

"The New Zealand Graphic."

(PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK)

Office—**SHORTLAND STREET, Auckland, N.Z.**

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

Per Annum - - - £1 5 0
(If paid in advance.)

Single Copy: Price SIXPENCE

By sending direct to "The Graphic" Office Twenty Shillings sterling, which you may pay by Post Office Order, Postal Note, One Pound Note, or New Zealand Stamps you can have "The Graphic" posted regularly to you every week for a year.

Cheques, Drafts, etc., and all Business Communications to be addressed to the Manager.

Literary Communications, Photographs and Black and White Work to be addressed to the Editor.

Society Notes and Correspondence relating to matters of special interest to ladies to be addressed to "The Lady Editor."

The Editor will carefully read all manuscripts submitted to him, and all communications will be regarded as strictly confidential by him.

All unsuitable MSS., Sketches or Pictures will be returned to the sender, provided they are accompanied by the latter's address and the requisite postage stamps, but contributors must understand that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the preservation of the articles sent us.

Write for Free Illustrated Book—**"CAN I BECOME AN ELECTRICAL ENGINEER?"**
We can teach anyone at home by post, in his spare time, Electrical Engineering, Electric Tramways, Lighting and Power, Telegraphy, Mechanical Engineering, Mechanical Drawing. Institute endorsed by Thomas A. Edison and British electricians. Our correspondence system has helped thousands to better positions and salaries.
ELECTRICAL ENGINEER INSTITUTE,
Dept. 74, 242 West 43 Street, New York, U.S.A.

NAPIER AND FITZHERBERT, SOLICITORS.

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

VICTORIA ARCADE, Queen-st., Auckland.

AUCKLAND TRAMWAYS.
BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN THE CITY.

Advertisements in Our Cars are Read by Thousands Daily.

3d—TICKETS—3d
3d—TICKETS—3d
REDUCED TO 2/6 PER DOZEN,
REDUCED TO 1/6 PER DOZEN.

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

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

Here and There.

Before a fire brigade can start for a fire in Berlin the members must all fall in line in military fashion and salute their captain. This proceeding wastes at least three minutes.

"If all the land in Wellington was owned by the municipality, the rents would be sufficient to enable the Council to pave its streets with gold!"—Mr. A. W. Hogg, M.H.R., at the Wellington Land Board.

A sensational leap into the Brisbane river was made the other day from the Victoria bridge by a young unknown man, who sank immediately and was seen no more. He left his hat on the bridge. It contained a note protesting the writer's innocence of a charge made against him, and stating that his wife would be better off when he was gone.

A large number of valuable relics of the stone age in New Zealand have been presented to the Auckland Museum by Captain Gilbert Meir of the Thames. They embrace a collection of stone weapons and implements found in a very ancient village workshop on the seashore near Kaitiaki, Bay of Plenty. The weapons, etc., found are in all stages of manufacture.

Connoisseurs in choice old liquors have found a rare subject for gossip in the results of a recent sale of brandy which had been an almost incredible time in the cellars of Lord Henry Bentuck. Some of it, said to belong to a vintage of 1793, realised the remarkable price of £3 12/6 per bottle. The rest of the stock brought three guineas and £3 per bottle respectively. At the same sale, a quantity of hock, bottled in 1861, sold for £20 per dozen, and £7 10/ per dozen was paid for Chateau Margaux of 1875.

The bride of a wealthy American, at present enjoying a European honeymoon, says a "Frisco paper, won the adoration of her husband by the sweetness of her voice as she followed her occupation at the exchange. San Francisco was the scene of this modern romance, and history has it that ever since the gentle-mannered "hello girl" became not only a happy but a distinguished bride, other female operators have cultivated a charm of conduct which has sorely puzzled the uninitiated public.

A guard on the train from Culverden to Christchurch last week showed to a number of passengers an interesting fossil shark's tooth, which was found embedded deep in the clay about ten miles from Waipara on the Waipara-Cheviot railway line. The fossil was evidently a relic of an enormous genus of shark named *Carcharodon*, which flourished probably very many thousands of years ago, when a large part of the South Island was under water. These monstrous animals, which are extinct, inhabited both the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans during the Miocene Period of the Cretaceous or Tertiary Era. The land which now forms the fertile plains and valleys of Canterbury, but which was then probably only a muddy bottom of the sea, seems to have been a favourite spot for these creatures, as many of their teeth have been found in different parts, notably near Waipara and in the Waka Pass. Some very fine fossil sharks' teeth may be seen in the Canterbury Museum.

Children at one of our suburban schools were being put through reading tests yesterday, the story of Cyrus Field, who laid the first cable between England and America, after repeated failures, being the lesson. One of the young pupils seemed well versed in the subject, and there was reason for it, as the lad's father was employed in the work of laying the cable across the Atlantic on one or other of the steamers en-

gaged in the operation, and had told him all about it. On the 5th August, 1858, just 44 years ago, the first message that floated along the line was "Peace on earth, good will toward men," and then, according to the Royal Crown Reader, the electric current failed, and at last entirely ceased, and nothing could be done for some years, as America was distracted by civil war. It was not until July 27, 1866, just 36 years ago, that complete success was achieved, as that day there has not been a single day without telegrams passing between the old world and the new.

A business man, charged recently with failing to send his son to school, expressed considerable surprise at the socialistic legislation that not only provided education free, secular and compulsory, but placed upon parents the onus of sending their offspring to school. "I send the boy to school," exclaimed the father, "but if he doesn't go there what am I to do? I can't lose my business by taking him to school." The Magistrate said in a rather frozen manner, "The Act says you must cause your child to be sent to school. It is your responsibility, if you can't take him, perhaps you can provide a guard." You are fined half a crown." On the next case, the defendant pleaded that his child's absence from school was occasioned by ringworm and the lack of boots. A fine of 2/6 was imposed.

A correspondent, writing to a Napier paper, condemns "the dirty, disgusting habit of tradesmen in using old newspapers that have been through nobody knows whose hands to wrap food in." "To a great extent," he says, "housekeepers could put an end to the evil by refusing to receive any article of food wrapped in newspapers, old or new, for there is poison in printer's ink, and the Council should make a by-law forbidding newspapers as wrappers for food. Butchers are the dirtiest and most careless of tradespeople."

Once on a voyage from England to Australia Robert Brough had a sensational experience. A storm had raged for days and the battered down passengers were nearly smothering in their cabins. Mrs Brough was faint for want of air. Though a prodigious sea was rolling, Brough, in desperation, determined to open the port—to open and shut it, timing the seas. He wrenched the port open. Instantly a draught of fresh air rushed in, and with it the cries of a man, "Help! Help!" The man himself, struggling in the water, was scarcely an arm's length off. The ship lurched and he was gone. The vessel stopped, but the man, a sailor, was never recovered.

Though there is nothing calling for special mention in the July number of the "Pall Mall Magazine," it maintains that journal's usual high standard of excellence. Sir Arch. Geikie's article on "The Volcanic Eruptions in the West Indies" will be found interesting for its scientific descriptions and explanations of those appalling catastrophes, also for some admirable little photos of scenes in Martinique. Mr. Andrew Lang gives some pages to the further refutations of Mrs. Gallup's wildly absurd assertions regarding Bacon—an attention which the lady's assertions scarcely deserve. "How Londoners Will Get About in the Twentieth Century," "Animal Mesmerites and Confederates," "Auguste Rodin at Home," are some of the other articles likely to be read with interest. Another instalment of "Cornet Strong" confirms the reader's conviction of the great merits of the new serial. The number contains, among its numerous illustrations, a set of masterly drawings of English warships, and a coloured plate of "A Peep in Her Coronation Robes" that is a real work of art of its kind.

Says the "New Zealand Times": "Small boys and grown beachcombers were busy at Oriental Bay on Saturday gathering in blankets and clothing that had been thrown overboard from the troopship *Britannia*, and that had been cast up on the beach. Some of the bedclothes had been slept in by soldiers afflicted with measles, and other articles had been jettisoned because of pediculous occupancy—but they were all salvaged by means of skilfully-cast fishing-lines, and taken away to cause at least discomfort, if not to sow the seeds of disease."

Despite many warnings in the "Graphic" and other papers in the colony, besides those of the Old Country, the Tanqueray portrait fraud continues to take a number of innocent people in. The latest victims are down Invercargill way. The local paper, which has evidently not come across one of the many pars published exposing this swindle, observes: Circulars from a Parisian firm have been received by many people in this district, and probably throughout the colony, offering to execute life-size crayon portraits "absolutely free of charge" provided that photos were delivered by mail to them within ninety days from date of offer, and stating that the object of presenting the portraits without charge to "prominent people" was solely for the sake of advertising their work. An Invercargill resident informs us that in reply to a circular dated February 24 last he sent his photo, and that by a recent mail he received another communication stating that his portrait was finished, and advising him to have a handsome frame sent with it, according to designs and prices submitted, or in the event of his not wishing to have a frame to send ten shillings, to cover expenses in the way of packing and carriage. The resident says he cannot help feeling that he has been "had," and asks us to give publicity to the matter to save others from unnecessary trouble. In case any readers of the "Graphic" may be approached by the ingenious firms who, under various aliases, carry on this business, it cannot be too clearly reiterated that the portrait is a dodge to entrap the unwary into purchasing a worthless frame at an exorbitant price.

An attempt to climb the highest Himalayas will be made this year by a party consisting of three Englishmen, two Austrians and a Swiss, Dr. Jacot-Guillarmod. They are accompanied by Swiss guides. They will begin with the Godwin Austen, 28,220 feet high, and Dapsang, 28,665 feet high. If they are successful they will then try Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, 29,000 feet high. The Himalaya record is held by Sir Martin Conway, who climbed the Pioneer peak, 21,000 feet high, ten years ago.

The late Dr. Reaney (says a Melbourne paper) left a large sum of money for an oil painting on some subject connected with the discovery or early history of Victoria, the painting to be the property of the Melbourne National Gallery. According to the curious conditions of his bequest, the picture must be painted in England, probably because, when he made his will, there was no great artist in Melbourne. Owing to the difficulty in carrying out the wishes of the donor, the money, which had been well invested, had greatly increased, and last year the trustees decided to commission Mr. John Longstaff and Mr. E. Phillips Fox to paint a picture each, Mr. Longstaff choosing the Death of Burke and Wills, Mr. Fox the Landing of Captain Cook. After getting data and making many local sketches, these artists proceeded last year to England. Mr. Fox settled in St. Ives, Cornwall, where he worked at his canvas, which is now completed, and will probably reach Melbourne soon. Mr. Longstaff is now at work on his in his London studio.