

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

Vol. XXIX.—No. VIII.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23 1902

[Subscription—25s. per annum. If paid in advance 20s. Single copy—Sixpence.



An Unworked Boer Mine.

Botha, De la Rey and De Wet, according to a recent cablegram, purpose visiting Kruger, with a view of making him disgorge some of his wealth for the benefit of the ruined burghers. It is to be feared that they will find the Kruger mine a very refractory one.

People Talked About

The King's Doctors.

Of the five eminent doctors who are in attendance upon His Majesty probably the two best known are Sir Frederick Treves and Lord Lister—the one by reason of his magnificent services to the British troops in South Africa and the other because of his long and sterling work in the minimizing of human suffering. Of the other three, Sir Thomas Smith is the Honorary Sergeant-Surgeon to the King; Sir Thomas Barlow is Physician to His Majesty's Household, and Sir Henry Laking occupies the position of Physician-in-Ordinary and Surgeon Apothecary.

greeted by the bearded smackmen with "For he's a jolly good fellow."

Sir Frederick was born at Dorchester in 1853, and, although of Italian extraction, he is nevertheless thoroughly English in all his ways.

Prominent in the life work of Lord Lister stands the discovery of the antiseptic method of treating wounds in surgical operations. Born at Upton in 1827, he had an almost meteoric career up to the year 1860, when he was appointed Regius Professor of Surgery in the University of Glasgow. Here he found himself surrounded by the typical surgery of the day. However brilliant—and from a surgical point of view, successful—the opera-

tions were, he saw that, in the greater number of cases, they terminated fatally. Undiscovered germs set at nought the most expert surgeon's skill, and nullified in a few hours the work of the most expert member of the surgical profession. It was Lister who showed how these germs could be overcome. He realised that it was necessary to prevent the bacteria from entering wounds both at the time of operation and afterwards. Carbolic acid, which had previously been used in bandaging, was selected by him as the agent, and starting with this basis he gradually worked out the details of his system, until at length he completed it in the year 1867. Among other things, Lord Lister is the inventor of the tourniquet for compressing the abdominal aorta. He was the first to undertake osteotomy to rectify deformity of the limbs, and the first to advocate the more complete method of operating for cancer of the breast. For this and numerous other discoveries he was appointed Surgeon Extraordinary to the late Queen Victoria in 1900, and has since held a large number of other distinguished appointments, ending finally in his election as President of the Royal Society in 1896.

Sir Thomas Smith, F.R.C.S., K.C.V.O., was educated at Tonbridge School and at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he is consulting surgeon. He was born in the year 1833, is a late vice-president of the Royal College of Surgeons, and in 1895 was appointed Surgeon Extraordinary to Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

His baronetcy was conferred upon him in Jubilee Year. Like his colleague, Sir Thomas Barlow, he is consulting surgeon to the Children's Hospital, and is examiner in surgery to the Royal College of Physicians, London.



NURSE M'CAULL.

who was in attendance at the King's opera, she rendered invaluable aid in tending the lion, and who has been in charge of the Royal patient ever since. She was with Sir Frederick Treves in South Africa, where wounded.

An Australian Artist.

Mr. John Longstaff, the artist who has been commissioned so largely by Royalty lately, is a native of Victoria, Australia, and is not only immeasurably the strongest of all colonial figure painters, but can claim his right to a place among the world's great artists. Dapper as a London shopwalker to the casual ob-



MR JOHN LONGSTAFF.

server, his appearance suggests the drapers' assistant more than the artist, yet, as shown by his work, he is a deep thinker, and one of the world's advanced dreamers. He is stout-looking, big and bluff, a man who is a man, and would as soon hobnob with a sweep in his working clothes as with the King of England.

Don't Believe Her.

The story is told of the present Archbishop of Canterbury that, upon a candidate for ordination essaying to read a chapter of the Bible before him to test his elocutionary powers, he was stopped with the abrupt comment, "Ye're inaudible!" "But, my lord," said the discomfited youth, "I've read the lessons in a big church, and been told that every word could be heard." "Who told ye—a lady? Are ye engaged to her?" The candidate owned the soft impeachment. "Then don't believe a word she says—until ye're married to her," was the ungallant reply.



SIR F. TREVES.

Sir Frederick Treves, K.C.V.O., C.B., F.R.C.S., who performed the operation, is best known to the British public in connection with the Ladysmith Relief Column, for which he received the medal and three clasps. Sir Frederick is both a theorist and a dealer in results. His experience has been gained in the byways rather than the highways of life. In his early days, for instance, he was a doctor on board one of the boats in the Deep Sea Fleet, and his popularity with the fishermen was shown not long since, when he made a speech to them in Exeter Hall. Directly he rose from his seat he was



SIR T. SMITH.

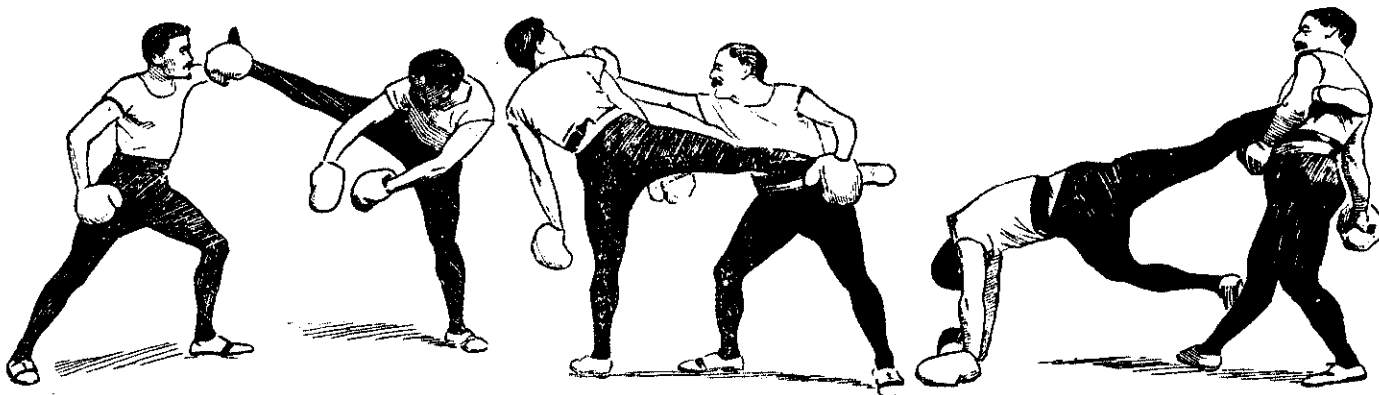


THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.



LORD LISTER.

FEET V. FISTS.



How the English Boxers will guard the terrible coup de pied tournant.

The stop thrust: an effective method of preventing your adversary from coming to close quarters.

Catching your adversary's leg is considered bad, and leads to dire consequences.

Boxing with the feet is a science in France. In England one regards such a mode of attack and self-defence as appropriate only to the hooligan. But that is because our idea of foot-fighting is derived from a Police Court account of a rough who has jumped on his wife with both feet, or brutally kicked a mate. Still we have a national prejudice against using the feet in combat. It is not quite English. We prefer to trust to our fists, to keep a straight front, as it were, and deliver a "knock-out" blow without any kind of decorative sparring. The Britisher is a straightforward, simple-minded fellow, who has an inherent love of utility before anything else. The picturesque or the artistic makes no appeal to his susceptibilities, nor what might be termed the ornate in the art of self-defence.

Englishmen are inclined to think boxing with the feet rather more of a graceful gymnastic feat than a serious attempt at attack and defence on the most telling principles. In any case we are promised some sort of comparison between the two modes. As stated, two teams, one of Frenchmen and the other of English and American, are to come together, and each is to fight in its own way. The result should prove most interesting, and let it be hoped that some satisfactory conclusion will be come to as to which is the sounder method.

To provide against a contingency which we hope and believe is remote—that is, that the English team is beaten and has to resort to new methods of self-defence—we will explain what sort of tuition a young Englishman would have to go through to become a savatier, as it is sometimes called.

To begin with, you need not go to Paris to learn. There are professors of the art of foot-fighting in London who will put you up to all the agile devices necessary. You will have to be extremely flexible in the joints. How a heavy-weight would get on as a foot-combatant we do not quite know.

First of all you must learn to stand firmly on one leg while the other is performing evolutions in the air—not mere waving about, but direct thrusts and parries. If you attend an academy where foot-boxing is taught you will find yourself among a group of energetic men kicking out at a wall, going through an elaborate goose-step, parrying invisible blows,

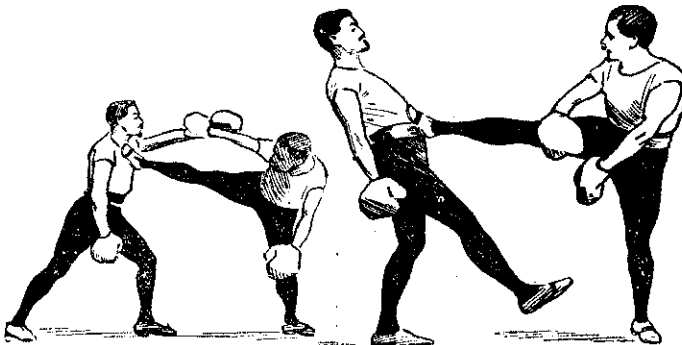
and delivering trenchant, toe-pointed digs at imaginary adversaries. All this has to be gone through to get the limbs supple, to learn the different strokes de pied, and incidentally to get into the way of throwing your legs high into the air and still preserve a rigid equipoise—all of which requires considerable practice. And when you are a proficient in the art you will be able to raise your foot to the level of your opponent's face and strike him lightly on the cheek. With the same graceful delicacy you will shoot forward your leg slap into his chest, or gently flick him off his feet, having, by the way, rapped your heels about his ears.

One of the first instructions that you will receive is to keep your weight well behind you, so that you cannot be switched off your supporting leg while the other is negotiating a kick. Most of the blows

ance, only to receive a swift hard drive that may stun you. In one of the illustrations you will see how such a blow may be guarded. The English team in Paris will certainly defend themselves in this way, having only two hands, so to speak, to the Frenchman's four. Another method is the evasive. Bob your head, avoid the blow, and endeavour to repay the attempt by a well-aimed right-hander.

Then there is a kind of charge kick, when the French boxer rushes at you obliquely and uses his foot like a cavalry lance. This, if it takes effect, is a terrible kick, and must be met with both hands, or dodged.

The coup fondamental is a series of light raps with which you may open your encounter to get your limbs into play. It is pretty, it will give a hint of your grace and dexterity, but when you settle down to work it will be relegated to the past.



A COUNTER BLOW

are delivered sideways, as it were. That is to say, you kick out from your side and not straight in front of you. In this way you can keep one foot planted firmly on the ground.

You will be told that one of the most tremendous kicks is the coup de vache, or cow-kick, which is especially designed to catch your adversary in the thigh and knock him off his legs. It is a scientific development of the ordinary donkey's kick known to schoolboys.

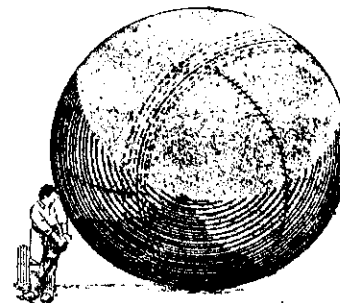
Next you will be initiated into the stop thrust, which is simply raising your foot to the level of your adversary's chest and keeping him at foot's length. The recovery from this thrust is one that must be carefully watched, for, you may depend, instant advantage will be taken of your temporary loss of balance, and you will be sent sprawling. Really a most alarming kick is that known as the coup de pied tournant. In this the boxer turns half round to get a start, and then lets out at your head with a long rapid sweep. It is delivered with startling rapidity, and is generally preceded by a feint—a little butterfly blow or innocent pat which you guard with a certain self-assur-

It may occur to the astute English pupil that if he could catch hold of the leg that continues to describe circles round his nose he might throw the Frenchman to earth. But be wary. This trick may cost you a bruising. You will find if you attempt to catch the offending member the other one so lately firmly planted on the ground will rise up and twist you round with a smart rap on thigh or shin. Whereas if you doggedly hang on to the leg the Frenchman will not hesitate to get off his legs altogether, drop on to his hands, and kick you fiercely with a coup de vache that will shake you into the corner of the room. Generally speaking, don't attempt to hold the leg of your adversary.

Besides these leg blows you will be taught to combine the ordinary blows, such as obtain in boxing. So that when you are not using your feet you can put in a little work with the gloves, or make a feint with the gloves when it is your intention to deliver a straight "crusher" with the feet. But what the value of the four-handed game is compared to the British two-handed we have yet to learn. The result of the French and English contest will be most interesting.

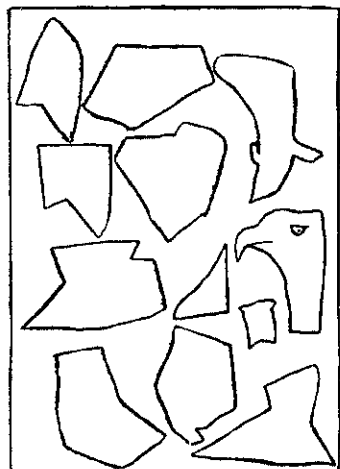
Cricket's Popularity.

In comparison to a 6-foot tall cricketer this would be the combined size of the 240,000 cricket balls sold in a season in England.



A Patchwork Puzzle.

Here is a puzzle which will tax your brains to solve, and which will give you a good hour of pure fun when you try it, especially if you do it with some little friend. In the first place, the figures and their positions are so unusual and different from those you



usually see that there is a lot of novelty in the ways you can arrange them. You should cut out each piece carefully and then fit them all together. When each piece is in its proper place you will have a complete picture.

There are several ways of arranging the pieces and several pictures you can make out of them, and each one is very funny, indeed, as you will find when you have tried it.

Coronation Echoes.

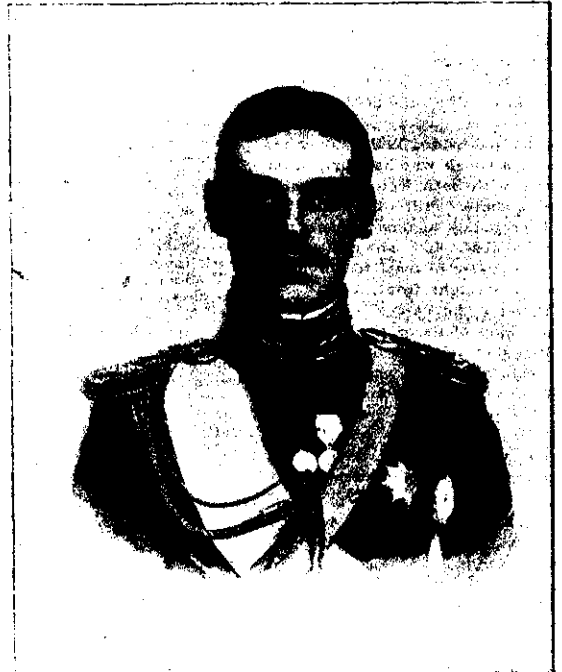


H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

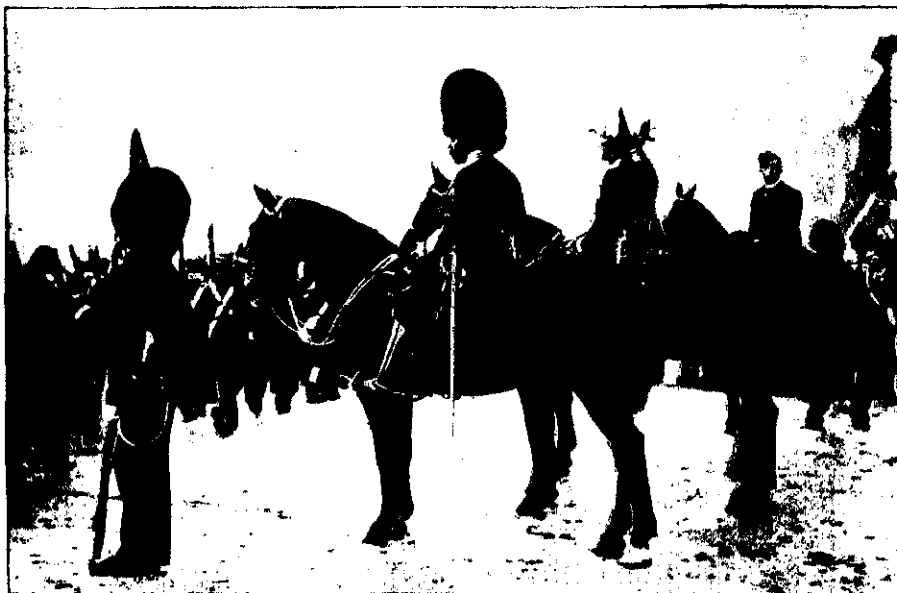
The King's brother, recently created a Field-Marshal by His Majesty.



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT REVIEWING THE INDIAN CONTINGENT AT HAMPTON COURT.



H.I.H. THE TSAREVITCH OF RUSSIA.—Nephew of Queen Alexandra, who took the highest rank among the official foreign representatives at the Coronation.



The Prince. Earl Roberts.
REVIEW OF THE BOYS' BRIGADE BY THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE HORSE GUARDS.



MOUNG OHN GHINI.—The Burmese Envoy to the Coronation.

New Zealand New Zealand



LOOKING ACROSS LAKE TAUPO TO TONGARIRO AND RUAPEHU.

The Scenic Masterpiece of Nature!

*The Wonderland of the World!
The Deerstalkers' Delight!*

*The Sanatorium of the Earth!
The Anglers' Paradise!*

*The Home of the Maori!
The Tourists' Elysium!*

VISIT THIS WONDROUS LAND OF THERMAL ACTIVITY.

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

Visit the Wangaiti River. Its loveliness is beyond compare. Visit the famous Buller and Otira Gorges. Visit Haunui Hot Springs. (Government Baths and Accommodation House).

VISIT NEW ZEALAND.

See its lovely, Picturesque Lakes, its Magnificent Waterfalls and Rivers. Visit its great Fiords and Sounds. Climb its Towering Mountains, majestic in their immensity, and hoary with perpetual snow. Visit the Government "Hermitage Hotel," Mount Cook, under the shadow of the cloud-piercing Aorangi, 12,349 feet. (Thos. Cook & Son's Coupons accepted.)

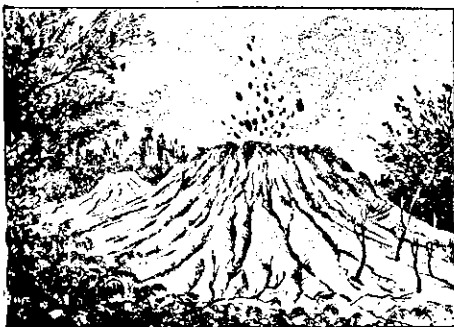
The home of the Tattooed Maori Warriors and their handsome, dusky daughters. Visit this wonderful country with its endless variety of beautiful and magnificent scenery which charms the senses, inspires the imagination and challenges comparison.

Stalk its thousands of Wild Red Deer and Fallow Buck. Whip its rippling streams, teeming with Rainbow, Loch Leven and Brown Trout.

For Pure Air, Pure Water, and a Temperate Climate.

The Holiday Resort for the brain-weary and jaded man of business.

The Ideal Home for the man of leisure. Four days from Australia. Seventeen days from San Francisco. Twenty-six days from London.



MUD VOLCANO ON THE ROAD TO WAIOTAPU.

Trains, Coaches, Steamers everywhere. Comfortable Hotels. Cheap Tariffs. Full information regarding NEW ZEALAND supplied free at the Head Office of the Tourist and Health Resorts Department, Brandon Street, Wellington, or at the Branch Offices at Auckland, Rotorua, Christchurch, Dunedin and Invercargill.

Visitors may have their Correspondence addressed c/o the Tourist Offices as above. Free use of Directories, Telegraphic Code Books, and Writing Facilities. Photographic Dark Room provided free at the Head Office, Wellington.

Cable Address: "MAORILAND."

Minister in Charge of the
Tourist Health Dept.—

The Hon. Sir JOSEPH WARD, K.C.M.G.

Superintendent—

T. E. DONNE.



THE YELLOW TERRACE, WAIOTAPU.



The Rev. Robert Kenyon was reading his morning letters with something very like a frown between his straight, black brows. His motherless daughters, sitting round the breakfast table, watched him curiously, but, with a caution born of long knowledge, possessed their souls in patience.

He looked up presently, his forehead relaxing a little. The girls waited expectantly.

"Give me some more tea, please, Elizabeth," he said absently, and the three young faces fell again.

There was a long silence in the dull Vicarage dining-room, with its sad-coloured walls and shabby leather chairs—chairs that had belonged to a 'presentation' some ten years ago, when Mr Kenyon had retired from an active town parish to the comparatively easy life of Daysleigh Vicarage. The ponderous clock on the mantelpiece was also a gift from a grateful parish, but it had belonged to Mr Kenyon's father, Cecelia Kenyon, the second daughter, was sometimes given to wondering why parochial gratitude invariably took such a peculiarly stolid form, but she wisely made such thoughts strictly mental. Elizabeth would have reproved her, in something of her reverend father's own manner, for having such wrong and ungrateful thoughts, whilst Margaret's material little mind would have argued that, so long as things were useful, what did appearances matter? And there was no denying the solid usefulness of both chairs and clock. So only to herself did Cecelia sigh for the beautiful and unattainable. She was watching her father now in some anxiety lest this frown and the long-perused letter should betoken some bad news from Bob—Bob who was at Oxford, ostensibly studying for the Church, but apparently not quite so diligently as could be desired. Had Bob got into some scrape? She almost held her breath as Mr Kenyon at last laid down his letter.

"I have heard from your brother," he announced, in his habitually ponderous tones. It was impossible for Mr Kenyon—or his hearers—to forget he was not always occupying the pulpit. His mildest utterances suggested merely a Christmas-like spirit of general amnesty, while his severer tones recalled the denunciatory Lent sermons that invariably recurred once a year.

"Robert," he continued, "has written to say that he wishes to bring home a friend to spend a week during the summer vacation; his name is Mr Mark Seton, the son of Professor Seton, the great botanist."

The girls made no answer. The advent of a stranger, and particularly

a strange young man, was not a thing to be lightly commented on. It marked an epoch in their dull young lives.

"I am not entirely certain that I approve of Robert's friendship with this young man," pursued Robert's father. "Although I have a great admiration for Professor Seton's work, his religious views are extremely to be regretted. He may almost be termed an atheist."

The girls looked startled; this was a word seldom heard in the Vicarage. Cecelia spoke up timidly.

"But, father," she said, gently, "perhaps Mr Mark Seton doesn't hold his father's views."

Mr Kenyon's austere, good face relaxed a little. He was far too conscientious a man to allow himself a favourite child, but Cecelia alone, of his four children, had her dead mother's soft, brown eyes. Sometimes, too, he feared, the girl had inherited the same delicacy of constitution. He smiled gravely at her now.

"We will hope so, my child," he answered. "At any rate, we are enjoined to show hospitality to strangers. Elizabeth, you will give the necessary directions for our guest?"

"Yes, father," replied Elizabeth, and as soon as Mr Kenyon left the room the sisters discussed their expected guest with girlish curiosity.

It was a dull life these young things led—in a country vicarage, in one of the dullest, and yet the most beautiful, parts of the Midlands. Of youthful society they had next to none. The Squire and his wife were elderly and childless, and the few young married people in the neighbourhood were wholly given to hunting in the winter and were usually absent all the summer months. An occasional garden party in August, a few intermittent tea parties in the winter, were their only dissipation. Elizabeth, indeed, had once been to the county ball with the Hall party, but she had not enjoyed it. The consciousness of inferiority in social requirements, even more than that of inferiority in dress, had weighed heavily upon her, and after that her younger sisters had no wish to attend such a function. Since leaving school their lives had been largely occupied with duties in their father's parish, duties somewhat rigidly enforced and conscientiously carried out. An occasional Advent or Lent preacher, a temperance lecturer, perhaps a lady to address the mothers' meetings, were their only visitors. Elizabeth and Margaret were hardly conscious of any wish for a different life. Since Mrs Kenyon's death, soon after they came to Daysleigh, now ten years ago, Elizabeth had found her time fully occupied. She left school at seventeen to come home to be her father's right hand. Her useful,

practical soul aspired to nothing higher than the proper management of the Vicarage and parish. She was very useful in the village, and she was not unaware of the fact. "Miss Elizabeth," despite her youthfulness—she was only twenty-three—was an acknowledged authority on coughs and colds and childish ailments, not to mention theological difficulties. She had a recipe for one, a text for the other. If either was a failure, she had at least done her best. And Elizabeth's hearty, breezy manner was popular in the village.

But if the eldest Miss Kenyon was

liked, it is no exaggeration to say that her younger sister was worshipped in Daysleigh. She could solve no theological difficulties, and was no authority on that mysterious ailment, the "brown kitus," which attacked the infantile population, but she had a ready sympathy with all and every trouble, and no one could hold a tiny sufferer more tenderly, or sing soothing little songs more effectually, than "Miss Cecelia." An enthusiastic old woman had once called her "a little angel," which, on coming to the ears of Mr Kenyon, had caused him to frown severely, and remark on the



No one could hold a tiny sufferer more tenderly than "Miss Cecelia."

slin of exaggeration. But he had glanced at his daughter's frail beauty with something akin to a sigh, for Cecelia's mother had died of consumption.

Cecelia was often conscious of a want in her life to which she could hardly give expression. With so much of the beautiful all around her in nature, there seemed so little of it in her own. Oh, for daintily-furnished rooms like those seen on rare visits to the Hall—rooms free from solid parochial clocks and heavily useful chairs; for new books, new music, new ideas! Things would have been different had their mother lived, Cecelia felt certain. The crudely-executed portrait of a beautiful woman, with pathetic brown eyes, which hung in the drawing-room, not only represented to the girl the cherished memory of a dead mother, but the ideal of all true womanhood. Had her mother lived, mused Cecelia, her father would not have grown so grave, so joyless; and Bob—her idolised, darling Bob—would not have been so difficult of management. Thoughtless, and impatient of any rebuke, he was not the boy to sit quietly under his father's somewhat harsh resentment of some piece of boyish folly. There had been once or twice in the last year scenes that Cecelia trembled even to remember, in which cold severity had triumphed over youthful hot temper, and an angry humiliated Bob had come to Cecelia to complain that "no fellow's life was worth living in such a place."

"I wonder what Mr Seton will be like?" Cecelia said, as the three girls left the dining-room on this particular morning. Elizabeth's busy mind had already flown to certain difficulties to be grappled with at an impending mothers' meeting, and she did not answer for a few moments. The girls were now in their own particular "den" at the back of the house, from the windows of which they enjoyed an uninterrupted view over the Home Farm belonging to Daysleigh Hall.

Elizabeth took down a pile of account books, and then seemed to remember her sister's remark.

"I do hope," she said, knitting her brows in something of her father's fashion, "that he won't teach Bob any of his religious views."

"Oh, Elizabeth!" Cecelia's tone was hurt and shocked. "How can you suggest such a thing?"

Mr Kenyon's dislike of anything approaching a nickname was so great that, even among themselves, the sisters in no way shortened their lengthy, old-fashioned names. Only in their brother's case had they rebelled, and Robert had been allowed to pass into Bob. But Mr Kenyon invariably called his son Robert, and it in no way lessened the constraint between father and son.

"Which room is Mr Seton going to have?" asked Margaret, giving a practical turn to the conversation, and bringing it into Elizabeth's own particular province. Margaret was intensely practical and particularly cheerful. Neither the people nor the parish possessed any especial attraction for her, and the Daysleigh people smiled indulgently on "Miss Margaret," and considered her at eighteen a perfect child still. And indeed she was. A very small interest in life could be of all-importance to Margaret. Just now it was the collection of pictorial postcards, a hobby which was concealed rather than exhibited in Mr Kenyon's presence. He had a particularly discouraging way of referring to such trifles as "singularly useless."

A beautiful June evening brought Bob Kenyon and his friend to Daysleigh Vicarage, where there was a little group on the front door steps to meet them. Mr Kenyon's severe straight features relaxed into something like a smile, with Elizabeth, a milder, more human edition of himself, at his right hand; at the back Cecelia's beautiful face slightly flushed with loving eyes fixed on Bob; and Margaret's childish inquisitive glance—Mark Seton's keen grey eyes noted them all.

Bob descended quickly from the somewhat shabby waggonette, which, like most things in use at the Vicar-

age, had some just claims to consideration on the score of old age. "How are you all?" he said, cheerily, kissing the girls and shaking hands with his father. He was a nice-looking boy, two years senior to Margaret, and very like her in looks, with the same placid expression. He introduced his friend. The girls were too shy to offer more than a conventional greeting, and bore off Bob to the drawing-room, leaving Mr Kenyon to follow with their guest.

Bob's tongue moved rapidly, and there were many enquiries after

"What a sensation she would make in London," he mused, while Cecelia sang her old-fashioned songs in her pure sweet voice. "And how she will waste her life down here. She is probably destined to be the wife of some bucolic squire, or her father's curate." But quite unconscious of his thoughts the girl sang on, and only grew shy when his thanks were very profusely uttered. Then she returned to her seat on the sofa by Bob.

The days wore on and Mark Seton retained the "golden opinions" he had won the first evening at Daysleigh.



Cecilia had taken off her shady hat, and her fair, wavy hair was a little ruffled.

things and people. The dull old Vicarage seemed stimulated into some sort of life by this cheery presence. Tea came in, and Elizabeth regained her confidence with this advent, and talked to Mr Seton in a pleasant, if somewhat stilted manner. He could not help thinking to himself that there was a marked resemblance between Mr Kenyon and his eldest daughter.

He himself was making a favourable impression with his pleasant, easy manners. Mark Seton possessed the gift of adaptability in no small degree. When, after dinner that evening, it was discovered that he possessed also a fine tenor voice, even Cecelia, who had so far only considered him an obstacle in the way of undivided attention from Bob, expressed her pleasure.

"Don't you sing yourself?" he asked, looking down at her with frank grey eyes. He seemed to tower over little Cecelia, who was, as her tall sisters often assured her, so absurdly small.

Her delicate colour rose a little. "Yes, I do," she answered simply, and Mark, with his knowledge of a fashionable world that revels in excuses, marvelled at her absence of affectation. She sat down to the piano, while the young man watched her, wondering at the delicate beauty of the girl as he did so.

had come to Daysleigh Vicarage in response to an invitation very diffidently proffered by Bob, and really accepted with a view to trying a novel situation. He was six years senior to Bob, and had left Oxford before the boy's entrance there, but chance meetings at a friend's house when Seton was in the neighbourhood had led to a mutual liking, with a great deal of hero-worship on the one side, and a suspicion of patronage on the other. A casual remark from Seton that he might be in the neighbourhood of Daysleigh in June, had presently caused his appearance there as the Kenyons' guest.

Mark Seton was the only son of a clever man. He had inherited the parental brain-power, but, so far, had put it to no practical use. There were great possibilities lying dormant within him, and there was, withal, a strong element of laziness also. He had spent the greater part of his life in London and on the Continent, had seen many things, read most things, and formed his opinion on everything. But at six and twenty Mark Seton was still a dreamer, a dilettante.

It was a strange life with which he was thus confronted in the quiet little village, where people seemed to vegetate, rather than live, where the old ideas gave place to no new ones, and a sleepy stagnation seemed all-pervading. He felt vaguely sorry for young Kenyon's sisters, and wondered how his sister would have endured this life—Rose, whose one object was to "get in" as many social duties and obligations as could possibly be compressed into the twenty-four hours. He smiled as he thought of Rose. And they were such nice girls, these simple-minded Miss Kenyons; and how delicately beautiful Cecelia was! So mused Mark one glorious June morning, several days after his arrival at the Vicarage.

I was sitting under the big cedar tree in front of the drawing-room windows, enjoying a glorious view over distant forest and hills. Mark was ostensibly reading, somewhat distracted—though not unpleasantly so—by the shouts of Bob and Margaret from the tennis court, where they were engaged in energetic singles, necessitating a vast expenditure of energy and talk. Out of the long drawing-room window stepped Cecelia, in a white frock and big shady hat.

Mark rose, quickly throwing down his book on to the rustic seat.

"Where are you off to, Miss Cecelia?" he asked, lightly. "Ah, I see that has to be filled," pointing to the flat basket in her hand. "May I come and help?" She gazed at him a moment, half doubtfully. All three girls were a trifle afraid of Bob's grave friend. But Mark's frank grey eyes smiled down at her, and she smiled too.

"If you will," she said.

They turned into the red-walled kitchen garden. Here, in lavish and somewhat untidy profusion were "roses—roses everywhere," pink, red, yellow, white. Mark filled her basket rapidly, while Cecelia watched him with a growing admiration for his tall, lithe young figure, with its suggestion of latent strength.

"What a heavenly day it is!" he exclaimed, involuntarily as he placed a last red rose on the over-full basket. "Daysleigh is an ideal spot on such a day," and he began to sing in his clear voice:

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows."

"How pretty that is," exclaimed Cecelia.

"You know it, don't you?" he asked, as they turned away from the rose beds.

A FREE VETERINARY BOOK.

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

In this Book eminent Veterinary Surgeons recommend Condy's Fluid as an absolutely certain cure for Sore Shoulders, Sore Backs, Broken Knees, Grouse, Thrush and Cracked Heels in Horses.—Scab, Foot Rot, Fly, etc., in sheep.—Hooves, Foul in the Foot, Wounds and Sores in Cattle.—Distemper, Mange, Canker and Eczema in Dogs.

Condy's Fluid is made by Condy & Mitchell, Ltd., of 65, Goswell Road, London, England, and is sold by all Chemists and Storekeepers. Beware of Colonial substitutes, all are inferior and some are poisonous. Insist on having Condy's Fluid.

She shook her head and wondered if Mr Seton thought her appalling ignorant. But he was smiling still as he told her where the words occurred.

"Oh, Shakspeare," her face fell a little. "I never read Shakspeare," she confessed; "it looks so dull, and those great books in the study are so heavy to lift down."

Mark drew a small volume from his pocket. "That's a more portable form, isn't it?" he smiled. "I was reading 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' only this morning. You must let me read you the play, Miss Cecelia."

"Oh, will you?" Her pleasure showed itself on her expressive face. They went back to the rustic seat on the lawn and Mark began to read.

And that was the beginning of many morning readings under the cedar tree, while Bob and Margaret argued in friendly fashion over their games, and Elizabeth was busy in the parish. Cecelia grew to know and appreciate Shakspeare and to place him only second to her living hero. It was small wonder that Cecelia magnified Mark Seton into

such a position. She asked for nothing but to worship at a distance this being who had brought a fresh element into her life. She did not analyse her feelings; she was only conscious of them, and in such a consciousness was happy. She knew that both mentally and socially Mark was her superior; but he was so kind, so considerate, that he never made her feel her ignorance. Had she known that many a girl as beautiful as herself had competed for the favour of one of Mark Seton's carelessly accorded smiles Cecelia would have acknowledged the fact as no more than his due. So a golden week, and another equally happy rolled on, then something happened.

The Squire and his wife found themselves called upon—somewhat unwillingly—to entertain some orphan nephews and nieces, and finding it incumbent upon them to do something to amuse the boys and girls, decided on a picnic as being an easy form of amusement. To this picnic, to be held in the woods around Daysleigh Hall, the Vicarage party, together with some half-dozen neighbours, were bidden.

It was a glorious day in early July. Cecelia, in a white frock, and her face radiant with happiness, was startlingly beautiful. Even the old Squire, who was not prone to enthusiasm, was heard to mutter that "that little girl of the parson's was deuced pretty." The girl was conscious for the first time of a new sensation. She spoke very little to Mark and hardly glanced in his direction, but she realised that day that his one object was to be by her side. And presently, after the early tea when the party broke up into twos and threes to wander idly through the woods, Mark and Cecelia found themselves alone.

They were silent for a while. The very happiness of living seemed almost enough that evening. The sun was sending golden touches of light down the green aisles of the woods and touching Cecelia's soft hair. And then Mark, watching her, spoke.

"Cecelia," he said, tenderly, "you know, I think, that I love you. Will you be my wife, dear?"

There was a little silence in which only the birds answered him. Cecelia had taken off her shady hat, and her fair, wavy hair was a little ruffled. Mark always afterwards remembered her as she stood before him that summer evening, in her delicate, pure beauty, like some little saint of old. Suddenly she raised her brown eyes to his beseeching grey ones, but there was not a suspicion of coquetry in the girl's manner.

"Yes, Mark," she whispered. And he kissed her with a tenderness that was almost reverence. There came no shadow to cloud Cecelia's happiness till a chance remark of her lover's brought to her mind a recollection and a fear.

"Dearest," he asked, "what will your father say? Will he be willing to give you to me?"

She shivered a little, involuntarily. The remembrance of her father's bitter criticism on Professor Seton's religious views flashed across her

mind. What did that matter, though? Mark had joined in the daily family prayers, had been to church with them on Sunday, nay, had even shared her hymn book. But, oh! what would her father say?

Mark noted the shiver and laid a tender hand on hers.

"You are repenting already," he said, half reproachfully.

But she shook her head and tried to explain to him her fears. Her father's views so strict, so particular, and he had heard that Professor Seton's views were so, so— She faltered pitifully and stopped abruptly. But Mark's face had grown very grave. He pulled a leaf cruelly to pieces.

"My father is the best and kindest of men," he said, slowly. "And he is what the world, perhaps, calls an atheist, and I, I—"

"Yes?" she whispered, eagerly, pitifully.

He turned to her with one of his bright smiles.

"I will be whatever you will make me, Cecelia."

But she shook her head sadly. It was not with such loosely held opinions or hopes that Mr Kenyon's rigorous questions could be met.

The evening passed vaguely away. Something of the glory of it seemed to have vanished for at least two people. Cecelia was conscious of a slight look of reproachful questioning on Elizabeth's face as they walked homewards, and clung to Bob's side with a tenacity that astonished even that favourite brother. It was growing late when they reached the vicarage. Elizabeth remarked on Cecelia's pallor, and sent her early to

bed. Mark lit her candle for her in the dusky hall where they were for one moment alone.

"To-morrow, after church," he said, gently, "I shall speak to your father." But her hands trembled in his own as she took her candle, and went tiredly upstairs. She spent the night in alternate hopes and fears, and appeared at breakfast with such heavy eyes, and obvious want of appetite, as to draw upon herself even Mr Kenyon's observation.

"You look tired, Cecelia," he observed, in a kindly tone somewhat tinged with severity. Mr Kenyon did not altogether approve of picnics. "Perhaps you had better rest instead of attending morning service." This concession from her father, who regarded absence from morning service as one of the seven deadly sins, touched Cecelia, but she refused to stay at home. She was quite well, she declared. But to herself she whispered mournfully, was it not Mark's last Sunday at Daysleigh? He walked to church with Elizabeth, but contrived to sit next to Cecelia in the vicarage pew, and again shared her hymn-book. His pure tenor voice rang out almost triumphantly in "Onward Christian Soldiers"; even Mr Kenyon, lifted far above earthly things, heard it, and glanced kindly into the pew in front of him. In after days Cecelia's hymn-book bore a mark and a date against that hymn.

To Cecelia the sermon seemed endless, but at last Mr Kenyon released a congregation who accepted his platitude with the toleration that comes of long use, and the vicarage party were walking homewards again. Mark gave her one look of encouragement, and then disappeared into the study. She heard her



BARTON, MCGILL, AND CO.
BILLIARD TABLE MAKERS.

Makers of the Renowned Champion Low Cushions.
FULL SIZED TABLES ALL PRICES. Hotels, Clubs, Private Gentlemen, before purchasing elsewhere will find it to their advantage by giving us a Call. ALL BILLIARD REQUISITES KEPT IN STOCK.

Sole Manufacturers of the Most Perfect Elevating Billiard Dining Table in the World.

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

DECORATIVE ARTS
CARVING LEATHER WORK
REPOUSSE WORK
PYROGRAPHY

Try HARGERS FOR DESIGNS

FRET WORK
BAMBOO WORK
MARQUETRIE
BENT-IRON WORK

Complete Catalogue of all Novelties, 6d. Post Free.
HARGERS BROTHERS, SETTLE, YORKS.

LOVELY COLORS.

BRILLIANT GLOSS.

REJECT IMITATIONS.

SPINAL'S ENAMEL
OXIDISED
READY FOR USE
PERFECT

See that Spinal's name and Medals are stamped on every Tin.

MANUFACTURED BY
ASPINAL'S ENAMEL, LTD. NEW CROSS, LONDON, ENG.

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

A Boarding and Day School for Boys.

Headmaster: The Rev. P. S. SMALLFIELD.

ASSISTANT MASTERS: R. L. MCLROY, M.A., with Honors N.Z. University; R. E. HALL, B.A., N.Z. University; and H. H. BEDFORD.

VISITING MASTERS FOR PIANOFORTE, VIOLIN, DRAWING, DRILL, AND CARPENTRY.

DENTAL SURGEON: DR. MAITLAND.

The Pah Estate occupies a beautiful and commanding position near Onehunga. The soil is volcanic, the aspect sunny, and the view extensive. The house is large and well appointed. The school grounds include an area of 50 acres.

The Pah is a veritable sanatorium for those Island and Australian boys who need a cooler climate.

ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS GIVING FULL INFORMATION ON APPLICATION TO THE HEADMASTER.



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

Copyright Story.

A Hoax and a Wife.

BY THE EARL OF IDDLESLEIGH.

Author of "Belinda Fitzwarren," Etc.

father go in and shut the door after him. It seemed to Cecelia that she had never expected anything else to happen. Mr Kenyon's questions were few and pertinent, and his opinions were summed up in the words which Mark repeated to her in the garden. "What you ask is impossible. I should be failing in my duty did I contemplate any union between my family and that of Professor Seton." And Mark's young face was strangely grave and old when he presently sought Cecelia for a few brief minutes in the garden. The cedar tree had listened to many a one of Shakespeare's tragedies during the last few weeks. And to-day another little tragedy was enacted in the vicarage garden.

And Mark Seton returned to London by the afternoon train.

The weeks lengthened into months. Bob had gone back to Cambridge, and life dragged itself on in Daysleigh Vicarage. There was no news of Mark—but none was expected. Her father's commands were laid upon Cecelia interdicting any correspondence, and no thoughts of rebellion even intruded themselves. And in the outside world were wars and rumours of wars. Only in Daysleigh was there a routine of passionless peace.

A memorable December morning, cheerless and grey, brought a letter from Bob to his father. He implored in it to be allowed to give up his college career and go out to the front in the Yeomanry. What their father's thoughts were that day his daughter never knew. He sat in his study, Bob's letter spread out before him, the letter that shattered all his dearest hopes. But in the evening he walked alone to the village post office and sent off a brief telegram. Its destination was Cambridge, and it contained the one word—"Yes."

And presently a radiant, happy Bob, in brand-new khaki, came down to the vicarage to say good-bye. He said very little to his father, but there was a new note of gratitude in his voice. It was but a brief stay he made at home, and then departed for Aldershot. The girls waved a tearful farewell from the front door steps, Cecelia's tears falling so fast that she could hardly see her dear Bob. And her thoughts and imagination were persistently turning in another direction, where, perhaps, another sister was saying good-bye to a tall young figure in khaki. For Bob had found a moment in which to whisper to his sister that Seton was going out in the same company of Yeomanry.

In spite of their tendency to drag on, the months passed by and brought June again. Elizabeth was as busy as usual in the parish, and Margaret's collection of postcards had outgrown two albums. Only Cecelia seemed listless, and there was a fragile look about her that her father at times noted uneasily. Bob's letters had been cheerful, but desultory, and seldom contained any mention of Mark's name. Then a horrible blank morning when Bob's name was amongst the "seriously wounded," followed by weeks of anxiety, and at last by the joyful news that he was invalided home. And Cecelia's heart began to beat excitedly when she read the list of invalids on board the Saxon. Not only was Bob coming home, but Mark Seton also. And a letter from Bob, written just before he sailed, had a postscript, almost indecipherable in his weak, shaky hand. "Seton has been down with fever, and is coming home by the same boat."

There was much scanning of the shipping intelligence presently to find out the progress of the Saxon. No one mentioned Mark's name, but he was often in their thoughts. And Cecelia would whisper to herself that it was enough to know that he would be safely in England again.

Bob, white and thin, but trying to smile cheerily, with the once-resplendent khaki marked in a manner that brought tears into his sisters' eyes, arrived at the vicarage one evening. But for Mark there was no home-coming. He died within sight of England, and was buried at sea.

George Washington, that great, good man,

Who never told a lie,
The Independence War began
And broke the mutual tie.
There's truth in what we state below,
The proofs are very sure,
For if you want your cough to go,
Take WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT
CURE.

"She wishes it, I am certain," said her mother.

"And he wishes it too," said her father, "if only he could command his tongue."

"Then let us manage to get their wishes fulfilled," said her sister.

"We have done all we can," sighed the parents, "and it would be such a nice thing for them both."

"It shall be my own enterprise now," said the sister, "and the ball to-night at Lady Pedant's shall furnish me with a field of operations."

"What will you do?" said the father with obvious curiosity.

"I must preserve secrecy," was the answer given with confident importance.

"You will fail," said the mother.

"I hope not. I don't intend to be defeated by a stiff young woman and a shy young man."

"Eva is stiff," said Lady Kininstall mournfully. "Mother as I am, I cannot deny it."

"Deuced stiff," echoed Sir John, "though it's her father that says so."

"She shan't stop me," said Miss Edith, "she shall owe a husband to a sister."

"And Mr. Alder is so timid," said Lady Kininstall.

"And so devilish silent," said Sir John.

"I shall wake him up," said Miss Edith, "A pair of gloves on the event, father."

"Ten to one," said Sir John, heartily.

"Oh, don't encourage the child to bet," expostulated Lady Kininstall.

"The bet's booked, mother, and father can prepare to pay," said Miss Edith, as with a light step she quitted the family parlour.

It was an hour or two later the same afternoon when Mr Alder might have been found sitting in his own rooms unfolding or trying to unfold his sorrows and difficulties to his most intimate friend, Jack Hartwell, a man moulded by nature to receive confidences. "I cannot do it," said Alder, in tones of unqualified depression. "at one moment I am firm, determined, resolute; then I remember that she is looking at me, doubtless taking note of my many absurdities, and I stand before her speechless."

"One would imagine from your description that she was a basilisk," said Hartwell, with good-humoured contempt.

"She is a divinity," said the lover, indignantly, "lovely as Venus, but awe-inspiring as Minerva."

"Why waste such eloquence on me?" said Hartwell. "Keep it for the idol who perhaps may consider it pretty."

"You don't expect that I could say such things to her?" asked Alder.

"Not yet," said Hartwell, "but with practice you might be able to do so!"

The entrance of a servant at this point interrupted the conversation, and a large letter marked "Immediate" was handed to Mr. Alder, whose hands trembled as they eagerly reached forward to seize the document. As he read it, once, twice, and yet a third time over, Mr. Hartwell was offered an opportunity of studying the various degrees of amazement of which the human countenance is capable. At length, with an air of absolute stupefaction, Alder deposited the letter on a table, and as he did so ejaculated one of the most emphatic "Wellis!" which have ever sprung from mortal lips.

"You seem a bit puzzled," remarked Hartwell.

"The proudest, haughtiest girl that Scotland ever saw," murmured Alder.

"What? Has Miss Kininstall ignored her Highland blood and started a correspondence with you?" exclaimed Hartwell.

"The mystery is complete," said Alder.

"I love mysteries," said Hartwell, "and have a gift for unravelling them. Allow me a sight of the communication which has thus upset you."

"Not for the world," cried Alder hastily, "and yet," he added more thoughtfully, "what harm can it do? Yes, read it—"

Mr. Hartwell read:

"Miss Eva Kininstall presents her compliments to Mr. Alder, and begs to send him a pair of spectacles which she hopes he will make use of at Lady Pedant's ball. She has failed to procure any rose-coloured ones, as though quite common in Scotland such things do not seem to exist in London. She regrets extremely that she did not know sooner that he suffered from defective vision. Perhaps Mr. Alder is not aware that at Mrs. Pollenby's dance last night he passed and repassed, cut and recut her and her family over and over again with the most insulting show of indifference!"

"Why, man, you gave me the idea that your young lady was full of starch, whereas she seems to be as ready for a lark as any girl can be—"

"The tone of that letter is utterly out of harmony with her character," said Alder solemnly.

"What do you know of her character? Do you mean you doubt her authorship?" inquired Hartwell.

"I can't tell," said Alder.

"Don't you recognise the handwriting?"

"I've never seen her handwriting?" said the lover, "but the letter certainly comes from her house."

"And did you cut her last night at Mrs. Pollenby's ball?"

"Not that I was aware of," answered the culprit. "I thought that she was not to be there, and consequently I only looked in for a few minutes myself; but as she says I passed by without noticing

her, of course I must have done so. How it can have happened is marvellous. I could have sworn that the magic influence of her presence would have—"

"Fish," said Hartwell, "it all comes from your silly habit of looking at the ground."

"And what is to be done," asked Alder, "how shall I express my penitence?"

Mr Hartwell considered. "I think you had better not write, but endeavour to make your peace at the ball to-night. Take the spectacles with you."

"I cannot wear them," said Alder uncomfortably. "They would make me look more foolish than usual."

"In that you must be guided by circumstances," said the counsellor, "but at all events put them in your pocket."

When Mr Alder arrived at Lady Pedant's house, he found himself almost immediately addressed by Miss Edith Kininstall. "Good evening," she said, and to his uneasy mind her bearing indicated reproach.

"She must have been one of the family whom I cut last night," he thought; "shall I apologise at once or wait till she speaks?"

"So you cannot forgive," said Miss Edith in pleading tones, and Mr Alder, in his extreme astonishment, gave a start that almost amounted to a bound.

"Forgive!" he repeated stupidly, "surely it is you—" and he stopped in confusion.

"I feared it was impossible," said Miss Edith. "With any other man hope would have been even absurd, but with you—" and she also stopped.

"I am bewildered," cried poor Mr Alder. "Miss Kininstall, can you not explain?"

"My sister," said Miss Edith very gently.

"I shall never dare to speak to her again," said Mr Alder, forgetting the puzzle that had been set before him, and recurring to the train of his previous reflections.

"You will give her no chance of explaining her offence?" said Miss Edith. "It is just, I acknowledge, and yet, I dreamed that you might prove more merciful."

"Offence! merciful!" exclaimed Mr Alder; "but the crime is mine."

"Spare me your sarcasms," said Miss Edith, burying her face in her handkerchief, "the occasion is too painful."

A sense of exasperation seized Mr Alder. "For the love of heaven let me understand your meaning."

"Alas," said Miss Edith, "it is only too clear."

"I'm damned if it is," cried Mr Alder, patience and courtesy alike failing him.

Miss Edith raised her head. "It is not I who deserve to be sworn at," she said proudly.

Mr Alder would have given the world to run away, but he lacked the courage to move. He stood still as a statue though his blushing bore witness to his living misery.

"I think I am mad," he said at last.

Highest Possible Award
Only Grand Prix Paris Exhibition 1900



Moller's
Cod
Liver
Oil

Never Repeats

For All
who
Suffer
From
Coughs
Bronchitis
Consumption

Sold by all Chemists & Grocers

"I have no excuse to offer for my conduct. You can never pardon me."
 "At once," said Miss Edith eagerly, "but I am always a lenient judge. I would that it were before me that my sister's cause had to be tried."
 "If I could only guess at what you are talking about," said Alder, but now speaking with the greatest meekness.
 "Do not pretend ignorance," said Miss Edith sharply, "that would be baser than all."
 "I assure you," began Mr Alder, but Miss Edith interrupted.
 "Mr Alder," she said, "you have insulted me, and I have forgiven you. Cannot you also forgive?"
 "Anything, anyone," cried Mr Alder.
 "Then my sister may be pardoned," said Miss Edith.
 "But what for?" entreated Alder.
 "No subtleties," said Miss Edith sternly, but then, softening her manner, she proceeded. "You will not deny that my sister has written to you, that she has sent you an insolent gift, that in a moment of insanity she has committed herself in such a way as to excite your merited indignation and to make herself wretched."
 "The letter, the spectacles," stammered Mr Alder, "they did surprise me. I confess, but I fancied that a joke was intended."
 "No, Mr Alder," said Miss Edith gravely, "when you say that you were surprised you express your true feelings. Of course you were surprised, and of course you were very angry, too. It was inexcusable, quite inexcusable, but poor Eva, I believe it will nearly kill her."
 "Kill her!" echoed Mr Alder.
 "That she should have taken so strange a liberty with one who is scarcely more than an acquaintance. Had you been an intimate friend indeed —"
 "Oh, Miss Edith," interrupted Mr Alder, desperately overcoming his shyness, "but I did hope I was a friend, and I want to be" — he sought for a proper phrase.
 "Poor Eva," repeated Miss Edith.
 "I love her," cried Mr Alder, suddenly finding words. "I have loved her, worshipped her, adored her. If I could but dare to tell her so! But she would spurn me, and that I could not bear."
 "Mr Alder! can I trust to my ears?" said Miss Edith slowly, and gazing earnestly into his face as though she were trying to test his veracity.
 "You seem honest," said Miss Edith. "I believe you. Then you cannot desire my sister to be humiliated."
 "Humiliated! Oh, Miss Kinstall!"
 "You will rescue her as you alone can do from the ignominious position in which she has so rashly placed herself."
 "I will do anything," cried Alder.
 "Then ask her simply to become your wife," said Miss Edith with a little laugh.
 "What!" exclaimed Alder, with flushing cheeks.
 "You heard me," returned Miss Edith tranquilly. "It is the sole means of restoring her dignity."
 "But she would scorn me!" said Alder.
 "Do you imagine that I do not know Eva?" asked Miss Edith.
 "No, no, of course not," said Alder; "but the step would be so audacious."
 "Do you contemplate an existence of silent love?" said Miss Edith.
 "Not that," said Alder, abashed, "but to wait for time, for opportunity."
 "Why, here is the opportunity created for you," said Edith, "and how can delays serve you? Come," she added, as she read indecision in his face, "I will guarantee your answer."
 Mr Alder twisted his fingers nervously. "You are sure that she will not regard it as an impertinence?"
 Miss Edith smiled.
 "I will do it," said Mr Alder.
 "You will save her from life-long self-reproach," said Miss Edith.
 Mr Alder made no rejoinder, but he walked away in search of Miss Eva with the best air he could assume, and in the space of a very few minutes Miss Edith observed with satisfaction that he had engaged her sister in a dance. "Let us hope," run her meditations, "that he will speak before his courage has time to cool, but Eva is an icicle, and that cannot be denied. Ah, the music has stopped, and what will he do next? Why, well done, Mr Alder! he is taking her to sit in the conservatory, and the crisis is plainly coming."
 But now she was called upon to dance herself, and to conceal as best

she might the unsatisfied cravings of her curiosity. Still her eyes were keen as well as watchful, and her suspense did not long torment her. Mr Alder came into sight, and even though his back was towards her she could mark that his carriage was radiant. He turned, and met her glance, then he approached her swiftly, and whispered, so that no one else could hear, "My whole happiness is owing to you."
 "I told you so," said Miss Edith, rather inconsequentially, and Alder pressed on to rejoin his now betrothed Eva.
 "And you have forgiven me for my horrible conduct?" he said tenderly.
 "What conduct?" said the startled Eva.
 "My—I can hardly bear to mention it—but my cutting you!"
 "Cutting me! When and where did you cut me?"
 "At Mrs Pollenby's last night," said Alder, in a tone of lamentation.
 "But I wasn't there," said Miss Eva, speaking in the most downright fashion, though with excessive surprise.
 "Not there?" cried Alder.
 "Certainly not. Only one of us was invited, and Edith went."
 "But the letter!" he blurted out in his amazement.
 "What letter?" said Miss Eva, with something like a frown.
 "Some silly mistake or hoax," answered Alder readily, and prudently attending to the warning signal. "But if you knew the relief your words have given me! I was assured that I had cut you, and for hours I have been oppressed by the terrible thought that it was possible for me to be unconscious of your presence. Conceive the joy, the delight, with which I have learned that no such horror has taken place."
 "How foolish you are!" said Miss Eva with a smile that was eloquent.
 "But you spoke of a hoax: who can have attempted such an idiotic bit of mischief?"
 "Who, indeed?" said a merry voice behind them, "but, Eva, I have not told you of my luck. I hope you won't be jealous!"
 "No," said Eva, looking very happy, "what is it?"
 "Why, father is going to make me a present to-morrow of ten pairs of the most super-excellent gloves. Isn't it kind of him?"

Complete Story.

The Tragedy of the Calthorpe Club.

The smoking-room of the Calthorpe Club, though small, was constructed to meet all the requirements of a man fond of his comforts. It had two big recessed fire places, never a draught, convenient tables, chairs conducive to laziness. In short, it was altogether a desirable haven of refuge.
 And in the midst of all this comfort the solitary occupant was a dead man. He lay almost naturally in the depths of one of the most comfortable chairs in front of the fire, his left hand still in his trousers pocket. His right, slightly constricted, hung over the arm of the chair; while his head was bent forward over his chest like that of a man asleep, throwing his face into deep shadow.
 Indeed, so natural was the attitude, that twice a servant had come into the room and arranged papers and replenished match-boxes without noticing anything wrong. The clock on the mantel-piece ticked drowsily on, and still the dead man continued to sit undisturbed in front of the fire, the lights shining down on him, the evening paper by his side, and a half-smoked cigarette lying in the ash-tray on the table. But what had originally looked merely like a splash of mud on his shirt-front was growing gradually larger and spreading into a dark, ominous patch.
 The clock was just on the point of striking eight when a chattering group of five or six men came noisily in for a customary sherry and biters before dinner.
 "Hullo!" said one, catching sight of the recumbent figure; "bet you that's young Molly asleep again, lazy dog!" and he strolled across the room and stirred him with his foot. "Here, wake up, old chap; come and have an appetiser." One of the others laughed.
 "Don't disturb him, Dillon. He's dreaming of his best young woman. He's been chock full of sentiment the last —"
 "My heaven, he's dead," interrupted the first man, in a horrified whisper. "Here, I say, you chaps, come here; he's been killed or —" (and a significant gesture supplied the blank) — "just look—look—at this," pointing to the stained shirt front.
 Dillon bent over him and placed his hand on the dead man's head, and shook his head.
 One of the younger members sat down hurriedly in an armchair looking very white, while one or two of his elders cursed softly under their breaths.
 The door at the far end of the room swung open, and a small, alert, clean-shaven little man poked in his head.
 "What the deuce —" he began, when the man who had first discovered the body, Alton by name, caught sight of him. "Here, Braithwaite—Doctor," he called, beckoning, "come here, for heaven's sake! Poor young Mollisthorpe is dead, or so we think, and we don't know what—well, look for yourself."
 The little doctor hurried through the small knot of men, who gave way for him, and made a quick cursory examination. "H'm, yes, he's dead, sure enough," he said at last. "Poor chap—poor young Molly. Here, get some candles some of you, and let's put him on this sofa." With practised lithe fingers he soon ripped open the shirt and vest bearing the tell-tale stains, and with a handkerchief and a little water out of a glass wiped away the blood from the wound, which he examined intently. "Extraordinary, most extraordinary!" he muttered, with a startled look. "This has been done with some long, sharp-pointed, round instrument. Something like a woman's bonnet pin, only thicker. It has got an upward slant, as far as I can judge, and must

have gone straight into the heart. There must have been a lot of power in the blow, too; look! the flesh all round is bruised. This isn't suicide, but murder. That's about the size of it—we'd better send for the police at once. Here, you fellows, look about and see if you can find any likely sort of weapon hidden in a corner or thrown aside anywhere."
 Just at this juncture a tall, good looking man of about thirty-five came lounging into the room. He did not at first seem to notice anything amiss, but happening to turn quickly he saw Dillon on his knees peering under a sofa.
 "A new Sandow exercise or hide-and-peek?" he queried, and then suddenly coming into view of the figure on the couch with the torn shirt he took a quick step forward.
 "Murdered!" said someone in a hushed voice. The newcomer bent over and looked at the face. "Good Heavens!" he said, huskily, "and I was to have dined with him to-night. Tell me—what has happened?"
 Then there arose a subdued babel of voices, as everyone tried to explain, theorise, and argue all at once, till an exclamation from the little doctor cut it short.
 "I have it," he said, triumphantly; and he held up one of the club cigar cutters. It was of a common enough pattern—a short ivory handle, containing the blade, with a hole through it for the cigar tip, and at the other end a long, thin, pointed bit of steel, about four and a half inches in length and very sharp. "It is with one of these that Mollisthorpe has been killed. This pipe cleaner thing, or whatever it is, judiciously used, is long enough and strong enough to make about as useful a murderous implement as you'd find in a day's walk."
 "Let's see if there's one missing," suggested a man in the group.
 The smoking-room waiter was called in and asked how many cigar cutters he was in the habit of putting in the room.
 "Ten, sir," was the scared reply, "and five in each of the sitting-rooms hupstairs."
 A careful scrutiny revealed the fact that there were only nine.
 "Humph!" ejaculated the doctor. "It probably bent a little—I think the rib bone is grazed, and the beast who used it has taken it away with him." The police had now arrived and a careful examination of the entrance book in the hall revealed the fact that no visitors had entered or left the club since 5.20. Mollisthorpe's name was down as having come in at about 5.15. Obviously the murder must have been committed within a quarter of an hour or so of that time, and by either a member or a club servant.
 It was a little more than a fortnight after the date in question, and Horace Ambling, the man was to have dined with Mollisthorpe on the night of his death, was lounging comfortably about in his rooms after a late breakfast, when his man came in and said that a waiter from the club had brought a message for him, and wished to see him. Ambling was absorbed in the daily paper and ordered the waiter to be shown in without looking up. "Oh! and Davis," he called after the man, "just take that note on the writing table round to Mount-street at once, will you? I shan't be dressing just yet."
 The waiter came in and closed the door carefully behind him. Ambling glanced up with a faint look of surprise. It was the club smoking-room waiter. "What, Lawson! Have they made you commissioner that you carry messages now?"

FOR **COUGHS** TAKE

Powell's Balsam of Aniseed.

— SAFE AND RELIABLE. —

Gives Immediate Relief.

FOR 78 YEARS
THE POPULAR REMEDY FOR

Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis,
Influenza, and all Lung Troubles.



MR. LIONEL BROUGH, the eminent actor, writes: "I think it an invaluable medicine for members of my profession, and have always recommended it to my brother and sister artists."

MR. J. WILLIAM BRUNNEN, of Cape Street, Bromley, writes: "Having had seventeen years' experience in the Chemists' business, I have some knowledge of the properties and popularity of Powell's Balsam, and I can confidently recommend it as being a good Cough Remedy."

MR. A. J. WOODHOUSE, Fern Lodge, Claydon, near Ipswich, writes: "Last year Powell's Balsam of Aniseed cured for me a very obstinate cough of some months' duration, which I feared would lapse into a pulmonary affection."

It soothes the Pharynx immediately, and removes the tickling sensation in the Throat, which it also drives in many of our chest during the night. It also strengthens the Voice and Cures Hoarseness.

Sold by all Chemists and Storekeepers,
But see the well-known Trade Mark—Lion, Hat and Crown—on each wrapper.

Prepared only by Thomas Powell, Ltd.,
Manufacturers, London, E.C.

"No, sir," said the man, nervously; "that is to say, sir, this is a private message, and I should like to 'ave a few minutes' conversation with you confidential like, sir."

"Oh!" said Ambling, coldly. "Well, fire ahead. I've just sent my man out."

"About Mr Mollisthorpe now, sir. I know how he came by his death, sir."

Ambling threw down his paper. "You ought to be careful, you know, Lawson; you may get yourself into a mess over a thing like this. Who was it?" The man looked at him furtively, and his face became sullen.

"You, sir, and you know it." "Then why come and tell me?" said Ambling, quietly.

"Well, sir, seeing as 'ow you've always treated me well, and seeing as you is a rich man I thought—"

"Just so. Just so. You thought the opportunity too good to be missed, eh? Now, tell me this precious story of yours."

"On the night of the m—haccident," said Lawson, "there was just a minute or two when there was no one looking after the entrance book, the day porter 'ad just gone off duty, and Wade, the night porter, sir, 'adn't yet come on. I was passing through the hall at the far end, and I saw you, sir, come in, and go straight into the smoking room. I didn't think nothing of it, but happening to pass the awing door, I heard you and Mr Mollisthorpe quarrelling in loud tones about Miss—"

"That will do, Lawson; no names please."

"Well, sir, I knows her maid, sir, and so I was well up in all that was passing between you three."

"Go on."

"I over'ard you two gentlemen quarrelling 'lve mad, and then a minute or so afterwards I see you come out and leave the club, and then I see Wade acoming upstairs to the porter's desk."

Ambling rose slowly, and strolled towards the speaking tube in the hall, which led below to the man who worked the lift.

"What are you going to do, sir?" said the man in sonic alarm.

"I'm going," said Ambling, "to send for a policeman, and give you in charge for a clumsy attempt at black-mail."

"Old 'ard, sir, 'old 'ard—not quite so fast. You 'ad an oldish dress suit on that night, sir, which you gave to your man the other day as worn out. 'Im and me's been great pals of late—not that he knows anythin' of this job. I bought that suit off of him, sir, for ten bob, and a friend of mine wot's a chemist, he says—"

"Ah!" said Ambling, "that was sharp of you, wasn't it, Lawson?—and now you want to sell me that suit, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's your price?"

"Five 'undred, spot cash, sir."

"And you'll swear to keep your mouth shut afterwards?"

"I'll swear anythink, sir."

Ambling appeared to be turning the matter over in his mind. At last he said sharply:

"Come here at 1.30 to-night, when you leave the club, and I'll have the notes for you. I'm not going to be such a fool as to give you a cheque; 1.30 sharp, mind, and don't forget the suit."

Ambling's own manservant did not sleep on the premises, as the flat was rather a small one, so, when punctually at 1.30 there came a faint ring at the bell, Ambling tossed aside his cigarette, and himself opened the door.

Outside in the dark passage stood Lawson, hat in hand, and with a neat brown paper parcel under his arm.

"Come in," said Ambling. "Now then, let's see if the suit's all right. Here are the notes; count them for yourself."

Lawson, with much licking of thumbs, counted them through, and expressed his satisfaction.

"Have a drink," said Ambling, pouring out a stiff whisky and soda. "Nonsense, man; I'm not going to poison you. See here," and he drained the glass.

"Thank you, sir," said Lawson, and helped himself liberally. He stood in need of it.

"Now swear solemnly that you'll

keep your mouth shut, and won't come bothering me again."

Lawson swore—with mental reservations, Ambling surveyed him critically. "I think I shall be able to trust you," he said, with a smile. "Come along, it's getting late. I'll bring a candle and let you down by the lift; all the lights are out."

The lift was at the bottom of the house; but a pull on the rope set it in motion, and Ambling stood peering over the well watching its ascent. The draught or a careless movement blew the candle, and it fell from the candlestick, leaving them in darkness.

The lift creaked and grumbled slowly upwards, till at last Ambling stopped its motion by a jerk. "Here you are," he said, moving aside. The unsuspecting Lawson stepped forward, a cold uprush of air struck his face, and with a cry he turned and clutched at Ambling, his feet slipping over the well edge as he did so.

"Leave go," curse you!" shouted the latter, striking out wildly; but Lawson hung on with the tenacity of despair.

The lift was on a level with the floor above, and below him was a sixty-foot drop on to hard flagstones. There was an instant's short, sharp struggle. Then Ambling's foot slipped on the tessellated corridor pavement, and with a shriek they both went down into space—there was an instant's silence, and then a dull, sickening crash and a few whimpering moans.

When the caretaker found them in the morning Ambling was stone dead; but Lawson lived long enough to be carried to the hospital and to tell his story in a few broken sentences, and so the truth concerning Mollisthorpe's death came to light at last.

How the Expert Burglar Cracks a Safe.

Very few people are aware how simple are the implements needed by the modern burglar in opening a safe with nitroglycerin and just how he proceeds to business. His outfit consists of a few pounds of putty, a sufficient quantity of nitroglycerin, a hammer, and perhaps a couple of thin wedges. With these and a fuse and matches he is ready to "negotiate" the so-called burglar-proof safe, and the degree of his success depends almost wholly upon himself.

A very short time is needed in which to "blow" the safe. The first thing done is to make a careful inspection of the upper door jamb of the safe. No matter how tight-fitting and carefully adjusted the door of a safe may be, it is claimed that it is impossible to make it so that a wedge, hardly any thicker than a razor edge will not find entrance. A few taps with a hammer drives in the thin end of the wedge, making an opening which may not be any bigger than a thin sheet of paper. The wedge is driven in further, a thicker wedge is inserted, and this is followed, perhaps, by a still thicker one, each wedge only receiving a few dull blows, until finally the opening between the door and the wall of the safe is perhaps a sixteenth of an inch wide. Leaving the last wedge in place, the burglar now turns to his lump of putty and goes to work on the bottom of the safe door.

The minute crack here where the door and the safe meet is carefully puttyed up along its whole length, and the line of putty is continued up for about a foot on each end along the sides of the door. The burglar with his putty next makes a "cup" at the top of the door, directly facing the opening made by the wedge. When the cup is finished he fills it up with nitroglycerin. This slowly percolates in through the thin opening made by the wedge, and as soon as the cup has emptied itself it is filled again. Now, what happens?

The nitroglycerin does not simply disappear in the safe among the books and drawers. It slides down the top of the door at an angle of forty-five degrees and follows down the inside of the door. Instead of

resting on the bottom of the safe the nitroglycerin follows the "steps" into which the door is fitted. Here the nitroglycerin collects, the putty on the outside of the door preventing its escape.

The burglar keeps pouring in nitroglycerin by the aid of his "cup" until he believes that the interstices between the bottom of the door and the safe are full of the liquid, making a layer under the door at an angle of about forty-five degrees. The safe is then ready to be "blown," which merely consists in setting off the explosive. So powerful is nitroglycerin that it wrenches the door from its place and leaves the inside of the safe at the mercy of the burglar.

Ill News Flies Fast.

News, good or ill, travels apace nowadays. Since that memorable night when Oberon and Puck held merry revelry in the Athenian glades the march of time has indeed brought wonders in its train. Few are more striking than the celerity which now characterises the dissemination of momentous tidings. The work of sending the news of the King's illness and the postponement of the Coro-

nation to all parts of the world entailed a severe strain on the great cable companies at Home. As, however, in most cases extra men had been engaged in connection with the general work occasioned by the Coronation, the additional pressure was readily coped with. The Commercial Cable Company, which has four cables running to New York and several to Canada, was flooded to an extent that broke all previous records. The Anglo-American Company was also very busy, and got messages of the distressing event through to far-away Rio de Janeiro in thirty minutes, to Buenos Ayres in fifteen minutes, to Valparaiso (8000 miles away on the "offside" coast of South America) in fifteen minutes, and to Mexico in ten minutes. Capetown, 6000 miles distant, knew of the sad tidings through the London press in a little over ten minutes, while Calcutta was about a minutes later in getting the news. The intimation of the King's illness was known in Mr Seddon's adopted country of New Zealand within a quarter of an hour of its publication in London, while the chief towns in Australia and the pleasant little capital of Tasmania knew of their beloved King's illness long before the London suburbanite's wife heard the hurrying newsboy calling out the news.

COUGHS



The trouble is not with your stomach, is it? Then why put any medicine in it. Let it alone. But there must be something the matter with your bronchial tubes or lungs, or you wouldn't be coughing so hard. Then treat these, one or both, and these only. You can do it so nicely with our Vapo-Cresolene.

Put some Cresolene in the vaporizer, light the lamp beneath, and breathe-in the healing vapor. You feel relieved at once; the first breath quiets the tickling in the throat, and lessens the desire to cough. Isn't this much better than to try to reach your lungs by way of your stomach?

For asthma, bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, catarrh and influenza, it is the best treatment you can possibly find.

Vapo-Cresolene

CURES WHILE YOU SLEEP

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' OFFICIAL BOOTS.

Xenia, Ohio, April 1st, 1885.

During the past winter we had so outbreak of whooping-cough at this location, having about 60 cases. They were all treated by inhalations of your Vapo-Cresolene without other treatment in these cases they all made unexpected recoveries without complications. I unhesitatingly recommend your preparation in Whooping-Cough.

A. C. MESSENGER, Resident Physician.

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere. A Vapo-Cresolene outfit, including the Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a lifetime, and a bottle of Cresolene complete, 50c; extra supplies of Cresolene, 30c; 1 oz., 15c; 4 oz., 50c. Illustrated booklet containing physicians' testimonials free upon request. Vapo-Cresolene Co., 180 Fulton St., New York, U. S. A. Sold and recommended by E. W. THOMAS, PHARMACEUTICAL CO.

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

WINCHESTER

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

After Dinner Gossip.

A Writer and an Editor.

Writers who send unsolicited contributions to magazines give more trouble than they are aware of, and it is not to be wondered at that they are sometimes treated with scant courtesy. An editor is human, and there are moments when the burden he carries is so heavy that another straw, in the shape of an illegible manuscript, is likely to make him break down. None the less, we sympathise with the hero of the following story. He is very young, but he is beginning to get accepted, and some months ago he was delighted to receive a letter from a well-known editor inviting him to call. He did so and was asked to send in stories and sketches. In the course of a few weeks he sent in several, and one of them was printed.

Then there was silence and he went and saw the editor and asked if he might have his MSS. back if they were not going to be used. It was quite a friendly interview, and the editor was in his most genial mood when he said: "My dear fellow, I will do my best to find them. The fact is I have three large brown paper bags at home, and I take manuscripts back with me and put them into those against the time when I shall have leisure to read them. They are all full, and I don't remember into which of them I put yours." This happened months ago, and the little sketches, probably quite saleable, still dwell in the brown paper bags.

The Prince's Reason.

A few years hence the little Prince who figures in the following story from the London "Express" will hear of the Nile and Trafalgar and the great victories won by British merchant seamen, and will know that to be a sailor requires skill and heroism; but just now his view of this noble profession—and of his Royal father as well—is refreshingly natural and boyish.

Not long ago the Prince of Wales went unexpectedly into the Royal nursery and found his little son busily engaged drawing on a bit of scrap paper the picture of a ship.

"Well, laddie," said the Prince, quite proud of his son's creditable performance. "I'm pleased to see that you are fond of ships and sailors. I am a sailor, you know."

"Yes, daddy," cried Prince Edward, excitedly, "and I want to be a sailor too when I'm grown up!"

"Ah," said the Prince of Wales, smiling, "and you want to be a sailor, do you? Because daddy's a sailor, I suppose?"

"Not because of that, I think," said the young Prince, thoughtfully; "because I don't like my lessons always, and you needn't be clever to be a sailor, need you, daddy?"

Such Things Will Happen.

Everybody has heard of the churchgoer who complained that some unauthorised person was "occupying his pie." Something almost, if not quite, as bad is reported as having taken place at a parish meeting where the question of the propriety of holding teas in the church hall for the benefit of the organ fund was under discussion.

The debate was animated, some maintaining that it was undignified and not in good form, to say the least, to turn the church into a restaurant, while others could see no impropriety in it.

"I tell you, fellow parishioners," heatedly exclaimed one of the latter class, "that we don't intend to cheat anybody! The suppers will be worth all we expect to ask for them. We need money, and I contend that the end justifies the means!"

Remarks Misrepresented.

How many times in trying to make some polite speech some lump of perversity seems to twist the words as they issue from our lips, and to our amazement we hear ourselves make some remark that is quite the reverse of complimentary!

"What do you think Mrs. Brown said to me the other day?" said the mother of a pretty little girl. "Mrs. Z—," she exclaimed, "however did you manage to have such a beautiful daughter?" I was so indignant.

"But of course she meant you to be flattered," answered her friend. "She intended to convey the idea that she wondered that anyone could have such an attractive child."

"Perhaps so," admitted the other, "but you must acknowledge that it is capable of a most uncomplimentary interpretation."

"Oh! Mr. X—" called out a society woman, with effusion, to a young man who was passing her, "you are just the person I wanted to see. Won't you come and dine with us this evening and go afterwards to the theatre?"

"I am awfully sorry," he answered, pleased, however, at being asked, "but I have a long-standing engagement."

"Yes, everyone seems engaged," she responded, with absent-minded acquiescence.

"Confound that woman!" exclaimed the man to a girl who had overheard the equivocal remark, and was smiling mischievously. "At least, she needn't have told me in so many words that she had asked half the roomful before coming to me!"

An Up-Country Solomon.

In a small town in one of the central counties of New York State lives an old German, who, because of the high esteem in which he is held in the community, was elected justice of the peace. The old gentleman was once called upon (says the New York "Times") to decide a most perplexing question.

One of his fellow citizens owned a dog which, although not very vicious, had a habit of barking at passers-by. A neighbour vowed vengeance. His chance came when he was returning from a shooting trip, gun in hand. The dog ran out and barked savagely at him, and he fired at the animal. As his aim was bad the dog escaped, yelping, with nothing more serious than a wounded tail.

The owner of the dog had his neighbour brought before the old justice on a charge of cruelty to animals, and the court room was crowded with the partisans of both men. The justice heard the charge, and then the defence that the dog was a dangerous animal and a nuisance to the neighbourhood. The old German cleared his throat and delivered the dictum:

"Der man—he has been guilty of cruelty to animals." And one side of the court room applauded the justice of the decision.

"But der tog—he was a vicious tog." And the other side voiced its approval.

"I shall fine der man five tollars." Another murmur in the court room.

"But I vill gif him another shot at der tog."

The Professor's Mistake.

The members of a certain learned society had been indulging in birthday festivities, and when dinner and the subsequent enjoyments were over Professor Jones started off to trudge the half-mile or so to his home. The professor is a very clever man, and noted for the keenness of his intellect.

The excitement and the unusually hearty dinner, followed by the ab-

struse discussion in which he had been engaged, had given him a headache; so, approaching an electric light post, he pressed his throbbing brow against the cool iron. Thus he stood for a few minutes. Then, feeling a little chilly, he buttoned his overcoat preparatory to proceeding on his way home, but to his horror, when he attempted to leave the post, he found himself unable to move.

A brain such as the professor's works quickly, and the reason for his detention soon seemed clear. Evidently the current which fed the lamp above had become diverted from its course, and was passing through his body, binding him to the post in the process. Death, ghastly and horrible, stared him in the face. Gradually his backbone would become dissolved to a jelly, and while the awful process was going on he must stand there as helpless as a butterfly pinned to a cork.

In his terror he gave vent to his feelings in a mighty yell. This attracted the attention of a policeman, who hurried up, and then, shaking with laughter, listened to the professor's explanation. When he had finished the policeman unfastened the professor's overcoat from the post, round which he had inadvertently buttoned it.

Women and Cats.

The affection of women for cats has long been the stock in trade of the humorist. If the woman was "an old maid" and the cat a rollicking fellow given to late hours and daytime snoozes, so much the better for the joker. It is time for a defence of pussy, and, incidentally, for a defence of my lady's discrimination in her choice of a pet.

The popular estimate of the cat has always been based on comparison with the dog. But cats are not dogs, and whoever regards them as an inferior species of dog does both animals wrong.

The chief characteristic of the cat is her intense originality. That of the dog is his teachableness and imitableness. Whoever will know Mistress Cat must study her—not try to teach her. She does not catch human ways. As she is domesticated, protected, well fed, she becomes not the more like her mistress, but the more herself. Her personal preference is law. At a given minute she does not wish to be fondled, and repays a caress with a scratch. She chooses her own time to be affectionate.

Her habits and choices are persistent. Let her be punished forty times for sharpening her claws on the carpet, and she will continue to do so. This is not because she does not know what the punishment means, but because she does not care. Like Falstaff, she has "the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking."

Such stoical persistence, such untouched originality of impulse, such splendid characteristics of the primal jungle, unmarred by centuries of so-called "petting," are surely impressive.

To the woman who has patience, and who is not so anxious as a man might be to mould qualities to her own image, the cat will prove a more and more fascinating companion.

Intended for a Compliment.

There was a family reunion at the home of little Alice's mother. Grandfather, grandmother, uncles, aunts and cousins had gathered from far and near. The child was much bewildered, and had great difficulty in remembering the new names and distinguishing the strange faces.

They were all anxious to be recognised by the little one, the only child present, and her mother was proudly eager to impress all their names on her mind. So the poor little girl was subjected to the tiresome questions: "Who is this, Alice?" "What is my name?"

At first she gave very vague replies, but soon fell into a tearful silence.

In a little while Mary, her pretty next door neighbour, came. Alice

loved Mary, and her face brightened when she saw the familiar face among so many strange ones. Mamma told Mary of Alice's trouble in remembering her relatives' names.

"But Alice knows who I am," said Mary, confidently. "Tell me, dear, who am I?"

"You ain't nobody," said the child, fondly, with a sigh of relief.

Mary was somewhat confused, but under the circumstances it was the highest compliment she could have received.

Wanted His Money's Worth.

They were in Auckland for the Coronation, and, not knowing the run of the ropes, wandered into a smart hotel for lunch instead of one of the restaurants.

The meal was luncheon. The price which the old man was asked after he had ordered two meals was three shillings. "Three shillings!" he exclaimed: "You don't mean a penny?" "Yes, sir." "Gracious!" He thought it over a minute or two. Then he looked at his wife as if considering whether he should try to get the dreaded news past the old lady's tympnum. Evidently he gave it up. But he did what he could. When the first course came on he leaned over and shouted in her ear, "Eat all you can, mother! I'll tell you why after a while!"

FREE TO THE RUPTURED.

Dr. W. S. RICE, the well-known New York Herold Specialist, sends a copy 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 seafarers, Dr. Rice has opened Branch Offices at 12 Stonecutter 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 Rupture. Do not be backward about writing for the FREE TRIAL. It will cost you nothing, and will enable you to see how easily you can cure yourself in a short time without losing an hour from work. Dr. Rice is determined that every suffering man or woman shall know the wonderful truth that Rupture can be cured, and he therefore generously sends, prepaid by post, his method absolutely free, and you can make a trial of it. Remember this, it is the same method that Mr. Thomas Blay (whose picture is given below) used; and who can deny the truth when it is put before them in so clear a light? It must indeed be welcome words to the afflicted.



Words of praise from Mr. BLAY.

No. 8, Ripley Terrace, Luddenden Foot, W. S. Rice. After using your treatment for three months I find myself cured of my Rupture, at the age of 60. I had been Ruptured for ten years. I shall advise my people and friends with this complaint to use your treatment, as I know from experience that it will cure permanently. You must have a wonderful knowledge of ruptures to cure 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 curability 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 bane 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 the cure is infallibly that before night they may say good-bye to earthly things. Does not this fact induce one to pause and consider whether they are using their best efforts in the way of a cure? Do they intend they should? And if the foregoing, the research and the painstaking effort of one who travels 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 later advantage of that which contributes to our earthly happiness?

"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, £1.)
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.

Topics of the Week.

Mr. Seddon at Home.

The "Illustrated Mail" of July 12th has a pictorial page devoted to Mr Seddon's visit to his native St. Helens. Questioned by the ever-present interviewer as to how he ever came to leave the place, our Premier replied: "It was due to restlessness. My work was irksome. I felt cramped. So I turned my back on it all. I first went to Victoria, Australia, and made straight for the gold diggings. In and out of luck—mostly out—I searched vainly for those golden nuggets with which the paths were said to be paved. Subsequently I took part in the rush to the goldfields on the West New Zealand coast, but I left my heart behind in Victoria. My wife's family did not look with favour on my suit. But in the course of two years I had altered my financial position, and we were married at 1869." On the question of his Imperialism, Mr. Seddon spoke thus to the newspaper man: "I date the beginning of my Imperialistic career from the day when, as a little lad, I first beheld that beloved and gracious woman Queen Victoria in Knowsley Park. This was in the fifties, about the time of the Crimean war. Then and there was implanted my ardent love of Queen and country and the proud consciousness that I was a British boy. I point to anything unmanly or wrong that I have done since those far-off days when I left St. Helens as a boy." The interviewer, not content with our Premier's explanation as to why he left St. Helens, must needs put the same query to Mr William Mellish, who was apprentices' foreman at the ironworks from which the young Seddon ran away. "Young Seddon left St. Helens," was the reply, "for the benefit of his country, as he himself has often said to me. He did more for the Empire by going away than he could ever have hoped to do by remaining. He left St. Helens with nine shillings and sixpence in his pocket, which he thinks is quite sufficient for any young man to start life with." The "Mail" man gives a very picturesque account of these early days, gathered partly from the Premier himself, no doubt, and partly from the many residents of St. Helens "who knew him when a boy"; mostly, I should say, from the latter, for biographical facts never known to us in New Zealand meet one's eye for the first time in these interesting columns. Mr. Seddon is pretty free in his public confidences, but I don't remember his ever telling us that he forcibly broke his indenture as apprentice to Messrs. Dalglisb, of St. Helens, by running away. The "Mail" man draws quite a touching picture of the boy's flight. "He cast a tearful glance at the forbidding outline of the foundry, then took to his heels and ran until his native town was far behind, and he on the high road to Liverpool, with 9/6 as his sole worldly wealth." Perhaps the Premier has refrained from these disclosures on the ground of the bad example they set "the workers," to whose welfare he is so ardently devoted.

surface, and to the highest power the grasping and self-seeking arrogant Oom Paul; but when the fierce breath of war blew it withered out of existence that worthless autocracy, and revealed the real sinew of the country—men like De Wet, De La Rey and the Bothas, men whose genius, gallantry in the field, and chivalric recognition of defeat command our unfeigned admiration. These leaders are now in England, where they are being accorded the reception it becomes a generous people to give to men who have fought so well and so loyally submitted to the change. It is reported that they are about to pay a visit to ex-President Kruger in Holland, with a view of making him "disgorge" for the benefit of the ruined burghers the wealth which he carried away with him when he fled his country. How interesting would it be to be present at that meeting. With what feelings can these men approach their old leader, he whose least word was law in the old days to every burgher, whose reputation and honour was above suspicion. Doubtless letters have passed between Kruger and those who bravely stood their ground when he had turned tail, and we can imagine the explanations on the one side and recriminations on the other that have been exchanged. But that was nothing to the actual personal interview the result of which we shall await with keen interest. What but indignant rebuke and scathing contempt can these men have for their ex-President? One can almost hear their vehement upbraidings. Or will they upbraid? Why should strong, chivalrous natures waste words on the poor, half-senile wreck, who holds greedily to his doubtfully gotten and dishonestly held gain? Only for this that they may shame him into disbursing for the benefit of his ruined countrymen, the wealth they gave him in their day of prosperity. It is for this only that they seek an interview; and but for this hope they would no doubt leave the old man alone. But will he be persuaded? It would be the least reparation he could make. Will he make it?

have become a vast power for good in the land. Each club takes up some special feature, sometimes several, political, philanthropic, or what you will. Any member who does not throw herself into these objects, and work for them con amore, finds herself speedily out of it; not merely of a political or philanthropic clique, but out of the whole social life of the club. Hence it comes that without suffrage, women do undoubtedly have an enormous influence on political life, and are raising the standard thereof, in the States; an influence one gathers infinitely greater than that which our women voters have exercised since the granting of the franchise. At these clubs women, from girlhood up, discuss social and political questions fully and openly, so that a feature of the States is that politics are better talked of by women than by men, for it is only the women who have the leisure to devote to their study. Now, is there not the germ of a lesson for New Zealand women here? The average young woman takes no mortal interest in public questions, knows nothing of politics, cares less, and on election day walks down and votes as she is told, or as contrary whim dictates. If women worked up these clubs and amid comforts of home—not a bare lecture hall—discussed questions which vitally affect themselves and their children, might not the general interest in politics be revived and the status of the politician gradually raised. Though we have had female franchise now for years, the woman who takes a live interest in politics or in municipal matters is yet rare, and is still more or less the target for cheap ridicule. In America, though there is no franchise, it is evidently different, and the girl who does not know something about public affairs and local politics is as great a curiosity as her opposite is here. The seeds of capability to discuss such matters, are, of course, laid early in the States. In teaching history, for example, part of the lesson lies in making the pupils discuss the actions of any King or statesman or the causes which led to certain effects. One would have thought this might lead to pertness, and an irritating assumption of knowledge, but apparently it does not, for American women are famed as the most natural and charming as well as the most brilliant in the world.

Four Revolutions a Year.

Venezuela is now enjoying its eighth revolution within the last two years. These civil wars are by no means insignificant affairs, as one might be inclined to assume from the frequency with which they occur. Bloody are the battles that mark the encounters of the Government forces and the revolutionary army under General Antonio Matos. Six weeks ago the latter defeated the regulars, killing or wounding 1600 men; and a few days later the rebels captured Carupano, the centre of the opoea trade, and wrought terrible havoc in the place. Houses were wrecked and sacked, and the dead and wounded lay thick in the streets. In addition General Matos has made himself master of several towns, and appears to be in a fair way to securing the reins of government, which he will continue to hold till the next revolution six months hence will perhaps displace him. The whirligig of time moves swiftly in Venezuela if you are an active politician. The most recent success of the revolutionists, mentioned in the cables last week, is the capture of the town of Barcelona, and the most striking feature about the thing to us is the large proportion of officers to men that is among the list of killed. Eight generals and 23 colonels on both sides met their death in the fighting, while only 167 men shared their fate—a general or colonel to every five men. Either officers are very plentiful in these armies or they take more risks than the men do. Both presumptions are probably correct. It is to the interest of the men in power to do all they can to keep there, and so they lend the weight of their swords as well as their advice

Women's Clubs and Their Influence.

By the "Frisco mail boat last week, there passed through Auckland, a very interesting personality in Miss Vera Goldstein, who represented Australia and New Zealand at the International Woman's Suffrage Convention, which has just concluded its sittings in America. Naturally, Miss Goldstein (who, by the way, is young, bright, alert, and if one may say it without impertinence, remarkably pretty) has much of moment to say, but perhaps nothing surprised her more, or has more interest for us in New Zealand than the enormous spread of club-life amongst women in the States, and the tremendous influence these clubs exercise on political, social, and philanthropic questions. The clubs are, she says, primarily run in the same social manner as men's clubs, and in their arrangements differ in no way from them save that they are infinitely more luxurious in their appointments. There are all the usual rooms and appointments common to men's clubs of the better class, and dinners, luncheons, teas and breakfasts are given by members to fellow members and friends, the club with its luxurious cuisine and its perfect service being largely issued for entertaining by persons who live in flats, or, as they are called over there, apartment houses. Each club, too, boasts a concert-room of greater or less magnificence, where meetings and debates are held, and where concerts are of constant occurrence. But the point of the whole thing is this, that though these clubs were formed merely for social intercourse and enjoyment amongst women, they

Kruger's Gold.

From the time of his ignominious flight from South Africa Mr. Kruger's influence rapidly waned, and long before the signing of peace he counted for nothing as a factor in the war. Other voices commanded attention in the Boer Councils than that of the old man who had dragged his fellow-countrymen into the quarrel and then left them to their fate, while he made off loaded with spoil. The men on whom the conduct of the war devolved on the Boer side, the men who represented the Boer Government, such as it was, were for the most part of a very different stamp. Peace had brought to the

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 23 Street, New York, U.S.A.



'SWAN' FOUNTAIN PENS

Are Willing, Faithful, and Fast Workers.

One Filling Lasts for Days.
One Pen for Years.

Prices: 10/6, 12/6, 16/6, 21/-, 25/- and upwards.

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS.

Insist on Having the **'SWAN.'**

Catalogue Post Free
Mabie, Todd & Bard,
93, Cheapside, E.C.
LONDON, Eng.

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 why 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. STANTON, 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 6d 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. Doud 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 dynamo. 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

vane, or dealt out "rats" to the little animal it was protecting. But, of course, this is a very low-class dog, like those who play in the Cathedral grounds or get on to "other varieties" benches at show time, and behave offensively, even when so honoured.

Mr Felix Tanner, the inventor of an improved air-ship, has built a model of a balloon which is controlled by the same methods, but costing only about one-sixth of the cost of his principal air-ship. He has considered that the money required to fit out and construct his air-ship, £2000, would be difficult to obtain without some practical illustration as to its utility, and has consequently made alterations, which reduce the cost considerably, but serve the same purpose, as far as the principle of his methods is concerned. He claims that a trial trip could be made from Thames to Auckland, and the balloon used as a captive, which would be a novelty in New Zealand. It could also be brought to serve the purpose of an advertising medium, and the money so gained by its sale would go towards constructing his ocean-travelling air-ship, to cost £2000, and estimated to do the trip to Australia in 24 hours.—(Waihi correspondent.)

News from Niue (Savage Island) goes to show that there is a good deal of dissatisfaction amongst the traders and natives at the Customs duties which have been imposed there, as the result of the incorporation of the island within New Zealand's boundaries. The duty on tobacco, one of the largest items of consumption, which formerly reached Niue free out of bond in Auckland, is 3/8 per lb, which is greatly worrying the Savage Islanders, and the enhanced price is expected to considerably restrict the trade.

The Demerara "Daily Chronicle" of June 4th last reports the death at Plaisance of "Old Mother Asher John," at the age of 124 years. Within the last year of her life she was to be seen going regularly to her farm, and was only confined to her house for six weeks prior to her death. The old lady never even had necessity to wear spectacles. Owing to her long life she had to mourn the death of nine children, 34 grandchildren, and 40 great-grandchildren.

A very large turtle, brought by the Moura from Fiji, was sold at an auction room in Wellington last week. The turtle was purchased by a syndicate of Chinamen. Because its shell had been broken the tender-hearted purchasers felt such sympathy for the turtle that they gave it liberty by dropping it into the harbour, with the observation from the head of the syndicate, "Him have hard luck!" A European, who "hated to see a good thing go to waste," offered the Chinamen an advance upon the price paid for the turtle, but the offer was refused.

A fine, bright, black-eyed, ruddy-checked Irish girl is housemaid at a banker's residence. Last week a foreign bawker called, trying to sell certain wares, and, after knocking at the front door, he demanded to see "de laity de house." "Out of this, ye monkey-faced divil," said the girl. "Sure we are all ladies here, an' if it's the mistress ye want to see, have the manners to ask for her," and she slammed the door in his face.

The "Cork Examiner" of June 13 states: "At noon yesterday a very interesting ceremony took place in the Exhibition Grounds, when the Right Hon. the Mayor was made the recipient of a very valuable presentation for the citizens of Cork by the Rev. W. H. Mahoney, on behalf of Mr J. J. O'Brien, of the well-known firm of Leyland and O'Brien, timber merchants, Auckland, New Zealand. The presentation consists of a number of specimens of New Zealand gum, timber, polished gum, gold and silver quartz, birds, etc., as well as several interesting Maori curios and illustrations of the flora and different phases of life in that distant country. The timber produced in New Zealand is, perhaps, the finest in the world, and

the specimens which now hang artistically arranged around the walls of the pavilion should prove of the greatest possible interest." The "Cork Examiner" devotes a good deal of space describing the various items of Mr Leyland's gift, and, after a few words referring to the business ability of the donor, records the fact that the Lord Mayor returned thanks on behalf of the citizens for the collection, which would be valued by the citizens, not only while the exhibition lasted, but for all future time."

Last week a public meeting was held at Hawera (Taranaki) to devise means of putting a stop to the larrkinism which has been prevalent there of late. The Mayor (Mr. Robbins) said the state of things was scandalous, and it was time something was done to have a stop put to the damage to property done by the hoodlums. Many complaints were made by speakers, and it was resolved "That, whereas the citizens have been disturbed and property destroyed of late, it is resolved that the Government be strongly urged to provide extra police protection by appointing a police officer for all-night duty."

Joe, the groom at a country hotel, is a hard case, and is largely dependent on tips for a living. He is, however, most attentive to any animals placed in his charge, says "Woomera." A lawyer from a neighbouring town, who acts on the precept that it is more blessed to receive than to give, spent a night at the hotel, and committed a pair of horses to Joe's care, one of which had a long and badly-matted tail. Joe pulled and combed it carefully, and expected a good tip, as the animal's appearance was much improved. But next morning the lawyer cursed him for ruining the appearance of his horse. "Fancy the variegated dog bluffing like that to avoid giving a tip," said Joe. "But, Lord, wouldn't he curse if he knew I got 2lb of hair out of that tail, and have sold it to the saddler for three bob. I have got the best of it after all."

The valuable paper read before the Auckland Institute by Professor Sagar, M.A., on the recent statistics of insanity, cancer and phthisis in New Zealand, has been issued as a leaflet from the Transactions of the New Zealand Institute. The chief points brought out by the professor, it will be remembered, were that when the changes in age-distribution of the population are taken into account, the supposed increase in the liability to insanity is a myth—in fact, that there has been an actual falling-off in the occurrence of this deplorable malady. This is also true of phthisis, which shows a substantial decrease. The deaths from cancer have undoubtedly decreased, but not to the extent which might be supposed from an examination of the percentages in proportion to the population, without reference to the larger percentage of people now in the colony than there were a few years back, at the periods of life within which there is a special susceptibility to this disease. The writer also concurs with the Registrar-General of England in the opinion that part of the increase is due to improved diagnosis.

It was at a certain church meeting, and the good Bishop was calling for reports. He had a rather stern, sharp manner, which sometimes jarred a little on the nerves of the more timid. By-and-bye he came to Brother B., a lay delegate. "Brother B., what is the spiritual condition of your church?" demanded the Bishop, briskly. "I consider it good," said the brother. "What makes you think it is good?" went on the Bishop. "Well, the people are religious. That's what makes me think so." "What do you call religious? Do they have family prayer?" "Some of them do and some do not." "Do you mean to say that a man may be a Christian, and not hold family prayer?"

"Yes, sir; I think so."
"Do you hold family prayer?"
"Yes, sir," returned the brother, quietly.
"And yet you think a man may be a Christian and not hold family prayer?"
"I have a brother who is a better man than I am who does not hold family prayer."
"What makes you think he is a better man than you are?"
"Everybody says so, and I know he is."
"Why does not your brother, if he is such a good man; hold family prayer?" thundered the Bishop.
"He has no family," meekly answered the brother.

A peculiar case came before Mr S. E. McCarthy, S.M., Invercargill, William Sim, Underwood, being charged with cruelty towards a son five years of age, whom, it was alleged, he had tied up in a sack as punishment for misbehaviour. Sub-inspector Green conducted the prosecution, and explained the facts, and called the boy, who said his father sometimes punished him with a strap, and on other occasions tied him in a sack, and hung him up to the rafters in the coal-house. He had been punished in this manner a number of times, and his knees particularly suffered. In reply to Mr Stout, the boy said he was very fond of his father, who was kind to him. The cause of his father punishing him in the way mentioned was that he quarrelled with his sister, whom he struck. He and his sisters were accustomed to playing with the sack and putting one another into it. Evidence was given in support of the boy's story.

Mounted Constable Emerson said that the father had admitted to him having tied the boy in the sack about half a dozen times to punish him, and leaving him in it for half an hour or an hour.

Dr. Hendry said the form of punishment alleged should not be applied by parents. The boy would be able to move to a certain extent in the sack, but some part of his body would be bent. If he were hung up there would be great pain in the knees, as all the weight would be there. Probably there would be a difficulty in breathing, but this would depend on the character of the sack.

Defendant said he had put the boy into the sack three times in two years. The boy was, on occasions, very wayward and hardy, and had to be firmly dealt with. He denied ever having tied him to the rafters, though he had threatened to do so. H. S. Bell, manager of Underwood Factory, and Rev. W. White gave evidence, stating that defendant bore a good character, and the latter said that, from his observations during visits to the house, he had found him an indulgent father. Other evidence was called with a view to showing that the father rather erred on the side of leniency.

The Magistrate said there was no

proof that the offence had been committed within the last six months, and that would have to be shown before the charge could be established. In dismissing the information he did not wish to say that he considered it proper for a boy to be tied up in a sack as punishment, and it was cruelty to leave him in that position for an hour. The evidence of the boy was absolutely unrelatable, as he contradicted himself, but there was the father's admission to the constable that he kept the boy tied up for an hour, and he had no hesitation in saying this was cruelty.

A gentleman, who is a great fowl fancier, was showing some visitors a pen of beautiful silver-feathered fowls he had recently imported from Austria, and when about leaving the poultry run, pointed to a small brown hen, saying, "That little thing hatched and reared that great fellow," indicating a remarkably large gander. The little brown hen, he explained, had shown great pride in her gosling, parading him before the less fortunate hens with broods of chickens, with the air of a mother who had gone one better than any of them. Every time the gosling enjoyed a swim in the duck-pond his little mother walked round and round until he had had enough of it. Each evening she trotted him off into the corner of the stable where her nest had been, and when he grew too big to fit in under her wings she would hop on his back and spread her wings over him as in his gosling days. One evening the 14-year-old son of the house thought to have some fun, and gave the young gander some sponge cake soaked in brandy. That the gander enjoyed the dainty goes without saying, but he became so disgracefully intoxicated that when his little brown mother came to take him to bed he waddled very unsteadily beside her, uttering a maudlin sort of cackle; then fell down and was unable to rise. This was more than the little brown hen could stand. She fled to the henhouse, resumed her seat on the perch, and after that night never again took any notice of her disgraceful son.

A young boy, who is being educated at a certain Boys' High School somewhere near, was recently introduced by his teacher to the "ditto" mark, whose labour-saving possibilities appealed to his fancy. His next letter to his father ran as follows:

Dear Father,
I hope you are well.
" Mother is " "
" Nellie " "
" Dick " "
" Grannie " "
I wish you were here with me.
" Mother was " "
" Nellie " " "
" Dick " " "
" Grannie " " "
" you would send me 10/,"
Your affectionate son,
JIM

CANADIAN-AUSTRALIAN LINE OF ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG.

In connection with the **CANADIAN-PACIFIC RAILWAY,** The most substantially and perfectly-built Railway on the American Continent.

TO LONDON THROUGH AMERICA, VIA SUVA (FIJI), HONOLULU, CANADA TO UNITED STATES AND EUROPE. Choice of Mail Services from Montreal, New York or other ports. MOST INTERESTING SCENERY EVER VIEWED.

ROUND THE WORLD TOURS AT LOWEST RATES. EUROPE AND BACK WITHOUT TRAVELLING BRATEN TRACKS.

| | | | |
|---------|--------------|-----------|----------|
| MOANA | From Sydney. | Brisbane. | Suva. |
| MIOUERA | Sept. 8 | Apr. 14 | Aug. 10 |
| AORANGI | Oct. 6 | Sept. 11 | Sept. 18 |
| | Nov. 8 | Nov. 8 | Nov. 11 |

And every Twenty-eight Days thereafter.

P passengers from New Zealand have the option of joining the Mail Steamer at Sydney, or proceeding from Auckland to Suva and embarking there.

FARES from Auckland to Vancouver or San Francisco, £16 to £22 5s.; Liverpool and London, £30 to £38 5s.; Round the World, 24s 10s. to £141 10s.

SPECIAL EXCURSIONS to Banff, in Rocky Mountains, in July, August, September, Return Fare from Auckland, 45s (including all expenses).

For information, Folders, Guide Books, etc., apply **UNION STEAMSHIP CO. OF N.Z., LTD.**

What are we going to call the greatest singer of our day when she is here (writes "Boyet" of the "Australasian")? I don't like the term "Ma." To me it always brings to mind a figure in a frilled bathing dress standing on the edge of a spring board, with the green waves bobbing up and down, waiting to take her in their arms. "Our Nellie" won't do, as there is one "Our Nellie" already in the field at the Princess's Theatre, and she would be certain to object to infringement of copyright. Besides, it seems too familiar for a songstress who has four cabins knocked into one, and with diamonds almost as big as decanter stoppers. "Madame Melba" is altogether too cold and formal in the country where we know her in short frocks, in her school days, and in days when she put her hair up and lengthened her dresses, when such an event as singing before all the crowned heads of Europe and the East was not ever dreamt of. But after all, what does it matter how we address her. Only I do hope she will not sing all high-class music; I mean those long compositions you can cut off in lengths, which the gentlemen with long hair, frenzied eye, and no neckties go into raptures over between refreshment times. I want to hear her sing one or two simple ballads. Perhaps she may do this when she "rests" at Cup time in that, up to now, eminently demure home at Teorak.

Surely the brightest of all the Coronation remembrances will be Queen Alexandra's tea party and souvenir brooch to 10,000 London maids-of-all-work. Those who know the general domestic of the great city will be able to realise all that tea and brooch means. Take down your "Old Curiosity Shop," and look at H. K. Browne's drawing of that hard-worked, faithful, little morsel, "The Marchioness," whose bits of orange peel, steeped in water, if you believed very hard, tasted like wine. Think of that imaginative little creature sitting down to a party with unlimited cake and tea (no Sally Brass at hand to deal it out), and wearing a gold brooch, the gift to her of the Queen of England. Then you can faintly picture the supreme bliss Her Majesty's treat will be to those 10,000 maids-of-all-work, whose drab and dismal lives are unrelieved by a single ray of hope or sunshine.

As a rule, New Zealanders are not great rovers of the world, but there are exceptions. Mr J. Northey, eldest son of Mr John Northey, Western Spit, Napier, has returned home after seventeen years' wanderings by land and sea. Sailor, soldier, engineer or fireman, carpenter, farmer or miner, like a true New Zealander, he adapted himself to the environment, and took a hand in what offered. He was (says the Hawke's Bay "Herald") engaged all through the Chinese-Japanese war, and spent many years in the United States, which he deems the greatest and finest country on earth. Most of his time was spent in the West, and he never had any difficulty over employment, which was ever abundant, with ample pay. He had heard of the reverse side as common in the Eastern cities, but had never experienced it. He served in the Canadian Mounted Police in the North-west, and spent a couple of years at Klondike, where the thermometer remains for months at a stretch forty degrees below zero. Asked how he liked it, he said they bore it with ease, being well clad, and the cold, though great, being dry, was not oppressive. But when it blew a blizzard, then it was well to seek shelter. He spent some time in Vancouver, which he says is making wonderful progress; and saw the city of Seattle shoot ahead like a comet. "Have you seen any land as lovely as this in your roaming?" he was asked. "Well, honestly," he said, "I don't think I have."

A correspondent, signing himself "Office Boy," writes complaining of the insufficiency of gum on nearly all the stamps now issued by the Postal Department. He wants to know whether the supply has run out, or whether the shortage of money has

necessitated cheeseparing even in this direction. He is quite right; the stamps now supplied are very badly gummed, and it is little use taking a supply with you unless you also carry a small bottle of paste and a brush in your waistcoat pocket, and that is not always convenient.

In the Commercial Club case, Invercargill, in which the manager was charged with exposing for sale and selling liquor without a license, the secretary of the club stated that the liquor supplied was only to members and guests. There was a sign outside bearing the words, "Members only." Money received for drink was kept separate, and one month's receipts were used to pay for the following month's supply of refreshments. The takings at the bar for the year amounted to £287. The club had been in existence since 1894. There was 33 per cent. profit on what was obtained for the liquor from members above what was paid by the steward for it to the merchant. A member had no right to take liquor unknown to the steward. The club had applied for a charter with the object of having the right to sell liquor to non-members accompanying members. Drink was supplied to members, not sold, and guests were not allowed to "shout"; that would be a breach of the rules of the club. The proceeds from the bar included money taken for cigars. It would be necessary to pay half a crown a drink before the bar would pay the expenses of the club, which totalled £400. The profits of the bar went to pay the wages of the boy who assisted the steward. Decision was reserved, the Magistrate saying the question was whether the New Zealand law was the same as the English, which permitted such sales.

Some people are quite prepared to swear that they never have at any time thrown down a lighted match (says the "Wanganui Chronicle.") In the course of an enquiry into the cause of a recent fire, the captain of the fire brigade stated that some time ago a business man whose shop had been burned down on the previous evening was in his (the captain's) shop, speaking about the fire. "Are you sure you did not drop a lighted match?" asked the captain. "No," replied the man, "I am always most particular to see that a match is 'out' before I throw it away." As he was speaking he lit his pipe and threw down the match. It was alight, and as it fell on a heap of shavings it, of course, caused a fire. The captain noticed the fire, but allowed it to blaze up, and then only asked: "You were most careful on that occasion, I suppose?" In face of the evidence, it is needless to give the answer.

A lady deputationist at the Pahiatua County Council, informed the members that she could do the road work better than the surface-man employed, and "she had told him so." She had also informed her husband that no more rates would be paid until the road was put in repair. She told the Council (says the "Pahiatua Herald") that they all looked like rich men, but the poor paid rates as well as the rich sheep farmer, and they should receive the same attention. "I might be a sheep farmer myself some day," she added, but she was advised by a councillor to stick to dairying, amidst a burst of laughter.

Early one morning last week a fowl stealer visited the residence of Mr Edward Abrahams, bookmaker, Sydney, and experienced an exceedingly warm and totally unlooked-for reception. It appears that Mr Abrahams, having some valuable birds, always kept the fowl-house locked at night, and a spring-gun set inside the door, so that in case any intruder should attempt to force an entrance the gun would go off and arouse the inmates. About three o'clock this morning Patrick Hall, the coachman, was awakened by hearing loud screams in the direction of the fowl-house, and on proceeding there found the door open and that the lock had been forced off by the thief, who had

evidently received the contents of the gun about the legs, as marks of blood were visible on the fence, where he had afterwards managed to scramble over.

A sad feature of the Mount Kembla disaster is the frequency with which the same names recur, showing that in many instances families have lost two or three members and the same women mourn husbands, sons and brothers. The influence of a disaster of such proportions upon a district like that of Mount Kembla is not realised by city readers, no matter how vivid the descriptions supplied by the newspapers. There will be very few families within a considerable distance of the ruined mine who have not lost a father or a son, and almost the whole of the women are widows. Such a blow stuns and stupefies, and the bereaved themselves fail to comprehend the magnitude of the disaster. The miners who survived have shown fine heroism, so usual in the circumstances, that the public gives little attention to acts of valour, which if performed upon the field of battle would win the hero almost worldwide glory. Miners themselves think even less of these actions than the public. I once saw a man dragged from under broken timbers in a drive in a Tasmanian mine, and although the rescuer had run deadly risk in relieving his mate, in less than a quarter of an hour the two were quarrelling desperately over a pipe of tobacco, exactly as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

Comedy even finds its way into the most desperate disasters (says a Sydney paper), and while the horrors of a previous colliery catastrophe no longer provoke a shudder in the district, the men still laugh over the story of Mrs Hegan, the wife of one of the men entombed. This woman had been waiting at the pit's mouth with a number of wives and mothers for nearly thirty hours. The scene about the shaft was pitiable; women sat on the timbers, rocking their bodies, moaning and praying, and Mrs Hegan was conspicuous amongst them, and one of the most deeply affected. Two children clung to her skirt, and her continual cry was, "He's killed! He's killed! I know he's killed!" The woman was distracted and drenched with her own tears. Then came the news that ten men had been liberated. They were coming up. The women clustered about the shaft, silent at last, watching with strained eyes as the rope darted upwards. The first man to step to the surface was Hegan. His wife darted at him, clutched him by the shoulders, and shaking him fiercely, cried, "Oh, Tim Hegan, you wretch, you wretch! How dar' ye keep me all this time without a word?"

Meat is so dear in Sydney now that housekeepers put on a worried look when the weekly butcher's bill comes in (writes "Rex"). Rabbit men and fish vendors are making a harvest. Children at boarding-schools complain of too much "rabbit"—rabbit carried, stewed, baked, fried, etc. Apropos of the high price of meat, "Woomera," of the "Australasian," says: "Once when a friend asked you to drop in and have a chop with him some evening you were not disheartened, because the chop was merely a conventional phrase, and there were always extras. Now, with sheep at about 40/ a head in the Melbourne market, you are anxious to take him literally, but there's no such luck. He still offers you turkey, whitebait, turtle soup, schnapper—anything and everything in the most comprehensive menu, excepting always a chop. As for steak—well, a man can but do his best, and what's the use of striving after the unattainable."

Robert Joseph Smith, a prisoner, who about the middle of last month was sentenced in South Gippsland to four months' imprisonment and a fine of ten pounds, was released from custody last week by order of the Governor, who acted on the recommendation of the Solicitor-General. The sentence was respited and the

fine remitted in recognition of the heroic aid rendered by Smith to Constable Rankin on the 15th July, when that constable was escorting him (Smith) and a lunatic to Melbourne. It will be remembered that while travelling on the train to Melbourne the lunatic made an effort to jump out of the window. Constable Rankin held on to the madman's legs and was assisted by Mr McCartin, J.P., who was in the same compartment. The efforts of both would have been unavailing but for the way in which Smith held on manfully to the door and resisted all the attempts made by the lunatic to open it. The thrilling experience was made still more sensational by the fact that but for the presence of mind of some railway men working on the line in signalling to have the train stopped the lunatic's head would have been smashed against a post that was standing a little ahead. Mr McCartin, J.P., at the time expressed regret that he could not recall Smith's sentence, he being the magistrate who had passed it. Constable Rankin made a report to the Chief Commissioner of Police, who made representations to the Chief Secretary. Mr Murray in turn recommended the Solicitor-General to take action, which he did, with the result set out above.

Champagne flowed free at the House of Commons during the two days after the postponement of the Coronation, says an "Express" just to hand, every member being allowed to dine and lunch for nothing on the food and drinks that were ordered for the Coronation. An attempt was made to sell some of the provisions by auction, but M.s.P. are not fond of carrying parcels, and preferred that the food that was over should go to the hospitals. Some seven hundred pounds worth was accordingly given away, but much still remained. Several members, however, demeaned themselves so far as to take home parcels of salmon at 4d a pound. The lucky members who had not taken or paid for their lunch tickets have scored heavily, no discrimination being made in serving free meals and drinks in the members' dining-room.

Victor Trumper, the big batting success of the present Australian eleven, is wanted at home, and "inducements" are being offered to prevail upon him to become an English cricketer. This is one way of retaining the balance of power. If England buys up Australia's best man, Australia cannot expect to retain those ashes, and must presently go down like the eagle that found the mortal arrow barbed with his own feather. However, Captain Darling has trumped this trick, and gone one better, with a view to retaining Trumper's services for Australia, says an Australian paper. Perhaps the day may come when cricketers will appear on the list, below frozen mutton and above tallow and hides, as one of the most important articles of our export trade; but at present we have as much as we can do to supply our own needs. The attempt to secure Trumper is resented in Australian hearts as a bit of smart practice, and an attempt to take an unfair advantage, and no doubt it has been stigmatised from one end of the Australia to another at a trumpy trick.

THE BEST POMMEL SLICKER IN THE WORLD
 BEARS THIS TRADE MARK
TOWER'S
FISH BRAND
 THOUGH OFTEN IMITATED AS A SADDLE COAT IT HAS NO EQUAL
 ON SALE EVERYWHERE
 A. J. Tower Co., Mfrs., Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

It is not needless to add that he won the Gold Cup at Ascot both a five and six years ago... The success of the Auckland-owned, Tararaki-bred gelding Haydn in the big race is of course gratifying to a large section of the community...

number there are just on eighty in the four studs that usually submit their yearlings to the public... The big flat race, the Winter Cup, saw a record field for C.J.C. and, so far as I remember, for the colony. There lined up the whole of 24 acceptors...

The big flat race, the Winter Cup, saw a record field for C.J.C. and, so far as I remember, for the colony. There lined up the whole of 24 acceptors. Otsiak, who won the race last year, was made favourite, next in demand being Scotty, Siege Gun and Blazer...

Proceedings closed with the Woolton Plate, in which First Shot won very easily from Lapidary. Two old timers, Biarney and Dauntless, figured in the race, but neither ever looked dangerous.

GRAND NATIONAL NOTES.

CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday.

Although the C.J.C. Grand National Meeting is not over as I write, two-thirds of it has gone, and this is enough to justify my attempt at a brief review. The meeting is generally noteworthy for fine weather, and so far the present gathering has fully maintained its reputation in this respect.

The racing on each day was really interesting, and some of the finishes were really exciting. We are still wondering whether The Guard would have won the Grand National Steeplechase if he had stood up. He was going great guns when he fell six furlongs from home, and but for this mistake he would certainly have finished close to the winner.

One of the surprises of the race was Cannonade. The son of Cannon looked well, and it was understood he carried the confidence of his connections, yet he jumped up and down in the air like a half-schooled horse, and at no time did he appear to possess a chance of winning.

Cavallero cut a still more inebrious figure, and I can only conclude that though he is a brilliant hurdler, the task of converting him into a seasoned chaser is not yet finished.

The Swimmer, as I anticipated, gave a fine exhibition of fencing, but, considering the circumstances under which the two ran, certainly not a finer display than Haydn. For a debutante the latter jumped magnificently, and his performance was full of merit.

No wonder the connections of Rowlock are lamenting the withdrawal of their

Auckland horses had a rare field day on Thursday, the second day of the New Zealand Grand National Meeting, and Auckland backers had a real good time, local and foreign money being heavily in.

The success of Tresham in the Grand National Hurdle Race was a severe blow to them, as the double Haydn and Tresham had been supported to the tune of about £200, and on Thursday not only was Tresham very strongly supported... The figures showed a decrease on the first day of £273, but on Thursday showed an excess of £198 on the two following days of last year, so that on the two following days over has been £1263 less than last year.

Another horse that has proved that he can get racehorses is Brigadier, who is one of the stoutest sires of the great Musket tribe, and proved himself not only able to race himself, but to leave such useful horses as Grandeur, Bombardier, Brigadier, The Needle, Lady Belle, besides rare fine hunting and utility horses. Imported Cyrenian and imported 'hoebus Apollo, which by Simon, and both extremely fine horses and good performers on the British turf, can only be judged upon individual excellence, their breeding and the promise their young stock show, and there are indications that the progeny of both will not be wanting when the time comes for the colours to be unfurled upon the backs of the descendants of the house of St. Simon.

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

THE GRAND NATIONAL MEETING. (Special to the "Graphic.") CHRISTCHURCH, Wednesday.

Ideal weather was experienced on the first day of the Grand National Meeting, and the attendance probably constituted a record. The course was a little bit holding, but the sport throughout the day was very interesting in character. Proceedings opened with the Hurdle Race, and after Tufo had come to grief at the first fence of the double, Slow Tom, belying his name, went on and won very easily from Hurricane. The winner is owned by Miss Button, a well known lady sportsman, and she used to be the Fiddler at trotting meetings, but who was subsequently refused a license to drive by the Trotting Association.

In the Grand National Steeplechase Haydn, on the strength of track form, was made a slightly better favourite than The Guard, Mofaa being next in demand, whilst Gobo, Cannonade, Plain Bill, Straybird and The Swimmer were very evenly backed. Straybird came to grief at the first fence. The surprise of the race was the showing of Pipi, who, as a matter of fact, was first over every fence throughout the long 3 1/2 mile journey, and it was only after clearing the brush fence into the straight, that Haydn got on terms, and beat him a couple of lengths in the run home. The Guard looked all over a winner a mile from home, where he fell at the second fence at the Kennerly double, through taking off too soon. The Swimmer, who is only a pony, ran a great race, but Mofaa, Cavallero, Cannonade and Plain Bill, who were all fancied, were never dangerous. The winner it will be remembered, accounted for last year for the big hurdle race. H. Carr, who rode Pipi, was thrown in the first race by Tufo, and rode in the steeplechase with a disability of a small bone broken in his ankle. All the fourteen acceptors started, making the biggest field on record, save for 15 in Levanter's year.

The Tolly-Ho Steeplechase was a chapter of accidents. Brass, Abild and Zither falling, the riders of the first two named getting nasty purfers at the stand double. Brush, who hails from the Oxford district, won easily at the finish from Dooppy.

In the Ladies' Bracelet only five started, and Royal Conqueror was regarded as the best of good things, but when it came to galloping could not live with Seylla, a five year old mare by Steppink from Whirlpool, hailing from Ashburton, who beat Mr Gollan's Shellback comfortably in the run home. Royal Conqueror only getting third. Mr W. G. Stead, who had the mount on Playfair, was thrown after travelling a couple of chains, and received a nasty shaking.

Only five started in the Enfield Steeple, and after Hultana had fallen at the stand double, and Slow Tom and Schnapps ran off at Cuts, Shylock had no difficulty in beating Sultana.

QUISITE IN FLAVOR. Highly concentrated, perfect in solubility, hence the most nourishing and easily digested. van Houten's Cocoa is a perfect beverage, light and delicate, invigorating and sustaining. It is easy to make, and cheaper in use than any other. Best & goes farthest.

horse on the eve of the race. Last year Rowlock made mincemeat of Pipi in more than one event at the Grand National meeting, and as he had made considerable improvement during the interval, there seems some justification for his owner's belief that he has gone to the post he would have won.

Huku surprised the local critics by getting to the finish, and Lochade also passed the judge's box, although a long way in the rear of the winner.

If Mr Proser was unlucky in the Grand National Steeplechase with The Guard, he was doubly unfortunate to lose the Winter Cup with Ostiak. The son of the Blenplak is now a free-striding horse, who will do his best without being driven, and, like most of the animals of his temperament, won't travel any faster for persuasion, but nevertheless I think Jenkins will be the first to admit that he showed the best way. A couple of hundred yards from home his mount apparently had his opponents at his mercy, but he failed to respond when his rider awoke to Walwhera's presence, and suffered defeat by a nose. Ostiak, who would come right, although he might have won by a couple of lengths, although, bearing in mind his temperament, I am positive that he would, but whether he could and he would not try, one must not discredit the winner's performance. The son of Quilt got away none too well, and finished with an extraordinary run. Field Bated for a bad wanted horse, ran surprisingly well, and The Shannon performed creditably; but Blazer, after showing much of the speed for which he has always been famous, tired to nothing, and I can have only credit the report that he had shown his trainer a good gallop over the full distance.

In the Grand National Hurdle Race Tresham fulfilled the anticipations of more than one writer, the present one among them. He is a fine horse, and in fine style. His path to victory was smoothed by the withdrawal of The Guard, who was shaken by his fall on Tuesday; of Moltra, who was suffering from the effects of his mishap; of Huiydn, who re-opened an old wound by over-reaching during his successful effort on Tuesday; and of Cannongate, who referred to essay the result of Steeplechase. Still he would probably have won in any event. A horse who can win a Grand National Hurdle Race and a flat race in one afternoon must have had a good deal up his sleeve in the former event, and he certainly earned the credit he has justly earned. The unlucky Mars once again filled second position in an important hurdle race, and with the winner out of the way would have had a very easy victory. Battieaxe looked well but ran badly, and Cavalier, who carried a really notable load, better than his appearance indicated. Had he been a little more seasoned, the Maiden Hurdle Race winner Scottish Minstrel might have troubled the winner. As it was he beat himself jumping, and after showing a good front for nearly a mile behind Walwhera, Royal Conqueror, who had prepared the way for his defeat by his inglorious display in the Ladies' Bracelet on the first day, soon put his few loyal supporters to rest by his jumping the ring of the first fence and getting rid of his rider.

The most complete surprise of the meeting was Sultana's victory in the Beaufort Steeplechase. The very indifferent performance accomplished by the son of Gay Deceiver on the first day, and his finishing a poor second in the second day, in the Grand National Steeplechase, certainly did not prepare the public for his victory in a much better field on the second. Probably he would not have won had the Swimmer stood up; but as he beat Pipi in the Grand National Steeplechase, there was obviously grit in his performance. Cannongate, too, threatened danger when he came to grief, and he was fencing much better than he did in the National.

The minor events call for no lengthy review. The Auckland Scotty, achieved an easy vic in the Illington Handicap, but he was fortunate in escaping the opposition of The Shannon, who was practically left at the post. The hero of both hunters' hurdle races was a gelding named Slow Tom, a son of the Gordon horse St. Ives, and evidently belies his name. Brab, a son of Chaos, who finished second in Euroclydon's New Zealand Cup, and the Flaxgoat gelding Zither divided the two Hunters' Steeplechases, and Seyla, a promising daughter of Stepnick and a sister of George, who was a mare Whirlpool, accounted for the Ladies' Bracelet. The latter was followed home by Mr Gollan's Nelson—Hestia gelding Shillock, and the pale reversed places in the Summer Handicap, one of the open flat races, was the Thursday. The resuscitated Blarney was made favourite for the Woolston Plate Auction Flat Race, but the old son of Aramont showed none of his old-time brilliancy, and finished unplanned, the winner turning up in the second race, the First Step, who like Brab had changed owners a few days before the meeting. The Austral Handicap furnished a grand struggle between Titoki and Goldspur, and it was only in the last stride that the old son of Rubezahi resigned the lead.

Grand National meeting, but this fact was not due to a falling off in attendance. The weather on the other hand was fine, the fields larger, and the racing more interesting than was the case twelve months ago. I have already reviewed the proceedings of the first and second days, and there is little to add to the account of the third day's racing, which I wired on Saturday evening. The feature of the afternoon's sport was the large measure of success achieved by the visiting horses, and correspondingly poor achievements of the locally owned animals. Indeed, right through the meeting the latter did very badly; while the former, especially those from Auckland, carried off a number of the 24 races, 15 fell to North Island owned horses. Another feature of the racing was the number of horses who were injured. The Guard, it turns out, hurt his shoulder so seriously that he could not be taken home with the ambulance, and he is now in hospital at Murray Aynal's stable, and it is unlikely that he will be able to journey back to Wellington for some time, and still more improbable that he will be seen in public until the season is well advanced. Moltra was not fit to run again after the Grand National Steeplechase. Huku injured himself in the Grand National Hurdle Race. Plain Bill, as I informed you in my last letter, knocked himself out in the big steeplechase. Brab, the winner of the first hunters' steeplechase, fell and was killed on Saturday, and the hunters G.E.O. and Venture were very lame after their exertions. If the successes of the meeting were Aucklanders, so also were the failures. Cannongate, the latter category were Cavaliero, Cannongate and Royal Conqueror, each of whom ran some pounds below his best form. The other prominent disappointments were Blazer, Battieaxe, Strathairn and Straybird, none of whom fulfilled the promise they gave before the meeting.

One Aucklandier is a richer man today than he was a week ago. Messrs Barnett and Grant laid him a wager of 1000 to 12 about the double Laydn and Tresham. Others from the same part of the country must have had a profitable meeting also, for although Cavaliero, Cannongate, and Royal Conqueror failed to score at the meeting, the Auckland reps. between them accounted for five races, including the two principal events.

Mars jumped much better in the Sydnam Hurdle Race on Saturday than he did in the Grand National Hurdle Race, with the result that he won comfortably. He was lucky, however, in losing the serious opposition of Scottish Minstrel, who was suffering from the kick received while at exercise on the previous day.

Among the spectators at Riccarton last week was Mr Henry Redwood. The old gentleman, who is staying with Edward Cutts, apparently enjoyed himself thoroughly.

Redoubt must have cost Mr V. Harris a pretty penny. Either he has been or is about to be declared hopeless infirmity necessitated this course.

The exodus from Riccarton began directly the meeting was over. Ostiak, Goho, Strathairn, The Shannon, Reliance, Kelpy and Battieaxe left for the North on Saturday evening, and Walwhera and Kinglet followed yesterday (Monday). The Southern contingent began to move homeward yesterday.

At Tattersall's yesterday the double winner Sultana changed hands at 125s; Incheape at 130s; Lupdary at 35s; and Skipper at 51s. Emboldened by Siege Gun's defeat in the Winter Cup a bookmaker laid 100 to 4 against the son of Frailty for the Winter Cup. In reality Mr Stead's horse is at a much shorter price, and his defeat in fact cannot be said to have prejudiced him in the eyes of backers.

The following business was transacted locally last week:—500 to 55 against Siege Gun; 400 to 35 Tortulia; 500 to 113 Terraplan; 400 to 16 Towletter; 300 to 18 Glendale; 300 to 10 Fakri; 300 to 4 Magnificent; 200 to 9 Komany Queen; 200 to 14 Mellwood.

New Zealand Cup and Stewards' Handicap:—500 to 5 against Ideal and Cruciform; 500 to 7 Tortulia and Red Gauntlet; 250 to 2 Kelpy and Cruciform; 250 to 2 Ideal and Royal Artillery; 250 to 3 Siege Gun and Goldspur.

The filly by Bill of Portland from Melodius, purchased by Mr Stead in Melbourne, reached Christchurch last week.

As yet nothing more has been heard of Mr Gollan's offer to buy Tresham.

Mr A. G. Holmes, the well known Canterbury racing man, was taken suddenly ill last week, and is still far from well.

Slow Tom, who won a couple of races at Riccarton last week, was schooled by his owner, Miss Burton. It is said that Miss Burton would have been only too pleased to ride her horse in his engagements if the rules had permitted.

ENGLISH RACING.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

THE CORONATION CUP.

LONDON, July 11.

The old sporting adage concerning horses and courses had further justification at Alexandra Park on Saturday, when Mr Spencer Gollan's Australian Star, with 113 up, and ridden by Halsey, spread-eagled a field of a dozen in the

London Coronation Cup of £1000, run over the same mile and a quarter course as the race for the London Cup, which Mr Gollan's horse won in the spring of 1907. The winner, a colt by the Australian Star's victory in the City and Suburban. The Coronation Cup was in reality the London Cup under a new title. The value was reduced from 3000sovs to 1000 sovs, but in addition is the cup of 100sovs for the winner, either of the value of 50sovs was offered for the trainer of the successful horse. Since his City and Suburban win the black son of Australian Peer had not been seen in winning colours, but hearing that he had acquired himself to the satisfaction of trainer Halsey, many marked him down as the probable winner, and at 113 fall the best odds obtainable against the Australian horse were five to two against. The opposition included St. Uncemover, 8s.; Volonel, 5s.; S. J.; Wargrove, 4s.; St. Bourne, 3s.; Wargrove, 3s.; and Mr R. S. Siewler's The Scotchman II., 5s. 7.7. The first to break the line was Pappale, who cut out the work from St. Bourne, Newton and Ypsilanti, with Scotchman II. who was the next in advance of Australian Star. Ulster Boy and Theorb, the whipper-in being Unconquered. After going a quarter of a mile Pappale dashed to the front, followed by Wargrove, Newton, and Ypsilanti, Ulster Boy being in close attendance with Australian Star next. So they ran till half a mile from home, when Australian Star drew to the front, and making the remainder of the running, won in a common canter by four lengths, from Scotchman II. with Volonel close up third. Time, 2m 21.5s.

THE BETTING COMMITTEE REPORT.

SUGGESTIONS TO CHECK THE EVIL.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, July 11.

Most people are agreed that the prevalence of betting is one of the great evils of English national life, but also that it is impossible to suppress the practice by statute. The result is that our legislation on the subject is an illogical tangle. We neither prohibit betting altogether nor legalize it. As matters now stand, a man of honour can lose money by betting, but cannot recover it by law. He is allowed, however, to bet in a certain place by the law, which prevents him from doing so anywhere else; indeed, if he does so out-of-law or in a place, he is fined or imprisoned. The rich man may speculate in "differences" on the Stock Exchange to his heart's content, but the poor man who gambles in a "pub." is promptly jumped on.

The suggestions of the Select Committee, appointed by the House of Lords to consider the best means of checking the abuses occasioned by betting are sensible but on similarly inconsistent lines. The bookmaker is to be allowed to bet on the racecourse, but not on the athletic ground or in the street, and he is not to be permitted to call attention by betting circulars or notices to the fact that he does bet where he is permitted. But while the bookmaker is tolerated he is not to be legalised or even licensed; nor is any form of automatic and absolutely inflexible betting like the totalisator to be allowed—for that would involve the legal recognition of betting.

The question of the adoption of the totalisator was the only one on which there was no dissent in the presence of opinion in the committee, and here came in the contest between those who say "If it is impossible to suppress betting, why not keep it within bounds and make those who are legal and between those who declare that it would never do for the State to take money derived from gambling; and thereby give official recognition, to an immoral practice.

The committee was composed of triplets—the Earls of Derby, Harewood, and Durham, experienced members, the Bishop of Hereford, the Earl of Aberdeen, and Viscount Peel, strong opponents of the turf and its ways; and Lord Newton, Viscount Cobham, and Lord Davey, men of an open mind. Paragraph 17 in the draft report ran as follows:—

"Although horse-racing in England is more widely diffused than in France, and the intense interest in betting in this country generally is also far greater, the committee are of the opinion that were it possible by some modification of the existing lottery law to introduce such a system as the 'Paris-mutuel' it would be desirable, and that the result of the committee believes that it would tend to localise betting on the racecourse, whilst in their opinion, be a very legitimate form of taxation, and could be utilised for the promotion of horse-breeding and for the breeding of army remounts."

On the consideration of the report, the Bishop of Hereford, obtaining the support of the Earl of Aberdeen, Viscount Peel, Viscount Cobham, and Lord Davey, was successfully carried by a majority of one in obtaining the deletion of this paragraph.

The chief recommendations of the report as finally adopted are as follow. Those dealing with the suppression of betting in streets and on athletic grounds will be unanimously welcomed.—(1) The committee are of opinion that betting is generally prevalent, and that the practice has increased considerably of late years, especially amongst the working classes, whilst the habit of making large bets, at one time the fashion

amongst owners and breeders of horses, has greatly diminished. Betting is not confined to horse-racing, but is also prevalent at athletic meetings and football matches.

(2) Although the committee do not look upon betting as a crime in itself, they yet deplore the spread of a practice which when carried to excess they consider opposed to the true interests of sport, injurious to the general community, and apt to degenerate into one of the worst forms of gambling.

(3) The committee consider the increased prevalence of betting largely due to the facilities afforded by the press, and cannot condemn too strongly the advertisements of sporting tipsters and others which appear in the columns of many newspapers.

(4) All such advertisements, as also betting circulars and notices, should be made illegal.

(5) The committee are convinced that it is impossible to suppress the practice of reducing the practice to localise it as far as possible on racecourses and other places where sport is carried on.

(6) Four different means have been suggested to the committee:—(1) The licensing of bookmakers. (2) The establishment of the system of betting known as the "Paris-mutuel" or "totalisator." (3) More effectual methods for stopping betting in the streets.

(4) To make it illegal for a bookmaker to bet in any place of public resort except at the place on which the sport is being carried on, and there only in an enclosed space under the control of the managers who should be held strictly responsible for the maintenance of order.

(5) The plan of giving licenses to bookmakers has been adopted in some of the Australian colonies, and if it were introduced into this country it might possibly diminish street betting, and also do much to check fraud and dishonesty, both on the part of the bookmaker and the bettor.

(6) In Australia the number of bookmakers is comparatively few, it is possible for the racing clubs, which grant the licenses, to exercise a strict supervision and control. In this country, where the number of bookmakers is so much greater, it would be practically impossible for the Jockey Club to undertake the duty of licensing, and the system would be unworkable by the State. It would mean the legal recognition of the bookmaker, and necessitate the making of betting debts recoverable by law.

(7) The Committee do not think it desirable to legalise betting in this manner, and are of opinion that the establishment of such a system would rather increase than lessen the amount of betting prevalent at the present day.

(8) The latter objection can be brought with equal truth against the "Paris-mutuel," as the absolute fairness of the "Totalisator" system of betting is a protection to the small bettor, who might otherwise not be able to risk his money with a bookmaker. In some of the Australian colonies, in India and in France this system has been adopted, and is said to work satisfactorily. In this way amounts to between some six and seven millions sterling. Two per cent. of this sum is given to public charities, and one per cent. to the Minister of agriculture, and is devoted to the encouragement of horse breeding and to other similar purposes. The Committee fear that the evil of adopting this system would, by its encouragement of the gambling instinct, far outweigh any gain that might accrue, and therefore cannot recommend it.

(9) The Committee find that street betting has much increased lately, and is the cause of most of the evils arising from the betting of the working class. They therefore recommend that in view of the acknowledged evils of street betting there should be further legislation, enabling magistrates to send bookmakers to prison without the option of a fine for the first offence who have been convicted of betting in the streets with boys or girls, or otherwise inducing them to bet; that however penalties should be inflicted on bookmakers who bet in the streets, and that the police should be given the power of summary arrest.

(10) The Committee recommend the following amendments in the Betting Houses Act of 1853:—

(11) That, in view of the uncertainty which has arisen since the decision of the Kensington Park case as to what constitutes a "place" within the meaning of the Act, further legislation should make it quite clear that bookmakers are prohibited from carrying on their business in public houses or in any public place.

(12) That "resorting there," that is, to a betting house, in Section 3, should be extended to include persons making bets by correspondence or through an agent.

(13) That it should be made clear that it is an offence under Section 1 for persons to use an office in the United Kingdom for obtaining the receipt of money elsewhere, whether within or without the United Kingdom, by the proprietor of the office to permit such wager.

Further recommendations are that no racecourse bookmakers shall only be allowed to carry on their business within defined rings and enclosures, that—in order to stop betting at athletic meetings—on any racecourse or other ground on which a sport is being carried on, where a printed notice is publicly exposed by the responsible authorities to the effect that "No betting is allowed," a bookmaker who continues to bet shall be liable to summary arrest and a fine, that the Postmaster General should be given power to stop

CHRISTCHURCH, Tuesday.

Now that it is over it is possible to compare the Canterbury Jockey Club's Grand National meeting of last week with its immediate predecessors. It is generally agreed that it was well up to the average. The tote receipts were not so large as those derived from last year's

circulans relating to coupon competitions, or advertisements of betting commission agents and sporting tipsters, but that it would not be possible for the Postmaster General to make any distinction between the facilities afforded to letting telegrams and other telegrams.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE
Conquered Again by
Vitadatio.

READ WHAT MR W. MILLS HAS TO SAY.

Mandurah Rd., Freemantle,
18/3/1901.

MR S. A. PALMER.
Dear Sir,—Having suffered from Bright's Disease of the Kidneys in an aggravated form, and having tried so many so-called cures, I felt it my duty to inform you that after a course of VITADATIO I obtained great relief, which now appears to be permanent, and am now so well as to be able to attend to my business, the duties of which are no sinecure.

You are at liberty to make what use you please of this letter, as I consider that anyone troubled with Kidney Complaint cannot do better than give VITADATIO a fair trial.—Yours faithfully,

(Signed) W. MILLS.
Of Mills and Ware,
Biscuit Manufacturers,
Freemantle, W.A.

For further particulars,

S. A. PALMER,
WAREHOUSE, WATERLOO QUAY,
WELLINGTON.

Or, 250, QUEEN-ST., AUCKLAND.

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

TO FARMERS AND PIG BREEDERS.

The Underigned are Buyers of Best Dairy Fed Pigs at 4s per lb up to 180lb.

R. AND W. HELLABY, LTD.,
Auckland.

NAPIER AND FITZGERBERT,
SOLICITORS.

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

VICTORIA ARCADE,
Queen-st., Auckland.

PUBLIC TRUST OFFICE.

VALUE OF ESTATES IN THE OFFICE:
OVER THREE MILLIONS STERLING.

Capital and Interest guaranteed by the State.

Further large reductions now made in costs of administration.

The Public Trust Office seeks to be merely self-supporting.

Estates under Wills or Intestacies when converted into cash and held for beneficiaries are credited with interest at highest rate, capitalised yearly, and are free of all office charges.

The Public Trustee can be appointed Executor of the Will or Codicil of any person. Advice as to the making of Wills is given free of charge.

The Public Trustee can be appointed Trustee in place of previously appointed Trustees or in place of persons who wish to be relieved of their Trusteeship.

The Public Trustee can be appointed Trustee for Marriages Settlements, Money Trusts, Sinking Funds, and other Trusts.

The Public Trustee undertakes the Management of Property as Attorney or Agent.

The Public Trustee administers Intestates' Estates, Lunatics' Estates, and Unclaimed Legacies.

The Public Trustee has Trust Funds for Investment on Mortgage of First-class Freehold Securities at lowest current rate of interest. Loans terms for repayment.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS APPLY TO

THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE, Wellington,
Or to any of the Agents of the Public Trustee in the Colony.

Clarke's World-Famed Blood Mixture.—The most searching Blood Cleanser that science and medical skill have ever brought to light. Sufferers from Scrofula, Scars, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of any kind are solicited to give it a trial to test its value. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. Beware of cheap imitations everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

Athletic Sports.

FOOTBALL

AUCKLAND V. THAMES.

The return match between the representatives of the Auckland and Thames Rugby Unions was played on Saturday at the Parawai ground, Thames, the townsmen again asserting their superiority, this time by 8 points to nil. The Aucklanders left for the Thames by the Wakatere on Saturday morning, a number of excursionists also making the trip. On arriving at the ground it was seen that the Thames had not been so fortunate as Auckland in the matter of weather, as the ground was in a very sloppy condition, there being several pools of water upon it while rain fell at intervals during the game. There was a very fair turnout of the public. The game, as might be expected from the nature of the ground, mainly consisted of forward play, and was close and well contested. In the first spell McKenzie scored for Auckland and Young converted, and just before the call of time, Long scored another try for the visitors, making the score 8 to nil. Thames played a determined game throughout, and their forwards, until near the end, put the Auckland backs frequently on the defensive. Mr W. Garrard gave every satisfaction as referee.

Auckland (blue and white): Fullback, Sutherland; three-quarters, Thomson, McPike and McKenzie; five-eighths, Gerrard (captain); half, Young; wing forwards, J. Brady and Doran; forwards, Tyler, Handcock, Cunningham, Nicholson, Bonella, McCormick and Long.
Thames (blue and black): Fullback, Phillips; three-quarters, Kingham, C. McLean, W. McKenzie; five-eighths, Laing (captain); half, Houghton; wing forwards, Bagust and Fraser; forwards, S. Smith, S. Smith, Bispham, McPike, McDuff, Baker, Mullins.

THE PLAY.

Thames won the toss and elected to defend on northern goal, with a fairly stiff wind in their favour. McDuff marked the kick-off, and the Thames forwards, following up with fine dash, rushed the ball down into Auckland's territory, and down to the visitors' goal line, where, after a brief struggle, McKenzie kicked into touch in goal. Thames carried on to the attack again, and W. McLean made a good run and passed to Kingham, who in turn transferred to C. McLean, who, however, failed to take the pass. From the first scrum the ball was heeled out to Houghton, who however, lost it, but the Thames forwards getting on a rush, beat Sutherland and took the ball over the line, but Gerrard was there first and forced. The Thames forwards were making things very merry, and Laing, receiving a pass from Houghton, beat several men, but lost the ball which was kicked over the line beyond the 25 yards limit. Auckland were awarded two free kicks, but the fine kicking of the Thames backs prevented ground being gained. Houghton once more got the ball out to Laing, who handed on to C. McLean, and the latter was once collared, after a good run, a yard or two from the line. A scrum was then ordered, the ball went over to Auckland, and after a few minutes of play a kick by McPike bounded off a Thames forward, and the ball went into touch in goal. Play in neutral territory followed for some minutes, and then a prominent Auckland forward, who was stopped by Phillips, and was a free kick given to Thames was well returned by Sutherland put Auckland on the defensive again, but McKenzie once more came to the rescue. The Thames backs began to flink the ball about again, and some lively play took place, but the Thames, the Auckland men being compelled to defend zealously. At length McPike ran up the field, and passed to Gerrard, who took the ball to the Thames 25 line. Here Young got the ball out to the Auckland backs, but his pass was spoiling, but his pass to McPike was wild. Young immediately after made a neat opening, and Gerrard and McPike carried the ball on, but McKenzie was collared a few yards from the line. Then the Thames forwards coming with fine dash headed by McDuff and Mullins, took the ball up to centre, and neutral play prevailed for some minutes. At length Phillips kicked across the field to McKenzie, and the latter ran down the boundary line to the 25 line, and then cut across, and to everyone's astonishment ran right through the Thames defence in brilliant style and scored between the posts, the Thames men having waited for the pass which never came. Young landed a neat goal. (Auckland 8; Thames nil.) Uninteresting play prevailed for some minutes, and then Brady broke away with a dribble, but C. McLean stopped. Young, Gerrard, McPike and McKenzie indulged in some passing, and McKenzie potted at goal and the miss. Thames now returned to the attack, but faulty passing brought them a good chance. Rain was now falling, and play was little better than a forward scramble, in which the home men had a bit the best of the deal. Offside play by Long spoiled a promising Auckland rush. Just before the end of the spell, a pool of water in front of the Auckland goal upset Sutherland's calculations, as he

tried to pick up the ball, and the Thames forwards were on him in a moment. A fierce battle raged for a few moments on Auckland's line, and Houghton got the ball out to McLean, who, however, muffed the pass and a fine chance was lost. A free kick gave Auckland relief, and the spell then ended. (Auckland 8; Thames nil).

On the resumption of play Thames were the first on the attack, but the Auckland forwards, headed by Nicholson, took play back to centre. A few minutes later McDuff kicked down, and following up with Kingham took play to Auckland's 25 line, where McKenzie saved, Auckland rushed play back again as far as their opponents' territory, but the local men, not to be denied, broke away again, until a fine kick by Thomson checked their progress. A fine kick by McKenzie gained more ground, but a moment later a lack by the same player rebounded off a Thames man and the local forwards were quickly on to the ball and rushed it down to the corner, where it went into touch in goal. Thomson once again came to the assistance of his side, and that player kicked well up the field, Phillips returning poorly. Auckland were now in Thames territory, and McPike missed a certain score by knocking on a pass from Gerrard when he had a clear run in. Young had a shot at goal from a free kick in a good position, but failed, and Thames forced. Thames came to the attack again, and their forwards rushing the ball down were nearly over. McKenzie in trying to save was thrown into touch in goal. Auckland were now getting a bit the better of the play, and principally confined to neutral territory on Auckland's side of centre. McPike marked, and Long shot at goal unsuccessfully, Thames forcing. After some moments' forward play Thomson secured the ball and dashed along the line and passed to McPike, who however, being stopped, was worked back to centre, and a moment later play was in Auckland's territory, but Doran dribbled back to centre. Thomson made a strong dash up the line, but was collared, and a Thames attack was stopped in Auckland's territory by McPike. Some passing between Gerrard, McPike, and Thomson brought play to centre, and Auckland then worked their way into Thames' quarters. A passing run by the backs was spoiled by McPike failing to take a rather difficult pass. A few minutes later the Auckland forwards with Long in the lead, rushed the ball over the line, and Long racing for it got there first and scored Auckland's second try. He took the kick himself, but failed. Thomson returned the kick-off beautifully and McKenzie potted at goal unsuccessfully, Thames forcing. A minute later play ceased, the scores being: Auckland 8 points, Thames nil.

TARANAKI DEFEATS WELLINGTON.

NEW PLYMOUTH, Thursday.

The interprovincial football match, Wellington v. Taranaki, was played here today before about 2000 people. The ground was in fair order, though slightly hoary, the result of the light rain last night. The teams looked a fairly even lot as they went on the field, and the play showed that there was not a great deal between them. Wellington kicked off, with the sun in their faces. After some good work on both sides Hardgraves and Glasgow carried the ball through the visitors' ranks, Glasgow scoring a try. Hardgraves failed to kick a goal. Taranaki 3, Wellington nil. Wellington assumed the aggressive, getting to the Taranaki where Taranaki were penalised for offside play. It was an easy kick, but Spencer failed. Within a few minutes McIntyre broke away and beat the opposing backs, but met with hard luck, being carried into touch-in-goal. Taranaki was immediately penalised again for taking the ball out of the scrum. Spencer took another shot, but failed with an easy kick. Wellington again attacked, and was kicked by Wallace to a good position. Wallace made an unsuccessful kick at goal. From a throw-in O'Dowda and Guy took the play to Wellington territory, when McIntyre got possession and made a fine run, finding off the three-quarters but being carried out on the line within a few yards of the goal line. For the rest of the spell the Taranaki forwards were mostly on the attack, one certain score being lost by passing forward. On resuming Taranaki assumed the aggressive, Johnson starting off serious rush and Roberts another. For a Wellington man lying on the ball a free kick was given to Taranaki, O'Dowda landing a fine goal from half way. (Taranaki 6; Wellington nil.) Wellington then granted their way up the field, ending in Slattery scoring. Spencer failed at goal. (Taranaki 6; Wellington 3.) Taranaki pressed Wellington hard for a time, and then the visitors' backs, by a fine passing run, transferred play to home territory, but being unable to apply a good chance. Wellington made a fine rally and carried the play right under the posts, and almost a sure try was lost through McIntyre throwing forward. A free kick cleared Taranaki's line, and the game ended. Taranaki 6; Wellington & Mr Tilley (Wanganui) refereed.

CRICKET.

AUSTRALIANS IN ENGLAND.

FIFTH TEST MATCH.

The teams were as under:

ENGLAND.

- A. C. Maclaren, Lancashire.
- F. S. Jackson, Yorkshire.
- L. C. H. Palairt, Somerset.
- G. L. Jessop, Gloucester.
- T. Hayward, Surrey.
- J. T. Tydesley, Lancashire.
- L. E. C. Braund, Somerset.
- W. H. Lockwood, Surrey.
- A. A. Lilley, Warwick.
- G. H. Hirst, Yorkshire.
- W. Rhodes, Yorkshire.

AUSTRALIA.

- J. Darling, South Australia.
- C. Hill, South Australia.
- V. Trumper, New South Wales.
- R. A. Duff, New South Wales.
- S. E. Gregory, New South Wales.
- M. A. Noble, New South Wales.
- H. Trumble, Victoria.
- J. J. Kelly, New South Wales.
- A. V. Saunders, Victoria.
- A. J. Hopkins, New South Wales.
- W. W. Armstrong, Victoria.

AUSTRALIANS.—First Innings.

| | |
|------------------------------------|------------|
| Trumper, b Hirst | 43 |
| Duff, c Lilley, b Hirst | 23 |
| Hill, b Hirst | 11 |
| Darling, c Lilley, b Hirst | 3 |
| Noble, c and b Jackson | 52 |
| Gregory, b Hirst | 23 |
| Armstrong, b Jackson | 17 |
| Hopkins, c Maclaren, b Lockwood .. | 40 |
| Trumble, not out | 64 |
| Kelly, c Rhodes, b Braund | 30 |
| Saunders, lbw, b Braund | 0 |
| Sundries | 10 |
| Total | 324 |

Bowling analysis: Lockwood took one wicket for 85; Rhodes, none for 46; Hirst, five for 77; Braund, two for 29; Jackson, two for 66; Jessop, none for 11.

ENGLAND—First Innings.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|------------|
| Maclaren, c Armstrong, b Trumble .. | 10 |
| Palairt, b Trumble | 20 |
| Tydesley, b Trumble | 33 |
| Hayward, b Trumble | 0 |
| Jackson, c Armstrong, b Saunders .. | 0 |
| Braund, c Hill, b Trumble | 22 |
| Jessop, b Trumble | 13 |
| Hirst, c and b Trumble | 43 |
| Lockwood, c Noble, b Saunders | 25 |
| Lilley, c Trumper, b Trumble | 0 |
| Rhodes, not out | 0 |
| Sundries | 15 |
| Total | 193 |

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Trumble took eight wickets for 65. Saunders, two for 79. Noble, nil for 24.

AUSTRALIANS—Second Innings.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|------------|
| Trumper, run out | 2 |
| Duff, b Lockwood | 6 |
| Darling, c Maclaren, b Lockwood .. | 15 |
| Noble, b Braund | 15 |
| Hill, c Maclaren, b Hirst | 34 |
| Gregory, b Braund | 9 |
| Armstrong, b Lockwood | 21 |
| Hopkins, c Lilley, b Lockwood | 3 |
| Saunders, c Tydesley, b Rhodes .. | 2 |
| Trumble, not out | 7 |
| Kelly, lbw., b Lockwood | 0 |
| Sundries | 9 |
| Total | 121 |

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Lockwood took five wickets for 45. Rhodes, one for 38. Jackson, none for 7. Hirst, one for 7. Braund, two for 15.

ENGLAND.—Second Innings.

| | |
|------------------------------------|------------|
| Maclaren, b Saunders | 2 |
| Palairt, b Saunders | 6 |
| Tydesley, b Saunders | 0 |
| Hayward, c Kelly, b Saunders | 7 |
| Jackson, c and b Trumble | 49 |
| Braund, c Kelly, b Trumble | 2 |
| Jessop, c Noble, b Armstrong | 104 |
| Hirst, not out | 58 |
| Lockwood, lbw., b Trumble | 2 |
| Lilley, c Darling, b Trumble | 15 |
| Rhodes, not out | 6 |
| Sundries | 11 |
| Total | 263 |

MATCH WITH M.C.C. AND GROUND.

M.C.C.—First Innings.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|----|
| Carpenter, b Howell | 1 |
| Findlay, b Howell | 7 |
| Chinnery, c Trumble, b Howell | 37 |
| Thompson, c Trumble, b Howell | 23 |
| Ranjitsinhji, c Duff, b Armstrong | 60 |
| Lucas, c Duff, b Armstrong | 27 |
| E. Smith, c Hill, b Armstrong | 3 |
| Smith, c and b Noble | 20 |
| Young, c Hill, b Howell | 14 |
| Stevenson, b Howell | 12 |
| Mead, not out | 0 |
| Sundries | 8 |

Total 213
Bowling analysis: Howell, 6 wickets for 105; Armstrong, 3 for 53; Noble, 1 for 15; Trumble, 0 for 31.

AUSTRALIANS.—First Innings.

| | |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| Hill, b Carpenter | 136 |
| Trumper, c E. Smith, b Mead | 29 |
| Duff, c Young, b Stevenson | 36 |
| Darling, b Young | 3 |
| Noble, c W. Smith, b Thompson | 70 |
| Gregory, lb.w., b Mead | 86 |
| Armstrong, run out | 12 |
| Hopkins, lb.w., b Thompson | 37 |
| Howell, c Young, b Mead | 3 |
| Trumble, b Thompson | 7 |
| Kelly, not out | 1 |
| Sundries | 14 |

Total 427
Bowling Analysis: Thompson took three wickets for 43 runs; Mead, three for 90; Carpenter, one for 25; Stevenson, one for 78; Young, one for 80.

M.C.C.—Second Innings.

| | |
|---------------------------------|----|
| Findlay, c Trumble, b Howell | 4 |
| Carpenter, b Armstrong | 66 |
| W. Smith, st Kelly, b Armstrong | 21 |
| Chinnery, lb.w., b Armstrong | 2 |
| Ranjitsinhji, c Duff, b Trumble | 10 |
| Thompson, lb.w., b Armstrong | 0 |
| Lucas, c Kelly, b Trumble | 11 |
| E. Smith, b Trumble | 48 |
| Stevenson, c Noble, b Armstrong | 3 |
| Young, b Armstrong | 0 |
| Mead, not out | 4 |
| Sundries | 12 |

Total 181
Bowling Analysis: Howell took one wicket for 42 runs; Trumble, three for 51; Noble, none for 33; Armstrong, six for 44.

Do Not Miss This.

We hope that all our subscribers have read with some care the offer which has lately been made through these columns. This is not a case where any exaggeration is necessary. The book, which is offered subscribers at half a guinea, plus postage, is cheap at the 2l/ which is the published price, and the amount charged outsiders. The opinions expressed on the volume by men who are acknowledged as leading colonists, and whose reputations are not confined to restricted districts, should be an ample guarantee that no claim has been put forward for the book which is not fully justified. We would urge those who have not up to the present perused the announcements made of the offer to our readers of "Hrett's Colonists' Guide and Cyclopaedia of Useful Knowledge," to carefully go through that in another part of this issue.

Anger not the prophet Wraggo
By scoffing at his tales,
He may unte his weather bag
And loose the storms and gales.
The ill effects of drenching rain
We only can endure,
By driving out the cold 'tis plain
With WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT
CURE.

SHAKESPEARIAN THERAPEUTICS.—If anything can "minister unto a mind diseased" it is assuredly Huxley's Jance, which will "cleanse the stuff'd bosom of the perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart." It is an arsenal of therapeutics, being speedy, sure, and gentle.

FITS CURED
From the first dose of Osorin the cure. It has cured thousands of the most obstinate cases of Epilepsy when every other remedy had failed. Price 5/6 and 11/6. Thousands of Testimonials.
OF ALL CHEMISTS, STORES, ETC.
WELLINGTON AGENTS:
SHARLAND & Coy., Ltd., WELLINGTON, N.Z.
PREPARED BY L. W. NICHOLL, PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,
15 ADAM STREET, DUBLIN, IRELAND.

News of the Week.

CABLE ITEMS.

Prussia is establishing a German University at Posen.

Lord Salisbury has gone to Homburg, the German health resort.

Sir Robert Peel has paid 15/ in the £ to all his creditors in connection with his three failures.

A firm of butchers in Orange is arranging for shipments of chilled meat from New Zealand.

Russian banks recently cashed £490,000 worth of forged rouble notes.

Twenty-five thousand Boers' rifles, it is said, have not been yielded up, and it is believed they are hidden.

The "Daily Mail" says Lord Kitchener opens the Khartoum College in November.

All the students connected with the Moscow disturbances in February last have been released.

The Siamese Government has offered to appoint a French official to an important post at Bangkok.

Mr Austen Chamberlain has been re-elected unopposed for East Westchesterhire.

Immigration statistics show an extraordinary increase in the number of aliens settling in London.

Viscount Kitchener and Admiral Lord Charles Beresford attended a soiree at the Colonial Troops' Club.

Mr. Richard Marsh, the well-known trainer, has presented Lord Kitchener with the American-bred race-horse Democrat for a charger.

The Indian Coronation Contingent had a great send-off on their departure from Southampton for India.

Lightning set fire to a sixth-century church at Swancomb. The bells were melted by the fire, and the Norman front was destroyed.

Thousands of people are visiting Westminster Abbey daily. The sum of £3340 was paid in admission fees in two days.

Lord Milner is on a visit to Delagoa Bay, where he is the guest of the Government of Portugal. He was received with warm acclamation.

The Deutsche Genossenschaftsbank Berlin, has lost £173,500 owing to the chief of director's speculations in industrial undertakings.

An American Lead Trust is being formed, with a capital of £10,000,000 sterling, to control the output of the East Mississippi.

The Premiers' Conference recommended that all the colonies should unite in a memorial to Queen Victoria.

The Campanile of the Church of St. Stefano, Venice, is sixty-five inches aslant, and is being pulled down.

A cyclone at Trenton, New Jersey, unroofed houses and wrecked factories. The damage is estimated at three hundred thousand dollars.

The King's Coronation gift to Westminster Abbey is a golden crucifix supported at the base by figures of the Virgin Mary and St. John.

Mr J. C. Wason, member for Orkney, who recently seceded from the Unionist party, and joined the Radicals, has resigned, and appeals to his constituents.

An assassin fired four shots at Prince Obolenski, the Governor of Kharkov, wounding him in the neck. Another bullet hit the Chief of Police.

The steamer Whangape, which reached Sydney from the Bluff last week, with a very large shipment of sheep, experienced tempestuous weather, and lost 590 sheep. Those stowed below suffered most.

The age limit of candidates for admission to the Woolwich Military College has been fixed at nineteen years, and to Sandhurst nineteen and a half.

Disturbances have occurred at the closing of religious schools in Finis-terre. A battalion of infantry and a large force of gendarmes are proceeding to the district.

Remarkable exhibitions of good-will were shown at Lord Cadogan's farewell at Dublin prior to leaving for England, after relinquishing the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland.

It is reported that Mr Pierpont Morgan is seeking a controlling interest in the Western French railway in pursuance of his ocean trust schemes.

The colonies have promised £100,000 towards the Victorian memorial, including £30,000 from Canada, £20,000 from the Cape and £10,000 from Natal.

The Kaiser, at Stettin, launched the Kaiser Wilhelm II., of 20,000 tons. The steamer is for the North German Lloyd's Company, and will have a speed of 23½ knots.

The New Zealand ladies in London have formed a guild, with Mrs Seddon as president, to care for the New Zealanders' graves in South Africa.

Two Parisians, accompanied by two guides, were overtaken by a snow storm, and spent the night on Petit Plateau, Mount Blanc. The former were frozen to death.

Mr Tooth's gift of £10,000 has been devoted by the Queen to the extension of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Association and the home for officers' widows and daughters.

News received from the Philippines states that a party of Moros surprised an American outpost at Bacool. A sergeant and a private soldier were killed and another wounded.

The authorities have disembarked five hundred homeward bound troops from the s.s. Aurania at Capetown, owing to the vessel being overcrowded.

The will of the late millionaire, Mr John W. Mackay, the "Silver King," of California, has been proved. The estate is valued at ten million pounds sterling.

The Venezuelan revolutionists captured and sacked the town of Barcelona. Eight generals, 23 colonels, and 167 men are among the killed on both sides. Some women and children were also killed.

The chain presented by the King to the Archbishop of Canterbury is the highest distinction of the Victoria Order decoration. It was originally designed to be worn by royalties.

The exhibition of the gifts and addresses presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales during their colonial tour last year produced £460, which has been handed to the King's Hospital Fund.

The "Standard's" Ottawa correspondent states that Sir E. Barton is inquiring of the Canadian Government respecting the organisation of the High Commissioner's office in London.

The cargo of the Italian barque Pasquale Lauro is being landed in a better condition than was expected. It is believed that the loss by fire will be comparatively small.

The Women's Franchise Bill, which was thrown out in the New South Wales Council last week, has been reinstated, read a second time, and passed through committee without amendments.

During a torchlight procession in Antwerp the municipal festival car, representing winter, took fire. Of the five women taking part in the tableau one was burnt to death, and the others were injured.

The London "Times" states that Mr Parkin, principal of the Upper Canada College, Toronto, will visit Australasia and the United States in connection with the Rhodes scholarships.

The Maharajah of Jaipur presented the King with a jewelled sword with a loyal inscription. The sword is valued at £10,000 sterling. The King will wear it in reviewing the Indian troops.

The French colonial party urges the sending of the homeless natives of Martinique to the New Hebrides and the appointment of an official to represent the settlers and keep the authorities in Paris acquainted with French interests in the group.

The Hon. J. G. Duffy, in a temperate speech, entered a protest against the Coronation oath, which contained a gross, gratuitous and humiliating insult to the Catholics. The latter had fought nobly on behalf of the Empire.

A suggestion having been made that the Mansion House should open a Mount Kembla relief fund, the Premier has cabled to London that New South Wales was quite able to cope with the situation.

While Mr Fair, brother-in-law of Mrs W. K. Vanderbilt, of New York, was travelling in a motor car at a speed of one hundred kilometres near Evieux the tire burst, dashing the car against a tree. Fair and his wife were killed. The driver was seriously hurt, but not fatally injured.

... THE ...

NATIONAL MUTUAL

Life Association of Australasia Ltd.

Head Office for New Zealand—

CUSTOMHOUSE QUAY, WELLINGTON.

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

Rates Low. Bonuses Large.

MONEY TO LEND ON FREEHOLD PROPERTY. AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE COLONY
Send for Prospectus.

J. B. GOULD, ORTON STEVENS,
DISTRICT MANAGERS, RESIDENT SECRETARY,
Queen Street, Auckland.

The Cabinet considering the Royal... party the fomenters of resistance to the decrees under the Religious Associations Law has ordered their strongest prosecution.

Fifty-four leading Princes have been invited to the Coronation durbar, which is to be held at Delhi in several months' time. The area of the camp is seven miles by five. The Duke of Connaught is expected to attend.

At the inquest on Constable Gullfoyle (who was shot while arresting two men suspected of passing counterfeit coins), a verdict of murder against some person unknown, aided by another person unknown, was returned.

The Durban correspondent of the "Standard" states that many of the Boers in the northern part of the Orange River Colony are only now learning for the first time of British clemency proclamations under the peace arrangements.

Owing to Russia's refusal to relinquish the workshops and railways near the Great Wall until Niuchang line is evacuated, Britain's surrender of the Pekin-Tientsin-Shanhaikwan railway has been postponed till October unless Russia reconsiders her decision.

The British Trade Commission, dealing with South African trade, reports that monopolies and trusts threaten to bar the development of the country. The prospects are otherwise satisfactory. There is an excellent opening for enterprising up-to-date manufacturers.

The National Geographical Society, of Washington, has engaged Mr. Borchgrevink, the Antarctic explorer, to take two ships on an Antarctic expedition, using reindeer and sleighs. The expedition will probably start in the autumn of 1903.

Judge Caron, of Quebec, declined to make an order for the extradition of Gaynor and Greene, contractors, accused of defrauding the United States Government of nearly a million sterling in connection with harbour improvements at Savannah and discharged them from custody.

An insurrection has occurred in Jenchuan, and three other Korean provinces, against foreigners. Several Japanese merchants have been killed and many expelled. The Japanese Minister has demanded reparation, and Korean troops have been sent to quell the disturbance.

News by the Chinese mail states that the Chinese cruiser Kai Chi was recently blown up near Nanking, through the explosion of the magazine. Only two escaped out of the whole crew, whose number is variously estimated at from 150 to 250.

Admiral Cuverville has appealed to the Government to submit the religious associations decrees to a Council of State. Meanwhile the judgment of the Lyons Court of Appeal declares that the fixing of seals on the convent school of St. Charles is illegal and orders their removal.

The Johannesburg Town Council are petitioning the Government to grant facilities for housing accommodation. Rents at present amount to 40 per cent. of income. Many persons are encamped on Government land, owing to the difficulties of railway transport.

The "Morning Post's" Johannesburg correspondent says there is a strong rumour that as a result of Lord Milner's recent visit to Delagoa Great Britain will arrange to build a new harbour at Delagoa, the receipts from Customs and railways guaranteeing the repayment of the cost.

On Sunday, 3rd August, at about 10.40 a.m., a couple of smart shocks of earthquake were experienced at Suva. The phenomena was over in a few seconds, probably ten. Each shock, which was very perceptible to many people, was sharp, and appeared to be from east to west and north to south. The day was a fine one. From Nava and Levuka a similar shock, or shocks, is reported to have occurred.

The Governor of Natal, acting on the advice of the Ministry, has remitted the unexpired portions of the treason sentences of two years' imprisonment and under. A Commission has been appointed to delimit sufficient land in Zululand for native locations.

Lieut. F. Willie, Weir, McKillop, Lowrie, Moss Davis, and Grace, Surgeon-Majors Milne and Thompson, Surgeon-Captain McLachland, Veterinary-Capt. Neale, and 47 other New Zealanders have left Capetown for England.

The Allan, Elder, Dempster and Furness Shipping Syndicate have entered into a contract with the Dominion Government for a five years' regular steamship service between Canada and South Africa, beginning in October.

The "Daily Mail" states that an Afrikaner boxing team amongst the prisoners of war at Colombo (Ceylon), including Jim Holloway (who was captured while fighting for the Boers) asked permission to tour England and America and give exhibitions of pugilism.

The average estimate for August of the harvest of oats, wheat and barley in Manitoba and Lower Canada is a hundred and fourteen million bushels. The Canadian Pacific Railway is unable to carry all the grain to the seaboard.

At the Pope's request the Czar has pardoned Zierkousiel, the Catholic Bishop of Vilna, who was sentenced to life-long banishment for propagating anti-Russian ideas in Poland, and converting the Greeks to Roman Catholicism. M. Pobedonostz, Procurator of the Holy Synod, strongly disapproved of the Czar's clemency.

The Premier informed the House that the missing steamer Quiraing had been surveyed in February last, and everything had been found in good condition.

[The Quiraing is now fifty-three days out from Newcastle to Port Chalmers, coal-laden, and it is considered certain that she has foundered in the Tasman Sea with all hands, who numbered 22.]

The Kaiser's censure of the Bavarian Chamber for its "meanness" in refusing to purchase certain pictures has caused great excitement in Munich, where the Kaiser is widely blamed for undue interference in the home affairs of the federated States. The "Weiner Allegemeine Zeitung" predicts that the Kaiser's impulsiveness will increase Bavaria's particularist tendencies.

The sums mentioned at the Premier's Conference for the proposed annual contributions of the colonies to the Imperial navy include the following:—

| | |
|-------------------|---------|
| Cape | £50,000 |
| New Zealand | £40,000 |
| Natal | £35,000 |

It is understood that Canada will enter into a special arrangement for the maintenance of the navy.

The International Harvester Company has been incorporated at New Jersey. Twenty-four millions sterling have been subscribed. The company hopes to decrease working expenses and underbid British makers of ploughs and threshers in the South African markets. The lumbermen, sawmillers and manufacturers of woollen materials of America are combining on the lines of the Steel Trust.

Reuter's correspondent of the "Times" reports that Senussi, the Mahdi of Central Africa, is dead.

[The Mahdi, es-Senussi, was the head of a sect which was by far the most powerful in Mahomedan Africa. His followers included the numerous and warlike Tuaregs and the people of Wadai in the Western Soudan. Wadai, which extends from French Congo to the Sahara Desert, has a population of about a million. At the end of 1893 a great Mahomedan rising was feared in Central Africa, inspired by the

Recently the Chamber of Deputies of Bavaria refused to pass a vote of 100,000 marks for the purchase of certain plots. The Kaiser thereupon wrote to Prince Leo-

pold (Regent of Bavaria) offering him money for the plots, and at the same time expressing his displeasure at the Chamber's meanness. Prince Leopold replied thanking the Kaiser, and stated that a member of the Bavarian Reichsrath had given the requisite sum.

Nineteen thousand five hundred sheep were offered at Sydney stock sales. The supply is well within the requirements, causing a restricted competition. Two hundred and eighty-nine wethers, ranging from 24/ to 34/6 (one lot of 17 reaching from 44/), and 134 ewes, ranging from 22/9 to 36/9, were sold on account of New Zealand shippers.

Colonel de Stremy has been arrested for declining to obey the general orders to assist in closing religious establishments at Ploernel, near Rennes. Two priests near Angers received two months' imprisonment for breaking seals affixed by the Government officers, and four mayors were suspended for disregarding instructions re the closing of religious establishments.

Sir W. Hely-Hutchinson (Governor of the Cape) has appealed to the Boers to observe moderation. He notes regretfully the attitude of the religious bodies, and their utterances, which are not making for conciliation. He hoped he had heard the last of much of these utterances, which would only prolong the unrest. It is understood that Sir W. Hely-Hutchinson referred to the Rev. Bosman's and other preacher's sermons.

A cable to the "Sun" from Berlin says:—A balloon containing three German aeronauts recently fell into Lake Constance. The King of Wurttemberg, who was cruising in a yacht on the lake, saw the accident and hastened to the rescue. He personally saved the balloonists. He did not disclose his identity until the rescued men desired to reward the owner of the yacht.

A bushman has discovered an uncharted river to the south-west of Freeman's Cape, Tasmania, and also reports that he has discovered alluvial gold in many of its creeks. The new river flows into the Jane, and ultimately into the Franklin River, in the western part of the island.

[This is in the most mountainous part of Tasmania, where many of the peaks rise to over 4000 feet above sea-level. The rivers are rapid, subject to great floods, and rush down through tremendous gorges.]

The Imperial Government is appointing representatives to co-operate with the Australian and New Zealand Commissions of Enquiry into the charges made concerning the troops—ships Drayton Grange and Britannic, Colonel Williams, of the Medical Service, Senator Playford, Dr. Grewell, and Messrs McLean and Thomson, members of the Federal House of Representatives, have been appointed a Commission to enquire into the case of the vessel.

Lieut. Hildebrand, the duellist, who was lately released from prison, was accorded an enthusiastic reception by his comrades, who entertained him at two banquets.

[Lieut. Hildebrand fought and killed a brother officer, Lieut. Blashowitz, last November, the duel being forced on him against his will. He was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, but the Kaiser recently accepted the view of Hildebrand's superior officers, that he was blameless.]

In connection with the arrest of the man Tierler and Selina Sangal on suspicion of the murder of the latter's husband, who was found with his throat cut at Dandenong, Savay, a Spaniard, told the police that Tierler offered him £10 and promised him £100 on behalf of Mrs Sangal to murder Sangal. The offer was repeated by both on subsequent occasions. Ultimately Savay promised, and the pair gave him a revolver. Savay stated that he did not do the

deed, and never had any intention of doing it. He threw the revolver into the river.

Canada's subsidy to the Allan syndicate's South African line is £30,000 per annum. Great Britain gives £15,000. The "Daily Express" asserts that the King and Prince of Wales and Mr. Chamberlain have interested themselves in this scheme. Arrangements are being completed between Britain, Canada, Allan's Syndicate and the Pacific Railway Company for a fast service from Montreal to Liverpool in conjunction therewith. A through freight service to Australia will be initiated and a fast regular service of steamers coupled together by the Canadian Pacific railway. There will be pooling of profits on through freight.

Senor Corea, the Nicaraguan Minister here, has received news of two attacks upon Nicaraguan ports by revolutionists, aided by the Colombian Government. This fact was made patent by the use of these revolutionists of the Colombian warship General Pinzon. The first expedition, according to the advices received here, comprised about 1000 men. These reached Monkey Point, near Bluefields, but owing to the heavy seas and a prevailing storm were unable to make a landing, and returned to Colombian waters. About the 1st of this month the revolutionists appeared again, and made a landing near Bluefields. They were attacked by the Government forces, and routed with the loss of several lives. Many of the revolutionists were captured. Included among the captives was one Wilson, an American citizen. The military authorities have consented to give him a trial by court-martial, but it is felt that his condition is desperate unless the Nicaraguan Government is disposed to clemency.

The captain and a portion of the crew of the Dutch barge Krimpen au der Lek, recently wrecked on the New Guinea Coast, have arrived here. The captain states that the weather was so bad for 40 hours prior to the disaster that he was unable to take observations. The vessel crashed on to a reef at two in the morning, and was abandoned half-hour later. Terrific seas were running, and bumping her badly. She was leaking badly. The crew remained alongside in the boats till daylight, and spent an anxious night. They landed next day and were kindly treated by the natives. Everything was lost, including the ship's papers.

[The first news of the wreck of this vessel reached Thursday Island on July 29, when the ketch Whaup, from Daru, British New Guinea, brought in the captain and crew of seventeen, all told, of the Krimpen au der Lek. The ship was valued at £7000. The wreck took place at Brompton Island, near the mouth of the Fly River, New Guinea. The Krimpen au der Lek left Newcastle on July 2 with 1602 tons of East Greta coal for Java.]

The Indian troops, on visiting Westminster Abbey, were much impressed with the story of the Coronation stone, and saluted St. Edward's chair.

[The mysterious sacred Stone of Destiny, which is enclosed within the seat of the Coronation Chair, has a history so ancient that it fades into legend. According to fable it formed the pillow on which the newborn Jesus lay when he dreamed of the ladder of angels at Bethel. It was stated to have passed through Spain into Ireland centuries before the Christian era, and to have been taken to Scotland. In 850 A.D. it was placed at the Abbey of Scone, and upon it the Scottish kings were crowned. In 1297 it was brought to England by Edward I, and ever since the chair, holding under its seat the sacred stone, has been used at the coronation of English sovereigns. Tradition affirms that upon the possession of this stone depends the maintenance of the sovereignty of England. There is no doubt but that its history dates back to a period when stones were an object of worship, and on which remains in the suggestion that should number of take his seat upon the stone, wild sounds of protest would be heard to proceed from it. It is described as a dull reddish or purple sandstone, with a few small embedded pebbles, on which rests a quartz, and two others of dark material, which may be Lydian stone. The rock is calcareous, and of the kind which masons would call freestone.]

GENERAL CABLES.

THE KING.

The King, in a letter to Mr. Balfour, dated Coronation Day, which is practically a message to the nation, recalls the fact that under the will of his much-beloved mother, Osborne, on the Isle of Wight, became his private estate. Having spent a considerable part of the year in London and Windsor, and having also strong home ties in the county of Norfolk, which have existed for nearly 40 years, he feels unable to make adequate use of Osborne as a Royal residence, and offers it as a gift to the nation. As Osborne House is sacred to Queen Victoria's memory, he wishes that, with the exception of the apartments which were in her personal occupation, the people should always have access to the house ever associated with her beloved name. As regards the rest of the building, he hopes that it will be devoted to national purposes or converted into a convalescent home for officers of the navy and army whose health has been impaired in the service of their country. If necessary, Parliament should be asked to give loyal effect to his wishes. He trusts Mr. Balfour will apply to Parliament in due course.

Unanimous goodwill is manifested in the Continental papers.

The King specially allowed Mr Bramwell Booth to wear his Salvationist uniform in the Abbey after the Duke of Norfolk had declared that he was not empowered to recognise it.

The newspapers are unanimous in their comments respecting the gift by the King to the nation of Osborne. They say that no gift would have commended itself more warmly to the King's mother.

Great Coronation rejoicings took place at St. Helena, where the Boers who have sworn allegiance joined in a message to the Sovereign.

The King is highly gratified at all the circumstances attending the Coronation, the excellence of the arrangements and the demeanour of the people.

The King, in replying to the Portsmouth Corporation's address, said:

On behalf of the Queen and myself, I thank you cordially for your congratulations on our Coronation, my recovery from illness, and the conclusion of peace. I am unfeignedly thankful for the mercies which it has pleased Almighty God to vouchsafe us as a people. I trust that now, happily at peace again with all the world, the recent rejoicings wherein the whole Empire shared may send us forward, each in our station of work, with renewed earnestness for the maintenance and improvement of our noble heritage, and the accomplishment of the ends that become a great people.

The "Standard" states that the King will cruise in his yacht round the coasts of Britain, and will visit Cork within the next four weeks.

It is His Majesty's intention to make a two months' tour of the districts whereof so much has recently been heard in Parliament, and to take every opportunity of studying the state of the Irish peasantry.

The "Telegraph" states that the general feeling in Dublin over the King's visit is one of extreme satisfaction, the conviction being that his sojourn in Ireland will be entirely successful.

The Marquis of Lansdowne will entertain the King and Queen at Derreen House, Kenmare, County Kerry.

THE NAVAL REVIEW.

There was an immense inrush of visitors to the Isle of Wight for the Coronation naval review, and the cliffs were crowded with spectators. Mr Chamberlain, Lord Kitchener, Lord Roberts, Sir E. and Lady Barton, and Mr, Mrs and Miss Seddon, on board the steamer *Nigeria*, and the other colonials on board the *Arcadia* and *La Plata*, arrived at Spithead early and steamed through the fleet.

Admiral C. F. Hotham, on board the *Royal Sovereign*, commanded 20 battleships, 24 cruisers, 15 gunboats, 10 training ships, 32 torpedo destroyers, and seven torpedo-boats.

These formed into four lines, each three and a-half miles long.

The arrival of the Royal yacht *Victoria* and *Albert*, with the King and Queen and Royal party on board at half-past two, was greeted by the manning of the ships, the ships at the same time firing salutes of 21 guns.

The *Victoria* and *Albert*, accompanied by the yachts *Albert*, *Osborne* and *Enchantress* steamed east between the gunboats, battleships and cruisers, returning past the few foreign warships, including two Japanese vessels, the *Asama* and *Tokosajo*, whose reception was markedly enthusiastic.

They then steamed east again past the merchant steamers, including the *Ophir*, which was crowded with visitors, who had paid 15 guineas per head.

Cheers were given as the Royal yacht passed, the King, with the Queen and Prince of Wales, standing on the bridge in Admiral's uniform, and saluting each vessel, the whole fleet cheering when the *Victoria* and *Albert* anchored near the *Royal Sovereign*.

Later the King received the British and foreign flag officers, while the review ground had been opened for visitors' inspection, pending the illuminations at night.

The illuminations were, unfortunately, completely spoiled by a violent thunderstorm and torrents of rain.

The King and Queen visited Osborne, and on returning to the yacht the King held a naval investiture.

THE BOER LEADERS.

The steamer *Saxon*, with Generals Botha, De Wet and De la Rey aboard, reached Port-mouth from South Africa at ten o'clock on Saturday morning.

They were met by Miss Emily Hobhouse, Mr. Abraham Fischer and Dr. Clark (formerly Consul-General for England in the South African Republic).

There was a tremendous concourse of people, who cheered lustily.

Upon landing all three accepted the invitation to witness the Coronation naval review, but later on, after they had consulted with Fischer, they refused the invitation.

The Boer visitors went on board the steamer *Nigeria*, where Viscount Kitchener introduced them to Lord Roberts and Mr. Chamberlain.

The Boer leaders afterwards entertained for London, and were received with wild enthusiasm at Waterloo station.

The crowd mobbed the Boer general's saloon carriage at the Waterloo station, crying out, "Good old De Wet!" "Brave soldiers!" "We're all united!"

THE PREMIERS IN ENGLAND.

On Wednesday morning last the King, accompanied by Sir F. Treves, in the morning drove in a closed carriage to the Royal College of Surgeons, and in the afternoon presented the colonial Premiers and their wives with gold Coronation medals.

Mr. Seddon congratulated His Majesty on his recovery, and presented the New Zealand Executive's illuminated address, a greenstone gold casket from his (the Premier's) constituents in Westland, also a model in ornamental wood and greenstone of a Maori carved pataka (storehouse), the illuminated address of the Maori tribes of New Zealand, and also an address in Maori from Mahuta (on behalf of the Waikato natives).

The King admired the gifts, and expressed his pleasure at receiving such acceptable reminders from New Zealand. He considered the model of the pataka unique, and said replies would be sent to the donors of the addresses.

His Majesty had a long conversation with Mr. Seddon, and complimented him on the appearance of the New Zealand soldiers, remarking that they had fought very well in South

Africa. He admired the physique of the Maoria.

The King and Queen and the Prince of Wales expressed their pleasure at Mrs. Seddon's recovery. The Prince of Wales made many inquiries with regard to New Zealand, which, he said, was the most unique and interesting of the colonies, and he was always speaking about it.

After receiving the colonial Premiers the King, attired in uniform and looking well, in the presence of the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Indian princes, colonial Premiers, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Carrington, Lord Roberts and Viscount Kitchener, reviewed 1900 colonial troops, including 16 Australian officers and 219 men, six New Zealand officers and 127 men, one Fijian officer and 20 men.

His Majesty allowed the recipients on returning to the ranks to lounge and sit on the grass and light their pipes as if "off-saddle" on the veldt.

When the parade was resumed a Royal salute was given, and cheers for the King.

His Majesty then briefly addressed the troops.

He said it gave him great pleasure to see the members of contingents from his dominions beyond the sea, and to have an opportunity of expressing his high appreciation of their patriotism, and of the way they had distinguished themselves in South Africa. The service they had rendered to the Motherland would never be forgotten by him. It would cement more firmly than ever the union of the distant colonies and the other parts of the Empire. Owing to his illness their stay had been prolonged, but he hoped they had derived pleasure from their visits to various parts of the land of their ancestors. He added, "God bless you all."

At the conclusion of the parade the colonials gave hearty cheers for the King, who testified his satisfaction at the parade.

The King showed no sign of lassitude, and went lightly up the steps of the Palace.

Mr Seddon presented General Baddan-Powell's mother, at the general's

request, with a magnificent solid gold salver, subscribed for by the public service of New Zealand, in recognition of the defence of Mafeking. He eulogised the general, and said he was confident he would preserve law and order in South Africa.

Sir E. Barton, in a speech, said the more the Empire's self-governing units understood each other the less frequent would the prospect be of their aiming too high. The conferences must ascertain to what extent the opinion of the units coincided, and follow the lines of agreement.

Mr Seddon said he did not agree with Sir E. Barton's remark that it would be unwise to quicken the pace of the units. The colonies had shown the Motherland that she was going too slowly. English farmers and the colonies were equally interested in retaining England as their market, and in seeing that the additional supplies needed were secured from within the Empire rather than from outside.

The Imperial Trade Defence League has presented Mr Seddon with an illuminated address expressive of its admiration of his patriotic efforts.

Mr Seddon, in his reply, said he thought fair trade and preferential treatment between the colonies and the Motherland the right lines to go upon. Although he was not pessimistic he anticipated there would shortly be trade depression, and then the advantages of trade preference would be subsidised.

GENERAL NEWS.

Mr Seddon expresses himself as disappointed at the small Imperialistic outcome of the Imperial Conference.

Mr Stead, in the "Review of Reviews," says that perhaps Mr Seddon aspires to be the first Premier of the South African Federation.

At a public meeting in the Federal Hall last week resolutions were passed supporting the demand of the Northern members for an appropriation of £350,000 for the completion of the Auckland-Wellington railway line, and £80,000 for the North Auckland line.

We All Use It

Keep Medicine on Hand. Don't Wait till Sickness Comes. Treat the Disease Early and Cure Promptly. Keep Well.

Mr. Wm. Allen, Police Constable of North Carlton, Victoria, sends a photograph of his family and says:

"For many years we have never been without Ayer's Sarsaparilla in the house. When any of us are feeling poorly, just a few doses will make us all right. My wife says it is a grand medicine for children, especially when they are growing fast. She finds it of great benefit, herself, when she gets tired and worn out from overwork. The same medicine cured me once of a severe liver complaint, pain through the kidneys, and impure blood."



Mr. Allen should certainly be proud of his family. And he shows good judgment in keeping Ayer's Sarsaparilla always in the house. He knows it gives bright eyes to the children, makes them have a clear and smooth skin, brings good color to the cheeks and lips, and gives them the hearty appetite so necessary to a substantial growth and development.

Don't make the mistake of experimenting with some other Sarsaparilla. All other Sarsaparillas are sold because they are said to be like Ayer's.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

The Greatest Family Medicine the World Has Ever Known

At the Supreme Court on Monday, before Judge Conolly, Henry James Fox, an officer in the Roads Department at Rotorua, was sentenced to four years' hard labour for forgery.

Wm. John Parker pleaded guilty at the Supreme Court on Monday to attempting to murder his wife, Susan Parker, his son William Bruce Parker, and his mother-in-law, Elizabeth Martin, at Parnell, on May 26, and was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

Last week Dr. Wohlman, Government Bacteriologist at Rotorua, accompanied by Mr R. G. Corlett, visited Lake Rotoehu for the purpose of inspecting the soda water springs of the water from the different springs for analysis, in order to compare them with Continental waters. The doctor found the water flowing from two streams, with a very large outflow, and highly charged with carbonic dioxide; it is of a pleasant acid taste, and of a temperature of about 120deg. The native chief Maraki pointed out to the visitors a depression in the ground from which exuded a deadly gas that had caused the death of two of his people who had followed a pig that had taken shelter there from the dogs. Some of the gas was collected and brought to Rotorua by the doctor.

A man named F. T. Moore, recently employed by the Government to write a report upon the frozen meat industry of the colony, who is well-known in connection with the meat export industry and as a contributor to the press, was on Wednesday arrested on a charge of having written a threatening letter to Sir Joseph Ward.

At the time of his arrest Moore was in the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Representatives. He was at once searched, and was then removed in custody. Subpoenas to attend the Court as witnesses at the hearing of the case have been served upon some of the officials in attendance at the office of the Acting-Premier.

The letter stated, in insane terms, that as McKinley was killed, so Sir Joseph Ward should be disposed of by a bullet through the heart by a nihilist.

It is understood that Moore has been recently studying spiritualism, and has been subject to delusions.

Moore, when brought before the Court, was committed for trial, and, having confessed he was guilty of writing threatening letters, was remanded for medical examination.

The letter from Moore to Sir J. G. Ward said that if the writer removed Sir Joseph Ward as President McKinley was removed he believed he would be rendering a service to New Zealand, that Sir Joseph Ward was the head of monopolies which he (Moore) was fighting, and which stopped his progress.

"Why," continues the letter, "should I let you stop me, when a bullet or a dagger will put you out of the way? I am willing to sacrifice my life for the good of my cause, as anarchists do."

Then follows a reference to the work he has been engaged on, and the letter concludes as follows:—"You are treating me foully. I shall deal foully with you. As you are warned, you cannot regard me as cowardly."

The letter was signed, and no secrecy was made about its delivery.

In the Court Moore pleaded guilty, and said he wrote under a sense of irritation, and with no intention of doing what he threatened. He realised how foolish he had been.

Prisoner was remanded to the Supreme Court for sentence.

THE ILL-FATED BRITANNIC.

In the House of Representatives on Wednesday Mr. J. H. Witherford moved without notice, "That the House express its heartfelt sympathy with the relatives of the members of the New Zealand contingents who had died since their return to the colony."

Sir J. Ward said he had great pleasure in recording the resolution. He was sure every member of the House felt the deepest sympathy with the relatives of the deceased men. He

had in every case of death conveyed to the relatives the sincerest sympathy of the Government.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to.

Mr Witherford mentioned that out of the eleven troopers that had died six were Auckland men, the bodies of three of whom were at that moment on the train en route to their sorrowing friends.

Trooper H. O. Ryan, who hails from Hukaru, north of Auckland, died at the quarantine station last Wednesday. Ryan's sister has been here nursing him. This makes thirteen deaths amongst the Britannic's returned troopers.

Trooper Brown, of Puriri, Thames, is also dead. Both belonged to the Eighth Contingent.

Francis Gomez, of Raglan, who was one of the troopers of the Eighth Contingent, who returned from South Africa by the troopship Britannic recently, died at the Auckland Hospital on Thursday. He had been suffering from pneumonia since admission, and yesterday afternoon was reported as being dangerously ill. Towards evening his condition became critical, and about eleven o'clock he expired.

Private Albert Tonks, of Hokianga, belonging to the Eighth Contingent, died in the hospital on Thursday of pneumonia, supervening on scarlet fever. Deceased was one of the men disembarked from the Britannic.

The small pox patient (Lieut. Callaway) is reported to be doing well and likely to recover.

Trooper J. N. Lunn, one of the Britannic's contingent, died on Sunday. The deceased belonged to Collingwood, Nelson.

MILITARY FUNERALS.

The interment of the body of Trooper Lorange, who also died at Soames' Island, took place at Purova cemetery on Wednesday last, a military funeral, at which volunteers and returned troopers were present, being accorded him.

The funeral of the late Trooper H. W. Craig, of Pomallier Terrace, Pensouby, who died of pneumonia, contracted on the troopship Britannic, at Soames Island, Wellington, took place at the Purova cemetery on Thursday last. A company of Permanent Militia, under Lieut. Wall, was drawn up outside the house, presenting arms as the casket was borne out of the house by four of deceased's comrades. The coffin, draped with a Union Jack, was then placed on a gun carriage, and the troops took up their position at the head of the procession, the Garrison Band following.

The funerals of three troopers of the Eighth and Tenth Contingents who died after reaching their native shores on their return from the war in South Africa took place in Auckland on Sunday, the bodies of Troopers B. E. Turner and F. Gomez, of the Eighth Contingent, and E. C. Monsted, of the Tenth, being laid to rest. Military funerals were arranged for in all three cases by the Defence Department. The troopers were all passengers by the Britannic, so many of whose passengers were attacked by pneumonia, caused by the men having to sleep on deck either through there being no room below, or through their going on deck to escape the suffocating atmosphere of the 'tween decks and holds.

THE TROOPSHIPS' SCANDAL.

The general officer commanding in Natal telegraphs that 1094 men were on board the troopship Britannic, which was registered for accommodation for 1084. All the troops were medically inspected before sailing, and no invalids were embarked. Medical and surgical equipment was supplied, and medicine, chests, fracture box and extra drugs on the War Office scale. Medical comforts were supplied by the ship under naval instructions, and a full supply was on board.

The Royal Commission appointed by the Federal Government has opened an enquiry respecting the troopship Drayton Grange.

A naval transport officer testified that the arrangements had been carried out in accordance with Admiralty regulations. There was no excess in the number of troops carried, but the ship was in a very dirty

condition.

Dr. Shields gave evidence that not more than 75 per cent. of those carried should have been shipped. Ventilation was bad, and sickness to a large extent could be traced to the want of exercise and good sleeping accommodation. The hospital accommodation was by no means sufficient. Many men who should have been in the hospital could not be received. The number of medical officers was insufficient, and there were no nurses. He admitted the ship was dirty, and the habits of some of the men most objectionable. This, and to a certain extent, want of discipline, helped to contribute to the sickness. He advised that the sick should be landed at Albany in order to save life, but his advice was disregarded.

In his evidence the transport officer stated that the 'tween and lower decks were filthy. Sometimes the scuppers were blocked with filth. He knew no defect in the ship herself that would contribute to sickness.

The medical officer, Dr. Shields, said the men used the scuppers instead of the latrines at night, and created a very dangerous condition of things. At one time 500 beds could have been filled with patients. The medicines were mostly useless, being tonics and such like, and these ran short before the ship was three-quarters of the way to Albany. There was an active spirit of insubordination. Much of the filthy state of the ship could not have been prevented because of the lack of discipline. Intoxicants were obtained too freely, and there was illicit selling on board. The officers tried to put it down, but it flourished throughout the voyage.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE MR. J. L. WILSON.

With deep regret we record the death of another of the proprietors of our morning contemporary, Mr Joseph Liston Wilson having passed away at his residence, Remuera, early on Sunday morning. For some time past Mr Wilson has been suffering from diabetes, induced, it is supposed, by injuries sustained in a buggy accident some years ago, but his condition had not been such as to cause any anxiety until a few days ago, when he became very ill, and he finally passed away, heart failure being the immediate cause of death.

Deceased was an earnest Christian, and took a deep interest in Christian work throughout the city. He was a Methodist, and for many years attended the High-street Wesleyan Church, acting as superintendent of the Sunday-school till the removal of the building to Pitt-street.

Mr Wilson is survived by his widow, who was daughter of the late Mr John Martyn, of Martyn's Farm, near Deury, and by four sons, Messrs. Liston, Roy, Martyn, and Joseph Wilson, and by one daughter, Mrs A. C. Whitney, of Auckland.

THE LATE MRS. COWIE.

After a long illness, borne with characteristic fortitude, Mrs Cowie, relict of the late Primate of New Zealand, died peacefully at Bishops-court on Monday last. Her death was not unexpected, her children having been in attendance on their mother for the last few days. Until about four or five years ago Mrs Cowie took an active interest in the church work, to which her husband's life had been devoted. She was intimately connected in bygone years with the good work done by the Ladies' Benevolent Society, before there was any Charitable Aid Board. Mrs Cowie was also the founder of Mrs Cowie's Home at Parnell for the assistance of unfortunate women, and in many other ways did good work during her lengthy residence in this city to help suffering humanity.

Her brother is the Right Rev. W. T. Webber, present Bishop of Brisbane. The deceased leaves behind to mourn the loss of their mother four children, the Rev. E. M. Cowie, the Rev. J. P. Cowie, Mr Arthur Cowie, and Mrs V. Marshall.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

JEAN GERARDY.

The world-renowned violoncellist, whose photo appears in to-day's issue, is once more in our midst, and commences his second New Zealand tour at the Choral Hall on this (Wednesday) evening, and will give concerts to-morrow and Friday. Those who heard this famous artist last year will look forward to Gerardy's return, because for the simple reason that the 'cellist is "all he is cracked up to be." He is admittedly the finest exponent in the world of the 'cello, and what an instrument is his Stradivarius! It should be, because it cost Gerardy £2000 in London. Then there is the additional feature in regard to the coming season, inasmuch as he brings Miss Electa Gifford, a brilliant American soprano, recently prima donna at the Royal Grand Opera, Amsterdam, where she was an immense success, and Gottfried Galtson, a delightful pianist. The "London Telegraph" said of him last year: "He is a magnificent pianist of uncommon ability." So that it will be seen that Mr A. H. Conby, the director, is determined that the concerts should be even more attractive than last year's, and the managerial statement that the season will be the finest ever given in the musical annals of New Zealand, seems quite justified. Gerardy gives concerts at New Plymouth on the 25th, Wanganui 26th, Palmerston North 27th, and Wellington 28th. The box plan is open at Wildman, Lyell and Arey's.

Wirth Bros.' amphitheatre in Auckland has been well patronised since our last issue, and on Saturday night, when "Ciuderella" was re-staged for positively the last time, a monster audience assembled. A flash-light photo, was taken as a memento of the occasion, and was very much more successful than such affairs usually are. The enormous charge of five ounces of magnesium powder was burned, and a terrific flash ensued—eliciting an involuntary "Oh" from performers and audience alike. The Howard Bros. and other new stars are expected by the Paparua. In the meantime the performance maintains a very high level. There are the Casinos in a new and excellent turn, and Miss Sadie Delterelli, the one and only lady clown, is also in the bills. The kinematograph added on Monday is a wonderfully fine one, and the living pictures are much appreciated by the audiences.

The society entertainer, Mr Clifford Walker, who so delighted Southern audiences lately, gives two recitals in the Choral Hall, Auckland, on Thursday and Friday, 28th and 29th instant. Mr Walker, who has been resting in Auckland since his arrival in that city, is sure to prove an attraction to people of culture and refinement. He is making himself very popular in society in the Northern community, and it is not unlikely we shall hear of a Walker boom after his first public appearance. The quiet, unassuming manner of Mr Walker, his refined voice, and distingue appearance, have already created a most favourable impression amongst those who have been brought into contact with him, and it seems certain he will meet with equal success in Auckland as he did in Christchurch, Wellington and Dunedin, etc., which is saying a good deal. For the sake of those Aucklanders who have not heard of Mr Clifford Walker from English papers or friends down South, it may be explained that his entertainment is of a very unique order, and appeals alike to those who love music, mirth or pathos. The one, indeed, follows the other, and at one moment one may be thrilled at a recitation, at the next enjoying an idyll, and afterwards laughing oneself into convulsions at some whimsicality such as the sermon on the text of Pab-a-caler. In his own line Mr Walker is certainly "facile princeps," and certainly one of the most finished artists who have visited New Zealand.



A Cabbage Tree Swamp.

An Ancient Burial Cave.

In connection with these ancient carvings we give two interesting pictures of a typical Maori burial place. The views of this old native sepulchre, which is situated in a most out-of-the-way locality in the Upper Northern Wairoa district, were taken a short time ago by the "Graphic" photographer, who was the first man to take a camera into the place. One may judge of the difficulty of approaching the sacred precincts by the fact that the scrub was so thick and the ground so rough that the "Graphic" representative spent an hour and a half traversing a space only some thirty yards square before he found a pathway leading to the cave. The latter is situated in a ravine, with a gentle slope on three sides of it. It is only when one has clambered to the bottom of the gully that the presence of the cave is revealed, and then only after a little search. The cave has an opening of about ten feet across, and the cliff in the face of which it is, drops precipitously some fifty feet from the ground above. Within the place is full of dead men's bones, but it is at very considerable risk that one makes a detailed examination of the interior, for the ground is very unsafe. Stones and clods of earth testify to frequent slips in the soil. To all appearance the cave, when our representative visited it, had been undisturbed for a very long time. Of course the Maoris shun it—they endeavoured to mislead him when he asked the way to the locality—and the few white men in that district are not interested in archaeology or necrology.

Interesting Maori Relics.

The pictures below of the ancient Maori relics, found some three months ago in a cave at Hokianga, were taken on Coronation Day to Ra-

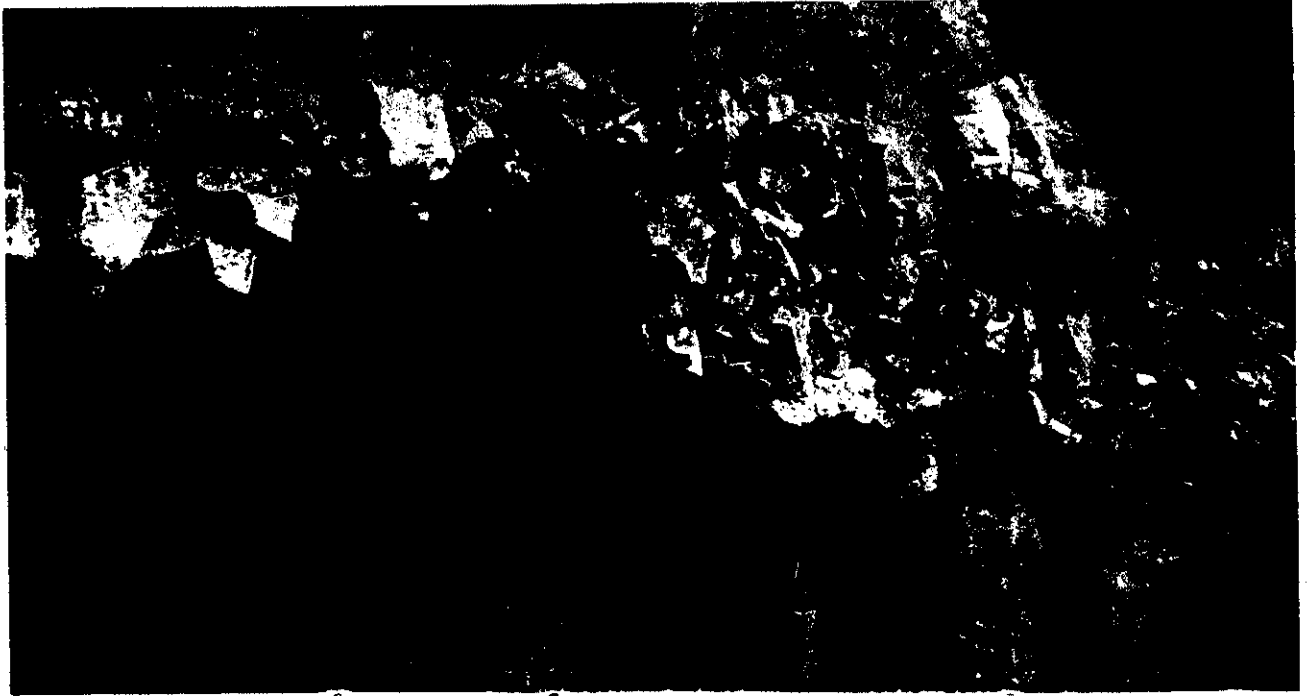
(Continued in "Our Illustrations.")

Photo by Senior.

VIEW OF THE WAIPAPA BURIAL CAVE, NORTHERN WAIROA.



THE RECENT MAORI FIND AT HOKIANGA.

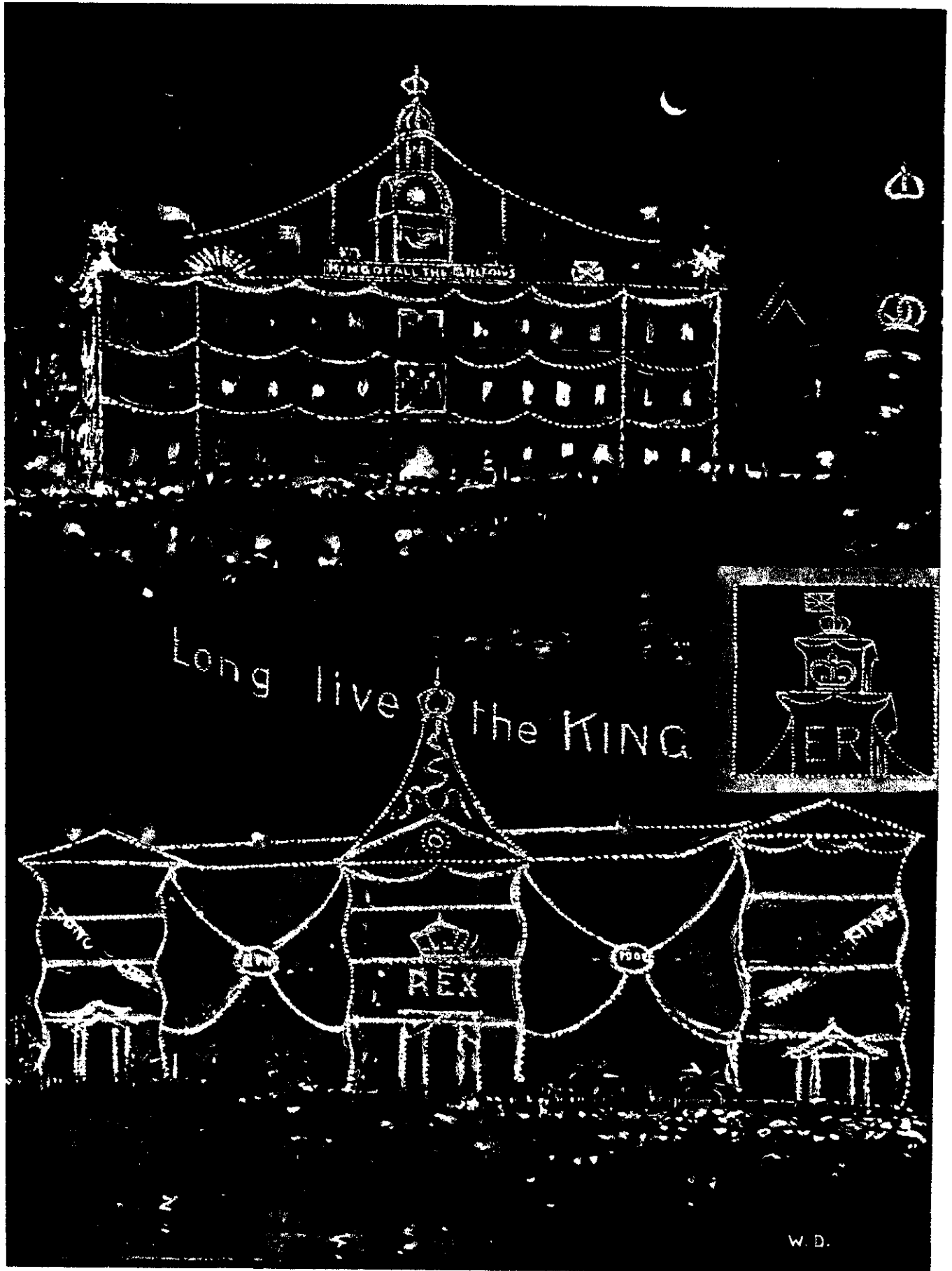


A CLOSER VIEW OF THE WAIPAPA BURIAL CAVE, SHOWING THE CURIOUS FORMATION OF THE ROCKS.



1. The Governor presenting Medals to Returned Troopers and Veterans. 2. Oldfellows in Regalia in the Basin Reserve.

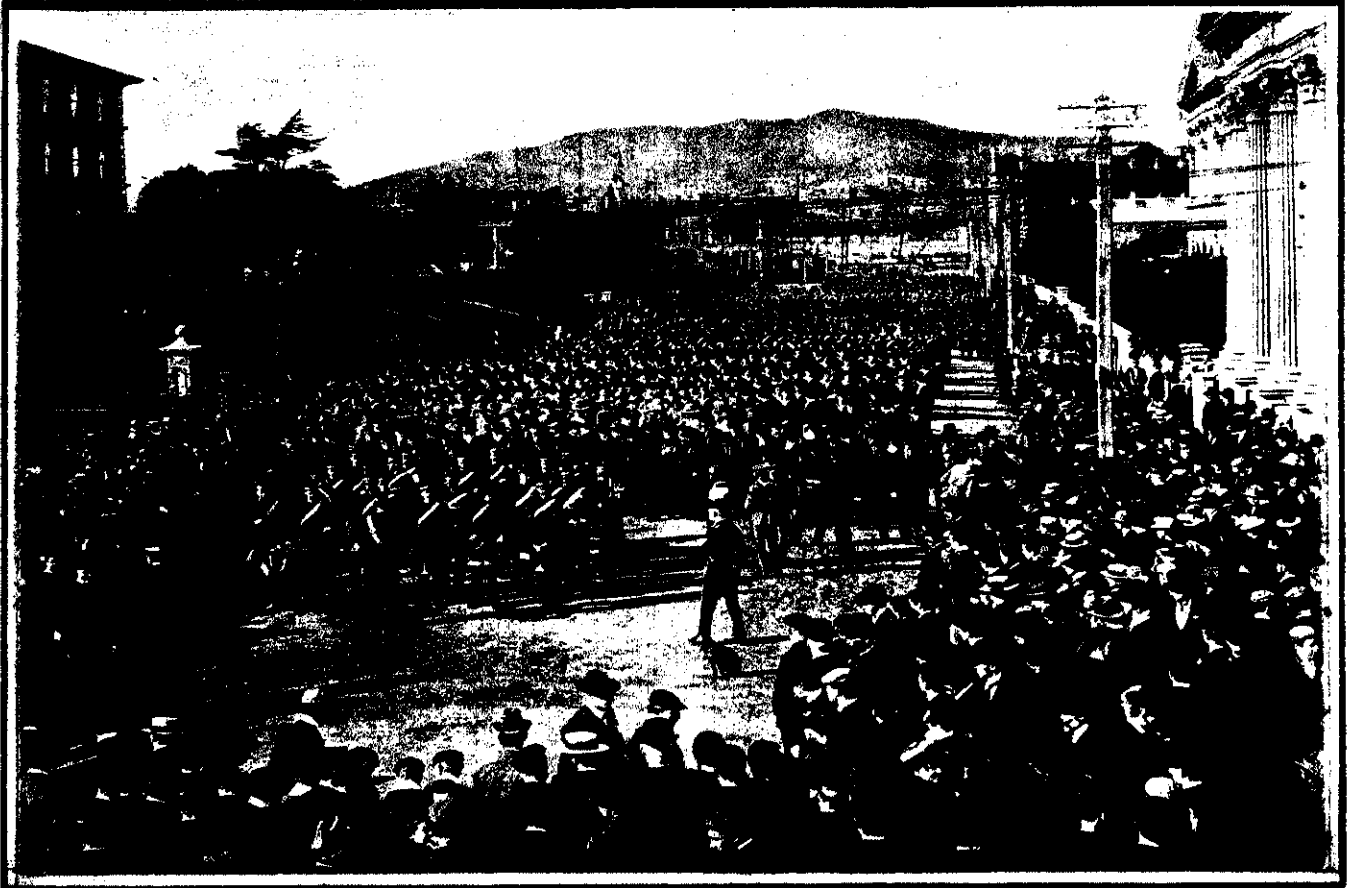
Coronation Day in Wellington.



Coronation Day in Wellington.

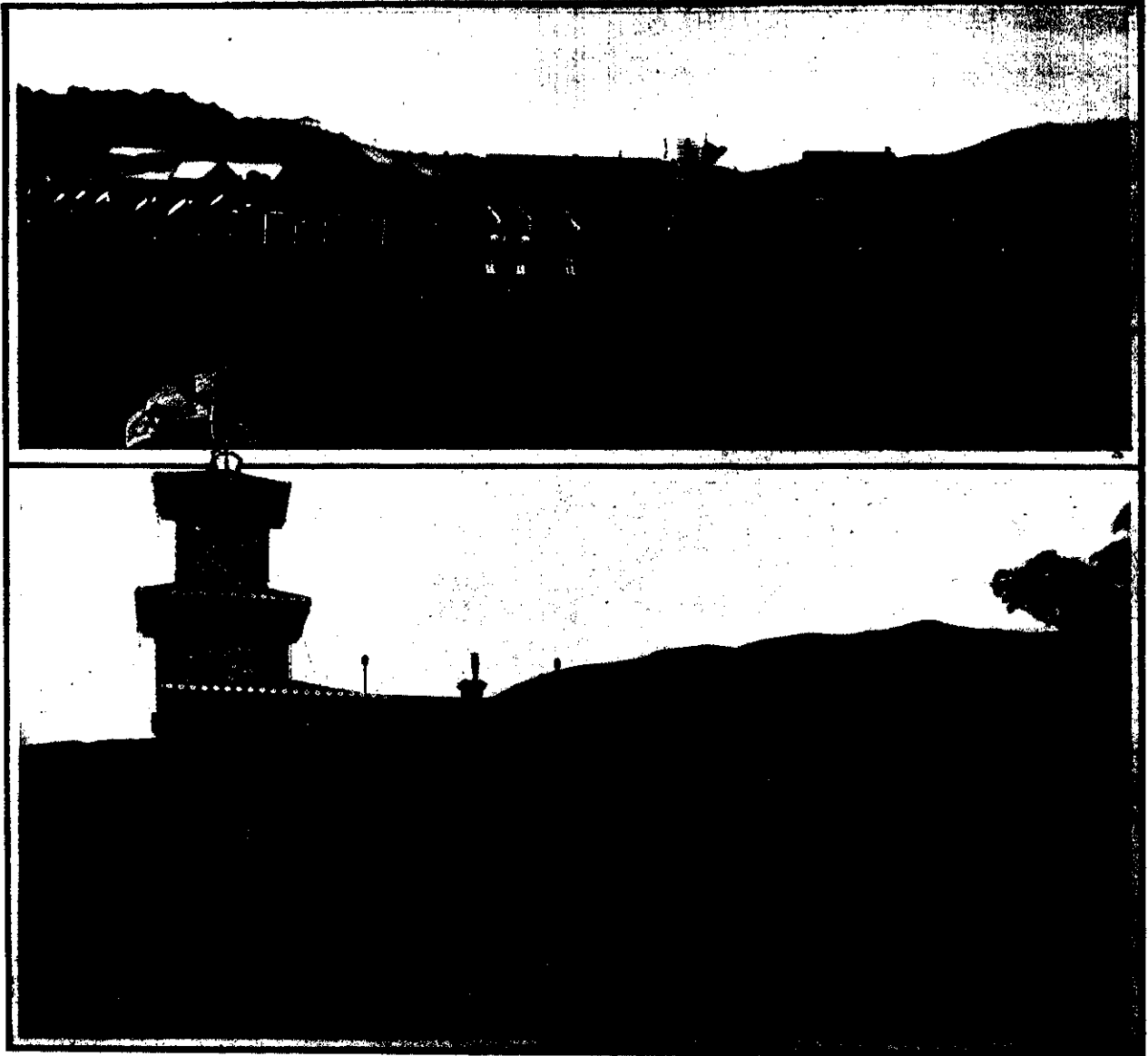
1. The Post Office illuminated. 2. The illuminations of the Government buildings.

W. D.



Coronation Day in Wellington.

1. The procession in front of the Government Buildings. 2. The volunteers, cadets and returned troopers in Whitmore-street.

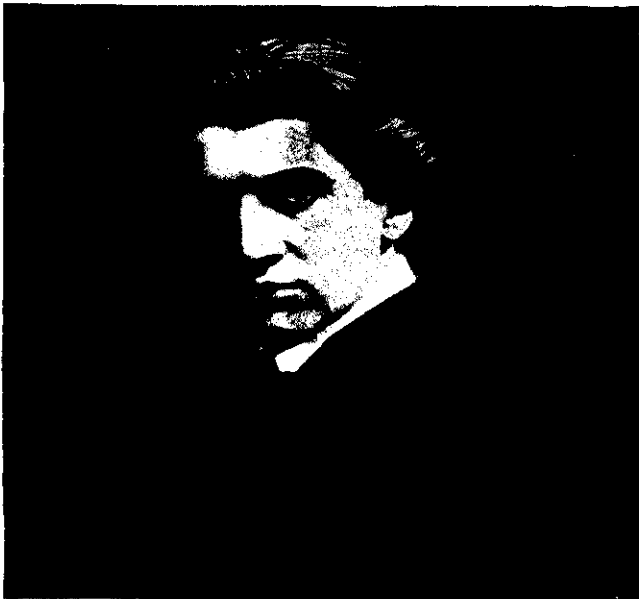


Coronation Day in Wellington.

1. The Troops in the Basin Reserve. 2. Government House on the morning of Coronation Day.

A pleasing function was held in Devonport Congregational Church on Wednesday evening, 8th instant, to welcome the Rev. A. J. Lee and his bride, whose marriage at Wellington was reported in our issue of the 16th instant. The room was tastefully arranged as a drawing-

and chairs, no pains being spared by the ladies of the church to manifest room, with carpet and fancy tables in this way the love and esteem felt by all the members of the church for their young minister and the cordiality of their welcome to his bride. During the evening the Rev. J. Wilkins, on behalf of the Beresford-street and Devonport Congregational Churches, presented Mr and Mrs Lee with a handsome marble clock and a purse of sovereigns, and Mr Edward Bowden with a chair, subscribed for by the young people connected with Devonport Church.



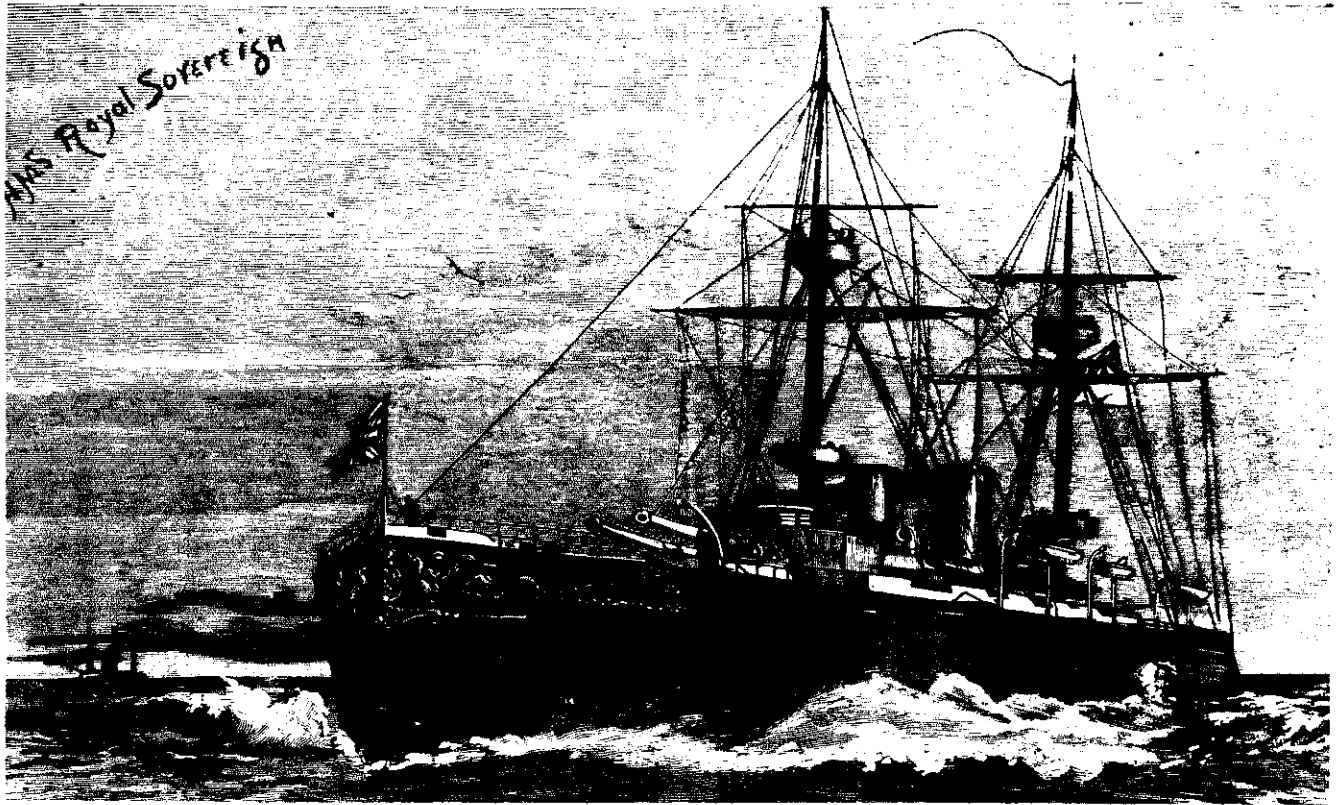
See "Music." JEAN GERARDY—Now in Auckland.



MRS. LEE.

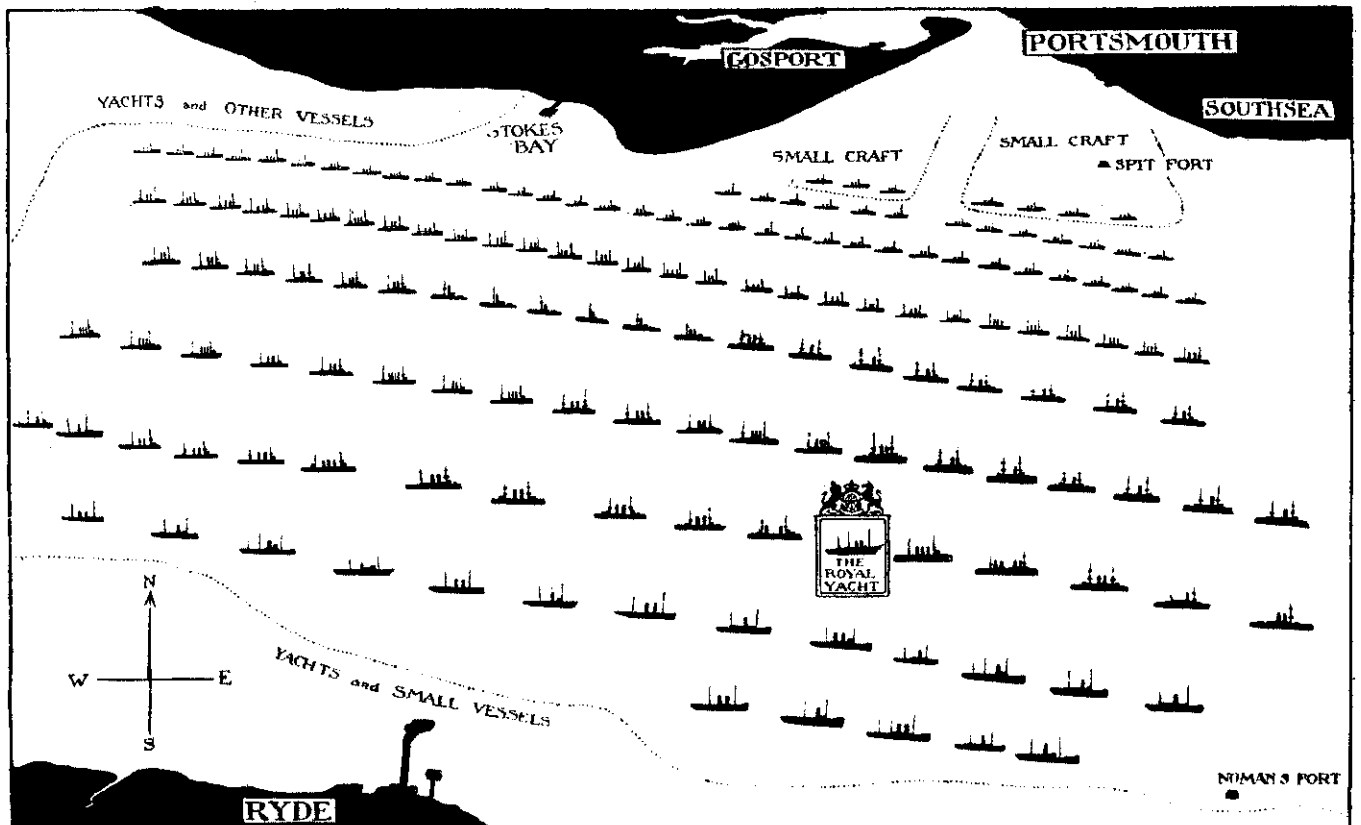


REV. A. J. LEE.



H.M.S. Royal Sovereign

H.M.S. "THE ROYAL SOVEREIGN," FLAGSHIP AT THE CORONATION REVIEW.



HOW THE FLEET WAS ARRANGED.

The above diagram shows the position of the eight miles of warships which took part in the Naval Review last week. One hundred and eight vessels were present, made up of 20 battleships, 24 cruisers, 15 gunboats, 32 destroyers, 7 torpedo boats, 10 training ships, 22 miscellaneous vessels, 16 foreign.

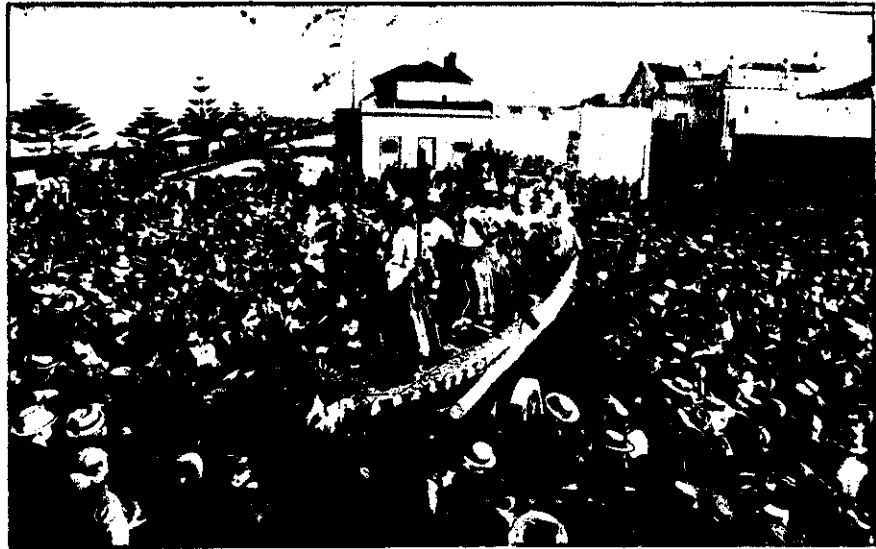
Saturday's Coronation Review at Spithead.



Coronation D



TABLEAU—WAITING FOR THE NEWS.



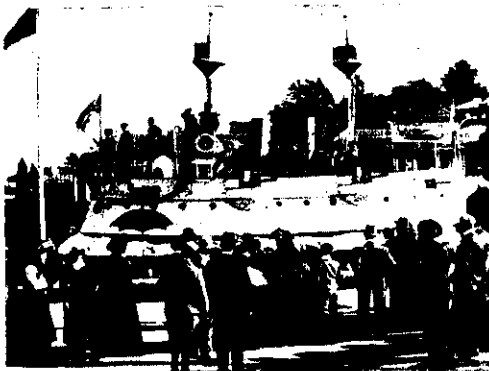
THE HAKA DANCE IN THE SECOND WAR CANOE.



TABLEAU—LISTENING TO THE NEWS.



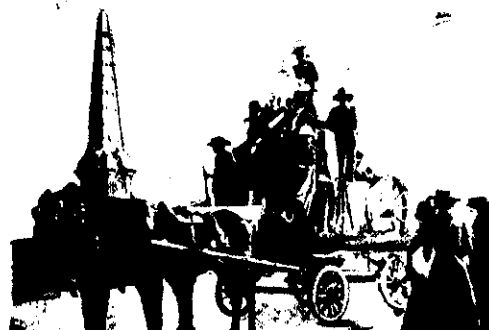
ANOTHER VIEW OF THE HAKA.



H.M.S. ZEALANDIA—A SPIT CONTRIBUTION.



VOLUNTEERS WAITING FOR CHURCH SERVICE.



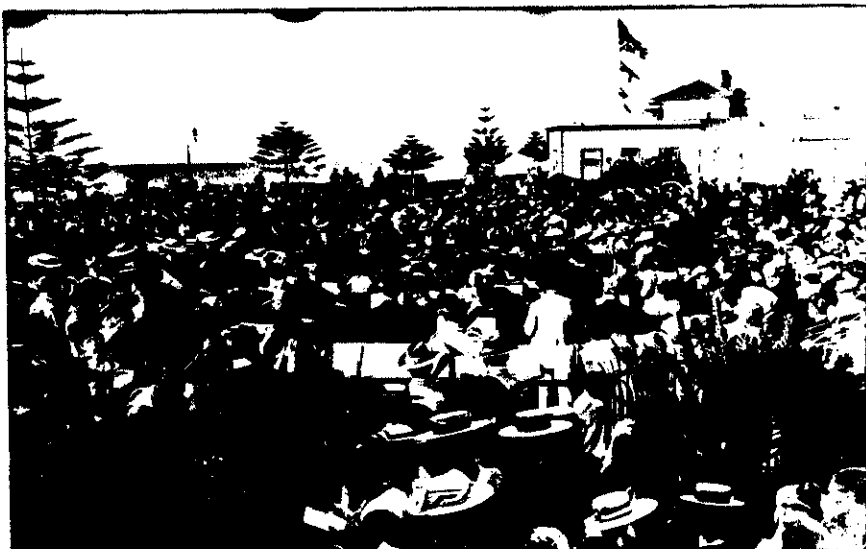
TABLEAU—BRITANNINA.



ay in Napier:



A WAR CANOE.



"GOD SAVE THE KING."



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE WAR CANOE.



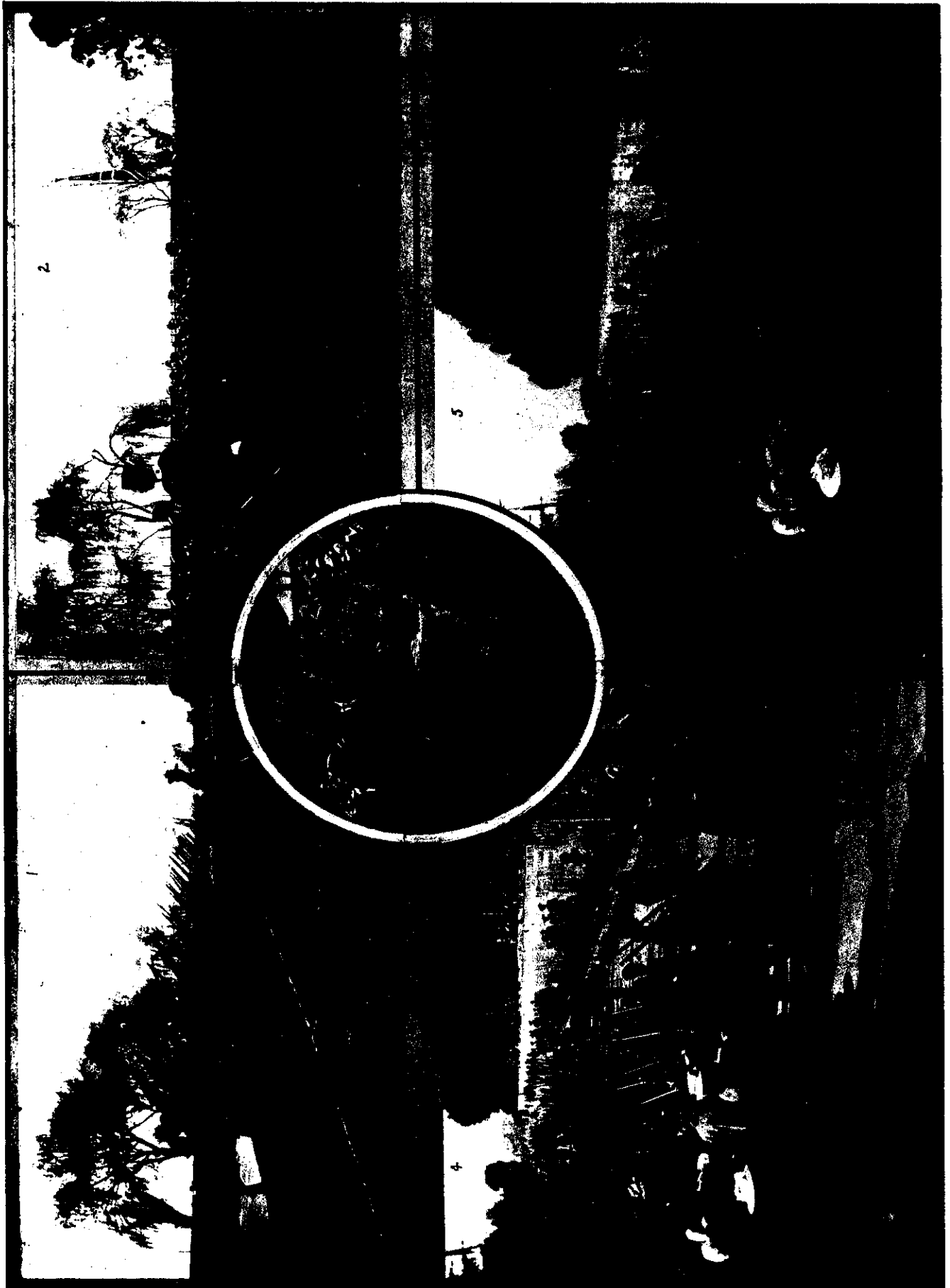
THE PARADE FROM THE MASONIC HOTEL.



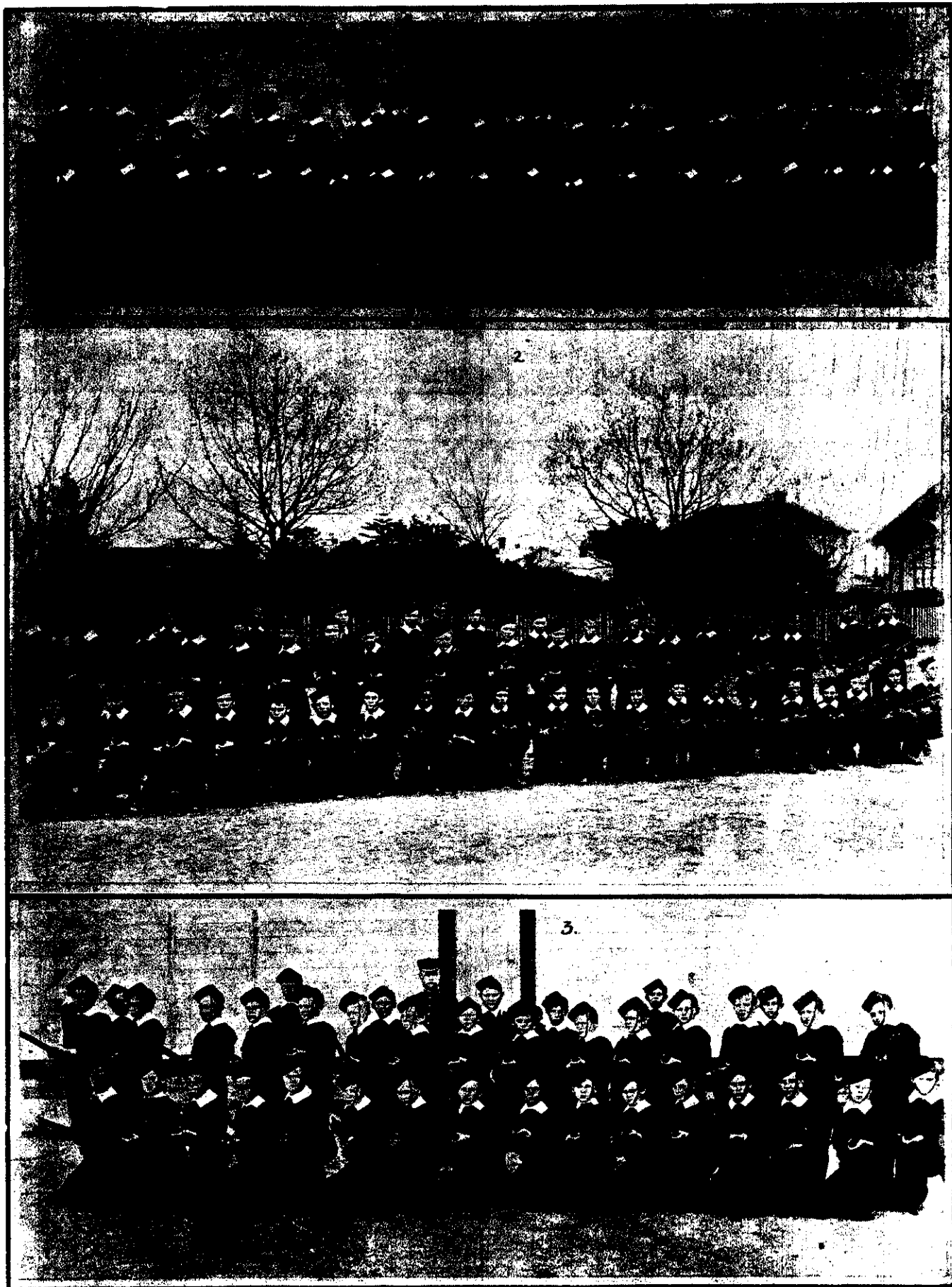
A HUMOROUS FIGURE.



THE POI DANCE IN THE CANOE.



1. The Feu de Joie. 2. Trooping the Colours. 3. Presentation of Medals to Returned Troopers. 4 and 5. Part of the Procession.



For Names see Letterpress.

Coronation Day in Napier.

1. No. 3 Company (Captain Soundy). 2. No. 1 Company (Captain Hislop). 3. No. 2 Company (Captain Hudson).



KAURI LOGS ABOVE THE FALLS.



KAURI LOGS COMING OVER THE FALLS.



THE RAPIDS BELOW THE FALLS.

Photos. by Senior.

The Timber Industry in the Northern Wairoa.



KAURI LOGS AT THE AOROA MILL, THE LARGEST MILL IN AUSTRALASIA. This Mill turns out 80,000 feet of timber daily.



Photos. by Benlor.

GROUP OF EMPLOYEES, AOROA MILL.

The Timber Industry in the Northern Wairoa.

The Famous Howard Brothers.



JAMES HOWARD.



ANDREW HOWARD.

WIRTH'S LATEST ATTRACTION—THE HOWARD BROTHERS.

The Howard Brothers, who are now on their way to New Zealand by the Paparoa, under engagement to Wirth Bros, appear to be very wonderful people indeed. The "Sportsman," in speaking of their performance, says: After witnessing a seance given by these brothers, one is inclined to ask "Can these things be? And wherein lies the marvellous fascination of this exhibition?" you ask. In outline the Howards' performance is this: One brother sits blindfolded on a chair in the centre of the arena, while the other moves hastily in and out through the audience. No visible system of signs or confederates is possible. Articles, such as watches, coins, hats, hairpins, gloves, or visiting cards are tendered by the audience, and, quick as a flash, are described minutely by the blindfolded member seated in the arena. Not a word of communication betwixt the brothers goes on. But this is scarcely so wonderful when one considers how the names of complete strangers are discovered, much to their possessors' surprise. A question is written down by an individual relative to the whereabouts of missing relatives. Straightway comes an answer; a street is named it may be in Melbourne, or in some town in Ulster.

Continued under "Our Illustrations."



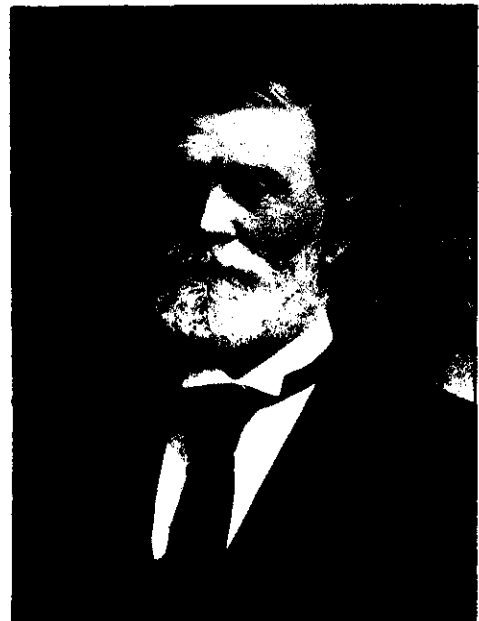
ONE OF THE BEST DECORATED NAPIER HOUSES ON CORONATION DAY.



THE LATE MRS COWIE, WIDOW OF THE LATE PRIMATE.



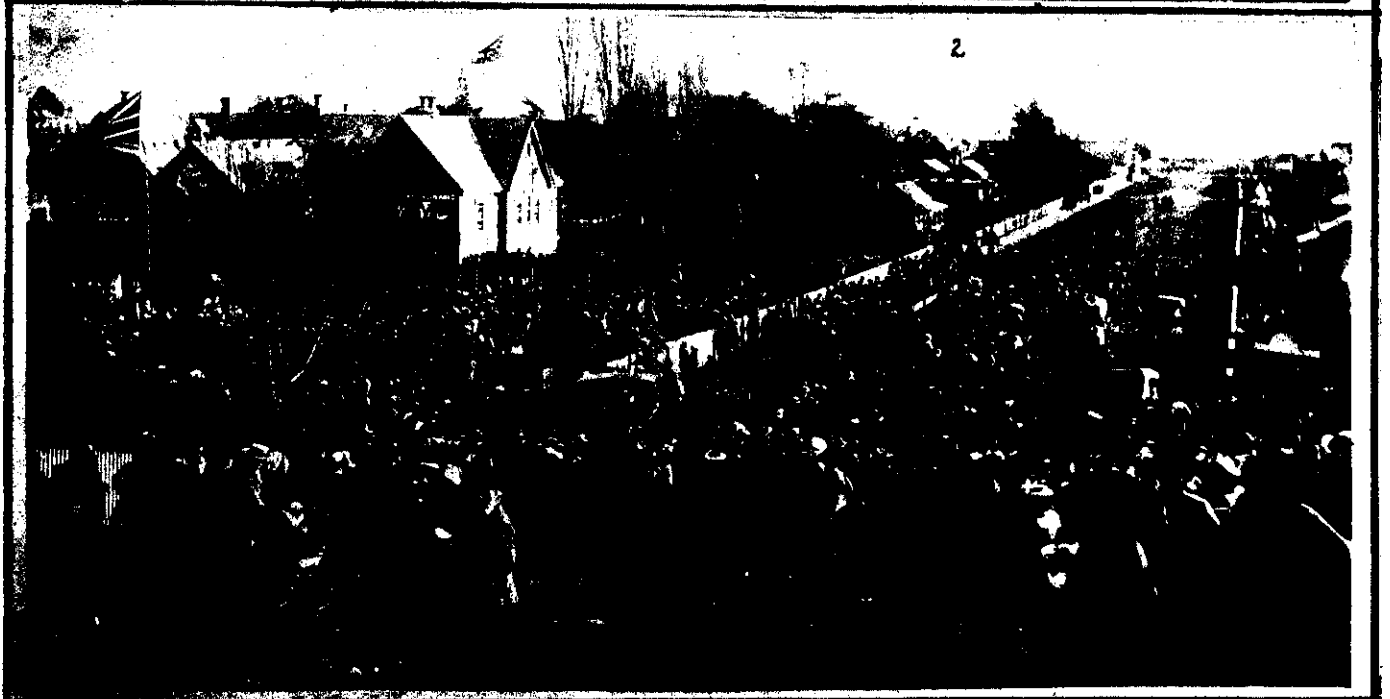
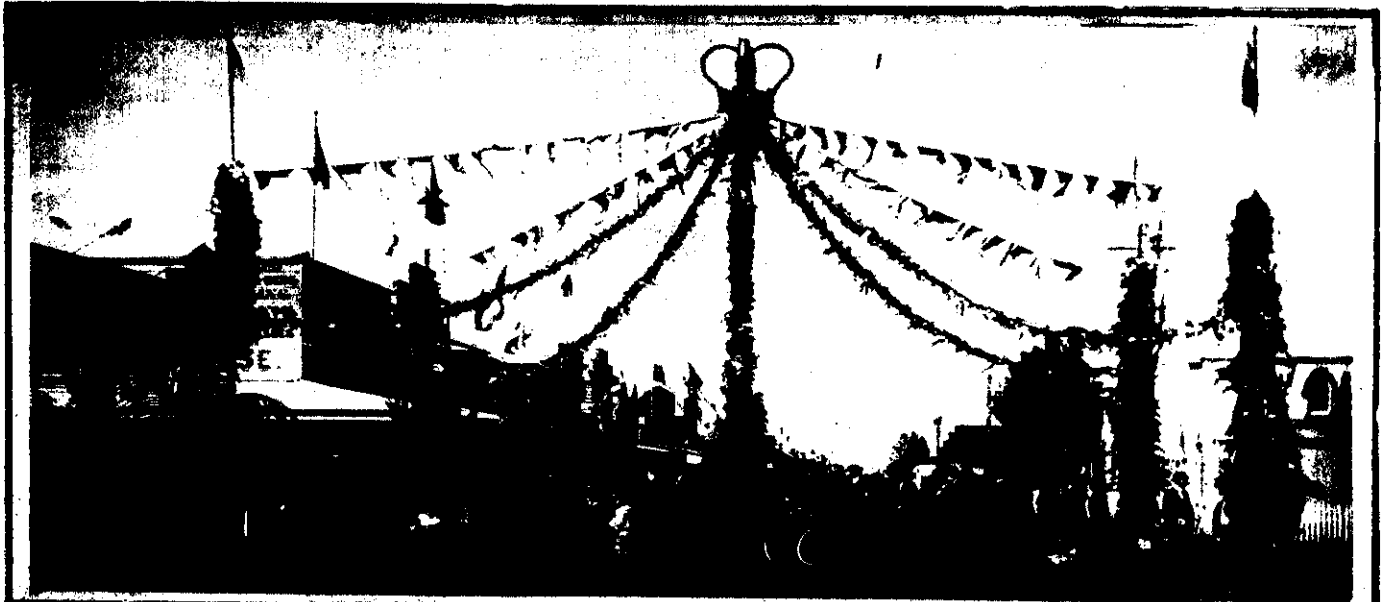
THE RECENT TRAMWAY ACCIDENT IN AUCKLAND.



THE LATE MR J. L. WILSON, OF AUCKLAND.

Birtlett, photo.

See "Obituary."



Foy Bros., photo.

Coronation Day at Thames.

1. The decorations in Pollen Street. 2. The gathering outside the School Grounds. 3. The Mayor speaking at the volunteer parade.



THE ILLUMINATION OF THE NORTH SHORE, AUCKLAND, ON CORONATION NIGHT.



5942—Electro-Silver Calendar, 21/.

Stewart Dawson & Co.,
146 and 148, QUEEN ST., AUCKLAND.



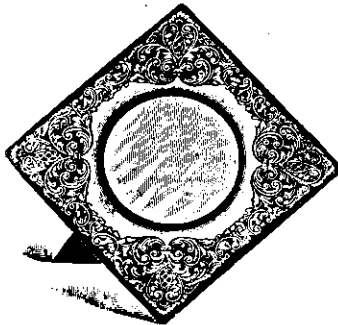
No. W8—Handsome Embossed JEWEL BOX. Satin-lined 4in. square, finest Silver-plate, 25/.



No. W24—Finest Silver plated and Embossed Hairpin Box, 3 1/2 in. long, 12/6. Plain do., 11/6.



No. W7—Finest Silver-plated Hairpin Box. 3 1/2 in. long, 11/6.



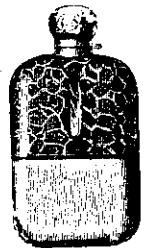
F875—Handsome Embossed Solid Silver PHOTO FRAME, 27/6.



Solid Silver Thimbles, 2/., 3/., 4/.



F882—Sterling Silver Fruit Knife and Fork Combination, 13/6. In Leather Case.



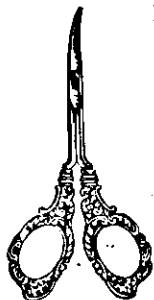
No. 320—Electro-Silver Flasks, best quality, from 10/6 to £2.



No. W2018—Handsome Finest Silver-plated Jewel Box, Satin-lined, 27/6.



254—Very handsome Toilet Balls Jar, 3 1/2 in. high, Silver-mlt. and Cut Glass, 18/6. Same size, smaller, with Silver, top, 8/6, and 10/6.



F8655—Solid Silver-mlt. Nail Scissors, 9/6.



No. W18—Best Silver-plated, Embossed, and Satin-lined Jewel Case, 7 1/2 in. long, £1 5/. Smaller size, £1 1s.



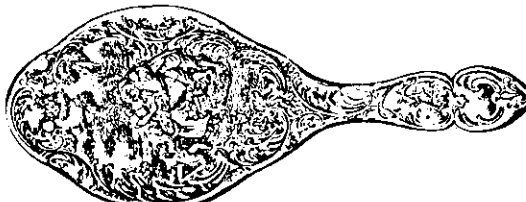
Silver-mounted Combs, 4/6, 8/6, 9/6.



Finest quality Silver-plated Shaving Mugs, 22/6, 25/, and 27/6.



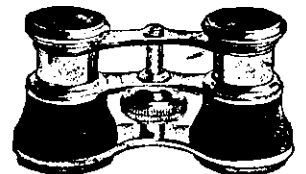
F1902—Real Crocodile Leather, 16/6.



F8678—Elegant Silver HAND MIRROR, exquisite design, 63/.



18ct. Gold Gents' Signet Rings, all gold or with Blood-stone, 47/6 and 60/.



We have an immense variety of Field and Opera Glasses in stock. The prices range from 30/ to £10.

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.

Hotel Cecil, Friday, August 15.—So busy have I been these last few days that this simple record of my doings has lain neglected. I have little difficulty, however, in recalling now the events which have transpired since I made my last entry, for they are among the most important that have taken place since I arrived here, and are indelibly impressed on my memory. On Wednesday we, that is, myself and the other colonial Premiers, were received by the King in Buckingham Palace grounds. There was a sort of review of colonial troops on, but the event of the day was the meeting between me and His Majesty. In anticipation of a personal interview with him I had brought with me the several loyal addresses from New Zealand, the model pataka or storehouse, and the greenstone casket, which was a special Kumara presentation—a happy idea of my own. Thompson was in attendance with the whole box of tricks, neatly bestowed in a large Gladstone bag. After introductions—the Prince of Wales introduced us—and the interchange of good wishes as to each other's health, I quietly motioned Thompson forward, retired a pace or two from the King, and clearing my throat, got to business. Thompson held up each article in turn while I briefly explained all about it, and then at a signal from me he handed it to the Sovereign. I need not repeat here all that I said, but I may remark that these little speechlets are among my happiest oratorical efforts—that is, in my opinion. I reminded His Majesty of what a loyal colony he had in New Zealand, sketched the history of the country from the days of Tasman, rapidly outlined the course of legislation under the pakeha, touched on the Maoris and their manners, catalogued our chief products, giving our export and import figures, skirted the subject of our debt, and ended up with a short

biographical note of my own career. Then Thompson handed to the King the first address. Allowing His Majesty time to fully appreciate the gift, and murmur his thanks, I proceeded to the next item, always saying something appropriate in connection with each. I fancy I was at my best in the case of the little greenstone casket, the gift of my Kumara constituency. I particularly emphasised the loyalty of that part of the colony, telling the King that there was not a man on all that West Coast who was not prepared to drink his health even at the invitation of the mere passing stranger. After the gifts had thus been suitably disposed of, I dropped the official vein, and entered into familiar conversation with King Edward, the Prince of Wales, who was by, putting in a word now and then. "I must thank you warmly," says the King, "for all your kindness to my son, while he was journeying through your kingdom—I mean colony." He blushed slightly at his mistake, but I was too well-bred to pretend to notice it. "I am sure," says I, modestly, "that the Prince need never want a friend so long as Dick Seddon is alive." "Thank you, Mr Seddon," says he. "Dick," says I, "plain Dick to my friends still, Your Majesty, and I don't think there need be any formality between us. Let me relieve you of these addresses." And so we went on as pleasantly as one could imagine, no "side" on the part of either of us, the Prince chipping in with a

King. I'll drop in to-night. No ceremony, you know. I'd much rather you didn't make any preparation," and without giving him time to remonstrate I again wrung the royal hand, patted the Prince of Wales on the head, and rejoined my party. The same evening, throwing a light coat over my dinner jacket, I strolled over to the Palace. Knowing the

Sunday.—Yesterday was the great occasion of the naval review. This position I took up at the Imperial Conference has given me something of a standing in naval matters, and I was made a good deal of during the day. Conceiving that it would be appropriate for me to dress in keeping with the great event, I donned a smart yachting suit of white flannel trousers, blue shirt and red blazer—a combination of the national colours which attracted a great deal of attention. Barton and the others, who came in ordinary attire, looked like fish out of water while I, as I stood on the deck of our steamer, toned in admirably with the aquatic surroundings. Thompson heard scores of people commenting on my taste. At one part the King's yacht passed us. I was on the bridge of our boat at the time watching my chance, and when His Majesty saluted I sprang on to the rail and remained there, with considerable difficulty and at no little risk, waving two small flags criss-cross over my chest. It was a highly effective performance, and I understand the King spoke of it afterwards.



AT THE NAVAL REVIEW.

It was not till I returned last night from the review that I learned of the threat to assassinate my locum tenens, Joe Ward. The news makes me quite nervous. I feel that in the past I have rashly exposed myself to risks of this kind. But I mean to take very special precautions in the future. My success this trip will have further increased the undoubted animus against me in the colony—indeed I know it has—and heaven only knows what some crack-brained individual might take it into his head to do. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!" as Irving says in the play.



SOME WEST COASTERS.

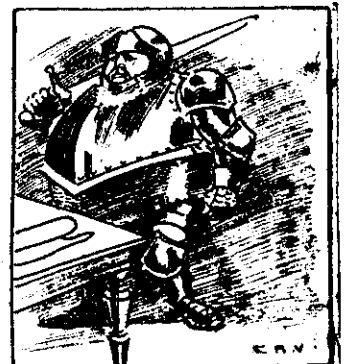
remark now and again, and to forth. "Nice grounds you've got here," says I, pointing with my gold-headed cane to the lawns. "Spose you've no time for gardening, though. Well, you're about right; bending does try the back." I mention these scraps of conversation just to show how homely we had got in the course of less than an hour. Folks, not knowing, might imagine us conversing on big topics, such as federation, colonial finance, representative government, and the women's franchise. But there was nothing of that; just plain, commonplace chat such as might pass between two ordinary individuals. Just before we parted, while I was shaking the King warmly by the hand, I expressed my regret that the colony was so far distant, as I felt we would appreciate each other better if we came more frequently in touch. "Of course," says I, "there's always the post, and now we've got the cost of transit down to the penny, correspondence is easy. But," I added, quickly, seeing an embarrassed look on his face, "I fancy that like myself you're no great correspondent. I'm sorry my time here is so short now. There are so many things I would have liked to speak to you about. I say: What are you doing to-night? Spose I drop in." He murmured something about encroaching on my time. "My time," says I, laughing. "What's it for, if I can't spare an hour or two to my

King to be partial to a good smoke, I filled my cigar case with half-a-dozen choice weeds. Witheford had recommended them to me. The King was in his sanctum, and seemed a little surprised when I was announced. At first he was disposed to be a trifle distant—why, I could not imagine, for I was cordiality itself. I put it down to his recent illness—but my heartiness soon overcame any reserve on his part, and in half an hour I had him holding his sides as I reeled off one West Coast yarn after another. He was so taken with several of them that I have offered to jot them down for him. As he said, a good story always comes in handy to a public man. Over our glasses we got to talking about whisky, and I opportunely slipped into his hand a card recommending the new Seddon brand. I must confess His Majesty smokes a good cigar. I asked him where he dealt. Our conversation ranged from grave to gay, and there was not a subject touched upon that I did not give the King some new wrinkles regarding it. We talked a great deal on the Boer war, and I understood him to say that he wished Roberts had been of the party to hear my views. I introduced rather neatly the rumour that I had refused a baronetcy, as an instance of the idle stories which get abroad about public men. "I have not taken the trouble to contradict it, Your Majesty," says I, holding my glass to my lips, and eyeing him keenly across it, "but, as you know, one can't refuse what they have never been offered." "Of course they can't," says he, quietly. He was not to be drawn. Later he twitted me about the Papawai speech, and the purse of sovereigns, which rather narked me, but I was too polite to show it. Before we parted I got him to write his name in my birthday book, where it now is one of my most treasured possessions, and an indisputable evidence to everyone of the close terms of intimacy I can claim to have been on with my King. I question whether Barton, Laurier or any of the others has so much to show. I have also one of the Royal spoons appropriated by me as a memento of my remarkable visit to Buckingham Palace. My last impression of that evening is the genial figure of His Majesty standing at the door of his sanctum, and laughing consummately at a real old West Coast coker I had pitched him on the threshold, and myself calling up the stairs, "Well, take care of yourself. Hope to see you at the review."

Monday.—Acting on my resolve of last night to take greater precautions for my safety in the future, I went into a curio-dealer's place this morning, and was persuaded by Thompson to try on a suit of fourteenth century armour. It was trying merely, for the thing was ridiculously small, and putting it on was largely by way of a joke. Yet I can seriously conceive of being reduced to some such expedient as a safeguard, and I shall certainly do something to provide myself with protective armour of some kind before I return to New Zealand. . . . By the way, talking of armour reminds me that last week I presented General Baden-Powell's mother with the solid gold salver subscribed for by the public service of New Zealand. In the course of my speech I told her all I thought of Mafeking, and assured her that in my opinion her son was the right man in the right place—a remark which I have made concerning very few people save the King and Lords Roberts and Kitchener and Mr. Chamberlain since I came here.



MAKING THE PRESENTATIONS.



WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CORONATION IN NAPIER.

Nowhere in New Zealand was the Coronation of Edward VII. so enthusiastically celebrated as in Napier. Favoured with one of Napier's usual sunny, happy days, it only required the abundantly decorated streets and the gaily-dressed and jubilant crowds who thronged the streets, and jammed themselves into every nook and cranny along the route of procession, to show the stranger that when Napier does a thing she does it with all her heart. Arriving on the Marine Parade at 9 a.m., camera in hand, I soon found myself very busy snapping off the many capital tableaux arranged there ready for the procession. It was difficult to decide which of these was the best, for each one showed great care and artistic arrangement. So I started by snapping the H.M.S. Zealandia, a large model man-of-war, manned by sailor boys in costume, from which bristled some half-dozen nasty-looking guns, which went off just when you least expected it, and made you think of Russians. This piece of work was turned out by the Spit, and every credit is due to them for the way in which they united and turned out their novel exhibit, and I sincerely hope that all the little boys who manned her have quite got over their headaches long before this. The next thing to attract my attention was a large Maori war canoe, filled with some 25 or 30 powerful, ferocious-looking Maoris, all in their war paint, too, so I snapped them off and then ran, but I hadn't gone far when "Listening to the News" drew my attention, nor could I pass it without first turning my camera on to this pretty tableau, contributed by the Napier District School. The angel who held the cross was a very pretty girl, and must have been awfully tired, and I know that she got very sunburnt before the day was over. I think I would have given this exhibit first prize. There were so many tableaux that to detail each one would take up several pages, so I'll just give you the names of some of the tableaux represented:

"Relief of Ladysmith," railway workshops; figurehead of the North-umberland. Mr. A. Martin; Ancient Order of Foresters, with banner; "Britannia and Dependencies," Spit School; "H.M.S. Zealandia," Spit Committee; "Darktown Fire Brigade," Spit Fire Brigade; Napier Fire Brigade's engine and manual; Maori war canoe, Moteo natives; "Britannia and Sons," Marist Bros' School; "The Gentleman that Pays the Rent," Mr. White, Taradale; "Mr. Bigger," mammoth bottle and "Long Tom," Rob-Johns & Sons; "Britannia and Her Children," Spit School; "Under the Union Jack," Taradale Committee; "Listening to the News," Napier District School; war canoe and pataka, Kawera natives; Druids; decorated vehicle, Blythe & Co.; decorated vehicle, Conroy & Co.; Cape cart, drawn by a bullock, Mr. North; Napier Salvage Corps; ambulance waggon, Napier Hospital; decorated vehicle, S. Kirkpatrick; the Mayor's carriage. The marshals were Messrs. F. G. Smith, J. Henderson, J. Burtenshaw and R. J. Neagle, junr. (Taradale).

Leaving the tableaux I made my way to the Drill Shed, here I found everything ready for an immediate start.

The parade state (specially taken by Quartermaster Fox, for transmission through the Governor to the Secretary of State for the Colonies) was as follows:—Napier Guards 49, Napier Rifles 46, Ranfurly Rifles 46, City Cadets 51, High School Cadets 39, Napier School Cadets (No. 1 Company) 39, No. 2 Company 53, No. 3 Company 45, Port School Cadets 40, Marist Brothers' Cadets 45, St. Augustine's Lads' Brigade 21, Imperial veterans 15, colonial veterans 15, returned soldiers 10, battalion band 25, staff 7, permanent staff 1. Major Chickera was in command as brigadier, having with him the Hon. Major Blythe, Captain Hislop as adjutant, and Lieutenant Bennett, of the Ahuriri Mounted Rifles. The veterans included men who had seen service in

the Indian Mutiny, Crimea, Burmah, and New Zealand 1840-66).

The procession lined out as follows:—

Ahuriri Mounted Rifles
Battalion Band
Veterans
Returned Troopers
Napier Guards
City Cadets
High School Cadets
Ranfurly Rifles
Napier Rifles
Napier District School Cadets
Spit School Cadets
Marist Bros' School Cadets
Church Lads' Brigade
Napier District School Cadets
City Band
The Tableaux
School Children

The first portion of the programme was taken up by a united religious service, held at the Marine Parade Rotunda, here a large crowd assembled and presented a never-to-be-forgotten sight, along the seaward side of the parade the 535 volunteers and cadets were drawn up, while every inch of available space within hearing distance of the rotunda was occupied by the congregation.

Almost without exception every Christian denomination in the town had one or more representatives of its clergy in the rotunda, which was also occupied by the Mayor and members of the Borough Council, and several ladies. A rostrum was erected to the southward, and beneath it were the City Band and a ratty strong choir, with Mr. W. T. Sharp as conductor. Among the crowd were Maori and European school children, in charge of their teachers. During the progress of the service there came up, drawn by eight strong horses, a large lorry, on which the younger pupils of the Port Ahuriri State school were artistically grouped under festoons of greenery. The Bishop of Waiapu (Anglican) presided over the service, which opened with the singing of the "Te Deum" to a festival setting. The Old Hundredth hymn, "All people that on earth do dwell," was clearly better known to the bulk of the people, and they joined in singing it with much heartiness. As a Scripture lesson, the Rev. C. E. Beecroft (Wesleyan) read the first seven verses of Psalm 21, opening, "The King shall joy in Thy strength, O Lord." Next was sung the ancient hymn, "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire."

At the conclusion of the religious service the volunteers, under Major Chicken, formed into marching order, and headed the largest procession that has ever wended its way through the streets of Napier. Closely following the volunteers and cadets came the Lady-smith garrison tableaux, who were followed up by the long list of tableaux previously given. After marching through all the principal streets, the procession headed for the Recreation Grounds, which it entered at 11.30 a.m., bringing in its wake apparently all Napier. Never in the history of Napier has such a large crowd assembled in the Recreation Ground as assembled on this auspicious occasion. The presentation of medals to the Hawke's Bay members of the Seventh Contingent was first attended to. The following are the returned troopers who received medals from the Mayor (Mr. F. W. Williams): T. C. Boyle, E. Cornford, E. J. Lowe, J. P. McKay, E. W. Merritt, S. Browne, T. Butler, E. Murphy, G. Darling, A. Leyland, W. Falvey. This concluded, the most interesting ceremony of trooping the colours was gone through for the first time in New Zealand, and was loudly applauded by the thousands of spectators who witnessed it. The ceremony was performed by the volunteers, under Major Chicken, assisted by Captain Kettle. The stands were reserved for the school children, comprising many hundreds of young, fresh voices, who sang "God Save the King" with great spirit, under the baton of Mr. W. T. Sharp.

In the afternoon the City Band occupied the Marine Parade rotunda, where they played a choice programme of selections before a large concourse of people. The haka by the Maoris also served to pleasantly

fill in the time. The torchlight procession in the evening was another interesting portion of the day's functions. The whole town, hills and flats alike, was resplendent in a flood of varied-coloured lights. Huge bonfires were lit on the Bluff Hill and on the beach, and a pyrotechnic exhibition on the Marine Parade was watched by thousands of enthusiastic spectators. "Well done, Napier," was the unanimous verdict at the finish.

The following is a list of the members of the Cadet Corps whose photos appear on page 483. The names are to be read in conjunction with the photos, from left to right:—

No. 1 Company, Captain Hislop.—Rear rank: Pte. Thayer, Sergt. Gardiner, Ptes. Olliver, Napier, Lieut. Hartley, Ptes. Pirie, Anderson, Corp. Simpson, Pte. Murtagh, Otton, Dr. Cranby, Pte. Nelson, Bugler Stevens (Capt. Hislop), Pte. Exeter, Colour-Sergt. Holder, Pte. Goldsmith, Bugler Waters, Pte. Gumbley, Stevens, Weaver, Corp. Spence, Lieut. Natusch, Ptes. R. Bell, Pearson, L. Simpson, Sergt. Shirley, Corp. Miller, Ptes. Blair and Ashton. Front rank: Ptes. Nicholson, Badley, Foote, Cook, Edmundson, Wug, King, Arnold, Miller, Tucker, Ashworth, Martin, J. Beach, Campbell, C. Beach, Griffin, Burnett, North, Scoble, Balfour, Beaumont.

No. 2 Company, under Capt. Hudson.—Rear rank: Pte. Johnson, Corp. Bell, Ptes. Byford, Thomson, Yates, Lieut. Rigger, Ptes. Taylor, Widerstrom, Bugler Colwill, Pte. Evans (Capt. Hudson), Pte. Duncan, Dr. Denholm, Pte. Paton, Corp. Ayling, Ptes. Knock, Balfour, Lieut. Dennison, Lance-Corp. Stevens, Pte. Scofield, Sergt. Brown, Ptes. Anderson, Scorgie. Front rank: Ptes. Cottrell, McKnight, Williamson, Burridge, F. Williams, King, Davis, Coker, Alexander, Hargreaves, Fountain, McCarty, Robinson, McKennie, Glenn, G. Williams.

No. 3 Company, Captain Soundy.—Rear rank: Pte. Milgrew, Col-Sergt. Thayer, Pte. Edwards, Corp. Spence, Ptes. Sweetapple, Asher, L. Young-husband, Watts, Lieut. Horsefield, Ptes. Gumbley, Fraser, Israel, Bugler Holder, B. Watts, Campbell, Sergt. Bourgeois, Ptes. M. Hale, A. Young-husband, Williams, Gilmore, Sergt. Rigger, Corp. Benson, Ptes. Ashton, Bland. Front rank: Ptes. Edmundson, Cook, Constable, Ashworth, Jenkins, Young-husband, Bower, Robinson, Corp. Ayling, Ptes. Storkey, Winduss, H. Enor, R. Hale, Croucher, Lance-Corp. Bishop, Corp. McLernon, Ptes. Gardiner, Lascelles, Forrest, Hay.

SUNDAY.

THANKSGIVING SERVICES.

NAPIER CATHEDRAL.

The wild, stormy weather considerably lessened the attendance at the Cathedral and other places of worship in Napier yesterday, when special services of thanksgiving were held in connection with the Coronation of the King. The Cathedral had been most artistically decorated with flags by Mr. Walter Slater, and looked exceedingly bright and handsome. At the entrance to the chancel a richly-draped pedestal was placed, upon which a crimson velvet cushion supported a fac-simile of the Royal crown. The latter had been made with infinite pains by Mr. Slater for the occasion, and reflected much credit upon his artistic skill. The members of the choir and Cathedral officials wore rosettes of the national colours. A church parade having been called, a fair number of members of the several garrison corps were present, considering the miserable weather, the officers turning out in force, under the command of Major Chicken. The Mayor and Councilors sat in the front seat on the north side of the nave. The musical portion of the services, both morning and evening, under the direction of Mr. W. T. Sharp, Cathedral choirmaster, was well rendered. The whole of it had been carefully selected for the occasion. Special psalms, hymns and lessons were used, the latter being read by Mr. E. W. Andrews, of

the Napier High School. The Bishop of Waiapu said the special litany appointed for the Coronation, and pronounced the Benediction at the end of the morning service. The preacher at 11 o'clock was the Dean of Waiapu, who, before commencing his sermon, read a telegram he had just received from the Acting-Premier, announcing the fact that the Coronation had actually taken place. He then took for his text the words, "And all the people shouted and said, 'God Save the King'" (I. Samuel, x. 24).

INTERESTING MAORI RELICS.

(Continued from page 474.)

wene, where the carvings were on exhibition at the house of Mr. Menzies, of the Lands Department. It is proposed to secure these interesting remains for the Auckland Museum. The carvings are really coffins, being hollow on the side next the wall, and were apparently used by the Maoris of a long past generation for interment purposes. The style of work, as well as the condition of the coffins, indicates that they belong to a time before the advent of the pakeha to New Zealand. They are probably 200 or 250 years old. The Maoris now in the district have no claim to the discovered articles, as they are not the descendants of the tribe by whom the cave was used, that hapu having been swept away. The lizard-shaped coffin, which appears in our picture, was placed at the mouth of the cave, and acted as a most effectual barrier against intruders, for he would have been an impious and foolhardy man indeed who would have ventured to disregard it.

THE FAMOUS HOWARD BROTHERS.

(Continued from page 486.)

The fate of stolen or missing articles is described after a similar fashion. The Howards freely undertake to unveil mysteries during their stay here, and from the number of communications solved, the invitation seems to be largely availed of. The brothers have had the honour of performing before Her Most Gracious Majesty the late Queen Victoria and the Royal Family on three occasions, and twice at Balmoral Castle, viz., once with Ginnett's Circus, on June 1, 1893, again on the Royal yacht at Cowes' Regatta, Isle of Wight, in August, 1895, and again at Balmoral with Lord George Sanger's Circus last year. They gave a medical seance before 500 doctors at the Royal Aquarium, London, England, on June 10, 1892, when each one pronounced the Howards to be the greatest mind reading experts they had witnessed, and came to the conclusion that it was a matter of impossibility for any code to be used, as no one brain could stand the test of the different details.

TRAM CAR ACCIDENT.

On Friday evening last week an accident occurred in Auckland to one of the tram cars which came near having very serious consequences. As one of the cars was descending Wellesley-street East the brake failed to grip, and the vehicle, attaining a great speed, got quite beyond the power of the driver or horses to arrest its downward progress. As the car reached the foot of the street, despite all the efforts of the driver, it missed the points and ran into one of the iron poles erected for the electric trams.

So great was the force of the impact that the car was cut into right through the platform and its roof to the front of the body of the car. The driver stepped to the right just before the moment of impact, or he would inevitably have been killed, the pole going right through the position he occupied during the runaway. The conductor stepped to the left of the platform, where he thought himself safe, but the iron splashboard of the car was forced down on to his foot, pinning it against the floor. The driver was thrown against the twist-

ed front, and had his legs bruised, but his injuries were in no degree severe, and he was able to resume work to-day. The conductor was less fortunate. When lifted from his position it was found that his right foot had been severely crushed and that the toes had been mangled. Mr Paul M. Hansen, attorney for the company, Mr W. D. Lysaght, traffic manager, and Mr W. Potter, depot manager, were quickly on the scene, to render what assistance they could, while the police were also promptly on the spot.

Lines on the King's Coronation.

From the mighty lands of the Pacific,
From the Faithful Corner of the West,
From the land which suffered War terribly,
From India's splendours, and the Isles at rest,
There comes a shout, harmonious and free,
Of homage, King and Emperor, to thee.

Second to none of all thy kindly line,
Thou art the first to win the dearest fame;
For when in days to come thy glories shine,
Edward the well beloved will be thy name,
Because thy many millions found in thee
The large benevolence of sympathy.

The past has given thee thy royal dowry;
The Saxon's wisdom, and the Norman's skill,
Plantagenet's resolve, and Tudor's power,
The Stuart's courtliness, and Brunswick's will.
All meet and blend in thee, to thee alone,
The heart of gold, O King, which is thine own.

WILMOT GLANVILLE.
Topham, England.

BILIOUSNESS AND INDIGESTION FOR FIVE YEARS.

A GREAT SUFFERER.—COULD GAIN NO RELIEF.
ANOTHER STRIKING CURE FOR BILE BEANS.

Biliousness and indigestion are complaints which naturally go hand in hand, for they are both caused by the misdirection of the bile from the liver. The most important duty which falls to the lot of this organ is to manufacture and supply bile to the digestive organism, to assist in the treatment of food consumed, and when through some cause the liver becomes out of working order the bile is misdirected and becomes mixed with the blood. This state is known as biliousness. The digestive organs in consequence not having received the necessary bile are unable to perform their functions, and indigestion is the result. As both these complaints are the outcome of a disordered liver it can be clearly seen that in order to dispel them it is first necessary to correct the liver's action, in order that the bile may take its natural course, and for this purpose Bile Beans for Biliousness has been proved unexcelled. Mr T. H. Leaver, of Le Cren's Terrace, Timaru, N.Z., gives his interesting experience in the following words:—"As one who has reaped considerable benefit from the use of Bile Beans, it gives me great pleasure to add my testimony to their worth. For five years I was a great sufferer from Biliousness and Indigestion, and had frequent attacks of retching, besides suffering from pains in the side and back. I have consulted a doctor and have had recourse to a number of so-called remedies, but without obtaining relief. About two months ago I decided to give Bile Beans a trial, and was greatly surprised at the relief they almost instantly gave me. The retching stopped after the first or second dose and has not since returned, and I am not now troubled with pains in the back. I have great pleasure in making this testimony, and you have my permission to use it as you think fit." Bile Beans have now a world-wide reputation for curing Biliousness, Indigestion, Constipation, Headache, Nervousness, Piles, Debility, Female Weaknesses, Pimples, and all Skin Eruptions, Coughs, Colds, Influenza and Rheumatism. Obtainable from all Chemists and Storekeepers throughout New Zealand.

Personal Paragraphs.

The Misses Randall-Johnson have returned to England.
Miss Wigley (Canterbury) has been on a visit to Wellington.
Miss Sutton (Napier) has gone home after a lengthy visit to her sister, Mrs Ewen, in Wellington.
Mrs H. Harding (Inglewood, Taranaki) is staying with relatives in Wellington.
Miss Thyra Beetham (Wairarapa) came down to Wellington for the Government House ball.
Mrs McTaggart (Taranaki) is on a visit to her daughter, Mrs Valentine, Lower Hutt, Wellington.
Mrs and Miss Miles returned to Wellington by the Wairimoo after spending some weeks in Sydney.
Mr and Mrs A. Rolleston and Miss Rolleston (Christchurch) passed through Wellington lately on their way home after a visit to Sydney.
Letters received in Gisborne from South Africa state that Mr. Edward Rees, solicitor, formerly of Gisborne, has been admitted to the bar at Pretoria.
Misses Brandon, Harcourt and Higginson, of the Wellington Ladies' Golf Club, have gone to Featherston, Wairarapa, for a tournament being held there.

Mrs Lysaght, Mrs Moore and Mrs Atkinson, "Mokoia," Taranaki, came down to Wellington in order to be present at the marriage of Mr Brian Lysaght to Miss M. Stowe.

Wellington has lost a representative cricketer in Mr K. H. Robertson, whose departure to New Plymouth has been greatly regretted by his numerous friends.

Mr J. H. W. Wardrop, of the Wellington District Lands and Survey Office, has been appointed to the post of Secretary to the Wellington School Commissioners, left vacant on the recent death of Mr N. J. Tone.

Mrs Abbot (Wanganui) has let her house, "Bulgownie," furnished, for a term, and intends to live in Wellington for some time. Miss Abbot is in Wellington after a long stay in Hawke's Bay.

Among passengers to England by the Gothic are Miss Ogden, who has been on a six months' visit to her relatives, Mr and Mrs A. Crawford; Miss May Lingard, who is going Home to study art at the leading London schools.

The Hon. Frank Dillingham, Mrs. Dillingham and family have returned to Auckland after an agreeable holiday in the States. They have been stopping temporarily at the Central Hotel, but move this week to the residence they have rented in Gladstone Road, Parnell.

Mr Leslie Reynolds, C.E., who has been on a business visit to Nelson, passed through Wellington last week on his way to Australia, via Dunedin. After a holiday visit of some weeks in Australia he intends to return to Nelson and reside there for some time, while superintending the carrying out of plans for harbour improvement.

Mr. Billens, of Palmerston North, has just received word from Herr Lindauer to the effect that the celebrated artist will leave Austria in October for Auckland on account of having received (it is presumed from Buckingham Palace) orders for some important Maori paintings. Mrs. Lindauer will not accompany the artist in consequence of the two sons not yet having completed their education. One gives great promise as an artist, and the other as a musician.

Lieutenant-Commander A. R. Hislop, who was presented with the long-service decoration at Wellington on Saturday last, has completed over 30 years' service as a volunteer in New Zealand. He joined the cadets as a scholar at the William-street School, Dunedin, and in 1867 he transferred to the High School Artillery Cadets. He founded (as a contingent of the Wellington company) the Petone Naval

Artillery, which is now a separate battery.

Volunteer officers' decorations were presented on Coronation Day to Lieut-Colonel Collins and Lieut-Commander Hislop by His Excellency the Governor. Colonel Collins has been connected with the Defence Forces for over thirty years, and also holds the colonial long-service medal and the Imperial medal for long and efficient service. His strong and resonant voice is the pride of the battalion and the envy of all other officers. Lieut-Commander Hislop has been an active and enthusiastic volunteer since 1866, first in the artillery and lately in the naval branch.

Mr Dilnot Sladden, secretary to the Wellington Meat Export Company, who left by the Gothic on a holiday trip Home, was given a great farewell by the staff of the company. Advantage was taken of the occasion to present Mr Sladden with a silver cigar case, matchbox, and a pair of binoculars, all suitably inscribed, the gift of the whole of the employees. Mr J. Moore made a highly eulogistic speech, and Mr Sladden's health was enthusiastically drunk. Songs and musical items were given by Messrs Moore, Deonport, Cameron and Platts. Proceedings were concluded with the National Anthem, and all those present gave three rousing cheers for the popular secretary, who shook hands with everyone on leaving amid heartiest wishes for a pleasant holiday and a safe return.

Amongst numerous visitors to the Central Hotel during the past week have been: Capt. and Mrs. Swindley, Coromandel; Mr. Allan C. Lees, Napier; Major Porritt, Mr. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Delaney, Mr. Bush, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Mayer, Mr. Walker, Mr. Graham, Paeroa; Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. R. Steele, Mr. Reed, Mrs. Scoch, Mr. Launson, Mrs. Wilson, Mr. Pyne, Mr. Budge, Mr. Potts, Wellington; Mr. Begg, Mr. Solomon, Mr. Ross, Mr. Ayre, Dunedin; Mr. Lewin, Scandinavia; Mr. Palmer, Mr. Huton, London; Mr. and Mrs. Foote, Mr. and Mrs. Rawnsley, Mr. Owen, Whangarei; Mr. and Mrs. Mathews, Rotorua; Mr. Taylor, Scotland; Mr. and Mrs. Elliot, Te Kopuru; Mr. Grant, Hawke's Bay; Mr. Hoskins, Mr. Greenslade, Mr. Gane, Mr. Backett, Mr. and Mrs. Oates, Mr. and Mrs. Butcher, Waikato; Mr. Bogarth, San Francisco; Mr. Gilles, Canada; Mr. Fritz Lang, Vienna; Mr. Gibson, Kaipara; Mr. Dunlop, Thames; Captain Carle and child, Honolulu.

Amongst visitors at the Star Hotel (Auckland) during the past week were: Mr Matthew Henry, Palmerston North; Mr John H. Tait, Mr J. J. Clayton, Sydney; Mr and Mrs Jones and family, Mr and Mrs Woolmer, Mr

O. Lascelles, Mr Arthur Wilson, Mr James Thompson, Dr. W. T. Hill, Mr J. M. McDougal, London; Mr J. J. Rouch, Mr C. M. Meeden, Mr Detmold, Melbourne; Mr and Miss Townsend, Mr J. Shea, Miss Electa Giffard, New York; Mr J. Ponsonby, Mr Hayer, Dunedin; Mr George Krafft, Levuka, Fiji; Mr Corrie, Wanganui; Mr K. N. England, Mr and Miss Stevens, Christchurch; Mr and Miss Mullens, New Plymouth; Mr J. Twiss, Mr Swarbrick, Dr. King, Wellington; Mr J. H. Clayton, Sydney; Mr A. Rowney, Mr R. Croon, San Francisco; Mr and Mrs Thornton, Cambridge (Waikato); Mr Newelamp.

A meeting was held in the Ponsonby Club Hotel last week for the purpose of furthering the project to erect a suitable memorial to the late Trooper Stanley Rees Scott, who died in South Africa. The form of the memorial was left for future consideration. The following committee was formed for the purpose of collecting subscriptions:—Messrs A. Snedden (chairman), G. Main and L. Gannon (joint secretaries), H. R. Secats (treasurer), J. Baxter, G. and E. Oswald, M. and H. Cossar, A. Stephenson, W. Haven, F. Stonex, W. Mason, F. Jackson, W. McLeay, J. A. Quinn and E. Kelly. Those present were all old friends of the late Mr Stanley Scott, and they have received from outside many promises of subscriptions towards the proposed monument or memorial tablet. The sum of £10 was raised in the room.

In the "Pall Mall Magazine" for August an article, entitled, "Maccni's Ambition," gives us some interesting glimpses of the achievements and aims in wireless telegraphy of the wonderful young man whose name is inextricably associated with this latest development of electrical science. The number is a specially good one throughout, offering to the general reader a capital menu of varied literary and artistic contributions. Lady Jeune's article on "The King's Illness and the Coronation," "First Impressions of Parnament," "Our Forgotten Ancesters," "Grouse Shooting in Yorkshire" (a lady's account of her own experiences as a sportsman), may be recommended, among other articles, as well worth tasting. The serial story makes good progress, and is supplemented by a number of brightly-written short stories, amongst which is one by Gilbert Parker, the newly knighted novelist. There is a wealth of illustration in which a full-length portrait of His Britannic Majesty and a caricature of Lord Kitchener occupy prominent places. The frontispiece is a pleasant coloured picture of a young girl in dainty summer attire, rocking herself in a swing.

MANUFACTURES ROYALES

FRENCH P.D. CORSETS

... THEM ...

WORLD-RENOVED CORSETS

Have been awarded

10 GOLD MEDALS

And

DIPLOMES D'HONOURS

And wherever exhibited have obtained

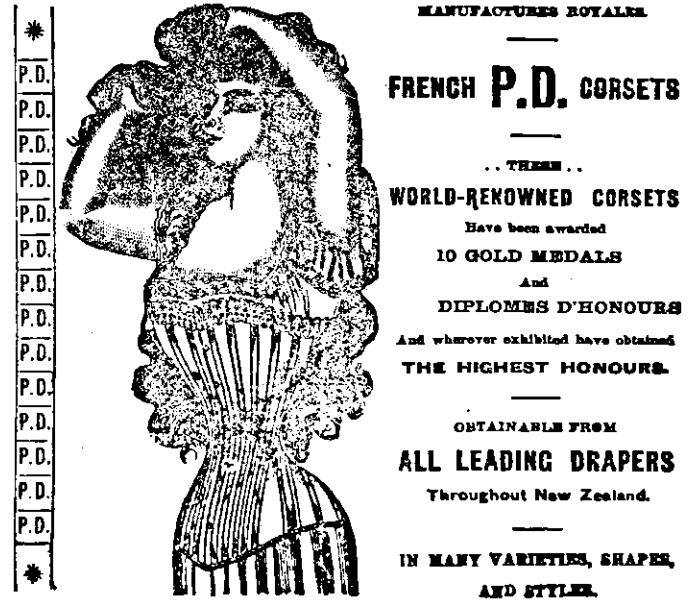
THE HIGHEST HONOURS.

OBTAINABLE FROM

ALL LEADING DRAPERS

Throughout New Zealand.

IN MANY VARIETIES, SHAPES, AND STYLES.



FLORAL WORK.
THE FINEST DISPLAY IN THE CITY—WEDDING BOUQUETS A SPECIALTY—WREATHS, CROSSES, AND FLORAL EMBLEMS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION AT MODERATE PRICES—CUT FLOWERS DAILY—POT PLANTS ON HIRE.—Porcelain Wreaths, Crosses, and other Designs in Glass Shades. — G. J. MACKAY, Florist and Seedsman, 138, QUEEN-ST., 4 doors from Union Bank.

TO THE LADIES.

Ladies who wish to make their Homes Artistic should go to SHAKESPEAR'S ART NEEDLEWORK DEPOTS, QUEEN-ST. AND KARANGAHAPE RD. (Late Mrs Hunter).

Where they will find every kind of Fancy Work and Materials—Point Lace Brackets in Silk and Linen, Latest Designs in Collars, Transparent Yokes, Vests, etc.

Berlins and Fancy Knitting Wools in great variety. Pearsall's Washing Silks and Mercines. Art Linens in all Shades.

Special Attention given to Country Orders.

Telephone 344.

By Special Appointment.

MRS FLORAL WEBSTER.
Bridal Shower Bouquets, Sprays, Art-tionholes, and Floral Baskets most artistically arranged. Choice Cut Flowers always on hand. Funeral Emblems in great variety of designs always on hand. OPPOSITE RAILWAY STATION, 83, QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

LYSAGHT—STOWE.

A quiet wedding in which much interest was taken was celebrated in Wellington on Wednesday last, between Mr Brian Lysaght, of "Mokoi," Haveria, and Miss Muriel Stowe, daughter of Mr L. Stowe (Wellington). The ceremony, which took place at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, was performed by the Rev. T. H. Sprott.

The bride looked very well in a dress of white Oriental satin, the bodice prettily tucked and trimmed with lace, transparent lace yoke and sleeves. She wore a tulle veil, fastened with a cluster of orange blossom, and carried a lovely shower bouquet.

There were two bridesmaids, Miss Sylvia Stow (sister of the bride) and Miss Stella Wigley (niece of the bridegroom), both wearing artistic dresses of sea-green voile, elaborately tucked and trimmed with fern insertion, and large black chiffon touques.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, Tinakori-road. Mrs Lysaght wore a rich black brocade, trimmed with lace; Mrs Stowe, black brocade with vest of mauve chiffon, bouquet of mauve flowers; Mrs W. Pharazyn, black lace dress over palest grey glace; Miss Kemp, white tucked silk; Mrs Moore (Haveria), iron-grey frieze coat and skirt, grey satin collar, and embroidered vest; Misses Greenwood, black brocade dresses; Mrs Richmond, black satin and velvet mantle; Miss Richmond, gas-green frieze, lace collar, and green chiffon hat with plumes; Hon. Mrs Arkwright, black cloth Eton costume with handsome lace vest; Miss Arkwright, pale blue frieze; Mrs Easterfield, sage-green voile; Mrs Brown, black and white shepherd's plaid; Miss Atkinson, navy tailor-made costume, and pale blue hat; Mrs Wallis, dark prune costume; Mrs Butts, black voile with touches of white satin; Miss Butts, dark blue dress with pale blue bolero, toque with roses; Mrs Pollen, white voile, strapped glace; Mrs T. Young,

white cloth Eton costume; Miss Tolhurst, dark red coat and skirt; Mrs Haase, black brocade.

The bride's travelling dress was of dull red cloth with small gilt buttons. A black toque and necklet and muff. The presents were many and valuable. Silver fox completed the toilette.

BALLANTYNE—BELL.

On Tuesday, August 5, a very pretty wedding was celebrated at the Holy Trinity Church, Devonport, when Miss Bessie Clarince Bell, third daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Aubrey Bell, was married to Mr. George Cox Ballantyne, son of Mr. George Ballantyne. The ceremony was performed by the Ven. Archdeacon Calder, and Mrs. Percy Ward presided at the organ. The bride entered the church on the arm of her uncle, Mr. James Maingay, who gave her away; she looked winning in a white tucked silk robe trimmed with silk point lace, long tulle veil held in the hair with a coronet of orange blossoms, and carried a beautiful bouquet composed of white hot-house flowers and maiden hair fern, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids were Miss Brina Edgcombe (niece) and Miss Roberta O'Neill (cousin) of the bride; both, little maids wearing dainty white tucked silk frocks inserted with lace and large white hats. They carried lovely baskets of daffodils and maiden-hair fern, and wore gold-bar initialled brooches, all gifts of the bridegroom. Mr. William Walker officiated as best man. After the ceremony the wedding party, including relatives and a few friends, drove to the residence of Mr. G. V. Edgcombe (brother-in-law of the bride), where they were entertained at "afternoon tea." Later in the afternoon the happy couple departed amid showers of rice and good wishes for their honeymoon. The bride travelled in a becoming gown of the new shade of blue cloth strapped with silk and black picture hat swathed with black chiffon and feathers. Mrs. Bell (mother of the bride) wore black silk and a black bonnet with white aigrette; Mrs. Edgcombe looked remarkably well in a blue cloth dress trimmed with silver and lace, and black hat; Mrs. Ballantyne, black silk gown; Mrs. Syers (sister of bridegroom), blue cloth costume with pretty silk point lace collar and black hat; Mrs. Calder, black silk relieved with handsome Maltese lace, black bonnet; Miss Bell, graceful white silk dress and black picture hat; Mrs. A. O'Neill, black and white costume; Miss Muriel Dawson, black skirt and blue blouse, white felt hat with black and cluster of violets; Mrs. (Dr.) Beale, black silk gown and black bonnet; Miss Pascoe, black silk skirt and black blouse, etc., etc. The wedding gifts, it may be added, were noticeable for their beauty, usefulness and value.

WOMAN'S UNFAILING FRIEND.

TOWLE'S Pennyroyal and Steel For Females. **PILLS**

Oldest, Safest, and only Reliable Remedy for all Ladies' Ailments extant.

Quickly correct all Irregularities, remove all Obstructions, and Relieve the Distressing Symptoms so prevalent with the Sex.

PREPARED ONLY BY

E. T. TOWLE & CO., 66, LONG ROW, NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND, and sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout Australasia.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS—IMITATIONS ARE WORKED.

C. BRANDAUER & Co.'s Ltd. } Seven Prize Medals Awarded.
Circular-Pointed Pens.

Neither scratch nor spurt, the points being rounded by a new process. Attention is also drawn to their new "GRADUATED SERIES OF PENS." Each pattern being made to four degrees of flexibility and Point.



Ask your Storekeeper for an Assorted Sample Box of either series.

WORKS: BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.



It prevents chafing, redness, and roughness of the skin, soothes inflammation, allays itching and irritation, and when followed by gentle applications of CUTICURA Ointment, the great skin cure, speedily cures all forms of skin and scaly humours and restores the hair.

Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee,

August 19.

We have had a very festive week of it since my last letter, and the weather has, moreover, been perfect, so life has seemed very much worth living. First, I must tell you of

MRS MCCOSH CLARK'S BRILLIANTLY SUCCESSFUL BALL,

at "Te Kowhai," Remuera, the scene of so many splendid social gatherings. The function was one of the most successful of entertainments held in Remuera for some time past. One had not imagined it possible that any dance could be smarter than the prior Remuera's balls of this year; but on all hands it was admitted that in many ways this dance surpassed them all. Mrs McCosh Clark, ably assisted by her two sons and two daughters, received her guests at the entrance to the ballroom, all being most indefatigable in their efforts to promote the pleasure of their guests. An enjoyable evening is always fait accompli when Mrs McCosh Clark is hostess, for she is an ideal one, and has been famous for the success of her entertainments in the past years.

The floor was simply perfect; one could have danced for ever without any feeling of fatigue; and the music was all that could be desired, the orchestra of four musicians playing the most popular and well-known airs. The ball was crowded, but not unduly so—just sufficient, in fact, to make the affair go with that vim which is necessary for the success of a dance. The ball was also remarkable for its strong contingent of pretty girls. The large entrance hall, and a small ante-room, off the ballroom, as well as a room upstairs, set apart for the ping-pong players, were charming retreats for the non-dancers, while the verandah and the large balcony were used during the intervals of the dances. The view from the balcony caused many of the guests to go into ecstasies. It was a lovely calm, moonlight night, not a breath of wind stirred the trees to a murmur of complaint, there lay the beautiful Waitemata Harbour stretched out before, nearer the Hauraki lagoon, while the silence of the hour lay upon the surrounding hills and trees, and heaven, earth and sea were filled with the glorious light of the moon. It would have been difficult to have found a more picturesque or more peaceful

scene. Lighter refreshments were served in an ante-room off the entrance hall, and the servants moved around with silent tread and deft hands. The supper was served in the dining-room. The table was tastefully and simply decorated with vases of delicate-coloured and subtly blended tints of anemones, while the shaded lights filled the room with a subdued light. Small tables were arranged with chairs a deux at the corners of the room so that supper could be taken with ease. Of the supper itself, it will be sufficient to say that it was of the most elaborate and perfect description.

NOW FOR SOME OF THE DRESSES.

Mrs McCosh Clark, very handsome black satin with overdress of black Brussels net, finished with bands of black satin, and diamond ornaments; she carried a red shower bouquet; Miss McCosh Clark, black chenille net with bebe ribbon bands over a black voile, white flowers in coiffure; her sister wore a white mousseline de soie, finished with bands of white bebe ribbon; Mrs E. W. Payton, black voile with overdress of lace; Mrs Thomas Cotter, black brocade silk with overdress of chenille embroidered Brussels, steel garnitures, velvet bows, the skirt and decolletage had deep bands of white silk let in, veiled in Spanish lace; Miss Hesketh, white satin, with cloth of gold roses on shoulder; Miss Roulit looked very sweet in a white silk, with lace insertions, tuckings and lace drapings, relieved with pink flowers on corsage and in coiffure; Miss Jackson, pink satin, with scarlet flowers; and her sister wore a white satin, with lace and white flowers; Miss Goodwin, black glace, with overdress of chiffon; Miss Woodward, black silk, with lace, relieved with scarlet flowers; Miss Firth, pale pink satin; Miss Brodie, crushed strawberry costume; Miss Peacocke, white silk, with blue beads round neck; Mrs Aitken Carrick, black grenadine over black voile; Mrs E. W. Payton, black silk, with lace overdress, sleeves of transparent lace; Mrs. Maitland, black gown, heliotrope sash hung from shoulder in large bow, ending in streamers; Mrs. Robertson, white silk, with 'chiffon; Miss Pierce, azure blue silk, with drapings of white lace; Miss Brown, white silk, with blue choux; Miss Myers, white silk, with chiffon and flowers; Mrs. George Bloomfield, black glace, with overdress of net; Miss Thompson, white silk, with chiffon and flowers, wreath of white flowers in coiffure; and her sister wore a salmon pink silk, with mauve flowers on corsage; Miss Horton, white silk, with chiffon, pink roses on shoulder and in coiffure; Miss Heather, white silk, elaborately embroidered, and relieved with lace and white flowers; Miss Myers, white silk, with lace and flowers; Mrs. Thomas Morrin, very elegant ivory chiffon, over white silk, and elaborately trimmed with applique of black embroidery; Miss Mowbray, white gauze over white satin, and relieved with touches of black velvet; Mrs. A. H. Nathan, black silk, with bertha of fern lace; Miss Salmon, white silk, with overdress of white net, with frou-frou chiffon frills on skirt and decolletage, gold-braided zouave; Miss Cruickshank, blue satin, the skirt was finished at the hem, with chiffon ruelings, the bodice was cut away at the side, disclosing a chemise of lace, which also formed the decolletage, and went in straps over the shoulders; Miss Denniston looked very pretty in a white silk, very much beflowered; Misses Gorrie (2) were studies in white silks, with flounces and tuckings; Miss (Sam) Hesketh, white silk, with chiffon choux; Miss Hull wore a lemon-coloured silk, with infinitesimal frills at hem of skirt to knee, the decolletage and coiffure was decorated with gloire de Dijon roses and their foliage; Mrs. L. D. Nathan, very rich black English costume, the decolletage was draped with costly lace, and finished with canary silk on corsage and round waist; Miss Muriel Dargaville, white silk, the decolletage was encrusted with lace and white flowers; Miss Buckland, white silk,

with drapings of tulle; Miss Ruth Buckland looked sweet in a white silk draped with tulle, and relieved with white sprays; Miss Blanche Banks (Walkato), mauve brocade, finished with white lace; Mrs. Archie Clark, white satin, with overdress of black spotted net, with rows and rows of black bands from hem to knee of skirt, the bodice was finished with roses and loops of black velvet ribbon; Mrs. Foster, white silk, veiled in mousseline de soie; Mrs. Hanna, rich white silk, with ecru lace trimming, pink flowers in coiffure; Miss Isaacs, white satin, trimmed with white lace and pink flowers on corsage; Mrs. R. A. Carr, blue silk, finished with white lace at neck; Miss Carr, white silk, with bead passementerie; Miss Lennox, black grenadine, the decolletage was outlined with pearl passementerie; and her sister wore white silk, with pink flowers in coiffure and on corsage; Mrs. Black, black silk, with blue flowers on corsage and in coiffure; Miss Ruddock, black lace gown, with red flowers; Miss Kissling, black lace gown, with green chou in coiffure; Miss Mackellar Kistling, black brocaded silk; Miss Stevenson, yellow satin, with blue lace insertion; and her sister wore a pale pink satin; Miss Hill, buttercup silk, with daffodils and black bebe ribbons; Miss Rooke wore a very handsome and striking costume of dome blue silk, finished with black velvet, the skirt was finished with small founcces of the same silk, veiled in black lace; Mrs. Gillies, black voile, with overdress of black net and satin bands; Miss Gillies, pink satin, with white lace and flowers; Miss Moss Davis, white silk, the skirt was pleated at the hips, and fell into folds at the hem, blue ribbon waist-band that ended in streamers at the back, blue chou in coiffure; Mrs. — Stevenson (Ponsonby), black lace gown over black voile; her daughter, black lace costume, the decolletage was finished with bands of forget-me-not blue ribbon and spray of forget-me-nots, the same in coiffure; Miss Ching, black lace gown; Miss Nelson, black satin, with chou of blue on corsage and in coiffure; and her sister wore pale pink Liberty silk, the skirt was founcced and finished with black bebe ribbon; Miss Peacock (Ponsonby) wore an exquisite robe of pale pink satin, trimmed with white lace; Miss McFarlane, white silk, with roses on shoulder; and her sister was a study in white satin, with overdress of spotted chenille net, and bands of white satin bebe ribbon; Mrs. Richmond, black silk; Miss Richmond, black silk, with black lace sleeves and decolletage; Miss Jean Richmond's dress was one of the most beautiful in the room, it was composed of beautiful hand embroidered net, worn over an under dress of mousseline-de-soie, over a foundation of rich lace, the whole effect being elegantly simple, and stylish, yet eminently suitable for a debutante; Miss Eve Smith, black satin gown, with lace bolero, pink roses on corsage and in coiffure; Miss Moss Davis, a graceful gown, composed entirely of white lace with under-skirt of silk; Misses Kerr-Taylor (2), pale

green and gold; Misses Towle (2), white silk, with chiffon and flowers — one wore a blue chou; Mrs. Ware wore a handsome mauve brocade, with ruched chiffon trimmings of a darker hue; Miss Ware, black costume, with gulfure lace corsage, puffed sleeves; Miss D. Ware, white silk, with decolletage, softly draped with dainty little white flowers and their tender green foliage, the bodice was tucked and full and finished with a folded silk belt; Miss Waller, mauve glace, with overdress of mousseline-de-soie and lace insertion; Miss Devereux, white silk, with heliotrope flowered design, flowers on corsage; Miss Cotter, black silk, with overdress of net, pink flowers on corsage and in coiffure; Miss — Cotter, black silk, with overdress of net, blue flowers on corsage and in coiffure; Mrs. Stuart Reid, ciel blue silk, with bands of white lace on skirt, the bodice was veiled in a Zouave; Miss Morrin, rose pink silk, the overskirt was very much betucked, the underskirt was one mass of chi-chi chiffon founcces, on shoulders were braces of flowers and the same in coiffure; Miss — Morrin, white silk, draped with layers of silk gauze, and the same in coiffure; Miss Marks, canary silk, very much betucked and finished with chiffon; Mrs. Henry Walker, white silk, with flowers on corsage; Miss Buller, white silk, with cluster of violets on decolletage, and gold belt round waist; Miss Nolan, black gown, ecru Zouave, yellow flowers on corsage; Miss Bennett, white silk, with red flowers on corsage and in coiffure; Miss Young, blue silk, veiled white lace; Mrs. Bodle, black silk, pink flowers on corsage; Miss Buddle, rich white silk, with silver beads, blue flowers in coiffure; Miss Moss Davis, white mousseline-de-soie, black velvet bow in coiffure; Messrs. McCosh Clark (2), Meredith, Reid, Morton, Cotter, Dargaville, McLaughlin, Shayle-George, McCormick, Hutchison, Hanna, Morrin (2), Upton, Robertson, Brodie, Stevenson (2), Bews, Myers, Clarke, Nasefield, Gillies (2), Crombie, Isaacs, Carr, Blair, Ridings, Foster, Jackson, Black, Williamson, Walker, Fenton (2), Nolan (2), Carriek, Thompson, Buddle, Dawson (2), Witham, Leys, Wynyard, Nathan (2), Heather, Purchas, Buckland, Bloomfield, Elliot, Vorsp, N. Taylor, Waddy, Dr. Maitland.

MR CLIFFORD WALKER'S RECITALS.

I am sure you and all our Auckland friends will be glad to hear that Mr Clifford Walker, who so delighted us with his dramatic and humorous recitations at the Auckland Club "At Home," is to give two drawing-room entertainments in the Choral Hall on the 27th and 28th of this month. His evenings are, I hear from Wellington and Christchurch, most charming, and in the Cathedral City especially he aroused the greatest enthusiasm. A quiet, refined entertainment like this, with plenty of amusement, minus vulgarity, is a great treat, is it not? And I do like a man who can thrill one in the restrained, reserved, force style which Mr Walker commands. Mind you tell all our friends about

it, for I want Auckland to have as good a record for cultured taste as Christchurch.

Mrs Baume and Mrs Fred Baume gave

A VERY LARGE AT HOME

Last Friday afternoon at "Berkeley," Symonds-street, which is beautifully adapted for entertaining of this kind, being built in an American style—no doors downstairs, only curtained archways. The weather was simply superb, Sol shining out bravely, as if fully approving of the festivity. Our hostesses, in their usual cordial and warm manner, received their guests in the reception room, making everybody feel at home, from whence they wandered into another reception-room, through the large entrance hall, up the wide staircase, to the ping-pong room, where a tournament amongst the guests was being carried on. There were chairs in every available spot, so that there was seating accommodation for everybody. A band was in attendance, and the excellent music was quite a feature of the function, the musicians being stationed in a charming alcove in the centre of the staircase, which really must have been built for that purpose. The music floated softly through the air, making a charming accompaniment with the seductive symphonies to the clack of tongues. During the intervals of the music a

few words of conversation made themselves heard, or a laugh rang out softly, and the pleasant hum of conversation grew louder and more unrestrained as the hour drew towards evening, intermingled with many little trills of feminine laughter. Afternoon tea was served in the dining-room, the table being decorated in a remarkable but unique manner. It was a Chinese or Japanese table (I think it was the former), a terre cloth was spread of crinkley paper, from the chandelier to the corners of the table were suspended rows of small Chinese lanterns, interspersed with chop-sticks and Chinese ornaments; the centre-piece was a large Chinese lantern, Chinese lanterns, also with loosely-arranged daffodils and snowdrops, adorned the table, surrounded with cakes, trifles, and sweets of every description. The reception rooms were gaily decorated with flowers, from which delicate perfumes floated on the air. During the afternoon Mrs Lawry and Miss Bullen contributed songs.

Mrs Baume, autumn brown satin, with tuckings and black beads; Mrs Fred. Baume looked extremely well in a white silk, with jabots of ecru lace on skirt, and black velvet flunccons, a transparent yoke of lace, finished with black velvet, large shower bouquet of violets on shoulder, black bow in coiffure; Mrs Sidney Nathan, white silk, the bodice was trimmed with gold thread and buttons, a show-

MOTHER SEIGEL'S CURATIVE SYRUP

AN IDEAL TONIC

is one that restores tone and efficiency to the stomach, liver and kidneys impaired through worry, overwork, climatic changes, unhealthy atmosphere in factory or office, disease or any other cause. It promotes the thorough digestion and assimilation of food, which are the foundation of good health. Such a tonic is Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. Mr. ALEX. COCHRANE, Eva St., Tooranga, Victoria, in a letter describing how he had for five years suffered from acute indigestion and been completely cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, says: "Though it is eighteen months since I took the last dose I feel better and stronger than ever I did in my life before." Such is the power of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

MADE FROM ROOTS AND HERBS.

PURE GOOD TEA

RICH and FRAGRANT

WHERE TO GET IT

REW'S Victoria St.

REW'S GOLDEN-TIPPED CEYLON TEA
Is the Acme of Perfection. 1/10 per lb., 6lb. tin 10/6, 12lb. tin 20/6, 20lb. tin 33/4.

REW'S GOLDEN BLEND.
A Choice Family Tea. 1/8 per lb., 6lb. tin 9/6, 12lb. tin 18/6, 20lb. tin 30/.

REW'S SILVER BLEND.
The Best Value in Auckland; beautiful amber liquor, full flavour. 1/4 per lb., 6lb. tin 7/6, 12lb. tin 14/6, 20lb. tin 24/.

THE SALE OF OUR TEAS

is increasing day by day, because Customers are realising that our TEAS are not only Cheaper, but have more **STRENGTH and FLAVOUR** and **GO FURTHER** than other Teas for which they pay 6d. and 7d. a lb. more money.

REW'S PURE CEYLON,
Broken Leaf. 1/2 per lb., 6lb. tin 6/6, 12lb. tin 13/6, 20lb. tin 21/8.

REW'S ONE SHILLING BLEND.
Sold only in 6lb., 12lb., 20lb. tins.

PRICE LIST OF GENERAL GROCERIES ON APPLICATION.

ROBERT REW, WHOLESALE TEA MERCHANT, Victoria Street, AUCKLAND

er bouquet of violets at neck; Miss P. Gorrie, mauve grey costume, with velvet trimming; Mrs. McCosh Clark, handsome black gown, black hat; Mrs. Craig, black brocade, black bonnet; Mrs. Brett wore a rich black cloth, finished with black silk bands, brown bonnet with ecru lace; Mrs. Burns, black and white figured foulard, black bonnet; Mrs. (Dr.) Bedford, black voile with killings, white cloth sac jacket, with black satin revers and cape, black hat swathed with chiffon; Mrs. Harold Baguall, navy coat and skirt, black hat with bow of shot red silk, and white coque, feathers; Mrs. Cotter wore a very stylish black zibeline, piped with black velvet, the habit bodice being trimmed with black glace silk, and strapped with silk gimp, and tiny buttons, white and pink pompadour silk vest; black and white frizze, broad toque with white velvet, ivy leaves and lace; Miss Cotter, black cloth tailor-made gown, cream guipure lace collar, white mobair hat caught up in front with heliotrope lilac flowers; Mrs. Cooper, magenta and white striped taffeta blouse, black silk hat with steel ornaments; Miss Cooper, black skirt, canary silk blouse, picture hat; Miss Cruickshank, Prussian blue frizze, strapped with black edged with gold, black velvet picture hat; Mrs. Duthie, grey check skirt, black velvet bodice, pale blue velvet hat with white lace drappings; Mrs. Edward Lewis, black cloth tailor-made gown, black bonnet; Mrs. W. Gorrie, black brocade, black velvet bonnet; Mrs. Armitage, grey plaid skirt, brown velvet blouse, brown hat with pink flowers; Mrs. C. Buddle, fawn costume; Miss Northeroff, dark skirt, fawn jacket, black hat with plumes; Mrs. Workman, black silk gown, black hat relieved with white; Mrs. Bullen, rich black costume, black plush jacket, black bonnet; Miss Gorrie, black tailor-made gown, with cream lace applique on revers, Cuban straw hat trimmed with black and wreath of scarlet geraniums; Mrs. Kingswell, black costume with Maltese lace collar, red let in at the shoulder, black hat with violets; Mrs. Jones, black cloth gown with cream vest and lace revers, black hat swathed with tulle; Mrs. Kempthorne, black brocade with white satin pouched vest, black bonnet with white flowers; Miss Kempthorne, black tailor-made gown, black hat with feathers; Mrs. McDonald, dark green tailor-made gown, black bonnet; Miss McDonald, green and white striped blouse, black satin skirt, black hat; Mrs. Hart, mourning costume; Mrs. Peacock, golden brown satin with iridescent passementerie, brown bonnet with roses of pastel shade; Mrs. Boulit, black gown cape and bonnet; Miss Boulit, fawn gown, ecru lace colliette, hat trimmed with red; Mrs. Rathbone, black brocade, white let at V-shaped back and front of bodice, black hat with ostrich plumes; Mrs. K. Lusk, black gown with revers of ecru lace, pink felt hat; Miss Binney, black cloth with glace silk strapping, large crowned burnt straw hat with autumn leaves; Mrs. Clifton, dark green costume, white colliette; Miss Haywood (Wellington), grey cloth costume, toque composed of violets; Mrs. Thomas Buddle, black satin, white silk vest, and cream lace applique round bolero, black toque with violets; Miss Conolly, black gown; Mrs. Goldie, dark green tailor-made gown, beaver hat; Mrs. Edmiston, a handsome Sydney costume of lavender frizze with satin vest, hat swathed with primroses of the same shade; Mrs. Holland, black silk, lace dolman, toque with pink flowers; Miss Shepherd, grey costume with passementerie, black toque with large pink rose; Mrs. Gillies, black silk dress, black bonnet with mauve silk; Mrs. J. Dargaville, handsome black striped silk grenadine over black satin, white chiffon front, black toque swathed with white and black spotted velvet and black plumes; Mrs. Moss-Davis, brown cloth gown, toque with flowers; Miss Moss-Davis, stylish electric blue zibeline, white satin and lace revers on Russian blouse, black picture hat, and her sister wore white zibeline, made in a similar style, black picture hat; Mrs. Frater, black skirt, black bodice with tuckings, violet velvet toque with posies of violets; Mrs. Foster, black cloth skirt and coat,

pink silk vest, black hat; Miss Leya, gobelin blue frizze; Mrs. Keesing, fawn grass lawn with wide cream guipure lace festooned on skirt, black hat, Mrs. Barry Keesing looked distinguee in a black gown, white lace revers, white hat with pink roses; Mrs. Thomas Keesing looked exceedingly pretty in a cream serge gown, black picture hat; Mrs. C. Phillips, black grenadine gown; Mrs. Keesing, black silk, black dolman, black bonnet; Miss Keesing, tailor-made gown, with ecru revers, black toque; Mrs. W. B. Colbeck, black gown, made with silk bolero, white vest, black hat; Mrs. Lawry, black satin costume, black hat; Mrs. Moritzon, fawn jacket and skirt, cream hat with violets; Mrs. Colegrove, violet costume, hat with violet trimming; Miss Colegrove, dark skirt, fawn jacket, black hat; and her sister wore dark green coat and skirt, hat with touch of ciel blue; Mrs. Thomas Morrin, black cloth gown, with braiding, hat with shot silk; Miss Morrin, dark green costume, black hat; Mrs. S. Morrin, black brocade, cream lace, straw toque with violets; Mrs. C. C. McMillan, black satin, grey bonnet, with grey plumes, grey ostrich feather boa, with scarlet ribbon; Mrs. Major, black cloth, trimmed with silk made with pouched vest; Mrs. L. D. Nathan, tobacco brown frizze costume, trimmed with velvet of the same shade, toque with lace; Mrs. Arthur Nathan, brick-red zibeline, with braiding of the same hue, cream lace collar, black Tudor hat; Mrs. C. M. Nelson, black coat and skirt, cream lace collar, black toque, with blue choux; Mrs. Payton, slate grey gown, white vest, black and white toque; Mrs. W. Rainger, Prussian blue frock, with light blue chine silk vest, Maltese lace collar, black satin hat, with chenille round broad crown; Mrs. Ranken Reid, black costume, white vest, black hat with ostrich plume; Mrs. John Stewart, fawn and brown costume, fawn velvet toque, with touches of pink and white; Mrs. Tilly, black costume, brown fur cape, black hat; Mrs. J. A. Toke, black satin skirt, mauve satin blouse, toque with violets; Mrs. Ralph, absinthe green silk, with overdress of black net, white silk pouched vest, black toque; Mrs. Reade, brown dress, pink vest, black hat; Mrs. Arch. Taylor, grey flowered French muslin, hat with violets; Miss Ballens, white frizze, black hat; Mrs. Upton, black matalasse, black and white bonnet, with brown fur; Mrs. Henry Walker, dark green Eton jacket and skirt, with gold buttons, black hat; Mrs. Kerr-Taylor, violet gown, fur cape, violet hat; Misses Kerr-Taylor, navy, with white braid, hats en suite; Mrs. Keogh, black cloth gown, toque with violets; Mrs. Lyons, violet three-tier floured skirt, Russian blouse, grey felt toque, with bird; Mrs. Hutchison, black cloth, with silk trimming, black toque with violets; Mrs. Isaacs, black silk, Miss Isaacs, green skirt, black velvet bolero with fur, white lace colliette, black hat; Mrs. Goodhue, black; Mrs. Humphrey Haines, mode grey silk, trimmed with Coronation red, grey felt hat en suite; Mrs. Lennox, black costume, black bonnet, with red; Miss Lennox, slate grey costume, white vest, cream hat, swathed with slate grey silk; Miss Brigham, black gown, black hat; Miss Gray, navy gown, red hat; Mrs. Gray, black; Miss Ziman, navy coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. Sholto Douglas, black; Miss Douglas, periwinkle blue gown; Miss Alison, crushed strawberry gown; Miss Reid was similarly gowned in crushed strawberry frizze; Mrs. Dufaur, black gown, black hat; Miss Luens, slate grey gown, white vest, slate grey toque; Mrs. Lindsay, black satin skirt, white satin blouse, hat with Coronation red velvet; Mrs. Robert Dargaville, fawn lace cloth, strapped with brown silk, point lace vest, black King Hal hat, with touches of turquoise blue; Mrs. Lionel Benjamin, black silk; Miss Marks, navy serge; Mrs. Salmon, black silk; Mrs. Talbot Tubbs, sage green costume, made with Russian blouse, felt hat swathed with Coronation red; Mrs. Turten, black dress, with fawn spots, trimmed with bands of fawn lace, black bolero, black hat; Mrs. Egerton, green gown.

THE PAKURANGA HOUNDS

met last Saturday at Thumata. The day was bitterly cold, with light showers falling, and altogether a less promising day for the chase could not well have been conceived; but what signified the cold and the rain if hounds ran? The hounds were thrown off in the gorse on the scoria land near the Maori settlement, when deep, stern, joyous and confident notes were heard, mingled in a grand chorus of sound, which is dearer to the hearts of the enthusiastic followers than the finest Beethoven sonata, whose feelings underwent a sudden revulsion, and they scoffed at the sensation of physical discomfort experienced only a few minutes before. All was eagerness and activity, as a strong hare was viewed making straight for Mrs Ellett's. Helter-skelter went every rider, for the obstacles were only stone walls, of an average height, when, hey, presto! the field was suddenly thinned of its numbers. This strange effect was due to a very simple cause, namely, a quiet, inoffensive-looking little wire fence beneath a wide spread pine-tree, but to the charging squadrons it loomed a horrid monster. Mrs Bloomfield's steed, M'Liss, who was following the huntsman, jumped too big, the sight being rather unpleasant to witness, though perhaps trifling in result, the boughs cracked and groaned, and in revenge marred the rider's beauty a little. Away the hounds sped, through Mrs Ellett's and Mr Rennell's, when there was a check. The obstacles to be negotiated had been varied, and the run fast. Mr Pittar's Tuine had to be sent home, for during this run he cut a vein in the foreleg, and was indeed a gory sight. There were two or three riderless horses galloping about. Miss Gorrie's Jimmy was lame, and she went home. The hounds were next cast in Mrs Ellett's swamp, when see-oh was re-echoed throughout the field, as pussie was seen stealing along towards Mr Rennell's. A combination of gorse hedges and large ditches, with wire running through the slip-panels, etc., to be negotiated. Away through Mr Kirkbright's down to the beach; here a very awkward wire fence had to be taken at a stander, bringing one gentleman a regular howler, as his

foot caught in the wire, while negotiating this obstacle. Next Mr B. Myers, on Muriwai, settled down to take this obstacle, which his Buccaphalus kindly and with great forethought carried away, for which the rear-guard were very grateful; but, alas! sad to relate, the result was disastrous—a gash on the near shoulder. Up to this point the hounds had held on with few signs of wavering, and apparently as fresh as ever, but after crossing another field they threw up their heads, which gave the steaming steeds a little breathing space. The huntsman made an unsuccessful cast, and more than ten minutes had been cut to waste, when the hounds suddenly took it up on the beach and went away with vigour but little abated. Four ladies and half-a-dozen gentlemen were seen in the train, the rest, more cautious, went via the paddocks. Now and then a warning was thrown behind to those in single file to be careful, as the beach was tricky in some places. Away, for half-a-mile along this beach, the fun was fast and furious, when the hounds suddenly swung to the left; up the steep, perpendicular cliff they went. The followers looked a little blank, but as it is always the huntsman's unpleasant office on such occasions to lead the way, since he must be with the hounds, up the cliff he went, followed by the faithful few, when suddenly his mot d'ordre was "turn back," when a scream and a burst of laughter was heard at what seemed an impossible order; but it was a timely warning, for just before him, hidden in gorse, was a deep pit, but, fortunately, at length, swinging a little more to the left, he avoided this cavern and reached the high ground in safety. What a romantic catastrophe was thus averted, supposing all had followed single file and dropped into this cavern, huntsman, whipper-in, four ladies and half-a-dozen gentlemen, and a dozen steeds, all gone in a second, nobody knows where. Once more on terra firma, in Mr Montgomery's property, pussie led them back to Mr Rennell's, when there was a kill in the hedge, of what I do not know; some suggested a cat. Another hare was started. A similar run was indulged in, the hounds again taking to the beach, but the riders did not relish the beach again, so followed through the pad-



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

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

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

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

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

See this Trade Mark on every Tin.

docks. Pussie then took a bee-line for Mr. Wallace's, across the Ihumata-road. Here a combination obstacle of post-and-rail, hedge, and large ditch brought Mrs Moody and Mike a fall, Miss Rae and Pohutukawa, and also Mr Schnackenberg and Dandy Dick measured their length. Mrs W. Bloomfield and M'Liss negotiated this obstacle a little lower than the rest. M'Liss made a mistake by taking off a little too near, but happily the result was only a broken rail. Mr Tonks and Tip did something similar. A wire with netting, an ugly jump, nearly settled the equanimity of Skipper and Mr Adams. Mrs Ellett, with her usual hospitality, kindly provided afternoon refreshments for the followers. Amongst those present were Mrs Moody, Mrs Crowe, Mrs Bloomfield, Mrs Kelly, Misses Gerrie (2), Stribley, Buckland (3), Abbott, Rae, Messrs McLaughlin (2), Kinloch (2), Crowe, Carminer, Dawson, Lewis, Tonks, Bloomfield, Niel, Creagh, Schnackenberg, Nolan (2), Adams, Moody, Ellett (2), Elliot, Ralph, Myers, Pittar, Wallace, Cotter, Board, McCosh Clark (2), Purchas, Bell, Dalton.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee,— August 13.
Mrs. Pharazyn gave a last euche party at her residence on the Bluff Hill last night. There were twelve tables, and the first ladies' prize was won by Mrs. P. S. McLean, and the men's prize by Dr. Henley. Mrs. Pharazyn wore black silk; Miss Williams had a pale blue blouse and a dark skirt; Miss F. Williams was in black satin; Mrs. Stedman had a very quaint black dress with handsome gold insertion on the skirt and bodice; Mrs. P. S. McLean also wore black with red flowers in her hair; Miss Page looked well in a handsome black silk dress; Mrs. F. W. Williams had a striped grey dress;

Mrs. Davidson wore a very pretty black and silver costume; Miss Connor was in black, the bodice prettily trimmed with lace; Miss Knight (Dannevirke) was in pale blue; Miss Kettle wore black; Miss Todd had a very pretty blouse of blue brocade trimmed with guipure lace and a dark skirt; Miss Wilson wore black and pink; Miss Stubbs was also in pink; Miss Hoadley looked well in black satin; Miss Hovell, green silk; Miss Claudia Shaw had a handsome black dress; Miss Nellie Cotterill was also in black; Miss E. Burke, dainty white blouse, trimmed with lace, dark skirt; Miss Cornford, black and pale blue dress; Mrs. Hamlin wore black silk; Miss Riddell had a yellow silk blouse and a dark skirt; Miss Von Dadelzen wore a dainty pink blouse with her black skirt. Amongst the men were Messrs. Jones, Stedman (2), Broad, Macassey, Dinwiddie, Kiddell, Rochfort, Cornford, Von Dadelzen, Saxby, Cotterill, P. S. McLean, Munro, Rodie, Margoliouth, Brabant, etc.

A ping-pong tournament in connection with St. Augustine's Church, was held on Wednesday and Thursday evenings and proved a great success. On Wednesday evening the results were as follows:—Miss Fannin beat Miss M. Locking in the final of the Ladies' Single; Misses Goldsmith and M. Locking beat Mrs. Moore and Miss Fannin in the Ladies' Doubles; Miss Goldsmith and C. Margoliouth beat Miss F. Hetley and Hetley in the Combined Doubles; Brabant beat Hetley in the Men's Singles, and Brabant and Hetley beat Dreaver and Grindell in the Men's Doubles. On the following evening Miss M. Locking beat Mrs. Moore in the Ladies' Singles; Mrs. Moore and Miss Hetley beat the Misses Locking (2) in the Ladies' Doubles; Miss F. Hetley and A. Hetley beat Miss Natusch and S. Natusch in the Combined Doubles; S. Swan beat G. Taylor in the Singles. In the Children's Competition Miss E. Cumming beat Miss N. Natusch, and S. Natusch beat M. Prime.

Some of those present at the football match, Canterbury versus Hawke's Bay, on Tuesday, were:—Mesdames Logan, Ronald, Williams, McLean, Stedman, Swan, etc., and Misses Hamlin, Heath, Goldsmith, Williams, Russell, McVay, McLernon, Cotterill, Burke, etc. After the match the visitors were entertained by the Hawke's Bay Rugby Union at the Criterion Hotel, when Mr. F. Logan, the President, having proposed the health of the King, the visitors, etc., who suitably responded, Mr. Wood presented their manager, Mr. Cresswell, with a case of pipes. The presentation was made on behalf of the Canterbury team as a token of their appreciation of the way in which Mr. Cresswell had fulfilled his duties.

MARJORIE.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee,— August 15.
THE CORONATION BALL held in the drill hall on Friday evening, was much enjoyed by those present. The hall was fittingly decorated in red, white and blue, ferns and Chinese lanterns. Dancing began at 9 p.m., and Mr. McKinnon Bain's Orchestra supplied the music. Those who were on the committee were:—Quartermaster Captain Cook, Captain Weston, Sergeants Smith and Lister, Corporals Prior, Gilmour, and Armitage, Privates Morgan, Bacon, Rogers, Carter and Bellringer. The M.C. were Captain Weston, Sergeant Lister, Band-Sergeant Newell, and Mr. E. Humphries. During the evening extras were played by Misses Davy, Turner, and Bedford. Among those present were:—Miss Crawford, rose pink and cream lace trimmings; Mrs. Fookes; Miss E. Fookes, yellow trimmed with black velvet; Mrs. Wright, black silk and white lace; Misses Walker (2), black silk and jet; Mrs. O'Driscoll, pale mauve flowered silk; Miss B. Webster, cream silk, relieved

with forget-me-nots; Mrs. Owing Mrs. Northcroft, grey silk; Miss V. Northcroft, cream silk; Miss Valle, pretty white satin, with lace frill on skirt; Miss Skinner, pale green, trimmed with a darker shade; Miss Paul, black silk with an over dress of net; Miss Bedford; Miss L. George, white muslin; Madame Tutachka, black silk and jet; Miss Irvin, pink satin; Mrs. Bacon, yellow and black; Miss Jacob, black velvet trimmed with scarlet; Mrs. C. Lever, white flowered silk and lace; Miss O. Cook, pale blue; Miss O. Sole, blue; Miss Travers, white silk and muslin overdress; Miss Smith, cream; Miss Penn, white satin; and Messrs. Brock (2), Bacon, Barrett, Humphries, George, Rowan, Carter, Lever, Roberts, Wilkinson, Goldwater, Gilmour, Northcroft (2), Fookes, Robertson (2), Penn, Wilson, Brennan, Rouppe, Seon, McIsaac.

At New Plymouth the long-deferred Coronation celebrations at length took place on Saturday last. The whole town was en fete, and looked gay with festoons of flags and bunting across the principal streets. The Government buildings in particular were conspicuous by the admirable transparencies (the work of Mr. Gordon, of the Survey Office) in every window, of the Royal Family and notable officers who had served in South Africa. A Royal salute was fired from Marsland Hill in the morning. Then a grand procession of volunteers who looked gay in their new dress uniforms, fire brigade, friendly society, and trade unions and others was formed to escort the Mayor (Mr. E. Douckrill) and Council to the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the new band rotunda in Queen-street, which completed, the procession again formed into line and marched by way of the central school, where the ceremony of unfurling the flag was observed; then proceeding to the Recreation Ground, where the volunteers fired a feu-de-joie, and the Mayor afterwards presented the medals to a number of returned

ENGLISH OAK AND WALNUT FURNITURE.

Just Opened Up. SUPERB IN DESIGN AND FINISH.
INSPECTION INVITED.

For Variety and Selection call on
TONSON GARLICK CO. LTD.
"THE PEOPLE'S" FURNISHING WAREHOUSE,
Queen Street, Auckland.

Groopers. The procession then reformed to St. Mary's Church, where the colours of the old Taranaki Mounted Rifles, for many years in charge of Sergeant-Major Deacon, who assisted in the ceremony, were deposited in the presence of a large number of veterans, comrades and visitors.

In the evening the town was well illuminated, and the fire brigade made a most effective display with a model of an up-to-date man-o-war with pyrotechnical bonfire accompaniments till a terrific squall put a speedy end to the memorable festivities.

The ninth annual

SOCIAL

of the Takapa Football Club was held on Thursday evening, and was a great success. The Wellington rep team were the guests of the evening, and Mr Dockrill (Mayor) heartily welcomed the visitors on behalf of the club and citizens, and Mr King (manager of the Wellington team) briefly returned thanks. Mr and Mrs D. O'Brien, who take a great interest in football, presented two handsome shields for competition between the local teams. The senior shield has not yet been decided, but the junior has been won by Takapa, so the Mayor called upon Mrs O'Brien to make the presentation, which she did amidst cheers. The floor was in splendid order, and the music, which was rendered by McKinnon Bain's orchestra, was all that could be desired. The ladies' committee consisted of Mesdames Clarke, Dockrill, E. Fookes, Ambridge, F. M. Smith, O'Brien, Yates, and Misses Fookes, Jacob (2), Kennell, Standish, Teel, Thomson, Webster and Buchanan. Among those present were Miss McGonagle, white silk and silver blouse, white muslin skirt; Miss I. McGonagle, white muslin; Miss V. Jury, pink blouse, white skirt; Miss N. Moverley, white blouse, blue skirt; Miss Cottier, pretty white smocked silk blouse, dark skirt; Misses Capel (2), Miss Paul, figured silk blouse, black net skirt; Miss Lawson; Misses Humphries; Miss Bedford, pink satin blouse, black voile skirt; Misses Webster (2); Miss Jacob, yellow and black blouse, dark skirt; Miss Jury, black velvet, with red roses; Miss Pearce, cerise silk; Miss A. Pearce, pale green silk; Miss Loveridge, cream and turquoise, blue trimmings; Mrs Hill; Miss Hill, cream; Miss Mumford was much admired in black brocade, with transparent sleeves; Mrs Arndt, black silk, with spangled net sleeves; Mrs Stohr (Stratford), black and pink; Miss Dargaville, black and turquoise blue; Miss M. Moon, blue blouse, white skirt; Mrs E. M. Smith; Mrs Dockrill; Mrs Roberts; Miss Roberts, pale blue blouse, white skirt; Miss Knowles looked well in a black silk and jet blouse, black skirt; Miss Flynn, cream blouse, dark skirt; Miss A. Flynn, blue silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs O'Brien, black and pale pink costume; Miss Page, red blouse, veiled in black, dark skirt; Miss Abbott, blue, with jet passementerie trimming; Mrs O'Dowda, cream; Miss Mace, pink, veiled in white, pink roses on shoul-

der; Miss Nicholls, pink flowered muslin; Miss Glynes; Mrs Ambridge, yellow silk, veiled in cream mousseline-de-soie; Miss E. Bayley, black net, trimmed with red, transparent sleeves; Miss M. Thomson, yellow silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss N. Loveridge, cream blouse, dark skirt; Miss M. Treeby, white muslin blouse, dark skirt; Miss Lyons, pink silk and black velvet blouse, black skirt; Miss Tiplady, yellow blouse, dark skirt; Miss L. Sarten, dark skirt, red silk blouse; Mrs T. O'Donnell, scarlet velvet blouse, black skirt; Miss Robertson, black silk and jet; etc. Among the gentlemen were Messrs Standish, Thomson (2), Woodhouse (2), Paul, Brennan, Roberts, Muisey, Edgumbe, Way, Doughty, Sarten, Stone, Buckman, Barnes, O'Dowda, Belorney, Stohr, Flat, Russell, Kebell, Tilley (Wanganui), S. Bennett, Petch, Jury, Moverley, Rowan, Cook, Carter, George, Tunbridge, Gilmore, McIndoe, etc.

NANCY LEE.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee,

August 14.

We were most fortunate in having lovely bright weather for Coronation Day on Saturday. The town looked very gay with its gorgeous display of flags and greenery. The Post Office and Government Buildings were particularly well decorated, being hung with countless flags, drappings, etc. Great crowds of people assembled to watch the procession move off from the Government Buildings and wend its way to the Basin Reserve, where a most enthusiastic meeting was held. The surroundings of the Reserve were crowded with interested spectators, and the whole scene was most animated and brilliant. It was particularly noticeable how red predominated throughout the vast assemblage; on nearly every man, woman and child there was something red, and many ladies were entirely dressed in red, so that the effect was very pretty. His Excellency the Governor was received at the entrance gate and escorted to the platform erected for the occasion in front of the grandstand. Lord Ranfurly was accompanied by Lady Ranfurly (who was also dressed in red), Capt. Alexander and the Hon. C. Hill-Trevor. Others on the platform were Sir Joseph and Lady Ward, Sir Robert and Lady Stout, Major-General Babington, Hons. W. C. Walker and Hall-Jones, the Mayor, Mr Justice Edwards, Captain Rich (H.M.S. Ringarooma), and Messrs Hutchison, Fisher and Atkinson, M.H.R.'s. On the arrival of the Vice-Regal party the National Anthem was sung, followed by the "Old Hundredth." The school children were assembled under the charge of head teachers. The Garrison Band accompanied the singing, which was under directorship of Mr Robert Parker. His Excellency delivered a splendid address, being continually interrupted with bursts of applause and cheering. The Mayor

and Sir Joseph Ward also spoke, and then a number of medals and trophies were presented by the Governor. Three cheers for the King concluded the proceedings.

The special Coronation service, which was held at St. Paul's Cathedral on Saturday morning, was a most impressive and bright one. Lord and Lady Ranfurly and suite were present. The church was beautifully draped with flags and decorated with flowers and plants, and the many gorgeous uniforms and robes added splendour to the solemn and memorable occasion. The service was conducted by His Lordship the Bishop of Wellington and the Rev. T. H. Spott, M.A., and the special music arranged for the service, under Mr Parker, was very beautiful.

On Saturday afternoon the Governor and Lady Ranfurly held an open reception at Government House, and hundreds of people, both young and old, availed themselves of their hospitality. The rooms were made bright with quantities of lovely palms and ferns and masses of minosa and lycopodium. Afternoon tea was laid out in the dining-room and conservatory. Everyone, even babies in arms, was announced, and received by the Earl and Countess, and the house party and the A.S.D.C. were most attentive and energetic in looking after the guests, who one and all appeared to thoroughly enjoy their afternoon. The Countess looked very nice in a gown of rose pink lace under an overdress of pale ecru embroidered lace. Lady Constance Knox was, unfortunately, too unwell to be present.

The illuminations in the evening attracted thousands of people into the streets. The Post Office was very gorgeously lit, and the tower of Government House stood out splendidly in the darkness, being outlined and festooned with lights, and a crown in red was placed over the letters "E.R." also in red lights, the whole being completed by a flag in red, white and blue, "flying" from the outlined flag-staff. The Government Buildings also were brilliantly outlined and festooned, and had a large red and white crown erected above the clock.

The Governor and Lady Ranfurly, accompanied by Lady Eileen Knox and Captain Alexander, went down to Christchurch for the Grand National Race Meeting by the Government steamer Tutaekai on Monday. Mr and Mrs Arthur Rhodes, Miss Julius and Mr Jephson, who were guests at Government House during Coronation week, also went down with the Vice-Regal party.

The members of the Wellington Club have issued invitations for a ball to be given at the Club House on the 21st of this month. At present everything seems very dull here, so it is quite nice to hear of some festivities coming off.

Mr and Mrs Lionel Abraham (Palmerston North) have been staying in Wellington for a short time. They were the guests of Miss Coates.

OPHELIA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee,

August 13.

There has only been one excitement this week, the Coronation, and that has been attended with not a little anxiety; it was almost with an audible sigh of relief the people heard the message of the accomplishment of the ceremony read out in some of our churches. Our rejoicings commenced on Friday with a gigantic gathering of children, some 7000 assembling at the Canterbury Hall and being refreshed, entertained, and each child carrying off a souvenir box of sweets. To Mr and Mrs George Deans, Miss Olive Lenton and others of Dix's Company, the children owe a large part of their afternoon's pleasure, while these artists admit they never enjoyed playing to an audience more. The children were addressed by His Worship the Mayor (Mr F. H. Wigram), Bishops Julius and Grimes, the former almost striking the children aghast by saying that he was once "a naughty little boy at school." Mr and Mrs Deans have since received from the children's committee a pleasing remembrance of the part they took in the celebration in the shape of a silver-mounted cane walking-stick for Mr Deans and silver-mounted music-case for Mrs Deans, both suitably inscribed.

The Cathedral bells woke us at six

MISS McELWAIN,
AGENT FOR

Guest's
Toilet
Specialities.

As used by every Vice Regal Family in Australia and New Zealand.

MALVINA HAIR RESTORER, in all Colours, for instantly changing Grey or Faded Hair to its original colour; price 10/6, posted 12/

MALVINA CREAM for softening and beautifying the Skin; price 2/6, posted 3/

MALVINA SUMMER POWDER, for Removing Tan, Freckles, etc.; price 2/6, posted 3/

MALVINA SECRET OF BEAUTY, in three delicate tints, white, blonde, and brunette; imparts a softness and brilliancy to the skin, and is invaluable for summer use; price 3/6, posted 4/

Also, other Lines too numerous to mention.

Send for Price List, Posted Free; also, a descriptive Pamphlet on the care of the Skin and Hair.

This is the Cheapest House in New Zealand for Toilet Preparations and Hair Work of every description. Combings worked up. Fancy Wigs for Sale or Hire.

Auckland Depot:
24, QUEEN-ST., OPPOSITE STRAND.
Address: MISS McELWAIN,
(N.Z. Representative for Westall Guest.)
(Telephone 254.)



POPULAR STYLES!

POPULAR GOODS!

POPULAR PRICES!

AT

McCullagh & Gower's,

THE POPULAR DRAPERS,

246, 248, 250, Queen Street, Auckland.

o'clock on the great day to a fine morning, which, unfortunately, did not last out until all the proceedings terminated. The day was crammed full of doings, one of the most enjoyable being the review at Hagley Park and march past, saluting the Royal Standard, the Artillery firing the salute of one hundred and one guns at noon. The Mayor and Mrs Wigram will have cause to remember Coronation Day, for function followed function until they must have been literally worn out. The new Catholic Cathedral was their first care, where Mr Wigram laid the foundation-stone of the Coronation column. After the review a "King Edward Oak" was planted by Mrs Wigram in the park, and a "Queen Alexandra Oak" by the Mayor for the friendly societies. A great procession took place in the afternoon, when the Mayor, accompanied by Mrs Wigram, addressed the assembled multitude in Victoria-square from the rotunda. There is one great charm about the speeches from our Mayor—he does not keep you for half-an-hour straining to hear things that do not particularly interest you; he is short and to the point, but speech after speech in one day must be tiring even to a veteran. Beside all the public part, Mrs Wigram had kindly provided a tea for poor children, thus giving these little ones a day to remember the crowning of Edward VII. A number of friends assisted Mrs Wigram at the tea, amongst whom were Mrs R. D. Thomas and Miss Thomas, Mrs Reece and her daughter, and others. The Mayor and Mayoress of Sydneyham (Mr and Mrs J. B. Sim), had the unveiling of a Coronation lamp and planting an oak for their borough. The Mayor and Mayoress of St. Albans (Mr and Mrs Davey) laid the foundation-stone of the new fire brigade station in their borough, while numbers of trees were planted at schools and churches. And then came a very watery wind up to it all in a sudden storm from the south, drenching those who ventured out in a very short time, and there were

hundreds to whom it is impossible to resist fireworks.

Coronation services were held in all the churches, and it was announced first at the Cathedral that the great ceremony was really over.

All our society doings are to be this week, races, Savage Club Ladies' Evening, and Coronation Ball. Mrs J. Williams' dance at the Art Gallery this week has had to be postponed owing to the death of her sister.

DOLLY VALE.

OUR PECULIAR CLIMATE.

AND HOW IT AFFECTS OUR HEALTH.

New Zealanders (says an entertaining writer in the Wellington "Post") boast that they have the finest climate in the world. The keenest patriot, however, must admit that its sudden changes from heat to cold, from sunshine to rain, from calm to gale, make it most peculiar.

It is well-known that climate has a most potent effect upon life and character. This is clear in our case. The conditions here differ so much from the conditions elsewhere that we have to adopt different dress, different habits, different medicine, different food, different amusements.

The Wellington "Post" quotes an interesting example to show how different our requirements are from those in Great Britain, Continental Europe, America, Africa, or Australia. The makers of Dr. Williams' pink pills, the well-known proprietary medicine (continues the writer) found it necessary after introducing their remedy to N.Z. to manufacture from a special formula suited to the peculiar local climatic conditions. It was proved that the formula used abroad did not act upon the blood-supply of our people so as to bring about the wonderful cures that have made this remedy so famous the world over. An expert in medical chemistry was sent out to study the

problem, and he discovered the necessity of adding some very important and expensive ingredients, which make the pills eminently suited to our climatic conditions. This N.Z. formula was adopted and a manufacturing laboratory was established at Wellington, where these New Zealand Dr. Williams' pink pills are prepared. The testimony of the cures from the North and South Islands shows most satisfactory results. Of course, in the light of these facts it is absolutely necessary to use the genuine New Zealand pills, which are put up in wooden boxes, and can always be recognised by the full address, Wellington, New Zealand, printed in red capital letters on the outside wrapper. Only the pills made from the special New Zealand formula are able to cure New Zealand cases, because they alone meet the special requirements of its peculiar climate.

The same writer quotes an instance that came under his personal notice. It is the case of Mr David Grant, of Waimea-street, Nelson, who says:—"The sudden changes from heat to cold made me a victim to influenza, which caused bronchial troubles. My health and strength steadily declined, until I was persuaded by an advertisement in the Nelson "Mail" (our local paper) to try Dr. Williams' pink pills. I got the right sort, for the words, Wellington, New Zealand, were on the outside wrapper. After taking two boxfuls I felt quite bright again. Three or four more made me a strong, active man. My bronchial tubes, chest and lungs have been sound ever since, and my health is splendid."

One would naturally think that Mr Grant, who has lived in this colony for forty years, would be quite indifferent to the sudden changes of weather. The peculiar climate, however, affects the blood, upon which illness or health depend. Such diseases as anaemia, indigestion, nervousness, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, and sciatica are bound to attack a person if the blood is not purified, strengthened and enriched

at regular intervals—and it is absolutely necessary to use for this purpose a tonic medicine that is specially prepared here to suit the N.Z. peculiar climatic conditions. Pills in small glass bottles can do no good. Spanish and American substitutes have never cured a single case from Auckland to Invercargill. The genuine N.Z. Dr. Williams' pink pills, made in Wellington according to the special N.Z. formula, and put up in wooden boxes, can be recognised easily by the full address, Wellington, New Zealand, on the outside wrapper. They're the kind that cured David Grant, of Nelson. And the same story is told by hundreds in Auckland, Hawke's Bay, Wellington, Canterbury, Hokitika, Otago, and, indeed, in every town.

S.L. PRIMA DONNA Corsets.

Straight Fronted.

Unequaled for Style, Durability and Comfort.

PERFECT FITTING.

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



100 CHILDREN'S FLEECY COATS (Trimmed) SELLING FROM 1/4 EACH.

RUSHBROOK & BRIDGMAN

OPEN FOR BUSINESS ON SATURDAY UNTIL 10 P.M.

Invite Attention to

An Extensive SPECIAL PURCHASE of

SEASONABLE NOVELTIES

70 KNITTED UNDERSKIRTS SELLING FROM 1/4 EACH.

All remaining FUR BOAS, NECKLETS and MUFFS, Clearing Very Cheap.

A FEW VERY CHOICE SILK AND VELVET MANTLES.

Ladies' Jackets and Capes, Mackintoshes, Rainproof Cloaks,

A Special Shipment of TABLE DAMASKS AND NAPERY, direct from Belfast, are Particularly GOOD VALUE.

These are all the VERY NEWEST STYLES, and the purchase includes some HIGH-CLASS NOVELTIES. The whole are being sold MUCH UNDER REGULAR PRICES.

A Lot of MANUFACTURERS' SAMPLES and SPECIAL LINES in all Departments, being extra stock, are being sold at Very Low Rates to clear quickly.

RUSHBROOK & BRIDGMAN,

A Special Shipment of CARPET SQUARES, MATS AND HEARTH RUGS, to hand ex ss. "Waverley" are very attractive goods at VERY REASONABLE PRICES.

Drapers, Clothiers, and Outfitters,

364, 366, 368, 370, QUEEN STREET (and through to Wakefield Street).

OPPOSITE THE TOWN HALL SITE.

Copyright Story.

The German Girl's Diamonds.

By ROBERT HOWARD.

It cannot be said, my children, that I liked my position in that sink of evil, the New York Customs. I was on good terms with my comrades, but I found no friendship among them. It has been, and still is, a notion of mine, and one formed at an early age, that everybody bears suggestive resemblance to some bird, fish or beast. I've seen a human serpent's face in my time, triangular, poisonous, menacing with ophidian eyes. I've seen a dove's face, soft, gentle, harmless and with lips that cooed as they framed and uttered words. And there are faces to remind one of dogs, of sheep, of swine, of eagles, of pike—ravenous, wide-mouthed, swift. I've even encountered a bear's face on Broadway—one full of window-peering curiosity, yet showing a contented, sluggish sagacity withal. And every face about me in the Customs would carry out my theory. As I glanced from Lorns to Quin, and from Quin to another, and so to the last upon the list, I beheld reflected as in a glass a hawk, or an owl, or a wolf, or a fox, or a ferret, or even a cat. But each rapacious; each stamped with the instinct of predation, as though the word "Wolf" was written across the forehead. Even Betelnut Jack gave one the impression that belongs with some old, small, rusty black eagle with worn and tumbled plumage. I took no joy of my comrades, saw no more of them than I might; despised my trade of land pirate—for what

else could it be called?—and, following that warning from "Josephus," was ever haunted of a weird fear of what might come. Still I remained and claimed my loot with the rest. And you ask why? When all is said I was as voracious as the others; I clinked the coins in my pocket and consoled myself against the dubious character of such profits with that thought of Vespasian: "The smell of all money is sweet."

Following my downfall of tobacco I had given up my rich apartments in Twenty-second-street, and while I retained my membership I went no more to the two or three clubs into which I'd been received. In truth, these Custom-house days I seldom strolled as far northward as Twenty-third-street; but taking a couple of moderate rooms to the south of Washington Square I stuck to them, or to the park in front, as much as ever I might; passing a lonely life and meeting none I'd known before.

One bright, sun-filled September afternoon, being free at that hour, I was occupying a bench in Washington Square, amusing my idleness with the shadows checkered across the walk from an overspreading tree. A sound caught my ear; I looked up to be mildly amazed by the appearance of Betelnut Jack. It was seldom my chief was found so far from his eyrie in the Bowery; evidently he was seeking me. His first words averred as much.

"I was over to your rooms," re-

marked Betelnut Jack; "they told me you were here."

"Then he gave me a pure Havana—for we of the Customs might smoke what cigars we would—lighted another and betook himself to a few moments of fragrant, wordless tranquility. I was aware, of course, that Betelnut Jack had a distinct purpose in coming; but curiosity was never among my vices, and I did not ask his mission. With a feeling of indifference I waited its development in his own good way and time.

Betelnut Jack was more apt to listen than talk; but this Washington Square afternoon he so far departed from those habits of taciturnity commonly his own as to furnish the weight of conversation. He did not hurry to his business, but rambled among a score of topics. He even described to me by what accident he arrived at his nom de plume of Betelnut Jack. He said he was a sailor in his far-away youth. Then he related how he went on deep water ships to India and to the China seas; how he learned to chew betel from the Orientals; how, after he came ashore, he was still addicted to betel; how a physician, ignorant of betel and its crimson masticatory consequences, fell into vast excitement over what he conceived to be a perilous hemorrhage, and how, before Jack could explain, seized on him and hurried him into a near-by drug shop. When he understood his mistake the physician took it in dudgeon and was inclined to blame Jack for those sanguinary, yet fraudulent symptoms. One result of the adventure was to rechristen him "Betelnut Jack," the name still sticking, albeit he had for long abandoned betel as a taste outgrown.

Betelnut Jack continued, touching his career in New York; always with caution, however, slurring some parts and jumping others, from which I argued that portions of my chief's story were made better by not being divulged. It occurred, too, as a deduction drawn from his confidences that Betelnut Jack had been valorous as a Know Nothing,

and he spoke with rapture of the great prize fighter, Tom Hyer, who best Yankee Sullivan, and then of the stetic virtues of the brave Bill Fools, coming near to tears as he set forth the latter's murder in Stanwix Hall.

Also, I gathered that Betelnut Jack had been no laggard at the work of hurling stones and smashing windows in the Astor place riot of 1849. "And the soldiers killed 134," sighed Betelnut Jack, when describing the battle with him and his comrades; "and wounded four times as many more. And all, mind you, for a no-good English actor with an Irish name!" This last in accents of profound disgust.

At last Betelnut Jack began to wax uneasy; it was apparent that he yearned for his nest in the familiar Bowery. With that he came bluntly to the purpose.

"To-morrow early," he said, "take one of the women inspectors and go down to quarantine. Sometime in the course of the day the steamship Wolfgang, from Bremen, will arrive. Go aboard at once. In the second cabin you will find a tall, grey, old German; lean, with longish hair. He may have on dark goggles; if he hasn't, you will observe that he is blind of the right eye. His daughter, a girl of 23, will be with him. Her hair will be done up in that heavy roll which hairdressers call the 'waterfall,' and hang in a silk close-meshed net, low on her neck. Hidden in the girl's hair are diamonds of a Berlin value of over \$120,000. You will search the old man, and have the woman inspector search the girl. Don't conduct yourselves as though you knew what you were looking for. Tell your assistant to find the girl's diamonds naturally; let her work to them by degrees, not swoop on them."

Then Betelnut Jack disposed himself for homeward flight. I asked how he became aware of the jewels and the place of their concealment.

"Never mind that now," was his reply; "you will know later. But get the diamonds; they're there and you must not fail. I've come for you, as you're more capable of doing the gentleman

PEARS

Soapmakers

By Royal Warrants

TO

THEIR MAJESTIES

THE

King and Queen



than some of the others; and this is a case where a dash of refinement won't hurt the trick."

With that Betelnut Jack lounged over to Fourth-street and disappeared toward Broadway and the Bowery farther east.

Following my chief's departure, I continued in idle contemplation of the shadows. The occupation did not forbid a mental looking up and down of what would be my next day's work. The prospect was far from pleasing. When one is under 30, a proposal to plunder a girl—a beautiful girl, doubtless—of her diamonds, does not appeal to one. There would be woe, tears, lamentations, misery, with much wringing of hands. I began to call myself a villain. Then, as against her, and defensive of myself, I argued the outlaw character of the girl's work. Be she beautiful or be she favoured ill, still she was breaking the law. It was our oath to seize the gems; whatever of later wrong was acted, at best or worst, it was no wrong done her. In truth, when she was at last left free and at liberty, she was favoured beyond her deserts; for these customs acts which she was cheating spoke of grates and keys and bars and bolts.

In this wise, and as much as might be, I comforted myself against the disgrace of an enterprise from which I naturally recoiled; hardening myself as to the poor girl marked to be our prey. I confess I gained no great success; say what I might, I contemned myself.

While thus ruminating that dishonour into which I conceived myself to have fallen, I recalled a story written by Edgar Allan Poe. It is a sketch wherein a wicked man is ever followed and thwarted by one who lives his exact semblance in each line of face and form. This doppel-ganger, as the Germans name him, while the same with himself in appearance and dress, is his precise opposite in moral nature. This struggle between the haunted one and his weird begins in boyhood, and continues till middle age. At the last, frantic under a last opposition, the haunted one draws sword and slays his enemy. Too late, as he wipes the blood from his blade, he finds that he has killed his better self; too late he sees that from that time to the end the present will have no hope, the future hold no heaven; that he must sink and sink and sink, until he is grasped of those hands outstretched of hell to forever have him for their horrid own. I wondered if I were not like that man, unhappy; I asked if I did not, by these various defences and apologies which I made ever for my wickedness, work for the death of my better nature whose destruction when it did come would mean the departure forever of my soul's chance. I stood up and shook myself in a canine way. Decidedly, loneliness was making me morbid. However that may be, I passed a far from happy afternoon.

Fairly speaking, these contentions shook me somewhat in my resolves. There were moments when I determined to refuse my diamond hunting commission and resign my place. I even settled the style of my resignation; it should be full of sarcasm; I would lose it on "the necessity of giving my self-respect a vacation; it having been overworked to the point of death since my connection with the Customs."

But alas! Those white dreams faded; at the end I was ready to execute the orders of Betelnut Jack; and that which decided me was surely the weakest thought of all. Somehow, I had in my conscience put down the coming German maiden as beautiful; Betelnut Jack had said her age was 23, which helped me, doubtless, to this thought of a girlish loveliness. Thus my imaginings worked in favour of the girl. But next the thought fell blackly that she would some day—probably a near day—love some man unknown and marry him. Possibly this lover she already knew; perhaps he was here and she on her way to meet him. This will sound like jest; it will earn derision from healthful, balanced spirits; and yet I tell but the truth. I experienced a vague, resentful jealousy, hated this imagined lover of a girl I'd never met; and waxed contemptuous of aught of leniency towards one or both. I would do as Betelnut Jack said; I would go down to quarantine on the morrow, and I would find the diamonds.

It was late in the afternoon when, with a woman assistant, I boarded the Wolfgang in the Narrows. My lean, grey, aged German was readily picked up; his daughter was with him. And her beauty was as I'd painted on the canvas of my thoughts. Yet as I beheld the loveliness which might have melted me I recalled that lover to whose arms she might be coming, and was hardened beyond recall. I told the inspectress to take her into a private room and find the diamonds. With that I turned my back and strolled to the forward deck. Even at that distance I heard the shriek of the girl when her treasure was discovered; I smiled.

"There will be less for the lover!" I thought.

When my woman assistant—accomplice might be the better term—joined me she had the jewels. They were in a long eel-skin receptacle, sewed lightly, and had been secreted in the girl's hair, as described by Betelnut Jack. I took the gems, and, buttoning them in my coat, told my aid to arrest the girl, hold her until the boat docked, frighten her with tales of fetters and dungeons and clanging bars, and at the last to lose her on the wharf. It would be 9 o'clock of the night by then, and murky dark. This loss of her prisoner would seem to come honestly about.

If I were making a romance rather than bending to a relation of cold, grey, hard, untender facts, I would at this crisis defy Betelnut Jack, rescue the beautiful girl, restore her jewels, love her, win her, wed her, and, with her true, dear arms about me, live happy ever after. As it was, however, I did nothing of that sort. My aid obeyed directions in a mood at once thorough, blithe and spiteful, and never more did I set eyes on the half-blind father or the tearful, poor, pretty victim of our diamond-hunting. Lost in the crush and bustle of the wharf, they were never found, never looked for and never rendered themselves.

I had considered what profit from these jewels might accrue to the ring and the means by which it would be arrived at. I took it for granted that some substitutional arts—when paste would take the place of old mine gems—would be resorted to as in the excellent instance of the Emperor's cigars. I still believe that this would have been the better, as it would surely have been the more profitable course.

But Betelnut Jack shook his careful head; there would be no hokuspokus of substitution; there were good reasons; also, there was another way secure. If our profits were somewhat shaved our safety would be augmented; and Betelnut Jack's watchword was "Safety first!" I was bound to acquiesce; I the more readily did so as I, like Lorns and Quin, had grown to feelings of perfect confidence in the plans of Betelnut Jack. However, since I had brushed aside etiquette and broken the ice of the matter with my chief, I at the close of discussion asked how he meant to manoeuvre in the affair.

"Wait!" retorted Betelnut Jack, and that was the utmost he would say.

In due time came the usual auction, and the gems were sold. They were snapped up by a syndicate of Mark Lane, who paid therefor into the hands of the Government the even sum of 100,000 dollars. Still I saw not how the ring would have advantage; no way could open for us to handle that one hundred thousand dollars in whole or in part. I was in error; a condition whereof I was soon to be made pleasantly aware.

On the day following the sale, and while the price paid still slept unbanked in the Customs boxes of proof-steel, there came one to see our canny chief. It is useless to waste description on this man. Suffice it that he was in fact and in appearance as skulkingly the coward scoundrel as might anywhere be met. This creeping creature was shown into the private rooms of Betelnut Jack. A moment later I was sent for.

Betelnut Jack was occupying a chair. He wore an air of easy, high confidence, and over that a sentiment of contempt for his visitor. This latter was posted in the middle of the room, and, while an apprehension

of impending evil showed on his face, he made cringing and deprecatory gestures with shoulders haunched and palms turned outward.

"Sit down," observed Betelnut Jack, pushing a chair toward me. When I was seated he spoke on. "Since it was you who found the diamonds I thought it right to have you present now. You asked me once how I knew in advance of those gems and their scheme of concealment. To-day you may learn. This is the gentleman who gave me the information. He did it to obtain the reward, to receive that great per cent. of the seizures proceeds which is promised the informer by the law. His information was right; he is entitled to the reward. That is what he is here for. He has come to be paid."

Then to the hangdog, cringing one: "Pretty good day's work for you, eh? Over 50,000 dollars for a little piece of information is stiff to pay." The hangdog one bowed lower and a smirk of partial confidence began to broaden his face. "And now you've come for your money—fifty-odd thousand?"

"If you please, sir; yes, sir." More and wider smirks.

"All right," retorted Betelnut Jack. "You shall have it, friend; but not now—not to-day."

"Then when?" and the smirk fled. "To-morrow," said Betelnut Jack. "To-morrow, next day, any day, in fact, when you bring before me to be witness of the transaction the father, the sister and your wife."

"You would cheat me!"

"No; I would do you perfect justice," replied Betelnut Jack. "Not a splinter do you finger until you bring your people. Your wife and her sister and their father shall know this story and stand here while the money's paid. Not a stiver claf Now go!"

Betelnut Jack's tones were as remorseless as a storm. They offered nothing to hope. The hangdog one heard and crept away with a look on his face that was but ill to see. Once the door was closed behind him Betelnut Jack turned with a cheerful gleam to me.

"That ends him! It's as you guess. This informer is the son-in-law of the old German. He married the elder daughter. They came over four years ago and live in Hoboken. Then the father and the youngest sister were to come. They put their whole fortune into the diamonds, aiming to cheat the Customs and manage a profit; and the girl wrote their plans and how they would hide the jewels to her sister. It was she who told her husband—this fellow who's just sneaked out. He came to me and betrayed them. He was willing to ruin the old man and the girl to win riches for himself. But he's gone—he'll not return; we've seen and heard the last of them. One fears the god, the others disgrace; and that's the end." Then Betelnut Jack, as he lighted a cigar, spoke the word which told to folk initiate of a division of spoils on the morrow. As I arose he said:

"Ask Lorns to come here."

A
PROPOSAL



TO EVERY LADY TO MAKE
DELICIOUS CUSTARD
WITH
**BIRD'S
CUSTARD
POWDER**
A DAILY LUXURY!

BIRD'S Custard Powder makes a perfect High-Class Custard at a minimum of cost and trouble. Used by all the leading Diplomats of the South Kensington School of Cookery, London. Invaluable also for a variety of Sweet Dishes, recipes for which accompany every packet.

NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!
Stereoposers can obtain Supplies from all the leading Wholesale Houses.

35 YEARS PROVEN EFFICACY.

TAKE
**"LINSEED
COMPOUND"**
TRADE MARK



KAY'S Compound
Essence of Linseed

**COUGHS
AND
COLDS**

ASTHMA & BRONCHITIS
OF ALL CHEMISTS
THROUGHOUT GREAT BRITAIN & THE COLONIES

LONDON: CATHARTICUM PHARMACY, 10, BROADWAY

USE
COACULINE
TRANSPARENT CAPSULES FOR ALL BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

KING'S COLLEGE, AUCKLAND.

FOUNDED 1894.

(Abridged Prospectus for 1902.)

VISITOR:

THE REV. W. BEATTY, M.A.,
Vicar of St. Mark's Parish, Remuera.

BOARD OF REFERENCE:

LIEUT.-COL. GUDGEON, C.M.G.,
British Resident, Rarotonga; LIEUT.-
COL. GORING, Whangarei; REV.
HENRY MAJOR, M.A., Hamilton;
CAPTAIN RICHARD TODD, Napier;
VINCENT E. PYKE, Esq., Gisborne;
E. H. COX, Esq., Taupiri; JOHN
GORDON, Esq., Taupiri; Auckland—
S. L. ABBOT, Esq., J. H. M. CAR-
PENTER, Esq., ARCH. CLARK,
Esq., M. A. CLARK, Esq., D. E.
CLERK, Esq., T. COTTER, Esq.,
FRED EARL, Esq., T. FINLAYSON,
Esq., A. HEATHER, Esq., H. B.
MORTON, Esq., JOHN MOWBRAY,
Esq., C. RANSON, Esq., H. C. TEWS-
LEY, Esq.

HEADMASTER:

MR GEO. BIGG-WITHER, B.A.
(New Zealand University.)

RESIDENT CHAPLAIN:

THE REV. CHARLES TISDALL, M.A.,
Formerly Curate of St. Paul's Cathed-
ral, Wellington, and Vicar of
Waitotara.

ASSISTANT MASTERS:

MR ARTHUR PLUGGE, B.Sc., of the
Victoria University, England, late
Science Master of Archbishop Joliffe's
School, York, England.
MR E. H. STRONG, M.A., with Hon-
ours of University of N.Z.
MR F. STUCKEY, B.A., University of
New Zealand
MR C. MEREDITH
MR WORLEY

VISITING MASTERS:

MUSIC (Pianoforte, Violin, and Singing)
—MR ADAMS, MR H. CONNELL,
MR R. L. HUNT
SHORTHAND—MR J. H. COLWILL
GYMNASTICS—PROFESSOR CAR-
ROLLO
CARPENTRY—MR JAS. MCCOLL

The Domestic arrangements are under
the Personal supervision of
MRS ASHTON BRUCE.
NEXT TERM BEGINS FEBRUARY 11th.

The COLLEGE is situated on high
ground in the healthiest Suburb of Auck-
land. 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 in-
clude several lawns and a large paddock,
which has recently been levelled and sown
with grass, so that there is every conve-
nience for Football, Cricket, Tennis, etc.

The CLASSROOMS are large and well-
ventilated. NEW CHEMICAL AND PHYSI-
CAL LABORATORIES have lately been
built, and are fitted up in an elaborate
manner for instructing boys in Practical
Science. Mr Arthur Plugge, B.Sc., is in
charge of the Science Work of the School.

There is a large WORKSHOP, where in-
struction is given by a Practical Carpen-
ter.

Regular Classes in Gymnastics are held
by Professor Carrollo. The GYMNASIUM
was specially built, and the apparatus is
of the most complete description.

The CADET CORPS, under Captain
Bigg-Wither, is drilled twice a week. All
boys are required to learn military drill,
unless their parents object.

For the convenience of the Day Boys
Special Buses run to and from town and
Farnell.

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.

Auckland's Health.

Dr. Makgill, Government Health
Officer for Auckland, in his annual
report on the Auckland public health
district to the chief health officer,
says:—

In the city, Mount Eden, Parnell,
and Thames county and borough, the
number of enteric fever cases is out of
proportion to their population. In
the city this is perhaps not so mark-
ed, allowance being made for the
large area of dense population. The
districts where the largest number of
cases arose are perhaps not very well
defined, but on the whole the older
portions of the city—Hobson-street,
Cook-street, Queen-street and Free-
man's Bay—suffered most. In these
the drainage connections are old and
faulty. The sewers themselves are
probably defective. Towards the
lower portion of the city the tide
washing up in the sewer causes flood-
ing in the cellars, the traps being
forced by the pressure. Further, the
houses in these parts in many cases
are built on reclaimed land. One of
the chief factors, however, is the non-
removal of house refuse, the accumu-
lated filth in the back yards creating
a mephitic condition, which has
been shown experimentally to predis-
pose to typhoid.

Dr. Makgill says it is impossible to
report in a hopeful manner of the
administration of the public health at
the hands of the local authorities.
Even the largest of them—the Auck-
land City Council—appears scarcely
to realise that it is responsible for
the conditions which affect the lives
of the people whom they control,
while, with a few exceptions, the
smaller bodies seem totally ignorant
of the fact. He says the chief fault
lies in the subdivision of the district
into numberless small local bodies,
in which the spirit of Little Peddling-
ton is the chief feature.

Auckland city, he considers, would
be better in every way were it to
include Parnell, Newmarket, Mount
Eden, Eden Terrace, Grey Lynn and
Arch Hill. The 13 local bodies which
represent the remainder of Eden
County could well be combined under
one county council. Country road
boards and town boards are abso-
lutely useless as administrators of
public health, and should be merged
in the counties of which they form
part. The hopelessness of dealing
with the 28 little road boards which
comprise Manukau County would be
avoided were the Counties Act to be
enforced over this area.

The statistics show that Auckland
is behind hand in matters hygienic,
and inspection bears out the fact. In
every branch of sanitation there is
evident room for improvement, from
water supply to refuse removal. For-
tunately, there is a forward tendency
now, thanks to the energy of His Wor-
ship the Mayor (Mr Kidd). The move-
ment is slow, and relapses are fre-
quent, but it exists, and only requires
careful nursing. That there has been
neglect in the past is evident from the
large number of ruinous dwellings,
hovels which would not be permitted
in the East London slums. The older
parts of the city have fallen into
decay, and a clean sweep should have
been made years ago. The drainage
in these parts is of that primitive
type which has long been abolished in
more energetic cities. Even the
more modern parts show faults,
which indicate lack of system about
the inspection—jerry-built houses
drain connections which would not
stand the slightest test, plumbing
work of a date 40 years back, and so
forth. "There is," he says, "the most
astonishing ignorance on the part of
the council as to modern sanitary re-
quirements, their idea of sanitary in-
spection beginning and ending with
the removal of rubbish when it has
accumulated sufficiently to cause a
bad smell." The appointment of a
well-trained sanitary inspector with-
in the last few weeks should, however,
result in this error being rectified.

The United States Consul.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. FRANK DILLINGHAM.

The United States Consul for New
Zealand, Mr. Frank Dillingham, ac-
companied by Mrs. Dillingham, re-
turned from an extended visit to the
United States by the R.M.S. Ventura
yesterday, after having had a very en-
joyable tour. Mr. Dillingham, who
has returned in splendid health, was
interviewed by a "Star" representa-
tive shortly after his arrival. In re-
sponse to a query as to the general
feeling in America towards the British
Empire, Mr. Dillingham replied that
he noticed a wonderful difference
as compared with that exhib-
ited when he left the States five
years ago. "I have travelled 25,000
miles since I left here," said Mr. Dil-
lingham, "and I have been in 45
States, including all the larger and
older ones, and I have heard the
British Empire spoken of thousands
of times, without ever once hearing
anything but the kindest and most
cordial words spoken. President
Roosevelt is as friendly to the Brit-
ish as President McKinley, and I
think that there will never be any
danger in future of war between the
two. The war with Spain and the
British war in South Africa have done
more to consolidate the two coun-
tries than anything else could have
done."

"How was the peace declaration
received in America?"

"It was received with a great deal
of satisfaction on account of the
British making such magnanimous
terms to the Boers. Britain stands
better in the eyes of the world than
at any previous time in her history,
as the result of the magnanimity
displayed. A number of the pro-Boer
papers came right over, and were
most eulogistic in their notices. I
believe that there are relatively more
pro-Boers inside the Empire than
there are in America."

"How was the news of the King's
illness received?"

"I was in New York when the cable
announcing that the King's life was
in danger was received, and there,
and indeed throughout America, the
news was received with exactly the
same feeling, only very much magni-
fied, as was expressed in Auckland
when the news of the assassination
of President McKinley came through.
Everywhere nothing else was talked
of, and the press throughout the
States referred to the King with as
deep sympathy as to a blood relation."

"Did you hear much of New Zea-
land while in America?"

"Yes, I was greatly surprised at
the wonderful knowledge the people
of the United States have of this col-
ony. Everywhere I went I heard
the most flattering allusions to the
colony, which is by far the best
known of the Australasian States.
They look upon the New Zealand
laws as being the most perfect in the
world, and on all sides I was called
up to answer questions to interview-
ers and privately as to the trend and
scope of the legislation here, and as
to the success attending the opera-
tions of recent progressive legisla-
tion. I had a long interview with
the President on matters concerning
New Zealand, and found him wonder-
fully well acquainted with the affairs
of the colony. The people through-

out were most anxious to know how
the Conciliation and Arbitration Act
worked out, if the decisions of the
Court were treated as final, and if
they were respected. Great attention
was also paid to the graduated land
tax system and to the Old Age Pen-
sions Act. No matter where I went
I found that the New Zealand laws
were immediately taken up and dis-
cussed. A number of prominent states-
men are proceeding to the Philip-
pines, via Sydney, next year, unoffi-
cially, and they intend calling here to
make themselves acquainted with the
legislation here. One member of
Congress intends to travel New Zea-
land to study its banking and other
financial systems.

"Is there any prospect of trade be-
tween New Zealand and the States in-
creasing?"

"I think there is. I was of opin-
ion before I went away, and I am
more strongly of that opinion now,
that it would be well for New Zea-
land to send a commission to Wash-
ington in the hope of bringing about
certain matters in the way of reci-
procity. The Americans are inclined
to be liberal, and would go half-way
at any time in the matter of reci-
procity with Great Britain and her
colonies, in order to foster trade.
The present tariff is a high protec-
tive one, and it will always remain
so, but there is a great disposition
to reduce the tax on certain articles of
produce. If reciprocity could be ar-
ranged the States would export a
number of articles not now sent to
New Zealand, and in return her pro-
ducts could be admitted free."

"Is it correct, as stated in our
cables recently, that the Presidential
campaign will be fought out on the
trust issue?"

"Well, the Democrats would like
that to be the issue, but it is doubt-
ful if they can succeed in that, be-
cause so many prominent members
of the party are members of some of
the trusts, or are mixed up with
them. The Cuban question is becom-
ing an important factor in the cam-
paign, and the Philippine question is
also very prominent. The silver
question is dead beyond all hope of resur-
rection. President Roosevelt is the
strongest man in public life in the
States to-day with the people, and it
is fortunate that there was such a
man to succeed President McKinley.
He has appointed several well-known
Democrats to offices, leaving party
issues aside entirely."

Mr. Dillingham had a very tem-
perous passage home when leaving
here in April, the captain of the
steamer describing the storm as the
severest he had ever experienced. A
number of cyclonic storms and cloud-
bursts were experienced in the States,
a cloud-burst in Omaha flooding the
country to a great depth, and de-
stroying miles of railway track. A
calm passage to New Zealand was ex-
perienced, with the exception of one
or two days, and Mr. Dillingham has
returned much benefited by his trip.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine
Tablets. All Druggists refund the
money if it fails to cure. 1s 6d. The
genuine is stamped.

"L.B.Q."

Agents—SHARLAND & CO., LTD.,
AUCKLAND and WELLINGTON.

CEREBOS TABLET SALT

The Silent . . .
Constitution Builder.

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

Stamp Collecting.

The Empire of Brazil was the second country in the world to put in practice the postal system adopted by Rowland Hill in England.

The £2 King Edward postage stamp has been issued in Victoria. Probably Queen's heads will gradually disappear as values run out.

King Edward stamps are expected to be issued at Cape of Good Hope early in 1903

An unused copy of a Danish West Indian stamp, 3 cents, perf. 13½, 1872-3, has been found on very thick paper; in fact, almost thin cardboard, and full crimson colour.

The 2 leva Bulgarian stamp is now black and carmine, instead of black and red.

The Cuban Republic proposes issuing a new set of stamps, probably early in 1903. The idea is that stamps shall bear the likenesses of Cuban statesmen. The values are to range from 1 centavo to 10 centavos.

The 3-cent lilac Netherland Indies stamp has been surcharged 2½ in large thick type.

Further sets of "provisionals" are being issued by Portuguese Congo, Guinea, and India.

Owing to a considerable theft of stamps in Persia, of the 1899 issue, the remainders are to be surcharged "Provisoire 1319."

The fact was notified in London stamp journals that the Queensland current 1d red had appeared perf. 9½ by 12. A correspondent, writing to a London philatelic paper, states this was not an official issue. The 9½ machine was sent to New Guinea for commercial purposes. Some of the perf. 12 "spot" 1d of 1892 were passed through the machine unofficially ere it left for New Guinea; also that careful examination will show traces of the original perforation in the fakes.

Malta has issued a new provisional 1d surcharged on the 2½d blue. An error occurs in the sheet, the words appearing "one penny."

Five new provisionals have been issued at Seychelles—2 cents on 4 cents, 50 on 75, 30 cents on 1r, 45 on 1r, and 45 on 2r 25 cents.

Rare stamps still continue to turn up unexpectedly. A correspondent in E.W.S.N. writes: "A schoolboy friend told me how a few years ago he was given a stamp collection by an elder brother, who in his turn obtained it from his uncle, a member of a mercantile firm in the Canary Isles, and who was a collector as far back as 1850. In the book was found a 2d blue 'post paid' Mauritius, unused, with the original gum, which was sold for the lucky youngster in 1896 by Messrs. Ventum, Bull & Co., and fetched £140."

Yet another Guinea is to exist to hoth school children, to say nothing of philatelists. Fernando Poo has issued a new set of stamps. The design is stated to be that of 1899, with the date changed, and the series is a comparatively small one. According to "Le C. de T.-P." these stamps are shortly to be replaced by others inscribed "Guinea Espanola," the island of Fernando Poo being united with Spanish territory on the neighbouring coast to form a colony with the new name.

AN OFFER WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.

THE BONUS WIDELY APPRECIATED.

"GRAPHIC" SUBSCRIBERS LARGELY BUYING "BRETT'S COLONIST GUIDE."

A Guinea Book for 10s. 6d.

Let us Detail the Offer Now Made:—

Up to and inclusive of October 31, the new edition of "BRETT'S COLONISTS' GUIDE AND CYCLOPAEDIA OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE" is offered to subscribers to the newspapers published by the Brett Printing and Publishing Co. at half-price, namely, half a guinea, or, plus postage, 11/8 prepaid. No such offer has hitherto been made, nor is it likely to occur again.

The object and scope of the book may be briefly set out. The Guide is the result of many years of careful work and thought. It has been designed to assist the colonist, and especially the country

settler, in everything that pertains to his home and prosperity. The subject of farming, for instance, is dealt with by practical men of long colonial experience. It extends over several sections, each the work of capable men whose standing is acknowledged. The Orchard, Vegetable Garden, and Flower Garden and Apiary are treated in an equally exhaustive manner, as also is the question of Foultry-keeping. Then simple and reliable instructions are given for doctoring both man and beast. Exhaustive legal memoranda, calculated to save a good deal of legal expenditure, are included. As for the Household, there are practical articles

on Architecture, Cookery (with hundreds of tested recipes), Confectionery, Wine-making, Curing, Canning and Preserving, Painting and Decorating, Soap-making, Tanning and Preserving Skins, and so on. Every section adequately covers the subject with which it deals, and where illustrations make the letterpress more readily understood, they are freely used, over 600 blocks being distributed through the book. Although this is but an imperfect resume of the more important sections of the volume, enough probably has been said to show that the book, with its 1200 odd pages, is entitled to the title of Cyclopaedia which it bears.

DO NOT LET THE OPPORTUNITY SLIP.

MANY WILL APPLY TOO LATE, BUT THERE IS NO REASON WHY YOU SHOULD.

There is no wish, nor has there been any attempt, to claim for the "Colonists' Guide" aught that is not justified by the book itself. In fact, we have made no claims that are not substantiated by the

Opinions Expressed by Leading Colonists.

Mr. WATSON SHENNAN, whose name as an agricultural and pastoral authority is well known in most parts of the colony, writes as recently as August 5 from Pomanuka: "After giving the book careful perusal I am of opinion that the title correctly describes its character. I find that every page contains some useful information, especially for the New Zealand farmer and country settler. It is the best farmers' book of reference I have seen."

The estimate of the late **SIR GEO. GREY, K.C.B.**, of an earlier and altogether less comprehensive edition has been published & ready, but it will bear repetition. He wrote: "I have tested it in many ways upon a great variety of useful subjects, and am satisfied that it is by far the best work of the kind I have ever seen. I feel that its merits and usefulness in relation to all practical subjects on which a settler's comfort and success depend render it a necessary appendage to every home in New Zealand."

Brief paragraphs from the opinions of other leading colonists on the edition (that of 1902) now offered as a bonus to our subscribers may also be given and read with advantage.

SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL, M.H.R. of Flexmere, Hawke's Bay, writing under date June 20th, 1902, says:—"Brett's Colonists' Guide and Cyclopaedia of Useful Knowledge reached me safely, and I soon commenced glancing through it, but quickly settled down to more careful examination, for I find it what it professes to be—a most excellent guide, and quite cyclopaedic in its information. Any intelligent man starting a farm on his own account will be saved many blunders if he pays attention to what he can find in the 'Colonists' Guide,' which is, in fact, a most useful and interesting handbook, well compiled, handy in form, and quite worthy by a place on every colonist's bookshelf."

Mr. H. OVERTON, a leading agricultural authority in Canterbury, writing on July 31, says:—"The great variety of information, touching upon almost every subject, makes the work a most interesting and instructive one for persons in all walks of life, but especially to the country settler. I can most confidently recommend the same as being the most useful and up-to-date work of its class, and one which no home should be without."

Mr. ROBT. HALL, who holds a prominent position in the pastoral and agricultural community of Auckland Province, writes under date of July 7, 1902:—"I have to acknowledge with thanks receipt of a copy of 'Brett's Colonists' Guide,' which I have perused. So far as I have a knowledge of the various matters dealt with in this compilation, I can, without hesitation, assert that throughout it is a most useful and reliable work, and should be in every settler's home, as it deals with the various questions in connection with agriculture in a clear and intelligible form, easily understood, and sufficiently comprehensive."

An Offer Unique in the Annals of Colonial Journalism.

DO NOT DELAY.

[Cut Out Order Form and Mail AT ONCE.]

THE MANAGER,
BRETT PRINTING COMPANY, AUCKLAND.

PLEASE FORWARD me, as a Subscriber to the "GRAPHIC" a copy of "BRETT'S COLONISTS' GUIDE AND CYCLOPAEDIA OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE" (1902 Edition).

| | | |
|-------------------------|-------|----------------|
| | s. d. | Full Name..... |
| "Colonists' Guide"..... | 10 6 | |
| Postage on "Guide"..... | 1 8 | Address..... |
| Total (prepaid)..... | 11 8 | |

P.O. Orders or Postal Notes accepted.



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,—We are all very pleased to hear that the Coronation is coming off on Saturday, August 9th. Our school has sent a challenge to the Waimamaku school for a game of football, and we are going to play in a fortnight's time, and I hope we will win. We are having very good weather here now. As there is no news to tell you I must close this short note. With love to all the cousins, I remain, yours truly, Cousin Newton.

[Dear Cousin Newton,—I hope you had a good match, and that you won. What other fun did you have on Coronation Day? Tell me all about it next time you write.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I was very pleased to see my letter in the "Graphic" last week. It was my father's birthday yesterday, and he got no end of presents. Are you fond of cats, Cousin Kate? I have a hot-tailed cat called Muff, and two hot-tailed dogs. I have got a very bad cold. My youngest brother is very good at spinning yarns. There is going to be a social in Mangonui next week, given to the postmaster on his leaving Mangonui. In my last letter I sent a stamped and an addressed envelope for a badge, but not having received it yet, I thought it had gone astray. We had some very heavy rain here to-day. News is getting very scarce, so I will close with love from Cousin Beryl.

[Dear Cousin Beryl,—I am very fond of cats indeed. Have you ever seen a Mauz cat, without any tail at all? I used to have two once. They are, I believe, much more rare now, but I don't know that one need regret that, for they were hideous. The nicest cat I ever had was an Angora. She was very handsomely marked, and had most lovely long fur, which had to be brushed and combed every two or three days. She was a most dignified cat, and would get furious if you tried to tease her or play with her. She just liked to lie on your lap and purr and look handsome.—Cousin Kate.]

[Dear Cousin Kate,—I suppose all the pictures in the "Graphic" will be referring to the Coronation of His

Majesty. The streets in London will be crowded, and there will be only room for the Royal carriage to pass. There will be a great display of fireworks on Monday night, will there not? That competition that you drew up for the cousins in Auckland was started before I commenced to write to you, and I thought that it was too late for me to start, but I will try next time. It was very good for four of the cousins coming so close to each other, was it not? The fawns are quite tame, but I don't think that they are particularly fond of bread, although they will eat anything else out of your hand. When anyone comes into the yard they come running up, and if they have nothing for them to eat Billy bunts at them and tries to fight. This will not be very nice for anyone when he has big horns, will it, Cousin Kate? I must now conclude.—I remain, yours truly, Cousin Ernest.

[Dear Cousin Ernest,—It must have been a grand sight in London, as you say. In Auckland things were very quiet, and only at Devonport were the decorations anything out of the way. I took some very little children into town in the afternoon to see the flags, but there were only a very few, and the streets were quite empty, as everyone had gone to football. Thank you for telling us about the fawns. I should think you always took something for Billy, don't you?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I don't remember seeing a picture called "The Last Chapter," but I thought most of them were beautiful. We were shown one at school called "The End of a Song," and we have to write a composition on it. I have borrowed "The Mill on the Floss" to read, and I am enjoying it. Somehow the books written by well-known old authors are so different to the new style of book—there is always a great deal more in them. What a dull day Coronation Day was! We went to Campbell's Point to see the illuminations, and they really were beautiful. North Shore was a mass of lights, and then we watched the searchlight until it flashed on the Point. It is a grand light, isn't it? I am afraid it would be too late if I did the puzzles, and sent them in now, but I will try next week. Poor cousins who suffer with chilblains! What a time they must have. I luckily never have any, and certainly do not wish to. I will stop now.—With love from Cousin Alison.

[Dear Cousin Alison,—Have you received your souvenir yet? You do not say so, so I fear I may have misdirected it. The North Shore decorations were certainly lovely, and completely cast anything in Auckland into the shade. "The Mill on the Floss" is a splendid story, but it always saddens me. Poor Maggie Tulliver. One feels so sorry for her.—Cousin Kate.]

"Johnny," asked the teacher of the new pupil, "do you know your alphabet?"
 "Yes'm," answered Johnny, with promptitude.
 "Well, then," continued the teacher, "what letter comes after 'a'?"
 "All the rest of them!" was the triumphant reply.

Important Notice to "Graphic" Cousins:

THE SCHOOL FOR MAORI GIRLS.

A SPLENDID OBJECT.

WILL YOU HELP?

NUMEROUS GOOD PRIZES OFFERED BY THE "GRAPHIC."

Dear Cousins,—Some of you have no doubt heard that some ladies and gentlemen, including the Governor of the colony and the Countess of Ranfurly, are much interested in getting up a bazaar in aid of the School for Maori Girls. Now, I want very much to assist, but cannot do it without your help. They want a whole host of things made, and they offer prizes for doll-dressing. Now, there will not be a "Graphic" doll-dressing competition this year, as I do not wish to clash in any way with the proposed bazaar and these competitions, so I think some of you might try and dress dolls for the bazaar. In order to help you with some ideas, I give pictures of some more fancy dresses. I am sure if you ask your parents or guardians they will like you to help. There will be stalls of every description, so you need not stick to doll-dressing, but send sewing or embroidery, or make photo frames, or any novelty whatever. If you live in the country you could make collections of ferns in boxes and pots, getting them thoroughly strong and well grown before the time of the bazaar.

In order to encourage "Graphic" cousins to assist, I am pleased to announce that the proprietors of the "Graphic" have decided to give a number of handsome prizes in addition to those offered by the bazaar committee. These will be for "Graphic" cousins only. They will be given not only for doll-dressing, but for sewing and several other objects. Full details will follow in a later issue of the paper.

Auntie's Mistake.

HOW TWO PEOPLE GOT PRESENTS WITH WHICH THEY WERE VERY DISAPPOINTED.

"Let me see, it's your birthday on Monday, isn't it, Jack?" Auntie Nell said, as she was starting, after spending the afternoon with them. "I'm going to send you a present that I'm sure you'll be delighted with—something that you've wanted ever so long."
 "Oh! I wonder what it is," Jack said. "There are so many things I want. I do hope Monday'll soon come."

On her way home Auntie Nell stopped to look in on old Betty Jacobs. Betty lived in one room, and was always grumbling.

"Well, and how are you to-day, Betty?"

"Law, there, miss, I be 'bout's had's I can be. What w' th' rheumatiz and th' coals bein' a' dear, an' one thing an' another, things is pretty bad. An' th' Lord only knows how long it'll be that I can keep out o' th' work'us."

help with your housekeeping," auntie said, after chatting to Betty, and cheering her up; for everything was always going wrong with Betty, as auntie knew.

Next day was Saturday, so in the morning she carefully wrote out two labels—one with Jack's address and the other with Betty's—put them in her pocket, and went off to do her shopping.

First she went to a shop outside which were cages, some containing cats, others dogs, and various other pets.

And there she chose the dearest little Irish terrier as her birthday present to Jack; and, handing the man one of the addressed labels, told him to be sure to send the dog to the address written thereon the first thing Monday morning.

Then she went on and ordered a good parcel of groceries to be sent to old Betty the same day.

Monday morning came, and Jack was up and watching for the postman long before he arrived, and he was a little disappointed when amongst his various parcels there was nothing from auntie. However, there was a postcard telling him her present would arrive some time during the morning, so he knew he would not have to wait very much longer.

About twelve o'clock a big van drew up at the door, and Jack waited in great excitement while Barker opened the door, and the man brought a parcel in.

"Yes, it's for you, Master Jack," Barker said, when she had signed the book and shut the door.

So the parcel was carried up to the dining-room, and Jack cut the string, mother looking on.

But, to his amazement, when the wrappings were opened, there was nothing to be seen but a lot of neatly-tied packages, and on opening one it proved to contain tea, while another was sugar, and another butter.

"It must be a mistake," mother said; but when they looked at the label it was addressed to Jack plainly enough, in auntie's writing, and they all felt very puzzled.

"Auntie is sure to be round some time this afternoon. We must ask her about it," mother said.

And almost the first question auntie asked when she did arrive was: "Well, Jack, did you like your present?"

Jack looked for a moment as though he didn't know what to say, then he burst out:

"No, auntie, I didn't like it at all. An' I think it's very unkind to send me things for mother's store-cup-board."

Then it was auntie's turn to look puzzled. "But I didn't; I sent you an Irish terrier because mother told me you'd wanted one for ever so long! Why, I believe I know what I've done. I must have changed the labels, and I expect Betty's got your present, and is as dissatisfied as you are."

She was, only more so; for Betty was feeling decidedly injured at the idea of auntie sending her a dog to eat her "out of house and home," as she said, and when they explained to her the mistake that had been made she was delighted to hand over the terrier to Jack.

So the groceries were sent to Betty, and Tim the terrier went home with Jack; and he is learning all sorts of tricks now, and growing into a very clever doggie.

Miss Pussy's Porridge.

Miss Pussy-cat did not like porridge. Her never could eat it, she said; she cried and she grumbled and was a mouse for her breakfast instead.

No, no! said her mother, the porridge will make you grow fat and so strong. A mouse you shall have when you've finished. Now, quibble it up, don't be long.

But spoonful by spoonful with patience, each one is one less to the last; no duty is better for waiting, begin, and the worst will be past.

Miss Pussy-cat ate up her porridge. It was not so bad as she thought, and now she will eat with a relish. The mouse that her mother has caught.

THROUGH FAIRYLAND IN A HANSON CAB.

By BENNETT W. MUSSON.

(FROM "ST. NICHOLAS.")

CHAPTER X.

GRETCHEN LEAVES FAIRYLAND.

The next day was Gretchen's last in fairyland. In the morning she went with Willie to call on the Transformer. They found him cleaning his bicycle.

"Do you know what a cyclometer is?" he asked.

"Yes," said Gretchen, "and I will send you a gold one. Had it not been for your card I should have failed."

"What question did they ask you?" Gretchen told him.

"That isn't a hard one. How do you lower this handle-bar?"

Gretchen showed him.

"Willie can't get through the tunnel."

"Of course not; he will have to be reduced again."

"I'm getting dizzy from being changed so much. You'll fix me up again when we get outside, won't you?" said the giant, anxiously.

The magician said that he had to stay at home that day, but he would remember to restore Willie in the afternoon, and promptly reduced him to a little watch-maker.

"Where is the Discontented Dozen?" asked Gretchen.

"Changed 'em into schoolteachers and sent 'em to the robbers."

Gretchen thanked the Transformer, said good-bye, and went to the castle. There she found the king, the queen, and the members of the court assembled in the garden.

"Any questions to-day?" asked the king.

"Why is it that you can afford to give me so many jewels, when the army is behind in its pay?" she said.

"They like to be behind. They can sign orders on the treasurer, and it's just like writing money. You won't mind if I ask you a question?"

"Not at all," Gretchen said politely.

"What do you think our principal faults are?" asked the king.

"In the first place," said Gretchen, "I think you are too positive. If I should inquire, 'What had I better eat?' you would probably reply, 'There is only answer to that—apple tarts.' It doesn't seem to occur to you that nearly always there can be several answers to the same question."

"That's a good point," said the king. "What's next?"

"You think too much. You are like a ship with a rudder twice as large as itself."

"I have some verses about that very subject!" cried the Poet, extracting them from his pocket, and he read the following:

"THE CRUEL FATE OF TOMMY FINK."

"There was a little gentleman whose name was Tommy Fink, Who was in trouble usually, because he wouldn't think.

When riding on his wheel he'd always look the other way, And on account of this there'd be large damages to pay.

A ladder fell upon his head, He was run over by a sled, A roof on which he jumped gave way,

And other troubles came, they say, Because he wouldn't think.

"His teacher said to him one day: 'Now, look you, Tommy Fink; Some day you'll die a sudden death unless you stop to think.

When you are playing on the street, why don't you use your eyes? When you're about to do a thing, consider if it's wise.

You'll find the exercise of brain Will save you from much needless pain;

So let your better judgment prove

The wisdom of each future move, And always stop to think."

"Once, strolling by the riverside, this little Tommy Fink

Discovered there a fallen tree that stretched from brink to brink.

At first he thought he'd cross the stream by walking on this tree,

But second thoughts convinced him that the bridge would safer be.

The while he exercised his mind A fierce old bull rushed up behind,

And tossed poor Tommy from the ground

Into the flood. He almost drowned Because he stopped to think!"

"That was simply a case of hard luck," said the king.

"You see," said Gretchen, "you shouldn't think too much or too little, but just the right amount at the right time."

She had heard her father say this, and he had used his brain to such advantage that he was a very successful wood-chopper.

"How is the Objector getting along in his new office?" she asked.

"He's sick abed," said the king. "A nurse is with him now."

"Dear me!" said Gretchen. "I must go to see him!" And arranging to meet the royal party at the railway station, she started for the Objector's house.

The nurse met her at the door, said her patient had arisen, and showed Gretchen into the library, where she found the Objector, clad in a dressing-gown, sitting in an easy-chair.

"Who sent that nurse here?" he de-



"I don't think I care much for this new office," he said."

manded fiercely. "I only got out of bed so that she would take the hint and go."

"What is the matter with you?" asked Gretchen.

"Palpitation of the heart," he answered. "It came on in this way. This morning, when I started out, I thought I would begin practising my new office. The first person I called on was an old friend of mine, a dentist who has a very bad disposition."

"Here," said I, "you want to be more cheerful!"

"No, I don't," said he. "I ought to be, but I don't want to be."

"I insisted, and he got angry, and the more I insisted the angrier he got, till finally he turned a stream of laughing-gas on me and gave me an attack of palpitation of the heart."

The Objector looked gloomily at one of his carpet slippers. "I don't think I care much for this new office," he said.

Gretchen had a long talk with him, and when she went away, taking the nurse with her, he was in a more cheerful mood.

She wished to exchange one of her diamonds for money in order to pay her bills, and Leonardo suggested that she go to a pawnbroker.

"This is a first-water diamond," said the pawnbroker when she offered him one. "I can't take it."

"Why not?" Gretchen asked.

"My customers always look for flaws and tints in them, and they would be disappointed if they didn't find any."

"Diamonds are rarer on earth than they are here," said Leonardo. "Why don't you let the captain of the guard pay your bills, as he offered to do, exchange your jewels on earth, and pay him back there?"

Leonardo, as I said before, was very shrewd, and would have been a millionaire had he lived anywhere but in a cave with a lot of gnomes. As it was, he owned the cave.

"I will let him pay the bills," said Gretchen, "but I will give him one of these four-carat diamonds in return. That will be a nice present."

"That's a good plan," said Leonardo, "but it isn't business."

They drove to the hotel, and when Gretchen said good-bye to the landlord she managed to slip the pearl check into his pocket without his knowing it. They said farewell to the little lambs, who breathed a loud sigh of relief as Snip disappeared.

At the station they found the royal party and many others waiting to say good-bye. Among them was the freshman in magic, who was now able to change a folding bed into a bale of hay. The chorus was there, too, and yelled "Hurrah!" because someone had told them to. Gretchen almost cried when she said good-bye to the cab-driver and the grasshopper. They were to have a special train, so it was not necessary to change Snip into a satchel again.

"Give this train an easy push," said the king, "as I wish to have an opportunity to see the scenery"; and away they went.

Gretchen was sitting next to the Poet. "How is your brother Fred getting along?" she asked.

"Not at all well," he replied. "Yesterday he went into a shoe-shop near our house, that is kept by a friend of the Objector, and asked if they had any low men's shoes, and the shoemaker nearly killed brother Fred for insisting that he kept such things."

"How unfortunate! Yours must be a very interesting family, though—all so literary."

"I don't know about that. My father was an author, but he was a most disagreeable man about the house. He lived when eating was in fashion in fairyland, and he never really forgave my mother for not liking the inside of breakfast rolls—he liked the crusts."

Presently the conductor came through the car.

"Have you had any tickets lately?" Gretchen asked.

"Yes—one; it was a half-rate, though."

At this moment the sounds of an angry discussion fell on their ears. Willie and the Promoter were having an argument as to whether enormous giants or small fairies had the better dispositions, and had almost come to blows.

"Oh, if I was a giant again I'd show you!" said Willie, doubling up his little fist. As if in answer to his wish he suddenly began to grow.

"What's the matter?" cried the king.

"I'm growing up again," said Willie, in a half-changed voice.

"Stop the train! Get off quickly!" yelled the king; and he was none too soon, for as Willie went out of the car he had to hold his head down to keep it from bumping the ceiling.

Fortunately, they were in a high part of the tunnel, that had a shaft to let in light, and the king yelled to Willie to stand under this, which he did, and instantly shot up so high that his body filled the shaft, while his legs and feet blocked the tunnel.

"I never saw such a fellow as that!" said the king, disgustedly. "He's always getting small when he ought to be big, and big when he ought to be small. Who is that running down the tunnel? Why, I believe that it's the Promoter! Come back; he won't hurt you. Willie's injured in so tight he can't move."

"I suppose the Transformer's watch must be fast," said Gretchen.

"I fixed it," groaned Willie.

"What shall we do?" asked the queen.

"Let us go back to the mines and get some dynamite," said the king.

"That will never do!" said Gretchen.

"Then we will bring some miners with picks, and they can pick him out," said the king.

So they walked back to a place where a number of houses were clustered around another shaft, which was very dark.

"This is a diamond mine," said the king. "The reason diamonds are so hard to get on earth is that they dig down for them; but here we dig up, which is much easier. I don't think we ought to take you in," he added.

"The idea!" Gretchen answered, indignantly. "I wouldn't go into your old mine now if you asked me to."

They didn't ask her, so she waited, and the king soon returned with a number of rough looking fairies, who carried pickaxes.

These fairies climbed up on Willie, clinging to his pockets and buttons, knocked off pieces of the rock with their picks, and soon made a hole through which he could get his arms. Resting his elbows on the upper earth Willie wriggled through the shaft, and the ground trembled as he hurried down the surface of the mountain.

"I'm glad he's gone," said the king. "He is a nice fellow, but too changeable."

The debris was cleared from the track. They entered the train, and soon arrived at the outer end of the tunnel.

Gretchen felt very glad when she saw the light of an all-day sun, and the fairies gazed with awe at the beautiful valley, which some of them had not seen for hundreds of years. One member of the party rushed rapturously among the trees, bushes and rocks, his body quivering with ecstasy as he sniffed at each object; this was Snip.

"What is that which passes the village so quickly?" asked the king. It was a car covered with flags and loaded with cheering people.

"There's no engine!" cried Gretchen. "They must be celebrating the opening of the electric railway, and that's the first car over the line."

"Electricity!" shrieked the fairies wildly.

"There's the Modern Spirit in front!" cried the queen. "Run! Run for your lives!" They all rushed into the cave.

Gretchen watched them until the last fairy disappeared.

Then she turned, and with Snip capering in front slowly descended the mountain.

Our Popular Little Prince.

Prince Edward of Wales, like all the Wales' children, has charming manners. A story, which illustrates his desire to please and consideration for others, is going the rounds, which, if it is not true, deserves to be.

It was the first time that the youthful Prince attended Divine Service at a children's afternoon service.

The nurse duly impressed upon him the solemnity of the occasion, and he behaved splendidly. But the novelty of the event did not lead him to forget his manners, and, as he left the church, he turned to the bowing verger, and said: "Thank you very much indeed for a most pleasant afternoon. I have so enjoyed myself!"

At Football.

One Saturday afternoon two chubby boys, hand in hand, presented themselves at the entrance to a football ground, handing a halfpenny for admission.

The man in the pay-box, however, with a twinkle in his eye, objected to the smallness of the sum, and asked for a penny at least, seeing there were two of them.

"But," confidently answered the boy who had handed in the coin, "we is twins, mister."

They were allowed to pass through without paying.

In a Lion's Grip.

A traveller who has lately returned from Africa thus describes an interview that he had with a lion, which seems to have been rather an unpleasant affair for him.

One morning (he says) I started off with some native beaters to see what I could do in the way of lion-hunting, and we had not gone far when I espied a superb beast with a glorious mane. I fired, and he ran farther into the scrub. Feeling sure that he

was wounded, I went to look for him.

After beating about in the jungle for some time, we came to a small clearing, and saw, fifty yards off, the lion in great anger, lashing his side with his tail. I dropped on one knee, aimed at the head, and fired. The brute, roaring awfully, bounded forward toward us, and my beaters ran off.

I fired again, and hit the beast, but without killing him, and in a moment we were face to face. I was then knocked over, and felt my

right leg squeezed as if in a vice. I tried to seize the brute by the throat, but was held too firmly by him, and the feeling that I was lost came home to me with terrible force.

Suddenly I felt the lion's grip relax, and, what seemed to me miraculous, he moved off a few feet, and stood looking in the direction in which my men fled.

"If he thinks me dead," I thought, "perhaps I may be saved."

While he stood thus, gazing through the bush, I was able to get hold of my rifle, and rapidly fired

just as he was turning round to finish me. By good chance I hit a vital spot, and the animal rolled over, dead.

My leg was in a fearful state, and so were my chest and shoulder; and for twenty days after the accident I was in the hospital, being treated for the bruises and laceration I had gained.

"Look, mother!" said Bobby, who hadn't been out after dark before. "The lamp jets are in blossom!"



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.



LITTLE BO PEEP.



LITTLE BOY BLUE.



QUICK WIT, THE JESTER.



FRENCH MAID.



DOCTOR BURCH.

SOME FANCY DRESS COSTUMES FOR CHILDREN. These may also be kept as hints for dressing dolls for the competition.

Under the Royal Patronage of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.



THE ONLY GOLD MEDALLIST, AUCKLAND EXHIBITIONS, 1897-98, 1898-99.

By Special Appointment Photographer to His Excellency the Earl of Rosbery.



THE NEW SEPIA PROCESS.

Bartlett

ART PHOTOGRAPHER,

TELEPHONE 991. QUEEN ST., AUCKLAND



Photo by W. H. Bartlett

"SO TIRED."

Queen St., Auckland.

THE NEW SEPIA PROCESS.

Bartlett

ART PHOTOGRAPHER,

TELEPHONE 991. QUEEN ST., AUCKLAND

AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

Marriage and Dress.

M. Edgar de Ghelin, a Belgian writer, in a recent article in the "Revue Generale," declares that American women are a ruin to business in their own land and a menace to industrial and commercial Europe. He writes: "In America, women are now practising several professions which in former times were practised solely by men," and he gives the following statistics showing that the United States contained—

| | In 1870. | In 1890. |
|------------------------------------|----------|----------|
| Actresses | 965 | 3,919 |
| Women architects | 1 | 22 |
| Women painters and sculptors | 412 | 10,810 |
| Women authors | 159 | 7,725 |
| Women preachers | 66 | 1,235 |
| Women scientists | 24 | 337 |
| Women engineers | 0 | 127 |
| Women journalists | 35 | 338 |
| Women legislators | 5 | 208 |
| Women doctors and surgeons | 414 | 4,875 |
| Women officeholders | 527 | 4,555 |
| Women bookkeepers | 9 | 27,777 |

He asserts: "The education of young American girls is designed to excite in them all possible ambition. Even in their childhood they are taught to be independent, and later they go to a school where they are taught together with boys, and then to a university where they learn Greek, algebra, mechanics and the sciences. In fact, they are taught everything except how to become good housewives and mothers." This latter assertion is unpalatable to us, but we are obliged to admit that it is not wholly barren of truth. Commenting on these figures, a contributor to a recent number of the "Arena" writes: "So far as girls in employment displace men, they decrease their chances of marriage; so far as they increase the love of dress, they make the prudent young man afraid of matrimony. The manager of any large department store will tell you that when these girls marry they make, as a rule, a big 'splurge' at the wedding—and it is not many months before the majority return, seeking employment. They find themselves unable to gratify their love of dress and to maintain a home on the average man's earnings.

Here then is a potent reason why young men are not in a hurry to wed, and why so many do not rush into matrimony even when they are earning respectable wages—being aware that the tenure of employment, except in rare instances and where the labour is especially skilled, is very uncertain. They see no chance of saving for a "rainy day" with a wife who as a girl became imbued with the love of dress. They have female "consins"—not to speak of "nearer ones"—and female acquaintances, single and married. They hear their conversation and their repetition of their friends' gossip; and this is the sort of thing they listen to: "I can't visit Miss Brown and her friends the way I dress. I should like to go to Mrs. Smith's, but I haven't anything fit to wear." "I can't go calling in this same old dress." (It is not shabby and it is not worn, but it has been perhaps in frequent use.) "I don't see how that girl dresses on her income." (An innuendo that likewise has not escaped the thoughts of the young man.) "I am ashamed to be seen again in this costume," etc., etc.,—with the young married women as particular as the single girls.

Certainly no one wants a girl to dress shabbily or dowdily if it can be avoided; and with the quantities and varieties of dress goods to be had nowadays it is possible to dress neatly at a modest cost, especially if a girl has any taste and will learn to be handy with the needle—an accomplishment that the vast majority of girls could acquire if they would make an effort. But when it comes to wanting a new dress for every occasion; when it comes to darding a costume, not because it is tattered or worn out, but because it has been in use over a given time; when it comes to striving

to dress as if one possessed an independent income to be used solely for dressing and as if dress were the main object of life (and, by the way, it is only the parvenu and the muss, ignorant of servant girls who make displays of themselves upon all occasions); when a large majority of women think of little else than dress (frequently, as the observant young man has found out, procured at the expense of landlord, grocer, and butcher, which is decidedly not honest)—it is an altogether different story, which at least suggests why the modern young man is holding aloof from matrimony. He is not telling the girls the reason, but his male friends know it. He admires the girls—he likes to take them out in a splendid costume, which draws forth complimentary remarks and at-

tention—but he is not asking them to marry him.

The Zither.

The readers of this paper frequently write asking for advice as to the selection of a musical instrument which will be effective, and at the same time neither too expensive to purchase, nor too difficult to learn; therefore, a few words respecting the merits of the zither may possibly be of use to some of the many girls who, though musically inclined, are rather weary of the pianoforte, and fear to venture on that most exacting instrument, the violin. To such, the usual alternatives appear to be the banjo, guitar or mandolin; although neither of these is at all a satisfactory substitute. The banjo has so many vul-

gar associations, and, even when well played, it amounts to so little that, I fancy, its present popularity as a drawing-room accessory will be but short-lived. Both the guitar and the mandolin are so thin and insignificant in tone that a solo upon either is but a poor affair. With the exception of the pianoforte, there is, to my mind, no more acceptable instrument for the home circle than the harp; but then there arises the unfortunate question of expense, and non-musical fathers have even been known to demur at being asked to spend £200 on a harp when, in their eyes, the household piano is capable of supplying all the music any orthodox daughter could possibly desire. A good harp costs as much as a grand piano, and a low-priced harp is always dear in the end. Under these circumstances, the zither is well



THE ABOVE IS A SKETCH OF THE GOWN WORN BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AT THE CORONATION

The Queen's Coronation gown was made entirely of gold tissue especially manufactured in Lyons. The underdress was veiled with white tulle embroidered in gold. Long loose sleeves hung almost to the hem of the skirt. The bodice, also of embroidered tulle, was draped to a point, and had neither belt nor sash. A long red velvet mantle, which was entirely made in England, fell from the shoulders and formed the train.

The twelve Ladies-in-Waiting were dressed in white satin covered with white tulle, embroidered in gold, paste and paillettes. The train falling from the shoulders was made of gold tissue with a woven design of roses and ruchings of embroidered tulle and bunches of gold ribbon.

worth consideration. The improvements that have been made of late in its mechanism place it on a very different level to the mandolin, banjo, etc.; while it is comparatively as inexpensive that many patronise it who would seriously hesitate before indulging in a harp. Its sweet, fairy-like tones are eminently suited to small rooms, though it is surprising how far they will carry in a concert hall. Another great recommendation is the portability of the zither, which can be carried as conveniently as a violin.

The zither is of very ancient origin. It is said to have been played in China 2700 B.C.; and was known in India as far back as 2400 B.C. Egyptians, Greeks and Romans all cultivated it assiduously. One authority considers it far more probable that Nero zithered, than that he performed a violin solo while Rome was in flames, as competitions in zither-playing were always included in the great festivals he held every five years. Like all else in this progressive world, the change the zither has undergone since those days is considerable. In the early part of this century it was the favourite instrument of the Bavarian and Tyrolean peasants. They used it to accompany their folk-songs and their country dances, or ländler; indeed, on every festive or social occasion it was called into active service. It would probably have remained much longer in the semi-obscurity of the alpine heights had it not been for the enthusiasm of Johann Petzmayer, the son of a Viennese innkeeper, who, though self-taught, managed to produce such beautiful effects from his instrument (which must have been very meagre, when compared with those made in the present day), that his fame soon spread beyond his father's customers, and eventually he was patronised by the whole of fashionable Vienna. In 1833 Petzmayer made a tour through Germany, thus widely increasing his circle of admirers. Other players soon appeared before the public, and the question naturally arose as to whether the size and general construction of the instrument could not be materially improved upon. More strings were added, and these were arranged systematically; but perhaps the most important alterations were in connection with the shape of the resonance box, and the mode of fastening the strings. Herr Curt Schulz, a native of Dresden, carefully investigated the matter from a scientific, as well as from an artistic, point of view; his labours resulting in the "Arion" or "Schulz" zither, which has the most powerful tone, and is the nearest to perfection of any yet produced. This has thirty-six strings, and a compass of six octaves. In 1850 Herr Schulz came to England, and introduced the zither into this country, where it has become especially popular among the upper classes. The Princess of Wales was so fascinated with it, when hearing one of her ladies playing, that she immediately informed Herr Schulz of her wish to become his pupil, and she is now an accomplished performer. The Empress of Austria, the Emperor of Brazil, Princess Marguerite of Orleans, and Duke Maximilian of Bavaria are likewise admirable zitherists. A story is told of the Duke Maximilian, who was fond of taking long mountain excursions with his secretary, his zither always accompanying him on his rambles. On one occasion they sat in an hotel at Kissingen, and the Duke began to play. They soon attracted a large crowd of listeners, and at the close of the impromptu recital, signified, in the usual manner, their willingness to accept any donation, however small. It was not until after the collection had been taken, and the Duke had added his own purse to the "hat," which he requested should be devoted to the poor, that the hotel-keeper realised who the travelling musician was.

To Lighten the Housework.
Some housekeepers have the faculty of getting through an immense amount of work every week. The largest washing is done with an ease that is surprising, her house is kept clean and neat even when there are several little folks to look after. There are other women that are just as strong and healthy, and who seem to work just as hard, yet they do not accomplish half as much. One reason of their failure is lack of system and management. A general plan for the week's work is a great help, although there are times when the unexpected happens, and it is impossible to carry the programme out. The house may be put in order Monday, preparations made to reduce the work of cooking the meals the next day, the dirty clothes sorted, and the white ones put in water to soak. Wash Tuesday and iron Wednesday. As the garments are ironed, notice those that need mending, and lay them in a pile by themselves ready for mending when you have the opportunity. The sewing may be done Thursday, sweeping and washing windows Friday, mopping and preparing the Sunday dinner Saturday.

A good soap for cleaning woodwork and washing clothes is a great labour-saver, and is easily prepared. Shave three or four bars of good hard soap fine, put it in a kettle and cover with boiling water. When the soap has melted, add 4lb of powder-

ed borax and stir it enough to mix thoroughly. Take it from the fire and stir in half a cupful of coal oil; heat the water and pour enough of the soap jelly in it to make a strong suds, and wash the clothes in it. There is nothing better for cleansing garments than borax, and it does not injure them as lye, ammonia and soda do.

Avail yourself of the labour-saving devices which save so much time. A good washing machine, rubber wringer, a self-wringing mop, carpet-sweeper, carpet-stretcher, raiser-seeder, meat-chopper, and dozens of others that might be mentioned, are well worth all the cost to any busy housewife.

Smart Women's Nasty Pets.

Society women always seem to be starting some new fad, and the latest thing in pets is apparently a viper of some sort.

Lady Constance Mackenzie, the sister and heiress of Lady Cromarty, carries about with her a small snake, which she feeds on fish and other delicacies, while Mrs Arthur Cadogan, the sister-in-law of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, has made a pet of a python. She feeds it with live rats, and varies its menu with an occasional frog. Mrs Cadogan's python is nine feet long. Though it dislikes strangers, it is devoted to its mistress and will even get on her bed to be near her.

Hygiene of the Eyes.

There are very few women nowadays who resort to the injurious practice of dropping belladonna into the eyes to brighten them. It is absolutely ruinous to the sight and gives the eyes an artificial look, as unbecoming as that produced by a hard, dark line under the lower lashes.

The paint used to darken the under eyelids if often made up of injurious substances, which in time make the flesh around the eyes old and wrinkled.

Good digestion is the best aid to beautiful eyes, for a disordered stomach shows itself in the yellowish whites of the eyes.

Bathe the eyes the last thing before retiring and the first thing in the morning. Use warm water. If the eyes are tired bathing them in milk, cold tea, or weak salt or warm milk rests them. Simply bathe the outer skin, with eyes closed. A soft linen cloth, which is used for no other purpose, is the best for bathing the eyes.

There is a prevalent belief that a daily cold water bath of the eyes—opening and shutting the eyes under the water—is beneficial, and tends to strengthen the eyes. It may render the eyes somewhat more resistant to external influences, such as cold, but it can in no way affect the sight itself.

Close the eyes, once in every two or three hours, for five or ten minutes at a time. Always close the eyes when you have nothing to do. So long as they are open they are to a certain extent at work. If the eyes are not rested now and then they will look colourless, listless and expressionless. One ought never to let the eyes get tired. When they do bathe them with warm water and go to bed.

MOIR'S KIPPER PASTE.

In Tins about 2 ozs. and 4 ozs.

Manufacturers:
JOHN MOIR & SON, LIMITED,
LONDON ABERDEEN & SEVILLE.
Head Office:—9 & 10, Gt. Tower Street, London E.C.

Purveyors by Special Appointment to His Majesty the King.

I CURE FITS

I do not ask you to spend money to test whether my remedy does or does not cure Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, etc. All I ask of you is to SEND for a FREE Bottle and to try it. I abide by the result. A safe remedy—approved by the Medical Profession.

E. G. ROOT, 28, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.

Dales' GOLD MEDAL Dubbin

makes BOOTS and SHOES waterproof as a duck's back, and soft as velvet. Adds three times to the wear of leather. Pleasant odour. Always polish with blacking. 22 Exhibition Highest Awards for superior quality. Black or Brown colour. Sold by Boot Stores, Saddlers, Ironmongers, etc. Manufacture—Dulwich, London (Eng.)

THE HIGH-CLASS WASHING MATERIAL

'Viyella'

DOES NOT SHRINK.

For Men's Day Shirts, Night Shirts, Pyjamas, &c.

For Ladies' Shirts, Blouses, Nightdresses, &c.

For Children's Frocks, &c.

'Viyella' is a luxury for DAY and NIGHT WEAR. Does not irritate the skin. To be obtained from the leading Drapers.

CURES COUGH.

Cured my son of a dreadful Cough. Mrs. J. J. O'Connell, Dublin, Fernagh.

GIVES REST & SLEEP.

HAYMAN'S BALSAM of Horehound

Safe and Pleasant for Children.

NOTHING LIKE IT FOR A COLD.

STOPS COLD.

THE LADIES' COLLEGE, REMUERA,

FOR GIRLS OF ALL AGES.

The beautiful and extensive property known as Cleveland House Half Term commences March 28th.



This first-class Private School provides modern high-class Education and moral training on Christian but unsectarian principles. Home-life is combined with the culture and disciplinary influences of School, under maternal supervision and with selected companionship. Full Staff of Resident and Visiting Professors and Governesses—English and Foreign.

Prospectuses on application of Messrs Upton & Co., or Principal, MRS. E. A. MOORE-JONES, M.R.C.P., M.M., C.M.I., R.K.

Teaching Obedience.

On the subject of teaching children to obey, Dr. Grace Peckham Murray says in the "Delineator":—

It is of paramount importance to establish the habit of obedience in the earliest years of life. Children understand the meaning and relation of things at a much earlier age than most parents believe. The indulgent mother will exclaim against any training for the child, saying: "The little thing is too tiny; wait until by-and-by." It is necessary to impress upon the child the fact that the parent is the ultimate authority and that he is under guidance and rule. As soon as the child can begin to reason he should see that this rule is wise and beneficent. Not that it is a mere display of arbitrary power, but that it is based upon that which will promote his best welfare and interests. The problem of securing obedience is more than half solved if the parents have obtained the firm conviction of the child that they are wonderful beings, whose judgment and guidance are infallible, that there can be no possibility of any mistake or pettiness in the directing which they exercise.

The corner stone of this ideal attitude is based upon the conduct of the parents of the child, who become the embodiment of justice, righteousness and inflexibility. Such are not always summoning the child before the bar for the insignificant transgressions which the child commits through ignorance or a mistaken notion of things, but impress the child with the grandeur and dignity of

obedience and the necessity of it as the fundamental law of a human being living with others. In doing this the child has a primer lesson in citizenship, and thus is learning the alphabet which in after life will help him to spell, and then to read and write in that which belongs to the science of man living with man.

A child should be obedient, therefore, because he loves and venerates his parents to such an extent that it is a delight for him to respond to their slightest request. This is, however, rarely the case. By reasoning and persuasion many children yield an obedience to the suggestions which are given to them. The child may also imitate the examples shown him by those he sees around him. It is easier for the younger children to obey, when they see their older brothers and sisters doing so. When obedience must be compulsory parents obtain it in two ways, either by rewards or punishment. A child will not respect the parents who bribe him to do that which he should do because of the innate righteousness and justice of the request. If possible, and seldom it is not possible, he should see that his own best interests are served by yielding a compliance, not because mother will give him some candy, or will take him to some place of interest, or give him money. It is very likely that such a course will give speedy result, but it is not developing the child's obedience and character along the proper channels. One may plead that this system may be followed with very young children, who may not understand sufficiently the relation of things to act on higher planes of thought; but the truth which I repeat is that children know and understand matters much earlier and

much more clearly than the majority of parents believe.

More can be accomplished in obtaining the requisite obedience from a child by such methods than by the infliction of punishment. A writer on "The Mind of Animals" says that all authorities agree that kindness invariably produces better results in training animals than any other method. Pain burns an impression into the brain of the child. He may never forget the lesson that has been taught by chastisement, but with it are associated the smart of shame and disgrace, which will accompany the thoughts of it long into after life.

I will not deny that there are some children who must be made to smart before they will feel that it is right and proper for them to obey. Many who are in a position to know say that there is nothing so efficacious as a remedy as the birch rod, even if administered in homoeopathic doses, but such measures must become necessary only because of the early neglect of enforcing obedience or are due to the imitation of the examples set by others.

With "One Talent"

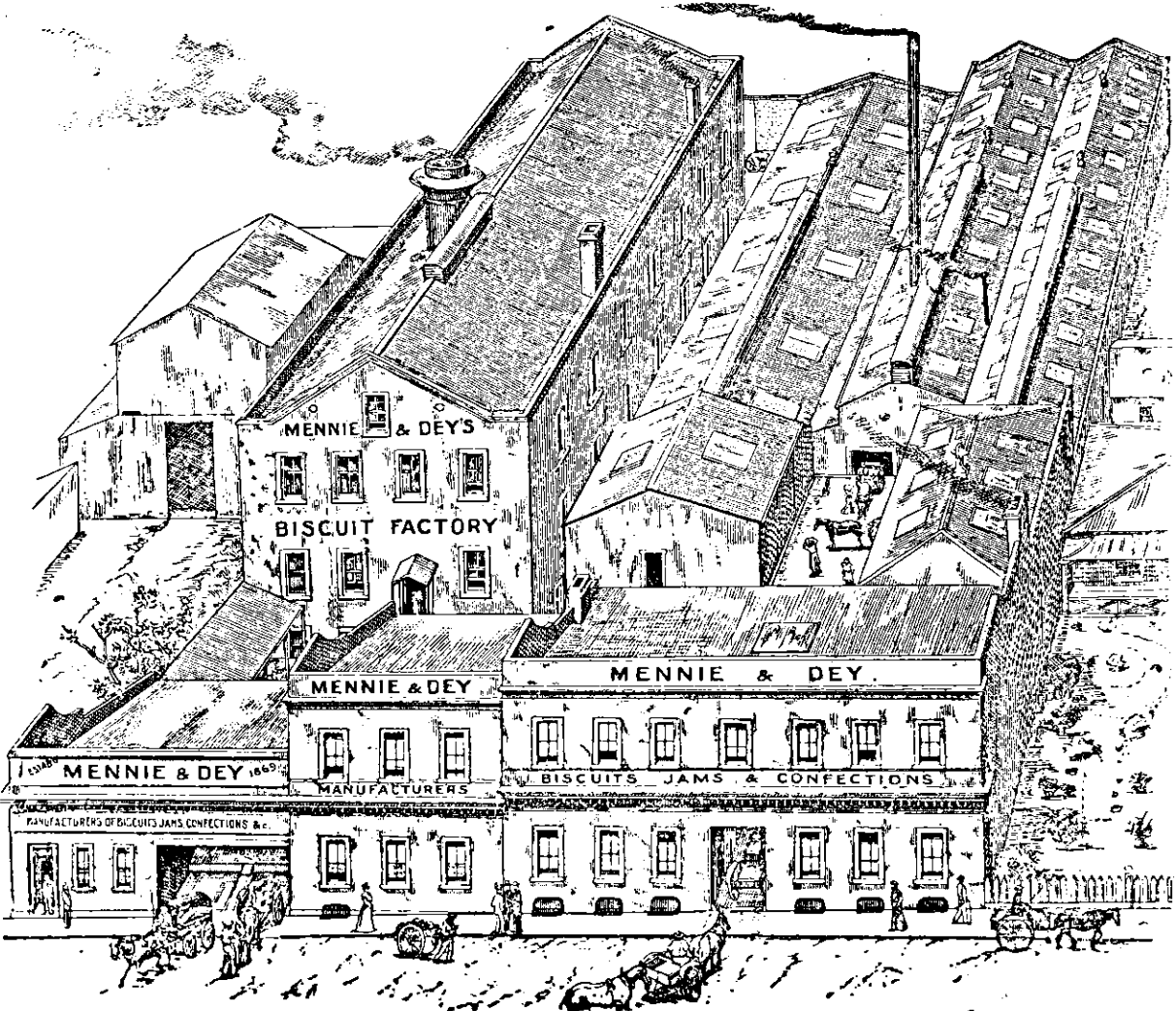
Unlike the example cited in Holy Writ, there are some people who contrive to make more out of the "one talent" in the way of position, looks or fortune that has been vouchsafed to them than those who have the "ten talents." To make what is called the best out of one's self or one's circumstances is a most enviable quality. In most cases such ability is inborn, and develops itself naturally, but it can also be cultivated, if an individual possesses certain characteristics. Self-

confidence is the greatest essential, but this must be tempered by a keen perception, or it will become boastful, a quality that is fatal to success; or obviously pushing, which is a predisposition that generally defeats its own end. A certain amount of the latter, however, is in a way necessary, as the world does not go out of its path to discover *rara avae*, and is besides somewhat shortsighted, so that people must be brought under its nose, as it were, either through their own energy or the praise of others, to discover their merits. An admixture of tact, therefore, is a most necessary accompaniment; while last, but not least, ambition and good management should also be added as prime factors. With qualities such as these, an income of a few thousands per annum may keep up as creditable an establishment as one double the amount. A woman who happens to find the social door ajar can boldly enter in. Good looks will score as much as beauty, and no care or expense bestowed upon the house, beautiful clothes, entertainments, etc., will be lost. The woman who can do these things—and there are many such—would prove a veritable helpmeet to the ambitious man, who in this country especially is often greatly handicapped matrimonially, as fitness and ability are about the last things a man considers in choosing a wife.

Is Marriage a failure, or no?
To answer is nobody's place,
Only time and experience will show
In each individual case.
What's worse than a very bad cold?
Nothing, we feel pretty sure—
The best thing to take we are told
Is WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT
CURE.

Gold Medal Biscuits,
Best Value in the Market.

Gold Medal Jams,
Best all comers for Quality.



Gold Medal Confections, largest variety, best quality.
Gold Medal Conserves
Peels. Only Makers Cupid Whispers in the Colony.

A Smart Appearance.

"I always make a point of wearing my best clothes whenever I go out anywhere," remarked a pretty and very popular woman. "People are so apt to say it is not worth while to put on a smart gown for such and such a function, etc.! Now, I find it is always worth while. If you look dowdy there is invariably somebody to say now dreadfully you have gone off; and if you are well turned out it is much more apt to be commented upon than at a place where everyone is equally well dressed; besides, the unexpected is always the most likely to happen, and the feeling of reward on being ready for an emergency is most gratifying."

"The clever girl," says a modern writer on such topics, "is never taken at a disadvantage." An obvious fact, but, oddly enough, one that is seldom realised or practised. "But this involves so much labour and expense," says an impecunious maiden, who makes perforce many of her own frocks, and who is obliged to be economical about laundry work. Not necessarily. A brown Holland apron will always protect a nice-looking gown from harm, and it has the becomingness of fitness in itself. A certain young woman who has a taste for carpentry, and handles her tools with the ability of an expert, never looks prettier than in her workman's apron of blue ticking, with its deep pockets for her nails and tools, while her sleeves and cuffs are protected by muslin gathered into an elastic top and bottom. No danger of this young person being taken at a disadvantage!

"Talking of wearing one's best clothes," continued the first speaker, "I know a mother and daughter who get several gowns apiece from the best ateliers in Paris every year, but never wear them regularly until the season comes round again, the consequence being, although they spend

more than most of us upon their clothes, they always look old-fashioned. 'No, my dear, I often hear the mother say to the daughter, 'do not put on the new P., it is too good for such an occasion; I should think your old blue velvet that X. made you last winter would be quite dressy enough.' So it would, but if the girl had a better, why not wear it and get the credit of it!'"

The Health at Sixty.

Rules of hygiene and dietetics applicable in health may be excepted by structural and functional disorders. This brief article is for the man and woman of sixty in whom no grave departure from health is made evident. I select this age because it is, under the unwholesome environment of modern civilisation, the very border line of decaying vitality. They who tend to adipose have become shapeless. They who lose flesh have reached a condition of emaciation. It is the time of bald heads, and dehumanised figures; the time when the revelation of the mirror is accepted, and progressive impairment is regarded as inevitable.

How to retain the vigour of youth, and how to regain it when lost, are problems that have in every century of historic time enthralled the world's best minds. Working with the few poor facts of an undeveloped chemistry, and with the plentiful fictions of that rank growth, "occultism," men have given up the reality in seeking the shadow, the elixir of youth.

Yet have these labours not been in vain, for by them facts have evolved from facts, giving birth in the ultimate to that wide circle of sciences dealing with all the laws of man's physical being, and conveniently, but erroneously, generalised as "medical."

Now we have attained to the cer-

tainly that such an elixir of youth is impossible. We have learnt that man's decay is governed by such complex laws that no one force or chemical compound could arrest it.

Although the problem once before the mediaeval dreamer has shown itself many times more difficult than he deemed it to be, this revelation of complexity has brought the desired end within a reach measurable if distant. We no longer seek one thing, but many things. We seek the best ways of acting on each bodily function, that by ensuring its perfection we may secure the perfection of that totality of functions termed physical life.

Were this subject to be considered exhaustively I should have to pen a substantial volume. But those who feel interested in the study may be assisted in collating facts by the following summary of the conditions to be sought:

Functional activity of the heart, liver, kidneys, spleen, intestines, and other parts essential to vitality; elasticity of the arteries; undilated character of the veins; perviousness of the capillaries; suppleness of the joints; reduction of undue stoutness;

increase of flesh, when there is attenuation; development and maintenance of muscular strength; compactness of figure; firmness of facial contour; removal of wrinkles; promotion of hair growth and colour; retention of mental vigour, and the vigour of the physical senses.

Actress and Tobacconist.

Mlle. Jane May, the popular French actress, is one of the very few women who combine art and business. She evidently does not regard the theatrical profession alone as a certain enough source of income, for some time ago she opened a tobacconist's shop in one of the fashionable streets of Paris. Needless to say, Mlle. May's shop is patronised by her very numerous admirers and at once became popular.

This is by no means the only instance of an actress starting a shop. One or two prominent American actresses are owners of millinery establishments, and some time ago one set up as a theatrical costumier and scored a decided success.

A BEAUTIFUL FABRIC.

THE

'Louis' Velveteen.

NOTE WELL!—Each Yard of Genuine "LOUIS" Velveteen bears the name (spelled L-O-U-I-S and in no other way) and is stamped with a guarantee of wear.

THE EASIEST CHAIR IN THE WORLD.

The Masterpiece
of a
Skilled Upholsterer.



An exquisite combination of
Comfort and Elegance designed
to give simultaneous rest to all
parts of the human frame.

EXTRACT FROM "AUCKLAND STAR," NOVEMBER 19th, 1901.

"An armchair, which for ease and comfort may fairly be said to surpass anything of its kind, has been put in the market by Messrs. Smith & 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."

TO BE OBTAINED ONLY FROM

SMITH & CAUGHY, Ltd.,

COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, AUCKLAND.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

(By MARGUERITE.)

TEA-GOWNS.

In the long lace coat, or the picturesque short one, which is worn with the Empire evening frock, and the tea-gown de luxe, the tall, thin girl of immature charms looks her very best. They, one and all, accentuate the poetry and elegance which are so charming in youth, and at the same time hide the little imperfections and angles which time alone can cure. Of course, as in everything else, we have been somewhat sickened by the hopeless imitations of the amateur in the way of tea-

gowns. Let me tell you that the picture frock, in its seeming simplicity, is very difficult to manipulate with any measure of success. Like the picture hat, in its simplicity lies its charm, while its lines are studied and cut by a master hand; every fold has meaning, and so this garment of innate cunning and subtlety can never be the work of the amateur.

A NEGLIGEE IS ECONOMICAL.

The possession of a negligee is something that should be coveted by every woman. Few there be who do not own a loose robe of some sort,

if not more than the old fashioned wrapper, but this is not enough, for there should be the carefully planned, highly artistic negligee; and there may well be two or three.

The negligee, besides being so very becoming—and who can afford to slight such a consideration as this—is really an economical investment. It saves one's handsome and more expensive gowns and preserves them for the occasions for which they were intended.

A woman of much taste in dress confided to a friend that she could wear a tailored suit three times as

long as her neighbours. "The minute I come into the house I take it off," said she, "and never for an hour do I sit down with it on. In its place, fresh from my best dresser, all scented and beautifully trimmed with lace, I take a negligee—an elegant little affair it is—and with this on I feel that I can face the world until it is time to dress for dinner."

The life of a handsome little house gown, or negligee, is practically unlimited, for it can be worn again and again, then laundered and worn again, until there is not a rag of it left.



A New Spring Wrap.

TUBBING YOUR GOWNS.

Have you ever tried the experiment of tubbing, actually tubbing, your nice room gowns. Do try it, even though they be not recognised as wash goods.

Get your druggist to recommend a soap, read carefully the directions upon it and plunge in. When you have dried your gown it will look wofully crumpled to you, but if you will begin with an iron you will be surprised to see how the wrinkles will disappear and freshness come forth. There are very narrow little irons for this purpose, and one can penetrate ribbon loops and lacy flounces with this implement. You will be agreeably surprised to find how many of your goods are washable.

© © ©



Here is a design for a really smart and pretty dressing-gown, in which one could breakfast if you desired to do so. I think cashmere is as useful and pretty a fabric as one could have. The gown is made long and

loose, held in at the waist with a white washing silk sash, which passes under, not over, the turn-back rever. This rever is continued over the shoulders in the form of a very wide round collar, which, with the hanging angel sleeves, is edged with swansdown.



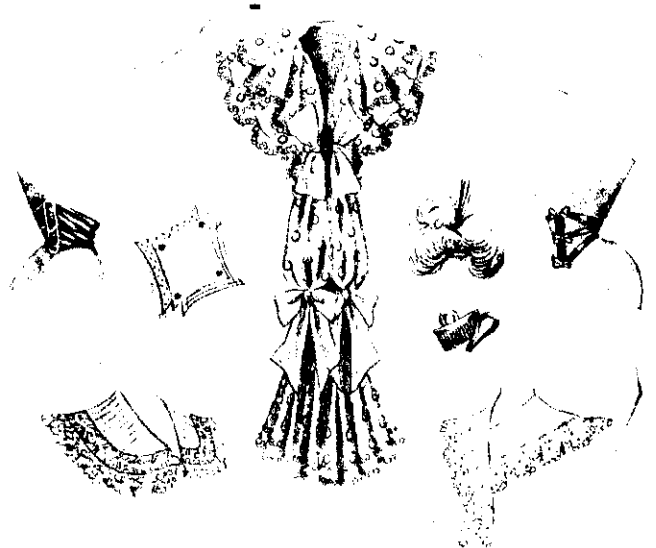
I am giving you a smart but useful design of a costume to wear in the house during the next few months. The cloth skirt is very long all round, and finished with a deep tucked flounce. The jacket is of accordion-pleated black soft silk, falling loosely from a small lace bertha with a tucked vest and fichu of silk or chiffon, the latter falling in long, cascade ends down the front. The sleeves are accordion-pleated, fuller below the elbow than above, and finished with frills falling over the hands. The best style of tea-gown is that cut a l'Empire, and tea-jackets of the same period are nice.



SIMPLE INDOOR GOWN IN PINK PANNE CLOTH.



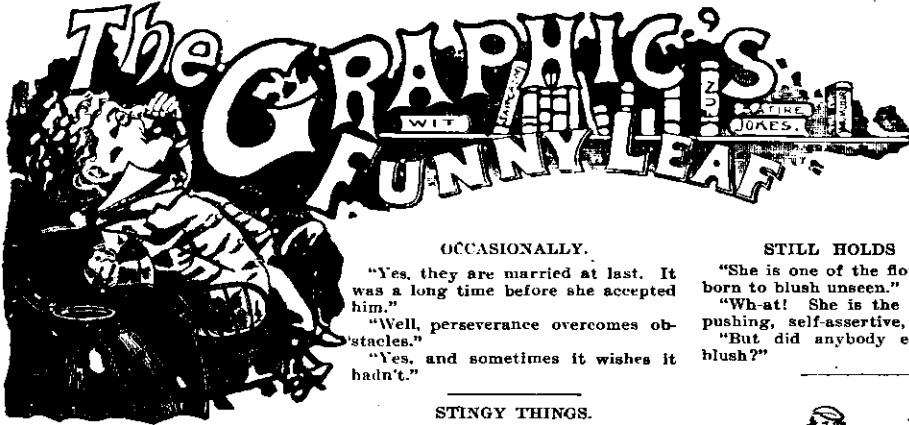
Mrs Lycett Green, Mrs Ely, The Lady Mayoress, Miss Fairfax. DRESSES WORN AT A RECEPTION BY THE LORD MAYOR AND LADY MAYORESS OF YORK.



SOME SPRING TRIFLES.



TWO NOVEL SPRING WRAPS.



THE POORLY-PAID CLERK.
 "You'd make a pretty good clerk," said the employer, sarcastically, "if you only had a little more common sense."
 "Indeed!" replied the clerk. "But did it ever occur to you that if I had a little more common sense I wouldn't be a clerk at all?"

A DELICATE PROBLEM.
 "Do you think Chol's manner is natural or affected?"
 "Well, I try to think the best of everybody—so I don't know which to think."

HER DEAR FRIEND.
 "They asked me to their reception," said the girl with the two-story pompadour, "but it wasn't because they like me. It was because I can sing."
 "Oh, I'm sure you're mistaken," said the other girl, impulsively.

THE HUGLIEST CHAP IN ENGLAND.
 The parson-father of a certain Bishop was, like several other members of the same family, quite prodigiously ugly. One day, as he sat in an omnibus, he was annoyed by the persistent staring of a man, who presently unburdened himself as follows: "You're a parson, ain't you?" "Well, yes; that is so." "Look 'ere, parson; would you mind comin' 'ome with me to see my wife?" Imagining the wife was sick and needing assistance, the clergyman, at great inconvenience to himself, went with the man. On arriving at the house the man shouted to his wife to come downstairs, and, pointing to the astonished parson, said, with a grin of delight: "Look 'e 'ere, Sairry. Yer said this mornin' as I wur the hugliest chap in England. Now, just yer look at this bloke!"



WHY SHOULD HE CARE?
 She: I'm afraid, Harry, you only want to marry me because uncle has left me a lot of money.
 He (earnestly): Why, Rosie, how can you think that of me? Your uncle is nothing to me. I would marry you no matter who had left you the money!

OCCASIONALLY.
 "Yes, they are married at last. It was a long time before she accepted him."
 "Well, perseverance overcomes obstacles."
 "Yes, and sometimes it wishes it hadn't."

STINGY THINGS.
 Waiter: Very sorry, ma'am, but we can't allow that dog at the breakfast table!
 Lady: What an idea! Why, he eats scarcely anything!

A GOOD DOG.
 As Spintext one day, in a mansion of prayer, Was declaiming a sermon he'd stolen from Blair, A large mastiff dog began barking aloud.
 "Turn him out," cried the preacher, enraged, to the crowd.
 "And why?" answered one: "In my humble belief, He's an excellent dog, for he barks at a thief."

ANYTHING BUT THAT.
 Mother—Now, Clarence, don't make a noise. I'm going to sing.
 Clarence—Oh, mother, don't! I'll be quiet.



DEEP RESPECT.
 "You must have the greatest respect for your parents," said the benevolent stranger.
 "I have," answered the boy. "Why, either one of them can whip me with one hand."

UNLUCKY.
 First Roundsman—Casey, thot new polaceman is alvus erround whin thare is any trouble.
 Second Roundsman—Faith, he's on-lucky!

NO TRUST.
 Little Girl—Mother says, sir, will you trust her with some groceries till Saturday night?
 Grocer—Tell your mother I don't even trust my own feelings.

DISSUADED.
 "And the colonel did not horsewhip you, after all?"
 "The colonel," replied the editor, "came back to lick, and remained to liquor."

GETTING THINGS STRAIGHT.
 He had proposed.
 "Before giving you my reply," she said, "let us have a distinct understanding. If I am to consider this seriously I will have to say 'No,' but if it is only a summer resort engagement I shall be pleased to accept you for the time being."
 He: If I should—er—ask you to marry me—
 She: You'd make the thirteenth.

STILL HOLDS TRUE.
 "She is one of the flowers that are born to blush unseen."
 "Wh-ah! She is the boldest, most pushing, self-assertive, immodest—"
 "But did anybody ever see her blush?"



Gentleman (indignantly)—When I bought this dog you said he was splendid for rats. Why, he won't touch them.
 Dog Dealer—Well, ain't that splendid for rats?

ALMOST AUTOMATIC.
 He—Blinks has a perfect mania for condensing everything. Did you hear how he proposed?
 She—No.
 He—He held up an engagement ring and said "Eh?" and she just nodded.

THE WRONG MEDIUM.
 Milly—Oh, dear, I shall never be an artist. I draw fairly well, but I can't paint a little bit.
 Billy—Better become an actress. It's the other way about with many of them.

CAUGHT HIM OUT.
 "Is old Swills, the politician, as successful as ever?"
 "Guess not. He is out of a job."
 "How did that happen?"
 "They caught him in one."

BETTER CONSULT AN AURIST.
 She—Tell your mother I'm so sorry I haven't been to see her lately, but the distance is so great and the weather has been so bad I haven't dared venture.
 He: That's all right. Don't mention it. She'd be very sorry if you had.

ANIMAL FOOD.
 "Well, John," replied the doctor, "there is nothing radically wrong with you; you are simply run down. Go into the country, take early morning walks, and eat plenty of animal food. Come and see me again in a week's time."
 John turned up again at the end of the week—worse instead of better.
 "Did you get plenty of walking?" asked the doctor.
 "Yes, sir."
 "And plenty of animal food?"
 "Well, sir," replied John gloomily. "I managed pretty well with the oats, and did a bit in the way of split beans, but the chopped hay! No, sir, no more animal food for me. It's off, dead off!"

THEY WERE.
 Muggins: See how attentive he is to her. I don't believe they are husband and wife.
 Ruggins: Oh, yes, they are. She has a husband, and he has a wife.

TOO GREEN FOR THAT.
 She: Do you think she's a grass widow?
 He: She seems pretty green.

DIDN'T WANT TO DIE THAT WAY.
 "Before we were married he wanted to die for me. Now he won't even eat my cooking."

REASSURING.
 Prospective Tenant (who has been shown over empty cottage by the caretaker): Yes, it's a nice little place, but—h'm—there's rather a bad smell about it. Do you think the drains are all right?
 Guileless Caretaker: Can't be the drain, sir. There ain't none!

BROKE, BROKER, BROKEN.
 "My father is a broker," said one little girl. "What's yours?"
 "He's one of the people who get broke," answered the other.

NO CAUSE FOR JOY.
 "Poor man!" said the inquisitive old lady. "I expect you'll be glad when your time is up, won't you?"
 "No, ma'am, not partiklerly," replied the prisoner. "I'm in fur life."

AT THE PLAY.
 "Were there any pretty dresses in the play?"
 "Oh, yes! The poor deserted wife, who had to take in sewing for a living, suffered agonies in a lovely white silk gown, with chiffon ruffles, and a dream of a pearl-coloured plush opera cloak lined with white fur."

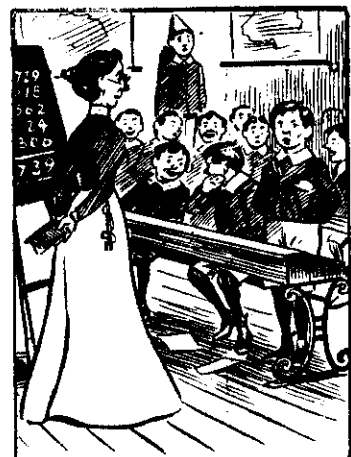
THE POINT.
 Penelope: Merrey! Why did Mabel ever marry that young Shinkins? He's such a poor excuse of a man!
 Ann: Well, a poor excuse is better than none.

DEBATES.
 "Do you ever have any quarrels in your woman's club?"
 "Oh, no; we call them 'debates.'"

A PROOF.
 Clara: It's a thrilling story, isn't it?
 Maud: One of the most thrilling I ever read. I couldn't skip more than half of it.

EXPENSIVE.
 Wife: I've done nothing but practise economy ever since we were married.
 Husband: And I've had to pay for it.

MISSED THE FUN.
 "And do they never quarrel?" asked the girl in white.
 "Never," replied the girl 'a blue.
 "Then, what's the use of being engaged?"



WHERE ELSE?
 Teacher: Now, Francis Hall, can you tell me where the treaty of peace was signed?
 Francis: Please, ma'am, at the bottom.