

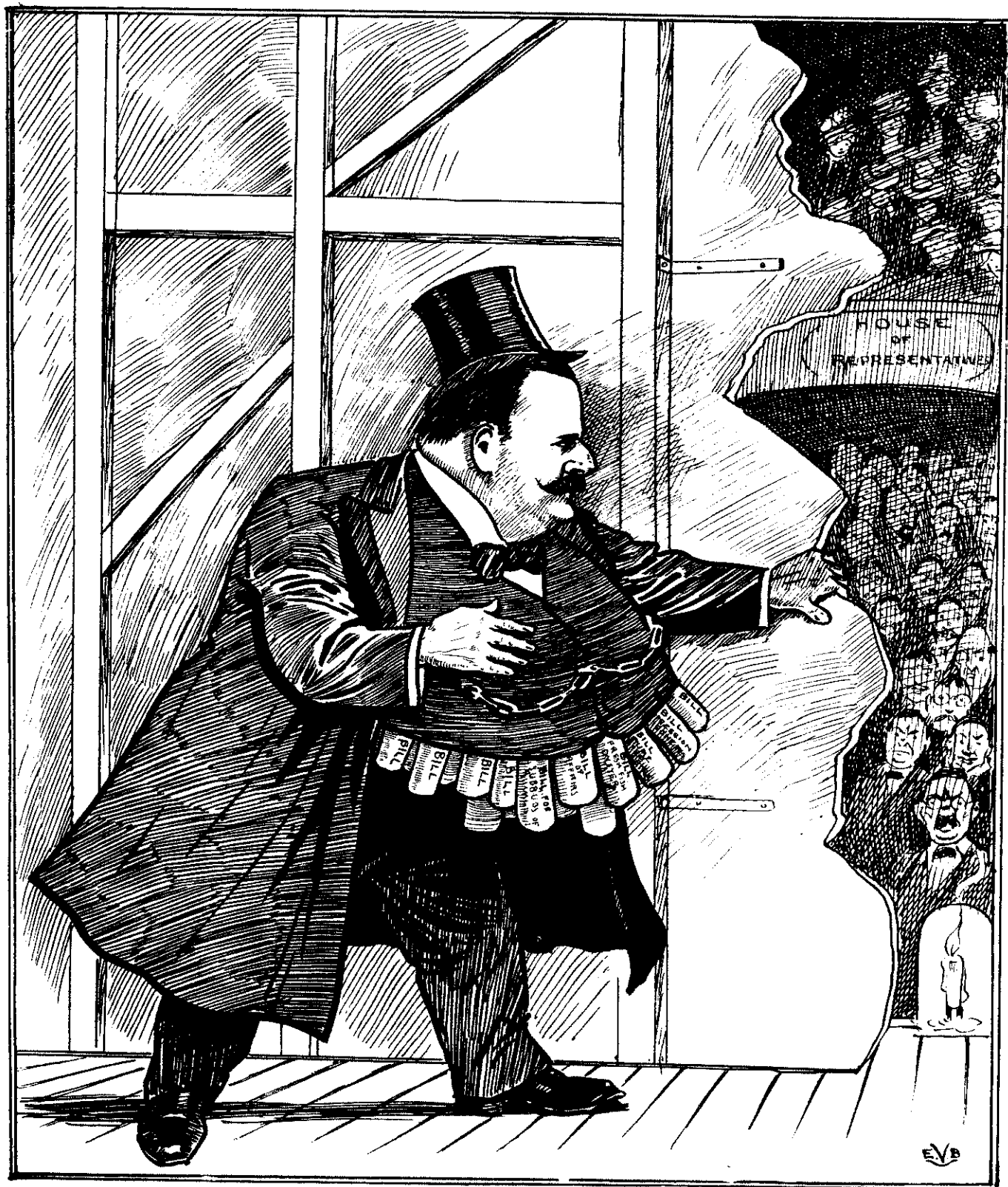
The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

VOL XXIX—No. II.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1902

Subscription—25s. per annum, if paid in advance 20s. Single copy—Sixpence.



Behind the Scenes.

SIR JOSEPH (as Premier): "Understudy or no understudy, strikes me they like me in the role just as well as Dick himself. With a little more stuffing I'd look the character, too."

People Talked About



LADY CAMPBELL.

Lady Campbell, who has, with her distinguished husband, Sir John Logan Campbell, been the recipient of a host of congratulations on the well-deserved honour granted by His Majesty the King, is a daughter of Sir John Cracroft Wilson, K.C.S.I. She was married to Sir John in 1858. Mrs Campbell is a great reader, and a capital conversationalist, and shares to the full the respect and splendid popularity of her husband.

Electoral Predictions.

The Dunedin "Star," which has taken to prophesying of late, is already forecasting what the next Parliament will be. According to the "Star's" vaticinations, Mr Seddon will no longer be Premier—whither he will have gone is another question—and Sir Joseph Ward will occupy the seat of the mighty one. Fallen, too, from his high estate as Minister of Lands will be Mr Thomas Duncan, of Oamaru, and in his stead will reign Mr R. McNab, of Mataura. This last prediction sounds extremely likely if the fitness of Mr McNab is to have due weight with the new Premier in the choice of his colleagues. There is no man in the House more respected than the member for Mataura. Earnest com-



MR R. McNAB.

Whom the Dunedin "Star" tips for the portfolio of Minister of Lands.

mon sense is the keynote of his character. He would make an excellent Minister of Lands, for he has infinite capacity for taking pains, and has long been associated with those industries which look to the development of the land policy of the colony for their advancement. Mr McNab, too is young, and to judge by his appearance—he is one of the best

set-up men in the House—there is not a more energetic individual in Parliament.

Coronation Honours.

Mr Gilbert Parker, now Sir Gilbert, was one of the men through whom His Majesty showed his appreciation of literature in the recent distribution of Coronation honours. Perhaps it was owing to the fact of his being a Canadian and associated with colonial literature, as much as to the literary merit of his works, that Mr Parker was made a knight. He is still a young man, having been born only thirty-five years ago. His father was a retired military officer living in the Dominion. Sir Gilbert grew up in Canada, and for a time held a lectureship at Trinity College, Toronto; but ill-health made him travel to Australia, where he was associate editor of the Sydney "Morning Herald" for some time. Leaving Australia, he travelled among the South Sea Islands and Northern Canada, and coming to England in 1890, he took to fiction. He has now a recognised place among the leading writers of the day. Readers will remem-



SIR GILBERT PARKER.

ber him best by such stories as "Mrs. Falcion," "The Trail of the Sword," "An Adventurer of the North," "The Seats of the Mighty," "The Battle of the Strong," and "The Right of Way." Sir Gilbert's amusements are golfing and riding.



SIR CONAN DOYLE.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, one of the two representatives of literature to receive Coronation honours, is unquestionably best known as the creator of that marvellous and fasci-

nating personality, Sherlock Holmes. But it is probable that the new knight will be remembered by posterity for other works than this. Clever as are Sherlock Holmes' adventures, they cannot compare in the way of literature with some of the same author's historical novels. "The White Company" has, in the eyes of thousands of admirers, claims to rank with "Ivanhoe" as an historical romance. Wonderful descriptive power and knack of felicitously carrying the reader to an earlier age are characteristic of "The Refugees"; while the story of "The Great Boer War" seems likely to remain the best, as it is certainly the most unbiassed, history of that memorable struggle. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is the eldest son of Chas. Doyle, the artist, and nephew of Richard Doyle, of "Punch." He was born in Edinburgh in '59, and educated at Stonyhurst and at Edinburgh University. He early determined to be a doctor, and practised at Southsea from 1882 to 1890. He is an M.D. of Edinburgh, and has at one time and another done a lot of travelling. In South Africa he was senior surgeon of the Langmeil Field Hospital. His literary works are numerous, and besides the works already mentioned include, notably, "Round the Red Lamp" (a series of doctor stories), "The Stark Munro Letters," "The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard," "Micah Clarke," "A Study in Scarlet," etc., etc. He is a fine athlete, and devoted to golf, cricketing, and cycling. He is a great club man, belonging to the Reform, Athenaeum, the Authors', the National Sporting (he is fond of boxing), and M.C.C.

The Poet of Imperialism.

Admirers of Mr Rudyard Kipling will be pleased, or the reverse—just as they happen to regard these things—by the action of the poet of Imperialism in declining Coronation honours. In this



MR RUDYARD KIPLING.

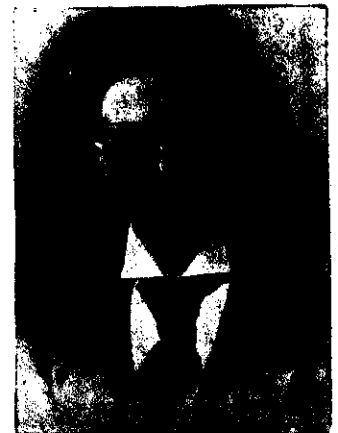
connection, Mr Kipling's poem, "The Last Rhyme of True Thomas," comes to mind. As my readers may remember, the first verse starts:

"The king has called for priest and cup,
The king has taken spur and blade,
To dub True Thomas a belted knight,
And all for the sake o' the songs he made."

And the last line of the last verse is an indignant refusal on the part of Thomas:
"And —ye—would—would—make—a knight o' me."

Mr C. W. Goodson, of Auckland, now in England on a visit, has, according to papers received by the "Frisco" mail, achieved the honourable distinction of paying off his creditors in Norfolk after 23 years, and received at their hands a silver casket holding £125 in gold as a token of esteem. Mr Goodson's struggles to pay off his English creditors are somewhat romantic. In 1879, while he was in business at Norwich, Mr Goodson found it necessary, through misfortune, to make a deed of assign-

ment, his liabilities being about £5000. In 1880 his creditors accepted a composition of 8/5 in the £, and Mr Goodson emigrated to New Zealand in the hope of better fortune and of wiping out the deficit. He worked with a will, and gradually built up a business and saved money.



MR C. W. GOODSON.

When he was on the point of sending money to his creditors in England a wave of depression swept over New Zealand, and he found himself bankrupt. For the third time he began again from the beginning, and resolutely battled with fortune. A few years ago he paid all his New Zealand creditors in full—£4500—and they presented him with a gold watch and a silver salver. A few days ago Mr Goodson himself met his English creditors at Norwich, and paid them in all £1795, wiping out his indebtedness. There was quite a happy creditors' meeting, and Mr Buxton, who presided, in handing Mr Goodson the casket, said that they all had a high appreciation of his honour. The souvenir, which, with its valuable contents, was then handed to Mr Goodson, bore the following inscription—"Presented to Mr Charles William Goodson, of Auckland, New Zealand, in appreciation of his high sense of personal honour. Norwich, 24th May, 1902." Mr Goodson's reply was a model of modesty and good taste, and was received with great applause.



MR PLIMMER.

The above is a portrait of Mr John Plimmer, well-known as "The Father of Wellington," who, on the Saturday before last, celebrated his ninetieth birthday. Although confined to his bed, Mr Plimmer personally received the congratulations of his many friends.

How the Engagement Was Announced.

A ROMANCE OF THE SMART SET.

Place: A corner in Mrs Brown-smith's drawing-room.
Time: Four to seven.

Characters: Mrs Mallis, Mrs Flytie, Mrs Sweetstuff, Miss De Lay and Mr Van Clever, also Mrs Knowitall.

Mrs Flytie: Oh! you dear thing; how glad I am to see you! I'm so bored that as soon as I've told my hostess what a lovely time I've had I'm going home. I just dropped into this quiet corner a moment to rest my mind before uttering one more mendacious platitude.

Mrs Mallis: Perhaps I'd better go away, then.

Mrs Flytie: Don't. A nice little chat with you always rests my grey matter. Weren't you surprised to find that poor, dear Ethel was finally engaged?

Mrs Mallis: I haven't been as much surprised at anything since I saw the size of my last milliner's bill. Do you suppose that Mr Marshmallow expects us to congratulate him?

Mrs Flytie: At any rate, he can't expect us to sympathise with him, and that is something.

Mrs Mallis: Isn't it? How well they light the rooms here. I wonder

They have not yet decided whether to have a smart wedding or a quiet one.

Mrs Mallis: No, I understand they can't decide whether the value of the extra presents will make up for the additional expense or not. But then, any kind of an affair is cheap if you don't pay the bills. Why, here is Mr Van Clever! Do sit here a moment and tell us something really amusing.

Mrs Flytie: No; something pathetic.

Mr Van Clever: Well, Charley Marshmallow is engaged—that is both.

Mrs Flytie (rapturously): Oh, how delightfully cynical you are!

Mrs Mallis: It is always so clever to tell the truth; it gives one such a reputation for originality. And originality is as scarce as genuine antiques.

Mr Van Clever (trying not to look flattered): Or ancestors. Have you an idea how our friends expect to live?

Mrs Mallis: Perhaps her father will give them an allowance. He never pays for anything himself, and he must have some income.

Mrs Flytie: Oh, you naughty, clever thing! I must remember that.

Mrs Mallis: Takes it well, doesn't he? Everybody knows he was dying to marry Ethel himself, but his income wasn't sufficient to keep her in golf sticks.

Mrs Sweetstuff: Oh, dear, how dreadful, and he is so clever, too!

Mrs Flytie (cheerfully): Clever people never have any money. If they had they would find life too satisfactory to have any sharp things to say about it.

Mrs Mallis: There goes Anne De Lay to express her pleasure at Ethel's engagement. Do you remember how hard she tried to induce Charley to think he had found his affinity in her?

Mrs Flytie: As if Charley Marshmallow could be induced to think upon any subject!

Mrs Mallis: Oh, don't be too hard on the poor fellow. I'm sure he thinks enough of himself.

Miss Sweetstuff: Do you really

to have! But then you are such friends that you ought to know her well. I see that they have done up the drawing-room in honour of the event. How do you suppose they managed to do it? They can no more afford it than a wall-flower can afford a birthday dinner. But who is that dreadful woman in green? Some one of Charley's impossible relatives, I suppose.

Miss De Lay (coldly): That is my aunt, Mrs Vanaster.

Mrs Mallis (with a tremour): Is it possible? As I was saying, it is dreadful of her to wear such adorable gowns. Must you really be off? Well, come and see me soon, there's a dear.

Mrs Flytie (smothering a laugh): My dear, you are as resourceful as a popular preacher. They say that Charley has already given Ethel a pearl chain and a diamond star. Do you believe it?



Like "Before and After Taking" Pictures.

that Ethel did not become engaged sooner, after all. One always looks here as she would wish her dearest friend to see her.

Mrs Flytie: Have you seen Mr Marshmallow's mother?

Mrs Mallis: No; I thought I'd finish with my congratulations before I commenced my condolences. To tell the truth, I never do see her when I can help it; she is as uninteresting as a musical tea.

Mrs Flytie: She bears it as well as one could expect from a woman who still imports her complexion. But when she stands beside Ethel's mamma they look like the before and after taking pictures. She says she does not know when the wedding will take place.

Mrs Mallis: From the look on Mrs Brownsmith's face, I think she does. When did they induce Charley to think that he had proposed to Ethel?

Mrs Flytie: Last week, I believe.

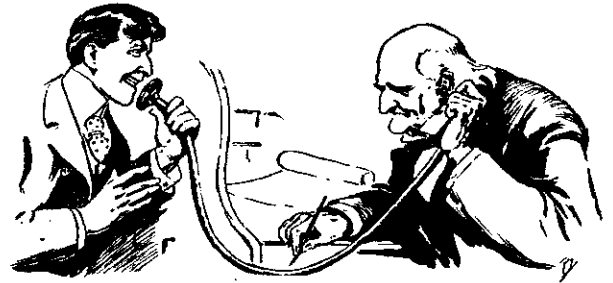
Mrs Mallis: If you do, pray forget the author. By the way, they say that when Charley asked Ethel to marry him, she said: "All right, old chap, and we'll match pennies to see who is to be the head of the family."

Mrs Flytie: No, they say she said: "Yes, but it is too late to-day."

Mr Van Clever: I hear that when Charley asked old Brownsmith for Ethel's hand he had to say it twice before he could believe he was in earnest. Oh, how do you do, Mrs Sweetstuff; delighted to see you, I'm sure! We are just discussing the news.

Mrs Sweetstuff (gushing): Yes, isn't it lovely! They seem made for each other, don't they?

Mr Van Clever: Do you think so? I can't say the same thing for Charley and his clothes. Well, I must really trot along now; I've got to say some more nice things to our hostess before I leave.



His Grandfather, Ninety, and a Millionaire.

suppose that Miss De Lay wanted to marry him? How dreadful! And she such a lovely girl!

Mrs Mallis: Well, she knows as well as Ethel that his grandfather is ninety and a millionaire. Luckily, however, she can console herself with the thought that a bond in the bank is worth two in a will.

Mrs Sweetstuff (suddenly): Dear me, there is Mrs Marshmallow! I must go and speak to her.

Mrs Mallis (looking after Mrs Sweetstuff): Shouldn't you think that a woman whose gowns sit as well as hers would have an original idea?

Mrs Flytie (airily): What good would an idea do her? She would not know what to do with it if she had one.

Miss De Lay: Oh, but you know, you can't always take what Ethel says quite seriously. An athletic girl spends so much time in making her muscles flexible that she is apt to stretch her imagination a bit at the same time.

Mrs Mallis (sweetly): What an insight into such natures you do seem

Mrs Mallis: Not until I have seen them. Well (setting down her punch glass regretfully), I must be going now.

Mrs Flytie (rising): So must I. How do you do, dear Mrs Knowitall? So delighted to see you. What do you think of Ethel's engagement? Of course I was not surprised, but then I am never deceived in such cases, though Mrs Brownsmith's friends did tell her that it is a wise chaperone that knows her own son-in-law!

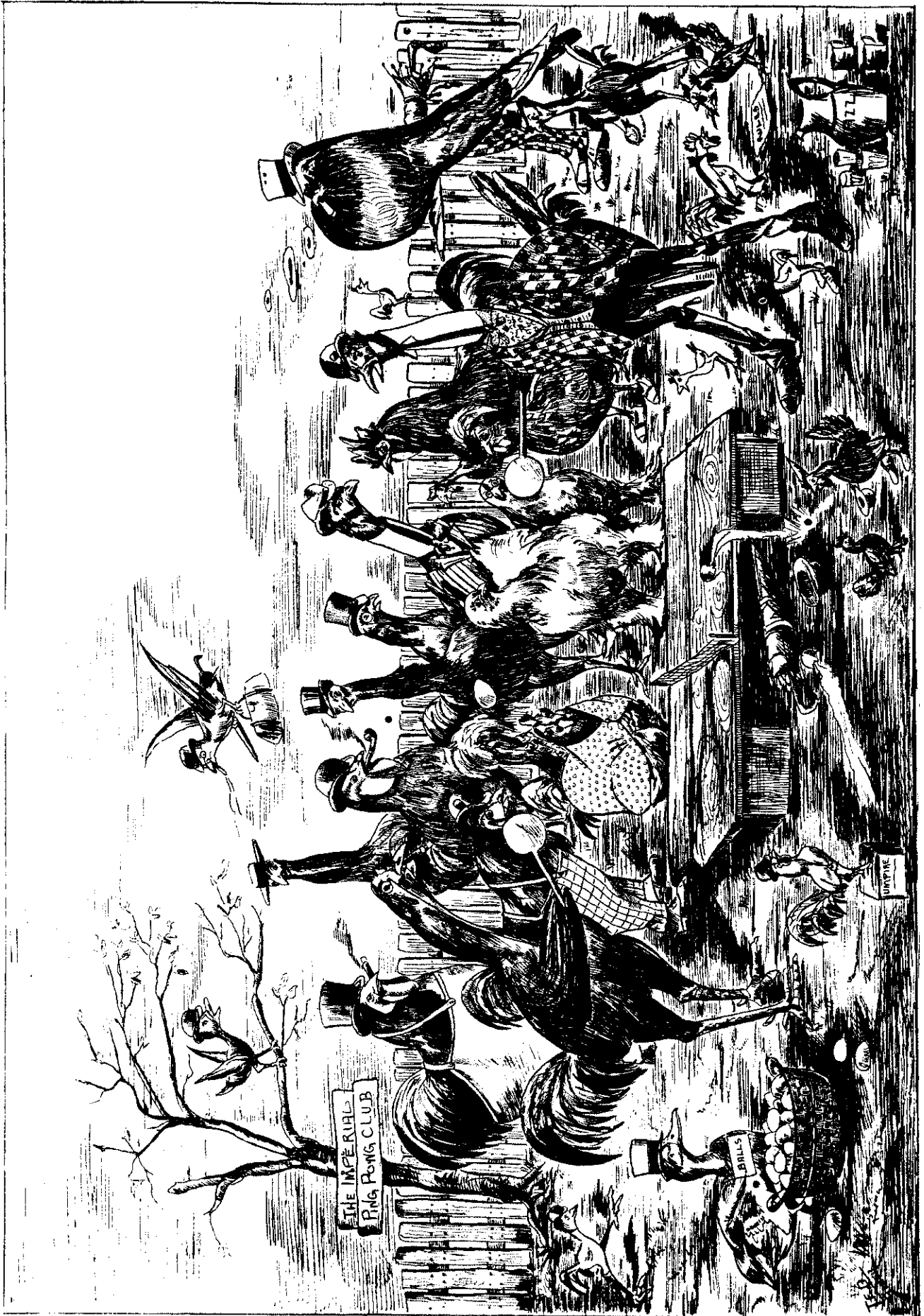
Mrs Knowitall: So suitable, isn't it? You know her father has given them a lovely house, and Charley's Western investments have turned out so well that they can afford to live in it. Quite like a romance in an old-fashioned novel, isn't it? And, by the way, another romance is about to be announced. Anne De Lay is going to marry Herbie Van Clever; she just told me so herself. Doubtless, as you are never deceived, you know all about it, but I didn't. I am so stupid that I never know a thing until it has happened. Good-bye, dear.



"Why, Here is Mrs. Van Clever."

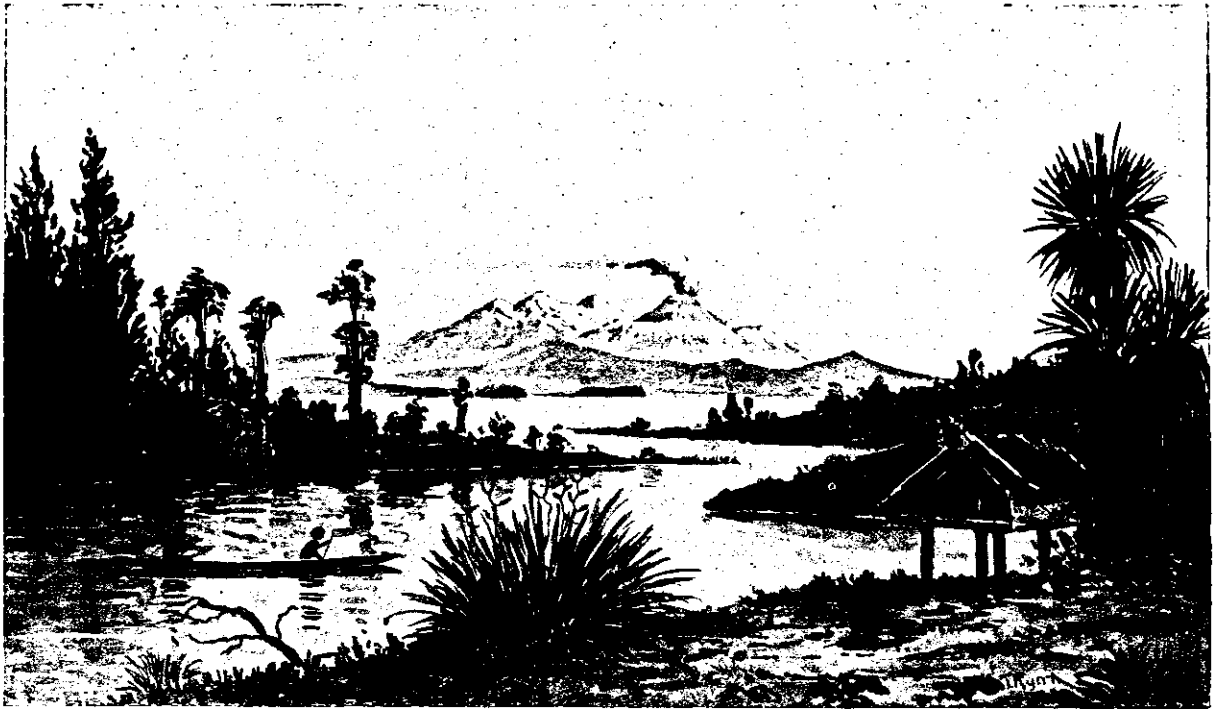


Charley.



The Ping-Pong Craze.
 "NO WONDER EGGS ARE DEAR!" "WHAT PRICE SPRING CHICKEN?"

New Zealand New Zealand



LOOKING ACROSS LAKE TAUPO TO TONGARIRO AND RUAPEHU.

The Scenic Masterpiece of Nature!

The Wonderland of the World! The Sanatorium of the Earth! The Home of the Maori!
The Deerstalkers' Delight! The Anglers' Paradise! The Tourists' Elysium!

VISIT THIS WONDROUS LAND OF THERMAL ACTIVITY.

VISIT TE AROHA. Enjoy its hot baths and drink its health-giving mineral waters. Visit ROTORUA, the Sanatorium of the World. Its natural hot mineral waters they cure Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gout, Obesity, Liver Troubles, Uterine Complaints, Nervous Disorders, Skin Diseases, and other kindred ailments. Rotorua is a thousand feet above sea level. It has a splendid climate, fine drainage, a pure water supply, electric light, excellent hotels and boarding houses, and Government Baths. Visit the Thermal Wonders of Tikitere, Whakarewarewa, Tarawera, Rotomahana, Waitapu, Wairakei, Taupo, etc., etc. See WAIMANGU, the greatest geyser on earth.
 Visit the Wanganui River. Its loveliness is beyond compare. Visit the famous Buller and Otira Gorges.
 Visit Hanmer Hot Springs. (Government Baths and Accommodation House).

VISIT NEW ZEALAND.

See its lovely, Picturesque Lakes, its Magnificent Waterfalls and Rivers. Visit its great Fiords and Sounds. Climb its Towering Mountains, majestic in their immensity, and hoary with perpetual snow. Visit the Government "Hermitage Hotel," Mount Cook, under the shadow of the cloud-piercing Aorangi, 12,349 feet. (Thos. Cook & Son's Coupons accepted.)
 The home of the Tattooed Maori Warriors and their handsome, dusky daughters. Visit this wonderful country with its endless variety of beautiful and magnificent scenery which charms the senses, inspires the imagination and challenges comparison.
 Stalk its thousands of Wild Red Deer and Fallow Buck. Whip its rippling streams, teeming with Rainbow, Loch Leven and Brown Trout.
 For Pure Air, Pure Water, and a Temperate Climate.
 The Holiday Resort for the brain-weary and jaded man of business.
 The Ideal Home for the man of leisure. Four days from Australia. Seventeen days from San Francisco. Twenty-six days from London.



MUD VOLCANO ON THE ROAD TO WAIOTAPU.

Trains, Coaches, Steamers everywhere. Comfortable Hotels. Cheap Tariffs. Full information regarding NEW ZEALAND supplied free at the Head Office of the Tourist and Health Resorts Department, Brandon Street, Wellington, or at the Branch Offices at Auckland, Rotorua, Christchurch, Dunedin and Invercargill.
 Visitors may have their Correspondence addressed c/o the Tourist Offices as above. Free use of Directories, Telegraphic Code Books, and Writing Facilities. Photographic Dark Room provided free at the Head Office, Wellington.

Cable Address: "MAORILAND."

Minister in Charge of the
 Tourist Health Dept. —
 The Hon. Sir JOSEPH WARD, K.C.M.G.
 Superintendent —
T. E. DONNE.



THE YELLOW TERRACE, WAIOTAPU



PART II.

CHAPTER II.

I was dreaming in my chair by the fire, and suddenly I looked up, and my eyes fell on a picture of Veronica on my chimney-piece—a little sketch I had made of her myself, one day. I met her the same year I had met Cynthia. She did not glide into my soul; we did not fall into an entangling friendship, but what a sweet Veronica she was!

She was much younger than Cynthia. She was full of gladness and merriment and poetry. After sitting gazing at the moon all through a summer night, listening to distant nightingales in the hush of the starlight and in the dimmest hour before the dawn, Veronica came like the first sunshine, the wildest bird's song, the quick rustle of the leaves touched by the first breeze of morning! She was a woman made to be everyone's spoilt darling, and when she was not being spoilt, she resented it prettily, and with a child-like petulance all her own.

I own now, that during the week that I was in the same house with her I almost forgot Cynthia.

She was a slight, willowy woman, looking even younger than her age. She had ways of her own, in speaking, looking, dressing. Twenty years ago tea-gowns were hardly invented, but Veronica always came down to tea in long, soft, flowing gowns, white or softly tinted. She dressed to suit her own type.

No words can quite describe her kind of charm. Bewitching, seductive, seem to suit her best.

As years passed on, her charm increased, for sometimes I saw a look of sadness complete the beauty of her enchanting eyes.

We were friends from the first. She loved to laugh, and her light wit brought life and love and laughter in its train.

Veronica Eastlake and I met often during these eight years, but though always fascinated by her when with her, I remained faithful to Cynthia.

But towards the end of the eight years Veronica had become very dear to me, and Cynthia had grown anxious and unhappy.

Veronica grew more bewitching since I had come to know her better, and became more and more a presence in my life. Cynthia grew sadder as life went on, and the burden grew too heavy, and my soul was alternately tender and impatient, and one day she said to me almost passionately.

"Lancelot, I am certain you are beginning to tire of me."

How well men know that awful sentence; it strikes terror into the bravest heart. A man can face an advancing army better than those pathetic words—"You are getting tired of me."

And all men know how they protest to the contrary, feeling that the truth is lying hidden somewhere under the words.

A man can be almost brutal to a woman whom he is madly in love with, for love is often a madness and a curse; but to a woman whom he loves only tenderly he can never

bring himself to tell the absolute truth.

I went to see Veronica one late November afternoon.

When I came into her sitting-room she was lying back on her large sofa. As she rose to receive me with a little word of welcome she seemed like a dream-lady coming to me in her long white gown—Undine, a white fairy queen, a being that might glide out of your sight with a little tender laugh, leaving you spellbound. Whether you loved her or not, she knew how to become a haunting influence in a man's life.

Veronica was always herself. I had not then found out whether she were the greatest actress or the most natural woman in the world. But whether she acted her part or was glad to see me, I did not know then—but she came to me with a smile in her eyes and on the sweetest of lips. I almost fancied her hand trembled a little in mine.

"And so we meet at last, Sir Lancelot," she said. "How you have forgotten me. Tell me about yourself." Veronica often talked about herself to those she cared for, perhaps, sometimes, as a means of understanding them. She once told me she judged

at once of the nature of a man or woman by the way they answered her when she told them she was ill. But to those whom she knew to be sympathetic to her—she gave the deepest, most intense sympathy. She was a woman who could never fail a friend—she would not have known how.

"There has not been much to tell," I answered. "I have not been to see you lately—no—but then I have seen no one. I have been busy with a book."

"Have you put me into the book?" she asked, prettily.

"If I were to try and put you into a book, Mrs Eastlake, I should not know how to begin or where to end." "Is that a compliment?" she asked, laughing a low, little laugh. "I thought I could have trusted myself to you," and then her mood changed.

"Perhaps," she said gently, "sorrow has come to both of us since we parted. Sorrow should draw two friends together—more closely. I know," she said impressively, leaning her head on her hand as she lay among the cushions, and turning her eyes to me, "I know sorrow has touched you—deeply. It is not for me to speak—till you speak. If it is not right to speak, I can be still, and let silence speak for me."

Her eyes of magic seemed to tear the word from me. Her white arms seemed, as they lay there quietly, inviting me to tell her of my sorrow. She had put herself apart. She only felt my sorrow, then.

"Sorrow," I said, "yes, indeed, what is a man to do with his life?" "Ah, what, indeed! And what can a woman do with hers?"

"You," I said incredulously. "Can you have sorrow too?"

"We will talk about that—some day—perhaps not at all." And in that dim lamplight I could almost fancy her eyes were full of tears.

Then she got up, and began moving about the room, showing to me her new photographs, her bits of silver, her old engravings, new to the room since I had seen it. There were many flowers, mostly white or purple—for those colours were her passion. She passed her hands over the white chrysanthemums, great drooping feather-like flowers, in a large silver bowl. There were gardenias in tiny Bohemian glasses by her, and violets and heliotrope everywhere.

"Is it good for you to live among all these sweet flowers?" I asked, for as she moved beside me, she seemed to be too pale.

(Softly came Cynthia's whisper to my soul, "Do not confide in Veronica. I am sacred—I am here.")

Softly came the caressing voice of Veronica: "Yes, tell me everything. No one comes here in need of sympathy without laying their sorrows in my hands to console them." As she spoke she laid her little, soft hand out to me—yet not to me—only on the cushions by her, as if inviting me to speak.

I listened to the living and not to the dead; it was a great struggle. Veronica did not speak—she waited for me to speak.

"Mrs Eastlake, I have lost the friend who was all the world to me. Her life made my life. I have lost the one woman who cared for me—and whom I cared for. My life is an utter blank."

A change came over her face. I do not think a woman lives—or a man either—who quite listens unmoved to the knowledge that another is "all the world." I know I should have felt a pang if Veronica had told me she had lost her only friend on earth.

Veronica could not always command her manner and words. She had self-control, but not to any rigid extent. She had so much expression in her face that she could not make an impassive mask of it. When she spoke at last, her manner was subdued, even tender.

"Was she so much to you—I did not know?"

"She was the one thought of my life," I answered. I knew she did not entirely believe me; how could she? But I spoke more decidedly than I felt, out of loyalty to Cynthia. Veronica remained very still, looking quietly at me. I did not look at her as calmly as she looked at me.

I had a pitiful inclination to wound the gentle Veronica. I could not let her imagine that she had entered into my thoughts at all.

"Strange," Veronica answered, her slight fingers playing with the chrysanthemums beside her. "I did not know such faith and loyalty existed



"I will have your violets or nothing."

in these days. I am glad to know one woman found it in her life—I could find it in my heart to envy her for her power of inspiring one to faith and chivalrous devotion. Ah, I feel for you. I do feel for you."

And then so kind were her eyes that I could have knelt at her feet, and prayed for her hands to be lifted up over me in prayer—as one kneels at the shrine of the Madonna of Consolation. "I cannot quite pity you, if you and one woman have once found your ideal in each other. I do not quite pity those who have found on earth one moment of supreme happiness. Don't you think it is better than a long life all grey, like a mist?"

"But you," I answered, "what have you to complain of? I have lost everything—you have lost nothing."

"Nothing," she said quickly, losing her dreamy sadness in a moment—"nothing! Sir Lancelot, it is best that you should always think of me as you see me—do not imagine more. You know when brightness and

I rose to go she held out a gardenia to me.

"I will not take it," I said, "you are not a gardenia. You may seem so to others, but not to me. I will have your violets or nothing."

She gave me her violets without a word.

"They are the flowers of faithfulness and tenderness, but they are also the flowers of renunciation and repentance, growing in the spirit-world about the feet of those who have entered into the kingdom of Heaven through great tribulation."

Then I left her with no more words.

PART III.

THE PRIEST.

CHAPTER I.

I often went to see Veronica, and her charm grew on me gradually, as incense steals into the senses.

I reproached myself bitterly for my folly in loving a married woman again, and this time with a less whol-

"If by any chance you should be in London, come and see me, dear friend. Good-bye. I send you some white heather. Are you being a little less sad—a little more reconciled to your life?"

In another part of her letter—"I miss our long talks over books. Dear books; I think so much depends on the way we take them. Book talk may lead to much, or be so safe." This was one of Veronica's dangerous little sentences, and what man could ever tell whether she expressed a reflection or a sentiment?

Life had become something like madness just now, for Cynthia's form, with reproachful eyes, haunted me by day and night. I could almost hear her saying, "Lancelot, you have broken your promise. Another woman has taken my place."

Yesterday morning I had laid a wreath of passion flowers on her grave.

I had left my home a day earlier

I read these words—but Veronica held my heart.

I turned and looked once more at the familiar room where Cynthia and I had spent so many hours together.

Her picture stood on an easel—it used to be in the drawing-room, but a kindly hand had placed it here, consecrating the room to her memory.

I stood and looked long at the drooping lily head, the refined thin features, the sad blue eyes—widely opened, with the innocent look of a child. Her dark hair was slightly raised from her forehead. She was dressed in white, and the background was a daffodil sunset.

The sweet, old-fashioned room—all so still in the house, where Cynthia had suffered and died.

I laid the wreath of passion flowers on the grave—where Cynthia St. John and her little sons lay. I knelt down by the cross, and leant my tired head against it.

"Forgive me, dear lost friend," I



Where Cynthia St. John and her little sons lay.

merriment is wanted I can be bright and merry, and you know that I would never jar upon a mood of sadness—and that mood suits me best—but for the rest—I am your friend to help you by sympathy, silent or spoken, in your great trouble. But this I will tell you, I can enter into your sorrow—and could I feel if I, too, had not suffered? It is only when two souls have gone into the depths of suffering that they can hold out their hands to each other out of the shadows—out of the deep. "But," she said, more sadly still, "we all go down alone, and, it is only sometimes, in the worst moment, we find a soul there too—in the deep."

"You have held out your hand to me," I said, reverently. She turned to me with that smile which came like sudden sunlight into a house of mourning and death, and melted away half the tragedy of life with a warm human glow. "You would like to help me in my sorrow. You should love to help you."

And then Veronica and I looked into each other's eyes, and each knew, though neither spoke the knowledge, that a new era had begun in our friendship, and that sympathy which is both human and divine woke in our hearts.

I ceased to look on Veronica only as all the world might.

She was fast becoming to me the dearest woman in the world though I did not quite realise it then. When

ly spiritual love.

Quite unconsciously to herself—as she has told me in after years—I became the one friend in the world to her, and yet there was always a barrier between us, and that barrier was honour.

I often wondered how it was with all her soft-confiding ways, her child-like recklessness, that the divine purity of her inmost soul seemed to keep her safe. I think sometimes her earthly side asserted itself, and she found it hard to remain within the strong white bar of light which kept her from being like many women of her type. I knew she had two natures in her.

I had a letter from her, early in September. She had come to London to be near her sister, who was ill.

She gave up much of her time to her sister, and it was difficult to find her at home. She had left her husband in Scotland.

I had a week's business in London. I left my guests to the care of my cousin and my sister, and came to town.

Veronica had a way in her letters of saying very tender things, liable to misconstruction. Little sentences, which took one by surprise—half frightened and half charmed one. It is difficult for a man to answer, such letters when his feelings are more than those of kindly tenderness.

so as to take the wreath from my own conservatory. I had reached her deserted house in the afternoon. I had walked about the silent room—I found in her little sitting-room some photographs of myself. I carried them away with me. I found her Prayer-book lying on the table; I opened it and found these words written under her name:

"Love must not be selfish. It ought to be self-less enough to rejoice in giving up the beloved one to another if it were for his happiness. But one must be quite sure it is for his happiness. It is all perplexity, and darkness, but I know, within my soul, my love for him would not rejoice in giving him up. Ah, God! do women on earth ever attain to such heights as this? Ah, God! do women in Heaven?"

My eyes were filled with tears as

said. "The promise was too hard. Do you not understand?" Then I kissed the grave reverently, and left the mother and the sons alone.

(To be Continued.)

FREE! A RARE CHANCE, FREE!



We guarantee to give a Reliable 5 Years Warranted Watch, or two fashionable Real 18-ct. Gold cases, King, Long Guards, Braziliens, or other splendid gifts in every Lady, Gentleman, Boy, or Girl who does not want your money, and, no matter the cost, we mean to create the sale of our 1890 Silver Aluminium Timepieces, and circulate our Catalogue in the Colonies. They are lighter than silver, never tarnish, and will last a lifetime. Each Timepiece is prettily engraved with the inscription "Remember Me," or "Forget Me Not." Send at once your full name and address with promise to send \$5 of these quick sellers at \$5, each or return those unsold. With your letter send 1/2 stamp or 1/10 towards postal expenses, to show us your earnest business. When we will at once post you the handsome Present you select, and also tell you how you can make \$2 1/2 per week regular income.

GOLD & CO. (No. 118), THE WATCH HOUSE, Delamere Crescent, London, England.

A FREE VETERINARY BOOK.

A most useful Veterinary Book is attached to every bottle of Condy's Fluid. This Book contains instructions for curing most of the ailments and accidents affecting Horses, Dogs, Sheep, Cattle and Poultry.

In this Book eminent Veterinary Surgeons recommend Condy's Fluid as an absolutely certain cure for Sore Shoulders, Sore Backs, Broken Knees, Grouse, Thrush and Cracked Hoofs in Horses.—Scab, Foot Rot, Fly, etc., in Sheep.—Hoove, Foul in the Foot, Wounds and Sores in Cattle.—Distemper, Mange, Canker and Eczema in Dogs.—Condy's Fluid is made by Condy & Mitchell, Ltd., of 65, Goswell Road, London, England, and is sold by all Chemists and Stores. Beware of Colonial substitutes, all are inferior and some are poisonous. Insist on having Condy's Fluid.

Copyright Story.

An Evil Ambition,

By LADY MABEL HOWARD.

Author of "Undoing of John Brewster," Etc.

Geoffrey Vandurgh emerged from the train at Valentin Harbour, that small unimportant spot in the extreme south of Ireland. Gathering his belongings together he embarked on the ferry boat for Valentin Island. His thoughts were far away. He had but yesterday left London, and his mind, his thoughts, still dwelt on the busy city, the House of Commons, of which he was a member; the thousand and one interests and incidents which went to make up his life; the last and greatest—the bitter disappointment when only two days before, the rejected manuscript of his novel—over which of late his whole time and energies had been expended—had been returned to him. Gazing absently on the scenery before him, he recalled as he had done many times during the last twenty-four hours, the publisher's words to him—"wonderful power of writing—a great knowledge of human nature—but—the plot—there was nothing to interest—let him find a plot and the rest would be perfect." He laughed bitterly to himself—his great ambition had been a literary career; it had always been so with him from a boy, and he could find no plot. Well—he reflected sarcastically, he was not likely to find one here. His disconsolate eyes fell on the stretch of landscape—the fishing village of Valentin with its picturesque brown-sailed fishing boats, the mainland beyond, which appeared to be an eternity of bog, peat stacks, and white hovels. A few Kerry cows were the only visible signs of life amidst the universal dreariness. His thoughts drew back to himself and his present surroundings—his friend for whose sake he had taken this journey. He remembered as yesterday the parting at Oxford, the hand-clasp, the good-bye—good luck—and what had all these years brought to them? To him riches, success, friends, and yet with them all the one real ambition of his life denied him—a literary success. And his friend, what had the past eight years done for him? He, too, had been full of hope, full of life; he, too, had taken honours, and had left Oxford with head and heart high; an accident had taken away his health, an unscrupulous father had robbed him of his heritage, and now for many years he had lived in Valentin Island. Living was cheap here, it was warm, and the doctor had forbidden anything but a warm climate. Their lives had flowed on separated by hundreds of miles of land, and thousands of miles of contrast. But they had never quite lost touch, letters few and

far between formed the links, and a sudden resolve, a freak almost, a hunger and thirst for an old friend, which sometimes overwhelms, came across him. The House of Commons had risen for ten days, and four of them he had determined should be given up to his old friend. Heavens! what a desolate country. How could Roger have borne it all these years? But they were nearing the land; his friend, lame, shrunken as he was, was there to greet him on his landing. Roger Gordon's hair was plentifully streaked with grey, his eyes had that look of continuous suffering which one sees so often, but his smile was as bright, his manner as genial as eight years ago. Geoffrey knew that with the sight of him most of his good impulses sprang to life again, and he felt ashamed of many past things. But at that moment the years were bridged over, he took up his life where he had left it, and together they walked up from the landing-place, almost too glad for words. "How can you live in this desolation?" asked Geoffrey an hour later when they were watching the June sun set behind the low cultivated hill in front of them. The place where they stood, it is true, was an oasis. The garden, tended by his and his servant's hands, the little white house with the creepers trained on it—a gladdened spot, but beyond, around, everywhere, poverty, desolation, dreariness. Roger turned to his friend with a sunny smile, a smile which smoothed the lines and even took the suffering from his eyes. "Ah," he said, "I too once thought like you, but one becomes patient and even cheerful." The setting sun touched his hair and his face, imparting to them a sudden spiritualising glow. "I have not many years to pass, and then—I have a great interest—a novel I am writing—but we must go in. I will tell you later." They went into dinner; everything was of the simplest. Fish caught round the island, chicken reared on the farm near, a bowl of early roses in the middle of the table, while the one attendant in whom Geoffrey recognised their mutual servant of long ago at Oxford, waited upon them with careful attention. When a few hours later Geoffrey stood at the window of the little bedroom allotted to him, and looked out

at the water rippling under the rays of the moon, Roger's words came back to him—a novel—he was writing a novel. He laughed to himself at the idea of a man writing a book who had lived in this hole for eight years, who had not mixed with any human beings except Irish farmers and fishermen, and perhaps a stray tourist. How stilted, how old-fashioned it must be. Would he be able to keep his countenance while he read it to him as he suggested. Geoffrey Vandurgh was cruel. He laughed aloud, and the man whose bed lay next the other side of the wall heard it, with a shudder, and it gave him many sleepless hours.

The next morning Geoffrey reminded him of his promise. After an early luncheon they got into the little rowing boat, Roger with manuscript in hand. They landed in a creek, a favourite spot of Roger's, where he assured Geoffrey they could read undisturbed. The latter pulled the boat chain, fastened it to a rock on the shore, and lighting a cigar prepared himself for some hours of boredom—he must bear it, he thought; anyhow it was a rest, after months of London and society it was a change, an hour of peace. The lapping of the waves against the boat as they sat there during those hours was ever fresh in his ears, to the end of his life that sound came to him, always at unexpected, unwished for moments. Sometimes when in the middle of a speech in his career, often when engrossed in a crucial and important discussion when in office, that sound would pursue him; almost like a ghost he came to dread it; people would wonder at his sudden preoccupation, his curious absence of mind, but he himself knew that sound would follow him till he died; but here, on that June afternoon, he was only conscious of the intense restfulness, the sleepy, indolent feeling which was inspired by that continual regular lapping of the water.

His friend began to read his manuscript shyly and with diffidence. He had no opportunities, no one with whom to interchange suggestions, or ideas; he had been alone all through and this book was the outcome. But before he had heard many pages, Geoffrey's interest was assured. He threw away his cigar, and found himself absorbed in the wonderful imagination and power of his friend's book. It was truly a clever and original one, a story of India, a plot so weird and uncommon that Geoffrey found himself hanging on his friend's words. He realised how true it was that those who came to mock remained to pray. The hours slipped by, nothing was heard but the sound of Roger's voice as he read. At last, however, his voice grew weak, he could read no more. With a sigh he laid the manuscript down, and told Geoffrey he would finish it another time. He must rest now.

Astonishment and envy had taken possession of Geoffrey. He was filled with resentment that his friend, this man who had lived in this forsaken spot, who had no touch with

the world or human nature, had conceived, had evolved this in his brain, and what a brain! that of a genius. Ah, why? why had not such an idea, such a plot come to him. If he had thought of it, it would have been particularly conducive to his style of writing. He could have coloured it perhaps even better than Roger had done. Amazement kept him dumb, and it was only after Roger's eager, anxious question put twice, "What do you think of it?" that he sufficiently recovered himself to answer, and in his envy he grudged the words which were forced from him.

"It is wonderful," he said slowly, "you are a genius, you will burst upon the world as a great author." He busied himself with the boat and pushed it off as he spoke.

Roger shook his head. "My dear fellow, you are much too flattering. Wait, till it is refused by the publishers. But anyhow," he drew himself up, "it has been my salvation. I came here sick at heart, my soul dark, my body crippled, and in this book I found everything I had lost, my faith—my patience—my God."



BARTON, MCGILL, AND CO.
BILLIARD TABLE MAKERS.

Makers of the Renowned Champion Low Cushions.

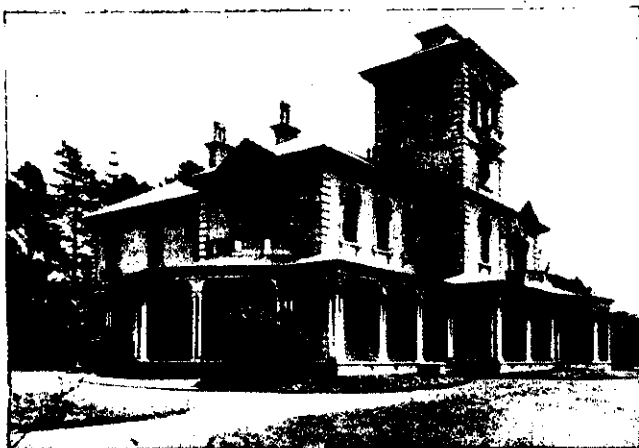
FULL SIZED TABLES ALL PRICES. Hotels, Clubs, Private Gentlemen, before purchasing elsewhere will find it to their advantage by giving us a Call. ALL BILLIARD REQUISITES KEPT IN STOCK. Sole Manufacturers of the Most Perfect Elevating Billiard Dining Table in the World.

SHOW ROOMS—42, QUEEN-ST.
We Make All Sized Tables.
Price List on Application.



PARLOUR BILLIARD TABLES. With 16 Coloured Balls, 10 Skittle Pins, 4 Cues, Rest, Book Games, Leveling Screws, etc., complete, £7 net. PROVIDE AMUSEMENT AT HOME FOR YOUR SONS.

Packed and delivered free on board train or steamer.
R. R. HUNT AND CO.,
New Address:
53, FORT-ST. opposite Roller Mills.



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, "THE PAH."

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGIATE SCHOOL,
"THE PAH,"
NEAR ONEHUNGA, AUCKLAND.

A BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

HEAD MASTER: REV. P. S. SMALLFIELD.
ASSISTANT MASTERS: R. MCELROY, M.A. with HONOURS, N.Z. Univ.; J. H. HAY, B.A.; and H. N. BEDFORD.
VISITING MASTERS FOR PIANOFORTE, VIOLIN, DRAWING, DRILL, AND CARPENTRY.
DENTAL SURGEON: DR. MAITLAND.

The PAH ESTATE occupies a beautiful and commanding position near Onehunga. The soil is volcanic, the aspect sunny, and the view extensive. The house is large and well appointed. The School Grounds include an area of 18 acres.

"THE PAH" is a veritable sanatorium for those Island and Australian boys who need a cooler climate.

ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS GIVING FULL PARTICULARS ON APPLICATION TO THE HEADMASTER.

There was a long pause. When he spoke again, his voice had regained its usual composure. "But it has taken me years already, Geoffrey, and it will be another three before I can finish it, maybe I shall not live to see it finished. I am so weak. I can only write such a short time, and sometimes not for weeks. If I die too soon," he smiled, "you must take it in hand. Do you remember writing was always your future, your ambition, and I never thought of it in those days, and now you are living the practical busy life, and I am the dreamer of dreams."

His unconsciousness and simplicity almost overcame Geoffrey; he was silent as he took the oars and rowed him back to the little cottage. They sat far into the night, Roger giving him a brief outline of the scheme of the last part of his story, and long after the lane man had laid his head on his pillow Geoffrey was sitting at his writing table, eagerly, feverishly scribbling down notes of the great story he had heard that day. In order, he told himself, to be able to remember it, to recognise it, when years hence he should come across it in print. But, beneath, behind, the devil was lurking, was urging him on with terrible temptation, although at present it was only a thought far back in his mind, unrecognised by himself. He spent a sleepless night, the intense pathos of his friend's words to him coupled with the envious and jealous thoughts which came to him in the silence of the night, or rather early morning, were drawing him different ways, and he was thankful for the broad prosaic daylight. But the pleasure of his visit had vanished. Telling his friend he was called back to London by one of the many letters which waited for him on the breakfast table, he took his departure.

"You've done me a world of good," Roger said, "as he walked down with him to the ferry. 'I shall be able to go back, and do much better work. Come again one day.'"

Geoffrey wrung his hand and departed. All through the long journey back he was struggling with good and evil, and in the end evil predominated.

During the months which followed, Society mourned the absence of Geoffrey. He was busy, was his answer when railed on his misanthropical propensities. But when eight months afterwards it leaked out that the great novel of the moment, written under a nom de plume, was in reality the work of Geoffrey Vandurgh, the world understood and appreciated. Publishers, literary men, fashionable women, all alike flocked round him, and railed him and reproached him for trying to hide his name from them. It was in vain he endeavoured to keep up the deception. He was only laughed at for his diffidence and humility.

But far away in Valentia

Island one man knew and understood the reason. Roger Gordon had been struck by the title of the book advertised, and had procured a copy. It had arrived one morning, and he had undone it at breakfast with curious fingers. But the first few pages had been sufficient to send away his breakfast untasted. The servant wondering at the unusual silence, softly opened the door, and had caught the words, "Mine own familiar friend." But his master called to him to get the bust ready, he was going out. The order was nothing unusual; Roger was in the habit of going out on fine days drifting close to the shore in his boat, but as his servant handed him the oars that morning there was a look on his face he had never seen before. He was so struck by it that he begged him to let him come, but Roger for the first time in his life answered him with impatience. So he pushed the boat off, and went back to his work. The lane man rowed out of reach of the land into what he knew to be deep water, and then from under his coat he pulled the manuscript of his book, that manuscript on which his life's energy had been expended—all to no purpose. There was an expression of agony on his face as his thin fingers grasped it lovingly for a moment, but only for a moment, a resolute look came over his mouth, he dropped it over the side of the boat. There was just the sound of the splash, a few large bubbles came to the top, and then stillness. He did not wait; rowing back, he went to his little room, that room which had known him for eight long years, which had witnessed his hopes, his loneliness. His table was as usual, his pen ready for work, his paper piled up alongside for a fresh chapter. All seemed asking him to come. Suddenly he realised that his work was all over. His life had no more interest, could have no more interest, that between him and death lay only the dreary days of waiting; he laid his head down and sobbed aloud: his heart was broken.

In the midst of his success, Geoffrey Vandurgh was not happy. The still small voice of conscience was beginning to make itself felt. For six months he stifled it—he filled his life to the full, he had never been so brilliant, so apparently gay. But his nights were terrors to him. In his sleep he would wake up suddenly to that sound of the lapping of the water against the boat. In the early morning his face bore signs of what he had suffered, but still he was driven on. Several times he took up his pen to write to his friend, but each time he threw it down again. It was impossible. He knew there was nothing he could ever say, nothing he could ever do which could compensate for the evil he had wrought, though sometimes the craving to know of Roger, to hear his voice, to beg his forgiveness almost overwhelmed him.

So the months drifted on, and nearly a year later one morning in "The Times," he saw the announcement of Roger's death—just the simple fact. He could not get away at the moment, but a month later he found himself once more at Valentia; the house was shut up with a board up to let; the pretty garden was already a prey to weeds, and there was nothing to tell that Roger had ever lived there, save the new mound of grass which the sexton showed him.

Ah, God! he was punished—his life was one living lasting reproach. All his success, his money, his life itself he would have given for a word of forgiveness from his friend which could never come.

Some years later a book appeared. There was no nom de plume even attached to it, only initials. The title was "Dead Sea Fruits." The thoughtful people read it, and marvelled at the suffering contained in it. The careless threw it aside, and said it was impossible. But in it Roger's broken heart was avenged.

Complete Story.

A Sheet of Grey Note Paper.

By EMILY IDAH FARNUM

"Bess!"

"Don't call me 'Bess,' my name is Elizabeth; and, considering the publicity of our surroundings, I think it would be more dignified, not to say respectful, for you to address me as Miss Richards."

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Mr Vernon, as he sent himself at the table and surveyed the small, irate person, who was viciously banging her typewriter. "You'll smash your machine, Bess—ahem! Miss Richards—if you keep that up."

The young woman stopped, folded her hands and bestowed on Mr Vernon a withering glance from a pair of sapphire blue eyes.

"Can't you see I'm busy?" she demanded ominously. "You've been here once before to-day. What do you want?"

"To talk with you," replied Mr Vernon imperturbably.

"One would think I were here for the sole purpose of entertaining people," Miss Richards remarked sarcastically. "I've had to settle two extremely impertinent men already this morning. I beg of you not to make the third."

"What did they say to you?" inquired her visitor in a tone which boded no good for them were they in his vicinity.

"Oh," wearily, "one dictated two letters, and on the strength of it asked me to go out driving with him; the other desired my company at luncheon."

"The scoundrels!" growled Mr Vernon savagely. "Give it up, Bess, and marry me."

"I don't know why it is," continued Miss Richards, declining to take any notice of his offer, "but nine men out of ten, if they bring me one dollar's worth of work, think they may stay

and bore me for an hour. The tenth always imagines I'm hungry or pinning for a drive."

"I really think this play will not you at least twenty," interrupted Mr Vernon, in a blended tone of meekness and mischief, taking a roll of manuscript from his pocket, "and, according to your statement, Bess, I'm liable to bore you for twenty hours. Still, if you prefer the drive or—"

"Let me see it!" cried Elizabeth eagerly. "Oh, Dave, is it your new play?"

"Yes," replied Mr Vernon, handing her the manuscript, "but I really wish, my dear girl, you would be more respectful when you address me. My name is David, and, in a public place like this—with a comprehensive glance around the room which contained only himself and Miss Richards—"I really think it would be more dignified for you to say Mr Vernon."

"Oh, bother!" retorted Elizabeth, making a naughty face. After which expressive remark, she plunged into the manuscript and became utterly oblivious to Mr Vernon's presence.

They had met two years before at Cornell. It was Elizabeth's first year and David's last. He had a sister, who was in her class, and the two girls became very intimate. Naturally the brother came in for his share of attention, and, as naturally, he fell a victim to the charms of his sister's friend.

Before the close of the year Elizabeth had to resign all thoughts of a college education. The death of her father and the condition of his affairs made it necessary for her to assume the support of her mother and little brother. She had made herself proficient in stenography be-

For All the Family

Our Old Family Medicine. Good for Father, Mother, and the Children. Purifies, Builds Up. Experience of a Trained Nurse.



Mrs. John Evans, of Subiaco, West Australia, sends this photograph of herself and children, and says:

"Whenever any member of my family becomes pale, weak, debilitated, or suffers from impure blood, I always fall back on Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills. I give the Pills to keep the bowels all right and the Sarsaparilla to make the blood pure and strengthen the nerves. Ayer's Sarsaparilla carried my husband through a bad attack of influenza, and later it also cured him of rheumatism. I have often given it to my children when they have lost their appetite and become listless. I practise as a nurse, and frequently recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla for the very trying climate of this country. And I can truthfully say that both nurse and patient are always greatly pleased."

"The World's Greatest Family Medicine."

This testimonial should convince every one who reads it of the great value of Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a blood-purifier and general tonic. Mrs. Evans speaks as a mother, ever watchful over the health of those most dear to her. She also speaks as a professional nurse, one who knows just what effect these medicines have on those who are suffering.

Be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla. There are a great many substitute Sarsaparillas on the market that will disappoint you. Avoid imitations.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

A Great Blood-purifier and Blood-builder

Take Ayer's Pills with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. One aids the other.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

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

PRICES:— 10/6, 12/6, 16/6, 21/- to 22/0. Of all Stationers. Ask for The "SWAN."

CATALOGUE POST FREE.

MABIE, TODD, & BARD, 99, Cospice, London, Eng.

fore entering Cornell, and, for a time, had acted as her father's secretary. On her return home she devoted six weeks to "getting up her speed," and then opened an office in a newspaper building on F street.

David Vernon loomed up once more in her horizon about a year after she began her stenographic career. His uncle was a well-known Washington lawyer, and he offered to take David into the firm as junior partner. The young man would have preferred a literary career, but the opening was such a good one that he accepted it. It also had the advantage of bringing him nearer to Elizabeth. He devoted his evenings to the study of literature, however, and already had fame as the author of several charming little comedies.

When he learned what Elizabeth was doing and how hard she had to work, David, with fine prospects but small salary, asked her to marry him, and Elizabeth laughed.

"I'd spoil your career, Dave," she said; "and if that is not a good reason—with a glance of amusement—"I have a better."

"What is it?" demanded Mr Vernon.

"I don't love you," she returned. "Besides, you are only twenty-seven, David, and you don't want to burden yourself with a wife for at least thirty years. I'll be too old then—eighty—and you'll prefer some young girl."

"I'll do no such thing," interrupted David eagerly. "I've loved you for two years, and I'm going to marry you if I have to wait until you're forty! There isn't a reason on earth why you can't love me," he added, with a touch of indignation; "I'm good-looking, clever—"

"Oh, Dave!"

"Well, you're not going to deny it, are you?" demanded he wrathfully. "I tell you what, Bess, in five years I shall be rich. Then, how nice for you to be Mrs Vernon!"

"What a mercenary wretch you must think me!" said Elizabeth, with a gleam of mischief in her eyes. "Believing me to be adamant where your good looks and cleverness are concerned, you tempt me with riches. For shame, sir, for shame!"

But the office door slammed behind him and David was gone. After this first interview, Mr Vernon was a frequent visitor at Elizabeth's home as well as at her office. To this latter place, however, he solemnly averred that he "only went on business." He was in no wise discouraged by her refusal of his first offer of marriage, and continued to propose to her. And Elizabeth continued to refuse. However, she derived much comfort from his society, and in numerous thoughtful, tender little ways he helped to brighten her life.

"How many copies do you want?" asked Elizabeth in her most business-like manner, as she laid the roll of manuscript on her desk.

"Two," responded Mr Vernon promptly, and then added mischievously, "that is, unless you want an extra copy for yourself. Maybe when I'm dead and gone, Elizabeth, it will comfort you to pore over these evidences of the genius your criticism has fostered."

"More like you will lose your copies and want to borrow mine," said Elizabeth in the tone of one having experience. Mr Vernon regarded her mournfully. "There isn't an ounce of sentiment in you," he remarked.

"Thank heaven there isn't!" replied Miss Richards fervently. "You may not realise it, but sentiment is a dangerous trait for a woman in my position. Now," she added teasingly, as she saw the look of disgust creeping over David's moon-shaven face, "now, if I'd been sentimental, Dave, I would doubtless have been married and divorced several times in the last two years."

"I wish to goodness you'd quit this place," growled David, gazing at her anxiously. "You grow more sippant and cynical every day."

Who'd decipher your miserable chirography if I did?" demanded she archly. "We could have a machine at home," he suggested eagerly.

Miss Richards laughed. "What a tempting prospect!" she cried gaily. "All your other suggestions have failed to appeal to me, but this one is so brilliant, Dave, I really shall have to consider it!"

Once again the door banged violently and the small mistress of the establishment found herself alone. "Never mind, he will be up to the house to-night," she thought philosophically as she went back to her machine.

The day following the stenographic office of Miss Richards was a very busy place. Work had come in, as was often the case, with a rush, and Elizabeth had to engage another stenographer to assist her. Towards the close of the day, however, she found time to begin David's play. As she proceeded with it her interest grew apace. "It is his best effort," she kept repeating to herself exultantly, while her fingers flew swiftly over the keys, "and it must succeed!"

She had just finished the first act when her eyes fell upon a tiny sheet of gray notepaper which had doubtless slipped between the leaves of the manuscript by accident, and the following in a dainty hand greeted her:—

"My Dearest Boy.—I am so sorry not to have seen you Friday night—and so glad that you have gotten over being cross with me. Do come Sunday, and we'll bury the hatchet for good. It was all a mistake, dear, but you must admit I had cause to act as I did—you were seen with her so much.—Ruth."

Elizabeth put her hand to her head in a dazed fashion. So Dave was like all the rest; Dave, whom she had believed to be all her own. And another girl was complaining of his attentions to her—Elizabeth! Well, the other girl would have no further occasion to complain so far as she was concerned!

When Mr Vernon called the next day, Miss Richards was taking a speech for Senator Smith. The learned legislator was tramping up and down the little office, talking, it seemed to David, at the rate of 300 words a minute, and gesticulating fiercely. Elizabeth looked up from her notebook and pointed to a roll of papers on her desk. David helped himself and went out. That night when he called at the house Mrs. Richards informed him that Bess had a headache and asked to be excused. He thought nothing of this, but when two or three days had gone by and he failed to get speech with her, David began to feel both indignant and worried.

"Either Bess is working herself to death, or she's out with me about something," he thought, as he straightened his cravat, preparatory to making another call on the obdurate damsel.

It was a little early for his visit, so David decided to glance over the manuscript he had obtained from Elizabeth. There was an interrogation point on the sixth page of her copy, and, as this was her method of calling attention to something that was not clear in his language or chirography, he began turning over the original to find the page and make comparison. In doing this he came across the little scented sheet of grey notepaper, and gave vent to a low whistle as he read it.

"This accounts for Bess' behaviour," he said aloud; "but who in the name of all that's mysterious is Ruth, and how came that letter in my manuscript?"

A moment later there was a knock at the door, and Charlie Thurston came in. Mr. Thurston was dramatic editor for one of the daily papers, and boarded in the same house with David.

"I want that play of yours, Dave," he said hastily. "Goodwin has promised to look it over to-night. If he takes it, your fortune is made."

"Let us hope he will take it, then," said Dave, handing him the manuscript. As he did so the little sheet of grey paper fluttered to the floor.

Charlie picked it up. "Where on earth did this come from?" he demanded in astonishment.

"I've been asking myself the same question for the last ten minutes," replied Dave, laughing. "Some person or persons unknown put it between the leaves of my play."

The puzzled look on Charlie Thurston's face gave way to a smile. "I had it on my desk the night I sat up reading your confounded stuff, and it must have slipped in somehow. By the way, old man," he added after a little pause, "you must congratulate me. Ruth and I are to be married next month."

"Miss Gilmore?" asked Dave in a

surprised tone. "So her name is Ruth, is it? Well, Charlie, here's my hand. You always were a lucky fellow."

A half hour later David was standing on Mrs. Richards' steps. The door was unlocked, and he went in. He feared Bess might send word she was not at home if he rang the bell.

"They are awfully careless about that door," he said under his breath as he pushed the parlour portieres aside. The room was dark and deserted, and the house-breaker proceeded on his way to the library. In the soft light of the red lamp he saw a little figure curled up on the lounge by the window.

"You didn't stay very long, mother," said a familiar voice.

"No, I thought you'd be lonesome," responded Mrs. Vernon promptly.

Elizabeth sprang to her feet. "Oh, it is you, David?" she said ungraciously.

"Yes, it's me," returned Mr. Vernon forcibly if ungrammatically. "I can't say, Bess, that you seem overjoyed because of my arrival."

"I don't like people creeping in on me unawares," replied Miss Richards crossly.

"Then 'people' shouldn't refuse to see their friends," Dave retorted coolly.

There was an awkward silence. David finally got up and pushed his chair nearer Elizabeth's lounge. "Goodwin has agreed to examine my play," he remarked. "Charlie Thurston—you've met Charlie—asked him to do it. Thurston sat up the other night until the 'we sma' hours' perusing it, and he says he's certain Goodwin will take it."

"I am sure I hope you will be successful," was Miss Richards' polite rejoinder.

David eyed her mischievously. "By the way, Bess, did you ever meet Ruth

Gilmore?" he inquired innocently. The colour flamed in her face. "No, why do you ask?"

"Nothing, only she's just promised to marry Charlie, and I wondered if you knew her."

A long silence followed this interesting news item. Then Dave left his chair and seated himself on the sofa.

"Say you're ashamed of yourself, Bess," he whispered as he slipped his arm around her waist.

"I am dreadfully ashamed," she answered, softly. And Dave looking into her eyes saw something that he had never seen there before.

"But this doesn't mean that I am going to marry you now," said Elizabeth a few moments later. "You must remember that I have responsibilities, David, and you may have to wait for me as long as Jacob did for Rachael."

"I'll do no such thing," replied Mr. Vernon with emphasis. "I'll give you just six months to settle your important business matters, so you had better get accustomed to the idea."

Elizabeth shook her head. "We'll decide that later," she said, smiling, and Dave, who loved her proud, independent ways, wisely forbore any further discussion of the subject that evening.

"I reckon I've proposed to you seventy times seven," he remarked later as he was bidding her good night, "but you haven't told me yet, Bess, what induced you to even agree to accept me in the far-off future."

Elizabeth laughed mischievously. "It was your suggestion that I could continue to pound my typewriter as Mrs. Vernon," she replied saucily. "Really, Dave, dear, no girl in my profession could withstand an offer so tempting as that!"

This time David didn't slam the door; he kissed Elizabeth instead.



Most makes of .22 caliber cartridges are as variable as some men's watches. Cartridges out of the same box won't shoot alike. Some go high, some go low and some don't go at all. This is not true of

WINCHESTER

.22 Short and .22 Long Cartridges. They shoot well all the time, and shoot just where you hold. Special powder made according to carefully determined and tested formulas is used in loading Winchester Cartridges and every bullet is swaged by special machinery which makes them uniform in size, weight and density. This modern method of manufacture coupled with a rigid system of tests makes Winchester Cartridges better than any other brand on the market. A trial will convince you.

Horrors of the Modern Russian Penal Settlement.

From time to time, more particularly of late, vague rumours have leaked through the meshes of Russia's jealously-guarded official net of diplomatic necromancy and deceit, which serve to explain the deep-rooted causes of seething unrest threatening to outburst with fearful violence at any moment. The smoke of the smouldering fires of internal rottenness, of which the outside world infrequently catches a glimpse, is but a suggestion of the hidden fires eating at the foundation of Russia's very existence as a nation. The banishment of the venerable patriot, Tolstol, the simultaneous student and peasant uprisings in widely separated parts of the empire, the eager solicitude of Russian diplomatists to divert public attention from the growing menaces of her internal economy by a dramatic activity in her Asiatic policy, all these are of interest as showing how the wind blows. It is a curious instance of the far-reaching results of Russian official surveillance that, although the world is acquainted in a general way with the rigorous policy of Russian justice (?—save the mark—yet what reports have reached the public ears have been of such a vague and illusory character as to be lightly glossed over with that whimsical disinterestedness with which humanity views things at a distance.

In spite of the unmistakable handwriting on the wall, which shows that a great revolution is brewing in Russia, greater than the bloody attempt of the 'seventies that ended in the assassination of Alexander II., Russian diplomatic policy, ostrich-like, has buried its head in the sand, and by inaugurating an era of unparalleled severity is but fanning into a wilder and more uncontrollable flame the fire of internal disaffection which it seeks to stamp out.

Recently a brief mail report, escaping the vigilant eyes of the censor, crept into the pages of the St. Petersburg "Vedomosti," detailing a bloody outbreak in the penal colony on the desolate island of Saghalin, off the coast of Siberia. There was a bit of grim justice in this brief announcement, for by this token hangs a tale of dark iniquity and mediæval barbarity that scarcely finds a parallel in history. Since Kennan's voluminous expose of the horrors of Russia's penal system in Siberia, the world has been led to believe, by subtle suggestions, and apparent frank and open testimony, which, if sifted to the bottom, would be found to emanate from Russian official sources, that all the horrible conditions which then existed, and subjected Russia to the scornful moral flouting of all Christendom, have given way to a temperate regime, which would not compare unfavourably with the penal system of any other nation. This was official Russia. The Czar, who would really be a humane and progressive ruler, could he throw off the tentacles of the heberonous policy of his advisers, knew that it was a lie, and refused to give countenance to his Ministers' persistent scheme for fooling Europe.

The Czar, autocratic as is his power, is as ignorant regarding many of the social sores festering in his empire as a Hottentot or Fijian Islander. He must depend for information on his Ministers, and the deceit and falsifying evasion of Russian diplomacy is notorious. This explanation is demanded in justice, for to lay at the door of Czar Nicholas the horrors and ghastly enormities of the convict system would be manifestly unjust and misleading.

The outbreak following Kennan's appalling revelations taught Russia a lesson. The moral protest of the civilized world doubtless would have given her little concern, had she not foreseen that a defiant and unbending ignoring of such protests must have a reflex action on her future commercial and political relations. She might snarl and gnash her teeth, but her diplomatists were farsighted enough to perceive that some form of concession must be made to a protesting world. Vague promises of reform and official investigation were thrown out as a tentative "sop"; thereafter the innerness of the Siberian convict-system became a closed book. Russia did not abolish

the evil or abate one iota of its iniquities and horror. She merely hid it further into the bowels of her Asiatic charnel-house, and bound it round with a rigor of watchful surveillance which safeguarded against any future investigator.

But truth will out, and again the horrors of the Russian convict-system are setting the world by the ears. Authoritative reports which have leaked out from the penal settlements of Saghalin during the last six months have prepared the public for a new and horrible outbreak. The denouement has been sensational, but not unexpected. Not from the unsupported testimony of one investigator, but from scores of unimpeachable sources, and from the lips of convicts who have managed to escape, an array of testimony has been gathered, and the whole world soon will know that on the desolate island of Saghalin, buried from the scrutiny of civilization, has been concentrated a policy as terrible in its effect as the old Siberian convict system in its most atrocious days.

It was only twenty years ago that the Russian home officials recognised the advantages which this isolated spot offered as an ideal convict colony. At first a few of the most dangerous prisoners of the Siberian penal settlements were deported; each year the number swelled, until, in 1884, the island was divided into administrative districts, a governor and executive staff sent out from St. Petersburg, and a policy of almost unparalleled ferocity inaugurated. In this manner were the convict settlements of Saghalin begun, and their history, ever since, has been one long-continued narrative of merciless horror, as foul and crime-reeking a blot as exists on all the fair escutcheon of civilization. According to the official records of the government, there are altogether fifty-eight of these settlements on Saghalin, which, in their comparative isolation from the outside world, and the meagre knowledge concerning this far-away island, offer a fertile field for the past and continued existence of this barbarous regime of official cruelty. If one, by any possible distortion of the imagination, could imagine a system of misrule and horror greater than even the conditions which Kennan discovered in Siberia, even then he would have but a slight insight into the situation as it has an accurate and certified existence. It would be impossible for the most vivid word-painting or the most subtle skill of the artist to depict this, the acme, the consensus, of all the misery and horror that can have an existence in this world. And this is the spectacle with which Russia, with her hypocritical vagaries of international disarmament and peace confronts the opening of the twentieth century.

The general desolation and climatic rigors of Saghalin accentuate the sternness of official misrule. Except for a few weeks of uncertain midsummer sunshine, the island is ice-bound and fog-bound. Nature is without attractions of any kind; never a tree is seen, and scarcely a flower, except for a few months in the year. A gray pall of Arctic chill and cold hangs over the universal desolation, as a spot accursed. Desolation forever reigns, to mark an awful judgment; or as if the glowing hills of Pandemonium had been raised from their dreadful depths, to sully the face of the earth with their most forbidding aspect. Great masses of frowning mountain ranges, perpetually incased in a grim mantle of ice and snow, rise in huge disarray, hurled into unutterable confusion and towering grim, forbidding, and menacing, as if to accord with the ghastly horrors they seek to hide in their adamant bowels.

This mountainous condition of Saghalin first attracted Russian official attention. Subsequent surveys revealed the fact that coal mines of considerable value were open to exploitation, which suggested an ideal method of securing a direct financial advantage, and "kill two birds with one stone," as it were. By quartering here the real criminals and inconvenient people, who, to the au-

torney, are the most dangerous criminals—political agitators—it was possible to find free labour to work these mineral deposits, which, in itself, was a commendable feature from an economic point of view; furthermore, the problem was satisfactorily solved of safeguarding against the escape of dangerous convicts. For on Saghalin only the worst class of criminals and the most feared political deportees are found, which, however, does not palliate or excuse away the unnecessary and barbarous rigour of the convict system.

The total number of convicts at present quartered on Saghalin is estimated at nearly ten thousand, and one cannot ponder over the lot of these miserable people without a mingled shudder of gloom and horror. The minor malefactors are seldom consigned to the mines, which, in a measure, is an amelioration of their punishment, but of the others it may well be said that at the gates of Saghalin they may figuratively read, "All hope abandon ye who enter here." No distinction is made for age, sex, or condition. The prisoners, so soon as they are landed, are sorted according to the rigour of the punishment to which they have been condemned. The lesser criminals, chained and logged to guard against possible escape, are given occupation above ground as tillers of the soil or prison attendants, subject to the petty whims and cruelty of subordinate officials. Unceasing toils, curses, semi-starvation, the "plet," a terrible loaded whip, is henceforth their daily lot; but it is a bed of roses compared with the future condition of the more unfortunate deportees, those guilty of real heinous crimes, and those whom Russian officialdom fears even more, political malefactors.

These prisoners, so soon as they are landed, are assigned to a distinctive number, and huddled pell-mell, like a horde of wild beasts, into one of the gaping holes in the mountain sides. From that day, until death fortunately relieves their sufferings, they are condemned to a life of the most abject misery, degradation and hardship. The vast subterranean channels become populous avenues of wild-eyed, frantic maniacs. The most brutal immoralities are prevalent; children are born, but no distinction is made for their condition; the steel-hearted overseers give them a distinctive number if they survive to a proper age; infanticide is encouraged and abetted, and henceforth, although guiltless of all crime, they suffer the fate of their parents.

Down in the dark bowels of the earth, denied even a pittance of sunshine or fresh air, these God-forsaken unfortunates toil on endlessly, until first flies spirit, then reason—hideous, shrunken, tortured gnomes and maniacs, they labour on till their doom is happily cut short by death's welcoming hand. One or two, or at the utmost, five years of this living death prevails over the most vigorous vitality; more often long before that time the miserable wretch ends all by suicide. Small wonder it is that

most of them live but a few months; their deaths are reported by the overseer, and in sickening farce the priest is sent for, sprinkles the accursed spot with water, and in an unknown grave they are unceremoniously buried. Sometimes the thrill of liberty is too strong to be resisted, a sudden frenzy to escape lights up the embruted breasts with the faint hope of despair, and, goaded to fury, the bolder spirits start an insurrection, overpower their guards, and rush toward the shelter of the gloomy mountain fastnesses. Like mad dogs they are trailed, surrounded by soldiers, and shot down with no compunction. It is a significant fact that such outbreaks are but of rare occurrence; the pitiless life underground is to be endured as willingly as facing the even more pitiless cruelty of insensible and bloody-minded task-masters above ground.

Even if the jealous watch of the guards and the subsequent pursuit are evaded, there lies before the refugee the certainty of a lingering death from hunger and exposure. Prince Krapotkin mentions a doctor on Saghalin who was authority for the ghastly statement that in the satchels of recaptured convicts were found pieces of human flesh, and other cases of cannibalism have been reported. The only territory near to Saghalin, offering a possible method of escape, if the prisoner is able to escape the drag-net of human blood-hounds on the island itself, is by making the difficult passage on a raft to the mainland. Here, in turn, the savage natives—Gilyaks or Ainoo—must be avoided, as the government secures their assistance by rewards for the return of all escaped convicts.

It is in the large mines, where no chance of escape is ever offered, that the brutal savagery and relentless ferocity of the Russian task-master find play. As many as five hundred human beings are confined in a stifling dungeon hundreds of feet below the surface, crowded together like rats in a pen. Many of them are insane, and these monsters, in their brutal might, struggling for nature's first law, beat the weaker under foot, and trample them to death in the brute struggle for the meagre pittance of food allotted to keep alive the thin spark of existence. Hapless the rash official who dares to interfere; he finds himself in a raging mad-house of inhuman beings; his lot is often to be literally torn to pieces by the infuriated mob.

But what a fearful vengeance is wreaked! The food supply is stopped for days, no liberty to the open air is allowed; from the enormous pest-hole come howls of despair, bitter anguish, the unearthly yells of starving madmen. Then a ghastly quiet supersedes this frenzied turmoil, and a little later scores of mangled, emaciated, and crushed bodies are brought to the surface and buried. And so the frightful nightmare goes on from day to day, from month to month, from year to year, the enormous decimations ever forfeited to overflowing by the inexorable grist-mill of Russian justice, a perpetual Black Hole of Calcutta, that never has an ending.

Wrinkles, Grey Hairs, Blotches, and Skin Irritation are all promoted by using inferior Soaps. A fine, white Soap like VINOLIA is Pure, Harmless, Beneficial to the Skin, and is made specially for the complexion and nursery by a patent of our own. Do not confound it with inferior Toilet Soaps.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

VINOLIA CREAM, for Itching, Prickly Heat, Sunburn, etc. (In 4 sizes)

VINOLIA POWDER, for Redness, Roughness, Toilet, Nursery (In 4 sizes)

After Dinner Gossip.

Making a Billiard Ball.

It takes more than a year to make an ivory billiard ball! Few devotees of the game probably are aware of the infinite pains that have to be expended on this important part of the equipment that contributes to their enjoyment.

Billiard balls are made from elephants' tusks, and only the small tusks, from four to six inches in their thickest diameter, will do, for these furnish the best ivory. The price of this ivory has greatly increased of late, and the demand is far in excess of the supply. The stringency in the market has induced a prominent billiard company to offer 10,000 dollars for a perfect substitute for ivory.

The elephants' tusks come from the factories cut up in sections, each having been cut just large enough to allow of the turning of a single ball. Only skilled labour is employed to work upon it. The exact centre of the piece must first be discovered by measurement. It is then placed in a socket, and one half of the ball is turned by a sharp edged steel instrument. The ivory is then hung up in a net for a time. Later the second half is turned, and the ball again hung up as before, in a room where the temperature is from 60 to 70 degrees.

The ball must be kept thus suspended for about a year, when it is rubbed, and polished to as near a certain weight as possible, and to a diameter of two and three-eighths inches. Care with the greatest care it is impossible to make two balls of exactly the same weight.

The life of a billiard ball after it is placed in use is an uncertain quantity. If the room in which it is kept is too hot the pores of the ivory may close and a crack ensue. Then it has to be returned to the factory, where it is shaved off, and consequently reduced in size. A second-rate billiard room gets it next. By and by it develops another crack, and again goes back to the factory, where this time it is probably fixed up for a cue ball in pool. When it has reached its last limit of usefulness as a ball it is bought by dealers in bone and ivory and turned into buttons.—Philadelphia North American.

Shah Shows Fine Society.

During his recent tour the Shah of Persia took more delight in hearing an American musical machine, of which there is one at the Persian legation, Berlin, than to listen to all the crack military bands. His Majesty sat in his shirt sleeves for hours enjoying the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" and other airs. From time to time he handed the operator cigarettes.

The Shah found the climate of Germany disagreeable not. He spent most of his time indoors and when he entered a special train at Leipzig on his way to Carlsbad he took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and sat at an open window fanning himself and inexpressibly shocking a large military contingent and society people who were bidding him farewell and whose ideas of propriety never admit that a gentleman may be seen in his shirt-sleeves.

The Shah is equipped with a letter of credit for 3,400,000 marks, which sum, since he and his entire retinue are the Emperor's guests, has scarcely been touched. Among other gifts the Shah gave 10,000 marks to the fund for the relief of the Martinique sufferers.

Companions in Courtesy.

Warm was the Irish heart and winning the way of the late Lord Dufferin. Shortly before he left Canada, and while he was in residence at Rideau Hall, he was walking one windy day when he came upon an old Irish labourer who was mending the roadway.

As was his wont, the Governor-General stopped to have a chat, and

the old labourer stood bare-headed, the wind blowing his thin, white hair roughly about.

"Put on your hat," said Lord Dufferin.

"Not before Your Excellency," replied the old man.

"Then," said his lordship, taking off his own hat, "if you will expose your grey hairs to this wind out of deference for my position, I must expose mine to it out of respect for your grey hairs."

In a Back of Fire.

Before the day of electric lights Drury Lane Theatre was illuminated by a great gasolier eighteen feet across the base. It hung on stout chains twelve feet long, and was fed by pipes coming down through a manhole in the ceiling. Close to this manhole was a circular crown of burners; a larger circle ran round the bottom of the chandelier and in addition "baskets" of lights were grouped at intervals about the lower rim.

The boy who lighted this glittering mass of jets and flashing prisms was Frank Parker, a youth of seventeen. As no automatic spark had then been devised, the method of lighting was a primitive one. Parker used to go into the garret above the ceiling and reach down through the manhole with a long pole, at the end of which was a spirit torch. In doing this he had to be very careful not to break any of the glass pendants, which if loosened might under the great heat drop off during a performance and kill someone in the pit.

One night as Parker reached down to light the lower range of lights and the basket clusters he knocked the pole against a string of glass prisms, which came loose at one end and swung down supported only by a small copper wire.

Then he remembered the words of the manager; "If any of the crystals come loose break them off at all costs. They are dangerous."

So Parker without hesitation climbed down through the manhole upon the interlaced rods and braces of the chandelier, which swayed slowly above the black pit.

As he let himself down through the hoop of lights which formed the top of the chandelier, his lamp caught the circle of open jets, and the flame ran round in a succession of sputters, one light catching from another, as a row of dominoes falls. There he was, imprisoned between fire above and darkness below.

At first he did not notice his peril, for he was intent on breaking off the dangerous cluster of prisms. With great difficulty he reached it and knocked it into the pit. The pause before it struck told him how deep the chasm lay beneath him. Then he looked up and realised his position, for there was the circle of blazing jets above him barring the way to the manhole.

The heat and poisonous fumes of hundreds of lights rushed over him up through the ventilator. He called for help. The minutes slipped by, the rods he clung to grew hot. Then, when he had almost given up hope, the head lightman heard his cries and rushed up, over the grille, through the dark garret to the manhole. Turning off the lights, he lay down, as one does to pull a drowning man from a hole, reached through the opening and seizing Parker's arms drew him up to safety.

To my Atkins in India.

It is told of the late Sir William Olpherts that one day an officer came to him with a pitiful tale of his men's discontent with their vegetable rations; they were an Irish regiment, and they wanted potatoes. But in those early Anglo-Indian days, potatoes were not always available in remote districts. Mutiny was feared. "Hell-Fire Jack," in command of the district, promised to 'put' an end to

the trouble. He ordered a full-dress parade of the potato-loving soldiers at noon, and rode up in the sweltering heat to inspect the ranks himself.

"Now, my men," he shouted, "I want you to speak out plainly. I hear you want potatoes—do you?"

"We do, sir," came from a thousand parched throats.

"Then you won't get 'em!" replied Sir John. "You're good soldiers, I admit, but if you expect God Almighty to grow potatoes on the dry plains of India, especially to please you, you're damndest fools than I take you for. Dismiss!"

Hell-Fire Jack turned his horse's head and galloped back to his quarters, and there was no more talk of a potato mutiny in the camp.

On "Loving a Lord."

Looking at the question as a whole, we can see only one answer, and that is that the majority of Englishmen—or, at all events, enough to make a proverb sufficiently true to be generally accepted—do undoubtedly "love," that is, instinctively respect, a title. If you try to see why that is you must go back to the days when men got their names from what they could do; when, that is, a man was judged by and respected for his capacity for inflicting trenchant wounds—when men were called Miller, or Taylor, or Hogg, or Pigg because they were renowned for milling (i.e., fighting), or cutting with the sword, or hacking, or piking. After a while, the men who could fight best got further distinctions, the capacity for knocking down other men, in early stages of the history of a community, being, as it were, the yardstick by which each man was measured. Later, the necessities of the community enlarged, and men were able to gain distinction, and were ennobled for other services and capabilities than those of fighting, the names which were given them being the outward and perpetual signs of their achievements.

True Story of a Servant Girl.

A little time ago a girl engaged in service in one of our large provincial towns gave notice that at the end of the usual month she would leave her place.

"Aren't you comfortable, Jane?" asked the mistress, sorry at the prospect of losing one who had proved herself to be a perfect treasure.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm very comfortable; but, please, I'm going to get married," was the reply.

As the time drew near for the girl's departure she addressed her mistress one morning:

"Please, ma'am, have you got a girl yet?"

"No, Jane, not yet," said her mistress. "But why do you ask?"

"Because, ma'am, if you haven't I should like to stay, if you don't mind," explained the girl.

"But, Jane," exclaimed the mistress, not a little surprised, "I thought you were to marry the sweep?"

"Yes, ma'am, I did think about it," said Jane; "but when I saw him for the first time after 'is face was washed I felt as 'ow I couldn't love 'im any longer."

At Home in the Kitchen.

Viewed from a human standpoint—just now a popular one from which to contemplate Royalty—Queen Alexandra is the peer of any lady in England in housewifery. For her proficiency she has to thank her excellent mother, the late Queen Louise of Denmark, and the exigencies of her childhood life, which was the reverse of luxurious.

There were not many servants at the Gule Palace, says the author of a recent "Life of Queen Alexandra," and the young Danish Princesses were required to dust their own rooms and make themselves generally useful about the house and at meal times. A gentleman who one day was invited to partake of the informal family luncheon at the palace recalls that the family butter dish chanced to need replenishing, and the Princess Louise, instead of summoning a servant, turned to her elder daughter and said:

"Alexandra, will you fetch some more butter?"

And the future Queen of England departed willingly and gracefully on the homely errand to the larder.

During a visit paid by her in 1888 with the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark the Princess of Wales, after inspecting every part of the Home for Scandinavian Sailors, said to Mrs. Mellin, the Superintendent:

"I would like to see the Kitchen."

It was dinner time and the cook was frying fish.

"I can cook fish," said the Princess. "Let me show you if I cannot." She went to the cooking range and deftly turned the fish in the pan till it had taken the requisite brown.

The cook looked none too well pleased at ladies in the kitchen, but when, as the visitors turned to leave, Mrs. Mellin whispered, "It is the Princess of Wales who has fried the fish," the cook showed such astonishment that the Princess burst into a hearty laugh.

The Dummy Curate in the Stalls.

It would be easy to quote a hundred striking proofs, says a writer in the "St. James' Gazette," of the bridging of the old gulf between the Church and the Stage, but it would be hard to find more significant evidence of it than the familiar deception practised with such success upon metropolitan, as well as provincial, audiences whenever opportunity arises. Every journalist knows it. Half through the play an elderly gentleman, whom nobody could imagine to be anything else than a clergyman, rises from his seat and begs permission to state that for the first time in his life he has come to the theatre that evening, and that he considers it his duty to declare that the play is a great inspiration and a powerful sermon, a terrible proof of the degrading effects of sin, etc., etc. Week after week, during the provincial progress of a well-known play, the mysterious clergyman praised the play as naturally as if he were not a part of the performance.

Clarke's B.I.P. Pills are warranted to cure Gravel, Pain in the back, and all kindred complaints. Free from Mercury. Established over 30 years. Is kept in full stock by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln England.

FOR COUGHS TAKE

Powell's Balsam of Aniseed.

—SAFE AND RELIABLE—
Gives Immediate Relief.

FOR 78 YEARS
THE POPULAR REMEDY FOR
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis,
Influenza, and all Lung Troubles.



TRADE MARK

MR. LOWELL BROUGH, the renowned actor, writes: "I have used this Balsam for the cure of my bronchitis, and have always recommended it to my brother and sister actors."

MR. J. WILLIAM SWING, of Cape Street, Barnsley, Yorkshire, writes: "Having had upwards of twenty years' experience in the Clergy's Examens, I have some knowledge of the properties and popularity of Powell's Balsam, and I have personally ascertained it to be a great Cough Remedy."

MR. A. J. WOODHOUSE, Farn Lodge, Clarendon, Northampton, writes: "Last year Powell's Balsam of Aniseed cured me of a very obstinate cough of some years' duration, which I feared would open into a pulmonary affection."

It contains the Principle immediately, and contains the strongest stimulants in use, and is the only preparation of the kind. It also purifies the Voice and Cures Hoarseness.

Sold by all Chemists and Street-vendors. See on the wrapper Trade Mark—Lincoln, and Beware of any such wrapper.

Prepared only by Thomas Powell, Ltd., Hackney, London, S.E.

Topics of the Week.

The Talismanic Penny.

It is stated in the annual report of the Post and Telegraph Department that during the past year the post office handled 13,000,000 additional letters, as compared with the previous year. Making all allowance for the natural increase due to the advance in population, there still remains a phenomenal rise in our correspondence, which can only be attributed to the introduction and popularity of the penny post. This fact, most gratifying as it must be to Sir Joseph Ward, to whom we owe the innovation, offers a most distinct contradiction to the common dictum that the colonial is careless in the matter of pence, and never looks twice at a penny. Had that really been the case there is no reason why the reduction of the cost of carrying a letter from one place to another should have had such a marked result as is the case. I confess that I myself had always considered that it was the disinclination to write much more than the cost a letter involved which hindered correspondence. And that is no doubt so with a large number of people, but the thirteen million increase doesn't consort with that theory. There must be a very big section of us who both understand and appreciate the difference between a penny and twopence. Even the infrequent correspondent to whom one would say that difference cannot be of any great account recognises it. The reason of this lies rather in the sentimental than in the intrinsic value of the copper. I fancy millionaire and pauper alike see in the penny the standard coin of economy. It is something of a fetish is the penny, among all classes, high and low, an "open sesame" to the fat as well as the lean purse. Now, to a man of Mr. Carnegie's wealth, a penny and twopence are virtually the same. Yet I can quite understand that the millionaire who gives away thousands of pounds a week relishes the fact of the penny stamp and the penny newspaper, and the penny bus and even the penny bun, not less than any of us.

The Cheap Telephone.

The success which, as the above report shows, has attended the cheapening of postal and telegraphic rates, is quoted as a strong reason in favour of bringing down the cost of the telephone communication. I fancy experts will tell us that the cases are not so closely analogous as the man in the street supposes. Every individual telephone connection involves an additional expense to the department in its installation and working quite out of proportion to that which the carriage of each additional letter means to the postal authorities. There is no doubt that with an increased number of subscribers the Telephone Exchange could afford to give private telephones at a reduced rate. But whether the reduction would ever be so substantial as to win sufficient patronage to cover the loss may be doubted. We have all to write letters; but we don't all require telephones. We do not miss the penny it costs to despatch the one; but there are only a limited number who would not feel the annual payment of a pound or two for a luxury they could do very well without. The vision of a telephone in every house is not one that appeals to me. It has its advantages as well as its disadvantages, and I must say that private installations seem to me to threaten the peace and quietude that we look for and should jealously guard in a home. I like when I leave business to leave it—a rather antiquated notion I am aware—and I object to be at the beck and call of my friends, and, worse still, my neighbours' friends, when I have got on my slippers and am comfortably settled at my own fireside. Cheap telephones might prove as much a social curse as the cheap piano is or as cheap champagne would be.

The Imperial Conference.

Great things were expected of the Imperial Conference. It was to bind the colonies to the Mother Country as no other device has succeeded in doing. Out of it was to spring the basis of a union for offence and defence that would stand for ever. Before it all the thousand difficulties which still stand in the way of closest union against the world were to be dispelled. The colonial Premiers went to London full to overflowing with this sentiment, and everyone, or, at least, a good many of us, looked to see it carry the business through triumphantly. And sentiment has done so much in these last days that our faith was not unnatural. What was it but sentiment that induced New Zealand to send ten contingents to South Africa? What was to hinder it being victorious in peace as it had been in war? A very great deal. The considerations of national safety which weigh so much with us in the hour of danger are replaced, when the danger is departed, by considerations of quite another kind. So when the Premiers and Mr Chamberlain foregathered at the Conference with the fires of Imperialism bright in their bosoms they were doubtless surprised to find how on both sides the severely practical aspects of the position and selfish interests, of which they had almost forgotten the existence, rose like an unhealthy mist to damp their ardour. The generous generalities and picturesque suggestions that had passed current throughout the Empire, leading the unwary to imagine that the day of absolute national homogeneity was at hand, would not serve at the Conference, which was meant to formulate some definite proposals. The Colonial Secretary looked to the Premiers for the latter, and the Premiers looked to the Colonial Secretary. Mr Chamberlain is said to have cautiously advocated Imperial free trade, with only such duties as were necessary for revenue, and this, the nearest approach to definiteness, was received with disfavour because the colonies did not see their way to adopt free trade. The result was disappointment on both sides, and disappointment throughout the Empire. But it was only what was to have been expected under the circumstances. The Premiers knew perfectly well in their hearts what the difficulties were they had to contend with, and they went to the Conference never having attempted to discuss them beforehand, and indolently trusting to the sentiment of Imperialism that is abroad to get over the barriers. Powerful as that sentiment is, it is not powerful enough for that; and it would probably argue indifferently well for us if it were.

The Premier's Dilemma.

Something of the unexpended glory of the Coronation appears to have invested the Royal Review at Home last week, and the colonial troops especially came in for a good time. But so far as the New Zealanders are concerned, they are to enjoy the Coronation display also. The cables told us last week that the Maoriland Contingent is to remain till the end of August. Mr Barton has expressed the hope that the Australian Contingent will be able to do the same, but Mr Seddon, after his fashion, has entirely arranged the thing so far as the New Zealanders are concerned. So these fortunate troopers are to have two long months in London. Who wouldn't be they, feted and flattered by the cockney throng? It's enough to demoralise them. Cypiss as the trooper from South Africa is occasionally apt to be, he is probably modestly itself to what the members of the Coronation Contingent will be when they return to their humble New Zealand home. But what does Mr Seddon mean to do himself? He says the troopers are to stay on for the Coronation. Is he to stay too? His is certainly a delicately difficult position. Naturally he would like to

be back at his post here if no other better one offers elsewhere. Equally natural it is that he should desire to take part in the Coronation and share the good things that may then be going. And it is plain he can't do both. There Sir Wilfred Laurier has the advantage over both Mr Seddon and Sir Edward Barton. He can run across to Canada, see how things are going, and return a few days before the Coronation. Distance presents an insuperable obstacle to any such trip on the part of the Australasian Premiers. If they are to be present at the Coronation in August they must remain in England all the things take their course in their own special domains. And that's what they no doubt will do; and Australasia will get on as best it can without them. They have, however, to face the possible and very awkward predicament of further postponement of the Coronation. How would they do in that case? You can imagine these two gentlemen being kept hanging about Westminster for the next six months through successive postponings off of the great event. By that time the elections would be over here, and Mr Seddon perhaps seatless. "Between two stools"—you know the adage. That, however, is a very remote contingency, I admit. More likely, if not more pleasant to contemplate, is the possibility of our Premier over-staying his welcome in the Old Country. The old folks at Home have been most enthusiastic in their welcome, but they might be equally enthusiastic in their farewell after five months of Mr Seddon and his speeches. He ought then to go slow on the off-chance of a lengthened stay.

The Electoral Boundaries.

The changes effected by the Commissioners in the boundaries of the electoral districts interest the public about as much as the progress of Parliament—if Parliament can be said to progress—and that at present is very little. I don't believe that one elector in twenty has taken the trouble to find out how the changes will affect his position at the next general election a few months hence. The most salient fact is that in the new Parliament there will be six additional legislators for the west and woe of this country. It is perhaps unreasonable to suppose that this addition can make any great change in the wisdom and utility of the Parliamentary machine as a whole, the business with which the impartial student of politics must chiefly concern himself. And so in this view of the case of much more value to the colony than the recent Commission would be one to determine the best men for the House. We could do very well with crooked and inconvenient boundaries if we were always assured of straight and competent representatives. It is high time we had got beyond the very parochial view of a representative. As a New Zealander my chief public interests should be those of the colony as a whole, and I should regard every man in Parliament as much my representative as the member for the particular district in which I may happen to reside. What have rivers and mountains and imaginary lines to do interfering with the man I may regard as the most suitable for the Legislative Chamber? With Mr Hare, I would sweep them away so far as they may determine that point, and have my

vote travel from the Bluff to the North Cape until it found some reliable individual to whom I might give it. But even a provincial Hare system of proportional representation, much less a colonial one, does not find favour in our legislators' eyes, and the people don't bother themselves.

Agriculture in Schools.

At the recent Agricultural Conference in Dunedin the question of teaching of agriculture in schools was brought up, and an interesting discussion ended in the adoption of a motion urging the Government to arrange for the simple practical teaching of the elements of natural science, particularly as bearing on agriculture and horticulture as an essential and necessary part of primary education. What the majority of the speakers said about the ignorance with regard to natural science, which is a marked feature among colonial school children, is very true, but truer still were Mr Gilruth's remarks on the uselessness of an agricultural tuition which was confined to the verbal and theoretical side. He aptly instanced the methods in vogue in French schools, where the teachers make their gardens, and not the classroom, the place of instruction, and told how at one school he visited the teacher demonstrated the gradual expansion of the seed germ by planting a row of peas and taking one up every day so that the pupils could see with their own eyes the wonderful process of development. And that is plainly the only kind of agricultural teaching that is worth anything for our primary schools. But how are we to secure it? Unfortunately, but quite naturally, the teachers themselves are quite ignorant of these matters, and have not the interest in them that would very soon lead them to acquire the knowledge. One could not conceive a more complete divorce between what the teacher is labouring to teach the children within doors and what Nature would fain teach them outside than is to be found in most of our country schools. It never seems to have occurred to the Education Department, or to the Boards, or to the teachers, or to the parents, that there should be some sort of harmony between the knowledge required in the school during their school days and the knowledge required by nine-tenths of the pupils when they are outside the school doors for the term of their natural lives. It would be reckoned the height of absurdity had we not gradually become accustomed to it, this elaborate system of cramming remote historical and geographical facts and purely theoretical science into the young mind, which quickly forgets it all, if it ever really absorbs it, while the common knowledge that would be of such service to all in their daily life is neglected. The primary agricultural training which the conference urges is so clearly advantageous to country schools that no one will venture to gainsay its importance. But for town schools, too, it would be most important also, not merely in the immediate practical value it must have for the agriculturalist, but in cultivating habits of observation and reasoning. This it would effect much more than the usual dry facts disseminated from daily experience and impossible of being interestingly demonstrated to the youthful mind, which form the bulk of the overloaded school syllabus.

Open sesame.—Honeydew Water is the "open sesame" of the human organism. Speedy, sure, and gentle, it fulfils every indication in health and disease. It is a therapeutic arsenal in itself. Indispensable to millions of human beings all over the world.

CEREBOS TABLE SALT

The Silent . . .
Constitution Builder.

From Grocers and Steers. Wholesale Agents:—L. D. Nathan & Co., Auckland.

Here and There.

At Gisborne, a town in New South Wales, the "Mechanics' Committee lately decided that the novel "The Master Christian" should not be admitted into their library.

Between Palmerston North and Ashurst, on the flat below the railway line, an enthusiastic amateur poultry farmer has erected a gigantic incubator, in the shape of a brick building, where he hatches chickens by the thousands.

Mr Gresham, city coroner, held two inquests at the Avondale Asylum yesterday on the deaths of two inmates, a native, 39 years old, and a female patient, aged 45. In each case death was due to natural causes, and verdicts were returned accordingly.

Mr T. Shields and his wife and family, who live in the old schoolhouse at Pakowhai, Hawke's Bay, had an anxious time during the recent flood. At 12.30 on Friday there were 4ft of water inside the house. An opening was made in the ceiling, and between the ceiling and the roof Mr and Mrs Sands and family (eight in all) had to stop until Monday. The commissariat was of the scantiest kind. A Maori got a few loaves from Clive, and these, with rainwater through the roof and a few biscuits, formed the whole bill of fare till Monday. The furniture was buried 3ft in silt.

An old man of 80 suicided recently at Norwich (Eng.) with much originality. He set to work by erecting his own tombstone in the cemetery, with his name, some verses, and the date when he intended to die, carved in letters of gold. Then he planted some flowers on the grave plot, and tended them until they took root nicely. Everything about his last resting-place being placed in satisfactory order, he next lay down comfortably in bed with his grave clothes on, put a piece of string round his neck, and strangled himself with great deliberation and care.

The value of the kauri gum export to Auckland may be estimated from the fact that during the period from 1st January, 1893, to the 31st December, 1901, the total value of the gum exported was £10,551,582. This exceeds the export of gold for the period from 1st April, 1857, to 31st December, 1901, which amounted to £10,512,866, the balance in favour of the gum being £38,716. The total export of silver for the same period was £340,806, and of gold for the whole colony £59,526,582. The total value of metals and minerals exported from 185 to the end of 1901 was £71,729,020.

Mosquitoes in some of the swamp and bush lands in this part of the colony make things unbearable in the summer months for surveyors and others whose business takes them into the wilds. During the early part of this year a survey party working in the rugged bush district in the west part of the King Country had, even in the day-time, in the warm months, to keep their heads and faces completely covered with calico or netting, leaving holes for the eyes and for breathing, and had to manufacture gloves for their hands, owing to the attacks of the swarms of mosquitoes, in order to carry on their work. Some time back a survey party in a certain district in the North of Auckland were literally driven out of the bush during the hottest part of the summer by the voracious hordes of mosquitoes.

A stranded variety company in a far back Queensland town made a final effort to raise the wind by putting on "the legitimate." They could only muster one frock coat, which had to be used by the doctor and the villain of the piece in turn. When the manager was borrowing an old uniform from the police station an unhappy thought suggested to him to get the sergeant's handcuffs also.

The click they made when the villain was arrested came off as a striking realism, but it caused a nasty hitch in the proceedings. The doctor had to go on as soon as the villain was marched off under arrest, but the villain wore the coat, and as the key of the handcuffs had been forgotten he could not take it off. The Davenports used to take off their coats when handcuffed, but the villain in the piece was not a Davenport. Down fell the curtain suddenly, and whilst the audience was away getting a drink the sergeant was hunted up, and the wearer of the coat released. Then the end of the third act was spliced on to the beginning of the fourth, and all finished well.

As the result of a recent very violent eruption of the great Waimangu geyser, at Rotomahana, the hill from which visitors usually view the eruptions was thickly covered with a heavy fall of sand and stones. The outbreak occurred during the night. It is felt (says a Dunedin paper) that the matter of the defence of that city and the port of Otago has of recent years not received the attention bestowed on those of the other principal ports in the colony. The fortifications have been almost stripped of the guns which were placed in position ten years ago. There is no doubt that several of the big guns have been taken away, the latest one going last week, and so far as is known these guns have not been replaced by others.

That was a graphic incident at Perth Zoo, when a huge tiger fought and killed a lioness. The lady had been moping mum of late, and as a cure the Zoo keepers tried matrimony; but she didn't take to her mate, and bit him. He at once terminated the ill-assorted marriage, moving for a rule nisi with his claws, and making it absolute with his teeth. Then he ate part of his wife, and the attendants removed the rest. The strength shown by the tiger, enervated though he was by long captivity, was wonderful. Though the lioness weighed over two hundred pounds he during the fight gripped her with his jaws and threw her right over his shoulder. Circus men will regret the lost glorious opportunity of that magnificent fight. There was no audience! Think what it would have been worth as a spectacle! And it was all wasted on the Zoo manager and a handful of dead-heads.

By the death of Mr Sterling Morton, Secretary of the Department of Agriculture under President Cleveland, the United States has lost one to whom posterity will owe much. Mr Morton was possessed of a passion for the planting of trees, and he inculcated a nation with its enthusiasm. He instituted "Arbor Day," that useful annual holiday on which every right-minded citizen of the "prairie States" puts an acorn or a seed into the ground; and he did much to teach the timber States to appreciate and preserve their heritage, so that now each has its trained foresters and its scientifically-taught corps of wood rangers.

Evidently the King's illness has been coming on some time. Writing on the 23rd of May Mr Lucey said:—"There is current a curiously persistent rumour alleging a mysterious malady that has smitten the King. Many estimable people are certain there will be no Coronation in June, the date fixed being preceded by a Royal funeral. It is not a new thing, the story springing into birth shortly after the accession. At one time it was found desirable to put forth a semi-official contradiction. It must be admitted that for a stricken man His Majesty is pretty lively. Every day brings its appointed work, with calls that could be met only by one of robust constitution. Much of the work in the way of public ceremonial His Majesty formerly did has been relegated to his successor in the

principedom of Wales. But every hour and every day brings its engagement, which is met with unflinching vigour. Even in this Whitsun week, set apart for holiday and rest by other eminent public men, the King has been on the go through a greater part of the 24 hours. Apart from public appearances His Majesty devotes constant attention to every detail of the Coronation preparations. No detail escapes his eye or his care.

The Resident Commissioner for the British Solomon Islands Protectorate, in the course of his annual report to the Home authorities, says that the white population numbers 76-85 males and 11 females. The estimated value of the exports was put down at £28,260, as against £21,381 for the previous year, copper being the chief article of export. The other exports comprised ivory nuts, pearl shell, turtle shell, beche-de-mer, green snail shells and coconuts. Fines amounting to £10 had been imposed upon a chief of Gela and upon a missionary teacher of the same island for burning a native village, and a fine of £100 had been imposed upon a white trader for supplying fire arms to natives.

Particulars are given by a White Cliffs (New South Wales) miner of some singular specimens of opal unearthed on that field last week. A party of miners, while sinking at a depth of 35 feet in an open cutting, made a remarkable discovery of a collection of round opalised balls, resembling oranges. When broken, the inside had all the appearance of a sliced section of an orange, the veins and seed cells being perfect. Other specimens resemble cinnamon fruit, some being curiously and beautifully coloured with opal rays.

The correspondence columns of the press are again saddened by the bleating of the keen lawyer's short instance. We have the old familiar instance of the simple person who, imagining that the man who was his own lawyer had a fool for a client, engaged a solicitor to collect a debt of £20 for him. The amount was duly collected, and the lawyer handed over to the client, who was not going to be a fool in the matter, a bill of £36 8/11 for having collected it, crediting him with the £20 received on account. Instead of his debtor owing him £20, therefore, by the new shuffle of the cards he became the lawyer's debtor to the extent of £16 8/11. These experiences are quite common to those persons whom the lying old maxim about the wisdom of having another fellow for your lawyer still imposes upon. The solicitor who collects your money pockets it, and sends in a stiff bill for rendering that service is a legitimate practitioner upon whom the law enacted by

a majority of the people smiles its most benign approval. It has the same fatherly regard for him as for the barrister, who after you have fed him to conduct your case when the time comes, takes on another job and leaves you in the lurch. All this is within the legally prescribed rules of the game, and when the client who, to show that he was not a fool, engaged a lawyer, complains about it he incurs the suspicion of being something worse—an Anarchist intent on blowing up the foundations of society. But when the lawyer closes on funds in the ordinary vulgar unauthorised way of the common layman he forfeits the protection of the law, and it becomes a case of "re gent one" with him. Attention is called to the increasing frequency of these professional irregularities from sorrowing victims who constantly write to demand that "something should be done" in the matter. Something certainly should, but it will have to be something more than the mere surface reformer suggests.

Clearly a person's character is shown by the manner in which he laughs, or rather by the sound which he makes, it is maintained by a European psychologist. The following, according to him, are unerring indications:

"Those who laugh in 'A,' or who make a sound like 'A,' are frank, loyal, fond of bustle and movement, and are generally of a versatile character.

"Those who laugh in 'E' are plegmatic and melancholy.

"Those who laugh in 'I,' as most children do, are timid, irresolute, candid, affectionate and ever ready to work for others.

"Those who laugh in 'O' are generous, bold and self-confident.

"Those who laugh in 'U' are misanthropes."

Mr Phil May admits to once playing a joke on a magazine writer, who called on him for an interview. "He was, I think, the most elegantly-dressed man I had ever seen. From the roof of his shining silk hat to the points of his brilliant boots and his white kid gloves, he was simply exquisite. We had been talking some time when we heard a loud 'Hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw' in the garden. 'Gracious,' said my visitor nervously, 'what on earth is that?' 'Oh,' I replied, laughing, 'that's a donkey that has been brought with the cart for a model. I'm doing a coster sketch. Let us go out and see him.' When we reached the street I suggested to my visitor that I should give him a spin, and he, thinking it great fun, climbed into the cart, tall hat and all, and I in my shirt sleeves and bare head, sat in front. Twice I drove him up and down the road, and then, yielding to an impulse of

Highest Possible Award
Only Grand Prix Paris Exhibition 1900

Moller's
Cod
Liver
Oil

for All who suffer from
Coughs
and
Bronchitis
Consumption

Sold by all Chemists & Storekeepers

wickedness, I steered the donkey at a fast trot along Holland-road, deaf to the entreaties and protests of my passenger, who, with his knees doubled up to his chin, bumped and wobbled at the back. Near Hyde Park corner my visitor shouted in agonised tone, "I-as-a-ay, m-m-y d-d-e-a-r ch-ch-chap, th-there's a l-l-lady c-c-c-o-m-i-n-g in an open c-c-c-arr-i-a-g-e and I k-k-k-n-o-w her." But the same fiend urged me on, and I drove him madly through the maze of fashionable equipages at Hyde Park corner. The multitude roared with laughter, and, at last, my lark ended, I turned towards home. It was the first and only time I played at being a coster. Was my friend angry? Well, rather."

The following details of a Maori's wandering life are given by the Kawhia "Settler," in an account of the late native chief, R. W. Waitai, better known as Tiki Tamona ("Dicky Diamond"), whose death was announced at Kawhia the other day:—Tiki could trace his ancestors back in an unbroken line for twenty-three generations through the Tainui stock. He was the son of Waitai, who was shot at Waihari. He was born in Kawhia about the year 1830. The name Diamond was given to him by his European associates during his travels. Up to 1849 he lived in Kawhia, but being of an adventurous disposition went in a trading vessel to Melbourne and worked on the Bendigo and Ballarat diggings. From there he went to England as a sailor before the mast, and put in several years at sea, visiting America, China and other parts. On one occasion when he returned to England he met a Mr King with a troop of New Zealand natives. He joined them and made his appearance on the English stage in a play called "Himemoa." This would be some time in the early sixties. In 1863 he left England for New Zealand. He joined the King party and took a prominent part in that movement. He was a familiar figure to many visitors to Kawhia, as well as to the residents. His really wonderful memory was a constant source of astonishment to all those who tested it. To the Maoris he meant much. His mind was stored with old Maori songs, sayings, folk-lore, and karakias (incantations).

There seems to be an inclination on the part of some Auckland hoodlums who frequent the streets at night to frighten young girls, taking pattern by the wicked trio that are credited with having waylaid a Mt. Eden girl. The mystery attaching to the Mount Eden case may possibly remain unsolved, but it is pretty certain that if other offences against females such as these are sheeted home the punishment will be severe, and we hope effectual as a warning to other individuals. A well known business man, who gives his name and address, informs us that between 7 and 7.30 last night his daughter, a young girl fourteen years of age, had been to a Christian Endeavour meeting, and was returning to her home in Arch Hill. She was accompanied along Newton Road as far as the Reservoir, and proceeded homewards alone. Near Dumpster's store, she states, three men rushed on her, saying, "Now we have you," whereupon she ran with her utmost speed. They ran after her, it is suggested, to see if she would go down some side street, till a stranger interfered, and her assailants decamped. The girl arrived at her home crying and terrified, and it was a quarter of an hour before she could be quietened sufficiently to tell what had occurred. If the man who interfered can identify any of the girl's assailants it is hoped he will come forward.

I once had much difficulty with a Sydney "harrikinness," whom I persuaded after much difficulty to sit for her portrait (said Mr Phil May recently to a "Daily Express" interviewer). She was suspicious at first, but finally consented to "be drawn." She was quite smart for her class, and a young girl of exquisite figure. It was fully a week afterwards, and I was standing outside the Theatre Royal in Sydney, talking to a well-known Australian lady journalist, a person of great dignity and social eminence. I was making myself as

agreeable as possible, when, without an instant's warning, my hat was flung violently into the lady's face. In the raucous colloquial dialect of a resident of "The Rocks," someone behind me shouted, "Blimey, girl, 'ere's Phil May! Ain't 'e a ryeback?" Need I add that it was my model returning home after a gaudy evening in town? What I said to the lady journalist I cannot even try to remember, for when I had collected my hat and some of my senses she was hurrying down the street.

A South African huntsman and explorer interviewed at Durban lately concerning the Lake Tanganyika region, described the country as abounding in big game, lions, elephants, and every species of buck. It was, in fact, the huntsman's paradise. The lions, however, occasionally hunt on their own account, and on one occasion a lion visited his residence during his momentary absence, and seized a woman there who was lying asleep. Her husband was aroused by her screams and attempted to distract the lion's attention, and so successful was he that the lion left the woman after having deprived her of an arm and dragged the husband into the bush, devouring him, bones and all.

One of the great sights described by Cesar de Saussure, in "A Foreign View of England, in the reigns of George I. and George II." (Murray), was the coronation of the second George. Never had so splendid a spectacle been witnessed. Old men who had seen no less than four previous coronations were agreed that this one surpassed all the others in splendour. It takes sixteen pages to enumerate the personages who formed the procession. But it was not the length of the progress which astonished the traveller. To quote his own words, "What embellished the ceremony greatly was the magnificence of the jewels. The peereesses were covered with them, and wore them in great quantities on the fronts of their bodices, in their hair, as clasps for fastening their robes and cloaks, without counting their necklaces, earrings and rings." The skirt of the Queen's robe "was so much embroidered with jewels that it threw out a surprising radiance, and she next day declared that what had fatigued her most was the weight of this skirt." The finest voices in England sang admirable symphonies, and the music was conducted by the celebrated Mr Handel." De Saussure's book, which was praised by Voltaire, who read it in M.S., has just been translated by Madame Van Muyden.

That monumental work, the Oxford English Dictionary, is getting bravely on. The seventh volume, containing a portion of the letter O, will be issued in the first week in July. There will remain three more volumes to complete a work begun in the nineteenth century, finished in the twentieth, worth of both. It is curious to note that of the five completed volumes carrying the alphabet up to K, by far the largest number of words appear under the letter C. They are a total of 29,293, compared with 2570 for J and 3156 for K. F, H and I run curiously close, a trifle over 13,000 words. D, maintaining its relations with C, comes next to it in the number of words, being the initial letter of 17,057.

The old story of the merchant who advertised for a young man, and, as a test of character (says an American exchange), offered each applicant a bundle knotted with twine to open, and selected the youth for the vacant position who did not cut the string, but patiently laboured over the knots until they were untied—that was good in the old days.

Now, the merchant would say to himself: "The position is worth a dollar a day, or ten cents an hour for ten hours' work. If that young man wastes fifteen minutes' time, worth two and a half cents, trying to save a piece of twine worth one-eighth of a cent, he is no good to me."

"Billy" Rice, negro minstrel, used to tell the story of a man who picked

up a pin as he was leaving the office of a great merchant after an uneventful quest for work.

The merchant, seeing the man's action from the window, called him back and gave him employment, which kindness he repaid by becoming owner of the entire business in an incredibly short space of time.

"Billy" used to end his story by saying that he tried that scheme once when he was looking for work, dropping a pin carefully on the floor as he entered. He stated his wants to the proprietor, who not only had no employment to offer him, but remarked to his partner as Rice picked up the pin:

"Say, if that fellow's so small as to steal a pin off the floor, how much do you think he'd leave in my till?"

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

Sir Harry Rawson apparently does not pin his faith to Portia's sentimental philosophy on the quality of mercy. On the contrary, there is a decided quarter-deck ring about the opinions which His Excellency has expressed as to the proper attribute wherewith justice should be tempered. Speaking at the first annual meeting of the New South Wales Association for Assisting Discharged Prisoners, the Governor, who presided, came out with some plain, blunt talk that must have astonished the philanthropic ladies and gentlemen who heard him. Sir Harry Rawson said that "as a naval officer who had had a good deal to do with discipline and the management of men he had come to the conclusion after many years' service that to temper justice with mercy was rather a mistake. He had rather found that to temper justice with severity at first had in the end saved a good deal of crime. When one was satisfied that a man had justly earned punishment it should be meted out with severity, but after that try and reform him."

Duke Henry, of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the consort of Queen Wilhelmina, cannot escape being written about in the papers. The "Daily Mail" says that "the Dutch Queen's choice fell first on his brother, with his handsome face, his charm of manner and his debts. But there was a bar beyond which rendered his suit impossible, so Henry came from Mecklenburg in his stead. Henry had just enough of military bearing to make him hateful to the Dutch—they are not a race of soldiers in the uniformed sense of the word. Looking stiff and surly—as a matter of fact he was only shy—he drove beside the dimpling, smiling, rosy little Queen through the streets of Amsterdam. They changed his name to Hendrick by special decree and tried to teach him Dutch. Unfortunately, he preferred shooting game to the learning of languages, whereas the Dutch, as a nation, prefer learning to sport. He beat their crack shots at the rifle butts, and the people fretfully asked why he took no interest in art. The comic papers were scathing. Then he lost heart. He stayed at Loo and shot deer, and pottered over his pigs. There he now wanders about with a pale and worried face, the best hated man in Holland, for tales one need not repeat have made him more unpopular still. It is said he has promised the Queen to give a little less time to sport and a little more time to learning the ways of her people. It is certain that he groans for two hours every work-a-day morning over his grammar in Dutch. He is clean shaven, and has a big solid, face. Queen Wilhelmina is ever smiling and pretty."

From the personal testimony of a friend indirectly concerned in the transaction I am able (says Mr Lucy the well-known journalist) to confirm the report that the amazing Humberts levied £40,000 on London in addition to the fabulous sums raised in France. I refrain from mentioning the name of the English business firms concerned, but they are of the highest standing, their long-established success following upon observance of profound business principles. Two are leading banks in London. To these application was in the first instance made for a loan. Overtures being declined

unless backed by guarantees the Humberts laid siege to three first-class associations. The usual fee in such cases for bona fide transactions is, I am told, from 1 to 3 per cent. The Humberts offered a commission of 30 per cent. Attracted by this bait one of the guarantee corporations sent over their own solicitor to Paris to make inquiries into the affair. This gentleman, a shrewd and experienced solicitor, came back with assurance that everything was right; that the safe, the outside of which he had with his own eyes seen, contained one hundred million francs. On this report the guarantee corporation made themselves responsible for £20,000. The rest was easy. Two other companies of equal standing shared the other £20,000. The banks, of course, suffer no loss. But the guarantee corporations will have to pay up the full amount, comforted only by the commission received in advance, and the reflection that in France there were some people even more foolish than they.

Some annoyance has been caused to tradesmen in Christchurch during the past few days, reports the local press, by the circulation of imitation £5 notes, which were issued by "The Wheelman" some time ago. Two of these notes have been taken to shopkeepers by children, who asked for change for them. Fortunately the nature of the paper was discovered before any money had passed.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED.

Dr. W. S. Rice, the well-known New York Herald Specialist, sends a trial of his famous method FREE TO ALL. Anyone can now cure themselves at home without pain, danger, operation, or an hour's loss of TIME FROM WORK. At the exact moment of striking a rupture, Dr. Rice has opened Branch Offices at 2 & 2 1/2 Stonecutter St., London, E.C., and to the thousands upon thousands of ruptured people who are torturing themselves with bad tissues, and are in momentary danger of death from strangulation, will send free to all a trial of his famous method that has saved so many lives and made so many men, women, and children well and strong and permanently cured of bad ruptures. Do not be backward about writing for the FREE TRIAL. It will cost you nothing, and will enable you to see how easily you can cure yourself in a short time without losing an hour from work. Dr. Rice is determined that every suffering man or woman shall know the wonderful truth that Rupture can be cured, and he therefore generously sends, prepaid by post, his method absolutely free, and you can make a trial of it. Remember that it is the same method that Mr. Thomas Blay (whose picture is given below) used; and who can deny the truth when it is put before the eyes of a clear man? It may indeed be welcome news to the afflicted.



Words of praise from Mr. BLAY.

No. 5, Ripley Terrace, Luddenden Foot, W. S. Rice, April 8, 1901.
Dear Sir—After using your treatment for three months I find myself cured of my rupture, at the age of 55. I had been worried for ten years. I shall advise all people afflicted with this complaint to use your treatment, as I know from experience that it will cure permanently. You must have a wonderful knowledge of rupture to fit one so perfectly without seeing the rupture. I am in good health now, something I have not enjoyed for ten years before. You can see this letter in any way you choose, and I hope it will guide others to a perfect cure.—Yours truly,
T. BLAY.
There is absolutely no question about the curative ability of this combined and perfected method. It has stood the test of time; it has been through the fire of critical cases; it has come out victorious in every curable case. It has saved a child to a life of independence; it has given the youth his natural endowment of health and strength to fight the battle of life successfully. It has conquered the blight upon old age and turned years of suffering into ending days of joy and gladness. Whoever is hapless, or knows a person suffering with rupture, should keep it in mind the fact that in eighty per cent. of all cases there is a daily liability that before night they may say goodbye to earthly life. Do not be misled by the offer of one to pause and consider whether they are using their best efforts in the way a wise Creator intended they should? And if the forsook, the research and the painstaking effort of one who invents and studies for the relief of others is placed in our hands, is it not our duty to read and heed that patient's distress, that the advantage that which contributes to our earthly benefit?

Burglars are the talk of the colony. They seem omnipresent, and to carry on their nefarious calling with equal diligence, in Auckland as in Dunedin. Besides the safe robbery at Otahuhu, alluded to elsewhere in these columns, several cases are reported from both city and suburbs. In one case, where there was a case of sickness unto death, the watcher by the bedside was suddenly startled by the entry of a man in stockinged feet. The patient was sleeping, and the watcher's one idea was not to wake him, so she calmly asked the thief to leave without giving any alarm. The pick shown in this instance was of a very high order, for the lady concerned was very badly frightened, and only splendid self-control kept her up. Another lady, entering her bedroom after dinner, was paralysed with fright on seeing the figure of a man at her dressing-table. At her entrance he turned and faced her, and so great was her terror she could not call out. Only when the burglar began to move towards the window did she find herself able to alarm the house. The man had, however, got safely down the verandah posts, and was well away before the hue and cry set up. The thief got nothing, though jewellery to the amount of some £80 was loose on the table, with several hundred pounds' worth close at hand in a strong box, enclosing a jewel-case.

In Dunedin they are equally busy and more successful. In addition to the residence of Mr Johnstone the house of Mr Shaw, at Driver's Road, Maori Hill, was also entered on Sunday evening by an individual of burglarious intentions. The circumstances in connection with the visit to Mr Shaw's residence show that the person who is making his unwelcome visits is rather a daring character. He made his entry into Mr Shaw's house shortly after seven o'clock, coming in by the back kitchen door. The house was lighted up at the time, and Mrs Shaw and two children were at home. Making coolly into the hall he peeped in at the door of the room in which Mrs Shaw was sitting, evidently wishing to see if anyone was there. One of the little girls saw him and cried out that there was a man in the house. Finding himself discovered the fellow bolted out at the back door again. He took with him a tall hat, which he had picked up in the hall. A young man coming down the road noticed him running out of the place and make off along the road as fast as he could. The action of the man was so very suspicious that he went inside to inform the family of what he had seen. Needless to say he found Mrs Shaw and her daughters considerably upset at the man's intrusion. Beyond the hat, which, however, was regained, as the thief threw it away just outside the gate, nothing was found missing. But this was not the burglar's fault. A description of the individual has been given to the police, and it will be not unpleasant news to the residents in Driver's Road if they learn that he has been brought to book.

Whether it is that there is a tendency towards litigation, or that people of Otago are bad payers, the fact is that Dunedin is a long way ahead of other large centres in the colony in the matter of Magistrates Court work (says the "Otago Daily Times"). The probabilities are that the heavy investments in dredging shares have a very great deal to do with it, as a large proportion of the cases called on are against those who, having bought shares, are perhaps willing to pay, but simply unable to do so. A little while back a northern newspaper announced as something extraordinary that over ninety cases had come before the magistrate; but that number sinks into utter insignificance when compared with the number of "blue papers" that come before the Stipendiary Magistrate here. Yesterday the total summonses brought under the notice of Mr Carey, S.M., was 109, but this is a long way short of the Court's record of 140. Of course, the published list of cases never indicates the real work of the Court, as the major portion of the cases are either confessed, adjudged, or struck out. Yesterday,

however, an unusual number of judgments were given.

The policy established by the Post and Telegraph Department in offering inducements to lads and others in the non-clerical division of the service to qualify for promotion, was continued during last year; and the Postmaster-General says it is gratifying to find that the spirit of emulation thus created has produced an increased desire for self-improvement among juniors in the service, and the consequent discovery of many promising officers.

At a recent meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Christchurch, a letter was read from a lady interested in the work, drawing the attention of the Society to the fact that she knew of a boy who was giving way to all sorts of cruelty against animals. The boy's delight was to stick knives into pigs, tie fowls together by the tails, and to do other cruel acts of a similar nature. The writer expressed an earnest hope that the Society would look into the matter. The "Graphic" hopes so too, and that the young scoundrel will be well birched.

The Maoris, to the number of sixty, who were in camp in the Queen's Park, Invercargill, in connection with the Coronation celebrations, left for their homes at Colac and the Bluff after a very pleasant stay. On Thursday afternoon, after the bullock had been roasted, carved, and served to the large assemblage, the Mayor and Mayoress were invited by the chiefs to the Park, where Mrs H. D. Maire, wife of the Northern chief, and Mrs R. T. Maire, wife of the Colac chief, presented Mr and Mrs Longuet with several products of Maori handicraft, including a handbag, mats, a crown in dyed ribbonwood, a native skirt, and spear with carved head, as a token of their appreciation of the hospitable treatment they had received in Invercargill. His Worship suitably acknowledged the gifts, and complimented the visitors on the part they had taken in the celebrations.

A distressing fatality occurred at Spar Bush (Southland). A son of Mr John Buchanan, eighteen years of age, had been out shooting with a Remington rifle, and returned home in the afternoon with a cartridge in the barrel. He placed the firearm on the table, where it lay for a time, and the lad, sitting on a chair, was about to remove it, when it accidentally went off, the bullet striking his infant sister, three years of age, in the head, causing death, which took place several hours afterwards. The parents, to whom general sympathy will be extended, were away from home at the time. An inquest is to be held.

A unique experience befel several Hastings people whilst they were driving to the Napier Park races last week, reports a Napier exchange. The road between Tomoana and the Pakowhai bridge has been covered with about four feet of silt since the flood. This deposit, to some of those driving, proved a veritable bog. One party, in a buggy and pair, drove into the silt, until brought to a standstill, and it was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon before they were able to drag the buggy back again on to the metalled road, which was done with the assistance of a pair of draught horses attached to ropes. The buggy horses also had to be dragged out of the silt, which appears to be of a very sticky nature. Other traps were also bogged, and it was not until after several hours' work that they were released, when the people returned home instead of going to the races. An imprudent roadway has been formed by going through paddocks from Tomoana to the Pakowhai bridge, but most of the vehicles from Hastings went by the Shamrock Hotel or Fern Hill.

It is not every kind of cheating or imposition that brings a man within the summary jurisdiction of justices under the Police Offences Act. There is a penalty upon any person who imposes or endeavours to impose upon any person or charitable institution by any false or fraudulent representation, either verbal or in writing, with a view to obtain money or any other benefit or advantage. But this does not apply to cases of contract, in which one party gets an advantage over the other. Suppose, for instance, that someone sells you a horse

with a fraudulent warranty as to its condition, and so induces you to pay the purchase money for an animal that is, perhaps, almost totally worthless. There, it seems, you cannot have the seller convicted for an attempt to "impose" on you. It is true that he did impose, and that he did get a benefit that he would never have secured but for his fraudulent warranty. The Court, however, holds that the class of offences against which the provision in question is aimed is some imposition of a charitable sort, as where the accused has got your money by pretending a state of facts which he knows does not really exist. Where there is a contract, the buyer has some remedy in the civil courts, however shadowy it may be, and so the Courts decline to let him proceed under the enactment in question.

There was something approaching a panic, though of only a momentary sort, at the theatre, New Plymouth, on Thursday night. During a scene between the hero and heroine someone in the pit fainted, the heat and crush probably being too much for him. A cry was raised in the pit, which was probably "Air, air!" but sounded in the dress circle like "Fire, Fire!" People in the stalls jumped up to see what had happened, and the movement, probably wrongly interpreted, was instantly communicated to those in the dress circle, and a number of people, chiefly men who were near the back, made a rush for the main entrance. The usher and a few others called out "Keep your seats," "Sit down," etc., and the rush subsided as suddenly as it had begun, the knowledge that there was no danger immediately making people rather ashamed of their excitement.

At the Imperial Institute, London, when the last mail left, there were on exhibition the presents made to the Prince and Princess of Wales during their Empire tour last year. The London "Evening News" says: "The valuation placed on the presents by insurance experts at the Institute exceeds £40,000. There are objects, however, among them, such as the celebrated hat-crown of the chiefs of the Tsimpian tribe, presented by the Indians of Port Simpson to the Princess, the value of which could not be computed in coin. Prominent among the exhibits will be noted the flag of the Master of Trinity House, which H.R.H. hoisted for the first time on joining the Ophi, and which he is justified in looking upon as the first present of his tour. Among the scores of caskets presented to the Royal travellers, that which enclosed the address of the inhabitants of Kandy, of solid gold, richly studded with Colombian pearls, precious stones, and a star ruby, is perhaps the most valuable, as it costs some £2000. More striking, but hardly so valuable, is the casket presented with the address at Auckland (N.Z.) in the form of a Maori canoe, manned by seven boatmen, carrying golden paddles at the salute; the base is of greenstone, bearing the Royal arms in gold and enamel; at the top of each pillar is a golden kiwi, one of the New Zealand wingless birds. Many specimens of gold products were presented to the Prince, the most remarkable being that given by Brisbane, which is a large piece of gold-studded quartz, mounted and inscribed. One of H.R.H.'s most cherished gifts was the album of rare stamps given by the inhabitants of Sydney, the commercial value of the stamps to collectors being put down at many thousands of pounds. The famous luia feather, the emblem of chieftainship which was put in the Prince's hat by the Maori chiefs in token of allegiance, is also on view. At Brantford, in Canada, a historic gift was that of a silver casket containing the original long distance telephone; it was given by Professor Melville Bell, father of the inventor. The gift in South Africa of 173 pure water diamonds, weighing 261 carats, and worth several thousands of pounds, cannot but have been a very pleasing gift to so womanly a Princess as our future Queen. The Boer prisoners at Simonstown presented Her Royal Highness with several serviettes and a shield-shaped brooch, all made from Kruger coins. St. John's (N.B.) presented a superb mink rug, and at the same time a go-cart and silver harness for Prince Eddie, while the children of Toronto got up a cent subscription to provide a toy miniature city of Toronto for her other children. There are many gold-mounted ostrich

fans; the ladies of Brisbane gave a mirror in a gold frame, with Her Royal Highness' monogram in Australian jewels; a gold bouquet-holder, presented at Melbourne, serves also as a smelling-bottle. These are only a few notable exhibits from a large and deeply interesting collection.

A tale of the Sydney express: There was on board, amongst others, an American "drummer," who, having unavailingly spent much time and persuasion on Sydney traders, felt "curry tired." His fellow travellers, mostly Sydneyites, were discussing the lately-originated "South African Day," and one of them, turning to the man of commerce, remarked, "Say, old man, you're pretty strong on 'days' in the States, aren't you?" "Yes, that's so. Guess we've got Independence Day, and Thanksgiving Day, and there are others. But you folks out here have 'fixed' on one day that whips me. Yes, sir, and that day Sydney has made all her own, you bet." "The deuce she has. What's its name?" Then America beamed: "Well, boys, it's just this—'To-morrow.'"

One of those economical chorus girls, who occupy suites of rooms at the leading hotels on £2 5/ a week, concluded her day out at a Melb. shop by beckoning to her "boy" who stood sheepishly in the doorway. "What is it, my dear?" he asked respectfully. "I want you to pay for these," ordered the Queen with a sweep of her hand. "How much?" asked the docile male person. Her Majesty flared like a Roman candle. "How much?" she echoed scornfully. "How do I know?" and swaggered out to her brougham, leaving the unfortunate capitalist the centre of the grins of customers and shop girls, as he drew his cheque book from his pocket.

A good large lump of salt seems required with this yarn: In the offices of one of the great fruit companies in New York ping-pong is started in the directors' room as soon as office hours are over, and it is related that the office boy ignominiously defeated not long ago the vice-president of the trust. It is said that the magnate lost all his ready cash in backing himself in the contest, but as many millionaires in the State carry no more than enough to pay their car fares, this need not necessarily have been a very great blow to his financial stability. This game has also invaded Wall-street, and certain brokers have become so infatuated that they have hired a room and established a table in the Produce Exchange building, where they play every evening after the meeting of the board.

It was rather a noisy party in the bar parlour after the races, but during a momentary lull a keen-eyed hatchet-faced chap said, "Here, I'll bet a quid that no man in the room has got a more appropriate name for a backer of horses than mine!" It was his pet catch, and most of the company knew it, but a short stout stranger jumped up and said, "I'll take yer! Put up yer stuff with the landlord!" The two sovereigns having been staked, and the landlord appointed sole judge, the first speaker said with a triumphant smile, "Well, my name's Pickem!" "Mine's Chump," said the little fat stranger, and without a moment's hesitation the landlord gave his verdict—"Chump, in a walk!" He had been at the game himself.

KEEP YOUR SADDLE DRY!

THE ORIGINAL
TOWER'S

FISH BRAND
DOMMEL SLICKER

PROTECTS BOTH
RIDER AND SADDLE
IN THE
HARDEST STORM

ON SALE EVERYWHERE
PLEASE FOR ABOVE TRADE MARK

A. J. Tower Co., Mfrs., Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

News of the Week.

CABLE ITEMS.

King Victor Emmanuel visits London and Constantinople in 1903.

The number of efficient volunteers in Great Britain last year was 261,000.

Mr Reitz, the Boer ex - Minister, settles in Sumatra.

The plague has broken out at Constantinople.

The new Licensing Bill has been read a third time, in the House of Commons.

In the University cricket match Cambridge beat Oxford by five wickets.

The Directors of the Agency Land and Finance Company, of Australia, propose to liquidate.

The Customs revenue of Canada for the fiscal year amounted to 32,500,000 dollars.

The Papal envoy has presented Sir E. Barton with a gold medal on behalf of the Pope.

There were two thousand guests at the Crystal Palace ball given in aid of the King's Hospital Fund.

Fifteen thousand people at Capetown have signed a petition in favour of the suspension of the Constitution.

The deficit in Germany's Budget of 1901 amount to two millions sterling.

News received from St. Helena states that the Boer leader Cronje has signed the oath of allegiance.

It is reported that Kruger has received information that Mr Steyn is hopelessly paralysed.

Lord Hopeoun was accorded an enthusiastic send-off on his departure for England from Melbourne.

The Kaiser and the Czar have promised to return King Victor of Italy's visits.

A Spanish Foreign Minister is authorized to sign a commercial treaty with America.

The quarterly earnings of the American Steel Trust are seven and a-half millions sterling. The half-year's net profit is nine and a-half millions.

The "Morning Post" asserts that official statistics show that 18,000,000 Russian children are without the means of education.

The "Daily Mail" states that the Cabinet has decided that it is not necessary to suspend the Cape Constitution.

After six years' boring, at a cost of £30,000, a large rich coal field has been discovered on Lord Dudley's Simley estate, Staffordshire.

Lord Tullibardine, who served in the war, is forming a corps of Scottish volunteers at Johannesburg. The War Office is providing the horses and equipment.

The Canadian Government is allowing the Canadian contingents to take their discharges in South Africa if the men are desirous of settling there.

Cholera is prevalent at Peking (China) and Tokio (Japan), where the majority of the cases have proved fatal.

The "Telegraph's" Brussels correspondent states that Austria is alarmed at the Russo-Bulgarian Convention.

It is reported that General Smith has been found guilty of violating the rules of war in the Philippines, and has been ordered to be reprimanded.

The House of Lords Committee reports that betting cannot be suppressed, but ought to be restricted to the actual scene of racing and athletics. Bookmakers inducing youths to bet should be imprisoned.

A torpedo-boat destroyer has been subjected to novel sagging and hogging strains at Portsmouth dockyard

with a view to discovering the causes and progress of buckling.

Read, the New South Wales swimmer, starting from scratch, won the Cygnus Club's half-mile swimming handicap. Lane, of Sydney, with five seconds start, came fourth.

St. Thomas' Hospital funds benefit to the extent of half a million from the estate of the late Mr S. Gassion, the well-known London wine merchant.

The British Government's stores of hay, oats and compressed forage at Delagoa Bay have been burned. The damage, which amounts to half-a-million, is uninsured.

An electric car, descending a hill in Huddersfield, left the rails and dashed into a shop. A passenger and two pedestrians were killed, and six people were injured.

The South Australian revenue for the year was £2,421,000, being £400,000 less than last year. The sum of £602,000 was returned by the Commonwealth.

The Governor of the Philippines cables that the establishment of civil government, the acceptance of American authority, and the pacification of the country are complete.

The mail steamer Sierra's passage, just completed from 'Frisco via Auckland, is a record one—nineteen days, six and a quarter hours. She averaged close on seventeen knots an hour from Auckland to Sydney.

The Acting-Premier is advised that Captain J. Mitchell, of Manana, has been thrown from his horse in South Africa, and had his leg fractured, consequently he is unable to return with the Tenth Contingent.

The East India Railway Company has ordered 32 locomotives from a German firm, whose price was 20 per cent. lower, and time of delivery 25 per cent. sooner, than the nearest English competitor.

A scientific mission ascribes the destruction of St. Pierre to a rush of gas at a high temperature north and south. Seprehem and other localities were destroyed by torrents of mud.

The United States cruiser Brooklyn has sailed for England with the remains of the late Lord Pauncefote (British Ambassador to America).

The War Office is acquiring seven hundred acres of land in order to establish heavy gun batteries to defend Liverpool.

H.M.s. Amphitrite (of 11,000 tons), the biggest warship that has ever entered the Persian Gulf, has cruised round the ports in the Gulf, creating a great sensation.

Henry Bells was found guilty of the manslaughter of Mr Murray Spicer, who was lately beaten to death in an encounter with a gang of "Hooligans" in London, and was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

A shocking tragedy has occurred at Leederville, Western Australia. A man named Samuel Peters literally hacked his wife to death with a tomahawk. Her head was almost severed from the body. The couple had been living unhappily.

The United Kingdom's revenue for the quarter amounted to £35,095,081. Customs contributed £8,004,698, excise £8,196,767, and stamps £2,120,000.

De la Roy declares that General Clements was the best general he encountered in the course of the war. His finest piece of work was the saving of the Novitgedacht camps.

The Right Hon. W. J. Pirrie, chairman of Harland and Wolff's, stated before the Shipping Subsidies Committee that Mr Pierpont Morgan had offered the Admiralty the services of every liner in the combination built by Great Britain during the half cen-

tury on the same terms as the White Star Company. When asked whether the offer was accepted witness indicated the negative by shrugging his shoulders.

Reuter states that it is not generally known that during De Wet's wanderings the British had an agent accompanying him, whose reports were most valuable.

In the House of Commons Mr Bedmond asked if it was intended to supplement from an Imperial source the salary of the Governor-General of the Commonwealth. Mr Chamberlain, in reply, said the Government could see no reason to alter the existing arrangements.

In view of the very loyal attitude taken up by General Louis Botha, and of his ability as a tactician and military leader, the Bloemfontein correspondent of the "Times" makes a suggestion that Botha should be attached to the British military staff at Aldershot.

The martial law restrictions in the Transvaal are cancelled. Civilians are now permitted to remain out of doors till midnight.

The Melanesian Mission Society's "New Ship Fund," for procuring a new vessel in succession to the present steam-yacht Southern Cross, now stands at £16,790 10s.

It is reported that Lord Tennyson, Governor of South Australia, has been offered the Governorship of the Commonwealth. The report that Lord Brassey had accepted the position is now denied.

The Mount Lyell returns for the period from May 29 to June 23 show that 24,160 tons of ore were treated in addition to 2387 tons of purchased ore. The converters produced 508 tons blister copper, containing: Copper, 502 tons; silver, 32,896oz; and gold, 1844oz.

Sir E. Barton and Lady Barton, Mr Seddon and Mrs and Miss Seddon, Sir J. Forrest, and many colonials and Indian Princes and notables attended Sir Henry Irving's reception on the stage of the Lyceum Theatre. There were a brilliant gathering. Eight hundred people were present.

Three thousand people attended Miss Ada Crossley's concert in the People's Palace. Mesdames Schmidt, Amy Sherwin, Bertha Rossow, Devain, During, Messrs Pringle, Robert Cunningham, Beattie Granger, Ernest Toy, and Hedley assisted. Many Australians were in the audience.

Viscount Cranborne, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, states that the China indemnity must be paid in gold, though in view of the depreciation of the tael he might introduce some amelioration. It was hopeless to expect the total abolition of the likin revenue stations.

The Kaiser has issued an order regulating officers' marriages. An officer who wishes to marry must have a private income of at least £150, must give a full description of his intended wife, and if she has been divorced he must supply details of the case.

The eight hours' day came into operation in the Sydney tramway and railway working staffs on the 1st July. The cost will be £60,000 per annum. The Commissioners strongly opposed the principle, and the cost will be borne by the general taxpayer instead of coming out of railway revenue.

An electric car, carrying seventy excursionists, while descending a mountain at Glouversville, in New York State, on a gradient of a thousand feet to the mile, became uncontrollable, and overtook another car. Both were overturned. Twelve persons were killed and thirty-six injured.

M. de Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the "Times," states that France has for years been endeavouring to cultivate the friendship both of Italy and Austria. The Nationalists, claiming the monopoly of patriotism, prevented the extinction, and even caused, the revival of the idea of the ultimate recovery of Alsace and Lorraine. France has gradually shaped her policy with the view of reducing any future conflict with Germany to a duel, not involving other Continental Powers.

AUSTRALIANS.—Second Innings.

Duff, c Hirst, b Rhodes.....	1
Trumper, c Lilley, b Jackson....	62
Hill, c MacLaren, b Jackson.....	119
Darling, c Braund, b Barnes....	0
Gregory, run out.....	29
Noble, b Jackson.....	8
Armstrong, b Rhodes.....	26
Hopkins, not out.....	40
Kelly, c Hirst, b Rhodes.....	0
Trumble, b Rhodes.....	0
Saunders, b Rhodes.....	1
Extras.....	3
Total.....	289

Bowling analysis: Rhodes took five wickets for 63; Jackson, three for 60; Barnes, one for 50; Hirst, none for 40; Braund, none for 58; Jessop, none for 15.

ALL ENGLAND.—Second Innings.

Abel, c Hill, b Noble.....	8
Jessop, lbw, b Trumble.....	55
Tyldesley, b Trumble.....	14
MacLaren, c Trumper, b Noble....	63
Fry, lbw, b Trumble.....	4
Jackson, b Noble.....	14
Lilley, b Noble.....	9
Braund, c Armstrong, b Noble....	9
Hirst, b Noble.....	0
Rhodes, not out.....	7
Barnes, b Trumble.....	5
Extras.....	17
Total.....	193

Bowling analysis: Noble took six wickets for 52; Saunders, none for 68; Trumper, none for 19; Trumble, four for 49.

The first two test matches were not finished within the three days' limit. The first commenced at Birmingham on May 29, was drawn, greatly in favour of the Englishmen, who, however, had much the best of the wicket. The second, commenced at Lord's on June 12, was abandoned through rain after the Englishmen had lost two wickets for 102 runs.

MR PARKS, of California Gully, Bendigo, Victoria, swears that

Vitadatio
Has Cured Him of
CANCER IN THE TONGUE.

31501.

TO MR PALMER—
I, Frederick Parks, of California Gully, near Bendigo, in the State of Victoria, do solemnly and sincerely declare that this is my Testimonial to you on behalf of my cure. I have been a sufferer with Cancer in the mouth for the past six years. I went to the Hospital, and the first thing they did was to take the tongue right out in two months' time, after the operation, the Cancer grew again, it got larger than before. The doctors said that nothing could be done. So I went home and was put to bed. I asked my wife to get me a bottle of VITADATIO. I took half a bottle that night, and in three days I was able to take oatmeal and sage, and have had no other medicine but VITADATIO within my mouth. I can solemnly declare that the world does not know the power of VITADATIO. I am the only one living out of 45 cases of Cancer treated last year, and can solemnly swear that only for VITADATIO I would not be here now, so I think you can guarantee a cure for Cancer, as mine was a very bad case; there being no hope, the doctors said, and now I can take any kind of food, the same as before the operation. And I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing the same to be true, and by virtue of an Act of Parliament of Victoria rendering persons making a false declaration punishable for wilful and corrupt perjury.

F. PARKS.
Declared before me, at Bendigo, in the State aforesaid, this 14th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one.

J. M. DAVIES, J.P.

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

Correspondence invited. Write for Testimonials.
The price of Medicine is 5/6 and 3/6 per bottle.

FITS CURED
From the first dose of Serravallo's Tonic. It is cured permanently the very worst cases of Epilepsy when every other remedy has failed. See the Testimonials.
OF ALL CHEMISTS, STORES, ETC.
SHARLAND & Coy., Ltd., WELLINGTON, N.Z.
PREPARED BY I. W. NICHOLL, PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST, 25 HIGH STREET, DUBLIN, IRELAND.

Sir A. Leyland (of the Leyland Steamship Line), in giving evidence before the Shipping Subsidies Committee, recommended the granting of bounties to sailing ships, to train sailors, who would ultimately be available for the navy. He pointed out that French sailing vessels, owing to the bounties system, made a profit on freight in cases in which British owners made a loss.

M. Delcasse, in the Chamber of Deputies, referring to the renewal of the Triple Alliance, said Italy's assurances had convinced France that the Italian policy under the Alliance was in no case a threat against France. Italy could not become the instrument or auxiliary of aggression against France. Hence nothing impeded the development of the friendship already fertile in consequences. The speech was warmly applauded.

The Duke of Connaught has issued an army order stating that he is gratified to think that his first appearance on parade as a field marshal was in command of troops belonging to Britain beyond the seas and India for inspection by the Prince of Wales.

The "Daily Express" Singapore correspondent states that cholera has attacked 10,000 native soldiers sent in pursuit of the head-hunters of Sarawak (Borneo), at Batang, Supar River. Two thousand died in three days.

President Roosevelt has issued a proclamation relating to the Filipinos. It provides for a full pardon and amnesty to all the insurgents, except those convicted of crimes since the 1st of May, or those guilty of murder, arson, rape, or robbery. All seekers for pardon must swear allegiance.

The "Standard" states that it is reported in Tientsin that Prince Tuan is in frequent communication with the Government at Peking, and that his son has secretly been appointed deputy lieutenant-general of the forces at Peking.

The Hon. Schomberg K. McDonnell, C.B., has succeeded Viscount Esher as Secretary to the Commissioners of Works and Public Buildings. The "Times" states that as Mr McDonnell has for 14 years been Lord Salisbury's confidential secretary, his promotion cannot fail to revive the rumours of the Premier's resignation after the Coronation.

The President, in a speech at Pittsburg, urged foresight and common sense in legislation in order to prevent evils from the accumulation of great individual, and especially corporate, fortunes. Both, if rightly used, would be, he said, of immense benefit to the nation, and rash or invidious legislation would shake the country to its foundation.

Niven and Sons, Americans, have obtained a contract for the construction of an electric railway between Manchester and Liverpool, and branches, covering in all 147 miles. The cost will be four million sterling. All the material will be American, but the labour will be British.

The Hon. J. W. Hackett, M.L.C., of West Australia, who was the first prominent Australian public man to arrive in England for the Coronation, has been offered by his old University—Trinity College, Dublin—the honorary degree of LL.D. He is an enthusiastic Mason, and holds the highest position in the Order in Westralia. By profession Mr Hackett is a journalist, being editor and next proprietor of the leading daily paper in the capital of the State.

The "Naval and Military News" agency understands, on high authority, that Lord Kitchener will be appointed Adjutant-General at the War Office, and will not proceed to India to take up the position of Commander-in-Chief there as was generally understood. The present Adjutant-General, Lieutenant-General T. Kelly-Kenny, is, it is understood, likely to be appointed to the command of the army in India in succession to Sir Power Palmer. Lord Kitchener has assented to this change of plans.

It is officially stated that at the moment when peace was declared there

were 202,000 men, excluding the local forces, under arms in South Africa. Seventy thousand will embark before the regulars. Thirty-nine Government transports, with a carrying capacity of 49,000 men, are engaged, and in addition 2500 are embarking weekly in the steamers. All the Yeomanry of 1901 and 18,000 of the reserves will embark before August. The Australasians are going in six ships. The overseas colonials were among the first to embark. The Yeomanry, overseas colonials, and the Volunteer Service companies receive a month's leave on landing.

The "Courrier Australien," the organ of French opinion in the Commonwealth, with the dual object of finding homes for the sufferers by the Martinique disaster, and counterbalancing Australian immigration to the group, advocates their settlement in the New Hebrides. It suggests the reconstruction of the French New Hebrides Company, and the development of its land by hundreds of ruined Martinique families, who are specially suited for the familiar conditions of colonisation in the New Hebrides.

The very large shipments of oats to South Africa recently show the enormous field there is for enterprise, and it is believed in well-informed circles that a trade might be developed which would permanently employ three steamers a month, instead of four, as is proposed in the contract with the Blue Star Company. It is said that the Union Steamship Company made counter offers, which, however, were counter-balanced by the Blue Star Company's guarantee to maintain an average speed of thirteen and a-half knots an hour. I understand that the draft of the agreement between the Company and the Government is under consideration by the latter, and the result will shortly be laid before the public.

King Edward telegraphed his deep regret at the Elbe collision (between a German torpedo-boat and a British steamer), and expressed his warm appreciation of Lieutenant Rosenstock Von Rhonenc's last command before he was drowned.

The Kaiser replied, stating that he was deeply touched, and every officer and man was profoundly sensible of the fact that the first act of the new admiral was to send a message so kindly worded. The Kaiser added: "We join your fleet in their prayers for the complete restoration of your health."

At a Melbourne meeting of Home Rulers a resolution was passed strongly condemning the policy of coercion, and urging the compulsory sale of land by landlords. A member of the State Parliament made a violent attack on the British Government, referring to Mr Chamberlain as an apostate, and appealed to the people to rise up and "smite the cur lip and thigh."

Great Britain has informed the Government of the Netherlands that the Boers swearing allegiance will be released first, the other Boers next. The foreigners who are prisoners will be transported to their various destinations at Great Britain's expense. Those paying their own passages may leave immediately. Foreigners will not be allowed to return to South Africa.

The natives in the Vryheid and Marico districts, in the Transvaal, are troublesome. The Boers ask permission to accompany the British against them. The blockhouses are now all evacuated. A movement is on foot in Johannesburg to form political associations, also a volunteer force of irregular regiments.

At the annual meeting of the New South Wales pastoralists, the president said the pastoral industry accounted for about two-thirds of the exports of New South Wales, and a still larger proportion of Queensland's. These were facts the meaning of which would be forced on the attention of the average citizen within the next year or two in a way that would make a lasting, if not agreeable impression. So far, he said, the ruinous expenditure forced on the pastoralists in the effort to keep the remnant of their stock alive had veiled the disas-

ter, but it could not last much longer. The disaster, commencing with the pastoral industry, would affect every industry in Australia. The annual wealth production of New South Wales would probably be reduced 30 per cent. for the next few years.

The Mayor of Glen Innes has furnished the Sydney Health authorities with a report in regard to the slaughter and subsequent use of starving stock. He alleges that some large meat-canning works in Sydney have been purchasing thousands of starved sheep, cattle, stags, old bulls and old rams for canning purposes.

He states that many sheep so purchased dropped dead in the yards.

Most of those purchased were emaciated, and in a great number of instances are in a dropsical condition. Many of the animals did not weigh ten to twenty pounds.

The N.S. Wales revenue this year totalled £11,173,000, being an increase on last year of £393,000. The return from the Commonwealth to the State for the year is £2,385,000. It is anticipated that the expenditure will be pretty heavy. It is not yet available. But for the drought the Treasurer would probably have been able to show a surplus. As it is, a deficit is anticipated.

The Treasurer estimates the deficit of the financial year just closed at £236,000, including a deficit of £152,000 brought forward from last year, on account of the war and the plague.

The Senate reduced the duty on agricultural implements to 10 per cent.

The Federal revenue for the year was £11,304,000, and expenditure £3,587,000.

After deducting the new expenditure there is left for distribution £7,723,000. Queensland receives £905,000; Tasmania, £315,000; and Western Australia, £1,220,000.

The Treasurer is enabled to give back half a million more than was estimated. Customs yielded £8,908,000 and post and telegraphs £2,378,000.

English and Moscow capitalists have contracted to build a railway from Tomsk (in Western Siberia) to Tashkend (the capital of Russian Turkestan). Russians guarantee 65 per cent. of the capital. Half the board of contractors are English.

[This railway will be about 1400 miles in length, and will traverse Western Siberia in a south-westerly direction from Tomsk, which is on the line of the great trans-Siberian railway, running eastwards from Moscow.]

Incendiary fires have occurred at Sandhurst, where the military school for army officers is situated.

The cadets are suspected, and the War Office has announced its intention of rousting the whole of one company unless the names of the culprits are divulged within 48 hours.

Twenty-nine cadets at Sandhurst have been roustated, as the names of the incendiaries were not divulged. The culprits remain undiscovered.

Captain A. T. Mahan, the American writer on naval strategy, and the author of "The Influence of Sea Power Upon History," has an article in the "National Review" relating to the British colonies and the fleet. He says the prime consideration for the self-governing colonies is that the Channel squadron should adequately protect Great Britain's commerce and her shores, and that the Mediterranean squadron should ensure uninterrupted transit of commerce. What Australia needs is not a petty fraction of the Imperial navy, but a naval organisation of sufficient force to repel danger. Captain Mahan recommends the development of local dockyard facilities and other resources. In this respect it is essential that the other colonies of Australasia should co-operate with New Zealand. An essential principle is that local security in the colonies of Australasia usually depends upon the general disposition of the fleets which attend to the control of the Pacific, and on China's future, particularly. The distribution of the nation's navies indicates this principle.

GENERAL CABLES.

The King's Convalescence.

A meeting of Transvaalers and their families at Balmoral telegraphed a message of sympathy and loyalty to King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

Some more of the Royal guests have departed. King Edward dictated a letter of regret thanking his guests for the honour they had tendered him by their visit.

Monsignor Raphael Merry Del Val, Titular Archbishop of Nicuer, who is the Papal envoy to the Coronation, conducted a notable service of special prayer for the recovery of the King at Brompton Oratory in the presence of leading Roman Catholics of the Empire.

The Grand Duke of Hesse, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, Lord Lansdowne, the officers of the colonial contingents and their wives, several of the Premiers, the Indian princes, Lewanika (paramount chief of Barotseland), and the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs attended the service at St. Paul's.

The preacher declared that the lesson of the King's illness was the Divine warning to think less of the outward symbols of Imperial splendour and more of the inner life, and above all that the Lord was the Giver of all true national strength. When the Coronation came it ought to become an act of profound national reverence. The prayer, in the City Council, in countless churches and chapels, and on the lips of the man in the street, was an instructive sign of the recognition of God. Addressing Britain's sons from over the seas the preacher urged them to carry into the unknown future the best heritage of England's past.

After the intercessory service at Gray's Inn Chapel, Mr Herbert P. Reed, King's Council, entertained the guests at luncheon in the hall, including Mr Choate (American Ambassador), Mr Chamberlain, Mr Barton, and a number of colonial visitors.

Queen Alexandra, in saying farewell, reunited a deputation of the Danish Hussar Regiment to come at the end of September for the Coronation.

It is estimated that the railway companies will lose a million sterling by the postponement of the Coronation.

The newspapers confirm the statement that the King exercised his personal influence to secure peace. They predict that the King will be remembered in history as "Edward the Peacemaker."

London was not illuminated on the 31st. A rocket, sent up from a wheel at Earl's Court, rose 1000 feet. This was the signal and 200 bonfires were soon ablaze throughout England, in celebration of the King's recovery.

A cablegram from London, dated July 2nd, says:—

King Edward slept nicely for hours and partook of a good breakfast. He enjoyed a cigar and was able to appreciate the stirring music of the bands leading the colonials and South African veterans past the palace to the review. He was extremely anxious to learn the details of the ceremony.

The Queen, on returning at half-past twelve p.m., found the patient progressing. He was again on the couch in the afternoon, the change of position affording relief.

It is announced that the Coronation will now be much quieter than was originally intended, but its religious character will be more strongly emphasised. Mr Seddon has instructed the New Zealand Contingent to remain until the end of August.

At the Benchers' dinner at the Temple Sir E. Barton said he hoped to retain the colonial troops if there was a prospect of the Coronation being sufficiently early to enable the arrangement to be made.

Few of the foreign representatives, except the nearer connections of Royalty, now remain.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have greatly relieved the Sovereign of social functions.

The Indian troops desire to remain in England without pay, if only to see their Emperor's face.

The "British Medical Journal" of the 5th stated the King has refreshing

sleep at night, and it has been unnecessary at any time to use sedatives. He is moved from bed once daily. He takes great interest in all that is going on around him and in the general news of the day. Sir F. Treves, who performed the operation, did not go to bed for the first seven nights, but the load of anxiety has now lightened, if not entirely disappeared. The King has shown remarkable recuperative powers and his sufferings have been pluckily borne. "All sorts of rumours have been circulated as to his general health, but we are glad to state that they are altogether unfounded. We appeal to the newspapers and the public to accept simple facts, and not to circulate baseless reports."

The King passed another excellent night. He is cheerful and much stronger. The doctors consider he is now out of danger. Only one bulletin daily will be issued, beginning tomorrow morning.

The Queen is looking better, and shows scarcely any trace of anxiety. Her Majesty drove in Hyde Park yesterday.

A bulletin issued says His Majesty's progress continues in every way satisfactory.

At the Independence Day banquet, out of sympathy with the King, only two toasts were proposed, that of the King and President Roosevelt.

On July 4, five hundred and sixty thousand, in various centres, partook of the King's dinner to the poor.

The Prince of Wales in the forenoon visited Fulham, where 14,000 dined, seated at two and a half miles of tables. In the afternoon the Prince visited the East End.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, Prince Christian, and the Duchess of Albany visited other centres.

The reading of the morning bulletins with reference to the King's health was received with intense enthusiasm.

The King's message was read by the Lord Mayor of London. His Majesty expressed regret that illness prevented his attending, and the hope that his guests were enjoying themselves and passing a happy day.

There were 2000 entertainers, including Madame Albani, Nordica, and the principal variety artists.

The King was greatly gratified at the success of the dinners, particularly the reception of the news that he is out of danger.

The Princess of Wales accompanied the Prince on his visit to the poor at their dinners. The children at Paddington, of all creeds, presented the Prince of Wales' heir with a gold replica of the cup which was given to each guest at the King's dinner to the poor.

The reception of the Indian princes and representatives at the India Office last night was one of the most brilliant gatherings ever held in London. There were 3000 guests. The Prince and Princess of Wales represented the King.

In view of the King's satisfactory progress the Government proceeds with the Federal illuminations in all the State capitals on Thursday, Friday and Saturday next. The display will indicate rejoicing at the King's recovery.

Mr Seddon attended a Maori haka, which was greatly appreciated, given by the Maori Coronation Contingent, in connection with the Botanical Garden fete and St. George's Hospital Fund.

When the House of Representatives met, Sir Joseph Ward, in a felicitous, brief speech, moved the following resolution:

"That, before entering on the ordinary business of the session, this House desires to express its deep sorrow for His Majesty the King's illness, and its earnest hope that he may speedily be restored to health, and that a respectful address be presented to His Excellency the Governor, requesting him to forward a copy of this resolution to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, for submission to His Majesty."

Sir William Russell, Knight Bachelor, seconded the resolution, which was unanimously agreed to.

Sir Joseph Ward said the duty now

devolved upon him to extend to Sir William Russell (cheers) his hearty felicitations and congratulations, and he felt sure he was speaking on behalf of every member of the House and of every class in the colony in expressions of goodwill for the hon. gentleman, showing how much they appreciated the honour conferred upon him (cheers). He could assure Sir William Russell that the members on the Ministerial side of the House, as well as the opposite side, had always admired his courtesy and consideration, and he had always possessed their goodwill and esteem. He hoped Sir William and Lady Russell would live long to enjoy the reward conferred for distinguished services.

Sir William Russell said he was sure no man in his position could help feeling diffident in finding words to acknowledge the honour conferred upon him. He felt deeply grateful for the honour conferred upon him by His Majesty the King. Whatever services he might have been able to render during a quarter of a century, they now had full recognition from His Majesty, and his greatest source of pleasure was that his reward was appreciated by the people of the colony among whom he had lived.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

At the Benchers' dinner in the Temple Sir E. Barton said there were some things that Australians would love to do if they could. If they felt short of the expectations formed he hoped Englishmen would nevertheless infer from Australian earnestness that the Australians were ever at their sides with hearts and words. (Cheers.)

Mr Chamberlain, replying to Sir A. Hime's remark that the colonies hoped hereafter to be represented in the Imperial Parliament, said Great Britain would welcome them. They enjoyed the privileges of the Empire, and if they were willing to assume their share of its responsibilities and burdens Britain would be only too glad of their support, as the nation rejoiced in the priceless moral and material support accorded by the colonies in the recent trial.

Mr Seddon, speaking at the Dominion dinner, said all the British cables were bringing the Motherland and the colonies closer. What was required as a corollary was subsidies to steamships to enable the Empire to compete with foreign countries.

Mr Henry Seeton Karr, of St. Helens, wrote assuring Mr Balfour that a strong body of Unionists in Lancashire and Cheshire would support the Government in advancing the question of the Imperial Zollverein.

Mr Balfour replied that the Government was much desirous of drawing as close as possible the ties, sentimental and commercial, binding Great Britain to the colonies.

The "Standard" says it is reported in well-informed quarters that Lord Brassey has accepted the Governor-Generalship of the Commonwealth of Australia.

[Lord Thomas Brassey, who is now 66 years of age, was Governor of Victoria from 1895 to 1900.]

THE PREMIERS IN ENGLAND.

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman gave a dinner to the colonial Premiers and afterwards Sir E. Barton, Mr Seddon and Sir J. Forrest were present at a performance of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Mr Berbohm Tree, the actor-manager, gave a reception to the colonials on the stage of His Majesty's Theatre.

Mr Seddon, with the King's permission, visited Frogmore and placed a wreath on Queen Victoria's tomb.

Mr Seddon had a great reception at St. Helens, his native town in Lancashire. The town was decorated, and the freedom of the borough was presented to him at the Town Hall.

In the course of a speech, in response to the welcome, he said the universal sympathy with the King had gone far to remove international ill-feeling. If they had a clean slate all would be well. He asked the people to suspend judgment regarding the Imperial Conference until its members had been heard.

The Canadian and Newfoundland Premiers and Agents-General are pressing the Colonial Office for great-

er recognition of their position and status. There is considerable feeling on their part that the Australian States agencies are conceded superior recognition.

THE PREMIERS' CONFERENCE.

At the Colonial Premiers' Conference Sir E. Barton suggested that the Conference should consider the following questions:—Giving the colonies reasonable consideration in regard to army and navy contracts; a clear definition of the position of the colonies granting Britain preferential tariff in relation to their enjoyment of most favoured treatment at hands of foreign nations; State ownership of ocean cables; mutual protection of patents; Imperial stamp charges on colonial bonds; the establishment of an Imperial Court of Appeal, and the discussion of the possibility of a mutual tariff within the Empire.

Sir A. H. Hime (Natal) suggested that the naturalisation of aliens in any part of the British Empire should be sufficient for the whole Empire.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier (Canada) adopts a very conservative attitude on the subject of Imperial defence. He considers the corn tax affords Britain an opportunity of offering concessions in return for additional remissions on English imports into Canada.

Sir E. Barton considers that the Conference has been very satisfactory so far, and he is hopeful as to its results.

Lord Onslow and Sir M. F. Ommamney (Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies) were present at the Conference.

Sir John Anderson (Colonial Office) was appointed secretary.

Mr Chamberlain, who presided, cordially welcomed the delegates. He referred to the advance of Imperial federation since the 1897 Conference, owing to the establishment of the Commonwealth and the spontaneous assistance of the colonies in war time. He made a non-committal statement, outlining the leading subjects suggested by himself and the Premiers, and invited a frank expression of opinion.

It has been arranged that Ministers who accompany Premiers will participate in the subjects specially concerning their departments.

Mr Seddon adheres to the published subjects suggested by him, adding a resolution dealing with the efforts of foreign nations to exclude British vessels from all coastwise trade.

Mr Chamberlain, at the Imperial Conference, cautiously advocated Imperial free trade with revenue duties only.

Several of the Premiers were disappointed at his indefiniteness and the absence of proposals. They explained that it was impossible for the colonies at present to support free trade within the Empire, since the Customs duties were imperatively required. Mr Chamberlain submitted no defence proposals. The Premiers exhibited no disposition to sanction military expenditure, though evincing the utmost willingness to make a sacrifice if the situation demanded it.

On Saturday the Conference sat for three hours. Mr Arnold-Forster, Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, Admiral Custance, Director of Naval Intelligence, Mr Brodrick, Minister for War, General Sir W. G. Nicholson, chief of the Intelligence Department of the War Office, Lord Onslow, Parliamentary Secretary to the Colonial Office, Sir M. F. Ommamney, Permanent Under-Secretary, and Lord Selborne, First Lord of the Admiralty, explained the War Office and Admiralty's views on Imperial defence. Their proposals were considered moderate. Five Premiers spoke on behalf of their respective Governments. Mr Chamberlain, who presided, spoke last.

THE ROYAL REVIEW.

At the Royal review of the colonial and Indian troops the Crown Princes of Denmark, Sweden, and Roumania, the Dukes of Aosta, Hesse, and Cambridge, and other Royalties, and Indian feudatory Princes accom-

panied the Prince of Wales, who was followed by the Queen, the Princess of Wales, and Princesses Victoria and Maud.

There were crowds of spectators beside the colonial Premiers and many notabilities.

The Maori Coronation Contingent, the Fijians, Sikhs, and Negroites aroused great interest. The colonial war veterans were splendidly greeted. After inspecting the parade the Prince of Wales received the salute, and presented several Victoria Crosses and war medals. The colonial contingents, the Indian Princes, Indian troops, 500 boys from Greenwich School, and a number of naval pensioners who fought in the Crimea and the Mutiny, received an ovation at Southampton, where they embarked on a trip round the fleet. The Indian visitors were delighted, the warships being an absolute novelty to many of them.

The Prince of Wales dismounted and pinned the medals on the tunic, shaking each recipient warmly by the hand.

The Honours included Victoria Crosses for Lieutenants Hardham (New Zealand) and F. Bell (West Australia), and a Distinguished Conduct Medal for Trooper Baigent (New Zealand).

After the march past and the final salute the Duke of Connaught called for three cheers for the King, and a mighty shout went up. The South African veterans waved their hats on their rifles. Additional cheers were given for the Queen.

Hundreds of colonials were unable to witness the review owing to the few seats the Agents-General had at their disposal, and the necessity of balloting for these.

There is a consensus of opinion that the review was the most imposing and impressive as a spectacle of the Empire's strength ever held.

The Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders went first, and then came the Cape and Natal troops, next the native troops from the various colonies, and finally the South African veterans, the officers holding only small whips all along the lines, awaiting the Queen's arrival.

The review of the Indian troops was exactly similar to the colonial review, and was heightened by the brilliancy of the uniforms.

The Queen took a snapshot of the returning troops from a place at a window.

The Indians cheered lustily and repeatedly.

The Order of the Companionship of St. Michael and St. George was presented to Colonel Bauchtou (of Dunedin, New Zealand) at the review of the colonial contingents.

The Native Fijian Contingent, when passing the Palace in a wagonette, stopped and sang a native hymn of supplication and then saluted several Princes and Princesses who were at the open windows.

RUSSIA.

The populace at Lustov Don invaded the factories and smashed the machinery, while the peasants in the neighbourhood destroyed agricultural implements. The instigators of the outrages were strangers, pretending they were the Tsar's emissaries and declaring that machinery was intended to diminish the number of workmen. Troops were summoned and many rioters were killed or wounded.

The "Daily Express" St. Petersburg correspondent says that a sensation has been created by the Czar deciding to personally interrogate two hundred representative Russians, including many who are marked on the police sheets as suspicious.

The Czar's action is taken with a view to inaugurating reforms satisfactory to the students and the peasants.

REVOLUTION IN HAYTI.

A revolution has broken out in the Republic of Hayti. Severe fighting has occurred. The Government war vessels bombarded the town of Cape Haytien without giving notice. There was a hail of shot raking the streets throughout Sunday. The Foreign Consuls have embarked on a cruiser for safety.

GENERAL NEWS.

Dr. Wohlman, the English balneologist appointed by the Government to take charge of the thermal springs, reaches Wellington by the direct steamer Ruapehu on Tuesday. His headquarters will be at Botorua.

The Kawhia "Settler" states that a local settler, Mr Mason, brought a thousand sheep through from the Waitato to stock his grazing ground at Taharoa. This is, it is said, the biggest drive of sheep that has come through this forty miles of bush track from the inland districts.

At a meeting of the committee appointed at a recent public meeting to make arrangements for a memorial for soldiers who have fallen in South Africa, it was unanimously resolved to inform His Excellency that the committee cannot see its way to support the proposals put forward by His Excellency to establish a veterans' home in Auckland as a fitting memorial to soldiers from the Otago district who have fallen in South Africa.

Christchurch teachers are very indignant at the Board of Education's decision to appoint only teachers who have had charge of a school to headmasterships and first assistantships in large city schools. They state that country teachers will have an unfair advantage, and talk of holding an indignation meeting.

A "Star" runner named Harold Roach, a lad of sixteen, was stuck up in one of the by-streets in Mount Roskill on Saturday night, by a couple of young fellows, who relieved him of the ten dozen "Stars" he was delivering, and also took his hat. The runner states that his assailants were apparently about 20 years of age. They said nothing to him, but simply seized his bags and made off with them, going towards Kingsland across the paddocks, a number of the "Stars" revealing their trail. About 50 of the papers were found hidden in a paddock yesterday in one of the bags. The robbery is a singularly motiveless one, and the case is probably one of larcinism.

Investigations into the extraordinary yarns published in the "Star" as to the stripping of young women by masked men in Mount Eden and Upper Vincent street, only go to strengthen our original surmise that the first story was the result of a hallucination, and the second merely invented to give a show of truth to the first. The author of the second yarn which was published was invited to call at the "Star" and substantiate the statements made, but has not yet done so. We are more than ever convinced that while the earlier yarn was more or less manufactured, the second was entirely so. There is every reason to believe in the sincerity of the parents of the girl in question, but there is equally strong ground for believing that the girl herself was, says that journal, under some hallucination. The police fully endorse this view of the case. Inspector Cullen is not surprised at receiving sensational stories, which is a common occurrence in the official life of the force. In fact, the Inspector informed a "Star" reporter who saw him that he at the present time had another communication of a parallel nature, which was of a nature that could not be published.

It now transpires the outbreak of anthrax is on the farm of Mr C. J. Storey, of Rangiwaha, near Te Awamutu. Six cattle died while feeding on turnips, but the remainder were saved by removal. This is the third outbreak in Waikato. Each occurred while cattle were feeding on turnips. It is reassuring to know the mortality has ceased. Storey and Ward are progressing satisfactorily in the hospital, but Cunningham's face is swelled beyond all recognition and presents a loathsome sight. He is in a dangerous condition and is not expected to live.

The Health Department is informed that the outbreak of anthrax in Waikato appears to have originated from the importation of infected manure not properly sterilised; that cattle became affected by the manure and passed on disease to the men working among them. Several of

the cases are serious. The department is taking the necessary steps to prevent the disease spreading.

Mr Robert Cunningham, of Te Rau, the anthrax patient, died in the Waikato Hospital on Sunday. He had improved considerably since his admission, and his friends hoped for his recovery. Yesterday he appeared well, and spoke to the matron, but soon afterwards expired without a struggle.

The deceased was a pioneer settler in the early days, and served with Von Teupsky's Forest Rangers and also in Major Jackson's troop of cavalry at Te Awamutu. He was very highly respected, and was one of the most popular settlers in the district.

Should the scheme of the re-arrangement of Parliamentary electorates proposed by the Representation Commissioners be given effect to, the new House of Representatives will consist of 80 members, of whom 41 will represent the North Island and 39 the South Island. The number of European members returned by each island will be equal—namely, 38—but in addition the Maori members have to be reckoned with. There are four Maori electorates in the colony, three being in the North Island and one in the South. On the basis of the respective native populations in the North and South Islands, the South Island Maoris are really not entitled to a member at all, as out of the total Maori population of the colony, which was 43,101 according to last year's census, only 2446 live in the South Island. Each of the North Island Maori members therefore represents an average population of about 17,500, whereas the Southern Maori member only represents less than a fifth of that number. Including the Maori members the North Island will under the Commissioners' proposals have a majority of two in the new Parliament.

A meeting was held at the Public Hall, Maungaturoto, on Tuesday, July 1st. Mr W. J. Bailey presided, and Mr Hy. Cullen and the Rev. E. C. Davidson having addressed the meeting, the following resolutions were passed; proposed by Mr H. E. Flower and seconded by Mr W. H. Cullen:—

(1) That this meeting of Maungaturoto residents, having heard the statements made upon the sworn declaration of George Fowlds, M.H.R., merchant, of Auckland, Chas. E. Davidson, Congregational minister, of Maungaturoto, Henry Cullen, store-keeper, of Maungaturoto, William Gittoes, Wesleyan minister and missionary to the Maoris, and Wesley Spragg, merchant, Auckland, such declaration having reference to the conduct of the Stipendiary Magistrate (Mr T. Hutchison) while he was acting as Chairman of the Waitemata Licensing Committee at its sitting at Helensville on Tuesday, the 10th day of June, respectfully requests that the Minister for Justice will cause enquiry to be made into the charges contained in that declaration, and, if such charges are found to be substantiated, to take such action as the case demands." (2) Moved by Mr C. Ford and seconded by Mr J. Cullen: "That this meeting enters its strong protest against the action of the Waitemata Licensing Committee in thrusting a license upon a district where it was neither wanted nor required, especially as in so doing they violated the spirit of the Licensing Act and went in direct opposition to the expressed wish of a majority of four-fifths of the bona fide residents of the district, and would respectfully urge the electoral district to vote solidly for reduction at the next local option poll so as to enable us to remove this wrong from our midst." (3) Moved by the Rev. C. E. Davidson, seconded by Mr E. J. Flower: "That this meeting hereby instructs the Chairman to convey to the editor of the 'Star' our appreciation of his able advocacy of the cause of liberty and justice in contending against the thrusting of a license in our district in violation of the spirit of the licensing laws and against the expressed wish of a majority of the residents of the said district." The meeting was very enthusiastic and, considering the state of the roads, was fairly representative of the "no license" party in the district.

POLITICAL.

In the House last week a considerable number of petitions were presented from Christchurch in favour of the abolition of the totalisator.

Mr Fowlds is to ask what steps the Government intends to take to equalise the representation of the North and South Islands in the Legislative Council.

In reply to Mr Napier, the Postmaster-General said, he hoped the railway arrangements would be such as to warrant the steamship owners putting on a daily steamer between Onehunga and New Plymouth.

In reply to Mr Meredith, the Acting Colonial Treasurer said the question of abolishing the mortgage tax would be dealt with in the Financial Statement.

Mr Pirani was informed that the Government will consider the question of making concessions to members of friendly societies visiting Rotorua, but he thought it would not be advisable to give one class of persons such a preference.

The Impounding Act Amendment, which defines the "nearest pound" in the original Act to mean that pound which, having regard to the condition of roads or rivers or the like circumstances, can be most conveniently reached.

In reply to Mr Monk, Sir Joseph Ward said the great majority of cable messages received from Mr Seddon in London were coded, and the importance of the subjects warranted the expenditure. Hundreds of cable messages had been transmitted to Australia by request, and to many private persons.

Amongst the motions on the Order Paper in the House of Representatives was one in the name of Mr George Fowlds, who wants a return showing—(1) The number and names of licensed victuallers against whom informations were laid in the Auckland and any other districts, under the jurisdiction of Mr T. Hutchison, S.M., for breaches of the Licensing Act during the past five years; and (2) the result of the hearing of such informations.

Among the papers laid on the table of the House by the Acting Premier, one shows that the revenue for the year ending 31st December, 1901, amounted to £3,600,702, the principal heads being: Funds at 1st January, 1901—Renewal of premiums, assurance annuity, and endowment, £266,815; interest, £142,440. The total expenditure was £34,967, and the amount of funds on 31st December, 1901, was £3,285,415. The report of the Post and Telegraph Department for the year 1901 shows the following results:—Receipts: Postal £281,095, telegraph £212,415; grand total £488,573. Expenditure: Postal £281,096, telegraph £212,415; total £488,573; the balance of revenue over expenditure being £22,810.

... THE ...

NATIONAL MUTUAL

Life Association of Australasia Ltd.

Head Office for New Zealand—

CUSTOMHOUSE QUAY, WELLINGTON.

FUNDS OVER	£3,250,000
ANNUAL INCOME OVER	£500,000

Rates Low.

Bonuses Large.

MONEY TO LEND ON FREEHOLD PROPERTY.

AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE COLONY.

Send for Prospectus.

J. B. GOULD,

ORTON STEVENS,

DISTRICT MANAGER,

Queen Street; Auckland.

RESIDENT SECRETARY.

New Fire Brigade Station.

Although the ceremony of opening the splendid new quarters which the Auckland City Council has provided for the Fire Brigade in Pitt-street, does not take place for some weeks, the builders have got sufficiently forward with the work for the brigade to take practical possession.

The arrangements are of an elaborate and up-to-date character. The engine room is extensive and conveniently placed, communicating with the street by three sets of folding doors. The flooring is composed of Val de Travers, a material of the nature of asphalt, and was laid by the same firm as is now engaged in paving Queen-street, namely, the Neuchatel Asphalt Company. Four iron pillars and girders support the ceiling. At the back of the engine room are six horse boxes, each door of which is separately supplied with a magneto arrangement, which enables an operator in the watch room to throw them all open instantaneously. The watch room and battery room is the first room on the right hand side on entering. This is the room where alarms of fire will be received; where the operator by a movement of the hand will fling open the stable doors, set the electric bells tinkling in every bedroom in the building, and set the whole staff astir. Should the firemen be playing billiards or in the social hall upstairs they will be able instantly to shoot down into the engine room by means of the two sliding poles which lead through the ceiling, while the city in general will be aroused by the ringing of the six-inch bell hanging outside—the signal for traffic to keep clear. The firm alarm system, the installing of which is now in hand, will enable alarms to be given from eighty different parts of the city and suburbs by the breaking of the glass face and the pressing of the button.

The rooms alongside the watch room, and also at the opposite side of the building are bedrooms, with the exception of the room opposite the watch room, which is to be Superintendent Wolley's office. The yard at the rear, with concrete floor and exit to the street, is well supplied with laundries, carpenter's and blacksmith's shop, lavatories, coal houses, etc. On the ground floor, also, there are kitchen and dining room, pantries, and other rooms for the use of the men. The upstairs portions are reached by two outside and two inside staircases. The apartments over the watch room and adjoining rooms are the foreman's quarters, and include three bedrooms, dining-room, kitchen, etc. A similar suite at the opposite side of the building form the realm of the superintendent. A feature of the yard not yet built will be a look-out tower, which will be used for the additional purpose of hose drying.

The builder is Mr George Baildon.

The Fire Walkers of Mbenga.



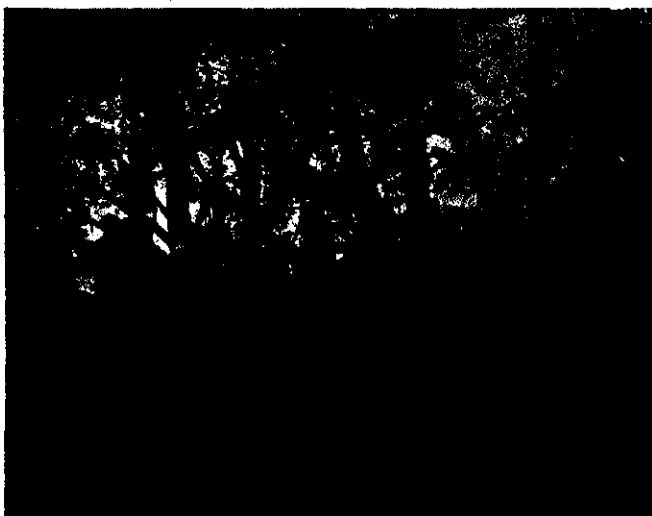
A NATIVE DRESSED FOR THE FIRE.



A NOVEL OVEN.—After the ceremony quantities of food in green bundles are placed on the stones to cook, and covered with greenery and earth.



THE GROUP OF FIRE WALKERS.



SPREADING OUT THE HEATED STONES.



THE MEN WALKING ON THE HOT STONES.

SEE LETTERPRESS.

GENERAL NEWS.

Dr. Wohlman, the English bacteriologist appointed by the Government to take charge of the thermal springs, reaches Wellington by the direct steamer *Itapehu* on Tuesday. His headquarters will be at Rotorua.

The Kawhia "Settler" states that a local settler, Mr Mason, brought a thousand sheep through from the Waikato to stock his grazing ground at Taharoa. This, it is said, is the largest drive of sheep that has come through this forty miles of bush track from the inland districts.

At a meeting of the committee appointed at a recent public meeting to make arrangements for a memorial for soldiers who have fallen in South Africa, it was unanimously resolved to inform His Excellency that the committee cannot see its way to support the proposals put forward by His Excellency to establish a veterans' home in Auckland as a fitting memorial to soldiers from the Otago district who have fallen in South Africa.

Christchurch teachers are very indignant at the Board of Education's decision to appoint only teachers who have had charge of a school to headmasterships and first assistantships in large city schools. They state that country teachers will have an unfair advantage, and talk of holding an indignation meeting.

A "Star" runner named Harold Routh, a lad of sixteen, was stuck up in one of the by-streets in Mount Roskill on Saturday night, by a couple of young fellows, who relieved him of the ten dozen "Stars" he was delivering, and also took his hat. The runner states that his assailants were apparently about 20 years of age. They said nothing to him, but simply seized his bags and made off with them, going towards Kingsland across the paddocks, a number of the "Stars" revealing their trail. About 50 of the papers were found hidden in a paddock yesterday in one of the bags. The robbery is a singularly motiveless one, and the case is probably one of larrikinism.

Investigations into the extraordinary yarns published in the "Star" as to the stripping of young women by masked men in Mount Eden and Upper Vincent-street, only go to strengthen our original surmise that the first story was the result of a hallucination, and the second merely invented to give a show of truth to the first. The author of the second yarn which was published was invited to call at the "Star" and substantiate the statements made, but has not yet done so. We are more than ever convinced that while the earlier yarn was more or less manufactured, the second was entirely so. There is every reason to believe in the sincerity of the parents of the girl in question, but there is equally strong ground for believing that the girl herself was, says that journal, under some hallucination. The police fully endorse this view of the case. Inspector Cullen is not surprised at receiving sensational stories, which is a common occurrence in the official life of the force. In fact, the Inspector informed a "Star" reporter who saw him that he at the present time had another communication of a parallel nature, which was of a nature that could not be published.

It now transpires the outbreak of anthrax is on the farm of Mr C. J. Storey, of Rangiwaka, near Te Awamutu. Six cattle died while feeding on turnips, but the remainder were saved by removal. This is the third outbreak in Waikato. Each occurred while cattle were feeding on turnips. It is reassuring to know the mortality has ceased. Storey and Ward are progressing satisfactorily in the hospital, but Cunningham's face is swelled beyond all recognition and presents a loathsome sight. He is in a dangerous condition and is not expected to live.

The Health Department is informed that the outbreak of anthrax in Waikato appears to have originated from the importation of infected manure not properly sterilised; that cattle became affected by the manure and passed on disease to the men working among them. Several of

the cases are serious. The department is taking the necessary steps to prevent the disease spreading.

Mr Robert Cunningham, of Te Rauhu, the anthrax patient, died in the Waikato Hospital on Sunday. He had improved considerably since his admission, and his friends hoped for his recovery. Yesterday he appeared well, and spoke to the matron, but soon afterwards expired without a struggle.

The deceased was a pioneer settler in the early days, and served with Von Tempsky's Forest Rangers and also in Major Jackson's troop of cavalry at Te Awamutu. He was very highly respected, and was one of the most popular settlers in the district.

Should the scheme of the re-arrangement of Parliamentary electorates proposed by the Representation Commissioners be given effect to, the new House of Representatives will consist of 80 members, of whom 41 will represent the North Island and 39 the South Island. The number of European members returned by each island will be equal—namely, 38—but in addition the Maori members have to be reckoned with. There are four Maori electorates in the colony, three being in the North Island and one in the South. On the basis of the respective native populations in the North and South Islands, the South Island Maoris are really not entitled to a member at all, as out of the total Maori population of the colony, which was 43,101 according to last year's census, only 2446 live in the South Island. Each of the North Island Maori members therefore represents an average population of about 13,500, whereas the Southern Maori member only represents less than a fifth of that number. Including the Maori members the North Island will under the Commissioners' proposals have a majority of two in the new Parliament.

A meeting was held in the Public Hall, Maungaturoto, on Tuesday, July 1st. Mr W. J. Bailey presided, and Mr Hy. Cullen and the Rev. E. C. Davidson having addressed the meeting, the following resolutions were passed; proposed by Mr H. E. Flower and seconded by Mr W. H. Cullen:—(1) That this meeting of Maungaturoto residents, having heard the statements made upon the sworn declaration of George Fowlds, M.H.R., merchant, of Auckland, Chas. E. Davidson, Congregational minister, of Maungaturoto, Henry Cullen, storekeeper, of Maungaturoto, William Gittos, Wesleyan minister and missionary to the Maoris, and Wesley Spragg, merchant, Auckland, such declaration having reference to the conduct of the Stipendiary Magistrate (Mr T. Hutchison) while he was acting as Chairman of the Waitemata Licensing Committee at its sitting at Heleusville on Tuesday, the 10th day of June, respectfully requests that the Minister for Justice will cause enquiry to be made into the charges contained in that declaration, and if such charges are found to be substantiated, to take such action as the case demands." (2) Moved by Mr C. Ford and seconded by Mr J. Cullen: "That this meeting enters its strong protest against the action of the Waitemata Licensing Committee in thrusting a license upon a district where it was neither wanted nor required, especially as in so doing they violated the spirit of the Licensing Act and went in direct opposition to the expressed wish of a majority of four-fifths of the bona fide residents of the district, and would respectfully urge the electoral district to vote solidly for reduction at the next local option poll so as to enable us to remove this wrong from our midst." (3) Moved by the Rev. C. E. Davidson, seconded by Mr E. J. Flower: "That this meeting hereby instructs the Chairman to convey to the editor of the 'Star' our appreciation of his able advocacy of the cause of liberty and justice in contending against the thrusting of a license in our district in violation of the spirit of the licensing laws and against the expressed wish of a majority of the residents of the said district." The meeting was very enthusiastic and, considering the state of the roads, was fairly representative of the "no license" party in the district.

POLITICAL.

In the House last week a considerable number of petitions were presented from Christchurch in favour of the abolition of the totalisator.

Mr Fowlds is to ask what steps the Government intends to take to equalise the representation of the North and South Islands in the Legislative Council.

In reply to Mr Napier, the Postmaster-General said he hoped the railway arrangements would be such as to warrant the steamship owners putting on a daily steamer between Onelunga and New Plymouth.

In reply to Mr Meredith, the Acting Colonial Treasurer said the question of abolishing the mortgage tax would be dealt with in the Financial Statement.

Mr Pirani was informed that the Government will consider the question of making concessions to members of friendly societies visiting Rotorua, but he thought it would not be advisable to give one class of persons such a preference.

The Impounding Act Amendment, which defines the "nearest pound" in the original Act to mean that pound which, having regard to the condition of roads or rivers or the like circumstances, can be most conveniently reached.

In reply to Mr Monk, Sir Joseph Ward said the great majority of cable messages received from Mr Seddon in London were coded, and the importance of the subjects warranted the expenditure. Hundreds of cable messages had been transmitted to Australia by request, and to many private persons.

Amongst the motions on the Order Paper in the House of Representatives was one in the name of Mr George Fowlds, who wants a return showing—(1) The number and names of licensed victuallers against whom informations were laid in the Auckland and any other districts, under the jurisdiction of Mr T. Hutchison, S.M., for breaches of the Licensing Acts during the past five years; and (2) the result of the hearing of such informations.

Among the papers laid on the table of the House by the Acting-Premier, one shows that the revenue for the year ending 31st December, 1901, amounted to £3,600,702, the principal heads being: Funds at 1st January, 1901—Renewal of premiums, assurance annuity, and endowment, £266,815; interest, £142,449. The total expenditure was £34,907, and the amount of funds on 31st December, 1901, was £3,285,415. The report of the Post and Telegraph Department for the year 1901 shows the following results:—Receipts: Postal £281,096, telegraph £212,415; grand total £488,573. Expenditure: Postal £281,096, telegraph £212,415; total £488,573; the balance of revenue over expenditure being £22,816.

New Fire Brigade Station.

Although the ceremony of opening the splendid new quarters which the Auckland City Council has provided for the Fire Brigade in Pitt-street does not take place for some weeks, the builders have got sufficiently forward with the work for the brigade to take practical possession.

The arrangements are of an elaborate and up-to-date character. The engine room is extensive and conveniently placed, communicating with the street by three sets of folding doors. The flooring is composed of Val de Travers, a material of the nature of asphalt, and was laid by the same firm as is now engaged in paving Queen-street, namely, the Neuchatel Asphalte Company. Four iron pillars and girders support the ceiling. At the back of the engine room are six horse boxes, each door of which is separately supplied with a magnet arrangement, which enables an operator in the watch room to throw them all open instantaneously. The watch room and battery room is the first room on the right hand side on entering. This is the room where alarms of fire will be received; where the operator by a movement of the hand will fling open the stable doors, set the electric bells tinkling in every bedroom in the building, and set the whole staff astir. Should the firemen be playing billiards or in the social hall upstairs they will be able instantly to shoot down into the engine room by means of the two sliding poles which lead through the ceiling, while the city in general will be aroused by the ringing of the six-inch bell hanging outside—the signal for traffic to keep clear. The firm alarm system, the installing of which is now in hand, will enable alarms to be given from eighty different parts of the city and suburbs by the breaking of the glass face and the pressing of the button.

The rooms alongside the watch room, and also at the opposite side of the building are bedrooms, with the exception of the room opposite the watch room, which is to be Superintendent Wolley's office. The yard at the rear, with concrete floor and exit to the street, is well supplied with laundries, carpenter's and blacksmith's shop, lavatories, coal houses, etc. On the ground floor, also, there are kitchen and dining room, pantries, and other rooms for the use of the men. The upstairs portions are reached by two outside and two inside staircases. The apartments over the watch room and adjoining rooms are the foreman's quarters, and include three bedrooms, dining-room, kitchen, etc. A similar suite at the opposite side of the building form the realm of the superintendent. A feature of the yard not yet built will be a look-out tower, which will be used for the additional purpose of hose drying.

The builder is Mr George Baildon.

... THE ...

NATIONAL MUTUAL

Life Association of Australasia Ltd.

Head Office for New Zealand—

CUSTOMHOUSE QUAY, WELLINGTON.

FUNDS OVER	£3,250,000
ANNUAL INCOME OVER	£500,000

Rates Low. Bonuses Large.

MONEY TO LEND ON FREEHOLD PROPERTY.
AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE COLONY.

Send for Prospectus.

J. B. GOULD, DISTRICT MANAGER,
Queen Street, Auckland.

ORTON STEVENS,
RESIDENT SECRETARY.

Some Prominent Wellington Musicians.



A. H. HAMERTON.



J. M. BARNETT.



MAX HOPPE.



CYRIL
TOWSEY.

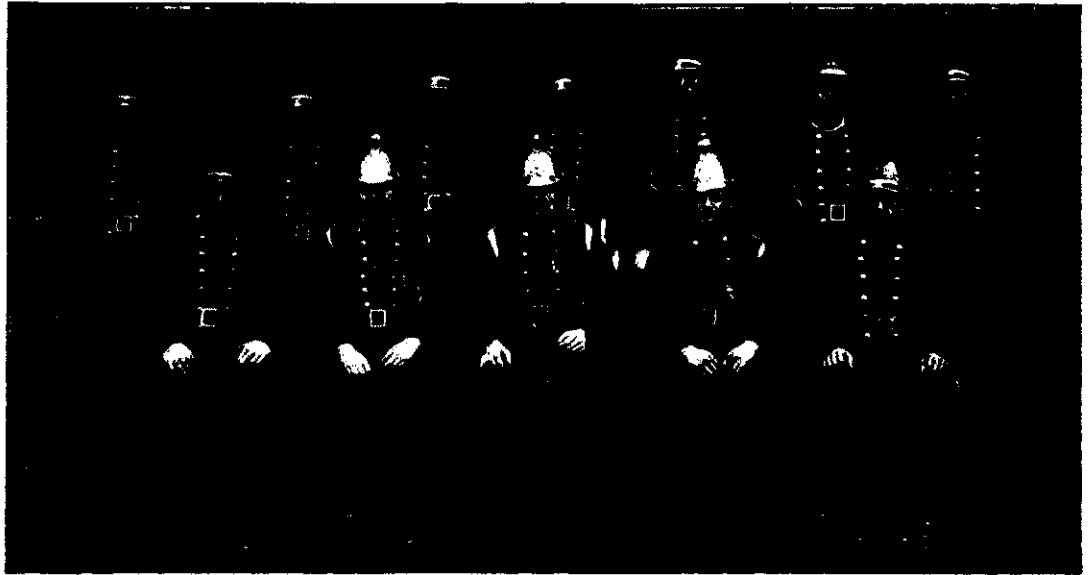
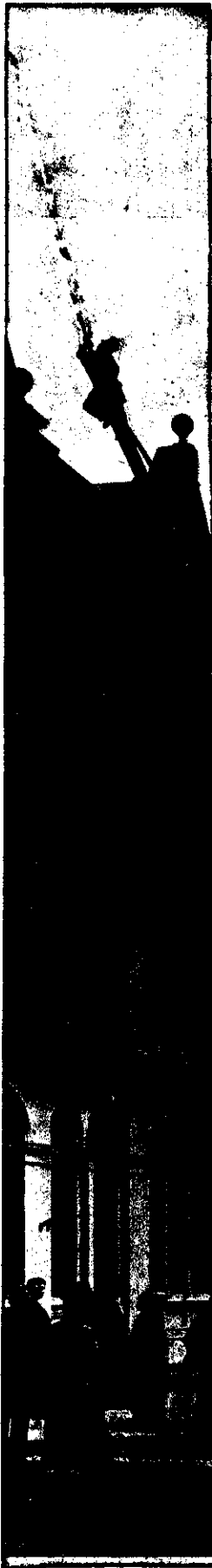


A. G. KEMP



1. The New Building. 2. Ready for work. 3. Interior, showing the collars ready to drop on the horses necks when the animals take their places in answer to the fire signal.

Auckland Fire Brigade.



THE STAFF.



THE STABLES, SHOWING THE ELECTRIC CONTRIVANCE BY WHICH THE DOORS ARE OPENED.



THE BRIGADE AT PRACTICE.

Auckland Fire Brigade.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH MR. SEDDON WAS BORN, ST. HELENS.

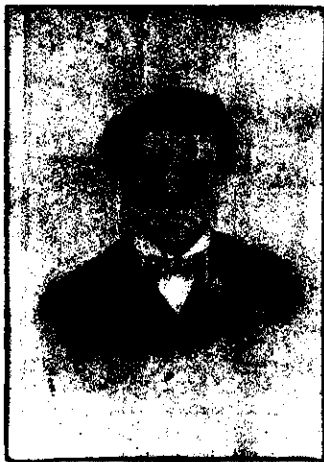


ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE

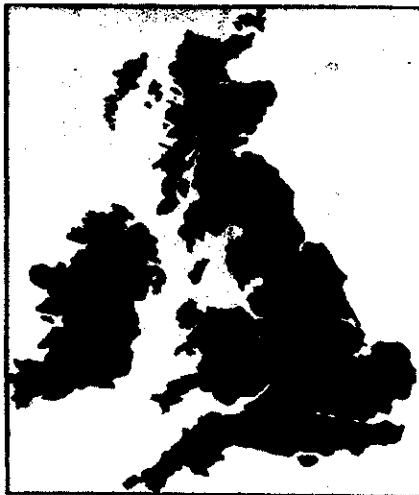
The Rise of a Lancashire Lad.



MR SEDDON'S HOME



MR SEDDON AT 16 YEARS OF AGE.



AS HE LOOKED IN 1869, WHEN HE ENTERED THE ROAD BOARD.

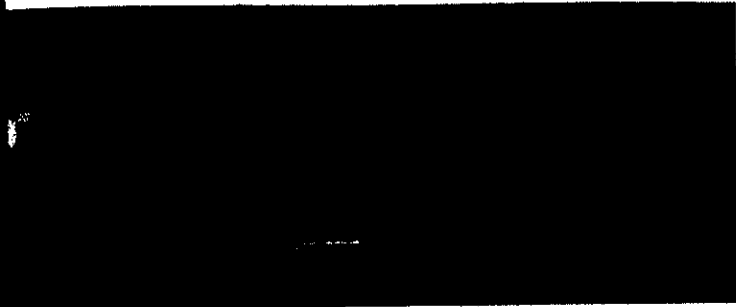


THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. SEDDON, taken a few days before his death. Wigglesworth & Binn, photo.



THE PREMIER'S RESIDENCE IN MOLESWORTH-STREET, WELLINGTON.



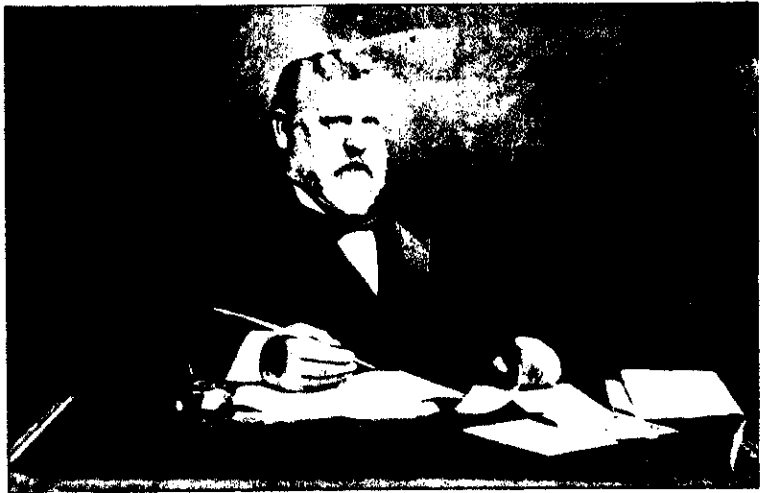


SEDDON'S NATIVE TOWN.

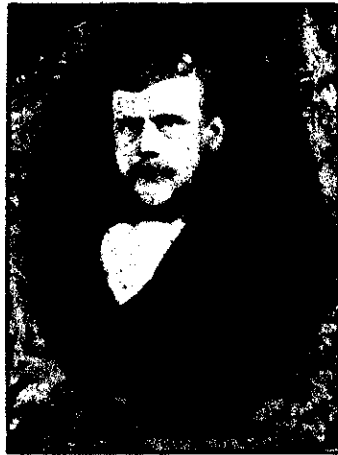


MUMARA, WEST COAST.

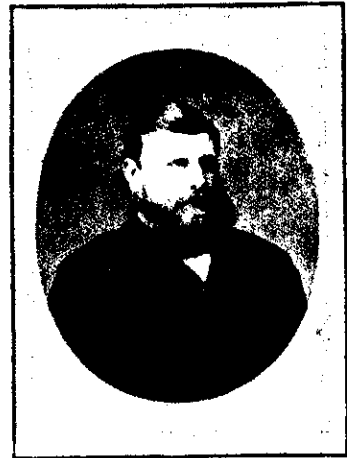
*The Career of Our
Premier Told
in Photographs.*



MR. SEDDON IN 1897.



HIS APPEARANCE WHEN HE ENTERED THE PROVINCIAL COUNCIL IN 1878.

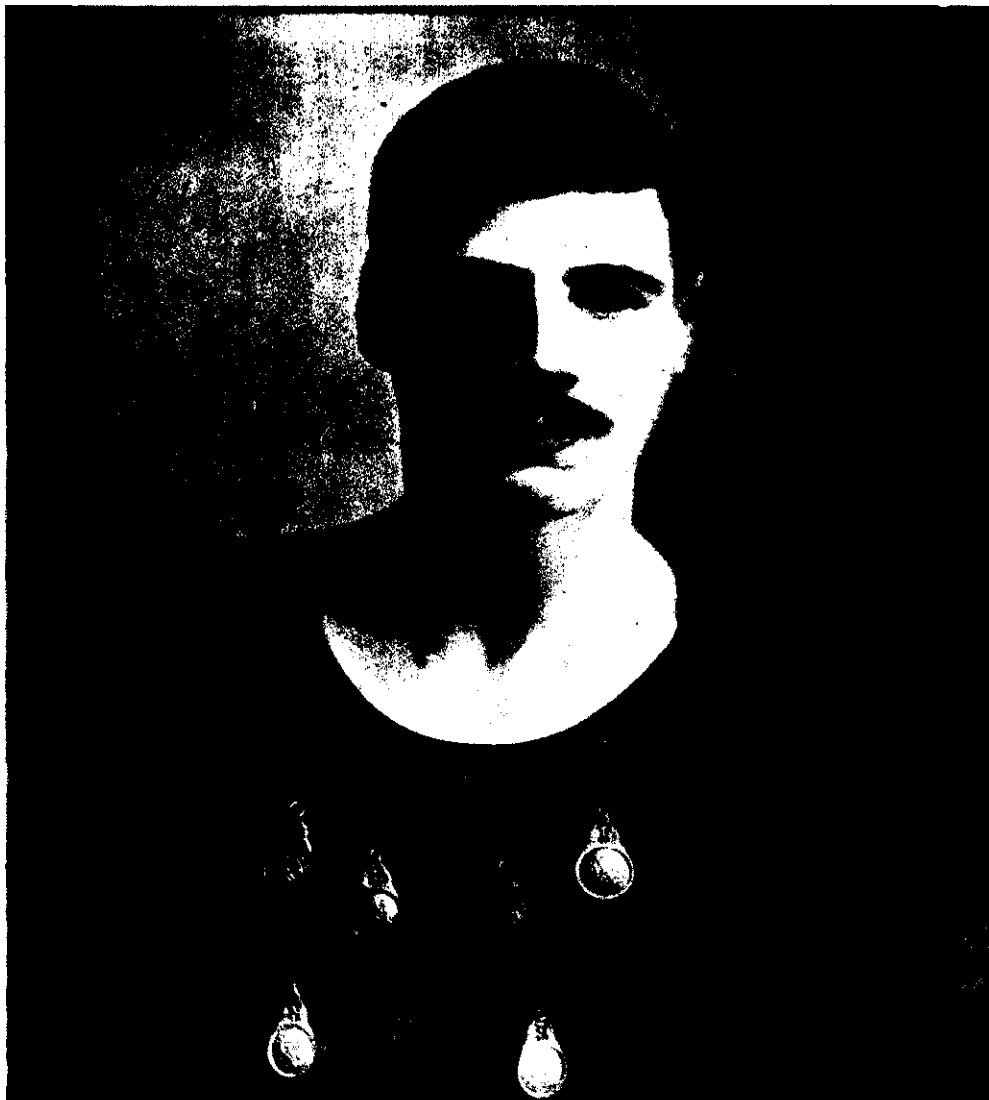


THIS WAS HE WHEN HE WAS ELECTED TO PARLIAMENT IN 1890.

RIGHT. HON. R. J. SEDDON, P.C., left the colony for London.



WHERE THE PREMIER WORKS IN THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, WELLINGTON.



GEORGE W. SMITH, OF AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.
120 Yards Hurdles Amateur Champion of Australasia and England.

English Amateur Athletic Championship Meeting.

At the English Amateur Athletic Championship Meeting Binks won the mile race in 4min 16 4-5th sec. George W. Smith (of Auckland, New Zealand), won the 120 yards hurdles in 16sec. W. F. Simpson (of Christchurch, New Zealand) ran third in the four mile race.

On Monday a cablegram was sent to Mr Smith from the members of the Auckland Amateur Sports' Club congratulating him upon his victory.

[Geo. W. Smith, besides being Australasian hurdle champion, has now the honour of writing himself 120yds. hurdle champion of England. Smith, who has been practically unbeaten in scratch hurdle events for several years, easily won the New Zealand and Australasian hurdle championships in this city in December last. Subsequently he was credited with a record of 15 2-5 sec. in a 120yds. hurdle trial. A proposal to send him to England, accompanied by W. F. Simpson, the Christchurch distance champion, to compete in the English A.A.A. championships at Stamford Bridge, London, was made shortly after the New Zealand meeting, and funds were collected, chiefly in Auckland and Christchurch, for the purpose. In the absence of A. C. Kenzlin, the American record breaker, Smith was generally credited with being able to silence the opposition, and this prediction has been verified, though it was hoped that he would clock something better than 16 sec. With Simpson it was different. At no time has England been so strong in distance runners as at present, Shrubbs, Aldridge, Binks, Gay-Roberts, and half a dozen others, all being in the first flight, and none of them much inferior to Fred Bacon, the champion of the early nineties. Simpson won his races at the championship meetings here with the greatest of ease, no one being able to push him. The mile he won in 4m. 28 2-5s., with no one to help him along, and it was thought that he would be able to improve that time if pushed. However, 12sec. was a little too much to ask him to cut off. His best distances were the two and three miles, four being rather further than he was accustomed to run. When fuller reports arrive it will probably be found that Shrubbs and Aldridge filled the places ahead of Simpson. Birk's time in the mile, as given in the cable, is only 1 1-5sec. outside the world's amateur record for the distance.]



THE EXCURSIONISTS ON THE BANKS OF THE TAMAVUA RIVER.

The Waikare's Fiji Trip.

The Waikare's Excursion to Fiji.

The Waikare had an uneventful voyage to the islands. At Auckland the steamer smashed into part of the wharf, but without any injury to herself. From Auckland onward the weather was rough from a passenger's point of view, and most of the ladies on board spent the four days in wondering why they came, and vowing to stay at home henceforth and for ever. It was impossible to get up any entertainments, no land was sighted, and a good many remained indifferent to the advent of trade winds and flying fishes and the constellation of the Great Bear. But on Sunday the blank of cabin walls was exchanged for the first glimpse of coral lands. Passengers swarmed on deck, congratulated themselves on coming, and enjoyed the wonders of the tropical scenery all the more for their past woes. This was the first time many on board had seen the tossing surf of the reef and the emerald green of the shoal water. The Waikare got to the wharf about four o'clock, and

the 200 passengers wandered about the town.

Suva, away from the main street, is a pretty little town embowered in tropical vegetation, palms, tree ferns, breadfruit, ahadlocks, with fruit-like huge oranges, lemon and orange trees, and the narrow-leaved guava. The gardens are bright with the brilliant crimson-leaved dracena, the deeper hued velvety kolias, flowering hibiscus, variegated crotons, and the fragrant frangipani. The side streets are cut out of the hill, and either lie in deep, close, hot hollows, or climb up steep stone or earthen steps, with fine views of the harbour and hills. One of the prettiest roads is the Waimanu, at the back of the town, on a peninsula, with water on both sides. The hollow glades on either side this road are a mass of creeping vines, while pretty houses nestle among the gardens up high banks. Another pleasant walk is through the Public Gardens, where the chief sights are the fountain and pool, with its tufted water-grasses and blue water-lilies; and the avenue of "Travelers' Trees," each with a straight palm

trunk and a single green fan of leaves at the top.

The regulation trip from Suva is up the Rewa River, where most of the Waikare passengers were taken by launches on Saturday. After being tossed up and down in the reef passage, the launch enters a narrow channel bordered with low trees. This channel opens out into a broad, smooth stream. The scenery is pleasant, though it has no grandeur. The knolls and slopes of the banks are covered with sugar canes, planted in rows, and looking from a distance like fields of tall corn. In amongst the plantations are thatched huts of the Indians, built for them by the Fijians in native style. The duller shades of the canes are relieved by patches of banana plantations. The air is soft, warm and moist, and the sunlight falling on hill and banks turns patches of vegetation to brilliant emerald. Further up the stream the knolls are higher, and form groups of little hills with the Indians' huts clinging to their sides. This river is prettiest from the banks, and never lovelier than under the full moon, when the native canoes

are drifting down piled with banana leaves, tappa, mats and yams, and lit by the flickering reel of the fire-sticks. The Indian villages are well worth a visit for any one who has time on shore. Here the women can be seen in Oriental dress pounding rice, or drawing water from deep, open wells, like Rebecca in the Bible picture. The Nansori Sugar Mill is the place usually visited by tourists. It is a whole colony in itself. The company here employs altogether about 3,000 Indian coolies, from 500 to 700 working directly at the mill, and the others on the plantations that supply it with cane. The street of Indian huts of black wood, patched with odds and ends of rusty corrugated iron, is dirty, untidy, and the reverse of picturesque, a great contrast to the houses of the white overseers and clerks, among flowers and shrubs and trees. The company has its annual tennis court, and gave its annual dance this week to the settlers around.

Suva has never before had such a carnival week as this. It is surprising so much life could crowd into so

(Continued on page 105.)



MEKE, OR NATIVE DANCE, AT MBAU.

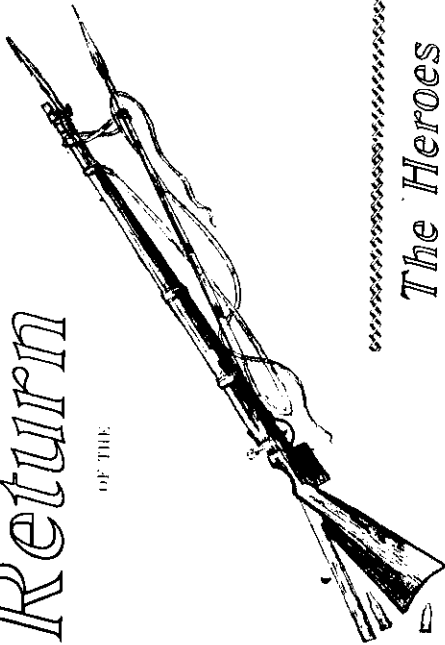


LEADING FIJIAN CHIEFS AT THE BURUA.

The Waikare's Excursion to Fiji.

Return

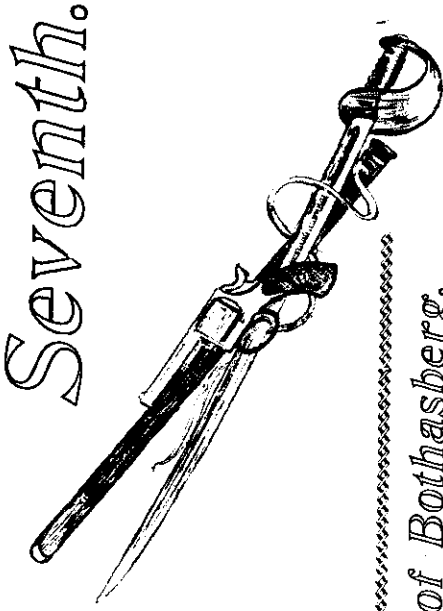
OF THE



The Heroes

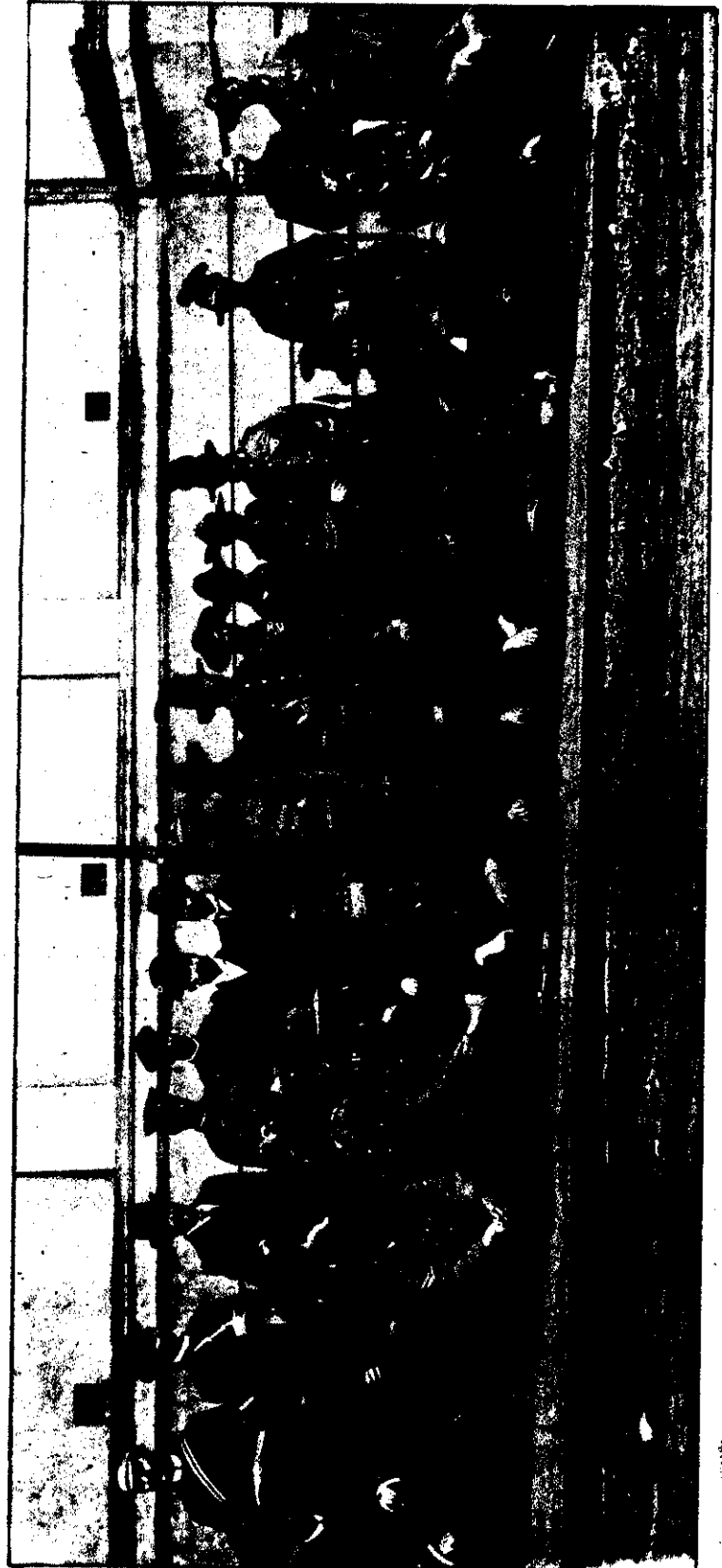


ENTRAINING AT ONEHUNGA FOR AUCKLAND.



Seventh.

of Bothasberg.



The above is a portrait group of the Auckland men of the Seventh Contingent, who were officially welcomed home by the Mayor last week. It fell to the lot of the Seventh New Zealand Contingent to take part in one of the hardest fights of the long campaign when, on that memorable occasion of Bothasberg, De Wet, after a most desperate resistance from our gallant New Zealanders, broke through the curtain. The Auckland section of the Seventh were not present at the struggle, but had the fortune of war given them the position of danger and honour, no one doubts that they would have borne themselves as well as their brave Southern fellow-soldiers, on whom the brunt of the engagement fell.

The Fire Walkers of Mbenga.



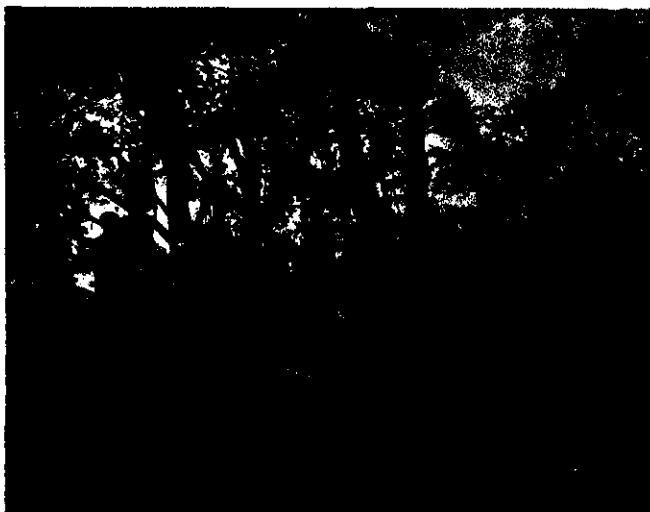
A NATIVE DRESSED FOR THE FIRE.



A NOVEL OVEN.—After the ceremony quantities of food in green bundles are placed on the stones to cook, and covered with greenery and earth.



THE GROUP OF FIRE WALKERS.



SPREADING OUT THE HEATED STONES.

SEE LETTERPRESS.



THE MEN WALKING ON THE HOT STONES.

The Young King of Spain.

Our cables some little time ago gave a brief account of the crowning of Alfonso XIII, the young King of Spain, and further particulars of the ceremony are now to hand by the mail. From all accounts it seems to have been a most brilliant affair.

Magnificent sunshine afforded every opportunity for a grand display, which was used to the utmost. Madrid was magically transformed into a dream of colour by means of tapestries and cloths, which covered balconies and housetops.

Amid the acclamations of his subjects and surrounded by princes of the blood of every Court in Europe, the youthful Sovereign of this ancient monarchy took the simple oath with less ceremony than does the President of France or of America.

The only crown in evidence was the enormous emblem on the top of Alfonso's coach.

The day's proceedings began with the movements of the troops who marched out to line the kerbs of the streets along the route. General Weyler, who is directly responsible for the safety of the young King, took extraordinary precautions to guard against accident.

He stationed 20,000 men in a double line along both sides of the route, and held 20,000 more in reserve for any unexpected eventuality. A thousand police were posted round the Palace, and several hundred more near the Chamber of Deputies and the Cathedral. Artillery was held ready in the Madrid armouries, and in the side streets were squadrons of cavalry prepared to disperse any mob that might temporarily get beyond the control of the infantry. Weyler personally supervised the distribution of the soldiers, and practically formed a trocha of bayonets five miles long for Alfonso's safety.

Three hundred thousand persons saw the procession, and at least half as many more tried unsuccessfully to catch a glimpse of the cortege as it passed through the streets.

At one o'clock a salvo of artillery fired from the Palace grounds announced that the royal procession had started. It was a long line of mediæval uniforms, gaily caparisoned horses, and golden coaches, more brilliant than the most gorgeous Lord Mayor's Show London ever saw.

The soldiers and attendants wore costumes of the time of Charles V. as a reminder of the period when Spain was mistress of most of Europe. The gold lace worn by twenty-five servants that waited on the King alone cost £6000.

At the head of the procession rode two trumpeters dressed in red silk, with the arms of Castille and Aragon emblazoned on their breasts. From their trumpets hung banners with the Spanish standard on them, and their horses were covered with a mass of gold cloth.

Following them came twelve riderless horses covered in trappings of cloth of gold belonging to the royal-

ties. After these came the Cuirassiers.

Their horses were decorated in old Moorish style, the harness studded all over with shining metal and long silk tassels, and the saddles and stirrups inlaid with gold. They were followed by more courtiers in scarlet and by a company of Palace Grenadiers, the special guardians of the King. The Grenadiers wore loose silk blouses embroidered with the royal arms, red knee breeches and silk stockings, with big white pom-poms in their hats.

Immediately preceding the King's coach was a gorgeous carriage. This was empty, as is the custom in these regal processions, to be available in case of accident to that in which the King rode.

Alfonso wore for the first time a field-marshal's uniform with the Order of the Golden Fleece on his coat. As the sign of his rank he carried a marshal's baton, the same one that belonged to Ferdinand VI. a century and a-half ago, the last monarch who brought prosperity to Spain.

The King was greeted with a swelling volume of cheers by the people. He leaped from the window and waved his arm in a friendly boyish fashion.

It took an hour for the procession to reach the Congress building. There were no decorations; only the uniforms of the military and officials converted the sombre chamber into a brilliant scene.

The president received and conducted the King and Queen, amid tumultuous cheers, to chairs on the platform. He then read an address, and Alfonso replied briefly. The oath was taken by the King in a loud, clear voice. His bearing was distinguished by ease and self-possession, and he won general admiration.

The party then re-entered the coaches, and proceeded amid the clangour of the bells to the Church of San Francisco. Here there was a

most brilliant assemblage of princes and bishops of the Church in their gorgeous robes of scarlet, of attendants in showy uniforms, palace guards in the ancient costume of halberdiers, wearers of foreign uniforms, and gaily-dressed women wearing the national mantilla fastened over a high comb, and caught with jewels gleaming in the dim church. Thirty bishops, headed by the Primate in a golden mitre, received Alfonso at the portico, and conducted the King and Queen, under a canopy of cloth of gold, to the chancel.

After the Benediction, the Queen-mother bowed low to her son, who returned the bow. She was then escorted to the portico, the King remaining till the last. The Court functionaries and the ladies in waiting had already preceded their Majesties in order to be at the palace to receive them.

As the King left the church there was more ringing of bells, and salvos of artillery boomed and crowds cheered madly.

On the return to the palace his Majesty held a reception of the foreign envoys and other high personages.



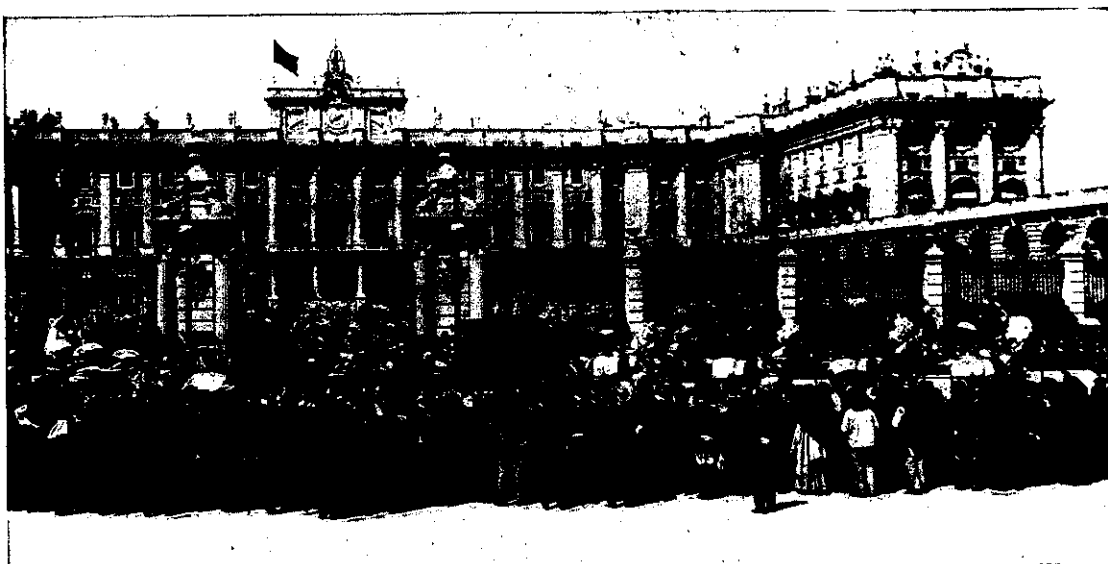
H.M. THE KING OF SPAIN.



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT A FEW HOURS BEFORE THE PROCESSION.



H.M. QUEEN CHRISTINA OF SPAIN.



THE ROYAL PROCESSION LEAVING THE PALACE.



THE THRONE-ROOM.



The Waikare's



NATIVE GIFTS AT THE INSTALLATION OF THE KING.



CROWD ON THE



FOOD FOR THE NATIVE FEAST AT MBAU.—(Turtles, yams, yangoon roots, roast pigs, and baskets of cooked provisions.)



SUVA, ON THE MORNING OF 26th, WHEN THE ST



A VIEW ON THE RARA AT MBAU DURING THE COURSE OF THE BURUA.

Excursion to Fiji.



MBURU, MBAUC.



NATIVE DANCERS AT MBAUC.



AN HISTORIC SCENE.—The Roko Tui Tailevu recognising King Edward as Tui Viti by serving the Administrator with yanqona as proxy for the King. This ceremony was performed after the cession of Fiji, when Cakobau (Thakombau) and the chiefs first acknowledged the supremacy of Queen Victoria.



FALLATION OF KING EDWARD TOOK PLACE.



PREPARING TO RETURN FROM THE PICNIC ON THE TAMAVUA.

NAPIER.

The Leading City of
the East Coast.



PANORAMA OF THE BUSINESS PART OF NAPIER, FROM THE FIRE BRIGADE STATION.



VIEW OF MARINE PARADE.



NAPIER IN 1864.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE PARADE.



GENERAL PANORAMA OF THE TOWN.



Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's Winter Meeting.

1. Sir Wm. Russell presenting necklace to Mrs Rhodes. 2. Hon. J. D. Ormond congratulating Sir William Russell on receiving knighthood. 3. Mrs. G. B. Rhodes' "Phantom," by Master Agnes—Nancy Lee, winner Hawke's Bay Trial Steeplechase. 4 and 5. The Grandstand. 6. "Dexterity." 7. A. G. Riches' b g "Halcyon," by Sou'-wester—Rara Avis, winner Hunters Hurdle Race. 8. At the totalisator.

A Touching Appeal.

"Madam," said the tramp, as a middle-aged lady came to the door in response to his knock, "would you give a poor old man a bite to eat?"

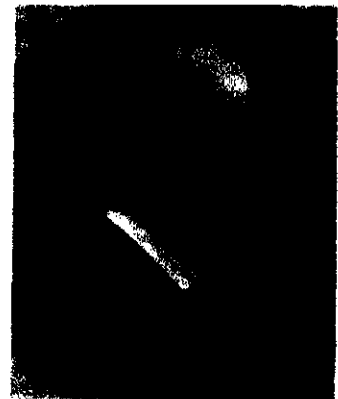
"Why," replied the lady, "you are certainly able to work. You don't look very old."

"Looks are often deceitful, lady," answered the wanderer. "I am old enough to be your grandfather."

A moment later he was seated in the kitchen, and nothing she had in the pantry was too good for him.



MISS WATT (MRS. BADEN-POWELL).



MR. FRANK BADEN-POWELL.

A FASHIONABLE HOME WEDDING.

Miss Watt is a well known Napier lady, and her husband brother to the hero of Mafeking.

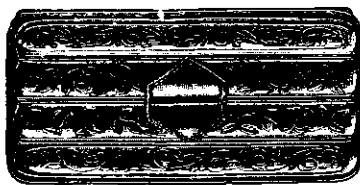


MISS HELEN FERGUS.

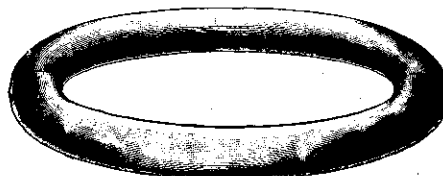
Of the William Anderson Dramatic Co., now touring New Zealand.



DR. EDWARD CARO'S PRIVATE HOSPITAL AND SANATORIUM, TENNYSON ST., NAPIER.

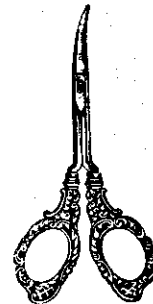


Plain Solid Silver Cigar Case. £2 10/, £3, £3 10/. Engraved, £2 10/, £3 10/, £4, £4 15/.



No. 1.—"NELLIE STEWART BRACELET," 9ct. Gold, £5; 15ct. Gold, £8.

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.



F4933—Solid Silver mounted NAIL SCISSORS, 8s. 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.

SEND FOR OUR 80-PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. Post free to any address.

STEWART DAWSON & CO.
146 AND 148, QUEEN ST., AUCKLAND.



F2923—Silver mounted and Glass Match Holder, 5s. 6d.



E8557—Amethyst HEART, set with Pearls, 22s. 6d.



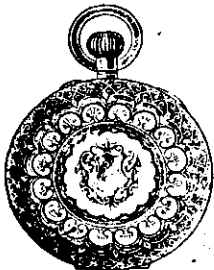
Ladies' Sterling Silver BELTS, 50/, 70/, and 90/. Crocodile Skin Belts, mounted in Solid Silver, £5. Handsome designs in E.F. Belts, 14/6, 16/6, and 17/6.



E8888—Pearl and Amethyst PEN-DANT, 14s. 6d.



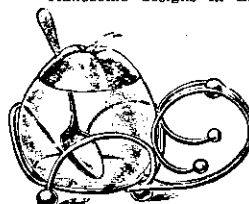
F3635—Solid Silver Billiard CHALK HOLDER, 6s.



This illustration shows one of our LADY'S—small size KEY-LESS HUNTING WALTHAM LEVER WATCHES. The case is made of 10-ct. Gold and is nicely engraved. The movement is a nickel 1 1/2 pl. c. 7 jewels, expansion pallets, Compensation Balance, Patent Wristlet Hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, and we guarantee its time keeping quality, £8 10s. We have this Watch in Silver Cases, £4.



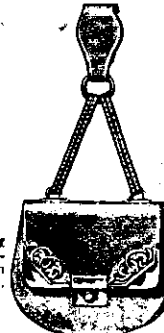
F3943—Gent's Silver Card Case, 10s. 6d.



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.



F1898—Silver mounted CHATELAINE BAG, in Crocodile Skin, 13/6, 22/6, 25/-, 37/6, 45/- Handbag, same design, £8 10s.; Open Face, £6 10s. 11/6, 25/-, 37/6.



S. D. & Co.'s Lady's Magnificent 18ct Gold Keyless NONPAREIL 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, fine, full-jewelled movement, 18ct. Gold Strong Cases, Perfect Keyless Action, convenient and reliable. Hunting Cases, £7 10s.; Half 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.

The Walkare's Excursion to Fiji.

(Continued from page 95.)

small a place. Natives and whites have all given themselves up to enjoyment with tropical abandon. Night and day we heard the hollow lali, the bugle calls, the firing of guns from the warships, the chanting and shouting of natives, and the strain of the mullili band. The harbour has been alive with boats, excursion parties coming and going in the interisular launches, natives in the dug-out, and outriggers, yachts and steamers. The Fazilka has just brought from Calcutta between 700 and 800 Indians. There are two Japanese training ships anchored in the stream, and the British man-of-war Pylades, and an American vessel. In the streets and under the avenue of trees along Victoria Parade there has been such a throng of various races as a home-keeping New Zealander must find astonishing. The distinction between the Germans, Jews, and British is quite lost in comparison with the difference between all the whites and the Islanders. Besides the thousands of half-naked Fijians roaming along the shore there are the Hindus, the women and children in dirty coloured garments, but loaded with ornaments. Amongst the Islanders are a fair number of copper-coloured Samoans, Tongans and men brought from the Solomons. The Japanese tars rambled about in bands like a lot of inquisitive schoolboys having a holiday, trafficking with the natives and playing pranks. The tourists and townpeople were offered entertainments in endless variety, and the only difficulty was in making a choice. The great event on Monday was the Burua at Bau. On Wednesday there were horse races, and in the afternoon pole exercises and native choir singing. Thursday (Covenant Day) was fixed on for the installation of the King, a Coronation service, grand meke, review, and Government House ball. On Friday should have taken place the fire-walking, or vilavilairovo, Government house garden party, official dinner and fireworks, while Saturday was to be occupied by the regatta. The King's illness stopped all public functions, but a concert was given on the Walkare on Thursday evening. On Friday launches crowded with the tourists set off for a picnic to Tamava, a charming creek bordered close by tropical vegetation. On Saturday the Rewa picnic was followed by a ball. On shore there were equal attractions for those who wanted gaiety, the Warden's dance, a smoke concert, the Valdears' Circus, private mekes and parties, so that in spite of the disappointment about the vilavilairovo and the regatta people could not complain of finding time hang heavy on their hands. On board nearly every hour of the day was filled in. After the tourists had returned from the Tamava picnic the Naillili Band came and played on the Walkare. The evening of that day was spent in listening to the Wesleyan choirs (natives) singing on deck. The passengers took the greatest interest in the natives, mixed with them, got them to write their names, and talked to any that understood a little English. A very good speech was made by Mr Allen, expressing the pleasure felt in the singing and in the sight of the orderly natives, whose ancestors had been fierce cannibals. Before they left the captain had a brilliant display of fireworks. The effects were best seen from the shore, but the most interesting part of the performance to a New Zealander was the unrestrained rapture, astonishment and terror of the throng of natives who watched the ascending fiery snakes and red and green stars and balls, and gave vent to their emotions in simultaneous shouts and tremendous exclamations. On Sunday a portion of the native (Jubilee) church was reserved for Europeans, who had an opportunity of hearing again the native choir singing. Whatever the Fijians may become they certainly have the capacity, being fine musicians. There is a peculiar quality in their voices, different from anything heard amongst Europeans, and possessing the same fascination that the music of a new master does when we hear it for the first time.

SCENES AT MBAU.

The picnic to Mbau was an excursion into the realm of the wildest and strangest romance of the South Seas. It was rather like a fantastic dream or the scenes of a grotesque pantomime than a bit of every-day life. The canoes, the thatched houses, the thousands of natives, the weird chanting, the extraordinary costumes and war paint, the dances and the stacks of food were so utterly unlike our quiet hum-drum life in New Zealand towns that they seemed hardly to belong to reality at all. Mbau itself is not a very beautiful island; in fact, it is rather bare and dry for this part of the world. But it is impossible to approach its strip of shore and its one hill without some emotion. This little island, in the early days deserved a place in the kingdom of hell. Not even the pen of Dante could describe the horrors of the past, scenes more terrible than those he saw on the "sea of everlasting ice," or among the burning tombs. Here the tormenting devils were men wholly given over to the worship of evil. Fearful tales have come down to us from missionaries who were eye-witnesses, but even they tell us it was impossible for them to describe the worst. Here old Tanou reigned, the cannibal king, who had an offending relative of his slowly dismembered, and drank his blood. This was the king who returned from war with numbers of infants dangling from the masts of his boat. His son, who afterwards became famous as Thakombau, king or overlord of all Fiji, at five years old, murdered his first victim, who was held down while the boy clubbed him to death. When Tanou died it fell to Thakombau's lot to strangle his own mother. In his days, even after the missionaries had arrived, fearful cannibal orgies were held, and hundreds of human victims were tortured, butchered and then cast into the ovens. Yet this terrible chief became converted, and died a devout Christian amidst the prayers and tears of his family and friends. The former things have passed away, and to-day there is not a heathen left amongst the thousands assembled at the old capital. As the steam launch, Andl Raronga, got near Mbau, we saw a small fleet of boats, yachts, launches, row-boats, and the queer canoes and outriggers of the natives, with their one triangular mat-sails. The Fijians were gathered on the shore in great numbers, while others were wading over across the shallow water from the mainland. The native town has larger and finer houses than those of the other Fijian villages. They are all of the tent-shaped pattern, with a projecting ridge pole. One I saw had its sides covered with a well-designed matting, another had both roof and outside walls thatched with dry leaves, another was of reed and grass. In the middle of the town, taking the place of our town square, is a green or common used for open-air gatherings. In the centre is a large bure, lately built for Council meetings, or for entertaining visitors. It stands high up on the site of Vatumi-Tawaki, the heathen temple of the god Tawaki. It has raised foundations of earth faced with stones, in two circular terraces from about eight to twelve feet high, with two flights of ladder steps leading up to the top. The ceremonies of the day were begun when a pathway was cleared for the Acting-Administrator, Mr. Allardyce, and his party. Long rolls of tappa (the printed native cloth made of the bark of a tree) were laid down, and rows of natives and Europeans stood on either side. The Governor and his aide-de-camp—resplendent in cocked hat and uniforms, loaded with gold lace—ascended the bure, and on entering sat down on chairs at the further end. On the matting that covered the floor a number of native chiefs sat in a crouching attitude, used with them to denote respect, before a chief, while the Walkare's white passengers crowded in at the numerous doors and stood round the walls. The interior of this bure is of beautiful workmanship. The roof is formed of crossed beams, bound together with sinnet, plaited in shades of colour varying from red to yellow and brown. The side walls also are de-

corated with this sinnet, which in the half-light has almost the effect of carving. All the proceedings were in the Fijian tongue. This language has been called the Italian of the Pacific, on account of its flowing vowel sounds. The Administrator spoke a few words, the chiefs replying with deep, long-drawn exclamations. Fijian voices, especially when they break gradually out into chanting, have the vibration of some organ notes. "When you have heard them once or twice you seem to catch in them the sound of tropical seas and trade winds in the palms. After the speech an old chief approached in a bending, half-kneeling posture, and presented some polished whales' teeth strung together on sinnet. This was the customary present to a great chief, and whales' teeth were at one time the most valuable of all possessions. The public were then turned out, and the chiefs, in presence of the Administrator and his party, threw off their clothes in token of having ended their mourning for the late Queen.

The scene then shifted to the open green, where the vice-regal party sat at one end of a circle. Next to Mrs Allardyce, chatting familiarly with her and laughing affably, was the greatest princess of the Isles, Andl (Lady) Thakombau, a grand-daughter of his last King. Andl Thakombau is a handsome woman, with an expression of intelligence and amiability. She wore a loose black skirt and a loose, frilled chemise of black silk, quite in the native style, only better made, and her head, feet and arms were bare. A new mat, fringed with red wool, was unrolled in front of the party, and on it sat the Governor's native A.D.C., Deve Togaivalu, a fleshy native with rather an agreeable face. A circular space was left vacant, and round it crouched hundreds of natives. On all sides one could see the ring of heads, surmounted by mops of furry hair, dyed faxen red, and trained to stand on end. One head-dress that I saw must have been nearly two feet high. Round this extraordinary circle of heads stood the excursionists, girls in light prints and muslin blouses and gauze veils, and young men in spotless tropical suits of white, while everywhere the photographers and their cameras were pushing in to the front, and the cinematograph was busily clicking away. At the opposite end from the Governor three fine young native men, glistening with cocoanut oil, decorated with thick wreaths of ornamental grass, ginger flowers and coloured leaves, and wearing sulus of printed tappa, began pounding the yangona root. It was thrown into a great bowl, water was brought in vases of Fijian pottery, poured in, and mixed by the hand. Two other natives kept straining it through fibres of the sau bark, and, after a lengthy process of mixing and clearing, while the circle of natives around chanted at intervals, a cup formed of half a cocoanut, glistening inside, was filled and offered to the Governor. The native A.D.C. was next served, and then came other chiefs, the Roko Tui Mbau and the patriarchal Roko Tui Bua, a man of the highest character and intelligence. A few other Europeans drank. Each, as he drained the cup, threw it down with a twirl, the natives clapping their hands together. Throughout the ceremonies, including a short speech by the Roko Tui Bua, and a long one by the Administrator, dwelling on the late Marama and the new Tui Viti, the Fijians behaved with the greatest propriety, and even solemnity. The chiefs presented in turn whales' teeth, food, and also a velvet bag containing coins to the value of £1600, collected among the natives, towards the Queen's Memorial Fund. While this drama was going on there were to be seen in the background, like the soldiers and pilgrims who march through at the back of the stage during a performance, a stream of natives, principally women, passing down to the shore, bearing loads of food in baskets covered with banana leaves and slung at each end of a bamboo pole. The assembled people then dispersed in various directions, most of the tourists going down to the beach to enjoy the lunch provided

by the Walkare's officers, while a few of the more eager sightseers strolled about to see the natives dressing for the meke. In full dress they are such sights as one could not dream of without seeing. They are oiled all over, and their faces are painted with a soot-black powder made of crushed seeds. Some had their bodies, especially the upper part, brilliant crimson-red, dyed with tumeric. Some had the red in spots, others had dabs of it on their faces, one or two having jet black faces and crimson noses. Their hair stood straight up on end, and in it was stuck waving plumes of wily grass and twisted coloured wool. Wreaths hanging from the shoulders to the waist were made of all sorts of materials, ornamental bark of the yau tree, lace bark strips, some their natural colour, some dyed orange or red, forest leaves, great and small, green or variegated, flowers (some artificial), shells, whales' teeth, all served for decoration. The fringed sulus, formed of plaited belts and long fringes, were of similar material, but even more extraordinary, some having immense bows of tappa, like huge bustles. Necklaces, armlets, and bracelets of beads and shells, with polished white cowries, finished the most extraordinary costume the brain of man could devise. As they moved they rustled like the palm branches in the wind. In their hands they carried palm fans, fringed with coloured wool. They approached each other in two companies, differently attired, red predominating in one, yellow and black in the other. They then began a sort of club dance, advancing in measured tread with resounding shouts, their limbs working in a convulsive agitation. Then followed the waving of their curved and polished clubs. The scarlet and black faces and bodies, the gleaming white of eyes and teeth, the waving arms and poised clubs, and the sudden twirl round with sulus and wreaths quivering and shaking, was like a fairy pantomime or a scene out of a child's picture book. It was difficult to realise that these extraordinary beings were human and not creatures of the imagination. This meke, for which great preparations had been made, was practically the end of the performance, but even the few steps down to the boat were full of entertainment. The Fijians, including some of the meke dancers, thronged round the tourists, selling shells, pineapple clubs, yangona bowls, baskets, and even the gay clothes they had danced in. A royal feast had been piled up near the shore, great stacks of yams, as high as a small house, half-cooked turtles, pigs roasted whole, and cooked puddings wrapped in green banana leaves. Our stay was only too short for all there was to be seen.

THE FIRE WALKERS OF MBENGA.

The greatest "draw" amongst the Fijian celebrations was the vilavilairovo, or fire-walking. Some of the passengers from Australia had come almost entirely for the purpose of seeing it. As a spectacle it is not remarkable, but it is something in the nature of a miracle, so that there was very great disappointment when the official performance at Suva was stopped by the news of the King's illness. Mr Duncan, the manager of the Union Company at Suva, made every effort to prevent the tourists returning home disappointed, and on Saturday it was announced that he had made private arrangements with the chief of the fire-walkers to have the "miracle" at Mbenga. The passengers were taken off in the Kia Ora, and carried ashore through the shallow water by the natives. The smoke of the fire could be seen some distance away as the Kia Ora got near Mbenga. We examined the "oven" at our leisure, as there was an hour or more to wait before the preparations were completed. It was a circular pit about 15 feet or so across, situated in a palm grove close to a little stream. In the pit were great branches blazing away, and the heat was so fierce that it was impossible to stand near for more than a minute or two. Stones from the rocks and shore were piled high upon the wood, the flames were leaping amongst them, and in some parts they were red hot. While we were waiting one

of the stones exploded, and fell in pieces out of the oven. About 200 Europeans gathered round in a circle, just far enough off to prevent being scorched.

Several natives sat up in trees and in the palm branches to get a good view. A number of brawny Fijians came out from the trees and hauled out the big logs, raising them by means of long piles at the end of which were mosses made of a forest creeper like our supplejack. This moss was thrown round some projecting branch and the whole log was hauled out with the peculiar chants and deep "Oo-oo, ah-ih" characteristic of this people. Next the poles were placed in between the stones, and by a very ingenious method they were turned over and the pile reduced to a level. The fire walkers now made their appearance, well oiled with coconut oil and decorated with fringes sulus and massive wreaths of leaves and flowers, but otherwise naked. Dr. Fulton examined closely the feet and hands of one of the fire walkers, but could detect nothing on them. The twelve Fijians then stepped on the smouldering stones, walked round them the whole circle, and then left the oven. Other natives now threw green branches on and the fire walkers entered the oven again and this time sat down on the stones. More green boughs were thrown on, and a dense smoke arose. The fire walkers jumped out of the thick cloud somewhat hurriedly. Their faces during the performance looked "intense," and they walked rather quickly. The green boughs were smouldering around them, but neither their skin nor their sulus were injured. They walked about amongst the people and had their photographs taken. One of them afterwards carried me through the sea to the boat.

I tried to test the heat of a stone on the oven, cooler than those farther in, but it was too hot to do more than touch it for an instant with the tip of the finger. Several passengers (including myself) brought away bits of the hot stone as mementoes. They were placed in split coconuts, or suspended in green withes to be carried, and partly cooled by dipping them in the stream. One fact, of which the most sceptical must be convinced, is that the fire is real fire. The Fijians brought baskets of dracena roots to be roasted on the stones after the fire-walking was over, heaped on more leaves, and covered it over with earth their ordinary method of roasting. But even so, we saw some smoke still rising as we left Mbenga.

The vilavilavevo does not seem to be a ceremony or to have any religious significance in Fiji. Only one tribe in the entire group possesses this extraordinary power. Sir James Thurston, while Governor of Fiji, had the ceremony performed by men of this tribe, in the presence of 500 spectators. He also had translated into English the Fijian legend of the origin of fire walking. In the olden days, says the legend, the men of Navukesea, a village of Mbenga, used to meet at a bure to listen to a famous storyteller, to whom each in turn gave free gifts of food. One day it was the turn of the chief, Tut Qalita, who promised to dig out a great eel from a hole. But when he set to work, he had to dig and dig a long time before he could reach anything. He then put in his arm, and pulled out first some hibiscus leaves, then some tapa. Digging the hole still deeper he felt the hand of a man, then his throat, and at last hauled him out by the arm.

The man, whose name was Tui Namotiwai, clasped hands in front of Qalita, in the fashion of a Fijian suppliant, and begged that his life might be spared, promising Tui Qalita that he would be his god of war or of tiqa (a game of skill), of sailing or of women. But Tui Qalita said he could do and get all he wanted by himself, and must give Namotiwai to the storyteller.

TO BE EATEN.

The captive god then promised him the power of being roasted in an oven for four days without being hurt. The oven was prepared; Namotiwai descended into it, and called to Qalita to follow. He did so and re-

mained unburnt. Namotiwai's life was spared, and he granted to Qalita and his descendants for ever the power of walking through the oven without receiving any injury.

One of the first to witness fire-walking in the Islands was Miss Teaira Henry, of Honolulu, but her account was received with incredulity, and the Polynesian Society refused to guarantee its truth. From a scientific point of view the most remarkable exhibition was that at Rarotonga, when Colonel Gudgeon, the well-known British Resident of the island, and three other Europeans, followed by 200 Maoris, walked across burning stones. All but one were unscathed, and this man got badly burned. Colonel Gudgeon says that the sensation was like that of electric shocks. Half an hour after he had crossed the priest threw a green branch on the oven, and in a quarter of a minute it was blazing. The interest of this occasion arises from its disproving altogether two theories by which people often try to explain away the performance. The power has nothing to do with hardness of the feet, nor with any special preparation, for Colonel Gudgeon, whose authority is above dispute, mentions that the soles of his feet were particularly tender. The Maoris claim that their ancestors performed the feat, but said that it had long gone out of use. Scientific investigation proved it to be widespread in India, Japan and Mauritius. In India it is a religious ceremony, connected with the worship of Kali, or of Draupati, and it is also performed by the priests in Japan.

Harding suggests that it may have originated among the Egyptians, and have been one of their religious "mysteries," acted like the Christian "mysteries" in the Middle Ages. In that case it would be a representation of the judgment of departed spirits, who are said to anoint themselves, and in pure white garments, holding a palm branch, to cross over inextinguishable fire. In some places the fire-walkers still carry green boughs in their hands. He also connects it with the ordeal by fire, practised in the Middle Ages. Fire-walking is as near as we can get to a miracle in our days. I have, however, seen a cook often pick up a lump of red-hot coal in her hands and throw it back on to the fire, without suffering the slightest injury, and I have heard of similar feats performed by people accustomed to furnaces. The most we can say about fire-walking is that it is a matter of faith, or an example of the power of mind over matter, and when we have said that no one is any the wiser than before. It remains still an unexplained mystery.

INSTALLATION OF THE KING.

Thursday morning, 26th June, was the time appointed for installing King Eilward as Tui Viti, Supreme Chief in Fiji. The significance of the ceremony could not be appreciated without a brief backward glance at Fijian history. Fiji, which had been divided amongst numerous tribes, found its first supreme chief in the great Thakombau the first to receive the title of Tui Viti. But towards the close of his reign Thakombau fell into many troubles. The usurping Tongan chief, Maafu, wrested half the islands from him, and on the occasion of some injury being done, the Americans almost ruined him with claims for heavy compensation. He first attempted to cede Fiji to Britain in 1859, but the offer was refused, and it was not till 1874 that Sir Arthur Gordon formally accepted Fiji as a possession of Great Britain. Grand ceremonies were held then amongst the natives, many of them identical with those which were performed to-day. Thakombau, after addressing the assembled natives, asked Sir Arthur to be present at the native ceremony of drinking yangona, among the chiefs at Mbau, while they saluted him with their hands as a superior. On the Governor's arrival Thakombau led him through the streets by the hand to his own residence. The next morning took place the solemn yangona drinking, Fijian speeches, and presentation. The deed of cession had previously been signed by all the high chiefs of Fiji, beginning

with Thakombau and Maafu. The gathering to-day was on a far larger scale than that of thirty years ago. The crowd was a mingling of nearly a score of races and nationalities, predominant amongst them the Fijians in white shirts and sulus, the Indians in many coloured garments, head dresses and ornaments, the little olive-skinned Japanese tars, and Europeans, the ladies and children in dainty summer muslins and lace. Processions of people kept passing in towards the end of the rara. The Native Constabulary arrived, dressed in uniforms of dark blue shirts and white sulus. About a quarter of an hour later came the Catholic Bishop, Vidal, in his purple robes followed by priests in black; then a procession of Catholic school children, first the English in white and blue, then a stream of native little ones, also in white, accompanied by the sisters and Mother Superior. Next to arrive was the Naitili Brass Band, fine native musicians. A high turbaned Hindu Sirdar stood near keeping watch over his own race. About ten o'clock the Administrator, dressed in black military uniform, entered the booth, which had been turned into a bower of tropical greenery for the occasion. He was accompanied by his suite, and by the Japanese captain, Iwasaki. These all took their seats on the platform. On the mats in front of them sat all the chiefs, in a series of semi-circles. Just outside were piled the love-gifts to the Administrator, as representative of the Tui Viti. There was enough South Sea merchandise here to stock a store with, but it seems it is all a matter of display and is re-distributed afterwards amongst the natives. There were about a dozen large turtles, one still moving convulsively; piles of yams, and rolls of sinnet. One roll had been made into an ornamental monument, twisted in patterns of brown and white sinnet, and ornamented with a spire of polished white cowries. There were also innumerable mats, baskets of native-prepared salt, and heaps of tappa. The scene was opened by the yangona makers, fine men, well-oiled and wreathed, moving forward and mixing and straining the yangona. It was served in the same manner as at Mbau, first to the Governor, then to Ratu Tavita (Mata, in Vanua, literally, eye of the land), then to the chief of Mbau, Ratu Khandavu Levu. The Japanese officers drank with many grimaces, and amongst other Europeans the cup was drained by Ratu Woods, the only white man who has ever been adopted as a Fijian chief. The usual clapping (with the hollow of the hand) went on, and the usual shouts and deep breathing of "ah oo" sound.

One or two of the chiefs, notably Ratu Joseph Lala, who was educated in Sydney, and usually dresses like a white man, were rather ashamed of reverting to Fijian dress and ways, and most of the chiefs throughout looked awkward, and scarcely raised their voices above a whisper. An exception was the Roko Tui Bua, who made an excellent speech in Fijian, outlining the history of Thakombau's cession of Viti. "We are all, but one," he said, "of a younger generation than the chiefs who signed the deed, but we rejoice to be called children of the King." The solitary survivor of the chiefs who signed said behind, the Roko Tui Dreketi, bald and withered, like a mummy. The Administrator in his speech told the people that the King they had come to crown was ill, and that the Coronation service would be postponed. He gave the natives the King's thanks for the honour done to the late Queen's memory, in the Burma held at Mbau, and read them the Royal letter, saying that since the day when they put themselves under her, she, the ruler of an Empire that stretched from the rising to the setting sun, had never ceased to watch over them, and had never forgotten that she was Tui Viti. The letter concluded by urging the natives to pay all dues, to obey the Governor, and his laws, as belonging to the King, and not to listen to anyone who would stir them up to disobedience. The Administrator then declared that on this day of rejoicing the expatriated chiefs (who had been deported for getting up a petition

to the King) had been recalled.

After the speeches, the chiefs came up one by one, repeated the oath of allegiance in low, tremulous tones with as much nervousness as if they were all being married, put their noses (the Fijian way of kissing) to the Sacred Book, signed their names, and received their staffs of office as Rokos of their provinces.

In the afternoon a still greater crowd, some say about a thousand whites and nine thousand Fijians, assembled to see the mekes, for which elaborate preparations had been made.

The white and coloured garments produced quite a different colour effect from that of a mass of black-clad colonials. Under the shade of the spreading tui and mango and breadfruit trees, along the shore, and in the paddock the dancers were flashing their costume. Their appearance simply baffles description, and I can only refer you to pictures of wood sprites and imps and demons. Some had boars' tusks, some shell breastplates; all wore immense frills of green leaves, roots or a kind of lace-bark; all were painted in patches soot-black or crimson, and wore extraordinary top knots. The wrong was eagerly waiting for them, and the non-human figures began to move through the trees towards the grassy circle, when suddenly all was stopped. A cable had come to Government House. The uncrowned King was dying. All festivities were put away. No ball, no garden party, no fire walking, or regatta. Suva sank into a state of collapse. The meke dancers rubbed off their war-paint, put off their fringes and wreaths, and donned shirts and sulus. Natives and Europeans wandered aimlessly back to town. The sun, which had been shining brilliantly, became sympathetically hidden, and big masses of tempestuous looking vapour, streaked with sword flashes of silver, rolled up from behind the hills. A more abrupt and sensational conclusion has seldom overtaken such extensive preparations.

MESSERS GEO. S. GOLDSBRO' AND HENRY L. WADE
Having this day entered into Partnership, will, on and after 1st of July, 1922, Practise at

NOS. 39 and 32, VICTORIA ARCADE (3rd Floor)

Under the style of GOLDSBRO' AND WADE, ARCHITECTS AND BUILDING SURVEYORS.

Telephone 1043. P.O. Box 109. 1st July, 1922.

AUCKLAND TRAMWAYS.
BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN THE CITY.

Advertisements in Our Cars are Read by Thousands Daily.

3d—TICKETS—3d
3d—TICKETS—3d
REDUCED TO 2/6 PER DOZEN,
REDUCED TO 2/6 PER DOZEN.

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

Cabs, Brakes, Horaces, Buses, Buggies, etc., for Evening and Picnic Parties. Telephone—Nos.—Queen-st., 318; Ponsonby 323; Epsom, 313.

NAPIER & FITZHERBERT, SOLICITORS.

N.B.—MONEY TO LEND on Freehold and Chattel Security at Current Rates of Interest.

VICTORIA ARCADE, Queen-st. Auckland.

Of Joan of Arc we've often read,
How she her gallant soldiers led,
Till most of France she did retake,
And she herself burnt at the stake.
Those days are past, the world grows old,
But still we often catch a cold.
To keep of which we can assure,
The use of WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE.

Clarke's World-Famed Blood Mixture.—"The most searching Blood-Cleaner that science and medical skill have brought to light. Sufferers from Scrofula, Scurvy, Rheuma, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of any kind are solicited to give it a trial to test its value. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. Bottles 2s. 6d. each, sold everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes."

Music and Drama.

OPERA HOUSE.
GRAND CONCERT.
THURSDAY, 17th JULY, 1902.
BERNHARD WALTHER.
 THE CELEBRATED
 BELGIAN SOLO VIOLINIST.
 ASSISTED BY FIRST-CLASS
 VOCALISTS AND INSTRUMENTALISTS
 ONE CONCERT ONLY.
 ADMISSION—3/ 2/ 1/
 Box Plan at Wildman, Lyell, and Arey's
 opens FRIDAY, 11th inst.
 ALEX. B. GIESEN, Manager.

Jennie Ople, of the fine voice and sumptuous figure, is doing good business with Rickards in Melbourne.

The Auckland Amateur Dramatic Club put up "The Gurnor" as their initial attempt. Rehearsals commence at once.

Pollard's Opera Company reopen in Dunedin on Wednesday, July 9; for five nights. Oamaru follows on July 15; Timaru, 16th, 17th and 18th; Christchurch, 21st, 22nd, 23rd and 24th; and Wellington on July 26.

In Adelaide the Janet Waldorf Company have made their best hit with "A Royal Divorce." At the Tivoli Theatre, in that city, "The Wrong Mr Wright" (Willoughby-Geach Company) is still running.

The World's Entertainers close their Auckland season this (Wednesday) evening. They have done simply enormous business, and the musical burglar is pronounced the funniest man of his kind ever seen south of the line. This scribe thinks so too.

Wirth's Circus continues to attract a fair share of public patronage in Auckland. "Dick Turpin's Ride to York" is the chief novelty this week. Meanwhile Mons. Ragoul is exceedingly busy in his new training operations, which, as before stated, include the lioness and the camel.

The Hokitika Operatic Society scored a very high degree of success with the second representation of "Les Cloches de Corneville," the piece going splendidly. The opinions expressed as to the great success of the first performance were fully confirmed, and some visitors from the North expressed the hope that the opera would be produced at Greymouth at an early date.

The Wellington Amateur Dramatic and Operatic Society has just concluded an excellent season with the "Yeomen of the Guard," which has resulted in takings averaging £30 nightly for eight performances. At the conclusion of the farewell night a very enjoyable supper was given by the Company, and during the proceedings Miss Amy Murphy, who took the part of Elsie Maynard, was presented by the ladies of the chorus with a dainty little gold charm, in the form of a tambourine. Miss Murphy has been engaged to sing at various concerts in Wellington before returning to her home in Dunedin.

Mr Ernest Vere, who played juvenile in the Brough Company when in New Zealand, and who has received many encouraging notices from London critics, goes to America after present company disbands. Previously he refused one temporary offer from that country in order to have a look in at Australia. Mr Vere is a keen sportsman, good shot, and ardent follower of hounds. He was seen in rather unsatisfactory parts in New Zealand, and was rather hardly handled by one or two critics.

So far as this colony is concerned, the dramatic columns of our newspapers and magazines may as well close down for a month or so. There

was no news last week, and there is less this, if one may be permitted an Irishism. The majority of the theatres are closed, and likely to remain so for a considerable time to come. Saturday night sees the Auckland Opera House closed till September 23. And after Saturday evening next the Princess', Dunedin, has no dates booked till October 25. The Royal, Christchurch, is to have visits from the Anderson Dramatic Company, and the Pollards in August, and Wellington is also to have the Pollards, but in both these places these are the only engagements till November and October respectively. In Wanganui the Anderson Dramatic Company play for a week from next Saturday, and then that house closes from July 19th till December 26th. It will be seen, therefore, that this is very much the winter of our discontent.

At the recent concert given by Mr Webbe, of Auckland, one of the pleasing features of the evening was the distribution of a large number of certificates (28) gained by pupils at last year's examinations of the Associated Board R.A.M. and R.C.M. and Trinity College, London. Included were one certificate pianist, T.C.L., four local centre Ass. Bd. R.A.M. and R.C.M., and eight school, in all 13 for pianoforte playing; while in the theoretical divisions 15 certificates were presented in connection with the colleges named. When presenting the certificates in a few apropos remarks Mr Webbe mentioned that there were only two failures at last year's examinations, and that none of the pupils had previously entered for any of the examinations for which they held certificates. This certainly speaks very highly for the sound musical instruction given by that gentleman and his assistant teacher, Miss M. Spooner.

The 102nd open evening for visitors in connection with Mr W. H. Webbe's School of Music, Auckland, eventuated on Thursday last. The programme was of a high order of merit. The ensemble playing was thoroughly artistic, both technique and expression receiving due attention. The magnificent and difficult overture to Wagner's "Tannhauser," arranged as a piano quartet, was exceedingly well played by Misses E. and G. Spooner, M. Anderson and M. Webbe, pupils of Miss Spooner. A first-rate rendering of one of Beethoven's Symphonies was given by Misses M. Spooner, M. Mitchell, W. Lambourne, and Mr Webbe. The final quartet, "The Revel of the Witches" (Holst) was well played by Misses Alderton, Foubister, Fuller, and Mr Morton, as was also the arrangement of Schubert's "Erl King," on organ and piano, by Misses Stone and Hughes. The pianoforte solos deserve special mention. Miss Mitchell's rendering of one of Beethoven's Sonatas was very fine, particularly in the final movement (Rondo). Miss Anderson's rendering of Chopin's "Polonaise in C sharp minor" was most artistic, and well deserved the round of applause given at its conclusion. One of the younger pupils, Miss G. Spooner, played from memory Chopin's "Nocturne in F minor," and Mendelssohn's "Spinning Song"; in the latter she was particularly successful. Herr Kreutzer played for the first time a delightful "Romanze," by Svendsen. Mr Hamilton Hodges delighted the audience with his three vocal numbers—"Evening Star" from the opera "Tannhauser," and two charming little morceaux of Mendelssohn's. The accompaniments throughout were artistically played by Mr Webbe.

BERNHARD WALTHER'S CONCERT.
 Announcement is made on this page of a grand and novel concert to be given in the Opera House on Thursday evening, 17th July, by Bernhard Walther, the famous Belgian

violin virtuoso. This will be the first appearance of this young artist in Auckland, and, being assisted by a strong vocal and instrumental programme, a musical treat is anticipated. The comments of the Wellington press and other Southern papers speak of Bernhard Walther as one of the greatest violinists who has ever visited these colonies, while his American and European reputation seems to be one of considerable standing. The box plan opens at Wildman, Lyell and Arey's on Friday next, 11th July.

SOME WELLINGTON MUSICIANS.

Mr Maughan Barnett and Herr Max Hoppe have just concluded in Wellington their fourth series of concerts, the chief aim of which has been the performance of concerted instrumental music. The programmes of their last three concerts included remarkably fine trios for piano, violin and 'cello by Max Bruch, Hans Huber, and Rheinberger, which were played for the first time in Wellington. In addition to these works Beethoven's F major Sonata for piano and violin, Huber's Sonata in B flat for the same instruments, and Gade's Novelletten for piano, violin, and 'cello, were given, and the concert-givers' solos were taken from the works of Liszt, Rubinstein, Rachmaninoff, Max Bruch, Hoffmann, and others. The performers during the series included Mr Maughan Barnett (piano), Herr Max Hoppe (violin), Mr Arthur Hamerton ('cello), and Mr Cyril Towsee, who took the piano part in the Beethoven Sonata and most of the accompaniments, the remainder being played by Miss Florence Prouse. The business arrangements were undertaken by a committee of influential ladies and gentlemen, with Mr A. G. Kemp as secretary. Mr Maughan Barnett used at these concerts a very fine Hopkinson Grand piano, specially sent to him by the manufacturers for use during a recital tour which he is now arranging.

On another page of this issue we give portraits of the gentlemen mentioned above. The pictures are from photos by Messrs. J. H. Brown, Wickens, Berry and Co., and Kinsey and Co.

Who hasn't been attacked by Grippe, And languished in its hold; How many give this life the altp, Neglecting cough or cold. Gaunt men with cough and hollow cheek, Whose death seems almost sure, Can pick up health if they but seek For WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE.

Only a Cold.



SEE you are not looking very well today; what is the matter? "Oh, nothing only a cold in the nose; but it will be all right tomorrow." How often do you hear...

above assertion? If people only knew the danger of a cold in the nose, they would not look upon it as a mere detail. A cold in the nose is often the forerunner of a complication of ill, and so, too, are damp feet and chills. In order to guard against evil effects from colds, the body must be kept in a healthy glow. That Bile Beans for Biliousness will do for you. This is their mode of procedure. They go direct to the liver, cleanse that organ thoroughly, and set it in good working order. In their journey through the body, they cause the bowels to disperse the unnecessary and impure bile in the stomach, and see that just a sufficient quantity of that fluid remains with the patient. The kidneys, and consequently the urinary organs, are repaired, and a full passage is allowed the blood to proceed on its course of circulation. The blood running freely through the body of necessity brings friction or magnetism, and that friction brings warmth. This is what Bile Beans succeed in doing, and that is the reason why they are invaluable during the winter season, and no home should be without a box.



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

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

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

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

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

See this Trade Mark on every Tin.

Personal Paragraphs.

There were no movements of importance to record so far as the Vice-Royal party are concerned last week. Now that the King is pronounced out of danger, no doubt the usual forms of Government House entertaining during the session will be announced in due course. Both His Excellency and the Countess of Ranfurly are in excellent health.

Miss M. Enright, of Westport, is staying with Mrs Preshaw, of Nelson.

Miss M. Trolove, of Kaikoura, is staying in Nelson with her people.

Mrs and Miss M. Tendall have returned to Nelson from Westport.

Miss Ledger has returned to Nelson after a long trip to Tasmania.

Miss Stewart Forbes, of Wellington, is staying in Nelson.

Sir James Hector is back in Wellington after a visit to the South Island.

Miss Standish (Napier) is the guest of Mrs F. Waymouth, "Karewa," Riccarton.

Mr Panton and Mr Cable, of Dunedin, have been staying at the Albert Hotel, Auckland.

Mr and Miss Beetham (Wairarapa) are in Wellington, staying at the Royal Oak Hotel.

Hon. George and Mrs Maclean (Dunedin) have arrived in Wellington for the session.

Mr. Mrs and Miss Rutherford, Mendip Hills, left for the North on Tuesday.

Mr and Mrs Gow, late of Waipawa, Hawke's Bay, are at present in America.

Mr and Mrs Young, of Marlborough, are staying with Mrs Renwick, "Newstead," Nelson.

Mr and Mrs W. Robinson are spending a few days in Christchurch, before returning to Cheviot.

Mr and Mrs G. Rhodes (Meadowbank) and their little infant daughter were in Christchurch last week.

The Misses Roberts (Dunedin) are staying with Mrs G. G. Stead, "Strowan."

Mr and Mrs W. Robinson (Cheviot) went up to Wellington for the Coronation festivities, but returned on Saturday.

Mr and Mrs F. Trask, of Nelson, went to Wellington last week to attend the Coronation Reception at Government House.

Mr and Mrs J. Mills (Dunedin) passed through Wellington on their way up to Auckland, where they will make a short stay before returning.

Mrs Jones, of Wanganui, is staying with Mrs Stedman, at the Bank of New South Wales, Hastings-street, Napier.

Miss Julius and Miss Elworthy (Christchurch), who came up to Wellington for the Coronation ball, have returned home.

Misses Willis (Wanganui) are visiting Wellington for part of the session, and are staying at Searle's Hotel.

Much sympathy is felt for Mr A. J. Cotterill, of Napier, whose father, Canon Cotterill, died in Christchurch a few days ago.

Mr and Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, Christchurch, went up to Wellington last week on a visit to Government House for the Coronation festivities.

Mr R. Havel, who is at present an undergraduate at Canterbury College, is spending his vacation with his people in Napier.

Dr. C. Hector, son of Sir James Hector, is expected in Wellington shortly, having completed his course of study in England.

Mr T. C. Dawson, manager for Messrs. A. Clark and Sons, Napier, has been promoted to their branch in Wellington.

Mr F. W. Williams has gone to Wellington to attend the conference of Mayors there. Mr Cohen will act as Mayor of Napier during his absence.

Sir William and Lady Russell left "Flaxmere," Hastings, last week for

Wellington, where they have taken up their residence for the session.

Dr. Thompson, of Wairoa, who went to South Africa with the Ninth Contingent as Surgeon-Major, has decided not to return to New Zealand, and has sent for his wife and family to join him at the Cape.

Messrs. Geo. S. Goldsbro' and Harry G. Wade have entered into partnership as architects and building surveyors. Their address is Nos. 320 and 321, Victoria Arcade.

Mrs Abbot (Wanganui) is on a short visit to Napier, and Miss Ellen Abbot, who has been staying in Hawke's Bay, has come down to Wellington for a short time.

Sir Joseph Ward's private secretary, Mr Hyde, has decided to resign his position, in order to take up literary work, having purchased the "Winton Record."

Mr Justice Williams, Mrs and the Misses Williams (Dunedin) have arrived in Wellington for part of the winter, and are staying at the Empire Hotel.

The Mayor of Auckland, (Mr A. Kidd) and Mr Wilson (Town Clerk), of Auckland, are in Wellington attending the meeting of the Municipal Conference.

Prior to leaving the New Zealand Hardware Company, of Auckland, Mr Arthur C. Low was presented with a set of gold sleeve links from the employees.

Mrs and Miss Cholmondeley returned to Christchurch on Saturday from Dunedin, where Mrs Cholmondeley had been to consult, and under treatment, with Dr. Ferguson for her eyes.

Mr Charles Earle, of the Christchurch "Referee," will succeed Mr Weston on the staff of the Wellington "Evening Post." Mr Weston having accepted an appointment on the staff of Hansard.

Mr J. W. Gargill, late of Gisborne and Greytown, will be manager for the Union Steamship Company in Napier during the absence of Mr Puffett, who is enjoying a well-earned holiday.

Mrs. Christie, of Karori, Wellington, who arrived in Wellington in 1852, celebrated her 100th birthday on Wednesday. The old lady, who was born near Aberdeen, is wonderfully hale, and is able to read and converse with friends without difficulty.

Hon. F. and Mrs Arkwright, Miss Arkwright, and Miss Douglas, who came down to Wellington for the Coronation gaieties, have returned to Marton. Later on they intend spending two months in town, while Parliament is sitting, having taken Mrs W. R. E. Brown's house in Tinakori Road.

The host of travellers who have gone up and down the coast or over to Sydney on board the Zealandia, will congratulate late Chief-officer Atwood, to his command of the Elingamite. As chief officer Mr Atwood won the respect of all who travelled with him, and they will be heartily pleased at his well deserved promotion.

Mr J. Dromgool, M.A., of Auckland, who has been appointed headmaster of the new Paeroa High School, is one of the most brilliant scholars and able teachers turned out by the Auckland University College. He is a strong and a keen debater, with a rare faculty for insistence, and should be a distinct gain to social and intellectual circles in the Upper Thames, besides the scholastic world.

Colonel Arthur Bauchop, of New Zealand, who has had a C.M.G. con-

ferred on him in the Coronation honours, is a Port Chalmers man who left with the Fourth Contingent and subsequently joined a later contingent. He distinguished himself on several occasions, and narrowly missed gaining the V.C. His bravery brought him rapid promotion. He was a well-known Otago amateur runner and oarsman in his day.

Among passengers to Wellington by the next boat from Sydney will be the Comte and Comtesse de Courte, who are returning to the colony after a year's holiday, most of which has been spent in France. There is some probability of the French vice-Consulate being removed to Auckland, in which case the Comte and Comtesse de Courte will leave Wellington and reside in the Northern city.

Mr T. Taylor, who has for the last twenty-five years been in charge of the Waikata branch of the National Bank, and who is under orders to proceed to Gore to open the branch there, was on Thursday evening entertained by the residents of the Waikata district. Mr Colin Robertson presided, and spoke highly of the guest, referring to him as one of the best citizens he (the Chairman) had ever met. Messrs Garvey, sett, John Maher, J. Milne, and T. R. Steward also spoke. A presentation to Mr Taylor took the form of a handsome gold watch and chain. At the conclusion of the speeches, refreshments were handed round, and an enjoyable dance was held.

Great regret was felt in Wellington at the sad death of Mr N. J. Tone, which occurred last week, after a varied and active career. A surveyor by profession, Mr Tone was for many years in Borneo, where he held important official positions, and was intimately acquainted with the natives of all parts of the Malay Peninsula. Ever a keen student of Nature, Mr Tone took a deep interest in the fauna and flora of New Zealand. He was also a proficient Maori scholar, and in various ways has been of great assistance to the Acclimatisation Society, his skill as an angler making him an undoubted authority in that branch of sport. At the time of his death he was Lieutenant of the Wellington Engineer Corps, having been for many years keenly interested in volunteering. The funeral was of a military character, the Engineer Corps being the firing party.

Amongst visitors at the Central Hotel last week were: Mr and Mrs Sweet, Mr and Mrs Rial, Misses Mahr and Gwynne (World's Entertainers); Mr Jones, England; Dr. Barnard, Wanganui; Mr Lamb, Christchurch; Mr Bown, Gisborne; Mr Murphy, Gisborne; Mr Beaulie, America; Mr Wood, America; Mr Redstone, Sydney; Mr P. R. Dix; Mr Phillips, England; Capt. and Mrs Stenhouse; Mr and Mrs Hayman, Christchurch; Mr Handcock, Sydney; Mrs Cox, Waikato; Mr McNeill, Wanganui; Mr Robertson, Sydney; Mr Joyce, Gisborne; Mr Bridgman, Mr Silly, Dunedin; Capt. Bird, Sydney; Mr Albert Levy, Wellington; Mr Foote, Whangarei; Mr Aimes, England; Mr and Mrs Manning, Sydney; Mr and Mrs Anderson; Mrs and Miss Smith, Sydney; Mr and Mrs Evans, Gisborne; Mr Barschall, Germany; Mr Rendall, England; Miss Williams, Wellington; Mr Gooch, Y.M.C.A., Sydney.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 1s 6d. The genuine is stamped.

"L.B.Q." Agents—SHARLAND & CO. LTD. AUCKLAND and WELLINGTON.

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

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



Ask your Storekeeper for an Assorted Sample Box of other series. WORKS: BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

FLORAL WORK.
THE FINEST DISPLAY IN THE CITY—WEDDING BOUQUETS, A SPECIALTY—WREATHS, CROSSES, AND FLORAL EMBLEMS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION AT MODERATE PRICES—CUT FLOWERS DAILY—POT PLANTS ON HIRE.—Porcelain Wreaths, Crosses, and other Designs in Glass Shades.—G. J. MACKAY, Florist and Seedsman, 125, QUEEN-ST., 4 doors from Union Bank.

TO THE LADIES

Ladies who wish to make their Homes Artistic should go to SHAKESPEAR'S ART NEEDLEWORK DEPOTS, QUEEN-ST. AND KARANGAHAPE RD. (Late Mrs Hunter).

Where they will find every kind of Fancy Work and Materials—Point Lace Braids in Silk and Linen, Latest Designs in Collars, Transparent Yokes, Vests, etc.

Berlins and Fancy Knitting Wools in great variety. Pearsall's Washing Silks and Mercines. Art Linens in all Shades.

Special Attention given to Country Orders.

Telephone 34.

By Special Appointment.

MRS FLORAL WEBSTER.
Bridal Shower Bouquets, Sprays, Buttonholes, and Floral Baskets most artistically arranged. Choice Cut Flowers always on hand. Funeral Emblems in great variety of designs always on hand. OPPOSITE RAILWAY STATION, 35, QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Newton to Mr Leslie Rutherford, of Mount Torlesse.

Miss Edith Wheaton Catton, daughter of Mrs F. R. Catton, of 2332 Barrow-street, Berkeley, San Francisco, has announced her engagement to Alfred G. Cameron, a prominent young business man of San Francisco. Their marriage is to take place early in the autumn months. Miss Catton, together with her sister, Miss Ethel Catton, who is a college girl and member of the Kappa Kappa Gamma Sorority, has been widely known in college society, and holds besides a high place in the musical circles of the college town. Mr Cameron is with the Henry Cowles Cement Company in San Francisco, and is third son of Mr R. Cameron, manager of the Auckland Savings Bank.

The engagement is announced of Mr Edward Firth, of Auckland, to Miss Blanche Birch, well known in Auckland society.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

BONE-OAKENFULL

On the 1st inst., at St. Peter's Church, Waipawa, was celebrated the marriage of Mr Arthur Leonard Bone, of Waipawa, Hawke's Bay, with Rose, eldest daughter of Mr George Oakenfull, also of Waipawa. Four bridesmaids awaited the bride's arrival, wearing costumes of white muslin, trimmed with ribbon and lace, straw hats ornamented with ribbon and plumes. Each carried a bouquet of white flowers, and wore a sapphire and diamond brooch (the gifts of the bridegroom). The bride, who came with her father, was dressed in white silk, trimmed with handsome lace and satin ribbons, a few sprays of orange blossoms being arranged in her hair, covered by a veil of Brussels net. Mrs Oakenfull, mother of the bride, was wearing a costume of black brocade, with white silk waistcoat. Mr Ernest Bone acted as best man. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. F. W. Martin. A reception was afterwards held at the residence of the bride's parents.

DAVIES—SHAW.

A wedding which created a great deal of interest locally took place at Tauwhare on Wednesday, the contracting parties being Mr D. Davies, of Tamahere, fourth son of the late Mr Bryan Davies, of Poydoylan, Cambridge, South Wales, and Miss Agnes Caldwell Shaw, eldest daughter of Mr

Jas. Shaw, of Taunhare. The bride wore a becoming dress of lavender silk, trimmed with white silk, and was accompanied by her sister Janet as bridesmaid. Mr S. Shaw acted as best man. Mr and Mrs Davies left for the Thames to spend their honeymoon.

PLUMTREE—EDGECLUMBE.

A pretty wedding eventuated at Ngauruwhia yesterday (Wednesday), when Miss Edgecumbe, eldest daughter of the late Mr F. H. Edgecumbe, was married to Mr Frank Plumtree, of Stratford. The ceremony was performed by the Vicar, Rev. H. Mason, and was a choral one. The bride, who was attended by Misses Salmon, cousin of the bride, and North, Te Awamutu, wore a trimmed dress of primrose silk, trimmed with silk chiffon and applique, with the orthodox veil and orange blossoms. She also carried a shower bouquet. Both bridesmaids carried pretty baskets of pink and white flowers, and wore gold bangles with hearts of pearls, the gift of the bridegroom, whose present to the bride was a gold muff chain and watch. Mr Snelling acted as best man. After the wedding breakfast, which was held at the Delta Hotel, Mr and Mrs Plumtree left for Stratford, their future home.

GREENBANK—TOWNSHEND.

A pretty wedding was celebrated at the Holy Trinity Church, Devonport, Auckland, on Monday, June 30th, when Miss Audrey Brenda Townshend, eldest daughter of the Hon. G. F. Townshend, of North Shore, and grand-daughter of the late Rev. Lord George Townshend, was married to Mr John Greenbank, eldest son of W. Greenbank, Esq., of Hokitika. The Rev. T. Eykyn was the officiating clergyman. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a travelling gown of navy blue cloth, with a white tucked silk vest, and a point lace collar, blue hat trimmed with feathers and silk to harmonise, and she carried a lovely white shower bouquet. Miss B. Bonner was the maid of honour, and was attired in a Coronation red velvet blouse, with point lace collar, and a black skirt, hat en suite. A shower bouquet of yellow daisies mingled with leaves completed her costume. Mr Leonard Greenbank acted as best man. After the ceremony the guests were entertained at the wedding repast, when the usual toasts were proposed and duly honoured. Later Mr and Mrs Greenbank left on their honeymoon, the latter wearing a smart black cloth Eton coat and skirt, and sailor hat. The presents, it may be added, were noticeable for their beauty, usefulness, and value. The Hon. Mrs G. F. Townshend wore black silk; Hon. Mrs H. Townshend, black silk, black velvet coat, black hat; Mrs Clark, black silk dress, black and white hat, black cape; Miss Clark, brown dress, scarlet hat; Miss Bonner, brown dress and brown hat; Miss E. Jenkins, black glaze silk, with black lace bolero; Miss M. Jenkins, black skirt, ruby velvet blouse.

One of the most progressive and successful life assurance companies transacting business in New Zealand is the National Mutual Life. Its funds now exceed three and a-quarter million, whilst its annual income is over £500,000; so that shareholders therein have security of the most ample and satisfactory kind. The policies issued by the company are noted for the liberal conditions contained therein. The National Mutual is likewise known as the non-forfeiture office, because it gave this principle to the insurance world. Its rates are low, its bonuses large, and intending insurers would do well to obtain copies of the company's prospectus, which will be posted to any address on application.

Old Age Pensions in this land have proved a marked success. They give the old a helping hand. And keep them from distress. There's only just one other thing That's needful to ensure Sound lungs, that we the praise can sing OF WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE.

ECZEMA
And Every Form of Torturing
Disfiguring Skin and Scalp
Humours Cured by
Cuticura

Complete External and Internal Treatment. The Set, consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales, CUTICURA Ointment, to instantly allay itching, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood. This treatment will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy, permanent, and economical cure when all else fails.
Sold by all Colonial Chemists. TORRES DRUGS AND CHEMICALS, Sole Proprietors, HASTINGS, U.S.A.

Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, July 8.
The Northern Club ball, postponed from Coronation night, will take place on July 17.

PING-PONG.

The Misses Slator, of St. George's Bay Road, Parnell, entertained about thirty of their friends at a delightful little "at home" last Saturday afternoon. The affair was given, I believe, in honour of Miss Gordon, who is here on a visit from Hokianga. Needless to state, the form of amusement indulged in was the ever-popular ping-pong, and after some very closely-contested games and a most enjoyable afternoon the fortunate prize-winners were found to be Mrs. Bickford, who won the first, a pretty good lucky bell, with pin, and Miss Couzens second, silver ping-pong charms and racquet. Mrs. Slator wore a black velvet gown; Miss Slator looked pretty in a cerise velvet blouse, with lovely white point lace collar, black brocade skirt; Mrs. Robert Leckie was dainty in fawn shott satin, trimmed with steel encrustations, large black velvet hat; Mrs. Scott (Fiji), heliotrope figured silk blouse, black silk skirt; Mrs. E. Ashton was looking remarkably well in white silk blouse, inserted with cream lace, and black silk trained skirt, black hat wreathed with red berries; Mrs. E. T. Hart, red merveilleux blouse, with cream lace collar, black satin skirt and black hat; Mrs. Passmore, black skirt and jacket over white vest, pretty lace collar and black picture hat; Mrs. Bickford, black gown, with trimmings of pink, pink toque; Mrs. Bitton, sapphire blue velvet blouse and black silk skirt; Miss Lillie Slator was charming in pale heliotrope chiffon blouse, with white lace collar caught with pink chiffon chou, black brocade silk skirt; Miss Gordon, Coronation red silk blouse, prettily tucked, with white lace transparent yoke, black skirt en traine; Miss Davey, navy and white silk blouse, with white lace scarf, black skirt; Miss Harrison, blue velvet blouse and black trained skirt, black toque; Miss Thornes, bright red silk blouse and white lace collar, black skirt; Miss Daisy Slator, Coronation red silk blouse, relieved with white lace, and black skirt; Miss Culpin, turquoise blue blouse and black skirt, Coronation red hat; Miss Alice Culpin, grey tweed Eton and skirt, violet hat; her younger sister wore a blue figured blouse, with white sailor collar and black serge skirt; Miss Kennedy, violet dress, grey and pink hat; Miss Couzens, rose pink silk blouse, black skirt and hat; Miss London, heliotrope blouse, black skirt, white and black hat; Miss Lewis, white silk blouse, dove grey voile skirt and violet hat; Miss Sybil Lewis, azure blue and pink blouse, black skirt, pretty toque swathed with rose pink velvet; Miss Bagnall, blue silk blouse and black skirt, white hat swathed with navy and white spotted silk; Miss Moore, blue blouse, with

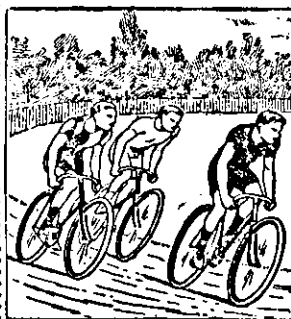
lace collar, black skirt and fawn hat; Miss Bach, white silk blouse, trimmed with cream lace insertion, black skirt; Miss Mildred London, black skirt and red cloth jacket, red velvet toque.

The Remuera Hall presented a gay appearance last Thursday evening, when the Remuera Polo Club held their annual dance. The hall was tastefully decorated. Overhead bunting of all nations was suspended; while the walls of the hall were decorated with saddles, bridles, polo sticks, and balls, mingled with the Club's colours. The floor was all that could be desired, and the music supplied by Lanigan's Band (six pieces) gave every satisfaction. There was a large attendance, over 90 couples being on the floor. Dr. Maitland, the hon. secretary, and the polo members, did everything possible to ensure the success of the function, and are to be congratulated on what proved to be one of the most successful and pleasant dances tendered by the Club. The Ladies' Committee of the dance were as follows: Mesdames Cotter, Morrin, Hanna, Maitland, Misses Cotter, Jackson, Buddle, Morrin, Lennox and Gorrie. A recherche supper was provided by these ladies, and set out on the back of the stage. Dancing was kept up with much spirit until an early hour in the morning. Amongst those present:—Mrs Maitland, black voile costume, draped bodice, spangled net sleeves, red flowers on corsage, and in coiffure, black and white ostrich feather boa; Mrs Hanna, black voile, with overdress of lace, and jet passementerie; Mrs Black, black merveilleux, the bodice was trimmed with jewelled embroidery, a cluster of falling sprays of red rambler roses on shoulder and in coiffure; Mrs Foster, black silk, with jetted material corsage, exquisite cluster of roses, flushed to a delicate pink, on corsage and in coiffure; Mrs Geo. R. Bloomfield, black glaze, with overdress of black chiffon, bouton d'or roses on shoulder and in coiffure; Mrs Emlyson, black silk skirt, velvet bodice with strapings of black silk and silver trimming; Mrs Henry Walker, white satin, with draped lace corsage, finished with wreath of yellow flowers, the same in coiffure; Mrs P. Wood, black glaze, overdress of lace, dark red flowers on shoulder and in coiffure; Miss Ware, black glaze, with guipure lace corsage, puffed sleeves; Miss D. Ware, white silk, with Russian bodice, very much belted and relieved at corsage with velvet rosette; Miss Dargaville, rich black silk, with lengthy train, the decolletage was outlined with jewelled embroidery; Miss Olive Buckland, white silk, with skirt tucked diagonally, and finished with two founces at hem, draped bodice, short puffed sleeves, silk belt; Miss Hanna, black glaze, with overdress of chiffon, pink flowers in coiffure and on corsage, and her sister wore white silk, draped bodice fastened by silken braces, short puffed sleeves and silk belt, the pleated skirt had a narrow insertion

and was finished with two founces, black velvet rosette in coiffure and on corsage; Miss Cotter, black silk, with guipure lace decolletage; Miss Millie Cotter, white Baratheia silk, draped with silver spangled gauze, and relieved with giant daisies on corsage, and in coiffure; Misses C. and K. Brodie (two) wore their debutante frocks of white silk and tulle finishings, and white flowers; Miss Morrin, rose pink glaze, with silk overskirt, very much belted, chichi founces at hem of chiffon, which gave an extremely pretty and graceful effect, with its masses and folds of chiffon and gauze, on shoulders were braces of flowers, and the same in coiffure; and her sister wore a white debutante silk, draped with layers of silk gauze, and relieved with flowers; Miss Cruickshank looked extremely graceful in a pink satin, with braces of velvet on shoulders, short puffed sleeves and silk belt, pink flower in coiffure; Miss Muriel Dargaville, white silk with pouched blouse, pink flowers on corsage and in coiffure; Miss Thompson, black glaze, with overdress of chiffon and relieved with touches of pink; and her sister wore a white silk with blue chiffon decolletage, chon of the same in coiffure; Miss May Cameron, black silk with choux of blue in coiffure and on corsage; Miss Richardson, black silk, with choux of lavender chiffon on corsage and in coiffure; Miss Gorrie, white brocade silk, with bertha of chiffon; Miss Gwen Gorrie, cream silk; Miss Peacock, dainty white silk, with red flowers; Miss McCosh Clark, white satin, with jewelled embroidery and flowers; Miss Kissling, white silk, with pouched blouse, the decolletage was of chiffon and pearls; Miss Stevenson, rose pink silk, with lace insertion and narrow black velvet, bebe ribbons tied in lovers-knots dotted at the hem of skirt; and her sister, white silk, with touches of turquoise blue silk outlining the decolletage, and finished with chiffon rosettes; Miss Liddle looked well in a black velvet with white point lace inserted in V-shaped corsage with violets, violets in bunches laid flat on coiffure; Miss Morse looked handsome in a black satin, with overdress of chiffon, with a sort of spider-web pattern, pink flowers giving a finishing touch; Miss Williamsou, white satin, with overdress of white chiffon, white flowers; Miss Waller, lovely shade of heliotrope, with bands of white lace insertion and tuckings; Miss Woodward, black silk with lace finishings, red flowers on corsage and in coiffure; Miss Crowther, grey brocade, with bands of violet velvet and black lace finishings, violets in coiffure and on the corsage; Miss N. Crowther, white silk, with lace insertions and two founces, white flowers wreathed in coiffure; Miss Smales, white silk, with silken gauze drapery and flowers; Miss Banks, black silk, with pouched bodice, the decolletage corsage was trimmed and finished with jet and silver beads, bunch of violets placed at the right side of corsage; Miss Firth, pale pink shimmering

A CYCLIST

AND



154, Swanton-st., Melbourne.
Memo from O. H. KELLOW,
Cycle Manufacturer.
Dear Sir,—I should like to inform you of the benefits I have derived from your Vi-Cocoa during training. After a hard and exhausting run, I know of nothing to compare with it as regards its invigorating and sustaining qualities. During a long road ride and when about "all out," it is the best drink I know of.
Yours truly,
O. H. KELLOW.

DAINTY SAMPLE TIN
Post Free.
But mention this paper.

DR. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA, Ltd.,
15 & 17, Grosvenor St., Sydney.

silk, with draped corsage of lace and black velvet applique; Miss Lennox, Yeddo silk, with bounce of chiffon on skirt and tucked bodice; Miss Peacocke, pretty white silk, with lace finishings; Miss Winnie Cotter, blue crepe de chine, with fawn lace on Vandyked overskirt, with underskirt of two founces, the bodice was of velvet; Miss Towle, white silk, with echoux of blue tulle on corsage and in coiffure; Miss Ching, black silk, with overdress of black lace, with echoux of azure blue tulle on corsage and in coiffure; Miss Proude, becoming white silk, with guipure lace decolletage; Miss Jackson, black lace costume, relieved with coloured flowers. Amongst the gentlemen were:—Mrs. Maitland, Goldie, and Challinor-Purchas, Messrs Firth, Banks, Meredith, Stevenson, McCosh Clark, Morrin (3), Hanna, Cotter, McLaughlin, G. Bloomfield, Brodie, McCormick, Clark, Williamson, Thompson, Crowther (2), Norton, Brodie (2), Dargaville, Foster, Finlayson, Woodward, Armitage.

Last Thursday evening Mrs. and Miss Rosie Stichbury entertained several of their friends at an "at home" in the Ponsonby Hall, which was tastefully decorated with flags for the occasion. Dancing was indulged in, the music for which was supplied by Meredith's string band, extras being played by Misses King, Gifford and Stichbury. Daffodils and violets were the principal decorations for the table, which contained everything that could be desired. Mrs. James Stichbury, black silk, the bodice elaborately trimmed with Brussels lace; Miss Rosie Stichbury, canary silk, with overdress of mouseline de soie, sprays of violets; Mrs. Bell (London), handsome dress of black silk, with jet trimmings and white silk vest; Mrs. C. P. Stichbury, pretty pale green silk blouse, with eoru lace, black silk skirt; Mrs. Capt. Baker, black silk, white yoke, veiled in black lace; Mrs. P. B. Darby, white silk blouse, tucked and finished with chiffon, silk skirt; Miss Phillips looked well in coral pink silk, black chiffon rosette; Miss Williams, white lace over silk; Miss Hanna looked nice in creme silk, inserted with lace; Miss Ruby Hanna wore white silk, with numerous little frills on skirt; Miss Lysaght, handsome dress of white satin, violets on corsage; Misses Usher, white silk; Miss Coreoran, black silk, silver passementerie on bodice; Miss Lily Coreoran, tucked white silk, pink roses in hair; Miss Connolly, black lace over silk; Miss Linda Connolly, pretty white silk; Miss Rees, orange satin blouse, silk skirt; Miss May Rees, pale green costume; Miss Nellie Stephenson, pink silk frock, red roses on corsage; Miss C. Haven, very pretty tucked white silk, pink chiffon choux; Miss Gittos, cream silk; Miss Simpson, striped white silk, blue flowers on corsage; Miss Moore, pink silk and chiffon; Miss May Oswald, soft white silk, with large red bow; Miss Ada Davis, dainty white; Miss Ruth Ring wore a white tucked silk-transparent yoke of spangled net; Miss Aitken, pretty Nile green silk blouse, white skirt; Miss Jean Aitken, deep cream dress;

Miss Meehan, white silk; Miss Stebbing, white silk, with chiffon; Miss Odlum, black net, pale blue chiffon rosette; Miss Lois Durance, white silk, veiled in spangled chiffon; Miss King, graceful in white tucked silk; Miss Paterson, pretty pink; Miss Cowan, white satin bodice, with sequins, pink roses on shoulder, silk skirt; Miss Mabel Stichbury, white silk; Misses Faulder, cream silk dresses, trimmed with lace; Miss Mackenzie, black velvet; Miss Fouby, yellow silk, red roses on berthe; Miss Amy Pouby, white satin and lace; Miss Rainey, black lace; Miss Ruby Gifford, white frilled muslin frock, pink choux; Miss Sands, black, with point lace collar; Miss Lisle Quinn, azure blue dress; Miss Nolan, white silk blouse, relieved with red velvet, light skirt; Miss Gillet, pink with lace bolero; Miss Casey, white silk and lace. Amongst the gentlemen were: Messrs. Stichbury (2), Matheson, Masefield, Hanna (2), Williams, Owen (2), Adams, Saunders, Gittos, Fouby, Graham, Bourke, Sands (2), Usher, Finch, Connolly (2), Haven, Simpson, Hall, Margetts, Aitken, Cowan, Stebbing, Farnell, Gannon, Oswald, Booth, Stokes, Darby (2), Baragwanath, Woollams, McCoy, Stephenson, Lysaght, Nolan, Jenkinson.

The Pakuranga Hounds met last Wednesday at Pukekohe, and on Thursday at Waiuku, when about sixteen gentlemen and one lady proceeded from Auckland to be present at these meets. Excellent sport was enjoyed both days, especially at the last-mentioned place, when, so the report is, a run of more than an hour's duration, without a check, of course, was indulged. The obstacles to be negotiated were six foot posts and rails (they must have evidently been hunting amidst a succession of stockyards), and is there any wonder that all our good huntsmen and true came to grief, not once, but often. The one lady evidently bore a charmed life, because she alone came through this run scathless. There were about 200 farmers present from the neighbouring districts.

On Saturday the hounds met at St. John's College. The attendance was very large. The hounds were thrown off on the scoria land near St. John's, Messrs Menzies' and McGill's. The first hare was chopped, the next on foot gave the followers a run of short duration, as pussie obstinately refused to go very far from his home precincts, and was killed. The hounds were next cast in Messrs Churches and Pilkington's farms, when a strong hare was started, which gave the followers a very smart run over very trappy country. Some of the obstacles, such as ditches and hedges combined, were very big, and the falls were very frequent throughout the run. Driving were Mrs O'Rorke and children, Mr and Mrs A. P. Wilson, Mrs Keekwick, Mr and Mrs Thomas Morrin, Miss Biddle, Dr. and Mrs Stuart Reid, Miss Morrin, Mrs H. Tonks, Mrs Maitland, Mr Woodward, Mr Crowe.

Riding were Mrs Moody (Mike), Mrs Bloomfield (Miss), Mrs Kelly (Steeltrap), Mrs Crowe (Dick), Miss B. Gerrie (Jimmy), Miss N. Corrie (Starlight), Miss Buckland (Villars), Miss P. Buckland (Poppun), Miss R. Buckland,

Miss Abbott (black steed), Miss Ethel Rae (Pohutukawa), Miss Olive Buckland (Whirlwind), and her lady friend rode Bovril, Miss I. Buckland (Comet), Miss D. Ware (pony), Miss Morse; Messrs O'Rorke (Kowhai), Britton, H. Pittar, W. D. Pittar (Junco), Crowther (Kinazere), Adams, (Skipper), Meredith (Kangaroo), Carminer (Nataion), McCosh (Clark (Bonnie)). — McCosh Clark (polo pony), Lennox, Alexander, Taylor (Tim), Schnaackenberg (Dandy Dick), Dalton (La Grippe), Nolan (3), P. Kinlock (Specs), H. Kinlock, H. Tonks, T. Brown, Rae (Valedictory), Abbott, Lewis (Lepperton), Cotter (Lord Onslow), Wallace (bicycle), J. M. Walker (Captain), Waller (Craggsman), Morrin, C. Purchas (Neck-or-Nothing), Bloomfield (Suleita), Moody (Kilkerne), E. H. Cucksey (Rambler), Elliot (Woolman), Bloomfield (Croona), Armitage (Raleigh).

Mr and Mrs Thomas Morrin kindly invited the followers into their house to partake of their hospitality.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, July 4.

A large ping-pong tournament was held last evening in the Gaiety Theatre, to augment the funds of the Hawke's Bay Cricket Association. The entertainment was very successful, the only drawback being that the light was not good. There were 343 entries for the various events. Amongst the players and spectators were: Mrs Keesing, who looked well in a pale blue silk blouse, with straps of black velvet baby ribbon, black chiffon skirt, and blue sash; Mrs Stedman, black satin dress, with a square of cream lace on the bodice; Mrs Kettle wore dark blue; Mrs T. Moore, pale blue blouse, dark skirt, handsome cream opera cloak; Mrs Hoadley, soft black dress; Mrs F. Perry wore fawn; Mrs Cornford, black foulard; Mrs Edgar was in grey; Mrs Jones (Wanganui) wore black; Miss Hoadley was in blue and white; Miss Louie Hoadley had a very stylish grey dress trimmed with cream guipure lace; Miss Kathleen Hoadley had a black dress, the bodice relieved with rosettes of pale blue; Miss Burke looked well in a black satin trained dress with cream lace on the bodice; Miss Ella Burke had a pink silk blouse and a black skirt; Miss Hovell also had a dainty pink blouse and a dark skirt; Miss Kettle was in black; Miss Locking had a terra cotta silk dress trimmed with lace; Miss Claudia Shaw wore dark green; Miss Goldsmith, navy blue dress, with cream lace on the bodice; Miss Dinwiddie, pink silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Mary Dinwiddie was also in black and pink; Miss Simpson, pretty red blouse, dark skirt; Miss Cornford, becoming black dress; Miss Heath also wore black; Miss McLernon, dainty black silk dress; Miss McVay, light blouse, dark skirt; Miss Giblin, becoming pale blue silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Iolanthe Margoliouth wore a pretty black dress trimmed with lace; Miss Seale also looked well in black; Miss Hill, pink silk. Amongst the men were Messrs Munro, Dinwiddie, Jones, Macasey, G. A. Broad, Margoliouth, H. Duff, Von Dadelzen, F. Perry, and Drs. Henley and Edgar. In the finals of the

various events Miss Myrtle Dean beat Miss Madge Hindmarsh for the ladies' singles; Misses M. and D. Hindmarsh beat Misses Barbara Hindmarsh and G. Hill in the ladies' doubles; Miss B. Hindmarsh and G. A. Broad beat Miss Todd and H. Duff in the combined doubles; H. Duff beat G. A. Broad in the men's singles; and D. and H. Goldsmith beat Baker and Evans in the men's doubles.

There was not a large attendance at the Napier Park races on Wednesday, but this was owing perhaps to the weather, which was wet and cold. On Friday, the second day, however, it was bright and frosty. Some of those present were: Mrs Lanauze, in a long fawn



Influenza

Influenza starts with a sneeze—and ends with a complication.

It lays a strong man on his back—as weak and wretched as a sick child. It tortures him with fevers and chills, headaches and backaches. It leaves him a helpless prey to pneumonia, bronchitis, consumption and a dozen other deadly diseases.

Avoid influenza by purifying and fortifying your system with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. If you have let the disease attack you, you can still avoid its dreaded after effects by hastening and completing your recovery with this blood-builder and nerve- tonic.

In warding off all the ailments of winter and in curing all diseases of the blood and nerves, there is no remedy in the world to compare with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. There is not the slightest doubt about that.

Proof of Cure.

Here is one witness out of hundreds in your own state:—
"Three years ago I contracted influenza," says Mr. W. F. Egerton, a well-known commercial traveller who was born at the "Old Thistle" Hotel, in Queen St., Auckland. "My head ached unmercifully, violent pains shot through my body and my chest was oppressed. My sleep was disturbed, my appetite failed and my breathing was interrupted. Finally I was confined to bed, but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills completely cured me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

GOOD GOODS AT CLEAN SWEEP PRICES. McGULLAGH & GOWER'S GREAT "CLEAN SWEEP" SALE. NOW ON.

Exceptional Bargains in all Departments. The sound principle of giving REAL BARGAINS AND GENUINE REDUCTIONS OF GOOD GOODS, will be strictly adhered to. Below will be found a few Clearing Lines:—

TRIMMED HATS and TOQUES, 3/11, 5/11, 7/11, 9/11 up. Bonnets, 6/11, 8/11, 10/11 up.
COSTUMES: 188 Costumes, newest cut, this season's goods. Fawn, Brown, Navy Green, 2/6, now 1/8; 2/6, now 1/4; 1/11; Silk-lined, 3/4, now 1/11; 3/6, now 2/1; 3/6, now 2/9 up.
HOUSES: 40 Corduroy Velvetten Blouses, 8/11, now 4/11. Flannellette, 1/11, 2/6, 2/11 up.
COATERS: New cut Caracul and Plush Coats, 4/6 for 3/8; 6/1 for 4/6 up.
REVERSIBLE GOLF CAPS, all wool, 3/6, now 16/11.
MANTLES: Superior quality Rich Silk, very choice goods. Great bargains, 3/5, now 2/8; 8/7, now 4/8; 9/6, now 5/8; 13/5, now 6/7.
DRESSING GOWN, "Clean Sweep" prices, 6/11, 8/11; Velvet Trimmed, 8/11, 9/11 up.
DRESSER: 6/6 double width Dress, 3/6, 5/11, 4/11; 6/6 double width Armure Cloth, in Cardinal, Navy, Red, etc., all wool dress length 4/11, 7/11, 8/11, 9/11 up.

All our fine assortment of "Exclusive Dresses" as usual marked at "Clean Sweep" prices. Silk Spot, 4/6, now 3/11; Real Scotch Tweeds, 4/6, now 2/8; Black Dress Lengths, all at "Clean Sweep" prices.
Very Special SEQUIN, LACE, SILK, NET DISCOUNTS, suitable for Evening Wear: Black Sequin, 5/2, now 16/11; 3/6, now 18/11; 6/3, now 2/8; Cream Lace, 4/6, now 2/1.
SILKS: Blouse lengths from 4/11 each; exclusive do. from 12/6 each; White Japanese, Black and Coloured Merve and Glace, all reduced. Special Line Black Silk Bengallines, 2/11, worth 3/3, for 2/3. All Black and Coloured Trimming and Lining Silks reduced.
A Special Table for Remnants and Dress Lengths, Tweeds, Serges, Cloths, etc., crowded with bargains. First come first served.
Don't forget our Lining Satens; quality worth 6/1 for 2/3 yard.

FANCY DEPARTMENT.
LACE COLLARETTES: A big job lot going at "Clean Sweep" prices at 1/11 for 1/2, 2/3 for 1/4, 2/8 for 1/6, 2/8 for 1/8, 4/11 for 1/11, 3/6 for 2/3 each.
EMBROIDERY: Flannellette in pink and white, pink, white and cream; a big stock to clear at these "Clean Sweep" prices: 4/6 for 2/3, 4/9 for 2/11, 6/7 for 3/11, 8/8 for 4/11 dozen.
EMBROIDERY in Cambric and Mullin, narrow, medium, and wide widths: "Clean Sweep" prices, 2/ for 2/3, 4/ for 3/3, 4/6 for 3/3, 5/ for 3/11, 5/6 for 4/3, 6/ for 4/11, 7/6 for 5/11, 8/6 for 7/11, 10/6 for 8/11, 11/6 for 9/11 per dozen.
4-Dome Kid Gloves, reduced to 1/11.
4-Dome French Kid, reduced to 2/4.
This is a splendid line; usual price, 3/11.
4-Dome French Kid, Black and Coloured, reduced to 2/6.
White Kid Gloves, reduced to 1/11.
Suede and Kid Gloves, slightly spotted, "Clean Sweep" prices, 1/1.
Sample Cashmere Gloves, at English prices.

Ladies' Plain and Ribbed Cashmere Hose, reduced to 1/11.
Ladies' Heavy Ribbed Cashmere Hose, reduced to 1/3.
Ladies' Fancy Ribbed Hose, reduced to 1/4.
TABLE DAMASK, Unbleached, 9d, 11d, 1/3, 1/8; BLEACHED, 1/9, 1/4, 1/8, 1/8, 1/8 to 4/6.
SPECIAL HEAVY UNBLEACHED, 1/11, 2/4, 2/6.
FLANNELLETTES, Striped, 1/11, 2/4, 3/6, 4/6, 5/11 up. 159 pieces PRINTED FLANNELLETTES, MARVELLOUS VARIETIES, 2/4, 3/6, 4/6, 5/11 up. Large Assortment to choose from. WHITE FLANNELLETTES, 2/11, 3/11, 4/11 doz up. Japanese Gold-printed ART MULLINS, in pretty colourings, suitable for Drapers' 6/11; "Clean Sweep" price 5/6.
CROTONES: Reversible, 8/6, "Clean Sweep" price 3/6; others, 8/6, 4/6, 5/11 up.
CURTAINS: All reduced to "Clean Sweep" prices.
QUILTS: Honeycomb and Satin Finish, from 3/6. Large size, 5/11 up.

coat, black skirt and hat, becoming feather box; Miss Seale, bright red coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs Gore, black costume, sealskin jacket, black hat; Miss Burke, red blouse, dark skirt, fawn jacket, becoming black picture hat; Mrs Harold Russell, dark coat and skirt; Mrs Nutes, stylish cloth costume, biscuit, trimmed with dainty figured silk, black hat; Mrs Perry, fawn coat and skirt, large picture hat; Mrs Donnelly, pretty shade of blue, fur cape; Mrs Moore, very pretty grey dress embroidered in black and relieved with pink, pink toque; Miss Glendinning, navy blue, red hat; Mrs Smith, goblin blue costume, stylish toque; Miss Williams, brown.

Mrs Jardine won the second monthly competition for the medal on Saturday at the Waiohiki Golf Links, with 83—12—71; Miss Hindmarsh, Mrs C. H. Cato, and Miss Jardine making the next best scores. Tea was provided by Mrs C. H. Cato and Miss Bennett.

MARJORIE.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, July 4.

Mrs Leatham gave a very ENJOYABLE AFTERNOON TEA, as a farewell to Nurse Fotheringham, of Invercargill, who has been in the New Plymouth Hospital for some months, but is now leaving to join one of the London ones. She will be greatly missed in our little town, both by patients and friends, as she has such a sweet, winning manner. This assemblage took the form of a "placard afternoon tea," which was very laughable. After being received by the hostess in the drawing room, someone slipped forward and pinned a placard on one's back, with a noted person's name written on it, and we were then told that we had to try and guess whose name it was. We could ask one another questions, such as "Am I alive or dead?" "Man or woman?" "Actor or actress?" etc., always getting "Yes" or "No" for an answer, and if by that we could guess who we were, we had to write the name down on a card, which was placed in our hands when we first entered, then go to the hostess, and have, that taken off, and another pinned on, and so on. The one who guessed the most was Miss MacDiarmid, so she received first prize, Miss Standish coming second. Dainty afternoon tea and sweets were served in the dining-room, during which Dr. Leatham gave several musical selections on the pianola.

Mrs Leatham wore a black silk costume, with cream lace yoke; Nurse Fotheringham looked well in a white silk blouse, scarlet silk skirt, braided with black velvet; Mrs Bewley, navy coat and skirt, pink silk front; Miss Maynard, pale green blouse, dark skirt; Miss Newland, brown tweed costume; Miss Knight, fawn coat and skirt, cream silk front; Miss Kemp, fawn coat, navy blue skirt; Miss Kemp, grey blouse, dark skirt; Miss Wood, national blue costume, toque en suite; Mrs Capel, dark blue coat and skirt, cream silk front; Miss

Bedford, black with velvet jacket; Miss Webster, blue costume, black hat; Miss Devenish, navy coat and skirt, pink silk front; Miss G. Stanford, red silk blouse, dark skirt, fur toque; Miss O. Stanford, cream serge blouse, cornflower blue skirt, hat to match; Miss Read, dark blue coat and skirt, hat trimmed with red; Miss Percy-Smith, black costume, black and red toque; Miss McKellar, dark green costume; Miss J. McKellar, navy coat and skirt, cream silk vest; Miss Govett, pretty pale greeny-grey Eton costume, black toque; Miss Hamerton, figured blouse, dark skirt; Miss E. Hamerton, navy blue coat and skirt; Miss Pridham, blue figured blouse, dark skirt; Miss Baker, blue costume, black toque; Miss W. Baker, brown, hat to match; Miss MacDiarmid, blue, hat trimmed with pale blue; Miss Thomson, dark green costume, white feather boa, black hat; Miss Standish, blue blouse, fawn jacket, dark skirt; Miss G. Fookes, navy costume, hat to correspond; Miss E. Fookes, black, cream lace yoke, black and pink chiffon toque; Miss Skinner, pretty grey tucked costume, black picture hat trimmed with pale green, and pink chiffon; Miss G. Shaw, navy coat and skirt; Miss Sadler, dark blue costume, red in hat; Miss Paul, pretty grey costume, banded with grey silk, vieux rose camel's hair toque, trimmed with cream; Miss Walker, navy coat and skirt, faced with black silk, cream silk vest, hat en suite; Miss A. Walker, black Eton costume, pale blue and cream vest, pretty pale blue toque; Miss B. Rennell, blue silk blouse trimmed with passementerie, dark skirt, toque trimmed with pink; Miss E. Rennell, pretty national and pale blue blouse, with darker skirt, toque en suite; Miss Rawson, black costume; Miss Carthew, olive green costume trimmed with velvet, hat to correspond; Miss Hawkins, pretty pale blue satin blouse, with black lace zouave, black satin skirt, hat en suite; Miss Hawkins, pink silk blouse, veiled in black lace, dark skirt; Miss Drake, dark green costume; Miss A. Drake, navy blue; Miss Holdsworth, brown costume, toque relieved with pink; Miss Marchant, blue costume, black and pink hat; Miss Hales, black coat and skirt, etc.

On the same afternoon Mrs Kelsey also gave a very

PLEASANT AFTERNOON TEA

for Mrs R. C. Hughes, to enable her friends to say "Good-bye," as she and Mr Hughes are going for a trip to the Old Country. After dainty afternoon tea was partaken of in the dining-room, the table of which was very prettily decorated, vocal and musical selections were rendered by Mesdames Hughes and Mullens, and Misses Burton (Dunedin). Mrs Kelsey received her guests in a black brocade tea-gown, trimmed with cream lace; Mrs R. C. Hughes, black coat and skirt, cream vest; Miss Burton, pale green tucked silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Olive Burton, pale blue tucked sailor blouse, black skirt, hat en suite; Mrs Mullens, black coat,

with scarlet vest; Mrs Nicholson, black, pink in bonnet; Miss Nicholson, grey coat and skirt; Mrs Johns, bluey-grey costume; Mrs Stanley, black skirt, fawn jacket, picture hat; Mrs Evans, black costume, grey and pink spangled toque; Mrs Corkill, black merveilleux, hat to correspond; Mrs H. Gray, dark green costume, black and red toque; Mrs Collins, black; Mrs (Dr.) Barr (Nelson), pretty heliotrope poplin, fawn jacket, hat trimmed with violets; Mrs Fenton, green costume, heliotrope toque; Misses Abier (2), dark costumes, etc.

NANCY LEE.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, July 3.

Tuesday turned out a beautifully fine bright day, though bitterly cold, for the opening of Parliament, and we were all very thankful for being able to go out without our water-proofs and umbrellas, as we have had wet weather for the last fortnight. The opening was attended by the usual gorgeous display of uniforms, etc., and the surroundings of the Parliamentary buildings were thronged with people to witness the proceedings. The sun always adds to an occasion of this kind, and on Tuesday it came out brilliantly, and made the gold and steel glitter brightly. His Excellency the Governor entered the Chamber, attended by his private secretary, Captain Alexander, Major-General Babington, Captain Campbell, and Captain Rich (H.M.S. Ringarooma). The Countess of Ranfurly was unable to be present, and her place was taken by Lady Constance Knox. Lady Eileen was also present, and her governess, Miss Costello, the Hon. H. C. Butler being in attendance. Among those I noticed also occupying seats to the left of the Speaker's chair were Lady Ward and her daughter, Lady Stout, Mrs. C. H. Mills and the Misses Mills, Mrs. Babington, Miss Babington, Mrs. A. Pearce, Mrs. Focke, Mrs. Menteth, and a few others. Lady Constance Knox was wearing a peacock green cloth tailor-made suit, with fur-edged revers and sable collar and muff, large black hat trimmed with chiffon and feathers; Lady Eileen wore a suit of the same shade, with a fur hat, collar and muff; Miss Costello had a neat grey gown and black and white

toque; Lady Ward wore a deep violet cloth gown, braided with black, and a black toque with ospreys; Lady Stout, black gown and caracul jacket, black toque with jet and ospreys; Mrs. Babington wore a cream cloth costume, the sacque coat made to reach almost to the foot of the skirt, black furs and large black hat with feathers; Miss Babington had a stone grey striped cloth coat and skirt, and a grey rough felt toque trimmed with lace; Mrs. Napier (Auckland), a neat blue tailor-made suit and black hat; Mrs. A. Pearce, black skirt and sealskin coat, black hat with tips; Mrs. Mills, a black gown and hat with yellow roses; Miss Mills, a black coat and skirt, and black and cream toque; her sister wore a dark gown and pink hat; Mrs. Focke, black costume, and violet velvet toque; Mrs. Menteth, a brown suit, with blue vest and a bright blue straw hat, with autumn leaves; Mrs. Herepath, black skirt and caracul Eton coat, with ermine collar, red velvet toque with black wings; Miss Coates, black coat and skirt, and black and white toque; Mrs. Bothamly, a brown gown and velvet cape, toque to match; Miss Randell-Johnston (England) wore a grey Eton suit and toque to match; her sister also wore grey, and a large black hat; Mrs. Fitchett, black costume, and a white toque trimmed with violets and wings; Mrs. Mason, a blue coat and skirt, and velvet toque to match; Miss Harcourt, black coat and skirt and grey toque; Miss Gore, dark skirt and fawn covert coat and toque; Miss Rawson, black skirt and caracul coat, large white felt hat, with black tips and velvet; Mrs. M. Ross, in a black costume and toque.

A very large afternoon "At Home" was given by Mrs Babington to-day. Mrs Richmond's house, in Brougham-street, which General and Mrs Babington have taken for a lengthy period, is a delightful one for entertaining, and besides having all the rooms thrown open, the broad verandah was covered in, carpeted and furnished with comfortable chairs, etc., so that there was plenty of room for everyone to move about. Delicious tea and cakes were laid out in two rooms, the dining-room and another smaller one next it. The tables were lit with pink-shaded candles, and had pot plants and flowers as decorations. King's String Band was stationed on the verandah, and played exceptionally well. Mrs

A BEAUTIFUL FABRIC.

THE

'Louis' Velveteen.

NOTE WELL!—Each Yard of Genuine "LOUIS" Velveteen bears the name (spelled L-O-U-I-S and in no other way) and is stamped with a guarantee of wear.

PURE GOOD TEA

RICH and FRAGRANT

WHERE TO GET IT

REW'S Victoria St.

REW'S GOLDEN-TIPPED CEYLON TEA
Is the Acme of Perfection. 1/10 per lb., 6lb. tin 10/8, 12lb. tin 20/8, 20lb. tin 33/4.

REW'S GOLDEN BLEND,
A Choice Family Tea. 1/8 per lb., 6lb. tin 9/8, 12lb. tin 18/8, 20lb. tin 30/.

REW'S SILVER BLEND,
The Best Value in Auckland; beautiful amber liquor, full flavour. 1/4 per lb., 6lb. tin 7/8, 12lb. tin 14/8, 20lb. tin 24/.

THE SALE OF OUR TEAS

is increasing day by day, because Customers are realising that our TEAS are not only Cheaper, but have more STRENGTH and FLAVOUR and GO FURTHER than other Teas for which they pay 6d. and 7d. a lb. more money.

REW'S PURE CEYLON,
Broken Leaf. 1/2 per lb., 6lb. tin 6/8, 12lb. tin 13/4, 20lb. tin 21/8.

REW'S ONE SHILLING BLEND,
Sold only in 6lb., 12lb., 20lb. tins.

PRICE LIST OF GENERAL GROCERIES ON APPLICATION.

ROBERT REW, WHOLESALE TEA MERCHANT, Victoria Street, AUCKLAND

Babington received in the drawing-room. She looked very nice in a black gown of some soft, silky chiffon material, made with a slight train, and the bodice had a vest of white accordion chiffon, and trimmed with lace and diamond ornaments. Miss Babington wore a deep cream figured silk gown softened with lace on the bodice, and a pale blue rosette. Among the many guests were Lady Constance Knox, wearing a bright pink frieze coat and skirt, and a large black hat with feathers; Lady Stout wore a black and white brocade gown trimmed with white lace and satin, and a black hat with feathers; Lady Ward, in a dark violet frieze gown braided with black over white, and a black toque; Mrs Wallis, a dark blue Eton gown with lace revers, and a black and white hat; Mrs Richmond, black satin gown and velvet cape, and a black and white bonnet; Miss Richmond, black skirt and velvet Eton jacket, black hat with tips; Miss E. Richmond wore a pretty pale blue frieze Eton suit, strapped, and with cream lace revers, and a large fawn felt hat; Mrs Pharyzyn, black brocade gown trimmed with white, and a black bonnet with flowers and ospreys; Mrs O'Connor, black brocade gown, and blue velvet and fur bonnet; Mrs Brown, handsome black silk gown trimmed with black and white applique, and a black bonnet with red roses; Mrs Bell, black skirt and velvet Eton coat trimmed with grey fur, black and blue hat; Mrs A. Duncan, tomato red frieze gown trimmed with cream guipure, hat to match with wings; Mrs Riddiford, in a black gown and caracul jacket, and a black and white toque; Mrs Brandon, black Eton gown with ecru lace collar, and a black hat trimmed with red; Miss Brandon, a violet frieze Eton suit, and black chiffon toque; Mrs Hislop, black costume, black and white bonnet; Miss Hislop, blue coat and skirt, and black chiffon toque; Mrs Sprott, black coat and skirt, and black hat with tips; Miss Sprott, in a brown gown, and hat to match with wings; Mrs Butler, black gown and caracul coat, large black hat lined with white; Mrs Purdy, black tailor-made Eton suit, black hat; Mrs Gore, black brocade gown, and cream

and violet bonnet; Miss Gore, pale grey gown with white vest, and a cream hat with flowers; Mrs Herepath, a tabac brown cloth gown with cream guipure on the bodice, and a toque to match with wings; Mrs Reid, black gown and caracul coat, black and white toque; Mrs Collins, a black gown and cape, and large black picture hat; Mrs Quick, black satin gown trimmed with white, black and white bonnet; Miss Quick, in a fawn and white gown, and black hat; Mrs Morison, black gown and sealskin jacket, black hat with feathers; Mrs C. Izard, black gown and fur coat, and a white toque bound with orange velvet; Miss Izard wore a red Russian gown with cream lace collar, black and white chiffon toque; Mrs A. Pearce, grey gown and sealskin coat, and a black hat with feathers; Mrs C. Pearce, a blue voile gown with cream lace revers, and a black hat with feathers; Mrs Turnbull, black and white striped silk gown trimmed with lace and pale blue velvet, cream and blue toque; Miss H. Crawford, wore a pretty red frieze gown, the bodice trimmed with cream appliques, and a large hat to match; Mrs A. Crawford, a dull blue gown and black toque; Mrs Beauchamp, a brown gown with handsome white lace on the bodice, and a hat to match; Mrs Loughnan, a brown gown and toque to match; Mrs J. R. Brown, dull green voile gown with white vest, and a white and black hat; Mrs Harding, black gown and velvet cape, and a black and white bonnet; Miss Harding, in a blue coat and skirt, and hat trimmed with blue; Mrs Nelson, black coat and skirt, and hat trimmed with blue silk; Miss Nelson, neat Eton suit and pink hat; Mrs Turrell, a pink frieze gown with cream lace vest and revers, and a black and white toque; Mrs Mantell, dark skirt and long fawn coat, black toque; Mrs M. Ross, black coat and skirt, and flat black toque; Mrs Barelay, black figured gown trimmed with jet and lace, and a black and white bonnet; Miss Barelay, black gown and toque; Mrs Brandon, dark brown gown, and brown and cream toque; Miss Stone, a green coat and skirt with lace collar, straw hat with pink flowers; Miss Green-

wood, black silk gown, and bonnet trimmed with lace and pink roses; Miss Harcourt, a blue Eton gown, and blue velvet toque with lace; Miss Skerrett, cornflower blue gown, and hat to match; Miss D. Johnston in a pink frieze Eton gown prettily trimmed with cream insertions, and a black chiffon toque; Miss E. Williams, a grey gown and toque, and black caracul coat; Miss Ruth, dark skirt and pale blue silk blouse, black hat trimmed with blue; Miss Pancourt, in grey, and a black hat; Miss Miles, a maroon coat and skirt, and black and white toque. I am afraid there were many more, but among the number it was almost impossible to see everyone, so those I have not mentioned must forgive me. There were also present, besides General Babington and Captain Campbell, Captain Alexander, Captain Rich, Major Moore, Messrs Fraser, Butler, Harcourt, Morison, Pearce, Herepath, Quick, Ross, Crawford, and others.

OPHELIA.

NELSON.

Dear Bee, June 30.
A very successful BALL.

which was arranged by a committee of ladies and gentlemen, was held in the Provincial Hall on Wednesday evening, and was much enjoyed by all who were present. The hall was beautifully decorated with flags and flowers, and large mirrors adorned all the walls. An excellent set-down supper was provided, the tables being laden with all kinds of delicious delicacies. Amongst the many present were:—Mrs Allan, handsome black evening dress; Mrs (Dr.) Andrew, black satin relieved with coloured flowers; Mrs A. P. Burnes wore an extremely handsome gown of pale yellow satin, with frills of chiffon to match; Mrs Booth, deep red satin with trimmings of cream lace; Mrs Bunny, black; Mrs Clarke, heliotrope silk evening blouse, black skirt; Mrs Ellis, black, white fichu; Mrs Fell, handsome black satin

gown; Mrs Ferriday (Christchurch); Mrs A. Glasgow, black satia gown, with rich lace on the bodice; Mrs Frank Hamilton was much admired in her lovely wedding gown of white silk; Mrs Harris, black; Mrs Lemmer, white broche; Mrs Lightfoot; Mrs James Marsden (Stoke), wore an exceeding handsome gown of black satin, the bodice trimmed with Honiton lace; Mrs Macquarie; Mrs Nalder (Christchurch); Mrs Oldham, black velvet gown, with side panels of heliotrope silk, white lace cap; Mrs A. Oldham, her pretty wedding gown of white broche silk; Mrs de Castro, black satin relieved with scarlet ribbons; Mrs Macdonald (Cable Bay), primrose silk and lace; Mrs Douglas (Stoke), yellow silk veiled with black lace; Mrs Perrin, black evening dress; Mrs Robinson, black evening dress; Mrs Renwick, very handsome gown of grey satin trimmed with lace; Mrs (Dr.) Roberts looked well in black evening dress, with rich lace on the bodice; Mrs Robinson, black; Mrs Sealy, black gown with Honiton lace on bodice; Mrs Jack Sharp, black silk and lace evening gown; Mrs Tomlinson, black silk; Mrs Trent; Mrs F. H. Richmond wore a handsome gown of black silk and lace; Mrs Wither, white satin; Mrs Young (Marlborough), pale blue satin; Miss Bunny, pretty and becoming gown of white gauze over silk; Miss Blackett, white gown with green velvet finishings on the bodice; Miss Buchanan, white muslin; Miss Dorothy Bell, soft white silk brightened with scarlet flowers; Miss Clifford, heliotrope-pink silk; Miss Collin-Campbell, white silk, and chiffon; Miss Ellis, becoming blue gown; Miss A. Edwards, black evening dress; Miss M. Ellis, white muslin and lace; Miss Fell, red silk with white spots, cream lace on bodice; Miss Mabel Glasgow, black voile with jet trimmings; Misses Gully (2), wore white; Miss Green, black velvet; Miss Gibson, looked well in black satin with touch of sapphire blue on bodice; Miss Huddlestone, pale blue satin; Miss Heaps, white satin with deep violet velvet on bod-

THE EASIEST CHAIR IN THE WORLD.

The Masterpiece
of a
Skilled Upholsterer.



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 & Caughey. 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."

TO BE OBTAINED ONLY FROM
SMITH & CAUGHEY, Ltd.,
COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, AUCKLAND

ice; Miss Harris, soft white silk; Miss Hanson, white evening dress; Miss G. Jones, white silk; Miss Ledger, black evening dress; Miss L. Ledger, white silk and lace; Miss E. Ledger, light blue silk; Miss Joy Ledger, her debutante's gown of white silk; Miss Lee (Wellington), white silk; Misses Leslie (2), wore white evening dresses; Miss E. Moore (debutante), soft white silk and lace; Miss Moffat, light blue silk, with trimmings of pink; Miss Nalder (Christchurch) looked pretty in pink; Miss Preshaw, bright blue silk; Miss M. Preshaw, a becoming gown of Coronation red silk; Miss Perrin, white evening dress; Miss Enright (Westport), pink silk; Miss Mackay, yellow silk trimmed with frills of yellow chiffon; Miss McRae, black evening dress; Miss F. Richmond (debutante) was much admired in a handsome gown of white broche, with lace trimmings; Miss Robertson, an exceedingly handsome gown of white chiffon hand-pointed with pansies and trimmed with rich lace over a slip of white silk; Miss M. Robinson, pretty gown of soft white silk; Miss E. Roberts, white silk; Miss Sealy, Nil green broche satin, the bodice trimmed with lace and pink roses; Miss Ethel Sealy (debutante) looked very pretty in a becoming gown of soft white silk, tucked and trimmed with tiny frills, chiffon on the bodice; Miss Stevens, black satin; Miss Tomlinson, white silk; Miss Trolove, white evening dress; Miss Trent, white brightened with pink; Miss Watkins, black silk; Misses Wright (3), white. Among the gentlemen were Colonel Pitt, Judge Robinson, Drs. Roberts and Andrew; Messrs. Allan, Booth, A. P. Burnes, Broad, Clarke, Coney, Catey, Clifford (2), Campbell, Airey, Adams, Duncan, Douglas (Stoke), De Castro, De Tourettes, Ellis (2), Edwards, Fell, Faulkner, Green, Gully (2), Huddleston, Hamilton (3), Dixon, Hersthous, Ford, Cox, King, Jenner, Leven (2), Macquarie, James, Oldham (3), Parker, Roberts (2), Richmond, Roxby, Rowley, Sclanders, Sharp, Strachan, Tomlinson, Young, Wright and many others.

A large CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS BALL was held in the Provincial Hall on Friday evening, which was in every way a great success. There were about a hundred children present of all ages, the dresses were bright and pretty, and some were exceedingly well carried out. Altogether the children thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and will long remember their fancy dress ball.

The news of the serious illness of His Majesty the King came as a great shock to all. The festivities for Thursday were at once postponed, and intercessory services have been held at the Cathedral and other churches, all of which have been well attended.

PHYLLIS.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, July 2.

What a change swept over — one might almost say — the world, at the announcement of the King's illness, and it was not personal disappointment at the postponement of all festivities in connection with the Coronation, but genuine sorrow at the cause. Morning, noon and night people have only been too anxious for the latest bulletins, and during service in many of the churches on Sunday morning, the then latest, and a very satisfactory, one was read, the congregations rose spontaneously and sang the "National Anthem" so fervently as to be almost a prayer. Late events in history have had a very sobering effect on people generally, and news of the masses who have attended the intercessory services for the life of our Sovereign shows how much in earnest they are, and there will be deeper thankful hearts and still greater rejoicing when the Coronation does take place.

The ball to have been given by the Mayor and Mrs Wigram, of course, has not taken place, and only minor

functions, before the news, have I will tell of.

Mrs Pyne, Park Terrace, gave a charming fancy dress party for children at her residence during the week. It is one of the prettiest sights imaginable to see these little people in adult characters; they look so important, and as if they felt their responsibilities. A delicious tea was provided, a number of Mrs Pyne's girl friends assisting in entertaining the young folks.

Mrs Andrew Anderson gave a dance for young people at her pretty home, "Merchiston," Opawa, one evening last week, when a most enjoyable time was spent. Mrs Anderson wore yellow brocade and black lace; Miss Anderson, black and white; Misses G. and R. Anderson, soft white silks; Miss Wilding, white satin and chiffon; Miss Merton, pale green silk; Miss Denniston, white silk; Misses M. Anderson, Denham, Neave, Tabart, Cook, Kitson, Campbell; Messrs. Anderson, Wilding, Loughnan, Cox, Williams, Poulton, Lawrence, Ollivier were only some of those present, who thoroughly enjoyed the kind hospitality of Mr and Mrs Anderson.

Dr. Graham Campbell has this week sold off his furniture, and is leaving for Canada, where his father, who is now an elderly man, lives. Dr. Campbell has done much for golf in Christchurch, and will be greatly missed from the Club, of which he was secretary. Mr J. O. Jamieson has been appointed in his place, and will have much to do in preparation for the New Zealand championship meeting, which, I understand, takes place here on the Shirley Links in September.

Mr and Mrs Kinsey had a pleasant little supper party during the week, when some excellent pianola music was enjoyed. Among those invited were the Hon. J. T. and Mrs Peacock, Mr and Mrs Staveley, Mr and Mrs F. M. Wallace, Mr and Mrs T. Garrard, Mr and Mrs Waymouth, Miss Waymouth, Miss Standish (Napier), Mr A. Carrick, and Miss Martin and Mrs Garrard (Nelson).

We feel the deepest sympathy with Aucklanders in the death of Bishop Cowie, who has done so much to endear himself to them, besides being Primate of New Zealand. We, too, have lost a dear and revered friend in Canon Cotterill, but as he had reached the venerable age of eighty-seven years, and had for some time been failing in health, his death was not unexpected. Great sympathy is felt for his invalid wife, and he also leaves a large family of grown-up sons and daughters.

DOLLY VALE.

MISS McELWAIN,
AGENT FOR

Guest's
Toilet Specialities.

As used by every Vice Regal Family in Australia and New Zealand.

MALVINA HAIR RESTORER, in all Colours, for instantly changing Grey or Faded Hair to its original colour; price 10/6, posted 12/.

MALVINA CREAM for softening and beautifying the Skin; price 2/6; posted 3/.

MALVINA SUMMER POWDER, for Removing Tan, Freckles, etc.; price 2/6; posted 3/.

MALVINA SECRET OF BEAUTY, in three delicate tints, white, blonde, and brunette; imparts a softness and brilliancy to the skin, and is invaluable for summer use; price 3/6; posted 4/.

Also, other Lines too numerous to mention.

Send for Price List, Posted Free; also, a descriptive Pamphlet on the care of the Skin and Hair.

This is the Cheapest House in New Zealand for Toilet Preparations and Hair Work of every description. Combings worked up. Fancy Wigs for Sale or Hire.

Auckland Depot:
254, QUEEN-ST., OPPOSITE STRAND.
Address: MISS McELWAIN.
(N.Z. Representative for Westall Guest.)
(Telephone 254.)

Do Not Fail to Visit

PREMISES ARE OPEN FOR BUSINESS ON SATURDAY UNTIL 10 P.M.

RUSHBROOK & BRIDGMAN'S

WHILE THE Great Clearance Sale IS ON

BARGAINS FOR ALL.

THE WHOLE OF THE IMMENSE STOCK OF

Drapery, Dresses, Blankets, Hosiery,

Boys' and Men's Clothing, &c., &c.,

HEAVILY REDUCED.

Numberless Good Lines in the way of

JACKETS, CAPES, MACKINTOSHES, UMBRELLAS, &c.

CASH ONLY.

Clearing at about Half Usual Prices.

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

Complete Story.

When He Was a Little Boy.

Madame de Precy said to her husband: "You wish to know what is the matter? Oh! I will tell you, if for a few moments you will condescend to lend me your attention."

In an icy tone he answered: "I will not lend, I will give it to you."

"Well, then, the matter is"—and a trembling voice betrayed her excitement—"that life with you has become unbearable, and that I have resolved no longer to try to endure it. You are, I admit, an honourable man, and have, I believe, been a faithful husband. I, on my side, have never forgotten my marriage vows. Here we stand on the same ground. The trouble is that we are ungenial. Everything I do annoys you, and to me all your ways are insufferable. What I say always vexes you, and your laugh drives me crazy. Even when silent, we provoke each other. About the merest trifles we have frightful scenes—about a hat, a dress, whether it will be best to carry a cane or an umbrella, or whether the meat is overdone or not—in short, everything—and everything makes us quarrel! Then at home, either you talk so much that I cannot put in a word, or else you do not open your lips, and you look about as cheerful as a mortuary chapel. I must be happy when you are happy, sad when you are sad. Your temper is changeable, odd, quick; you do not allow the slightest contradiction; if I begin to speak of something which does not interest you, I am not allowed to

finish my sentence. For me to express an opinion, suffices to make you take an opposite view. You insist that you understand music, and that I know nothing about politics, while, in point of fact, the contrary is the truth. You scold my maid until she cries, and your disgusting valet drinks all the wine in my cellar. You forbid me to smoke, and insist that my dresses shall not be cut too low. And when we quarrel even about some very ordinary matter, instead of its being over in five minutes, it lasts for hours, and we try to outdo each other in saying bitter things which neither of us forgets. In short, everything about me is disagreeable to you. I feel it, and I know it; you hate the tone of my voice, the sound of my step, my gestures, even my clothes; do not deny it, at this very moment I can read in your face that you would like to pitch me out of the window."

"Therefore?" said M. de Precy.
"Therefore I conclude that it is wiser for us not to prolong our experience of married life. Its having proved a failure is neither your fault nor mine, or rather it is the fault of both; at any rate it is a fact. We were not made to live together; until we cease to do so, neither of us will be happy. After all, there is nothing to prevent us from amicably parting. Fortunately there is no child to quarrel about, we have each an ample fortune, so I really cannot see why we should any longer remain on the

same perch, pulling out each other's feathers. As for me I have had enough of it, and you have had too much. I am quite sure you will be happy; sometimes in the morning while you are shaving, you will think of me; and for my part I shall always remember you as a perfectly honourable, thoroughly disagreeable man. But for that I bear you no ill will, because it is in your blood, all the Precys are so, and your own father and mother, as you have often told me, could never contrive, for more than ten days at a time, to remain together. However, I will waste no more breath in talking about the matter, but will now, Monsieur, retire to my own rooms, where until tomorrow I shall pass my time in thinking over the most practical way in which to arrange our separation."

M. de Precy had in silence received this avalanche of reproaches, but his lips twitched, once or twice he sighed, deeply sighed, and toward the middle of the discourse he had begun to pace the floor. When his wife ceased speaking he stopped before her, and looking at her with an expression which he strove to render as dignified as possible, said in a sad, somewhat victimised, tone of voice: "Have you finished?"

"I have finished, and it is finished," was Madame's reply.

"So be it, my dear; the book is closed, and I, like you, think it best not again to open it. As you wish it, we will to-morrow separate and each try solitude."

"Oh, I permit you to enliven it!"
"Thanks, and I forbid you to do so."

"Gracious! I do not dream of such a thing. When I leave you, it is to become my own mistress, not to change masters. You can be quite easy; to marry again would be a folly I shall never commit. Have you anything more to say?"

"No, except that if we take this step without knowing to what it may lead—"

"Oh! I know. First to peace, then

to old age, finally to Pere Lachaise."
"Do not joke, but please allow me to finish. We will do as we wish, but it is not necessary that the world should be at once enlightened as to our disagreements. That is my opinion, and I think you will agree with me."

"I do not know, because of course people cannot long remain ignorant—"

"Yes, but for a time. Later the same objections will not exist. In short, this is what I ask; before taking any measures to obtain a divorce, let us by all means separate, but under special conditions which will save appearances, and excite no suspicions in the minds of our friends."

"What, then, is your idea?"

"As you wish to leave to-morrow, do so; but instead of taking refuge with some friend in the country or abroad, as is probably your intention, go to Meneaux, my chateau in Brittany, and as long as you can endure it—two months, if you have the courage—remain there. Madame Benard, my parents' old housekeeper, who brought me up, is in charge. She will receive you, and in every way look after your comfort. You can tell her that I will soon join you."

"That, I imagine, will not be the truth."

"No, but you had better say so. The house is well furnished, pretty and not more than four miles from Guerande. Under the pretext that Brittany is too far away from Paris, you have always avoided setting foot upon this family estate where my childhood was passed. This, before we each go our own way in life, is a good opportunity to look at it. If you let this chance escape you will never have another. Now, can I count upon you? Do you consent?"

"You have made your request with civility, and I consent. I will go to Meneaux, and will remain there for two months. You may send a telegram to Madame Benard."

Then a few words more were ex-

Great Cash Sale

DISCOUNTS: 10 to 20 PER CENT.

2s. TO 4s. IN THE £.

.....OF.....

Most Up-to-Date in
the Colony.

FURNITURE.

£45,000 STOCK TO SELECT FROM. £45,000

Bedsteads in French and Italian Design Bedding and Wire-wove Mattresses Wardrobes Chests of Drawers Duchess Tables Drawing and Dining-room Suites Sideboards Dining Tables Bookcases Hallstands Writing Desks Overmantels	Fenders Coal Vases Ironmongery Carpets Hearthrugs Door Mats Linoleums Oilcloths Matting Sewing Machines Toiletware Furnishing Drapery in every Line Blankets Sheets	Eider Down Quilts Table Covers Curtains Tapestries Etc. Etc. Etc.
--	--	---

THE
GREAT CASH SALE
 OF
FURNITURE
 NOW PROCEEDING.

NOW ON. AT **Tonson Garlick Co.'s** NOW ON.

"THE PEOPLE'S" FURNISHING WAREHOUSE.

QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

changed with a coldness too intense to be quite genuine.

"Thanks—good-night—good-bye!—yes, good-bye!"

Their voices did not tremble, oh no; but their hearts, their poor hearts ached! Each one privately thought: "What? Can it be true, we are to part—for ever? That is what we shall see, my wife! I'm not quite sure about that, my husband!"

But, nevertheless, Madame de Precy the next day departed.

On a clear, fresh May morning the young woman arrived at Meneaux. It is at the seaside a delightful moment when spring, like a tiny child on its uncertain legs, hesitatingly treads there. The sparse, backward vegetation is more rugged than elsewhere, the blue of the sky has a deeper tint, and in the salt air there is something bracing and healthful which brings red to the cheek and peace to the soul.

For Madame de Precy's occupation Madame Benard had prepared on the second floor, a large, bed-chamber, wainscoted in oak and hung with old sulphur-coloured damask, which on one side overlooked a wide expanse of flat country, broken only here and there by a rock or a thin cluster of reeds; and on the other a pine wood ceaselessly murmuring in the breeze.

After she had emptied her trunks and made herself at home in her room, Madame de Precy found plenty of time for reflection. Nature offers to those who at a moral crisis fly to her many consolations. By a sort of reflex action she deadens pain, soothes and cheers. Her immutability, her apparent egotism, are good advisers. Before her who does not pass away, one learns to see that everything else will do so, our little happinesses as well as our great sorrows, and the order which in everything she observes, incites us to order also our hearts and minds. Madame de Precy began to think, and more seriously, than for many and many a long day before. She reviewed her entire past life, beginning with the first white pages of cradle, dolls, first communion, long skirts and balls, next, turning to the chapter of marriage. Her life had not been a romance, scarcely even a story, but very ordinary, without great joys, great catastrophes, or anything striking. Every night she had gone to bed with the secret hope that the next day something might happen. During the nine years of her married life, the sun had risen many times, but never had anything happened. Little by little, she and her husband had become embittered, and perhaps he also, without being willing to admit it, had suffered from that monotony to some beings so irritating—monotony of things, hours, events, crimes, heroisms, vices, seasons, rain, sun, admirations and anticipations. Her husband was not a man to be despised; cultivated, distinguished, honourable, sometimes (only sometimes) tender-hearted—in fact, admirable—yet impossible to live with. So, while deploring her fate, in the bloom of youth finding herself thus alone and in a false position, she did not, however, regret the impulse to which she had yielded. She would not know happiness, but she could have peace. One cannot expect everything at once.

Without feeling that her dignity was compromised she gladly accepted the society of Madame Benard, the old housekeeper in charge of the chateau, and yet as a rule she was haughty. But Madame Benard had brought up Monsieur de Precy, and then the country equalises; its solitude brings together human beings, raising a little those who are below, and lowering a little those who are above, so that Madame de Precy and the good old lady—for a lady she really was—soon became friends.

On the day Madame Benard took Madame de Precy through the chateau, she went first to a large room on the third storey, and as she pushed open the door, said:

"I want to begin by showing you everything connected with Monsieur's childhood. This is the room where

Monsieur played and amused himself when he was a little boy."

Then she opened closets where lay balls, drums, trumpets, boxes of tin soldiers, games of patience, checkers and dominoes, saying, as one after another she fingered them:

"These were Monsieur's playthings, when he was a little boy."

And suddenly she pulled from a heap a doll with a broken nose.

"See, Madame! he even had a doll, that boy; he called her Pochette, and when he kissed her he used to say, 'She shall be my wife!' Was it not ludicrous? Well, he would not say that now. He has something better."

Madame de Precy did not reply. The housekeeper questioned:

"It must agitate you to see all these things?"

She answered: "Yes, Madame Benard."

Then the old lady took her to see the room where Monsieur used to sleep; sometimes forgetting herself, instead of Monsieur, she said Louis; and Madame de Precy was strangely moved at hearing pronounced by another that name she had so often called, but might never say again. The room where her husband used to study was next exhibited, with its shelves still filled by his old school-books and copy-books. One of the latter was seized by Madame Benard, who tendering it to Madame de Precy, cried:

"See how well Monsieur wrote when he was a little boy."

And traced in large uncertain letters she read:

"Let us love one another."

Then she exclaimed: "I should like to go out into the air; I do not feel quite well."

They went out of doors, and for some moments silently walked about. When a large pond on which floated two beautiful white swans was presently approached, Madame Benard announced:

"Here is the pond where Monsieur kept his boat when he was a little boy. One evening he came near drowning himself. I shall never forget that."

When, a few steps farther on, they reached an old straight-backed moss-grown wooden bench on either side of which stood a tall earthenware vase, she cried:

"This is the bench where Monsieur used to sit and read when he was a little boy."

Next they entered the vegetable garden, and Madame Benard, walking at once toward a little plot, enclosed by a hedge of box, said again:

"This was Monsieur's garden when he was a little boy."

As they afterward crossed the servants' court, a glimpse of the farm horses in their stalls, afforded by widely opened stable doors, caused Madame Benard to exclaim:

"Oh, Boniface used to be kept there!"

"What was Boniface?" asked Madame de Precy.

"Boniface was Monsieur's pony when he was a little boy."

So clearly had Madame Benard brought before Madame de Precy a little Louis who studied, read, wrote, laughed and played, that she almost saw him now, in short trousers with sun-burned legs and bare head, running across the garden.

When later in the day they were both seated in the diningroom, near a large window overlooking the sea, Madame Benard began in a simple way to relate the story of Monsieur when he was a little boy. It was not very cheerful.

"I must tell you, Madame," said the old woman, "that Monsieur's parents were very peculiar. You never saw them, but I knew them well."

"Just imagine, they actually disliked each other, and without any good reason. That they were not 'congenial' was the only excuse they could give for living almost always apart; but think how wicked that was! If the father was in Paris, the mother travelled, and when she returned, he went away. They both loved Monsieur Louis, but rather than share his society preferred entirely to deprive themselves of it. So he was sent here to me, and I had to be to

him both father and mother. That is the way I happened to bring him up, and I did my best. His parents both died quite young, and he, poor child, wept as bitterly as if he had known them. I can forgive him, but I'm quite sure that when I die, he will not grieve as much."

"I tell you all this, Madame, because perhaps he has never done so, and also that you may be able to make allowance for him if sometimes he appears nervous, quick-tempered, or moody. It is not his fault; it is the fault of old times when he was a little boy. Had it not been for his deserted, lonely childhood, he would have grown up quite a different man."

All this Madame Benard said, and much besides, telling many anecdotes, and giving a mass of details, so that the conversation lasted until evening. Neither of the two women thought of ringing for a lamp, and darkness enveloped them. Therefore, Madame Benard did not observe that Madame de Precy was furtively drying her eyes. When she rose it was to say:

"All you have related about my husband has interested me very much, dear Madame Benard," and she warmly pressed the good old woman's hands. This did not astonish Madame Benard, nor was she surprised when the young woman handed her a telegram for Paris to be sent to the office at Guerande. What

did the telegram contain? What is sure is, that it was sent that night, and that the next day M. de Precy arrived.

S. L. DONNA PRIMA DONNA Corsets.

Straight Fronted.

Unequaled

for Style,

Durability

and Comfort.

PERFECT

FITTING.

Obtainable
at all the
Leading Drapers
and Warehouses
in the Colony.



The Best Value.

Thrifty housewives—ladies who study economy and can appreciate a good article—buy Van Houten's Cocoa, because they have proved from experience that it is not only the finest in quality but the most economical in use. It is as nourishing as it is delicious.

van Houten's Cocoa

Don't forget to order a Tin and try it for yourself.

PURE Full Nourishment, partly predigested. Sterilized.

Horlick's Malted Milk

THE BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS IN ALL CLIMATES.

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

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS

KING'S COLLEGE.

AUCKLAND.

FOUNDED 1896.

(Abridged Prospectus for 1902.)

VISITOR:

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

BOARD OF REFERENCE:

LIEUT.-COL. GUDGEON, C.M.G., British Resident, Rarotonga; LIEUT.-COL. GORING, Whangarei; REV. HENRY MAJOR, M.A., Hamilton; CAPTAIN RICHARD TODD, Napier; VINCENT E. PYKE, Esq., Gisborne; E. H. COX, Esq., Tauranga; JOHN GORDON, Esq., Napier; AUCKLAND-S. L. ABBOT, Esq., J. H. M. CAMPBELL, Esq., ARCH. CLARK, Esq., M. A. CLARK, Esq., D. E. CLERK, Esq., T. CUTLER, Esq., FRED EARL, Esq., T. FINLAYSON, Esq., A. HATHOR, Esq., H. B. MORTON, Esq., JOHN MOWBRAY, Esq., C. RANSON, Esq., H. C. TEWSLEY, Esq.

HEADMASTER:

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

RESIDENT CHAPLAIN:

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

ASSISTANT MASTERS:

MR ARTHUR FLUGGE, B.Sc., of the Victoria University, England, late Science Master of Archbishop Holgate's School, York, England.

MR E. H. STRONG, M.A., with Honours of University of N.Z.

MR F. STUCKEY, B.A., University of New Zealand

MR C. MEREDITH

MR WORLEY

VISITING MASTERS:

MUSIC (Pianoforte, Violin, and Singing) - MR ADAMS, MR H. CONNELL, MR R. L. HUNT

SHORTHAND - MR J. H. COLWILL

GYMNASTICS - PROFESSOR CARROLLO

CARPENTRY - MR JAS. MCCOLL

The Domestic arrangements are under the Personal supervision of MRS ASHTON BRUCE.

NEXT TERM BEGINS FEBRUARY 11th.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Telephone 208.

Stamp Collecting.

Mails are now being carried between Manchester and Liverpool by motor car.

The 5/ lilac stamp has at length been issued in Trinidad.

The French 30c. stamp, current type, has appeared in pale violet.

The 25c. indigo British North Borneo stamp has been issued surcharged "British Protectorate," inverted.

Straits Settlement has issued a new 8 cent stamp, perf. 14, water marked C.A. and crown, colour purple and brown, and bearing the King's head.

The German 2-mark stamps, with the Gothic lettering, is not to be re-issued after the present stock is exhausted.

The Transvaal new issue of stamps range from one half-penny up to 10/, all bearing the picture of the King.

It is stated that the first lot of the new issue of Djibouti stamps were not perforated. Later lots will, however, be perforated.

The new issue of King Edward stamps for Grenada will be the first from that country over 1/. The higher values are 2/, 5/, and 10/.

As the Australian Federal Government has authority to take over control of British New Guinea, it is probable the stamps in 1901 will be superseded.

The 4d green and brown, 9d purple and blue, 5/ rose, and 10/ ultra marine King Edward British stamps have now been issued. They are similar in design to the previous issue.

Abyssinian stamps, surcharged "Ethiopia," were withdrawn from circulation on April 1st, a new set, overprinted "Posta," in Amharic characters, being substituted.

She has come at last—the female philatelist kleptomaniac. Recently in New York a young woman annexed about 10 dollars worth of stamps, while professedly making a small purchase. She got clear away with the labels, and the dealer is now suspicious of any lady stamp collector that visits his establishment.

The "Montreal Philatelist" has the following in a recent issue: "As a rule every British colonial stamp of 5/ value or over is a good purchase." Judging by the prices asked for New Zealand 5/, London print, the advice is sound. Of course, most 5/ stamps are lost on legal documents, comparatively few going through the post.

It is proposed to have a postal museum for Paris. It would be a good idea to start a collection for the Auckland Museum. Probably the Postal Department would, if asked, forward all new issues, and in time the collection would become of monetary value, besides being useful for collectors to refer to. Australian and South Sea Island issues might be obtained so as to make the collection purely a Southern one.

Now that the war is happily over in South Africa, philatelists in New Zealand are hoping that it might be made memorable by the disappearance from New Zealand current issues of that beautifully artistic production known as the 1d khaki war stamp. A better one might easily be produced, and could be made commemorative of peace. Now that the Boers are fellow members of the Empire there is no need to keep the 1d war stamp in issue, and from an artistic point of view "it never would be missed."

Advertisement for BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER. Includes the text 'A PROPOSAL TO EVERY LADY TO MAKE DELICIOUS CUSTARD WITH BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER A DAILY LUXURY!' and an illustration of a woman in a long dress and hat.

Advertisement for FRENCH P.D. CORSETS. Includes the text 'MANUFACTURES ROYALES. FRENCH P.D. CORSETS. THESE... WORLD-RENOWNED CORSETS' and an illustration of a woman in a corset.

Advertisement for MOTHER SEIGEL'S CURATIVE SYRUP. Includes the text 'MOTHER SEIGEL'S CURATIVE SYRUP' and a testimonial about indigestion and health.

The Mysterious Planet.

One of the most interesting astronomical investigations that has ever been made is being set on foot by the Astronomical Observatory of Harvard, from which Professor Solon I. Bailey starts this month for its southern station at Arequipa, Peru, to study the peculiarities of Eros, which is, perhaps, the most remarkable of the asteroids or minor planets yet discovered. While Eros comes nearer to the earth than any other celestial body, its presence in the heavens was noted less than five years ago. Since then it has been kept under constant surveillance. Soon after it was discovered it was found that the planet was a variable—in other words, that its light was sometimes bright and sometimes faint; but one very unusual characteristic was observed—one which no other known star has, in fact—namely, that it sometimes varies and sometimes does not. It is the cause of this irregular variation that Professor Bailey will seek.

After the asteroid's discovery its history was traced back by means of the great collection of star photographs at Harvard, and its peculiar habits were discovered. All sorts of theories have been offered to account for its seemingly erratic variations, the two most seriously considered being that it is either a double star or an elongated, cigar-shaped body whirling through the universe end over end, as it were, so that first a broadside and then one end is turned toward the earth, and it is the latter explanation to which Professor E. C. Pickering, the director of the Harvard Observatory, inclines. This particular time has been chosen by the Harvard Observatory for the study of the idiosyncracies of Eros, because the planet will be "in opposition"

early in the summer of 1903—that is to say, at that time it will be in line with both the earth and the sun, and will be nearer to terrestrial observers, under more favourable conditions for study, than it will be again for several years. The Harvard photographs show that Eros was only 13,000,000 miles from us when it was in opposition in 1894, but that was before its existence was known.

The reason for carrying on the investigation at Arequipa rather than in Cambridge is that the orbit of Eros is tipped at such an angle to that of the earth, that the asteroid will be practically invisible from Harvard at the time of its opposition, barely rising above the horizon of these northern latitudes. The method of study, which will be used, is very interesting. A continuous series of measurements of the light of the star will be made nearly every night during a period of six months. This will, of course, include the opposition; but it is intended to begin the observations long before that time—say, at the end of next March—when the southern skies are clear of mist and haze, and continue them into the fall, until the stormy season comes on again. It is hoped that the reason for the little planet's varying degrees of brilliancy may be found by examining the measurements of the various intensities of its light when it is in close proximity to the sun.

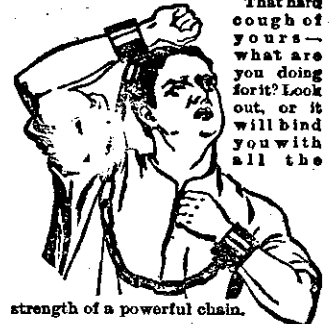
The measurements will be made with a photometer—an ingenious telescopic device, perfected by Professor Pickering—which brings the light of any heavenly body that is to be examined into direct comparison with a light of known intensity, or, as the astronomers call it, of a known magnitude. Much depends upon the skill of the observer in this work; for visual accuracy is an important factor in the comparison, and the whole operation requires, of course, great care, fine judgment, and long experience.

Professor Bailey is probably better acquainted with astronomical work below the equator than any other living American astronomer, having spent many years at Arequipa. His first visit was of two years' duration; and in the course of it he took part in the establishment of the Harvard station, which, co-operating with the observatory at Cambridge, has made possible the systematic and complete mapping of celestial conditions from Pole to Pole, day after day—a process that has been in some ways the most valuable single astronomical accomplishment of the last quarter century. In his study of Eros he will be assisted by the members of the regular staff at Arequipa, which has recently been increased by two young men from the vicinity of Boston—Mr Manson, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who has had some experience under Professor Bailey, and Mr Wyeth.

An Amazing Dog Story.

The intelligence of the street dogs of Constantinople is well known all over the world, and also their peculiarity of sticking to their own quarter and not allowing strange dogs to come in. An Englishman who had recently come out from England had heard all this, and one night was going to dine at a house some distance off, which could only be reached by traversing some very complicated side streets. He knew he could find his way there, but was certain he could not get back in the dark. He did not want to take a guide, and was at a loss what to do, when the idea struck him of using the homing qualities of the street dog. So, having caught a dog of his quarter, he took it off with him and tied it up at the door of the house where he was dining. During the evening the street

dogs outside seemed to be making more noise than usual, but no one took any notice. When the Englishman left he was confident that the dog he had brought would lead him straight back to his own quarter, but on opening the door he found only its skeleton, as the dogs of the quarter had resented its appearance and had killed and eaten it.



That hard cough of yours—what are you doing for it? Look out, or it will bind you with all the

strength of a powerful chain.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

cures coughs and colds, even hard coughs and old colds.

Mrs. A. White, of Fitzroy, Victoria, says: "I had a very hard cough night and day. I tried many remedies, but without relief. I thought my lungs were nearly gone. I then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I began to improve at once, and only one and one-half bottles completely cured me."

There are many substitutes and imitations. Beware of them! Be sure you get Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Two sizes. Large and small bottles. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

PEARS

Soapmakers

By Royal Warrants

TO

THEIR MAJESTIES

THE

King and Queen





CHILDREN'S PAGE.



Cousins' Badges.

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

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I really feel dreadfully ashamed of myself for not writing before, but what with music and home lessons my time is quite occupied. As it happens to-night my lessons are not so many as usual, so I have time to write you a fairly long letter. I had lovely fun at school this last week. A chum and myself are going to get a camera, if we can afford it, and take snapshots of the teachers. The other day we had for a composition a sermon on "Life is but an empty dream." It nearly took our breath away, but we got through it somehow. I went to the World's Entertainers on Wednesday. I thought the Musical Burglar was lovely. Did you happen to go? The girls all think I'm small-minded because I didn't like the dancing. School girls seem mad on riddles lately. I'll give you one for the cousins at the end of my letter. I was going to Mr Maughan Barnett's concert, but it was so wet mother would not let me go. Cousin Kate, when are you going to announce the names of the winners who went in for "What we are going to be when we are grown up"? I didn't go in for it, but Cousin Aileen did. Do you know, Cousin Kate, that I had seven letters to write yesterday, but instead of doing it I went out for the whole of the afternoon, and they are still worrying my mind. Ping-pong seems to have taken hold of Wellington completely; every one is mad on it. We have got the wooden raquets now. I like them far better, though they do not make a pretty sound. On wet afternoons in the winter we are going straight on from one till two, or half-past, and then we will have the rest of the afternoon free. It will be rather nice, but I wish they would do it on fine afternoons, too. Well, I'll give you the riddle now. What is the difference between a thought and a donkey? Perhaps some of the cousins will know it. I must really stop now, and I hope you will forgive me for not writing before, and I'll endeavour to be a better correspondent.—From Cousin Zaidee.

[Dear Cousin Zaidee,—This letter has only just turned up. It has no date on, but was evidently written some time ago, as the World's Entertainers are now in Auckland. I agree with you about the dancing. It is a little too much, I think. Thank you for the riddle. Send me the answer to it soon, will you.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—You will think I have forgotten you, but I have not. Were you not sorry to hear of the King's illness. There was going to be a great turn-out here in Picton; there were seven arches. We have been having lovely weather, have you? I have got a cold. Please, will you send me a badge, as I have never had one? I am so glad the war is over; some of the soldiers returned last night. There were a good many letters in the "Graphic" printed for June 28th. I have had toothache for about a week. Have you ever had it? I have just come home from Sunday school. I must finish off now, with love to you and all the other cousins.—From Cousin Rosie.

[Dear Cousin Rosie,—You have never sent me your full name and address, so I have not yet been able to send the badge. The best way is to send a stamped envelope; then I pop the badge in, and the letter goes back by the very next post. I am so glad the King is getting better so quickly. We shall be able to have the Coronation ceremonies soon, after all, I hope. Indeed, I have had toothache, and can feel for you.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—What a lot of cousins seem to live in New Plymouth. It must be very nice to live near each other. I don't know any of the present girl cousins, but one of the old cousins. I cannot go away for my holiday just now, for a cousin of mine, whom I have not seen for six years, is coming out from England. She has been staying in Sydney for a good while, and she cannot stay with us very long as she has to be back in England by October. I had my examination the other day, and I am not quite sure when I will get the result, but I think in September, too. Do you ever wish you were back at school, Cousin Kate, for I can assure you I am heartily sick of it. I am always getting into rows, and if there is ever anything the matter I usually get the punishment for it. I don't always think the teachers are quite fair sometimes. Have you ever read "Black Rock" and "Glen-garry," by Ralph Connor? They have not been published long; but I think they are splendid books. Do you like ping-pong? I did at first, but now wherever you go there is ping-pong. I like table croquet a great deal better, and only wish people would play it. How very regularly Cousin Alison writes. I don't think she has missed once. What a great loss this postponing of the Coronation will be. I think it seems such a pity the King is ill, and hope the Gipsy's words will not come true. I will close now, with love to yourself and the other cousins.—Cousin Kate. P.S.—I am awfully sorry you so object to putting your photo in the "Graphic." But I hope I will see you some day.

[Dear Cousin,—You have made a mistake, and absent-mindedly signed yourself Cousin Kate, and I have been raking my brains to remember which of my many cousins you are. It is curious that there happens to be nothing in this special letter to remind me. I don't think I long for my school days much, but would love the years from 16 to 25 over again. I have not seen table croquet, but think it may be very good fun. Tell me how you play.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—We are all glad to hear the King is getting better, and hope he will soon be well enough for the Coronation to proceed. Our school treat was postponed for one

day to see if the King was getting better, and so we had it on Friday, instead of Thursday, but, of course, it was not the same. We did not decorate the hall. We just met and had tea and some games. There was a nice lot of cakes and tarts, which we had for our tea, and after that we had a lot of different games until it was time for supper, when we had the same, only a lot of oranges, and after that we had some more games until it was time to go home. We are going to have the real Coronation treat when the King is crowned. I was rather amused at Cousin Clare asking you if you were a man or a woman. Well, you can take it from me, Cousin Clare, Cousin Kate is a lady, and a very nice one, too. I have met her, so I ought to know. Cousin Kate objects to have her photograph in the "Graphic." I will tell you what she is like. She is tall, fair, and her age—well, I could not guess that, but she is quite young. Dear Cousin Kate, I am going to tell you about a very sad accident that happened here last Thursday night, that day which was to have been Coronation Day. In the evening there was a ball in the hall, and one young man that was going home lived over at the other side of the harbour. He was walking down the wharf to get into his boat, when, all at once, he thought he was at the end of the rail, and that the steps were close by, but he was mistaken, and instead of putting his foot on the steps he went clean over the wharf and hit the side of the steps, and then bounced into his boat, some little distance away. When he was picked up he was found to be terribly cut about. He was taken at once to the hotel, and on Sunday he was taken away to the hospital in a schooner. On one side he is completely paralysed, and can't move his legs, and his head and shoulder is very much cut. The weather is keeping lovely we had a few showers to-day, but nothing to speak of. We are having our mid-winter holidays now. Good-bye, Cousin Kate.—Your loving Cousin Ila.

[Dear Cousin Ila,—What a dreadful accident that was. Your letters are always most interesting, and I quite look forward to getting them. I hope all the cousins will not stop writing directly the competition closes. Of course, I don't expect a letter every week of the year, but it makes it much nicer if they write a little regularly.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Please let me know in your answer to my letter who won the prize for the competition for the most regular cousin. We were very sorry to hear that King Edward VII. was ill. We all went to Rawene on the 26th of last month, and enjoyed ourselves very much. There was another Maori got hurt at the Koutu mill to-day. I suppose it will be a long time before the Coronation comes off. When are there going to be any more puzzles in the "New Zealand Graphic?" We are having very good weather here now. Now I must close this short note.—With love to yourself and all the rest of the cousins, I remain, yours truly, Cousin Newton.

[Dear Cousin Newton.—The competition is not yet closed. Cousin Alison, Cousin Ila and you are all very regular, and so has Cousin Ruth

been. I am trying to get some puzzles now, but have to wait for the answers.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—How cold the weather is getting now, isn't it? Have you had any frosts in Auckland yet? We have had several, and last Saturday we had a shower of hail. There was not very much, but the hailstones were pretty big, and it was horribly cold, too. We always have a lot more rain up here than there is in Auckland. I think because it comes up all along the hills. Isn't it a great pity the King is so ill, and what a lot of preparations for the Coronation will be upset by it too. The Ohaeawai school children were going to have some entertainments to celebrate Coronation Day, and so not to disappoint them they were changed into peace celebrations. There was dinner given them in the hall, and afterwards they ran races for prizes. Then they had ten, and after that there were fireworks, all sorts of games, and music and singing, ending up with supper, and they all enjoyed themselves immensely. I ran in one of the races and got second prize, which was a box of blocks for building a house with. I must stop now.—With love to you and all the cousins, I remain, Cousin Nellie.

[Dear Cousin Nellie,—I am glad the children up your way were not disappointed. There is good news about the King every day now. I hope it will keep up and then we may soon have real Coronation rejoicings after all.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am very sorry that I could not continue writing, but you know my cause. As the exam is over now, I will try and write regularly. I was very sorry I could not try for the last puzzle, as I was on the Thames at my theory. We are having very bad weather lately. It was very disappointing at the postponing of the Coronation. It was very pleasing to hear that peace was proclaimed. I am very pleased with that book, "Vera's Trust"; it is most interesting. I just finished reading it the other day, so I am going to put it away to remind me of you. We have got a set of ping-pong. I think it is a very nice game for the winter. I suppose you go to plenty of ping-pong parties. There is another new game just out. I suppose you can play it. I forget the name of it, but it is not unlike ping-pong. I will not know till September whether I have passed my exam. All the school children of this village had bags of cakes and lollies sent down from the Thames. The schoolmaster sent one to me. I see by this week's "Graphic" that there are a great number of new cousins. Now I must conclude, with love to you and all the cousins. — I remain, your loving cousin, Millie.

[Dear Cousin Millie,—I do hope you have passed the exam. I am sure you deserved to do so, for you certainly worked very, very hard. It was very pleasant to hear from you again, and I hope now you have more time often to have a letter from you.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—We have not got our "Graphic" yet, so as I am trying for the regular cousin, I do not want to miss. How cold it is now in the mornings. It is winter now, all right. I have not been to any picnics or parties for a good while, so I have no news to tell you. I am going to a social in a fortnight, and I hope to be able to tell you about it. The competition ends on the 15th July, does it not? That is not very far off. Has any cousin won the prize for the best letter on "What I should like to be when I grow up"? Well, dear Cousin Kate, I must close now, as it is time this was posted.—I remain, your loving cousin, Ruth.

[Dear Cousin Ruth.—I explained in the "Graphic" some time ago that so very few (only two or three altogether) answered the competition about "What I would like to be when I grow up," so that it was impossible to give a prize. Perhaps I will try it again sometime, and the cousins will answer better.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—What terrible news we had about the King. I hope he will soon get better. I could hardly believe it, when I saw it in the "Star." One of my pigeons did the very same thing as one of the cousins'—it fell down the chimney, and we did not find it till about three or four days after, and then, when we did, the poor little thing was nearly dead. I do not play ping-pong very much, but I like it very much. I won't know whether I have passed my examination till September, and that seems such a long time to wait. The windows down town look lovely, all decorated up, but I suppose they will all have to be taken down. I am very fond of reading fairy tales. I have the Yellow, Pink, and Grey Fairy Books. There are a lot of new cousins, are there not? Have you heard the new German band that plays in the streets here? I think they play beautifully; it is a pleasure to sit and listen to them. I must conclude now.—With love from Cousin Mary. P.S.—Do you collect post-cards?

[Dear Cousin Mary.—No, I do not collect post-cards. Do you, and if so, what do you do with them? Is it the same as stamp collecting? I took some children down to see the circus last Saturday. They did like it so much. How sad about your pigeon. Did you save its life after all? It seems an awfully long time to wait till September. Quite a lot of cousins were up for the same music exam, were they not?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—What a sad week this has been, and the King's illness makes it sadder. It did seem dreadful that the Coronation had to be put off, because people did not think the King was so ill. I haven't read any of the books you spoke of in your last letter, or even heard of them. I am reading "Through Darkness to Dawn." It is about Nero's time, and the early Christians. I suppose you have read it, though. What do the cousins mean about the cot, Cousin Kate? I would like to have a collecting-card, too, when they are ready, but I don't know what it is for. I went to a party last night, and had some good fun. The girls were all from our school, so we knew each other, and we played all kinds of games, ping-pong included. We just played anything we liked, and had a really good time (also supper). Don't you think it would be nice to have a motto, or do you think most of the cousins are too young yet to understand one? I wonder how many cousins like gardening. I am fond of it, and sometimes some of the schoolgirls give me plants, or slips of different things. One promised me some white forget-me-not, but although I gave her a slip of paper telling her to remember them written on it, which she put in her book, she always forgot. At last she did really bring them, so I put them in a cool place, and, of course, forgot to take them home. The next day was Saturday, but it was too wet to go for them, and I am hoping they won't be quite dead on Monday. I used to have a vegetable garden, but nothing would grow except broad beans, so I had to give it up, although I sold the beans to mother for threepence a dish, and might have made my fortune in time. We are thinking of getting up a school magazine, and everyone who will is to contribute something to it by half-term. I am sure there is nothing I can do for it, but it will be grand if we get anything worth printing. I have plenty of spare time to write a long letter in, but nothing to say, so will have to stop now.—With love from Cousin Alison.

[Dear Cousin Alison.—I will tell you about our new arrangements for the cot very soon, and when they are complete I will certainly send you a card. At present I do not wish to collect more money, but presently may want a lot. I am very fond of gardening, but get so little time nowadays. Forget-me-not grows very easily, so I expect yours will live.—Cousin Kate.]

THROUGH FAIRYLAND IN A HANSON CAB.

By BENNETT W. MUSSON.

(FROM "ST. NICHOLAS.")

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE ROYAL PRESENCE.

When the bandage was removed, Gretchen found herself in a long, high room, into which the sun shone brightly, as it had no ceiling or roof. In front of her was a low platform on which two thrones stood side by side. The walls of the room were formed of white columns striped with red.

"They look like sticks of candy," said Gretchen. "They are," said the captain. "At one of the fifty-year feasts the candy gave out, and these walls were built in case such a thing should occur again. At that time the royal architect happened to be also the court barber, and he selected this pattern."

About ten feet above the floor an iron bar extended from one side wall to the other. From the middle of this hung an enormous chandelier covered with mirrors.

"What is that?" asked Gretchen. "A moonograph," said the captain. "Those mirrors reflect the rays of the moon and light the room nicely." "And look!" cried Gretchen, "there is a fairy on it!" And, sure enough, perched high on the moonograph was a small fairy in brown overalls.

"Hush," whispered the captain. "Here comes the royal party." The curtains of an arched door at one side of the platform were drawn apart by two pages, and the procession entered. First came a number of court fairies in gauze draperies, each with a fixed smile on her face.

"That is the queen's chorus," said the captain. "Many of the fairies who do not think for themselves become members of the chorus, and merely have to repeat what other people think. The king has a chorus of men."

"But if they don't think, how do they decide to enter the chorus?" whispered Gretchen.

"They don't; the king or queen decides for them. That gloomy-looking man coming next, in the long robe covered with interrogation-points, is the Court Objector, whose duty it is to object to anything that is wrong."

"I should think that would be a very disagreeable office," said Gretchen.

"It is," replied the captain, "but he likes it. That younger one, with long hair, is the Court Poet. I can't tell you about the others, for here comes the queen." And last of all came a small fairy in a fur-trimmed dress.

"Where is the king?" asked Gretchen.

"They reign by turns," whispered the captain, "and it is his fifty years off. When his reign begins we shall have men's rights."

"Who comes first?" asked the queen.

"Yes; who, oh, who—who—who—comes first?" repeated the chorus.

"I don't like that," said the Objector. "It sounds too much like an owl."

"Don't do it again," said the queen, and the chorus, whose faces had not relaxed from their sickly grins, remained silent.

"I'm first, your Majesty," cried the little fairy on the moonograph.

"What are you doing up there?" she demanded.

"If it please your Majesty, I am a gas-fitter by trade, and I feel more comfortable up here."

"Well, it doesn't please me; come down."

The little fairy dropped to the floor. "I would like to be released from gaol," he said.

At this the whole court turned their backs on him.

"Of all the ridiculous nonsense I ever heard!" said the Objector.

"Where are you now?"

"Of course, I'm not in gaol at this moment," replied the gas-fitter.

"They let me out to come for a pardon, while they were cleaning house."

"Well, what have you done?" inquired the queen.

"No one else has done anything," said the Objector, "so why does your Majesty say, 'what have you done?' That implies that there are others. You should say, 'What have you done?'"

"It must be very tiresome to be picked up in that way whenever you say anything," whispered Gretchen.

"It is," said the captain, "but it's good for you. Have you ever noticed that most of the things that are good for you are disagreeable?"

"Oh, yes," Gretchen said quickly.

"If it please your Majesty—" began the gas-fitter.

"Don't say that again," the Objector said, sharply. "You know that it doesn't."

"Well, anyway," said the little fairy, who was getting flustered and had entirely forgotten a speech he had prepared while sitting on the moonograph, "I want to get out of gaol."

"Why were you put in?" asked the Queen.

"For breach of contract. I was hired to mend a leak in a gas-pipe, and instead of fixing it with solder, as I agreed, I plugged it with the first thing that came handy."

"What came handy?"

"An opud."

"Ten years more. Take him away," the queen said, and two soldiers hurried the gas-fitter from the room.

"Ten years, ten years! oh, ten years!" the chorus sang joyfully.

"It's your turn next," the captain whispered to Gretchen, "and you've seen by the way the gas-fitter fared that it doesn't pay to be humble, so put on a brave face. I'm sorry Willie isn't here. I think his voice would impress them."

"Anyone else?" asked the queen.

"You answer," said the captain, nudging Gretchen, "as I don't want to lose my job."

"Yes; I want an audience, and I wish you'd be quick about it," she said, tremblingly.

"Why, it's a human being!" cried the queen and all the court fairies gathered at the front of the platform and looked at Gretchen.

"Is that the latest style in shirt-waists?" asked the queen.

"No, your Majesty; this is one I made from last year's pattern."

"Let me see your shoes," ordered the queen.

Gretchen, much puzzled, held up one foot so that they could get a good look at it.

"I told you so!" the Objector cried, triumphantly.

Gretchen looked closer at the fairies and saw they had strapped to their feet queer oblong wooden boxes with handles on them.

"A male human being who was here fifty years ago told us that pumps were all the style in high society, and we've had a most uncomfortable time ever since," said the queen.

She took off her pumps and threw them on the floor, and the chorus removed theirs and capered joyously.

"What do you think of fairyland?" asked the queen.

"I haven't seen much of it, except the hotel," said Gretchen. "I came here blindfolded."

"That's no excuse," said the Objector.

"Well, what do you want?" inquired the queen.

Gretchen told her story and the court held a whispered consultation.

"It is usual for each mortal who asks a favour of us to do some task in return," the queen said. "As it is so late now, I think you would better call again to-morrow afternoon, when there is to be a reception in the castle grounds, and we will then decide what you are to do."

"May I bring my dog with me?" asked Gretchen.

"Does he chase fairies?" the queen said, anxiously.

"He never has," Gretchen replied, truthfully.

"Then you may fetch him," said the queen. "Good-bye till to-morrow"; and she left the room, followed by the other fairies—the chorus last of all.

When they reached the hotel it was almost dark, and Gretchen, who had not slept in a really-and-truly bed for two nights, was ready to go to bed.

The human-being room proved comfortable, though it seemed queer not to have a roof over her head, and spread on a small table she found a very nice supper consisting of wild honey and sardines.

The next morning Gretchen decided to go to the magician's. She seldom ate much breakfast, and was so tired of honey and sardines that she didn't care for any at all that morning. As she reached the gate a hansom cab drawn by an enormous grasshopper came up, and the driver, a fairy of medium size, in a long coat and shiny high hat, pointed his whip at her.

"Cab, miss?" he cried. "I drove ya to the palace yesterday."

"But I can't go without Leonardo and the captain," said Gretchen, suddenly remembering.

"Here comes the gents as was with ye yesterday," said the driver, pointing to the captain and Leonardo, who were returning from an early morning stroll.

"I will have to leave you now, as I go on duty to-day," said the captain, but I have given Leonardo a guide-book so that he can help you; besides this driver knows all about the town. Take this young lady wherever she wants to go, and charge it to my account," he added.

"All right, sir!" cried the driver, tugging his hat.

Gretchen heartily thanked the captain for all his kindness, and bidding him good-bye, she and Leonardo got into the cab, the driver waved his whip, and they were driven rapidly away.

"Where to?" called the driver through a funny little trap-door he raised in the roof.

"To the Thirty-third Degree Transformer's," said Gretchen, trying to speak as though she had been accustomed all her short life to giving orders to cab-drivers.

"How do you like 'this rig?" asked Leonardo, who was dressed in a very fashionable suit of clothes, and wore a silk hat and an eye-glass.

"It is most becoming," Gretchen replied.

"I thought this sort of thing more appropriate for a tourist than my every-day suit. They fit pretty well, don't they? I got them ready-made."

"However do you keep that eye-glass in?" asked Gretchen.

"Glue on the edges," Leonardo said briefly.

"Why, there's Willie!" he cried, and told the driver to stop. "Hi, Willie!—I mean low Willie! Have you found a piece to work?"

"Yes," said Willie, grinning from ear to ear. "Got an answer to my advertisement and a place in a watch and clock-maker's this morning. Am on my way to fix the town clock."

"Where's your ladder?" asked Gretchen.

"Huh! I don't need a ladder!" said Willie. "The dial is only sixteen feet above the ground." Gretchen and Leonardo looked at each other and burst into laughter, and as they laughed the grin faded from Willie's face.

"There! I keep forgetting about being small!" he said. "What shall I do?"

"We are on our way to the magician's, and perhaps you could get him to change you back. Then you could fix the clock," said Gretchen.

"Good!" cried Willie, his merry grin at once returning.

Willie got into the cab, and Gretchen ordered the driver to go to the Transformer's, as it was nearly eleven

o'clock. Away they went, through narrow streets lined with little houses without roofs, by all sorts of larger buildings of queer designs, Leonardo vainly trying to describe them, but getting all mixed up, as by the time he had picked one out in the guide-book they had passed at least two more; and they finally came to the magician's office. A little fairy in a green coat and brass buttons answered the bell, and they entered a reception room, where they found a number of fairies waiting.

"Tell him that Gretchen wishes to

usual with his hands he announced that the thing was done.

Gretchen told Tim of Willie's wish to be a giant again, and he went through some slightly different movements and said that was done.

As he finished speaking a voice cried "Hello!" and looking up they saw Willie peering at them over the top of the wall. "Will you kindly change me back at about four o'clock?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the magician, and the giant hurried away.

"Won't you stay awhile?" said the

she said, and thanking him and saying she hoped to see him again she joined Leonardo. Getting into the cab they were driven away, leaving the Discontented Dozen in the outer office, looking expectant.

Gretchen and Leonardo presently heard a great roaring like thunder, and a squeaking and squealing like nothing else at all. Turning a corner they found that the giant gnome, sitting in the street, was doing the roaring, and an excited little fairy dancing round him was doing the rest.

"What's the matter now, Willie?" cried Leonardo as the cab stopped.

Gretchen saw that the giant was sitting near a building on the roof of which was a tower with a clock in it.

"Can't you reach it?" she asked. "I can reach it!" yelled Willie, "but he's just changed me back to my old self, and I can't fix it!"

"Dear me!" said Gretchen. "I should have had you changed to a giant watchmaker!"

"Of course, you should!" howled Willie.

"If that clock isn't mended to-day I'll be put in gaol!" cried the little fairy. A gloomy silence followed.

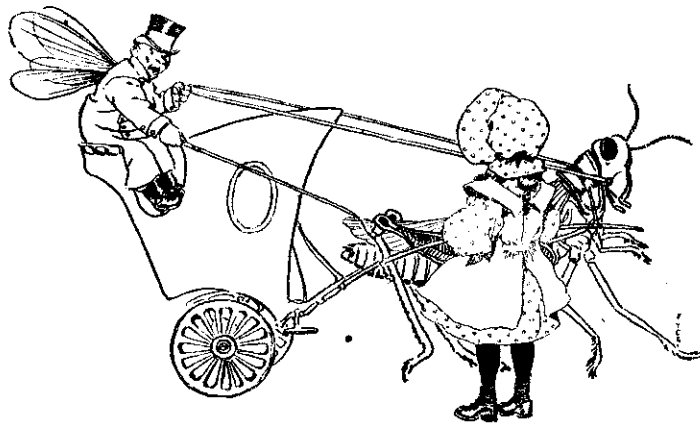
"Is that your employer?" asked Gretchen, pointing at the little fairy.

"Yes!" cried Willie.

"Well, why don't you lift him up and let him mend it?"

Willie turned to the little watchmaker with a broad smile on his face.

"Hurrah!" they yelled, and the cab went on.



"Cab, miss?" he cried. "I drove ye to the palace yesterday."

see him," said Leonardo, and the boy went away. He soon returned and asked her to follow him.

She found the magician in a plain little office, seated at a desk. His elbows were resting on the desk, his hands were pressed to his face, and he was intently studying a piece of paper.

"I'm delighted to see you," he said, without looking up. "Have a chair."

Gretchen looked around, and not seeing a chair didn't have one. She waited patiently while he studied the paper.

"This is most wonderful," he said, finally, handing it to her. It was a puzzle-picture of a man in a funny grove of trees, and beneath it was printed: Here is the hunter; find his dog. "Can you find him?" the magician asked, anxiously.

"Certainly," said Gretchen. "Don't you see that this little branch is his tail, this leaf an ear, and that limb is his body."

"Why, so it is!" cried the magician. "You have a wonderful intellect! I'd studied that for twenty-four hours and hadn't solved it."

Gretchen told him what she wanted and he prepared to change Snip back to a dog. "Oh, dear!" she cried. "I forgot to bring him with me!"

"I can change him wherever he is," said the magician; and going through a few more movements than

Transformer to Gretchen, who was preparing to go.

"Thank you," she replied. "I'm afraid I'm keeping you from your work. You have so many people waiting."

"Never mind them," he said. "They are only the Discontented Dozen."

"The Discontented Dozen!" said Gretchen, opening her eyes very wide.

"Yes. There are a great many dissatisfied people in this country, even if it is fairyland, and as this dozen happens to be rich they can afford all sorts of whims. When one of them sees anybody else who looks at all happy he or she at once wants to be changed into that sort of person. They come every few days to be transformed. I have had them lawyers, typewriters, labourers, book-agents, druggists, authors and astronomers. If they stopped to think it would occur to them that if I who have studied so long and know so much, knew of any kind of being who was perfectly happy, I would change myself into such a one instead of remaining a magician."

Gretchen thought this was very clever of the Transformer, and that he certainly knew a great deal, but her eye happened to fall on the picture-puzzle, and she was not quite so sure.

"I am afraid I shall have to go, as I am to see the queen this afternoon,"

What is My Work To-day.

Here is something that someone has written about work that is so full of truth and real common sense that I want all my young friends to read it: "Let us not try to escape our work nor to shirk it. Above all, let us not fail to see it. As long as we live we have a work to do. We shall never be too old or too feeble. Illness, weakness, fatigue, sorrow—none of these things can excuse us from this work of ours. That we are alive to-day is proof positive that there is something for us to do. Let us ask ourselves as we arise each morning, What is my work to-day? Each fresh morning puts a new chance of life into our hands as a gift, to see what we will do with it."

Such words as these ought to give all the workers of the world fresh inspiration, and all the idlers ought to be moved to industry.

Life is never a weariness to those who are well employed. It is the idle who are restless and unhappy, and who talk about life being a failure. Did you ever hear a man who was always busy say that life was a failure? Who are the unhappy, the morose, the grumbling people of the world? Are they the people who are accomplishing something in this life?

Do you think that they ask themselves each morning, "What is my work to-day?"

The most fretful, fault-finding person I know, and the one whom it is the least pleasure to meet, is a young man of about twenty-three years of age, who is unfortunate enough to have quite a large income without working for it. I once heard him say that he "could afford to be idle" because he had "plenty of money, anyhow."

Do you think there is any person in the world who can "afford to be idle?"

I was calling at the home of one of my friends the other evening, when the oldest son of the family came home from the place where he is employed. After he had greeted me his mother said:

"Well, Harvey, did you have a hard day at the office?"

"Yes," he replied, "the hardest day I have had for three months."

"Why, were you so unusually busy?"

"No, mother; we were all so unusually idle. We had almost nothing to do all day. Such days are so much more wearisome than our really busy days. I know of nothing in this world so hard as to kill time."

And yet there are many young fellows on the look-out for places in which they will have as little as possible to do. They are unmanly and unworthy enough to want to "kill time." They know nothing of the fine spirit in these words of Carlyle's: "The modern majesty consists in work. What a man can do is his greatest ornament, and he always consults his dignity by doing it."

Do you know of any downright lazy man in all your list of acquaintances who is respected? Is it not true that such men are held in contempt by the people of the vicinity in which they live? And it is true that they will some day have to account for all the wasted years of their misspent lives. Every life spent in idleness is a misspent life.

The Little Children in Japan.

The little children in Japan Are fearfully polite; They always thank their bread and milk Before they take a bite, And say: "You make us most content, O honourable nourishment!"

The little children in Japan Don't think of being rude. "O noble dear mamma," they say, "We trust we don't intrude." Instead of rushing in to where All day their mother combs her hair.

The little children in Japan Wear mittens on their feet; They have no proper hats to go A-walking on the street; And wooden slippers for overshoes They don't object at all to use.

The little children in Japan With toys of paper play, And carry paper parasols To keep the rain away; And when you go to see you'll find It's paper wall they live behind.

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



Photo by W. H. Bartlett

"SO TIRED."

Queen St., Auckland.

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

THE NEW SEPIA PROCESS.

Bartlett

ART PHOTOGRAPHER, TELEPHONE 881, QUEEN ST., AUCK. AND

By Special Appointment to His Excellency the Earl of Raoul.

THE NEW SEPIA PROCESS.

Bartlett

ART PHOTOGRAPHER, TELEPHONE 881, QUEEN ST., AUCKLAND

AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES



Women and Emigration to South Africa.

The idea of emigrating to Cape Colony seems to be pretty popular just now. I will not, therefore, apologise for inserting the following article, which appeared in a recent edition of the "Daily Telegraph":

"It can be stated upon the highest authority that had the valued life of Mr. Rhodes been spared even a short time longer, he would have devoted consideration in his usual far-seeing and practical manner to the important question of the emigration of suitable women to South Africa as

soon as hostilities were at an end. Indeed, he had already begun to move in the matter, and on this point a short extract from a recent letter of Major-General Sir John Ardagh, now Military Commissioner for compensation claims at Pretoria, is of particular interest: 'Rhodes told me that he is preparing another hostel for the reception of girls of a station above that of domestic servants. In reply to an enquiry of mine as to what was the shortage of women (white) in South Africa, he underestimated the number, and said he supposed 10,000. He was rather surprised when I told him that it was probably over 200,000.

At the present moment it is difficult to deal with the situation in a manner equally satisfactory to Cape Colony and Natal or the Mother Country, as such ladies as Susan, Countess of Malmesbury, Lady Knightley of Fawsley, the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Cecil, and others actively concerned with the direction of the South African Emigration Committee are painfully aware.

"On the one hand, the cry of the self-governing colonies is for young women of the domestic servant class, and unless these are forthcoming sympathy and financial support are withheld. Equally, on the other hand,

the ladies working at home realise that that is precisely the class that we can least well spare, and to endeavour to ship such in large numbers would result in a falling off in the subscription lists here. Hence the South African expansion movement have to endeavour to hold the balance, and, so far as their English friends are concerned, the task is rendered easier from the fact that wages in Capetown are not sufficiently high to lead to offer great inducements to emigrate. On the coast wages run from £1 15/ to £2 10/ a month, or, for exceptionally capable women, to £3. Of course, inland they are higher,



Combining Utility and Smartness.

but the additional cost of reaching the situation must then be considered. Taking into consideration the wholly different conditions of service and work, the distance from home associations, and the greater cost of clothing and other necessities of life, a young woman must have private and personal reasons for desiring to go to South Africa before she will do so for such pay.

"Later on, when the war is happily over, great developments may be looked for. Teachers, waitresses, trained nurses, dressmakers, girls with skill in some trade, such as blouse-making, milliners, will all come into rapid demand. The young women here who find it difficult to get situations as mother's helps or nursery governesses will be wanted on all hands, especially when they are prepared to be 'generally useful' in the daily life of the farm or homestead. Typists and secretaries who here at Home are the victims of some of the fiercest competition, will also be needed with the growth of the volume of trade, and it is to help the suitable applicants and act generally as agents and intermediaries that the 'S.A.X.' is now busily forming plans, collecting early information, and preparing the way for the first would-be emigrants."

The Queen's Care for Cab-Horses.

Queen Alexandra never loses an opportunity of using her commanding influence to put down cruelty and to secure kindly consideration for dumb animals. It was through her thoughtfulness that notices have been posted in many omnibuses requesting passengers not to require the complete stoppage of the vehicle more often than is absolutely necessary. Her Majesty has now turned her attention to the needs of the London cabhorses, and has had sent from her native country some specimens of a light stand for supporting the nosebags of horses, so that they may take their casual feed in greater comfort than is possible when the bag is suspended from their heads.

How to Make a Man Happy.

ON LEAVING HIS FRIENDS ALONE.

In consulting the happiness of man, it is as well to remember that he is, above all things, a friendly animal.

Woman, on the other hand, is almost incapable of understanding the meaning of the word friendship as a man understands it.

She confounds it with love, acquaintance, and the wearing of similar hats and clothing.

In short, the friendships of men are institutions in their lives, whereas those of women are merely episodes. As a proof of the natural friendliness of man it may be pointed out that 900 of him will live together as happily as a caged lovebird in any of His Majesty's battlements—that is to say, in a space one hundred and fifty yards long, twenty yards wide, and about fifteen yards deep.

It is to be doubted whether the world will ever possess a ship large enough to contain two women, their hat-boxes and their likes and dislikes, for any space of time, since woman is a jealous soul, with but little affection for her own sex.

The heart of man, on the other hand, is expansive. "The more the merrier" is his motto. He is ready to share his quarters, his pipe, his clothes with anyone who happens to come along.

Where, on the other hand, will you find a woman who is ready to lend another woman a toothbrush or a Sunday hat, or a coat and skirt, if needs be?

This is to be noticed in a family of boys and girls. You will find Billy quite happy in a pair of Jimmy's old boots over a pair of Joey's best socks, with Jack's best hat on his head, and Ted's blue serge coat on his back, not to speak of one of the pater's collars round his neck.

But you will never find Jill wearing Jimina's cape, or Jane's new pair of one-and-eleven-three gloves, or Julia's new toque!

So it happens that, not understanding this natural friendliness of man, the best thing that occurs to a woman when she becomes engaged or married to him is to disestablish his circle of friends. "I do not want any friends now," she argues to herself. "Why, then, should he want them?"

She starts with his feminine friends, since she feels that they must go before she can feel happy and certain in his affections. This happens because she cannot recognize the difference that exists between friendship and love.

The next to go are his bachelor friends. They are calculated, in her mind, to disturb his domesticity, and to keep him out at unseemly hours.

After these, the friends of his lifetime are warned off the course.

By these moves she makes the man exceedingly unhappy. He sees the chum who once shared a double perambulator with him slink past him with a timid raise of the hat at the sight of his new wife; he sees the friend of his youth, who was, and is, as dear to him as David was to Jonathan, sneak into a tobacco shop to get out of his way, or, rather, out of the way of his new owner.

They are dirty little boys with whom he must not play! They are ragamuffins with whom he must not consort, lest he spoils his clothes or his manners!

The man feels it. Still, his attitude

to his fiancée or his wife is gentle. Like the philosopher whose little dog in five minutes' play had torn up the manuscript of a lifetime he merely remarks to himself, "Diamond! Diamond! you little know what you have done!"

He feels like a dog on a chain, or a horse that is newly bridled. He learns that the golden bonds of love, of which novelists and poets write so glibly, are linked with steel beneath the gold.

Sometimes, when his wife is "at home," his old friends are allowed to call.

Time was when they used to swagger into his rooms, throw their hats into the corner, throw their coats on the floor, and their feet on the mantelpiece, to make themselves comfortable, with the full intention of staying till the small hours. Smoking the pipe of peace, they would discourse on heaven and earth and all things that lay within and without man's philosophy.

They used to cook steaks on the coals of the dining-room fire, and convert the coal-box into a cellar. If they happened to lose the last train they would camp out for the night on the sofa.

Now, they creep timidly into the presence of the dreaded woman who has taken possession of their friend. They sit on the edge of their chairs, balancing their teacups on the crowns of their hats, and saying, "No, thank you," politely to a second morsel of tennis-cake.

They leave their pipes in the pockets of their overcoats, and talk "ping-pong," looking all the time as though butter would not melt in their mouths.

The husband, feeling as happy as a lodger in a strange boarding-house, hands round the cake and tea, beginning to wonder whatever induced him to get married.

He knows very well in his heart of hearts that his old friends, as they sit perched on the edge of the new drawing-room chairs, are indulging in exactly the same wonderment.

Their hostess is happy, and begins to plan match-making between some of her bachelor visitors and nice girls of her acquaintance. She thinks her husband is tamed!

Little does she know that he is only unhappy, and that sooner or later he will return to his old friendships after a brilliant series of domestic quarrels, which might all be avoided would she but study leaving his friends alone.

A Popular Young Duchess.

The Duchess of Westminster is at the present moment the youngest amongst the feminine wearers of the strawberry-leaves, and, according to popular rumour, her Grace is likely to remain so for some time, for none of the bachelor dukes show the slightest desire to change their state. Greatly to the joy of the duke's native county, Cheshire, the head of the house of Grosvenor and his bride seem devoted to Eaton Hall, and the Duchess is immensely popular in the neighbourhood. It is, however, probable that the Duke and Duchess of Westminster will spend the whole of the Coronation season at Grosvenor House, where it is likely that a number of great entertainments will take place.

CURE FITS

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

H. G. ROOT, 22, Emsleyagh Gardens, London, N.W.

Dales' Dubbin

MAKES BOOTS and SHOE LEATHERS water proof as a duck's back, and soft as velvet. Adds three times to the wear of leather. Pleasant odour. Allows polish with blacking. 22 Exhibition Highest Awards for Superiority. Black or Brown colour. Sold by Boot Cleaners, Saddlers, Ironmongers, etc.

Manufacturers—Duisbach, London (Eng.)

THE HIGH-GLASS WASHING MATERIAL

'Viyella'

DOES NOT SHRINK.

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

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

For Children's Frocks, &c.

'Viyella' is a luxury for DAY and NIGHT Wear. Does not irritate the skin. To be obtained from the leading Drapers.

CURES COUGH.

Cured my son of a dreadful Cough, and soft as velvet.

Mrs. JOHNSON, Dulock, Ferrisburgh.

GIVES REST & SLEEP.

HAYMAN'S BALSAM

of Horehound

Safe and Pleasant for Children.

'NOTHING LIKE IT FOR A COLD.'

M. W. HIND, Norwich.

STOPS COLD.

MOIR'S BLOATER PASTE.

In Tins about 2 ozs. and 4 ozs.

Manufacturers: **JOHN MOIR & SON, LIMITED,** LONDON, ABERDEEN, & SEVILLE.

Head Office—9 & 10, Great Tower Street, London, E.C.

Purveyors by Special Appointment to His Majesty the King.

LOVELY COLORS.

BRILLIANT GLOSS.

REJECT IMITATIONS

SPINAL'S OXIDISED ENAMEL.

PERFECT

READY FOR USE

DIRECTIONS FOR USE

NEW CROSS, LONDON, S.E.

See that Aspinall's name and Medals are stamped on every Tin.

MANUFACTURED BY **ASPINAL'S ENAMEL, LTD.** NEW CROSS, LONDON, ENG.

Some Very Inexpensive Dishes.

By special request I am to-day giving some very inexpensive dishes suitable for suppers or a very homely late dinner. In preparing all the above dishes allow plenty of time for them to cook, remembering that slow stirring and boiling are necessary to success.

Sheep's Trotters and White Sauce.—Get from a butcher about twelve sheep's feet, scald and clean them. Set in a sauce pan and boil slowly till the meat can be taken off them. Put the meat in a sauce pan with two ounces of butter, a teacupful of broth, a bunch of sweet herbs, salt and pepper, and boil slowly for half an hour. Then lay them on a clean cloth to drain off the fat, place on a hot plate and pour over a little white sauce made from the broth and butter. Garnish with parsley and serve very hot.

Fried Haricot Beans and Bacon.—Soak one pound of haricot beans in cold water over night, without salt. Next morning drain them dry, place in a sauce pan, add enough cold water to cover them, and boil for two hours, or a little longer if necessary. Drain. Fry some slices of bacon in a frying pan, set on a hot dish, then fry the beans and a very little chopped onion in the bacon fat left in the pan. Add pepper and salt. Arrange the beans on a dish with the bacon on the top. Scatter chopped parsley over the beans, and slices of hard boiled eggs on the bacon, and a very pretty dish will be made.

Mutton Patties.—Line some patty pans with pastry. Chop any pieces of cold mutton finely, season with

chopped herbs, parsley, pepper, and salt. Moisten all with a little gravy and fill the patty pans with this mixture. Wet the edges of the pastry, add a little water to the meat, cover over each pastie with a piece of thin pastry; ornament the edges. Bake in a moderate oven from twenty to thirty minutes.

Brazilian Stew is an excellent dish, and if this recipe be followed a most tender stew will be served with very little trouble. First take one and a half pounds of lean beef steak and cut it into neat pieces, all of one shape. Dip each piece into vinegar for a moment, season it with pepper and salt and place in a clean stew pan. Scrape a carrot and divide it into four, also a turnip; clean a stick of celery and add to these a few slices of raw onion. Place the vegetables on the meat, and put the lid on the sauce pan; cook all very slowly for two hours in its own gravy. Remove the vegetables, and press them through a sieve or potato masher; set in a stew pan with a little butter, and make very hot. To serve, arrange the meat in a circle on a hot dish, garnish with little heaps of the vegetable, and round it pour the gravy from the meat, which is coloured and thickened. If desired, shin of beef may be used for this dish, but it will need to be stewed an extra hour to make it tender, since this part of the meat is always rather tough.

Giblet Pie.—Prepare and thoroughly clean two sets of giblets, and throw into a sauce pan, cover with water, and bring to the boil. Skim well, add salt, and simmer very slowly for two hours and a half. Cut the giblets into pieces of regular size, dip

into seasoned flour, and mix with half a pound of beef steak cut into thin slices, also thickly floured. Pour in sufficient stock to cover, season and thoroughly. Cover the pie with a nice short crust, pierce a hole in it, decorate with leaves and bake slowly for two hours after the crust is done.

Yorkshire Patties.—Take a slice of bread two inches thick, and carefully cut in rounds of a suitable size for a tartlet. With a smaller cutter, take a round out of the top of each patty, and with a knife scoop it out sufficiently deep to be filled in like a patty. The small round taken out must be carefully saved. Dip each piece of bread into milk for a moment, drain, and arrange in a frying basket. Prepare some nicely seasoned mince, and add it to a little thick gravy, and make it very hot. Fry the bread in deep boiling fat to a golden colour, fill the cavity in each patty case with the mince, and on the top lightly press the small piece of bread. Arrange the patties on a d'oyley, and garnish with parsley. If you desire to have this dish at its best, chicken with ham or tongue should be used, just set in white sauce.

Sponge Cake Fritters.—Crumble up three very stale sponge cakes and pour over them half a teacupful of boiling milk, and stir in, after it has cooled, a tablespoonful of pastry flour. Cover over for quarter of an hour and then beat till cold, adding the yolks of two eggs. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, add to the mixture, and lastly one ounce and a half of cleaned currants rubbed in flour. Mix all the batter thoroughly, and drop a spoonful at a time into boiling lard, and fry a golden brown.

Drain quickly, pile on a d'oyley, and scatter castor sugar over.

Yeast Dumplings.—Get some dough from the baker and set it to rise. Have a large pot full of fast-boiling water. Form the dough into balls the size of an egg and throw them into the boiling water one at a time. Cook for twenty minutes. Serve at once with butter and brown sugar. N.B.—The water must be kept steadily boiling at a gallop.

Arrowroot. Pudding.—Take two tablespoonfuls of arrowroot and make into a thin paste with cold milk; pour one pint of boiling milk on it, return to the sauce pan, and stir over the fire till quite smooth and thick. Pour into a pie dish, sweeten to taste, and flavour with vanilla or lemon peel. When cold, add two beaten eggs, dust sponge-cake crumbs over, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Serve either hot or cold.

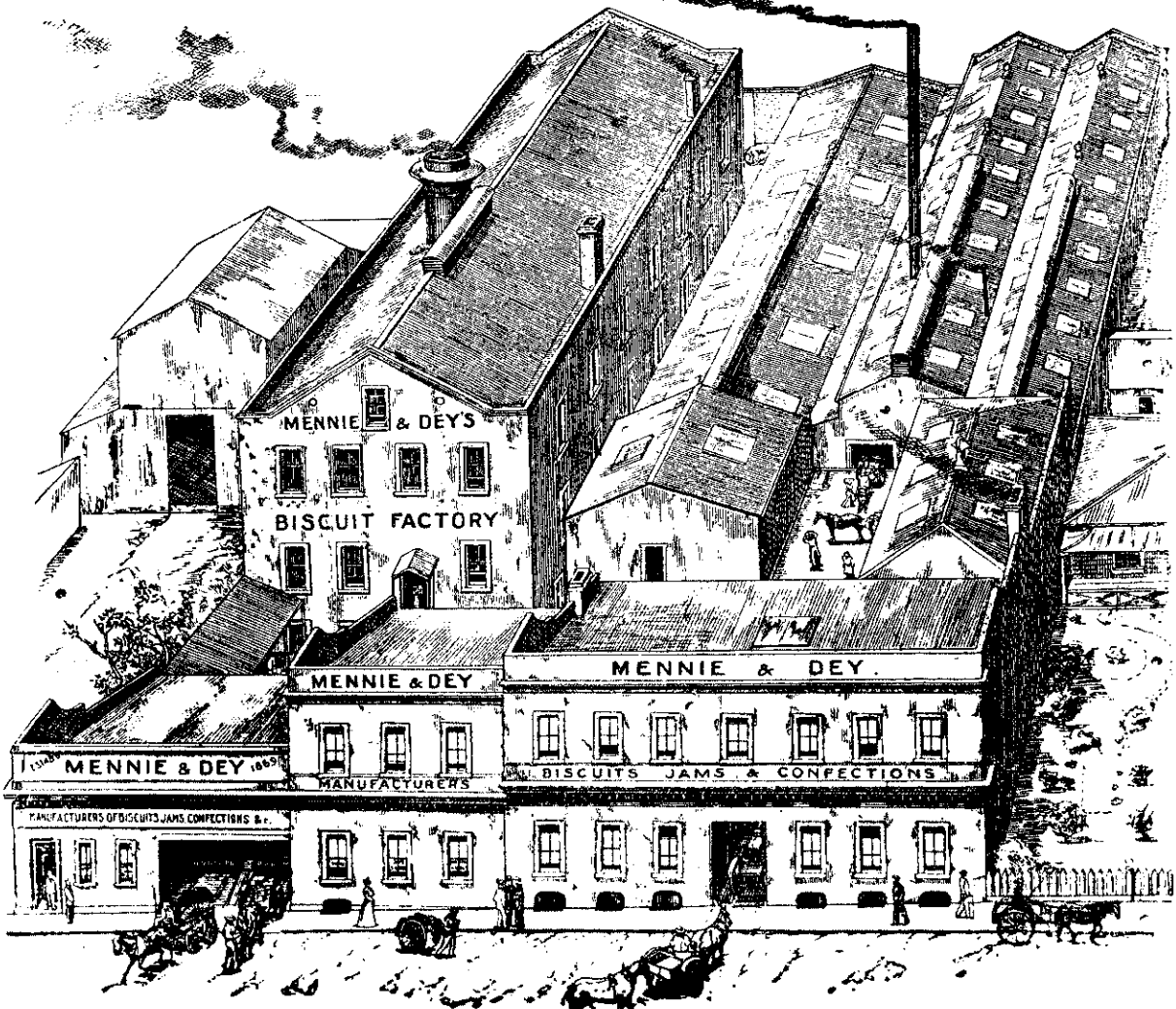
To Clean Corks.

It is as well to keep old corks, should they be good ones, as they often come in very useful, but, as they cannot well be used without cleaning in some way, the following simple method of doing so may be of interest. For those who do any home-made wines it will be a very useful thing to know.

The method is simply to place the corks in a tub of water, which has been mixed with 10 per cent. of sulphuric acid. Leave them in this for 24 hours, then wash them, first in boiling, then in cold water, when they will be free from the slightest smell or taste.

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,

Jungling Brothers.

WHO ARE STUMBLING-BLOCKS TO SISTERS' LOVE AFFAIRS.

"I wish I hadn't any brothers!" sighed the sister of six.
 "I wish I possessed a dozen!" retorted the girl without any.
 "Brothers are all right till you fall in love," said her brother-ridden friend.
 But they are terrible stumbling-blocks in the way of sisters' engagements. There's

THE JEALOUS BROTHER.

who glares at every eligible man that comes within his sister's radius.
 It's easy for brothers to "head off" a man who's beginning to be sentimental. In that stage young men are so self-conscious. And a little ridicule and chaff goes a long way.
 Then there are the always-in-the-way brothers. Most girls suffer from this variety. However sweet and pretty a sister is, it never occurs to some brothers that other men will think so. "Men don't bother over a child like Nan." The child is nineteen, and feels years older.

To her brothers she seems barely out of the nursery. But the other man didn't know her when she wore short frocks, and had a huge appetite for sugar-sprinkled bread-and-butter.
 To him Nan seems a worshipful young goddess. And her brothers' carelessness over such a paragon of perfection makes him furious. The young idiots don't appreciate the privilege of living in the same house with her, reflects young Roberts. What

OBTUSE DUFFERS

they are all round! They are always offering him cigars, and challenging him to ping-pong contests. Why on earth can't they leave him alone, and play their stupid sing-song and racy games by themselves?
 He wishes they weren't fired with such a wild enthusiasm to give him a good time. He's quite capable of looking after his own interests, if they'd only let him have a show.
 "Decent chap that young Roberts!" chorus the brothers. "Wonder why he doesn't care for women? Suppose he's been thrown over, or treated shamefully by a girl. Seems to fight shy of them here. Quite relieved

when he's taken out of the drawing room. That's why he comes so much, I suppose. He isn't left to chatter to a lot of women. He knows when he drops in here he'll get some sensible talk with us. Roberts hasn't any 'parlour tricks.' He's a real man's man."

"Think he comes to see you. Well, that's just like your vanity. He took good care to clear out of the drawing room last night the moment you gave him the chance. Couldn't you see how bored he was with the girls' talkee-talkee?"

As a matter of fact, the man badly wanted to "punch those brothers' heads."

The sister feels snubbed at her brothers' accusation of tethering unwilling masculines.

Next time young men are dragged from the drawing room the bereaved sister says never a word.

It isn't always a bit of bungling. Many brothers do this sort of thing on purpose. Jealousy comes in. They really don't see what there is in "the fellow" for their sisters to make a fuss about. Any idiot with curly hair has only to come along, and women rave and flatter and spoil till he's a conceited ass.

The sister of six has to get used to BROTHERS SITTING ALWAYS ON THE SPOT,

like Patience on a monument.

"Two's company, three's none." What girl with brothers hasn't this engraved on her heart through long suffering?

"Brothers are all very well before and after the marriageable period," said the girl with too many, "but not during the process. They might be so useful if they had tact. But did you ever hear of girls whose brothers were tactful over their love affairs?" she asked cynically. "Girls with brothers always on hand might as well make up their minds to sit for ever on the shelf.

"Jim finds my brothers at home nineteen times out of twenty calls. Some of them are always waiting to annex hapless masculines who come to see me and Bell. We hear lots about the woes of Boers surrounded on all sides by the blockhouse system, but we never hear a word about millions of despairing British girls whose blockhouse brothers hold the fort, and never give men a chance to make love to their sisters—to say no-

thing of any reciprocity on the part of the girls! Jim pretends he's teaching me chess, which gives us a quiet corner to ourselves. It's such a 'mental strain,' we won't allow on lookers. He's taught me for three months. And it's such a 'mental strain' I don't know the moves yet. Jim's a born strategist to have thought of it. No other man ever outwitted the brothers, and won the game of Me! And the best of it is, Jim couldn't play real chess to save his life.

"This is how brothers lead young men and maidens into temptation. I'm not a bit deceitful—nor Jim either. But if we weren't 'slim' we shouldn't have a chance. And we're going to be married—Jim and I. We settled that over the chess-board. But the dear, bungling brothers believe that we're absorbed in the moves of silly wooden pawns. You don't need to fall far into the ways of deceit to throw dust in your brothers' eyes.

"What! my brother Jack is teaching you chess? Well, of all the sly girls I ever heard of—"

The Care of Goldfish.

It is remarkable how seldom people are able to keep goldfish more than a month, and all because they neglect a few first principles. Goldfish can be kept almost any length of time, accidents apart, if kept scrupulously clean. The air in the water is soon exhausted, and they should have fresh water every day; if possible often in summer, though once will do if the globe is fairly large. One can usually tell when the fish require fresh water. They stand up on their tails with their mouths to the surface of the water, and move slowly in that position, generally making a bubbling sound. When you put the fresh water into the globe let it dash in from a height, so that plenty of air gets in; and let your fish have a handful of shells or small stones. People frequently make the mistake of thinking the fish get enough food out of the water. That is not so; they need feeding when in captivity. Packets of fishes' food, chiefly consisting of dried ants' eggs, can be procured from any seed or naturalist's shop. It is said that goldfish should never be handled. This is no doubt true if they are kept for breeding purposes. Otherwise, it does them no harm—if due care is exercised—and you may pick them up one by one in your hand, and pop them into their globe of fresh water. Never buy a fish unless the fins are erect and fully spread. Directly the fish is out of health the fins close more and more until it dies, when they are quite shut up against the body.

Literature for Boys and Girls.

Boys, in whatever class of life they may be, are natural patrons of romance and adventure; but it is melancholy to think how this excellent instinct is perverted in the juvenile literature of the streets. Its pages abound with plots as feeble as the incidents are absurd. Poverty of invention is sought to be hidden by wild extravagance in detail. The sentiment is bad; the writing is frequently ungrammatical jargon; the humour, when humour is attempted, is flat, stale and vulgar. The vapid mixture is made to go down by a fiery spicing of bloodshed, culminating not unfrequently in a perfect orgy of violence and crime. The writers, to do them justice, are as a rule free from any conscious design to corrupt and deprave; but it is easy to see how hurtful must be the effects on young and half-educated minds of this constant familiarity with deeds of ferocity and brutality. There is yet another kind of popular literature, and this is perhaps the most largely read of all. The boys get their fiction too hot and strong, the girls apparently like it mild, and mild, undoubtedly, are the stories which appear in the penny weeklies that are supposed to penetrate chiefly to feminine circles. There is no adventure, little violence, and not very much crime in the wearisome tales of the "family" papers which number the enraptured readers by myriads. If vice is exhibited—in the form of a wicked baronet, perhaps—it is only to lead up to the final triumph of virtue. But if the moral of those compositions is good, their effect must often be mischievous. They contain any amount of silly love-making, and an enormous mass of maudlin sentiment, both of which are probably as harmful to the intellect and character of unformed and unenlightened maidenhood as is the carnival of gore in the "penny dreadfuls" to the boys.

DECORATIVE ARTS

CARVING
LEATHER WORK
REPOUSSE WORK
PYROGRAPHY

TRY MARGER'S FOR DESIGNS

FRET-WORK
BAMBOO WORK
MARQUETTES
BENT-IRON WORK

Complete Catalogues of all necessary on 5d. Post Free.
MARGER BROTHERS, SETTLE, YORKS.

Nature's Pleasant Laxative, California Syrup of Figs.
 The Best Family Medicine.



Acts Gently on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, overcoming Habitual Constipation

WHY ITS FAME IS WORLD-WIDE.
 The excellence of California Syrup of Figs is due to its pleasant form and perfect freedom from every objectionable quality or substance, and to the fact that it acts gently and truly as a laxative without in any way disturbing the natural functions. The requisite knowledge of what a laxative should be and of the best means for its production enable the California Fig Syrup Co. to supply the general demand for a laxative, simple and wholesome in its nature and truly beneficial in its effects; a laxative which acts pleasantly and leaves the internal organs in a naturally healthy condition and which does not weaken them.

The Good it Does is Permanent.

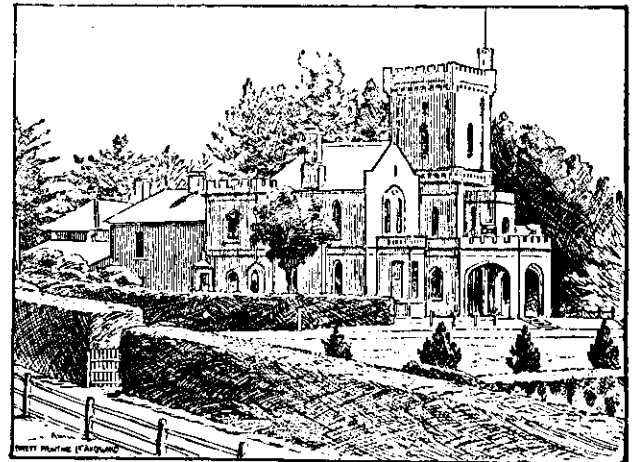
Ask for California Syrup of Figs, and look for the Name and Trade Mark of the California Fig Syrup Co. on all Containers, 25, 5d and 1s. 6d.

LONDON: 25 SNOW HILL. SYDNEY: 7 BARRACK STREET.



THE LADIES' COLLEGE, REMUERA,
 FOR GIRLS OF ALL AGES.

The beautiful and extensive property known as Cleveland House
 Half Term commences March 26th.



This first-class Private School provides modern high-class Education and moral training on Christian but unsectarian principles. Home-life is combined with the culture and disciplinary influences of School, under maternal supervision and with selected companionship. Full Staff of Resident and Visiting Professors and Governesses—English and Foreign.
 Prospectuses on application of Messrs Upton & Co., or Principal.
MRS. S. A. MOORE-JONES, M.R.C.P., M.M., C.M.I., S.K.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

(By MARGUERITE.)

Once again we see the familiar announcement, "Sales now on; great reductions," etc., and though personally I have no great faith in them, I have no doubt that a great many bargains can be picked up during sale times. There is therefore very little that I can add to what I have already said on the subject. To be a successful sale-shopper, make up your mind first what you really want, and how much you can afford to pay for it. Then go to the shop and explain what you require, and, if you can get it, buy it. Do not be led away by the bargain mania, to buy things which are cheap as to price, but prove in the long run very dear. Very many women are possessed of this craze, and buy something which they perhaps do not want—"But it was so cheap, you know"—and then found afterwards it will not go with anything else they may possess. Short lengths of materials for blouses—provided they are suitable or becoming—may often be picked up at sale time, at prices that make the bargains. But sale-shopping, like everything else, requires thought and method.

Then, again, good lace is never a bad investment, for it is always in fashion, and it is a charming addition to spring,

summer, autumn, and winter toilettes alike, not to speak of the blouses and tea-gowns, which those of us who have to study economy love to practise upon at home.

It behoves us now, in spite of the fascinations of sales, to gravely consider the question of early spring fashions. Some of the prettiest mixtures will be of cloth and lace, lace and cloth, as you will.

This year the leading tailors are displaying more ingenuity than ever, and they are using lace with as much zest as the dressmakers.

There is a distinct leaning towards basques—such short, smart little affairs, that they look rather like hip pieces, and are a distinct improvement to the dress of the hour, now that bigger hips are in vogue. But it is rather early yet to definitely say what modes will gain a firm hold in the world of fashion. Personally, I rather think the basque will be a feature, especially detachable ones.

It is quite extraordinary how the Empire style holds its own in evening toilettes, which are more beautiful than ever. It is here that wonderful pieces of embroidery and lace of rich and rare

patterns are perhaps seen at their best.

At present sleeves are developing a wealth of pretty whims, and the sleeves of the moment is very elaborate, very much tucked and appliqued, slashed, and puffed. It expands below the elbow just as the skirt below the knee. Both the coat tail and the basque are feared by middle-sized and short women, but if the tails are very short and very neatly pressed down they look very dainty on small women, and if the basque is neatly put on it makes a first-rate means of lengthening the skirt. The skirt is thus dropped about three inches, and the bare space covered with two or three little basques.

Short covert cloaks of light cloth, the palest gray, tan, and even white, seem to be in great demand. They slip comfortably over the most delicate gowns, and yet have a dressy look. One of pale gray is trimmed with stitched bands of white panne, while another of the same shade has the revers, cuffs, and pocket pieces extended by two-inch wide borders of blue velvet. Other coats are strapped with taffeta. There is nothing especially new about the shape, except that the sleeves bell slightly at the bottom.



VESTA BODICE OF VELVET AND SILK.

The vesta is the most attractive bodice, and especially neat for dressy wear. It



For the Country.

it constructed of black velvet, with a waistcoat of white corded silk embroidered with French knots. The velvet is trimmed with white passementerie cord, or may be more elaborately decorated as the fancy dictates. The silk waistcoat may be embroidered in different coloured knots, or a novelty material may be used instead.

© © ©



This is a design of a very simple but effective evening gown in white satin, spangled with silver. The skirt is cut in a point in front, with a double, graduated flounce of plain, white satin, each edged with a band of the silver-spangled satin. The bodice is also composed of the two satins, finished with a large bow and swathed shoulder-straps of the same.

© © ©



The gown here designed shows a fussy bodice. The satin is cut away at the side, disclosing a chemisette of lace, which also forms the décolletage, and goes in straps over the shoulders; the bodice is held together by a long paste buckle. The skirt could be cut up at the left side, and let in a narrow panel of lace. Finish the hem of the skirt with a net or chiffon ruche.

FREDERIC H. COWEN'S
Beautiful Song,
The Mission of a Rose

Sung with the greatest success by
MISS AMY CASTLES.
The "Illustrated London News" says:—The Mission of a Rose is "a Gem."
"Vanity Fair" (London) says:—The Mission of a Rose is "A Gracious Song."
"Peculiarly" says:—The Mission of a Rose is "A Sweet Song."
The "Sunday Times" (London) says:—The Mission of a Rose is "Full of true musicianly feeling; will be doubt become a great favorite."
THE MISSION OF A ROSE is being sung with great success by Miss Amy Castles. *Miss the best of all Music-sellers.*
London **RAYNOLDS & Co.,** Bouverie St., W.



I am giving you a design for a carriage wrap. It would look exceedingly well carried out in a rich brown, very fine cloth, of the same shade as sable, which should be used as the collar and revers. The strapped band confines the coat at the back and under the arms, but passes under the loose-hanging fronts.

© © ©

The silk blouse has become very dear to our hearts of late, more especially the black one; it is so very useful; always looking right, and blending amiably with almost any skirt we may wish to wear it with. There has been, and still is, of course, the finish of many tucks to the blouse of black silk; but there is another and rather newer trimming, that of



A BLACK SILK BLOUSE.

black and white mixed lace, which will commend itself to many as less hackneyed than the oft-repeated tucks. In this figure we give a smart model of a black silk blouse thus trimmed. It will be seen that the front is formed by a series of small perpendicular tucks depending from a cross-piece or shallow yoke of lace, then allowed to fly freely till gathered in to pouch over at waist; an insertion of the lace finishing each side, and also running down the back of each sleeve, and forming a cuff to gather in the slight fulness at the wrist.

© © ©

This evening gown is made of Liberty satin in an ivory shade, the skirt cut long and tight over the hips, but frou-frouing at the feet. The bodice is slightly pouched in front, but is quite plain at the back and sides. The berthe is of string coloured guipure appliqued with rose buds, sprays of the same flowers being twisted round the arms, over the small puffed sleeves, down on



to the gloves. The front of the bodice is finished with a bow and ends of panne velvet in turquoise blue, which colour looks charming intermingled with the pink blossoms. The same flowers and a little of the guipure applique appear again at the hem of the skirt.

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.,

66, LONG ROW, NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND,
and sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout Australasia.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS—IMITATIONS AND WORTHLESS.



This mantle is of rich black satin, suitable for a matron, and is made very full, with a shaped flounce, edged with full double ruche of black lace all round, and embroidered all over with a very handsome design in black silk, jet and sequins.



A USEFUL COAT.

This is a useful coat in grey box-cloth, brown velvet collar, the cuffs finished with five rows of stitching.

The GRAPHIC'S FUNNY LEAF

SHE HAD.

Blanche—Did she give Cholly any encouragement?
 May—Yes; she said she might not object to a man with more money than brains.

AN IDEAL CHURCH.

Mrs. Newcome—Yes, our new house is delightful, and there's such a nice church right near it.
 Mrs. Mooven—Indeed? What denomination?
 Mrs. Newcome—I declare I don't know, but the pews are so arranged that you can see everyone who comes in without the slightest trouble.

THE SURGEON'S VALENTINE.

He—You know about the doctors operating on Tom Archer for appendicitis and discovering that their diagnosis was wrong?
 She—Oh, yes, Well?
 He—Well, they sent him home on Valentine's Day with a note reading, "Opened by mistake."

PRETTY NEARLY RIGHT.

Teacher—What is a millionaire?
 Tommy—One man in a million.

A SUCCESSFUL DOCTOR.

"The doctor seems to be very successful in his practice."
 "Yes. He told me the other day that he had not lost a bill in six months."

ANOTHER PUZZLE FOR THE POST OFFICE.

Bill—But I dunno the bloke's address!
 "Arry—Can't yer write and ask 'im for it."

ANCESTRAL.

Father—Tell me why you want to get married?
 Daughter—I expect it's one of the traits I inherited from my mother.



INSURANCE MADE EASY.

Bill: Hartley got 'is life insured for a shillin'.
 Bob: 'Ow wuz that?
 Bill: Well, 'e borrerred a bob uv th' foreman, an' th' foreman won't put 'im on a dangerous job as long as 'e owes 'im the money.

LOVE'S GRAMMAR.

Teacher—What is the future of the verb "to love," Jennie?
 Jennie (sweet 16): To get married.

A LARGE SETTLEMENT.

"Did your father-in-law settle anything on you when you married his daughter?"
 "Yes, the rest of the family."

HIS INTERPRETATION.

"What does it mean, Tommy," the Sunday-school teacher asked, "where it says they rent their clothes?"
 "I suppose they couldn't afford to buy them," replied Tommy.



HIS GRIEVANCE.

Uncle: What makes you look so unhappy, Tom?
 Tommy: 'Cause nobody ever calls me good unless I'm doing something I don't want to do.

FOR IMMEDIATE RELIEF.

"Are you ever troubled by feeling what seems to be a weight on your chest when you are asleep?"
 "Often."
 "What do you do for it?"
 "I always wake up if I can."

AT THE OTHER END.

A certain naval officer was very pompous and conceited when on duty. One day, when he was officer of the watch, and he could not, as usual, find anything of consequence to grumble about, he attempted to vent his spite on one of the stokers of the vessel, who was in the engine-room, on duty.

Going to the speaking tube, the officer yelled: "Is there a blithering idiot at the end of this tube?"

The reply came quick and startling: "Not at this end, sir!"

The feelings of the officer, as he turned away with a black frown, can be better imagined than described.

EXORBITANT.

Litigant—What will you charge me for taking the case?
 Lawyer—It ought to be worth a hundred, but I'll do it for you for an even £60.

Litigant—Sixty pounds? Great Croesus! I can buy a whole jury for that!

Bronco Bill: So yer lynched th' wrong feller?

Rough Rube: Yes, We imagined he was th' feller stole th' hoss, but he was n't.

Bronco Bill: Huh! Yer should be more careful how yer stretch yer imagination.

AN EXPENSIVE GAME.

"My time," said the multibillionaire, "is worth twenty pounds a minute." "Well," answered the friend, casually, "let's go out this afternoon and play two or three thousand pounds' worth of golf."

SOMETHING EXPECTED.

Ida—You look nervous, dear.
 May—Yes, I am sure Dick is going to propose when we get out on the links.
 Ida—What makes you think so?
 May—Why, I heard Dick bribing the caddy to make out he was too sick to keep up with us.

BE EXPLICIT.

Applicant—I want to get a license.
 Clerk—Liquor, peddler, marriage or dog?

UNEXPECTED ANSWER.

She was a bright young teacher, in charge of a bright young class, composed of many foreign children. To increase their vocabulary she had hit on a guessing game. She told the class of what she was thinking, and they named the object.

This time she had thought of the word birthday, and the lesson went on in this fashion:

"Now, little folks, I'm thinking of something you all have. You don't have it very often, just once every year. Even I have one. What is it? I'll give you a minute to think, and when you are sure you know raise your hand."

Hands began to go up rapidly.
 "My," said the bright young teacher. "I really think I have the best little folks in all this big school. They all think so fast, and I know they are thinking of the very thing I thought. I'm going to let Morris tell. I'm sure he knows."

Morris rose to his feet, stood in the aisle in true military position, and, like a shot from a gun, in response to the teacher's:

"Tell us what it is, Morris." Came the ready answer:
 "A clean undershirt, teacher!"

THE DIFFICULTY.

"What has been the greatest difficulty with which you have had to contend, Mrs. Kinder, in your struggle with the servant-girl problem?"

"Preventing the good ones getting married."

PLOWED UP.

Rube—We'en you goin' ter git at yer spring plowin'?

Josh—I don't calc'late to do none.

Rube—You don't. Why?
 Josh—Won't have ter. I've 'lowed a lot of amateur golfers ter use my fields fer practice sence Feb'yary.

A DIFFICULT FEAT.

Manhattan—How careworn old Scanrocks looks.

Broadway—Well, it is no wonder. After spending thirty years walking the slack rope of commercial success he is now trying to climb the greased pole of social distinction.

WANTED—A JULEP.

"No," said Colonel Stillwell; "I don't read poetry."

"Why not?"

"I got tired of waiting for them to quit harping on violets and crocuses and Johnny-jump-ups and sing a word or two about mint."

Closest: Does your wife eternally pester you for money? Graspit: No; the people she buys things from do that.

PLAYING WITH WORDS.

"Night falls, but it doesn't break," observed the Simple Mug.
 "What of it?" queried the Wise Guy.
 "Oh, nothing," chuckled the Simple Mug, "except that day breaks, but it doesn't fall."



"DON'T LIKE TO CONFESS IT.

Cropper: I see by the posters that young Stager, the comedian, travels under his wife's name.
 Darcy: So do most men but they don't advertise it.

LIKE HIS MASTER.

Mrs. Bill: I understand that's a smart dog your husband's got; that he'll do just what his master does.
 Mrs. Jill: Yes; he's growling about the house from morning until night.

HER TRAGEDY.

"Dora must have suffered some terrible disappointment. One never sees her smile now. What is the matter?" "Two front teeth pulled."

A SLIGHT DELAY.

Strawber: "I may as well tell you, old man, that I'm engaged to Miss Pinkerly, the girl you have been so attentive to."

Singerly: "Oh, that accounts for what she said last night."

Strawber: "What was that?"
 Singerly: "Why, I proposed to her, and she said she would have to wait a little while before she formally accepted me."

THE LITERARY POINT OF VIEW.

"My dear boy, you should study self-repression. Don't let your emotions depict themselves so openly in your face."

"Why not, uncle?"
 "Because it isn't artistic to give away your story in the headlines."



QUITE LIKELY.

George: Yes, Miss Philipp, you're quite right; he is a fine dog. Would it—aw—surprise you—aw—if I told you that that dog knows as much as I do?

Miss Philipp: Not at all!