

to their side. The revolutionary general, having nothing with which to purchase support but promises, freely distributes commissions in his army, the clear understanding being that if a man is a colonel or a general now he will occupy a correspondingly high position when the revolution is successful. Thus it comes to be very much an officers' war. The rank and file can scarcely be expected to take so keen an interest in the proceedings as their superiors, who have most to gain. So they probably leave as much of the fighting as they conveniently can to the generals and colonels. One clear effect of these encounters is that it must dispose of a large section of the ambitious folks in the community, which should be a distinct advantage in the way of obtaining permanent peace. But that does not seem to follow. At least Venezuela has not succeeded in destroying the elements of discord within its borders, though it has lately been having revolutions at the rate of one a quarter.

The Lady Barber.

Melbourne has now got a dozen lady barbers, and the union of tonsorial artists views with considerable alarm this innovation, for not only do the girls appear to be popular, but they are dexterous with both razor and scissors, and much cheaper than the males. The latter have good ground for fear. I can think of no occupation except nursing for which women are more cut out by nature than barbering. Their taste, their soft delicate touch, their quiet ways, all fit them peculiarly for performing those offices which now devolve almost entirely on the sterner sex. Who is there that would not hail their advent in the hair-dressing saloon, where now we reluctantly deliver ourselves over to the rough-handed, unfeeling, garrulous tormentor, who scrapes our first skin off, and asks us blandly, "How does the razor feel?" There could be no risk of such an ordeal at the hands of a woman. The sex is too sensitive to the feelings of others to be able to give pain. In their delicate grasp the razor would glide smoothly over the most stubby chin, and not bring the blush of irritation to the most delicate cheek. Fancy the soothing effect of being lathered by a soft, little hand, or the thrill when two taper fingers closed sweetly on your nostrils. Generally we resent loquacity in the barber, but who would not be shaved or have his hair trimmed to the musical accompaniment of a young female voice reciting the gossip of the day? The male barber bores you with his talk. The lady barber never could. I can foresee that if their employment became general—and if once introduced it must become general—beards would become a thing of the past. The moustache might remain, but only because of the opportunity it afforded of having its ends curried by the taper fingers already referred to. Age would sacrifice its scanty locks for the pleasure of having its head caressed by the saloon sirens. Callow youth would cultivate a hirsute face more assiduously than ever, but only that it might be the sooner met for the razor. Thus the high esteem in which the barber's profession was held in days of old, and the popularity of his saloon as a fashionable resort, would be renewed. The latter would attract men from the club and the charms of the bar, to which so many now fall victims, would wane before the attractions of the barber.

Picturesqueness and Dirt.

What is at the bottom of the analogy between picturesqueness and dirt? Auckland is unquestionably the most beautifully situated of New Zealand cities, and if we believe in Dr. Makgill's health report she must as certainly be the dirtiest and, therefore, the most unhealthy. Now, what is the reason of this? It seems strange, but it is undoubtedly true, that the most beautiful cities of the world are almost without exception the filthiest. Take Naples, for example. "See Naples and die," was for years

a dictum conveying gracefully the opinion that you could in all the world and in all your travels see nothing more lovely. But of late years "See Naples and die" has borne the more sinister meaning that to see Naples you had to run such risks of typhoid and other filth diseases that if you remained to see you were indeed likely to die. Rio de Janeiro, as far as personal experience goes, the most lovely and the most gorgeous place in the world. And for stench, incredible filth, and fever it is also extremely hard to beat. Go to Italy. The villages, the townships and the ancient cities are marvels of beauty, and in point of smells they each seem more ambitious than the other. It is, I am told, the same with Damascus, which from the distance looks a city of gardens, but which when you enter reminds of a famous but unmentionable to ears polite, circle in Dante's "Inferno." Now, what is the bearing of the one on the other? Are the residents of beautiful places so wrapped up in admiration of the beauties that surround them that they cannot spare time to be clean, and gradually become oblivious of olfactory offences at every hand? Or does part of the beauty belong to dirt, and would be destroyed if it were destroyed? Auckland is a city of gullies, and quaint wooden buildings make these gullies picturesque. If they were destroyed would the gullies become commonplace and the city lose part of its beauty? It must be confessed clean—perfectly clean—cities, are rarely beautiful. Take, for instance, Adelaide, which always looks as if it had come out of a handbox, it is about as uninteresting and ordinary looking a large city as you would see in the wide world. But I fear, even if dirt and beauty are wedded, Auckland will have to suffer a divorce and part with the insanitary conditions to which she has clung so long and so fondly. The authorities are, as the doctor says, incredibly ignorant of what is required, but the people are now awake at last, they know what they want, and they are determined to have it. Good drainage, and good pure water is now the universal cry, and the old, insane idea of risking death and disease rather than add a penny to the rates is dead. Let us hope for Auckland's sake it may never be resurrected.



Colds often hang on. You try this thing and that thing, every kind of home remedy and cheap cough mixtures, and yet your cold continues to hang on. You must not deal lightly with these old colds. You must get rid of them just as soon as possible. You must take something to break their hold.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

soothes irritable throats, heals inflamed bronchial tubes, and quiets congestion in the lungs. This is why it so quickly controls these old coughs and prevents pneumonia and consumption. "I was troubled with a very hard cough which I could not get rid of. When I read of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral I sent to Johannesburg and procured a bottle. It completely cured me, and I have many comrades here who have had hard coughs cured in the same way." — W. S. STONSON, Company C, Second Royal Border, Reg., Nel's Spruit, Transvaal, S. Africa. 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.

Clarke's Kidney Pills are warranted to cure Gravel, Pains in the back, and all kindred complaints. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. In boxes of 25 each, of all Chemists and Patent Medicines Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln England.

Here and There.

"There are three ways of sending a message," said Mrs Harrison Lee to an audience at Oamaru. "It may be sent by telegraph, by telephone, or by tell-a-woman." And when the laughter had subsided, the speaker declared that the last method was often the most effective.

A Wairarapa butcher lately received payment of an account from a well-known Maori chief of £500 in cash. The native man of coin appears to be keeping some hundreds of his fellow-beings in food-stuffs at Papawai, as, in addition, he lately paid £200 for groceries.

A vagrant, who was in the habit of sleeping under a house at New Plymouth, got a severe fright the other night. The landlord threw a bundle of lighted crackers under the house. The vagrant, aroused from his peaceful slumbers by the detonation, thought Mount Egmont had broken out in eruption, and ran at lightning speed till he found refuge in a hedge.

Sir Henry Moore Jackson, K.C.M.G., the recently appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Fiji, and His Majesty's High Commissioner for the Western Pacific, in succession to Sir George O'Brien, K.C.M.G., was expected to leave London some time early in August en route for Fiji via Canada. It is expected His Excellency will arrive in the colony on or about September 9 per R.M.S. Mowera, due out that date from Vancouver.

An invention that realises £5600, if only in the fruit line, should be a valuable one, and its utility should be enquired into by those interested in the banana industry. A British Columbia publication (the "Province," of June 23), states that "Chas. A. Douc assigned the entire right in his invention of a banana crate to the Western Banana Crate Manufacturing Co. of La Crosse, Wis., on April 10, 1902, in consideration of £3600; patent No. 691,845".

The Kawera (Hawke's Bay) natives whose canoe was accorded first prize in the Coronation procession at Napier, along with that of the Moteo natives, have decided to take it on an exhibition tour, commencing at Palmerston North, and visiting Wellington, New Plymouth, Wanganui and Auckland. The canoe is of ancient origin, but is in a capital state of preservation, and on the tour it will be shown as it appeared in the procession, with the Maoris attired in their picturesque costumes.

The extraordinary flights which have been known to be taken by blackbirds were referred to by Sir James Hector at a meeting of the Wellington Philosophical Society. The speaker said blackbirds had been met with in different parts of the world at enormous distances from land. He believed they were not imported to New Zealand, but came without invitation about 1860 or a year or two earlier. They spread immediately over the whole country, and began devouring the fly that was killing the cabbage and turnip.

Where did Solomon obtain his gold? This has been a Biblical problem for many hundreds of years. Mr. M. Cohen undertook to give a possible solution at the Feilding Poultry Association dinner on Wednesday. Several of the speakers during the evening had held forth as to the ability of women in the poultry yard. Taking up the theme, was it not possible, indeed highly probable, asked Mr. Cohen, that Solomon had his winea poultry-farming? That was how he became so rich.

The secretary of the Captain Cook memorial fund has received donations from His Excellency the Governor and Captain Alexander. Lord Ranfurly writes: "It gives me great pleasure to see that there is a movement to erect a memorial to Captain Cook. If we wish to inspire the living gen-

eration with admiration for the great and heroic deeds of the men of the past, we cannot afford to leave unnoticed the name of Captain Cook, of whom every Englishman may justly be proud." A number of letters have been received from members of Parliament warmly approving of the proposal.

As an instance of the efficacy of birds as destroyers of insect pests, Mr W. T. L. Travers stated at the Philosophical Society the other day that while a certain insect was found to lay 2000 eggs in a year, a single tomtit was found to eat 200,000 eggs in the same time. A swallow devoured 543 insects in a day, eggs and all.

Sir James Hector stated (says the "Times") during the debate on small birds at the Philosophical Society last week, that he believed birds attacked fruit for the sake of the moisture it contained. In Canterbury he had been shown through an orchard where the owner provided small troughs of water for the birds, and he found that this kept the birds away from the fruit.

The Duchess of Devonshire recently acted as hostess to the Queen. The dinner table was resplendent with gold plate, orchids and pink roses, flowers and palms decorating the long corridors and principal rooms till the great house looked like a fairy palace. To choose guests to meet a Queen must be something of an ordeal. Of these guests there were thirty, Princess Victoria and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark being among them. The Queen wore black spangled with gold, a rather different kind of costume to what she generally affects.

In all twenty-eight of the Electric Tramway Company's new cars have now been erected, and are standing at the depot, Ponsonby, in readiness for use. Work at the power-house, Lower Hobson-street, is progressing satisfactorily, and a start has been made with the fitting in of the six large boilers imported to supply motive power to the dynamos. The track-laying and overhead wire installation are also nearing completion.

At Mafeking the Coronation—original date—was celebrated by the laying of the foundation stone of a church to commemorate the siege. The stone bears the following inscription:



TO THE GLORY OF GOD, and in memory of those who died during the siege of Mafeking, October 13, 1899, and as an act of thanksgiving for the relief of the town May 17, 1900. This stone was laid by Lieutenant-Colonel C. B. Vyvyan, late commandant, June 26, 1902.

The latest fashionable fad with ladies at Home is the long gold-topped stick. It seems to have been introduced by Miss Roosevelt, and was in the beginning carried by those ladies who led their little pet dogs in the streets. It was found necessary to have some weapon to keep off inquisitive dog friends from their pets when taking the air. To have to drag a pet along by its ribbon, and then lift it into protecting arms when common, unwashed animals came up to pass the time of day, was found too inelegant a proceeding. Now the grunts bells just taps the larrikin animals on the head with the gold end of the stick. As a rule they take the hint and attend to business elsewhere. But cases have been known where badly disposed dogs would not go away, but have turned round and worried the gold-headed