

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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A Sop to Cerebus.

HON. J. G. WARD: "Yes, yes, let 'em have it. I'll keep them off till we get through to the next stage."

People Talked About

An Old Pioneer.

Captain W. J. Barry is certainly one of the most striking figures among us. He is now in his 84th year, 74 years of which he has spent in these colonies. Arriving in Sydney in 1829, when the past century was but a babe in the hands of Father Time, he was one of the founders of Melbourne in 1835, and of Port Hesington, New South Wales, in 1839. He was in Auckland in 1837, when Queen-street was a fern-clad gully and not a white man's dwelling was to be seen. The personal experiences of such a man cannot fail to be interesting, and we



CAPTAIN W. J. BARRY.

are looking forward to the publication of the captain's book, now in the press, which embodies the history of his seventy odd years in the colonies. The work will be divided into three parts, the first being autobiographical, the second a historical retrospect of the early years of the colonies, and the third a collection of portraits and biographies of prominent colonists.

Back in England.

It was announced the other day by cable from London that the Duke and Duchess of Orleans had arrived in the British metropolis, the King having intimated that the door of England has been re-opened to



DUKE OF ORLEANS.

them. The duke, Prince Louis Philippe, is the head of the house of Orleans, and probably the chief claimant to the throne of France. He is the eldest son of the late Comte de

Paris, and was born in 1869. In 1890 he entered Paris, notwithstanding



DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

the Expulsion Act of 1886, and claimed his rights as a Frenchman to undertake military service for his country. He was arrested, but shortly afterwards liberated. After the death of his father he received his supporters in London, and then removed to Brussels, as being nearer France. His marriage to the Archduchess Maria Dorothea of Austria was celebrated at Vienna, November 5, 1896. It was alleged that some of his followers were implicated in the conspiracies against the Republic in 1899.

One in a Hundred.

The Ameer of Afghanistan married five wives the other day, but the Emperor of China, a widower, has had



PRINCE LOUIS BONAPARTE.

A Royal Romance.

Love romances in Royal circles have been rather common of late, and now comes the story of another. According to advices from Budapesth, the Grand Duchess Helena, daughter of the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia, recently eloped with a student at one of the Russian Univer-

sities, notwithstanding the fact that she was unofficially betrothed to Prince Louis Bonaparte, who holds the rank of general in the army of the Czar. The story goes that the young Grand Duchess was devotedly attached to the student, but cared nothing for Prince Louis, and feeling it hopeless—as it doubtless was—to obtain her parents' consent to a mar-

Chairman of the War Commission.

Great interest attaches to the selection of Lord Elgin as the chairman of the War Commission. The object of the Commission is "to inquire into the supply of men, munitions of war, equipment and trans-



LORD ELGIN.

port in connection with the South African War, and into the military

operations up to the occupation of Pretoria." Lord Elgin is a Canadian by birth, being born at Monkland, near Montreal, fifty-three years ago. He is the son of the eighth earl and his second wife, the fourth daughter of the first Earl of Durham. It is noteworthy that his ancestors played an important part in the history of the Empire, for his grandfather, the seventh earl, was the well-known Ambassador to Turkey, who collected the Elgin marbles, whilst his father was an eminent Viceroy of India, and Vice-Plenipotentiary to China.

An Agricultural Expert.

King Lewanika of Barotseland, who spent the first week of his visit to England amid the peaceful surroundings of a Dorsetshire village, displayed keen interest in British methods of agriculture. Once his royal gaze fell upon a reaping machine, and conversation upon other topics had to be suspended until the true inwardness of the contrivance had been explained. Then, as somewhat of a wheat-raiser himself, His Majesty said, "Well, that's the limit," or words to that effect, in the Barotse language. Nothing impressed the great chief more deeply than the exceeding fatness and power of our huge draught horses. After the leaner creatures of his own land the noble Clydesdale moved him to frequent expressions of surprise and admiration.

Composer of "Ben Bolt" Dead.

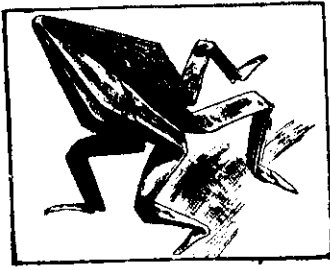
The death is announced in New York of Mr Thomas Dunn English, the composer of the well-known song "Ben Bolt." Mr English had at different times practised law, journalism, and medicine. Mr English was born in Philadelphia in 1819. In addition to the popular ballad "Ben Bolt" he wrote the "Book of Battle Lyrics" and several novels.



THE GRAND DUCHESS HELENA VLADIMIR.

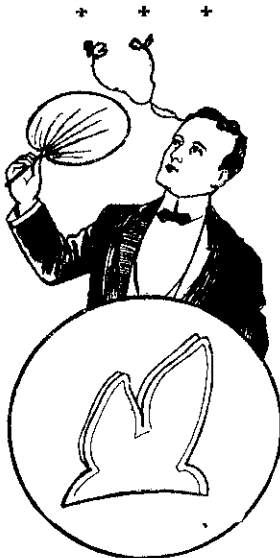
sities, notwithstanding the fact that she was unofficially betrothed to Prince Louis Bonaparte, who holds the rank of general in the army of the Czar. The story goes that the young Grand Duchess was devotedly attached to the student, but cared nothing for Prince Louis, and feeling it hopeless—as it doubtless was—to obtain her parents' consent to a mar-

riage with the humble lover, resolved on the desperate course of running away. The young couple got as far as Varsovy, but were there arrested. The young lady was taken back to her home, and the young man, who is said to be a member of one of the revolutionary committees at his university, is reported to have been sent to Siberia.



Japanese Paper Frog.

Cut a piece of paper in the shape of a perfect square (figure 1 of explanatory design). Fold the paper along the diagonals a-a, turn it around, and fold along the lines b-b. When this is done, figure 2 can easily be made. Fold the ends b and a as shown in figure 3. You will now have a series of eight small wings around o-a as axle. Fold the paper at point a and fold it carefully in such way that you get two new regular points as shown in figure 4. After going through the same operation with all the eight wings of the folded paper, you will get figure 5. Fold each wing of the paper again, the point S toward the centre axle (figure 6) and take care that you get the folds at point a correct as possible. To finish the frog (figure 7), unfold two of the upper points (a) and bend them to form the front legs; while you fold the two lower points (a) to form the hind legs. The left side of figure 7 shows the points not yet folded, while the right side gives the shape of the finished legs.



The Butterflies.

Two butterflies cut out of tissue paper fly about as if alive, set in motion by a fan. They light on the fan, play in the air, descend on a flower—in short, imitate real butterflies to perfection. All that is needed to make such butterflies is coloured tissue paper and a pair of scissors. Fold the paper and cut the shapes of the butterflies as shown in the circle of our illustration. Fasten the butterflies to a long hair with the help of a diminutive piece of wax. Tie this hair to another which is fastened to your head, likewise with wax (as shown in illustration). Throw the butterflies in the air with the left hand and move your fan underneath them to keep them in the air. It is amusing to have a bunch of artificial flowers on which the butterflies can alight, only to fly away.



Disappearing Coin.

The performer takes a large coin, marks it before the eyes of the audience, covers it with a handkerchief, and asks somebody to hold coin and handkerchief over a glass filled with water (figure 1). Stepping back a few paces, he asks the person holding glass and coin to let the coin drop into the glass. Then he removes the handkerchief and—the coin cannot be found in the glass. The performer claims that the coin must be in somebody's pocket, etc., and stepping up to someone pulls it out of its hiding place and shows it to the audience.

To perform this trick, provide yourself with a round piece of glass (fig-

ure 2 and 3a), and a piece of thin rubber band, on one end of which a hook made of a pin is fastened, while on the other one a small piece of wax is stuck. The rubber band is fastened by the hook to the lining of the sleeve. After the coin has been returned to the performer—having been marked and given to the audience for inspection—the wax is pressed to the coin so that it will disappear under the cuff as soon as the rubber band is let go. Instead of the coin, the piece of glass the size of the coin is covered with the handkerchief and given to one of the audience, together with the glass filled with water. When the order to drop the coin in the water is given, the piece of glass, being transparent, will not be seen in the water, and the coin will have disappeared.

To find the coin in somebody's pocket is easy. The performer pulls it out of the cuff while everybody is looking at the glass of water, puts it from the wax with the index finger, and is now ready to make it appear wherever he wishes.

+ * *

Dry Water.

A ring or coin is thrown into a basin filled with water; the performer announces that he will take them



out of the water without wetting his hand.

Solution: Get some lycopodium powder and strew it over the surface of the water. The hand when being immersed will have to go through the layer of powder. The powder clinging to the hand forms a sort of water-tight cover. As the powder is invisible at some distance, the performer can show his hand without fear of detection.



HERE IS A PICTURE PUZZLE IN WHICH YOU WILL FIND SEVERAL OLD FRIENDS. YOU MAY TELL WHO THEY ARE BY READING THE VERSE IN THE PICTURE.

Round the World on a Motor Car.

The illustration which we give on this page depicts the start of the adventurous automobilists, who last month set out from Hyde Park Corner on the attempt to go round the world on a motor car. Dr. E. E. Leh-wess is the head of the expedition, and he is accompanied by Mr Max Ud-dell, Mr H. Morgan-Browne, an Eng-lish barrister and journalist, and one or two others. After crossing the English Channel, the travellers pro-ceeded to Paris and from there to Brus-sels, Berlin, Warsaw, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Omsk, Irkutsk, and then hope to reach either Pekin or Vlad-i-vostock. From the Pacific Coast they will proceed to Japan and then to San Francisco, Mexico, Chicago, and New York. The final stage will be from Liverpool to London. The car cost about £3000, and weighs about three tons when fully loaded.

One Point of View.

"Considering the work they do," commented the citizen, "the police are poorly paid." "And yet," replied the old lish, "in considering the rate of pay we must also consider the expenses. Now, a policeman doesn't have to buy either cigars or drinks if he has the right kind of heat." From the "Chicago Post."

Gamblers' Cups of Gold.

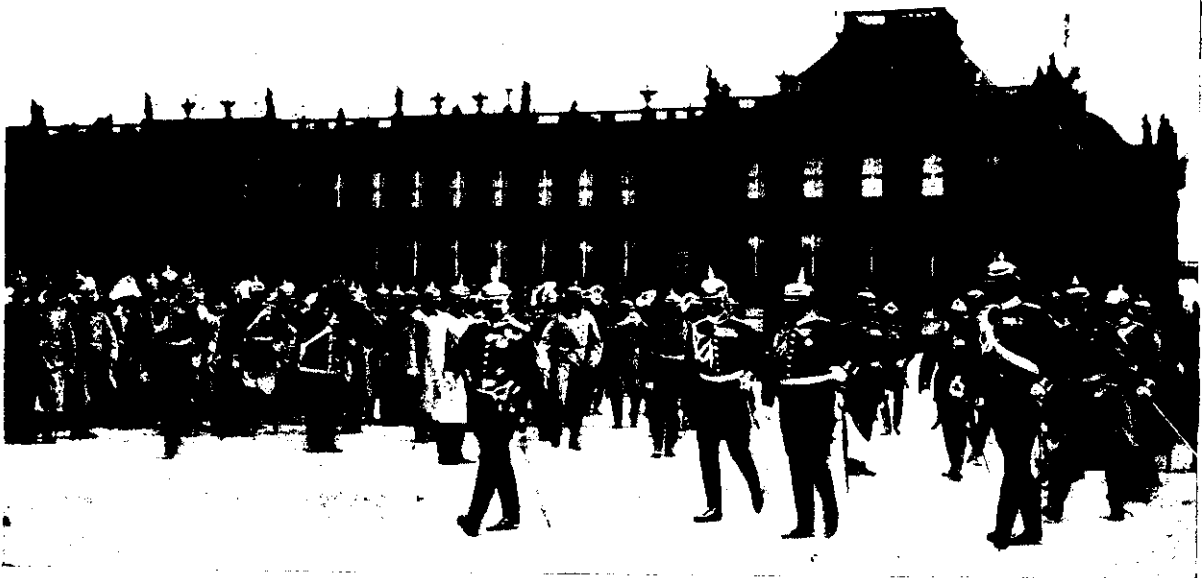
Paying off his crew at Southampton the other day, the captain of a trans-port, which had made two voyages to the Cape, received a shock. A coal trimmer came forward to receive the £13 10/ due to him. He looked at

the money, then pushed it back through the bars, with the remark, "You can keep that, captain, to buy your wife and kids new hats with. On these two voyages I've made £2500." How he had made this pile many a poor Tommy could tell. It is a com-mon thing for professional gamblers to ship as deck hands or coal trim-

mers, and they find the soldier quite willing to while away time with a "butter." "Gambling goes on night and day on the troop decks," said a captain, "and I have frequently seen cups filled with sovereigns. The men are under their own officers, and we have no power to stop them gambling."



ROUND THE WORLD ON A MOTOR CAR: LEAVING HYDE PARK.



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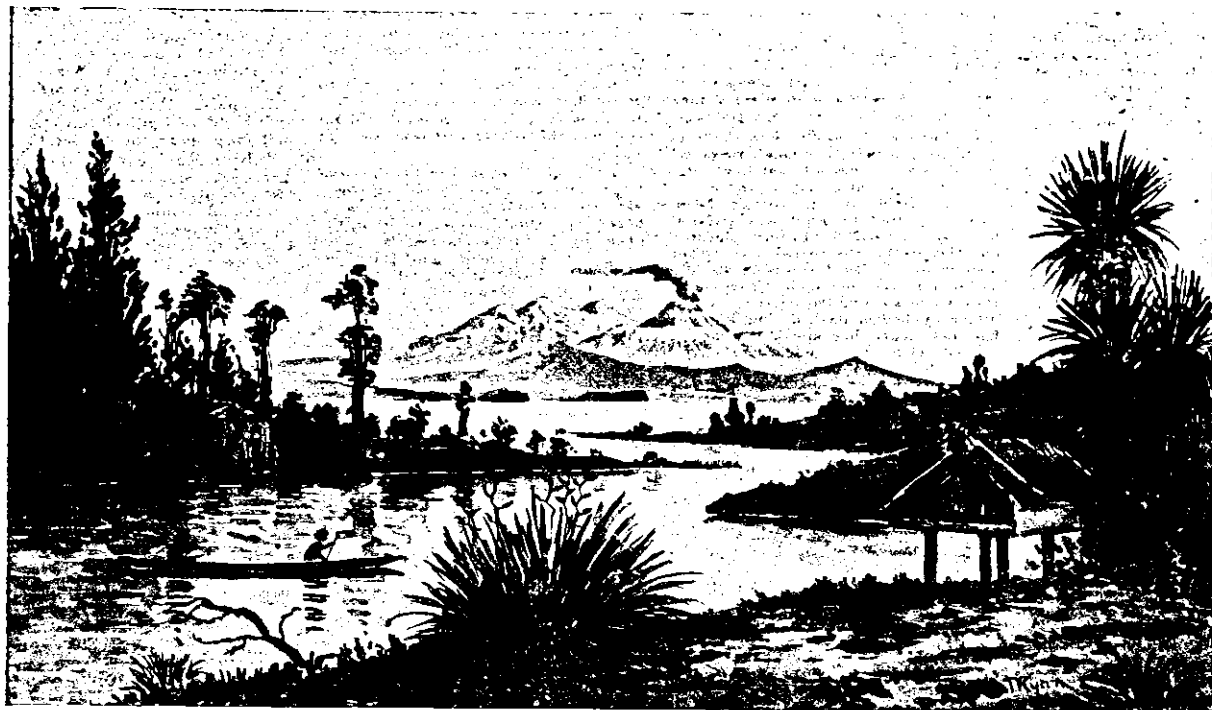
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New Zealand New Zealand



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THE YELLOW TERRACE, WAIOTAPU.

IN THE VAGUE.

I.

I am a disappointed woman. It is best to mention this before I begin my story, so as to disarm any obvious criticism. I will try to write as an onlooker only, which in one sense I was, or perhaps I should say as an eavesdropper.

My husband, Godfrey Lacy, had died just two years ago. He had been the heir to one of the most beautiful places I had ever seen. Lacy Court is for ever lost to me as a home by his death. Had I had a child I should have spoken; having none where was the use? As Godfrey and I, and children after us could never be the owners of Lacy Court, it does not matter much who it belongs to, only my heart is sore sometimes when I think of the kind old Colonel Lacy, and how fond he was of my husband and of me, and of the beautiful old house. He was nearing sixty, when, according to my opinion, he did the one foolish deed of his life, in marrying Diane D'Etardes, a girl of two and twenty; half French, half Irish, altogether beautiful, he wrote, altogether charming. He wrote apologetically, wistfully, deprecating the disappointment he knew we both must feel. Godfrey, his nephew, had always been his heir, and we had been married fifteen years. I sometimes think had we had children Colonel Lacy would not have married. At least I thought so, till I saw Diane. We had been more or less living abroad for the last two years in the fond hope of saving or prolonging Godfrey's life. We had always been happy together. Childless people are sometimes more to each other than those whose hearts are divided amongst children. The last years of my husband's life we saw nothing of Colonel Lacy and his wife. I had been for two years a widow, and Diane four years a wife, when Colonel Lacy wrote to me (as he had written constantly during my widowhood), imploring me to come and stay at Lacy Court.

"You must come and be comforted, dearest Venetia, in your lonely sorrow. Diane is prepared to welcome you as a sister. To me you have always been as a very dear daughter; conquer your natural aversion to coming back to a house where you were so happy with our dear Godfrey. Come, dear, come; I want you and my wife to be friends."

How could I resist such pleading? I had shrunk from all society, had been living with a sister, sad and widowed like myself, in a remote corner of Wales. I had grown calm and even peaceful in her company, and with many books, much needlework, and a passion for flowers. But my sister persuaded me to go to Lacy Court. "After all, he has always been very fond of you," she said, "and you might find an interest in Diane."

"Diane has no children." I considered, as I drove late that evening up the familiar approach. "Ah! if I had had a child, how different my position here would have been from what it will be now."

I was received with most affectionate welcome by Colonel Lacy, kissing me and leading me by the hand through the hall, into the great library, where fifteen years ago he had welcomed me with my husband. Then I had been a lady of consequence, the heir's wife. Now, I was nobody, worse than nobody—a disappointed, heart-broken woman; not a poor relation exactly, no one could call me that. And I saw Diane's beautiful, narrow eyes open and widen as they fell on me. I suppose, in her young pride, she had expected to see a crushed-looking middle-aged woman. I am very little over thirty, and sorrow has not crushed or aged the beauty Godfrey was proud of to the last. Diane came up to me with

a sort of gliding—grace, her manner was sweetly, gently cold, or coldly sweet. As we stood together for a moment by the fire dear old Colonel Lacy's eyes lit up with pleasure at seeing us together, but Diane's face never relaxed from its cold severity.

There was no doubt that she was exquisitely pretty; her small rose-leaf tinted face set proudly on her long, delicate neck, dark hair curling closely like a little boy's all over her head, except where one knot was twisted high up like an old French picture; and the pretty lips curled, too, rather disdainfully, with infrequent smiles; as for her eyes, one seldom saw them, they were so long, so narrow, hidden under eyelashes dark as her hair. I had not heard her speak yet, and I waited with some curiosity. And when she spoke her voice was soft, slow, and monotonous. I could not understand why the French and Irish blood had mingled so gravely in her, but I saw what her charm might be, even while I unhesitatingly disliked and mistrusted her. Colonel Lacy called to the young man who was busy at the tea-table bringing me my tea: "This, Venetia, is a cousin you have not yet seen—Lucian. We are all Lacys here. You and Lucian ought to be friends."

Why I don't know, as, unless Diane had a child, Lucian held the same position my Godfrey had held.

Lucian was a very good-looking man—boy I almost said, but I heard afterwards he was over thirty; he was fair, and there was something in

his kind eyes which reminded me of Godfrey fifteen years ago. I liked him as instinctively as I disliked the beautiful Diane.

"Diane, I think Venetia will like to go to her room, and rest," Colonel Lacy said, and ungracious still in manner, she offered to take me upstairs.

"I thought," he said in his deprecatingly gentle way, speaking very low, so that Diane should not overhear, "you would prefer to be in the other wing of the house, the west wing." Remembering how I had always had rooms in the south wing with Godfrey, I thanked him for his thoughtfulness. My room was large and comfortable, a great fire burned in the basket grate. While retaining the beautiful old furniture, there were a few modern comforts in the way of a great soft sofa, silken cushions, and an armchair close to the fire.

"Yes," said Diane, "Arthur was anxious you should have this room, as we have just done it up—at least he has."

"Don't you love the house?" I said.

Her lip curled, her nearest approach to a smile. "Love it, oh no, it is so dull and gloomy. I take no interest in these sort of old places. You forget I am French. One ought to be thoroughly English to appreciate these traditional places."

I looked at her with some contempt. "Why," I said, "every nook and corner of the house is interesting. My

husband and I used to delight in it. We loved it."

"Did you ever explore this wing?" she asked.

"This part of the house was practically unfurnished in those days," I answered; "we thought it a pity as this side gets all the afternoon sun."

Diane left me with some abruptness, if anything so serpentine could be abrupt. I dressed myself leisurely, piling my hair, which is golden and I may say beautiful, on the top of my head; tying black chiffon round my slender waist, and, in spite of my sorrow, unable to resist some pride in the whiteness of my neck against the square-cut black velvet of my dress.

"Diane shall not be the only beauty," I said, as I pinned in some violets and swept down the oak stairs.

Only Lucian was in the library. There was something particularly attractive to me in this young man's looks and manner, which had something of a sweetness about it, as of a mother's favourite; therefore, I could only ascribe Diane's excessive coldness to him as jealousy of her husband's heir. I am observant and not stupid, but it would have taken a cleverer woman to understand Diane.

Dinner went off with the usual dullness of a party where all are related by law, and none by sympathy. I found my spirits unaccountably depressed, in spite of Lucian's charm, and could not respond with my wonted readiness to his assiduities. He hung over the piano when I played Chopin and Wagner afterwards, with all his heart in his eyes. At last, chilled by Diane's evident want of appreciation of my music, I got up from the piano. He pushed a low armchair close up to the fire and sitting closely by me, devoted himself to me without a glance to the end of the great room, where, by another fire, Diane half lay on a chaise-louche, silent and beautiful.

Colonel Lacy sat reading the papers, Diane lazily stroked her tiny Blenheim's ear, as it lay on her lap. Now and again I heard her give a little impatient sigh and look at the clock. The evening ended not too soon for me, for in spite of Lucian and Colonel Lacy's welcome, I felt that Diane had taken a dislike to me. I was glad when we all said good-night, and I went my way to the west wing. Lucian went as far as my passage, and said laughingly, "My room is just up those steps close by, so if you hear any ghosts in the night mind you call me to fight them, Mrs Lacy."

"Call me Mrs Godfrey," I said gently. "I am not Mrs Lacy now."

"You must not forget we are cousins, Mrs Godfrey," he said just pressing my hand as he said good night, with a touch which might be the prelude to a friendship if I was willing. Even now I can never be as hard on Lucian as I ought to be. I went to bed and slept. It was midnight when I woke, and was glad to remember that my maid was in the dressing-room just across the passage, for I felt lonely, a little nervous, remembering Lucian's joke (a bad joke I thought it) about ghosts. My room was dark and very cold; it was a stormy night, and the curtain was blowing into the room with a tire-some flapping noise. I lit my candle, and got up to shut the window, shivering, and wishing Diane's housekeeper had put more blankets on my bed. The great embroidered quilt was folded up and put on the sofa. My room had two doors, the second was a cupboard in the wall, where my maid told me, she had put my fur cloak. On opening the door what was my surprise at seeing a little ray of light shining at the end of the cupboard, which appeared to go a long way back into the wall, to be rather more a little passage than a wall. My terror was so great and unreasoning that I shut the door and locked it, and hurried back to bed. My clock struck two; it had a deep-toned strike like a church bell, and to my ear it sounded like a knell.

Next morning I took a lighted candle with me and investigated the cupboard. I found a tiny door in the end, up two steps and locked. I could not remember ever having been



Lucian hung over the piano when I played.

in the room before in my many visits to Lacy Court. Diane had said at dinner that Colonel Lacy had had two or three rooms done up in this wing while they had been abroad in the spring. She had also said he had wished her to choose that wing of the house for their especial use, but she had preferred the outlook over the park and the view of the distant hills. She had said that she considered the western side too shut in with trees and hedges, and was already bored by gardens. "People have gone mad over gardens in England. I think it is one of their new crazes."

I must say that hers must have been a most discontented mind to object to that lovely view of Dutch gardens below my windows. I remembered

had hurried to the opposite seat. He flushed and looked annoyed and discontented. Altogether my harmless speech completely upset the harmony of the breakfast table. As we were leaving the room Colonel Lacy came up to me, and gently touched my shoulder.

"Forgive me, dear, for speaking so abruptly to you; the truth is that Diane is so very highly strung, and has such an intense horror of the supernatural, that I always dislike any allusion to ghosts before her. I believe, poor child, she got some fright from a stupid servant in her childhood."

"I said nothing, but thought to myself, "Fright is not temper, and it was temper I saw on her face."

Diane came slowly down the stone steps to meet us. Her beauty was enough to charm anyone who only cared for looks. As for me, no woman has ever so thoroughly repelled me, before or since. I thought, but it may have been fancy, I caught a look pass from her inscrutable eyes to Lucian's, and that their frankness was momentarily clouded. To my surprise her cold manner had changed to something more gently friendly. She even smiled at me, as she asked me if I had found the west wing haunted, as I had alluded to ghosts at breakfast.

"I never saw Arthur so cross before, but he is so absurdly anxious about my nerves, one would imagine I was on the verge of brain fever."

Lucian"; her lips had again their scornful curl.

"I like Lucian," I said; "he is pleasant and good-looking."

"Don't you think he is very shallow and superficial?"

"I really have not been long enough here to judge, and when people are pleasant I am never critical."

She gave me one of her odd side-long glances, and withdrew her arm from mine, ostensibly to gather up the train of her long white gown. She was very prettily dressed, and in a way to accentuate the serpentine type of her beauty, a silver snake coiled round the slight waist.

I was very anxious to investigate the mystery of the little door at the back of my cupboard, but my distrust of Diane was great, and I preferred to wait till I knew her to be safely out of the house for some hours.

That day passed without adventure. That evening was a repetition of the one before, except that Diane asked me to play, and even condescended to admire my music, languidly, afterwards. It was a fine warm night, very different from the last. I mentioned how the wind had blown the curtain out into my room, and how I had got up to shut my window.

"I suppose," said Diane, quietly, "that was when you felt nervous about ghosts?"

"Perhaps it was," I answered, "but I knew it was foolish, for, after all, Lucian's room is near, and my maid's, and neither of them have heard or seen anything."

That night I looked into my cupboard without a fear of ghosts, but no light was to be seen. So bold had I grown, that I felt for the keyhole to see if it had been filled up, but it was open. I pushed a hairpin through to be sure. My hairpin fell and dropped on the other side.

Next morning we were all more amiable at breakfast. Diane came in late, she looked wan and tired, and her silence was not sullen.

She asked me at last if I would drive with her that morning, but my plans being prepared, I said I had one of my bad headaches coming on, and thought I would be down quietly in my room till luncheon, when, if not better, I should go to bed.

"Take Lucian," Colonel Lacy said indulgently, "he has not seen half our pretty neighbourhood yet." By which I understood that Lucian was still a comparative stranger to his future home. But Diane might have a child.

I looked at her attentively as she walked up and down the terrace afterwards with Colonel Lacy. There was a languor in her steps, and I wondered if, after all—but Diane was not a woman to rush into confidence to a stranger.

At last alone! All the headache apparatus on evidence, before Diane's dutiful visit to my room enu de Cologne, smelling salts, a darkened room, and an eider-down quilt, which she had sent to cover my feet. At last alone, I got up as soon as I heard the pony-cart drive off, and locked my door.

I never felt so well in my life, and positively trembling with excitement, set to work fitting the door and wardrobe keys, and my own box keys, into that tiny, dark keyhole.

It was a long time before I succeeded in finding a key to fit, and then, after covering it with cold cream, the traditional oil of sensational stories being unattainable in this case, the door flew open, and I fell down several steps into a small, light room, twisted my ankle, and writhing on the floor in pain, but so ostentatious with surprise that I heroically put the pain aside, to be attended to later.

Still sitting on the floor, I gazed round me at the small light, room.



Sitting on the floor I gazed round at the room.

my many hours there with Godfrey in my young days, early morning strolls with the dew on the close-cut grass, and the little red tiled walks; or in the evening, when the nightingales sang, and the air was sweet with the smell of early summer flowers. Poor Godfrey! poor me! A thought came to me, which I put hastily away, but it could not be quite stifled, and as I looked into my looking-glass before going downstairs, I was glad I was still so fair to look upon.

CHAPTER II.

At breakfast I said to Lucian, "I wish you had not made me so nervous about ghosts last night."

Diane looked up quickly! Colonel Lacy said, "What nonsense! Ghosts. Who ever heard of ghosts here? I am sure I have known the house long enough to have got over such nonsense."

He was frowning, and looked thoroughly displeased. Diane sullenly furious, and Lucian uncomfortable. He was sitting opposite the windows, and I, with feminine presence of mind,

Later in the morning, Lucian, who was strolling by my side on the terrace, said, with some embarrassment of manner:

"Why did you allude to my speech about ghosts, Mrs Godfrey? Did you hear anything last night?"

"No, I heard nothing," I answered with reserve. "And, as Uncle Arthur said, I ought to have got over any fear of ghosts in this house by now; but I have never slept in this wing before. Indeed, the rooms were only half-furnished in my day."

Lucian immediately relapsed into his sympathetic manner.

"It is hard for you," he murmured, "It is almost impertinent to express my sympathy, but will you, will you take the will for the deed and believe you have all my sympathy?"

I looked at the beautiful Elizabethan house, at the park, the terraced garden, and sighed. "Anyhow, it is nice of you to express sympathy for my—bereavement," I said, but even in myself I hardly knew which bereavement. "I could have been happy here," I said, "and was happy with Godfrey."

She slipped her arm into mine, as we walked together—I felt as if a serpent had glided in. And yet the arm was soft and warm and white, and the little hand, how white it was! and how her diamond rings sparkled!

I don't know why at this particular moment a sort of second-sight came over me. I seemed as if behind the scenes of a strange drama; as yet, I was not clear as to the different parts. Instinctively I put myself on my guard against treachery. Diane's manner continued quite frigid to Lucian. He left us before long, and then she said:

"Arthur is so ridiculously fond of

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The ceiling was high and dome-shaped, the wall covered with striped white and watered green silk, of the pattern often used to cover Empire furniture.

The fireplace was narrow and tiled, and contained an iron basket grate, while both the scrolled fender and quaint fire-irons were rusty from disuse. The chimney-piece was prettily carved with pomegranates and leaves in white painted wood. On each side stood a tiny lacquer cabinet, empty. An Empire sofa and two chairs, all covered with the same silk as the walls, completed the furniture. A picture of a beautiful boy, dressed in green was above the chimney-piece, framed in white wood and over the sofa opposite another picture of a shepherdess holding a lamb by a red ribbon. The window was high up, and the light obscured by a high balcony.

Below the window was a settee, of backless double chair. There was no door in, except the room where I had entered so ignominiously, and when, sick with pain, I looked round, I found that two steps led up to a third picture, which was my mysterious door.

The floor of the tiny room was laid in parquet; here and there bits of the parquet had become detached, and lay about carelessly.

The pain in my foot prevented me from making further researches. It all "gave me to think" to translate a French phrase literally. How did light get into the room whose only door was through my cupboard, unless another door was concealed behind one of those pictures.

With the help of a chair I managed to get round the room somehow. I found no other door. In fact, there was none, unless some supernaturally ingenious device hid one behind those frames. I thought not, because the handle of my picture door was very obvious. In fact, the picture was a perfectly visible door, at this moment wide open.

This and the pain in my foot recalled me to the present. I got back into my room, locked the door, put the key in my pocket and prayed to my guardian spirit to inspire me with some *raison d'être* for my sprained ankle.

Inspirations come to those who seek them in an earnest spirit. The pain was severe, but something must be decided on. A woman does not twist her ankle while resting on the sofa with a violent headache, Gout, neuralgia, rheumatism—I scorned the thought. Any doctor—and of course a doctor must be summoned—would know it was a sprain. A very strong dose of sal Volatile, my fur cloak thrown round my shoulders, my big hat secured with pins, I crept downstairs, somehow, do not ask me how—and found myself, at a quarter to two, lying prostrate in pain (I am sure the pain was true enough) at the foot of the terrace steps.

There, and it was no pretence, one of the gardeners found me, really and truly almost fainting, and summoning the butler, I was safely laid on

the library sofa, when Diane and Lucian came back from their drive.

I had really slipped (on purpose this time) on the garden steps, and many were Colonel Lacy's sighs over those silly French heels, and tender was Lucian's sympathy, as I lay on the sofa all the afternoon, my foot bandaged in a hideously unbecoming manner. Diane tried to be sorry for me, but she seemed rather bored by all the attentions showered upon me, and when later Lucian offered to carry me to the terrace, or up to my bedroom to rest, Diane's frown was really alarming.

"We have a carrying chair, I believe, somewhere," she said coldly, "and the servants will carry Mrs. Godfrey up and down, to and from her room."

That luckless room! I stayed in it for two or three days, preferring this to being carried up and down by the servants, along miles of passages and staircases.

Dear Colonel Lacy came often and sat with me; we talked of Godfrey; he told me how he had loved Godfrey, how he had mourned his death, how fortunate he found himself in liking this young Lucian, and then his voice trembled how desperately disappointed he was after four years to find himself still childless.

"But," he said, "Diane, darling child, is—so very fragile and delicate. I can only believe, indeed know, that God knows best in withholding this blessing from me. Is she not more to me than ten sons?"

Perhaps my foot hurt me very much at that moment, for I answered rather crossly (also it must be borne in mind that I was a disappointed woman). "Is your marriage such a happiness to you, Uncle Arthur?"

Then he said quickly and deprecatingly, "Don't misjudge Diane, because she is shy and reserved. Venetia, you little know what she is to me, the light of my life, the joy of my old eyes, so gentle, so beautiful!"

"She is very beautiful," I said, kindly.

"But think what that beauty means: unlimited admiration, every temptation, that child has, and yet she has no thought for anyone but me. She is cold, yes, thank God, to others, but not to me."

After this I considered Diane even more attentively than before.

Foot or no foot, I continued to creep to my cupboard door in the dead hours of night, and twice again I saw that light. Even to this day I can't understand what made me hold my peace. I believe I have the spirit of a lawyer, or, say, a detective, and absolutely enjoy unravelling a mystery, for a mystery it certainly was.

(To be continued.)

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The Snakes of Mont Pelee.

Buried under the ashes from Mont Pelee are thousands of the deadly "fer-de-lance." This snake is reputed to be among the most venomous of reptiles. It has abounded on the islands of Martinique and St Lucia, being particularly common on the former.

From scientific observations of the territory smothered by the volcanic showers it appears that at least ten thousand of these serpents have been destroyed.

From the time of the occupation of these islands the fer-de-lance has inspired terror. Many thousands of victims have met quick death from its bite. Its name is appropriate and characteristic, signifying the head of a lance.

Graceful and slender-bodied, and clad in a delicate combination of green, yellow and grey, the serpent might easily be mistaken for an innocuous species if it were not for its head. This is flat and heart-shaped, much like the blade of a javelin mounted upon a slender shaft. In proportion to its size, the fangs of the fer-de-lance are enormously developed. Long, glistening teeth, of precisely the same nature as a hypodermic needle, lie neatly folded against the upper jaw when the reptile's mouth is closed.

The fer-de-lance belongs to a family of snakes known as the pit vipers. These reptiles acquired the name from the presence of a mysterious pit between the eye and the nostril. Scientists have long argued upon

this eccentric organ, and it is now thought to represent a sixth sense.

What powers or benefits this sixth sense may furnish the reptile are quite unknown.

The fer-de-lance is nocturnal in its habits. During the day it lies quietly secreted in the shrubbery, where its colours blend with the surrounding leaves. Its ever open eyes are always alert and watching for the unconscious intruder. The reptile's stroke is like a flash of light, and if opportunity is favourable the fer-de-lance seldom misses its aim.

As a remedy against the fer-de-lance, the Indian mongoose was imported to the island. The little animal resembles a ferret, and delights in killing snakes. Before the mongoose had begun to multiply and settle down, however, it was discovered that its likings extended beyond the snake zone.

Then came the terrific volcanoes at Mount Pelee, which within the space of a very few hours practically wiped the deadly reptile out of existence.



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The Tale of the Young Couple.

From the "Pictorial Magazine."

They had arrived from the Continent and were evidently upon their honeymoon. The husband gave his name as Captain Maurice Eckstein, and was an extremely handsome young man, whilst "Madame," his wife, was a charmingly pretty girl apparently not a day more than twenty-one. They were both so genuinely attached to one another and so completely happy that I own I felt a good deal of pleasure in watching them.

"We are thinking of making a long stay in your city, Mr. Matheson," said young Eckstein, a week after their arrival, "so are going to take a small house. We have come to the conclusion that, at present, England is a more desirable place than our own native land," he said, shooting a glance at his pretty young wife.

At their request I gave them the names of several house agents, and they set forth on their search. In a day or so they came back with the news they had discovered a "lovely little house" in Atchester Avenue, Kensington.

Henceforth they were very busy. The house was empty and was to be done up; they had a key and visited it all hours of the day, making wonderful arrangements.

It was a few days afterwards that I made my discovery. Early in the morning I had paid a visit to a wine merchant's to give some orders. The office was situated in a little street turning off from the big avenue in which the Mammoth stood, and the entrance was the first doorway round the corner. Having concluded my business, I emerged, and was standing in the passage lighting a cigarette. As I did so, I noticed a tall dark man with a beard on the pavement in front of me; by his side was a handsome-looking woman, exquisitely dressed. The man had taken hold of her arm, and apparently drawn her into the little street. They were staring across to the other side of the avenue.

"Stay here a moment—till they get safely past!" the man said, in a low, warning voice. "I told you Hensch had found them—see, how they walk together—she, smiling and laughing!"

I followed the direction of the man's gaze, and gave an involuntary start. Captain Maurice Eckstein and his wife were walking quickly on the other side of the avenue in the direction of the Mammoth.

I looked at the man and woman in front of me—they were quite unaware of my close proximity. The man was staring at the young couple, a curious look of malignity in his eyes. The woman's face, too, was drawn and white, and her lips were pressed tightly together.

"And he scorned what I offered him!" she said, her eyes blazing with hatred. "Gave it up for a slip of a girl like that!"

"And she has set my honour at defiance!" said the man between his set teeth. "I swear that before a year is out, she—" he dropped his voice and I could not catch what he said.

They moved away and I was left in the doorway bewildered at what I had heard. I returned to the Mammoth and found young Eckstein making enquiries about the key of his new house. He thought he had left it in the pocket of his light dustcoat, which he had brought down before breakfast and hung up in the cloak-room. As he was speaking a clerk came out of the office and gave it to him. It had been picked up in the cloak-room by another visitor at the hotel, who had brought it to the office.

"Who was it?" enquired young Eckstein.

The clerk caught sight of a man coming towards them.

"A Mr. Hensch—this gentleman!" he said, indicating the new arrival.

I almost uttered an exclamation as I heard the name. Eckstein turned to the man, and going up to him thanked him politely for the trouble he had taken.

I looked curiously at the man. He was thick set, rather short, with swarthy features and alert, little beady eyes. I remembered he had arrived at the hotel about three days before, but had paid no particular attention to his name.

I wanted to speak to Eckstein at once, but, at that moment, I was called away on a matter of importance, and, when I returned, both the captain and his wife had departed, and I caught sight of Hensch disappearing in the direction of a smoking-room.

The incident of the key in connection with what I had overheard in the street was certainly very curious, and I began to feel the mystery deepening. I decided to go up to my room in order to think what I had better do. On my way I caught sight of a tall man standing in the vestibule. His name was Nathaniel Robson, and although very few were aware of the fact, he was connected in an official way with the Mammoth—in short, he was a remarkably astute private detective, and had frequently been of great assistance to me.

I took him up to my room, and, shutting the door, told him the whole of the circumstances.

"What do you think of it?" I asked at the conclusion.

He stroked his chin. "It looks ugly. The fact of this man being posted here shows that business is meant. Do you want me to look into it?" he added, rising.

"Yes—the Mammoth can't afford to have sensations," I answered.

He departed and I did not see him again until the evening. The first thing he did was to pull out a newspaper from his pocket. I glanced at it and found it was one published in Austria. He showed me a marked paragraph.

"The result of five hours' hard searching in the office!" he explained. I looked at it and read the paragraph out.

"We learn on good authority of a scandal that has recently occurred in one of the highest and most noble of our families. It appears that the youngest daughter, unwillingly betrothed by her father to a gentleman of rank and great wealth, has eloped with a young officer with whom she had a clandestine love affair. The story has been kept a great secret, and names of course cannot be mentioned, but it is believed that up to the present all efforts to trace the runaways have been unsuccessful."

"It might be only a coincidence!" I said, laying the paper down.

"I think not!" he said. "I have had Hensch shadowed to-day, and made some interesting discoveries. The man you saw in the street is Baron Julius Hapmarek, and he is staying at the Grandal. He comes from Austria, is a person of rank and immense wealth, and was recently betrothed to Stephanie, the youngest daughter of Count Alexander Von Halberg, of Halberg Castle—the head of one of the highest and most noble of Austrian families!"

I uttered an exclamation. "You're right, Robson. Her name is Stephanie. I've heard Eckstein address her!" I cried. "And the woman—?"

"She is also at the Grandal, and goes by the name of the Countess Theresa Larmanx—I've not been able to find out anything about her yet,

but am making enquiries in Vienna and Paris."

"But what does it all mean? Assuming that the young people have eloped and married, what can the Baron do—what's his game?"

"He is a man of a brute nature, and had set his heart on marrying this beautiful young girl!" replied Robson. "Her father, though noble, is poor, and probably in the Baron's power—he had promised her to him. Now she has escaped his clutches and he has followed her. It may be revenge—it may be some desperate plan to secure her after all. For the present we can only watch and wait."

"And the key of the new house?" He shook his head.

"I cannot see that part of it yet!"

I decided to tell young Eckstein the next morning, but, being called away suddenly to attend a meeting of the directors, I missed the opportunity. I was not free until after lunch, then I caught sight of the young captain and his wife and Hensch coming from the restaurant together. Eckstein looked heavy eyed, and his wife glanced at him anxiously.

"I do not like going without you, Maurice, dear. It seems so selfish!" she said with a sympathetic smile.

I learnt that he had a bad headache and that they had arranged to go to hear a celebrated violinist at Queen's Hall. His wife was passionately devoted to music and he wished her to go though he could not do so himself. Accordingly, after a lot of persuasion, she set off by herself, and Eckstein turned into a smoking-room. I thought this would be my opportunity, so went into the bureau until Hensch should be out of the way. Presently he sauntered out of the hotel, and I noticed Robson follow him.

Fate, however, seemed against my telling Eckstein of my discovery, for again an important matter detained me, and nearly three-quarters of an hour elapsed before I could go in search of him. I found him in the vestibule with his hat on—reading a note which a messenger boy had brought him. A look of perplexity was on his face as he scanned the contents. He turned to me.

"I have to go out, Mr. Matheson!" he said hurriedly. "If my wife should happen to return before I do, would you kindly tell her that I have been called away. Thank you so much!" And before I could stop him he had hurried away.

Shortly after five "Madame" returned. She asked me where her husband was and I gave her the message.

"Called away?" she repeated wonderingly. "I did not know he had any friends in London! Never mind, he will be in again soon!" she added,

with a bright smile. "I will have some tea and wait."

She went upstairs to her room, and I returned to the vestibule. At that moment I saw a cab draw up and Robson jumped out. I could see something had happened, so took him at once to a little office on the ground floor which was empty.

"Has Madame Eckstein returned?" he asked, hurriedly.

"Yes—she wondered at her husband's absence. A messenger brought a note this afternoon, and he went off in a great hurry. He told me he was called away."

He uttered an exclamation. "By heavens, then, he has been trapped!" he cried. "There's not a moment to lose. Do you know the address of the new house?" he inquired feverishly.

"Yes—17, Atchester Avenue, Kensington!" I cried wonderingly.

Already he had opened the door.

"It may be a matter of life and death to him. Will you come? I must have someone with me!"

I picked up my hat.

"Yes—I'll come!" I cried. The mystery had caught hold of me, and my blood was stirred at the thought of an adventure.

We made our way out, and jumped into the cab that was still waiting. Whilst we were being driven to Atchester Avenue, Robson told me the gist of what had happened in the afternoon.

"I followed Hensch from here; first he went to a messenger office and sent a message—probably the one to Eckstein—also another to someone else. Then he went to Queen's Hall, where 'Madame' was. He stopped there an hour, then came out and walked in the direction of the Grandal. He waited for some time outside—about a hundred yards away from the entrance, until, to my astonishment, young Eckstein came down the steps. Hensch crossed hurriedly and ran after him—I followed. I managed to get in such a position that I could hear and not be seen. Hensch said it was luck his meeting him, he had been to Queen's Hall and was returning to the Mammoth with a message from his wife. After the concert she was going to the new house, would he, Eckstein, follow her, if he felt well enough? She thought, perhaps, the fresh air might do him good!"

"And she sent no such message—it was a ruse?" I cried.

"Yes," continued Robson. "Young Eckstein thanked Hensch, jumped into a cab, and was driven away. I would have followed, but there was no second cab. Then I realised that I did not know the address of the new house, so came along at once

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to you at the Mammoth. Pray Heaven we get there in time."

"Why, what do you think can have happened?" I cried.

Robson shrugged his shoulders. "One can't tell! But think of the circumstances—an empty house—the man lured there by a lie—and a man who is thirsting for revenge! And a clever scoundrel into the bargain!"

He relapsed into silence, and I could see he was thinking hard. At last the cab turned into a secluded little avenue; it seemed strangely quiet after the noise and bustle of the High Street.

"This is Atchester Avenue," said Robson briefly. He lifted the trap in the roof and told the man to stop.

"We will walk to the house—it will attract less attention."

No. 17 stood away from the road, and the tall trees in the front garden hid the house. As we walked up the path, however, it came in view—a dismal-looking place in its present uninhabited state.

Robson led the way to the tradesmen's entrance; next to it was a window with the blinds up, showing the interior of an empty kitchen. The detective produced a knife and deftly slipped the catch back with the blade. Then he pushed it up and we scrambled in.

Stealthily we crept across the room and out into a dark passage.

Robson stopped and listened. There was not a sound to be heard.

"I think they have gone. Let's hope it is not too late." He slipped his hand into his back pocket, and I saw the shining barrel of a revolver.

We made our way up to the first floor, on a level with the hall door. There was still no sound or sign of life.

Then we went up another flight of stairs. Some workmen's tools were on the landing. All the doors to the rooms were open with the exception of one. Robson glanced at it, then uttered an exclamation.

"The keyhole!" he cried, in a low voice.

I looked and saw it was plastered over with a piece of brown paper. Robson pulled it off with his fingers. Immediately I was conscious of a strong smell.

"Charcoal!" cried Robson, excitedly. "Quick, put your shoulder to it—now with me!"

We flung ourselves against the door with all our force; it yielded with a crash, and we went reeling into the room.

The atmosphere was stifling. I saw Robson plunge across the floor to the window, pull open a shutter, and smash in a pane of glass. The next moment I felt the cool evening air enter the room. To pull open the remaining shutter was only the work of a moment. Then we looked round.

In the middle of the room was a workman's large brazier filled with burning charcoal, its bright red embers throwing a dull red glow round the room. Quite near was stretched the unconscious form of a man; one glance showed us it was young Maurice Eckstein.

Together we hauled him to the window, and his collar and let him breathe the fresh air. Then Robson ran from the room and a minute later returned with a tin full of water. This he dashed into the man's face, whilst I worked his arms. At the end of two minutes he opened his eyes. I gave a gasp of relief.

"What's the matter?" he said, sleepily.

We caught him by both arms and marched him up and down the passage; he was as dead as a dog at first, but at last life came into his legs. We let go of him and he stood before us looking like a drunken man. Robson dashed more water into his eyes. Eckstein looked round the room and it all came back to him.

"And they left me here to be smothered by charcoal—the scoundrels!" he cried.

"Yes, yes—but who? Tell me all about it!" cried Robson impatiently. Gradually we got the story from him. After meeting Hensch he had driven to the empty house, wondering somewhat at his wife choosing such a time for her visit. She had the key, and he found the front door ajar. He concluded, therefore, she

was inside. He walked into the hall and called out her name. Getting no response he made his way up to the first floor. As he looked into one of the rooms he heard a slight noise behind him, and the next moment felt himself gripped by the arms. He struggled violently, and recognised one of his assailants.

"The Baron Julius Hapmarck," put in Robson.

"Yes, it was he," continued Eckstein, surprised. "I managed to catch him by the throat. Then suddenly the other man hit me a terrific blow on the head which stunned me. The next thing I remember is your waking me up a few minutes ago."

Robson looked round the room. Every chink had been carefully plastered up.

"And the workman's brazier already there—it was devilishly well arranged!" he observed.

"But I don't understand!" cried Eckstein, bewildered. "How on earth you two managed to arrive just in the nick of time?"

Robson told him the whole story.

"We haven't got quite to the end of it yet!" he continued. "Whom was it you went to see at the Grandel this afternoon?"

"The letter said an old friend was in great trouble, and would I spare half an hour," said Eckstein. "When I got there I found the Countess Theresa Larmaux. It was a trick!"

Robson looked at him narrowly. "Were you ever in love with the Countess?" he said.

Eckstein shook his head decisively. "No. Once, a long time ago, I had a hunting accident near her house, and was carried there, where I stopped for some weeks. I think she was in love with me, but I never gave her the slightest sign. In fact, afterwards, I had to avoid her."

"You refused her overtures?" said Robson.

"Yes—she offered me many inducements, but, you see, I was in love with my present wife!" he said proudly.

We all three made our way slowly down to the next floor. Suddenly Robson touched us both and put a warning finger to his lips. I listened intently, then heard a slight sound on the steps outside the front door.

The detective stepped lightly into the room on the left of the hall and we followed.

Then we heard the sound of a key being put into the door and a man entering—only one apparently. He shut the door carefully behind him and took a few steps down the hall. Robson slipped his hand into his pocket, withdrew it, then, the next moment, flung the door wide open. A short man in the hall dropped back a pace and his hand flew to his pocket.

"No, not that, please, Mr Hensch!" said Robson, covering him with his revolver.

Hensch's hand dropped tremblingly to his side. He caught sight of Eckstein and his face went pale with fright.

"The game's up, my man!" said Robson. "You'd better make the best of a bad job. Come in here and stand there against the wall!"

Hensch, with the revolver still pointing at him, obeyed.

"Now, continued the detective, in a tone of evident enjoyment, "we will hear the whole of the story, if you please, Mr Hensch?"

The story that followed made young Eckstein's hands clench, and he was for running the baron to earth there and then. However, the counsel of Robson and myself prevailed, and it ended with my going with the captain back to the Mammoth, and Robson taking charge of Hensch. Robson, by the way, had many highly interesting methods of dealing with people concerned in cases that were not coming before the police. We had decided on a plan which gave a chance of our triumph being the more complete.

And this is what happened. About nine o'clock the next morning there arrived at the hotel a distinguished-looking old, white-haired man. He had travelled all night from the Continent. Almost simultaneously the Baron Julius Hapmarck entered the vestibule of the hotel.

"Ah, my dear count! You received my wire in Paris, and have come?" he cried. "I told you I had managed to find your daughter—she is in this hotel now!"

I approached the old man and introduced myself.

"I wish to see Madame Eckstein!" he said, shortly. "Will you kindly have my card sent to her at once?"

I led them to the private room in which I had arranged that the meeting was to take place. I left them together, then made my way round to another door of the same room, which, hid by the curtain, was slightly open.

"This Eckstein man, Julius—is he here with her?" the old count was saying.

The baron approached nearer to him.

"A most extraordinary thing has happened—he has committed suicide—last night."

The old man looked at him in amazement.

"Committed suicide—does she know?" he cried.

"She must, by now. In a last letter to someone else he said he was writing at the same time to her."

"But the cause—what was it?"

A ghastly smile played about the baron's mouth.

"There was another woman—a beautiful, fascinating woman—whom, years ago, he loved passionately. She married, and he tried his best to forget her. He succeeded so well that, as we know to our cost, he ran away with your daughter—my betrothed!" he said, between his teeth.

"Then, when in London, he met again the first woman, whose husband in the meantime has died. At once the passion he had for her burst forth again—but this time he was the one who was not free! He visited her at the hotel where she had been staying—pleaded with her to throw up everything and go with him. She refused and reminded him of his honour. He went away in despair. He felt he could not go back to the one—he could not have the other. In a mad fit he went down to a lonely empty house he had rented and committed suicide!"

"Coward and scoundrel!" cried the old count; then he looked up at the baron. "Ah, Julius, she would have done better to have married you!"

A gleam came into Hapmarck's eyes.

"She shall now—even yet. You will take her back to the Castle, Count—let there be no escaping this time, and in a year—well, we shall see!"

I moved quickly from the door, and hurrying along the corridor, tapped at another door. Eckstein and his wife came out.

Robson joined us, and we returned to the room. I opened the door, and we all four entered.

I looked at the baron. He gave a start, and a ghastly pallor came over his face as he caught sight of Eckstein.

"You!" he gasped.

Robson advanced to the baron and stood in front of him.

"An ingenious scheme, but the inevitable mischance!" he began. "It would, perhaps, simplify matters if I were to inform you that we caught your agent, Hensch, last night. According to the instructions, he returned to the house to make sure that the charcoal had done its work, so that he might in safety post your forged letter to Captain Eckstein's wife here. He ran against us, however, and has been in my charge during the night. We duly posted his letter to you, informing you that everything had happened as had been arranged—of course it was really as we had arranged. I may add that if the matter comes into Court he is perfectly willing to turn King's evidence. It now only remains for us to decide whether it shall or not!"

The old count had been listening to Robson in amazement. I approached him and, in as short a way as possible, told him of the baron's infamy.

Hapmarck stood almost livid with rage and fear. When I had finished Robson strolled over to the door. He opened it slightly, then turned and looked at the old count.

"There are two courses open, sir—might I venture to suggest them? One is, that the Baron Julius Hapmarck walks through this door, never to enter your presence again, and that you accept Captain Eckstein as your son-in-law—the other, that I summon the police and give the baron in charge for attempted murder."

There was a moment's pause. Then the old count rose and, looking at the quaking Hapmarck, pointed to the door.

"Go!" he said, sternly.

And that is practically the end of what I call "The Tale of the Young Couple." I might add, however, that the very valuable gold watch I am now wearing bears the inscription—"To Claud Matheson, in grateful remembrance from Maurice and Stephanie," and that somewhere amongst Mr Nathaniel Robson's extensive collection of presentation jewellery can be found a handsome diamond scarf pin that came from the same quarter. I have also a pressing invitation to pay a visit to Halberg Castle whenever I have the time; perhaps I will some day when the Mammoth can spare me, which doesn't seem to be within the next week or so!

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Papa on Weddings.

ALSO WHAT HIS DAUGHTERS THINK ABOUT THEM.

Papa's eldest daughter was working a mysterious table-decoration for that equally mysterious receptacle known amongst young ladies as a "bottom drawer."

Papa's second daughter was busy on a set of hand-painted doyleys, also destined to be stowed away in the bottom drawer of papa's eldest daughter.

The remainder of papa's daughters were also employed with needlework of various descriptions, mostly destined for that omnivorous and rapacious bottom drawer, which was beginning to earn for itself the title of "bottomless drawer," so great was its capacity.

So there was quite a forecast of matrimony in the air.

Indeed, the only member of the industrious circle who was not engaged upon work for the "bottom drawer" was papa's fourth daughter, who was working a slipper-bag for the curate to keep his pipes in.

It had been whispered in the family circle that papa's eldest daughter would enter the matrimonial state some time towards the autumn.

It was also whispered that it was to be quite a quiet affair.

But papa, who knew mamma's ways better than any other member of the family, had his doubts on the point.

"If there is one thing that I dislike more than another it is an ostentatious wedding," he began, speaking generally, but casting a somewhat self-conscious glance in the direction of mamma, who was busy in working a tea-cloth for the bottomless drawer.

Nobody had any comments to make so papa, emboldened by the general silence, continued, in a slightly louder voice:

"If, as a man with eight marriageable daughters, I was not afraid of appearing to shirk my responsibilities," he remarked, "I should raise a public protest against the extravagance of the modern marriage."

"But it only comes once in a lifetime," protested papa's second daughter, who is looking forward to real orange-blossom, and a string of twenty carriages, not to speak of a full choral service and half a column, with photographs, in the six-penny papers.

"Don't know so much about that, my dear!" answered papa, nodding his head sagely. "There was Mrs. Major Mantrap, at Delhi. She buried four husbands in the six years before she married Mantrap! Capital fellow was Mantrap! Played a first-rate game of whist, and was the best judge of a polo-pony in the garrison. Everyone warned him against marrying Mrs. Mantrap—Mrs. Smasher she was then; Smasher was the name of her previous husband. 'Number Four Smasher' they called him. But Mrs. Shrapnell (Shrapnell, of the Artillery, was her previous husband) snatched him."

"Goodness gracious, papa, don't go back to the first husband! What happened to Major Mantrap? Did he die?" asked papa's eldest daughter.

"Worse than that, my love," answered papa, shaking his head sadly.

"What could be worse than that?" answered papa's youngest daughter, who still finds life a sort of sweetstuff shop.

"He retired—out the Service—and is now a borough councillor," answered papa, shaking his head again.

"I think that Mrs. Smasher-Shrapnell-Mantrap person was a horrid woman," said papa's second daughter judicially.

"Never met a more charming woman in my life," replied papa—"with the exception of yourself, my love," he continued, bowing politely

in the direction of mamma, who discreetly kept her eyes upon her tea-cloth.

"Pancey! Five husbands! When so many nice girls have no husbands at all!" echoed papa's fourth daughter. "I call it perfectly shameful!"

"As bad as those horrid trusts that the papers are so full of now!" chimed in another daughter.

"Well, these four were the only trust that Mrs. Mantrap ever had in husbands," chuckled papa. "She never trusted Mantrap far beyond her eyesight after she married him."

"Punning, papa, is the poorhouse of wit!" severely answered papa's eldest daughter, who brides herself upon her epigrams, and regards herself as a sort of feminine Anthony Hope.

"And matrimony is the mother of invention!" answered papa in a sprightly vein. "I have never heard a man make so many excuses to justify himself in running out to post a letter as my poor friend Mantrap."

"Some of us are awfully clever to-night!" casually remarked papa's youngest daughter with a yawn. "There is nothing that makes me feel so tired as to hear clever people talk cleverness. It is like sitting in the front row of an empty pit without the actors and the smell of orange peel. Talking about orange peel," continued papa's youngest daughter, "when I am married I am going to wear real orange-blossoms, with a train that I can kick, and two pages in 'Henri Quatre' costumes."

"That I can kick!" interrupted papa's fourth daughter, who has strong ideas on the simplicity of weddings. "When I get married," she continued, "I am not going to let anyone at all know about it but papa and mamma."

"I wouldn't forget to drop a post-card to the bridegroom if I were you—of course, he's not very important, but, like the pinch of salt in the potatoes, he's very necessary," interrupted her eldest sister with some sarcasm.

"I am going to be married at six o'clock, and no one is to be there but papa and mamma and the pew-opener," resumed papa's fourth daughter unmoved.

"Then I suppose the menu for the wedding-breakfast will be kippers, bacon, and marmalade, with perhaps a plate of porridge for the bridegroom, who will read the newspaper at breakfast, and will occasionally throw you a fact like a bone, to the effect that Notts are all out for a hundred and seventy-five runs, or that South Eastern A's have gone up a couple of points since the last Stock Exchange settlement. Upon my word you are a romantic bird!" exclaimed papa's eldest daughter with withering scorn.

"And you wouldn't get many wedding presents!" suggested papa's youngest, with practical foresight, praiseworthy in one so young.

"I don't want wedding-presents!" rejoined papa's fourth daughter indifferently. "I think that the custom of asking a lot of people to a wedding just for the sake of wringing electro-plate out of them is a detestable one. I am sure that anyone who cares for one will send a wedding present whether they are asked to the wedding or not."

"Then, like the man who wants to borrow half-a-crown, you will find out how many people in the world really care for you, and that is never a very pleasant experience!" rejoined papa's eldest daughter.

"A wedding without cake," remarked papa's youngest daughter, generally, "is like a young man without money, or lamb without mint sauce!"

"You mean, dear, that a young man without money is like a lamb without mint sauce," replied papa's fourth daughter. "I think that cake ought

to be made compulsory at every wedding, by law," continued papa's youngest. "They ought to fix the size of the cake on a graduated scale to agree with the income tax, and anyone daring to send cake without lots of almond icing, as Mary Morrison did the other day, ought to be prosecuted."

"I'm not going to have any cake," replied papa's fourth daughter bravely; "I think that just to send a card is much nicer—"

"Cards!" ejaculated papa's youngest daughter with disgust. "I hate cards, they are the bane of modern existence. They show the hollowness of society more than any other social institution. People send cards for everything nowadays. They send them when they get born, when they get married, and when they die. They send them to people whom they won't ask to dinner, and whom they intend to polish off by gangs and afternoon tea and music, or, worse still, ping-pong. There is nothing so insincere as a card!"

"But, my dear—" began papa's fourth daughter.

"Give me cake!" replied papa's youngest—"cake and plenty of it. Anyone who wishes to earn my gratitude and respect must send out their wedding-cake in two-pound wedges. Anybody can have the card and silver-edged box, but give me the cake!"

Then she sighed.

"But, after all!" she continued, "the postman would be sure to get it! Postmen are such awful fellows for wedding-cake. I believe that is why our postman is so fat. He must steal all the wedding-cake that comes through the Sorting Office. I don't altogether blame him, for if I were Postmaster-General I should just sit in my office all day long and take my pick from the wedding-cake mail-bags."

Mamma, who seldom joins in the conversations of papa and his daughters, here interposed.

"They say," she said, with the air of one who was imparting a new and important piece of information—"they say that every piece of wedding-cake one eats brings one a happy month."

"Perhaps that is why our postman always looks so jolly!" suggested papa.

"I don't think that can be true," remarked papa's youngest daughter judicially—"the last piece of wedding-cake I had—that was Mary Morrison's—didn't give me a very happy month, but I had a most unhappy night after eating it. I only ate a little bit of it, too, and I put the rest under my pillow so that I should dream of my future husband, and I dreamed of nothing but mad bulls and runaway railway engines all night!"

"That means that you are either going to marry a butcher or ticket-collector!" interposed papa's fourth daughter, who poses as a palmist, and is much given to the interpretation of dreams.

"On second thoughts," replied papa's youngest daughter, "I don't think that I shall marry at all! I

shall just be an old maid, and stay with papa and mamma as long as ever I live.

Then papa's youngest daughter rushed upon him and butted her curly head into his shoulder, as was her affectionate custom.

"You don't want all of us to go away, do you, papa, dear?" she murmured, in a voice that should have coaxed a stone lion off a monument.

Then papa slid his arm round her, and cleared his throat, and blinked because besides the usual tear in his dim old eyes there was another.

For, although papa seems a tearfully stern old gentleman, he has a lot of soft places.

That is why his fourth daughter calls him The Lobster. He is very red and hard outside, but under the shell he is awfully soft and sweet!

The Charge of the Ping-pong Craze.

Half the world, half the world,
Going Ping-Pongward,
Earl, duke, or servant girl,
Bunge in its mighty swirl:
Ping till they Pong and die,
Sing then their song on high,
Join in the angels' cry,
"Vive la Ping-Pong!"

My heart and voice I raise,
To sing its live-long praise;
Let the whole world resound
With its sweet sing-song sound:
"Forward, the Ping-Pong craze!"
Both old and young one says,
Priest, dean, and curate prays,
"Vive la Ping-Pong!"

Ping-Pong to right of them,
Ping-Pong to left of them,
Ping-Pong in front of them,
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Stormed at with celluloid,
Of fear and care devoid,
Chairs, lamps, and clocks destroyed,
"Vive la Ping-Pong!"

When shall its glory fade?
Oh, whild whild charge it made!
Where-wide its fusillade;
Pinged loud and ponged hard;
Girls with their fancy bloke,
Kitt-raff and gentle folk,
All have their little poke,
"Vive la Ping-Pong!"

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After Dinner Gossip.

An Expensive Bow-wow.

A striking illustration of how money is lavished upon pets of the wealthy is the story of Bobs, a terrier, the death of which has brought distress to its mistress, a New York lady. While, of course, the owners of such dogs keep no record of their cost of maintenance, the expense in many cases equals that of providing for a child in the family. While it would be difficult to estimate the cost of Bobs' wardrobe, perhaps £30 would be a safe estimate, as the prices for the coats and blankets ranged from £2 to £3, and for shoes from £1 to £1 10s. Here are some of the garments: Twenty blankets, ranging from thin linen, summer weight, to heavy fur-trimmed ones. (Stable furs were provided to match the mistress' driving furs.) Several rain-coats, waterproof and very long; a long net-coat as a protection from flies in summer; a gossamer coat, a velvet coat trimmed with gold braid, and a special little dress suit, very artistically made, worn in the evenings for the amusement of friends. Most of the coats are satin-lined and have gold buttons. A large number of shoes, some of kid, cloth or leather, and some rubber storm shoes. A special ventilated leather bag in which Bob travelled. Here is Bob's menu: For breakfast, one-half pound best porter-house steak. For luncheon, custard pudding. For dinner, one-half pound roast beef, ice cream, one glass of champagne, wafers. Medical attendance amounted to from £4 to £6, as each visit cost 8s, and a visit was made quarterly to attend to Bobs' teeth. Besides keeping Bobs' teeth free from tartar, the doctor kept Bobs' nails cut and was on hand whenever medical care was needed. Including cost of the basket, doctor, and undertaker charges, it is estimated that Bobs' funeral cost at least £20.

Is Switzerland to Lose Its Glaciers.

Is Switzerland destined to lose its glaciers? The question is raised by some startling statistics published by an eminent naturalist of the country. He notes, in particular, that the Arolla glacier, which in 1886 could be reached from the hotel in five and twenty minutes, is now a good hour and a quarter's walk from it. The difference is too great to be accounted for by any suggestion that the Professor's limbs have lost their elasticity since his last visit to the neighbourhood; and the shrinkage, which can be paralleled by many examples from other parts of Switzerland, is clearly proceeding at a rate which, if continued, will entirely alter the aspect of Swiss scenery in the course of a couple of generations. Whether it will so continue is, however, another question. For some mysterious reason, as yet unknown to science, the Swiss glaciers have always had their cycles of growth and decay. In the eighteenth century they advanced, slowly overwhelming all the houses and other buildings in their track. But, in spite of the alarm that was felt, the advance was only temporary, and it seems only reasonable to expect that the present period of retreat will terminate long before the hills are stripped of their icy covering.

Not Always Good.

Oh, for Chinese servants! sigh worthy people of both sexes in this country when the third cook this year gives warning within the month. But even Chinese servants are not undiluted blessings.

In Shanghai the other day an enterprising Celestial cook, when his master was away up country, converted, or perverted, as you will, the kitchen into a gambling hell.

He was doing a thriving trade when an inquisitive policeman stepped down the area.

Are Diamonds Going Out?

According to an expert writer in the "Petit Bleu," the heyday of diamonds has gone, at least on the Continent. Diamonds are succumbing to three kinds of evolution:—

(1) The evolution of moral taste. It is now considered bad form for ladies and gentlemen to advertise their wealth by a display of diamonds.

(2) A scientific evolution. Thanks to these diamonds are so wonderfully well counterfeited that they are no longer the sign of wealth. The larger and the more numerous the diamonds the more they are suspected of being false.

(3) The evolution of artistic taste. The diamond admits of hardly any variation in shape or composition.

The great Continental artists of to-day in the jewellery line use gold, silver, even copper or iron, and produce with them little marvels of art, in which the diamond hardly ever enters, unless in a very minute and accessory way, in order to "animate" the whole.

A New Attraction.

A man who had been hired to write a circus announcement suddenly found himself at a loss for a fresh adjective.

"See here," he said to his employer, "I don't know what to say about this panther. Have you got a thesaurus?"

The manager of the circus looked at him with suspicion.

"No, sir, I have not," he said, "and I don't think I shall do anything about getting one this year. I never heard of Barnum's having one, either, and he had a good show. Where are they raised anyhow, I would like to know?"

From Life.

Trim ankles, a gleam of colour, a whiff of white rose—and the blase loungers on the Stock Exchange steps straightened themselves and looked after the vision.

"Pretty little dilly."

"Cosily," added another.

"Worth it!" continued a third, and then they relapsed into a lounge again.

The man on the second step observed to the man on the first: "Queer! Never thought that little beggar would turn up. I had a wild time with her in Sydney," he added. "Heavens, what a devil she was to go!"

"Indeed," murmured the man on the first step, indifferently; and, thereby encouraged, the second man reminisced:

Husband left her—she left husband—or something. Anyhow, she was on her own, and deuced fetching she looked. Husband must have been a brute, I fancy. Took her to Sydney, and didn't she make the money fly! I've met some, but never her equal; and she'd smile prettily and purr like a kitten when she got the cash, and the cunning of the little beggar was that she didn't scratch when refused. She had dozens of soft tricks that brought the money all right in the end. Consequently she got me into the habit of ruining myself as fast as I could—and still she purred. Got scared at last—wasn't tired of her, but couldn't run it. Sold out of boulders on a rise, too. Then I bolted! But she was a fascinating little devil," he added. "Say, you've got heaps of boodle, old chap. Would you like an introduction? I can manage it."

"Thanks, but I already know the lady."

"The deuce, you do! Oh, of course, you quiet beggars—"

"The lady is my wife."

"Good God! Oh, I say, old man, I'm awfully sorry!—didn't dream—"

"Don't apologise," murmured the man on the first step; "it's really quite unnecessary. Glad you had

such a good time, I assure you." Then, tired with his long speech, he lounged back against the pillar. The second step man went on, confusedly, apologising—then angrily kicked a dog on the first step out of his way, and walked off. But the first step man strode after him, flouted him, struck him across the face.

"Damn you! How dare you kick my dog!"

Too Cautious.

"I have the greatest confidence in Dr. Slocum as a physician," said one of the doctor's patients. "He never gives an opinion till he has waited and weighed a case and looked at it from every side."

"Um-m!" said the sceptical friend. "That's all right if you don't carry it too far. There have been times, you know, when he's been so cautious that his diagnosis has come near getting mixed up with the post-mortem."

His "Gorge."

Not only is slang a menace to him who would speak good English, says a New England minister, but a knowledge of it prepares many pitfalls for the feet of the unwisely wise.

He tells, as a case in point, of a conversation he overheard between his son, aged twelve, and his daughter, aged sixteen. The family had spent the autumn in the West Coast of New Zealand, and the two young people were exchanging reminiscences.

"O Fred," said the girl, with clasped hands, "do you remember that gorge in the Baller?"

"Remember it! I should think I did!" said the boy, with enthusiasm. "You mean the day we got there? It seemed to me it was the best dinner I ever ate in my life. I was so hungry!"

Humour the Peacemaker.

If the old-time duels were always disgraceful and sometimes fatal, they had the merit, like all other human things full of human error, of being fruitful in good jokes. Michael MacDonough, in his book on "Irish Life and Character," gives some cases in which humour, from within or from without, came to the rescue of would-be duellists.

A witty Dublin barrister was consulted by a physician as to calling out a man who had insulted him.

"Take my advice," said the lawyer, "and instead let him call you in. He can't hurt you, and you will probably kill him."

"It Was the Dog."

The probably untruthful anecdote about Mrs Pat Campbell and her stage carpenter is not a bad one. During her American tour Mrs Pat made a point of getting photo'd always with a valuable poodle in her lap. She went nowhere without the notorious poodle, also her nerves were turned to advt. account. She suffered so terribly from nerves that the roadway in front of the N.Y. theatre where she was appearing had to be covered with tan bark. At the end of her profitable tour, says the story, Mrs Pat asked the stage carpenter whether he or she had been accountable for the success. The hard, uncompromising scene-fixer grinned—"Neither, it was the dog and the tan bark."

White Wine From Black Grapes.

Among the things not generally known is the fact that white wine can be made from black grapes. The colour really depends on the mode of manufacture. All the colouring matter is in the skin, the fruit itself being colourless, or nearly so. If the entire grape, skin and all, be allowed to ferment together, the wine will be red. If the skin be removed before fermentation, the wine will be white. The "Journal of the Society of Arts" chronicles the fact that the owners of vineyards in the Medoc country have begun to produce white and sparkling wines by the same process as champagne is made. Champagne is, in fact, made almost entirely from black grapes, and the most celebrated vineyards in the Champagne district are planted with them. Now the makers of medoc have found that the demand for claret has fallen off in favour of sparkling wines; hence the new departure.

The Women Who Marry.

After type writers, the self-supporting women who exercise most charm over the masculine heart are the sick nurses. These two professions stand far ahead of the others as furnishers of wives to the annual crop. After them comes the actress. The female writers, painters, musicians and doctors struggle far behind the footprints that their more engaging sisters leave in the sands of time as they bend their course onward. Can it be that the more advanced intellectually women become, the less interesting they are to the other sex?—Geraldine Bonner in the "San Francisco Argonaut."

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Here and There.

Royalty is often puzzled what to do with the present it receives. The following brief par from an English paper tells its own tale: There was sent to the Zoological Gardens the other day from the Royal Mews, Buckingham Palace, the very remarkable zebra-hybrid gelding brought from South Africa by Lord Kitchener as a present for the King.

Gem of botanical information from London: "The 'cannibal' tree grows in Australia, and people are shy of it. It is the shape of a huge pineapple, and attains a height of eleven feet. It has a series of broad, board-like leaves, growing in a fringe at the apex, and strong enough to bear the weight of a man. The instant that a person touches one of these leaves it flies together like a trap, crushing the life out of the intruder. Formerly the natives used it for executing criminals."

A new title of "Dostor Engineer" has recently been instituted at the technical high schools in Germany for the different classes of engineers who have obtained the Government diploma. Young students will have to pass at least one year in a large engineering establishment, where they will be treated as ordinary employees, mixing with the men, that they may learn their methods and mode of thought.

Nellie Stewart is the subject of many and various wild rumours that have been floating round Melbourne, says the "Adelaide Critic." Nellie has announced that she will never act again, but the announcement is not taken seriously, and her engagement to go on to Maoriland still stands. (This has since been cancelled.) Certainly the excuse of illness does not explain her absence from the Princess performances. One report that was whispered to many pressmen last week, was that George Musgrove was importing a brand new leading lady; hence these tears.

Here is the latest lay of the lazy man:

Winter is too cold for work;
Freezing weather makes me shirk.
Spring comes on and finds me wishing
I could end my days a-fishing.
Then in summer, when it's hot,
I say work can go to pot.
Autumn days, so calm and hazy,
Sort of make me kind of lazy.
That's the way the seasons run,
Seems I can't get nothing done.

The Rev. James Lyall, the Presbyterian evangelist, now visiting New Zealand, interviewed in Napier, said, speaking of the scenery of the colony: "The Auckland Harbour is a dream of beauty. I prefer its beauties to those of Sydney Harbour. The distances and extensiveness of view add a charm Sydney does not possess. Then, too, I have seen the Rhine in Germany, and believe that for pure natural beauty the upper reaches of the Wanganui excel that great river. Of course, the Rhine has historical associations, and has legendary and literary traditions that fascinate the interest. Still, the Maoris give a picturesqueness to the Wanganui scenery that almost makes up."

Many of the Royal Family are devoted to fishing. The King himself has fished, and is not particularly devoted to it, says Mr. R. B. Barston in the "Fishing Gazette."

The Queen, however, is a keen disciple of Isaak Walton, as is also Princess Victoria, and they often fish together when in Scotland. Her Majesty has killed salmon in Ireland, and so readily is the "Alexandra" fly, named after her, that its use is prohibited on many waters.

The Prince of Wales is perhaps the best angler of the Royal Family, and will spend long days on Deeside enjoying the sport.

Prince Edward and Prince Albert, sons of the Prince of Wales, each caught a nice lot of roach with the fly recently. Even little Princess Mary was successful in landing one. Last month the young Princes tried their hands at the trout in a Norfolk stream, and Prince Albert (aged six) got a brace, and Prince Edward (aged seven) half a brace.

The infectious diseases hospital, to be erected at Point Chevalier, was the subject of a conference at the Auckland Municipal Chambers on Wednesday afternoon between Dr. Mason (the chief health officer of the colony), the Mayor of Auckland (Mr. Alfred Kidd), and representatives of other local bodies in the province who have to provide the funds. The contributing bodies number 51. The conference approved of the plans, as described in the "Star" on July 21 last, and authorised their acceptance at a cost not to exceed £8500, of which the Government will pay half and the local bodies the balance of £4250. The Government propose to give five acres of land, and it is intended to purchase 40 acres more to complete the isolation. The plans provide for accommodating from 30 to 40 patients, beside the staff. The contributions from the local bodies will be proportioned on the same basis as the Charitable Aid Board contributions. Tenders for the building will be invited shortly.

An unfortunate mistake was made by a bridegroom the other day.

After getting into the train which was to take himself and his spouse away on their honeymoon, he noticed a shoe lying on the floor of the carriage. Thinking one of his friends had thrown it there during the scuffle he picked it up and flung it out of the window.

A little later he was surprised to see a commercial traveller, who had awakened from a deep sleep, peering under the seats and on top of the rack and inquiring if anyone had seen a shoe which he had taken off to ease his corns.

Then the bridegroom discovered his mistake and the first purchase of his married life was a new pair of shoes for an absolute stranger.

A highway robbery which occurred on the Breakfast Creek road, near Brisbane Gasworks, about 4.45 a.m. o'clock the other afternoon was a daring affair. Frederick Charles Henry, pay clerk, an employee of the Brisbane Gas Company, was proceeding by train to the gas works on Breakfast Creek-road, with a bag containing £225 in notes, gold, silver, and copper, to pay the workmen. When he alighted from the train and was proceeding towards the gas works, he heard a horse galloping up behind him. He turned, when the offender presented a revolver at him and said: "Give me that bag." Henry took no notice of him at first, but was still followed by the robber, who persisted in his demand. Henry then called two men, employees of the gas works, who ran to his assistance. When the first, named Stenson, was about thirty yards away Henry threw the bag to him. The robber, speaking to Stenson, said, "Don't touch that bag," remarking that the revolver might go off. He then jumped off his horse, picked up the bag, remounted, and galloped away towards Bowen Hills. The photograph of a well-known criminal is said to have a strong resemblance to the robber, and the police are now in search of the man.

This story of the devotion of a pony finds a place in the "Spectator." Captain R. T. Barrett, of Thornycroft's Mounted Infantry, who was killed in a fight in South Africa, was

riding at the time a favourite pony. "We brought Barrett back to our camp, and buried him on a little knoll just outside the camp, and put a rough cross up over the grave," wrote a brother officer to a member of the deceased's officer's family. "Another of our officers took his pony."

"About a week or so ago he was met with a patrol near the place where the fight of September 20 took place; he put off his pony to look through his glasses, leaving the pony to stand, which all these well-broken coloured ponies will do.

"Suddenly the pony looked up, pricked up his ears, sniffed, and then started off, galloping straight for the little knoll where Barrett was buried, which could be seen four or five miles off; he jumped two wire fences in the way, and finally reached the knoll, where our chaps could see him quite plainly with their glasses, standing quite still beside the little cross over his old master's grave.

"The patrol had to push on fast in the opposite direction, and so the pony was never recovered."

The young man who wishes to be popular with the opposite sex should study this paragraph. A young women's debating society has decided on a certain youth as the nicest in their town, because "he is good all the way through; honest, considerate, and kind-hearted. When he treats the girls he makes them feel that they are doing him a favour in accepting his hospitality. He is always good tempered and jolly, and is as nice to a homely girl as to a pretty one. He isn't spoony or foolish, but is just a nice, lovely fellow, and he has more sense than any young man we know. He never says or does unkind things, and always sticks up for every girl he knows."

Great fun has been caused at a two days' church bazaar at Slough by the introduction of washing competitions open to the clergy of the parish. The competitors included the rector (the Rev. P. H. Eliott), the Rev. J. B. Marsh and the Rev. B. Lester. Each of the rev. gentlemen was provided with a bowl of water, a piece of soap, and a dirty duster, which had to be washed in three minutes. A committee of three married ladies found the dust-

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gers of the rector and the Rev. B. Lester so clean that they were unable to determine which was the better, and got out of their difficulty by giving two prizes.

Is the barmaid to go (asks Christchurch "Truth")? Apparently not, since she claims a share in some forthcoming legislation. Whether she ought to go is another story, and a well-thrashed-out and much-debated story too. Our opinion is that there is no excuse for her existence, for several reasons. She is compelled to endure long and fatiguing hours of toil, too long for many men, and certainly for any woman. She lives, also, in an insanitary atmosphere, breathing the germs and tobacco smoke and alcoholic fumes of man in the mass. While we think her would-be abolitionists go too far in their unjust and sweeping denunciations of the unwomanliness engendered in our Hebes, and exaggerate the temptations to which they are exposed, we yet think the occupation is attended by circumstances that are calculated to offend, and in some cases to kill, the sensibility of any woman. Among Hebe's most strenuous supporters is the economist, but the economic difficulty that operated in Glasgow and in larger cities is absent in our smaller colonial towns. At the same time, we hardly sympathize with the Women's Institute's cry for the abolition of the girls of the bar. This weird convention, which has clamoured us deaf on the equality of sexes, is femininely illogical in its attitude towards Hebe. It seems to want the soft places reserved for woman, and the thorny roads kept for men only. It is really a pure accident that the W.I. wants Hebe to go. Anyway, what does the W.I. know about barmaids?

The best Melbourne cattle show story that I have struck (says "Atticus") comes to me from a Gippsland district which sent a young couple to the metropolis to see the show, and incidentally to get married. The pair evidently are not ridiculously young, seeing that they have been engaged for over twelve years. They were on the point of being married on half a dozen occasions during that time, but something always happened to put off the ceremony. The young woman, quite a local expert in matters connected with dairy work, and poultry breeding, entered a brace of exhibits at the show, and was accompanied by her venerable father as well as her lover. They had put up at a suburban hotel, and found Melbourne so wonderful a place that they went about in a condition of half-stunned amazement during their stay. Added to this was the tremendous elation of a great success, for the young woman's exhibits had both won prizes. She was greeted on her return to Dog Hollow as a conquering heroine. The people flocked about her, pouring out congratulations. Great excitement prevailed, and it was quite half an hour before a relation cut in with, "Yes, but what about the marriage—how did that come off?" A sudden silence fell upon the party, the lovers looked blankly at each other for a moment. "There!" cried the bride that was to have been, "didn't I say we'd forgotten something?" They had quite overlooked the wedding.

The wholesale disinterments of Chinese that have been taking place in the South, the Acting-Premier stated in the House, are being made under a license granted by the Colonial Secretary pursuant to the Cemeteries Act, 1882. The license prescribed the conditions to be observed, and these conditions were sufficient to prevent any danger to the public. He had not received any complaints in regard to the matter.

The Levin paper reports the discovery of gold-bearing quartz in the Tararua ranges, and urges that an association should be formed to carry on further prospecting. It is over thirty years ago since indications of gold were found in the Otaki and Waikanae Rivers. A very old resident, known as "Scotch Jock," long since dead, discovered a reef in-

land from Waikanae, and went back repeatedly to locate it, but always failed to do so. He was confident to his dying day that there was gold, and "plenty of it," in the gulches of the Tararua Ranges. "There will be a big crowd here," he used to say, "where now there isn't a soul, working reefs and alluvial after I am dead and gone."

A "shandygaff statesman." This seems to be the last name attached to that best-abused Minister of all times and in all Governments, the Irish Secretary, says a London journal.

Most people who have played cricket on a village green have drunk shandygaff, that compound of ginger-beer—in the days when ginger-beer was ginger-beer—and ale. What its derivation can be has puzzled the students of "Notes and Queries" for the last forty years. One derivation that is absolutely impossible is that given in Hotten's Slang Dictionary: "Perhaps"—mark the much virtue in that word "perhaps"—"sang de Goff, the favourite mixture of one Goff, a blacksmith." Who was Goff, and where did he blacksmith, and why did he drink blood?

But possibly some reader may enlighten the world on the derivation of a word which has been raised to the dignity of a political epithet.

The Wanganui "Herald" says:—"The amount asked for by the Minister of Works for expenditure by the Wanganui River Trust Board on the improvement of the Wanganui River, viz. £1500, is quite inadequate to the requirements. At least £3000 ought to be voted for so vitally necessary a work, as that sum would enable the River Trust Board to improve the navigation of several miles of splendid water-way sufficiently to allow the light-draught river steamers to carry passengers and goods at cheaper rates than those ruling on the railways and roads of the colony."

White Cliffs (Australia) provided a novel court case last week. A resident was charged with "unlawfully attempting to incite divers people there assembled to act unlawfully." Ranting at a public meeting he propounded his Socialistic theories a little bit too freely. However, as he had previously borne an excellent character, the charge was reduced, and he was simply bound over to keep the speech. Free speech is all very well in theory, and great latitude is given in all parts of the British dominion; but a call to a public meeting to act contrary to the law must be noticed. The accused, who announced his willingness, if the worst came to the worst, to lead an attack on local stores of water, was told by the bench that if the laws of the State didn't please him he should leave the State. He seems to have been lucky in escaping so lightly, but apparently the bench thought that a warning would meet the case. The warning might be noted by a number of Australia's professional agitators.

Orders had been issued during the American War to kill all bloodhounds, as these used to be kept for hunting slaves. One day a soldier, seizing a poodle, was carrying it off to execution, in spite of the heartrending appeals of its mistress. "Madam," he said, "our orders are to kill every bloodhound." "But that is not a bloodhound." "Well, madam," said the soldier, as he went away with it, "we cannot tell what it will grow into if we leave it behind."

Mr. A. J. Massey, of Gisborne, was in Wellington for the purpose of introducing the game of table bowls, which he has invented. He has set up one of his tables in the Wellington Bowling Club's pavilion, and gave an exhibition upon it recently. According to a description in the "Poverty Bay Herald," the bowls themselves are about the size of a cricket ball, and biased in the same way as ordinary bowls, and are made of ironbark, and then polished. The jack is about the size of a ping-pong ball. The table is about 16ft long, 48in wide, with a protected ditch at

one end, and covered with a cloth resembling that of a billiard table, the bowls running silently and smoothly. The ditch is constructed of a kind of netting, and the bottom of it is padded, so that a fair-paced drive may be made without injury to anything in a room, and as the bowls fall in a padded ditch the noise which would be caused if the bowls dropped on the floor is thus avoided. On each side of the table is a kind of light railway along which the bowls run smoothly to the starting base, thus doing away with the necessity of carrying them back to the starting place.

A typewriter expert, giving evidence in the Abrahams Customs appeal, at the sessions lately, pointed out that a peculiarity in the shilling mark on certain invoices showed that they were written with the same machine. "What is the peculiarity?" asked counsel. "It is off its feet," promptly replied the witness. "Off its feet," echoed the man of law; "what on earth does that mean?" "It means," rejoined the witness, "that the stroke is thicker at the bottom than at the top." "I should rather say that, having the heaviest side down meant that it was on its feet," said counsel. "Or off its head," remarked Judge Hamilton, amidst laughter.

The "beautiful blue Danube" (says an English paper) is a delusion. An observer watched the river for an hour each day during a whole year. He found the water to be brown 11 times, yellow 46, dark green 59, light green 45, grass green 25, greenish grey 69, other shades of green 110, and that it never had anything like a beautiful blue tint.

It is not easy to excuse the action of a prosecutor who actually swore an information against a lad who stole twopence from his till. The facts, as made public, do not show that the lad was a hardened offender. The action of the police magistrate who, when the case came before him, lectured the young culprit and sent him away after some good advice, is to be commended. But it is a matter for regret that a conviction was recorded against the lad. If at any time any charge should be made against him, the fact of this conviction will be remembered. Let justice be done though the heavens fall is a heathen maxim after all, and one which is sometimes sadly misused. We do not want the heavens brought

down every time a youngster commits a petty theft. An immediate thrashing from the person offended would have been a satisfactory punishment. It is by such unwise action as was taken in this case that geol-birds are made.

A resident of Eketahuna has a small large family (says the "Express"). One son stands 6ft. 5in. in his stockings, another 6ft. 4in., and a third 6ft. 3in.

A very well-known American lady, after visiting the Kaiser, pronounces that versatile monarch "the brightest, and, I think, the smartest and most accomplished man I ever met, and, to use what you English call an Americanism, 'just sweet!' He talked in English, and I wish I could speak my own tongue half as correctly; it's one thing to speak a language, and another to jest in it, and the Emperor was as ready in that way as my husband himself." "What little jest of His Majesty's do you remember best, may I ask?" "The one that took my husband's fancy most—and made Mr. Morgan smile—had reference to our ocean trip. His Majesty asked me how I liked the German Ocean. I said I didn't like any ocean particularly, and the German Ocean had been very rough. 'Sorry,' said the Emperor; 'the next time you come I will pour oil on the waters—Standard oil.'"

When one thinks that any bee that walks out of its cradle, pale, perhaps, but perfect, knows at once all that is to be known of the life and duties of a bee, complicated as they are, and comprising the knowledge of an architect, a wax modeller, a nurse, a ladies' maid, a housekeeper, a tourist agency, and a field marshal, and then compares that vast knowledge with the human baby who is looked upon as a genius if it gurgles "Goo-goo" and tries to gouge its mother's eyes out with its finger, one realises that the boasted superiority of the human brain depends largely on human vanity.

A Russian admiral has invented a sounding instrument which, it is said, will give warning of the approach of torpedoes and submarine boats.

The emus were lately reported to be coming to the populated parts of South Australia from the dry north-eastern plains in search of food and water.

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A policeman called at the sports ground of a leading school and inquired for one of the teachers. Being informed that the object of his quest was not present he volunteered the information, "Oh, it's nothing very important. He has neglected to have the baby registered. That is all. I will call again." The happy possessor of the baby was naturally rallied a good deal about this. "It's the wife, you know," he explained. "She won't have the child christened, so I suppose I shall have to pay the fine." "Oh, I don't know," suggested a young unmarried teacher, "could you not let them take the baby?"

While the Royal Arthur was at Suva (writes "Dora" from Sydney) the mosquitoes played havoc among officers and men, raising great blotches and swellings on their faces. Those who smoked least suffered most. Had they known they would have followed the example of some of the Royal Arthur's commission (now in the Charybdis at Newfoundland), who, to prevent the same thing, cover their faces and hands with a mixture of tar and oil. The ship's company, nevertheless, got some enjoyment out of their trip, though the rain came down in torrents for four days out of the seven they were in port. Various "functions" were held, including the Fijian Club ball, a citizens' ball to the Administrator, prior to his departure for Levuka, an At Home on the flagship, given by the Admiral. At Government House there was a garden party and a musical At Home, at which dances and fire-walking were performed by the natives. The war dances were gone through by Samoans and Solomon Islanders, who remained after the Coronation festivities. The fire-walking was performed by natives from the island of Bora (the only natives who ever undertake the ceremony). It consists in making a huge fire of leaves and then placing stones on it. After the fire has burnt steadily for two days the stones attain white heat. The natives walk on the hot stones, chanting a dirge, and appearing not to mind the heat at all. The flagship's officers tried to imitate the natives in climbing trees for coconuts, but found they could make no headway. The Royal Arthur is very proud of the spears and other weapons decorating the ward-room, brought from Fiji by officers.

A Wellington resident has received a letter from a miner who recently left the West Coast (South Island) for South Africa, which gives a very discouraging account of things there from a labour point of view, says the "Post." The writer was earning 7/ a day at Durban repairing railway carriages and trucks, but that wage was by no means general, the great majority of unskilled labourers in the railway service receiving 5/ per day, although good carpenters and bricklayers receive 15/ and 20/. The railway men had just been on strike for better pay, and after being "out" for eight days, went to work on receiving a promise of a shilling per day extra, pending arbitration. At the date of writing it was not possible for workmen to get to Johannesburg unless they produced a letter promising immediate employment, and signed by some military officer. Things are much worse at Johannesburg than in Durban, wages being only 5/ per day, while board costs £7 10/ per month, as against £5 in the latter place. The writer adds that new arrivals are streaming into the country from all parts of the world, and there are at least fifty applicants for any vacancy, no matter what the employment. "The more references you bring the better if you want to get on." In conclusion New Zealanders are warned not to tempt fortune in South Africa unless they have means.

A late Christchurch High School boy has (says the "Press") just completed his career as medical student at Glasgow University. Dr. John Guthrie, jun., eldest son of Dr. Guthrie, late of this city, was "capped" M.B.C.M. on July 15th, and received "commendation," thus going through his complete course of study with

very satisfactory honours. He has been appointed Demonstrator of Anatomy to Professor Clelland, of Glasgow University, for a year, and in consequence has had to postpone two hospital appointments—one at the Royal Infirmary, as resident physician for six months; the other for the same period at the Western Infirmary, Glasgow, as resident surgeon. Dr. Guthrie will therefore be engaged at the university and hospitals for the next two years. After that time he will be free to make a career for himself.

A recent Canadian invention consists of bricklaying by machinery instead of by hand. The machine, according to a consular report, worked by two men and a lad, will lay 400 to 600 bricks per hour. Door and window-spaces cause only a slight delay. The machine is suited for all plain work, such as walls, sheds, mills, factories, rows of cottages, piers of bridges, etc. Considerable pressure is put on the bricks, and it is claimed that the work is more firmly done than by hand. The invention will do the work of six or seven skilled bricklayers, and it is believed that a machine adapted to build a factory covering about sixty feet by forty feet could be put on the market for £100. The apparatus can be readily worked after a fortnight's instruction.

The Duke and Duchess of Orleans have returned to London. They left it some couple of years ago because the Duke, having endorsed a scandalous and disgusting cartoon of Queen Victoria done by a Frenchman, whom, to call an artist, would be to insult an honourable word, found himself "sent to Lord Coventry, to whom no one ever speaks" as a witty pseudo French translation once put it. The cartoon was done in the Boer interests, probably paid for by some of the Boer funds which were being scattered in Europe for such purposes. That the Duke's offence, for which he subsequently expressed regret, has been condoned by the statement of King Edward VII., that the door has been reopened to him, argues well for that British good temper which is always able to control itself. The Duke's regret was caused most likely rather by the consequences to himself of his almost blackguardly act than by sincere repentance. Though remembering the long asylum which he and his family obtained in England, he should have felt some penitence. The French Government, to whom the Duke is an enemy, cannot complain of his social restoration in England. The cartoon which caused his downfall, was only one of a series of filthy and insulting productions against the British, and Queen Victoria, with which Paris was full at the time, and which were permitted by the French Government.

The reckless cyclist was again in evidence in Christchurch last week, when the alarm of fire was given, and that a fatality was not recorded is surprising. At the Bank of New Zealand corner one engine was fast overtaking the other, the cyclist in question riding between them. Hearing the second engine coming he drew out, and came so close to the engine that the pole was only a few inches off his body, and had he not been going at a fairly fast rate he would in all probability have been run over, as the driver of the engine would have found it impossible to draw up his horses in a short distance. Cyclists riding to fires are prone to be somewhat careless, and should take warning in time before one of their number meets with serious injury.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the shearers' strike is regarded as quite a godsend by a class of bushmen on Sydney side. The strikers in the vicinity of big runs, working on the principle that might is right, carefully kidnap any non-unionists who are likely to spoil the unionists' chances of success by going to work at the pastoralists' rates. The kidnapped men are usually won over by arguments, protestation and appeals, with a certain suggestion of mischief at the back of all if moral suasion is not successful. The aim is

to win the sympathies of the non-unionists, and consequently the alleged prisoners are royally treated in the union camps, and are boarded and lodged gratis. The result is made apparent in a Riverina rabbit inspector's story. "I met old Tim the Whaler, the biggest beat and most hopeless loafer along the Murray; he was looking quite decent, and carrying a shearer's kit. 'What,' I said, 'you're not come down to work, have you, Tim?' 'Not so low as that,' he said. 'I am making for Pentlands. I'm a non-union shearer.' 'But the unionists are in camp there. They won't let you through.' 'Of course they won't. I'm going up to be took prisoner. So long.' Half the sun-downers in the country are now 'prisoners' in the unionist camps," adds the bushman, "and having a high old time. They're being kept from work by force, but you couldn't drive 'em to it with a bullock whip."

No artist has ever quitted England under such conditions of enthusiasm and distinction as those associated with the farewell to Madame Melba. A royal saloon was attached to the special train for her use, and the centre platform was kept clear for the large and distinguished party who came to bid her farewell. Her carriage was massed with a most remarkable display of flowers and fruit, and other parting gifts took the form of a diamond and turquoise necklace, a superb diamond ring, silver and jewel-set frames, several diamond-set gold pencils and purses, and numerous diamond trinkets. In fact the many notable people who compose her circle of private friends vied with each other in the bestowal of costly presents. All the great society personages who have closely associated themselves with Melba's career were either present at the station or represented by deputy.

The tour of the Australians in England closed last week. Two bowlers have obtained more than 100 wickets, but Jonah has not been given a chance lately. Darling and Hill both topped the 1000 runs, but the latter is not nearly so far forward as his friends expected him to be, and Trumper has entirely eclipsed him.

The name of the late Lord Cheylesmore has lately been much before the London public. It was announced a few days ago that he had left his magnificent collection of mezzotints and engravings to the British Museum. The first Lord Cheylesmore had a splendid collection of paintings. The second, lately deceased, was distinguished for his gallery of engraved portraits. The present peer is one of the most eminent of living authorities on war medals. During the past ten years there has been an enormous and sudden increase in the price of mezzotints. The possession of these works is becoming quite a fashion. Some of the prints

which the late baron purchased for £80 to £200 are now worth ten times those amounts, especially the engravings after Reynolds. Besides the interest attaching to this bequest Lord Cheylesmore's name has also appeared in the law courts. All the parties interested in the late peer's estate appeared before the Probate Court this week to ask that the lawyer's draft of a will made by Lord Cheylesmore some years ago should be accepted for probate. The actual will was stolen by a train thief named George Smith, at Waterloo station, some years ago, and from that time to his death the late peer was mentally incapable of making a new will. Smith, the train thief, who is now serving a term of penal servitude, appeared as a witness before the Court. He admitted that he had appropriated Lord Cheylesmore's dressing bag, and finding in it a number of papers, including a will, which were of no value to him, he had destroyed them. The Court thereupon pronounced for the solicitor's draft of the will.

An interesting coincidence, recalling a story which was told of the King some months ago, has just come to light.

The King, then Prince of Wales, it will be remembered, was one day leaving Marlborough House on foot, when he saw one of the maid-servants about to be removed in an ambulance carriage to a private hospital to be operated on for an internal malady.

The Prince walked over to the ambulance and spoke a few cheering words to the girl, assuring her that if she would be brave and endeavour to keep up her spirits she would soon be back again entirely cured.

It was a "life or death" operation, and the girl afterwards confided to her friends that nothing could have given her greater courage to undergo the ordeal than "the master's" confident and cheering assurance.

The history of her case justified the Prince's optimism, and in due course she returned to her work in the Royal household.

It has now transpired that the ailment from which the girl suffered was appendicitis, and when recently the King fell ill she was among the first to learn that the operation which His Majesty had to undergo was similar to her own.

The Queen, who had, like the King, taken the deepest interest in the girl's case, personally learned from her the details of her treatment and recovery.

There can be little doubt that both His Majesty and the Queen accepted the inevitable with all the greater confidence because of this living testimony to complete success of a similar operation, and to permanently improved health arising from it.

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Queen Street, Auckland.

Topics of the Week.

Drifting Whither?

When the Financial Statement was delivered two months ago its most obvious feature was the prodigal spirit it revealed, both as regards the immediate past and the immediate future of our public expenditure. It showed that during the last financial year we had spent lavishly and that we had no intention of curtailing our expenses during the present year. Whatever might be the actual state of our finances there was no gain-saying the buoyancy of our financiers. Never was there a Budget more exuberant or less sicklied over with the pale cast of apprehension for the future. The other remarkable fact about it, which I commented on at the time was the indifference with which the public received the revelations of a financial policy that scattered the money broadcast, as in the old Vogelian days. Where was the loud chorus that in time gone by croaked of impending ruin as each successive million was added to our debt? Gone quite silent, and in vain I listened for the echoes of my own protests. It would be still more vain, I suppose, to listen for them now, when the advent of the Public Works Statement comes to remind us once again of the policy to which we are committing ourselves; for borrowing, as it is proposed in the Budget, is much more of an abstract proposition than it is in the Public Works Statement, where the definite allocation of the money appeals to individual interest. The bald idea of going on the market for another million and three-quarters may rouse the economical soul to loud protest against the unthinking extravagance of the Government, but when it comes to the parceling out of the gold, so much for your railway and so much for my road, and so on, the sense of our respective needs quite outweighs our misgivings for the financial stability of the colony, and the energy we devoted to the condemnation of reckless expenditure is consumed in urging the claims of our own particular island, province or district. It would be folly to expect a campaign of economy to start on the morrow of the appearance of the Public Works Statement. The motto of the moment is "Well, if the money is to be spent let us have our share of it," and of that motto is born even among the most thoughtful a spirit of indifference and laissez faire. We are becoming accustomed to the lavish scale on which the administration is conducting affairs, and heedless of the inevitable consequence of a small colony with a limited and slowly increasing population increasing an already stupendous load of debt at the rate of a couple of millions a year. So long as the money lasts all will be well, of course. The spend-thrift who squanders his patrimony flourishes while it lasts, but only while it lasts. And where is the difference with a colony like this? Our illimitable resources, of which we hear so much, are mainly in the shape of land, and the value of that is not to be reckoned by what it will bring in the inflated season of a boom, but by its actual productive value when compared with the broad acres in other parts of the world and nearer to the world's markets. And what is the value of the land without the people to cultivate it? And shall we add to the attractions of the colony by raising the taxes? But why start again the old Jeremiaid? Who will listen to it?

The Hand That Rocks the Cradle.

The common opinion throughout the colony with regard to female suffrage is that it has had very little effect on the general conduct of things

political; it has neither done the previous harm that was predicted, nor has it hastened the millennium by five minutes. To the ordinary observer elections are conducted very much as they were before, the same sort of candidates present themselves for election, and get sent down to Wellington, and the proceedings in the House of Representatives are unmarked by any special feature that would indicate the refining influence of women at work among our legislators. You ask nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand in the colony, aye, and nine hundred and ninety-nine women, too, and this is what they will tell you. But our absent Premier, when interviewed on this question by the advocates of the suffrage reform in England, told quite another tale. Posing as one who had been instrumental in effecting the extension of the voting privilege here—as a fact he was never a very whole-hearted supporter of the movement here until the eleventh hour—he painted a most idyllic picture that had dawned on this benighted land when woman got a vote. He told his interviewers that in New Zealand the election booths had been purified of all objectionable elements by the presence of women there; and so forth. But the statement which tickles this simple colony most was his assertion that the moral tone of the New Zealand Parliament had always been high, but now a man whose character was in any way tainted had better save his time and money; he stood no chance of getting into Parliament. How good the members in Wellington must feel to be talked about by their absent Premier in this way. I almost fancy I can hear the purr of self-satisfaction pervading the House. Lord, we thank thee that we are not as other legislators are! But is it true? Do the women of the colony institute such searching enquiry into the character of candidates? Do they separate the sheep from the goats by a hard and fast line? Are the present occupants of the House of Representatives spotless Bayards wearing the white flower of a blameless life? But these are indivisible queries better left alone. We shall, however, keep Mr. Seddon's words in mind when a few weeks hence the candidates begin to announce themselves thick and fast, and I trust that the ladies will not forget the high function of public censor with which he credits them and bestow their favours as their own high moral standard dictates.

The Extraction of Gold.

At the meeting last week of the Auckland committee of the Veterans' Home it was shown that the sum collected toward the proposed institution was not so large as had been expected, and it was suggested that a further effort to raise funds should be made through an entertainment of some kind. The entertainment is generally the first, and invariably the last resource when money has to be got for some object, and the fact that it is so popular is the best evidence of its efficiency. But easy as it may be to extract money from folks under cover of amusing them, or giving them something in return for their shillings, as compared with asking them to stand and deliver at the point of a subscription list, there comes a point when so many have resorted to the same means that it ceases to be profitable. This point would seem to have been reached in Auckland at present, for when it was suggested that a bazaar might be held to raise funds for the veterans a protest was raised on behalf of the Victoria School for Maori Girls, the friends of which have already annexed the bazaar idea. Next a floral fete was proposed for the veterans' benefit, but a representative of

the Ladies' Benevolent Society took exception to that scheme, it having been already appropriated by the society. Lastly, the veterans' friends fell back on the volunteers. They can generally be counted on to give a display for the benefit of any deserving object, but on this occasion they belied their reputation for generosity. It seems that the volunteers are also in a bad way for money, and have decided that any exhibition they give must be to replenish their own exchequer. All this should be a warning to the promoters of any new scheme, charitable, patriotic, or whatever it is. The entertainment device is for the present at least over-done. There is in active preparation three powerful assaults on the public purse which are likely to try it severely, were they the only assaults. But besides these, the pockets of the community are being assailed by lesser combinations, led in most cases by the Church. You can scarcely go into any household, city or suburban, just now without encountering evidences of the state of siege in which they are continually living. The Church in this respect is especially wily. She asks for no money of the members of the flock. Beyond his customary contributions on Sunday, pater may be conscious of no other clerical call on his purse, and mater may not even be troubled by that. But none the less, unknown to the one, and unappreciated by the other, the Church is getting her portion sure. In a good many households I know of one finds a counterpart of the "Song of the Shirt" drama in what you might call the song of the bazaar. Stitch, stitch, stitch, at pin cushion, d'oyley, or sachet; the eyes grow weary, and the fingers ache, to make expensive things which no one wants, but which will be sold to some unwilling buyer for twice their value. Fortunate it is that no one about to assist in a bazaar sits down, like the builder in the parable, and counts the cost, for then there would be no bazaars. It has been reckoned out, however—the price of materials, "which of course doesn't count," and of labour, "which of course doesn't count," and of time, "which also is not to be included," added to the price extracted from the paternal and fraternal pockets, when the results of the wasted time and money are put up for sale; and the conclusion is that as between the bazaar and the straightforward subscription, the latter is by far the most economical. But then it would not be half so successful.

The Shah's Millions.

The peoples of the West, great as they are at money-making, have seemingly never mastered the art of spending it. I suppose that the two faculties seldom go hand in hand, and that the man who accumulates millions is not equally able to spend them. For if they were more often associated fewer men would die millionaires. To know how to spend lavishly and profusely one must go to the Orient and take lessons, or learn of him when as in the case of the Shah he comes among us. A cablegram the other day announced that His Imperial Highness and suite had spent £200,000 during their stay in Paris, and an earlier message informed us of some equally large expenditure by the Persian Monarch in England. Now, Paris is no doubt the shopper's paradise, but the disbursement of nearly quarter of a million pounds sterling in the magasins of the gay city during a flying visit is an achievement that fairly staggers the ordinary Western mind. Not a lifelong training would qualify most people for such prodigality; it must be inherited, and not merely from one generation back but from a long series of generations. The multi-millionaire Chicago pork butcher's wife could never get through such a sum; his daughter or son could not do it without making fools of themselves. But the Shah in the most natural and decent way parts with his quarter of a million and never turns a hair. It has been suggested that he has saved up for this trip, and that the palace manager at Teheran suffered, and will suffer for the sake of all the present magnificence. Yet the Shah, you would say, spends too regally to have saved up for the occasion. It must be his habitual way, methinks, to disburse by the thousand where others spend by the ten. Still, even a despot with only six million subjects and a comparatively barren country, could never replenish a purse that poured forth such a stream of gold every week of the year. So one is reluctantly forced to the mean conclusion that His Majesty's scale of living when on tour is a trifle more magnificent than when he is at home. In the latter place there can be much fewer temptations, too. Teheran or Ispahan is not Paris, and we can imagine him living in a modest way for the Shah, and talking a trip to Europe by way of an occasional spree. His Majesty's father made four such trips before he was shot in 1896, and more than likely his son has inherited this way of taking his pleasure.

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.

Turf Gossip.

By WHALEBONE.

TURF FIXTURES.

September 25, 26—Geraldine R.C.
 September 27, October 1—Avaldale J.C.
 October 2, 3—Wanganui J.C.
 October 4, 5—Hawke's Bay J.C.
 October 6, 8—Otago Maori R.C.
 October 8, 11—Dunedin J.C.
 October 14, 15—Napier Park R.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Wager, Ponsonby.—You will be able to get the information from the "Modern Gladiator," a book giving accounts of his own battles by John L. Sullivan.

TURF NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Takapuna Jockey Club is fixed for Monday next.

Queen of Sheba, the Metropolitan Stakes winner, is said to be on the small side.

Mr R. Cock, of New Plymouth, was a visitor at Avondale on Saturday.

Mr R. Blakie's annual Turf Guide is to hand, and is got up as usual in good style.

Hawera, by Gipsy King—Vaccination will be sent back to his owner to Hawera shortly.

Matarawa, winner of the Steeplechase at Avondale on Saturday, has been regularly hunted with the Pakuranga hounds.

Nominations for the Wanganui Meeting show that Ragbraash is the only Auckland engaged in the Spring Handicap.

The brood mare Trafalgar, dam of Dreadnought, broke a leg recently in Australia and was destroyed.

Mr Percy Dawson, of Auckland, has received the appointment of clerk to the Auckland Racing Club.

The Avondale Guineas will be the chief attraction on Saturday next at the Avondale J.C.'s meeting. Idas is my present fancy.

Mr Howard's grey mare Pearl II., who will be remembered as an excellent performer at suburban meetings here a few years back, has foaled a colt to Phoebeus Apollo.

The Auckland Trotting Club, after taking further evidence in the Kelly case last night, adjourned the meeting till next Friday night.

The Hon. J. D. Ormond's gelding Kolby was backed for the New Zealand Cup on Monday for several hundreds at hundreds to three and four.

The Taranaki horses Moro and Durable are looking well. Their owner and mentor, J. George, is up from the "butter country" with them.

St. Peter is commencing to look well, and if the full brother to St. Paul stands another preparation should win a race or two during the season.

E. Handins was one assisting at Avondale on the opening day. "Good old Dunedin weather, this," he remarked, as I passed him taking shelter on the lee side of the stewards' stand.

Mr H. Nixon, long-time steward of the Wanganui Jockey Club, was present at the Avondale meeting on Saturday, and was pleased to see Matarawa, a horse he bred, win the Steeplechase.

Tenders are invited by Mr Percy Ward, surveyor, for widening the track on the Auckland Racing Club's property at Ellerslie, and other work. It is intended that the work shall be done without delay.

Our Christchurch correspondent wires that the thoroughbred stallion Mannheim, by Maxim—Sapphire, winner of the C.J.C. Challenge Stakes and Challenge Stakes, died suddenly on Saturday.

At Mr J. B. Williamson's, One-tree Hill, the following foalings are reported:—Colt to Cyrenian, dam—Blanche, colt to Cyrenian, Culmactie, by Cuirassier—Dolosa, filly to Cyrenian; and Chiara, by Cuirassier, dam Ouida, colt by Cyrenian.

The Whangarei Jockey Club and the Agricultural and Pastoral Association have decided to erect a grandstand and lay out their grounds in up-to-date style. Mr E. Bartley is the architect for the buildings.

A silver mounted riding whip, containing 100 strands, on solid whalebone, was promised by Messrs C. H. Waltham and Co., of Sydney, to the rider of the winner of the Metropolitan. It is the work of Mr G. Eiland, a well known whip maker.

Mr Montgomerie refused an offer of £100 for Strathvon on Saturday. A short time since he tried to sell the same horse for £12. Strathvon is by Hithrowise from Mamilla, therefore a pure-bred one, and moreover he looks useful.

Talking with a friend of sport the other day, who has had daily opportunities of seeing our horsemen on and off the race-course, and has been careful to take notice of how they behaved themselves, he declared that he has noticed a marked improvement during the last two years.

A meeting of trainers and jockeys has been called for 6.30 p.m. on Tuesday, 23rd September, at Cairns' Hall, Ellerslie, for the purpose of forming a trainers' and jockeys' union. This is the outcome of a meeting held one morning during the week on the racecourse at Ellerslie.

The following foalings are announced from Sylvia Park—Steelefield, full sister to Stepiak, colt to Seaton Delaval; Campana, dam of Miss Delaval, colt to Seaton Delaval; and Liquidation, by King Cole from Realization, filly to Explosion.

We were on Tuesday informed by cable that Mr R. Stevier's renowned filly Scipio had won altogether in stakes £25,000. This is a large sum, more especially for a filly, to win in her first two seasons, indeed her winning account is a record one in that respect.

A wager of 200 to 25 was obtained yesterday from a Southern layer about Newcastle for the New Zealand Cup by an Ellerslie resident. Six to one was the best offer yesterday locally, and seven to one was the price quoted about Siege Gun for that race.

A lot of useful work was got through this morning at Ellerslie by horses engaged at the Avondale meeting, but in consequence of the rain that has fallen lately, and during the morning, nothing like good time was accomplished, the tracks being very heavy.

The Australian horses or ponies Moss Rose, The Provost, Cambridge, Sylex, and Loch Arden were successful in winning races at Calcutta on August 2nd. On the same day at Bangalore, Gaining, Allie, Ocean, and Promontory, all Australians won.

Since 1881, Sequence is the only horse that has carried such a big weight as 10.3 into a place in the Epsom Handicap. Myrel won with 10.2 in 1901, and last year Sequence won with 9.4, a weight Dandy finished third with in 1909. These four performances have not been equalled by other horses.

The death is reported of Strathmore, who raced in the late Mr W. B. Wilson's colours, and first won the light of day at Wellington Park, Strathmore, as a three-year-old, won among other events, the Caulfield Guineas, V.R.C. Derby, Champion Stakes, and V.R.C. St. Legr. He was by Nordenfeldt from Ouida, but did not race after his three-year-old season. Ragbraash is racing headquarters, is a daughter of Strathmore.

The Salvation Army in Auckland have hit upon a novel way of attracting the attention of the public. On Thursday night they had a man in the evening colours orange and blue riding a horse through the streets, to the accompaniment of music, and succeeded in drawing a greater crowd than usual.

I was remarking the other morning how well the horses at Ellerslie looked as a lot, when a trainer observed that such was the case, but facetiously added that he had a couple of hard cases in his stable, and was afraid that his enemies might be pointing to them as evidence of the high price of horse feed, as both looked like Pharaoh's lean kine.

"Sentinel," in the "Witness," says:—Five hundred was pluckily refused for Welbeck last autumn, and judging by his form at Thurau, his owners should have no cause to regret the refusal of that offer. The offer was made by H. Mason, on behalf of Mr G. G. Stead, probably with an eye to this year's Derby.

Mr R. Stevier's crack filly Scipio, who on Wednesday won the St. Legr, thus further adding to her wreath of fame, suffered defeat in the Sussex Stakes, I note, at Goodwood, on July 30th. She went out at 13 to 8 on, but could only dead heat St. Brivels for second place, Royal Lancer remaining equal. Subsequently Scipio receded to 10 to 1 for the St. Legr, which race at latest was looked upon as a fair thing for the Irish colt St. Brendan, who failed to gain a place.

The report that the Seaton Delaval-Waltomata filly died last week at Sylvia Park is, I am assured by Mr A. Davis, the manager of that stud, incorrect. I am glad to hear further that she is well,

and, being a very nice filly and claiming full-sisterhood to Potirus and Kamo, is likely to set heads nodding when she enters the sale ring in December.

In awarding The Shannon 5lbs more in the Wanganui Spring Handicap than in the Avondale Cup, and putting the same weight upon Ragbraash in both races, Mr Evett was probably influenced by the comments on the favourable treatment of Mr White's mare, and that Ragbraash declined the Avoidale engagement for Ragbraash has not shown form over a distance so far.

It is hard to keep condition on some of the wasters that occasionally find their way into stables. A few of the younger horses engaged at Avoidale will not do much judge after putting in an appearance here. It is wonderful what the exert of a first race or two has on some of our juveniles, who become fretful and unsettled, and melt away visibly.

His Majesty King Edward VII. has taken out five nominations for the Derby of 1901, and four nominations for the Oaks of the same year. Three of His Majesty's Derby only are by Ferdinand, and one each by St. Simon and Orme. Included amongst the nominations for the Derby are four Trouton colts, two Lochiel colts, and one by Carbine.

People are attaching a lot of importance to the time recorded at Timaru by Secret Society in a six furlong race. It may interest them to know that Harriman ran a mile and a half over the course at 2.28, somewhere about a record, and Harriekie would not be in it with a good performer. Secret Society evidently has plenty of pace, but form at Timaru, Ashburton, and several fast courses in the South, as judged by the watch, is deceptive at times.

Cardigan, a chestnut horse by Gobs-brough from Zelanite, owned by the Hon. H. M. Grey, bred from Sydney by the Earl of Albemarle, and will take his stud duty at Epsom Park. Cardigan, who commenced his turf career at two years old, won one race and ran second on four occasions. He did not start again until four years old, and only once at that age; but at five years old won five races, one at seven furlongs, two at a mile and three furlongs, one (the Hawkesbury Grand Handicap) at a mile and a half, and the Sydney Metropolitan Stakes, two miles. At six years old he won the Summer Cup, one mile and a half, at Randwick, carrying 12, which was about his best performance.

It has always been my opinion (says "Marrindale") that Ilex is not well served if asked to travel over more than six furlongs. The time for the Spring proved this. For a little more than six furlongs he was doing well, but then he failed. Certainly, in moderate company, he would win a mile, and do it in good time, but at the longer distance that he can hold his own with the cracks. No horse in the Epsom started in better form. Ilex showed himself to be a champion under weight, when carrying 12 he was beaten a head in the fast time of 1m 15sec.

"I am afraid, my dear," said a Melbourne business man to his wife last week, "I shall have to take a run over to Sydney on Thursday. I have a big line of business in hand, and I fancy I can make better terms personally than by letter, but if I can push it through in time I'll leave again before the Monday evening express." "Oh, you'll catch that easily, Charles dear," replied his better half with a smile, the candour of which almost made him blush. "It doesn't leave until a quarter past 7, and the Metropolitan is sure to be run about half past three." She had picked it in once—"Javelin!"

The brood mare Bugel, imported from Australia to New Zealand by Mr J. Macpherson over 20 years ago, died at Sylvia Park during the week. She was the oldest mare I have known, having been foaled as far back as 1870. Victoria was bred by Mr H. Phillips, and there can be but few daughters by Paris, her sire, still living. The last time I saw the old mare she looked as if she was one of the laziest sows in the paddock, but she was fairly prolific, and left a number of useful horses, amongst which may be mentioned Ida, Dorothy, Grander, St. Gordon, and Clanchester II., but her best representatives, I fancy, were St. Gordon and Ida, dam of Idas and Maroon and Gold. Mary Seaton, now three years old, is her last winning representative, but there is a great number of her progeny at work by Seaton Delaval that does the old Paris mare a lot of credit.

It is believed that the attendance at Randwick on Derby Day was a record one, and the number is set down at 22,000. Spring and summer followers of the most famous race were displayed, notwithstanding "The Referee," a fine effort of that kind, from the benches of society downwards, was never seen at a racing, or, perhaps, any other out door occasion in New South Wales. It was a spirited and effective display of colour and life in its most stirring form, and it leaves no doubt that Derby Day at Randwick is growing to be a reflex of famous Flemington to the spring. There never will be quite

the same huge crowd, but still Randwick on race is a charming place.

There is a man (says "Javelin") in one of the sporting clubs in Melbourne who prides himself on his smartness in detecting a "well." He is, in fact, generally credited with never "falling in." The other day another member, who had bet drinks that he would "nag" him, came in, and told him the club was going to write a letter, and after filling one page, blotting it, and starting the second, he paused, and addressing the smart man, said, "How would you spell 'Gaulbon'?" "How?" he immediately answered. "Why O-a-u-l-b-o-n, of course. How would you?" "By turning him out in a good grass paddock, I think," said the other, and for the first time during the cute man's membership of that club, there was a big laugh at his expense.

The Japanese devote a good deal of attention to racing, pony racing being naturally most popular in a country of ponies (says a Home authority). The Imperial racecourse, at which a mild form of the Emperor of Japan for his special race, which lasts three days, and is held every year in his birthday week. The course is partly a mile round, and part of the best in Japan. The weather system is to be picturesque to be altogether like business, bordered as it is with cherry trees, while in the centre is a lake with various decorative buildings about it. Many of the Japanese Imperial Family and the nobles keep racing studs, and give cups and purses, the prize of the birthday week meeting being the Imperial Cup. Count Ito, whose name is well known in Europe, has some of the best ponies. The totalisator system of betting is the one most in vogue.

The Evangelical Council in Sydney, at a meeting recently held, adopted the following resolution:—"Believing that betting and gambling in all forms are prejudicial to the best interests of society, and calculated to undermine those sound principles of industry and integrity on which the welfare of the community largely depends, this council records its earnest protest against the proposal to legalize the betting machine known as the totalisator. It deprecates on the ground that by legalizing it, the State will surround with legal sanction a practice in itself so undesirable; and harmful to the best welfare of its citizens; and, that the State, by its acquiescence in the withdrawal from industrial pursuits of valuable time, and energy, and capital, thus weakening the fibre of national life, and sanctioning practices that minister to the most filthy excitement and illegal speculation."

Melwood, Haberberg, Ringman, Bowman, Edder, and Serapion were New Zealand Cup candidates that ran at the Emerald Spring Meeting. Melwood and Fakie were winners, and Ringman and Bowman ran prominently, each having two seconds to their credit. Very little could be learned from the form displayed. Ringman was beaten by a well-bred one in Armistice in the Maiden Race, for which he was regarded as a certainty, at next day's event, and a distance suffered defeat by Martindale, who, however, is smart. Bowman was second in the Spring Handicap, ran over a mile and a quarter, and second in the September Handicap, at five furlongs, to Fakie. On the whole, the form of the Auckland racing club looks best, and if Melwood trains on he may not unlikely prove the best of the lot that raced on Thursday and Friday last.

At the annual meeting of the Otahuhu Trotting Club, held on Thursday evening, there was a good attendance of members. Mr R. L. Abelson in the chair. The report and balance-sheet showed that during the past season the club had made a loss of £190 17/6, which left a balance of £52 11/9 to credit of profit and loss account. The totalisator investments during the year amounted to the sum of £11,401, as against £1,854 in the previous season, showing a decrease of £9,547 10/7. The amount given away in stakes last season was £106—£1175 to trotting and £455 to pony racing. There were 10 nominations to fill six vacancies, the result being that the following six were declared duly elected—Messrs A. R. H. Jones, J. E. J. Todd, A. Dibble, R. Johnston, W. H. Bush, and W. G. Cunnold. The committee will meet at an early date to elect officers and draw up programme for the spring meeting, which, as usual, will be held at the end of November.

Commenting on the racing of the A.C.C. Spring meeting in a paper yesterday, the "Herald" for the Metropolitan was not a close one, as Queen of Sheba won very easily. In this race the favourites were badly beaten and we should say that the bookmakers' prices, so far as the two great handicaps are concerned, done very well. The Derby was won by the favourite—Abundance—a good colt, who, so far, has been raced honestly, and what is more, can be depended upon to do his best, which is not always the case, even with colts. By the way she won the Spring Stakes. It is very evident that Wakeful is still the champion, and before she finds a rival in her career, we shall be more than supplied if it is not as great an idol with the sporting public as

THE BEST ON THE MARKET.
GORDON'S DRY GIN and OLD TOM.
 Established in the Year 1769.
 SWIFT & COMPANY, 7, SPRING ST., SYDNEY, AUSTRALASIAN AGENTS.

was Carbine. The Australians dearly love a good horse, and it is very doubtful if they ever saw a better than Wakeful. In fact, the present of the Spirit of the South is the most successful that the Club has held.

It is a matter of ancient history that a curious and cruel race at Doncaster on March 1, 1852, was arranged for the sake of betting. A Mr Fletcher backed a bay mare he possessed against a grey, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, which should be going on first on the racecourse; the "race" was to continue till one of the mares was exhausted. Each had five jockeys to ride in turn. Jackson mounted Mr Fletcher's mare, and she at once battled with him. The two mares covered the first ten miles in 38 minutes, and ran 40 miles before they stopped to bait. Mr Fletcher's mare had had enough when they had gone 61 miles, and her owner lost his bet. I have only known of one fifty-mile race in this colony, and the competitors were nearly all ordinary utility horses, and the contest was from fate to the Waingongora, and back. One horse died from the effects of the journey, several were knocked up, but one, a horse known as Jack, completed the distance in a little over four hours, and the race was then a bad one. This was over 25 years ago.

From the first it was expected that the A.J.C. spring meeting would be successful, says the "Town and Country Journal," and expectations have been realised. The crowd on Derby Day was a record one, and that on the following Monday was also a good one. Looking back on the week, it is not hard to hardly conceive that times were anything but good, and that the country had only recently passed through the most severe drought on record. Such, however, is the nature of the weather, that proof that the Australian people are not the sort to sit down and lament over their troubles. It is an excellent trait in their character this. People of such disposition are never beaten or cowed down by adversity; they may suffer materially, and always look to the brighter side. It is very evident that the ladies, too, are taking a greater interest in racing than they did. This was evident on both Derby and Metrop. Days, when the lawns was a perfect picture with elegant costumes, as was also the stand, which on Derby Day was crowded in every part; and also was the Leger stand and reserve. The same may be said of the crowd, more orderly or better behaved crowd could not be met with in any part of the world.

It is generally agreed that racing in this colony is in a prosperous condition. Good stakes are open for competition everywhere, and the qualification fees are in the main not at all excessive. Owners can race as often as they like, and in the case in New Zealand indeed, have once have progressed they have been able to make the cost in the way of entry fees lighter year by year, and clubs that will in the future, by their meetings on purely commercial lines, and that they can support that they appreciate the efforts of liberal clubs. Owners have really nothing to complain of as a body at the way in which clubs are run, and now that the horse-feed has become so much more expensive than it was a year or two back, these owners who have private trainers, and have to foot the corn bills, are gratified to find that they are not to make their burdens lighter. For a long time past, however, the rise in the price of horse-feed (hay, oats, chaff, bran, straw, and other fodder having gone up) has been very considerably, and it is not surprising that they have not been finding household necessities very much by public trainers, and indeed, the employees as well. Most and bread have come up at the same time, and so they have not been receiving any saving money than before for training horses, and at the same time in Auckland their profits must be very small indeed just now. Owners may not unlike be asked to pay a little less, but they are going at present, or to meet their trainers in some way to compensate them. Trainers will no doubt be reasonable in their requests, and owners will see that it is to their interests to be as liberal as possible under the circumstances.

While one section of the community is adverse to the totalisator being introduced in New South Wales, another section is trying to get it. On this subject a Sydney authority writes: "On the motion of Mr E. M. Clark, the Totalisator Bill was introduced in the Legislative Assembly last week. It is proposed to issue licenses to owners of machines, which will give them exemption from the provisions of the various Acts that are in force for the purpose of prohibiting gaming or wagering. Such licenses are to be issued for the period of one year, and there are clauses in the bill determining what class of race meetings the totalisator may be used at. The duties on commission that may be charged by the promoters of the machine is fixed at 10 per cent., and any person under the age of 21 years convicted of wagering by this means will be liable to a fine of less than £1 or more than £20 for the first offence, and not less than £5 or more than £50 for each subsequent offence. We firmly believe that the totalisator is the fairest means of wagering, and the best for the public. We are not alone in this opinion; in fact, many who would vote against the bill hold it. They, however, think that it could be adapted to the interests of the community by allowing gambling in any way. It is this class of people who bring about the defeat of measures of this class, as they allow sen-

timent to overcome common sense. The bill appears to be very similar to those that have been introduced upon previous occasions, and it is not difficult to see about it. Special reference is made to pony racing, the promoters of which are not to be allowed to use the machine. This would not interfere with the branch of the totalisator business, the law is allowed to stand as it is at present, viz., the allowing of betting. This we have always maintained should be the case. While agreeing that the totalisator is the most legitimate means of wagering, we by no means think that the bookmaker should be, as it is termed, "wiped out." There is plenty of room for both. The machine is an excellent ready money or cash business affair, but all women cannot attend upon a race day, while others prefer to bet with a bookmaker. In respect to the last named, as they like to know what amount they are likely to win, they do not when the money is invested in the machine. With the bookmaker it is different. The amount is made, and the particular sum stated; thus it matters not how the horse may be, the bookmaker is not affected, and also a certain section, who are partial to betting upon set handicaps such as the Epsom, Metropolitan, Eviday, Caulfield, and Melbourne Cups. In the case of the totalisator, the amount is not known until the day of the race that causes the great interest to be taken in them. People at a distance can invest upon their fancies at a long price. In the case of the Melbourne Cup was done away with the interest in that race would speedily decrease, and we would not find the thousands travelling from all parts of the different Australian States and elsewhere, that will be the case next November. Those opposed to sport in every way will say—and a good thing too. Yet they would be dead against the totalisator, which might, as a matter of fact, do such a good thing as betting was not allowed to be done by bookmakers. We firmly believe that in time a Totalisator Bill will be passed, but not yet."

AVONDALE JOCKEY CLUB'S SPRING MEETING.

A TEMPTUOUS DAY.

After much broken weather for several previous days, Saturday morning broke so promisingly that the sport loving public of Auckland might well be sympathised with for having been deceived into the belief that the Avondale Spring Meeting for 1903 was a success. Shortly after proceedings commenced, though a strong westerly wind was blowing, the sun was shining out brightly enough, and the course saddling paddock, the lawn, and the grandstands generally were a sparkling white green, the well-dressed and dined white shirt waists and white fences, nicely-fashioned grandstands, stewards' stand, stabling, totalisator house, and refreshment buildings, showed up in bold relief on what is certainly a most up to the minute racing property, and Hunter's Garrison Band was there discoursing good music, and the Club had left nothing undone to try and achieve success, and put their patrons on good terms with themselves. While they deserved well, they could not be expected to do more, and no one could have been more thoroughly disappointed than the officers of the Club, for the afternoon proved about the actual worst in the annals of the Club, rain falling in heavy showers, with unrelenting persistency, covering the paddock, the grandstand, the lawn, and in and out of the paddock, and making it unpleasant for all to get about. Hundreds, indeed, remained almost throughout the afternoon on the grandstands, nor could they be tempted by brief dashes of sunshine to leave the shelter of the colonnades of vantage until it was time to catch returning trains and conveyances. And how the course became cut up, to be sure. The two concluding events were run while heavy rain was descending, and riders and horses proved a sorry sight. Fast time making was out of the question, and it is possible that on a sound track some at least of the results would have been very different. Romeo and Strathavon looked about the strongest of the runners in the Maiden Plate, and the first named, revelling in the shelter of the grandstand, was an easy winner. Drudge, who next to Romeo was well backed, failed to show prominently, while the weight stopped La Vallere. Both the winner and runner up are trained in the country. Mars, who only jumped one high bar, and who was a well known hand in the Hurdle Race, in which the public made Bellman favourite, and that horse fell when leading at the fifth hurdle, at which stage Mars apparently had taken

his measure. Tim had to be ridden hard to catch Cannongate, whom he got on terms with in the home stretch, and beat for second place. The other two winners behaved at the second, and Birdar fell at the first fence.

Though there were fourteen starters for the Avondale Stakes, the race was unsatisfactory owing to most of the youngsters starting badly, and to several of those that did begin well getting into a homage at the first hurdle. It would not do to detract from the merit of the victory of Mr W. Kyau's colt Cordou Rouge, but most people recognise that but for interference that took place between that colt and Kamo, which hampered Sans Fear, and it is said, others, there is a probability that the result would have been different. Two year olds, early in the season, don't know what is required of them, and it is not to be expected that races in which they are engaged can be brought off without mistakes being made. A protest, however, was made on behalf of Mr Friedlander, by that owner's trainer, was given full consideration, and was not sustained. The placed trio knew more of their business than most of the others, of whom Te Aroha, Matua, and Alba Rose were most prominent. Cordou Rouge was bought by Mr Walter at Papanukira, and purchased for 55 guineas by Mr W. Ryan, and is certainly a nice colt.

The Shannon's victory in the Avondale Cup was a pronounced one. Macnamara, her rider, waited in the field for a while, but he did not suffer any hindrance on the way cleverly got there with the shapely black, beating Tresham, who had been prominent throughout, and had shaken off the saddle the money was scored by St. Olga and Formula one after the other. Durable and Val Roca were fairly close up, probably on suffering. The Shannon comes of a good racing family and having been treated with consideration with regard to J. Watt was tempted to send her to the meeting, and she rewarded his enterprise. The contest between Strathavon and Lavalette in the Hack Race was a good one, and public money and public sympathy were with the three-year old, who was clearly the better horse. Strathavon, an aged but an equally well bred horse, who like himself was making a first appearance in a race. Though defeated, all the honours of the race were his, and he was rewarded with Lavalette for it was only by a head that Lavalette failed. Marshal Soult ran a good race to within the distance, but then compounded suddenly, and Hippoval, five lengths ahead, secured the coveted honour. J. Watt before the start for the race Lingard, who has been known on the track as Manifesto, threw his rider, J. Chaeff, Jun., twice, the last time with the result that that rider had his collarbone dislocated.

The Steeplechase was interesting. Stockman and Illinoma were in the lead from the start and until coming on to the course for the run home, where Matarama, who had been in the lead half a mile away, came on the scene and finally won by several lengths. Nor-west lay a long way back, and appeared to be going so strongly that it was expected that he would move up to the leaders before the last circuit. He came with a late run in the straight, and was closer than at any stage after the first few fences were jumped. The reward was handed before that, when he explained that he had dropped his whip. They were not entirely satisfied, and reproached him for not making more use of his mount. Dingo, the favourite, ran as if he did not care for the race, and his Purgeau misbehaved by running off. Dingo and Pullack finished the course a long way back.

The Pony Race was won easily by Gilton Girl from Avalanche, the favourite, First Whisper, and St. Geranda; but the first named hardly he was in the rain. Spalpeen made the pace in the Flying Stakes Handicap from Landock to the turn, and well into the straight, where St. Olga, followed by Gladiana, came in, and St. Olga winning severely. The mare was ridden by M. Ryan.

The totalisator turnover amounted to £576 as against £2424 when the meeting last year was held at Ellerslie. Mr H. E. Ryan's colt got through his work well, and was well supported by his assistants. The starting of Mr Cutts was satisfactory in nearly every event. Results:—

- MAIDEN PLATE HANDICAP of 70sovs, second 10sovs. Six furlongs. 10-Teague's b.g Romeo, by Leolantia 1 10-1 Signet, 7.1 (Phillips)..... 1 10-1 J. J. Montgomery's Strathavon, 6.13 (2nd) (duff) (Phillips)..... 1 10-1 J. J. Arthur's Sly Miss, 7.11 (Seaton) 3 10-1 La Vallere, 8.7 (Gallagher); 61 Mechanic 8.0 (Gainsford); 38 Rosiphele, 7.12 (Buchanan); 110 Drudge, 7.11 (Ryan); 21 Cygnat, 7.10 (Julian); 11 Walmans, 7.7 (Ross); 39 Aurea, 7.0 (Curtis); 21 (Buchanan) 10-1 including 31b over (Satman), also ran.

- 138 Bellman, 10.4 (Quinbon); 34 Commodore 8.0 (Phillips); 37 Winsome, 8.0 (Hall); 21 Mockomo (O'Connell); 33 Birdar, 8.9 (McKinnon), also started.

- Bellman carried on the running in front of Birdar, who fell at the first hurdle, Mars going on second, Commodore stopped at the second, an example followed by Winsome. Bellman continued to lead to the end of the race, and a quarter, when he fell, and Mars then went on alone, winning easily by four lengths from Tim, who wore Cannongate down in the straight, and beat him a similar distance for the third place. Time, 4.28. Dividends, 28 1/2 and 22 1/4.

- AVONDALE STAKES of 200sovs, second 40sovs, third 10sovs. Four furlongs. 116-W. Ryan's blk c Cordou Rouge, by Soult-Lady Emmeline (Lindsay)..... 1 10-11 Friedlander's mare, 12.1 (Beaton Delaval - Walmansa (Speakman)..... 1 10-11 Friedlander's br f Sans Fear, by Soult-Lady Emmeline (Lindsay)..... 1 10-11 "Battered."

- 11 The Middy (Gallagher); 17 Kola Nip (Stratton); 48 Stubbington (Chaeff); 7 Agrapus (Jenkins); Merry Soult (Deeley); 94 Alba Rose (Seaton); 40 Matua (Gainsford); 11 Te Aroha (Phillips); 84 Delania (Ryan); 11 Honomata (Julian); 15 Lady Annie (Birk).


- Stubbington showed momentarily in front, and then Cordou Rouge and Kamo took command and ran to the turn in company, with Alba Rose handy, Sans Fear a little further on coming through. Some swerving took place at this stage, and Cordou Rouge came on well clear of his field, Kamo running in second place, inside the distance Sans Fear came with a good run, but could only get a neck of Kamo, who finished a clear length behind the winner. Te Aroha fourth, Matua fifth. Time, 65s. Dividends, 24 1/2 and 10 1/2.

- AVONDALE CUP HANDICAP of 300sovs, second 40sovs, third 10sovs. One mile and a quarter. 503-E. J. Watt's blk f The Shannon, by Torpedo-Rivulet, 7.11 (Macnamara)..... 1 10-13 E. Edwards' mare, 7.10 (Julian) 3 10-1 J. George's Durable, 7.0 (Phillips) 3

- Also ran: 114 Val Rosa, 8.5, Seaton; 94 The Needle, 8.3, Gainsford; 23 Formula, 8.2, Ryan; 30 St. Olga, 7.12, Chaeff; Matamatarakeke, 7.7, Bird; 137, 1st, On to Date, 7.6, Satman; 28, Solo, 7.5, Jenkins; 123, Grey Scaut, 7.4, Price; 22, Kelburn, 7.2, Buchanan.

Solo cut out the work, followed by The Needle and Tresham, and in this order they went out of the straight and to the back of the course, The Shannon running last. The Needle led into the straight, Tresham, Formula, and St. Olga being all well together at that stage, but the Shannon, when heads were once turned for home, made a strong run, and catching her horses one by one landed the stakes in a easy and meritorious manner by nearly two lengths, the same distance between second and third; Val Rosa fourth, the rest easing up. Time, 2m 21s. Dividends, 23 1/2 and 22 1/2.

A SPRING MEDICINE. It is well to remember that in this season of all others the human system needs to be toned up and put in thorough condition to withstand the change of the season. BILE BEANS FOR BILIOUSNESS are the very best medicine that can be taken for this purpose, as they cleanse and regulate the Liver, an organ to which may be traced nearly all the minor ailments so many people suffer from. If the Liver is not in thorough working order, the blood is impure, the circulation sluggish, the digestion impaired, the sleep disturbed, and the complexion sallow. The consequence is that there is a lack of energy, and the sufferer becomes a victim of "that tired feeling." To be out of sorts in the Spring is most trying, as many people know. If you are feeling "run down" and without energy for work, take BILE BEANS for BILIOUSNESS, and they will put you in a condition that will withstand the changeable Spring weather.



Athletic Sports.

CRICKET.

AUSTRALIANS IN ENGLAND.

MATCH WITH THE PLAYERS.

THE PLAYERS.—First Innings.

Abel, c Hill, b Noble.....	35
Hayward, at Kelly, b Saunders....	74
Tyldesley, b Saunders.....	54
Quaife, c Hopkins, b Trumble.....	31
Iremonger, c Hopkins, b Armstrong.....	66
Braund, b Saunders.....	13
Hirst, c Duff, b Noble.....	35
Vine, c Trumper, b Noble.....	7
Haigh, run out.....	0
Lilley, c Darling, b Saunders....	16
Rhodes, not out.....	11
Sundries.....	10
Total.....	356

Bowling analysis:—Trumble, one wicket for 129; Saunders, four for 50; Trumper, none for 17; Armstrong, one for 45; Noble, three for 85; Hopkins, none for 20.

AUSTRALIANS.—First Innings.

Trumper, c and b Rhodes.....	96
Gregory, run out.....	22
Hill, b Haigh.....	51
Noble, b Rhodes.....	4
Duff, c Hayward, b Rhodes.....	15
Darling, c Rhodes, b Braund....	28
Hopkins b Vine.....	49
Trumble, b Rhodes.....	68
Armstrong, b Vine.....	20
Kelly, b Rhodes.....	0
Saunders, not out.....	1
Sundries.....	30
Total.....	414

Bowling analysis: Hirst, no wicket for fifty-one; Vine, two for seventy-seven; Haigh, one for sixty-four; Rhodes, five for one hundred and fifteen; Braund, one for fifty-six; Hayward, none for twenty-one.

PLAYERS.—SECOND INNINGS.

Hirst, c Duff, b Armstrong.....	23
Tyldesley, c Darling, b Noble.....	27
Hayward, not out.....	0

AVERAGES OF THE TOUR.

The Australians' averages for the tour are as follow:—

BATTING.

Trumper.....	46.48
Noble.....	23.33
Hill.....	31.64
Duff.....	28.43
Armstrong.....	26.51
Hopkins.....	25.91
Darling.....	24.19
Gregory.....	21.17
Trumble.....	17.87
Kelly.....	14.72
Jones.....	12.7
Carter.....	8.06
Howell.....	5.27
Saunders.....	3.39

BOWLING.

	Ovrs.	Mdns.	Runs.	Wkts.	Av.
Trumble.....	948	305	1998	14	14.27
Saunders.....	749	172	2168	127	17.07
Armstrong.....	584.1	206	1410	81	17.40
Hopkins.....	242.1	67	820	38	17.80
Noble.....	737	213	1245	98	17.84
Howell.....	497	148	1215	68	17.85
Jones.....	558.2	145	1485	71	20.50
Trumper.....	152.3	43	415	20	20.75

THE FINANCIAL ASPECT.

Major Wardill states that the ground receipts for the tour are £4270 below those of the 1899 team. The Australians sail for South Africa on Saturday morning.

THE ENGLISH AVERAGES.

Shrewsbury heads the list of English batting averages, with 50. Then come Ranjitsinhji, 46; Abel, 41; Quaife, 40.5; Tyldesley, 40.25. In bowling Hign heads the list with 154 wickets with an average of 12.5; Rhodes comes next with 213 wickets, with an average of 13.14; and Blythe third with 127 wickets, with an average of 15.5; and Tate, 180 wickets for an average of 15.6.

LONDON, September 16.

Many of the noted cricketers sold their bats through the "Daily Express" for the benefit of the Cricketers' Fund. W. G. Grace's bat fetched £50; Trumper's, £42; Ranjitsinhji's £13; and Jessop's £8.

GOLF NOTES.

The final match for the championship of the Christchurch Club, between Kitto and Same, will be played on the 27th instant.

Tom Hood, elder brother of Fred Hood, the professional, now in New Zealand, has been engaged for two years by the Wellington Golf Club, and will arrive next February from Dublin, where he has been for some years professional to the Royal Dublin Club.

As Mr Howden, of Dunedin, who is still a player, though he started golf more than forty years ago, was the pioneer of golf in New Zealand, so to his brother, Mr D. B. Howden, belongs the credit of having introduced it in Wellington, while Mr A. Howden (now of Wanganui) set the game first going in Invercargill.

An amusing story is told about Andrew Kirkaldy, the well-known professional at St. Andrews, which those who know him will appreciate. In an interclub match Mr Houston was playing against D. Simpson, a club-mate of Andrew. Kirkaldy, at the first hole coming in, lent Houston a Haskell ball to play with. Houston promptly did the hole in 3, so Andrew at once took the ball away again.

The winners of the medal matches in Napier during the season played off at the Waiohiki golf links on the Saturday before last, and the trophy was won by Miss Fannin (handicap 18), with a net score of 68; Miss Wood (handicap 18) was second, with 78; and Mrs C. Cato (scratch) was third, with 78. The president (Mrs Donnelly) kindly presents every year a gold medal to be competed for by the members of the Napier Golf Club. A men's medal match was also played, and in this H. Smith (handicap 6) and K. Tereha (scratch) tied for the first place with a net score of 88. Huta (handicap 6) was third, with 94. The final match is to take place to-morrow. The afternoon tea was given by Miss Ormond. The ladies' programme for the season is now finished, though play will probably continue for some time longer.

THE GEORGE CUP.

In spite of the stormy weather and wet state of the links on Saturday afternoon, the members of the Auckland Golf Club succeeded in completing the first round of the George Cup competition at the Cornwall Park links. The conditions were 18 holes, with medal play handicap. The scores were as follows:—

	Gross.	Hdcp.	Net.
W. Peel.....	94	7	87
F. Hull.....	122	30	92
E. Anderson.....	114	22	92
Rev. McWilliam.....	122	28	94
H. Pavton.....	113	18	95
C. E. S. Gillies.....	87	plus 8	95
C. Heather.....	113	18	95
H. Clark.....	112	17	95
J. C. Burns.....	107	11	96
G. Burness.....	98	0	98
C. Arnold.....	115	17	98
R. Horton.....	116	18	98
A. Aitken.....	119	20	99
R. A. Carr.....	105	6	99
W. Heather.....	124	25	99
F. W. Coates.....	111	12	99
C. E. Pearson.....	100	0	100
J. W. Hall.....	116	16	100
P. Upton.....	115	12	103
H. Gillian.....	118	12	106
W. W. Bruce.....	124	18	106
H. D. Bamford.....	113	6	107
W. B. Colbeck.....	110	0	110

The second round will be played on Saturday next.

The ladies' golf championship final was played on Saturday afternoon at Dunedin, and resulted in Mrs Bidwell, of Wairarapa, scoring a meritorious win against Miss K. Rattray. The links were in a very sloppy state after the rain which fell during the night. Miss Rattray led off, but at the fourth hole they were all square. Miss Rattray won the next two holes, but Mrs Bidwell, making a good recovery, won the next hole and the following one also. At the tenth hole all were square, and the score was also even at the twelfth. The next

two holes were halved. Mrs Bidwell secured the next hole, and the game was all square with four to play. Mrs Bidwell secured the following hole in five, making the score dormy, two. Making a good recovery, Mrs Bidwell halved the next hole and won the championship.

SWIMMING.

Lane, the Australian swimmer, swam 150 yards at Holton in 96 3-5sec., record time.

AQUATICS.

News has been received that Sir Thomas Lipton (who is ordering a new racing-yacht for the Cup) intends lodging his challenge for the America Cup before October 1st.

FURTHER TESTIMONY From a Grateful Person.

CONSUMPTION Nipped in the Bud by Vitalatio.

Brunswick, 10, Evelyn-st.,
Of Glenlyon Rd., 27/3/1901.
MR S. A. PALMER.
Dear Sir,—My son who is now 14 years of age, has been very ill, off and on, since he

was four years, and about three years ago he was so very weak and ill that the doctor told me he was developing consumption. He had a terrible cough, which was distressing to listen to; he had fallen away to almost a skeleton. At this time, Mr Luxon, Sydney Rd., Coburg, advised me to try VITADATIO, which I did. After the first bottle I saw a great improvement, I continued the medicine, he gradually improved until he became quite well. I consider VITADATIO a wonderful medicine, as it has made a different boy of my son, which I never expected to see healthy again. I can recommend it to anyone, and will be glad to give any information to anyone suffering the same complaint—I remain,

EMILY MACKAY,
Sydney Rd., Coburg.

27th March, 1901.

I hereby certify to the above. I have known the boy for four years, during which time he was in very bad health. I advised his mother to give VITADATIO a trial, with the above results.—Yours faithfully,

F. H. LUXON,
Grocer, Coburg.

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.

Full Nourishment, partly predigested. Sterilized.

PURE MILK COMBINED WITH WHEAT AND BARLEY MALT.

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THE BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS IN ALL CLIMATES.

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD. IN POWDER FORM. OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES. KEEPS INDEFINITELY.

THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

Hunyadi János

For GOUT and RHEUMATISM.

Professor Immermann, Esq., Professor of Internal Medicine at the University— "Hunyadi János has invariably shown itself an effectual and reliable Aperient, which I recommend to the exclusion of all others. Never gives rise to undesirable symptoms even if used continuously for years."

AVERAGE DOSE.—A wineglassful before breakfast, either pure or diluted with a similar quantity of hot or cold water.

CAUTION.—Note the name "Hunyadi János," the signature of the Proprietor, ANDREAS SALLEHNER, and the Medallion, on the Red Centre Part of the Label.

Wrinkles, Grey Hairs, Blotches, and Skin Irritation are all promoted by using inferior Soaps. A fine, white Soap like **VINOLIA** is Pure, Harmless, Beneficial to the Skin, and is made specially for the complexion and nursery by a patent of our own. Do not confound it with inferior Toilet Soaps.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

VINOLIA CREAM, for Itching, Prickly Heat, Sunburn, etc. (In 4 sizes)

VINOLIA POWDER, for Redness, Roughness, Toilet, Nursery (In 4 sizes)

News of the Week.

CABLE ITEMS.

The Queen is on a visit to Denmark.

The Queen and Princess Victoria have arrived at Copenhagen.

The Shah has left on his homeward journey.

The British cruiser Retribution has sailed from Jamaica for Colon.

Dhuleep Singh, an Indian Prince, has become a bankrupt.

An order for a battleship of the type of the Edward VII. has been placed with Clyde shipbuilders.

The Czar reviewed 80,000 troops at Kursk and then started for Petersburg.

A Parliamentary return shows the British national debt to be £768,443,468.

The Admiralty has ordered nine 25-knot torpedo-destroyers from private builders.

Sir E. Barton has cabled from Canada that he will reach Australia on October 13.

The next British estimates will provide for a large number of submarine boats.

The Bank of England's profits for the half year ended August were £702,213.

The South Africa Chartered Company will found a Pasteur Institute at Bulawayo, in Rhodesia.

General rains have fallen in India, and good autumn harvests are anticipated.

The Tsar entertained the Shah of Persia at a banquet at Kursk, cordial speeches being made.

Jsmay, Imrie and Co. deny the reported sale of the White Star Line of steamers to the Shipping Trust.

The time-limit of the Franco-American Commercial Convention has been extended twelve months.

Mr Balfour and Lord Kitchener visited the King at Balmoral last week.

The Shah and suite spent two hundred thousand sterling during their visit to Paris.

The official Royal procession through the city and South London takes place on October 25th.

A fire at the Victoria Docks destroyed three million paving blocks of Jarrah timber.

The Kaiser pays a visit to the King, extending over a week, at Sandringham, early in November.

The South African and Australasian Cold Storage concerns have agreed to the proposed amalgamation.

Germany, America and Japan are negotiating for commercial treaties with China similar to that conceded to Great Britain.

The Kaiser will pay a visit to King Edward early in November. The King of Portugal comes to England next month on a similar visit.

An explosion has occurred in the Algona coal mine, Norfolk, West Virginia. Seventeen bodies have been recovered.

Nicholas Fish, a millionaire, has been killed in a street brawl in this been killed in a street brawl in New York City.

The Venezuelan rebel forces have defeated the Government troops near Caracas (the capital). General Casco has retreated to Cuyahao.

The craters of La Soufriere volcano, St. Vincent, are again active. A shock of earthquake has been experienced in San Francisco.

The annual report by the New Guinea authorities show during the

past year the imports into British New Guinea were valued at £72,000, while the exports totalled £80,000.

The German Crown Prince is expected to attend the great durbar to be held at Delhi when King Edward is proclaimed Emperor of India.

The Dutch Budget estimates the year's expenditure at 164,500,000 florins, leaving a deficit of eight millions.

The second-class cruiser Isis has been attached to the trainingship Britannia to take the senior cadets on cruises to sea.

The New Zealand Midland Railway debenture-holders are willing to accept the Government's proposal if the amount is fixed at £150,000.

The British warship Terrible has returned to Portsmouth from the China station. Her arrival was greeted by tremendous enthusiasm.

The further export of the skins and feathers of wild birds for the purpose of trimming women's hats has been prohibited in India.

The English rifle team won the Palma trophy at Ottawa with a score of 1459. The American team scored 1447, and the Canadian 1373.

H.M.S. Penguin, the surveying ship, will shortly return to Auckland and continue her survey work on the New Zealand coast.

The arbitrator has given an award in favour of reducing the wages of 70,000 Scottish colliers by 6 per cent. to a minimum of 5/6 per day.

A demonstration, attended by a hundred thousand men and women, at Leeds, demanded the withdrawal of the Education Bill or a dissolution of Parliament.

Owing to the fatalities caused by an explosion on the warship Victory on August 20 small quick-firers are to supersede muzzle-loading guns in firing salutes in the navy.

The Governor of Newfoundland has secured the services of the British warship Calypso (a third-class cruiser of the old type, built in 1883, 2770 tons) for that colony.

The United States cruiser Cincinnati has landed 50 marines and a quick-firing gun at Colon. The marines accompany passenger trains for the purposes of protection.

Howitz, of the Adelaide Rifle Club, won the King's Prize at the National Rifle Meeting, with a score of 254 points. Colonel Oldershaw, with a score of 250, was second.

Edmund Jellinek, a clerk in the Vienna Laender Bank, has disappeared. Irregularities in cashing cheques and a deficiency of one and a quarter million kroner have been discovered.

The deficiencies of Jellinek, the bank defaulter, amount to £180,000. Two-thirds of the money was invested in various concerns. His partner in the motor business, named Pollak, has been arrested on a charge of complicity.

A gendarme went mad in the streets of Malaga, and killed seven people and wounded five others with his rifle before his comrades shot him dead.

The report of the Commissioners of Prisons in Great Britain foreshadows a scheme for the detention under special conditions of persons guilty of grave habitual crime.

A meeting of 20,000 people in Phoenix Park, Dublin, protested against the recent proclamation of the province of Connaught under the Criminal Law Procedure Act.

The Kossuth centenary (in memory of the celebrated Louis Kossuth, the leader of the Hungarian revolution of 1848, who was born in 1802) has been celebrated with national rejoicings in Hungary.

The Commonwealth Rifle Match was won by the Victorian team with a score of 1553. South Australia scored 1519 and Tasmania, New South Wales and Queensland followed in that order.

There are prospects that the miners' strike in Wales will be the cause of the Danish railways order for sixty thousand tons of coal being transferred to Germany.

It is understood that Mr. Pierpont Morgan has purchased Mr. J. R. Ellerman's five steamers engaged in the Antwerp-Montreal trade. Mr. Ellerman continues the management under Mr. Morgan.

At a meeting of Sydney butchers serious allegations were made regarding large quantities of meat supplied in Sydney. It was stated that fully half was unfit for human consumption.

The "Daily Express" correspondent at St. Petersburg states that Admiral Makaroff has invented a sounding instrument which will give warning of the approach of torpedoes and submarines.

The Southern Cross wrecked at Tahiti is a schooner of sixty tons, built at San Francisco two years ago for the French Protestant Mission, and was trading to the Marquesas and Tuamotu Islands.

Mr. Vaughan, Government storekeeper, Suva, died suddenly last week. He was accorded a military and Masonic funeral, there being a large attendance.

Prince Francis Joseph of Braganza, who came to London, though not officially, for the Coronation, and who was committed for trial on a serious criminal charge, has been acquitted.

A gentleman from Wellington, who is visiting Grafton, New South Wales, is endeavouring to place an order for several million feet of New Zealand timber for the purposes of wood blocking in Australia.

At a Jewish workers' meeting, at Whitechapel, the announcement was made that an American trust, with a capital of six millions sterling, was being formed, in order to capture the British clothing trade.

The Sydney Arbitration Court has ordered the members of the Wharf Labourers' Union who struck to return on the old conditions pending a definite settlement.

The Government has issued a five per cent. gold loan of £4,240,000, the minimum being fixed at 94. The interest is free from taxation and is guaranteed by the revenue from the tobacco monopoly.

The New South Wales commercial agent in South Africa reports that there is much room for increased trade with New South Wales in nearly everything imported. Prices of food stuffs of all kinds are exceedingly high.

According to the "Daily Mail's" Karachi correspondent 12 mountain guns, 18 field-pieces, and 800 cases of ammunition and gun carriages, arrived at Peshawar, via Karachi, from Germany, and were allowed to proceed to Cabul, Afghanistan.

Turkey is now favourable to the four Russian torpedo vessels recently detained passing through the Dardanelles to the Black Sea. The Tsar wishes to inspect them at Livadia, and promises not to interpret the sanction as a precedent.

Great Britain, in a note to the Powers, endorses and emphasises the Hon. Colonel Hay's circular regarding the amelioration of the condition of the Jews in Roumania, and recommends concerted action in the matter.

A large crowd farewelled the Australian cricketers at Waterloo Station. There was much cheering and singing of "Auld Lang Syne." The team play their first match in South Africa at Johannesburg on October 10.

Floods in Southern Bengal destroyed 25 villages and two bridges.

The damage is estimated at two lakhs of rupees. Six thousand people are rendered homeless, chiefly along the Brahmin River.

A report dealing with the operations of the German East Africa Company shows that it has made no profit excepting from the coinage monopoly. The prospects are not improving, though the company has received a subsidy of 4,800,000 marks.

Two French traders named Buret and Desablanc, who were sentenced in Nigeria for the murder of a British subject named Keyes, have been handed to the French authorities for re-trial at Senegal, West Africa.

The Czar has warned a deputation of elders from Poltava, Khakoff, and neighbouring districts, against a repetition of the recent disturbances there. He assured them that he would not leave real grievances go unheeded.

M. Saravoff, ex-Minister for the Interior for Bulgaria, who some months ago was accused of certain acts with a view to provoking Turkish atrocities, has been arrested at Nish, in Serbia, where he fled.

Advices from Cape Haytien (Hayti) state that General Nord, after three hours' fighting at the village of Limbe, against 3000, abandoned his position, guns and ammunition. His losses are heavy. Four thousand of the enemy are advancing on Cape Haytien.

The new first-class cruiser Berwick has been launched at Glasgow. [The Admiralty recently decided to call one of the new battleships of this type the "New Zealand"; while another will probably be called the "Maori."]

Mr Percival Spencer, the well-known aeronaut, in his own airship, sailed from the Crystal Palace for 30 miles, with detours across London, alighting at Harrow. Hydrogen was used as the motive power at a cost of £30. The speed was 15 miles an hour.

The "Daily Mail" states that a British Railmakers' Association, comprising eight firms, with a share capital of 12 millions, has been successfully formed, and will control prices and regulate the output.

A stowaway on a steamer from Newcastle, supposed to be Shaw, one of the men concerned in the murder of Constable Guilfoyle at Sydney, has been arrested at Perth.

From the description received the police are of opinion that the stowaway arrested at Perth is not Shaw, who is wanted for the shooting of Constable Guilfoyle. The man is detained pending identification.

The German and English steamship-owners' conference at Ostend has decided to increase the outward freights to La Plata 20 per cent. The New York to La Plata rates will be similarly raised.

The German and British steamship lines trading to La Plata have signed a three years' agreement.

The English makers of chemical apparatus invite Professor Evans, of Canterbury, to formulate more specific charges than those which he has made in regard to apparatus. They admit the lack of uniformity of gauge, and regret the absence of the decimal standard, and add that most of the criticisms are too severe.

A son of Mr John Kensit, the well-known anti-Ritualist, has been sent to prison for three months in default of finding sureties that he would not hold meetings in the streets of Liverpool. Sixty thousand people have petitioned for his release, including several Liverpool Justices of the Peace.

The Shourens' Union delegate who took part in the recent attack on a wagon containing non-unionists, at Widgeva station, New South Wales, has been sentenced to six months' hard labour.

The owner of Widgeva Station is commencing an action against the Australian Workers' Union for £5000 damages for causing delay in shunting and other losses consequent thereon.

The Republicans of eleven States have decided to renominate President Roosevelt for the Presidency. The New York Republican Convention overruled Boss Platt, who recently declared that the convention would not pledge itself to support President Roosevelt's candidature.

The "Daily Mail" states that Newfoundland has agreed to renew the modus vivendi, under the French Treaties Bill (in connection with the coast fisheries), for another year in order to facilitate a settlement in 1904.

Mr Hay, Secretary for State, has addressed a circular to the foreign Ambassadors emphasising the peril of the immigration of hordes of paupers to America. He also, on humanitarian grounds, urges the signatories of the Berlin Treaty to compel Roumania to ameliorate the condition of the Roumanian Jews.

A man armed with a revolver and a loaded bomb, entered the Canadian Bank of Commerce at Skagway, in the far northern mining district, and demanded twenty thousand dollars. The clerks fled from the bank. The bomb accidentally fell and exploded, wrecking the bank and killing the robber.

After Mr Booker Washington's address to the Negro National Convention in the Baptist Church at Birmingham, Alabama, the cry of "Fire!" was raised, and a stampede occurred. The exits became blocked, and a crowd. One hundred and fifteen were killed, the majority being smothered. Many other negroes were injured.

Mr. Chamberlain, in a letter to friendly societies, says it is hopeless for any Government to deal satisfactorily with old age pensions while extravagant expectations as to what is possible prevail, and societies themselves are divided on the question. He blames the obstructive attitude of the Trades Congress.

The death is announced of the Queen of the Belgians from syncope. Her Majesty's death was very sudden, as she expired while at dinner. The funeral of the Queen will be of the simplest. The body is not lying in state.

[The Queen of Belgium was Marie Henriette, daughter of the late Archduke Joseph of Austria. She was born in 1836 and married King Leopold II. in 1835.]

The Spanish Ministerial Party deny the idea of an entente cordiale with France and Russia. The Radical newspapers are sympathetic in regard to the scheme, but an independent organ points out Spain's vulnerability in the event of Great Britain becoming her enemy, and recommends an alliance with Britain.

The Socialists' National Congress at Munich passed a resolution denouncing the action of the Socialist Poles in Silesia in refusing to support the Nationalists on the ground that it would be to co-operate with German Socialists. The resolution added that the Polish movement was almost as troublesome to the German Socialists as to the Government.

The Toronto "Globe" repudiates the protection campaign being conducted by Mr Tarte, Minister for Public Works. Mr Tarte replies that the bulk of the Canadians are with him, expecting an increased protection, with a revised tariff next year. The impression prevails in Ottawa that Sir W. Laurier is unable to heal the split in the Ministry, and that Mr Tarte will probably retire.

Mr William Allan, member of the House of Commons for Gateshead, has made a vigorous attack on the Admiralty. He referred in the course of his speech to "four phantom fleet and skeleton crews." He declared that the navy was short of fourteen thousand firemen, two thousand engine-room artificers, and nine hundred engineers. He described the dockyards as congested with crippled cruisers.

The French Minister to the Vatican supported the newspaper "Matin's" request for an interview with the Pope. Cardinal Rampolla, the Pope's

secretary of state, in a letter to the French Minister, stated that the Pope had resolved not to utter a word for or against the French policy, or calculated to fan party politics. The interview was refused.

The "Post" reports that the trials of the typewriting telegraphic system invented by Mr Donald Murray (formerly of Auckland and Sydney) conducted between London and Edinburgh were very satisfactory. The system will be used for commercial purposes later on.

Herr Sverdrup's Polar expeditionary vessel, the celebrated Fram, has arrived at Stevanger, Norway. Sverdrup states that he explored Ellesmereland. A discovery of deserted Eskimo dwellings showed that the northern-most limits of habitable parts had receded during recent times.

The Penzance express, when slowing to 20 miles an hour on approaching the station, collided with an engine shunting at Westbourne Park. The engines were locked together. The first van, containing luggage, received the brunt of the shock.

Several passengers had limbs broken and others were badly shaken. The skull of one of the engine-drivers was fractured and his condition is critical.

The Federal Postal Department hopes that the laying of the Vancouver-Panama Island section of the Pacific cable, with the extension to Fiji, will be completed by the middle of November.

The Federal Postal Department will shortly have to settle the Pacific cable rates. It is considered highly improbable that there will be any attempt at cutting. The charges are to be the same as on existing rates.

The Hon. A. J. Balfour, receiving the freedom of Haddington, feelingly acknowledged the congratulations of all parties on his accession to the Premiership. The fact that he was a "brother Scot" was, he said, patriotically received by Scotchmen. He added significantly that the working of the British constitutions was so admirable that it enabled necessarily varied elements to assert their rightful position and allowed subordinate patriotism to grow and flourish without interfering with the larger patriotism, which was the essence of the life of the great Empire.

President Roosevelt has decided not to attempt tariff revision in the coming session, but he will persevere in his attitude in regard to trusts. He insists upon reciprocity with Cuba.

Mr Henderson, Speaker of the House of Representatives, in a letter declining to be renominated for Congress, states that he does not believe that trusts are curable, or that the people can be benefited by free trade wholly or partly. President Roosevelt has vainly urged Mr Henderson to reconsider his decision.

The "Daily Express" states that the War Office is preparing a sweeping re-armament scheme, which includes unprecedentedly powerful quick-firing horse artillery, fitted with new mechanism, minimising labour and lessening the exposure of artillerymen.

Marconi claims to have surmounted further transmission difficulties, and affirms that it is possible to communicate between the squadrons in the Atlantic and Mediterranean.

A Marconi station is being established in Rome. The British Admiralty effected wireless communication with sub-marine boats in recent experiments.

A writ has been issued dissolving the State Parliament, Victoria. The elections take place on October 1.

The Premier has issued a manifesto urging the people to support the policy upon which the Ministry was defeated. He promises to introduce a Reform Bill providing for the dissolution of both Houses within six months after passing its concomitant measure, the Redistribution Bill, and concludes by asking: "Are you prepared to take part in stopping financial drift and establishing sound economic and constitutional conditions?"

At the inquest on Major McCabe and Mr McMurray, who perished in rescuing others at the Mt. Kembla Company's colliery, the jury returned a verdict that their deaths were caused by carbon-monoxide suffocation while nobly endeavouring to save life.

The coroner and others eulogised the heroism of these and other rescuers.

Severe gales were raging on the British coast last week.

Nine Calais ood vessels foundered in the North Sea and 50 fishermen were drowned. The steamer Bewick of Hartlepool, was lost off the Firth of Forth. The captain and ten of the crew were drowned.

The British steamer Mehadale also foundered in the gales. The captain and thirteen of the crew were drowned.

Bush fires have swept ten sugar farms at Pimpans Island, and are still raging in the Mambour district.

In the dense smoke from the bush fires the steamer Duke of Sutherland stranded on the reef at Lizard Island (on the Queensland coast) on Friday.

Steamers have been sent to her assistance.

The s.s. Duke of Sutherland, which lately stranded on a reef near Lizard Island, on the coast, is reported to be safe, though surrounded by shoaly patches. She is expected to be got off when the lightening of her cargo has been completed.

Floods destroyed a bridge at Mangapatian, precipitating the Madras-Bombay mail train into the river. Eight European passengers (including four soldiers), 40 natives, the guards and the driver perished. All the first-class passengers were saved.

Two Roman Catholic Bishops had a marvellous escape in the accident. They were carried several miles down a roaring stream before they were rescued.

Sixty-two bodies have been recovered in connection with the recent railway disaster at Mangapatian.

The jury returned an open verdict in connection with the death of Mr W. H. L. Ranken on Tinderry station, New South Wales.

[The body of Mr Ranken had been twice exhumed. At the first inquest a verdict of suicide was returned, but the relatives were not satisfied that the deceased had taken his own life, and on a post-mortem examination being made after two medical men gave it as their opinion that death was due to violence, as the skull had been smashed by some blunt instrument. The Attorney-General thereupon ordered another inquiry to be made.]

Besides the peculiar sect known as the Agapemonites, 100 of the public

were admitted to the Ark of the Covenant, at Clapham. These angrily protested at the Rev. Smythe Piggott's renewed claim to be the Son of Man come again in the flesh. Three thousand people followed Piggott's carriage homewards, hooting. The mounted police prevented violence.

The Rev. Smythe Piggott (the leader of the Agapemonites sect), who gave out that he was the Messiah, has left London, and the services of the "Ark of the Covenant" at Clapham have been discontinued.

Some doubts and murmurings exist among the Agapemonites.

A cyclists' church parade was held at Wynyard Park, the seat of the Marquis of Londonderry, Postmaster-General, in aid of the Soldiers' Help Society.

Lord Londonderry, in the course of a speech, regretted that instead of showing practical sympathy with disabled, sick and unemployed soldiers, the people cheered the Boer generals, who were mainly responsible for the prolongation of the war. He hoped the country would remember its duty. It would be a disgrace if unhappiness and discomfort were allowed to come upon those who had nobly fought and bled for us.

The United States cruiser Panther, taking 320 marines and six field-pieces, has been ordered to Colon in connection with the Columbian revolution, in order to protect the Panama railway.

The United States cruiser Ranger, at Panama, placed guards on a train to co-operate with the warship Cincinnati's marines in protecting passengers, owing to the Columbian revolution.

Mr Moody, the Secretary for War, will send 600 marines to Colombia, if the commander of the warship Cincinnati declares they are needed. The commander landed 80 bluejackets and two quick-firers, and had notified that neither the Government nor the revolutionists will be allowed to obstruct traffic on the Panama railway.

Lieutenant Peary, the Arctic explorer, has arrived at Sydney, Cape Breton, in the Windward. He reports that the highest latitude reached by the expedition was 84 degrees 17 minutes. The icepack north-west of Cape Hecla was impracticable. He made some important discoveries.

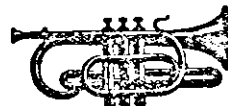
[Lieutenant Peary's expedition has been in the Arctic regions since early in 1900, in the auxiliary steamer Windward. Reports received last year stated that Lieutenant Peary had reached 83.50 north, the highest north yet reached in the Western Hemisphere.]

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GENERAL CABLES.

ACROSS SIBERIA.

Mr Harry De Windt, the noted explorer and writer, who recently travelled from Paris to Dawson City, North America, across Siberia, has returned to England.

In an interview he stated that in traversing 11,263 miles in Siberia 8000 horses, 900 reindeer and 97 out of 100 dogs which he used died.

He has informed the authorities at St. Petersburg that half the exiles at Sledincolynsk die mad from solitude or from fear of their sentences being suddenly extended.

He states that the gold which was discovered in 1901 at the village of Vitimsk has exceeded the yield of Klondike in its best year, hence the eagerness of Russia to complete the Irkutak-Yakutsk railway, which will be finished in 1906.

FRANCE.

The "Times" Paris correspondent states that the Pope, in a Papal brief addressed to Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, refers moderately and sadly to the troubles over the French schools question. He is evidently anxious not to provoke the denunciation of the Concordat, the agreement which regulates the relations between the Roman Catholic Church and the State in France.

CHINA.

The Viceroy of Szechuan, China, has engaged a Japanese functionary as adviser.

Hattori, a Japanese, has been appointed president of the Pekin University. Another Japanese is professor of political economy.

The Boxers killed a hundred mission converts in Szechuan.

A number of Boxers have been killed in the streets at Chingtu.

The China Inland Mission authorities express the belief that the whole of China is more or less in a state of restlessness.

The newspaper "Frankfurter Zeitung" states that Yung Lu, with Russia's support, is plotting to depose the Emperor Kwan Hsu in favour of a prince betrothed to Yung Lu's niece.

The "Daily Mail's" Shanghai correspondent states that there are 50,000 Boxers in the vicinity of Chingtu.

The newspaper "Il Fanfulla" states that China has granted Italy a commercial concession at Sanmun Bay.

The Boxers attacked Chengtu, and a conflict raged in the streets, the Government troops proving victorious. Order has been restored, fourteen Boxer leaders being executed. The new viceroy and military officials are proceeding to Chengtu.

The French and American Ministers urged the Throne to act promptly in suppressing the rising. This led to the issuing of a peremptory Imperial edict ordering the crushing of the rebellion.

The Hongkong Chamber of Commerce has adopted a resolution urging the establishment of a reliable Atlantic mail service in connection with the Canadian-Pacific railway, and a service between China, Japan and Canada, enabling the journey from Hong Kong to London to be performed in 26 days.

A squad of French marines are now at Chengtu and it is expected they will fetch the French Consul away.

British and French gunboats are within 90 miles of the town.

The situation has improved. Further Boxer leaders have been executed.

Russia promises to transfer the Suanhaikwan-Niuchang railway to China on the 10th October.

GERMANY.

The Kaiser William, who lately took an active part in the German Army manoeuvres, and successfully commanded a large body of cavalry (himself leading a furious charge) has now distinguished himself afloat.

He commanded the attacking squadron at the naval manoeuvres. During the attack he broke through the torpedo-boats and captured the entrance to the Elbe.

THE COLONIES AND THE NAVY.

Mr Deakin (Acting-Federal Premier) states, in connection with the naval agreement arranged at the Colonial Premiers' Conference in London, that the Commonwealth contributes £200,000, New Zealand £40,000, Cape Colony £30,000, and Natal £35,000 per year. The agreement lasts for ten years.

In return for the increased contributions the Australian squadron will be largely improved and modernised in type and power of armament and vessels. The chief vessels will be first-class armoured cruisers of from ten to twelve thousand tons.

One of the cruisers will be manned by Australians and New Zealanders. Provision will be made for training the naval brigade reserve on three of the older vessels.

The Australian squadron reserves will all be raised in the colonies, and paid at the local rates.

The importance of Australia as a base for coaling and other supplies is expressly recognised.

The London correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph," writing on the work of the Imperial Conference, says its most noticeable feature was the defeat of the ultra-Imperialistic party and the slump in Seddonism.

After a good deal of negotiation over the naval subsidy, Sir E. Barton and Mr. Seddon agreed to recommend a contribution of £240,000 a year, of which New Zealand's share will be £40,000.

Mr. Seddon stipulated that one-third of the ships should always be in New Zealand.

Sir E. Barton protested against this, on the ground that Mr. Seddon pledged his colony to one-sixth of the cost, and wanted one-third of the benefits.

Sir E. Barton brought matters to a crisis by announcing that he was prepared to recommend the Australian Parliament to vote £200,000 for the exclusive right to the services of a slightly smaller fleet, provided that in times of peace the ships were prohibited from using any coal other than English or Australian.

This meant that New Zealand would have to make a special separate arrangement for a small fleet of its own, and would lose the benefit of the coal contracts for the Australian Squadron. Mr. Seddon was quick enough to see this, and capitulated, and accepted the original terms, under which one warship and one cruiser for drill purposes will be permanently stationed in New Zealand.

Mr. Seddon obtained no support for his proposals to establish a fighting force for the service of the Empire, excepting some sympathy from the Cape and Natal. Sir W. Laurier and Sir E. Barton were so pronounced in their opposition that the project was promptly abandoned.

An attempt to make Fiji an appendage of New Zealand also failed.

Mr. Chamberlain asked Mr. Seddon, would he, if it was found preferable, bring New Zealand under Australian control and support the transference of that colony to the Commonwealth.

Mr. Seddon ridiculed the idea. "Then, by what right," asked Mr. Chamberlain, "do you propose to usurp the government of an independent State like Fiji, which is gradually working out its destiny towards self-government?"

Mr. Seddon declined to discuss the question, saying in effect, "I can see I have to face a hostile conference. I will, therefore, not press the matter any further."

SOUTH AFRICA.

Commandant Wolmarans, a prisoner at St. Helena, is proving very irconcilable, and has not signed the oath of allegiance.

Preparations are being made by the Portuguese authorities at Delagoa Bay to levy a tax on natives' extra wives, with a view to uniform regulations in this matter throughout South Africa. This is a result of Lord Milner's recent visit to Delagoa Bay.

Out of a million sterling expended by the department which controlled the military director of railways in South Africa, only ten thousand went to foreigners.

The late Government Inspector of

the Rand mines reports that he has discovered a new main reef in the Witwatersrand basin, existing for 20 miles, partly in the Transvaal and partly in the Orange River Colony, near the Vaal River.

The "Daily Mail" states that the Afrikaner members intend to move in favour of a general amnesty to rebels and full compensation for their losses.

The board appointed to inquire into the state of the labour market in South Africa reports that only railway workers are needed. Natal emigrants ought to have ample means. The markets are full. There are no vacancies in the Transvaal and Orange State for teachers. There is a fair demand for skilled mechanics. The board advises that permits to land are requisite everywhere.

Reitz's son goes to Madagascar to report on the prospects for Boer settlement.

The Boer Auxiliary Society in Berlin hands to the Boer generals the sum of £10,000 for the relief of the burghers. £1000 has been subscribed in England for the same fund.

A permanent British garrison is to be located at Pietermaritzburg (Natal), numbering 3000, including two regiments of cavalry, three battalions of infantry and three batteries of artillery.

British firms have lately supplied 40 engines, each 100 tons, and 200 miles of rails for the South African railways.

The Central and South African railway orders placed in England during the past week include 104 coaches, 38 engines, and 250 steel coal trucks, each of a carrying capacity of 80,000 pounds.

Uneasiness is felt at Durban owing to the growth of Dinizulu's power. The Zulus, who were armed for self-defence in connection with the Boer War, still retain their rifles. They are very bitter owing to many of their kinsmen being killed by the Vryheid Boers.

Permits to land at Capetown are not now required, unless arrivals are going to the other colonies.

THE BOER LEADERS.

The Boer generals urge the irconcilables to restrain their anti-British propaganda, and recommend a policy of reconciliation.

Kuyper, the Netherlands Premier, insisted on visiting the Boer generals, and abandoning Kruger's irconcilable policy.

Mr. Reitz, on the 25th, starts on a lecturing tour in America. The proceeds will be devoted to his own maintenance, and to the assistance of the Boers.

Mr. Reitz, in the course of a speech, said:—"The generals have chosen silence, but I will speak out, and condemn Mr Chamberlain, not England. I will be friendly only if the country is given back to the Boers."

Comparatively poor subscriptions in aid of the distressed Boer funds are being received in Holland, and elsewhere the movement is flagging. The recent figures were exaggerated.

Three Governments recommended to the Boer generals the wisdom of a conciliatory attitude towards Britain.

It is stated here that Mr. Chamberlain, in a private conference, showed Botha the greatest goodwill, and promised to do his utmost to increase the financial aid to "ruined Boers." He added that Britain's generosity was dependent upon proof of the Boers' loyalist feelings.

General Cronje, in a letter to a friend in Europe, says that however painful was the Boer surrender they must recognise therein the inscrutable wisdom of the Almighty and "resign ourselves to the surrender, though with the bitterness of death in our souls."

The Boer generals warn the Pro-Boer Committee at Brussels against anti-British demonstrations, and add that their mission is purely charitable.

De Wet, speaking at the Pro-Boer Committee's reception of the generals at Antwerp, said the Boers were willing to be led, but would not be driven like a herd of cattle. If anyone tried

to drive them too much, possibly the result would be a catastrophe in South Africa. Botha delivered a lecture at Antwerp. He simply appealed to the generosity of the public on behalf of the distressed Boers.

MELBA.

At a meeting of the Hospital Committee an announcement was made that Madame Melba intended to distribute amongst Australian charities all her personal profits out of the concert. She is arranging a monster charity concert. Already there have been booked three seats at £500 each, including one by Melba for her father (Mr. Mitchell) and another for Mr. Musgrove.

Asked why she made the visit, she said: "I was determined to come and see my father."

The other members of the party are Signorina Sassoili (harpist), Mr. Fred. Griffiths (flautist), and Miss Davis (pianist).

Madame Melba, on arrival at the Albany station, where she had arranged to meet her father, received a shock on being informed that he had been stricken with paralysis, the result of extreme old age, and the excitement at the thought of meeting his daughter.

FOREST FIRES.

Twenty persons perished in terrible forest fires in the States of Oregon and Washington. Hundreds of people were rendered homeless. The damage done totals many millions of dollars.

Thirty-eight dead bodies have been found in connection with the fire. Many settlers are missing.

The loss by the forest fire in the western districts of Washington territory amounts to half a million sterling. Hundreds of farmers have been ruined, and thousand of people are foodless and shelterless.

THE AUSTRALIAN DROUGHT.

Further rains have fallen in the western and northern districts, New South Wales.

Excellent general rains have fallen in South Australia.

Good rains have fallen in Victoria.

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.

Mr Blunkett has given notice of a motion in the Assembly in favour of separating Queensland from the Federation. The Premier is likely to speak in favour of the motion.

In the Hobart Assembly Mr. Hall moved in favour of Tasmania uniting with W. Australia and Queensland to bring about separation from the Federal Union. Discontent was expressed at the unsatisfactory results of the Commonwealth regime, and at the Federal extravagance. There was really no serious debate, and the motion was negatived on the voices.

THE PEARSON MURDERS.

Another of his children, which Peardon, the commercial traveller, murderously attacked, a seven-year-old girl, has succumbed.

A third is in a serious condition, her throat being cut. Two others and the wife are suffering from wounds on the head, inflicted by a bed key. The sixth child, who escaped, gave the alarm.

Peardon kissed his wife and children on retiring on Sunday night. He slept with one of his boys' apart from his wife. During the night she heard him moving about, and on getting up found him lying on the bed dressed. He told her he had taken medicine.

Later he visited his wife's room, and on finding her awake retired. She subsequently fell asleep and was aroused by blows on the head. She rolled on the floor and pretended to be dead.

The boy came to his mother's assistance and Peardon felled him. He then went to the girls' room, and his wife seized the opportunity to escape.

When assistance arrived Peardon was found shot through the head and grasping a razor and revolver. The baby was dead and another child was dying. The others are severely wounded.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN EARTH-QUAKES.

On Friday last severe earthquake shocks were felt over a great portion of South Australia. Buildings were shaken during the night, and a few minutes after eight the shocks were repeated, but with much more severity, surpassing anything previously experienced in South Australia. From a cold atmosphere the air became oppressively warm and intensely still.

After a preliminary tremor came a severe shock, lasting half a minute, accompanied by a tremendous noise. Buildings rocked and trembled, walls cracked, chimneys toppled down, and pictures and pottery fell from the walls. A great panic was caused. The people rushed into the streets in thousands. The Adelaide Hospital patients left their beds, and some managed to get out, and refused to re-enter the building.

At the Theatre Royal at night, when the shock was felt, the audience began to stampede, but a panic was averted by the presence of mind of an actor, Mr Ward, who ran on to the stage and announced that the tremor was only the result of an experiment in connection with the forthcoming play. Many ladies fainted. Alarming scenes also occurred at a public meeting. All the clocks in the city were stopped five minutes past eight. The Troubridge lighthouse was badly damaged. The oil overflowed and fired the lantern, which was destroyed. The night was intensely dark, and it was impossible to ascertain the extent of the damage, but it is believed that not many buildings were seriously damaged. The direction of the shocks was from south to north. The quakes were particularly severe in the north.

Further slight shocks of earthquake have been experienced.

GENERAL NEWS.

Large importations of Australian cattle and dairy stock into the Transvaal are anticipated.

Sir Joseph Ward proposes to recommend the Government to take over the control of the domain and sanatorium at Te Aroha.

Captain Post, of the Government steamer Tutaneaki, was a passenger for the South from Wellington by the s.s. Rotomahana last week. It is understood that he is sent to Lake Wakatipu to report to the Government as to the tourist steamer traffic in connection with the proposal of the Government to build a steamer for the lake.

Nearly 700 houses in Devonport are now connected with the drainage system, which was recently inaugurated at a cost of over £20,000. The period of grace terminates on December 31st next, after which connection with the system will become compulsory in all parts of the district reached by it.

The Greymouth Council the other night asked the Mayor to communicate with the Colonial Secretary to have over one hundred Chinese corpses removed from the shed where they are now stored awaiting shipment. In discussion it came out that several bodies that had never been interred had been carried into the building without the knowledge of the sexton.

At the annual meeting of the Taranaki Scenery Preservation Society, held at New Plymouth this week, the chairman (Mr W. H. Skinner) stated application had been made to the Government for a grant for the preservation of old Maori pias. He also stated that steps had been taken to prevent the destruction of the tul bird, and the consequence was that the authorities had been instructed to prosecute persons, white or native, who destroyed these birds. There was every chance that a prosecution will shortly take place for killing the bird.

The Australian Federal Government has received evidence which goes to show that the new British

Resident in the New Hebrides, Commander Mason, has produced a salutary impression upon both black and white inhabitants. He has visited the various islands with some ceremonial, the idea being to convey that behind him is the power of Great Britain. The Government residence is being erected in a prominent position on one of the islands, and H.M.S. Phoebe is patrolling New Hebrides waters. The Resident is a good French linguist, and in settling disputes between the rival races will not be at a disadvantage.

Considerable excitement was caused at Petone last week by a boy named Adams, aged twelve years, being discovered with a shattered hand and wounds in other parts of his body, which he said had been caused by some unknown person shooting him from behind. As the position of the wounds on the boy's body gave colour to this story a detective was sent out to make inquiries. Meanwhile the boy had been brought to the district hospital, and after one of his fingers had been amputated he told the surgeon that he had been damaged by a cartridge, which exploded while he was pressing it into the ground with his foot.

The Marine Court has found that the missing steamer Quiraing, lost while bound from Newcastle to Port Chalmers, was well found and sufficiently manned, and though a wet ship and did not steer well, was seaworthy in all respects at the time of her departure. The cargo was stowed in accordance with the practice at Newcastle, and she was not laden to plimsoll mark. The presiding judge said the court was not called upon to say whether she was lost or not. He added that the court could not disregard the testimony of engineers and others in favour of the wild statements made, some of which were palpably false.

Railway statistics for the past month, just published, afford some interesting information. The 857 miles of railway in the North Island cost £26,192 to work, and yielded a revenue of £48,990, showing a balance to the good of £12,798, or 27 per cent. In the South Island the traffic extends over 1395 miles, and the receipts were £78,534 for the month, and the cost of running £58,383, a gross profit without allowance for capital of over 32 per cent. The expenditure on the various North Island sections bears the following percentage comparison to the receipts:—Kawakawa (8 miles), 147.11; Whangarei (23), 51.22; Kaiti (17), 71.35; Auckland (341), 65.02; Gisborne-Karaka (11), 85.20; Wellington-Napier-New Plymouth (457), 77.25. The aggregate totals for the colony are 252 miles, receipts £127,525, expenditure £94,575, percentage of revenue 69.83.

A shocking accident, attended with fatal results, occurred last Monday morning at Newton, a boy named Roy Bartley being killed in jumping off a bus. It seems that Bartley, who is a lad of about 16, and whose parents reside in Ponsonby, got on board a Tramway Company's bus in Ponsonby. The bus was one with three seats in front, and was driven by William Kirkwood. Bartley sat on the second seat. On reaching the corner of Pitt-street, and Karangahape-road the conductor's whistle was blown, and the driver proceeded to pull up. Before he had brought the vehicle to a standstill, however, Bartley jumped off the bus, and in doing so it is thought that his overcoat (he was also carrying a schoolbag at the time) caught in some part of the bus, for he was turned over on to the ground, and the back wheel went right across his head, inflicting terrible injuries. Miss Clapeott, who was a passenger by the bus, and who is a member of the St. John Ambulance Association, did all she could for the unfortunate boy, who was taken to the premises of Mr Kenderidine, chemist. Dr Inglis was quickly in attendance, but death had been almost instantaneous. The boy's father (Mr. Walter Bartley) is a carpenter, and his uncle is the manager of the Newton branch of the Auckland Savings Bank.

The Auckland members appear to be fairly well satisfied with their share of the Public Works votes as a whole. The feeling of Southern members is that Auckland has the lion's share of the total expenditure proposed, and this has been given expression informally in the House since the Statement was brought down. In this connection it is of some interest to quote the views of a few Southern members on the subject of the North Island Trunk railway.

This week a telegram was received by Mr W. Charlesworth, from Mr. C. Charlesworth, engineer to the Opoitiki County Council, stating that Mr Arthur Warbrick, ferryman at the Ohiwa River, Opoitiki, had been washed out to sea and drowned. Mr W. Charlesworth states that deceased was employed by the County Council to ferry passengers across the mouth of the Ohiwa River, the river being nearly a mile broad at this point. The accident is believed to have been caused by the strong current and the heavy weather, which would combine to carry deceased and his boat out over the bar. Deceased was a splendid boatman, and a man of very fine physique. He was about 34 years of age, and leaves a wife and two children. It is a singular thing that a man lost his life some five months ago while engaged in the same work.

The late Mr Arthur Warbrick was a member of the well-known Warbrick family of half-castes, and was a well-known footballer, like his brothers.

The deceased played for the North Shore Football Club in the old days, before the district scheme came in, and in 1888 was a member of the New Zealand Native Team which toured the United Kingdom.

Musical Examinations.

R.A.M. AND R.C.M. RESULTS

The practical examinations under the Associated Board of the R.A.M. and R.C.M., London, by Mr T. B. Knott, A.R.A.M., member of the Royal Society of Musicians, concluded last week. The hon. representative, Mr Hugh Cooper, hands us the following interim report:—

AUCKLAND CENTRE.

Senior (6th) grade.—Passed: Piano—Marzie Ansley, Edith M. Rhodes (Miss J. M. Adams); Rosa M. Binstead (Dr. Thomas). Violin—Maud M. Dyson (M. de Willimoff). Singing—Nora Sibbald, Annie M. England (Mr Hamilton Hodges).

Junior (4th) grade.—Honours: Piano—Helen A. Morris (Mr J. F. Bennett). Passed: Piano—Isabella Bolous, Helen McGregor Hay, Beatrice Moreland (Mr J. F. Bennett); Ivy Ansley, Olive Hodge (Miss J. M. Adams); Violet Hughes (Mr W. H. Webbe); Ethna C. Pierce (Mr H. Connell). Violin—Leo. M. Swales (M. de Willimoff).

LOCAL SCHOOL.

Higher Division (3rd grade).—Distinction: Piano—Helen A. Morris (Mr J. F. Bennett). Passed: Piano—Edith G. MacElieter, Mary A. Geddes, Edith Crowe, Daphne W. Slade, Jeanie Mackenzie, Beatrice A. Moreland, Mildred E. Moreland (Mr J. F. Bennett); Nita Ross (Miss J. M. Adams); William A. Carlick (Mr H. Connell); Ella Gillespie (Mr T. Bosworth).

Lower Division (2nd grade).—Distinction: Piano—Ella Mary Browne, Daphne W. Slade (Mr J. F. Bennett). Passed: Piano—Rosa E. Mackenzie, Elsie W. Edmond, Elizabeth H. Hicric, Elsie E. Cross, Ellen M. Douglas, Hilly East, Helen A. Lamb, Mary R. Le Bailly, Jessie S. Le Bailly, Cicely Le Bailly, William Leonard Chambers (Mr J. F. Bennett); Kathleen Mitchell, Charlotte Cassie (Miss J. M. Adams); Essie McKemmie (Miss Ockenden); Violet Tibbs, Fredk. C. Tibbs (Mr H. Connell); Cassie Currie (Miss Woolans).

Elementary Division (1st grade).—Distinction: Piano—Joy Hooker (Mr H. Connell); Jessie M. Dewar (Miss Verrall). Distinction: Violin—Ada Davies, Edward Westwood (Mr J. H. Swales). Passed: Piano—Jessie Geddes, Alexander Geddes, Alice Chambers, Amy A. Gallery, Rosemond M. Brewer, Lillian Selley, Rosie Selley, Ada Selley (Mr J. F. Bennett); Gladys Robins (Miss M. R. Blades); Mary Anthon, Muriel Grey, Agnes Fowlds, Gladys Griffith, Ada Trevathan, Wynne Dugh (Mr J. H. Swales); Maud Alison, Henry Barker (Mr H. Connell); Cedric Adams, Alan Bennett, Mary Bedford (Miss J. M. Adams). Passed: Violin—Olivia H. Morrison (Mr J. H. Swales).

Auckland: A Sonnet.

Incomparably the fairest of the scores
Of cities manifoldly-clustering
Like pearls about the Southern Ocean's
shores,
Thou art the central gem, out-lustering
The rest—Serene and beautiful and rare!
Ineffably and indubitably blue,
Thy skies look down on waters every-
where
Translucent as the burnished sapphire's
hue;
Thine exquisitely bright and vivid strands,
Set in the glorious sunshine's gleaming
gold,
Or in the streaming moonlight's silvery
bands,
Such treasured pictures, for all time do
hold.
That, when I backward look, thou
seem'st to me
More sweet than elsewhere is, on
land or sea.

LATE SOCIETY NEWS

CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Bee,—

The Presbyterians held their sale of work in the Oddfellows' Hall on Wednesday, the first day of McNicol's big horse fair; the weather was most unpropitious, but notwithstanding there was a large attendance, and it was most successful, realising about £70. The work stall was presided over by Mrs. Erwin, Mrs. J. Fisher, and Mrs. J. Ferguson; plants, Mrs. Brooks; refreshment stall, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. John Hally, Mrs. R. Fisher, and Mrs. F. Gane; lollie stall, Misses Howard and N. Scott; doll tree, Miss N. Young, and Miss M. Fisher. The stalls were all most tastefully arranged, but I think the lollie stall deserves special mention for the taste and endless trouble taken in the arrangement. Great taste was also displayed in the artistic arrangement of the plant stall with a fountain playing in the middle. The ladies at the refreshment stall all worked hard, and were kept very busy providing tea and delicious cakes, trifles, jellies, etc. The doll tree proved most fascinating to the small folk, and over 60 dolls were disposed of. In the evening a promenade concert took place.

On Thursday evening, the second day of the horse sale, a concert, followed by the amusing comediatta, "After Dinner," took place. There was a very good attendance, as there always is when these sales are on. It was in aid of St. Andrew's choir music, and the result must be very satisfactory to those interested. The Cambridge Orchestral Society rendered several items, which are always warmly received; the trio "Romance," by violin (Herr Engel), cello (Mr E. Kemp), piano (Mr Frazer), was certainly the gem of the evening. Miss Walker sang in a very pleasing manner, "I trust you still," and was encored, and sang "Killarney." Mr Bouillon sang well in "The Toilers," Mrs Polwarth sang nicely the "Japanese Love Song," Miss Care also sang well in "Mid the Hush of the Corn." Miss Clark was well received in "O Promise Me," for which she had an encore. The comediatta brought a pleasant evening to a close.

Miss McCaw, of "Matamata," is at present staying with Mrs Banks, at "Gwynnlands."

Miss Willis has gone to Shaftsbury to stay with Mrs Hubert Cox, to be present at a ball to be held there next week.

Visitors at "Wainoni," Cambridge, September 19th, 1902.—Mrs Massey, London, England; Miss Hutch, London, England; Mrs Guise, Auckland; Mr Guise, Auckland; Mr Tigwell, Hants, England; Mr Wigg, Auckland; Mr Brown, Auckland; Mr Calvert, Lancashire, England; Mr Hoult, Fielden; Mr Kemp, New Plymouth; Mr McArdle, Pirongia.

ELSIE.

The "Labour Question" is, we know,
A problem hard to solve,
But if its progress is but slow,
Results in time resolve.
But in the case of cold or cough,
Results are swift and sure,
If we but take to drive them off
Some WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT
CURE.



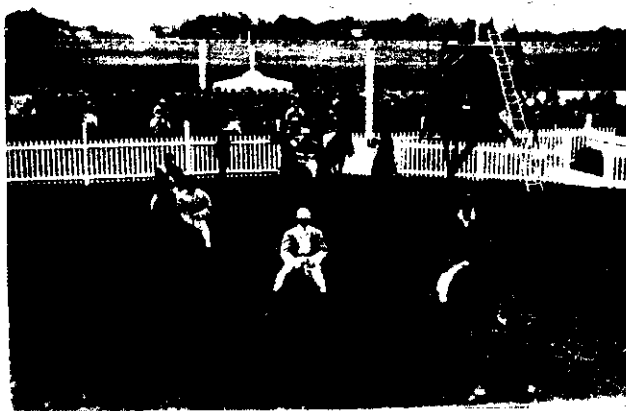
A Study in Fantails.—The Family Breakfast.



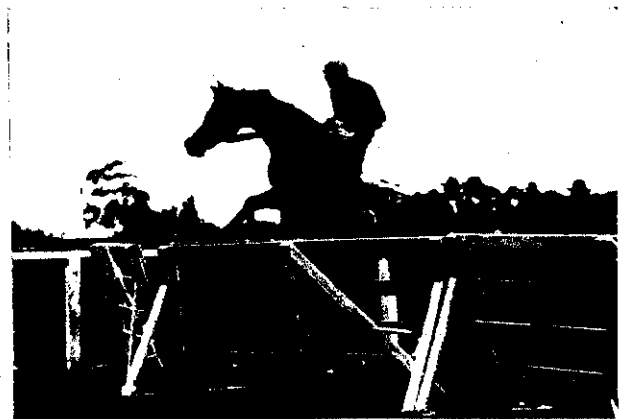
GOING TO THE POST FOR TWO-YEAR-OLD RACE.



GIVING THEM THEIR FIRST START IN LIFE. THE YOUNGSTERS STARTING FOR THE AVONDALE STAKES.



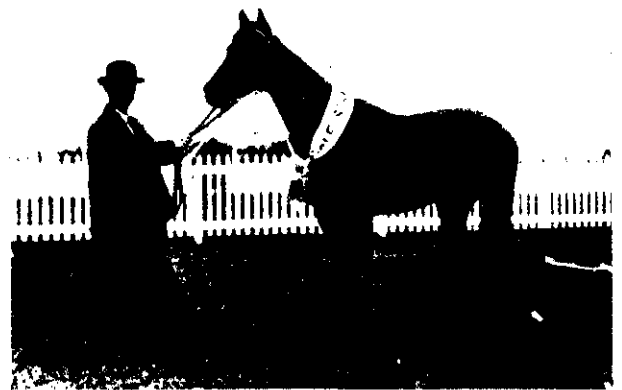
THE SHANNON RETURNING TO SCALE AFTER WINNING AVONDALE CUP



MARS GOING OVER LAST HURDLE LAST TIME ROUND.

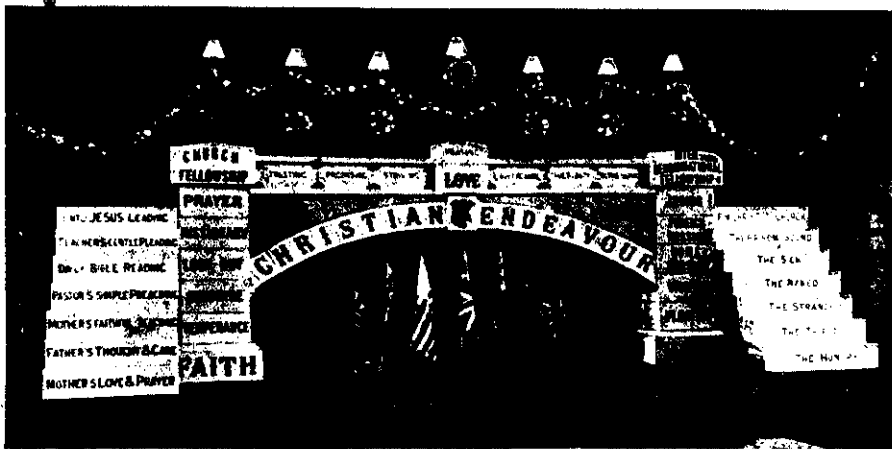


FIRST TIME ROUND—HURDLE RACE



CORDON ROUGE, WINNER AVONDALE STAKES.

Avondale Jockey Club's Spring Meeting.



The Christian Endeavourers' Bridge

The accompanying illustration, the building of the Christian Endeavour Bridge, is a unique, interesting and very effective object lesson. It was first given at the ninth British Convention, in 1899, in Grosvenor Hall, Belfast, before an audience of 3500, and will be given for the first time in New Zealand in connection with the tenth annual Convention of the Auckland Provincial Christian Endeavour Union in the Choral Hall, on Saturday, September 27th, by 84 children, assisted by a choir of 150 singers.

Of Two Subjects. Choose the Cheaper.—Desmond: But if you buy this expensive summer coat, Dorothy, how are we ever going to pay for it? Dorothy: Oh, Desmond, don't let's talk about two things at once! Let's talk about the coat!

SEE LETTERPRESS.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOURERS' BRIDGE.



Daroux, photo.

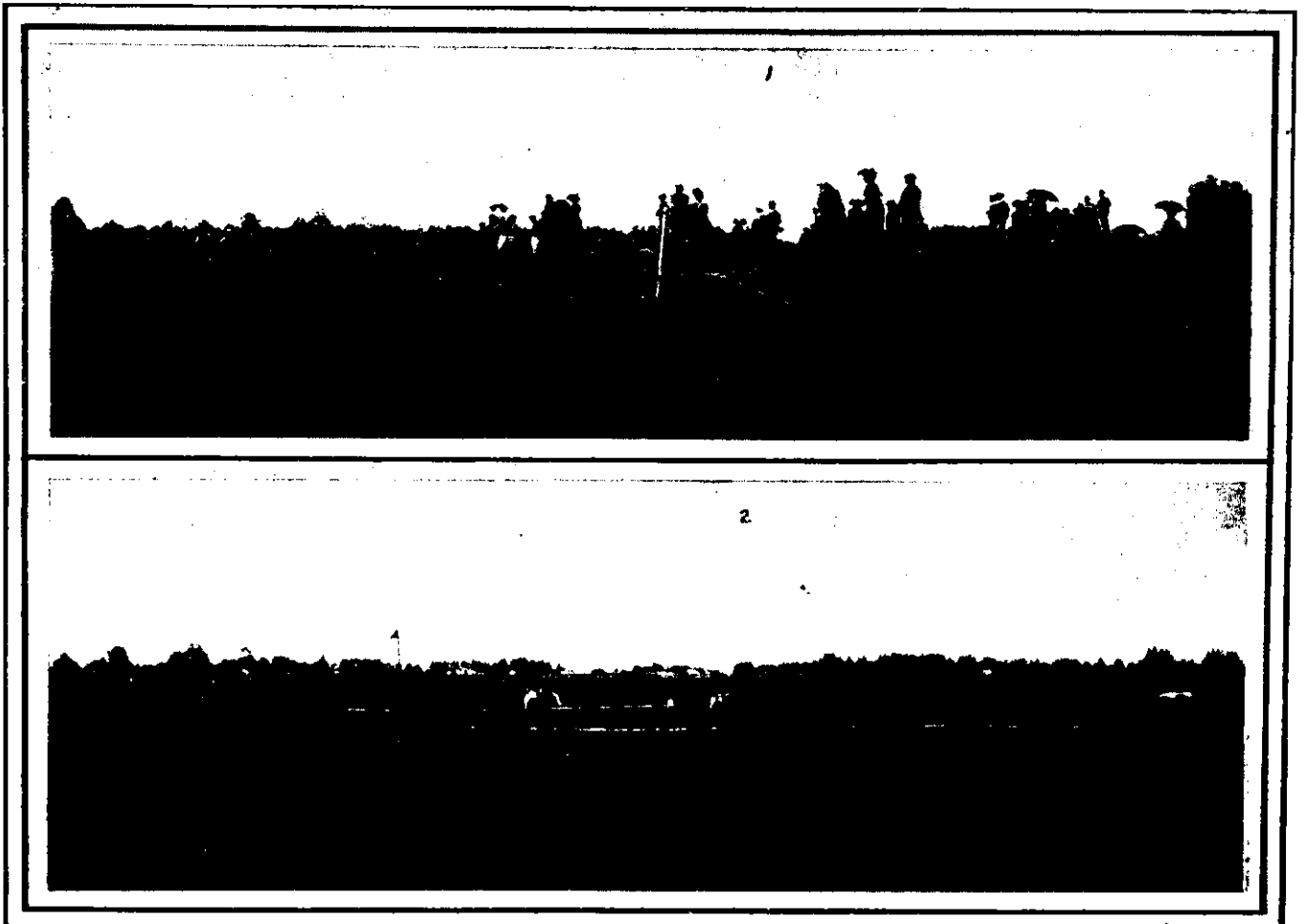
DRIVING THE FIRST PILE OF THE NEW BRIDGE.

1. Children on the Old Bridge awaiting the Ceremony.
2. Some of the Bridge Builders and others.
3. Sir J. G. Ward Addressing the Spectators.

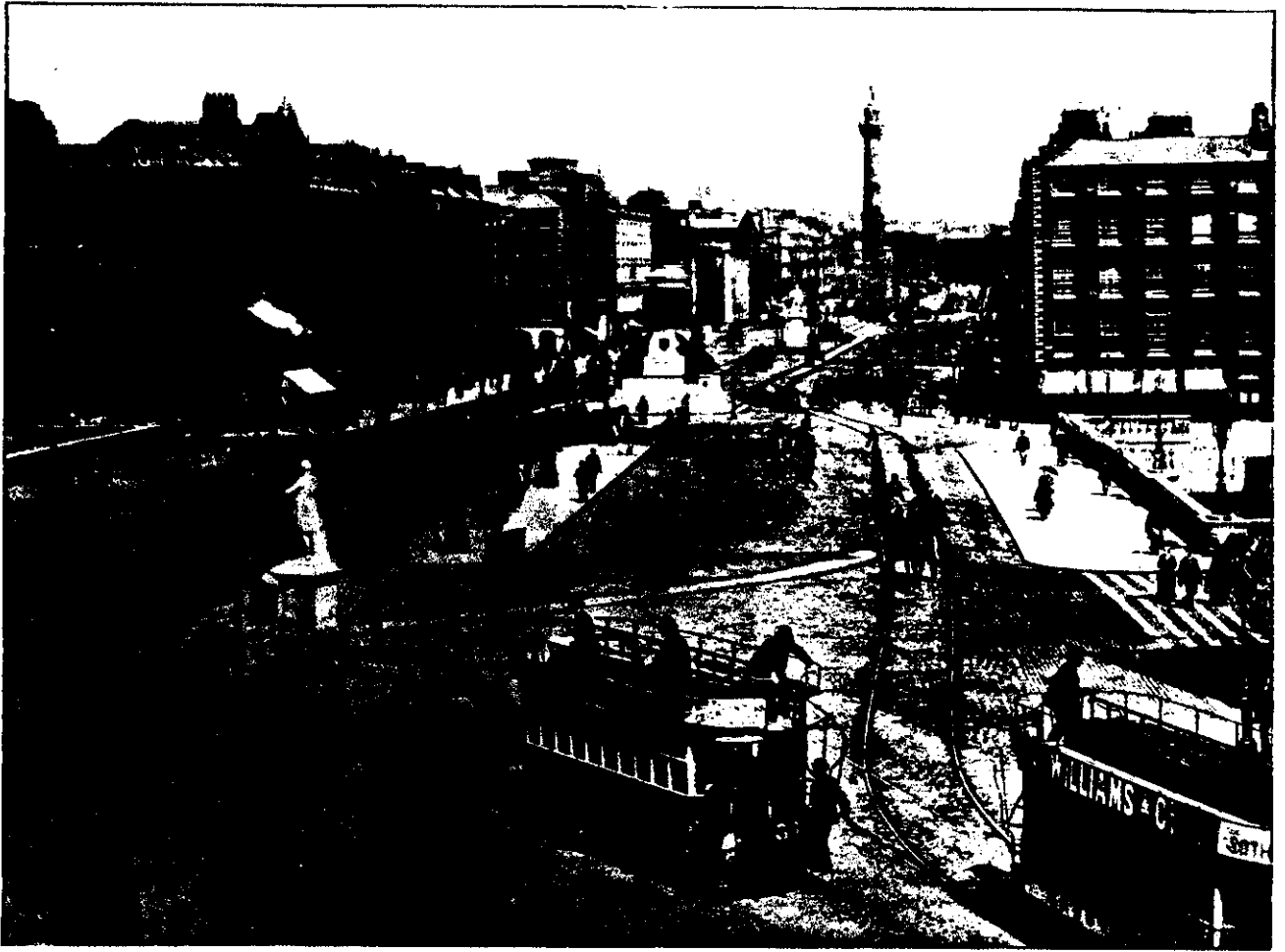


Parker Hill, photo.

ON THE NGUNGURU RIVER.



THE WAIKATO HUNT RACE MEETING AT CAMBRIDGE. 1. Finish of Electric Handicap. 2. Hunt Club Steeplechase—at the double.



SACKVILLE-STREET, THE CHIEF THOROUGHFARE OF DUBLIN, IRELAND.

Whose citizens and Corporation recently protested against the enforcement of the Crimes Act, on "The most crimeless city in the world."



"THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING."—CLEMATIS, one of our most beautiful native spring flowers.

THE PUBLIC WORKS STATEMENT.



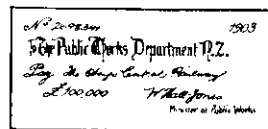
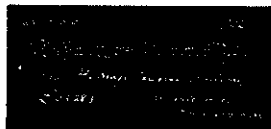
MR HALL-JONES' CHEQUE BOOK.

Has Mr Hall-Jones, the Minister for Public Works, discovered the philosopher's stone that he proposes to shower the golden guineas over the land with so prodigal a hand? His Statement last week is worthy of the best—or shall we say the worst—traditions of the old Vogel regime. A couple of years ago such open-handedness would have staggered us. We would have called it reckless extravagance. And since then it is not very clear that anything has occurred to

make it merit another designation now. But it would seem that the glint of the gold has dazzled our judgment, for instead of being aghast at a proposed expenditure that would have shocked us not so very long ago, we are all absorbed in the contemplation of how much is to come our way, and how much is going our neighbour's. Apart from the inevitable discontent which the best planned Statement must occasion when we come to compare what I have got with what

you have got, Mr Hall-Jones' proposals have given very general satisfaction simply because they are so generous. There never was a Minister of Public Works who treated us all round so handsomely as Mr Hall-Jones is doing. His is a record Statement. The Shah, according to recent cables, can get through a tidy sum of money. He spent £200,000 in Paris the other day; but we may doubt whether he signs as many big

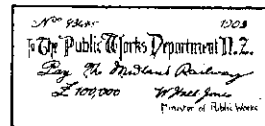
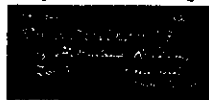
cheques in the course of a twelve-month as modest Mr Hall-Jones. Below we give a few of the big cheques our Minister signed this year, and alongside some of the big cheques he will have to sign next. It will be seen at a glance what rapid progress he is making in the art. Figures are proverbially uninteresting, but cheque books are quite otherwise, and a peep into Mr Hall-Jones' cheque book will probably interest our readers.



FOR THE OTAGO CENTRAL.

The cheque Mr Hall-Jones proposes to draw this year for the Otago Central is £100,000, as against £103,000 spent on the line last year. Considering the comparative uselessness of this work, the merely nominal reduc-

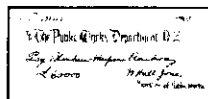
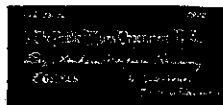
tion this year cannot allay the general dissatisfaction which the continued allotment of large sums of public money towards it causes everywhere outside of Otago.



FOR THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.

Here is another work, the usefulness of which for many years to come is very questionable. Some £50,000 was expended on it last year, and

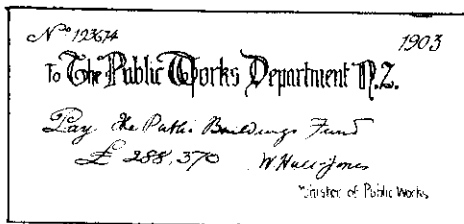
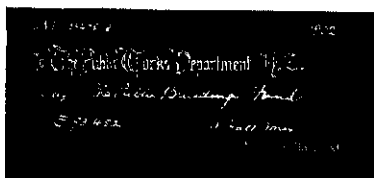
now it is to share in the general profusion this year to the extent of £100,000.



BLENHHEIM-WAIPARA.

The total expenditure on the Blenheim-Waipara railway last year, exclusive of the value of permanent way materials issued to the line, was

£48,382, or, inclusive of the latter, £65,823. For the current year an authorisation of £60,000 is proposed.

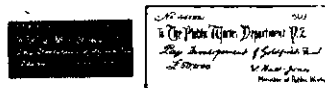


FOR PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

The total expenditure on public buildings last year amounted to £193,462, namely, £47,852 under Con-

solidated Fund, and £145,600 under Public Works Fund. For the current year a total appropriation of £288,370

is proposed, namely, £47,900 under Consolidated Fund, and £240,470 under Public Works Fund.



TO DEVELOP THE GOLDFIELDS.

Holders of scrip will be glad to see that there is a very substantial increase in the amount of the cheque the goldfields are getting this year as compared with last.



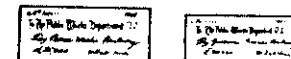
TO OPEN UP THE FAR NORTH.

The Helensville-Northward, which got £18,000 last year, is only getting £20,000 this year.



KAWAKAWA-GRAHMTOWN.

This line drew £16,000 last year, and will get £20,000 this year.



PAEROA-WAHI AND GISBORNE-KARAKA.

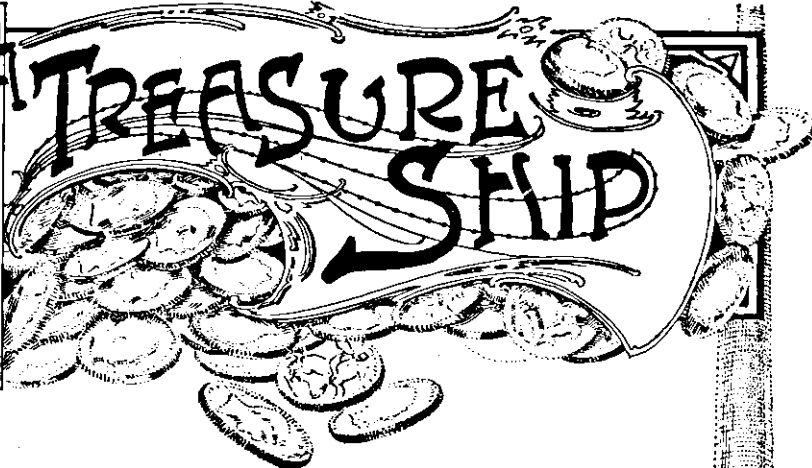
Here are the cheques which the above two lines will be entitled to this year. The first line is to have £25,000 and the second £29,000.

FOR THE NORTH ISLAND MAIN TRUNK RAILWAY.

To none of the proposed appropriations does the same amount of interest attach as to the quarter of a million the Government will ask Parliament to allot to the North Island Main Trunk Railway. It will be noted that the cheque in this case is the second largest the Department will

have to fill in this year, and though the sum is only a third of the amount which it is estimated will be required to complete the line, it is so large compared with the dribblets we have been getting that there is a general feeling of satisfaction in the North with what must be regarded as, in a

large measure, the result of our constant agitation. Even those North Islanders who are opposed to the policy of profuse expenditure to which the Government seems committed will feel reconciled somewhat to the position at the prospect of the line being completed in a reasonable time.

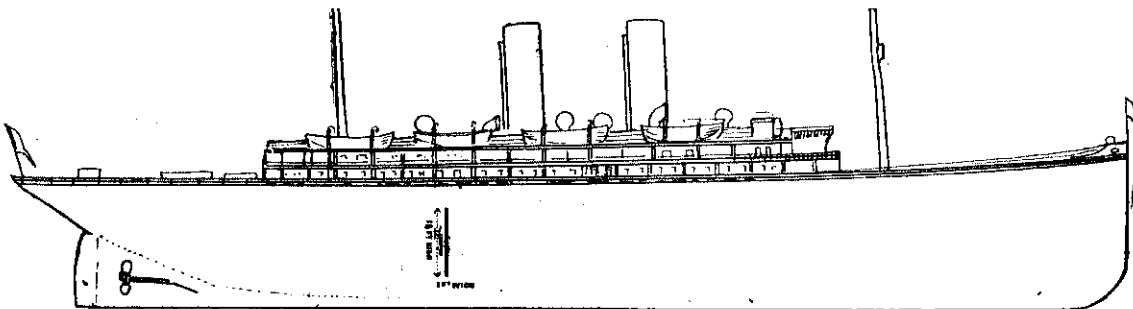


A MODERN TREASURE SHIP.

The mail steamer Sierra, which left Auckland for San Francisco, carried, in addition to a large number of passengers and a varied cargo, bullion to the value of three-quarters of a million. We are accustomed to vessels taking away from Australia or New Zealand large quantities of gold, but the Sierra's treasure is an uncommonly large one this trip. Fancy seven hundred and fifty thousand

pounds! If, instead of taking it away with her, the gold could have been landed here, what could we not have achieved with it? That the Sierra can carry such a large treasure across the Pacific and most freely advertise the fact, too, suggests a great contrast to the old pirate days, when not only would the vessel's valuable cargo have been kept a dead secret, but the ship would never have

ventured forth alone on the high seas. Had she done so, the chances were a hundred to one that some bold buccaneer would have been lurking in wait for her somewhere among the summer isles of Edeu. The Sierra's passengers need have no fears on that score. Although inserted in the marine policies of to-day, the pirate is not one of the serious dangers one need apprehend at sea.



SO LITTLE, YET SO PRECIOUS.

Although £750,000 is a large sum, it is astonishing what a very little space it can be compressed into. If

it were in sovereigns you could build the whole amount into a column 18 feet high and one foot square. In

the above diagram the proportion such a column would occupy of the vessel's hold is shown.



A GOLDEN PATHWAY.

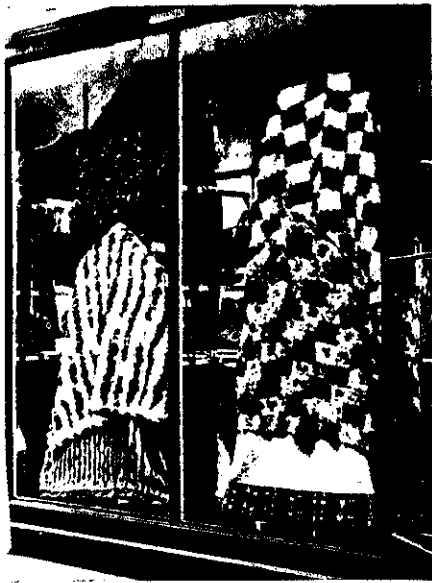
If you took 750,000 sovereigns and laid them down in a row, as you see them here, the line would be over

ten miles long; or, if arranged in the form of a strip they would make a golden pathway broad enough for

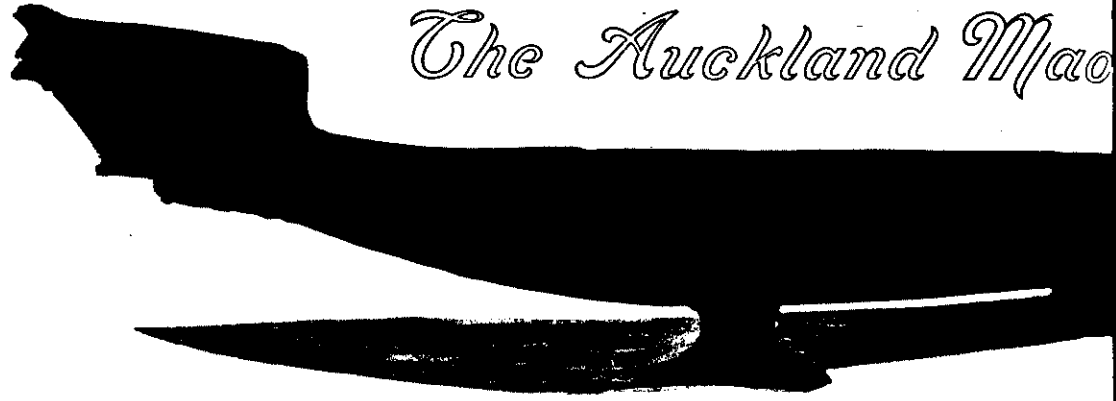
you to walk upon from where the ship lay up to the top of Queen-street.

750,000 SOVS. in a single pile would make a column 3676 ft high.

The Auckland Maori



TUI, PIGEON, AND KAKA FEATHER MATS, ALSO KAITAKA FLAX MAT.



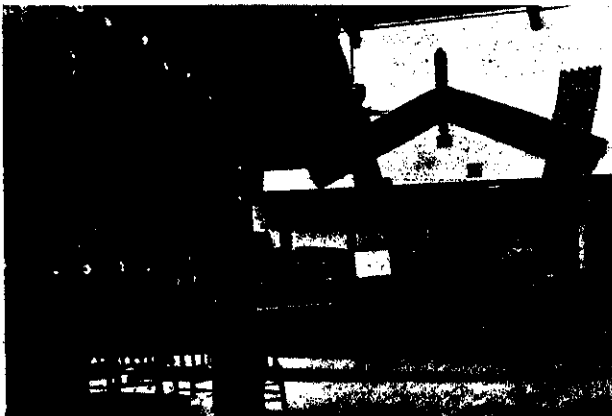
TOKI-A-TAPIRI.—War-canoe built by the Ngatikahungunu tribe about 1835. It passed to the Ngatitaata, on the by colonial troops in the Waikato war. It is 82 feet in length, and 7 feet beam.



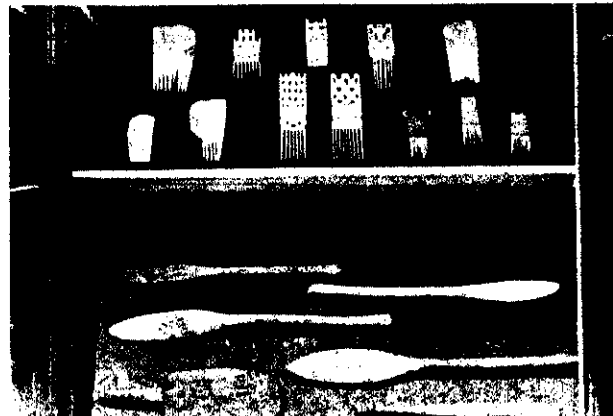
On the top shelf are covered Waka Huia, or boxes for huia feathers, and in the centre and on the lower shelf are two kumetes, or boxes for preserved birds.



The larger store-house or pataku was formerly the property of Te long, by 20 feet broad, and 15 feet high. Sides are carved elaborately, and the gable boards with some mythological animal, probably a type and Puawai o te Arawa, "flower of the Arawa." The smaller house w iti. The side boards and inner carving were done about 1825, the gable



BACK OF LARGE STORE-HOUSE, showing boldly carved slabs of totara.



HAIR ORNAMENTS AND COMBS IN WHALEBONE, etc.—Below are a collection of spades for planting and digging kumaras



CARVED GATEPOST. This is one of the fau

Maori Museum.—An Invaluable Collection.



MAORI PRESERVED HEADS.—The heads are life-like in expression, and the one on right is magnificently tattooed.

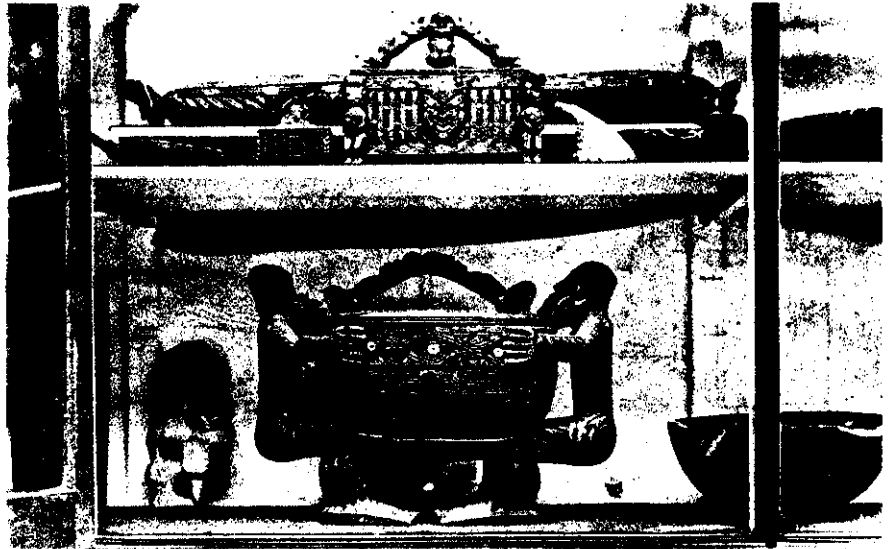


On right is the Taurapa, or stern-post of war-canoe, taken at Whakatane by the Ngatai tribe from the Ngapuhi during 1835.

Haka, from whom it was taken
centre.



The Taramu, chief of Ngatipikiao tribe. Built about 1868. It is 35 feet
boldly, with grotesque figures. The ridge boards are carved with lizards,
Taniwha. The house has two names, Tuhoa Katori, or "pit of Taniwha,"
since the property of Haeri Huku, and stood on the shores of Lake Roto-
wards some years later. This is deposited by Miss Dorothy Fenton.



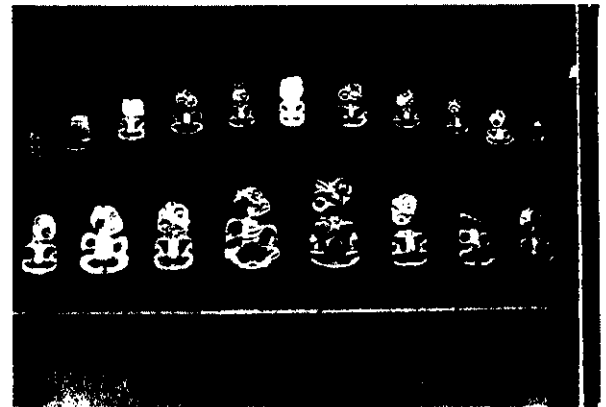
Amongst hui'a feather boxes is a square Ipu, or box in which preserved birds were served up
to a chief during a feast. The small box on left is a putiki, or anointing box for fat. The funnel
on right used for feeding a tapani chief. Below is a fine kumete, or preserved bird box.



TO STORE HOUSE.
specimens in the Museum.



MAORI WEAPONS.—Taisha, Whalebone and Wooden Meres, and Green-
stone Adzes.



HEITIKIS (Greenstone neck- ornaments).

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.

S.S. Tongariro, September 22nd: Of late I have been thinking that, perhaps, if I have a fault, it is a tendency to take too much on myself and to over-estimate my own powers. Certainly I did both in my solicitude for the welfare of the troopers aboard.

drinks to a degree I had never been used in all my life. But my duties did not end with a preliminary tasting. My request that the men should not hesitate to lay their complaints before me was taken advantage of to what was quite an absurd extent, considering the excellence and variety of the food and liquor. The second day of the new arrangement I received no less than forty-three applications from troopers for inquiry into their cases. These requests were invariably accompanied with portions of food for my examination. One trooper drew my attention to the scarcity of cauliflower in the tipples, and forwarded a bottle of those excellent but, by themselves, somewhat difficult to digest condiments. Another, while apologising for troubling me, asked me whether in my private opinion the raisins "in the accompanying piece of plum pudding" were conscientiously stoned; and a third wished to know whether it was with my knowledge and approval that the men

bed. I am now, thank goodness, sufficiently recovered to eat a simple meal, but I cannot on any account resume the trying duties I had to relinquish. I told the men as much this morning in a speech from my cabin door. They seemed full of sympathy.

Later.—The time allowed us at Capetown has been very short; for which I was at first inclined to feel sorry, but now cannot help being glad. I had a thought of prolonging my visit to South Africa to the extent of a few days. My programme included a run up to Johannesburg. But my stay resolved itself into an affair of one day, of which I made the very most. Immediately on landing I engaged a hall for the evening and had large posters issued announcing my intention to address a public meeting. Not a couple of hours after I had taken the steps I received an intimation from my old friend—or, shall I say, enemy—the censor,

grave of my reputation, as it is credited with having been of that of others. It was not as a passing visitor that I had hoped to revisit these shores, but as one clothed with authority by the King. However, there is no use in re-opening that painful subject. My first feeling when I received the censor's letter was to tell him to mind his own business; but I reflected that such a reply would probably mean the ruin of my meeting, so I took my hat and called on the gentleman instead. His manner was even less conciliatory than on the last occasion when we met, and it seemed to me that he was inclined to treat me very much as he would a travelling lecturer for patent medicines or something of that sort. After a long korero, which I need not repeat, he consented to my holding the meeting, the understanding being that I was to introduce no matter into my speech calculated to cause discord. I had given my word that I would be most careful in that respect, and was proceeding to say good-bye when the censor remarked, "Well, I can't attend myself, but I shall have an agent there." "An agent?" I queried, not quite understanding the reference. "Yes," he rejoined. "You see, we can't quite trust that tongue of yours, Mr Seddon, and I shall have a gentleman on the platform to pull you up when you are going too far." The idea! I need hardly say that I strenuously objected to such an undignified arrangement, but he was adamant, and after three-quarters of an hour of argument the only concession I could obtain was that the agent should be invisible, or, at least, not distinguishable among the seat-holders on the platform, and that communication between him and me should be established by means of a cord, attached to my leg at one end and held by him at the other. The censor having assured me that his deputy was a discreet man, and not likely to interfere with me for trivial lapses—I had pointed out how irritating and disconcerting an injudicious man at the other end of the string might prove to me—I left to brush up my notes for the evening.

I regret to say that the agent belied the censor's assurances, for I had not been speaking a quarter of an hour when I became conscious of little gentle tugs at the leg to which the string was fastened; a feeling



I HAD TO GIVE IT UP.

I should never have undertaken to sample the men's food personally and to hear their individual complaints. Had I restrained my enthusiasm and been content to exercise a general supervision over the kitchen and table arrangements I would not now be just recovering from one of the most severe bilious attacks I ever experienced. For the last four days I have been entirely incapacitated, and, of course, the self-imposed duties which have been the cause of my serious indisposition were the first to be neglected. The position of taster is at no time a sinecure, but mine was rendered peculiarly hard through my desire that the men should have nothing but the very best. I could have performed my task with no great inconvenience, I fancy, had the food of the men been simple in its character; but the long and elaborate menu I myself drew up when I took charge of the commissariat involved my stomach in an ordeal that was too much for its capacity and powers. Determined that the boys should not fare less sumptuously than I had done while in England, I set the ship's cooks to work, with the result that the troopers sat down regularly to repasts which, from the richness and variety of the dishes, would not have disgraced even the Royal table. Alas, I had not reckoned how my generosity must recoil on my own head—or, more correctly speaking—my own stomach. The rich soups, varied entrees, joints, fish, poultry, trifles, jellies, custards, ice creams, fruit and cheese, though most sparingly partaken of by me in my capacity as taster, were more than I could safely accommodate or digest; to which trouble there was added the danger arising from my having to mix my

were drinking port not ten years old and an inferior brand of whisky bearing my name.

It is scarcely to be wondered at if after three days of this sort of thing poor human nature rebelled and I had to give it up, and take to my

desiring to be informed as to the character of the speech I purposed delivering. I was indignant. As a fact, I had intended to do a little plain speaking. I have nothing to thank Africa for. I cannot help feeling that, in a way, it has been the



THE EMPIRE REQUIRES MEN—WHO CAN STAND ON THEIR OWN FEET.

like when the schnapper are beginning to nibble at the bait when one is fishing. I affected not to notice the reminder, and continued as I had been going. The tugs became more pronounced. I was speaking of what I would have done had I been in Milner's place, and was not a little personal in my remarks, for I confess I felt sore in spirit—as well as in my captive ankle. I had come there to say something, and say it I would,

sensor or no censor. Setting my free foot firmly, I suddenly jerked the other forward, meaning to break myself loose, but I had not reckoned on the strength of the cord. Instead of snapping short as I had anticipated, it held fast, and I was nearly precipitated off the platform. In a frenzy of annoyance I forgot my dignity, and, raising my voice to its utmost capacity, I continued in broken sentences to address the meeting, lash-

ing out the while with my captive leg. "The Empire," I said, "requires . . . men . . . who . . . can stand . . . on their . . . own . . . feet; . . . men who . . . are not to be . . . awayed—I was swaying violently myself at this time—by every breath . . . public opinion; men . . . who are attached . . . to the Empire by stronger . . . cords than . . ." but I could proceed no further. The meeting was in an uproar. Shouts

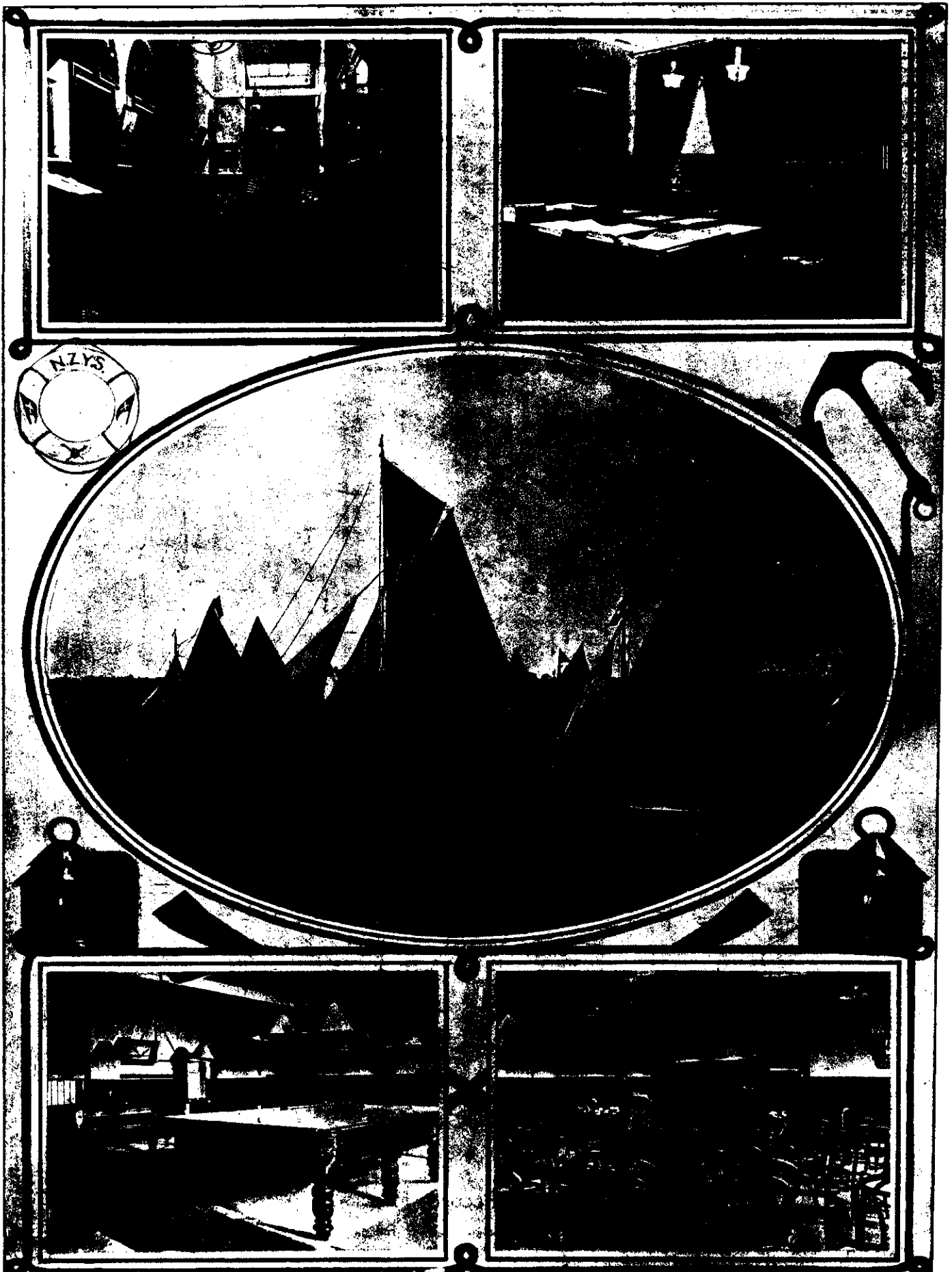
of laughter echoed from walls and ceiling. I realized the fiasco, and that it would be impossible to retrieve my reputation. So with the aid of my penknife I severed the cord that bound my leg and with it my last connection with South Africa; for, seizing my hat, I hastily left the hall, made direct for the ship, and shut myself up in my own cabin, resolved not to show my face in that quarter of the world again.



A Record Run.

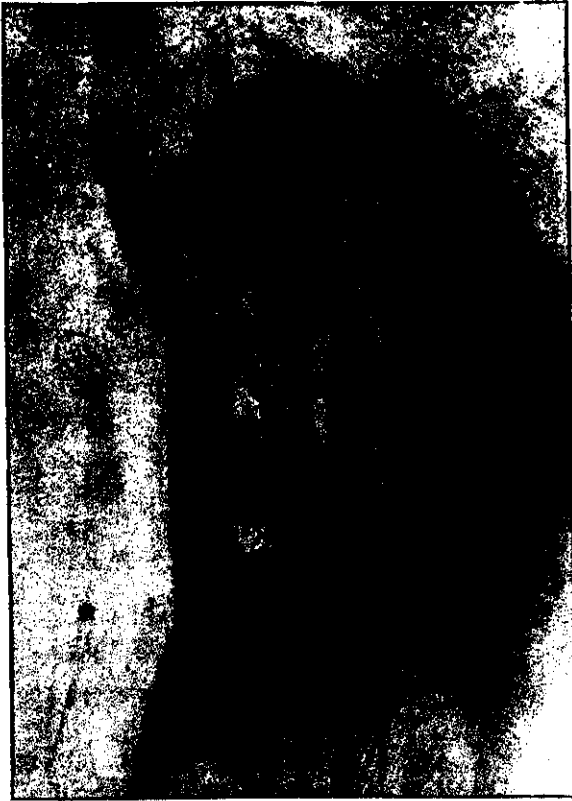
HIS EXCELLENCY: "Wellrun, Joey, my boy. You've put up a record. It's the best race I've seen since I left the Old Country. You and the old horse seem to know one another so well that I'll have to see about retaining the mount for you. There's no doubt that Dick is getting too heavy for the job, and we can't get him to waste a bit."

(The Acting-Premier informed the House last week that in all probability the session would be brought to a close at the end of this month.—Newspaper Item.)

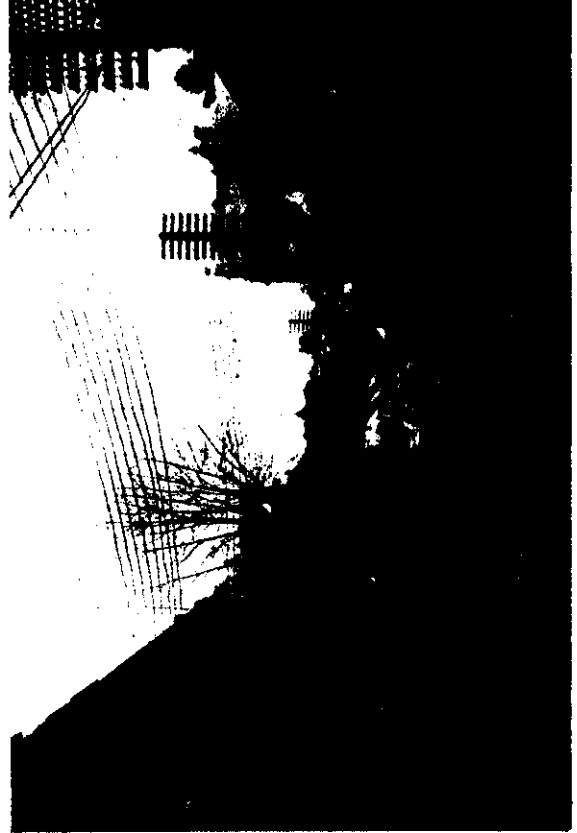


The New Zealand Yacht Squadron.—The New Auckland Club Rooms.

1. The Corridor. 2. The Reading-room. 3. Billiard-room. 4. The Social-room.



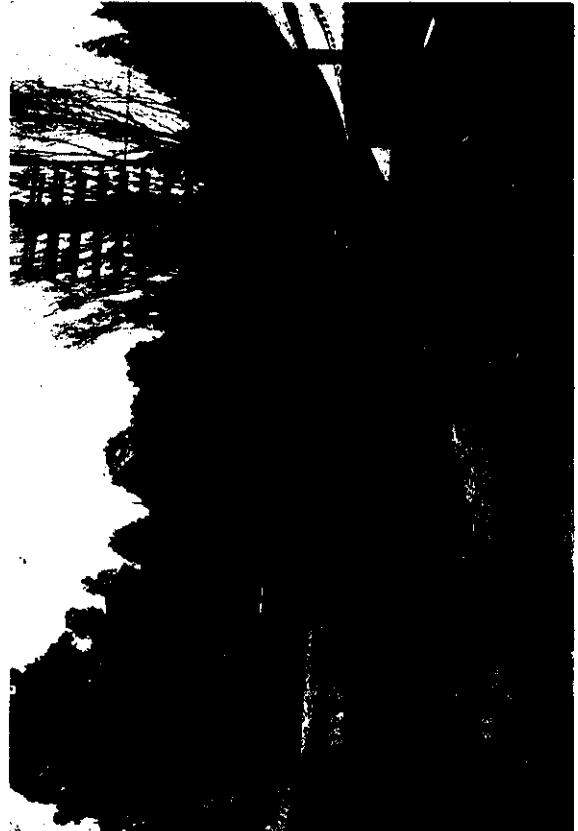
SHAKESPEARE ROAD, NAPIER, 1861.



SHAKESPEARE ROAD, NAPIER, PRESENT DAY.



TOP OF SHAKESPEARE ROAD, ABOUT 1861.

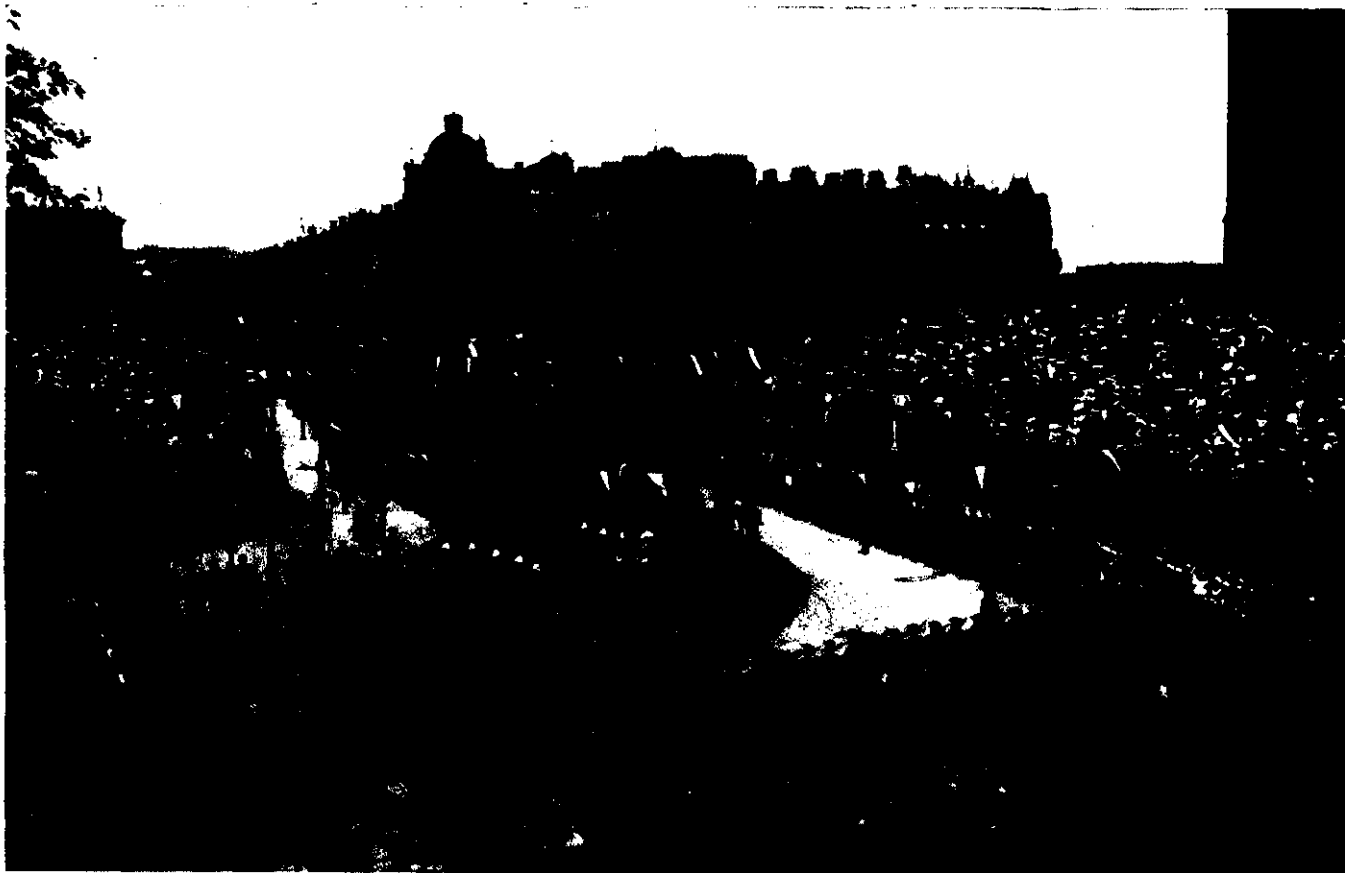


TOP OF SHAKESPEARE ROAD, PRESENT DAY.

Napier Now and Forty Years Ago.



The "Graphic's" Forecast of the Ministerial "Stumping" Electioneering Programme.



THE COLONIALS IN THE PROCESSION.



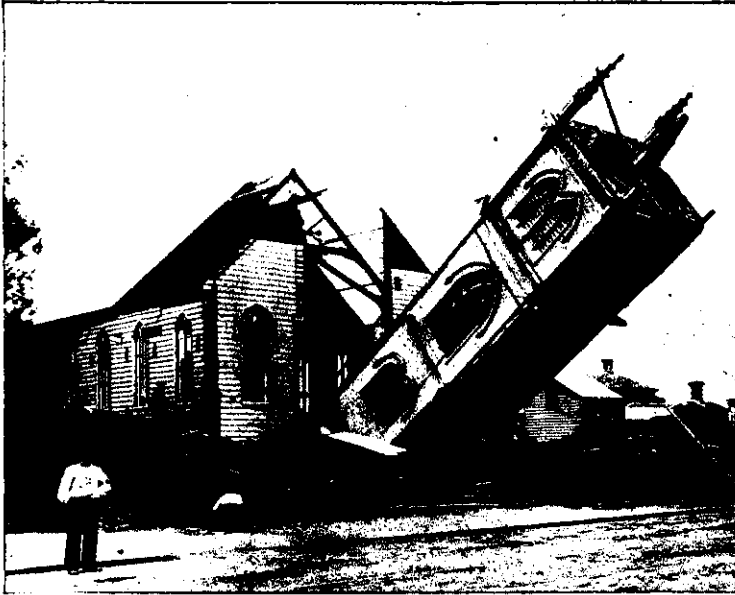
THE PROCESSION IN WHITEHALL: GENERAL LORD KITCHENER, ADMIRAL SIR E. SEYMOUR, MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ALFRED GASELEE.

The Coronation of King Edward.

St. David's Church.

We give here an interesting picture of the re-erection of St. David's Presbyterian Church, Auckland, upon its present site in Khyber Pass-road, after removal from Symonds-street, where it stood for some twenty years or more. It was found impracticable to remove the structure bod-

ily as originally intended, so the work was done in sections. The illustration here given shows the tower during the process of being hauled into position, after which the spire was elevated into its place. The architects under whose supervision the undertaking was carried out were Messrs. Mitchell and Watt, and the arduous work of removal and re-erection was entrusted to Mr James A. Penman, builder, of Mount Albert.

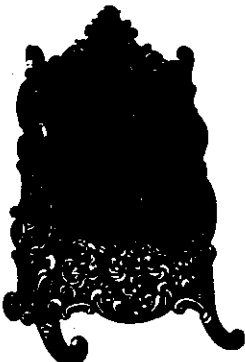


Copy negative no. **C7200** RE-ERECTING THE TOWER.

Copy negative no. **C7201** THE COMPLETED CHURCH.

Stewart Dawson & Co.,

146 and 148, QUEEN ST., AUCKLAND.



5942—Electro-Silver Calendar. 21/.



No. W2018—Handsome Finest Silver-plated Jewel Box. Satin-lined. 27/8.



285—Very handsome Toilet Salts Jar, 3 1/2 in. high. Silver-mtd. and Cut Glass, 18/6. Same style, smaller, with Silver top, 3/6, and 10/6.



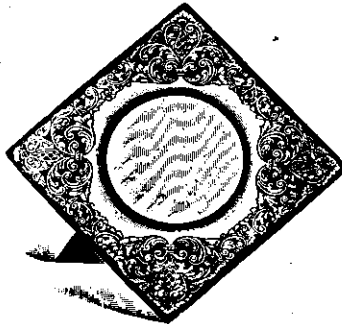
F1902—Real Crocodile Leather, 18/6.



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



Solid Silver Thimbles, 2/ 3/ 4/.



F875—Handsome Embossed Solid Silver PHOTO FRAME, 7/6.



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



Silver-mounted Combs, 4/6, 5/6, 8/6.



F188—Sterling Silver Fruit Knife and Fork Combination, 12/6. in Leather Case.



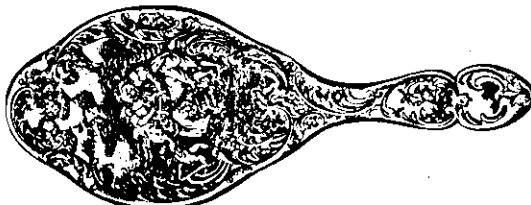
No. 320—Electro-Silver Flasks, best quality, from 10/6 to 22/.



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



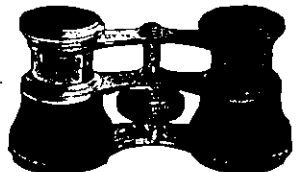
No. W18—Best Silver-plated, Embossed, and Satin-lined Jewel Case, 7 1/2 in. long, £1 5/6. Smaller size, £1 1s.



F671—Elegant Silver HAND MIRROR, exquisite design, 62/.



18ct. Gold Gents' Signet Rings, all gold or with Blood-stone, 47/6 and 50/.



We have an immense variety of Field and Opera Glasses in stock. The prices range from 50/ to £10.

Coronation of King Edward VII.

(From Our London Correspondent.)

LONDON, August 15.

How can the language describe the thrice gorgeous ceremony of the Coronation? Its story should be told in the quaint and sublime words of some mediæval chronicler, and emblazoned with monastic piety, patience and loving devotion in some silent, secluded cell in rich lettering of crimson and blue and gold in some magnificent missal instead of being hastily scribbled by an overwrought journalist in the midst of the city's roar, and then unceremoniously clicked off like a business invoice by a tireless typewriter. The form and order of the service, with its simple and concise description of the sequence of the solemn symbolic ceremonies and the order of the processions which your journals will doubtless print in full, give the colonial reader an excellent idea of the progress of the great pageant as it unfolded itself in golden splendour before us. I shall therefore take it for granted that the reader of these lines has before him the service and order of procession, and I shall endeavour to enclose in the formal frame thus provided a mere pen and ink "impression," leaving the details to those for whom I draw. What, I take it, loyal Antipodeans want to know, is how the Coronation ceremony appealed to a patriotic but matter-of-fact colonial, with no great reverence for hoary traditions or mediæval ceremonials, and a strong contempt for the exaggerated gush with which most modern chroniclers anoint Royalty as though the Divine right of Kings were still a reality. I have written severely cynical words of the contest for the position of Lord Chamberlain, have been sated with Coronation notes, news, rumours, and reports, until the very word wearied, and went to the ceremony with almost an expectation that the mediæval costumes, the coronets and crimson robes, the robing and disrobing of the King and Queen, and the elaborate formalities of ancient times would seem ludicrously out of place in these busy, bustling days of tall hats, tuppenny tubes, motor-cars and democracy regnant.

Outside in the keen air there was a strong suggestion of comic opera, especially—as I shall narrate hereafter—at the close of the ceremony, when peers and peeresses with more regard for their comfort than their dignity sought for their carriages in the Broad Sanctuary. In the dim silvery light of the Abbey, however, coronets, costumes, courtly obeisances, and all the pomp and pageantry, which the irreverent in the ordinary atmosphere of business would be apt to style "tomfoolery," were quite "in the picture." The scene transcended all the most sanguine expectations in its soft harmony of rich colour, its regal dignity, its dramatic changes and climaxes, and its awe-inspiring solemnity. "The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes." Viewed merely as a great pageant, the Coronation was perfectly staged and stage-managed. The scene was set with excellent taste, the performers played their parts with due dignity and freedom of gesture, the King himself was a worthy protagonist. But one did not feel that the ever-shifting scenes were only a great national play perfectly rehearsed and acted with spirit. There were moments of intense human interest, when the vast concourse must have pent with difficulty its overwhelming impulse to break into a great shout or to burst into tears. When the Archbishop of Canterbury, faltering, was led away from the throne, the scene was deeply affecting, and when the Prince made homage to his father and the feudal ceremony merged in the affectionate greeting

of father and son, somehow, though one is not emotional, the eyes were full of tears. And at every point the simple appropriateness of prayer and admonition, the significant symbolism of the various acts, made a direct appeal to the heart, and inspired in the most cynical a chastening sense of reverence, combined with a thrill of national pride and responsibility.

ALOFT IN THE ABBEY.

But enough of general impressions. Make your way now with me by underground to the Broad Sanctuary, and then up to the aerial in the triforium of the Abbey, whence we journalists surveyed every phase of the swelling scene. Our pink tickets, embossed with the Imperial crown and seal of the Earl Marshal, and marked with a blue triangle, bade us come in morning dress, enter by the north transept door, and ascend to the "Triforium-North." The police regulations stated that no person proceeding to the Abbey would be permitted to enter the line of route after 9 a.m., and that the Abbey doors would be closed at 9.30 a.m. Saturday morning was as still as a Sunday. The buses could not get near the route, and the underground was packed with a motley throng. Diplomats in blue and gold, and ladies commanded to the Abbey in white evening gowns, and ostrich plumes were penned in with Jack and Jill of the streets without respect to persons. Shortly after 8.30 a.m. I entered the Broad Sanctuary, which enclosure was sacrosanct. Green barricades, whose gates were opened from time to time to admit the carriages of the Abbey guests, kept out the populace. The great stands in the Abbey grounds and around the Westminster Hospital were full to overflowing. Life Guards and Foot Guards were forming a scarlet cordon from Victoria-street to the Houses of Parliament, although the pavements were kept clear of spectators. A fawn-coloured awning spread from the Commons entrance to the door of the annex, where a gold-embroidered crown and monogram formed its sole adornment. Sand-carts were sprinkling sand of orange hue on the roadway like water. I would fain have paused and watched the gilded carriages with their gorgeous attendants discharge their aristocratic freight, but was bade not to loiter, and was soon climbing the dusty, tortuous and narrow stairway that led to the triforium. Here a steward in blue-black court dress, with scarlet staff-tipped with gold in his hand, and a cream badge of office with Royal crown and crossed sceptres on his arm, piloted me to my seat on the west side of the north triforium, under one of the graceful double arches formed by clustered pillars of Purbeck marble. Here were already assembled familiar faces of the Anglo-Colonial journalistic world. Two rows of wooden benches lined the whole of the triforium, and behind us in the long grey gallery was ample space to walk to and fro. A heap of tumbled chairs and an improvised telegraph office formed our background, and where the triforium ran above the nave to the west were the retiring rooms, with which every part of the Abbey was provided.

If we were so high above the scene that the faces of the principal actors were hardly distinguishable we possessed a coin of vantage such as was granted to few even of the most privileged spectators. We could move to the nave and scrutinise the guests taking their places, look down upon the choir and the great officials in their choir seats, and view the progress of the procession up the nave. We obtained from our seats an uninterrupted view of the King and Queen in their first seats, of the actual Coronation of the King, and

by standing up and craning our necks could witness the enthronization. By going to the angle formed by the junction of the nave and north transept and peeping through the spaces left by those in front we had a glimpse of the proceedings at the altar, and by proceeding to the nave again we viewed the splendid departure and the outburst of popular enthusiasm. A broken pane or two in the windows at our back enabled us to see the approach to the annex of the Royal procession outside.

THE SCENE BELOW.

Already the Abbey was well filled. But first for the building itself. Never have I seen the Abbey to such advantage before. Turb where you will in normal times some great monument, a marble monstrosity, obstructs your view. You cannot see the Abbey for the monuments. But at last here it was as one had longed to see it—a long and perfectly proportioned cross, the avenues of slender clustered columns soaring to the roof to commingle their fan tracery like the interlacing foliage of palms, the pointed, graceful arcades running round the building tier upon tier. The galleries sloping almost to the triforium hid all the distracting details of the tombs and accentuated the glorious simplicity of the Gothic architecture. The colour scheme was so quiet and harmonious that only gradually was its nature borne in upon the eye. The rich, deep, restful blue of the thick carpet that spread from the altar to the western door, over a blue grey felt, gave the key note to the whole. The tapestry hangings at the base of the galleries were alternate blue and amber, save above the oaken choir stalls, where amber alone prevailed. The seats of the galleries themselves were an unobtrusive grey green.

Under the lantern at the junction of the cross is the large open space called the "theatre." On a dais five steps high stands a golden chair, and close to it on a dais three steps high another golden chair, the thrones of the King and Queen. A rich, fawny Oriental carpet covers the dais where the thrones stand, and another spreads from the altar down the steps of the "area," as the space between the theatre and the altar is called.

The altar steps are marked with gold braid, a necessary precaution for the aged prelates. Half way between theatre and altar stands King Edward's chair, undorned save for the gilt lions on which it rests. Before it were two blue faldstools, with white cushions and golden tassels, for the King and Queen to kneel at when making their devotions to the altar. The tomb of Anne of Cleves, on the south of the area, is laden with gold plate and chalices, and before it, facing north, are two blue chairs gilt framed. That nearer the altar is the Chair of Recognition for the King, the other the seat of the Queen until she is enthroned. Above the tomb is a rich blue hanging embroidered with the arms of the three Kingdoms. To the north of the area are seats and cushions for the bishops, but these we cannot see. Above the meadow of blue below rises the gold of the altar, of the chased plates, and the thrones.

A GORGEOUS ASSEMBLAGE.

That is the scene on which the great national Shakespearean drama is to be played. How describe the audience that is to gaze upon it? On both sides of the area on the ground floor are the Royal boxes reserved for Royalties, in the gallery above on the south of the area are the King's guests, a galaxy of beautiful women, robed all in white like bridesmaids; in the opposite gallery sit the Queen's guests, arrayed in like fashion.

In the south transept rises a gallery full of peers, in the north a bevy of peeresses slopes upwards directly underneath us, their crimson trains hidden away, a creamy hill spangled with diamonds and precious stones. lofty galleries above peeresses and peers are full of M.P.s and their wives. In the north transept are the Government supporters, in the south the Opposition. On the topmost seat of the Government gallery sit Mr Cathcart Watson and his wife, his head

almost on a level with our feet, she arrayed in scarlet. In the choir stalls are Cabinet Ministers, colonial Premiers, Indian Princes, and diplomats. As we crane down to try and identify the magnates of our Empire, my glance lights first on Mr Seddon, looking tremendously broad in beam in the gold lace of his Windsor uniform. On his left is Mrs Seddon, in violet velvet. Her dress, I am told by a spectator in the west nave, was one of the handsomest in the assemblage. On Mr Seddon's right is Lady Laurier, in white, and then Sir Wilfrid in the deep blue mantle of the G.C.M.G. I look in vain for Sir Edmund and Lady Darton, but find that they are immediately below us, and therefore invisible to us. The two tiers of galleries all along the nave are filled with distinguished victors of all ranks and from all climes. High up on the south I catch a glimpse round a pillar of Sir John and Lady Forrest in seats commanding a splendid view of the Coronation and enthronization. Near the west entrance is Colonel Davies, of the Australian rifle team, in his khaki uniform. A band of civic dignitaries half way up the nave, in brown and russet, makes a break in the white and scarlet of the throng. Here is an Armenian in brown gaherdine and plum coloured biretta; there a swarthy Indian in gold and cream tunic and pale blue turban between two slender, fair haired English girls. On the floor of the nave is a line of officers in scarlet, varied at one spot by a group of knights in pale rose mantles, with large silver stars and white rosettes on their shoulders. The nave is lined by alternate grandees and beefsteaks. At the entrance a guardsman, with a crimson standard, stands like a statue. Underneath us on the north of the nave are the Agents-Generals and the colonial guests. They will see nothing but the processions.

Many of the ladies' dresses are of delicate shades, blue, pale blue, amber, pale pink, and pale green, but all these colours are merged in a general mass of soft white dotted with scarlet and relieved here and there by a note of deep blue. The soft effect is almost indescribable. I can only liken it to banks of white and scarlet pelargoniums, or to a soft silken tricolour.

Although we have three hours to wait, time gallops by, there is so much to see. Pacing to and fro is the Earl Marshal, in a close-fitting scarlet coat, a pair of shapely limbs encased in white knee-breeches and silk stockings. He bears a baton in his right hand, greets the guests, motions them to their places, and gives a direction here and there to the officials. Peeresses, their long crimson trains sweeping along the soft carpet, sail up the nave as noiselessly and as gracefully as swans. Their stately necks, the proud carriage of their heads and their undulating motion make the comparison inevitable. The peers on the contrary advance to their gilt Chippendale chairs with more modern gait. Some of them have their coronets under their arms like a football, others dangle them nonchalantly. A pursuivant appears, the first I have seen outside the pages of "Alice in Wonderland." His tabard of crimson and blue and gold, emblazoned with the royal arms, falls less stiffly than I had imagined, and makes him a striking figure. By and bye a troop of Westminster boys in white surplices joins us in the triforium, and peeks the benches above the organ loft, which also fills with white surplices, behind which gleams the gold of the trumpeters, and out of which rises Sir Frederick Bridge's rosette hood. Stately figure and "ruled cavalier" passes by in quick succession, but long after the hour for closing the doors peers and peeresses still arrive. The Abbey is well filled, but there is plenty of space for all, and those rumours about the close packing of spectators prove baseless. Many invited guests have left England, or been prevented from coming, and their vacant places give the rest plenty of space in which to spread themselves.

THE PROCESSIONS.

Shortly after half-past nine we heard the sound of subdued chanting

in the cloisters. It was the singing of the Litany, which was to be omitted from the service. At 9.45 the first of the series of striking processions began. The Bishops in their red and gold embroidered copes advanced up the nave, bearing the Regalia, which they took to St. Edward's Chapel for reconsecration. At 10 o'clock, the red-casocked choir, singing "O God, our help in ages past," and the clergy paced slowly to the West Entrance to await the arrival of their Majesties. During the wait of an hour the orchestra played several Coronation marches. At eleven the Princes and Princesses began to arrive and thereafter a stream of purple and gold and silver trains flowed slowly and majestically up the nave, each costume more gorgeous than the last. As we moved forward to watch the processions emerge from the nave one of the most picturesque effects of the whole pageant met our eyes. In the ante room just outside the West door, and framed in that door, stood a group of waiting figures in scarlet. A shaft of silver light fell against the entrance, and made the red gowns glow with warm intensity. That was all, but it will live in my memory when crimson and gold are blotted out.

Last in the preliminary procession came the Prince and Princess of Wales side by side, her long purple train borne by pages in scarlet. In their wake followed a group of equeries and Indian officers. Then there was a pause of silence, broken by the cheers outside. From my peephole in the broken diamond pane I could see the head of the procession advancing. A cavalcade of Indian officers and generals, a compact body of the Horse Guards, the colonial and Indian bodyguard, and then sandwiched in between two more squadrons of Horse Guards, the topmost golden knobs of the Royal carriage bobbing just above the awning. There elapsed a few moments of waiting, during which we were literally on the tiptoe of expectation, and then as the orchestra with crash of kettledrum and blare of trumpet burst into the Coronation march began that regal progress so full of statelyness and splendour.

Take your order of progress from the West door, and picture it for yourself, as silver bells chime in the Queen and her ladies. The chaplains, in their scarlet robes, the deans, in red and gold, the pursuivants, in gorgeous tabards, the silken standards borne proudly aloft, the Union by the Duke of Wellington (what thoughts it evokes), knights and officers of State, bearing rings and swords and regalia on cushions, their coronets carried by dimpled pages in Georgian coats of scarlet, with white silken rosettes on their shoulders, and white knee breeches and stockings. And after all these paced slowly ten gentlemen at arms, white plumes drooping down their lofty helmets, halberds in their hands, escorting as their convoy the most beautiful and graceful group within the Abbey. At its head glided the Queen, draped—it seemed to me—from throat to foot in pure cloth of gold, a circlet of diamonds in her hair, on either side a bishop in white and gold supported her. Her long train of purple velvet bordered with gold and sprinkled with golden crowns, was held by four scarlet pages on either side, and its tail was born by the Duchess of Buccleuch, Mistress of the Robes, whose train in turn flowed behind her. Wherever the Queen moved this group accompanied her, folding up the train as she took her seat, and spreading it out again as she rose. Ladies of the Red Chamber and Maids of Honour succeeded. The trains of the leaders were of glistening gold, but were surpassed in effect by the shimmering sparkling cascades of silver of the ladies who brought up the rear.

When they were half-way up the Nave the choir burst into "Vivat, Regina Alexandra," and when the choir ceased the Westminster boys, representing the populace, took up the cry in half chant, half cheer, "Vivat Regina Alexandra—Vivat Regina Alexandra. Vivat—Vivat—Vivat." This was one of the happiest features of the ceremony. And so

the Queen passes with her pages to her chair in the area, and there standing, awaits the King's arrival. Again the vivat breaks out, but this time it is "Rex Edwardus." But the shout is premature. It is not the King yet, but the head of his procession, spurs, and swords, sceptres and crowns, borne by great officers, the Lord Mayor with the mace, the Kings of Arms, the Patina, Bible and Challice borne by the bishops. For a moment there is a pause as the gentlemen at arms stalk with almost funeral solemnity in unbroken silence towards the choir. Then the orchestra swells out again, and to the strain of the Coronation March interrupted for a moment by the Vivat, advances the King in his crimson cap of State and robes, a bishop on either side, his crimson train borne by eight scarlet-clad pages. More magnates follow him, and then the Lords-in-Waiting, among whom is Lord Kitchener, and twenty Yeomen of the Guard, close the cortege.

As the King passes the Queen they bow very courteously the one to the other, their trains are thrown over the arms of their chairs by the pages, who, as they pass before the King and Queen, make deep obeisance, and then line both sides of the dais of the theatre. By one of the pillars clusters a group of pursuivants and Kings of Arms. By the King's side stands a crimson cluster of great officers. On either side the King and Queen is a bishop. Opposite them is a row of clergy. The King and Queen kneel, and in deep silence the service begins.

THE SERVICE COMMENCES.

The Recognition comes first. The Archbishop presents the King to us not from the four quarters but once only, speaking in that harsh, rasping voice peculiar to him. In a counter-ance and voice the prelate might be one of those soldier-priests who forced King John to sign the charter. Amid a fanfare of trumpets we all shout—but rather as if we were afraid of breathing—"God Save King Edward." The Litany is omitted, and the clergy proceed straight to the Communion Service. In the Nicene creed, during which the King and Queen both turn to the east, the boys' voices ring out clear and sweet with thrilling effect.

The sermon is cut out, and then comes the administration of the oath, which the King takes at his chair, and not at the altar, as stated in the service. Although the service is shortened and movements to and fro are avoided for his sake, there is nothing of the sick man about him. On the contrary, he strikes us all as the strong man of all the participants in the service, he walks with a firm step, and the words, "The things— which I have here before promised, I will—perform and keep," perfectly enunciated, resound in full clear tones all over the Abbey. Then the King kisses the Bible and signs the oath on a sheet of parchment, dipping his pen into a gold inkstand which one of the bishops holds before him. The next tableau is the anointing. The King is divested of his crimson robes and in his shirt of silk proceeds to King Edward's Chair. Four men in Court dress hold over him a glistening golden canopy adorned with white eagles, and when it is in position relinquish the four poles to the four Knights of the Garter, whose duty it is to hold the pall. The anointing, we cannot behold, it is a solemn mystery not to be seen of the people, but we note that the prayers are read by the Archbishop of Canterbury from scrolls of red, white and blue, held before him by one of the clergy, and that he has difficulty in reading the words. Meanwhile the choir sing with great breadth the anthem "Zadok the Priest." When the pall is lowered we see the King rise to be robed. This part of the ceremony might easily be farcical, but it is accomplished with dignity. First the King is invested in a long lawn garment, above this is placed the super-tunica, a loose jacket of shining gold tied with a golden girdle, which the King himself helps to fasten. The ceremonies with the spurs and swords follow, the King does not leave his chair, but sends the sword to the altar by the hands of a peer. The King stands up, the armilla or golden stole is placed across his

shoulders, the King himself, without waiting for assistance, undoes the twist in which it forms. Then the Imperial mantle is clasped over his shoulders, and he stands before us arrayed in glittering gleaming gold. The orb, the ring, the sceptres and the glove are each delivered in turn, and then comes the moment for which the whole Empire is waiting with breathless anxiety. There is a great hush, every eye is fixed on King Edward's Chair, where the King sits with bowed head. Outside, as if by way of encouragement, the crowd already cheers. The prayer ends, and the Archbishop stoops and sits the crown upon the King's head at 20 minutes to one. The silvery dimness of the Abbey gives way to golden radiance as the circlets of electric lamps high up round the pillars burst into light; the King's mantle gleams, the diamonds on his crown and at the Queen's throat scintillate, and the whole congregation bursts into repeated shouts of "God Save the King." The peers put on their coronets, the trumpets blare, the thud of the guns in the park punctuate the Archbishop's admonition "Be strong and of a good courage." It is accomplished. The Empire heaves a sigh of relief. A messenger boy snatches a cable from my hand. "King crowned;" it tells the news to the loyal New Zealanders. And so the tidings flash from shore to shore, as the choir with robust goodwill bid the King "Be Strong" and play the man. "Keep the commandments of the Lord thy God, and walk in His ways." The Bible is delivered and the Benediction pronounced while we settle down to our seats again.

Cutting the Te Deum for the present we come direct to the next tableau, the Inthronization. One sceptre in each hand the King unaided walks steadily to his throne, in which he sits of his own accord, certainly not being "lifted" into it. As the King goes down from the area he bows low to the Queen, so do the peers and the pages who pass before her. The pages stand for a moment before the King, and having bowed, retire to his left. The great officers of State group on his right and behind him. The clergy stand at the foot of the steps of the dais. Then Archbishop and Bishops do homage kneeling. As the venerable prelate rises from his knees to kiss the King's cheek, he falters, the Kings clasp his hands and lifts him up, and two colleagues, holding his arms, support him to his seat by the altar. The most touching incident of the day follows. The Prince leaves the trio of chairs before the peers, in which he and the Dukes of Connaught and Cambridge have been sitting, and ascending the steps, takes off his coronet, kneels before his father, touches his crown with his right hand, kisses his father's cheek and then his hand. The King responds by kissing his son on the cheek and grasping his hand warmly. It is the greeting of father and son as well as of Sovereign and liege man. The princes of the blood royal first and then five peers, the first of each order, do their homage individually, one of the five shaking the King's hand warmly instead of kissing it. The drums roll, the trumpets sound, and again—this time in more whole-souled fashion—we shout in loyal unison. So the King's Coronation ended.

THE CROWNING OF THE QUEEN.

The Queen's Coronation followed in much the same fashion as the King's, but she knelt at the altar and four lovely duchesses, they of Portland, Marlborough, Sutherland and Montrose, held the golden canopy above her. As the Archbishop of York placed the crown on her head the peeresses put on their coronets, giving us the comic relief in the otherwise serious drama. It was pretty enough as each fair head was framed in an oval of alabaster arms, but we smiled almost audibly as each pair of ladies turned to one another, so evidently asking anxiously, "Is it on straight?" For a moment some of the coronets were at an angle, like the now-discarded pill-box of the Guards, but there were pushes and pats and tilts from the wearers themselves and

their neighbours, much stroking and smoothing of the hair, and here and there a peeress made assurance doubly sure with the indispensable hair-pin. For a time too their heads were held somewhat stiffly, as when one tries to balance something on his head, and some little while elapsed before the peeresses felt sure that their coronets were secure on their soft perches. We had read much of mirrors in fans, but they were not in evidence.

From the altar the Queen and her attendant bishops, ladies and pages, with full state, paced down the area to the throne, all bowing or curtsying to the King as they passed before him. As the King and Queen stood before their thrones, a long line of bishops behind them, the phrase, "the field of the cloth of gold," rose to the brain. "Every man that stood showed like a mine." The King's mantle, the Queen's gown, the bishops' copes of scarlet and white, stiff with gold embroidery, shone with dazzling splendour out of the crimson and scarlet ring that fenced them round. After a short prayer and an anthem from the choir, the King and Queen went up to the altar, and there kneeling took the sacrament. There were many prayers and addresses, and to the congregation this part of the service seemed to drag. The prayers might, without lack of reverence, have been curtailed, and the solemnity of the occasion would have been immensely increased thereby. After the King had taken the cup, a contretemps nearly occurred, for the venerable Dean of Westminster, carrying the golden chalice to the altar, tottered on the steps, and would have fallen had not two colleagues caught him by the arms. It was no surprise, therefore, to learn the following day that Dean Bradley had resigned.

From the Altar the King and Queen passed direct by different entrances to silken-covered "traverses," or curtained rooms in St. Edward's Chapel. Here they lingered half-an-hour, resting and donning their Royal robes of purple velvet, while the choir sang the previously omitted Te Deum, followed by two verses of the National Anthem. As the King and Queen passed out of the Abbey to the Royal withdrawing-room in a stately procession, the Westminster boys, at the instigation of Dr. Gow, their headmaster, broke into glad hurrahs, in which the congregation joined with enthusiasm. When the Royal personages had been escorted to their carriages, peers and peeresses, bishops, princes, premiers, pages, all hastened to the door to be out first and to avoid a long wait, and became entangled with grenadier guards and one another in a dense block, which only gradually dissipated itself. Meanwhile, hastening down the steps, I made with some of the Westminster boys for the north gate to view the departure of the procession.

LEAVING THE ABBEY.

Outside there was mounting in haste. Hussars, each with a number on his arm, brought up the horses of the headquarters staff, and assisted the shorter officers to mount by means of a stool, while Indian chiefs, gorgeous in gold and blue, vaulted lightly into the saddle amid cheers. Mr. Allerdale Grainger, in dark, diplomatic uniform, passed by towering even above the Guardsmen. He had emerged early. Then came a peer strolling along the pavement, coronet on head, gown thrown over his arm, smoking a cigarette. In the open air he seemed incongruous. Recollections of "Jolanthe" floated across your mind, and you half expected him to sing, "Bow, bow, ye lower middle classes. Bow, bow, ye tradesmen, bow ye masses." And when the Lord Chancellor, emerged, his coronet perched on his full-bottomed wig, the droplet of figures, you wouldn't have been a bit surprised if the band had struck up and he had capered nimbly from side to side in the broad sanctuary, while the delighted crowds in the stands called loudly for a treble

knows. As good as a play! It was a great deal better, for the real personages were their own caricatures.

After some waiting the procession moved off, Lord Kitchener, stern and unmoved in visage, receiving, it seemed to me, almost as great an ovation as the King himself, "Bobs," benignly beaming, was cheered, but not quite so lustily, and after Colonials and Indians and Horse Guards there rumbled along, drawn by cream ponies, the great unwieldy swaying golden coach, in which you half expected to see Cinderella, with the glass slipper and the fairy prince. But inside it were a real King and Queen with diamond crowns on their heads, bowing and smiling to each side, while bells were pealing, kerchiefs fluttering, people hurrahing and one hand after the other striking up the National Anthem. After them came at irregular intervals more State carriages with bewigged coachmen and footmen in scarlet and gold, and inside Princes and Peers. Arms were presented and "God Save the King" played, and in the midst of it all New Zealand's enterprising Premier managed to get his red liveried carriage to the door and drive away in the Royal stream, greeted all the way along with a Royal salute and National Anthem. Last of all the Royal coaches came, one drawn by six champing black steeds, and in it the Crown Prince of Denmark, Princesses Maud, Victoria and Louise.

Then the gates were opened and we surged into the street, ambassadors of all countries in green, gold, blue, bustling with stars, gesticulating freely in a foisting crowd. Only two Chinese envoys and a Chinese lady in richly embroidered robes stood impassively in the nipping air and waited without any sign of impatience for their carriages. And suddenly an army of footmen swooped down upon them and formed up like a company of soldiers, awaiting orders or seeking to let their masters know where their varied vehicles were stationed.

In Broad Sanctuary the scene par-took almost of the nature of a pantomime. Flunkeys of rainbow hues, dazzling in their brilliancy, electric blue, gleaming gold, startling scarlet, ran hither and thither. Equipages with silver arms on gorgeous hammer cloths, picked out in every shade of colour, drew up to the door of the annexe, which was now crowded with people. Peers and peeresses, unwilling to wait indefinitely for their turn, threw their robes over their arms like topcoats, tucked up their skirts, and walked briskly to the barricaded streets, which were choked with carriages. Here was a Scottish peer in coronet, green velvet jacket, and kilt, his ermine and crimson robe over all, talking to a Life Guardsman; there a lady in silken evening dress, with light wrap over her shoulders, making for the underground. One stout old peeress, her voluminous skirts drawn well above her shanks, a small coronet perched on her head like those tiny hats nigger minstrels sometimes wear, her feet shod in gilt shoes, wandered diconsciously up and down looking for her carriage. Some wag on the pavement trolled, "Oh, dem golden slippers," and the crowd laughed. Time had brought in his revenges. It was now the turn of the titled to wait, and the occupants of the stands, delighted with the incongruity of the scene, showed not the slightest disposition to leave their seats. All this was far better fun than the formal procession. Then a slight shower came on. Coroneted peers and peeresses picking their way in the rain cannot stand on their dignity. Some took shelter in the doorways and porches of the Aquarium and of Mrs Langtry's theatre, and rude persons of the vulgar herd thronged round and enquired of one another, "Wot's that bloke, Bill?" "E's a dook." The Marquis of Anglesey walked "with them all on" to Piccadilly. Gradually the 4000 privileged Abbey folks found their way home in carriage, on foot, by underground, one even by motor-car, the crowd melted slowly away, and King Edward's Coronation was a pageant of the past.

HOW NEW ZEALANDERS FARED.

Experiences of New Zealanders on Coronation Day were varied. As the two extremes we had "King Dick," New Zealand's Prime Minister, and his consort, "gleaming in purple and gold," in the choir stalls of the Abbey, and Mr Arthur Adams, New Zealand's poet, in homespun, with his finger on the pulse (not purse, please, Mr Printer) of the people in the Mall. Personally, I claim to be the highest placed New Zealander at the Coronation. At least I have not yet heard of any colonial who occupied a more elevated position than the triforium of the Abbey.

It is almost impossible to give an absolutely correct list of the New Zealanders who were actually in the Abbey, but I believe the following to be as nearly correct as mortal man can ascertain:—Mr and Mrs Seddon, in the choir stalls; Mr and Mrs Cathcart Watson, in the M.P. gallery in the north transept above the peeresses; Hon. A. J. Cadman, Miss Douglas, Mr and Mrs F. Dyer, Dr and Mrs Findlay, Major and Mrs Nelson George, Mr H. von Haast, Lieut. Morris, Mr and Mrs Louis Nathan, Hon. R. and Mrs Oliver, Captain Pringle, Hon. W. P. Reeves, C. Rous Marten, Miss Seddon, Miss May Seddon, Lieut-Colonel and Mrs Sommerville, Mr and Mrs Seymour Thorne George, Mrs T. C. Williams.

Mrs Seddon wore a very handsome dress of deep purple velvet. The skirt was quite plain, but the bodice, which was pointed, was trimmed with some lovely lace and jet. Lace and jet were also on the sleeves. She also wore an elaborate velvet mantle trimmed with jet, and forming a hood. This dress was made by Madame Frederic, of S.W. and 15, Lower Grosvenor Place, S.W. In Mrs Seddon's hair were the three diamond stars given her by the Anglo-New Zealanders. Her other jewels were a circlet of diamonds on a velvet band, and a diamond brooch.

The Misses Seddon, with the majority of the distinguished New Zealand guests, were in the lowest gallery in the north aisle of the nave, whence they got a good view of the processions, but could see nothing of the rest of the ceremony. They wore their white crepe de chine gown, made for them in June by Vernon, which I described at the time, diamond stars, and greenstone pendants. After the King and Queen and the rest of the Royalties had passed out of the Abbey, the two enterprising New Zealand girls made a bold attempt to get into the "theatre" and see at least the scene of the Coronation and enthronization. At first they were foiled by a firm steward, but presently a high official came up and escorted them to the seats of the mighty. The peers and peeresses were still in their places, so that a very fair view of the setting of the scene was obtained. "Can't we be queens just for a moment?" pleaded in irresistible tones the Premier's two daughters, and forthwith "Queen Mary" and "Queen May" seated themselves in turn for a moment only in the Queen's throne. They had to wait in the Abbey until the Premier's carriage had taken him and Mrs Seddon to the Hotel Cecil, and returned to the Abbey, so it was 4 p.m. before they reached their temporary home again. The Agent-General, in his dark diplomatic uniform, had literally to take a back seat. He was placed right at the back of the second gallery in the south aisle of the nave behind the group of provincial Mayors. He could see nothing, and open windows at the back of a man who is only just convalescent from a chill, and whose legs are eased only in silk stockings, are not conducive to health, so after a very short experience he left the Abbey and watched the King's procession arriving outside. Eventually, however, someone pointed out to him a seat which was remaining vacant, and the Agent-General seized the opportunity and the empty place and in the long

run—thanks in no way to the Colonial Office—obtained a very fair view of the ceremony. Mrs Reeves and Miss Lascelles did not come over from Geneva for the Coronation.

"The last shall be first," and perhaps the best view of the ceremony was obtained by Captain Pringle and Lieut. Morris, newly arrived from South Africa in the Mohawk. Owing to the final refusal by the Irish members to be present at the Abbey, and to the inability of several other invited guests to attend, a large number of tickets were placed at the disposal of the War Office for distribution among colonial officers. Two tickets were left late on Friday night, and Captain Pringle and Lieut. Morris, patrolling between the Agent-General's and the War Office, captured them. These two officers went comfortably in their khaki uniforms, sat among the M.P.'s, and saw splendidly. Lieut-Colonel Sommerville and Mrs Sommerville, I believe, obtained tickets in much the same fashion.

Mrs Findlay, who wore a white silk brocade, the corsage trimmed with fine Irish point lace and diamonds, had a strange adventure. She and Dr. Findlay had walked a considerable distance away from the Abbey in search of their carriage when suddenly she discovered her diamond and sapphire bracelet was gone. Walking back the way she had come she put into practice the advice of the song, "Ask a policeman." Going up to the first policeman she met she asked him, "Have you seen a diamond and sapphire bracelet?" He produced it from his pocket! It had evidently been trodden on, and five of the smaller of the diamonds were missing. The man in blue was courtesy itself, and a Coronation medal in gold induced further investigation by him on the pavement, with the result that the two largest diamonds of the missing quintette were picked up in the street. It is marvellous considering the millions of pounds' value of jewels the peeresses carried about them and the free and easy way in which many of them walked through the streets that big thefts were at least not attempted, but even among the masses of the hot polloi the cases of pocket-picking were exceptionally rare.

Mr A. J. Cadman shivered in his Court dress, for down below the Abbey seems to have been chilly. It was warm enough in the triforium. Mr Seymour Thorne George came boldly in frock coat, and was not turned away because he had no "Coronation garment." Mrs Thorne George's gown was of cream brocade trimmed with silver applique, white chiffon and old lace; her ornaments were a diamond and pearl necklace, and brooches, and she wore white ostrich plumes and lace lapplets in her coiffure. All the New Zealand ladies, in fact, were in white.

Colonel Porter and Mrs Howie received their invitations to the Abbey at 5 p.m. on Friday night, but some blundering War Office official enclosed with the tickets an invitation that levee dresses must be worn. As Colonel Porter had only his war-stained khaki uniform he and Mrs Howie refrained from going to the Abbey, and witnessed the procession from one of the stands outside.

About one hundred and fifty New Zealanders were on the colonial stand at the corner of Parliament-street, and obtained an excellent view of the procession. Time and space do not permit of their enumeration, but among them were Mr and Mrs John Baiger, Mr and Mrs Arthur Brett, Miss M. A. Cargill, Mr and Mrs J. H. Cook, Lieut. G. R. Cotterill, Mr and Mrs D. Crew, Mr W. A. Ellis, Misses Grigg, Dr. and Mrs J. Guthrie, Dr. and Mrs Haines, Mr and Mrs A. P. Harper, the Misses Henry, Mr John Holmes, Messrs Horton, Mr and Miss Haydon, Mrs W. H. Levin, Dr. Hope Lewis, his wife and daughter, Dr. McNab, Miss H. E. Moorhouse, Mr and Mrs W. C. Robinson, Lieut. Saunders, Nina Countess of Seafield and her two daughters, Mr and Mrs J. F. Studholme, Mr and Mrs D. Theomin, Lady Vogel, Mr H. B. Vogel, Mr Julius Vogel, Miss Vog-

PRIVATE EXHIBITION OF FANCY DANCING. OPERA HOUSE, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 15.

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MUSIC AND DRAMA.

We are now well over the worst of the slump in things theatrical, which has reigned over New Zealand for three months or more. On Monday fortnight the Musgrove Comic Opera Company will re-open Abbott's Opera House in Auckland with the gorgeously dressed and magnificently staged extravaganza, "The Thirty Thieves." This will be followed by "The Chinese Honeymoon," in which Miss May Beatty, our old New Zealand favourite, has scored so great a success. Mr. J. C. Williamson has pronounced her impersonation of Fifi in this production "one of the best low-comedy performances he has ever seen," and Miss Stewart not merely wrote to Miss Beatty warmly congratulating her on her success, but also cabled to Mr. Musgrove telling him of the furor caused by her irresistible acting of the part both in Melbourne and Sydney.

Mr. Barnes, who has arrived in advance of the Comic Opera Company, and who was to have piloted "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" through New Zealand, is most anxious that the public should thoroughly understand that the New Zealand tour of "Sweet Nell" would never have been abandoned, save for the most grave and imperative reasons. The death of her father, to whom all the family, but especially Miss Stewart, were devotedly attached, completely prostrated "the people's Nellie," and she was utterly unable to go into the cast for several days. At length, at considerable violence to her natural feelings, she did so in order to keep the company together. But as in addition to the loss of her parent, Miss Stewart is caused deep anxiety by the precarious state of her mother's health and the critical condition of her sister's, it is impossible she should go far from Melbourne at present. She may possibly go to Adelaide, or to any place within easy reach of Melbourne, but at present a journey of over a week from home would be out of the question. Both Miss Stewart and Mr. Musgrove are much grieved at their inability to keep faith with the public over this engagement, and share to the full in the general disappointment. They wish it understood that there are no other circumstances, and could have been no other circumstances, which would have caused the postponement and abandonment of the trip.

If things go favourably an effort will be made to send across "Sweet Nell" at a later date.

The transformation of the Opera House is, by the way, very complete, and will, one imagines, considerably surprise visitors on opening night. The appearance of the theatre is immensely improved, and it is now an exceedingly handsome and convenient house. Having carefully read two long detailed descriptions in the daily press, the writer hereof was, nevertheless, unprepared for the extent of the change in the appearance of the theatre. It is not, therefore, intended to inflict another long screed here, since it is hopeless to give an adequate idea of building and construction changes for those outside the trade. The private boxes are handsome, and the new amphitheatre will be about the best place to see from at the price in an Australasian theatre. The colour scheme of the theatre, greens and white, with the gilding not overdone, is extremely happy, and looks exceedingly well. Mr Barnes went over the theatre with Mr Abbott on Monday, and was highly complimentary to Mr Wilson, the Auckland architect, who has carried

out the Hon. Pitt's designs, and to all concerned. He recommended the purchase of a green plush curtain, and this will be procured.

A young character singer who is bound to come to the front sang the other evening in Auckland at the social given by the Auckland branch of the Socialist party of New Zealand. Miss Pearl Goodyear early evinced dramatic talent, and when about eleven years old made a very successful appearance with Mr W. Perrie's juveniles in "Natasha," a light comic opera suitable to children. Subsequently she sang at Mr Webbe's musical "At Home," and often at church socials. The other evening, having added several years to her age, and corresponding inches to a lithe and graceful figure, Miss Goodyear sang in excellent style three character songs. Her first was a comic ditty, which was somewhat below her powers, but which showed that she possessed skill and humour. The dressing and make-up, that of a very little schoolgirl, were both excellent. In her second effort, a coon song, she was clad in the soft white linen shirt, gorgeous knickerbockers, and huge sombrero which we have come to connect with coons, and she sang very sweetly, while her actions were restrained, yet graceful and natural. She was, however, best of all in the favourite ditty, "Please Give Me a Penny, Sir," which she sang with real feeling and dramatic instinct. Miss Goodyear's name is not unfamiliar to "Graphic" readers, as last year she very deservedly won a first prize in the "Doll Competition," being as clever with her needle, apparently, as she is with her voice.

The Sierra was well loaded with theatrical, musical and professional folk for England and the States when she passed through Auckland last week. Genial George Tallis, looking not a day older than when the present scribe first met him some twelve years or so ago, was on his way to New York and London "partly on business and partly on pleasure." Naturally an endeavour was made to pump so important a person as Mr. Williamson's right-hand man, and, naturally with his customary suave courtesy, Mr. Tallis unboomed himself, but the said unbooming revealed little that was really new. Wild horses, or, to write correctly, the most cunningly propounded questions would not draw any admission from the wily Mr. Tallis concerning his mission to America, or if he had any engagements to make. Long experience in bluffing gentlemen who "want to see the manager just for a moment" have enabled Tallis to convince even a news-hungry pressman that "he never saw him come in, he never saw him go out, he never knew nothing," as poor little Miss Booth used to say in "What Happened to Jones." He chatted brightly and agreeably of the visit of the Musical Comedy Company which is to play "San Toy," "The Runaway Girl" and "The Belle" through the colony, commencing in Dunedin. Naturally as it is coming to New Zealand, and the Comic Opera Company (Williamson's) is not, George Tallis is convinced that the Musical Comedy Company can knock corners off the Comic Opera Company in these special works. "It suits them better," he says with that impressive earnestness which carries conviction even to most cynical pressmen, and which renders him worth his weight in gold to a management with half a dozen lions of equal merit in the fire. George Tallis would swear to any one of them outclassing the others in any given line of work as any given moment, and would make you believe him to boot. That is his trade. Mr. Tallis is also eloquent on "Sherlock Holmes," and predicts a boom for it in New Zealand when it arrives, as it will in due course next year. In brief, Mr. Tallis is, as he always was, one of the best of Mr. Williamson's smart helpers, always willing to talk pleasantly on what is discreet, always mum as a mute when the pumps are set going on matters where silence is golden.

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ENGAGEMENTS.

The marriage of Miss Kitty Brown to Mr Alfred Batty is announced to take place on November 6.

The engagement is announced of Miss Blanche Coates, of Mt. Eden, Auckland, to Mr Leslie Mair, of the Bank of New Zealand, Auckland.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

FREEMAN—WATSON.

On Wednesday, September 17th, a pretty wedding took place at the Baptist Church, Napier, when Miss Elizabeth Watson, daughter of Mr G. Watson, of Canterbury, was married to Mr F. Freeman, son of Mr F. Freeman, of Napier. The bride, who looked well in a pretty gown of blue and white, was attended by two bridesmaids, Miss M. Sandilands and Miss E. Painter. Messrs W. Kirkham and W. Robertson acted as groomsmen. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. C. Martin, and the guests were afterwards entertained at St. Paul's Schoolroom. The bride and bridegroom left for the South in the afternoon, followed by the good wishes of their numerous friends.

MARSHALL—SHAYLE-GEORGE.

Mr Leonard Marshall, so well-known in horse-owning circles, was very quietly married last week to Miss Shayle-George, of Auckland. Only the intimate friends of the contracting couple were present. The bride was attended by Miss O'Neil, of Parnell. After the ceremony a reception was held at Mr Marshall's residence, Epsom. There were many beautiful and costly wedding presents. The honeymoon is being spent at Rotorua.

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Personal Paragraphs.

Lady Ranfurly, who has been laid up for over a month with a severe attack of influenza, is now convalescent, and will probably be about again next week.

His Excellency the Governor is shortly going on a trip to Australia, which will occupy about six weeks.

Mrs. McCallum (Blenheim) is on a visit to Wellington.

Mr. F. Williams, Mayor of Napier, has been visiting Gisborne.

Mrs and Miss Ogle, Christchurch, left last week on a visit to Australia.

Miss Dinwiddie, of Napier, has gone to visit relatives in Dunedin.

Mr and Mrs G. G. Stead, "Strawan," Christchurch, returned from Hammer Springs on Saturday.

The Rev. James Lyall, who has been holding a mission in Napier, left this week for Gisborne.

Mr. S. H. Gollan, who won the New Zealand golf championship this year, has left for England.

Miss E. Atkinson (Nelson) passed through Wellington recently on her way South.

The Misses Louisson, who have been on a visit to Wellington, returned to Christchurch last week.

Miss Fitzherbert, of Wellington, is staying with Mrs. Perry, at "Crissoge," Hawke's Bay.

Mrs. J. Gray, of Wellington, is on a visit to her relatives in Pongsonby, Auckland.

Misses McIntosh have returned to Wellington after an absence of over eighteen months in Australia, where they have been visiting relatives.

The Hon. E. Mitchellson and Mr and Mrs Hugh Campbell returned here from visits to Sydney by the s.s. Mararoa on Monday.

The officers of the s.s. Mokola have presented Captain Spinks (who is resigning to take up a position in Sydney) with a tea and coffee service.

Miss Kebbell (Wairarapa), who has been for some weeks the guest of Mrs. Brandon (Wellington), has returned home.

Miss Nora Riddiford returned to Wellington by the Athenic, after a six months' absence in the Old Country.

Miss Bessie Graham, of North Shore, Auckland, left by the Mararoa on Tuesday for the South, on a three months' visit.

Mr. F. Moeller, of Napier, has kindly given a silver cup, to be competed for by the members of the Waipawa Homing Club.

The Right Rev. Cecil Wilson, Bishop of Melanesia, with his wife and family, are passengers by the Ophir, which arrived at Freemantle last week from London.

Miss Dora Judson (Nelson) paid a visit to Wellington recently to take part in the Orchestral Society's concert. Miss Judson's brilliant and sympathetic playing was very much appreciated.

Among the recent arrivals from South Africa is Lieutenant Lascelles, of the Third Dragoon Guards, who has come back to New Zealand for a short holiday, and is at present visiting his relations in Napier.

Dr. Logan (Wellington), who has been lecturing on "First Aid" in connection with St. John Ambulance Association, was recently presented by his ladies' class with a handsome silver-mounted pocket-book as an appreciation of his services.

The newspaper "Guardian" describes the Bishop-elect of Melbourne (the Rev. Henry Lowther Clarke, M.A.) as a moderate evangelical Churchman. The Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Wakefield strongly recommended the appointment.

The Rev. W. A. Evans, a prominent citizen of Wellington, is going to Sydney for a visit of some weeks. Mr. Evans will represent Victoria College at the Jubilee of Sydney University, and during the rest of his

stay will study various municipal matters, which should add largely to his value as a member of the Wellington City Council.

The Bishop of Nelson, Canon Fox (Gisborne), Canon Richards (Dunedin), Canon Hare (Christchurch), and the Rev. H. D. Major (Auckland), are in Wellington conducting the annual examination of theological students for the Anglican Church. Wellington is represented on the Board by the Bishop of the Diocese and the Rev. T. H. Sprott.

The handsome marble monument erected in memory of Lance-Corporal Percy Nation, was unveiled recently at Shannon, Manawatu (Wellington), by Mr. John Stevens, M.H.R., in the presence of a very large assemblage. Of all the troopers sent to the war from Shannon, Lance-Corporal Nation, who fell at the historic Rothsburg, was the only one to lose his life. Highly eulogistic speeches were made by Messrs. J. Field, M.H.R., Stevens and Venn. Mr. W. C. Nation feelingly replied.

At a complimentary banquet tendered to Messrs. J. Prouse and W. Nation at Levin (Wellington), opportunity was taken to present each with a valuable aneroid barometer in recognition of their services in providing Levin with a better water supply. A very pleasant evening was brought to a close by a musical programme, in which Messrs. Prouse (2), McIntyre and Barnett took part, assisted by Mrs. Nation, Mr. Gosling and Mr. Gardiner, the latter being in charge of a phonograph.

The Grand Hotel, Auckland, has again had a full complement of visitors during the past week. Amongst the guests at the house were:—From England, Mr F. Ferris, Mr. Vivian Ellis, Mr and Mrs T. Wand, Mr and Mrs S. Milne; from Ireland, Mr Francis J. Jones; from Germany, Mr Horst Weber, Mr Fritz Schroeder; from Melbourne, Mr W. H. Fitzner, Mr A. B. Murphy; from Sydney, Mr G. W. Hellier; from San Francisco, Mr and Mrs H. F. Band; from Dunedin, Mr and Mrs Percy Sargood, family and maid; Mr P. Isaacs; from Christchurch, Mr Leslie Orbell; from New South Wales, Albany, Mr and Mrs W. G. Henderson; from Karangahake, Mr H. M. Daw; from Whangarei, Mr and Mrs Ramsley; from Waikato, Mr W. Thornton; from Wellington, Mr Volkmann, Mr G. A. Kennedy, Mr J. G. Sully, Mr F. M. Roach, Mr B. Bauer, Mr J. Selmond, Mr Arthur J. Snowden, Mr J. Schloss, Mr P. Pearce, Mr F. G. Bowen; from Gisborne, Mrs Finn.

The Rev. H. P. Cowx and Mrs. Cowx, who have recently come to



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reside at Waipawa, Hawke's Bay, were entertained the other evening at a concert, given as a "welcome" by the residents of the neighbourhood. There was a large attendance, and Mr Thornton, of Te Aute College, who presided, gave a short and appropriate address. The Rev. F. W. Martin, of Waipukurau, also spoke, and was listened to with great attention, and a feeling reply to these and other speakers was given by Mr. Cowx. Amongst those who took part in the concert were: Mrs. Bennett, Miss Large (who gave much pleasure to the audience by her rendering of "We're a' Noddin'"), "The Lass With the Delicate Air," and sang as encores, "Jim" and "Cherry Ripe"; Miss Rathbone, who sang "In the Hush of the Twilight, Miss Balfour and Miss Martin. Each item was thoroughly enjoyed, and the evening passed off most successfully.

Amongst visitors at the Central Hotel last week were:—From Wellington: Mr T. C. Williams, the Misses Williams (2), Mrs Wilson, Mr R. G. Reed, Mr Buckie, Mr Kellow, Mr Kerr, Mr A. Glover, Mr W. S. Sanderson, Mr Cluiver. From Melbourne: Mr G. Barnes, Mr and Mrs Washburn, Mr and Mrs Black, Mr and Mrs Fisch, Dr. and Mrs Showman. From 'Frisco: Mr Schulz. From Dunedin: Mr Hyslop. From Gisborne: Mr Shelton, Mr Molony, Mr Dight. From Taranaki: Dr. Scott, Mr Hodren, Mr Pasmore, Mr Black, Mr Cook. From Wanganui: Dr. and Mrs Connolly and family, Mr Hatfield, Mr Evans. From Sydney: Mrs Coulter, Mrs Forsyth, Mr Saurenson, Mr and Mrs Swales. From Waikato: Mr Bright, Mr Ayre, Mr Leather.

Amongst numerous visitors at the Star Hotel last week were:—From England and Scotland:—Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. F. C. Lees, Mr. B. A. Smith, Mr. E. Macaulay, Mr. J. W. Ramsden, Mrs. Pringle, Mr. D. G. Dunn, Miss Dunn, Mr. Larselle, Mr. W. D. Howe, Mr. Hendre, Miss Alleyard, Mr. J. W. Davidson, Miss Engle, Miss Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Wright Thorne.

From Wellington.—Mr. A. Bethune, Mr. F. McGregor, Mr. W. Wright Smith, Mr. W. Morton, Mr. and Mrs. Craike.
From Denmark.—Captain and Mrs. Peterson.
From Calcutta.—Mr. and Mrs. Levett and family.
From Ceylon.—Mr. F. Scott, Mr. H. Vincent, Mr. J. Logan.
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Daffodils.

Since writing my second paper on the daffs, I find that a gentleman called by Peter Pan "The Daffodil King of Melbourne" is here on a visit. He says that Auckland blooms, while not so large as Melbourne specimens, are more pure in colour. This is high praise for New Zealand from a great authority, and should make us all more determined than ever to grow these lovely "things of beauty and joys for ever," as Keats said of them so truly. I have also interviewed Captain McQueen, of Avondale, who has consented to call his giant flower "Coronation," under which name it will be shown in future. To show the liberality of the veteran, I may mention that he has given numbers of this bulb away at Whangarei, where he raised it. He is growing out flowers for sale on two acres of paddock he has taken up near Avondale. This brings me to the material side of the question. Even lovers must have bread and cheese as well as kisses, to render life a dream of Eden. I must get pennies for my potatoes before I can buy bulbs. Ye gentle public, who read this article, are earnestly requested not to beg or steal (convey Eastland) the flowers from their friends, but to purchase bulbs or blooms from the firms mentioned at the foot of these notes. All of them are practical growers and enthusiasts of the beautiful daffodils. To show the hardness of the Narcissist Madame De Graaf, a lovely bloom in Mr Hesketh's window to-day, was exposed to the full force of the awful hailstorms of Saturday night. We can all have daffs from 1st July to 1st November, and carnations from 1st November to 1st July, and why don't we? I am going to next season in Devon-street, off Newton-road, where I shall be pleased to see any lover of flowers after January 1st next, when I put in my earliest bulbs.

I should advise amateurs who have not grown daffs before to put themselves in the hands of their florist, saying how much they can spend on their collection and if they want to show on September 5 (show day) next year.

I give Mr Charles Hesketh's list of flowers blooming after the show, the later blooms. Prices of these are 5/ to 9/ a dozen bulbs, 6d to 1/ each:—Emperor, Barré, conspie, Flora Wilson, Nelson major, Mabel Cowan, Mrs C. J. Backhouse, Mrs Langtry, Rev. J. B. M. Canan, Goliath, Albert Victor, Harrison Weir, Elegans, Duchess of Westminster, Grandis.

In conclusion, I will give an answer to the question: What am I to do with the unsightly foliage of the daffodils, in say, November and afterwards? If your space is limited, and you do not care to let the grass die off naturally, bury the haulms under a foot of ordinary good soil, on the surface of which grow any bedding plants, such as Margaret carnations. In May or June months skim the surface, say, 6in deep (removing the bedded plants, of course), and your daffs will come up in their turn to the exact week in which they bloom.

If you have room, however, do absolutely nothing to the foliage, but let it die down. Earthing it over, however, will not injure it in December month, and liquid manure may be applied on the surface to your carnations without getting near your bulbs. I will now leave the daffodils in your keeping till February 1, when many of us intend reminding amateurs the time has come for planting the glorious beauties of the spring. (By A.V.C.)

MRS HUNTER'S TEA ROOMS, opposite City Hall, Next and Every Friday Afternoon, 3 to 5, Daffodils on view in Ladies' Rooms upstairs.

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Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee.— September 23.

EDEN AND EPSOM LAWN TENNIS AND CROQUET CLUB AT HOME.

The Eden and Epsom Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club's annual At Home at Thursday night attracted, as it invariably does, a large and fashionable assembly. St. Benedict's Hall never looked prettier, the committee having shown excellent taste in their decorations. The walls and stage were surmounted by lilies and evergreens, while lines of many hued bunting extended from end to end of the hall. Club emblems in the shape of racquets and croquet mallets, were also displayed with great effect. On the floor about fifty couples, the ladies beautifully dressed, completed a scene which satisfied the artistic sense. The guests were received by the president (Mr. A. Heather) and Mrs. Heather at the entrance to the ballroom. All the supper tables were most lavishly decorated, with the favourite spring bulbs and violets. Needless to say, the supper itself was all that could be desired, and included every kind of delicacy. Music was furnished by a large band under Mr. Meredith. The secretary, Mr. Horace Walker, and the committee worked hard to promote the enjoyment of all, and are to be congratulated on their success. The committee were:—Mesdames Ball, Beale, Billing, Oberlin-Brown, Coates, Cooke, Egerton, Arthur Heather, H. D. Heather, Macfarlane, Noakes, Torrance, Udy, I. I. Walker, Misses Cameron, Coates, Gorrie, Hardie, Peacock, Rice, M. Towie, Watkins, Messrs. Billing, W. W. Bruce, Cooke, C. Heather, H. D. Heather, Mair, Stuckey, Udy, I. I. Walker, Professor Egerton and Dr. Coates.

Some of the pretty gowns worn were:—Mrs. Heather, in a handsome black silk, with rich lace; Mrs. C. M. Nelson was gowned in a black satin, en traine with crimson flowers on corsage; Miss Nelson looked exceedingly well in a black satin, with a rose pink chou on her shoulder and in coffee; Mrs. P. A. Vail wore a lovely ivory satin, the bodice encrusted with moonlight trimming, Coronation red flowers on décolletage; Mrs. (Dr.) Dawson, black crepe-de-chine, embroidered with silver; Miss Dawson, dainty white silk frock with silver belt, white and red spray of flowers on bodice; Mrs. (Dr.) Chaliner Purchas wore a lovely gown of cameo pink satin; Miss Morse was in black satin, with long lace sleeves and lace berthe; Mrs. Markham looked well in black, with cream lace décolletage brightened with blue; Mrs. Horace Walker wore white silk

en traine, veiled in black spangled net in vandyke style, the low corsage was trimmed with pascias, and had transparent sleeves; Miss Firth, blush rose pink satin, flounced with chiffon; Miss Davey wore a shell-pink silk with white lace sleeves and clusters of pink roses; Mrs. H. Kinder, black satin gown, with net sleeves spangled with jet and jet garniture; Miss Eva Kinder was in white muslin, with a spray of daisies on low bodice, and blue chou; Miss Muriel Dargaville wore white silk with blue chou in coiffure and on corsage; Miss Millie Cotter was charming in black chiffon over silk with deep cream lace flounced over shoulders, blue chiffon chou in her hair; Miss Ivy Hurdie, graceful black evening gown with revers and long sleeves of white point lace; Miss Brabant wore black satin with cream lace frill round the low bodice, wreathed with crimson geraniums, crimson flower in coiffure; Miss Watkins, turquoise blue dress with touches of black; Miss Winnie Leys was much admired in sea-foam green satin, the long train and bodice veiled with fine white net, a deep flounce of lace on the skirt, pink flowers on corsage; Miss K. Lennox, dainty white silk, white silver spangled bolero, pale blue chiffon in coiffure; Miss Maudie Rice, white chiffon frock, the skirt having numerous frills edged with white helix ribbon; Miss Daisy Rice, black tucked chiffon over silk, bunch of red berries on corsage; Miss Kenny, graceful white silk en traine, and chiffon cuffs on low bodice; Miss Dolly Scherff wore a black trained satin with deep cream lace berthe; Mrs. E. Mahony, handsome ivory white brocade, wreathed with chiffon and violets; Mrs. Heather wore a very pretty white silk, flounced with chiffon; Miss Udy, dainty white gown; Miss Muriel Hesketh, white silk frock, with bolero, spangled with sequins, shell pink silk sash; Miss Towie, white silk, inserted with string-coloured lace and clusters of pink roses on bodice; Miss Lawford, pretty white chiffon; Miss Brookfield wore white muslin with pink roses; Miss Dawson, hydrangea blue silk, veiled in chiffon, and strapped with cream applique; Miss — Dawson wore black crepe-de-chine, with satin stripes, with large blue chou on décolletage and in her hair; Miss Metcalfe, becoming black chiffon, spangled with gold sequins and lovely spray of daffodils on corsage; Miss Dolly Metcalfe, dainty figured pink chiffon frock, inserted with twine-coloured lace; Mrs. Hudson Williamson, black gown, with cream lace decorations; Miss Williamson, heliotrope silk, contrasted with violet velvet; Miss Steele, primrose silk, with tucked bodice inserted with twine-coloured lace, a bunch of violets on corsage and in her hair; Miss Smith, lovely ivory white satin en traine, decorations of pink and blue, with touches of black velvet on the low bodice; Miss Biss looked very graceful in black satin, the bodice swathed with white chiffon, caught at intervals with white roses; Miss Richardson wore black tucked mousseline de sole, brightened with blue, coronet of blue forget-me-nots in her hair; Miss Ivy Noakes was in slate grey brocade, with cream lace berthe; Miss Tanton (North Shore) looked sweet in white silk, prettily tucked and inserted with twine-coloured lace; Miss Gorrie, roseate pink silk, with trimmings and full bodice of twine lace; Miss Gorrie (Epsom) wore a pretty white silk; Miss Hill was gowned in a azure blue silk, softened with cream lace insertion; Miss Boulton looked pretty in a soft white silk, much tucked, and inserted with cream lace and chou of myosotis blue on shoulder; Miss Hudson, white silk, with clusters of pink roses; Miss Fanny Hudson wore black, with cream lace berthe, wreathed with pink roses; Miss Sylvia Hudson (debutante) was dainty in white mousseline de sole, tucked and softened with lace; Miss James, white chiffon over yellow, and clusters of crimson roses; Miss Muriel George wore white silk, flounced with olive green, wreath of yellow flowers on décolletage; Miss Lewis (North Shore), blush rose pink silk, softened with chiffon and crimson flowers in coiffure; Miss Kennedy, pink tucked

silk bodice, and white silk skirt; Miss Meta Dacre, graceful white tucked silk, contrasted with dark crimson roses; Miss Ethel Mahon, dainty white silk frock, with large chou of bright blue silk on her shoulder; Miss Cameron, shell-pink silk dress, with numerous frills on skirt, white lace berthe brightened with blue; Miss Mabel Douglas was in pink silk, with cream lace and red roses; Miss F. Reece, pure white silk, with a number of tiny frills on skirt, and frou-frou of lace; Miss Younge, elegant cerise silk encrusted with rich cream lace; Miss U. Culpin, pretty white silk and lace, with forget-me-not blue chou on her shoulder; Mrs Pittar looked well in black; Miss Sloman wore black with cream lace, and pink roses on décolletage; Miss Maud Howard's ivory satin, embroidered with beautiful cream silk lace, was very effective; Miss E. Oxley, maize-coloured silk, with black silk chous and sash; Miss Pearl Hanna, becoming white tucked silk, inserted with twine-coloured lace; Miss Meta Alcken, soft white silk, with touches of blue. Gentlemen: Dr. Challinor Purchas, Messrs. Heather, Cotter, Ridings, Biss, H. Kinder, Kenny, C. Leys, Foster, Leslie Murray, Winks, Veile, Upton, Coombe, Farnall, Dawson, Mahon, Brabant (2), Udy, Howard, E. Mahony.

MRS HUDSON WILLIAMSON'S DANCE.

A very enjoyable dance was given by Mrs Williamson at St. Benedict's Hall. The floor was all that could be desired. A dainty supper and a gaily decorated sitting-out room, done with flags and Chinese lanterns, were provided. Mrs Williamson wore a yellow silk, trimmed with black spangled net; Mrs H. H. Metcalfe, black silk, black Maltese lace; Miss M. Metcalfe, dainty pink silk; Miss Steele, black silk gown; Miss Rogan, pretty white silk; Miss Hautain, green frock; Miss E. Oxley, lemon-coloured gown, finished with black velvet; Miss B. Oxley, pale blue silk, pink roses; Miss Nellie Stephenson, dainty pink frock; Miss Holland, black; Miss Cook, white; Miss Hill, pretty biscuit-coloured gown, touches of red; Miss Winnie Lewis, pretty pink muslin; Miss Bertha Hazard, dainty tucked white silk; Miss Crawford, black; her sisters wore pink and blue respectively; Miss Lynda Conolly, white and pink gown; Miss C. Sloman, black; her sister wore a sailor costume; Miss N. Thorne, white silk; her sister Jean wore white silk also; Miss Garrett wore black gown; Misses Bedell wore white silk; Mrs Goodall, black silk; Mrs Bedell, black silk; Miss Williamson, black silk, point lace; Miss K. Williamson, heliotrope silk and chiffon; Miss V. Williamson, white embroidered muslin, relieved with pink, white silk underskirt; Miss W. Goodwin, dainty white silk, trimmed with string-coloured insertion; her sister Alice also wore white silk, relieved with touches of blue; Miss Metcalfe, pretty blue silk gown. Among the gentlemen were Messrs McCormick, Sloman, Haynes, Slagg, Hill (2), Oxley, Trevithick, Steele Culpin, Reid, Miller, H. H. Williams, Stewart, A. Stephenson, Guy, Pierce, Dawson, S. Walker, Crawford, Simpson, Kent, etc.

ENJOYABLE "AT HOME."

Mrs (Dr.) Moir, "Kennell," Ponsonby-road, entertained about sixty friends last Friday afternoon, when a most enjoyable time was spent. Ping-pong, of course, was the attraction. There were two tables, and some most interesting games were played, very keen contests taking place, especially in the finals. These were played off by Miss Brabant and Miss Eva Bull, the former winning the first prize, a very pretty silver trinket basket, the second, a handsome silver-mounted purse, being carried off by Miss Bull. The supper was served in the dining-room. Lycopodium, daffodils, violets and mignonette were used for the decorations, which were indeed a work of art. The table was laden with all manner of delicacies, consisting of trifles, fruit salads, jellies and sweets of all descriptions. The guests dispersed about six o'clock, after having spent a most delightful after-

noon, Mrs Moir and her daughters making excellent hostesses. Mrs Moir, bright navy bengaline silk on trains, with trimmings of velvet and silver passementerie, long Maltese lace scarf; Miss Moir, was dainty in a white embroidered muslin blouse, with pale pink chou and sash, black voile skirt; Miss Belle Moir white silk blouse, inserted with rich cream lace, black skirt; Miss Lillie Moir wore a sea-green veiling blouse, prettily tucked, and trimmed with point lace, black skirt; Mrs (Dr.) Grant, vieux rose cloth gown, ornamented with ecru insertion; Miss Lena Butters, white tucked silk and lace blouse, with rose pink sash and chou, black voile skirt; Mrs Thorne, blue and black brocade, softened with rich black lace, silk skirt; Miss Thorne, apple green tucked silk blouse, with lace, black skirt; Miss Brabant, Paisley silk blouse, trimmed with cream lace and black velvet, dark skirt; Mrs (Dr.) Beattie, black brocade, with Royal blue yoke, veiled in black lace; Miss Anderson, white silk blouse, with ecru lace collar, black skirt; her sister wore a cream voile blouse, trimmed with sage green, and a black skirt; Mrs S. Hanna, black silk gown, ornamented with jet and cream real lace; Mrs Frank Leighton looked pretty in a dove grey voile, with white vest and pink chiffon scarf; Miss Eva Bull, emerald green and white silk blouse, with white chiffon fichu, black skirt; Mrs H. Metcalfe, black brocade, ornamented with jet; Miss Stevenson, white blouse, with blue chou, black skirt; Miss Muriel Knight, pretty white tucked silk blouse, caught in front with large white satin bow, black skirt; Miss Leys, white tucked silk blouse, with transparent yoke of lace, blue skirt; Miss Douglas, white tucked silk blouse, with touches of black velvet, black skirt; Miss Ada Owen, heliotrope silk blouse with white point lace collar, black skirt; Miss Hudson, dainty white silk blouse with twine coloured lace yoke, and forget-me-not blue silk bow, black skirt; Miss Savage, Havana brown costume, with vest of cream silk; Mrs Marley, black silk with touches of white; Mrs Ross, black brocade; Mrs Sharland, black tucked merveilleux trimmed with ruby velvet; Miss Steele, black gown with bolero edged with ecru lace, Czar blue chou on corsage; Miss Haven, white and pink floral blouse, with coral pink chou and sash, black skirt; Miss Clare Haven, sea-foam green veiling blouse with white lace collar, and black velvet touches, black skirt; Miss MacIndoe, white tucked muslin blouse, inserted with lace, black skirt; Mrs Daw, navy cloth costume; Miss Commons (Taunanga), pink floral silk blouse, with black velvet chou, black skirt; Mrs A. B. Reynolds, black Ottoman silk bodice strapped with velvet, and black voile skirt; Mrs E. T. Hart, pink silk blouse with white lace bolero, black silk skirt; Mrs Crawshaw, black voile skirt, and tucked blouse of silk and lace; Mrs H. Munro Wilson, black tucked silk gown trimmed with black lace; Miss Kennedy, shell-pink silk blouse, black voile skirt; Mrs Audley Jones, black merveilleux silk, inserted with black silk insertion, touches of blue chiffon; Mrs Brown, vieux rose silk blouse, and lovely cream lace collar, black silk skirt; Mrs A. Littler, black brocade with bolero over white silk and lace vest; Mrs Newell, black gown with black lace transparent yoke, and green chiffon chou on corsage; Mrs H. Jones, apple-green tucked silk blouse trimmed with black silk applique, black silk skirt; Miss Wingfield, shamrock green silk blouse with transparent yoke of cream lace, black skirt; Miss Caro wore Prussian blue cloth, with revers of cream lace over satin; Mrs Oldham, black silk gown with touches of heliotrope; Miss Oldham, black-tucked voile and black lace; Mrs Gittos, violet gown with primrose yoke; Mrs W. Morpeth, pink and blue silk blouse, with ecru lace collar and black skirt; Miss Cooke, roseate pink silk blouse prettily tucked, and black skirt; Miss Florrie Cooke, pale pink figured chiffon blouse and black skirt; Miss J. Couche, blue and white brocade silk blouse, with cream lace collar, black skirt; Miss Smart, azure blue silk blouse softened

with cream lace and chiffon, black skirt; Miss Pearl Hanna, white tucked silk blouse trimmed with twine sage, and black skirt; Miss U. Culpin, lace insertion, Czar blue chou on cor-black and white check dress, with cream lace collar, caught with bright blue bow.

The following day (Saturday) Mrs. Moir gave an afternoon and evening for a few young friends, when ping-pong and dancing formed the amusement. The ping-pong prizes were won by Miss L. Butters and Mr. Whitley; Miss Sylvia Hudson wore a blue and white figured silk blouse and blue skirt; Miss A. Anderson, cream veiling blouse, with trimmings of olive green silk and dark skirt; Miss Ida Sharland, pink and white delaine blouse, with touches of black velvet and black skirt; Miss May Haven, blue and white floral blouse, contrasted with brighter blue, black skirt; Miss Hunt looked graceful in black and crimson; Miss A. Gittos, azure blue silk blouse, with silver belt and black skirt; Miss Smart, cameo pink silk blouse, prettily tucked and trimmed with white lace and pink velvet, black skirt; Misses Lena Butters, Haven, Clare Haven. Among the gentlemen were: Messrs. Holmden, Gittos, Sharland, Dignan, Sellers, Culpin, Richardson, Stokes, Stevenson, Haven, Harrison, Anderson (2), Hemus, Whitley, Benjamin.

Miss Morrow gave

A MOST ENJOYABLE CHILDREN'S DANCE

on Friday evening last in St. Luke's Parish Hall, Mount Albert, as a breaking up of her dancing class. The attendance was a little marred by an atrocious weather, the night was oppressively hot one, the heavy still atmosphere was surcharged with electricity. Every now and then a thin thread of lightning flashed ghost-like through the murky air, and the hoarse roll of thunder which followed seemed to warn us that Nature was in one of her angry moods. The hall was transformed in appearance to a ball-room by the tasteful drapings of white lace curtains over the windows and a profusion of ferns and flowers. The taste shown in the selection of the dance music was extremely good, while its capable ren-

dering added greatly to the pleasure of the dancers. The supper table was decorated with yellow drapery and vases of white stocks. Miss Morrow's pupils opened the evening with the grand march, the children doing her great credit, as they also did when they gracefully danced the "Washington Post." Amongst those present were—Mrs. Morrow, black silk, pink vest, with ecru lace veiling; Miss Morrow, azalea pink cashmere, with small fionces edged with white satin bebe ribbon, pink poppies on corsage; Mrs. Jamieson, black, relieved with white lace; Mrs. Barker, black silk, and her little daughter wore blue figured mercerised silk; Mrs. A. W. Page, dark skirt, pale blue silk blouse; Miss Page, white muslin, and her two younger sisters wore white with blue and pink revers, respectively, veiled in fawn lace; Mrs. Harrison, black silk, grey satin vest, and her little daughter wore white; Mrs. W. H. Wilson, black silk, pink collar veiled in ecru lace; Miss Munroe, white cashmere, with strappings of satin bands; Misses Bagnall (2), dark skirts, pink blouses; Miss Longdill looked well in a black gown with narrow white stripes; Miss Kerr Taylor, green; Miss Muriel Kerr Taylor, pink muslin frock, with fawn lace; Miss Miller, blue skirt, white blouse, pink ribbon in coiffure; Miss D. Miller, fawn skirt, biscuit-coloured blouse; Miss Daisy Miller, black skirt, white silk blouse; Misses Violet and Addie wore white muslin frocks; Mrs. May, dark skirt, white blouse, and her two little daughters looked pretty in white frocks; Miss Selby, black; Mrs. Cowan, dark skirt, white blouse; Miss Cowan, black and white striped hatiste; Miss Wordsworth, dark skirt, blue blouse; Mrs. Watkins, dark costume; Miss Ratkins, white muslin, with red rosette at neck, and her little sister wore white with blue; Miss Beale, white book muslin finished with blue; Mrs. Newell, dark skirt, pale green blouse; Miss Newell, black skirt, white blouse; Miss Ruby Newell, cream satin; Miss Johnston, grey skirt, blue blouse; Miss Daisy, cream cashmere, slashed with red sash; Miss Blundell Wright was much admired in a dark skirt, pink silk blouse; Miss Jessie Wright, shell pink num's veiling, with tuckings; Miss Birdie Drower, white skirt, with lace insertion, pale blue silk blouse; Mrs. Finlayson, dark skirt, white



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blouse; Miss Finlayson, white silk; Misses Wiseman (3), white muslins; Misses Garrett (3), dark skirts, light blouses; Mrs. Hurst, black, and her daughter wore white. Amongst the gentlemen were—The Rev. W. H. Wilson, Messrs. Wilson (2), Wright (3), Bagnall, Miller (3), Foughy, Drower (3), Kerr Taylor, Harrison, Wilkins (2), Lester (2), Daisley (2), Newell, Woodroffe, Batkins (2), Garrett, O'Neil, Page (2).

A MOST SUCCESSFUL FAREWELL AT HOME

tended to Mr McCosh Clark, was given at the Remuera Hall on Tuesday last, September 16, by some of the energetic residents of Remuera. Mr McCosh Clark leaves Auckland by the next mail for England on a business trip, where he will remain for a couple of years. The hall was tastefully decorated with cabbage trees, bamboo and lycopodium. The supper, which was provided by the ladies, was a sumptuous one, consisting of chicken, oyster trifles, etc., flanked with claret cup; the table was decorated with narcissus, anemones, crowslips and violets. Amongst those present were:—Miss McCosh Clark, white silk, with overdress of striped mousseline de soie, chiffon sleeves to the elbow; and her sister, white silk, veiled in chiffon. The skirt was finished with two flounces; Mrs Payton, black voile, with overdress of black lace, pink roses on corsage; Mrs Hanna, white silk, trimmed with ceru lace; Miss Jackson, pink satin, finished with pink chiffon, and red roses on corsage; and her sister wore white satin, veiled in embroidered white net, blue chiffon chou on corsage; Miss Williamson, white voile, blue chiffon in coiffure and on corsage; Mrs Black, black lace gown, with turquoise blue flowers in coiffure and on corsage; Mrs Foster, black costume, with bodice covered with jet; Mrs Cotter, black merveilleux costume, white lace on corsage and finished with jewels; Miss Cotter, white Barethea silk, made in tunic style, red and pink roses on corsage and in coiffure; and Miss W. Cotter, black chenille over voile, blue flowers on corsage and in coiffure; Mrs Walker, black silk; Mrs H. Tonks, black grenadine; Mrs (Dr.) Maitland, black silk, relieved with white lace, black lace sleeves; Miss Buddle, white silk; Mrs McMillan, handsome grey satin, with bead passementerie, fawn lace at neck; Mrs H. Bull, black silk, trimmed with velvet, red poppies in coiffure and on corsage; Mrs Bodle, black satin, cream lace bertha; Mrs Irwin, black silk, finished with lace; Misses Morrin (2), were studies in white silks; Misses Gorrie (2), white mousseline de soie dresses over silk; Miss Ruddock, striking pink costume; Miss Lernox, white muslin, the flounced skirt was edged with narrow bands of black; Miss Dargaville, white silk with pink roses; Mrs Seavill, black silk, with pink sash, pink rambler roses on corsage and in coiffure; Miss Stevenson, pink silk, trimmed with black and white chiffon; Miss D. Stevenson, white silk, with pink rambler roses on corsage and in coiffure; Miss Ware, white silk, with deep red roses; Miss Thompson, azure blue silk, relieved with black velvet bows; Miss I. Thompson, canary silk, with yellow flowers in coiffure; Miss Walker, lilac silk, with white lace insertion; Miss Peacocke, white silk, with blue beads; Miss Richmond, beautiful embroidered net worn over an underdress of mousseline de soie, over a foundation of rich lace; Miss Goodwin, white silk, with bands of ecru lace; Miss Devereux, white silk, with pink flowers; Misses Kerr-Taylor, white silks; Miss Buller, white silk, with pink roses; Miss McFarlane, white silk. Dr. Maitland, Messrs Purchas, Armitage, Meredith, McCormick, Clark, Hay, Nolan, Tonks, Walker, Cromble, Dawson, Brodie (2), Leys, Reid, Towle, Horton (2), Heather, Kenny, Wynyard, Nathan (2), Dargaville, Irwin, Taylor, Pierce, Hanna, Thompson, Seavill, Foster, Black, Cotter (2), Gillies, Upton, Norton, Elair.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, September 18.
We are very pleased to see that Lady Ranfurly has sufficiently recovered from her recent attack of influenza to be about again. I saw her out driving one day cosily wrapped in furs and wearing a pretty blue toque.

A VERY ENJOYABLE TEA

was given this afternoon by Lady Stout in honour of her niece, Miss Logan, of Dunedin, who is staying with her. The guests were received in the drawing-room, and tea was prettily laid out in the dining-room, the folding doors between the two rooms being thrown open. In another room there was a ping-pong table to amuse the enthusiastic players. All the rooms were gay with spring bulbs, and vases and little dishes of sweets were to be found everywhere. Some of the guests gave much pleasure by their singing and playing. Among those who performed were Miss M. Stuart, Miss Fraser, Mrs Butt, and Miss Miles. Lady Stout wore a black and white foulard satin gown, with collar of black and white lace applique; her little daughter was sweetly dressed in white silk and insertion over pink; Miss Logan wore a black satin skirt and a cerise pink silk blouse, tucked and trimmed with white lace insertion. Some of those present were Mrs Butt, in a black costume and black and pink toque; Mrs Holmes, black coat and skirt with light vest, and a hat trimmed with flowers; Miss Richmond, a black coat and skirt, black and red hat; Miss Tolhurst, a black voile gown with white lace yoke, and a black hat lined with white; Miss Fraser (Dunedin), dark skirt and white silk blouse, green chiffon toque; Miss Fell, a Royal blue gown with lace revers, and a cream hat trimmed with lace and blue ribbon; Miss M. Fell wore a black Eton suit and cream hat trimmed with pink; Miss McCassy (Dunedin), a white voile gown with lace vest, and a black chiffon hat; Miss Berkley, black Eton suit and a black hat with flowers under the brim; Miss Holmes, dark blue tucked silk blouse and cloth skirt, and a cream straw hat trimmed with black velvet; Miss Miles, blue coat and skirt, and a red velvet hat with roses to match; the Misses Coleridge both had black Eton suits with lace revers, and black hats with tips; Miss Gore, dark blue tucked silk blouse, with twine coloured lace, and a cloth skirt, black hat with tips; the Misses Rawson wore red Eton gowns strapped with black and black hats; Miss J. Hislop, a blue frieze gown, and burnt straw hat with black velvet; Miss Richardson, dark blue Eton suit, with brocaded silk revers, black hat; Miss Stuart, black skirt and white silk blouse, black hat; Miss Foote, black gown and wateau jacket, black hat; Miss McTavish, a red frieze gown, and black hat; Miss Simpson, black Eton gown and black chiffon toque with tips; Miss Rose, smoke grey frieze gown, and white felt hat trimmed with lace and flowers; Miss Stafford, a red gown, the short bolero worn over a silk puffed blouse to match, black toque trimmed with red; Miss Somerville, dark grey coat and skirt, black hat with tips; Miss Finch wore a blue cloth gown, and black hat with tips; Miss McIntosh, dull green frieze gown, and black hat; Miss Twigg (Napier), a blue gown, and hat trimmed with pale blue silk and lace; Miss Fraser, in a grey coat and skirt, and magenta toque; Miss Ewen, rose pink frieze gown, and black toque; Miss Barclay wore a black coat and skirt, and black toque with tips; Miss Butt, dark skirt, and pale blue silk blouse, black hat; Miss Harding, a grey coat and skirt, and black hat with flowers; Miss Neave (Dunedin), in a cream voile gown, and a blue hat; Miss E. Joseph, blue Eton suit, and a pink hat with black velvet; Miss Fitzgerald, pale grey voile gown trimmed with jet and steel passementerie, and a black hat lined with white; Miss

Edwin, blue coat and skirt, and hat trimmed with pink; Miss Nathan, Royal blue gown trimmed with cream lace, and a black hat; her sister was in a red gown; Miss G. Harcourt, black Eton suit, cream hat trimmed with red flowers and silk; Miss Davy, in a red gown, and hat to match.

The ceremony of driving the first pile of the new Hutt bridge was successfully performed yesterday by the Acting-Premier, Sir Joseph Ward. The little township was gay with flags, and a great number of people assembled to witness the proceedings. The old bridge was crowded with spectators, who had an excellent view of the new bridge site. Sir Joseph made a short and amusing speech before driving the pile, after which cheers were given for the new bridge, and also for Sir Joseph and Lady Ward. The visitors and others were then entertained at the Town Hall, and the toasts of "The King," "The Governor and Lady Ranfurly," "The Ministry," and "Mr W. H. Field" were drunk in champagne. The Acting-Premier was received by Councillor Waugh, in the unavoidable absence of the Mayor (Mr O. Stevens), and other prominent residents of the Hutt. Lady Ward was presented with a lovely bouquet, composed of yellow daffodils and feathery green, and tied with satin streamers, by Miss D. Fitzherbert.

Dr. and Mrs Grace entertained a large number of guests at AN AFTERNOON "AT HOME" on Thursday. The rooms were gay with lovely spring flowers, and flowering pot plants, and the spacious conservatory was simply ablaze with a most gorgeous display of blooms in various shades and sizes. Very delicious tea was laid out in the dining-room, and also in the morning room, both tables being artistically arranged with yellow bulbs and violets, softened with delicate maiden-hair, on a handsome green and white centre. During the afternoon Miss Phoebe Parsons delighted everyone with her singing. Mrs Grace was wearing a rich black brocade gown, trained, with vest of white silk trimmed with lovely lace, caught with diamond brooches; her daughter, Mrs Ian Duncan, wore a black spotted silk canvas gown, with white lace on the bodice, large black hat with plumes; Miss M. Rolleston, who is staying with Mrs Grace, wore a dull sage-green Russian gown, with revers and vest of ecru lace. Among the guests I noticed Lady Constance Knox and Captain Alexander, Lady Ward, Lady Stout, Mrs and the Misses Johnston, Miss E. Johnston, Mrs and Miss Richmond, Mrs and Miss Riddiford, Mrs Rhodes, Mrs and the Misses McLean, Mrs Leckie, Hon. Mrs and Miss Arkwright, Miss Pharazyn, Mrs and Miss

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Brandon, Mrs Bell, Mrs and the Misses Fell, Mrs Adams, Mrs Crawford, Mr and Mrs Butler, Mrs and Miss Higginson, Mrs Travers, the Misses Coleridge, Mrs Baldwin, Mrs Medley, Mrs Baillie, Mrs Rhind, Mrs and Miss Lawson, Mrs Burnes, Mrs and Miss Tolhurst, Mrs Herepath, Mrs and Miss Joseph, Mrs Pearce, Mrs Herries, Mrs and Miss Hialop, Mrs Hassell, Mrs and Miss Stowe, Mrs H. Johnston, Mrs Tweed, Mrs Brown, Mrs Purdy, Miss Coates, Mrs and Miss Barton, Mrs Newman, Mrs and Miss Edwin, and the Misses Fraser, Cooper, Atkinson, Skerrett, Harcourt, Friend, Harding, Foote, Scully, Fitzgerald, etc.

Mrs D. T. Stuart gave

A VERY ENJOYABLE DANCE

on Thursday evening in the Sydney-street schoolroom. The decorations were extremely pretty and artistic, the large, bare hall being made to look very nice with greenery and flowers, and the stage was furnished with easy chairs and sofas, and also decorated with large pot plants and spring flowers. All the side rooms were cosily arranged as sitting-rooms. The supper (a most elaborate sit-down one) was laid in the large gymnasium hall. The long tables had lovely yellow joughills, daffodils and violets as floral decoration, and the lights were shaded with coloured globes, the whole effect being very pretty indeed. The music was supplied by Fleming, and extras were played by Miss Ina Stuart and Miss Miles. Mrs Stuart received in a handsome black brocade gown, with cream lace berthe and sleeves; Miss Stuart wore a pale blue satin gown, the bodice softened with chiffon to match, and white lace; Miss M. Stuart wore a soft white figured gauze gown trimmed with little satin-edged frills. Some of those present were: Mrs and the Misses Stafford, Mrs Dr. Martin, Mrs Arthur Young, Mrs Fitchett, Mrs Murison, Mrs C. Tringham, Mrs Bucholz, the Misses Tolhurst, Rawson, Rose, Elliott, Simpson, Nelson, McGregor, Reid, Finch, Blundell,

Roberts, Butt, Edwin, Chatfield, Ward, Ewen, Holms, Fitzgerald, Miles, McIntosh, Nathan, Handyside, Butts, Hursthouse, Brewer, Marchant, Waldgrave, Martin, and the Messrs. Stuart, Young, Nelson, Tolhurst, Reid, Handyside, Stout, Atkinson, Finch, Tripe, Captain Hughes, and others.

Mrs C. Pearce gave a pleasant little tea last Friday for Miss Maud Friend, who is to be married on Wednesday. Tea was prettily laid in the dining-room, and the rooms were prettily decorated with spring flowers. Some of those present were: The Misses Friend, Fell, Brandon, Higginson, Dransfield, McLean, Harcourt, Gore, Reid, Simpson, Hialop, and others.

OPHELIA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, September 16.

While some of the fortunate butterflies of our community are sporting in the country or at the seaside, others are bent on getting summer gowns and fripperies—a serious business nowadays, when at least three times the old allowance of an everyday girl is swallowed up in no time, and no amount of managing will procure a dainty, silky, lace-trimmed, much-tucked dream of a gown for the sum of a summer gown of a few years ago. Then some of us are most unfortunate, and shut out from the world with an attack of scarlet fever or measles, so that with one thing and another I have "No song to sing O."

The Ladies' Golf Championship is being played off in Dunedin this week, and among the Christchurch players who left last Friday are Mrs Wigram, Mrs Scott, Mrs Denniston, Mrs Wilder, Misses Denniston, Cowlishaw, Ainger, Turnbull, Campbell, and Hewlings. We hope they will annex something, but they are playing against very strong players.

Captain and Mrs Henton Rhodes stayed at Coker's Hotel for a day or two on their return to Christchurch,

and later left for their home at Tai Tapu, where the residents had prepared a hearty welcome and a presentation was made to them of a greenstone and silver letter-weight to Captain Rhodes, and a beautiful jewel bracelet of greenstone and silver to Mrs Rhodes.

The spring show of the Horticultural Society has been postponed for a week, owing to the lateness of blooming of many of the narcissi. It is now to take place on the 22nd, when an illuminated address will be presented to Captain Heaton Rhodes, president of the society. A concert has also been arranged by Mrs Wigram and Mrs Wilding for the first evening.

The wacky friends of Mr and Mrs F. D. S. Neave, of "Okeover," Riccarton, were greatly distressed at the news of the horrible murder of their eldest son, Captain H. E. Neave, of the Royal Warwickshires, in his bungalow, at night, by a private of his regiment, at Belgaum, in India. Captain Neave was educated at Christ's College, and in 1888 left for England, where he entered at Sandhurst, and joined his regiment in 1892. He later went out to Ceylon, and then back to England. In 1899 he obtained his captaincy, and the same year was ordered to India, where he has since been stationed. Mr and Mrs Neave

lost a son quite early in the South African War, he going out with one of the first contingents, and they were only just beginning to get over the shock of his death when this horrible tragedy has come upon them.

The Torrey-Alexander mission continues to attract crowds to the Canterbury Hall, and some have been much edified, but Dr. Torrey thinks Christchurch people are more in danger of being "lost" through conceit than from vice.

Mrs Kinsey gave a few of her friends a delightful afternoon on Monday "among the daffodils," having got together a splendid collection as specimens. A paper written by Mr Wilson, of Dunedin, was read on the different varieties, their habits and culture, and as gardening is a very favourite hobby with many ladies it was a most profitable afternoon, excepting that one wished to possess every lovely blossom on view. Afternoon tea and much pleasant chat went round. Among those present were: Mrs Greenstreet, Mrs (Dr.) Chilton, Mrs (Dr.) Talbot, Mrs R. D. Thomas, Mrs Isaac Gibbs, Mrs Meredith-Kaye, Mrs T. Garrard, Mrs F. Waymouth, Mrs de Vries, Mrs H. D. Carter, Mrs W. Wood, Misses Martin, Way, and Waymouth.

DOLLY VALE.

A BEAUTIFUL FABRIC.

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'Louis' Velveteen.

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A REMINISCENCE.

It was at the time of the second great exhibition in London, held at Brompton, near the Kensington Museum and Art Schools, in the year 1862, that I last had the honour and pleasure of seeing our late Queen Victoria. It happened in this way: One of the Exhibition Commissioners was the late Sir Wentworth Dilke (father of Sir Charles Dilke, the present baronet), and was a friend of my father's, and it having transpired that Her Majesty was about to make a private inspection of the exhibition previous to its being opened to the public, he courteously offered me an admission to the building for that occasion; which, considering that the Queen's visit was entirely a private one, was a considerable favour. However, I was admitted, and found that no persons were for some time visible excepting soldiers, who were posted all along the sides of the principal aisles and galleries of the building. Shortly, however, I espied a group approaching, and I soon distinguished, as they drew nearer, the person of Her Most Gracious Majesty, dressed in deep mourning, she being accompanied by some of the young Princes and Princesses, and in attendance were several of the Cabinet Ministers and the Commissioners for the building, etc. I remember that Mr Disraeli (as he was at that time) seemed to occupy the premier position, and kept affording information respecting the various objects of interest to Her Majesty. One thing troubled me; I was a solitary

object, and must either appear too conspicuous to be desirable or must get hidden away out of sight altogether, an idea not to be entertained, if I could help it. A happy thought struck me as the party drew near; I noticed a nice kindly-faced, somewhat elderly gentleman who formed part of the rear-guard as it were of the retinue, and quick as thought I ranged up alongside of him and marched along with the company. My neighbour proved himself a very good companion and chatted, as occasion permitted, in a most charming manner. I observed that when the Queen was struck with any particular picture or work of art, and paused to take notice or admire, all the gentlemen stood in line and made a low obeisance as Her Majesty passed and repassed. Of course, I followed suit, and all went well. It was altogether a great event for me, and as I noticed that the soldiers as we approached straightened up to "attention" until the Royal cortege had passed, including, of course, the last two personages, myself and companion, I really felt of some importance. After viewing the main building and some of the picture galleries Her Majesty was conducted through the grounds and conservatories, and at length the exit on the Kensington side of the exhibition was reached, where the Royal carriages were in waiting, and soon the Royal party were seated and bowing affably to our bare-headed group drove away.

It was while returning through the buildings afterwards that my friend, who I had imagined to be an official or person of very high degree, informed me that he was in precisely the same boat as myself, and had adopted the same tactics as being the only plan he could think of to avoid being an object of suspicion if seen hanging about by himself. So we enjoyed a good laugh, exchanged cards and parted.

J. BULL.

Napier, 16/9/1902.

IRON EATEN BY AIR.

HOW CLIMATE AFFECTS DRUGS.

(Experiments by Professor Remsen.)

Professor Remsen is known as one of the highest authorities on chemistry. In an interesting lecture he refers to the great effect air has upon metals and drugs.

When iron, as Professor Remsen reminds us, is exposed to the air it becomes covered with a reddish substance called rust, and, in time, the iron completely disappears through the action of the air—and so it is not hard to understand how easily delicate drugs will be affected. The Professor made this clear by interesting experiments. He showed that Phosphorus must be kept under water because it burns as soon as it touches the air—while Potassium and Sodium must be kept in oil, because they blaze up as soon as they touch water. Air and moisture therefore ruin many drugs unless special care is taken. Professor Remsen, of Baltimore, and Dr. Williams, of Edinburgh University, both understand thoroughly how drugs put up in one form for certain climates are useless in another climate. For this reason the Doctor has taken care that the European, American, South African and Australian formulas for Dr. Williams' pink pills are specially adapted to the different climates. It was found necessary also to have a special formula for New Zealand, so that our peculiar climate would not destroy in these pills the wonderful power of the drugs to make new, red blood. These pills for N.Z. are now manufactured in Wellington—and all patients should see that the words, Wellington, New Zealand, are on every package. These genuine N.Z. pills are always put up in wooden boxes—never in glass bottles. Pills made for a foreign country have never brought about such truly miraculous cures all over Maoriland. But the pills made from the N.Z. formula have cured

thousands here, including Mrs C. Hunt, of Clark-street, Waihi. Six years ago cold started in her the sharp, sudden pains of rheumatism. Her muscles were so drawn and stiff that she couldn't move. After three years' torture, she heard of many in Auckland, Thames, Waihi and Hamilton whom Dr. Williams' pink pills had cured, so Mrs Hunt tried them. She was careful to see that the words, Wellington, New Zealand, were on the wrapper of each box. After using two boxes the pains lessened and the muscles became pliable. Six boxes made a perfect cure. And so she has the best of reasons for recommending them to those who suffer from rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia and other diseases of the blood and nerves. Mrs Hunt is a native of Auckland, and settled in Waihi six years ago.

Professor Remsen in pointing out how air and moisture ruin substances like Phosphorus and Potassium, and even hard metals like steel, enables everyone to understand how easily a climate like that of New Zealand will affect ordinary medicines. You are not getting an ordinary medicine, however, when you buy the genuine New Zealand Dr. Williams' pink pills, made in Wellington from a special formula suited to these Islands. If you insist on getting the kind put up in wooden boxes, with the genuine address, Wellington, New Zealand, you know that you have the greatest blood-builder and nerve-tonic in the world. It is by filling the veins with new, rich, red blood that these pills cure paleness, headaches, anaemia, debility, indigestion, liver and kidney troubles, women's ailments, and all complaints of the skin and complexion. When in doubt about the genuine kind, send to the Dr. Williams' medicine co., Wellington, enclosing three shillings for one box, or sixteen and six for six boxes. Professor Remsen and other eminent scientists show clearly that a special formula is necessary to combat the effects of the N.Z. climate.

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An exquisite combination of
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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 & Caughey. The chair, which has been patented, is the invention of Mr. W. Aggers, of this city. Its external appearance is that of an ordinary armchair, but by an ingenious arrangement of springs, the new invention is made as comfortable as one could desire. The seat, back, and arms are all fitted with springs, which yield to every motion of the sitter, absolute ease being thus secured. The chair is very simply constructed, there being nothing to get out of order, and the one originally made by the patentee, after two years of use, is now in perfect order. For invalids the chair should be very popular, and in clubs and hotels it will probably be widely used. The maker has styled it the "Advance." In a slightly different chair the arms are made rigid."

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A Lady of Florence.

"You say, 'It's hard for Englishmen to understand Italians.'—My dear Sir, that's not all; it's equally hard for Italians to understand Englishmen. As you know, I'm Tuscan born myself, though my mother was an Englishwoman; and perhaps it may be the English blood in me that counts; but I often stand wondering at the ways and modes of thought of my own countrymen. There was Giulio Nardini, for example, did anyone ever tell you that queer story about Giulio's marriage? What? No? Well, really, I'm surprised they didn't, for the fellows at the club always tell everybody. It's such a romantic episode, that episode of Giulio's. Come and sit down here on the bench that looks across the Arno—that's my favourite seat—the pleasantest spot in the Cascine, or, for the matter of that, in all Florence—and I'll spin the whole yarn for you, if it won't be boring you.

Well, Giulio was my cousin, you know—one of the old Nardini; some of the bluest blood that still remains in Tuscany. His mother was a Roman, of Prince Panzani's family—very sturdy Catholics and staunch for the Pope; they refused to recognise "these Sardinian upstarts," as they were called then. But they were poor, of course; in Florence, to be noble and to be poor are practically synonymous; a family of distinction should be just rich enough, by dint of scraping and saving, to drive out every afternoon here in the Cascine, like the Marchesa Moretta over yonder—Buon giorno, Marchesa; delicious afternoon, isn't it?—with their own carriage and livery servants; but not rich enough to afford three courses for dinner, wealth in Italy being horribly bourgeois. However, it was a shock to my aunt when Giulio one morning announced his intention—he, a Florentine Nardini and a Roman Panzani—of actually joining the Italian army! My aunt was disconsolate—and inconsolable. "What, fight for the Sardinians!" she cried. "You, my own boy, Giulio! His Holiness will feel there's no trusting anybody!"

Still, Giulio was adamant. The truth is, he wanted to wear a large blue military cloak, like every other Italian gentleman, and run his fair chance of picking up some of the American millions which go floating round Florence, escorted by a "Momma," for any enterprising Florentine in an officer's uniform to make love to and appropriate.

"If the Holy Father had still an army of his own," he said, "I'm sure I'd just as soon wear his gold lace and take his pay as the Sardinians. But since he couldn't keep what he'd got, and since 'tis the law of the world that the devil takes the hindmost, I must serve the Sardinian till the Pope comes to his own again. After all, Italy is Italy; I will fight for my country, whoever rules it!"

Giulio said that with a flourish, so—being a born Italian—one hand on his heart and the other on the hilt of an imaginary sword. But I knew very well, being familiar with the ins and outs of Signor Giulio, that 'twas the long blue cloak and the American millions, not pure love of the country, that drove him into the army.

However, in he went, and swelled it about with the best of them, strutting along the Tornabuoni in his military mantle, like a puffed-up turkey-cock, on fine afternoons, when the Americans were on view at Doni's tea-rooms. He's handsome, as you know, and tall, and well-built; and as he strode along the street you could hear the American girls asking their "Mommies" in a whisper, "Who's that lovely man?" And, to do him a good turn, I always answered, "That's the Marchesa Nardini;" for there's

nothing your American loves like a sounding title.

Still, in spite of his determination to catch and annex a Western heiress, Giulio was in love, deeply in love, with a Florentine girl. "How can that be?" you'll say. My dear sir, you would understand, if only you had happened to be born in Italy. To feel or to believe two contradictory things at one and the same time is eminently Italian. Giulio would have died for his young woman—or broken her heart ruthlessly; just as he would have fought with the profoundest enthusiasm for the Holy Father—or for his deadliest enemies. He loved Maddalena Ricassoli madly; and he was eager to marry a rich American girl.

Well, one winter, at last, the exact American girl Signor Giulio wanted came to Florence. She was a certain Miss Pattison, and she was reputed wealthy—quite fabulously wealthy, they all said at the club, where we idle young Florentines used to meet, after our fashion, to discuss the chances of the matrimonial market, as frankly, I assure you, as if wives were railway shares, and pretty Americans were being floated by promoters. I heard so much talk about this Miss Pattison at the club that I got tired of her very name—I, who derive from the English half of my ancestry the curious idea that women should be treated rather as angels on earth than as articles of merchandise. Men said so many things about Miss Pattison's money and Miss Pattison's mines that I grew sick of listening; and when, a week or two later, dainty little Mrs. Wilcox, the charming wife of the great American tenor, who was then studying in Florence, introduced me to Miss Pattison, I felt sure beforehand I should be bored and worried.

I looked up and saw—just flushed with a delicious rose—the most bewitching American girl you could ever conceive of.

She had large dark eyes, a dimple in her cheek, and a winning smile that was perfectly irresistible. When she spoke, her face broke into a sea of little ripples; her charm was instantaneous. I was her slave at once. What could the fellows at the club have been thinking about? I asked myself. They told me she was rich—rich, rich. Ill I was sick of it; but they never said she was entrancing, fascinating, incomparable. And yet, I don't wonder they didn't try to describe her, for she went beyond description. Her charm was so elusive. It wasn't her features, though they were small and delicate and clear-cut like a bas-relief with tiny twists and turns that deviated just enough from absolute perfection to save her from the insipidity of regular beauty. It wasn't the blush and smile, that came together to her face the moment you spoke to her, though those of themselves were simply delicious. It wasn't even the archness and vivacity of her talk, nor the modulations of her voice, nor the dainty grace of her manner. It was something far deeper and more original than all these; a sort of spell; a wave that went forth from her eyes and lips, and made you feel you knew what she was going to say before ever she said it. I sat and talked to her for the rest of that afternoon; and when she rose to go she let her hand linger in mine for half a second. "You must come and call on us, Signor Chiari," she said, just flooding me with her smile. Then she added, with one of those spontaneous American bursts that are so very taking, "You're the first Italian I've met who has treated me as if I were a human being."

I raised my eyes, and there, in the corner, I saw Giulio glowering at me.

We walked home together. At the corner of the Ponte Santa Trinita, he turned upon me suddenly. "Look here," he said, in a hurried voice, "the American's my find. If you venture to interfere—" He dashed one hand down angrily. There wasn't a knife in it; but he dashed it as if there were; and my Italian blood sufficed to supply it. "She's a beautiful creature," I answered.

"She has eight million dollars," he retorted; "and—they're mine; so understand that, Marco."

I answered him nothing. So far as I was concerned, he might take the eight million dollars. But as for Miss Pattison herself, I had never met a woman who so deeply impressed me.

A week later, I saw Giulio for a few minutes at the Contessa Bardis'. The American girl was there—and also Maddalena Ricassoli. Maddalena talked to me for a while—we are distantly related, and have known one another from childhood; but her eyes all the time were fixed like steel upon Giulio and Miss Pattison. "Who is that woman?" she asked me at last, as Giulio bent forward with one of his sweetest smiles, showing an even row of pearly-white teeth—the whitest teeth, it was said, in the Italian army.

"Miss Pattison, of Nevada," I answered, "the American heiress." Maddalena's eyes flashed sparks of fire—electric sparks, such as you can only see in a dark Italian girl's eyes when she is mad with jealousy.

"Do you call her pretty?" she asked, drawing back, and pretending to be critical.

"Yes, signorina," I answered. "I do call her pretty."

Her eyes flashed again. "What fools men are!" she answered. "I have heard of this girl. Because she has millions, dug out of Western mines, you all affect to find her beautiful! But for my part, I call her an artificial, smirking, insipid doll!" She leaned back and stared at her.

Her look was so black that Giulio caught it, and hesitated. I could see him glance half round so as to dart a sidelong enquiring appeal towards Maddalena, and then go on again un- easily with his conversation with the American girl. At the same moment, Miss Pattison flashed her light on me, and half drew me towards her. I don't mean that she beckoned me, or even spoke with a raised eyebrow; it was only as if something in the corner of her mouth said mutely, "Come to me!" I made some faint excuse to Maddalena, and strolled across the room—you know those great spacious rooms in the Palazzo Bardis—towards Miss Pattison. As I did so, Giulio sidled off somewhat sheepishly to Maddalena. What they said, I don't know; but if one may judge by looks, I should incline to believe poor Giulio had rather a bad half hour of it.

However, I hadn't much leisure for observing their interview, for Miss Pattison raised her eyes, with the pencilled eyebrows delicately arched, and said simply, "Well?" to me.

There wasn't much in that "Well?" but it somehow spoke straight to me. It meant "You called when I was out, and you haven't called again, though I went so far as to tell you I should like to see you."

I bungled out some stupid answer. "I have been so busy. In my profession, you know—"

"What profession?" She looked up at me with a smile, but there was reproach in her tone, for all its archness.

"I am an advocate," I answered, "a barrister, don't you call it? And the courts are now on; and I have to go—"

"I see." Her look was eloquent. It said "If you wouldn't take the trouble to come and see me, pray don't be at the pains to invent excuses."

I paused for a moment and looked at her. If I had spoken what I thought, it would have been, "You must forgive me for staring at you; you are so charming!"

Her eyes read mine. She needed few words. She smiled serenely, a

dainty dimpled smile, and began again. "And you're not a count," she said merrily.

"No," I answered, "a plain signore."

"Nor a Marchese?" she went on.

"Nor a Marchese," I answered.

"Well, that's a comfort!" she continued. "I get so sick of Marchese. It seems to me every other man you meet in Italy has a handle to his name. It's quite delightful to come across someone original enough to go in for being an ordinary gentleman!"

"Tis no merit on my part," I answered. "I couldn't help it if I wished. I happen to have been born so."

She smiled again, brightly, with the dimples deepening. "Well, you weren't born a lawyer, anyhow," she went on. "That was pure originality. You might have gone in for wearing a big blue coat, like all the rest of them."

"The blue cloaks are very becoming," I said, and glanced across at Giulio.

She looked me through and through. "I prefer a Man," she answered after a pause. And she said it in the voice of a woman who meant it.

I had been in love with Maimie Pattison from the moment I first saw her; I don't quite know when that began; to dawn upon me that she liked me a great deal; but I fancy the discovery dated from that second.

However, what was the good of being in love with eight million dollars—me, a plain Tuscan gentleman, without any blue cloak, or the remotest claim to the title of Marchese? Dozens of English and American girls marry Florentines every year. My friend Ammaati, who is of a painfully statistical turn of mind, keeps a regular register of them; but not a bene that they all marry either a man with a blue cloak or else the right to call themselves Marchesa. I felt it was useless for me to fall in love with Miss Pattison; the more I fell in love with her, the less I allowed myself. For even if she herself rather liked me, as I fancied, her "Momma," I felt sure would never have heard of it. The "Momma" wanted to go home to Nevada, don't you know, and say to her acquaintances, "My daughter, the Marchesa So-and-So." Your American woman who has failed to secure a nobleman for herself loves thus to acquire a vicarious title in the second generation.

So I never thought of Miss Pattison—in that way, I mean—for in another sense I never thought of anything else; she was my one preoccupation. I seldom went near the house, though she often invited me. Once she asked me why, and the Italian in me got the upper hand. "I will tell you why, signorina," I said frankly; "you are a very rich girl, and your mother has designs for you. I love to come here; but if I came here often—we are in Italy, you know, and people would misunderstand it. I do not come because—I respect you too highly."

She looked at me oddly. "I wish," she answered, "you wouldn't respect me quite so much!" And the accent she laid on the word "respect" was simply inimitable.

However, Mrs Pattison was a strategist of the first rank; she managed to get Giulio to the house very often, till at last people began to say in Florentine Florence that Giulio had succeeded in catching the mother of eight millions, which is as good as catching the eight millions themselves; and in American Florence that Mrs Pattison was making a brilliant match for her daughter, who was soon to become the Marchesa Nardini.

Not so very long after I was at the Bardis' again. Maddalena was there. She came up to me, quivering.

"Is this true?" she asked, in a sort of low suppressed hiss which I have never heard from any other human lips except Duse's or Bernhardt's.

"Is that true?" I answered.

She stamped her little foot noiselessly. I felt rather than heard it—that daintily-shod small foot on the soft pile of the carpet.

"Why, this about the American woman," she said, again, with her tongue pressed hard against her

clenched teeth. "Is she going to be married?"

"Though I am a mere man, I ventured to prevaricate. "Not to me," I replied, pretending to misunderstand her.

But, bless you, what's the use of a mere man imagining he can deceive a woman? She looked me through and through, as if she were one of those new-fashioned Röntgen rays, and saw me transparent. Her face flushed angrily. "Don't treat me like a fool," she said, tapping her fan on the table. "You know very well what I mean. Is she going to be married to Giulio Nardini?"

"I don't think so," I replied. "I don't think she cares for Marchese or for blue soldiers' cloaks." And I looked at her pointedly.

Maddalena bit her lip. I could see the Tuscan woman was alive and on fire in her. She moved restlessly off, with her eyes fixed on Giulio.

A day or two later Giulio came up to me beaming. "Well, it's all arranged," he said. "Congratulations me, Marco! I'm to marry the eight millions. We've settled everything."

"The eight millions!" I cried. "And Miss Pattison?" My heart sank; for though I knew it was useless for me to hope for Maimie, I was desperately in love with her.

"Oh, yes," he answered carelessly. "That's all right. Miss Pattison is thrown in. And if one must have a wife, I don't know that one could have a much prettier or more presentable specimen of the encumbrance."

I gazed at him incredulously. "And do you mean to say," I exclaimed, "she has accepted you?"

He paused and stared at me. "She?" he answered. "Oh, well, I haven't fully talked it over with herself just yet; these are delicate points, you see, to discuss with a young lady. But I've asked her mother's consent, and her mother has given it—which, of course, is the really important matter. When a mother says 'yes' all the rest comes easy."

"Do you really mean to say," I answered, "you think an American girl will allow herself to be given away by her mother like that, without even being consulted? I know Miss Pattison, and I'm very much mistaken."

He cut me short coldly. "Oh, if you think it's nothing," he retorted, drawing himself up, and flinging his blue cloak round him with picturesque carelessness, "to receive an offer from a Marchese Nardini, the representative of one of the oldest houses in Tuscany, you don't understand the world—or Miss Pattison—as well as I do, Signore."

When my cousin Giulio begins calling me "Signore," I recognize that conversation has reached breaking-off point, and I govern myself accordingly.

However, for the next few days, nothing was talked of in Florence but the brilliant match that Giulio was going to make with the American millions, or the brilliant match that Miss Pattison was going to make with the Marchese Nardini, according to nationality.

Against my will, at last, I was forced to believe it. I met Miss Pattison on the Lungarno; and congratulated her. She gazed across at me curiously, but she did not contradict it.

"It is a Man," she said again, and then dropped the subject. I confess it gave me a strange heartburn to hear her.

Gradually, however, I was told that her mother differed somewhat from most American mothers in being very imperious, and that, for the sake of peace and quietness, Maimie meant to do as her mother told her. It surprised me, I admit, for that was not at all how her face impressed me; but all the world said so, and, being a fool, I believed it.

"How about Maddalena, though?" I asked Giulio one day.

He turned red and then white. His hand went to his heart, half unconsciously, as if I had stabbed him. "Ah, Maddalena!" he cried. "Maddalena! Why do you remind me of it, amico? I shall break Maddalena's heart, and my own as well. I can never love any woman as I love Maddalena!"

"Have you told Miss Pattison so?" I inquired.

He turned upon me and stared.

"Miss Pattison?" he repeated. "Told her that? Do you take me for an imbecile? But Maddalena! Ah, poor child, I lie awake at nights, when the wind howls, and think of her."

"Then why marry Miss Pattison?" I asked, half smiling.

He shrugged his shoulders and expanded his palms.

"My dear boy," he said, "you were not born a Nardini. You have not thrust upon you the burden of keeping up the dignity of a great historical name, a fifteenth century Palazzo, an ancestral picture gallery, and the honour of the Nardini." Then he drew himself up once more in his most impressive style, crushed his heart down with one hand—and threw his cloak over his shoulder cavalier-wise with the other. "Maddalena is charming," he said, "charming; very charming and attractive; but duty, my dear fellow, duty—and the honour of the Nardini."

Two days later there was a festa in the town. The Prince of Naples or somebody was coming—I take no note of these Sardinian holidays—and all the world was lining the Calzafiori to see him. I stopped at home in my rooms; I hate Florence in festa. However, I had occasion to go downstairs from my chamber to fetch some tobacco from the shop round the corner; and as I came back, when I reached the first floor—my rooms were on the third—I heard a sudden little scuffling sound inside the unoccupied salon there, saw the door open suddenly, and just caught the faint gleam of a brandished knife in the most curious fashion. It was really quite theatrical. Next instant, the door shut again softly, and all was quiet.

I did not see who opened it, but the hand and the dress, I felt sure, were Maddalena Ricassoli's!

I pushed the door open with a violent effort. The person behind resisted stoutly. But I was determined to see who it was, and I did. There, pale and resolute, yet cowering with terror at being discovered, as I anticipated, stood Maddalena.

She retreated into the middle of the empty room, plunged something unseen into the depth of her pocket, and stood facing me, with her hands held down and clasped in front of her.

"Signorina Ricassoli!" I cried, sternly. "What are you doing here alone? For, as you know, it is not usual with us in Florence for young ladies to go out like that, unattended."

She hesitated a second; then, with a sudden impulse, she flung herself at my feet, and clasped my knees imploringly.

"Oh, Signor Chiari," she cried, "be my friend! Have pity upon me! You know why I have come here. Don't turn against me! Help me!"

I guessed what she meant, but I pretended not to understand.

"You have a knife there!" I said, sternly.

She drew it out and admitted it. It was a short, double-edged Neapolitan dagger, of a kind that you can buy at almost any cutler's. But it looked most murderous.

"You meant to use it?" I asked.

She was desperate—and coaxing.

"On him!" she answered. "Yes." And she rose to her feet again. "You will help me, will you not? I knew he would be coming here this afternoon. He is one of the guard of honour, and when the ceremony is all over, he will call round for you as usual. I have watched his ways and know. And then, I meant—" She said not a word more, but, with one petulant little dash, she drove her dagger right through him—in imagination, of course—as she would have done in reality.

"And you expect me to help you in this?" I asked, almost smiling at the childish innocence of her wickedness. It was so very Italian!

She looked up at me, and smiled in return—a sweet enticing smile.

"Yes, you will!" she answered. "You know it plays your own game. That woman is in love with you, but her mother wants her to marry Giulio; and she must obey her mother. If he were out of the way, she might marry you. I could have stabbed her if I liked instead of Giulio; but what if revenge would that be? No, no, it is him I must stab, and that will suit both of us." She laid her hand on my shoulder and looked at me caressingly. "Dear Signore," she went on, "you need know nothing about

all this. I will not compromise you. I only ask you to go away and leave me here. Nobody will guess you have ever seen me. I will explain that I came round to your rooms to catch him because I knew he would call there, and that I hid in the empty apartment below you. All I beg is your silence. Give me that, and I help you to secure the American!"

I reflected hastily that to tell anybody else about this wild escapade would be to expose poor Maddalena; and, judging by our peculiar Italian standard, I really didn't desire to hurt her. Every Italian girl considers she has a right to stab or shoot a lover who deceives her. So I decided to temporise.

"You are quite right," I answered. "Miss Pattison likes me. If Giulio were out of the way, she would most likely accept me. You are playing my game, as you say. Let us make a pact of it. I go back to my rooms, and I keep watch from the windows. When Giulio comes, as he reaches the door, I shall cough very loud. You can jump out then and do what is necessary."

She looked at me for a second to see whether I meant it. Next moment she had flung her arms round my neck and was kissing me wildly. "You are my friend," she said, "I see I can trust you."

And so she could, indeed, though not exactly in the way she expected.

I left the empty room, and shut the door softly. Then, after walking upstairs with my usual tread, I stole silently down again, and went out into the street in search of Giulio. I knew where he would be; I crossed the bridge, and, just as the guard of honour was being dismissed from the doors of the Pitti Palace, I met him.

In a very few words I told him what had happened.

Giulio listened to me, all agog. And now here is where the Italian psychology comes into it. For a moment he was incredulous. He drew himself up, delighted. "No; did she say that," he cried, "my Maddalena?"

"She did," I answered; "and she's waiting to stab you in the room this moment."

"Dear girl!" Giulio cried again. "How sweet of her! How charming! The honour of the Nardini indeed! The American eight millions! How could I ever have weighed them in the balance for one second against a girl like that? Why, Marco, she would have stabbed me—and they would have imprisoned her for life for it!"

"They would," I answered. "Undoubtedly."

Giulio hugged himself visibly.

"There's a girl," he exclaimed. "There's a girl for you! Such things show a man how much there may be in a woman. To think I should ever have dreamt of throwing her over for the American millions! Marco, I'll go off this minute and speak to her!"

"Better let somebody else go first and disarm her," I suggested.

"Oh, no," he answered, beaming. "I can manage her—thank you—the dear good child! So she would stab me, would she? How sweet of her! How sweet! That's what I call a woman!"

We walked back again together. Giulio stole up the stairs quite noiselessly. At the first floor, of a sudden, he broke open the door, caught Maddalena in his arms, seized her wrist, wrenched away the dagger, flung it

across the room, and then proceeded to smother her with kisses.

Maddalena held herself aloof, and tried to escape from him. "Go back to your American woman!" she cried. But already, in her tone, I could detect relenting.

"Never!" Giulio cried fervently. "Never! Never, my darling! Marco has told me all! The American woman is dismissed! She may go home to her mines! I have nothing to do with her! My pearl, my jewel, my queen of girls, you are worth the entire population of America!"

"You give her up?" Maddalena cried.

"I give her up? Why, of course I never really meant it! But, Maddalena, you loved me? You would have stabbed me, my darling?"

She broke from his arms, and held her hand out, clapping an imaginary dagger. "I would have stabbed you," she answered, making two or three vicious thrusts at him, "so—so—my Giulio!"

He regarded her admiringly. "You angel!" he exclaimed. "And you knew they would have imprisoned you for life, my darling?"

She nestled against him. "What did I care?" she asked. "Without you, all the world is a prison, Giulio!"

He clasped her hard again. But for the interests of propriety—very strict in Tuscany—I would have judged it best to leave them alone for a few minutes at this juncture. As it was, I unwound them as gently as I could manage. "Signorina," I said, "don't you think the time has come when you had better return for the present to your mother?"

They looked at one another as if they could never part. I separated them with my hands. They rushed back and embraced again. It was quite a little comedy. However, I insisted—being the only person there with a shred of common-sense left in him by this time; and, after several reluctant farewells and renewed clasplings, I succeeded in disengaging Maddalena from her lover and inducing her to go home in a covered cab to her mother's palace. Before she went, however, she picked up the dagger, and both of them kissed it with the utmost solemnity.

And did they get married? Oh, yes, they're married right enough! And so am I also. For, as it happened, within a week or two, it turned out that the American heiress's father had "gone bust" on the Stock Exchange, and that his enormous wealth was largely fiction.

And when I mustered up courage, under these circumstances, to propose to Maimie, she merely smiled, and took my hand in hers. "I told you I preferred a Man," was all she said to me.

"And your mother?" I asked. She looked down at me and laughed. "I never thought of asking her," she answered quietly.

Anger not the prophet Wragge
By scoffing at his tales,
He may untie 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.

CEREBOS

TABLE SALT

Makes all the Food
more strengthening.

From Grocers and Stores. Wholesale Agents—L. B. Nathan & Co., Auckland.

Stamp Collecting.

A writer in one of the philatelic journals states: "There is a general demand for stamps, and intellectual people will collect them as long as the world lasts."

Queen Victoria stamps will be issued in Grenada till the end of the present year. The remainder will then be destroyed, and the new issue, bearing the head of King Edward, will be placed on sale.

The over-print "Servicio Interno," struck in 1899 on the 1-cent lilac grey Guatemala stamp of 1897, was a fraudulent addition made on 1000 stamps by some unauthorised individual for the benefit of stamp collectors.

The first notice in print of stamp collecting was in the "London Family Herald," as far back as March 22, 1851. A collector offered four used penny English stamps for a cut envelope. In 1862 the first illustrated catalogue of stamps was issued by a Mr. Booty, of Brighton.

The Earl of Crawford, K.T., has been elected vice-president of the London Philatelic Society, the Prince of Wales being president. The Earl is a most enthusiastic stamp-collector, a trustee of the British Museum, and, what is more, attends regularly the meetings of the society.

An Auckland gentleman at present on a visit to the Old Country took with him his stamp collection, as well as his duplicates, which included numerous island stamps. The mail this week brought out news that he had already sold over £100 worth of duplicates without touching his main collection. Probably that will go also before he returns, and then his plea-

sure trip will have been more than paid for by the bobby at which some of his friends used to scoff.

On June 23 the Egyptian Government invited tenders for 250,700 foreign and Egyptian stamps, that had been detached from undelivered correspondence and parcel despatch notes destroyed at the expiration of the regulation period. Amongst the stamps were about 209,000 Egyptian postal stamps of recent issues, 36,000 unpaid letter stamps of Egypt, 4700 Sudan stamps, and a few thousand German, Austrian and Swiss.

Attention has been drawn in the "American Journal of Philately" to a variety of the 1900 issue of German stamps. It is stated that of the 25, 30, 40, 50 and 80 pf. a few sheets were first printed showing the word "Reichspost" in the same size and thickness of the letters as in the one-coloured values (3, 5, 10 and 20 pf.), but this size of print turned out to be too large for the tablet accorded to it, and was therefore reduced. Some of the sheets in the first print were handed over to the Imperial Postal Museum, and its authorities used them for payment to dealers. Some of the latter, not noticing the difference, used them for franking purposes.

Here is an example of the tricks of those who wish to trap the unwary stamp-collector. The publishers of Stanley Gibbons' "Monthly Journal" received, amongst a lot of other stamps, some 5 cent Colombian, of type 55, printed in red on pale azure, laid, and on black and blue wove papers, and a 10-cent of type 53, in black on yellow, all rather roughly perforated. Examination showed that the lines in the laid paper run diagonally, which gave us a clue to the origin of these things. There was no doubt that they were cut from the envelopes issued some years

back for the railway and river postal services, and then perforated. "McKeel's Weekly" states that these envelopes are all obsolete, so that the stamps may have been cut out and issued as adhesives.

"For years prior to November, 1895, the stamps of India were used in Zanzibar, and there was apparently a large correspondence between that district and India, especially to Bombay. This fact has been taken advantage of by the forgers, who collected genuine Indian stamps, with Zanzibar postmarks, and generally illegible dates, and forged the word "Zanzibar" upon them. The fact that the black ink of the surcharge is over the black ink of the postmark is extremely difficult to decide, but luckily the forged surcharges have been clumsily made, and can easily be detected."—Stanley Gibbons' "Monthly Journal."

PINK PILLS IN PARLIAMENT

AMUSING REFERENCE IN THE SELECT COMMITTEE ON NEWSPAPER TRAINS.

An interesting war of words disturbed the sedate session of the Parliamentary Committee on newspapers, sitting in Sydney last week.

Mr S. Cook, the manager of the "Sydney Morning Herald" and the "Sydney Mail," proved a hard nut to crack. His sharp answers provoked answers equally sharp from the sturdy labour champion, Mr A. H. Griffith, who occupied the chair.

Incidentally the Chairman illustrated a smart retort by a witty reference to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

The reference was not only amusing, but apt, as can be seen from the dialogue taken from the reports in the Sydney dailies.

Mr Cook was being examined by Mr Dacey, member for Botany, who asked him if he did not consider newspapers a necessity?

Mr Cook: Yes; a newspaper is a necessity of the time.
Mr Dacey: So is food.

Mr Cook: Food is a necessity no doubt, but a newspaper is a necessity just like a post-office. A newspaper is a necessity of responsible government.

Chairman Griffith: We don't want an essay on newspapers.
Mr Cook: I'm not giving you an essay, Chairman Griffith: We might as well have an essay on Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The retort was right to the point. It is as useless to argue about newspapers being a necessity of civilization as it would be to argue at length about the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all who are suffering from any blood trouble or nerve disorder. Neither the daily papers nor Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a matter for argument, the value of both is an established fact. Newspapers are continually quoted by the leading statesmen throughout Australia, and now we have Dr. Williams' Pink Pills used to add a point to Parliamentary argument.

This is by no means the first instance of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills being quoted in Parliament. Recent South African mails tell how a speaker in the Legislative Assembly of Natal created a good deal of mirth by drawing an elaborate comparison between an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the policy of the Colonial Government.

The Hon. George T. Fulford, by the way, the chief proprietor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, is a prominent member of the Canadian Parliament. He was the first who recognized publicly the wonderful blood-building properties of these pills. Instances in which they cured the most stubborn cases of anaemia, indigestion, palpitation, nervousness, rheumatism, and other diseases which have their common origin in bad blood or disordered nerves, came to Mr Fulford's notice, and he quickly bought the prescription from the discoverer, Dr. Williams, the renowned graduate of Edinburgh University. Mr Fulford then threw all his energies into making his great blood-building remedy known. By persistently advertising, not his own arguments, but the plain, truthful statements of those who have been cured, Mr Fulford made Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a household remedy in every country in the world. Thousands of his testimonials are now printed in sixty different languages. He is recognized as one of the ablest men in the Dominion of Canada. About five years ago he was raised to the Canadian Senate; so that there is now a precedent for "Pink Pills in Parliament" in each of the three great self-governing colonies of Great Britain. Senator Fulford, the mainspring of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, is now one of the right hand men of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, G.C.M.G., who has just been attending Mr Chamberlain's Colonial Conference, with Sir Edmund Barton, Sir John Forrest, and that doughty Imperial democrat, Hon. Richard Seddon.

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.

Hearne's Bronchitis Cure

THE FAMOUS REMEDY FOR

COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA and CONSUMPTION.

HAS THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY CHEST MEDICINE IN AUSTRALIA.

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Sufferers from any form of Bronchitis, Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and immediate relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a Complete Cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice, and it neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become chronic, nor Consumption to develop. Consumption has never been known to exist where "Coughs" have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a Complete Cure is certain.

A Lady in London.

MARTYR TO COLDS AND BRONCHIAL ASTHMA. CURED BY ONE BOTTLE OF HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

THE DOCTOR SO INTERESTED THAT HE CARRIED OFF THE EMPTY BOTTLE.

"Mr. Hearne,— I enclose for your own private personal portion of a letter received from my mother, Mrs. [Name], of London, England, from which you will glean that your medicine has been a perfect Godsend to a martyr to colds and bronchial asthma. I do not wish any names to be mentioned, but you are at liberty to make use of any portion of this letter you choose, and you can confidently refer anybody to me. I heard of your excellent remedy, and sent it to England. You can see for yourself what an immense success it was. Yours faithfully, [Name], Extract from letter above:— You will be interested in hearing that I think the Bronchitis Cure really cured me. It was ordered when it arrived, and I immediately saw to it. That was last Friday, and it has quite cured me. Dr. [Name] is very much interested in it. He came yesterday, and carried off the empty bottle to find out if he could get a full one from a chemist who is in a large way here. The names are withheld from publication, but will be applied privately when desired."

AGONISING COUGH.

NINE MONTHS' TORTURE.

RELIEVED BY ONE DOSE OF HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE, AND CURED BY TWO BOTTLES.

"Dergham, Victoria. "Dear Sir,— I wish to add my testimony to the wonderful effect of your Bronchitis Cure, and to certify that it was perfectly and rapidly successful under circumstances which undoubtedly prove its distinct healing power. Suffered by the low, dry SINCERELY, [Name], Geelong, and fifty-nine other leading residents."

Consumption.

TOO ILL TO LEAVE HIS BED.

A COMPLETE CURE.

"Mr. W. G. Hearne, Dear Sir,— I am writing to tell you about the wonderful cure your medicine has effected in my case. About three years ago I began to cough. At first the cough was dry, but it gradually got worse, and I became very weak and troubled with night sweats, pain in my chest, and great quantities of phlegm. Several doctors were consulted, and the treatment had been tried, but without benefit. It was at this stage that I heard of your Bronchitis Cure, and sent to you for a course of the medicine. When it arrived I was too ill to leave my bed, but I commenced taking it at once, and gradually improved. I am glad to say that the two bottles of medicine you sent have effected a complete cure, for which accept my very best thanks. Yours gratefully, [Name], Westminster Bridge Road, S.E., London."

Severe Cough.

A FIVE YEARS' CASE.

RELIEVED AT ONCE AND COMPLETELY CURED BY HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

"Dear Sir,— I suffered from severe colds on the chest with cough, for five years, and during that time got treated from different sources, but derived no benefit until I used your Bronchitis Cure. It was sufficient for three days, and completely cured me. I am delighted with it. It is really a wonderful medicine; does good at once, and can't beicker. Yours sincerely, [Name], Melbourne, Victoria."

A Child's Seven Months Old.

A SUFFERER FROM BIRTH.

CURED BY A BOTTLE OF HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

"Mr. W. G. Hearne, Dear Sir,— Kindly forward me a small bottle of your Bronchitis Cure as soon as possible, as I cannot speak above a whisper, owing to a cold. Had a bottle sent you before for my little girl when she was seven months old. She had been suffering from bronchitis from her birth, and now she is three years old, and has not had a return of it since. It is a splendid medicine for bronchitis or colds of any sort. I remain, yours truly, [Name], Violet Town, Victoria."

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

- "I used your Bronchitis Cure for three of my family, and it cured each of them in from one to three doses.—A. MULLINS, Cowra's Creek, Victoria."
"Your Bronchitis Cure relieved my son wonderfully quick. I only gave him four doses, and he was as well as the medicine yet; but I am sending for another bottle in case I should want it.—D. McDONALD, Trariki, via Geraldine, New South Wales."
"Your Bronchitis Cure is a wonderful medicine.—A. E. SIMMONS, No. 7, Renny Street, Paddington, Sydney."
"My wife is 87 years old, and I am 79, and I am glad to inform you that your Bronchitis Cure has done us both a wonderful deal of good, it having quickly cured us both.—R. DASSETT, Blain Creek, via Broadford, Victoria."
"I have used one bottle of your Bronchitis Cure with great benefit to myself, as my bronchitis has completely left me.—(Mrs.) JOHN HAZELLY, Geelong, Victoria."
"I have found your Bronchitis Cure a splendid medicine.—JOHN MADDEN, Skipton, Victoria."
"I have finished the Bronchitis Cure you sent, and am amazed at what it has done in the time. The difficulty of breathing has all gone.—J. HALLINGTON, Hingeport, Mornidale, N.S.W."
"Your cough, but as it was, disappeared after five doses.—C. J. CURRIE, Solicitor, Victoria Chambers, Queen Street, Melbourne."
"Intely administered some of your Bronchitis Cure to a son of mine, with splendid effect. The cure was absolutely instantaneous.—F. J. PACKER, Quera, Neutral Bay, Sydney, N.S.W."
"Your Bronchitis Cure, as usual, acted splendidly.—C. H. BRADFOUR, Casterton, Victoria."
"Kindly forward another bottle of your famous Bronchitis Cure without delay, as I find it to be a most valuable medicine.—(Mrs.) J. SLATER, Warragul, Victoria."
"I am very pleased with your Bronchitis Cure. The result was marvellous. It eased me right off at once.—G. SEYLER, Bourke, New South Wales."
"Your medicine for asthma is worth 20/- a bottle.—W. LETTIS, Heywood, Victoria."
"I have tried lots of medicine, but yours is the best I ever had. I am recommending it to everybody.—S. STELLER, Yankoo Spring, New South Wales."
"I suffered from chronic asthma and bronchitis, for which I obtained no relief until I tried your medicine, but I can truly say that I am astonished at my present freedom, as a direct result of my brief trial.—JOHN G. KELIANNEY, Severa River, via Inverell, N.S.W."
"Last year I suffered severely from bronchitis, and the doctor, to whom I paid seven guineas, did not do me any good; but I heard of your Bronchitis Cure, and two bottles of it made me quite well.—H. RUDD, Brooklands, Avoca Street, South Yarra, Melbourne."
"Please send me half a dozen of your Bronchitis Cure. This medicine cured me in the winter, and has now cured a friend of mine of a very bad bronchitis.—A. ALLEN, Ozona House, Lorne, Victoria."
"Your Bronchitis Cure has done me much good. This is a new experience, for all the medicine I previously took made me much worse. I am satisfied that the two bottles of Bronchitis Cure got from you have relieved me through a long and dangerous illness.—HENRY WUOLFE, Ainslie, near Boroong, Victoria."
"The bottle of Bronchitis Cure I got from you was magical in its effects.—CHAS. WYBROU, Enod's Point, via Darlingford, Victoria."

Gratitude and Appreciation.

- HUNDREDS CURED IN THEIR OWN CIRCLE.
"The 'Scientific Australian' Office.
"Dear Mr. Hearne.—The silent workers are frequently the most effective, and if there is anybody in Victoria who during the last few years has been repeatedly working for and giving the praises of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, it is our Mr. Phillips.
"This gentleman, some three years ago, was recommended to try your Bronchitis Cure by Mr. Harrison, accountant, Collins Street, and the effect that it had was so marked that he has ever since been continually recommending it to others.
"We are glad to add this our testimony to the value of Hearne's most valuable Bronchitis Cure, which has cured the sufferer of hundreds and hundreds of people even in our own circle of acquaintance.
"Believe us always to be,
"Yours most faithfully,
"PHILIPPS, OMBONDE & CO."
"Queensland Testimony.
"FROM BRISBANE WHOLESALE CHEMISTS.
"63, Queen Street, Brisbane, Queensland.
"Dear Mr. W. G. Hearne,— I enclose you a 25 dozen Bronchitis Cure by sea boat. We enclose our cheque to cover amount ordered.
"Yours often hear your Bronchitis Cure spoken well of. A gentleman told us to-day that he had given it to a child of his with most remarkable result, the child being quite cured by three doses.
"Yours faithfully yours,
"ELMCHAMBER & CO.,
"Wholesale Chemists."

Cured in Ten Days.

THE EDITOR OF THE OLDEST NEWSPAPER IN VICTORIA EXPRESSING GRATEFUL APPRECIATION.
"W. G. Hearne, Esq., Dear Sir,— Permit me to express my grateful appreciation of the value of your Bronchitis Cure. I had some months ago a severe attack of Bronchitis, and took your medicine, with the result that at the end of ten days the complaint had completely left me. We are now happy to add that the cure has lasted, and at the first indication of a cold it has been with immediate curative effect. I am, my dear Sir, yours faithfully,
"R. QUARRELL,
"Editor 'Geelong Advertiser.'"

A Five Years' Case.

CURED BY ONE SMALL BOTTLE.
"Mr. W. G. Hearne,—
"Dear Sir,— Kindly send me one large bottle of your Bronchitis Cure. I am more than pleased with the result of your medicine, and my little girl, who had been suffering for five years, and now I do not feel as though I could do without it.
"Yours truly,
"AGNES E. KENNEDY,
"Bothage, Victoria."

A Seven Years' Case.

EXPECTORATING BLOOD AND MATTER. COMPLETELY CURED.
"Mr. W. G. Hearne,—
"Dear Sir,— Your medicine has cured me of bronchitis and asthma, from which I suffered for upwards of seven years during which period I was nearly ever free from cough, and frequently the difficulty of breathing was so oppressive that for nights I was unable to lie down. I was very much distressed, and at the time I obtained your medicine I had no other remedy, but a most violent cough, expectorating blood and matter, and apparently beyond hope of recovery. The first dose of the medicine gave me welcome relief, and I steadily improved as I continued the treatment until I became, as I am now, quite well.
"Yours sincerely,
"R. WALKER,
"Dalmatin, Sydney."

Asthma.

PREVIOUS TREATMENT FAILED. A SEVENTEEN YEARS' CASE. CURED BY THREE BOTTLES.
"Mr. Alex. J. Anderson, of Oak Park, Queensland, writes:— 'For several years I was a sufferer from asthma, and having been under a great many different treatments without benefit, I was induced to try Hearne's Bronchitis Cure. It was a Godsend, and I have since used it with great benefit to the asthma, and since then, which was in the beginning of 1898, I have not had the slightest return of it. This medicine quite cured me and I have much pleasure in recommending it.'
"Writing again on the 4th April, 1900, he states:— 'I am keeping very well now. Never having the slightest return of the asthma.'"

Three Cases Completely Cured by One Bottle of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

SEVERE COLD, WITH LOSS OF VOICE, CURED BY HALF A BOTTLE.
A SUPPLY SENT TO A RELATIVE IN ENGLAND.
"Dear Sir,— I am very much pleased with the effect of your Bronchitis Cure. Last winter three of my children had very bad coughs, and one bottle cured the three of them. The youngest also had such a severe cold that she continually lost her voice, but half a bottle cured her. I always keep it in the house now, and recommend it to anyone requiring a medicine of that kind.
"I now want to send you four bottles to England to my mother, who is suffering greatly from bronchitis. The address is enclosed.
"Yours gratefully,
"JOHN B. MORTIMER."

The relative in England, who is 80 years old, also cured by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

WAS A GREAT SUFFERER. HAD NOT WALKED FOR TWELVE MONTHS. ALWAYS WALKS NOW, AND IS QUITE WELL. FEELS STRONGER THAN SHE HAS DONE FOR YEARS.

"B. Watson Street, Burton-on-Trent, Staffordshire, England.
"Mr. W. G. Hearne, Geelong.—
"Dear Sir,— Your letter and Bronchitis Cure in hand quite safe. I am sure you will be glad to know that your Bronchitis Cure has quite cured me. I was very glad when it came, as I was suffering from a severe attack of Bronchitis at the time it arrived. I had sent for my own doctor, but had had but one night's rest for a week. I started taking the Bronchitis Cure three times a day, and in a few days the cough was so much better. At the end of a week I only took it twice a day, and then only every night for a week, as I felt very much better, when, thanks to the Lord for adding His blessing, I was quite well, and walked into town and back without feeling any fatigue. I had not done that previously for twelve months. At last I feel in the position as before, and can sleep and eat and drink as usual. I always walk now and never feel it, and I am sure that it has been for years. I thank you very much for the great kindness in sending the medicine, and am, dear Sir,
"Yours very truly,
"M. MORTIMER."

Extract from a letter above written by the same lady to her son, Mr. John S. Lortimer, Lonsdale, Kangaroo, Victoria.

HER DAUGHTER HAD BEEN VERY ILL. SHITTING UP BLOOD. THE DOCTOR SAID NOTHING MORE COULD BE DONE.

CURED BY HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.
The extract runs as follows: 'As for myself, thank the Lord, I am feeling stronger than I have for years. I had an attack of bronchitis in November, but Hearne's Bronchitis Cure was again successful. I feel quite well, and walk to town, feeling quite strong.
"I want to say to you that the six bottles more of the medicine, as I wish to have a supply in the house. I have tried to get it made up here, and let my doctor have a bottle to send to my mother. He told me the medicine was of no use. He never saw anything like it before, so there is only one thing for me to do for it, and that is to have it sent to my mother. I have never kept in bed one day since I commenced to take it. I used to be in bed a fortnight at a time always, and after that for months. I was weak as could possibly be, and was always taking cold over all, so you will see at once it is quite worth your sending for it, such is the disease.
"Something more I must tell you. Charlotte has been very ill since I wrote you. Her cough was so bad she never had a night's rest, and was sitting up three days much. The doctor told her husband that there was nothing more he could do for her, so on the Sunday I sent her half a bottle of the Bronchitis Cure, and told her to try it, and if she did not use it, and to waste it, but she used it, and was again successful. I was always taking cold over all, so you will see at once it is quite worth your sending for it, such is the disease.
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"Yours very truly,
"John S. Lortimer, Lonsdale, Kangaroo, Victoria."

12 Years' Agony.

DISTRESSING, SUFFOCATING, DRY COUGH ENTIRELY REMOVED BY SIX DROPS. NO OTHER TREATMENT COULD EVEN EASE IT.
"Dear Sir,— My wife was for twelve years a sufferer from a most distressing and suffocating dry cough, which could not be removed or even eased by any remedy, but your Bronchitis Cure, and patient treatment, having been tried, but I am happy to say that the cough, pain in the chest, and difficulty of breathing, etc., were entirely removed by the six drops of your Bronchitis Cure.—I remain, my wife most respectfully,
"WILLIAM CROCKETT,
"Elmer's Swamp P.O., via Drogheda, N.S. Wales."

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Uganda—Old and New.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the interest and value of Sir Harry Johnston's two fine volumes upon the Protectorate which for 20 months he administered. Anyone who takes up the book will hardly be a "reader" in the strict sense for an hour or two, since the fascination of the wonderful array of pictures of strange men, beasts, and scenes will probably prove irresistible. There are no fewer than 506 splendid illustrations from drawings and photographs, together with forty-eight coloured plates and nine maps.

"Within an area of some 150,000 square miles," says Sir Harry, this portion of the British Empire contains "nearly all the wonders, most of the extremes, the most signal beauties, and some of the horrors of the Dark Continent."

"In this Protectorate there are forests of a tropical luxuriance only to be matched in parts of the Congo Free State and the Cameroons. Probably in no part of Africa are there such vast woods of conifers. There are other districts as hideously desert and void of any form of vegetation as the worst part of the Sahara. There is the largest continuous area of marsh to be met with in any part of Africa, and perhaps also the most considerable area of table-land and mountain rising continuously above 6000ft. Here is probably reached the highest point on the whole of the African Continent—namely, the loftiest snow peak of the Ruwenzori range. Here is the largest lake in Africa, which gives birth to the main branch of the longest river in that continent. . . .

"Within the limits of this Protectorate are to be found specimens of nearly all the most marked types of African man—Congo Pygmies, and

the low ape-like types of the Elgon and Semitiki forests, the handsome Bahima, who are negroids as much related to the ancient Egyptians as to the average Negro, the gigantic Turkana, the wiry, stunted Andorobo, the Apollo-like Masai, the naked Nile tribes, and the scrupulously clothed Baganda. . . .

"Cannibalism lingers in the western corners of the Protectorate; while the natives of other parts are importing tinned apricots, or are prating and publishing in their own language summaries of their past history. This is the country of the okapi, the whale-headed stork, the chimpanzee, and the five-horned giraffe, the rhinoceroses with the longest horns, and the elephants with the biggest tusks."

Such is the wonderland of which Sir Harry Johnston describes in minute detail the physical geography, botany, zoology, anthropology, languages, history, present condition and prospects. If the volumes are a teeming sea for the specialist's net, the general reader may dip almost anywhere and bring up something to please him. Perhaps it will be the account of that gorgeous and mysterious giraffe-zebra (to speak unscientifically), the okapi, which no white man has yet seen alive, but whose skin Sir Harry Johnston acquired and sent to the British Museum; or of the sudd, those huge masses of vegetable obstruction which have hitherto choked the Upper Nile, and the cutting of which by Major Penke was, according to Sir Harry, "one of the most creditable actions which white civilisation has produced in Africa."

Most interesting of all, however, is the study of all sorts and conditions of black men which fills the second volume. There are the Pygmies (average height of a man, 4ft. 9ins., of a woman, 4ft. 6ins.), in some ways as near to the beast as any men now surviving, but withal remarkably sharp little people. When we read

how, in return for bananas left out for them at night, they will leave presents of meat, or clear weeds, or drive mischievous baboons away from their benefactor's ground during the dark, and how a Negro mother sometimes finds a Pygmy baby by her in the morning in place of her own child, we must admit the close parallel with northern tales of elves and gnomes and fairy changelings, and agree with Sir Harry Johnston that these very probably had their origin in the Puckish tricks of some similar dwarf race.

Contrast with these the lanky Nile Negroes who carry their resemblance to the stork so far as to stand motionless on one leg for an hour at a time; or those fine warriors, the "giddy Masai." Among them, by the way, it is the worst of ill-luck to speak of a dead person by name or to address anybody directly by his own name, and the greatest of compliments to spit at a man.

But we can say no more here as to the manners and customs of any of these peoples, for a word or two must be said of Sir Harry Johnston's references to the new Uganda, the vindication of our annexation of the country.

In answer to "the earnest philanthropist"—or in other words, as Sir Harry Johnston humorously says, "the editor of 'Truth,'"—he shows first that, if the annexation of Uganda has involved a war or two and a certain amount of bloodshed, at that cost we have saved an infinite number of lives and ended untold horrors. Fiends like Mwangi's father, Mutesa, who would slaughter a favourite wife for being so disrespectful as to offer him a nice ripe fruit, and that African Solomon, Kabarega, of Unyoro (father of 700 children, according to his own boast), who was never happier than when barbarously annihilating his neighbours are now no more. Human sacrifices and horrible mutilation of human victims are abolished; Christianity and white civilisation are

abolishing the reckless immorality, the starvation epidemics and famines that were slaying their tens of thousands, and education, happiness, and progress are making great strides.

In Uganda itself the commercial prospects are bright. Gold has not yet been found, but the animal and vegetable resources of the country, with india-rubber at their head, are more than promising. Above all, the Uganda Railway will make Uganda. In ten years Sir Harry calculates the railway will support itself, and the Uganda and East African Protectorate should begin to pay off the ten millions and a half that they will have cost us.

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.

MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY OF EXPERIENCE

OUR GUARANTEE ARE BACK OF EVERY WATERPROOF OILED COAT
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TO

THEIR MAJESTIES

THE

King and Queen





CHILDREN'S PAGE.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—You have given us some good ideas for the bazaar, and you are giving grand prizes. Will there be a fancy-work competition? Table-centres, tray-cloths, sideboard-covers, etc. I can do a little fancy-work. If we make frames do we have to make the foundation that is covered? I suppose that is only fair. Perhaps some cousins draw; but then the drawings mightn't sell. One more question, May cousins who don't live in the country send pot-plants? I hope you don't mind all my questions, but I do not know anything about rules yet. I hope our stall will be one of the best, as there are so many cousins, and we can send you things, even if they are not for competition, may we not? Cousin Role wrote a good long letter, full of news, too. She is having a grand time. You are always right, Cousin Kate, I did enjoy "A Princess of Thule," and am going to read "MacLeod of Dare." I have finished "The Right of Way," and "By Berwen Banks," they are both good stories, but by different authors, and I don't mean they resemble each other at all. I did not write last week because I simply had nothing to tell you. The person who was getting up the picnic was ill on Saturday, so we couldn't go. This is the third and last week of the holidays, and it has cleared up again, so we are quite lucky. I will post this letter in time, as I must be rather a bother to you when they are late. Not many cousins are writing just now, but Cousin Beth is very regular. I wish she would tell us the name of her prize book in her next letter, and the author, too. Don't you think Cousin Dora's idea of wearing our badge on our hat is a good one, Cousin Kate? I must put mine on, and I wish all the cousins would. It would be quite interesting if we saw a girl with a badge on her hat, and we could speak to each other perhaps. I am sure I would not be able to help it. I am sorry Cousin Dora has been ill; we used to know her very well, and we still write to each other, so we feel more sorry than if we did not know her. As there is nothing left to tell you, and my letter is getting untidy about the writing, I must stop.—With love from Cousin Alison.

[Dear Cousin Alison,—Your long and most interesting letter gave me great pleasure, and will, I am sure, be appreciated by all the other cousins. I think you should wear your badges, and certainly talk to one cousin you meet with one. I felt sure you would like "A Princess of Thule." Try and get the "Adventures in a Phaeton," "White Wings," and "Madcap Violet," though the last-named ends very sadly, which sets many people against it. I will send you the pictures if you decide to try framing. Certainly, there will be a prize for fancy-work if enough cousins send in I hope they will. I am sure. Mine you try anyway, for even if there is no prize—if no one else competes—you will have done a kind and useful work for a great and worthy object, and that always gives one a pleasant feeling, does it not? —Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—No doubt you think I have forgotten you; but, indeed, that is not so. I always take a great interest in the

children's page, but my letters are always so uninteresting that I do not like to write too often. I was very pleased to see another long letter from Cousin Role in yesterday's "Graphic." What a delightful time she must surely be having. I should like very much to do something for the Maori Girls' School Bazaar, but am very much afraid I shall not be able to. I am not clever at sewing, and can do no fancy-work of any kind; in fact, I am no good at anything except talking, and Willie, my brother, considers me somewhat of a champion at that. I haven't any news worth writing, so will conclude now with love to yourself and all the cousins.—I remain your fond cousin, Ethel Ada.

[Dear Cousin Ethel Ada,—Perhaps amongst your brother's friends there is someone you could persuade to make a few frames? If so, I will send you some really nice pictures. I do wish you would try. I do so want to get a heap of things for the bazaar.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I expect both yourself and all the cousins will be wondering what has become of me. But we only arrived here a week ago, and have been ever since putting things straight. Mother and I were a month in Auckland. I ought to have written more while we were there, but we expected every day to be leaving for Waiuku, so I thought I would write when I got here. I think I will like the place, but it has not the beauties of Whangaroa, for, instead of a beautiful harbour, there is nothing here, as far as the eye can see, but mudflat when the tide is out, and when it is in there is only just depth enough for the steamer to come in. The drive here in the coach from the railway is rather tiring, but you see some very nice country. When we were coming we came by coach, but it was rather rough, as once, when the coach tipped on one side, the mail hamper fell off and burst open. I felt as if I was at sea once more, and I suffered in the same way. I am glad the Maori Girls' bazaar is not going to take place yet for a while, as it will give the cousins more time to try and make something. I bought a doll while in Auckland, and some silk to dress it with, and I will help in any other way I can. Don't you think it would be a grand idea to have cards like we have for the cot, and go about collecting. I would like one if they could be got. I would like to come up to Auckland for the bazaar, and mother says perhaps I might, as it is not far, and only takes four hours by coach and train. I do hope you will forgive me, dear Cousin Kate, for being so naughty and not writing before, but now that I have started I will try and not miss. What a nice long letter Cousin Role wrote. I did enjoy reading it so much. I expect it will be a long time before they are back if they have taken a flit. Fancy going to the Prince and Princess of Wales' house for lunch. What a grand sight she would see there on Coronation Day. Is she not a lucky girl, dear Cousin Kate? I long to see my dear cats again. I miss Snowball and Kitty so much. I hear nearly every week from my friends in Whangaroa, and they tell me how Snowball is getting on. Good-night, dear

Cousin Kate, ever your loving cousin, Ha. P.S.—It is my birthday next Saturday, 20th September, and I will be 13 years old.

[Dear Cousin Ha,—So you have arrived at Waiuku. I quite understand you will miss the scenery of the Whangaroa Harbour, which an artist friend of mine considers for the most beautiful in the North. Of course you could not be expected to write in the bustle and worry of moving. You are very good about the bazaar, and I will think of some way of availing myself of the help you so kindly offer.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I think it is about time I wrote to you. I hope you enjoyed your Coronation holiday as I did. I had a splendid time. Two coaches came down from the Thames for all us school children. You said in one of your letters to my sister that you had been through Tapu. How long ago was that? As we have only been down here seven years in October. We have got another school-teacher here now; his name is Mr. P. Moores. I like him very much. It is such a lovely day, only it is a bit too hot. I have not got word yet whether I have passed my musical examination. I am just craving over ping-pong. My sisters and a few other girls are thinking of getting up a ping-pong club. I suppose you are in one. It is a splendid pastime. We are getting our bicycle settled again, as the roads are drying up nicely now. I have started collecting stamps. I have got four hundred and fifty now. There are plenty of lambs about. They almost tell you that it is spring. I will now bring this letter to a close. Hoping you will forgive me for not writing before, although I have started two or three letters and have not finished them. With love to yourself and all the cousins. I remain, your loving cousin, Millie.

Dear Cousin Millie,—As you will see, a whole lot of the cousins have commenced to write again. Others will be sure to follow, and we shall be quite gay again. I do not play ping-pong; but everybody else I know does. It seems very, very popular. My eyes are unfortunately not good enough. Stamp collecting is very interesting, and, if you get a good collection, profitable as well; so keep it up.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I suppose you think I have forgotten you. I am sorry I could not keep up regular correspondence with you, but I will try to do so in future. I received the badge, and think it very pretty. I passed my examination, and I am in the sixth standard. I am going up for a scholarship in December. We are having very bad weather at present, and the roads of Grey Lynn are in a terrible state. I shall ask Cousins' Essie and Bessie to write if possible. I have no more to say at present, so I must close.—I remain, yours truly, Cousin Jessie.

[Dear Cousin Jessie,—Your very welcome little letter greatly delighted me, especially as you promised to try and write more often in the future. I hope you will be successful in persuading Cousins Essie and Bessie to write again. Summer will not be so very long coming now, and then we shall have clearer roads I hope.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I suppose you are wondering when I am going to write again, but I have two very good reasons for not writing. The first reason is that I have not had anything to write about, and the second is that I have been in bed again with influenza. I will try and be regular now, as I have started again. Last Friday evening I went to a dance, the breaking-up of our dancing class, and had a lovely time. It was a plain and fancy dress ball, and was kept on till one o'clock. There was a very good advertisement for "Sylvia starch." It was a little boy dressed in a white shirt, with pictures of Sylvia starch



Cousins' Badges.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

Important Notice to "Graphic" Cousins.

BAZAAR IN AID OF SCHOOL FOR MAORI GIRLS.

"GRAPHIC" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Dear Cousins,—It is impossible to tell you at present all the different objects for which I shall give prizes. But there will be heaps of prizes, and the more children (and elders) who send me objects for the bazaar the more prizes I shall be able to give. At present I can tell you this. There will be four prizes for the best-dressed dolls in ordinary doll's clothes, and four prizes for the best fancy-dressed dolls. Two of each will be for cousins under 13, and two for cousins over that age.

SPECIAL PRIZE FOR A FROCK.

There will be a prize of £1 for the prettiest little frock for a child from 4 to 6 years of age. This is open to cousins over 12 years of age only.

There will be a valuable prize for the prettiest or best-made pinafore or overall for a child of from 4 to 6 years of age. Prizes will be given for crochet work, for embroidery and for knitting. If there are any cousins who can make simple frames I will send pictures for framing, and give a prize for the neatest frame.

A prize will be given—a very nice one too—for the most original and prettiest pin-cushion. It may be made in any form or shape you like.

Country cousins can make boxes of ferns, and a prize will be given for the best.

Scrap-books are easy to make, and if made for the purpose of amusing very tiny children, always find a ready sale. Very fine screens can also be made of scrap pictures and pictorial advertisements, and though these take some little trouble, they are well worth it. Writing cases and blotting books, covered in pretty silk scraps, are always purchased at a bazaar, and really beautiful effects can be secured in patchwork cushions, quilts or table-centres. I wonder if any of these ideas will suit the cousins?

all over him, and he had shoes to match his dress. For a hat he had a big, peaked one, covered with blue and white. As I have no more paper, I must conclude.—I remain, Cousin Ruth.

[Dear Cousin Ruth.—It is very nice to find some of the old cousins starting to write again. I am sorry to hear you have had influenza again. There is a terrible amount of sickness about just now. I am glad you enjoyed the dance, but was it not rather risky to go when you had just been ill?—Cousin Kate.]

Kiuna's Walrus.

A STORY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

(By George Harlow Clark.)

To slay a walrus was Kiuna's chief ambition. Among north Greenland natives the capture of one of these huge amphibians entitles the young hunter to all the privileges of manhood, and no chivalrous youth of the olden time ever aspired more ardently to win knightly golden spurs than did Kiuna to prove himself, single-handed, a match for the white-tusked monster of the sea.

Although even shorter in stature than the average Eskimo lad of sixteen, he was broad-shouldered and sturdy, with surprising strength of sinew and of great endurance, the result of plain fare and constant exercise in the open air. He had already begun his career with a victory over a full-grown polar bear, which he and his team of five fine dogs had fought and slain on the ice-floe near Cape York.

However, this was no more than might reasonably have been expected of the eldest son of Ootootnia, the boldest and most successful hunter of his tribe.

Ootootnia and his family annually travelled northward from their winter home in Whale Sound to join the colony at Peterawik, where, in early spring, the natives assemble to hunt walruses.

During several weeks they lived in snow huts, the men going forth daily, when the weather permitted, to the floes bordering the vast ice-sheet anchored to the shore. There they found their quarry, and that day was counted lost when the hunters failed to bring home the dark meat and oily blubber of one or more of the bulky animals.

Sometimes, however, the hunters returned with sad tidings. Becoming entangled in his harpoon-line, one of their number had been dragged into the water by a wounded walrus, or another had been carried out to sea on a drifting floe. In the latter case, fortunate indeed was he who survived the perils of the voyage, until a favourable wind or current wafted his ice-raft to land.

It was in April, at the beginning of the summer period of perpetual daylight, which in that latitude continues until September, that Ootootnia, who had been hunting without companions, disappeared.

His dogs returned, drawing his sledge, broken by its driverless passage over rough ice, but they brought no explanation of their master's fate. That was fair to remain another mystery of the treacherous ice and sea. "Kookoyat" (The Evil One) whispered his friends, each dreading lest he should be the next victim of the malignant spirit.

Kiuna anxiously consulted Pabdu, the leading angekok (wizard), in whose supernatural power the natives believed implicitly.

"Where is he, O wise Pabdu?" he asked, until etiquette forbidding him to speak his missing parent's name.

"He has become a changed man," Pabdu replied. "He has been transformed into a walrus."

"A-oh-ah!" groaned Kiuna, horror and dismay mingling with his sorrow. "Then I dare not hunt walruses lest I unwittingly hurt him."

"Nay, Kiuna," the wily angekok declared, after brief meditation. "Give me your first walrus,—provided that it be full-grown,—and I will work a spell that shall prevent such mishap."

"I will give you five if you will bring him back to us!" the lad said, eagerly. "Surely your magic can do that!"

"Hunt without fear, Kiuna," Pabdu

said, evasively. "No harm to him shall come from you; this I promise, but no more. Remember, a large, fat bull; a young, small one will not do."

The next morning Kiuna, to whom had fallen the duty of providing for his mother and her children, harnessed his team and with two others of his tribe, Myouk and Sipsou, drove off over the shining white level that stretched westward to the blue, ice-dotted open sea. As they drew near the water they heard, from time to time, the guttural "Ee-ook! ee-ook!" of bellowing walruses.

Halting within a quarter mile or less of the water, they tethered their dogs securely to loops chopped in the hard ice with their hunting-knives. Then the men went rapidly forward on foot, with lance and harpoon in hand, and each with a long coil of stout harpoon-line encircling his neck.

Leaping fearlessly across the narrow lanes intersecting the floe near its border, the hunters soon arrived within easy harpooning distance of the water. Here and there, amid the loose pans fringing the main ice-sheet, appeared the glistening, round heads and flaring tusks of their quarry; but none were at that moment within range.

Accordingly, Myouk began calling to them, imitating perfectly the weird cry of a cow walrus summoning its calf.

In a few minutes several of the great creatures rose simultaneously very close to the edge of the ice, and stared inquisitively at the fur-clad Esquimaux. The hunters instantly hurled their harpoons.

Each missile struck its mark. The keen harpoon-heads to which the lines were attached, were buried in the huge layers of blubber beneath the inch-thick hide.

As the stricken animals dived each hunter slipped the free end of his line over the shaft of his lance, which he had driven firmly into the floe in such manner as to transfer to the ice the greater part of the tremendous strain that ensued when the enraged monsters struggled to escape.

Bearing in mind Pabdu's injunction, Kiuna had made fast to an enormous bull. Although he had never yet killed a walrus, he had assisted his father so frequently that he was by no means a novice at the work. He observed with pride that his experienced companions refrained from giving him advice, seeming to consider him quite capable of performing his part without supervision.

His pliant young muscles were being taxed as never before. But not in vain had he studied his father's method, and practised it with his dogs in harness to represent a walrus. Now he was claiming his reward.

For the first time Kiuna felt the powerful exhilaration that comes to one who watches the taut line cleave the water at his feet, and feels it vibrate with every motion of the mighty antagonist with which he boldly measures his human strength and skill.

"Can you hold him, Kiuna?" cried Myouk, with some anxiety, when he saw what the lad had done.

"Aye, Myouk, I have him fast," Kiuna answered confidently.

His line had slackened slightly, but enough to indicate that the strain on it had temporarily relaxed. In the short breathing space that followed, his companions complimented him on his dexterity.

"You take to it like an old hand!" Sipsou called out, admiringly.

"He himself," said Myouk, "could scarcely have done better."

This reference to his lost father brought tears to Kiuna's eyes, but he could not help being elated at this comparison to him who had been his ideal.

Kiuna swelled with confidence a renewal of the battle. He had not long to wait. So unexpectedly did the walrus resume its struggle that, taken unawares, Kiuna nearly lost his grip on the lance. Recovering quickly, he braced himself anew.

The cries of Myouk and Sipsou showed that they, too, were busy.

Meanwhile, in response to the calling of the wounded, others of the herd were closing in around them. Some, bellowing loudly, charged the

blood-stained water into crimson foam; others, swimming under the floe on which the men were stationed, threw themselves incessantly against the ice.

Thus encouraged, the harpooned animals seemed to redouble their efforts. The ice quivered and trembled violently.

Wary old Myouk, veteran of a hundred similar affrays, scanned it attentively.

"Back, Sipsou! Back, Kiuna!" he cried out, suddenly. "Quick, let go all! The ice is parting!"

The strain had been too great; the ice was indeed breaking up, beneath their feet.

There was no time to spare. Dropping their lances, Myouk and Sipsou bounded over a rapidly widening channel, and sought safety on the solid floe beyond.

But Kiuna, not hearing or else loath to surrender his prize, delayed too long. Turning his head, but without relaxing his grasp, he saw his friends running to and fro, shouting and gesticulating; on the other side of a broad lane of water, above the surface of which several walruses reared their heads. Towing behind it the fragment of floe on which he stood, the bull was heading swiftly seaward.

Kiuna's courage almost deserted him. With the breaking up of the ice, the strain on the line had diminished so that it was not difficult to retain hold of it, but he was prevented from letting go only through fear of the infuriated herd behind.

While the cake of ice continued to move, the creatures made no attempt to charge on it; but should it stop, Kiuna surmised that they would speedily attack, and plunge him into the icy water. Therefore, in sheer desperation, he kept the lance in place.

He also feared that his victim might pause to rest, and then turn upon him. In that case he resolved to die, lance in hand, as became Ootootnia's son.

The weight of ice and bow formed but a slight impediment to the frantic animal. Kiuna was soon out of sight or hearing of his more fortunate companions.

A new danger presently confronted him. An iceberg, one of many dotting the sea in all directions, barred the way. A collision seemed inevitable, and Kiuna was on the point of casting off the line, as the only means of averting immediate destruction, when the walrus swerved aside.

The pan of ice narrowly missed striking a submerged spur, and the boy hardly dared to breathe until the iceberg had been passed.

When, shortly afterward, the wounded walrus came to the surface for air, it was plain that its protracted effort and loss of blood were telling heavily on it. It remained quite motionless for a time, during which those of the herd that had not yet given up the chase showed signs of coming to close quarters with Kiuna. The boy was about to make ready to defend himself desperately when the bull started off again. But he foresaw that his voyage could not last much longer.

A climax was even nearer than he anticipated. As if determined to rid itself of its burden, the walrus rallied all its remaining energy, and made straight for a large floe, which was drifting leisurely with the current towards Northumberland Island, one of a considerable group situated a few miles off the coast. Then Kiuna prepared to jump.

Making a final spurt, the dying bull entered a narrow channel in the floe. The pan was dashed against the sides of the channel and split into several pieces, but the boy sprang from it unharmed upon the floe, the top of which was not more than two feet above water.

His lance, which had been jerked out of his hands, was floating on the surface of the channel a few paces away. On kneeling to pick it up, he saw to his surprise that the end of the harpoon-line was still looped about it.

Quickly grasping the opportunity, he secured a new hold. No strenuous

tugging at the line resulted. The bull was dead.

He began expectantly to draw in the line, but suddenly a noise, as of some one treading softly on the ice behind him, startled him. Suspecting that, while he had been occupied with the walrus, a bear might have been stalking him, he whipped the end of the line about his wrist, and presenting his lance, faced sharply about.

The next moment he threw down the weapon. "Atata! Atata!" (Father! Father!) he shouted, joyfully. "Kiuna, my son! Kiuna, the walrus-killer!" said Ootootnia, proudly.

Then he explained how he had happened to be trapped on the floe, when it had been set adrift. He had built an igloo, or hut, of blocks cut from a snow-drift, and weakened by hunger and despairing of rescue, he had crept into it as into his tomb. Probably he would soon have succumbed to stupor had not his son's arrival roused him. Their first care was to haul up the carcass of the dead walrus, and make it fast alongside. Now that they might count upon abundant food, Ootootnia manufactured, from a piece of the green hide, a rude lamp, for which blubber supplied fuel in plenty. With his knife-blade and a piece of iron pyrites, carried in the fire-pouch, without which no Arctic highlander would think of travelling, he struck a spark into a bit of dried moss, and produced a flame.

Fresh water for drinking was obtained by melting snow in a rawhide bucket hung over the lamp.

The good fortune that had enabled the young walrus-hunter to score his first triumph under his father's eyes continued to attend both throughout the term of their confinement on the drifting floe. Finally, their great raft was forced into pack-ice, over which they made their way to Northumberland Island, where a permanent colony of the tribe is established. A few days later they strode across the beach at Peterawik and greeted their astonished family and friends, whose lamentations were straightway forgotten in rejoicing.

Pabdu, the wily angekok, took great credit to himself for Ootootnia's restoration, asserting that it was due entirely to the potency of his magic art. Consequently he demanded as a reward five walruses which, in fulfilment of Kiuna's promise, the credulous father and son cheerfully bestowed upon him.

The Little Mother.

BY M.M.D.

Now, Dolly, dear, I'm going away. I want you to be good all day. Don't get your shoes, nor soil your dress. Nor get your hair all in a mess. But sit quite still, and I will come. And kiss you soon as I get home. I'd take you, dear, but then you know. It's Wilhelmina's turn to go. She's sick, I'm afraid; her eyes don't work. They open twice the more I jerk. She used to be so strong and stout, but now her sadwast's running out. Her arm is out of order, dear—My papa says she's 'out of gear.' That's dreadful, isn't it? But then the air may make her well again. So, Dolly, you'll be glad, I know, to have poor Wilhelmina go. Good-by, my precious; I must run—To-morrow we'll have lots of fun.

A Candle Trick.

Procure a good large apple or turnip, and cut from it a piece resembling the butt end of a tallow candle. Then from an almond or other nut whittle out a small peg, which stick into the piece of apple for a wick. You have now a very fair representation of a candle. You can light the wick and it will burn for at least a minute. After lighting the candle and letting it burn for a minute, blow it out. Tell your friends that you are very fond of eating candles; that they are not had to the taste that in cold countries, as in Greenland, they are considered delicacies. Ask your friends if they would like a bit. They will, of course, say no. Then say you will eat it yourself, whereupon you can put it in your mouth and chew it up, to the surprise of the company.

Overheard.

"This drawing-room is not half-dusted, Agnes."

Agnes fidgeted. "It's all right," she said, and her shoulder went up a little. "I dust-d every single corner, I know I did, mother."

"My dear child! look here and here and here."

"Oh, well!" answered Agnes, "that's not much!" Her tone was almost impertinent, and her mother looked at her gravely, and then she went away and shut the door gently, and Agnes knew she must do the unfinished work.

"I do hate dusting the drawing-room," she muttered. "I always have to do it in the holidays. I don't call it holidays if you have to work."

So instead of finishing the dusting and going back to her fascinating embroidery, Agnes pulled an arm-chair into the shadow of the curtain and sat down to sulk and to think over her grievances. She could not make up her mind to go over those dusty places, and the time slipped on, and every minute that she sat there made it harder for her to get up and finish.

She was just thinking that she would really do it when she heard the door open and she drew back further into the shadow of the curtain. But it was not a visitor, only her mother helping her invalid father on to the sofa, and now Agnes heartily wished she had done her dusting long ago. She hoped her mother would go away to fetch something, she felt too proud to let her see that she had neglected it so long.

But her mother sat down quietly to her work, with her back to the corner, where Agnes crouched, and her father lay with closed eyes and a look of pain.

By and by as Agnes watched them, she wanted to run out and throw her arms round them both and say she would never be naughty again, but she was afraid to break the silence in case her father slept.

And just then her father spoke. "I had a letter about the dog," he said.

"Oh! will it be here by Agnes' birthday?"

"Yes; he says it is a beauty."

"How pleased the child will be!" She slow colour crept up to Agnes' forehead and spread to her neck. She went hot to her very toes.

Just then a voice outside called to her mother, and Agnes slipped from her pace and began to dust hastily, and her father, hearing the movement, thought she had come in as her mother went out, and so did not guess what she had heard.

Agnes was very miserable. She knew she ought to speak of what she had heard, but her pride would not let her bring up the story of the dusting again, and her birthday come and with it a lovely golden brown collie dog.

Agnes was in raptures over it, and yet through all her pleasure there was a miserable feeling of wrongdoing. In the afternoon she sat by her father, her hand in his, the dog at her feet.

"I must give you a birthday text, little daughter," he said, fondly. "God resisteth the proud but giveth grace unto the humble," is what I have chosen for you."

Agnes' head drooped, but a minute later as her mother came in she spoke, "I heard what you and father said about the dog," she faltered. "I'm very sorry, and I'm going to try hard to be a better girl."

Little Dick: I know why little nigger boys is so happy. Mamma: And why? Little Dick: 'Cause their mothers can't tell when their hands are dirty.

Beggar Boy: Please, sir, I'm an orphan, and father's broke his leg and is in goal, and mother's in an insane asylum, and if I go home without any money they'll lick me.

Inspector (to schoolgirl during examination): What is meant when it says, "He was amply rewarded?" Girl: Paid for it. Inspector: No, you don't know that. Suppose you were to go to the baker's shop and buy a half-quarter loaf and lay down 4d, would you say you had amply rewarded the baker? Girl: Yes, sir. Inspector: Why? Girl: Because it's only 23d. Collapse of inspector.

∞ JUNGLE JINKS. ∞

The Balancing Trick Cost Bruin Dear.

Funny Sayings of Children.

Little Boy: What's the use of so many queer letters in words? Look at that "c" in "indicated."

Little Girl: "I expect those is just put in so that mothers will have an excuse to send their children to school and have a little peace."

Mother: It has stopped raining, so you may run up and down the garden, Maggie, and get a little fresh air."

Maggie (a few minutes later): I can't find any fresh air, mother. Will you please come and show me where they grow?

Nellie: Mother, if a little cat is a kitten, would a little caterpillar be a kit'entpillar?

Tottie (after church): Is that the new clergyman, mamma?

Mamma: Yes, dear. Tottie: But he isn't any newer than grandpa. Why do they call him new?

"Mamma, have I an eye-tooth?" inquired Willie.

"Yes dear. Why do you ask?" "Why, because if I have, I can't see anything with it."

Nurse: Bobby, what are you doing in the pantry?

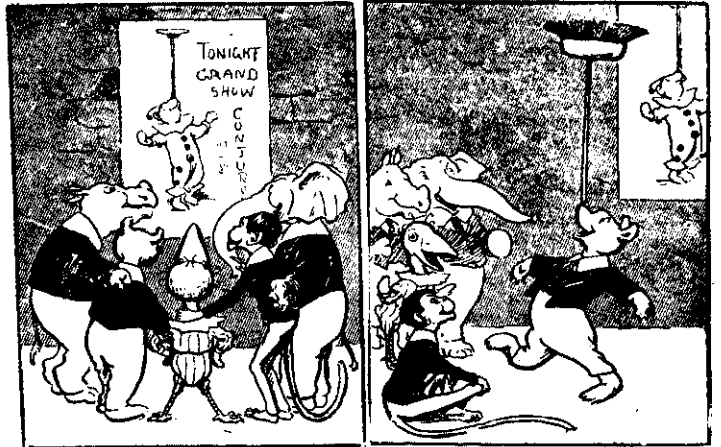
Bobby: Oh, I'm just putting a few things away, nurse.

"I never heard of but one perfect boy," said Johnny, pensively.

"And who was that?" asked mamma. "Papa—when he was little," was the answer.

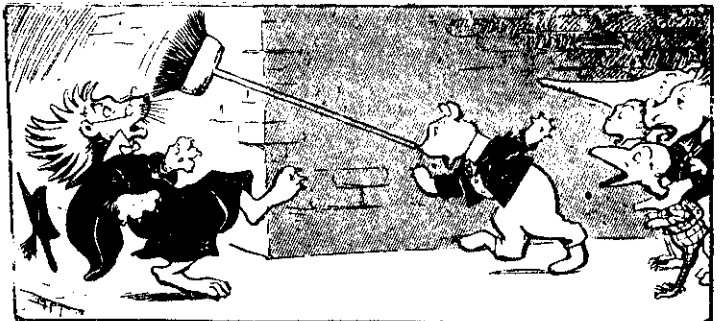
Master (examining pupils in geography, pointing to map): What is the name of this town? Pupil: Birmingham. Master: What is it noted for? Pupil: Firearms. Master: What are firearms? Pupil: Poker, shovel and tongs. Collapse of whole school.

A schoolboy was asked how many wars Spain had in the fifteenth century. "Six," the boy promptly replied. "Enumerate them," said the teacher. "1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6," said the boy.



"Isn't that clever?" exclaimed Jacko, as the boys stood in a group looking at a poster. "Yes, I wonder he doesn't get tired. He's been balancing that plate for days and days, and he hasn't dropped it once," chuckled Jumbo.

"I don't think it is so very clever," said Bobbie Bruin. "I've tried it with a broom lots and lots of times." "Let's see you do it," chimed in Rhino. "All right," retorted Bruin. "Where's the broom?"



"Bravo!" cried the boys, as Bruin trotted along with the broom on his nose. But just at that moment Dr. Lion came round the corner, and Bruin was so startled that he let the broom fall such a bang on the master's head. Fifty lines and no supper was poor Bruin's punishment. Would anybody like to help him with those lines?"

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MISS MAUD BEATTY.

AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

How I Kissed the Queen's Hand.

I really think the most exquisite moment in a young girl's life is when she kisses the hand of her Sovereign lady amid a tumult of heart-beats and the glamour and glitter that surround a throne, although it is scarcely more delightful than the later moment which finds her safely out of the Royal presence, with the glorious sense of elation which comes after an ordeal successfully surmounted.

These, at any rate, were my feelings when I made my first courtesy to the beautiful lady who is now our Queen, but who in those days was the deputy of the gracious lady who is gone from us.

It is, as may be imagined, a terribly trying ordeal for a girl to face, and few who have gone through it have any clear memory of its splendours. I remember, before my own presentation, I asked several of my girl friends who had anticipated me what it was like, but none of them could give an intelligible description of any

part of it. "Oh, it was glorious—splendid!" exclaimed one enthusiastic young lady. "All scarlet and gold, beautiful uniforms, and palms and mirrors, and, above all, a horrible sense of nervousness and a relief when it is all over."

It can easily be imagined that I did not get much enlightenment from such incoherent description as this; and really it is as much as most girls

remember of, perhaps, the chief red-letter day in their lives.

To me the most trying part was the long, dreary time we spent in the Mall, wedged in the centre of an interminable line of carriages—now advancing a yard or two, then stopping for what seemed an eternity, while curious faces peeped in at the window and made frank, if unflattering, comments on our personal appearance and dresses.

"Not so bad, the young 'un," remarked the owner of one grimy face "but the old 'un ain't up to much"—the "old 'un" being my chaperone, and the "young 'un" being my unworthy self.

However, all things come to an end some time, although it seemed an eternity before our carriage pulled up at the entrance to Buckingham Palace, and we were ushered into the entrance saloon, bright with the vision of vanishing figures, "clothed in white, mystic, wonderful," on the same nervous mission as ourselves; with the quaint uniforms of the Yeomen of the Guard, in their mediaeval glory of tassels and halberds, the blazing scarlet of Royal uniforms, and the magnificence of the Gentlemen-at-arms.

Our steps were directed to a large room—which my chaperone informed me is known as the council room—and there we were divested of our cloaks by neat and nimble housemaids, and received tickets in ex-



THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.



MRS. BROCKLEBANK.



MRS. SCOTT-DICKSON.



LADY MAUD WILBRAHAM.

Some of the Gowns worn at Their Majesties' Court at Buckingham Palace.

change for them; and then began the fateful procession to the throne. I remember we crossed a far-stretching gallery lined with sculptured busts and figures, and crowded with knots of chattering ladies, who seemed to be making themselves so much at home that I could not resist a pang of envy.

Then, through rich curtains of red velvet, we began to mount the most glorious staircase I have ever seen, wide enough almost to take two carriages abreast, with deep, shallow steps of pure white marble, up which a rich carpet of crimson pile ran, in which the foot sank gratefully. The balustrades blazed with gold, and on each hand were piled banks of exquisite ferns and flowers, punctuated by towering, graceful palms.

When this gorgeous staircase was mounted—a splendid avenue, I remember thinking, to a throne—we walked through a long series of rooms, each more beautiful than its predecessor, into the picture gallery, a stately and magnificent room, which my chaperone informed me was next to the throne room itself. So far in my progress the novelty and magnificence of my surroundings, the dazzling sense of colour and splendour, had made me forget my trepidation; but when I learnt that in a moment I should be face to face with the ordeal I had so long dreaded, yet longed for, my knees positively began to tremble, and I am sure if there had been any decent way of escape I should have made for it.

But it was too late to think even of retreat, for already we were at the door of the throne room, two sweet-faced pages had taken my train and were deftly arranging it under the critical eyes of my chaperone, and with a "You'll do!" in we walked into the Royal presence, while a magnificent official, in a uniform which seemed to blaze with gold—the Lord Chamberlain himself—announced "Miss ———, for presentation."

Of what happened then I have only a very confused recollection. I remember making my way, with my heart beating tumultuously and my limbs quaking, towards a brilliant group of Princes and Princesses and great Court officials, and found myself curtsying low before a gracious lady, on whose outstretched hand I pressed a kiss. I remember at the crucial moment feeling a wicked impulse to give the hand a good shake, as I had heard a certain good, but ignorant, lady once did, but I need not say that I resisted the temptation.

A timid, upward glance showed me the smiling sweet face of our gracious Queen of to-day, and then walking backwards and momentarily expecting to tumble over my train, I somehow found myself outside the throne room by a door opposite to that by which I had entered, and heard my chaperone say, "You did it splendidly, my dear."

It was all over, I thought, with a profound and exhilarating sense of relief, and a few moments later we were being whisked away from the palace of my triumph and my fears to a drawing-room in Mayfair, where, over tea and gossip, I soon forgot all my tremors, and was proud to know that I had kissed the hand of the fairest lady in England.

At What Age are Women Most Attractive?

Taking into consideration the fact that more women are married between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five than at any other period of their lives, it would certainly appear that it is at such a time that the female sex reach the zenith of their charms. Such an assumption, however, is by no means so correct as many readers might at first suppose. For these early marriages are easily accounted for by the fact that the mind of the average young man at the age of twenty-two or twenty-three lightly turns to thoughts of love, and he invariably chooses a girl of the same age as himself, or perhaps younger, but rarely older, as one likely to make him a suitable wife.

At the age of twenty-two or twenty-three the majority of women are undoubtedly more attractive as regards personal beauty than at any other time of their lives. But while they have that buoyancy and youth which captivate and make men so susceptible to their charms for the time being, yet a deeper study of their powers of fascination will quickly show that their attractiveness is very shallow as compared with that of an older woman.

A pretty face only constitutes one of the characteristics which go towards making a woman attractive, and it is absurd to suppose that her charms decrease as time adds a wrinkle to her face. As a matter of fact, many women are far more attractive between the ages of thirty and thirty-five than those who are ten years younger. The latter, perhaps, appear more charming and fascinating to the average young man, on account of their personal beauty, vivacity, youth, etc.

But although the attractiveness of a woman between 30 and 35 years of age may not be so apparent at first sight, it is really far greater than that of a younger woman. Her character has been formed, and, well knowing that she can no longer be regarded as a young woman, she makes the most of the good qualities she possesses, and tries to please the man whose favour she seeks as well as those people with whom she comes into contact.

A pair of large, sympathetic eyes, a low, sweet voice, and an equilibrium of temperament, more than counterbalance any lack of youthful beauty and vivacity; and it is when a woman strives to please a man that her powers of fascination increase.

She learns to take an interest in his daily pursuits, be they business or pleasure, and nothing appeals to the masculine heart more than the thought that one of the opposite sex is ready to praise when he triumphs and sympathise with him in his trials.

Many young women, of course, possess these characteristics, and, besides being pretty, have a truly lovable and sympathetic nature, which makes them doubly attractive in the eyes of a man. But, as a rule, it will be found that a young woman who possesses good looks, is somewhat lacking in those endearing qualities which are to be found in a woman of 30 or thereabouts. The former has to depend mostly upon her good looks in order to win favour with the opposite sex; and as the average young man—and old ones, too, for the matter of that—is very susceptible to personal beauty, she is, perhaps, successful in appearing more attractive in his eyes than an older woman.

But only for a short while. Most men have a habit of comparing one woman with another, and it is not long before they begin to perceive that beauty is only skin deep, as the saying goes, and that although a woman of from 30 to 35 is not so pretty as those with whom he is acquainted, who are some years younger, yet the former is brighter in disposition and more interesting and sympathetic in character than the latter. This is because the older woman has had more experience of the world. Her character has developed, and she realises that a woman needs more than personal beauty to win and retain a man's love.

Character in Laughter.

Clearly a person's character is shown by the manner in which he laughs, or rather by the sound which he makes, it is maintained by a well-known psychologist. The following, according to him, are unerring indications:—Those who laugh in A, or who make a sound like A, are frank, loyal and fond of bustle and movement, and are generally of a versatile character.

Those who laugh in E are phlegmatic and melancholy.

Those who laugh in I, as most children do, are timid, irresolute, candid, affectionate and ever ready to work for others.

Those who laugh in O are generous, bold and self-confident.

Those who laugh in U are misanthropes.

Masked Woman Sensation.

Paris has been very excited over the "Masked Lady" case. Some years ago a sensation was caused by the exhibition of a picture of a lady wearing only a mask on her face, and standing before a mirror. Just the other day, Maître Barboux a lawyer, was alleged to have said that a certain Madame du Gast had stood as the model for this picture. So inflamed was Madame by this aspersion on her character, that she brought an action against Maître Barboux, who eventually won his case. Madame then lost her temper, and rushed all over Paris with a riding whip to thrash the lawyer; but, in the meantime, one of Madame's admirers, the Prince de Sagan, waylaid Maître Barboux and horse-whipped him. The result is—the prince is to marry Madame. She bears a striking resemblance to what the Empress Eugenie looked like thirty years ago. She is known as the Eugenie Double.

Madame du Gast is a blonde of the mature type, and thoroughly looks what she is by temperament—a free, fearless and "advanced" woman. She is an accomplished horsewoman, motorist, cyclist, fencer and boxer. She has taken part in the great international auto-car races; has gone down a mine and worked with a pick and shovel; and has been up in a balloon many a time. She is a splendid musician and vocalist, added to all of which she has plenty of money. Her husband, who adopted the name of du Gast, was the son of the man who introduced the hire-purchase system into France. Hence the riches.

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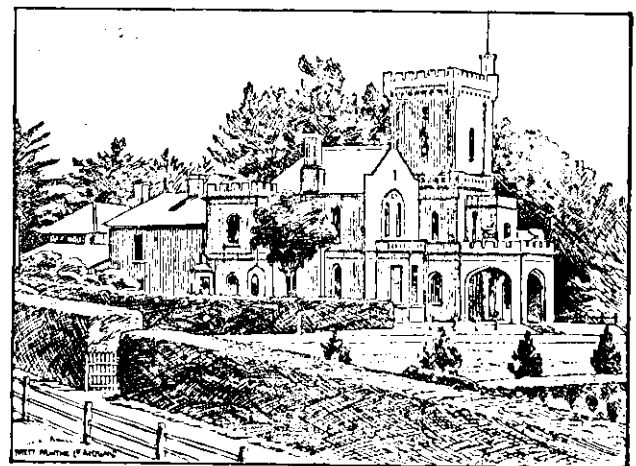
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Valuable Hints for Honeymoons.

EVERY GIRL SHOULD CUT THIS OUT AND KEEP IT.

Take some old clothes with you when you embark on the fateful expedition, then, if the weather is disobligingly wet or inclement you will not be obliged to stay indoors or ruin some elegant confection.

Pack a pair of strong walking boots or shoes with reasonable toes; then you won't make your partner miserable by indulging in the nasty fretful temper which comes of compressed corns.

Don't indulge your partner in everything and then say to yourself: "They won't expect this state of things to continue." It isn't in human nature to take kindly to "slumps," so begin as you mean to go on.

Don't take half a wedding cake away with you even if you are passionately fond of almond icing. I knew a man who did it once upon a time, and then, when his wife wanted to go to the theatre, he was wrestling with a terrific bilious attack. Be strong-minded—leave the cake to the bridesmaids.

Don't take a solemn vow, when you enter the engaged compartment of the train which is to carry you on this momentous journey, to seek no other society but each other's; to speak to no one else; to whisper love-nothings all day and every day. If you run up against friends or acquaintances, don't look as if they were the serpent entering Eden, or as if you'd leased the place and had permission to shoot all trespassers.

Try and take a rational interest in the folks you meet. If you go a coach drive there is no need to ignore the people next you. You're all out for a holiday, and the more sociable

you can be the better the drive will be.

The best way to get thoroughly bored is to indulge in a perpetual solitude a deux. You needn't shun all your fellow-creatures because you've just been uplifted to the seventh heaven—you might even, in the largeness of your heart, try and shed a little radiance upon them.

Of course it's hard for you—at first—to realise that there are other people in the world who deserve to be happy; but it's a fact, nevertheless.

Don't decline all your husband's small sacrifices. If he shelters your toque to the detriment of his new topper, or wraps you in his overcoat, don't say, "What about yourself; won't you get cold?" and fancy all the while that you are cultivating wifely solicitude. Better to have him to nurse through catarrh than to check the little budlets of unselfishness at their birth. That is, of course, if you want to live happily ever afterwards.

Don't expect your companion to agree with you in everything, and feel pangs unutterable when a distinct difference of opinion arises. Agree to differ—it is the only certain road to matrimonial peace. Remember the story of the curate and the bishop, and don't try to be a chorus, always saying, "Yes, dear."

The bishop dined with the curate, and over their port they waxed confidential, as men will, and spoke of their wives.

"I assure you, my lord," said the curate, "we have lived together for twenty-five years, and have never had the slightest difference of opinion upon any subject."

"Good gracious!" ejaculated the bishop, "How dull you must have been all the time!"

Don't talk of your old sweethearts. Bury them decently, and never stir

up the ashes. The pest may belong to others—what of that? The golden present is yours.

Don't expect too much of each other—make allowances for the newness of the position. If you are disappointed in your companion, instead of brooding on his or her deficiency, say resolutely, "Probably it's all my fault; let me see how I can do better next time," and then dismiss the whole matter from your thoughts.

Learn one of the great secrets of living together—a difficult art, I assure you—is the continual turning over of fresh leaves.

The last was blotted! Never mind. Tear it out and start again.

Don't pull love up by the roots to see how it is growing, as children do their flowers. "Do you love me as much as you did?" "Will you love me like this for ever and ever?" "Could you ever have loved anyone else as much?" "Did you love me before I loved you?"

These things sound attractive to discuss in the white moonlight, but they are wil-o'-the-wisps, leading into bogs and dismal swamps.

"Where the apple redden never pry, Lest we lose our Eden, Eve and I."

Very unromantic, but eminently sensible.

Don't write long letters home to unburden yourself of the sting of your petite disillusionments. Lock them all within your heart—be loyal whatever the cost. The man or woman who is not is a most contemptible creature. Your dearest friend's letter is in your pocket. "Tell me, darling Mabel, what you think of Tom now? Is he as devoted as he was? Is matrimony all you fancied?" etc.

Be true. Say nothing; turn a deaf ear to the tempter.

Beneficial Canning.

Many people think that physical punishment should be abolished altogether, that it is a remnant of barbarism quite obsolete in this 20th century; but the fact remains that there is a type of boy who will benefit more thoroughly by a caning than by any other form of punishment, and such a boy is usually possessed of the qualities that go to make the best men.

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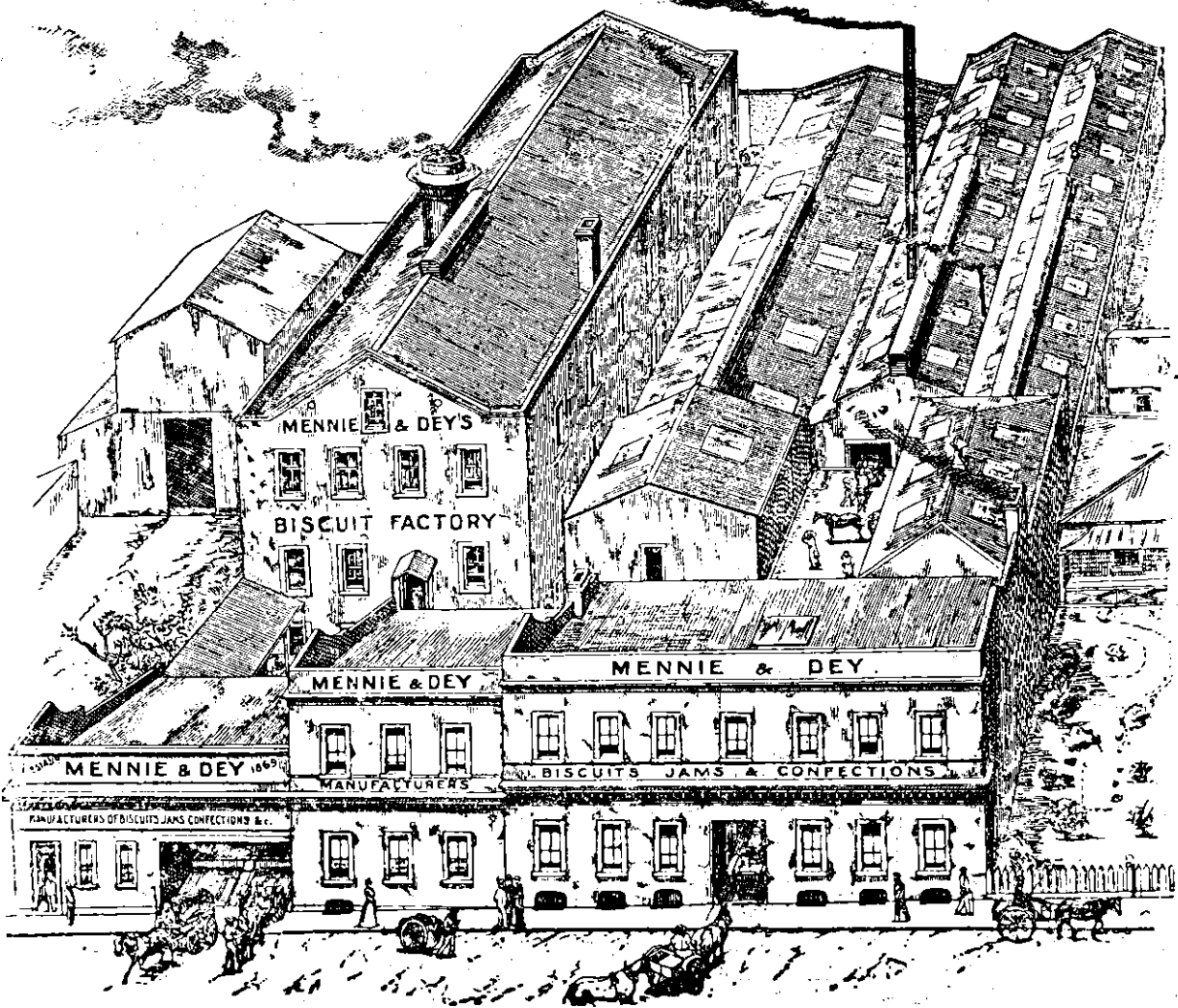
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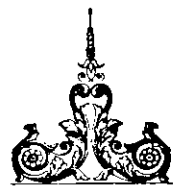


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CORSET MADE

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

(By MARGUERITE.)

Fashions have greatly changed during the last few months, and last year's sleeves and last year's skirts look distinctly demode. But there is one way in which the clever amateur can circumvent fashion. She can cut last year's sleeves off at the elbow, and put a big puff of chiffon or lace for the lower half. This news, I know, will be comforting to many. Just imagine the amount of work in every one of these sleeves. It really is dreadful to contemplate. They are

mostly tucked to the elbow, and this puff of chiffon is not easily arrived at. To look well, it must be most carefully manipulated and arranged at exactly the right angle, and chiffon, we know, is a fabric that lasts but a day, and therefore it cannot be termed economical.

In the reconstruction and renovation of old gowns, I assure you a great deal of intelligence and experience are required. It generally happens that you have to entrust these

difficult details to amateurs. The working-dressmaker is very often extremely conscientious, and a very good worker, but she is sadly lacking in any original notion of chic. In fact, it is unwise to let her think too much; you had far better think this being the case when you remember the difficulties and intricacies of modern dressing, and how much depends on the worker who carries out the idea. "A stitch too many and a

tuck too long" may ruin the effect of a bodice, and there is more than we see with the actual eye dependent on the success of the smallest renovation.

Then, again, should the dressmaker do her work admirably, the whole effect of her toilette may be ruined by the wearer.

Simple little baby-girl sleeves, shaped exactly to the arms, six inches in depth, of lace and muslin, are given to an Empire gown of clear



AN EMPIRE TEA-GOWN in white spotted chiffon over pale blue satin, pale blue satin ribbons painted with pink roses, and finished with pearl tassels; empiement of guipure, jewelled with turquoises, cabochons, and pearl chains.

white muslin sprayed with golden buttercups and heavily bullioned up the centre breadth, while particularly charming ones are of tucked chiffon and lace, closely fitted to the upper arms, then left to flow out into a loose cloud of chiffon, anon to be brought together again with tucks and lace bands. The fuller and more gauze-like the sleeve above the wrist the tighter the wrist band must be. Bedingotes are, however, more often given bell sleeves, with inner ones of silk, while Russian coats have wristlets fastened over with jade, malachite, or agate buttons.

Flounces remain faithful to us, but their forms are various. Most of them are after the godet order, shaped, but where lace is employed they are put on often quite straight round the hem, in no way festooned, but slightly full. Where materials are turned into flounces they are so cut that they widen out at the hem and become narrower above.

inches deep, and on the cross. These hems or tucks are then stitched into position after the skirt itself is actually finished. The bottom of the skirt looks in the picture almost as if it were a separate flounce, but this is not the case. It is the two bands or tucks set above that give this particularly full and graceful appearance.



CHIFFON TOQUE TRIMMED WITH FEATHERS AND OSPREY.

Our millinery illustration is very smart. The toque is made of black chiffon with a twist of white chiffon or folds of white silk between the folds of black. The crown is quite flat and trimmed at the side with a cluster of black ostrich feathers lying towards the back, the stems clasped with a paste ornament and upright osprey.



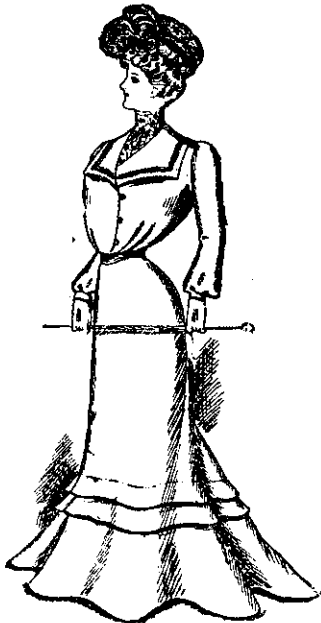
A DAINTY BLOUSE.

The dainty blouse depicted is made in pale blue crystalline trimmed with ecru lace both as insertion and as applied medallions. A few tucks, which seem part and parcel of all dress just now, are effectively introduced on the bodice and sleeves. There is a very lovely lace which is used very much at present on both blouses and dresses, namely, *luxeul de soie*, which makes an extremely effective trimming. This is generally used on fine silky materials such as taffetas or *linon de soie*. Rougher materials such as serge or holland are trimmed with

linen lace or a sort of fine rathia. Dress at present is altogether elaborate, and not only are there multitudinous tuckings, gatherings, and hand embroideries, but braidings of all kinds, wide and narrow, in wool, silk, chenille, or tinsel, some of the smartest gowns being altogether covered with an all-over design in fine corded braid. The very fact that braidings are so much in evidence at present is sufficient to proclaim their speedy banishment from the toilettes of the leaders of fashion, for whatever becomes generally adopted is soon considered demode by the ultra fashionable.



A LITTLE BOY'S SUIT.



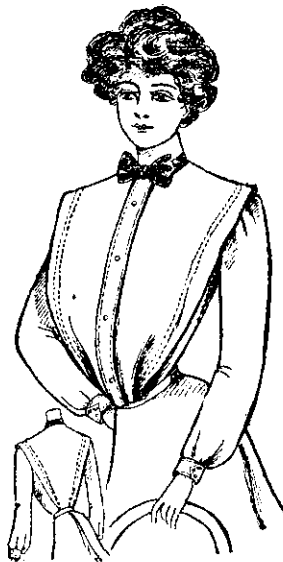
A BROWN HOLLAND COSTUME.

Hollands and coloured linens have never been more worn. The costumes made in both of these materials are this year so exceptionally pretty that I feel sure that a model specially designed for those materials will prove popular.

Here, then, is a style both smart and easy to arrange. The bodice is cut in the always popular Russian or sailor shape, while the revers are fashioned from plain white linen with a little line of washing trimming, such as braid or gimp, added all the way round.

The underfront may be of lace or embroidery. The skirt, which is exceptionally pretty, is arranged with a couple of deep hems or tucks set some ten inches above the foot hem.

Now, at first sight these tucks may prove to the amateur a little alarming. Yet they are in reality the simplest things in the world to arrange. To form them satisfactorily it is best to cut a fold of the material some two



SHIRT BLOUSE.

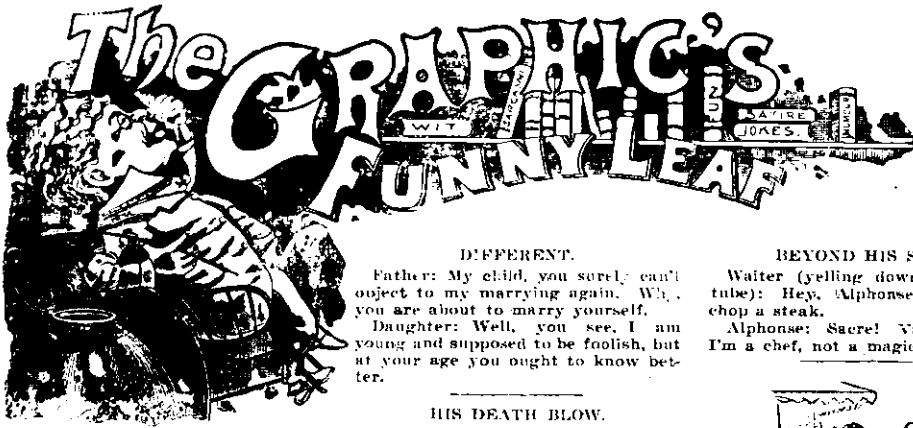
This shirt blouse seems to have caught the popular fancy, and there is every indication that it will be extensively worn this season. It is distinguished from other designs by the broad shirt-bosom front, which is obtained by a diagonal fold of the goods extended from the shoulder and sleeve seams to the box plait in the middle of the front. The same effect is carried out at the back and is shown in the accompanying design. This is the most popular design for corded pique blouses.



AN EVENING GOWN IN PINK TULLE, SOFTENED WITH ECRU LACE AND GARNISHED WITH EMPIRE WREATHS OF ROSES.



SOME SMART SUMMER BLOUSES.



HIS PERORATION.
 She: His peroration was so eloquent that I was moved to tears.
 He: What did he say?
 She: Oh, it was something like this: "If in—er—the something—of the something or other I should still exist, then"—oh, I cannot quote literally—but it was simply grand!

NO TIME TO LOSE.
 Old Boy: Have you been around to see Luckworth's baby?
 Mill: No, not yet.
 Old Boy: Well, you had better go pretty soon. It's learning to talk.

DESIGNS ON NEIGHBOURS.
 "Phoxy has opened a 'musical conservatory for beginners in his house."
 "The idea! He doesn't know anything about music."
 "I know, but he has some objectionable neighbours whom he wants to make move away."

SAD SEA DOGGEDNESS.
 The ship groaned.
 But the Giddy Young Thing who was talking to the captain was a good sailor and didn't mind a bit of rough weather.
 "Doesn't it seem unnecessarily cruel, captain," she said, "to box a compass?"
 "Not any more so, miss," he replied, grinning, "than to paddle a canoe."
 And the ship groaned some more.

THE GIRL TO HAVE.
 Sister: I don't see why you are so infatuated with that Miss Homebody. She dresses horribly.
 Other (complacently): Yes. Makes 'em herself.



DWINDLING.
 Mrs Newlwyed: Oh, mother, Harry said this morning I was one woman in a hundred.
 Her Mother: Well, I don't see any reason to cry for that.
 Mrs Newlwyed: But, mother, he used to say I was one woman in a thousand.

DIFFERENT.
 Father: My child, you surely can't object to my marrying again. Why, you are about to marry yourself.
 Daughter: Well, you see, I am young and supposed to be foolish, but at your age you ought to know better.

HIS DEATH BLOW.
 "You say De Sharpe's comic opera was a failure. What was the matter with it?"
 "He had totally ignored all the traditions of the business."
 "In what way?"
 "He had devised a logical reason for every entrance and exit of the chorus. That was enough to kill it."

ANOTHER VICTIM.
 "Well, sir, it does look like Providence is dead ag'in me!" exclaimed the South-west Georgia man.
 "Why—what's it been doing to you, now?"
 "Well, just as soon as the sun got hot enough to brile beefsteak, beef went so high that I couldn't reach it."

WHAT'S WANTED.
 "Do you think that wireless telegraphy will save time?"
 "Yes, if they can invent some sort of a messenger-boyless device for delivering the telegrams."



Ethel Knox: George asked me your age last night.
 Miss Sears: Well?
 Ethel Knox: I didn't know, except that you were twenty-two on your thirtieth birthday.

JUST SO.
 Oldboy: I shouldn't think you would enjoy having the reputation of being a bu-ad man.
 Gayboy: I don't. It's too hard to live up to.

HIS VIEW OF IT.
 "What makes him so violently opposed to the second-term idea?"
 "Why, the fact is, he got things a little mixed. He's just out of the penitentiary himself, and he didn't know we were talking politics when the second-term question came up."

A GOOD REASON.
 "Why are so many Americans interested in the Coronation?" asked the English nobleman in a slightly supercilious tone.
 "Well," answered the American, who had just pulled his monocle from the buck of his neck and was busy getting the point of his sword out of the heel of his shoe, "a coronation is about the only thing you have which we don't feel able to reproduce and improve on in our own country."

Partly True.—Jones: I can't stand Brugley. He's always boustin' about bein' a self-made man. Brown: Well, so he is partly. 'E made 'is nose the colour it is, 'isself.

BEYOND HIS SKILL.
 Walter (yelling down the kitchen tube): Hey, Alphonse! make that chop a steak.
 Alphonse: Sacre! Vat you t'nk? I'm a chef, not a magician!



ALL FIXED.
 Foggs: Is the 9.18 train here yet?
 Porter: Twenty minutes late.
 Foggs: Would you mind telling my wife to wait, if the train gets here before I get back?
 Porter: But how am I to know her?
 Foggs: Ah! to be sure—I hadn't thought of that. Well, tell her not to wait.

MISSED HIS CHANCE.
 Mabel: I hate that Mr Wilson.
 Maud: Why, what has happened? I thought you liked him ever so much.
 Mabel: He said I couldn't whistle, and just to show him that I could, I puckered up my mouth, just as sweet and round, and what do you think he did?
 Maud (blushing): How should I know?
 Mabel: Well, the little fool just let me whistle.

A DIFFERENCE.
 Wife (who makes her own bread): Do you like brown bread, dear?
 Hubby (thoughtfully): Ye—es; light brown bread.

NOT VERY MUCH.
 Givin': Slack isn't working much nowadays, is he?
 Taik: Yes, he's working for all he's worth.
 Givin': That's not much.

HIS COUNTER QUESTION.
 Mrs Hawkbill (severely): Is it true, captain, that you shouted to your men to give the enemy—er—hell?
 Captain Blankblank: Well, madam, what should I have ordered them to give the enemy—hand-painted fire-screens?

AS OF OLD.
 Intimate Friend: Has your husband's love grown cold?
 Sarcastical wife: Oh, no; he loves himself just as much now as he did when we were married twenty years ago.

A DESCRIPTION.
 Granger: You would hardly call Miss Pole a very warm-hearted person?
 Farmer: Warm-hearted? On the contrary, she is awfully cold. If she should shed a tear, you may be sure it would be a hailstone.

Her Dearest Friend.—Miss Ro chud I'm afraid I've caught cold. I have such a terrible headache. Miss Letrus: Yes, dear; a cold always flies to the weakest spot, doesn't it?

NOT BY WHOLESALE.
 A North Georgia negro called at the preacher's residence the other night and asked:
 "Bout how much will you charge me ter marry me, uh?"
 "Well," said the preacher, "I usually get five dollars."
 "Lord, boss!" exclaimed the negro, "I ain't gwine to marry but one woman!"

NO ADDITIONAL ATTRACTION NEEDED.
 "I s'nose card playin' is sinful, but it's interestin'."
 "That's so, by gum! I dunno as it 'd be any less interestin' if it wa'n't sinful!"

ADVICE.
 "Do you ever advise your patients to take exercise, doctor?"
 "Oh, yes; it's perfectly safe to do so. They never take it."

NATURALLY.
 "Well, you say the defendant turned and whistled to the dog. What followed?"
 "The dog."

NOT LIKELY.
 Mrs Sequel: I understand your husband can't meet his creditors. Mrs Equel: I don't believe he particularly wants to.

LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES.
 Doctor: I'm very glad to tell you, Mrs Hodges, that your husband will recover, after all.
 Mrs Hodges: Lord, sir, don't say that!
 Doctor: Why not, you unnatural woman?
 Mrs Hodges: Well, you see, sir, after I'd sent for you, sir, I took an' sold all his clo'es!

THEIR LOSS.
 Lady Visitor (at Work Girls' Club, giving some advice on manners): And you know ladies never speak to gentlemen without an introduction.
 'Liza: We knows yer don't, Miss, an' we offen pities yer!

GOOD GUESS.
 "He is a terrible woman hater."
 "Yes; I suspect that he must at some time have been a shop walker in a milliner's."

HIS IDEA.
 Mrs Blumer: The church needs renovating, dear, and the vicar wants to know if you will subscribe?
 Blumer: I would rather let the church go, and have the vicar renovated.

DOUBTFUL.
 "Here's a story of a horrible man who exchanged his wife for a horse. You wouldn't exchange me for a horse, would you, darling?"
 "Of course not; but I'd not like anyone to tempt me with a good bicycle."

Mike: "Shure, Pat, health is a good thing to have?"
 Pat: "Yis, Moike, especially when yez is sick."



SO DELICATE.
 "You have a cold, Lord Bob?"
 "Why, yes; do you know that while with my bike on the Brighton road the other day, I alighted at an inn for refreshment, and the landlord put me in a room with a damp stranger."



THE PROCESSION RETURNING FROM WESTMINSTER—TAKEN FROM THE CANADIAN ARCH IN WHITEHALL.



THE COLONIAL TROOPS PASSING THROUGH WHITEHALL.

The King's Coronation.



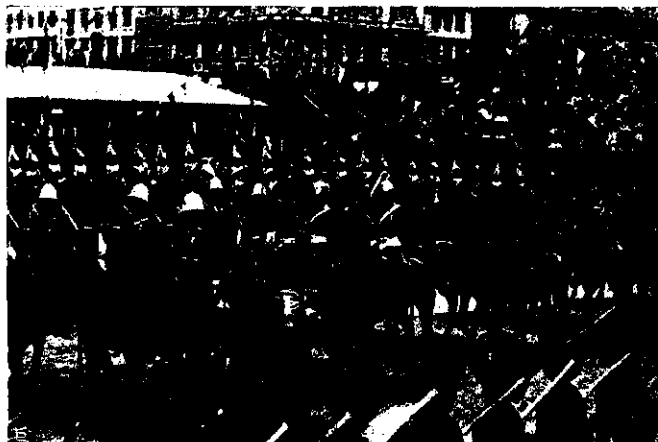
HIS MAJESTY AT THE REVIEW OF THE COLONIAL TROOPS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



YEOMAN OF THE GUARD.



THE KING'S BARGEMEN.



COLONIAL TROOPS.



BAND OF THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE.



THE FIJIAN CONTINGENT IN WHITEHALL.



WAITING TO SEE THE ABBEY.

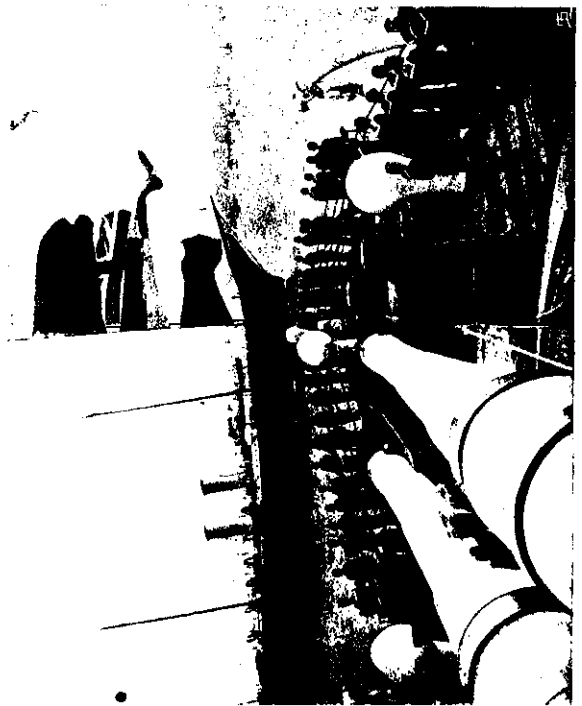
The King's Coronation.



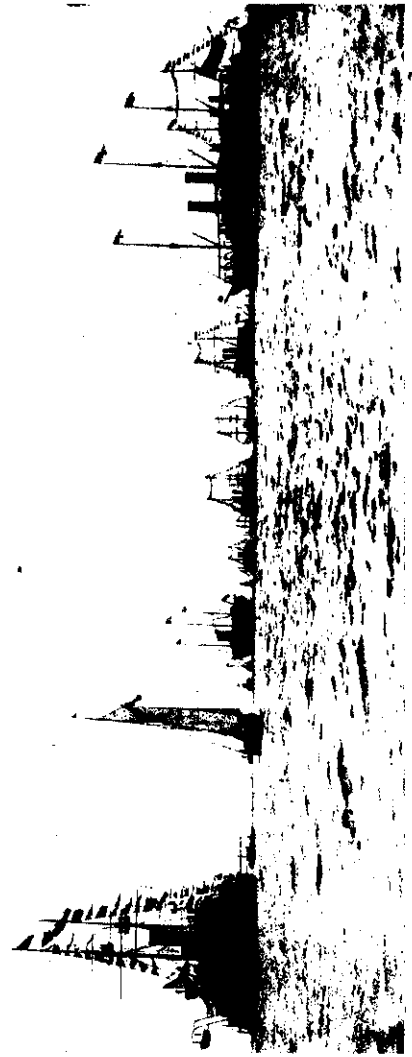
HIS MAJESTY LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE TO REVIEW THE COLONIAL TROOPS IN THE GROUNDS.



CLERGY BEARING ROYAL INSIGNA INTO THE ABBEY.



VIEW OF THE ROYAL YACHT PASSING THROUGH THE FLEET AT THE NAVAL REVIEW.

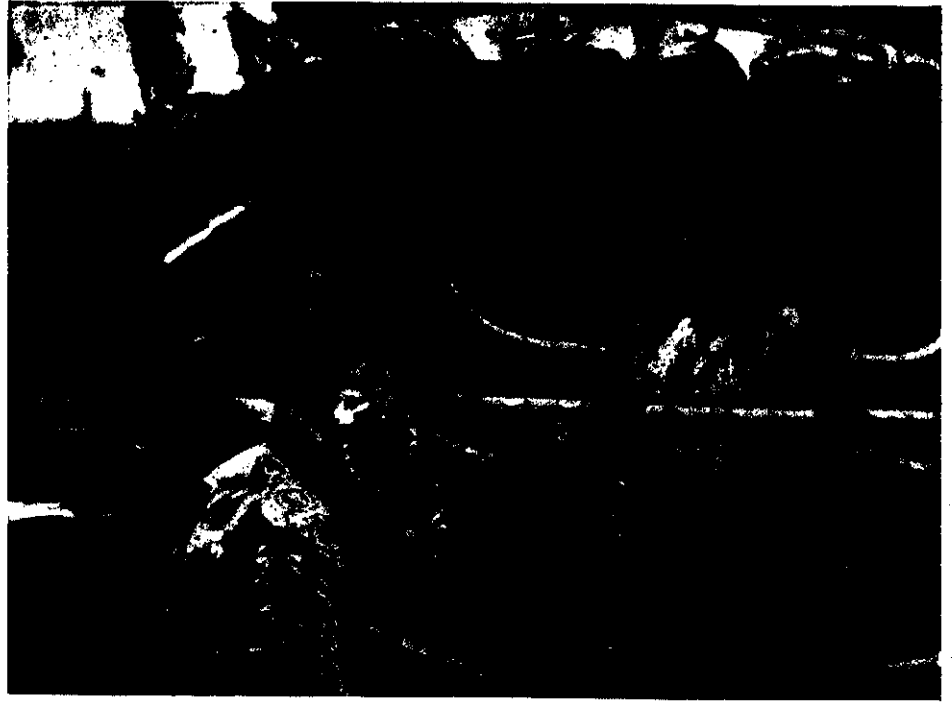


THE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD.

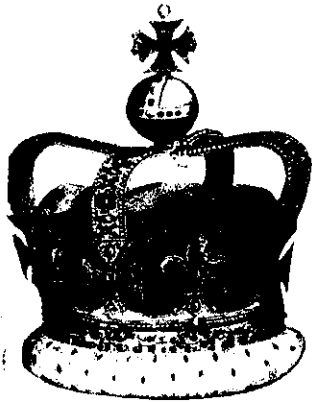
The King's Coronation.



GLOVE WORN BY HIS MAJESTY AT THE CORONATION.



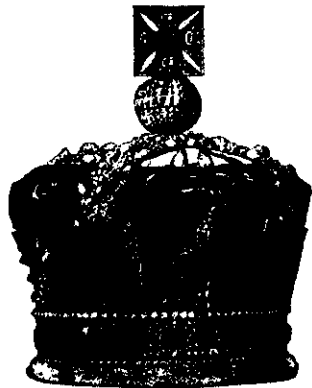
THEIR MAJESTIES RETURNING FROM THE ABBEY WEARING THE STATE CROWNS.



ST. EDWARD'S CROWN. (With which the Sovereign is actually crowned.)



ON THE WAY TO THE ABBEY; HIS MAJESTY WEARING THE CAP OF MAINTENANCE.



THE STATE CROWN. (As worn by Queen Victoria.)



AFRICAN TROOPS AT THE PALACE REVIEW.



THE ROYAL CROWN OF SCOTLAND. (The oldest Crown in the British Regalia.)

The King's Coronation.