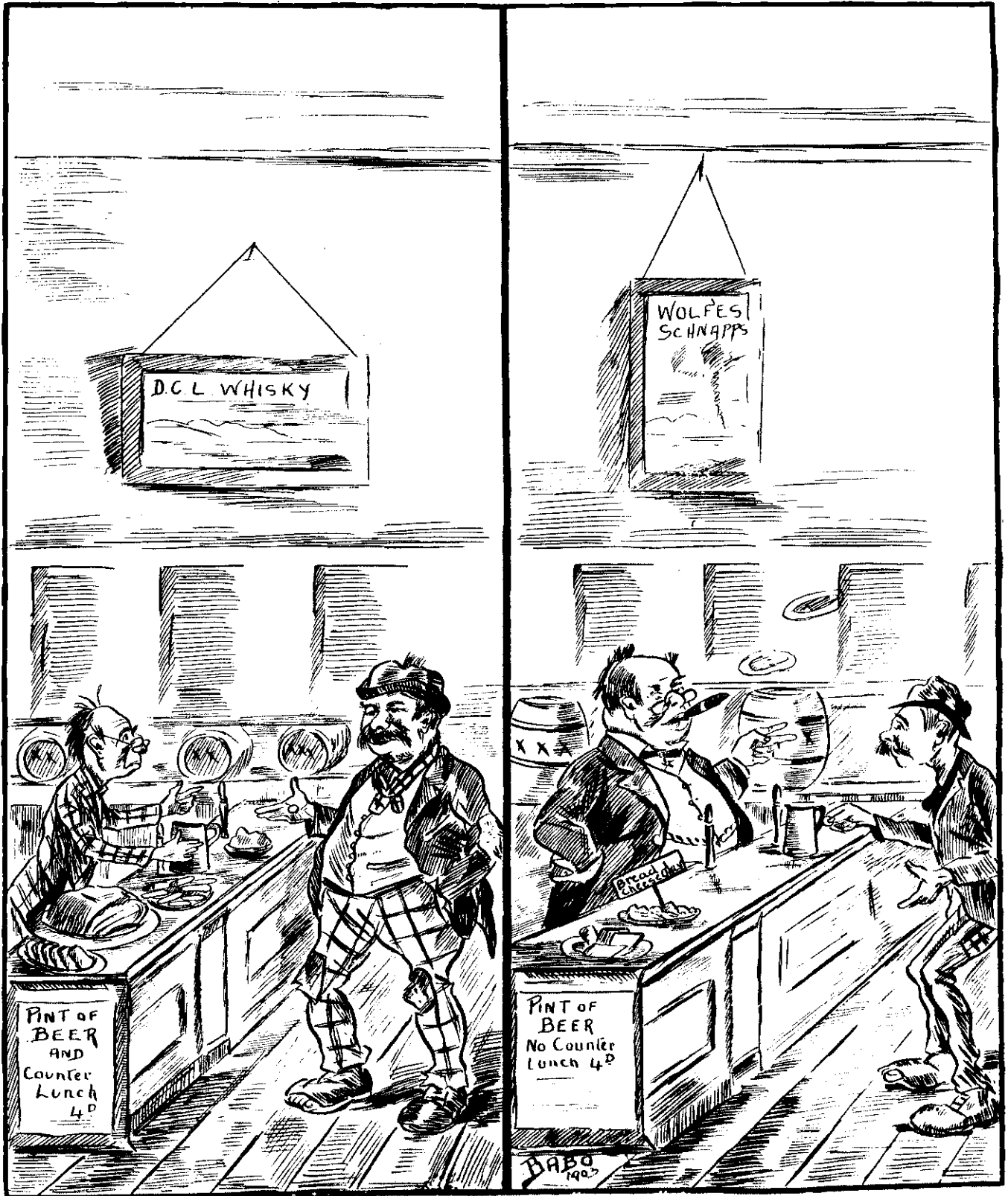


The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

NOW.

Exit the Free Lunch.

The Dunedin publicans have resolved to abolish the free lunch, and to serve only bread and cheese.—(Daily paper.)

People Talked About



MR HERBERT WALCOTT BOWEN.

Although the United States Government has not sought to interfere in the unfortunate clash between Venezuela and co-acting Germany and England, force of circumstances has drawn the American Minister at Caracas, Mr. Herbert Walcott Bowen, into the turmoil, and made him a most conspicuous factor in it. This is due to the demands of international courtesy and custom, and does not involve the relations of the United States with the South American Republic. Mr. Bowen agreed to look after the interests of citizens of England and Germany when the representatives of those countries, in some haste, left the Venezuelan capital. Through urgent persuasion he secured the release of Germans and British who had been arrested wholesale by order of President Castro. Later Mr. Bowen took charge of the interests of Italy and Holland. He next induced President Castro to propose arbitration, and he will be arbitrator for Venezuela. Because of all this, Mr. Bowen has been overwhelmed with work. His post is at present the most trying one in the whole diplomatic list, but he has been qualified for it by twelve years of experience in the service. He has been Consul and Consul-General at Barcelona, Spain, and Minister to Persia. Mr. Bowen is a Brooklynite, and the son of the late Henry C. Bowen, proprietor of the "Independent." He is a fine linguist, has published a number of books, and is a strong, able and fearless man.



MR GEORGE ADE.

Mr George Ade has sprung suddenly into fame as the leader and originator of the very latest school of American humour. His "Modern Fables" have had an immense vogue in the United States, and have just become the rage across the Atlantic also. An example of Mr Ade's work is given in this issue. As will be seen, it is quite original in style and certainly will tickle the fancy of those with any sense of humour. Mr Ade is quite a young man and seems to have a brilliant future before him.

A New Zealand Novelist.

We give a picture of Mrs Baker, better known to New Zealanders and the world at large as "Alien," author of many clever novels and a notable figure in literary London. Mrs Baker is a New Zealander, and spent her early days in Christchurch and Dunedin. A London correspondent wrote by a recent mail concerning Mrs Baker:—Her girls' book, "A Girl of Mettle," published in Philadelphia this season by George W. Jacobs and Co., is, I am glad to say, winning golden opinions. The two children in the book, "Jackie" and "Lizzie Bess," who have won so many friends, are, I understand, pen pictures of Mrs Baker's own boy and girl in their childhood. I learn that the "Church Standard" has secured the American serial rights of "Alien's" next book. I regret to hear that her daughter, Ethel, who is in North Wales, is seriously ill, suffering from a severe attack of rheumatic fever. It is hoped, however, that she is now over the worst and will be able to join her mother at Bournemouth. I hear that "Alien's" novel, "Not in Fellow-ship," is out, but I have not yet seen a copy. The only review I have noticed credits the book with much "strength and tenderness." It is with great pleasure that I am able to record Mrs Baker's continued and increasing success. She has indeed worked hard for it. If people imagine that she can turn out her books as if ground out of a machine they make a grievous mistake. I know that Mrs Baker's novels cost her an immensity of hard thought and hard work. She well deserved all the success she has obtained hitherto and may attain in the future.

A Curious Phenomenon.

Miss Peggy Pryde, the music-hall artist, who has just returned from a visit to Australia, relates a curious incident which occurred on the voy-

age home. "One day," she says, "the sea was most unkind. We saw a long silver streak right across the ocean as far as the eye could reach. By and bye we struck it, and the water was as smooth as a pond. It took us twenty minutes to get through, and things were rough again. No one, not even the captain, could tell why it was and what caused it. We took up a few pailfuls and found the water as thick as size." Who can explain it?



MISS HELEN A. MORRIS.

Who has just been awarded the silver medal for second highest marks in New Zealand in the honours division of the local centre examinations of the Associated Board of the R.A.M., and R.C.M., London, for pianoforte playing. A pupil of Mr J. F. Bennett.

The New Russian Ambassador.

It has been an open secret in diplomatic circles for the past two years that when Baron de Stal resigned his post of Russian Ambassador to the court of St. James' he would be succeeded by Count Beckendorff, the Russian Minister at Copenhagen, and no choice could be more popular or more suitable. In his official capacity at Copenhagen he has frequently come into contact with our King and Queen, who are so closely allied to the Czar through the Danish connection; and he has thus often come under the personal notice of both the Czar and King Edward at the same moment, so he cannot be counted entirely a stranger, and he is very popular already in royal circles.



COUNT BECKENDORFF.

For identically the same reason it will be remembered, Sir Charles Scott, who was British Minister at Copenhagen, was chosen to fill the post of British Ambassador to the court of St. Petersburg in 1898, when Sir Nicholas O'Connor was sent to Constantinople, and this experiment has met with considerable success. Copenhagen is always a strong link between the two royal families, which cannot be broken by political differences, however great; and the Ministers to the court of Denmark are always selected with a view to learning the great diplomatic lesson of Anglo-Russian friendship from the practical example of the crowned heads of the two nations.

Count Beckendorff, prior to his appointment to Copenhagen, had filled many minor diplomatic posts in the course of his training, and had risen to special favour with the Czar, who selected him to succeed the late Count Muraviev in Denmark in 1897. He is Russian Councillor of State and a Master of the Court, and has an hereditary link with Russian diplomacy in England through his grand-aunt, the Princess Lieven, who was famous as the Madame Novikoff of her day. His appointment cannot fail to add to the Anglo-Russian entente cordiale.

Royal Skaters.

The German Crown Prince is an expert skater, having acquired the art on the Plon Lake. With several officers, he has been joining the crowd of skaters on the Jungfern Lake, which lies just to the north of Potsdam.

Prince Friedrich Leopold, brother-in-law of the Duke of Connaught, and his family, are likewise devoted patrons of the winter sport. A special stretch has been reserved for their Highnesses on the Havel, in the neighbourhood of the Glincke Palace.

But the Prince and his consort by no means confine themselves to the reserved rink; they push further afield, skating to Wannsee Lake and elsewhere.



MRS BAKER, A NEW ZEALAND NOVELIST.

The Colonial Tourist in Europe.

A TOUR OF THE TYROL.

Most New Zealanders, most colonials indeed, when they visit the Continent, stick very much to one well-defined line. Paris, Switzerland and the chief cities of Italy, that is the usual itinerary. It is a most interesting, a most unequalled round. But if time and purse permit there are other tours which would be well worth while, and as an instance we herewith give a brightly-written account of a tour of the Tyrol by a couple of ladies. It is interesting even to those of us who cannot afford a hope for a trip ourselves, and there may be some few fortunate readers of the "Graphic" who will find a useful hint in what follows:

I.

We started with high ambitions, resolved to do the Tyrol in three weeks. Our experiences may not be strikingly novel; I only hope they may prove seriously instructive. Macaulay, when, at the age of five, he was first taken to Canterbury Cathedral, recorded the event in his diary as "a mighty moment for a thinking mind!" The first mighty sensation of the amateur traveller on arriving in a foreign country is that of having fallen into the hands of robbers. But the seemingly extortionate demands of the porters, servants and restaurateurs who wait on travellers can be very unjustly exaggerated; one is apt to forget the many weary hours, both of night and day, during which they have to hang about watching for their prey; and that, when they catch it, there is always the chance that it may prove courageously fair in its rate of payment. I have known a man so hard as to deny the plea of the Dover porter, that he, the porter, has to pay fourpence for the privilege of carrying a portmanteau from the train to the boat, and, therefore, has a right to demand eightpence for every piece of luggage he brings on board; I have known this same man maintain that the poor hotel porter who carries your bag upstairs in the evening and down again in the morning is well paid with a shilling, even should he have been put to the terrible trouble of cleaning a pair of boots as well. The porter grins condescendingly. "Carrying gepack," says he, pointing to your shilling; "clean boots also?" And this rascally traveller refuses to pay the poor fellow's just demand! I feel for the servant; he has to live, and, unless he is paid what he asks, how is he to do it? How? That is, in the manner in which he desires. Descending the Schmittenhohe one afternoon on foot, I stood aside on the narrow path to make way for two elegantly-dressed gentlemen who were being carried to the summit in mule carriages, and, on furtively glancing round at these two lords, I was aware of familiar faces. Yes, there was no doubt about it—these two gentlemen, indolently puffing at their cigars as they lounged in mountain armchairs, were both waiters at the hotel in which I was staying at Zell-am-See; by one of them had I the

honour of being waited on morning, noon and night, and, to my credit be it said, I recognised the absolute propriety of the situation. My wife and I had ascended the mountain on foot; these gentlemen had comfortable "equipages," as Disraeli would have said. Why not? You say that we were travelling for our pleasure! I beg your pardon; the sole object of our pilgrimage, as well as that of every other British tourist, was to provide ample means for all lackeys,

waiters and porters to ride in ease and elegance up the Schmittenhohe. These are their youthful relaxations; later, say after ten years of thoughtful British tipping, they themselves will build huge hotels, and train other bands of polyglot robbers to continue the happy tradition. You see, we are nothing if not philosophical. Quite meekly we paid fifty centimes for a cup of bad coffee at Ostend; quite meekly another fifty for a stale roll and a wisp of butter; at Herbesthal

an obliging porter seized our two pieces of luggage, and carried them to the dome and back—quite fifty yards—and when he demanded one "sheeling" we gave it to him as to the manner born. Thus, without any unnecessary fuss or wrangling, we found ourselves at Cologne, only one hour late, and sank peacefully into deck chairs on board a Rhine steamer. My companion rose to the occasion; I was for sleep, but in the intervals of dozing I heard her humming softly but persistently, "Die Wacht am Rhein." She is so thorough, my companion. Later, after dinner, gazing lazily from the saloon windows at the receding hills, softly dim in the blue twilight, their gentle tones accentuated in contrast with the pink drapery and electric light of the dining-room, I fancy I heard her humming—or was it whistling?—"All in a Row." The Rhine wines on board the Rhine boats are excellent.

"Oh! I am so glad we came this way to the Tyrol," exclaimed my irrepressible companion, as we looked out of our windows on the gay Karlsplatz in Munich. "Such a beautiful city."

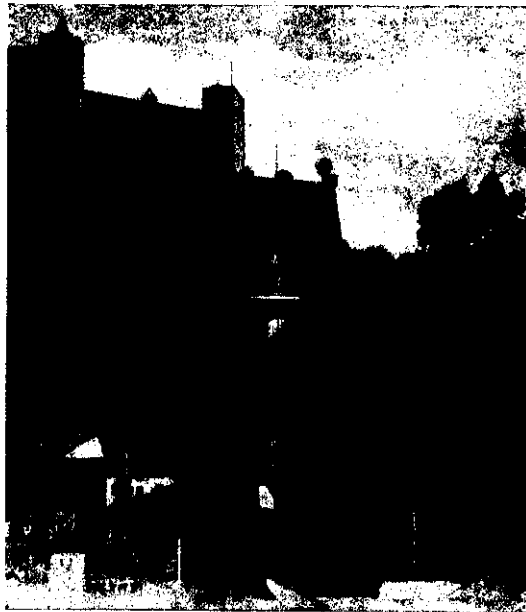
Strange that so many small Continental cities should possess museums and art collections so grossly superior to those of wealthy London; the Pinakothek made us feel doubly the inadequacy of our own National Disgrace. Only in the Deutches Theater, a variety show, did we recover our British equanimity; we do this sort of thing better in England. But even here we were bound to recognise the high pitch to which civilisation has brought the Bavarian—they give away good beer all the evening, in big mugs, for nothing! The place is a perfect paradise—for Bavarians.

Munich is a beautiful and enticing city, and I advise all good tourists who wish to reach the Tyrol to visit this city of beer; it is not too huge, nor, on the other hand, is it so small as to be provincial; it is full of fascinating shops, its streets are handsome and picturesque, its opera is, by some, ranked above Bayreuth in the production of Wagner, its galleries are rich in art treasures, and its catering is moderate in price and excellent in quality. From Munich and its excellent dinners we managed, with heroic self-denial, to tear ourselves reluctantly away, and steamed off one fine morning to Salzburg and the Salzkammergut. I don't remember how many towns on our tour my companion pronounced to be "the most heavenly in the world," but, on reflection, we have agreed that Salzburg is certainly the most beautiful town we have ever seen. Its situation is romantically lovely, surrounded by mountains of fine shape—surrounded, yet not stifled—its houses creeping up the lower slopes of the hills, solid, old-fashioned houses, built over arched caves on the ground floor, cool and inviting, its streets climbing and zig-zagging in the most impetuous and unexpected manner, and through the midst of the town, the rushing, swirling Salzach, a beautiful flash of blue and green lighting up the whole valley. "This," said my companion, "is heaven." And so we halted.

(To be continued next week.)



A CONCERT PARTY IN THE TYROL.



SALZBURG.



THE SCHMITTENHOHE.

out of the house; perhaps you anticipate more kicking; in a case like that you can't kick back again. So perhaps you're wise to chuck the girl. I tell you what, dear boy." The finger-tips returned, again to be displaced. "Marry the Bewickie girl. Get a special license to marry the girl out of hand. Then you'll get the ruby and the money too. It's the only way you can get it. Hearken to the words of a wise man."

"Mr. Burton, although I am so unfortunate as to be a relative of yours, I have on previous occasions been compelled to inform you that I decline to hold communication with, or afford you recognition of any sort or kind. I repeat that intimation now. With my reasons you are well acquainted; their name is legion. Have the goodness, therefore, to let me pass."

"But, my dear Guy, how about our uncle's money?"

"What about my uncle's money?"

"Our uncle's; forgive the plural, Guy. Hadn't we better come to some friendly arrangement while there still is time? You'll never get the ruby out of the Bewickie woman; I know her; she's a daughter of the horse-leech, she'll see you damned first. Relinquish the chase at once—you'll have to in a few hours, anyhow—and throw yourself on my magnanimity. There's a suggestion, Guy! Give it up; withdraw at once from what you know is a lost game, and I'll present you with a thousand pounds. Push the thing through to the bitter end, and you'll get nothing."

"A thousand?—out of a quarter of a million?"

"It would be a gift, Guy—a free gift. It isn't every man who'd present a cousin who'd used him as you've used me with a free gift of a thousand pounds."

"Mr. Burton, if the money is to be yours, I'll have none of it. I'm not disposed to be beholden to your charity, nor to you in any way, as you are aware. If it is to be mine, you'll have none of it; I know your tastes, and will not pander to their gratification. Let me pass."

"See how different we are. If the money is to be mine—and it will be; it's as good as mine already—I'll give you a few coppers every time we meet; I'll even send you some occasionally through the post. Good-night! My love to both the ladies!"

Mr. Burton hailed a passing hansom and was driven off. Mr. Holland continued his promenade, but had not gone far before he was accosted from behind.

"Mr. Holland! Mr. Holland!" exclaimed a female voice, as if the speaker were in distress for want of breath.

"Who's that?" He turned to see. A feminine figure was hastening towards him. "This promises to be a night of adventure. Has that little husky become humanised and changed her mind?"

The caller approached, holding her hand to her side.

"I wish to speak to you. You know me?"

They stood close to a lamp. Mr. Holland looked her up and down.

"I seem to have seen you before. You are the person who rushed into the house as I came out."

"That is it; I rushed—from him!"

She threw out her hands with a dramatic gesture, pointing down the street.

"From whom?"

"From your cousin—from Mr. Horace Burton. Oh, he is a nice fellow! If I had stayed with him much longer I should have killed him; so to save myself from killing him I rushed away."

"My cousin's concerns are not mine. I cannot assume responsibility for anything he may do or have done. You are mistaken if you suppose I can."

"I am not mistaken; I know all that. You men are all the same; you hang together. If your own brother drives a woman into the gutter, you say it is no affair of yours; you pass on, you leave her there. Before you open your mouth I know you cannot be responsible for what he has done. But you can make me to be revenged on him."

"Even that I cannot do."

"You can! I say you can!"

The woman spoke, not loudly, but with such passion and intensity of meaning that Mr. Holland was conscious of a curious sensation as he heard her. She was tall and thin, about thirty, not bad-looking, but precisely the type of woman the ordinary rake, seeking for a victim, would, if he had his senses about him, have left severely alone. She was distinctly not a person to be trifled with. Apparently a foreigner, because, although she spoke fluent English, there was now and then a slight accent and a curious idiom which betrayed her. Written large all over her was what, to a practised eye, was unmistakable evidence that she was of the number of those who take all things seriously, even rakes. One could easily believe that to her a promise was a promise, though it came from the mouth of a man; and since there are men who regard promises made to women as a sort of perillage, one would have thought that gentlemen who take that standpoint would carefully avoid an individual who eyed matters of the kind from such an inconveniently different point of view. Mr. Horace Burton, however, was in some respects an unusual specimen even of his class. Possibly the consciousness that he ran the risk of burning his own fingers by playing tricks with this particular fire was the lure which drew him on.

Anyhow, Mr. Holland told himself that this time his cousin had caught a Tartar, and became more and more convinced of it as the woman went on.

"My name is Louise Casata; I am Corsican, as you will find, your cousin. I am the companion of Miss May Bewickie." Mr. Holland pricked up his ears at this, which the woman, with her keen instinct, perceived. "Now do you not remember me? I was with her when you used to make love to her. I used to think you did it very well. But in those days you were fond of her. Now it is of another woman you are fond. Although you may have forgotten, I do not believe she has."

This time Mr. Holland winced.

"I think that now I do remember you. You used to write letters for her and that kind of thing."

"All sorts of kinds of things. I do everything she tells me to do; I am a Jack-of-all trades. I would act for her

one day; I can act, but I am too large a size. But that does not matter; nor does it matter what your cousin has done to me, though you can guess. But you cannot guess how he has lied and juggled."

"I think I can."

"Then you must know him very well. In which case you have my sympathy. What does matter is what you are going to do to him."

"I am going to do nothing to him."

"We will see; you will see; they all will see. Be still! Let me speak. He has told me about your uncle's will—about the ruby which Miss Bewickie has. How, if you get it from her, you are to have all the money; how, if you don't, he is to have it all. I know! Very well; you will get the ruby. That's what you will do to him. He will be ruined, body and soul; though, for his soul, that was lost long ago. If he wishes to keep his body out of prison he will have to be quick out of England. He will not find it easy. There are those who are watching for him too well."

"Are you sure of what you say?"

"Am I sure! Do I not know! It is only because they think he will get his uncle's money that he has not been in prison before. I tell you there is a convict's uniform waiting for him in more than one place. You will fit it on his back. I shall be revenged. I will go and see him when he is in gaol. Every three months he will be allowed to receive a visit. I will be his visitor. To see me will give him pleasure. I shall have such nice things to say. Oh, yes!"

(To be continued.)

Women Who Influence Men.

(By Max O'Rell.)

To believe that men are ruled by strong-minded women is a mistake; men invariably rebel against the tyranny of assertive women and viragos; but the most intelligent, masterly men submit, like lambs, to the gentle influence of sweet, amiable, sensible and tactful women, who lead them discreetly, diplomatically, without their feeling it, without their scarcely knowing it.

Even the frivolous woman is more successful in the management of a man than the virile woman whose notions constantly divert her from her womanly sphere. Why, the silliest little goose of a woman often possesses more instinct, more of that common sense which is inborn in woman, than all the bluest stockings of the world put together.

We all know the heroism of which the womanly woman may be capable. She is energetic and valiant; she suffers better than man, she can die as well as he can. She endures a long martyrdom more patiently than he does, and, in his own, she is his best support.

Yet, this very woman who can do all this, may be afraid of little things; in a hansom cab she may grasp the arm of a man and look up to him for protection,

and that man is grateful to her for the little tacit homage she thus renders to the superiority of one sex over the other. This superiority only exists in convention, and in brutal force; but not in convention and brutal force rule the world?

The question is not whether it should be so; but it is so. Woman is stronger in her weakness than in her strength. In fact, it is through her very weakness that she rules. The day she wants to reign, she ceases to rule.

The supreme aim of a woman should be to assume the role of the occult power that rules behind a man; in public all her actions should be performed for the good and the glorification of her husband; at home she should take care that he never gets base of the love she inspires in him, nor she of the love she feels for him. Her husband should be the motive of all her actions.

Before trying to look beautiful for the indifferent she should strive to always look her best for him. When she is admired at a party, when her beauty and her attire cause every one to sing her praises, her husband should certainly feel flattered and proud; but he should keep in his memory some souvenir still more triumphant than this; he should remember some moment, some toilet of which he alone had the secret privilege, so that he may feel that if others are allowed to sometimes enjoy the crumbs that fall from a table loaded with delicious dainties, he alone sits at that table without any one else daring to take a seat by his side.

Love is eternal for a woman superior enough to thus govern her existence. She is young for ever, for her husband does not perceive any alteration in her. To her children she is a friend and a confidante, almost an elder sister.

To her friends and acquaintances she is a wise and modest counsellor, and you will always see her house full of young people. In the drawing room girls will sit around her and be satisfied with a cushion on the floor so as to be nearer to her.

I know many women who have succeeded in playing this beautiful role in life. I know one especially. She is an American. If you count the years she has lived you will say that she is old. If you knew her as I do you would say she was young.

One day, travelling on the Grand Central railroad, I was attentively listening to two beautiful young girls who were speaking of her in the section of the car next to mine.

By and bye we passed under a hill on the top of which my lady friend owns a lovely summer home. "That's where the dear lives," said the girls, looking up through the window, and they threw at her kisses which she never saw. I joined them quietly in petto.

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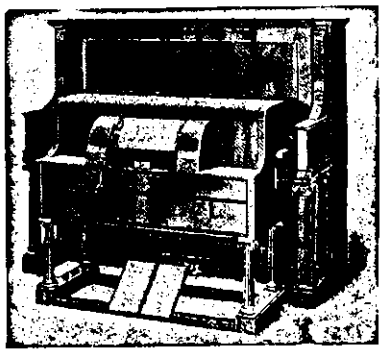
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T. E. DONNE.



THE YELLOW TERRACE, WAIOTAPU.

THE EXCEPTION.

I had always believed in first impressions. When I took an instinctive dislike to a person at first sight the feeling invariably remained, and as often as not, sooner or later my aversion was proved to be well-founded.

They say the exception proves the rule. Why it should be so I have never understood. It has always struck me as a mean way out of a difficulty invented by overhearing man when he was proved to be wrong for once in his life. Then he says, "Oh, that is the exception," and instead of being humbled, as he should be, and honestly confessing it, he continues as objectionable as ever.

I hate men. I have always managed to get on perfectly well without them, and am what some have called me, meaning to say something very crushing—emancipated. This is because I am an orphan of independent means and love travelling alone, when I can do, and go where I like. I admit it has its drawbacks—at times—but on the whole I was very happy.

It happened that once upon a time I was travelling to beloved Venice, whither I fed at least once a year, and on the way from Lucerne to Milan I made the acquaintance of a charming old lady. She was very nervous about travelling, and I took her under my protecting wing. She, too, was going to Venice to meet her son, who had induced her to leave England and spend a few weeks touring in Dalmatia with him.

"He would have come to fetch me," she said, "but I know how he hates England, and so I have undertaken the journey alone, saying that I was travelling with a friend. It was a little falsehood when I started, but—" she added with a sweet smile, "you have looked after me so nicely and well, that really I have felt no uneasiness."

Then she talked to me a good deal about her only son, who appeared to be a most uneducated person, with an insatiable thirst for wild unknown lands and adventure.

"If he would only settle down and marry some nice girl," she said, sighing. "I see so little of him and am always afraid something dreadful will happen to him. I have introduced him to such pretty girls, but he always quarrels with them and goes off again into his savage lands for months at a time. He always says they are not pretty enough or not rich enough."

"Oh, he wants to marry money," I said, scornfully, for I may as well confess that I am very liberally endowed with worldly goods, and was always much run after in consequence. It sounds a horrible thing to say, but it was true all the same. I was sorry at once when I spoke so contemptuously, for she looked very pained.

"I think he only says so," she answered. "Perhaps an excuse."

And I hurried to assure her that I meant nothing of the sort. Still my dislike to this unknown young man rose in proportion as we drew to our journey's end, and I carefully laid plans to disappear promptly on our arrival at Venice. I was sorry, too, in a way, for I had never met such a nice old lady, in spite of her somewhat wearying praises of her wonderful son. At Verona we arranged to get out and take something to eat, and when the train slowly rolled into that station, I went into the corridor of the carriage to be able to alight quickly.

There were not many people on the platform, and one man I noticed particularly scanning the windows eagerly. He was very good-looking and very big, and even by the light of the lamps I could see he was sunburnt—a deep mahogany tint. There was something familiar in his features, and the train pulled up—

most opposite him. I struggled with the handle, and, to my great surprise, he came quickly forward and opened it with a friendly smile on his face, and a look of undisguised admiration.

I got out quickly, and went into the refreshment room, quite forgetting at the moment my charge. Seating myself at a small table, with my back towards the room, I suddenly realised my base and cowardly desertion, and blushed with shame that a glance from a strange man should have so upset me. I was on the point of rising when I heard her voice and that of a man, taking the table immediately behind me.

"I rather put my foot in it, mater," said the man's voice. "I thought that stunning looking girl standing just beside you at the window was the travelling companion or friend you spoke of. I favoured her with one of my most winning smiles, and, as a return, I was swept aside in a most uncomplimentary fashion. Pity she is so pretty. Always makes 'em so self-conscious and conceited."

My cheeks burned with rage, and I nearly choked over my cup of tea. Evidently his mother was sitting so that she too could not see me, for she burst forth into a long description of my behaviour to her during the journey.

The man laughed indulgently. "Well, that's all right," he said. "As

long as you haven't brought a girl out with you, I don't mind. You have found no pretty millionairess, I suppose? But there, that's impossible. Girls with money are never pretty."

I could have cheerfully boxed his ears. It was disgusting the mercenary way in which he talked, and then an idea of revenge came into my head. It would be very easy and very complete. I would punish this insufferably conceited man, and the thought put new life into me.

I heard him say that he had come to Verona as a little surprise, and then I slowly rose and faced them.

The man had the decency to look uncomfortable for a moment, and at once got up, too. Then his mother saw me and introduced us at once. We all went back to the carriage together. I had previously made up my mind to change into another, but I thought of the revenge and took my original place as a matter of course.

He thanked me very nicely for the trouble which he said I had taken for his mother's sake, and then talked with her nearly all the way to Venice. Though I pretended to read, which was quite an impossibility in the shocking light, I felt him looking at me repeatedly.

"I am sure you will hurt your eyes," said his mother, after trying in vain to make me talk.

I murmured something to the effect that the book was very interesting.

"You are one of the most cold-blooded readers, then, that I have ever seen, Miss de Lisle," remarked Mr. Branton—that was their name—with an odd smile.

"Why?" I asked sharply. "You have not turned a page for the last hour," he said.

Words absolutely failed me. "Indeed!" I managed to ejaculate as stiffly as I could.

He did not try to speak to me again after that, but I remembered to turn the pages, feeling dreadfully stupid as I did so, for I felt he was watching me and—smiling.

We arrived at Venice at midnight. Never has a journey seemed so long before. It seemed as if it would never come to an end.

He insisted on helping me out with my things. "You really must allow me after your goodness to my mater," he said as I feebly remonstrated. "Now, please, your heavy luggage ticket, and if you will tell me your hotel I will put you in charge of the porter."

There was something indefinably masterful in his manner, and I actually yielded up the receipt, murmuring the name of the hotel.

"That's famous," he said. "We are going there too. Now, as you know the way, will you pilot the mater to the barrier where I will rejoin you?"

And before I could answer he had hurried off. Then he skilfully pushed a way through the waiting throng and had us comfortably seated in a gondola beating off a crowd of porters in such a neat manner that I began to look at him with more favour.

It was moonlight, and I found myself listening to his description of the various palaces along the Canale Grande with attention, ostensibly he talked to his mother—it was her first visit—and I was astonished at his knowledge; yet he admitted he had only been there once before.

Next day we met at breakfast, and hearing that I was bound for the Lido that morning, he promptly said that his mother was very keen on seeing it too. He did not accompany us, but turned up an hour afterwards. It was always like that. In the end we went everywhere together as a matter of course.



"To-morrow I leave you," said Dick Branton.

He at once found out that I was very fond of his mother, and without being too transparent, he used this knowledge to the uttermost. Looking back to this period of my life I cannot put my finger on the time when the longing for revenge forsook me and another took its place. I know I used to try and steel myself against him by repeating mentally the dreadful remarks he had made in Verona.

Then I forgot to remember them with any bitterness.

One day, we had been about a fortnight in Venice, he said to his mother in my hearing, that it was high time to start for Dalmatia. She cheerfully assented, and my heart sank within me, for I loved her very much. I had never met such a lovable lady of such a sweet disposition.

Then I heard his voice talking to me, for I was buried behind a paper. "I suppose, Miss De Lisle, you would not care to accompany us?" he spoke diffidently, unlike his usually masterful tones, and the change made my heart beat faster. "Dalmatia is very beautiful, and I know you would enjoy it." He paused awkwardly. "But perhaps you will talk it over with the mater."

He had gone before I could answer.

"It would be so nice," went on Mrs Branton as I feebly refused. "You see, Dick is going on afterwards to Albania for some shooting, and we could travel back together. You would be doing me a great favour at the same time."

In the end I consented. I wanted to go all the time, and a few days later we were steaming along between a perfect paradise of green islands, over a glassy, deep blue sea. We visited old Venetian towns, spent days exploring forgotten nooks and old-world villages. It was like a dream, but the awakening came suddenly and unexpectedly as we stood one evening on the deck of the steamer slowly threading its way through the wonderful fords of Cattaro. Wild mountains rose up before us, shutting us in a rocky gorge.

"To-morrow I leave you," said Dick Branton. He was leaning against the rail opposite us. He spoke quietly, but his eyes were fixed on my face.

It was horribly mean of him to take such an advantage of me. Try as I would I felt my face changing colour as I answered:

"Oh, really, Mr Branton."

I wanted to say something in the way of thanks for the exquisite trip, and enquire whither he was going. But I couldn't. My ears began to ring instead. I felt so uncomfortable that I longed for a boiler to explode or some equivalent catastrophe. I was so excited that I never even noticed that Mrs Branton had noiselessly left us. He took a stool beside my deck chair and went on:

"I am going up those mountains for some shooting."

"How dreadful!" I said, weakly. "Who live up in those horrible cliffs?"

"Oh, a very wild and lawless people," he continued, without taking his eyes off me for a moment. "They shoot at sight up there, you know, but the sport is grand."

I felt I began to hate him again. I remembered his words in Verona, and they gave me a sudden confidence.

"Indeed," I said, rising. "Well, I am sure I wish you a 'grand time' up there as you always say. I am going below for a moment for a wrap."

"It isn't cold, you know," he said, following me; "or let me fetch it for you."

We were behind the deck-house now, and then he did something I have never quite forgiven him for.

"You darling," he said. "You aren't cold a bit, and I am not going; that is unless you want me to."

"How dare you, Mr Branton?" I said, almost choking with rage—at least I think it was rage—but he didn't let me go, and I never realised how strong he was till then.

"There is nobody on deck, darling, and don't call me Mr Branton any more. It isn't fit to call your future husband so."

I gave in then. What could I do. I had never been proposed to in that fashion before, I am thankful to say.

"You are not keeping your word," I said at length.

"How?" he asked in surprise. "About marrying an heiress," I murmured.

"You don't think I meant that, did you?" said Dick, quite angrily. "I only talked like that because I had never met a girl I loved."

Then Mrs Branton came on deck and called Dick. She came towards us.

"I am not leaving you to-morrow after all," he said. He still kept his arm round me, though I struggled ever so hard.

His mother kissed me. "I didn't think for a moment you would," she said. "I am so pleased, darling."

And then I believe I cried on her shoulder.

I still hate men, but then the exception proves the rule.

The Birth of the Skirt Dance.

Describing the skirt dance and its exponents in an illustrated article in the Christmas number of "Casell's Magazine," Mr Sidney Dent says:—

Miss Letty Lind, whose name should be written very large among graceful dancers in skirts, appeared in one

of the Gaiety pieces in an unusually ample accordion-pleated skirt. One night Miss Loie Fuller, with her mother and a well-known dramatic agent, attended the performance, and Miss Letty Lind's accordion-pleated dress was the germ of an idea that was developed by Miss Loie Fuller into the serpentine dance. Never before in the history of the world has a lady worn a dress consisting of so many yards of stuff as those donned by Miss Fuller and her serpentine sisters. A hundred yards of silk is about the average, and its making must be as difficult as the feat of putting it on. Originally supporting masses of folds on two sticks—which have grown nowadays into fair-sized masts—while she worked her sticks up and down and from side to side, the serpentine dancer danced; but the dancing was quite beside the point, and most "serpentine," to use a really shocking word, have quite given it up. Movement of body and of foot there is practically none. The serpentine-dance is skirt "et praterea nihil." Beautiful, therefore, as are the effects obtained, it must be confessed that they are effects of artifice rather than of art. The serpentine dance is a mechanical device, whilst the original skirt-dance, as practised by Miss Sylvia Grey, Miss Alice Lethbridge, and Miss Letty Lind, belongs wholly and entirely to the domain of art.

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PROSPECTUS ON APPLICATION TO HEADMASTER.

After Dinner Gossip.

Some Vacant Governorships.

"M.A.P." has the following paragraph in the last issue to hand: Lord and Lady Ranfurly will shortly be returning home from New Zealand, the Governor's term at Wellington having now expired. Lord Ranfurly has won great popularity with all classes in the Antipodean colony, and a general wish has been expressed that he might be reappointed for another term, but apparently nothing is to be done in this way. There will soon be several important colonial governorships vacant now. Sir Charles Bruce is finishing up in the Mauritius, and so is Sir West Kidgway in Ceylon. Western Australia is already vacant, but it is understood that a new appointment was made before the Colonial Secretary sailed for South Africa. Sir Henry Blake has been for nearly five years in Hongkong, and he, too, will soon be coming home. Sir David Wilson is also about to give up British Honduras, and retire from the service.

Of Boys and Girls.

There are now two Royal houses that are rich in female children, and equally poor in male heirs, writes T. P. O'Connor in his society paper. Everybody knows that I mean the Houses of Russia and Italy. I suppose the mystery of sex in children will be solved one day. All that we know up to the present is that Professor Schenk, the Austrian physician, who professed to have found the key to the mystery, died in something like disgrace, and with his reputation destroyed and the mystery unsolved. Mr. Balfour had a brother who, if I remember rightly, was killed in an Alpine accident. Those who knew the whole family say that he was the cleverest even of a family of clever men, and that his studies in embryology had proceeded so far as to give hope that he had reached to the discovery of this sex mystery. But his premature cutting off came at the moment when his researches were about to bear their fruit.

Astounding Records on a Motor Cycle.

It is worth noticing, too, the breaking of the record for the motor cycle. The other day, writes a correspondent of a London weekly, while I was down at a country house, a young Scotch gentleman turned up on a motor cycle; he had come many miles, and seemed quite ready to go any number of other miles. The machine which he rode was quite compact, and it really did not look much bigger than an ordinary bicycle; it was perfectly under control; and looked a beautiful combination of toy and tool. It is important under the circumstances—as young men are taking to these things—to see what such a motor can do. The results certainly are astounding. Mr. F. W. Chase was able, at the track in the Crystal Palace, to go ten miles in a little more than fifteen minutes, twenty in a little over the half-hour, and more than forty miles in an hour. In two hours he had done more than seventy-nine miles, in three more than 115, in four more than 147, in five more than 189, and in six hours he had broken the record by doing 228 miles and 250 yards.

A Right Royal Answer.

It is a vile trade, as I have said, to be a monarch. Poor King Leopold, who, after thirty-seven years of absolute immunity, has just had a touch of danger, comes to corroborate and confirm this saying; and the shattered nerves of the young Tsar of Russia are an additional confirmation. But royalties, like other people, get accustomed to their environment, and what would appear to make life intolerable to the ordinary man is ac-

cepted by them as in the day's work. That certainly is the point of view which the German Kaiser takes of his position and of its perils. He was one day taking a walk with an old schoolfellow of his, who happened to be an American, and as they were going along something turned up about Anarchists and their plots and blood-thirstiness. The Kaiser, without pausing in his walk, and just flicking his stick against a pebble on the road, said in the simplest way, "Oh, I never think of those things. If I did I couldn't do my work." Which was a right Royal, and even a right Imperial, answer.

Some "Anslents" Who Were Millionaires.

Croesus possessed in landed property a fortune equal to £1,600,000, besides a large sum of money, slaves and furniture.

The philosopher Seneca had a fortune of £2,500,000.

Lentulus, the soothsayer, had a fortune of £3,500,000.

Tiberius, at his death, left £23,625,000, which Caligula spent in less than ten months.

Caesar, before he entered upon any office, owed £2,995,000.

Antony owed £300,000 at the ideo of March, paid it before the kalends of April, and squandered £14,700,000 of the public money.

Apicius expended in gluttony £500,000.

Cleopatra, at an entertainment, gave Antony, dissolved in vinegar, who swallowed it, a pearl worth £6000.

Aesopus paid for a single dish £80,000.

Caligula spent for one supper £80,000.

Heliogabalus spent for one meal £20,000.

Luellus usually paid £20,000 for a repast.

The sum of £400,000 was paid for the house of Antony.

The lady members of the Zion Lutheran Church of Greenville, New Jersey, are evidently possessed of a good deal of humour and originality. Finding that the working of the choir is frequently thrown out of gear owing to the young ladies of whom it is composed being snapped up in matrimony, they have entered into the following remarkable agreement:

"Whereas in heaven there is no marrying, and no giving in marriage; and whereas we, the undersigned, because of our heaven-sent gift of song, are engaged in the work of leading others to heaven by our service in the church; and whereas other choirs have yielded to the temptation of love, married and gone to the pews, leaving the loft voiceless, so to speak, be it resolved that we do agree severally and jointly not to marry within one year from the date of this agreement, and to maintain an unbroken and harmonious choir; be it further resolved that each of us solemnly agrees in the event of marrying to pay a forfeit of one hundred dollars to the other members of the choir."

It will be noticed that these harmonious virgins only bind themselves for a year when all is said and done.

A Pizzicato.

Touching the ignorance or want of appreciation of certain "patrons" and employers of the creators of "sweet sounds" is the story of a wealthy parvenu who invited his friends to a musical treat. All went well until the principal violin came to an incidental solo. The host inquired in vehement language why the rest of the band were idle. "It is a pizzicato for one instrument," replied the conductor. "I can't help that," exclaimed the host, "let the trumpets pizzicato along with him!"

This reminds the narrator of a story told of Jacob Astley, the famous circus impresario. His fear of being imposed upon almost amounted to a mania. Observing one night that a violinist in his band had ceased playing for quite a considerable time, he went to him and somewhat paradoxically asked him: "What the devil are you doing?" "Why, sir, following the score; here is a rest of many bars marked in my part." "Rest!" exclaimed Astley. "Rest be hanged! don't talk to me about rest, sir, I pay you to come here and play—not to rest!"

The Late Bishop of Canterbury.

I have come across some excellent stories of the late Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, some of which I quote here.

Few men had such a struggle to gain a footing as Dr. Temple. His father, a Lieutenant-Governor of Sierra Leone, died so poor that his son is said to have cleared the fields of stones and scared birds in order to gain a little pocket-money. His stern boyhood gave him his marvellous capacity for hard work. He won his way from Blundell's School, at Tiverton, to Oxford by means of hardly earned scholarships; and at Oxford, where his influence was great, in spite of his stern struggle with poverty, his college life was Spartan in its simplicity. Stories are told of his fireless rooms in the depth of winter and of his readings by the light of a gas jet on the staircase to save the expense of light and fuel. Often he rose at dawn in order to get his work done and spare the expense of artificial light in the evening. By sheer force of character and strenuous toil he worked his way to the chair of St. Augustine.

The Danger of Gestures.

The Archbishop, who could tell a story splendidly, had a habit of emphasising his words by gesture. In this connection an amusing anecdote is told.

When Dr. Temple received his first episcopal promotion from Exeter to London he left behind him, to his sorrow, a faithful dependent in Devon County Asylum. Visiting Exeter soon afterwards, out of the kindness of his heart he called to see his patient. Returning to town, Dr. Temple was met at Paddington by an old friend, and drove off with him to Fulham in an open victoria.

Presently the Bishop began to tell his friend of his visit to the asylum.

"I was hoping," he said, "poor Y— might soon be discharged, when, just as I was leaving, he put his thumb to his nose and went—just so—at me."

As Dr. Temple said this he graphically illustrated the contemptuous gesture. The same moment the carriage turned into Fulham High-street, and the horror of the spectators can

be imagined at seeing the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London, whom they were just beginning to know by sight, guilty of such a vulgar act in broad daylight.

First Love.

People who marry while very young are apt to find out when it is too late that they have made the greatest mistake in their lives, and that, though it may seem very sweet to marry "the first and only love," this same "first love" is the very last person in the world that they ought to have married.

Some, indeed, may advise couples to marry before they are out of their teens, and settle down before the distractions of the world can attempt to shake their allegiance to each other; but this settling down too often proves to be a mere temporary phase, and is followed by an unsettled condition that lasts for the rest of their unhappy lives. Second thoughts are often best in love.

Rugged Maxims.

An autograph letter of Abraham Lincoln's has been published with the following axioms paragraphed in this wise:—

- "Do not worry."
- "Eat three square meals a day."
- "Say your prayers."
- "Think of your wife."
- "Be courteous to your creditors."
- "Keep your digestion good."
- "Steer clear of biliousness."
- "Exercise."
- "Go slow and easy."
- "Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift."

At a Quakers' Meeting.

Supposing you are a musician, or a mere lover of the art, a volume entitled, "Musicians' Wit, Humour and Anecdote," by F. J. Crowst, is as pleasant after-dinner reading as you can pick up either at Mudie's or your favourite bookstall. It relates some interesting stories of Antoinette Stirling. Here is one of them: Once when she was present at a Quaker meeting at Devonshire Square, the brethren and sisters remaining silent a very long time, waiting for the Spirit to move them, Madame Stirling got up and sang "O Rest in the Lord." This created a sensation, and the clerk afterwards approached her and said, "Thee knowest, sister, it is against the rules, but if the Lord tell-eth thee to sing, thee must." The not inconsiderable number of persons who, hearing Madame Stirling in New Zealand, failed to find anything beautiful in her voice, will perhaps detect germs of very unconscious humour here.



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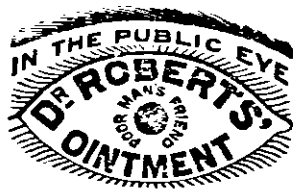
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The recipe for a certain bilious and liver pill was sold by public auction in London a few weeks ago for £5000.

The Government have acquired Messrs. Colbeck Brothers' property, consisting of 12,000 acres, for clover settlement, and it is said with a view to trying viticulture thereon.

Upwards of a million acres of Crown lands will be opened up for settlement in the colony this month. In the Auckland province 6623 acres of land will be balloted.

There is a steady stream of immigrants from the Old Country to South Africa, of which the New Zealand steamers get their share. The Waitara has on board 161 passengers for Capetown.

Mr Edwin Miller, who was formerly State coachman to Queen Victoria, was awarded £6140 compensation recently in respect of the Crooked Billet Public-house, Portugal-street, acquired by the London County Council for the Strand improvement. He claimed £10,145.

The steamer Energy is still engaged in the search for the Chinese coffins from the Ventura along the coast north of Hokianga, under instructions from the syndicate which took the work in hand. So far ten coffins have been found on the beach, besides pieces of cabin furniture, fittings, etc.

Two innocent-looking young men (says the "Kawhia Settler") visited Kawhia a few days ago, when they made themselves very agreeable with the residents. The result of their visit has been the serving of twenty-four summonses on seven persons for alleged selling liquor without a license.

The twelve-year-old son of Mr John Cook, of Greenhithe, late of Mercury Island, while fishing off Pine Island, in the Waitemata River, a few days ago caught a shark, which he proceeded to haul in. While he was doing so another shark became entangled in the line, and young Sidney made desperate efforts to secure the double catch. At last he succeeded and landed both the fish. They were found to be each five feet long.

The world must be turning upside down. We have never been accustomed to hear waiters say anything but "What'll you have, sir?" or make the usual hoary observations about the weather. Now the Auckland waiters are actually beginning to definitely state what they will have themselves. Shorter hours and better wages are on the menu.

While a bicycle was being ridden at a tremendous pace from Levin to Wairoa the other afternoon, a fair-sized dog got in the way of the machine. By some means its tail got between the spokes of the rapidly revolving wheels, with the result that the dog was hurled high into the air and landed on top of a telephone wire post. So a country contemporary says.

The Hotel Cecil's bill for butcher's meat reaches nearly £700 a day. There are 200 waiters at the hotel, and 50 chambermaids. The kitchen is stocked with 50,000 plates, 20,000 knives, forks and spoons, and 5000 cups and saucers. The wine stock is worth £50,000, and the 23 acres on which the hotel stands is valued at £400,000.

The Rev. C. W. Carrington, who is to be the head of College House, Christchurch, has told a pressman that in England he met Bishop Selwyn's mother. "She sent her love to a lot of people in New Zealand, and was very much interested in the colony. She is 92, I think, and one needs all one's wits to talk to her, she's so alert and clever. Really she is smarter than most people are at 40."

In admitting to probation a first-offence forger at Wellington last week Mr Justice Edwards said that first-offenders should not escape payment of the costs of prosecution. It would be well if a general direction were issued to Magistrates to forward, for the Supreme Court's information, the costs of prosecution, especially in the committal of first-offenders. His Honor also said he would be glad to order accused to abstain from liquor during the period of his probation, but he could not see that he had the power to do so, though some Judges had taken that course.

An extraordinary strike is reported from Crezieres, near Poitiers, the school children at the elementary school having refused to attend their classes unless their head master, a M. Cail, were dismissed from his position. They were supported by their parents, who petitioned the Government to send down an official to inquire into the affair. This the Government agreed to.

One of our most famous English judges was driving to his court one morning in his brougham when an accident happened to it in Grosvenor Square.

Fearing he would be belated, he called a cab from an adjacent cab-rank and bade the Jehu drive him as rapidly as possible to the Courts of Justice.

"And where be they?"
 "What! A London cabby, and don't know that the Law Courts are near Old Temple Bar?"
 "Oh! The Law Courts, is it? You said 'Courts of Justice.'"

The New Zealand Government has shown how advantageous it is to spend money in advertising the beauties of the colony, especially when the attractions are really worth visiting. Other Governments are waking up to the excellence of the idea, and quite an admirable portfolio of views has been recently issued by the New South Wales Government, entitled "Pleasant Places Convenient to the Lines." A lot of travelling would have to be done to see all the sights pictured in the portfolio, which is not large.

A Singapore contemporary is responsible for the announcement that the Straits Chinese are about to effect a startling sartorial reform. A party of these daring ones, while holidaying in Scotland last year, became so enamoured of the Highland kilt that they purchased full outfits for themselves, with dirks and sporrans all complete. There is a suspicion in Singapore that the bagpipers were included in the purchase. The innovation has provoked great excitement in Singapore, and there is already a demand for the Singalese equivalent for baggis, "gamey" preferred.

Writing from New Plymouth, Mr Felix Tanner, late of Waipi, parachutist, submarine, and inventor of the "improved air-ship," informs our Waipi correspondent that he has been offered the job to recover the sunken treasure and specie lost in the Elingaite wreck. Mr Tanner states he has made improvements to the present deep sea diving gear, and if he can obtain leave from the New Plymouth Harbour Board, where he is now working, he intends to make the attempt at all hazards. Mr Tanner, when residing in Waipi, constructed a model of his new air-ship, and on one or two occasions successfully underwent "execution by hanging" on what he deemed to be a properly constructed gallows before a public audience. Mr Tanner also gave an exhibition of tight rope walking, and claims that he fasted forty days at the Melbourne Exhibition.

It is hard to believe sometimes in the innocence of the typographical error—one would rather believe that the compositor is a humorist, who cannot resist temptation. In a grocer's advertisement, offering some dainty Christmas fare for camping parties, several loaves are displayed, and the first one is "Rabbi and Bacon." The omission of the "t" there could only have been brought about by deliberate intention.

A queer story of the cure of a snake bite comes from India. A young man bitten by a venomous snake was evidently dying. The mob called in resolved to try the most powerful remedy he knew. He tied a cowrie shell on a piece of string, and muttered incantations till it began to whirl round and round, and finally disappeared. In a few minutes the snake that had done the damage appeared with the string and shell round its neck, and was commanded by the mob to put its mouth to the wound for about ten minutes, after which it went away. The dying man speedily recovered.

Where do the "little German bands" come from? A writer in "Blackwood's Magazine" says: "Inhabitants of the Northwest Palatinete generally are of a roving disposition. The shoe hawkers of Pirnaeus, the brush dealers of Komberg and the showmen and peddlers of Karlberg are to be met with all over the Valley of the Rhine. But these must yield the palm in numbers and enterprise to the muskanten of the Hartz mountains, who have made the whole world their own. They are not so often seen on the Continent as they formerly were, but they go to England, the Cape, Australia, the States, Canada, Brazil, Argentina, and one band has ventured as far as Chile. I have known of only two bands that did not come from this district. The one was from Nassau, the other from Pforzheim, in Baden."

A Japanese butler has to have sufficient knowledge of etiquette to entertain his master's guests if his master is out. After rubbing his knees together and hissing and kow-towing he will invite you to take a seat on the floor.

He will then offer you five cups of tea—it is the number of cups that signifies, not the number of callers—and, dropping on his heels with ease and grace, enter into an affable conversation, properly humble but perfectly familiar, until his master arrives to relieve him.

Even then he may stay in the room and is quite likely to cut into the conversation and dead certain to laugh at the smallest apology for a joke. The number of servants in a Japanese household is large and the pay small.

When it was given out that Sir Joseph Ward contemplated a visit to Australia, all sorts of rumours were put in circulation as to the reasons for it. As a matter of fact, no political significance whatever is attached to the Minister's journey, which is being made purely for holiday purposes. For the past two years Sir Joseph has been hard driven under the pressure of officialdom, and he feels he is justly entitled to a brief respite from his multifarious duties. Those on the spot will at once readily admit the force of this argument. It had been Sir Joseph's intention to cross the Tasman Sea prior to the Christmas holidays, but unforeseen circumstances prevented its accomplishment, and he was compelled to make a shorter journey to Rotorna and Lake Taupo, where he found himself unable to shake off the departmental business which claimed his attention. In making this short journey to Australia, Sir Joseph will be altogether relieved of the monotony of business routine. He proposes leaving Wellington in about ten days or a fortnight, and going firstly by way of Hobart, where he will probably spend a week, and returning here from Sydney. The larger portion of his time will be spent in Melbourne. Sir Joseph is to be accompanied by Lady Ward and Miss Ward. This explanation should satisfy those members of the Opposition party who saw in the Minister's trip some deep laid political scheme on the part of the Government. Sir Joseph intends that no Ministerial or departmental business shall worry him in his well-earned trip Australiawards.

An amusing case has occurred where a doctor has been fined for swearing over the telephone. His defence was interesting, but ineffective. He maintained that he merely "russed the telephone service and not the operator."

The Judge based his sentence on these three points:—(1) That there was not sufficient provocation for profanity; (2) that profanity is always aggressive, never protective, and therefore inexcusable; (3) that long-distance oral offences are as culpable as those committed at close range.

The law in Britain is stringent in suppressing the sale of any article under a name or guise which might make it liable to be mistaken for some widely known article of the same character. Such a case came up in the London Court about the middle of January, when Messrs Horlock and Co., the manufacturers of Horlock's malted milk, sued Messrs T. Howard Lloyd and Co., manufacturing chemists, to restrain them selling "malted milk food." When the case came up for hearing it was intimated by Messrs Horlock's counsel that defendants had consented to a perpetual injunction not to use the name of malted milk food, or any other name of which malted milk forms a part, and agreed to destroy labels and to give the names of customers.

Mrs. Kate Porter, a fashionably-dressed young woman, who was arrested at Melbourne, has demonstrated that mere man has no longer a right to the monopoly of burglary. Complaints had come from several suburbs that a young lady on many occasions had been discovered in residences surrounded by displaced drawers, and in possession of hastily gathered valuables. On being discovered the intruder, with a merry laugh, would exclaim, "Oh, what a fright I must have given you. I'm playing at being a burglar, and it's such fun. Is Mrs. Brown in? No; doesn't live here? Oh, dear me! Dear me! What a terrible mistake I have made. I thought this was her house, and she is such an old friend of the family. How can I apologise for my intrusion?" With that she would become greatly distressed, and the sympathies of the householder being aroused by the further confession that Mrs. Brown's baby was a special attraction for the intruder, and she had so wanted to give Mrs. Brown a surprise, the enterprising young lady would be escorted to the front door, and bowed out by the somewhat bewildered householder. Mrs. Porter, who said she was a married woman, 28 years of age, was arrested in the city on two charges of larceny, and several suburban residents called at the watchhouse and identified her as the young lady who had visited them uninvited, and been found on their premises under the circumstances indicated.

Dr. Leo Berthelsen, private physician to the Czar and Czarina, questioned as to the persistent rumours as to the health of their Majesties, says:— "As to the Czar's alleged 'mental depression,' because of the lack of a male heir, that story is a bold fabrication. There is not a happier couple in the world than the Czar and Czarina. Nicholas makes a goddess of his wife, and is as fond of his little girls as if they were boys.

"As to his fireside, his wife, his children, the Czar devotes every minute of the day that he can spare from the affairs of State, and Her Majesty is seldom far away from his workroom. If business of State keeps him up at night the Empress is usually found near the Imperial desk, and if the work promises to be long, their Majesties may be seen stealing into the apartment where the little Grand Duchesses sleep to look at the little ones every little while.

"I can scarcely bring myself to talk on the condition of the Czarina. The Empress enjoys the good constitution of the well-bred German woman, and is as robust and alert as her late grandmother, Queen Victoria, was in her young days.

"As to that male heir about whom certain papers are so much concerned, why, the Czar and his wife are young people, and have not given up hope that a son will be born to them. There is no reason why their union should not be blessed with a son by and by."

An event that has had rather more than a personal interest (says the "Leader") has been the return to Melbourne from Pekin of Dr Morrison, the "Times" correspondent. Few Australians have made a greater mark in journalism than he, and that not so much on account of literary merits, though he possesses these, as of qualities of foresight and endurance. To do and to dare—that is what he required of the man who goes to make a name among strange races in the strangest country of the known world. And this ex-Victorian has done and dared to some purpose. It is interesting to know that he takes no pessimistic view of Great Britain's position in the Far East. The German has not beaten the Anglo-Saxon in the race for commercial supremacy, and it is yet a long way from doing so. The Germans have not been inactive, but neither have the merchants of Great Britain, and so the westernising of China goes on—though whether it will ever be more than a strictly local and superficial process neither Dr Morrison nor anyone else can say. A graceful and valuable tribute, coming from one who was on the spot at the time, was paid by Dr Morrison to the men of the Australian contingent who volunteered for service in China. They had not much showy work to do, but in the matter of supervision and police duties they did good service, and reflected credit on the country from which they came.

There was great excitement in the Little Bay tram (writes "A.C.") from Sydney when it was discovered that a non-paying passenger had stowed himself away in an inaccessible place, and was enjoying a free ride. The stow-away was a snake. Ladies in other tram-cars got up on the seats and flourished umbrellas. The ticket collector made a grab at the tail of the snake. "Never mind his fare; just put him out," said the funny man. "I'm despatching him for being illegally on Government property," replied the ticket collector. The snake was then killed, and the tram resumed its journey through the beautiful drive in Sydney. But some lady passengers were ready to jump on to the seats at any moment on the slightest suggestion that there were still strange travellers about.

An Adelaide girl (writes "Winifred") who was going to a dance, and had a new frock for the event, came to the conclusion that she must wear earrings. "They are fashionable, and so becoming. They are just 5/6. Not real, of course, but they look good, and the effect is splendid." So the girl bought the earrings, and had her ears pierced. She talked a good deal about ears and their shape as the dance drew near, and when the time arrived in went the earrings. She blushed with delight at the result. It was charming, as her sister, who had not approved, was obliged to own. Her ears began to burn uncomfortably as she danced the first dance; in the second she dreaded that they must be looking red. By the fifth the pain was so great that she kept with difficulty from crying. When the seventh came she startled her partner by saying, "I can't bear it any longer; I must go home." "What is the matter?" he asked. "I don't know," she said; "I think I am very ill." "You seem quite well," he said; "except, by Jove! what is up with your ears? They look as if they were going to burst." "My cloak," said the miserable young woman, and off home she went, suffering agonies.

Sir John See has startled the people of New South Wales and surprised the other communities of the Commonwealth by an outspoken condemnation of the bush capital idea. To carry it into effect would be, in his opinion, to commit a very costly mistake. He thinks that the permanent seat of government "rightly belongs" to Sydney, but he would rather it were given to Melbourne than to any place in New South Wales outside of Sydney. Undoubtedly in his main contention—that either Melbourne or Sydney should be the federal capital—he is on sure, common sense ground. It is inconceivable that the Imperial Parliament and the Imperial departments could, with the sanction of the nation, be placed in some out-of-the-way spot in the United Kingdom; yet that would not be more absurd than to create a political centre for the Commonwealth

in one of the remote districts of New South Wales. No advantage will be secured by interposing mere geographical space between the Federal governing authorities and the concentrations—which Melbourne and Sydney are—of Australian industrial, commercial and social vitality. The rule is that national institutions find a stimulus and a no less valuable restraint from an environment of intelligence and energy. They seek, not shun, this environment. Why should politics be separated from the other great currents of activity? Only at very heavy expense, running into many millions, could a capital be created for political purposes. The inconvenience attaching to a rural site would be a deterrent to the best candidature. And the seat of government would be the perpetual victim of contemptuous comparison with Melbourne and Sydney, as Ottawa is with Montreal and Toronto. Sir Edmund Barton, commenting on Sir John See's opinion, appears to shudder at the recollection of Melbourne as of a hot-bed of provincial influence. Does he think that federal politicians and administrators can escape from provincial influence by running away into the bush? The most corrupt form of it would chase them all over the continent if they showed a lack of the robust character which faces all influences with courage and serenity. The fixing of the seat of government in one of the big communities, where all that was done would be keenly watched and promptly and fearlessly criticised, should be regarded as a powerful safeguard of honest and capable state-manship. The bush-capital idea was hastily adopted, and it is to be hoped that no attempt will be made to realise it for several years. Time will show the folly of it, and bring a generally acceptable solution of the difficulty.

Mrs Campbell Praed, in "My Australian Girlhood," says that her earliest admirer was a half-caste aboriginal boy that used to be her playmate, when her father owned Narraginn Station. "Indeed, there was serious thought of an elopement to the scrub with Kingo, but upon going into the question of the marriage laws of the race we discovered that he, being a Cuppi, was bound to wed a Dongai, or undergo the penalty of excommunication, or perhaps death. So, reflecting that I was not a Dongai, though living near Dongai Creek, we should probably be both knocked on the head with a nulla nulla and then eaten after a corroborree, we thought better of it." Another of her chums was Tombo, a fine mimic, who amused people by imitating the voice and manner of a German doctor who was fond of re-

citing "The Raven" in Teutonic-English. Years afterwards Tombo caused one of his child playfellows considerable embarrassment at a public fete in Brisbane. The child was grown a young lady then, and looked very proud of herself as she walked to the dais reserved for privileged spectators. Tombo came forth, scantily clad and tipsy, took her by the hand and gave her an effusive greeting. "Budgey you sister belonging to me. Tsh! tsh! eh! (making the black's click of the tongue and teeth, expressive of admiration). Bail you wearim frock like it that long ago Narraginn. What for you not glad to see Tombo? Plenty mine been show you crack-in stockwhip. Plenty mine been carry you over creek," and so on through a list of humiliating reminiscences.

"Where are the prettiest girls to be found?" (writes a Sydney girl from London). A German will reply, "First, in Berlin, and" (if the questioner happens to be a woman), "secondly, here where you are living." The Frenchman may answer, "Paris." The Englishman all the world over gives it as his incontrovertible opinion that "the girls in the Row can't be beaten for looks, style, everything." My first visit to Rotten Row was in the summer time; says a writer in the "Australasian", hundreds were walking up and down under the lovely chestnut trees, with no apparent object but to see and be seen. After several hours of study, which I sincerely trust was impartial, I came to the conclusion that our Australian girls are prettier—far prettier. I thought of the girls I had seen at the September meetings of the A.C.C. at Randwick and at the Fleet balls on Garden Island, Sydney, of Holart girls, of Adelaide girls, and I was glad. In their complexions London women are quite as sallow as our Australian girls are by the time March comes round, after five or six months of heat and dust and scorching winds. For style there is no comparison between our girls and London women. London women are all style. Their fashionable hats are poised at the very latest and correctest angle on the most perfectly dressed heads. Their hair is exquisitely arranged in "figure-eight," on the nape of the neck. Side-combs and ornamental hair-pins of tortoise-shell (which "stay in") help to give the regularly well-groomed impression. Nature does a great deal for the Australian girl, but she cannot approach the London woman in carriage, knowledge of what clothes to choose and how to wear them, hairdressing, or head-gear, or foot-gear.

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 RAILWAY WHARF, AUCKLAND.

The late R. H. Fry, England's levitan bookmaker, who died last December, was one of nature's noblemen. On the day after his death the secretary of St. Paul's Hospital, London, wrote to the press stating that the institution, of which Mr Fry had been senior vice-president, was "an infant of his own creation, and the unremitting and generous care he exhibited in watching and controlling its almost daily growth breathed the spirit of a discriminating and indulgent parent. . . The memory of such a man will, indeed, be evergreen."

He had sat for half an hour in the members' reserve behind a lady of his acquaintance who wore on her head a colossal and expansive collection in millinery, when she turned and said: "I hope I am not interrupting your view." "Oh, not at all," he said politely. "I can see over point," he said to the umpire at square leg splendidly, and I can get all the play from the scoring board, you know." She seemed in doubt as to whether it was politeness or satire, and to tell the truth I wasn't quite certain myself until I saw him catch the eye of a male friend, who had overheard their conversation; then I knew all about it.

The "Argus" bitterly regrets the keenness with which it attacked womanhood suffrage, and now that it is the law of the land (says the Australian "Leader"), that journal makes pathetic appeals to the ladies to do what a few months back it was passionately advising them never to do. The majority of the women who refuse the vote are found to be "Argus" readers, and having once got it into their heads that it is unbecoming and impious in a lady to have the franchise and to exercise it, it is not easy to convince them in the same columns that a perfect lady will spare no pains to secure the franchise in order to do her sacred duty by "her party." It would seem, however, from one story told by a big be-whiskered policeman that the other comic papers must share some of the discredit of the "Argus" for abusing the minds of the women. At a picturesque Queen Anne villa in one of the suburbs, the servant having accepted the boon with characteristic cheerfulness, the lady of the house was called upon with less confidence. She was young and pleasant to look upon, and blushed quite effusively when the diffident officer put his first question. "Really, I don't think I should care to," said the little woman. The officer ventured a few words of advice. Taking the vote, he pointed out, entailed no serious responsibilities. It was a duty, but after all a simple one. The young woman was anxious to oblige. "Well," she said, "I shall take it, but nothing will ever induce me to wear them." The female suffrage has so often been symbolised as trousers by the cartoonists that this ingenious creature cherished the idea that acceptance of the suffrage entailed the wearing of the trousers.

Of the extraordinary amount of labour, money and resource which was expended in order to track the Humberts, the following paragraph gives a good idea: On the day the safe was opened—that is to say, the moment the flight of the Humberts was discovered—circular telegrams with orders to arrest and details of identification were sent to all the Paris stations, as well as to the French ports and the frontier stations. There were in all eighty-seven such telegrams. On the same day telegrams were sent to all the seaport judicial authorities to watch departing vessels. On May 10th details of identification and portraits were sent to all the newspapers. Orders were likewise given to seize the letters of the fugitives, as well as those of Dumort, Parayre, Mme. Durvallo, and others. Three thousand photographs and identifications of the Humberts were sent out to the ends of the earth through the Foreign and Colonial Offices, both to foreign countries and to the French colonies. Finally, detectives began their journeys pretty nearly everywhere: to England, Holland, Belgium, Spain and other countries, and in order that nothing should be neglected it was announced that a reward of 25,000 francs would be given to anyone discovering the hiding place of the Humberts. The wonder is that the fugitives contrived to elude capture so long, and apparently so easily.

Mr. W. T. Stead, in an interview with an "Express" representative, has stated his dissatisfaction with the way the Venezuelan matter is being dealt with. "We have to collect £900,000 from Venezuela," said Mr. Stead. "We should have considered that Venezuela was in a state of revolution when we began to shout 'Pay up!' How can a man pay up when his house is afire? I suppose we shall all be called pro-Venezuelans next. But, although I have no great admiration for Venezuela, I do know that if its inhabitants had a spark of the Boer courage we should find this a tremendously difficult business. We are treading on American corns in the Western Hemisphere, yet we seem to be pledged to follow the heels of Germany in anything she may do to further her own ends. It is one of the fatal legacies of the Boer war. We are paying the price of the German Emperor's friendship. We seem to be becoming the meanest of the great Powers. We bully the small countries and knuckle under to the big ones. How is it that the British public were not taken into the Government's confidence! Yet we call this a self-governing country! It is a huge farce. As far as self-government is concerned I should be no worse off were I a St. Petersburg cabman."

The New Zealand Socialist Party evidently disapproves of the manner in which the present owner of Skibo Castle made his millions. Mr A. Boonstra, hon. secretary of the Auckland Branch of the Party, forwarded the following resolution, passed at the last meeting, to the City Council last evening: "That this branch of the New Zealand Socialist Party deeply regrets that the Mayor and Councillors of the city of Auckland have seen fit to besmirch the honour and dignity of the bulk of the citizens whom they represent, i.e., the workers, by joining in the rush for a share of the blood-fainted spoil of which Andrew Carnegie is now unburdening himself. This branch earnestly trusts that the people's representatives will yet withdraw from a position so humiliating to the citizens of such a reputed free and democratic country as New Zealand." The letter was received without discussion.

Woman teachers and girl pupils are specially liable to break down under the system of overdriving. The proportion of teachers in Germany suffering from nervous disorders is extraordinary. In one district, where 274 teachers are employed, 694 in one year were granted various terms of leave to recruit their nerves. In the Berlin district 1407 women are engaged in teaching science. Of these 594 were granted leave of absence for hysteria and other nervous maladies. Out of 431 women engaged in teaching special branches, 190, or little less than half, succumbed in the same way. The strain is far more marked among women than among men, the proportion suffering from nervous attacks among the former being on an average 25 per cent, among the latter 15 per cent. Medical testimony on this subject ought to be received with attention. An American physician of experience declares that "we are trying to do too much and in too little time"; a forcible criticism of hygienic and educational defects not without application here as well as in the States. He points out that there is such a thing as mental as well as physical indigestion, and that often more is taught to the young mind than it can properly assimilate. School work bears harder upon girls than boys. Being much weaker physically, their more frequent breakdown in school is to be expected, provided the same amount of work is required of both. The warning is one which ought not to be disregarded.

The Samoan paper contains a letter from an English planter, protesting against the procedure adopted at a meeting of planters held on January 17. The writer states:—"A number of non-German speaking residents were invited to attend, and they were aggrieved by the whole of the proceedings being carried on in German, as they were therefore unable to take any part in the business. One speaker saw no necessity for having the rules of the society translated into English, saying that as this was a German colony only German should be spoken, and alleging that in all English colonies only English is allowed. It

may be news to many of your readers to learn that there are 25 planters in Samoa, who are not Germans, and of that number there are 22 who do not understand the German language. These 25 planters have an aggregate of 1140 acres planted in cacao, and surely their interests should be considered by their German friends. One of the statutes of the embryo company state that German only shall be exclusively considered the official language to be used."

The report comes that weaving stone into a material sufficiently light and flexible to be used for clothing has been accomplished at a cost not so great as to render the industry unprofitable. It is announced that "the making of flexible and lasting granite trousers, black marble coats and onyx waistcoats may be a possibility of the near future." It is added that the making of curtains from asbestos and cloth from chalk is an easy thing. Furthermore, an enterprising spinner is reported to have woven sea shells into a handsome cover for an armchair. We are thus on the verge of great things. The old poem that mocked at the vanity of fine clothes by reminding us "that the poor sheep and silkworm wore that very clothing long before" will not affect the vain ones of the future. They will not garment themselves with silk nor with wool. The cotton field may be given up to the production of peanuts, and sheep-herders may devote their energies to the raising of turkeys. Girls will be radiant in glassine garments, glowing like the rainbow, while men will be brave in marble coats, quartz trousers and mother of pearl shirts. "There's a good time coming. Wait a little longer."

Every schoolboy knows that he lives on a planet, the rind or crust whereof has cooled down over a store of internal heat that is simply the remnant of the heat universal in which all planets were born. He also knows that the heat increases about one degree for every sixty-six feet of descent after the first hundred feet or so. Only a simple calculation is therefore required to enable us to ascertain the depth at which we should meet with the temperature of, say, boiling water. Nature, quoting from the "Boston News Bureau," gives an annotation concerning a proposal to tap the terrestrial boilers by way of obtaining supplies of hot water and steam at high pressure. It seems to be seriously argued that cold water could be admitted into a deep boring, and that the hot supply might thus be evolved. Rev. E. R. Hoagoe, writing on this topic in 1894, expressed similar opinions. His fear,

however, was that the earth's heat store would be seriously affected, and that its cooling down would be accelerated. Earthquakes might also be caused more frequently, for it will be remembered that at least one explanation of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions is that they represent the results of steam explosions, induced by the escape into the heated interior of surface water. As regards the practicability of the scheme, one may hesitate to express an opinion, but unless I am much mistaken a deep boring was made years ago at Budapest, and the hot water therefrom used. The hot springs of this and other lands also supply a practical answer to the question of the possibility of utilising the terrestrial heat supply. Whether we can imitate nature's peysers is, however, quite another matter.

For many years the Government of Russia has been deporting to Siberia many intelligent men, and turning them loose to make a livelihood for themselves and their families. It must be noted, however, that these men are practically exiles banished to the frontier for political crimes. Many museums and other edifices devoted to educational matters are being erected throughout Siberia, and they are in charge of learned and competent curators and instructors. Travellers in that country say that many of these museums rival anything they have in the United States outside of the large cities, and that students from all parts of the world visit them in order to study the collections. All these museums are supported and have been mainly built up by private contributors. It seems like irony of fate that in his efforts to free Russia proper from the men who are dangerous to his autocratic government, the Czar is unconsciously building up in another part of his domain what may prove an irresistible power that will be wielded against his descendants.

The servant problem is different in Hungary from what it is here. Apparently servants are so plentiful that the prefect of Jaszbereny, a Hungarian town, has dared to issue the following decree: "In view of the fact that domestic servants are getting more and more in the habit of neglecting their work in order to amuse themselves, I hereby give notice that any female domestic servant who is found out of doors, or even on the doorstep of the house in which she is employed, after 9 p.m., will be summarily arrested and punished by a fine or four days' imprisonment."

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in use.

Topics of the Week.

The King's Illness.

The cables concerning the illness of the King last week were, as such messages usually are where royalties are concerned, very reassuring, but, with past experience to look back upon, one could not feel so absolutely confident that all was really well as one could desire. We cannot but remember that the serious condition of the late Queen's health was kept a close secret till collapse had set in and when there was practically no hope whatever of saving Her Majesty's life. Again, the very day before he underwent that dangerous operation, when he was at death's door and in mortal agony, the King drove through London, and the cables commented on his improved looks, while the indisposition was set down as nothing to be seriously alarmed about. Yet, as we guessed, the position was of the gravest, and it was touch and go for the Monarch's life. It was only when it was absolutely impossible to keep back the news that the public were let into the secret of how serious was the crisis. So, again, now we were told at first it was a mere cold. Then the cat was let slightly out of the bag by the statement that the period when complication might ensue was past, from which we gathered that there was after all a time of anxiety. In fact, the insistent optimism of the messages was alone enough to make one slightly suspicious. No doubt, this extreme caution to avoid giving alarm is necessitated by the large issues hanging at stake on the life of such a personage as the King, though exactly why in a settled community such as ours where the succession is certain and no foreseeable complications are likely to arise, there should be so serious a financial side to the question of the King's death, I have never been able to understand. If the King were to be pronounced in danger to-morrow, consols and other similar securities would have a smart fall. I cannot understand why. Sentiment and business are not hand in hand, and deeply, deeply as we should all grieve at the serious illness of the King, it is not easy to say why it should affect national securities in such a steadily governed nation as ours. But at present the latest news is good, and we may thank heaven the attack was but light, and once more heartily and sincerely pray God Save the King.

When Cooks Combine.

When doctors differ things are usually rather uncomfortable for the patient, but certainly the very mischief will be in it for all of us when cooks combine. And to combine is their avowed intention. The principal cooks of Auckland, together with the waiters, held a large and enthusiastic meeting last week, at which it was determined to form a society, or union, and a committee was appointed to draw up rules, etc., etc., and to make the necessary arrangements. This is rather a serious business for us all. It has long been said, with wisdom, that we are all at the mercy of our cooks, and if this was true of individuals, what will be our position when they are combined? Their powers will be tremendous. They will be able to make almost any demand, for, supposing they were to strike and call out every cook in the country, what should we do for our dinners? It is no subject for levity; dinner is the most important event of the day to a not inconsiderable portion of the community, especially of middle-aged and elderly gentlemen, and the bare notion of having to go without, or cook it for themselves, is enough to make their blood run cold. For, make no mistake, "the general"—a race rapidly becoming extinct, by the way—will unquestionably amalgamate with the cooks and waiters, and, on the occasion of a strike, they would be also called out. Besides, what horrible plots against our digestions may be planned and carried out by a combination of cooks and waiters! What revenges might not be worked on our helpless and hapless internals! With

what secret glee the associated waiter will perchance watch us consuming some toothsome but deadly entree, concocted by his nefarious colleague the cook, knowing how we shall afterwards writhe in torture! How many trains may their carefully considered and combined delays cause us to lose, and what bills may their associated ingenuity contrive for us! It is bad enough to offend a cook now, but at present one can transfer one's custom. But when they are combined it will be quite another matter. Once offend a cook and you will be done for. Your name will go down in the "black list," and then heaven help you. For a first offence, perhaps, one might be let down easily, such as being served with rare or underdone meat if one ordered it well cooked, or vice versa. For a second misdemeanour slow poisoning would probably be inflicted on one, while if one erred a third time all cooked food whatsoever would be refused. Just imagine such a wretched delinquent journeying fainting from restaurant to restaurant, or hotel to hotel, vainly imploring a morsel of cooked food, offering untold gold for the unprocurable chop, or the sternly refused steak. Cold and callous, the cooks and waiters would refuse his every appeal, till the wretched creature would become insane and frantically demolish his beef and mutton raw. But, to be serious, though I have chosen to be flippant on the subject up to now, the combination is one which will have general sympathy. The hours are certainly long and the work of cooking in this climate—especially in summer time—must be very trying, and professional cooks and waiters are just as entitled to try and ameliorate their condition as any one else. May they succeed.

Crimes Against Children.

Terrible and repugnant as is the very idea of inflicting capital punishment on women, one cannot but feel that the execution of the wretched creatures convicted of baby murder in London was most amply justified, and that the carrying out of the extreme sentence of the law was wise, and will have a salutary effect. There can be little doubt that the case shedded home to the women was only one of many they had been concerned in, and it is all too probable that they had carried on their terrible traffic in infant life for years without interruption till over-confidence in their immunity from discovery by the police and increasing greed and brazen daring resulted in the inevitable Nemesis—arrest, trial and death. It is to be feared too that in London, and in all large cities indeed, the crimes of baby farming and infant murder are terribly prevalent. The matter is so sickeningly easy and the chances of discovery are so horribly small that the temptation to some of the community is irresistible. No one who has not lived and attempted some social work in the slums of cities like London or Liverpool can have the remotest conception of the surpassing wretchedness of the children of the gutter and the awful mortality amongst them. The marvel is not that so many die, but that any live. How much of the neglect and starvation is unavoidable or due to mere carelessness and improvidence is impossible to say, but that there is a sinister percentage of cases where cruelty, intentional neglect, and deliberate starvation put inconvenient babies out of the world is uncontested. These murders—for murders, and cruel murders, they are—added to those of the fearfully large army of baby farmers, must bring the total of the sacrifice of infant life to a very appalling figure, so that it is but right when the law on some (unhappily rare) occasion is able to take the culprits red-handed, such an example should be made as is calculated to strike terror into the hearts of those who in fancied security are carrying on the same dreadful work. The same principle should apply in cases of cruelty to children. The unwillingness of magistrates to interfere between parents and children, and their singular apparent obtuseness in discriminating between what is salutary parental dis-

cipline and what gross cruelty, is responsible for an amount of suffering and wretchedness impossible to compute, and at which the hearts of those who have seen something of the matter shrink back appalled and nauseated. It has always seemed to me that magistrates are too often culpably flinching in this matter. Surely, to a well balanced, judicial, commonsense, and withal a humane mind, there should be little difficulty in drawing the line between wanton, prolonged and cruel torture and such a beating or other punishment as might be necessary to bring an unruly child to its bearings. Yet, even where cases are brought into Court, and this is all too seldom, the average magistrate shillies and shallies, and either dismisses the case in pure inability to make up his mind or inflicts a fine which, of course, brings a fresh crop of blows and brutality to the unfortunate victim. Baby farming is probably better looked after in New Zealand than in most countries of the world. We have taken almost every possible precaution to avoid abuses by the kindly females who are willing to adopt infants "for a consideration," but no effort should be spared not merely to insure that these infants are kept alive, but that they are properly and kindly treated. If there is a death it must be, we have decided, accounted for, but whether these enquiries are as searching as they should be, and whether registered baby farmers are visited as frequently and as unexpectedly as is desirable in the interest of the helpless atoms of humanity entrusted to their charge, is another question, and one I should hesitate to answer off-hand in the affirmative.

Defunct St. Valentine.

Next Saturday is St. Valentine's Day, and I greatly fear scarce a single young woman's heart in this colony beats the quicker for the information. I question indeed if one per cent. of modern maidens either know, or care, when is the feast of St. Valentine or remember anything of its traditions. Twenty years since, when I, too, was young, I remember the postman used to stagger under the loads of valentines; nay, I have, in the Old Country, seen handcarts pressed into the service, and the whole household, from kitchen wench up, in a state of bubbling excitement as the missives were delivered. They were expensive things, too, in those days, except, of course, the "ugly ones," of which more anon. Elaborate creations of paper lace, silvered, or even gilded, with a brilliantly emblazoned pair of human hearts conjoined, or a single one transfixed with an arrow (the shaft of Cupid), might cost your love-sick swain anything from a shilling to a sovereign, and when, as was sometimes the case, a present of ear-rings or a bracelet lay hidden in the papery folds of the love missive, the value would rise far above that. The idea of choosing sweethearts, and being specially privileged to declare one's passion on the fourteenth of February, arose from the tradition, mentioned by Shakespeare, Spenser, and other earlier poets, that in England birds choose their mates on that day. As children, I remember we used finally to believe this, and to watch the antics of sparrows, finches, etc., etc., in full confidence that they were sweet-heating and picking their companions for the year. It is not generally known, I believe, that in the real old-fashioned Valentine's Day of early England, sweethearts did not choose their own loves as they did later. They were chosen by lot, and married people could participate. There were, in fact, mock betrothals and mock marriages, and I've no doubt much fun, and perhaps a little mischief, evanuated. It is, I think, somewhat of a pity that we have so easily let these old customs and traditions drop. They were, some of them, passing foolish, but it was the sort of foolishness which made for innocent laughter and enjoyment, and appreciation of the lighter pleasures of life. We are apt to be too utilitarian and strenuous in our ideas of enjoyment nowadays. We take our pleasures as we do everything else—competitively. We must ever be in rivalry to someone, we must always work at beating some record, we can never for a moment take life easily. If we are forced to do so, we speedily find it, as we learn it, "slow." Why should we not find comfort in slowness—so-called—sometimes? I think we

should be healthier and happier if we rushed less. This, however, is somewhat adrift from valentines, the subject on which I started. The ugly valentine was a coarse bit of vulgarity, whose demise no one can regret. It was aimed at hurting the feelings, and, though it would be a foolish person who would take such pitiful spite to heart, they did unquestionably sometimes inflict pain. Valentines like the mistletoe, have, I suppose, had their day, but mistletoe, or no mistletoe, the boys and girls, and even their elders, will continue to kiss, and even if St. Valentine is dead, it is still true that "Tis love, 'tis love that makes the world go round."

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"MUSCLES IN KNOTS."

JOINTS ALL STIFFENED AND SWOLLEN.

LANCE LIKE pains torturing and tormenting you. You are the victim of Rheumatism, and you don't think you will ever get rid of the trouble. Perhaps you have tried all kinds of old wives' cures, many advertised quick remedies, a trip or two to Rotorna, all to no purpose, and you feel despondent. Don't despair. There's a medicine that can and will cure you. Take "Rheumo." It is not a medicine but a medicine! It is a positive antidote for uric acid poison; it kills the pain, removes the swelling, and clears the system of the excess uric acid. "Rheumo Conquers Rheumatism." Stocked in Auckland by H. King, Chemist, Queen-st.; J. M. Jefferson, Chemist, Queen-st. and Upper Symonds-st.; J. W. Robinson, Chemist, Parnell; and sold by all Chemists and Stores at 2/6 and 4/6 per bottle.

Clarke's B 41 Pills are warranted to cure Gravel, Pains in the Back, and all kindred Complaints. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. In boxes of each of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

Delouis was made favourite for the Marine Handicap, but her stable companions...

course of a day or two. Medallion's son appears to hold a mortgage on the rich...

St. Ada 8.10, Black Reyard 6.9, Inglewood 6.9. Hack Hurdles, one mile and a half...

McCurdy Memorial Stakes of 3500s, seven furlongs—Duytne 0.5 Jewellery 8.0...

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

(By Telegraph—Special to "Graphic.")

CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday. Besides being cast in her box, Cluckford caught a cold at Wellington...

The following horses should run prominently at other events—Horsely Welter Handicap: Somerled and Ayrdale...

EGMONT WEIGHTS. The following weights have been declared for the Egmont races...

TE AROHA JOCKEY CLUB'S MEETING.

Mr F. W. Edwards has declared the following weights for events to be run on the opening day...

TARANAKI JOCKEY CLUB'S SLUMMER MEETING.

The following acceptances have been received in connection with the above meeting—

WAIHU JOCKEY CLUB'S SLUMMER MEETING.

The following weights have been declared by Mr W. Knight for events to be run at the above meeting...

GISBORNE RACING CLUB'S MEETING.

The following are the acceptances for the Gisborne Racing Club's Summer Meeting—

INDIGESTION CONQUERED AGAIN BY Vitadatio.

Mr S. A. PALMER. Dear Sir,—I had been in a great suffering from indigestion for 60 or 65 years...

CHRISTCHURCH, Tuesday. Holmes has had an addition to his team—a two-year-old gelding by Eurocydon—Vaultraff...



LAWN TENNIS.

By VOLLEY

AUCKLAND CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The Auckland Association have decided to discontinue the inter-club matches, and to take their place have added men's doubles, ladies' doubles and combined doubles to the championship events.

Men's Singles: A. F. Billing meets H. N. Maddox, Scherff meets A. Brown, G. H. Baker meets E. Rice, L. G. Mair meets A. H. Brabant, C. Heather meets D. Bamford, H. R. Cooke meets T. Ruddle.

Men's Doubles: Messrs Simpson and Rich play Messrs Jackson and Coates, Messrs Brabant and Patterson play Messrs Scherff and Stevenson, Messrs Baker and Brown play Messrs Billing and Mair, Messrs Cooke and Turner play Messrs Rice and Heather.

Ladies' Doubles: Misses Stewart and D. Udy a bye, Mrs Gentles and Mrs Newell play Misses Gorrie and P. Gorrie, Mrs Coates and Mrs Clouston play Misses Nicholson and A. Nicholson, Misses Gray and A. Gray play Mrs Goss and Miss Picken.

Combined Doubles: Miss Nicholson and Mr Patterson play Miss Gorrie and Mr Brabant, Miss Picken and Mr Johnson play Miss A. Nicholson and Mr Cooke, Miss S. Rice and Mr Heather play Miss P. Gorrie and Mr Ruddle, Miss A. Stewart and Mr Turner a bye, Miss D. Udy and Mr Billing play Miss A. Gray and Mr Sunner.

Ladies' Singles: Miss Gorrie a bye, Miss A. Stewart plays Miss A. Nicholson, Miss A. Gray plays Miss P. Gorrie, Miss S. Rice a bye.

In the men's singles a number of matches were played last Saturday, and resulted in some very close games. A. H. Brabant, who is the present holder of the championship, played C. E. Mair, and won easily three sets straight, the games running, 6-0, 6-2, 6-3, his drives from the back line being particularly well placed, but not very severe in pace.

The Eden and Epsom Club have started their championship and handicap tournament. The entries have been exceptionally large this season, and the courts are in first-class order. In the championship singles Rice beat Bamford, 0-7, 0-2, 6-2; Grossman beat E. Brown, 6-1, 6-2, 6-3; and Turner beat Egerton, 0-0, 6-3, 3-6, 6-2. Grossman, who was runner-up for the N.Z. championship some years ago, has been placed at owe 15-3 in the handicap singles, Turner being also on the same rank.

This year's inter-college tournament is to be held on the Eden and Epsom lawns, Easter Saturday and Tuesday. The trophy is a handsome silver cup, which was won last year by Canterbury

College. Several local players will figure among the competitors this time, including J. H. Turner, E. Rice, D. Bamford, Prof. Egerton, and others.

A tournament will be held at Rotorna during the carnival, and several local players talk of taking a trip there.

The West End Lawn Tennis Club's annual tournament is now well under way. The results of the matches played during the week are:—Gentlemen's Singles Championship: A. H. Brabant beat W. A. Brown three sets straight, 6-2, 6-4, 6-2; J. Patterson beat F. Diddams three sets straight, 6-0, 6-2, 6-2; H. C. McCoy beat R. Angus three sets to one, 6-1, 5-7, 6-4, 6-4; H. P. R. Foster beat E. Davies, 3 sets to one, 6-4, 8-10, 6-4, 6-4. Foster beat McCoy, 4-6, 6-4, 1-6, 6-2, 6-4.

In the international lawn tennis matches of 1902-3, England sent over a team, consisting of Dr. Pim and Messrs R. F. and H. L. Doherty, to compete for the Davis Cup. They were defeated, but the Doherty brothers won the American doubles championship, and R. F. Doherty was the winner of the all-comers' singles at Newport.

Commenting on the merits of the rival styles, an American writes:—"Winning or losing, they never get rattled!" In that lay the secret of the Englishman's victory. The essence of the American game is expenditure of energy, a nervous ability to get all over the court, to meet every ball that fortune sends with every ounce of one's physical capacity. The effort is terribly trying to the players; in hot weather it is overpowering. The English idea, on the other hand, is conservation of energy. As a result the English game is more graceful, is less fatiguing to the player. When the Messrs Doherty first played on this side their style was called "languid," their self-possession was thought to be lakadaisical. With time, however, they justified themselves of their method, and won because of their reserve of energy.

FOOTBALL.

Auckland will offer a strong string for inclusion in the New Zealand representative Rugby team should such a tour of Great Britain be made. Advice received here intimates that all the leading exponents of Rugby in the Northern province will be able to make the journey if it eventuates.

ATHLETICS.

Mr A. Hall, well-known in Palmerston and Australia as a long distance runner, issues a challenge to Mr D. Smith, Australasian champion, or any other long distance runner, to a match of £10 or £50, over only three and five miles, at Palmerston or any place desired.

Three very handsome trophies to be competed for annually at the University of New Zealand Inter-college Tournaments have lately been manufactured by Mr A. Kohn, jeweller, of Queen-street. The athletic challenge trophy consists of a handsome and artistic silver shield on a shield of ruan. The trophy is suitably chased and inscribed, and bears the arms and motto of the University, small shields to bear the names of the winning colleges year by year are affixed, Canterbury College, being the first to be inscribed. The challenge shield for the debating tournament is a strikingly handsome trophy, consisting of a silver scroll on a ruan shield. The scroll, which is suitably inscribed, and which bears the University arms, is the gift of Mr J. W. Joynt, M.A., the registrar of the University. This was won last year by Otago. The third trophy is a handsome silver cup for the tennis tournament, which was

won last year by Canterbury College. This year's inter-college tournament is to be held here at Easter, and a great deal of interest is being taken in it.

AQUATICS.

NORTH SHORE ROWING CLUB.

Cheltenham Beach, Auckland, was on Saturday afternoon, when the North Shore Rowing Club held an "At Home." The fine weather prevailing brought out a good number of spectators, and the several rowing events proved exciting finishes. The Hungarian band lent pleasure to the afternoon by discoursing popular airs. The trophies were gold rings, presented by Mr H. Logan, Junr. The captain, Mr W. Hutchinson, assisted by a steering committee, worked hard to ensure success. Mr G. M. Reid made a capital judge, and had to decide some close finishes. The following tables kindly assisted and dispensed afternoon tea:—Messrs. Selton, Mr. Leas, Duder, Misses Duder (2), Bayly, Corbett, Peacock, Taylor, Macindoe, Smith, Helander, Craigie and Lyons. Results of events: First heats: Crews stroked by J. Sullivan and P. Burgess. Second heat Burgess crew won by a length. Second heat: Crews—B. Bayly, E. P. Burgess, and J. Gerrard. This was an exciting race, Gerrard's crew winning by a length. Third heat: Crews—W. Stirling, H. Bayly, W. Logan. This proved a close finish, P. Bnyly's crew winning by half a length. Final: Three crews, J. Gerrard, P. Bayly, and P. Burgess. All got away together, and after an exciting struggle Gerrard's crew eventually won by half a length. Winning crew: J. Gerrard, B. Yeoland, C. Yeoland, A. M. Ojwood, L. Spidley (cox). Crews were exchanged between crews observers were also given for the judge, the huller, and Mr H. Logan, which brought a very pleasant day to a close.

NORTH SHORE YACHT CLUB.

The Auckland North Shore Yacht Club sailed the last of a series of races on Saturday afternoon. The weather was favourable, a south west to southerly breeze blowing. In all the races the keenest interest was shown, particularly so in the race for motor yachts. The Ferry Company's steamer Eagle, crowded with numbers, their friends, and a large number of the general public, followed the launches round the course. The Hunt, Volunteer, Viking, Durban and a number of other vessels also went round. The yacht Lady Wilma was flagship, and was moored between Victoria White and Callow Lock. The officers of the day were Messrs J. Dunning, H. Otter, and W. A. Wilkinson. The one flag method of starting the races, initiated on Regatta Day, was adopted by the club, and proved an unqualified success. The results of the races are as follows:—Boats, 25ft linear sailing, and under: The finish was: Walrus, 5b 45m 15s; Matun, 5b 49m 41s; Janet, 5b 53m 15s. On time allowance Walrus is first, Janet second, and Matun third. The season's record in this class is: Matun, 9 points; Walrus, 7; Janet, 4. Matun thus wins Mr Johnny's trophy. Yachts, not exceeding 25ft LxL: The finish was: Corinna, 6h 3m 40s; Peri, 6h 4m 42s; Tamara, 6h 7m 30s. Peri is first, Tamara second, and Corinna third on time allowance. The position in this class for the season is: Tamara and Peri are first, with 8 points each; the Perry Co's trophy, necessitating a sail over; Corinna, with six points, is third. Motor Launch Race: The finishing times were: Billy Richardson, 5h 3m 10s; Queen of Beauty, 5h 3m 55s; Toketa, 5h 4m 30s; Njord, 5h 4m 21s; Junon, 5h 4m 55s; Te Anu, 5h 6m 10s; Annie, 5h 6m 10s; Gladys, 5h 6m 10s; Happy Moments, 5h 11m 17s; Stanley, 5h 16m; Rosebud, 5h 16m 30s.

Patricks' Entries and Handicaps.—Time allowance: Wagon, 6h 3m 10s; first, Anna second, and Rambler third. The season's record places Rambler first with 11 points, thus securing Dr. Laing's trophy. Yachts, not exceeding 20ft overall: On time allowance, Asta is first, Te Ata second, and Toy third. In this class Toy has secured eight points during the season, and wins Messrs Skentes Bros' trophy.

Yachts, not exceeding 20ft waterline or 25ft overall: The finish was: Revell, 5h 22m; Yvonne, 5h 22m 40s; Norma Belle, 5h 22m 50s; Colleen, 5h 30m 30s. On time allowance Norma Belle is first, Revell second, and Colleen third. In this class Revell and Norma Belle tie for 11 points for the season, and will split over. The trophy was presented by Mr Wilkinson.

CRICKET.

LORD HAWKE'S TEAM IN NEW ZEALAND.

MATCH AGAINST CANTERBURY.

ENGLAND.—First Innings.

Table with 5 columns: Player Name, Runs, Balls, Mdns, Wkts. Includes P. F. Warner, C. Callaway, C. J. Burnup, etc.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Table with 5 columns: Bowler Name, Balls, Mdns, Runs, Wkts. Includes Callaway, Frankish, D. Reece, etc.

CANTERBURY.—First Innings.

Table with 5 columns: Player Name, Runs, Balls, Mdns, Wkts. Includes D. Reece, b Thompson, B. Hosanquet, etc.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Table with 5 columns: Bowler Name, Balls, Mdns, Runs, Wkts. Includes Burnup, Hargreaves, Thompson, etc.

ENGLAND.—Second Innings.

Table with 5 columns: Player Name, Runs, Balls, Mdns, Wkts. Includes C. J. Burnup, c Strang, b Frankish, etc.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Table with 5 columns: Bowler Name, Balls, Mdns, Runs, Wkts. Includes Frankish, Callaway, etc.

CANTERBURY.—Second Innings.

Table with 5 columns: Player Name, Runs, Balls, Mdns, Wkts. Includes A. Sims, b Bosanquet, W. Pearce, etc.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Table with 5 columns: Bowler Name, Balls, Mdns, Runs, Wkts. Includes Hargreaves, Thompson, Bosanquet, etc.

At Leeston last week George Phillip Ireland, a member of the Ellesmere Mounted Rifles, was brought up on a charge of the murder of Peter Bong, another member. The case arose out of the shooting of Bong, which happened a few days ago, the jury at the inquest finding that the fatal shot was discharged from Ireland's rifle. The police said that, after an exhaustive inquiry into the circumstances surrounding the fatality, they had no evidence to offer in support of the charge of murder. Accused was discharged.

Advertisement for C. BRANDAUER & Co.'s Ltd. featuring 'Seven Prize Medals Awarded' and 'Circular-Pointed Pens.' Includes an illustration of a fountain pen and descriptive text about the pens' quality and availability.



Three plague-infected rats have been discovered in Brisbane.

The Maharajah of Holkar has resigned owing to occasional attacks of insanity.

The Prince Christian Victor memorial at Windsor has been dedicated.

Sir G. G. Stokes, master of Pembroke College, Cambridge, has died, aged 84.

Eighteen thousand cases of influenza are reported at Basel.

The Boer contingent is doing yeoman service in Somaliland.

Imports of Mexican cattle into Great Britain have been forbidden.

Lynch's counsel will not apply for a writ of error, preferring later on to petition the Crown for a free pardon.

The ports of the United Kingdom have been reopened to stock from the Argentine and Uruguay.

Great Britain has declined Liberia's offer of a coaling station. The offer has been transferred to the United States.

The Union Steamship Company has purchased the steamer Scarisbrick, and renamed it the Katipo.

America is pressing Cuba for four coaling stations. Cuba is willing to allow two—Bahia Honda and Guantanamo.

Sach and Walters were executed at Holloway Gaol this morning. Both displayed remarkable fortitude.

King Edward has telegraphed his sympathy to the relatives of those lost in the Orwell.

The Earl of Selborne, First Lord of the Admiralty, is suffering from rheumatism, and has cancelled his engagements.

A movement has been initiated to secure Greek administration of Southern Macedonia on Cretan lines.

Mr Austin Chamberlain's speech at Birmingham foreshadowed an electoral redistribution.

Kaiser compares his navy with ours, and England is talking about a North Sea squadron.

The Australian war correspondents have been awarded medals without elaps.

Mr Alexander Grimond, head of a Dundee jute firm, has bequeathed £120,000 to charities and religious institutions.

Mr Reddy, member for the Birr division of King's County, has been released a month before the expiration of his sentence for unlawful assembly.

Dr Dowie will hold a mission in New York in October, assisted by two hundred converts. If it proves successful, he will build another Zion City.

An earthquake, accompanied by a loud subterranean rumbling, was experienced in Western Jamaica on Thursday evening.

The Board of Trade returns for January show that the imports decreased by £3,915,833 and that the exports increased by £634,462.

Sir Salter Pyne, chief engineer to the Government of Afghanistan, attributes the detention of gun forgings at Peshawar to snows on the Cabul roads.

Bulgaria challenges an international inquiry into the Porte's statement with reference to the Bulgarian bands which intended to operate in Macedonia.

Mr Tom Mann is to take up his duties as organiser of labour in Victoria at once. He gets £600 for his year's services in that capacity.

A telegraph messenger in Ballarat, finding nobody at a house at which he was to deliver a telegram, forced an entrance and stole a diamond ring.

The election in South Antrim resulted in the return of Mr. Craig, a Conservative, with 4664 votes. Mr. Keightley, a follower of Mr. T. W. Russell, received 3615.

Dr. Aronson, of Berlin, has discovered a serum for protection against scarlatina.

The French torpedo-destroyer Espingole struck on a rock in the Bay of Cavalaire, and sank. The crew were saved.

A Melbourne barber was fined recently for shaving a man on Sunday. He stated that he was peeling potatoes, and had a knife in his hand, not a razor.

The "Daily Post" suggests the building of a British North Sea squadron, comprising eighteen battleships, and a new naval harbour on the east coast.

The health of the Earl of Selborne, First Lord of the Admiralty, who has been suffering from rheumatism, has improved.

News has been received that the Italian authorities have arrested the Sheikh Yusef at Obbia and are conveying him to Adu.

The difficulties of transport from Obbia experienced by the Somaliland expedition are now overcome. The Boer contingent is proving a useful help.

The woman Kate Porter, whose cool delations as a burglar have been already cabled, has now been committed for trial in Melbourne.

As the result of a fire at the Union Company's wharf, a stack containing five or six hundred bales of straw was severely damaged by fire and water.

Turkish pirates captured an Italian vessel on the Yemen Coast. Italy demands restitution, and the punishment of the pirates within a fortnight, otherwise she will enforce it herself.

A miniature of King Edward, set in diamonds, was handed to the Mikado, with an autograph letter couched in terms of cordial friendship. The Mikado's reply was warmly appreciative.

The gun carriage shops of the American navy have adopted three shifts and are able to work night and day so as to complete orders at the earliest possible date.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh, speaking at Edinburgh, said the colonies recognised that the disposition of the national forces must be directed from London, after consultation with them.

The Porte has communicated to the foreign Embassies a report regarding seven Bulgarian bands of 8000 strong, which will operate in Macedonia in the spring.

A committee of the U.S. Senate has reported favourably on the Panama Canal Bill, and has also adopted Senator Elkin's bill providing for the application of the Anti-Trust Bill to railways.

The Sydney police are taking active steps to suppress the palmists of the city. Information against a number of fortune-tellers have been issued within the last few days.

Experiments of pounding the old battle-ship Belle Isle off the Isle of Wight yesterday showed that if a single high explosive projectile from a 9.45 inch gun burst inside the ship it would sweep the whole deck.

The Eastern and African Cold Storage Company, which will operate in South Australia, the East Indies, South Africa and Great Britain, is issuing a quarter of a million 7 per cent. cumulative preference shares.

President Roosevelt's message to Congress supports Mexico's and China's suggestion for an international conference to consider the question of restoring and maintaining a fixed relationship between gold and silver money.

Senators representing the Northwestern States of America maintain that there is nothing in the Alaskan boundary requiring arbitration.

President Roosevelt and Mr. John Hay (Secretary for State) consider that the ratification of the Alaskan treaty is practically hopeless.

Dr. Collinoridge, the medical officer of health for the City of London, has made a startling report on the sewage contamination of the fish in the whole estuary of the River Thames. A special committee has been appointed.

The Porte has inquired as to the number of the Mahaness Company's steamers available for transport. Considerable reinforcements are being sent to Anatolia and Macedonia.

Russia is also enquiring about transports.

The "Times" estimates that the immediate relief of British taxation will not exceed ten millions, and expresses the hope that Mr. Ritchie (the Chancellor of the Exchequer) will restrict it wholly to the income tax.

The Australian war correspondents who were awarded medals were: Mr. Donald Macdonald, Melbourne "Argus"; Mr. Lambie, Melbourne "Age"; Mr. Wilkinson, Sydney "Daily Telegraph"; and Mr. Collins, of Reuter's Agency.

A French flotilla has traversed the rapids at Boussa, a town of Gando in the Western Soudan, on an island in the Niger. Those rapids were believed to be impassable, and this latest feat has demonstrated the navigability of the river.

A Royal Commission, with Sir David Barbour as chairman, has been appointed to make an inquiry into street locomotion in London, and the desirability of establishing some authority to control railway and tram schemes.

In the event of the colonial sugar imports of Britain largely increasing, Austria and Germany notify that they reserve the right of submitting for settlement to the International Commission at Brussels Britain's interpretation regarding countervailing duties.

Mr Copeland, speaking at the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce dinner, described Lord Onslow's announcement of his threat as the most cheering news he had received since he came to Britain.

The presentation made to the Reichstag of a statistical table made by the Kaiser's own hand comparing the strength of the British and German navies is interpreted in England as significant of the Kaiser's ultimate ambition.

The Victorian Agent-General has disposed of the balance of the Agricultural Department's shipment of 62 hogsheds of tobacco at 5d per pound. The whole realised £2385. The manufacturers regret the cessation of shipments.

Cardinal Gibbons delivered a remarkable sermon in New York, in which he stated that the divorce mills were slowly but surely grinding the domestic altars of the nation. Divorce was a social scourge more blighting and destructive than Mormonism.

Seven thousand Wesleyans met at the Royal Aquarium at Westminster to celebrate the acquisition of their new headquarters. Mr R. W. Perks, M.P., presided, and expressed the hope that all sections of Methodists would be federated early in the present century.

Mr Copeland, the New South Wales Agent-General, in addressing the Scottish branches of the British Empire League, at Edinburgh, said that Australian nationhood was autonomous and must be allowed to a great extent to judge the desirability of an Australian navy. The Admiralty would do a good service if they provided Australian sailors with several months' training annually.

A campaign in France for the full rehabilitation of Captain Dreyfus is expected. A detective has purchased in Madrid a document throwing fresh light on the case, and M. Jaures, head of the Socialist party, will shortly produce it in the Chamber of Deputies.

General Fournier, commanding the French Army Corps at Clarendon-Ferand, indirectly manifested sentiments against the Government. He was censured and reduced to the command of an infantry division and placed on half pay of the latter rank.

The delay in the application of Austro-Russian reforms in Macedonia is increasing the danger of a wide insurrection in the spring, involving Bulgaria and Servia. Already sanguinary conflicts between Turkish troops and Bulgarian bands are frequent.

M. Micareco, formerly Vice-Director and Roumanian Minister of Finance, and latterly Vice-Director of the Bank of Agriculture, who was about to be arrested in connection with the Parisianos' frauds of four per cent. stock, committed suicide by jumping under a train.

The "Novoje Vremja" says that the despatch of a strongly-escorted British Commission to the Scistan region on the Afghan borders of Persia will prove fatal to Russian prestige, unless the Czar sends a similar commission.

The "Nou Fre Presse" states that a telegraphist at Pera, near Constantinople, purloined and sold British Government cypher despatches to Russia, who has the key to the cypher. It is supposed that Russia only purchased the British cypher despatches after they had been stolen.

Mr Copeland, speaking at the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce dinner, said that colonial representation in the Imperial Parliament was at present absolutely impossible. Australians would not allow half a dozen representatives to commit them to a particular policy until the whole people had been consulted.

The "Times" Kieff correspondent reports that secret police in the factories in Southern Russia have discovered a seditious movement against the Government and capitalism. Numerous arrests have been made. It is rumoured that military governors-general will shortly be appointed, and that martial law will be proclaimed throughout the South.

In the Reichstag Count von Bulow, replying to a member's contention that the navy was not needed, asserted that a majority of the Germans were convinced that they were entitled to build a fleet, not for the purposes of aggression, but for the defence of the coasts and the protection of their countrymen and their interests overseas.

Colonel Rimington, of Rimington's Scouts, testifying before the War Commission, expressed a high opinion of nearly all the colonial officers, and stated that Australia, New Zealand and Canada were able to supply an enormous number of good cavalry if properly trained.

Lords Strathcona and Oshonhan, and Messrs H. Chaplin, Vicary Gibbs, Alfred Emmott, and Seton-Karr, members of the House of Commons; Mr H. Spencer Wilkinson, the well-known writer on military and naval subjects, and Admirals Hopkins and Culme-Seymour, will be amongst the members of the Sutherland Association to enquire into food supplies in time of war.

STARVATION

White Bread starvation is the unsuspected cause of wide-spread weakness and debility. The strength of Wheat lies largely in the Bran-Phosphates, which are, however, removed in making White Flour, but are restored to the diet by using CEREBOS SALT at table and in cooking.

From Grocers and Stores.

Wholesale Agents:—L. D. Nathan & Co., Auckland.

Refugees from 36 Macedonian villages relate horrible stories of tortures, robberies, and violations.

Plague-infected rats continue to be found.

Grand and Yeoman, who are charged with Constable Long's murder, have been committed for trial for burgling £150 worth of goods from the Auburn brass foundry.

Colonial Sir John Auya testified before Lord Elgin's War Inquiry Commission as to the lack of sufficient special staff to deal with the colonial forces, and especially with the South African Colonial Forces, at the outset of the war, and a similar absence of a carefully matured organisation and system in South African colonials.

The "Daily Mail" states that the Indian Government has forwarded to the Ameer of Afghanistan the 12 detained German quick-firers, two Howitzers, 18 field pieces, and 850 cases of ammunition. They refused to forward the 200 English guns, valued at £25,000. They are technically forgings, intended to be finished at Cabul.

The United States House of Representatives has passed a bill authorising the resumption of negotiations by Great Britain for the preservation of Alaskan fur seals, giving authority, if a modus vivendi is not concluded prior to the opening of Pelagic sealing, to exterminate the seal herd on the Perilyoff islands, excepting ten thousand females, and one thousand males.

Lord Onslow, speaking at Glasgow, declared that the idea of an Australian navy was noticeable in certain quarters of Australia. He hoped that wiser counsels would prevail. If the Australians wished representation and asked to be admitted to Britain's counsels he could answer for the sort of reception they would receive at the hands of the Government. (Cheers.)

Lord Onslow, speaking at the Chamber of Commerce dinner at Edinburgh, said that he blamed the shipping lines' conference with the Union Castle Company for the high freights, thus impeding trade. Now that the Transvaal and Orange River Governments were placing large orders of every kind of goods for the development of the colonies, the Colonial Office would endeavour to secure, even if it chartered its own steamers, fair but remunerative freights for goods, both Government and public.

Summary jurisdiction under the Coercion Act has been revoked in the boroughs of Dublin, Limerick, Waterford and ten rural districts. In the course of a speech at the vice-regal levee Lord Dudley announced that Mr. Wyndham's Irish Land Bill had been drafted. It exceeded all former bills in generosity towards genuine tenants. It was notable that the landlord had been consulted in the drafting of the measure.

Count Von Bulow, speaking in the Reichstag, said the Government did not approve of the proposal to allow Jesuit settlements, but it was no longer necessary to subject individuals to exceptional laws because they were members of that order.

[The Jesuits have been virtually expelled from Germany for 30 years. The efforts now at last successful—to repeal the law expelling them has been taken to be an effort by Count von Bulow to conciliate the clerical party in the Reichstag.]

Lord Methuen has declined the offer of the Governorship of Malta.

[Sir H. H. John-on. In an article on "Problems of the Empire," lately pointed out the unpopularity of military rule in Malta, and suggested the appointment of a civil, and possibly of a Maltese, governor. He emphasised the importance of getting a man who would sympathise with and understand the desires of the people on the little island, and would show neither the official sternness nor the social snobbery that has characterised so many governors of Malta in the past. It is scarcely possible that the military aspect of this view has influenced Lord Methuen in his decision.]

In an action for damage for boycotting in Sligo, one of the defendants, Father Spillman, president of the League Branch, did not appear, alleging that the plaintiff's solicitor, in opening the case, sneered at the priesthood. Judge Morris declared this snubbing was reprehensible. A priest was amenable to the law, and was not entitled to plead his sacred office, particularly when the heads of the Church everywhere con-

demned boycotting. He gave judgment for the full claim, and regretted his inability to quintuple the amount.

One of the Princess Louise's children having been attacked by typhoid and the Princess being anxious to hasten to its bedside, M. Giron, with whom she eloped, broke off his relations with her and went to Brussels, in order not to impede the reunion of Princess Louise and her children. The Princess was told that she would never see her children unless she relinquished M. Giron. She did so, having received promises of the utmost consideration and concessions at Vienna and Dresden.

The Crown Prince has refused Princess Louise permission to visit her sick child.

Mr Wise, Attorney-General of New South Wales, speaking at the Eighty Club recently, regretted that Lord Lansdowne, contrary to the spirit of the resolution of the Premiers' Conference, failed to ascertain the views of Australia and Canada before making an engagement with Germany regarding Venezuela. Australia, he said, was much affected by German development in the Pacific.

In reply to representations on the subject, Sir Edmund Barton has received a communication from the Colonial Office, stating that the Imperial Government has every intention of carrying out the spirit and letter of the promises made at the Imperial Conference. As regards South African military contracts it was added that in the New South African meat contracts already made there was a condition that supplies should, if possible be obtained from Imperial sources.

Mr Seddon has received from the Secretary of State a similar cable to that received by Sir Edmund Barton with reference to the South African meat contracts. It states that it was impossible to call for tenders earlier, owing to the military arrangements not having been entirely settled. Regret is expressed that the military authorities in South Africa state that it is impossible to extend the period for tendering, but the shortness of time affects all equally. The condition of the contract is that supplies are to be obtained from British Imperial sources if possible. The Agent-General is to again urge the War Office to give an extension of time.

GENERAL CABLES.

THE KING'S ILLNESS.

The King is suffering from a slight feverish cold and has postponed his visit to Chatsworth.

Although suffering from a slight cold in the early morning, King Edward later on the 3rd inst. planted an elm tree in the new Edward VII. Avenue at Windsor. The Prince of Wales planted a second tree, and Prince Eddie a third. Subsequently rest, instead of a long journey, was prescribed as a precaution. The latest report is that he is progressing satisfactorily. The Queen drove out as usual during the afternoon and the Prince and Princess of Wales proceeded to Sandringham.

The King is suffering from mild influenza.

The physicians declare that there is no cause for anxiety.

Although the visit to the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth is definitely abandoned, it is officially stated that the King is making excellent progress.

The King has made splendid progress.

Sir Francis Laking, physician-in-ordinary to the King, reported that the period in which any complication is likely to occur is already past. He anticipates an early convalescence.

The newspaper "Lancet" has been authorised to state that the King for a week had not been feeling in his usual health, and complains, on Friday of being more sensitive to cold than usual. The attack of influenza was slight, and he was not confined to his bed, but only to his room.

The thoughtful message of the King and Queen expressing their regrets to the authorities and people of Derbyshire at being unable to pay a visit to Chatsworth is warmly appreciated.

PERSIA.

The investiture of the Shah of Persia with the Order of the Garter, recently conferred by King Edward, was a brilliant function. The ceremony was performed by Viscount Downe, head of a special mission sent to Persia for the purpose.

The "Times," in protesting against a policy of drift, says that something beyond complimentary Embassies to Teheran are needed to enable Great Britain to hold her own in regions wherein, as Lord Cranborne declared in 1902, amidst warm approval from both sides of the House of Commons, we cannot abandon our rights and ascendancy.

It transpires that a Russo-Persian commercial agreement has been completed which becomes operative on the 14th instant. It introduces specific instead of ad valorem duties, levied under a treaty which has been in operation since February, 1828. The new agreement abolishes the majority of the Persian export duties and tolls and the system of farming out taxes, and establishes Persian Customs stations. Persia is arranging with Russia the details of the payment of Customs storage, free storage period for 12 months being granted.

The "Standard," commenting on the new Russo-Persian commercial agreement, says that Britain should claim any commercial advantages secured by Russia. We are at least as strong in the Persian Gulf as Russia in the trans-Caspian, while the Quetta-Kuski railway is no menace. It indicates an appreciation of the need for preventing the absorption of Southern Persia by another Power. The "Standard" adds that the security of India demands vigilance in Beluchistan.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The Earl of Onslow, speaking at Glasgow, and referring to South Africa, said that a sum equal to the estimate to cover claims arising out of the military receipts should be transferred from the military to a civil board. The Transvaal revenues would bear any excess, which would probably amount to a million pounds. Dismissing the question of Liberalism, Lord Onslow regarded Lord Rosebery as a foolish virgin for refusing to trim his lamp when the Liberal Unionists Party started. He had been regretting it ever since.

There are only 55,068 natives working on the Rand gold mines, and 7395 in the collieries.

The Boer generals have assured their countrymen that it is hopeless to ask Mr. Chamberlain for fresh concessions, adding: "We know now exactly where we stand; we must work accordingly."

The Rand mining companies are negotiating for the introduction of 25,000 Japanese labourers. They offer better pay than that given to Kaffirs.

A number of foreign Jews have been prevented landing at Capetown.

General Prinsloo, who with his command surrendered on July 30, 1900, at Brandwater Basin, Orange River Colony, is dead.

[General Prinsloo, who, at the beginning of the war, was Free State Commandant-in-Chief, but returned to his home after Paardeburg, surrendered unconditionally to General Hunter at Fouriesburg, in the south-east of Orange River Colony, near Basutoland, on the date above mentioned.]

MR CHAMBERLAIN IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Mr Chamberlain, in receiving the South African League deputation, referred to the lax enforcement of the Peace Preservation Act, and the prevalence of boycotting. He said if specific proofs were forthcoming of such cases it would immediately become an Imperial matter, which he would be bound to consider.

Mr Chamberlain spent Sunday at Paardeburg.

Mr Chamberlain's Kimberley speech was very outspoken regarding the ingratitude and rebellion of the Cape Dutch in contrast to the present mainly altitudinal of the Transvaalers. He appealed for the co-operation of all to promote the policy of reconciliation and avert the disastrous exclusion of the Cape from the ultimate federation of South Africa. Describing the great heritage of the Empire, he asked, amid cheers, if they would be content to be sleeping partners.

Considerable hostility was shown towards Sir Gordon Sprigg owing to Mr Chamberlain's speech.

The "Times" says Mr Chamberlain, despite Sir Gordon Sprigg's presence at the Kimberley meeting, made it clear he was utterly dissatisfied with Cape Colony's present condition, and that unless the Cape soon redeemed its character it was destined to become the Ishmael of South Africa.

Mr Chamberlain recommended Johannesburg to municipalise its drink traffic.

Mr Chamberlain was enthusiastically welcomed at Bloemfontein.

Mr Chamberlain advocates that the profits from the municipalisation of the drink traffic be applied to the improvement of Johannesburg and the reduction of the municipal debt.

As a sign of Mr Chamberlain's growing popularity and the improved feeling amongst the burghers, sections of the Boers, "The Hand Uppers" (the name by which the burghers who surrender are known amongst the Boers), the National Scouts and those who continued fighting to the end, have joined in the presentation of an address at Bloemfontein. There is a feeling, even amongst the bitterest section of the Boers, that Mr Chamberlain is determined to right all injustices.

An address presented to Mr Chamberlain by the Caledonian, Cambrian and Australian Associations referred to the harsh administration of martial law.

Sir William Harcourt has published a letter in the "Times" complimentary to Mr Chamberlain on his progress in the improving of racial relations in South Africa. He says that Mr Chamberlain has dealt with some questions in a spirit that all can approve and admire.

Mr Chamberlain was presented with an address of welcome at Bloemfontein from the municipalities of the Orange Colony, wherein all the Dutch delegates concurred, expressing the hope that Bloemfontein would soon be a federal capital.

Mr Chamberlain, in returning thanks, declared that he was overwhelmed with kindness, and interpreted the rejoicings of the occasion as unique and the reception accorded him on Tuesday to mean that they recognised the motives of his visit.

Mr Chamberlain, speaking at Bloemfontein, promised the new colonies a progressive Government on the lines of the late President Brand's policy. He added that during his tour he found that the destruction of property during the war was greater than he had anticipated. All the destruction had been in the later stages of the war. Had peace been declared at the date of the fall of Pretoria and the disappearance of the Boer Government, nine-tenths of the suffering would have been avoided.

Be Strong

Why not be strong? Why not have a good appetite and a good digestion? Why not feel well and hearty all the time? You can just as well have it your own way as not, for there is strength, vitality, power, and good health in every bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Always keep it on hand.



Here are the words and the photograph of Mr. R. H. Archer, of Hobart, Tasmania: "I often feel myself weak, without appetite, and my whole system all run down. My blood gets impure and I have boils and eruptions. Then I always use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, for it makes my blood pure and rich, gives me strength and vitality, and braces me up wonderfully."

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

There are many imitations "Sarsaparillas." Be sure you get Ayer's.

Keep Ayer's Pills on hand and quickly correct any tendency to constipation. It's an easy way to prevent sickness.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

The leading Boers interviewed Mr Chamberlain at Bloemfontein, and his replies to them dispelled any lingering doubts. They now express themselves convinced of his conciliatoriness and sincerity. They also consider that Colonel Gould Adams, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Orange Colony, is the right man in the right place.

The "Standard" says that Mr Chamberlain, speaking plainly to the Dutch clergy, denounced their pastoral inviting the National Scouts to confess their misdeeds as a preliminary to their forgiveness.

The clergy replied that confession often removed bitterness and paved the way to friendship. They promised to inquire into specific cases of the refusal of the offices of the Church.

Mr Chamberlain intends to establish one non-political Board of Control for the railways of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, consisting of official and civilian elements, in order to control future policy and to equalise financial results, the bulk of the profits hitherto having gone to Orange Colony.

Owing to the absence of an early notification that the Immigration Act of Cape Colony would be enforced, between one and two thousand aliens are voyaging to Capetown, many of them liable to exclusion. Those so liable will be retransported to Europe.

Mr Chamberlain has informed a deputation of the municipality of Bloemfontein that responsible government cannot be granted for some time, though it will be given as soon as it can be safely allowed.

Christian De Wet, with a party of others of the last fighters, had a two hours' interview with Mr Chamberlain, who declined to receive an address dealing with the language question, repeating the efforts lately made at Pretoria and accusing the Government of contravening the Vereeniging terms, especially with regard to an amnesty for rebels.

This Mr Chamberlain indignantly denied, and the debate grew heated.

De Wet was anxious to tear up the Vereeniging arrangement and begin afresh.

Mr Chamberlain's reply was direct, forcible and uncompromising.

The "Hands Uppers" and National Scouts later on thanked Mr Chamberlain for all he had done and gave pledges of unwavering loyalty.

The delegates of the previous deputation declined the Government's hospitality.

Mr Chamberlain was not satisfied with the representative character of the first burgher deputation, which was supposed to represent three sections. Then came Christian De Wet's delegation, including Hertzog, George Brand, and Drain.

Mr Chamberlain declared that if the Vereeniging settlement were revised he would dictate terms.

Piet De Wet headed the more influential section of the loyalists.

The "Standard" declares that Christian De Wet will probably end by becoming the instrument of the Bond in the struggle for mastery between the various sections which has now begun.

The "Daily Telegraph" says Christian De Wet occupies a similar position in the Orange River Colony to that of Botha in the Transvaal. They are willing to co-operate with the Government, but are afraid to lose the Boers' confidence.

VENEZUELA.

Reuter's Agency states that Castro has informed Mr Bowen that Venezuela desires an equal treatment of her creditors, while mindful of prior agreements. Argentine and Chili have offered to sell their warships now being built in Europe to America.

Mr Austin Chamberlain, M.P., speaking at Birmingham, said that Germany made overtures to Britain for co-operation in Venezuela. Mr Chamberlain admitted the unpopularity of the subject, but declared that sentiment should not govern policy.

Castro is playing the Powers against each other, and trying to create dissension.

The consensus of opinion among the New York correspondents is that the hitch in the Venezuelan settlement negotiations is somehow attributable to Britain. The leading American organs have outspoken articles describing the British Government as a pro-German

Government, which is accused of failing to understand how much this Venezuelan money is costing them.

The "Times," commenting on Mr. Bowen's latest offers, states that the relief in both countries will be hearty and profound. "If the offer is approved Castro frees us from the obligation of continuing the methods of compulsion. The "Times" also expressed the hope that the sudden waves of feeling in the American newspapers would quickly subside with the knowledge that Britain's conscience was clear.

Mr Bowen has rejected, on behalf of Venezuela, the proposal of the Powers that the allies should retain 20 per cent. of the Customs revenue for other claimants. Mr Bowen declared the principle of the proposal was offensive to modern civilisation and Venezuela would prefer to refer the question of preferential treatment by the Hague Arbitration Court.

It is announced at Washington that if a compromise regarding the proportion and preferential treatment is not reached Mr Bowen is prepared to pay the amount in cash, which the blockaders are willing to accept as a preliminary to the hearing by the Hague Tribunal.

General Aleandra has defeated the Venezuelan insurgents at Camatagua, capturing 250 men and 40,000 cartridges. The bakeries at Caracas are closed, owing to the want of flour. Biscuits are unobtainable.

Mr Bowen, who is acting for President Castro, has declined to yield on the 20 per cent. proposal.

Sir M. Herbert, the British Minister, representing the blockading Powers, vainly appealed to President Roosevelt to arbitrate on that point.

The question of preferential treatment will, therefore, be transferred to The Hague Tribunal.

As soon as the protocol is signed Mr Bowen will be prepared to pay each blockading Power £5500 as the first instalment of payment for personal injury to their respective subjects and secure the raising of the blockade.

The "Daily Mail's" Washington correspondent alleges that Sir M. H. Herbert (British Ambassador at Washington), is offended at Mr. Bowen's outspokenness, and has protested to Lord Lansdowne, who has refused to authorise a rupture. Sir Michel has demanded an apology for Mr. Bowen's note expressing surprise and regret at Britain's willingness to remain allied with Germany and Italy longer than necessary. Mr. Bowen has substitute, another note, omitting the objectionable sentence, though the original has already been given to the newspapers. Mr. Bowen characterised the 20 per cent. proposal as a scheme to trick Venezuela into abetting a six years' alliance against herself.

Conversing with Sternberg, President Roosevelt emphasised the necessity of raising the Venezuelan blockade at the earliest possible moment.

Castro has levied another £100,000 loan on the citizens.

The British Ambassador at Washington has addressed to Mr. Bowen some rather heated observations as regards his conduct in the recent negotiations, especially condemning his excessive confidences to the newspapers.

In the Reichstag Count Von Bulow declared that Germany was pursuing in Venezuela exactly the same line as Britain and Italy. She was following the path of calmness and sobriety, desiring only security to the life, property and trade of the Germans.

Several German newspapers condemn Sternberg's compliance with America, instead of repelling the latter's insinuations and attacks. They complain that America's insolence has reached an unbearable pitch.

One German newspaper declares that Mr. Bowen's impudence equals Castro's, and reminds President Roosevelt of the comparative strength of the American and the allied fleets.

The German path in Venezuela is one of "calmness and sobriety," says Count Von Bulow.

Several German newspapers condemn Baron Sternberg's compliance with America, instead of repelling the latter's insinuations and attacks. They complain that America's insolence has reached an unbearable pitch.

MOROCCO.

The "Times'" Madrid correspondent says that the assurances of Lord Lans-

downe and M. Delcasse to Senor Abarruza, the Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs, that intervention in Morocco so far as they are concerned at present is not intended, have quietened Spain. The correspondent adds "But they told only half the truth," and declares that M. Delcasse at the end of the summer frankly proposed to Lord Lansdowne that France would recognise Britain's occupation in Egypt if France thereafter were allowed to have a free hand in dealing with Morocco, excepting the North African coastline, with the view of securing suzerainty as a corollary to the Franco-Italian arrangement as regards Tripoli. Lord Lansdowne was not unfavourable to the proposals, but requested a postponement of the pourparlers until the South African and Venezuelan questions were settled. The facts, continues the correspondent, show France's greater friendliness and goodwill towards Britain, and that both statesmen recognise the possible advantages of closer relations.

The forces led by the Moorish Minister surprised and rushed the pretender's camp at dawn, routing the rebels with great slaughter. They captured the provisions and ammunition and recaptured the guns lost in the fight of December 23.

The Moorish Minister for War, with eight Krupps and four Maxims, attacked the pretender's front, the Beduvarien tribe, whose allegiance had been secured the previous day, assailing the pretender's rear. A stubborn fight ensued, which lasted for three hours. The rebels fled towards Tessa, the troops pursuing them with the intention of punishing the disloyal.

AUSTRALIA.

A Frenchman named Maillot, after purchasing wine at Mr Laufer's vineyards, Perth, began to destroy the fruit. When Laufer remonstrated Maillot shot him dead.

The Federal Government is considering the proposals to purchase the Eastern Extension Company's cable between Tasmania and Australia at a price quoted at between £200,000 and £300,000.

Westralia's gold yield for January was 210,450oz., a record month. Last

year's total yield was just over two million ounces, Kalgoolie contributing about half. Out of this dividends were paid representing £1,214,000.

At a performance of Wirth's Circus, in Adelaide a portion of the stage fell, precipitating 400 spectators to the ground. After the performance had been resumed another hundred fell. Many received nasty bruises and abrasions, but none were seriously injured.

The Labour Conference has closed. The conference adopted a resolution condemning the addition of the title "Lord" to the majority as another link in the chain of objectionable Imperialism, and every way opposed to the best interests of the community.


At a meeting of the Brisbane Chamber of Commerce the members hotly condemned the Federal tariff and what was termed Mr Kingston's brutal and insulting administration of the Customs Department. In order to show their disgust it was decided to ignore Mr Kingston's visit to Brisbane.

The progress report of the stock returns to the end of last year give some idea of the disastrous results of the drought. Singleton and the Cooma districts have not yet supplied returns, but the final figures will not be largely altered. The number of sheep is stated to be 24,476,000, a decrease of 17,381,000 as compared with the previous year; cattle, 1,490,000, a decrease of 398,000; horses, 393,654, a decrease of 61,476. In 1891 there were 61,831,000 sheep, and since then there has been a steady yearly decrease.

It is estimated that the loss resulting from the drought at Parkes is equal to £85 for every man, woman and child in the district.

Sir F. Barton states that he knows nothing of the New Zealand proposal to obtain a training-ship for boys. He is inclined to think that New Zealand is anxious to have the services of one of the gunboats. In that case it would be attached to the auxiliary squadron, if the new naval agreement comes into effect. The agreement makes no provision for a training-ship for boys, so a fresh proposal, one that New Zealand was adopting on its own responsibility, was not a matter upon which the Federal Government could have anything to say.

WINCHESTER



REPEATING RIFLES

repeat. They don't jam, catch, or fail to extract. In a word, they are the only reliable repeaters. Winchester rifles are made in all desirable calibers, weights and styles; and are plain, partially or elaborately ornamented, suiting every purpose, every pocket-book and every taste.

WINCHESTER AMMUNITION

made for all kinds of shooting in all kinds of guns. Winchester guns and Winchester ammunition are

FOR SALE BY ALL IRONMONGERS.

PURE Full Nourishment, partly predigested. Sterilized.

MILK COMBINED WITH WHEAT AND BARLEY MALT.

Horlick's Malted Milk

THE BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS IN ALL CLIMATES.

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

IN POWDER FORM. KEEPS INDEFINITELY.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

The Grammar School boardinghouse question again shelved—till March 26.

Over a thousand new books for the Library, Auckland—600 by Mr Mackechie, and 160 sent by Miss Parson, who is now in England.

A number of extra clerks in the Government service at Wellington were dismissed at the end of last month. The "Post" says that the pruning knife will be still further applied within the next few weeks.

A poll on the question of joining the Greater Christchurch was taken in Sydenham last week, and carried by an overwhelming majority, the figures being: For amalgamation, 939; against, 421.

The following "matrimonial" advertisement appears in the "Rangitikei Advocate":—"A young man who has just started dairying wishes to meet a widow with four to six children with view to above. Age no great consideration, but children must be able to milk."

In connection with the recently formed association for promoting an inquiry into the question of food supply in war time, the Duke of Sutherland presided at a large meeting, whereat the association was duly initiated. A deputation was appointed to interview the Government on the subject. Lord Strathcona said it would be a great relief to the Motherland and the colonies if measures for the security of food in war time were initiated.

The matter of the electric lighting of Auckland was again before the City Council last week, when the Mayor stated that Mr W. G. Goodman, who was reporting to the Council on the subject, would be in Auckland next week, and would then present his report. An application was received from the D.S.C. for permission to obtain a supply of electricity for light and power from the Tramways Company, and was declined. His Worship stating that on receipt of Mr Goodman's report, in a few days, the Council would be in a position to begin negotiations for the supply of electricity themselves.

The joint committee of the Ladies' Benevolent Society and the Auckland Veterans' Home met in the Municipal Buildings, last Monday. The Mayor, Mr. A. Kidd, M.H.R., occupied the chair, and there were also present, Messrs W. Thorne, H. C. Tewsley, W. H. Churton, Mesdames Nelson, Goodall, Myers, Stevens, Taylor, Keane, and Culpan. The treasurer, Mr W. Thorne, presented a statement of the receipts and expenditure in connection with the Floral Fete, showing that gross receipts were £754 16/6, and the expenditure £218 2/10, leaving a net profit of £536 13/8. It was decided to vote £180 towards the Veterans' Home, and the remaining two-thirds of the profit to the Ladies' Benevolent Society. On the motion of the Mayor, a cordial vote of thanks was accorded the Ladies' for their successful organisation of the floral fete. Mr Tewsley, in reply to one of the ladies present, stated that the total previously raised for the Veterans' Home was £760, and a desire was manifested to see the total brought to £1900. To assist this end, Mr A. S. Ford, late of H.M. 66th Regiment, handed in a sub-

scription of £1 1/ to Mr Tewsley, one of the treasurers of the fund.

After nearly a-quarter of a century's work at the title's tangle, which has paralysed developments of hundreds of thousands of acres of good land in Poverty Bay, Mr W. L. Rees at last looks forward to the consummation of the steps taken to throw those native trust areas open. This consummation will, he hopes, be in the early setting up, under the East Coast Native Trust Lands Act of last session, of a board, in which the lands are to be vested for management and leasing. Mr Rees points out that the appointment of the board was a matter of urgency, as it would have to pay off the mortgages and claims of the Bank of New Zealand within two years of the passing of the Act, and five months had now elapsed. No doubt Cabinet would now make the appointments at an early date. It was easy to see what it would mean to the people of Poverty Bay—native and European alike—and to the development of the district when 250,000 acres of good land would pass to the board without requiring deeds or native signatures and the attendant expense, but, by virtue of the Act, and with indefeasible titles. Of this area the bank's mortgages cover only 100,000 acres, and the stock on them. The area un-mortgaged is 140,000 acres, and out of 250,000 acres the area now in use is only about 50,000 acres. Apart from this, other trust lands, 150,000 acres in area, would probably in three months be vested in the board, and the bulk of it would be available for settlement. About 40,000 acres of this was now in use, so that 110,000 acres would be unlocked at no cost to the country. This meant 400,000 acres opened. 310,000 acres being not now in use. As regards 250,000 acres of trust lands, which will be the board's first responsibility, the unpaid interest due to the bank accruing since 1892, when the question assumed a definite phase in the appointment of trustees (Messrs Carroll and Wi Pere), has attained to very large proportions. The present debt is £156,000 to the bank, and about £17,000 to other claims; total, £173,000.

TIDAL WAVE AND HURRICANE.

News has only just come to hand of a terrible and devastating tidal wave and hurricane that visited the Society Islands as far back as January 13.

Not much is known as yet, but that the wave swept over the islands in an overwhelming mass of water, against which human resource was powerless.

The natives had no warning of their impending fate. They had but a few moments to realise that two overwhelming foes were attacking them at once—the hurricane tearing up trees and native dwellings, and the sea sweeping over the land in a remorseless hungry flood.

There was no time for those within the reach of the flood to get to a place of safety, and a thousand natives lie dead on the island, which is a mere chaos of fallen trees and the debris of human habitation.

The news was given to Reuter's Agency by the officers of the Mariposa, the steamer regularly trading between San Francisco and Tahiti.

It is feared the Friendly Islands have

suffered worse than the Society Islands. Eight hundred deaths occurred at Haokikuera and Marakan alone.

Eight whites were drowned. Only those who climbed tall trees escaped.

The French are provisioning the Paumotu Archipelago and other islands.

DEATH OF THE HON. W. ROLLESTON

The Hon. Wm. Rolleston died at his home, Raungitata, on Sunday, aged 71.

[Deceased was the son of the late Rev George Rolleston, M.A., who for over 60 years was rector of Maltby, near Doncaster, in Yorkshire. His brother, George Rolleston, F.R.S., was the well-known Professor of Physiology at the University of Oxford. Mr Rolleston was born on September 19, 1831, and was educated at Rossall School, Lancashire, under the late Dr Woolley. Entering at Emanuel College, Cambridge, in 1851, he became foundation scholar of his college in the following year. In 1855 he graduated with classical honours. Mr Rolleston emigrated to New Zealand in 1858, and settled near Lake Coleridge. In 1863 he was appointed a member of the Education Commission, which framed the educational system of the province of Canterbury, and in 1864 became provincial secretary and a member of the Canterbury Board of Education. He was subsequently Under-Secretary for Native Affairs and Inspector of Native Schools under the colonial Government. Mr Rolleston was Superintendent of the province of Canterbury from 1868 to 1878. From 1868 to 1884 he was M.H.R. for Avon, and in the latter year was returned for Geraldine. He was a member of the Hall Government from October 1879 to April, 1882, holding the portfolios of Min-

ister of Lands, Immigration, Justice, Mines, and Native Affairs, for successive periods. In the Whitaker and Atkinson administrations, which succeeded, he was Minister of Lands, Immigration and Mines from April, 1882, to August, 1884. In 1891, on the retirement of Mr John Bryce from the leadership of the Opposition to the Ballance Government, Mr Rolleston was unanimously selected to succeed him.]

Mr Rolleston held the leadership of the Opposition for several years, but in the 1899 election for the House of Representatives he was defeated by Mr. G. W. Russell, who still holds the seat, by a single vote. A few years ago Mr Rolleston was thrown from his horse, and he never completely recovered from the injuries sustained. These developed a form of paralysis, and he was bed-ridden for many months before his death. During that time, however, he took an active interest in public matters, and carried on correspondence with former colleagues and political friends throughout the colony, his daughter acting as amanuensis. The Hon. E. Mitchelson received several letters from him in this way. Mr Rolleston, although identified latterly with the Conservative party, was a genuine Liberal at heart. He is the real author of the system of perpetual lease in New Zealand. As originally framed in his Land Act, there was provision under this system for periodical revaluations, a provision that the late Sir John McKenzie struck out. Canterbury owes a great deal to Mr Rolleston's foresight, he having, when Superintendent of that province, set aside many valuable endowments for public recreation and education, and also with a view of conserving the banks of the Avon for the public. He was a very warm-hearted man, and will be much lamented by a very wide circle of friends in all parts of the colony.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman and a child, and text describing the product's benefits and availability.

OUR SUMMER SALE. NOW PROCEEDING! GEORGE COURT, The Popular Draper, Karangahape Road, NEWTON,

Wishes to draw your attention to a few Special Lines in our

FANCY DEPARTMENT.

- Ladies' All Wool Hose - 9 1/2d., - worth 1s. 3d.
Stainless Hose, 2 pairs for - 1s. - " 1s. 6d.
Umbrellas - 7d. } Special Value.
Sequin Collarettes - 1s. 9d. Former price 2s. 3d.
Special Line of Beaded Belts - 1s. 1rd. " 2s. 9d.
Large Variety of Lace Collarettes - 10 1/2d., 1s. 9d., 1s. 1rd. up. Former price 1s. 6d.
See our Blouses - 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., up. Worth Double. 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d. up.

Remember—GEO. COURT—One Shop—One Address—One Price—which cannot be Beaten.

Our reputation for Keenest Prices throughout is proved by the great crowd of Customers purchasing daily.





A Maori Family at Home, Rotorua.



Senior, photo.

THE GUIDE AT THE SPA, TAUPO, SHOWING TOURISTS THE SIGHTS.



A BUSH CAMP AT MAUNGATO.



GATHERING MOUNTAIN LILIES ON THE HIGH ALPS, SOUTH ISLAND.



H. D. Hawkins, photo. SPECIMENS OF OUR COUNTRY ROADS. LANDSCAPE NEAR POLLOCK (WAIUKU DISTRICT).



T. C. Turnbull, photo.

"STRIKING CAMP" ON THE MANUKAU.



"EVENING."



J. M. Naira, photo.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE, PERIA RIVER, MONGONUL

The Countess Tolstoi.

The Countess Tolstoi, in her way, is almost as wonderful as her famous husband, whose influence in Russia is said to be largely responsible for the present unrest there. Her individuality and her theories are as marked and distinct as are his. Nor does she always agree with him in his views. In fact she most strenuously opposed his tirade against the copyright system. Neither is she a blind admirer of the Count's style and stories, but often freely and somewhat warmly attacks both, the result being a rather heated argument. The Countess is a woman of broad training and ripe education. Strong in her character and great in her ability, she is the type of woman who would best understand a man of her husband's kind, one who would be able to further the best in his and both their lives.

Her position is not one without trials. The wife of a reformer who is as extreme as Tolstoi is apt to feel here and there a sting, for the world has not hesitated to say its opinion regarding him. The cool, deliberate intellect of the Countess Tolstoi holds her in good stead and keeps a nice balance in the Russian household. A great many people were surprised and somewhat startled when they read, just after the excommunication of Count Tolstoi by the Holy Synod, a letter of protest signed by the Countess. The letter was written with force, character, and style. It suggested a vigour of intellect and power of discrimination in its author which made people recognise for the first time what a really clever woman the wife of the famous novelist is.

De Wet and His Book.

In the course of a stirring protest against the too-ready acceptance in some quarters of De Wet's stories to the detriment of British soldiers, Sir A. Conan Doyle gives, in the "Spectator," some striking instances of the "slim" way De Wet understates the truth in order to damage the reputation of our soldiers. Here are some quotations from De Wet's book and Sir A. Conan Doyle's comments:—"On the Orange River one Willem Pretorius and three men caused the surrender without loss of twenty British in a fort." As a bald fact this sounds depressing. But what is the truth? The whole Boer army was round the post, and the garrison knew it, having just received a letter from De Wet himself. Is it not a perversion to say that they surrendered to three men when they knew that 2,000 were round them and that escape was impossible? The original statement is literally true, and yet the inference of cowardice is absolutely false.

"Philip Botha with fifty burgher charged 150 of the Bodyguard and took them prisoners." The British losses—eight officers and thirty-eight men killed and wounded—point not only to a good resistance, but to a resistance against a considerable force. It is possible that the final rush of the Boers which compelled a surrender was carried out by fifty men, but all the letters which I have read from survivors of the action (and I have read several) talk of the fire as coming from several directions, and refer to flanking and covering parties of Boers. I believe, therefore, that even if the number given be literally true, it is none the less, as in the case of Nicholson's Nek, entirely misleading.

To show an instance in which he enormously exaggerates the force which was against him, take the battle of Bothaville, where Colonel Le Gallais captured his guns. To read his short narrative of the action one would imagine that it was a contest between eight hundred Boers on one side and twelve hundred British on the other. As a matter of fact, the fight was between about two hundred and fifty British Yeomanry and Mounted Infantry and the Boer force. Only at the end of the action, when De Lisle came up, did the numbers become as stated.



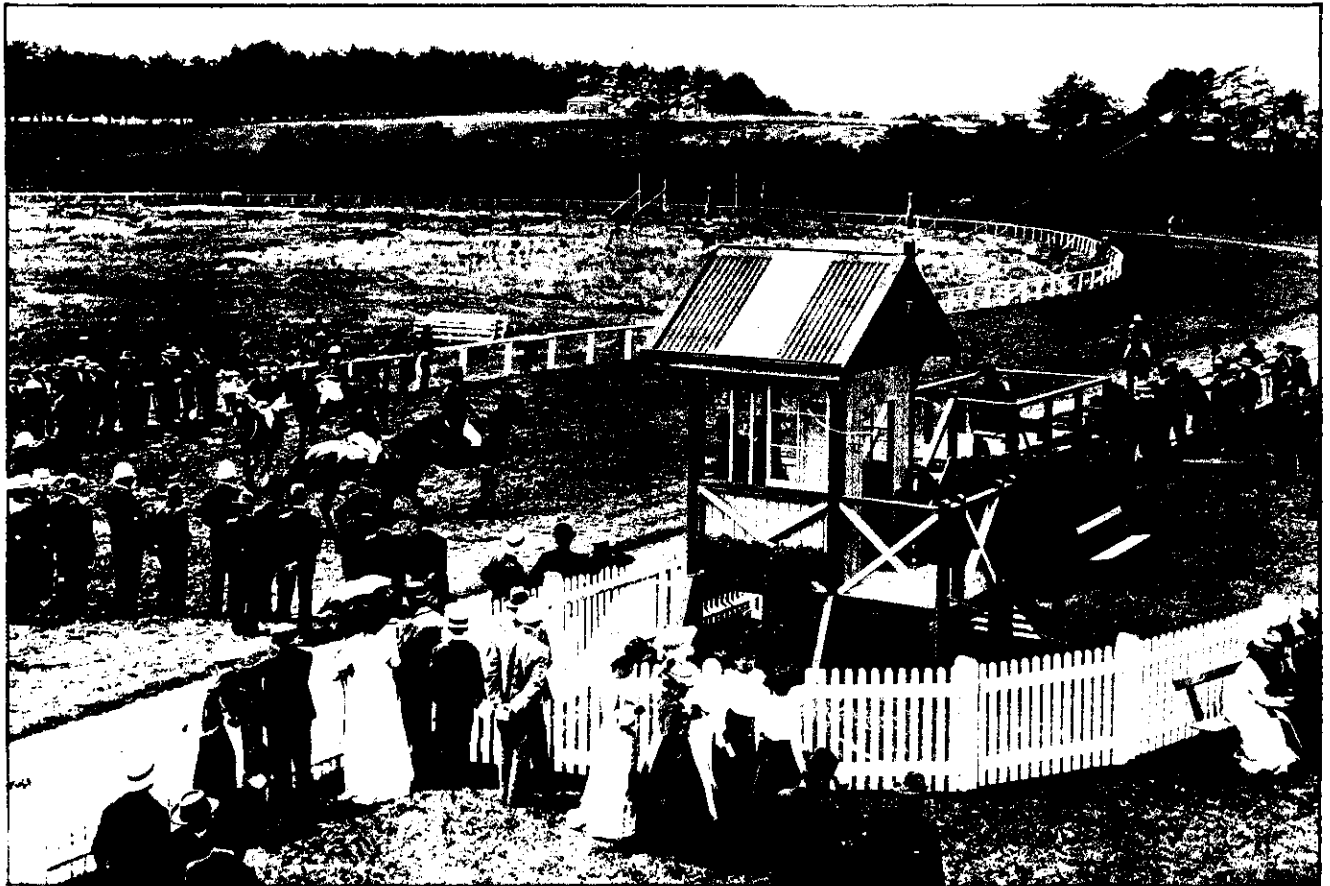
AUSTRALASIAN MINING ENGINEERS AND PARTY. Taken on the occasion of the Harbour excursion, Auckland.



THE RECENT FIRE, MOUNT EDEN, AUCKLAND.



THE COMMITTEE.



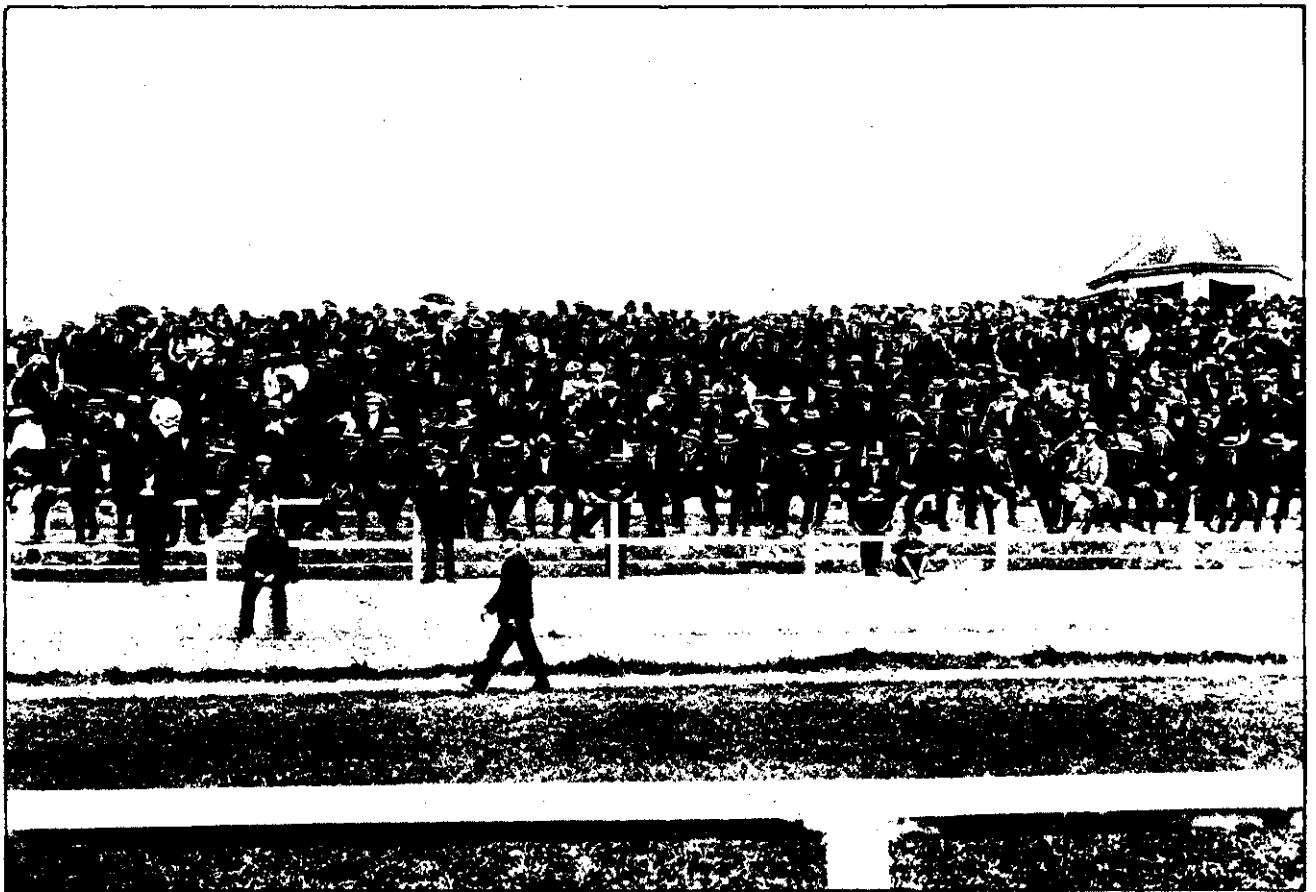
LEADING IN BONHEUR WINNER MARINE HANDICAP.

Takapuna Jockey Club's Summer Meeting.

Photos. by Valle.



START OF BOROUGH HANDICAP.



THE TERRACES.

Takapuna Jockey Club's Summer Meeting.

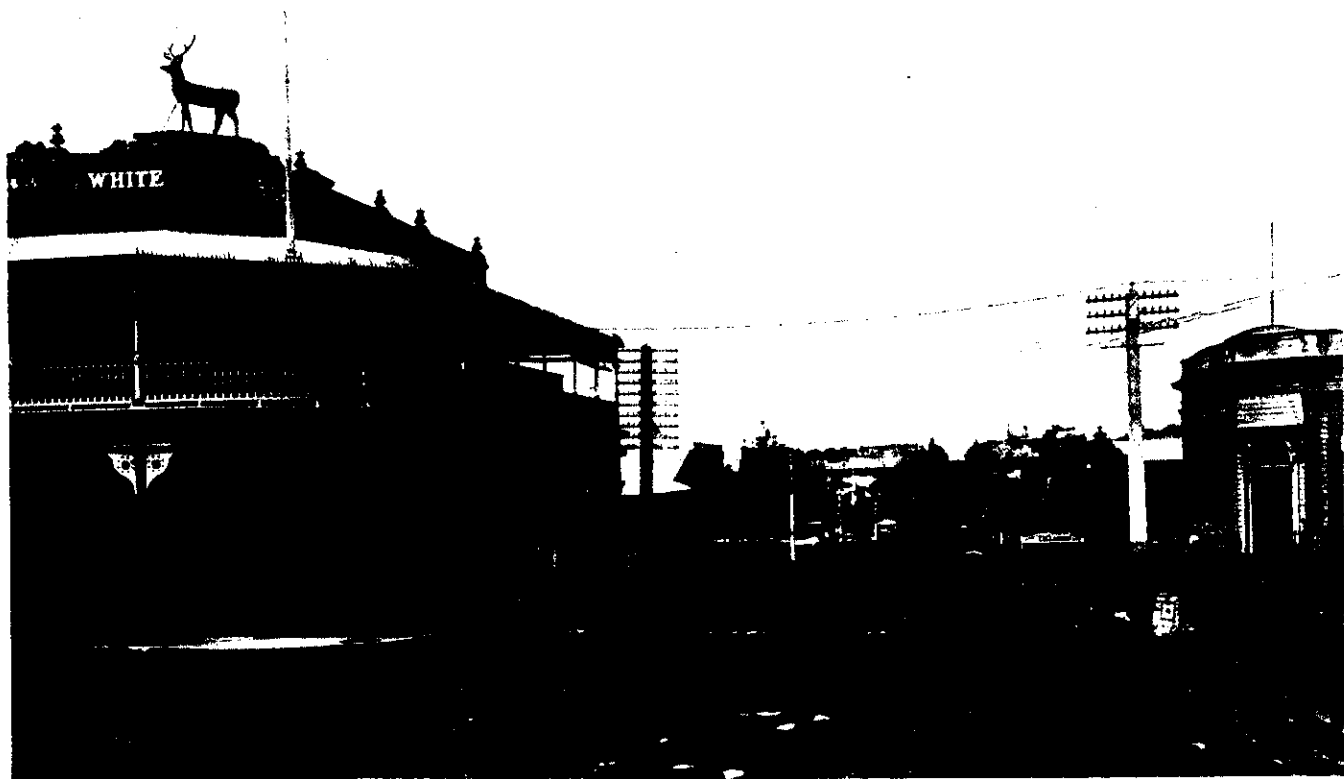


CATHOLIC CHURCH SCHOOL AND CONVENT.



Duroux, photo.
STANCHION BRIDGE IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION OVER RAILWAY LINE TO ALLOW THE PUBLIC TO CROSS OVER TO THE BEACH.

New Plymouth; The Capital of Taranaki.



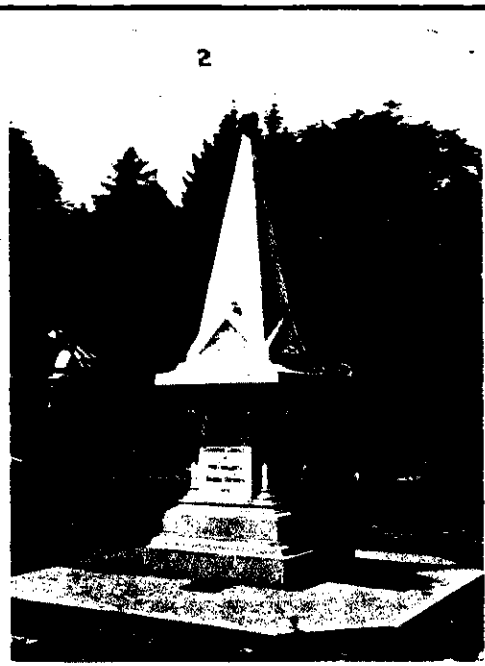
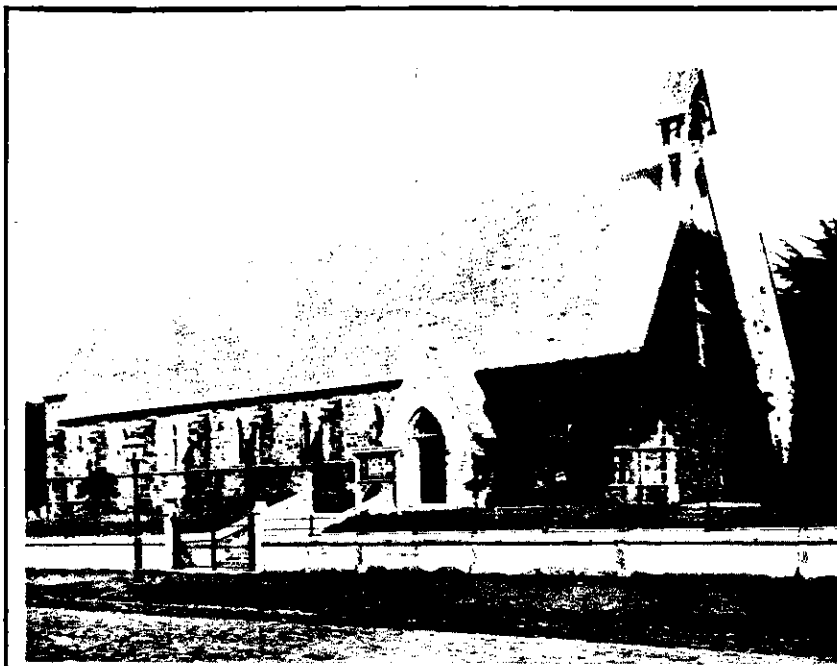
DEVON STREET, LOOKING NORTH.



Duroux, photo.

THE COURT HOUSE.

New Plymouth; The Capital of Taranaki.



Parsons, photo.

1. St. Mary's English Church. 2. Jubilee monument in Recreation Grounds. 3. Wesleyan Church. 4. Presbyterian Church. 5. Entrance Recreation Ground. 6. View of lake and bridge, Recreation Ground.

New Plymouth; The Capital of Taranaki.



RAILWAY YARDS. GOODS TRAIN ARRIVING.



THE BREAKWATER.



Graux, photo.

THE PUBLIC HOSPITAL.

New Plymouth; The Capital of Taranaki.



A HILL-TOP VIEW.



VIEW OF BUSINESS PART OF THE CITY.

Daroux, photo.

New Plymouth : The Capital of Taranaki.



1. Teachers and girls New Plymouth High School. 2. Boys and teachers New Plymouth High School. 3. Pupils Catholic School, New Plymouth.

Daroux, photo.

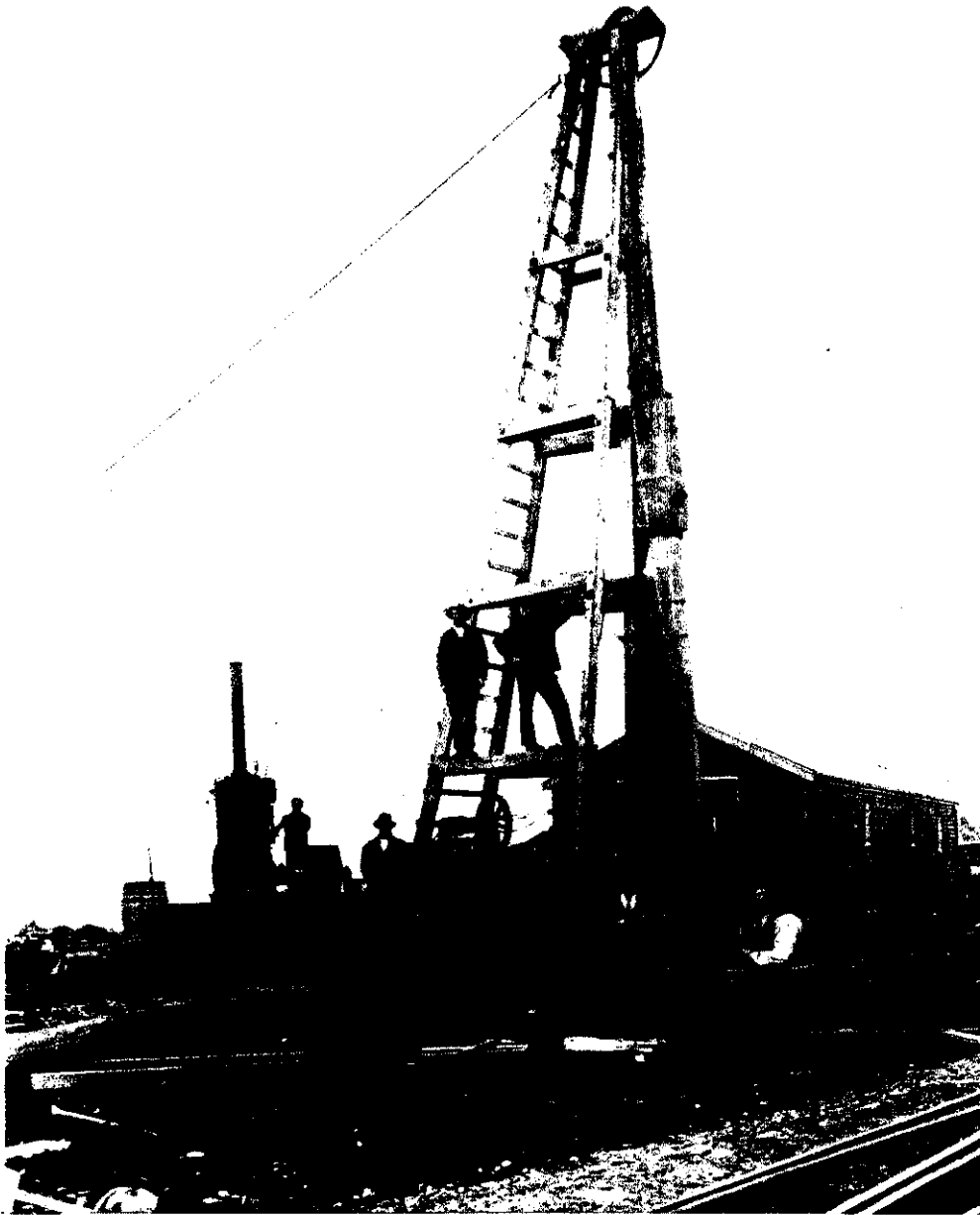
New Plymouth: The Capital of Taranaki.

Tracing Familiar Phrases.

How few of the phrases that we introduce into our daily conversation have we ever traced to their source! Take, for instance, the expression "As good as a play." Which among us has realised that its parent was none other than Charles II., who used it while attending the House of Lords during the passing of the Divorce Bill? "Defend me from my friends!" Again, how rarely it is remembered that this was the witty request of Marshal Villars to Louis XIV; or that "Eureka" was the exclamation of Archimedes when he had solved an anxious problem. It was Talleyrand who said "Surtout, point de zele," and Chateaubriand's were those, "I have wept and believed," so often misquoted. The words, "Let the cobbler stick to his last," have been attributed to many a wrong man, instead of to the right person, the painter Apelles, who really uttered them, and also those "No day without its line."

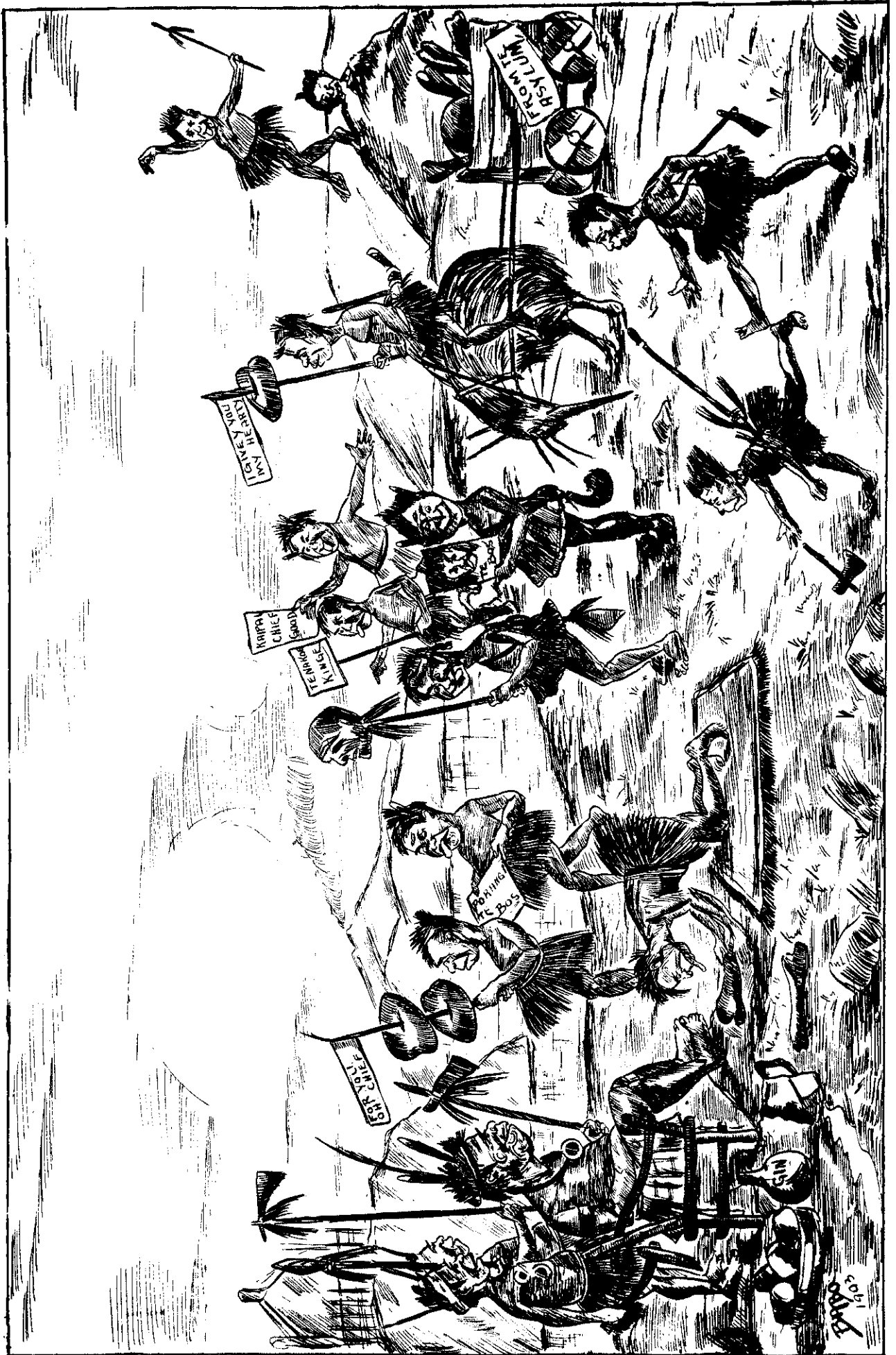
Brougham's "The pursuit of knowledge under difficulties" and "The schoolmaster is abroad" are familiar indeed, but not always credited to him. About Wellington's "The Government of the Queen must be carried on" there is rarely a mistake. "Rich beyond the dreams of avarice" was bequeathed to us by Dr. Johnson, who tacked the phrase on to Messrs Barclay and Perkins at the sale of their brewery. Lamb claims the oft-quoted "Brilliant flashes of silence," and Warburton "Orthodoxy is my doxy, and heterodoxy is another man's doxy."

The French phrase-makers are masters of their art. "L'homme absurde est celui qui ne change jamais," an aphorism of Barthelemy, will be quoted for centuries to come; so, too, "God favours the heaviest battalions," which, first vaguely introduced by Tacitus, was put into crystallised form by Voltaire. 'Twas Voltaire also who exclaimed, "Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer!" To the fervent Saint-Simon we owe the assertion "The golden age is before us, not behind us." "Let him who loves me follow me" was spoken by Napoleon, and that other brilliant soldier, Comte de Larochefoucauld, addressed to his men the well-known words, "If I advance, follow me; if I withdraw, slay me; if I fall, avenge me." The French Revolution brought forth many memorable phrases. "Do you think revolutions are made with rosewater?" was asked by Chamfort. An unforgettable felicity of Napoleon's is that "There is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous." "Another such victory and we are undone," sometimes attributed to Napoleon, was in reality said by Pyrrhus of Epirus. That a person is "indebted to his memory for his jests and his imagination for his facts" is due to Sheridan, who of happy phrases has left his country a peculiarly rich legacy.



DRIVING PILES FOR NO. 2 STANCHION BRIDGE OF RAILWAY LINE, NEW PLYMOUTH.



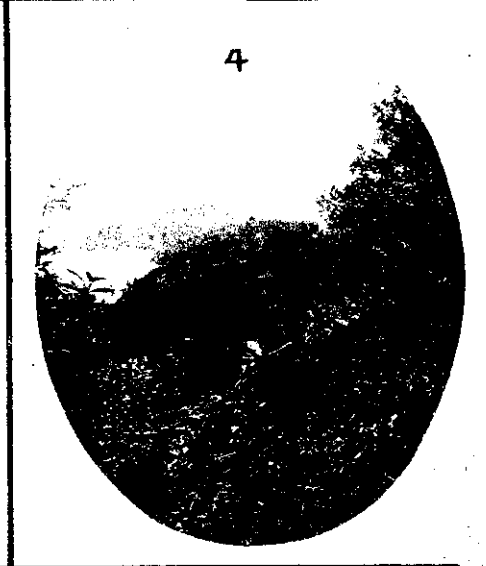


Ancient Antics in New Zealand; St. Valentine's Day.

T. P.
1903



Vavau
An
Earthly
Paradise

 A central text block with the title "Vavau An Earthly Paradise" in a stylized font. Below the text is a small illustration of a palm tree.


See Letterpress, pages 471-472.

Josiah Martin, Photo.

1. General view of Nuafu, Vavau. 2. Native life and bread fruit tree. 3. Tongan house and coconut palm. 4. Vavau Harbour. 5. Vavau Harbour from Tulua.



ROADSIDE SCENE, VAVAU.



GENERAL VIEW OF VAVAU HARBOUR.

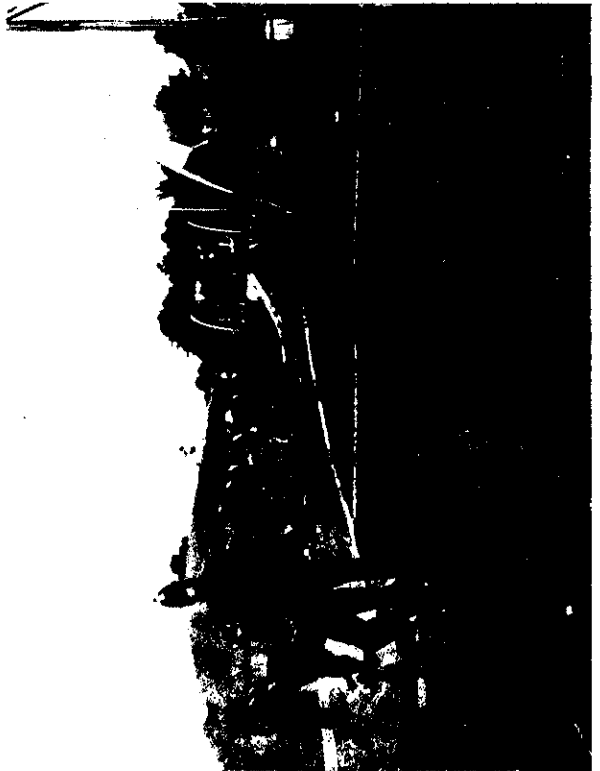
Josiah Martin, Photo.

See Letterpress, pages 471-472.

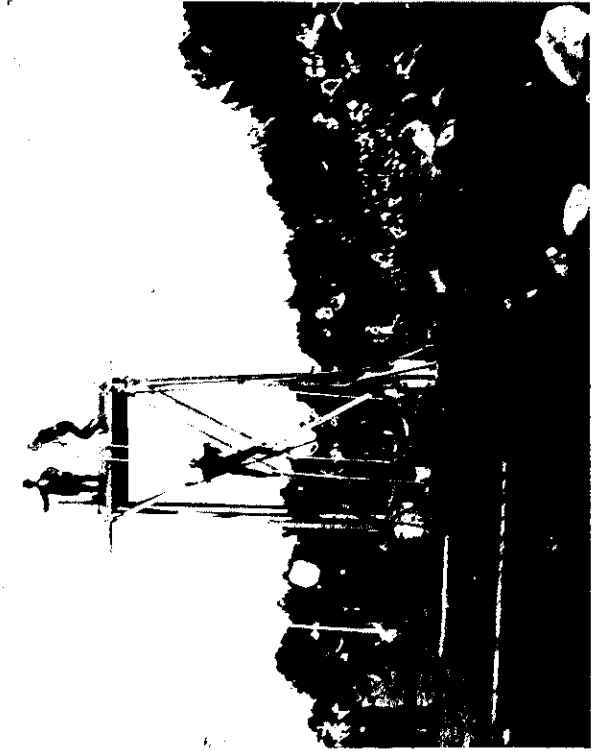
Vavau: An Earthly Paradise.



INSPECTING COUPLERS.



HOSE AND REEL COMPETITION.



LIFE-SAVING COMPETITION.

COUPLING COMPETITION FOR TWO MEN.

Fire Brigades' Demonstration, Auckland Domain.

A Coal Story.

A gentleman who seems to have been supplied with a rather curious form of fuel sends us a copy of a letter which he has addressed to his coal merchants:—

"Sirs,—When you send the next load of paving stones please put a few knobs of coal on the top (i.e., if you have any). You can leave the rest outside; they may come in for the roads. Indeed, you need not send them at all unless you cling, as it were, to custom, or want your horse to have the exercise. We have now quite finished our rockery and the stone wall round the garden, and are thinking of trying coal next.

"We sometimes get a bit of heat out of your stuff, but the sledge-hammer exercise is too violent for my wife, so we are going to drop it in favour of Sandow's Exerciser. The large slabs bear the constant hammering remarkably well, and will last us on for a long time—they strike fire and emit sparks finely. The new stones, however, are very black at first until they have had rain upon them, when they look very nice and rustic.

"We are old-fashioned sort of people, and would feel glad at any time to hear if you should come across any of the good old coal that we used to set a light to and cook a feed by."



WINNERS OF ALL THE FIRST PRIZES AUCKLAND DEMONSTRATION.
Thames Fire Brigade.



DAMAGE CAUSED TO STATION WALL INTO QUEEN STREET.



GUARD'S VAN MOUNTING THE BUFFERS.
Shunting Accident, Auckland Railway Station.

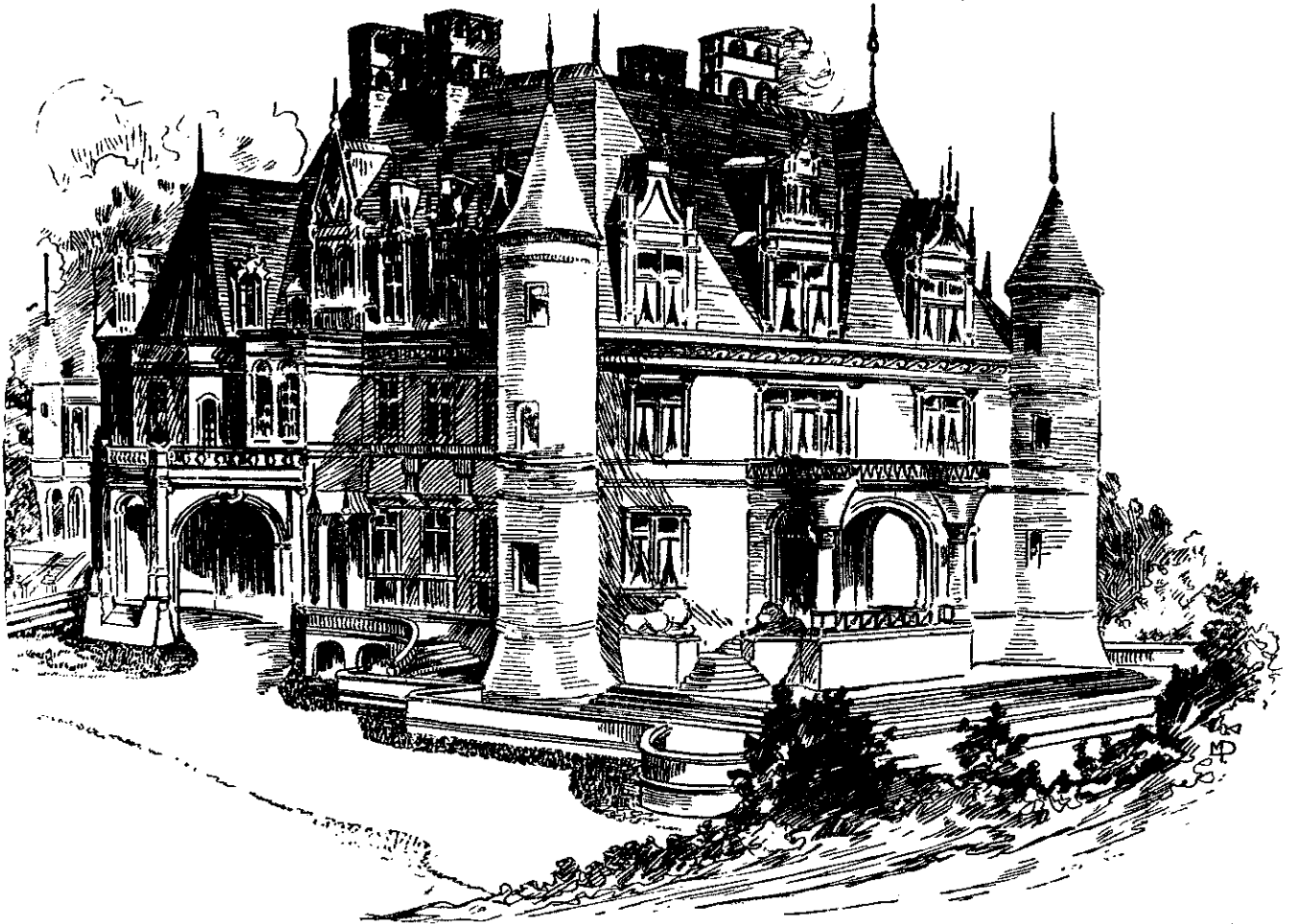


MR JUSTICE CONOLLY.
Whose early retirement is rumoured.



JUDGE EDWARDS.
Who may take Judge Conolly's place.
Reported Changes on the N.Z. Bench.

The Steel King's Palace.



MR. SCHWAB'S GREAT NEW YORK MANSION.

The Great Unlimited-Dollar Palace to be erected for Mr. Schwab, the American Croesus. There is to be no limit to the expenses in any direction. Both inside and out it will aim to be the most gorgeous dwelling in the world.

This is the magnificent new mansion that Mr Charles M. Schwab, the highest-salaried man on earth, is to occupy.

The ablest architect whose services could be obtained has devoted his time and talent for months to the task set for him by Mr Schwab. The result is a palace for prince and pauper alike to wonder at and -no doubt- envy.

Mr Schwab's mansion will cost several millions of dollars by the time it is completed. This amount he will not think about with as much concern as the average housewife the winter's coal bill.

The splendid residence will have for its master an extraordinary man in more ways than one. He has made his mark with brilliant might of brain and energy.

Mr Schwab is but forty years old, and he began life as a grocer's boy at 10/ per week.

Mr Schwab was made president five years ago of the Carnegie Steel Company, with an interest in the business besides his £10,000 yearly salary - as much as President Roosevelt is getting for taking care of Uncle Sam's family. Last year, when the United States Steel Corporation absorbed the company, he was made president, with a salary of £200,000. His interest in the business now amounts to some £5,000,000. He has control of 45,000 men.

The Schwab mansion adds another monument to mental industry in America, where a grocer's boy may become the highest-salaried man in the world. It will be one of New York's show palaces.

The block of ground occupied cost Mr Schwab £173,000 a year ago.

There are four imposing facades. The mansion overlooks the Hudson River, and a splendid stretch of country.

The art gallery is in the north-west wing, overlooking Seventy-fourth-street. The natatorium is located in the basement between the wings, and the chapel and music-room are in the rear of the main building, and are surmounted by a tower and belfry containing chimes.

A lodge will be built, sunken below the surface so as to become part of the landscape effect. In this lodge will be located all the boilers and machinery of the house.

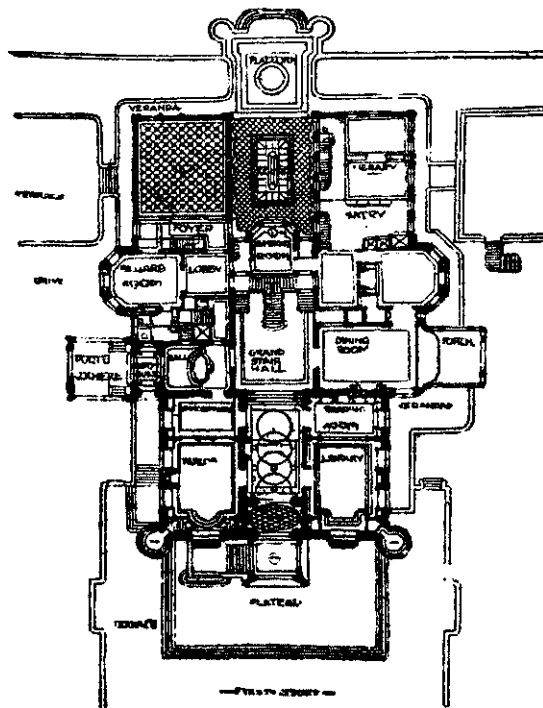
The landscape effect along the Hudson will be especially elaborate. Gardeners from abroad will be called upon to plan for the magnificent lawn, one of the finest in the United States.

There is an impressively grand staircase. At the head of the first landing is the entrance to the music-room. A beautiful colonnade is a feature of the second floor.

Truly palatial are the effects throughout the halls. The grand staircase is two and one-half storeys in height. The gallery and colonnade extends around the second floor, and all the rooms open from this hallway.

A lunette of striking beauty occupies a place below the arched ceiling over the music-room. There is a well-equipped gymnasium; there is a Turkish bath system. On the second floor are the principal bedrooms and conservatory, while the third floor is for guests, and the fourth for servants. There is a roof garden and also a look out tower.

As for the furnishings, the rarest and costliest of everything that the artists of the world can produce will be purchased and placed in this modern Aladdin's palace.



PLAN OF THE FIRST FLOOR OF THE GREAT SCHWAB MANSION.

The Rowers.

The following is Mr Rudyard Kipling's poem on the Anglo-German compact regarding Venezuela. The verses were published in "The Times":—

The banked oars fell an hundred strong
And bucked and threshed and ground,
But bitter was the rowers' song
As they brought the war boat round.

They had no heart for the rally and roar,
That makes the whole bath smoke—
When the great blades cleave and hold
And leave
As one on the racing stroke.

They sang:—"What reckoning do ye keep
And steer her by what star,
If we come unwatched from the Southern
deep
To be wrecked on a Baltic bar?

Last night ye swore our voyage was done,
But seaward still we go;
And ye tell us now of a secret vow
Ye have made with an open foe.

That we must lie off a lightless coast
And haul and back and veer,
At the will of the breed that have wronged
us most
For a year and a year and a year.

There was never a shame in Christendie
They laid not to our door—
And ye say we must take the winter sea
And sail with them once more?

Look South. The gale is scarce o'erpast
That stripped and laid us down,
When we stood forth but they stood fast
And prayed to see us drown.

The dead they mocked are scarcely cold—
Our wounds are bleeding yet—
And ye tell us now that our strength is
sold
To help them press for a debt.

'Neath all the flags of all mankind
That use upon the seas,
Was there no other fleet to find
That ye strike bands with these?

Of evil times that men could choose
On evil fate to fall,
What brooding judgment let ye loose
To pick the worst of all?

In sight of peace—from the Narrow Seas
O'er half the world to run—
With a cheated crew to loague anew
With the Goth and the shameless Hun."

RUDYARD KIPLING

of human lives; farm labourers, drawn into the cruel vortex of town life; shepherds looking for flocks; engineers, out of work because of a prolonged strike; sailmakers, florists, gunmakers, stevedores, bakers, wheelwrights, barbers, bill-posters, opticians—10,000 men a year, all with the same story, "No luck." From the four quarters of the globe they come—the Continent, America, Algiers, India, Singapore, Peru, Egypt, Hayti, Chili, Mauritius—the gazetteer gives their nationalities. Every county in England is represented in the course of a year—Lancashire and Yorkshire always leading after London.

Every night at six the doors of Medland Hall are opened, and slowly the long line moves forward. Each man as he enters receives a thick slice of bread and a ticket giving the number of his bunk. When the four hundred and fifty bunks have been allotted, the doors are closed. There are always many for whom no room can be found, and to these three or four score of homeless ones bread is distributed. Each one murmurs "Thank you," draws his coat a bit tighter about the neck, and goes away to find some dark corner, there to fall asleep, only to awaken cold, stiff, and hungry for another day's fight for existence. One wonders how so many men can find sleeping room in so small a building. Its four floors are covered with boxes just large enough to hold a man outstretched. Each of these rough

bunks contains a mattress of leather cloth filled with dry seaweed, with a covering of two thicknesses of leather cloth. Many worse places there are to sleep in. Some of the men have some tea-leaves, and for them hot water is provided. The men sit on the edge of their bunks, and quietly eat their frugal supper. Afterwards those who are lucky enough to have pipes and tobacco are allowed to smoke until nine o'clock, when the lights are turned down. Before "taps" opportunity is given those who desire to shave, trim their hair, mend their boots, and wash their clothing. There is also a sick ward for the weak and ailing, where a surgeon is always in attendance. Stationery and stamps are freely given to men who would write to their friends for aid. And all this is done at a cost of only three-halfpence a man a night. In ten years fifteen hundred thousand men have thus been helped on at a total cost of £11,000. This includes, too, the sending of four hundred men to Canada.

The long black line that stretches along the dock wall every evening tells five hundred tales of failure and despair; but the record of this unique institution is filled with stories of happiness. Letters from far-away lands, telling of "luck at last," of the discovery of friends and home, and expressing the deepest gratitude for the help of Medland Hall, are continuously being received by the workers there.

Paying for His Experiences.

An amusing adventure has happened to a well-known Paris journalist who has a taste for realism. A policeman one evening came across an eccentric looking man, wearing a cocked hat and wooden sword, which dangled from a chain. The officer conducted him to the police office of St. George's district, where he explained to the commissary that he was Napoleon I., who had come from St. Helena to capture the Humberts. Convinced that he was dealing with a lunatic, the commissary packed him off to the special infirmary at the Central Police Depot. Next morning the supposed madman, being rather tired of his forty-eight hours' detention, explained who he was, and said he had simulated lunacy simply in order to get into the infirmary for the purpose of writing an article. The infirmary doctor shook his head, and turning to an assistant with a malicious smile, observed: "Poor fellow, his case is a very bad one; he now thinks he is a journalist." The more the doctor puffed him the more the journalist endeavoured to prove his identity. Finally, the matter was reported to the Prefect of Police, but inquiries had to be made and the journalist could not be released before a couple of days.



THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.

(From one of the latest photos, taken in the Coronation Robes.)

The Cheapest Hotel in London.

LONDON'S ONLY FREE SHELTER.

Five hundred men, of many nationalities, of many occupations—but all of them homeless, penniless, in the world's richest city—may be seen any evening, however wet or cold it may be, forming a long, black line in one of the obscure streets of the backyard of London.

Night after night this human driftwood floats down to the dock wall, weary and wretched from ceaseless, bitter fighting for a chance to live. What is the magnet that draws these outcasts out of the swirling currents and eddies of the throbbing sea of life of the great city? A hunk of bread and a box in which to rest the tired body.

For this bit of comfort will men, half-clad, suffering from hunger and lack of sleep, shiver for hours in the cold rain. In all London there is no other haven where the homeless, penniless man may find food and shelter. What one would pay for a dinner in a West End restaurant would carry these 500 despairing ones through another night, and strengthen them for their conflict with the world on the morrow. For few of these men are absolute derelicts, helpless wrecks, drifting on life's sea; rather are they like ships in distress, more or less storm-wrenched and waterlogged, to be sure, but only waiting for a tow to the repair dock. And sometimes the salvage is only three-halfpence! Many a human craft adrift has been towed into a calm harbour by the workers at Medland Hall, Ratchif, London's only free shelter.

Clergymen, university men, doctors, lawyers, editors, publishers, journalists, schoolmasters—all have formed part of this daily line of distress. Scarcely a trade or occupation is there that has not been represented. Shoemakers, driven out of employment by the invasion of foreign goods; sailors from foreign lands waiting for ships; aged engine-drivers physically unfit to be in charge



A Case for the Police.

The Trustees of the Benevolent Institute, Wellington, had before them the case of a young woman about to be confined, for whom they found it impossible to find a home during her trouble. The Salvation Army and other charitable organisations refused help, and finally the young woman was recommended to place herself in the hands of the police.

"Soap" From the Earth.

Although, chemically speaking, lime is soap in the industrial sense, soap is soap, and when the discovery of a soap mine is reported it must be presumed that the product of the mine is a substance more or less "matchless for the hands and complexion." It is stated that a company has been formed to work the mine, and that 275 tons have already been dug out. But Messrs Pears have no fear of disaster overtaking their business. "Since soap is a compound of fats and alkalis," said an official, "it must be a natural impossibility for it to be found in the earth. This substance which has been discovered in British Columbia must be an apparently greasy earth or clay, something like Fuller's earth, or that greasy-looking blue clay found in some parts of Eng-

land. In recent years we have frequently had samples of such earth forwarded to us under the idea that they were valuable discoveries, but we have always ignored them. Although they are anything but soap they can, nevertheless, be used for cleansing purposes. I have seen country lads when bathing plaster their bodies all over with the black mud of the river bed, run about in the sun till it dried, dive in and again wash it off, and finally come out spotlessly clean." It would appear, then, that the term "soap mine" is a misnomer. But since the excavations of Pompeii brought to light a complete soap making factory, together with many cakes of soap, possibly the British Columbian prospectors have unearthed an ancient city. A little further and they may find the ubiquitous legend, "Good morning; have you used," etc.

Duped the Syndicate.

A good story is going the rounds of Levallois, an industrial suburb of Paris. It appears that a man of learned appearance, who had acquired a local reputation as an inventor, spread about a report that he had discovered a new way of distilling alcohol from haricot beans. It could be extracted, he said, at small cost, and would produce an extraordinary revolution in the price of spirits of all kinds. A well known soap manufacturer and two of his friends became interested, and offered the inventor £800 down if he convinced them of the value of his discovery, and a further sum of £4000 at the end of three months. They went to a

shed rented by the man and were shown an alembic, together with the other usual distilling apparatus. The inventor invited them to pour a basket of haricot beans into the still; a fire was then lit, and soon, to the delight and surprise of the gentlemen present, a stream of alcohol began to pour forth. With feverish haste they took the inventor to the nearest cafe, and, it is said, there and then handed over to him, on his signing an agreement, notes to the value of £800. An appointment was made for the following Tuesday, when the inventor promised to tell them his secret. The purchasing syndicate arrived, but the inventor did not, and then it was found that there was a false bottom in the still containing alcohol. When the fire was lit the spirit rose through almost imperceptible holes to the beans and was emptied by a spout.



KIRKMAN, DENISON

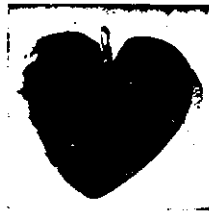
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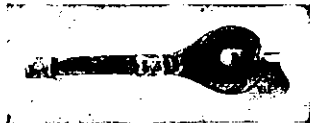


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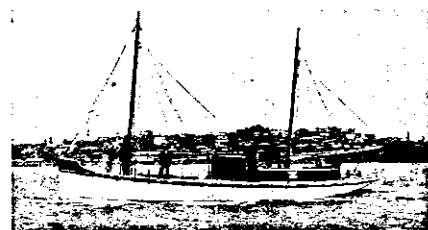
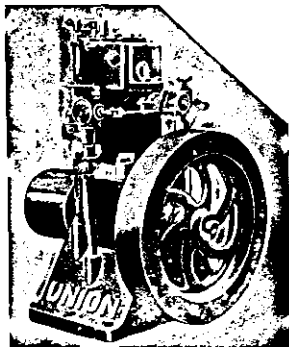
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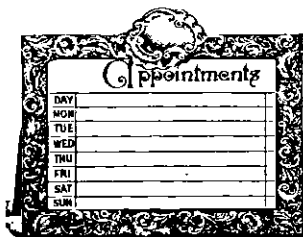
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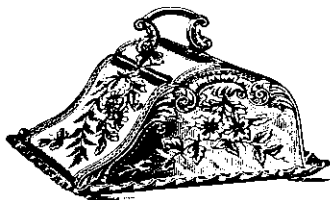
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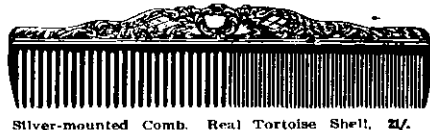
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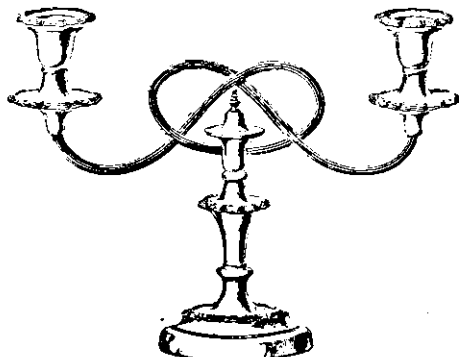
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No. 308. Silver-plated Bread Fork, pearl handle, 10/6



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Very Fine Quality Silver Plate Candelabra, 3 lights, £2 10/; 4 lights, £2 16/.



Cupid Pattern Hand Mirror, in the New Silver Oxidised Finish, 63/.



No. E7507. Silver Top and Cut Crystal Perfume Bottle, 55/.



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We have just issued a new 40-page Catalogue of New Designs in Watches, Jewellery, and Silverware. If you have not already received one, send us your Name and Address, and we will send you one by return mail.

ALL OUR GOODS SENT CARRIAGE PAID AND AT OUR OWN RISK.

Personal Paragraphs.

Major and Mrs Pitt left Auckland for Gisborne by the Talune last Saturday.

Mrs Ethel Greensill, Picton, has gone to Nelson to stay with Mrs Strachan.

Mr C. E. Button, of Auckland, left for the South on Monday last.

Miss Seymour (Picton) is on a visit to Wellington.

Dr. Pomare and his wife are on a visit to Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. Ormsby Gore Adams have returned to their home at the Thames.

Miss Large, of Napier, has been staying in Timaru and Christchurch.

Miss Wheeler is back in Wellington after a visit to friends in the South Island.

Mr and Mrs Seymour, of Gisborne, are visiting Napier.

Mrs. and Miss Harding have gone to Tarauaki for a visit.

Miss Ruceia has returned to Wellington after a stay in Christchurch.

Mrs Bendall, of Wellington, is staying with her relatives in Napier.

Miss D. Kemp (Wellington) is staying with Mrs. Wigley, Canterbury.

Miss Dulcie Kennedy, of Napier, has returned from a visit to Christchurch.

Mr and Mrs Henry Cray, New Plymouth, have gone on a visit to Dunedin.

Miss Simpson is back in Wellington after a round of visits in Auckland and Wanganui.

Miss Stace, Robin Hood Bay, Port Underwood, is visiting Mrs. Williams in Picton.

The Misses Western (2), of Mount Pleasant, Picton, are in Nelson, enjoying a holiday.

Mrs Westall, who has been staying with friends in the country, returned to Napier last week.

The Right Rev. Monsignor O'Reilly has been re-elected chairman of the Thames Hospital trustees.

Dr. Halse Francis left Makotuku, Hawke's Bay, for Wellington, en route for England, last week.

Sir George Whitmore, of Napier, is on his way from London to New Zealand by the Waivera.

Mrs. Lomax passed through Wellington last week on her way back from a visit to the South.

Miss Hetley has returned to Napier after an enjoyable visit to friends in New Plymouth.

Miss E. Dodgshun, of Wanganui, has been staying with Miss N. Cotterill, of Lincoln-road, Napier.

The Hon. W. P. Criel, of New South Wales, is now visiting the Hot Lakes district.

Mr. and Mrs. Holworthy are staying at Miss Pye's, Molgrave street, Wellington.

Mrs and Miss Locking have returned to Napier after a trip to the West Coast Sounds and Dunedin.

Mrs. McNab, Blenheim, has gone out camping with her sister, Miss Speed, in Queen Charlotte Sound.

Mr Dockrell, Mayor of New Plymouth, has returned home from his visit to Auckland.

Mr O'Leary, M.H.R., has decided to commence business as an auctioneer at Pahiatua.

The Warden of Suva, Mr A. M. T. Duncan, is coming to New Zealand from Australia, where he has been recuperating.

Dr. Whitton and family, from the West Coast, have gone to settle in New Plymouth.

Miss Large (Napier) is staying with friends in Dunedin before returning to the North Island.

Mr and Mrs Deacon, who have been visiting Dunedin, have returned to New Plymouth.

Mrs Alan Strang (Palmerston North) has been visiting her mother, Mrs Reid, in Wellington.

Colonel and Mrs Owen have returned from Auckland to Wellington, and are staying at Miss Malcolm's.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Richmond (Wellington) are building at Kelburne, the new suburb.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Buchanan (Wellington) are staying at Miss Malcolm's until they take a house.

Viscount Boringdon has been spending a few days in Dunedin recently before visiting the rest of the colony.

Miss Ruby Roberts (Dunedin) is staying with Mrs G. G. Stead, Strouan, Papunui.

Miss Denniston has returned to Christchurch after a visit to Mrs Tolhurst in Wellington.

Miss A'Deane (Hawke's Bay) has been staying in Wellington with Mrs Babington.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore and family have returned to Blenheim from their camp in the Picton Sound.

Mr B. Standish, who has been on a visit to Wellington, has returned to New Plymouth.

Mr and Mrs Frank Perry (Hawke's Bay) passed through Christchurch last week on their way south.

Miss Studholme (Waimate) is visiting in Christchurch, the guest of Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, Merivale.

Miss K. Howard left Picton for the Croixelles last week to resume her duties as teacher of the Maori School.

Mr, Mrs and Misses Clement Govett, New Plymouth, have gone for a trip to Dunedin.

Mr John Tintine (Nelson) passed through Christchurch last week en route for Hamner.

Miss L. Fuller, Picton, has been visiting her brother in Seddon, and assisting with musical items in the Cricket Club's social.

Mrs and Miss Virtue, Carlton Place, spent a most enjoyable holiday at Moeraki and Dunedin sketching.

Mr and Mrs W. Spencer (nee Mrs Connio Jacob), New Plymouth, are spending their honeymoon in Auckland.

Mr A. S. M. Polson, headmaster of the Napier Boys' High School, has returned from a holiday trip to Sydney.

Sir Arthur Douglas, Under-Secretary for Defence, has informed the Government that he intends to resign his position in the public service.

Captain K. B. Attwood, late of the Ellingamite, accompanied by his wife, has come across to Auckland from Sydney on a visit.

Mr W. Crow, secretary to the Hon. J. Mills, left Auckland last Saturday by the Niwari on a visit to England. He will be absent about six months.

Mr. J. T. M. Hayhurst, of Timaru, who is president of the New Zealand Rugby Union, has gone on a holiday trip to England by the Ruapehu.

Marlborough people greatly regret to hear of the serious illness of Mr. W. E. Clouston, and all wish him a speedy recovery.

Mr Geo. Fowlds, M.H.R., and Mr W. H. Lyon, left Auckland last week to attend the meetings of the Congregational Churches' Conference in Dunedin.

Mr and Mrs T. N. Worsley, Christchurch, went the Sounds trip in the Waitare, and have since been sketching at the Southern Lakes.

Mrs (Dr.) Christie, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs Reginald Bayley, New Plymouth, has returned home to Wanganui.

Mr James Kirker, general manager of the South British Insurance Company, has returned to Auckland from his Southern trip.

Mr L. Ashcroft Noall, well known in Napier musical circles, is leaving there and intends taking up his residence in Palmerston North.

The health of the Hon. Dr. Grace, M.L.C., is still causing his relatives a good deal of uneasiness, though at latest advices he was improving slightly.

Mr and Mrs F. M. Wallace returned to Christchurch on Sunday from the North Island, having enjoyed everything but the weather.

Mrs. Francis, who has been in Marlborough, visiting Mrs. Vicens, in Blenheim, and Mrs. Stow, in Picton, has returned to Wellington.

The Rev. Hugh Kelly, of Knox Church, Auckland, has returned to Auckland from Sydney, where he was seeing his daughter off to London.

Sir James Prendergast and Mr F. de C. Malet, retiring members of the Bank of New Zealand directorate, are to be re-appointed.

Mr R. Caméron, manager of the Auckland Savings Bank, is going on a short visit to California. He leaves Auckland by the Sonoma on Friday.

Mr Latta, manager of the Great Northern Railway Company, London, is visiting Rotorua, en route for the Wanganui River.

Mr M. B. Gibbs, the Australian representative of the London "Times," is at present on a visit to Wellington with his wife.

Mr Robert Whitson, of W. A. Ryan and Co., Limited, Auckland, and Mr H. Whitson, leave Auckland for 'Frisco' on Friday en route for Europe.

The Misses Cowper and Miss Christie (Wanganui) passed through Wellington lately on their way home after the trip to the West Coast Sounds.

Misses Freeman and Fodor, of Girtton College, Christchurch, spent a delightful holiday in Auckland, travelling from Wellington overland.

The Countess of Seafeld and her brother, Mr H. Townend, and Mr and Mrs Walter Stringer, are back in Christchurch from their trip to Rotorua.

Mr A. Smales, of East Tamaki, Auckland, has gone to Queensland to join the headquarters staff of the Pacific Cable Company at Southport.

Dr. Clark, ex-M.P. for Caithness (Scotland), whose strong pro-Boer attitude brought him into notoriety in the Old Country, is now in Sydney.

Mr Arthur Heather and Miss Heather, of Auckland, go by the Sonoma to 'Frisco' on Friday. They will pass through the States and visit Europe.

Mr H. E. Partridge, of Auckland, leaves for San Francisco by the Sonoma on Friday, his intention being to tour the States and visit Cuba.

Dr. and Mrs. Findlay are getting into their house, which was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Embling during Dr. Findlay's absence in England.

Miss McRae, Nelson, has returned home after spending her school holidays with Mrs. Morat at "Altmarloch," Marlborough.

Mrs. C. Beauchamp, Picton, has returned home to "Anikiwa" from a round of visits to friends in Nelson, Wellington and Christchurch.

Miss Barnett, of Wanganui, who has been visiting Mrs Deacon, of New Plymouth, has returned to her home, Miss Deacon accompanying her.

Mr P. A. Vaile leaves Auckland for San Francisco on Friday on business. Mr Vaile will tour the States and then probably proceed to Europe.

Mr and Mrs H. S. Dudley, of Auckland, went to Sydney this week on a tour that will embrace the United States and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Sedgwick have returned to Picton, and resumed their parochial duties, while Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, acting in Picton during the month, have returned to Wakefield, Nelson.

Mr Eric Bayley, of New Plymouth, who has been with Mr Forte, dentist, of Wellington, for some months, has now gone to England to continue further studies.

The Misses Nora and Mina Gardner have returned to Christchurch after a pleasant holiday in Dunedin and other places, putting in a good deal of sketching during the time.

Mr J. Graham Gow, who has been appointed Trade Commissioner for New Zealand in South Africa, leaves for Capetown by the steamer Kent, now loading at Dunedin.

The Premier has accepted an invitation to a Liberal demonstration at New Plymouth on February 13th in honour of the return of four Liberal members for the Taranaki district.

Sir John Hall (Hororata) left Christchurch this week to join the Ruapehu in Wellington, sailing on the 5th for England. His son, Mr Godfrey Hall, accompanies him.

Mr. F. Bull, of Napier, intends taking a six months' visit to England. He will travel by the Orient Company's s.s. Orontes, which leaves Sydney on April 8.

Mrs. O. W. Adams (Blenheim), after spending a few days at "Glenalvon," Auckland, has gone to visit friends at New Plymouth and Hawera. Miss Ella and Mr. Arthur H. Adams are visiting friends in Oxford, England, where they spent their Christmas.

The Bishop, Mrs Julius, the Rev. A. Julius, and party, spent three weeks out camping near Amberley, and feel great benefit from the rural life. They returned to town last week.

Mr Beck, an Indian Civil Service officer, is paying a visit to this colony, attracted by the good reports which reached him of the colony's scenery. He is accompanied by Mr Booth, of Fiji.

Mr D. McKinnon Bain, of New Plymouth, who will act as manager to the New Zealand representative band while on tour, has been in Masterton during contest week on matters in connection with the tour.

Application has been made to the Royal Humane Society of New Zealand for recognition of the bravery of Captain W. D. Reid, Marine Superintendent at Auckland, in connection with the wreck of the Ellingamite.

Mr and Mrs Joseph Rhodes, late of Cape Kidnapper, Hawke's Bay, but who are now residing in Sydney, are paying a visit to Napier, and staying at the Masonic Hotel there.

Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Pharazyn (Palmerston North) were in Wellington recently for the polo match, Oroua v. Wellington, Mr. Pharazyn playing for the former team, which was victorious by 9 goals to 3.

Mr. Huntley Elliott (Wellington) has gone to Auckland to represent the Government at the annual meeting of the Australasian Institute of Mining Engineers, which is being held in the Northern city.

Mr, Mrs and Miss R. Fenwick (T. and S. Morrin and Co., Limited, Auckland) are among the passengers from Auckland by the 'Frisco' mail-steamer on Friday. Their destination is Europe.

Miss Irene Baker (Dunedin) was the guest of Mrs. Hislop during her short stay in Wellington. Miss Baker has just been appointed sports mistress at the Wanganui Girls' High School, and takes up her new duties immediately.

Dr. Clark, ex-M.P. for Caithness in the British House of Commons, who will be remembered for the strong pro-Boer attitude he took up, is now on a visit to Sydney. It appears he combines single tax convictions with his pro-Boerism.

The Rev. Mr Lambert, formerly of Nelson, will have charge of St. John's parish, Napier, during the absence of Dean Howell, who is going on a six months' holiday next month.

The Oamaru "Mail" reports that Lady McKenzie's health has considerably improved, but, with the view of a further improvement, she intends to pay a visit to Hamner next month, with Miss McKenzie.

Mr and Mrs Harold Beauchamp, of Wellington, with several members of their family, left Auckland by the Tysser liner Niwari last week on their trip to the Old Country.

Miss Constance Barnicoat, who, until recently, has been private secretary to Mr Stead, of the "Review of Reviews," is at present visiting the Auckland gunfields with a view to writing up the industry and the conditions of life on the fields.

Amongst the priests ordained in December at Truro (England) is the name of G. H. R. O. Fenton, B.A., University of New Zealand. Mr Fenton is particularly well known in Otago and Canterbury, but Freemasons all over New Zealand are acquainted with him because of his former official connection with the order.

Mrs G. Gould and family returned to Christchurch from a delightful holiday of several weeks at Moeraki: Miss L. Murray-Aynsley accompanied Mrs Gould, and both have benefited by the change.

Mr and Mrs Joseph Haydon are in possession of "Hawkesbury," the Hon. J. T. Peacock's residence, St. Albans, which they have taken for a year. The Hon. J. T. and Mrs Peacock are at present the guests of Mrs H. R. Webb, "Ti Wepu," Merivale, but purpose travelling later on.

The Rev. W. C. Waters, Vicar of St. Peter's, Wellington, who has accepted the living of Sherbourne with Fring, Norfolk, England, which had been offered him by the King, has tendered his resignation of his present charge. The vestry of St. Peter's passed a resolution expressing regret at Mr Waters' retirement from the charge of St. Peter's, a position he has held since 1899.

Mr. N. D. Hood, the inspector of machinery for the colony, was presented with the gold badge of the Institute of Marine Engineers on his retirement from the presidency.

Solitary in his loyalty, the Rev. Mr. Vlok, of the Dutch Reformed Church, passed through three years of misery in advocating an unpopular cause.

The trustees of the late Mr W. A. Murray have disposed of his property at Botchell, Glenmurray, containing 4000 to 5000 acres, to Mr Marah, a recent arrival from the Old Country, who has been studying at the Lincoln College, Canterbury.

Mrs. Michie is in Wellington for a visit before deciding to reside there permanently. Mr. Michie, having succeeded Mr. Embling as general manager of the Bank of New Zealand, finds it necessary to spend most of his time in Wellington, the headquarters of the bank.

The Catholic community of Napier will greatly miss Dean Grogan, who has been appointed to take charge of the Wanganui parish.

Mr. and Mrs. Stace and family spent a delightful holiday at Starborough, Awatere, during the Christmas vacation.

Mr David Tunnoek, at present the officer in charge of the Agricultural School, Dominica, West Indies, has been appointed superintendent of the Dunedin Botanic Gardens and city reserves.

The well-known Christchurch grain firm of G. G. Stead and Co. has dissolved partnership, Mr Stead having sold his share of the business to Mr George Palmer, whom he took into partnership a few years ago.

The following have passed the final medical and surgical examination, recently held by the University of New Zealand:—Miss E. S. Baker, W. F. Browne, F. R. Hotop, C. O. Lillie, E. M. Linstead, J. D. Marks, W. E. Paterson, R. J. Ritchie, L. S. Talbot.

Mr Morris Fox, Government Actuary, has been appointed to represent New Zealand at the fourth International Congress of Actuaries, which will be held in New York in August and September next.

Bishop Abraham, formerly Bishop of Wellington, is dead.

The Right Rev. Charles John Abraham, M.A., D.D., was born in 1815, and educated at Eton and Cambridge, where he became Fellow of King's. He was assistant master at Eton until 1840, when he went out to New Zealand and became a master to St. John's College, Auckland.

The many friends of Dr. Schwarzbach, the well-known specialist in diseases of the eye, ear, and throat, will be pleased to hear that he is again amongst us.

The Dean of Waiapu, Mrs and Miss Howell, and Mr Rollo Howell, intend leaving Napier at the beginning of April for a six months' trip to England.

ney on the 11th April. During his absence the Rev. Mr Lambert will act as his locum tenens.

A cable message from London announces the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Abraham, aged eighty-nine years. The deceased arrived in New Zealand in 1850 as English master at St. John's College, Auckland.

The Rev. Alfred North, who has accepted a call to the Fonsonby (Auckland) Baptist Church, arrived in Auckland with his wife and daughter last week.

Mr Seddon has received a communication through the Governor, stating that the new Governor of Fiji, Sir Henry Jackson, has been asked to report on the question of giving more effective representation on the Council to the European residents and natives.

The Canterbury College Board of Governors has accepted the resignation by Dr Deuby of the professorship of biology, and has appointed Dr Clifton, of Christchurch, to the position provided he disposes of his recent practice as an oculist within twelve months.

The numerous friends of Miss Edith Whitelaw in this colony will learn with pleasure that she has completed her long course of study at the Royal College of Music, London, by passing the examination which bestows on her the certificate of an L.R.A.M.

Mr. and Mrs. Embling left on a holiday trip to England by the "Ruspehn" on February 6th. A large gathering of the staff of the Bank of New Zealand gathered at Wellington to bid Mr. Embling farewell, and to wish him bon voyage and a safe return.

The following is a list of the guests staying at the Star Hotel, Auckland:—From London: F. J. Lascells, A. E. Willis, C. Wortley, Mr and Mrs Little,

Mr C. Alliston, Mr J. Alliston, Mr H. W. Wickes, Mr Norman Noakes, Mr Thornton. From Sydney: Mr E. Wellman, Mr A. Brown, Mr W. J. Elleck, Dr. Schwarzbach, Mr A. H. Mulling, Captain and Mrs Rainey and child, Miss A'Arcy, Mr J. Herbert, Miss Anderson, Mr J. Murison, Mr J. H. Merton, Mr A. J. Paterson, Mr S. Ritchie, Mr A. G. Symons, Mr J. Markwald, Mr A. W. Hayton, Mr T. W. Carnage, Mr W. W. A. Lunney, Mr P. J. Baugh, From Wellington: Mr Thos. Rose, Mr E. C. Finch, Mr J. W. McLennan, Mr E. J. Finch, Mr J. Ashcroft, Mr J. R. Kinsella, Mr W. Finch, Mr J. G. Lamb, Mr W. H. Kinzig, From Brisbane: Mr and Mrs Heastop, Miss Heastop, Mr and Mrs McWhirter, From Christchurch: Mrs J. Samson, Miss Samson, From Melbourne: Mr James Dyer, Mr C. Huggins, Mr C. Chamberlain, From Dunedin: Mr Wright Smith, From Hastings, H.B.: Mr G. Sollitt, From Philadelphia: Mr J. de Branneville, From Waunganui: Mrs and Miss Abbott, From Geelong: Mr G. B. Humble, From Foxton: Mr and Mrs Austen, From Samoa: Mr W. M. Hick, From Hamilton: Mr A. Swarbrick, From Paris: Mr A. Boulay, From New Plymouth: Mr and Mrs Champion, From Waikato: Mr and Mrs Phillip, From New York: Mr W. H. Beck, From Invercargill: Mr H. Basting, From Bradford, Yorks, Mr J. L. Thornton and valet, Dr. Rab-gliante.

The following are the visitors staying at the Central Hotel, Auckland, this week: From Dunedin, Mr. G. H. Cunningham, Mr. Worthley; from Adelaide, Mrs. C. B. Winter, Miss Winter, Miss N. Winter, Miss E. Winter, Mr. G. Anderson; from Manakau, Mr. Thomas Brown; from Akaroa, Mr. J. C. Buckland; from Masterton, Mr. J. MacRae; from Otamautau, Mr. Brian T. Chaytor, Miss Chaytor, Mr. B. Chaytor; from Ross, Mr. and Mrs. J. Grimmond; from Auckland, Mrs. Whitson, Miss Whitson, Mr. A. de Green, Mr. J. Donaldson; from Bay of Islands, Dr. and Mrs. Menzies; from Waikato, Mr. and Mrs. Barry, Masters Barry (?); from England, Captain and Mrs. Craig, Miss Constance Parmicat, Mr. J. W. Scott, Mr. F. Marples, Mr. A. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. W. Latia, Mr. Norman E. Holden, Mr. H. Hartley; from Canada, Mr. Thomas Gervis; from Straits Settlement, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Clare; from Samoa, Mr. and Mrs. Schoeder, Mr. and Mrs. Harper; from Sydney, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Renshaw, Miss Joyce, Mr. Charles Thorpe, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Sargent, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Henderson, Mr. L. S. Donaldson, Mr. Stanley Moore, Mr. Eslington Moore, Mr. E. A. Shiel, Mr. Chas. MacFarlane, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Begg, Miss Begg, Mr. Begg, Master Begg, Mr. Hermann Haegre; from Christchurch, Mr. G. Humphreys, Mr. C. A. Lees, Mr. Mil-

ler, Mr. H. J. Hayward, Mr. Walter E. Knott, Mr. H. H. Barlow; from Feilding, Mrs. Bagnall, Master Bagnall; from Hohaonga, Mr. W. H. Evans; from Whangarei, Mr. H. B. Hobart, B.N.Z.; from Hukurangi, Mr. W. Carter; from Woodhill, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Bowl; from Eltham, Mr. and Mrs. William McDonald; from McHurangi Heads, Mrs. Brettagh, the Misses Brettagh (?); from Wairongomai, Mrs. Hardy, Master Hardy; from Thames, Mr. Bush, R.M., Mr. H. G. Gillespie, Mr. Edwin Cleand; from Cambridge, Rev. T. Erwin; from Kaitake, Mr. George Dickenson; from Tauranga, Mr. Cramer Roberts, Mr. George Lee; from Melbourne, Mr. J. Woodroffe, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Rigby, Miss Fitzmaurice Gill, Miss Greene, Mr. and Mrs. P. Bedstrup, Mr. S. H. Aspinall, Mr. F. R. Greene; from Mudgee, N.S.W., Mr. McDougall; from Brisbane, Mr. Leslie M. Turner; from New Plymouth, Mr. Edgar Watt, Mr. F. P. Corkill, Mr. George Ransom, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser; from Liverpool, N.S.W., Mr. Fridolin Staiger; from Marton, Mr. and Mrs. A. Stitt; from Hawera, Mr. A. Whittaker; from Napier, Captain and Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Weber; from Wellington, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. R. Mackay, Mr. T. C. Williams, Mr. Albert Levy, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Smith, Mr. J. J. O'Brien, Mr. D. R. de Costa, Mr. H. H. Mirams, Mr. R. Fullerton Steele, Mr. Samuels, Mrs. McLeod, Miss Wilson, Mr. R. Reid; from Hokitika, Mr. M. J. Grimmond; from Invercargill, Mr. E. Moodie.

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Feilding Man Cured.—"My liver was the plague of my life," says Mr. John La C. Smith. "My face was sallow, my appetite disappeared, and if I made myself eat, I either vomited or suffered for hours from sick headaches. My nerves were so unstrung that I could hardly hold a pen—my hands trembled so much. At night, if I succeeded in getting to sleep, I would wake up covered with clammy perspiration. Nothing I tried did me any good until I was told of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. One box toned me up a little. Two boxes quieted my nerves and gave me something of an appetite. Three boxes made my liver work properly, and ever since I have been a healthy, happy man."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington. Price, 3/-; six boxes, 16/6 post free. Btl.

BOOKS AND BOOK-MEN.

"HEATHER AND FERN."

Stray verses appearing in the newspapers from time to time have taught the people of New Zealand that they had among them a poet of no mean order in Mr John Liddell Kelly, at present editor of the "New Zealand Times."

I cannot deny my readers and myself the pleasure of quoting from "Heather and Fern," but it will be to me an arduous pleasure to pick and choose, among so much that has delighted me, only what can be squeezed into a very limited space.

"Oh! hard, who has drained a measure Of the witching wine of Fame, You have missed a diviner pleasure— Than the thriftest crowd's acclaim."

In "Love the Inventor," Mr Kelly proves, with irresistible logic, that Marconi, with his wireless telegraphy, is a brazen plagiarist of ideas. As witness:—

"Long, long ago," says the Poet, "Soul spake with kindred soul; A sympathy of spirit Told and informed the whole True hand, though eyes severed, And the width of pole to pole."

"Aeons ere then," says the Prophet, "It was known to the chosen few How from the great Transmitter The thought-waves spread and grew, Bearing some loving message, Which none but Receivers knew."

"And aces before," says the Lover, "Heart talked with loving heart In a strange, mysterious language No tongue could impart, Though prison walls might sever, And rolling seas might part."

The author attempts—not more successfully than others, alas!—to grapple with thoughts and problems that have troubled the mind of man ever since the development of mind in man differentiated him from the brute.

"The oracles are dumb; No heavenly voices come; No say, amid a thousand creeds, which holds unchanging truth;

The ancient faiths are dead; What have we in their stead? Ask pleasure-loving Hamood and vain, irreverent Youth.

A hundred diverse schools Traill hordes of babbling fools To prove that 'tis alone is right, and 'that' perforce is wrong; Willie Huxley, Darwin, Spencer, But make our groin the denser, And swear and foet stink their tanks, and frame an idle song."

"The night indeed is dark; Not yet the woful lark Proclaims with shrill reveille that the shadows take their flight; But, from his vantage high, The Watcher sees the sky All rosate with the promise of a day supremely bright."

Who says the dawn is far? See yonder wandering star, With spire increased a thousand fold when drawing near its goal; Go with electric swiftness, Shall man approach completeness, Whea lightning flaks of sympathy shall fasten soul to soul!"

"Eternal life—a river gulphed in sands! Cudying fame—a rainbow lost in clouds! What hope of immortality remains But this: Some soul that loves and understands."

Shall save thee from the darkness that enshrouds, And this: Thy blood shall course in others' veins!"

"have renounced, possessed; Conquered the flesh and cast ambition down. Have sought, yet all I wish for. Is it well? Well to be dull, old, passionless—the zest Of life gone out if thus be Wisdom's crown— If quenched Desire be Heaven, Lord send me Hell!"

"Despite my will or choice There speaks a still, small voice—" "Foor was perplexed by clouds of doubt below, If thou but do the right, At ev'a it shall be light, What now is darkly hid, thou shalt hereafter know."

In order to do justice to the versatility of Mr Kelly's muse, I should like to have also shown her singing in a lighter strain, which she can do very gracefully and well, and does so very often. But I am near the limits of my space and must refrain.

In another part of this issue Warren Blyth & Co., the well-known Auckland auctioneers, announce the sale, by public auction, on the 18th inst., of the whole plant in connection with the Whitehead Torpedo Department at Devonport.

The church of the Holy Trinity was the scene of an exceedingly pretty wedding on the morning of Friday, February 6, 1903. The bridegroom was Mr Wm. Hayward, of Devonport, and the bride Miss Queenie Williams, also of the same suburb.

These Hot Days Indulge yourself in the luxury of a Bottle of BISMARCK LAGER BEER. It gives both pleasure and satisfaction, and as an Appetiser and a Tonic it is the best it is possible to obtain.

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ENGAGEMENTS. The engagement is announced of Miss Taylor, of "Bardowie," to Mr J. Stewart Richardson, of Raglan. Miss Taylor is at present in Wellington, staying with her aunt, Mrs Trevor Gould.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Barraud, of Wellington, for the marriage of their daughter Ivy and Mr. Walter Blandell, which takes place next Wednesday at St. Paul's Church, Wellington. A reception will afterwards take place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Barraud, on the Terrace.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Alice Maginnity, second daughter of Mrs. John Maginnity, of Wellington, to Mr. Brendan Quirk, only son of the late William Quirk, Melbourne.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS WILLIAMS-HAYWARD. The church of the Holy Trinity was the scene of an exceedingly pretty wedding on the morning of Friday, February 6, 1903.

black satin, black picture hat; Mrs E. H. Queer, fawn skirt, very pretty white silk blouse, with fawn trimmings; Mrs Eric Broughton (sister of the bride), charming floral muslin, sweetly pretty hat of pink; Mrs H. Philcox, rich black gown, black picture hat relieved with yellow; Mrs W. Philcox, junr. (bride's sister), black skirt, dainty white silk blouse, and black chiffon hat with plumes; Mrs Harry Williams wore a very pretty dress of fawn muslin, with heliotrope trimmings and deep lace, and a picture hat wreathed with purple violets; Mrs Charlie Williams (sister of the bridegroom), very dainty grey dress, strapped with silk, with hat to correspond; Miss Ivy Philcox, black skirt and pretty blouse, picture hat of black. The guests were entertained at "Portsea Villa" the residence of the bride's mother. The health of the bride and bridegroom was drunk, and they departed amidst showers of rice and rose petals. The bride's travelling costume was of pink linen, strapped with the same material, her hat was a sun-burnt straw covered with shaded roses. The bride received many beautiful and costly presents.

feeling, so prevalent in the hot weather, which makes men tired of life and work, is becoming more common every year. Many attribute this to the climate; and, in fact, the climate is responsible—very slightly, however. If you feel

and lack energy, you may rest assured that your blood is thin, weak, or impure; if it were rich and pure it would impart vitality and energy to every nerve and organ in the body, and the whole system would be robust and healthy. When the system is run down from weakness of the blood, you become tired and

are only able to do a very slight amount of work without feeling great fatigue. You have a constant desire to lie down, and at the end of the day feel utterly worn out and dispirited. You may, by force of will, overcome that worn-out

for a time, but this course acts on the nerves, and results eventually in "nervous prostration," the blood only becomes impure when the stomach, liver and bowels are not in good working order, and the digestion is poor. The liver fails to perform its functions in cleansing the blood, and the system becomes "run down."

are the best remedy for complaints of this sort. They enable the stomach to do its work quickly and thoroughly, help the liver to help itself, and do away with constipation and indigestion. Rich blood is the result; and with a stream of red, pure blood flowing through your veins, you will be free from disease, and lack of energy will be a thing of the past. For a general toning up of the system there is nothing like Bile Beans for Biliousness. They put things in order, so that nature can do her work, which is all that is required. Bile Beans are sold everywhere at 1/11 or 2/9 large box (contains three times the quantity of the 1/11 size). Remember their greatest cures are effected when all else has failed.

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Music and Drama.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE LAST THREE NIGHTS
OF THE
THORNTON COMEDY SEASON.
WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY.
The Illustrious Farceful Comedy.
THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MISS
BROWN.
"As Funny as they Make 'Em."
FRIDAY, 13th.
OUR FAREWELL APPEARANCE.
PINERO'S WORLD FAMOUS PLAY,
"SWEET LAVENDER."
"A Huge Success Everywhere."

"The best thing Frank Thornton has given us." Such has been the universal verdict passed by Auckland theatre-goers on "A Little Ray of Sunshine," the singularly sparkling comedy which was staged at His Majesty's last Saturday. The secret of the success this play has achieved throughout the present New Zealand tour, and before in Australia, is easy to discover. It lies in the spirit of genial good humour which characterises it in every part. A delightful story, with delightful characters, and admirably told—that is the comedy with which Mr Thornton may go far afield and always be sure of a warm welcome wherever he goes. My regret is that he did not open his season with the play, instead of reserving it for the eve of his departure. It was surely a mistake to keep the best wine to the last. I would like to sound the praises of "A Little Ray of Sunshine" longer and louder, and it is only because the opportunity for my readers to verify my encomiums will be past by the time these notes are read that I am brief. However, I can promise theatre-goers something scarcely less charming in Pinero's "Sweet Lavender," which is billed for Friday. In the meantime, to-night (Wednesday) and to-morrow ("The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown") will hold the stage, and I imagine fill the house, too, for nothing surer than Miss Brown's adventures has been written or played.

Miss Fitzmaurice Gill's Company, at the Auckland Opera House, continues to demonstrate the public's affection for the strong meat of melodrama. Nightly the lovers of the sensational gather in force, and depart with an appetite whetted for more. "Harbour Lights," a drama typical of the class this company rejoices in, was staged for the last time on Monday, and was succeeded on Tuesday by "East Lynne," that old-time favourite. "Dr. Bill" and a revival of "Man to Man" are announced to follow.

Mr. Alfred Hill, the well-known New Zealand musician and composer, intends to settle at Palmerston North.

Buffalo Bill, now in 'Frisco with his Wild West show, is making arrangements to visit Australia.

The Anderson Dramatic Company's new touring representative will be Mr Fred Duval, late general manager for Mr P. R. Dix.

Madame Melba has given Mr Walter Kirby, the New Zealand tenor, a letter of introduction to Jean de Reszke. Mr Kirby, who is going home to Europe to study, received £300 from a concert organised in his benefit at Melbourne.

At the final meeting for the season of the Christchurch Musical Union, the secretary intimated that he was in communication with Mdlle Antonia Dolores (Trebelli), who contemplated a further visit to this colony.

News from America announces the engagement of Mr Howard Chambers (an Auckland boy) as basso by the Bostonian Opera Company, an old and well-known organisation. Mr Chambers is at present on tour in the States.

Fitzgerald's circus has just concluded a most successful season of a week in Dunedin. The combination, which com-

prises many new attractions, will tour the colony.

Miss Florence Young was prostrated by the great heat in Sydney, and was very ill. She stuck pluckily to her work, but a medical man was in attendance, and stimulants were administered in the intervals.

Harry Rickards has decided against sending any more shows to New Zealand. His three last shows there only made a small margin of profit, and that, when you come to take in the worry and risk, doesn't compensate in the least little bit.

There is a note of over protest in Musgrove's latest advertisement of "The Fortune-teller." "I pledge my word," says he, "that this will be the finest and most expensive production of comic opera ever given in Australia." (Signed) George Musgrove.

The first great musical event of 1903 will be the first appearance in Australia of Mr Edward Lloyd, England's one great representative tenor will sail from London by the China on 16th February, and will open his Australian season in Melbourne with concerts on 13th, 15th, and 18th April, whilst his Sydney dates will be 21st, 23rd, and 25th April.

An Australian paragraph says of theatrical business in the Commonwealth at present: "It is atrocious; one leading manager is said to be losing one thousand per week with all his shows. It is said that he played in Melbourne not many weeks ago to a £16 house, and his salary list alone was over £500 per week. Other Sydney theatres are doing the same class of business, though not quite so bad."

Jacques Inaudi, the lightning calculator, now showing at Sydney Tivoli, cannot do a fairly simple sum on paper, but, fronting the audience and with his back to a blackboard, he can simultaneously work out sums which have been recited to him, in addition, subtraction, division, multiplication and cube root. The figures for these sums are dictated from various parts of the auditorium, and written down on an immense blackboard.

Madame Melba must have a special commission to find promising pupils for Marchesi, says the Adelaide "Critic." Another Sydneyite soprano she has recommended to go to Europe to study is a Miss Hilda Mulligan, who has got the usual letter of recommendation to Marchesi, and who will have the usual benefit concert to equip her with funds for the battle.

A Sydney paper is responsible for the rumour that Mr. Allan Hamilton, when he returns from the East after the disbandment of the Brough company, will enter into partnership with Mr. Cecil Ward. It is suggested that their venture will be drawing-room comedy and other pieces of the type which the Broughs introduced here.

The Greenwood family of artists and their company are retarding through New South Wales towards Sydney, having completed a most successful tour of Victoria and South Australia. The pieces to be produced in Sydney are "Camille," "Leah the Forsaken" and "Little Lord Fountleroy." As Camille and Leah Miss Maibell Greenwood has appeared all over Australia, while her son, little Charlie Williams, is said to be an ideal Lord Fountleroy.

It is not generally known (says the "Witness") that but for the courtesy of Tom Pollard in foregoing his dates in several theatres in New Zealand, J. C. Williamson's "Sherlock Holmes" and "If I Were King" Dramatic Company would have been blocked out of a Maoriand tour. Also, New Zealand playgoers have to thank the same gentleman for yielding to Musgrove's "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" Company, with Nellie Stewart at its head, which tours this colony in April, beginning at Dunedin on Easter Monday.

One London critic headed his notice of Edwardes' new musical comedy, "The Girl from Kay's," "All the Indelicacies of the Season." By a standing agreement Mr Williamson gets first offer of the Australasian rights of all Edwardes' pieces. In the course of a year or two, therefore, the colonials will have a chance of passing judgment on this moral production.

Mr Musgrove has completed arrangements for Melba's New Zealand tour. The diva's season here will open at Dunedin on the 18th inst. Christchurch, Wellington, Wanganui and Auckland will be visited in succession. The prices have been fixed at a guinea and half a guinea a seat. Mr Barnes, who is acting as advance agent, expects to be in Auckland about the 22nd of this month. Madame Melba is leaving Hobart for New Zealand on Saturday next.

The trump card of the Williamson Dramatic Company, now moving northwards, is "Sherlock Holmes," and the most striking impersonation, that of the great detective, by Cnyler Hastings. The company have had great success in the South. In addition to the dramatisation of Sir Conan Doyle's popular series, they play "If I were King," "The Christian," "On Active Service," etc. The Auckland season opens on Monday next.

Some of the lady members of the Musgrove Opera Company have, according to Sydney "Newsletter," been lucky enough to find a diamond mine on the stage of the Royal. May Beatty discovered a £30 diamond ring, and Josephine Stanton also struck it rich, but Alice Mitchell had the bad luck to strike a duffer. All this new-found wealth emanates from an American gentleman, who nightly sits in the orchestra stalls, and when not smiling at the "dear girls" throws diamond rings of more or less value on to the boards. Naturally, the Yankee play-goer is a very popular item just now with the female section of the Musgrove Company.

Mrs. Bland Holt relates how on one of their New Zealand tours they played of Gisborne, which possesses a very poor theatre. There are only two dressing rooms, so the mechanist had to rig up a temporary one from the scenery for

herself and Mr. Holt. While the artists were not on the stage, they generally went out into the back yard for fresh air. One night when one of the men went out he found a baby in a perambulator with a dog beside it. The company did not know to whom it belonged, so Baker, Norman, Harrie Ireland and Frances Ross took the baby in turns to look after it. At the conclusion of the performance the mother arrived and claimed it, saying that as children in arms were not admitted, and she wished to see the show, she had left the baby with the dog in the yard.

Many comparisons have recently been instituted between Mdlle. Dolores and Madame Melba, says the "Australasian." As a matter of fact, except at one or two superficial points, no real comparison between them is possible. With a voice of peerless equality and a technique that is perfection itself, Madame Melba is, within a recognised school of art, on an eminence beyond all other sopranos of the present day. Mademoiselle Dolores is not really supreme in any school, but is an admirable artiste in several styles of composition. Even in the compositions outside her particular range, the voice and art of Madame Melba always invests her rendering with a distinction that is quite her own. There is nothing of this uniqueness in the singing of Mademoiselle Dolores. Notwithstanding, however, the incontestable superiority of Madame Melba, the ultimate impression of her visit to Australia will probably be less valuable and less durable than that of Mademoiselle Dolores.

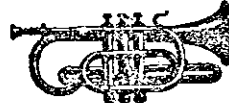
Dolores has profited largely by the Melba visit to Australia. The interest evoked by the appearance of the Queen of Song is so great that it shakes up the musical public, and concerts prosper in her immediate vicinity, and Dolores prospers more than the rest. She has deliberately planned to be always on hand where the diva is singing, and after hearing Melba at high prices the people rush to hear Dolores at low prices, and then make comparisons—not necessarily odious. The fact that Dolores provides so strong a contrast to Melba probably accounts for much of the former's success. Dolores' sweet simplicity is found very refreshing after the splendour of "the greatest dramatic soprano on earth." The Dolores season in New Zealand is a foregone success.

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Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, February 10. A large "At Home" was given by Mrs Archie Clark at her beautiful residence in Remuera, on Friday afternoon last. Had the clerk of the weather been favoured with an express letter containing a heavy bribe, a more lovely summer afternoon could not have been secured for a garden party than that one of Friday last. It was a sudden spell of glowing summer heat which had come after many months of rain; and, as yet, the whole earth was fresh and luxuriant—was there ever such a perfect afternoon this summer? Our hosts cordially received her numerous guests on the steps approaching the verandah, where the guests at lib. took possession of the seats arranged on the verandah or beneath the trees, or sauntered in the garden listening to the music of the band which was stationed beneath a cool wide spreading tree; and from the stringed instruments rose and fell a sad sweet strain which died away in tones of exquisite melody. On the great smooth lawn, the devotees of croquet indulged in their pastime. Many expressions of admiration were heard of the picturesque view which is obtained from here of Hobson and Orakei Bays. In the dining-room afternoon tea, coffee, claret cur, ices, fruit calads and cakes were set out, the table being simply decorated with large giant daisies and greenery. The weather was largely responsible for the unusual show of fashionable toilettes which their wearers could expose to the elements without any fear of a

soaking. Our hosts looked extremely well in a white silk with bands of black Spanish lace, cream lace at neck, white toque finished with black. Mrs Thorne-George, black silk, white vest, black toque with green foliage; Miss Thorne-George, dome blue crepe de chine, with ecru lace, the skirt had three pleated flounces, green hat with foliage and berries; Miss Z. Thorne-George, white silk with ecru lace, burnt straw hat with ostrich plumes and tulle; Miss Whyte, fawn tussore silk, hat with grey feathers; Mrs Elliott, black voile costume, black hat with yellow flowers; Mrs Bedford, white pique bolero and skirt, black hat; Mrs Tilly, black; Miss Tilly, navy flowered foulard, hat with roses; Mrs Devereux, black silk gown, beaded bonnet; Miss Devereux, white muslin costume, white hat; Mrs Pierce, black silk, with ecru lace, black bonnet; Miss Pierce, fawn gown; and her sister wore green with black hat; Mrs S. Kising, black silk, white vest, black bonnet with pink flowers; Miss Horton, lavender silk, black hat; Miss Kising, white gown, green hat; Mrs Isaacs, black silk with white lace, black bonnet; Mrs Isaacs, blue linen gown, black hat; Mrs Ranken Reid, cornflower blue foulard spotted with white, black pleated chiffon hat; Mrs Goodhue, violet foulard, black hat; Mrs L. D. Nathan, rich black silk with ecru lace at neck, black toque; Mrs Arthur Nathan, fawn tussore silk, black hat; Mrs R. Rose, black silk with ecru lace, black toque; Miss Stevenson, white silk, white hat with lavender flowers; and her sister, white gown, white hat; Miss D. Stevenson, white gown, hat with pink; Mrs Seaville, white silk, white hat; Mrs Stevenson (Ponsonby), black silk with white lace, black bonnet; Miss Stevenson, white silk; Mrs Gamble, black foulard with white flowers, black and white bonnet; Mrs Nelson Gamble, lavender voile, black hat; Mrs Ranson, white skirt, pink silk blouse, white hat; Miss McGamp, navy spotted silk, white hat; Mrs Bamford, navy figured gown; Mrs Scherff, black silk with pink flowered vest, black bonnet with mauve flowers; Miss Hay, a handsome cameo pink voile, inserted with ecru lace over white glace silk, white hat lined with pink and white banksia roses; and her sister wore a brighter pink gown, with fawn lace, pink hat; Mrs Thomas-Morrin, navy and white figured satin, elaborately trimmed with Paris coloured lace insertion and medallions, apple green silk belt and collar, black crinoline hat with wreath of green leaves and black tulle; Miss Thompson, cream crepe, with Paris lace bolero, black hat turned up in front, with black plumes; Mrs. de Clive Lowe, stylish French grey voile, embroidered with white silk, and inserted with lace transparencies, large black hat turned up in front, with black ostrich feathers; Miss Draper, pretty hydrangea blue muslin, white hat; and her sister wore white; Miss Lucas, grey voile, with black lace, black hat; Mrs. Pensler, abainthe green costume, with cream lace vest, white hat, with ostrich plumes; Miss Thorpe, white silk, with fawn lace and tuckings, white hat; and her sister wore a pretty blue muslin, white hat; Mrs. Duthie, white silk, with black lace bands, white clip hat with forget-me-nots, blue satin folds; Mrs. Egerton, pale grey costume; Miss Fenton, lavender figured gown, black hat; and her sister wore a brown tussore silk, black hat; Mrs. Hope Lewis wore a fashionable English costume of white transparent material, with lace, white hat; Miss Buller, white silk, with tuckings and lace insertion, ciel blue hat with pleated chiffon and forget-me-nots; Mrs. Anson, white silk, with tuckings and lace insertion, pale blue hat; Mrs. Anderson,

black voile, with ecru lace applique on green silk, green velvet hat; Mrs. Arnold, grey voile, with ecru lace and tuckings, toque en suite; Mrs. T. Buddle, black gown, with ecru lace and white vest, black bonnet with flowers; Miss Buddle, white silk, with lace and tuckings, white hat; Mrs. C. Keckwick, grey gown, black hat; Mrs. C. Buddle, white silk, with tuckings, black hat with ostrich plumes; Mrs. Wm. R. Bloomfield, white silk gown, hat with flowers; Mrs. H. Bloomfield, pale mode grey voile with ecru lace, black plateau hat; Mrs. Maafon, black voile, with ecru lace, black hat; Miss Courlayne, black skirt, white blouse, white toque with lavender flowers; Mrs. Payton, slate grey costume, black hat; Mrs. Morrison, black voile, with ecru lace, black hat, with flowers; Miss Morrison, holland skirt, with white braiding, white blouse, hat with blue; Miss Moss-Davis, abainthe green linen gown; and her sister wore pink, black hats; Mrs. J. M. Dargaville, rich black silk, with facings of fawn lace, black bonnet; Miss Dargaville, white cambric costume, with purple velvet waistband and collar, hat with purple velvet; and her sister wore a white muslin gown, hat with pink roses; Mrs. Chambers, black silk, black bonnet; Mrs. Robert Dargaville, violet foulard, black bonnet; Mrs. R. A. Carr, white silk, with bands of the same material on skirt, black hat; Miss Carr, pink cambric, black hat; Mrs. H. T. Gorrie, black; Misses Gorrie (2) wore studies in white; Mrs. McLaughlin, black silk; Miss McLaughlin, grey voile, black hat; Mrs. Grierson, widow's weeds; Mrs. Ruck, navy voile, black toque, with flowers; Mrs. Street, black; Miss Rorke, grey; Mrs. Gillies, black silk, with ecru lace, black bonnet, with yellow flowers; Miss Gillies, blue linen, black hat; Mrs. Goodhue, navy blue foulard, black hat; Mrs. A. Hanna, black; Miss Jackson, fawn, tussore silk, black hat; and her sister wore a French blue bengaline, black hat; Mrs. Robertson, abainthe green gown, with fawn lace, black hat; Mrs. Edward Russell, white silk gown, black hat; Mrs. W. R. Holmes, white costume; Miss Thomson, pink silk, veiled in fawn net, pink hat; Mrs. Thomson, black; Mrs. Pitt, black; Mrs. Moore-Jones, black; Miss Moore-Jones, white figured muslin, black hat; Mrs. Pollan, grey voile, with tuckings, black hat; Mrs. S. Morrin, black costume, black hat; Mrs. Nelson, violet foulard; Mrs. Moss, black; Miss Moss, white cashmere; and her sis-

ter navy figured foulard, trimmed with white, black hat; Mrs. Talbot Tubbs, white silk, black hat; Mrs. King, black costume, black bonnet; Miss King, white; Mrs. Kerr-Taylor, fawn, with black velvet toque to correspond; Misses Kerr-Taylor, lettuce green linen, with white lace, toques en suite; Mrs. Towle, fawn costume, with black lace, black hat; Miss Towle, white cambric, white hat; Mrs. Bell, black and white figured muslin gown, black toque; Mrs. Clive Lowe, very pretty costume of oyster grey voile, with tuckings and ecru lace, black hat with ostrich plumes; Miss (Matthew) Clark, white muslin, with ecru lace, white hat; Mrs. McCosh (dark), black costume, black hat; Miss McCosh Clark, pale mode grey voile, black hat; Miss P. McCosh (dark), lavender cambric, with tuckings, black hat; Mrs. (Colonel) Banks, black costume, with ecru lace, black hat; Mrs. Cotter, royal blue bengaline, black hat; Miss Cotter, white silk, with ecru lace; Miss Gore Gillon, abainthe green costume, hat with roses; Mrs. Markham, black gown, hat with blue; Mrs. Firth, white silk, with lace insertion and tuckings, black hat; Mrs. Firth (nee Miss Blanche Banks), white silk, with ecru lace, black hat, with plumes; Mrs. Dignan, pale ciel blue oatmeal cloth, with ecru lace, hat with pink roses; Mrs. Aldrich, black silk, with ecru lace, black bonnet, with cream

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flowers; Mrs. Segar looked extremely well in a pink flowered muslin, white hat with pink; Miss Scherff, pink cambrie costume, black hat with plumes; Miss Shepherd, white silk with overdress of black lace, cream goupere collarette, black hat with pink roses; Mrs. Denniston, grey voile gown, pleated chiffon bolero, hat with mauve flowers; Mrs. (Colonel) Dawson, grey voile, with tuckings, grey hat with feathers; Miss Denniston, white bengaline, black hat; Countess de Courte, grey fancy silk, with black, black hat; Mrs. Richmond, black; Misses Richmond (2), black and white flowered muslins, black hats; Mrs. Aicken, black silk, large black hat; Mrs. (Professor) Thomas, black silk, black hat with roses; Misses McFarlane (2), white silks, with tuckings and lace insertion, white hats with flowers; Mrs. Colbeck, pale grey costume; Mrs. Henry Walker, black; Miss Horne, black costume, black hat; Miss Houllon, grey.

Last Wednesday afternoon was a perfect afternoon for tennis. The weather was simply idyllic; a southwesterly wind, gentle and refreshing, tempered the heat of the sun, and the picturesque and well-kept lawns and surroundings of the Eden and Epsom Club, clad in a rich emerald coat, have rarely been seen to such advantage in the summer season as on Wednesday last. The attendance of good players of both croquet and tennis was large. The gentlemen much predominate over ladies on this lawn. Amongst the ladies present were: Mrs Chapman, holland circular flounced skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Miss Corrie, holland skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Misses Stewart (2), white linen gowns, blue waistbands, Panama hats; Miss Oberlin Brown, white cambrie, black waistband, sailor hat; Mrs. Mair, holland skirt, white chine silk blouse, blue bow on corsage, Panama hat; Miss Coates, white pique skirt, brown tussore silk blouse, ciel blue bow on corsage, sailor hat; Miss Dawson, dark skirt, tussore silk blouse, Panama hat; Miss B. Brown, white cambrie gown, large hat with black velvet bows; and her sister wore a holland gown, hat with black trimmings; Miss Udy, holland skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Mrs. H. Walker, grey skirt, white blouse, hat with black ribbons; and her sister wore fawn skirt, blue blouse, hat with flowers; Miss Trevithick, navy blue cambrie, sailor hat; Mrs. Batty wore a hydrangea blue skirt, white silk blouse, with navy silk waistband and large bow of the same silk on corsage, sailor hat; Mrs. John Dawson, holland skirt, white blouse, toque with flowers; Mrs. Hudson, white pique skirt, silk blouse, sailor hat; Mrs. Watkins, dark skirt, white blouse, black hat; Mrs. Oldham, dark skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Mrs. Hooper, white cambrie, white hat with black; Miss Paton, black.

Miss Pearl Gorrie and Miss Brown gave the afternoon tea on the Eden and Epsom lawns on Saturday last. There was a very large attendance. There were several of the Auckland Lawn Tennis Association's championship matches being played; particularly interesting was the combined doubles between Miss A. Nicholson and Mr. Patterson v. Miss Gorrie and Mr. Brabant, which culminated in a win for the last mentioned. Next Thursday the annual ladies' picnic takes place on these lawns. Miss Nicholson, dark skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Miss Gorrie, white gown, white hat; Miss Pearl Gorrie, holland skirt, white blouse, white hat; Miss Gwen Gorrie, long white gown, the skirt had three shaped flounces round the hem, straw hat with streamers tied beneath the chin; Miss Paton, black costume, black hat; Mrs. John Dawson, holland gown, toque with flowers; Miss Dawson, holland skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Mrs. Cooke, white cambrie, white hat; Miss Cooke, brown muslin, with red stripe, brown hat; Mrs. Hooper, grey costume, with black braiding, black hat; Mrs. Coates, black skirt, pink figured foulard blouse, black hat; Mrs. Mair, holland skirt, white blouse, white hat; Miss Coates, holland skirt, white blouse, white hat; Misses Stewart (2), white muslins, with blue waistbands, white hats; Mrs. Oldham, black skirt, blue blouse, black hat; Mrs. Hosking, dark green silk, black hat; Mrs. Beale, dark skirt, white blouse, black hat; Mrs. Horace Walker, black skirt, royal blue figured blouse, black hat; Miss Walker, holland skirt, white blouse, white hat; and her sister wore a white muslin gown, white hat; Mrs. Watkins, black skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Miss Watkins was much admired in a holland gown, white vest, hat with feathers; Mrs. Kenderline, fawn skirt, lettuce green silk blouse, with ecru lace, black hat; Mrs.

Yates, white gown with black waistband, white hat; Mrs. Billings, black; Miss Towle, black skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Mrs. (Professor) Egerton looked remarkably well in a rich black silk, black hat wreathed with pink flowers; Miss Hardie, dark skirt, pink blouse, white hat; Miss Bramwell, holland skirt, white blouse, white hat; Mrs. Batty, agapanthus blue skirt, white blouse, white hat; Mrs. Turner, black skirt, royal blue foulard blouse, white hat; Miss Sloman, pink cambrie, the skirt was prettily tucked, white hat; Mrs. Udy, black; Miss Udy, holland skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Mrs. Ball, white cambrie, white hat; Miss Bleazard Brown, pretty blue muslin, large flop hat; and her sister wore a blue and white striped cambrie, burnt straw hat, with white trimmings; Mrs. Oberlin Brown, black skirt, grey figured muslin blouse, black hat; Miss Oberlin Brown, white muslin, sailor hat; and her sister, holland skirt, white blouse, sailor hat.

On the Parnell lawns last Saturday Mrs Upfal and Mrs C. Brown gave the afternoon tea. Mrs Upfal, dark skirt, white blouse, black hat; Mrs C. Brown, black skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Duthie, white skirt, blue blouse, hat with blue; Mrs Newton, cream costume, Panama hat; Mrs Colbeck, white muslin, white hat; Mrs Bloomfield, white skirt, blue foulard blouse, white hat; Mrs Ranken Reid, fawn tussore silk, hat with yellow flowers; Mrs Hunt, white cambrie, hat with mauve flowers; Mrs Walker, holland skirt, white blouse, Panama hat; Mrs Biss, white cambrie, with black ribbons; Mrs Bruce, white skirt, blue blouse, hat with blue; Miss Muriel Dargaville, white cambrie, pink rosette on corsage, white hat; Mrs W. R. Holmes, white cambrie, lilac waistband, hat with lilac ribbons; Mrs Lusk, black skirt, white blouse, white hat.

POLO.

Mrs Foster gave the afternoon tea at polo on Saturday last. A handicap tournament had been arranged among the Auckland and Remuera players. The first of these took place on Saturday last on their new grounds, near the Remuera station. Amongst the players were Messrs Tonks, O'Rourke, Lloyd, Crowther, H. Clark, J. Jackson, Hanna, Cotter, C. Purchas, Brodie, Bail, Burns, and Dr. Maitland. A marquee, where the tea was dispensed, was erected near the railway line. The day was beautifully fine, but the wind here was particularly sharp and cold. Amongst those present were: Mrs Foster, white cambrie, black hat; Miss Hay, pretty summer gown; and her sister wore a pale blue zephyr, black hat; Miss Noakes, fawn tussore silk, white hat; Miss Morrin, white muslin, white hat; and her sister wore a tussore costume, hat with pink silk; Mrs Cotter, azure blue and white figured foulard, with black lace, black hat; Miss Jackson, French blue bengaline, white lace collarette, black hat; Mrs Andrew Hanna, electric blue linen, black hat; Miss Cotter, forget-me-not blue linen, with white braiding, blue hat with folded tulle and forget-me-nots; Miss Thorne George, riding habit; Miss Horton, riding habit; Mrs H. Tonks looked remarkably well in a white pique, with deep embroidery insertion, white hat; Mrs Draper, white muslin costume, sailor hat; Miss Morrison, holland gown, with bands of white braiding, white hat; Miss Crowther, tussore silk gown, white hat; and her sister wore a white gown, black hat; Miss Stevenson, blue muslin, white hat; and her two sisters were respectively dressed in grey and white muslins, white hats; Mrs Seeville, navy bengaline, black hat; Mrs Torrance, white skirt, pink blouse, white hat; Miss Whyte, mauve silk, with tuckings, and ecru lace, black hat; Mrs Peel, fawn skirt, pink and white striped blouse, hat with yellow flowers; and her niece wore white; Miss Gorrie, white; Miss Buckland, dark skirt, white blouse, black hat; Miss Ruth Buckland, blue linen gown, hat with blue forget-me-nots; Mrs Lloyd, fawn tussore silk, hat with blue; and her friend wore black; Mrs Reece, navy gown; Mrs Black, ciel blue costume, hat with blue; Miss Buddle, white cambrie, blue waistband, hat with blue; Miss Lennox, white muslin gown, white hat; Miss Ching, fawn tussore silk, white hat; Mrs Keckwick, pale grey muslin, black hat; Miss Hosketh, navy foulard, fawn hat; Miss Percival, grass lawn, hat en suite; Mrs Shepherd, fawn costume, white hat; Colonel Shepherd, Major Peel, Messrs Colegrove, Holgate, Pickering, Buller.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Bee,—

February 7.

The Tennis Club held an "at home" on Saturday, the occasion being the opening of the new sand courts, two in number, and adjacent to the asphalt court. The day being beautifully fine, numbers of visitors availed themselves of the committee's invitation, and spent a most enjoyable afternoon. The lawns were found to be in capital condition, and some good play was indulged in. Afternoon tea was dispensed by Misses Skeet, Walker, Carley, King-ford and others. Amongst those present I noticed—Mrs Kingsford, in black and green costume, black chiffon, mantle and bonnet to match; Mrs Hunter, black skirt, black silk blouse, black picture hat; Mrs J. M. Hally, navy and white costume, black hat, relieved with primroses; Mrs C. Wright, string-coloured canvas with white strapping, black and white hat; Mrs Keesing, of Auckland, black gown, tussore silk coat, black bonnet, pink roses; Mrs Major, black skirt, silk strappings, white silk blouse, gem hat; Mrs Mercer, white silk dress trimmed ecru insertion, white hat; Mrs Isherwood, mauve and white check costume, burnt straw hat; Mrs Richards, black skirt, sea-green silk blouse, black hat; Miss Skeet, mauve costume; Miss R. Skeet, holland frock, trimmed with white, gem hat; Miss C. Willis, black strapped skirt, pink silk blouse, string-coloured point lace collar, burnt straw hat, trimmed black silk; Miss Walker, grey skirt, black strappings, white silk blouse, rice straw hat; Miss E. Walker, grass lawn costume, white muslin hat trimmed with black bebe velvet; Miss Keesing, black skirt, pink silk blouse, tussore silk coat, burnt straw hat, pink silk trimming; Miss K. Keesing, pink and black muslin, trim-

med with cream insertion, black and pink hat; Miss Greatbatch, grey and white muslin, trimmed with black insertion, pink straw hat with black trimmings; Miss Gwynneth, black and white muslin, black and white boa, black picture hat; Miss Carley, pink and white muslin, burnt straw hat trimmed with white silk; Miss Ferguson, white muslin, pale blue chou, Panama hat; Miss Willoughby, pink gown, white hat trimmed with white silk; Miss Peterson, white muslin, white hat trimmed with white silk and lace; Miss Payze, holland frock, gem hat; Miss Carnahan, black skirt, sea-green blouse, white hat trimmed with white silk; Miss B. Carnahan, black skirt, white silk blouse, white hat trimmed with black; Miss J. Hally, pink gingham dress, holland hat lined with pink; Miss Herbert, blue muslin inserted with lace, white hat trimmed with white silk and forget-me-nots; Miss Kingsford, white dress, blue sash, white hat; Miss Clark, white frock, blue belt, white hat with feathers.

Archdeacon Willis and family returned from their seaside trip on Friday, all

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looking better for their holiday, which they enjoyed notwithstanding the unsettled weather.

With regret I record the death of Mr Twentyman, for many years on the staff of the South British Insurance Company, Auckland. He died on Friday after a long illness, and leaves behind a widow and four young children.

Mr Price, of Cambridge, was married on February 2 to Miss Plumley, of Auckland, at St. John's College. Mr and Mrs Price intend making their home in Cambridge.

Mr Ross, son of Mr John Ross, formerly of the firm of Sargood, Son and Ewen, has been in Cambridge, and is reported to have purchased a large farm on which the family intend to reside.

Mr Edwin Cox, of Auckland, has also purchased some land in our town, and intends building with a view to making this his future home.

ELSIE.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, February 5.

We all thought we were going to have a beautiful afternoon on Saturday for the Wellington-Oroua Polo Match, but shortly before the numerous guests arrived at Miramar rain began to fall, and there was a steady shower. It was most unfortunate that it should have come on then. However, it got a little brighter later on, and we were able to venture out from the shelter of the tea tent or stand. The tea tent proved a most attractive spot, where the most delicious tea and cakes were to be had. The tea table was prettily decorated with carnations, grasses, etc., and was presided over by the Misses Skerrett, Mrs A. Crawford, Miss Babington, Miss Cooper and others. The match resulted in a most decided win for the visiting team by 9 to 3, but this was expected, as the Oroua team, which consisted of the Messrs Strang (3) and G. Pharyzyn, were thought to be the better players. The Wellington team were Messrs Skerrett (Captain), H. Johnston, C. Crawford and Tripp. There were a large number of spectators present, but it was difficult to see many of them or what they wore, as the pretty dresses were soon concealed by cloaks, and those who drove remained in their closed carriages nearly all the time. However, what I did see I will tell you about. Lady Ward had a dark blue tucked voile gown with ecru insertion, and a black toque; Lady Stout, a blue and white foulard satin gown, and black hat; Mrs Babington wore a long white coat and white feather bon, white hat with flowers; Miss Babington wore a royal blue gown with lace, and hat to match; Mrs Pharyzyn, in a black brocaded gown, and bonnet with flowers; Mrs Godfrey Pharyzyn had a grey linen gown, and a pale blue and pink hat; Mrs Johnston was in a dark costume and toque; Miss Johnston, blue linen gown, and long grey voile coat, cream hat with blue satin and flowers; Miss D. Johnston wore pink voile with cream lace yoke, and a hat to match; Mrs Stowe, black coat and skirt, black and pink bonnet; Miss Stowe, a blue linen gown, and black hat; Mrs Fell, black gown and toque, cream chiffon ruffle; Mrs Gore, black voile gown with chiffon ruffle, and a black bonnet with roses; Miss Gore, in white, and a white hat with flowers; Mrs A. Pearce, black tailor-made suit, and black and white toque; Mrs C. Pearce had a sea-look coat, and a cornflower blue hat; Mrs Alec. Crawford wore a green gown, and hat with flowers; Mrs Owen, a long grey coat and skirt, burnt straw hat swathed in black chiffon; Mrs H. D. Crawford, a white linen coat and skirt, and floral hat; Mrs George (England), handsome black costume, and white and black chiffon toque; Miss George was in a blue gown and hat; Mrs Strang (Palmerston), a dark blue and white-striped gown, and a black hat with feathers; Mrs A. Young wore a dark skirt and fawn coat, burnt-straw hat; Mrs Marchbanks, a dark skirt and covert coat, black hat trimmed with pale blue; Mrs D. Nathan had a pretty black voile gown, with a vivid green belt, and a black picture hat with plumes; Mrs Butler, a white pique gown with bands of black braid, and a black hat; Mrs Edwin, dark coat and skirt, and black and pink bonnet; Mrs Chatfield wore a navy blue coat and skirt,

and a black and green toque; Mrs Tuckey, black gown and mantle, lace bonnet with flowers; Mrs Travers, a black skirt and covert coat, pretty black hat; Mrs Turnbull, dark Eton tailor suit, blue and green hat; Mrs R. Levin, a soft grey voile gown, and toque to match; Mrs Turrell, in a long covert coat, and black and white hat; Miss Seddon had a black Eton gown, white hat trimmed with black; Miss M. Seddon, a dark suit, and a green velvet hat; Miss Skerrett had a striped green silk gown, with yoke and flounces of white lace, and a royal blue toque with plumes; the Misses J. and N. Skerrett wore figured muslin gowns with frills and fichus of muslin and lace, floral hats; Mrs H. Johnston, dark skirt and covert coat, straw hat with flowers; Miss Cooper, a green linen gown trimmed with ecru lace, and a black hat; Miss Fitzherbert wore a pink gown, and black and white toque; Miss I. Fitzherbert, a light gown and covert coat, blue hat with roses; Miss O. Fitzgerald, a grass lawn gown with white insertion, and a black hat; Miss Brandon wore a pink gown, and black hat; Miss V. Rawson, a white silk gown, large straw hat with roses; Miss G. Harcourt, a red linen gown, and black hat; Miss G. Reid, royal blue voile trimmed with ecru insertion, and a hat to match with flowers; Miss Simpson, a blue Eton suit, black and white hat; Miss Heywood, a light blue linen gown, and pink hat with flowers to match; Miss Foot, a grey voile gown and white hat; Miss A'Deane wore a cream serge costume, and a straw hat with flowers; Miss Duncan, white cloth gown, and a red hat; Miss Coleridge had a pink frizee skirt, and white blouse, pink trimmed hat; Miss Higginson, grass lawn over pale blue, and a black toque. There were also present, Sir Joseph Ward, Messrs Johnston, Pearce, Conner, Crawford, Butler, Duncan, Turrell, Harcourt, Buchanan, Seddon, Higginson, Captain Hughes, Major Moore, and others.

A most enjoyable afternoon was spent on board H.M.S. Wallaroo on Monday, when Captain Noel and his officers were at home to a large number of guests. The day might have been finer, but we were satisfied that it did not ruin. One of the ferry steamers took the guests over to the ship, which was gay with flags and the deck covered in coals. Afternoon tea was laid on the upper deck, and the captain and officers were most attentive in looking after everyone, proving themselves to be most excellent hosts. An electric battery caused much amusement, especially to onlookers. Nearly everyone went and had a shock, and to see a number of people holding hands round the battery and twisting themselves in all kinds of attitudes was really very funny. An Italian string band played pretty music all the afternoon. Among those present I noticed Mrs Tolhurst, wearing a black silk gown and velvet mantle, jetted bonnet; Miss Tolhurst, a red cloth jacket and skirt, and large black hat with feathers; Mrs Pynsent, a blue skirt and long fawn cloak, floral toque; Mrs C. H. Mills, black figured gown, black hat with plumes; Miss Mills, a black skirt and pale blue blouse, black toque; Miss —Mills had a pale blue voile gown trimmed with ecru lace and insertion, and a pale blue and white hat; Mrs Fell, black merveilleux gown with chiffon ruffle, and a black toque; Miss M. Fell, a white muslin gown with tucks and lace, and a white hat with roses and velvet; Mrs D. Nathan wore a long fawn cloak and black toque trimmed with jet; Mrs Owen, pale blue voile with ecru insertion and lace, cream and black hat; Mrs Butler, dark blue voile gown and black hat with feathers; Mrs Buchanan had a black Eton gown, the lace collar having appliques of lovely large pink silk roses and leaves, straw hat with flowers; Mrs Brown, a grey frizee gown and pale blue hat with roses; Mrs F. Dyer, a heliotrope voile gown and a burnt straw hat with autumn leaves; Mrs Gilruth, a pretty black voile with lace and a black hat; Mrs Miles, a dark green costume; Miss Miles, in a blue cambric gown and magenta hat; Miss E. Richmond wore a black Eton gown and white hat trimmed with satin and black tips; Miss Abbott, a biscuit coloured voile trimmed with lace, and a white hat with red flowers; Mrs H. Rawson, dark gown and fawn cape; Miss Rawson wore a blue linen gown with lace collar, and hat with flowers; her sister wore a similar gown of pink; Miss Foot, dark blue Eton suit and white hat with ribbon

loops; Miss Denniston (Christchurch), black cloth suit and a white tulle hat with yellow roses; Miss Gore, a white voile skirt and tucked silk blouse, black hat with plumes; Miss Higginson, blue frizee gown and black toque with plume and buckle; Miss Fitzherbert, a pink voile gown with white lace collar and vest, black and white toque; Miss I. Fitzherbert had a white serge Eton gown and a pretty pale blue hat; her younger sister was also in white; Miss Harcourt, a blue linen gown and a black

chiffon toque with plume; Miss Heywood had a pretty spot grey voile gown with lace collar and a dull pink hat; Miss E. Heywood wore a white Eton gown and black and white hat; Miss M. Seddon had a dark blue voile Eton gown and a green hat; Miss Fraser in grey; Miss Palmer, a pretty soft black gown and large black hat; Miss Fitzgerald, a biscuit coloured lawn trimmed with white insertion, and a black hat with plumes.

OPHELIA.

Sore Hands



Red, Rough Hands, Itching, Burning Palms, and Painful Finger Ends.

One Night Treatment

Soak the hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of CUTICURA SOAP. Dry, and anoint freely with CUTICURA, the great skin cure and purest of emollients. Wear, during the night, old, loose kid gloves, with the finger ends cut off and air holes cut in the palms. For red, rough, chapped hands, dry, fissured, itching, feverish palms, with shapeless nails and painful finger ends, this treatment is simply wonderful, and points to a speedy cure of the most distressing cases when physicians and all else fail.

MILLIONS USE CUTICURA SOAP

Assisted by CUTICURA OINTMENT, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings, and chafings, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and excoriations, for too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women and mothers. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate emollient properties derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients, and the most refreshing of flower odours. No other medicated soap is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, the best skin and complexion soap, and the best toilet and baby soap in the world.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humour,

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Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales, and soften the thickened cuticle; CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal; and CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS, to cool and cleanse the blood. A Slight Ache is often sufficient to cure the most troubling, disgusting, itching, burning, and scaly skin, scalp, and blood humours, rashes, itchings, and irritations, with loss of hair, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world. Australian Depot: R. TURNER & CO., Sydney. British Depot: 27 28, Charterhouse Sq., London. French Depot: 5 Rue de la Paix, Paris. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS (Chocolate Coated) are a new, tasteless, odorless, economical substitute for the celebrated liquid CUTICURA RESOLVENT, as well as for all other blood purifiers and humour cures. Put up in screw-cap pocket vials, containing 50 doses. CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS are alternative, antiseptic, tonic, and digestive, and beyond question the purest, sweetest, most successful and economical blood and skin purifiers, humour cures, and tonto-digestives, yet compounded.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee. February 7.
 Since last writing Wanganui seems to be much brighter, as the weather is more settled, and there are a great number of visitors in the town. Williamson's Musical Comedy Company have been in Wanganui; they played for a season of three nights. The first two nights they played "The Runaway Girl," and the last night "San Toy." The house was packed from floor to ceiling by an appreciative audience, who at the fall of the curtain went home thoroughly satisfied with the way they had spent the evening. Amongst the people that were there was Mrs Barnicoat, wearing black net evening dress; Miss Barnicoat, white muslin and black sash; Mrs Toug's, cream satin; Miss Mountgomery, white; Mrs (Dr.) Parkes (Auckland), black and white; Miss Rosa (Dunedin), white silk; Miss Higgle, pale blue silk; Miss E. Higgle, pink; Miss Morecroft, black net; Miss Pickering, black satin; Miss Anderson, pink; Mrs Stevenson, black and white; Miss Isabel Alee and Miss Mabel Alee (Wellington), cream satin; Mrs Teed (Wellington), pale blue.

There are a number of strangers in town all on pleasure bent holiday. Dr. and Mrs Parkes, Auckland; Mr and Miss Barnett, Wellington; Mr and Miss Mee, Wellington; Miss Mary Seed, Wellington. Misses Maling and Aiken (Canterbury) intend settling here, and have taken a house in the Avenue. At the beginning of next month they will open a private school.

Mrs Goodson (Auckland), is staying with her sister, Mrs Clay.
 Miss Inlay is paying a visit to the Empire city.

Mrs Dove (Hunterville), was in town last week.

Mrs L. Jones has returned from Wellington.

Mrs Watson has gone to New Plymouth.

The many friends of Mrs Earle are pleased to see she has recovered in health as to be able to go out driving.

Mrs J. H. Nixon and family are staying at Pihimerton.

Mrs Bothamley (Dunedin), is the guest of Mrs J. Stevenson.

PAN OPTICS.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee.— February 4.

How wonderfully enthusiastic it is possible to become when a new element is introduced: this week we are born cricketers, or think we are, and some of the critics could do much better than the representative team which will give us an opportunity of seeing Lord Hawke's team play cricket on the 6th, 7th and 9th. The latter are expected to arrive in Christchurch from the West Coast to-night, when they will be the guests of the Mayor (Mr H. F. Wigram), Judge Denniston, Mr A. E. G. Rhodes, Mr J. Gould, Mr R. M. Macdonald, and at the Christchurch Club. Mr and Mrs J. Gould give a garden party on Thursday, the 5th, to meet the English cricketers at their residence, Merivale, which is an ideal place for entertaining. We are all longing for fine weather. It has been so cold, rainy and altogether unseasonable for two months that there is a possible chance.

Mrs Wynn-Williams was "at home" again last Wednesday, but the unpropitious state of the weather prevented full use being made of the lovely garden and lawns. On the 12th a garden party in aid of the Melanesian Mission will be held in Mr Wynn-Williams' grounds, when, if fine, there is sure to be a large attendance. The Rev Robinson, of All Saints', Nelson, an old Christchurch boy, will be one of the speak-

ers. There will be, as usual, Island curries on sale, afternoon tea, etc.

Mrs Mathias, Fendalton, gave a number of her friends great pleasure last Thursday at a garden party in her pretty grounds. Croquet was played all the afternoon, and in the house some excellent music was given by Mrs Wilding, Mrs Bewick, Mrs Denniston, Mrs Huslam, and the Misses Cook. Mrs Mathias received in a pretty grey gown with silk and lace vest and heliotrope bonnet; Mrs Julius wore a handsome black costume, bonnet, trimmed with pale green; Miss Julius, all white; Mrs Denniston, all black with sequin trimming; Mrs G. G. Stead, black satin coat and skirt, cream satin and lace vest, and pale blue toque; Miss Stead, pale grey voile with triple skirt, black picture hat and feathers; Mrs Ranaid Macdonald, vieux rose voile, cream lace vest, cream hat with pink roses; Mrs Wilding, lawn gown, cream lace vest, fawn and brown toque; Miss Wilding, white skirt, green and white muslin blouse; Mrs J. Gould, a lovely gown of embroidered black chenille over white silk, chiffon ruffle, black and white hat; Mrs T. Cowlishaw, pale grey voile tucked from the waist, large black hat; Miss Cook, white serge skirt, white silk and insertion blouse; Mrs Palmer, Mrs and Miss Reeves, Miss Wynn-Williams, Mrs and Miss Helmore, Mrs and Miss Gossett, Mrs Crooke, Mrs Elworthy, Mrs Boyle, Mrs and Miss Hill, Mrs Maling, Mrs and Miss Inman, Mrs Pat Campbell, Mrs Wigram, Mrs H. O. D. Meares, Mrs Fox, Mrs Archer, Mrs Bevan-Brown, Mrs and Miss Moore, Mrs G. Gould, Mrs H. H. Cook, Mrs G. Lee, Mrs Ogle, Mrs Woodroffe, Mrs Hammer, Mrs Cobham, Mrs Turrell, the Misses Murray-Aynsley, Cleveland, Lee, Winter, Bowen, Meares, Harper, Sanders, Ainger, Elworthy, Mrs and Miss Ronalds and many others.

Mr James Embling, the retiring general manager of the Bank of New Zealand, came down to Christchurch last week to bid his old friends good-bye before leaving for England by the Rungtupu on the 5th, and was entertained at luncheon at the Christchurch Club, when about 60 gentlemen were present.

On Saturday the new tennis courts at St Alban's were opened in the presence of a large number of members. There are to be croquet lawns and a bowling green; the ground secured was part of the Hawkesbury property, and the Hon J. T. Peacock was elected first president.

The Midland Cricket Club's new pavilion in Hagley Park was opened on Saturday afternoon by Mr Wynn-Williams, with a few well chosen words. Mr Wynn-Williams has been president of this club for twenty-five years consecutively. A number of ladies provided afternoon tea for friends and foes, and a match was played between the picked team for the English match and another thirteen.

Mrs Walter Moore, St. Albans, gave a children's party on Saturday afternoon, assisted by a few grown-up friends. The weather was very threatening, but did not damp the children's ardour in the least, and a rollicking time was spent by all, finishing with a delicious tea and sweets.

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MARLBOROUGH.

Dear Bee, February 3.
A good many Blenheim people went out by special train on Friday night to attend the Seddon Cricket Club's social. The room in which the social was held was the largest in the place, but was not nearly large enough for the attendance, but for all that everybody enjoyed themselves.

The Cleghorn memorial committee have decided to erect a

MEMORIAL ROTUNDA

to the memory of the late Dr. Cleghorn, formerly of Blenheim, whose memory is still kept in affectionate remembrance by people all over the district. There will also be a Peace Declaration lamp erected over the rotunda, which will be both ornamental and useful to the town.

Two young ladies from Nelson, Miss Tendall and Miss Hunter-Brown, spent a most delightful holiday in the Marlborough district. They cycled from Nelson, through Blenheim to Picton, thence by steam launch to Torea, and from there they walked round the tracks which have recently been made all about the two Sounds. They were hospitably entertained everywhere, and enjoyed the walk through some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. They rested at Manarua, and went from there to Richmond Bay, the homestead of Mr and Mrs C. Harris, returning in the same way back to Picton, thence by way of the Grove back to Nelson. They carried their "swags" in sugar-bags on their backs, and recommend sugar-bags to future tourists as soft and light to carry.

Picton people are agitating by petition to the Borough Council to have a bridge built across the channel of the lagoon to Victoria Domain, so that residents and visitors could get to the beach without boating there. It would be a splendid thing for everybody, and would greatly enhance the attractions of Picton as a watering-place.

Numbers of people excursioned to Pic-

ton to-day to join in the weekly trip down the Sounds. Some go fishing, some go foraging, and some go simply to enjoy the fresh air. For a wonder, it is a perfect day.

The harvesting operations are going on apace. The harvest is a bountiful one this season, and we hope that the erratic weather we have been enjoying (?) this season will be propitious enough to allow the mainstay of life to be garnered. Experts say that there is no barley in the country to equal the Wairau barley, and agents come from Dunedin and elsewhere to buy it up for malting purposes.

There is quite a little run on tennis in Picton just now, and of course on the Marlborough court. In Blenheim it is a standard game, and the daily amusement of many young folk.

The Hon. C. H. Mills and secretary paid a flying visit to the district last week. The Minister met several deputations, and had much ado to speak privately to any special friends. Mr Mills is a great advocate for agitation, and his constituents have "frozen on" to his advice, and agitate continuously.

One or two Sunday-school picnics have eventuated during the week in a successful manner.

A fishing excursion down the Sounds on Sunday met with quite a series of adventures, but as nothing happened which seriously inconvenienced the party, and as all could be rectified by prompt surgical skill and knowledge, they could not complain, and returned home highly excited with their adventures and the numbers of fish they caught.

A jolly little dance was arranged at the homestead of "Richmond Brook" station. The hall was beautifully decorated, and a sumptuous supper prettily laid out. There were present: the Messrs. Richmond (2), Mr and Mrs Hall, Mrs Mowat ("Altinarloch"), Mrs Trolove (Nelson), Mr and Mrs Stace (Robin Hood Bay), Mrs Hanna (Wellington), Mrs Fleming, the Misses Stace (2), Foster (3), Hall (4), McRae, McLeod,

Chaytor (2). The gentlemen were:— Messrs. Stace (2), Barrill, Blich, Hanna, Mowat, Foster, Fleming, Bligh, Ward. The guests supplied the music, and dancing was kept going merrily till 4 a.m.

MIRANDA.

American Divorce Statistics.

There are 30,000 more divorced women than there are divorced men in the United States, the official figures being 84,000 divorced men and 114,000 divorced women. The disparity is accounted for by the fact that men procuring divorces or from whom divorces have been procured more often re-marry than the women under like conditions.

The number of divorced men is largest in Indiana, which has 5700. There are more than 4000 each in California, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, New York and Pennsylvania. Texas has 3500, and Massachusetts 2500.

South Carolina, the only State which has no law authorising or permitting divorces, has 275 divorced men among its residents, and South Dakota, a State which has become noted by reason of the facility with which divorce is granted, has 563.

New Jersey has, proportionately, a very small number, 750, and Kansas, a much smaller State in population a much larger number, 2165.

In Utah, where plural marriages were the rule among the Mormons until recent years, the number of divorced persons is 335, a little below the average, and Idaho, with about half the population of Utah and a considerable proportion of Mormons, has 460.

The State in which there is the largest number of divorced women (divorced and not re-married) is Ohio, with 7700; Illinois has 7600, and Texas 5800.

After Texas comes New York, and then Pennsylvania, Indiana, Michigan, Missouri, Massachusetts and California. All these have more than 4000 each.

In some of the Southern States, Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana,

Mississippi, North Carolina and Tennessee among them, the number of divorced women is twice as large as the number of divorced men.

In Alaska there are more divorced women than divorced men; in Hawaii there are more divorced men than divorced women.

Indiana, with a population 300,000 less than Massachusetts, has 12,000 divorced persons, and Massachusetts has 6000.



It's an easy job for the barber to part the hair on a head like this.

It's just as easy to prevent baldness if you only do the right thing.

Baldness is almost always a sure sign of neglect; it is the story of neglected dandruff.

Dandruff is untidy, unnecessary, and unhealthy.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

cures dandruff and prevents baldness. You save your hair and you are spared the annoyance of untidy clothing.

It also stops falling of the hair, and makes the hair grow thick and long.

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THE EASIEST CHAIR IN THE WORLD.

The Masterpiece of a Skilled Upholsterer.



An exquisite combination of Comfort and Elegance designed to give simultaneous rest to all parts of the human frame.

EXTRACT FROM "AUCKLAND STAR," NOVEMBER 19th, 1901.

"An armchair, which for ease and comfort may fairly be said to surpass anything of its kind, has been put in the market by Messrs. Smith & Caughey. The chair, which has been patented, is the invention of Mr. W. Aggers, of this city. Its external appearance is that of an ordinary armchair, but by an ingenious arrangement of springs, the new invention is made as comfortable as one could desire. The seat, back, and arms are all fitted with springs, which yield to every motion of the sitter, absolute ease being thus secured. The chair is very simply constructed, there being nothing to get out of order, and the one originally made by the patentee, after two years of use, is now in perfect order. For invalids the chair should be very popular, and in clubs and hotels it will probably be widely used. The maker has styled it the "Advance." In a slightly different chair the arms are made rigid."

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COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, AUCKLAND.

TILLY ADAMS.

A SKETCH OF NEW ZEALAND LIFE.

By CLEMENT KIRKBY.

Though it was a dull winter evening, with lowering clouds sending forth sweeping showers of rain every few minutes, the little Kaipara township was in a fever of excitement compared with the placid stagnation of its everyday existence.

This was on account of the Oddfellows' monthly dance being in full swing at the social hall of the district. All the dancing boys and girls were there from miles round, "taking the fire" with light hearts and light feet.

Geoffrey Armitage leaned against the open doorway looking in at the gyrating forms, watching them moodily, with deep depondancy in his heart. He was a tall, fine looking young fellow, a gentleman born, one could see, though his clothes were shabby, and his handsome face was deeply tanned with the sun. His toil-worn hands showed the severity of his calling, which was that of a gun digger. He had that day ridden in from his distant gumfield, sold his scanty harvest, and to show his disgust at the small sum received had resolved to remain in the township till he had, as he expressed it, "blued the lot."

As he looked round the dingy room, with its evil-smelling kerosene lamps and tawdry decorations, a vision of the dainty ballroom in the old house at Ilione "floated in the river of his thoughts," and for a few moments shame and remorse tugged at his heart. He revolted at the life his own reckless folly had led him to. What a loathsome, horrible dream it all appeared to be. How was he to endure this life that after all was his own choice? Bah! he was only one of the many "black sheep" that drag out an existence on the dreary gumfields of New Zealand, cursed with the "curse of Reuben" till their lives' end.

A voice broke in upon his musings, a raucous Irish voice, that of his chum, Desmond O'Hara, who had been helping him to sample the fuel oil and whisky mixture in the hotel over the way.

"Faith, Jeff, it's a fine lot of girls they are! An' most of them crossed that foaming creek we passed this morning where we were bogged. Many a time I've seen them skipping like leprechauns over the stepping stones by the light of a twinkling lantern. Jerusalem! can't that girl dance!"

"Which girl? Dash it! you are always talking about girls, Des," said his friend.

"Bogorra! I keep up the honour of my country, ye miserable Saxon. Man alive! look at that girl there; a look won't blast you, but do your eyesight good. The red-headed one, Jeff. By my soul, she's a feather-weight!"

Geoffrey looked slowly in the direction indicated by his excitable friend and said:

"An every-day country girl. Still she is graceful. But, Desmond, most New Zealand girls can dance. Look at the Maoris."

"Oh, comparisons are odorous, Mrs Makapup says, but it's a pleasure to look at her. She is a daisy."

The girl in question was good to look at. Commonplace her face was, with a wide mouth, a turned up nose, and a red head; but her blue eyes were shining like stars, and her lissom figure floated light as thistle down round the room. Her partner has a gossamer fairy to deal with. You wouldn't expect to find such a jewel in this place—the last the Almighty made. By the powers! who is she, at all, at all?"

The dance came to an end, and Desmond O'Hara clutched a flying committeeman. "Please, Mr M.C., would you be so kind as to tell me who that young lady is? The one with the blue dress and the red—oh, murder! the suburban hair."

The perspiring master of ceremonies looked surprised.

"Don't you know Tilly Adams when you see her?"

"Bodad my education's been neglected, for I don't. Who is Tilly Adams, that I should know her? Does she come from the County Limerick?"

"Well, her people keep the pub. over the road. But Tilly's a bit of a character in her way. Everyone on the Kaipara knows Tilly."

"'Twas her dancing attracted me," said Desmond.

"That's nothing; it's her riding. She rides like the devil. She's a holy terror in the saddle. There ain't a horse on the Kaipara that she won't tackle. Though she's only a kid, even the most vicious Maori weed has to knuckle down to Tilly."

"She must be rather sudden—"

"You bet your bottom dollar. She hunts, rides races, went to Auckland last year, and ran away with most of the ladies' prizes for contests at the Agricultural Show, has had the pluck to apply for a jockey's license to ride at Ellerslie racecourse this season."

"Of course they refused her!" said Jeff.

"Oh, yes, they had to, but my oath, she's as fit as any jockey there; she tackled a pony as soon as her chubby hands could hold him. The saddling bell on race days was her favourite music; since she could speak she has spent most of her life on horseback." Here his tirade was interrupted by a square dance being announced, and away he rushed to attend to his duties. Geoffrey looked with slightly awakening interest for a while at the slim girl who was now floating in a figure of the lancers, and then, linking his arm in his Celtic friend's, dragged him out of the building and across the road to the hotel, where they soon renewed their acquaintance with the flaming whisky and went to bed rather early, feeling slightly mixed. Jeff thought it must be time to get up when he was awakened by the next room door opening and shutting, and a querulous sleepy voice saying:

"Tilly, how late you are; everything in the house has been wrong without you. A lot of racing men came—wanted you—of course you knew they were coming."

"Don't be cross, mother."

"Ah, well, they didn't stop, as you were away. Did you see after the people's rooms who were at the dance?"

"Yes."

"Some gundiggers came. I didn't know where to put them when you were away. Go to bed, Tilly, don't forget to call the girls up early."

"How is Shamrock, mother?"

"Better, Fred said. See to him when you get up."

"There's no need to tell me that, ma. Shamrock is a pet. Good-night."

A soft, sleepy sigh, and then silence, and Geoffrey dozed off into dreamland again.

Dim morning breaks, and once more Tilly's voice is heard calling "Mary" and "Ada" and "Jim," while Jeff groans in spirit as he realises his aching head. "Confound the red-headed imp," he mutters. "She runs the infernal show." Later, when he rises (induced thereto by Desmond pulling him out of bed), as he brushes his hair vigorously, he happens to glance out of the window, and there was Tilly again, but what a change! Her boots were unlaced and dirty, her ragged frock plastered with mud, a battered felt hat hid her face; by a coil of red hair that fell to her waist, he would never have thought this was the dainty girl who had danced so gracefully last night. She stood up to her ankles in mud, with her arm across a blanket horse—with her head against his shoulder she was coaxing him to drink at a trough close by. Geoffrey dropped the brush, and swung himself down the stairs to the bar. Here all was chaos, a dirty barman with unwashed glasses from the night before all around him, while the floor was being scrubbed by a brigandish-looking fellow in dungaree pants and a ragged shirt—a most uninviting place, but the young men wanted a spree, and any place was good enough so long as it sold the drink.

Days flew by, and their pockets grew light, but still they remained. A spirit more potent than bad whisky was at work, with Jeff the elixir of love, for Tilly's bright eyes have taken him captive. The day after their arrival Tilly's hunter Shamrock died. In the first shock of her grief she took no interest in anything (not even her horse's friends), but slouched round the house with swollen eyes and tired, listless feet. "I do believe," her mother said, "Tilly would grieve less for my death than she does for that cranky little horse. She never took no interest in women's amusements in her life, but now she is terrible broke up."

Geoffrey, however, by a few whispered words spoken at intervals, contrived to assure her of his sympathy. One morning the "rouseabout" of the hotel came into the bar where Tilly was sitting with a pensive look on her face.

"Miss Tilly, come out in the paddock,

there's such a surprise there for you—" he paused, breathless. Tilly glanced at him with lack-lustre eyes.

"For me?" said she languidly.

"For you—hurry up!" She slowly followed him, and saw a very game-looking little chestnut horse held by a boy, who on her arrival handed her an unsealed note. She opened it, and read:

"Dear Tilly,—

"I send you a present you will like, this little gee-gee. He is the fastest little beggar on the Kaipara. Seems to me you've been looking peaky since Shamrock died. In return, let me see the same light in your eyes and colour in your cheeks that I did the first time I saw you, and no one will be better pleased than—Jeff."

Her face brightened as she looked at her present. Little did she know how the donor had cleared his pockets over the transaction. She laid her hand on the animal's shining head.

"I don't care for you," she said.

"For me?" said she languidly.

"For you—hurry up!" She slowly followed him, and saw a very game-looking little chestnut horse held by a boy, who on her arrival handed her an unsealed note. She opened it, and read:

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"'Twould be real mean to say I'd no use for him," she said. "There ain't no flies on him." Then to the boy: "Mr Armitage is real good—"

"Ain't he a daisy, Tilly?" said her brother Jack, who was standing by. "What will you call him? After the old un?"

"Not Shamrock," she said, with a quiver in her voice. "I couldn't, but— a pause—"Erin." Then, with a leap, she was astride on his back, and seizing the reins, with a touch of her knees, was off like the wind.

"No frills about Tilly," said Jack, delightedly. "She's herself again. Ain't she got 'ands?"

When Armitage returned a short time after he was met by Mrs Adams with a beaming smile.

"Oh, Mr Armitage, you've worked a miracle. The kid looks better already. Now, she says, she'll sail in and train—"

"Train? What for?" he asked.

"To ride at Wolfe's circus. A handsome prize is offered for a hurdle race."

Geoffrey looked his disgust.

"To ride in a circus! Aren't you afraid she'll break her neck?"

For answer Mrs Adams took him by the arm and drew him to the open door.

"Look!" said she; "hurdle-racing is a song and dance to that kid." There was conscious pride in her voice, and, following her pointing finger, he obeyed, and saw Tilly galloping quickly towards the house.

"She does indeed ride like the devil," he thought. Her hair was standing on end, like flames, her limpid eyes were shining, and the glowing colour had returned to her pale cheeks. With a cry of pleasure she threw herself from the saddle, and shook hands vigorously with Armitage.

"Thank you so much. Erin has made a new girl of me," she says. Then, linking her arm in his, they go into the spacious dining-room together.

"Is it true, Tilly, you are thinking of riding at Wolfe's?"

"Yes, I think I will. Wolfe says it's a cake-walk for me. I don't think it's bluff, either," she said, as they seated themselves in a corner of the deserted room.

"But, Tilly—"

"Now, don't try to put me off, Jeff. The prim young lady is not in my line. I was born with a dash of the jockey in me. To me riding is as easy as falling off a log."

"Do you know, Tilly," he said, "I want to ask you if you could ever care enough for me to give up this horse-racing for my sake—to marry me and settle down? You do care for me, little girl?"

"You know I like you, Jeff. But, still, you're asking me to give up what's the very life of me. I couldn't give up riding altogether if His Majesty himself asked me. I never thought you cared about me like that."

"I was so poor," he answered; "only a gundigger. I was a black sheep at home, and my people fired me out, but they are relenting—now they write liking for me to return. You never answered my question. Will you have me, dear?"

She looked at him gravely, and said shyly:

"First, I must ride this time. I have a good show to win. After that, perhaps. But, still, I hope they will never forgive you at home. What would your folks think if you brought home a young savage like me? Unseated, the girls about here say I am. I can't play or sing, or—with a grimace—"do

drawn thread work. Jeff, think it over well. I love you, but I can only ride. I am as wild as a colt."

"But it's a hunting shire where my home is; you would shine," Geoffrey said, kissing her pink cheek, and drawing her face close to his own.

"I wish I was different for your sake, Jeff."

"Well, if you must ride, Tilly, I suppose you must. I will go back to the camp in the morning. I'll write every day. When does this contest come off?"

"The week after next, I'll have lots of time."

"As you are so set on it, I hope you'll win, kiddie. But we'll arrange matters when it's over."

"My saddle girth broke just as I got to the last hurdle, but I threw the saddle away and won easy. Wasn't that ripping?" Thus spoke the pretty horsebreaker to the assembled company in the bar at Adams' Hotel. "Wolfe is dead gone on me. Said he'd give me a shop any day."

Mrs Adams looked amazed.

"A shop," she repeated.

"Yes, mother—a billet. Wolfe is the boss. He runs the show. Look at my prize, a gold hunting watch. Where is Jeff? I thought he'd be here. I thought he'd be anxious to know how I made them sit up. I'm the jolliest girl in New Zealand this blessed minute—"

In like a tornado rushed her brother Jack. "A letter for you, Tilly. What a bonzing watch. Tilly, you're a daisy. You can give them points when you blarney well like."

His sister pocketed her letter with a blush — she knew the writing by this — then continued her conversation.

"Queer cus, that Jeff," said Jack presently, in a lull in the "horsey" dialogue. "He is a changeable beggar. He has given up his whare and gumdigging—gone home to inherit his landed estate. Bally old Ananias, I'm thinking."

A cold dew broke out on Tilly's forehead as she listened. Could he have changed his mind? She grew distraught and silent, and as soon as possible slipped away to Erin's stable, and, seating herself on the edge of the manger, opened her letter. This is what, with beating heart, she read:

"Dear Tilly,—A letter from Home this morning has made me think seriously over our last conversation. They offer me forgiveness, the fatted calf, and all the rest of it. If I go back and face the music in the old land, I must go alone. I am a coward, and unstable to the end. The longing for home and my broad acres is too strong for me. I'm ashamed of myself, Tilly, though I care for you, I am weak. You could not help putting your first love between us, and though it was only a horse, it has parted us. Good-bye. I am mean, I know; but in spite of my cowardice, I'm honest enough to own I'm not worthy of your true heart.—Geoffrey."

As the letter dropped from Tilly's hand, she leaned forward, and, pressing her face against Erin's sleek shoulder, she battled with the knowledge that Geoffrey had, as she expressed it, "slipped her up."

In Auckland a year after, at the grand opening of Wolfe's circus, on Boxing night, a "jockey act" by "La petite Tilburina" was recalled again and again, till breathless and exhausted the performer retired. First, a shining black mare had galloped into the ring, followed by a Dresden china looking jockey, who from the centre of the building with one mad leap landed upon the horse's back, and then, with folded arms, remained proudly erect while the beautiful steed tore round the ring. The "jockey act" done by a woman! It was the first time the sensation had been attempted by one of the gentler sex in New Zealand, and the applause rang out tumultuously. As the beautiful and daring girl essayed trick after trick it swelled into a furor. Then, with beaming smile and self-satisfied toss of her flaming head, she kissed her hands effusively to her audience as she rode out.

Yes, Tilly had abided by her choice. Her worship of the fickle Jeff had been short and not sweet. Now the dream was forgotten, and with a brave horse under her, Tilly was herself again, with the courage and resolution of a brave man hidden in the breast of an apparently reckless devil-may-care slip of a girl.

VAVAU: An Earthly Paradise.

See illustrations pages 452-453.

The visit to Pangai in the Island of Lefuka was only a variation on that to Nukualofa. The same low shores and stretch of sandy beach, and the same line of waving palms and much the same scenes on shore. We walked down a lovely lane that lost itself in the blue calm sea. On the one side was a jungle of palms and native vines and undergrowth; on the other, houses set in bright gardens. All the atmosphere was full of soft rich light and shadow. A party of us wandered to the place of a native missionary, who received us with true island hospitality, served us with the usual coconut drink, and entertained us with a performance on brass instruments, played by some native students, who sat on the green behind the house. The natives of Lefuka seemed to me the most impudent of the Tongans we saw. Some naked boys rushed out of a Tongan house and began a conversation with me. The only English words they knew were "yes" and "money," which they repeated at intervals in answer to all questions, until I turned and fled. As I walked along the beach, picking up strange shells, a man who had been wading the reef came up and offered me a pretty spiral specimen, but laughed loudly as he gave it. Before long I felt the shell pricking, and discovered a fish protruding from one end and a crab at the other. This is quite a Tongan idea of a good joke. The Tongans have been called the snobs of the Pacific. They have the distinction of being the only snobs we found in the islands. They are an intelligent, clever and energetic people, but are inordinately conceited and self-satisfied. It is notorious that when the Franco-Prussian War broke out the reigning monarch of Tonga issued a solemn declaration of neutrality. They have a saying that God made the Tongans first, then the Samoans, then the Fijians, then the pigs, and then He took the stuff that was left over from the pigs and made white men. A Tongan chief is reported to have said to one of his friends, "Your daughter is going to be married to a white pig to-day." At the same time, if imitation is the sincerest flattery, their contempt for the white man cannot be very profound.

At night the half moon shone as brightly as the full moon further south. The Tongans fell to chanting and dancing on the deck, and I fell off into a dreamy sleep in a sort of intoxication of the senses with the trade wind blowing softly over the moonlit seas and the native chorus crooning on the deck. Our next port of call, Vavau, is one of the loveliest harbours in all the wide Pacific. Imagine Sydney Harbour with all its houses and buildings swept away, and all its winding shores and points and little bays covered with waving palms, and festooned with creepers, and you will get some idea of Vavau. It is an earthly paradise or a native Buroto, one of the "green islands of glittering seas" that a child might easily mistake for heaven. Steep volcanic hills break the outline of the coast, but their wildness is softened into loveliness by the rich vegetation which covers them from peak to foot. As you enter through the channel you see some planter's home with its little wharf, then a solitary white sail, then some islet wreathed in green with its base of white coral rock where the blue wavelets are lapping, then the whole panorama of the harbour opening before you. The port itself is only a small collection of European houses, still bearing traces of the recent hurricane. We had an ideal day, an atmosphere

Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and radiance of a dream.

In the afternoon the captain conducted the whole ship's party up Mount Talan. We were followed by some charming little Tongan maids from the native school. Before long each attached herself to some one of the ladies and acted as her guide and support in the ascent. To me fell the prettiest of them all, Saina, a chief's daughter. This pretty child of Nature had on nothing but a torn skirt, the usual sleeveless chemise and a string of blue beads round her neck; but she might easily pass for a forest princess with her graceful upright carriage and her clear and cloudless eyes. Part of her black

hair was caught up in a Greek knot, the rest flowed loose over her bare brown shoulders. She could not talk English, but conversed with smiles and caresses, and brought me many gifts of wild lilies and scarlet seed pods and branches of oranges, and a large shade-dock. Her elder sister, Vika, was of graver face, and her dress was black. She talked English quite well, but was shyer than Saina. It really was heart-rending to pay them a shilling each when we bade them good-bye on the ship; but the first thing a child of nature learns out here is the value of money. On the way up Talan we sat down once or twice in the forest shade and refreshed ourselves with drinking coconut milk and sucking oranges—Tonga fashion. Our little guides sat in a semi-circle in front of us, singing and performing in time with hands and arms. The track first wound through a thicket of coconut palms. Flowering grass like the toitoi, a plant with long green lily-like leaves, and a central stem bearing lilac flowers, the wild fern with its scarlet pods and many ferns bordered the pathway and tempted us to linger at every few steps. Part of the time we were passing under the overhanging boughs of a wild orange grove, and the golden fruit lay rotting around our feet. At the top the track goes up a steep bit of old grey coral rock heaved up this height from the sea. From the top the whole of the beautiful landscape lay spread before us, blue water and green land locked in a circling embrace. We had plenty of time for the descent, and it seemed impossible not to linger among these scenes. The afternoon was getting late and the colours were richer and deeper than before, golden and purple lights and shadows hung about the dense forest and the mountain peak, whose foot was hidden in vegetation. Here and there the wealth of greenery was starred with blossoms like those of the orange and of the stephanotis. Round every curve of the way we got glimpses of the blue harbour and its palmy shores. It was

"The sweet sista of a summer day,
When every flower was bloom and air was
blum,
And the first breath began to stir the
palm."

Byron takes his scenery and most of his inspiration for his "Island" from Mariner's Tonga, and he certainly had Vavau before his mind's eye, whether he called his scenes Toobonai or not, Vavau is the

"Sunny Isle
Where summer years and summer women
smile."

The harmony of purple hills, blue water and rich green forest, was just beginning to be transmuted by the molten gold and rose of sunset when the ship left the wharf. I looked for a last glimpse of my pretty island maid, but as soon as they had got their sixpences the whole poetic band had made off. A fair Tongan who had just come on board stood in the stern of the vessel, waving farewells and weeping, and occasionally gathering up her (sole) skirt in her hands to wipe away her tears. A throng of relatives and friends stood on shore waving—so great was their love—not pocket-handkerchiefs, but whole sheets.

As we passed up the channel the hush and solemn splendour of evening light in some deep recess of the mountains held possession of the wooded shore and of each islet and point, and the rose of the sky was reflected in the calm water. We put off from the steamer in an open boat to visit the famous cave of Vavau, said to be one of the most beautiful in the world. Daylight was fading, and we did not have the best view of it. The entrance seemed as pretty as anything else. The boat passed below a projecting ledge of rock over which drooped some lovely, nonokonoko trees, their graceful foliage pencilled clear against the evening sky. Inside are alcoves and arches and recesses coloured dim green and red, and the floor is the blue sea with branching coral visible through its transparent depths. Innumerable eav-lows, by hundreds and thousands, are clinging to the roof and walls, or fitting in and out so that the fluttering of their wings sounds like a hundred weavers' shuttles. One would think all the exiled tribes of Europe were wintering here. The sailors lit up the scene by firing up ship's rockets, so that we

saw it all in flashes and fiery showers of red and blue and green. It was the scenery of a South Seas opera. If we had only had Saina and Vika in a native canoe, characters and all would have been complete.

Vavau was the last port where we dropped anchor until we reached Samoa. But the days between our ports of call were not dead days. We were now sailing right through the "milky way of the Pacific." The sea was of a deep and glittering blue, peculiar to these latitudes, and the ship tossed up foam as white as a snowdrift about its path. Ever and again a silvery flying fish leapt up and skimmed over the surface, and now and then a long-tailed white frigate-bird flew past. A soft trade wind was blowing, and one could almost fancy music on the air and sea. Innumerable islets and atolls, far and near, broke the surface of the ocean. Especially between Lefuka and Vavau they clustered thickly together. We passed some close enough to see their coasts. Nearly all were low-lying, with narrow fringes of yellow-white beach, and rising shores of coconut palms. Later on we saw in the distance blue volcanic cones. Each atoll is formed by a ring of white breakers, surrounding shoal water of brilliant emerald, a vivid contrast to the sapphire sea outside. In some the brown reef was visible. One was but a ridge of sand, with green grass already growing over it. There one could see the whole process of coral formation, shoal and atoll, islet and full-grown island, and the peaks and lands that are the joint product of coral and volcanic action. The order of their coming up may be left for scientists to decide. The captain put the whole matter briefly before us. "Some think the coral's built up, and some think it's built down. The Americans sent out an expedition to Funafuti, and they proved their theory; then the English sent out another expedition somewhere else, and they proved the opposite. And you can believe whatever you like." He was equally sarcastic on the subject of the "brilliant shoal," an account of which he read to us. It was first "discovered" by a French vessel, and when the discovery was reported the

English Government sent out to make investigations, but not a trace of the brilliant shoal could they discover. A French man-of-war was then despatched, and to discomfort perdition Alphon the experts on board this time published a full, true and particular account of the soundings, etc. Two English ships of war then followed the French, and found that there was no such shoal in existence. It is evidently one of those phenomena which only Gallic eyes can discover. "And now," said the captain, rising, and concluding his discourse, "we are going to career after the brilliant shoal." We passed at a distance that extraordinary Falcon Isle, which actually has come up above the surface, gone down again under the sea, and then reappeared. Just now it is about the size of a whale's back. "What's one to do, with these jolly islands coming up and down?" the captain remarked, and when a lady solicitously asked whether he wouldn't prefer it to be visibly up, he merely replied, "I don't care a hang whether it's up or down so long as it keeps in the same place. I've nothing to do with turning 'em up or down." What he objected to was the idea of a new one popping up in a fresh place. "Fancy what fun you'd have," he said grimly, "if we were all suddenly shot up three thousand feet in the air. What letters you'd be writing to the papers, describing your sensations." "I suppose you don't get any sleep while we are in these dangerous seas?" said the sympathetic lady passenger. "No, ma'am," replied the captain, "I never sleep. I never eat. I never do anything but watch over the passengers' safety."

Approaching Samoa we native-born colonials saw for the first time Charles' Wain, in the night skies, a link to the Northern Hemisphere, and above all to England. We were (taken as a whole) singularly guileless of geographical knowledge, had no idea how or why we were losing twenty minutes a day, why we were presented at Samoa with an extra day in the week, and some did not know that the sun would not set or rise at the same time as in Dunedin, and were quite unaware that they were in the tropics.

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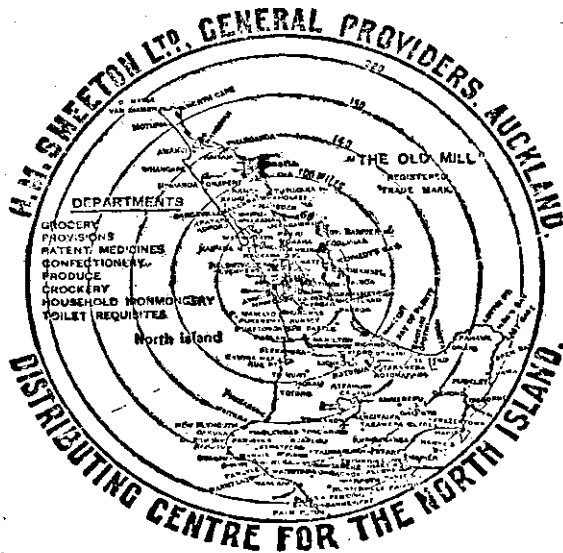
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This is the result of practically banishing geography from our schools and courses of education. Why in the world geography is neglected now, when it is more important than it ever was before, would surely puzzle Boards and Ministers of Education to tell. It is a serious defect when travelling. After we left Apia we passed away from the myriad islands, and it became an event to see even one. Not a ship nor steamer was in sight the whole fortnight except at the ports; only once we saw a faint trail of smoke far off on the horizon. At a little lonely island called Niauau, a wilderness of palms, famous for producing the finest coconuts in the South Seas, the captain entertained us with a sight not to be seen in any other part of the world. This was the sending off of the mail by a rocket, fired from the steamer. There are only five whites living on this island, a man, his wife and family, and there are almost a hundred Tongans. No steamers call, and here this white family lives alone, its only communication with the world occurring when this eccentric mail alights in its midst. We steamed so close to the steep shore that we saw the one wooden house and the native thatched buildings, and a little group of whites and "brownies" waiting for us. Two Auckland "Stars" and two letters were rolled up tight and put into one end of the case, and the rocket was fired from the deck, taking only eight seconds to reach its destination. This time it fell right into the midst of the group, but on other occasions it has had adventures. Once it was fired through the church, another time into the house, and another into the midst of a sow's litter. Wherever we touched at, except Apia, we brought the news of peace, and set the Union Jack floating over many a "coral strand." The first of the Fiji groups we saw was the pretty little island of Waitalangi. It is formed by two palmy headlands connected by a brown reef. A circular reef extends round this island, running far out to sea. The colouring was lovely. Inside the ring of tawny brown and tossing white surf, the shoal water was a brilliant emerald, the outer sea purple, the vegetation that covered the two hills added another hue of green, and the beach at the base was as white as ivory. Over all was the lighter blue of the sky.

Besides watching the lands and seas around, we had some entertainment in observing the crew and passengers. The whole lower deck was given up to the natives, and we had a good opportunity of studying them. I was principally struck by their unlimited capacity for doing nothing at all. Except for the nightly dance and chant, and for an occasional repast of bread and fish or the mauve-coloured cooked yams, they rarely roused themselves, but lay placidly rolled up in their mats and tappa, day and night. In the morning the more fastidious amongst them performed their toilette, the wife anointing the husband's head, hands and limbs with coconut oil. The whole place reeked of coconut oil.

We had a fairly distinguished lot of passengers. Finau, the Governor of Vavau, and his wife, travelled a day or two with us. His Excellency is a portly gentleman, with a general resemblance to the Friar of Orders Gray, who always

lived well, and with quite a Tongan estimate of his own importance. He was exceedingly conscientious at meal-times, and, in Walter Scott's phrase, "proved himself a valiant trencher-man," going through the whole menu with laudable zeal. Her Excellency lay sick upon the deck, her head supported by a Tongan man, who crouched by her side hour after hour and all day long. Finau's ancestor was that native chief of Tonga whose adventures enter into Mariner's famous book. The reigning king, for a freak, decided to distinguish his kava-bearers by lopping off their left arms. Finau and his brother, hearing this, brought to him tributary gifts, and passed the night in his neighbourhood. At midnight Finau and his followers secretly surrounded the king's house while his brother Tubu Neuba entered, and, passing by the royal wives, "the matchless beauties of Tonga, perfumed with the aroma of sandalwood and their necks strung round with wreaths of the freshest flowers," he reached the king's mat and roused him up to be butchered. Finau from that time forth reigned at Vavau, and allowed his brother to be assassinated by a son of the late king. Shortly before his own death, his dearly beloved little daughter fell ill, and sacrifices and prayers were in vain offered to the gods by the ruler of Vavau and his chiefs. She died, and the father, wrathful with the pitiless gods, insulted them by turning her funeral rites into a festivity—feasts and kava—drinking and combats. The child's body was anointed with sandalwood and oil, wrapped in yards of fine Indian muslin, laid in a cedar chest, and covered with wreaths of bright flowers. Finally it was laid inside a house where the father might always see it. He naturally enough died afterwards. Mariner describes him as an ambitious man, who would often wish the gods had made him King of England.

Towards the end of our voyage, after Finau had been left in his ancestral home at Vavau, we took on board the Princess Faainu, daughter of ex-King Malietoa of Samoa. Faainu was once the most celebrated beauty in the Islands. Her portrait appears in books of travels. This is how she appeared to the Earl of Pembroke, when she was in her early girlhood: "At last, under the eaves of the firing room, appeared a figure of strange loveliness, which fairly took my breath away. Shimmering in the golden setting sunlight, like a gem-stone statue, stood a live princess. Her face was a face one could dream of as that of the reigning beauty of the court of an early Tothmes." Faainu, who came down into our cabin at night and sat there melodiously discoursing when I wanted to go to sleep, is still a fair woman, but, truth to tell, she is decidedly matronly, and a good deal more than "inclined to nubpoint." She was dressed in semi-European style, wearing a loose wrapper with much soft muslin and lace about it. She is a voluntary exile from her native island, and lives at Levuka, but was going to Suva to the Coronation ball and other festivities. She is said still to dance the Samoan siva with the most perfect grace, but to be very shy of lowering her royal dignity in this way. There was also a Fijian


princess on board, variously described as a daughter or as a grand-daughter of Thakombau. This royal lady refused to pay her passage money—"Base is the slave who pays"—until the purser resolutely seized her box and bore it away into custody. We brought from Samoa to Suva Bishop Vidal, the great missionary of the Roman Catholic Church in the islands. Formerly Bishop of Abydos (the place where Byron located his "Bride"), Vidal was for fifteen years a missionary in Samoa. In 1887 he was appointed the first Vicar Apostolic in Fiji. In his first address he quoted Cardinal Manning's words, "Let us have schools first and then we shall build churches." He established several boarding schools, some for natives, some for Europeans, a school for Indians and Polynesians, and an orphanage. The field was pretty well occupied already by the Wesleyans, but the work of the Catholics is distinctly perceptible. Some relatives of Fiji's first governor (Sir Arthur Gordon) completed our list of notabilities on board, but amongst the "meaner throng" were several who had travelled, and had interesting tales to tell of famous Maori heroes, of Eden and its guileful natives, of Ceylon's spicy isle, of Niagara and the great Overland Route, and of the Land of the Rising Sun.

Life's Happiest Period.

When an ancient Greek philosopher was asked which he considered was the happiest time in a man's life, he promptly selected the period between the ages of forty and forty-five. On being pressed for the reasons which induced him to make this selection, the philosopher added: "At forty a man, if he be intelligent, has lost his illusions, and looks upon the world as it is, not as he would like it to be. He is still young enough to partake of the pleasures of youth, yet has sufficient experience never to permit his heart to rule his head; is moderate in all things, and wisely shy of hazardous enterprises." On being further asked which he considered the happiest time in a woman's life, the philosopher paused a long while, and when at last he replied he prefaced his answer by asserting that this was the more difficult question of the two. Finally he said: "When she is too old to be called a girl, and not old enough to be called a woman without the word 'young' prefixed to it. I am unable to be more definite, for the differences among women are greater than the differences among men. The healthy young woman sees only the brightest side of life, and to her vision the future is filled with golden possibilities of which the mental anticipation is delightful."

In this pronouncement it will be noted that the wise old Greek uses the word "healthy" in a qualifying

sense. Omit that word and the sentence at once loses more than half its truth. Here is a case which will prove our statement. "From the age of nineteen until I completed my twenty-third year, I did not know what it was to be well for a single day," writes Mrs. R. Huntley, of 15, Ultimo - road, Ultimo, Sydney, New South Wales, under date 19th June, 1902. "But for Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup it is doubtful if I should be here to-day to describe my experiences. My ailment was chronic biliousness and dyspepsia. Words are inadequate to convey a conception of my sufferings during that miserable period. I was then a tailor's machinist, employed in that capacity by Messrs. Godfrerson and Smith, of the Royal Arcade, Sydney. Ordinary food was poison to me, and I was obliged to exist on soda-water, milk, plain biscuits, and dry toast. Even that fare would sometimes distress me to an intolerable degree. My skin turned sallow, my eyes sunk and were surrounded by dark, hollow circles. I slept only by fits and starts, my slumbers being haunted and harassed by horrible dreams and nightmares. There was a dull continuous pain between my shoulders and in my right side. I grew thinner and thinner, until I was reduced to mere skin and bone, and became so weak that I could hardly walk to my place of business. Often the noise of my sewing-machine, and the close air of the workshop, would bring on a splitting headache that maddened me. Then there were fits of retching and vomiting, which troubled me with great frequency. When there was nothing in the stomach to come up, I would retch and strain until I became exhausted and faint, when my workmates would improvise a couch for me with their cloaks and jackets, and I would lie for hours unable to move. I was treated by three doctors; but I believe the medicines they prescribed irritated my stomach and did me more harm than good. After four years of misery I was persuaded to try what Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup could do for me, and within a few days began to mend at such a rate that everybody who knew me was amazed at the improvement in my condition. The vomiting ceased, the hue of health returned to my cheeks, my eyes brightened, and at the end of two months I was in every respect thoroughly cured."



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A HARBOUR EXCURSION.

A number of the delegates of the Australasian Institute of Mining Engineers and their lady relatives had the Harbour Board's launch *Kuaka* placed at their disposal by the chairman on Thursday afternoon. The secretary of the board, Mr. J. M. Brigham, met the delegates on the Queen-street wharf, and introduced them to Captain Robertson, of the *Kuaka*. It was the intention of the delegates to pay a visit of inspection to the Calliope Dock, and after a pleasant trip across the harbour the launch berthed alongside the dock wharf, where Mr. F. MacFarlane, engineer in charge of the works, received the visitors.

Mr. MacFarlane then showed the delegates over the plant. They were all highly pleased with the efficiency and completeness of the machinery. The opinion was expressed that in none of the docks the delegates had visited in the Australian States was machinery seen which could in any way compare with the up-to-date installation in this dock. The machinery was thought capable of executing any description of work that could possibly arise in a naval dockyard. Surprise was expressed, however, when it was stated that six hours were occupied in pumping the dock dry, as commercial docks of about the same size in other countries are emptied within an hour and a half. This was not considered a very grievous fault for a naval dock, for warships as a rule are not pressed for time. In time of war, however, this slow pumping would be a great disadvantage. The delegates mentioned that in Melbourne a mercantile dock of about half the size of Calliope Dock is being constructed, and it is stipulated in the plans that the pumps must be capable of discharging 100,000 gallons per minute. The Calliope pumps can only work at about 20,000 gallons per minute.

BUSINESS MEETING.

The Chairman in his presidential address said that when the mining boom was at its height six years ago the advent of a number of English, German and South African mining engineers caused a Mining Institute to be established in New Zealand. This, however, it was found impossible to maintain, and they therefore joined the Australasian Institute. The Chairman proceeded to refer to the changes of mining methods which had appeared year after year, and said it was very necessary that those in charge of mines should have sound practical experience as well as scientific knowledge. The tendency of those attending the various schools of mines was to underestimate this need. Electricity, he believed, would play a great part in the developments of the future in a country like New Zealand, where water power was so easily available. At the Huka Falls, for example, there was sufficient water running to waste to generate enough electricity to work the whole of the mines on the Hauraki Peninsula, light the city of Auckland, and run the electric trams. The future was pregnant with new problems, especially in relation to winding from deep workings and the improvement of ventilation at the higher temperatures. In the deepest bore known (in Silicia), 6571 feet, the temperature was found to be 53 degrees Fahr. at the surface and 157 degrees at the bottom, the increase being at the rate of one degree for every 63 feet of depth. In silver mines in Sierra Nevada, however, the increase was one degree for every 37 feet. But if they assumed increase at one degree for every 60 feet and a surface temperature of 55 degrees, then the temperature at a depth of 9420 feet would equal boiling point. The time was possibly not far distant when electricity would play a great part in the treatment of ores. In the Otago goldfields there were 171 dredging companies, with a total paid up capital of £826,471, or an average of £4833 per company; while in the Nelson district, including the West Coast, the number of companies was 59, with a total paid up capital of £202,017, or an average of £3408. Dredging was only just beginning to be used in Nelson. Dredging generally had made rapid advances, and could be carried out to a

depth of fifty feet below water, but further efficiency was foreshadowed for the future. In coal mines up to the present time there had not yet been discovered a perfectly safe explosive nor an instrument to show the actual percentage present of carbonic acid gas, the most deadly poisonous gas to be met with. Improvements made of late years in the extraction of bullion from ores by the cyanide solution had enabled formerly unprofitable portions of mines to be worked with a margin of profit, and no doubt the work of improvement would be progressive. In New Zealand auriferous and argentiferous ore was found in several rock formations, and in order to settle differences of opinion among geologists as to nomenclature some specimens were sent to Professor Sollas, in England. On the Northern fields there existed propylite, andesite, rhyolite, dacite, trachite, and slates, the latter being the basement rocks of the Hauraki Peninsula; while in the South Island the ore bodies occurred in schists and carboniferous slates. New Zealand was a country abounding in minerals in complex forms, which had necessitated many experiments for the extraction of bullion on economic lines. Much remained to be learned, but New Zealand could claim to have led Australasia in driving stamp batteries and dredges by electricity.

The paper dealt exhaustively with many leading questions in practical mining and was intently listened to.

Mr E. J. Rigby moved a vote of thanks to the chairman, and observed that the paper had given much valuable information on the little understood subject of dredge mining, for which he had sought in vain in Australia.

Mr P. G. Morgan seconded and the vote of thanks was carried with acclamation.

Mr Morgan then read a paper by Mr McKay, Government geologist, of New Zealand, on "The geology of the Hauraki Peninsula," with special reference to the probable age and character of the igneous rocks, which were probably of carboniferous and not tertiary age. Much controversy, however, still existed on the subject.

A paper by Mr E. Jenitsky concerning the Wyalong Goldfields was read by the treasurer and acting secretary, Mr S. B. Hunter, and provoked a lengthy discussion.

Mr Grimmond moved a vote of thanks to the writer of the paper, and this was seconded by Mr Morgan, who opened a discussion as to the relative merits of charcoal versus zinc precipitation, and asked for information concerning the Wilfley tables mentioned in the paper.

Mr Rigby, who was asked to supply the information, said the Wilfley table was a transversely inclined concentrator having an end motion designed to give a forward travel to the ore material, and has on its surface a series of riffles which ended in a diagonal line at the concentrate delivery end. The material was stratified by the shaking motion in the riffles, and was separated on the smooth portion of the table at the ends of the riffles by a current of clear wash water delivered along the top edge. The Wilfley tables had been introduced about three years in the Australian colonies, and upwards of 500 of the machines were used in 200 different mines already, and were fast supplanting other types of concentrating machines.

Further discussion followed, and shortly after ten o'clock the conference passed a vote of thanks to the chairman, and adjourned till 10 a.m. this morning, when other papers will be read.

Two Ministerial telegrams were read to the meeting.

The Hon. Jas. McGowan, Minister for Mines, wired: "I trust conference now being carried on by yourself and conference is being held under favourable auspices, and that it may be productive of good both to those present and to the mining interests in the Australasian States and New Zealand. I sincerely hope that the sojourn of the visiting members in this colony may prove enjoyable, and that time will permit of their travelling to the different mining centres."

The Rt. Hon. R. J. Seddon, Premier, wired: "I regret exceedingly I have not been able to be present with you at your meeting. There will be many matters brought up for discussion of an impor-

tant character, and fraught with large potentiality, and which will greatly benefit our colonies. Both New Zealand and Australia are very much behind with respect to engineering and the manufacture of iron and steel, as well as of engines, oils and machinery. Both countries are naturally adapted and richly gifted, and we should aim at making our countries as self contained in these respects as beneficent Nature intended. Notwithstanding the drawbacks now existing in respect to their training, our youths have excelled, and have been proved to be well equipped. They have filled positions within and without the colonies with great credit to themselves and satisfaction to those who accepted their services. The engineering and mining associations have been of universal good, and have given to the world information of a technical and practical character which has assisted in its advancement, and hence I look forward with hope and confidence to the Australasian Institute following in the footsteps of the associations in other countries, doing an inestimable series of benefits in the good work you have in hand, and I wish you every success."

Proceedings were continued on Friday at the Museum buildings, Princess-street. Mr H. A. Gordon, president, occupied the chair. The meeting decided to forward the following telegram to the Right Hon. R. J. Seddon: "Many thanks for kind message, remarks much appreciated, regret your unavoidable absence." Also another to the Hon. James McGowan, Minister for Mines, thanking him for his kind message and good wishes, and regretting he was unable to attend. Regret was also expressed that the visitors were unable, owing to want of time, to visit the mining centres in the South Island.

RISE AND FALL OF DRY CRUSHING.

Mr Morgan read an interesting paper on the rise and fall of dry crushing on the Hauraki goldfields. He referred to the days before the cyanide process was known. He mentioned that in the early days wet crushing, with pan amalgamation and berdans, proved equal to the requirements of the ores at Thames and Coromandel, where the gold was mostly in visible particles, with not a large percentage of silver to be dealt with. A similar process was at first adopted at Karangahake, Waitakauri, and Waihi. At the latter place the old Martha Company crushed no less than 18,000 tons of ore, worth on an average £4 per ton, yet the average return obtained was less than £1 per ton, consequently the shareholders parted with a property worth millions for what they considered a good price, viz., £3000. About 1887, the year McArthur-Forrest patented the cyanide process of gold extraction, dry crushing was tried by the Waikato Company, which had acquired the Martha and adjacent properties. Thirty head of stamps were put up near the Union Hill, and this plant was the first dry crushing one in New Zealand. In many respects it was far ahead of other plants of those days. The average extraction then was 60 per cent. to 70 per cent. of gold and about 45 per cent. of silver. One great drawback was the clouds of dust generated. In 1882 wet crushing was tried and abandoned. In 1889 the New Zealand Crown Mines Company at Karangahake erected a small dry crushing plant, and adopted the cyanide process. That was one of the first, if not the first, plants erected in the world for the use of the cyanide process in conjunction with dry crushing. The re-

full was so satisfactory that in a few years the system was adopted by the Waikato Company, and throughout the Ohinemuri district. The effect was to give a great impetus to mining generally in the Ohinemuri district. In 1897 Mr F. Daw, of the New Zealand Crown Mines, fitted up a small wet crushing plant in conjunction with the cyanide, and was soon adopted throughout the whole of that company's reduction works. The system was tried by the Waikato, with success in 1902, and at the beginning of this year was universally adopted in the Ohinemuri district, which brought the reign of dry crushing to an end. Mr Morgan then gave a detailed description of the dry crushing system. Mr Morgan said that dry crushing was useful in its day, but was responsible for a great deal of suffering. It did not lend itself to the treatment of complex ores met with at the lower levels. At the same time, it was probably the best commercial method for dealing with the clean ore from the upper levels.

Mr Hunter asked whether generally there had been a great loss of gold in the past in New Zealand.

Mr Gordon: There is not the slightest doubt of that.

Mr Grimmond: About 25 per cent. in the early days.

Mr Gordon said he was quite certain that in the early days not more than 50 per cent. of the gold was saved. There were no assayers in those days, and managers were satisfied that they were saving 75 per cent. to 80 per cent.

MILLING IN NEW ZEALAND.

The president submitted an exhaustive paper tracing the history of milling auriferous ore in New Zealand, in which he gave full details of the various processes adopted in different parts of the colony. Mr Gordon pointed out that no one system of treatment was suitable for all classes of ore in New Zealand. In the South they had almost free gold, that could be simply treated, the only difficulty being the economical concentration of the pyrites. In some of the ores float gold existed, which escaped from the ordinary battery, and had to be saved by other methods. It was only within the last five years that systematic attempts had been made to save the float gold. In the North Island the ores were of a very complex character. No two mines, even if adjacent to each other, had bullion of the same character, the bullion being mixed with silver as well as with other metals and mineral substances. At Te Aroha, for instance, the Champion lode, Tui Creek, contained a very large percentage of galena; and was extremely difficult to treat satisfactorily. Even shipments sent to smelters at Swanson and Friberg only returned a small percentage of the assay value of the ore. The different nature of the ores in the Hauraki goldfields was shown by the fact that at Coromandel the bullion was £3 3/4 per oz., Thames £2 12/, and Ohinemuri as low as 25/, and in the latter district ore worth £10 per ton showed no free gold. A mass of valuable data was furnished by Mr Gordon regarding mill methods and gold saving generally in this colony.

Another paper was submitted by Mr Seale on gold dredging in Otago.

In the afternoon the visiting members inspected the Northern Roller Mills, Messrs. Fraser and Sons' Foundry, and the railway workshops. In the evening a dinner was given at the Central Hotel, and on Saturday morning the members left for the Thames on a visit of inspection to the mines and batteries. From Paeroa they proceed to Rotorua.

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Stamp Collecting.

The growth of surcharged stamps is beginning to have the result of causing collectors to question whether they are worth collecting as distinct varieties. A catalogue has already appeared in Paris which does not include surcharged stamps. South American Republic should note this fact.

Collecting fiscal stamps is evidently growing in popularity, and it would be well for holders of New Zealand revenue stamps of the early days not to part with them too readily. Recently a gentleman in London offered to pay £1000 for a fine collection of fiscals.

The "Metropolitan Philatelist" has a protest against stamp catalogues. In referring to collecting fiscals the writer states: "Many things can be said in their favour, but that which is most likely to attract converts is the absence of a catalogue, practically putting every amateur on the same footing. In its day the catalogue was a great institution and help to stamp collecting, but that day has passed; its principal use at the present time is to act as a scarecrow, and show would-be collectors the impossibility of having a complete collection."

A new letter card is to be issued next month in this colony. It has been designed by an old Auckland boy, Mr G. N. Sturtevant, of the Government Printing Office, Wellington. On the address side are the Royal arms and the words "New Zealand." The letter card stamp at the right hand top corner is of plain design. At the bottom and left hand is a typical stretch of New Zealand beach,

with Maoris and a canoe. A clump of nikau palms and cabbage trees appears at the side. The back of the card bears vignette pictures of New Zealand scenery and genre. This will no doubt mean that the supply of 13 letter cards surcharged "one penny" is about done.

"I was born in 1862," remarked a gentleman this week. An enthusiastic stamp collector promptly said: "Pity your father did not buy you 100 of the penny New Zealand stamps issued that year." "Why?" asked the gentleman. "It would only have meant locking up 8/4," replied the collector, "and I could get you £20 each for them." The gentleman walked sadly away ruminating upon the fact that there was money in stamp collecting if 8/4 could increase to £2000 in 41 years. The issue that year was rouletted, and on pelure paper, which, being so very flimsy, resulted in few stamps being saved undamaged. These are now so scarce that some catalogues do not even quote a price.

A correspondent from the Thames enquires if Niue and Penrhyn Islands have issued 3d., 6d., and 1s. stamps; also whether there are any varieties in the water marks. So far we have not seen any stamps from these islands over the 2d, but one of the London Philatelic journals publishes a letter from a contributor, which states that the higher values are on sale at Penrhyn Island. It was also stated some time ago that the higher values were to be issued for both islands. If they are, they will no doubt be on the current issue of New Zealand stamps, on what is called Cowan permanent paper, single lined water mark, Star, N.Z.

The same correspondent also asks whether all the present New Zealand stamps are now printed on permanent

paper and perforated 11 all round. The answer to this query is that as supplies of the higher values on the other papers run out, they are appearing on the new paper, which it is to be hoped, will be permanent, for we have had somewhat too many changes already in the lower values. The water mark of the new stamps is the single line Star, N.Z., and the usual perforation is 14, though in the 3d. and 1d. values they may be found occasionally compared 11 x 14. Appended is a list showing the varieties in the lower values since the universal penny post was adopted:

- 1.—Waterlow, thick soft paper, double-lined Star, N.Z.
 - 3d. Perf. 11, 4 shades, green, yellow ditto, bronze ditto, dark ditto.
 - 1d. Perf. 14.
 - 1d. Perf. 14 x 11.
 - 1d. Perf. 11 x 14.
 - 1d. Perf. 11, 2 shades.
 - 1d. Perf. 14.
- 2.—Basted Mills, thin hard paper, double-lined Star, N.Z.
 - 3d. Perf. 14.
 - 1d. Perf. 14 x 11.
 - 1d. Perf. 11 x 14.
 - 1d. Perf. 14.
 - 1d. Perf. 14 x 11.
 - 1d. Perf. 11 x 14.
 - 1d. Perf. 11.
- 3.—Cowan's, no watermark.
 - 1d. Perf. 14.
 - 1d. Perf. 14.
 - 1d. Perf. 14 x 11.
- 4.—Cowan, permanent paper, single-lined, Star, N.Z.
 - 3d. Perf. 14.
 - 1d. Perf. 14, pale.
 - 1d. Perf. 11 x 14.
 - 1d. Perf. 14, blued.

All the issues except No. 4, Cowan's, single-line Star, N.Z., should be scarce in the future, as they were only in use a short while. Another issue that should become valuable is the 6d. printed

on thicker paper, with no water mark excepting the trade mark in the centre of each sheet, "Lisbon Superfine." These were only issued for a short while, and the new ones are on the permanent paper. It was the extraordinary demand for 3d. and 1d. stamps when the universal penny post was introduced that caused the varieties of paper to be used.

The 13 pence black stamp of Canada is catalogued at 500 dollars, and one on an envelope sold in London for £120. The rarity of this stamp is due to the fact, first of all, that there were not many collectors in 1851, coupled with the fact that the postage to England at that time being 1/ sterling, and owing to depreciated currency these stamps were sold at a little under that figure, they would not frank a letter to the Mother country. The reason for the value being expressed 12-pence rather than one shilling was that in territory adjacent to the United States the expression "shilling" was used for 12 cents, about 6d., and in other localities "shillings" of different valuations were used, but 12-pence could mean nothing but twelve pennies, or one shilling sterling.

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Jacko's Revenge.

CHAPTER I
EARLY DAYS.

Black Jacko was not very old, but he could remember things that had happened to him a long way back in his short life. His first memory was of a brilliant summer day in a pleasant green paddock, where he trotted beside his fond mother, and at times refreshed his weak, lanky limbs with a gorgeous roll upon the turf. In that far off time there was nothing to do but eat and sleep, and sleep and eat, and the daily burdens and perils of a donkey's life were as yet unknown to him.

His next memory was of a very different kind. He lay dreaming the grateful taste of carrots and garden things of which he had just had his first experience, when a rough voice and his mother's warning cry aroused him, and he scrambled to his feet only to see the paddock gate closed in his face and to realise that for the first time in his life he was alone!

And then it seemed to him, as he looked back, that the very next instant the rude boys climbed the fence and jumped upon his poor weak back and rode him round and round the field until he tumbled in every limb from fright and sheer exhaustion; and one, more brutal than the rest, hit him a stunning blow over the right eye and raised a hard lump that almost prevented him from seeing at all for the rest of his life. With some slight satisfaction he could still remember that, taught by some natural instinct, he had then, for the first time, planted his forefeet firmly on the ground, and kicked up his heels high into the air, and he and his rider were at once face to face. The features of that face he had never forgotten, and Jacko had never been taught that it was his duty to forgive. But the lad was nimble, and managed to scramble clear of Jacko's flying heels, and Jacko was left to moan with his smarting eye, obstinately resolved to have his revenge some day.

And those terrible boys had played him yet another trick, since when he had never been known to utter more than a silly little squeal, and no one had ever heard him give a good thumping "her-haw." For these same cruel boys had caught him asleep and tied a tin can and a heavy weight to his tail, and had roared to see his agony as the can bumped here and there. And the wright had done his tail some real damage, making it painful to lift.

After that there was a period of much hard work, hard blows, and not too much food. Jacko's master did all kinds of odd jobs, and the donkey-cart was useful in hauling loads, some of them so heavy that the donkey's master often had to put his own shoulder to the wheel to aid him; otherwise Jacko would have fallen in his traces, and the stores would have been upset. It was a hard life, and there was not much spirit left in poor Jacko.

And then a wonderful thing happened! For it came to pass that Jacko's master fell on evil times, and, needing a little ready cash, led Jacko one day to the big house near, and into a comfortable new donkey-house that had been built up against the side of the gardener's cottage, and giving him a last lump by way of farewell, left him there and departed to receive two golden sovereigns for the exchange. And soon it transpired that the good Grannie had sent a beautiful four-wheeled donkey-chaise, smartly painted in black and red, the very image of her own landau at home. This was Grannie's gift to her little grandchildren, and with it there came a case of bright new harness, black too, with charming red rosettes upon the bridle. And more than this: for Grannie had given orders for the purchase of a donkey, and there was no question from the very first but that it must be a black one, and not too large.

Presently the children came bursting in to welcome their new pet; to kiss his tired face, and stroke his injured eye, while nurse filled the rack with the sweetest of scented hay, and littered the floor with a bed of dried leaves and warm straw. And the eldest boy, with no thought of fear, mounted on his back; and, as he sat there in happiness and pride, Jacko munched and munched, and now and then his tail gave a feeble twist, and he uttered a silly little



CHILDREN'S PAGE.



Cousins' Badges.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—Numbers of my companions have become cousins, and they have asked me to join, so if you will have me I should be very pleased. I have not yet left school, but I am hoping that I shall do so soon. The weather at Auckland has been something terrible, especially for summer; but we are still in hopes that it will change. Now that the Christmas holidays are over, I suppose, the teachers will think that we have had enough of enjoyment, and make us work harder than ever for the coming exam. Now I must conclude, dear Cousin Kate,—From Mabel. P.S.—Would you mind sending me a badge?

[Dear Cousin Mabel,—You will already have received a cousin's badge, and I hope you will like it. I now write to tell you that I shall be most pleased to have you among the cousins. Your sister is a cousin, as you know, and it is nice to have two sisters writing to us. They no doubt see much the same things, but they see them through different eyes, and that makes their letters all the more interesting.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I will not be able to write very often now, as I am going to Wellington to Miss Freeman's boarding school, and most of the time will be occupied; but I have never been a good hand at writing. I did not try for the holiday competition, as I looked at the wrong date, and was too late for it. I see in the "Graphic" dated January 31st that you have four new cousins. We are having horrid weather here in Picton just now; half the morning fine, then the rest of the day wet, sometimes south-east, and other times no wind at all. What sort of weather are you having in Auckland, Cousin Kate? I went for a very long ride on my bicycle the other day, right out to Koromiki, and on the way out we called into a friend's place to dinner; my two sisters came with me. I punctured the front wheel of my bicycle, and though it was blown up once or twice it went down directly afterwards, and so I rode home with my tyre flat. I must leave off now, with love to you and all the cousins, and I will write as often as I can.—I remain, Cousin Rosie.

Dear Cousin Rosie,—I should be sorry to think there is any chance of losing you as a correspondent. But you

need not forget us even when you are at the boarding school. I shall be most pleased to get a letter now and then from Miss Freeman's saying how you are getting on, and I am sure the other cousins will look forward to a description of your new life. I hope you will like the school, and get on well with your studies. The weather in Auckland has not been much better, I am afraid, than what you have been getting in Picton. We do get a few good days now and then, but the quantity of dull and rainy days we have to put up with is more than we ever expect at this season of the year. I know from experience what it is to puncture the tyre of a bicycle. Once I remember having to walk nearly fifteen miles on this account. As, in your case, the air would not keep in the tyre, and nothing that I could do was of any use. I tried putting water in the tube, which is said to succeed when other means fail, but without any success. Now, don't forget to write to me.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have received the badge which you so kindly sent me, and I think it is very pretty. I showed it to some of my friends, and they said they should be very pleased to join your little band. I told them to write and ask you if they could join, and they said they would, and I think three of them have already done so. The last three days we have had the best of weather, but it always seems to be fine for school and wet when we are having our holidays. Last Saturday afternoon I went to a matinee called "Man to Man," which was held in the Opera House. At first I did not care about going, but as four of my friends were taking part in it they asked me to go and see how they took their part, I went, and liked it very much. Now, as I have to have my singing lesson, I must say good-bye.—With love, from Cousin Ivy.

[Dear Cousin Ivy,—I am so glad you like the badge, and that your friends admired it. Tell any of them how pleased I shall be if they join our little band. As you say, it does often seem to be fine when the schools are re-opening, while it is raining during the holidays, just when we particularly want it to be fine. So you went to see "Man to Man" at the Opera House. I believe it was a very exciting play. How are you getting on with your singing?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—We started school last Monday, and I suppose we have to look forward now to our midwinter holidays, but they are a long way off yet. I went up to the camp this afternoon and enjoyed myself very much. They are coming out of camp on Wednesday evening. Sergeant-major Rogers is up from Auckland drilling them. The Pilot is expected here either next Wednesday or next Thursday. All the volunteers were marched down from camp on Sunday evening, for the purpose of having church parade at Omarepe. When are you going to have any more competitions for the most regular cousins? I think it is about time we had another ingenuity competition. I think some of the cousins are getting very lazy about writing now. I go in for a swim every day now. My little pony, which I call "Ladysmith," has been lame for about three weeks, and she is not quite better yet. As there is nothing else to tell you I must close this letter, with love to yourself and all the other cousins. So good-bye.—I remain, yours truly, Cousin Newton.

[Dear Cousin Newton,—I suppose you find it very dull to be back at school again after the holidays, but you will soon get into the way of work again, and the time will pass so quickly that the midwinter holidays will be here before you know it. As it is, I think you manage to get a fair amount of enjoyment out of your school days. It is not everybody who has a pony. Boys and girls in town have to do without pets of that kind. You seem to have enjoyed the camp very much. It is so interesting to see the little town of tents and everything so orderly. Doesn't it make you think of actual fighting? You like the competitions, do you? Well, I am just now trying to think out a good one for you.—Cousin Kate.]

Little Red Riding Hood With a New Ending.

'Twas a lovely morning when through the wood Off went Little Red Riding Hood With a basket full of the nicest things, Cakes and honey and chickens' wings, To take to her grandmamma old and grey, At her cot in the wood, this festive day. So she tripped along in her crimson cowl, When right to her path she heard a growl, And with gleaming teeth a grey wolf stood, And snarled at Little Red Riding Hood.

"Where do you go, my child?" he said. "With sweets to my grandmamma, sick in bed. You surely won't eat me up, I know. Please, Mr Wolf, do let me go."

She turned aside with a frightened air And ran; and the wolf stood blinking there. But only a moment, then he flew With powerful strides the forest through. He reached the cottage ahead of her; He forced the door, but he heard no stir. As he peered and pricked and peked about, For Granney, by chance, had just gone out. "Aha," said the Wolf, "I'll don her cap, And her night gown white, and pretend to nap. And when Red Riding Hood comes—Oho! I'll eat her up and her sweets, also."

So he donned the gown and the ribboned cap And jumped in bed as there came a rap; And in walked Little Red Riding Hood With her basket brimming with scrumptious food.

"Oh, Granney," she said, as the Wolf she spied, "Your eyes shine bright—and they're big and wide."

"The better to see you with, my dear," Said the cruel Wolf, "Won't you please come near?"

"But your voice is hoarse." "I've a cold," he said. "And how large your teeth." Then he jumped from bed As "The better to eat you with," he cried.

Just at that moment the door flew wide, And into the room ran Grandmamma grey, And I wish I'd been there to see the way She went for the Wolf. The blows fell thick On his tawny hide, from her walking stick.

"I'll teach you to wear my gown," she said, "And crumple the sheets on my nice, clean bed." "Oh, stop," cried the Wolf, "and I'll be good To you and Little Red Riding Hood. I'll be your slave, and I'll guard your house— I'll frighten away each rat and mouse."

"Well, see that you do," the dame replied. So they chained the wolf to a post outside.

He never growls, but if after dark A tramp appears, how that wolf can bark. He's learned such tricks. He will sit and beg For a sugar lump or a turkey's leg. In fact, if you by the house should jog To-day, you'd think he was just a dog.

sneal. Truly paradise was opened to Jacko, and fortune was very kind! But still down in his heart there was the memory of that blow that all but killed his sight, and of that weight that wrenched his tail.

CHAPTER II

JACKO FINDS HIS VOICE ONCE MORE.

After his hard experience of hauling coals and sand, it was easy work for Jacko to draw the well-oiled chaise with the feather-weights within it, and in a week or two his spirit revived, the little narrow shafts began to be a tight fit, and once or twice an unusual friskiness came upon him, which frightened nurse so much that she reported it to the master.

"He's getting too fat," was all he said; "he wants more work. We'll put him on the garden roller a bit."

And so, for two hours a day, Jacko was harnessed to the big water-roller, and the lawn and the gravel paths were made trim and more beautiful to look upon than ever. To Jacko this was a sad reversal of fortune, and at times he grew very tired, but there was always his cosy house to return to at the close of his work, his warm bed to roll on, and an unstinted supply of food in his rack. The work was very wholesome, and soon Jacko's condition was pronounced to be very fit.

Stretched one evening upon his bed of straw, sleep had come quickly to Jacko. The gravel had been stickier than usual, and Jacko was tired, and lay very still. Outside, the night was dark; for, though there was a moon, heavy clouds kept passing over its face. So Jacko slept on undisturbed. But suddenly he was wide awake! With ears erect, he listened to noises outside—a scratching on the walls, low voices in whispered dispute. "Look out! I can't find the door. What fools we were not to bring a light!"

"Tush! Quietly now." And a hand came tapping gently along to find where the wood-work began.

"I don't believe the bikes are here at all. They are in the coach-house, I expect, after all."

"I tell you this is the new bike-house, and—and—look out! here's the latch."

The door was stealthily opened, and Jacko could just make out the outline of the two thieves as they entered, groping here and there for the bicycles they had come to steal. Around the further wall they came, till they were brought up sharply by Jacko's manger and water-pail, and just then the moonlight streamed through the open door. With one bound, Jacko was on his feet, tugging at the hateful halter that held him so securely. Round went his hind feet in a wide circle that sent the water-pail clattering against the wall. Sparks flew from his little iron shoes, and in the bright light of the moon his white teeth gleamed from his open mouth. The thieves had fled, and this odious rope had balked the angry Jacko of his revenge! For Jacko had seen a well-remembered face. The first and foremost thief was his tormentor, who had tortured him in the old days with blows upon the head, and racked his tail with weights and hideous clanking pots and pans! An insufferable fury choked the angry Jacko as he hurled himself here and there, tugging at the rope to get free; till at last, with a mightier effort, he felt a newborn power within him, and the infuriated Jacko trumpeted a loud and defiant bray! Jacko had found his voice!

No wonder that the gardener flung up his window at the sound, and descended in alarm to learn the meaning of the noise. But the boys had decamped scot-free, and everything seemed quite secure. The gardener, however, found Jacko in a white foam, with rolling eyes and bared teeth; and after rubbing him down with a cloth, went back to tell his wife that "the donkey must have had a fit, and perhaps that water-roller was a bit too heavy for him, poor beast."

CHAPTER III

JACKO PAYS OFF OLD SCORES.

A month or two had passed, and Jacko was now accounted a docile, trustworthy animal, too sedate to repeat his former pranks, and too proud and fond of his master's children to imperil

their safety by any ill-timed skittishness again. Even nurse was now content to give up the reins to the eldest boy and let him drive, though she felt bound to keep well within reach of Jacko's bridle. "In case," she said, "anything should happen."

The July sun was very hot in the village street, and the flies were very annoying to Jacko, as he leisurely drew the chaise full of children up to the gate that led to the farm-house yard. He was instantly obedient when nurse bade him "Whoa!" beneath the big, shady tree, and proceeded to unload her charges from the carriage. Nurse wanted eggs and butter, and the children with one voice demanded to alight that they might see the "Cock-a-doodles" and the "Piggy-wigs."

"Come in, come in," said the cheery farmer's wife. "I daresay the donkey will stand a moment till I find the boy. I'll shout for him. Herbert! Herbert! Go and hold the donkey. And now come in, my dears."

And Jacko, left alone, promptly went to sleep.

"My sakes alive!" thought Jacko, as approaching footsteps aroused him from his nap. "Why can't they leave me alone a bit longer?"

A moment more, and a heavy hand on his bridle and a taunting voice that he knew, awakened in Jacko all the stinging memories of his old days. In a flash his eyes were opened, and he knew that his old enemy was at last within his reach, and that the hour of revenge was at hand.

With one quick twist, the infuriated Jacko wrenched the bridle free from his tormentor's hand, spinning him half round by the very impetuosity of the onset. And then, forgetful of all except that his hour had arrived, he bared his vicious-looking teeth, and with his old sily little sneal, seized the boy's trousers and nipped them hard. The boy roared lustily for help, but Jacko held on and blundered madly on, pushing his captive before him, on—he knew not where; heeding nothing but that his grip was still secure. A horse-path sloped abruptly towards the left just beyond the farmer's hedge, and down this the panting Jacko madly pushed his prey.

"Mercy on us!" screamed the farmer's wife from the other side of the garden hedge. "The donkey's run away! Hold him, Herbert! Catch him, somebody!"

But for all answer there was one loud splash—and then all was still.

"He's in the horse-pond!" she cried. And Nurse ran out into the road screaming, "My nice new carriage too!"

But horse-ponds are not deep—only very muddy. Jacko was triumphant, and the boy was very scared. "I'll pay you out for this, you nasty beast," he blubbered. But a gruff voice on the bank behind him checked him at once.

"No, you won't, you young rascal! You deserve all you've got. I've had my eye on you ever since you ill-treated the donkeys down there in the paddock, and if I could have caught you, I'd have given you a good hiding on my own account. I think, mum," continued the policeman, as he drew the donkey and chaise out of the pond, and helped to wipe the mud from the wheels: "I think you need not have any fear of this donkey any more, as long as you are kind to him. But those boys are terrible cruel to the poor beasts, and I'm right glad this one has got his deserts."

CHARLES J. PUGH.

The Way to Shadowtown.

Sway to and fro in the twilight grey,
This is the ferry for Shadowtown.
It always sails at the end of day,
Just as the darkness closes down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder—so:
A sleepy kiss is the only fare,
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I in the rocking chair.

See, where the fire logs glow and spark,
Glimmer the lights of the Shadowland.
The riding drops on the window-burk
Are rippling tapping upon his strand.

There, where the interior is glancing dim,
A lake lies shimmering, cool, and still;
Blossoms are swaying o'er its brink—
Those over there on the window sill.

Rock slow, more slow in the dusky light,
Silently lower the anchor down.
Dear little passenger, say "Good-night,"
We've reached the harbour of Shadowtown.

Think Before You Speak.

"Think twice before you speak once," is an old adage that has been a thousand times justified. It is the thoughtless speaker whose tongue continually leads him away.

A writer relates an anecdote of an English guest, who at a breakfast table declined sugar with his coffee. "I never take sugar unless the coffee is very bad indeed, you know," said he to his hostess. Presently he added, after tasting the coffee, "May I trouble you for the sugar?"

Another blunder of the same sort was made by an American, who was breakfasting with a friend, and, to the surprise of his hostess, declined coffee.

"I thought you always took it?" said she.

"I do at home," jocosely said the guest, "but that's because my wife gives me so little to eat. When there isn't much for breakfast, I take coffee."

The conversation drifted into some interesting channel, and he quite forgot his peculiar excuse. Later, when the aroma of the coffee struck him more and more temptingly, he said: "Mrs. A., I should so much like a cup of coffee."

His feelings may be imagined at the burst of laughter which followed.

Didn't Pay.

Owing to the illness of his regular errand boy, a doctor some weeks ago engaged a new lad named Tommy. Tommy was a jewel, and when Joe, the former messenger, was convalescent, the doctor was loth to let Tommy go. But Joe wanted to come back, and pleaded with his former employer.

A way out of the dilemma seemed to present itself, for the doctor said: "Joe, if you can put the other boy out you can get your situation back."

"Do you mean that I must thrash him?"

"That's about it."

"All right."
When the doctor returned to his office that night he met a sight he

never bargained for. The glass in the door was smashed into smithereens. A marble clock on the mantel was minus dial, glass or hands, and a handsome office chair reposed on three legs; but Joe was in victorious possession, nursing a swollen cheek.

"Tommy's gone," he said, with a grin.

The doctor said nothing, but as he made a silent survey of the wreck of his gods he imagined the scene that had preceded the eruption, and made a mental vow never to advise harsh measures again.

Drive the Nail.

Drive the nail right, boys,
Hit it on the head;
Strike with all your might, boys,
Ere the time has fled,
Lessons you've to learn, boys,
Study with a will;
They who reach the top, boys,
First must climb the hill.

Standing at the foot, boys,
Gazing at the sky,
How can you get up, boys,
If you never try?
Though you stumble off, boys,
Never be downcast;
Try, and try again, boys,
You will win at last.

Ever persevere, boys,
Though your task is hard;
Till and happy trust, boys,
Bring their own reward.
Never give it up, boys,
Always say you'll try;
You will gain the crown, boys,
Surely by and by.

Made a Mistake.

A few years ago a certain football club acquired a reputation for rough play, and in a match they played with one team this feature so developed itself that, before the game was many minutes old, three of the home side were hors de combat.

Finding that expostulation was useless, retaliation was indulged in. While a fierce-looking scrimmage was in progress, the loud, clear voice of one of the home men was heard as he thus rebuked a comrade:

"I say, Tom, do look out! It was the ball you kicked that time!"



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What to Do With Christmas Presents.

(By Crusty Tom.)

A great hue and cry is always raised in the magazines and newspapers every Christmas about what to buy for Christmas presents, what present is most suitable for papa, mamma, Uncle John, Aunt Clara, little Bob, daughter Fanny, Uncle Bill, the rest, and others, and also a large number of household hints on the making of pretty presents at home. But there is a much graver problem about which the magazine household hints say absolutely nothing. That is the question as to what shall be done with Christmas presents on the morning after Christmas. I will now tender some suggestions that should be of great service to all the numerous recipients of Christmas presents.

Papa's smoking jacket—To papa, who does not smoke, and who has received a red, green and blue smoking jacket that is eighteen sizes too small, we should suggest that the smoking jacket have the sleeves cut off and be used as a house flag.

Christmas slippers do not burn well in the grate, giving off too much smoke, but they are nice to throw at cats at night.

Christmas neckties should never be worn by the recipient. They should all be expressed to some deaf, dumb and blind institute. There their loudness will disturb nobody, and their colours will not be painful to the eyes, and the helpless inmates cannot protest against them.

Christmas cigars should never be used until they are packed five weeks in chloride of lime, and then dried for four days in sulphur smoke. They can then be used with impunity, but it would be wise never to smoke them except in the open air, or, better still, in the mathematical centre of a forty-acre field.

Christmas books made especially for the holiday trade should be sent by those who receive them, without delay, to Fozzie McFozzelum, who will ship them to the natives of Jikalizzeleloo, on the Upper Nile. As these natives cannot read English, and will only use the books for gun wadding, it will be readily observed that the books cannot be put to a better purpose.

Two Suppers.

The little Greenland Eskimo For supper has—oh, don't you know? A piece of blubber, nothing more. And that he eats upon the floor. And often wants another slice. Because it is so fat and nice.

No table has wee Eskimo. He lives where all is ice and snow; His mother wears a suit of fur, And as he paddles after her, She smiles and says it's always so. That blubber makes the children grow.

But Jean and Nell and Tom, you know, Are not like little Eskimo; I think they'd turn extremely pale if asked to sup off strips of whale; But porridge in a yellow platter Is quite another sort of matter.

Their mother cooks it, oh, so well. For Jean and Tom and little Nell; It tastes so good, and is so hot, And as she scrapes the porridge pot, She smiles and says it's always so. That porridge makes the children grow.

SHEILA.

Funny Sayings of Children.

Johnny very much objected to having his neck washed, and one night he very much amused nurse by exclaiming:

"Oh, nurse, I'm glad I'm not a giraffe. If I was, I'm sure I'd run away before bath time came!"

Teacher (examining the children before the directors): "Jimmy, will you please give me a sentence with the word 'toward' in it?"

Jimmy, with two holes in the knees of his knickerbockers, arose, and, putting a finger in each tear, said: "I toward my trousers."

Bobby had begged daddy to come and have a game of see-saw with him. The difficulty of difference of weight did not occur to him. When he found that, in spite of all his efforts, daddy's end of the plank remained down, he exclaimed: "Oh, daddy, I do think you might go up. It's no fun to play with you!"

Mother was busy, and sent little Harry to the shop to buy a pound of sugar, and told him he might also get a penny ball for himself. But the shopman looked very amused when Harry marched in, and holding out the money, said: "Please I want a pound of ball and a penny sugar."

Papa, in a hurry, steps over the gate.

"There, Charlie," he says to his son, "you could not do that."

"Three-year-old Charlie as quickly creeps under the gate.

"There, now," he cries, "you could not do that, dad."

Mother was trying to get baby to sleep by singing to him. After half an hour she thought she had succeeded, but baby suddenly looked up and said: "Pase mate dat noise abain, murder."

A little boy, taken to church for the first time, getting rather weary during a very long sermon, said in a loud voice: "Mamma, do you think that man in the box knows we lunch at one o'clock?"

Bobby was at church for the first time. Pointing to a figure in one of the windows: "Who's that?" he whispered.

"An apostle," mother whispered back.

"And is the gentleman in the sailor hat an apostle, too?" inquired Bobby, pointing to one window in which the saint was represented with a halo round his head.

Little Freddie, carrying some eggs home from the shop, dropped them.

"Did you break any?" asked his mother, when he told her of it. "No," said the little fellow; "but I think the shells came off some of them."

Little Ethel, who had been sent on an errand, returned rather hurriedly, and called out to her mother.

"Oh, mama, what do you think?"

A little girl was crying in the street just now because she had lost some money her mother had given her. Some people laughed, but not me."

"And why did you not laugh, dear?" asked the mother.

"Because, mamma," said the child, with trembling lips, "because the little girl was me."



The First Automobile in Far Away Town.

AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

At a French Watering Place.

In the colony we have our seaside resorts, to which we betake ourselves in the warm summer weather, just as we or our fathers before us were wont to do in the Old Country. But how different are the aspects which our seaside places present from those that allure the city-sick man at Home, and his emancipated family, to spend a week or two by the waves. The contrast is still greater between the colonial seaside and any of those numerous Continental resorts to which so many Britons go for their holidays. Take as an instance that typical French watering-place, Dieppe.

It may be asserted, with little fear of contradiction, that everyone who knows it loves Dieppe; yet the average visitor, if called upon to explain his or her liking, will more often than not, find it as difficult to define as the proverbial dislike of Dr. Fell. The town is undeniably attractive—in witness whereof there runs a story of a cynical critic who went there for four days and stayed four months, only leaving it then

with the most poignant regrets—and its very attractiveness suffers no whit by reason of its attractions being so remarkably unobtrusive. That they exist is beyond doubt, and one is even vaguely sensitive to their influence, yet such is the magic of their spell that the inquirer is content to remain conscious of general well-being without a wish to analyse its cause or origin.

True, Dieppe has its Casino and golf links, material attractions these, if you like, but it has no monopoly of such luxuries, nor can these, separately or together, be considered an adequate reason for the popularity of the quaint little Normandy seaport. Its buildings, again, are more picturesque than historic. Two churches are there for the benefit of the antiquary, but certainly not of sufficient interest to warrant an influx of tourists. Even the fifteenth-century castle, which dominates the place from above the Casino, owes its romance far more to the charm of its situation than to any association with the past. But, indeed, Dieppe concerns itself little with the past, and seeks not to build up a reputation thereupon. As

a birthplace it has little to boast of, and seems well content to let celebrities be born elsewhere. Among its few distinguished natives have been Duquesne, an admiral who gave the English and Dutch fleets considerable trouble in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and Victor Masse, the composer.

It is plain, therefore, that the popularity of the town among all nationalities does not rest upon the basis of any memories of the past. Rather would I say that the secret of its success is to be found in its adherence to that middle way which is not only the safest but frequently the most pleasant. Dieppe is the happy medium of watering places, not too dull and not too gay—for even a seaside resort can at times err on the side of gaiety. The little seaport (the diminutive is an expression of endearment rather than an indication of its size) is at the present time what the French would call une ville d'eau sérieuse, but this in no wise implies that it is triste. There is plenty of amusement for young and old, but the amusements are healthy and they are not overdone. The Casino, for instance, caters for the elders with its excellent concerts and balls—not to mention the inevitable petits chevaux—but it does not forget the juveniles, on whose behalf it organises a matinee and soiree dansante every week throughout the season. In this and many other ways the little ones are well looked after, and the parents are not unappreciative. At Dieppe,

again, the grande toilette is an optional pleasure rather than an irksome necessity. Dame Fashion has set the seal of her approval on Dieppe ever since the Duchesse de Berry honoured it with her presence and built the Maison Quenouille there; but that diety, at times too exacting, has not been allowed to change her gentle sway into a despot's tyranny. Accordingly parents who set as much store by their offspring as by their personal appearance are enabled to share the simple pleasures of the one without being unduly handicapped in an elaborate competition to maintain the other. There is a round of amusements for all, but the round is not allowed to degenerate into a social treadmill.

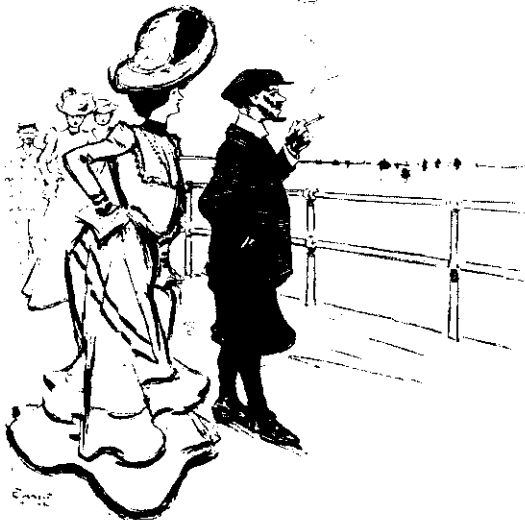
Strange, indeed, does it seem to our insular eyes that a watering place can at the same time be a respectable family resort and yet neither dull nor tiresome. How it is accomplished is beyond knowledge, but Dieppe remains to show it is possible. It is as much a paradise for the jeune mere as it is for les petits. Its splendid plage, half a mile long and three hundred yards wide, forms a playground for the children of all nations. French and English, Russian and American, here unite in harmony in strategical operations on the sands. The bathing, too, is capital, without any annoying restrictions or divisions of the sexes. Without prejudice to one's own country, it is only just to acknowledge that bathing is one of those things they do better abroad.



DIEPPE: "THE QUAY."



DIEPPE: "A DIP."



DIEPPE: "TOURISTS."



DIEPPE: "FISHING."



DIEPPE: "THE UNEMPLOYED."



DIEPPE: "AN OLD SALT."



DIEPPE: "NATIVES."

Bathing, be it said, not swimming, for the two are things apart, though the former meets with scant recognition in this country. The Anglo-Saxon non-swimmer has too great a dislike of appearing ridiculous to venture boldly in the water, but no such fear restrains his Gallic neighbour. If the French have not reduced bathing to a fine art, they have at least transformed it into a most successful round game. It is a game wherein all may partake, without any limitation as to age or sex, and the only rule observed is "the more the merrier." It was a Dieppe visitor, French of course, who inaugurated an addition to the conventional bathing costume, by appearing once with a Kodak camera slung round him by a strap. After posing his numerous friends of either sex in various striking attitudes, he proceeded to take photographs of the contestants before participating in the game. Then, throwing his camera to a non-bathing friend on shore, he proceeded to revel in the sport with additional zest.

The Anæmic Girl.

If there is one person on earth to be pitied from the very bottom of our hearts it is the girl who suffers from anæmia. To her, indeed, life seems very little worth living.

She is languid, and hates the very least exertion; not from laziness—of which, poor thing, she is often accused—but from sheer inability to hurry up and work briskly. She suffers, too, from appalling headaches, some times accompanied by sickness. She constantly feels and sees indistinctly.

Spots dance before her afflicted eyes, her breath is short and often painful, and her heart palpitates distressingly after the slightest exertion; even if she raises her arms above her head to do her hair, for instance, she becomes so faint that it is necessary for her to lie down before completing her toilet.

She is a martyr to constipation, and is troubled with all sorts of functional disturbances. Her appetite is dreadfully capricious, and nearly all food causes pain and a feeling of fullness in the stomach.

Nor are indigestion and headache the only pains she is liable to. Her back and limbs ache terribly, and she is rarely free from discomfort of some description. What wonder that a girl so afflicted becomes depressed and miserable, and assumes a "nobody-loves-me" sort of attitude to all the world in general, and to her nearest and dearest friends in particular?

The anæmic girl generally has a complexion of waxy whiteness, though sudden flushes often temporarily redden the cheeks and lips; and, indeed, though the lips, gums and inner edges of the eyelids are often white and bloodless, this is not an infallible guide, and it is quite possible to be anæmic and not to look it.

Now, anæmia is a disease of the blood, so no wonder that its effects are so disastrous to the general well-being. Most of us know that the blood, among other things, contains a large number of red corpuscles, which contain life-giving oxygen, and it is when the proper number of these red corpuscles is lacking that anæmia arises.

Among the things which cause this

disease are impure air, improper diet, constipation, and decayed teeth.

Fresh air, food, and rest are three of the chief weapons used to fight the foe, assisted by a judicious course of tonics; and, as the remedies are simple, the cure lies greatly in each girl's own hands, unless the symptoms have become very far advanced indeed.

There is an old story of a certain king who was advised to bathe in the waters of the Jordan. This is a story that every girl who is out of health should apply to herself. We are all of us willing to go in for some big cure, but few of us will take the trouble to attend to the little daily details, which, if persevered in, will assure to us a certain amount of good health.

To return to anæmia. The great thing is to realise the onset of the symptoms, and so prepare to fight them before they get thoroughly established.

Many girls make a very great mistake by taking a course of iron without in any way altering their usual methods of living. Now, iron is worse than useless while constipation is present.

The very first thing, therefore, to do is to set to work to cure constipation. Do not, however, make a practice of taking strong aperients, which, as a rule, only give relief for the time being, leaving things afterwards worse than before.

In case, however, a girl has been troubled in this way for a long time, it is well to begin treatment by taking either a dose of castor-oil at bed-time, or half to one teaspoonful of cascara sagrada—a choice of disagreeables, but nevertheless a necessity.

After this, seek to get regular relief by simple means, such as strict attention to diet.

Many people make the mistake of eating unsuitable food, and taking too dry, and do not take sufficient quantity of fluids to keep the system flushed. Eat porridge, brown bread, golden syrup, green vegetables, jam in moderation, and plenty of fresh fruit.

Drink plenty of cold water during the day. And a couple of glasses the last thing at night, and the first thing in the morning, if persevered with, will often do all that is required.

Habit has a great deal to do with persistent constipation. Always obey the call of nature instantly, and seek to obtain relief at the same time every morning, whether there is any desire to or not.

Where dieting has not the desired effect, much assistance may be gained by gently massaging the abdomen ten or fifteen minutes every morning before taking any food whatever. Lie flat on the back with the knees raised, and rub in circles, working always from right to left.

A few simple physical exercises are often of the greatest benefit, too. Stand erect with the hands on the hips, take a long, deep breath, keeping the mouth closed. Hold it as long as possible, and then expel it with a great deal of force. Do this ten times before dressing.

Another excellent exercise is to lie on the floor or bed, draw up the

knees as far as they will go, and shoot them out wide apart. This also should be done ten times.

Decayed teeth are responsible for all sorts of trouble, and are active agents in producing anæmia. They are a resting place for all sorts and conditions of germs, which are swallowed, and lodge in the stomach and poison the blood.

Therefore the first thing a girl with anæmia should do is to go off to the dentist's and have her teeth thoroughly examined and attended to.

A constant supply of pure air must also be ensured. A girl will sleep night after night in a room with the windows and chimney tightly closed, often with the gas burning, and wonder that she grows no better. Not only the anæmic girl, therefore, but every girl who values her health and beauty must sleep with her window open at the top.

This need not necessitate being in a draught at all. And if she be a London lady, and dreads the ingress of smuts, a piece of muslin tacked across the top of the window-frame effectually prevents their entrance.

By the way, an anæmic girl is a chilly mortal, and as a bedroom fire is a luxury not within the means of all, it is well to have the keenest edge of the atmosphere taken off by an oil stove, lighted half an hour before getting up time; but on no account sleep with a lighted oil stove at night, as all artificial light, except


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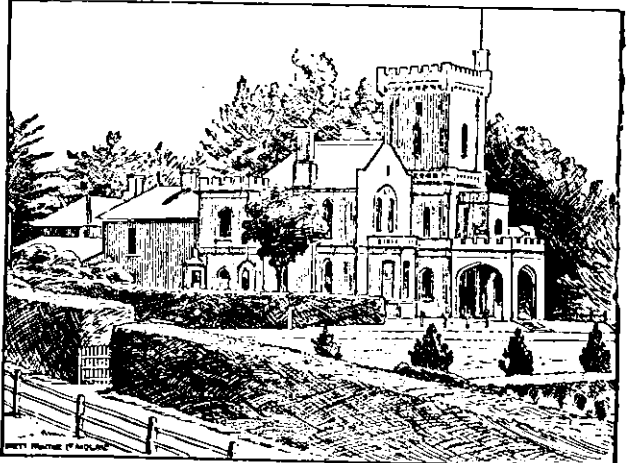


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PROMPT DELIVERY.

I believe, electric light, uses up as much air as many people do, and pure air is the most important natural factor in creating red corpuscles in the blood and curing anaemic conditions.

I do not recommend an anaemic girl to get right into either a hot or cold bath. Nevertheless, absolute cleanliness of person is necessary, and may be secured as follows: Put sufficient water into a flat-bottomed tub or tub to cover the feet completely. Fill a basin with hot water; stand in the tub and wash quickly a l over, using a fine-fibred loofah and pure soap.

Sponge down with hot water, and then fill the basin with cold; and by cold water I do not mean icy cold, but of the same warmth as it usually is in summer. This will tone up the system without giving it an undue shock.

Step out, and rub down briskly with a dry towel. And do take care to dry your towels daily after use, and not leave them hanging damp and dejected on the towel-horse from Monday to Monday. The whole washing process should not occupy more than three minutes.

The anaemic girl should wear warm garments, the foundation of which should be a high-necked-long-sleeved woollen combination garment, and warm woollen stockings. She can complete her toilet as she pleases, only nothing tight in the least degree must be worn, and multitudinous trailing petticoats are best superseded by knickerbockers.

The anaemic girl will probably feel quite off her breakfast; she should, however, try to make a light, nourishing meal, masticating her food very thoroughly. All her food must be light and nourishing.

and as digestible as possible; for, as I have before said, indigestion is not the least of her troubles.

Milk, eggs, fish, milk puddings, green vegetables, and stewed fruit are articles of diet which she should indulge in. As much fresh air and sunshine as possible, please. Active exercise, alas! that most health-giving factor, is not always practicable for the girl with anaemia, as it is apt to increase palpitation of the heart. She should, however, take short, gentle walks two or three times daily. And, as to the London girl, there is nothing better for her than a long ride on the top of a bus or tram.

And now for physic. Iron, in some form or other, is always advisable; but sometimes there is so much stomach irritation that it disagrees. However, I have found Wyeth's dialysed iron, or Bland's pills, taken one, two, or three three daily after food, do a good deal of good. Take one pill after each of the three principal meals of the day, increasing the number to two; afterwards, if it agrees, to three; then gradually lessen the number as the health improves.

Unfortunately, medicines given for the relief of anaemia are apt to encourage constipation. To correct this there is nothing better than a preparation of maltine and cascara sagrada, obtained at any good drug stores. A dessertspoonful to a tablespoonful should be taken after the last meal of the day.

If the preparation of maltine disagrees, or the patient is stout and puffy, cascara or aloin tablets should be substituted.

Do not forget that the depression and misery that you suffer come, not from other people or your own real

feelings, but simply because the blood is out of gear, and is letting you know it. Say to yourself, "It is not the world that is awry, it is my own works that are wrong." Think as little about yourself as possible, and take an interest in other people and other things.

An Emir's English Wife.

The English and American residents at Constantinople were much surprised in May last year when it was announced that Miss Isabel Dunn, an English lady, had married an Arab, who was a descendant of the prophet Mohammed, and who aspires to be the next Emir of Mecca. The marriage has turned out to be a most unhappy one, as everybody expected.

Miss Dunn was introduced into the house of the Arab as a governess for his two sons, and after some months in that position she became a convert to Mohammedanism, and was secretly married to her employer.

For some time the marriage was kept secret from the other wives, but it was soon discovered, and the other ladies of the harem did everything they possibly could to annoy the new bride. The favourite wife discovered that, according to Mohammedan law, it was impossible for anyone to become the Emir of Mecca who married anyone who had ever been a Christian. She communicated this news to her friends, and in consequence the Emir fled into the country, and has not been heard of since. Meanwhile she caused Miss Dunn

to be imprisoned in a small kiosk in a little garden near Scutari. Here she remains for the present time, a prisoner and friendless. She is visited once a day by a servant, who brings her food and attends to her other wants, but otherwise she is cut off from all communication with the rest of the world. As she is now a Turkish subject, and also a Mohammedan, she cannot claim any protection from England.

S.L. DONNA PRIMA DONNA Corsets.

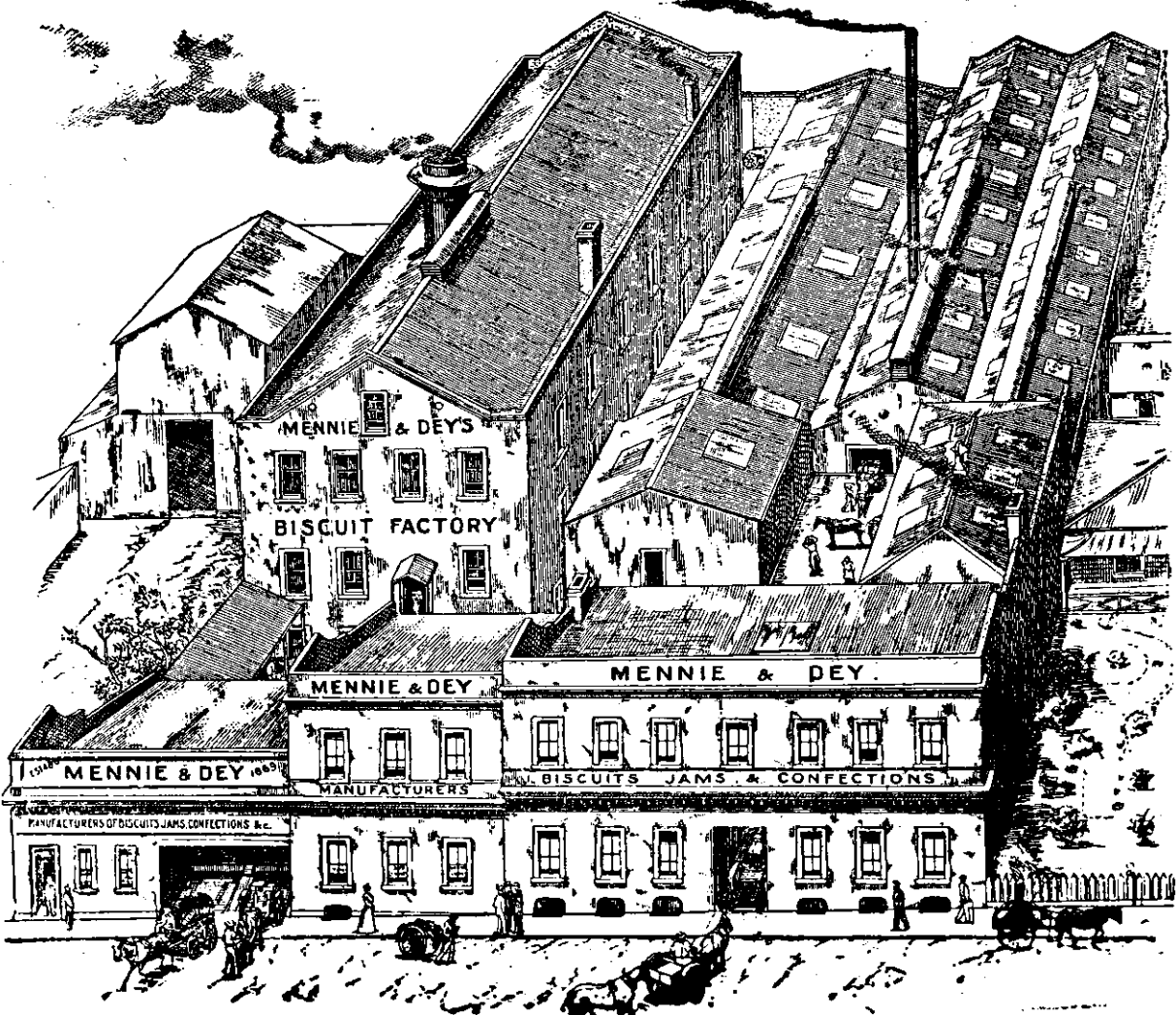
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The Duchess as Pacificator.

Success in life is never a safeguard against suffering; and the Duchess of Kennaquhair, in spite of beauty, rank, and riches, seems in no way exempt from the common lot. Her daughter and son-in-law, the young Duke and Duchess of Mayfield, are already beginning to find marriage a failure. Their week-end honeymoon had hardly waned before the first small cloud on the horizon began to make its appearance. They were very young, rather self-willed, and both were equally the spoiled children of fortune. As time went by, the marriage became less and less of a success, and the Duchess of Kennaquhair began to see symptoms of an impending separation.

Now, this worldly-wise lady had opinions of her own on the subject of marriage; not perhaps of an exalted nature, but modern and matter-of-fact. She said that women were divided into Amelias and Beckys Sharps, but the Beckys always got the best of the bargain. She declared that a clever woman can keep au mieux with her husband without ever allowing him to become a bore. After all, at the worst, he can be treated as a lay figure, since his mere existence suffices. For her the true ideal of married life is to have plenty of money and to be let alone. But she was dead against separations, and had a holy horror of the Divorce Court. "What need?" she would pathetically exclaim, "since a couple need never get in each other's way. They must, of course, sometimes dine out together, and always take care to be seen at Court entertainments. But what reasonable woman would object?" These are our Duchesses' up-to-date ethics; she despises domestic life, but dreads scandal. She determined, therefore, to hear both sides of the question, and, if possible, put the Mayfield ménage to rights again.

The young Duchess maintained that she had definite causes of complaint. The Duke of Mayfield was certainly a trifle volage. He kept late hours at Pratt's, and also at a certain club where they played for the highest of stakes. He insisted on going to every race meeting, and his wife hated racing; he played bridge and baccarat for hours at a stretch, and cards bored her to tears; and this was the last straw—he had taken that artful "snatcher," Lady Dora Tareham, down to Windsor in his new motor-car.

The young Duke was still much in love with the Duchess, but, all the same, he had a good many grievances on hand. His Eyebright was exacting, not to say jealous; and she was also desperately extravagant. She had ten thousand a year pin-money; surely that ought to suffice? To ask him for another two thousand was certainly playing low down. Then she made a continual fuss about nothing. Why should not a man go racing, or play cards if he liked? And as for Dora Tareham, he only drove her down to Windsor to see her father and mother, who had taken a house there. Really Eyebright ought to know better, etc., etc.

The Duchess of Kennaquhair had a difficult part to play. She had a liking for her daughter (maternal devotion is out of date), and with her son-in-law she always kept on the best of terms.

living with him in the prettiest and most permissible manner. But she was equal to the occasion. She asked the young Duke to take her out in his motor, and rated him soundly during the drive. She taxed him with neglecting his wife, and told him—as a secret—that Eyebright was badly in love with him. On their return home she scolded her daughter, calling her a little fool, and telling her that men must be led and not driven. Beat of all, she offered to pay her debts—and did it. The Mayfields learnt their lesson, and are now as happy a couple as there is in London.

How to Avoid Catching a Cold.

Why do so many persons "take a bad cold" on the slightest provocation—or with no apparent provocation—while so many others who expose themselves heedlessly to draughts, wet feet and other accepted causes are free from that popular ailment?

The answer of the doctors is disquieting. They agree that a cold is a certain indication that the victims are in a bad state through and through—clogged livers, weak kidneys, capricious digestion, irritated nerves; that they are anæmic, with ragged throats, tonsils rotted from the effects of so many congestions, and the mucous membrane of the whole body full of granulation tissue and "degenerated lymph follicles."

When the tonsils are chronically congested they are the breeding place of a bacillus called "streptococcus." It is this robust and lively germ which, pursuing the course of the alimentary canal, retards digestion, keeps up a catarrhal condition and impedes the action of liver and kidneys. People who are in this condition are more or less incapable of resisting diseases of any

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kind. Draughts set them to sneezing and wet feet to coughing. They have to be renovated inside and out. This is how it is done:

First, the skin must be made alive, vigorous, filled with warm arterial blood. Groom it with a flesh brush every morning and again at night; following with a cool sponge bath in the morning and a warm soap bath at night. Change the underclothing at least every other day.

Drink a pint of pure, soft water before breakfast, and again at bedtime. Gradually double the amount.

Take a brisk walk every day, rain or shine, inhaling deeply from time to time.

Right Colours for All Types.

With dark hair and a pale complexion a woman should never wear dead white. A deep cream colour could be worn, or yellow or red. Anything like light green should be given a wide berth. Heliotrope is becoming to girls with very fair hair, grey-blue eyes and fair skins. Such a girl could wear the fashionable light green with advantage. The sallow brunette who is wise will not wear lilac; the blonde who is afflicted with a washed-out complexion and who puts on a grey costume is not a success.

Colourless women should not wear colourless shades. A brown-haired woman

with a good complexion can wear almost anything. Most fair women look well in cold colours—blues, lilacs and pinks. Both black and green tend to whiten the complexion, and yellow will tend to make it more highly coloured.

An auburn-haired woman's best colour is brown, while women with olive skins can wear the most beautiful colours—warm reds and gold.

The florid complexion looks best in clear black, with a creamy tint between the neck and the gown to soften the contrast.

Almost everybody knows that blue, as a colour, is becoming to fair-haired people, but the happy effect is twofold when the wearer's eyes are also blue; while should her fair hair be of some shade of yellow, from pale gold to golden auburn, the effect is often wonderful, for nothing is more beautiful to art and nature than the latter's own harmonies of gold and azure. Apricot and maize go well with black or white costumes.

Dark girls should also wear a glossy black and never a dull black. With blondes the contrary is the rule, a dull black, such as is used for mourning, being the most suitable.

Girls with violet eyes who are fond of flowers should select sweet scented violets, preferably nesting at the throat, or else pansies—rich, velvety, mauve-purple pansies—each one flecked in the centre with a tiny golden heart. To brunettes with dark eyes all varieties of yellow flowers or dark red roses will be found most becoming.

THE "ZITA" PATENT

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GIVES that charming dip-front or long waist effect now so essential to well-dressed woman. It can be put on instantly and adjusted to any depth. There are no spikes. The wearer will be surprised at the extraordinary difference lengthening the front of the waist makes to the figure. Never have results so striking been achieved by a device so simple. IT MAKES YOUR WAIST LOOK SMALLER.

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THE WORLD OF FASHION.

(By MARGUERITE.)

Muslins are so extraordinarily tempting at the summer sales, both as regards designs and prices, that most of us have fallen victims to obtaining lengths thereof. If you are in doubt as to what to do with your muslin length, let me advise you to make it into a tea-gown. The possibilities of a muslin tea-gown are great, provided you have some lace collars and some pretty creases by you.

Simplicity is the keynote of success in a muslin tea-gown, and after all if we buy these lengths cheaply at the sales we don't want to expend much on making them up. With a good pattern of an Empire tea-gown and some knowledge of the art of cutting, the amateur should be able to produce an effective costume.

Remember that there is a great deal of art in the draping of a muslin tea-gown. To get a good effect you must spend an hour or two before the glass, and do it yourself. A narrow double wattleau at the back is a pretty break to the broad sash that ties over the bust on the Empire tea-gown, and unless you have a very good neck you will find a collar more becoming than the regulation lines of an Empire frock. But these are details you will be better able to decide yourself. No one should lay down hard and fast rules regarding the construction of a tea-gown.

Another good idea for a tea-gown is to utilise the skirts of two old white satin ball dresses. These can be unpicked and sent to the friendly cleaner, who, by the way, seems to get more efficient at this work every day. The Empire sash below the bust line will hide the join in the bodice and skirt, and may be of two or more colours, preferably of some soft fabric or wide embroidery. The real Empire tea-gown has only small puffs for sleeves, but I think most of us like our arms covered for general every-night wear.

Nowadays sleeves are easy to manipulate. You can gauge them at the elbow and use any contrasting material to form the puff underneath. Unless the fabric of which your tea-gown is composed be very flimsy it is needless to line it. Certainly our need not line your cleaned satin, and this does away with a great deal of expense. Now, surely, I have given you an insight into the intricacies of home dressmaking!

Another way of using up some of our old past season's frocks is to have them cleaned and used as under-dresses for tea-gowns. These make charming

foundations with the coats or stoles of lace or Indian embroidery which are so popular.



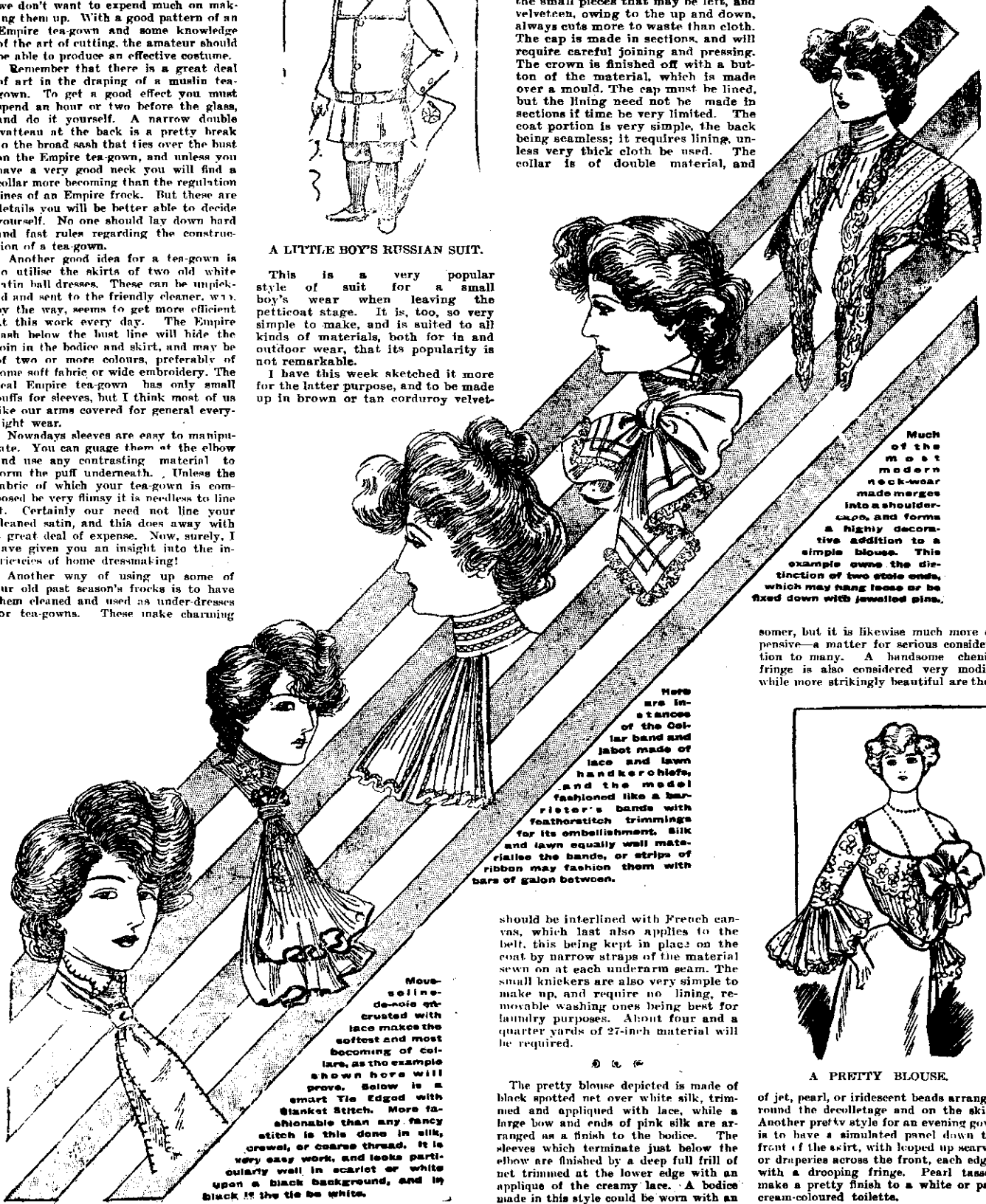
A LITTLE BOY'S RUSSIAN SUIT.

This is a very popular style of suit for a small boy's wear when leaving the petticoat stage. It is, too, so very simple to make, and is suited to all kinds of materials, both for in and outdoor wear, that its popularity is not remarkable.

I have this week sketched it more for the latter purpose, and to be made up in brown or tan corduroy velvet-

een, though it is equally well suited to cloth of the same shade, or in dark green. If for indoor wear it could be made of holland or drill and thus form a nice overall suit. Large collars of white linen or frilled silk give a very nice finish to these little suits, and if of the latter are quite easily made up got up at home. As it is intended for an outdoor suit, I have added the pattern of a little Tam-o'-Shanter, which will come in admirably for using up the small pieces that may be left, and velvet-ec, owing to the up and down, always cuts more to waste than cloth. The cap is made in sections, and will require careful joining and pressing. The crown is finished off with a button of the material, which is made over a mould. The cap must be lined, but the lining need not be made in sections if time be very limited. The coat portion is very simple, the back being seamless; it requires lining, unless very thick cloth be used. The collar is of double material, and

come further up the back than the front. Of course, a jetted or sequined overdress old black matin skirt, the waist being finished by a broad pink satin ribbon folded so as to come narrow in front, while at the back a smart bow is arranged with two long ends falling to a few inches of the hem of the skirt. A very good plan for smartening up an old gown is to arrange a series of narrow net frills round the hem, making these is more easily adjusted and looks hand-



Much of the most modern neck-wear made now is into a shawl-caps, and forms a highly decorative addition to a simple blouse. This example shows the distinction of two stole ends, which may hang loose or be fixed down with jewelled pins.

Here are instances of the collar band and jabot made of lace and lawn handkerchiefs, and the model fashioned like a barrister's bands with featherstitch trimmings for its embellishment. Silk and lawn equally well materialise the bands, or strips of ribbon may fashion them with bars of galon between.

should be interlined with French canvas, which last also applies to the belt, this being kept in place on the coat by narrow straps of the material sewn on at each underarm seam. The small knickers are also very simple to make up, and require no lining, removable washing ones being best for laundry purposes. About four and a quarter yards of 27-inch material will be required.

somer, but it is likewise much more expensive—a matter for serious consideration to many. A handsome chenille fringe is also considered very modish, while more strikingly beautiful are those



A PRETTY BLOUSE.

Mousseline de soie constructed with lace makes the softest and most becoming of collars, as the example shown here will prove. Below is a smart Tie Edged with Blanket Stitch. More fashionable than any fancy stitch is this done in silk, crewel, or coarse thread. It is very easy work, and looks particularly well in scarlet or white upon a black background, and in black if the tie be white.

The pretty blouse depicted is made of black spotted net over white silk, trimmed and appliqued with lace, while a large bow and ends of pink silk are arranged as a finish to the bodice. The sleeves which terminate just below the elbow are finished by a deep full frill of net trimmed at the lower edge with an applique of the creamy lace. A bodice made in this style could be worn with an

of jet, pearl, or iridescent beads arranged round the decolletage and on the skirt. Another pretty style for an evening gown is to have a simulated panel down the front of the skirt, with looped up scarves or draperies across the front, each edged with a drooping fringe. Pearl tassels make a pretty finish to a white or pale cream-coloured toilette.



A COSY GOWN.

The cosy dressing gown sketched is of a simple design, and yet is sufficiently ornamental to allow of its making its appearance at the breakfast table if necessary. It is made in a warm crimson flannel, the fichu and frills at the sleeves being of cream washing silk, the latter being finished at the outer edge with a hem-stitched border, and only tucked firmly into place, so that they are easily detached when they require washing. The fullness at the waist is confined by a broad satin ribbon which is passed round the waist and tied in a bow in front. The edge of the skirt is made with a frill of the flannel itself as a finish. Only the bodice, which has some pretensions to fit, is lined, the lining stopping short a few inches below the waist. About ten yards of flannel are required for its manufacture, together with three yards of washing silk for the fichu, etc., and two and a half yards of satin ribbon to allow of a sufficiently full bow and ends. With the long and probably very cold winter before us a gown like this would be found invaluable, and it is best to take time by the forelock and provide against contingencies by using the bright days still remaining in preparing for the dull ones to follow.



A USEFUL BLOUSE.

The blouse illustrated is of a simple, yet smart and fashionable style, which recommends itself for early autumn wear. It is made with three box pleats down the front, after the principle of a Norfolk coat, while the fullness of the sleeves, which is confined by tucks at the upper part of the arms, falls freely at the lower in the manner so much affected at present. The throat and wrists are finished by dainty turn-over collar and cuffs of lace, and a dainty bow of silk and ribbon band en suite give the finishing touches. A blouse in one of the Paisley patterned materials with blue as the prevailing colour would look well with a collar and cuffs of embroidery and the bow and band of bright emerald green ribbon. The contrast between green and blue is always a popular one, and seems particularly so at present, as many of the smartest gowns and most fashionable bits of millinery are expressed in these shades. Metallic looking green and blue wings trim green or blue straw hats with charming effect. The wings are placed towards the back of the hat with the tips pointing downwards, or are placed on the outside of the up-turned brims of the tricorne hats. This way of arranging them is generally becoming, and gives a look of width to the face.



HIGH-NECKED BLOUSE FOR CONVALESCENTS.

Flannelle de soie is a true friend to the chilly. In appearance it is very handsome—in fact, it looks exactly like a rich satin. Possibly it is our old acquaintance, Roman satin sheeting, resuscitated under a new name. At any rate, it is glossy, drapes exquisitely, and is deliciously warm and cosy. A blouse or tea gown it develops equally well, and it is sold in the most delightful colours, such as cream, turquoise-blue, rose-pink, and pale heliotrope.

Gauze, if mounted upon silk, is quite warm enough for a convalescent's blouse for evening wear, and as it is quite fashionable now to appear in a long-sleeved and high-necked gown at night, it need be no hardship to be obliged to do so. There is a new and beautiful shaded gauze to be bought in delicate rose pink, deepening to damask, and this gauze it is that is suggested for the materialisation of the blouse shown in this sketch. The yoke and deep cuffs are to be of lace or lightly-patterned antique pompadour brocade, but the gauze, be it urged again, must be mounted upon a silk slip for the sake of warmth.



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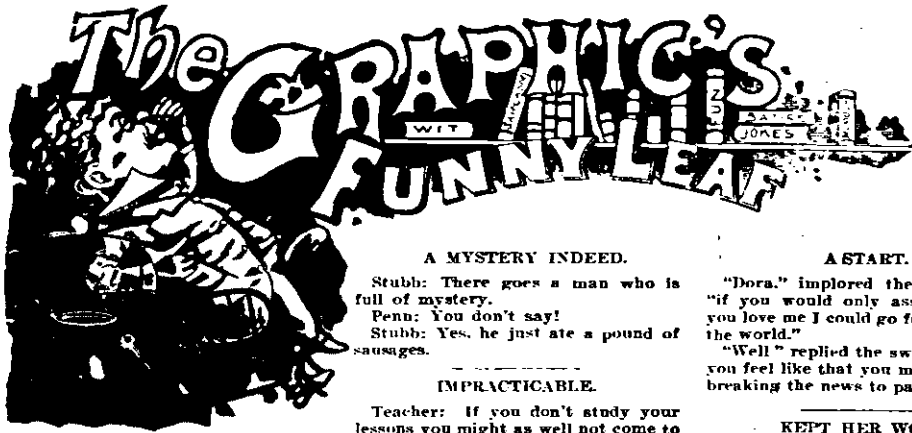
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EQUALLY DIVIDED.

"You allow no beer in the house?"
 "No; my wife and I never drink any thing but wine and water."
 "In what proportion do you take it?"
 "I drink the wine and my wife drinks the water."



District Visitor: Now, think, my child, how short is the time allotted to man. What can he answer for when it is finished—what can he do?

Maria Spriggs: Well, mum, I should say a good deal, considerin' what my father said he'd do when they gave him six months' time yesterday.

THE HIRED GIRL.

Mistress: Didn't the ladies who called leave cards?
 Bridget: They wanted to, ma'am, but I told them you had plenty of your own and better, too.

A SLIP.

She: Maud? Oh, she's one of the friends of my youth.
 He: I didn't take her to be as old as that.

GETTING READY.

Visitor: I suppose your daughter is busily preparing for her wedding.
 Mother: Yes, she is up in her room now destroying all her old love letters.

AS "PLACE" NAMES GO.

"What do you call your summer house, Mrs Fitzlackson?"
 "Peach Orchards."
 "I don't see any orchard in this photograph."
 "No; there was one peach tree behind our cottage, but it died."

AT THE LAST.

When the undertaker is sent for he generally comes to grief.

EXACTLY.

"It is claimed that a Southern girl of a prominent family will not be married on the date set for the wedding because her fiance objects to her craze for ping-pong and she refuses to give up the game."
 "Oh, I see. He thinks she cannot serve two masters."



HARD ON THE ARMY.

Mrs Atkins (as she smells the sea): Yes, Thomas, I think as 'ow I shall send our Augustus Henry inter ther Navy.

A MYSTERY INDEED.

Stubb: There goes a man who is full of mystery.
 Penn: You don't say!
 Stubb: Yes, he just ate a pound of sausages.

IMPRACTICABLE.

Teacher: If you don't study your lessons you might as well not come to school at all.
 Pupil: Me mother wouldn't let me do that.

DROWNING HIS SORROW.

"What on earth did Jenkins mean by turning the hose on his mother-in-law so viciously?"
 "H'm; I suppose he was just trying to drown his sorrow."

ANOTHER THING.

"Blobsb says his wife made him what he is."
 "Yes, but no one ever heard her say she was proud of her job."

A START.

"Dora," implored the young man, "if you would only assure me that you love me I could go forth and fight the world."
 "Well" replied the sweet thing, "if you feel like that you might begin by breaking the news to papa."

KEPT HER WORD.

Dolly: I promised mother that I wouldn't become an actress.
 Hamlet: Well, you kept your word all right.

PROSPECTS.

"What are your prospects, sir?" demanded her father.
 "Fine," responded young Nurvey, "I expect to come into a fortune soon."
 "Whose?"
 "Yours."

BILLBOARD AND BOARD BILL.

The difference between a poster and a landlady is that one gets stuck on a billboard and the other on a board bill.



COMPLETE DIAGNOSIS.

"You have appendicitis, and lung trouble," announced the physician, as he peered through the patient with his X-ray apparatus; "also traces of liver complaint, and a mild form of dyspepsia; also 42/6 in your pocket. My fee will be 42/6."
 Here he turned off the current and told the patient the examination was over.
 "It's all right, doctor," said the patient, "but it seems to me that you have neglected an opportunity to secure old, and the other things you mentioned."

DIFFERENT.

"Are you, sir, the father of a family?"
 "Well, I am the husband of the mother of a family."

REMAINS TO BE SEEN.

"And so you have really decided to enter the connubial state of bliss?"
 "Well, I can't say about the bliss part of it. You see, she hasn't told me yet whether she's going to let me smoke or protect the lace curtains."

ARTISTIC.

"She is very artistic," said the impressionable youth.
 "Yes," answered the man with the steely eye; "she is one of the sort of girls who think a bunch of hand-painted daisies is more important on a dinner plate than an omelette."

ONLY AT FIRST SIGHT.

She: "Do you really mean to say the engagement is broken off between Jack and Miss Rustling?"
 He: "Yes, I heard it straight from Jack."
 She: "How strange. I thought it was a case of love at first sight."
 He: "So it was, but you see they've known each other some time now."

CRUEL, INDEED.

But the giddy young thing who was talking to the captain was a sailor, and didn't mind a bit of rough weather.
 "Doesn't it seem unnecessarily cruel, captain," she said, "to box a compass?"
 "Not any more so, miss," he replied, grimly, "than to paddle a canoe."
 And the ship groaned some more.

TIME PAYMENTS.

Anxious Wife: Mr Dunner has called again for that money you owe. I wish you'd see about it or something dreadful will happen. He says he won't wait any longer—as—time—is—money.
 Calm Husband: So it is, my love, I'd forgotten. Tell him I'll pay him in time.

NOT HIS LINE.

"Did you ever go anywhere on a yachting cruise?"
 "No, ma'am, I am a teetotaller."

HE HAD REASON.

"Doesn't the falling leaves and the grey sky of autumn fill your heart with a tinge of sadness?" asked the sentimental young woman.
 "I should say it does," answered the businesslike young man. "I'm the proprietor of a summer hotel."

SURE TO SUCCEED.

A young man living in Wellington is a close worker in money matters—that is, he stays close to the shore with his expenditures. He had the good luck to marry a girl whose parents are quite wealthy, and is at present living with his wife in one of his father-in-law's houses.

One day not long since, while discussing affairs with a friend, the latter asked:

"Did the old gentleman give you that house?"

"Well—er—no, not exactly," was the answer. "He offered it to me, but I wouldn't accept it."

"How's that?" asked the friend.
 "Well," answered the man who had made the lucky matrimonial venture, "you see the house really belongs to me. I'm living in it rent free, and I'll get it when the old man dies. If I accepted it now I'd have to pay the taxes."

SPIRIT OF SCEPTICISM.

Once upon a time two birds, flying over the dessert, were fainting with weariness.

"Let us pause at yonder oasis," said one of the birds.

"Oasis!" said the other bird. "How do you know it isn't a woman's hat?"

The spirit of scepticism, while it doubtless imparts an air of intellectuality, is sometimes the cause of much unhappiness.

SETTLED.

"Got the last of the boys off my hands now," said the old man.

"You have?"

"Yes, I dedicated John ter be a scholar an' Dick to make a livin'!"

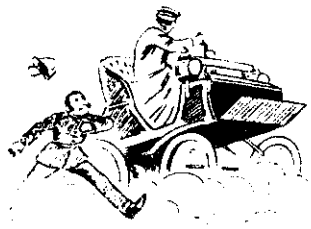
NOT MISMANAGED.

"Did that man to whom you were just talking say your affairs were mismanaged?" asked Mr Meekton's wife, severely.

"Now, Henrietta, that was simply a little aside. It wasn't intended for your ears at all—"

"I insist!"

"Oh, well, if you insist, he didn't say my affairs were mismanaged. He said they were Mrs-managed."



"You have run over a man," cried the policeman, "and I am going to hold your motor."

"You are?" said the amateur chauffeur, as he struggled with his unmanageable machine. "Well, you can do more than I can."