

extraordinary adventures. One of his characteristics is his splendid loyalty to the Elder Dempster shipping firm, under whose flag he sailed, and his admiration for Sir Alfred L. Jones, the firm's managing director. Sir Alfred's recent tribute to Captain Tubbs was in the following terms: "His genius is cast in a rough mould, but he is a grand character and a clever linguist."

One day last week, says a Christchurch paper, a passenger who arrived from Wellington by the s.s. Rotomahana reported to the police in Christchurch that he had missed his purse, containing a sum of money, and a steamer ticket to London. He mentioned that he suspected a certain member of the crew of having stolen it. Accordingly a detective and a constable visited the steamer and searched the man in question and his quarters, but found no trace of the lost property. The man was kept under surveillance for three days, after which he was again searched, with the same result as before. Then the detective suggested to the passenger, who was staying at an hotel in Christchurch, that it might be well to look among his own belongings for the missing articles. After some demur this was done, and the purse and its contents were found in a portmanteau, where they had been placed by the owner, who had forgotten having put them there.

The half yearly report of the Official Assignee of Auckland states that the number of filings during the six months ending June 30 was considerably less than corresponding periods during the past nineteen years. In 1884 for the six months ending June 30, the number of filings was 60, in 1885, 101, and in 1886, 107. Since the last mentioned term the number has gradually decreased until in 1900 it was 16. The half year just ended was more satisfactory even than in the corresponding period last year, the filings numbering only 11. The average number of filings during the past 19½ years was 47 per six months. From the above the one conclusion is that business generally must be in a far healthier condition than in previous years, and it speaks volumes for the integrity of our business men.

A good many readers of the "Graphic" will endorse the following, written by "Parent" to a Wellington exchange: I think it is a disgraceful thing that Arbor Day should be honoured in the breach and not in the observance, as it is in Wellington. What a farcical thing it is that a holiday should be given to the school children on that day, seeing that few, if any, of our school teachers are public-spirited enough to take advantage of the occasion and do something towards beautifying the city! It appears to me that the school teachers in this city care for nothing except to get through their day's work in a perfunctory manner, and appear once a month to draw their "screws." The Education Board should certainly prohibit Arbor Day from being observed as a holiday under false pretences. In this case the children had just finished a three weeks' holiday, and it was an injustice to them to have the next week broken in two in the ridiculous manner described.

As showing the heavy toll that must be levied upon shopkeepers by sneak thieves on occasion the "Otago Daily Times" mentions that the other day a well dressed lady was intercepted in the tea rooms of a large and fashionable establishment with some £15 worth of clothing concealed about her person. It seems that during the crush at the opening of one of the annual cheap sales she contrived to slip on a cape worth 50s under her own cape, at the same time stowing away no fewer than five expensive furs and a silk petticoat. On being searched by one of the female attendants all the articles were recovered, and at the earnest entreaties of the culprit on behalf of her family she was allowed to go free instead of being handed over to the police.

Earthquakes and tremors are still being constantly felt in Cheviot, as many as fifteen in a fortnight having been registered lately, says the "Press." For the most part they are only slight, and fail now to cause much anxiety. There are still, however, plenty of evidences of the late disturbances, and bricklayers are still in great demand. Although most of the dwellings have now blue brick chimneys re-erected, there is much more yet to do, and wherever one turns the housetops still show by tarpaulins and covers that the work of reconstruction is yet incomplete.

Race stories drop in naturally. Here are two that happened a long way away. An owner, whose jockey had been given orders "not to knock him about to-day," suddenly discovered that the two he feared might beat him were not being backed. He at once jumped in, and put a nice parcel on his own, which, from a forlorn price, at once bounded to six to four. The horses were at the post, and the owner was making a bee-line down the course to tell his rider that he was now to try and reach the winning-post as soon as he could. But the scent of a rat had by this time reached the stewards' noses, and they woke up and stopped Mr. Owner's journey. Not to be beaten, he wrote a note to his jockey, and, giving it to a trooper, asked him to take it down, which he, all unconscious of the use he was being put to, did at all speed. The horse won. The second story is of a race meeting in a very primitive spot. There were four lined up, and the starter saw, by the eagerness of one to get off and of the other three to tarry, that there was only one on it. "Stop a bit," he cried to the riders, and, galloping back up the straight to the enclosure, shouted to his mates, "Boys, back Blue Lion; the other three's dead as cold mutton for him." And they did.

A recent trial in Sydney supplies a reminder, if such be needed, of the folly of dealing with agents as though they had the full powers of a principal. A farmer borrowed £2000 from an insurance society in Sydney, and gave a mortgage over his land by way of security. The document specially provided that the principal was to be repaid at the end of three years at the head office in Sydney. Nine months later the mortgagor went to the society's local agent at Lismore, and asked leave to pay off. The agent stated that he had no power to take the money, but that he would write to Sydney and obtain authority. A few days later the mortgagor called again, when the agent said he had heard from the head office, and the payment would be accepted. So the mortgagor paid over the £2007 in full settlement, as he thought. This sum the clerk misappropriated, with the exception of £291, which ultimately found its way into the bank account of the society. The society repudiated the acts of its clerk, and then the mortgagor brought an action, seeking to recover the £2027 from the society as money received to his use. On the want of authority in the agent being shown, the claim narrowed itself practically to the £291. It was said that, as the society had enjoyed the benefit of this sum, it had ratified the acts of the agent to the extent of that amount at all events. Moreover, it was contended that as to the £291, the society was estopped, by the fact of having got it, from denying the authority of the agent to receive it. The Court, however, disposed of both these points, on the broad view that unless it could be proved—which was not the case—that the society, when it received the £291, knew that the amount had been paid by the mortgagor to the agent in respect of the mortgage, there could be neither assumed ratification nor estoppel. Knowledge is, in short, the basis of both the doctrines. You cannot, even inferentially, authorise an act unless you are aware of it. As to the estoppel, the Court apparently meant that the society was entitled to the £291, at any rate as against the agent, and that the mortgagor's sole remedy was against the agent personally.

Smart society in England, according to Mr G. W. E. Russell, has given up keeping Sunday in the old-fashioned way. "To-day whatever of Sunday is not occupied with exercise is given to meals. The early cup of tea, not without accompaniments, is followed by a breakfast which in quantity and quality resembles a dinner, and is served at any time from ten o'clock to twelve. A good many people breakfast in their own room, and 'do themselves,' as the phrase is, uncommonly well there. Luncheon has long been a dinner, excepting 'white soup. The menu is printed in white and gold; and coffees and liquors are prolonged till within measurable distance of tea. Tea is tea, and a great deal besides—cakes, sandwiches, potted meat, poached eggs; and, perhaps, in its season, a bleeding woodcock. A little jaded by these gastronomic exertions, and only partially recruited by its curfew game of tennis, society puts off its dinner till nine, and then sits down with an appetite which has gained keenness by delay. Drinks of all descriptions circulate in the smoking room and the billiard room, and Monday morning is well advanced before the last servant gets to bed." If he had brought his description up to date Mr Russell would have said that in many country houses the inmates spend the afternoon and evening in playing bridge.

Christchurch girls, on a visit to Wellington, relates the "Free Lance," are not letting any opportunities slip of advertising the fact. I have noticed several more or less peachy-cheeked damsels with large gold letters, "Christchurch," on their hand-bands. It is a well-known fact that Christchurch girls, while at home, despair of annexing the transient male. Of course, you have noticed that girls from other towns make periodical raids and scoop the best matrimonial plums. Men are always looking for fresh faces, and Christchurch on a hat lets them know that the beauty under it is perfectly fresh.

Ping-pong, our newest game, is determined not to be behind its older brothers, and has therefore produced a disease which is quite its own. Its imposing name is teno-synovitis, and it is said to be very painful. Dr. F. Graham Crookshank, writing in the "British Medical Journal," gives a description of a case. A patient came to him with considerable swelling of the left leg above the ankle. This subsided after a day in bed, and examination showed that there was acute teno-synovitis or inflammation of the sheaths of the tendons connected with the muscles round the skin. The patient attributed his condition to his daily avocation, which involves much walking, but incidentally another and more material circumstance was elicited—that he had been devoting his evenings with much ardour to "ping-pong," and had, moreover, played the game wearing his usual stiff buttoned boots. The pastime in question appears to necessitate many sudden alterations in position, while at the same time the weight of the body is supported chiefly on the interior pier of the main pedic arch. The strain on the tibialis anticus muscle must under these circumstances be severe, and until in the fulness of time a costume and footwear appropriate to this national sport be evolved such cases as this will probably from time to time occur.

Honor or honour! Up to date, I believed (writes "Boyet") that British people split it with the U. S. and Americans without it. There is, and has supposed to exist, an unwritten law to avoid Americanisms. But then comes an eye-opener, or, as Mr Switellor would have said, "a staggerer." The King and Queen of England, and Prince and Princess of Wales, in their invitations, spell honour without the liquid rowel. "To have the honor of meeting Their Majesties the King and Queen, the comptroller of the household is desired, etc., etc." "To have the honor of meeting His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, etc., etc." This is the wording of two cards of invitation, issued by the leaders of so-

cial England. What can our unfortunate citizens who went Home for the Coronation do? They must reply in the same strain, and will be compelled to "have the honor to accept, etc., etc." One may well ask whether are we drifting? Some day we may have the "honour of being invited to a plowing match," and will have to part with our good, old, honest, agricultural "plough," and substitute "plow." This is, indeed, a time of trial, doubt, and difficulty, when no man knoweth when he is going to receive one on the solar plexus.

No doubt there will be plenty of work in South Africa for men able to work and willing to work, but as the following advertisement in the Dublin "Irish Times" indicates, there is no room there for a certain type of "new chum," who occasionally reaches us here in New Zealand. The advertisement runs:—"The writer of the present, who is of most respectable South European family, Roman Catholic, finds him in a temporary peculiar difficulties, through his un-successfulness in securing a gentlemanly employment in either of the new British Colonies in South Africa. If there is an Irish girl of respectable parents, Roman Catholic, with say £400 a year of her own, desiring to marry and share the happiness with the writer either in South Africa, or at the writer's native country, or in Ireland, let her write in strictest confidence to —. Photo desired, which will be returned, if not accepted. Age of writer 28, tall, good-looking, ex-healthier, teetotaler, has a graceful voice, and plays piano beautifully." As we observed, we know that imported creed here, and can spare 'em all for S.A. The "Graphic" likewise mistrusts the reliability of the allegation of teetotalism. This class is usually fond of the wine-cup.

Ping-pong is being pressed into the service of charity. This was only to be expected, and doubtless it will realize many shakels for various causes. Amongst the first is a juvenile ping-pong tournament for boys and girls under seventeen. This is in aid of the Victoria School for Maori Girls. It takes place on Saturday, August 2nd, and entries are to be received till Wednesday next (to-day week). They will be received by Mr Gillilan, of Fort-street, and Mr Murray, of Parnell.

It is satisfactory to note that someone (Mr Witheford, M.H.R.) has at last lodged a public complaint concerning the disgraceful lack of comfort and accommodation on the wharf at New Plymouth. Thousands of readers of the "Graphic" have no doubt been turned out of the express on to the wharf on dark nights when the weather has been wet and blustering, and have been wet through and chilled to the bone before they could get on board, and thousands arriving on rough mornings from Auckland, and suffering agonies from sea-sickness, have turned out on the shelterless quay to brave any inclemency of the weather rather than the horrors of mal de mer. We learn now that the Harbour Board of New Plymouth are to blame, or rather are too mean to supply proper accommodation for travellers who are most grossly overcharged for the brief journey up to New Plymouth township. Now that attention has been drawn to the proper quarter for complaint something may possibly be done, and the New Plymouth Harbour Board brought to a more proper sense of their responsibilities to the travelling public.

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