedo to the warship which has just lost it overboard. Yet how was he to be dealt with?

Mr Sager looked up from his desk, and met Nilson's eyes. They were fixed upon him with a look of alarm. Mr Sager's suspicions almost melted. Perhaps he was wrong, after all. At least the best he could do was to tell Nilson to go. "But no more tricks!" he added. "Walk straight, or you'll walk out!" "Walk straight? Walk out?" repeated Nilson dubiously. He stood a minute uncertain; then his face cleared, and he gravely squared his shoulders, swung on his heel and, with a step that spoke of military training, marched in a bee-line to the doorway, hands to his sides, turned sharply to the right, and so out the door.

Mr Sager laughed. But, because the thing was so seriously done his suspicions hardened again, and he sat staring at the doorway, his brow wrinkled.

There was a great deal at stake for him personally as guardian of the secret process. So he watched Nilson more closely than ever, and had others watch him. Presently, with his suspicions to help him, he wove quite a web of circumstantial evidence about the new man. But the facts were few. Nilson was intensely interested in his work, seemed to dislike company, went to the city often in his hours off duty, and wrote many letters. To whom these letters were addressed Mr Sager only got a clue after several months.

One day as Nilson walked along the outer pathway between two of the shops his coat slipped from the arm on which he was carrying it, and hitching it up half a dozen letters fell to the ground. Nilson did not see them drop; but the foreman of his gang, who was close behind, did,

and picked them up. Idle curiosity made him glance at the envelope. They were all addressed to Nilson at his boarding-place, bore dates within two months, and, in the upper left-hand corner of each, was printed the name of the Roxdale Steel Company, a rival concern which had its plant in the city itself.

Now the foreman knew of Mr Sager's suspicions, and he was debating what he ought to do with these letters, which might be valuable evidence of Nilson's duplicity, when Nilson, who had discovered his loss, ran up to him. The Swede's face was flushed, the fingers he extended for the letters trembled; but there was a sparkle in his eyes and his lips were pressed together. The foreman, looking at him, had a queer, cowardly feeling; and handed over the letters without a word. That evening the foreman told Mr Sager what he had come upon, and Mr Sager put in a very bad night indeed.

He knew that no workmen had access to the stationery of a firm, and that, therefore, someone in the offices of the Roxdale Steel Company must be writing to Nilson. And what could such a person be writing to Nilson about? What but—? Mr Sager did not like to fill in that question. But the next day he called Nilson into his office again, and bluntly asked him what he was writing to the Roxdale Steel Company about.

Nilson's ruddy face took on a deeper red. "I do not write to de Roxdale Companee," he said slowly and distinctly.

Mr Sager gasped; he had looked for a plausible explanation, not a flat denial. "That's a lie!" he burst out, but, the moment he had spoken, knew that he had made a mistake.

Nilson's eyes expanded and were filled with a cold light that made Mr Sager shiver. His jaw came up with a snap, and he lowered and thrust forward his head, while his fingers knotted. But soon his muscles loosened, and he said quietly: "A lie! I no tell you a lie."

But then he closed his mouth, and nothing that Mr Sager could say would make him open it again. He stood stock still, his head bent, looking at his boots which he had brought together at the heels. Mr Sager acknowledged himself beaten, and told Nilson to go.

A few weeks later, one afternoon as the siren whistle ran up and down the scale, calling the day force from their work, Nilson stepped up to the foreman of his gang, and pulled off his cap.

"I want not to work on Wednesday," he said.

"Y' do?" answered the foreman.

"Well, y' can go on waitin'."

"I want not to work on Wednesday," returned Nilson, unmoved.

"I heard y'; but y' got to work jus' th' same," replied the foreman.

"But I want not to work on Wednesday," repeated Nilson, a little shaken.

The foreman was angry, but suppressed a sharp reply.

"What fur?" he asked.

"I want to go somewhere."

"Where to?"

Nilson's face lightened for a moment, and he impulsively opened his lips as if to say something that tugged at the strings of his tongue for voice. But the foreman's ill-timed "Hurry up now!" banished the smile and closed Nilson's mouth. He shook his head sullenly.

"Y' can't go, y' got t' stay here!" said the foreman shortly. If the foreman had looked around as he walked away he might have seen that in Nilson's face which would have decided him to report the occurrence to Mr Sager at once, instead of waiting until the next morning, and then forgetting all about it. It was brought sharply to his mind when, on Wednesday morning, Nilson did not appear at the hour for beginning work. Then he told Mr Sager what had happened.

Ten minutes later two men had been sent to watch the gates of the Roxdale Steel Company's yard. At noon these men reported that Nilson had been seen to enter that enclosure, walk to the main office, and, an hour later, come out with a well-dressed man, apparently also a Swede, to whom he was talking rapidly. Nilson was showing the latter a letter, and seemed greatly

pleased. The two had disappeared among the buildings of the company along the water front.

Now, Mr Sager felt almost sure that Nilson had betrayed his employers. And he saw no way to save himself and his company but to bribe Nilson to keep his knowledge to himself. With that end in view he set a watch on Nilson's boarding place; and, at six o'clock that same evening, was rewarded by the information that Nilson with two other men had just gone into Mrs Scott's. Dropping official dignity, Mr Sager hurried there.

As the door was opened he heard Nilson's mellow voice coming from the room at the head of the stairs. Mrs Scott was delighted to see him, and, bobbing curtsies, ushered him into the "parlour," where she lighted the lamp. Then she went to tell Nilson of his visitor. In another minute Nilson came into the room.

"Good evening, Mr Sager," he said. His face was aglow, his eyes dancing. He extended a hand, then, suddenly remembering that this was one of his employers, he stopped, confused, awkwardly shifting his footing.

Mr Sager plunged right into the subject that had brought him here. "You weren't at work to-day. Do you mean not to come back at all?"

Nilson hung his head; all the gladness was gone from his face. He looked like a schoolboy caught in some wrongdoing by his teacher. "I want to come back; but my frien' he say you will deescharge me—now."

"Who is your friend?"

"My frien'? Johannsen; he is in de office of de Roxdale Companee."

"Is he the one you write to?"

"Yas. An' he is upstairs—now."

Mr Sager cast aside all disguise.

"How much have you told him?" he asked.

"Tol' him? Tol' him?" repeated Nilson.

"Why, I haf tol' Johannsen efring."

Mr Sager actually groaned. He was too miserable to be angry with Nil-

son at this time. But, suddenly, an idea suggested itself to him. "Hava you told anyone else?" he queried.

"No; why I should?" answered Nilson. "Johannsen, he was differen'. He was my frien'—always. He tell me not worry ven dey make fun of me at de works; he tell me not to tell dem about my people. De rest day not understand; dey laugh at me ven I first try to speak English. But Johannsen, he understand; he send de monee home for me. An' ven de foreman would not let me go to de citee—I go; for I must see him. Johannsen he send de tickets; I go to meet him—on de ship dat come to-day."

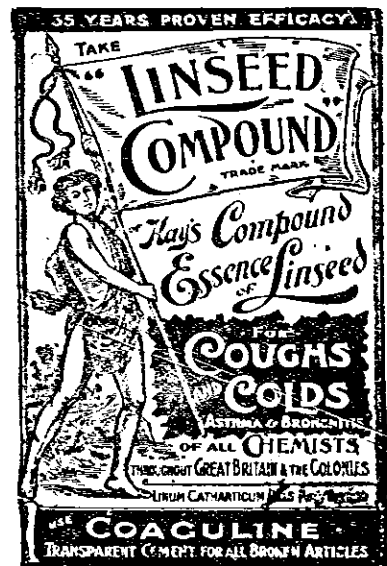
"See him? See who?" asked Mr Sager, bewildered.

Nilson's face was one big laugh. He saw that he had been talking in riddles. "Come wid me! Please, do you come wid me!" he cried, and pulled Mr Sager toward the hall, Mr Sager, uncomprehending, followed his guide up the stairs.

At the head of the stairway was a room brilliantly lighted. Nilson had flung open the door and stood to one side. Mr Sager saw a table with many little plates of small fishes and broken pieces of a thin dark bread and cheese. At one side sat a strong, middle-aged man with bright complexion, plainly a Swede. At the end of the table was an old man with leonine head, swept by long gray hair, white over the temples, and whose eyes were blue like Nilson's. He was dressed in clothing such as Mr Sager never remembered to have seen.

Nilson's face was proud and joyous. He extended an arm toward the old man. "He come by de ship—to-day," he said. "I go to meet him. He is my farder."

And suddenly Mr Sager understood, and he grasped Nilson's hand. "So the Works hadn't the only secret!" he cried. "Come! I want to shake hands with one of yours."



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Terrorism in Ireland.

(By a Loyal Irishman)

If it happened that a man spent twenty years of his life studying the character of the Irishman as he is when out of his own country, and carefully tabulated the results, he would find himself marvelling that his list included so many men of note—generals, statesmen, financiers, authors, administrators, soldiers, sailors, lawyers, and even presidents.

The student would find that in every walk of life the Irishman does distinguish himself in every country under the sun, save one. From the days of Queen Elizabeth, when Ireland sent brilliant mercenaries to represent her in all the wars of the world, a living stream has constantly flowed from her veins to enrich the earth. The quality common to not only the most distinguished of her children, but also to many of the others, has been an extraordinary originality of thought, backed by a no less extraordinary originality of action.

The one country in the world in which the Irishman seems to lack these high characteristics is his own. While abroad he is a leader and a pioneer; in his own country we find him easily led, timorous, grossly imposed upon and exploited by men who are the vampires of the body politic of Ireland.

"BLACK TERROR."

At home, with all his charming qualities, he seems in times of political unrest, such as the present, to be incapable of taking up a free and courageous stand. Men will whisper their opinions to you, afraid that the very hedges will hear. Neighbours distrust each other. We read in England and in Scotland such phrases as "black terror on the country-side by word and whisper bred," and we shake our heads, and we wonder how sixteen hours out of London such things can be when the details of

some outrage come to our knowledge. I will point my case with a story. Within the last five years a lady, who had forbidden the poaching of rabbits upon her demesne, and particularly warned a notorious poacher, had her house burned to the ground, and when she herself rushed out of the flames she was attacked, cruelly injured, and finally mutilated by the poacher aforesaid.

The miscreant escaped—and it is here that we come to the strange part of the story. He lived for eight months in the immediate neighbourhood, moving from one peasant's cabin to another, fed and warmed and hidden; and this although not only was his identity fully known, but there can be no doubt that many of these people had been witnesses of his crime. Justice eventually came upon him, and he is to-day in penal servitude for life.

It is not to be supposed that the people in whose cabins he gained shelter really sympathised with him. In their hearts fear was lord. No man dared to capture him or to give information against him to the Royal Irish Constabulary, for the idea of opposing and outwitting the law has been engrafted into the hearts of the Irish by the influence brought to bear upon them through such organisations as the Land League or the United Irish League.

"What ruffians!" exclaims he who does not know these people intimately. "He who does groans, 'What fools!'"

They are kindly, kind-hearted, generous to a fault. If only they had not been penalised in the race of life, penalised by their past history, had not drunk in distrust with their mother's milk, had not been trained to put their faith in their worst enemies—and by that I mean those who misrepresent them in Parliament—they would be what their high qualities should make them—a happy and a virile people.

Instead of this, I would insist that in many parts of Ireland to-day the

peasantry are crouching under the shadow of the United Irish League as coveys of partridges crouch beneath the shadow of a hawk. No tyranny could possibly be worse than the tyranny of this institution and its predecessors. Its well-worn weapon is intimidation, not only of the landlord or the land agent, or of the boycotted farmer or peasant, but a wholesale terrorisation of its own members.

To show you the nature of these agrarian leagues, and to what an extent their roots are struck in intimidation, I must point out that half their membership and effective force consists in recruits who were brought into the fold by intimidation.

Their war-cry is: "Who is not for us is against us." I know many men, friends of my own, good men and true, who support the League simply because did they not do so life would have become to them insupportable.

But to look again at the Irish peasantry. It is difficult to realise under how dark a cloud these timorous, uncertain, terror-haunted communities are living. It is difficult to believe that they are of the same blood as the men who have led and conquered in almost every walk of life, just so soon as the green Irish hills faded from their sight.

The influence of the United Irish League if often used for purposes of private vengeance, and of gain. No tradesman is secure against this organisation. His enemy has only to trump up a charge of unpatriotic action against him, and the League plucks away from him his prosperity.

Listen to such a man and what he told the writer: "Twos of a Saturday afternoon," said the tradesman, "that school boys bruk the front of me windows. I was in a hurry to see them mended, so what did I do but send round to Smith, who is an Englishman, and not an Irishman at all. Claucy, me rival in this drapery business, heard of that. He is a man of influence with the United Irish

League. He denounced me for a traitor, and I was warned to mend my ways, and a round robin was published by the United Irish League advising loyal patriotic Irishmen to go elsewhere for their goods than to my shop.

"Where is the elacwhere that they will go? To Claucy's, of course; him that had it all done to me. And why did he have it done, the pure patriot? 'For Oireland,' says he. 'For to draw away my customers,' says I."

The tradesman ceased. "And what was the end of it?" "A subscription from me to the League."

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CHILDREN'S PAGE.

of the King. It is a terrible blow, is it not?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I will not be at all surprised if you have forgotten me, for it is an exceedingly long time since I last wrote to you. The reason I did not is because I have been very, very busy with different things. Cousin Winnie (who used to write) and I have edited a small school magazine entitled "The Blue Bell Magazine," for which we compose all the articles, consisting of short poems and stories, serial stories, puzzles, funny cuts, and (different) various hints and scraps. We only write it out because it would very likely be too expensive to print it. Dear Cousin Kate, will you please forward me a badge. I am sending you an address—see below. Also accompanying this you will find a short poem. If you think it worthy of your acceptance I will be pleased. Next week is Coronation week, and I hope you will enjoy yourself as I trust I myself will. Now I will have to say good-bye. From your affectionate cousin, Eva, Christchurch.

[Dear Cousin Eva,—I would so much like to see a copy of that magazine. Send me one, and I will return it. I will see what I can do with the poem later on, perhaps. Alas, I fear none of us will enjoy Coronation week much. I do hope we get good news soon.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—It will be very kind of you to count that letter in with the others, because I am positive I posted it. However, if I tell you a little that was in it you may remember seeing it. I began, I think, by telling you about Cinquevalli and Madame Titus. I cannot remember anything else. What a shame that the Coronation is postponed. I was looking forward to seeing the shaming in the Domain. I hope, when the King is crowned, it will be a fine day, so as we will not be disappointed a second time. One of the cousins was asking for some puzzles, and you said that very few took the trouble to answer them. I am sure that if you put one in soon every cousin would try. I know I would for one. I must close now.—I remain, Cousin Ruth.

[Dear Cousin Ruth.—It is indeed terrible about the postponement of the Coronation. We are all anxiously awaiting news, and I trust it will be good. Was it not good of the King to determine that the poor should not be disappointed in their feast.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am ashamed of myself for not writing to you last week. It has been very bad weather here lately. Our winter holidays begin on Friday, and I am very glad, as I don't like school very much. We have not got our "Graphic" yet, so I do not know if my other letter was in it or not. We live four miles from Opunake, so we cannot get the papers on wet days. We have only 28 cows in milk now. Mother and father went to Normanby last Monday, and came back on Wednesday. Do you like sewing, Cousin Kate? I do very much. We are going to have a lime-light next Thursday night, and so I expect I will be able to tell you more news next time. Now, I think this is all I can think of this time.—I remain, yours affectionately, Cousin Emily.

[Dear Cousin Emily,—I cannot sew very well, and do not care much about it, I fear. Twenty-eight cows to milk seems dreadful to me. It must be horrible work these cold mornings.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—It is a long while since I have written to you, but each week I have been waiting for the result of the last competition, the one called, "What I would like to be when I grow up." Perhaps it has appeared, and I have missed it. Would you tell me if I have or not? There was something said about a prize for the best letter, written within three months. If that is still

steamer was one day late this week. It took her eighteen hours to come from Auckland to Russell.—Your loving correspondent Lia.

[Dear Cousin Lia.—The news of the dangerous illness of the King created a very painful impression, and we are all awaiting the news with the greatest anxiety. I hope the children had their cakes all right. It won't be useless to keep them, as it will be months before he can recover. I will arrange some puzzles very soon.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I suppose this will be the last letter I will be able to write for this competition, as it will be finished. We are having two weeks' holiday now — one for the King's Coronation, and the other for our mid-winter holidays. We are having very bad weather here now—raining and blowing a gale. As it is Coronation to-morrow I suppose it will be the same. I think they are going to have a good time at Rawene to-morrow, and I am going if it is fine. They have got a large arch built across the street. It is made of all bush plants. To-morrow morning the volunteers are going to fire a Royal Salute, at twelve o'clock. Mr Webster is going to fire twenty-one cannons, and in the evening they are going to fire the same number at Rawene. Now I must close this short note.—I remain, yours truly, Cousin Newton.

[Dear Cousin Newton.—It must have been very shortly after you posted your letter that the news arrived that the Coronation was postponed. It was a terrible shock, was it not? Auckland looks very dismal, with all the Coronation decorations half finished, left just as they were when the news arrived. Visitors who came to town are all leaving again. I hope we shall soon get good news. You must write till July 15.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—It was raining very hard on Monday. Kitty is just learning her A.B.C. I have got a sore place on my lip, and I had a sore eye, but it is better now. Topsy often catches little birds now; nearly every Sunday morning she has a little bird. She has caught a lot of mice since I wrote to you. I have not got the badge, but perhaps it will come this week. It was fine on my birthday, and mother made me a cake, and I got lots of presents, and May gave me a ti-tree house. Good-bye.—From Cousin Robin.

[Dear Cousin Robin.—I hope you are having better weather now. It is very bad here. How does Kitty like having lessons? I expect she thinks it fine fun. It was very lucky you had a fine day for your birthday, was it not? and I hope you enjoyed yourself. Tell me what your presents were next time you write.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—It doesn't seem any use writing this week, for I haven't been anywhere, or even seen the "Graphic." It won't be worth printing—the letter, I mean. I have just finished reading another book by David Lyall, "The Redemption of Neil Maclean." It isn't as pretty as the

other, but it is quite as interesting. It won't be any use for me to say how dreadful the weather is for "Coronation week," because I expect some of the other cousins will remark it. The teachers at school are trying to stir up the girls to use the tennis lawn. Really, no one ever seems to play now, except the little children. We stay in the porch learning our lessons, but never have a good game of anything, although we have a large playground, the lawn, a pump-table in wet weather, and the things for gymnasium that we can use also on rainy days. When there was a small playground and no lawn we used to skip, and play fig, etc. We were never still when we were out of school. I must begin my nice pile of lessons now, so I will stop. With love from Cousin Alison.

[Dear Cousin Alison.—I do not know that book of which you speak. Is it not dreadful about the poor King? How he must have suffered, and how brave he was to keep up. I hope by the time you read this all will be well with him.—Cousin Kate.]

My Dear Cousin Kate,—I read the "Graphic," and was pleased to see the answer of my letter there. I received the badge, and was very pleased, as I thought it was very pretty. It has been blowing and raining all night, and Paeroa is in a nice state I can tell you, but I hope it won't be wet for Coronation Day. I don't think it will be, as it looks to be clearing up. I suppose it will be a great day in Auckland. I should like to be there to see the fun. It would be very nice. We had a social down here the other night, and I went and had a look on. It was very nice. I don't think I have any more news to tell you, so I will conclude by saying good-bye to you and all the cousins for the present.—Cousin Mabel.

[Dear Cousin Mabel.—Like everyone else, you will have been shocked at the news which saddened us all so much on Wednesday last. Was it not a dreadful surprise? I hope we shall have a Coronation Day in a month or two when the King recovers, which we all pray he may, and then what a huge reception he will get.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I suppose you have been wondering why I did not write to you for the past month. But the reason is that I have left the Valley, and have come up the Waikato. We are going to have a fortnight's holiday at the Coronation. When peace was declared we had a holiday, and the school children gave three cheers. Our school is about two miles from where I live, and so I ride to school. We will be going to Hamilton on Coronation Day, and will go to the sports if it is fine. I suppose there will be a great display in Auckland on the 26th and 27th, and the town will be full of people. There are not many puzzles in the "Graphic" now, but I hope there will be after the Coronation is over. Now I must conclude this letter.—I remain, yours truly, Cousin Ernest.

[Dear Cousin Ernest.—As so many of the cousins are asking for puzzles I will soon put some in. All Coronation ceremonies and festivities are put off on account of the alarming illness



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.—It has been raining hard these last few days, and it has made my daffodils grow nicely, and I can see some buds down in between the leaves. Nellie went into her room a little while ago, and there was a little sparrow, so she caught it and brought it into the dining-room, and gave it to Kitty, and she squeezed it so hard that Nellie took it away, and let it settle on her hand, and it flew on to the window, and Topsy caught it. Good-bye.—With love from Cousin Jenny.

[Dear Cousin Jenny.—It has been bitterly cold and wet the last few days, and the roads are in a dreadful state. I felt sorry for that poor little sparrow, for I suppose Topsy killed him, did she not?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—To-morrow was to have been Coronation Day, but owing to the sad news that the King was very ill the Coronation had to be postponed. We are all very sorry for the King, Queen and Royal Family in their trouble. What a disappointment for them in the Old Country; they had been making such great preparations. Such a crowd of people went Home for the Coronation, did they not? I do hope he will get better. I know we are all very much disappointed. The committee that had been making the preparations for the children's treat hardly know what to do; the cakes and things are all cooked, and I don't think they will keep till the King is better, so they think the children may as well have their treat, but it would not be so nice. And the weather is very bad—blowing and raining all the week. We were going to decorate the hall this afternoon, but now we don't feel inclined to decorate, the King is so bad. I think it was very kind of Cousin Alison to praise up my letters, so much, but I always think they are very uninteresting. I had been thinking how very nice Cousin Alison's were, but I suppose we all think other cousins' letters are better than our own. I think the prize for letter writing competition closes this month. When are you going to give some more puzzles? I think it would be very nice for you to give a prize for the best written letter. The

open I would like to go in for it. I go to "Bert's" lectures now. I like them very much. I invite my friends to break their arms or legs, so that I can experiment on them. There is to be an examination in a few weeks. I am afraid I shall not pass, as the different bandages are so puzzling. I went to a cake afternoon tea not long ago. Each girl had to wear something representing some kind of cake. I had the cables column cut out of the newspaper, and pinned on to my blouse; that was for currant cake. One girl went as raisin cake, and had a tin of baking powder for raisin cake. I thought hers was very good, but she did not get the prize. Everyone tries to get something new for their afternoon teas. There was one some time ago to see who could bring the most edibles bought for 3d. I think a very good thing to have is for each person to make up so many lines of poetry on some given subject, and then it is such fun when they are read out. I have such a pretty Australian parrot. It is learning to talk so quickly. I have never seen such a mischievous bird. The first day I let it out of the cage it at once flew against the globe, and smashed it to pieces. I thought the green-house would be a very good place to let it loose in, but it picked all the leaves off a pot of maiden-hair, and tried to stand on a begonia, which immediately broke. I had a great bother in catching it, for every time I frightened it it did some damage to one or other of the plants. After that I cut the parrot's wings nearly every day. I let it out of the cage, and it runs about the room picking at everything. What fearful weather we are having. It has been blowing a gale for more than a week, and then they put in the paper, "Bad weather is expected everywhere", as if we had been enjoying sunshine and calm. Yesterday I had to go down town. It was raining hard, so I took an umbrella. Going round a corner it was blown inside out. I have always heard that the best thing to do in that case is to turn the umbrella quickly round, facing the wind. I did so. At once my hat blew off. After I had gone a little further I seemed to be walking in rather a queer way. I looked down. One of my goshies was gone. I went back a little way, and found it sticking in the mud. They are very big for me, so I suppose it easily slipped off. Hoping you will let me know about the competitions.—I remain, yours sincerely, Cousin Aileen.

[Dear Cousin Aileen,—Your long and very interesting letter arrived just in time for this paper. I can only, however, give a short answer. So few answered the "What I would like to be when I grow up" competition that I could not give a prize. Only five or six sent an answer. Was it not strange? I thought the question so very interesting. Your letter is in time for the competition for the most interesting letter. Those afternoon teas must be great fun, I should think, but I've never time to go to them.—Cousin Kate.]

[Dear Cousin Kate,—Is it not sad about the King? A great number of people were quite grieved when they heard of His Majesty's illness. It is hoped that he will make his way towards recovery. The weather has been rather dull to-day, but in the afternoon it was nice and fine. Have you seen the decorations in town? I think they are very pretty indeed. Can you play the game of "Wedding Bells," Cousin Kate? It is a very amusing game. I must now close this short note, so good-bye, with best love to yourself and all the cousins.—I remain, Cousin Maggie.]

[Dear Cousin Maggie,—I do not know the game you describe, but I think it should be a very nice one. I think the half-finished decorations about town make one feel sad—but of course we must hope for the best. I join most heartily with you in wishing the King a speedy return to robust health.—Cousin Kate.]

[My Dear Cousin Kate,—I went to the circus with father last Saturday, and I enjoyed it very much indeed.

We were wakened this morning by the tolling of the bells, and we were very sorry indeed to hear that it was for our much-loved Bishop Cowie. We were all very grieved about the King's illness, and trust that it will not be very long before he is quite well again, and then we can have the Coronation celebrations that were arranged. I meant to have written to you before, but I have been busy, so I am writing a longer letter this time to make up for it.—Your loving cousin, Daisy.

[Dear Cousin Daisy,—I am glad you liked the circus. I did too, very much. All the Coronation festivities have been postponed in other places as well as Auckland. All we can now do is to hope and pray for the speedy recovery of His Majesty the King.—Cousin Kate.]

Emma's Dream.

"Mother," said Emma one day, "I had such a nice dream last night. I dreamt I saw a fairy and she invited me to come to fairyland with her. I said I would come, so she took me to her castle. She dressed me in fairy clothes, and gave me a wand." Here she was interrupted, for Nell, the girl, had come to dress her for lunch. She got dressed and had her lunch. Then she went out. Pretty soon the same fairy came up that Emma had seen in her dream. The fairy took her away to a little boat. Then the fairy made Emma small like herself. "Step in the boat," she said to Emma. Emma did so, and lo! and behold, she became a fairy, with a little white satin dress on, shining with stars, and a little golden wand in her hand, and a pair of dainty slippers and stockings on her feet. When Emma got to fairyland the fairy queen said:—"Emma, you have been a good girl all through your life, so I will have you married to my son, the fairy prince." Everything was decked out splendidly. When the prince and his bride came in they were so beautiful that nobody could look at them. They were married and lived happily ever afterward, and reigned after the old queen had died.

Cousin Fanny.

A Cock-and-Bull Cat-and-Dog Tale.

Cats and dogs are supposed to hate each other, especially the cats. No doubt pussy has good reason to go in fear of the dog.—Still, there are many cats and dogs that are not only civil to one another, but positively friendly. There was one tabby which was so fond of the dog of the family that she could not bear to be separated from it. She would mew in heart-rending fashion to get into the room where was the dog, and if no heel were paid to her cries, she scratched and scratched at the door, trying to scrape admittance. When this failed, it is said that she then raised herself up on her hind legs, turned the handle of the door, and walked into the room. Her owners were so enchanted with her skill, as well they might be, that they used to get pussy to repeat the feat for the delight of visitors. But until I see the performance for myself I must respectfully decline to believe it.

Mr and Mrs Atkinson, during their recent stay in America, visited the Niagara falls. Mrs Atkinson, a lady gifted with a rich, sonorous voice, exclaimed at the sight of the falls: "Oh, John, how splendid! How grand! How tremendous!" "Yes, yes," replied Mr Atkinson, with a gesture of impatience, "but do, please, be quiet for a minute. I want to hear the noise."

"It must have been kind of nice, though, bet'n an old Roman's boys," said little Georgie, as he gazed at the pictures of Caesar and Cicero and Cato.

"Why?" his mother asked.

"They couldn't cut down pa's pants for Willie in them days."

THROUGH FAIRYLAND IN A HANSON CAB.

By BENNETT W. MUSSON.

(FROM "ST. NICHOLAS.")

CHAPTER III.

THE GRIFFIN—THE RAILROAD JOURNEY—THE INN.

The magician went to sleep, and Gretchen was falling into a doze when the car door opened and a voice yelled, "Tick-ets, please!" She awoke with a start, and saw the conductor; his lantern was full of fire-flies, which gave a bright light.

"These people are travelling to see the Queen, and I have passes for them," said the captain of the gnomes, who had followed him.

"Passes—always passes!" grumbled the conductor. "And the stockholder's wonder why we never pay a dividend. I have been a conductor on this road for forty years, and do you know how many tickets I have seen in that time?"

"No," answered Gretchen.

"None at all," said the conductor, angrily, and he went on through the car, muttering to himself, "Passes—always passes!"

"Poor fellow!" mused the magician, who, having changed the fountain-pen into a cigar, was smoking once more. "I believe that when I have finished with this cigar I'll turn the stub into a ticket and give it to him, just for encouragement."

The car began to jounce and bump fearfully, and the conductor dashed back again with his lantern. "I suppose it's another griffin on the track," he said, running out of the door.

Gretchen, grasping her satchel, followed with the magician, and, getting off, for the train had come to a full stop, found the brakeman, the conductor, and all the passengers gathered about the front car. They were in a tunnel that was very badly lighted by natural gas, and the train was half-way down the embankment on which the track was laid. Looking towards fairyland, Gretchen saw an enormous griffin flying away, its wings so wide that they nearly touched the sides of the tunnel.

"I know that griffin," the brakeman said angrily. "Its name is Jones, and this isn't the first time it has stopped this train; it ought to have more sense than to sleep on the track."

"I think that I will walk the rest of the way," said the magician.

There seemed nothing else for the others to do, so they climbed the em-

bankment and started down the track. In a few minutes they came to an opening in the tunnel, which proved to be the home of the griffin, who came out and smiled at them in a very friendly manner.

"Hello, there, Jones!" shouted the brakeman. "Was that you, sleeping on the track?"

"Yes, and I'm very sorry, but it's so hot in the house these days, and there's such a nice draft in the tunnel, that I'm often tempted to sleep there. Won't you come in?"

Nobody wanted to go in, but as no one had the courage to refuse, they all went.

"I would like you to see the children, but they are sleeping, and as they are very tired I hate to call them. They had their flying lesson this afternoon," said the griffin.

"But couldn't we just take a look at them?" asked Gretchen.

"Yes, you might do that," said the griffin, and led the way into a hall with doors on each side. One of these was opened, and there were twenty-five little griffins, hanging by their tails to hooks on the walls, all fast asleep.

"Do they always sleep that way, or is it merely because you are pressed for room?" asked Gretchen.

"Bents are pretty high," said the griffin, "but they rest like that anyway—or like this"; and a door being opened on the other side of the hall, Gretchen saw twenty-five little griffins sleeping soundly, hanging by their heads to larger hooks.

They thanked the griffin for showing them the little griffins, said good-bye, and started down the track. After a while Gretchen, who was walking beside the magician, grew tired.

"Wouldn't it be a good idea for you to transform us to fairyland, instead of our walking all the way?" she said.

"It's queer that you didn't think of that," Leonardo squeaked to the magician.

"I might have done so," he answered, "but I was too busy thinking of how much I know. Exactly where would you persons like to go?"

"I always stop at the King's Arms, a good hotel on the European plan," said the captain of the gnomes. "I think we'd all better go there; they have the best grindstone in town."

"What has that to do with it?" asked Gretchen.

"How can a fellow sharpen his sword without a grindstone?" snorted the captain.

"Well, we'll go to the King's Arms, and I think I will make the transformation last all night, so that we can get a bit of sleep," said the magician.

He rolled up his sleeves, waved his arms slowly, and they all sank into dreamland.

When Gretchen awoke she found herself in a grove of small trees; through a long avenue that divided the grove she could see a low, square building.

"That is the King's Arms," said the captain, pointing at the building. "We will go in and register."

The magician said it was time he started for his office, and after the others had thanked him for transforming them so comfortably, he hurried away, leaving them at the hotel.

Suddenly it occurred to Gretchen that she had no money.

"What am I to do?" she asked. "I can't pay my board."

"That will be all right," said the captain. "The army is ninety-six years behind in its pay, so I always settle my account with an order on the treasurer; I'll settle yours in the same way, and when you get the money you can pay me."

They approached the hotel, and found the landlord waiting; he was a small, fat fairy, with a large diamond in his shirt-front.

"I wonder if they take dogs," said Gretchen; and when she remembered the satchel she cried: "Oh! dear! I have forgotten to have Snip changed back!"

The captain consoled her, saying that they could go to the magician's office later, and that it would be as well to leave Snip a satchel until she



The Griffin Named Jones.

bankment and started down the track. In a few minutes they came to an opening in the tunnel, which proved to be the home of the griffin, who came out and smiled at them in a very friendly manner.

"Hello, there, Jones!" shouted the brakeman. "Was that you, sleeping on the track?"

"Yes, and I'm very sorry, but it's so hot in the house these days, and there's such a nice draft in the tunnel, that I'm often tempted to sleep there. Won't you come in?"

Nobody wanted to go in, but as no

found how the queen would receive her.

"I suppose you will want the human-being room?" asked the landlord. "It happens to be empty."

"Oh, yes; but where is the roof?" she cried, looking up at the sky.

"Out in the side yard. Where else should it be?"

"On top of the house, of course, to keep the rain out."

The landlord smiled pityingly. "It never rains in this country," he said, "and we have the roof in the yard so that we can prop it up on edge and keep the afternoon sun from the south windows."

"May I have something to eat?" asked Gretchen.

"Certainly," said the landlord. "You are fortunate in coming now,

"Our humming-bird croquettes are very fine," said the lamb, bowing and rubbing his hoofs together.

"No, no," said Gretchen; "I don't care for them, either. I think you may bring me some honey and sardines." She was very tired of these, but could think of nothing else. The lamb hurried away, but soon returned and put the honey and sardines before Gretchen.

As she finished her meal the giant said he should be glad if the captain would suggest how he had better go about watch-making, as he was anxious to begin. The captain thought for a while, and suggested that Willie put an advertisement in the newspaper. The giant roared with glee—so loudly that he frightened the little lamb nearly into hysterics:

who is with me demands an audience with her Majesty!"

"Gracious! Don't put it that way, or they'll never let us in," said Gretchen.

"That's the way to put it," said the captain. "If you just ask for an audience they think you're no right; but if you demand one it impresses them. Besides, we can't let these sovereigns get too haughty."

The soldiers held a whispered consultation. "All right!" cried a voice; and Gretchen was helped down and led indoors by the gnome captain and Leonardo.

Prince Roland and the Giant.

Once a young prince called Roland set out to seek his fortune.

After travelling for a long time Roland came to a beautiful city. It was surrounded by very high walls. He went in at the gates with a crowd of other people, and as he was very tired he found the best inn, and stayed all night. The next morning the innkeeper asked him what business he was in.

"I have no business. I am only seeking my fortune," replied Roland. "Do you know of any fortune that can be found without too much trouble?"

"Why, yes," said the innkeeper. "I know of a fine one. Why don't you go and kill the giant?"

"What giant?" asked Roland.

"Why, the giant that lives on the mountain over there," said the innkeeper.

"Why should I kill him?" asked Roland. "He never did anything to me."

"But the giant has the fortune," explained the innkeeper. "Anyone who kills him can have it. He is a very fierce giant, too. He used to come here to this city and behave shamefully. He used to pick up our houses and turn them upside down. Then he would shake them, and all the gold and silver that fell out of them he would carry off. If people said anything to him he would just step on them and squash them flat. But now that we have built these walls he can't get in." Roland declared that he would go and kill the giant.

As soon as Roland said that the innkeeper ran out in the street, and began to wave his arms and jump up and down and shout. A great crowd of people gathered at once, and the innkeeper told them that Roland was going to kill the giant. Then all the people cheered, and the mayor of the city came up and shook hands with Roland, and patted him on the head.

Then all the people cheered some more, and they put him on a fiery steed, and gave him a spear. The city gates were opened, and an immense procession formed. There were six dozen brass bands in front of Roland, and six dozen behind him, and they all played with all the people joining in the chorus. The people and the bands left him at the city gates, and he rode on alone.

Roland rode for a long time without seeming to get much nearer to the mountain on which stood the giant's castle. The spear he carried was so heavy that it made his arms ache, and he threw it away. He seemed to get on much better after this, and it was just about noon when he rode up to the giant's castle.

The giant was painting the front porch, and he stopped and frowned fearfully when he saw Roland.

"Here's another one of them," he growled.

He was so large and Roland was so frightened that he just sat still on his horse without saying a word.

"Well, what do you want?" said the giant. "You came up here to kill me, and get my fortune, I suppose, didn't you?"

"No, sir," said Roland. "The people down there in that city did say something about it, and they gave me a spear to kill you with, but I told them I would not hurt you for the world, and I threw the spear away. I came up here to get away from their bands of music more than anything else."

"Come in and have lunch," said the giant. "I am glad to see you. You look like quite a sensible young fellow. At first I thought that you were one of those chaps that come up here and sing serenades under the window of the beautiful princess, that I keep shut up. I can't stand that, and I generally go out and eat them alive, just to put them out of misery."

"Have you a really and truly beautiful princess shut up in your castle?" asked Roland.

"Of course, I have," said the giant.

They got quite well acquainted, and the giant took a great liking to Roland.

"Now, see here," he said, as they finished lunch, "you are out seeking a fortune. I have dozens of fortunes in my treasure vaults, and you can take your pick. Now you stay here and be company for me and the princess."

Roland said that would be fine, and the princess said so too, and as she had not seen a single prince near for ever so long she thought that Roland was the finest prince that ever was; so they were married, and lived happily for ever.

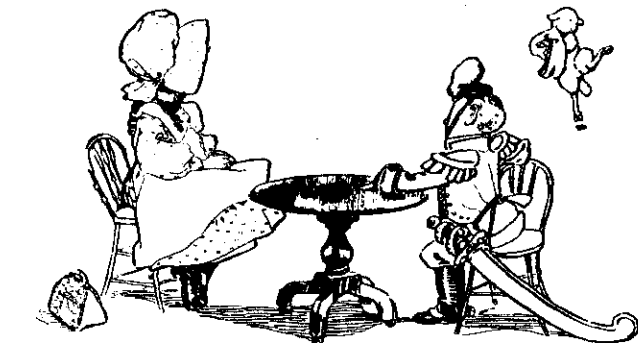
Jim, aged five, is devoted to his sister Nancy, aged three. The other night it was decreed that Nancy should take a dose of Gregory's Powder, but not even the bribe of chocolate afterwards could induce her to swallow it. Jim was watching the battle.

"You'll be ill, darling, if you don't take it," exclaimed mother; "and then you'll have to stay in bed and have lots of nasty medicine."

This awful probability was too much for Jim, and, taking the glass from the table—where his mother had put it in despair—he smiled at Nancy, and said:

"Look, I'll drink this up, and then you can have some."

And he drank it. He evidently thought he would encourage Nancy. But it didn't.



"Oh, dear, is that the waiter?" cried Gretchen.

as our feast is approaching, and we have plenty of provisions. Had you come at any other time in the last fifty years you would have found no food in the house. Front," he cried, "show these people to the dining-room."

"What will you have?" said the captain, as they seated themselves at a small table. "Waiter!" he called in a loud voice.

A door at the other end of the room opened, and a little lamb frisked in on his hind legs.

"Oh, dear, is that the waiter?" cried Gretchen, looking rather uncomfortable.

The Captain said that it was. "And I was just about to order lamb chops," she said.

"I wouldn't do that: it might hurt his feelings," the captain said in a low voice. "What have you to-day?" he asked, turning to the lamb, who stood behind Gretchen's chair with a napkin over one of his fore legs.

"We have some eagles' eggs that are nice and fresh."

"I don't think I care for any of them," said Gretchen.

"How would you like a mountain-goat steak or a kangaroo tenderloin?" inquired the lamb.

"They both sound tough," said the captain.

then he hurried away to find the newspaper office.

"You'd better be blindfolded now," said the captain, as they left the dining-room; "and I would leave the satchel here if I were you."

"Oh, but I do not wish to do that!" cried Gretchen.

"It will be perfectly secure," said the landlord, "for I will put it in the safe." He went back of the desk, and, unlocking a huge oyster-shell, which was fastened with a padlock, put Snip inside and locked it again. "Here is your check," he said, handing her a large pearl with 71 written on it in small figures.

"But this is worth more than the satchel," said Gretchen, who knew that no matter how much she herself valued Snip, no one else would give the worth of the pearl for him.

"Well, that makes your bag all the safer, doesn't it?" asked the landlord.

"Call a hansom-cab," ordered the captain, binding his handkerchief over Gretchen's eyes.

They entered the cab and were rattled off. After some jolting and jarring they stopped, and Gretchen heard the captain shout to someone:

"Hello, there, captain of the queen's left guard! This little girl

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MISS MAUD BEATTY.

AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES

Teach Children to Arbitrate Their Differences.

Particularly in these days of militarism, when the pomp and circumstance of war seem to have such place with the people, should we endeavour to impress the children with the teachings of our Saviour in regard to peace. This is a very important thing, that they may be fortified and prepared to meet the temptations that will beset them as they enter

school life, and come in touch with the influences outside the home.

If children could be taught to settle their difficulties by arbitration they would be learning a very important lesson, and one that would be a blessing to them all their lives.

The hope of the future is in the children of to-day. If mothers and teachers were conscious of their blessed opportunities and great responsibilities, and were doing their best to train up the children in the way they should go, what mighty influence for good would be set in mo-

tion through the men and women of the next generation.

Our children should be familiar with all that has been and is being done for eternal arbitration. They should be impressed with a loftier, nobler idea of heroism than war and its very best has been able to inspire. They should be taught concerning the cost of war, the awful destruction of human life, a thing which God alone can give, and which He alone has the right to take, and how enormously prolific it is of vice and crime, cruelty, drunkenness and licentiousness. Military drill in schools, many of chil-

dren's toys and story books, and pictures in our homes and on walls of our schoolhouses engender and foster a military spirit.

Physical culture is important. The body should be trained as well as the intellect. Our children must have playthings and books suited to their capacity. All this could be provided for without objectionable features, if mothers and teachers would bring their influence to bear toward eliminating that which is harmful, and putting into its place that which is harmless and which would tend to educate along right lines.



A Paris Costume.

Made Over Wedding Rings.

Have you had your wedding-ring made over? No? Astonishing! Not to be cognisant of the new fad argues one's self-well, certainly not thoroughly up-to-date. And you, oh, matron, fair, fat and forty, with aspirations towards social leadership. Are you violating fashion's latest mandate? Is there displayed upon the third finger of your left hand the broad golden memento of that occasion which occurred ten or fifteen years ago?

"'Twas then your best beloved, taking your plump little hand in his, placed the ring thereupon; and, in consequence, till "death does ye part" acquired the joyous right to liquidate your gas bills.

Proud you may be of the evidence of your matrimonial fetters, but if that same evidence still retains its original proportions, do not, I pray you, jeopardise your reputation for correctness. With your precious circlet, hie, oh, hie you to the nearest jeweller, where, in obedience to the latest decree, have it meet the fate of a passee gown, and be—"made over."

The dictatorial lady, to whom we all more or less bow the knee, has decreed that the broad solid band must be relegated to the realms of the past, and in its place be substituted a "curtain ring."

This appellation, as you doubtless will suppose, derives its cognomen from the similarity to a curtain ring. In point of fact, it is a fac-simile in miniature. It is of exceedingly slender proportion and excessively thick in the centre. It is not a comfortable ring to wear, as the sides, necessarily projecting, press into the soft flesh of the fingers.

This is especially noticeable after the gloves have been donned. However, this is a mere bagatelle to what the fair sex suffer daily for fashion's sake. What though a long-lost friend, through sheer excess of cordiality, grasp your hands in a grip that would put a champion pugilist to the blush! What though the tears are made to start! What if the smile be strained! When that curtain ring is cutting almost to the bone, the proud consciousness of being thoroughly "smart" and up-to-date fully offsets the pain and proves a soothing panacea.

Need it be said that this notion hails from New York, where society is crazy over the new wedding-ring.

Cat Christening in New York Society.

New York society has found a new diversion. This time it is a cat christening which has been introduced to the smart set.

The cat christening is the most absolutely new thing in New York society and in novelty it surpasses the donkey party, known to fame, the "looking backward" dance, or the vegetable entertainment, or ping-pong.

Naturally the first requirement for a cat christening is a cat, and it must be a young cat to which a name has not been officially attached. Then there must be godfathers and godmothers, one of each for each cat to be christened. Next in line comes the minister or whoever may be selected to say the ceremony. With these assistants any society woman can have a cat christening, but the real success of the event depends largely upon the ingenuity of the hostess in providing entertainment for her guests.

For her cat christening a leading New York beauty, Mrs Comfort, sent to the choicer spirits of her large acquaintance postal cards, on which were sketched in ink two large eyes, beneath which was the date of the affair. To the initiated the eyes meant "looking for you." Mrs Comfort had two kittens, and one was dignified with the name of Punch while the other was christened Judy.

"I called them Punch and Judy merely because I liked the names," Mrs Comfort said in explaining the somewhat undignified titles that she affixed to her pets.

There were two godfathers and two godmothers, and the christening ceremony consumed some little time. After it was over Judy went through the most startling experience of her young life. Her ears were pierced by six young physicians numbered among the guests, and a pair of screw diamond earrings were presented to her. At the conclusion of the grave function the guests played ping-pong, and the thing wound up with a cake walk.

"Judy is not the first cat to which I have given earrings," said Mrs Comfort. "Several years ago, when travelling in California, I saw a cat in a San Francisco theatre with tassels in its ears. It looked too pretty for anything, and I decided then and there that when I returned to St. Louis I would have my cat's ears pierced.

"I got a darning needle and a cork when I returned. It took four people to pierce my cat's ears. First we put on gloves to make us as pawproof as possible. Then we wrapped the pussy up in a sack, all but his head, and while three of us held him a gentleman punctured his ears with a darning needle, using the cork as a background.

"Did he cry? Well, he did scream a little when he saw the blood dropping from the holes, but he behaved in a manlier, or perhaps I had better say catlier, manner than I expected.

"I had a hard time getting the earrings, for jewellers seemed scarcely to believe me when I said I wanted diamonds for my cat. But in the end one of them did not object to making a fair profit at my expense."

Mrs Comfort's unique entertainment was as catfy as could have been wished. She had cat favours for the cake walk, among them being black cat calendars, ornamented with black velvet cats. The ices, too, were in cat shape.

Seventeen Golden Hints.

- 1. Be accurate in proportioning the ingredients.
2. Use "Pastry" or "Vienna" flour, or similar fine light makes.
3. Good sweet butter and fresh eggs.
4. Fine castor sugar makes the lightest cakes.
5. Dry and sieve the flour.
6. Pay a reasonable price for your fruit. Very low prices often mean paying for the dirt and rubbish left from last year's fruit.
7. Wash and dry slowly currants, etc.
8. Grease small tins, or line large ones, with greased paper. Clarified dripping is better to use than butter, for unless you clarify it the salt in it ticks and burns.
9. For the best cakes beat the butter and sugar to a soft cream. An egg which does this more quickly and effectually than a spoon.
10. Break each egg separately into a cup to ascertain if good. Many a cake mixture has been rendered worthless by discovering too late that an egg was "musty."
11. Cakes containing baking powder must be baked as speedily as possible after the moisture is added, or it will have lost its effervescing power.
12. Place all cakes in a hot oven at first, to make them rise, then move them to a cooler part to bake more slowly.
13. Large cakes need a cooler oven than smaller ones, and cakes containing treacle need special care, as they are very liable to burn.
14. Never move a cake in the oven till the centre is set, or it will "fall"; and open and close the oven door as speedily as possible. Never bang the oven door for the same reason.
15. Protect delicately coloured cakes, once they begin to colour, with a piece of buttered paper.
16. When cooked allow to stand a minute or two, as it shrinks a little in cooling, and may then be more easily turned out of the tin.
17. Keep in a warm place, and on its side, till cool, otherwise it will be heavy.

How to Keep Young.

It is the woman who never permits herself to be disturbed by strong feelings of any kind whom age cannot wither, for it is not so much the passage of years that makes one grow old as the emotions and experiences they bring.

Equability of temper, indifference of nature, and repose of manner are the great preservatives of beauty.

Given these, and there is another important one—a freedom from all pecuniary anxieties. Then there is no reason why a woman should not retain her youthful charms long after she is a grandmother. If you wish to look young and unwrinkled, repress all emotions. Whether of love, hate, fear, avarice, terror, anxiety, or ambition.

A strong, healthy organisation is the

first essential to youth. We all recognise this fact. Mental suffering is wonderfully quick in tracing wrinkles and producing white hair. Some men and women are twenty years younger, both physically and mentally, than others of the same age. We may take it, therefore, that old age does not begin at any set time and fixed period.

One of the greatest aids to a woman's beauty is a clear, good complexion; and the best help is proper cleanliness. Not only are the pores of the face to be kept active, but those of the entire person. Avoid hard water as you would a pestilence, as it is fatal to a good skin.

VALUE OF THE NIGHTLY FACE BATH.

Madame Bernhardt, whose perennial youth is well known, is quoted as saying: "When I am tired I take a hot bath and massage. Every night, when I am playing as well as when I am at leisure, I take a hot scrub before going to bed. I scrub my face with soap and hot water twice and sometimes three times in the twenty-four hours. There is no beautifier like soap and water, and no preservative against illness, nerves, and age that compares with hot water."

Face-washing is a fine art. Hard water should not be used. Rain, distilled, or boiled water preserves the sanitary texture of the skin. A pinch of borax may be used in hard water—just enough to make it feel slippery.

Lather the face well and rub it gently but thoroughly with the finger-tips or a bit of fine flannel, to remove all dust and secretions from the pores. A face-brush is unnecessary, except in case of rough skin or pimples, when the extra friction is desirable.

Rinse the face in somewhat cooler water, and lastly in cold, dashing it repeatedly upon the face to create reaction. Dry thoroughly upon a soft absorbent towel, rubbing always upward and backward, as lines invariably droop. The face is now thoroughly soft and cleansed. It is ready for food and exercise. As with the stomach, the latter comes first, as Paddy would say.

The exercise consists of the best form of massage that you can command. There are mechanical devices for this purpose, which the unskilled can use to advantage. One is a massage-roller, with rubber wheels, which gently manipulates the tissues; another is a facial exerciser, or developer, which consist of a small glass vacuum cup, to which is attached a rubber bulb. It fits the facial lines out of their old, set grooves. After the face has been well exercised, and is warm, rosy, and tingling with a ruddy glow, rub in a little good, pure skin-fool until thoroughly absorbed. The reflected face in the glass that beams back at you looks quite unlike the pale, tired visage seen there one short quarter of an hour before.

Dales' GOLD MEDAL Dubbin. Includes BOOTS and HARNESS waterproof as a duck's back, and such a relief. Avoid three times to the wear of leather. Pleasant odour. Allows polish with blacking. 22 Exhibitions. Highest Awards for superiority. Black or Brown. Sold by Boot Stores, Saddlers, Ironmongers, etc. Manufactory—Dutch, London (Eng.)

THE HIGH-CLASS WASHING MATERIAL 'Viyella' (Reg'd) DOES NOT SHRINK! DAY WEAR NIGHT WEAR. For Blouses, Nightdresses, Pyjamas, Children's Frocks, etc. Economical & DURABLE. 'Viyella,' says The Queen, "has borne the test of years; you can wear it for night-dresses all the year round." From the leading Drapers.

CURES COUGH. GIVES REST & SLEEP. HAYMAN'S BALSAM of Horehound. Safe and Pleasant for Children. NOTHING LIKE IT FOR A COLD. STOPS COLD. Cured my son of a dreadful Cough. Mrs. J. HENRY, Salsburgh, Farnham.

LOVELY COLORS. BRILLIANT GLOSS. REJECT IMITATIONS. SPINAL'S OXIDISED ENAMEL. PERFECT. DIRECTIONS FOR USE. NEW CROSS, LONDON, S.E. See that Spinal's name and Medals are stamped on every Tin. MANUFACTURED BY ASPINALL'S ENAMEL, LTD. NEW CROSS, LONDON, ENGL.

Don'ts for Servants.

Don't decide the minute you enter a new situation that it doesn't suit you. Pay no attention to any gossip that may be told to you; wait and see for yourself.

Don't be foolish in regard to wearing a cap; it is a great improvement to one's appearance, and is worn by all first-class servants.

Don't listen while you are waiting at table—you will probably get things twisted and be tempted to repeat them so.

Don't be always standing on your "dignity" as to what is and is not "your place." If you cannot get along, go away, but while you are in a house be pleasant.

Don't hide breakages from your mistress—it will get you into more trouble in the end than if you acknowledge the truth of the accident at once.

Don't think your mistress is unbearable because she may sometimes be a little short in her manner; ladies often have worries and responsibilities of which servants have no idea.

Don't spend your time comparing the ways of one mistress with those of another; each has a right to her own rules in her own house.

Don't spy on your masters and mistresses; the fact that their bread is in your mouth should be a reason for keeping it shut.

Don't "arrange" the papers on a desk or writing table without being told to do so; pick them up, dust them, and put them down in the same place.

Don't be restless and want to move too often; the longer you stay in one place the more likely you are to get a good wedding present or legacy.

A Concession in Card Leaving.

There appears to be a growing desire on the part of girls to dispense with the received custom of having their names printed upon their mothers' cards, in favour of cards of their own—that is, of having visiting cards independent of mothers or sisters, and bearing only their individual names and addresses.

Until within the last few years daughters were well on in life—they were women rather than girls—before they aspired to this freedom of action, and even then they were rather loth than not to relinquish the social support given by their mothers' names in conjunction with theirs on visiting cards; indeed, it would have occasioned much surprise, if daughters, however long they had been "out," had ventured to leave cards as distinct from those of their mothers upon either married ladies or girls of their own ages. It was taken for granted that the names of mothers and daughters would remain on the visiting cards until one of three things occurred—marriage (writes the "Queen") on the part of the daughters, or confirmed illness or death on the part of the mothers. "There are still some few remaining to remind us of the past," and there are still very many mothers and daughters who have no wish or desire to break this time-honoured link, even when the latter are well into their twenties; while in the case of young girls just out there is no question of emancipation in this direction; their names are printed on their mothers' cards as a matter of course, and there is no idea of it being otherwise, at least, for the present.

The condition of social life at the present day accounts for and justi-

fies this advancing change in the matter of visiting cards as far as many daughters are concerned, and their claim to this privilege is well founded when they are of a reasonable and responsible age, and able rightly to make use of this social concession. The great difficulty, however, lies in accurately defining when this reasonable and responsible age is arrived at, as it is reached at a much earlier period in the lives of some girls than in others. For instance, some girls are very grown up, staid, and self-reliant before they have reached 20, while others are unconventional and even daring in ideas at the same age.

As a matter of fact, most girls in these days number a great many people amongst their acquaintances who are quite unknown to their mothers. Some girls move in sets in which their mothers take no interest; consequently their mothers' cards could not be left by the daughters when calling on these separate acquaintances, or on young married ladies who have been girls contemporary with them. To pencil through the names of their mothers on every such occasion is, they think, not quite an up-to-date proceeding—it is a continual reminder that their mo-

thers are unacquainted with these friends of theirs, which is not complimentary to those called upon, while not to pencil through the mothers' names would be taking an unfair advantage of them, inferring they have done that which they had not intended doing—viz., calling upon the mothers of their daughters' friends.

Another side of the subject is that not unfrequently young married ladies are well inclined to invite girls to their houses whose mothers they do not care to number amongst their calling acquaintances. The girls are pretty and well dressed, and able to take part in all that is going on, and their mothers are perhaps the reverse of all this, not up-to-date, decidedly old-fashioned, if not commonplace; therefore, it is considered a waste of time to know them, and whether cards are left after a dance, or whether they are left when calling in the ordinary way, the names of the mothers would convey no meaning to those upon whom they were left; but it should be well understood that girls under five-and-twenty would be ill-advised to take up the line of independence evinced by having separate cards of their own.

C. BRANDAUER & Co's Ltd. } Seven Prize Medals
Circular-Pointed Pens. } Awarded.

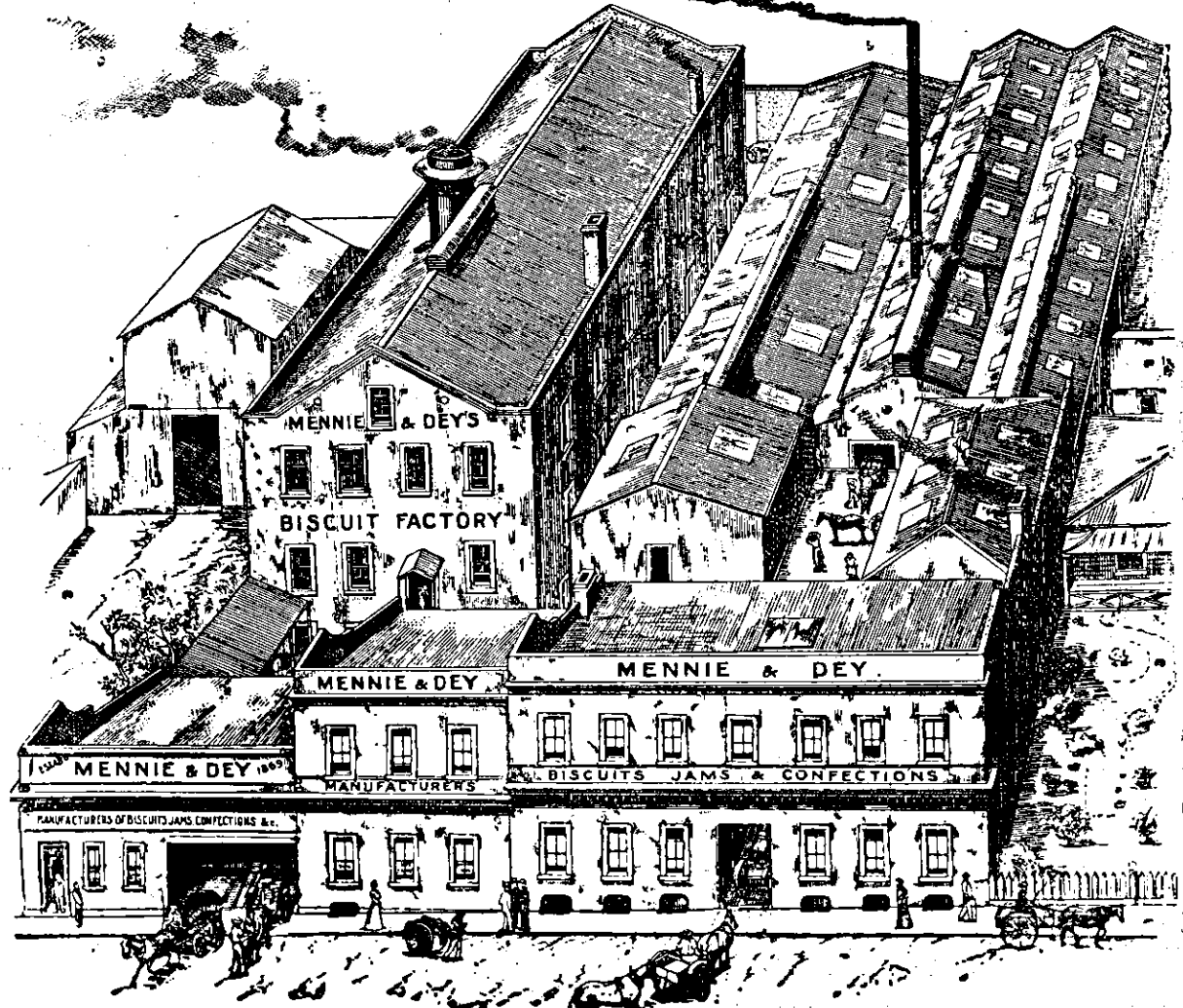


Neither scratch nor spurt, the points being rounded by a new process.
 Attention is also drawn to the new "GRADUATED SERIES OF PENS."
 Each pattern being made in four degrees of flexibility and point.

Ask your Stationer for an Assorted Sample Box of other series.
WORKS: BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

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.

Apples to the Rescue.

A set of good white teeth can be kept in beauty long by the eating of raw apples, not too sour. The presence of the malic acid will combat the acid of the tartar which attacks teeth and decays them. Of course, if a very sour apple be eaten, the strong malic acid will do the work of the tartaric acid upon the enamel, especially if excess in the specific be employed. In the cider-making countries, where very astringent apples are used for making the beverage, the teeth of the people are deplorable, owing to much cider-drinking and over-much acidity. Over sourness is bad in apples; the remedy then becomes harmful if used in excess and against appetite, because the eater, while making wry mouths over sourness, forces the acid thing down because of a belief that it is so good for his system. The test of goodness lies, by Nature's wisdom, in palatability. If the apple food is enjoyed for juicy sweetness, then it is a remedy and will do all that this article claims for it; if by tartness it is disliked, the remedy is nullified.

The apple is sweet because it holds in its compact bulk very nearly seven parts per hundred of pure grape sugar—the sugar of fruit, that is so readily assimilated by the tissues of the body. When cooking very acid apples, it may be mentioned that a pinch of carbonate of soda added to them will lessen the amount of cane sugar needed to sweeten the fruit, and will add to its blandness by counteracting the acidity. Also, by use of this alkali, a certain change comes over the cane sugar used, and it partakes more of the nature of grape sugar, the natural sugar of fruits and for fruit.

Nervous people benefit by apple-eating because of its good proportion of phosphorus, a nerve food. For this reason neuralgic patients are recommended to eat apples plentifully. Besides phosphorus, there is much other saline matter, one salt being iron, in which the apple is especially rich. The red corpuscles of the blood need this salt of iron, which is fruit-prepared for absorption by them, and they renew their vitality by means of it. So the apple-eater is sure of one means of blood-enrichment, and need not fly to expensive patent blood medicine when apples will do all that is needed for him, if he finds his blood is poor so that it does not do its office of nourishing the body properly.

As a nourishing stimulant there is probably no other known drink equal to koumiss.

It contains all the nutrient properties of the milk from which it is made, and is much lighter and more digestible than milk in its natural state.

Only comparatively rich people use it in this country. But it is within

reach of all, for it can be made in perfection at home. Here are directions drawn up by a medical man:—

Fill a quart champagne bottle up to the neck with pure cow's milk.

Add two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, first dissolving it in a little water by the aid of heat; and also a quarter of a penny cake of yeast. Securely fasten the cork in the bottle, and shake it well.

Place it in a warm room (70deg.) for six hours, and then transfer to the coldest spot in the house, or to the ice chest, if you have one.

In twelve hours it will be ready for use.

As it is now highly effervescent, uncork it cautiously, and use as required.

The bottle should be sound, the milk pure, and the yeast fresh.

If left too long in the warm room fermentations goes too far, and curds appear in the koumiss. In that case it should not be used by people of delicate stomachs. This is a nourishing, refreshing and stimulating drink.

It contains a little alcohol and carbonic acid, and is therefore somewhat like a mixture of milk, brandy and soda water, but infinitely more digestive.

The Way to Win Popularity.

A famous French woman was asked how she had acquired such perfect elegance of bearing and ease of manner, and she replied: "By always behaving when alone as if others were present." Ah, there is the true secret of thorough breeding! It consists in the small, sweet courtesies of every-day life. First of all, cultivate a well-modulated voice—a pleasant manner of laughing. Nothing can atone for a high-pitched, loud voice. You may have the face of an angel, but if you talk loudly and laugh boisterously, you can never appear well bred. I call to mind one instance where a lady came to a city to live in a handsome home; Her husband became a club-man; they had handsome traps and horses, were fond of entertaining, and they were rich enough to do so on an elaborate scale; but the people never gained a foothold in good society. The difficulty was that the wife was considered unrefined, and yet those who knew her intimately said it was her loud voice and laughter which stamped her as inelegant, and debarred her from the circle she most desired.

Thoughtful attention to a few rules adds greatly to one's personality. We all like appreciation and commendation, even praise and love—they are the spirit-flowers that exhale sweet odours about the soul of every human being.

Let us cultivate them, and extend our influence. We hear men and women say: "I don't care what people think." This is a mistake, for we all care something for the estimate that is put on our efforts, our abilities, and our characters.

Suggestions to Sleepless Women.

(1) If you have anything on your mind, from a sonnet to a soup, "make a note of it." It is less nerve expense to use a paper tablet than to use the brain tablet.

(2) Relax. Lie as limply in your bed as a year-old babe. "Rest, relaxation, repose."

(3) You are too tense. When you think, use the brain alone. You cannot have repose of mind without repose of muscle. A well known author complained that his knees ached while he was writing, and that his arms ached when he was walking. He broke down. Too tense.

(4) Do no mental work after eight o'clock in the evening. Associate only with restful persons.

(5) Place a handkerchief wet with cold water at the base of the brain. In extreme cases the sanitarium people use the ice-cap—a close-fitting double rubber cap filled with pounded ice.

(6) Lie face downward on your bed in such a position that the head may hang over the edge. Cross arms under chest for support. Bend head slowly forward as far as possible, then as far back as possible. Count twenty with eyes on ceiling. Repeat.

(7) At the sanitarium just before retiring they give the sleepless ones a sitz and a foot bath—the sitz 96 degs. to 98 degs. Fahr., the foot 110 degs. to 115 degs. Fahr.

(8) The salt rub is another sanitarium commandment. First, they turn the warm water on you. Second, rub you with handfuls of wet, not melted, salt. Third, rinse you. Fourth, dry you. This may be easily managed at home in a tub, or standing over a sheet.

A Pleasant Way of Earning Money.

Now that pictorial advertisements are all the rage, certain people who are not afraid of facing the camera are making quite a pleasant amount of pocket money by sitting to draw attention to the wares of certain firms. I heard the other day of an actor who has, or had, an agreement with a certain firm of photographers, which practically amounted to a regular salary, giving them the call on his services for such purposes. The humorous part of the proceeding is, however, that whenever his friends have seen the likeness they have been struck by its resemblance, but he has always denied the soft impeachment. Everybody has a double, we know, and so it must be this actor's double. I have just seen another quaint advertisement most strikingly like an actor celebrated for his lack of beauty, and though I should not like to say that it is he, I have my suspicions all the same.

The Feminine Bounder.

It is quite a mistake to assume, as so many men are kind enough to do, that the feminine counterpart of the bounder does not exist, says a well-known lady writer. Heaven preserve me from a crowd, for instance, in which there are a great number of middle-aged ladies intent, say, on gazing on the countenance of royalty. A nice consideration for the feelings of others is not characteristic of your "society" woman nowadays, of the kind of woman, that is, who means to push her way, by any and all means, into certain notoriety. Then there are the braggarts, both married and unmarried, ladies who leave behind them, when the door closes on their swishing petticoats, an atmosphere of tumult, of spite, and of malice. There is the woman who talks incessantly of her carriage to the lady who has—though probably better born than herself—to make her calls afoot or on top of the penny omnibus. There is the young person who talks eternally of her conquests, and who even (odious feminine trait) prates of proposals of marriage, sometimes real, sometimes mythical. This is a piece of treachery to the masculine sex (since no man likes it to be bruited abroad that he has been refused) which should be sternly discouraged.



There is this peculiar thing about our Hair Vigor: it's a hair-food, not a dye.

It doesn't turn your hair suddenly black and make it look dead and lifeless. But gradually the old color comes back, all the rich color it used to have. And it also stops falling of the hair.

Even if your hair isn't coming out, isn't turning gray, isn't too short, yet you certainly want a fine dressing for it, and here it is.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

It keeps the scalp clean and healthy, removes all dandruff, makes the hair grow rapidly, prevents it from falling out, and does not allow a single gray hair to appear.

Do not be deceived by cheap imitations which will only disappoint you. Make sure that you get the genuine Ayer's Hair Vigor.

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



PRINCE ALBERT COLLEGE, AUCKLAND.

Prince Albert College, AUCKLAND.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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| Chairman of Board of Governors ... | REV. C. H. GARLAND. |
| Head Master ... | THOMAS JACKSON, M.A. |
| Vice-Master ... | STUART STEPHENSON, M.A. |
| Senior Mistress ... | MISS E. M. RAINFORTH, M.A. |
- ASSISTED BY A LARGE STAFF OF RESIDENT AND VISITING TEACHERS.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

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| 1.—Boys' and Girls' Colleges in separate buildings. | 5.—Healthy and Central Situation. |
| 2.—Regular Scriptural Teaching. | 6.—Excellent Accommodation for Boarders in both Colleges. |
| 3.—Special Preparation for Matric., Medical Prelim., Civil Service and other exams. | 7.—Kindergarten Preparation Class. |
| 4.—Sound Commercial Training. | 8.—Evening Classes. |

PROSPECTUS ON APPLICATION TO HEADMASTER.

TERMS BEGIN (1902) February 11, June 3, September 23. TELEPHONE 1313.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

(By MARGUERITE.)

The popularity of golf has been the occasion for the creation of a number of very smart sporting costumes.

There seems to be more of a demure sedateness about the generality of these costumes than hitherto; in fact, many of the suits are so trim and quiet that they can be readily used as a pedestrian suit for the early spring. The skirts are smart affairs that fit most perfectly about the hips, and sometimes have a ripple effect around the bottom, but in

others the slight fullness is secured by the gores. Whatever the cut of the skirt, it is almost invariably finished at the bottom with row upon row of machine stitching. The jackets are the naggiest little ones, of either the blouse or Eton shapes, and some of them are the smartest little Norfolk affairs conceivable.

For her all-round useful suit, a grey mixed tweed, quite light in tone, is smart. The patty little jacket of the blouse effect, tight-fitting in the back, and just a trifle loose in front.

Worn with this a plaid flannel shirt of either pink or green combinations would look well. The plaids for these shirts are this year so wonderfully artistic in colouring that even the most prejudiced cannot but admire and wear them.

A gold costume worn by a well-know lady was of the white and black shepherd's plaid in a small size. With this she wore a red and white corded striped shirt, a white choker, and the dearest little red Cheviot Norfolk jacket that anyone could pos-

sibly desire. It had the plaits back and front, but the belt only extended over the hips, and the fronts were loose enough to allow one of the new white blouse sweaters beneath it at times. Indeed, these sweaters have become an indispensable part of every golfer's wardrobe. They are made in several different styles of fancy basket weaves; some are striped with black or colours, while still others have the collars and cuffs of a darker colour.

The patent leather belt of narrow



Two English Tailor-Made Costumes.

width is good, especially when the shoes are of patent leather, which is considered quite the most correct thing in the way of shoes this season. For those who do not care for patent leather there are those of the dull mat kid, of calf or of canvas, for few tan shoes are seen. The openwork basket-weave belt of some pale shade or white, with a small gilt buckle, is pretty. The soft ribbon belt, with some fancy buckle of

gold or silver, is also much worn, the colouring of the ribbon generally matching that worn on the hat and in the tie. Some of the newest shapes in golf hats are the large sailor and also the large English walking hat; these are generally of canvas or straw, as the felts selected are mostly of the cowboy variety in the softest qualities. The trimmings, if any, are of the severest type, most often

being only the regulation band. A pretty blue Cheviot has the Norfolk jacket trimmed with collar, cuffs, and belt of snow-white leather. A brown suit of similar style has tan leather trimmings, while the black suits have the leather trimmings of the same sombre hue. But whatever her suit, or wherever she wears it, the golf girl of to-day is bound to be an attractively brilliant spot upon the landscape.



A SMART GOWN FROM PARIS.



A PARISIAN TOILETTE.



ALF TOMMY

The skirt of this costume is quite plain, with the exception of a few tucks down the front. The long coat is also tucked, tight-fitting at the back and sides, with cut-away fronts. The tucked sleeves are full to the wrists, where they end in frills of lace. The collar is wide over the shoulders, ending in becoming points at the waist; it is composed of embroidery. The little vest is of tucked white satin. The toque, muff, and necklet are of grebe. Line the coat with white satin.

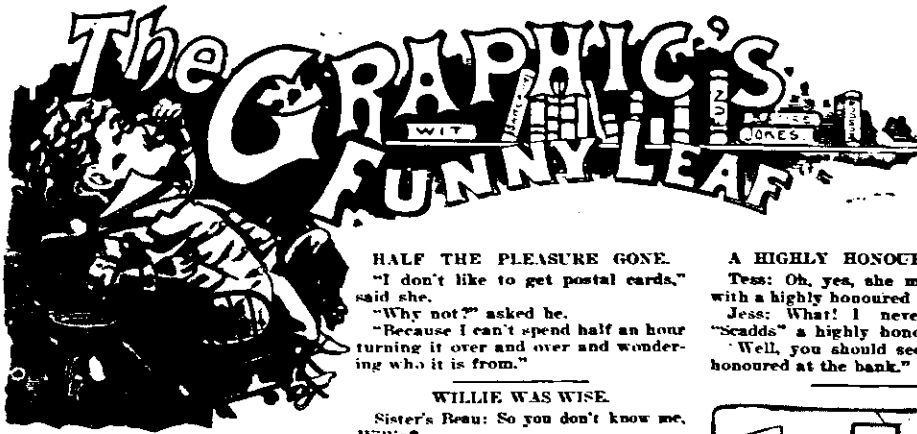
WOMAN'S UNFAILING FRIEND.
TOWLE'S Pennyroyal and Steel
 For Females. **PILLS**
 Oldest, Safest, and only Reliable Remedy for all Ladies' Ailments extant.
 Quickly correct all irregularities, remove all Obstructions, and Relieve the Distressing Symptoms so prevalent with the Sex.
 PREPARED ONLY BY
E. T. TOWLE & CO.,
 88, LONG ROW, NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND,
 and sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout Australia.
 BEWARE OF IMITATIONS—INFERIORS AND WORTHLESS.



A STYLISH HAT.



A BECOMING HAT IN FUR.



HALF THE PLEASURE GONE.
 "I don't like to get postal cards," said she.
 "Why not?" asked he.
 "Because I can't spend half an hour turning it over and over and wondering who it is from."

WILLIE WAS WISE.
 Sister's Beau: So you don't know me, Willie?
 Willie: Oh, yes I do. You're the guy ma says would be such a good catch for sister.

RECTIFYING SPIRITS.
 An Aucklander was escorting a visitor over this city, and as they passed the gaol the visitor, who had just been to Newmarket, inquired blandly:
 "Is that a distillery?"
 "Not exactly," was the answer, "but it is a rectifying plant."

DIFFERENT NOW.
 "Sadie, how are you getting along at school in your physiology?"
 "All right, I guess."
 "How many bones are there in the human body?"
 "Two hundred."
 "When I went to school, dear, there were 208."
 "Well, people aren't as bony as they used to be when you went to school, mamma."

WOULD HAVE HAD FOUR OF A KIND.
 Mrs Newwed: I'm glad I live in a free country: I've no use for kings.
 Mr Newwed (thinking of a poker game): I could have used two of 'em very advantageously last night.

HURRYING IT UP.
 "Can't something be done, Maria," whispered the host, "to make the time pass more quickly?"
 "I'll try," whispered the hostess.
 Then, turning to those near her, she said, in a voice loud enough to be heard throughout the room: "In about half an hour from now Miss Howler will favour the company with a song."

ANOTHER DESIDERATUM.
 "Do you think that wireless telegraphy will save time?"
 "Yes, if they can invent some sort of a messenger-boyless device for delivering the telegrams."

POOREST RECORD.
 Vanbibber: Who got the annual booby prize at the automobile club?
 Vampelt: Slogo; he ran over only 14 people during 1901.

ON THE SEVENTEENTH.
 "An' how did Murphy get the black eye?"
 "Faith, he got it givin' another man two."

HIS ACQUAINTANCE.
 Wizz: Have you known Harduppe long?
 Wazzy: No; he's been short ever since I've known him.

A CAREFUL LAD.
 Father: This is a very bad report you bring home from school, Willie.
 William: I know, father, but you know you said if I would bring you home a first-class report you would give me a shilling, and I wanted to save you that expense.

"Do you think it was just the thing to sit so near that Mr Huggins on the sofa last night, Mildred?"
 "Oh, well, mamma, he was only giving me an idea how warm it was in Queensland while he was there."
 "Oh, indeed! Was it as close as that?"

A HIGHLY HONOURED NAME.
 Tess: Oh, yes, she married a man with a highly honoured name.
 Jess: What! I never considered "Scadds" a highly honoured name.
 "Well, you should see the way it's honoured at the bank."



AMBIGUOUS.
 Mrs Grue: Henry, do you think you would ever marry again?
 Grue: What! After having lived with you for eleven years? Never.
 (Mrs Grue would give something handsome if she only knew just what he meant by that.)

SOURCE OF THE TROUBLE.
 Mrs Green: Why, my dear Mrs Brown, how awfully pale you look!
 Mrs Brown: No wonder. I've been having lots of trouble with dyspepsia lately.
 Mrs Green: Dear me! I'm sorry to hear that. How long have you had it?
 Mrs Brown: I haven't got it at all, but my husband has.

FILIAL AFFECTION.
 Casey: Fifty dollars O'Brien spint tryin' to gift his mother-in-law out av purgatory.
 Daly: Fifty dollars?
 Casey: Th' same! He siz he wants to git her out before he goes in, if it kin be done!

IT'S IN THE AIR.
 First Tramp: Say, Bill.
 Second Tramp: What?
 First Tramp: Why can't we organise a steal trust, too?

CLOSE ENOUGH.
 Mercutio: There is much complaint in church circles about the pew and the pulpit being too far apart.
 Hamlet: Not so the stage and the gallery seats. Were they any closer together, gadzooks, not an egg would miss.

THE LITERAL MIND.
 Bachelor: You look tired, old man.
 Benedict: Yes, I've been up every night with the baby. She's been cutting her teeth.
 Bachelor: Cutting her teeth! Why in blazes didn't you take the knife away from her?

TO HIS CREDIT.
 Washington: What's the matter with your clock? It's stopped.
 Tailor: I never wind it up. I use it as a motto.
 "What do you mean?"
 "No tick here."

GOOD JOB.

"Can't you do something for me, sir? I'm hungry."
 "Can't you get a job as a sandwich man?"

FEMININE CHARITY.

Sylvia: I sang in an amateur concert last week, and everybody was moved to tears.
 Phyllis: Indeed! I had no idea your voice was as bad as that.

ON SHIPBOARD.

Steward: Will you have some of that '47 port for dinner, sir?
 Passenger: Any old port will do me during this storm, steward.

VERY NONCHALANT.

Bill Collector: I've been carrying this bill against you for so long that it's almost worn out.
 Skinner: They certainly do make a miserable quality of paper nowadays.

AN EASY PART FOR HIM.
 Masher: Yes, I masqueraded as Charles I, you know.
 Miss Blank: How appropriate.
 Masher: Aw, do you think so?
 Miss Blank: Yes. Charles I. requires no head.

FOREWARNED.

Miss Pallisade: I was very much surprised, Mr Cleverton, that you were not at church this morning to hear me sing the Christmas solo. Didn't your friend Dashaway tell you about it beforehand?
 Cleverton: Yes; he was good enough to.

WHAT GENERALLY HAPPENS.
 "Ma, I bought you some sweetstuff down town."
 "That was kind, Tommy; where is it?"
 "Well, ma, I was so long coming home in the train that it didn't last till I got here."

WOULD GIVE SOME SATISFACTION.
 Dunn: When can you settle this little account?
 Mr Short: Oh, come round next week.
 Dunn: Will you pay me then?
 Mr Short: I can't promise that exactly, but I can tell you when to come again.

A PATRIOTIC WEDDING.
 "Why do you say the wedding was patriotic?" asked Brown of his friend Jones, who was telling him about the marriage of an acquaintance. "Well, you see," he explained, "the bride was red, the groom was white, and her father—who had all the bills to pay—was blue."

Widow: I'm thinking of going in for a little speculation. What would be a good thing to put my money in?
 Kind Broker: A bank.



REACHED AN EVOLUTIONARY AGE.

Minister (to one of his members, a venerable old gardener): You have reached a great age, John.
 John: Deed, he's I, sir, for gin I leave till the eleventh of next month. I'll be an otopogranium.

SNAKE BITE.
 "Nonsense," said the faith healer to the gentleman who was calling for more whisky, "you have not been snake-bitten. You only think you were."

"Well," said the victim, pouring on another stiff one, "that may be all right, but the snake thought he was going to bite me, and I can't think as quick as a snake can."

HER LIMITED KNOWLEDGE.
 "So it was the Elbe Napoleon crossed that memorable winter?" sarcastically queried the professor.
 The pretty student, having just placed a fresh caramel in her mouth, said nothing.
 "Well," continued the professor, snappishly, "I'll venture to say that what you don't know about history would fill a month's output of historical novels."

OF COURSE NOT.
 "My wife doesn't seem to be progressing, doctor," remarked the anxious husband.

"No," answered the physician; "when she gains a little strength she uses it all up trying to tell her friends what's the matter with her."

A SMALL FORTUNE.
 "I can see your fortune in your palm," she said.
 "I can carry it there without cramping my fingers," he stated.

WIDE.
 "You say Miss Pinkerton is accomplished."

"Why, I never met a more accomplished girl. She knew just a little about every subject I introduced."

HAPPY RECOLLECTIONS.
 Visitor—Well, my man, what are you in for?
 Convict—Oh, I'm in for a good time, lady.

Visitor—I don't understand you.
 Convict—I'm in fer lickin' me mother-in-law, lady.



A GOOD DEFINITION.
 Teacher: Now, boys, tell me what is nothing?
 Scholar (after a pause): Please, ma'am, it's w'en a man asks you to 'old is 'orse and just says "Thank you."