

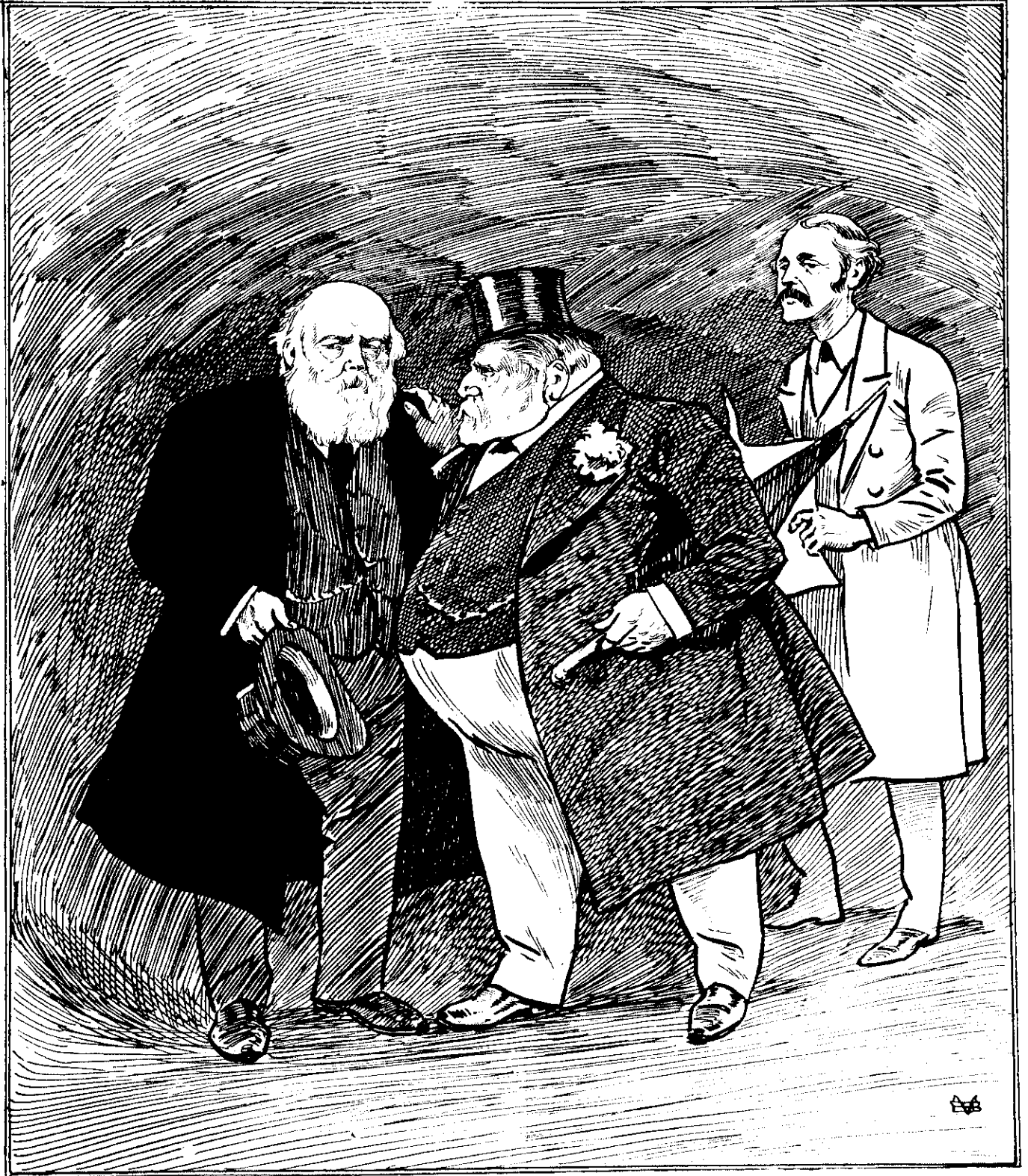
# The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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## A State Secret.

LORD SALISBURY (apologetically): "I do hope you're not annoyed over this business, Mr. Seddon, but you see Balfour had claims, and then—ah—well—ah—"

THE RIGHT HON. RICHARD: "Oh, of course, of course, I understand the awkward position you were in. We can't always follow our best judgment. But it can't be helped, old man. I'll be Balfour's friend."

# People Talked About

## Another Successful Aucklander.

In these columns last week appeared a picture of Mr Donald Murray, the inventor, an old Auckland boy, with a short sketch of his career. Below we give a portrait of Dr. Lambert Hepenstall Ormsby, another old Aucklander, who has just been elected to the high position of president of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland. Dr. Ormsby was born at Onehunga Lodge, Auckland, in July, 1849, was educated at the Parnell Grammar School, and finally left Auckland in 1863 at the age of 14. Mr Ormsby is a graduate in arts and M.D. of Dublin University, a member of the senate, fellow and late member of the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons, one of the senior surgeons of the Meath Hospital and County Dublin Infirmary, surgeon to the National Children's Hospital, consulting surgeon to the Drummond Military School (Chapelizod), honorary con-



SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH.

D.C.L., 1878). In July, 1864, he was elected M.P. for East Gloucestershire. He was Parliamentary Secretary to the Poor Law Board from February till December, 1868, with the exception of a few weeks, during which he was Under-Secretary for the Home Department. When the Conservatives again came into office in February, 1874, Sir M. Hicks-Beach was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland. On taking that office he was sworn to the Privy Council, and in 1877 he was admitted to a seat in the Cabinet. In February, 1878, he was nominated Secretary of State for the Colonies, in the place of Lord Carnarvon, who had resigned in consequence of a difference with his colleagues on the Eastern question. Sir M. Hicks-Beach went out of office with his party in April, 1880, and on the accession of Lord Salisbury to power was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, with the leadership of the House of Commons, June, 1885. This he held till Mr Gladstone's return to power. On the dissolution in 1886 he was returned again for West Bristol, which he had previously represented, and accepted the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland, vacated by Mr John Morley. He resigned this office from ill-health, March, 1887, and in February, 1888, was appointed President of the Board of Trade, and retained that office until August, 1892. In 1895 he again became Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sir Michael is a magistrate for Gloucestershire, and was for fourteen years captain in the Royal North Gloucestershire Militia.



DR. LAMBERT HEPENSTALL ORMSBY.

sulting surgeon to the Dublin branch of Institute of Journalists, fellow of the Royal Medico-Chirurgical Society of London, and fellow of the Royal Academy of Medicine (Ireland). Dr. Ormsby is the son of the late George Owen Ormsby, C.E., Surveyor-General of the Auckland district, some 30 years ago. He belongs to the senior branch of the Ormsby family in Ireland, being descended from Sir Edward Ormsby, M.P., Tubbervady, and Grange, Co. Roscommon, and his immediate relatives have served with distinction in the army, the law, the Church, and the public service. His only son is a graduate of arts and medicine of Dublin University, and now an officer in the Royal Army Medical Corps, lately returned from South Africa. In public life Mr Ormsby is well known for his activity of mind and the indomitable energy he devotes to every work he undertakes.

## The Breaking Strain.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, the announcement of whose early retirement, owing to the strain of office, has come together with the news of Lord Salisbury's retirement, has won for himself the special reputation of being an eminently "safe" financier. He has been regarded as safe all through his political career. He is the eldest son of the late Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, of Williams-Strip Park, Gloucestershire, the eighth baronet, and he was born in Portugal-Street, London, in 1817. From Eton he was sent to Christ Church, Oxford (B.A., 1838; M.A., 1861; Hon.



MRS KITCHEN, of Thames.

## The Century Record.

Among New Zealanders who have almost completed their hundred years Mrs Kitchen, of the Thames, whose picture we give herewith, is a notable example on account of the remarkable way in which she bears her great age. Although now in her 96th year she enjoys the most perfect health and spirits, and takes a keen interest in all that is going on. From her appearance there is every probability that she will attain her century; indeed, there is no reason why she should not live for many years beyond it, as we sincerely hope she will. Mrs Kitchen has been 32 years in the colony, and has resided at the Thames most of the time.

## The Late Corporal Harris.

The many friends of Corporal Harris will recognise in the accompanying portrait the familiar features of one of the best fellows the North ever sent to the war. Ernest Walter Harris, whose death by an accident after he had safely passed through all the dangers of the war, was deeply mourned by all who knew him. He was the son of the late Captain G. B. Harris, master of several of the well-known traders of the old "Circular Saw" line of Messrs Henderson and Macfarlane. He was educated at the Onehunga Grammar School, and was well known then and subsequently in football and athletic circles. He volunteered for South Africa with the Fifth New Zealand Contingent, and during its period of service was attached to the No. 1 Battery, and took part in all the actions in which it was engaged. He passed through the whole campaign without a scratch or a day's illness, and was among the



THE LATE CORPORAL HARRIS.

most popular non-commissioned officers of the contingent. After his return to this colony about a year ago he joined his brother, Mr H. A. Harris, of Glenmurray, in a bush farm at Te Rau-o-moa, Kawhia County. While clearing one of the boundary lines, preparatory to fencing, he was severely struck by the projecting limb of a falling matai, and injured internally. He was taken with all possible despatch to Pirongia, where medical aid was procured, but this proved unavailing, and he died on May 1st last, the day following the occurrence of the accident. Corporal Harris was of a quiet unassuming disposition, and the many who, like the writer, enjoyed his friendship, knew well how true-hearted and genuine a friend he was. He was a splendid horseman, and when resident near Auckland was a constant follower of the hounds. A

good comrade, a true man, and a generous friend, the world would be the better if there were more like him.



SISTER LITTLECOTT, of Ashburton.

In another part of this issue we give an interesting interview with Sister Littlecott, of Ashburton, who recently returned on a short furlough from South Africa, where she has been engaged in nursing the sick and wounded.

## The First Lady in the Land.

Scotland, the land of romance and legend, will have no fairer representative at the Coronation ceremonies in London than the Duchess



THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET.

of Somerset. Now that there is no Duchess of Norfolk, her Grace of Somerset ranks above every feminine subject of King Edward; but she is exceedingly modest, and, in spite of her many accomplishments, has never taken a prominent place in fashionable society. The Duchess is a very good shot and has often accompanied her husband on important sporting expeditions. She became a devotee of the wheel long before cycling became a passing craze in the smart set. She has literary tastes and has been a frequent and acceptable contributor to the best English magazines of her day.

**People Who Missed a Peerage.**

Homely and trite is the old adage, "A miss is as good as a mile," but in the case of twins, where one British brother, the junior, perhaps, by a few minutes, finds himself a younger son of no account and his brother possibly a duke or belted earl, the position is rather trying, the "miss" being so slight a one that it is difficult for him to realise that his position is so different from that of the elder twin.

head of a great house. He is one of a number of brothers and sisters, and his twin brother, the Hon. Frederick Lambton, is the member for South Durham, and married three years earlier than the earl. Another twin earl is Lord Malmesbury, who is only twenty-nine. His twin is Mr Alexander Charles Harris.

Lord Stalbridge is, of course, a member of the Duke of Westminster's family, which is a very large one, when the various cousins and kinsfolk are included.

Marchioness of Sligo. They are lively, pretty Irish girls and have been out a season or so. Their mother was the third wife of the third Marquis, a daughter of Vicomte de Peyronnet, and both the Ladies Browne bear the name of Peyronnet, one being the Lady Mary Isabel and the other the Lady Isabel Mary.

A pair of notable twins still in the nursery are the lovely little sons of Sir Phillip and Lady Grey Egerton. Phillip le Malpas Wayne, who will be seven next April, will succeed to his

Rowland le Belward, who will be plain "Mr" all the days of his life.

Lady Grey Egerton is one of the beautiful Americans who have married English noblemen, and her twin boys are singularly handsome, graceful children. It would seem that as a rule twins are of the same sex, but there is one boy and girl pair in the peerage, Lord Stalbridge's children. Mr Hugh Grosvenor is his father's heir and is one and twenty, while his twin sister, Blanche, entered the bonds of matrimony last summer and is now the wife of Capt. Holford.

The Hon. Ronald Edward Maule Ramsay and the Hon. Charles Fox Maule Ramsay are twins, and brothers of the present Earl of Dalhousie. The latter, being unmarried,



THE HON. VIOLET VIVIAN ONE OF LORD VIVIAN'S SISTERS



THE HON. DOROTHY VIVIAN ONE OF LORD VIVIAN'S SISTERS

The most beautiful twin girls that society has known were the lovely young daughters of Consuelo Duchess of Manchester; sadly enough, they both died in their teens. Lady Alice lived to grow up into maidenhood and had just begun to taste the pleasures that belong to a beautiful debutante when the scourge of consumption ended her bright young life in spite of the fact that her mother tried everything that might save her; her winters were spent at St. Moritz, and there she died just two years ago.

Another pair of charming twins are the Queen's maids of honour, Lord Vivian's sisters. They made their

father's title and position (the Grey Egertons are one of the very old English families), and his twin is



LORD MALMESBURY.



THE HON. CHARLES HARRIS (Lord Malmesbury's twin brother).

Her twin, Lady Mary, who died still younger, was with her at the wedding of Lord Wolverton, early in 1885, when the two girls were nicknamed "The Heavenly Twins" on account of their attractive appearance, Lady Mary died just a couple of months later.

There is at least one English dukedom to which the heir presumptive is a twin. Lord Percy St. Maur, the heir presumptive to the Duke of Somerset, is twin with Lord Ernest St. Maur.

There are no twins among the members of the Royal Family in England, but the King's niece, Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse, daughter of the late Empress Frederick, is the proud mother of no less than two pairs of twins, for whom a wag on the Stock Exchange suggested the names of "Bear" and "Forbear" and "Max" and "Climax." The elder pair are five years of age.

The Earl of Durham is the only twin who is at the present time the

debut at the Belgian Court, where they were greatly admired. They are one-and-twenty years old, and are kinswomen to the other Vivian twins, Lord Swansea's daughters, the Misses Alberta Diann and Alexandra Gladys Vivian.

These twins, who are just eighteen this year, are godchildren of the King and Queen. Rather curiously, in both Vivian families there is a Violet and an Alexandra.

Still another pair of twin sisters are the Ladies Mary and Isabel Browne, daughters of the widowed



THE HON. RONALD RAMSEY.



THE HON. CHARLES FOX MAULE RAMSAY, (Twin to the above).

the title will descend to the Earl's brother, the Hon. Patrick William Maule Ramsay. The second heir is the Hon. Alexander Robert Maule Ramsay, and only after him do the twins come in, so it is only in the event of the present Earl and his two brothers dying without issue that Charles Fox Maule Ramsay, the younger twin, can be said to have missed a peerage.



A CRACK AUSTRALASIAN YACHT.

Mr. W. A. Wilkinson's 25-footer the "Speedwell," designed and built by C. Bailey, junr. Winner of the 25-foot L.R. Race at Auckland Regatta, 1901 and 1902, Mahurangi Regatta 1901, Waikato Regatta 1902, General Handicap Races of N.Z. Yacht Squadron and N.S. Yacht Club 1902, also North Shore Yacht Club's Trophy for highest points in class, 1902. Full record: 12 Firsts, 2 Seconds and 2 Thirds for 18 starts. This is probably the best record of any boat in Australasia—certainly in New Zealand.



EARL OF DURHAM.



THE HON. W. LAMBTON. (The Earl's twin brother).



## PART IV.

## AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT.

"Even so, where Heaven holds breath and hears

The beating heart of Love's own breast; Where round the secret of all spheres All angels lay their wings to rest, How shall my soul stand rapt and awed;

When by the new birth borne abroad Throughout the music of the suns, It enters in her soul at once; And knows the silence there for God.

"Here with her face doth memory sit Meanwhile and meet the day's decline, Till other eyes shall look from it, Eyes of the Spirit's Palestine, Even than the old gaze tenderer; While hopes and aims long lost with her

Stand round her image side by side Like tands of pilgrims that have died About the Holy Sepulchre."

D. G. ROSETTI.

Two years passed before I met Veronica Eastlake.

I had nothing more just then to do with her life. We were parted, and if sometimes the shadow of my sorrows seemed to cloud my pathway I tried to live as a man should, who was worthy of the love, the friendship of Veronica. Surely it could not be counted as a slight sacrifice to have renounced the joy of seeing that sweet woman? I forgot, in looking back, how short our deep intimacy and friendship had been. It seemed to me as if we had always been each other's heart-friend.

For in life there is always one who is the wife-friend, and whether she is only friend, or whether she is wedded wife, it is the only true marriage in the world.

Veronica left England with her husband and children and lived entirely abroad.

Once I wrote to her, "Tell me about yourself. My heart aches for news of you. May I come to Egypt and see you?—and, oh! do not wear the 'witch's eyes.' I am trying to live as your friend should, but it is very hard sometimes, and I long for the smile of reward. Only tell me you are better."

In a little while she wrote back to me: "I am no better, and never shall be better. Do not ask to see me, I am not strong enough. I am not one of the strong, brave women who can steer safely through this difficult world. But I like to feel that though very far apart, we are climbing the same narrow stair together, and we may meet at last there. Meanwhile, I rest a great deal: there is still much on earth left for me to do. My children I cling to—so soon to part, that is the hardest pang of all. It is for so short a time that I may sign myself, Yours for ever, Veronica."

I thought with a passion of longing of that Egypt, whose very name seems to call up mysterious dreams and longings—

The Nile—the palms—Veronica!—her life ribbing fast away from the heart that loved her best in the world.

There are some places on earth whose names one cannot bear to hear, because the longing to be there with the beloved is intense even to pain. Venice—Rome—the Campagna—the Nile—wild fjords in Norway—those pine forests where Shelley

wandered—oh to be there with just "one fair form," and only earth and sky for company! I know how women dream, too, these dreams, and how seldom, if ever on earth, they become realities. I think the real Heaven will be the fruition of hopes, the satisfaction of infinite longings.

Sometimes I heard of Veronica indirectly from my sister, who loved her. She was one of those women who inspired intense devotion, and my sister, who had never smiled on Cynthia, in the earlier days when she and St. John stayed at my house, had taken Veronica to her heart. After a year had gone by I left Lochsye in my sister's and the factor's hands, and wandered away into foreign lands.

I knew that life had completely altered for me, and that the parting

death was a great shock to her at the time. I have often wondered if they were happy. But she is now very calm, I hear, and is too ill to see people. He died from a fall from his horse at Cairo. There are stories told of how he neglected her in her illness, and how she tried to do too much for his sake. But one never knows the truth of stories. I have heard she is still beautiful."

Why did my sister add that? To me she would have been always beautiful, for the love I bore her was unchanging.

I hastened home to London, and at once went to her house. I chose a late hour in the afternoon, for I thought I should have more chance of seeing her then.

The butler said "No," and when I insisted:

serpent ring I had given her long ago, with a diamond head.

It seemed to me all earth was contained in that quiet room. Her own flowers were about her—heliotropes, beloved flowers, children of the sun, violets and some tall sunflowers stood in an Oriental jar behind her.

"Veronica," I said, gently.

She turned her head and saw me. Her smile lit up her wan, white face; the soft, fair hair was ruffled on her forehead. She just looked a moment at my face; she spoke very softly.

"You have come back to me—you are the same as when we parted. Ah, Sir Lancelot, the time has been very long."

I dared to lay my arms around her. She did not move, but I felt that the heart-beats quickened, and the blush



"Died from a fall from his horse."

"Sir Lancelot, Mrs Eastlake sees hardly anyone now; you know she is very, very ill."

Then he went upstairs to enquire, and I, sure of my welcome, followed him into the little blue panelled room where we had last parted. She was lying on the sofa, and I saw the little head was turned away. She seemed asleep.

As I knelt by her sofa and kissed her wasted hands the "witch's eyes" gleamed on me with a malignant glare. I saw she wore over it a little

which made her young and beautiful, deepened on her cheek.

"You knew I dare not stay," I answered. "I knew you were a white star of light; I knew that honour, like an impassable barrier, lay between us. I have tried to live worthily of you—if that could be. Dear love, let me speak."

"It is too late," she said, "too late." She let her tired head rest against my shoulder and sighed.

"They say I can only live two or three months now. I am glad you

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went; I had begun to care too much for you, and life was hard. Now I may say it. For a time, when that great shock came into my life, weak with the pain of losing you, I lost all sense of thought and power; then it all came again—the love—the pain. Did you ever forget?"

"Never, love, never!" I drew her closer to me. In her long white gown, her slight bare arms where the sleeves fell back, she was ethereally lovely.

"It is three years since you came into my life—three years ago we began to be an interest to each other."

"You love me!" I said. "Oh, say it again, Veronica!"

There was a little questioning look in her face.

"Do you want me to wait for you?" she asked, "or is there another? She spoke with a smile. "There was another once," she said.

"Yes," I said, "there was another once."

Then her two arms, like clinging doves, wound themselves around my neck.

"Where is she?" Veronica asked, tenderly; "in Heaven, waiting, too?"

"I think she is in Heaven—I believe it."

"And you have been my faithful knight," she said, "all these years?"

Very quietly I laid her on her cushions and watched beside her till late in the evening. Then she promised me at last that if it would make me happier she would be my wife, so that I could watch over her to the last.

The doctors said that if she chose to go so long a journey she might be taken to Lochseye. She wished to die in my home.

We were married in her own room, for she was too ill to go to church. She wore by my wish a white shadow-like gown and veronica flowers, those blue purple veronicas which grow by the sea.

She was half sitting up, at her back I had placed a great lilac-hued cushion as support. Her little son and daughters knelt by her, dressed in white. The clergyman was her brother, and he loved her dearly. His voice faltered as he wished her happiness. Just before the ceremony began I noticed she still wore her wedding ring and the witch's eyes. I told her to take them off. She shook her head and whispered to me:

"No, no. Arthur was their father," pointing to the children; "you would not have me show his memory such disrespect."

I understood and loved her more for this. But she took off the witch's eyes and placed it on her right hand.

"Let it stay there," she said, "it has brought me a blessing."

So she had her wish, as those who wear this ring must ever have.

Next day we set out on our long journey to Lochseye. She was very tired and ill as we drove through the glen to Lochseye. We arrived very quietly; no one was to know of our arrival. I carried her through the hall and to her own sitting-room. She never spoke, she only smiled. As I placed her on the sofa she took my hand:

"I have never been so happy in my life before."

And there in that room, which had been my mother's, I watched by my wife. She was the gentlest being; she could never speak much, and often through the long nights I used to hold her up in my arms fearing she would never see the dawn again.

How we learnt to know and love each other during those calm beautiful weeks.

The oak panelled room had been arranged all to her wish and will. She liked to be looking out over the old Scotch park, and watch the sunset behind the great fir trees. She worked with slight, tired fingers, her last piece of needlework, a satin quilt, thick and soft like the materials of long ago, and wove into it many dark leaves and violets; and when at last it was finished she worked in the corner, "Veronica Lindsay, her last work."

But she never finished the last word and the needle still hangs to the violet thread. She was very happy. Often when reading or writing by her I would look up and find her eyes watching me with a look of infinite

tenderness. But the shade of Death was always beside us, though for a little while he lingered before he claimed her.

Her picture hangs on the wall where I write, above the sofa, where she always lay, white and spirit-like, with the eyes grown too large for the face, smaller than the faces of her children. She was painted lying on her sofa, propped up by those heliotrope cushions, the pearly-blue work lying on her knees, and the white gown she always wore.

"It is seldom," I said, "darling, that two are allowed to be so absolutely happy on earth."

I spoke cheerfully, but I seemed to see the presence of Death already in the room.

"Yes," she answered, softly, "we two have found the Ideal, and the finding of the Ideal means death. Lancelot, you live in the presence of death. Your mother, your friends, and now your wife."

lined, so we ventured to take her out in a pony chair for a little.

"Now let me wait a little."

I have never loved my home as I did that day. The old castle stood up high over the deep, dark blue loch—great fir trees protected us from the sea winds, but they were sea winds of the southern coast. Below the house lay the flower garden, but no flowers were there, except the violets below the warmest wall.

On Veronica's knee lay a great nosegay of hot-house flowers I had gathered her as we went through the garden. Never your garden, beloved.

The inexpressible glory of a winter morning lay over all, the feeling of frost through the brilliant sunshine.

"Lancelot, I love our home, and I like to think I shall lie here through ages as Veronica Lindsay."

I knew she was taking her last look all round. The children came round the corner of the garden, happy, loving creatures. They all came to her and kissed her, very care-

"Leaving you, leaving you, beloved—yes—but we must meet."

Her soul and mine were one, her being and mine were one. "Death, that needs not sob or sigh," was standing by us. He came very quietly—her lips on mine, my arms around her. When I laid her back on her pillow Death had taken away the soul of Veronica.

They had covered her all over with the blue veronica flowers, but inside her sweet hand I had hidden a spray of heliotrope.

"So hush, I will give you this leaf to keep; I shut it inside the sweet cold hand!"

There, that is our secret, go to sleep. You will wake, remember, and understand."

I kissed her just before they laid down the lid—I was a little while alone by her, and all her little children cried outside. Through her had come my suffering, through her had come my crown—my crown on earth and God grant His grace, in the After-life.

I knew, I felt, I heard the voice of my wife saying to me:

"I am with you, my Lancelot."

The beautiful body of Veronica lies in my old churchyard, and her children are as mine. I sit sit here and wait, and I am growing old. The violets cluster round her grave, in spring and autumn days, and I know she is waiting for me, and the time is long for both.

In the long evenings, when Veronica's children, those who remain with me, have gone away and left me alone, in the midnight hours, I dream over my past life and sometimes the angel Cynthia, and often the beloved wife, come to me, and in their radiant eyes I read that both are in Paradise. Only in Cynthia's eyes there is nothing but the spiritual peace and rest of one whose soul is satisfied, of one who has found Him Whom on earth she sought always, if from afar. But in the eyes of my Veronica, in whose grave my heart sleeps, there is just the touch of wistfulness as of one who waits.

(The End.)



On very sunny warm days I would take her round the paths.

"But what were the other deaths compared to this?" I answered, and as I spoke, a knife seemed to pass through my very soul.

"Ah, Lancelot! dear husband of heart and soul, it will be long for you, and long for me—"

On very sunny warm afternoons, wrapped in furs, I would take her round the walks and paths and garden so that she should know her home, however slightly.

"Dear Lancelot!" she would say, looking at me with tears on her eyelashes, "can't you understand why we are never given lasting happiness? Heaven would be such a weariness alone after this. Still, still, there will be the Lord of Life and Death. Will He make up for all that I am leaving?"

She used sometimes to see the cottage people, the oldest favourites of the village, who had known my mother.

"Her ladyship is a lovely lady, but she is dying fast, that is sure," I heard afterwards they used to say.

One November morning the sun shone so warmly that she asked me to take her out once again. She was covered from neck to foot with her seal-skin cloak, and that, too, was fur-

fully and tenderly. Even Arthur, who was going to school at Christmas, was very soft and gentle to her.

That evening late as I sat beside her, I saw her face more ashen white, and the look of death creep over her face.

"There is no jealousy of Cynthia now," she said to me. "I shall be nearest to you as your wife perhaps, and yet, who knows? If you belong to her I shall know it is right. But we shall sometimes remember these days together. Soon, very soon, I shall know what is the Hereafter. If I meet Cynthia I will speak of you—there is no marrying or giving in marriage there, as we understand it, only spiritual love and peace."

How lovely she was as she lay looking at me; this was a painless hour. For the rest, it was suffering un-speakable.

"These have been days of such happiness," she said, "Even for a little while in this life we have been recompensed for putting away the human and seeking the divine in my murd'ring days. Now the reward is great beyond words."

I could not speak; she laid her hand on my head, my face was buried in her cushions.



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Complete Story.

# Maynard's Best Man.

By E. BURROWS.

Maynard stood outside the house, and looked at the flower-filled balconies and red-striped sun-blinds with dubious eyes. He was wondering if it would be any good ringing the bell and inquiring in the usual formula whether Miss Clinton was at home, when someone went up the white steps in front of him and pealed at the great bell with no uncertain hand.

A smile twisted Maynard's gloomy features as his eyes fell on the small figure standing erect and important before the big door.

"Hallo, shaver!" he said. "What are you doing there, eh?"

"Lavin' on Miss Clinton," said he addressed as shaver; "an' my name is not Shaver. It's Montague Wichard Twent!"

"Oh, really!" said Maynard, leaning comfortably on the iron railings, which in their new coat of green paint were twinkling wickedly in the sun. "And you're calling on Miss Clinton, are you? That's just what I was thinking of doing myself, only—"

"I'm asked to tea!" announced Montague Wichard Twent, as he called himself, being unable to wrestle successfully as yet with the letter "r." "She's my sweetheart, and—"

The great doors were flung open, and a butler appeared blandly on the threshold; and with a magnificent wave of a minute hand Montague Wichard Twent vanished into the sacred precincts, and the doors were shut behind him, leaving Maynard outside in the cold—figuratively speaking, for the temperature was anything but chilly in the July afternoon sun.

It was only what he had expected, and he turned away and went down the road, leaving Montague Wichard Twent in possession of the field—and Betty Clinton. He thought of her violet-grey eyes and her bewitching smile, which had flashed into his heart and held it enthralled months ago. Sometimes he wondered dismally whether it would ever be his good fortune to see that smile again, for he had offended her mortally, and the light of her fair countenance had been withdrawn from him for more than a month.

Of course it was all his own fault—he was in a mood when he would have pleaded guilty to any accusation if it would have the desired effect of patching up some sort of peace between them. But nothing of that sort happened. Miss Clinton quite agreed, with deadly civility, that it

was his fault, and then and there dismissed him into outer darkness—again speaking figuratively. The rift within the lute had been caused by some little trivial thing which ought to have passed unnoticed—so he urged blindly, never seeing till it was too late that his very urging only made it worse.

He had asked Miss Clinton the time-nourished question, and she had been on the very verge of saying that one word which would have lifted him from mere earth to highest heaven, when in his impatience and eagerness to know his fate—in his ambition to prove to her that he could give her all her heart's desire, he told her that she should do what she willed with his wealth—if she would only marry him. That fatal urging of a condition—though he did not mean his words to be taken as such—was his doom. Her hot blood fired up—a hasty word slipped from her pretty lips—surprise sealed his—and that was how the whole thing happened, and since then it had never been even patched up.

So while Maynard was stalking gloomily in the opposite direction to the charming house in which but a short time ago he had been a most constant and welcome visitor Miss Clinton was distracting her thoughts—which had a tiresome trick of flying off at a tangent to the what-might-have-been, a fatal habit of which she was doing her best to break herself—with Montague Richard Trent. He was a charming child, with the quaintest of manners and speech, and he looked upon pretty Miss Betty as his own especial property, to be shared with no other living soul.

"More strawberries, Montague?" said Miss Betty.

"Please," said he, never averse to a good offer. "I fink Mister Maynard wished you had asked him in to tea. I seed him outside when I was comin' in here."

Had a bombshell descended at her feet Miss Clinton could hardly have looked more astonished. She almost jumped on her chair. This was the first and only intimation she had received of Maynard's return to the neighbourhood.

"Did you speak to him, Montague?" she inquired with interest.

"He spoke to me first," he said solemnly, after a short interval, which was occupied by strawberries, "an' he asked me where I was going, so I told him you asked me to tea. He was leavin' on the wallings outside,

looking awful mis'able; and then he went away, I fink, after I came in here."

"He went away?" repeated Miss Clinton blankly.

"And the child nodded his little curly head."

"Yes, I fink so, an' I thought it was funny, 'cos I heard mother say once that she knew Mr Maynard was very fond of you."

Miss Clinton started. "Oh, she was joking, dear!" she said faintly. "You must have the rest of the strawberries, you know, Montague: I can't eat any more, and they are so good. Then we'll go out and play with the puppies in the garden."

And Montague obediently finished the strawberries, and then they played on the shady lawns with the most fascinating pair of spaniel puppies, that were the joy of his heart. And then the time came all too soon when nurse was announced, and Montague Wichard Twent was taken home to bed.

His visit had given Miss Clinton fresh food for reflection, and before the day dawned, after a sleepless night, she had gone one step further on the road of her repentance, and acknowledged that she had been a fool to play with her life's happiness—for nothing.

These thoughts, and others of a similar description occupied her for several days and nights, till one never-to-be-forgotten day, when she met him face to face at a garden party at the house of Colonel Trent, the father of Montague Wichard.

Her face was nearly as pale as her dainty white dress, but she held out a friendly little hand, and uttered the conventional greeting with such coolness that Maynard's hopes, which had flung up sky-high as he saw her coming towards him, fell into the bottomless pit of despair.

He suggested that it was extremely hot, and there were ices under the trees. Might he get Miss Clinton an ice?

Miss Clinton assented to the proposition, and they strolled towards the trees in question; but somehow, when they reached them, they did not pause; they went on through a shrubbery, where only the distant strains of the string band playing the "Valse Bleue" came faintly to them on the perfumed air, and where there was no one to be seen—nothing but rows of flower-beds, gorgeous with colour and scent, and in the distance the shimmer of the lake in the wood below.

A silence, more dangerous than any words, had fallen between them, and Miss Clinton found herself getting cold with apprehension. She must say something.

"What a long time you have been away!" she said abruptly; and then could have bitten her tongue out for her rash speech.

Of course, it had seemed a long time to her—an eternity, but he was not to know that.

But he knew it now. The mischief was done apparently, for without more ado Maynard faced round upon her with a roughness which startled her. He had been in the past such a submissive wooer.

"Has it seemed long to you?" he demanded. "And yet you sent me away, Betty, is it possible that you—you care after all?"

"You were so impatient," she said, reproachfully; "or—no, it was I who was that, wasn't it? Well, both of us then, if you like. Will that do?"

"Anything will do if you will only tell me one thing, and that is that you love me, Betty! Dearest heart, won't you tell me that?"

And it is to be presumed that she did, for what happened next was only seen by the flowers and by an indignant pair of blue eyes belonging to a small person in an immaculate white sailor suit, who squeezed himself through a gap in the yew hedge, which was such a kindly shelter to the lovers.

Montague buried himself upon Maynard with fierceness.

"How dare you kiss my Miss Betty?" he demanded, with angry eyes; "she's my sweetheart, not yours!"

"Great Scott! the boy will have everyone in the place upon the scene," said Maynard, with a rueful laugh, as Miss Betty slipped from his arms with a delicious blush, and laid her white hand on Montague's little shoulder.

"Why, Montague," she said with a smile in Maynard's direction, "do you know I belonged to Mr. Maynard long ago, only he didn't quite know it, and I—I am going to marry him."

"Then it was true what mother said, that you were very fond of her," said Montague; "she's always right, you see! But Miss Betty is my sweetheart all the same."

"She's our sweetheart, old chap, and you shall be the best man, Will that do, eh?"

And it was so, for Montague Richard Trent took a prominent part in the wedding ceremony, which took place almost immediately, which transformed pretty Betty Clinton into Mrs. Humphrey Maynard.

And he has been called Maynard's Best Man ever since.

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

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

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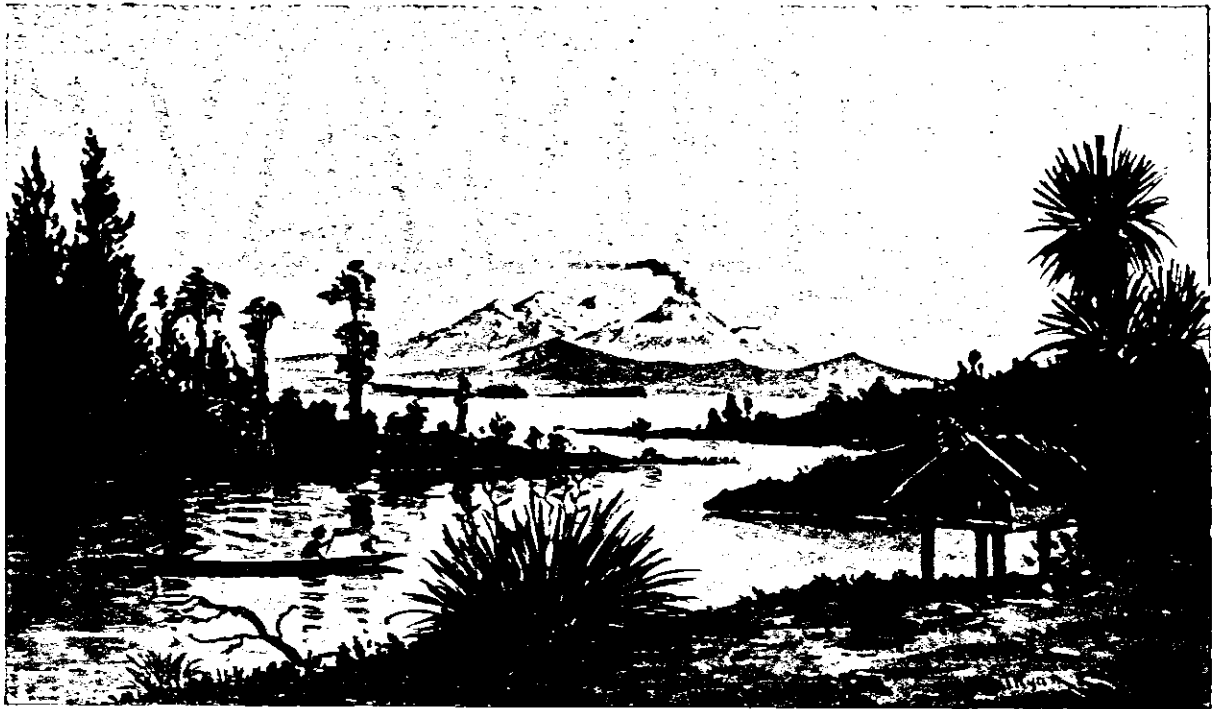
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A spacious Gymnasium is fitted up with all necessary appliances.  
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THE YELLOW TERRACE, WAIOTAPU

**HOLLOWAY'S**

*Known & Appreciated Everywhere*

*READY-AYE-READY.*

*ALWAYS RELIABLE.*

**PILLS AND OINTMENT.**

The advertisement is a black and white woodcut-style illustration. At the top, the word 'HOLLOWAY'S' is written in a large, bold, serif font with a decorative flourish underneath. Below this, a large circular frame, resembling a porthole or a lens, shows a three-masted sailing ship on the sea. The ship is dark and has its sails partially set. The text 'READY-AYE-READY.' is written across the top of the circular frame. Below the ship, the words 'ALWAYS RELIABLE.' are written in a smaller, italicized font. To the left of the circular frame, the text 'Known & Appreciated Everywhere' is written in a cursive script. At the bottom of the advertisement, the words 'PILLS AND OINTMENT.' are written in a large, bold, serif font, with 'AND' in a smaller font between 'PILLS' and 'OINTMENT.'. The background of the advertisement is filled with intricate line work and shading, giving it a textured appearance.



Copyright Story.

# The Architect-Burglar,

By the HON. MRS. ARTHUR HENNIKER.

\*\*\*\*\*

(Author of "In Scarlet and Grey," "Outlines," "Sowing the Seed," Etc.).

\*\*\*\*\*

No one who had happened to observe the figure of Mr Bromley Brown wandering round his garden on a certain mild April morning would have imagined him to be suffering from an acute sense of regret for wasted opportunities.

From the top of his bald head to the toes of his shiny boots he might have stood for a model of middle-class prosperity. His grey suit, if it accentuated the round proportions of his figure, was of fashionable cut, and he held a panama hat of finest straw in the square band on which a diamond glittered in the spring sunshine. Behind the terrace, over which figures of impossible animals in stone kept watch at each corner, stood his new and elaborately furnished bungalow, aggressive and much decorated. Mr Bromley Brown's room in the Tower overlooked a stretch of pine woods—a small lake which shone with steely brightness under a fringe of larches, and a far-away range of rising ground. He did not often glance at the view, but it pleased him to know that it was undeniably finer than even that commanded from the windows of his neighbour, General Compton, whose family had owned acres of surrounding heather and firs for generations past.

Mr Brown took one last stroll on the lawn, and as he slowly ascended the steps on to the terrace, the parlourmaid laid the newspapers on a table outside a bow window. A girl's figure leaned out, and a young voice called to him.

"Why do you look so solemn, papa dear? What a perfect day it is! Warm and sunny enough for June!"

The lines on Mr Bromley Brown's face relaxed.

"I was thinking," he said, impressively, "of how very little material comfort signifies, and how few of us are satisfied!"

"I don't in the least agree with you there, dear," said Valentine, who was eminently practical.

"I have built this bungalow," continued Mr Bromley Brown, "as a place to rest in after a life spent in the dulllest of all occupations—money-making. But I am aware that thousands of men would both have enjoyed the occupation and welcomed the peace of this healthy spot. I do neither. I was destined by nature for something widely different."

"You say that because you have done nothing lately but read those foolish novels—" here she pointed a small, scornful finger at a book lying open on the table—"since you had influenza, papa dear."

"I beg your pardon, Valentine,—I know I may not look it, but since my earliest days, as I have often told you, I have had a curious, wild craving for adventure, for some excitement outside the deadly routine of a business life. It is hard," and Mr Bromley Brown raised his voice in querulous expostulation, "that here am I, a man who has made a considerable fortune in a special cough lozenge, but who all through his boyhood has vainly wished to be a pirate, and who now—he waved his hand in the direction of the bungalow, then towards the smooth-shaven lawn, "would most gladly give up all this luxury to be a successful detective."

Valentine laughed, and leaned still further out of the window. She, for her part, was absolutely satisfied with the fair face worn by the world around her. She watched a fat blackbird as he shuffled along by the golden border of daffodils—she rejoiced to know that the air was musical with the voices of larks, to see that the sun glittered on the pool below General Compton's house and turned its casements into twinkling dia-

monds. A man went slowly down the green drive by the pool, his arm swaying to and fro as he sowed grass seeds. The earth seemed to sing a song of renewal and hope, of love and sunshine. How good it was only to breathe and to live! Other people might have thought that life would be none the less pleasant to Valentine, because her eyes were large and grey, and her cheeks rosy like the bloom on the boughs of a cherry tree. But she did not take much account of these advantages, nor of the fact that she was the only child of the prosperous house of Bromley Brown.

Her father took off his gold-rimmed glasses—and laid down his newspaper.

"Ha! this is most curious!" said he. "What a splendid chance if one could only light upon him—the plausible scoundrel! The shrewd young villain!"

Valentine turned her grey eyes on his shining crimson face.

"Listen to me—Val," he cried; "you remember the General told us last week that the Mummys and the Jellicoes had both had their pantry windows forced open?"

"Did he? I don't think I was listening."

"The Mummys lost a lot of plated things—I know that he keeps his silver in the bank, and lets his friends use those horrible thick spoons, and poor old Jellicoe had that hideous centre-piece, given him by the Cricket Club, taken. Now it transpires that in all probability the burglar, or the moving spirit of the gang, is a young man who has been sketching houses in the neighbourhood. He professes to be making architectural drawings, and by so doing finds out all manner of details."

"That is certainly very original."

"Original, I should think so! Infernally sharp—I call it!" Mr Bromley Brown here proceeded to read aloud an extract from the newspaper.

"The 'Architect Burglar,' for by this sobriquet this accomplished criminal is now known, has been seen, it is believed, not long ago in this neighbourhood, although probably he is now many miles away from the scene of his late exploits. He is described as a young man of gentlemanlike and military appearance, with fair hair and moustache, and wearing clothes of fashionable make."

Mr Bromley Brown was soon absorbed in meditation. He pictured himself, resolute, terrible, cunning, hounding down this distinguished criminal, bringing him to justice—afterwards in court, replying with telling sarcasm to the cross-examination of the prisoner's counsel, and, lastly, complimented by the judge on the lucid, admirable way in which he had given his evidence. Life was no longer sordid and prosaic, it was palpitating with romance. He fell asleep to the accompaniment of the lark's song, and dreamed that he was the Chief of Police in Russia. Waking up with a start, he heard the clock strike twelve.

"Gracious me!" he cried aloud. With his waking eyes he still seemed to see the female Nihilist of his vision, pointing a revolver at his head. He stretched himself and walked sadly across the lawn towards the hedge that bounded his garden. Below him was the riband of white road, pine-bordered. Mr Bromley Brown started, but much more violently this time. Then he rubbed his face and eyes with his handkerchief, and uttered a low exclamation.

A few yards away in the road he saw the figure of a young man, tall, fair, yes, and of unmistakably soldierly appearance. And he was sketching. A thrill ran down Mr Brown's spine. He might not be the Chief of the Russian Police, but was he not on the eve of a discovery, an adventure, the possible player in a

great and dramatic case? He coughed and unlocked the gate leading to the road. In one moment his mind had been made up. He would invite this young man, obviously no other than the Architect Burglar, with friendly greeting, into his house. A hurried word to the coachman would send him, on swift feet, for two of the local police. Another messenger would hasten to General Compton, the sternest of County Magistrates, and he would arrive in time to be a witness of the discomfiture of a notorious criminal, and of the ingenuity and promptitude of his old friend Brown. Meanwhile the young man had looked up smilingly. In answer to the remarks of the old gentleman by the hedge, he said that he had come a considerable distance—that—and this with a very pleasant laugh—well, yes, he was thirsty, and that there would be plenty of time to finish his sketch after luncheon, and that he thought it a most kind suggestion of his questioner to invite him to have some.

Mr Bromley Brown, whose cheek had now lost much of its usual ruddiness, walked with set lips, and a curious enigmatic expression on his face, up the stone steps on to the terrace, and the young man, smiling and unconcerned, followed him into the drawing-room. For one instant Mr Brown glanced nervously at a silver box and caudlesticks on Valentine's writing-table. Then, murmuring an excuse, he ran, panting, to the stables; in a choking voice despatched the astonished coachman for the police, and a helper, with an impressive message scribbled on a card, to General Compton. On his return he found the Architect Burglar laughing over a favourite book of Valentine's, the "Diary of a Nobody"—and they two talked, Mr Brown for his part with a curious absent-mindedness, of books and different forms of humour. The parlour maid interrupted them to say that some cold meat was ready, and the two men adjourned to the dining-room. The guest seemed duly grateful for a whisky and soda.

"That's a beautiful old cup," he remarked, pointing to a piece of silver of Queen Anne date in the middle of the table.

Mr Bromley Brown's expression of mingled triumph and sarcasm passed unnoticed by the cheerful young visitor, who talked for some time with intelligence and knowledge on the subject of old plate. Mr Brown was becoming so

agitated that he began to walk up and down the room.

"And these are lovely spoons," observed the Architect Burglar, with appalling coolness. The clock struck one—and he rose quickly to his feet.

"Thank you a thousand times for your hospitality," he said pleasantly. "I am afraid I must be off. You see, I am sketching for duty, not pleasure."

Mr Brown gazed at him aghast, but not without admiration. He felt that this must indeed be one of the most remarkable criminals now at large.

"Don't hurry—pray," said he, nervously. "Have a glass of Green Chartreuse."

"You are too kind," said his guest.

There was a sound of steps at the door, and a voice outside, which sounded like a word of command, said:

"Where is the man?"

The door was flung open, and a tall, soldierly figure stepped quickly into the dining-room.

"Well, Brown, what's all this about?"

General Compton, young and alert for his years, stared at his friend with a pair of very keen eyes under white eyebrows. "You told me it was some very urgent business," continued the General. Then his eyes fell on the young man by the further window.

"Bless my soul, Esteourt, I didn't see it was you in the corner!"

"Yes, and how are you, General?" said the young man, advancing with a cordial smile.

Mr Bromley Brown felt a sudden cold perspiration on his forehead. He was entirely unable to utter a word.

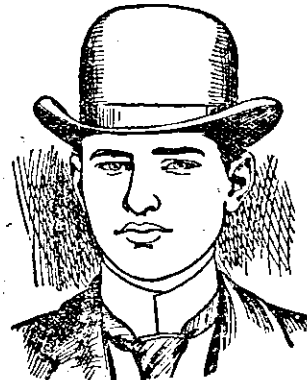
"Mr.—Mr.," said the young man—"was so kind as to ask me to have a whisky and sofa. It is so wonderfully hot for April, and I've been out doing this blessed topography for the last four hours."

"Ah! then you don't know each other?" said the General. "Brown, this is Lord Esteourt, son of my old friend whom I've often talked about, you know. He is working like a nigger at the College," and the speaker pointed towards a distant view of a large white building miles away beyond the grove of pines. "Esteourt, this is Mr. Bromley Brown, one of my best neighbours."

Mr. Brown felt as if someone had

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Makes the Blood Pure and Rich

Keep your bowels in good condition by taking Ayer's Pills.

struck him a violent blow on the head. He was giddy as he stiffly extended an icy hand towards the young man.

"Papa! papa!" A fresh young voice came echoing from the garden, and in another moment a young girl ran into the room. Lord Estcourt was just recalling to mind a well-known advertisement:

"Bromley-Brown's Cough Lozenges are the Best! They will cure a cough of long-standing, arising from no matter what cause," but the girl's face caught his attention. It was fair and flushed, and the large grey eyes shone star-like under her broad black hat.

"Papa, there are two policemen here! They say they have come for someone—what does it mean?"

"Oh only about the chickens that were stolen, my dear," said her father, miserably.

"But there are no chickens! You know you wouldn't have any, because you said they spoil the garden."

"Did I say chickens?" Mr. Bromley Brown's dreary expression was that of a victim being led to execution. "Of course, I mean the forced strawberries, Valentine, my dear—"

The young man was still gazing at the lovely, puzzled face of his host's daughter.

"Your father has been so kind to me, Miss Brown," said he. "I am struggling over military drawing, and in daily terror of being ploughed. But this morning I am going back to work, invigorated and rested, and full of courage!"

She blushed as her eyes met his smiling blue ones.

"Oh! You are studying at the College?"

"Yes—I wonder—would you and your father care to come over and see it some day?"

"Oh! that would be delightful, papa, dear, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, indeed, indeed it would." Mr. Brown was still feeling half paralysed.

"Good-bye, Estcourt, my boy," said General Compton. "I have got to have a word now with Brown on some most important business about which I came down."

Lord Estcourt drew a little nearer to Valentine—

"You will drive over very soon, then, Miss Brown?"

"Thank you—I am sure we shall enjoy it ever so much!"

"Then we won't say good-bye, I think," said he, as he took her hand.

### Complete Story.

## An Old Maid's Tragedy,

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

Author of "East End Idylls," Etc.

### I.

Having had the whole day in which to reflect and prepare herself, Miss Gurney had got her feelings so well under control that she was able to hand the photograph to Hester across the tea table and say without a tremor in her voice

"I picked this up on the floor, Hester, after you were gone this morning."

The girl took it from her eagerly; she had been in trouble about it all day, wondering where she had lost it, and, in a flutter of relief and embarrassment, slipped it into her pocket now without a word; but Miss Gurney noticed that her cheeks flushed, and then a rosier red surged back and overflowed them.

The silence between them became too strained not to be broken.

"You did not tell me, Hester, that you knew" . . . Miss Gurney hesitated. "Is he—a friend of yours, dear?"

"Yes, aunt."

"How long have you known him?"

"Not very long. Not more than three months."

This explained to Miss Gurney the change it had puzzled her to observe in Hester lately; her placid, subdued habit of mind had seemed altogether disturbed, so that sometimes she sang for very happiness, with a strange, new light in her eyes, and sometimes she was saddened and pre-occupied with pensive dreamings.

"I hope, Hester," Miss Gurney forced herself to say in her plain, decisive fashion, "there has been no talk of love betwixt you and this gentleman?"

Hester flashed an answering glance on her and looked down, without speaking, but the answer was as clear to Miss Gurney as if it had been put into actual words.

"My dear," she went on, striving against her increasing agitation, "I am very, very sorry. I wish it had been any other man—"

"But aunt," Hester interrupted, astonished, "you do not know him!"

"I knew," Miss Gurney faltered, "I knew a man so like him—so exactly like him that the moment I saw his photograph I was afraid for you, dear. It is impossible for that man to bring you anything but misery. Hard, and false, and cruel—"

"Oh, but, aunt," cried Hester, tearfully indignant, "he is not! If you knew him you could never say that again."

"But why have you never told me about him?"

"I have been wanting to," Hester flushed again with a pretty shyness that appealed irresistibly to all the tenderness and affection of the gentle little old lady's nature. "I meant to, aunt, but I—did not quite know how to. I meant to show you his photograph—he only gave it me yesterday—and tell you then."

"And, of course," Miss Gurney assumed a severity of manner she found it difficult to maintain, "she tells you that he loves you?"

"He has asked me to marry him, aunt."

"And you fancy that you love him?"

With this question and her earnest, passionate reply, Hester broke down utterly. She flung herself on her knees, and covering her face with her hands laid it in Miss Gurney's lap and sobbed all her heart out thus, as she had done years ago when it had been laden with more childish griefs.

Miss Gurney herself was scarcely less agitated.

"There, dearie, you mustn't cry so. I did not mean to be unkind," she said, her

seeing what a poor sort of home we lived in?"

"Oh, no, no, aunt!" Hester protested. "He would have come—I would have brought him, but I wanted to tell you about him first."

And she told her about him now, and it was all only that she loved him, and she loved him more than all the world, and she had promised to be his wife, but—

"There was bound to be a 'but'; it was what Miss Gurney had been listening for.

"But it will not be for a long while, because he is going away—"

"Going away, child! Why? Where to?"

"He has spoken to his father about me," said Hester, her lips quivering, "and he refuses to see me, and threatens to turn Richard into the street if he will not give me up."

"They are rich, you see, dear," murmured Miss Gurney bitterly, "and we are poor. Probably his mother—"

"She has been dead several years."

"Then it is his father. He probably intends his son to marry money, or social influence—"

"But Richard won't. He says he will never marry anyone but me. If I will wait for him."

"Why is he going away?"

"His father is sending him to manage a large branch of his business at Ceylon. He is to be out there three years—perhaps longer. His father is only sending him, he says, so as to separate him from me, and he can't refuse to go without ruining his prospects and, for my sake, he does not want to do that. I don't care whether he is rich or poor, but Richard says if his father turned him adrift he would have nothing—"

and so it is best to wait, because he will never change, and I shall never change. And so he is going away at the end of this week. I can't bear him to go. I might never see him again, but if he lives he will come back to me."

She said it half-defiantly, half-despairingly, and laid her head on Miss Gurney's lap again to hide her tears.

For fully ten minutes neither of them spoke; then rousing herself with a heavy sigh, Miss Gurney said hesitatingly—

"I might do something. I don't know what I can do—but bring him home with you to-morrow evening, and let me see him, dear. If he is all you think he is—but let me see him for myself. Bring him with you to-morrow evening."

### II.

And the following evening when Richard Harwood came, Miss Gurney was easily converted to Hester's opinion of him. His frank, honest eyes, his unaffected simplicity of speech and manner, his diffidence, his shy

### A SYDNEY DOCTOR SAID IT WAS DRY PLEURISY.

Exhibition House, 28, Drummond-st., Carlton, Melbourne, Victoria, July 15th, 1897.  
To MR W. WEBBER, Proprietor

### Vitadatio.

Launceston, Tasmania.

Dear Sir—When your agent arrived at Melbourne, and claimed to be able to do much good with your VITADATIO for all who suffer, I really thought he was an impostor. Previous to his arrival I heard of VITADATIO, so I wrote to my friends (in fact, my brother and his family) at Launceston, Tasmania, to know if Mr. Palmer is the author of the account, and received a favourable reply. As I had been ailing for some years with pains in my back, which doubtless took its rise from a disordered state of the liver and kidneys, as well as a periodical attack of pain about the breast, and extending to the shoulder, etc., the two latter I was told by one doctor was "Dry Pleuritis" (or pleurisy), and after years of suffering and treatment, and no good results I gave your VITADATIO a trial, and have taken in all half a dozen large bottles. It gives me pleasure to inform you I am quite released from my complaint, and heartily recommend the use of VITADATIO to any who may require a reliable medicine. I have no objection to your publishing this note.—Yours truly,

S. GRIFFITHS.

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

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Liver  
Oil

for All who suffer from Coughs and Bronchitis Consumption

It Never Repeats

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adoration of Hester, his unconcealable love of her—all conspired to win Miss Gurney's confidence and approval, and won them in spite of herself.

Again and again while he was there, and after he was gone, she owned, grudgingly at first, but with a growing satisfaction, that he realised her girlhood's ideal of the man she had loved years ago and was not, as she had feared, a reincarnation of that man as she saw him now in the light of bitter remembrances, cruel, heartless, faithless.

She lay awake that night living through again in thought the long-past happiness and misery that the sight of Richard Harwood had brought back upon her with renewed intensity. She had loved, and was to have married, but seemed predestined to misfortune. First it was her mother's death that postponed the marriage, then, a year later, her father's; and her father dying bankrupt the man she loved had ultimately yielded to the wishes of his family and broken his engagement with her, but not before he had cruelly betrayed her, through her blind love of him, and could leave her to bear alone a shame whose memory was not buried in that little grave in the far-off country churchyard, but lived to haunt her yet, and sear her very soul as often as it returned to her. She had never seen the man since, or written to him; she was too proud to ask anything of his pity, and all the love she had felt for him had died within her.

She left her old home and came to earn her living in London among people who knew nothing of her history; being clever with her needle, she was soon able to support herself in reasonable comfort, but the hard work and the solitary, loveless life was fast ageing and hardening and embittering her, when Hester came with her childish needs and sympathies to melt the frost that had gathered about her heart and reconcile her to humanity and make the world habitable again.

Hester was the orphaned child of Miss Gurney's younger sister, and it was not strange that the two, each left desolate, should grow to be all in all to each other. If Miss Gurney's love was the deeper, the more self-sacrificing, that was not strange either. She was no longer young and had not hoped that her forlorn heart-hunger would ever be satisfied, but Hester had come and satisfied it. It

was enough for her now that there was one living creature whom she could love and who loved her; and her love for Hester was such that to ensure her happiness she would gladly have endured rebuffs and humiliations that she would sooner have died than have submitted to for any advantage to herself.

No self-interest could have annihilated her pride, and urged her to such lengths as she went unhesitatingly for Hester's sake.

She rose the morning after Richard Harwood's visit with a great resolve already fixed in her mind. She dared not reflect too much upon it or upon all its fulfilment must mean to her, for fear her courage should fail her; but early in the evening she travelled westward, and, for the first time, realised her intention to the utmost and was alarmed at her own temerity when she found herself knocking at the door of the stately house in Kensington.

If her knock had not been heard she felt she would not have dared to repeat it; but it was heard, and a supercilious footman presently opened the door.

"Is Mr Harwood at home?" she asked, shrinkingly.

The man eyed her dubiously; she made a rather shabby, quite insignificant little figure standing there on the doorstep.

"Well—yes—he's at home. What might you want him for?"

His lofty dismission roused her to resentment, and so stiffened her drooping pride and at once restored her self-control.

"Will you tell Mr Harwood, my man, that Miss Gurney wishes to see him. Say Miss Gurney, formerly of Barn-dene, please."

He sullenly obeyed, and after an interval returned to her in the hall with a perplexed expression darkening his countenance.

"Mr Harwood will see you. This way, please."

She followed him into a spacious, elegantly appointed dining-room, and sat down there feeling curiously out of place and bewildered.

And a minute later, a grey, elderly gentleman entered and advanced towards her. Altered as he was she knew him, and was aware that he recognised her as readily. He offered her his hand with an obvious embarrassment, but she bowed distantly, without appearing to notice it.

"I am pleased to see you, Miss Gurney," he began lamely; and then sat down and looked at her, and seemed waiting for her to speak.

But she could not trust herself yet; her heart was fluttering suffocatingly and she felt that if she attempted to answer him she was so unnerved she must burst into tears, and the very thought of thus humbling herself in his presence helped to strengthen her.

"It is a very long while," he made an effort and resumed inane, "since we saw each other, Miss Gurney."

"A very long while!" his halting words had an unintentional sting in them, and all at once she had flung her weakness from her. "I would not have troubled you now on my own account—"

"Please don't say that," she was vaguely conscious of a wistful eagerness in his tone. "If there is anything I can do for you—"

"There is nothing you can do for me," she said, with quiet decision. "You should know me better than to think I would ask any, even the smallest favour of you for myself."

He quailed under her indignant glance, and threw out his hands with a gesture of despair.

"Forgive me. I know what you say is true," he returned sadly. "You must not think, Ruth," the name rose involuntarily to his lips, "that I have forgiven myself, or forgotten, or that I have been altogether happy. I know I have wronged you—terribly—terribly—and the memory of it has come between me and happiness more and more as I have grown older and had time to think. I have been punished—"

"And I!" she interposed harshly. "But I did not come to talk of what is past mending. You did me a great wrong, and I never dreamt till yesterday of seeing you again or that there was any way in which I might be brought to forgive you—"

"And is there? Tell me what it is," he cried. "I would give a great deal to make some reparation for what I have done. I am not the reckless, selfish fool I was in those days."

He was strongly moved, but not more so than was Miss Gurney herself; it was as much as she could do to steady her voice and keep her emotion hidden from him.

"Your son is engaged to my niece—my dead sister's child. I did not know anything of it until two days ago," she said, gathering confidence as she proceeded, and speaking with a detached air as if what she discussed did not concern herself personally. "You have forbidden your son to see her again, and are sending him away with some idea of parting them for ever. She is everything to me now—I care more for her happiness than my own—if I had not loved her so, my pride would never have allowed me to come to you. I came only to save her from such a life as mine has been. I couldn't think, if you knew, that you would break her heart as you have broken mine."

She stopped abruptly, and he gazed at her with a sort of terror in his eyes.

"I did not know who she was," he said huskily.

"I came to tell you."

He sat looking at her, stricken dumb, for even in his most repentant moments he had not thought the consequences of his sin could spread a blight so far-reaching and so irremediable; he sat looking at her and read in her thin white hair and in her worn, furrowed features the pitiful story of what her life had been since he had seen her last. He had no words for his shame and his remorse and in some subtle fashion the poignancy of his emotion communicated itself to her. She would not trust herself to look at him or address him again; and though he twice made as if he would speak, each time his voice broke like a sob in his throat and he fell silent.

The tension was becoming so painful that it was an ineffable relief to both of them when a knock sounded on the door and the footman entered apologetically:

"Beg pardon, sir," he said. Carrier at the gate, sir, for Mr Richard's boxes. They're all corded in his room, but he isn't home yet, and hasn't labelled which he wants for use during the voyage, and I thought 'praps you'd know, sir—"

"It won't matter, James," cried Mr Harwood, himself again instantly in face of this dignified domestic. "You can tell the carrier there are no boxes to be taken now. Mr Richard has altered his arrangements—he will not be going."

# FREE TO THE RUPTURED.

Dr. W. B. Rice, the well-known New York Herold 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 earnest request of British patrons, Dr. Rice has opened Branch Offices at 22 a Woodstock St., London, E.C., and to the thousands upon thousands of ruptured people who are torturing themselves with bad trusses, 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 really 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 in the same method that Mr. Thomas Blay (whose picture is given below) was cured of his Rupture. Write to him before they are so clear a light? It must indeed be welcome words to the afflicted.



Words of praise from Mr. BLAY.

No. 5, Ripley Terrace, Luddenden Foot, W. B. Rice. April 8, 1921.

Dear Sir—After using your treatment for three months I find myself cured of my Rupture, at the age of 55. I had been Ruptured 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 do one so perfectly without seeing the rupture.

I am in good health now, something I have not enjoyed for ten years before. You can use 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 instance. It has saved the 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 Ruptured, or knows a person suffering with Rupture, should keep in mind the fact that in eighty per cent. of all cases there is a daily liability that before night they may say good-bye to earthly things. Does not this fact influence one to pause and consider whether they are using their best efforts in the way a wise Creator intended they should? And if the forethought, 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 listen patiently, that we may take advantage of that which contributes to our earthly benefit?

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# After Dinner Gossip.

## The Late Sir William Opherts, V.C.

"Club Chatterer," of "To-Day," tells a good story of the late Sir William Opherts:—It was in the early days of the Mutiny, and young Opherts was with a small British force which was suddenly attacked by an overwhelming force of mutinous Sepoys, and compelled to retreat into a small village, leaving its two only guns behind it. The abandoned pieces lay about two hundred yards in front of the British position, and if the British were unable to bring them in, they maintained such a deadly fire that the mutineers could not approach them. Opherts made several requests to the commanding officer to be allowed to make an effort to attempt to save the guns, but was refused each time. "Give me a dozen men and I will bring the guns in, sir," he said, at length, to the commander. "It would be no good your going," said the latter. "You would all be killed before you had pulled the guns two yards." "Well," said Opherts, "even then that would mean that about half the force here would be left. Will you let me lead the first dozen?" The coolness of the young officer so impressed the commander that he at length consented to the attempt being made, though he did not conceal his belief that the enterprise was a foolhardy one. Opherts justified himself, however, by triumphantly bringing the two guns safe within the British lines, amid the ringing cheers of his companions—cheers in which, an eye-witness used afterwards to assert, even the Sepoys joined in.

## The Newspaper Man.

One day during the campaign Bennett Burleigh, the noted English special war correspondent, was encountered a few miles outside Pretoria by that volcanic rhetorician, General Tucker. "What the— are you doing out here with that— thing?" asked the general, pointing to a kodak, which was slung round his shoulders. "Well, sir," promptly replied Mr Burleigh, "I was intending to take some photographs; but had I known that I was to have the pleasure of meeting you I should have brought out a phonograph." At this audacity it is said that even General Tucker's stock of sulphurous adjectives ran low.

## An Old "Sweet Girl Graduate."

A remarkable story of a "sweet girl graduate" is told by an American paper. She has just graduated after a four years' course in history, astronomy, literature, political economy, geometry, arts, sciences, and languages. The remarkable fact is that this "school girl" has raised a family and is a grandmother. In her youth she was denied educational advantages, and was not able to commence systematic study until she was 65 years old.

## Didn't Like Young Vanderbilt's Ways.

According to a story in the New York "Journal" the Vanderbilt family recently held a family conference and pulled in the horns of young Reginald. According to the story, Reggie lost 221,000 dollars at cards. After serious argument Reggie acknowledged the belief that he had been fleeced, and consented to give gambling dens a wide berth in the future.

The young man was also called down for being too speedy with his automobile in the streets of New Haven, and rebuked for his luxurious style of living as a student at Yale. It was pointed out that his ways were bringing unpleasant notoriety upon the Vanderbilt family, and he was to conduct himself in a more dignified manner. No attempt was made to insist up-

on his giving up his luxurious apartments, but the advisability of tempering down his display in the matter of speeding his automobile was urged upon the young man, and he eventually agreed to make himself less conspicuous in that detail.

It is probable that the automobile will be allowed to rest quietly in its shed, or if it is taken out it will be run at a demure pace through the quiet university town and along the country roads, so that the townsfolk will have no cause for adverse comment.

## Reckoning the Age of the World.

One of the ways of reckoning the age of the world is that adopted by Professor Joly of computing how long a time must have elapsed for the sea, which was at first fresh, to become charged with all the salt it now contains. Guided by the amount of chloride of sodium—otherwise common salt—which, according to Sir John Murray, the sea contains, Professor Joly concluded that the earth was 80,000,000 to 90,000,000 of years old. Dr. Dubois has reported on this matter to the Academy of Sciences at Amsterdam, and he is led to dispute Sir John Murray's estimate of the amount of sodium carried to the sea by rivers, and the outcome of his examination being to reduce the age of the oceans of the world to be about 24,000,000 years. This agrees fairly well with Professor Sollas' calculation that the deposition of the geological strata, which began as soon as there was sea and land, has taken some 26,000,000 years—a million or two more or less do not matter. Professor George Darwin will not accept less than 56,000,000, since the earth threw off the moon as a needless encumbrance, and she had begun revolving on her own axis long before.

## Two Donkeys.

A cyclist in Southern France recently overtook a peasant with a donkey cart. The patient beast was making but little progress, so the benevolent cyclist, putting his left hand against the back of the cart and guiding his machine with the other hand, pushed so hard that the donkey, taking fresh courage, pulled his load successfully up to the top. When the summit was reached the peasant burst into thanks to his benefactor. "It was good of you, indeed, monsieur!" he protested. "I should never in the world have got up the hill with only one donkey."

## By Order of the Czar: A Curious Wedding.

An English merchant resident at St. Petersburg desired to marry a Russian lady, which cannot be done without a special edict from the Emperor. He had given up all hope, when one evening, a friend, happening to find the Emperor in a good humour, represented the matter to him, and desired his permission. "Let Miss A. and Mr. B. be married immediately," he ordered. The ukase was signed at 6 p.m.; by ten it had passed through the office of registry, whence, by eleven o'clock, it was in the hands of the Synod; and by midnight the police were trudging the streets to put in execution without delay. Mr. B. was fast asleep, when a thundering knock at the door awakened him with a fright. Visions of the knout and the like floated before his half-wakened brain, when the bearded soldiers burst into his chamber, and ordered him to dress and follow. "In God's name, what have I done?" he exclaimed. "Where am I to go?" "Must I be dragged off at this hour?" "We have a warrant for you, which must be executed immediately," said the chief, and he proceeded to read, "By the grace of God, the Autocrat of the Russias, etc., orders the marriage of Mr. B. to Miss A. to be solemnised immediately." "You see, he admits of no delay," said the officer gravely, "and we are forced to obey orders." The astonished mer-

chant was then hurried off to a priest, and then, in company with this functionary, to the house of the lady, who was thundered up in the same manner, and, ere her eyes were fairly opened, and her deshabille half arranged, the twain were made one. The clergyman attested the execution of the sentence, and abruptly left with the officers, leaving the astonished couple to get over their confusion the best way they could.

## The "Patrician" Nose.

The moulding influences alluded to which render the patrician nose to some extent a product of culture seem mainly traceable to a close association which exists between certain muscles attached to the more flexible parts of the nose and those in the immediate neighbourhood. Nowhere is the lasting mark of dominant mental habits more plainly seen than in the muscles about the mouth. They are continually in action when we exercise the will—either in self-control or in attempts to control other men or things—and every time they come into play they give a chastening tug at our noses. Finally, it may be said that for the maintenance of a patrician nose at its best, a well balanced mind is almost as necessary as carefulness in outward behaviour. Its chastity of tint and outline is endangered not only by high living and low thinking, but also by the habitual and unrestrained indulgence of emotions generally deemed innocent, and even laudable. These through their strange secondary influence upon the nerves which regulate the circulation and nutrition of the skin of the face, are quite capable of inducing a certain coarseness of expression curiously akin to that induced by indulgence in vicious pleasures. Herein, perhaps, may be found some sort of crude and general recipe for an aristocratic nose—which is offered, in all good faith, but with no absolute warranty—to everyone with good powers of mental assimilation.

There can be no doubt that the ordinary plebeian nose, with its somewhat low bridge, concave profile, and wide nostrils, is, above all others, the nose which is proper to mankind. All other types are developed from it. Even now the whole human species, of whatever race, possesses it in early infancy.

## Extraordinary Kleptomania.

One of the strangest cases of kleptomania ever brought to light was heard of in Paris. A certain lady had such a passion for smoking and colouring meerschaum pipes that she had been for a long time stealing pipes of this description from shops. In the flat which she occupied there were found no fewer than 2600 pipes, not one of which, it is believed, she had paid for. They were neatly arranged on racks, and thirty-nine were well coloured. The Court before which she was indicted would listen to no excuse, but sent her to prison for eight months.

## Figuring It Out.

The "little Johnny" of the following story may never have heard that

"Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em, And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so ad infinitum."

but his method of reasoning is analogous. He had been gazing thoughtfully at his book of animal pictures, when suddenly he called out:

"Say, pa, does it cost much to feed a lion?"  
 "Yes."  
 "How much?"  
 "Oh, a lot of money."  
 "A wolf would make a good meal for a lion, wouldn't it, pa?"  
 "Yes, I guess so."  
 "And a fox would be enough for the wolf, wouldn't it?"  
 "Yes, yes."  
 "And a fox could make a meal off a hawk, eh, pa?"  
 "I suppose so."  
 "And the hawk would be satisfied with a sparrow?"  
 "Of course."  
 "And a big spider would be a good meal for the sparrow, wouldn't it, pa?—wouldn't it, pa?"  
 "Yes, yes."  
 "And a fly would be enough for the spider?"  
 "Of course."  
 "And a drop of treacle would be all the fly would want, wouldn't it?"  
 "Oh, stop your chatter!"  
 "But wouldn't it, pa?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Well, pa, couldn't a man keep a lion more'n a year on a pint of treacle?"

## First Actress on Record.

A London paper says the first woman to act on the stage in a play made her appearance in 1600. Previous to that time all female parts were taken by boys or men in very much the same way as in these days the principal boys in the pantomimes are played by girls. There is a legend that before the year mentioned, Anne, the wife of James I., assumed the female part in a play produced at the court theatre before her royal husband. But the fact is not authenticated. The character enacted by the first actress in England was Desdemona, but the name of this intrepid adventuress has not been preserved, and it is believed that she was a foreigner, for most records state that the first English actress was a Mrs Colman, who appeared in Davenant's "Siege of Rhodes" as Ianthe in 1656. Charles II. is said to have first encouraged the public appearance of women upon the stage, and this is certainly very probable.

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# Topics of the Week.

## Peace, But Hardly Goodwill.

It is earnestly hoped by us all that we have not been too sanguine in regard to the position of affairs in South Africa now that the war is over. But it is impossible to shut our eyes to incidents which would seem to mean only too plainly that goodwill is not going hand in hand with peace in the country as we expected. Or did we expect it? Did we not rather endeavour to persuade ourselves against the misgivings that assailed our less prejudiced judgment, and made too much of the conciliatory attitude of the Boer leaders who had been foremost in the field? Was it not expecting rather too much that the conquered burghers would within a week of the declaration of peace forget and forgive everything, and settle down into the subordinate position they had fought so long and strenuously to avoid. The attitude of the leaders is not a fair criterion of the feelings of the people. A gallant Botha or De Wet has the chivalry of the natural soldier, and when conquered may be relied on to accept the altered state of things with philosophic resignation. Loyalty to their own honour will keep them loyal to the Empire. But the narrow spirits among the Boers may consider it quixotic to be bound by any oath of allegiance. We have seen how Mr Kruger was able to reconcile the most fervent appeals to the Supreme Power with the most shameful duplicity. And there is always the danger that among the ruder section of the population the Kruger ethical code will continue to be believed in, while in the settled centres there will not be wanting discontented spirits to fan into flame whatever embers of enmity are about. The war attracted to South Africa hundreds of such individuals, and brought to the front from among the native-born population those whose natural business it was to stir up strife. Now that the war is over their occupation is gone if they do not devote themselves as assiduously to engendering bad feeling between Boer and Briton as they did before the war. Unfortunately, their task is much easier now, for they are dealing with people who have no doubt suffered in relatives and property as well as in their independence. Immediately after the war the glad relief which the great majority of the burghers undoubtedly felt overwhelmed all other feelings, but it is not natural that relief should last for ever, and when the people get accustomed to the presence of gentle peace among them they are bound to realise more keenly the change. It would seem that while anything approaching harshness in our treatment of the Boers has to be avoided, our clemency must be marked with firmness, and any attempt to take advantage of it summarily dealt with.

## Another Borrowing Device.

What has induced the Government to think of taking up the business of fire insurance no one seems to know precisely. It may have been because of a cry among the insured that they were being rated too heavily by the existing companies. But if that was the reason it is equally fitting that the Government should take up the trade of general butcher and baker, for there is always more or less of a feeling among the mass of the people that they are being charged too much by the middleman, and the latter has an equally good ground for complaint against the wholesale merchant, who waxes fat on his profits. If it is merely to satisfy the discontent of a section of the community that the Government is going to come into competition with the companies, it is illogical to limit themselves to one particular line, and there is no particular reason why if they mean to extend their operations they should single out fire insurance for a start. That is no particular reason, I should say, from our point of view. From the

point of view of the few individuals who are running this colony—and running it heaven knows where—any pretext or device on which money can be raised is welcome; and the Bill now before Parliament provides power for borrowing a quarter of a million and more, if necessary, for putting in operation this new scheme. Of course, it is represented that this money would be sacred to the purpose for which it was borrowed, but as a fact in our New Zealand system of financing there is no guarantee of that. If we are to judge by what has already been done it is certain that the money raised for insurance will virtually find its way into the general fund. Its identity will be preserved in the annual statement for appearance' sake, but to all intents the quarter of a million and the sums that follow it will have gone into the maelstrom of public expenditure and debt. Our financiers would persuade us that such money is not debt, because it is invested in a remunerative channel. That blessed word "remunerative." It has nobly stood sponsor for the last five or six millions we have borrowed. But we are beginning to be a bit suspicious of it. And as applied to any money invested in fire insurance, we have much reason to be, if we examine the very narrow margin of profit on which some of the largest insurance companies in the world do business. Another circumstance leads us to invest with the sinister character of a mere borrowing device this Government fire insurance scheme. It appears that there is no serious intention to make it a real State affair. The Bill provides that business is not to be started until arrangements have been made for satisfactory re-insurances here or abroad. That is to say, in short, that the State is merely to constitute itself not an insurance company, but an insurance agent, and I presume to live as agents do on what it can make in the matter of commissions.

## Plain Talk for the Colonies.

The Under-Secretary for the Colonies has had the courage of his opinions in regard to the question of the colonies' contribution to the naval defence of the Empire. Discarding the sentimental obscurity in which the Imperial Conference appears to have discussed the responsibilities of Imperialism at the outset, he has laid before the colonies the plain, unvarnished truth touching their duties. This Mr Chamberlain does not seem to have done. He evidently felt handicapped by a desire to show the utmost consideration for the feelings of the colonies. Probably his position forced him into the position of not stating the plain, unpalatable facts as they must have presented themselves to his astute mind. At all events he gives the impression of allowing the Conference to proceed as it was doing, in the lead nowhitner fashion, and the meeting might have ended in nothing more effectual than a unanimous resolution "that it was most desirable for the Mother Country and the colonies to do all in their power to draw closer the bonds of Empire." It was as if the Colonial Secretary had said to himself, "Now we must on no account introduce disagreeable money matters;" and the colonial Premiers, conscious that it was so very much to their advantage to eschew financial considerations, heartily seconded Mr Chamberlain, so that the discussions resolved themselves into a sort of academic symposium on Imperialism, in which both sides kept clear of the monetary aspect of the question. But Lord Selborne at one fell swoop demolished the miserable fiction, when in his outspoken speech last week he as good as told the pattered Premier that all this talk of their about devotion to the Empire and willingness to contribute of their best blood in time of trouble was mainly rhetorical boast, and that the thing required of them was that they

should pay a fair share of the cost of keeping up the navy, on the efficiency of which their independence and the safety of the Empire hung. He might have told them that all their so-called sacrifices to the Boer War were nothing more than England could justly claim of them, that after all they had done they were still her debtors, and that it ill became them to take any other view of the relations. If he had told them so it would only have been the truth, and the sooner we clearly recognise this the better. As it was, he avoided such frankness, so far as his actual words went, but it is not difficult to anyone who reads his speech to see that that was the feeling in his mind when he reminded us how, if we were independent States, we would each have to pay a million sterling per annum for a protection which hardly costs us anything at all now. It is not a very agreeable reflection for the already heavily burdened taxpayer here to think that at the least we ought in justice to be paying a quarter of a million yearly as our share towards the Imperial navy. But the obligation is clear, and if Imperialism takes definite shape it will have to be met. That is part of the price we must expect to pay for its consummation. Alas! that by reckless borrowing we should find ourselves so heavily burdened that we must hesitate to accept a responsibility which both patriotism and honour require we should assume!

## Boom or Bust.

It is pleasant to many of us to hear of our Premier sounding, in South Africa, the praises of New Zealand in his sweet strains of unpremeditated art. And, in all the nice things he said about our colony, or, rather, his colony, there was a sufficiency of truth. None of his statements are less likely to be gainsaid by New Zealanders in general than his description of the country as a land without poverty—chance visitor and native-born alike acquire that impression from casual observation. It would be interesting to discover just how much of this apparent absence of poverty in our midst is due to the resources of the colony and the industry of the colonists, and how much to the presence of the British bondholders' money. It would seem from some remarks made by Sir J. Ward at a journalistic dinner in Wellington the other day that the British bondholders' money has more to do with the colony's prosperous appearance than one likes to think. At all events, the Premier's understudy implied with no uncertain voice that it would be ruinous to New Zealand to discontinue our borrowing policy at the present time. Yet the apparent prosperity of the colony, everywhere visible just now, would lead one to think that no time could be better than the present for managing the affairs of New Zealand without further help from abroad. When is the colony to be able to run alone? Even the most sanguine believer in her potential destiny would not like to say positively, if he has reasoned the question out a little, and keeps his imagination in its proper place, that New Zealand will quit borrowing within the next five, ten, twenty years. The wave of depression that, according to Sir Joseph, is sure to engulf us if we don't keep damming it back by piling up our debt ever higher and higher—is not that wave likely to continue as a standing menace that can always be urged to justify our getting more loans? For our sure protection against such a danger, the dam of real prosperity that we are raising on a solid basis of industry and well-judged enterprise can only be built with comparative slowness, like all things of lasting worth. And certainly it will be a long time before we have raised it high enough to place it beyond the risk of submersion by the wave of depression that must, almost of necessity, follow the stoppage of our borrowing policy—whenever that takes place. Have we got to go on borrowing then for an indefinite length of time, or till we come to the fatal impasse when we have fully mortgaged our assets and can get no more loans? The average New

Zealander, occupied with the cares and pleasures of the day, and vaguely confident of the resources of the colony and its people, is apt to respond indifferently, "What better is to be done?" Well, there is the obvious to be done, the right thing, that stares us all straight in the face; but I question if we are brave enough to do it, and I am diffident about suggesting doing it lest I be taken for a propounder of doctrines inimical to the present comfort of His Majesty's lieges in New Zealand. Still, I can't see anything amiss in hinting that, looking unselfishly beyond the present, the colony should now do at once what it will inevitably have to do some day—stop borrowing, and brace itself to endure the dreaded wave of depression. The depression will pass without doing our real prosperity any permanent injury, for that is a solid structure, and it cannot fail to do much good in readjusting the sadly-displaced values of many things amongst us. And surely we can live through a few lean years while we labour, with the assurance of gaining our end, to make their successors fat with a fatness that comes not of borrowed money, and must endure.

## The Collapse of the Budget.

No doubt it is a very serious and very shocking state of affairs that there is so little interest in politics even amongst politicians, that the debate on the Financial Statement was allowed to fizzle out in glorious collapse, but the situation is not without humour and not without its compensations. The press gallery men and Hansard reporters have, I make no doubt, already drunk the health of those who manipulated the rather clever and successful coup. Fancy looking forward to about a fortnight of dry as dust speeches, and having to sit through them willy-nilly, and then condense the weary columns of verbiage into the paragraph which is all the newspaper reader of to-day wants. Fancy expecting to sit up night after night, till the "wee sma' hours," and hear platitudes and peroration succeed each other in endless reiteration, from one eloquent gentleman to another, and then, fancy finding yourself let off with about a couple of hours or so of plain speaking and a brief Ministerial reply. No wonder there was a sound as if of many hornpipes being danced from the vicinity of the press galleries, and no wonder the Hansard men have never since ceased to smile radiantly at the very members whom they were eyeing with such dread apprehension earlier in the week. The fact is all the members are desperately anxious to get done with this Parliament and start electioneering for the next. The speeches they might have made in the House will be far more suitable for their constituents, there will be fewer interruptions, most likely, and more important still they will be reported at far greater length in the press. As for borrowing, the general feeling of members seems to be that it can't be helped, and the less said about it the better. Facts are often disagreeable things to look at—the future, when it will be necessary to "pay, pay, pay" is a cold, hard, and highly objectionable one to face, and this Parliament is evidently determined to turn its back on it, have nothing to say about anything so unpleasant. They feel like the great Louis of France, who would never have death mentioned in his presence. It's got to come, but why get miserable over remembering it. Why not forget. All that remains now to be done is for each to grab as much as he can for his own district, and then return in triumph to make an effort for another three years' job at £200 a year.

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# Here and There.

The well-known old Maori chief Hori Kukutai has been found dead on the Waikato railway line.

It is said that two ex-members of the notorious Kelly gang of bush-rangers served as irregulars during the war in South Africa.

Owing to the scarcity of teachers in Otago and the low salaries offered in the back blocks the settlers are likely to suffer serious disadvantage. During the past month there were 13 schools in Otago without teachers, and the settlers in the districts concerned are complaining bitterly that their children are not given an opportunity of attending school.

Concerning the Ninth Contingent, Sir Arthur Douglas, Under-Secretary for Defence, has written in reply to an enquiry from Auckland as follows: "In reply to your letter of the 8th inst., I beg to inform you that the Department has no other information beyond that published by the papers, except that 100 men of the Ninth Contingent have received their discharge in South Africa; but no names have been given in either case."

Recently (says the Tauranga "Times") a small parcel of kauri gum was brought into town from Paengaroa (south of Tauranga). The land lying between the Pyes Pa and Paengaroa roads is said to contain a good deal of this valuable deposit, which has been worked by the Maoris in a desultory manner.

The Opoitiki "Herald" says:—"A report comes from Waimana that two natives, who have been in the habit of visiting certain hen-roosts in the dead of night, were surprised by a watchful owner, and treated to the contents of a shot-gun, which has necessitated their temporary retirement from active operations for some time."

A Dunedin paper says:—"A ripple of excitement passed over the congregation at the Hanover-street Baptist Church on Sunday, when the preacher (the Rev. Mr Ward) said that he had received an anonymous letter, charging him with a grave wrong, in that he had joined in a game of ping-pong. Mr Ward added that he had no sympathy with the kill-joy sentiments which denounced all amusements and recreations as unchristian and mischievous."

A number of Whangarei gentlemen, desirous of showing their appreciation of Mr George Rout, late steward of the s.s. Wellington, presented that gentleman with a handsome diamond ring, diamond scarf pin, and a very fine meerschaum pipe. The manager of the N.S.S. Co. when making the presentation, congratulated Mr Rout on his popularity with the travelling public, and said that it was gratifying to the company to know that the efforts of their servants for the care and comfort of passengers were appreciated, as was evidenced by the presentation just made.

A country correspondent of the "Bay of Plenty Times," writing on the cost of the war, brings it home to his readers in this way:—"If the bodies of the British dead were placed in a row, head to feet, they would extend as far as from Tauranga to Ohinemutu (over forty miles); the wounded, if standing shoulder to shoulder, would form a double row of the same length; and the money expended, if laid as sovereigns edge to edge, would pave a sixteen feet wide road all that way."

The Government has sent to London a number of samples of New Zealand timber, in order that these may be thoroughly tested, with the view of having it decided whether it is possible to start the paper-making industry in this colony. Sir J. G. Ward, in mentioning this circumstance to the sawmillers' deputation at Wel-

lington, said that one of the daily newspapers in Australia required as much paper in twelve months as could be made from timber dealt with by any sawmill in this colony in that period.

The luck of the Celestial is proverbial (says the Waikouaiti "Times"), but it seems passing strange that since an unfortunate Chinaman was killed by a train at the Anderson's Bay crossing some seven weeks ago, the Railway Department have had to contend with no less than seven railway accidents, all of which have occurred on the Dunedin-Oamaru section. Perhaps "having killed a Chinaman" has some significance after all.

Referring to the Burgher National Scouts, a South African paper says that having sacrificed everything in the shape of cattle and ponies in order to join the British, an effort is being made to place the ex-Scouts on an equality with those at present surrendering. Lord Kitchener is giving each man a Boer pony. Those who are in a position to live on their farms and cultivate same will be allowed to go immediately, tents and rations being provided by the authorities.

A settler of Rangitikei, writing to a friend in Masterton, says:—"An incident connected with the recent floods in the Rangitikei River has, so far, not been published. A man was camped in a tent on the bank of the river. The flood came down during the night, but he was not disturbed. On the following morning, when he awakened, he found himself, tent, and about an eighth of an acre of land, high and dry nearly two miles further down the stream than when he retired to rest."

Trooper J. C. McLellan, of Lyttelton, who returned from South Africa in the Ruapehu, has a unique record as regards his escape from the Bophsberg disaster. He was one of the section of the Seventh Contingent which was attacked on that memorable night, and received a shot straight through the ankle, a jagged wound in the left thigh, a shot in the right thigh (the bullet still remaining embedded in the flesh), and a scalp wound, which has left an indentation in the head, but despite all these he has recovered, and is in good health and spirits.

Sir Joseph Ward's marvellous fluency appeals to the Maori (says the "Free Lance.") At a recent meeting, one dusky son of a thousand rangitiras remarked: "Him rangitira kapai! He never stop to look up sky. By Golly, all in here," pointing to his mouth. "You come with me and have a beer. You lend me a bob, and I pay you sometime. By Golly, him the feller." I hope Sir Joseph is not responsible for many Maori thjirts.

General French, in a recent speech in South Africa, defended the branch of the service which he represented against the criticism of those who declared that the cavalry, as at present constituted, was a thing of the past, and that the lance and sword should be put into museums as relics of antiquity, and who also said that young officers did nothing but hunt and play polo. General French said that this war had not taught him that the British officer had been found wanting, and he spoke of the daring and gallant leading of patrols and small units by the young officers.

The latest way to play ping-pong in Sydney is to have the ball attached by a piece of elastic to the ceiling. It can then bounce all over the room, but no one has to stoop to pick it up when it is not in play. Some people use shovels to pick up loose balls; others have long-handled implements like rakes. In not a few houses every piece of furniture is removed from the "ping-pong room," so that if there is stooping there is, at any rate, no

crawling. "Ping-pong eyes" are beginning to be a more fashionably-dreaded complaint than "a bicycle back" or a "football fracture."

Colonel Bell, U.S. Consul at Sydney, who has lately returned from a trip to America, says pretty well everything in America now, from both balls to steel rails, is controlled by a trust. "Trusts," says he, "are the order of the day. The world is no longer big enough for the ambition of a great many men. From America they have spread to England, and through the ship and all trusts they will soon reach Australia; and in this new country, where you are commencing in the work of building up a new nation, I think there ought to be precautions against them."

A funny story about Marie Corelli comes from Stratford-on-Avon, where that novelist has been living opposite a lady's school. In the school were many pianos, daily practice upon which by the pupils were excessively damaging to Miss Corelli's nerves. Driven to desperation, she wrote to the principal, asking that when pianoforte practice was going forward, the windows might be kept closed, as the noise interfered with literary composition. The schoolmistress replied that if the noise would prevent the composition of another book like "The Sorrows of Satan" she would order half a dozen more pianos.

A daring attempt at sticking-up the manager of the Commonwealth mine, Mr A. G. Coleman, is reported as having occurred lately at Wellington, N.S.W. Mr Coleman arrived in town in the evening on horseback, and after transacting some business was proceeding home. On reaching a spot near Nanima Falls, on the Macquarie River, he was brought to a standstill by means of a wire stretched across the road, and three men rushed at him. He, however, was quick at reining in his horse and galloped back to town, reporting the incident.

Kaikoura is convulsed over a squabble between a bank manager and a minister, arising, as such things usually do, out of a very small matter. At a church bazaar a vote of thanks to a person who had assisted was carried, and the Presbyterian minister, in conversation with the banker in his office, expressed an opinion that the vote was invidious, other parties who had given as great help being ignored. The manager wrote a letter to the press, giving a version of the interview, which the minister characterised as false; the banker retorted in a two-column letter, sectarian jealousies have been invoked, and the undignified dispute fills all the available space in the local newspaper.

The Consul for France in New Zealand and the Countess de Courte arrived in Auckland last week from Wellington. They intend to reside permanently in this city, the seat of the French Consulate in New Zealand, as it has been already stated, having been transferred to Auckland. This removal of the Consulate from the capital of the colony is caused by the Count's Consular jurisdiction having been extended to several groups of islands in the Pacific. As a consequence, the French Consular agency at Auckland will be discontinued, and a new one created at Wellington. The Count and Countess de Courte have taken up their residence temporarily at the Grand Hotel.

The Dunedin High School Board of Governors has resolved to offer to the Government to make secondary education free in the Boys' and Girls' High Schools on the payment of a capitation of £8 during the first year of the transaction and £6 per annum subsequently for pupils who have passed the sixth standard.

Writing from Vereeniging at the end of May, a correspondent with the South Island section of the Tenth Contingent said: "It is simply disgraceful the amount of firing by mistake that goes on in the lines. At Klansfontein we shot a nigger, who subsequently died, and three or four



nights ago we shot through the foot one of our own men who was making up his bed in his bivouac. The next day an Army Service Corps officer, who had gone up to the big plantation in the hope of a hare, galloped back to his lines pale and trembling, and when asked the cause of his discomfort, replied that he had been at Colenso and Spion Kop, but never knew anything like the firing going on in the plantation."

A Gisborne telegram states that the movement to erect a memorial at the first landing place of Captain Cook in New Zealand is meeting with good support. The Bishop of Waiapu, writing to the local committee, states that the features of the scene of Captain Cook's first contact with the natives have been completely obliterated by the works connected with the Gisborne breakwater, but the landing place, which is very clearly indicated by Captain Cook's journal, is as yet intact. This may not be the case a few years hence. His Lordship also expressed the hope that the monument, when erected, will be one worthy of the subject.

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 five guineas 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 of 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.

Is an actor who fails to play his part owing to illness liable for damages for breach of contract? The Magistrate's Court at Dunedin was occupied on Saturday week in hearing two cases in which Mr. Harris Marschel sued for damages against two of his company who failed to take their parts in "British Pluck." The defence raised by Mr. Downie Stewart was that in all contracts for personal service, where skill is required, illness is a good defence, and renders the contract void. After evidence had been heard, some of which caused considerable amusement, Mr. Carew, S.M., held the defence good, and decided in favour of the defendant in each case. Mr. A. G. C. Miller appeared for plaintiff.

Some far-fetched objections were made to the establishment of a kiosk at Kelburne Park by one or two persons whose letters were read at the meeting of the City Council, say Wellington papers. One writer urged that if a kiosk were established, music and dancing would probably be introduced, and "a menagerie of monkeys might follow." Councillor Evans was in favour of municipalising the kiosk, and he and three other Councillors wanted it referred back to the committee responsible for further information. The majority of the City Fathers, however, expressed a decided opinion that the kiosk would be a boon and a blessing, both to citizens and visitors, especially as all modern conveniences are to be provided in connection therewith; and an amendment postponing a permit for the kiosk was defeated by eight votes to four. It was made evident by the discussion that the kiosk would be carried on under strict regulations, and under a scale of tariffs to be approved by the Council.

At the instance of the police Dr. Wilson, of Huntly, went to Mercer last week for the purpose of visiting the natives, among whom a fatal sickness has been endemic for some time. He found four of them dead:—Makene, 7 years; Pai Rau, 13 years; Tari, 6 months; and Pura, 9 months; and one still sick. The symptoms—high fever, pain over the bowels, and de-

trium well marked in all cases—point, in Dr. Wilson's opinion, to disease of a typhoid character, the virulence and rapidity of the disorder being accelerated by unsuitable diet, insufficient housing, and want of treatment. The condition of the housing is exceedingly bad. The patients sleep on a mat spread over a damp floor in badly-ventilated houses, and thus cannot obtain the necessary warmth. At present there is only one native sick.

Amusement is scarce in the back-blocks, and a practical joke is a god-send. A new baby had arrived at Smith's, in the township, and the local wag, driving home in the small hours of the morning, met the doctor and learned the news. He drove at once to the only policeman in the district, roused him from sleep, and said, "Get along to Smith's at once, for heaven's sake! There's a stranger up there kicking up a deuce of a row, and they can't get rid of him." Dressing hurriedly, the policeman hastened to Smith's—a mile away—and going quietly round to the back, he got admission and met the nurse, and astonished her by asking excitedly, "Where is he? Where is he? Have you got rid of him?" The house father came, and heated explanations ensued. Now there are two men waiting for a chance to get even with the local wag, and the constable is more suspicious of strangers than ever.

The tribulations of the fossil-hunter are always great, but none could be more irritating than those which befell Mr. McKay, the Government Geologist, in connection with a fossil whale, which he discovered in the Waitaki Valley, near Oamaru (says the Dunedin "Star"). After much tunnelling and delving he managed to extract a nearly perfect skeleton, and triumphantly packed it upon a truck. This truck got safely under way, but before it reached Wellington it capsized, and the skeleton went into numberless chips. It now reposes in pieces in the Wellington Museum.

If a bank, in breach of its duty to you, dishonours your cheque, what is your remedy? An action for damages you promptly suggest, and, no doubt, you are correct. But what sort of damages can you claim? The injury for which you seek compensation must be harm to your credit in a business sense, for in no other tangible or measurable way are you damaged. Accordingly it has been judicially said that unless you are engaged in some trade or business, you have no efficient redress for the dishonour of your cheque. The award of nominal damages will hardly be regarded as a remedy at all. Perhaps if you could show some special damage which you suffered in consequence of the dishonour, you might get damages, although not a trader; but any such special damage would doubtless have to be of a kind which would be reasonably and naturally expected by the parties as likely to flow from the wrongful act of dishonour at the time when it was done. All damage which, in fact, flows from a wrongful breach of contract is not necessarily recoverable. If you had some special reason for making the contract, and so informed the other party, the defeat of your object would be the basis of damage; but not if you omitted to tell him your purpose.

A curious find was exhibited by Mr. Hamilton to the members of the Otago Institute lately in the shape of a fragment of a supposed Maori relic, found near the Orepuke shale works. Mr. Hamilton said that the relic was in many respects remarkable and unique in this part of the world, so far as his experience went. He had been unable to assign any use for it. It differed from the characteristics of native tokens and ornamentation in several marked ways. The faces on the handle were kite-shaped, and the circles were concentric instead of the usual Maori spiral curves. The kite faces seemed more characteristic of the New Hebrides than anywhere else.

Five residents of Athol, a place in Southland, were brought before Mr. McCarthy, S.M., at Lumsden, last

week and charged with using insulting behaviour with intent to provoke a breach of the peace on the 18th April. They and others erected a staging in front of the house of a couple who had incurred hostility in connection with the Boer war, and more especially by reference to a trooper who went from the village and was killed in the Machavie railway smash. The stage bore the effigies of a man and a woman, and these were fired amid hooting and groaning. Defendants seemed to think they were quite within their rights. It appeared that an attempt had also been made to prevent the man, who was the subject of this demonstration, from getting his crop threshed. Harris, father of the trooper killed, deposed that the female complainant knelt on the road and invoked the "curse of God on Jim Harris; may he get shot down." His Worship said no doubt unkind things had been said by the complainants, but life would be unbearable in places without police protection if the defendants' conduct were allowed to pass without punishment. He fined each of the accused 20/ and costs, to be divided.

The Hon. J. W. Barnicoat, whose resignation as a member of the Legislative Council was announced at the opening of Parliament, is one of New Zealand's oldest colonists and politicians. Arriving as one of the passengers of the ship Auckland, in 1842, he has been closely identified with the social and political life of the Nelson Province almost from its foundation. As a surveyor he had much to do with the settlement of Nelson, and he was one of the few who escaped from that tragedy of 1843, which arose out of Captain Wakefield's rash attempt to seize the Wairau Plain while the title was yet in dispute. He was called to the Legislative Council in 1883.

Lord Ranfurly, addressing a Wellington audience some days ago, gave some interesting particulars relating to the roll of veterans which he is having compiled, showing that New Zealanders had taken part in all the wars of Britain during modern times. He stated that 39 of those enrolled had medals for service prior to 1850, one being for the bombardment of Acre in the year 1840; 779 were earned between 1850 and 1860, and there were 1362 given for the Maori war. There were representatives of the Abyssinian expedition of 1868, of the Canadian Fenian raid, the Zulu war, the Transvaal war of 1890 (including a Majuba veteran), the Egyptian expedition of 1883, the wars in the Soudan,

the Canadian North-west Territory, Burma, and the Punjab frontier. Italy's great liberator, Garibaldi, also had a representative, who wore not a medal but the rosette that was, with Garibaldi, the reward of valour. New Zealanders, said Lord Ranfurly, came of a martial race, and in view of South African experience, and the frequency of little wars throughout the Empire, he did not anticipate that the proposed Veterans' Home would ever be derelict for want of veterans.

The secrets of the jury-room are always under embargo in the Court. No appellate tribunal will listen to reasons why the jury came to a particular conclusion—unless, perhaps, some proof of fraudulent collusion could be made out; the verdict is the only thing with which the judges have to concern themselves, and the verdict is the answer given in open court. Misunderstandings on the part of some of the jurors in the jury-room as to the evidence—error by the foreman in setting down the items of the verdict—blunders as to a majority or minority of votes—all these things are sacred to the jury-room, and the Court will not hear anything said about them. If a juror has any complaint to make, or any misapprehension to set right, the time for him to act is when he comes into Court, and the foreman is asked to state the verdict. The protest has to be made then or not at all. A curious example in this connection was furnished only the other day in Melbourne. The defendant in an action applied for a new trial, one of his grounds being a mistake as to the verdict of the jury. A juror swore that he had understood that the verdict was to be for the plaintiff, and that when he entered the Court and heard the foreman say that the jury found for the defendant, he was so taken aback that he could not speak, and so he allowed the false verdict to pass unchallenged. This, it will be noted, was a matter in the Court, and not in the jury-room. The judges held, however, that the general rule must apply. The verdict had been given without objection, and had been entered, and no notice could be afterwards taken of the manner in which the decision was arrived at. A dissenting juror must speak at the right time, or for ever hold his peace.

Captain Tubbs, of the steamer Stanleyville, which was recently wrecked on the West African Coast, is a rather remarkable man. Despite Mr. Clutcliffe Hynes's denial, the captain claims to be the original of the noted Captain Kettle. The skipper is said to be certainly a strong personality, and spins excellent yarns out of his

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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 handbands. 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 pedicel 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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SEVERAL SHOULD WRITE AT ONCE.

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# Turf Gossip.

By WHALEBONE.

Department of Lands and Survey, District Office, Auckland, July, 1925. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Right to Cut Flax Growing on Crown Lands as described below, will be offered for Sale by Public Auction at this Office on MONDAY, the 11th day of August, 1925, at 11 o'clock a.m.

**KAWAKAWA SURVEY DISTRICT** (Block XVI.)—On that portion of Block XVI. between the Waitakarake Stream and the Railway Line. Upset price, £20, payable one half on the fall of the hammer, the balance within three months from date of sale. One year will be allowed for the removal of the Flax.

Also, on Section 6, Parish Maramara and Crown Lands, Blocks XI. and XII, Maramara S.D., on South Side Whangamarino River. Upset price, £30, the whole payable on the fall of the hammer. Four months will be allowed for the Removal of the Flax.

The localities of the above Flax are shown on plans marked red, lodged at this Office for inspection.

GERHARD MUELLER, Commissioner of Crown Lands.

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PERFECT FITTING.

Obtainable at all the Leading Drapers and Warehouses in the Colony.

## TURF FIXTURES.

August 1—Amberley Steeplechase Club  
August 12, 14—C.J.C. Grand National  
October 8, 11—Dunedin Jockey Club  
September—Avondale J.C.

## TURF NOTES.

Miss Blair died recently at Pukekohe.

Gobo is the only horse that has won the Wellington Steeplechase twice.

A friend from Whangarei informs me that the newly-formed club there will be a strong one.

Northumberland was a bit sore after working a few days ago and has had to be eased up.

Malatus has been definitely announced to be at the service of breeders this season near New Plymouth.

Indabba, a crack Australian gallopway in India, is in a bad way with fever when the last news came to hand.

Powerful, the brother to Seahorse, still shows the effects of strangles, and his wind may always be affected.

Mr G. G. Stead has promised the Christchurch Hunt Club a 25-guinea cup for their Point-to-point Steeplechase.

Royal Conqueror runs like a stayer. His connections did not back him extensively for the Hurdle Race at Wellington on Wednesday.

J. Rae purposes leaving for Riccarton with his charges, which will be Mars, Matarawa and probably another, on the 28th inst.

The Governor of New South Wales, Admiral Sir Harry Rawson, has been pleased to become a patron of the Australian Jockey Club.

Persimmon, Isinglass, and Carbine were well at the top of the list of winning sires in England at latest accounts from Home papers.

Mr. E. Hankins, the Southern horse-owner trainer, on a short visit to Auckland prior to leaving for South Africa, where he contemplates settling.

There is some talk of calling the Leontias—The Orphan gelding, J. Chaff's, jun., stable, Manifeste, presumably after the Liverpool Grand National winner.

Amongst other horses trained at one time in Auckland by the late T. Clarke were the steeplechaser Julia Ann, owned by Mr G. Brimblecombe, and Miss Griffiths (owned by Col. Dawson).

Acetine, a grey gelding that performed well last autumn at the A.J.C. meeting, at Randwick, running second to Wakeful in the Sydney Cup in the fastest time on record, has been sold to go to India.

Accommodation has been secured by F. MacManemum at Riccarton for three horses, and Scotty, Haydn and Royal Conqueror are expected to go South, and their mentor will likely proceed south also.

Undi the present week a prominent local bookmaker had not laid against Siege Gun for the New Zealand Cup, but backers came along and accepted hundreds to five, the price he had quoted all along against the Yaldhurst colt.

The fine weather of the past week is enabling trainers to get their horses done with their horses at head quarters. A lot of short sprinting work is being allotted most of the coming two-year-olds required for early engagements.

Spalpeen, from whom much was expected, a two years old, is growing into a big colt. He may yet become a character, which so far has not been conspicuous for resolute finishing. He has plenty of pace, and stamina may come with age.

The new totalisator which the Hodd-Don Company had erected on the Charters Towers course, is reported to have done its work admirably, says the Sydney "Referee," and it is more than ever unaccountable how there came to be such a bungling at Port Adelaide recently.

In the chairman's address last week to the conference of delegates of trotting clubs appears an obvious mistake in saying that the totalisator revenue had increased by £20,000. The really is the amount of increase in the turnover, and £200 would be the gross increase in revenue.

For some time past the Southern trainer H. Goodman, who has for years been located at the Forbury, Dunedin, has contemplated coming North, and from a letter received yesterday I learn that in the event of securing stables at or near Ellerslie this well-known mentor may ere long throw in his lot in that quarter. Attached to Goodman's stable is the promising young horseman D. King, who has done a lot of riding this season in the South.

A handicap race for three-year-olds only has been inaugurated by the Canterbury Park Race Club, N.S.W., to be run in August. This is said to be the first handicap race of the kind ever run in the State.

It is reported that Nonette was backed by a bookmaker against Cruciform for the New Zealand Cup for £100 for places, and for another hundred to finish in front of Mr Stead's filly in the race. A Stratford settler was the backer of Cruciform.

The failure of the V.R.C. Grand National Hurdle Race according to a Melbourne correspondent of a Sydney paper were Battlexe and Wollagorang. The former is referred to as big, handsome Battlexe, who could have done with another week's work, and the other as looking like one that had done a very sound preparation.

The Brooklyn Handicap, one of the biggest races associated with the American turf, was won by a mare for the first time in its history. The record-breaker was a four-year-old, Reina, by Esmer, from Reflection, by Zorilla, and according to "The Spirit," she won by an eyelash. "Jockey" O'Donnor riding her like a demon, and taking no chances.

"Sporting Judge" is responsible for saying that "owing to a printer expressing a wish that the book- writer Muntz should be highly for the writer Handicap at Flemington on Coronation Day, no business was done. The pencil could not fulfil the order."

A singular coincidence in connection with the London Coronation Cup is that Australian Star was the first entry made (says an exchange), and in the published list it occupies first place. That horse cost his present owner (Mr S. H. Gollan) about 50 guineas, and has won nearly £500 in stakes.

Long Tom, a recent winner at Hawkesbury (N.S.W.), is a two-year-old by Proscele, from Crossard, who was by Goldbrother from imported Roward, by Blinkhoola, and cost his present owner 50 guineas at the yearling sales. There are some close relatives to this youngster in Southern studs, and the fact is worth mentioning, as he is spoken of as one that may turn out well.

A layer of the odds in Auckland only betted against two horses in the hurdle race at Wellington, and they finished first and second. Another layer could not get a bet about Royal Conqueror, and he offered 100 to a tanner against that gelding to the owner, who evidently did not fancy his horse greatly, and it is said was content with a modest investment on his chance. Royal Conqueror continues to improve.

After the running in the V.R.C. Grand National Hurdle Race, Battlexe was weighted at 11.11, the second to the top weight, Californian, 12.2, in the Kellar Hurdle Race, and received top weight, 5.3, in the Braybrook Handicap, in which he broke a blood vessel and finished last. Regalia had 10.12 and 8.1 respectively in the same races, for both of which he was promptly scratched.

A New York paper says that in view of the fact that owners have been sending unshoed horses to the barrier in races at Gravesend, the stewards have decided to put into effect an old rule inflicting a fine of 50 dol. upon an owner who sends such a horse to the starter in any future race. In this way owners will be compelled to school their horses.

Mr J. J. Miller's Annual Illustrated Sporting Pamphlet, containing full performance of all horses engaged in the coming big spring handicaps and classic races in Australia, with a mass of other valuable information to sportsmen, has reached me from Melbourne. The pamphlet has been increased in size by 25 pages, but is still published at a cost of one shilling.

It is said that Cannonpate and Trasham have been backed for all the money obtainable for the New Zealand Grand National Steeplechase and Hurdle Race double. This would make it appear probable that the reported visit to Sydney with Trasham may not eventuate for some time.

There were quite a number of falls in the Wellington Steeplechase. Gobo, for the first time this season, got round without making a mistake. Rufus, who has several times been unlucky, was one

of the few to finish the course, and Shyluck, who has not raced over country for a long time, and only on a few occasions altogether, since he won the North New Zealand Grand National Hurdle Race, were the only others who got through without mishap. Fancy eight out of thirteen runners failing to complete the course.

There is nothing much to report in connection with the Epsom and Metropolitan (says "Empire") either as regards betting or track work. Speculation is pretty well confined to doubles, and it will probably be some time yet ere any of the fancied tandem pairs put against the watch. The only developments during the week were the sale of Acetine and San Fran's appearance in the private sale list, which probably puts both out of court as far as the spring events are concerned.

The police complained of the way Surf was spurred while taking part in the Coronation Handicap at the Butchers' meeting at Hobart. The trainer's explanation was (says an exchange) that if his horses are not ridden out the stewards' assistants are liable to be injured. The police make a complaint, so that he gets into trouble either way. This was surely a poor excuse. Some horses do want riding, but many are needlessly and cruelly punished.

A remarkable case occurred at a funeral at Cape Town not long since, and is thus told of in a London paper. The funeral of a well known jockey named Spinks took place, and was marked by unusually scenes. A clergyman who was present took occasion to deliver an oration in the course of which he violently denounced horse-racing and the horse who took part in it as a pack of wolves and dogs seeking ill-gotten gains. The friends of the deceased strongly resent these remarks, and the reverend gentleman subsequently publicly apologised for using them.

The "Referee" says that the fact of San Fran being placed in the private sale list suggests that he may have come to the conclusion that he will not stand winding up for his spring engagements. Until recently the Gozo horse was doing well at Kensington, but presumably his leg has again gone wrong. At the stud he should command attention, as he has both breeding and performance to recommend him.

The question as to the wisdom or otherwise of taxing stud horses has been raised. It is not one that should be dealt with by persons who have no interest in common with breeders and stud-masters. If we could be sure that a proper system of licensing horses would be brought about, and the tax were not too heavy, it might do some real good would be accomplished. Many owners would be willing to pay tax on their horses if they could be certain that only good horses would be granted certificates to travel the country. Competent judges, of course, be obtained by the Government to regulate these matters, but there are many difficulties in the way of setting the machinery in motion. The intention of the Government will soon be known.

There have been many better performances in the race than Rawdon's and also bigger fields than he says the "Daily Telegraph" in congratulating the Grand National Hurdle event. Rawdon carried 9.7, the highest weight but four—Dixey 9.4, Ocean 9.4, and Buzard and Aquarius 9.0. That the race has been won with, while against it, the best horses that have been were 25 runners in 1891, 23 in 1892, 22 in 1893, and 20 in 1895. Not once in its long history has the Grand National been won with a heavier weight than 11.13. Don Quixote carried so much when he won in 1854, and the next best was 11.12, but that line was Redcap 11.12 in 1852, but at a later period Redcap put up the thumping impost of 13.3 and beat 19 opponents in the Grand National Steeplechase.

The "Spirit of the Times" says that through his faith in a cricket club Hon. W. J. White, of Cleveland, has allowed the champion pacer, Star Pointer, to imitate, to become a victim of the Sheriff. The West Cleveland and Banking Company, through Sheriff Barry, has levied upon Star Pointer to satisfy a claim of 25 dol. The horse is in the care of the Sheriff's deputies. The Cleveland Cricket Club is also a defendant in the suit. According to the "Spirit of the Times," the club gave a promissory note, which was endorsed by several of its stockholders. When the club went out of existence, judgment was taken on the note. Mr White was one of the signatories, and having decided to levy upon something belonging to him. The famous pacer was the handiest, and the horse will be held until the judgment is satisfied.

Oban, the Australian-bred horse, whose arrival in England was heralded with such a flourish of trumpets, and who was being taken to win the Cambridge Cup, an ardent rogue on the flat, but like other animals of this class (says an exchange), jumping practice has greatly improved his courage, and there are many more unlikely things than that he will turn out an accomplished performer over a country. Well, he has a great exploratory work to perform. A Cambridge failure, as costly as it was ignominious, has to be atoned for. It was so costly and so ignominious that, however nobly it may be explained, it never will be forgotten. Oban's owner, if he may be mentioned, says the same authority, formed one of the syndicate which financed the bank of Mrs. Carr with his much-trumpeted system.

Consequent upon the effects of the long-continued drought and Federal encroachments, the finances of the Queensland State have been brought to such a condition of late that it has been found that the Government has been hunting around for all the soft spots likely to admit of increased taxation. As a source of revenue (says the Queensland correspondent of the "Referee") the Railway Department has had to suffer with the rest, and with the object of raising the wind Minister Leahy has deemed it necessary to explode a bomb amongst the racing people, who are affected by the rates of carriage for horses. The bomb was directed towards and from the country race meetings. The cheapness of the rates heretofore has been highly appreciated both by horseowners and by the country clubs, and it was dependent upon that to a considerable extent upon their meetings were successful; so that the announcement to the effect that the rates for forwards journeys were to be increased by 50 per cent., and a similar rate charged for the return, has caused quite a flutter of excitement and indignation. The majority of owners are not at all likely to take on nearly so many trips into the country districts if the rates are held on the same level, and as a result all of the country clubs must suffer, if some of them do not actually go to the wall. With this end in view, the policy of the Railway Minister seems short-sighted. It is like killing the goose which lays the golden eggs. The rates are in the course of formation, to point out to the Minister the dire consequences which must follow a determined adherence to this latest scheme, and perhaps the way ahead to some extent. It is not to be supposed that all owners want the lower scale or are preferable to none at all upon the higher.

The conference of representatives of the New Zealand Racing Clubs, held at the Metropolitan Club, Tattersall's, Hawkesbury, and City Tattersall's Clubs, with the A.J.C. committee, to consider the question of appointing stipendiary stewards to control the racing in the metropolitan area, was held on the 17th and 18th of July. The Sydney "Telegraph" and though nothing definite was done, it is satisfactory to know that these present were unanimously in favour of the proposal. The conference was not open to the press, but the A.J.C. committee has considered the views of the deputation before the full committee at their next meeting, and report the result. It is understood that the A.J.C. committee intend to consider the advisability of appointing one set of stewards to control the racing at all meetings held within the metropolitan area, and in the event of deciding in the negative to go into the question of the sum the A.J.C. will contribute towards the salaries of stipendiary stewards for meetings of Tattersall's, City Tattersall's, Sydney Turf, Hawkesbury, Rosehill, Warwick Farm, Canterbury Park, and Moorefield Racing Clubs, which are to be privileged to make the appointments. It was recognized that it is absolutely necessary to secure the services of men who by long and intimate association with racing affairs possess the necessary qualifications, and therefore, that the employment of a sufficient to induce them to undertake the duties of a responsible duties. A suggestion was thrown out to include the Newcastle Jockey Club in the list of institutions to which the stipendiary stewards would be turned their attention, but the chairman of the question will receive due consideration. Those who take an interest in turf affairs will be pleased that the appointment of stipendiary stewards is soon likely to take a definite shape.

The special reporter of the "Sydney Morning Herald" in his notes on the V.R.C. Grand National Handicap Race has followed the race as it was all out as they came round the bend, leaving Colonel Shillinski and Rawdon almost on terms as they went into the straight, with Conquest just behind, and Nansen coming very fast. Rawdon and Colonel Shillinski crossed the line first, with Nansen and the pair shaking off Nansen inside the distance fought out a brilliant battle, the issue being in doubt until Rawdon, with a supreme effort, got his nose in front in the last couple of lengths, and secured the victory by very narrow margin amid a scene of intense excitement, while Nansen and Conquest followed them home. The favourite and Battie, who showed most disappointing, and a shock to the racing public, while the much-fancied California was at the tail of the main body. The severity of the race from the jump may be gauged by the fact that the time recorded for the race is 48 seconds faster than that recorded by Nansen and Shillinski in 1906 and last year respectively. The official records show that the first mile and a half was east being in 2 minutes 53 seconds, the next four furlongs in 59 seconds, the succeeding half miles in 58 and 57 seconds respectively. The last mile of the journey was run in 1 minute 45 seconds, and last six furlongs in 1 minute 27 seconds. The winner was bred by Mr W. Pile, in South Australia, and is by Rival from Lady Conquest, the Princess Consort (see of Conquest) from Liberty, by Turk of the Hill from Princess of Prussia, by South Australian. In his native country Rawdon attracted public attention by running third in the Canterbury Cup in 1907, and in 1908, when he won the Cup. He was purchased by Mr Albert Miller prior to last year's Grand National Meeting, and carried his colours unbroken in the Maiden Handicap at the same time. Having qualified for the Jumpers' Flat Race, he ran unplaced in one of those events during the current

season, and first attracted public attention as a jumper by finishing very fast in the Crown Hurdle Race at the V.R.C. Coronation Meeting, in which he was fourth, but he brought him into the market for the big race, and after the mishap to Holker the son of Rival was at the head of the quotations until deposed by Battie. Consequently he was a bad horse for the money that he might be worth, when he was cut short by the pencil looking hard at him and telling him to go away. At this he was somewhat astonished, but thinking the bookie did not understand him he said, "There is a horse called Hippodale in the Maiden Hurdle Race to-day at Wellington, and I wish to back him." Another hard look from the bookie, and a request to take his £1 elsewhere, was followed by information that news had been received that Hippodale had been returned the winner. It was bad enough to discover that he was too late; worse that he should have been suspected of trying to get money on a horse that he had already won. The result that he had set out to follow in the end, and in disappointment and confusion neglected to follow his other fancies. All three horses won, and even with the limit to liability fixed by the pencil, which in the case of any proper horse would have returned in round numbers over £250. This is a very good way of backing a treble for the investor who is fortunate enough to get on, but in this case there is a moral somewhere. An investor gave a pencil to put on Will-o'-the-Wisp, the proceeds to be all up on Royal Conqueror, and in the event of their both winning the money to the pencil. That wager cost the pencil a big sum, for after the two first legs had come off in his favour, the bookie partly insured himself by turning back of Swimmer, who lost and got him out of what would have been a much more costly afternoon's work. There are only a few examples of many similar events that are seldom referred to in the press. It is a long time since we have heard of three consecutive winners being backed upon the doubling-up system, and there are fewer pencils now who will accept such risks than was once the case.

At the present time the question of appointing stipendiary stewards is a burning one. The following from the "Sydney Referee" will be read with interest:—When the V.R.C. required the proprietary clubs racing in the Melbourne district to elect stipendiary stewards not peculiarly interested in the courses, the requirement was duly met. Results, however, have shown that there is still something left to desire from the stewards acting in Melbourne, and from time to time the sporting writers of the South have been demanding stewards who shall be paid and from whom shall be required a strict account of their stewardship. In these days honours are not so much to be sought in connection with any business which is worked mainly for cash results. Financial considerations do not necessarily clash with a high ideal of sporting etiquette, but there is always a suspicion that the integrity of the stipendiary Stewards who are not paid may consider themselves quite at liberty to indulge in a wager or two, hoping to find their judgment borne out in results. There are odd owners and trainers, possibly, who are willing to bet on a slight edge calculated to help in anticipating winners correctly, whilst others would seem to play the game so low down. And I have no doubt, speaking from experience, that the public in the Commonwealth who are much more keen on looking for probable winners than in carrying out the responsibilities of their contract as stewards. At the same time, the worst examples of indifferent stewardship would certainly not be found in the metropolitan district of Sydney, where, according to the present indications, the first regularly organised experiment in the employment of paid stipendiary stewards is being made. The employment of stipendiary officials is a definite commission to act in an impartial, just and vigorous manner, having the interests of the Turf and a proper idea of the ethics of sport as the general guide to their work. It is calculated to have an effect of a salutary character on racing. Such a line of procedure has been advocated time after time by the Press in different States, and particularly in the State of Victoria and the Colony of New Zealand. Still, the agitation for paid stewards has not yet resulted in their establishment in either place, and, rather unexpectedly, the first thorough experiment is likely to be made in New Zealand. The situation was forced so to speak by the A.J.C. committee, who, falling in line with the views of the V.R.C. long ago expressed, requested the proprietary clubs to nominate stipendiary gentlemen not interested in the clubs as shareholders. At the first blush directors of clubs displayed irritation, but on mature reflection they have come to the conclusion that the proper solution of the situation is a trial of paid stewards. A conference with members of the A.J.C. Committee on Monday these views were patently laid down, and as the representatives of the racing clubs were in accord with the proposal it may be said to be granted that stipendiary stewards will be installed next month. If so, the new body will probably be directed to include the metropolitan and other proprietary club racing in the metropolitan district, and that by the betting and other clubs outside of the A.J.C. itself, in their commission. The matter has gone through preliminary stages, and it only remains for a proponent of the A.J.C. Committee to give the necessary authorisation and apportion the individual shares of cost among the clubs concerned. It is hoped that New South Wales will strike out with this new policy in racing affairs, and if results are deemed satisfactory similar action is pretty sure to follow in the neighbouring States. The immediate effect is sure to be a disinclination on the part of those who race horses to avoid conflict with the new official supervisors, until, at any rate, it is seen what standard is going to be exacted from those who are always prepared to hold their own. It is to be expected, under the new order of things, that scandalous and impudent exhibitions will be suppressed at all times, and not intermittently, also that good-will cease to be abused. If it is known that the eyes of a potent, keen, and exacting stewards are always about, there is bound to be a better standard of racing, and it is to be hoped that the same will be found. This may be a matter of more difficulty than would appear at first sight.

Backers of horses, as is well known, sometimes adopt a plan of investing in one race and asking the accommodating pencil to follow contingent instructions in the event of backing the right one for a stake. A well-known sport, who wished to follow this plan, was the subject of the Wellington Racing Club's Winter Meeting, having received advice or inspiration that Hippodale, Will-o'-the-Wisp, and Royal Conqueror would win their respective races. He put the street to look for his usual bookmaker, but the latter, for some reason had been "moved on" or lost by the police on the day in question mat-

ters very little for the purpose of the story, but not being able to find his man, and believing that it was nearing the end of the first race, he would be investor decided to put his £1 on with the first pencil he met, and approaching one he knew only by sight he offered him £1 on Hippodale, and was about to give him the further instructions for the betting when the money he might be worth, when he was cut short by the pencil looking hard at him and telling him to go away. At this he was somewhat astonished, but thinking the bookie did not understand him he said, "There is a horse called Hippodale in the Maiden Hurdle Race to-day at Wellington, and I wish to back him." Another hard look from the bookie, and a request to take his £1 elsewhere, was followed by information that news had been received that Hippodale had been returned the winner. It was bad enough to discover that he was too late; worse that he should have been suspected of trying to get money on a horse that he had already won. The result that he had set out to follow in the end, and in disappointment and confusion neglected to follow his other fancies. All three horses won, and even with the limit to liability fixed by the pencil, which in the case of any proper horse would have returned in round numbers over £250. This is a very good way of backing a treble for the investor who is fortunate enough to get on, but in this case there is a moral somewhere. An investor gave a pencil to put on Will-o'-the-Wisp, the proceeds to be all up on Royal Conqueror, and in the event of their both winning the money to the pencil. That wager cost the pencil a big sum, for after the two first legs had come off in his favour, the bookie partly insured himself by turning back of Swimmer, who lost and got him out of what would have been a much more costly afternoon's work. There are only a few examples of many similar events that are seldom referred to in the press. It is a long time since we have heard of three consecutive winners being backed upon the doubling-up system, and there are fewer pencils now who will accept such risks than was once the case.

NEW ZEALAND RACING CONFERENCE. WELLINGTON, Thursday.

The Racing Conference opened this morning. The chairman (Sir G. Clifford) in his annual address congratulated the clubs on the continued prosperity of the turf and the capabilities of the colony as a breeding place for horses of high excellence. A second volume of the Stud Book would be published before next meeting; the work of preparation being almost advanced. A reaction was being set in again, the spirit raised by the setting that 'A' clubs would endeavour to voluntarily give prizes to reward staying power. With reference to the charge that some of the racecourses could devise means of reducing the purse, an ill-informed and ill-considered agent of the totalisator had for a long time existed, and it might be opportune to direct attention to the evils which would certainly result from its abolition. The sport was being only permitted to permit of the entire prohibition, but the efforts of the totalisator might succeed in doing great injury to the racing pastime, which an honest man could honourably follow. Nearly every innocent act of mankind could be made the subject of an evil by its abuse. It was not the totalisator but the failure of the authorities to carry out the laws safeguarding its operation that had produced the few quotable cases of ruin or disgrace which had been claimed to be the result of the totalisator.

The report of the committee appointed to consider the advisability of appointing stipendiary stewards and the reports of local administration of the trainers' and jockeys' provident fund was presented. The committee saw insuperable difficulties in procuring and maintaining a competent staff of stipendiary stewards, and recommended instead that each club should appoint a judicial committee to deal with all protests and disqualifications, and also that metropolitan committees should be empowered to appoint advisory stewards to assist the main stewards, so requested. As to the provision of funds, it was recommended that no charge be made in the separate trainers' fund at present, but that a scheme of insurance to cover the risks of accidents such as had in the past been considered, was warranted relief. Messrs Allison, Nolan, and May, Miller, and Guinness were appointed a committee to arrange dates and totalisator permits. The Chairman made an explanation regarding the Takapuna Jockey Club, which last year was spoken of as being a matter of more difficulty than would appear at first sight. The club had paid £1000 towards the purchase of the course, and the balance was to be paid in twelve years. The Chairman was presented by Mr Freeman Holmes with reference to the payment of totalisator tickets on Rotorua in the New Year's Handicap at the Greyouth Jockey Club's meeting. A statement was made by the petitioner that a steward of the club had won the race, and over the race. The Chairman stated this was not correct. Mr Petrie (the Greyouth Jockey Club's delegate) asked for an inquiry into the circumstances of the race. Mr Wilson moved, and Mr Allison seconded, "That the petition be not

entertained." This was agreed to. An amendment, moved by Mr Petrie, seconded by Mr Card, "That be matter be allowed to be considered by the committee." The committee appointed by the conference to consider the desirability or otherwise of appointing stipendiary stewards has reported, and has considered the question very thoroughly and unambiguously resolved, "That in view of difficulties, which it regards as insuperable, it cannot recommend their appointment, and that the committee be empowered to amend the rules of racing, viz. to advise that all racing clubs should select from among their stewards a judicial committee, not exceeding five in number, to consider and determine all matters in relation to protests and disqualifications, such committee to have power to substitute for any of its members who may be absent or interested in the case submitted to it, such other person as he may select. Messrs Guinness, Allison, Nolan, Miller, and May were appointed a committee to consider the question of totalisator permits and dates. Mr Samuel moved on behalf of the Taranaki Jockey Club, "That, at this meeting, and at all subsequent meetings of the committee, until otherwise decided, all resolutions adopted by the conference shall take effect without further reference to individual clubs, provided that such resolutions be agreed to by not less than three-fifths of the total voting power present, and that rule 106 be altered accordingly." This was negatived. Mr Card moved, "That a bare majority be sufficient to decide alterations to rules." With the exception of the conference this was withdrawn.

The Chairman moved, on behalf of the committee appointed to report, "That it shall be a duty of the Metropolitan Committee, at application of any racing club in its district, to appoint for any race meeting of such club, an advisory steward, with or without fee, to be paid by the club so applying, such advisory steward to have power to result in any action by the stewards of any matters occurring during the meeting which may be deemed of sufficient importance, as to breach of racing law or otherwise." This was agreed to. The committee appointed to consider the best form of local administration for trainers' and jockeys' provident funds, recommended that the existing regulations. The Chairman said they were barred by the charges quoted by the insurance companies from doing anything in the matter. Under the circumstances he would allow to be considered by the motion of Mr Allison, it was decided that the committee be reappointed to consider the matter, and report at next meeting of the conference. Mr Samuel (Taranaki Jockey Club) moved to amend the definition of club the words, "duly registered under the rules, being added, which exempts pointed to the fact that the existing regulations, by disqualification. This was agreed to.

The Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's amendment to rule 7, "That only clubs having a totalisator, whose stakes exceed £100 per diem, shall advertise once at least in the Official Calendar," was agreed to. A notice of motion by the Otago country clubs, for the Official Calendar, was generally discussed, and negatived. Mr Allison moved, and Mr Wilson seconded, "That a committee be set up to report at the next meeting of the conference as to the advisability of the conference publishing its own Official Calendar, and generally report on the whole question." This was negatived. The Hon. J. D. Ormond proposed, and it was agreed, "That the referee be the Official Calendar of the Racing Conference."

A verbal amendment to rule 2, moved by the Taranaki Jockey Club, was agreed to. The chairman moved a new clause to rule 7, as follows: "Notwithstanding anything herein otherwise provided, pony races may, subject to the sanction of the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club, be held on any day's racing at a legally constituted trotting meeting, if the programme of such meeting shall have been duly submitted for the approval of the jockey club." This was agreed to. An amendment to rule 21, to provide that any official could not employ a deputy or substitute, was negatived.

The Hon. J. D. Ormond moved, on behalf of the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club, a new rule, "That no horse, three years old or upwards, shall be allowed to start in any handicap run over a distance of less than six furlongs." The Taranaki and Takapuna delegates opposed the motion. The chairman agreed to the motion, provided it did not become operative for 12 months. The motion was negatived.

The chairman moved on behalf of the Canterbury Jockey Club, a new rule, "That all horses entered in a handicap, which has been put on a publication of the weights, started in any race, shall be allotted, if of the same age, equal weights subject to the usual sex allowance, and if of different ages, equal weights subject to the usual sex allowance, unless the special conditions of the race provide otherwise." This was negatived. Mr Miller moved, on behalf of the Dunedin Jockey Club, to amend the season for flat racing from May 31 to June 7, to permit clubs racing on the Prince of Wales' Birthday to race under a light scale of weights. This was agreed to. A motion by the Taranaki Jockey Club to strike out rule 106, which relates to the placing of any person who gives a cheque for the payment of entry or acceptance that it dishonoured in the forfeit list, was negatived. The Hawke's Bay Jockey Club moved, "That a fee of £5 in connection with changing a horse's name be paid to the



chairman of the Racing Conference instead of the Jockey Club. The chairman moved, on behalf of the Canterbury Jockey Club, a new rule, "That all clubs having races on their programmes on which forfeits are payable, shall post notices of such forfeits to the owners at least 14 days before the same become due." This was agreed to.

The Canterbury Jockey Club's motion to amend rule 53, registration of partnerships, was agreed to. The rule now provides that the membership of horses above the age of one year need be registered, which releases breeders.

The Wanganui Jockey Club's motion to amend rule 71, that the name of a person or horse on the unpaid forfeit list shall be deemed to have ceased to be thereon from the actual time when the forfeit shall have been paid to the registry office," was negatived. The rule at present is that the name of the person continues to be on the forfeit list so long as his name is published in the Calendar.

At eleven p.m. the Conference adjourned till half-past ten next morning.

At the Racing Conference to-day it was agreed to amend rule 79 a provision that jockeys may be required to produce their licenses to the clerk of scales, and Rule 80 was amended so that races started before the appointed time shall be run again.

It was resolved to draft a rule making it clear that in the case of any disqualified person training a horse during the period of one month prior to the date of nomination such horse would be disqualified also, and that no disqualified person may be employed to assist in training.

At the Racing Conference to-day, provision was made for licensing stable servants.

It was made clear that clubs could grant relief from the provident fund to the widow or the family of a trainer or jockey.

The fine of £1 was made compulsory in the case of horses running with the wrong colours up.

It was resolved that gentlemen riders could apply directly to racing clubs for certificates, and that a recommendation that the fees so received go towards trophies for events won by gentlemen riders.

WELLINGTON, Friday.

At the Racing Conference to-day Mr Samuel, on behalf of the Taranaki Jockey Club, moved to add to rule 79 the words "every jockey shall produce his license to the clerk of scales if required to do so." This was agreed to.

Amendment to rules 80 and 81 moved by the Taranaki Jockey Club were withdrawn.

The Wellington country clubs' delegate moved to amend rule 89, that no race can be started before the half-chain behind the starting post. This was negatived.

On the motion of the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club rule 96 was amended to provide that if a race is started before the appointed time the half-chain behind the starting post.

The Taranaki Jockey Club's motions to amend rules 113 and 116 were withdrawn.

Mr Petrie moved to amend rule 118 by striking out the words "an appeal from any such decision may be made to the Racing Conference, and its decision shall be final." This was negatived.

An amendment to rule 138, moved by the Greyhound Jockey Club, which referred to horses being in charge of disqualified persons was agreed to making the rule more clear and to prevent evasion of the rule.

On the motion of the Wanganui Jockey Club rule 113 was amended by the addition of the words "or take part in training," applying to persons training without a license.

A motion of the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club to license stable servants was carried.

The Hawke's Bay Jockey Club moved to amend rule 143 to provide that relief may be granted from the provident fund to the widow or family of any trainer or jockey. This was agreed to.

Mr Bidwell moved, on behalf of the Wellington country clubs, that rule 155 should be amended so that the fine for jockeys carrying wrong colours should be made compulsory and not optional as at present. This was negatived.

An amendment that the fine be not less than £1 was agreed to.

Mr Bidwell moved to amend rule 156, that the application for gentlemen riders' certificates shall be made to the committee of the Jockey Club in which district the applicant resides, instead of the metropolitan club as at present, was agreed to.

The Conference was recommended that the fees received from gentlemen riders' licenses be used to provide for the purchase of racing as the metropolitan clubs may consider desirable, the winning riders being gentlemen riders.

Sir William Russell moved, "That no hurdle race be run at a less distance than a mile and three-quarters." This was negatived.

The Chairman moved, on behalf of the Canterbury Jockey Club, a new clause to rule 181 "That the number used for any horse on the totalisator must correspond with that under which the horse is entered on the race card, except where horses are bracketed together, the totalisator will not carry the full number of horses starting." This was negatived.

Mr Samuel moved, on behalf of the Taranaki Jockey Club, to strike out clause 89 of the rules of the totalisator. This was negatived.

Mr Petrie (Greyhound Jockey Club) moved to repeal rule 188, appeals, and substitute therefor, "That the Conference shall at each annual meeting appoint a committee to consider and if all appeals to the Conference, three to form a quorum, and not more than one judge to be selected from any one metropolitan district." This was negatived.

The Greyhound Jockey Club's delegate moved, "That the Conference give a de-

finite ruling as to whether inconsistent training is a question of fact." The Chairman stated that amongst the regulations issued for the guidance of appeal judges, was a ruling by the Conference which it was decided to publish for the information of clubs in the Calendar, that inconsistent training was not a question of fact.

The Chairman moved, "That he may at any time appoint any member of the Conference to act as a referee in circumstances arose." This was agreed to.

An amendment to Rule 111 moved by the Taranaki Jockey Club, "That all new rules shall come into operation in August 1st each year," was agreed to.

Mr Percival Auckland moved, "That a race for apprentices be placed on the programme of every Metropolitan Club, except at winter meetings." This was withdrawn.

Mr Percival moved that all nominations shall close on the same day of the week, and suggested Monday. This was negatived.

Mr Percival moved: "That on and after August 1st, 1924, no programme shall be paid for a horse whose course is less than 1 mile in circumference, where the totalisator is used." This was negatived.

The Chairman moved, "That he be empowered to appoint three experts in cases where any complaints have been made as to the quality of the arrangements and reports to the ensuing meeting of the Conference." This was agreed to.

Mr Samuel moved, on behalf of the Taranaki Jockey Club, "That a committee be appointed by the Conference for the purpose of preparing rules of racing." This was withdrawn.

On the motion of the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club, it was agreed to place the words "Official Calendar" in the rules which the words "Racing Calendar" at present appear.

The Chairman, on behalf of the Canterbury Jockey Club, asked whether or not an apprentice's license expired at the termination of his indentures, or at the end of the season. On the motion of Mr Willford, it was agreed that in the opinion of the Conference an apprentice who desires to ride must apply for a license immediately on the expiry of his indentures.

The committee appointed to consider the question of the arrangement of dates and totalisator permits reported as follows: That the same number of permits be allocated as in the past season; that they are unable to entertain the many applications for additional and new permits, as the limit allowed by the Act has been absorbed. In the event of there being any permits available, they recommend that the following clubs in their respective districts receive favourable consideration: Auckland district: Wanganui Racing Club and Papanui Racing Club. Ottago district: Forbury Racing Club. Taranaki district: Eltham Racing Club and Forbury Racing Club. Wanganui district: Hawke's Bay Jockey Club. Wellington district: Wanganui Racing Club and Pahiatua Racing Club. Note: In the Ottago district the Waihouiti Racing Club is entitled to a permit used last season for the Palmerston Racing Club. Dates of Meetings: The Master of the Racing Club dates for their spring meetings to the satisfaction of the Chairman of the Conference. The Dunedin Jockey Club to race on Dec. 26th and 27th. Wyndham Jockey Club to select dates to the satisfaction of the Chairman. Westland Racing Club to select dates for their Autumn Meeting. Wellington Racing Club to select other dates for their Autumn Meeting to the satisfaction of the Chairman. Dunedin Racing Club to race on June 3rd and 4th, North Ottago Jockey Club's dates to be altered correspondingly. The Committee recommended the registration of the following racing and sports clubs under Rule 170: Auckland district: Bay of Plenty Hack Jockey Club, Towai Racing Club, Otahuhu Hack Racing Club, Waikoi Racing Club, Waikawa Jockey Club. Canterbury district: Christchurch Racing Club, Lauriston and Lyndhurst Sports Club, Springfield Racing Club. Hawke's Bay district: Mohaka Racing Club. Ottago district: Centre Bush Hack Racing Club. Taranaki district: Hawera Mounted Rifles Club. The committee did not recommend the Rotherham Sports Club (in the Canterbury district) and the Taranaki Jockey Club (in the Wanganui district) which meetings were not approved by the Metropolitan Committee. The committee recommend that all returns from metropolitan clubs relating to the business of the Conference must be in the hands of the secretary to the Conference not later than June 30 in each year, and that the order paper, reports, and returns may be forwarded to delegates at any time before the meeting of the Conference. The report was adopted.

The executive was authorised to issue a second volume of the New Zealand Stud Book, and the corresponding remuneration to be left in the hands of the chairman.

Sir George Clifford was re-elected chairman of the Conference and accorded a hearty vote of thanks for past services. This concluded the business.

comparatively small number of horses in training there, Wingatul is fairly busy. Most of McGinnies' team have re-commenced work, and Canteen has also been re-commissioned. The son of Caator and Vivandiere is reported to be in rude health; and the several colts to which he was subjected last season have not found a weak spot in his heart, he ought to run an improved horse next month.

Pampero is working well, and a similar remark applies to Vladimir, who has been trained without having grown up perceptibly.

The most promising yearling at Wingatul is the Hon. Geo. McLean's Sychem, a half-brother to Lord Rosslyn to Vladimir. He is a particularly well-grown young gentleman, with a very pretty style of moving.

An attempt to get another race out of Jupiter has failed, the old son of St. Clair having broken down.

The Dunedin Jockey Club has decided to abandon its intention to prosecute Mr T. Godfrey, the owner of Gold Spur, for trespass in his capacity as a bookmaker. Mr G. G. Stead announced for a while ago that he had purchased the four-year-old son of St. Leger and Multiflor's full sister, Forma.

The weather since Monday has been bright and clear. Although the frosts have been abnormally severe, the tracks have presented an animated appearance.

Hobbs has abandoned all hopes of getting Dundas to the post for the Grand National Race. The son of Fernkin Waabek II. is not lame now, but it has been deemed advisable to treat him carefully, and as a result his preparation has been delayed so much as to render him a serious chance next month, with any prospect of success next month.

Of the few rising three-year-olds in training at Riccarton none is progressing more satisfactorily than Imperator. I suppose Mr Stead had good reasons for getting rid of the son of Gipsy Grand, but at the present time they are not apparently the casual patrons of the training tracks.

Huku, our sole representative at Wellington, our sole representative at Wellington, I anticipated. Hurdle form here is, I am afraid, some distance behind that in the North, and moreover, Mr Aynsley's horse has devoted most of his last couple of months to being out of the big fences. I doubt these facts accounted for his defeat. Still, the Riccartons stood him to a man, and dropped a good deal of money over him.

TURE TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

(By Telegraph.—Special to the Graphic.)

CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday.

The Dunedin Jockey Club is pursuing the work of improving its racecourse, although rather low slowly to please some of the Southern owners, but the work has been finished in ample time for the club's next meeting. Considering the

CHRISTCHURCH, Tuesday.

"Advance" in the "New Zealand Times," publishes some racing statistics for 1901-1902. The principal winning horses were—

Two-year-olds: Portius, £1140; Orloff, £1215; Idaa, £1010; Vladimir, £690; Achilles, £515.

Three-year-olds: Nonette, £462; Crucifix, £330; Royal Red, £365; Macintosh, £1210; Red Gauntlet, £710; Goldenmeer, £300; Windwhistle, £263; Canteen, £250; Torowai, £25.

Four-year-olds: St. Michael, £2985; Cannon, £1500; Fairy, £1365; Marmalade, £820; Bowman, £815; Beddington, £785; St. Olga, £730; The Shannon, £710; Terrapin, £635; Lady Illan, £595; Motor, £500; Pampero, £470.

Five-year-olds: Huku, £1150; Ootak, £910; Glenogle, £865; Westguard, £800; Highblander, £675; Halberder, £600; Hohoero, £505; Teatitia, £465; Sainfoin, £440; Great Scot, £400.

Six-year-olds: Tortulla, £2560; Royal Conqueror, £1385; Dundas, £385; Huku, £350; Rufus, £368; Will-o'-the-Wisp, £270; Red, £680; Bluejacket, £600; Palaver, £570; Albatross, £285.

Aged: Battlex, £1890; The Guard, £1080; Gobo, £835; Scallywag, £805; Queen's Guard, £785; Haydn, £700; Goldspur, £660; Walwera, £600; Evening War, £520; Cairn John, £435; Okoari, £210; Tira, £505; Blazer, £435.

The refusal of the Racing Conference to grant a totalisator permit to the newly formed Forbury Racing Club caused no surprise except among a sanguine few, who had helped to organise the club.

Now that the Racing Conference has extended the flat racing season until June 7th, it is probable that the Dunedin J.C. will alter the date of its usual May meeting till June 3rd and 6th.

As was generally expected, The Guard heads the handicap for the Grand National, and it is probable that he will be said that he has earned every pound of the 132 against his name. It is a big weight for any horse, and up to the present he has been a prohibitive case. He is a big time, they say, but reason why it should stop Prosser's horse, who, I certainly think, has a chance. So too has Moifaa. The son of Natator has run slightly once or twice this season, and he must be borne in mind that last year he showed a marked dislike to the Riccarton course. Still, he is said to be coming on nicely now, and a horse that has jumped correctly, he will nearly win. If Cannongate comes South, he too is bound to run a good race.

Gobo, even in the face of his victory in Wellington, will have to improve a good deal to have a chance of another Grand National to his trainer's credit. Plain Bill ran disappointingly in the Wellington Steeplechase, but his victory on Saturday shows that he is not a hopeless case, and he will and in his best form, he will have to be reckoned with. I have no par-

ticular fancy for Haydn, Walwera and Evening Wonder, but if the Grand National is ever to fall to a maiden performer, the son of Cuffrasler will surely take the post. The son of Cuffrasler was the best at Wellington, probably the best big, a fact which is not surprising, considering that all his schooling during the winter has been done over the big fences. He has a fair start, and he is one of the thorough wags, and he is the one of the safest maiden jumpers I have seen. Rufus must have a chance, and a similar remark applies to Frost, and Roller, looking so well that the don't feel inclined to discard him altogether.

Of those further down the list old Straybird, as an honest tried and safe conveyance, cannot be overlooked, and Lochude and The Swimmer strike me as possessing outside chances.

At the time of writing, however, I like The Guard, Moifaa, Cavaliero, Plain Bill, Cannongate and Plain Bill better than any other half dozen.

If Cavaliero's capacity as a hurdler has not been impaired by schooling over big fences, the son of Cuffrasler will surely take the post. The son of Cuffrasler was the best at Wellington, probably the best big, a fact which is not surprising, considering that all his schooling during the winter has been done over the big fences. He has a fair start, and he is one of the thorough wags, and he is the one of the safest maiden jumpers I have seen. Rufus must have a chance, and a similar remark applies to Frost, and Roller, looking so well that the don't feel inclined to discard him altogether.

The following is the latest betting locally on the Grand National Steeplechase and Hurdle Race:—50 to 15 against The Guard and Tresham, 70 to 15 against The Guard and Strathairn, 60 to 12 against Cannongate and Kahuwai, 60 to 10 against The Guard and Walwera, 60 to 6 against Huku and Royal Conqueror, 50 to 4 against Roller and Kahuwai, 50 to 5 against Haydn and Royal Conqueror, 40 to 5 against Frost and Kahuwai, 40 to 6 against Moifaa and Huku, 40 to 8 against The Guard and Battlex, 40 to 5 against Gobo and Evening War, 30 to 4 against Cavaliero and Tresham.

The following business has been done during the week on the New Zealand Cup:—60 to 22 against St. Michael, 40 to 18 against Melwood, 30 to 3 against Sparkbrook, 30 to 22 against Exmor, 200 to 4 against Sensation, 200 to 6 against Grand Rapids, 200 to 10 against Beddington.

The following handicaps have been declared for events to be decided at the annual meeting of the Amberg Steeplechase Club:—

Handicap Hurdle Race of £500, about 1 1/2 mile: Skipper 12.1, Surrey 12.1, Surrey 12.9, Skobeloff 12.1, Redoubt 11.8, Apremete 11.7, Jibboom 10.7, Single Event 10.7, Ahua —Lottery gelding 10.7, Walwera 10.7, His 10.7, Call Boy 10.7, Hurricane 10.0, Sovereign 10.0.

Brackenfield Plate of £800, about 2 miles: Tarragon 12.13, The Whip 12.3, Dooey 12.0, Chorister 11.12, Wet Blanket 11.7, Marnock 11.0, Arkere 11.0, Marnock 11.0, Tally-ho, Plate of £500, about 3 miles: Tarragon 12.0, Apremete 11.8, Dooey 11.9, Chorister 11.7, Swiffoot 11.2, Komoroff 10.7, Harkaway 10.7.

Hunters' Flat Race of £200, 1 1/2 mile: Skobeloff 13.13, Skipper 12.11, Gilt 12.1, Single Event 12.3, Gilt 12.3, Gilt 12.3, Tally-ho 11.2, Hurricane 11.2, Silver Denny 11.0, Bruzes 11.0, Slow Tom 11.0.

Acceptances for the Grand National Hurdle Race, Steeplechase, and Winter Cup, and entries for the minor events to be decided at the meeting, close on Friday.

Horses are beginning to arrive at Riccarton for the Grand National Meeting. The arrivals during last week included Roller and Hurricane from Ashburton, and Scottish Minstrel and Jibboom from the Amur.

Mention of Roller reminds me that his full brother, Harkaway, at Riccarton has been re-named Call Boy.

As I anticipated last week, the stallion Lakehell has been sold to a North Island breeder. The son of Lochiel and Nuttius is to leave for his new quarters immediately.

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Among those horses which are doing good work at Riccarton are Long Tom and Muscovite. Lady Dundas has resumed work.

The death is announced of Mr. H. Mace, a very familiar figure in Canterbury trotting circles, and a noted breeder of trotting horses.



NEW ZEALAND GRAND NATIONAL MEETING.

THE WEIGHTS DECLARED.

Mr. J. F. Henrys has declared the following handicaps for the above meeting:—

NEW ZEALAND GRAND NATIONAL HURDLE RACE HANDICAP OF 50 SOVS.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Weight. Includes Cavallero, Ryl, Conqueror, The Guard, etc.

WINTER CUP (FLAT) HANDICAP OF 50 SOVS.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Weight. Includes Tortulla, Biser, Ostiak, Dundas, etc.

NEW ZEALAND GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE HANDICAP OF 750 SOVS.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Weight. Includes The Guard, Molfax, Cavallero, etc.

Right Metal and Sudor, who are dead, were entered, but not handicapped.



WELLINGTON RACING CLUB'S WINTER MEETING.

FIRST DAY.

Maiden Hurdle Handicap of 100 sovs. second 50 sovs; 11 miles.—Hippowal, 9.10, 1; Roko, 12.7; Osborne, 10.5; R. Ruma-hanga, 11.2; Chasseur, 10.2; Pearl Shot, 9.10; and Sophia, 9.4, also started. Won easily by five lengths. Time, 3m 0 4/5. Dividends: Hippowal, £3 15; Roco, £1 6/8.

Stewards' Handicap of 120 sovs, second 60 sovs; 7 furlongs.—St. Olga, 10.5, 1; Platypus, 9.4, 2; The Miller, 9.0, 3; Erika, 11.2; Field Battery, 10.4; En Gard, 10.0; Katrina, 9.7; Bugler, 9.6; Hoko, 10.5; Gipsy Jack, Roko, 9.4; Tyrone, 9.0, also ran. Won fairly easy by a length and a-half; a length between second and third. Time, 1:25 2/5. Dividends: St. Olga, £2 1/2; Platypus, £1 15/8.

Parliamentary Handicap.—Will-o'-the-Wisp, 1. Loch Erin, 2. Oracle, 3. All started. Won by half a length. A similar distance between second and third. Time 2.6. Dividend £4 10 and £1 4/8.

Wellington Steeplechase of 400 sovs. second 50 sovs, third 20 sovs; 3 miles.—Gobo, 11.0, 1; Rufus, 10.2, 2; Shylcock, 9.7, 3. Also started: Plain Bill, 11; Whangaroa, 10.11; Lochade, 10.5; Straybird, 10.3; Kohunul, 9.12; Right Metal, 9.11; Cronje, 9.10; Awahurua, 9.7; Sudor, 9.7; Madman, 9.7. Won easily at the finish by five lengths. All ace to grief except the placid horses and Whangaroa and Madman.

Gobo, Shylcock, and Rufus were together the last time past the stand. Rounding the hill, Gobo and Rufus were left to fight out the finish. Gobo went away from Rufus at the last jump and won easily in the run home by five lengths. Shylcock a dozen lengths away third.

A protest against Gobo for alleged crossing has been lodged, and the dividends withheld. The protest was dismissed. Dividends: Gobo, £10; Rufus, £2 12; Shylcock, £1.

Winter Hurdle.—Rover, 1. Kahuwai, 1. Waitera, 1. Scratched: Rufus, Dr. Bill and Sudor. Won by a length after a good race. Time, 4m 11 1/2 sec. Dividends, £1 1/2 and £1 1/8.

First Hack Handicap of 50 sovs. One mile.—Culcita, 8.9, 1; Duke, 8.7, 2; Lissa, 10.0, 3. Culcita, won by half a length. Time, 1:52 2/5. On the totalisator, £182. Dividends: Culcita, £1 5/8; Aroha, £6 1/2.

SECOND DAY.

Hutt Flying Handicap of 15 sovs. 6 furlongs: Titoki, 3.4, 1; Rinquet, 3.4, 2; Hoko, 3.0, 3. Scratched: Platypus, Cave, Tyrone. Won by half a length, a similar distance between second and third. Time 1:21. Dividends £18 1/2 and £1 12/8.

Maiden Hack Handicap of 50 sovs. 6 furlongs: Dodona, 3.1, 1; Geordie, 3.5, 2; Redan, 10.2, 3. All started. Won easily by two lengths. Time 1:21 4/5. Dividends £3 9/4 and 18/8.

July Steeplechase Handicap of 500 sovs.; second 40 sovs, 2 1/2 miles: Plain Bill, 10.10, 1; Straybird, 10.0, 2; Lochade, 10.4, 3. All started except Gobo. Plain Bill and Straybird singled themselves out from the field the last time round, and Plain Bill, after Straybird at the turn, and won easily by five lengths, several lengths between second and third. Rufus, Hylas, Awahurua, Kohunul and Sudor came to grief, the last named breaking a leg. Time 5:25. Dividends £5 12/8 and £2 11/8.

Winter Oats Handicap of 150 sovs, one mile.—Loch Erne, 9.12, 1; Platypus, 9.7, 2; Cave, 9.13, 3. All started. Won by two lengths. Time, 1:40. Dividends, £2 9/8 and £2 3/8.

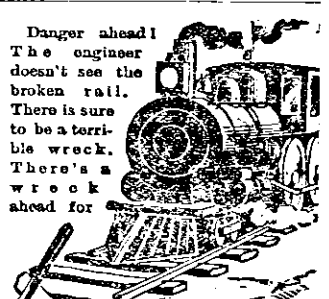
Final Hurdle Handicap of 200 sovs. 1 1/2 miles.—Osborne, 8.9, 1; Conqueror, 12.0, 2; Strathairn, 10.0, 3. All started except Gobo. Won by a length. Time, 3:27 1/5. Dividends, £34 11/8 and 11/8.

Final Hack and on the Green Steeplechase.—Swimmer, 1. Mutana, 2. Phantom, 3. All started. Won easily. Time, 4:27. Dividends, £1 15 and £1 4/8.

Final Hack.—Walwhera, 1. Lissa, 2; Leateate, 3. All started. Won by a length and a-half. Time, 1:51 1/5. Dividends, £1 12/8 and £1 17/8.

HUNTING.

A cold showery morning prevented many from meeting the hounds at Green-mout, the field at no time numbering more than 120. However, these were rewarded with fine, though cold weather, and were not disappointed in their hunt. The first haul was found on Mr Harris' racecourse, and gave a slow hunting run over Greenmout. The next was found in some open ground near Greenmout estate, and the hare gave a really fine and wild hunting run over some good country, eventually being killed on the hills. The next find, which was made in Mrs Smales' park, and was either spotted by some people on the road, and eventually the hounds were whipped off. Going back to Mrs Smales's a grand strong hare was found in the church paddock, and gave the best run of the day, the hounds working the hare beautifully, and eventually killing in a quarry within a stone's throw of where she was found. They most thoroughly deserved their kill, as probably no better hunt work has been seen this season. It being late, the word "home" was given, but before starting on the journey, everyone was most hospitably entertained at afternoon tea by Mrs Smales, ably seconded by the misses Smales and Mr Smales. Never was hospitality more acceptable to the members of the hunt, for the great day had truly made everyone as "hungry as hunters," and all went on their homeward journey thanking their stars that the Pakuranga Hunt has such a kind friend as Mrs Smales has been to the Pakuranga Hunt.



Danger ahead! The engineer doesn't see the broken rail. There is sure to be a terrible wreck. There's a w r o c k ahead for you if you pay no attention to your weak throat and lungs. Weak throats and weak lungs easily give way. Some extra strain, as a fresh cold, and you are down with bronchitis or pneumonia. Better strengthen these weak places before it is too late. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral heals these irritable throats, gives tone to the relaxed membranes, and imparts strength to the lungs. 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.

Athletic Sports.

FOOTBALL

AUCKLAND V. THAMES.

Auckland (blue and white): Fullback, Etheridge; three-quarters, Asher, McPike and Thomson; five-eighths, Gerrard; half, Kiernan; wings, Doran and J. Brady; forwards, Tyler, C. Brady, Nicholson, Cunningham, Francis, McGregor, Bonella. Thames (blue and black): Fullback, A. Newdick; three-quarters, H. Kingham, C. McLean and J. Phillip; (Wahib); five-eighths, J. Laing; half, P. Garvey (Wahib); wings, T. Smith and J. Bagust (Karangahake); forwards, C. Smith, S. Smith, F. McDuff, R. McPike, J. Bingham (Wahib), T. Mullins, J. Graham (Wahib).

About 4000 spectators were present on Saturday to witness the annual meeting of the above teams. A little speculation was indulged in over the result, some enthusiastic Aucklanders giving from 8 to 12 points in. I predicted in these columns last week—considering the composition of the Auckland team—that it would be a close "go," and so it proved, Auckland coming out on top by 9 points to 6.

Thames won the toss, and had the advantage of both wind and sun in the first spell, and were leading at half-time by 6 points—a try by Mullins, and a penalty goal, kicked by McLean, to 3 points, a try by McPike.

In the second half Auckland had a bit the best of the play right through, and scored two tries, Kiernan scoring a clever try from an opening made by J. Brady, and Asher scoring the other. Francis took the kicks, but was unsuccessful.

Little combination was shown on either side, the players nearly all being on their own. The Thames forwards had the best of the line-out play, and were superior to the Auckland forwards in the loose, nearly all of whom were either too slow or too tired. In the back play Auckland were too good, and if the players had not been selfish the winners' score would have been much larger.

Coming to individual play, Sutherland did not improve on his previous Saturday's form. McPike put in a lot of good work, but neglected his wing three-quarters, Asher and Thomson, who both made most of their few opportunities. Gerrard was out of his place at five-eighths. Kiernan was easily the best back on the ground. He used the touch-line with great judgment. The opposing wings were very attentive to him. In the forward division Nicholson was the only one to show any form in the open. Cunningham and Rod, McGregor both seemed out of form. Francis put in some good work on the line-out. Brady and Tyler were successful in "hooking" the ball, but the back row were slow in letting it out. Jimmy Brady was the better of the two wings. Doran played a very poor game, letting the opposing wing get on to Kiernan time after time.

Taken all round the Thames back division was weak, but the alteration of the team at the last moment might have made some difference. McLean tackled and kicked well, and Laing did a lot of graft, but was a wee bit off-sides at times. Garrey, the centre-half, put in a lot of work stopping rushes, but his passing out was very erratic.

McDuff, R. Smith and S. Smith all played rattling good games; the former player was first-rate on the line-out, but he was getting very tired towards the finish. R. McPike, the Thames centre forward, grafted very hard, and used his head and feet in the open a great deal better than the lock-man in the Auckland team.

AUCKLAND V. WAIROA.

A friend who witnessed the above match at Wairoa on Saturday informs me that the game was a mere scramble. McKenzie stood out by himself amongst the backs, and Long and McCormick played well in the forwards. Harrison was in good form for Wairoa, his kicking being very

good. The referee was not up-to-date and very slow. To score a try a man had to sit on it for a time, or it would not be allowed. He was perfectly impartial, as Harrison got over close on time, but the score was disallowed for the above reason. His ideas of off-side were very good, for my informant states he noticed on one occasion a Wairoa player waiting patiently right behind Young, the centre-half, to collar him when the ball came out of the pack. The players all speak in high praise of the hospitality shown them by the Wairoa players and residents.

TRIAL TEAMS FOR SATURDAY.

Mr. F. Murray, sole selector of the Auckland representative team, has chosen the following teams to play a trial match on Saturday, in view of the approaching representative matches:—

"A" Team: Fullback, C. McLean; three-quarters, Thompson, McPike, Kiernan, H. Kingham; forwards, Asher, half, Kiernan; wings, Doran and Laing (Thames); five-eighths, Asher, half, Kiernan; wings, Doran and Laing (Thames); forwards, Brady, Tyler, McDuff (Thames), Cunningham, Nicholson, A. Wilson, P. Long.

"B" Team: Fullback, Sutherland; three-quarters, Absolom, Gerrard, Harrison (Northern); five-eighths, McGregor; half, Young; wings, Gray and Heath; forwards, Hancock, McCuskey, S. Smith (Thames), McGregor, Bonella, Graham (Wahib), Bingham (Wahib), Emergencey (A.), Tyler, Stuckey, Gray, Stevenson, Francis, McCormick, Neville and Eaton.

The selection of the above teams seems to have given better satisfaction than the previous ones. Alex. Wilson is picked in the "A" team. This player has played very little during the season, did not roll up to the practice matches, and yet is trotted out in preference to younger and better players who have represented their clubs all the season.

PAEROA FOOTBALL

The inter-cup match, East v. West, which has excited considerable interest, took place on Saturday afternoon, and resulted in a rather easy win for East by 11 to 0. The game was greatly weakened by the absence of several of their best players, but still played a stubborn game, being strengthened shortly after the start of play by the appearance of the veteran T. Clarkin in their forward ranks. Met-tan scored two tries for East from nice passing runs, and H. Sorensen kicked a penalty goal and converted one try. For the losers Flynn and Vuglar played well, among the backs, and Silcock, G. Muir, Hamilton, and Clarkin in the forwards. For East, Brennan, Fathers, and Brom-wich were the best backs, and amongst the forwards, Callaghan, W. Sorensen, and McCullough were most prominent. Mr W Moore gave every satisfaction as referee. Next Saturday Paeroa and Karangahake play at Paeroa.

SOUTHERN CHAMPIONSHIP MATCHES.

DUNEDIN, Saturday. In the senior football matches to-day, Alhambra beat University by 12 to 3, Dunedin beat Kaikoura by 11 to 10, Zigarri beat Southern by 5 to 3, and Pirates beat Union by 8 to 2.

MANAWATU V. BUSH UNION.

Wellington, Saturday. The representative match, Manawatu v. Bush Union, was played at Palmerston to-day, and resulted in a win for the home team by 3 points (unconverted try) to nil. The match was fairly even throughout.

WELLINGTON V. WAIRARAPA.

Wellington, Saturday. The Wellington representatives defeated Wairarapa to-day by 6 points to 3 after a very even game, chiefly confined to the forwards. Nelly scored a try for Wellington, and Wrisley kicked a fine goal from a free kick. McKenzie kicked a goal from a free kick for Wairarapa.

CANTERBURY REPRESENTATIVES.

The following team has been picked for the North Island tour:—Full-back, O. Tur-ill; three-quarters, A. Revell, E. P. Harvey, D. McGregor; five-eighths, G. Or-mandy, M. E. Wood; (captain); half-back, P. Harvey; forwards, L. Coote, J. Call-honey, B. Fanning, R. Cooke, T. Cross, W. Drake, A. Brunedin, and G. Mathews. Emergencey; A. E. Phillipa, J. Weston, G. D. Gray, J. Irons, W. Duggan, and W. Blackwell. The team leaves Christchurch on Thursday next, and plays Wellington on Saturday.



**ATHLETICS.**

Three la crosse matches and two Association football matches were played in Auckland on Saturday. The most exciting event was the football contest in the Junior Cup Competition between the Tabernacle A team and St. John's College, the result of which placed the Tabernacle team practically in possession of the cup. Another event of great importance to junior la crosse players was the contest in which the Grafton B team defeated the City B by four goals to three, and thus made themselves winners of the cup. In the other two la crosse matches, which did not disturb the "balance of power" in the Cup Competition, Parnell Seniors beat North Shore by nine goals to two, and Eden and Epsom secured a victory over the winners of the Senior Cup (Grafton A) by two goals to one. The remaining event was a senior football match, in which the Y.M.C.A. team beat the United team by five goals to none.

**CRICKET.**

**THE AUSTRALIANS IN ENGLAND.**

**MATCH AGAINST GLOUCESTER.**

**AUSTRALIANS WIN BY AN INNINGS AND 222 RUNS.**

**GLOUCESTER—First Innings.**

Wrathall, c Howell, b Noble.....	24
Troupe, b Hopkins .....	23
Brownlee, c Jones, b Armstrong.....	21
Langdon, b Jones .....	14
Jessop, st Kelly, b Armstrong.....	13
Sewell, b Jones .....	6
Board, c Howell, b Jones.....	0
Brown, lbw, b Armstrong.....	6
Huggins, c Noble, b Armstrong.....	6
Paish, not out.....	18
Roberts, c Kelly, b Howell.....	17
Extras.....	7
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>155</b>

**BOWLING ANALYSIS.**

Armstrong, 4 wickets for 51; Jones, 2 for 56; Howell, 2 for 28; Hopkins, 1 for 13.

**AUSTRALIAN TEAM—First Innings.**

Trumper, c Jessop, b Roberts.....	92
Duff, b Brownlee.....	60
Noble, b Wrathall.....	100
Hill, c Board, b Wrathall.....	123
Hopkins, not out.....	105
Armstrong, b Brown.....	35
Darling, not out.....	13
Sundries.....	15
<b>Total for five wickets.....</b>	<b>345</b>

Bowling analysis: Roberts, one wicket for 78 runs; Paish, none for 144; Huggins, none for 137; Brown, one for 78; Brownlee, one for 21; Langdon, none for 33; Wrathall, two for 49.

**GLOUCESTER—Second Innings.**

Troup, c Kelly, b Jones.....	0
Wrathall, b Howell.....	5
Jessop, b Jones.....	21
Langdon, b Howell.....	23
Sewell, c Hill, b Armstrong.....	35
Brownlee, b Jones.....	1
Board, c Hopkins, b Armstrong.....	36
Brown, c Trumper, b Armstrong.....	6
Huggins, c Noble, b Duff.....	17
Paish, not out.....	10
Roberts, c Duff, b Hill.....	3
Sundries.....	11
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>168</b>

Bowling analysis: Jones, three wickets for 67; Howell, two for 42; Armstrong, three for 13; Hopkins, none for 22; Duff, one for 0; Hill, one for 4.

**MATCH AGAINST SOMERSET.**

**A DRAWN GAME.**

**SOMERSET—First Innings.**

Palairat, c Gregory, b Saunders.....	42
Braund, e Trumble, b Saunders.....	44
Lewis, c Kelly, b Saunders.....	36
Robson, c Noble, b Jones.....	13
Wood, c Kelly, b Jones.....	8
Martyn, b Trumble.....	52
Gill, lbw, b Saunders.....	10
Johnson, b Jones.....	0
Hardy, c Trumper, b Saunders.....	20
Newton, b Armstrong.....	20
Cranfield, not out.....	1
Sundries.....	14
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>272</b>

**AUSTRALIANS—First Innings.**

Trumper, c Hardy, b Gill.....	5
Duff, c and b Gill.....	183
Darling, c Palairat, b Robson.....	20
Noble, c and b Braund.....	53
Gregory, c Newton, b Gill.....	0
Hopkins, c Braund, b Palairat.....	52
Armstrong, b Gill.....	18
Kelly, b Gill.....	7
Trumble, b Braund.....	1
Jones, b Braund.....	1
Saunders, not out.....	2
Sundries.....	9
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>346</b>

**BOWLING ANALYSIS:**

Cranfield, nil for 65; Gill, five for 80; Robson, one for 56; Braund, three for 80; Palairat, one for 27; Hardy, nil for 21.

**SOMERSET SECOND INNINGS.**

Braund, b Jones.....	90
Palairat, b Jones.....	6
Lewis, run out.....	11
Robson, b Hopkins.....	4
Woods, lbw, b Hopkins.....	30
Martyn, c Hopkins, b Jones.....	25
Gill, c Hopkins, b Trumble.....	27
Johnson, c Saunders, b Hopkins.....	62
Hardy, c and b Trumper.....	17
Newton, not out.....	21
Cranfield, b Jones.....	5
Sundries.....	17
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>315</b>

Bowling analysis: Jones took four wickets for 104 runs; Saunders, none for 42; Armstrong, none for 18; Trumble one for 59; Hopkins, three for 46; Trumper, one for 70.

**AUSTRALIANS—Second Innings.**

Trumper, lbw, b Gill.....	5
Duff, not out.....	11
<b>Total for one wicket.....</b>	<b>16</b>

**BOWLING.**

**AUCKLAND BOWLING CLUB.**

The members of the Auckland Bowling Club held their annual meeting in the Pavilion, Grafton Rd., on Friday, when the president of the club, Mr A. M. Myers, presided over a large attendance. In the course of their report, read by the secretary, Mr W. Elliott, the committee recommended that in order to reduce the severe strain on the competitors for the championship, the match should consist of "three games of 21 balls each, the final winner of two games out of three to be the champion."

The following prizes were presented by the President:—President's and ex-President's prize for full rink; J. R. M. Stewart, cigarette case; Ballis, bat, silver-back brush; Wilson, new, with silver mount; Culpan (skip), electro-plated spirit kettle; Club Cup and Championship; W. Ledingham cup and gold badge. The Ehrenfried-Rose trophy; W. Elliott, exp. Vice-President's prize for pairs match; W. Lambert (skip), opera glasses and bag; W. Elliott, egg crane; Subscriptor's prizes: Mitford, pair bowls; White, silver cake dish; Garland, travelling bag; Carlw, (skip), silver mug. Mr A. W. Thompson's prize for first year's players; J. H. Hooper, silver jug. Mr B. James' prize for second and third year's players; W. O. Garland, dressing case; Mr Mennie's prize for pairs match; J. Donald (skip) bowl; case; Plummer, bowl case; Mr Gorrie's prize for pairs match; J. H. M. Stewart, silver cruet; J. M. Mennie (skip), walking stick; W. Ledingham's prize for president and ex-president; A. W. Thompson, silver cream and sugar stand; Mr G. A. Butt's prize; Huddleston, toilet case; Mr P. Diphant's prize; W. Ledingham, silver stand; Stewart, Baxson and Co's prize for champion and ex-champion; A. Stewart, silver tray. Dr. King's prize, second prize for president and ex-president; W. Coleman, two pairs bowls. The new list of officers was as follows: President, Mr A. M. Myers; vice-presidents, Mr W. Culpan and Mr W. Lambert; hon. secretary, Mr W. Elliott; assistant secretary, Mr J. Donald; hon. treasurer, Mr J. Carlw; auditor, Mr Jaa. Kayll; committee, Messrs J. Shackelford, R. Cameron, R. James, J. Mennie and H. C. Mitford. Main Committee, Messrs J. C. Culpan, W. Ledingham and J. Thompson. The following trophies were donated for the ensuing year:—A. Myers, trophy £4 4; first prize in match to be called Geo. Main Memorial; T. Fresham, second prize; A. Myers, £3 1/2, for full rink match; W. Culpan, £2 1/2 for singles; W. Lambert, £2 1/2, for singles match; A. W. Thompson, £2 1/2, for runner-up in champion match; W. Coleman, £4 4 Geo. Main Memorial; A. W. Thompson, trophy for first year's players; W. Ledingham, £2 1/2, president's and vice-president's match; W. Elliott, £2 1/2, pairs match; Equitable Life Insurance Company, silver mounted bowls, singles match; Whitnate and Co., pair bowls, second prize; A. White, £2 1/2, six jack competition; J. W. Shackelford, pair silver mounted bowls for singles match.

Clarke's World-Famed Blood-Mixture.—The most searching Blood-Cleaner that surgery and medical skill have brought to light. Sufferers from Scour, Biliary Colic, Biliousness, Head-ache and Blood-Disease, 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. Beware of cheap imitations everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

**News of the Week.**

**CABLE ITEMS.**

A violent earthquake has occurred in Venezuela.

The colonial Premiers were present at Lord Onslow's garden fete at Clarendon.

Mr Chamberlain was well enough to attend Mr Dalfoor's first Cabinet meeting.

Code and cypher telegrams will in future be admitted to all parts of South Africa.

The Sultan of Zanzibar (Hamud bin Mahomed bin Said) is dead. He had been Sultan since 1866.

The ladies of Capetown have presented Mrs Steyn with a purse of a thousand sovereigns.

The Imperial Coronation bazaar, in aid of a hospital for children, realised £29,000.

The warship Sparrow has left Sydney to search for the missing steamer Quiraing.

The newspapers on the Continent are cordial to Viscount Kitchener, and comment on his magnificent reception.

A Victorian loan of a million at 3 per cent. is announced. The underwriters are issuing it at 96 1/2.

The appointment of Lord Hope-toun's successor will not be considered while Mr Chamberlain is incapacitated.

The estate of the late Mr Charles Marcus Wakefield, of Wellington, New Zealand, has been proved at £48,325.

M. Dumont and Sir Hiram Maxim will compete in an air-ship speed contest at St. Louis, Missouri, for £20,000.

The Transvaal Government will be considerably increased. The non-official element will be introduced during the first session.

An overcrowded steamer sank in the River Bege, and thirty people were drowned.

Pierpont Morgan's trust has offered the Austrian Council of Industry to build and run ships for the Austrian trade.

A powder magazine exploded in the Daly West mine, in Utah. Twenty-seven bodies were recovered and many men were terribly injured.

The Admiralty is placing contracts on the Clyde for ten high-speed scout-boats, smaller than the torpedo-boat destroyers.

Sir E. Barton says that Lord Hope-toun's valedictory letter to Mr Deakin marked his usual mood of feeling and sensibility.

The "Daily Mail" states that George Rowley, an Australian, aged 15, swam out to and rescued two ladies whose boat had capsized in the Avon.

Freight from New York to Natal is ten shillings a ton, and fourpence below the lowest intermediate freights from England.

Great Britain has offered to take over next year a number of warships which are in course of construction for the Chilean Government.

The Countess of De la Warr has obtained a decree nisi for dissolution of her marriage with Earl De la Warr.

The Drayton Grange has sailed from South Africa with the Commonwealth battalions and the Australian States troops.

Gates, who formed a maize corner in Chicago, under-estimated the supply, and has agreed to a settlement. The profits of the corner are now estimated at a million dollars.

Sir E. Barton has been informed that no Australians or members of over-sea contingents were implicated in the recent disturbances caused by ex-troopers at Durban.

It is reported that Sir Arthur Lawley, Governor of West Australia, has been appointed Deputy-Governor of the Transvaal.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau, ex-Premier of France, and his wife, who are touring, accepted an invitation and dined with the Kaiser aboard the Hohenzollern at Odde, Norway.

Mr Seddon has conferred with the Austrian Ambassador, who complained that Austrians were treated differently in New Zealand to other aliens. Mr Seddon satisfied him that no distinction was made.

Mr Chamberlain sent a cheque for 50 guineas to the Charing Cross Hospital in token of his appreciation of the attention he received there on the occasion of his recent accident.

Sir E. Barton has made a reassuring statement concerning the drought in Australia, and corrected the alarmist impression that the whole continent was involved.

The "Standard" hints at the possibility of Lord Milner resigning, owing to differences with the Cabinet on the question of the suspension of the Cape Constitution.

It is denied that Turkey demands the recall of the British Consul at Basra, a town of Asiatic Turkey on the Euphrates, near the Persian Gulf. It is declared that accusations emanated from the rival Powers.

The strengthening of the British fleet in the Mediterranean is now complete. The number of ships has been increased 25 per cent., and the fighting strength has been increased 40 per cent.

The manager of the Zanzibar Company has informed the Shipping Subsidies Committee that Great Britain is losing five millions sterling annually owing to the want of direct steamers to East Africa.

George Smith, of Auckland, ran second in both the 120 yards and quarter-mile hurdles handicaps at Birmingham. He owed 16 yards in the former and started from scratch in the latter.

The British camp at Chalmette, New Orleans (where horses and mules were purchased during the war), is being re-opened for the shipment of horses, mules, and cattle to re-stock the Boer farms.

The Premier of New Zealand has conferred with Sir Spencer Walpole relative to a British-Australian cable from Honolulu to Fanning Island (to connect with the Pacific cable), and is hopeful that something will result.

Sir A. Lawley's appointment as Deputy-Governor of the Transvaal is intended to relieve the daily increasing strain which the Governorship of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony imposes on Lord Milner, independently of his duties as High Commissioner.

In reply to a telegram sent to South Africa the Premier has been informed that the men who served in the war should be allowed to return to that country if they were skilled artisans or experienced farmers.

Ex-President Steyn and his wife have sailed from Capetown. Mr Steyn (who is suffering from paralysis) is seeking medical advice in England.

Ex-President Steyn has developed enteric fever.

Cholera is raging in the river towns of Kwangai. Thirteen hundred deaths have occurred.

Cholera is spreading among the Chinese garrisons at Peking and Pao-tungfu; also in the interior.

Several deaths from cholera have occurred in the Forbidden City. The Dowager Empress is alarmed.

There are twenty-eight thousand children attending the Government schools in the Orange River and Transvaal colonies, including 17,200 who still reside in the concentration camps.

The directors of the Prussian Mortgage Bank have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from nine months to six years, and to pay fines ranging from a thousand to fifteen thousand marks for issuing false balance-sheets.

Dr. Wessells and General Grobler, ex-President Kruger's counsellors, recently arrived in London and tried to get passports for South Africa. They were told to address all petitions to Lord Milner.

The King and Queen have signed their names on the handkerchief used as a flag of truce when Captain W. E. Watson, of Sydney, demanded the surrender of Pretoria. The Prince of Wales, Lord Roberts, Viscount Kitchener and other generals have also signed it.

Jarvis, the English swimmer, won the long-distance championship race from Rew to Putney in the time of 73min 27sec. The Sydney swimmers, Bead and Cavill, finished second and third, in the respective times of 74min 10sec and 76min 55sec.

The R.M.s. Orielt has sailed from the Cape with the North and South Island Ninth Contingent regiments, and a portion of the Eighth and Tenth New Zealanders; also a number of Australian troops.

Seven Lutheran clergymen in Finland have been deprived of their livings for refusing to read the Russian ukase in reference to the army conscription system, to which so much opposition has been shown in Finland lately.

The Shaw, Savill and Albion Company's steamer Rangitira came into collision at midnight with a barque off Dover. She lost her mainmast and port life-boat, and sustained damage to her bulwarks and hull. She was towed into Gravesend.

Wireless messages from Cornwall reached Marconi at Skagen, in Denmark, and signals from Cornwall reached him clearly at Kronstadt, in Russia, the intervention of land being no obstacle to the receiver. The magnetic detector used beats all others in sensitiveness, and prevents the interception of messages.

Twenty thousand men are idle in Chicago through the railway freight hauliers' strike.

The Chicago strike of railway freight handlers has collapsed. The wages scale and other disputes will be settled hereafter between the employers and employed.

In the 500 yards swimming championship, held at Walsall Baths, Billington won in 6 min. 25 2/3-sec, which is a record. Cavill (of Sydney) was second, his time being three seconds longer. Read, of Sydney, was third, time 6min. 3-sec.

In the Senate, on the timber duties item, Mr Glassey endeavoured to have the exemption on New Zealand pine, undressed, removed, but his motion was negatived by 16 to 5. He then sought to have white pine inserted after New Zealand, but this was lost on the voices.

Russian official circles interpret Italy's rapprochement with France, Russia, and Austria as a renewal of the understanding with Russia in 1897 as regards the Balkans, and consider that it is evident that the alliance of these Powers will be a great factor in the preservation of peace.

Two old men, McGregor and Staurby, cordial makers, have been arrested at Whitecliffs, N.S.W., in connection with the robbery of £3000 worth of opals in January last.

Burgess, a well-known mail coach-driver, has been arrested at Broken Hill in connection with the robbery of opals.

Mr Hyme, manager of the Melbourne Steamship Company, who has returned from England, thinks that there is no necessity for a score over the Morgan shipping combine. If they attempted to raise the rates

against the general community there would be no difficulty in checking their influence.

The Alaska Commercial Company's steamer Portland has arrived safely at Alaska.—[A cable on June 23 stated that the Portland, en route from Alaskan ports with 109 passengers, had been caught in the ice pack, and was drifting towards the Arctic regions. The revenue cutter Thetis was sent to the rescue, but returned some days ago without having discovered any trace of the Portland.]

The Tsar welcomed Victor Emanuel, King of Italy, at Peterhoff station. Cordial toasts were given at the banquet at the palace. Signor Prinetti, the Italian Premier, was decorated.

The Czar has appointed King Victor Emanuel of Italy colonel of the 14th Dragoons.

Reuter's messages state that Italy's advances to Russia are intended to reassure France as regards the renewal of the Triple Alliance.

Lord Charles Beresford, speaking at North Shields, opposed shipping subsidies, inasmuch as the Americans were able to give double ours, but it was expedient to help the Canadian route, which favoured a British combine in the Atlantic trade.

Notwithstanding America's offer to accept friars of other nationalities than Spanish in the Philippines, the Vatican declines to withdraw the Spanish. The Hon. Colonel John Hay (U.S. Secretary of State) has suspended the negotiations.

In pursuance to the finding of the court-martial, in regard to the charges of atrocities on Filipinos, President Roosevelt has reprimanded General Smith, who retired. Mr Root, Secretary of State, supplements the reprimand with a statement that notwithstanding General Smith's sanguinary order, very few natives were killed in Samar.

Prince Christian, on behalf of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Fund, held a reception and entertainment for the Indian Princes and colonial Premiers at the Grafton Galleries. Viscount Kitchener, Lord Knutsford, Sir E. Barton, Sir J. Forrest, Mr Seddon, and a number of colonial officers were present. An excellent musical and dramatic programme was followed by supper.

The Public Accounts Committee reports that £730,000 was paid during a single year's operations in South Africa for the loss and capture of oxen and waggon. The Committee is of opinion that the system of taking vouchers for supplies in the field is very imperfect.

The s.s. Montrose sailed from South Africa on the 2nd with the Tenth New Zealand Regiment and details of various Australian contingents. Major H. Jackson, of the Ninth New Zealand Contingent, who is invalided, is also a passenger.

The "Daily Express" Pretoria correspondent asserts that Dan Kelly and Steve Hart, who belonged to Ned Kelly's gang of Australian bush-rangers, served under assumed names as irregulars during the war, and have now returned to Australia.

News from Italy states that an Anarchist barber from Paterson, U.S.A., has been arrested at Piedmont, having in his possession documents threatening the life of King Emanuel of Italy. A photo. of Bresci, the assassin of the late King, was found in the prisoner's pocket.

Furness, Withy and Co., steamship owners, who are fighting the Morgan combine, are increasing their capital by half a million ordinary shares at a premium of ten shillings per share, and have offered their employees an advance of three and a-half per cent. if they become shareholders.

Ministers have agreed as regards Tientsin, which will be evacuated shortly. Chinese troops will be excluded from within a radius of twenty kilometres, while the limitation of the Chinese police within that radius is eliminated.

The prospects of the restoration of the Tientsin railway is unpromising. Snyu Fen, the Chinese Minister of Railways, threatens to resign, owing

to the rather divergent views held by Great Britain, Russia, and France on the subject of the railway.

The radius of exclusion of Chinese troops outside Tientsin is fixed at six miles. Yuanshihai accepts the conditions of the agreement.

Russia proposes a conference of the signatories of the Sugar Convention to consider the protection of commerce against the artificial depression of prices by export companies and trusts. The Imperial Government has placed £10,000 at the disposal of Jamaica to make 5 per. cent loans to sugar estates, in order to ensure the continuation of cultivation until the Brussels Convention becomes operative.

The "Daily Chronicle" states that the Pope is intensely displeased at the Cardinals' conduct in the negotiations regarding the Philippines, and has overruled their decision. He declares that America's demands (including a stipulation that no Spanish friars should be allowed in the Philippines) is a reasonable one, and has expressed his readiness to treat with Governor Taft personally in the matter.

A lunatic, says a Melbourne cable, threw himself from the window of an express train on the south-eastern line. The constable and another prisoner seized the man's legs and a desperate struggle ensued. Mile after mile was covered, the lunatic's body swaying to and fro against the side of the car, the occupants being unable to stop the train. When nearing a station it was apprehended that the lunatic would be dashed to pieces against a post, but the line repairers witnessed the scene, and signalled the driver, who stopped a few yards from a post.

Sir E. Barton is gratified that his attitude at the Conference meets with the approval of Australia. He states that during the proceedings momentous questions are being discussed, and the results achieved will not be opposed to public opinion. There was no reason to fear that the Commonwealth would be bound to adopt courses out of harmony with public opinion without Parliament being consulted. Such action would be utterly at variance with his views.

Slatin Pasha has arrived in London. When interviewed he said it was useless to extend the Cairo-Cape railway southward of Khartoum. He favoured an improvement in the steamer service to the Uganda posts and beyond. The rains would interrupt the railway from Khartoum to Uganda.

Mr. H. C. Stoley, Resident Commissioner in Basutoland, declares that the native chief Joel's case is not complicated. His trial has concluded at Molapo, Joel being sentenced to a year's imprisonment and to a fine of five hundred cattle. The paramount chief Lietherodi accompanied him to prison. A British expedition was recently sent to Basutoland to arrest Joel on a charge of treason.

The Sultan has decorated Ibn Rashad, King of the Arabian Highlands, known as Nejd, as a reward for struggling against the Wahabis, a sect of Mohammedans occupying the interior of Arabia. The significance of the honour lies in the fact that Rashad has been engaged for years in a struggle with Maharouks, the Sheik of Koweit (a district which borders in the Persian Gulf), who supports the Wahabis and is well disposed to the British.

Lord Onslow announces that the shareholders of the Netherlands South African Railway Company are not entitled to compensation for damages during the war, the company having, through its directors, organised plans for the damage of the British. The position occupied by the shareholders holders is, however, different.

[The Netherlands South African Railway Co. owns the extension of the Delagoa Bay railway line from Komati, on the Portuguese frontier, to Pretoria, which is about 200 miles in length.]

The new Vagabond Club gave a banquet to Mr Seddon, Sir Conan Doyle presiding. Mr Seddon, in responding to the toast of the commar-

cial unity of the Empire, said if, as had been said, Canada was the granary and Australia the butcher of the Empire, New Zealand could supply the butter and cheese. The colonies were content to point the way. He approved of lines of subsidised ships. He did not dare to interfere with Britain's fiscal arrangements, but as between kindred he would give the Motherland's manufactures preference, leaving her to grant anything in return in her own way if she was able to without an agreement, and without causing dissension.

Lord Kitchener, in a despatch dated June 1, dealing with the final operations of the war, is eulogistic regarding the patience, tenacity and heroism of the Imperial and colonial forces, and the manliness and far-sightedness of the Boer leaders in bowing to the inevitable and accepting generous terms. He mentions, among other colonials, the good work in February of Lance-Corporal Gregory, of the Seventh New Zealanders, whose coolness and grasp of the situation at Harrismith on February 24 enabled the attack to be repulsed, and who has since been promoted corporal-sergeant. Major Keeble, of the Fifth Victorian Mounted, is mentioned for the gallant capture of Boers single-handed at Rhe-nosterkop in May, 1901.

Constable Gullfoyle, a member of the Sydney police force, was informed on the 19th that two men were trying to pass counterfeit coins at a shop in Darlington. Accompanied by Constable Maher he proceeded to the shop and intercepted the men. Gullfoyle asked one man what his name was. The answer was two shots from a revolver, fired in quick succession. One bullet entered the policeman's left breast and the other the stomach. The second man fired at Maher, who received two bullets in the arm, while one grazed his chin. The desperadoes escaped his sight. One of the constable's assailants has been identified as a notorious desperado, who was recently released after serving 14 years for colming.

H.M.s. Sparrow sailed on Saturday from Sydney for Wellington in search of the overdue steamer Quiraing. The Karrakatta left on Monday, and will search for 500 miles off this coast. If Admiral Beaumont considers it necessary H.M.s. Kings-rooms makes a similar search off the New Zealand coast.

[The s.s. Quiraing is now 23 days out from Newcastle for Dunedin, and there are fears that, being deep-laden with coal, she may have foundered with all hands. On the other hand, she may have only broken down, and may be drifting about the Tasman Sea somewhere. Captain Forrester, master of the vessel, is a well-known trader out of Sydney, and was formerly in Huddart, Parker, and Company's service. The mate, R. E. Duck, was for some time master of the steamer Coomonderry, on the N.E.W. coast. The Quiraing was imported by the old A.S.N. Company for the Queensland trade, and after that company amalgamated with the Queensland Shipping Company she was sold and employed in island and other trades. She is an iron screw steamer, with a net register of 623 tons, and gross measurement of 1168 tons. She was built in 1882, and is owned by the Brisbane syndicate, being this voyage under charter to Mr Sneddon, of Sydney. H.M.s. Sparrow, which is searching for the Quiraing, is a first-class gunboat of 265 tons displacement. She will (says a Sydney paper) make a sign-sight of the crew would be seen a sharp look-out being kept night and day for the missing vessel. Rockets and other signals will be used freely at night. The Quiraing had about two months' supplies on board when she left Newcastle, so that the crew would be well provided for in the event of a breakdown. Speaking of the probable drift of the Quiraing in the event of a breakdown, a shipmaster engaged in the New Zealand trade expressed the opinion at Sydney last week, assuming that the vessel had become disabled about half-way across Tasman Sea, she would make northward, following somewhere on the track taken by the Perthshire, and he thinks she may be heard of at either Howe or Norfolk Island. Should she, on the other hand, the Quiraing have met with a mishap off the New Zealand coast, he says she would be carried by the prevailing winds and currents towards the land there, and the captain, if he owned the ship, would send a boat off from the ship for assistance before the vessel got too close to the coast.]

GENERAL CABLES.

The King's Convalescence.

It is stated that the King will make a long sea-cruise after the Coronation.

The King started from London for his cruise early last week.

Six sailors, under the superintendence of Sir Frederick Treves, surgeon, carried him on a couch to an ambulance, which was driven to the Victoria railway station. There His Majesty was transferred on the train. The greatest privacy was maintained and the platform was screened.

The King's couch was placed in a specially constructed ambulance carriage, rubber-tired, wherein the Queen, nurses and surgeons also went to Victoria railway station. The blinds were closely drawn.

The railway journey from London to Portsmouth was made in a special saloon car. His Majesty bore the journey exceedingly well, and was in excellent spirits. The doctors and attendants alone witnessed the embarkation on the Royal yacht, Victoria and Albert, at Portsmouth.

The trip to Cowes was greatly enjoyed. The King was placed high enough to see out of the pavilion on deck, and was greatly pleased with the change.

Sir Francis Knollys, private secretary to the King, telegraphed from Cowes at midnight that the journey had been most successful, and that His Majesty was none the worse for it.

A bulletin stated that the King bore the journey extremely well and suffered no inconvenience.

He spent a good night and his general condition is excellent.

He was much gratified at the change of air and scene.

"Truth" states that the King's long cruise after the Coronation will terminate at Aberdeen. He will then proceed to Balmoral.

The King was on deck for several hours yesterday, in ideal weather. The Prince of Wales is aboard the Royal yacht.

The British fleet is preparing to return to Spithead for the Coronation, also the Japanese squadron.

The King is steadily improving. His diet is less restricted. The British Medical Journal states that the wound is closing well from the bottom, and that His Majesty sleeps eight or nine hours continuously at night. His general health is better for the past three weeks' rest. The "Lancet" says the King looks better than he has done for some years, and there is reasonable hope that the breezes of the Solent will accelerate his recovery.

The King continues to make satisfactory progress, and is benefitting in every way by the change. He sleeps well and spends the greater part of the day on a couch on the open deck.

THE CORONATION.

It is officially announced that the Coronation will take place on August 9th.

Sir E. Barton opposes the Earl of Meath's suggestion to declare an "Empire Day" holiday, on the ground that there are already too many holidays in Australia.

Mr. Seddon, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir A. Hime support the Earl of Meath's proposal.

THE BISLEY MEETING.

The Australians made excellent practice for the Kolapore Cup, securing the best average, competing with the New Zealanders and other colonial shots.

The best eight Australians firing at Bisley under Kolapore Cup conditions averaged scores of 843. The New Zealanders won the fifth prize in Mappin's match with a score of 144. The winners made 175.

At the Bisley Rifle Meeting, owing to a misunderstanding with reference to the enforcement of the time limit in the Mackinnon Cup match for volley firing at 800yds, the Scotland and New Zealand teams, after protesting, withdrew. The Australian team won the match with a score of 1328 points. Canada scored 1304, Rhodesia 1267,

and England 1265.

At the instance of Mr Seddon, the War Office has abandoned the charge of 10/ per hundred rounds of ammunition, hitherto paid by the colonial teams at Bisley.

ENGLISH POLITICS.

Mr Balfour has assumed the post of Privy Seal without salary and has confirmed his various colleagues in office.

Several changes or exchanges in office are expected before the autumn.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach said the parting with Lord Salisbury would break the tradition of his own life. Two years ago he asked to be relieved of office on personal, not political, grounds. That ended, he renewed his desire to Mr Balfour, who admitted that the circumstances submitted required consideration. If he momentarily returned to office it would only be to show his loyalty to the new leader, to whom, whether in or out of office, he would give his best help.

The King has conferred on Lord Salisbury the Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order set in brilliants.

The "Standard" says that Lord Salisbury's retirement now instead of later on is convenient to the King, enabling him to have complete rest and freedom from trouble contingent on the change of Premiers. The change of leadership at this time is also convenient to Parliament.

The Continental newspapers are unanimous in their appreciation of Lord Salisbury.

The Berlin papers hope that Mr Balfour will improve the relations with Germany.

The "Times" foreshadows the probability of Lord Halsbury (Lord Chancellor), Lord James of Hereford, and Lord Ashbourne (Lord Chancellor of Ireland) retiring in favour of younger men, and the promotion of Mr G. Wyndham and Mr Austen Chamberlain to Cabinet rank.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

Lloyd's Register entertained the colonial Premiers at luncheon. The Lord Mayor and the leading ship-owners were present.

Sir E. Barton, responding to the toast of the prosperity of the colonies, after emphasising the desire that the colonies should trade with the Motherland rather than with foreigners, urged that the Motherland in return should prefer to trade with the colonies. Her trade with the colonies was increasing in larger proportions than her trade elsewhere. The colonics' message to the Motherland was: "Look after the whole of your trade, but your friends first." Continuing, he said it was unnecessary for any part of the Empire to sacrifice its fiscal policy or any principle, but it was possible to bring about a closer cohesion. They should abandon extremes all round for the sake of the common good. That was all they were likely to reach in the present Imperial Conference, but in that they would have reached common ground.

Lord Selbourne (Under-Secretary for the Colonies), responding to the toast of "The Flag," asked whether the colonies fully realised what the navy meant. Then replying to the suggestion that in war-time the colonies would give the utmost assistance in their power, he asked what would that be worth in time of naval war unless there was previous preparation. Such procrastination was a certain road to withering defeat. What would be the position of the colonies if they were separate nations? It would be in the power of foreign countries to seize them. Canada and Australia would, if they were separate nations, have to spend at least one million pounds per annum on a navy, apart from the expenditure on docks, barracks, harbours, and hospitals. Moreover, each colony as a separate nation would be within the orbit of a foreign Power. The navy was the Empire's safety.

The National Liberal Club gave a dinner to the colonial Premiers.

Lord Carrington presided. Sir Wilfrid Laurier admitted with regret the impossibility of universal free trade within the Empire.

Sir E. Barton said nothing would flow from the present conference that would be at variance with the inalienable autonomy of the colonies or that would diminish their individual rights of self-government.

Mr Seddon advocated aiding in building the ships of the Empire on conditions as favourable as those under which ships were built in foreign countries. He denounced combines.

A number of colonial visitors, including Mr Seddon, attended the Duke of Marlborough's garden party at Blenheim.

The colonial Premiers are consulting their Cabinets relative to the maximum Australasian contributions to the auxiliary squadron. The Admiralty's proposal is considered excessive.

Mr G. H. Reid, in a speech delivered in Melbourne last week, referred to the naval subsidy and said that to ask for a big contribution would touch Australia on her weakest spot. Great Britain did not want the money, but loyalty and fair play. She wanted the people here to use the liberty she had given them, so as not to treat her as a foreigner. The real strength of the Empire would lie in its commercial relations, and the treatment of the Motherland as a foreign nation would be the greatest strain of all on the strength of the Imperial connection. If they hit the Mother Country through her trade it would be so damaging that a £50,000 subsidy to the Navy would be no solatium.

THE RE-SETTLEMENT OF AFRICA.

The ex-National Scouts are being subjected to persecution and boycotting.

A distinct reaction re the claims of the Boers is apparent, especially in the towns, and it is suggested that the best means of overcoming bitterness would be by the appointment of prominent Dutchmen to the Executive Council or the Repatriation Committee.

Many burghers who fought to the end are wearing Government badges, also republican colours.

The Hon. Dr. Smartt heads the party which is opposed to Sir Gordon Sprigg, the Cape Premier, and advocates drastic reforms in the Government of Cape Colony.

Judge Hertzog, addressing Boer prisoners on parole, asked them to remember that they were Transvaalers and Free Staters first, and then citizens of the Empire. Their surrender was not due to defeat, but to a desire to save their women and children from further misery.

HONOURS TO AUSTRALIANS.

The Duke of Connaught presented war-medals to two thousand colonial and other troops at Alexandra Palace, and conversed with many of the recipients. Mr Seddon was present. The Duke of Connaught handed Colonel Bauchope (of New Zealand) the Order of St. Michael and St. George. The recipients of the medals included 48 Australians and 56 New Zealanders.

THE PREMIERS IN ENGLAND.

Sir E. Barton sails for Canada on August 16 on his return to Australia.

Whether Mr Seddon returns by way of Canada depends on his wife's health. Mrs Seddon was removed to Ramsgate on Tuesday.

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE.

Sir E. Barton states that preferential trade has been only incidentally mentioned at the Conference. No regular discussion on the subject has yet occurred. He expects that four more sittings will conclude the deliberations of the Conference, the results of which will be more considerable, he says, if expectations are not placed too high.

Mr Harry De Windt's expedition, which is travelling by land from Paris to New York, has arrived at Dawson City via Siberia and the Behring Straits. De Windt left Paris early in the year, expecting to arrive in New York in August.

With the view of lightening the work of the Colonial Conference, the

Premiers hold special separate interviews with Lord Selborne and the Admiralty authorities. A similar plan is likely to be followed on other questions, the Home Government thus ascertaining the views of each colony.

Sir E. Barton, speaking at the Canada Club dinner, said the Conference was sowing the mustard seed which was destined to produce great things, and make the unity of the Empire a reality.

Speaking at the Canada Club Sir E. Barton said that if Canada was the Empire's granary Australia was the Empire's butcher.

Mr Chamberlain presided on the 18th at the Imperial Conference. Lord Onslow (Under-Secretary for the Colonies), Sir M. O'Malley (Permanent Under-Secretary), Mr. Gerald Balfour (President of the Board of Trade), the Earl of Dudley (Parliamentary Secretary to the Board), Sir Francis Hopwood (Permanent Secretary), Sir Alfred Bateman (Comptroller-General for Commerce), and Sir Robert Giffen attended.

The commercial and trade relations of Great Britain and the colonies, especially fiscal questions and the prospects of preferential tariffs between the Motherland and the colonies, and between the colonies themselves, were debated, the discussion occupying the whole sitting.

Mr. Seddon moved his preferential trade resolution.

Sir E. Barton submitted a resolution in general terms that it was desirable to establish closer trade relations between the colonies and the Motherland. He indicated sympathy with preferential relations without pledging Australia to give such concession in the immediate future. He implied that such an arrangement must be left to the initiative of each Government and its Legislature, which must work out their own destiny.

The discussion proceeded amicably. Mr Chamberlain modified his previous attitude, and in a non-committal statement said the Government recognised the difficulties, and desired to proceed cautiously. They also saw that it was impossible for one Government to bind its successors in regard to fiscal policy. His remarks suggested a willingness to meet colonial concessions by liberal subsidies and bounties for objects of common interest.

The formulating of definite proposals on the question has been reserved, and the Conference adjourned until Tuesday.

Sir E. Barton is gratified that his attitude at the Conference meets with the approval of the Australasian States. He says momentous questions are being discussed, but the results achieved will not be opposed to public opinion. There was no reason to fear that the Commonwealth would be bound to adopt courses out of harmony with public opinion without Parliament being consulted. Such action, he adds, would be utterly at variance with his view.

Mr Balfour, speaking at Fulham, said Mr Chamberlain's personality breathed a new inspiration in colonial affairs. No one henceforth could regard the colonies as the mere paper glory of Great Britain. If the Imperial Conference resulted in increasing prosperity in time of peace there would be greater strength in time of war. It would, even if there was no formal agreement or discussion, bind the different portions of the Empire more closely together. Wax and parchment would be valueless unless backed by those sentiments of the great populations concerned which alone would make them effective.

The colonial Premiers attended a garden fete at Hatfield House, Hertfordshire (Lord Salisbury's country seat), on Saturday.

GENERAL BULLER'S CASE.

In the House of Commons last week Sir E. Grey brought up the question of the publication of the Buller despatches. He said it was unfair to publish documents exclusively unfavourable to General Buller, who ought to be allowed to submit his case to a special tribunal. It was possible to give a fresh interpretation of the famous hallogram.

## GENERAL NEWS.

There was a magnificent eruption of Waimaungu at the beginning of last week. The geyser commenced about 8 p.m. on Sunday evening, and played continuously till 11 a.m. on Monday. It is said that some of the ejecta was thrown as far as Te Wairoa.

Since the Cook memorial movement was started (says a Gisborne paper) many people have visited the Boat Harbour on the Kaiti to view the first landing place in New Zealand of the great navigator. It is a remarkable fact that until lately some people resident in the district for years were not aware that the landing place was quite close to the town of Gisborne.

The Governor is advised that the steamer *Salamis* left Capetown on July 11 with Lieutenants D. D. Byrne, S. C. Caulton, J. A. Colledge, D. A. De Hickey, and 19 New Zealand troops; also that Private David MacLaughlin, of the Ninth Contingent, was dangerously ill with lung trouble at Howick on July 14.

The number of unemployed in Auckland seems to have been very much magnified at the recent meeting. In all 126 single men and 66 married men signed the list of unemployed prepared by Messrs Forster and Middlemass last week, most of the signatories describing themselves as miners and labourers.

A serious accident befel a Maori boy, son of Wetene, at Whareroa (near Tauranga), last week. His people were engaged cutting chaff, using a horse-power, and the boy was leaning over the draw-bar and following it round when his trousers were caught by the revolving shaft, transmitting the power to the chaff-cutter. His leg was drawn under the shaft and badly fractured between the knee and ankle, and the flesh badly torn from the thigh downwards, before the machine could be stopped. He was at once brought over in a boat to Tauranga for surgical attention.

A successful social was held in Tauranga last week in the Royal as a welcome to returned soldiers from South Africa. Eight returned men were present, including Sergt.-Major Johnston, Sergt. Horne, Corporal Loddner and Trooper E. Wrigley (7th Contingent), Troopers Matheson and Harris (Sixth), Trooper J. Tanner (Fourth), and G. H. Mann (First). The Tauranga Mounted Rifles attended in uniform, and also many veterans, wearing, amongst others, Crimean, Mutiny, and New Zealand medals. About 200 of the general public were present. The men were given an enthusiastic welcome.

At the meeting of the Council of the Chamber of Commerce last week the matter of the State Fire Insurance Bill, now before the House, was introduced by the president, Mr. J. H. Upton, and the measure came in for a severe handling by the members. Mr. Upton said he did not think the Chamber should silently pass a matter so seriously affecting the welfare of the country at large, and particularly certain interests. There were two reasons why they should not pass the matter over, first on the broad principle that State competition was wrong in trade, and secondly it might result in serious loss to the colony.

Farmers and other residents of Opoitiki at a meeting attended by about 100 persons on Saturday last discussed the nature of the steamer service to the district. Mr. H. R. Hogg, chairman of the County Council, presided. The chief matter complained of was the double handling of cargo, due to the system of having all the Opoitiki cargo taken to and from Ohiva by tender, involving loss to shippers and consignees. It was felt that the district was now entitled to a weekly service by one of the larger steamers, and the following resolution, proposed by Dr. Reid, was unanimously carried:—"That in the opinion of this meeting the trade of Opoitiki fully warrants the arrival and departure of one of the larger cargo boats, either the *Waiohau* or *Terranora*, the latter for preference." Messrs Hogg, Wastney, Gordon,

Donald, and Dr. Reid were appointed a committee to lay the requirements of the district before the manager of the Northern Steamship Company, and act on behalf of the community in shipping matters generally.

The N.Z. Shipping Co.'s steamer *Waikato*, bound from London to New Zealand, was spoken on Friday before last in lat. 33 south, long. 10 east, in the South Atlantic Ocean. Her main shaft was broken, and she was drifting south-east 30 miles daily.

The disabled steamer *Waikato*, when spoken last Friday in the South Atlantic, had been drifting for a fortnight. The crew were well.

A steam tug has been sent out from Capetown in search of the disabled steamer *Waikato*.

A London cable last week stated that probate has been granted in the will of the late Mr Charles Marcus Wakefield, of Wellington, N.Z., the estate being sworn at £35,325. A contemporary gives the following particulars of the late Mr Wakefield:—"Mr Charles Marcus Wakefield, J.P., of Belmont, near Uxbridge, died at the age of 64. The cause of death was paralysis, a development from exposure suffered years ago when shipwrecked off Cape Horn. The deceased was a nephew of the famous Edward Gibbon Wakefield, and a son of Mr David Bell Wakefield, barrister-at-law. For some time in his early manhood he lived in New Zealand, and he seems to have always retained a fondness for that part of the world, of which he gave evidence in at least one lecture on New Zealand to the people of Uxbridge and its neighbourhood. Mr Wakefield lived a quiet life, rather as a student than a public man."

News was received in Auckland last week of the sudden end of the well-known old Maori chief, Hori Kukutai, of Lower Waikato, through an accident on the railway line. Constable Lanigan of Papakura wired to Police-Inspector Cullen stating that a native, who was identified as Hori Kukutai, was found lying dead on the railway line one mile south of Papakura railway station at 2 p.m. on Friday. He was supposed to have fallen off the train and so been killed. Sir Joseph Ward and the Hon. Mr Carroll sent messages of condolence to the relatives of deceased.

The Financial Statement, in referring to the proposed reductions in railway fares over long distances, states that it is proposed to keep the universal system of charging that now prevails on the railways in operation, with this material alteration, that after 50 miles the charge will be reduced, both for first and second class, by 1d per mile for distances from 51 to 100 miles, and then a further reduction of 3d per mile for all distances of 101 miles and over. This reduction is a very substantial one over the longer distances, amounting in the case ofRotorua to as much as 20 per cent. in first-class return fares. The change has not yet come into operation, but as soon as all details are settled it will be announced. The effect of the reductions from Auckland to four typical stations will be as follows:—

The present fares to Cambridge (101 miles) are 12/9 first class, and 8/6 second class single, the returns being as in all cases in New Zealand railways, exactly double, 25/6 first class, and 17/ second class. They will be reduced to 11/8 and 7/5 single, and 23/4 and 14/10 return, a reduction of 2/2 on the return rates. The rates to Te Aroha (115 miles) are now 14/6 first class and 9/8 second class single, and 29/ first and 19/4 second return. The reduced charges will be 12/10 and 8/ single, and 25/6 and 18/ return, a reduction on the double trip of 3/4. To Okoroire (121 miles) the present fares are 16/6 first and 11/ second single, the returns being 33/ and 22/. When the reductions are effected the charges will be 14/6 and 9/8 single, and 29/4 and 17/4 return, a reduction of 4/8 on the return in both classes. The present fares to Rotorua (171 miles) are 21/6 first class and 14/4 second class single, the returns being 43/ and 28/8. Under the new schedule the charges will be: Single 17/6 and 10/4, return 35/ and 20/8, the reduction on the return fares in both classes thus being 8/.

## PERSONAL NOTES FROM LONDON.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, June 21.

The Seddon Testimonial Fund has reached the sum of £431. The presentation will probably take place the second week in July, at the Hotel Cecil.

Mr C. Ransom (Auckland) arrived last Saturday, and is staying at Ilford for a while. Mrs Ransom will remain in New Jersey until July.

Since their return from the Continent Dr. Mrs and Miss Lewis (Auckland) have been staying for the season at Norfolk Mansions, Cavendish Square.

Dr. Lewis has been working with many of his surgical friends at his old hospital, St. Bartholomew's, and attending the clinics of several of the special hospitals, such as the Chelsea Hospital for Women, and St. Peter's, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden. The great advances in surgery, especially of the brain, and the introduction of various forms of electrical treatment in medicine and surgery seem to demand on the part of the colonial surgeon a personal visit to Europe to become conversant with the newest methods. During the summer vacation it is Dr. Lewis' intention to visit Berlin, St. Petersburg and Copenhagen.

Mr and Mrs H. M. Smeeton and Miss Edna Smeeton (Auckland), after leaving the Ortona at Naples, had a pleasant journey through Italy, visiting most of the chief cities, the Italian lakes, Lake Lucerne and Paris, and spending three weeks on the way. After the Coronation pageants they are going to the Lake Country, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Oban, then Bristol and Devonshire. After staying with friends in Ireland they will join the steamer at Queenstown for the States, where they will spend a month, catching the October steamer at Erie.

The third prize (£10) in the "Good Words" Coronation Ode Competition, for which 1100 odes were received from all parts of the British Empire, has been divided between Lucy Eveline Smith, of Dunedin, and the Rev. F. H. Hood, Bromley Park, Kent. The Rev. L. McLeun Watt, of Alloa, is the winner of the 1st prize (£50). He was Masson's prizeman in poetry at Edinburgh University, wrote the patriotic song "The Grey Mother," published in the "Spectator" in 1899, and last year published a book of poems entitled "In Love's Garden." The second prize (£15) also goes to a clergyman, the Rev. S. Cornish Watkins, of Kingston, Herefordshire, so that the Church poetical is very much to the fore in the poems of patriotism. The final committee of award consisted of Messrs Stoford Brooke, William Canton and Edmund Gosse.

A Dunedin-Christchurch hymeneal alliance was entered into at Christ Church, Woburn Square, last Wednesday, when the Rev. Prebendary Glendinning Nash, M.A., the vicar, united in holy wedlock Mr Thomas Ross Burt, fifth son of Mr Alexander Burt, of Lambert, Dunedin, and Miss Flora Nellie Meddings, third daughter of Mr W. G. Meddings, of Christchurch.

Major and Mrs George, of Auckland, are still in town. The Major is still suffering from bronchitis.

Mr W. H. Bartlett, whose "May Weed" is one of Mr Stone's purchases from the present Academy for the Mackelvie collection, received his early art training mainly in Paris at the art schools of Gerome and Julian. One of his early successes was a picture of the model, shown first in the Salon and afterwards in London. About 1880 he commenced painting scenes of Connemara coast. He had a silver medal at the Paris International of 1889, and another at the

Chicago International. Another well-known picture of his is "Saturday Night at the Savage Club," which was published as a photogravure. The original is now in the possession of the club. The Public Gallery in Sydney has his picture entitled "Soft Persuasion," which was reproduced in photogravure by Messrs Sowdeswell. The Corporations of Liverpool, Leeds, and Bradford have also bought pictures of his for the city galleries.

Mr John Brown, of Auckland, with his family, have thoroughly recovered from colds, and, after spending a month in London, have gone to visit Birmingham and other manufacturing towns.

Mr G. D. Leslie's "Last Ray" has also been purchased by Mr Marcus Stone for the Mackelvie bequest. It was painted from Fitcham Mill, an old mill at Leatherhead, in Surrey, several modifications and alterations having been introduced for the sake of composition and effect.

Mr S. Melton Fisher, the painter of "Asleep," which is another of Mr Stone's purchases, was educated at Dulwich College, and after studying at the Lambeth School of Art, in Paris, and the Royal Academy schools, won the coveted prize of the last, the gold medal and travelling studentship of £200 a year. He travelled through Italy, and then spent 10 years in Venice, during which time he made his first popular successes at the Royal Academy. "Every year," says a critic, "his art has become more subtle and refined, more concerned with elegance of line and tenderness of colour, and more delicate in its quiet sentiment. . . . As a technician he is notably versatile and accomplished. His oil painting is broadly handled, straightforward, and definite in brush-work." His "In Realms of Fancy" was bought by the trustees of the Chantry bequest for the National Gallery of British Art; the Sydney National Gallery has his "Festa," the interior of a Venetian cafe, the window at the back reflecting the figures in front; the Perth (W.A.) Gallery his "Tambour Fame."

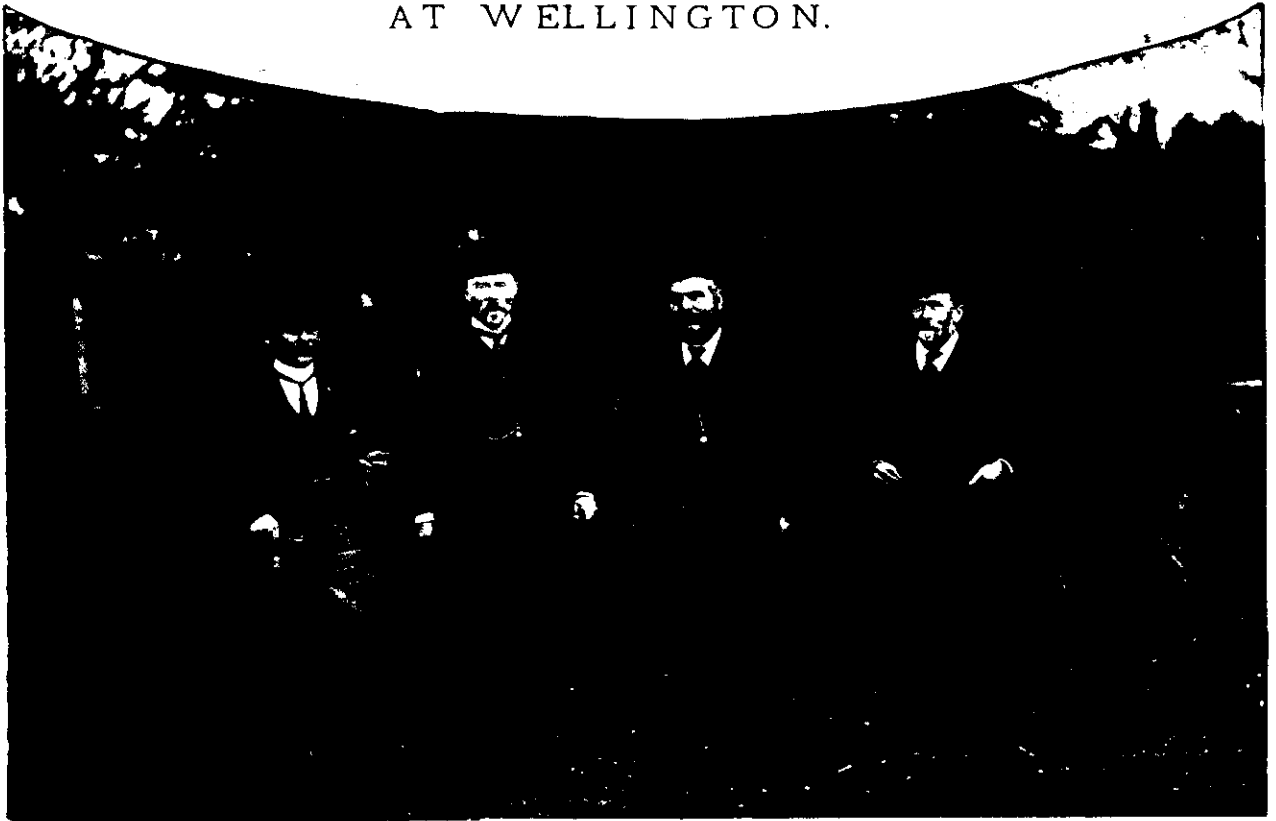
Lieutenant-Colonel Porter is staying with his daughter (Mrs Howie) at her flat, at 13, Ashworth Mansions, Elgin Avenue, Maida Vale. I had a long chat with him on Thursday and, congratulating him on his being specially mentioned in Lord Kitchener's despatch, found that the first intimation he had of this distinction was the announcement in the paper. Colonel Porter was quite ready to talk about his gallant boys of the 7th, but modestly declined to say anything about his own achievements as their commander. From the signed photograph of Lord Kitchener on the mantelpiece, and the mention in the despatch, and from the extent of the command at various times assigned to the New Zealander, it was evident, however, that the Commander-in-Chief reposed a great measure of confidence in the veteran of the Maori war. On Sunday week, by the way, Colonel Porter is to lunch at Chelsea Hospital with Major Bruton, who also took part in the Maori campaigns.

Colonel Porter's main business this week has been to see that his men are smartly dressed on the eventful day. All the uniforms have had to be made in London in a very limited time, and the rejection of the first lot turned out, which were not of the New Zealand colour or shape, but the greenery-gallery sloppy suits of the new service dress here, made it still harder to get the New Zealanders respectably clothed before the 27th.

Of course, Colonel Porter had much to say about the Bothasberg battle and the gallantry of his men, laying special stress on the fact that every New Zealander who fell was killed or wounded in his shelter trench with the exception of one man, who was killed as he was passing to another trench to try and get more ammunition. The severity of the engagement was shown by the fact that the Boers were compelled to leave their dead on the field, a very rare occurrence for them.

# The Recent Municipal Conference

AT WELLINGTON.



MAYORS OF THE FOUR CITIES.

Messrs A. J. Park (Dunedin), Wigram (Christchurch), J. G. W. Aitken (Wellington), and Alfred Kidd (Auckland).



Stewart, photo.

GROUP OF DELEGATES AND THEIR WIVES.

### The New Zealand Flax Industry.

The importance of this industry to the colony is easily appreciated when it is remembered that the yearly export of the prepared fibre is worth about a third of a million pounds sterling. In value flax ranks about

seventh among our exports, the quantity sent away by us being worth the amount of wheat we export. With improvements in the method of preparation the industry is certain to assume much larger proportions in the future than it has yet done.

It is stated that there has been

continual improvement in the quality of the flax sent forward for export of late. In June, 1901, when grading was not compulsory, 168 bales were examined by the Government grader at Auckland. Last month the number of bales graded for export was 5482, this being the whole

quantity intended for export. The effect of last month's floods on the quality of the flax is apparent in a great deal of the fibre now arriving. A large proportion has had to be consigned to the fourth and fifth of the five classes into which the flax is graded.



HICKSON AND REEVES' FLAX MILL, FOXTON.—There are about 500 men employed in the flax industry in the Manawatu district.







DEER SHOOTING AT TAWHERE.

**With Rod and Gun.**

Deer are fairly plentiful in the Waikato. Between Cambridge and Okoroire very fair sport may be had if the hunter is lucky. They vary a lot in colour, from the ordinary brown to slate, and others are marked something like the African gazelle, being of a fawny yellow colour, with a black mark down the back, and barred white spots. A correspondent tells us that a few weeks back he shot a perfectly white one. This year several good heads have been obtained, the most successful method being to find out their haunts and stalk them at daybreak. Mr McVitie, one of the most successful shots, pursues this method. He may be seen on this page taking aim at his prey from horseback. This photo, is almost unique of its kind, it being next to impossible to snapshot the wary animals with the camera. In this instance the photographer, by means of a telescope and camera combined, obtained what is really a wonderfully good result.

As an evidence of the good sport

to be obtained in this district, our picture showing the six deer is interesting. These represent the work of two sportsmen—Mr Joe Mack, of Cambridge, and Dr. F. J. Rayner, of Auckland, during a two days' visit to the Whitehall estate. As the doctor's account of his trip gives a good idea of what deer stalkers may expect in this locality we venture to give it as he related it. He and Mr Mack put up at Mr Harry's for the night, and made an early start next morning. After a hearty breakfast of beefsteak, said the doctor, we shouldered our Winchesters and proceeded to a turnip patch close by, where deer had been seen the night before, only to find, after a long wait for day to break, the tracks of deer throughout the whole patch, where they had been playing. However, after a quiet look round we discovered twelve of them grazing on the hillside some three hundred yards distant, but the discovery was mutual, and they started to run, so we laid quietly for a few moments, and they finally came to a standstill a little nearer to us than before. Taking aim, one of



TWO DAYS' WORK FOR TWO GUNS.

our party broke the leg of one of them, and it started off with the rest, going for some 500 yards, and then racing down a hill to a swamp, where it took cover. We started after it through ti-tree and fern four feet high, up hill and down, until we came to the swamp where it had taken

shelter. We had not long to wait before it started out again, and made up the bank at full speed. He was too late, however, for one of our dum-dums brought him low.

No sooner had we prepared and hung him safely in the close ti-tree, Continued under "Our Illustrations."



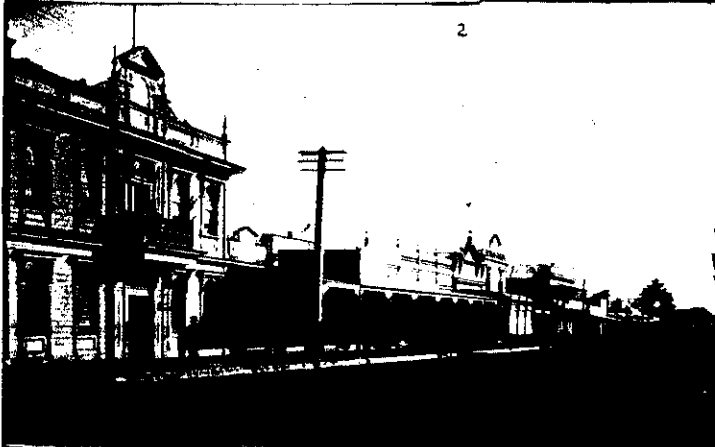
A POPULAR NEW PLYMOUTH SPORT, WITH A GOOD HAUL.



A MONSTER KING FISH.

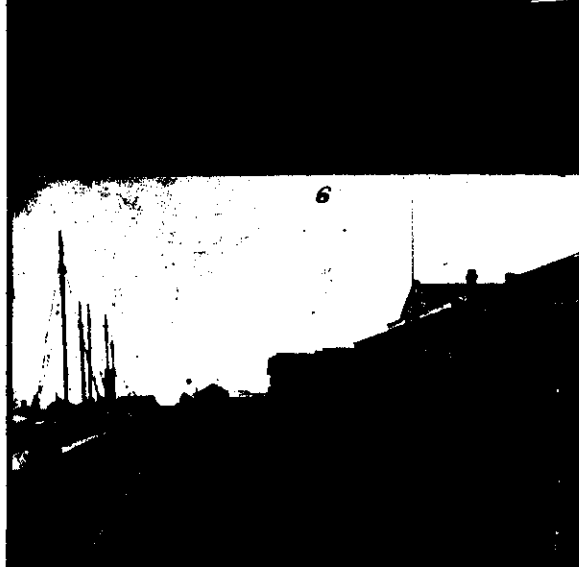
The picture of the large king fish may remind some of our readers of what is, next to shark-fishing, the most exciting sport to be had with the line in our New Zealand waters. The king fish is only caught with a very stout line and a very strong hook, and from the juxtaposition of the rod and basket in the picture, one must not infer that he succumbed to such slight tackle. Perhaps the fisherman means us to infer as much, but then fishermen and their stories are proverbially unreliable.

*Hastings,  
Hawke's  
Bay.*



1. Heretaunga Street, Hastings. 2. Heretaunga Street. 3. The Sacred Heart, Catholic Church. 4. Market Street, Showing Presbyterian Church. 5. St. Matthew's Anglican Church, Hastings. 6. The Public School. 7. Heretaunga Street, looking west.

*The Spit,  
Napier.*



1. General View of the Spit. 2. Waghorne Street. 3. Vessels lying in the Iron Pot. 4. Street Scene. 5. Top of Waghorne Street. 6. Some of the Spit Stores. 7. N.B. and H.B. Freezing Works.

Lady Ranfurly  
 at Home.



Photos specially taken by H. Schmitt, H-mus Studios.

1. The Latest Portrait of Lady Ranfurly. 2. The Corridor, Government House, Auckland. 3. Lady Eileen Knox, Lady Ranfurly's Daughter. 4. The Drawing Room.



LADY CONSTANCE KNOX ON HORSEBACK.

**Lady Ranfurly at Home.**

The pictures on this and the preceding page of Lady Ranfurly at home, are from photos, especially taken for her by Mr H. Schmitt, of the Heims Studio, Auckland. The Countess in a letter to Mr Schmitt, expressed herself very pleased with the excellence of the photographs, and added that she considered them "perfect specimens of photography."

**A Clever Fire Escape.**

This fire escape, invented by Mr Felix Tanner, is most simple. The "plant" can be easily carried about, and requires but a few seconds to be placed in position ready for use. The escape can also be made a permanent fixture in a building. The

A FAMILY PARTY.

Back row—Captain Alexander, Miss Costello, Lady Constance Knox, Captain Hill Trevor, Captain Rosewell. Front row—Countess of Ranfurly, Lady Ellen Knox, His Ex. Lord Ranfurly.

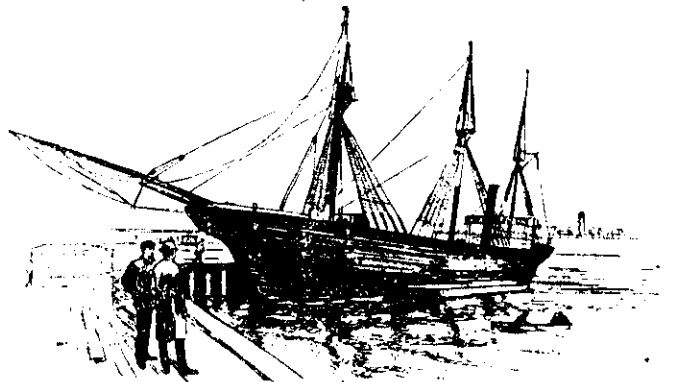


A NEW RAILWAY MOTOR CAR, used by Mr. Biss, Engineer-in-charge on the Auckland Section of railways. C. T. Edwards, photo.



A CLEVER FIRE ESCAPE.

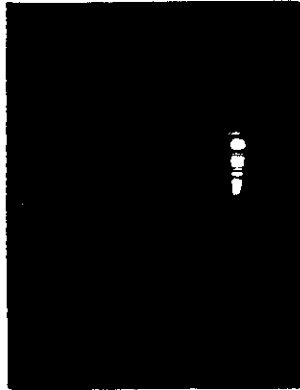
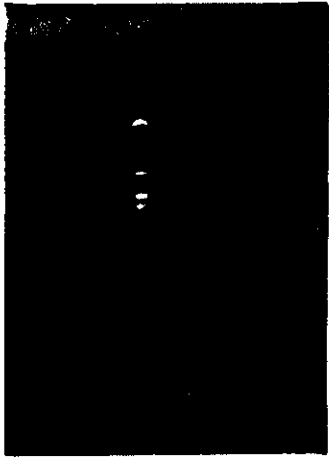
escape consists of a wooden block 12in by 4in by 3in. A series of incisions, or spiral grooves, in this block have been made, and through these two stout sash cords run. Attached to the block by an iron bolt is a web belt, or girth, and the whole contrivance, when not in use, is placed in a small metal case. Escape from a burning building is made by throwing the ends of the rope out of the window into the street. The belt is



THE BRITISH ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION. The Relief ship "The Morning," now on her way to the Antarctic regions, via New Zealand, with provisions for the Discovery.

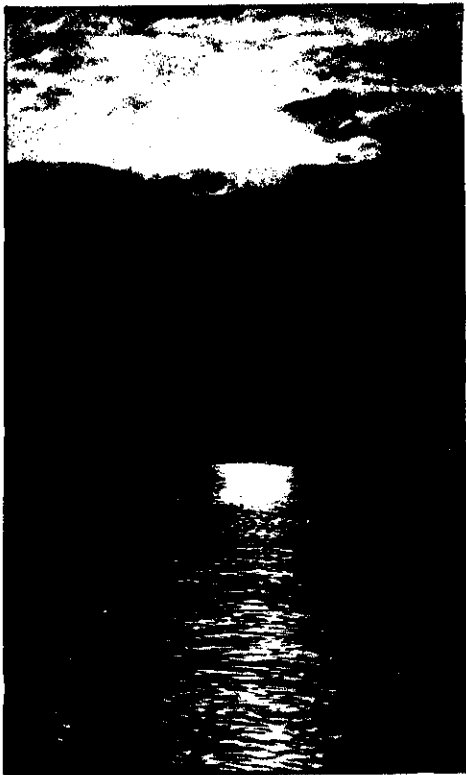


# Auckland by

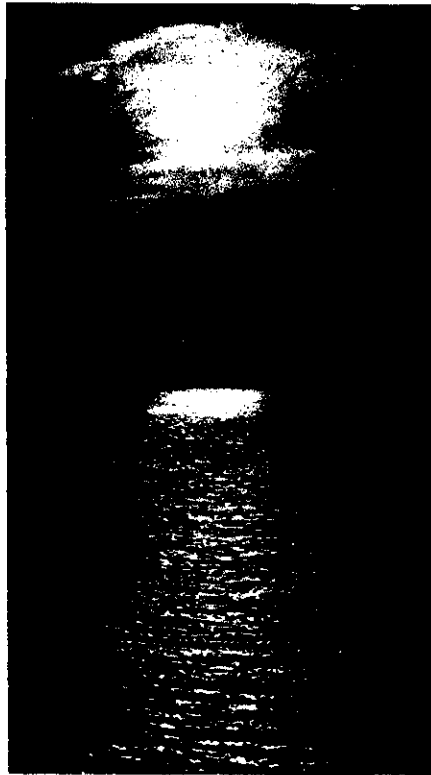


Photos by Sir J. L. Campbell.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE MOON FROM PARNELL.



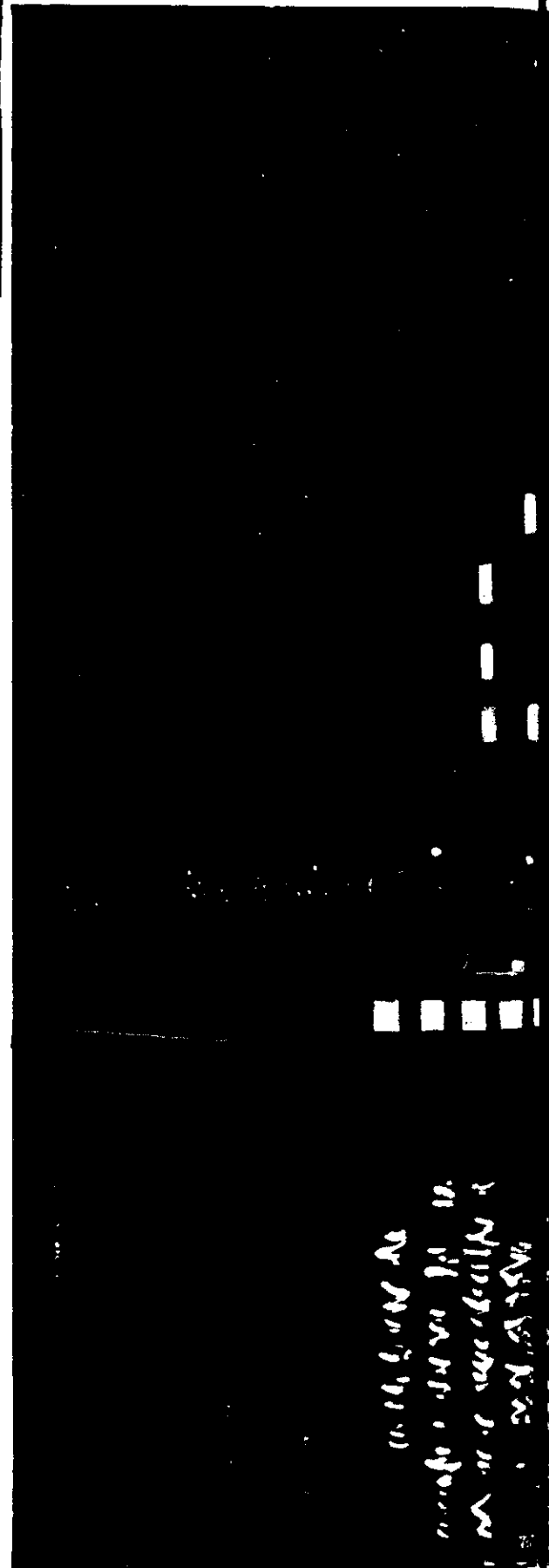
LOOKING UP THE HARBOUR.



THE PATHWAY OF LIGHT.



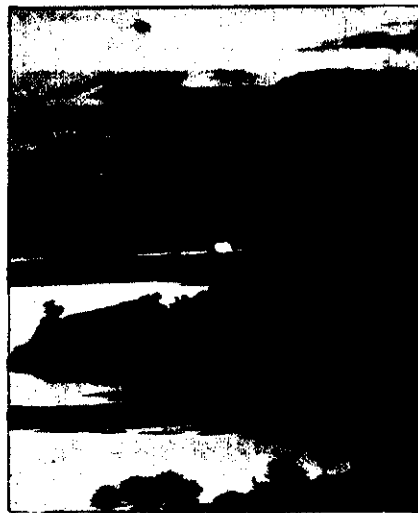
STEAMER COALING BY NIGHT.



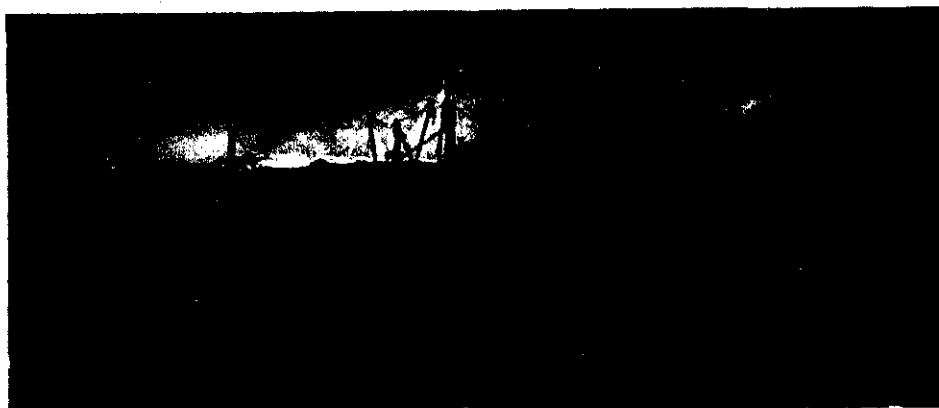
THE DEVONPORT FERRY CO'S TOWN WHARF.



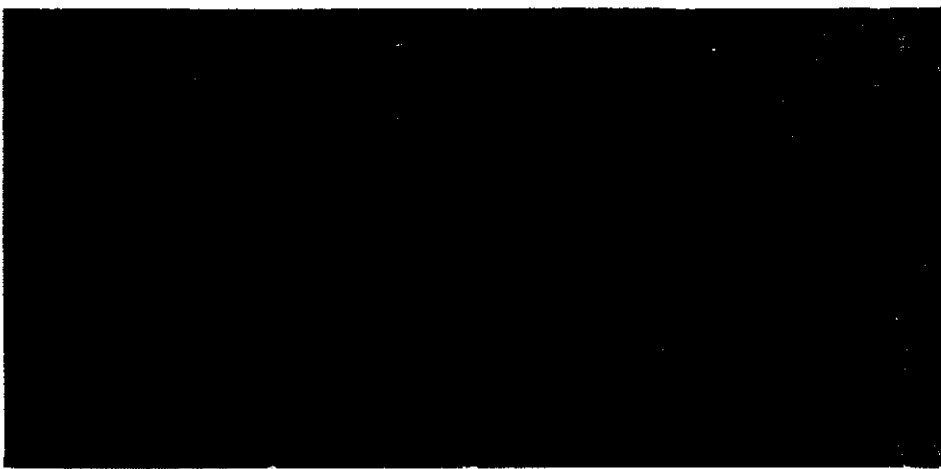
# Moonlight.



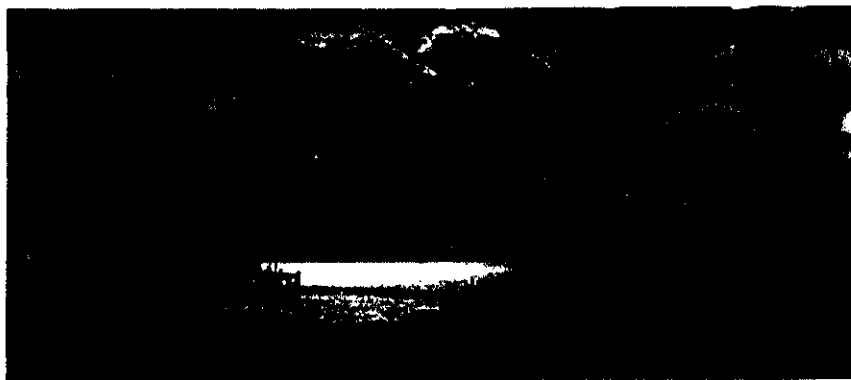
Photos by Sir J. L. Campbell. TWO VIEWS FROM CAMPBELL'S POINT.



HOBSON STREET WHARF.

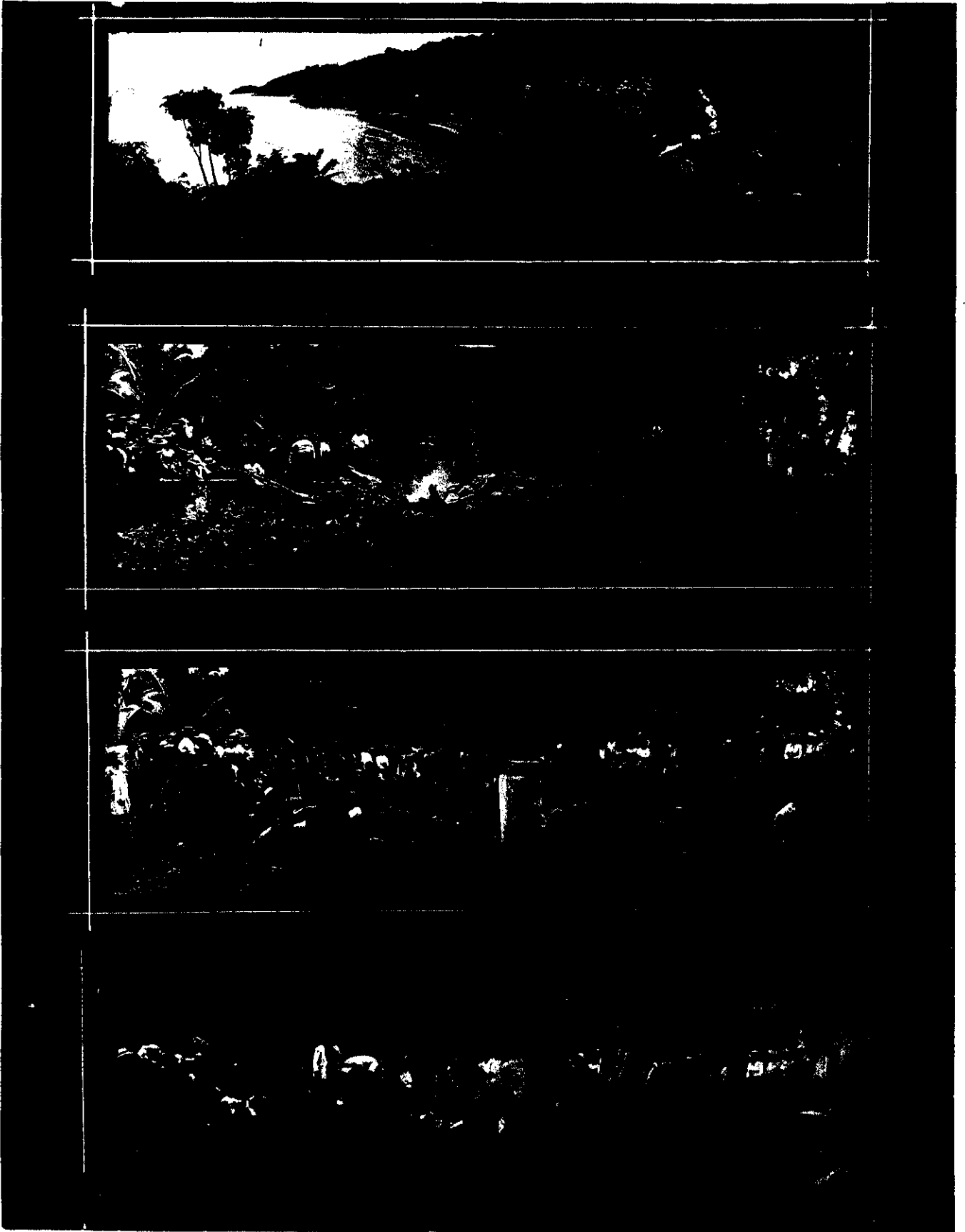


AS BRIGHT AS DAY.



THE HAURAKI GULF FROM DEVONPORT.

...ING THE ROLLER MILLS IN THE BACKGROUND.



1. The Island of Mbenga, the home of the fire walkers. 2. Preparing the oven. 3. Fire walkers on the stones. 4. Squatting on the stones after the leaves had been thrown upon them.

### The Fire Walkers of Fiji at Home.

**King Edward's Convalescence.**

**ABOARD THE ROYAL YACHT.**

His Majesty's yacht "Victoria and Albert," on which the King took his short health cruise last week, suggests a palace ashore rather than a yacht afloat. Plenty of room for the royal occupants was one of the first considerations in designing the Victoria and Albert, and as a result there are broad halls, spacious sleeping apartments, and a dining room which is cheery and luxurious in the extreme. Moreover, there is ample deck space for promenades, with sheltered nooks to be used in case of bad weather.

Whether at sea for a month or a day, the Victoria and Albert is perfectly equipped both as to stores and men. She might start on a tour of the Empire just as easily as on a jaunt around the United Kingdom. She carries 380 men aboard her, to say nothing of two-score or more servants of the King, ten cooks, etc., and other attendants. The yacht carries fifty-seven Marines, and two buglers. Marines and seamen alike are a fine lot of men, and among the "smartest" in the Royal Navy. He is counted a lucky man indeed by his fellows who can be drafted to the royal yacht.

Concerning her construction it is sufficient to say that the new Victoria and Albert is a yacht of 4700 tons, is over 450ft. in length, and has 11,000 indicated horse-power. The Osborne, which is also lying at the Portsmouth Dockyard, has a tonnage of but 1850, with 2000 h.p.

Costly furniture, carefully covered at all other times, sheds its wrappings, and the gorgeous carpets and silken window curtains likewise reappear. When curtains cost £4 15s each, as did those in the royal dining room (and they are not very large curtains either), unusual care is quite excusable. The aforesaid curtains have been at once the admiration and the envy of every woman lucky enough to inspect the royal yacht. They are of the finest silk, with hand-worked designs.

The deck-house, or pavilion, in which the dining room is located, extends from the second funnel air nearly to the wheel. At the forward end a richly carved stairway of unique design leads to the upper promenade deck.

The reception room occupies the forward end of the pavilion. It is upholstered in red leather, the furniture being of eighteenth-century design, and with its luxurious couches and great easy-chairs it is a cosy compartment indeed. The re-



Princess Victoria. Prince Albert. Prince Edward.  
Prince Henry.

**LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE CHILDREN OF T.R.H. THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.**



The Prince of Wales. The King. Earl Roberts.

**TROOPING THE COLOUR ON THE HORSE GUARDS' PARADE.**

ception lobby, which leads into the reception room, is likewise rich in colour. A stairway in the centre of the lobby communicates with the royal apartments below.

A second stairway, used by the members of their Majesties' suites,

is immediately aft of the reception lobby, and the dining room occupies the remainder of the deck pavilion. Large plate-glass windows screened with blue shades as well as silk curtains, and a huge dome-shaped sky-Continued under "Our Illustrations."



THE KING'S WRITING ROOM.



THE MAIN STAIRWAY.



STAIRWAY TO UPPER PROMENADE DECK.

**Lord Salisbury's Remarkable Record.**

PREMIER FOR 5,000 DAYS.

Lord Salisbury, who resigned the British Premiership on Friday last, enjoys the remarkable distinction of having guided the helm of State for a longer period than any British Premier for the last hundred years.

When he celebrated his 71st birthday in February of last year he had approached within twenty-one days of the late Mr Gladstone's record for the Premiership; and now he has not only passed it by five hundred odd days, but he has actually beaten the Earl of Liverpool's famous Tory Ministry, which endured for nearly fifteen years.



LORD SALISBURY.

Since 1855, when he became Premier for the first time, he has held that office for a total period of 5000 days, being nearest approached in the matter by the above-named Earl of Liverpool's record of 4680 days.

Then come Mr Gladstone's record of 4489 days, Lord Palmerston's of 3434 days, Lord Beaconsfield's of 2528 days, and Lord Melbourne's of 2492 days.

Against these figures it is interesting to note that Lord Rosebery, towards whom the nation continues to look with an expectant eye for the future, only held office for 486 days.

Two Premiers have held office during the last 100 years for shorter periods than this; Canning had six months of power in 1827, and Lord Ripon seven months in the following year.

Few men in any country have wielded power for such a remarkably long period as Lord Salisbury, and though Mr Gladstone was the record Premier of the record reign, the pre-

sent helmsman of our ship of State has not only surpassed the former's record, but also boasts the rare distinction of having been Premier in two centuries and under two British Sovereigns.

Such length of service has, naturally, not failed to leave its mark on

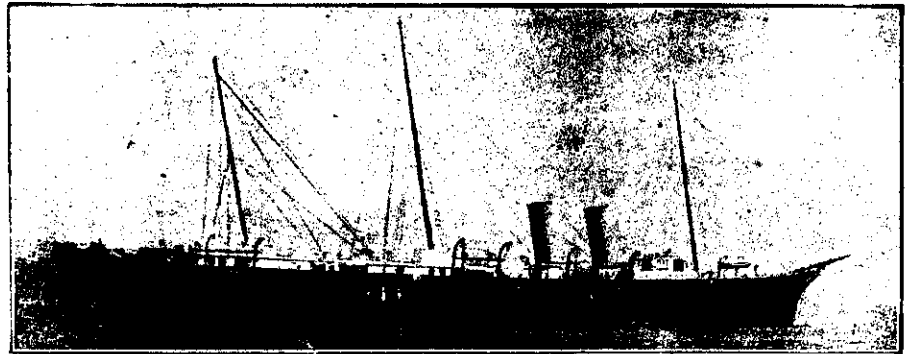
the physique of the venerable statesman, who is to-day almost patriarchal in appearance.

The beard and hair are quite white, while the "Cecil stoop" is more pronounced than ever.

Considering that he has never gone in for athletics, however, few men

of his years who have held responsible and arduous offices could boast so hale and hearty an appearance.

Not only has Lord Salisbury had the spending of £1,000,000,000 of public money, but it is also estimated that he must have dealt with close on a round million public despatches.



H.M.S. "VICTORIA AND ALBERT," THE KING'S YACHT. In which His Majesty is now Recruiting.



THE EARL OF LIVERPOOL, 4,680 days.

MR. GLADSTONE, 4,489 days.

LORD PALMERSTON, 3,434 days.



LORD BEACONSFIELD, 2,528 days.

LORD MELBOURNE, 2,492 days.

LORD ROSEBERY, 486 days.

# For the Empire's Sake.

## LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A PREMIER ON TOUR.

Beyond acknowledging his indebtedness to wireless telegraphy, the editor does not feel at liberty to disclose the source of the interesting communication which follows, the securing of which is perhaps the most remarkable "scoop" yet made in the history of New Zealand journalism.

London, July 15th.—Next to Kumara, I think I love St. Helens more than any other place. It speaks to me so of myself. I would have stayed there much longer had it been possible. My visit was all too brief. There is a close analogy between the rise of this Lancashire town and my own. As I knew it before I went to the colonies, it was a little innocent village, and as it knew me I was an unknown young man. Now I return as the first of Colonial Premiers, to find the village grown into a big manufacturing centre. In both cases the change has been phenomenal. Alas! for poor St. Helens, it has not attained its greatness without the sacrifice of its early purity and beauty. For the pleasant lanes and the green fields of my boyhood are now given over to the smoke and grime of iron and copper works, and the once pellucid waters of the Sankey brook are noisome with the refuse of alkali factories. I am glad to think that the besmirching influences of political life have not affected me in that manner. I am, as it were, a St. Helens grown great without the loss of its healthy beauty.

So changed is the place that I had much difficulty in picking up the old landmarks, but I found the spot where I had my first big fight, and learned the important fact that I was smart with my fists. In vain I looked for the scenes of most of my boyish escapades, or the friends of my obscure youth in the smoky town, and the disappointment I felt led me on several occasions to wander alone into the suburbs, where among the fields I was better able to recall my lost youth. It was on one of these little excursions that the most un-



THERE WAS NOTHING FOR IT BUT TO MASTER MY REPUGNANCE.

pleasant adventure of my stay in England occurred. I was sauntering along the brook, when a sudden fancy took me that I would like to have a dip in the water. The day was warm, and unused as I am to much exertion on foot, I felt a bath would be an excellent refresher. So hastening to a spot where we used to bathe as boys I slipped off my clothes under shelter of a bush, and was soon luxuriously rolling about in the water. Under the delightful influence of the cool stream my thoughts flew back to my young days, and I soon found myself indulging in all the aquatic feats that used to be popular with the St. Helens youth of fifty years ago. I dived, floated, did the wriggly wiggly, and the paddle boat, and a lot of other tricks. I was just in the middle of that amusing evolution, the grampus, when I happened to cast my eyes in the direction where I had left my clothes. It was some distance away, for in my playful sportings I had unconsciously allowed myself to drift down the stream some way. To my horror I desisted a man coolly getting into my garments. He was already half dressed in them before I noted him, and called aloud. My cry only made him hasten his toilet the more. Two courses of action suggest-



I TOO AM AN AUTHOR.

ed themselves to me in my awful predicament. One was to land, race along the bank, and catch the miscreant before he had made off. The second was to swim as quickly as I could up stream till I got near him, and then land. If I could have adopted the first I should no doubt have overtaken the rascal, who was clearly of the genus tramp, but I could not possibly contemplate the sacrifice to my modesty and dignity that such a course would mean, not to speak of the risk of being discovered by the authorities, who prohibit bathing without the regulation costume. So, perforce, I had to adopt the slower method, with the result that before I reached the spot from which I had gone into the water the thief was far afield, habited in my best belltopper and frock coat, in the pockets of which I had a number of valuable possessions, including my diary, notes for twelve addresses, several souvenirs of St. Helens, a half-smoked cigar the Prince of Wales gave me, and other items, besides money and keys. Pur-

suit in the condition I was—naked as when I first of all came to St. Helens—was of course out of the question, but I had to follow the second, and I had to be clothed. There was nothing for it but to master my repugnance and don the horrible rags my despoiler had left in place of my beautiful black coat and fawn trousers. I got it over quickly, and started after the fugitive tramp. Avoiding the main road as much as possible, I walked and raced to such good effect that as I approached the first roadside inn I had the pleasure of seeing the thief disappear into the bar. The temptation of a full purse was too much for him. As luck would have it a policeman was close by, and although at first he was disposed to smile incredulously at me, the evident incongruity of person and attire in the case of both the tramp and myself decided him to arrest the former. I had no difficulty in proving my ownership of the clothes, my knowledge of the documents in the pockets being sufficient, and twenty minutes later I was lying in bed awaiting the arrival of a change of raiment from the town. The tramp was straightway lodged in the lock-up, but to avoid a scandal I refused to appear against him in the Court, and he was rather leniently dealt with.

The resignation of Lord Salisbury came as a surprise to me. I was out of town at the time, and before I could get back I learned that Balfour had got the billet of Premier Bill Reeves suggests that the change was intentionally effected while I was away, so as to avoid complications. I shouldn't wonder if that were the case. But as a fact I never thought of Salisbury's shoes. As I told Bill I wouldn't have the billet were it offered me. I saw Salisbury later, and he was very apologetic. Spoke of Arthur's (Balfour's that is) claims, etc., and hummed and hawed over the matter. Of course, I am too courteous to say anything, as all the members in our own New Zealand Parliament know, but I couldn't help thinking and asking myself "what special claims has Balfour?" He may be a smart enough fellow I admit, but what has he done for the Empire? Did he send one contingent to South Africa? They say he's a capital speaker. I take the liberty to doubt whether he has delivered half as many speeches as I have, or as long ones. I'm sure he couldn't have spoken so much as me. And then his literary claims. Well, I know he has written a book called "The Foundations of Something or Another," over which a good deal of

fuss was made. I haven't read it because I'm not interested in architecture, but if authorship is to count in politics, what price my "Premier in Search of Health?" I also am an author, Mr Balfour, so the less said about that the better.

The Austrian Ambassador called on me yesterday. He came to complain about the way in which his countrymen are treated in the colony. Of course he stated his case most courteously—couldn't have been nicer—but all the same he evidently felt he had a grievance. I assured him that he was entirely misinformed with respect to the treatment of the Austrians in New Zealand.



I TOOK THE PART OF FALSTAFF.

land; that, as a fact, they were welcomed as brothers, both by the people and Government of the colony. As to gumdigging, I drew him an idyllic picture of life on the gumfields; told him you met Oxford and Cambridge men, doctors and lawyers on the fields—which in a sense is quite true; and also that I had done a little at the work myself—which was also true, for once in the North, years ago, on that famous tour of mine, I turned a sod for a gum-digger. He said something about delay in granting letters of naturalisation to the Austrians in New Zealand. I assured him that there again he was labouring under some cruel misapprehension, and explained that owing to the presence of an unprincipled opposition in the colony, one had to be most careful in regard to any rumours one heard. Finally we parted the best of friends, he declaring that after his term of office at the Court of St. James elapsed, I need not be surprised to find him applying for letters of naturalisation, "on these New Zealand gumfields of yours, Meester Seddon."

July 18.—Have been spending an hour or two every afternoon lately with Irving. My success in private theatricals on board ship determined me to see the great actor and get his opinion as to my talents. Not that I have any definite idea at present of forsaking politics for the boards—though it would not be a wilder step to take than from Kumara Hotel to a Prix Courtiership—but one never knows. Irving thinks I would do best in heavy roles, and we rehearsed some scenes together in costume from the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and "Henry VIII." I taking the parts of Falstaff and the King. Irving says I look both parts to the life. By the way, I have persuaded him and Miss Terry to visit the colonies next year, when it is just possible I shall join their Company, so a treat of no common kind awaits New Zealand playgoers. I am keeping my own possible participation in the tour a profound secret.



I ASSURED HIM HE WAS ENTIRELY MISINFORMED.



Walton, "Graphic" photo.

THE CRATER LAKE, WAIMAUNGA VALLEY, IN 1887.

This very interesting picture of the now famous Waimaunga Valley was taken in 1887, the year after the great eruption. There was no geyser then. Indeed, the camera by which this picture was taken was placed on the very site of the present geyser.

### Collapse of the Campanile of St. Mark's, Venice.

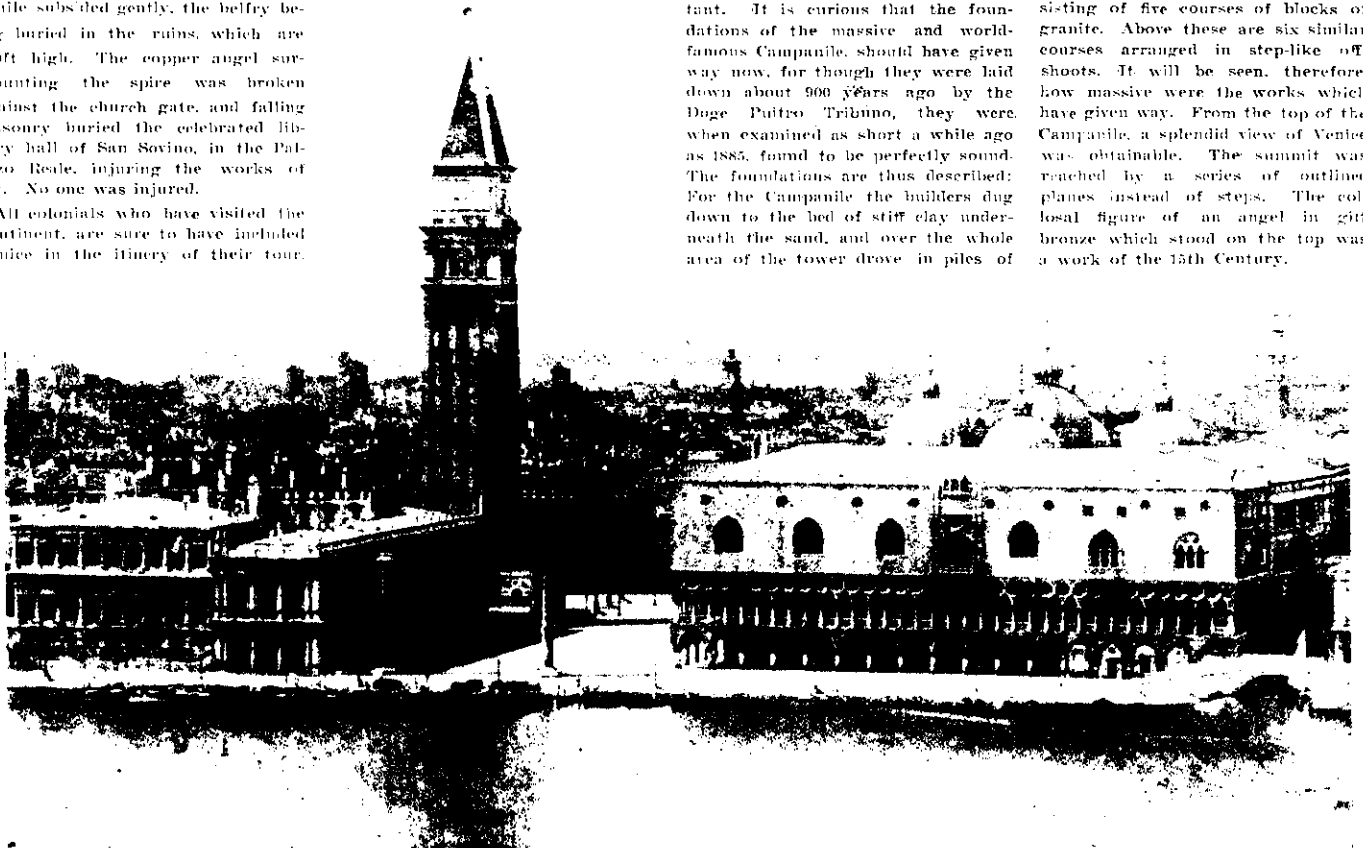
According to the cable, the Campanile subsided gently, the belfry being buried in the ruins, which are 100ft high. The copper angel surmounting the spire was broken against the church gate, and falling masonry buried the celebrated library hall of San Sovino, in the Palazzo Reale, injuring the works of art. No one was injured.

All colonials who have visited the Continent, are sure to have included Venice in the itinerary of their tour.

no one would dream of missing Venice, and in Venice no one would dream of not spending a day or more over the magnificent church of St. Mark's, and its curious square Cam-

panile, or bell tower, which like the towers at Florence and Pisa, are not joined on to the Cathedrals by masonry, but stand quite apart a considerable number of yards distant. It is curious that the foundations of the massive and world-famous Campanile, should have given way now, for though they were laid down about 900 years ago by the Doge Puitro Tribuno, they were, when examined as short a while ago as 1885, found to be perfectly sound. The foundations are thus described: For the Campanile the builders dug down to the bed of stiff clay underneath the sand, and over the whole area of the tower drove in piles of

white poplar 10 or 11 inches in diameter. On the top of these a level platform was formed by two layers of oak trees. On the wooden platform massive footings are laid consisting of five courses of blocks of granite. Above these are six similar courses arranged in step-like off shoots. It will be seen, therefore, how massive were the works which have given way. From the top of the Campanile, a splendid view of Venice was obtainable. The summit was reached by a series of outlined planes instead of steps. The colossal figure of an angel in gilt bronze which stood on the top was a work of the 15th Century.



ST. MARK'S, VENICE, showing the Campanile (bell tower) of the church, which collapsed and fell last week.



1. For the Cause that Lacks Assistance. 2. For the Wrong that Needs Resistance. 3. For the Future in the Distance. 4. And the Good that we Can do. 5. There's Room for Two. 6. You Dirty Boy. 7. The Avarous Amateur.



NELSON, MOATE & CO'S NEW TEA-PACKING WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON

Believed It to be Brandy.

People who meddle with what does not concern them, and are not only inquisitive but dishonest, frequently fall into a snare. When Mr (afterwards Sir) Henry Layard, the discoverer of buried Nineveh, was in Asia Minor and trying the tent life of the desert, there was on one occasion a scare with a semi-humorous solution. It was provoked by a sturdy young Arab, who was dragged up to the Englishman writhing and grunting. He was in great agony, and the seat of the disturbance was the stomach.

A little enquiry elicited the fact that he had swallowed some potent liquor found in Layard's saddle-bags. All his people declared that he was poisoned.

"Punished by Allah for robbing me," said the traveller, with a twinkle in his eye. He suspected a further theft.

He added that the sufferer would probably die unless a little case of medicines which was missing came to light. In no long time the case was restored. The guess was a good one. This man was the pilferer.

It came out now that a gulf of creosote had been taken in the belief that it was some kind of brandy. An emetic cured the rogue, whose fright and pain were well deserved.



MESSRS. J. D. ROBERTS & CO'S PREMISES, AUCKLAND, DESTROYED BY FIRE LAST WEEK.



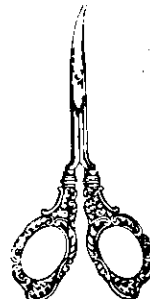
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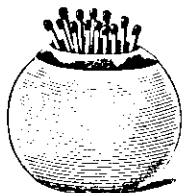
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F5635—Solid Silver-mounted NAIL SCISSORS, 28s. 6d.



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F5631—Silver mounted on Gilt Match Holder, 5s 6d.



F5627—Amethyst HEART, set with Pearls, 22s. 6d.

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F5898—Pearland Amethyst PENDANT, 14s. 6d.



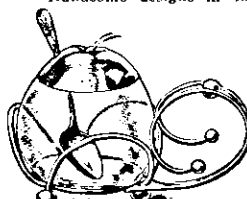
F5833—Solid Silver Billiard CHALK HOLDER, 5s.



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 nickel plated with jewels, gilded pallets, Compensation Balance, Patent Breguet Hairspring, hardened and tempered in force, and we guarantee its true keeping quality. £4 10s. We have this Watch in Silver Cases, £4.



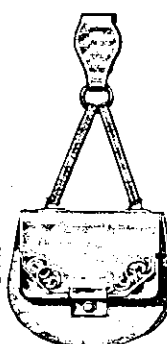
F5935—Gent's Silver Card Case, 16s. 6d.



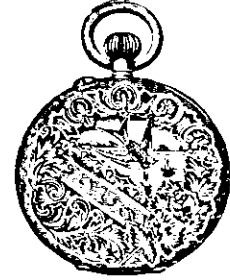
No. F2275—New Design Pear Shape JAM DISH, with Spoon, complete, Best Electro-Silver, 12/6.



No. F2276—The Newest of the New, Best Electro-Silver-Plated Shell Pattern BUTTER DISH, Glass Lined, with Knife, complete, 14/6.



F1800—Silver-mounted CHATELAINE BAG, in Crocodile Skin, 13/6, 22/6, 25/-, 37/6, 45/-; reliable. Hunting Cases, £7 10s.; Half-Handbags, same design, Hunting, £2 10s.; Open Face, £2 10s. 17/6, 25/7, 27/6.



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## MUSIC AND DRAMA.

A few years ago, when our theatres were frequently closed for a couple of months or so at a time, nobody thought much of it. Now, however, "appetite has so grown on that it feeds on" that the almost simultaneous shutting up of the chief theatres throughout the colony is causing quite a wail of sorrow in the principal cities. Ping-pong and predecessors in the matter of indoor amusements, notwithstanding the taste for theatrical and variety entertainments, has grown apace during the last decade, and a fair proportion of the population feel as if something had been missed out unless they go to a theatre or something similar at least once, and perhaps twice, a week. There seems, too, a considerable amount more money available for amusements nowadays than there used to be. The dress circle twelve years ago in Auckland was a frosty desert, even when good companies were here, and it was much the same in other cities. Now even a very mediocre company seems able to fill a house upstairs as well as down, and when a really effective show comes along you have to hustle if you want a decent place.

The Eden and Epsom Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club hold their Dramatic Entertainment to-morrow evening in St. Sepulchre's Parish Hall. If the performance is as good as last year's it will be well worth seeing. Dr. Coates, as before, is the organiser.

Wirth's Circus, in Auckland, have found "Cinderella" such a prodigious "draw" that they have kept it on the bill for another week. It is really a capital show for children, and the youngsters enjoy it amazingly. On Saturday last there must have been 2000 children at the matinee, and the sight of their happy excited faces was good enough amusement and pleasure for any "grown up" to enjoy who could remember his or her own youth.

Mrs "Dot" Bonicault (nee Irene Vanborough), who came out to New Zealand with Toole, and scored heavily with him in "The Don," is to make her re-appearance on the London stage after a temporary retirement, due to domestic happenings resultant on her marriage. Miss Vanborough is one of the very best young English artists, and an exceedingly charming woman. No doubt she will also receive her triumph as Sophy Fulgarney in "Lord Quex," which set the seal on her fame as an actress.

May Beatty is fairly booming on the other side, and has been lengthily interviewed by Melbourne "Table Talk." There is nothing new to most New Zealanders in what she has to say, nothing fresh to us even in the utter absence of side, which seems to have amazed the Melbourne scribe, to whom "Our May" talked as frankly and unaffectedly as she would to any of "her boys" in any of the New Zealand towns, where, publicly and privately, she is such a favourite. For instance, the interviewer spoke of education. "Education? Well I have had practically none, except that which I gained in the two hours of an afternoon while with Mr Pollard—that is, when I attended his school. Then I was away from the opera company for a year, and was at a convent school during that time. This is the extent of my education, but I think travelling about as I have for years is an education in itself." Everyone here in New Zealand will rejoice that Miss Beatty has struck oil, and will wish her further success in the future.

Mr O. G. Adams, youngest son of Mr C. W. Adams, Chief Surveyor, Blenheim, has been appointed director of the Thames School of Mines, Mr Adams, who is at present director of the School of Mines, Stawell, Victoria, was previously assayer to the Zeehan Smelting Company. He received his training under Professor Ulrich, in Otago.

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Personal Paragraphs.  
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His Excellency the Governor and the Countess of Ranfurly had a brilliant reception at Government House, Wellington, last week. A full account of this successful social function appears in our Wellington letter.

It is rumoured that His Excellency the Governor and Lady Ranfurly and suite are going down to Christchurch for the Grand National Steeplechase Meeting in August. It is probable that the Mayor's Coronation ball will be held during their visit to Christchurch.

The Rev. J. Kennedy Elliott, of Wellington, is staying in Napier.

The Rev. V. A. Barradale, of Samoa, is staying in Napier.

Mr L. Pickering, late of Wellington, has taken up his residence in Napier.

Mr and Mrs D. J. Riddiford, Halcombe, Rangitikei, were in Wellington for the races last week.

Mr Sidey, of Dunedin, is visiting Mrs A. Davidson, of the Bluff Hill, Napier.

Miss Macassey, Dunedin, is staying with Mrs Chaffey, Seatown, Wellington.

Colonel and Mrs Gorton, Rangitikei, are on a brief visit to Wellington.

Mrs Morris, of the Barrack Hill, Napier, has gone for a visit to Auckland.

Mr Spencer H. Gollan, who has lately arrived from England, is staying at Waipukurau, Hawke's Bay.

Mrs and Miss Milson, Christchurch, are staying at Mrs Preston's, Sumner, for a few weeks' change.

Mr Gaisford, Hawke's Bay, has been in Wellington, staying at the Empire Hotel.

Miss Arkwright, "Overton," Marton, is in Christchurch on a visit to Mr and Mrs Wigram.

Miss Braithwaite (Dunedin) is visiting Mrs E. Barber, Merivale, Christchurch.

Mr and Mrs Wheeler, Manawatu, have been staying at Bishops Court, Wellington, for the Diocesan Synod.

Mr Maughan Barnett has come to Napier from Wellington, and, assisted by Miss Large, will give a concert on Tuesday evening.

Mr and Mrs Harold Brauchamp, who have been on a short visit to Australia, returned to Wellington by the Mokoia's last trip.

Mr J. W. Joyn, who has been the guest of Mr Large, "The Mount," Coote Road, Napier, has returned to Wellington.

Mr and Mrs A. Murray-Aynsley, Fendalton, have a trip to England in view, and purpose leaving by the Ruapehu the end of this month.

The Misses Winter, Adelaide, are spending the winter in New Zealand, and are at present in Wellington prior to visiting Rotorua.

Miss Claire Smith, of Epsom, Auckland, is to be married on Wednesday, July 30th, to Mr Walter B. Lloyd, at St. Mark's Church, Remuera.

Mrs W. Rutherford, Montrose, has been staying this week with Mrs Chas. Cook, "Warwick House," Christchurch.

Major and Mrs Hayhurst and Mr W. P. and Miss Cowlishaw returned to Christchurch last week from the Coronation trip to Fiji.

Mrs Arkwright, Wairarapa, is staying with Mrs Wigram, Park Terrace, but will pay a round of visits while in Christchurch.

In a letter to an Auckland Lord Onslow writes:—"Seddon is in

great form and clearly the leading figure in the public mind on this great occasion."

Miss Hewitt, Palmerston North, and the Misses Randall Johnson, England, are the guests of the Hon. C. J. and Mrs Johnston, Pipitea Pa, Wellington.

Miss Payne, matron of the Wellington Hospital, has resigned her position in order to accept a similar post at Rotorua.

A proposal is on foot in the Wanganui district to get up a memorial to the late Dr. Cleghorn, who spent some years in practice in that district after leaving Blenheim.

Mrs and Miss Denniston, Dunedin, who have been spending some weeks in the North Island, passed through Wellington recently on their way South again.

Mrs Jones, of Wanganui, who has been staying with Mrs Stedman, at the Bank of New South Wales, Napier, and also with Mrs James McLean, at the National Bank, returned home last week.

Mr Bayne, formerly director of Lincoln College, Canterbury, has recently been appointed director of the Palestine County College of Preston. The salary is reported to be £1000 per annum.

Mrs Chas. Williamson gave a progressive euchre party at her residence at Takapuna on Friday night. Special coaches ran from Devonport, and a large number of guests enjoyed a most successful function.

Professor MacLaurin, of Victoria College, who has been staying in Napier, has returned to Wellington.

Mr and Mrs Sabine, Christchurch, have gone on a trip to Fiji, leaving the baby and nurse at Mrs Preston's, Sumner.

A few evenings ago the friends of Mr S. Harrison, station master at Te Awamutu, presented him with a beautiful marble clock as a token of their esteem and goodwill, on the eve of his departure for Mercer, whither he has been transferred.

At the first monthly meeting of the Wellington Sketching Club Dr. Fell presided, and Mr James Nairn gave a short lecture on sketching. The winner of the competition for a sketch typical of winter was Mr John Scott, Mrs Adams taking second place.

Mr D. McKenzie was recently presented with an engraved spirit and cigar stand on the occasion of his approaching marriage. Mr King, chairman of the Wellington Rugby Union Management Committee, acted as spokesman and wished Mr McKenzie every happiness from his comrades of the Wellington Rugby Union.

Miss Amy Murphy, of Dunedin, passed through Christchurch last week from Wellington, where she took the principal soprano part in the late successful performance by amateurs of "The Yeoman of the Guard." She broke the journey here, staying one night with Mr and Mrs Ernest Barber, Merivale.

Captain Gilbert Mair (of the Thames) is at present inland from Whakatane, being one of the Urewera Native Land Commissioners, an appointment for which he is particularly suitable owing to his intimate knowledge of the Urewera country and people dating back to the old fighting days.

Dr. "Charlie" Haines, of Auckland, will leave London in November, or perhaps October, for a flying visit to New Zealand. He will remain in Auckland only a month or so, and there is, of course, no truth in the rumour that he is thinking of again practising here. Dr. Haines is living permanently at Home, and his visit is merely one of personal pleasure to enable his wife and himself to look up his numerous Auckland relatives and friends.

Mr R. Bragato, late Government Viticulturist in Victoria, and recently temporarily employed by the New Zealand Government to investigate the wine-producing capabilities of this country, has been permanently appointed Government Viticulturist. His interesting preliminary report on the prospects of the New Zealand wine industry will probably be before the House in a few days.

A private letter received in Auckland by the "Fisco" mail states that the Northern Club of that city was well to the fore at the New Zealand dinner in London. I sat (says the writer) amongst the following group: Holmes, Tegetmeyer, Brassey, Welsted, Thorne George, F. C. Richardson, Dr. Lewis, Ramson, Dr. Haines, Owen Jones, N. A. Nathan, Browning, Dunnett, J. B. White and several others whom I forget at the moment.

Mrs F. B. Winstone, of "Mia Mia," Remuera, entertained a large number of young people at an "at home" in the Remuera Hall on Saturday, the younger ones in the afternoon, and the older in the evening. The hall on both occasions presented an animated appearance, and all enjoyed themselves fully, and appreciated much the kind thoughtfulness of the worthy hostess (who showed that she well understands how best to keep a company of young people entertained). The time was spent in ping-pong, Punch and Judy show, a ventriloquial entertainment, and music and a distribution of an abundance of toys to the younger children. Nor was the weakness of youth overlooked, the appetite being well looked after in a handsome manner, the most tempting of dainties and delicacies being provided on beautifully decorated tables.

Dr. Wohlmann, the newly-appointed Government Balmecologist, with his wife and daughters, arrived in Auckland from Wellington by the s.s. Rotoiti last week. Dr. Wohlmann is comparatively young, being about thirty-six years of age, and he possesses excellent qualifications for the position to which he has been appointed, and he has a considerable reputation as a balmecologist. For the past nine years he has been in practice at Bath, and since receiving his appointment he has visited all the leading Continental mineral water districts, for the purpose of bringing his knowledge up to date. Rotorua will be Dr. Wohlmann's headquarters, and he will also supervise Hanmer Springs and the other health resorts in New Zealand. He will make a tour of all these resorts before settling down at Rotorua.

Among the numerous list of visitors to the Star Hotel during the past week were:—Messrs James Lee, H. Burrows, A. Leonard, J. M. Jolly, W. Nisbet, Henderson, J. Johnston, Percy Turner, Sydney; A. H. Ayden, Victor Torrens, Colombo; Orton Stevens, W. Wight Smith, Wellington; Thos. Meeks, Onaruru; Geo. Jamieson, Christchurch; Mr and Mrs Cutton, Dunedin; J. N. Pike, Wellington; Donald Locke, Napier; Chas. Holmes, Dr. and Mrs Melville and maid, Edward Putter, Harry A. Pelter, Mr and Mrs Murdoch, London; C. Bryant, Melbourne; Mr and Mrs Stuart, Master Smart, Western Australia; Mr J. V. Hardwick, P. H. Hart, Edinburgh; G. Chapman, Adelaide; Count de Reiz and valet, R. N. Wilson, Marseilles; J. Bates, N. Gurdade, Mr and Mrs McFarland, San Francisco.

Amongst the guests at the Central Hotel, Auckland, during the week were Capt. and Mrs Rae, Dunedin; Mrs and Miss Williams, Wellington; Mr A. B. Woolf; Mr Hush, S.M., Thames; Mr Rendall, Wellington; Mr Evans, Christchurch; Mr Garrowsay, Sydney; Mrs Wilson, Sydney; Mr and Mrs Rial, Misses Mahr and Gwynne, America; Mr and Mrs Manning, Christchurch; Mr and Mrs Bates, Messrs Adams, Tregent, Gardiner, Sydney; Mr and Mrs Fletcher and sons, Mr Riley, England; Mr Redstone, Wellington; Mr and Mrs Rackley, Te Aroha; Mr and Mrs Knight, Waikato; Mr and Mrs Miss Murrill, Melbourne; Mr Meadowcroft, Wellington; Mr Albert Levy, Wellington; Mr Selinger, Sydney; Mr Murphy, Paeroa; Messrs McDuff and Bishopham, Thames; Messrs Beat and Hogarth, Sydney; Mrs Lowe, Dunedin; Mr Moulden, Melbourne; Mr and Mrs Selley and Family, Wellington; Miss Gordon, Wellington; Mr Dawson, Mr Beecham, Melbourne; Mr Handcock, Sydney; Mr Carter, Thames; Mrs Pilling, Te Aroha; Mr Miller, Sydney; Mr Amos, Melbourne;

Mr Lewin, Norway; Mr Johnston, Karaaki; Messrs Greenslade, Hopkins, Ewing, West, Gane, Blissett, Walkato; Mr Sorrell, Napier; Mrs Lux, Waikato; Mr Banks, Karangahake; Mr Steele, Wellington; Mr Torrens, Waikato; Miss McMath, Mr May, Mr McKenzie, Sydney; Messrs Le Cren, Timaru; Mr and Mrs Petyman, London.

**OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT WRITES:—**

Mr James Fraser Scott (Dunedin) who arrived in London ten days ago, after four years of art studies on the Continent, will take a studio here shortly and begin work on one or more pictures for next year's Academy. A short survey of his labours on this side of the world should be of interest to New Zealanders. Two years were spent in the Academie Julian under the late Benjamin Constant and Jean Paul Laurens. Mr Scott then went to Holland, painting landscapes and interiors in the village of Laren, the home of the great Dutch animal painter, Antoin Mauve, and still the abode of most of the promising young painters of Holland. One of the interiors which he painted in Laren was hung on the line in the Paris Salon of 1901 and received favourable comments in several Parisian art journals. His next move was to Germany, where he studied for several terms in the Munich Academy under Professor Carl Marr, whose talent has received special recognition from the Kaiser. During his vacations he visited every town of artistic interest on the Rhine. After leaving Munich he proceeded to Italy, studying the old masters in Florence, Rome and Venice, sketching for some time in the last-named city. Before coming on to London he paid a visit to the haunts of his earlier studies in Paris.

Mrs Harrison (Wellington) arrived at the end of last week after a pleasant journey by way of Fiji, Vancouver, Banff, Calgary, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, and New York. She is now staying at Clapham Park, where Mrs A. D. Riley has also her abode.

Mrs H. MacNeill, Miss Allan and Mr W. MacNeill (Dunedin) are on a visit to Mrs MacNeill's daughter, Mrs Arthur Pontifex, at Meonstoke House, Hants. After the Coronation they will go to Scotland.

Mr George S. Stephenson (Dunedin) was very much "on the ball" last winter for the Manningham Football Club, Bradford, securing no less than 28 tries. He and Mrs Stephenson have just returned to Manningham from a motor car drive through Wales and the South of Scotland, and are now in Scotland. After "Coronating" they will take a short turn on the Continent and leave for the colony, via the Canal, about the end of July.

The Misses Knight, of "Tikao," Akaroa, have spent their year on this side in extensive travel in the Old Country, especially appreciating the cathedral towns in the South and East of England. Before they trek back again they hope to visit the

English Lakes, Yorkshire, and Scotland. They are remaining in London for the season.

Detective and Mrs Fitzgerald (Timaru), after a fortnight in London, will cross over to Ireland to the former's home in County Kerry. After six weeks' touring in Ireland they will begin their return journey to the colony about the end of July.

Mr Percival C. Edwards (Wellington), who has been Home three years, went out soon after the outbreak of the war in the Imperial Yeomanry. He obtained a commission as lieutenant, was dangerously wounded early in 1900, but hopes to have quite recovered before the end of the year from the effects of his wound. At present he is attached to the 1st Provisional Battalion at Shorncliffe.

Mr and Mrs W. Cowper Robison (Napier) are at present staying at the Great Central Hotel, but their address for the next few months will be Burlington Mansions, 23, Cork-street. They had a delightful month's journey through the States, being much charmed with the beauty of the Yosemite Valley, where they spent a short time en route. As they found that there was no difficulty in getting steamer passages, reserving train sections, or drawing-room cars. It seems clear that there will be no Coronation rush from America. They were fortunate enough to have lovely weather throughout.

Mr Alex D. McIlraith (Rakaia), who is Home with his wife and daughter, was long enough en route in New South Wales to see the terrible havoc drought has played with that State, and at Naples to recall his narrow escape from drowning there when the Orova grounded some seven years ago. Luckily his journey this time was without mishap. After a brief stay in Paris, they crossed to Dover, where they put in a couple of days, and then rested a fortnight at Folkestone. They will be in London until 5th July, and then go north to the Royal Agricultural Show at Carlisle, on to Scotland to visit relations, to the Highland Society's Show at Aberdeen.

Mr Harold G. Cave (Wellington) is staying for the present at Lewisham. Coronation delights and dairying blended are the objects of his visit. He will probably visit Denmark and the chief dairying districts in England, staying about three months and returning via America.

Mr Cecil Louison and his son and daughter (Christchurch) have completed half their circuit round the globe. Australia, China, Japan and the U.S.A. have been "done," and now they are—like the Royal guests—making the Hotel Cecil their headquarters for the present month. Scotland will be their next objective. A Continental tour will follow, and they will leave England about the middle of September.

Mrs Hugh Bailly (New Plymouth), after visiting relations in London and Harrow, went down to Dorsetshire, and is now at Grantham.

**OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.**

**WITH ROD AND GUN.**

(Continued from page 219.)

where the hawks were not likely to get at him, than we spotted another deer grazing a short distance away. A few minutes later he had shared the fate of his companion. We now changed our course, and went down on to the flats, where the green grass bordered the swamps, and after close examination discovered numerous fresh tracks. Resting quietly for a few moments, we heard a rustle in the swamp, and there stood facing us, not 70 yards away, one of the finest bucks that ever roamed the Waikato. It was only to entice us on, for with one wild bound he was out of sight in the close, thick ti-tree.

It being then ten o'clock we decided the bush would be the place for them at that hour, so off we went, up and down hills, until we came to a bush some three miles away, where we rested for a few minutes. Proceeding into the bush, we saw two deer lying down some distance away. At our approach they jumped up, but only to receive a dum-dum each. Preparing them as we had done the others, we decided our bag was large enough for one morning's sport, so we packed them on our backs and took a straight course for home, over five miles away. At dusk we quietly worked our way over the hills, and soon came upon a deer feeding some distance off. After a stiff walk we came within range of him. A quiet, steady aim soon made him the fifth one of our bag that day, and shouldering him we made tracks for home.

Next morning four o'clock saw the inner man refreshed, and us ready to start for new grounds some six miles distant. Reaching there by daybreak, we came across five deer walking slowly down the bank to a swamp below. Waiting some twenty minutes until they had got quietly settled, Mr Mack decided they were all ours, so on we went to surround them, across creeks, through swamps, up hills and through fern and ti-tree for some distance, until we came within 100 yards of where they were. Then we crawled on all fours until we were upon them. We could hear them playing below, but could not see them. They evidently saw or heard us, however, for with one grand rush they fairly flew before us, but once again the "303" proved too much for them, and we got two. Preparing them as usual, we carried them to the nearest road, and left them there until we were going home. Starting off again through the swamps for some miles, and only occasionally getting a glimpse of one racing over the hills, our luck seemed to have deserted us, for it was now three p.m., and only two in our bag. At last we came across one feeding on the hillside, and one of our party, taking a steady aim, shot him in the shoulder. The bullet passed through his chest, breaking the other shoulder. On the way to the road we came across another, and without much formality he made our fourth that day, we agreeing our luck was still with us. Returning to the house at 7 p.m., we dined, hitched the horse in a small trap, and returned for those we'd left on the road. The next morning we left for Cambridge, with the biggest bag of deer ever shot in the Waikato in two days. I can highly recommend to all deer-stalkers the "303" with a full fulminate mercury, manufactured by the Colonial Ammunition Co. The bullet is entirely new in this country, though it has been used for many years in India for big game, where it was patented by an Indian officer, who gave the secret to Mr Whitney, of the Colonial Ammunition Company.

the dining room at the rear. By means of an electric lift the food is sent from the kitchen two decks below. The lift passes through the corridor on the "state" deck, where the royal apartments are located. Entry ports, on the main deck, divide the royal apartments from those occupied by members of the suite. These entry ports are really steel doors in the yacht's hull, with inner doors of hard wood and glass. If the King wishes to disembark without ascending to the deck above, he can do so by stepping through an entry port direct upon the gangway or pier.

A wide, red-carpeted corridor or hallway runs through the centre of the "state" deck. At the forward end on the starboard side are located the Queen's apartments, including a bedroom, dressing-room, and bathroom in green and white, and then the King's suite in blue and white.

The King's writing-room is considered by many visitors one of the most comfortable rooms on the yacht. It is decorated in blue and white, harmonising with the rest of the suite, and contains a great couch, with two deep arm-chairs, all in black leather. There is also an antique writing desk, with movable electric lights.

On the port side, opposite the Queen's apartments, are two royal guest rooms and the royal drawing-room, the latter decorated in white and gold. Then comes the Princess Victoria's suite, comprising bedroom, bath-room, and sitting-room.

Still further aft, on the port side, are the cabins for members of the royal suites. The first is that allotted to Sir Francis Knollys, his Majesty's secretary. A desk of unusual size, constructed especially for the secretary, is a feature of this cabin. There is a private bath-room adjoining, and then comes three private guest cabins. The equerry's room, with bath-room, is next; and then another guest cabin. The cabins are decorated in different colours, some being light blue, others dark red, and still others green and white, etc.

The cabins for the ladies of the suite are on the starboard side of the yacht, with the apartments of Hon. Charlotte Knollys at the forward end of the corridor, opposite those occupied by his Majesty's secretary. A general room for the members of the suite is located at the end of the corridor in the very stern of the yacht, and the entire width of the vessel.

Conforming to the lines of the yacht, this room is very nearly semi-circular in shape. Its table of polished oak, likewise semi-circular in form, is capable of seating the entire suite at one time. There are handsome revolving chairs, and the cabin is panelled in oak. On the walls are portraits of former commanders of royal yachts.

Forward of the royal apartments, on the same deck, are located the officers' cabins, with the ward-room adjoining. The ship's company messes forward and also on the deck below the royal apartments, where the kitchens are located, as well as quarters for the various servants. Down further still the stokers are sequestered in some mysterious manner.

Electricity is put to many uses on the yacht. There are lights of all kinds—lights in brackets, lights in the ceiling, lights for reading in bed, small lights for the royal dining table, and large lights for deck illumination. For the sleeping cabins there are electric "warmers"—curious bags of flannel with a wire protruding and a whole bundle of wires inside. You connect the visible wire with a hook in the wall, whereupon the invisible wires begin to glow and give forth a comfortable heat. Presently, you have a miniature furnace in full action. There are no cold beds on the Victoria and Albert.

There is an electric stove for keeping viands and chinaware warm in the serving room, the electric lift before spoken of, and still another form of electric heater which resembles, as one of the marines expresses it, "a little gas stove without the gas." Electric bells are everywhere,

**KING EDWARD'S CONVALESCENCE.**

(Continued from page 233.)

light, make the apartment unusually light and cheery, besides giving the effect of great size.

The dining room is decorated in blue and white. There is an imposing mantel and fireplace at the forward end, and an upright piano aft. A serving-room directly adjoins

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such marked "valet," or "steward," or "page." No matter in what part of the yacht his Majesty may be, he has but to stretch forth his hand to summon an attendant.

In truth, it is a yacht "fit for a king."

SNAPSHOTS OF THE WAR.

INTERVIEW WITH NURSING SISTER LITTLECOTT.

With the many sons of the Empire who sprang, sword in hand, into the quarrel of their Motherland, went here and there a nursing sister, hoping by the gentler arts of peace to assuage the bleeding wounds of ghastly war. Ashburton numbered one in this band of devoted women in the person of Nurse Littlecott, who recently returned on a short furlough. A representative of this paper waited upon her to gather a few details of her experiences that might be of general interest. A small, slight figure, of gentle ways and velvet-footed movement, the sister looks the ideal comforter of weariness and pain. Her labours of over two years at the front, supplemented by a voyage back in charge of seventy sick, on a troopship filled with 500 West Australians, has left her a trifle thin and tired, but she kindly consented to supply any information at her command. Asked as to the most remarkable case she nursed, she said it was one of hepatic abscess, supervening on enteric and dysentery. This poor unfortunate "Tommy" underwent seven operations, and by skill and care was eventually shipped to his longed-for "home" as cured.

Of the strange vagaries of bullets the nurse had many tales to tell. In one case the bullet caused compound fracture of both thighs. The victim was also shot in five other places in the shoulder, and through the head. Being so encased in plaster of Paris, he was known amongst the orderlies as "The Plaster Mummy." Another poor fellow was shot in the side of the cheek, the bullet making a downward course through his neck, and coming out of his opposite shoulder: a most ghastly case, nearly all his shoulder shot away, yet he too was sent Home cured. Much of the work at the Mooi River base Hospital resulted from the dreadful disaster on Spion Kop. Bitter tales were told by the human fatesman flung up by that surging wave of battle's line.

"Me an' Bill was fighting in the trenches," said one pallid wreck, "an' it was near night. Bill was my pal, you know, sister, when I got a bullet through one arm. I shifted me gun and blazed away with the other till I was shot in that one too. I lay back just as Bill came flopping right across my chest. Bill groaned awful: 'Don't groan, Bill,' I says, 'the stretchers will be around soon,' but Bill never said a word, only groaned just awful. It got dark, an' I said, 'Cheer up, old man, we'll be taken away soon.' But Bill never answered. After a time I guess I went asleep (he became unconscious), and when daylight came things was just as before—only Bill he groaned no longer." Such were the tales told by the brave line men who on that deadly day toiled up the steep ascent dragging their clogging guns with them.

Nurse Littlecott afterwards ascended the historic peak, taking 22 hours in the task, and not then at the steepest place where our heroic men of the line died, "because someone had blundered."

There lie the brave dead in long, drear trenches, 600 of England's sons. "The half of creation we own; we have bought the same with the sword and the flame, and salted it down with our bones."

The most of Nurse Littlecott's medical cases were enteric, from Ladysmith, aggravated by starvation. Yet no Tommy of them all will ever own Buller paid too high a price, or that he is sought but a great success. The men and officers love him with a great devotion, and would willingly die at his call to-morrow if it were but his wish.

After one of the great fights for the relief of Ladysmith, when the convoys of wounded began to come in, a huge dog made his appearance in one of the sister's tents, and prepared to accompany her on her rounds. He went to every one of the thousands of beds, out of one tent into another, looking in every face if perchance it might be his loved and lost master. The sister adopted him, and thenceforward "Bruce" became an institution. Every ambulance train was met by him, with the liveliest show of delight; every poor sick Tommy as he was lifted out was duly inspected, if by chance his loved one came again, till the last one was put into the dhoolies and carried away. Then he dropped his tail and slunk dejected off to go his patient round once more, amid the suffering and the dying.

The dog never by any chance met any but Red Cross trains, and the sisters wondered what instinct prompted his knowledge.

His life ran out before the sister left, and his faithful, loving heart ceased its vain seeking for the loved English officer he called master, lying dead on some lonely kopje side, so the sisters surmised.

Amongst the nurse's patients were some Boers, of whom she has formed a very low estimate, the first she nursed being very sorry for himself. He was suffering from a compound fracture, and badly wanted to get well "to go and shoot some more English." Another old dopper, 80 years of age, captured after Paardeburg, talked freely till they asked him if it wasn't true that he was a relative of Cronje's. Then he said he didn't speak English, and complained to the doctor of the sister that "she always speak English; I no understand English." This same old fox took his hat round the ward, saying it was his birthday, and he wanted a new pipe, which the generous Tommies supplied pence enough to buy.

Of the generosity, bravery and power of what they call "sticket" things displayed by the troops at the front, the nurse cannot speak too highly. This power of gaily accepting all the discomforts and evil chances of life on the veldt is equally the heritage of both the old land and her sturdy sons beyond the seas.

But even this genial good nature at times is strained to breaking point, as in the story current on the veldt of a Canadian Contingent, whose idolised major was treacherously shot in the back by some Boers hidden in a farmhouse flying a white flag. His men swore a mighty oath that they would capture the murderers, and hang them. They surrounded them eventually, and with their lariats strung them up in a row in front of the same farmhouse. Then the regiment pulled out its pipes, and sat around to smoke. They were still sitting there when an Imperial officer rode up, highly horrified, and proceeded to scarily the sons of "Our Lady of Snows." They smoked on for a time. Then one pulled his pipe out of his mouth and drawled, "I guess there's room for another up there! You'd better git!" The Imperial officer got, and there was nothing officially heard of the matter. Asked as to whether she had seen Lord Kitchener, Nurse Littlecott laughed, and told how on one of his train journeys the sisters took a photo of him, for which he good-naturedly posed on the platform of his carriage. One of the sisters wished to shake hands with him, which fact one his aides communicated to him. It seemed to tickle him greatly, but just as he was about to comply the carriage was wheeled away, and they saw him no more. He stood at the salute as he was whirled out of sight. He is a tall, very straight man, not very like his published pictures, with keen grey eyes, an affection of one giving him rather a sinister expression. Of the many duties falling to a nurse's lot not the least was writing the home letters of the sick, ill or well. Their one cry was, "Say I'm all right, sister. Say I'm having a good time. Don't say I'm sick. They'd only worry over it." Often when the poor brave hearts were nearly sobbing out their last strong breath the cry was still the same, "Say I'll be well soon, sister;

don't say I'm sick." When the letters were to sweethearts things were even more embarrassing, patients saying, "Oh, you'll know what to say, sister; just say what you'd say yourself." The stories told of De Wet are many, but one common property on the veldt goes, that when he was so quiet for some months he had passed himself off as a Yeomanry and gone to England, returning in another troopship in like manner. Of the uselessness of some of the later drafts of Yeomanry many stories are rife. The same column had been captured six times by De Wet's light riders, and stripped of everything till they became famous as "De Wet's supply train." On the last occasion he gave them a sealed order for their commander, which they duly delivered. It ran, "Kindly chain these dogs up, as I am tired of catching them." In vivid contrast to these useless squadrons was the character borne by the "Fern Leaf Boys." This story of one of the earlier battles was told by one of the sick "Dubs," that brave regiment the story of whose famous charge echoed round the world. The gallant Irishmen were new to Boer nomenclature, and when in a desperate bayonet charge a Boer officer pulled out a white flag, screaming, "Don't kill me! I'm a field cornet!" one retorting, "I'm hanged if I care whether you're the whole blooming hand!" drove the terrible steel right through his enemy's heart.

A SUFFERER AT SEVENTY

LIVER COMPLICATIONS.

BILE BEANS BUSY IN HOKITIKA.

The following letter, received from Mr James Siddons, Hokitika, N.Z., is one of the latest we have received in eulogy of the now world-renowned Bile Beans for Biliousness, and is well worthy of perusal. This gentleman is seventy one years of age, therefore the following statements may be taken as coming from mature

experience. He writes: "I am a gardener by occupation at the present time, formerly I followed the sea for a livelihood, but was forced by ill-health to abandon that arduous life; since that time I have been constantly ailing. About ten years ago I was stricken with typhoid fever, and went into the hospital. I recovered, and was discharged from the hospital, but was a long time regaining my strength, and my old troubles again showed themselves. Biliousness and indigestion, accompanied by a severe headache which sometimes lasted all day, caused untold agony, and I lost all appetite. I consulted doctors, but derived little or no benefit, and my complaints seemed to magnify, and I became weak and debilitated. I had no strength whatever, and experienced severe pains, seemingly all over the body. I was unable to gain much sleep, and always felt drowsy. As you may believe this state of affairs soon played up with my mind. I became depressed in spirits, and found great difficulty in collecting my thoughts. But at this stage, when Nature could bear little more, I was advised to try Bile Beans for Biliousness. I followed this advice, took the contents of one box, and derived immense benefit, and continuing with the Beans, my long lost health returned. My only trouble at the present time is an occasional rheumatic twitch, which I must expect at my age. It is in the hope that my experiences may benefit other sufferers that I write this. As for myself, I cannot say too much in praise of Bile Beans for Biliousness." The proprietors must warn the public that the only genuine Bile Beans for Biliousness bear the signature of the "Bile Bean Manufacturing Co." printed in red ink on the label around each box. If your dealer says he has something just as good as Bile Beans for Biliousness, guard against him, for he is trying to sell you something he gets more profit on. Bile Beans are never sold in bulk, by dozen or hundred, but in sealed boxes. In all cases of doubt, send direct to the Australian Depot, Bile Bean Manufactory Co., 39, Pitt-street, Sydney.

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**Northern Club Ball, Auckland.**

**A BRILLIANT AND SUCCESSFUL FUNCTION.**

For years past—far longer than many of us care to look back upon—the Northern Club of Auckland have held the reputation of being the most lavish and sumptuous dispensers of hospitality in the colony. Does a distinguished visitor arrive in Auckland he is forthwith entertained at a banquet by "the Northern," and once in every two years or so the Club opens its doors wide, and the members give a ball to their numerous friends. How many generations of dancing men look back to the succession of brilliant successes attained by these balls—remembering when they went as bachelors, and then as Benedicts, and now as comfortable family men, with daughters, perhaps, already looking forward to the time when it would be their turn to come out at one of the famous Club dances. For the Northern Club ball is always—has always been—famous. Like the great pantomimes at Home, it always seems as if it would be impossible to improve on the current record for brilliance, yet each fresh effort does manage to transcend the last. One had not imagined it possible that anything could be smarter than the ever to be remembered Diamond Jubilee ball; but on all hands it is admitted that in many ways this surpassed it, the generous loan of the beautifully renovated Grand Hotel, with its fine dining and billiard rooms, no doubt having something to do with this. The arrangements were as usual on the most complete scale, all that forethought, care, long experience, and unfettered finance could devise being done to add to the pleasure and comfort of the guests. Dancing was as usual carried on in the dining-room, the floor of which, prepared by Winks and Hall, was in splendid order. It was very beautifully decorated, a prominent feature being the draped British and Boer flags. The Boer standard was a present to the Club from Captain Markham (a member),

who has distinguished himself greatly in the field. In presenting the flag to the Club, Captain Markham wrote a note describing its capture, and saying he thought the Club would like a memento of the war. Needless to say, it is much valued by Captain Markham's fellow members and was the object of considerable interest amongst their guests. Access to the supper rooms in the Grand Hotel was provided by a long, tastefully decorated temporary corridor, specially erected for the occasion. The supper is always a feature at the Northern Club, and this was no exception to the general rule. With remarkable good sense a welcome change was made from the ridiculous convention of printing the menu in French. It was, as will be seen, in good, plain English, and the fact was universally appreciated and commented on. The following is the menu:—

**MENU.**

- Anchovy Tartlets. Olives. Devilled Almonds. Fillets Parfaits.
- Auckland Soles. Chilled Pyreneese Style.
- Crayfish Salad, Chambord Fashion. Oyster Patties. Tay Salmon Trout Mayonnaise.
- Roast Baron of Beef.
- Round of Beef, spiced. Ox Tongue, rolled.
- Roast Turkey, York Ham, Roederer Style.
- Roast Pullets. Roast Duck. Roast Pheasant.
- Timbals of Quail, Pheasant Pie.
- Wood Pigeon, truffed. Turkey in the Chatsworth Style.
- Braised Duck in Aspic. Zealandia Pigeons.
- Sweetbreads, Duchess Fashion.
- Cutlets of Chicken, Princess Style. Pic Nic Pie.
- Pukeko, Setton Style.
- Salads—Potato, English, Celery.
- King Pudding. Trifle. Spongada. Queen Souffle.
- Cherry Cake. Fruit Jelly. Raspberry Cream.
- Ratina Meringues. Chocolate Fingers. Cream Puffs.
- Fruit Trifle. Pastry, assorted. Victoria Jelly.
- Clear Turtle Soup.

The wines were of exceptionally fine vintages, as will be seen. They were: Sauterne Chateau Yquem, Grand Vin., 1861; champagne, Pommery and Greno, 1889; Moet and Chandon, 1892 and 1893; Claret, Chateau La Rose, Grand Vin., 1888. There were, of course, sherries and ports of excellent vintage, but the wines mentioned, especially 1889 champagne, are, as connoisseurs know, of the finest vintages. There were also buffets for light refreshments, at which the following were served: Sandwiches—ham and chicken, tongue, beef, foie gras, egg; puistry, assorted—cakes, biscuits; orange ice cream, Japanese ice, tea, coffee, champagne cup, claret cup, Tokay cup. The floral decorations in the supper rooms were the work of Mr Gilbert Mackay, of Queen-st. Mr Eady's orchestra provided excellent music, the following being the programme:

- Walse, "La Gitana"; lancers, "Ceisha"; walse, "Casino Girl"; walse, "Blue Danube"; polka, "Bric-a-brac"; walse, "Souvenir de Madrid"; polka, "Le Premier Pas"; lancers, "Yankee Doodle Dandy"; walse, "Santiago"; walse (extra), "Dolly Gray"; walse (extra), "Society Belle"; walse (extra), "Die Fledermaus"; lancers, "Florodora"; walse, "In the Cloister"; Highland schottische, "Caleem Brunch"; walse, "Fleur de Lys"; polka, "Ping Pong"; walse and galop, "Torador" and "John Peel."

The following is a list of the invited guests:—

Mrs M. Aikin, Mr and Mrs J. A. Annesne, Mr Arthur Aikin, Mr J. T. Ayr, Mr and Mrs E. Anderson, Mr J. W. All-

son, jun., Miss Alison, Mr Ernest Allison, Mr Harry Abbott, Mr Armitage.  
 Mrs Bagnall, Mr and Mrs H. C. Bagnall, Miss Buckland, Mr and Mrs J. B. Chambers, Mrs and Mrs W. B. Buller, Mrs Vincent Blake, Mr B. Brodie, Miss Buddie, Mr G. H. Baker, Mrs Black, Mr A. H. Drab-  
 son, Mrs L. A. Boswell, Mr and Mrs H. Brown, Mr and Mrs W. R. Bloomfield, Mr and Mrs B. D. Benjamin, Mr A. B. Bankart, Mr L. J. Bagnall, Mr Alfred Buckland, Mr and Mrs G. R. Bloomfield, Miss Blanche Banks, Miss Vera Bell, Mr and Mrs G. L. R. Bloomfield, Miss Wyde Browne, Mr and Mrs E. Baume, Mr Henry Breit, Mr C. T. Bell, Professor E. D. and Miss Brown, Mr A. Blair, Miss Bennett, Miss Brookfield, Mr Frank Brodie, Mr and Mrs Harold Bull, Mr E. Baume, Mrs R. A. Bodie.

Mr and Mrs Wm. Coleman, Miss M. A. Captain and Mrs Coyle, Mr and Mrs R. A. Carr, Mr and Mrs J. H. Chambers, Mrs and the Misses McCosh Clark, Miss Ching, Mr St. J. Clarke, Mr Darwin Cooke, Mr W. H. R. Culpan, Miss Ethel Culpan, Mr and Mrs D. Craig, Miss Elizabeth Cook, Mr J. H. B. Coates, Mr and Mrs W. B. Colbeck, Mr and Mrs Thomas Cotter, Mr and Mrs Arch. Clark, Mr A. McC. Clark, Mr H. C. Clark, Sir J. L. and Lady Campbell, Mr and Mrs H. E. Cox, Mr E. N. Crombie, Miss Cruickshank, Miss Dorothy Colbeck, Mr Harold Cotter, Misses Cotter, Miss Nesta Cooke.

Mrs J. M. Dargaville, Miss Dargaville, Mr E. Dargaville, Miss Dennison, Mr and Mrs E. H. Davis, Miss Davis, Mr and Mrs Muriel Dawson, the Misses Devereux, Miss J. Draper, Mr P. Dawson, Miss Dawson, Mr H. Dawson, Miss Dargaville, Mr J. E. Dennison, Mr and Mrs D. W. Duthie, Captain and Mrs Daveney, Mr James Stuart Donaldson.

Mr F. Earl, Professor and Mrs C. W. Eserton, Mr E. G. Elliott, Mr and Mrs H. C. Eddy, Mr Edmonds.

Mr Harry Farnall, Mr E. T. Firth, Miss Frater, Mr and Mrs A. L. Foster, Mr and Mrs W. Frater, Mr Robert Fenwick, Miss Firth, Mr H. Fenton, Mr R. Fenton, Mr Harold Foster, Mr and Mrs Finlayson.

Mr W. Gorrie, jun., Mr and Mrs H. A. Gordon, Mr and Mrs H. T. Gorrie, Mr C. E. Gillies, Mr and Mrs P. H. Gibson, Dr. Gore Gilson, Mr and Mrs Angus Gordon, Mr P. C. Gould, Miss Gillies, Mr H. T. Gillies, Miss Maud Gordon, Miss Gorrie, Miss Nora Gorrie, Miss B. Gorrie, Mr Rob. Grierson, Mrs Gillies, Mr, Mrs and Miss Gilchrist, jun., Miss Essie Gillilan, Mr Grey George, Mr Neville George, Mr Murray George.

Mr and Mrs Samuel Hesketh, Miss Muriel Hesketh, Mr H. R. Hesketh, Miss A. Hull, Mrs Hewitt, Mr Douglas Hay, Miss Hesketh, Mr C. A. Horton, Mr and Mrs H. Horton, Mr R. C. Horton, Mr and Mrs T. Hutchison, Mr and Mrs P. M. Hansen, Major and Mrs Holzgar, Mr A. G. Horton, Mr and Mrs A. Hanna, Mr H. D. Heather, Mr A. Heather, Mr and Mrs W. Holman, Mr and Mrs W. R. Holmes, Mr and Mrs Horton, Miss Horton, Mr F. Hull, Miss Cecil Hull, Miss Mabel Haana, Miss Heather, Mr C. W. Heather, Miss M. Hesketh, Mr B. Hutchison.

Mr and Mrs Isaac, Mr H. E. Isaacs, Mrs J. E. Isaacs, Mr and Mrs J. Ireland, Mrs F. Ireland, Mr C. Irvine, Dr. Tracy Inglis.

Mr and Mrs F. M. Jervis, Miss C. Jackson, Mr Haiburton Johnstone.  
 Mr H. Kissing, Mr J. A. Kallender, Miss Nora Kissing, Miss May Kissing, Mrs K. K. Kirk, Miss K. Kirk, Mrs K. Kirk, Mr and Mrs A. Kirk, Mr and Mrs Ed. Lewis, Mr and Mrs Clement Lawford, Miss Kitty Lennox, Miss Lennox, Mr James Lennox, Dr. and Mrs Lindsay, Mr R. G. Lord, Mr and Mrs E. H. Lawford, Mr and Mrs E. Langkuth, Miss Lusk, Miss O. Lusk, Mrs Norman Lewis, Mr and Mrs H. Lyons, Mr Cecil Leys, Miss Leys, Mr Lloyd.

Miss Marks, Mrs Louis Myers, Mr Ben. Myers, Mrs R. Myers, Miss E. Myers, Mr and Mrs Leo Myers, Hon. E. Mitchell, Mrs N. I. Markham, Misses Macfarlane, Mr A. M. Myers, Mr D. McCormick, Mr and Mrs T. Morrin, Mr T. V. and Miss Morrin, Miss H. Morrin, Mr J. Marshall, Mr L. E. Muir, Miss Flora Macdonald, Mr C. C. McMillan, Mr and Mrs John Mowbray, Mr and Mrs McLaughlin, Mr Wm. McLaughlin, Miss McLaughlin, Mr W. McCutcheon, Mr and Mrs Macdonald, Mrs Macdonald, Miss M. Macdonald, Mr and Mrs C. Meredith, Mr H. D. Mahon, Miss Agnes Mulvaney, Mr D. Mitchell, Miss Edith Mowbray, Dr. and Mrs A. G. Maitland, Mr and Mrs Robert Mitchell, Mr Henry Mitchell.

Mr Arthur Pluggie, Mr Phil Pickering, Mr Julian Pitt, Dr. and Mrs W. H. Parkes, Miss Pierce, Mr Guy Pierce, Mr and Mrs Pearson, Mr C. E. Purchas, Mr and Mrs Thomas Peacock, Mr and Mrs E. Pearson, Mr and Mrs Phillips, Major C. and Mrs C. Pitt, Dr. and Mrs C. Purchas, Miss Peacock, Miss Ethel Parsons, Miss M. E. Peacock.

Mr W. A. Ridding, Mr and Mrs T. Russell, Dr. and Mrs B. Reid, Mr and Mrs John Reid, Mr and Mrs A. B. Robertson, Mr E. N. Ridd, Mr R. Ridd, Dr. and Mrs Robert, Miss Madge Rice, Mrs D. Rice, Miss Eadie Richardson, Mrs W. J. Rainger, Miss Reid, Mr Alexander Reid, Miss Russell, Mr H. B. Robertson, Miss Ruth, Miss Reid (Asses, England), Mr Malcolm Reid, Captain Rene Richard, of French gunboat Zele.  
 Miss Rooke, Miss Reid, Mr Malcolm Reid, Mr J. R. Sykes, Miss Smith, Mr R. M. Simpson, Mr F. Stuckey, Mr Walter Seavill, Miss Ada Stevenson, Mr Robert Stevenson, Mr and Mrs R. H. Stergall, Miss Sheppard, Mr and Mrs J. F. Stevenson, Miss D. Stevenson, Miss Alice Stevenson, Mr H. Merriman Saunders, Mr A. Merriman Saunders, Mr Bynour Southall, Mr and Mrs E. C. Smith, Dr. and Mrs E. W. Sherman, Mr and Mrs Stevenson, Professor and Mrs Beagar, Mr T. J. Stuart, Mr A. A. Stacey, Mr Arthur Shilson, Miss Salmon, Mrs Salmon.

Mrs and Misses Kerr Taylor, Mr and Mrs H. C. Tewsey, Mr Sydney Thompson, Miss Ida Thompson, Mr and Mrs E. C. Towle, Miss Towle, Miss M. Towle, Mr and Mrs W. S. Turner, Hon. and Mrs J. A. Toke, the Misses Thorpe, Mr and Mr Thornton, Mr J. Thompson.

Mr and Mrs J. H. Upton, Mr and Mrs Upton, Mr Albert Upton, Mr and Mrs Uffill, Mr Albert Upton.  
 Miss Williams, Mr A. H. Woolf, Mr Henry Winkelmann, Mr and Mrs A. P. Wilson, Miss Walker, Mr and Mrs Horace Walker, Mr W. E. Woodward, Mr T. C. Williamson, Miss Willie, Mr and Mrs H. M. Wynyard, Lieutenant Walter W. E. E. Worsp, Mr H. E. Worsp, Mr and Mrs Peter Wood, Mr J. D. Williamson, Mr G. O. Waddy, Mr A. H. Witham, Captain J. G. Wynyard, Miss Walker, Mr and Mrs H. W. Wilson, Mr Wyvern Williams, Miss M. Williamson, Mr Alfred Walker, Mr Ware, Miss Ware, Miss Dorothy Ware, Miss Walter, Mr Guy C. Williams.

**DRESSES.**

Mrs J. Ansenne, black satin trained skirt, with bodice of black net, with bead passementerie, relieved with bows of black satin ribbon; Miss Alison, red silk underskirt, with white surah overskirt, veiled in white mousseline de soie with crumpled silk embossed flowers worked on the skirt, the bodice was draped with sequined net; Miss Bagnall, white; Mrs H. C. Bagnall, white silk with lengthy train, white flowers on corsage; Miss Buckland, white silk; Miss R. Buckland, white silk, draped with tulle, and relieved with flowers; Mrs Lionel Benjamin, dome blue satin, with infinitesimal tucks and frills of blue mousseline de soie; Mrs Buller, black satin, with deep tucked flounce, the bolero bodice was encrusted with jet and chenille; Miss Buddie, finely accordian-pleated Liberty silk, the hem trimmed with a number of frills, adorned with frilled bertha, outlined with white flowers; Mrs Black, black silk, with overdress of jewelled net, pink flowers on corsage and in coiffure; Mrs W. R. Bloomfield, white satin gown, with flounces at hem of skirt of white net, finished with white glace bands, white flowers and tulle on corsage; Miss Blanche Banks was much admired in a white satin, with overdress of white net, with an embossed pattern; Miss Wyde Brown, very handsome blue satin, with blue lace applique pattern, the skirt had four flounces of blue mousseline de soie, silver spangled net decolletage, blue forget-me-nots in coiffure; Mrs Fred Baume, cream silk dress, with guipure lace on skirt, with bands of black velvet alternately; Mrs Baume, black silk, with flounced skirt, beaded decolletage; Miss Brown, white silk, with chiffon decolletage relieved with rosettes of black elvet; Mrs Harold Bull, white satin, with spangled net, the skirt was cut in a point in front, with double graduated flounce of plain white satin; Mrs R. A. Bodie, black satin, with beaded corsage, blue chiffon choux in coiffure and on corsage; Mrs W. Coleman, very handsome black satin, with overdress of elaborately embroidered jewelled silk net; Miss M. A. Coleman, black silk, with bertha of white lace, and cluster of red roses on corsage; Mrs Coyle, black Chantilly lace over black satin, corsage of draped chiffon; Mrs R. A. Carr, handsome blue silk, with guipure lace collarette; Mrs J. M. Chambers, white silk, with chiffon finishings, dark red flowers on corsage and in coiffure; Mrs McCosh Clark, black silk, with overdress of black lace, diamond ornaments; Miss McCosh Clark, pale blue silk, the corsage swathed with tulle and straps of marguerite daisies; and her sister wore topaz yellow silk, the skirt was cut in a point in front, the flounce of lace on edge of skirt, the bodice was finished with white tulle bertha; Miss Ching, white silk, the hem of skirt was trimmed with a number of graduated frills, the bodice was adorned with a frilled bertha, white

choux on temples; Miss Cook, white silk, with facings of blue velvet; Mrs Craig, black silk, with black chiffon and beads; Mrs W. B. Colbeck, blue silk, with infinitesimal tuckings, small flounces at hem of skirt, veiled in dotted orange muslin; Mrs Cotter, black satin trained skirt, jewelled embroidery décolletage; Miss Millie Cotter, black satin, with overdress of lace, pink flowers in coiffure and on corsage; and his sister wore black silk, with overdress of jewelled and spangled net; Mrs Archie Clark, white silk, with overdress of black spotted net, with rows and rows of black velvet from hem to knee of skirt, the bodice was finished with roses and loops of black velvet ribbon; Miss Cruickshank, blue satin, the skirt was finished at the hem with chiffon-ruchings, the bodice was cut away at the side disclosing a chemisette of lace, which also formed the décolletage, and went in straps over the shoulders; Mrs Cox, black brocaded silk, with black and silver trimmings, red flower in coiffure and on décolletage; Mrs J. M. Dargaville, very stylish black satin, with steel passementerie; Miss Dargaville, black trained silk, the décolletage was outlined with pearl passementerie; Miss Denniston looked exceedingly pretty in white silk, the skirt was finished with lace flounces; Mrs Moss Davis, black paillette robe over black brocade; Miss Moss Davis, white chiffon and lace dress over glass silk, bunches of blue forget-me-nots in coiffure and on corsage; her sister wore similar gown with choux of blue chiffon on corsage and in coiffure; Mrs Eliot Moss Davis, rich white satin with flutings of tucked chiffon, the corsage and coiffure was finished with pink choux; Miss May Dawson, pale mode grey lace with bands of lace and chiffon; Miss M. Dawson, black silk with blue choux on corsage, blue flowers in coiffure; Miss Devereux, white silk; and her sister wore black chine silk en traine, red flowers on corsage and in coiffure; Miss J. Draper, white silk with lace insertion; Miss May Dawson (Mount Eden), white silk with infinitesimal tucks on bodice and skirt, which was relieved with lace; Miss M. Dargaville, white silk, the décolletage was encrusted with lace and white flowers; Mrs Duthie wore the prettiest gown in the ballroom, of pink mousseline de soie, with large tucks and bands of ecru lace alternately, the flounces on the skirt gave the flare which is still de rigueur for the lower skirt, the décolletage was draped with spangled net; Mrs Daveney, claret coloured silk veiled in black lace net; Mrs Egerton, pale blue silk veiled in lace; Mrs Foster, white silk with overdress of spangled net, pink flowers on corsage and in coiffure; Mrs H. T. Gorrie, white silk; Miss Gorrie, white silk with infinitesimal tuckings and flounced skirt; Miss N. Gorrie, white silk with chiffon and lace; Miss Gorrie, black silk with lace, finished with pink; Mrs Gillies, black silk with gupure lace on décolletage; Miss Gillies, white satin with tuckings and chiffon drapings; Mrs H. Gillilan, black silk with drapings of gold spangled net; Miss Gillilan, white silk with chiffon and flowers;

Mrs S. Hesketh, black satin; Miss Hesketh, white chine silk with chiffon and blue choux; Miss — Hesketh, rich black silk with flounced skirt, the bodice was finished with lace, and yellow roses in the hair and on the bodice; Miss Hull was one of the belles of the evening, wearing a becoming lemon coloured silk with infinitesimal frills at hem of skirt to knee, the bodice was decorated with yellow roses and greenery; Mrs Horton, white silk with lace bertha, pink flowers; Miss A. Hull, white silk with soft chiffon finishings; Mrs Hutchison, black brocade with point lace corsage relieved with jet; Mrs F. M. Hansen, very rich white satin with headed trimming; Mrs Hanna, white silk with bands of lace on flounced skirt, pink rambler roses in coiffure; Mrs Holgate, lemon coloured silk with bands of black velvet; Miss Horton, blue embroidered silk Brussels net gown over satin, pink roses on shoulder and in coiffure; Mrs N. Heather, white trained silk with chiffon finishings; Miss Heather, white silk elaborately embroidered, relieved with lace and white flowers; Mrs W. R. Holmes, rich white brocade with bead passementerie; Miss M. Hanna, black silk with flounced skirt, pink flowers on corsage and in coiffure; Mrs Isaacs, black silk; Miss Edith Isaacs, cream silk dress, the bodice had a handsome collarette of gupure lace, similar lace being arranged on skirt, which is edged with a ruche of silk; Mrs F. Ireland, black satin with beaded bodice; Miss Ireland, black satin, flounced skirt and lace finishings; and her sister wore canary silk dotted all over with brown velvet chenille dots, made with a graduated flounce, the bodice was composed of satin, finished with a large bow, swathed shoulder straps of the same; Mrs F. M. Jervis, black velvet gown, yellow Empire sash, finished at the back with a bow; Mrs Kirker, black satin; Miss Kirker (debutante), pretty white silk, with chiffon; Miss N. Kissing, black satin; and her sister wore white silk; Mrs Keekwick, black silk; Mrs E. Lewis, black satin with beads; Mrs C. Lawford, white silk; Miss Lennox, pale pink lace; and her sister wore a dome blue silk; Mrs Lindsay, white brocade with pearls and chiffon; Miss Lusk, white brocaded trained skirt, chiffon blouse outlined with jewellery; and her sister wore a canary silk with flounced skirt, bodice was trimmed with jewelled embroidery; Mrs Lyons, pink silk, with overdress of white lace, draped bodice with jewelled embroidery, short puffed sleeves, and silk belt; Miss Leys, seafoam green satin, with overdress of dotted organdie muslin finished artistically with pink roses and their foliage, pink flowers in coiffure; Miss Marks, buttercup satin very much be-tucked and finished with white chiffon; Mrs. Louis Myers, black crepe de chine covered with paillettes, and a cream berthe of white lace round corsage; Mrs Leo Myers, rich white satin, the bodice was finished with jewelled embroidery; Misses Myers (2), white silk with lace; Mrs Markham, black silk

with lace; Misses McFarlane (2), white silk with flowers; Mrs T. Morrin's frock was one of the smartest dresses worn, white silk with overdress of black net, in a sort of spider web pattern, long train, full skirt, the frills round the edge brought upwards in front and united by a huge emerald green bow, the colour of which was repeated in coiffure and bouquet; Miss Morrin, rose pink lace with silk overskirt, very much be-tucked chi-chi chiffon flounces at hem, on shoulders were braces of flowers, and the same in coiffure; Miss — Morrin wore a white debutante silk, draped with layers of silk gauze and relieved with flowers; Miss Flora McDonald, red silk, with bands of ecru lace; Mrs J. Mowbray, black silk, with beaded silk; Miss E. Mowbray, white silk, with overdress of white gauze; Miss Mowbray, white brocaded silk, with lengthy train; Miss McLaughlin wore a Liberty satin in an ivory shade, the skirt was cut long and tight over the hips, but frou-frouing at the feet, the bodice was a crossed swathed one, with braces of the same silk, violets in coiffure and on corsage; Miss Morse, black satin, with overdress of chiffon, pink flowers on décolletage; Mrs. McDonald, black silk, with lace finishings; Miss M. McDonald, white satin and lace flounces; Miss Mulvaney, black silk and red flowers; Mrs. Maitland, black voile costume, draped bodice, spangled net sleeves, red flowers on corsage and in coiffure; Mrs. R. Mitchell, black satin, with velvet bows, red flowers on corsage and in coiffure; Mrs. B. Nonkes, white silk, with red flowers; Mrs. Sidney Nathan, white silk, with tulle finishings, bunches of violets on décolletage; Mrs. A. H. Nathan, black silk, with bertha of ecru lace; Mrs. L. D. Nathan, white silk, with frilled panels of lemon-coloured silk down front and back, the décolletage and dress was trimmed with costly lace; Mrs. C. M. Nelson, black satin, finely tucked, cut jet applications, large velvet rosette studded with moonstones; Misses Nelson (2), white brocades, the skirts were of flounced gauze, the same material draped the décolletage; Mrs. (Dr.) Owen, handsome black satin, with scarlet flowers and black passementerie; Mrs. Dennis O'Rourke, dainty costume of white silk, with tuckings and lace insertions over pink voile, pink silk waistband; Mrs. Parkes, white brocade, veiled in black and white chiffon, ornamented with jewelled sequins; Miss Pierce, pale blue silk, with drapings of white lace; Miss Peacock, pale pink silk; Miss M. Peacock, white silk, with tulle and flowers; Miss Ethel Parsons, Coronation red silk, with veilings of black net; Mrs T. Russell, black silk, draped lace bodice, finished with violets; Mrs Stuart Reid, white trained duchesse silk with chiffon and pearl passementerie; Mrs John Reid, black velvet skirt en traine, crossway swathed bodice showing a small vest, hanging sleeves of good lace; Miss Reed, white debutante silk, with tuckings, frills, and lace insertion, white flowers in coiffure and on corsage; Mrs A. B.

Robertson, black silk with lace; Mrs Robertson, pale Tuscan Liberty silk, with narrow bands of black velvet; Miss Maud Rice, black silk, swathed with chiffon and finished with red holly berries; Miss D. Rice, white silk; Miss Richardson, white silk; Mrs Rainger, cream silk, with tuckings, the skirt was slightly pleated round the hips, the fulness being cut away underneath, and falling into folds with four tucks round edge, the bodice was finished with lace; Miss Russell, white satin, with pink flowers; Miss Rooke, striking dome blue silk on traine, with black lace finishings; Miss Smith, black silk, with pink roses; Miss Stevenson, pink silk, with white lace; and her sister wore a yellow silk, with blue silk; Mrs Steggall, white tucked silk, the bodice was finished with lace, large drooping white flowers on shoulders; Mrs J. P. Stevenson, white brocade, with beaded passementerie, and red roses on corsage; Mrs E. C. Smith, black silk with violets; Mrs James Stevenson (Ireland), black silk; Mrs Sharman was much admired in a blue satiu, with lace drapings and black velvet bands; Mrs Segar, white trained duchesse silk, pearl garniture and lace drapings, ostrich plume in coiffure; Miss Salmon, white silk, with frou-frou chiffon frills on skirt and décolletage, gold braided Zouave; Mrs Salmon, black brocade, with ecru lace encrustations on décolletage; Mrs Kerr Taylor, white satin, with gold ornaments; and her daughter wore pink grenadines; Mrs Tewsley, rich coral pink brocade, veiled in gauze net, pink flowers on corsage and in coiffure; Mrs Thompson, black silk en traine, white lace relieved the décolletage; Miss Thompson, white silk, with gupure lace; and her sister wore a canary costume, with flounced skirt; Misses Towle wore white silks, with chiffon and flowers; Mrs J. A. Tole, bright blue silk, with white lace; Misses Thorpe (2) wore white silks, with tulle and flowers; Mrs Thornton, rich black satin, with overdress of sequined net; Mrs J. H. Upton, black silk, with lace; Mrs Upton, white brocade, with pink flowers on décolletage and in coiffure; Miss Williams, white satin; Miss Walker, bright pink silk; Mrs Horace Walker, white silk, with overdress of black chiffon; and her daughter looked distinguee as a debutante in white silk; Miss Wilkie, pink silk, with lace encrustations; Mrs H. M. Wynyard, white satin, with lace; Mrs Peter Wood, very rich silk, with mass of infinitesimal tucks, natural narcissus on décolletage; Miss Walker, black silk, with red flowers; Miss Williamson, white silk, with overdress of white chiffon, white flowers on corsage; Miss Ware, black lace, with gupure lace corsage, puffed sleeves; Miss Dorothy Ware, white silk, the décolletage was softly draped with dainty little white flowers and their tender green foliage, finished with a deep folded belt; Miss Waller, white silk, with lace insertion; Miss Shepherd, black voile, with overdress of black lace, pink rosette on shoulder; Mrs Pitt, coral pink satin, with ab-sinthe green empire sash swathed the waist, ending in streamers at the side.

# McCULLAGH & GOWER'S GREAT "CLEAN SWEEP" SALE OF "GOOD GOODS" NOW ON.

Owing to the great success of our previous "Clean Sweep" Sale, we have spared no effort to make this, if possible, more successful than ever.

Below we enumerate a few lines of Goods that we have a large quantity of:—

For 4/11 or 5/11, DRESS LENGTHS, we will select you a dark useful hard-wearing stuff and promise satisfaction.

For 6/11 a DRESS LENGTH of All-Wool Freize or Cheviot, worth 11/6, and a better quality, similar style, for 9/11, worth from 15/ to 20/ each.

ALL-WOOL AMAZON CLOTHS—Greens, Browns, Navys, Fawns, Double-width, 1/4, 1/6, 1/8, 1/11 yard. All value.

A LINE OF OLIVE GREEN OR BROWN SERGE, All Wool, Dress Length for 7/11, worth 11/3.

Good BLACK FANCY DRESS LENGTHS from 11/3; Do. in Fancy Bigk Lustras from 6/11.

BLACK AND NAVY BERGES, all prices, Fox's Celebrated Make for Dresses, 2/11 yard. Better qualities, all reduced. Immense selection of Dress Lengths. Special attention given to open orders. We undertake to give you value for money, no rubbish.

SPECIAL—LADIES' RIBBED CASHMERE HOSE, "Clean Sweep" price 1/6, usual price 1/1.

SPECIAL—LADIES' HEAVY RIBBED CASHMERE HOSE, "Clean Sweep" price 1/11, usual 2/4.

SPECIAL.—4-DOME FRENCH KID GLOVES, Black and Coloured, "Clean Sweep" price 2/6, usual 3/11.

SPECIAL—LACE COLLARETTES, sixty dozen, "Clean Sweep" prices 1/11 for 1/1, 2/3 for 1/3, 2/4 for 1/6, 2/5 for 1/3, 2/11 for 1/11, 3/6 for 2/3 each.

FLANNELLETTE EMBROIDERIES, in Pink and White, 4/3 for 2/4, 4/4 for 2/4, 6/1 for 3/4, 8/4 for 4/4.

UMBRELLAS, NEW GOOD GOODS, 7/11 for 2/4, 3/6 for 2/11, 4/6 for 3/6, 5/11 for 4/11, up.

COAT AND SKIRT COSTUMES, Silk-lined. These are very special value. Assorted Skirts, Fawn, Navy Green, Putonia, 3/7/6 reduced to 2/3/6, 3/6 to 2/3/6, 4/5 to 3/7/6, 5/6 to 4/5/6, 6/6 to 5/6, medium sizes only.

SUPERIOR SILK MANTLES, lined Silk, very choice. Rich Goods, great bargain. 5/4 to 23-6, 7/4 to 49-6, 8/4 to 59-6, 12-5 to 13-3.

CORDUROY VELVETEEN BLOUSERS, Navy, Olive, Green, Putonia, 6/11; "Clean Sweep" price, 4/11.

PIECES OF FANCY FLANNELLETTE, Colours Light and Dark, including Red and Black, suitable for Blouses, Morning Wraps, Dressing Gowns, etc., marvellous value 3/4, 4/1, 6/1 1/2. Usually worth 6d, 8d, 1/1, 7/4, to 1/6d. State whether Light or Dark required. Value guaranteed.

BLANKETS—English, 5/11, 7/11; large size, 8/11, 11/6 to 12/11.

An immense quantity of Other Lines too numerous to particularise.

McCULLAGH & GOWER, 246, 248, 250, Queen Street, Auckland.







wore a blue figured silk gown, with white lace berthe; Miss Otterson, pretty pale green silk gown, trimmed with chiffon to match and white lace; Miss Fitzherbert, black satin, trimmed with white lace; Miss I. Fitzherbert, in a soft white silk and chiffon gown; Miss Brandon, black satin, with white lace; Miss F. Brandon wore deep yellow satin, trimmed with chiffon frills to match; Miss Reid, a black satin gown, the chiffon bodice trimmed with cream lace applique; Miss G. Reid wore white satin, with chiffon and lace; Miss Higginson, black satin, the bodice trimmed with cream lace and blue rosettes; Miss Gore, a blue brocade gown, with white lace berthe and sleeves; the Misses Fell (3) wore pretty white satin and lace gowns; Miss Gibson (Dunedin), pink silk, trimmed with white lace and insertion; Miss McTavish, white merveilleux, with lace sleeves and berthe; Miss Mills wore a deep yellow silk gown; and her sister was in pink, with chiffon to match; Miss Rawson, pale blue brocade, with chiffon to match on the bodice; Miss E. Rawson, a white figured gauze gown; Miss Riddiford, in black satin, with chiffon sleeves and cream lace on the corsage; Miss Flood (England), soft black gown, with white lace berthe; Miss Turton, a yellow brocade gown, the bodice veiled with white chiffon; Miss Sprout, white silk and lace; Miss Finch, a pretty pink silk gown, much tucked; Miss Edwin, in black, with white lace on the bodice; Miss Hislop, black satin gown, trimmed with chiffon and jet; Miss J. Hislop, in a white silk gown, with chiffon frills; Miss Elliott, green silk, with many tiny frills on the skirt; Miss O. Fitzgerald, white silk gown, trimmed with deep white lace; Miss K. Fitzgerald wore a white silk and chiffon gown; Miss Harding, white silk, trimmed with lace and blue velvet; Miss Marchant wore a yellow lace silk gown, softened with white lace; and her sister was in pink; the Misses Seed wore palest pink silk gowns, with berthes of cream lace; Miss Stafford, white satin gown, trimmed with chiffon and a blue sash. Also Commander Camp-

bell, W.N.A.V., Major Brandon, Captains Duthie, Davis, Morris, Harcourt, Turner, Courtney, Cooper, Smith, Levin, Biss, Surgeon-Major Collins, Surgeon-Captain Henry, Surgeon-Captain Purdy, Captain Campbell, Messrs Pearce, Coates, Cooper, Reid, Wright, Gould, Higginson, Morrison, Tolhurst, Skerrett, Herepath, Fell, Finch, Nelson, Sloman, Coleridge, Riddiford, and others.

**A LARGE AFTERNOON AT HOME**

was given by Mrs Wallis on Saturday in the Sydney-street schoolroom. It was given in honour of the visiting clergy now in Wellington to attend the Synod. Tea was laid in a side room, and the walls were hung with flags and decorated with greenery. The host and hostess received at the entrance door, Mrs Wallis wearing a black cloth costume with a vest of cream satin and lace. Among the many there I noticed Lady Stout, wearing a black and white brocade gown trimmed with lace, and a black hat with tips; Lady Russell wore a black tailor-made costume with tucked glaze revers, and a small black bonnet; Mrs Babington wore a Royal blue voile gown, strapped, and with a lace vest, large black hat with tips; Mrs Bell, black skirt and velvet Eton coat trimmed with grey fur, and a black toque with cream; Mrs Herepath, pale tabac brown cloth gown with cream lace vest and a toque to match with wings; Mrs W. R. E. Brown, black gown and velvet cape and a black bonnet trimmed with red roses; Mrs Tweed, black skirt and Astrachan coat, pale blue felt hat trimmed with black velvet; Mrs Nevin (Masterton), fawn coat and skirt, and a pink straw hat with black velvet; Mrs Crawford, a red gown and becoming red hat, sealskin coat; Mrs Chatfield, brown costume and felt hat; Mrs W. Nathan, a black gown and sealskin coat, and a black and violet toque; Mrs O'Connor, black coat and skirt and bonnet trimmed with fur and blue velvet; Mrs Joseph, black costume and jetted bonnet; Miss Joseph wore a black silk blouse and cloth skirt and a black and red hat; Mrs J. Brown,

dark skirt and fawn covert coat, cream straw hat with ribbon; Mrs Loughnan, tabac brown Russian gown with a collar of pale blue under white lace, and a toque to match; Mrs Lowe, black coat and skirt and black toque; Mrs Fitchett, dark gown and caracul coat, pretty white and violet hat; Mrs Turrell, brown coat and skirt and a black and white hat; Mrs Birch (Hawke's Bay), black gown and caracul coat, black chiffon toque; Miss Richmond, in a black skirt and velvet Eton jacket, with scarlet vest, black toque; Mrs H. Gore, brown coat and skirt and a black hat with tips; Miss O. Gore, in a brown Eton suit, and felt hat with quills; Miss Stowe, a green coat and skirt with lace revers and vest, and a black and white hat with tips; Miss Barron, brown coat and skirt, and black toque with red roses; Miss Hislop, black tailor-made suit and white felt hat trimmed with black velvet; Miss B. Hislop, long fawn coat and dark skirt, and a fawn felt hat; Miss J. Hislop, dark coat and skirt and a blue felt hat; Miss Fitzherbert, black coat and skirt and black and white toque; Miss I. Fitzherbert, black coat and skirt and pretty red hat; Miss K. Fitzgerald, maroon coat and skirt and cream hat trimmed with red; Miss E. Williams, a scarlet coat and skirt and black chiffon toque; Miss F. Brandon, blue Eton suit and red silk hat; Miss G. Harcourt, black Eton suit and cream hat trimmed with scarlet silk and poppies; Miss Kemp, in a grey coat and skirt and grey felt hat; Miss Harding, a green tailor suit and black hat with tips; Miss Newall, in a dark blue coat and skirt and black hat.

On Tuesday evening

**A VERY JOLLY LITTLE "SURPRISE PARTY."**

waited upon the Misses Williams, Hobson-street. It was got up quite suddenly by several of the Misses Williams' girl friends, and was a most enjoyable little dance. The large hall was used for dancing, and the rest of the house was most cozily arranged, and did not appear to have

been very much surprised. Among those present were Mr and Mrs A. Pearce, Mrs Collins, Mr and Mrs A. Duncan, Mr and Mrs Baldwin, Mr and Mrs H. Johnston, the Misses Johnston, Izard, Randall-Johnston (2), Higginson, Brandon, Harcourt, Gore, Cooper, and the Messrs Williams, Tripp, Duncan, Gore, Harcourt, Latham, Butler, Cooper, Grace and others. The weather was gloriously fine and bright on Wednesday for the first day of

**THE RACES.**

The course was looking particularly pretty, and there was a large assemblage of gayly dressed people, which added greatly to the scene. Some of those I noticed on the course were His Excellency the Governor and Countess of Ranfurly, the Hon. C. Hill Trevor and Captain Alexander, the acting-president, Mr Harcourt and Miss Harcourt, Mr and Mrs Moorehouse, Dr and Mrs Purdy, Mr and Mrs and Miss Riddiford, Miss Flood, Mr and Mrs A. Duncan, Mr and Mrs Baldwin, Mr and Mrs Wilford, Mr and Mrs Turnbull, Mrs and Miss Rawson, Mr and Mrs C. Pearce, Mr and Mrs W. Bidwill, Mr and Mrs C. Bidwill, Mrs and the Misses Johnston, the Misses Randall-Johnston, Miss Izard, Miss Higginson, Miss M. Johnston (Hawke's Bay), Miss Gibson (Dunedin), Mr and Mrs Herepath, Mr and Mrs Coates, General and Mrs Babington; Miss Babington, Mr and Mrs Elgar, the Misses McLean, Mrs Abbott, Miss Fitzgerald, Mrs Biss, Mrs Tweed, and others.

Mr Maughan Barnett gave one of his delightful pianoforte recitals on Tuesday last in the Sydney-street schoolroom. The programme was a most interesting one and contained gems from numerous composers, including Beethoven, Schumann, Rubinstein, Chopin, Fumagalli, Schubert, Liszt and Mr Barnett himself. Encores were numerous and were responded to most graciously, so that Mr Barnett had a really hard evening's work. The Countess of Ranfurly, with a party from Government House, was in the audience.

OPHELIA.

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## NAPIER.

Dear Bee,

July 18.

The Ping-pou Tournament at St. John's Schoolroom on Wednesday evening was an unqualified success. Some of those present were:—Mrs T. Moore, who looked well in a very dainty pink silk blouse and a black skirt; Mrs Cato, in a handsome black dress; Mrs Goldsmith was also in black; as was Mrs A. Davidson; the latter also wore a stylish cloak of gobelin blue; Mrs Westall was in fawn; Mrs Tabuteau wore black and white; Miss Page, black, black opera cloak to match; Miss Hovell, rose pink silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Hovell, pretty grey and blue dress; Miss Iolanthe Margoliouth looked well in pink; Miss Seale, figured black and blue blouse, dark skirt; Miss Goldsmith had a blue dress, with guipure lace on the bodice; Mrs Frost wore black and red; Miss Gruchy, blue, pale blue hat; Miss Fannin, dark grey, with a muslin fichu; Miss M. Locking, dark blue, with a white fichu; Miss McLernon had a black dress; Miss Cornford, fawn and black; Mrs Mutton, handsome black silk dress, relieved with pale blue; Miss Todd, black and white; Miss McVay, pale pink silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Bradley, fawn; Mrs Parker, black costume; Mrs Reid looked well in red. Amongst the men were Messrs Macassey, Munro, Andrews, Broad, Hansard, Goldsmith (2), Baines, Hovell, Twigg, P. Brabant, Mutton, etc.\* Miss Flossie Hetley won the first prize for the ladies' singles, Misses M. and D. Hindmarsh for the ladies' doubles, and Miss Neville and D. Goldsmith for the combined doubles; Messrs G. Broad and Macassey were victorious in the men's doubles, and Mr Denham Goldsmith in the men's singles. Everything was capitally managed, and Mr C. Margoliouth made an energetic and capable secretary.

MARJORIE.

## NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee,

July 18.

The Bowling Club gave a very

## ENJOYABLE SOCIAL

last Tuesday evening in the Freemasons' Hall, and the latter was tastefully decorated with flags, ferns, and mirrors, which produced a very pretty effect. Out of the other rooms one was coally furnished as a drawing-room, while the others were set apart for cards and ping-pong. The supper table, which was simply a lovely sight, decorated with flowers, Chinese lanterns and fairy lamps, was presided over by Mrs Paul, assisted by Misses Paul and Lawson. Capital music was rendered by Mr McKinnon Bain's orchestra. Those in charge of the decorations were Messrs H. Goldwater, F. W. Hall, and A. Aldridge, and great praise is due to them for the way in which things were arranged. During the evening Mr Paul presented the prizes won during the past season, Mr W. Rundle receiving the Champion Cup and Gold Medal. The whole proceedings were closed by everyone singing "Auld Lang Syne."

The first of the series of the New Plymouth

## ASSEMBLIES

was held in the Theatre Royal last Wednesday evening. The prevailing influenza kept many away, but those who were able to attend enjoyed it thoroughly. It was the first dance held in the hall after the extensive alterations, and as the old supper room has been thrown into the hall to make it larger the supper was arranged on the roomy stage. The music was in the able hands of Mr McKinnon Bain's orchestra. Among

those present were: Miss Kemp, white muslin with satin bands, finished with red roses; Miss Northcroft (debutante), pretty white surah silk; Miss MacDiarmid, yellow satin with frills of silk on skirt, bodice finished with black velvet ribbon; Miss Stamford, black silk and pink roses; Miss B. Webster, white silk with blue forget-me-nots on corsage; Miss Walker, white silk, trimmed with blue and silver sequins; Miss Drake, pale green silk; Miss E. Hamerton, white silk; Mrs Morrison, green silk; Miss George, yellow, veiled in white net; Miss V. Curtis (Stratford), pink silk; Miss A. Drake, white silk; Miss Townsend, pale pink; Miss G. Shaw, rich white silk; Miss Hales, handsome black satin, trimmed with grenadine and jet; Mrs Penn, white satin; Miss G. Fookes, blue flowered silk, trimmed with black velvet; Miss E. Fookes, white silk; Miss McAllum, yellow, veiled in white; Miss G. McAllum, white satin; Mrs F. Thomson, pretty white satin; Mrs Paton wore a very pretty pale green brocade; Mrs Rollo, pink satin with green beetle trimming; Miss C. Cook, very pretty pale pink flowered silk; Miss Govett, shell pink flowered chiffon over silk; Miss Rawson, white; Miss Wilson, pink; Miss Holdsworth, black satin; Mrs Greenaway, handsome green silk, veiled in net, threaded with darker green bebe ribbon, finished at the waist with pale pink; Mrs Messenger, pink silk; Mrs A. Kirkby, black satin with crimson roses on shoulder; Miss Sadler, black; Miss Thomson, white satin; Miss Paul, lovely tucked mousseline de soie over silk, the skirt (en trainee) was daintily frilled; Miss W. Thomson (debutante), pretty white satin, trimmed with silver; Miss Jacob, magenta, veiled in white flowered silk; Miss Travers (Wellington) wore a dainty book muslin, trimmed with white satin bebe ribbon; Miss Capel, white muslin; Miss J. Fraser, pretty green flowered silk with silk bands on skirt; Miss Skinner, white net over silk; Miss A. Walker, pale green, veiled in white,

finished with pink roses. Among the gentlemen were Messrs A. E. Clarke, Thomson (3), George (3), Heatherington, Weston (2), Tuke, Humphries, Horrocks, Shaw, Currie, McAllum (2), Beckett (3), W. Skinner, Courtney, T. Shaw, Hopkins, Spence, English, Brasch, Gilmour, Robertson, Paton, Geoffrey, Kirkby, McKellar, Northcroft, MacDiarmid, Cornwall, Trebelco, Wynn Williams, Fookes, Nelson, Townsend, Penn, Govett, Drs. Home and Fookes, etc.

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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.

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Comfort and Elegance designed  
to give simultaneous rest to all  
parts of the human frame.

EXTRACT FROM "AUCKLAND STAR," NOVEMBER 19th, 1901.

"An armchair, which for ease and comfort may fairly be said to surpass anything of its kind, has been put in the market by Messrs. Smith & Caughy. The chair, which has been patented, is the invention of Mr. W. Aggers, of this city. Its external appearance is that of an ordinary armchair, but by an ingenious arrangement of springs, the new invention is made as comfortable as one could desire. The seat, back, and arms are all fitted with springs, which yield to every motion of the sitter, absolute ease being thus secured. The chair is very simply constructed, there being nothing to get out of order, and the one originally made by the patentee, after two years of use, is now in perfect order. For invalids the chair should be very popular, and in clubs and hotels it will probably be widely used. The maker has styled it the "Advance." In a slightly different chair the arms are made rigid."

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**CHRISTCHURCH.**

Dear Bee, July 15.  
All is cold, all is dreary, and life is a blank. At least six times have I dipped my pen in ink, with a long thinking space in between, and I turn again to a friendly little note-book, and it will tell me nothing, or scarcely anything worth mentioning, from a social point of view. We have had a visit from Mr A. J. Kennedy, the great London journalist, and his daughter. They seem to think Christchurch a very nice place—very English, and all that—but when Mr Kennedy said, "No one would imagine we were in the middle of winter," when it was snowing the most part of yesterday, leaving the hills white to the foot, I lost faith in him. However, he means to do the Southern Lakes and the West Coast; he may be reminded of winter en route.

A pleasant little party took place at the residence of Mr and Mrs G. E. Rhodes, Meadowbank, at the christening of their little daughter, when among those present were Mr and Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, Dr. and Mrs Palmer, Mr and Mrs E. Palmer, Dr. and Mrs Cook, Miss M. Tabart, Mr Perry, and Dr. Moorhouse. The little maiden was the recipient of some very handsome presents, and her sponsors were Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, Miss M. Tabart, Mr Heaton Rhodes, and Dr. Palmer.

Mrs de Vries gave a charming little luncheon party at her residence, "Strathleaven," Merivale, on Friday, for a few of her friends, amongst whom were Mrs Standish (Napier), Mrs Waymouth, Mrs J. J. Kinsey, and several more.

The Governor has accepted the invitation of the C.J.C. for the Grand National Meeting, and will be accompanied by Lady Ranfurly and suite. It is rumoured that the Hunt Club ball will not take place, as the Coro-

nation ball is likely to come off about that time.

A tennis match of considerable interest between ladies of the Canterbury and Avonside courts took place last week at Avonside, resulting in a win for Canterbury. Among the players were Mrs Harman, Mrs W. Ollivier, Misses Van Asch (2), Cox, Poulton, Thomson, Russell, Harman, Winter, and others.

We are looking forward to the arrival of the Pollard Company to brighten us up. They open on the 21st with something new, "The Messenger Boy," and as that has had a long run in other places it should be fairly good.

Only a week or so ago I gave you an outline of the very interesting pleasure trip Mr and Mrs Vernon, with their son, were making to England, via Japan and America, and now comes the sad news by cable of the death of Mr Vernon. Many Christchurch friends will sympathise with Mrs Vernon, so far away from home and her own people, as her father and mother reside here.

The Colosseum is the greatest boon imaginable this dreary weather, and many a pleasant hour has "rolled" away on the rinks there.

The shops have no attraction just now, only to the bargain hunter, but if one can see through the paper and paste of "sale now on," and see the silver lining of that cloud, they will go home comforted, and count the days to the end of the twenty-one, the usual sale limit.

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From the first dose of Osarone the cure is permanent. The very worst cases of Epilepsy when every other remedy has failed. Price 4s and 12s. Thousands of Testimonials.

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18 BRIGHT STREET, BELFAST, IRELAND.

**RHEUMATISM.**

**ITS CAUSE AND CURE.**

(By a Medical Contributor.)

It is one of the most curious facts in medical science that such a common disease as rheumatism should have been misunderstood by doctors for so long a time. The old idea was that rheumatism was simply a local disease of the joints and muscles, caused by cold or damp, and requiring for its treatment hot cloths, liniments and outward applications.

All doctors to-day, however, accept the teaching of recent science that rheumatism is really a deep-seated disease of the blood, which can be cured only by cleansing and enriching the blood-supply. Damp weather and exposure to cold do not cause rheumatism—they only provoke an attack. Liniments and embrocations do not cure rheumatism—they only relieve the pain for a time. The only way to send your rheumatic pains into banishment for life is to drive all impurities out of your blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. This little blood-building and nerve-toning remedy is an unfailing cure for rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, neuralgia and similar ailments. This has been proved positively by the testimony of hundreds of men and women in this very colony—both in the North and South Islands.

Mr. John Allemann, for instance, who has lived for a quarter of a century at Inglewood, in the Taranaki district, tells his experience in a way that does not leave any room for doubt. "Before I settled here," said Mr. Allemann, "I was what you might call a soldier of fortune, and I met with many a hardship on the different goldfields. I was not greatly astonished, therefore, when I found myself, at sixty years of age, a victim to rheumatism. Agonising, gnawing,

pains came in my neck, arms, back and legs. My muscles were so contracted that I could hardly move. I lost many a night's sleep from the pain, and my life for the next eight years was a miserable one. All sorts of preparations were rubbed into me, but they could not rid me of the pain. I was under the treatment of different doctors, but the disease seemed to be part of me, and no matter what medicines I took it would not shift."

The hot springs of Rotorua were then mentioned, and Mr. Allemann said that as a last resource his medical adviser ordered him to try them. "They gave me temporary relief," he continued, "but the aches and pains soon came back as bad as ever. Then an Inglewood storekeeper persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking them for a few days I felt better. A week later the rheumatism left my neck, and as I continued using this remedy the pains lessened elsewhere. Several more boxes cured me. My muscles lost their contraction, and became pliable once more. Since then I have been a very active man, busy with all kinds of work here on my farm."

Rheumatism, therefore, can be cured quickly and permanently by the prescription of the famous Scotch graduate of the Edinburgh University. This wonderful remedy can be obtained from most dealers, and the Dr. Williams medicine company, Wellington, at three shillings a box, or six boxes for sixteen and six, post free. They cure rheumatism in a scientific way—by striking at the very foundation of the disease. They root it out for good instead of driving away the pains for a few days. More than that, they cure at the same time anaemia, indigestion, nervousness and neuralgia, which spring from the same cause as rheumatism, and which often accompany it. When these little pills have cured hundreds of your neighbours, and thousands of thankful people in other countries, they will cure you—there is no reason in the world why they shouldn't.

**Great Cash Sale**

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2s. TO 4s. IN THE £.

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£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	Elder Down Quilts Table Covers Curtains Tapestries Etc. Etc. Etc.
THE GREAT CASH SALE OF FURNITURE NOW PROCEEDING.		

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"THE PEOPLE'S" FURNISHING WAREHOUSE.

QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

**Early Ocean Grayhounds.**

That sailing by ships of phenomenal speed must have a strong fascination is shown by the fact that millionaires, to the bulk of whom time has ceased to be money, still elect to travel by the quickest steamers. For the privilege of enjoying the exclusive use of a suite of rooms for himself and two friends and servants on the Deutschland, Mr Andrew Carnegie drew a cheque in favour of the Hamburg-America Company for £1600. Of course, the case of the Yankees who prolonged their stay in England over two trips of this vessel in order that they might secure berths on her third journey—the bookings for the two previous runs having been filled when they applied—was simply an illustration of folk eager to vaunt that they had travelled by the fastest steamer in the world. It is quite common to find an American "new rich" who will pay £500 for private rooms for himself and his wife on such a boat.

When proposals for the use of steam fell thick and fast there were the customary men of light and leading who proved to demonstration that the thing was impossible. There was the famous dictum, fathered upon Dr. Dionysius Lardner at a meeting of scientific folk, held in 1835, at the Royal Institute in Liverpool: "As to the project which is announced in the newspapers of making the voyage directly from New York to Liverpool, it is, I have no hesitation in saying, quite chimerical, and they may as well talk of making a voyage from New York or Liverpool to the moon!" Complete answer to such amusing dogmatism was given in 1835, when the Leith-built Sirius (of 703 tons) left Liverpool for New York via Queens-town on the 4th of April, and three days after the Great Western (1340 tons), designed by the illustrious Brunnel, left Bristol for the same port. Both were wooden paddle steamers, the latter the first steamer expressly built for the run. The Sir-

lus made New York in seventeen days, the Great Western in fifteen. This was the first of a long series of Atlantic races.

Even to Lords of the Admiralty it had meanwhile grown apparent that the new mode of communication had come to stay, and they invited tenders for an Atlantic Steam Mail Service. George Burns, of Glasgow, who had brought the coasting trade to a great pitch of perfection, thought the matter over, but considering that his hands were full at first decided to leave it alone. But a less canny-going man had secured a copy of the Admiralty circular. This was Samuel Cunard, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, a wealthy Quaker, whose family had emigrated from Wales to the States in the seventeenth century. Cunard had formed the fixed idea that there was no reason why a steamship service should not be established between the two continents, which should run with all the regularity and more than the safety of a railway train. So he came to London, got into touch with Robert Napier, already making his mark as an engineer, and was by him introduced to George Burns. The result of their talk was—their counsels having been joined by David Melver, of Liverpool—that a company was formed with a capital of £270,000, which obtained the contract for seven years for a fortnightly service between Liverpool, Halifax and Boston. This was founded the famous Cunard Line.

In 1840 they placed the first four boats of their fleet—all Clyde-built—upon the sea. According to a widely adopted practice to attain some recognised uniformity the names of their ships all ended in ia, these vessels being called the Britannia, Arcadia, Caledonia and Columbia. They were wooden paddle-wheel boats and the first mail steamers ever seen on the ocean. On the 4th of July, 1840—"Independence day"—The Britannia, 1154 tons, sailed from Liverpool for Boston, accomplishing the journey in fourteen days eight hours, or four hours sooner than had been expected. She carried

115 cabin passengers, but no steerage, and her speed averaged eight and a half knots an hour. As long as Boston remained the States headquarters the Bostonians were tremendously loyal Cunarders. When the Britannia in the very severe winter of 1840-41 became ice-bound in their harbour the people set to work, and within two days had cut a canal to the unfrozen sea, a distance of seven miles, which enabled her to set out for her journey only two days late. This, however, was a risk that the line could not afford to take, and in due course the Cunarders came south to New York, and dropped the call at Halifax on the run. The first serious assault on their supremacy proceeded from an

American firm, who set up a competing line between New York and Southampton. Their first ship, the Washington, started on the same day that the Britannia left Liverpool, and reached New York two days behind the latter. Thus the Cunarders won with consummate ease the first international race ever run between American and British steamers.

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# PEARS

Soapmakers

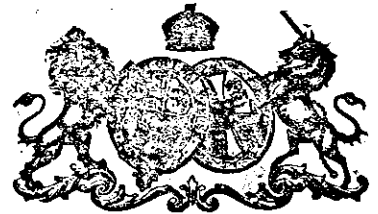
By Royal Warrants

TO

THEIR MAJESTIES

THE

King and Queen



Complete Story.

# The Queen of Spades,

By ALEX. PUSHKIN.



At the house of Naroumov, a cavalry officer, the long winter night had been passed in gambling. At five in the morning breakfast was served to the weary players. The winners ate with relish; the losers, on the contrary, pushed back their plates, and sat brooding gloomily. Under the influence of the good wine, however, the conversation became general.

"Well, Sourine?" said the erstwhile quizzing.

"Oh, I lost as usual. My luck is abominable. No matter how cool I keep, I never win."

"How is it, Herman, that you never touch a card?" remarked one of the men, addressing a young officer of the Engineering Corps. "Here you are with the rest of us at 5 o'clock in the morning, and you have neither played nor bet all night."

"Play interests me greatly," replied the person addressed, "but I hardly care to sacrifice the necessities of life for uncertain superfluities."

"Herman is a German, therefore economical; that explains it," said Tomsky. "But the person I can't quite understand is my grandmother, the Countess Anna Fedorovna."

"Why?" enquired a chorus of voices. "I can't understand why my grandmother never gambles."

"I don't see anything very striking in the fact that a woman of 80 refuses to gamble," objected Naroumov.

"Have you never heard her story?"

"No."

"Well, then, listen to it. To begin with, 60 years ago my grandmother went to Paris, where she was all the fashion. People crowded each other in the streets to get a chance to see the "Muscovite Venus," as she was called. All the great ladies played faro, then. On one occasion, while playing with the Duke of Orleans, she lost an enormous sum. She told her husband of the debt, but he refused outright to pay it. Nothing could induce him to change his mind on the subject, and grandmother was at her wits' ends. Finally she remembered a friend of hers, Count Saint-Germain. You must have heard of him, as many wonderful stories have been told about him. He is said to have discovered the elixir of life, the philosopher's stone, and many other equally marvellous things. He had money at his disposal, and my grandmother knew it. She sent him a note asking him to come to see her. He obeyed her summons and found her in great distress. She painted the cruelty of her husband in the darkest colours, and ended by telling the Count that she depended upon his friendship and generosity.

"I could lend you the money," replied the Count, after a moment of thoughtfulness, "but I know that you would not enjoy a moment's rest until you had returned it; it would only add to your embarrassment. There is another way of freeing yourself."

"But I have no money at all," insisted my grandmother.

"There is no need of money. Listen to me."

"The Count then told her a secret which any of us would give a good deal to know."

The young gamblers were all attention. Tomsky lit his pipe, took a few whiffs, then continued:

"The next evening, grandmother appeared at Versailles at the Queen's gaming-table. The Duke of Orleans was the dealer. Grandmother made some excuse for not having brought any money, and began to punt. She chose three cards in succession, again and again, winning every time, and was soon out of debt."

"A fable," remarked Herman; "perhaps the cards were marked."

"I hardly think so," replied Tomsky, with an air of importance.

"So you have a grandmother who knows three winning cards, and you haven't found out the magic secret."

"I must say, I have not. She had four sons, one of them being my father, all of whom are devoted to play; she never told the secret to one of them. But my uncle told me this much, on his word of honour. Tchaplitzky, who died in poverty after having squandered millions, lost at one time, at play, nearly three hundred thousand roubles. He was desperate and grandmother took pity on him. She told him the three cards, making him swear never to use them again. He returned to the game, staked fifty thousand roubles on each card, and came out ahead, after paying his debts."

As day was dawning the party now broke up, each one draining his glass and taking his leave.

The Countess Anna Fedorovna was seated before her mirror in her dressing-room. Three women were assisting at her toilet. The old Countess no longer made the slightest pretensions to beauty, but she still clung to all the habits of her youth, and spent as much time at her toilet as she had done sixty years before. At the window a young girl, her ward, sat at her needlework.

"Good afternoon, grandmother," cried a young officer, who had just entered the room. "I have come to ask a favour of you."

"What, Pavel?"

"I want to be allowed to present one of my friends to you, and to take you to the ball on Tuesday night."

"Take me to the ball and present him to me there."

After a few more remarks the officer walked up to the window where Lisaveta Ivanovna sat.

"Whom do you wish to present?" asked the girl in an undertone.

"Naroumov; do you know him?"

"No, is he a soldier?"

"Yes."

"An engineer?"

"No; why do you ask?"

The girl smiled and made no reply. Pavel Tomsky took his leave, and left to herself, Lisaveta glanced out of the window. Soon, a young officer appeared at the corner of the street; the girl blushed and bent her head low over her canvas.

This appearance of the officer had become a daily occurrence. The man was totally unknown to her, and as she was not accustomed to coquetting with the soldiers she saw on the street, she hardly knew how to explain his presence. His persistence finally roused an interest entirely strange to her. One day, she even ventured to smile upon her admirer, for such he seemed to be.

The reader need hardly be told that the officer was no other than Herman, the would-be gambler, whose imagination had been strongly excited by the story told by Tomsky of the three magic cards.

"Ah," he thought, "if the old Countess would only reveal the secret to me. Why not try to win her goodwill and appeal to her sympathy?"

With this idea in mind, he took up his daily station before the house, watching the pretty face at the window, and trusting to fate to bring about the desired acquaintance.

One day, as Lisaveta was standing on the pavement about to enter the carriage after the Countess, she felt herself jostled and a note was thrust into her hand. Turning, she saw the young officer at her elbow. As quick as thought, she put the note in her glove and entered the carriage. On her return from the drive, she hastened to her chamber to read the missive, in a state of excitement mingled with fear. It was a tender and respectful declaration of affection, copied word for word from a German novel. Of this fact, Lisa was, of course, ignorant.

The young girl was much impressed by the missive, but she felt that the writer must not be encouraged. She therefore wrote a few lines of explanation, and, at the first opportunity, dropped it, with the letter, out of the window. The officer hastily crossed the street, picked up the papers and entered a shop to read them.

In no wise daunted by this rebuff, he found the opportunity to send her another note in a few days. He received no reply, but evidently understanding the female heart, he persevered, begging for an interview. He was rewarded at last by the following:

"To-night we go to the ambassador's ball. We shall remain until two o'clock. I can arrange for a meeting in this way. After our departure, the servants will probably all go out, or go to sleep. At half-past eleven enter the vestibule boldly, and if you see anyone, inquire for the Countess; if not, ascend the stairs, turn to the left and go on until you come to a door, which opens into her bed-chamber. Enter this room and behind a screen you will find another door leading to a corridor; from this a spiral staircase leads to my sitting-room. I shall expect to find you there on my return."

Herman trembled like a leaf as the appointed hour drew near. He obeyed instructions fully, and, as he met no one, he reached the old lady's bed-chamber without difficulty. Instead of going out of the small door behind the screen, however, he concealed himself in a closet to await the return of the old Countess.

The hours dragged slowly by; at last he heard the sound of wheels. Immediately lamps were lighted and servants began moving about. Finally the old woman tottered into the room, completely exhausted. Her women removed her wraps and proceeded to get her in readiness for the night. Herman watched the proceedings with a curiosity not unmingled with superstitious fear. When at last she was attired in cap and gown, the old woman looked less unamused than when she wore her ball-dress of blue brocade.

She sat down in an easy-chair beside a table, as she was in the habit of doing before retiring, and her women withdrew. As the old lady sat, swaying to and fro, seemingly oblivious to her surroundings, Herman crept out of his hiding-place.

At the slight noise the old woman opened her eyes, and gazed at the intruder with a half-dazed expression.

"Have no fear, I beg of you," said Herman, in a calm voice. "I have not come to harm you, but to ask a favour of you instead."

The Countess looked at him in silence, seemingly without comprehending him. Herman thought she might be deaf, so he put his lips close to her ear and repeated his remark. The listener remained perfectly mute.

"You could make my fortune without it costing you anything," pleaded the young man; "only tell me the three cards which are sure to win, and—"

Herman paused as the old woman opened her lips as if about to speak.

"It was only a jest; I swear to you, it was only a jest," came from the withered lips.

"There was no jesting about it. Remember Tchaplitzky, who, thanks to you, was able to pay his gaming debts."

An expression of interior agitation passed over the face of the old woman, then she relapsed into her former apathy.

"Will you tell me the names of the magic cards or not?" asked Herman after a pause.

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A Choice Family Tea. 1/8 per lb., 6lb. tin 9/6, 12lb. tin 18/6, 20lb. tin 30/.

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Broken Leaf. 1/2 per lb., 6lb. tin 6/6, 12lb. tin 13/4, 20lb. tin 21/8.

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Sold only in 6lb., 12lb., 20lb. tins.

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There was no reply. The young man then drew a pistol from his pocket, exclaiming: "You old witch, I'll force you to tell me!" At the sight of the weapon the Countess gave a second sign of life. She threw back her head and put out her hands as if to protect herself; then they dropped, and she sat motionless.

Herman grasped her arm roughly and was about to renew his threats when he saw that she was dead!

Seated in her room, still in her ball-dress, Lisaveta gave herself up to her reflections. She had expected to find the young officer there, but she felt relieved to see that he was not.

Strangely enough, that very night at the ball Tomsky had allied her about her preference for the young officer, assuring her that he knew more than she supposed he did.

"Of whom are you speaking?" she had asked in alarm, fearing her adventure had been discovered.

"Of the remarkable man," was the reply. "His name is Herman."

Lisa made no reply. "This Herman," continued Tomsky, "is a romantic character; he has the profile of a Napoleon and the heart of a Mephistopheles. It is said he has at least three wives on his conscience. But how pale you are."

"It is only a slight headache. But why do you talk to me of this Herman?"

"Because I believe he has serious intentions concerning you."

"Where has he been seen?"

"At church, perhaps, or on the street."

The conversation was interrupted at this point, to the great regret of the young girl. The words of Tomsky made a deep impression upon her, and she realised how imprudently she had acted. She was thinking of all this and a great deal more when the door of her apartment suddenly opened, and Herman stood before her. She drew back at sight of him, trembling violently.

"Where have you been?" she asked, in a frightened whisper.

"In the bed-chamber of the Countess. She is dead," was the calm reply.

"My God! What are you saying?" cried the girl.

"Furthermore, I believe that I was the cause of her death."

The words of Tomsky flashed through Lisa's mind.

Herman sat down and told her all. She listened with a feeling of terror and disgust. So those passionate letters, that audacious pursuit, were not the result of tenderness and love. It was money that he desired. The poor girl felt that she had in a sense been an accomplice in the death of her benefactress. She began to weep bitterly. Herman regarded her in silence.

"You are a monster!" exclaimed Lisa, drying her eyes.

"I didn't intend to kill her; the pistol was not even loaded."

"How are you going to get out of the house?" inquired Lisa. "It is nearly daylight. I intended to show you the way to a secret staircase, while the Countess was asleep, as we would have to cross her chamber. Now, I am afraid to do so."

"Direct me, and I will find the way alone," replied Herman.

She gave him minute instructions and a key with which to open the street door. The young man pressed the cold, inert hand, then went out.

The death of the Countess had surprised no one, as it had long been expected. Her funeral was attended by every eye of note in the vicinity. Herman mingled with the throng without attracting any special attention. After all the friends had taken their last look at the dead face, the young man approached the bier. He prestrated himself on the cold floor and remained motionless for a long time. He rose at last with a face almost as pale as that of the corpse itself, and went up the steps to look into the casket. As he looked down, it seemed to him that the rigid face returned his glance mockingly, closing one eye. He turned abruptly away, made a false step and fell to the floor. He was picked up, and, at the same moment, Lisaveta was carried out in a faint.

Herman did not recover his usual composure during the entire day. He dined alone at an out-of-the-way restaurant, and drank a great deal, in the

hope of stifling his emotion. The wine only served to stimulate his imagination. He returned home and threw himself down on his bed without undressing.

During the night, he awoke with a start; the moon shone into his chamber, making everything plainly visible. Some one looked in at the window, then quickly disappeared. He paid no attention to this, but soon he heard the vestibule door open. He thought it was his orderly, returning late, drunk as usual. The step was an unfamiliar one, and he heard the shuffling sound of loose slippers.

The door of his room opened, and a woman in white entered. She came close to the bed, and the terrified man recognised the Countess.

"I have come to you against my will," she said abruptly; "but I was commanded to grant your request. The tray, seven and ace in succession are the magic cards. Twenty-four hours must elapse between the use of each card, and after the three have been used, you must never play again."

The phantom then turned and walked away. Herman heard the outside door close, and again saw the form pass the window.

He rose and went out into the hall, where his orderly lay asleep on the floor. The door was closed. Finding no trace of a visitor, he returned to his room, lit his candle, and wrote down what he had just heard.

Two fixed ideas cannot exist in the brain at the same time any more than two bodies can occupy the same point in space. The tray, seven and ace soon chased away the thoughts of the dead woman, and all other thoughts from the brain of the young officer. All his ideas merged into a single one: how to turn to advantage the secret paid for so dearly. He even thought of resigning his commission and going to Paris to force a fortune from conquered fate. Chance rescued him from his embarrassment.

Tehekalinsky, a man who had passed his whole life at cards, opened a club at St. Petersburg. His long experience secured for him the confidence of his companions, and his hospitality and genial humour conciliated society.

The gilded youth flocked around him, neglecting society, preferring the charms of fate to those of their sweethearts. Naroumov invited Herman to accompany him to the club and the young man accepted the invitation only too willingly.

The two officers found the apartments full. Generals and statesmen played whist; young men lounged on sofas, eating ices or smoking. In the principal salon stood a long table at which about twenty men sat playing faro, the host of the establishment being the banker.

He was a man of about sixty, grey haired and respectable. His ruddy face shone with genial humour; his eyes sparkled, and a constant smile hovered around his lips.

Naroumov presented Herman. The host gave him a cordial hand shake, begged him not to stand upon ceremony, and returned to his dealing. More than thirty cards were already on the table. Tehekalinsky paused after each coup, to allow the punters time to recognize their gains or losses, politely answering all questions and constantly smiling.

After the deal was over the cards were shuffled and the game began again.

"Permit me to choose a card," said Herman, stretching out his hand over the head of a portly gentleman to reach a bivet. The banker bowed without replying.

Herman chose a card and wrote the amount of his stake upon it with a piece of chalk.

"How much is that?" asked the banker; "excuse me, sir, but I do not see well."

"Forty thousand roubles," said Herman, coolly.

All eyes were instantly turned upon the speaker.

"He has lost his wits," thought Naroumov.

"Allow me to observe," said Tehekalinsky, with his eternal smile, "that your stake is excessive."

"What of it?" replied Herman, nettled. "Do you accept it or not?" The banker nodded in assent. "I have only to remind you that the cush will be necessary. Of course,

your word is good, but in order to keep the confidence of my patrons I prefer the ready money."

Herman took a bank cheque from his pocket and handed it to his host. The latter examined it attentively, then laid it on the card chosen.

He began dealing, to the right a nine, to the left a tray.

"The tray wins," said Herman, showing the card he held—a tray. A murmur ran round the crowd. Tehekalinsky frowned for a second only, then his smile returned. He took a roll of bank bills from his pocket and counted out the required sum. Herman received it and at once left the table.

The next evening saw him at the place again. Everyone eyed him curiously and Tehekalinsky greeted him cordially.

He selected his card and placed upon it his fresh stake. The banker began dealing, to the right a nine, to the left a seven.

Herman then showed his card—a seven spot. The onlookers exclaimed, and the host was visibly disturbed. He counted out ninety-four thousand roubles and passed them to Herman, who accepted them without showing the least surprise, and at once withdrew.

The following evening he went again. His appearance was the signal for the cessation of all occupation, everyone being eager to watch the developments of events. He selected his card—an ace.

The dealing began, to the right a queen, to the left an ace.

Herman, without glancing at it, turning up his card

"Your queen is killed," remarked Tehekalinsky, quietly.

Herman trembled; looking down he saw, not the ace he had selected, but the queen of spades. He could scarcely believe his eyes. It seemed impossible that he could have made such a mistake. As he stared at the card it seemed to him that the queen winked one eye at him mockingly.

"The old woman!" he exclaimed involuntarily.

The croupier raked in the money while he looked on in stupid terror. When he left the table all made way for him to pass; the cards were shuffled, and the gambling went on.

Herman became a lunatic. He was confined at the hospital at Oboukov, where he spoke to no one, but kept constantly murmuring in a monotonous tone, "The tray, seven, ace! The tray, seven, queen!"

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"Mr. Hearne,—I enclose for your own private personal portion of a letter received from my mother, Mrs. ——. You will be interested to know that your medicine has been a perfect God-send to a martyr to colds and bronchial asthma. I do not wish any name to be mentioned, but you are at liberty to make use of any portion of my story as you choose, and you can confidently refer anybody to me. I heard of your excellent remedy, and sent it to England. You can see from the enclosed an immense success it was.—Yours faithfully, "Orange, N.S.W."

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"Mr. W. G. Hearne, Dear Sir,—I am writing to tell you about the cure your medicine has effected in my case. About three weeks ago I began to cough. At first the cough was not severe, but it gradually got worse, and I became very ill. I had a great deal of mucus in my chest, and great quantities of phlegm. On several occasions there was blood in the expectorated matter. I had been treated by a doctor, who pronounced my case to be Consumption, and various other treatments had been tried, but without benefit. It was at this stage that I heard of your Bronchitis Cure, and sent to you for a course of the medicine. When it arrived I was too ill to leave my bed, but I commenced taking it at once, and gradually improved. I am glad to say that two bottles of medicine you sent have effected a complete cure, for which accept my best thanks. "Yours gratefully, "J. BLAIR, "Westminster Bridge Road, S.E., London."

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"Dear Sir,—I suffered from severe cold on the chest with cough, for five years, and during that time got treatment from different sources, but did not get any relief. I used your Bronchitis Cure, which gave me relief at once, and completely cured me. I am delighted with it. It is really a wonderful medicine; does good at once, and can't be beaten. "Yours sincerely, "W. TREMELLEN, "Mossburn, Victoria."

A Child Seven Months Old. A SUFFERER FROM BIRTH. CURED BY A BOTTLE OF HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

"Mr. W. G. Hearne, Dear Sir,—Kindly forward me a small bottle of your Bronchitis Cure as soon as possible, as I cannot speak above a whisper, owing to a cold. I had a bottle from you before for my little girl when she was seven months old. She had been suffering from bronchitis from her birth, and now she is three years old, and has not had a return of it since. It is a splendid medicine for bronchitis or colds of any sort. "I remain, yours truly, "Mrs. H. RAMAGE, "Violet Town, Victoria."

"Violet Town, Victoria."

### A FEW EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

"I used your Bronchitis Cure for three of my family, and it cured each of them in from one to three doses.—A. MULLINS, Cowra, N.S.W., Victoria."

"Your Bronchitis Cure relieved my son wonderfully quick. I only gave him four doses, and have some of the medicine left; but I am sending for another bottle in case I should want it.—D. McDONALD, Trarke, via Quirindi, New South Wales."

"Your Bronchitis Cure is a wonderful medicine.—A. B. SIMMONS, No. 1, Leamy Street, Paddington, Sydney."

"My wife is 83 years old, and I am 78, and I am glad to inform you that your Bronchitis Cure has done us both a wonderful deal of good, it having quickly cured us both.—R. HABBETT, Birch Creek, via Broadford, Victoria."

"I have used one bottle of your Bronchitis Cure with great benefit to myself, so the amolting has completely left me.—(Mrs.) JOHN RAHILLY, Geelong, Vic., Victoria."

"I have found your Bronchitis Cure a splendid medicine.—JOHN MADDEN, Skipton, Victoria."

"I have finished the Bronchitis Cure you sent, and am amazed at what it has done in the time. The difficulty of breathing has all gone.—J. HARKINGTON, Dingsong, Morarab, N.S.W."

"My cold, bad as it was, disappeared after two doses.—C. J. CURRIE, Solidator, Victoria Chambers, Queen Street, Melbourne."

"I lately administered some of your Bronchitis Cure to a son of mine, with splendid effect. The cure was absolutely miraculous.—R. J. PACKER, Quirra, Neutral Bay, Sydney, N.S.W."

"Your Bronchitis Cure, as usual, acted splendidly.—C. H. BRADFORD, Casterton, Victoria."

"Kindly forward another bottle of your famous Bronchitis Cure without delay, as I find it to be a most valuable medicine.—(Mrs.) J. SLATER, Warragul, Victoria."

"I am very pleased with your Bronchitis Cure. The result was marvellous. It eased me right off at once.—G. SETTER, Bourke, New South Wales."

"Your medicine for asthma is worth 2/6 a bottle.—W. LETTS, Heywood, Victoria."

"I have tried lots of medicine, but yours is the best I ever had. I am recommending it to everybody.—S. STEELE, Frank Station, New South Wales."

"I suffered from chronic asthma and bronchitis, for which I obtained no relief until I tried your medicine, but I can truly say that I am established at my present freedom, as a direct result of my brief trial.—JOHN C. TIBBIA-MORE, Severa River, via Inverell, N.S.W."

"Last year I suffered severely from bronchitis, and the doctor, to whom I paid seven guineas, did not do me any good, but I heard of your Bronchitis Cure, and two bottles of it made me quite well.—M. HOOD, Brooklands, Avoca Creek, South Ferris, Melbourne."

"Please send me half-a-dozen of your Bronchitis Cure. This medicine cured me in the winter, and has now cured a friend of mine of a very bad bronchitis.—A. J. JACK, Orana House, Leeton, Victoria."

"Your Bronchitis Cure has done me much good. This is a new experience, for all the medicine I previously took made me much worse. I had a bottle of your Bronchitis Cure from you, and you have pulled me through a long and dangerous illness.—HENRY WURLOD, Alton, near Maryborough, Victoria."

"The bottle of Bronchitis Cure I got from you was magical in its effects.—CHAS. WYBROW, Beach's Point, via Darlingford, Victoria."

Three Cases Completely Cured by One Bottle of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

SEVERE COUGH, WITH LOSS OF VOICE, CURED BY HALF A BOTTLE. A SUPPLY SENT TO A RELATIVE IN ENGLAND.

"Mr. Hearne,—I am very much pleased with the effect of your Bronchitis Cure. Last winter three of my children had very bad coughs, and one bottle cured the three of them. The household also had such a severe cold that she entirely lost her voice, but half a bottle cured her. I always keep it in the house now, and recommend it to anyone requiring a medicine of this kind. I now want you to send at once four bottles to England to my mother, who is suffering greatly from bronchitis. The address is enclosed. "Yours gratefully, "JOHN S. MORTIMER."

The relative in England, who is 80 years old, also cured by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

WAS A GREAT SUFFERER. HAD NOT WALKED FOR TWELVE MONTHS. ALWAYS WALKS NOW, AND IS QUITE WELL.

FEELS STRONGER THAN SHE HAS DONE FOR YEARS. "A Walsan Street, Burton-on Trent, Staffordshire, England."

"Mr. W. G. Hearne, Geelong,—

"Dear Sir,—Your letter and Bronchitis Cure to hand quite new. I am sure you will be glad to know that your Bronchitis Cure has quite cured me. I was very glad when you wrote, as I was suffering from a severe attack of Bronchitis at the time it arrived. I had sent for my own doctor, but had not had one night's rest for a week. I started taking the Bronchitis Cure three times a day as directed, and was very much eased at once. At the end of a week I only took it twice a day, and then only every night for a week, as I felt very much better, when, thanks to the Lord for adding His blessing, I was quite well, and walked into town and back without feeling any fatigue. I had not done that previously for twelve months (always went in the omnibus) as walking caused me such pain and distress in the chest. I always walk now and never feel it, and I am stronger than I have been for years. I thank my son for his great kindness in sending the medicine, and am, dear Sir, "Yours very truly, "M. MORTIMER."

Extract from a letter since written by the same lady to her son, Mr. John S. Mortimer, Liswallyn, Kaitangia, Victoria.

HER DAUGHTER HAD BEEN VERY ILL. SPITTING UP BLOOD. THE DOCTOR SAID NOTHING MORE COULD BE DONE.

CURED BY HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

The extract runs as follows: "As for myself, thank the Lord, I am feeling stronger than I have for years. I had an attack of bronchitis in November, but Hearne's Bronchitis Cure was again successful. I feel quite well, and walk into town, feeling quite strong. "I must ask you to send me six bottles more of the medicine, as I wish to have a supply in the house. I have a bottle to see what he could do. He tells me this week he can make nothing out of it; he never saw anything like it before, so there is only one thing for me to do, send for more. I was never kept in bed one day since I commenced to take it. I need to be in bed a fortnight a time always, and after that for months I was as weak as I could possibly be, and was always taking cod liver oil as you will see. It is quite worth while sending for such a long distance. "Something more I must tell you. Charlotte has been very ill since I wrote you. Her cough was so bad she never had a night's rest, and was spitting up blood very much. The doctor told her husband that there was nothing more he could do for her. So on the Sunday I sent her half a bottle of the Bronchitis Cure, and told her to try it, and it did indeed make her not to waste it, but send it back again. She had such confidence in her doctor that I thought she would not try it. On the Wednesday I sent over again and she was much better, the night's rest was very good, and cough and bleeding from the lungs better. She sent for another half bottle, and on the following Sunday sent over to say that she was quite cured and did not require any more medicine. So you see what great good it has done, and she wishes to say some of my next supply."

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

"Sir,—My wife was for twelve years a sufferer from a most distressing, suffocating, dry cough that could not be removed or even eased by any remedy, doctors' prescriptions and patent medicines having been tried; but I am happy to say that the cough, pain in the chest, and difficulty of breathing, etc., were entirely removed by five doses of your Bronchitis Cure.—I remain, Sir, yours most respectfully, "WILLIAM CROCKETT, "Baker's Swamp P.O., via Drifflington, N.S. Wales."

Gratitude and Appreciation. HUNDREDS CURED IN THEIR OWN CIRCLE.

"The 'Scientific Australian' Office, "125, Queen Street, Melbourne."

"Dear Mr. Hearne,—The enclosed letter is approximately the most effective, and if there is anybody in Victoria who during the last few years has been repeatedly working out and using the great value of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, it is our Mr. Phillips."

"This gentleman, some three years ago, was recommended to try your Bronchitis Cure by Mr. Jackson, accountant, Collins Street, and the effect that it had was so marked that he has ever since been continually recommending it to others."

"We are glad to add this our testimony to the value of Hearne's famous Bronchitis Cure, which has eased the sufferings of hundreds and hundreds of people over in our own circle of acquaintance."

"Yours most faithfully, "PHILLIPS, CAMERON & CO."

Queensland Testimony. FROM BRISBANE WHOLESALE CHEMISTS.

"Mr. W. G. Hearne, "45, Queen Street, Brisbane, Queensland."

"Dear Mr. Hearne,—We send you 24 dozen Bronchitis Cure by first boat. We enclose our cheque to cover amount of order."

"We often hear your Bronchitis Cure spoken well of. A gentleman to whom we have given it to a child of his with most remarkable result, the child being quite cured by three doses."

"We are faithfully yours, "THOMAS CHATER & CO., "Wholesale Chemists."

Cured in Ten Days. THE EDITOR OF THE OLDEST NEWSPAPER IN VICTORIA EXPRESSES GRATEFUL APPRECIATION.

"W. G. Hearne, Esq. Dear Sir,—Permit me to express my grateful appreciation of the value of your Bronchitis Cure. I had some months ago, a severe attack of Bronchitis, and took your medicine with the result that at the end of ten days the complaint had completely left me. We are now ever without the medicine in the house, and at the first indication of a cold it is taken with immediate curative effect."

"I am, my dear Sir, yours faithfully, "E. QUINN, "Editor 'Geelong Advertiser.'"

"Upon looking through our books we are struck with the steady and rapid increase in the sales of your Bronchitis Cure.—MILLET BROS., Ltd., Wholesale Drugists, Sydney, N.S.W."

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

"Mr. W. G. Hearne,—

"Dear Sir,—Kindly send me one large bottle of your Bronchitis Cure, more than I have used with the results of your wonderful medicine, as a small bottle cured my little girl, who had been suffering for five years, and now I do not feel safe to go a night ill."

"I remain, yours faithfully, "AGNES F. KENNEDY."

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

"Mr. W. G. Hearne,—

"Dear Sir,—Your medicine has cured me of bronchitis and asthma, from which I suffered for upwards of seven years, during which period I was scarcely ever free from mucus, and frequently the difficulty of breathing was so distressing that for months I was unable to do anything. I write you this acknowledgment from a sense of duty, inasmuch as I had been treated but failed. For a year previous I had been getting very much worse, and at the time I obtained your medicine was confined to bed and drag from a most violent cough, expectorating blood and matter, and apparently beyond hope of recovery. The first dose of the medicine gave me welcome relief, and I steadily improved as I continued the treatment until I became, as I am now, quite well."

"Yours sincerely, "H. WALKER, "Balmain, Sydney."

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

Mr. Alex. J. Anderson, of Oak Park, Charleston, Queensland, writes:—"After suffering from asthma for 17 years, and having been under a great many different treatments, but without success, I was recommended to try your Bronchitis Cure, and after taking three bottles of this medicine I quite got rid of the asthma, and since then, which was in the beginning of 1895, I have not had the slightest return of it. The medicine quite cured me and I have much pleasure in recommending it."

"Writing again on the 4th April, 1899, he states:—"I am feeling very well now. Never have the slightest return of the asthma."

Prepared only and Sold Wholesale and Retail by the Proprietor,

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

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

SMALL SIZE, 2s. 6d.;

LARGE, 4s. 6d.

Sold by Chemists and Medicine Vendors

FORWARDED TO ANY ADDRESS WHEN NOT OBTAINABLE LOCALLY. Postage: 6d. for Small; 9d. for Large Size.

Agents: SHARLAND & CO., LTD., AUCKLAND AND WELLINGTON.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS

KING'S COLLEGE, AUCKLAND.

FOUNDED 1864.

(Abridged Prospectus for 1902)

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

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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 leveled 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 Engage, Esq., 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 Rigg-Winner, 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 Parnall.

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

Telephone 904.

Stamp Collecting.

Cape of Good Hope has issued a 3d magenta stamp, 1893 design.

A set of "unpaid letter stamps" has been issued in Greece, of a rather tasteful design.

A philatelic exhibition, open to the whole world, is to be held in San Francisco in September.

Grenada is issuing a King Edward set of stamps from 1d to 10/, all in two colours.

The 1/2 anna and 2 1/2 anna British East Africa have been surcharged "Uganda" in black and red respectively.

The 1d green British (Queen's head) stamp has been issued surcharged "Bechuanaland Protectorate."

King Edward VII. stamps have been issued in Singapore. Three and eight cents are the values that have appeared so far. Probably the other values will follow as stocks of the Queen issue are depleted.

The French Chamber of Deputies has passed a law reducing the postage of newspapers and periodicals to 1 centime for a weight of 50 grammes (rather more than 1 1/2oz) throughout France, and to 1/2 centime for the same weight within certain limits.

British stamps surcharged "Army Official" are likely to advance in value, as Earl Roberts has prohibited the practice of selling these stamps to collectors, holding they should only be used for the purpose for which they are surcharged.

Some of the current 3 cents Newfoundland stamps were issued unperforated. One sheet was bought by a non-collector at St. John's, who to facilitate severing the stamps cut them all up into vertical strips. He had used many of them before he was found by a collector, who secured the remainder.

Philatelists should lose no time in securing specimens of the stamp of the new Cuban Republic, as it is felt the present state of affairs cannot last. Cuba has lost its market for sugar in Spain, and has not been compensated by finding an outlet in America, as in the interest of beet-root sugar producers the cane sugar is practically excluded from the States. In order to avert national bankruptcy annexation by the United States is said to be already advocated, but the trouble is how Uncle Sam is to harmonise a colonial Empire with the Monroe Doctrine.

Transvaal stamps realise high prices at London auctions, as will be seen by the following sales reported:—1875-76, 6d blue, £1 17/; 1877, V.R. Transvaal, 3d mauve, pelture paper, £3 15/; 6d blue, inverted surch., £6 5/; 1/ green do., £4 12/6; 6d dark blue, £2 10/; 1878, V.R. Transvaal, 6d blue on blue, inverted surcharge, £7 10/; 6d blue on green, inverted surcharge, £11 11/; 3d mauve on buff, £2; 1879, V.R. Transvaal, 3d mauve on blue showing small T\*, £3 3/; 1878-79, Queen's Head, red surcharge, 1 Penny on 6d black, £3 15/; 1882, Een Penny on 4d sage-green, inverted surcharge\*, £3.

Ewen's "Weekly Stamp News," in its issue of June 7, referring to the Crown surcharge on the 1d brown Cook Islands stamp, has the following:—It seems that the Crown overprint on the 1d stamps was the idea of Lord Ranfurly, Governor of New Zealand, who is well known to be a

stamp collector, and is, in fact, a member of the London Philatelic Society. When the islands were annexed Lord Ranfurly ordered that the stamps should be surcharged with the Crown as a distinctive mark. That was done with 2400 1d brown stamps, but so many were spoilt that no more were surcharged. The Resident Commissioner states that no surcharging will be allowed in future, and the only colour changes likely to be made are those occasioned by the adoption of Postal Union colours.

Many young collectors are mystified regarding the "grille" on American stamps, which in some cases makes all the difference between high and low catalogue value. The New York "Philatelist" explains it as follows:—"The Grille was first used in America, and consists of a rectangle of square indentations into the paper, and designed to break the fibre of the paper, so that it readily would absorb cancelling ink, thereby making it impossible to erase or wash the stamp and re-use it. It was first used in 1867 by the U.S.A., and at first covered the entire stamp. The e stamps are very rare. Later the size of the grille was reduced to 18 x 15, 13 x 16, 12 x 14, 11 x 13, and finally 9 x 13mm. In the year 1869 issue the grille was made a square 9 1/2 x 9 1/2mm., and in 1879 it was again increased in size and made rectangular in form."

Amongst the things that were to have been, but have not, on account of the war in South Africa, was the proposal to inaugurate the twentieth century in the Transvaal with a stamp bearing the portrait of Paul Kruger. The plates were partly prepared, but the engraver was not called upon to complete his work, and, as King Edward VII. is now sovereign of the Transvaal, the probabilities are that the well-known features of Oom Paul will never appear in stamp collections. Referring to this matter in the "Philatelic Record," Mr Emil Tamsen adds that if the stamps had been issued in 1900, instead of 1901, as was intended, "collectors would have had the unique sight of a Republican wearing a Royal monogram (V.R.I.) on his presidential sash and breast, and that much against his will."

Some collectors find it difficult to distinguish between the rare error 20 cent. blue France and the ordinary 20 cent. blue of 1870. In the "Stamp Collector" Mr E. J. Martin thus explains the difference:—"The error is engraved (typographed) and imperforate, while the blue 20 cent. of the 1870 issue is lithographed and imperforate. The typographed stamp of the same design issued at the end of 1870 is, however perforated. There can thus be no confusion, but the (imperforate) error should always have a large margin to guard against the probability of having a 20 cent. blue of 1870 with the perfs. clipped off. In rare cases the error may be found used as explained in Westoby's "Stamps of Europe." In this case the postmark must be diamond-shaped, formed by crossed lines resembling lattice work, this being the obliteration of the period."

Returned troopers from South Africa state that V.R.I. surcharged stamps were not often obtainable for postage purposes, issues being rapidly bought up by dealers, which no doubt explains why unused stamps so surcharged are so moderate in price on the average. One gentleman stated that where he was located the stamps most in use were the ordinary 1d English. Most troopers brought back various mementoes of South Africa, amongst them being quite a number of Transvaal and Orange River stamps. Nearly every man who went out appeared, it is stated, to be hunting up stamps either for himself or some friend. On one occasion a stamp dealer's shop was found tenantless, and lest the stock should come to harm the visitors secured large quantities for themselves, all done up tightly in little bundles, which were handy for transit.

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 off which we can assure, The use of WOODS' GREAT PEPPER-MINT CURE.



Milkmaid LARGEST SALE BRAND Milk in the WORLD.

Milkmaid LARGEST SALE BRAND Milk in the WORLD.

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See this Trade mark on every Tin.



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 am thinking that this will be the last letter I will have to write for the competition. I would like to make it as interesting as I could. I wonder, dear Cousin Kate, if you have ever heard of the Boyd, a large ship that was burnt in Whangaroa Harbour by the Maoris. It happened not out ninety-three years ago. There is a good deal about it in "Brett's History of New Zealand." The Boyd was a large ship that had been to Australia to load spars, but not getting a sufficient load she came on to New Zealand, and happened to come into Whangaroa. She dropped her anchor about the middle of the harbour, but drifted up to the head, where she lies still. The crew offended the Maoris in some way, so they went on board and enticed them ashore, and told them they would show them where they could get some good spars. When they got them ashore they killed them all, and then went on board and robbed the ship of everything they wanted. This happened to be a woman and her little girl on board, but these they did not kill, but when they saw the Maoris coming they got so frightened that they jumped into the sea and swam ashore. At last they set fire to the ship, she burnt, and sank. It is near the mouth of the Kaeo (Ki-o) River, and the silt from the river covered up the wreck, but a few years ago it was found that it could be seen at low water, with about six feet of water covering it. I have seen it myself, and it looked like a sunken raft, with the logs lying side by side. My father got a cannon ball from it. Some of the sawmillers got some timber, and made it into walking sticks. The different woods in them looked very pretty. Some of the logs were perfectly sound, and others were quite rotten. The other day two gentlemen visited the wreck, and fastened on to a piece of copper that went round the rudder, and pulled it up. My father photographed the piece with one man and a boy on each side. When they are printed, if they are any good at all, I will send you one of them, to let you see what it is like. I could tell you a great deal more about it, but I am afraid my letter is already too long. Please tell me who won the prize. Good-bye, dear Cousin Kate. Your loving cousin, Ma.

[Dear Cousin Ma,—I will announce the result of the competition next week. I think there will be three at least quite equal, and I shall have a very hard task to decide whose letters are the most interesting. I expect there will be one or two disappointed, but I shall try and have a couple of consolation prizes besides the first prize. I enjoyed your account of the Boyd very much.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have now an opportunity of writing to you, as I have just finished my lessons. Postcard collecting is something like stamp collecting, but I think it is more interesting to collect postcards, as everyone has such a beautiful design on it. The album I have for putting them in is something like a photo album, with a pretty coloured scroll round each place, to represent bows and scrolls. I have now 162, and they are all different. Some that have flowers on them still retain the sweet scent that is put on them, I suppose, when printed. Others have little beads sprinkled over them like hundreds and thousands lollies. It was my brother's birthday on July 7, and father gave him a set of hockey, and we have had such fun playing on our lawn ever since, but I have managed to get away from bruises so far. I must conclude now with love. I remain, Cousin Mary.

[Dear Cousin Mary,—I never imagined there were so many different kinds of postcards. I should think it must be a valuable collection now. I used to play hockey when I was at school, and liked it very much. A good many girls used to play last year in Auckland, but I have not heard so much about it this season. Ping-pong seems to have taken the place of everything. It is rather a pity, I think.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I went to the dentist yesterday to get some of my teeth seen to. I had two stopped, and some stuff put in to kill the nerve. I have to go to-morrow and next Saturday to get them finished. I am so glad that King Edward VII. is getting better again. I will send an envelope inside with this letter, stamped and addressed. Have you had frosts in Auckland? There is a man-of-war here in Picton now. My brother Tennyson and I are trying for the attendance prize, as we are the only ones who have had full attendance marks this year. All the others have missed or been late. We go to Miss Allen's school. It is called Collegiate School; it is the same as college. I must close this short letter with love to you and all the other cousins.—From Cousin Rosie.

[Dear Cousin Rosie,—I hope you will like the badge which I have just posted in your envelope. It is very horrid going to the dentist, but it is better than toothache. I have been sitting up with a little girl of five who suffered so badly. She is such a lovely little thing, and it is awful to see her suffer so.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I hope you are quite well. There are not many stories in the "Graphic" now, and not many "Jungle Jinks," and my little brother is very displeased because there is not any, and not many puzzles, either. That story is a very

long one, is it not? I am getting quite tired of it now because it is such a very long one. I did not read the last bit of it. I am learning to play ping-pong, and like it very much. I got a very nice present from my grandmother. It was a box of handkerchiefs. They came as such a surprise to me. She is very kind to me. She was not very well, but she is much better now. I got such a nice letter from her, and I must tell what she told me about a little canary of my auntie's. It is a little bird, and a big cat came and sprang at it, and its poor little leg was hanging out of the cage, and when auntie saw it she felt sorry for it. I am going to school to-morrow, and I take sixpence every Monday to pay for my ride in the coach. You will be very sorry to hear that a lot of gold fish died in the fountain. We think it is the cold weather; but it is a very fine day to-day. I have a very bad cold. I think everyone has. It is quite a pleasure to get out into the fresh air for the people who are in bed. I have not kept on writing, have I? But I must write every week. I went to see a dear little baby this morning. It is only a week old. It is such a dear little thing. I have to write another letter after this one. You must excuse me writing down here, because there is no line up top. You must excuse all the mistakes. Now I must close. From your loving cousin, Hannah.

Dear Cousin Hannah,—I have put a "Jungle jinks" in this week. The cousins are a little hard to please, are they not? A little while ago they were all asking for a long story continued from week to week. Now, when I give you this, some say they do not care for it. What am I to do? But "jungle jinks" everyone likes, and you shall have them in future.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I never wrote last week, so I thought I would answer it this week. We are having unpleasant weather now, but I hope it will soon clear up. Was it not sad about the King, but it is to be hoped he will soon be better. I think some of the cousins write very nice letters, but I don't seem to have any news at all. Really, I will be glad when the summer is here again, as this weather is terrible. I have no news to tell you this week. I might have more to say next time. So good-bye, with best love to all the cousins, and accept the same yourself.—I remain, your affectionate cousin, Mabel.

[Dear Cousin Mabel,—I agree with you it will be nice to have some good weather again. The cold is bitter, is it not? Yet we are funny people, are we not? In summer we growl at the heat, and now in winter at the cold. There is no satisfying us.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I do hope you will forgive me for not writing for so long, but really there has not been very much to write about—a fortnight ago we had our examination, and I passed very successfully, and am in the fourth now. Out here in Onehunga we have had some very cold weather lately. One night I put out some water in a tin dish, and in the morning it was frozen hard. The ice was a quarter of an inch thick. How do you like the cold weather? I

like it far better than the hot. I am just reading "The Romance History of India," and I like it very much. The Council gave the children of Onehunga a feast in the old school on the 26th June. We all enjoyed it very much, but were very sorry the King was too ill to be crowned. One of our cousins in England sent my brothers and me some Coronation medals. They are very pretty, about the size of a sovereign. On one side are the heads of the King and Queen, and on the other is a herald blowing a trumpet, with Westminster Abbey in the distance. I suppose all we school children will have our cards given to us when the King is really crowned. Now, if I may so still be called, I remain, your affectionate cousin, Hastings.

[Dear Cousin Hastings,—I was very glad to get your letter, for I had begun to think you had quite forgotten me. How are the silkworms' eggs getting on? When do they come out into worms? I too have a Coronation medal, only it is much smaller. It was bought in Auckland. I do not know what is to be done about the cards. The cold weather is rather trying for me. The cold winds seem to chill one so dreadfully when it is impossible to run about and get warm.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am glad to learn that you intend to give the cousins some more puzzles to worry about. It is hard for a boy to fill in the long winter evenings unless he likes to read his school books. I myself see enough of them in the daytime. Girls can play the piano, sing, and do needlework. But boys feel themselves caged when they can't get outside to play football, ride a horse, or row a boat. I have plenty of fun in the daytime, but after dark I have to be satisfied with all sorts of pastimes. The time for going to bed I put off as long as possible. People say that's why I don't grow taller. With love to all the cousins, I remain, yours truly, Cousin Newton.

[Dear Cousin Newton,—I am giving you some puzzles this week—at least, I hope they will be ready in time, but if not you will know that they will be in next week's paper. We are having some alterations, and things are a little upset. I must try and think of some evening amusements for boys. I think you are rather silly to put off bed time. I never seem to be able to get to bed early enough. It is always ever so late before I reach the sheets, early as I may determine to turn in. But old people and young are different, are they not.—Cousin Kate.]

Real Fun.

A fond mother sent her small boy into the country for a holiday, and after a week of anxiety received the following reassuring letter:—

Dear Ma,—I got here all right, and I forgot to write before. It is a very nice place to have fun. A fellow and I went out in a boat, and the boat tipped over, and a man got me out, and I was so full of water that I didn't know nothing for a long time. The other boy is to be buried when they find him. His mother came down from her home, and she cried all the time. A horse kicked me over, and I've got to have some money to pay the doctor for mending my head. We are going to set an old barn on fire to-night, and I am not your son if we don't have some fun. I lost my watch, and I am sorry. I shall bring home some snakes and a tame cow, if I can get them in my trunk. I've got a box of frogs already.—Your son, Willie.

Caller: Wop't you walk with me as far as the car?  
Tommy (aged seven): Can't.  
Caller: Why not?  
Tommy: 'Cos we're goin' to have lunch as soon as you go.

Tommy: Is that a he or a she lion, papa?  
Pater: Which one, dear?  
Tommy: That one with his face scratched and the hair off the top of his head.  
Pater (with a sigh): That must be the male, my son.

# THROUGH FAIRYLAND IN A HANSON CAB.

By BENNETT W. MUSSON.

(FROM "ST. NICHOLAS.")

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE QUEEN'S STORY OF THE SUNS.

As Gretchen finished her luncheon the Poet came toward her. "I have just been writing a song," he said. "Oh, sing it to me!" she cried. "I haven't fitted the music to it yet, but these are the words," was the Poet's reply; and he recited the following verses:—

#### "THE SUPERIOR STUDENT.

"There once was a student, sing ho!  
Who lived on the earth below.  
He followed a pace that was far from slow;  
His collars were high, but his manners were low.  
Sing heigh, sing hi, sing ho!  
Sing ho, sing ho! His manners were terribly low!

"That last line is for the chorus," said the Poet.

"At football he was expert,  
And seldom, if ever, got hurt.  
He kicked the ball so high in the air  
That it never came down, but stayed up there.  
Sing heigh, sing hi, sing ho!

"But golf was his greatest game,  
He made others' scores look tame.  
His drives were so remarkably strong  
That he took an automobile along.  
Sing heigh, sing hi, sing ho!

"He was in the college crew,  
And pulled the stroke-oar, too.  
The shell went forward so very fast  
That in every race it came in last.  
Sing heigh, sing hi, sing ho!

"In baseball he quite excelled,  
And the highest average held.  
He'd bat a dozen home runs, 't was said,  
And end by batting the umpire's head.  
Sing heigh, sing hi, sing ho!

"His studies he never shirked,  
But so very hard he worked  
That out of a class of seventy  
He was highest of all—save sixty-three.  
Sing heigh, sing hi, sing ho!  
Sing ho, sing ho! He certainly wasn't slow.

"That last line is for the chorus," said the Poet. "Repetitions are a great advantage in writing poetry, and I don't know how I'd get along without them. See how that 'Sing ho, sing ho' comes in. I once wrote a long poem on that order, that went like this:

"There once was a coachman who carried a cur, a cur, a cur, a cur,  
And the dog very gratefully said:  
'Thank you, sir, you, sir, you, sir, you, sir,  
For my coat some attention did certainly need.  
And for your kind efforts I'm thankful indeed.  
You've rubbed to a gloss with remarkable speed my fur, my fur,  
My fur.'"

"It was very long, and there was scarcely any meaning in it," the Poet added proudly.

Gretchen heard laughter behind her, and, turning, discovered the Queen, the King and the members of the court examining an oil-painting that stood on an easel.

"A painting like this comes every week, and we have great fun criticising them," said the queen.  
"Who paints them?" asked Gretchen.

"We don't know," said the king. "The only thing that would show who the artist is is his signature in one corner, and of course no one can read that. I tell you it's a landscape with animals in the foreground," he exclaimed to the queen, who had been insisting that it was a beefsteak with mushrooms.

Everyone had something to say about the picture, all agreeing that it was very bad, and having a great time at the expense of the artist. Gretchen looked about for the Objector, and found him standing apart, looking discouraged.

"Oh, do come and help us find fault!" she cried, running to him. "It's the greatest fun!"

"I will let you into a secret," he said gloomily. "I paint those pictures."

"I will now tell you the story of how Prince Mardo brought the suns to fairyland," just then said the queen, motioning to the others to sit down. "Once upon a time—"

"That's a very old-fashioned way in which to begin a fairy story, your Majesty," said the Objector.

The queen began again: "Long years ago—"

"Not much better," growled the Objector.

"Well, anyway," said the queen, "once upon a time—I mean, long years ago—I will be greatly obliged if you won't interrupt me again," she said, turning to the Objector, who wasn't saying anything. "You put me out so that I hardly know how to commence. Many years ago this band of fairies decided to leave the earth. We found that men were changing, and instead of singing songs, telling tales, and seeking adventures, they had taken to making money and inventing things. With this spirit in man came another in the air called the Modern Spirit, who is our deadliest enemy, as contact with him, or even sight of him, dis-

solves us. I do not say that he is a bad spirit, but I do say that he is very bad for us. With the coming of new inventions the Modern Spirit grew so strong that we decided to move into this mountain.

"It was easy enough to move in, but fighting the place was another matter. We found plenty of natural gas, which gives a poor light, as you may have noticed in the tunnel. After many consultations we decided that the only way to get the proper light was to have some fairy go out and bring in a piece of the sun. This was such a dangerous undertaking that in the whole kingdom there was but one fairy brave enough to undertake it—Prince Mardo, now our king." And the queen pointed dramatically at the king, who was peacefully sleeping, with his crown tipped over one eye.

"With two magicians he went out of this mountain, defying the Modern Spirit. He had a meeting with the Spirit of the Sun, telling him that the sun was so large that it seemed selfish of him not to spare a little sliver for us, and the Sun Spirit agreed to part with a bit of it.

"The next question was, how to get it here. The magicians thought the best plan would be to wait till the sun got directly over the hole in our mountain, then chip off a piece and let it fall in.

"On earth people talk of the morning and afternoon suns, which are one and the same, and it occurred to Mardo that he might get two pieces, and really have morning and afternoon suns; so he arranged this with the Sun Spirit. Then, being very thoughtful, he remembered the moon and went to see the Moon Spirit, who agreed to let him have a corner of the moon that was seldom lit up anyway.

"You can imagine how pleased we were when he came back and told us all about it. It was agreed that the morning sun, which is officially known as the A.M. sun, should rise in the east, go half-way across the sky, and turn and set in the east. The afternoon sun, which is officially known as the P.M. sun, was to rise in the west before the morning sun had set, go half-way up, then come back and set in the west. Magicians were busy arranging forces to run the suns, fairies were appointed to take charge of the places they were to set in, and everyone was praising the bravery of Mardo"; and the queen looked fondly at the king, who was snoring. Gretchen didn't see

where his bravery came in, but she thought it best not to mention this.

"The magicians had figured out the time it would take for a bit of the sun to drop to the earth, and on the day the first piece was to arrive a great crowd gathered about the entrance of the cave. Late in the afternoon a rush of hot air was felt, and a dozen griffins—whom nobody had thought to warn—shot out of the cave and were blown half-way across the country before they could stop; and the worst of it was, their wings were so badly singed that they had to walk back. Bang! After them came the morning sun, and flew right over into the place reserved for the afternoon sun to set in."

"How did you know that it was the morning sun?" asked Gretchen.

"Because it came first."

"Were they both the same size?"

"Yes."

"Then what difference did it make?"

"Well, anyway," said the queen, after a slight pause, "you know how excited fairies get when things go wrong, and you can imagine the confusion when the next day the afternoon sun came in and shot over into the same place. A few days later the moon arrived; and of all the shabby-looking moons you ever saw it was the worst—it looked like the back of a haircloth sofa. By that time we had the morning sun in the proper place, so we gilded the moon, set it up, and things have been running smoothly ever since. But for nearly a week we had two suns in the afternoon, and none at all in the morning."

"I always thought that whatever time the sun rose was morning," said Gretchen.

"Not if it is the afternoon sun," said the queen.

The king was suddenly awakened by falling off his chair. "I have just been thinking that I will go with this little girl when she starts to gild the moon, and take the army with me," he said.

They discussed the manner in which they should travel, and agreed that Gretchen, Leonardo, and Snip should go in a hansom-cab, and didn't agree at all about the way in which the others should go.

"Well!" cried Gretchen, after a dozen different plans had been suggested, "as you all have wings, I can't see why you don't fly."

The queen looked at her severely. "My dear child, flying is distinctly out of date. None but a griffin or other common person would think of doing it. Besides, wings are worn closely trimmed this season."

"As we won't start for a day or two, we can leave these questions till to-morrow," said the king. "I will begin thinking about them at once," and he fell asleep again. The queen seemed sleepy too, and as the others saw this they pretended to be sleepy—all but the Objector, who offered to show Gretchen through the castle.

They walked through an avenue of trees, and presently came to the roof lying on the grass, and beyond this the great front wall of the castle, fully twenty feet high, in which was the grand entrance, a high arched door with the sill at least six feet from the ground. Gretchen asked where the steps were, and the Objector explained that as the castle had been built when flying was in fashion, no stairs were needed. When flying went out, they started to build a grand staircase; but he had declared that going upstairs was unhealthy, so they gave it up. Now the fairies had to run and jump, which was undignified, or be shot in with an immense sling-shot the king had invented, which was dangerous, or go in at the side entrance.

Gretchen found the inside of the castle very interesting, especially the queen's apartments, which were papered with fashion-plates, some of them five hundred years old. The walls of the king's rooms were covered with boxing-gloves, felle, tennis-rackets, golf-clubs, baseball-bats, and pictures of all sorts of games, from ancient hand-ball to mumbletypeg.



"I Paint Those Pictures," said the Objector, Gloomily."

The beds all had canopies to keep off the moonlight, which the Objector said made the fairies want to get up and dance, and the coverings had funny little openings for wings to go through. They visited the rooms of state, the reception-hall, the dining-hall, and the back-hall.

As they came out into the grounds, Gretchen heard a feeble bark, and



"The king was peacefully sleeping, with his crown tipped over one eye."

saw Snip wearily dragging himself towards her. His air of gaiety was gone, and he was a tired and woe-begone-looking little dog. The Objector called Snip to him, and patted his head; but the pup was too discouraged even to wag his tail.

"Poor little chap," said the Objector, who was very fond of animals. "I know what the matter is. This is fairyland, you know, and nothing that he sniffs at has a scent to him."

(To be Continued.)

**When Godfrey Grows.**

I wonder when it is I grow!  
It's in the night, I guess.  
My clothes go on so very hard  
Each morning when I dress.

Nurse says they're plenty big enough;  
It's cause I am so slow.  
But then she never stops to think  
That children grow and grow.

I wonder when! I can't find out.  
Why, I watch Tommy Pitt  
In school for hours and I can't see  
Him grow the smallest bit!

I guess that days we stay the same.  
There's so much else to do  
In school and play, so I must grow  
At night, I think—don't you?

LILLA THOMAS ELDER.

**Ronald's Visiting Day.**

"The carriage at 3 please, Martin," said a voice at the doorway; and Ronald crept softly from the room and down the flight of stone steps which lead to the servants' hall.

"Where are you going, Master Ronald?" said the housemaid, just as Ronald was trying to make an escape by the back door.

"Oh, nowhere," said Ronald, crossly. "Can't I go into the garden?"

"But you know this is visiting day," went on Mary; "and your ma doesn't like to be kept waiting."

It was all up. Ronald, who had hoped to have made an escape before the carriage came round, looked up at Mary and sighed despairingly.

"Oh, dear!" he said. "I do hate visiting—it's beastly. And I've got to put on that horrid velvet suit, and wear gloves, and sit like a mouse in a drawing-room, and eat a tiny bit of cake, when I want a good tea."

About ten minutes later Ronald appeared in the hall, twisting and shuffling about in a most uncomfortable fashion, and making a great many wry faces over the tight kid gloves which he begged very hard not to wear.

"But why must I wear gloves, mamma?" he grumbled.

"Because all gentlemen wear them," said his mother. "Come, Ronald, make haste, or we shall be late."

"Late! Oh, how Ronald hoped they would be. But up came the carriage, as punctual as possible, and there was no help for it; off they went at a fine rate down the drive.

"Don't sit looking like that, Ronald," said his mother after a time. "And don't fidget about so. What's the matter with your glove?"

"I split it trying to get it on," said Ronald.

"Oh, dear! What a tiresome boy you are. And Mrs Grey is so particular, too."

"Are we going to the Greys?"

"Yes; and Gwennie—such a dear mite. You must speak nicely to her, Ronald, and not tease her."

At this Ronald bit his lip in disgust, and leant back in the cushions. A girl, too; if it had only been a boy they might have had some fun; but a girl. Ugh!

However, when they came to the Greys' house, and went up to the smart drawing-room, Ronald was surprised that any little girl could be so jolly and friendly. She was such a pretty little girl, too, with long golden ringlets, and such blue eyes, and she wore a beautiful white silk frock which came right down to the very toes of her little white shoes.

"Hallo, little boy," she said, coming up without a bit of shyness. "What's your name?"

"Ronald. What's yours?"

"Gwendoline Marjorie Grey. Isn't it a long silly name? But they call me Gwennie for short. You can call me Gwennie if you like. Have you finished your tea?"

"Yes," said Ronald, swallowing the last morsel of cake.

"Well, you don't want to stay up in the drawing-room, do you?" she said, lowering her voice.

"No," said Ronald, eagerly. "Where shall we go?"

"Come along into the garden," she cried. "I say, isn't it fun? I do hate visiting days, don't you?"

"Rather," said Ronald. "But I thought girls liked them."

"Not till they get old, like mamma," said Gwennie. "But I don't think I shall ever like it."

They ran out into the garden and had a good game at ball on the lawn. Then they got tired of the garden, and Gwennie said she would show him a robin's nest if he liked to come into the orchard. And the time went ever so quickly.

"Where's Ronald?" said his mother, about an hour later. "We must be going."

And just then Ronald and Gwennie appeared at the door; but, oh, how different they looked! Their faces and hands were black, and their

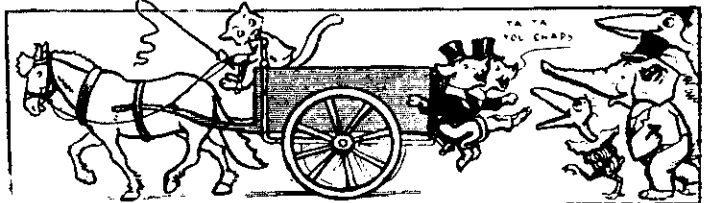
clothes all torn. Ronald's collar was half off, and Gwennie's ringlets had escaped from her smart pink bow, and were hanging all over her face.

Then what a scolding they got. Visiting was over for that day, and Ronald was driven straight home, while his mother was almost in tears over his sad behaviour.

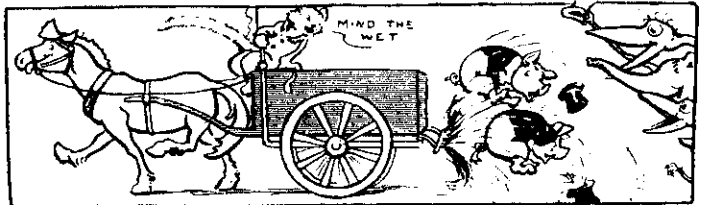
"I did enjoy it," he said to himself a little later. "She was a jolly girl; I shan't mind going visiting there again."

**JUNGLE JINKS.**

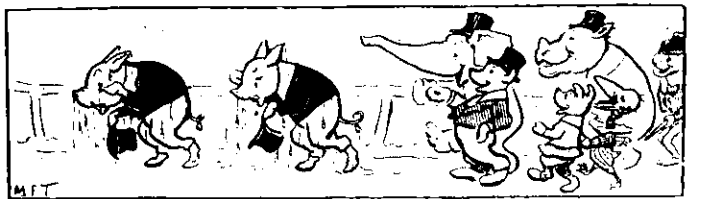
**Mr Tom Cat Has Some Fun With the Jungle School Boys.**



1. I have just had a letter from Mr Tom Cat, a Jungle friend of mine, and he says he has had some fine fun with those funny Jungle School boys. The boys were all out for a quiet afternoon walk, dressed in their best clothes, and when Mr Cat passed by on a cart he heard the Boars call out: "We are not going to walk all the way back to school while there is a chance of a ride. Ta-ta, you chap; there's no more room for you!" And then the cheeky young porkers climbed on to the back of his cart without asking any permission.



2. "Oh, oh," said Mr Tom to himself. "I've heard about you two young gentlemen, and you are not at all the sort of boys I like." Then he quietly turned on the water tap, and Well, you can see in the picture how surprised those Boars were when they suddenly found themselves soaked through to their skin. "Hip, hip, hooray!" cried Jumbo and all the others. "Serve you right! We knew it was a water cart, and we were waiting to see you have a bath!"



3. "Boo-hoo!" blubbered the Boars: "we're going home to tell Doctor Lion all about that horrid Mr Cat. We'll make him buy us some new silk hats. Ours are quite ruined. Boo-hoo! Oo-oo!" But if those porkers think that Mr Cat is going to buy them new hats, they are very much mistaken. They had no business to climb on his cart at all, had they?

Order the Royal Patent of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.

THE NEW SEPIA PROCESS.

**Bartlett**

ART PHOTOGRAPHER, TELEPHONE 891. QUEEN ST., AUCKLAND.

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

Photo by W. H. Bartlett

**"SO TIRED."**

QUEEN ST., AUCKLAND.

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

THE NEW SEPIA PROCESS.

**Bartlett**

ART PHOTOGRAPHER, TELEPHONE 891. QUEEN ST., AUCKLAND.

# AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

## Hairdressing a la Mode.

II.

The latest style for dressing the hair for the evening is delightfully simple and picturesque. The hair is worn low on the neck, with a curl on the shoulder, which varies in length according to the taste of the wearer and the length of her tresses. Women blessed with naturally curly hair will find no difficulty in dressing it in this manner; for those, however, whose curls go straight on the least provocation, cleverly-made curls on a long hairpin can be bought from 7/6 upwards.

Now to show how to dress your hair in this style. We will suppose that

rather tightly. Hold the coil with the right hand about four inches down from the tie and double the ends back towards the ties with the left hand, and hold it there; then take the right hand away, and the hair will make a pretty twist of itself, as you will see in Figure 3. The ends are



FIGURE 3.

then twisted round the tie and pinned in. Now take the piece of hair that has been pinned out of the way and coil it, bring it over to the right side and form into a loop, and pin low beside the first coil. Take the ends over and form another loop on the left side to match that on the right, and then dispose of the ends tidily (Figure 4). The second coil is something like the figure 8 put sideways. When flowers are worn they are put low on the neck on the opposite side of the head to the curl. This style can also be worn during the day, but the curl is best omitted except for such occasions as a garden party or wedding, and should then be



FIGURE 4.

worn only with a picture hat. The same style looks very nice when worn in the house without the curl, and with a black velvet bow fastened in low on the left side. These bows are



FIGURE 2.

Then divide a small piece of hair from the tail to make the Empire curl on the shoulder. This is just curled over a stick, and let hang from beneath the coil on whichever side suits your face the best. Now divide the strand of hair into two separate pieces, as in Figure 2. Pin the left-hand piece up out of the way, and fluff up the other strand by combing the wrong way of the hair very gently, while you hold the ends firmly. Then coil the strand

a great craze just now. (Figure 5.) Sketch No. 6 shows a pretty and most becoming hairdressing for a girl to wear before she puts her hair up. The hair is simply combed back from the forehead, leaving pretty little curls round the face, or it can be parted in the centre and waved at the sides. It is plaited at the back, and the ends doubled up underneath, and tied at the nape of the neck with a broad bow of black glace or velvet ribbon. The smartness of this style greatly



FIGURE 6.

depends upon having a broad bow of fairly wide ribbon. It is best to tie the end of the plait with a woollen string, and also to put a hairpin in it, to make it fall flat at the back. The plait should be from five to eight inches in length.

## How You Can Think Yourself to Death.

Thousands of people actually think themselves to death every year by allowing their minds to dwell on morbid subjects.

As a rule the thought that kills relates to something the individual dreads more than anything else in the world. There is the germ of fatal thought in ninety-nine persons in every hundred, and the exception is only proof against the thought disease by having been inoculated with the lymph of optimism or philosophy.

The idea that one has some incipient disease in one's system, the thought of financial ruin, that one is getting on in life without improving prospects—any of them, or a thousand similar thoughts, may carry a healthy man to a premature grave. A melancholy thought that fixes itself upon one's mind needs as much "doctoring" as physical disease. It needs to be eradicated from the mind, or it will have just the same result as a neglected disease would have. The thought disease sometimes cures itself after running its course. So does small pox. But who would settle down to suffer from small pox and chance recovery, as thousands of foolish persons settle down to let the thought disease which has attacked them do its worst?

Every melancholy thought, every morbid notion, and every nagging worry should be resisted to the utmost, and the patient should be physicked by cheerful thoughts, of which there is a store in everyone's possession, bright companions—cheaper than drugs, and pleasanter.

There have occurred scores of dozens of cases where healthy persons have thought themselves into having tumours and cancers—cases which admit of no doubt whatever that the disease resulted from constant morbid fear. There might possibly be fewer cases of cancer if some great doctors could assure the world that it is not a hereditary disease; but morbid minded persons, on hearing that there is cancer in their families, generally do the very worst thing they can do under the circumstances—they conceive an awful dread that they will be afflicted with it. They dwell upon the fear constantly, and every trifling ailment which troubles them is at first mistaken for the premonitory symptoms of cancer.

The morbid condition of mind produces a morbid condition of body, and if the disease does happen to be in the system it receives every encouragement to develop.

## Epigram on Women.

Oh, the shrewdness of their shrewdness when they're shrewd,  
And the rudeness of their rudeness when they're rude;  
But the shrewdness of their shrewdness and the rudeness of their rudeness are as nothing to their goodness when they're good.

## Only One Sin in Smart Society Nowadays.

There is only one big society sin nowadays, and that is to be poor. If you are very rich you may be as wicked as you like, and no one will think a pin the worse of you.

Of minor sins, or lapses, perhaps one of the worst is to be seen in the company of a nobody—that is to say, a person who has only birth or brains or beauty of life to recommend him. Another is to go to the wrong tailors and bootmakers, dressmakers or milliners.

To take your husband about with you, instead of some other woman's husband, is a sin against society as constituted to-day, and to wear a smile on your face, or to seem to think life worth living, is also hopelessly vulgar. You must carry your head high, half close your eyes, appear utterly bored. To be happy, to blush even, is fatal to the perilous business of being smart.

In the old days persons of social position looked askance at a woman who wore clothes to which her husband's purse was quite inadequate. "Over-dressed" was the damning word usually applied to a woman unsuitably attired for her station in life; "dishonourable" was its harsher term; and the undoubted sin committed against society, against good breeding, caused the sinner to be frowned down in a way little conducive to the enjoyment of her ambitious plumes. Nowadays, when a woman is asked out to dinner because she is decorative, and may be trusted not to wear a gown that will disturb the perfect scheme of colour of the dinner table, it matters nothing to the hostess who paid for her frock; the social sin would be if the guest came badly dressed and did not reflect credit on her entertainer.

Next to the sin of being poor is the deadly one of being in earnest and taking serious things seriously. Not to discuss everything in a flippant spirit, not to find comedy in tragedy, and the ruin or heartbreak of a fellow human the subject of an epigram, is to be a prig and a bore.

The man or woman who most successfully hides any signs of brains or principle has the greatest success to-day, and to have mastered the art of double-entendre, to talk in a jargon of allusion and inference not to be comprehended of the uninitiated, to secretly bend every energy to amuse, gathering up with marvellous quickness and reproducing in a phrase the subject of the moment, that is all that is required, and society will rapturously welcome even the old, the ugly, the ill-bred, and the wicked, if only they have the knack of talking cheerful foolishness. It is true, there is something to be said on the side of laughter, of this persistent effort of the rich and idle to laugh at all times and in all seasons. But there is a wide difference between the cheerfulness that has its root in a good heart, and a great desire to encourage and make happier less fortunate people, and the "cracking of thorns beneath the pot" that society cal's mirth. Profanity and levity would better describe it, and a general topsy-turvydom of ideas and principles, in which vice alone is gay and amusing, virtue a dull dog for whom every one has a kick.

Society does not want to be instructed, preached at, or taught the way it should go; it even bitterly resents the passive object lessons displayed by beautiful, unworldly lives that, highly placed in the world, carefully eschew it, and who find their happiness in home, and books, and nature.



**Making Baby Useful.**

**LESSONS IN THE ART OF SELF-HELP.**

"I never teach my babies to be useful," said a friend of the writer's not long ago. "It makes them so horribly precocious!"

This was a mother who is supposed by her friends to be possessed of every natural virtue under the sun.

Yet not one of her five bairns has been taught to pick up a pin, or a more dangerous needle, from the nursery floor, much less assist in removing a pair of damp boots after the morning walk in cloudy weather.

Nothing could be more mistaken than the idea that a few daily lessons in the gentle art of self-help will rub off any of the tiny tot's natural "babyishness."

And, always provided that the lessons are conducted by the mother herself, and not by a jaded nurse, who might allow the child to fetch and carry in the wrong way, baby will receive the greatest advantage, both mentally and physically, from the training.

Now, how far to make her useful? Where to draw the line at which the tiny feet and brain must stand still?

The exercise of a little practical common sense will prevent mistakes and over-taught. And as to the training itself, begin early, and let it take the form to a large extent of play. The smallest child will appreciate being allowed to put on and take off her own gloves. Give her time and she will marshal the wee fingers in perfect order after a few trials.

The same with her gaiters. Almost in the cradle a baby will stretch forth its hands to play with a button. At two years of age the fascination of a button and a buttonhole is simply wonderful.

The day baby is allowed for the first time to try and button up her own soft cloth gaiter is one of epoch-making interest and pleasure to her.

The small hands will not prove very cunning at first; the willing little fingers will fall over and over again

at the outset. But before long what seemed an utter impossibility will become an ordinary detail of nursery routine, for no self-respecting tot will allow this interesting task to be performed by a grown-up when she has once learned to perform it herself.

The seeds of many an indolent character in after years have been sown by the over-zealous nurse, who continues to feed a child after it is big enough to hold its own spoon and guide it to the wee mouth.

**BABY AT EIGHTEEN MONTHS OLD.**

At eighteen months the intelligent baby will begin to have shrewd ideas as to the direction a spoonful of pudding ought to take in order that a boisterous appetite may be satisfied; and a year later no assistance need be rendered at meal time, as long as the nursery dinner consists of the ordinary soft foods, which can be easily manipulated with a spoon. An invalid mother known to the writer has derived unspeakable pleasure from teaching her three-year-old little son to dispense with the services of his nurse in the sick room. The child "minds" himself and gets into very little mischief that cannot be corrected from the invalid's couch.

A small chest of drawers has been placed against the wall, low enough for sonnie to reach the top drawer without having to mount on a chair, and herein is contained everything he is likely to want, both in the way of clothes and toys.

He takes out the tiny garments necessary for the daily walk, and carries them to his mother to be assisted into them, and replaces them in their appointed drawer upon his return. Nothing is ever out of place, yet for months no one has opened the drawers but the youngster himself, and nurse has never once had to be summoned to clear away the debris after a field display with toy guns and soldiers.

**"NIGHT TERRORS."**

The nervous tot who is subject to night terrors may be dealt with quite easily and simply if she is shown some simple means of helping herself out of the hysterical fear of her own loneliness, which now and then overtakes her in the hour of darkness. First of all the temptation to give way to a crying fit must be firmly repressed, and the best way of doing this is to have placed within the immediate touch some object by which the frightened bairn can summon the comforting presence of someone older than herself.

A bell-rope hung conveniently over the cot is an excellent idea, and the very fact of it being there will often check an inclination to scream out and get excited. Baby wakes up, finds herself alone, and being of a highly-strung, over-imaginative disposition, gives way to her terror in a crying fit, which may last for an hour or more. Nothing could be worse for either child or nurse, and more often than not the episode ends in a scolding, which only aggravates matters instead of soothing them.

Let the little one be taught that there is no need to cry out, that if she rings the bell over her cot someone will come; and let the bell always be answered promptly. She will soon cease to be troubled by terrors of any sort when she understands her own usefulness in summoning aid when aid is necessary.

While in the night nursery, one other point of self-help might be

touched upon—baby's bedroom slippers. She will soon learn to take these off and put them on herself if they are placed near to her hand each night.

A thoughtless or busy nurse will sometimes take her small charge out of the cot and stand her bare-footed on the floor while she makes the preparation for the morning toilet.

A thick rug may intervene between the wee feet and the carpet, but the practice is nevertheless a dangerous one, and best guarded against by baby herself. Let her have her bedroom slippers handy, and teach her never to leave the cot without first thrusting the pink toes into them. If they are nice and big and comfy, the little lady will grow to appreciate their services too well to forget them. A pretty ribbon, or a bright touch of colour in the wool of which they are composed, will add to their attractiveness in the young eyes enormously.

**PREPARING FOR "TUBBING."**

Baby's share of preparing for her bath must necessarily be somewhat limited; yet even here the training of usefulness need not altogether fallow. She will delight in getting ready the clean, neatly-folded towel, and in carrying to the bath-mat such needful articles as the sponge and soap.

All these little tasks will both amuse and instruct the average intelligent baby. There is no need to make them tedious. For instance, in teaching her to wash her own teeth every day, have the wee toothbrush and glass of clean water quite handy, so that the operation can be performed without any irksome ceremony.

**Words of Sympathy.**

Here again is a use of words which we all, but especially the young, hesitate over. "What are words at such a time?" we ask ourselves. And if our hearts urge us to try, we pause again and ask in sincere timidity, "What can I say that will do any good?"

This is more apt, much more apt to be the state of mind of young people on whom no great sorrow or bereavement has yet fallen. Just as soon as you have had to sit in the shadow, while death reigns in a house of mourning, you will realise how inexpressibly comforting words of sympathy—written or spoken—become to you. Just in proportion as you loved the one who has gone, you will value everything that is said. If people say they loved and honoured the dead, you are cheered by learning how many valued him or her who was so dear to you.

Never be afraid to follow out your first impulse, or to say what you mean in the simplest words which come to your mind. I have often noticed that in the homes of very poor people, one after another will come in and take the sorrowing mourner's hand and say earnestly, "I am very sorry for your trouble." There surely could not be anything more simple and commonplace than those seven words. Yet I have seen a broken-hearted widow dry her tears and gradually show an unmistakable sense of peace and comfort, which truly made her grief lighter. It is not what we say, but how we say to any suffering person that we share their pain, which gives relief.

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Window Box Gardening.

HOW TO GET A GOOD EFFECT FOR A SMALL OUTLAY.

It is a mystery why garden-lovers, especially those who live in towns, where opportunities for horticulture are more restricted than in the country, have not practised hitherto the art of window-gardening to a greater extent. They are very seldom seen in the colonies. Window-boxes are artistic, may be inexpensive, are easily tended from inside, and their contents are not subject to destruction by cats.

MAKING THE BOX.

There are few things more easy to make than a window-box, and the larger it is the better.

It should be the full length of the sill, and quite as wide; in fact, it may with advantage be allowed to project two or three inches beyond, as this extra width will give a great deal more room. Six to eight inches will be sufficiently deep for it.

Ordinary flooring-board answers as well as anything for its construction, and the ends and sides may be nailed together just in the ordinary way.

About a dozen to eighteen holes, each half an inch in diameter, should be bored in the bottom of the box for the purpose of allowing superfluous water to run away freely, and to assist this end the box should not be allowed to rest dead on the window-sill, but should be raised about half an inch or so from it. This is done by nailing a few sticks of wood on to the bottom of the box at intervals.

It should be painted on the outside (a good sober green is as good a colour as any), but the inside should not be touched.

When the box is made and in position, the first thing to do is, of course, to fill it. At the bottom should be strewn a few broken pieces of flower-pot to allow of free drainage. Over this a layer of decayed leaves or leaf-mould will be an advantage, and then the box should be filled up to within an inch of the top with a mixture of loam, more leaf-mould, and a little silver-sand.

As window-boxes do not require a great deal of soil to fill them, care should be taken to get it as good as possible, and a shilling or two spent for this purpose will be amply repaid by a larger and more healthy display of bloom when the time comes.

Another way to utilise the boxes, instead of filling them with earth, is to buy plants in pots, and stand them, pots and all, in the boxes, covering the whole surface with cocoanut fibre. This gives a somewhat formal effect, but has one advantage. If the plant in one pot finishes flowering, fails to flower at all, or dies, it can easily be lifted out and replaced by another one without any trouble.

Summer is, of course, the time when window-boxes are at their best; but there is no reason why they should not be fresh and bright nearly all the year round. The snowdrop will be the first to make its appearance in spring; and all the usual bulbs—such as daffodils, crocuses, scillas, and tulips—are admirably adapted for box-cultivation. Practically, any kind of daffodil is suitable; and among the tulips White Swan, Golden Eagle, Ophir, d'Or, Bontou d'Or (all yellow), Keizer's Kroon (red, with yellow edges), and the scarlet Gesneria are all desirable. With these may be interspersed an occasional dwarf evergreen shrub. Lilies-of-the-valley, too, and

dogs-tooth violets should also be planted.

Summer brings with it a wealth of available flowers. One of the most charming feats of window-box gardening may be accomplished by training sweet-peas to hang over the edges of the box. The seeds should be planted about an inch from the edge, and as they grow they will probably fall over by their own weight. Sweet-peas grown in this way give a delightful shower of blossom, especially if intermingled with the yellow flowers of the creeping jenny, and the various coloured blooms of hanging geraniums.

For the body of the box many things are available. Scarlet geraniums, white daisies, and blue lobelia promise to be all the rage this year on account of the Coronation festivities; but beyond this nemophilas, petunias, pelargoniums, Impatiens, Clarkias, flowering heaths, fuchsias, begonias, convolvuli, nasturtiums, musc, canary creeper, stonecrop, saxifrages, forget-me-nots, and dozens of other plants may be used, to be followed later on by chrysanthemums, asters, and dahlias.

The King's Bracelets.

The wearing of a bracelet by a man seems a little odd to modern ideas, yet it is done by some very great personages, indeed. In earlier times it was the mark of Royalty among the nations in the East, and its use is recorded in Biblical pages. Hence it is not so strange to find that among the ornaments that King Edward will don on his Coronation Day will be a pair of bracelets. These English bracelets, or "armills lac," are of the finest gold, and adorned with bands of pearls at the edges. They are beautifully chased and ornamented with the rose, shamrock and thistle, and open by means of a hinge. Our old Anglo-Saxon kings wore these baubles, and in some of the old chronicles they are termed "givers of bracelets."

The Latest Fad.

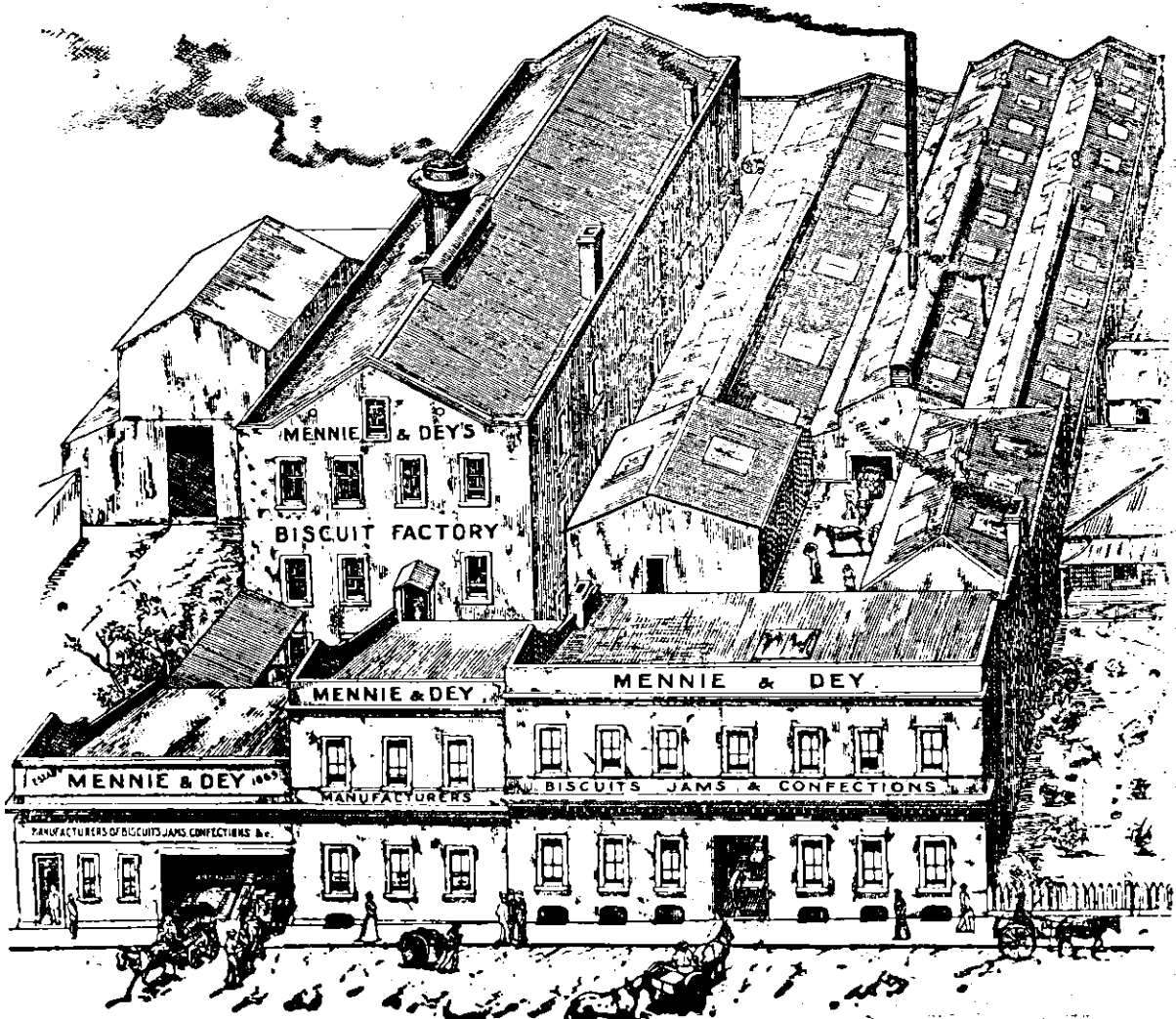
A little animal of the gruesome order is the last pet of the fashionable woman always craving for something new. Happily, it is not alive, for she will stick a toad upon the bosom of her gown with as little fear as she places a black beetle or lizard on the blotter of her writing table. The chameleon, in every shade of colour which it is its special privilege to assume, is a favourite fancy, and these ornaments are so made that a varied dozen given as a present are sufficient for the most fastidious, for they can be changed and changed about, and those that have been worn as ornaments one day can serve as additions to a boudoir the next, clinging to curtains, fastening photographs to draperies, etc., and so on.

Ping-Pong Invades the Ocean.

Ping-pong, having invaded every corner of the earth, is now extending its conquest to the ocean. Fashionable ocean travellers who take delight in frequent trips to America will now have something besides deck quilts to occupy their time. The game was first introduced on board the Campania, and afforded so much amusement to the passengers that the company, it is stated, has decided to instal ping-pong outfits on all their ships. Scarcely had the Campania left Liverpool when the passengers were hard at it, striving for the championship of the North Atlantic, which was won by a Scotchman.

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**Matrimonial Misfits.**

**SAVING AND SPENDING.**

The pecuniary prosperity of the family life is as important as any part of it, and living within one's means is an essential condition of the peace that should follow plenty. Uneasy lies the head that has debt for a pillow, and very uneasy must be the man be who knows that while he is saving money at the "spigot" his wife is letting it "run out at the bung." His devotion to her had need match his confidence in his own powers for him to face the future with equanimity.

An extravagant wife is a thorn in the side of the plodding man, and the marriage that might be almost perfect in other respects must necessarily be marred by this one failing, for he is for ever in anxiety as to what she is going "to let him in" for next.

I once heard a man say laughingly to his wife whom he was accusing of extravagance: "You cost me £300 a year more than you need, but, on the whole, you're worth it." Which was good philosophy, but not the best way of putting on the brake.

Perhaps it was his pleasant way of bowing to the inevitable, and perhaps he could afford it. So many cannot, and yet are dragged miserably into debt for the sake of doing like their neighbours, and having what others have. "They stunt and distort their true selves in striving to act up to some conventional standard of propriety."

**THE LIGHTING QUESTION.**

Extravagance is, of course, only a question of proportion, and the causes of friction vary from old china at Christie's to the odd halfpenny in the butcher's bill.

The Browns, whose electric light costs them about £30 a quarter, are looked upon with horror by the Robinsons, whose bill is never more than £6 17/6. But then Mrs Brown revels in a large income, and can afford the dazzling splendour of an Alhambra illumination, whereas the Robinsons, of humbler means, live practically in the dark, and are obliged to precede you upstairs to turn on the light.

"Never have electric light, my dear," said Mrs Robinson to me one day. "I've had more quarrels with my husband since we've had it the last six months, than in ten years of married life." The leak is generally in the everyday expenses of the house, however much the woman exclaims "Cigars!" or the man retorts with "Hats!" (How is it they always attack our hats?)

It takes almost a lifetime to thoroughly master the intricacies of domestic economy, without being mean and stingy. I stipulate for that. It is easy enough to do without things, and teach others to do without them, and to cut it so fine that you must go without. But to have everything you need, to buy it in the best market at the lowest rate, and use it to the best advantage, and use it all, is a triumph of management continually yearned after, but seldom attained.

Managing money is like playing golf. The best player will sometimes find himself landed in a bunker, and it is only his experience which enables him to get out of it without a bad loss.

**WHEN ECONOMY BECOMES EXPENSIVE.**

To save without suffering, that is victory. Economy becomes expensive when it means torment. I know a woman whose housekeeping ambition is to keep her weekly bills down to £3 5/, and her condition of mind when one of the children happens to lose sixpence on the way to the fruiterer's amounts to frenzy. Even with a very small income one should still continue to allow a margin for trivial losses, that one may be spared the wear and tear of penny vexations and two penny worries.

Many of us who have quite a comfortable margin to our incomes pinch and screw and save to buy luxuries that will really not make any difference to us.

Forgo a few odd things you can do without, and you will be able to go along easily without scraping and meanness; and you will not be so busy either laying down those fretful lines that disfigure the faces of those who are for ever wanting something. You will have money to spare for a little inevitable waste or loss, and you will be able to afford to wink at the contingencies which other folks dub extravagancies. Let them buy furbelows and kickshaws—you will have bought peace of mind. And you will escape the fate of the majority, who "eat their hearts out in a wearying struggle to copy those who have twice their income."

**Fortunes in Feathers.**

A French enthusiast has been collecting the statistics of the number of birds which are killed to decorate the hats of ladies on his own and our side of the Channel.

To begin with, he informs us that the craving for wing-feathers has resulted in the total extinction of swallows, kingfishers, and goldfinches in France.

They have all been hunted into other countries or exterminated.

The feathers with which ladies decorate their hats nowadays come mostly from Siberia and from the country where the Kergesse, Ostiacks, and Samoyeds abide and flourish. These tribes employ their interminable winter mainly in shooting and in snaring birds.

They eat the flesh and sell the skins, as well as the feathers.

At the market of Urbit, a town on the borderland of Europe and of Asia, this winter 3000 horned owls were sold at seven roubles (15/) a pair, and 4000 pairs of eagles fetched the same price. White owls were in great request, and 16,000 pairs were sold at two roubles (about 4/4) the pair. The ordinary grey owl is not marketable.

No fewer than 200,000 pairs of magpies fetched good prices, and 2000 grebes (a little crested bird which looks like a duck with the head of a hen) were run up to the price of half a crown a pair by the fur merchants, who were very keen on the feathers, which are much in request for muffs and the trimming of ladies' dresses, owing to the glossiness of their plumage.

Sixty thousand pairs of grouse tail feathers and of woodcocks' tails fetched only about 10 copeks, and partridge feathers were a glut upon the market. Thirty thousand pairs of partridge wings were sold for less than 2d the pair.

**Fashions in Proposals.**

**THE CONFESSIONS OF A MUCH-LOVED GIRL.**

Different ways of proposing are as numerous this spring as are the different men who propose. Some propose flippantly, lightly, as if they invited you to luncheon, instead of matrimony, preparing to hedge if they get "No," and to say they were only flirting.

Others there are, straightforward, manly and honourable, who take "No" with such serious grace that they win your respect and liking, if they cannot win your love.

Some men propose on their knees, some sitting right back in a corner of the sofa, and others standing up boldly; but whatever way it may be, they all always look funny. They have such a dazed and dazzled expression, as if they had been struck right between the eyes, and I believe science asserts that Cupid strikes somewhere on the left side. I have only had one man ever get on his knees to propose to me. This one had on white duck trousers, and he knelt down in the dusty path in which we were walking. His mother would have spanked him had she been there. When he got up there were two great dirt spots, one on each knee, of his otherwise immaculate ducks. He might just as well have put on a placard, saying, "I've just proposed." It was really pathetic. Next to seeing a man on his knees a girl loves to see him cry, after he has proposed.

The length of time it takes a man to propose, after he has first met the girl, depends upon the nature of the man, the climate, the weather, the surroundings, the moon, the state of his mind, and a little bit on the way the girl treats him. Sometimes they propose all of a sudden, without any treatment at all beforehand. If the moon is full and the man is not, the average man should be expected to propose within fifteen days after he has first met the girl. If he sees her three times a day, for three hours at a time, he can usually become well acquainted with her nature and all her little characteristics in that time, provided the girl is simple, as is apt to be the case. Very few women are complex. It isn't so important whether the girl understands the man's nature or not. But, anyway, she can learn it in no time at all, because all men are alike. They mostly all are brainy, and can smoke and

love with equal ease. There are men who say very fiercely, as if they were really desperate, "Will you, or won't you marry me?" That sort of men are not much good, because you can't flirt with them and keep them dangling. They make you say either "Yes" or "No" right away. You can't fool them.

There are many ways in which a girl can tell that a man is going to propose, before he does. First, there is the tone in his voice. Then his eyes always follow you about the room in the most admiring, adoring way. He looks at you with a vague, far-away gaze, as if he really saw a vision, or an angel; but he thinks he does, so let him alone. At this stage of the game he wouldn't even dare to call you "darling." But he has other ways of showing how he likes you. Sometimes he drops little hints about his ideal of a woman. He says he never met her—until now. Again, he makes allusions to his income, and says he supposes it seems so little to you. Some men propose by showing you their bank books, and saying, "Will that be enough?"

The only way to propose is the old way—the way Adam must have proposed to Eve, before there was any money, or reason, or anything in the world but—Love. Go to her and say, "You've got to marry me because I love you and you love me, and I can't live without you." And that style of proposal is always in fashion.

Sherlock Holmes was what we term a specialist in crime; His methods surely must confirm Him greatest of all time. And though our object's not the same, Our method's just as sure. To kill bad coughs is our great aim, With WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE.

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**'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.

# THE WORLD OF FASHION.

(By MARGUERITE.)

In the matter of fashion, for the next week or two we stand, so to speak, at the parting of the ways; for many of us feel we would like to wait a little while before absolutely deciding in what clothes we are going to invest for the spring.

Now the sales are displaying their attractions of great bargains. For women with good judgment in buying the sales form a real opportunity.

There are some things that are always worth buying. At the present time good lace, real or fine imitation, must be included among such trophies; it is useful on every gown and cloak, and shows no sign of diminishing in popularity.

Lace, in the form of collars, berthes, and what you will, forms the most important part of an evening bodice. Always remember that the

appearance of lace is much improved by a layer of chiffon beneath. It sounds curious to suppose that lace requires softening, but I assure you there is a vast difference between laces used with chiffon and that without. But I fear you must all be tired of hearing me say that without chiffon fashion would be dead indeed. Women are delightfully obstinate in some things, and fashion won't

change them, although I doubt if it has ever tried to make them give up chiffon and lace. And, after all, it would puzzle the brain of a really good fashion designer to make a perfect gown without such additions.

Rather a novel idea appears on a gown, a collar that might be termed a pelerine, made of tabs of lace hanging from the shoulders with fans of mousseline de soie between. This is only one of many graceful attempts to introduce some form of short shoulder cape. Military braid and galoon are making a bid for success, and are used on gowns as well as on jackets.

A new model of blouse that seems to have some novel features is made of a pink and white striped wash silk and closed with round, white silk crocheted buttons in place of studs. There is an attached choker of the same silk, with a little pleated rabat attached to the front of this, the rabat finished with a line of embroidered batiste. There are narrow turnover cuffs and collar of embroidered batiste.

Have you seen those new tied ribbon bows? They are just the thing that everyone is going to wear—that is, every one who can afford the luxury, for it takes quantities of ribbon to make them—even the simplest—added to the skilful fingers of the professional bowmaker. There is the Du Barry bow, similar to the one worn by Mrs Leslie Carter in the play of that name, and is a quaintly becoming headdress. Bunches of ribbon that closely resemble the modest violet are to be worn on the corsage. These are really economical when we remember what a short time a bunch of violets lasts. Other corsage decorations start with a small cluster at the shoulder, and so on, in a series, to the middle of the front and down to the belt. Can anything be more pretty for afternoon or evening wear, with some of these exquisitely simple gowns than a number of these bows in various styles and becoming colours? And then, too, how easy to produce the effect of having a great variety of costumes by the clever changing of these bows among several gowns! Large black rosettes, often of gauze ribbon, are worn in the hair, toward the front, at almost any hour of the day. The younger people are wearing a butterfly bow at the back quite at the nape of the neck. These are generally made of taffeta, moire or velvet, and mostly in black.

Roses made in two or three shades of pink satin ribbon so closely resemble the real, or garden, rose as to defy detection. These are to be worn in graceful Spanish fashion, tucked into the hair behind the ear, or up among the waving front locks. Then again they find appropriate setting among the laces about the neck of a gown. Oh, there are a thousand and one ways to use these delicate and beautiful productions of the milliner's art. One head dress is called the "toreador." Then there are bows that can be made to cover the entire front of a bodice, or do duty upon the crown of a hat. There are the graceful bunches of knots, with streaming ends—each one ending in a tiny knot and the whole closely following out the idea of the shower bouquet. No matter to what use you may desire to put a bow, you can surely have just the thing you want made at any ribbon counter—to such perfection is this skill in bowmaking now carried.

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### COAT WITH EMBROIDERY COLLAR.

The Margaret coat is one of the most attractive offered among the fashions for children, and is fit for little girls of six, eight and ten years. It is suitable for ladies' cloth in any desired shade, and the plait clusters extend from the shoulder to the skirt hem, the belt forming the dividing line, and the tucks released at the knee or above it to thus form the fullness in the skirt. The sleeve is gathered into a cuff of the goods, which is trimmed with a cuff of the



A Stylish Costume.

lace. The coat in the illustration is made of navy blue cloth, and the collar, which is of Renaissance lace,



forms an effective trimming. The mother who embroiders can embroider the collar of the goods with coloured silks. There is a shield piece which may be utilised in cold weather.

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AN INDOOR GOWN.



This is an up-to-date cape of fawn-hued cloth, braided all over in a striking design with braid of a corresponding colour.

I am giving you a design for a very simple Empire frock for evening wear. It would look charming in black chiffon. Crepe de chine is equally lovely and wears well; certainly, it is expensive to buy, but in the long run you will find it more economical than chiffon. The frock is a simple one, hanging loose from the decolletage, where it is softened by some narrow frills; a very long sash passes round the body under the arms, tying in a bow at the back, with the ends hanging down on to the skirt. The hem of the skirt is finished with ruchings of black chiffon, and the long transparent ruched sleeves are composed of the same fabric.

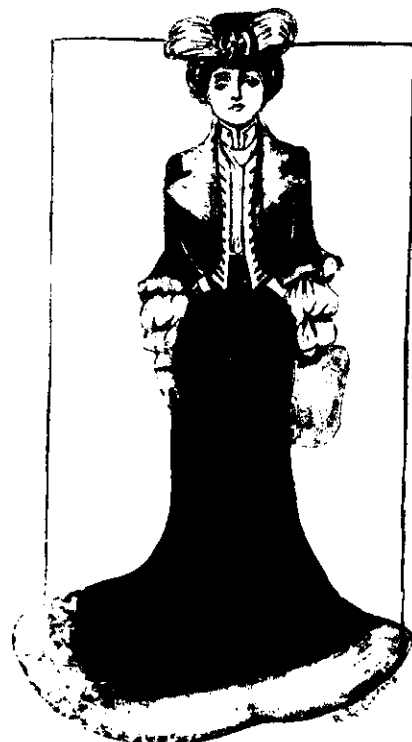
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AN EMPIRE GOWN.



A CARRIAGE OR EVENING COAT.



PARISIAN VISITING TOILETTE IN VELVET AND FUR.

# The GRAPHIC'S FUNNY LEAF

WIT  
SARCASTIC  
IRONY  
SATIRE  
JOKE

**ASKING TOO MUCH.**  
"That's the fault of lots of people," exclaimed Duff, disgustedly.  
"What is?" inquired Muff.  
"They think that you wouldn't do them a good turn unless you always turn the grindstone when they have an axe to grind."

**SHE HAD 'EM.**  
Miss Newlyrich was being taught how to play hearts. A diamond was led and she played a club.  
"Have you no diamonds?" they asked her.  
"Oh, she has any quantity upstairs," exclaimed her mother, proudly.

**HER FIRST QUESTION.**  
"At last," said the great scientist, "I have fully established communication with Mars. What great question shall I submit to them first?"  
"Ask them," said the young woman promptly, "if they have discovered a comfortable and suitable bicycle costume for girls that is also attractive."

**LOSING VENTURE.**  
"The trouble with experience is that you can't sell it, no matter how much it cost."  
"No?"  
"No. There may be hundreds of men buying it in the open market while you have a large accumulation on hand that you are ready to dispose of at a discount, but they won't buy from you. The peculiarity of experience as a business commodity is that everyone seems to be determined to get it fresh and pay the full retail price for it. There is absolutely no demand for the second-hand article."

**ADIEU.**  
Prima Donna: Appearances are very deceptive.  
Comedian: Especially farewell appearances.



**A GONER.**

(Grogson (in alarm): Great Scott! I've left my purse under my pillow.  
Fisher: Oh, well, your servant is honest, isn't she?  
Grogson: That's just it—she'll take it to my wife.

**HOPELESS.**  
"All Joshua wants," said Farmer Jones' wife, "is a chance to show what he can do."  
"Yes," said the farmer, "I s'pose so. Josh is one of those people who never seem to get a chance to do anything except something they can't do."



**BUSINESS.**  
Shopkeeper (whose patience is completely exhausted): Suppers, call the porter to kick this fellow out.  
Importunate Commercial Traveller (undaunted): Now, while we're waiting for the porter, I'll show you an entirely new line—best thing you ever laid eyes on.

**THE SIZE OF IT.**  
"The principal ingredient in all these patent medicines is the same."  
"It must be a powerful drug. What is it?"  
"Printer's ink."

**SO SEDATE.**  
How did you like the new preacher, dear?" asked Mrs Fijit when her husband returned from church.  
"He's great," replied her husband, "He woke me up only once."

**HER IDEA OF IT.**  
"Mrs Giezer intends to have a number of literary evenings," said Mrs Tenspot to Mrs Hojack.  
"What is her idea of literary evenings?"  
"Well, she's to give a Ben Hur progressive euvre, followed by a Long-fellow ping pong."

**SURE PROOF.**  
"Now that my engagement to Edgar is broken off, I wonder if he'll ask me to return the jewels that he gave me?"  
"If he doesn't ask for them I'd send them back at once—for in that case they're not genuine!"

**UNDOUBTEDLY THE CASE.**  
It was 11.30 p.m. by the clock in the steeple when the youth felt called upon to say something.  
"Don't you know," he remarked, "I could sit by your side forever."  
"Yes," answered the dear girl in the case, suppressing a yawn, "and at the present writing it looks as though you intended to."

"I see you've got an automobile. Were you ever in a race?"  
"Yes."  
"How did you come out?"  
"On crutches a month later."

**WHEN IT BEGAN.**  
"Eve," asked Adam, one bright May morning in the year 2, "where are those best fig leaf trousers of mine?"  
"Were those your best?" inquired Eve. "I thought you did not want them any more, and gave them to a tramp monkey that happened along."  
Inwardly raging, Adam hid himself to the fig patch and tried to find a pattern that matched his coat and vest.

**A PLAUSIBLE EXPLANATION.**  
"Gladys," he sighed, as he leaned toward the frivolous young thing, "Gladys, there is something within me that tells me that you love me—something that thrills through and through me, bearing a message."  
"Henry," interrupted the maiden fair, "you have evidently cross-circuited a wireless message that I have nothing to do with."

**FAMILIARITY.**  
"I'm glad to see you. And how did you enjoy your visit to the south?"  
"Oh, not very much! There wasn't a soul where I was staying except intimate friends."

**HE KNEW IT.**  
Wife (kissing him): Dear, dear Jack!  
Jack (aside): There goes another five.

**HIS EXPERIENCE.**  
"You can't imagine," said the musical young woman, "how distressing it is when a singer realizes that she has lost her voice."  
"Perhaps not," replied the man, "but I've got a fair idea of how distressing it is when she doesn't realize it."

**HIS NO LONGER.**  
"I suppose you own the house you live in?"  
"I used to."  
"Sold it, eh?"  
"No; got married."



**A CRUSHER.**  
Bragge: I was knocked senseless by a cricket ball two years ago.  
The Boy in the Corner: When does yer expect ter get over it?

**CLEAR CASE.**  
"I think Carrye is going to elope with Cholly to-night."  
"Why?"  
"She's been committing the marriage service to memory all morning."

**CONSIDERATE.**

Mrs Fijit: Why don't you ask Mr Nextdoor for our lawn mower, Henry?  
Mr Fijit: Oh, he's only had it three years, and I don't want to offend him.



**A NIGHTMARE.**  
Mrs Flocke: Henry, don't you think my new bonnet is a perfect dream?  
Mr Flocke (thinking of the bill): Yes, and a jolly bad one!

**HIS QUALIFICATIONS.**  
He was pleading his cause earnestly.  
"I am wealthy," he said, "and could make ample provision for you."  
She nodded and checked one point off on her fingers.

"I have had experience with the world," he continued.  
She checked off another point.  
"I have passed the frivolous point," he went on, "and I have the steadfastness, the age and the wisdom to guard and guide you well."  
He paused for an answer.  
"The points you make are strong ones," she said, "but they lead undeviatingly to the conclusion that you would make an excellent father for me. You have all the necessary qualifications, but just now I am looking for a husband."

**EXPERT TESTIMONY.**  
"Do you think," she asked the rich old widower, "that it is possible for one to be a gentleman without a college education?"  
"Well, I guess so," he answered "Mr and my three brothers have more money than any other forty men that ever come out of our county, and there ain't none of us that ever seen the inside of a college."

**KEEPING THE FAMILY.**  
"So you want my daughter?" growled the old man. "Can you support a family?"  
"What's the matter?" remanded the suitor, suspiciously; "are you out of work?"

**NO CHANCE FOR POPULARITY.**  
"Do you think Boggs would make a winning candidate?"  
"What is his first name?"  
"Algernon."  
"Turn him down. We must have a candidate the boys can call 'Bill.'"

**A REAL NEED.**  
"Here's an invention that enables you to see the man who rings you up over the telephone."  
"That's well enough. But what is really needed is something that will enable you to punch him on the jaw."

**TIP FOR WILLIE.**  
Little Willie: Ma was looking over the paper to-day and I spoke to her five times, but she never answered.  
Pa: My son, you may as well learn now as later that it is a waste of time to try to attract a woman's attention from a bargain advertisement.