

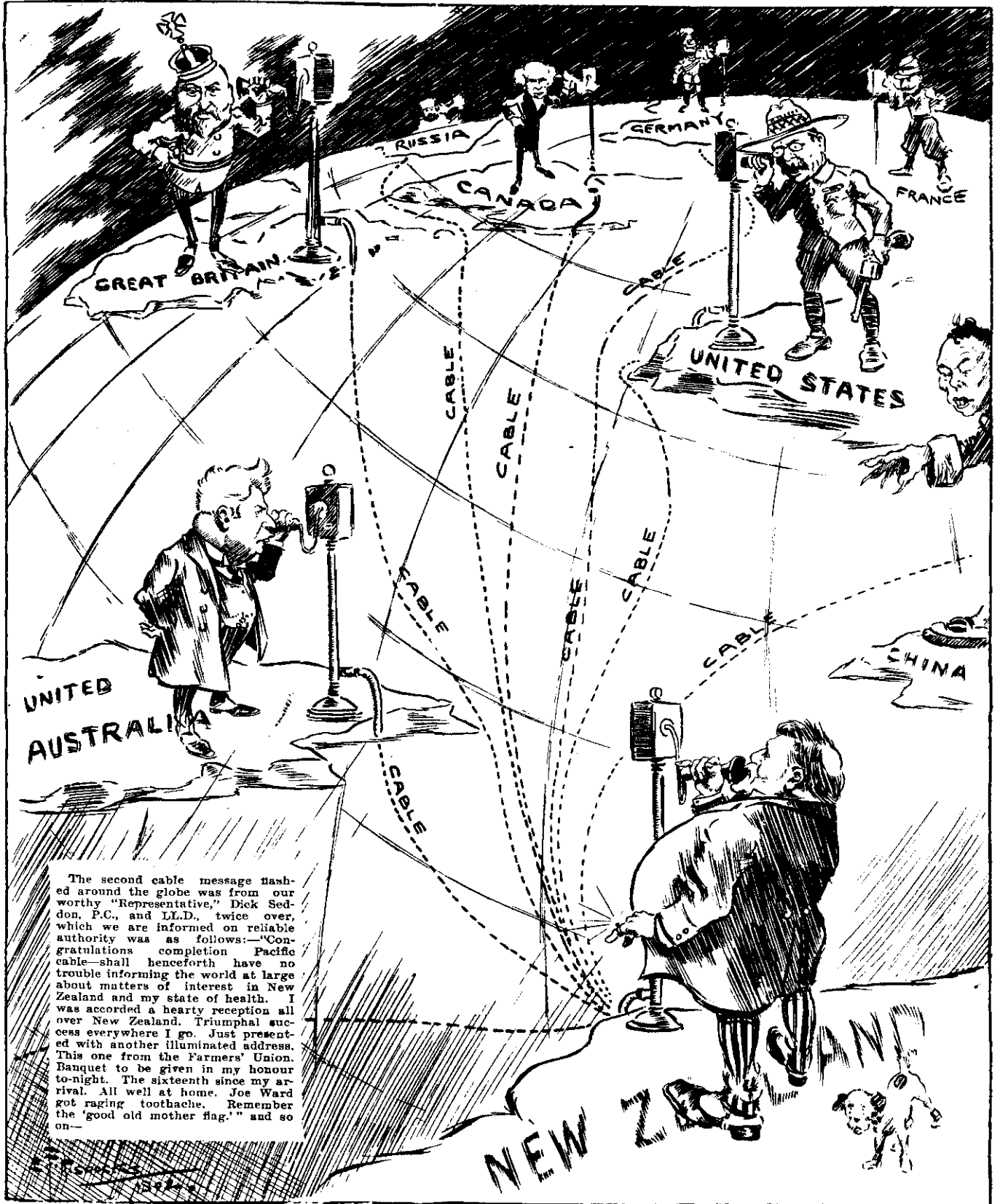
# The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

Vol. XXIX.—No. XX.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1902.

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The second cable message flashed around the globe was from our worthy "Representative," Dick Seddon, P.C., and LL.D., twice over, which we are informed on reliable authority was as follows:—"Congratulations completion Pacific cable—shall henceforth have no trouble informing the world at large about matters of interest in New Zealand and my state of health. I was accorded a hearty reception all over New Zealand. Triumphant success everywhere I go. Just presented with another illuminated address. This one from the Farmers' Union. Banquet to be given in my honour to-night. The sixteenth since my arrival. All well at home. Joe Ward got raging toothache. Remember the 'good old mother flag.'" and so on—

The Girdle of the Globe.

The first cable message sent across the Pacific line was from the cable steamer Anglia to the King.—Cable.

# People Talked About

### The Kensits.

On this page we give pictures of the famous Kensits, father and son, the most militant members of the anti-ritualist party in England. Mr. Kensit, sen., suffered much for the sake of his convictions, and really met his death through his fearlessness in denouncing and combatting the tendency to Ritualism displayed in many Home churches. It will be remember-



THE LATE MR JOHN KENSIT, the Anti-Ritualist.

ed that he was wounded at Birkenhead after one of his meetings. His assailant, a labourer, who was one of a hostile throng, stabbed Mr Kensit in the eye with a chisel. The wound was not a very dangerous one till blood-poisoning setting in the injury proved fatal. A cable last week announced that the labourer had been committed for trial on a charge of murder. Mr Kensit's son was himself



MR JOHN KENSIT, Son of the late Mr John Kensit.

in prison on account of his protestations when his father was dying, and was released in order to visit the latter.

### The King's Height.

A correspondent inquires the exact height of the King. We believe it to be as nearly as possible 5ft 7in, in the stocking feet. This would make the height, inclusive of the low military heels which His Majesty prefers, say, 5ft 8 1/2 in, a height which does not compare favourably with that of some of his stalwart relatives. For this reason it is a tradition with the Royal photographers that when they are taking a sun-picture of the King in a portrait group they should take care to place His Majesty, when possible, on an eminence, such as the step at the entrance of a palace.

### An American Romance.

The recent tragical death while automobiling in France of Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Fair was only a gloomy chapter in a genuine and variegated American romance. It contains all the elements that in the hands of a Balzac might have been wrought into an imperishable tale.

When James Graham Fair, born near Belfast, Ireland, in 1831, arrived in the United States at the age of eleven years he had unknowingly taken the first step that led to an

opulence and prominence that doubtless surpassed the wildest dreams of his later youth. The Fair immigrants settled in Illinois, and the boy, after attending the public schools, received a business education in Chicago. It was not until 1867, however, that the decisive turn in his roadway to success took place. In that year Mr. Fair formed a partnership with three other men, whose careers, like his own, were destined to be unusual. James G. Fair, John W. Mackay, James C. Flood and William S. O'Brien made a magical combination, and every member of the quartette became a multi-millionaire. The partners secured mines that be-

came famous for their yields, and Mr. Fair himself eventually amassed an estate valued at £10,000,000. He interested himself largely in railroads and manufactories on the Pacific Coast, and at length was elected to the United States Senate by the Legislature of Nevada, holding his office from 1881 to 1887. His rise in the world eventually served to lift his two beautiful and estimable daughters to a high social plane and desirable alliances, one of them marrying Mr. Herman Oelrichs, and the other Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, junr., both being now in the full swim of fashionable society.

In his later years the Senator pursued an erratic course, which brought about scandal and a divorce. His two sons imitated their father's wildness, and the elder of them, James, died a drunkard ten years ago. The Senator's death in 1894 was followed by prolonged litigation over his estate. A variety of wills was produced, and numerous women claimed to be his widows. Ultimately one will was decided to be the legal one, but it was contested and broken by his second son, Charles L. Fair. The latter had wasted his years in fast living. This had turned his father against him, and the paternal ire was further fanned by the son's determination to wed Miss Caroline Smith, of Plainfield, N.J., an actress known on the stage as Lillian Nelson. She was of lowly origin, and it was on her account that the Senator discriminated against Charles in the will which was set aside. Young Fair, despite his sire's displeasure, carried out his resolve, and made the actress his wife. For him she appears to have been a most suitable mate, although his relatives and society refused to recognise her. Her influence on her husband was beneficial. She persuaded him to give up his habit of excessive drinking and otherwise to reform his ways. The young couple in time went to Europe, where they occupied themselves after the usual manner of people of wealth and fashion.

Mr. Fair took a great fancy to automobiling, and bought a number of powerful and rapid machines. His latest purchase was a forty-five horsepower vehicle, which had a going capacity of seventy-four miles an hour. It was while hurrying in this machine from Trouville to Paris that death overtook him and his spouse. Thus for these two ended life's romance, but each had left an estate, and each had made a will bequeathing to the other the major part of it. A nice legal question arose as to which one had died first, as the heirs of the one who survived the other by even a breath would be entitled to the property of both.

### A Diplomatic Hat.

According to the "Temps," M. de Montebello's dismissal from St. Petersburg and the wearing of a lady's hat have some connection. At the breakfast parties given at Compiegne to the Czar and Czarina during their recent visit to France Mme. de Montebello wore her hat, whereas Mme. Loubet and the other great Republican dames appeared at table without hats. Mme. de Montebello was quite within her rights in wearing a hat at this function, but the incident resulted in cold glances being thrown at the Ambassador by the other ladies. Their glances did not end at the breakfast table, and, according to rumour, the incident was so distorted that it was the indirect cause of M. de Montebello's dismissal from his post at St. Petersburg.



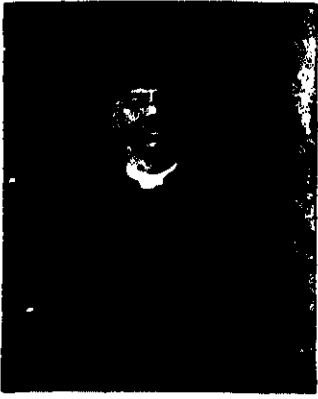
THE EX-GOVERNOR OF AUSTRALIA, LORD HOPETOUN, AND LADY HOPETOUN IN THEIR SCOTTISH HOME.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH, WIFE OF PRINCE ALBERT OF BELGIUM, WITH LITTLE PRINCE LEOPOLD.

The little prince who is now celebrating his first birthday is a very important person, as his arrival ensures the succession to the Belgian throne.

# The Prohibition Campaign in Auckland.



REV. C. H. GARLAND,  
A Friend of Prohibition.



MR ROBERT FRENCH,  
Leader of the Prohibition Party in Auckland.



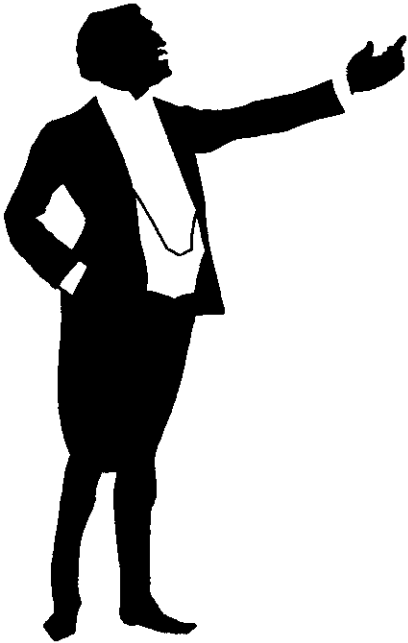
REV. JOHN WILKINS,  
A Friend of Local Option.



MR GEORGE FOWLDS, M.H.R.,  
A Prominent Friend of Prohibition.



MR WESLEY STRAGG,  
A Prominent Prohibitionist.



A PROHIBITION OBJECT LESSON.



"Oh, you can't account for a policeman's imagination."



"You admit that you were bound over to keep the peace in Sydney, Mr Richardson?" "Oh, certainly . . . even I got mixed some times."



"Have you not often appeared before the Court, Mr Richardson?" "Oh, no, but I'd be offener 'ere if I exercised citizens rights."



"Are you on the roll, Mr Richardson?" " . . . I'm entitled to a vote and I shall get it."

MR. RICHARDSON, THE PROHIBITION LECTURER, IN THE BOX. SOME CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDES.

# Reminiscences of the Notorious A. B. Worthington.

Christchurch enjoys the invidious distinction of having accorded a hearing and a home to the notorious Arthur Worthington, and the Temple of Truth still stands in that city a monument to the specious rascal and to the credulity of his dupes there. But it is perhaps hardly fair to remember all this against the City of the Plains. It was doubtless a mere coincidence that Worthington settled there rather than in some other New Zealand centre, and not that the people were more gullible. He would probably have gathered as faithful a congregation around him in Auckland, Wellington or Dunedin. In the larger cities of Australia he must have found ample field for his knavery, and might have continued for years to prosecute his frauds without bringing himself within reach of the long arm of the law. He had succeeded admirably for years in the United States, whence he came to this colony, though his methods were repeatedly exposed. Mere exposure, however, did not seem to interfere greatly with his career. Long before he left Christchurch, the Rev. John Hosking, of that city, had told the public what manner of man he was, and republished a series of extracts on him from the American press which left no doubt as to the nature of his so-called religion. Among these is the narrative of how Mrs J. Plunkett, the wife of Plunkett, the Christian Science Healer, unmarried herself from him and married Worthington. This was in June of 1889.

Mr Worthington had come to New York in the previous February. He said he had just come from the West, where he had been a mining operator, and was on his way to Europe. While walking along Forty-second-street one day he entered the office of John J. Plunkett, at No. 13, West Forty-second-street, where that gentleman and his wife, Mary Plunkett, were editing the "International Magazine of Christian Science" and teaching a class the truths of their creed. He became a pupil un-

der Mr and Mrs Plunkett, and finally fell desperately in love with the latter.

One day Mrs Plunkett told her husband, to whom she had been married twenty years that she was not meant for him but for Mr Worthington. According to the doctrines of Christian Science as preached by the Plunketts, Mr Plunkett took the announcement in good part and told his wife that as she did not love him any more and preferred Mr Worthington's company to his own he would give her up and leave his rival in charge of his home. Mr Plunkett packed his trunks and his books, hired an express waggon and had his earthly goods transferred to his new

home at 125 West Forty-second-street, while Mr Worthington had his trunk and hat taken to the Plunkett homestead at No. 13. A few days later Mr Worthington and Mrs Plunkett sent for their friends and told them what had taken place. "There was no need of a marriage ceremony," argued the couple, and Mr Worthington introduced Mrs Plunkett as his wife. After that the couple lived at Mr Plunkett's former home, while Mr Plunkett, sacrificing his Christian Science precepts to nineteenth century ideas of right and wrong, applied to the courts for an absolute divorce from Mrs Plunkett-Worthington.

"When Mr Worthington first came to our house," said Mr Plunkett, "he said his home was in San Francisco. A short time after he had succeeded me in the affections of Mrs Plunkett, I received a letter, wherein the writer informed me that my wife's 'affinity' was not what he claimed to be, and desiring me to seek further information in the West. I had learned that he had been known under the name of Gen. A. B. Ward, and I made up my mind, in order to protect the lady who was once my wife, that I would learn something more about him.

"One day Mr Worthington and Mrs Plunkett, or rather Mrs Worthington, were strolling on Fifth Avenue, I walked up from behind unnoticed and, tapping Mr Worthington on the shoulder, said to him: 'How do you do, Gen. Ward?' This had a great effect upon him, he suddenly turned around and before he could see my face, answered, 'Oh, how are you?' When he saw me he became much alarmed and laughed at me, but it was a very nervous laugh. I then told him that he was known to me and left him to go his way."

Mr Worthington was seen by a reporter for "The World" at his office at No. 13, West Twelfth-street.

"Have you read the story about Gen. Ward, the king of dead beats, printed in 'The World'?" asked the reporter.

"I did read it," he replied. "I thought it was a personal attack and libellous. I saw a lawyer, and he told me it was not."

"But your name was not mentioned in the story. How could it affect you then?" asked the reporter.

Realising that he had evidently said too much, Mr Worthington repeated that his lawyer had told him as much.

"Then you went to a lawyer to consult him about the matter?"

"No, I did not. The lawyer came to my office about some other business and I spoke to him about it."

"Are you A. Bentley Worthington?" asked the reporter.

The new editor of the "Christian Science" said he was.

"Were you ever known as Gen. A. B. Ward?"

"No, I was not. And I don't know Gen. Ward. And it seems to me that this man Plunkett (referring to his wife's husband) is trying to make things unpleasant for me. But I can assure you, sir," and here Mr Worthington raised his face heavenward and conjured a smile to his countenance, "that I am not afraid to meet any charges that may be preferred against me. Here I am, right here at my house, and here I can be met by anybody who has anything to say against me or against my character. I am at home to all who want to see me, and if Plunkett has anything to say about me he can say it right here."

"When did you last reside in Grand Forks, Dak.?"

"My dear sir, I don't know where Grand Forks, Dak., is. I have never heard of such a place and certainly never was there in all my life."

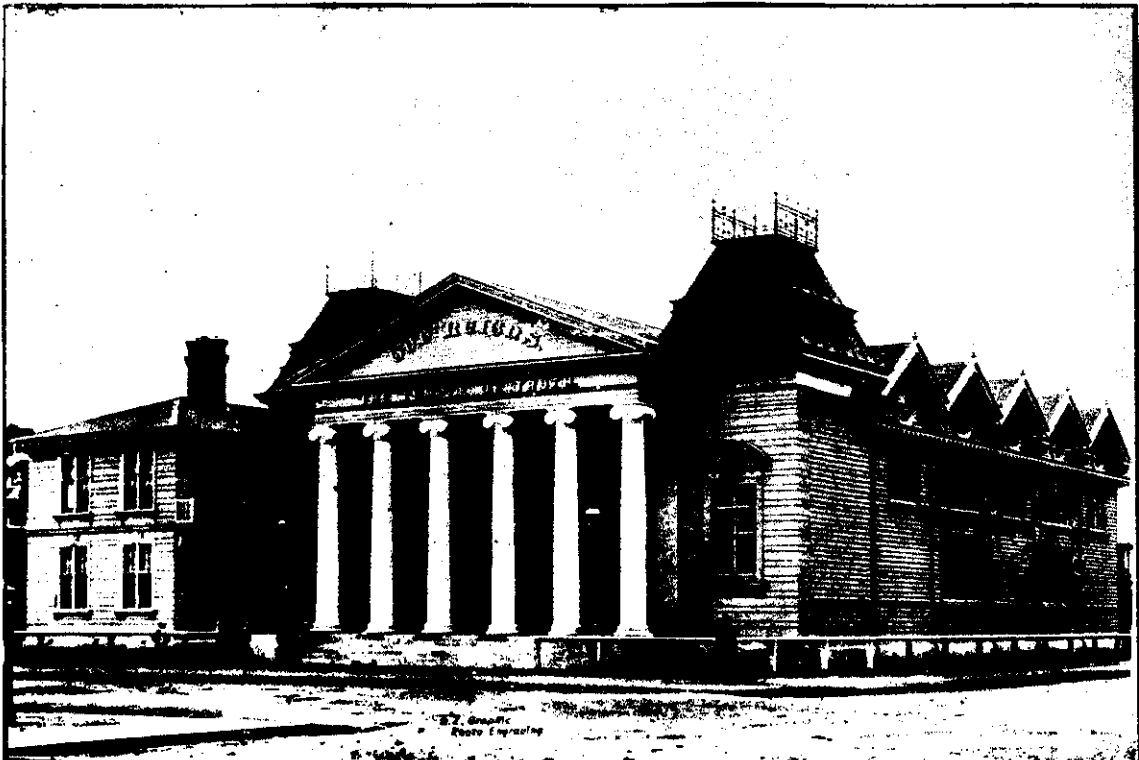
A letter was received later from W. S. Wilder, of Grand Forks, who was a law partner of Gen. Ward, wherein the former said that he would like very much to have a few minutes' conversation with the "General." Additional information received indicated that that mysterious

(Continued on Page 1225.)



A. B. WORTHINGTON.

Who has been sentenced to seven years' imprisonment in Melbourne for false pretences.



THE TEMPLE OF TRUTH, CHRISTCHURCH, WHERE WORTHINGTON PREACHED HIS NEW RELIGION.

Complete Story.

# "Diana Needs a Change."

"Yes," said Mrs. Vereker, in answer to a remark made by one of her visitors, "Diana does, perhaps, look pale. I think," rather drily, "that Diana needs a change."

And she glanced across the room to where her daughter sat on the window-seat in a listless attitude, listening to the conversation of a nice-looking boy who was nervously fingering an ivory paper-knife. She was a pretty, fair girl, with soft brown eyes, that could at times assume a very bored expression. Just now this expression was peculiarly intensified. Her mother's words reached her across the buzz of conversational platitudes that constitute an "at home" day, and she gave her fair little head an almost imperceptible toss.

Perhaps Mrs. Vereker's words conveyed more to her daughter than they appeared to do.

The guests thinned away. An obviously reluctant young man relinquished the paper-knife, and said his good-byes with a regret in no way reciprocated by Miss Vereker. She lay back idly in her corner of the window-seat, and contemplated the toe of a neat shoe. Presently she and her mother were alone.

"Diana," said Mrs. Vereker severely, "May I ask whether you intend to marry Sir Eustace Leigh?"

Diana smiled innocently. "He hasn't asked me to," she replied.

Her mother frowned. This was merely trifling.

"And you know the reason why he has never asked you," she said reproachfully, "when you snub the poor boy so unmercifully, as you do. And he is absolutely charming, and good-looking, and rich." She paused to watch the effect of this enumeration of Sir Eustace's charms. Apparently it was nil. Diana still smiled provokingly.

"I hate an idle man, and a rich man, and a man whose praise is in everyone's mouth," she said at length; "I think, if I ever marry, it shall be a poor man. It would be an interesting experiment."

Mrs. Vereker absolutely gasped. She had no words to combat these absolutely unexpected statements. Diana, brought up in the proverbial lap of luxury, whose helplessness was a by-word in her own family, to talk of poverty as "an interesting experiment!"

It was a subject of which Mrs. Vereker knew nothing, and therefore felt all the more strongly.

"I really think, Diana," she said as seriously as was compatible with a nature which took nothing seriously except the thought of poverty, "that you must be feeling run down, and in want of a change, to talk such absolute nonsense, my dear." And that evening she took counsel with her husband, the result of which was the following letter despatched to an elderly cousin, Miss Ursula Mortimer by name, who owned a little property in the Midlands.

"909, Cadogan Square.

"My Dear Ursula,—it ran—'I want you to do me a favour. Diana is looking pale and tired, and needs a change. It's impossible for me to leave town until we go home in July—I have so many engagements to fulfil, and there are yet four weeks to dispose of. Will you have the child with you? She is, as you know, devoted to you, and would rejoice at the prospect of a visit to Centreshire.

"Your affectionate cousin,

"ELEANOR VEREKER.

"P.S.—I suppose you have still the same neighbours, or lack of them? I have no wish for Diana to go into much society, it is quiet that she wants."

To which letter Miss Mortimer, a lady of keen perception and some

humour, despatched the following reply:—

"Glenallen, Centreshire.

"My Dear Eleanor,—I shall be delighted to have Diana here, and will expect her next Friday by the 5.30 train, on, I hope, a visit of some weeks. I can ensure her having perfect quiet and rest while with me, our only neighbours within twelve miles being, at present, the Thorntons, of Thornleigh. Miss Thornton is, as I think you know, an invalid, and tied to her sofa while her brother, who is a most estimable young man with red hair, spectacles, and a stammer, is entirely occupied with his horses and farms.

"Your affectionate cousin,  
"URSULA MORTIMER."

Diana expressed herself entirely satisfied with this plan. She was bored with London—"a girl in her second season," as Mrs. Vereker would plaintively remark—and felt in no way inclined to fall in with her mother's and Sir Eustace's matrimonial wishes. She liked him; so much she admitted to herself whenever she seriously considered the subject, but she had no particular feeling about him, except that he was pleasant to talk to. If his devotion had been less obvious, it is probable that Sir Eustace might have obtained a kinder reception. Diana had grown careless over a prize so evidently within her reach. Absence from town for a while would put things in a different light. Diana would learn to appreciate, in the

solitude of Centreshire—a delightful spot that Mrs. Vereker stigmatised as "deadly"—the good things she had left behind in London, Sir Eustace Leigh and the trilling distinctions appertaining to him in the form of a title and a prospective fortune, being amongst these good things. So argued to herself Diana's mother, and forthwith the girl started with her maid for Glenallen, and Sir Eustace's face was a study in complex emotions when next he called at Cadogan Square.

"It is so delightful to get out of town in this heat," remarked Mrs. Vereker, cheerfully mendacious. "I feel sure my little girl will benefit by the change."

And as Sir Eustace Leigh walked disconsolately clubwards that evening, he felt that Mrs. Vereker was perfectly right. London was hot, and horrible, and uninteresting, and full of fools that no fellow cared twopence about, and this foolish young man carried himself so disconsolately at the various parties he attended that evening that the hopes of more than one mother of marriageable daughters rose high. Such symptoms were unmistakable. Sir Eustace had fallen a victim to someone's charms. The question was—whose? Was it Rose, or Kathleen, or —? Only Mrs. Vereker, smiling to herself with the smile of conscious knowledge, did not need to ask herself this question.

"We will walk over to tea at Thornleigh this afternoon," said Miss Mortimer, the day after Diana's arrival at Glenallen.

The girl assented without enthusiasm. It was not her first visit to Glenallen, nor, consequently to Thornleigh, and the Thornton family had not especially excited her. But, her mind being in a decided state of "laissez-aller," this visit seemed as suitable an occupation as any for a delicious June afternoon. And so they started across the summer-scented fields.

"Do you call those suitable country shoes, Diana?" inquired her cousin

presently, with some amusement in her tone.

Diana glanced down at a dainty buckled shoe, which had started existence in Bond-street with a view to remaining within a twelve miles' radius of that spot, and which now found itself required to tread the uneven paths of a grassy Midland field.

The girl glanced from her shoe to her cousin's amused face. Miss Ursula Mortimer was tall and angular, and her shoes were of the type advertised as "our mannish model"; obviously, too, they were built for use before beauty. Her plain serge dress and mushroom hat seemed to have inherited the same business-like principles, and an enormous sun umbrella made Diana's dainty blue parasol look absurdly cockneyfied.

"I hate thick shoes," said the girl, with a tiny grimace. "I hardly ever wear them, even at home. Lillian does, but then she loves poking into the farms and places which I hate."

"And what happens, my dear (li, when it rains? Diana glanced up in surprise.

"When it rains?" she repeated; "oh, I never go out in the country when it rains."

Thornleigh was an attractive-looking old manor house, ivy-covered and gabled, which had been owned by Thorntons from time immemorial. The present owner was a bachelor, and lived there with his invalid sister, his senior by some ten years.

John Thornton's looks were not his strong point. He was an old-looking young man of eight-and-twenty, with hair and complexion of a dull red, while his eyes, which were strangely blue and honest, looked out on to a world which failed to discover their worth through the medium of smoked glasses. He was terribly shy in ladies' society, and while it was his sister's one wish to see him married, she had little hope of his ever summoning up sufficient courage to even attain to an engagement.

"And then, my dear Ursula," she would remark, in moments of confidence, "this property would go, at John's death, to a cousin about whom



Her daughter sat on the window-seat in a listless attitude.

we really know very little, though he was at Harrow with my brother."

So when Diana Vereker appeared in her fresh girlish prettiness to spend a month at Glenallen, Miss Thornton's hopes rose high.

Thornleigh and Glenallen were only a mile apart across the fields, and during the next ten days there were constant meetings between the two houses.

John Thornton's shyness began to evaporate before the sunshine of Diana's easy friendliness, and though his conversational powers never rose far above the expression of hopes connected with the hay, or the possibility of a good fruit season, it was evident that he began to like the girl's companionship. And Miss Thornton from her sofa or lawn chair smiled and noted a good deal, and Miss Mortimer, endowed with her keener perceptions, noted more, and did not smile. For she saw, with that intuition only granted to some women, that while Diana was playing a game in innocent jest, to John Thornton it was deadly earnest.

Diana had been at Glenallen rather more than a fortnight when she received a letter from her mother rather more underlined and exclamatory than usual, which is saying a good deal for the firm Mrs Vereker's style of penmanship.

After a dissertation on her feelings of loneliness in her daughter's absence—a loneliness which five dinner-parties, three "at homes," and a state concert had apparently failed to mitigate—Mrs Vereker went on:

"Such an extraordinary thing has happened! All London is talking of it. You know, of course, that Sir Eustace Legh, being old General Grant's godson, has been brought up to consider himself the old man's heir, and as the Legh property is so encumbered it was a mercy. Well, there has been a terrible scene! It seems that the General—he always was an old tartar—demanded that Sir Eustace should marry that deadly dull cousin of his, Janet Grant, merely because she is a cousin of the General's, and poor and so he thought he would kill two birds with one stone by marrying her to his heir. You know her, Di., red-haired, freckled, and deadly dull. Naturally, Sir Eustace, not being yet in his dotage as his grandfather seems to be, refused point blank. The result of which was that the General forbade him the house and you will hardly believe it the next day made a will in favour of Janet Grant, leaving absolutely everything to her, and not a penny to poor Sir Eustace! Isn't it scandalous? I'm told he takes it splendidly, though I've not seen him. He is going to let Legh Court, I hear, as, of course, he will never be able to live there now, and is going to "do something"—what I can't imagine, as he has been an idle man all his life. I hear he has left town, and that odious old General is laid up with the gout, and Janet Grant is going about looking too pleased for words! I am so thankful, darling, that you never cared for poor Sir Eustace as he did for you, as, in spite of your remarks to me on the subject of interesting poverty, I doubt if it is as interesting in practice as in theory. I must tell you about the frocks at the X's. . . ." and the letter wandered off into the realm of chiffons, and presently dropped unheeded from the girl's hands.

It would have been hard for Diana to say why, or in what way, her mother's letter annoyed her, and yet it did. Sir Eustace Legh had never even more to her, in spite of his obvious wish to the contrary—than a pleasant friend, yet she was conscious now of her feelings being stirred in a stronger manner than the occasion seemed to warrant. She picked up her mother's monogrammed letter, and, placing it in her pocket, went downstairs to breakfast. A week ago Sir Eustace had been a prospectively rich man; now he was a comparatively poor one. Diana only wondered why she did not feel more sorry.

"I wonder if you would take this book over to Miss Thornton for me, Diana," said her cousin, a week later, looking up from an accumulation of correspondence. "I promised it her

to-day and I must get these letters done."

Diana jumped up with alacrity. She had been conscious for the last few days of a feeling of restlessness, unaccountable and undefinable. A walk was hailed with relief, and the buckled shoes again trod the grassy lane that led to Thornleigh.

She walked slowly. In the distance, as she approached the manor-house, she could see John Thornton standing under a large walnut tree on the lawn, gesticulating with his usual awkward movements to another and taller man by his side. Diana realised that this must be "my cousin, who is John's heir, and who is coming to us for a time to get an insight into farming, etc." Thus Miss Thornton on a previous evening.

patiently bent upon her. But the girl was feeling puzzled and a little chilled by Sir Eustace's abrupt manner, and John Thornton occupied no place in her thoughts.

"Is Miss Thornton in?" she asked with rather a tired note in her voice. "I have a book for her from Cousin Ursula," and John led her into the house with a shadow on his brow.

Miss Thornton was in one of her most garrulous moods, and when in such a mood no reins to her tongue. She discoursed— to a not unwilling listener—at great length on Eustace Legh's good looks, good qualities, and relationship to themselves as their cousin and John's heir.

"Of course," she remarked, with a little sigh, "if he had succeeded to General Grant's money this place

good soul, mounted on her Pegasus, yept "John's Perfections," sailed away into the realms of mixed truth and fancy. And Diana went back to Glenallen musing on many things.

There was a strange little cloud on Diana's horizon during the next week. She saw much of the Thorntons, little of Sir Eustace. He was always busy, feverishly busy, working assiduously at John Thornton's various duties connected with the Thornleigh estate. He avoided Diana, or appeared to the girl to do so, and she, remembering their friendship of the past two years, felt strangely hurt and puzzled, yet never had liked him better. His society manners, charming in themselves, yet more suited to the artificial atmosphere of a London drawing-room than the freer air of Thornleigh, had disappeared, and there was a new and sturdy independence in young Legh's face and manner that in no way detracted from his acknowledged charm.

Diana had written to her mother commenting briefly on the Legh episode, but not thinking it necessary to mention that the chief person concerned was at that moment within a mile of Glenallen. She had an idea that the news would not be particularly welcome—now.

And there was no talk of her returning to London or to the Verekers' place in Norfolk, though June had lengthened into July, and Mrs Vereker talked daily of "going home," and yet went not. And an impatient husband and a bored schoolroom daughter sighed in vain for the fresh air of the country, knowing that so long as a single dinner remained to be eaten, in good company he it understood, or a single "at home" to be crushed into, Mrs Vereker remained in Cadogan Square.

Miss Mortimer gazed one morning across the breakfast table at her little cousin with a somewhat perplexed air.

"I don't think you are looking particularly well as yet, for your change Diana," she remarked.

Diana's colour rose for one instant. "I am very fit, really, Cousin Ursula," she answered, "though I have a tiny headache this morning. I think I shall go out a little."

"My dear child!" Miss Mortimer rose and went to the window. "It has been pouring with rain all night, and yes, it is still raining a little. I thought you never went out in the wet, Diana?" with some amusement in her tone.

Again that hot colour in the girl's cheeks.

"No," she confessed, "I don't often. Cousin Ursula, but I feel so 'heady' and stupid this morning. I didn't sleep well last night."

Miss Mortimer made no further comment until her cousin presently reappeared in a neat grey coat and a jaunty little cap. "It has stopped now," she said.

Miss Ursula smiled. "Not the buckled shoes to-day, I hope, Di?" she queried.

Diana laughed, and pointed the toe of a neat brown boot. In a moment the garden door banged to, and Miss Mortimer was alone, the tender and yet humorous smile on her face deepening as she wrote on.

In an hour's time the sun was shining as brightly as if rain were an unknown quantity, and Miss Mortimer started to visit a sick woman a mile or so distant from Glenallen. A sudden turn in a quiet lane brought her within sight of a gate, on the top bar of which a man leaned his arms in an attitude that suggested extreme dejection. To her surprise Miss Mortimer saw that it was John Thornton, and that, with his head buried in his hands, he was quite unconscious of her approach.

She paused in perplexity, not liking to advance or retire. With a sudden



It was John Thornton.

Diana approached slowly, a bright spot of pink colour on a green landscape, with a framework of blue sky overhead. John Thornton's face lit up as he caught sight of her, and he raised his hat awkwardly as he came forward. The other man turned round quickly, displaying the boyish good looks of Sir Eustace Legh.

Diana caught her breath for one second, then greeted Thornton, and turned to his cousin with her old friendliness, cutting short John's stammering introductions.

"Sir Eustace and I are old friends," she said, brightly, "though I did not expect to meet him here.

Legh held her hand for one moment, and looked straight into her brown eyes.

"Nor I you, Miss Vereker," he replied, and turned to his cousin.

"John, I shall go and see after those men now," he said abruptly, and was gone.

A little silence fell between the two left facing each other. If Diana's eyes had not been unconsciously fixed on Eustace's retreating figure, she might have encountered the dejection in another pair of eyes so

would have been nothing to him with Legh Court to live at, but now, well, it makes a difference. It is so unlikely that John will ever marry that I feel Eustace or his children—John is only a few years his senior, you see—will live here one day. He is going to remain with us for the present, and learn something practical about the workings of an estate. Legh Court is to be let now there is no prospect of his being able to afford to live there. For a man who has done nothing all his life I must say he takes to work kindly. He and my brother are the best of friends, but then John is so good, and so different to most young men," and the

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Complete Story.

# The Cloisters of Friendship.

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movement he raised his head, turning a little to the right, and Miss Mortimer, instinctively following the direction with her eyes, started still more. For she understood many things in that moment. By a stile not five hundred yards distant, stood Diana and Eustace Legh. Their backs were towards Miss Mortimer and Thornton, and Sir Eustace's arm was round the girl's waist.

The same feeling of being an intruder seemed to strike both spectators simultaneously. John Thornton turned round abruptly to face Miss Mortimer. She never flinched; the look of misery on his kind, ugly face, instinctively she held out her hand. He grasped it warmly and they walked towards Glenallen in an almost unbroken silence. At the gate he bade her a hasty farewell. Miss Mortimer entered her house with the baskets still in her hand as she had started out. She had entirely forgotten her charitable errand.

Diana and Eustace appeared at Glenallen as the luncheon gong was sounding, and stood in the doorway looking slightly self-conscious. And Miss Mortimer gave them no help, though she smiled encouragingly.

"We are engaged," said Eustace, boldly and bravely. And he secured Diana's hand.

Miss Ursula came towards them shaking her head.

"Diana," she said, "I am, I suppose, responsible just now for you and your actions. Oh, I'm glad, dear, very glad"—and she held out a hand to Eustace, as she kissed the girl affectionately. "But what will your mother say?"

But Sir Eustace looked quite unabashed.

"I know it's jolly cheek on my part to propose to Diana—now," he said, contritely. "And if I hadn't met her suddenly this morning looking so—"

Diana stopped him with a warning finger. But she whispered one word in her cousin's ear, and it sounded like "miserable."

"Well," remarked Miss Mortimer, as the gong sounded with insistence the second time, "I shall expect you two to write to your mother, Di. And now, if you could manage to come down to the level of lunch I should be glad, as I am particularly hungry."

Diana's letter to her mother announcing her engagement to Sir Eustace Legh contained an innocent P.S. "I know you and Dad will be pleased, as you have always liked him."

And while Mr Vereker chuckled and called Diana "a little monkey," and Lillian (the schoolroom daughter) reviewed with envious girl friends the delights of being a bridesmaid, Mrs Vereker compressed her lips and said little. But some idea of the state of her mind may be gathered from her answer to the remark of a chance visitor that afternoon.

"You will be glad to get out of London, dear Mrs Vereker," said her friend. "You are looking quite done up, and even Lillian has lost some of her bright colour, and looks as if she would be the better for a change."

Lillian's mother smiled rather drily. "I am not sure," she remarked, re-clasping one of her bracelets with a tight little snap, "that I altogether approve of much change for young people. It is apt to be unsettling."

Sir Eustace and Lady Legh have been living at Glenallen for some years now, renting it from Miss Mortimer, who has gone abroad. Mrs Vereker has withdrawn most of her unspoken disapproval now that she knows that Sir Eustace—and his sturdy little son—are to succeed to Thornleigh, for John Thornton will never marry. But only old Miss Mortimer knows the reason why.

The sort of winter's day when you only remember autumn and anticipate the spring; you look for the violets of the one, and the snowdrops of the other. In the hearts of the two who walked together in that winter afternoon under leafless elms there was just that touch of autumn with a certain recollecting reviving of spring. Recollecting, because with them it had once been spring, and love, and all fair things. Then there had been a long pause, an interval in which there had come other interests, other loves. In one heart at least love had died down, her heart crushed, sore and wounded had turned with a pathetic longing to friendship—that cold half-sister of love.

Love was dead yet friendship might still be hers, friendship might light the dark places of life, holding up a lamp which might light, though it could not warm.

Those are bitter days when friendship takes love's place.

She had found love a delusion, and she hoped much from friendship. But the woman who loves and is love inspiring is not satisfied with friendship. With her usual perversity she sought to turn the man who had been her lover into her friend.

They passed slowly together, both had said good-bye to youth, but good-bye does not mean oblivion. She knew the futility of trying to revive the ashes of a dying love, or to re-light a dead one. Better, far better to light a new fire, with fresh sticks and straw and coal. But from very

force of habit she turned to her dead fires, and sought to rekindle them.

This man, who had long all but passed out of her life, seemed inclined to revive the friendship as it had been at the beginning before it had become love.

Why had love died? Because the woman could not give what the man's human nature desired, and which his higher nature would have despised after the gift.

Men long for their goddess to descend, but if she descends they long to make her a goddess again. That is to say, the number of woman who is as a goddess, and the number of man who loves such. But friendship had then been impossible where love's completion was desired, nor could love linger.

All this had been years ago, and now on a winter afternoon these two had met and had been talking and walking together as of old.

"I think," she said—nothing can equal the pathos of the words. "A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things." Tennyson said it last. Dante said it—but Chaucer said it first."

"Is that so?" he answered. "Dante has said it immortally, whoever may have thought it first. Those lovers, Francesca and Paolo (they had been together to see Watts' picture of those lovers who, clasped in each other's arms, float through space), were punished very sweetly for their short sin. Short sin! yes! and one sin only. Think how Dante's stern

eye would have looked on the light and many loves of to-day."

"Yet even Dante gave them a sweet punishment!"

"Was it sweet?" he answered. "Is it sweet to be tantalised?"

"Most sweet," she said, "for who tantalise unless they love. Love ceases in one of his sweetest moods, but friendship—"

"Well!" he said, "expectantly, 'Friendship—'"

"Friendship is too serious to tease!"

"Or please?"

"Or please, wholly," she sighed, "it pleases at the beginning, only towards the middle it begins to tease!"

"And then?"

"Why then, it leaves the safe cloister and becomes—a nun in the loose!"

"Like the nun in Davidson's ballad? But she came back."

"Oh, yes, they all come back, in the end."

"So that is the beginning and middle and end of a friendship," he said, sadly. "A little sorrow, a little sinning!"

"Oh, there need not be that," she said.

"But always sorrow in any case?"

"Yes, in any case!"

They had wandered out of the crowded street down a quiet lane, overshadowed by elms which in summer made a green and shady place; on one side lay the shadowy stretches, and at this season, wastes of Kensington Gardens; on the other, the backs of artists' houses, were gardens and shrubberies and little summer houses, tiny oases in the wilderness of London. The greyness of the footpath under the elms, the grey, smoke-grimed tree stems, the steel blue of the sky blurred through the overlying bare branches, the quiet, unbroken except for the passing of carriage wheels in the distance,

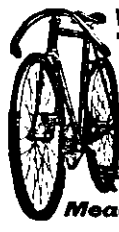


"I don't understand which 'autres temps.'"

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gave to this lane a grave suggestion of a cloister.

The two walked gravely as those who have long ago left behind them the heartburnings and the desires of life, and yet in truth he was a man in whom passion was strong and who saw the body hiding the soul as much as he realised the soul behind the body, and she, for all her talk of cloisters, her persistent striving after satisfying friendships, was at heart as she described it; only a nun joyfully and a little fearfully breaking loose at moments. She moved quickly as the wind stirred her hair, and waved her long skirts about her feet, and brought a soft flush to a face men called lovely, not for any regularity or perfection of beauty, but because of a subtle appeal to a man's emotions always lurking there, hiding in the corners of her lips, and always ready, only half hiding, in her pretty eyes. In his heart the man was saying, "How much I loved you once, how much I love you again."

"How peaceful it is," she said; "just to-day we two walking together, talking together, as in the past."

She was always hovering on the brink of dangerous allusion. She was always like a child longing to play with fire.

The man believed himself proof against her elusive seductiveness.

She knew that at any rate, though he no longer loved her, that she was a woman whom a man would not easily turn into a friend.

"I think," he said, "that what is far sadder than the memory of the once has been is the curse of the thought of what might have been."

Then she wondered if he was thinking of all life might have been had they but met before it was too late. But with a woman's tact she forbore to speak. After all it was well she did not speak, for he was thinking almost as much of another woman. And yet he was thinking of her too. And she was the one walking beside him now. They were both trying to persuade themselves and each other that the cloister of friendship was a sweeter, happier abode than the bye-ways of love.

And all the time they were both disloyal, he to the woman he was going to marry, to whom he had long been secretly engaged, though the woman he walked with this winter afternoon knew it not.

And she? She was only partially disloyal, for the ache of her heart at the coldness of the man for whose sake she had given up the friendship of the man beside her now.

"We will have many such afternoons," he said. "Our tastes suit."

"They used to!"

"Why not now?"

"Autres temps autres moeurs." Her voice had that pretty accent of mockery which had been her safeguard, her curse, perhaps, all her life.

He had no idea that she had an idea. The intuitions of the most inconsequent women are often keener than those of the most intellectual men. He (his name was Ian) looked at her. She

(her name was Iris) was well aware of that glance.

"I don't understand. Which 'autres temps'?"

"Oh, if you forget it is not for me to remember!"

Nor was it. How could he guess that rivers of tears had flowed from her lovely eyes to swell the ocean called "Love's Grave." The grave where all loves drown themselves sooner or later.

two, and one was Iris, were together in a wave-rocked boat. He looked at his long-past danger with yearning. Iris had been so very sweet to be in danger with, to be endangered for.

They walked back to her home in the twilight. Both were in that silent state of excited nerves which lead to danger had either willed it.

As she poured out his tea, and he lying back against her silk cushions received it from her hands with the

from which her intuition told her that there could be but one awakening, had tossed her back from the stormy sea of love to the shore of friendship.

Could she find in her lover of long ago a friend for to-day? She wondered!

Ian looked at her sitting in the shaded lamplight beside him. He remembered without an effort how seductive she had been to him. How he had reluctantly torn himself from her because of honour, and because she had willed it so, and he remembered her tears—and his own, for some men do shed tears, when all life is a great upheaval because of a woman's scruples. And how he had found comfort with Lillian!

And after a while he had found that his friendship with Lillian meant love. Lillian, worth twenty frivolous Irises. "Shall I tell her now about Lillian?" In his man's vanity he imagined—not imagined, but perhaps fancied—that she wished to light up the ashes of a dead love. Was he so very unwilling that they should be rekindled?

Iris said softly, "Is it not just like old days, our having tea together in a winter afternoon? It is so long ago, and yet I never forget!"

"I do not forget!" he said.

"They were sweet," she persisted, "those days, they were sweet!"

He could not answer. Why did she persist? She ought to know. She must be told about Lillian, or he might be disloyal—to Lillian.

"I sometimes regret those days," she said, with her tantalising sweetness.

"Oh, don't regret! Why should you regret?"

"Oh, why should I?" she said.

He fancied she was weary of her love of years; he was so unworthy as to fancy she wished to lure him back. Lure him back? Could he have seen into her heart just then!

"He's welcome to all the love all the Lilians in the world can give him if only I had not lost the love I have lived for." And in her anguish she would not have heeded whose heart she broke, now her own was broken, this man or another's. But for him she had no thought, nor for anything, except that his friendship might console her in her desolation. She did not consider that he was not free to give either love or friendship—as she meant friendship—as he meant it perhaps. She wondered at his reluctance, vaguely wondered.

"We will have many such afternoons," he said, as he at last rose to go. Her hand lay in his in lingering good-bye. Her eyes looked into his as of old. He remembered Lillian's eyes, probably glancing at the clock at that moment, wondering why he was so late.

"Yes, many, many such afternoons," she said. Her sweet face was very near his. But he remembered Lillian, and Iris remembered—oh! when did she ever forget—another.

As he went down the lamp-lit street and looked up, in and afar, at the starry sky, he thought of the star-like eyes of Iris. They had been



"What man's friendship could compensate for the loss of your love?"

"Our tastes are the same," he resumed after a pause. "I think our tastes suit better than mine and Lillian's!"

Lillian was his other friend. There was a close friendship; Iris knew the fact of his friendship with Lillian and imagined the rest.

Ian naturally, being a man, imagined neither Iris nor Lillian guessed at his feelings for both. Iris represented forbidden fruit of love frustrated by honour to another man, and that man his friend.

Lillian represented peaceful domestic love—the light at eventide, the haven of the storm-tossed boat. Yet man-like he sometimes looked back to the stormy gleam lit sea, where

intimacy of old, he, with something of the old passion rising in thought, were it well to speak? And she—moving about the room after giving him his tea, taking off her hat and gloves, looked with eyes suddenly filling with tears, at the picture of the man she loved. There had been years when he loved her—years that made her oblivious to everything else—oblivious to friends, to everything on earth except him, and to keep as she had won his love.

And now the coldness, the awful coldness, that had succeeded to those sweet years of warmth and love. And now, to hope against hope, and now to cheat herself with idle dreams,



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full of friendship, he thought, with a pang of remorse. Her gentle, "Yes, many, many afternoons," rang in his ears, the sweet accents of the violets she had worn followed him all the way. "She ought to be told," he said to himself. "It's not fair to her."

He rang the bell of Lillian's door. He knew there would be no violets there—at any rate no violets of the sassa whether in silver bowls or elsewhere. Poor Iria!

He was abstracted in his manner that evening. Lillian observed it and he only said, "God bless you, dear, for not having your rooms and your clothes scented. Some people over-do it!"

Lillian, as she gave her chaate cheek for his evening kiss, noticed the scent of violets.

And Iria—

She went straight to the table where stood the picture of the man she loved, the man whose coldness had tempted her for a moment to seek consolation in friendship. "Oh, Love!" she said, "what man's friendship could compensate for the loss of your love? What other man's love?" Then she kissed the picture.

And far away in another country that man whose love she doubted kissed the beautiful picture of Iria.

# Reminiscences of the Notorious

## A. B. Worthington.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

(Continued from page 1220.)

ous and much-wanted individual had not less than seven aliases. They were Samuel Oakley Crawford, Eugene Samuel Bouvier Walton, Major Eugene Bouvier, Eugene Bonner, E. K. Bannerton, Mons. Benneteau, Major Horace Oakley Wood, Arthur Wood, W. D. Wood, Arlington Buckingham Wadsworth and Gen. A. B. Ward, or any other name or combination of the above. He is said to have been a banker, lawyer, political speaker, real-estate operator, spiritualist, literateur, mining speculator and organiser, bigamist and confidence man generally. The circular which contained the above information stated that he of the many aliases had operated in New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Texas, Utah, Kansas, California, West Virginia, Georgia, Washington Territory, and North Dakota. He was wanted for a four-thousand-dollar forgery, on an indictment for larceny after trust and for obtaining money under false pretences, also on a bail-bond surrender. He had eight living wives and three daughters, respectively aged eight, twelve and twenty years. Two wives had procured divorces on the ground of desertion.

The circular further stated that Gen. Ward, with his eleven aliases, has been in Canada several times, and in Europe once, and that when despondent, through ill-health or impunctiosity, he threatened suicide. He can shed copious crocodile tears, and bleed freely from his lungs, whenever the occasion requires, continues this account. He never omits an opportunity to "Young-Men-Christians-Union-ise his victims," is devout or devilish by turns, but always suave and sympathetic, unprincipled but not given to violence.

Such is the description given of Gen. A. B. Ward.

In December, 1885, a man registered at a hotel in Charleston, West Virginia, as S. O. Crawford, and with him were two women who he said were his sisters. In the following February he leased a fine estate near the city, purchased a horse and carriage, and went into retirement, because, he claimed, his health was very bad and he wanted to be in retirement, as the air of the Eastern resorts did not agree with him. He refused to see anyone for some time, but as his health improved he began to form acquaintances, and charmed all who came in contact with him. In the year 1886 he was introduced to J. E. Dana, an extensive coal operator, and who was also interested in a large and valuable tract of timber land in one of the back counties. Crawford said he could sell the land, and told Dana great stories of his moneyed influence in the East, principally in New York. Dana offered him the land, and Crawford, who had by this time become Judge John D. Crawford, quit housekeeping and took the two women away. He wrote Dana from the Hoffman House, New York, that the land was sold, and he then returned to Charleston, where he showed a contract for its sale. A gentleman in Washington had an option on the land, and as Crawford wanted to consummate the sale at once, the gentleman must be bought off. Crawford went to Washington, and on his return showed a receipt for money paid the gentleman. Dana, and all who were interested in the land deal, knew the gentleman's signature well, and believed it genuine. There was an undivided interest in the land owned by a Mr Miller, who resided at Nebraska, and to push the sale Dana gave Crawford £600 to buy this interest. Crawford left then, and it was the last heard of him till he turned up in Griffin, Georgia.

been near Bennington at one time, also that he had a sister living at Dorchester, near Boston, and that the two women who were here with him were not his sisters. One was a Mrs Sargent—the name she went by—and the other her sister, Miss Louise Jenkins. He brought them there in order to procure a divorce for Mrs Sargent, whom he was to marry. It turned out that he was playing them, as the divorce showed by Mrs Sargent proved to be a cunning forger, like all Crawford's papers. It was found that he had a law office under the Parker House, Boston; that he was out of funds and had to do something to raise a stake, so he made love to the woman and got her to furnish him a year's living by the promise of divorce and marriage. She put all her money in his hands, and with the year's support he came out £200 ahead.

Crawford left Charleston on March 10, 1886, shortly after which he married a young lady in Griffin, whom he swindled out of about £4000. He took the lady to Europe on a wedding tour. Upon his return he proposed starting a bank and had everything arranged, and went to Cincinnati to purchase a banking outfit. The next heard from him was, at Spokane Falls.

Mr Dana told a "World" correspondent that Crawford's sister at Dorchester knows all about his career, as does a man named Sampson, who claims to be a Boston detective. The sister telegraphed Dana to meet her in New York and made him believe that she would settle the matter when he reached that city. The woman failed to show up, but wrote to him to visit Boston, which he did. The female put up a story of poverty and wished her brother dead, and said all she wished to see Dana for was to find out about her brother, as she claimed not to know of his whereabouts. This was about April 1, 1886.

The sister went to Griffin, Ga., and saw Crawford married as H. O. Wood. In the following August Dana would have written up the sister for Boston papers, but failed to do so on account of letters from the mother of Crawford's Georgia victim. When Dana threatened to do so and told the sister in very plain terms that he would, she sent the alleged de-

fective, Sampson, after him with threats of prosecution for blackmail. This female wrote as much to Dana's business partner, who forwarded the letters to him. Sampson is supposed to be in with the gang. The sister wrote letters here as a blind while Crawford was in Griffin.

From a letter written by a professor of Columbia Law School, it appeared that Crawford had served a term in the penitentiary. Crawford had made swindling a study.

Crawford, it appears, was born in 1848 at Saugerties, N.Y. His Christian name was Samuel Oakley. He was a son of Samuel and Susan Crawford. There were four children, two sons and two daughters. The eldest brother, William, was a wild and reckless character, who left Saugerties many years ago and is supposed to be dead.

Samuel Oakley lived there until about February, 1864, when he enlisted and went into the Union Army. After the war closed he resided there a year or two. He was given a good common school education, and for a time was student in a law office, and is said to have subsequently graduated from the Law Department of Columbia College.

As a young man Samuel aspired to popularity and self-advancement, ventured early before the public and pretended to have studied for the ministry, having, it is said, been admitted to preach in New Jersey by the Methodist Church. In his native town he appeared as a lecturer on temperance, in addresses before Sunday-school entertainments, etc. His conduct was questionable as to sincerity, and but little faith was placed in him.

His first business transactions are said to have been as an insurance agent for a company in New Jersey or Pennsylvania. He was then located in Albany, and there married a telegraph operator. Crawford lived extravagantly, but his business career at Albany was brief, as he was arrested and convicted of false dealings. He was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary, but was released before the expiration of his term. After his release Crawford is supposed to have gone West, and from that time led a roaming life.

Among other aliases Worthington, in his pre-Christian Science days, was known as Bannerton and Monsieur Benneteau.

As Eugene Bannerton, he married a well known actress in Toronto, Canada, December 26, 1873. He was then playing as Eugene Benneteau, with the Helen Blythe troupe. His wife was starring with the same company. At the close of the theatrical season Mr and Mrs Bannerton left the stage and settled in New

### The Maori Contingent.

#### ONE OF THEIR SONGS.

The Maori section of the New Zealand Coronation Contingent, who recently returned from England by the Tongariro, performed some very effective "haka" song and dance turns in the Motherland of the pakeha. Besides the hakas they used to sing a rather pretty waiata or chanting song to a quaint plaintive old Maori air. This waiata, which was composed and arranged jointly by Otene Paul (of Orakei), of the Ngatiwhatua tribe, and Hari Wahanui, of the Ngatimaniapoto tribe (King Country), was sung on board the Tongariro coming out from England, and was greatly appreciated by the Premier and other pakehas on board. The opening solo parts in each line were taken by Otene Paul. The air (rangi) is called "Ra o Mache." The following is the song, with a translation:—

Tere Akubata ka iri ki te Karaua  
 Ka toro taku ringa ki te Kingi  
 Ka tu esi ko Eruera.  
 Ka mau taku ringa ki te ukanga  
 Kei ture tuturu  
 Kei puta te haka o te Maori  
 E noho nei i Niu Tireni  
 E kore au e taea te uri no Maui no nga  
 Tupuna  
 I whita mai au ki runga ki te tikanga  
 he! Koroneihana.  
 Ka tere moana nui au nga whakalhu  
 ki Ranana.  
 Utaina mai au ki runga ia Nowhaka  
 au e tere moana ki te haka.  
 Ke tahuri whakamuri he wai ki aku  
 kamo e rirangi nei:  
 Aotea, Wai-pounamu—nga ngaru wha-  
 wata e ki te haka.  
 E noho e te iwi tu ake ki runga ra me  
 te hari ano.  
 Ahureka ana te rere mai e te ture na  
 runga i te moana.  
 I hu mai te rangi e te pou tuturu e  
 maharata nei.  
 Kupa e te iwi ki raro ki te mana o  
 Pirimia  
 Hei kawe ia tatou kirunga ki teoranga  
 tonutanga.  
 Ka tika nga kupu i maka e Timi i te  
 wa i mua ra.  
 Ka tika ko teneti whakarongo ki te  
 riri ka mau te haka.  
 Hei whakahari ake mo te mana Ingriri  
 Nana nei te mutunga—4—1"

(TRANSLATION.)

"In the days of August the crowning was to be:  
 My hand stretched forth to King Edward.  
 We put our hands to all his laws for ever onwards.  
 Then came forth the joy of the Maori nation:  
 A Maori am I, the offspring of Maui and the ancestors of old.  
 Sent here am I, sent to the Coronation, sped I across the seas, heading straight ever for London.  
 Brought here am I by the ship Nor-tuk.  
 We looked back as we travelled, and sent for our far-off country.  
 For Aotearoa, for Wai-pounamu, beyond the high rolling waves.  
 Remain here, O people; let joy fill your hearts.  
 Pleasant is the bringing of the law across the seas.  
 Here is our strong pillar and support: Here wait the people under the mana of the Premier.  
 He it is who will bring us to all prosperity.  
 True were the words of Timi (Mr Eraru).  
 In the days gone by,  
 Peace has fallen on us; the war in Africa is done.  
 Rejoice we at the English power that wrought the end of strife."

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Lisbon, Wis., where they purchased a handsome little house. Here the young married couple lived happily and contented, while Bannerton practised law. He did well and became the partner of a prominent lawyer of New Lisbon, and was trusted by everybody in town. He naturally made good use of his opportunities by borrowing money from his friends, which, he, however, always forgot to return. He had been married about three years when little Kate, a pretty child, now about eight years old, was born. Two other children had died shortly after their birth. While in New Lisbon he forged a number of bonds and cheques. His partner, who believed he had found in Bannerton a true friend, tried to settle the matter quietly. He went on Bannerton's bond, and a few days after Bannerton, or Worthington, left for parts unknown. The little woman went on the stage again and by hard work succeeded in paying off all her husband's debts. She obtained a divorce from him some years ago on the ground of desertion.

Mrs A. B. Ward, of Grand Forks, Dak., was the seventh wife of Worthington. Ward, after robbing his young wife of all her property amounting to over £2400, left her penniless and in destitute circumstances. When she first knew him his face was smooth, and when he left he wore small grey side-whiskers. He represented himself to be a single man, and she never knew anything different until he went away. Some time after she received proofs of his having been previously married several times, and in each case deserting the wife, who never heard anything further from him unless through the papers or detectives.

The result of these revelations was that Worthington found the States too hot for him, and so he removed himself to Christchurch, New Zealand. Of his career there the following brief epitome, elicited in 1896 by inquiries from Hobart, to which he had gone, gives the main facts. They were as follows:—

That he arrived in Christchurch in 1890 under a name that was not his own, but had been assumed by him not more than a year previous to his arrival in the colony, with a view to escaping from the penalties entailed by his forgeries, swindles, wife desertions and other criminal acts in the United States.

That he brought with him to Christchurch, and introduced as his wife to those with whom he became acquainted, a lady to whom he had not been legally married.

That he inaugurated a series of lectures, and founded in this city a system of teaching, of which he claimed to be the compiler, whereas many of his lectures were plagiarised from Christian Science writers and teachers in America.

That he emphasised certain doctrines of the said teaching, such as the non-resistance of evil, and the universality of the good, in such a way as to blunt the perception of his followers to a sense of right and wrong with regard to his own actions, and to check any disposition on their part to oppose such actions as were not consistent with his professed standard of moral rectitude.

That after lecturing in this city for about eighteen months to increasing audiences, he encouraged the proposition of certain of his followers to erect extensive buildings in which to carry on their religious work and teachings.

That at the end of three years from his arrival in Christchurch he quarrelled with the lady whom he had brought here as his wife, and having secured to himself the support and assistance of the trustees, he succeeded in forcing her to leave the Temple of Truth.

That after being separated from this lady for about four months, he entered into intimate relations with another lady, whose house he was in the habit of visiting at late hours of the night, under the pretence of assisting her in literary pursuits, the discovery of which caused another breach amongst the students, those who could not approve of this course of conduct being treated with consummate and insolent.

That in January, 1895, he encourag-

ed the trustees, by default of payment of interest on mortgage of the Temple of Truth, to force a sale of said property, with a view to his being able to purchase and secure a clear title to the same by means of money which he led his followers to believe he was expecting from America.

That after purchasing the property at auction for about one-half of its original cost he delayed payment of the purchase money from month to month by various excuses regarding the non-arrival of the money from America.

That in August, 1894, he married a young lady of this city in opposition to the wishes of many of his followers, while the lady whom he had brought here as his wife was living in poverty in Australia.

That in December, 1895, being threatened with involvement in legal proceedings for the recovery of moneys advanced, he left for Australia, alleging that he would proceed thence to America to expedite the receipt of money for completing the purchase of the temple.

That, after being absent for nearly two months, he wrote from Hobart to the treasurer of the trustees intimating that no money would be forthcoming from America, and that it was not his intention to return.



"A friend in need is a friend indeed." This is an old proverb, but as true as it is old. Here is just such a friend. Never be without it. Keep it close at hand all the time.

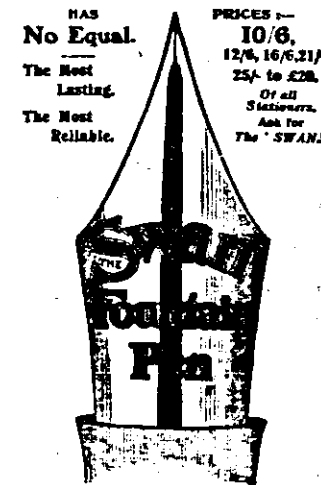
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Complete Story.

# The Vendean Marriage

By JULES JANIN.



So you have never heard the circumstances of Monsieur Baudelot de Dairval's marriage, the man who died four years ago, and was so mourned by his wife that she died a week later herself, good lady? Yet it is a story worth telling.

It happened in the Vendee, and the hero, a Vendean, brave, young, daring and of fine family, died tranquilly in his bed without ever suspecting that there would be a second Vendee a year later.

Baudelot de Dairval was the grandson of that Caesar Baudelot who is mentioned in the "Memoirs of the Duchess of Orleans," own mother of the regent Louis Philippe. This woman, who has thrown such contempt on the greatest names of France, could not help pitying (sceptic de Baudelot. Saint-Simon, a skeptic and mocker, but good fellow withal, also spoke highly of him. So you'll understand that bearing such a name young Henry was not lost to report in the first Vendee, to protest arms in hand against the excesses of the Revolution. Baudelot was a Vendean simply because a man of his name and nature could do nothing else. He fought like his associates, neither more nor less. He was the friend of Cathelmeau and of all the others. He took part in those battles of giants; he took part fighting stoutly, and then laughing and singing as soon as he no longer heard the cries of the wounded. What wars, what vivid tempests were ever like those? But it is not my business to tell again the story so often told. Nor is it my business or yours to narrate the brave deeds of Baudelot de Dairval.

But I want to tell you that one day, surprised at a farm by a detachment of Blues, Baudelot unexpectedly called together his troop. "My friends," said he, "this farm is surrounded. You must all escape! Take with you the women and children. Rejoin our chief, Cathelmeau. As for me, I'll stay and defend the gate. I certainly can hold it alone for ten minutes. Those three thousand out there would massacre us all. Good-bye good-bye, my brave fellows! Don't forget me! It's my turn to-day. You'll get yourselves killed to-morrow!"

In those exceptional times and in that exceptional war, nothing seemed astonishing. Men did not even think of those rivalries in heroism so frequent in elegant warfare. In such a struggle of extermination there was no time to pose for sublimity of soul. Heroism was quite unaffected. So Baudelot's soldiers judged for themselves that their chief spoke sensibly, and obeyed as simply as he had commanded. They withdrew by the roof, taking away the women and children. Baudelot remained at the door making noise enough for forty, haranguing, disputing and discharging his gun. One would have thought a whole regiment ready to fire was stationed there, and the Blues held themselves on the alert. Baudelot remained on the defensive as long as he had any voice. But when that failed and he thought his troop must have reached a place of safety, he tired of the warlike feat. He felt ill at ease at thus commanding the absent; and keeping quiet, he merely propped up the door as it was shaken from outside. This lasted several minutes, then the door cracked, and the Blues began to fire through the fissures. Baudelot was not wounded, and as his meal had been interrupted, he returned to the table and tranquilly ate some bread and cheese, and emptied a pitcher of country wine, thinking meanwhile that this was his last repast!

Finally the Blues forced the door and rushed in. It took them some minutes to clear away obstructions, and to recognise each other in the smoke of their guns. These soldiers of the Republic hunted eagerly with look and sword for the armed troop which had withstood them so long.

Judge their surprise at seeing only a tall, very handsome young man, calmly eating black bread moistened with wine. Dumb with astonishment the conquerors stopped and leaned on their guns, and thus gave Henri Baudelot time to swallow his last mouthful.

"To your health, gentlemen!" he said, lifting his glass to his lips. "The garrison thanks you for the respite you have granted." At the same time he rose, and going straight to the captain, said: "Monsieur, I am the only person in this house. I am quite ready for death."

Then he kept quiet, and waited. To his great surprise he was not shot at once. Perhaps he had fallen into the hands of recruits so little exercised as to delay 24 hours before killing a man. Perhaps his captors were moved by his coolness and fine bearing, and were ashamed at setting three hundred to kill one. We must remember that in that sad war there were French feelings on both sides.

So they contented themselves with tying his hands and leading him, closely watched, to a manor on the outskirts of Nantes, which, once an attractive country-seat, had now become a kind of fortress. Its master was no other than the chief of the Blues, who had captured Baudelot. This Breton, a gentleman, although a Blue, had been one of the first to share revolutionary transports. He was one of those nobles so heroic to their own injury, who renounced in a day fortunes, coats of arms, and their own names, forgetting both what they had promised their fathers and what they owed to their sons, equally oblivious of past and future, and unfortunate victims of the present. But we will not reproach them, for either they died under the stroke of the Revolution, or lived long enough to see that all their sacrifices were vain.

Baudelot de Dairval was confined in the donjon, or, rather, in the pigeon-house of his conqueror. The doves had been expelled to give place to Chouan captives. Still covered by shining slates, still surmounted by its creaking weather-cock, this prison had retained a calm, gracious air, and it had not been thought necessary to bar the openings by which the pigeons came and went. Much as ever, a little straw had been added to the usual furniture.

At first the dovecote of a country manor struck him as a novel prison. He decided that as soon as his hands were free he would compose a romance upon it, with a guitar accompaniment. While thus thinking, he heard a violin and other instruments playing a joyful march. By piling up the straw against the wall and leaning on it with his elbow, Baudelot could look out of one of the openings. He saw a long procession of young men and pretty women in white gowns, preceded by village fiddlers, and all merry and joyous. As it passed at the foot of the dovecote, a pretty girl looked up attentively. She was fair, slender and dreamy-looking. Baudelot felt that she knew of the prisoner, and he began to whistle the air of Richard, "In an Obscure Tower," or something of the kind. For this young man was versed in all kinds of combats and romances, equally skillful with sword and guitar, and adept at horsemanship, a fine dancer, a true gentleman of wit and sword, such as are manufactured no more.

The wedding procession passed, or, at least, if not a wedding it was a betrothal, and Baudelot stopped singing. He heard a sound at his prison door; some one entered.

It was the master of the house himself. He had been a Marquis under Capet, now he called himself simply Hamelin. He was a Blue, but a good fellow enough. The Republic ruled him body and soul; he lost his sword and his castles. But he had not become cruel or wicked in

its service. The morning of this very day, Captain Hamelin, for so he had been appointed by the Republic, learning that some Chouans were at his farm, had headed a detachment of Blues and postponed his betrothal. You know how he had seized Baudelot. As soon as the Chouan was in keeping the Captain had returned to his betrothal feast, and this is the reason why he did not shoot his prisoner at once or take him to Nantes.

Captain Hamelin was not so thorough a Blue as to have quite forgotten the hospitable old customs of Bretagne soil. Therefore, while his friends were sitting down to table, he felt it incumbent to call upon his captive.

"Can I do anything for you, monsieur?" he asked.

"Monsieur," said Baudelot, bowing, "I should like the use of at least one of my hands."

"Your hands shall be unbound, monsieur," answered Hamelin, "if you will promise not to try to escape. But before you promise, remember that at six o'clock to-morrow morning you will surely be taken to Nantes."

"And shot at eight o'clock just as surely?" asked Baudelot.

Captain Hamelin was silent.

"Very well, monsieur," said Baudelot. "Unbind my hands, and unless I'm delivered, I give my word as a gentleman and a Christian to stay here like a pigeon with clipped wings."

Captain Hamelin could not help smiling at his prisoner's allusion, and untied his hands.

"Now," said Baudelot, stretching his arms like a man stiff from sleep, "now, monsieur, I thank you, and am truly your servant until to-morrow. It will not be my fault if my gratitude does not last longer!"

Captain Hamelin said:

"If you have any last arrangements—a will to make, for instance—I will send you writing materials."

He was touched, for he was not a Breton for nothing.

Seeing this, Baudelot took his hand. "Do you know," he said, sadly, "that simple word 'will' wounds me more than the words 'death at Nantes'! It recalls that all my friends are dead. There is no one to whom I can bequeath my name, my sword, my love and my hate, and those are all I have left. Yet it must be sweet to dispose of a fortune, to be generous even beyond the tomb; and while writing last bequests, to imagine the tears of joy and sorrow they will cause. That is sweet and honourable, isn't it, Captain? I must not think of it."

"I will send you some dinner," said Hamelin. "This is my day of betrothal, and my table is better provided than usual. My fiancée herself shall serve you, monsieur."

In one of the highest apertures of his cage, Baudelot saw a dove which had been seen there by one of the first occupants of the dove-cote. The pretty fowler swayed joyously in the wind, and he gathered it and offered it to the Captain.

"It is our custom at home, Captain, to offer the bride a gift. Be so good as to give yours this little flower, which has blossomed in my domain. And now, good-night. I have kept you from your lovers long enough. May God remember your kindness toward me! Good-by. Best wishes! Send me some supper, for I'm hungry and need rest."

And they separated with friendly looks.

Dinner was brought the young Vendean by a pretty Breton girl with white teeth, rosy lips, and the pensive air which befit a shy country maiden, who had already seen so many proscriptions. She served him zealously, and gave him no peace if he did not eat of this or that dish, drink this or that wine. It was a magnificent repast. The dove-cote grew fragrant. It was almost like the time when the winged occupants of the tower gathered crumbs from the feast. As the girl was pouring champagne, Baudelot said to her:

"What is your name, my child?"

"My name is Marie," she answered.

"The same as my cousin's," went

on the young man; "and how old are you, Marie?"

"Seventeen years," said Marie.

"The age of my cousin," said Baudelot, and as he thought of his pretty cousin butchered by the executioner, his heart almost failed him. But he blushed to weep before this child in whose eyes tears were gathering, and as he could not speak, he held out his glass. But the glass was full, and in the last rays of the sun the champagne sparkled joyously, for wine sparkled and spring bloomed even during the Terror. Seeing that his glass was full, Baudelot said:

"You have no glass, Marie?"

"I am not thirsty," said Marie.

"Oh!" said Baudelot, "this bright wine does not like to be drunk by a man alone. It is convivial by nature, and rejoices to be among boon companions. It is the great support of the Fraternity of which you have heard so much, my poor Marie, and which men really comprehend so little. Be friendly; dip your lips in my glass, my pretty Breton, if you would have me drink champagne once more before I die," and he lifted the glass to Marie's lips. She held them out, but at the words, "to die," her heart overflowed, and copious tears rolled into the joyous wine.

"To your health, Marie!" said Baudelot, and drank both wine and tears.

Just then they heard the horn, the hautboys, and the violins.

"What's that?" said the young man setting down his glass. "God bless me, it's a ball!"

"Alas!" said Marie, "alas! yes, it's a ball. My young mistress did not want dancing, but her lover and her father insisted. She is very unhappy this evening."

"Oh!" said the young Vendean, "my good Marie, if you are as kind as I think, you'll do something for me! Go, run, fly, tell your mistress that Count Baudelot de Dairval, Colonel of Light Horse, requests permission to pay her his respects. Or, no; find my host, not his bride, and tell him that his prisoner is very dull, that the noise of the ball will prevent his sleeping, that the night will be long and cold, that it's a charity to snatch an unhappy young man from the sad thoughts of his last night, that I beg him, in heaven's name, to let me attend his ball. Tell him he has my word of honour not to try to escape. Tell him all that, Marie; and tell him whatever else comes into your heart and mind. Speak loud enough for your mistress to hear and be interested; and, thanks to you, Marie, I'm sure he will yield. Then, child, if I am invited, send me your master's valet. Tell him to bring me clean linen and powder. There must be some powder still left in the castle. Tell him to bring me one of his master's coats, and get them to lend me my sword just for the evening. I will not unsheath it. So, Marie, go, child!" And the prisoner hurried her off and held her back in a way to make one both laugh and cry.

A few minutes later Captain Hamelin's valet appeared in the dove-cote. He was a good old fellow, faithful to powder and to all the old customs. Although a member of the municipal council he was an honest man, devoted to Monsieur Robespierre only because he alone in all republican France had dared to continue powder, ruffles, and embroidered vests.

He brought a complete suit, which Captain Hamelin had ordered when younger and a Marquis, to visit the court and see the King when there was a court and a King. This suit was very rich and handsome, the linen very white, the shoes very fine. Baudelot's host had forgotten nothing, not even the perfumes and cosmetics of an old-time Marquis. Baudelot confided his head to the valet, who adorned it complaisantly, not without profound signs of regret. Baudelot was young and handsome, but had not been groomed for some time. Therefore when he saw himself dressed, curled and fresh shaven, his eyes animated by a good meal and by the music in the distance, he could not help smiling with self-content and recalling his beautiful nights at the "bel masque" and at the opera with the Count de Mirabeau.

He lacked only his sword, which

was given him at the door with a reminder of his promise. It was night when he crossed the garden to the ballroom.

All the most beautiful republican ladies of the province were there. But you know women are not so revolutionary that they do not feel aristocratic sympathy for a young and handsome gentleman who is to be shot on the morrow.

To return to our story. The betrothal ball had begun. The fiancée was Mademoiselle de Mailly, grand-niece of the beautiful De Mailly so beloved of Madame de Maintenon. She was a sad young blonde, evidently unhappy at dancing and marrying in that period of proscription. She was one of those strong spirits which seem weak until a certain fatal hour has sounded, when apparent weakness becomes invincible energy. The heroine replaces the little girl, and the ruins of a whole world could not intimidate her, who, until then, trembled at the least sign of displeasure.

Eleanor de Mailly was then very dejected. The friends of her childhood limited her silence and despondency. Never before was Bretagne feast so gloomy. Nothing went as it should, neither dance nor dancers, and there was general lack of ease. The young men did not even try to please the pretty girls, and when the ball had scarcely begun every one wished it would end.

Suddenly the door into the great hall opened, and every one looked that way. There entered a pretty court gentleman, a lost type, a handsome officer, smiling and well dressed. He had the dress and elegant bearing of court. This apparition was in charming contrast with the dullness of the gathering. The men and women who were bluest at heart were delighted to find with them this remnant of the old French society so suddenly blotted out, alas! And, indeed, it was charming to see this young proscrip, whom death on the morrow awaited, entering into this republican company, recalling its gaiety, and thinking of nothing but to be agreeable and please the ladies, faithful to the end to his calling of French gentleman!

His entrance took only a minute. Once in the room, he gave himself up to the ball and went to invite the first woman he saw. It was the blonde girl whom he had noticed in the garden. She accepted without hesitation, remembering that republican death, the most unpleasant of all deaths, was offering her partner a bloody hand. When the men saw Baudelot dancing, doomed as he was, they blushed at their own lack of ardour. All the women were in-

vited to dance at once, and accepted in order to see Baudelot nearer. So, thanks to the victim, the ball grew really gay.

Baudelot heartily shared this convulsive pleasure. His smile was not forced; his dance was light and graceful. He alone was genuinely entertained. The others amused themselves in very terror, and became almost delicious at sight of this beautiful youth, who was king of the fete far more than the bridegroom. Animated by such passion, terror and bloody interest, the ball took possession of all. Baudelot was everywhere, saluting old ladies like the King of France, and young ones with joy and admiration, talking to men in the mad language of youth and of nature mixed with wit.

The more he yielded to this frank and natural gaiety, the more he forgot that the night was advancing with frightful rapidity. And the later it grew the more the women trembled in their hearts at the thought he must really die, for they were near the epoch of old French honour, which made Baudelot's presence at the ball the sign that there was no hope for him. They knew his word bound him faster than iron chains could have done. They knew that both Baudelot and Hamelin were doing right. Baudelot's pleasure did no wrong to the committee of public safety. As you may imagine, then, looks and smiles were very tender, and more than one sigh escaped at sight of the handsome proscrip. As for him, drunk with success, he has never been so full of love and passion. So when he went to dance for the third time with the queen of the ball, the blonde fiancée, he felt her little hand trembling and trembled in his turn.

For when he glanced at her she was pale and exhausted.

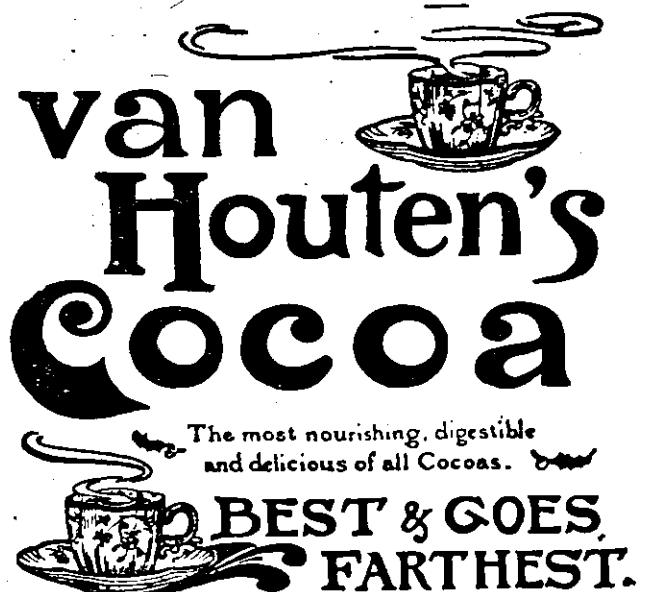
"What is the matter, Eleanor?" he asked. "What is the matter, madame? Out of pity for your partner, do not tremble and grow so pale!"

Then, turning towards the window curtains which were moving to the dance music, she pointed out the dawning light.

"It is morning," she said.

"Ah, well!" said Baudelot, "what does it matter? It is morning. I have passed the most beautiful night of my life. I have seen you and loved you and been able to tell you I love you, for you know the dying don't lie. And now, good-bye, Eleanor, good-bye! Be happy and accept the blessing of the Chouans!"

It was the custom in Brittany at the end of the last square dance to kiss the lady on the forehead. The dance finished, Baudelot pressed his lips to Eleanor's brow. She grew faint and stood motionless, her brow



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supported by his lips. Then she recovered herself, and Baudelot led her to a seat. She made him sit down beside her and said:

"Listen, you must go. Listen, they are harnessing the horses to take you to Nantes. Listen, in two hours you will be dead. Fly, then! If you wish, I will go with you. Then they will say you fled out of love, not from fear. Listen, if you will not escape alone, or with me, I will throw myself under the wheels of the carriage, and you will pass over my broken body!"

She said this in a low tone, without looking at him, and almost smiling, as though speaking of another ball.

Baudelot did not listen, but he looked at her with a joy in his heart such as he had never before felt.

"How I love her!" he said to himself. He answered: "You know very well that is impossible, Eleanor. Oh, yes; if I was free, you should have no husband but me, but I do not belong either to myself or to you. So good-bye, beautiful angel, and if you love me give me back the wild flower I sent you from my prison. Give it back, Eleanor. The little flower has been on your breast, it will help me to die."

At that moment Eleanor looked like death. There was a solemn silence. The music had stopped, and daylight was filling the room.

Suddenly there was a great noise of horses and riders. It seemed to come from Nantes, and all the women moved spontaneously to protect Baudelot with their bodies, but his own soldiers appeared to deliver him. They were in the garden; they forced their way into the house, crying:

"Baudelot! Baudelot!"

They were astonished enough to find their young leader, not loaded with iron, but surrounded by handsomely dressed ladies, and himself adorned as they had never beheld him.

Baudelot's first question was: "Gentlemen, did you enter the pigeon-house?"

"Yes," was the answer. "That's where we began, captain. Neither you nor the pigeons will find it again. The pigeon-house is torn down."

"Then," said Baudelot, drawing his sword, "I am released from my word. Thanks, my brave fellows!"

Then he took off his hat. "Madame," he said, very gently, "receive the humble gratitude of the captive."

He asked for a carriage. "One is already harnessed, Captain," said one of his soldiers. "The owner of the house tells us it was to take you to Nantes."

Just then Baudelot noticed Hamelin bound with the fetters he himself had worn.

"Service for service, Captain," he said; "only, instead of untying your cords, allow me to cut them. No one shall wear them again."

Then, as he saw Eleanor recovering herself, he continued:

"Captain Hamelin, this period of civil war and spilled blood is too sad for betrothals. One can't tell whether there will be prisoners to watch in the morning or enemies to receive in the evening. Postpone your marriage, I beg of you. See, your fiancée herself wishes you to do so. My noble young lady, allow the poor Chouan to escort you back to your home at Mailly, will you not?"

And soon all the young Chouans galloped away, rejoicing to have delivered their captain, and glorious in the rising sun. Poor fellows, they had so little time left, most of them, for the sunshine!

There are men who seem immortal whatever they do. Baudelot de Dairval was not killed, although he did not leave the Vendée for an hour. When his country was less inundated with blood he married Eleanor de Mailly, and Captain Hamelin witnessed the wedding contract.

## After Dinner Gossip.

### A Ghoorka's Obedience.

The following remarkable anecdote of a Ghoorka is told in the "Scotsman" by a correspondent, to whom it was related by the surgeon of the regiment, who was present on the occasion:—In days before the Mutiny the commandants of irregular regiments had great authority over their men, and one of them, whose regiment was a Ghoorka regiment, stationed in the hills, used often to take them out with him when he went tiger-shooting. On one occasion he, his officers, and a visitor were out tiger-shooting on elephants, accompanied, as usual, by a number of the men on foot. They raised a tiger, which rushed away down a steep ravine where the elephants could not follow, and they had to go up to its head in order to cross it. One of the men, however, followed the tiger on foot down the ravine and up the opposite side, and when he reached the top levelled his rifle to fire. The visitor saw this, and said to the commandant, "There's that man going to fire." The commandant shouted across the ravine, "Recover arms," which the man immediately did, and stood like a statue for about half an hour. The elephants, having rounded the head of the ravine, came up to him. "What were you going to fire at?" said the commandant. "The tiger, sir." "Where is it?" "There," said the man, pointing to a bush about twenty yards off. The officer was greatly put out at finding that he had exposed his man to such imminent risk for such a long time, so he got down from his elephant, and stood beside him to share the danger. "Where is it?" said he to the man. "There," said the man, pointing to the same bush. The officer looked into the bush for a long time, but could not see it; so at last he said to the man, "You fire." The man fired, and shot the tiger dead.

### "Forgers Limited."

The incorporation of a forger who has just been serving a sentence of seven years into a syndicate, with a capital of two millions sterling, reads like a colossal joke. yet the "New York Herald" has recently devoted more than two columns to the scheme, printing the notice to the public in full, and accompanying it with a portrait of the forger in question, whose stock is divided into £1,000,000 seven per cent. cumulative preferred stock, and £1,000,000 of common stock. The subscription list is now open in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. It is curious that only a short time ago the American Bankers' Association intended to place the forger on a salary of £100 a month, in order to get him to refrain from practising his profession. This statement, however, has been denied on behalf of the Bankers' Association, which obviously cannot lend itself to the perpetration of a huge joke, even if private individuals can.

### Telephones for Boreas.

"I was introduced to a new sort of telephone yesterday," said a solicitor of a nameless city the other day. "Though the joke is on me, it is too good to keep. I went to see a busy man, and, being very much interested in my business, I talked rather at length and perhaps consumed a little too much time. The telephone on Mr Busyman's desk rang, and he picked up the receiver.

"In a minute," he said: "I will be right up there. I am busy with a gentleman now, but we are about through."

"I started to hurry my last words so as not to detain him, but I forgot myself and talked longer than I had intended to. Again the telephone bell rang.

"Right away," answered the man; then turning to me he continued: "I have an appointment on the floor above that will require me to leave myself for a few minutes." He left

his desk and disappeared through a door.

"I was anxious to say a few words more, so I waited. Several times I thought I heard some one approach the door through which he had gone, but ten minutes passed without his returning. I walked up and down the floor, and in my journeying noticed a button at the end of his desk where his hand had rested, and through a meddlesome spirit touched it. I was surprised to hear his telephone bell ring.

"I made an examination, found that the telephone was connected with nothing but that button and realised that he had rung it just to get rid of me.

"I concluded to wait no longer, and sneaked out as quickly as possible."

### When a Man is Forty-Five.

HIS PROSPECTS AT THAT AGE ARE NOT PARTICULARLY ROSY.

When a man attains the age of 45, what is he to do? To those who have already passed this age and occupy good positions which they expect to do until they die or retire, the question may seem unnecessary, but to the majority it is one of vital importance. The idea has been put forward that the industrious man should have secured an independent position at that period of his life, but it is a significant fact that more than 70 per cent. of the men who are not born with silver spoons in their mouths, so as to be able to dispense with work for all time, fail to do so. The truth of the matter is that a man has to work as hard for his living at 45 as at 25.

The majority of employers prefer young employees for one reason, because of the present demand for old-age pensions. Suppose they take on a man at 45, they cannot expect more than 20 years' work out of him at the most, and will then be asked to pension him off for the remainder of his days. They can get another 25 years out of the young man of 20, therefore, although the man of 45 is the more experienced he is handicapped in competition with more youthful applicants for this very reason.

In every department of labour it is the same, and more especially in agriculture. On arriving at the age in question many men go into the country to earn a living, only to find that there are even fewer openings there than in the towns. Farming attracts many, but nearly all the available farming lands are taken up—indeed, land that a man can make a living on is entirely out of the reach of the poor man.

### New Service Dress.

The general issue of the much-talked-of service uniform will soon begin in England, as it is to be issued, in the first instance, to the units returning from South Africa.

A few specimens are at present being worn by men of the Royal Garrison Regiment, and these have not called forth quite the amount of unadmitted praise that was expected. Still, "Tommy" is not displeased at the change if it will bring him relief from the tortures entailed by wearing his present rig in even warm weather. The issue of the new clothing will also relieve him of the necessity of buying a good deal of under-clothing, etc., which will, with the new clothing, become a free issue.

The 1st Royal Sussex Regiment will be the proud wearers of what will be probably the only distinction worn with the new uniform. The regimental colours bear a united red and white rose, with the white rousillon plume, and in keeping with this the battalion will be allowed to wear a white plume in their felt service hats.

The official intention originally was to abolish the smart white "shell" jackets of the Guards and Highland

era. This decision, however, has been reconsidered, and the regiments will retain these garments—a decision that will doubtless give great pleasure to those affected.

The cap to replace the useless "field cap" has been a source of endless trouble to the clothing authorities, and numberless inventions have been tried in vain. An adaptation of the tam o' shanter pattern, as worn by the Guards, has at length been decided on. It will be provided with a broad peak and a khaki cover, both detachable, and these will be worn together or separately, according to parade.

### The Wrong Lady.

A singular incident is reported by the "Weisbaden Morgen Zeitung" as having recently taken place in the town of Sendlingen, where a widower, who was to have been re-married last week, was suddenly informed by the village vicar at the last moment that the ceremony would have to be postponed. As all preparations had been made, this was inconvenient, but as the vicar explained, there was no help for it. In putting up the banns, he had published, by mistake, the name of the bridegroom's future mother-in-law, instead of that of the bride-elect.

### Japan's Democratic Emperor.

There is no barbaric splendour about the court of Japan, nor does the Emperor insist on fantastic forms of homage. He is just a plain individual. His guests he receives standing, and he enters freely into conversation with all. There is scarcely a subject that does not interest him, or one on which he is not well informed. A delightful host, it is his custom to surround himself with clever men—men who are the shining lights of their professions. Engineers, artists, musicians, writers, soldiers, scientists—every class of persons who have won distinction is welcome at the royal table, for it is one of the characteristics of His Majesty that in the distribution of his favours he is thoroughly impartial.

### Electricity and the Emotions.

A girl, seven years of age, died recently from what is known as "shock and convulsions due to fright;" and (as "Science Siftings" remarks) the circumstances under which the paroxysm came on, and finally resulted in death, are remarkable, though not without precedent. In the afternoon of a dull, grey day, a storm broke forth in the vicinity in which the child lived, and the lightning came nearer and nearer, and the flashes more frequent and of greater intensity and vividness. In the meantime the child was seized with all the physical aspects of fear, which grew in proportion to the violence of the approaching storm, and at every succeeding flash her state of collapse increased. The climax was reached when a bolt of lightning struck a house a quarter of a mile away, and the child's life was extinguished at the same instant. The attending physician is of the opinion, based upon experimental proof of the most startling nature, that the ending of life in this particular case, and in others of like circumstances, was due primarily not to fear, but to a change in the cellular matter of the brain from the influence of the electric waves emitted, or given off by the lightning. He also points out that if invisible electric waves of great force produce the symptoms of extreme fear it is only logical to expect that waves of a different character may produce different emotions. As these waves can be produced and regulated by the wireless telegraph transmitter, it may be possible that we shall be able to produce love, hate, anger, enthusiasm, and other emotions, and to inspire the mind in various ways by a development of this instrument. The idea is a fascinating one, and its originator is now conducting some experiments to test this theory.

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# Here and There.

A New Zealand war medal has been issued to Mr. S. Hill, of New Plymouth, for his uncle, the late Sergeant S. Hill, of the 57th Regiment, who was killed in the Wairau fight near Oakura (Taranaki) on May 4, 1863.

The first portion of the steel-work for the railway bridges over the Ongarue River, on the North Island Main Trunk railway, arrived at Ongarue from Christchurch, via Auckland, a few days ago. The erection of these bridges is necessary before the Auckland trains can run to Taumarunui.

It is feared that there will be a great dearth of fruit in the Waikato this season. In the Cambridge district, with the exception of a few very sheltered situations, the crop will be almost nil, unless it is apples. The late frosts have ruined the peach trees. The apricots, pears and gooseberries seem but little better.

Are any New Zealanders hankering after big game shooting? According to a sporting correspondent in "West Africa," there is still plenty of work for big game hunters in the French Congo.

"Don't believe the yarns you hear," he writes, "about the elephants being all dead. There are thousands within twenty miles of the sea beach, and a great many not ten miles away. I killed one myself within sound of the surf."

So plentiful are elephants in the district, says this enthusiastic sportsman, that the natives would give anything to have them killed off. What with wild buffaloes, elephants, deer, and other game, the farmer has a lively time. The desire of his life is to find the man who can make an unbreakable fence.

But the list of the sportsman's good things is not exhausted. Not only are there elephants in herds, "plowing havoc with the plantations," but one may expect visits from numerous families of chimpanzees, in search of bananas, with an odd 5ft gorilla or two thrown in.

"Owing to the depopulation of the district from various causes, the animals are increasing at a great rate, and the bush being dense they can hide themselves from the wily hunter. But one animal does not care a hang for the bush, and that is the elephant. He simply sails right through as if it were so much growing corn."

"I have come to the conclusion that the elephant is the most brainy beast in Africa," adds the correspondent. "He seems to have thinking powers nearly akin to man, and you would be surprised did you see how agile these apparently huge, clumsy beasts can be."

In an article on the revival of the sailing ship, a San Francisco paper says:—"While the steam fleet of the world continues to increase in tonnage, the sailing ship has not been driven from the sea. On the contrary, a great revival in its favour has taken possession of shipowners during recent years, and a recrudescence of the building of ships to be propelled by sail has set in, not only in this country, but in other maritime countries also. The multimasted schooner of big tonnage has become a favourite type of sailing vessel in the United States. A seven-masted steel vessel, with a cargo carrying capacity of 11,000 tons, which was recently launched in Maine, is to be followed by others of the same rig and tonnage. Pacific Coast shipyards are turning out four and five masted schooners for the lumber trade, in which they are able to compete successfully with the steam craft."

One of the dangers of the "painless extraction" method pursued by some dentists was shown by a Sydney District Court action the other day, when a patient recovered \$16 for injury caused by the use of an imper-

fectly sterilised syringe to inject a cocaine mixture. The "painless extraction" method consists in the production of local anaesthesia by the injection of some form of cocaine, and has other dangers, in addition to that arising from the use of dirty instruments; so the method is rejected by most dentists, though familiar to all who learn the rudiments of the business. Nevertheless, it is very popular among people who don't know the risks they are running. The "Bulletin's" advice to people whose teeth are faulty—and that is to practically everybody—is to avoid extractions as much as possible, and, when they are absolutely necessary, to take "gas."

Mr George Ball, an old and respected settler of Opatiki, died a few days ago, aged 73. He was, when a young man, in the London police force, his father being a superintendent. He came to Melbourne about 1849, and joined the police there. When volunteers were called for to do active duty against the Maoris in 1863 under Colonel Pitt he was among the first to join, and served in the First Waikato Militia. He came to Opatiki with his contingent immediately after the Rev. Volker's murder in 1865, and did military service there, taking an active part in every engagement and expedition.

A Frenchman recently propounded through the columns of the Liverpool "Daily Post" a problem which may not be without interest for colonials. At any rate it involves a principle of rhetoric which ought not to be disregarded.

I am in Liverpool since a month, writes the French gentleman, and I saw many things the which I stupely; but of these this most amaze me. On your tramcars one writes: "Passengers are requested not to board or leave the car while in motion." "Board" I comprehend not. My friend say it is "aborder" to go on ship, therefore one me demanded not to go on car and not go off whilst in motion.

How can that be? I see thousand passengers since four weeks go on and go off a car, but they all go whilst in motion. Shall one explicate how passengers whilst not in motion have power to go on and off a car?

Of late there has been a revival in the whaling industry of New Bedford, U.S.A., owing to the abundance of sperm whales in the North Atlantic. Of New Bedford's once famous whaling fleet only a few are now in commission, but these have had very profitable voyages recently. The barque Canton, 226 tons (the oldest whaling vessel afloat, she was built in 1841) lately returned there from a sixteen months' voyage, which yielded 2200 barrels of sperm oil. The barque Sunbeam got 650 barrels in two months, and the barque Morning Star 1300 barrels in twelve months.

The universal language crank is on the stump once more. At the recent meeting of the British Association Sir Frederick Bramwell took down from a high shelf that out-worn debating society topic, "An Universal Language," dusted it carefully, and tried to set it in a new and attractive light. The learned Baronet eschews Volapuk, and that must be accounted unto him for wisdom; but in point of practicality his suggestion that England, France, Germany and the United States should agree upon one language, such as Italian, for universal use in commerce and literature, is not very much in advance of the proposal that the nations should discard their own tongues in favour of a common gibberish, however scientifically based and built. We cannot, in our mind's eye, picture the pushful bagman of Chicago studying an Italian grammar in his spare moments at a quick lunch counter, or his Glasgow rival taking evening classes at the Athenaeum. Are we not frequently advised that the Latin races are mori-

bund, and that their languages are doomed to extinction? So far as the language of commerce is concerned, is not the rivalry between English and German, to the exclusion of other tongues, with the weight of American influence thrown into the English scale? It seems probable that the considerable audience attracted to the learned Baronet's lecture by curiosity went empty away from a purely academic discussion, which invariably walks round the primary philological principle that language is a growth and not the product of any process of manufacture.

Mr William Diamond, whose death occurred suddenly recently at Collingwood, was one of the early pioneers of the Nelson settlement. He came out to New Zealand in 1859 as third officer of the Intercolonial Company's steamer Prince Alfred. In 1861 he joined a survey party under Messrs. James and John Rochfort who were engaged by the Nelson Provincial Council to take soundings at the Grey and Buller estuaries, and made an adventurous exploration of the West Coast. He was once employed to take a life-boat from Nelson to New Plymouth, but met with a succession of heavy gales, and though he managed after three days battling with the wind and waves to sight the Sugar Loaf, he had to return to Nelson, having found it impossible to land and having run out of provisions.

Queen Alexandra has taken a kindly interest in and shown practical sympathy with the family of ex-trooper Benge, Second Life Guards, who met with an accident while in South Africa which affected his brain. The consequent lunacy, it is feared, may prove permanent. On June 26 Benge presented himself at Buckingham Palace and behaved in such a manner that he was placed under control and admitted to Hanwell Asylum, where he is now an inmate. He had a delicate wife and two children. The circumstances were made known to the Queen, who promptly gave Mrs Benge and one of her children a nomination for the general lying-in hospital at Lambeth. Following this practical sympathy, Her Majesty inquired about the future prospects of the family, and ascertaining that the Strand Board of Guardians could claim a portion of Benge's pension in part payment of his maintenance in the asylum, caused representations to be made to the guardians to forego their claim on the pension in order that the wife and children might have the full benefit of it. The guardians have given the Queen great satisfaction by complying with the request.

"Tave 'arf a brick at 'im." This pleasant little phase of London town (says outspoken Christchurch "Truth") should be emblazoned on the gates of the great city. When the London crowd went mad over the Boer generals we thought they had sunk to the lowest level conceivable—the level of the brainless whooper. But there are depths lower still, after all. On the return of the Boer generals to London they were coldly received, and that was well. A day or two later the generals, as guests of the city, were doing homage to the King. What they had been doing on the Continent does not matter—during the Royal procession they had suspended their agitation. Then the London crowd showed its true metal. They mobbed the generals with rage as disgusting and revolting as the slobbering delight that they had exhibited a few weeks before. Dignity, sense of shame, loyalty, manhood, respect for the King's and the country's hospitality were thrown aside. It was a revulsion of feeling, inexpressibly shocking to anyone above the brute level, a scandal and reproach to England. We ourselves think England has been unwisely kind to the generals, whom we regard as dangerous and insincere firebrands. But, not being a London crowd, we stop short of bonneting De Wet, we refrain from the "arf a brick."

What is said to be the only anti-septic, microbe-proof barber's shop in London is thus described.

The first impression is rather grimly suggestive of a private operating surgery. The walls are tiled. There is no upholstery anywhere. The

Reform without revolution.—The great and particular merit of Hunyadi Janos is that it reforms without discomfort, in other words it effects reform without revolution. This is because it is the best and safest natural aperient.

chairs are of metal, with head-rests of pneumatic indiarubber, which are subjected to frequent disinfecting. The basins are made with pedal taps to avoid the contaminating touch of human fingers. Everything your eyes rest on seems to say, "There are no germs on me."

The barber is clad in sterilised overalls. He explains that that is to prevent any of his own personal and private stock of microbes from migrating to you. Before beginning to operate on you he dips his hands in some germ-destroying solution, and he assures you that the razor is sterilised afresh for each customer.

From a capsule he empties into a sterilised vessel just enough soap powder to supply the lather needed for one shaving job. It seems that danger may lurk in soap that has been used to shave some other fellow.

The price charged for the operation is sixpence.

In the precincts of the London Stock Exchange, just after the House closed on the Saturday previous to the leaving of the 'Frisco mail, much excitement was caused by an audacious attempt by three men, said to be foreigners, to obtain a cast in wax of the key, opening the pillar-box in Draper's Garden. The postman was collecting the letters; one man took the key, out of the lock, and passed it to another, and the third tried, by engaging the postman in conversation, to distract his attention. The postman, however, noticed the key was gone, and raised an alarm. One man got away through Austin Friars. The other two bolted into Throgmorton-street, throwing away a box filled with wax, in which an impression of the key, it is asserted, had already been taken. A man is now in custody at the Guildhall Court.

At the Guildhall on Monday afternoon, Henry Conrad (51), a well-dressed man of gentlemanly appearance, who described himself as an agent, and who refused his address, was brought up in custody, charged with being concerned with another man not in custody, in unlawfully obtaining an impression on wax of a key of a post-office letter box in Copthall Court with intent to steal letters therefrom.

Mr Arnold prosecuted on behalf of the Post Office authorities. He said that a postman was engaged on his collections in Copthall Avenue on Saturday afternoon, and as he was about to open the letter box the accused came up to him, and on the plea of having dropped half a sovereign if he would find it for him. The postman opened the door with the keys, and the door swung round with the keys in the lock. At this time a man dressed as a painter came along, carrying a pot of paint. As he passed he upset some of the paint on the keys and apologised, saying he would wipe it off again. He took the keys out for that purpose, and whilst he was doing it the prisoner tried to attract his attention from the keys. He, however, saw the painter take a small box from his pocket and press the key of the letter box into some wax in the box. He returned the keys and walked away.

A pretended Boer got into trouble in England the other day. The police got information that a young man who had taken up his quarters at a farmhouse near Stonehaven was representing that he was the son of a Johannesburg farmer sent to this country by his father to look out for the best market for the produce of the farm. He said he arrived in Inverness in a ship, and had a large quantity of tea, coffee, rice, tobacco and other samples; but, unfortunately, on his arrival he met two obliging men who showed him around the place, and at the same time relieved him of all his money, so that he could not get the Custom House clearance, and was forced to leave his goods behind. He then tried in vain among the farm servants to get 30/ to send a cablegram to his father for money, promising that when the cash arrived he would give them £10. He also tried to obtain 5/4 to clear the Custom House. He told the farm servants that his father had a very large farm, and had 100 black ser-

vants; that he wanted men from this country as overseers to look after the blacks; and offered the cattle-man £5 a week and a free house, which the latter thought was too sweet an offer to be wholesome. The visitor also gave a pawn ticket to his "landlord" at the farm for a watch he had pawned in Aberdeen last week. On Monday morning Constable Davidson paid a visit to the farm, and saw the young "Boer," who repeated the same story to him. The constable then conveyed the man to headquarters, where he still persisted in his story, giving his name as William Henry Herman. The Chief Constable, however, suspected the "Boer" was wanted in Lindithgowshire on a charge of obtaining some 35/ under the name of Ernest Paul. His description was wired to the police there, and an officer arrived in Stonehaven, and charged the young "Boer" with being Ernest Paul, which he admitted. He was escorted south, and on Tuesday he was brought before Hon. Sheriff-Substitute Turnbull, at Linlithgow, on a charge of having, on September 1, obtained 30/ from Daniel Haggerty, engineer, Broxburn, by false representations.

Auckland is particularly fortunate in the way of testamentary bequests. To the long list of benefactors to whom we are indebted for many of our public institutions has to be added that of Mrs Mackechnie, wife of the late Edmund Augustus Mackechnie, solicitor. Mrs Mackechnie, who died this morning, after making legacies to personal friends (she leaves no relatives), in pursuance of a wish expressed by her late husband bequeaths his valuable library to the Auckland City Council; £2000 is bequeathed to the Auckland Institute, of which the late Mr Mackechnie was one of the most enthusiastic supporters, it being provided that the interest accruing on the investment of this sum shall be expended annually in the purchase of scientific works of repute, not less than 80 per cent. of them in the English language, to form a useful library of reference or study in scientific subjects. There is a further bequest of £500 for the general purposes and objects of the Institute; £2500 is bequeathed towards the erection of an art gallery by the Society of Arts to be used for the exhibition of pictures and allowing such works to remain therein on sale when the gallery or building is not required for exhibition purposes. There is a proviso attached to this latter bequest, that if the Society of Arts cannot obtain a site for the proposed art gallery and the City Council is willing to set apart a site for the same the money shall go to the City Council for the same purpose. Mr O. Nicholson, Mr Mackechnie's partner in the firm of Mackechnie and Nicholson, solicitors, is sole trustee under Mrs Mackechnie's will, and will see to the due carrying out of the wishes of the testator.

Commandant De la Rey is 54 years of age, Louis Botha 34, De Wet is not yet 40, Kemp, one of De la Rey's best lieutenants, is only 26, Fraser about 27, or 28, and the ages of many of the Boer commandants range from 21 to 39.

The detectives of England are a little—just a very little—sharper than the Auckland article, who have failed to " nab" the burglars there. An English contemporary tell how detectives came upon two thieves in the act. The thieves made off in a dogcart; the detectives followed and captured the horse and cart, though the thieves escaped. The detectives thought the situation over for a little and they took charge of the dogcart and an old grey horse. They put him on short rations for a couple of days and then harnessed him to the cart and gave him his liberty. He turned carefully and made his way to a certain farm, and entering by a back gate drew up near a barn door. The police crept themselves within the barn and waited. Presently a man came through the barn, and going into the yard cried, "Why, here's old Bill! Come back home, did you? You old rogue!" The old horse whinnied and rubbed his head against the man's shoulder. Him the police arrested, and on being examined at the police station he was found to be an old convict. Three waggon

loads of plunder were found in the barn.

Our Mercer correspondent writes: "The Waikato is now looking very picturesque, and great activity is apparent along its banks here, where the Maoris are busily engaged in fixing up their canoes for the coming regatta. The large canoe events will excite keen interest, for the four noted rival canoes, the Papatara, Wao-nui-a-Tane, Matiu Hanatai, and Whawhakia, will again face the starter for the two mile race."

A city lady, being very hard pressed recently, was ill-advised enough to engage a domestic without a "character." Before she had been in the house three days, this interesting maid-of-all-work complained of being ill, took to her bed, and her mistress sent for her family physician to attend to the sufferer. As soon as he saw the girl's face the doctor turned to her mistress and said, laughingly, "So she has taken you in too?" That was the fourth time, the doctor told the lady, that he had been called in by her charitable mistresses to attend to this same girl, with whom there was absolutely nothing the matter. Her ruse had evidently been to take an engagement and to fall ill almost immediately afterwards. The majority of mistresses so placed would be only too glad to pay the girl a month's wages and send her about her business. Relying on this, the girl had been taking situations right and left, which she never meant to keep, with the result—to the doctor's personal knowledge—that she had received six months' wages in as many weeks.

A London cable states that the British War Office has ordered two thousand pairs of the patent pneumatic boot heels, invented by Mr W. Lingard, of New Zealand. Mr Lingard, who is an old resident of Wanganui, some time ago left the colony to push his invention, and judging from the cablegram appears to be well on the road to success.

There is far too much in these days of cheap sneering at the women of the world who constitute what is called "Society." True, it springs from ignorance, but it is not less reprehensible on that account. Before talking of a thing, certainly before writing of it, wisdom should counsel a little knowledge on the subject if common justice does not. The truth is, says "Madam," that the "woman of the world," so far from being merely the butterfly of fashion she is so often considered, is usually a very busy person indeed. To begin with, it is hardly fair of the greater public to forget how much is owed to the efforts of women in high places by the charities from which it so greatly benefits. If it were not for the time, trouble and thought they do not grudge in helping hospitals and other institutions, many of these charities would long since have

had to practically close their doors. And many other examples of the work of "the woman of the world" might be given—but it is beside our present purpose. What we should like to point out is that the well-being of thousands of needy workers in the East depends on the social activity of the fashionable women of the West. The considerable sums of money often expended in single entertainments in the fashionable world permeate through every one of the varied strata of society, from the highest to the lowest.

They tell this story of a military officer at a parade. He is apparently in the sweetest of tempers and discusses mildly the new drill-book with an instructor:—"Very good book, Mr. So-and-So, very good book indeed. I practically wrote it myself 25 years ago. Colonel Blank is a personal friend of mine and knows my views. He has embodied them in the book. . . Carry on, Mr. So-and-So." Mr. So-and-So carries on. The officer, suddenly changing his position, "D—, d—, d—, d—, etc. That is not the way to do that movement, Mr. So-and-So. I won't have it done that way. D—, d—, d—, etc." The instructor: "But begging your pardon, sir, the book lays it down, sir, that it must be done in that way, sir, and no other, sir!" The officer (with emphasis): "Well, d—the book!"

Americans have lately been called upon to take notice of the verse of a child of eight tender years, and now comes the announcement of a first volume of poems by an Englishman of 76. The unknown author has given many decades to the polishing of the rhymes which are supposed to reflect his life's experience. It is much to be feared that the academic perfection of one poet will be as wearisome as the empty crudities of the other. What stretches of correct, staid and flat verse are visible between these two extremes to-day! A well ordered kitchen garden are the Muses now tending. Here are trim paths, bean vines neatly bound up, cucumbers doing well, pumpkin heads rejoicing—but where are the wild, exquisite blossoms of the poet's inspiration? In pretty book and decorated periodical we find poetry with all the elegance and facility that Holofernes could ask us for—but where be the golden cadences? Why has mankind grown so unpoetic? The pursuit of material things does not explain it altogether. What has become of the lyric strain that is compensation for even rough metre and forced rhyme? Mediocrity, self-sufficiency, self-consciousness, imitativeness mark most of the poetry current in these opening years of the new century. Would that the rhymersters could be persuaded to turn to prose and let us wait with untortured ears and eyes for some master with the old time gift of "music and sweet fire."

... THE ...

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Queen Street, Auckland.

The faith the racing public have in dreams will be strengthened by the authentic dream of the Caulfield Cup winner published in the "Age" on Friday, the day preceding the race. This was the most emphatic dream tip I remember. The dreamer, a Coliac man, saw in his vision a horse carrying a jockey in a blue jacket with yellow sleeves and a black cap win the race. These were found to be Lieutenant Bill's colours, and the dreamer of dreams had so much faith in his foresight that he backed Mr McCulloch's horse, and Lieutenant Bill verified the dream. To be sure this does not even strengthen the case of those who believe in the efficacy of dreams, but it will go a long way towards convincing the illogical many that it does. Where there are so many dreamers, the scheme of chances is much in favour of one dreamer hitting a winner, and it is much more remarkable that "The Age" should have spotted the winning dream than that the dreamer should have spotted the winning horse. However, the dreamer has gained a wager, and Coliac has secured a new celebrity. For some years to come visitors to the western township may expect to have the residents point out one particular ratepayer with the familiar "See that man? You know who he is?" "No, who is he?" "Go on, you don't mean to say you don't know who he is? Why, that's the man that dreamed the Caulfield Cup winner in 1902!"

Sir Henry Irving's dresser at the Lyceum Theatre is a young man who was recommended for the position by Clarkson, the wig-maker for the theatrical world of London.

Soon after his engagement, says the London "News," Clarkson noticed that he did not get as many orders for wigs from Sir Henry as he formerly did, and suspected that the young man sent from his establishment had something to do with it. One day, seeing him going by his shop with a bandbox, he called him in.

"So you are making Sir Henry's wigs, are you?" he asked, sharply.

"Yes, sir, sometimes."

"I suppose you have one in there now," pointing to the box. "Let me see it."

"The wig was produced. "So you call that a wig, do you?" sneered the irritated wig-maker. "Do you mean to tell me that you believe that thing looks like a wig?"

"No, sir, I don't," retorted the nettled servant. "I mean to say as it looks like the 'air of the 'uman 'ead."

An extract from a letter received by the Secretary of the Department of Industries from Johannesburg will doubtless be read with great interest by Aucklanders, showing as it does that there are possibilities for a trade in timber from New Zealand. The extract is as follows:—"I have placed an extensive order for New Zealand building timber with an Auckland firm for shipment to Durban and Johannesburg, but up to the present I have had considerable difficulty in getting at the freights from Auckland to Durban for this particular class of merchandise in bulk and specified sizes. The successful introduction of New Zealand timbers into this country and the Transvaal in particular depends largely of course on the freights and the cost of transport generally, and I should be thankful if you would send me per return mail the fullest information you can obtain on the subject. Could the Government be induced through you to quote low so as to encourage a trade in timber exporting? There is bound to be such a gigantic demand for building material over here within the next few years that the export of New Zealand timber once properly established will not only be good from a business man's point of view, but such splendid woods as you grow in New Zealand will still further increase the enviable reputation which New Zealand has already deservedly obtained."

The formal opening of the Auckland yachting season is to take place on Saturday, the 22nd inst. It is expected that the Government auxiliary screw schooner Countess of Ranfurly, now in port, may take part in the evolutions and lead the procession of yachts.

There is in process of formation at Home a society to be known as "The Pedestrians' Protection League."

Its chief object will be the suppression of reckless motor-car and horse driving, and of "scorching" by cyclists.

With a parent society in London, there will be branches in some fifteen centres.

The numbering and hoisting of motors will be advocated, and inspectors will carefully watch main roads.

Advice in regard to compensation claims in cases of accidents to pedestrians will be a feature of the new league.

Inquiries were made at the Solomon Island recently by the officers of H.M.s. Sparrow for news of the missing schooner Sybil, but they heard nothing of the overdue vessel. The Sybil left the Solomon Group in April last for Queensland, and it is now considered certain that she has foundered with all hands. She had a shipload of natives on board for the Queensland plantations.

"Good fellows," so-called, are among the curses of society. A generous disposition does not imply that its possessor has a proper equipment of moral qualities, or, indeed, that he has any moral qualities at all. Society is full of good fellows who give big dinners and other entertainments, the price of which is borrowed, without prospect of repayment, from men who dislike to refuse anything to a good fellow. Sometimes it is even abstracted from trust funds, or withheld from the necessities of the good fellow's own family. The good fellow, as a rule, is merely a man of generous impulse who is too weak to say "No," to himself or anyone else.

The scenic wonders of the upper reaches of the Wanganni River are but little known, but the opportunity of seeing them is now afforded, as the Tourist Department has made special arrangements with a Maori at Pipiriki to convey tourists and others to the upper reaches in canoes. The price will be for one person £1 10/ per day; for two persons £1 each per day; for three or more persons 15/ per day. Those using the service for more than a single day's trip will require to provide food, tents, and other camping paraphernalia.

A well-known diplomatist, who is still the delight of many diners-tables, retains, as the refreshing heritage of a bygone day, a hearty admiration for woman. He often gave expression to it, but rarely with such applause as when he rose one evening to address a New York audience, and, looking up to the gallery that was crowded with fair visitors, exclaimed: "Now, I know the meaning of the Scriptures, 'Man was made a little lower than the angels.'"

A weird scene was witnessed by the officers of H.M.s. Sparrow at Auki Island, in the Solomon Group, lately. The Sparrow anchored there at night, and on shore the natives were holding a big feast. All night long they kept fires burning, and were screaming loudly and dancing, and the ship's company were kept awake by the great noise. On landing next day a gruesome sight was witnessed. All round the chief's house were many skulls resting on forked sticks, while others were secreted in small bags. It was not a head-hunting plant, but merely the customary manner the natives had of stowing away the skulls—relics of their ancestors.

We Englishwomen, says "The Queen," are often dull when compared to the Yankee women. We do not seem to have realised that the time has come when the women of England, like her manufactures, must wake up. We do not want our girls to be quite so brusque or quite so flashy as the average American girl, but it would be a good thing if the women over thirty copied their American sisters a little more.

The Union Company's annual summer cruise to the Sounds of the West Coast is announced. The cruise will be made in January, 1903, as usual,

and will occupy 14 days from Dunedin and back, giving extra time at Milford and other Sounds. The steamer Waikare will again be employed. She will take her departure from Sydney on Saturday, 3rd January, proceeding via Wellington and Lyttelton to Dunedin, arriving there on Saturday, 10th January. After a stay of three days the Waikare will leave on Tuesday, 13th January, for Stewart Island and the West Coast Sounds, via Bluff. After spending 12 days exploring the Sounds, she will return to Dunedin, arriving there on the morning of Tuesday, 27th January. The company have issued leaflets giving all particulars.

A story is being told of a certain confidential clerk who formed the wicked habit of running out from his business each morning about 11 a.m. to partake of one glass of whisky. Not being very proud of this, his daily habit, he asked invariably for a few caraway seeds that he might chew them, and under this bushel hide his alcoholic light. For years and years this habit went on, and he apparently escaped detection. On one occasion he found that at his favourite hostelry there were no caraway seeds, so he was compelled to put up with a beautiful spring onion by way of bushel. Presently he returned to his desk, and went on with his work, his employer sitting at the desk opposite. Soon the employer noticed something. At first it was faintly perceptible, but presently it became less agreeable. "Look here," he said, "I've stood whisky and caraway for twenty-two years, but I draw the line at whisky and onion."

There is no immediate danger of a whisky drought. It is officially stated that at the end of January last there was in stock in Scotland the appalling quantity of 109,260,191 gallons of "Scotch."

A quantity of water equal to this sea of whisky could float the fleet of more than one first-class European Power.

And the stock of whisky tends to increase. In a year and a half it has been swollen by 5,500,000 gallons. Over-production, indeed, is the great danger of the Scottish whisky trade, notwithstanding the closing of many distilleries.

But the worst aspect of the case is known by the trade to lie in the vast accumulation of stocks abroad.

In Melbourne, for instance, there is lying enough whisky to meet Australian requirements for five years, and other countries are in a similar position.

Among the problems which have worried tool makers and mechanics for years is that of having a machine which will drill square holes in iron, steel, brass, stone, and wood, and so save the laborious process of filing which takes up so much time and labour.

The distinction of inventing such a drill belongs to Mr Erhard Segitz, of West Norwood, who has patented a machine which drills a perfectly square hole.

This tool is the wonder of all who have seen it, and is a "three-winged" drill, semi-round, which yet cuts four straight edges in its rotary motion. That is to say, the motion appears to the eye to be rotary, but there is of course, a cunning manoeuvre in the triple flange which produces the square cut, triangular, or other angu-

lar holes, with automatic regularity and machine speed.

1,800,000 dead letters. Try to assimilate the magnitude of the figures, oh phlegmatic New Zealander. The British Postmaster-General reports that during the year ended March 31, 1902, the number of postal packets delivered in the United Kingdom was 3,919,000,000, of which total 2,451,500,000 were letters. Last year the number of letters delivered was 2,323,600,000.

Of postcards 444,900,000 were delivered, an increase of 6.2 per cent., due no doubt to the pictorial postcard craze, for the increase during the two preceding years amounted only to 1.7 per cent.

The almost incredible number of 34,421,976 postal packets were undelivered for various reasons, including 11,523,272 book packets and circulars. Out of 10,000,000 undelivered letters nearly 9,000,000 were reissued to corrected addresses or returned to the sender. Over one million letters therefore "died" last year.

Still more incredible is the fact that 358,300 registered letters and letters containing property reached the Returned Letter Office during the year, and the amount of property so mislaid included £18,231 in cash and bank-notes, and £850,298 in bills, cheques, postal orders, and stamps.

There were no fewer than 3782 letters containing valuables and posted without address. And the carelessness of the nation in bulk further led to the discovery of 85,640 articles loose in the post, including coin to the amount of more than £1000.

"A half-sovereign, which had evidently been used to seal a parcel, was found, still adhering to the wax, on the arrival of the parcel in London!"

The conveyance of mails by motor-car remains in an unsatisfactory position, owing to the non-existence of a motor-van which will carry heavy loads with the regularity of vans drawn by horses.

Coming to the Savings Bank, there is a falling off in the amount added to the deposits. Whereas, in 1900 the sum so added was £5,431,040, last year it was £4,843,271. But against 1,029,154 accounts closed during the year, 1,376,846 new accounts were opened. The estimated profit on the year was £26,177.

There is a steady increase in the number of telegrams, which last year totalled 90,432,041. The average weekly number of words contained in Press telegrams was 14,344,893. On Peace night 740,000 words were telegraphed from London, and on March 19 a business firm despatched a telegram to 7720 different addresses.

A curious fact is disclosed by the report on the health of the Post Office staff. The proportion of sick absentees in the Metropolitan districts was 59 per cent. men and 75 per cent. women. On the other hand, the death-rate per 1000 was 3.8 men and only 1.3 women.

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# Topics of the Week.

## Election Promises.

Candidates for Parliamentary honours profess themselves willing at this time to make almost any sacrifice in order to serve their country; but it is rare to find them willing to forego the honorarium. The speech of Mr. Hannan, one of the Auckland candidates, deserves notice, if for no other reason than that this gentleman intimated his willingness to sacrifice even the monetary consideration attached to the position of member. At the same time, of course, his offer is not to be taken as unconditional; and the conditions he stipulates for may be regarded by some as minimising the value of his offer. He said that if hard times came he would give his honorarium to the building of Auckland railways. Now, one should not look a gift horse in the mouth, but there is really something about this offer that tempts a closer examination. Why in the event of hard times Mr. Hannan should bestow his £300 on public works when doubtless they could be spent to much better purpose on relieving the necessities of the pinched and poor, I do not quite understand. After all, such generosity on his part could achieve very little in the matter of building railways; it wouldn't even carry a bush tramway very far. And would it not be actually cruel of Mr. Hannan when his constituents were perhaps crying out for bread to offer them a steel rail? In the face of such a proposal it is difficult to resist the suggestion that Mr. Hannan's generosity did not amount to very much after all, as it is extremely unlikely he would ever be called to redeem his promise. However, that is a feature common to most election promises I am inclined to think. How often are they not made only to be broken? If it were not so what an ideal Parliament we should have. Hedged, though it is, Mr. Hannan's prospective self-sacrifice is yet sufficiently rare to be worth noting. How many other members are there who would take even the same risks as he does? The intangible principle, the undefinable amount of private labour and time—these are sacrifices which without a moment's consideration every candidate avows himself willing to offer up on the altar of the country; but when it comes to the tangible guineas they are much more careful. An excellent test to put to a candidate in order to ascertain his single heartedness in the interest of the country would be to ask him to sacrifice the honorarium; but, of course, it would be much too hard a test, and few would come through the ordeal. The electors are not unkind to the Parliamentary aspirant; they know he is only human, and consequently you seldom find among the questions with which he is assailed at the close of a meeting that most inconvenient of all queries, "Are you prepared to vote against payment of members?"

## Electoral Purity.

Mr Seddon is much too shrewd a man not to appreciate the force of such a contention as I urged last week; namely, that it is the first business of the Government to see that the electoral law is not only impartially administered, but also that not a shadow of suspicion attaches to its administration. The attitude in which he met the deputation in Wellington of the New Zealand Alliance shows this very plainly. In his remarks as reported he never attempted to combat for an instant the grounds of complaint, but, on the contrary, at once suggested that a responsible officer should be sent up to Auckland to inquire into the charges against the registrar. That inquiry is now being instituted, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the result will remove the dissatisfaction and distrust at present existing. For the sake of the whole colony, as much as for Auckland, it is necessary that the impartiality of registrars generally as a fixed principle of our electoral machinery should

be established. As Mr Seddon himself remarked, if it can be shown that any responsible statutory officer took sides he is not fit for his position. I am afraid that neither the law nor the force of public opinion has sufficiently emphasised this point, and hence in the minds of these officers there may be a laxness which, though entirely unpermissible, may not be altogether unpardonable.

## Shaking Hands with Germany.

The Kaiser is now on his way to England on a friendly visit to King Edward, but it is freely rumoured that he means to take the opportunity of frankly discussing Anglo-British relations with the Ministry. It would certainly not be surprising if he considered some explanation of Germany's peculiar Anglophobia was necessary on his part as head of the German Empire; and perhaps that idea has given rise to the report. And again it is very probable, too, that apart from the necessity for an apology, he recognises the wisdom of establishing better relations with England. To the British way of thinking, it is Germany herself who has been responsible for all the ill-feeling that may be abroad. If we are at all antagonistic to the Germans, who is to blame? Surely the Germans themselves. But it appears that they don't admit the soft impeachment. A writer in the "Deutsche Rundschau" declares that the "Times," "Spectator" and the "National Review" have tried to make bad blood between Germany and Great Britain, and have only failed to do so owing to "the correct attitude of the German Government. But," continues he, "if this sort of thing goes on results may take place which will be very hurtful to England. The German Government may not always be able to hold the people in check, and the English press will do well to cease playing with fire." Could anything equal the cool insolence of this? The attitude of the British press, even when the German Anglophobes were foaming at the mouth, was one of marvellous tolerance. And it was not until the German press had repeatedly transgressed all bounds of decency in its attacks that the leading British journals ventured a dignified remonstrance. It is to their action at this juncture that the German writer must allude when he accuses them of trying to stir up trouble. Of course, the Germans may say that the press does not voice the sentiments of the German people or Government. As to its relation to the people, if it did not echo their views it did worse—it prompted them; and as to its relation to the Government, we all know that had the latter objected to the tone or utterances of the journals it would not have hesitated in suppressing them. But the British are a magnanimous as well as practical folk, and if the Kaiser holds out the olive branch of friendship he will not find us backward in accepting it.

## Saturday Night Burglaries.

Saturday night burglaries have become one of the institutions of Auckland. The folks look forward to them, and when they open their papers on Monday the first thing they turn to after the births, deaths and marriages is the burglar column. And they have had few disappointments. The burglars are, as a rule, very punctual, and it is the exception to find them not up to time. Considering the obstacles they have to contend with their regularity is astonishing, and in any other walk of life would win them credit. For they have obstacles. I believe the police are really trying to catch them, but they make such a poor band at the work that the betting is all on the side of the burglars. We are generally given to understand that the police have a theory or a clue, or a suspicion or something, but never that they have a

burglar, which would be more to the point. It is alleged that the gang is American, but the only reason one can discover for this assumption is that a special degree of cleverness is imputed to the Yankees, and the police take refuge from the storm of public criticism in this. Have I a theory? No, and if I were a policeman I would not bother to formulate one. It's of no importance whether the burglars are Chinamen or Esquimaux; the fact that they are burglars is enough, and I would go all I knew on that. And I fancy that before this time I would have got a little further than the police, though I lay no claim to being a Sherlock Holmes. Most folks I have come across think the same thing. It may be the egotism of ignorance—of course it may. But to the average mind it does seem incomprehensible that a gang of housebreakers should be able to pursue their work week after week within a radius of a few miles, and to live undetected among a population of barely sixty thousand, and without being discovered. Under such circumscribed conditions it should be a comparatively easy thing for an intelligently organised police force to get on the right track. A capable policeman in a small colonial community should know every face on his beat, and a good deal more than that. He has nothing else to do during the whole day. If, then, Auckland is adequately policed with intelligent men they should be able to furnish such information as pieced together by a capable head would so narrow down the area of suspicion that those within it would find their action hampered at every point.

## Go on the Land, Young Woman.

Women have invaded the business and industrial sphere of man at so many points that it is rather a wonder they have not been more to the front as agriculturalists. This is the more striking from the fact that from the earliest times women have been more closely associated with field work than with any other in which men engage. Long before the ladies dreamt of being doctors and lawyers, not to speak of clerks and typewriters, the ranks of agricultural labourers were in most countries largely recruited from the sex; and, indeed, they are now. Then, why is it that they do not show any anxiety to devote themselves to a field from which they are in no way debarred or for which experience has already shown them to be fitted, as they have yet to prove themselves in many other walks of life to which they aspire. Here in New Zealand, for example, why should it only be the young men who are admonished to go on the land? Why not the young women? The problem of what shall we do with our girls if not always so pressing as that other, What shall we do with our boys? is not always capable of the matrimonial solution, and parents have to bethink themselves of the relative advantages of domestic service, typewriting, factory and shop work. Nobody seems to think of the land, however, in that connection, though there is really no great reason why they shouldn't. No doubt most of my readers saw a cablegram in the papers last week, in which it was announced that the Russian Government had decided to establish an agricultural school for women—the first in Europe—where special training will be given in dairying, gardening, bee and poultry-keeping, and cattle and sheep-raising. As showing, too, that the movement is not an uncalculated experiment, it is stated that 325 ladies have applied for admission to the institution. Does not the incident fire some of you young New Zealand ladies with the ambition to become farmers on your own account. I am sure that were such a desire to become general there would be not the least difficulty in securing free grants of land to the adventurous among the fair sex who cared to take them up. They would find Wittefords in plenty to plead their cause. The prospect surely opens out a more alluring future than you can get from behind a typewriter, and if only as a step to marriage, the scheme is superior to any other I have come across, for where is the use of sending the boys on the

land unless you train the girls to be real help-meets to them in addition to being mere wives. We are making great efforts to raise funds for the establishment of a college for the education of Maori girls so that they would be suitable wives for the educated Maoris; but an agricultural school on the lines of the Russian institution is hardly less necessary if our young farmers are to make the best of things.

## Newspaper Nonsense.

One scarcely knows whether to be more pleased with the flattery or more astounded at the inaccuracy of an American writer, who has been writing up New Zealand in one of the American journals, a copy of which reached me by the last San Francisco mail. It is to be hoped for the credit of trans-Pacific journalism that the reporters and descriptive writers in the States take a little more trouble with facts than this scribbler does. Most complimentary as he means to be to us colonists, the intense superficiality of his knowledge regarding us, together with its inaccuracy, is most irritating. Scarcely a statement does he make that is not wrong in some important particular, or wrong altogether. It is news to us to hear of a bed of tree oysters just outside of Auckland, the property of two men, who have been made rich by it. In the writer's description of tidal flats covered with small trees, to which the bivalves attach themselves and wax big and fat, one can with difficulty recognise the mangrove mud-flats of some of our creeks. Again, a glance at the year-book would have saved this writer from such a statement as this that "women are much sought after matrimonially, for they are outnumbered by the men two to one. There is no need for a woman becoming an old maid." Before one gets half through the article he is prepared for any misstatement, and so it does not surprise one to learn that the postmasters throughout the colony "collect all taxes, municipal and governmental, and all customs and internal revenues," or that "the Government gives free treatment at Rotorua to all and sundry"; or that everybody in the colony bets, "from babes in arms to tottering grand-parents"; or that if the visitor is an American he "will be royally received and entertained, while a Londoner is left to cool his heels in an ante-room." Allowing for the humour of exaggeration, this account of New Zealand stands out as one of the most inept productions I have set eyes on. One may forgive geographical mistakes, as, for instance, when the Sydney "Bulletin" last week spoke of Rotorua as 40 miles distant from Auckland, but that such nonsense as we have quoted should be allowed to pass unchallenged, as it doubtless will be the case is too much. I imagine that American paper numbers its readers by the hundred thousand, and this is the sort of stuff it gives them by way of description of these islands. Save us from the irresponsible American press, which is ready to print any nonsense of any irresponsible penster that has a little imagination. Talk of the educative influence of newspapers after this!

# Cuticura

## REMEDIES

# THE SET

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The King has returned to Sandringham.

A strong branch of the Navy League has been formed in Montreal.

Lord Hopetoun is gazetted Marquis of Linlithgow, and has accepted the presidency of the Australian Club.

King's College has appealed for half a million to endow a college seat in higher education.

The death is announced of Mr Leonard Browne, the celebrated throat specialist.

Chopyongin, a pro-Russian, has been appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs in Korea.

The Canadian Dominion post office for the first time shows a slight surplus on the year's working.

Lord Strathcona states that the grain exports from Canada during the last financial year totalled a value of 49,215,000 dollars.

President Castro has proclaimed that the rebellion in Venezuela has ended. The Government forces lately captured the strongholds of Mateo and dispersed the rebels.

Mr. Arnold-Forster, Secretary to the Admiralty, has intimated that the new British scout steamers will carry 10 12-pounders and eight small automatic guns.

Mr Taylor, Conservative, has replaced Mr. Warr (resigned) in the by-election for Liverpool (East Toxteth), defeating Mr Rathbone by a majority of 377.

Germany is voting £200,000 for the expenses of participation in the St. Louis Exhibition. Prince Henry will attend the opening.

The sheikhs and notables enthusiastically welcomed Viscount Kitchener at Khartoum. While there he presented colours to the Soudanese Regiment.

The principal main line companies propose to undertake tubing in London, linking the termini by means of primary circles, with cross tubes radiating to all populous centres.

Mr Herbert Samuel (Liberal) has been elected for Cleveland vice Mr Alfred Pease (resigned), defeating Mr Geoffrey Drage by a majority of 2036.

The Board of Trade returns for October show that the imports increased by £2,502,927 and the exports by £1,166,195.

Four thousand whites and negroes at Darling, Mississippi, burned a negro to death at the strike. The negro had confessed to having robbed and murdered two whites.

Sixty ruling chiefs, mounted on elephants, will escort the Viceroy (Lord Curzon) and the Duke of Connaught on their State entry into Delhi.

Mr. Chamberlain has appointed a committee to study the practicability of a gold standard currency being established in the Straits Settlements and the neighbouring Malay States.

Owing to the imprisonment of Dr. Tatarcheff and other Bulgarians in Greece, the Greek Consulate at Varna, in Bulgaria, has been attacked and anti-Greek riots have occurred at Burghas, attended by six fatalities.

Colonel Foutcheff, one of the leaders of the popular movement in Macedonia, attributes the collapse of the insurrection, to the secession of Lt. Saratoff, who has formed a revolution committee on his own lines.

The bombardment of Midi, in the Red Sea, has ceased, the authorities having promised to surrender 11 Arab pirates who took refuge in a spot inaccessible to the Italian launches.

Viscount Cranborne, in the House of Commons, announced that the general position of Britain regarding the Yangtze Valley was unchanged.

Authoritative rumours are circulated stating that the Kaiser, when at Sandringham, on his visit to England, intends to frankly discuss German and British relations with the Ministry.

The chief constructor of the American navy complains that the strikes and the consequent inability to procure armour have much delayed the ship-building programme.

The Government has decided to establish an agricultural high school for women—the first in Europe. The school will give special training in dairying, gardening, bees, poultry, cattle and sheep. Already 325 ladies have applied for admission.

In connection with the forgery case, Bernstein, a jeweller at Plymouth, has been arrested for forgery and having in his possession forged Bank of England notes to the amount of £40,000.

The Grand Duke Paulo, uncle of the Czar, has been dismissed from the army.

A mesalliance by marrying a divorced baroness is the cause of the dismissal from the army of the Grand Duke Paul (uncle to the Czar).

Russian nobles' estates are being foreclosed on an increasing extent and sold to recover Government loans for the improvement of the estates. The buyers are largely of the rising middle class. The latest sales represent 2300 square miles.

The chairman, in his address at the meeting of the shareholders of the English and Scottish Bank, said Australian borrowing would not meet with a good reception at present, but he thought an irrigation scheme to minimise the drought would be readily supported.

At the new trial of Roland Molineaux, who was sentenced to death at New York early last year for poisoning Mrs. C. G. Adams, Molineaux for seven hours was subjected to a severe cross-examination and created a favourable impression.

The tax collectors are compelling the Armenians to pay eighteen years' arrears of the military exemption tax, regardless of the thousands who were massacred or who have left the country because of persecution. In many instances this involves forfeiture of the entire possessions of the defaulters.

Kuyoff, attached to the Russian Department of Agriculture, who was entrusted with the charge of a deputation of Russian farmers who are now visiting England, has by order of the Czar been requested to spend a year in Australia on a similar mission, to study agriculture and the methods of raising cattle.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, addressing a meeting at the Alexandra Palace, protested against the Education Bill, and advocated a reduction of expenditure, the curtailment of armaments, and the avoidance of wild and disordered schemes of foreign extension.

The edict ordering the punishment of the officials concerned in the murder of Messrs. Bruce and Lewis, missionaries, has profoundly impressed officialdom. It is interpreted as a decided diplomatic victory for Sir E. Satow, the British Ambassador.

The International Mercantile Syndicate is so organised that it safeguards British interests. It does not own White Star or other English allied companies' shares, which are in the hands of the English owners. The registered company is called "The International Navigation Company."

The Admiralty is forming a reserve of engineer officers for service in war time composed of mercantile marine and shore engineers. They will be trained for three months in the dockyards and nine months at sea, and will receive 8/6 and 10/6 a day while

training with an annual retainer thereafter of £15.

The commandants of the French submarines at the Cherbourg manoeuvres report that the battleships were never safe within the submarine radius. The action of artillery fire and the most careful look-outs kept aboard the battleships were quite ineffective. They declare that the battleships were only safe when close to the harbour entrances protected by electric wires.

The steam collier St. Regulus collided off Dungeness, in the Straits of Dover, with the Spanish steamer Eneo, striking the latter abaft the engine-room. The St. Regulus continued to steam ahead after the collision, with a view to keeping in the gap made in the other steamer, so as to enable the sinking Spaniard's crew to escape. The Spanish sailors became too terrified to avail themselves of the opportunity, and the Eneo went down. Only three out of her crew of 25 were rescued.

An Afghan merchant reports that the Amer of Afghanistan is responding to Russia's request that Russian caravans should be permitted to use the Khusk—Herat and Kabul routes, in order to cement closer commercial relations. It is admitted here that the matter is of the utmost importance, but it is impossible to change the whole Afghan policy suddenly. It is suggested that future communications should be made through the Indian Government.

"Vorwaerts," the German Socialists' journal, states that M. Kurapatkin, the Russian Minister for War, in a confidential circular asks the district commanders to consider means of combating the revolutionary agitation in the Russian army.

M. Kurapatkin states that the revolutionary Socialistic propaganda in the army is remarkably bold and widespread. The Socialists incite the privates against their commanders, and exhort them not to shoot peasants and workmen who are struggling in a righteous cause.

In some instances privates and noblemen serving in the ranks act as political agitators.

While thirty thousand people were watching the posting of election returns in Madison Square, New York, an explosion of fireworks, which were being let off in honour of the return of the proprietor of the New York "Journal" killed twelve people and injured 50. A mortar accidentally discharged a heavy bomb into the thickest of the crowd, and a second and third bomb became ignited by sparks and exploded simultaneously, causing a wild stampede.

A later report states that eighty persons were injured by the explosion and seven in the hospitals had their legs amputated. Others lost both hands.

A Blue Book relating to the Colonial Conference contains a summary of the proceedings and the resolutions. The appendices cover the discussion on military defence preceding the correspondence. The Blue Book is warmly acclaimed, especially Mr. Chamberlain's opening address, Viscount Selborne's naval statement, Sir John Forrest's minute, and Mr. Broderick's candid statement.

German newspapers make unfriendly comments belittling the Imperial Conference "Blue Book. The "Vossische Zeitung" says that after Germany's retaliation Canada and the colonies will not venture to adopt the preferential principles enunciated at the conference.

The Government's amendments in favour of the municipal or county council appointing the local Education Committee, and delegating thereto any of the Council's powers other than financial, have been adopted in the House of Commons. Rating and borrowing are reserved to the Council, the latter to consult the committees on the subject, but the Council is free to disregard their recommendation. The Liberals welcomed the modifications, also a clause providing that a majority of the committees should be members of the Council, unless the Council decided otherwise.

In the House of Commons Mr Balfour gave notice to move on Tuesday to apply the guillotine to amend-

ments on the Education Bill in order to have the third reading finished before December 5.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman announced his determined opposition to the proposal.

Henri Vidal was sentenced to death for murdering and robbing several women at Nice. Vidal is described as a degenerate. He was arrested in January, having confessed to killing three sweethearts. At the conclusion of the trial a crowd of 5000 tried to lynch the prisoner, but the gendarmes protected him.

The British War Office has ordered two thousand pairs of patent pneumatic boot heels, the invention of Mr W. Lingard, of Wellington, New Zealand.

[Mr Lingard left New Zealand some considerable time ago for Australia and England, in connection with his invention of pneumatic boot heels, and, judging by the above cable, he appears to be meeting with considerable success. Evidently the War Office have decided to give the invention a practical trial; Mr Lingard has strongly urged the adoption of these heels for military boots, contending that they would save infantry a great deal of fatigue when on the march. Mr Lingard is an old resident of Wanganui, and holds the New Zealand Cross awarded him for bravery during the West Coast campaign against the natives in the sixties, when he saved the life of a comrade in a Wanganui volunteer cavalry corps. Prior to leaving New Zealand to push his invention abroad, he formed a syndicate, on shares, in the colony, to provide the necessary preliminary capital.]

GENERAL CABLES.

CHAMBERLAIN'S VISIT.

Reserving opinion on Mr. Chamberlain's action on matters apart from the tour, the Birmingham Liberal Association has resolved to participate in a torchlight procession and in the non-party banquet to farewell the accredited representative of the nation on his visit to South Africa. A circular issued by the association explains that its action is based on the unanimous feeling that the journey is wisely conceived and that every Liberal is anxious for the fusion of parties in South Africa and in the interests of the race and to do the utmost to make Mr. Chamberlain's mission a success, which is more likely if it is clearly understood that he represents all classes and parties desiring that South Africa should settle peacefully into a self-governing and law-abiding community.

The British cruiser Good Hope (which conveys Mr Chamberlain to South Africa) sails on the 25th inst.

Mr Chamberlain hopes that the chief characteristic of his tour will be frank and confidential discussion with representative men of all classes, races and politics. He desires to avoid public functions; his tour is for business, not for show. He will spend a week or ten days in Natal, and then go to the Transvaal.

Shortly after his return to the colony Mr Seddon received through the Deputy-Governor, an invitation he made personally on the eve of his departure from England, to Mr Chamberlain to visit the colonies, and yesterday he received the following reply:—"I am very grateful to New Zealand for the invitation conveyed in your telegram of the 1st November, and much regret the limited time at my disposal renders it impossible for me to accept.

The banquet to Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham has been arranged for the 17th inst.

Lord Tennyson, the Acting-Governor-General, has received a cable from Mr Chamberlain regretting that time will not allow of the extension of his present tour to Australia.

Disappointment is expressed at Capetown because the war-ship Good Hope, which takes Mr Chamberlain to South Africa, is to call at Durban first.

THE PACIFIC CABLE.

The Federal Postmaster (Mr. Drake) presided at the official opening of the Pacific cable at Southport, and sent messages to Sir Wilfrid Laurier and President Roosevelt. The Mayor cabled to the Lord Mayor of London and the Mayor of New York. Mrs. Drake cabled to Lady Hopetoun, Lady Lamington, Mrs. Philp, and Mrs. Seddon. Telegrams were also despatched to other notabilities.

Sir Sandford Fleming sent to Lord

Minute of Canada, two cablegrams girdling the globe. One, going easterly, occupied 625 minutes; the other, going westerly, took 810 minutes.

The New York "Tribune" congratulates Great Britain on the magnificent achievement in the completion of the cable, which is an incentive to America.

The first cable across the Pacific line was from the steamer Anglia to the King.

Sir Joseph Ward states that the Pacific cable will be open for traffic in a few weeks. The staffing of the different stations will contribute to a slight delay. The cable has been put down by the contractors a month ahead of contract time. The rates to Canada and the United States, plus terminal charges, will probably be as follows:—Commercial messages, 2/ a word; Government, 1/4; press, 8d.

Lord Tennyson, the Acting-Governor-General, has received a cable from the King, in which His Majesty says he rejoices to think that the people of this country and those beyond the seas were strengthened by another bond. The original message to the King reached him via the western route in one hour five minutes, while a message by the East took an hour and twenty-six minutes. The Eastern Extension Company explains that it took an hour and twelve minutes to get the message from Suva to Adelaide, and that it took only fourteen minutes between Adelaide and London.

The Pacific Cable Board will charge 3/ a word for ordinary messages, 2/ for Government messages, and 1/ for press to both Australia and New Zealand. The Eastern Extension Company is likely to lower the New Zealand rates.

The Postmaster-General has received no official intimation regarding the Pacific cable rates. The Federal Government has no desire to charge less than the Eastern Extension Company, and therefore inaugurate a cut-throat competition.

The following cable message has been received by the Premier from Sir John See, Premier of New South Wales, acknowledging congratulations on the completion of the Pacific cable:—"Join with you that the best interests of the Commonwealth, the colonies, and the Mother Country have been greatly augmented by the all-red line, which will promote strong kinship throughout the Empire."

#### THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE.

The minute by Sir John Forrest (Federal Defence Minister) on the Imperial Conference has been published.

He thinks we must accept Admiral Beaumont's opinion that it is beyond the power of the Commonwealth at the outset to create a force adequate to the naval defence of Australia. To provide even the small squadron proposed by Admiral Beaumont would cost £3,600,000 as follows:—Two first-class cruisers, £1,000,000; six second-class cruisers, £2,500,000; depots, stores and naval needs, £100,000. Under existing conditions he does not recommend the establishment of an Australian navy. He fears it would not be very efficient, for besides the enormous cost of replacing the fleet from time to time with more modern ships, there would be no change of officers, and crews, who would go on year after year in the same ships subject to the same influence and with deteriorating effect. He advises that Australia should not get the idea that it has different interests from those of the rest of the Empire. There is only one sea to be supreme over, and we want one fleet to be mistress over that sea.

Sir John Forrest speaks of the desirability of having one fleet maintained by the whole nation, every port contributing to its support, on a plan to be mutually arranged, not necessarily on a uniform basis of construction. Arising out of this would be the consequent necessity for the over-sea dominions of the Empire to be adequately represented at the Admiralty. He feels this could be arranged on a mutually satisfactory basis. In time of war there could not be any division of responsibility, and until a more extended federation of the Empire is established that responsibility would have to rest on the Imperial Government.

He urges that greater facilities should be granted for locally-trained boys entering the navy, and also making it easier for officers to enter the navy.

He suggests a conference in London of representatives of the colonies to discuss the strengthening of the naval defence of the Empire. Sir E. Barton has communicated to the press the full text of the resolutions at the Imperial Conference.

#### BRITISH SHIPBUILDING.

The contracts for the construction of four steamers have been welcomed on Teeside, where 4000 shipbuilders are idle.

A number of the Morgan combine cargo steamers are being transformed into passenger vessels at Belfast.

The Atlantic Transport Company have ordered three steamers of 12,000 tons from Harland and Wolff's.

The Admiralty has notified shipbuilders that it will in future enforce penalties for late delivery of third-class cruisers.

Mr. Arnold-Forster, Secretary to the Admiralty, has stated that as far as naval requirements are concerned the Admiralty must approve of the designs of new Cunard ships.

The Admiralty tenders cabled on October 21 are for a 13,000-ton first-class cruiser, with a speed of 22 knots, the guns to be within a citadel instead of casements. There are to be several 9.5 guns. The cruiser squadron is gradually being strengthened, and will include the Drake, King Alfred and Good Hope, two of the Brilliant class and three of the County type.

#### AMERICAN ELECTIONS.

The American elections are being conducted quietly. Congress at the beginning of March will consist of 359 members. Governor Oden has been re-elected for New York.

One hundred and ninety-six Republicans and 176 Democrats have been elected. The Republicans carried Massachusetts, Connecticut, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Kansas, Wisconsin, and Illinois; and the Democrats Alabama, Florida, South and North Carolina, Arkansas, and Mississippi.

The Republicans carried Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Washington, Utah, Wyoming, Montana, and the majority of the New Jersey and Maryland seats. The Democrats carried Virginia, Georgia, Louisiana, Missouri, Texas and Colorado. New York City gave the heaviest Democratic vote on record owing to the revival of the Tammany party.

#### THE KAISER'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

The Kaiser has arrived at Kiel, en route to England.

The Kaiser has sailed from Kiel by the Hohenzollern for England.

A number of British torpedo destroyers escorted the German Emperor on board his yacht, the Hohenzollern, to Sheerness, the battleships in harbour firing a salute.

At ten in the forenoon the Kaiser was entertained at Shorecliffe, where Lord Roberts received him.

The Kaiser was wearing the uniform of the First Royal Dragoons, of which he is honorary colonel, and riding the white charger which he used at Queen Victoria's funeral.

He reviewed the troops in pelting rain and a gale of wind. Addressing the Dragoons, he made sympathetic reference to the late Queen, and called for cheers for the King.

After luncheon with the officers of the regiment, the Kaiser proceeded to Sandringham, via London.

The public were excluded from the stations en route.

The King met the Kaiser at Wofferton, shaking hands and saluting the Kaiser's cheek.

Extraordinary precautions were taken at all the junction stations, which were cleared half-an-hour before the train passed, and were closely watched by detectives.

The English newspapers are friendly towards the Kaiser, but are reserved towards Germany.

The "Times" says it is impossible to forget Germany's commission of animosity and scurrility which the Government did not attempt to check. It is imperative that Britain should

pursue a vigilant national policy, keeping a wary eye on Germany, who unflinchingly pressed advantages in regions where British interests predominated.

#### SOMALILAND.

Commandant Viljoen has enquired of Lord Roberts whether the Boers might offer their services for the Somaliland expedition, adding that if acceptable he might also proffer his services.

Colonel Swayne has arrived at Aden and is temporarily advising the Foreign Office on the condition of Somaliland. Colonel Manning has arrived at Berbera and has assumed the supreme command.

The advance has been deferred awaiting the African protectorate troops. The force available on the 27th inst. will be 3000. A larger force is discountenanced. Details of artillery and special service officers from Berbera are advancing immediately from the base between Berbera and Illig.

Colonel Manning dispenses with Indians as far as possible, except for holding the line of communication, owing to the difficulties of transport and climate and the necessary camp followers. Preference will be given to the protectorate regiments.

The general advance will be begun about the middle of December, when Colonel Swayne will have returned to his post. The season is now favourable for an advance. The Mulah, it is expected, will no doubt utilise his opportunities to carry on a boastful propaganda.

Uneasiness is felt at Aden at an unconfirmed report that he has raided an advanced outpost near Cahoteh, capturing an important camel transport.

Colonel Royston, of Durban, offers the services of 500 Natalians for Somaliland on the same terms as the irregulars in the Boer war.

The War Office has cabled to Lord Milner regretting its inability to accept a Boer contingent for the Somaliland expedition.

Colonel Swayne is ill and has sailed from Aden for England.

The Mulah, with 2000 riflemen, a Maxim and 15,000 spearmen, with reserve supplies of camels and sheep, is a few miles from Bohoteh, in Somaliland. The British garrison, numbering 500, with two guns and two Maxims, is entrenched in a stone fort.

Colonel Manning disbands the trek Somali levies, retaining a few picked mounteds. He recommends that three months' independent reserve supplies are necessary; also that wells and goods depots should be established, and that transport reserves are required to protect the lines of communication.

Somali spies report that a large caravan of rifles, under a European, are traversing the Welbe country to join the Mulah.

The decision not to employ Boers in the Somaliland expedition has caused great disappointment in Johannesburg.

#### THE HOME RULE BRIGADE.

Mr William Redmond, M.P. for Clare, has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment in Kilmalsham Gaol for intimidation.

The Irish Independent Nationalists declare that the policy of obstruction has failed to redress a single wrong, while abstention from the Education Bill debate has inflicted an immense injury on Catholic interests, enabling the secularists to wring concessions from Mr Balfour.

Mr Denis Kilbride, ex-M.P., has been sentenced to imprisonment for four months at Mountjoy for intimidation in Tipperary.

#### CHINA.

As the result of the British Ambassador's demand, an edict has been issued ordering the beheading of the military officials who refused protection to Messrs. Bruce and Lewis (the missionaries who were murdered by a mob), the permanent disqualification of other officials, including a prefect, and the banishment of a number of subordinates.

The "Times" correspondent in Peking (Dr. Morrison) states that promotion of a fourth-grade official to the rank of mandarin of the first

grade has been gazetted. The advancement is due to official smuggling, in defiance of the protocol, of Mausers, rifles and cartridges into Kwangsi, and placing them at the disposal of the Governor, against the prohibition of the importation of arms, and the material used in their manufacture. The majority of the arsenals are manufacturing at high pressure.

The "Morning Post" says that owing to Great Britain's objection to the limitation of China's sovereignty, Germany has abandoned her demands, and China will not accord special economic or political privileges in the Yang-tse Valley to any foreign Power.

#### LORD ROSEBERRY.

Lord Rosebery, addressing a gathering of 3500 people at Edinburgh under the auspices of the East Scotland Liberal League, referring to the idea of a conference of Liberal leaders to consider a common plan of campaign against the Government, warned the party of the necessity of showing some sense of their Imperial responsibilities. He acknowledged that generous terms had been granted to the Boers, and added that as Great Britain must govern the Boers, he would not be scrupulous about the cost, if, as a matter of high policy, more money were granted for the restoration of farms and dwellings damaged by the ravages of war.

Mr Chamberlain's visit to South Africa, he said, was an exemplification of the Liberal League's doctrine, but he doubted whether, as there was a man of strong will and ability already in South Africa, the advent of another similarly constituted would conduce to harmony.

The speaker reiterated his previous views as to the Liberals and Ireland, and ridiculed the resumption of the Newcastle programme.

He complained of the War Office, and said that in the absence of determined efforts at efficiency he would have retained Lord Kitchener for the Secretaryship of War.

He condemned the Education Bill, and suggested a compromise on the basis of the Scottish system.

The "Times," in commenting on the speech, complains that it is small, cavilling, and specious.

The "Daily News" says Lord Rosebery is coming into line with the rest of the Liberal party.

#### THE DOUKHOBORS.

Mounted police follow the Doukhobors. Many of the fanatics have dropped exhausted, and asked to be carried in litters with their co-religionists, fearing to miss Christ's second coming.

The Manitoba officials are entraining the Doukhobor women and children and sending them back to their villages.

The Doukhobors, during a snow-storm at Foxwarren, slept in a grove of alder bushes. Their sufferings were terrible, their only covering being cotton clothes. Many contracted pneumonia. Their food consisted of wild berries and raw wheat. They fought for food given by the wayside, and continued their march to Winnipeg, refusing to listen to arguments and advice.

#### SERIOUS POISONING.

A serious wholesale poisoning affair which has occurred has caused much sensation in Melbourne. The sufferers were the children who took part in a United Primitive Methodist Sunday school picnic. A party of about 500 children from the Sunday schools left Williamstown for a picnic spot on the Werribee River.

Just after luncheon many of the children began to drop down sick, rapidly manifesting symptoms of ptomaine poisoning, till over one hundred sufferers were lying on the ground in great pain. Medical help was sent for and the farmers in the neighbourhood gave valuable assistance and provided conveyances to take the children to the railway station. On the arrival of the doctor the free use of the stomach pump relieved the worst cases. A special train conveyed the patients to the Williamstown Hospital. There were twenty-five in great danger for a time, but all have now recovered.

The cause is somewhat obscure, but the sickness is believed to be due to ham sandwiches, which were packed in air-tight boxes, being left exposed to the strong rays of the sun. A number of adults were slightly affected. Great excitement prevailed at the hospital, where a crowd of parents and relatives of the sufferers besieged the gates for news of the sufferers.

#### SOUTH AFRICA.

The Government notifies that the grant of three millions under the Vereeniging terms is not applicable to burghers in good financial position. The notification corrects the current impression that any burgher suffering from war losses is entitled to a share in the grant. Another notice claims interest due on the late Government advances to burghers.

Seventy irreconcilable Boers have sailed from Capetown for the Argentine, where they are to receive a thousand acres each free, and five thousand acres additional at 8d an acre payable in five years. Many more are afraid to sail, being sceptical as to the promises made.

A new ordinance in the Transvaal provides for the application of local option by a majority or exclusive control of the liquor traffic by trusts for public purposes. The employment of barmaids is prohibited.

The Government has submitted a vote of three million pounds for free grants for burghers and two millions for loyalists in the Transvaal, and the Orange River Colony, and three millions for supplementing the loans to burghers and loyalists.

In the Assembly Sir Gordon Sprigg, in Committee of Supply, moved the reorganisation of the forces by the appointment of a commandant-general and staff, and the selection of a new corps from the district mounted forces, involving an extra outlay of £130,000 per annum.

Mr. Sauer protested against the mania for arming everybody.

Mr. Malan's amendment to reduce the vote by £14,000 was carried by 84 to 29. This was Sir Gordon Sprigg's fourth defeat.

Mr. Schermbrucker moved to report progress to allow Sir Gordon Sprigg to reconsider the position; but Sir Gordon Sprigg resisted this, and with the help of the Bond negated the motion by 40 to 19.

The projected vote of three millions for loans is intended to enable the colonies to make loans in accordance with the Vereeniging agreement. They will repay Britain out of future colonial loans.

Mr. C. T. Ritchie, Chancellor of the Exchequer, asking the House of Commons to proceed into Committee of Supply, intimated that the Government originally understood that the free grant would emanate from a colonial loan, but would yield to the Boer interpretation in order to prevent a grievance. The present moment was unfavourable for a loan. It was anticipated that a favourable opportunity would occur in the spring.

The Supreme Court of Pretoria, in an action for recovery of rent, decided that Kruger's proclamation of October 25, 1899, abrogating payment of rent and interest during the continuance of hostilities was invalid.

The invalidation of Kruger's rent proclamation has created the greatest consternation in Johannesburg, owing to fears of a general foreclosure. An appeal has been made to the banks to avert their threatened ruin.

Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, Governor of Cape Colony, on Saturday cabled to Mr. Chamberlain that he had received his Ministers' confidential minute as follows:—"Ministers are informed incidentally that Mr. Chamberlain intends to visit South Africa, and beg to convey to Mr. Chamberlain the entire satisfaction wherewith they have received the intelligence. They desire to receive him as the guest of the colony, together with any others accompanying him, among whom they hope Mrs. Chamberlain will be included, and trust he will be able to spend at least a fortnight and visit the eastern and northern districts, where he will receive a most hearty welcome. The people will be disappointed if they are debarred an opportunity of personally expressing their apprecia-

tion of his invaluable services to the colony and South Africa during the prolonged period of unexampled difficulty."

Mr. Chamberlain replied on Monday that he had received the cordial message with great pleasure, and would gladly accept the invitation, adding that his wife much appreciated the kind reference to her. He hoped the details of his visit would be arranged.

Botha, De la Rey and Schalk Burger were keen listeners to the debate in the House of Commons on the motion for granting financial aid to the new colonies.

Eight millions were voted without a division.

Mr. Chamberlain, in a conciliatory but strenuous speech, declared that he was predetermined to listen while in South Africa to any representative men or body. He repelled the notion that the vanquished must be treated better than the victors, or put in a better position than before. The three millions was not intended as compensation for war losses. Our care was firstly to the destitute, and secondly to those needing assistance to make a living. If more money was wanted the Government would not hesitate to ask for it, but not a penny would go to rebels. His aim was to weld the kindred peoples into a great African nation under the British flag. Replying to Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman Mr. Chamberlain added that if a distinction was necessary those assisting us in the war must certainly be afforded more favourable treatment than those opposing us.

Mr. Chamberlain's speech created an excellent impression on the Continent.

The grant to the sufferers through the war is acknowledged to be a noble example of generosity, some newspapers describing it as unprecedented in the relations of victor and vanquished.

Sir W. Harcourt made a pessimistic speech.

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman recognised that Mr. Chamberlain was going in the right spirit and hoped his expectations would be fulfilled.

Natal and Cape Colony have placed cement and manufactured timber in transit to the Transvaal on the free list.

The Assembly has resolved that the colony's representative at the Customs Congress should ask for free exchange of all South African products, giving preferential treatment to colonial wines and spirits.

Mr. Chamberlain states that 70,000 out of 123,000 people in the concentration camps have been repatriated. The camps are still costing £200,000 a month.

All excepting 3000 Boer prisoners will be repatriated before Christmas.

Lord Milner, who has arrived at Johannesburg after visiting Standerton and other south-eastern pastoral districts, declares that the Boers have lost everything except their land. Happily, however, the value of land has risen considerably.

The prospects of the agricultural and mineral industries, especially coal and iron, are bright.

The Government are starting form schools to which boardinghouses will be attached.

Large quantities of Krupp, pom-pom and Mauser ammunition have been dug up in the vicinity of Harrismith.

Mr. Malan withdrawing his opposition, the military vote passed the Assembly unamended.

The "Standard's" Brussels correspondent says the Boer generals will try to obtain an allowance for Kruger, a whole or partial amnesty for the Cape rebels, especially those at Bermuda, and permission for the delegates, Fischer, Wessels and Wolmarans to return to South Africa.

Prior to Mr. Malan withdrawing his amendment to the Military Vote in the Cape Parliament, Sir Gordon Sprigg appealed to the Afrikaner Bond to trust him.

Mr. Sauer explained that he had previously thought it was his intention to arm one section against the other.

Sir Gordon Sprigg, after the vote, thanked the Bond for its generosity.

Large South African orders for electrical machinery, horse ploughs,

and finished doors and windows are being placed in America.

The Johannesburg Chamber of Mines has increased the wages of native labour to 50/ a month.

Lord Milner has urgently asked for several thousand harrows for the Transvaal and Orange River Colony. The Crown agents ordered 2000 in Canada for immediate delivery and invited fresh tenders for the remainder in England, where they are not stocked.

Horse sickness being prevalent in many parts of the Transvaal and Orange Colony, Lord Milner is purchasing all the donkeys available, and has imported 30,000 small, hardy, Madagascar cattle, which are better able to resist the disease. He is also lending hundreds of steam ploughs, charging 5/ per acre.

#### AUSTRALIA.

Madame Melba will make three appearances in grand opera.

Twelve persons at Randwick, Sydney, are suffering from ptomaine poisoning through eating brown.

Owing to the continued drought the Bourke water supply has been shut down for 15 out of the 24 hours.

A shipment of 75,000 bags of maize has arrived from Argentina at Sydney.

Mr. W. H. Cooper, of Melbourne, has won the Single-handed Bowling Championship of Australia.

Lord Tennyson, the Acting-Governor-General, who is suffering from appendicitis, is making steady progress towards recovery.

At the sheep and cattle sales heavy catalogues caused a restriction in prices. No New Zealand stock were offering.

The mail steamer Sierra, which has arrived at Sydney from Auckland, has been detained, owing to the reports of plague from San Francisco.

Sir Richard Baker, President of the Senate, has been appointed one of the Federal representatives at the Delhi Durbar.

New South Wales returns show that the area under crop for wheat has fallen 143,000 acres below last year, while the area under crop for grain is 918,000 acres less.

Madame Melba received advice that a donation of £1500 would be sent from New York towards the sufferers by the drought, but has now cabled cancelling it.

Counsel for the defence of the Kenniffs (who are standing their trial for the murder of Mr. Dalke and Constable Doyle) said he would bring evidence to prove an alibi. One witness, when cross-examined, admitted that he would tell a lie if paid for it.

A tram guard named Russell shot his wife dead at Erskineville, Sydney. The deed was caused through domestic unhappiness over the wife's passionate love of dancing. Russell fired three shots into his body, and died subsequently.

Madame Melba writes to the press to say that she had no idea that her action in seeking contributions for the drought sufferers would be regarded as a reflection on the credit of the Commonwealth or the ability and generosity of Australians in relieving distress. She has now informed her friends that the local response has rendered outside assistance unnecessary.

A cyclone at Canolindra wrecked many houses, and the Presbyterian and Catholic Churches.

Numbers of people are homeless. Roofing and debris were carried for miles.

Peak Hill and other townships in the district suffered severely. Houses were blown down and unroofed.

The storm was succeeded by dense darkness, caused by the dust-clouds.

At Sydney on Saturday a report received from the Government commercial agent in London states that a clause is being inserted in the new army contracts that frozen mutton and rations must be supplied from the British

colonies. The clause was to come into operation on November 1, but owing to the drought in Australia and the consequent high prices, it is doubtful whether it will be given effect to at present.

Regarding Mr. Brodrick's criticism on Australian troops, Sir E. Barton denies that disparagement was implied. He was urging the propriety of forming a trained reserve in the colonies to act with other troops of the Empire in the event of war. While speaking of the colonials with great admiration Mr. Brodrick pointed out that the training of European troops was so long and thorough that similar training was required for colonials if they were needed to participate in a European war.

The Kenniff brothers (James and Patrick) have been found guilty and sentenced to death for the murder, on March 31, at Maranoa, of Mr Dalke (a station manager) and Constable Doyle.

The Kenniffs both solemnly declared that they were innocent. James Kenniff, addressing the Chief Justice, said: "You never gave us one atom of justice. I have no other witnesses to call, except Almighty God, to show I am innocent. I hope when Your Honor shuffles off this mortal coil, you will find I am innocent."

In sentencing the Kenniffs the Chief Justice declared that he fully agreed with the verdict.

[The crimes for which the Kenniffs are to be hanged created a great sensation in Queensland a few months ago. The Kenniffs had for a long time given the authorities much trouble, and in March they visited the Merivale station, Maranoa, and stole several horses, and subsequently stuck up a teamster and robbed a Chinaman. On Sunday, March 31, they killed Mr Dalke (manager of the Meteor Downs run), and Constable Doyle. The police were hunting for the three brothers Kenniff, and Mr Dalke and Doyle, who were accompanied by a black tracker, came up with and captured James Kenniff. The other two Kenniffs came to the rescue of their brother with revolvers in their hands, and several shots were fired. The black tracker (Johnson) ran away, and told what had occurred. When the police came to the scene of the shooting, the three had disappeared. Then the chase after the bushrangers began, but it was a long time before they were captured. Some days after the chase commenced the missing constable's horse was found in a party of police wandering in the ranges, about ten miles from the scene of the encounter. It was making for the police station at Upper Warrego, and had probably been turned adrift, or had escaped some days ago. Two pack bags were strapped across the saddle, and on opening them the police found they contained the charred remains. They were filled with charcoal, shrapnel, bone buttons, and teeth. It is supposed that the Kenniffs murdered their victims and roasted their bodies on the spot, afterwards placing the burnt remains in bags, in the hope of finding a place to dispose of them where they would not be likely to be found. It is surmised that the bushrangers intended taking the horse away, but that it became frightened and made an attempt to escape with its terrible burden. It was believed that the Kenniffs had a "down" on Mr Dalke, because he had prosecuted them on a previous occasion, and because, moreover, he was again being the police to arrest them for horse stealing.]

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TURF FIXTURES.

RACING FIXTURES.

November 8, 10 and 12—Auckland R.C.
November 8, 10, 12, and 15—C.J.C. Metropolitan
November 10—Waverley, Waitotara R.C.
November 10—Waipara R.C.
November 10 and 11—Tararua—Carterton R.C.
November 23—Waltara R.C.
December 1 and 2—Fielding J.C.
December 25, 30, and January 1, and 7—Auckland R.C.
December 10—Otahuhu Trotting Club.
December 13—Otahuhu Trotting Club.

TURF NOTES.

It is reported that Goldspur has been turned out for a spell.

By winning the Hotham Handicap, Sojourner's Melbourne Cup penalty was 5lb.

Additions to the Cambria Park stud are a colt from Pit-a-pat, by Eton, and a filly from Lady Agnes, by Cyrenian.

Entries for the Wellington Spring Meeting show a considerable increase over last year.

Mr T. W. Wilford, well-known in the world of sports, is expected to take a trip to England shortly.

Mr Hartgill will act as judge at the Wellington Racing Club's Spring Meeting for the first time.

Reclamer is troubled with a bad knee, and was very lame before each of his Masterton engagements.

Mr T. Morrin is one of the judges for the Palmerston North Show, which is expected to be a big affair.

Ambrosia, who broke down while running at Masterton, would have made a fine hurdle horse had he kept sound.

Mr Stead, who was suffering from rheumatism, is much improved since his return to Christchurch from Rotorua.

The Takapuna Jockey Club has received a very satisfactory entry for its Spring Meeting.

Sir Joseph Ward was a conspicuous figure on the Riccarton racecourse on New Zealand Cup Day.

The only horses to incur penalties for the New Zealand Cup were Haiberdier and Welbeck, who finished first and second.

Mr Jno. Duncan, president of the Wellington Racing Club, is expected back from a trip to the Old Country at an early date.

The Recluse pony Solitary passed the 143 standard on Thursday. Mr O'Connor was in attendance measuring the little ones.

An English paper says: "Our classic races ought to be doubled in value, so as to stand absolutely as the highest-moulted events of the year."

Mr R. Patterson, the well-known bookmaker-owner, is represented in every race at the Wellington Racing Club's Spring Meeting.

Gold Web and Gordon Rouge are on the walking list; the former pulled up dotty the other morning, and the latter was cast in his box.

Hipstone, by St. Hippo, is whispered about as a probable winner of one of the Hunt Club events to be decided at the A.R.C. meeting.

Pampero's defection from the New Zealand Cup was due to that colt having split one of his hoofs. Bad luck for the Hon. G. McLean this!

Mr E. D. O'Rourke will act, in conjunction with Mr Galsford, of Hawke's Bay, in the judging of light horses at the Wanganui Show.

It is certain that more money was laid against Siege Gun for this year's New Zealand Cup than against any Cup candidate since the race was named.

The owners of Pallus and Good Spec overlooked the date of closing of nominations for the Wellington meeting, otherwise they would have nominated there.

Mr J. Russell's mare Kissaline, who some time since unfortunately lost her first foal, has again been mated with Seaton Delave.

Woodbine and Miss Victor were the first and second prize takers in the trotting horse classes at the Walkato show. Both are performers.

Menschikoff has received a fair amount of public support this season, and has been mated also with a number of the Wellington Park mares.

Sir Geo. Clifford has a full-sister to his Welcome Stakes' winner. To-morrow, but lost a fine colt foal by Clansdale from the same mare.

Pansy, daughter of King Quail and that prolific mare Kinnie, dam of Record Reign, has foaled a filly to Cyrenian. Pansy is owned by Mr Raines, of Parnell.

Mr R. E. McRae, who leaves for South Africa, at the end of this month, sold during the week an unbroken five-year-old gelding by Recluse to a Palmerston North owner.

Friends of Mr W. F. Cowlishaw will regret to learn that this well-known patron of sport is not improved in health since his return from the Hot Lakes District to Canterbury.

The Seaton Delaval-Radiant colt, De la Rey, purchased by Mr Stead at Wellington Park would have been a starter in the C.J.C. Welcome Stakes had he not gone wrong.

Red Gauntlet's defeat in the C.J.C. Stewards' Stakes was as great a disappointment in his connection as the victory of Vladimir, who is trained in the same stable.

Several of the falls on the opening day of the C.J.C. Spring Meeting occurred within a chain or two of the same part of the course. Singular, but unaccountable to the management and those concerned.

Since the nominations were made for the Wellington Racing Club's Spring Meeting Mr G. G. Stead's two-year-old filly, Armigera, by Hotchkiss-Armills, has gone wrong, and will consequently not be a competitor.

Mr David Scott, of Rangitikei, was one of the judges at the Waikato show, his decision being the thoroughbred and light horses. Mr Scott is a good horseman, and a well known breeder.

The class of horses entered for the two chief handicap races of the Wellington Racing Club's spring meeting is good. Canterbury and Otago supply a goodly number of entries for the meeting.

Apprentices' races cost owners a terrible lot (says an exchange), for, despite seeing time after time how utterly unreliable the form is, one is invariably compelled to "throw a little away," in case the horses crop up.

The light-weight jockey Joe Duff returned to Auckland from the South during the week, after an absence of nearly two years. He met with an accident while riding at Makaraka (Gisborne), and still carries his arm in a sling.

Huku, the Canterbury hurdle gelding, here looked much better than he is now, but he is not racing well, and like a good many more, has seen too much service, and, moreover, pulled up lame on Saturday.

Petitions are being signed in Christchurch by sportsmen for presentation to Parliament giving reasons why the totalisator should continue to be legislated as at present. It is understood that similar petitions are being signed in various parts of the colony.

Lieutenant Bill's form on the opening day of the V.R.C. Spring Meeting showed that there was no fluke about his Caulfield victory. Prior to the Caulfield Cup meeting some of the critics stated that he had not been doing any attractive work.

Wakeful was evidently in good form on the opening of the V.R.C. Spring Meeting, but no sane man would believe that the heat daughter of Treason would have triumphed under 10.5 in the Melbourne Cup this year with the result before them.

Mr H. Redwood, the father of the New Zealand turf, is a visitor to the New Zealand racing meeting. The fine type of sportsman of the old school, says he has passed his eightieth birthday, and has never known an ache or pain. He looks well, remarkably so for a veteran.

Czarovitch, the runner-up to Duke of Grafton in the Marlborough Plate, a son of Little Bernie, is described as a nice colt—a little too set to be capable of great improvement. He won the Marlborough Trial Stakes on the 10th October, and his form is evidently of the consistent order.

The Canterbury Oaks will be run for on Wednesday. It is a very open race, and the selection of a probable winner at this stage is considered by those who know the candidates a matter of pure guesswork. If Punamu in the ladies race, I shall not venture a tip, however.

None of the Auckland horses succeeded in gaining place honours in the flat races at Riccarton on Thursday, but Bellman was third in the Hurdles, Scotty and Georgia both worked well enough, too, but found the company too good. Georgia ran a fair race in the Waiter, however.

The Auckland Racing Club have, with their usual liberality, issued 1000 tickets for distribution by Mr Beiby, the huntsman to the Pakuranga Hunt Club, to friends in the Auckland district for the third day of their Spring Meeting. This

is most considerate of the club, and will tend to popularise meetings at Ellerslie more and more with the farmers.

While none of the bookmakers escaped laying Haiberdier for the New Zealand Cup, few laid the winning double. A backer in Christchurch was lucky enough to pick The Victory and Haiberdier for the Melbourne and New Zealand Cups for a small amount.

Mr Stead's Oaks filly, Romany Queen, started second favourite in the Riccarton Welter in a field of sixteen, but was not in the first half that finished. This filly was backed in the Stewards' Stakes and also in the New Zealand Cup before she dropped out of both. She is evidently not so good as she looks.

The ownership of racehorses is all vexation. They usually get badly beaten when strongly fancied, and win occasionally when considered to have no chance. A horse, too, is frequently backed two or three times, entailing heavy loss, and then finally either breaks down or is claimed for someone else to win with.

Just before the start for the New Zealand Cup, the betting right in front of the totalisator by bookmakers playing their calling, was 5 to 2 Siege Gun, 5 to 1 Haiberdier, and Portua, 8 to 1 Welbeck, 10 to 1 Canteen, Nonette, Glenaladale and Tortulia, 20 to 1 Sirius, Fakir and Punamu.

On the evening before the Cup one punter who had a hundred about Nonette was trying and continued to try up to the last moment to get some one to accept seventy-five pounds to six. Twelve and a half to one about that colt, who, with the exception of Punamu, started the biggest outsider in the Cup race.

Recently, when Strata Florida beat Wakeful and Wakeful in turn beat Great Scot by only a head for second place in the October Stakes of the V.A.C. Club's meeting, it was said to have been a fluke. Great Scot appears to have been in great form in the R.C. Derby, and Strata Florida's running in that event looks like loss of form. Truly, the best of them run in and out. A meeting between this trio in the C. B. Fisher Plate on Saturday should be an interesting one if it comes to pass.

The following table represents the totalisator odds in the machine about each of the competitors, computed on the first, and also in the first and second basis:—Siege Gun, £2 9/8 and £3 6/8; Tortulia and Portua, £5 7/8 and £3 19/8; Haiberdier, £8 15/8 and £5 3/8; Sirius, £9 1/4 and £7 5/8; Canteen, £11 15/8 and £8 16/8; Welbeck, £11 15/8 and £8 17/8; Glenaladale, £12 1/2 and £8 0/8; Fakir, £15 5/8 and £10; Punamu, £23 5/8 and £11 3/8. The straight out odds to even £1 would be the amount of the dividend payable on winners only less the £1 invested.

On the eve of the New Zealand Cup, 1902, comes word that the heroine of 1894 in Mr Gates' game and high class mare Lady Zeland died yesterday at her owner's (Mr Gates) estate, in giving birth to a foal to imported Benzoin. Lady Zeland was always a useful mare, but when in her ninth year she was a better mare than at any previous time in her career, and few mares we have had in New Zealand have surpassed the daughter of Perkin Warbeck II. and Forget-me-not in all-round excellence. Her first foal, Lady Lillian, is useful, and there are others to carry on the line, but much regret is felt for Mr Gates in losing his favourite, for which he once refused 1000 guineas.

"Advance," while on a visit recently to Marlborough, saw Rosalind, who is now in her third year, and has the following Stud Book record:—

- 1900—Ch c, White Rose, by Casvelaunna.
1901—B c, Black Rose, by Anteros.
1902—B c, Alpine Rose, by Hamarara.
1903—B f, Sweetie, by F. Hunter.
1904—Ch c, Redwood, by Nattator.
1905—B c, Christmas Rose, by St. Leger.
1906—Bik c, Dog Rose, by Nattator.
1907—Ch c, Queen Rose, by Hamarara.
1908—Ch c, Royal Rose, by King Cole.
1909—Ch f, Epilogue, by King Cole.
1910—Ch f, Civic Rose, by King Cole.
1911—Bik f, Spring Rose, by Medallion.
1912—B f, Prologue, by Cateby.
1913—B c, Roselupit, by Cateby.
1914—B f, White Heather, by Sou'-wester.
1915—B c, Rosemary, by Westmore.
1916—B c, Roseal, by Handsome Jack.
1917—B f, by Hillatone.

Missed in 1883, 1883, 1889, 1901.

Like all the classic races, the St. Leger is surrounded by a halo of romance, and many interesting stories are told in connection with it. Few who witnessed the sensational success of Lord Alington's exceedingly erratic mare, Thrauste, 8 years ago, when she beat Lord Rosebery's Derby winner Lada, will forget the stupendous surprise the victory created. The only horse thought capable of turning the tables on Lada was Matchbox, who had run second in the Epsom event. Both Matchbox and Thrauste were trained by the famous John Porter, the sage of Kingsclere, and while the former was quoted at a very short price in the betting, the ultimate winner, piloted by the inflexible Morny Cannon, was allowed to start at the outside odds of 50 to 1. In fact, many of those who threw away a sovereign or two on a long priced outsider, secured more than double these odds.—"The Tattler."

Brisbane can boast a rival to Barney Allen in the wholesale horse owning line. The number man works on original methods, and apparently makes them pay. He will buy anything from a yearling to an aged horse in training, and the recommendation, possibly, of some reputed judge. Then his purchases are leased to small owners or trainers, who have to pay all expenses and "net" a share of the prize money won. Result: If the nag wins races, the lessor pockets his share of the stakes, and can get a profit on his original outlay when he wants to sell; failures, very few, so far, are turned out or got rid of at any price. At one time this turf magnate owned nearly 100 horses, a being trained in Brisbane, and it often happened that he owned all the starters in one event. This, of course, had to stop; and now the wholesale owner has a private trainer—a big stable, and a long list of wins.—"Bulletin."

A tote continues to flourish in Melbourne, under the nose of P.M.G. Drage, although that moral autocrat has put Tat a sweep beyond the pale of postal service. Since the so-called suppression of Tattersall, there has been a steady increase in the illicit business, and the police, no doubt, are getting bigger bribes than ever out of it. The owner, nowadays, "runs" one of the bookmakers on salary and commission. Last year he controlled the result of the Austral Wheel Race. The proprietor of this tote is a power in the sporting world, and from a man of mystery he has developed into a well known personage. One may see him at a Melbourne restaurant, perchance, talking business over a bot-

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the of wine with his agent-bookmaker, and a well known detective of two—a nice little family gathering. Chief Secretary Jack Burns, who is mostly quiet about all the legislation of the late Victorian recessures, now enjoys the satisfaction of presiding over the Police Department, which winks its other eye. — "Bulletin."

When the first half-mile of the New Zealand Cup had been traversed Nonette was running last, and would have required to cover the last half-mile in 2 3/4 to have been with the winner at the finish, as he was 2 1/2 cwt behind Welbeck at that stage. The following turns of various distances were taken by Mr. Stead: Half-mile 1 1/4; six furlongs, 1 1/2; mile, 1 3/4; mile and a quarter, 2; mile and a half, 2 1/4; five furlongs, 1 3/4. The official time was 2 3/4. The last half-mile was the fastest.

The hurdle gelding Evening Wonder, who won the opening Hurdle Race on Saturday at the Canterbury Jockey Club, on the 11th of the month, unbroken, with nineteen other horses from the run of his breeder, Mr. G. Hunter, by the Hawke's Bay trainer, R. Gooseman, who paid four pounds per head for them, the son of Newland and Vesper changed hands several times cheaply, and was once owned by Mr. Skilpith, who had the St. Leger gelding St. Simon. On Saturday Mr. Thompson's gelding was rare form again, and its will was overdue, as it was popular.

On New Zealand Cup day the Telegraph Department had a very heavy reception. Mr. Oxley, the office in charge, informed me that the staff despatched no fewer than eight hundred and forty-nine messages, and received upwards of two hundred from all parts of the colony. For twenty minutes after the New Zealand Cup was run there was no getting into the office at all. Within a couple of minutes after Halberdier had passed the post the office was besieged, and it is all too small a room with such an unusual rush of business.

The money invested on the New Zealand Cup through the Canterbury Jockey Club's totalisator department amounted to £2202, leaving £579 representing increments made on the course of the money sent to investment to the secretary. It may surprise readers to learn that only £58 was sent for investment on the favourite, Siege Gun, but no less than £500 was wired for Sirius, who started fourth favourite. The account for the small amount wired for the favourite, Backers can always get their money on at totalisator odds, but in the case of Sirius they would consider it a business proposition to buy a share in the fund, and as a matter of fact the support awarded to Sirius came from all parts of the colony in small sums. Halberdier had a good following from various parts of the colony, and his support accorded him on the totalisator, was heavily backed with the bookmakers.

Halberdier, the New Zealand Cup winner, is a six-year-old, and a descendant of the imported mare, Miss Laura, through the Countess mare, Miss Stead. It was Mr. G. Stead, the breeder of Miss Laura, who left amongst others this year's performers To-morrow and St. Laura. The late Major Walmesley feared Miss Laura as one of the best show mares in the country, and she was awarded first prizes frequently at the Auckland shows. Halberdier does not strike one as a handsome horse, but he is not a bad made one, and there is no doubt that the opinion I form of him when I first saw him run last March at Wanganui was a correct one. Birkett, who trained him, deserves credit for having kept him on his legs so well. It was three years ago that Halberdier first made his appearance in public, and he will be remembered that he and Blue Cap, another patched up one from the commission at Ellerslie, met in that district on the 11th of August, which led to reference being made to the Racing Conference as to whether the starter's decision must or must not always be accepted by the stewards.

On the second day of the Masterton meeting the attendance showed a falling off, and the total sum collected amounted to £318, making £371 for both days. The surprises during the day were The Duke, winner of the Stewards' Handicap, who paid a dividend of £11 1/2, and the winner of the Hurdle Race in Boko, who paid £14 1/4, and had to undergo the ordeal of an objection on the ground of ownership. Sir James, who won the first day, came in second on Friday, and Sir James would have made the fourth had he not been disqualified. Manthous made amends for her defeat in the Cup by winning the President's Handicap. Fast times were registered in some of the races through starting taking place well behind the posts, but while this was so the starting of Mr. Cameron was good. Good on course would never be in better condition. The meeting will result in a fair profit and the club will be able to make further progress.

It is to be regretted that Mr. H. Friedlander's filly San Peur could not have fulfilled her Canterbury Jockey Club's Welcome Stakes engagement, as I have measured strides with Sir George Clifford's Bill Birdie on Monday, and the other youngsters that came in. A line can be taken through in the running of the Hawke's Bay representatives, Starshoot, who, however, was not a little out of form, and Bandmaster, the Auckland-bred filly, who would have had her work cut out. The colts

that finished first, second and third, are a particularly useful pair to look at, and certainly they are a very nice set out of the common, the making of which is of a good mare. Sir George Clifford has not won the Welcome Stakes since 1884, when Stonyhurst triumphed. The win of the Canterbury sprint was a popular one, though it was not expected; as a matter of fact, the Yaldhurst colt, King Log, by Stepniak from Fairmaid, was favourite, the Hawke's Bay colt, Starshoot, being next in command. To-morrow had been bad with influenza till noon of the meeting, and thus her performance was a most creditable one.

When Mr Stead informed me a few weeks ago that Siege Gun, whom the public were making a favourite for the New Zealand Cup, had not shown any form, either in private or in public, to justify the support accorded, I did not hesitate to inform my readers. A silly report was in circulation in Christchurch on the eve of the contest that the son of Siege Gun and Frailty had beaten Cruciform over a mile and a half in phenomenal time at Yaldhurst. There are always people who will start stories of that kind. I mentioned the fact to Mr Stead, who said that he had heard it, but could say that Siege Gun was quite incapable of extending Cruciform over any distance, and that such a performance as the time reported had never been done by any horse on the Yaldhurst gallop course, he had it. Intervening an hour before the race, Mason, Mr Stead's trainer, declared that he looked upon Siege Gun's chance of victory as an outside one at best. Yet people to the last were talking over each other in their anxiety to back the supposed good thing, who finished in the middle of the field, and was declared by more than one of the riders in the race to be in trouble all the way. And Mark Egan, who had a good view of him throughout, said he was the first horse that appeared to be settled when real business was on; yet he battled on to the finish, and got sixth, probably on sufferance. It is said that a Christchurch firm backed Siege Gun heavily, and would have been glad to unload some of the money, but whether this is so or not, I cannot say. There were a number of special business men on hand, and they were thoroughly disappointed at the exhibition of form he displayed, so certain were some of the enterprising photographers that Siege Gun would win, that they had had special business men to try and snap him before the race, and he held a tremendous lead before the race.



AUCKLAND RACING CLUB'S SPRING MEETING.

FIRST DAY.

PRESIDENTS' HANDICAP of 100 sovs.; second horse to receive 10 sovs out of the stake.

- Mr J. Montgomery's ch g Strathavon, by Blairgowrie—Mautila, 8.4 (Perceval) 1
Mr S. Laurie's b m Zuleika, 8.3 (Teddy) 2
Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan's ch f La Valliere, 7.7 (Satman) 3
Dividends, £2 12s. and £2 2s.

GREAT NORTHERN GUINEAS of 500 sovs; second horse to receive 50sovs, and third horse 25sovs out of the stake.

- Mr S. Bradley's b c Walrick, 8yrs, by South-Rose and White, 8.40 (Gainsford) 1
Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan's b c Lavalette, 8.10 (Gallagher) 2
Mrs J. Lennard's b f Idas, 8.5 (Seaton) 3
Also started: Kelburn and Northumberland.
Time, 1.46. Dividends, £1 4/8 and £1 10/.

WELCOME STAKES of 25sovs. Second horse to receive 25sovs and third horse 15sovs out of the stake. Distance, five furlongs.

- 25—Mr H. Friedlander's b f Kamo, by Seaton Delavay—Watemata, 8.0 (Speakman) 1
122—Mr W. L. Thomson's b f Delania, 8.0 (Julian) 2
36—Mr W. Lovatt's b f Matua, 8.0 (Gainsford) 3
Also started: Kelburn and Northumberland.
Time, 1.46. Dividends, £1 4/8 and £1 10/.

SHORTS HANDICAP of 100sovs; second 50sovs. Five furlongs.

- 55—W. G. Tucker's b g Landlock, 8yrs, by Flintlock—Dreamland, 7.9 (H. Phillips) 1
155—Wm. Lovett's b m Camille, 7.11 (Jenkins) 2
60—H. Barr's b m Orange and Blue, 7.19 (owner) 3
Also ran: 94, St. Olga, 8.8. Chaaf; 125, Gladia, 8.0. Speakman; 149, Spalpeen, 7.2. Julian; 22, Hosiophage, 7.45. Val Rosa, 8.5. Seaton; 25, St. Peter, 8.0. Chanfe; 35, Tresham, 7.6. Gainsford; 40, Nereld; 75, Percival; 58, Lady Soul, 7.5. Satman; 56, Hillflower, 7.0. Ross; 26, Mary Seaton, 7.0. Bird; 17, Seatonia, 6.10. Cotton.

CITY HANDICAP of 300sovs; second 40sovs, third 10sovs. One mile and a quarter.

- 104—J. Lynch's b m Golden Rose, 8yrs, by St. Leger—Bangle, 6.12 (Deley) 1
58—A. Telfer's ch m Matamatarakeke, 7.2 (Bird) 2
186—J. Barr's b g The Needle, 7.2 (Perceval) 3
Also ran: 74, Rosella, 8.5. Gallagher; 150, Bluecap, 8.10 (T. F. Phillips); 143, Val Rosa, 8.5. Seaton; 22, St. Peter, 8.0. Chanfe; 35, Tresham, 7.12. Julian; 123, Durable, 7.3. Jackson; 2, Grey Seaton, 7.2. Batman; 15, Landa, 7.2. Dennis; 81, Paul Seaton, 6.5. Phillips.

Time, 2.12. Dividends, £8 3/4 and £4 16/4.

PONY HANDICAP of 20sovs, second 10 sovs, third 5sovs. Seven furlongs.

- 20—T. G. Bray's b m Annoyed, 4yrs, by Bekege—Formant, 7.5 (Batman) 1
M. Marshall's ch m Girton, 8.10 (Julian) 2
15—H. Friedlander's ch m St. Loanda, 8.10 (Speakman) 3
Also ran: 86 Stepaway, 8.5 (Gallagher); 66 Sentinel, 8.9 (Seaton); 124 Avalanche, Time, 1.32. Dividend, £1 18/.

FLYING HANDICAP of 100sovs, second 10sovs. Six furlongs.

- 178—W. G. Tucker's b h Landlock, 8yrs, by Flintlock—Dreamland, 7.11 (Perceval) 1
84—T. W. Armittage's br f Jewellery, 7.10 (Bird) 2
65—J. Chaeffe's b m St. Olga, 9.0 (Chaaf) 3
Also ran: 91 Hohono, 11.7 (H. Phillips); 140 Formula, 11.5 (Lindsay); 75, Moonson and Gold, 8.0 (Seaton); 56 Tukapa, 7.8 (Gainsford); 75 Hesper, 7.5 (Batman); 11 Hillflower, 7.0 (Ross); 210 Hiphense, 6.12 (Smith); 26 Cygnets, 6.10 (Phillips).

Time, 1.17. Dividends, £3 18/ and £2 14/6.

SECOND DAY.

SPRING HANDICAP of 100sovs. Seven furlongs.

- 183—Mr J. C. Colbeck's Formula, 8.3 (Lindsay) 1
190—Mr J. Montgomery's Strathavon, 7.10 (Perceval) 2
185—Mr J. Tuck's Landlock, 8.3 (Bird) 3
Also started: 143, Durable, 7.3. Jackson; 21, Maroon, 7.8. Seaton; 14, Zuleika, 7.5. Phillips; 41, Tukapa, 7.6. Bird; 14, Mechanic, 7.3. Jenkins; 11, Hinoval, 7.2. Cotton; 17, Mary Seaton, 6.10. Sparks. Time, 1.30. Dividends, £4 2/ and £2 6/.

HURDLE RACE of 100sovs. Two miles.

- 129—Mr E. N. O'Rourke's Mars, 11.12 (J. Stewart) 2
75—Mr J. C. Colbeck's Princess of Thine, 10.0 (owner) 1
105—Mr H. Moody's Tim, 10.7 (Howard) 3
Time, 3.50. Dividend, £2 18/.

MUSKET STAKES of 200sovs. Four furlongs.

- 578—Mr H. Friedlander's Kamo, 8.12, (Speakman) 1
87—Mr J. Chaeffe's Strubington, 8.7, (owner) 2
210—Mr J. Chaeffe's Te Aroha, 7.10, (Phillips) 3
Also started: Delania Idasa, Ropa (Perceval), Lord Seaton (Gallagher), Vivend (Deeley), Sol (Abbott), Bonheur (Lindsay), Agrapus (Gainsford), Jenny Jones (Cotton), Lady Annet (Bird), Koa Nip (Satman), Desdemonia (Jenkins).

Time, 1.14. Dividends, £1 11/ and £3 10/6.

BIRTHDAY HANDICAP of 40sovs. One mile and a half.

- Mr F. Bradley's Walrick, 7.12 (Gainsford) 1
Mr F. J. Barr's The Needle, 7.8 (Perceval) 2
Mr A. Telfer's Matamatarakeke, 7.5 (Bird) 3
Also started: Rosella (Gallagher), Blue-jacket (Taylor), Val Rosa (Seaton), Tresham (Porter).

Time, 2.41. Dividends, £3 11/ and £2 9/4.

HANDICAP STEEPCHASE of 100sovs, second 25sovs, third 10sovs. About three miles.

- 604—J. Marshall's br g Cannongate, aged, by Cannon—Fishing, 12.0 (Wright) 1
223—H. Franks' pig The Swimmer, 11.0 (Higgins) 2
15—W. J. Bowden's b g Kowhai, 9.7 (owner) 3
Also ran: 150, The Duke, 12.5 (Cergun); 131 Dingo, 9.0 (Burns); 79 Hlennua, 9.12 (O'Connell); 145 Matarawa, 9.40 (Morrigan).

Time, 6.10. Dividends, £1 10/ and £1 17/.

MAIDEN PLATE HANDICAP of 100sovs, second 10sovs. One mile and a quarter.

- 34—T. A. Williams' ch g Puffy, 4yrs, by St. Leger—Ellerslie, 7.5 (Perceval) 1
101—E. Swann's br m Hosiophage, 7.2 (Deeley) 2
93—Mr W. Lennard's b c Lavadel, 7.4 (Seaton) 3
Also ran: 347 La Valliere, 7.9 (Satman); 33 Kohara, 7.5 (Ross); 96 Sir Miss, 7.5 (Bird); 73 Irish, 7.2 (Porter); 119 Lingard, 6.10 (Phillips); 132 Hippstone, 6.9 (Jenkins).

Dividends, £2 9/ and £3 0/6.

PONY HANDICAP of 75sovs, second 10 sovs. Six furlongs.

- 163—H. Friedlander's ch m St. Loanda, 8yrs, by St. George—Fiatro, 8.12, (Speakman) 1
427—L. Marshall's ch m Girton Girl, 8.5 (Julian) 2
335—T. G. Bray's b m Annoyed, 8.10 (Batman) 3
Also started: 185 Orange and Blue, 10.7 (Taylor); 19 Sentinel, 8.7 (Seaton); 94 Avalanche, 8.6 (Perceval); 15, Vulture, 8.9 (Deeley); 60 Settling Day, 7.0 (Phillips).

Time, 1.19. Dividends, £8 and 15/.

ELLERSLIE HANDICAP of 100sovs, second 10sovs. Six furlongs.

- 213—J. Montgomery's ch g Strathavon, aged, by Blairgowrie—Mautila, 7.5 (Perceval) 1
121—E. Swann's b g Romeo, 7.6 (Phillips) 2
102—Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan's Northumberland, 7.5 (Satman) 3
Also started: 165 Hohono, 11.0 (H. Phillips); 257 St. Olga, 8.2 (Chaaf, Jun); 85, Landa, 7.5 (Phillips); 14, Formula, 8.4 (Lindsay); 50 Jewellery, 8.3 (Bird); 54 Spalpeen, 7.7 (Porter); 249 Gladia, 7.4 (Speakman); 87 Camille, 7.7 (Jenkins); 20 Lady Soul, 7.3 (Deeley); 10 Seatonia, 6.10 (Cotton); 10, Vulture, 6.0 (Seaton).

Time, 1.16. Dividends, £5 15/6 and £3 8/.

C.J.C. SPRING MEETING.

FIRST DAY.

SPRING HANDICAP HURDLES of 200sovs. Two miles.

- 508—Mr D. Thomson's b g Evening Wander, aged, by Wunderland—Vesper, 10.2 (A. Hall) 1
128—Mr W. Davison's ch m Kohatu, aged, 8.7 (W. Thomas) 2
361—Mr R. Hancock's b k Bellman, aged, 10.4 (Quinton) 3
Also started: 112, Huike, 11.6; 202, Lone Tom, 10.13; 243, Scottish Minister, 10.13; 59, My Lord, 9.10; 162, Slow Tom, 8.8. Dividends, £1 9/ and £3 4/.

MAIDEN PLATE of 200sovs. One mile.

- 424—Mr G. Stead's b c Evelyn Wood, 8yrs, by Hotchkiss—St. Evelyn, 7.7 (J. Jones) 1
286—Mr J. Monk's br g Exmoor, 8yrs, 7.4 (C. Jenkins) 2
152—Mr M. Friedlander's b c General Byrnes, 8yrs, 7.7 (L. L. Boyd) 3
Also started: 82, Firebrand, 7.7, and Stepladder, 7.3 (bracketed); 104, Bombardier, 7.7; 108, Tercelet, 7.7; 82, Barbetie, 7.5; 7, Fint, 7.2. Dividends, £3 and 10/.

RICCARTON WELTER HANDICAP of 200sovs. Six furlongs.

- 128—Mr E. M. Shee's b m Regulation, 8yrs, by Rokeby—May, 8.2 (J. Jones) 1
308—Mr J. Brett's b g Ayrdale, 8yrs, 9.3 (J. McCombe) 2
462—Mr G. F. Donnelly's br g Oinko, aged, 10.2 (Jenkins) 3
Also started: 160, Rosemere, 10.3; 91, Terrapin, 9.11; 185, Petrona, 8.8; 123, Menura, 9.2; 117, Tradewind, 8.13; 34, Lady Roslyn, 8.11; 46, Battler, 8.10; 142, Antelope, 8.8; 127, Lady Diana, 8.7; Lady Killer, 8.3; 144, Derstalker, 8.3; 125, Romy Queen, 8.4; 189, Geordie, 8.0. Dividends, £13 14/6 and £1 18/.

THE NEW ZEALAND CUP of 1500sovs, second horse to receive 250sovs and the third 100sovs. Two miles.

- 1033—Mr B. T. Bennett's b g Halberdier, 6yrs, by Cuirassier—Miss Stead, 8.0, including 3lb penalty (F. Davis) 1
607—Messrs Lewis and Thomas' b c some Weibek, aged, by Perfidit Warbeck II—Reverie, 7.4, including 5lb penalty (H. King) 2
608—Mr A. Moss' ch h Canteen, 4yrs, by Castor—Vivandiere, 7.9 (L. O. King) 3
Also started: 448 Nonette, 9.3 (M. Ryan); 1382 Tom, 8.3 (R. Dent); and Porua, 7.7 (C. Jenkins). Dividends, £10 7/4 (J. McCuskey); 1561 Siege Gun, 7.9 (Hewitt); 594 Fakir, 6.10 (Price); 737 Sirius, 6.8 (H. King); 128 Panamu, 6.7 (Thomson).

When the race was settled down Canteen was seen in front, and entering the straight proper was running just clear of Porua, after whom came Welbeck, Halberdier, and Siege Gun. Passing the post to show out, Welbeck and Panamu together, ploughing under Halberdier, Siege Gun, Tortulia, and Porua, with Nonette whipping in. There was little change past Cutts, and to the mile post, and the lead settled on Welbeck, who was still in front. Then came Canteen, Panamu, Halberdier, Glenalada, Siege Gun, and Porua. The field closed up turning for home, Welbeck being the first to show out, just clear of Canteen, Glenalada, Halberdier, and Porua. Below the distance Canteen and Welbeck were fighting out the lead, but a furlong from home Halberdier dashed up, and settling Nonette, won from home. Welbeck was still in front, then came Canteen, Panamu, Halberdier, Siege Gun, Tortulia, and Porua. Time, 2.33 4/5. Dividends, £5 3/8 and £2 19/.

WELCOME STAKES of 50sovs. Four furlongs.

- 222—Sir G. Clifford's br f To-morrow, by Bill of Portland—Elusive, 8.0 (J. Price) 1
112—Hon. G. McLean's br c System, by Lord Roslyn—Distral, 8.5 (J. Combe) 2
612—Mr G. Stead's br c King Log, by Stepniak—Fairyland, 8.5 (Hewitt) 3
Also started: 271 Starshoot, 8.5; 36 Rosecommon, 8.5; 147 Bannister, 8.2; 84 St. Evange, 8.0; 113 Utopia, 8.0; 60 one Dividends, £5 13/6 and £3 15/.

SAPLING STAKES of 100sovs. Four furlongs.

- 212—Hon. J. D. Ormond's blk f Enna, 2yrs, by The Officer—Enid, 8.0 (F. Davis) 1
155—Mr F. H. Pye's ch f Leonore, 8.0 (Hewitt) 2
127—Mr T. Sheehan's b c Bayonet, 8.5 (Manning) 3
Enna was quickest to move and was never headed, winning easily by three lengths. Time, 60 4/5. Dividend, £2 1/2.

STEWARDS' HANDICAP of 60sovs. Six furlongs.

- 236—Hon. G. McLean's b c Vladimir, 8yrs, by Stepniak—Miss, 7.7 (Smith) 1
328—Mr C. Mitchell's ch g Pallas, 4yrs, 7.4 (W. Brown) 2
318—Mr A. J. Shearby's b m Westfalia, 8yrs, 7.4 (Drevelt) 3
Also started: 123, Blazer, 8.8; 86, Red Gauntlet, 8.9; 419, Orion, 8.7; 274, Ulys, 8.5; 178 Scotty, 7.10; 216, Scylla, 7.5; 7, Ghookra, 7.3; 261, Somerled, 7.0; 105, Whitewind, 7.7. Time, 1.14 4/5. Dividends, £10 1/ and £2 13/4.

SECOND DAY. CHRISTCHURCH, Tuesday.

The Canterbury Jockey Club continued their Spring Meeting yesterday in fine weather. The attendance was quite as large as on the opening day, and the racing was, on the whole, of a more entertaining character, some very close contests being decided. The fields averaged well, and speculation was very keen, the large number of 200 being handed by the totalisator, which was an improvement of 4841 upon last year. The business of the day commenced with the Middleton Hurdle Race, in which the galloping and jumping powers of the Auckland gelding Meinera were displayed to the full, and the son of Telford led from end to end, Rosier, who finished second, being nearly three seconds behind, while Evening Wonder was well beaten off with the other competitors, of whom Scottish Minstrel nearly fell, and My Lord ran round one of the fences. Beaman's time was fast.

The Hon. J. McLean's Stepwell colt, Vladimir, was made favourite in a field of fourteen in the Cup race, and won more easily than he had done in the Stewards' Handicap on Saturday, though carrying 12lb more weight, Pallas, with 5lb more, and West Guard, with 10lb more than they had in the other furlong race, being second and third. The race thus resulted in the same three being placed as in the Stewards' Handicap. There was a good gap between the second and third, Bazaar finished close up to West Guard in fourth place, and Whirlwind, Evelyn Wood and Fleka were each handy. Vladimir seemed to be all the better for the racing, and there is no doubt a smart colt. The Wellington-bred three-year-old gelding Achilles had an easy victory over his solitary opponent, Dik, in the Juvenile Plate, ruining the distance in the good time of 1min 1.2sec, and never giving Sir Geo. Clifford's boy a chance of getting near.

Then followed the Derby. There were but four starters, Welbeck being made a very pronounced favourite, and he stripped the picture of health and apparently none the worse for his Cup start. His Both Golden Vein and Tercelet looked well to the eye, brighter of coat, indeed, than Porrua, who moved short in the preliminary. The least like a Derby candidate was Orloff, Mr. G. C. Stead's leading representative, who has a narrow appearance. The race was one of the finest run Derby races held in Christchurch, the pace being good from end to end, Welbeck and Tercelet making a splendid cracker when they got together after racing half a mile, and so they went on to below the last furlong post, at which stage both were straining every nerve, and Welbeck appeared to have a trifle the best of his companion, Orloff. He followed them at a slight interval, drew up to their heels, and, coming under persuasion of a mild character, had their measure inside the distance, and, with a bare nose, apart from his hind legs, a clear length and a-half, a neck separating the other pair. There was some enthusiasm at the result, and the race proved to be the fastest Derby ever run on the Canterbury racecourse. Following on the victory of Menschikov last year, this made the second Canterbury Derby winner Stepniak has had, and the fact that Orloff had lowered his price was a reason for the success, and was the subject of favourable comment. Indeed, many thought the Hon. G. McLean ought to have had Vladimir, who is also by Stepniak. In the classic race, so well was Vladimir doing, that the win of Orloff makes the eighth Mr. Stead has had. No gelding has won that race during the past thirty years, but Orloff carried a colt's weight, which makes the performance all the more creditable, as under weight-for-age conditions he would receive a three pounds allowance.

Halberder, the Cup winner, though handicapped to carry 10lb more weight in the Metropolitan Handicap, was made a slightly better favourite than Canteen, who had 5lb more than in the big two-mile race, while Tortulia, Siege Gun and Fakir were weighted at the same imposts as each had competed under. Cannie Chiel received the third Cup weight, Magnificent 5lb more, and Terrapin 10lb more. These and Meinera comprised the field. Magnificent and Meinera made most of the running. After going out of the straight Siege Gun, hurtled down from the start, got to the head of affairs half way down the home stretch, and under pressure finally won by a length and a-half from Canteen, who beat Halberder by a length. Tortulia and Fakir were in the fourth. The victory of Siege Gun was the signal for an outburst of temper on the part of a very large section of the racegoers, who made quite a demonstration of their wrath, and set to work to cheer the chattering of hundreds of tin snappers. The malcontents continued their manifestations persistently for a considerable time, quite unjustifiably. Meinera came into the field at the start of the race, and Halberder had the same bad luck, and had to come on the outside of his horses in the home run. Had the race been run at their Cup weights Halberder and Canteen would have both beaten Siege Gun, though possibly in the shorter distance was in Siege Gun's favour.

There were sixteen runners in the Short's Handicap, in which each of the competitors were supposed to carry 77. Several put up a little over weight, however. It was certainly the finest race of the meeting, nine of the runners being all of a heap. Cannonite beat Goldenmerr by a bare head, Goldenmerr finishing half a head in front of Welbeck, who was just beat Gold Spec and Sophistic, while four others were right across the course. The winner was bought in for £41.

Old St. Denis beat General Symonds, with a little better than a length, Calibre, and eight others, in the Epsom Handicap, and Starshoot, who did not

get well away in the Welcome Stakes on Saturday, ran a fine race to-day, and finished well in the Irwell Handicap, beating Eychen, the runner-up to To-morrow, cleverly, at a distance of 5lb in his favour. Altogether a most enjoyable afternoon's sport was witnessed. Results:—

Middleton Hurdles.—Bellman, 1; Roller, 2; Evening Wonder, 3. Won by six lengths. Time, 2.11 4/5. Dividends, £2 1/8 and £1 1/4. All started.

Juvenile Plate.—Achilles, 1; Dik, 2. Won easily. These were the only starters. Time, 1.1 3/5. Dividend, £1 3/4.

Derby Stakes of 1000sovs. One mile and a-half.—C7, G. C. Stead's br g Orloff, by Stepniak—Sortie, 8.10 (Hewitt), 1; 1268, Messrs Lewis & Thomas, Welbeck, 8.10 (Dorrett), 2; 399, D. Gordon's Portua, 8.10, 3. Also started: 255, Golden Vein, 8.10; and Tercelet, 8.10. Golden Vein led Welbeck and Orloff to the mile post, where Welbeck went to the front and Portua ran through to second place. The two ran together down the back and round the turn for home. Welbeck cut into the straight, but Orloff at the distance came to a strong run in the centre, cutting down the leaders, and won comfortably by two lengths, Welbeck being a neck in front of Portua. Time, 2.37 1/5. Dividend, £5 12/8.

Metropolitan Handicap of 500sovs. One mile and a-half.—G. C. Stead's br h Siege Gun, 4yrs, by Hotchkiss—Friday, 7.9 (Hewitt), 1; 689, A. Moss's Canteen, 8.3 (L. G. King), 2; 710, B. T. Bennett's Halberder, 9.2 (Davis), 3. Also started: 331, Cannie Chiel, 9.3; 133, Cannie Chiel, 7.11; 137, Fakir, 6.13; 238, Magnificent, 6.12; Terrapin, 6.11; 181, Meinera, 6.7. Fakir and Meinera got the worst of the start owing to a bump, and Canteen, Cannie Chiel, and Terrapin showed the way from Tortulia, 9.3; Halberder whirling in. At the mile post Meinera had a run through with Magnificent, the two racing together, a length clear of Terrapin, Canteen and Siege Gun. A furlong further on Canteen took the lead, and gave his position. Siege Gun and Canteen were first into the straight. The former galloping resolutely, stalled off Canteen, and won by two lengths, Canteen beating Halberder by a length for second place, Tortulia was fourth and Terrapin and Meinera next. Time, 2.37 5/5. Dividend, £4 0/8; Canteen, £1 2/4.

Shots' Handicap of 100sovs. Five furlongs.—J. Burns's Cannonite, by Chaintree—Venus (Jenkins), 1; Sir George Clifford's Golden Mera (McLusky), Hon. J. D. Ormond's Witchee (O'Brien), 2; King Stork and Wepener were bracketed. Also started: Dauntless, Sophistic, Ordance, Eychen, Grand Chief, Telford, Good Spec, Ray, Lady Dundas, Lady Brandt. A great finish home saw Cannonite win by a bare neck from Golden Mera, who was a head in front of Witchee. Time, 1.23 5/5. Dividends, £15 4/8 and £1 6/8. The winner was bought in for £41.

Epsom High-weight Handicap of 150sovs. One mile.—F. Griffin's St. Denis, by St. Clair—Kathinda, 9.5 (McComb), 1; 260, M. J. Redd's General Symonds, 8.2 (Lloyd), 2; 138, Holmes's Cannon, 8.3 (Donovan), 3. Also started: 111, Clanburn, 8.10; 77, Calibre, 8.3; 363, Glennie, 9.2; 262, Sirius, 8.3; 58, First Shot, 7.11; 93, Nance, 6yrs, 7.9. Grand Chief, 7.7. Won comfortably by a half-a-length. Time, 1.44 1/5. Dividends, £3 5/5 and £1 15/6.

Irwell Handicap of 150sovs. Four furlongs.—E. J. Wallis's Sarshoot, by Hotchkiss—Crescent, 7.5 (Jenkins), 1; 134, J. B. Reed's Glimmer, 7.11 (Holmes), 2; 575, Hon. G. McLean's System, 8.11 (McComb), 3. Also started: 599, Enna, 7.11; 87, Roscomann, 7.0; 36, Leonora, 8.9. Won comfortably by three parts of a length. Time, 49 4-63. Dividend, £3 1/4.

# Terrible Shipping Casualty.

## Loss of the Elingamite

The fact that the Elingamite was slightly overdue, and that the shipping community and people expecting friends had been on the look-out for her throughout the day, in no measure prepared the public mind for the sensational news of the vessel's wreck, which was received in Auckland between 8 and 9 p.m. on Monday. Not since on the morning of November 1, 1894, when the ill-clad and dejected survivors of the unfortunate Wairarapa were brought up from the Barrier by the Argyle has such a disaster come so nearly home to us.

When the news reached town last night it was circulated by all available channels by the "Star." A few of those more immediately concerned, including many who were expecting relatives or friends by the steamer, collected at the telegraph office, and the audible sobbing of the women and strained faces of the men awaiting news of the fate of husband, wife, child or other near relation made a piteous sight. It was not till a very late hour that the brief original message, stating that 37 passengers and 15 of the crew had arrived in the first boat at Hohoura, and that four other boats and two rafts were missing, was supplemented by a list of those whose safety was known. The scenes that followed as the names were read out, and anxiety was relieved or intensified in individual cases, were pathetic in the extreme.

Till yesterday no additional particulars were received, and the "Star" office was, with the telegraph office, besieged throughout the day by anxious enquirers. In town the sensation usurped the place of all other topics of conversation. "Star" special correspondents and "Graphic" photographers went north by the special steamers which left at an early hour in the morning. The following telegrams from various sources give a graphic narrative of the disaster:

### NEWS RECEIVED AT HOHOURA.

HOHOURA, Monday night. The dreadful intelligence was received here to-day that the Huddart-Parker steamer Elingamite, while on a voyage from Sydney to Auckland, struck on one of the Three Kings during a fog at 10.30 a.m. on Sunday morning, and was totally wrecked.

The news of the wreck was received through one of the ship's boats, which landed here to-day. This boat contained 37 passengers, one of whom, Mrs Sully, died from exposure before Hohoura was reached, and fifteen members of the crew, Mr L. Burkitt, first officer, being in charge.

According to the story of the survivors, the Elingamite left Sydney at 4.55 p.m. on Wednesday last, and had an uneventful trip across the Tasman Sea.

After leaving light north-east winds were experienced, followed by moderate and fresh westerlies until noon on Friday. The weather then became thick, and on Sunday morning by 9 a.m. a dense fog surrounded the vessel.

The Elingamite was slowed down to half-speed, and the usual look-out and fog signals were carefully attended to.

The look-outs were at their posts, and the captain and third mate were on the bridge, at 10.30 a.m., when the passengers and crew were horrified and alarmed at feeling a shock, which told them all too plainly that the

vessel had struck the shore. The spot on which the vessel struck proved to be one of the Three Kings, supposed to be the middle island, and immediately the vessel began to fill, settling to the deck in a very short space of time.

Although the seriousness of the position was at once realised by the passengers, there was no confusion or panic, and orders were obeyed as promptly as given.

All the boats and life-rafts were launched, there being six boats and two life-rafts, and the passengers were safely transferred to them, as were the crew, with the exception of the third cook, J. Peggs, whose body was subsequently seen floating amid the wreckage.

The chief officer's boat, a large life-boat, was the last to cast off from the side of the wrecked vessel.

### LIFE-BOAT CAPSIZES.

No. 6 life-boat, which was in charge of J. Morrison, fourth engineer, overloaded with some floating wreckage close to the steamer, and subsequently struck rocks in the same vicinity, being thereby capsized. Those on the mate's boat noticed the occurrence and were quickly on the scene, rescuing all the occupants of the boat, who all landed here yesterday.

The captain stood by the vessel to the last, and was eventually washed overboard by a sea, being picked up by a waiting life-boat. After he was picked up he was seen to direct the picking up of several women and children who were in the water.

The mate's boat, which was crowded, then shaped a course for Hohoura, reaching here at 12.30 p.m. to-day, nothing more being seen of the captain's boat.

The mate or those with him have no information which would indicate what has become of the other boats, except that they saw one boat under sail heading for Hohoura, while Capt. W. D. Reid, Superintendent of Mercantile Marine at this port, who was a passenger, and who left in the first boat, said that he knew of a landing place at Three Kings.

### NARROW ESCAPE OF OFFICERS

HOHOURA, Tuesday. The first and second officers and the boatswain had very narrow escapes.

After the boat had pulled away from the vessel almost full, the first and second mates were picked up from among the floating wreckage.

Afterwards the boatswain and several others were similarly rescued, and taken on board.

Considering the overloaded condition of the boat it is wonderful that she was safely navigated here. The fact that she made the passage without mishap strengthens the hope that the other boats have reached some place of safety. More anxiety is felt with regard to the unfortunate people on rafts.

This morning a volunteer crew manned the Elingamite's boat and left for the North, the intention being to make a careful search of the coastal indentations towards the North Cape. A second volunteer crew has taken a local whaleboat and set out on a similar quest.

Mrs Yates, whose station is adjacent to the North Cape and includes a very large area towards Cape Maria and south towards Hohoura, has sent natives to search all along the northern bays in the hope of finding some of the missing boats.

**PUBLIC TRUST OFFICE.**

VALUERS OF ESTATES IN THE OFFICE:  
**OVER THREE MILLIONS STERLING.**

**Capital and Interest guaranteed by the State.**

Further large reductions now made to scale of administration.

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

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

The Public Trustee can be appointed Executor of the Will or Co-administrator of Estates, as to the making of Wills is given free of charge.

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

The Public Trustee can be appointed Trustee for Marriage Settlements, Money Trusts, Banking Funds, and other Trusts.

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FOR FULL PARTICULARS APPLY TO  
**THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE, Wellington,**  
Or to any of the Agents of the Public Trustee in the Colony.

**ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE CASUALTY**

The s.s. Elingamite struck on one of the Three Kings, off the North Cape, on Sunday morning about 10 a.m., on her way from Sydney to Auckland, during a dense fog, and was totally wrecked.

The steamer was going dead slow at the time.

The boats were launched and most of the passengers and crew safely embarked.

The captain stuck to his ship until washed off the bridge.

The Elingamite had aboard about 120 passengers and 58 of a crew.

One boat, in charge of Mr. Burckett, chief officer, had also on board Mr. Renaut (the second mate), Mr. Morrison (fourth engineer), the chief cook and second cook, the boatswain, two A.B.'s, one ordinary seaman, several stewards and 37 passengers, including four ladies and two children; total, 52 souls.

One of the ladies died immediately on being lifted out of the water.

This boat fortunately reached Kowhai, Hohoura, about mid-day on Monday, and the occupants were most hospitably received by the natives, who certainly deserve great praise for the splendid manner in which they treated the poor sufferers.

Immediately on receipt of intelligence Constable J. R. Bowman, accompanied by J. E. Thomas, J.P., proceeded to Kowhai, and found that under the circumstances the unfortunate shipwrecked people were as comfortable as possible.

The passengers are loud in their praises of the behaviour of the officers and crew of the ill-fated vessel.

Although she struck without any warning there was not the slightest sign of confusion.

The men behaved as became true British seamen, looking first to the comfort of the ladies and children, who acted splendidly.

**NAMES OF THOSE LANDED.**

The following is a list of those in the chief officer's boat:—

**PASSENGERS.**

- Miss Cora Anderson.
- J. Anderson.
- Aubrey.
- Dr. Beattie.
- Dr. J. Bennett.
- F. Bowden.
- T. D'Arcy.
- F. W. Doydgo.
- E. Farrell.
- L. F. Ford.
- E. George.
- G. Godkin.
- Mr and Mrs Hiskinson and child.
- W. Hobot.
- Annie Hugo.
- J. Lawery.
- Mr and Mrs Leeston and child.
- May Markotch.
- F. Middlehurst.
- Dr. Middleton.
- P. McLaughlin.
- John S. O'Brien.
- M. O'Brien.
- A. Parker.
- F. G. Paasy.
- J. Patterson.
- A. Perry.
- H. E. Perry.
- Rosandich.
- A. Stringfellow.
- Mrs Sully (died from exposure).
- L. Sunman.
- Charles Waters.

**CREW.**

- E. Allen, donkeyman.
- L. Burkitt, chief mate.
- T. Coonan, boatswain.
- W. Foster, storekeeper.
- E. Hollens, chief cook.
- F. Jennings, second cook.
- Boy Lennox.
- L. Morrigan, assistant steward.
- J. Morrison, fourth engineer.
- F. Patterson, A.B.
- Pratt, assistant steward.
- F. Renaut, second mate.
- H. Rogers, assistant steward.

- Mr Leslie.
- Miss Mabbe.
- Dr. W. Middleton.
- Mrs S. K. Neale and infant.
- Mr B. E. Neale.
- Mr J. G. Ralph.
- Captain W. P. Reid.
- Mr E. H. Reid.
- Mr A. Richards.
- Mrs Robb and son.
- Miss W. Scotting.
- Mrs Scotting.
- Miss Skinner.
- Mr G. Waters.
- Mr Wetherit.
- Mr E. Wigglesworth.
- Mr Wigglesworth.

There were seventy steerage passengers including

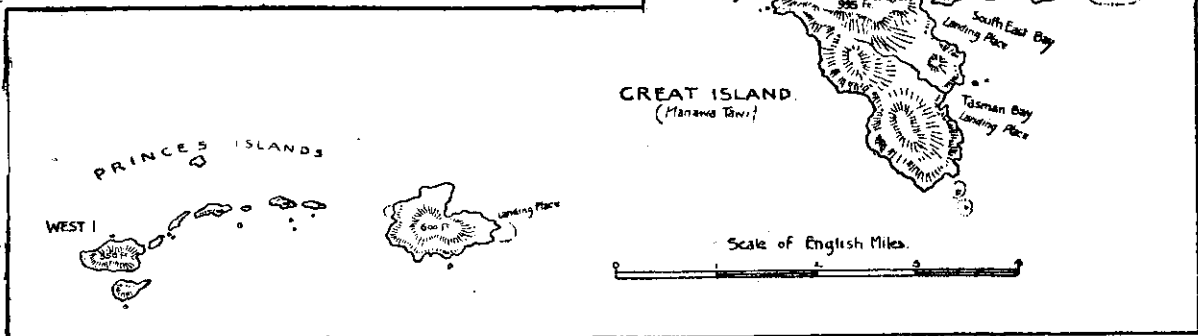
- J. Anderson.
- Aubrey.
- F. Bowden.
- T. D'Arcy.
- F. Farrell.
- L. F. Ford.
- C. E. George.
- W. Hobot.
- Annie Hugo.
- J. Lawery.
- May Markotch.
- F. Middlehurst.
- P. McLaughlin.
- J. S. O'Brien.
- A. Perry.
- F. G. Paasy.
- J. Patterson.
- M. O'Brien.
- A. Parker.
- H. S. Perry.

**THE MISSING BOATS**

**VESSELS DESPATCHED TO SEARCH.**

Immediately on receipt of the information Messrs. L. D. Nathan and Co. made all possible arrangements to search for the missing boats and their crews. Mr H. J. B. Irvine, local manager of the Union S.S. Company, was first communicated with to see if the Omapers could be despatched. That vessel, however, had only arrived yesterday, and it being a general holiday no work had been done aboard her, and her coal supply had not been renewed. Mr J. Ker, acting manager of the Northern S.S. Company, was next seen, and it was decided to despatch the Clansman. Messengers were sent round for the officers and crew, and the vessel was provisioned for the trip, arrangements being made with such celerity that the Clansman was enabled to leave at 1.30 o'clock on Tuesday morning. The steamer called in at Russell for a supply of coal, and then proceeded direct to the Three Kings in search of the missing boats.

Early on Tuesday the Government ment auxiliary schooner Countess of Ranfurly left for the North, Captain Worsley intending, if the wind proves favourable, to proceed direct to Hohoura.



THE THREE KINGS ISLANDS.

At daylight on Tuesday morning a whaleboat, in charge of John McIntosh, and also the ship's boat that came ashore, manned by a native crew, left to thoroughly search the coastline from Hohoura to the North Cape, and numbers of horsemen have also started on the same mission.

The schooner Greyhound has also been instructed to search. There is every probability of the remaining four boats and two rafts, with their occupants, landing safely somewhere on the coast. At any rate, every possible endeavour is being made to discover their whereabouts and ensure their safety.

**THE SURVIVORS.**

The postmaster at Mangouli telegraphed to the Secretary of the General Post Office on Monday night:— "Survivors are camped on Mount Camel, across Hohoura Harbour, three miles from that office. Three of the party came over to the office to give all necessary information. The rest of the party will reach Hohoura in the morning.

"I am informed that the ship's papers, including the list of the passengers, were put into the first boat. She has not been seen since."

T. Tanner, A.B.  
Boy, name unknown, belonging to steward's department.

**PASSENGER LIST.**

(By Cable.—Press Association.)  
(Copyright.)

(Received Nov. 10, 0.25 a.m.)

**SYDNEY, November 10.**

The following are the names of the passengers who left here in the Elingamite:—

- Miss Adamson.
- Miss C. B. Anderson.
- Mr Anderson.
- Dr. Beattie.
- Mr Bennie.
- Dr. Bennett.
- Mr W. Bowden.
- Mr W. W. Bradford.
- Mrs Cassrells and child.
- Mrs Chadwick.
- Mr H. C. Chadwick.
- Mr E. Doydgo.
- Mr F. Flower.
- Dr. Goldie.
- Miss Greenwood.
- Mrs Greenwood.
- Mr Greenwood.
- Mr Gunther.
- Mr Hallamore.
- Mr G. A. Hardwick.
- Mr W. H. Hutchings.
- Mr Jefferson.
- Mrs Jefferson.

- Rosandich.
- A. Stringfellow.
- Mrs Sully.
- L. Sunman.

[This list is evidently very incomplete.]

**THE ELINGAMITE.**

The Elingamite was built at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1887 by Messrs. Swan and Hunter. She was a steel screw steamer of 2585 tons and 1075 registered tonnage. Her engines were surface condensing triple-expansion, and the diameters were 25, 41 and 67 inches, with a stroke of 42 inches. Her speed was 13½ knots. She had cargo accommodation for 1600 tons dead weight. There were four hatches and ten winches for working cargo. The passenger accommodation was excellent. The state cabins were roomy and well ventilated, and provided accommodation for 143 passengers. The saloon, which was high and roomy, provided accommodation for 72 at one sitting. The steamer had a promenade deck nearly 200ft long on the poop. In the steerage provision was made for 81 passengers. The Elingamite was engaged for a number of years in trade between inter-State ports on the other side, and in the early part of 1898 was transferred to the Sydney-New Zealand trade, replacing the Anglian.

The Union Steamship Company coiled their coastal steamer Omapers as quickly as possible on Tuesday and despatched her shortly after one o'clock. She will call at Whangarei Heads to ascertain if any news has meanwhile been received, and will also call at Russell for the same purpose.

The auxiliary oil schooner Greyhound, a vessel of good power, was communicated with at Awanui; she left that port at 3.50 a.m. on Tuesday, having instructions to search for the missing boats, and if possible to communicate with the Zealandia, which left Auckland for Sydney last night.

Lieut.-Commander Dawson, of the surveying ship Penguin, was interviewed by a representative of the agents, who laid the facts before him. The commander immediately stated that he would go in search of the boats as early as possible. He was unable to leave on Monday owing to a number of men being on shore on liberty leave, but at 7.30 a.m. to-day all were collected, and at that hour the Penguin steamed out of the harbour. The Penguin will proceed to the Doubtless Bay cable station and any news from other quarters will be communicated to her there. Should no news of the missing boats be received Commander Dawson will go on to the Three Kings, searching there, and afterwards zig-zagging along the course from the islands to Hohoura.

## A CLAIRVOYANT'S MESSAGE

The following message with reference to the wreck is stated to have been received by a lady clairvoyant in Auckland:—"Vessel struck on the reef and rocked from side to side three times. One boat on the island full, arrived where there is a dwelling. The second boat, in which Dr. Goldie is among the passengers, is like going through a little channel to get there. The doctor is helping the people. I think they are short of provisions. The two boats at sea will be picked up. Great loss of life. The wreck occurred in daylight."

## THE WEATHER.

## CAPTAIN EDWIN'S REPORT.

In view of the fact that no report has yet been received as to the fate of several of the Elingamite's boats, Captain Edwin's weather report is of considerable interest. It is as follows:—

Wind.—Moderate to strong from between west, south-west and south at all places northward of Napier and New Plymouth; gale from between north, west and south-west elsewhere.

Barometer.—Further rise at all places northward of Napier, Taupo, and New Plymouth; fall soon everywhere else.

Sea.—Heavy on Western Coast of North Island; considerable on Eastern Coast between Castlepoint and Kaikoura; moderate elsewhere.

## SUBSCRIPTION LIST OPENED

His Worship the Mayor of Auckland has opened a subscription list for the relief of the sufferers by the wreck, and so soon as the circumstances of the case are better known he will convene a public meeting to discuss the question and appoint a relief committee.

## MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

Mr. J. G. Ralph, of Sylvia Park, was returning to New Zealand, as were Mrs. Cassrells, wife of a well-known resident of Paeroa, who has been on a visit to Australia for some months. It was reported at the Thames to-day that Mr. Chris. Harris, the well-known mining man, was aboard the Elingamite, but his name does not appear in the passenger list.

Archdeacon Calder to-day wired to the Rev. C. J. Merton, of Kaitiaki, asking him to do all in his power to assist any passengers or members of the crew from the Elingamite who might come ashore in the vicinity.

Captain Plunkett, underwriters' surveyor, left by the Clansman this morning.

Sir J. G. Ward has directed all telegraphic offices in the North to remain open until further notice, and the local post office has been instructed to give the press all available information.

## SYDNEY, this day.

The following are the names of the Elingamite's steerage passengers: Messrs Langanata, Frodon, Morris, J. Morris, Abbott, Wilson Banks, Thompson, Patterson, Miss Dunn, Berry and wife, and four children, Mrs Sully, Green and wife, Hung-fellow, Frodon, Robinson, O'Connor, Perkins and wife, Middlehurst, Massey, Jennings, Kennedy, Kelly, Christensen, Hawkinson, wife and two children, Dixon, Palmer, Parker, Doerty, Markovitch, Turmin, Frederick, Desrot, Boesch, Rosanidich, Massey, Gurik, Napier, wife and infant, Muirhead, Chiplos, Mills, Clark, and a number of others booked aboard the steamer.

SEASON 1901-1902

## INVITATION CIRCULARS

## "AT HOME" CARDS

## BALL PROGRAMMES

## WEDDING CARDS AND INVITES

MANAGER, "GRAPHIC" OFFICE, AUCKLAND.



In connection with the above, Cheap Excursion Tickets at the rate of 2d per mile First Class, and 1d per mile Second Class (minimum 4/ and 1/ respectively), will be issued from any station to Auckland on November 13th, 14th, and 15th, available for return up to and including Tuesday, December 9th. Miteage counted one way only.

## SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15th.

In addition to the usual morning trains from Cambridge and Te Awamutu, Special Trains will leave Cambridge at 6.0 a.m., Te Awamutu 6.10 a.m., Frankton 7.15 a.m., Hurly 8.12 a.m., Mercer 8.17 a.m., Drury, 10.25 a.m., arriving Auckland 11.42 a.m.

The usual 4.15 p.m. train will leave Auckland at 5.35 p.m., Remuera 6.0 p.m., and will run through to Cambridge and Te Awamutu. The usual 4.40 p.m. Kaurapapaka train will not leave Auckland till 5.10 p.m., Newmarket 5.32 p.m. (after arrival of 5.20 p.m. train from Auckland), Mt. Eden 5.40 p.m.

Trains to convey passengers to the Show will leave Auckland for Remuera on Saturday, 15th November, at 11.5 a.m., 12.10 p.m., 12.55 p.m., 1.10 p.m., 1.55 p.m., 2.10 p.m., and 2.10 p.m., returning leaving Remuera for Auckland at 4.20 p.m., 5.40 p.m., 5.53 p.m., and 6.8 p.m.

BY ORDER.

## GENERAL NEWS.

Mr Carnegie, the millionaire, writing to Mr C. R. Chapman, of Dunedin, undertakes to provide £10,000 for the establishment of a public library if the city finds a suitable site and furnishes £700 a year for upkeep.

The Government have decided on opening up the mines at Coal Creek and Cardiff as early as possible. It is probable Mr A. B. Lindop, late manager of the Westport Coal Company's mines, will be appointed manager of both State mines.

By the steamer Aparima, which left Auckland for Calcutta last week, 147 horses from the Auckland district were shipped to India. They are intended for army remount purposes.

The Natal "Mercury" states that a Krugersdorp farmer, who upon the outbreak of war buried £1500 in an ant-heap on his farm, has just returned from Ceylon, located the ant-heap, and again taken possession of his fortune.

H.M.s. Dart was met at the Solomon Group recently by the gunboat Sparrow. The Dart's officers were surveying the Island of Yasbel at the time the Sparrow dropped across her. The surveying vessel is expected to return to Sydney before Christmas.

News from Rotorua states that there was considerable activity early last week at the Whakarewarewa geysers, Pohutu, Te Wairoa and Kereru all playing at the same time, and there were several heavy explosions at what is known as "The Topedo," which threw up a considerable quantity of mud from the bed of the river. There was also an eruption at Waimahana, about ten miles from Rotorua, a place that is not often visited, as it lies off the line of road; a column of steam was seen rising there.

At a meeting of the Otago Central Railway League, Sir William Russell wrote that he would endeavour to accept the invitation of the league, and view the country opened by the line. It was resolved, "That in view of the fact that there is ample room on the works for the employment of double the number of men now employed, and that there is at present a large number of men in Otago out of employment, the league would earnestly urge on the Government the necessity for immediately employing a much greater number of men, as Parliament has voted ample funds for the purpose."

At the request of the Agricultural Department of Natal the New Zealand Agricultural Department intends sending two or three small parcels of the oats which colonial farmers have found to be most successful in resisting attacks of rust.

The Secretary of State for the Colonies has forwarded a communication to the Premier, enclosing copy of a

letter sent by the Minister for Netherlands at the Court of St. James', conveying the thanks of his Government for the assistance rendered by Mr Seddon at the time of embarkation on the Drayton Grange of a part of the crew of Geertruida Gerada, which had to be abandoned.

In reply to the assertions of Aucklanders that there was no danger of fruit maggot attacking their orchards, Mr. T. W. Kirk, the Government biologist, again points out that the danger is very real, inasmuch as the fly has been reared from maggot-infested fruit in the breeding cages in the laboratory of the department in Wellington. These flies paired and deposited eggs on the fruit placed in the cages. If the flies do this in Wellington there is no question but that they would rapidly breed in Auckland's warmer climate, says Mr. Kirk, and so ruin orchards. Mr. Kirk adds that the fly appeared in a Tasmanian orchard in a climate less adapted to it than is Auckland, but, thanks to drastic steps taken, its spread was suppressed.

Rotohokoboko in the name of a small lake situated on the table land in the dense forest between Mamaku (above Rotorua) and Horohoro. The old Maoris knew its position, but the present generation have not been able to locate it, though often sought for owing to its being a favourite feeding ground for the pigeon. Mr. T. Mitchell, of Rotorua, while surveying in the neighbourhood a few days ago, dropped unexpectedly upon it. He describes it as being about 20 chains long, and covering about 20 acres. It is hoped the Government, in cutting up the land, will reserve a good portion adjacent to the lake, as the lake may yet be required for a water supply for the town of Rotorua.

At a meeting of the executive of the Auckland Fruitgrowers' Union held last week at the office of the general secretary (Mr J. H. Mackie), the question of Government inspection of imported fruits was considered. It was resolved: "That seeing that considerable feeling is being expressed in regard to the stringency adopted in the inspection of fruits imported from the islands, in order to avoid the introduction of the fruit-fly, into this colony, this committee begs to assure the Agricultural Department of its hearty approval of the thoroughness of the inspection imposed, and hopes that it will be uniformly observed throughout the colony." It was further resolved: "That the action of Mr W. F. Massey, M.H.R., in having introduced into the Cook Islands Bill last session a clause providing for the inspection of all fruits imported from those islands in a similar manner to importations from other countries, be and is hereby strongly approved; it being considered that the danger of introducing principally the fruit-fly into New Zealand orchards is quite sufficient warrant for the adoption of the clauses." The secretary was instructed to send a copy of the resolution to Mr Massey, M.H.R.

The tablet on the memorial cairn erected to the late Sir John McKenzie, Minister for lands, was unveiled on Friday. The cairn is erected on Pukehikitahi, near Shag Point. The express train from Dunedin took a large contingent to Palmerston, including Sir J. G. Ward, the Hon. J. Rigg, H. Gourley, W. M. Bolt, and A. Lee Smith, Messrs. T. Mackenzie, E. G. Allen, and Parata (members of the late Parliament), Mayor Park, of Dunedin, and leading citizens. The Premier and party came from Christchurch in a special train.

On reaching the cairn the Hon. A. Lee Smith, who presided, paid a high tribute to the deceased statesman.

The Premier unveiled the tablet in the cairn, and in a speech lasting half-an-hour referred to the struggle the late Mr McKenzie had in early life to make his way in the world, and to the masterful will he brought to bear upon whatever object he set his mind on, which largely accounted for the success he achieved. The Premier then gave a sympathetic sketch of Sir J. McKenzie's character and career.

Sir J. G. Ward passed a glowing eulogium on his late colleague.

At the Premier's suggestion those present, as a last mark of respect, remained uncovered for a brief space and then dispersed.

On Sunday afternoon, shortly after three o'clock, His Lordship the Bishop (the Right Rev. Dr. Lenihan) laid the foundation stone of the first Marist Bros' College in New Zealand. The site of the college is pleasantly situated in Richmond-road, just below Oliphant-street. The attendance was quite a large one, and amongst those present, in addition to His Lordship the Bishop, the Roman Catholic clergy and the Marist Order, were His Worship the Mayor (Mr Alfred Kidd) and the town clerk (Mr H. W. Wilson), Hon. T. Thompson, Messrs Napier, M.H.R., Haume, Shera, Patterson, E. Mahony, T. Mahoney and P. Darby. Apologies for unavoidable absence were received from the Hon. J. A. Tole and Mr Moss-Davis.

In performing the ceremony of laying the stone, the Bishop used a silver trowel, presented by Mr T. Mahoney, the architect. It bore the following inscription: "Used by His Lordship Dr. Lenihan on the occasion of laying the foundation stone of the Marist Brothers' College, November 9, 1902."

After laying the stone the Bishop offered the following prayer: "Oh God, from Whom all good things arise and receive their increase, grant, we beseech Thee, to us supplicating, that what we have begun to the honour of Thy name may lead, by Thy paternal wisdom, to a happy ending, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

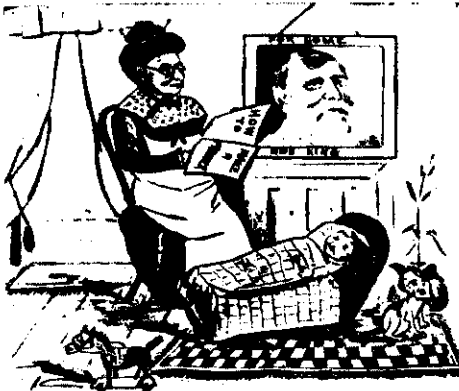
The stone having been blessed, the ceremony terminated.

Among the birthday honours, Major William Jukes Steward, ex-speaker of the New Zealand House of Representatives, has been created a Knight Bachelor.

[Major Steward has been a prominent figure in New Zealand politics of recent years. He was Speaker of the House of Representatives from January 23, 1891, to November 8, 1893. He first entered Parliament in 1871, some ten years after his arrival in the colony, and at a time when he was proprietor of the "North Otago Times." After serving as Mayor of Oamaru during 1876-78 he removed to Waimate, purchased the "Waimate Times," and the same year was elected as the representative in Parliament of that constituency. Under its two names of Waimate and Waitaki the major has since represented that district continuously. Major Steward has always taken a lively interest in the volunteer movement, having been mainly responsible for the formation of several Southern volunteer corps. He is now the senior major on the army list of the colony.]

There was quite a flutter of excitement in Wellington last week, when it became known that the Tasmanian Parcels Express Delivery Company, which was understood to be an agency of Tattersall's, was raided by the police, consisting of Chief Detective McGrath, Detectives Broberg, Cameron, and Boddam. The business came under the notice of the detectives, and inquiries were made with reference to parcels sent, the result being sufficient to justify an information being sworn and warrants obtained for a search. Those in charge were sprissed at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. An express load of circulars and correspondence relating to Tattersall's was seized and conveyed to the police station, whilst the management of the express business was taken charge of by the police. Lists were obtained disclosing the names of all those who sent parcels, showing that a great business was recorded here. The prosecution will endeavour to prove that the parcels were not sent to Tasmania, but that their contents were extracted sheets showing investments by agent in Tasmania for delivery to Tattersall, tickets being sent direct from Tattersall to investors. It is stated that the modus operandi was to dispatch by express delivery to Gen. Adams, care of Tattersall, Hobart. They charged 6d for delivery of a parcel. Investors enclosed cash only to the amount of purchase of tickets, in addition to the cost of postage for a reply, giving the result of the drawing. The local agency was offered to several well known citizens, who declined. Hearing that police prosecutions would follow on circulars being issued, the Company notified that small parcels could be sent or left with it by dispatch by express delivery to Tasmania, booking fee 6d. The agents of the Tasmanian Tourist Association have office in Melbourne and Adelaide.





James was born of poor but respectable parents. His mother was an ambitious woman.



Early he displayed the qualities of a leader.



And took a keen interest in suppressing public abuses.



At the Mutual Improvement Society he cultivated a natural gift for speechmaking.



And, this being noted, he was appointed to a responsible position in connection with the stray canine department of the city.



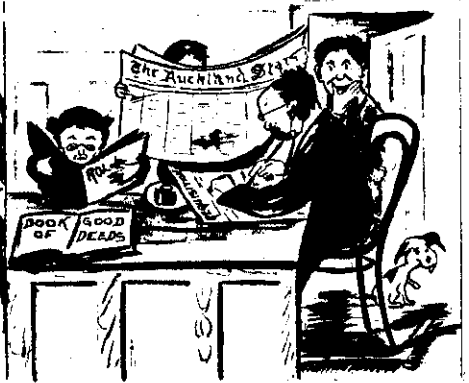
From this it was an easy step to the Council.



The idea of going in for Parliament was suggested to him by the milkman, who was anxious for a settlement of his bill.



He was taken with the notion, and easily persuaded some influential citizens to consider it.



With the result that they got up a requisition.



Which was duly presented to him.

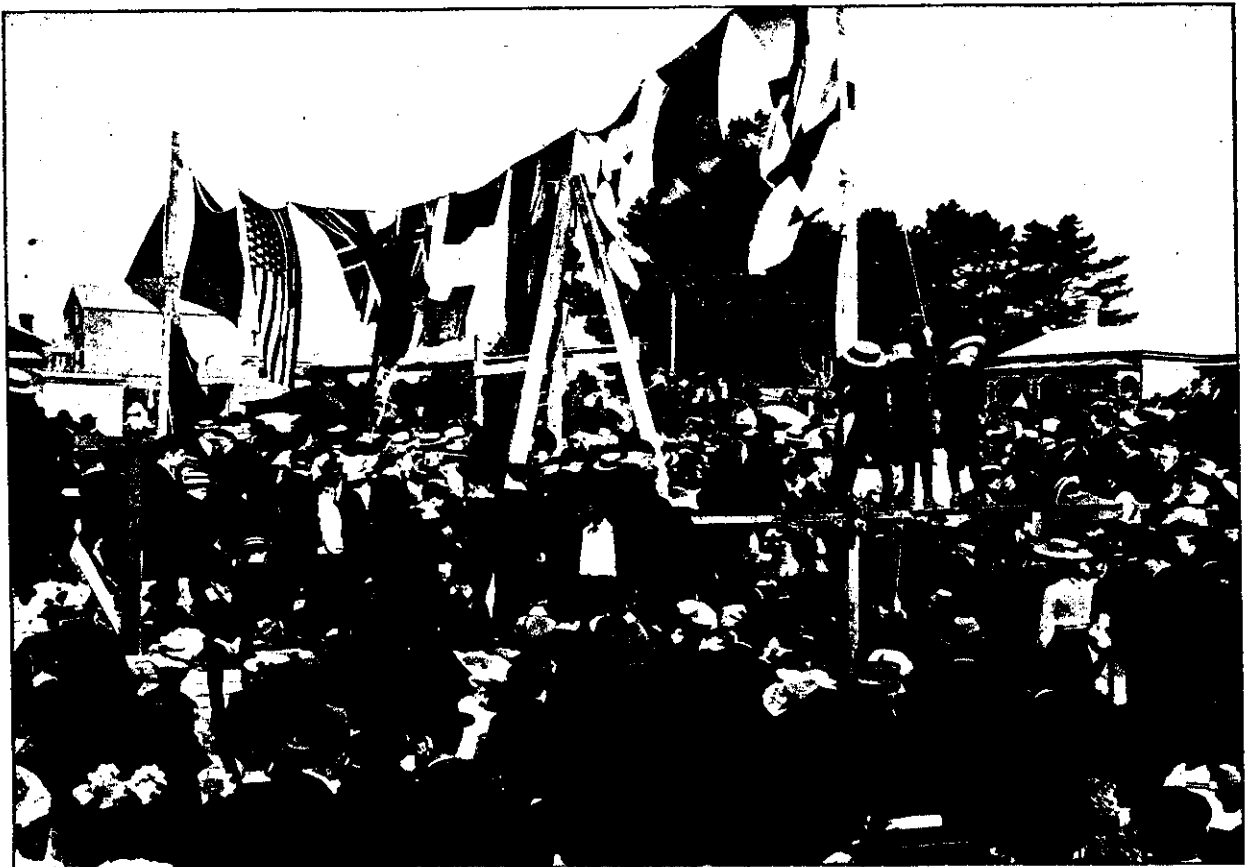
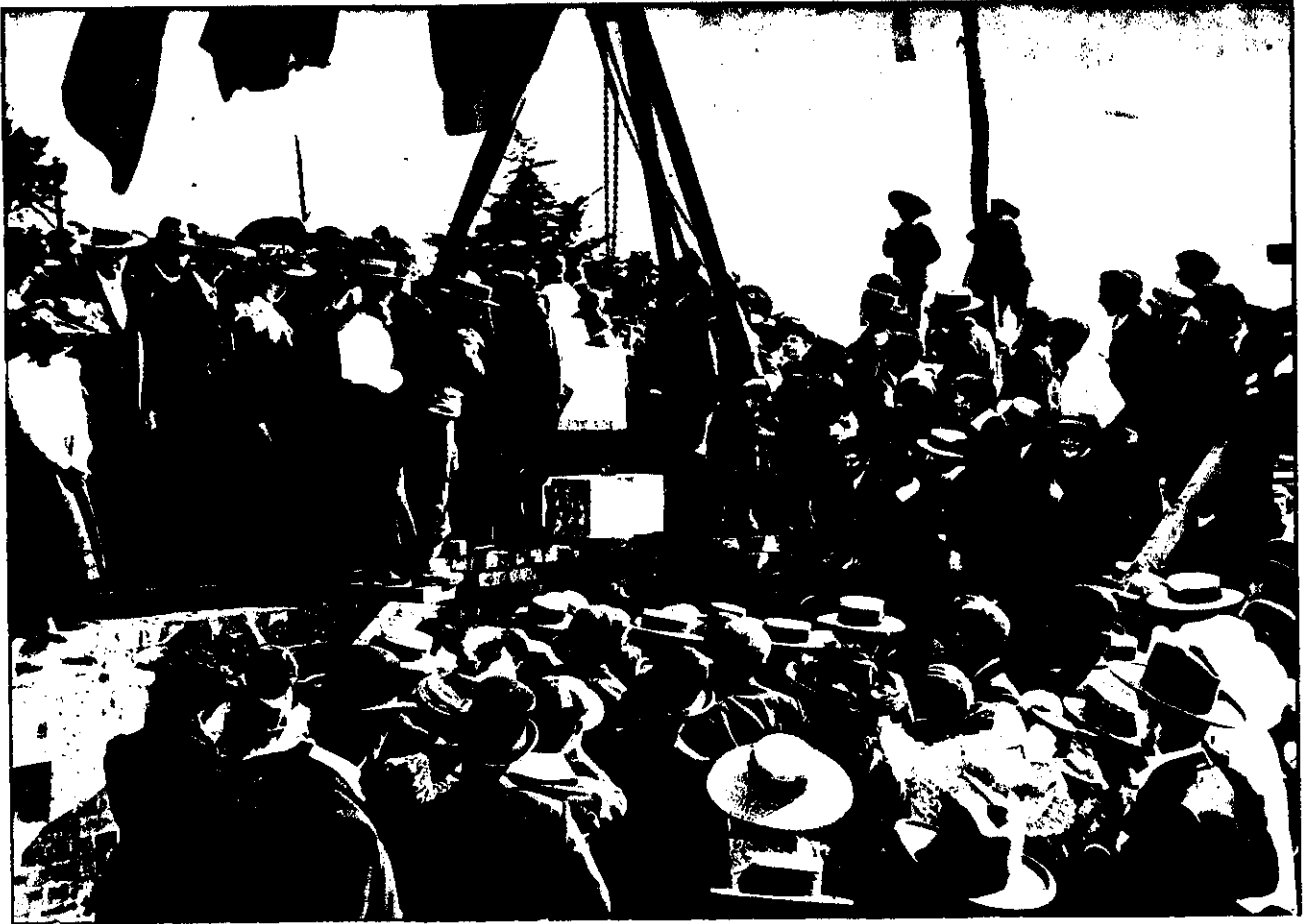


A ladies' committee was formed.



And James went forth to conquer the constituency.

### The Evolution of a Parliamentary Candidate.



The New Marist College, Auckland.

HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP LENIHAN LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE.

# How to Become Strong.

## SOME CHARACTERISTIC POSES BY SANDOW.

Mr. Sandow, who commences his New Zealand tour in Auckland on Monday next, is known as the strongest man in the world, but, more remarkable even than his strength, is the fact that he obtained his marvellous development of muscle entirely through exercise, being at the outset a rather weak child.



LOOK AT THIS MARVELLOUS BICEPS!



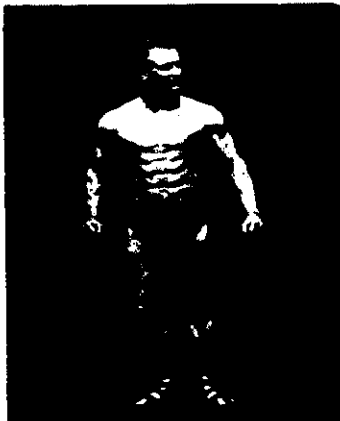
POSITION SHOWING THE CHEST DEVELOPMENT.



PHOTO OF THE CAST OF SANDOW TAKEN FOR THE "Graphic," photo. BRITISH MUSEUM.



A HERCULES INDEED!



MR. SANDOW IN SOME OF HIS POSES AND AS HE APPEARS IN ORDINARY COSTUME.

### Things We Should Like to Meet in Fiction.

(BUT NEVER SHALL.)

A hero who is not a blithering idiot.

A house that is not Elizabethan, and does not stand on the summit of a hill which commands a magnificent view of the surrounding country.

A hall which is anything but ancestral.

A brook that is not purling.

An old maid who is not starched and continually poking her nose where it is not required.

An indignant father who is not Spartan; mother who is not brimming over with love for her offspring, and who swoons when she learns that her brat has received a well-deserved drubbing; and an invalid brother or sister who is not patiently pining away with a non-alcoholic consumption.

A lovers' quarrel which is not bit-

ter and uncompromising, and is not made up (like the heroine) in the next chapter.

A villain who is not a member of the peerage and all the swagger clubs, and who is not on the verge of bankruptcy.

A ruin that does not dash in torrents against the window panes, and a wind that does not sweep in heavy and fitful gusts along the dreary and deserted streets.

A natural sequence of events which is not described as a Nemesis.

A young widow who is not pretty and dashing and dangerous.

A feeling of awe which, after pages of explanation, is still inexplicable.

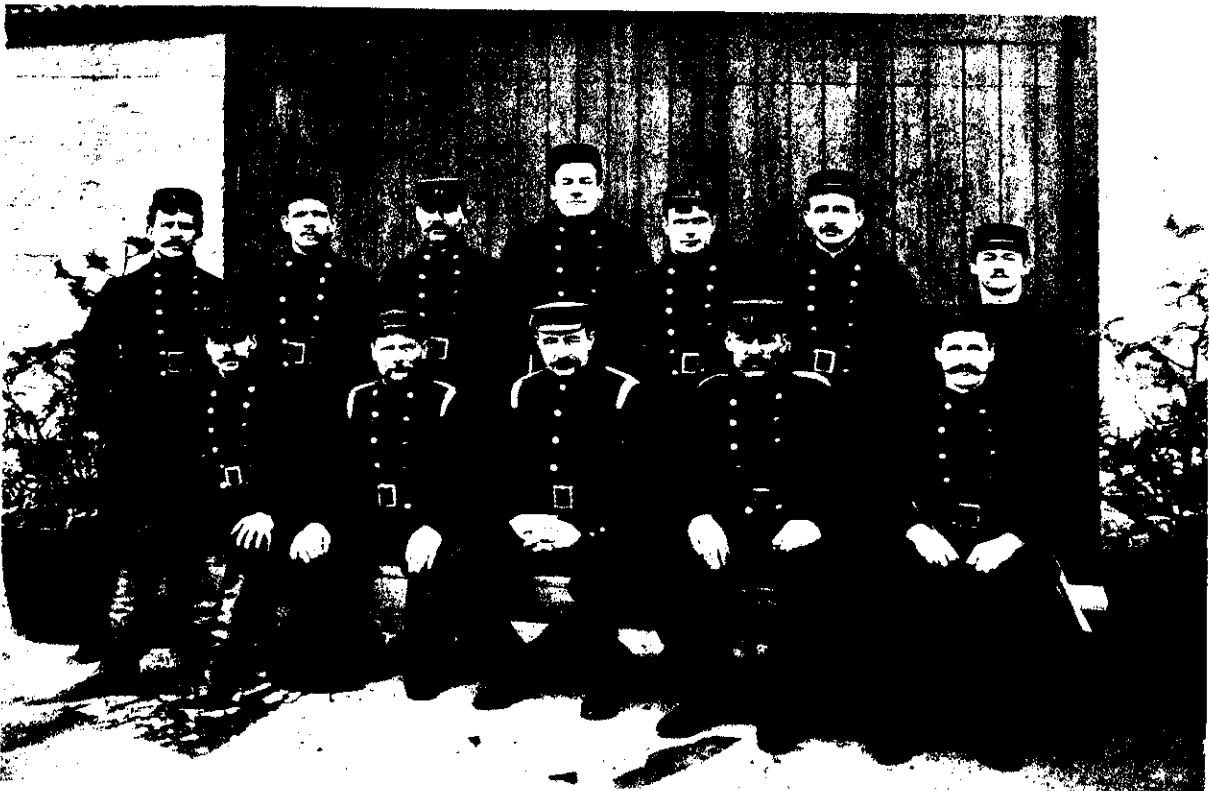
A pair of eyes which do not flash -- fire or anything else.

A struggling artist who is not engaged on a masterpiece; an author who is not domiciled in a garret; and a dramatist who has not always got a flower in the lapel of his dress coat.

There are others, of course, but space forbids.



CENTRAL FIRE BRIGADE STATION, WELLINGTON.



Daroux, photo.

THE STAFF.

BACK ROW.—Left to right Asst. Coachman Hamilton, Firemen Abbey, Stewart, Bicketts, Tall, Edwards, Treleven.  
FRONT ROW.—Left to right: Engineer Sullivan, Foreman Woolcott, Superintendent Hugo, Senior Fireman Shortis, Fireman Warner.



Senior, photo.

WANGANUI TECHNICAL SCHOOL. MR. HUTTON, DIRECTOR.



J. Frater, photo.

IN ROME YOU MUST DO AS THE ROMANS DO. A SNAPSHOT AT ROTORUA.

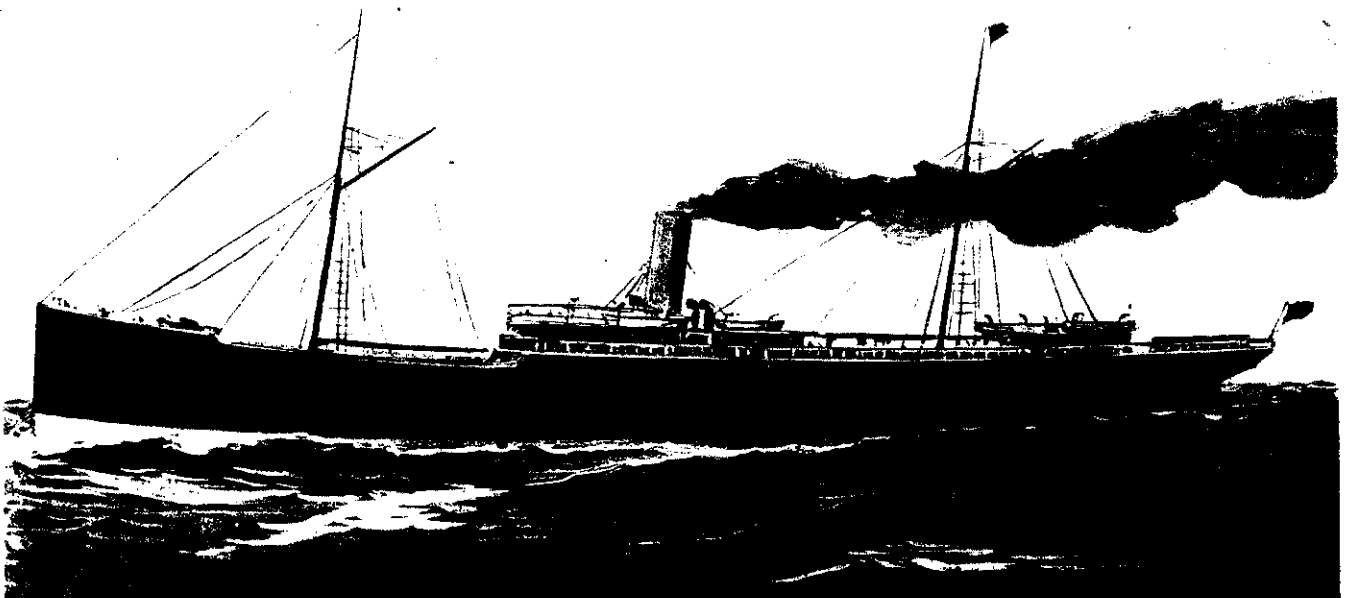
# THE LOSS OF THE ELINGAMITE.



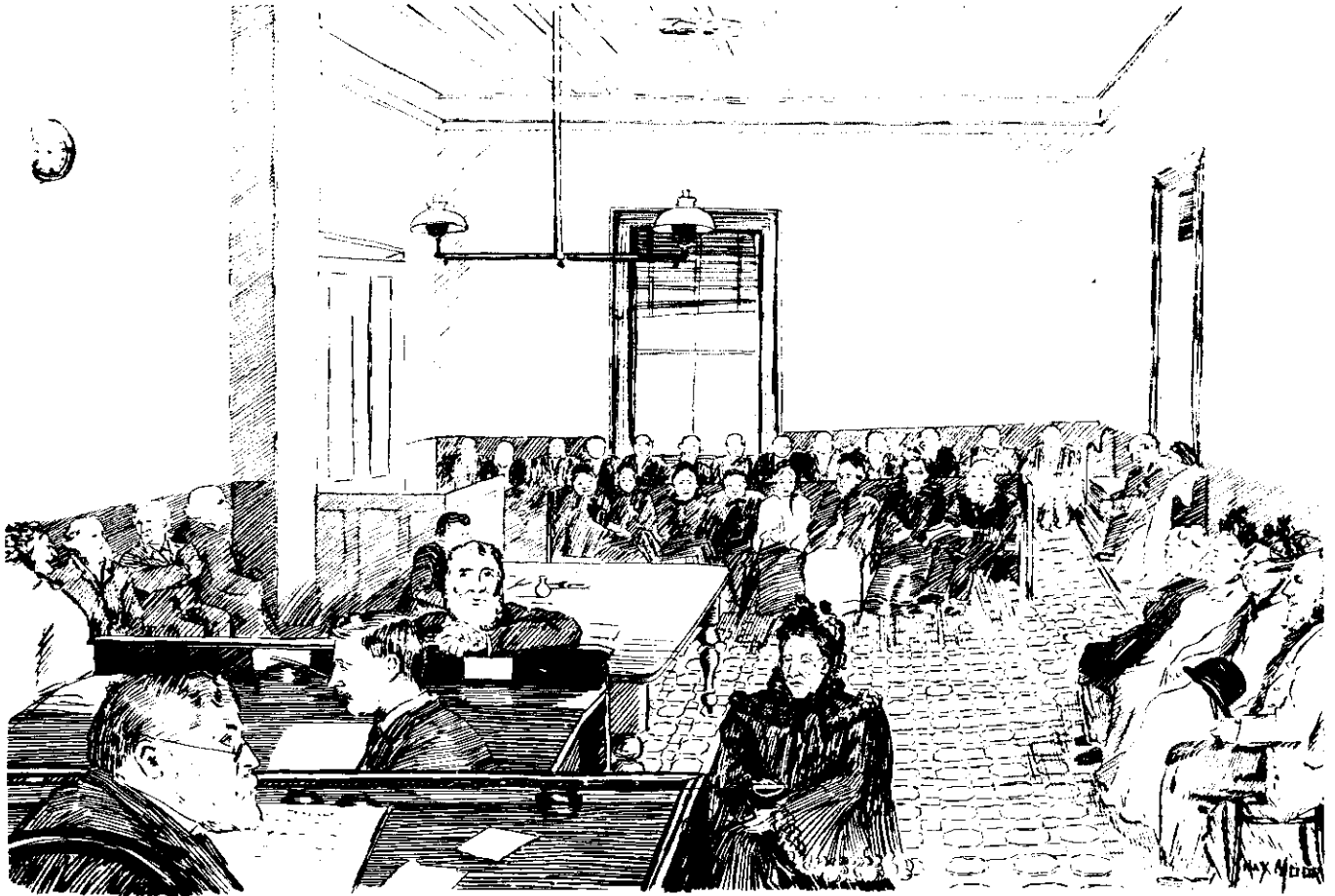
GREAT ISLAND, THREE KINGS, ON WHICH THE VESSEL STRUCK.



PARENGARENGA HARBOUR. The first safe landing place the shipwrecked boats could find after rounding the the North Head.

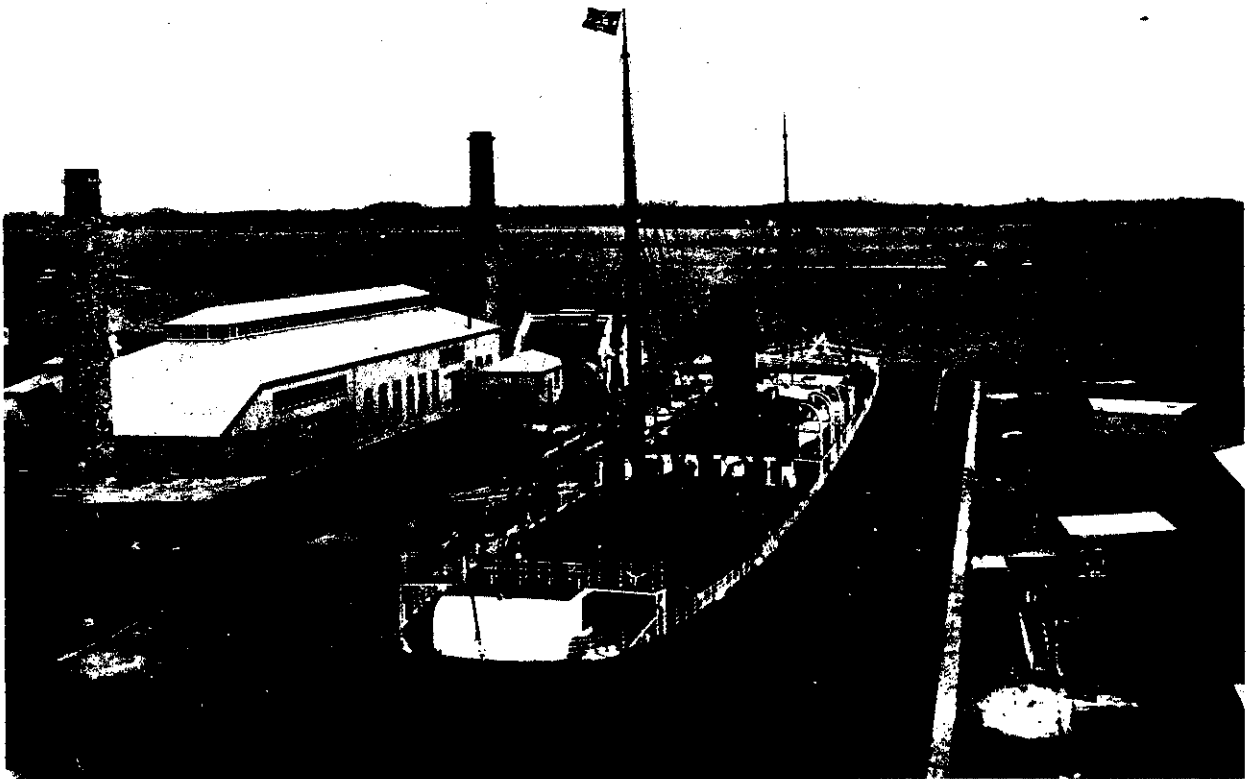


THE HUDDART-PARKER COMPANY'S STEAMER ELINGAMITE, WHICH STRUCK ON THE THREE KINGS DURING A FOG ON SUNDAY MORNING LAST AND BECAME A TOTAL WRECK.  
Photo. kindly lent by Messrs Samuel Valle and Sons.



Mr. Brabant, S.M., hearing claims at Auckland. Sketched from life.

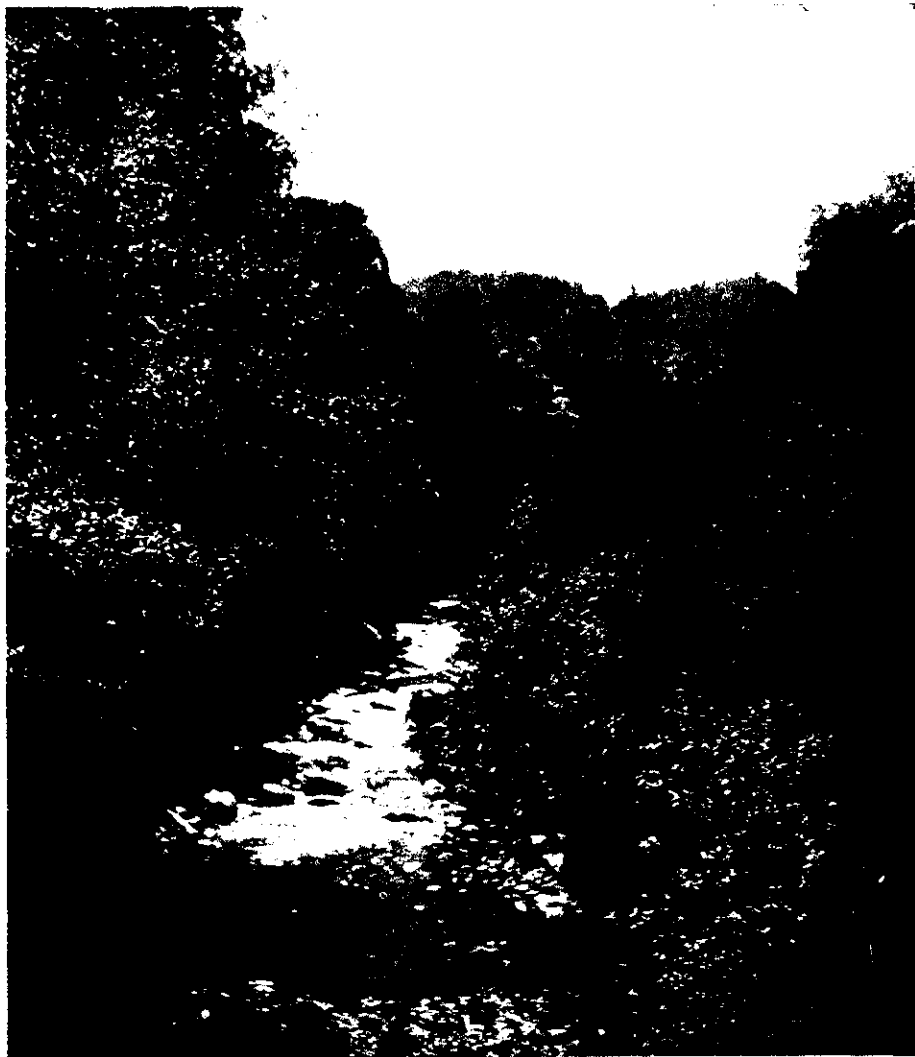
Old Age Pensions.



View showing the new buildings just completed in connection with the working of the Calliope Dock. The steamer in the dock is the U.S.S.Co.'s Aparima, built in Scotland in July last, and specially designed and equipped for the New Zealand-Calcutta trade.

Auckland's Big Dock.

# SUMMER



A MOUNTAIN CREEK, KARIOI-PIPIRIKI ROAD.



Winkelmann, photo.



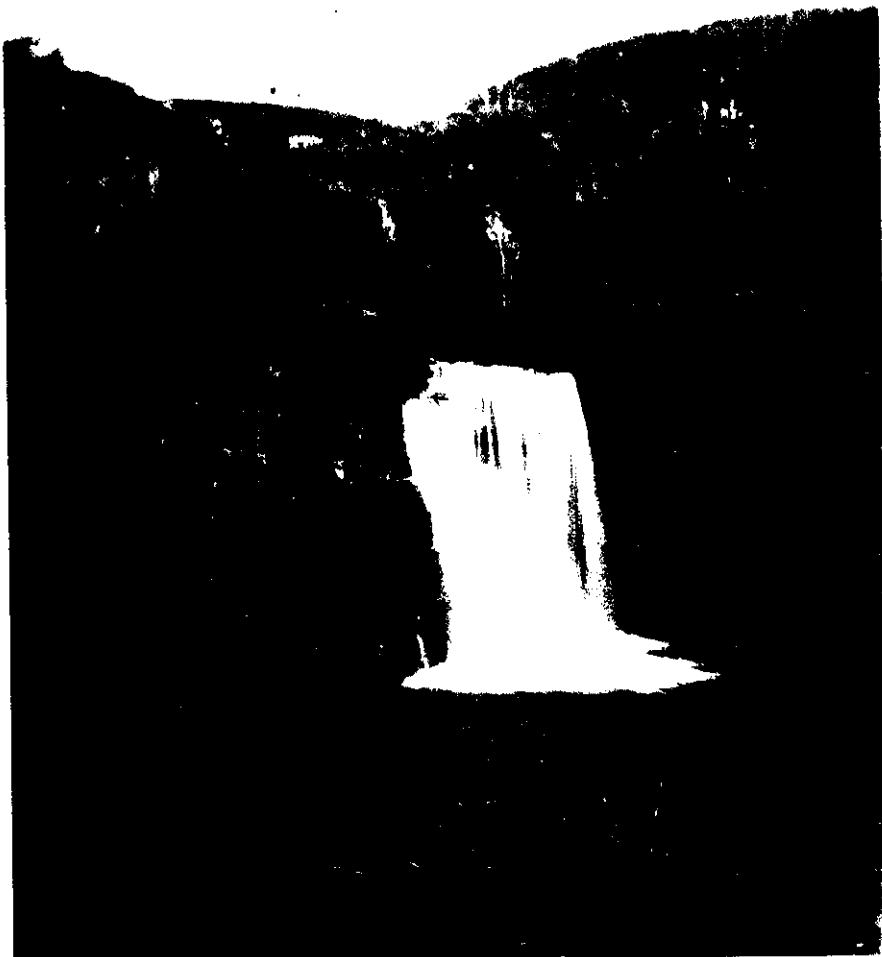
THE HUKA FALLS, WAIKATO RIVER.



CREEK ON THE ROAD



# CALLING.



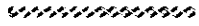
FALLS ON THE HORO HORO ESTATE, NEAR CAMBRIDGE.



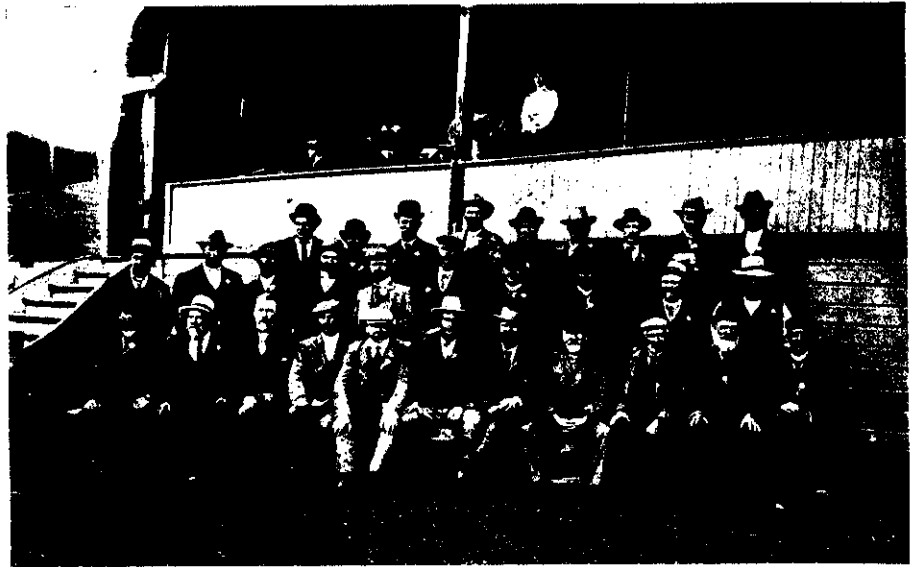
ON THE ROAD FROM TAUPŌ TO THE SPA.

CAMBRIDGE TO WAOTU.

*The Wairarapa  
Pastoral and  
Agricultural  
Show.*



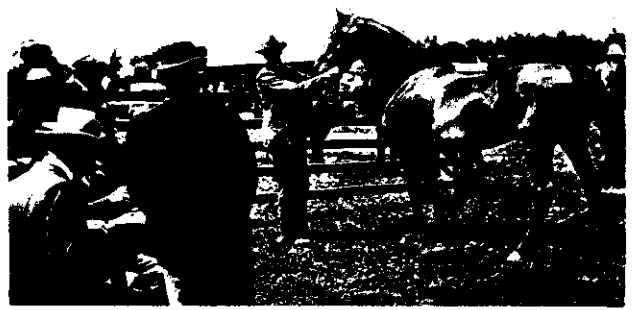
HELD AT CARTERTON LAST  
MONTH.



THE COMMITTEE.



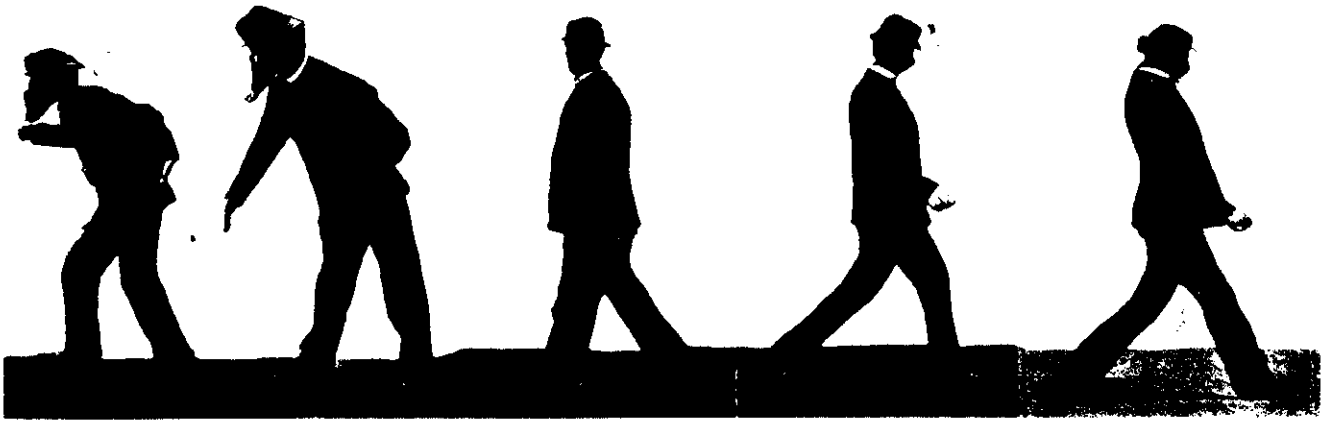
GENERAL VIEW.



MCCULLOUGH'S THOROUGHBRED BONNIE SCOTLAND, FIRST PRIZE.



PARADE OF PRIZE-WINNERS.



ON THE WAR-PATH.



"THE POLICE HAVE A THEORY."



RUN TO EARTH.—This is not a burglar the police are arresting, but merely "a desperate 'drunk.'"



**The Policemen and the Burglars.**

"It seems that the Auckland burglars are much too clever for the Auckland Police."—Southern Exchange.

Custodians of the Peace,  
Policemen tried and trusty;  
Whose labours never cease;  
Whose arms are ever lusty.

We never can repay  
Your favours without number,  
Who guide us through the day,  
And guard us when we slumber.

But for your constant care,  
What evil might befall us!  
What infant scoundrels scare,  
What helpless drunks appal us!

What nuisances beset  
Our streets but for the "peeler"  
—The youth with cigarette,  
The bookie and the spieler.

But while that Argus glance  
The world of crime has daunted,  
By some unhappy chance  
The burglars still are "wanted."



RELAXATIONS OF THE FORCE.

"THE POLICE HAVE MADE AN IMPORTANT ARREST."



CAUGHT IN THE ACT.—Nor is this a burglar the officers of the law have tracked down, but only Mr. Jones, who has had to have recourse to this suspicious method of getting into his house.



THE SNEAK THIEF.—Stealing a light from a policeman's lantern when the latter is resting on duty.



Bartlett photo. (New Plymouth Branch).  
THE RECENT PRODUCTION OF "THE GONDOLIERS" BY THE NEW PLYMOUTH AMATEURS.—THE PRINCIPALS.



THE NAPIER FRIVOLITY MENSTRUELS.

Marriage being one of the most important subjects from a social and economic standpoint, a pictorial presentation of certain facts and figures connected therewith may be more interesting to the general reader than the Registrar-General's arid columns.

The diagrams from Fig. 1 to Fig. 4 show the proportion per 100 marriages of men during different age-periods. It can be seen that the greatest number of men (37 per 100) are mated when between the ages of 25 and 30 years; and the fewest (6 per cent.) between 40 and 50 years.

Procrastinating and captious bachelors are warned by these diagrams that they may too long defer the day of choice; the great drop in size from the bridegroom of the 30-40 period to the 40-50 shows how their chances diminish.

In depicting the female side of this interesting study, the "Graphic" statistician is conscious of some delicacy in treating his subject, but encouraged by the hope that a plain, truthful and picturesque setting forth of facts may be enlightening to women as to men, he proceeds:

Figs. 5 to 10 show the proportions per 100 marriages of women at different age periods: From 21 to 25 years is the golden year of woman's existence, during which nearly 40 per cent. of women are wedded in New Zealand. Hope may still bloom bravely during the next period of 25-30 years, but a great fall is seen at the 30-40 period, whose bridal figure may be compared with the stature of the 30-40 bridegroom of Fig. 3. The warning to recalcitrant bachelors may be here understood as applying, in perhaps a modified form, to fastidious spinsters. But stay, is a warning necessary or called for in this connection? Does it not rather seem ironical, when we remember that serious proposals have been made to tax incorrigible bachelors. The inference is as plain as if depicted on one of our

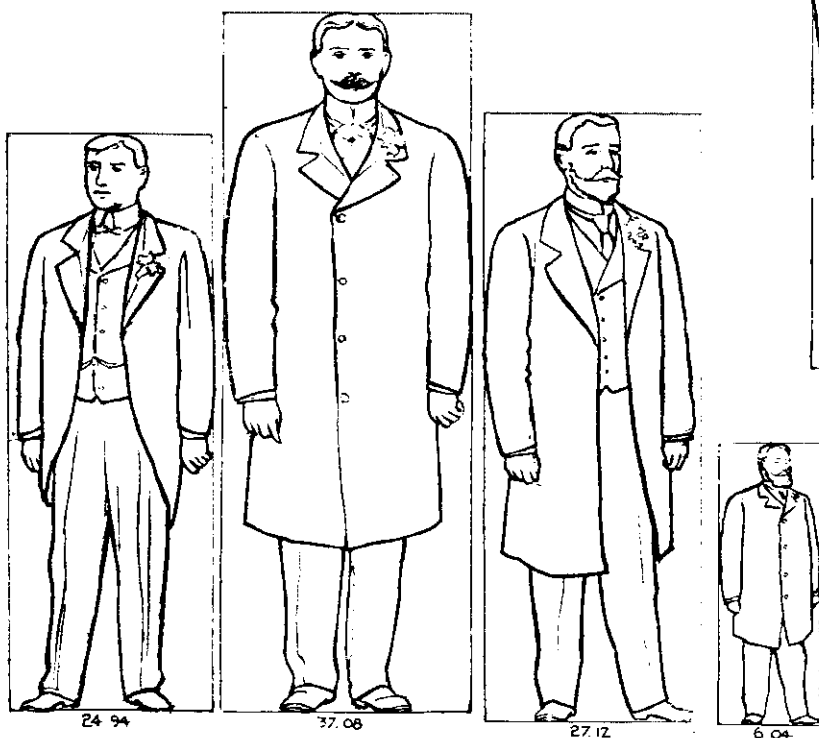
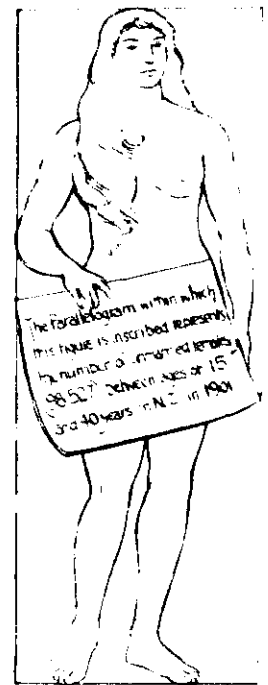


Fig. 1—21 to 25 years. Fig. 2—25 to 30 years. Fig. 3—30 to 40 years. Fig. 4—45 to 50 years.

PROPORTION OF 100 MARRIAGES OF MEN DURING DIFFERENT AGE PERIODS.

diagrams, that whatever the number of unwedded pair, of almost any age, may be, it is not their unwillingness to marry that blame must be laid, but to the remissness of men; for who has ever proposed or heard of a proposal to tax spinsters?

Figs 9 and 10 are ideal male and

female figures in diagrams, representing the total numbers of unmarried men and women between the ages of 20-45 and 15-40 respectively in 1901. It is apparent that should every bachelor of this number straightway become a benedick there would be left a considerable body of over fourteen thousand unwed and unlikely-to-be-wed women. This disparity exists principally in the Otago and

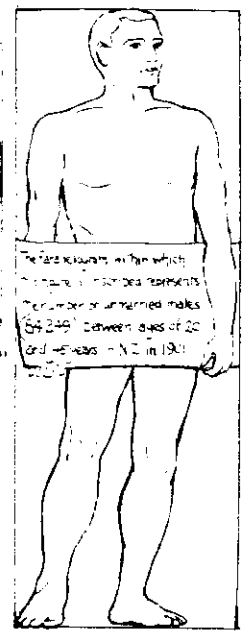


Fig. 9 and 10—Comparative number of marriageable adults in New Zealand in 1901.

Canterbury provinces of the South Island, the North Island having profited to such an extent of late years by a steady influx of young men settlers from those districts as to reverse the numerical superiority. Such a condition on the whole is, however, likely to be but a temporary phase of statistics. Nature Benign regulating all life in a general way, so that, do what we will, or leave undone what we may, the broad and safe equilibrium of things is not disturbed.

Few will not be surprised by comparing the bridal pair of Fig. 11, which represents the whole number of marriages during 1901, with the number of possible unions, as shown by the dimensions of the bachelor and maid of Figs 9 and 10. It is also remarkable that the marriage rate has risen constantly from 5.07 per 1000 to 1888 to 7.93 in 1901.



Fig. 11—Whole number of marriages in New Zealand during 1901 (99%).



17-16

Fig. 5—Under 21 years.



39-97

Fig. 6—21 to 25 years.



26-89

Fig. 7—25 to 30 years.

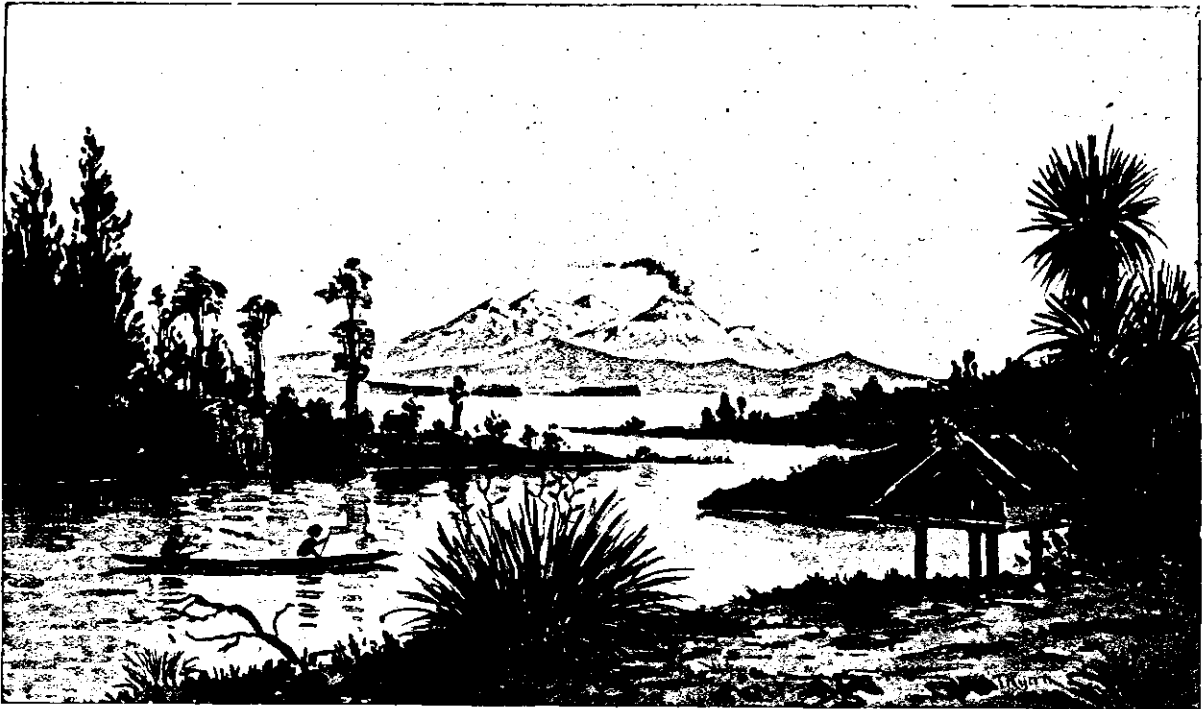


12-72

Fig. 8—30 to 40 years.

PROPORTIONS OF 100 MARRIAGES OF WOMEN DURING VARIOUS AGE PERIODS.

# New Zealand New Zealand



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THE YELLOW TERRACE, WAIOTAPU

# FAMOUS CRIMES and CRIMINALS OF NEW ZEALAND.

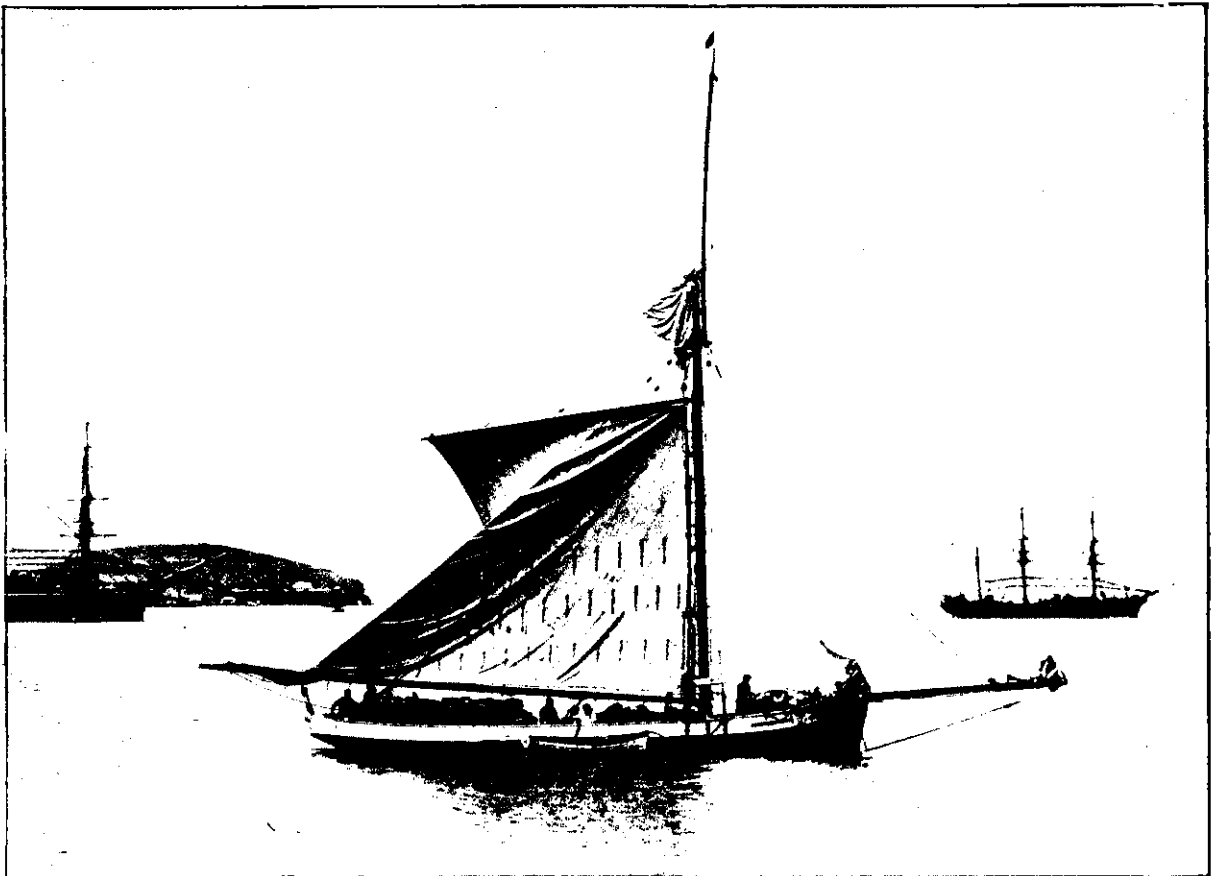
## THE GREAT BARRIER TRAGEDY.

It was just sixteen years ago this very month, on Thursday, June 17th, a clear cold winter's night, and Auckland Harbour was lying bathed in the matchless glory of full moonlight. Many were drawn from their homes for a stroll down the wharf, and perchance some of these may have noticed the well-known local cutter *Sovereign of the Seas* lying moored out between the railway and Queen-street wharves, and may have heard over the peaceful waters of the Waitemata the sounds of a drunken carouse. Those who did so doubtless must have felt the contrast between the exquisite purity and beauty of the calm moonlit panorama of the Hauraki Gulf, and the brutal orgie going on on the cutter, but they could scarcely have imagined that there was then being thought out in two brains at least a plot of murder and attempted abduction which was destined to horrify Auckland, and to bring the two chief actors to the gallows, after an interval of some seven months. Such, however, was the case. John Caffrey and William A. Penn, with a paramour of the latter named Grace —, but whose second name we suppress, were the hosts. Several young fellows came on board, and there was a lot of wild talk concerning piracy and the rest. Caffrey had at one time been a suitor

for the hand of a Miss Taylor, of the Barrier — there had, indeed, been some sort of engagement between them at one time, but this had been broken off for some years when our story opens, and the lady had married a Mr Seymour. Caffrey nursed his passion and his desire for revenge on the father of the girl, and, extraordinary as it seems to us, he and his friend and mate, Penn, had agreed to become modern pirates, to run up a "Black Jack" on the "*Sovereign of the Seas*," and to abduct from the Barrier Mrs Seymour and her sister. The father was to be put out of the way if he interfered, and the cutter was to disappear from public ken, the party intending to make for South America, and scuttle her on arriving off that coast. Such was the scheme of Caffrey and his comrade. How far it was really talked over on that evening, and how far those who went on board understood of the hints which were thrown out, will never be known. For very obvious reasons all knowledge of anything approaching violence was denied by those present when they appeared as witnesses in the case. That there were some wild threats seems certain, but it is possible no one save the two criminals themselves thought more about them than the common vauntings of a drunken carouse. About eleven o'clock the roysterers helped the bemused captain and mate to get the sails up,

and then after a noisy farewell Caffrey and Penn took leave of the city, whither they were only to return manacled and ironed, and foredoomed to the gallows. Gently and imperceptibly the cutter left her moorings behind, and slipped down the silvery waters of the moon-lit Waitemata, with the ebbing tide. It seems incredible that men should have calmly set forth amid a scene of such calm beauty and peacefulness to carry out so mad and bloody a purpose, but as usual "the drink" had had its influence. For some time Penn, with his paramour, steered, but about five in the morning called Caffrey from his sodden stupor, and went below and to sleep. Caffrey's potations had, however, been deep, and the cutter drifted at her own sweet will till 9 a.m., when the trio were aroused by the boat grounding on Rangitoto Reef. Here she remained till six on Friday evening, giving ample time for meditation on the criminal folly of the enterprise. At that hour, however, she was got off, and headed for Tryphena Bay, Great Barrier, where the Taylor family lived. During the day the black flag was got out, and also three revolvers, with which some practice took place, it being noted by Caffrey that one of the pistols was faulty. That night the men took turn and turn about in steering, both, doubtless, thinking in the solitude of the awful task they

had come to pursue. It was not day when they sailed into Tryphena Bay and dropped anchor. A strong wind had got up during the night, and it was an exceedingly rough and boisterous morning. Calmly and collectively the two men went about their preparations—the sails were only partially lowered, so as to be in readiness for a speedy departure, and the woman Grace was told that they were going ashore to get the girls. Before they left the vessel Caffrey went down and loaded the revolvers, and put some halliard ropes in his pocket, for the purpose, as he told the woman, of binding Taylor should he make any resistance. He also said that if he did not get the girls he would shoot the father for revenge. Penn also saw the girl, when buckling on his knife, and she alleged that he said he would go ashore to help get the girls, but would do no shooting. The girl then told him what his mate had said about shooting Taylor, and evidently to calm her, Penn promised to warn Taylor. Callously as they had planned the affair, it was not one to be carried out without some "Dutch courage," and Caffrey treated himself to a full tumbler of neat spirits before leaving the ship. They left the vessel at ten minutes to five in the dinghy, and having watched them out of sight, the girl went to clean up the cabin in preparation for the advent of the girls whom the men



THE CUTTER "SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS," THE BOAT IN WHICH CAFFREY AND PENN SAILED.

The name of the boat may be distinctly read by means of a magnifying glass. The picture was taken about six months before the date of the tragedy.

had assured her they would bring back with them. After doing this she went and lay down, ignorant, one hopes, of the bloody work in progress while she slept. We had now left the murderer as she last saw them, separating to go in different ways towards the scene of the tragedy, and betake ourselves to the house of the unfortunate victim in that fateful morning. The story cannot be told better than in the words of the unfortunate wife of the victim, as she related it in the witness-box at the trial. As may be imagined, the Court was crowded to suffocation. Every atom of space available to the public was occupied, and the gallery was crammed with a crowd of women, and, to the shame of their parents, be it said, even children. These had brought their lunch with them, and even during the adjournment at one o'clock never left the Court for fear of missing a single gruesome detail.

husband was at the kitchen door outside. Penn said, "Good morning, Mr Taylor," and my husband replied, "Good morning, master. He then asked my husband would he let him have a pound of butter. My husband said, "Oh, yes," for we are in the habit of supplying such things to

seafaring people. My husband invited Penn to come in and sit down a few minutes. I did not then know his name. He came in and sat down on a low stool by the side of the kitchen sofa. He had a maroon Tam-o-Shanter hat on, a dark coat, and light trousers.

Mr Gover asked; "Had Penn anything in his hand?" "I did not see his hands. "How was that?" "Because they were in his coat pockets." "Can you tell me where your daughter Jane was when Penn came

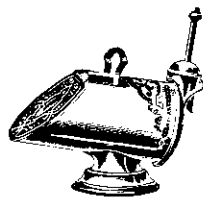


Winkelmann, photo. TYPHENA BAY, GREAT BARRIER. THE SCENE OF THE MURDER.

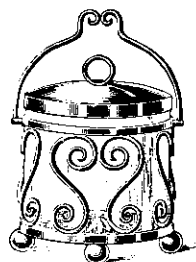
Mrs Taylor, a large matronly woman, with a kindly face, entered the court in deep mourning, and obviously much upset. In answer to counsel she related as follows:—"I am the widow of the late Robert Taylor, of the great Barrier. I remember the day of the murder. On the early morning of that day there were in the house besides my husband and myself, my daughters Jane and Elizabeth (Mrs Seymour), and the latter's infant, and my son Lincoln. We all rose about seven o'clock that morning, except Mrs Seymour, who remained in bed. She had been recently confined at Mrs Bailey's, on the other side of the bay, and had come home to us three or four days previously on a visit. That morning Henry Penn came to our house. When he came to the front door my



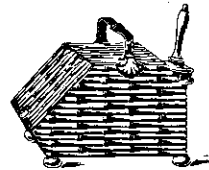
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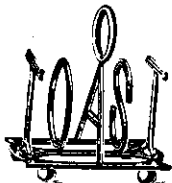
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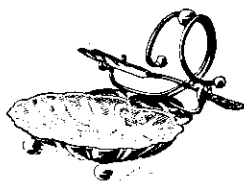
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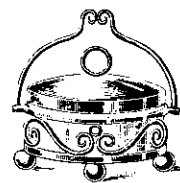
No. F2223—New Design Electro Silver Toast Rack, 15/6.



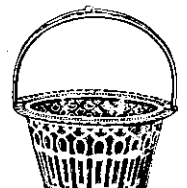
No. F2876—Best Quality Silver Plate Shell Pattern Butter Dish with Knife, complete, 13/6.



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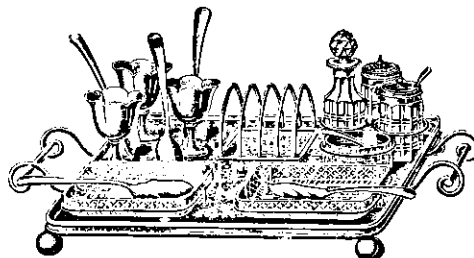
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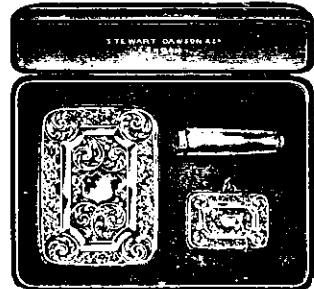
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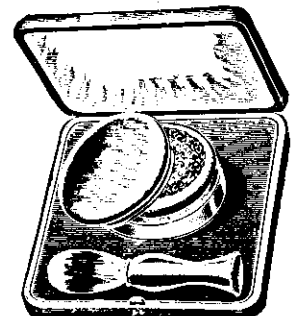
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into the house?"

"Our Jane was in the bedroom at that time."

"Was there any other conversation between your husband and Penn?"

"My husband asked him what boat he was off, and he said he was off the Teviot, and that he wanted the butter for the Tairua yacht."

"Did anyone else come that morning?"

"When my husband was going out to get the butter John Caffrey jumped in."

"Did Caffrey say anything?"

"When he came in he said, 'Put up your hands; put up your hands, Taylor,' repeating the words three times in a very rough voice. Then my husband says, 'Oh, Johnny, Johnny, don't shoot me.' Caffrey had two revolvers in his hands, one in each hand."

"Did he do anything with the revolvers?"

"He said, 'Put them up, put them up,' pointing them at my husband. He fired three shots, one after the other. (Witness showed the interval between the shots by tapping on the desk.) I did not notice just then if any of the shots had taken effect. Penn said nothing during this scene, even when Caffrey fired. He was only a few yards off."

"What did your son Lincoln do when the three shots were fired?"

"He said, 'Oh, Johnny, Johnny, don't shoot father,' then he ran out and escaped through the window. My husband followed my son and slammed the door behind him. John Caffrey burst the door open, and Penn followed after them, while I ran screaming about the place like one distracted. I went into No. 1 bedroom and saw my husband in No. 2 bedroom, with Henry Penn with his arm round my husband's neck, and Penn pointed a revolver at him with his right hand. My husband was standing straight up. I then ran back into the kitchen. I saw a pool of blood on the floor of No. 1 bedroom, just between the kitchen door and the bedroom door. I heard an other pistol shot just then, and ran away along the beach towards Sandy Bay, that is, away from our place. Henry Penn followed me. He said, 'You stop; don't go any further; if you do I will blow your brains out.' He had a revolver in his hand. He pointed it at me, and I asked for mercy, saying, 'Lord have mercy upon me; don't shoot a poor old woman like me.'"

(Mrs Taylor appeared affected by her recollection of the scene.) Penn then said, "Where are the girls?" and I answered, "I don't know anything about the girls." He says, "Don't you tell me any stories; you have them planted underneath the bed." I says, "Well, if you can't believe me, you had better go and see them." He was reloading the revolver all the time he was bailing me up. Then I saw John Caffrey coming towards us from the house. I called him to see if he would help me. I said, "Johnny, what does this man want to shoot me for?" Caffrey had a revolver and some line rope. He had blood on his hat. He said, "Don't harm the old woman."

Then I says, "Oh! Johnny, Johnny! What have you done?" And he replied, "I have done it! I have done it!"

I then said, "You have murdered an innocent old man."

He said he had not done yet, and was going to finish the lot up at Harataunga, where Mr Seymour and others lived. During this time Penn never said a word. The two then ran along the beach over the point quickly. They went over towards Sandy Bay, where the boat was. I went home, and found my husband in No. 2 bedroom. He was sitting up next the big box, his head was on his breast, and his arms stretched out. He was dead. I spoke to him to see if I could get any answer out of him, but could not. There was a little blood about the right cheek. I thought if he lay that way we would have a job to get him in the coffin. So I got the pillow and placed it under his head. No one was in the house at the time except the baby, which was quietly asleep on the bed through it all. First came back Lincoln. I went outside, and he came running over the hill. I went and got the baby, and we ran to the beach. When I got to the beach I saw my daughters. We got into a fat-bot-

tomed punt and rowed across the bay. Jane and Lincoln were dressed, but Mrs Seymour was in her nightdreas.

In answer to a juror Mrs Taylor said: "After Caffrey had fired the three shots I saw my husband staggering."

Mrs Taylor was cross-examined by all the counsel, but nothing further was elicited.

Mrs Seymour was the next witness. She admitted having been once engaged to Caffrey three years before. Her evidence was merely corroborative of that of her mother. She heard what was going on, and when she recognised Caffrey's voice guessed what he had come to do, and escaped through the window in her night clothes. She hid in the scrub near the house, and lay there in an agony of fear, seeing the murderers threaten her mother, and hunting everywhere for her. As we know, she joined her mother and the others on the beach. While crossing the bay the Sovereign of the Seas was seen putting out to sea. Naturally the news of the awful occurrence created much alarm amongst other settlers. The postman, Mr Blair, despatched the cutter Tairua for assistance to Coronandel, but she was chased by the Sovereign of the Seas and put back to Tryphena. Next day, however, the Sovereign of the Seas being nowhere in sight, another attempt was made to get to the mainland, and after a terrible trip this was accomplished.

The news created an immense sensation in town, despite the fact that the Rotorua eruption was still the absorbing subject of the hour. It was perhaps owing to the fact that the Government had their hands full with Rotorua affairs that a lamentable waste of time took place with regard to dispatching a steamer in chase of the criminals. Had this been done at once there can be little doubt that owing to the fearful weather raging at the time, the cutter must have been caught up with and the criminals captured. The boat sent in chase was not dispatched till after the inquest, and the expedition was in every way farcical. The terror aroused amongst the scattered residents of the Barrier seemed shared by the police, who were armed to the teeth for the chase of the murderers. One cutter was pursued for several miles amid much excitement on the police boat, which was of such an out-of-date character that she could scarcely steam as fast as the average Auckland cutters could sail. The imbecility of sending such a boat on such a quest met with much ridicule and indignation at the time.

So far as the public were concerned all sight was now lost of the murderers for a considerable time, and our story of their doings after the murder must be taken from their own confessions and the evidence of the woman. It must have been a dreadful moment for the murderers when they found all their crime had been in vain, and that Mrs Seymour and her sister had escaped. Directly the bloody deed was done the two guilty men met in the kitchen, and Caffrey in his confession gives the following account of what took place: "I rushed into No. 1 bedroom, and Penn followed me. I said:

"Here is a fix. See what's done, and she has got away after all; let's hurry as quick as possible and prevent her getting away altogether." We both left the kitchen together, and I stood outside for a few moments without doing anything. I remember I felt like shooting myself for a moment or two."

Caffrey then describes seeing Mrs Taylor bailed up by Penn, and letting her go free. He proceeds:—"Going towards the dinghy Penn held up his hands, and said, 'See here; look at our hands; let us wash them.' Then I noticed we had both blood upon our hands. Penn said, 'We must not let Grace see this,' and I replied, 'All right.'" They then washed their hands, and Penn waded out to get the dinghy; the tide had, however, risen, and this was afloat, so Penn had to go up to his middle to get her. This, as will be noticed afterwards, may account for his being more free of blood when he came on board than Caffrey, though, of course, it was only the girl herself who declared this to be the case. We must of necessity take her version of what occurred when the two men returned to the cutter. She stated in Court:—"Caffrey and Penn

returned while I was in the cabin still asleep. It was about 8 o'clock, and it was the noise of their coming on deck woke me. I saw Caffrey first. He had fresh blood on both hands, the right sleeve of his coat and the front of his trousers, as well as on his hat. He had a revolver in his hand. The cutter took a board across the bay, and during that time we saw the Taylors crossing the bay in a punt. The cutter held on her way, and called in at Sandford Bay, where Penn and I got wood and water. While on shore Penn told me Taylor had been killed. He did not say he had had nothing to do with it. We then stood away for sea. During our voyage Penn and I on one occasion had a quarrel about something I said, and Penn struck me. Caffrey was listening, and told Penn not to trust me. He said, 'You can't trust Grace; she is sure to split on you.' I had said something about Taylor, but I cannot remember now what it was. Penn made no reply. On one occasion I asked Caffrey if Taylor were really dead, and he replied, 'I would not like to be as stiff as he is.' He used to jump about and say, 'Old 'Pussy was pretty stiff by this time.' This is all I remember being said. Harry was jolly all the time they were on board, but Caffrey used to fret sometimes; in fact, he always seemed miserable. While at sea they painted the vessel black, and her name on the bow was painted out, while only the last five letters of the word Sovereign were left on the stern—thus, 'Reign,' the rest being painted out."

(To be continued.)

At the general council meeting of the Auckland Society of Musicians on Wednesday, the following officers were elected:—Patrons, the Right Rev. Bishop Leithan, Sir John L. Campbell, Hon. J. Tole, Ven. Archdeacon Calder, Rev. Dr. Egan, Rev. Father Patterson, Sir G. M. O'Rourke, Rev. Canon Nelson, Dr. H. C. Bennett, Dr. R. W. Beattie, and Messrs. W. J. Napier, M.H.R., Geo. Fowlds, M.H.R., Alfred Kidd, Adolph Kohn and M. Davis. Mr. A. Hanna was appointed hon. solicitor, and Dr. H. Walker hon. surgeon. The Council elected Miss M. Allen and Mr. H. Rowe as members of the society. It was decided that on and after the 5th inst all candidates for admission as professional members must be nominated by a councillor. As the society has already given notice of its intention to conduct examinations in music the syllabus for said examinations were approved of by the Council, also the dates and fees. For theory the date of entry is fixed for March 1, and the examination to take place early in May. For practical examinations the entry to be on June 1, and the examination to be held early in September. The syllabus will be based on that of the Trinity College. No teacher will be permitted to examine his own pupils, and the teacher's name is not to be known to the examiners, and there will at all times be two or more examiners appointed by the Board.

Joseph Temperley, who attempted to kill his wife and commit suicide, was taken to Wanganui Hospital. He is now in an improved condition. Mrs. Temperley is recovering satisfactorily. Her trouble has not yet been located, but is believed to be at the back of the skull. His injury does not give cause for anxiety.

ARE YOU ANAEMIC?

Anaemic means poor blood. Half the young girls of to-day are anaemic—Are you?

Anaemic people can't digest food—because stomach and liver need rich, red blood.

Anaemic men and women look pale, languid, sallow, washed-out. They drag themselves about—always tired, never hungry.

Anaemic men and women look poorly and sleep poorly. Their hearts thump on the slightest exertion—they lose breath if they run upstairs.

Are you anaemic? Pull down your eyelid—if the lining is pale and bloodshot, you have anaemia. Open your lips—if your gums are pale and flul instead of scarlet, you have anaemia.

Now the one great cure for anaemia is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They cure anaemia because they actually make new blood. They fill the veins with pure, rich, red blood that carries health, strength and energy to every corner of the body.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make pale cheeks rosy—bring back the appetite—banish breathlessness—add sparkle to the eyes—make thin forms round and plump—give strength to tired backs and peace to aching heads.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills build up the blood and brace up the nerves. They regulate all the natural functions of the body. They are worth their weight in gold to growing girls and delicate women. Read this:—

"From the time I was sixteen I began to decline gradually until my pale face and weakened condition showed only too clearly that I was anaemic," said Miss Annie Gabrielson, The Port, Nelson. "I had to force myself to eat. I grew thinner and thinner and always felt weak and back-achy. I was far too tired to go for a long walk or to climb a hill—even housework was too much for me. After fruitless medical treatment, I heard that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were an excellent blood-builder and nerve-tonic. The very first box did me a world of good. It brought a little colour to my face and gave me some appetite. Four boxes made a wonderful improvement, and ever since then I have been in capital health. I eat and sleep well, and I have gained in weight. My sister and several friends have also been greatly benefited by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure anaemia and the weakness of women because they build up the blood with every dose. That's just the reason, too, why they build up the strength after wasting diseases like pneumonia, influenza, typhoid and rheumatic fever. In exactly the same way they strike at the root and cure all blood diseases like indigestion, biliousness, headaches, backaches, lumbago, rheumatism, liver and kidney diseases.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all retailers and by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, at 3/ a box, or six boxes for 16/8, post free. But you must be sure to get the genuine N.Z. kind, put up in small wooden boxes. Foreign substitutes, in small glass bottles, never cured anyone. Insist on seeing on every package the genuine N.Z. address, WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.



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The Greatest Event of the Year,  
THE MIGHTY  
SANDOW.

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MARK ANTHONY  
PROFESSOR MACCANN  
RAY JERVIS, LITTLE FANNY JERVIS  
NITA LIDE and THE BIOSCOPE.

PRICES: 5s., 3s., 2s., 1s.

Plan at Wildman, Lyell and Arey's.

"The Chinese Honeymoon" has  
reached Dunedin, where it opened to  
big business on King's Birthday.

"The Wrong Mr. Wright" scored a  
record house in Dunedin (according  
to "Pasquin"), £223 was taken on  
the first night.

Mr. J. F. Sheridan has revived the  
burlesque "Little Christopher Colum-  
bus" at the Criterion Theatre, Syd-  
ney. "Sherlock Holmes" at the  
Royal, and "A Million of Money" at  
the Lyceum, are drawing well.

The band contest music arrived by  
the Frisco mail and has been de-  
spatched to the various competing  
bands. The Newton (Auckland) Band  
has entered, making a total of 21,  
a record for the Australasian colonies.

Mr. Pete Hughes wires from Wel-  
lington: "Mr. J. C. Williamson's Mu-  
sical Comedy Company opened on  
Saturday night to an enormous  
house, and met with a great recep-  
tion. "The Runaway Girl" achieved a  
notable success."

Mr. Charles Carter, who is severing  
his connection with the Pollard Com-  
pany, and who intends going to Eng-  
land to study, is to be tendered a  
grand complimentary benefit on the  
26th inst., when "Maritana" is to be  
put on the boards. Mr. Carter taking  
Don Jose. Both on the stage and off  
Mr. Carter has a host of friends, and  
in Auckland he is particularly popu-  
lar, so that his benefit in that city  
should be one of the biggest things  
on record.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Drew, who  
come to New Zealand with Sandow,  
are described as the Kendals of their  
profession. They give a sketch, "The  
Yellow Dragon," which, according to  
the unanimous verdict of the papers  
on Sydney side, affords a glimpse of  
restrained and powerful acting ex-  
ceeded by few actors the colonies  
have seen. The praise bestowed on  
these artists by the very best critics  
is so obviously sincere, that their  
appearance here will be looked for-  
ward to with more than ordinary in-  
terest.

On her return to Australia, Miss  
May Beatty, who has divided with  
Mr. Edward Lauri the chief comedy  
roles in "A Chinese Honeymoon," and  
"The Thirty Thieves," is to prepare  
herself for taking up a leading part  
in the first Australian performance  
of "The Fortune-teller," under Mr.  
Musgrove's management. It is Mr.  
Musgrove's intention to keep this  
colony permanently in his touring  
circle, presenting what he considers  
most suitable to modern tastes. The  
difficulty in the way of catering ade-  
quately for a public which is ever  
looking for "something new" can  
only be realised by those who have  
tried the experiment. For instance,  
a manager, writing to Mr. Hudson,  
Mr. Musgrove's manager, after a trip  
through the United States, observes:  
"Having seen about thirty plays,  
there are only about two I would  
have the cheek to try on the Aus-  
tralian public. I am tired of travel-  
ling a thousand miles to see a piece  
that Bland Holt would not look at,  
and drawing £2000 a week perhaps,"  
and we out here, it must be remem-  
bered, get the pick of the market.

Miss Eva Mylott, the beautiful Syd-  
ney girl (says "Table Talk"), being  
about to proceed to Europe for the  
purpose of completing her musical  
education, and that fact having been  
brought under the notice of Mad-  
ame Melba, the diva expressed a  
wish to hear the popular contralto.  
Miss Mylott accordingly waited upon  
the diva, at the Hotel Australia, and  
sang at her request. Madame Melba  
expressed the greatest interest in Miss  
Mylott's singing, sat down to the  
piano, went through some vocal exer-  
cises with her, showing Miss Mylott  
how to obtain notes previously im-  
practicable, and eventually gave her  
a letter of introduction to Madame  
Marchesi, in Paris, under whom Mad-  
ame Melba recommended the young  
contralto to study. The diva most  
kindly intimated an intention of in-  
teresting herself in Miss Mylott's ar-  
tistic career, and hoped to see her in  
Paris on returning from Australia.

Janet Waldorf and a Melbourne  
collection have sailed from Mel-  
bourne to play Janet's repertoire in  
the East. After doing Asia they  
strike for America. A Melbourne  
journalist goes along as press repre-  
sentative, and to play small items.  
Janet promises to produce his plays  
in America, and he takes a taunkful  
along.

"The Toreador," which was pro-  
duced for the first time in New Zea-  
land by the Pollard Comic Opera  
Company in Auckland on Monday, is  
a really admirable musical comedy,  
and should prove one of the most  
telling cards Mr. Tom Pollard has  
ever played. It is chock full of light,  
sparkling, effervescent music, and  
there is an abundance of beautiful  
dresses and pretty girls to fill them.  
The plot, too, is more rational and  
interesting than usual, and "the  
book," if not clever, yet escapes in-  
anity, which is more than can be  
said for half a dozen pieces of a  
similar stamp we have seen of late  
years. Miss Connie Buttel has a part  
in which she scores very heavily.  
Donna Teresa is a passionate Spanish  
plotter, and a jealous, jilted woman  
to boot, and Miss Buttel has, there-  
fore, an exacting if effective role  
to fill. She is quite admirable, and  
both sings and acts exceedingly well.  
Miss Alice Edgar has a very con-  
genial part as the vulgar Cockney  
widow, Mrs. Hoppings. Nothing fun-  
nier or less forced has been seen  
here. Mr. Percy has, it is needless  
to say, the chief male part—so far as  
comedy is concerned—and all that  
can be said of his exceedingly clever  
performance is that it is as full of  
well-thought-out work and brisk  
business as anything he has ever  
done. All the other parts in a very  
important and well-balanced cast are

well filled, a special word being due  
to Mr. Percival Aylmer, whose study  
of the rich, brainless dude, Sir  
Archie, is decidedly effective. The  
opera is handsomely mounted and  
beautifully dressed, and will cer-  
tainly run for a large number of  
nights in Auckland.

Kyrle Bellew has written his auto-  
biography for M.A.P. According to  
his own account his earlier career  
has been considerably chequered,  
particularly the Australian part of it.  
Out here he has been census col-  
lector, miner, station hand, sundowner,  
sign painter, boat builder, sexton,  
bush parson, lecturer, reporter and  
general knockabout. Kyrle does not  
let his modesty run to waste much  
in his story, and such expressions as  
these occur frequently: "As reporter  
on the 'Age' I made rather a hit. I  
was cast for the heavy part, and got  
magnificent notices. Clement Scott  
gave me a fine notice for this. I  
made a big hit as So-and-So." In all  
of which Kyrle exhibits a quality  
common in the profess.

The shutters have been put up with  
a bang on Dunedin Alhambra, says  
"Pasquin," and the people thereof,  
and the audiences thereof will know  
it no more for an indefinite period.  
The little band of extra girls who  
tried to look as if they were not ex-  
tra girls have long since departed,  
and are now following various other  
walks in life—mostly following. The  
end man and the serio-comic—who  
look like so many other end men and  
so many other serio-comics—have  
joined another end man and another  
serio-comic, and started a show of  
their own. The orchestra was paid  
off months ago, and only the conduc-  
tor left. Now he, too, has gone, which  
shows the wholesale nature of the  
sweep. The only person about the  
premises is an official in blue dung-  
arees. He might be an engineer or  
a bos'un—but he's not.

The following account of the Nance  
O'Neil final fiasco (it differs a little  
from previous accounts) reaches us  
per the "Argus": When Miss O'Neil  
appeared in Giacometti's "Queen  
Elizabeth" she received several very  
favourable press notices. Had she  
appeared in the first instance in a  
part which great actors had not made  
familiar, her undoubtedly good qual-  
ities would have been better appre-  
ciated. Her want of success had its  
effect upon the exchequer of the  
Adelphi, and on Saturday night there  
was a crisis behind the scenes, when  
the "supers" struck for unpaid  
wages. Their demonstration was ro-  
mantic. In the third act of the play,  
where there are 100 persons on the  
stage, Queen Elizabeth orders in her  
guard to arrest the Earl of Essex.  
On Saturday night Miss O'Neil stamp-  
ed her foot, according to the text,  
and shouted, "What ho, my guards,

my guards," but no guards respond-  
ed. They all kept out of sight, and  
the Earl of Essex had to consider  
himself arrested. The house did not  
reopen on the Monday, and the man-  
ager had to face his men with pro-  
mises of a settlement when the draft  
arrived from America. There is much  
sympathy among theatregoers for  
Miss O'Neil, who is regarded as a  
clever and intelligent actress, though  
she may not be up to the level of  
"star" work.

According to a Sydney newspaper,  
the various syndicates formed to  
buy large quantities of guinea tick-  
ets in connection with the Melba  
concerts in the hope of afterwards  
reselling them at boom prices wear  
a worried look at the present time.  
There was quite a number of these  
enterprising syndicates, for the won-  
derful prices some of these tickets  
realised in Melbourne had been duly  
reported in the papers, and it was  
rumoured hundreds of pounds had been  
made by shrewd ticket scalpers in  
Melbourne. It looked an easy way  
of making money, involving just a  
little early rising and a couple of  
hundred pounds capital. But the tick-  
et scalpers reckoned without the  
public. Sydney people did not rise  
to guinea tickets with remarkable  
enthusiasm. Anyhow, they did not  
rush the Melba concerts. Those  
who were prepared to pay a guinea  
were decidedly averse to paying 25/  
and when they found all the seats  
booked on the night of the first con-  
cert, and only syndicate tickets avail-  
able at boom prices, they decided to  
stay at home. It is said that the  
Sydney ticket scalpers lost hundreds  
of pounds. Some of them endeavoured  
to rid themselves of their stock at  
the Town Hall door at cost price,  
but with indifferent success. Others  
tried an auction, but with miserable  
results. Others, again, putting a  
cheerful face on their losses, utilis-  
ed the seats they could not sell by  
hospitality, bringing along all their  
neighbours to hear the diva. On the  
night of one of the concerts £1 1/  
tickets could be had for 15/. In fact,  
instead of there being any boom in  
the high-priced part of the house, it  
was all the management could do to  
fill it, 10/6 being the limit of the ma-  
jority of the concert-goers. The post-  
ponement of the last two concerts  
was a veritable God-send to these en-  
terprising gentlemen with numbers  
of tickets on their hands which they  
could not dispose of. When the man-  
agement advertised that they would  
return the money or book for the  
new dates, the syndicators were  
down as soon as the booking-office  
opened, delighted to get some of  
their money back. They did not want  
to re-book, but considered themselves  
highly fortunate at the chance of  
getting out of the mire without fur-  
ther loss. New Zealand speculators  
take warning.

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**ENGAGEMENTS.**

The engagement is announced of Miss Shanks, North Belt, Christchurch, and Mr Harry Aitken, of Christchurch.

The engagement is announced of Mr. George Dunnet, of Auckland, to Mrs. Millicent Millar, of Wanganui, New Zealand, N.S.W. Mr. Dunnet left by the Zealandia on Monday.

The engagement of Miss Plumley, second daughter of the late Mr. Plumley, dentist, Auckland, to Mr. Hugh Price, of Cambridge, is announced.

**ORANGE BLOSSOMS**

LEVIN—RIDDIFORD.

A wedding in which exceptional interest was taken was celebrated on Tuesday, November 4, between Mr Robert Lionel Levin, eldest son of the late Mr W. H. Levin, and Miss Nora Riddiford, only daughter of the late Mr Richard Riddiford, of Te Awaite, and of Mrs MacRae. The ceremony, which was celebrated at St. James Church, Lower Hutt, Wellington, was fully choral, and the church was prettily decorated for the occasion.

The bride, who was given away by her step-father, Mr John MacRae, of Bowlands, Wairarapa, looked very charming in an exquisite dress of white satin, veiled with some priceless lace, the gift of the bridegroom's mother, a tulle veil, and sprays of orange blossoms. She wore a necklace and pendant of pearls, the bridegroom's gift, and carried a bouquet of white flowers. The four bridesmaids, Misses Elsa Riddiford, Alice MacRae, and Oonah and Edilice Fitzgerald, wore graceful dresses of white silk and lace, and large black hats. The bridegroom presented each with a gold cable bangle. Mr A. S. MacShane acted as best man. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's uncle Mr Edward Riddiford, Walvetu, Lower Hutt, at the conclusion of which Mr and Mrs R. Levin left for their honeymoon, which will be spent in the South Island.

PILCHER—TINGEY.

At St. Mark's Church, Wellington, a marriage was solemnised between Miss Mabel Tinge, third daughter of Mr R. Tinge, to Mr Harold Pilcher, of the firm of A. S. Paterson and Co. the bride wore a dress of white Oriental satin, trimmed with chiffon and insertion, and carried a shower bouquet. She was attended by Misses Tinge (4) and Miss Sale, all daintily gowned in white silk. Mr E. Christie was best man, and Messrs Tinge (2) acted as groomsmen. Mr T. Watkins presided at the organ, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. B. Coffey. A reception was afterwards held by the bride's parents at their residence in Tinakori-road.

**TO THE LADIES**

Ladies who wish to make their Homes Artistic should go to SHAKESPEAR'S ART NEEDLEWORK DEPOT, QUEEN-ST. AND KARANGAHAPE RD. (Late Mrs Hunter), Where they will find every kind of Fancy Work and Materials—Point Lace, Braids in Silk and Linen, Latest Designs in Collars, Transparent Yokes, Vests, etc.

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

Special Attention given to Country Orders.

**Personal Paragraphs.**

Miss Todd (Napier) is the guest of Mrs. J. J. Kinsey, Christchurch.

Colonel Davies (Auckland) has arrived in Wellington on a visit.

Mr. J. Marsden, Stoke, Nelson, went to Palmerston to assist in judging exhibits at the Manawatu Show.

Mr. K. Duncan made the best score in the finals for the club competition of the Wellington Golf Club.

Miss Cotter, of "Oaklands," Auckland, returned home after a ten weeks' visit to Paeroa.

Mrs. Frank Perry, of "Crissoge," Hawke's Bay, has been staying with Mrs. Shaw, Coote-road, Napier.

Mr. and Mrs. Callender (Ashburton) have been staying with Mrs. Brandon, Hobson-street, while in Wellington.

Mrs. and Miss Ogle, Fendalton, returned on Friday from a visit to Sydney.

Miss Pickering (Auckland) has gone this week to stay with friends at Avonside.

Messrs B. Rennell and E. Morey, both of New Plymouth, have gone for a trip to Christchurch.

Mrs. and Miss Mary Bullock returned to Christchurch last Friday after spending the winter in Sydney.

Mrs. Von Dadelzen, of the Napier Athenaeum, has returned from a visit to Gisborne.

The Rev. and Mrs. Major left Auckland by the mail steamer Sierra last week for England, via Sydney.

Miss MacDarnald has returned to her home in New Plymouth, after her pleasant trip to Auckland.

Mr. and Miss Cowlishaw are for the present staying at 98, Park Terrace, their house at Avonside being advertised to let.

Mrs. B. H. Burns is back in Christchurch after a very successful singing tour in Wanganui and Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Duncan (P. & D. Duncan), Christchurch, returned last week from a trip to the Old Country, having had a very pleasant time.

Mr. and Mrs. George Andrews, Christchurch, returned from a trip to England, which they thoroughly enjoyed, a week ago.

Mr J. W. Wilkin, chief postmaster at Invercargill for the last twenty-six years, has been transferred to the charge of the Auckland office.

Lieut. Okey, of the Taranaki Rifles, who went home as a member of the Bisley team, returned to New Plymouth last week.

Mrs Julia Martin, of Wakapuaka, is at present the guest of the Rev. F. A. Bennett, of Bell Block, New Plymouth.

Miss Hovell and Miss Kathleen Hoadley have left Napier to spend several weeks at "Wanna," Mr. Beamish's station, near Hastings.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Jones, of Waipukurau, Hawke's Bay, have returned home after an enjoyable trip to England.

Mr. F. Pirani, ex-M.H.R., who recently underwent a painful operation in a private hospital in Wellington, is now able to get about.

Mr. J. P. Maxwell (Wellington), who has been on a trip to England, returned to New Zealand by the Mokoh.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lee and Miss Lee (Australia) are in Christchurch again on a visit to Mrs. Joseph Palmer, "Woodford," Papanui.

Mr. Mangham Barnett (Wellington) has been on a visit to Dunedin, where he has been engaged in acting as judge of the Dunedin Musical and Elocutionary Society's contest.

Mrs. Milson has taken a house in Alkman's Road, St. Albans, and moved in with her son and daughter last week. Mrs. Milson has quite recovered from her serious illness.

Mrs. F. M. Wallace, who has been under treatment for her throat for nearly two months by Dr. Fergusson, in Dunedin, returns to Christchurch this week.

Dr. Wohlman and Mr. B. S. Corlett returned to Rotorua last week from Tokaanu (at the south end of Lake Taupo), where they had been to select a site for new bath buildings which are about to be erected.

The Club Championship of the Wanganui Ladies' Golf Club resulted in a win for Mrs. Cleghorn. Miss Cave coming second. Miss Sargeant and Miss Cowper were defeated in the semi-finals.

The many friends of Dr. O'Carroll, formerly of New Plymouth, but now in Dublin, will be pleased to hear that he has quite recovered from his last illness, and is mentally as bright as ever.

Among the visitors staying at the Lake House, Lake Takapuna, are: Mr. and Mrs. Harold Heather, Mrs. and Miss Gillilan, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Mahony, and Major-General Hegg.

Miss Mary Anderson, daughter of the late Captain Anderson, I regret to say, is laid up at the Christchurch Hospital with typhoid fever. Her sister, Miss Jean Anderson, arrived from Blenheim last week, and is the guest of Mrs. (Dr.) Crooke.

At the sale of work held in the Girls' High School, Wellington, by the local branches of the ministering Children's League a sum of £60 was made, which will be devoted to the Queen Victoria School for Maori Girls, Auckland.

Lieutenant Levin, of the Here-taunga Mounted Rifles, was presented with a handsome silver salver and a claret jug, on the occasion of his approaching marriage to Miss Riddiford. Sergeant-Major O'Brien acted as spokesman for the corps.

Recent visitors at the Wellington Tourist Office include Mr. and Mrs. Lauri, London, Mr. E. S. Whitney, Chicago, Mr. Vivian Ellis, London, Mr. F. Grant, Sydney, Mr. Colin Robertson, Victoria, Mr. C. D. Murray, Sydney, Sr. W. Cawood Sheed, Victoria, and Mrs. Castle, London.

Mr. D. J. Nathan, President of the North Island Bowling Association, has presented four gold medals or a set of silver-mounted bowls to the rink securing the third highest aggregate of points at the coming tournament, which will be held at Palmerston North next January.

Dr. MacArthur (Blenheim) is coming to Wellington to relieve Mr. W. B. Haselden, Stipendiary Magistrate. The latter is going to Auckland to take the place, temporarily, of Mr. Brabant. Mr. H. Bishop is relieving Mr. Beetham, S.M., at Christchurch.

Mr. G. A. Broad, of the Napier branch of the Loan and Mercantile Agency Company, has received an appointment in Wellington. He has made himself very popular during his two years' residence in Napier, and will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends.

Mr. G. G. Johnson, who for the past nine years has been a member of the New Plymouth Telegraph Office staff, has now been transferred to Masterton. Before leaving he was presented by Mr F. D. Holdsworth (chief postmaster) on behalf of his fellow-officers, with a handsome Gladstone bag and traveling rug.

Mrs. G. Pearce was successful in winning a first prize at the Hutt Ladies' Golf Club (Wellington). Miss Fitzherbert and Mrs. Watkins tied for the second prize, and in playing off Miss Fitzherbert won, and a consolation prize went to Miss Riddiford. The prizes were presented by Mr.

Mowbray. Miss Fitzherbert won a medal outright in playing off a tie with Miss Humfrey.

Presentations of gold alberts and match-boxes were made recently to Mr. H. H. Henderson and Mr. A. E. Jackson, who are leaving the Wellington branch of the Government Life Insurance to go into business elsewhere. Mr. Henderson's destination is Dunedin, and Mr. Jackson is going to set up in Westport. The presentations were made by Mr. D. M. Luckie, the Deputy-Commissioner, who spoke very highly of the retiring officials, and wished them great success in their new occupations.

In spite of denials to the contrary it is asserted that Colonel Porter will succeed Sir Arthur Douglas as Under-Secretary for Defence. Colonel Porter has been busy since his arrival from England last week in settling matters in connection with the Coronation Contingent. He is to leave shortly for Gisborne, and on his return will take an important position in the Defence Office, but, whether as successor pro tem or permanent, to Sir Arthur Douglas, is not known with any degree of certainty.

The staff of the Auckland Municipal Chambers assembled in the council committee room last Friday for the purpose of making a presentation to the assistant town clerk, Mr Alfred Sexton, on the occasion of his marriage to Miss A. F. Edmonds. The Mayor, Mr Alfred Kidd, on behalf of the donors, presented to Mr Sexton a large, handsome marble clock, and in doing so referred to the universal courtesy displayed by the assistant town clerk and the painstaking manner in which he had carried out the duties devolving upon his office. Mr Kidd said Mr Sexton's manner had secured for him the goodwill of all his fellow employees. The wedding of Mr Sexton and Miss Edmonds took place on Saturday at the Beresford-street Church manse, the Rev. John Wilkins performing the ceremony.

The Star Hotel has had a full complement of visitors during the past week, amongst whom were the following: From London, J. Lascelles, W. R. Willis, W. Lewis, B. C. Thornhill, Miss Ross; from Sydney, Miss Madgwick, Mesdames Smythe, Shepherd, Dr. and Mrs. McIlroy, Mr. and Mrs. White; W. Carmichael, J. Hen-shaw, G. Marron, H. Abercrombie; Mr Peel, T. B. Davis, Colonel Bull, E. W. Swift; from Gisborne, Mr. and Mrs. Des Barrs; from Melbourne, J. Higgins; from Dunedin, J. S. Ross, Miss Lison; from Belfast, Ireland, Mr. W. Fletcher; from Christchurch, Mr. W. Comerford, Mrs. and Misses Davison (2); from Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Harley; from Wellington, Mr. A. H. Ker-not, J. D. Hunter, J. H. Smith; from America, Colonel Smith; from New Plymouth, Mr. and Mrs. Champion.

There were again a large number of visitors at the Grand Hotel, Auckland, during the past week. Amongst them were: Mr. and Mrs. W. Jacobs, Mr. A. Gollin, from London; Mr. J. Gorevan, Dublin; Mr. and Mrs. F. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Storey, Mr. and Mrs. Thol Pom-dexter, San Francisco; Mr. Hugh McLean, Mr. R. Watson, Mr. A. A. McLean, Mr. A. H. Cunningham, New York; Mrs. Rowe and child, Sydney; Miss Johnston, Mr. Carl Dautzen, Melbourne; Mr. David Jolly, Otago; Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Nicoll, Ashburton; Count and Countess de Courte, Mr. and Mrs. T. Young, Mrs. A. A. Carrigan, Mrs. John Corrigan, Mr. Bauer, Dr. and Mrs. Findlay, Mr. Sulmond, Wellington; Mr. A. S. Paterson, Dunedin; Mr. and Mrs. Fleming-Strubbers, Whangarei.

Mr. Alf Warbrick, the Government guide stationed at Waimangu, Roto-mahana, reports as follows on a recent eruption of the great geyser: "Waimangu started to play at 9.18 a.m.; at 10.55 was the most awful sight I have seen since the eruption. The whole Waimangu cauldron went up in one great mass of black sand and stones to a height of about 700 feet, the sand and stones being thrown as far back as 800 yards. The geyser kept playing continually, throwing up shots from 80ft to 200ft, till 6.30 p.m." On another occasion, lately the geyser kept playing almost every minute, sending up shots from 80ft to 1000ft.

**A Smart Dinner Party at the Central Hotel.**

The dinner party given at the Central Hotel, to celebrate the completion of the recent extensive alterations, was unquestionably one of the most sumptuous affairs ever served in Auckland, and would have done credit to any chef and cuisine in the Empire. The guests assembled about seven o'clock, and were received in one of the private drawing-rooms on the first floor by the host, Mr. Rolleston. A stroll round the new wing and first floor generally showed how extensive are the alterations. The most striking improvement is that whereby the little smoking-room at the end of the main hall leading out on to the handsome portico has been thrown by an archway into the drawing-room on the right, thus making a very prettily-shaped and convenient lounge, which has been richly carpeted and furnished with such taste and discretion that it now forms one of the most charming and genial meeting places for guests to be found in any hotel. The large drawing-room remains as it was, but has been splendidly re-carpeted and re-furnished; this being the case indeed with regard to the whole hotel. Some of the bedrooms, notably two on the first floor, are furnished with a disregard of cost and lavishness nothing less than amazing even in these days of luxurious hotel accommodation. Into the matter of the alterations, etc., however, we hope to return at length in another issue, and to describe them in some detail. Dinner was served in the convenient supper-room, which has been added for the convenience of theatre-going and late-arriving guests. The menu was as follows:

**MENU.**

- Hors d'oeuvres Variés. Tartines de Caviare.
- Olive Farces. Anchovy Eggs. Devilled Almonds. Oysters on Half Shell.
- SOUP.**
- Tortue Claire a l'Anglaise. Puree of Chicken a la Reine.
- FISH.**
- English Salmon and Cucumber Sauce Hollandaise. Filets de Soles a la Colbert.
- ENTREES.**
- Larded Sweetbreads and Puree of Green Peas. Lamb Cutlets and Fresh Mushrooms. Shrimps in Aspic.
- JOINTS.**
- Roast Sirloin of Beef and Horseradish Sauce. Roast Spring Lamb and Peas and Mint Sauce.
- POULTRY.**
- Devilled Turkey and York Ham and Oyster Sauce. Roast Chicken. Pommes Frites, French Salad.
- GAME.**
- Compte of New Zealand Pheasant aux Champignons. Asperges au Beurre.
- ENTREMETS.**
- Omelette au Rhum. Victoria Trifle. Charlotte Russe. Macedoine Jelly. Bavarian Cream. Salade de Fruits and Cream. Glace a la Tutti Frutti. Dessert Variés. Cafe Noir.

November 6, 1902.

It is not too much to say that the cooking and service of this fine banquet could not have been excelled anywhere, and reflected the highest credit not only on the chef de cuisine, but the maître d'hotel, who saw it sent to table. The wines were, moreover, worthy of the viands. An excellent chablis was served with the oysters. A light and elegant amonillado accompanied the soup. Claret-drinkers were provided with fine vintage, and the champagne was Goulet,

1859, one of the best champagnes which has ever reached this colony. After dinner, to which, needless to say, ample justice was done, Mr. Rolleston, after the usual loyal toast of "The King," proposed the health of the owners (Mr. L. D. Nathan & Co.). He spoke of the large and very heavy expenditure of capital which had been necessary to bring the hotel to its present position, a position he was proud to see it occupy, and a position for which he was proud to say he was in some degree responsible. He claimed without egotism or boasting that some kudos for bringing up the hotel from what it was when he took it over to what it was to-night belonged to himself, but it would have been impossible for him to have done much had he been denied the generous and hearty support of the owners. He had time after time gone to Mr. Nathan, suggesting some improvements, and, though that gentleman might look at him severely for a moment or two and ask shrewd and searching questions, it always came to a smile, and "Well, Mr. Rolleston, if you think it is justified it must be done," and the cheque, however heavy, was cheerfully forthcoming. Even now, with the vastly-increased accommodation just added, there was not any room to spare, but he believed if he went to the owners again they would meet him cheerfully. He was proud of the hotel, proud of the share he had had in making it what it was, and he knew the owners were proud of their property too.

Mr L. D. Nathan, who was received with much applause, opened his speech with some informal and very interesting reminiscences of the old Greyhound Hotel, the forerunner of the Central. He said: It may be interesting for you to learn so far as I can tell you the history of the old Greyhound Hotel, now merged into the magnificent structure we are in this evening, called the Central Hotel. So far as I can remember the Greyhound, situated in Queen-street and Victoria-street corner, was originally owned by the late W. L. Rogers. This was in 1849, and when he died he left a life-interest in this property to his wife. I think a family named Vercoe ran the hotel in the latter portion of Rogers' lifetime. The yard, the portion on which the Central, and the bulk of the D.S.C. building stands to-day, was occupied by the late Henry Hardington as livery and bait stables for very many years, having his exit or back entrance in High-street. In fact, the yard ran right through by an archway in the middle of the Queen-street building and out at High-street. Mr. Hardington's foreman was the late Thomas Belcher, and he subsequently took over his late master's interests, and also conducted most successfully the livery and bait stables on the same spot. Then when the Thames goldfields broke out, the place was leased by the Messrs Melsnaes, the noted miners and prospectors. They subsequently sold their lease to the late Michael Cochrane, and at the termination of Michael Cochrane's lease, I think my late father determined to remove the Greyhound Hotel from Queen-street to High-street, building the shops as you see to-day in Queen-street and Victoria-street East, and the Central Hotel at the corner, in which we are sitting this evening.

Subsequently Mr Nathan took advantage of the opportunity to put the views of the owners of hotels on the local option question. His remarks, which were temperate and well thought out, have been fully reported in the daily papers, but owing to considerations of space cannot be repeated here.

Mr Mowbray proposed the health of the host, Mr Rolleston, whom he was proud to describe as one of his oldest friends. He paid high tribute to Mr Rolleston both as a private host, a hotel host, and a courteous English gentleman, and Mr Mowbray's sentiments were evidently those of all present, for they met with enthusiastic applause. Several other toasts were honoured, and a very delightful evening was spent. Yarning dinner Mr Burke's orchestra played an admirable programme of music.

**A PROPOSAL**

TO EVERY LADY TO MAKE DELICIOUS CUSTARD WITH **BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER** A DAILY LUXURY!



BIRD'S Custard Powder makes a perfect High-Class Custard at a minimum of cost and trouble. Used by all the leading Dispensers of the South Kensington School of Cookery, London. Available also for a variety of Sweet Dishes, recipes for which accompany every packet.

**NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!**

Stocksellers can obtain Supplies from all the leading Wholesale Houses.

**A Weak Stomach**

Indigestion, No Appetite, Exhaustion, General Weakness, — All Due to a Sluggish Liver and Impure Blood.



Mr. G. A. Boxall, of Frahran, Victoria, sends us his photograph and says: "I wish to tell every one the great help I received from Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I suffered terribly from weakness of the stomach, indigestion, and biliousness, and I had no appetite. I felt tired all the time. Sometimes it seemed almost impossible for me to keep about. But after using Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time for my blood and as a general tonic to my nervous system, and with an occasional use of the Pills to keep my bowels in good condition, I rapidly improved, and am now enjoying better health than I have in a long time. I now keep these medicines near at hand and take just a little whenever I begin to feel badly, for, you know, 'a stitch in time saves nine.'"

**"The World's Greatest Family Medicine."**

Of course you cannot enjoy good health if your stomach gives out. You must have an appetite, must digest your food, and must keep your liver active. Muscular strength, nervous strength, desire to be active, and a feeling of general good health may be yours by keeping your liver active and your blood pure. It takes just two medicines for this: Ayer's Pills for the liver, and Ayer's Sarsaparilla for the blood.

It's Ayer's Sarsaparilla you want. Insist upon getting "Ayer's," for it's stronger, contains more ingredients, and cures quicker than any other kind.

**AYER'S Sarsaparilla**

Strengthens the Stomach and Aids Digestion

(Ayer's Pills keep the liver in a healthy condition.)

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

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From Sydney.	Oct. 9	Erzsbach.	Oct. 9	Suva.	Oct. 14
MOWERA	Nov. 5	AORANGI	Nov. 5	MOANA	Nov. 11
MOANA	Dec. 1				Dec. 9

Add every Twenty-eight Days thereafter. Passengers from New Zealand have the option of joining the Mail Steamer at Sydney, or proceeding from Auckland to Suva and embarking there. FARES from Auckland to Vancouver or San Francisco, £16 to £42 5s.; Liverpool and London, £20 to £28 5s.; Round the World, £48 10s. to £111 10s. SPECIAL EXCURSIONS to Banff, in Rocky Mountains, in July, August, September. Return Fare from Auckland: £48 (including all expenses).

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

**TO THE CITY ELECTORS.**  
**MR F. E. BAUME**  
 IS A CANDIDATE FOR YOUR SUPPORTS  
 AT THE FORTHCOMING GENERAL ELECTION.

**MR GEORGE FOWLES**  
 WILL contest  
**GREY LYNN.**  
 At the  
 FORTHCOMING ELECTION.

Mr Baume made two palpable hits at his meeting last Friday at the Federal Hall. One floored the wire-pullers of the L. and L.: "Gentlemen, I stand here the rejected of the associations; the rejected of the brewers; but the candidate of the men and women of Auckland."

The other barrel downed Mr Bell, the Bore. Asked why the S.M. postponed judgment for a month in a recent case the B. answered, "Probably because he thinks before he speaks on the subject, unlike the gentleman who asks the question." Great cheering followed both shots.

Replying to a deputation of Trades Unionists, who complained of Arbitration Court delays, the Premier promised to enquire into the matter, and if found necessary he would make provision to relieve the judge from Supreme Court work, or take such other steps as is desirable to secure the proper working of the Act.

**BEDDING OUT PLANTS.**

CARNATIONS, COSMOS, DAHLIAS, CHRYSANTHEMUMS.  
 Or any other varieties of flowers for present planting.

**Arthur Yates & Co.,**  
 SEED MERCHANTS  
 AUCKLAND.

**FLORAL FETE.**

ENTRIES IN ALL CLASSES CLOSE  
 NOVEMBER 20th.  
 TROCADERO TEA-ROOMS.  
 Programme See "Star."

**The Flower Shows and the Late Season.**

I am wearing to-day (November 8) a buttonhole of the gardenia flowered narcissus, perhaps the most beautifully perfumed daffodil. The cold wet just suits these blooms, but has had a terrible effect on plants in our gardens. Mr Ernest Yates says the firm cannot show sweet peas by November 21. I never remember in my 17 years' colonial experience such a backward year. Worse still, if any choice specimen does manage to find

its way from mother earth into the air, a paternal or maternal large slug or snail is pretty sure to chip in to a meal in that flower's vicinity. However, I cater liberally in my own garden in powdered tobacco dust, which is most effective. Throw it thickly round your tender plants every few days, and the coroners in snail-land will be kept busy holding inquests. Every day I pick up many dead round my sweet peas, carnation and dianthi. Next week the cactus and other dahlias may go in, as we are sure of warm weather from now on to the end of summer. The new cactus dahlias are very aesthetic in their graceful, starry-pointed florets, the richness of colour being equally remarkable with the beauty of outline. The chrysanthemums have too many devoted lovers to need a word from me, but I would just draw attention to the fact that ordinary blooms (not show ones) are easier to grow than cauliflowers, and only want rich soil and protection against the raids of insects. Here again I find tobacco dust is quite the best friend we have, as it rather helps the foliage of all plants, and, if anything, stimulates growth when washed into the soil.

A.V.C.

One of the escaped prisoners from Hokitika gaol, Patrick Campbell, was captured by Inspector Wilson on the road from Kumara to the railway station. He surrendered quietly. The three other prisoners are still at large. No trace of any kind was reported to-day. It is believed they are making their way up the Ararua River.

**ECZEMA IN A CHILD**  
 Cured by  
**Vitadatio.**

59, Austin-st., Wellington, N.Z.  
**MR WEBBER, Launceston, Tasmania.**  
 Dear Sir,—I would like to say a word or two in favour of the Great Herbal Remedy VITADATIO. Our little girl, who is now 16 months old, had been suffering from Eczema from the age of two months and all kinds of remedies had been tried to effect a cure without avail. A friend advised my husband to try VITADATIO, and we are thankful to say the result is most satisfactory. We used two small bottles, and the girl is now quite restored to good health, & the disease driven from the system. I may say the disease was not confined to the face alone, but she had it over the whole body. We give this testimonial so that other sufferers may be induced to give this great Herbal Remedy a trial. With best wishes for your success in this great and good work.—Yours gratefully.

H. E. FULLER.

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/- and 1/- per bottle.

**Liberty! Prosperity!**  
**ELECTORS BEWARE. ELECTORS CONSIDER.**

**STRIKE OUT LAST TWO LINES ON LOCAL OPTION BALLOT PAPER.**

**PROHIBITION**

would mean almost the entire loss of the tourist traffic, which is worth hundreds of thousands of pounds to the settlers and business people of the colony, especially those residing in the Auckland Province, where our world-renowned Thermal Districts are attracting people from all parts of the globe.

**PROHIBITION**

would, in the opinion of Mr. Justice Cooper, if carried in a district, prohibit the sale of New Zealand wines or any other description of alcoholic liquor, and prevent any license being granted in that district.

**PROHIBITION**

in the colony would mean a direct loss in revenue of nearly three-quarters of a million pounds, or one-fourth of the whole, thereby necessitating increased taxes on land and the necessities of life, the local authorities having power to increase rates in case of loss of revenue through Prohibition being carried.

**PROHIBITION**

has been a dismal failure wherever tried in the United States (vide Rowntree and Sherwell's Temperance Standard Book). Eleven out of sixteen States abandoned it. The five States that retain it have a population of about three millions, while those that have abandoned it have a population of over fifteen millions.

**PROHIBITION**

produces more drunkenness, and turns whole districts into huge sly-grog shops, with their numerous attendant evils.

**PROHIBITION**

would mean that vile and poisonous liquors would be sold that would pay no duty.

**PROHIBITION**

a failure in Clutha, vide Bishop Neville, who states that "increased drinking occurs in the private houses in Clutha, spreading to the wives. The liquor is on tap all night."

**PROHIBITION**

a failure in the King Country, where there have been 164 informations against sly-grog sellers since 1900.

**PROHIBITION**

would mean the abolition of Old Age Pensions.

**PROHIBITION**

is a tyrannical interference with the liberty of the subject.

**PROHIBITION**

robs temperance of all virtue and treats moderation as a crime.

Prohibitionists cannot deny that Maine, after nearly half a century of Prohibition, has 42 drunkards per 1,000 of population; while New Zealand, under its Licensed system, has only 7 drunkards per 1,000 of its population.

**STRIKE OUT LAST TWO LINES ON LOCAL OPTION BALLOT PAPER THUS:**

I vote that the number of licenses existing in the district continue.

~~I vote that the number of licenses existing in the district be reduced.~~

~~I vote that no licenses be granted in the district.~~

# Society Gossip

## NAPIER.

November 7.

Dear Bee,

The opening of the Hawke's Bay Tennis Courts took place on Saturday, when a large number of people, both players and spectators, were present. Afternoon tea was given by Mrs Bradley, the wife of the secretary, who wore a black dress with a yoke of string-coloured lace and a becoming white straw hat trimmed with pink roses; Mrs. Frank Perry had a pink silk blouse, a deep cream skirt, and a large hat; Mrs Russell Duncan wore a tussore silk costume with both the bodice and skirt tucked and trimmed with guipure lace and rosettes of bright red ribbon, her white hat was trimmed with red silk; Mrs. Edgar wore pale green cashmere with chiffon sleeves, her becoming toque was trimmed with pale green and black velvet; Mrs Baxter had a navy blue dress made with an Eton coat and skirt, burnt straw toque; Mrs. Keesing was prettily dressed in pale blue canvas, and she wore pink rosebuds in her picture hat; Mrs T. Moore had a slate-grey gown, trimmed with grey and black chiffon, toque to match; Mrs Kane wore a black dress, a fawn jacket, and a black hat; Mrs Goldsmith was in blue and white; Mrs Bowen had a dark blue and white silk blouse, a black cloth skirt, and a toque to match; Miss Sutton was in a claret coat and skirt; Mrs Westall wore a white blouse, a black skirt, and a hat trimmed with black velvet; Miss Iolanthe Margoliouth wore a pale blue zephyr dress, pink hat; Miss Vera Wilson had a holland costume and a sailor hat; Miss Burke wore a pink blouse, a holland skirt, and a white pique hat; Miss M. Locking had a pale blue muslin dress, a blue chiffon boa and a hat to match; Miss T. Heath wore a fawn jacket, a black skirt, and her hat trimmed with red; Mrs. Pavitt wore dark blue and a straw toque trimmed with crimson ribbon; Miss Goldsmith was in cream muslin and lace, and a black velvet hat; Miss Greensill wore a blue blouse, a black skirt, and a straw hat; Miss McLernon wore a holland dress; Miss McVay wore a cream blouse, a blue skirt, and a hat trimmed with blue and white ribbon; Miss Clampitt wore a pretty blue blouse, a black skirt, and a straw hat trimmed with pink roses; Miss Hetley wore pale blue and a large black hat; Miss Fannin was in black and white; Miss Mary Dinwiddie, figured muslin, sailor hat; Mrs Pharaayn was handsomely dressed in black, feather boa, and black bonnet, relieved with heliotrope; Mrs Stedman wore light grey and a pale blue hat; Miss F. Williams was in blue, and she wore a becoming toque; Mrs A. Kennedy had a blue blouse, a black skirt, and a straw hat; Miss Dulcie Kennedy also wore a light blouse and a dark skirt; Miss Linda Davis was in black and white.

A successful amateur dramatic and musical entertainment was given on the 5th instant, in the Theatre Royal, in aid of the Hawke's Bay Cricket Association. The programme was most attractive, and consisted of a concert followed by a one-act comedy. The vocalists who gave their services were Miss E. Magninity, of Wellington, whose rendering of "Beloved, it is Morn." was exquisite; Mr Howard and Mr A. E. Renouf. Mrs Natusch also ably presided at the pianoforte, while the Frivolity Orchestra was heard to advantage. The concert was followed by "Withered Leaves," a comedy in one act by Broughton. It proved a pretty domestic story, with touches both of pathos and humour. It was well and smoothly played throughout by Mr Broad, Mr McEassey, Mr C. Margoliouth, Mrs. Edgar, Miss J. Heath and Mr Munro. The room was well filled, and the Cricket Association will have a fine sum in hand. Amongst the audience were: Mrs Ronald, in black lace and net; Mrs

T. Moore, in a pink blouse, a dark skirt, and a handsome cream opera cloak; Mrs Williams was in black silk; Miss Dulcie Kennedy wore cream; Mrs Stedman was admired in a pale pink costume, trimmed with lace; Miss Fannin wore black and pale blue; Mrs McLean was in black; Mrs Margoliouth also wore black; Miss Margoliouth had a cream dress.

A very successful

### BACHELORS' PARTY.

which is quite a novelty in Napier, was held at the residence of Mrs N. Williams on the 30th of last month. The guests, who began to roll up at eight o'clock, were received by Mr D. S. Williams, and after the usual hand-shaking, proceeded to the large drawing-room, which I must not forget to mention is an Al room for an entertainment of this description. To enumerate all the guests that assembled is a tax on my memory; however, here goes for those most familiar to me. There was A. R. Munro, F. McVay, W. Norman, H. Bear, A. Bowman, Syd. Ridman, A. Munro, F. McVay, W. Norman, J. Shirley, Broad, Brabant, T. Parker, Robinson, A. Howard, A. E. Renouf, H. Hooper, J. Plowman, R. McLernon, N. Heath, G. Pufflett, S. McFarlane, A. J. Williams, E. Nesbitt, F. H. Williams, R. Heath and Arthur St. Clair.

Progressive euchre was first indulged in, and the first prize, which was a handsome gold-mounted greenstone pendant, was won by Mr R. Norman, the result of a keenly contested game with Mr H. Hooper.

Euchre parties always produce a prodigious appetite, and in consequence full justice was done to the contents of the daintily-laid supper table.

After supper the evening took the form of a smoke concert. To go into details of this would take too long, but I must mention that Mr A. St. Clair opened with a song, which received much applause; this was followed by more songs and recitations, all ably rendered. Mr F. H. Williams made an excellent pianist. All the items were heartily applauded, particularly those contributed by Messrs H. Bear and A. E. Renouf. After honouring several toasts, the party wound up by singing "Auld Lang Syne, and thus ended at 2 a.m. a most thoroughly enjoyable evening.

MARJORIE.

## NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, November 7.

Mr and Mrs W. D. Webster gave a most

### ENJOYABLE DANCE

in the Freemasons' Hall last Wednesday evening, in honour of her second daughter's (Miss B. Webster) twenty-first birthday. The hall was beautifully decorated with ferns and yellow broom, and the supper tables looked exquisite, almost laden down with all the delicacies of the season. Mr McKinnon Bain's orchestra rendered the music, while the floor, which is supposed to be the best in New Plymouth, was like glass. The programmes were very dainty, having the initials of Miss Webster printed on them. The hostess received her guests in black silk trimmed with lovely real lace, and was assisted by her daughters and sons, whose one great pleasure it seemed was in looking after the enjoyment of their friends, by introducing one to another, and seeing that they had partners for the coming dances. As everyone was thoroughly enjoying himself, the dance did not break up until the wee sma' hours—in fact, several remarked afterwards it was then too soon. Miss Webster wore a very pretty dress of white muslin, trimmed with string-coloured lace insertion; Miss L. Webster, white, with pink sash; Miss W. Webster, dainty white silk; Mrs Lusk, black satin; Miss A. Smith, black and heliotrope; Mrs Bewley, black silk; Miss Gwen Bewley, pretty pink silk frock; Mrs Sladden, white satin; Mrs Paton, handsome black sequined costume;

Miss Day, pale blue banded with black velvet; Miss Skeet, white silk; Miss Witchell (Auckland), black satin; Miss Govett, pale pink chiffon; Miss Hursthouse (Wellington), black; Miss Tuke, black net, with sequined trimmings; Miss Skinner, white gauze and silk; Miss Roy, white silk and roses; Miss Paul, black net; Miss Jacob, cream silk, with black velvet trimmings; Miss C. Jacob, pale yellow tucked silk; Miss Dalziel, black satin and scarlet roses; Miss Kemp, black and pink; Miss Evans, white interlined silk; Miss G. Shaw, pale green and black; Miss F. McAllum, looked well in white satin; Miss J. McKellar, white muslin, with bebe ribbon trimmings; Miss Lawson, pretty white interlined muslin; Miss Walker, black net over pink; Miss A. Walker, pale green and cream; Misses Fookes (2) were studies in white muslin; Mrs H. Stocker, white silk; Miss Bell, pale pink; Miss Lewis, white; Miss Ross (Christchurch), white silk, with lovely chiffon frills; Miss Hawkins, white satin; Miss Mackay, yellow satin; Miss George, white silk; Miss W. Baker, blue silk; Miss E. Hamerton, white silk relieved with pale blue; Miss Capel, yellow silk; Miss — Capel, black net; Miss MacDiarmid, white and pale blue; Miss Borlace (Wellington), black silk; Miss O. Stanford, white; Miss Stewart (Stratford), black tucked silk relieved with pink; Mrs P. Webster, white silk and pale blue; Misses D. and E. Glynes, white muslin respectively; Miss Dempsey, white; Miss Deacon, white silk; Miss Wilson, heliotrope; Miss E. Bayley, white silk; Miss T. Smith, pale green; Miss W. Thomson, white satin. Among the gentlemen were Messrs Webster (5), Drs. Jones and Fookes, Maisey, Humphries, Paul, G. Fookes, D. Miller, Glynes, Mair, Robertson, Stocker, Spencer, Paton, Thomson (2), Shaw, Brasch, Cutfield, R. Bruce, Standish, Abraham, Bruce, L. Webster, Beckett, Waddie, Weston (2) Hamerton, Halse, George, H. Nelson, Griffiths, MacDiarmid, Whitcombe, etc.

NANCY LEE.

## AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, November 11.

The annual athletic sports in connection with the Auckland College and Grammar School were held on Friday last at the Domain Cricket Ground. The weather was fine and the attendance was large. Amongst those present were Lady Logan Campbell, very handsome grey voile, black collarette, black hat with folded tulle swathings and tulle strings; Miss Blades, black costume, with white lace, black toque; Miss Thorpe, blue cambric, burnt straw hat; and her sister wore black skirt, light blouse, burnt straw hat with white; Mrs Turner, green with brown velvet, black hat; Miss Picken, fawn skirt, check blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Tibbs, periwinkle blue gown, lace collar, black bonnet; Miss Reid, green gown trimmed with brown velvet, black hat; Mrs Arnold, navy cloth, cream lace, black toque with tulle; Mrs Jervis, black skirt, grey jacket, sailor hat; Miss Annesley, black voile, black hat; Miss Durleu, grey coat and skirt, cream hat with grey; Mrs Rankin Reed, brown with ecru lace, brown toque; Mrs C. F. Biddle, very stylish black dress with large tucks horizontally made on skirt and bodice, black hat; Mrs Gutteridge, navy bolero and skirt with cream lace, black toque; Mrs J. King Davis, purple voile, edged with black, black bonnet with violet velvet; Mrs J. B. McFarlane, navy serge bolero and skirt, black hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs Murray, dark green frieze bolero and skirt, white vest with green velvet, cream hat with cream tulle; Miss Murray, black silk with cream lace, black hat with pink silk; Mrs Walker, navy with velvet trimming, velvet toque; Misses Stewart (2), black skirts, white blouses, sailor hats; Miss Gillilan, black skirt, blue and white figured blouse, cream toque with black; Mrs Ryan, black

costume, blue collarette veiled in ecru lace, sailor hat; Mrs Pierce, dark skirt, fawn jacket, black hat; Miss Metcalfe, navy gown; and her sister wore grey airt, white silk blouse, burnt straw toque; Mrs Keesing, navy; Mrs Myers, black; Miss Ettie Myers, fawn gown with blue waistband, burnt straw hat; Mrs Egerton, dark green bolero and skirt, white vest, hat with pansies; Miss Fenton, navy gown and hat; Mrs Brabant, black; Mrs Lawry and Miss Bartley wore mourning costumes; Miss Rice, white muslin, black waistband, sailor hat; Miss Stella Rice, fawn muslin over silk, white hat with blue; Miss Gorrie, navy costume with fawn lace, red hat; Mrs Boscawen, grey tweed with navy bands of braid finished with gold buttons, black hat with ostrich feathers; Miss Dunnett, dark skirt, grey figured silk blouse, white toque with white spotted with black foulard; Mrs Rice, black silk with ecru lace; Mrs Watkins, navy voile; Miss Brassy, pink cambric, black hat with feathers and folded tulle; Miss Oberlin Brown was very much admired in a white muslin with tucks and lace insertion, white hat swathed with tulle; Miss Kenny, black skirt, white blouse, hat with flowers; Miss Stubbins, dark skirt, lizard green striped blouse, black hat; Miss Frater, black; Mrs A. V. McDonald, black silk, with ecru lace, black bonnet; Miss Hesketh, navy; Miss Aicken, navy gown, white vest, sailor hat; Miss D. Wilks, dark skirt, blue blouse, brown hat; and her sister, dark skirt, cream blouse, black hat; Miss Laird, black; Miss R. Laird, black relieved with white; Miss Brigham, mourning costume; Miss McCormick, white pique, sailor hat; Miss Kent, dark skirt, fawn jacket; Miss Outwaite, green costume, black hat; Mrs Minitt, black skirt, black cape, black bonnet with white flowers; Mrs Morrell, black; Mrs Cochran, black; Miss Dawson, black skirt, white blouse; Mrs Thomas Keesing, black costume, sky blue vest, burnt straw hat with silk; Mrs Petrie, black skirt, violet striped blouse, black hat with yellow roses; Mrs Arch. Taylor, black gown with ecru lace applique, black hat with mauve flowers; Mrs Choyce, black voile costume, black chiffon fichu, black bonnet; Mrs Moritzson, violet foulard with ecru lace, black hat with velvet and feathers; Mrs McKean, black; Miss Hull, crushed strawberry costume, coral pink hat with tulle; Miss F. Gorrie, periwinkle, blue gown, hat with bright blue; Mrs Dillingham, French blue costume, black hat swathed with tulle and forget-me-nots; Mrs T. Philson, black costume, burnt straw toque; Miss Cameron, black gown relieved with white; Miss Mab. Rice, fawn muslin; Mrs Napier, grey check, white vest, white fur boa, black hat with feathers; Miss Towle, fawn cloak; Mrs Vailie, dark green, white lace collarette, black hat; Mrs Scott, black, with narrow red stripe, costume, black hat; Mrs Dignan, navy serge coat and skirt, black toque with white lace; Mrs Aldrich, flowered foulard with ecru lace, black hat with pink; Madame Chambers, black gown with ecru lace, black hat; Mrs Sloman, black gown, white vest, black bonnet with pink roses; Misses Sloman (2), dark skirts, light blouses, sailor hats; Mrs Devereux, black, with ecru lace, black hat with tulle; Misses Choyce (2), black voiles, black hats with tulle; Miss Colegrove, navy gown, cream vest, cream hat with pink; Miss Girdler, black skirt, fawn jacket, Panama hat; Miss Goodall, black skirt, blue blouse, violet hat with violets; Miss Coche, grey; Miss Brown, dark skirt, ciel blue silk blouse, sailor hat; and her sister wore a dark skirt, dome blue silk blouse, sailor hat; Miss Morrow, dark skirt, red spotted blouse, sailor hat; and her sister wore dark skirt, fawn jacket, sailor hat; Miss Mulvaney, grey gown, cream hat; Miss Moran, dark skirt, fawn jacket, white hat; Miss Cowan, black gown, black hat; Mrs Hutchison, black gown, pink vest, black hat with tulle and feathers.

When daylight broke on Saturday morning with a dull, overcast sky, accompanied by a drizzling rain, it was feared that the first day of the A.R.C. Spring Meeting would have to be inaugurated under rather unfavourable conditions from a weather point of view. But, though King Sol failed to break through the clouds and so liven up the scene, the rain that fell from the time that racing commenced was the mildest sprinkle. The attendance of the ladies was the poorest ever seen on that course. Amongst the ladies present were: Mrs Sherman, royal blue skirt, brick red jacket, blue toque; Mrs Cattinack,

black; and her daughter wore scarlet; Mrs Windsor, black voile, black hat; Miss Dunnett, brown, with Italic silk let in bodice, black hat trimmed on suite; Mrs H. Tonks, black; Miss Buckland, black relieved with white lace; Miss Ralph, black; Mrs Crowe, dark skirt, fawn jacket, black hat; Mrs Elliot, black costume, black bonnet with pink; Mrs Cousins, greeny grey tailor-made gown, with Russian bloom, far bodice, black hat with violet silk swathed with ecru lace; Miss Leonard, dark skirt, fawn jacket, blue collarette, hat with blue rosettes; Mrs Clem. Lawford, navy coat and skirt, cream yoke, black hat with feathers and bands of gold spangles; Miss Firth, black; Mrs Smith, black; Mrs Markham, dark skirt, fawn jacket, white hat; Miss Gorrie, dark gown, hat with navy rosettes; Miss N. Gorrie, dark gown stitched with white, white tuckled yoke, white hat; Miss Gwen. Gorrie, fawn cloak, sailor hat; Miss Torrance, slate grey camel's hair tweed; Miss Percival, navy serge; Miss Davy, green coat and skirt, brown hat; Mrs Farnell, black costume; Miss Keogh, black skirt with satin bands, fawn jacket, white hat; Miss Wallnutt, crushed strawberry gown, fawn jacket; Mrs Bell, black; Miss Williams, black; Mrs Moody, dark costume, sailor hat; Mrs Scott, red and brown costume, red vest, hat to match; Mrs Gillies, dark skirt, fawn jacket, hat with tulle.

There was a large attendance to witness the second day's races of the Auckland Racing Club's Spring Meeting, which took place on Monday last. For the earlier part of the day it was a little "too summery," perhaps, for those who had not yet donned their spring attire, but how much better to feel cheerful and warm in one's winter clothes than pinched and shivering in a white summer silk or muslin. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Thompson, black brocade, black bonnet; Miss Thompson, white silk, with tuckings and lace insertion, hat swathed with tulle, and trimmed with green ribbons and leaves; and her sister wore an oyster-coloured voile, with ecru lace, picture hat with tulle and pink roses; Mrs Dennis O'Rourke, handsome black voile skirt, moire blouse, relieved with white, black toque, relieved with iris-coloured ribbons; Miss McLaughlin, mode grey, with ecru lace, black hat; Miss Cruickshank, dainty costume of grey voile, the skirt was plain but for three staped flounces round hem, the bodice opened in front to show a white vest, black hat, with tulle and ostrich feathers; Miss Firth, white serge skirt, fawn jacket, black hat; Miss Bush, black gown and hat; Mrs Noakes, black skirt, fawn jacket, sailor hat; Miss Ware, navy costume, brown Panama hat; Mrs (Dr.) Pabst, black sacque jacket and skirt, black toque, with white tulle and ostrich feathers; Miss Peacocke, navy skirt, fawn jacket, blue toque; Miss Nelson, elaret-red gown, with black braiding, fawn toque with velvet; Miss Leys, mode grey voile, with pink silk trimming, pink hat, trimmed with pink roses and ecru lace; Mrs. Lawrence, navy serge coat and skirt, black hat, with tulle and feathers; Miss Percival, absintine green, with ecru lace, white hat with ruffled ribbons; Mrs. Sharman, beige skirt, with tuckings from hem to waist, and finished with black lace, black bodice, black hat with tulle and feathers; Miss Moss-Davis, navy coat and skirt, black hat, with tulle, and a white gossamer veil enveloped the face of the wearer; Miss Lusk, black voile, with ecru lace, black hat, with variegated roses; Miss O. Lusk, black voile, with ecru lace, blue hat with red berries; Misses Ireland (2), black voile skirts, brown holland boleros, fawn fop accordion-pleated cambric hats; Mrs Clem. Lawford, galois grey gown, black hat, with tulle and gold spangles; Mrs Markham, dark skirt, fawn jacket, hat with eiel blue silk; Mrs Alison, beige plaid grenadine over glace, black toque; Miss Alison, dome blue, with infinitesimal tucks, and ecru lace applique, white hat with ostrich feathers; Miss Berry, black tuckled voile, black hat; Mrs (Colonel) Dawson, grey check silk, black hat with red silk; Miss Wallnutt, white pique, white hat; Miss Keogh, dark skirt, fawn jacket, white hat with flowers; Mrs Keogh, black;

Miss Fenton, fawn holland, hat with flowers; Miss Shepherd, black silk, black toque; Miss — Barry, grey voile, with ecru lace, fawn hat with blue; Mrs Bell, black; Mrs Leathem, fawn costume; Mrs Lyons, black gown, cream lace let in at neck, plateau-green hat with pink flowers; Miss Aubrey, purple costume; Mrs Thomas Morris, bias costume, with strappings, the skirt was plain, the bodice was of a Russian style with revers of ecru lace and pink embroidered embroidery, cream toque with silk and flowers; Miss Morris, white serge skirt, white silk blouse with tuckings of lace insertion, white hat with pink roses, and a large pale blue silk bow at back; Mrs Goodhue, black skirt, fawn jacket, black hat; Miss Dinks, grey check; Mrs Bodie, black; Mrs A. P. Wilson, fawn skirt, brown velvet bodice, greeny straw hat with turquoise-blue trimming; Mrs Stuart Reid, blue tuckled bengaline, with cream lace, peacock-green toque; Mrs Elliott, black; Mrs Cumens, lavender-grey tuckled skirt and bodice, the waist was finished with velvet, white toque with violet silk; Mrs Frater, black; Mrs Kingwell, black; Miss Binney, black dress, white let in at neck, black and white hat; Miss Tns. Binney, navy gown, canary straw hat with bunches of violets; Miss Waller, pretty blue silk, with tuckings and ecru lace, black hat swathed with tulle; Mrs Cattanoah, black skirt, white silk blouse, white toque; Mrs Windsor, black silk; Mrs Ralph, black; Mrs Torrance, black silk; Miss Torrance, black gown, hat with red; Miss Simpson, black gown, toque with pink and blue; Mrs Simpson, grey muslin skirt, cream tussore coat, toque with pink and blue; Mrs (Dr.) Dawson, black bolero, silk skirt, white chiffon blouse, black bonnet; Miss Dawson, green cashmere, trimmed with blue, toque to correspond; and her sister wore pink voile, veiled in white tuckled silk, hat with red flowers; Mrs Keeling, black gown, blue vest, black toque; Miss Chadwick, white serge, with bands of black lace; Mrs Chadwick, black silk; Mrs McCormick, dark skirt, light blouse; Mrs Dennett, black; Miss Eve Smith, pale grey, with ecru lace, black hat; Miss Smith, black, with cream lace; Mrs Lloyd, white serge, with strappings, white toque, with blue silk; Mrs Roberts, black; Miss Bouillon, grey voile, black hat; Mrs Hanna, black dress, with fawn lace, white hat with pink; Mrs Foster, black; Mrs Black, brown camel's hair, white square-cut collarette, white hat with pink roses; Mrs Cotter, black silk, chic toque of black and white; Miss Millie Cotter, grey bengaline, with fawn lace, white hat with blue flowers; Miss Jackson, navy coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs Tonks, black; Miss Buckland, grey voile bolero and skirt, with tuckings and ecru lace, black hat swathed with tulle; Miss R. Buckland, white silk, with tucks, hat with blue forget-me-nots; Mrs Martell, dark skirt, white blouse, black hat; Mrs H. Bloomfield, pearl-grey voile gown, the skirt was finished with flounces, hat swathed with blue silk and blue flowers; Mrs Bruce, navy blue gown, black hat; Miss Gorrie, blue gown; Miss Moss, dark skirt, white blouse, hat with gossamer veil; Miss Gorrie (Onehunga), dark grey gown, white hat with black; Mrs Moss, absintine-green, with black bands; Mrs Chamberlin, black; Mrs William Bloomfield, white silk, hat with guelder roses; Mrs Gray, navy gown, cream hat with blue; Mrs Nichol, navy, trimmed with black; Mrs C. Brown, navy gown; and her sister wore fawn muslin; Miss Roberts, black; Mrs Duthie, black bolero and skirt, white vest, black hat; Mrs Colbeck, oyster-grey voile, black picture hat; Miss Thorne George, navy costume, with ecru lace, navy hat with green sigrettes; and her sister wore grey costume, black picture hat with tulle; Mrs Parsons, black; Mrs E. Moss-Davis, white muslin, with fawn lace, hat with red flowers; Mrs Davey, black; Mrs Basley, black; Miss Basley, dark skirt, light blouse, sailor hat; Miss Davy, Royal blue costume; Mrs Duffan, black gown, with white lace; Miss Hay, green gown, hat with pink; and her sister wore Royal blue; Mrs Niel, white silk, cream hat with

pink flowers; Mrs Benjamin, black foulard, with white spots, the skirt was finished with flounces edged with white lace, black toque; Mrs McCullum, fawn costume, black hat; Mrs Crowe, blue gown, with white lace, white hat with black velvet; Mrs Smith, black; Mrs Dignan, navy coat and skirt, hat with ecru lace; Mrs Aldrich, black foulard, with pink flowers, black bonnet.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Bee, November 7.  
A most enjoyable "afternoon tea" was given by Mrs. Young, of "Lanton," yesterday, who was ably assisted by her two daughters. Mrs. Young received her guests in a black brocade dress, black lace fichu; Miss Young, Coronation red, with strappings of black silk; Miss N. Young, black dress, with silk strappings. During the afternoon some very nice music was given, which was much enjoyed. A delicious tea and cakes were served, and sweets were being passed round at intervals. Some of the dresses were: Mrs. Buckland, black dress, pink silk front, handsome black mantle, black bonnet, with bunches of primroses; Miss Buckland, pale green Eton coat and skirt, cream lace front, white hat trimmed with black and white silk; Mrs. Brooks, black silk dress, black bonnet with pink roses; Miss Brooks, sage green coat and skirt, trimmed with silk, white hat, trimmed with white chiffon, black velvet, and apple blossoms; Mrs. John Hally, black silk dress, cream silk and lace front, black toque, trimmed with black chiffon, black tips and buttercup; Mrs. Wells, black velvet dress, fur boa, and black and amber velvet bonnet; Miss Wells, holland dress, bodice black tuckled, holland and lace sailor collar, black picture hat; Miss H. Wells, pink silk tuckled blouse, trimmed with white insertion, black velvet skirt, with strappings of silk, black picture hat; Mrs. Braithwaite, black dress and mantle, and bonnet to match; Mrs. Bouillon, black dress and mantle, bonnet to match; Mrs. Ranciman, black silk blouse, tuckled, black skirt, and black toque; Mrs.


Robert Roberts, black dress, small tuckled, trimmed with strappings of silk, silk Maltese collar, black toque; Miss Plumley, black dress, with silk strappings, black hat; Miss O'Halloran, black dress, black hat trimmed with white; Miss Priestley, heliotrope and white striped silk blouse, trimmed with white silk embroidery, grey skirt, black toque; Miss E. Ekeet, seal brown costume, point lace collar, white hat trimmed with shot brown and pink silk and pink roses; Miss Gwynneth, black silk tuckled blouse, silk Maltese fichu, black voile skirt, black hat, pink roses.

The following visitors are staying at "Wainoni": Mrs. Massey, London, England; Mrs. Allen, nurse and child, Annandale; Rev. J. S. and Mrs. Smalley, Thames; Mr. H. J. Wigg, Auckland; Mr. B. Calvert, Lancashire, England; Mr. E. Reay, Auckland; Mr. E. J. Martyn, Auckland; Mr. W. Fowler, Auckland; Mr. R. Dick, London, England; Mr. Graham, Canterbury.

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**The Croup**



Any of the children ever have it? Then you will never forget it, will you? Don't let it go until midnight again, but begin treatment during the evening, when that dry, hollow, barking cough first begins.

Get out your Vapo-Cresolene (for you surely keep this in the house), put some Cresolene in the vaporizer, light the lamp beneath, and let the child breathe-in the quieting, soothing, healing vapor. There will be no croup that night. If it's midnight, and the croup is on, inhaling the vapor will break the spasm and bring prompt relief.

For asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, coughs and colds, it is a prompt and pleasant cure, while for whooping-cough it is a perfect specific. Your doctor knows, ask him about it. 3

**Vapo-Cresolene**  
CURES WHILE YOU SLEEP

\*The apparatus is simple, inexpensive, and, I believe, unequalled in the treatment of whooping-cough. The vapor is not injurious to healthy persons. It has a beneficial effect in allaying the irritation and the desire to cough in bronchitis. I earnestly recommend it.  
JOHN McKEITHEN, M.D., of Brooklyn, is the N. Y. Medical Record.

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere. A Vapo-Cresolene outfit, including the Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a lifetime, and a bottle of Cresolene, complete, 75c. Extra supplies of Cresolene, 5.00, 10.00, 4.00, 2.50. Illustrated booklet containing physicians' testimonials free upon request. Vapo-Cresolene Co., 150 Fulton Street, New York, U. S. A. Sold and recommended by KEMPTON'S, PROSSER & Co.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee,— November 8.  
Another very successful little bazaar to raise funds for the Maori Girls' College, was organised by the pupils of the Girls' High School and held at the schoolhouse last Saturday afternoon. There were various kinds of stalls, fancy work, carved work, sweets, and a beautifully-arranged flower stall. Delicious afternoon tea was to be had, and was daintily laid out on little tables, each decorated with flowers. The cakes were most tempting, also the cake stall, which consisted chiefly of competition cakes, which were speedily disposed of. The pupils deserve great praise for their excellent work, and the satisfactory result of their labours is an encouragement for them to again come forward to help some such worthy object. Some of those I noticed at the sale on Saturday were—Miss McLean (head mistress), Miss Fraser, Mrs. and the Misses Wilson, the Misses Morrish, Mrs. Jellicoe, Mrs. and Miss Ratham, Mrs. and Miss Fitzgerald, Mrs. Brandon, Lady Stout, Miss Richmond, Mrs. Meedley, Miss Babor, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. and Miss Powles, Miss Marchant, Miss Brandon, Miss Drausfeld, Miss Harding, and others.

The Musgrove Comic Opera Company is concluding its season to-night with a final production of "The Thirty Thieves." The mounting of this piece is extremely gorgeous, quite outshining "The Chinese Honey-moon" in this respect; in fact, it is a more attractive opera in every way, the music and dancing being very pretty. The dresses worn by Miss Stanton and Miss May Beatty are very pretty. The former first appears in a soft heliotrope and cream frock and floral hat to match; later on she looks very nice in a white satin dress striped with silver, and a deep fluffy chiffon flounce finishing the skirt, also glistening with silver; another made in the same princess style, reaching to the ankles, was of massive silver mail, finished with a thick accordion flounce of black chiffon—a most effective dress. Miss Beatty also wore Princess-shaped dresses, beautifully fitting, one of lovely green satin with the flounce of white lace, and with it a becoming pink chiffon hat, and another, a dainty white, with a wealth of pink roses on her head, was a most successful costume. The most elaborate and gorgeous dressing, however, is seen in the final scene of the last act, when the porcelain procession appears, and groups itself on the stage. The beautifully-blended colouring of the various old chinaws, which were represented by each group of girls, was carried out most completely.

We are looking forward to "The Runaway Girl," and "San Toy," which are to be produced by Mr. J. C. Williamson's Company next week. Let us hope rumour has not raised our hopes too high.

The Thornbury Lawn Tennis Club and the Bowling Club opened their

seasons in beautiful weather last Saturday. At both openings delicious tea was provided by the ladies, and there were a large number of visitors and members.

OPELIA.

CHRISTCHURCH

Dear Bee, November 5.

The youths of our town apparently have a great respect for this 5th November anniversary. The old song is being trotted out in many directions, and the number of "Guys" wishing to be remembered gets wearisome before the day is very old. But we are all ready to take our different ways of amusement, and the Carnival week that we are all expecting so much from is close here, with a full programme, beginning with a large ball to be given by Mr and Mrs G. G. Stead at "Strowan" the night before the Cup (7th), for the coming out of Miss Noeline Stead, their only daughter. Mrs. John Williams' postponed dance is to take place on 11th, in the Art Gallery, in honour of her son, Lieutenant Williams, of H.M.s. Ringarooma; and the Jockey Club Ball is fixed for 13th. The theatre will be occupied with the Majeroni's, and Wirth's Circus is with us, so with four race days, trotting, and Show, could we possibly get any more in. That is the future, but the past includes some interesting functions, the most so being the presentation to Mr and Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes at the Alexandra Hall from the citizens of Christchurch. Mr A. E. G. Rhodes, as Mayor during the record year of the Royal visit, acquitted himself so ably, and with so much approval of the citizens they wished to give him some memento of his term of office, and it took the form of a large oil painting of himself by Mr J. L. Balfour. Mrs Rhodes, too, made many friends, and worked very hard, being her husband's right-hand in every way, quite deserving the handsome tiara presented to her. The hall was nicely arranged with numbers of small tables, the picture being on an easel at the top of the room, near which were seated Mr John Anderson, who made the presentation, Mr and Mrs Rhodes, Mr and Mrs W. Reece, Bishop Grimes, and Mr J. J. Kinsey. Miss Sevinton's band played during afternoon tea, and then the ceremony took place, finishing with three cheers for Mr and Mrs Rhodes and Master Tahu Rhodes (the future Mayor of Christchurch).

Among those present were the Mayor and Mrs Wigram, the latter in navy blue costume with lace vest, feather toque of pigeon blue; Mrs Rhodes wore a handsome mourning costume, the skirt appliqued with silk; Mrs Reece, mourning costume; Mrs C. Clark, black gown, lace and silk mantle with white under frill, black and white bonnet; Mrs W. Stringer, handsome grey costume finished with lace, becoming hat; Mrs Appleby; Mrs G. Merton, red cloth Eton gown, white felt hat with red velvet; Miss Merton, black skirt, pretty blue muslin blouse; Mrs A. Anderson, black skirt, heliotrope frieze jacket, tuscany hat, and black velvet bows; Miss Anderson, navy blue Russian costume strapped and tabbed with white, tuscany hat; Misses G.

and M. Anderson; Mr and Mrs Ferguson, the latter in grey, with pale blue chiffon vest and lace revers, hat trimmed to match with violets under the brim; Mrs J. J. Kinsey, all black, with very handsome jacket and golden barley in bonnet; Professor and Mrs Cook, the latter in slate grey coat and skirt, tuscany hat with silk trimming; Mr W. D. and Miss N. Menres, the latter in dark grey frieze Russian costume, black hat; Mr and Mrs Struthers, the latter in black, white sequin net vest, lace revers, black and white hat; Mrs H. Quane, Mrs Norton, Mr and Mrs Beswick, Mr and Mrs W. Wood; Mrs T. Garrard, navy and white foulard, chiffon vest strapped with black velvet, black velvet hat and feathers, white chiffon bows; Miss Garrard (Nelson), black canvas skirt and silk blouse, with lace insertion over blue, large black picture hat; Miss Pieshering (Auckland), Mr and Mrs G. E. Martin, Mrs and Miss Graham, Mrs Reeves; Mrs R. D. Thomas, mourning costume; Miss Thomas, Mr and Mrs B. M. Litchfield, Messrs J. G. Moore, R. Macdonald, H. H. Secretan, G. Gould, Staveley, Wilson, and many others.

The Musical Union gave another very enjoyable Orchestral Concert last week in the Canterbury Hall, the chorus contributing three very pretty glees, two having orchestral accompaniment. Miss Katie Young, the Society's pianiste, played a concerto with the orchestra, which, out of a very pleasing programme, was the most enjoyable item. A very large audience, as usual, was present, amongst whom were Professor and Mrs. Cook, the Misses Julius, Mr W. Drenish Mearns and the Misses Mearns (2), Mrs Boehfort and Miss Snow, Mrs and the Misses Bigg-Wither, Mr and Mrs Bellhouse, Mrs and Miss Ross, Mr and Mrs W. Wood, Mr and Mrs H. D. Carter,

Mr and Mrs E. Barber, Mr and Mrs Marriener, Mrs W. Lake, Mrs C. D. Morris, Misses Kiver, Allan, Williams, Dr. and Mrs Bradshaw, Mrs and Mrs Wilding, Miss Fairhurst, and many more.

The Misses Freeman and Fodor were "At Home" on Friday evening to celebrate the opening of the new Girlton College, Latimer Square, when a large number of the parents and friends availed themselves of their kind invitation to see the building. Miss Freeman recited most beautifully herself; Miss Fodor also recited and sang, some of the pupils gave a French dialogue, and others did some lightning arithmetic. Miss Helen Denniston and Miss Stead gave a short scene from "The Merchant of Venice" admirably, the whole making a very pleasant evening, when light refreshments were handed round. Among the guests were Mrs G. G. Stead, Mrs H. Rose, Miss Isabel Martin, Dr. and Mrs Chilton, the latter looked well in black square-cut evening gown; Mrs (Dr.) Mickle, in a beautiful peach silk; Mrs R. Snow, black silk and pale blue chiffon chon in her hair; Mrs C. Cook, Miss Fairhurst, Miss Grant, Miss C. Hargreaves, etc.

With two men-o'-war in port, little parties often go off to them, and vice versa, the officers and men are always welcome on shore. A cricket match was got up last week between an eleven from H.M.s. Ringarooma and H.M.s. Torch, and eleven from our home teams. Mrs Woodhouse provided afternoon tea, with a host of willing helpers amongst her girl friends.

The greatest sympathy is felt for Mr A. F. N. Blakiston by his numerous friends in Christchurch on the death of his wife, which so recently took place in Auckland.

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Smart, stylish COSTUMES, strappings of Chinese Silk, etc., Serge Bito, with the New Russian Blouse.

LINEN, CRASH, TUSSORE, LAWN, and PIQUE SHIRTS, strapped, trimmed, etc., in the latest styles and most moderate in price, from 6/11; 7/11; 9/11 up.

Silks—Woven Spot Silk, in cream, cardinal, black, blue, and pink, Ivory ground, 3/11 yard.

Enchante Japanese Silk, for Blouses, etc., in black and ivory, with Lace Insertion, 4/11; 4/11; 5/11; 6/11 yard.

Choice Lot of Silks for BLOUSES, very special, 1/11 up.

Lovely Striped and Fancy Louise Exclusive Blouse Lengths.

IVORY JAPANESE SILK, 27 inch, 6/11; 1/4; 1/4; 1/11; 2/8; to 48; 36 inch, 2/8.

TUSSORE SILK, 27 inch, 1/4; 1/4; 1/11; 2/8; 38 inch, 2/8 to 3/6.

In the Dress Department Attractive Lines are seen in Scotch ORGANDIE and FRENCH MURLINS, in beautiful designs. All prices, 5/11; 6/11; 10/11; 1/4; to 1/11, in great variety.

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In Woolen Dress Fabrics, Taffetas, all shades, 1/4; 1/11 up; Silk and Wool Crepe de Chine, 2/11; Eolienne Silk Voiles, etc., etc.

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We are noted for Value in CALICO, SHEETING, CURTAINS, CROWNINGS, AND GENERAL MANUFACTURED GOODS.



**MARLBOROUGH.**

Dear Bee, November 3.  
Our friends the Catholics are like the kangaroo, and go ahead by leaps and bounds, while other denominations are at a standstill, or are in a state of retrogression, and many people are asking "Why is this thus?" Not many years ago a large church was built, lately a new convent, and last week a new hall, called St. Patrick's Hall, was formally opened by the Rev. Father Servajean. The opening was celebrated by a social gathering, where speeches were delivered, songs sung, and dancing was not only allowed but encouraged as a source of innocent amusement for the young people. Father Servajean, in formally handing over the hall to the Hibernian Society, hoped the society would increase for good and be worthy sons of the land to which they belonged. The Mayor of Blenheim also made a congratulatory speech on the occasion.

The anniversary of Marlborough province is being celebrated to-day, and picnic parties overrun the land. Besides numbers of private little outings the Wesleyans are invading the Taylor Pass, and the Presbyterians Picton, where some picnic in the ever-favoured spot, Essen's Valley, and others enjoy the beaches and the boating.

Mrs Harris, of Ketu Bay, Pelorus Sound, and her brother-in-law, Mr E. Harris had a wonderful ride last week, and Mrs Harris can boast of doing what no other lady has done as yet. The tracks lately made all round the Sounds from bay to bay have brought civilisation within reach of settlers, who were formerly wholly dependent upon boats. Now they have oil launches, steam launches, and traffic by road. Mr and Mrs Harris had an enjoyable, if long ride, across the Manaroa Saddle, round Kenepuru, and Mahu Sounds, through the most beautiful scenery of

land and water. They are now resting from their journey at Captain Harris' in Picton.

Dr. Nairn and Mrs Nairn have returned to Blenheim from an extended trip to the Old Country.

The Misses Chaytor (2), "Marshland," Spring Creek, have gone to Wellington.

Miss Maggie Nash, of the Trust Department, Wellington, is staying with her people in Picton.

Mr Gerald Allen, who went to South Africa five years ago, has got on very well in the Bank of Africa, and is now accountant in the Market branch of the bank at Capetown. Unfortunately his health has broken down, and his friends at Picton have received such unsatisfactory accounts of it that they are urging him to give up his career and return to New Zealand, even if he has to take up other work than banking.

Mr T. Scott Smith, Solicitor, of Wairoa, has been appointed temporary S.M. and Gold Warden for Marlborough. He is expected to arrive this month, when Dr. McArthur will take his departure.

Mrs Robertson, Christchurch, has returned home after a pleasant visit paid to her son at Koromiko.

Miss Tressider, Dunedin, is visiting Mrs Beauchamp at "Anikiwa," Queen Charlotte Sound.

The weather has been so very variable of late that all the early crops have been nipped by the frost in Blenheim and Picton, from the latter place an enterprising Chinaman, who lost his crop of tomatoes, went off to Nelson to buy plants.

The Hon C. H. Mills has opened his electioneering campaign. He gave a long address to the electors in Ewart's Hall on Thursday evening, and is now perambulating the country, following in the footsteps of the other candidate, Mr John Duncan. People are wishing the province could carry two members, as they are anxious to vote for both.

The residents of the Pelorus and Kenepuru Sounds met last week and resolved to start a

creamery. Messrs Edward and Greenfield, who have bought over several creameries, are pushing on this new industry for the Sounds.

MIRANDA.

**BILIOUSNESS FOR TEN YEARS.**

MANY MEDICINES PROVE UNAVAILING.

BILE BEANS BRING INSTANT RELIEF.

Biliousness is the direct outcome of the misdirection of the bile, which should have been despatched from the liver to the digestive organs. Runs riot through the system instead, becomes mixed with the blood, and Biliousness, with its symptoms of nausea, poor appetite, headaches, sallow complexion, etc., is the result. Bile Beans for biliousness, by acting directly on the liver and stimulating it to proper action, have been proved to be an undoubted specific for Biliousness, to which fact thousands of New Zealand citizens have borne witness. Here is one. Mr F. W. Davey, of Lower High-street, Christchurch, N.Z., writes:—"It gives me

great pleasure to be able to testify to the efficacy of Bile Beans as a remedy for biliousness. For about ten years I was a frequent sufferer from this complaint, and though I tried several so-called remedies, I was unable to obtain relief. About twelve months ago I decided to give Bile Beans a trial, and I am pleased to say they gave me instant relief. I have frequently recommended them to friends, for they are without doubt a first class remedy for biliousness." By purifying the blood and stimulating the liver, stomach and digestive organs to proper action, Bile Beans have been proved to be an undoubted specific for Biliousness, Indigestion, Constipation, Piles, Bad Blood, Eruptions and all skin eruptions, Headache, Debility, Nervousness, Anaemia, Spring and all change of season ailments, summer flag, etc. Bile Beans are obtainable from all Chemists and Storekeepers, prices 1/12 and 2/9 large box (contains three times small size).

A FREE SAMPLE.

Send a penny stamp to pay postage and mention this paper, and the proprietors will forward you a free sample of Bile Beans. Address your letter to the Bile Bean Manfg Co., 29 Pitt-street, Sydney.

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**'Louis' Velveteen.**  
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Mr Dooley on the Home Life of Janiuses.

"A woman ought to be careful whom she marries," said Mr. Dooley. "So ought a man," said Mr. Hennessy with feeling.

It don't make so much difference about him," said Mr. Dooley. "Whin a man's married, he's a married man. That's all ye can say about him. Iv course, he thinks marriage is goin' to change th' whole current iv his bein', as Hogan says. But it doesn't. Afther he's been hooked up fr a few months he finds he was married before, even if he wasn't, which is often th' case, d'ye mind. Th' first bride iv his bosom was Th' Day's Wurruk, an' it can't be put off. They're no groun's fr dissolv'n that marriage, Hinnessy. Ye can't say to th' Day's Wurruk: 'Here, take this bunch of alimony an' go on th' stage.' It turns up at breakfast, about th' fourth month afther th' weddin', and creates a scandal. Th' unforchait man tries to shoo it off, but it fixes him with its eye an' hauls him away fr'm th' bacon an' eggs, while th' lady opposite weeps an' wonders what he can see in anythin' so old an' homely. It says, 'Come with me, aroun', an' he goes. An' afther that he spins most iv his time an' often a good deal iv his money with th' enchantress.

"I tell ye what, Hinnessy, th' Day's Wurruk has broke up more happy homes thin comic opry. If th' courts wud allow it, many a woman cud get a divorce on th' groun's that her husband cared more fr his Day's Wurruk thin he did fr her. 'Hinnessy varus Hinnessy; correspondent, th' Day's Wurruk.' They'd be evidence that th' defendant was seen ridin' in a cab with th' correspondent, that he took it to a picnic, that he went to th' theatre with it, that he talked about it in his sleep, an' that, lost to all sinse iv shame, he even escorted it home with him an' intrajoiced it to his varchous wife an' innocent childher. So it don't make much difference who a man marries. If he has a job, he's safe.

"But with a woman 'tis different. Th' man puts down on'y part iv th' bet. Whin he's had enough iv th' conversation that in Union Park under th' trees med him think he was talkin' with an intelchool joyntess, all he has to do is to put on his coat, grab up his dinner pail an' go down to th' shops, to be happy though married. But a woman, I tell ye, bets all she has. A man don't have to marry, but a woman does. Ol' maids an' clergymen do th' most good in th' wuruld, an' we love thim fr th' good they do. But people, especially women, don't want to be loved that way. They want to be loved because people can't help lovin' thim no matter how bad they are.

"Th' story-books that ye give ye'er daughter Honoria all tell her 'tis just as good not to be married. She reads about how kind Dorothy was to Lulu's childher, an' she knows Dorothy was th' better woman, but she

wants to be Lulu. Her heart, an' a cold look in th' eye iv th' wuruld an' her Ma tell her to hurry up. Early in life she looks fr th' man iv her choice in th' tennis records; later she reads th' news fr'm th' militia encampment; thin she studies th' social raaygister; further on she makes herself familiar with Bradstreet's rayports, an' finally she watches th' place 'ware life preservers are hangin'.

"Now, what kind iv a man ought a woman to marry? She oughtn't to marry a young man, because she'll grow older quicker thin he will; she oughtn't to marry an old man, because he'll be much older before he's younger; she oughtn't to marry a poor man, because he may become rich an' lose her; she oughtn't to marry a rich man, because if he becomes poor she can't lose him; she oughtn't to marry a man that knows more thin she does, because he'll never fail to show it, an' she oughtn't to marry a man that knows less, because he may never catch up. But above all things she mustn't marry a janius. A fure walker, perhaps; a janius-niver.

"I tell ye this because I've been r-readin' a book Hogan give me, about th' divle's own time a janius had with his family. A cap iv industry may have throuble in his family till there isn't a whole piece iv chiny in th' cupboard, an' no wan'll be th' wiser fr it but th' hired girl an' th' doctor that paints th' black eye. But ivrybody knows what happens in a janius' house. Th' janius always tells th' bartinder. Besides, he has other janiuses callin' on him, an' 'tis business iv a janius to write about th' domestic troubles iv other janiuses so posterity'll know what a hard thing it is to be a janius an' duck. I've been readin' this book iv Hogan's, an', as I tell ye, 'tis about th' misery a wretched woman inflicted on a pote's life. 'Our hayro,' says th' author, 'at this peeryod contracted an unforchait alliance that was destined to cast a deep gloom over his career. At th' age iv fifty, afther a life devoted to th' pursuit iv such gayety as janiuses have always found nycisary to solace their avenin's, he married a young an' beautiful girl some thirty-two years his junior. This wretched crather had no appreciation iv lithrachoer or lithry men. She was frivolous an' light-minded, an' ividintly considered that cudn't be translated in to groceries.'

"Niver shall I frget th' expression iv despair on th' face iv this godlike man as he came into Casey's saloon wan starry July avenin' an' staggered into his familiar seat, holdin' in his hand a bit iv soiled paper which he tore into fragmints an' hurled into th' coal-scuttle. On that crumpled parchment findin' a sombre grave among th' disinterr'd relics iv an age long past—to wit, th' carboniferous, or coal age—was written th' iver-mim-rable pome: 'Ode to Gin.' Our frind had scribbled it hastily at th' dinner iv th' Better-thin-Shakes-

pare Club, an' had attempted to read it to his wife through th' keyhole iv her bedroom dure, an' met no response fr'm th' Blystein but a pitcher iv water through th' thransom. Forchaitly he had preserved a copy on his cuff, an' th' gem was not lost to posterity. But such was th' home life iv wan iv th' gr-ratest iv lithry masters, a man indowed be nature with all that shud make a woman adore him, as is proved be his tinder varnes: 'To Carrie,' 'To Maude,' 'To Flossie,' 'To Angebel,' 'To Quccale,' an' so forth. De Boni-poort in his cillybrated 'Mimores,' in which he tells ivrythin' unpleasent he see or heerd in his frinds' houses, gives a sthrikin' pitcher iv a scene that happened before his eyes. 'Afther a few basins iv abscenthe in th' reev gosh,' says he, 'Parnassy invited us home to dinner. Sivral iv th' bum vivonts was hard to wake up, but finally we arrived at th' handsome cellar where our gr-great frind had installed his unworthy fam-ly.

"Ivrythin' pinto to th' admirable taste fr th' thrue artist. Th' tub, th' washboard, th' biler singin' on th' fire, th' neighbor's washin' daancin' on th' clothes rack, were all in keepin' with th' best ideals iv what a pote's home shud be. Th' wife, a faded but still pretty woman, welcomed us more or less, an' with th' assistance iv sivral bottles iv paint we had brought with us, we was soon launched on a feast iv raison an' a flow iv sowl. Unhappily, before th' rraypast was concluded a mis'rable scene took place. Amid cries iv approval Parnassy read his mimrable pome, intitled: 'I wisht I niver got married.' Afther finishin' in a perfect roar iv applause, he happened to look up an' see his wife callously rockin' th' baby. With th' impetehosity so characteristic iv th' man he broke a soap plate over her head an' burst into tears on th' fure, where gentle sleep soon soothed th' pangs iv a weary heart. We left as quietly as we cud, considerin' th' way th'

chairs was placed, an' wanst under th' stars comminted on th' ir'ay iv fate that coadimned so great man to be mallaacholy a destiny.'

"This,' says our author, 'was the daily life iv th' hayro fr tin years. In what purgatory will that infamous woman suffer if Hiven thinks as much iv janiuses as we think iv ourselves. Forchaitly th' pote was soon to be mercifully relieved. He left her an' she married a boorjawce, with whom she led a life iv coarse happiness. It is sad to relate that some years aftherward th' great pote, havin' called to make a short touch on th' woman fr whom he had sacryficed so much, was unfeelingly kicked out iv th' boorjawce's plumbin' shop.'

"So ye see, Hinnessy, why a woman oughtn't to marry a janius. She can't be cross or peevish or angry or jealous or frivolous or anythin' else a woman ought to be at times fr fear it will get into th' ditch'ry iv biography, an' she'll go down to history as a termygant. A termygant, Hinnessy, is a woman who's heerd talkin' to her husband afther they've been married a year. Hogan says all janiuses was unhappily married. I guess that's thrue iv their wives, too. He says if ye hear iv a pote who got on with his family, scratch him fr'm ye'er public lib'ry list. An' there ye ar-re."

"Ye know a lot about marriage," said Mr. Hennessy.

"I do," said Mr. Dooley.

"Ye was niver married?"

"No," said Mr. Dooley. "No, I say, givin' three cheers. I know about marriage th' way an astronomer knows about th' stars. I'm studyin' it through me glass all th' time."

"Ye're an astronomer," said Mr. Hennessy; "but," he added, tapping himself lightly on the chest, "I'm a star."

"Go home," said Mr. Dooley, crossly, "before th' mornin' comes to put ye out."

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## The Wreck of the Ventnor.

The *Steering* arrived at 5.30 p.m. on Saturday and left immediately for the North to search for the missing boat. She made a zig-zag course up the coast, calling at Ahipara, communicating with Cape Maria, after a thorough search of Spirits Bay. She is due to return here about Tuesday. The weather was exceptionally fine and clear last week.

Under the present conditions a landing could be effected almost anywhere on this coast.

The *Ventnor's* men differ as to the probable fate of the missing boat. A Frenchman named Oheia says he jumped out of the captain's boat when the *Ventnor* was almost sinking, and picked up the third mate's boat. He states that all hands in the captain's boat excepting two Chinese and himself were drowned.

This statement the officers do not believe, as after the steamer sank somebody in the captain's boat called for a bailer.

However, it is considered that the captain's boat and its occupants may have been drawn under by suction and drowned.

A fireman named Van Poppel, who is amongst the missing, is said to be a Belgian nobleman.

The chief officer, Mr Cameron, interviewed, said:

The *Ventnor* left Wellington at 9.30 on Sunday week, with fine clear weather and smooth sea.

Early on Sunday afternoon the steamer cleared Cook Straits and a course was shaped to carry her five or six miles seaward of Cape Egmont.

At four o'clock I went on watch and at eight o'clock I was relieved by the third mate (Mr Ure). I gave Mr Ure the course. I told him to keep a look out for the light at the Cape towards the end of his watch. I then went below. At midnight the second officer went on watch.

At 1.30 a.m. I was awakened by a shock as if the steamer had struck on a rock. I jumped out of bunk and hurried on deck. I saw land ahead of me, and everybody was on deck.

The boats were lowered to the rail. The tanks and holds were sounded. Number one hold was found to be making water and rapidly filling. No. 2 tank was full, and the other tanks were gradually filling. There was a little water in No. 3 hold on the port side.

The pumps were ordered on No. 1 hold immediately after the boat struck and the engines were reversed.

Twelve minutes later the steamer came off the rocks. She was then put half speed, and it was decided to go on to Auckland, that port offering the best facilities for docking and repairs.

The vessel was not at this time considered in immediate danger.

All Sunday the pumps were constantly at work.

During Sunday night we found the water was gaining in No. 1 hold, and the pumps were unable to cope with the inflow. In the meantime water was gaining in No. 3 hold. Accordingly the pumps were transferred to that portion and were successful in keeping the water under.

At nine on Monday morning the vessel had travelled sixty or seventy miles at half speed since the mishap. She was steering well and the hope was yet entertained of reaching Auckland. She was now however, down by the head about five feet.

In the afternoon of Sunday water showed in the fore peak, and on the following morning the water had risen in the fore peak five feet.

The vessel was now down by the head as far as the 'tween decks, and water was also starting to show over the fore peak.

Shortly before six o'clock it was evident to all that the vessel was in great danger.

The captain altered his course and made for the land. The vessel was, however, unmanageable, and could only be driven at very slow speed.

The danger of the position was pointed out to the men by the cap-

tain, but all decided to stick to the ship.

Land was sighted forty miles south of Hokianga at 2 p.m. on Sunday.

Water was now beginning to wash freely about the decks, which were flush with the sea.

About five o'clock the boats were all provisioned and the men ordered to stand by them ready to let go.

About ten miles off Hokianga Heads the engines were stopped.

It was decided to wait till daylight if the vessel remained buoyant and then endeavour to go ahead.

Towards nine o'clock, however, the vessel commenced settling fast, and her main deck was almost under water.

Half an hour later all hands were ordered into the boats, and the five boats were manned.

Just about this time the side lights disappeared while the boats were still alongside, and two minutes later

Previous to the sinking of the steamer the captain stood on the port side, leaning over the rail. He said, "Shove off, boys." The vessel was then well under water.

That was the last seen of the captain by the mate. He walked round the deck house to the other side of the steamer, where two boats were.

The third mate told me that he and the captain jumped overboard together.

Thereafter there seems to be a conflict of opinion as to what occurred. That the davits struck the captain's boat, which capsized.

The third mate's boat got clear and subsequently three men were picked up by the latter. Somebody was heard to call out for a bucket, but no cry for help was heard. The third mate's boat was twenty yards off when the *Ventnor* sank. Her crew sighted Hokianga light about two o'clock in the morning. They had a fearful battle in the breakers and on the bar inside the Heads. They discerned a light burning on the shore, and on landing found the small boat's crew were already ashore. They had lighted a fire and several ladies were assisting boiling coffee and drying clothes. It was about 5.30 a.m. when the third mate's boat landed, the other boat, which was a smaller one, anticipating them by half an hour. The third boat was picked up by the *Energy* ten miles north of the Heads.

Another statement is to the effect that the captain and second officer remained on deck when the steamer sank.

The second engineer, Mr Baillie, states:—After pumping several hours we found it impossible to control the water in No. 1 hold. The pumps were changed to No. 3 hold, and soon had it dry. All Monday the ship kept going half speed. Although Nos. 2, 3 and 4 holds were kept dry the water reached its own level in No. 1 hold during the afternoon. There was no change in our condition throughout the night. At daylight matters began to assume a serious state. Shortly before four o'clock I found No. 2 hold was making water, and with every hour past the angle of the deck became greater.

The leak must have increased much between eight and nine o'clock. The deck was full of water, and the steamer seemed to have lost buoyancy.

When the boats pushed off the side lights became submerged. When we were twenty yards off the steamer disappeared.

The sight was an awful one. The water gradually rose over the deck to the stoke hole, when the stern lifted, rising quicker and quicker till the steamer stood upright. Three or four seconds later she sank, with a weird, whizzing sound, accompanied by a jet of flame from the funnel.

The men were somewhat short of clothing. On landing the greater part of the day was spent before a log fire on the beach.

The course laid by the captain was the same usually set, but the tide and current caused the steamer to drift on the rocks.

Mr Baillie is of opinion that the steamer's bottom was completely perforated by striking on the rocks, and that her tanks alone kept her afloat for a considerable time before she foundered.

Arrangements have been made for the crew of the *Ventnor* to leave for Onehunga by the *Gairloch* on Tuesday.

The officers say very little with reference to the time when the men

were ordered to man the boats. The crew state that the stern of the steamer had risen out of the water when the order was given that the boats should be manned on Tuesday afternoon, as the steamer was then ready to sink.

A Frenchman named Oheia, the look-out man, states that he saw the land a little before the steamer struck the point. The light was not discernible, being low.

On Friday last there arrived in Auckland twenty-three passengers and crew, including the chief officer, Mr Cameron, and the second engineer, Mr D. Baillie, who, in addition to the third officer, third engineer and two men already here, are the only survivors from the wreck of the steamer *Ventnor*, which foundered off Hokianga Heads on Tuesday of last week. At nine o'clock yesterday morning the crew left Opononi, Hokianga, in the Northern S.S. Company's steamer *Gairloch*, and after a pleasant trip down the coast arrived at Onehunga at seven this morning, the journey thence to town being made by rail. During their stay at Hokianga the men were hospitably treated by Mrs Bryers and family, and on the whole their stay at Omapers was an enjoyable one. The officers are staying at the *Waverley Hotel*, and arrangements have been made for the crew to put up at the *Sailors' Home*.

None of the surviving officers, with the exception of the third engineer, who was below in the engine room, were on watch at the time the *Ventnor* struck on the reef running out from Cape Egmont, and as naturally they will not now speak of that which they did not see, their opinion will be obtained only at the nautical inquiry to be held shortly at either Auckland or Wellington. As stated in a previous issue, a course calculated to carry the steamer five or six miles to seaward of the cape was laid down by Captain Ferry the evening before the vessel struck, and it has since been stated that but for the setting in of a strong tide and current the accident would never have occurred. Twelve minutes after the vessel struck soundings were taken, and it was found that she had made very little water, and the fact was conveyed to the crew, who were also informed that should the water rise to any alarming extent within the next twenty-four hours all hands would be ordered to the boats.

If a statement made by one of the crew can be relied on the captain evidently did not consider the vessel in any immediate danger, as he is reported to have given it as his intention to make for Hong Kong, the original port of destination. However, after conferring with his officers, the captain decided to come on to Auckland, as he considered this the nearest port at which the vessel could be docked and repaired at reasonable cost. Some people have gone so far as to state that the captain was guilty of an error in judgment in deciding on Auckland. Questioned on this point the officers, while refusing to give a direct answer, stated that they were quite certain the captain did what was best under the circumstances, adding that there might be reasons of which the public are entirely ignorant for the captain's decision to come to this port. Both officers and men speak appreciatively of the good seamanlike qualities of their skipper, and are assured that he did all that lay in his power to save his ship, at the same time paying due precaution for the safety of all on board.

When off Hokianga Heads on Tuesday morning it was apparent to all on board that the vessel had but a short time to float. The crew approached Captain Ferry and asked him to beach the steamer, she being then waterlogged and her propeller almost out of the water, making her unmanageable. The captain seemed to think the proposal a feasible one, but being yet determined that nothing should be left undone to save his vessel he accordingly put to sea. Nine or ten miles off the land the engines stopped. It was his intention to lay by till the morning, and if the watertight bulkheads then showed no signs of giving away to resume the voyage to Auckland. The ill-fated steamer, as is well known, sank that same night.

Throughout the day the bulkheads were expected to give way at any

moment, and the crew were assembled aft in readiness to take to the boats. The tanks fore and aft were full of water, while No. 1 hold forward was also flooded. No. 2 hold and the two after holds were practically dry, and had this condition of things lasted it was confidently expected that port would yet be made in safety. About four o'clock in the afternoon the bulkheads commenced to leak, and at 8.30 they gave way completely.

In an amazingly short space of time the *Ventnor* sank from view. The suction caused by the sinking of the vessel was a source of great danger to the occupants in the small boats. The chief officer's boat, with thirteen men, and one of the smaller boats, which should have been in charge of the second mate, with four men, two firemen and two sailors, were successful in pulling away some 15 or 20yds before the steamer sank. The other two boats were less fortunate. The third mate's boat with seven men, just pushed off as the vessel was disappearing, and the captain's boat, which held 10 men, from all account was still alongside when the *Ventnor* took the final plunge. It is presumed the latter boat was capsized by the steamer's davits striking her gunwale. That subsequently the third mate's boat and the captain's boat were in close proximity is evidenced by the fact that two Chinese, who could not swim, floated alongside the former and were picked up, as was also a Frenchman. A voice which is said to have been the third engineer's, was heard to cry out for a bucket. After that all is a blank, and the officers and crew themselves consider that the boat was drawn in by the suction, and her occupants drowned. Of the other boats two effected a landing inside Hokianga Heads at Omapers Beach between two and three o'clock the following morning, and strange to say the smaller boat, which was navigated by seamen only, was the first to touch on dry land, anticipating the larger boat in charge of the first mate by about half an hour. The third mate's boat missed the Hokianga light, and was picked up at ten by the little steamer *Energy*, and also landed at Omapers. Three old and decrepit Chinamen were boarded at the Opononi Hotel, the others putting up at Mrs. Bryers' boarding-house, Omapers.

Of the three crews, the third mate's had probably the most trying experience. Being late in leaving the side of the sinking steamer they had to pull for their lives to escape destruction in the whirling waters, and to make matters worse one of the oars snapped at the critical moment. With but three oars they managed to pilot the boat out of reach of the troublesome waters. It was found that a considerable quantity of water had got on board, the boat being then half full, and the sea was almost flush with the topsides. The boat continued making water, and in this predicament a course was shaped for land. The bailer was incessantly in use, and, with only two oars the crew rowed doggedly on. They suffered greatly from privation and cold, and when picked up were completely exhausted. The courage and determination of the third mate, the officer in charge, is spoken highly of by the men.

Mr. Martin, the harbourmaster at Hokianga Heads, saw the *Ventnor* off the coast during the afternoon, and he then realised that she was in a sinking condition. Throughout the night a sharp look-out was kept, but the two red lights, the signal that a boat is foundering, were not exhibited. A steamboat was in readiness at the Heads, and would have gone out to render assistance if the signal had been hoisted. It appears that the lights were ordered to be hoisted at the masthead, but from the excitement of the moment or some other cause this was not obeyed.

In the early part of last year the *Ventnor* struck on an outlying reef in the Japanese islands, and 40 plates were considerably damaged. No. 1 hold rapidly filled with water, and in the after-hold a large quantity of water was pumped to sink the propeller. She was taken to the nearest port and docked for repairs; the estimated cost of which was £4000.

## The Wine Industry.

ENCOURAGING PROSPECTS AT  
WAIRANGI.

Signor Bragato, Government Viticulturist, has arrived from Auckland to consult the heads of the Agricultural Department respecting the erection of buildings on the Government experimental farm at Wairangi, Waikato, in connection with the manufacture of wine from grapes grown on the estate. An inspection of the proposed building shows that it is most up-to-date in every respect, and Signor Bragato has brought all his experience to bear in making provision for an establishment which should adequately meet the requirements of what he asserts will be one of the most thriving industries in the colony. Signor Bragato anticipates having everything in full swing for the next vintage. He says that this season's vintage from the farm promises to be the largest yet obtained from it, and is confident that the quality of the wine will exceed that of the best imported brands. Wine manufactured from last season's vintage realised 15/ per gallon. Signor Bragato speaks enthusiastically of the adaptability of Auckland as a great wine-producing district, and declares that when once he has got everything into apple-pie order connoisseurs will readily accept the colonial manufactured wines in preference to those from elsewhere. In his opinion the vineyards in the North Island are now almost free from disease, though precautions are necessary to keep it down.

## Fruit Pulp Shipments.

With the object of encouraging the preparation of fruit pulp for export, the Agricultural Department sent Home a trial shipment at its own expense. Evidently the result has been satisfactory, for an order has come from Messrs Weddell and Co., a well known English firm of produce dealers, for a supply of pulp. The firm, in a letter to the Department dated September 23, says: "We are receiving so many enquiries for raspberry pulp all over the country that we have found it necessary to have some definite understanding as to whether New Zealand could ship again this season. Your cabled quotation £26 10/ showed a pretty stiff advance on previous quotations ruling, still we think that this price will be obtained, or even more. The difficulty in placing pulp, of course, was the question in giving a guarantee as to quality. One or two of the largest buyers wanted some understanding on this point. Pulp will have to come along on consignment for some time until confidence in the condition of parcels upon arrival has been established. Shipments of Tasmanian black currant and raspberry pulp are on this market, but, although of fair quality, do not give satisfactory results for high class jams, for the reason that they are packed in tins, and, we fear, not the highest quality of tin plates at that. We find that the largest and best makers here will not use pulps packed in tins. After consultation we have come to the conclusion that the best means of packing for export from your colony would be claret or port wine casks. We have no doubt that we will find satisfactory markets during the next twelve months." As a result of this correspondence, it is understood that the Motueka Fruit Syndicate is sending Home some 50 tons of pulp within a few days.

## Nostalgia.

Nostalgia is not an English word. Unfortunately we have no word in our language which conveys precisely the same meaning, hence its use in this place. "Home-sickness" won't do, for that may be taken to signify disgust with one's home and a desire to leave it, whereas nostalgia means the longing or pining for one's original home and a renewal of the sweet companionship of "the old familiar faces." Nostalgia is very prevalent in all newly-settled countries, but its symptoms are not defined with sufficient clearness to allow of its classification as a distinct ailment. Like other forms of mental worry, it not unfrequently produces suffering of a kind with which everybody is more or less familiar.

When two years ago Mr. T. Blamires, of 46, Jeffrey's-street, North Shore, Sydney, N.S.W., began to suffer from indigestion, had it been possible for him to have inhaled the delightful sea breezes of Scarborough and feasted his eyes on the fresh greenness of the Yorkshire hills, he would doubtless have escaped much, but not all, of the misery attending that complaint. But Mr Blamires' duty kept him far from his native England. "While in Queensland during June, 1900," says Mr Blamires, "my occupation obliged me to constantly travel through the bush districts of that State. The coarse fare provided at the bush hotels, combined with the strain and worry inseparable from travelling through those thinly populated districts, disordered my system and brought on a severe attack of indigestion. For several months I suffered greatly from that dreadful malady, some of my symptoms being distension of the stomach after eating, gnawing pains at the chest, palpitation of the heart, and occasional attacks of diarrhoea alternating with

periods of constipation, resulting generally in extreme nervous debility. I was advised to try the hot water cure, and did so, but found it powerless to benefit me; and the numerous mixtures prescribed by various doctors and chemists which I took from time to time were attended with no better results. At one time I feared that I was suffering from heart disease, and to satisfy myself on that important point I consulted a doctor in Brisbane. After studying my case with great thoroughness, the Brisbane doctor asserted that my heart was not affected and that my trouble was a severe attack of indigestion. His diagnosis was correct, yet his treatment entirely failed to touch my complaint.

"While I was in this deplorable state of health, several persons advised me to try Mother Siegel's Curative Syrup, stating that they had themselves been cured of indigestion by it; but for a long time I gave little heed to what they said, preferring, if possible, to find a remedy in my own way. When, however, by repeated failures it became clear that I was unable to do this, I determined to give Mother Siegel's Curative Syrup a trial. With no great hope of any better result than had attended my former efforts, I bought a bottle from a storekeeper, and after taking a few doses of it was agreeably surprised to find that it was doing me good. Rejoiced at this unexpected good fortune, I determined to continue its use, but found by the time I had taken four bottles I was thoroughly cured of my trouble and felt like a new man. In all honesty and with the utmost confidence I heartily recommend Mother Siegel's Curative Syrup to all who suffer from indigestion and its kindred complaints. My business occasions me to travel extensively throughout the Australian States, and since my experience of its efficacy, I should be sorry ever to be unprovided with it." More convincing testimony than that of this genial Yorkshireman it would be hard indeed to find.

Clarke's B & L Pills are warranted to cure Gravel, Pains in the back, and all kindred complaints. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 50 years. In boxes of 50 each, of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln England.



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*A & F Pears Ltd.*

# CHRISTMAS NUMBER New Zealand Graphic



This year's Christmas Number of the "Graphic" is the **LARGEST, MOST PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED** and **MOST ARTISTICALLY FINISHED CHRISTMAS ANNUAL** that has yet been published in the Colonies. It contains

==== **SIXTY-EIGHT PAGES** ====

and is full of interesting reading appropriate to a publication that seeks to be a reflection of the most picturesque phases of New Zealand life.

## THE COLOURED SUPPLEMENT

# "At the Empire's Call,"

Is a HISTORIC PICTURE,

**DEPICTING THE DEPARTURE OF A NEW ZEALAND CONTINGENT FOR THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.**

THIS MAGNIFICENT COLOURED PLATE, measures 3 ft. 3 in. x 1 ft. 6 in., and is printed in Nine Colours,

The illustrated portion of the issue has

# OVER FORTY PAGES OF PICTURES

Two-Double-Page Illustrations.

One Hundred and Thirty Pictures.

- A New Zealand Santa Claus**—One of the happiest ideas for a frontispiece, being a charming Native and European child study.
- Christmas: The Old and the New**—A very effective combination of the snowy Christmas in the Old Country and the sunny Christmas season here. An ideal Christmas card.
- A Typical Bush Home**—A beautiful photograph of a settler's home in the half-cleared bush.
- Boxing Day in New Zealand**—A series of pictures representing the holiday-making crowds crowding aboard excursion steamers, sailing in yachts or picnicking on Boxing Day.
- Ancient Carvings**—Some unique specimens of old Maori carving.
- The Greatest Geyser in the World**—A series of pictures showing the Waimangu Geyser in its most effective aspects, the weird surroundings of the valley, tourists cooking breakfast in the boiling soil—a strange sight—and a record eruption of the giant. A graphic description of the geyser in eruption accompanies the pictures, which are most striking.
- The Sportsman's Paradise**—Scenes representing trout fishing in Southern and Northern streams, ladies at the gentle craft, pheasant shooting, etc., with letterpress.
- A New Zealand Sheep Station**—All the operations of a sheep station described in pastoral pictures of much beauty.
- Among the Southern Lakes**—The scenery of the South Island lakeland is distinctly different from the softer glories of the Northern lakes. The Christmas "Graphic" contains a selection of some of the most beautiful lake scenery in the South.
- Before the Pakeha Came**—Fine art engraving.
- Camping Out Scenes**—The pleasures of camping out in summer time in different parts of New Zealand are shown in a series of views.
- Wellington: The Empire City**—An entirely new view of the capital, showing it off to much advantage.
- Auckland: The Queen of the North**—Hitherto unpublished views of the Northern city, taken since the recent improvements. A picture Aucklanders should send home.
- Napier**—The picturesque capital of the East Coast.
- By Mountain, Stream and Sea**—A selection of twelve of the most attractive bits of scenery in the two islands. Views typical of New Zealand at its best.

- The Kings of the Forest**—Fine pictures of the kauri industry, comprising a photograph of one of the oldest kauris in the North; scenes at the lumber booms, with over a million feet of logs ready to be swept down; logs coming over the Waitara Falls; a bush fire, etc.
- Mountaineering in New Zealand**—Pictures of climbers negotiating the most dangerous ascents in the Southern Alps.
- A Great Maori Regatta**—Fine panorama of the Ngarawahia Regatta, showing the river packed with native canoes and the shore thick with spectators.
- Maori Land's Hot Water Babies**—Entirely new and striking pictures of native child life in the Hot Lakes district, including diving at Whakarewarewa, bathing in the warm pools and dandling juvenile haka. Connoisseurs in native customs have pronounced these pictures as unique.
- The Burial Caves of Rotoliti**—On the shores of this lovely lake a number of burial caves have been discovered within the last few months. The "Graphic" deals with these pictorially.
- Tapu**—Descriptions and illustrations of some of the most sacred things of the Maori, such as the sacred Matai, the tapu burial water of Roteshu, the sacred flax bush, Te Matau-tonga, etc. Some of these pictures appear for the first time in the "Graphic," for which they were specially taken.
- Shark Fishing**—A most interesting picture of shark fishing off the New Zealand coast, with a splendid photograph of one of the monsters just caught, by H. Winkelmann.
- A Great Maori Feast**—Another unique picture, showing the barbaric plenty—sacks of potatoes, dozens of dead pigs and scores of bank notes, all in one mixed heap—at one of the great Maori feasts held recently.
- Deer Stalking in New Zealand**—A beautiful sylvan scene, entitled "A Long Shot."
- Yachting in Auckland Harbour**—One of the most comprehensive yachting pictures ever published.
- Scenes in Fiji**—Tropic landscapes representative of the beauty of these islands our neighbours, and perhaps one day to be united politically to us.
- Golddigging in the North**—A characteristic scene.
- An Island Home**—Large composite picture, measuring 21 in. x 13 in. Suitable for framing.
- The Old Order Changeth**—A very beautiful double-page engraving. Would make a fine picture in a frame. It measures 21 in. x 13 in.

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Special attention is paid to giving the Boys a thoroughly practical scientific education, and for this purpose the new Laboratories, consisting of a Suite of four rooms—Chemical, Physical, and Optical Laboratories, and Furnace Room — have been built. A Three years' course has been laid down, and includes General Science, Analyzing, Hydrostatics, Heat, Light, and Electricity, all of which work is taught by means of Experiments done by the Boys themselves under the supervision of the Science Master, Mr Arthur Flugg, B.Sc., late Science Master of Archbishop Holgate's School, York.

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Further information is contained in the Prospectus, which may be obtained by application to King's College, or Messrs Upton and Co., Queen-street.

Telephone 384.

**Stamp Collecting.**

St. Lucia has issued 4d lilac and green, and 1d lilac and crimson, with the King's head on them, same type as the Gold Coast.

The new 10 cents in red on 16 cent black North Borneo stamp, the 10 cent grey lilac and brown, and 18 cent brown and green have appeared over printed "British Protectorate."

The first half-penny stamp used in the Falkland Islands was made by splitting the 1d claret diagonally and surcharging each half with 1/2 in black. Before 1891 no halfpenny stamps were required by the Falkland Islanders.

Evidently thrift is not encouraged in Grimsby. A fish dealer in the town used three halfpenny stamps which had previously passed through the post. The object was to save three halfpence, but the fine inflicted by the court was £31 10/.

The 6d blue Orange River Colony has been surcharged E.R.I. This is the first of the Orange River E.R.I. issue. The 1d, 1d and 2 1/2d values are made by surcharging Cape stamps so as to conform to Postal Union requirements as regards colour.

In Jamaica prior to 1871 it was permissible to cut the penny blue stamp in halves and use the pieces as half-penny stamps. This was officially decreed in the Government Gazette in 1861.

The following Mauritius stamps have been overprinted: Postage and revenue, 540,000 of 4 cents. (arms type); 180,000 of 6 cent ditto; 256,000 of 15 cent ditto; 73,506 of 25 cent. (Queen's head type); 54,540 of 50 cents ditto; and 8400 of 2r 50c (Queen's head type).

As far back as 1841 the following advertisement appeared in the London "Times":—"A young lady, being desirous of covering her dressing room with cancelled postage stamps, has been so far encouraged in her wish by private friends as to have succeeded in collecting 16,000. These, however, being insufficient, she will be greatly obliged if any good natured person who may have these (otherwise useless) little articles at their disposal would assist her in her whimsical project. Address to E. D. Mr Butt's, Glover, Leadenhall-street; or Mr Marshall's, Jeweller, Hackney."

"Pearson's Weekly" tells the following story about the 1 cent. (1856) British Guiana, of which Mons. Ferrary is believed to possess the only surviving specimen:—"A copy of this valuable scrap of paper was the direct cause of a terrible tragedy in America. Two ardent stamp collectors were out together searching through the old curiosity shops in Chicago when one of them alighted upon a fine specimen exposed for sale in the window of an antique furniture shop. He bought it for twenty-five cents. The same evening his friend offered him twenty-five dollars (\$25). This the owner refused, and the other seizing the poker from the grate threatened to kill him unless he gave him the stamp. His friend thought he was joking, but the next moment he was lying on the floor with a fractured skull. One tiny drop of blood fell upon the stamp on the table."

The straight label issue of Portugal (1870) were in use for over twenty years, consequently the repeated printings resulted in a variety of shades. The minerals denoting values were put into the die by means of plugs, consequently there are a variety of types. In 1881 hard crisp white wove paper of medium thickness was introduced. After 1881 thicker and stouter paper was introduced, absolutely white, and covered

with a glazed surface. In 1886 the whole issues, with the exception of the 10 rias and 20 rias, were reprinted for the Berns Congress held at Lisbon that year. These stamps are, however, without the chalk surface, which is fortunate, as it enables them to be easily distinguished from the original prints. The reprints were not, however, gummed, but a great number got into wrong hands and were fraudulently gummed, some of the higher values passing through the post.

Stamp collectors, who are numerous in the colony, will be interested to hear of a great stamp auction which took place at Berlin the other day. There were buyers from all parts of the world. Many of the best stamps came to England. A three lire Tuscan was bought by a London collector for £45. The oldest Roumanian stamp, the 27 paras black on pale pink of 1858, went for £23. A British Guiana, No. 10, £11 10/; two British Columbia, No. 7, A and 10 A, £13 10/. Good prices were also paid for collections. A small one of Europe went for £57 10/. Two collections of 47 and 48 stamps each got £10, and one of 135 stamps £7 10/. A Morocco collection was sold for £6 4/, an Ecuador collection, jubilee, £2 15/; several collections of Philippines, £21 12/; a collection of Turkish stamps was bought for £10.

The German postal museum has just paid £1875 for the 2d blue Mauritius. This is about the highest price ever paid for a single stamp. It is to be hoped that when the Government museum is started in New Zealand a stamp collection will be added. New Zealand has many minor varieties of stamps, which it would be well to have included in a specialised collection. Already the first issue of New Zealand pictorial stamps is quoted at high rates, which points to the necessity of a Government collection being formed as soon as possible. A grant of money would be required to purchase specimens of previous issue so as to bring the collection from the first up to date. Fortunately, to do this, would not at present require very heavy expenditure, as the highest quotation is the 2d lilac-blue of

1862-63, no watermark, unperfected, and of pelure paper, which is now worth £9 unused. Then there is the 1/ deep green, perforated 13, quoted at £6, and several others at from £4 to £5 each. As stamps go, these are reasonable prices, and it would still be possible to have a complete set of New Zealand. To these might be added the Cook Islands' penny brown, with the Crown surcharge, and the varieties of Niue and Pearnby Island surcharges on New Zealand stamps. As fresh issues appear the collection could be added to at little cost, and would still be increasing in value, while it would be of great use to philatelists in studying the various issues of this colonies stamps.

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# CHILDREN'S PAGE.

## How Rob Won.

### A STORY OF AN AMERICAN BOY.

Rob, the new boy in school, stood irresolute. With scarlet cheeks, dilating nostrils, and fists tightly clenched, he stood, the centre of a group of his schoolmates. Buck Clark, a boy of his own size, with coat and vest off and sleeves rolled up, blocked Rob's homeward way.

"Put up your fists and fight. What're ye 'fraid of?" sneered Buck.

"I have already told you that I do not care to fight," Rob answered.

"You're a coward, that's what's the matter with you. Take that and that to remember me by," said Buck as he struck at Rob.

"Leave him alone, Buck; you're always picking a fight," interposed an older boy.

The little boys standing about on the outskirts of the crowd, whooped and shouted. "Fraid cat, 'fraid cat—Buck can lick you with one hand tied behind him—cowardly calf, cowardly calf?"

Stung by these taunts, Rob said: "I would fight soon enough, but I promised my mother I wouldn't, and a McArthur never breaks his word." Then, lowering his voice and unclenching his fists at the thought of his mother, he added, "She isn't very strong and I'm all she's got. I don't like you boys to think I'm a coward, but I promised her I wouldn't fight and I won't."

"Girly boy. Tied to his mother's apron string. Where's your sun-bonnet, boss?" derisively hooted the small boys.

Rob, raising his head very high, apparently unmindful of the jeers and taunts flung at him, brushed Buck to one side and started homeward.

"Buck, you had better be a little careful which way you stroke that new boy's fur," said one of the older boys. "He could lick you if he wanted to."

"Oh, he's strong all right, but he hasn't any sand. He's a coward," answered Buck.

"That's what he is," chimed in several of Buck's supporters.

The next few weeks were hard weeks for Rob. Buck Clark and his crowd made the boy's life miserable by all the petty annoyances they could devise; but Rob had good Scotch grit and though his eyes flashed and his fists involuntarily clenched at times, he kept the promise he had given. At home a frail and gentle little mother greeted him lovingly, smoothing his brow with her soft and gentle hand or caressing his wavy brown hair. Not for words would Rob let his mother know by word or sign how much it was costing him to keep his promise. "Ah, Rob, my laddie, you are such a comfort to me, so tender, so thoughtful, and so manly. How proud your father would be of you, laddie; you are his very picture. God grant you may be as strong and brave and true as he."

Rob had all an active, growing boy's interest and curiosity in his new surroundings. He had come from an eastern state, and until his arrival in Butte a few months previous, he had never seen a mine or a smelter. Rob spent all his spare time visiting the mines and prospect holes near his home. One Saturday afternoon he went down in the cage at the Alice to the thousand foot level. It seemed like a page out of a fairy book to see men nearly a quarter of a mile beneath the surface of the earth, picking, drilling and blasting in the different drifts and tunnels. Rob was all the more attracted to mining as his uncle had been foreman in a mine for many years, until he had been killed by the premature discharge of a blast a short time before they came to Butte. This uncle had left his property to Rob's mother; it consisted of a house and lot, a few hundred dollars in the bank, and several thousand shares in a mine, which in its early days had given promise of being a rich silver producer. Grossly incompetent management, coupled with the fact that the expensive machinery must be purchased to keep the shaft free from water, led to the temporary closing of the mine. Then the shares, which had been quoted at nearly par, could be had for a few cents.

Rob's mother brought the certificates of stock out to Rob one day.

## COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have not written to you lately, because I did not know if we were going to get the "Graphic" any more, but I thought I would write and tell you why it is you haven't had a letter from me. If we do get it, I hope you will let me write again, Cousin Kate. I have read some grand books lately; "The Caged Lion," by Charlotte Yonge, is very good, all about Henry V. of England and James I. of Scotland; "We Two," by Edna Lyall—it is a beautiful story; Luke Rastburn, the atheist, is a grand character. "A Corner of the West" is a pretty story, though there is not much in it. I am reading George Elliot's "Romola" now; I think you told me to a long time ago. There is to be a tableau at the yearly bazaar soon, and it consists mostly of girls, who represent England's possessions, dressed in a characteristic way of the country they represent; I am Ireland and have to wear some shamrocks on a white dress—not forgetting the four-leafed one. I have been promised a canary when the bird brings them out, but a few days ago she scratched out the eggs and broke them, so I was "counting my chickens—rather crazies—before they were hatched." I hope she will sit again soon; they are supposed to lay three times a year. I have planted some white lilac plants, and although this is not the proper time to move them, they are growing; whether they flower, however, is another thing. I love lilac, don't you, Cousin Kate? Roses are coming out in quantities now; the rose season seems the best part of the year to me, because the flowers are so lovely. The Bishop's examination comes off on Sunday week, and we are all pleased it is earlier this year, because it was so fearfully hot before. I don't think it will be the same thing, not having the prize from Bishop Cowie. I hope you will still let me make something for the Maori girls' bazaar, even if it is only a scrap-book. A few schoolgirls have given me pictures for it, so I hope it will be a good one. I do not know how to send it to you, though. I have no more to tell you, so will say good-bye, with love, from Cousin Alison.

[Dear Cousin Alison,—I shall be very sorry if you do not continue to write letters, as yours have always had a special interest for me. You are fond of reading, and so am I, so that makes a bond of sympathy. I have a small lilac bush out, and it smells just delicious. I have never seen a white one in New Zealand, but we had lovely ones at Home. Thank you very much for saying you will make a scrap-book. I shall be delighted to have it for the bazaar. Hoping to hear from you soon, Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I feel ashamed of myself for not writing, because I take such a long time. I went to play with my cousins on Sunday, and had such lovely fun. My sister could not write, as she had a bad headache. I must say good-bye, because I must go to bed.—Cousin Alice.

[Dear Cousin Alice.—Thank you very much for your letter, which I was very glad to get. I am sorry

your sister was ill and hope she is all right by this time. Have we not had lovely weather lately?—Cousin Kate.]

## Two Dogs and Some Geese.

A goose is no fool, and still less is a gander. He will remember a kindness and revenge an injury; he is courageous; he has an immense sense of humour, although it chiefly shows itself, writes a contributor to "Our Four-Footed Friends," in a rather deplorable fondness for practical jokes.

We had at the ranch a little dog, Roxy by name, very round and fat, and unfortunately very near-sighted. He used to be called to his supper about the time the geese are called to theirs. He had to go through the garden gate to get his supper, while the geese take theirs outside.

Now the gander, a most observant bird, was not long in noticing the fact of Roxy's appearance simultaneously with his own, and at once proceeded to utilise his discovery. He arranged his harem in two lines on each side of the gate and leading thereto.

Not dreaming of harm, the trustful Roxy trotted briskly between the lines, and there made his fatal error. The first goose nipped him as only a goose can, then the opposite goose, and so on alternately. The unhappy dog ran a regular Indian gauntlet, getting finally through the gate and howling with anguish. Then the geese gave vent to shrieks of demonic laughter, long and loud. The joke was too good for words.

Three times did the wretched Roxy fall a victim to the wiles of his enemy, till finally he would stop short, raise one paw, regard his tormentors more in sorrow than in anger, and run around to the other side of the garden, where a friendly hole in the fence gave him entrance.

Roxy died full of years and experience, and was succeeded by a pug who thought his chief duty in life was to rush upon the geese unexpectedly, and drive them from their supper. He was an immense success till his fate overtook him. One ever-to-be-remembered afternoon he tackled the gander and seized him by the tail.

The gander immediately made for the pond, half-running and half-flying, but with such speed that the astonished pug did not dare to let go. The feathers were strong, and the dog performed most of the transit in the air. When the pond was reached, the gander, with undiminished speed, reached the middle, where the pug got a chance to let go, and struck out for the shore.

The avenger of blood was behind him, and before he reached land he was the recipient of the most scientific, broad-minded and colossal thrashing an offending creature ever endured. A sad little dog reached the shore, where he sat down and lifted up his voice and wept. He has not thought it for his interest to meddle with the geese since.



## 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 8 years of age. This is open to cousins over 13 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 8 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?

saying, "Here, laddie, you are so much interested in mines, you may have these shares for your very own." Rob was very anxious to visit "his mine," as he termed it, so the following Saturday his mother put up a good lunch for him, and cautioning him to be very careful, she let him visit it. After a brisk walk of several miles and a stiff climb up the mountain side, he reached the abandoned mine. The shaft house was standing and appeared to be in good condition. The long dump of grey ore from the mine extended along the hillside, and the dump car, red with rust, was still on the track.

After investigating the outside thoroughly, Rob climbed through one of the windows to explore the interior of the shaft house. The machinery had been removed, all was confusion and disorder, bits of candle, well-worn oilskins and ore-stained overalls littered the floor. He peered down the dark mouth of the shaft. The ladder extended as far as he could see. Picking up a fragment of rock he dropped it down the shaft. After a short interval he heard the splash of the rock as it struck the water far below. He had not been in the shaft house long before he heard a muffled report down the mountain side in the direction of the tunnel. Wondering who could be blasting there, he hurried out of the shaft house and down the mountain side. When he arrived at the mouth of the tunnel, he peered in, but saw and heard nothing. In another moment he was startled by a loud report close at hand. Looking around hastily, he saw Buck Clark lowering an old army musket from his shoulder. Rob called out: "What are you shooting at?" Buck glanced quickly around at him and answered, "A jack rabbit. That's the second shot I've had at him, but I missed him both times." Putting the gun over his shoulder he joined Rob and glanced into the tunnel. "I'll back you out going in there," he said. Rob looked in doubtfully and answered, "I would kind of like to go in, but mother told me to be careful about going into dangerous places."

"Huh! When you're afraid to do anything, your mother is a pretty good excuse. What are you afraid of, anyway? There ain't no danger. I guess the trouble is it's pretty dark and sloppy and you haven't got the nerve to go in. Huh, before I'd be such a coward I'd wear dresses and play with a doll." Buck looked contemptuously at Rob. Rob flushed scarlet, but he gave no other sign of resentment.

"Maybe there is no danger after all. We will go to the end of the tunnel, come on," Rob said quietly.

Near the entrance a miner's candlestick with a few inches of candle in it was found stuck in one of the side timbers. Rob pulled it loose, and, protecting the candle from the draught, lit it. Buck hid his gun in the bushes near the tunnel, and the boys started in. Water seeped from the roof and trickled through the side timbers. The footboard was wet and slippery. The smell of mould, of dampness and rotting wood, peculiar to abandoned mines and tunnels, pervaded the place. Attached to the timbers overhead and on both sides were beautiful snow-white fungus growths, which the flickering gleam of the moving candle brought to ghostlike relief against the blackness of the wet and sodden timbers, like dim wraiths of the wildflowers abloom on the hillside above.

As the boys advanced, the trickle of water became more noticeable, and in places the plank underfoot was afloat. Several hundred feet from the entrance they came to a place where some of the timber overhead had rotted away, exposing the earth. Seeing a shiny bit of ore overhanging, Buck picked up a fragment of the fallen timber and dislodged it. Several bushels of loosened earth fell with it. Rob stopped, and by the uncertain light of the candle the two examined it. Rob, who was always on the alert to find a good specimen of wire-silver, examined it critically. "It's pyrites of iron, ain't it?" he asked. "Yes," Buck answered, "it's pretty enough, but not of any value. I know a place where there is any amount of such 'fool's gold' as this."

Throwing the specimen down, they pressed on, picking their way carefully over the slippery and uncertain footing by the dim light of their candle. A few score yards farther on they stopped to examine a

curious growth of fungus. White doing so they heard the sound of breaking timbers, and then a terrific crash. Turning quickly toward the source of the sound they found the little square of daylight that marked the entrance to the tunnel blotted out. A momentary panic seized both of the boys, and in blind, unreasoning terror they rushed back the way they had come. Stumbling and falling they ran on till a pile of freshly fallen earth blocked their further flight. Buck, with shrill cries of fear, like an imprisoned animal, furiously attacked the mass of earth. Rob, his momentary panic over, said, "Take it cool, Buck, it will take us both a good many hours, and maybe days, to move that dirt back out of the way."

Buck, realising how futile his efforts were, stopped and began to sob. Perhaps it was because he lacked the higher form of moral courage Rob possessed, or it may be he knew better than Rob the danger of their situation and the hopelessness of their being rescued, that caused him to break down and lose his nerve. "Don't worry, Buck," said Rob, "we can dig out of this in a day or two, and even if we can't we shall be missed and the searching parties will probably look in here. Brace up and don't cry." With their hands and bits of timber which they wrenched from the wall they dug at the mass of earth for hours, but their progress was pitifully slow.

While they were digging another small cave-in occurred, burying Buck completely from sight. Rob fell to work frantically and dug him out. A large piece of rock had fallen on Buck's hand, making a painful bruise. The earth overhead, saturated with the water seeping through it, needed but little encouragement to fall. Fearful lest a more extensive cave-in might occur, the boys drew back. The candle had been lost in the wild scramble at the beginning, and the darkness was total and complete. No sound came to their ears, but the drip, drip, drip of the water.

The boys then sat down some distance back from the cave-in and rested. Buck could not stand the inaction and broke down. "We're shut up here to die like rats in a trap. Our people will never know what has become of us. They will never think of looking here. It will take days and days for us to starve to death."

"Don't cry, Buck; keep a stiff upper lip; we'll get out of this some way," said Rob.

"I wouldn't care so much," sobbed Buck, "if we had a light. It's so dark I can't see my hand before my face, and my hand is mashed and I am awfully hungry. I don't believe we'll ever see daylight again."

"Let's see how far the tunnel runs back," Rob suggested. "It's better for us to be doing something than to sit here and get the blues."

Rob, taking the lead, they groped their way onward. The tunnel seemed to sag slightly, the water becoming deeper as they advanced; it was now up to their shoe tops. "Let's stop; there's no good getting wet," Buck wailed. "No, I'm going on as far as I can. I want to find out if this tunnel leads to the shaft of the mine above. An old miner once told me that while tunnels were generally made to follow an out-cropping vein of ore or to strike an ore vein, sometimes they were made to connect with a shaft to drain a mine where the pumps couldn't keep the water out. This one may be only a blind tunnel, or it may be an adit level."

With every step the water rose; now it was knee deep and icy cold, but the boys pressed on till it was waist deep. Buck, with woe-begone voice and chattering teeth, finally announced that he would go no farther. "We'll die soon enough, from starvation, without going out of our way to drown or be frozen to death in this ice water. I'm numb from my waist down, for all the feeling in them I don't know whether I've got any legs or not."

"I'm going on, Buck; you can go back if you want to. I'll come back pretty soon."

"I don't want to go back alone. I'm afraid you will get drowned, and I would go crazy if I was left here all alone to starve to death while you were dead and floating around in the dark there. No, I'll stay here, and every little while we'll holler to each other."

Rob, feeling his way inch by inch,

went forward. Higher and higher the water rose until only his arms and head were above water. Now he was walking on his tiptoes with the water splashing against his chin.

He hesitated, his courage almost failed him; he put his hand out and was startled to touch some object floating in the water. Finding it was a piece of timber, he put his hand upon it so that if he should cramp he would have some support, then letting go his footing he began to swim. After a dozen strokes he let his feet down and found he could touch bottom. Pushing the stick before him he went on, the water rapidly becoming shallower. Suddenly the thought flashed into his mind, what if in the intense darkness he should come to the shaft and walk over the edge and fall down, down, down to the water below. He stopped; then feeling forward before taking his steps, he slowly went ahead.

In a little while it seemed as though the darkness was not so dense. He advanced cautiously and finally came to where the tunnel entered the main shaft. He clung tightly to the side wall and looked up to see the roof of the shaft house, two hundred feet above.

"Come on, Buck, we're saved." No answer. "Again he called, and he heard a faint cry, 'I can't come; my legs are all drawn up with cramp.'"

Rob retraced his way through the water-filled depression in the tunnel, and rejoined Buck. He rubbed his legs and made him stamp up and down till the cramp had become less severe. Walking ahead with Buck's hand on his shoulder, they entered the water. When they were shoulder-deep Rob got the floating timber for Buck, and with its help got him safely across the deepest place. Soon they were both at the edge of the shaft.

A ladder fastened to the shaft seemed to offer an immediate prospect of deliverance. Rob took off his wet clothing, wrung it as dry as possible, emptied the water out of his shoes, then testing each rung before he trusted his weight to it, he began the long climb. If Rob reached the top in safety, Buck was to follow him. Up, up, up, rung by rung, and ladder by ladder, he climbed. He was half way up, and finding the ladders sound and in good condition, he grew a trifle less cautious. Suddenly, without warning, when he was about in the centre of one section of ladder, its top end came loose, and, Rob's weight pulling it outward, the ladder swung across the shaft and lodged against the opposite side, the lower fastening holding firm. It happened so suddenly that Rob was suspended on the under side of the ladder, his feet dangling in the air. For a second he was sick with the horror of the situation. Holding his breath, for fear of loosening the ladder, he lowered himself hand over hand till he regained the ladder beneath the broken one, then he climbed down and rejoined Buck. It seemed madness to tempt fate by another trial. "We will wait a day or two before we risk it, and if we are not discovered we can try it as a last resource," Rob suggested, with all the calmness he could summon.

The day wore on, darkness settled on the shaft house, and night came. "In a few hours they will begin to get pretty anxious because we don't

come," said Rob. "My mother knew I was coming to this mine, so she will send some one here to look for us. We will take turns keeping awake, so that if anyone comes we shall hear him."

A few hours later a party of men broke open the shaft house, peered down the yawning black shaft and shouted. Through it all two utterly worn out boys slept soundly. The searchers went back to Rob's mother and told her that Rob had probably wandered back into the hills and lost his way, and that he would doubtless turn up safely in the morning. They did not tell her about it, but they intended as soon as daylight came to take a rope and windlass and bucket and recover Rob's body, which they decided was probably afloat at the bottom of the shaft.

Stiff and lame, Rob arose next morning. For a moment the hard plank, the darkness, the unfamiliar surroundings, bewildered him; then it all flashed into his mind, and he hurried to the edge of the shaft to look up. It was growing light in the shaft house, so he knew a new day was dawning. Buck moved in his sleep.

"Poor fellow, I'll let him sleep as long as he will," Rob whispered to himself; then he sat down to wait. Presently a sound caught his attention. Looking up eagerly, a dark form outlined itself above, and he heard a voice, "Hello, below there!" "Here we are, both of us," shouted Rob eagerly. "Thank God, lad," came back the voice. "Keep your courage up, lads. We'll have you up here in a jiffy." Then the men at the top rigged up a windlass, lowered a bucket with a miner in it, and a few minutes later two very happy boys were on terra firma once more.

Buck never again accused Rob of cowardice, and new boys in school who tried to impose on Rob and make him fight were astonished at a vigorous attack from Buck, who had no compunctions about fighting. "You'll leave him be after this. Him a coward? Huh! There's no braver boy in the whole school." Buck said this one day to a boy on whose chest he was sitting. Rob heard the remark and told Buck to let the boy up. "I'll do what you say, Rob," Buck answered, "but just remember, I don't expect you to do any fighting; I'll do it for you."

Buck is older now and less warlike, and though his devotion for Rob is no less than of yore, he shows his friendship in other and gentler ways.

### Spain's Youthful Monarch.

Alfonso XIII. rises at seven in all seasons in Madrid, and even earlier in summer at the Palace of Miramar. Directly after his breakfast when he is in Madrid he begins his studies, which last until nearly one, with only an hour's interruption for riding or some other exercise. After lunch, except on Sundays, fete days, or when he goes out with his mother and sisters, or when he goes out of town, he has several more hours of lessons of some kind. Music is his last evening lesson, and he has supper at eight. His ordinary hour for going to bed is about ten.

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

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



**What's O'clock.**

BY MARIAN ISABEL HURRELL.

With the sunlight on her hair,  
Little Kitty stands,  
Telling mother "What's o'clock,"  
In the meadow lands.  
Grave and sweet her winsome face,  
('Tis a picture fair),  
Rosy lips are pouting—see!  
Yet no frown is there.  
"One o'clock, and two o'clock,"  
Kitty smiles in glee;  
"There 's lots of time for play,  
Mother dear," says she.  
Still she blows the downy flakes,  
From a ball of white;  
On the air they float away,  
Oh, so soft and light!  
Mother says 'tis time to bid  
Meadow lands good-bye,  
For each sleepy little flow'r,  
Soon will close its eye.  
"Three o'clock, and four o'clock—  
Five!" Ah, dearie me!  
Mother, after all, is right;  
It is time for tea.



**How Insects Make Their Toilets.**

(Lilian C. Flint.)

We are inclined to think of insects as coming into the world fully equipped as to their dressing, and once born, that they never have to think of their personal appearance. But it requires but a few minutes watching a hive of bees, or a fly on the window pane, to see that the care of their earthly tabernacles forms quite an important item in their economy.

We see an animal washing and stroking its young, but we have not perhaps given attention enough to some of the insect settlements near us to see to what perfection they have brought the care of the body. Some of them have developed a regular system as massage, and seem to enjoy it as much as do their human

neighbours.

Watch the little people of the earth as they begin to tumble out of their beds. They are not running foolishly about, from anywhere to anywhere, but they are a wholesome, thoughtful inhabitant, engaged in doing many things to make life easier.

Now the sleep of our tiny neighbours, the ants, is not very marked, but there is no doubt that they sleep some. Mine drew their legs up toward the body, and when I touched one of them she immediately began to cleanse herself; she even yawned as would a human being when awakened from sleep. The ordinary sleep of this community was, as near as I could observe, about three hours.

Many insects are provided with a complete set of combs and brushes, and the ants have their share of these conveniences, and they are so attached to their bodies that they never get lost.

But while other insects perform their own toilets, the ants call in a friend to assist. One ant lay quietly down on its side and the friend commenced operations. First it took the face and licked it thoroughly, even the tiny jaws were held apart so that they were more convenient to work upon.

As soon as the face was cleansed, the cleaner went to the chest and rubbed and washed it thoroughly, then the thigh, and first one leg and then the other received attention, then up the other side to the head.

Occasionally another ant would come along to help, but she soon stopped and left it to the original worker. The ant which was being treated, appeared to have full enjoyment of the process; she relaxed all her muscles, and lay back with the look of a perfect picture of surrender and ease. She gave her limbs limp and supple to her friend, and simply seemed as happy as a good-natured baby having its bath.

There is no doubt to the observer of the pleasure that they take in this process. I saw one ant kneel down before another, and thrust forward her head, expressing as plainly as if she had asked in so many words, the fact that she wanted to be sponged and combed. And the ant to whom she went understood as well as if she had a spoken language, and immediately commenced to rub and lick the head, and give her a regular massage treatment.

The life of our insect neighbours is not all work; there are many pleasures that we do not think of as we see them going about their daily work of trying to get a living to provide for their hungry brood of children. They are as light-minded in certain directions as are their human brothers, and they like to have a good time occasionally as well as human babies.

Perhaps their sense of well-being depends as does ours, on their habits of personal cleanliness, for we find that some of them are as dainty in their care of themselves as a well brought up child.

Eva saw a collection box outside one of the hospitals, and dropped a much-cherished penny in it. Then she stood and looked at it, and, when nothing happened, she turned to nurse and asked:

"Nursie, how long will I have to wait for the chocolate?"



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Photo by W. H. Bartlett

"SO TIRED."

Queen St., Auckland.

# AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

## How Boer Children are Brought Up.

By D. G. RICARD.

The way in which I came to pass the greater part of a year on the farm of which I write was owing to one of those strange chances which occur at times in everybody's life. I had started, with two friends, on a shooting trip into Mashonaland. When we arrived at Rhodes' Drift, I was taken ill with my old enemy, malarial fever. We pitched camp here, and I tried to pull myself round with the contents of our small medicine chest, but I got steadily worse. In this emergency a good Samaritan, in the person of Jan Potgieter, a Transvaal Boer, came along on his wagon, homeward bound. Potgieter took in the situation at a glance. "This man is going to die up here," he said; "put him on my wagon and I will take him back with me." The offer was too good to be refused, and I returned with him to his farm. The change to the dry, bracing air of the Transvaal soon made itself felt, and I decided on the pressing invitation of Potgieter and his wife to settle down on the farm until such time as I regained my health. In return for this I engaged to act, as far as lay in my power, as tutor to the children.

Potgieter's farm was situated about 25 miles from the main road leading from Potchefstroom to Klerksdorp. It was a typical Boer farm, and the inmates were in all respects typical Boers. The family consisted of Potgieter and his wife, a daughter eighteen years of age, two girls of four and seven respectively, and a boy of five. All the duties of the household devolved on the eldest daughter, who was assisted by three Kaffir girls. One of these girls attended to the children, while the other two helped in the house and kitchen. The Boer is a great believer in "hardening" children, and a Boer child is brought up in such a rough and ready way as appears a person accustomed to our own methods. None of these children as much as possessed a pair of shoes when I first arrived on the farm, though later on, when the boy attained his tenth birthday, the father went over to the store and purchased him a pair as a birthday present.

At daylight every morning the Kaffir girl went with a bowl of milk into the little lean-to room where the three children slept, and then dressed the two girls, who went to play outside. At seven o'clock the others had breakfast, after which the children took their, in company with the native girls. The idea of allowing children to mix so closely with natives is that they may learn the Kaffir language, which is so essential in this part. The children's breakfast consisted of maize meal porridge. Their dinner at mid-day was composed of milled pumpkins, brown bread and milk. For supper they again had the maize meal. This, with a bowl of milk at seven, when they went to bed, was their regular fare. The Boer eats largely of meat himself, but he does not consider it good for children.

In the morning I used to take the elder of the little girls and the boy into my room, and try and instil the rudiments of English into them, but it was at first heart-breaking work. Both could speak Kaffir fluently—more fluently, indeed, than they could speak the Taal; but they did not understand a word of English. The progress was at first doubtfully slow, though after a time we got along better. The other little girl would sit outside in company with her nurse, her feet in the stream, playing with the remarkably tame ducks, while the two visitors, as they soon came to consider themselves, were in my charge.

The Boer is a great believer in the regular use of medicine. One of the most prominent items in every country store is the medicine shelves, where all kinds of patent medicines,

got up in gaudy wrappers specially prepared for the Boer trade, are to be seen. Every Saturday night the children had to take their weekly dose. This consisted of a table-spoonful of magnesia, with a dash of some kind of patent medicine in it. This concoction had been recommended to Potgieter by a "travelling doctor," as he described some wandering tramp whom he had once accommodated with a "shakedown." "What is it good for?" I asked him on one occasion. "Oh, everything," he replied, vaguely. "Yes," said his wife. "It is good for everything except the smallpox; only the good Lord can cure that." "But the children are all

right; there's nothing the matter with them," I protested. "That's because they take the medicine regularly," said Mrs Potgieter, and I subsided. One of the most necessary health preservatives we know of is personal cleanliness; the Boer knows nothing of this. Every Sunday morning the Kaffir girl washed the children's hands and faces, and combed their hair. Then they went into the large room. Potgieter took his seat at the head of the table, and, with his Bible before him, held "service." This lasted for about an hour, after which the children were allowed to go out into the "land" again and get into their usual dishevelled condition.

The Boers—though the statement may be questioned by those who do not know them intimately—suffer terribly from nervousness. This is due to a number of causes, the principal of which are no doubt dyspepsia and monotony. The malady descends to the children, who exhibit it very early. The elder of the two little girls was already a victim, and Potgieter questioned me on the subject. "What's the best thing for her?" he asked. "Give her more nourishing food," I said; "let her have meat and eggs, and plenty of milk." "Oh," said his wife, "you do not understand children. If we gave her meat and eggs she would get the fever at once"; and then she went on to describe the case of a cousin of hers, which ended in this way, owing, as she supposed, to her having been treated in the manner I suggested.

The duty of keeping the children, clothed fell on the elder daughter, who cut down her parents' clothing for this purpose. Each of the little girls had for everyday wear a black dress and a jacket made out of part of one of their father's coats, which had been first cut in half. These jackets were sleeveless. They had no hats, and I used to wonder at times if the nervousness from which one of them suffered was not aggravated by constant exposure to the hot sun. On Sundays the girls wore their best clothes, also home-made, but composed of material obtained from the store specially for them. The boy was always dressed in one of his father's cast-off suits of corduroy, cut down for him.

Another illness to which Boer children are very subject is toothache. This, however, is not confined to the Transvaal, but is prevalent all over South Africa, and is supposed to be due to the climate. The youngest girl had been suffering from this distressing pain for some time. One day Potgieter got out the cart and took her into Klerksdorp to have the tooth extracted. The doctor was away at the time, and a man employed at the local hotel, who said he was an adept at pulling teeth, undertook to relieve the child. He broke the tooth, and, in probing for it with his knife, played havoc with the poor child's mouth. The little girl scolded it all without a murmur, and her parents were immensely proud of this. The fact of the child's mouth having been cut about in such a wanton manner did not seem to appeal to them in the least, though they were in no sense heartless, but were really deeply attached to their children. This ability to bear pain without exhibiting any emotion is one of the strangest attributes of the Boers and seems to be born in them.

The eldest daughter, who had been educated in Pretoria, and was engaged to be married to a cousin, used to complain bitterly of the monotony of her surroundings, to the great annoyance of her mother, who could not understand any one being dissatisfied so long as they had a good home.

When the quarterly prayer-meetings came round Mr and Mrs Potgieter and the eldest daughter would go into the village to attend service, and always brought back some simple presents for the children. I am afraid, however, that their pleasure at receiving these was tempered by noticing that the big blue medicine bottle, which was always taken into the dorp to be refilled, was invariably brought out at the same time as the gifts, and put in its accustomed place on the side-table. Had they been English children, I wonder if they would have allowed this hated object to rest securely when they were alone with it?

Once the children got over the first start in their education they made fair progress, and soon began to hold a conversation with me. My health had come back in the meantime, and in connection with the young lady of the house, I began to weary of the tedium of my daily life; so one morning, nine months after my first



MADLLE. ZELIG DE LUSSAN.



*Lillian Nordica Doree*

LILLIAN NORDICA DOREE.

arrival on the farm. I took a most cordial leave of my hosts, and set out to face the world once more. The children were at first broken-hearted at the thought of my leaving them, but I succeeded in assuaging their grief by promising to send them a box of English toys when I arrived in Natal, which promise I duly carried out.

Automatic Restaurants.

Refreshments in public gardens in London are something of a novelty, but a still greater novelty is afforded in the method the purveyors have adopted for distributing the viands, which is entirely automatic. Those desirous of refreshing themselves enter the buffet, and, say, a cup of tea is what may be desired, the visitor inserts threepence in a slot, and presently a small lift, which is enclosed in a glass case, descends, and from the lower shelf he is able to take out a dainty little service consisting of a cup and saucer, a small bowl of sugar, and a pot containing a "portion" of tea in the leaf. Hard by is a tap, from which the visitor draws a supply of hot water into the teapot, and then he carries the tray away, and eventually partakes of the infusion at a table placed beneath the trees outside. Desirous of more solid refreshment he may obtain confectionery, fruit, or sandwiches, or even eggs, according to choice, by inserting the requisite number of pence in other slots, whereupon a neat papier-mache tray descends from a lift bearing whatever may be required.

Tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes can be obtained in a similar way. Also aerated drinks either singly or mixed with cordials—raspberry, ginger, lime-juice, lemon, and so forth. Only temperance beverages are at present on sale, but the courteous manager will, if you ask him, inform you that it would be quite as easy, were the company licensed to do so, to supply whisky-and-soda through the machines, as it is to furnish their customers with a raspberry cordial and lemonade.

At one end of the buffet there are fountains from which a cup of hot tea, coffee, or chocolate, with sugar

and milk, may be obtained for one penny. This is a provision insisted upon by the County Council.

The manager of the buffet, when seen, was in a distinctly optimistic frame of mind with regard to the ultimate success of the venture.

In the few days it had been opened, the public had already "found it out," and apart from the novelty of the arrangements which may, of course, wear off eventually, he was sanguine that in a very short time it would be so successful that similar buffets would be demanded in other of the public parks and gardens which abound in London.

Tempting Breakfast Dishes.

SURPRISE SAUSAGES.

Required:

- One pound of sausages.
One pound of mashed potatoes.
One egg. Parsley. Breadcrumbs.

Parboil the sausages. Then remove the skins. Roll or flatten out small pieces of the potato, roll up one sausage in it, sanding it as neatly as possible, and taking care to see all the meat is hidden. Next beat up the egg. Brush each potato-sauced sausage over with it.

Roll them in the crumbs. Press these on lightly so as to give a smooth surface. Have ready some frying fat, enough to cover the sausages. When a faint blue smoke rises from the pan, put in a few at a time. After the first minute draw the pan off the fire, and let them fry more slowly, or the outside will be too dark before the inside is cooked.

They will take about four or five minutes.

Lift out, drain on paper. Serve very hot on a fancy paper, garnish with fried parsley.

BUTTERED SHRIMPS.

Required:

- One ounce of butter, one ounce of flour.
Half a pint of milk, cream, or stock.
Half a pint of shrimps.
Salt, pepper, and a little lemon-juice.

Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour, and mix it in smoothly. Now pour the milk in gradually. Put the pan on the fire and stir till the sauce thickens. Then add the shrimps, which have been shelled and carefully looked over.

Allow it to simmer gently for a few minutes, but take care it does not boil. Add salt, pepper, and lemon juice to taste. Have ready a round of hot buttered toast. Pour over the mixture and serve at once.

KEDGEREE.

Required:

- One ounce of butter or dripping.
Half a pound of boiled rice.
Half a pound of any cold cooked fish.
Salt, pepper, and cayenne.
One or two hard-boiled eggs.
A little mace, if liked.

Melt the butter in a pan, add to it the rice, fish, and the white of the egg cut in small pieces. Season well, and make it thoroughly hot. Pile it up on a hot dish, and garnish it with some finely chopped parsley and hard-boiled yolk of egg rubbed through a sieve.

BROILED FLOUNDERS.

Required:

The flounders (one for each person)

A little warmed butter.
A little chopped parsley.

Wash and clean the fish, brush them over with the butter, then dredge them lightly with flour. Place them on a slightly-greased gridiron, and broil or grill them on a clear, bright fire till a pale brown. They must be turned once, and will take about five minutes to cook.

Put a little pat of butter on each, and sprinkle over a little very finely-chopped parsley.

Serve with or without fish sauce. Note.—These fish are very delicate, and should be eaten very fresh, as they speedily deteriorate.

MEAT TOAST.

Required:

- Tain slice of stale bread.
Four ounces of cold meat or game.
One teaspoonful of chopped parsley.
One teaspoonful of chopped onion, or shallot.
One ounce of butter. Two eggs.
One and a half tablespoonfuls of milk.
Two tomatoes, salt and pepper.

Cut the bread into neat shapes, such as ovals or squares. Fry them a pale brown, or, if more convenient, toast and butter them.

Chop the meat finely, add to it the parsley and shallot.

Melt the butter in a pan, beat up the eggs, and when the butter is hot add them and the milk. Stir over the fire with a wooden spoon till the thickness of cream.

Now add the meat, rub the tomatoes through a sieve and add them. Season carefully. See that the mixture does not run off the toast when heaped on.

Pile on the pieces of toast, sprinkle with chopped parsley, and serve hot.

Note.—If liked, some ham or tongue can be mixed with the meat.

Brides, Wives and Widows.

One of the most sensible Oriental customs prevails in France, where it is a rule for the bride-maids, at the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, to make collections for the poor, which are then handed over to the priest for distribution.

In Jewish weddings the ceremony is almost the same to-day as it has been for centuries. After the marriage has been completed and the ring placed on the bride's finger, both husband and wife take a cup of wine from a goblet held by the rabbi, af-

ter which the husband, taking the glass in his hands, purposely drops it and crushes it with his heel. The rabbi then says: "No more than this glass can be united again can this couple be separated."

One of the most curious customs respecting widows is the custom one of blindfolding. For one week after a Corsican lady becomes a widow she must wear a strip of thick black woollen material tied over her eyes. During that period she must be fed and led about by the hands of her friends. All chairs in the room must be turned down; while windows and doors are made fast. The room is not touched for a week, neither may any fire be lighted in the widow's house.

Wall Papers and Their Influence.

Nothing could be more alluring to the eye than the majority of wall papers. You gaze on these nameless agglomerations and then fancy you can pursue your ideal, order your life aright! And you are amazed that there are so many paltry dears, so many insignificant lives! The paper of the room in which we live has a silent but irresistible influence upon us; when we awake it plays upon our will, dulled by sleep and enervated by our dreams. It operates on us again when, in hours of sickness, we are condemned to remain with our gaze riveted upon the foliage, or flowers, or persons, represented on the walls. Our imagination may be said often to "lick the walls seeking for nourishment."

Madame Paderewski.

Madame Paderewski, the second wife of the great pianist, is somewhat overshadowed by the fame of her husband. Like him, she is also of Polish birth. She was married some little time ago, and travels constantly with her husband, frequently singing at concerts, and delighting music-lovers with her fine and beautifully-trained voice.

Her husband, whose brilliant performances have made him a world-wide reputation, was born at Podolia, a province of Russian Poland, some forty-one years ago. He began his musical career at the early age of three, and since his debut in 1857 his life has been a succession of triumphs.

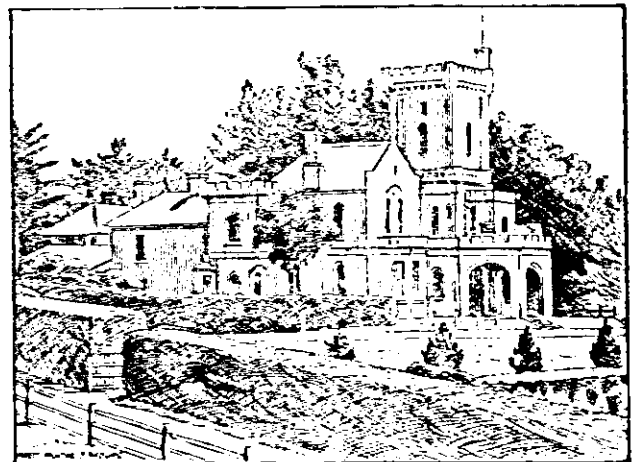
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**Preserved Fruits.**

(By Mrs. Gesine Lemcke.)

**PRESERVED PINEAPPLES.**

Select large, ripe, sugar-loaf pineapples, cut them in finger-thick slices, pare them neatly, remove the eyes with a pointed knife, and cut the fruit in small, square pieces, rejecting the core; then weigh the cut pineapple, and allow for each pound of fruit three-fourths pound of sugar and three-fourths cupful water. Place sugar and water in a preserving kettle and boil three minutes; remove all black scum, if there is any; put in the pineapple; cover and cook forty-five minutes; fill into pint jars to overflowing; put on the cover and set upside down till cold; wipe the jars with a damp towel and set in a cool, dry place.

**CANNED PINEAPPLES.**

Cut some ripe pineapples in finger-thick slices, peel them neatly, remove the eyes with a pointed knife and the core with a small tin-cutter. If jars with large openings are at hand, the slices may be left whole; if not, cut them into quarters, pack the fruit in glass jars, cover them with the following syrup: Place a kettle with three and one-half pounds of sugar and two and one-half pints of water over the fire, stir till nearly boiling, remove and fill the jars to overflowing with the syrup. This is sufficient syrup to fill five quart jars. Close them tightly and wrap each jar in a towel; place them in a kettle in an upright position; cover them with warm water; place over the fire and boil thirty minutes. Remove the kettle from the fire, and when half cooled off remove the jars; set them up-

side down till cold. See that the jars are air-tight and set them in a cool place.

**PINEAPPLE MARMALADE.**

Pare and grate large, ripe pineapples and weigh the pulp; place the pineapple in a preserving kettle over the fire; boil twenty minutes; then add for each pound of pineapple three-fourths pound sugar; boil five minutes. Fill in small jars.

**PINEAPPLE JELLY.**

Cut fine the core and eyes of pineapples that have been used for preserving. Wash and cut, without peeling, some tart apples; cut them in quarters; remove the core and cut the quarters in thin slices; measure the pineapples and the apples, and allow for each tin quartful one pint of water; place them in kettle with the water over the fire and cook, without stirring, till tender. Put a sieve over a bowl; pour in the fruit and drain off the juice without disturbing the apples. Place a colander over another bowl and a square piece of flannel in the colander; pour in the juice and strain it; then measure. Allow for each pint one pound of sugar, place the liquid and sugar over the fire and boil till a drop put on a plate will retain the shape of a bead without spreading. All scum should be carefully removed while the boiling is going on.

**PRESERVED APRICOTS.**

Peel neatly some nice ripe apricot cut in half; remove the stone and weigh the fruit; allow for six pounds of fruit four pounds sugar and one quart water. Place sugar and water over the fire; stir a few moments to partly melt the sugar; then boil five minutes, removing all the black scum that rises. Put in the fruit; cook ten

minutes, or till a straw will penetrate them easily. Fill the fruit and syrup into four quart jars or into eight pint jars; close at once and set them in a cool, dry place.

**APRICOT MARMALADE.**

Pare the desired apricots; cut them in halves; remove the stones and cut the fruit fine; then weigh them, allowing for every pound of fruit one pound of sugar; place the sugar and fruit into a preserving kettle over the fire; stir and cook till a drop on a plate will retain the shape of a bead without spreading; fill in small jars and close when cold.

**STRAWBERRY SYRUP.**

Boil one pound sugar and one-half pint water five minutes; remove all black scum; remove, and, when cold, pour it over three pints crushed strawberries; cover; let stand twenty-four hours; lay a square piece of flannel in a colander; place the colander over a bowl; pour in the strawberry mixture; let it drain without disturbing the fruit; place the juice in a kettle; boil three minutes; then bottle; cork and dip the cork in melted wax.

**PRESERVED STRAWBERRIES.**

Remove the hulls from four pounds nice, large, ripe berries; put them in a colander; rinse off with cold water; drain and place the berries, with one pint of sugar, in a preserving kettle, allowing half cupful sugar for each pound of fruit. Place the kettle over the fire and boil for five minutes, counting from the time they begin to boil. Fill them into jars; close and turn the jars upside down every few minutes till cold. They will soak up all the syrup and look fine, and if a little pink colouring is added they will retain their natural colour.

**PRESERVED RHUBARB.**

Peel and cut some fresh rhubarb in small pieces and weigh them; allow for every pound of rhubarb three-fourths pound sugar; place the rhubarb in a kettle over the fire, adding no water; cook till reduced to half; place the sugar in another kettle over the fire, adding sufficient water to moisten the sugar, and boil to a ball; then add the rhubarb; stir and cook five minutes, and remove and fill in jars.

**STRAWBERRY PANCAKES.**

Prepare and bake the pancakes the same as in foregoing recipe. Remove the green hulls of one quart strawberries; rinse them off with cold water; drain and crush them with a silver fork; add two or three table-spoonfuls sugar; put one pancake on a warm plate; cover it with a layer of the strawberries; put on another pancake and cover in same manner with the berries; continue until all is used, and serve at once. In place of strawberries, pitted cherries, blackberries, raspberries and currants mixed, or fine-cut ripe peaches, may be used in same manner.

**ASPARAGUS SALAD.**

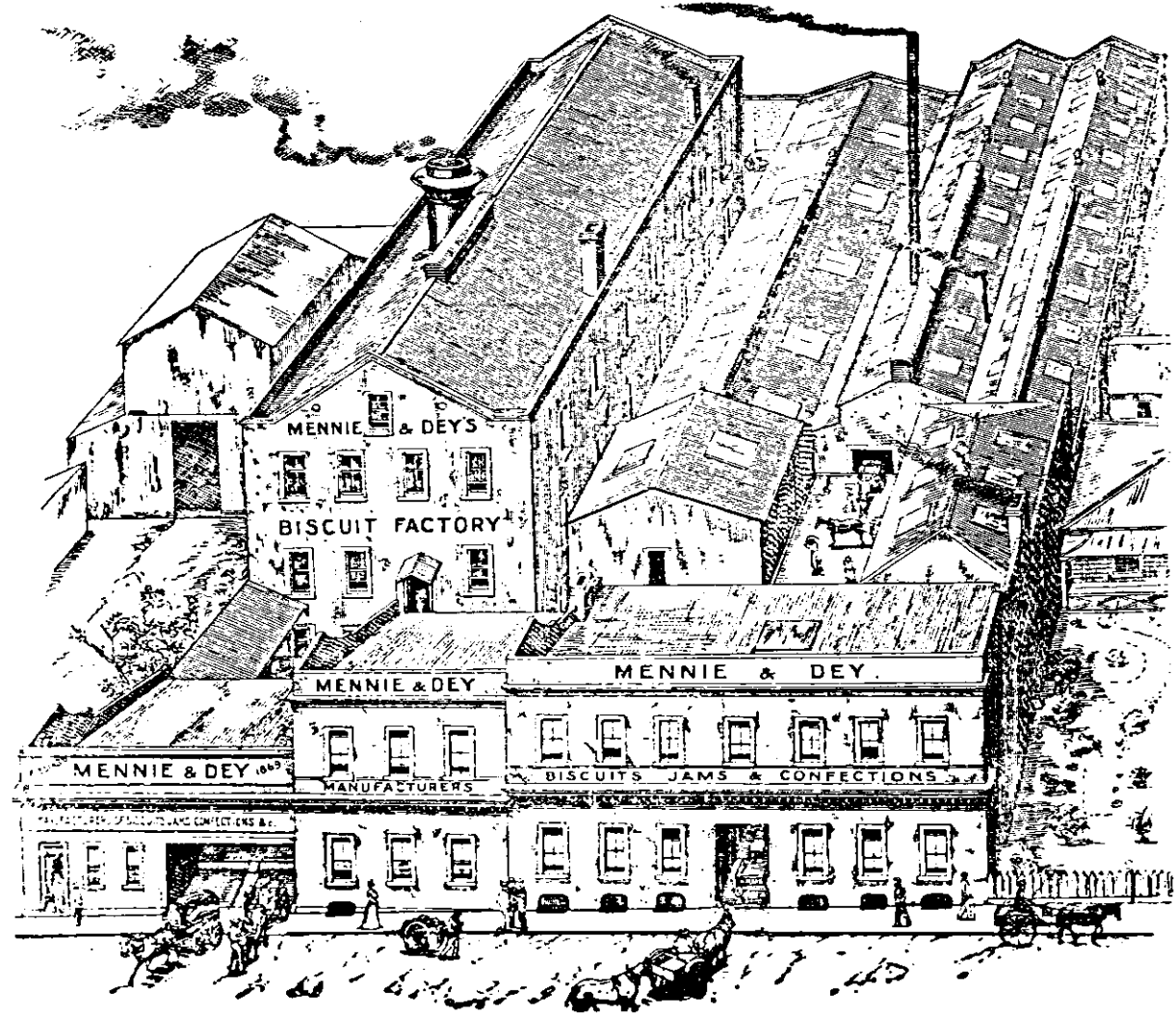
Peel and cut one bunch of asparagus in one-inch lengths; boil them in salted water till done; drain, and when cold place the asparagus in a salad bowl. Either dress it with a French dressing or a mayonnaise.

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Chas. E's World-Famed Blood Mixture. The most searching Blood Cleanser that science and medical skill have brought to life. Sufferers from Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of any kind, are solicited to give it a trial to test its value. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. Bottles 2/6 each, sold everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

**Gold Medal Biscuits.**  
Best Value in the Market.

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Beat all comers for Quality.



**Gold Medal Confections,** largest variety, best quality. **Gold Medal Conserves.**  
**Peels.** Only Makers Cupid Whispers in the Colony.

**How to Roll an Umbrella.**

"Why is it," asked an inquisitive customer in an umbrella shop, "what one can never roll up an umbrella as compactly and neatly as it is when he buys it?"

"You can if you only know how," said the salesman, "but if everybody knew how it would mean less business for us. The umbrellas would last longer, and there would be a lot less work for the repairers."

"Perhaps I ought not to tell you how," he continued, "but it's so simple you should know. If you have noticed, nearly everybody who rolls up an umbrella takes hold of it by the handle, and keeps twisting the stick with one hand while he folds and rolls with the other hand."

"Now, that's just where the mistake comes in. Instead of twisting with the handle, he should take hold of it just above the points of the cover ribs. These points naturally lie evenly around the stick. Keep hold of these, pressing them tightly against the stick, and then roll up the cover. Holding the ribs prevents them from getting twisted out of place or bending out of shape. Then the silk is bound to fold evenly and roll smooth and tight."

"Roll your umbrella in this way, and until it is old enough to get rusty looking it will look as if it had just come from the shop."

**Do Veils Injure the Sight?**

Every now and then, when there seems to be nothing particular to talk about, the merits and demerits of the veil come under discussion. The subject has cropped up pretty strongly lately, and little wars of words have frequently been waged by fair ladies over afternoon tea as they lauded the veil or held it up to scorn. It would be difficult to say who generally comes off victor, but the

ladies who vow that veils impair the sight and fade the complexion are not a whit less emphatic than those who declare that no penalties would make them forego wearing such an important addition to woman's charms.

There is hardly a woman living who does not think that a good, well-arranged veil adds to her attractiveness, and when that is said—well, the doctors and complexion specialist may as well spare their breath to cool their porridge, for it is useless for them to inveigh against it.

Even the strong-minded lady who is convinced of the harmfulness of the veil cherishes a sneaking hope that some day it may be brought to such perfection as to be harmless as well as beautifying for the moment.

Certainly there has been a great improvement since the time of heavy lace "falls," and the thick green and blue gauze ones which succeeded them, to the delicate, filmy meshes of to-day. Perhaps we may yet hope for a veil so perfect that Dame Fashion, oculists and complexion specialists will all combine in recommending their uses, and then—oh, happy woman!

**To Make the Hair Glossy.**

The use of the shampoo will keep the hair in perfect condition, rendering it soft and glossy. Shake the yolk of an egg in half a pint of alcohol till thoroughly mixed. Strain, and you will have a clear fluid left, which will keep for an indefinite period. Into each basin of water used for washing the hair put one or two tablespoonfuls of this liquid. Rub well into the scalp and through the hair. Rinse in clean, warm water. Rub with a linen towel till partly dry, and then take a large Japanese fan and fan vigorously till perfectly dry, when the hair will be delightfully soft and glossy.

**The Earl and Countess of Dudley.**

The Earl of Dudley, the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the Countess intend entertaining very largely at the Vice-regal Lodge and the Castle. They are vastly wealthy, and Lady Dudley is beautiful, young, and charming, as everyone knows. But few people know what an extremely well-read, clever, woman she is, or what a wonderful musician. She has the most beautiful voice in the world, and a very highly-trained one. She is a daughter of Mrs. Gurney (now the wife of Colonel Jack Stracey, late of the Scots Guards, for so many years one of the most popular officers in that crack regiment) and of the late Mr. Charles Gurney. The Countess, too, is a first-rate rider to hounds, and has already once or twice had short experiences of the depths and wonders of the "Meath" country (when paying a visit at the Vice-regal Lodge), so adored by the very best riders to hounds in Ireland. This last penchant of Lady Dudley's is enough at once to make her popular in the sister isle, where hunting is the principal amusement in most counties (of all classes) during the long grey winters. The Countess of Dudley is a sister of Lady Troubridge, so well known as a clever writer in many of the social papers of to-day. Lady Dudley was presented at Court and chaperoned in society before her marriage by Adeline Duchess of Bedford, who is a cousin of Mrs. Charles Gurney, or, rather, of Mrs. Jack Stracey.

**Looking on the Bright Side.**

A sanguine temperament which forecasts the best, and fears not the worst, is a great blessing to its possessor, and so is a cheery, sunny disposition which sees the humorous side of things and can even enjoy fun at its own expense. Gloomy forebodings and a chronic habit of worry

make life a weariness, and the melancholy victim of this physical and mental make-up spreads a pall over the brightness of others. If only the tired one would remember the words of the poet:

"A merry heart goes all the day;  
Your sad tires in a mile."

How may one procure the blessed gift of the merry heart? It is not for sale in any market, nor can it be paid for with gems and gold, for its price is far above rubies, and earthly goods are as dross when compared with it. Our Heavenly Father sometimes bestows it on us at the start, and thrice envied among men may be he who inherits the capacity for seeing the bright side, for laughing when things go wrong, and for springing up with new courage after every disaster. It is magnificent not to feel one's self beaten, and never to acknowledge defeat in any right enterprise. This temperament is too merciful to be often tired, and too buoyant to be ever crushed. And sometimes the merry heart, though not inherited, is won by him or her who overcomes obstacles and gains the victory over material odds through steadfast faith in God.

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**TOWLE'S** Pennyroyal and Steel  
**For Females. PILLS**  
Dilute, Safest, and only Reliable Remedy for all Ladies' Affections extant.  
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**THE EASIEST CHAIR IN THE WORLD.**

**The Masterpiece  
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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."

TO BE OBTAINED ONLY FROM

**SMITH & CAUGHEY, Ltd.,**

COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, AUCKLAND.

# THE WORLD OF FASHION.

(By MARGUERITE.)

## THE POPULARITY OF THE BUTTON.

To say that there is a rage for buttons in Paris at the present moment is to speak in mild terms of the popular craze for this novelty. Indeed, looking at many of the new dresses one arrives at the conclusion that the button can never come amiss except when it is for use! Such are the vagaries of Fashion that the button, which in itself is meant for use, must not now have a useful purpose. As an ornament it is the idol of the hour, and very dainty indeed are some of the newest buttons to be seen on the early autumn gowns.

In the top sketch of the first column is a very smart dress of pale blue linen, quaintly strapped on both bodice and skirt. At the point of every strap are three infinitesimal buttons; they are of gilt, and brightly burnished.

Below, in the first column, there is a dress of soft mastic cloth which has also fallen under the sway of the button; but this time it is larger, flatter, and covered in silk exactly matching the shade of the cloth.

This summer a great success has been made with scouring cloth, an ivory white fabric, inclining towards dust brown, for sea-going suits, and other flannels of a thick, rough kind are being freely used in browns, the new crimson red, and a bright yet not garish green. The sketched yachting dress is made of cream scouring cloth, with hand wrought trimmings of black and crimson braid and crimson stitching upon the hip yoke and the tiers of flounces. The bodice is designed to march, and is worn with a scarlet handkerchief, knotted beneath the collar. Blue serge with white and crimson embellishments would look well, and a gown in three different blues—maize, Seves and turquoise—is a sure success if skilfully carried out. Of whatsoever fabric and colour the gown is made the cap is also, with a crown rim trimmed to match the frock's adornment. For fair weather short cruises, yachting gowns are being made to touch the deck, and own the advantage in smart feminine estimations of thus permitting the wearing of a pretty underskirt. The skirt should match some item of colour in the trimming used upon the dress. Were crimson to figure in the scheme there would be a crimson skirt, all ruffles, but no lace, with a punched-out embroidered pattern above an edging of hemstitching, and were the costume to be one of triple blues, a turquoise-blue skirt would be ordered.

## A THIN LONG LINE.

Then there is another use for the button, and that is when it ornaments the back seam of a skirt. A good example of this is shown in the large sketch on the opposite page. The coat has a simulated fastening, while the same effect is visible on the skirt, and a long line of buttons extends from the back of the neck to the hem of the skirt. This gown was of white cloth, and strangely enough the buttons were covered with black velvet, of which material was the short sash.

## THE UBIQUITOUS BOW.

The sketches this week demonstrate the popularity of another fashion, and that is the black velvet bow, either with or without ends, which ornaments the back of every fashionable hat at the present moment. The sailor hat with turned-up brim with its black velvet bow at the back and long ends to the waist suits only the very young and very chic wearer, but the flat hat, with wide flat crown encircled by a narrow velvet band, tilted up at the back by a deep band ornamented with a somewhat aggressive bow, suits nearly everyone.

There is a great deal in the set of these bows. A small one of narrow velvet apparently has no meaning, but given a wide bow with a cross-over knot tied tightly to give it an aggressive appearance it will look extremely well.



LACE AND NASTURTIUMS.

From the severely plain chapeau we turn to the one of lace and flowers, and show a pretty model in the figure of creamy lace and nasturtiums with their leaves, trails of both flowers and lace falling over the hair at the back.

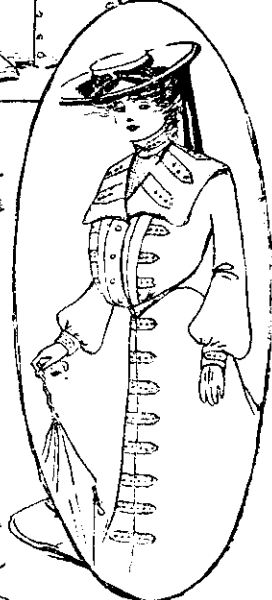
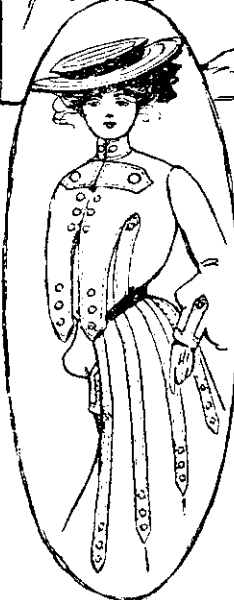
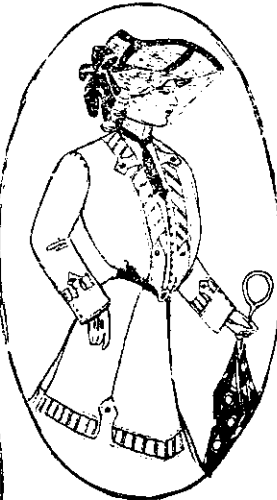


A SMART SILK BLOUSE.

A black bow is to become a feature in fashionland, and we shall, pro tem,

all be wearing either black neckties or revealing a black chon on some portion of our toilette. This is evident on the hat accompanying the smart blouse sketched in the figure. There is a fancy just now for tiny buttons as decoration, and they will here be noted in a short row down each of the three front box pleats, and in sets of four on the picturesque sleeves. The blouse itself is made in reseda silk with inlets (alternating the box pleats) of accordioned white chiffon and under-sleeves of the same; the tiny buttons are gold, and the waist-tie black velvet with a gold buckle.

A flat has gone forth—and a most sensible one too—that the linen, canvas, or cambric gown is to be made with a short skirt. This is seen in this figure, which deals with a pretty morning gown for general wear, of holland, which is again being received with favour. The short-skirted gown has several rows of piping from the hem upwards, terminating in a band of



Some Pretty Frocks for the Summer.

white linen lace. The bodice is also trimmed with insertions of same and finished by a broad square collar of it.



Every young girl should possess a dainty lounging robe, in which to rest after a busy day, and I think the Rosa house wrapper will surely appeal to those in search of an idea for such a garment. It may be fashioned from innumerable fabrics, and if our girl reader is clever with her needle—and I hope she is—an inexpensive material can be made exceedingly attractive by her dainty needlework.

The full skirt is gathered to the Empire waist, and a wide, applied

plait down the middle of the front flares slightly near the lower edge and conceals the closing at the upper left side.

The fancy shaped collar gives breadth to the shoulders, but it may be omitted if less elaboration is desired. The sleeves are of the two-seamed bishop style, and the waist is provided with a lining. Dainty, sprigged lawn, challie or cashmere will give pleasing results. When of rose-pink and black challie the tie should be of black Liberty satin ribbon.

The picturesque shady shapes of fancy straws with big choux of transparency, soft silk, and wreath of flowers, are bad to beat. Some are tied on with transparency strings in a becoming bow on the left side, as in our sketch. Here, too, is shown a charming frock of pure white muslin and grass-lawn lace. The bodice is made with a tucked yoke, and a square-cut throat of the muslin. Brought up over this is an overbodice and half-sleeve of the lace. The sleeve is continued from the elbow downwards by a full sleeve of the muslin gathered into a band of lace. The waist is finished by a ribbon sash of strawberry colour, the long ends hanging straight down at the back, or flying lightly in the breezes as in our sketch. Since our gracious Queen wore one of these ribbon sash bands at Ascot, they have obtained immensely. The skirt of this frock, it will be noted, is tucked round the hips horizontally; it is then left plain till near the hem, then tucked again, and finished by a deep flounce of the grass-lawn lace. A choux of strawberry colour finishes the bodice, and

A stock and choux of black satin completes the throat.

Quaker's grey is obtaining greatly in Paris, and in London too and runs biscuit and putty colour closely for honours.



The designs in blouse bodices are legion indeed. This figure introduces an extremely pretty model in the form of a very smart little bolero worn over a white satin shirt covered with ecru lace. The petite bolero is of fine biscuit cloth with insertions of ecru and gold lace. It is caught together at the bust by a tie of black satin which comes from under the shoulder collar; and a waist tie of the same finishes the shirt.



ROSA HOUSE WRAPPER.



GOWN SHOWING HOW BUTTONS MAY ORNAMENT THE BACK.



WHITE MUSLIN AND ECRU LACE. the ecru lacestraw hat is trimmed with white mousseline and strawberry-pink velvet poppies.



A BOATING FROCK.

This is built of white flannel the pouched bodice opening over a draped undervest of dark blue satin, with a pin-spot of white, full sleeves of the same showing beneath the broad buttoned flannel. The skirt is quite plain, and tight to above the knees, where a deep box pleat is piped on to it, it is, of course, short. White or dark blue suede shoes are worn with this frock; the throat is left bare, and a broad-brimmed chapeau of white straw is simply rimmed by a scarf of white spotted dark blue satin. All kinds of soft woollens are being used, from serges to cashmeres, and in some frenzied straining after novelty, scouring flannel is being utilised for smart boating gowns.

# The GRAPHIC'S FUNNY LEAF

WIT  
SARTRIE  
JOKES  
LITERATURE

**AS HE WISHED IT.**  
City Editor: See here, in your obituary of this prominent club woman, you say she "is a good wife." You mean "was," of course.  
Reporter: No. I mean "is." Mr Hoppeck. Her husband told me that if I wanted to be absolutely truthful that was the way to put it.

**SO NATURAL.**  
Said One Shopper: Oh, I saw just the loveliest, sweetest, prettiest baby a minute ago.  
Said the Other Shopper: What! Do you mean to tell me that stupid nurse has dared to bring my little darling out such a day as this?



**Mrs Neighbours:** Do you and your husband live happily together?  
**Mrs Enpeck:** Sure! I'd just like to see my husband try not to live happily with me.

**UNSUSPECTING PUBLIC.**  
"I have a diploma!" said the college graduate, proudly.  
"That's all right," replied the cynic; "nobody will ever know it if you keep it in your trunk!"

**WHERE THE MULE SCORES.**  
"Would you like to trade your mule for this automobile?" asked the facetious tourist.  
"No, suh," answered Mr Erastus Pinkley. "Ef a mule gits contrary you kin allus depend on him to move when he gits hungry. But when a automobile balks de case is hopeless."

**AN ARBORICULTURIST.**  
There was a social aspirant.  
And he was wondrous wise.  
His entrance in the hort. bean monde had caused a mild surprise.  
And so he grew a family tree.  
And grew it up so tall  
No one could see where it began  
And ended—that is all.

**PROMISES.**  
Once when I was very sick,  
And doctor thought I'd die,  
And mother couldn't soothe at me  
But it just turned to cry.  
That was the time for promises:  
You should have heard them tell  
The loss of good things I could have  
If I'd get well.

But when the fever went away,  
And I began to mend,  
And begged to eat the goodies  
That Grandma Brown would send,  
They said beef tea was better,  
And gave my grapes to Nell,  
And laughed and said, "You're mighty  
crowd  
Since you got well."

**THOU PHANTOM FAME.**  
Aesculapius was dreaming peacefully when a violent pull at the bell awakened him.  
"At last!" he thought, as he opened the door. "This is the fellow to tell me the news that I am named the 'Father of Medicine.'"  
"Please," asked the voice from without, "let me have a penny stamp."



**A DECIDED DRAUGHT.**  
Hodge: Evenin', shquire—win' sheems pretty shtrong this evenin'—blowin' me all over roadsh.  
Squire: Just so, Hodge; you look as though you were feeling the effects of a draught.

**PRACTICAL LOVE-MAKING.**  
He was practical, and had been making love on that basis. She was a little that way herself.  
"Can you cook?" he inquired.  
"Can you supply everything to be cooked?" she replied.  
It was a match.

**IN THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH.**  
Dicky: Pa, were you a goader boy'n me when you was as little as me?  
Pa: Yes, indeed, Dicky. I was always a very good boy; but somehow or other I had a great many serious and painful misunderstandings with my parents.

**OLD ASSOCIATIONS.**  
"Yes, Count in all the park there is no place I like so well as under this old, old tree." (Sighing sentimentally.) "There are tender associations, you see."  
"Aha, I comprehend, mam'selle. You have yourself planted this tree!"

**A MATTER OF BUSINESS.**  
"Why don't that romantic star and that emotional actress get a divorce, if they can't become reconciled?"  
"They have discussed the idea. But each is afraid the other might get the best of the advertisement."

**QUITE EASY.**  
She: Do you think we can get along without that cook, dear?  
He: Certainly. Why, if the worst comes, you can do the cooking, and I can get my meals at a restaurant.

**WILLING WORKER.**  
Myer—Slyker is a friendly sort of chap, isn't he?  
Gyer—Yes; he's most too friendly.  
Myer—How's that?  
Gyer—He no sooner quits shaking your hand than he tries to pull your leg.

**INSURING FRIENDSHIP.**  
Although Mulcahy and Mulbooly were known to be great friends, they were one day observed to pass each other in the street without greeting.  
"Why, Mulcahy," a friend asked in astonishment, "have you and Mulbooly quarrelled?"  
"That we have not," said Mr Mulcahy with earnestness.  
"There seemed to be a coolness between you when you passed just now."

"That's the insurance of our friendship."  
"I don't understand."  
"Who, thin, it's this way: Mulbooly and I are that devoted to wan another that we can't bear the idea of a quarrel, an' as we are both mighty quick-tempered we've resolved not to shpake to wan another at all for fear we dissolve the friendship."

**MEAN THING.**  
Tess: That Miss Pepprey is just as spiteful as she can be. I suppose you heard what she said to May on her wedding day?  
Jess: What, May?—the one who married old Mr De Sember?  
Tess: Yes. Well, she told May she wished them both long life.

**AFTER THE START.**  
Clara—Young Smiley is an easy-going sort of a chap, isn't he?  
Maude—Yes; but it's awfully hard to get him started towards home.

**FROM EXPERIENCE.**  
Tommy—This paper says if you smoke cigarettes it changes your complexion.  
Willie—That's right; I am always tanned when I get caught smoking them.



**OF TWO EVILS.**  
Mabel: Dicky, darling, mother wants to see me particularly, but it's so expensive travelling all that way. Don't you think she'd better come to us for a bit?  
Dick: Nonsense, dear! You've never found me stingy about that kind of thing. I'll give you the money after breakfast for your journey.

**IN THE REDEYE.**  
Bill—Has Charlie any steady customer in his saloon?  
Pete—Well, they might be steady going in, but they are mighty steady critters coming out.

**IN OLD KENTUCKY.**  
Basil—Did old Stiller leave his family anything when he died?  
Zeke—Yeas, sah. He left a mortgage an' two feuds.

**IT DEPENDS ON WILLIAMS.**  
Mr Williams (Fanny's admirer): "Is your sister going to the seaside this summer, Tommy?"  
Tommy: "That all depends on you. I heard mother say if you and Fanny were engaged before the season was very far on there wouldn't be any sense in her going."



**REJECTED CREDENTIALS.**  
Mistress (to applicant for situation): How long were you in your last place?  
Servant: Seven years.  
Mistress: And why did you leave?  
Servant: I wasn't given a day out the whole time.  
Mistress: Dear me! Where were you employed?  
Servant: At an establishment for compulsory female labour at Woking.

**KEPT IT MOVING.**  
"Did anyone ever read your writings?" asked the artist.  
"Certainly!" responded the haughty poet. "Every editor in the country has read them."

**SLANDER.**  
Mrs. Muggs—That horrid Mrs. Frills told Mrs. Nextdoor that I was a regular old cat. What do you think of that?  
Mr. Muggs—I think she never saw you in the same room with a mouse.

**A BACHELOR MAID'S REFLECTIONS.**  
Many a man marries a girl because she is as "pretty as a picture," and then growls at the price of her picture hats.

The last mermaid died of shock at the sight of the first man in his bathing suit.  
"All's fair in love and war"—except suicide.  
You can't expect a woman on the box seat of a coach to realise that she will look like a perfect fright while she's getting down.  
Man was made from dust first, so that woman might sweep all before her.

The brilliancy of many a society leader depends largely upon her jewel box.  
Who knows more about the "strenuous life"—a man who talks about it after he's grown up, or the mother who helped him cut his first teeth?

Men allow their wives pin money and then expect them to buy tiaras.  
No man is really blase who retains a single ideal.  
One great difference between men and women is that women pray over what a man swears at.

No man yet was so high up that his wife couldn't call him down.  
Men do the headwork of the world, but women are the headrests.  
When a girl gives a man the mitten, he very often returns her glove.  
Men select their wives much as women buy books—chiefly because of a pretty cover.  
No man is a hero to his trained nurse.  
Many a woman depends upon her husband's club to keep her supplied with gossip.