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Extinguished.

THE ADMIRAL HAS DEFINITELY REFUSED TO OCCUPY ADMIRALTY HOUSE, AUCKLAND, WHICH HAS COST AUCKLAND £8530.

People Talked About

President Auckland Chamber of Commerce.

It is most appropriate that Mr Bart. Kent should be the first president to preside over the meetings of the Auckland Chamber of Commerce in the handsome new Chamber in Swanson-street, now almost completed. He was the originator of the Auckland Industrial and Mining Exhibition of 1893-4, which was the source whence the Chamber derived the funds to erect the new building they are to occupy at an early date. It is fifteen years since Mr Kent first joined the Chamber. After some years of service as a member he was subsequently appointed vice-president, and for two successive years—1896 and 1897—he occupied the presidential chair. When he assumed control the Chamber



MR. BARTHOLOMEW KENT.

was in very low water. It was considerably in debt, and its list of members was sadly below what it should be in such a valuable institution. By dint of the additional energy and vigour thrown into the work of the Chamber by the executive, headed by their enthusiastic president, the debt was entirely cleared away, and when Mr Kent gave up the reins of office the Chamber had a handsome surplus, had a new and most efficient secretary, and had almost, if not quite, doubled its list of members. At this time Mr Kent began to take up the direction of the Exhibition, and of course had to abandon all active work in connection with the Chamber for the time being. The Exhibition is now over. As a result a sum of over £2000 has been placed to the credit of the Chamber for the purpose of erecting a new building, and now Mr Kent has been invited by the executive to once more occupy the chair which he so ably filled on previous occasions. He has agreed to do so, and according to his remarks when taking office he proposes that during the incoming year the Chamber shall be more active than it has been for some time. A vigorous attempt will be made to increase the scope of the Chamber's sphere of usefulness, as well as to add to its list of members still further, it being recognised that the more members it has the greater power for good will it enjoy.

A Popular Prince.

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, who represented King Edward at the great Durbar, and whose tour of our Indian Empire is now drawing to a close.

Little can be said of that popular prince H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught which has not appeared before many, many times. His history is known to all, and most people also know that His Majesty alone excepted he is the most genial, most tactful and best loved member of our royal house. He is frank and open in manner and of a sunny temperament, and has none of the rather emotionless reserve which many people have found chilling with the Prince of Wales. Should he ever visit the colonies, H.R.H. would

create an exceedingly favourable impression, for he has the air of enjoying public receptions and appreciating outbursts of royal feeling to a far greater extent than that of the heir to the throne.

The Duke was accompanied on his recent tour by the Duchess of Connaught. Concerning his wife, a rather good story is told about her last visit to India. The Duke and Duchess were staying at the principal hotel in the Hill Station, Mussoorie, kept by a clever, energetic, little Swiss. In the hotel there was a lady who had been sent to the cool climate to await a happy event. Her husband was obliged to remain in the plains, but he had been promised by the hotel proprietor that he should have a wire directly there was any news. At last Fritz's services were required to send the telegram; he ordered his horse, galloped down to the post office, and wired: "Boy arrived, send dhai" (native wet-nurse). On returning to the hotel he was met by the doctor, who told him that there was another baby. Back he rode, and sent off a second wire: "Another baby, send two dhais." This happened twice more, until four telegrams had been sent to the as-

Mr. Spencer the Aeronaut.

Mr Stanley Spencer, whose recent airship voyages have made an epoch in the history of British aeronautics, comes of a ballooning stock. His father and grandfather were aeronauts and balloon manufacturers before him. Spencer grand-pere was an intimate friend of that famous balloonist, Mr Charles Green, with whom he made many ascents, and who stood godfather to the late Mr Charles Green Spencer, father of the three brothers, Percival, Arthur, and Stanley, who now constitute the firm. A young-looking Englishman of thirty-four, shortish, broad-shouldered, lean flanked, scaling nine and a-half stone, with light brown curling hair, a trifle sparse about the temples, a fiercely-pointed moustache, eyes of greyish blue, strong, well-cut features, and a pale, clear,

Pursuit of the Mullah.

The pursuit of the Mullah in the inhospitable country of Somaliland is a work that has been entrusted to Colonel Swayne, who has laid all his plans, and in a short time the cable should bring news of the advance upon the strongholds of the man who is referred to as the "Mad" Mullah. This, however, is quite a misnomer. He is keen, shrewd, well educated, and far-seeing, and if we look upon religious fanaticism with Oriental eyes, we cannot find anything to support the nick-name which was first applied at Aden to this leader of Somali tribesmen. Somali country is for the most part barren and uninviting. Where the fighting is expected to take place



COLONEL SWAYNE.

between Colonel Swayne's troops and the forces of the Mullah is a particularly arid stretch of stony country, dotted with sandy "kopjes," and covered with thorny vegetation, which greatly hampers the movements of our men. Col. Swayne is a thorough soldier, and adds to this an intimate knowledge of the country into which he will lead the column, and it is to be hoped will effectively dislodge this inveterate foe of the British in North-east Africa.

Baron's Theory of Long Life.

Baron Hugo Ortlieb, a Muscovite landowner, has for the last ten years never left his bed. He is in perfect health, but has a theory that to live long one must avoid physical exercise. On the other hand, he considers it necessary to keep the brain active, and for this reason he personally superintends his immense estate, receiving his stewards and tenants in bed. He is a great traveller, too, and is moved from one part of the world to another in a portable bed.

The Pope and Euchre.

Mr J. B. Corey, the American millionaire, has written from Braddock to the Pope asking him to forbid the playing of euchre and other games of chance at social gatherings held in the various Roman Catholic schools in Braddock. He begins his letter "My dear sir," and finishes up with "Sincerely yours." In this letter he says that next to the drink habit progressive euchre parties are responsible for as much of the sorrow and domestic suffering as any form of sin the human family is heir to.

A Difference.

Mr Shaw, Secretary of the United States Treasury, has just given a neat definition of the difference between a politician and a statesman. "It is the difference," his experience teaches him, "between a young man who is looking for a situation, and one who is looking for work."



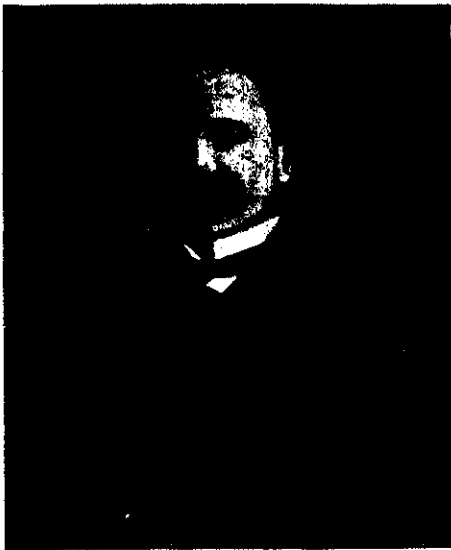
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

tonished husband, and a message from him to the Swiss, 'Repeat telegrams,' had been complied with. Within twenty-four hours the unfortunate man arrived with four wet nurses in his train. The Duchess was godmother to the four infants, in order to give some encouragement to the little strangers who had so bewildered their parents by coming in numbers.

Too Ugly.

The American authorities recently refused to allow a German emigrant to land because he was "too ugly." They maintained that with such features he would never find work in the United States. Kormond, the man in question, says a Munich paper, has just returned to Munich. His features were distorted twenty years ago by a clumsy dentist, who was pulling one of his teeth.

healthy complexion; such is the man who, in homely phrase, has put M. Santos-Dumont's nose out of joint. He is not a teetotaler, and smokes just as much as he feels inclined, without fear of hurting his nerves, for he hasn't any. Apart from aeronautics he is an enthusiastic photographer, is fond of athletics, cycling, and motoring, and is particularly devoted to fishing; much of the mechanism of the Mollin airship having been thought out on the banks of the Lea. He is married, has two little daughters, and lives at Highbury, where the business of the firm is also carried on. In manner he is quiet, and utterly devoid of self-assertion, but he quickens into animation when he begins to talk of aeronautics, and can tell many a moving tale of adventures in the air, where, for the most part, he has been living during the past twenty years.



THE OIL KING, JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

The Oil King.

Out in the Western Pennsylvania one winter's afternoon, more than thirty years ago, John D. Rockefeller, billionaire now, then a poor merchant, took his first plunge in oil. Before making this visit to the Pennsylvania fields, Mr Rockefeller had dabbled a little in oil, but he was not thoroughly convinced that it had a great future. He departed for his home in Cleveland profoundly impressed with what he had seen, and began at once to enter actively into the oil market; and his companion of that day, who recently died at Painesville, Ohio, attributed this to an amusing mishap of Mr Rockefeller. This companion was Mr Franklin Breed, well known in the early days of the oil excitement in Western Pennsylvania, and for the last few years enjoying a wide acquaintance in Northern Ohio, who took the world's oil king to see his first oil well. At that time Mr Rockefeller was the junior partner in a Cleveland commission house, with which Mr Breed, who was a miller at Titusville, Pennsylvania, had dealings. When oil first began to be "struck" in Western Pennsylvania, Mr Breed, who was thoroughly conversant with the country, decided to invest in a well. "And I wish," said he in later years when telling the story, "that I had decided to purchase mills for as much money as I could borrow."

One day, while in Cleveland upon a business errand, Mr Breed met Mr Rockefeller face to face. The latter grasped his visitor by the hand and said: "Breed, you are just the man I want to see. What do you think of this oil business down in Pennsylvania? I've been doing a little in oil myself, but I would like to get some information from a man of experience as to the probability of the flow being permanent and the business a future success. Do you think there is money in it?"

"Yes, Mr Rockefeller, I do, most assuredly," was the reply. "I think there are barrels of money in Pennsylvania at this day in return for barrels of oil."

"You have formed that opinion, I imagine, from your own experience in Pennsylvania?"

"I have," replied Mr Breed. "But say, why don't you come out and look over the field yourself?"

"I don't know but what I will," was the reply. "I never have seen an oil well in operation, and I will arrange to meet you in Titusville, at your convenience."

So a day was appointed. Conditions were rather wild and primitive in those days. Travel from Cleveland to Titusville was slow, behind the puffing, wood-burning locomotives, and parlour cars did not provide any comforts en route to the oil country.

But Mr Rockefeller arrived at Titusville and found his host, who had prepared two saddle horses for a twelve-mile ride, through snow and upon primitive roads little better than trails. To have attempted to use a vehicle of any

kind would have been impracticable. Petroleum Centre, where the wells at that time were in operation, was pretty well a wilderness. The ride was long and dreary, but the destination of the future oil king and his companion was finally reached, and they alighted from their horses where the road became impassable and prepared to take the foothold for the last quarter of a mile. Just before they reached the wells a gully lay before them across which was a narrow log for a footbridge. Beneath this, filling the bottom of the gully, was the refuse from the wells, and it consisted of everything that goes to make petroleum unpleasant to the sense of smell as well as that of the touch. "Mr Rockefeller told me," said Mr Breed, when relating the story, "that he never could cross that log in the world. 'Isn't there some other way to get over?' he asked me. 'That's the only way, Mr Rockefeller,' I

replied, 'and I'll go first to show you how.' I crossed over and turned around to help him, only in time to see him fall and become immersed in the greasy mass below. He took it rather good-naturedly, I'll say that. He looked up to me and remarked very drily, 'Breed, I guess you've got me in the oil business, head and feet.'"

After Mr Rockefeller had been helped to the solid ground, Mr Breed procured some barrel staves and scraped off as much of the oily mixture as he could. However, Mr Rockefeller's clothing and the light overcoat that he wore were ruined. Notwithstanding the accident, Mr Rockefeller insisted upon seeing everything in connection with the wells. He was abundantly satisfied, and in the course of an hour they set out upon the return journey, Mr Rockefeller purchasing new clothing at Titusville before he returned to Cleveland. "It was only a day or two after that," so Mr Breed used to conclude his story, "that I got an order from Mr Rockefeller for a carload of oil, and I got more after that. He always maintained every time that I met him that I was responsible for making him an oil refiner and an oil merchant, and I rather took most of the credit to myself, too. But he made a great deal more out of oil than ever I did."

One of Auckland's Oldest and Most Popular Identities.

It is as above, that one may with confidence describe one of the most familiar figures in Auckland, Mr. S. Jackson, the venerable head of the well-known firm of Jackson and Russell, of Auckland. After forty-eight years of colonial life and experience, forty-eight years in which he has seen Auckland rise from fern and treetree scrub and gully to one of the finest cities south of the line, Mr. Jackson is about to visit the Old Country, to which he has not once returned since '55. Mr. Jackson came out on the same ship as Governor Gore-Brown. He was first in partnership with a Mr. Merriman, but subsequently became senior partner in the firm under its present style of Jackson and Russell. The present portrait is not as clear as a professional picture might have been, but it is of special value in that it is so eminently characteristic

of Mr. Jackson, and is in an attitude familiar to that extremely large number of friends who have been used to meet him daily at his club. His keen wit, his kindly nature, and a natural bonhomie indescribable in print, but of intense personal charm, has won for Mr. Jackson a veritable host of warm admirers amongst young and old, and it is to be doubted if any passenger to Europe has ever carried with him a larger and more sincere number of wishes for a pleasant holiday and a quick return than Mr. Jackson.

Woman's Remarkable Feats of Alpinism.

Every year Madame Brassard, who keeps a little cocoa shop at Lyons, France, follows the French Alpine troops during the manoeuvres in order to sell cocoa to the soldiers, with whom she keeps up in all their long marches. This year, in the course of a few days, Madame Brassard made the ascent of Mont Jovet, crossed in deep snow the Col de la Vanoise, reached the summit of Mont Froid in a snow-storm, then accompanied the troops to the top of Mont Genis, and finally left them at Mont Frejus, after selling out her stock. She then returned home, refilling her basket at Lyons, and walked to Savoy, to be present at the grand manoeuvres. The profit from all these remarkable feats of Alpinism amounted to barely thirty dollars.

A Fair Brigand.

A band of brigands are causing a good deal of trouble in the central provinces of Russia just now. They are led by a woman, who is described as young and beautiful, and dressed in the height of fashion. Their fascinating chieftainess is said to be a perfect rider and crack shot. She heads all the desperate enterprises in which they are engaged. Their most recent exploit is an attack on the residence of a landowner named Mackiewicz, where they secured plunder worth nearly £30,000.



MR. S. JACKSON IN HIS FAVOURITE CHAIR AT THE AUCKLAND CLUB.

THE SILVER RING.

By THOMAS COBB.

"I am certain," said Sophia, "that there is something on your mind."

"Now, how did you find that out?"

"Of course, I can always tell," she said, with a charming air of confidence.

"But how?" I persisted.

"Whilst you are talking to me," she answered, "you are thinking of somebody else."

"It is usually the other way about," I assured her.

"What do you mean?" asked Sophia. "Whilst I am talking to anyone else I am thinking of you."

"Tell me what it is," she exclaimed. "Well," I said, "you remember that ring—"

"Which ring?" asked Sophia, with a blush.

"The ring I gave to you—"

"Did you ever give me a ring?" she inquired, with an expression which suggested that she was making a valiant effort to recollect.

"It was the Christmas before last—"

"Then you surely don't expect me to remember anything about it," said Sophia.

"Anyhow, I was staying with you at Stenbridge, and your Aunt Hilda wanted a ring to put in the Christmas pudding."

"Such an absurd custom!" cried Sophia.

"Nobody seemed eager to take off her wedding ring," I continued.

"Had you come provided with one?" she asked.

"Of course not. But I wore a curious kind of silver ring—a plain band, with a dragon engraved on it. I was foolish enough to regard it as a sort of talisman."

"You lent it then?" asked Sophia.

"It subsequently fell to your share," I reminded her.

"Then, according to the superstition," she said, "I ought to have been married within the year."

"That, no doubt, would have been the ideal arrangement," I admitted, and Sophia stared pensively out of the window.

"I wonder," she answered, "what my husband would have been like?"

"I wish you would look at me—"

"O—oh!" exclaimed Sophia.

"While I am talking to you," I continued. "I don't know whether you recollect that you wanted me to take back the ring."

"My memory is dreadful," she said.

"But I wouldn't have it back—"

"Why not?" asked Sophia.

"You may be certain I had a reason."

"A very ridiculous one, no doubt," she answered.

"Anyhow, I urged you to keep it, and you said you would—"

"But," exclaimed Sophia, with her face as red as a peony, "I told you I should never wear it."

"Then memory is beginning to return," I suggested.

"Very faintly," she answered, and I fancied that Sophia had lost some of her customary calmness.

"Of course," I continued, "it was not the sort of ring you could wear; besides, it was far too big—you let me try it on your finger, you know."

"At the dinner table?" she asked, with an ingenuous expression. "Oh, dear, no. It was on the stairs."

"After all," said Sophia, "a ring you can't wear isn't of much use!"

"Still," I cried, "I didn't think you would give it away."

"I didn't give it away," she exclaimed. "Well, it's an odd thing," I said, when she interrupted me hastily.

"My allowing you to leave it with me?"

"Not at all. But I happened to be at Talbot's rooms the other evening—you know Talbot?"

"I have met him, of course," said Sophia.

"Rather often," I suggested.

"Freddie is such a nice boy," she murmured.

"I saw the ring on his mantelshelf," I said, and Sophia was apparently astonished.

"You—you saw my ring on Freddy Talbot's mantelshelf?" she cried, sinking into the nearest chair.

"Yes"

"You were not foolish enough to tell him—"

"I merely inquired how he got it."

"What did he say?" she asked eagerly.

"He insisted that he hadn't the slightest notion—he had simply seen it lying there!"

"If I had given it to him," answered Sophia, "he would scarcely have forgotten."

"Yet," I suggested, "you had forgotten that I gave it to you."

"That," she retorted, "was more than eighteen months ago."

"If you didn't give it to him—"

"I didn't," answered Sophia.

"Then how did it come into his room?"

"Perhaps it wasn't the same ring," Sophia remarked.

"I am certain," I insisted.

"But—how can you tell?" she demanded.

"I had scratched my initials inside," I said, "and I noticed that you had scratched yours."

"I always like to mark my things," answered Sophia, staring at the window again.

"So that if you didn't give—"

"I have told you I did nothing of the kind!"

"Or you may have lent it—"

"I never prevaricate," said Sophia, in her most dignified manner.

"Well," I cried, "I can't understand how Talbot got possession of the thing."

"It does appear mysterious," she admitted, "but it is not of the remotest consequence."

"Still, I should like to clear the matter up."

"You never will," said Sophia.

"Where used you to keep the ring?" I asked. I had never seen her with such a constant colour.

"Oh, I—I daresay it was in my jewel case," she answered casually.

"When did you see it last?"

"I decline to be cross-examined," she exclaimed, a little impatiently.

"But," I persisted, "did you know that Talbot had the ring?"

"Of course not."

"It is true it was of very little value," I suggested.

"Then," she cried, "why do you make such a fuss about it?"

"You see, I hoped you might keep it until—"

"Until when?" asked Sophia.

"Oh, well, just for another year."

"Is anything likely to happen within the next year?" she demanded.

"I hope so," I answered. "You see I am beginning to make my way a little."

"I always knew you would make your way," said Sophia, with pleasant promptness.

"Still," I suggested, "it's dangerous to count one's chicks—"

"I always count mine," she returned.

"Doesn't it lead to occasional disappointment?" I asked.

"Not exactly disappointment."

"What, then?"

"Oh, well," said Sophia, "a watched pot seems so long in boiling, y. u. know."

"Still," I exclaimed, "I should like to know how the ring got out of your jewel case!"

"Suppose we talk of something else," she said. "Perhaps," she suggested, "it wasn't in there!"

"Then you don't really know where it was?" I asked.

"No," she murmured. "At least—"

"And you didn't care!" I cried, as I rose.

"Oh, dear!" said Sophia, "how persistent you are to-day."

"I can't help thinking," I answered, "that you know all about it."

"You will be judicious to go before you make me angry," she cried.

"Angry!"

"How many times haven't I told you I had no suspicion that Freddy had the ring?"

"Still," I insisted, "I believe you could clear up the mystery."

"Oh, that is very likely," said Sophia.

"Well," I urged, "you may as well be merciful and spare me a sleepless night."

"No," was the answer, "I don't intend to tell you."

"Why not?"

"You would be sure to misunderstand—"

"To misunderstand!"

"You know you always do misunderstand that kind of thing," said Sophia.

"A few minutes ago," I answered, "you said you had no idea—"



"Oh, dear no! It was on the stairs."

"You must think I am very stupid," she cried.

"Then you did know—"

"Of course," said Sophia, "I knew I had lost the ring, but I didn't dream that—that Freddy had—had found it."

"He didn't find it."

"Oh, well!" she exclaimed.

"He told me he merely saw it lying on his mantelshelf."

"Then," said Sophia, "it must have dropped out—"

"Dropped out—"

"Yes," she repeated, "it must have dropped out."

"Out of what?" I demanded.

"You recollect," she cried, "it was all ways several sizes too large."

"You refused to let me have it made smaller."

"The idea of such a thing!" said Sophia. "It was not as if I ever dreamed of wearing it."

"Well, I am still quite in the dark," I answered.

"You are sure Freddy doesn't suspect?" she asked.

"Suspect what?"

"Why, that the ring dropped out of my glove!"

"Then," I exclaimed, going towards Sophia's chair, "you must have worn it!"

"Yes," she said, thoughtfully, "that must have been how it happened."

"But," I suggested, "you haven't been to Talbot's rooms!"

"Why, of course not," she exclaimed, indignantly.

"Then how in the world could it drop from your glove to his mantelshelf?"

"A glove," said Sophia, "need not always be on a person's hand."

"Now I begin to understand," I answered, and I buttoned my coat.

"I am positive you don't."

"You gave Talbot your glove," I cried.

Sophia did not answer. She walked to the window and stood staring out at the street.

"Good-bye," I said, standing a few yards off.

"Good-bye," cried Sophia, and I opened the door. As I was in the act of crossing the threshold, however, she called me back.

"I felt certain you would misunderstand," she exclaimed, with an air of triumph.

"Oh, it is all perfectly clear," I protested.

"I think you are very ridiculous," she said.

"I admit that I have been."

"Then you see that I didn't give Freddy—"

"Didn't you?" I asked.

"Although I have a perfect right to do as I please with my own property," she insisted.

"How did he get it?" I demanded, and Sophia returned to her chair.

"You will be more comfortable on the sofa," she suggested, as I shifted mine to her side.

"I won't bother to move," I said.

"Oh, very well!" Sophia exclaimed, and, rising again, she sat down on the sofa at the other side of the room.

"You know," she continued, "I met Freddy at Lady Weston's dance about a week ago."

"He told me that."

"Of course," said Sophia, "he is very ridiculous, but he dances really very nicely."

"How many times?" I asked.

"Three, I think—three or four. His step suits mine perfectly. Besides," Sophia added, "Freddy is such a boy!"

"He can't be a day more than twenty-six," I suggested.

"Well," cried Sophia, "he doesn't look twenty-six."

"About the glove," I hinted.

"Just as we were coming downstairs to the carriage," she explained, "Mrs. Venables' dress was trodden upon. Mrs. Venables is my chaperon just now, you know. She asked me to pin her up, so I took off one of my gloves."

"Which glove?" I enquired.

"How fond you are of details," cried Sophia. "As if it could matter! I suppose I put it on the hall table, but when I finished pinning Mrs. Venables I couldn't see it anywhere."

"Well!" I said.

"Mrs. Venables was so impatient," Sophia continued, "that I had to go without it, and I—I suppose—Freddy Talbot was foolish enough to take it."

"A man doesn't do that sort of thing—"

"Of course, I didn't know for certain," said Sophia.

"Without encouragement!" I answered.

Sophia looked suddenly indignant.

"How could I encourage him to steal my glove?" she demanded. "Of course I couldn't make myself positively objectionable."

"I don't think you could," I felt bound to admit.

"Some persons can," said Sophia.

"Anyhow," I exclaimed, "you wore my ring!"

"I suppose I must have done," she returned, in a dubious tone.

"Although you protested that you wouldn't," I suggested.

"How stupid it is to make a vow," said Sophia, with a sigh.

"Was it the first time?"

"Of course," she continued, "I didn't

"I shouldn't do that!"

"Not ask for my ring?"

"It might lead to an awkward explanation."

"How?" she asked.

"You would have to admit the knowledge that he purloined your glove."

"Still," she insisted, "I should like to have my ring back."

"In case another pair of gloves should be too large?"

"At all events, I should like to have it," she said.

I put my thumb and finger in my waistcoat pocket.

"Here it is!" I cried, holding it up for her inspection.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "surely you didn't tell Freddy—"

"Not a word."

"Then how did you—"

Fighting the Trusts.

The trust war is on in earnest in America. A drastic Bill to Regulate Trusts has been introduced by Senator George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts. Senator Hoar's bill, offered for the serious consideration of Congress, is a sensational document, containing measures intended to operate in the restriction of corporations engaged in international and interstate commerce. Its provisions are of the most sweeping character, and it seeks to confer upon the Attorney-General almost autocratic powers. It provides that a fund of 500,000 dol. be appropriated to enable that official to enforce the law; that full publicity must be made of the operations of corporations engaged or to engage in international or interstate commerce; that there shall be no discrimination as between persons in sales or transportation, etc. The corporation must sign an undertaking that it will comply with the laws; and the Attorney-General of the United States is to inspect the records of all corporations engaged in interstate commerce. Violation of the Act is punishable by a fine of 5000 dollars, or imprisonment for one year, or both. The third violation will forfeit the corporation's right to do any interstate business. The proposed measure has been fiercely attacked even by members of both Houses of Congress who are supposed to favour some restriction of the "Trusts." Whether or not Senator Hoar's bill becomes law its progress will be watched with interest at this time, when even small dealers are engaged in the struggle between individual effort and consolidations organised for the purpose of controlling certain business interests. In his speech before the Senate Senator Hoar referred to the great transportation and industrial combinations as the American geni who carried out the wishes of the holder of the ring or the lamp—but they must be content to accept the American people as Aladdin. Following the introduction of Senator Hoar's bill comes the announcement that President Roosevelt has indorsed the recommendations of Attorney-General Knox, setting out the best measures to be taken by Congress to curb illegal combinations of transportations and industrial interests which threaten a monopolistic control of certain industries.



"I saw the ring on his mantelshelf."

intend to take off my glove. And I dared not wait to look for it, although I called next morning to see whether it had been found."

"Which glove was it?"

"Let me see!" murmured Sophia.

"Let me," I cried, rising to examine her hands the better. Sophia immediately held them behind her.

"I fancy it must have been the left," she said.

"Sophia!" I cried.

"I hate to talk to anyone who frowns at me," she exclaimed.

"I assure you I didn't intend to frown—"

"Please sit down!"

"I want to know why you wore the ring," I urged.

"Didn't I tell you?"

"No," I answered.

"My gloves were rather—rather loose. Sometimes I fancy they must put the wrong sizes on them! I feel certain those must really have been six and a half."

"So you wore the ring because the gloves were too big?"

"Of course, I didn't imagine anyone would know," said Sophia; "I shall make Freddy give it back—"

"Get hold of it," I answered.

"You must have stolen it from Freddy's room!"

"As it was my own already, you can scarcely call it stealing," I protested.

"No," said Sophia, "it was mine."

"Is it very much too large?" I asked.

"A little."

"Let me see," I said, standing by her side, and Sophia held forth her left hand.

"Which finger did you wear it on?" I asked.

"I fancy it must have been—yes, I think it was the third," Sophia answered.

"But, of course," she added, "I shall never dream of wearing it again."

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MUD VOLCANO ON THE ROAD TO WAIOTAPU.



THE YELLOW TERRACE, WAIOTAPU.

The Colonial Tourist Abroad.

A VISIT TO SEVILLE.

It is not astonishing that very few colonials ever dream of including Spain in their tours of Europe, for as a fact it is strangely neglected by even the most persistent of British tourists. People go year after year to France, Italy, Germany, Switzerland and Norway, and leave Spain alone. Yet it is unquestionably one of the loveliest and most interesting countries to visit in the world. Seville alone—which we take for illustration this week—would absorb a week from even the most energetic sight-seer, and a month could be spent in the ancient city with pleasure and profit. The cathedral dedicated to Santa Maria de la Sede, ranks in size second only to St Peter's at Rome, and is one of the most splendid and ornate structures in the world. It was begun in 1403 and finished in 1519, so that one style of pointed Gothic architecture is fairly preserved. The interior is superior to the exterior. It forms a parallelogram, containing a nave and four aisles with surrounding chapels, a central dome 171ft high inside, and at the east end a royal sepulchral chapel erected in the 16th century. The 32 immense clustered columns, the 93 vast windows filled with the finest glass by great artists of the 16th century, and the jewels and works of art on every side produce an unsurpassed effect of magnificence and grandeur. The photograph of the cathedral gives no adequate idea of this vast and perfect work of architecture and art, the outcome of the great mosque of Ya'Kub Yusuf, of 1171, where the altars blaze with jewels and precious stones, and the works of all the great artists of Spain and Italy cover the walls and ceilings. The paintings of Velasquez and Murillo, in this shrine of

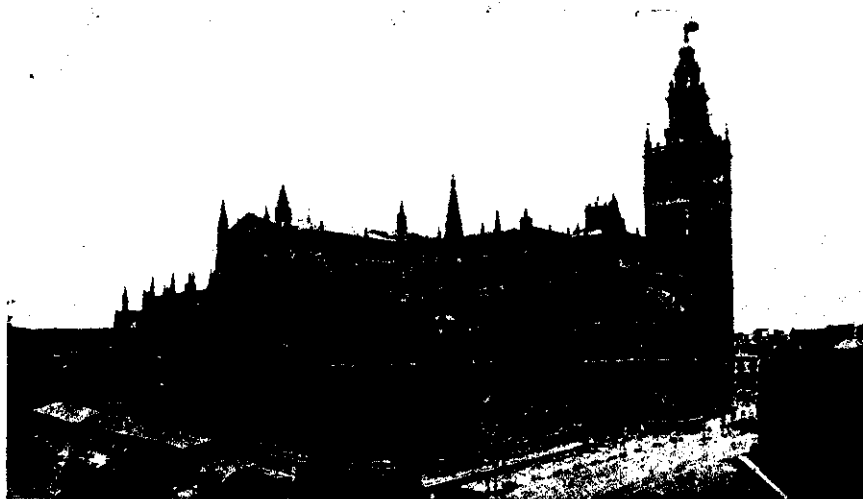
the artists' birthplace, particularly abound. During the Octave of the Festival of Corpus Christi you still see the ancient custom of the dance of the ten boys before the high altar in imitation of the dance of the Israelites before the Ark. In the choir (coro), the dignitaries of the church sit in the stalls by the light of candles and intone in turn from mediaeval illuminated missals, or perambulate round the choir until the time comes for the grand procession, with the cardinal in scarlet robes, priests in wondrous vestments, acolytes, etc.,

to the high altar of the Chapel Mayor to witness the minuet-like dance of the ten boys in their fantastic dress of the period of Philip III., with their castanets, to the strains of a stringed orchestra. I was glad to be able to get hold of two of these boys, so as to photograph them for my readers.

The Alcazar, the ancient palace of the Moorish kings, which has been the residence of the Spanish sovereigns since the capture of Seville in 1248, is a fascinating place. As the photograph shows, the exterior, with its masses of

bare masonry and its embattled towers, still preserves the character of a mediaeval castle. But the Moorish character is seen in such courts as the Patio de las Doncellas (Court of the Maidens), with its exquisite arches and coupled marble columns in the beautifully combined blue and other colours of Eastern art. The Giralda, of which we give a photograph, is the most conspicuous landmark of Seville. It was originally the minaret of the Moorish mosque of 1184.

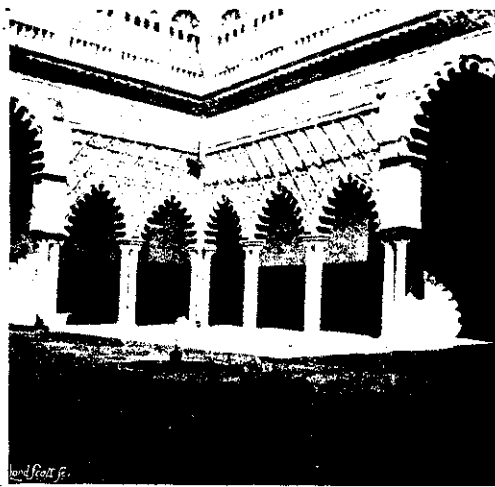
The private life of Seville is, accord-



SEVILLE CATHEDRAL.



ENTRANCE TO THE ALCAZAR, SEVILLE.



THE ALCAZAR: INTERIOR.



VIEW OF THE GIRALDA, AND ENTRANCE TO ALCAZAR.



BOYS WHO DANCE BEFORE THE HIGH ALTAR AT SEVILLE DURING CORPUS CHRISTI FETE.

ing to the Moorish custom, mainly focused in the inner courts of the houses, rich in palms and other exotic plants, and flanked right and left by the staircases leading to the upper stories.

The Royal cigar factory is worthy of

a visit. It is a building 662ft long by 524ft wide, and employs 4500 hands, working up 2,000,000lb of tobacco yearly. Little altars adorn the entrances to the working halls, where the women cheerfully roll the cigarettes, or make their

eight or ten bundles of 50 cigars a day. The unmarried girls, like those in the photograph, generally wear a flower coquettishly tucked in their hair, and it

is pleasant to see mothers mechanically rocking the wooden cradles of their babies at their feet as they pursue their avocation.



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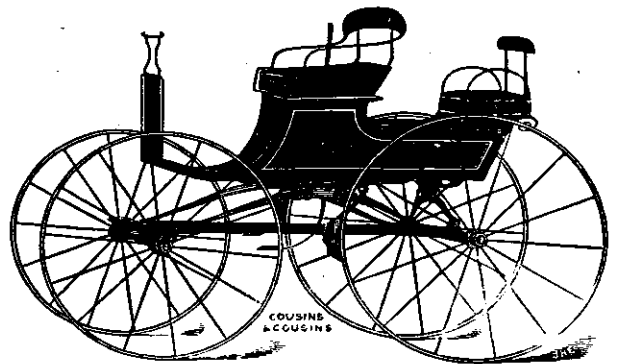
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The Chase of the Ruby.

By RICHARD MARSH.

Author of "The Beetle: A Mystery," "In Full Cry," "Frivolities," Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF INSTALLMENTS I. to VI.— On returning home from South Africa, where he had had a vision of his uncle beaten by a stranger on a night of steps, Guy Holland finds a letter awaiting him from his uncle's solicitor requesting an interview. The uncle has died and left a singular will behind, making Guy his heir on condition that he regains a ruby ring which his relative had parted with to Miss May Bewicke, an actress. Failing this the estate goes to his other nephew, Horace Burton. In Regent's Park, Guy meets his sweetheart, Miss Letty Broad, who flies into a passion of jealousy against Miss Bewicke, to whom Guy had formerly been engaged, and counsels him to go and demand the ring. He goes to Miss Bewicke's flat for this purpose. Over supper, Guy makes his request and is met with a refusal. Coming away he encounters first his cousin Horace Burton, and then Miss Bewicke's maid, Casata, who has a deep personal spite against his cousin. She is eager to avenge herself by aiding Guy. The plan unfolded by Casata to enable Guy to possess himself of the ring, is no thing short of burglary. He recoils from the idea, but Miss Broad again commands and he therefore pays a midnight visit to the actress's rooms. He has just discovered the ring in the drawer indicated by the maid, when Miss Bewicke unexpectedly appears, her plans being changed. She insists on his keeping his booty and he leaves, carrying the ring with him. In the street he is knocked down from behind with a blow which appears to cause fatal result, and the mysterious assailant rifles his pockets. The Flyman annexes the ring and carries it to Horace Burton and his confederate, Mr Cox, a gentleman of Hebrew origin, but he discovered that this is not the ring sought for.

CHAPTER X.

SHE WISHES THAT SHE HADN'T.

Miss Broad had a very bad night. That was because of her conscience, which pricked her. Almost as soon as Mr Holland had left her she regretted the advice she had given him—advice, she had the candour to admit, as applied to this case, being but a feeble word. She had bullied him into committing burglary! It was awful to think of, or, at least, it became awful by degrees. A sort of panorama of dreadful imaginings began to unfold itself in front of her. She even pictured him as being caught in the act, arrested, thrown into gaol, tried, sentenced to penal servitude, working in the quarries—she had heard of "the quarries"—because of her. She did not pause to consider that, after all, he was responsible for his own actions. He loved her; by obedience he proved it, even to the extent of committing burglary. Therefore, the blame of what she did was on her own shoulders.

So she upbraided herself, regretting too late as ladies sometimes do, the line of action she had taken up with so much vigour.

"I wish I'd bitten my tongue off before I'd been so wicked. The truth is, I really believe I'd like to kill that woman, Ellen, you needn't pull my hair right out."

The first two remarks were addressed to herself, the last, aloud, to her maid. That young person, who was dressing Miss Broad for dinner, found her mistress in rather a trying mood.

"If he was detected in the act, he would be at that woman's mercy. She might compel him to do anything in order to avoid open humiliation and disgrace and ruin."

At the thought of what he might be compelled to do, she was divided between terror, tears, and rage. Since the woman had once pretended to love him, and, no doubt, was still burning with a desire to be his wife, she might even force him—oh, horrible!

"Ellen, you're pulling my hair again." Which was not to be wondered at, considering how unexpectedly the young lady jerked her head.

She ate no dinner, excused herself from two engagements, made herself generally so disagreeable that she drove her father to remark that her temper was not improving, and he pitied the man who had anything to do with her. Which observation added to her misery, for she knew

quite well that her temper was her weakest point. She was a wretch, and she had ruined him!

Throughout the night she scarcely slept. She was continually getting off the bed to pace the room, exclaiming—
"I wonder if he's doing it now!"

She must have wondered if he was doing it "now" nearly a hundred times, apparently under the impression that "it" was an operation which took time.

The result was, that when the morning came, she did not feel rested, and looked what she felt, causing her father—an uncomfortable observant gentleman, who prided himself, with justice, on being able to say as many disagreeable things as any man—to remark that she looked "vinegary," which soured Miss Broad still more.

She had an appointment with Mr Holland, at the usual place in Regent's Park, for ten. They were to have a little conversation; then, together, they were to go to church. She was at the rendezvous at nine, though how she managed to do it was a mystery to herself. At ten minutes past she began to fidget, at the half-hour she was in a fever, and when ten o'clock struck, and there was no Mr Holland, she was as nearly beside herself as she could conveniently be.

"He's never been late before—never, never! Oh, what has happened?"

She went a little way along a path, by which she thought that he might come; then, fearful that after all he might come another way, tremulously retracing her steps, she returned to the seat. But she could not sit still, nor stand still either. She was up and down, sitting and standing, fidgeting here and there, glancing in every direction, like the frightened creature she was rapidly becoming. Every nerve in her body was on edge. When the quarter struck, and there were no signs of Mr Holland, she could restrain herself no longer. Tears blinded her eyes; she had to use her handkerchief before she could see. It would have needed very little for her to become hysterical.

She knew her man—his almost uncanny habit of punctuality. She was certain that, if nothing serious had happened to prevent him, he would have been in time to a moment. She was sure, therefore, that something had happened! But what?

As she vainly asked herself this question, a boy came along one of the paths. He was a small child, about nine years of age, evidently attired in his Sunday best. He carried something in his hand. Coming up to her, he said—

"Are you Miss Broad?" She nodded; she could not speak. "I was told to give you this."

He handed her the envelope. She jumped to the conclusion that it came from him. Her delight at receiving even a message from him about scattered her few remaining senses.

"I'll give you sixpence." She spoke with a stammer, fumbling with her purse. "I haven't one; I'll give you half-a-crown instead."

The boy went off mumbling what might have been meant for thanks, probably too surprised at the magnitude of the gift to be able to make his meaning clear. She tore the envelope open. It contained half a sheet of paper, on which were the words—

"If you want Mr Guy Holland, inquire of Miss May Bewicke."

CHAPTER XI.

THE PURSUIT OF THE GENTLEMAN.

That was all. Miss Broad's first blundering impression was that somebody was having a joke with her—that she was mistaken, had read the words askew. She looked again.

No; the error, if error there were, was,

to that extent, certainly not hers; the words were there as plain as plain could be, and they only.

"If you want Mr Guy Holland, inquire of Miss May Bewicke."

They were typewritten, occupying a couple of lines. The rest of the sheet was blank—no address, no date, no signature; not a hint to show from whom the message could have come. She looked at the envelope. The face of it was blank; there was nothing on it, inside or out. Where was the boy who had brought it? She turned to see. He had gone, was out of sight. So far as she could perceive, she had the immediate neighbourhood entirely to herself. What did it mean?

The disappointment was so acute that, as she sank back upon the seat, the earth seemed to be whirling round in front of her. She never quite knew whether for a second or two she did not lose her senses altogether. When next she began to notice things, she perceived that the envelope had fallen to the ground, and that the half-sheet of paper would probably have followed it had it not been detained by a fold in her dress. She examined them both again, this time more closely, without, however, any satisfactory result.

Of the typewritten words she could make neither head nor tail. Were they meant as a hint—a warning—what? Anyhow, from whom could they have come—to her, there, in the park? Why had she not asked the boy who had instructed him to give the envelope to her? What a simpleton she had been!

"Inquire of Miss Bewicke." What can it mean? "Inquire of Miss May Bewicke." Unless—

Unless it meant something she did not care to think of. She left the sentence unfinished, even in her own mind.

She arrived at a sudden resolution. It was too late for church, or she told herself it was, supposing her to have been in a church-going mood, which she most emphatically was not. Instead of church she would go to Mr Holland's rooms in Craven-street, and inquire for him there. Under the circumstances, anything, including loss of dignity—and she flattered herself that dignity, as a rule, was her strong point—was better than suspense.

She had some difficulty in finding a

cab. In that district of town, cabs do not ply in numbers on Sunday morning. By the time she discovered one she was hot, dusty and, she feared, dishevelled. As the vehicle bore her towards the Strand, her sense of comfort did not increase. If he was not in Craven-street, what should she do? Ye saints and sinners! if he were in gaol!

He was not in Craven-street. A matronly, pleasant-faced woman opened the door to her.

"Is Mr Holland in?"
"No, miss, he's not."
"Has he been long gone out?"
"Well, miss, he hasn't been in all night."

The young lady shivered. The landlady eyed her with shrewd, yet not unfriendly, eyes. She hazarded a question—

"Excuse me, miss, but are you Miss Broad?"

"That is my name."
"Would you mind just stepping inside?"

The landlady led the way into a front room. The first thing the young lady saw on entering was her photograph staring at her from the centre of the mantelshelf. A little extra colour tinged her cheeks. The landlady glanced from the original to the likeness, and back again.

"It's very like you, miss, if you'll excuse me saying so. You see, Mr Holland has told me all about it. You have my congratulations, if I might make so bold, for a nicer gentleman I never want to see. I was that pleased when I saw him come walking in the other day. Did you expect to see him, miss?"

"I had an appointment with him. He never kept it. As he has never done such a thing before, I scarcely know what to think."

"Well, miss, the truth is, I hardly know what I ought to say."

"Say everything, please."

"It was only his nonsense, no doubt, but when he was going out last night I asked him if he should be late. 'Well, Mrs Pettifer,' he said, 'if I am late, you'd better make inquiries for me at Westminster Police Station, for that's where I shall be; they'll have locked me up.' When Matilda told me this morning that he hadn't been in all night, I thought of his words directly, because he'd ordered his breakfast for eight o'clock this morning, and, as you say, he's always so dependable—Why, miss, whatever is the matter?"

Miss Broad, who had found refuge in an armchair, was looking very queer indeed.

"Don't you take on, miss. It was only his fun. Mr Holland's full of his jokes. Heaps of gentlemen stay out all night; nothing's happened."

But the young lady was not to be comforted. She had her own reasons for being of a different opinion. That allusion to Westminster Police Station did not sound like a joke to her. When she quitted Craven-street, she directed

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the cabman to drive her to a certain number in Victoria-street. She was staring as she went at the two typewritten lines which the mysterious boy had brought in the mysterious envelope. "I will inquire of Miss Bewicke. It will be better to begin there than at the other place. There will be time enough for that afterwards. If — if she should have looked him up!"

The potentiality was too horrible. She could not bear to contemplate it. Yet, willy-nilly, it intruded on her fears. She ascended in the lift to Miss Bewicke's apartments. She knocked with a trembling hand at Miss Bewicke's door. She had to knock a second time before an answer came. Then the door was opened by a tall, thin, sturmine-looking woman to whom the visitor took a dislike upon the spot.

"In Miss Bewicke at home?" "Will you walk in?" It was only when Miss Broad had walked in that she learned that her quest was in vain. "Miss Bewicke is not at home. She went to Brighton this morning."

"This morning? I thought she was going last night!" "Who told you that?"

There was something in the speaker's voice which brought the blood to Miss Broad's cheeks with a rush. She stammered.

"I—I heard it somewhere." "Your information was learned on good authority; very good. Oh, yes, she meant to go last night, but she was prevented."

"Prevented—by what?" "I am not at liberty to say. Are you a friend of Miss Bewicke's?"

There was something in the woman's manner which Miss Broad suspected of being intentionally offensive. She stared at her with bold, insolent eyes, with, in them, what the young lady felt was the suggestion of an insolent grin. That she knew her, Miss Broad was persuaded; she was sure, too, that she was completely cognisant of the fact that she was not Miss Bewicke's friend.

"I am sorry to say that I am not so fortunate as to be able to number myself among Miss Bewicke's friends. I have not even the pleasure of her acquaintance."

"That is unfortunate, as you say. About her friends Miss Bewicke is particular."

The suggestion was so gratuitous that Miss Broad was startled. "Are you a friend of hers?"

"I am her companion; but not for long. You know what it is for one woman to be a companion to another woman. It is not to be her friend. Oh, no. I have been a companion to Miss Bewicke for many years; but soon I go. I have had enough."

The woman's manner was so odd that Miss Broad wondered if she was a little touched in the head, or if she had been drinking. She looked round the room, at a loss what to say. Her glance lighted on a large panel photograph which occupied the place of honour on the mantelpiece. It was Mr Holland. She recognised it with a start. It was the best likeness of him she had seen. He had not given her a copy, nor any portrait of himself, which was half as good.

Miss Bewicke's companion was watching her.

"You are looking at the photograph? It is Mr Holland, a friend of Miss Bewicke's, the dearest friend she has in the world."

"You mean he was her friend?" "He was? He is—none better. Miss Bewicke has many friends—oh, yes, a great many; she is so beautiful—is she not beautiful?—but there are none of them to her like Guy."

The woman's familiar use of Mr Holland's Christian name stung Miss Broad into silence. That she lied, she knew; to say that, to-day, Mr Holland was still Miss Bewicke's dearest friend, was to attain the height of the ridiculous. That the young lady knew quite well. She was also aware that, for some reason which, as yet, she did not fathom, this foreign creature was making herself intentionally offensive. None the less, she did not like to hear her lover spoken of in such fashion by such lips. Still less did she like to see his portrait where it was. Had she acted on the impulse of the moment, she would have torn it into shreds. And perhaps she might have gone even as far as that had she not perceived something else, which she liked, if possible, still less than the position occupied by the gentleman's photograph.

On a table lay a walking-stick. A second's glance was sufficient to convince her of the ownership. It was his—

present from herself. She had had it fitted with a gold band; his initials, which she had cut on it, stared her in the face. What was his walking-stick—her gift—doing there?"

The woman's lynx-like eyes were following hers.

"You are looking at the walking-stick? It, also, is Mr Holland's."

"What is it doing here?"

The woman shrugged her shoulders. "He left it behind him, I suppose. Perhaps he was in too great a hurry to get away, one forgets little things which are of no importance."

She called his walking-stick—her gift to him—a thing of no importance! What was the creature hinting at? Miss Broad would not condescend to ask, although she longed to know.

"As I tell you, Miss Bewicke is not at home. She is at the Hotel Metropole at Brighton. Would you like to take Mr Holland's walking-stick to—her?" There was an accent on the pronoun which the visitor did not fail to notice. "What name shall I give to Miss Bewicke?" "I am Miss Broad."

"Miss Broad—Letty Broad? Oh, yes, I remember. They were talking and laughing about you—Mr Holland and she. Perhaps, after all, you had better not go down to Brighton."

When the young lady was back in the street, her brain was a tumult of contradictions. That the woman who called herself Miss Bewicke's companion, had, for reasons of her own, been trying to amuse herself at her expense she had not the slightest doubt. That Mr Holland's relations with Miss Bewicke were not what were suggested she was equally certain. None the less she wondered, and she doubted. What was his portrait doing there? Still more, what was his walking-stick? He was carrying it when they last met. Under what circumstances, between this and then, had it found its way to where it was? Where was Mr Holland? That there was a mystery she was convinced. She was almost convinced that Miss Bewicke held the key to it.

Should she run down to Brighton and find it out? She would never rest until she knew. She had gone so far; she might as well go farther. She would be there and back in no time. The cabman was told to drive to Victoria. At Victoria a train was just on the point of starting. Miss Broad was travelling Brightonwards before she had quite made up her mind as to whether she really meant to go. When the train stopped at Clapham Junction, she half rose from her seat, and all but left the carriage. She might still be able to return home for luncheon. But while she hilly dalled the train was off. The next stoppage was at Croydon. There would be nothing gained by alighting there: so she reached Brighton, as she assured herself, without ever having had the slightest intention of doing it. Therefore, and as a matter of course, when the train rattled into the terminus, she was not in the best of tempers. She addressed sundry inquiries to herself as she descended to the platform.

"Now what am I to do? I may as well go to the Metropole as I am here. I am not bound to see the woman even if I go. And, as for speaking to her"—she curled her lip in a way which was intended to convey a volume of meaning—"I suppose it is possible to avoid the woman, even if I have the misfortune to be under the same roof with her. The hotel's a tolerable size; at any rate, we'll see."

She did see, and that quickly. As she entered the building, the first person she beheld coming towards her across the hall was Miss May Bewicke.

Which proves, if proof be necessary, that a building may be large, and yet too small.

(To be continued.)

Copyright Story.

A Record of Holiday.

By E. CE. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

(Authors of "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.")

Of summer holidays it may at least be contended that they involve two periods of undiluted enjoyment; the time of anticipation, and the calm—if sometimes chastened—season of retrospect.

I am glad, now that the mice are nesting in my trunks, and the spiders weaving fresh straps round my hold-all, that I have been to Switzerland, that the greasy visitors' books of several West of Ireland hotels hold my name. Also, I remember how very cheerful it was to study a scarlet-hued Bradshaw, and to reflect that, with certain financial restrictions, the Continent of Europe lay smiling before me. (I remember also that I lent that entertaining work to an American friend, and found the utmost difficulty in recovering it from him. It was only restored, indeed, on the morning of my departure, and my friend mentioned that he had sat up all night reading it, "just to see how it ended," he said.)

Between, however, these seasons of satisfaction, there stretches the actual time of holiday, and as I reflect upon it I am struck by the fact that its more salient features are misfortunes. From a literary point of view this has its advantages; the happy traveller has no history. If the converse is true it would need Gibbon or Macaulay to deal with our transit from the County Cork to that Alpine fastness for which we had trustingly, fearlessly labelled our luggage.

It began with fog in the Channel—the Irish Channel—solid, tangible fog, through which our bewildered steamer stumbled, uttering large, desolate cries of distress, stopping every now and then to bellow like a lost cow, sometimes, even, going astern, while muffled boatings told of another wanderer who had drawn nearer to us than was convenient.

"When I heard 'em giving the signal to go astern," said a sailor officer of high degree, next morning, as he gobbled a belated mouthful of breakfast, "I thought it was about time to get up and put on my clothes. Said nothing about it to m' wife, though!"

I wonder if he has realised yet why everyone smiled.

In London, rain; in Paris, blinding heat. Dizzily we staggered round the elder Salon, and through its innumerable small square rooms, with their lining of flagrant canvases; it felt like exploring the brain-cells of a fever patient in delirium. One healing instant was ours, when at the public baths in Boulevard Mont Parnasse, the waters of a "Bain Complet" closed over the exhausted person; but that, even, was speedily poisoned by the discovery that towels and soap, being extras, were not left in the Cabinet de Bains, and the bather, having with dripping hands explored the pocket for the needed coins, had then to tender them to the attendant through a difficult slit of doorway, receiving in exchange a small fragment of slightly scented marble and a gauze veil.

After that, the night journey to Geneva. Heat, sardine-like proximity of fellow-travellers, two dauntless English ladies, who turned the long night into one unending and clanking tea party; a nightmare interlude of douaniers, then, when a troubled sleep had at length been bestowed, Geneva, and all the horrors that attend the finish of a long train journey.

At breakfast, at our hotel, a survey of what we had hitherto endured in the pursuit of pleasure stung us to a brief revolt. This was a holiday, we told ourselves, why hurry? Fortified by a principle theoretically unassailable, we strolled about Geneva. It was cold and very wet; still, in our newly realised leisure, we made a point of strolling. On our return to our hotel most of the staff were on the pavement, seemingly very much excited. A voiture, laden with our luggage, stood at the door. It appeared that our steamer left for Villeneuve in eight minutes. I imagine that the hotel staff's agitation arose from the fear

that we should not have time to tip them all. This was, alas, unfounded.

The driver took us first to the wrong steamer. He then turned his machine too short, and locked the fore carriage. Then he shambled across the long bridge to the other steamboat quay, while we sat forward, like the coxswains of racing eights, in sweating agony, watching our boat getting up steam and preparing for instant departure.

We caught the boat, by springing like Spurius Lartius and Herminius across the widening chasm between her deck and the shore, and therewith fell into a species of syncope. Mists shrouded the mountains; a chilled rain swept the lake. For our parts, slowly recovering, we kept the cabin, and swept the tea-table. It was almost our first moment of enjoyment.

The Alpine fastness, already alluded to, was not gained for a further couple of days, during which an awakening distaste for Switzerland slowly grew in us, though it did not thoroughly mature till mellowed by a mule ride up a mountain. Reticence in narration is a quality that I endeavour to cultivate. It becomes a necessity in treating of the village and its surrounding slums from and through which our start was made. Having, in a state nearing starvation, been offered the sole refreshment available, namely, concentrated essence of typhoid in the guise of glasses of milk, and having retained sufficient self-control to refuse them, we started on mule-back for the mountain. Traversing, as I have every reason to believe, the open main drain of the village, our animals proceeded to totter up a narrow and precipitous water-course.

"La voie la plus directe," explained the mule-driver, lashing his ancient cattle

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In a general way, and without animosity.

The cloud that accompanied our wanderings, as in the case of the Israelites, did not fall of its usual office. Even through the crown of a Panama straw hat the rain attacked to my skin. Thence it descended, enveloping me, as it were an inner garment. Twice my mule fell down. I could not reproach it. Indeed, nothing but the fact that one of its parents had been an ass explained its readiness to pick itself up and go on again. It had, however, an incentive, supplied in the rear by its proprietor; we had naught save the fetich of Holiday to goad us onward, and its potency was beginning to weaken.

One week of the mountain hotel was as much as we were able to endure. The usual "exceptional" weather prevailed. How familiar is the formula, and how entirely unworthy of credence!

"For seventeen years" the landlord calls heaven to witness—"it has never been so wet, or so cold, or so stormy at this time. If Monsieur, or Madame, had come but three weeks ago—or would wait but three days longer—"

There was a time when the glamour of holiday might have induced belief, might even have beguiled a further endurance of the age-long table d'hôte repasts, of the aggressive muscularity of the English schoolmaster, who, during their progress, from the watery soup to the acrid Alpine strawberry, faced us, boasting at large and at detail; of the German bride, who practised the piano for four hours daily (her head upon her bridegroom's shoulder, his faithful arm round her waist). Things things, though unattractive in themselves, might once have been submitted to as elements of the theoretical holiday (in Switzerland), as mere inevitable examples in the rose leaf.

But on this occasion—it is possibly one of the compensations of advancing years—we found ourselves endowed with a juster sense of proportion. The close of the eighth day saw us heading for home with a speed that almost amounted to rout. The mule driver's maxim, "la voie la plus directe," seemed good common sense; we drew neither breath nor bridle, Geneva, Paris, London were but names in the night, till we found ourselves facing America from the front doorstep of a certain remote hostelry in the far west of Connaught.

Then, and not till then, did something of the largeness, the leisure, the absurdity, the unconventionality that should enter into all true holiday begin for us.

I have said hostelry, and undoubtedly the words "Seaview Hotel," in letters large and green, were inscribed upon its pink-washed walls, but without this clue I do not think the closest observer would be able to detect its walk in life. It had but one storey; a dark and narrow passage led from the entrance to the kitchen, and therein, at (as subsequent experience showed us) any time of the day or night, the entire establishment might be found massed, talking as though they had not met for years, and were to separate in an hour.

Thus we, led by our carman, an habitue of the house, found them, and thus, with but brief intervals, they continued during the period we spent among them.

"What is it, Mike?" this to the car-driver from a very stout lady, whom we rightly assumed to be the proprietress. "Oh—the sitting-room," she exhibited a natural annoyance, having been interrupted in a pronouncement on, I gathered, the feeding of pigs. "Here! Mary Kate, show the sitting-room!" She addressed herself to her subject.

Mary Kate, a charming slattern with a profusion of fair hair, "showed" the sitting-room. It was small, but not unclean, and, in addition to the normal outfit of table and chairs, was remarkably equipped with a large double perambulator, whose use as a side-board was sufficiently indicated by the fact that a cruet stand and a loaf of bread occupied one seat, while a piece of cold beef reclined on the other. The bedrooms, if I may quote a French guide-book's remarks upon the retreat of a hermit, "excited I know not what emotions of religious terror;" emotions that were not allayed by the suspicion, that deepened to certainty, that in the absence of visitors, they were occupied by the staff.

"Hot wather! O cerrytainly!" said Mary Kate, kindly. "Beg your pardon—" she crushed past me to the chimney-piece, and proceeded to root behind photograph frames and a crowded multitude of glass and china, objets d'art. "I left me hat pins—" here she giggled confidentially, and, so intimate was their arrangement, several of the objets d'art fell off at the farther end of the chimney piece. "Ahl! what wather! Sure they're all in a little broke!" said Mary Kate, wedging them into their places again, and thrusting the recovered hat pins into her redundant locks. "Ye'll be wanting somethin' to eat now, I dresay," she went on, "I'll send gramma in to ye."

A brief interval ensued, during which we furtively examined the bedclothes, and indulged in disturbed conjecture as to the substance that stuffed the pillows. Their smell, though curious, offered no basis for theory.

There came a creeping sound without, and low down, a panel of the door was dealt a single blow.

I said, "Come in!" (not without a slight recurrence of religious terror).

A very little and ancient woman stood there, with the trade marks of soot and grease thick upon her. When she curtsied she seemed to merge in the door mat, so small was she and so dingy.

There was reassurance in the discovery that she seemed as much in awe of us as we of her.

"How would I know what the likes o' ye would fancy?" she said, almost with despair; she remarked that our visit might prove an education into the ways of the aristocracy of which she had long stood in need, but she coupled the admission with a warning that she "was very old and very dull."

It was a high responsibility, this position of exponents of an unknown type, and it is much to be regretted that we were forced to leave our venerable friend under the impression that the upper classes usually cook their own food at hotels. It should here be said that this expedition had not been entered upon without a certain foreknowledge of what it was likely to involve, and amongst other precautions were provisions of a

portable sort. These included sausages, and the sausages we confined to our old lady.

We sat in the parlour enjoying the appetite for dinner that is one of the bright features of a genuine holiday. After a delay of about half an hour, Mary Kate's head was thrust through a narrow opening of the door.

"Gramma says will the little puddings be split?"

Had the answer been Yes, and that it was usual to serve them with cream and sugar, I feel sure that grandmamma would have complied. As it was, after instructions to Mary Kate, of a lucidity unrivalled by Mrs Beeton, the sausages appeared, pale, tepid, raw, in a pie-dish, just a wash with luke-warm water.

The holiday appetite quailed at the sight, and the chef was summoned from the conversation still raging in the kitchen. With a single glance at the guests she recognised failure, and, with a really masterly grasp of the position, she hurried back to the kitchen and returned with the frying-pan.

"Keep it now yersels," she said. "Didn't I say to ye I was too owid?"

From that time the parlour grate led a sullied life, but—which may be consoled it—a thoroughly useful one. We re-cooked the sausages upon it; the perambulator yielded its increase, toast, grilled beef, sausages, who could reasonably ask for more!

We spent two days and two nights there; days of perfect weather, spent in exploring a coast as wild and beautiful as the heart of holiday maker could desire, nights strangely, almost desolately devoid of the entomological excursions and pursuits usual to village inns, and, in spite of the peculiarities of the pillows, sleep was not difficult. Or rather, in candour it should be said, was difficult only after the rising of the sun. For with the dawn, a vagrant population was astir in the village; a street Arab community of hens, dogs, geese and donkeys, incessant and charion-toned in their addresses to morn and to each other; creatures who slept under carts and in stray corners, who treated life as a lounge, and regarded their owners as suzerains merely, to whom occasional allegiance was to be rendered, or a tributary egg

or two laid in an inaccessible place.

On the whole, the donkeys are those of whom I can speak least temperately. They had, for want, possibly, of other employment, adopted the position of towncries to the village, or perhaps were its prophets, perhaps its Cassandras, and they uplifted their testimony from sunrise till nightfall with a poignancy that rent the very skies. Standing one evening on one of the low hills that hemmed the village into its corner by the sea, I counted easily, and with half a glance, four of these enthusiasts, planted each on a commanding rock or mound, and sending his wild voice "broad over the valley. It was a sunny evening, after a day of sad and opalescent beauty, and the sea had brightened into blue and silver; the white-washed gables and a far white lighthouse were radiant with recovered cheerfulness, but the jackasses were as despairful and implacable as Jeremiah.

There was but one disaster during our brief sojourn at the Sea View Hotel. A few sausages and a tin of sardines remained, "spared," as Mary Kate said, from the first repast. These she proposed to store, for safety and coolness, in one of our bedrooms. The idea not being well received, she finally deposited them in the Post Office, which was attached to the hotel. But even this hiding place was not improbable enough to hoodwink that skilled tactician, the hotel cat, and he, in some dark hour of the night, found and feasted on them with, no doubt, all the ravishing joy of a new experience.

We could not but sympathise with him. Thanks to the Sea View Hotel that subtle joq was also ours; even now when the sunshine of last August has faded to a memory, and that of next August is too far away to be even a hope, we can still feel the soft lift of the western wind, still hear the booming of the waves in the deep and riven heart of the cliff.

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

After Dinner Gossip.

Majesty of Common Things.

"No," observed the passenger with the check suit, "people in general have no knowledge of what is going on around them. To me there is no study half so interesting as statistics. How many people, for instance, have any idea of the number of typewriting machines sold in this country last year?"

"I'm sure I couldn't even give a guess," said the elderly suburbanite sitting next to him.

"The exact figures were 9,322,811, or nearly one to every eight persons in the United States."

"Good gracious! I shouldn't have guessed half as many as that."

"And all in one year, too. I knew the figures would surprise you. Then take the single item of fountain pens. Do you happen to know how many were made and sold last year?"

"Haven't the remotest idea."

"It is estimated that the sales of fountain pens alone were over 13,000,000. Could you give a good guess as to the number of baseballs disposed of in the same length of time?"

"I'm sure I couldn't."

"Over 240,000,000, or about three to every man, woman and child. These things are worth knowing. Anybody ever tell you how many corn-cob pipes Missouri turned out in 1901?"

"No."

"Well, sir, the grand total was 178,000,000. Think of it. Placed end to end they would more than reach around the earth, without allowing anything for the stems."

"But what—?"

"And that isn't all. To light those corn-cob pipes the match companies manufactured—how many matches do you suppose?"

"I never could guess."

"I hardly think you could. Eight hundred billions—a number almost inconceivable. The match factories use up a pine forest of 634 acres every day in the week, including Sunday."

"Great Scott! I never dreamed—"

"That's it. Few people ever take the trouble to find out what the world is doing. Know how many books are printed annually in the United States?"

"It must be millions."

"Seven hundred and sixty of them. That means in round numbers 2,000,000 books every working day in the year. To print and bind this stupendous output requires the services of 82,000,14 persons in those two trades alone, not counting the papermakers and workers in allied occupations, which may be roughly estimated at 3,000,000 more—but this is the station where I get off. Look these things up. They will surprise and interest you. Good morning."

"Who is he?" gasped the elderly suburbanite as the man of statistics left the car.

"Don't you know?" said the man in the seat across the aisle. "That's Jugglifax. His way of amusing himself is to get some trusting soul to listen to him, just as you did, and then fill him with statistical hot air. He's the biggest liar on earth."

"I'll acknowledge," said the father, wiping his forehead nervously. "that I thought some of his figures seemed a little bit large."

Dominant Note in Australian Scenery.

"A writer in the red page in the 'Bulletin' has been discussing the dominant note in Australian scenery. Marcus Clarke, the author of 'For the Term of His Natural Life,' described it as 'weird melancholy.' The 'Bulletin' contributor calls it 'weird expectancy.' He says: 'The expectancy seems to be conspicuously held. I remember an Australian mountain landscape—trees, a man, and a bird (a kookaburra). Up the hill, the man unfolds his arms, lights his pipe, puffs once or twice, refolds his arms and puffs on. The bird flies from the limb where it has been so long sitting, and lights on another limb, where it will sit longer still. It, too, folds its wings, and gives itself up to deliberation and expectancy. And this memory-picture of the man and the bird is drawn from no single incident of my seeing. On the plains,

also, the note is one of expectancy. There, too, Nature is deliberately waiting. A hundred yards away, on a rise, you see a kangaroo, or a horse with pricked ears—listening! You drive through a belt of mounds and come on sheep. They stand away from you, giving as a boat "gives" from the wind. Their shoulders slant and their eyes are wondering; but you know (you know it the instant you saw them) that they have been waiting for something—not you, but something else. All these things are a crystallisation, an interpretation of the prevailing mood, too vague, otherwise, to appeal to you as a definable impression. In the night you do not see these things, but you see the stars and you hear the wind. You feel that they too are waiting. Can it be for you they are waiting? You, and what you bring into the world with your aching heart and working brain? Yes, it is that which they are waiting for—the trees and the winds and the plains and the stars. They are waiting for the human note. All Australia in its waste places is waiting for live men with the fire of life in them, and a power of hand and brain to transmute what is barren and unlovely into something that shall be of use to man and beautiful as his desire. And it is waiting for dead men to mingle their dust with its dust. It is waiting for love and for all noble and sweet emotions. It is waiting for the new, high thought that the years are slowly evolving. It is waiting for a race of men whose every individual shall be like Emerson's man-child:

"But he, the man child glorious—
Where tarries he the while?
The rainbow shines his harbingers,
The sunset gleams his smile."

Mr Carnegie's "Chirpiness."

Mr Stead describes Mr Carnegie as "one of the pleasantest, jolliest, and most good-natured of mortals. He is in his sixty-sixth year, and he is as keen as if he were a lad of seventeen in all simple, healthy, and natural amusements. He has kept his youth extraordinarily well; and there is a robust boyishness about him which is very remarkable for a person of his years. The possession of his enormous fortune, which he accumulated in the course of a life-time at the rate of about a million a year, does not weigh him down in the least. 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown' does not apply to this uncrowned modern king of the modern world. He is as chirpy as a cock-sparrow, and seems to feel the weight of his responsibilities no more than if he were a bird. That," adds Mr Stead, "is the man as I know him. There may be—probably there is—another side, but I have never come across it."

An Advertisement Answered.

The following appeared in an English newspaper:—"A lady in delicate health wishes to meet a useful companion. She must be domesticated, musical, an early riser, amiable, of good appearance, and have experience in nursing. A total abstainer preferred. Comfortable home. No salary."

A few days afterwards the advertiser received by express a basket labelled—"This side up—with care—perishable." On opening it she found a tabby cat, with a letter tied to its tail. It read thus:—

"Madam,—In response to your advertisement, I am happy to furnish you with a very useful companion, which you will find exactly suited to your requirements. She is domesticated, a good vocalist, an early riser, possesses an amiable disposition, and is considered handsome. She has great experience as nurse, having brought up a large family. I need scarcely add that she is a total abstainer. A salary is no object to her; she will serve you faithfully in return for a comfortable home."

Mr Dooley Chloroformed.

The marriage of Mr Dunne, the writer of the Mr Dooley stories, is a leading topic of the American journals, and one of them ushers in the subject with the headline, "Finlay P. Dunne Has Chloroformed Mr Dooley." The allusion is to one of the Arcey-road philosopher's expressions of opinion on the subject of marriage, which is reported as follows: "They may get me to th' altar some day. Th' best iv us falls, like Cousin George, an' there ar-re designin' women in this very block that I have me own trouble in dodgin'. But anny time ye hear iv me bein' drawn fr'm th' quite miseries and exclusive discomforts iv single life ye may know they have caught me asleep and chloroformed me."

An Obituary Album.

Quite a successful business of preparing obituary albums has been built up by a New York man. He has 1,500 daily newspapers from various parts of America and England, and clips from them obituary notices. Then he approaches surviving relatives to see if they will not buy an album prepared from these notices, and the letters of condolence they may have received. He has fixed prices for everything. Each obituary clipping is 21d. Telegrams and cards are 5d. Mrs John W. Mackay had two or three albums prepared from the notices about her husband. There were over 6,000 clippings about him.

The death of Colonel McCulmont.

The death of Colonel McCulmont, the sporting millionaire, introduced a new departure in illustrated journalism. London "Sketch" took advantage of the melancholy event to publish an obituary notice and portrait of him, a somewhat larger portrait of his thoroughbred horse, Isinglass, and a full page photo of his widow. Nothing else appertaining to a deceased millionaire has half so much interest for the "smart" world as the widow he leaves behind him, quoth the "Bulletin."

Big prices have been obtained at auction in London for rare issues of South African stamps.

A unique set of Caps of Good Hope wood blocks, 1861, 1d. scarlet, an unsevered block containing one 4d., red, one used, an entire letter, fetched £3500; while a fine block of four wood blocks, 1s., scarlet, sold for £50; a pair of used 4d., blue, brought £11; and a "superb uncancelled" specimen of the same, £30.

An Exception.

She'd we no prize at any school, She'd taken no degree at college. A sweet exception to the rule, She was the woman "without" knowledge. And hence, she proved a Mecca-stone To pilgrim men, oppressed and dreary. By too much sanctious overthrown, Of learning, wit, and wisdom, weary. They crowded round her 'mid the whirl, While brilliancy sat by unheeded— Each man rejoiced to find a girl Who did not know as much as he did.

The Costar's Laureate.

Some of the funniest rhymes Mr Albert Chevalier has yet written appear in a little stirring booklet, "Lunchlight Lays," just published. Here is the song of the scene shifter, one of those gentlemen who, although we do not, or should not, see much of them—are often literally the power behind the throne:—

I takes hoff my 'at to one bloke, an' to 'im alone—
Don't know 'is name—
Seen pickaburs of 'im tho' a'frit' on 'is own
The World—nice bloomin' game.
I've 'ad the Tab' of London bon my back
An' the Abs of Lond' as well—
Got fixed, because I fell—
That's a bit of 'orlright,' ain't it?
Why, I've pulled dahn 'auntid castles
wivart spade or pick,
I 'ave—that's straight.
Holl on my lonesome too—in less than 'arf
a tick—
I 'ave—an' let me state
I've shored the 'ole of 'yde Park bin 'is
place—
Squashed it into thirt' feet.
No 'ank—That's 'ard to beat—
It's a bit of 'orlright,' ain't it?

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All unsuitable MSS., Sketches or Pictures will be returned to the sender, provided they are accompanied by the latter's address and the requisite postage stamps, but contributors must understand that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the preservation of the articles sent us.

Here and There.

Three large steamers will shortly make their appearance in Southern waters, to load out for South Africa.

Miss Adeline Sergeant headed the list of novelists in the way of literary output last year. No fewer than eight new works came from her pen. Next came Mrs. Meade, with six books.

Because he came with black face and hands a farrier was not allowed to serve as a juror at St. Pancras Coroner's Court recently. He was also told that if he came in the same condition he would be fined £5.

An Australian paper in an extremely laudatory and absolutely touching paragraph about the Countess of Ranfurly, remarks that her ladyship's devotion to the people is so great that she actually personally took a trip to the Kermadecs to search for the Ellingamite's missing people.

There is considerable soreness in the ranks of the carpenters employed by the Public Works Department owing to the Minister for Works refusing to grant their request for a half holiday last week on the occasion of the cricket match. The carpenters claimed to be put on an equal footing with other members of the Government service and talk of appealing to the Premier.

The Waldorf-Astoria Hotel has 1395 bedrooms and 800 bathrooms. Each floor has its own clerk, bellboy and porters. Each floor also has its own telephone, sitting-rooms, assembly halls, etc. In the dining-rooms 2500 people may be seated at one time. On an average 6000 people dine daily at the hotel. The edifice is so vast and its life so tumultuous that guides are employed by the hotel to show visitors about.

At the meeting of the City Council last week, just immediately prior to the introduction of Cr. Parr's motion for the immediate abolition of the ward system in the city, five councillors left the chamber, and the Mayor stated that he was without a quorum, there being only seven members left. Mr. Parr protested against this attempt to burke discussion upon a most important subject, and expressed the opinion that the body of the constituents who left the chamber believed that an alteration should be effected in the manner of the election of councillors. Cr. Masfield's motion for the rescinding of the resolution authorising the purchase of Hellaby's abattoirs site at Otahuhu had also to be adjourned through there being no quorum.

Elaborate investigation and speculative theory have alike so far failed to suggest any definite cause for cancer, the dread disease which is unfortunately on the increase in New Zealand, according to the Official Year Book. Haviland tried to connect it with the soil, and appeared to show that it was at least more common in low-lying, damp city soils than elevated sites. Diet has been accused in various ways, but without much reason. Excessive meat eating was assigned as a causative factor, but the Hindus suffer much from cancer, and eat practically no meat at all. Various single articles of diet, such as salt and tomatoes, have been assigned a fanciful importance on most slender grounds. The occupation of sufferers has been examined without yielding any information, except the well-known fact that chimney sweeps are liable to fall victims in more than double the proportion of any other calling. Alcohol seems to cause at least a predisposition to cancer, just as it certainly does to tuberculosis. Alarm has been created of late years by the statement that cancer was increasing in frequency, but it is extremely doubtful if the apparent increase is a real one. Diagnosis is nowadays much more exact than it was half a century ago, and the fact of

our improved sanitation and higher standard of living gives us a larger population of ages in which cancer is liable to arise. It is obvious that where so much uncertainty exists, and where the disease is frequently inoperable from the start or recurs soon after operation, that sufferers have gone from surgeon to surgeon, and from these to all sorts of unqualified practitioners, in the hope of finding relief.

Hopes are still held in Gisborne that some day the hull of the wrecked steamer Tasmania and cargo will be raised. A local syndicate claim to be the owners, and to have legal documents showing the sale to them, but they acknowledge Mr Rothschild's right to the jewellery. Originally Mr Porter set out from Auckland to see what could be done with the wreck. His little vessel was wrecked on the way down. The local syndicate then took the matter up, and in conjunction with Porter they fitted out a vessel and appliances, and spent a considerable sum in an unsuccessful attempt to obtain salvage. They claim to have purchased the wreck from Mr Rothschild. Hoping that Bill's patent would prove effective they parted with a certain interest provisionally for paid-up shares. The wrecked vessel is believed to be lying upright on a hard bottom, and embedded in about 6ft of sand.

The London "Pall Mall Gazette" in an amusing article entitled "Old Signboards" reproduces some inscriptions which still make their plea for patronage.

In Falmouth the writer of the article saw the following inscription on a sign:

TEMPERANCE HOTEL.

Ellen Tone sells here, Lemonade and Ginger beer. Cow hets and tripe every Friday. Sekond hand cles to make ee tidy; Crox and kittles, pans, an all, And Godly Bukes to save yer soul; Man-traps, gins, and pattens likewise, And on Saturday nights Hot Blutton Pies.

At the same place another, equally comprehensive and gratuitously libellous, ran thus:

JEREMIAH NUTE,

Dealer in Cod Liver Oil and Treacle, Turkey Rhubarb, Tarts and Mustard, Saws, Hammers, Wmowing Machines, Clogs, Wheel-barrow, Frying-pans and other Moosical Instruments. Men they have many faults; But woman has but two; Nothing's right that they say, And nothing's right they do.

From a village in Gloucestershire he unearthed another of the same nature:

Johnny Overy lives here, teaches music by steam; egg merchant, and parish clerk; pig killer and bellman. J. O. sells red herrings and raisins, parafosses and pistols, barm and sand, fiddlestrings and flour, tripe, dubbing, and all kinds of hardware but treacle.

Mr Wyllie, a Councillor of the city of Capetown, now visiting New Zealand, says on the subject of reconciliation that the Afrikander Bond practically constitutes the whole of the opposition. The reconciliation comprises the Dutch population, who are the owners of the land and the yeomen of the country. They seem to keep together in politics, and their aspirations are quite different from those of the European population. Hofmever is a very fine old gentleman, thoroughly sincere in his assurances as to the action of the Bond, and what he has said will have very great weight with the Dutch community, and of necessity with members of the Bond, which has a slight majority in the Cape Parliament. The objection to Sir Gordon Sprigg is that he is getting along in years, that he is a man who sits on the fence a good deal, and finds he cannot carry on government with the progressive party alone, so he must cater to some extent to the Dutch ele-

ment, in order to have a majority. Counting heads in Cape Colony the British would be in a majority, but the present distribution of seats gives the Dutch a majority. Mr Wyllie thinks the antipathy which exists between the Dutch and British races in Cape Colony has been very much exaggerated in the minds of outsiders. It has never appeared to him, who lives amongst the Dutch, that the feeling is so bitter as it appears to people in these colonies. The language question militates against an understanding more than anything else. It will take many decades before the Dutch and English think alike on important political questions, but the time is surely coming when there will be one homogeneous people. Mr Chamberlain's visit will have a very good effect, because it has brought finality to many questions which were open. Mr Wyllie left last week for the Hot Lakes district.

A contributor to the "Gaulois" has made a remarkable discovery with reference to the name "Napoleon." In the first place, he says, it is composed of two Greek words, meaning "lion of the desert." Now, take away the first letter of the name and that of each of the ensuing words as follows:--

- N A P O L E O N (1)
A P O L E O N (6)
P O L E O N (7)
O L E O N (8)
L E O N (9)
E O N (5)
O N (2)

Thus there are formed six Greek words, which, placed in the order indicated by the numbers, compose the following sentence:—"Napoleon, an oleon, leon, con, spleon, polson." This translated, means:—"Napoleon, the lion of the people, went about destroying cities," a phrase which seems singularly appropriate to the character of the great French general, who immortalised the name.

The extension of the electric tramway system to Onehunga appears to be more and more remote, for while the Onehunga Borough Council, on the one hand, persists in withholding its consent to the erection of wooden poles, the Tramway Company on its part appears equally determined not to erect iron poles. The company relies on the wording of the Order-in-Council, which stipulates in regard to iron or wooden poles that the Council's approval shall not be unreasonably withheld, if the thing done is substantially in accordance with custom. The company supports its position by the contention that in Sydney, Brisbane, and the proposed Adelaide service wooden poles are freely used, and Mr Hansen states that the company has definitely decided not to give way. The line is practically completed as far as the Onehunga wharf, and it is only the wire and poles system that are lacking. The wires are almost in working order as far as the Epsom depot, and in a short time the cars will be running to that point. The completion of the line to the Royal Oak is to follow soon afterwards, and as this is the boundary of the Onehunga borough, the service will stop there until the fusion with the Council is relaxed. It is not yet decided whether in the meantime the horse cars will be run to Onehunga to connect with the electric service. If this should not be done the last state of Onehunga will evidently be worse than the first.

A Wellington pressman, reporting the agricultural show at Master recently, shared a bedroom in one of the hotels with half a dozen others. One of the number, apparently hailing from way back, and the last to turn in, blew out the gas! In the night the brain-tired pressman awoke in a horrid fright, under the impression that Old Nick was sitting on his chest. Not quite sure what was the matter, he contented himself with opening the door and window, and then went back to bed again. The source of the trouble was not discovered until the next morning. Fortunately it was the "pilot" light that was extinguished, otherwise the city press would have been a man short to-day, and several homes would have gone into mourning—"Truth."

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

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It has been definitely decided by the Government to bring into operation in this colony the Bertillon, or finger-print system, of identification of criminals. Mr. R. Laucelles Ward, formerly a district superintendent of police in India, and now a member of the clerical staff of the Defence Department has been appointed instructor, and will shortly start on his new duties at the Terrace gaol, but the bureau for the system will be established. Detective Fitzgerald, who has just returned from six months' leave of absence in England, also has a practical knowledge of the finger-print system, and his services will probably be acceptable in that connection.—(Wellington Correspondent.)

The dream incident which attended the sad suicide of a young man named Andrew at Te Kopuru last week—when a woman dreamed that her brother had committed suicide, and upon arising and going to the place where she dreamed she saw his body, found that the vision had been all too true—would to the spiritualist excite little or no wonder. He would tell you that he could add a score to that instance of people being warned of events in this psychic manner. There have been some remarkable instances of dreams coming true where crime is concerned. The cashier of a bank at Glasgow went home one evening at his usual hour, ate his dinner, and, feeling rather tired, lay down on the sofa and dropped off to sleep. Suddenly he awoke with a start, and said to his wife, "I've had such an odd dream. I was back at the bank and two men came in. They paid no attention to me, but set to work to open the safe. They seemed to have a difficulty in doing it, and one of them then said they must move it before they could do any good. I went up to try to stop them, but they did not seem to see me. Just then I woke up." Instead of laughing at him, his wife said seriously that it might be a warning. The husband took a cab and went back as fast as he could to the bank. He found the door forced! Hurriedly calling a couple of police, the three entered and found two men exactly resembling those the cashier had seen in his dream. They had pulled the safe out of its corner, and were drilling it in order to insert an explosive. At least as extraordinary is the case of a woman named Drew who dreamed that her husband, a retired sailor, had been murdered by a pedlar in a tavern at Gravesend. In the morning came the news that her husband's dead body had been discovered in the identical place where she had in her dream seen the murder committed. When the poor wife had calmed down a little she wrote out an exact description of the pedlar whom she had seen in her dream, and, saying nothing about her vision to the officers of the law, merely told them that this was the person she suspected. Two days later a man answering the description was arrested at an inn six miles from Gravesend, and, on being taxed with the crime, confessed that he was the murderer. In 1894 a wealthy publisher of Boston, U.S.A., suddenly found himself to be the victim of a series of forgeries so large in amount that they threatened his credit. He set detectives to work at once, but all in vain. But one morning his little daughter, Ethel, aged seven, came trotting into her father's study, saying, "Oh, papa, I had such a funny dream! I dreamt that I saw Mr. ———— mentioning a young man of twenty-seven, a great friend of her father's—'sitting in a room at No. —, Main-street, and trying to write your name.'" The child's dream was communicated to the police, who were at first inclined to ridicule it, but a watch was put on the proceedings of the young man in question. Evidence accumulated against him, and it was found that he had hired a room in another name at the address the child had given. The room was raided, and copies of the forged signature and blank cheques found there. Here is another instance which will always be remembered in Lincolnshire, where it took place. A certain farmer conceived a desperate attachment for a young girl who lived in a town eight miles from his house. But the girl mistrusted him from the first, and, after a short courtship, wrote a note to him on which were the words: "I shall never see you again." The farmer, roused to fury, waylaid and murdered her in a lonely part of the heath one night and took away her body in his cart. A few days later he visited her house to see her, and feigned great surprise when informed that she had

disappeared. While there he managed to secure an opportunity to slip the note in a vase on the mantelpiece. But the next night the woman dreamt that her daughter lay murdered beneath the farmer's barn, and on the strength of this the police searched the building to find that the woman's dream had been true.

Everybody who has travelled much must have, at one time or another, had to endure that embarrassing indiction the ship's paper, where tyros in touring indulge their homely wits at the expense of the other passengers. A terror far more serious than any such feeble facetiae will shortly confront all those who travel for pleasure. It is nothing else than a daily newspaper regularly supplied with the most important news of the world by special ethergraphic service. Signor Marconi has arranged that during this month "a British mail steamer will sail from Liverpool equipped with a complete staff for the publication on board of a newspaper every day during the voyage to New York." It goes without saying that if this trial prove successful other steamers will follow suit, and the "barren fields of ocean" will in the near future echo to the rush and turmoil of business life. The future passenger will not be able to lie late in his bunk lulled with the idle fancies of ship-board life. The morning paper, which his bedroom-steward will bring him wet from the press, will magically transport him into the madding crowd on "Change, disturb him with the sudden intelligence of a colossal bankruptcy, scandalise him with detailed accounts of a divorce in high life, or harrow his nerves with a realistic description of some monstrous crime or terrible catastrophe. The last refuge of the jaded city man or chronic neurasthene has been invaded by the merciless savant; and no more can the long sea voyage be regarded as an opportunity to "knit up the ravelled sleeves of care."

There are indications that the negotiations by the Government for the acquisition of the Matamata Estate in Auckland district will shortly lead to successful results. It is stated from an apparently inspired source that the Government has given notice of its intention to take another large estate in Canterbury under the Land for Settlements Act. This may or may not refer to the Highfield Estate in North Canterbury on the Annandale Estate, the latter I understand, having already been advertised for sale by public auction shortly. Neither of these estates can be said to be of large dimensions. Mr Barron has already traversed a greater part of the Middle Island, going as far south as Edendale Plains in Southland, with instructions, I believe, to pick on a few good plums for consideration by the Land Purchase Board. Mr Barron is now in the Oamaru district, Longbush, and the tablelands settlement in the Wairarapa district will be on the market in the course of a few weeks (writes our Wellington correspondent).

The Socialist party in Wellington has resolved to "run" Messrs. W. H. Hampton and D. McLaren for seats on the City Council. These candidates are pledged to work for the following measures: (1) The erection by the City Council of houses to meet the requirements of the citizens, such houses to be let at a rent just sufficient to cover interest, sinking fund, and maintenance. (2) The establishment by the city of municipal coal depots to distribute coal to the people at cost. (3) The erection by the city of retail and wholesale markets for meat, fish, fruit and provisions of all kinds. (4) The establishment of municipal institutes and refreshment rooms, as the first step towards municipalising the food and drink supplies of the citizens. (5) The acquisition or erection by the city of a plant or plants to light the streets and furnish light to stores, houses, etc. (6) The erection of municipal bathrooms. (7) The abolition of the contract system on public works. Direct employment of labour by the city, at union wages, and under union conditions.

A well-known resident in the Masterton district says that the green crops in that district have made splendid progress during the later part of the season, and the harvest, now all but completed, is one of the heaviest experienced for years. On the average the returns are about

double those of last year. The oat crop on the river flats and also on the plains where the soil is of good quality, has yielded from 70 to 95 bushels per acre, and wheat from 30 to 60 bushels. The quantity of hay will be enormous. The crops of rape and turnips for dairy cattle are exceedingly promising. In fact, the farmers as a whole have never been in better spirits on account of the prospects.

The February number of the "New Idea," the seven-months-old Australian paper, just to hand, shows an increase in size to 88 pages. Nearly the whole of the magazine is devoted to Australian subjects, and is contributed by Australian writers. Thus, Miss Helen Davis, after working in a jam factory for several weeks, writes, and illustrates with photographs, her impressions of the Australian factory girl; Mrs Seddon and her daughter give to an interviewer an account of their trip to England, and are photographed in their Coronation dresses; Mr Carew-Smyth explains at length the system of brushwork that is being introduced into Australian schools, and Mrs Foote, a well-known Australian journalist, writes a chatty article on some notable Australasian women.

An Australian visitor thus records his opinion of the New Zealand Government Tourist Department in the Sydney "Mail":—"The wisest, and certainly from every point of view the best, step that the Seddon Government took was due to Sir Joseph Ward's establishment of the Tourist Information Department. The tourist has only to step inside one of these offices, and he can get any information he desires, from trains or steamers, to shooting or fishing, in any part of the colony, the use of the office telephone, a desk to read or write at, and an intelligent man to chat to, and all for nothing—not one penny to pay for anything. The department is the best ever set up in any colony, and it pays, because through it hundreds of men with money and brains are attracted. The casual globe-trotter finds the department very useful. He speaks of it on his return, and when relating his adventures in Maoriland he probably brings it in, after or before, as an introduction to some gigantic fairy tale of his own. If the Seddon Government should make the Local Option vote to

be taken once every nine years from the date of the next election, instead of every three years, as at present, it would give a feeling of security to decent hotelkeepers. If the prohibitionists had their way, and made prohibition universal in New Zealand, they would undo at once the greater part of the good done by the Tourist Department. Tourists arrive from all parts of the world, and if they cannot (through prohibition) obtain their accustomed luxuries, they will never return, and will also be loud in their abuse of the country where such conditions exist."

Five-and-twenty enterprising ladies of Washington claim to have demonstrated to their satisfaction that they can live a perfect life without the aid of men. Most of them, it should be stated, have had husbands who gave them cause to come to the conclusion that marriage was a failure. Whose fault it was is not stated. Inasmuch as the Woman's Commonwealth Society is a quarter of a century old, it can hardly be regarded as a mere experiment. It was started in the town of Belton 25 years ago, and moved in 1893 to Washington, where the members occupy a dwelling as large as a fair-sized hotel, on the outskirts of the city, in a pretty suburb called Mount Pleasant. All the property of the society is held by its members in common. At the head of the community is Mrs Martha McWhirter, a lady 75 years of age, who is revered by her flock not only on account of her piety and superior mental endowments, but also because she is believed to be a medium of Divine revelation. (It wouldn't be Yankee without this spice of humbug!) To such revelations, made through her, the organisation has throughout its existence looked for guidance on all matters of importance. The ladies are, it need hardly be said at their mature age, of irreproachable character, and live together in one house, sharing all things alike, and make a particular point of minding their own business strictly. One of the chief tenets of the members is celibacy; but no vows are exacted, and anybody who chooses to do so is at liberty to leave the community and get married. The society possesses considerable property, the bulk of it having been acquired by its members in the common interest. Formerly the organisation was "in business," but now it has retired, and is living on its property.



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See this Trade Mark on every Tin.

An American journal with a wealth of imagery thus chronicles the passing of a prominent local racing man, who died in the odour of sanctity:—"Shortly before midnight the Pals Horse came with the saddle and bridle of righteousness. He straddled it, and rode it home."

An Australian clergyman, highly esteemed for his many excellent qualities, among which oratory is not included, has just had placed in his church by his kind-hearted congregation a new pulpit. It is a fine piece of work, ornate with carving and artistic embellishment. But the text inscribed upon it might, with regard to the effect induced by the good rector's sermons, have been more happily chosen. "He giveth his beloved sleep," it runs.

A punter who seldom stakes more than a fiver on a race, and who had been having a bad time at the V.A.T.C. meeting up to the Futurity Stakes, went for a recovery, laying £50 to £40 on Wakeful. It was (says the amusing writer of "Pepper and Salt" in the "Leader") a case of the frying-pan into the fire, and he hardly slept a wink all night, thinking of Monday's settling. A friend who called to see him on Sunday commented on his drowsy appearance, and he replied with doleful earnestness and truth:—"Yes, I slept badly—had a very Wakeful night!"

Mr Ritchie, Secretary for Agriculture, who accompanied the Boer delegates through the Middle Island and a part of the Northern districts, has returned to Wellington. Mr Ritchie states that the visitors have been much impressed with the agricultural and pastoral resources of New Zealand. They have taken a keen interest in the methods adopted by the farming community, and will return to South Africa with a mass of information which cannot fail to prove valuable to their fellow-countrymen. As a result of their visit, a considerable quantity of New Zealand grass seed will probably be sent to South Africa, and it is also pretty certain that extensive purchases of our stock for breeding purposes in that part of the world will be made.

Many things are forgiven the polite foreigner, who is always able to fall back on the Chinese excuse of "No savvy." During his recent stay in Melbourne, the German cyclist, Robl, was driving a motor-car down Collins-street at a rate which impelled the stern constable at the intersection of Swanston-street to step forward with his hand raised. Robl drove his car to the side of the policeman, stopped it dead, and, seeing the uplifted hand snook it warily. Before the astonished constable could collect his thoughts sufficiently to take Robl's name, the owner cried a cheery "Goot-tay," and sent his automobile whirling round the corner.

In opposition to the prohibition ticket it is the intention of the "trade" to nominate influential candidates for the coming licensing committee election. Your reporter hears that the gentlemen already decided on are Rev. Van Staveren, Messrs P. Coffey, W. Cable, and P. Hutson, while Mr W. McLean will probably complete the list. The Rev. Van Staveren and Mr P. Coffey are members of the present committee. Mr Cable is a well-known ironfounder and member of the Harbour Board. Mr Hutson is a brick manufacturer, and a leading light in the Employers' Association, and Mr McLean represented Wellington in Parliament for a brief term a few years ago. Comment is made on the action of the prohibitionists in declaring that their ticket is composed of men holding moderate views, when as a matter of fact the whole five are strongly imbued with no-license principles. The prohibitionists' avowed object is to secure a majority on the committee in order to fix the closing hours of hotels at 10 p.m. instead of 11 p.m. as now. The fight for seats on the licensing committee promises to be a stiff one, and, in view of the last local option polls results, the prohibitionists should about win the day, though the votes cast in favour of their particular candidates will most likely be less than they expect (says our Wellington correspondent).

Harvey Logan, a Montana train-rober, has been given ten sentences, aggregating 120 years. Eight sentences are for fifteen years each, to be served concurrently, and two are for five years, also concurrent, making twenty years' imprisonment in all.

Queen Alexandra's beautiful Coronation crown is, it is stated, to be broken up. The jewels are to be removed from the settings, and the far-famed Koh-i-Noor, which was the principal gem of the crown, is to be used by Her Majesty as a neck ornament.

There is talk in San Francisco of establishing a newspaper especially for nervous persons. Accounts of catastrophes will be treated in a soothing style. The "dull, sickening thud" with which a workman reaches ground from the top storey will become the "light, flying fall" taken by an operator from an unreasonable height."

Spelling was a weak point in the Victorian Railway Department before the days of Mr Bent's first reign, when scouts were unknown and late trains a rarity. The railway men used to pass jokes about the spelling of two high officers along the line from Echuca to Warrambool. On one occasion, the subordinate of these two officers sent a requisition to the other for "50 tons of keal." This was the opportunity for the senior—for there was no love lost between them—and he sent back the required trucks with the sarcastic message, "Herewith what you want. I suppose you mean coal."

Official statistics compiled up to the 31st December showed that on that date Victoria contained a greater proportion of lunatics than did Queensland, New Zealand, South Australia, Tasmania, or Western Australia! Is there, I wonder (says "Javelin"), any significance in the collateral fact that of the colonies named Victoria was the only one that had not legalised the totalisator? Victoria also showed in cases of lunacy the smallest percentage of "recoveries," which may possibly bear upon the fact that in this State the totalisator is still unlegalised.

In 1896 Earl Spencer, when renewing the lease of his house in St. James-place, had to pay £200 per annum in place of £90 under the original lease, while Lord Salisbury, who up to 1895 paid only £16 for the garden of his house in Alington-street, had his ground rent raised to £44, which is still far from exorbitant as ground rents go. In recent years judicious investments in ground rents on behalf of the Crown have been made, and when all existing old leases fall in and come to be renewed it is expected that more than £1,000,000 per annum will be realised.

Among the great ground landlords in London the Crown is one of the greatest, owning properties in various parts of the capital yielding in ground rents £400,000 per annum. Fifteen years ago the estates produced £250,000 only; but many leases have fallen in within that time, and the increased rents have been exacted for renewal fines or for new leases. The Carlton Hotel is a striking instance of the increased value of ground in London. Formerly the site on which the hotel stands was held from the Crown for a ground rent of £763 per annum; now £4,200 yearly has to be paid.

Apropos of the recent labour disturbances in Russia, the "Arbeiter Zeitung" says that Rostoff was the scene of bloody encounters between the strikers and the Russian troops, who were summoned to keep order. A pitched battle is reported to have taken place between Cossacks and 30,000 people, who had assembled to demonstrate against a railway director who had declared that he will drive the dogs of workmen back to employment with knouts rather than concede one demand. The Cossacks literally rode over the people, slashing wildly right and left. After the first surprise, the strikers rallied and pulled the Cossacks from their horses, broke their lances, and stoned and beat them until they begged for mercy. On reinforcements being summoned, the strikers uprooted trees to construct barricades, and col-

lected stones, huge lumps of coal, and heavy iron missiles on the housetops. The troops made six furious onslaughts, but were repulsed each time. Over 2,000 women fought ferociously for the strikers, and many of these proletarian amazons fell victims to the Cossack lances. The state of carnage was fearful on both sides. One account gives the number at over 300 killed and 1000 wounded.

A Pretoria writer does not share the optimism of the Repatriation Department as to the rapid resettling of South Africa. A miracle must happen, he says, if prophecies are to be fulfilled as to the time in which ambitious programmes are to be completed. If you ask at the Repatriation Office for news (he continues) it is against the rules to furnish information. Men outside the office are not so reticent. They tell you all sorts of tales, some reeking with scandal, others full of bitterness. If I were to accept all I hear, the Repatriation Department would stand out as a ghastly failure, unable to grapple with this huge task of resettling a nation, manned by people who don't know the Dutch language, and don't care to employ other people who do; it would appear as a preserve for officers who have quitted active service but wish to stay in the country, and have only to ask to be appointed to a nice billet.

Which is the "sterner sex?" asks a dramatic critic. The up to date drama has knocked man silly, so to speak; to talk of him as stern is fatuous. Man is plainly the weaker vessel. He can't take care of himself. Any woman can marry him out of hand, generally, for his money. He is at the mercy of Paula Tanquerays and Irises who appeal to his pity. When it is conceded also that any woman may refuse him if he offers marriage on his own account, it may be asked, where does he come in at all?

A malignant destiny seems to have pursued the family of the Parnells, writes T. P. O'Connor. In the days when Charles Stewart Parnell was the powerful political leader who was shaking an old society to its foundations some of his more ill-natured opponents used to recall the fact that there had been more than one tragedy in his family history, and used charitably to ascribe his own apparently reckless acts to hereditary influences of that kind. And in Parnell's own face there was always something of the tragic. I remember hearing an Irish-American poet once say—years before Parnell's death—that he had the face of a man who could not die a natural and ordinary death; that it was the face of one who was bound to die on the scaffold. The tall, spare form, the long, thin, classic nose, the beautifully shaped forehead, but, above all, the eyes—red flint in colour and a little wild, and later on a little hunted in expression—these were the things in the face that made it different from that of the ordinary man, and surrounded it with a halo of mys-

tery, sorrow, and presage of an unusual and tragic ending. My Irish-American friend who foretold the scaffold for Parnell was more accurate in his forecast than he thought, perhaps, for, though Parnell died in his bed as a matter of fact, his ending had all the misery, and perhaps, even all the suffering of death by the executioner. And, though some members of his family survive, many have either preceded or followed him to an early and painful death.

Mr Arthur Balfour's recent illness has recalled an incident concerning the father of the present Prime Minister and the mother of the present Premier (remarks a Home paper). In old days the father of Lord Salisbury of to-day kept high state in Arlington-street. As everyone knows, he was twice married, and during the time he was a widower he used to give balls for the benefit of his unmarried daughter, Lady Blanche Cecil, who afterwards became the wife of Mr James Balfour, of Whittingham, and mother of the present Prime Minister. Manners were more formal in those days, but earlier hours were kept by the more stately, steady-going members of society. The former Lord Salisbury greatly disapproved of balls being kept up too late, and when the magic hour of midnight had struck he used to bow gravely to his daughter, Lady Blanche Cecil, and giving her his arm, lead her away from the room! This was the signal for his guests to take their departure with all decorous speed!

A very curious case was recently heard at the Leinster Assizes, England. Mr Nicholas Keating, a prosperous tradesman at Athy, who had a prejudice against banks, concealed £1200 in gold in a blacking-box, which lay in a passage near his bedroom. His niece, Mary Watts, who resided with him, got engaged to be married last summer, and her manner towards her uncle, which had hitherto been affectionate, grew increasingly hostile until one day she disappeared, and so did the £1200 in gold. Mary was arrested on the following day in a Dublin hotel, and some of the money was found in her possession. Of the remainder, with the exception of £470, which is still missing, the girl disposed in the following manner:—

- £200 in a parcel in the hotel smoke-room.
- £30 under a fender in the smoke-room fireplace.
- £200 under a hassock in the adjacent Roman Catholic Church.
- £50 in the rocks by the East Pier at Kingstown.
- £61 10/ beside a wall at Howth.
- £11 in a churchyard at Dalkey.
- £9 on the top of a wall on the high road between Dalkey and Dublin in full sight of passengers on the top of the trams.
- Mary pleaded guilty, and was sent to prison for twelve months.

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Topics of the Week.

What Will They Do With It?

To provide innocent entertainment for others is one of the most pleasant and most gracious of those human functions of which our lives are, or should be, made up, so the good people of Auckland are to be congratulated on having furnished the colony at large, and more particularly the affectionate sister port of Wellington, with a continuous series of jokes each more execrating than the last, which have furnished food for frivolity, for, well, one hesitates to remember how many years back, in that "enfant terrible," the Auckland Harbour Board, the northern metropolis has for years possessed a "fat boy," whose extreme lethargy when asleep, as has usually been the case, and whose diverting blunders when awake, have far outstripped anything imaged in fiction, and have left the famous original of Charles Dickens simply nowhere. To be sure, the financial flesh of Auckland has been made to "creep" on occasion, but did not the original fat boy say to his mistress, old Mrs. Wardle, "I wants to flesh creep." It is part of the role, and one of Auckland's advantages, in owning a fat boy. The latest prank of this farcure—as the French would say—is now well known. It is even somewhat more expensive than any which have gone before, but as it is infinitely more ludicrous and transcends mortal belief in the direction of blundering, no doubt the taxpayers will put their hands in their pockets with pleasure, feeling well repaid by the laughter which resounds from one end of the colony to the other. The Admiralty House joke is almost an old one. It is one of those not uncommon sort of jokes where you foresee the point almost as soon as the story is started, and begin to simmer with enjoyment, gradually working up to a violent crescendo of uncontrollable laughter. With the Auckland Harbour Board indeed all these stories are of the "grouse in the gun room" order, for everyone knows 'em by heart, and cannot but laugh consumedly. One may picture a member telling the yarn as follows: "Well, you see—snigger—I thought we ought to have an Admiralty House; not a common-sense little place suitable for the resident officer's wife, etc., but something to add to our collections. Ha, ha, ha! So I ups and bounces, and bluffs the Board—ho, ho, ho—and I gets a tenders called for a certain amount, and gets a site from the Government. Oh! that site—ha, ha, ha, he, he, he—that site—ho, ho, ho! Ought to have been split sight (see, site, sight)—ho, ho, ho!—and as the prize design cost too much we amended the amount—ho, he!—and we ups and builds what, you'll all agree, is the most 'strorinary building ever seen in the city. And, best joke in world, started it even when old Beau-mont refused to lay a foundation stone, because he never would live in it. And now—ho, ho, and fib. (cladding sides and gasping)—best joke in world—ho, ho, ho. 'Xeuse my painting. Another admiral refused to live in it, and we don't know what to do, and we've spent £8,510. See! £8,520 of other folks' money. See!" (Subsides into paroxysms of laughter), loudly echoed by Southern cities. Aucklanders smile wanly, and try and look as if they enjoyed it; while Mr. Napier makes ready for the next grand coup.

But, seriously, what will they do with it? Residentially, it is out of the question. A man who can afford about £300 or £400 a year rent is apt to turn up his nose at an atmosphere of railways and factory smuts and smokes. The Auckland Ministers' residence was put forward as a joke, but there was a tinkle of earnestness behind it. More unlikely things have happened. A junior club, a home for incurables, Veterans' Home and other propositions have been put forward, but why not make it the Harbour Board Office, and sell or lease the buildings they occupy at present? There would be something very appropriate in their occupying the strange structure. Failing this, Auckland might present the building to Mr. Napier as a perpetual monument to the combined sagacity and pertinacity which forced it upon an unwilling city.

A Dying Art.

Is conversation, one of the most delightful of the arts, already dead, or merely dying, and to be restored to its pristine vigour and beauty if prompt, wise and effective measures are taken? Several articles have appeared of late in the magazines commenting on the manners and customs of polite society, past and present, and contrasting the latter with the former, much to our prejudice. There is a good deal to be said on both sides, I imagine. We are probably less punctilious and courtly than our great-grandfathers, and age now is no cause for respect; but on the other hand, we have virtues which were denied our forbears. We are not drunk in the presence of ladies, nor do we swear before them nor at them, as was some time the fashion. But there can be no doubt that the art of conversation has declined. The battle of wit, the delicate duel of repartee, which were so pronounced a feature of the days when great ladies held "salons," are as extinct as the man and the dodo. And it is if anything worse in New Zealand than in the Old Country. Bright, brisk, intelligent talk on men and books, music, drama or events of interest in the world is rarely met with. The good talker is conspicuous by his or her absence, and the modern substitute—the continual chatter, with a perpetual flow of words, words, words—is a poor and a weary substitute. The craving for excitement, the taste for cards, the love of the most flashy entertainments in the direction of musical farce and farce comedy, are probably responsible for this deterioration. A few hours at ping pong is doubtless fascinating, at least so it seemed last winter, but is hardly the sort of evening which will result in any increase of mental culture or intellectual betterment. But yet ping pong and progressive card parties, football, and clubs for facilitating play therat abound exceedingly; whereas Shakespeare Clubs and similar efforts towards higher thinking have languished entirely. False culture and sham intellectuality are, of course, anæsthesia. Better far rank phillistinism and ping pong than affected æstheticism and cant. And it must be confessed we have not always been free of these two, but a happy medium may at least be struck, and it would be agreeable if some effort were made in educated circles to bring dinner table and supper table talk and general conversation in mixed company to a brighter and rather higher intellectual level than it at present occupies.

The Melba Management.

A very common topic of general conversation during the past week or so throughout the colony has been the tactics resorted to by the managers of the recent Melba tour to make that venture as remunerative as possible. A very large number of persons have caustically criticised the methods by which it was endeavoured to extract the last possible guinea from the music lovers of the colony, and a really rather extraordinary amount of bitterness appears to have been generated amongst folk usually good-natured enough in the disbursements they make on their personal pleasures. Having heard a good many adverse opinions, and scarcely come across one champion for Mr. Musgrove, it seems both fair and interesting to set forth these grievances, and then to see if after all there is not something to be said for the other side, and whether in point of fact there were any legitimate grievances at all. The charges against the management are simple. They are as thus: That a guinea and a half-guinea were quoted as the price of a seat, but that the opening of the half-guinea plan was held back till the very last possible moment to make certain that without "any possible, probable doubt whatever" the very uttermost guinea was extracted before anyone was

let in at ten and sixpence, and that the management endeavoured, in short, to bluff the public to take guinea seats. Further, it was objected that when guinea seats were found to be not all filled they were sold for half a guinea, and finally that at the last moment no inconsiderable number of fortunate economists heard the great diva for the modest sum of a crown. The charge is true, but if one considers it sanely, where is the grievance? The same principle is observed in commerce, and no one considers themselves ill-used. If a man can sell mutton at sixpence a piece he does so till his market is exhausted. Then he taps a second section of the public by selling them at fourpence, and finally, as we see so often, "Six Ene Auckland mutton for a shilling" are sold from a cart in the street within an hour of the time when the same price was asked for two only. Probably the reader has found himself walking home with a fish for which he has paid four times as much as he need have done had he had more patience or foresight, but does he feel any bitterness against the fish merchant with whom he did business? Assuredly not, if he is a reasonable man. Well, the Melba ticket business is on all fours with this. The man who purchased his seat for a guinea did so because he doubted if he would be able to get a seat at half that price. He paid for security, and got it. He has no possible cause for complaint because someone who was willing to take the risks managed to get a seat next to him, or as good as his, for any smaller sum. The management fulfilled their contract to him all right, where is his trouble? The old parable of the lord of the vineyard and the penny a day applies. The public are always somewhat prone to disparage theatrical managements for trying to exploit their pockets to the furthest possible extent, and to forget that theatrical ventures are arranged for the sole purpose of making as much money as possible. We do it, all of us, in our various businesses, and should feel justly indignant if anyone took exception to the same. Booming is perfectly legitimate—one takes all advertising with a little salt, and if one allows oneself to be lured into going to a concert or entertainment by lavish advertisement, and then considers that the puff was better than the fare provided, why, the blame is really on one's own head. The art is practised all the year round, and one must either learn to discriminate or be content to take one's luck.

An Age of Nil Admirandi.

Every man—and for the matter of that every woman—(one cannot always be using the "his or her") has, I imagine, experienced in a more or less acute degree the distressing chill which numbs a human being, when having exhibited his pet view or most notable local lion to a visitor whom it is desired either to please or impress, he finds that he has entirely failed to kindle any answering enthusiasm to his own (which already begins to appear somewhat ridiculous), and that his careful crescendo of effects has altogether failed in its purpose. Equally, everyone has, I suppose, felt the gradual growth of exasperation when an enthusiastic host or guide is for ever forcing our emotions, for ever tacitly demanding admiration (at the point of the bayonet, as it were) and for ever peering delightfully into our faces to see if we are sufficiently impressed. Which of these pin-pricks of everyday life is the most disagreeable, I do not care to pronounce. Unless we are careful we probably experience both with tolerable frequency, and at the time each appears to be more hateful than the other. But the cause at the bottom of both is eminently characteristic of the age. Broadly speaking, it is the age when we wonder at nothing, when we admire nothing. Spasms of enthusiasm may pass over us, the emotions may be temporarily galvanised into some acute form by an exceptional occurrence, but it is an evanescent effort, and to produce it the cause must be ever and enormously increased. We accept every wonder of electricity without comment. We talk to persons miles upon miles distant, we are whisked along by a force of which the majority of us

know absolutely nothing. We have our news flashed from every part of the world instantaneously; but the marvel of it all never appeals to us, and there is not a thinkable discovery which would cause us one gasp of astonishment. As a fellow-peasant observed in a somewhat similar article, we should only observe "Oh, well." These thoughts were engendered by the absolute frostiness of the audience in Auckland with regard to Melba. They applauded, it is true, but it was merely commercial applause, the premeditated claque of an audience which, having paid a more than usual price for seats, was determined to have money's worth and more if it could get it. There was not one spark of passion or true feeling in it, not one fraction of that subtle and indescribable but unmistakable current of emotion which will sweep through a perhaps silent gathering on occasion, and which brings a lump into the throat and sends a shiver down the spine. Yet, surely, the great diva should produce that effect. She does produce it we know at "Home," else she could never have risen to a position in Europe which monarchs might envy, and held her court to which even sovereigns sent representatives or greetings. Was it because admiration was forced on us—that well-known irritation of which I spoke in the first few lines—or was it that we are ceasing to be able to admire? Certainly I heard no one, save one, admit disappointment, yet few were, as far as I could judge, genuinely moved. Strange it is, my masters, passing strange. The exception I heard of is worth repeating, for, for colossal impudence, vulgarity and intellectual snobbery it must remain a record. A lady in Auckland informed a friend that she was "so disgusted after Melba's first item, that she went outside and sat in her 'bus till the concert was over." Was there ever anything more monumental than this? Is not "disgusted" delicious—a very gem of blatant ignorance and concentrated quintessence of conceit?



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for a good display of generalship. Hugging the rails all the way, he never lost a bit of ground, and making use of his light weight, he let Mars run along in front from the start of the barrier, and virtually slipped the field in the first furlong. He won the same distance when Adina, Mera and Orioff at the end of the first mile and a quarter, as when they had run a quarter of a mile. Notwithstanding the time made, the course being exceedingly fast, as indicated by the time made in all the races, Mars has still a bit left when he came to finishing, and though Orioff had been well nursed throughout, he hung on a good deal, and was hampered not a little in an early stage, and only shook himself clear of adversity as the last quarter was reached. Had he got out a little sooner he would have won. As it was, he ran a good race. Microm, the outsider, ran like a stayer, and the racing he has done fitted him to run the distance from end to end, but while Hatheridge looked well, he was hardly so fit as I have seen him—indeed, he was muscle sore. He, however, kept battling away. Adina ran well for a mile, and a half despite his big load, but could not have won any distance with such an impost. The Shannon looked lighter and more strung up than she has been this season, but showed so few signs of being locked in the pick of condition, but ran disappointingly, and was lame in one of her hind legs when she left the course after the race. Anchorite began badly, and was really chopped out from the start. He never got into a prominent position.

Towards the close of the day at the Rotomua race meeting, three Maori girls in gaily coloured dresses, with ruffled hair, braids, and riding astride, came along the running ground and pulled up their steeds opposite the stewards' stand. An impression gained ground that the three damsels were going to engage in a race. The groom who had one of the number quickly replied, "No, not jockey, me policeman." It transpired on further inquiry that these girls had been boundary riding all day, watching the fences, and making everyone who attempted to ride in the fence with the feeling "to be the mark," and from all accounts they did their work better than men would have succeeded in doing. Who could cheat a good looking Maori girl? The purchaser of the gate privileges had a lot of native lady admirers, one of whom acted as a sort of relieving officer. A vigilant one she was too, as an Auckland visiting owner found. She was stationed near the grandstand, when the said owner slipped through the fence, and was caught in a trick, and told that he must pay or produce his ticket. Not understanding the lady, he went on, but was not to be allowed away like that, for a moment later he was seized by the coat, and a demand made upon him for the thirty shilling fee he was adding unawares of the great responsibility the lady was under, and to get rid of her, handed her one shilling. Someone who understood what was the matter, explained to the horse-owner why he went to the lady and showed her his ticket, thus hoping to make amends for his unceremonious entry to the paddock, only to find, however, that the lady believed that in the meantime he had secured someone else's ticket. It was only when the Hon. J. Campbell, Native Minister, came on the scene, and the matter was referred to the bonafides of the owner, that the lady was satisfied. The feeling that she had been accusing the owner wrongfully was too much, and good honest Rotomua hollers before walls, and tears flowed copiously before Niobe was finally comforted. A gate speculator probably never had a more vigilant and conscientious lot of workers than the Maori girl policemen on duty at the Rotomua races.

Meteor, who has this season won a number of races for Mr R. Hannon is a five-year-old bay gelding son of Mitiora and Lady Sarah, and though a horse of light build, but shapely and a good mover, and having had good race at last meetings in the Waiwaka can jump, and may not unlikely be put to hurdle racing. Mitiora, his sire, is a son of Castor and that good Fere mare Victoria, who won so many races about Auckland between 18 and 18 years ago. Lady Sarah is from the Treasurer mare Fise, who is amongst other performers that good horse Andacity, and was herself a good performer. Elma and Zip were half-sisters, so that Meteor bears fairly close relationship to Castanhara,

who claimed Zip as his dam. Meteor at best is a worrier gelding, and may improve as he gets more seasoned, but probably not nearly so good as some people have painted him. Miss Lottie, who beat him in the Rotomua Cup, has met him before and beaten him. This was at one of the sports meetings held on the Matamata Estate. He was unopposed, however, that Meteor had improved so much that he was sure to beat the daughter of St. Hippo, and some punters actually laid as long odds as 6 to 1 on his ability to do so; one bet of £20 to £3 I heard of. No one felt more certain of victory than Mr Hannon. Meteor's owner, but before the race was over he could see Meteor was beaten, and Miss Lottie never appeared to be properly extended. She covered the first half-mile of the race in 51 sec., and the pace seemed to settle Meteor. Miss Lottie is a fine-looking four-year-old who has frequently shown that she has never run quite up to her good looks, and has been voted a jade by many—hasty condemnation this of a young mare. It was intended to breed from her this season, but she has not been started, and it is possible that her owner will elect to go on raising her, and it is quite on the cards that she will win a fair race.

There can be no doubt that racing in the country districts of Auckland is not being carried on in the best interests of the many racing clubs and horseowners, and of the sport generally. It is generally acknowledged that the organization is wanting. An association of clubs could do a lot for the betterment of the sport by arranging the dates of these country fixtures, so that they come at nice intervals following on in rotation. The handicaps for each meeting to be declared immediately after the conclusion of the meeting preceding, thus giving the weight adjusters an opportunity of dealing with the latest form, and attendance at such meetings should be compulsory. It is impossible for anyone to give anything like complete satisfaction without seeing what is going on. The penalising system will not work well with these country meetings. Horses sometimes win through a stroke of good luck, or lose through some happening during the contest. The lucky horse receives a penalty that puts him out of court for his next engagement. There are other considerations. There are some fresh horses to be dealt with at each meeting, as a rule, and handicappers should be present to see them compete as far as possible; in fact, see all the racing they can. This means expense, but it is what clubs pay for, and they have a right to expect that a handicapper attending the meetings within reasonable distance. There is a feeling amongst owners that the meetings of the Auckland country clubs do not come in proper order; that an improvement could be made in this respect, and a big saving made to owners who are compelled to travel over unnecessary ground. Any conference of the clubs should consider this question and obtain the views of their supporters. The starting is a matter that requires a lot of thinking over, and owners would welcome the barrier everywhere. At each meeting a different matter is in evidence, and the work from all accounts is indifferently performed at many of these meetings, and as a result there is much discontent amongst the owners, trainers, and horsemen, and the public. One good man could go the rounds of the meetings, and point out the mistakes which he thinks are being made. It is all too evident that some of our jockeys are very difficult to manage, and are only too ready to take advantage of good-natured men they meet filling positions that they have no special fitness for, and to hunt them down with less experience than themselves, or to two-thirds lads will demoralise all the rest, and fairness is required to put some of them in their places. One starter would get to know the riders and their strong and weak points; would also learn the dispositions of the horses, and would then start them accordingly. It is pitiable to see a horse being knocked about as they are at the start by light-headed, excitable boys who have little or no control over them. The barrier in the hands of a competent man is what is wanted at all meetings. As matters stand now, the country meetings, the starter's office, very often an honorary one, is no sinecure, and there is ample evidence that

there is too much bad work performed under existing conditions, and where there is want of confidence on the part of the public and owners, limited speculation and loss of revenue follow as a consequence. An association of clubs could make better arrangements than at present exist for the carriage of racehorses on the railways to and from meetings, and the accommodation of the horses and their attendants in another matter that is worthy of consideration. Owners can find but little good at best travelling round the country meetings, and their convenience and a saving of expense should be studied. They should get their racing at a minimum of cost as far as possible. The country people who suffer where the country people look for golden harvest out of their visitors, who as a body are not a rich class, and who race largely for sport. Expenses are less heavy, perhaps, than was the case some years ago, but they are quite heavy enough when the view of the stake offered to a majority of the clubs are taken into account. The country clubs will find it more difficult than ever to keep up the standard of their meetings now that suburban clubs are catering so largely for owners. Travelling to many meetings for good stakes outside the metropolitan district is now being done at even less cost than visiting meetings within. The great aim of all clubs should be to try and induce the best class of horses to compete at their meetings, for the presence of good horses invariably means larger attendance and more speculation, and generally an increase of funds to the coffers of the clubs for redistribution in stakes.

After visiting the Rotomua Jockey Club's Annual Meeting in two successive years, I am satisfied that the club can do much better in future. The carnival of last week in many respects was a happy affair, and there will be more money to compete for at the Regatta, it will grow in importance. The Rotomua Jockey Club should extend their meeting to two days, increase the stakes all round, giving a Cup of the value of £1000 for a ten-horse and a handicap race on the second day of, say, 100 sows. It can be done all right. Race meetings managed well in the Geysersland of New Zealand would be most attractive. Years ago, race meetings, which were better attended and more frequented amongst their white brethren, were common in some parts of the colony, but now-a-days the Maori is less enthusiastic on sport, race meetings having become all too frequent for him. In the thermal region of Auckland, for our copper coloured friends there look forward to the Annual Meeting at Rotomua with pleasure, and attend in great force, in gay attire, and as they form a large percentage of the assemblage, and there is always a fair sprinkling of tourists from outside the colony, and visitors from all parts within, the scene is such as cannot be witnessed on any other course in any other part of New Zealand. Outside the racing, it is a show in itself, but greater conveniences are required to draw the visitors, who have hitherto found the grandstand too limited, the paddock and enclosures too cramped, and the arrangements altogether too primitive, while the fever of the running ground has been too much obscured, and the spectators scrub in the centre of the grounds, so much so that only a comparative few can follow a race from end to end. The present site is an excellent one, and convenient to the town, but it is thought likely that the Council will take the property for town extension purposes, and give an equally suitable piece of ground in exchange, either nearer the railway line or some other locality adapted for the purpose. By such an arrangement, it would pay the Council handsomely to give £200 or £300 to the Rotomua Jockey Club to start a new ground. The Government are spending a lot of money on the Sanatorium, but they might extend their assistance to the preparation of the racecourse domain, which could be used for sports meetings, cycling, etc. The hotel, boarding house, coaching, and stable proprietors should be able to render greater assistance to the Jockey Club in the way of subscriptions. A good deal rests with them. All would come back to them in an increase of business. People are not content with seeing Rotomua once, increas-

ed attractions will bring them back annually, and a good race meeting always appeals to them, so long as they can find good courses. The stewards and committee of the club are all workers, and they should lose no time in getting to work to try and offer the racing public greater inducements to visit the place. Rotomua offers greater advantages than many suppose for a successful club, and it would appear only a matter of time when, with a little push and support from quarters from which support should come, it will take a leading, instead of an at present, a subordinate position amongst the country clubs within the Auckland Metropolitan Racing Club's jurisdiction.

The volume of the "Racing Calendar" for 1903, issued by Messrs Weatherby, gives the following table, showing the number of races of different distances run in Great Britain in the under-mentioned years, including the races in Ireland, as reported in the English "Racing Calendar":

Table showing the number of races of different distances run in Great Britain in 1902, 1901, 1900, 1899, 1898, 1897, 1903. Columns for Five f., Six f., One m., Two m., Three m., Four miles. Total... 1881 1921 1911 1904 1898 1867

Of the above races, which were run in 1902, there were for two-year-olds only:—

- Under six furlongs..... 442
Six furlongs or upwards, but under a mile 64
In 1903 there were for 2-year-olds only—
Under six furlongs 438
Six furlongs or upwards, but under a mile 69
In 1900 there were for 2-year-olds only—
Under six furlongs..... 425
Six furlongs or upwards, but under a mile 67

VALUE OF STAKES.

The value of stakes won during 1902, calculated according to rule 111 of the Rules of Racing (not including stakes for second and third horses), amounted to—England, £254,970 7/; Ireland, £22,014 6/8; Scotland, £12,006.

The classes of races run are also defined, and the number of runners summarised, as below:—

Handicaps for 2-year-olds and upwards, or 3-year-olds only—England: Number of races, 504, amounting to £147,943 10/; Ireland: Races, 147, £10,610 15/ (including handbats to which 2-year-olds were admitted with older horses); Scotland: Races 35, £6403.

Selling handicaps for 2-year-olds and upwards—England: Number of races, 116, amounting to £15,948. Ireland: Races 12, £2093 10/; Scotland: Races 10, £1151.

Selling races (other than handicaps), excepting those for 2-year-olds only—England: Number of races 180, amounting to £25,973. Ireland: Races 20, £1853. Scotland: Races 18, £2125.

Weight-for-age races, for 2-year-olds or upwards—England: Number of races 517, amounting to £160,651 15/; Ireland: Races 68, £6895 2/8; Scotland: Races 20, £2287.

Weight-for-age races, including those for 2 and 3-year-olds—England: Number of races 10, amounting to £4405. Ireland: Races 5, £1463 19/.

Two-year-olds only (handicaps)—England: Number of races 13, amounting to £16,860. Ireland: Races 13, £2210. Scotland: Races 5, £762.

Selling handicaps—England: Number of races 24, amounting to £3198. Ireland: Races 5, £435. Scotland: Races 5, £600.

Advertisement for Canadian-Australian Line of Royal Mail Steamships. Includes ship names like Niagara, Ontario, Quebec, and routes to London, America, Victoria, and Vancouver.

Advertisement for A. & A. Line, featuring Niagara Falls. Includes a large graphic of a clock showing '27 DAYS!' and text describing the service to Great Britain and New Zealand.

of Maid of Honor, had his collarbone broken. Dividend, £1 7/.

Hack Handicap.—Lady Peoria, 1; Ever, 2; Dan McCarthy, 3. Scratched: Ian, Evermore Fairy, Burgh. White leading, Kaitiaki 10. Dividend 17/.

Flying Handicap.—Green and Gold, 1; Kaitiro, 2; Repetition, 3. Scratched: Nona, Swagman, Calaine, Sidney, and Millie. Won easily. Dividend, 13/.



VICTORIA RACING CLUB'S AUTUMN MEETING.

MELBOURNE, March 3.

THE AUSTRALIAN CUP. A handicap sweepstakes of 2500s each, with 1000s sows added; second horse to receive 200s sows, and the third 100s sows out of the stake. For three-year-olds and upwards. Two miles and a quarter.

Hon. A. Wran's Great Scot, 8 yrs, by Lochiel—Scotch Mary, 8.0 (H-hand-sow) 1
 Adjuster, 6.7 (carried 5lb over) 2
 Acrasia, 7.1 3

Also ran: Flagship, Abundance, Foorball, Patronna, Vanity Fair, Biezd, and Lord Kitchener.

Betting: 5 to 4 against Acrasia and Abundance, 7 to 1 Vanity Fair, 8 to 1 Flagship, 10 to 1 Foorball.

For three-year-olds and upwards. Two miles and a quarter.

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 Adjuster, 6.7 (carried 5lb over) 2
 Acrasia, 7.1 3

MELBOURNE, March 3.

The Champion Stakes of 10000s: weight for age; 3 miles.—C. L. Macdonald's Wakeful, 6 yrs, by Trenton—Insoumia, 9.2 (H-hand-sow), 1; Great Scot, 7.12, 2; The Victory, 9.0 (Lewis), 3. Also started: Flagship, 9.5; St. Ambrose, 9.0. Great Scot led St. Ambrose for a mile and a half, when Wakeful moved nearer. At two miles St. Ambrose retched, and Wakeful, going up, joined Great Scot. The favourite then came away and won in a canter by six lengths, three lengths between second and third; Flagship next. Time, 5:29.



OTAHUHU TROTTING CLUB.

The Otahuhu Trotting Club's summer meeting was brought to a close on Saturday in due weather, the course being fast. The attendance was very good and the fields well up to the average, but the sport was marred by unpleasant features, which continue to crop up despite the efforts of the club to get their meetings off without friction. The starter reported that several horses, including the winner Colenso, had gone before the time in the Criterion Handicap, and the stewards ordered the race to be run again with the result that a number of owners refused to let their horses compete the second time, the totalisator money on these horses being returned. It was dark when the proceedings terminated. The sum of £2223 was passed through the totalisator in 10 1/2-hors, bringing the totalisator turnover to £2652 for the three days.

President's Trot Handicap of 2500s. 11 miles.—119 K.O., 20s (F. Murrill), 1; 23 Rosalind, 18s (C. Greenwood), 2; 82 Le Roslor 38s (Cortis), 3. Also started: 6 Victorine, 16 Bertha Abby; 16 Nat Gould; 27 Black Diamond; 44 Harry; 3 Joe May. Rosalind led all the way during the first round, until the stand was reached, where K.O. took the lead and was never headed, winning by five yards, with Rosalind the same distance away from Le Roslor. Time, 4:17. Dividends, 18/ and 12/.

Second Harness Trot of 2500s.—191 Beladonna (Mr Wm. Humber), 12s, 1; 122 Peter (W. Tozer), 2; 130 Harold Abdallah (Mr H. Charteris), 3. Time, 5:38. Dividends, £1 5/ and 11/.

Welcome Stakes Handicap of 2500s: second horse 500s from the stake. For ponies 14 hands 6 inches and under. Distance, 6 furlongs.—Orange and Blue and First Whisper, dead heat, 1; Leon, 2. Time, 1:27. Dividend 18/ on Orange and Blue, 11/ on First Whisper. Also started: Tailsman and Miss Lander.

Second Pony Trot Handicap (saddle or harness) of 2500s. For ponies 11 hands 2 inches and under: Jingo (Mr Thomas Wylie), 1; Miss Munro (Mr D. Douglas), 2; Victor Hugo (Mr T. J. Cotton), 3. Time 4:13. Dividend £2 6/ and 7/.

Dash Trot Handicap (saddle), of 2500s. Distance one mile: Happy (Mr W. Tiffin), 1; Red Huon (W. Tozer), 2; Donzetti (Mr J. G. Lecky), 3.

Second Pony Trot Handicap (saddle or harness) of 2500s: second 500s. One mile and a half.—Mr Thomas Wylie's 6 Jingo, aged, by Brooklyn, 7s (Holt), 1; Miss Munro, 10s (Murrill), 2; Victor Hugo, 10s (Cotton), 3. Also started: 60 Bert, 12s; 6 Prince, 13s; 20 Queenie, 25s. Won by ten yards, Victor Hugo a fair third. Time, 4:13. Dividends: Jingo, £2 6/; Miss Munro, 7/.

Criterion Trot Handicap of 5000s: second 500s. One mile and a half.—Mr G. Robinson b g Colenso, aged, by Yarraman, 21s (Moore), 1; Red of Stone, 25s (Bagby), 2; Empress, 15s (Murrill), 3. Also started: 19 Sierra, 6s; 41 Miss Huon, 27s; 41 La Grand, 38s; 255 George, 31s. This race was run twice. Colenso and other horses started before their time, and the stewards ordered it to be run after the last race, when, after a close finish, the judge placed Colenso first, Red of Stone second, Empress a poor third. Time, 3:57. Dividends: £1 10/ and £1 2/.

Dash Trot Handicap of 2500s: second 500s. One mile.—Mr W. Robinson's b g Happy, aged, by Imperious—Woodbine, 10s (Moore), 1; Red Huon, 10s (Tozer), 2; Donzetti, 10s (Bradley), 3. Also started: 13 Talbot, 8s; 25 Sierra, 2s; 28, Sir Robert, 13s; 6 Red of Stone, 15s; 14 Miss Huon, 10s; 51 Black Boss, 18s; 21 La Grand, 18s; George, 18s; 60, St. John, 20s; 7, Pleasant Tom, 22s; 38, K.O., 2s; (including 2s penalty). Won by 15 yards from Red Huon, 2:41. Dividends: Happy, £1 1/; Red Huon, £1 1/.

Franklin Handicap of 2500s: second 500s. Five furlongs. Mr T. Wael's b m Inspiration, 4 yrs, by Freedom—Happy Thought, 7s (Deeley), 1; St. Louisa, 8.10 (Buchanan), 2; Rapid, 6.10 (Quinton), 3. Also started: 257 Orange and Blue, 1.10; 48 First Whisper, 7.12; 96 Ukago, 7.8; 77 Solitary, 7.5; 8 Tahaman 7.3. Won by a length, same second and third. Time, 1:48. Dividends: Inspiration, £2 17/; St. Louisa, 11/.

March Trot Handicap of 4000s: second 500s. One mile and a half. Mrs S. Hill's b g Waitakauri, aged, by La Rue—Yum Yum, 15s (Sandall), 1; Helress, 13s (Baker), 2; Darbar, 8s (Tozer), 3. Also started: 12 Albert Victor, 20; King George, 3s; 4 Duke C., 6s; 83, Occidental, 13s; 38 Rosbud, 17s; 60 Daystar, 21s; 98 Pike, 25s. Won easily by five yards, same 2nd and 3rd. Time, 3:54. Dividends: Waitakauri, £1 17/; Helress, £1 13/.

HAWKES BAY JOCKEY CLUB'S AUTUMN MEETING.

The following weights have been declared by Mr Henrys:—

Autumn Handicap, once round.—Olugo 9.8, Battlexe 9.5, Oracle 8.4, Ballyneety 7.12, Tradewind 7.3, Camelot 7.3, Eland 6.10.

Hawke's Bay Cup, one mile and a quarter.—Advance 10.12, Achilles 10.5, Ostiak 8.12, Motor 8.8, Battlexe 8.7, Huetaura 8.5, Oingo 8.3, Shannon 7.9, Windwhistle 7.9, Oracle 7.5, Tupara 7.5, Menura 6.9, Kahuwai 6.7, Ringman 6.7, Ballyneety 6.7, Tradewind 6.7, in 3.7, Eland 6.7, A.B.N. 6.7.

Huetales, two miles.—Eclair 11.12, Kohunui 11.8, Tira 11.3, Tanel 10.7, Sellywag 10.4, Cobra 10.2, Awahiri 10.0, Gryphon 9.7, Defoe 9.0, Rocket 9.0.

Nursery, five furlongs.—Stashoot 8.13, Auratus 7.11, Emma 7.10, Tortoise 7.10, Redmont 7.10, Rose Maider 7.3, Trent 7.3, Melrose 7.5, Tivha 7.3, St. Evangeline 7.3, Gold Crest 7.3.

Welter, once round.—Taubel 9.13, Tupara 9.12, Paria 9.5, Inapan 8.11, Rosepetit 8.9, Raphoe 8.0, Vee 8.0.

First Handicap, seven furlongs.—Shackie 8.13, Gold Dust 8.13, Aroha 8.3, Kowhite 8.3, Tawha 7.11, Orinotist 7.9, Wheelock 7.3, Yallance 7.3, Koutupara 7.3, Madrigal 7.3, Rapids 6.14, Lifeboat 6.7.

Halfway, six furlongs.—Okoiari 9.13, Ostiak 9.11, Westguard 9.7, Assayer 7.8, Pilot 7.8, Ballyneety 7.8, Cheasour 7.7, Camelot 6.11, Deerstalker 6.10, Stepdogaurer 6.7.



TURE TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

(By Telegraph.—Own Correspondent.)

CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday.

The foal full sister to Tserita and Petrova has been named Astrakhan.

Breving Wonder, who has been nominated for the Onkaparinga Steeplechase, is looking well, but the work he is doing is not strong enough to suggest that a trip to Adelaide is contemplated.

A Southern writer recalls the fact that Kathilda, the dam of St. Denis, used to run in pony races.

Forward Guard, by Vanguard, broke down so badly while taking part in the Lawrence (Otago) meeting that he has since had to be destroyed. One of his cannon bones was splintered.

It is reported that a Melbourne resident has made an offer of £1000 for the local trotting stallion Rotischek.

In spite of the unpromising outlook on Thursday morning, Christchurch racing folk were well represented at Hororata Racing Club's annual meeting. As, however, the local conditions did not muster strong, the attendance was hardly up to the average, and the totalisator turnover showed a decrease of £6 in the amount handled at last year's gathering. The weather turned out finer than early indications envisaged us to hope, and most of us, I think, enjoyed the outing. The racing was not uninteresting, most of the events were won comfortably, but not one actually produced a run away victory. Cyllie, who started favourite for the Hororata Cup, missed absolutely last of the four competitors, and my selection, Terraphin, won easily by a length from Menschikoff's disappointing sister, Stepdancer, who finished strongly enough to suggest that when she happens to be caught quite at her best she will get back a portion of the large sum she has cost her owner. Muscatite and Arridde fought out the finishes of the Bangor Handicap and Daldon Handicap. In each instance the former won without a great deal to spare. The feature of the latter Handicap was the preponderance of highly bred competitors. Of the six starters no less than four were closely related to well known and well performed horses. The winner, Nell Gwynn, is a three-year-old half sister by Captain Webb, to Loyalty, Natalie, who finished third, is a daughter of Phaeton and Neroli. Ropy and Klakli, who were unplaced, are half brothers respectively to the jumper Huku, and the Duendin and Wellington Cup winner, Djin Djin. I might have included Bombardo, the second horse, who is a son of Hotchkiss and Valentina. Natalie had previously won the Farmers' Plate, beating a strong favourite in Lady Brandt. The Selling Handicap fell to Nutcracker, a gelding by Perkin Warbeck II.

CHRISTCHURCH, Tuesday.

On the whole, the local bookmakers did well over the Waunganui Meeting. The victory of Machine Gun in the Jackson Stakes hit them hard, but they had a slinker over the Cup.

Mr J. F. Reid, of Elderslie, has presented the Canterbury Jockey Club with a couple of swans for the lake which the Club is going to lay out on its lawn at Riccarton.

The Akaroa County Racing Club's annual race meeting is being held at Little River to-day (Tuesday), and most of the local sporting folk are patrolling the gathering.

It looks as if Mr H. Friedlander intended to gradually break up his Auckland team. Kellum and Gladiala have arrived at Riccarton from the North and entered Holmes' stable. Both are in good condition. They were accompanied by the broad mare Annabelle, who was sent on to Mr Friedlander's stud farm at Ashburton. These additions to Holmes' team will necessitate that trainer enlarging his stable.

I am sorry to learn that the lameness from which Welbeck was said to be suffering during his visit to Dunedin, has developed, and it is thought extremely improbable that the colt will be able to fulfil his engagements at the Canterbury Jockey Club's Autumn Meeting. His full brother, Dinnis, on the other hand, seems to be getting sounder.

The local horseman, J. Pine, is suffering from an attack of scarlatina.

Cyclas Parva is still ailing. The little son of Lakeshield needs a rest.

Orloff and Machine Gun will not go on to Hastings to fulfil their engagements at the Hawke's Bay Autumn Meeting. On the other hand, Sir Geo. Chiroff's pair, Wind-whistle and Doerstalker, will.

Mr Guinness has taken in hand the half-sister to Pampero and the full-sister to Vladimir, which I mentioned in a previous letter.

Cauteren has made a much quicker recovery than was anticipated from his injury, and will probably resume work in a few days.

A well-known Dunedin trainer has had a prohibition order taken out against him. The following are the local quotations on the double, Great Hager and Autumn Handicaps:—750 to 13 against Red Gauntlet and Pallas, 700 to 12 against St. Denis and Pallas, 500 to 15 against Advance and Orloff, 500 to 13 against Red Gauntlet and Pamporo, 200 to 6 against Advance and Pallas, 200 to 3 against Achilles and Achilles, 200 to 3 against Petrova and Canute Chief, 200 to 3 against Petrova and Pallas, 200 to 3 against Advance and Achilles.

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A blizzard has destroyed great numbers of cattle in Texas and Arizona.

The Motor Race Bill was read a third time in the House of Lords.

The Columbian tariff of import duties has been doubled.

Mr Hofmeyer's pacific appeals to the Bond party have been gazetted.

Mr Carnegie has given £200,000 sterling to Princeton University, U.S.A.

It is expected that King Edward will meet President Loubet in Paris, when proceeding to the Riviera in April.

The ratifications of the Alaska Boundary Treaty have been exchanged at Washington.

Prince Luise's parents received her at Lindau. She returns Giron's letters and telegrams unopened. The breach is final.

The M.C.C. Committee has decided to submit the proposal of widening the wickets to a general meeting in May.

Reuter's Agency states that the Governor of Fez reports that the Moorish pretender has been captured.

As a result of the recent gale, underground telegraphy is being extended to the Midland counties, Scotland, and the East Coast.

The Rev Reginald John Campbell, pastor of the Union Church at Brighton, has succeeded Dr Parker in the pastorate of the City Temple.

The London Chamber of Commerce has convened a conference with the object of calling Lord Lansdowne's attention to the dissatisfaction created by the new German tariff.

The "Novoe Vremya" states that the British Consul at Muscat has offered the Sultan of Oman a British naval detachment if he found himself unable to maintain order in the town of Matrah.

The Lambeth Magistrate sentenced nine collectors walking with an unemployed procession to one day's imprisonment on charges of street-begging, and threatened them with a month's imprisonment if again convicted.

Many chambers of agriculture and farmers' clubs in Great Britain have adopted resolutions in favour of appointing a Royal Commission to inquire into the question of food supplies in war time.

A bill introduced in the House of Commons by Mr Sloan, member for Belfast South, for closing public-houses in Ireland at nine o'clock on Saturday nights, has been read a second time by 101 to 76.

The Government of the Dominion of Canada is inviting tenders—stating the subsidy required—for a British-owned Atlantic service of vessels of 18 and 21 knots, the vessels not to call at any foreign ports.

The "Standard's" Constantinople correspondent has elicited in an interview with the Grand Vizier that the Porte's intention is to execute the reforms in Macedonia to the letter, time alone being needed. The best and most energetic functionaries will be selected for the whole of Macedonia.

According to the "New York Herald" President Roosevelt's Commission of Arbitration on the late anthracite coal strike awards 10 per cent. increase of wages and other advantages. It indirectly recognises the Miners' Union and condemns the boycotting of non-Unionists. The duration of the verdict is three years.

Germany is much perturbed by American capitalists offering to construct a land-grant railway from Desferro and Santa Catherina in Brazil to the Argentine frontier, blighting the hopes of a great German settlement in Brazil.

Two thousand workmen at the Kayslope and other collieries at Blaenau, in Monmouthshire, have struck because of not being allowed to finish work

earlier in the day. They allege that in consequence of the refusal they get wet through.

President Roosevelt's prompt renomination of Dr. Krum, Negro Collector of Customs, at Charleston, is understood to be intended as an incentive to the Senate to decide the principle whether colour shall bar selection for Federal office.

The Bank of Australasia has declared a dividend of 11 per cent. and has added £35,000 to the reserve fund, £14,000 to the premises account, and set aside £15,000. One hundred and forty-two pounds will be distributed as a bonus to the staff. Carried forward, £14,648.

Dr Scharlieb, presiding at a meeting of the Hansatic Colonial Society, declared that Pan-German bombast had imperilled German interests and excited suspicion, especially in regard to Brazil, where the Government was refusing assistance formerly promised to German trade.

General Booth proposes the starting of international social science university establishments at London and New York, with branches at Melbourne, Toronto, Berlin and Paris, with the object of training thousands of Salvationists as skilled rescuers of human beings from destitution and crime.

In the House of Commons Mr Balfour, in reply to a question, said that the Admiralty had carefully considered both the Chilean and the Argentine battle-ships offered for sale, but found them unsuitable for our purposes, and it was not, therefore, considered advisable to complete the purchase.

News has been received that the robber bands, known as ladrones, had surprised and captured the town of Oms, in the province of Albay, on Luzon, in the Philippine Islands, and killed two and captured 15 of the constabulary. Several companies of American scouts have been sent to restore order.

Count Von Bulow has drawn the Curia's attention to Bishop Treves's manifesto refusing absolution to parents for sending their daughter to the Prussian Government's High School, though fourteen of the teachers were Catholic, and eight Protestant. The Chancellor claimed that the States acting impartially deserved reciprocity.

The House of Commons agreed to a resolution submitted by Mr R. J. Price, member for Norfolk East, affirming the desirability of borough and district councils regulating the closing of shops, and the limiting of hours of shop labour. The Government sympathised with the proposal, though it was stated that it would be impossible to legislate thereon this session.

In the House of Commons Mr Finlay, Attorney-General, promised to introduce a bill at the earliest opportunity relating to public companies' fraudulent balance-sheets. Under the Act of 1861 the prosecution must prove that these were intended to defraud shareholders or creditors, but the law is silent as regards attempts to induce the outside public to invest.

The French Court of Appeal has ordered the Good Shepherd Convent at Nancy to pay Made-moiselle Lecoanet, an orphan inmate, £400 compensation for detention during many years, and overwork, resulting in partial blindness. The Bishop of Nancy stated that under the pretext of charity the sisterhood treated the inmates worse than any outside sweater.

M. Koloman Szell, the Hungarian Premier, referring to the Balkan crisis, assured the Diet that the reforms demanded harmonised with the Austro-Russian agreement of 1897, respecting the Balkan status quo, and added that if the revolutionists persisted in their efforts, Turkey's measures to repress them would not be impeded.

A preliminary mobilisation of the Norwegian forces is now proceeding. It is declared not to be due to a move-

ment for secession from the compact between Norway and Sweden, but that it is connected with a common defensive movement, they fearing a Russian attack after the secret note wherein last year Russia demanded the alliance or cession of part of Norway.

In the House of Commons Mr Brodrick explained that the attention of Lord Roberts had been privately called to the "ragging" of a public school team of subalterns of the Grenadier Guards by order of an unofficial courtmartial. Lord Roberts directed an inquiry to be held, at which Lieut.-Colonel Kinloch, Commandant of the First Battalion of the regiment, attended. Colonel Kinloch was compulsorily retired because he was unaware of the irregularities in the regiment.

GENERAL CABLES.

PURSUIT OF THE MULLAH.

In the House of Commons Mr St John Brodrick stated that the operations of the Somaliland expedition would be restricted to checking the Mullah's encroachments and to safe-guarding the tribes under our protection.

REPRESENTATION IN FIJI.

A deputation waited on the Governor of Fiji on March 3 and urged that the Legislative Council be elective, instead of being nominated as at present. The Governor promised to support the request.

RATHER SUDDEN.

A speech extremely friendly towards England, delivered by M. Cambon, the French Ambassador, at the Associated Chambers of Commerce dinner, has been reproduced in the Paris papers, evoking a striking display of cordiality towards Britain, with, in some cases, even a suggestion of an early entente cordiale between the two countries.

AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

Mr Choate, the American Ambassador, entertained by the Pilgrims' Club, London, in the course of a speech attributed the improved relation between Britain and America to the popular will of each country. Moreover, Lord Salisbury's and Lord Lansdowne's uniform candour, fairness and friendliness had on every question helped to maintain these cordial relations. And he could not ignore King Edward's influence as heartily cementing the union.

THE POPE.

The 25th anniversary of the Pope's enthronement was celebrated on March 4. Ecclesiastics were present from all parts of the world. Seventy thousand people took part in a service at the Basilica. The Pope was in good health, but looked pale, and his voice had a marked hoarseness. He intoned the Te Deum. Peals of bells were rung in 493 churches in Rome. Cardinal Gibbons, on behalf of the American hierarchy, clergy and laity, sent a Marconi message from Cape Cod to Peldhu, in Cornwall, for transmission to Rome, conveying congratulations to the Pope.

THE SAMOAN RISING.

Referring to the petition to the Governor-General asking for an inquiry into the charges made by him against British officers, Cardinal Moran denies that he ever accused British officers of murdering Samoans, for the good reason that the Samoans got out of the way. He was willing to have a German Imperial Commission appointed to enquire into the doings of the missionaries at Samoa during sixty years past.

CHINESE UNEASY.

The "Standard" says that special inquiries made at Shensi confirm the report that Tung-Fuh-Siang, the leader of the anti-foreign movement, is assembling a very large force, designed to extirpate the foreigners. Four thousand disbanded Imperial troops have joined him.

Many secret meetings are being held in Peking, and some officials are attending in order to discuss whether they will support the movement.

UNCLE SAM'S NAVY.

Congress has finally adopted the naval appropriation of sixteen millions sterling. Provision is made for three battleships ranging from 16,000 to 13,000 tons.

Congress has added 3000 men to the navy, and voted a million and a-half dollars for target practice, 120,000 being devoted to prizes for marksmanship.

America's huge naval programme is interpreted as a reply to the German and Austrian attempts to revive the Central European Customs' boycott against the United States.

The movement is regarded as impracticable, and as being merely an adroit weapon to advance Germany's economic policies with regard to her colonies.

J. BULL AND CO.

The House of Commons is discussing the supplementary vote of the Colonial Department. Mr Austen Chamberlain, replying to allegations of the negative results of the Premiers' Conference in London, said that any increase contribution to Imperial defence must be free and spontaneous. The resolution adopted by the Conference with regard to preferential trade within the Empire was receiving the Imperial Government's most careful attention.

The "Standard" declares that the self-governing colonies cannot be expected to merge their own preparations in a general scheme of defence until they are convinced that the Imperial army and navy are administered on a thoroughly scientific and comprehensive plan.

NORTH SEA SQUADRON.

In the House of Commons Mr Balfour announced that a new naval port and base would be established at St. Mary's Hope, on the north side of the Firth of Forth, in accordance with the committee's recommendation in January last. The announcement was received with cheers.

Though the Berlin newspapers declared that the creation of a British North Sea squadron would be a menace to Germany, they profess to regard the new naval base as only a step towards the completion of English coast defences in no way affecting Germany's naval position.

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A BRAVE BAND.

The fighting in Nigeria has been productive of an event in which singular heroism was displayed by Lieut. Croby and a mere handful of men.

The young officer was one of a total of 14, who had to defend a Southern Nigerian village against 1000 of the Indebé Afikpoora. This small band repeatedly checked the desperate rushes made by the natives, and ultimately withdrew with the inhabitants of the village.

Subsequently Lieut. Croby was reinforced, and the Afikpoora were dispersed at the point of the bayonet. Major Hæmike, with 250 men, traversed the Indebé country and subdued the Afikpoora after some stiff fighting.

MAIL CONTRACTS.

The British Postmaster-General stated that notice had been given to the Peninsula and Oriental and Orient Companies to terminate the mail contracts to India, the East and Australia at the end of January, 1905. The Government departments were studying future requirements, and would give their decision at the earliest possible moment.

Sir Edmund Barton states that he expected the notification of the termination of the Peninsular and Orient mail contracts. The British Postmaster had acted on behalf of the parties interested. He hoped to get a quicker service under the new contract. Provision would also have to be made in accordance with the Australian Postal Act for the employment of only white labour on the steamers. He believed this change would be effected without any great trouble.

BALKAN PROVINCES.

French advices from St. Petersburg state that Austria and Russia have secretly agreed to provisionally occupy and hold Serbia and Macedonia II, as is expected, the Sultan fails to execute the reforms demanded by the Powers.

Official reports published by the Porte state that Bulgarian insurgent bands have reappeared at several points in Macedonia, causing apprehension that a general movement has begun. It is also stated that the inhabitants shelter the bands and inform them of the movements of the Ottoman troops, thus impeding pursuit.

A Blue Book which has been published shows that the Austro-Russian scheme dealing with Macedonia was communicated to Lord Lansdowne on February 17. The British Government, in order to avoid delay, accepted immediately the principle, recommending the Sultan to accept the scheme, but reserved the right to make further proposals if on trial the scheme proved inadequate.

VOLCANIC ACTIVITY.

News has been received that the volcano of Kilauea, in Hawaii, is showing signs of activity.

The Poet's volcano, in Costa Rica, is active. Frequent earthquake shocks have been felt in Costa Rica, and shocks have also been experienced at the town of Recenati, in Italy.

The Mexican volcano Colima, which had been dormant since June, 1869, is now in violent eruption. Black mud, stones and earth are being ejected with great force, while the earth tremors are appalling.

Dense clouds and showers of ashes have fallen for a hundred miles round.

The residents at Taxpan are in terror, and are flying to the hills.

MARCONI GRAMS.

At a meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce a resolution was passed recommending that communication by telephones or ethograms should be established between lightships and lighthouses and the shore. Mr Marconi, who was amongst the speakers, declared that ethagramic communication with lightships and lighthouses was working successfully in Germany and America. He emphasised the fact that Belgian steamer, by means of the Marconi-gram, announced the breakdown of the steamer *Pas de Calais* in the recent gale.

Mr Gerald Balfour, addressing the Lifeboat Institution, said the difficulties associated with wireless communication between lighthouses and the coast was a question relating to national defence, and this rendered a comprehensive plan imperative. He hoped Fastnet (lighthouse on the Irish coast) and the shore would soon be connected by ethagrams.

VENEZUELA.

In the House of Lords Lord Tweedmouth asked for additional papers dealing with Venezuela.

Lord Lansdowne, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, denied that there was any risk of alienating American sympathies. Germany had assured the American Government early last year that she did not intend the smallest acquisition of territory in South America or adjoining lands. Britain's official intimation to Washington concerning the blockade was made in November, but there were excellent reasons for knowing how Washington was likely to regard our action.

The Earl of Rosebery said that the co-operation of Britain and Germany was unnecessary, looking to the fact that coercion was resolved upon before approaching the American Minister in London. It was not in accordance with the comity of nations.

Venezuelan stokers affirm that the Germans left a dynamite bomb amongst the Restaurador's coal. The statement has caused great excitement in Caracas.

GALE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The storm damaged the telegraphs in every district in England and Wales, with the exception of a portion of the south-eastern counties. One wire connected England and Glasgow.

A barque, showing distress signals, was seen at ten on Sunday night to strike the Prisons Rocks, off Cornwall, and apparently sank or broke up. It is believed to be a German vessel, from a portion of the word *Hamburg* being on a lifebelt washed ashore with pieces of cases and casks addressed to New Zealand. There is no doubt that the crew perished. A lifeboat and the coastguard searched the coast for hours, but without success.

The steamer *Pas de Calais*, with 180 passengers aboard, had to drift in front of the storm, her paddle being disabled. She narrowly escaped running on the Goodwin Sands. Her damaged paddle was repaired, and the steamer reached Dover in safety.

The Cambrian Prince, bound from Cozumbe to Middlesborough, foundered in the North Sea. There is only one survivor, nineteen having gone down with the ship.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

A heated correspondence is going on in Sydney over the action of the Government in first deciding that St. Patrick's Day should not be a holiday, and then, after a correspondence between Cardinal Moran and Mr. O'Sullivan, Minister for Works, making a concession that civil servants could all leave work at noon, and be paid for the whole day.

The concession did not satisfy the Cardinal, who, at a meeting of the St. Patrick's Day Celebration Committee, suggested that the toasts of the Government and Parliament be omitted at the luncheon. He had previously referred to the insult which, through weakness on the part of the Government in refusing to grant St. Patrick's Day as a holiday, had been offered to the Roman Catholic body, and predicted the Government's overthrow, significantly adding that it would be idle of the Premier to expect men and women of Irish parentage to cast a vote for himself or his friends if he persisted in refusing this concession to St. Patrick's feast.

Protestantism is up in arms, and through the medium of numerous letters in the press and meetings is protesting against the Government's supineness in making a concession as the apparent result of the Cardinal's political threats.

"COL" LYNCH'S SEAT.

In the House of Commons Sir Robert Finlay, the Attorney-General, moved the issue of a writ for the election of a member for Galway in the place of Colonel Lynch.

Sir G. C. T. Bartley moved an amendment against the issue of a writ during the present session.

Mr Balfour objected to any disfranchisement of electors without investigation by a Committee of the House, and declared, moreover, that controversies between the House and the constituencies had never been to the advantage of the House. He supported the motion on the grounds of both reason and precedent.

Lord Hugh Cecil and Colonel W. Kenyon Slaney supported the amendment, which was negatived by 248 to 48. The motion was then agreed to.

Mr Balfour declared that if Lynch was admittedly a brave man, his constituency was less

blameable than others who elected both traitors and cowards. The minority included 63 Unionists and two Liberals.

Mr James Wanklyn, member for Bradford, addressing his constituents, declared that the British Cabinet had neither the moral nor political courage to prosecute Professor James Bryce, member for South Aberdeen, for sedition contained in an article published in a foreign journal in December, 1899, containing an indictment of Britain, an appeal for foreign intervention, and an incitement to the Dutch at the Cape to rebel. He had demanded of the Cabinet either to prosecute Mr. Bryce or release "Colonel" Lynch.

IMPERIAL DEFENCE.

The War Office estimated the total cost at 34½ millions in providing for an army of 235,761 men.

A Royal Commission will be appointed to inquire into the services and pay of militia and volunteers.

In the House of Commons Mr Balfour moved a resolution to the effect that the growing needs of the Empire require that the Committee of Defence be placed on a permanent footing. He warned the House not to expect too much from this scheme, inasmuch as it was experimental and tentative. With the best preparations war was always full of surprises.

Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman agreed that it was necessary to take a large and comprehensive view of the naval and military needs of the Empire, but asked how it was possible to maintain Ministerial responsibility with officials sitting beside Minister, and who might override the decision of the committee. He moved the adjournment of the debate with a view to a fuller discussion.

The amendment was negatived without a division, and the resolution was carried, the speeches showing that the proposal was most favourably received.

Mr Balfour, replying to a deputation in favour of the appointment of a Royal Commission on the question of the supply of food in war time, said he recognised the importance of parrying, if possible, the obvious danger of the country's dependence on foreign States. What he feared was not the exclusion of food and raw material, for it was not likely that a great exporter like the United States would tolerate the capture of merchandise on her own ships, but the cost of food and war material under certain conditions. The question of price, he said, would ultimately be a question of insurance. After discussing the capacity of neutral shipping and the difficulties of the creation of a corner in foodstuffs and other points, Mr Balfour said he would be glad to consult with the deputation regarding the precise scope of the inquiry.

NEW HEBRIDES.

With regard to the presentation of a petition to the French Chamber in favour of a New Hebrides protectorate, Sir Edmund Barton says that the Federal Government is keeping a sharp eye on New Hebrides interests. There is no likelihood of any advantage being gained with respect to the action by the Imperial Government except by representation through the Federal Government. The Joint Commissioner of the British and French Governments proposed to be appointed to deal with the land question had not yet been constituted.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Sir Gordon Sprigg in reply to a deputation of moderates, said that it was difficult to justify the detention of political prisoners for less offences than those of the men who had fought to the end of the war, and for which the latter were merely disfranchised. He announced that the Parliament elected under the new register would meet in January.

The Johannesburg conference recommended the extension of the railway from Springs to Ermelo at a cost of one million, and a through line from Harmsmith to Viljoen's Drift. The programme already includes a Vereeniging-Johannesburg line at a cost of £740,000.

Sir Gordon Sprigg, replying to a deputation of Moderates, said he hoped by union and reconciliation that Cape Colony would become the premier colony in South Africa, which was her right. Parliament would meet in June, and in order to avoid controversy would mainly restrict itself to discussing public works.

Advices have been received that a new land line has been erected between Capetown and Durban, completing the Cape cable route.

The Rhodesia Cold Storage Trading Company has been formed, with a capital of half a million, and is issuing shares to the value of £183,618, to acquire storage plants in Rhodesia, and also the Napier-Broomie Estate of a million acres of pastoral country, from the North-west Australian Land and Cold Storage Company, as a base of supply of meat and cattle.

Two men, using Cayenne pepper, blinded a couple of Customs officers in Johannesburg who were conveying a bag containing £5000 to the bank. They wrested the bag from the officer who was carrying it and hit him with it, then handed it to a horseman. The latter started, and in his headlong flight knocked down Mr Brandon, manager of a local firm. The horse then bolted and threw its rider, who rushed with the bag into a house, where he was arrested. He gave the name of Frank Goddard. He was charged with the robbery and remanded to the 17th. Brandon has succumbed to his injuries.

AUSTRALIA.

The typhoid epidemic at Coonamble is abating.

Mr O'Connell, Queensland Minister for Lands, has died suddenly of lung complications.

The Federal Government does not intend to submit any loan Bill during the forthcoming session.

Four new syndicates are being formed in London to push digging in the vicinity of Arltanga, the recently-discovered goldfields in South Australia.

In consequence of the rise in the price of lead there is a probability of the Broken Hill Junction mine re-starting work.

McLeogan, Bert Leighton, and Harry Jones have been committed for trial at Perth in connection with the recent bank note robberies.

Consequent on the rise in the price of lead, there is increased activity in the Barrier Mines, N.S.W., and operations are resuming on a large scale, including the British, which has been practically idle for a long period.

A. G. JARRETT,

Shorthand Writer and Typist.

(AUTHORISED SUPREME COURT REPORTER.)

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GENERAL NEWS.

Queensland's gold yield last year, excluding smelting works returns, was 640,463 ounces, valued at £2,720,000, an increase of £179,000 compared with the previous year.

A constable guarding the New South Wales Premier's house surprised a burglar attempting an entry. Shots were exchanged without either being harmed, and the man escaped.

Though there is a lull in the plague outbreak, Perth authorities have issued a pamphlet stating that the disease is more virulent than at any previous time, and earnestly entreating people to observe their recommendations as to cleanliness.

In the Victorian Assembly a discussion was initiated on the question of abolishing the office of State Governor, Mr Loutcher moving that an address be presented to the King praying that at the end of the present Governor's term the appointment of future Governors be taken into consideration.

The Melbourne Chamber of merce has resolved that it is inadvisable for the Federal Government to commit the Commonwealth to any agreement with the Eastern Extension or any other cable company for so long a period as ten years without power of purchase by the Governments concerned.

VICTORIAN RAILWAYS.

In the Victorian Assembly the Premier announced that the Government had selected Mr Thomas Tait, Manager of Transportation of the Canadian-Pacific Railway, as Commissioner of Victorian Railways, at a salary of £3500.

The Canadian newspapers congratulate Victoria on securing Mr Tait as an energetic chairman of State railways.

COLONIAL UNIONS AND THE TAFF VALE DECISIONS.

A deputation of the Amalgamated Miners' Association, including Tasmanian representatives, interviewed the Federal Attorney-General to ascertain the position of trades unions in view of the Taff Vale decision. It was explained that the association wanted the right to use every peaceable means to induce men to become members, but they read the Taff Vale decision to mean that if there was a dispute on they could not attempt to induce men to join the union, otherwise they would fall under the ban of the law. The association had been formed for a noble purpose—to band men together—but evidently their purpose was nullified by the judgment of the English Courts. They asked for an inquiry to ascertain the legal rights of unions, and urged that the law should be made to apply equally to employer and employee. The unions only wanted the right to use moral suasion.

Mr Deakin endorsed the argument of the Taff Vale decision, which, he said, applied not only to the officers, but to every single member of a union. He pointed out that the Federal Government's power at present was limited to disputes which overflowed from one State to another. A bill was being drafted which would allow of the Arbitration and Conciliation Court to exercise the full powers conferred by the Constitution. If passed it would render impossible such a result in cases within the jurisdiction of the Commonwealth as that of the Taff Vale case. The power of the Federal Government would be, as far as possible, directed to make picketing a matter of no interest in disputes.

The Waihi Gold Mining Company broke its record last month by obtaining £53,641 from 18,699 tons of ore.

The Ventura's passengers from Sydney numbered 40, an appreciable decrease. The number of passengers in transit was 108.

Improvements and alterations to the chemical laboratory at Canterbury College, which were much needed, have recently been completed.

At a recent large native tangi held at Normanby, Taranaki, one notable feature was the absence of liquor in any large quantity at the gathering.

A Shakespeare Society is to be formed in Wellington, on the model of a similar society which has been in existence for some years in Dunedin. Dr. Findlay is acting as secretary pro tem.

The Railway Department will in future allot carriages for the exclusive use of volunteers when travelling by rail, provided there is a sufficient number to warrant it.

Mr Cutler, one of the consulting engineers to whom the Dunedin Drainage Board has referred its engineer's proposal for the sewerage of the city, says the septic tank system in Sydney has surpassed all anticipations.

A site has been selected by Mr W. Goldie, city curator of parks, for the erection of another of the Boyd statues. Mr Goldie has chosen a nice position fronting the gate opposite Victoria-street East in the Albert Park.

The following interpreters have been appointed by the Government for the Cook and Other Islands Land Titles Court: Messrs. Arthur Harry Browne, Rarotonga; William Browne, Rarotonga; John Mortimer Salmon, Rarotonga; C. F. Proctor, Mangaia; Adolf Von Nagel, Atiu; James Wilson, Penrhyn; Harry Williams, Manihiki; and Henry Ellis, Manihiki.

A well-attended meeting of members of the Ninth New Zealand Continent was held on Friday at the City Club Hotel. Lieut. Taylor was called to the chair, and it was unanimously decided to hold a reunion on March 19, to take the form of a smoke concert. The following were elected a committee to carry out all arrangements:—Lieuts Taylor and Woods, Messrs Jackson, Whitehead, Taper, Reinhardt, Partridge. Mr Arthur Whitehead was elected secretary and treasurer.

A number of New Plymouth tradespeople were victimised last week over the purchase of beeswax. Beeswax is rather a scarce commodity just now, and when a stranger presented a sample, which he offered at a tempting price in bulk, he received numerous good orders. The stuff was duly delivered and paid for by several traders, but upon investigation it was discovered to be a composition made up apparently of mutton fat, resin, turpentine, and a small proportion of wax. Having been sold according to sample the buyers apparently have no redress, and will have to make the best of their bargain.

The Hon. James Carroll, on his arrival at Taumarau (King Country) on Wednesday last, was warmly welcomed by the native chiefs of the district. In reply to their speeches of welcome he made a forcible speech, in the course of which he recapitulated the requirements which led up to the passing of the Native Councils Act, and explaining the working of the Act and the benefits derivable from it. In the evening a meeting of those holding title in the Taumarau block was held in the hall, when the majority of the owners favoured the township scheme, and expressed their willingness to expedite the selection and partition of the township by the Land Court. Mr. Carroll and party left for Wanganui by river on Thursday morning.

Mr Thos. Quoi, the well-known Chinese interpreter, wishes us to acknowledge a contribution of over £80 towards our local hospital funds, collected by him from his fellow-countrymen residing in Auckland. This is the second gift of the kind he has been instrumental in obtaining from the same contributors, and his zeal and disinterestedness is highly commendable. Mr Quoi pointed out to the donors that they derived the same advantages as Europeans from hospital treatment, when occasion arose, and consequently sought to assist in

maintaining such a valuable free institution open to all classes, without distinction. This was the more necessary, he told the contributors, because they lived amongst and derived their livelihood from Europeans, and should show their gratitude in return according to their ability to subscribe. This they have done in a very liberal and commendable spirit.

A noted English athlete is in Wellington at the present time, Mr N. D. Morgan, who was holder of the amateur 220yds ebampionship of the world in 1890 and 1896, and who held the championship for the same distance for Ireland for three years. He arrived by the Ionic on Thursday, and will probably remain in the colony for some time. He purposes visiting the Wonderland in the North and the South Islands.

Another of those peculiar cases of honey poisoning which occasionally attend the consumption of bush honey is reported from Kaitiaki. A party of Maoris gathered a large quantity of honey from the bush near Papanui, in the Victoria Valley, on Saturday last, and ate freely. Towards evening ten of them became ill, and they summoned a Mr. T. W. P. Smith, a Kaitiaki resident, in whose healing powers they had confidence. He prescribed, and when morning came the ten were recovering, and eight more who had developed acute symptoms were also on the way to convalescence. Mr. Smith states that he has been very successful in the treatment of honey-poisoning. His method is to give about thirty grains of ipecacuan powder, graded according to age and sex, followed by plenty of warm salted water, to produce vomiting. Then follow half-hourly doses of strong brandy and water. The cause of the poisoning cannot be explained with certainty, but it is believed to be due to the bees gathering honey from the whawhi.

It was recently cabled from Sydney that Captain Atwood, formerly of the Eltinghamite, and now attached to the local staff of the Westport Coal Company, had applied to the Victorian Marine Board for a fresh certificate, the original having been lost in the wreck of the vessel, and that the Board had replied that it could not deal with the application until it had communicated with the New Zealand authorities. The Minister of Marine informed me this morning that the colonial Government forwarded a reply to the Victorian authorities to the effect that it had no recommendation to make, writes our Wellington correspondent.

PROGRESS OF THE NORTH.

WHANGAREI, March 7.

A party of gentlemen from Hawera, under the direction of Mr. R. H. Nolan, a well-known West Coast capitalist, has just returned from a visit to the Bay of Islands district. It is understood negotiations are in progress for the acquisition of several large properties in that district. The syndicate have in contemplation the establishment of meat freezing works at Opua.

GROUNDING OF THE PENGUIN.

WELLINGTON, March 4.

Dr. McArthur, S.M., sitting with Captains Waddilove and Smith, as assessors, held an inquiry to-day into the circumstances under which the Union Company's steamer Penguin grounded

off Waihi Point, Jackson's Head, on the night of February 26. The Court found that the mishap was due to a dense fog enveloping the ship at a critical moment, acquitted the captain and officers of any blame, and considered that their conduct after the mishap was worthy of all praise.

DEPARTURE OF THE SQUADRON.

The Australian Squadron, after spending a week in the Auckland Harbour, left on Sunday morning for the South. The officers and men were very hospitably treated while in Auckland, and appeared to enjoy themselves very much. The fleet regatta was held on Wednesday and Thursday. Considerable interest was taken in the race for ships' boats, the prize being the cup presented by Admiral Fanshawe's predecessor. The course was twice round the fleet. The whalers were first got away, then followed at 15-minute intervals the cutter class, the pinnaces, and the 30 and 32ft gigs. From the start the Archer's whaler, sailed by Commander Rolleston, assumed the lead. She further increased her lead as the race progressed. The finish was Archer's whaler, 1; Royal Arthur's cutter, 2; Phoebe's cutter, 3. The cup also went to the Archer last year. Rear-Admiral Fanshawe and a number of officers were entertained at dinner by the Northern Club on Thursday, and on Friday His Excellency and staff left for Rotorua, returning on Sunday morning by special train. Waimangu geyser played splendidly to the great wonderment of the naval men, who were much impressed with the wonders of the district.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

THE PREMIER AT MANGOREI.

While in New Plymouth recently Mr. Seddon accepted the invitation of Mr. A. Standish, of that town, to a picnic trip to The Meeting of the Waters, Waiwakaibo stream, Mangorei. Two drags were engaged for the trip, and leaving the White Heart Hotel at 1.30, the party, after a most enjoyable drive, reached Mangorei at about 3 o'clock. The weather was perfect, but not too hot to make picnicking in the open disagreeable; so, as will be seen in our illustrations, the party on their arrival seated themselves among the large smooth boulders that abound in the vicinity of the Waiwakaibo stream, and there disposed of a very nicely-prepared luncheon.

Luncheon over, the party crossed over the stream by means of the wire swing bridge, and there enjoyed a walk through the pretty bush on the far side of the stream. On returning to the original camping ground Mr. Seddon, in a few well-chosen words, thanked Mr. Standish for an enjoyable afternoon, and after proposing that gentlemen's health the party mounted the drags once more, and arrived back in New Plymouth in time for dinner. The following are the names of those present: Mr. and Miss Seddon, Mr. and Mrs. Standish, Mr. Duncan (Minister of Lands), Messrs. E. M. Smith, Jennings, Major and Symes, M.A.I.R., Captain Seddon, Master Stuart Seddon, Mr. and Mrs. S. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. D. Berry, Dr. McClelland, M. Edmund Allo, Mr. S. Gilmer, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. T. S. Weston, Mr. Ivan Standish, Mrs. Dockrill (Mayoress of New Plymouth), Miss Standish, Miss Barry, Miss McKellar and Miss Hill.

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NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS. NGAURUAWAHIA REGATTA.

MARCH 17th, 1903. Cheap Excursion Tickets, including Admission to Regatta, will be issued to Ngaruawahia from Rotomua, Kaitiaki, and intermediate stations on 16th March, available for return on 18th; and from Auckland, Owhango, Te Kuiti, Cambridge, Thames, and intermediate stations on 17th March, available for return on day of issue only.

TUESDAY, MARCH 17. AUCKLAND-FRANKTON LINE.

A Special Train, stopping where required, will leave Mercer for Ngaruawahia at 7.40 a.m., Huntly 8.55, Ngaruawahia arrive 9.20 a.m. A Special Train will leave Penrose at 6.55 a.m., Otahuhu 7.10, Papakura 7.45, Drury 8.2, Pukekohe 8.58, Mercer 1.50, Huntly 10.23, arriving Ngaruawahia 10.52 a.m. This train will stop where required between Penrose and Mercer inclusive, and at Huntly to pick up passengers. A Special Train will leave Auckland at 7.57 a.m., Newmarket 8.10, Owhango 8.35, Penrose 8.45, arriving Ngaruawahia at 11.35 a.m. The 7.47 a.m. and 7.55 a.m. Specials will stop only where timed. Return Specials for Auckland will leave Ngaruawahia as follows:— At 3 p.m., taking passengers for Auckland and Newmarket only. At 3.45 p.m. taking passengers for Penrose, Auckland, and intermediate stations, including Owhango. At 3.55 p.m., taking passengers for Mercer, Auckland, and intermediate stations. At 4.55 p.m. taking passengers for Auckland and intermediate stations. The usual 7.50 a.m. Frankton Train will not leave Auckland till 8.10 a.m. Excursion Tickets will NOT be available by the trains which leave Auckland at 8.10 a.m. and 10.0 a.m. (express) on 17th March.

TE AWAMUTU LINE.

A Special Train, stopping where required, will leave Te Kuiti at 6.40 a.m., Otahuhu 7.25, Te Awamutu 8.30, Ohsapu 9.5, arriving Frankton at 9.40, and Ngaruawahia at 10.40 a.m. Return Special, stopping where required, will leave Ngaruawahia at 5.45 p.m., Frankton 6.30, Te Awamutu 7.35, Otahuhu 8.40, arriving Te Kuiti 9.20. The usual 2.20 p.m. Train Frankton to Te Awamutu, and the 2.50 p.m. Train Te Awamutu to Te Kuiti will not run.

CAMBRIDGE BRANCH.

Special Train, stopping where required, will leave Ngaruawahia at 5.45 p.m., Cambridge 6.25, arriving Cambridge 7.25 p.m.

THAMES BRANCH.

A Special Train, stopping where required, will leave Thames at 7 a.m., Paeroa 8.30, Te Aroha 9.20, Morrissville 10.20, returning 11.0, Frankton 11.30, arriving Ngaruawahia 12 noon. Return Special, stopping where required, will leave Ngaruawahia at 6.5 p.m., Frankton 6.40, Morrissville 7.35, Te Aroha 8.20, Paeroa 9.10, returning arrive 10.20 p.m. The usual 4.20 a.m. Train Frankton to Frankton and the 10.50 a.m. Train Frankton to Paeroa will NOT run. The Auckland Goods Shed will be Closed on TUESDAY, March 17th. BY ORDER.

CRICKET.

AUCKLAND CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The eighth round of the cricket championships was commenced on Saturday afternoon in beautiful weather. The main interest centred in the Parnell-Gordon contest, as the defeat of Parnell would place United at the head of the competition. Parnell occupied the afternoon in scoring 172. In the Auckland-United match the latter team scored 209, and Auckland lost a wicket in playing out time. The matches will be continued on Saturday week.

WELLINGTON CRICKET.

There was fine weather for Saturday afternoon's matches, and the night's rain had improved the wickets. Chief interest was centred in the Midland-Wellington match. Indications point to the downfall of the champions, who have now a lead of only five runs, with five wickets to fall. Wellington in their first innings scored

192 (Henry 28, Richardson 18, Mahoney 18, Latham 12, Cumson took 5 wickets for 39, Stephenson 3 for 38, Holdsworth 2 for 38. For Midland, whose second essay at the drawing of stumps realised 83 for 5 wickets. Holdsworth scored 26, Westbourne 17, and Williams 12. Hales secured three wickets.

In the Phoenix v. Old Boys mat-h, Phoenix made 50 and 193. Naughton made 35, including a hit for seven, all run out. Waters (38), Brice (33), Day (38), McCarell (11), McGowan (4 for 49), Staples (3 for 25), Ralph (2 for 25), shared the bowling honours. Old Boys scored 70 and 61 for 5 wickets (Kirkcaldie 28, Staples 14 not out).

LORD HAWKE'S TEAM. END OF THE TOUR.

The English cricketers brought their tour in this colony to a conclusion at Wellington last week, when they met the New Zealand eleven for the second time. The Englishmen won by an innings and 22 runs. They left Wellington for Sydney on Friday. The scores follow:—

Table with 2 columns: Player Name and Score. Includes Richardson, b Thompson (5), Roege, lbw, b Thompson (143), Tucker, b Thompson (21), Har, Bw, b Hargreave (4), Lusk, b Thompson (9), Mahoney, c and b Hargreave (27), Williams, Bw, b Thompson (1), Fisher, lbw, b Thompson (10), McCarthy, c Johnson, b Thompson (2), Callaway, b Thompson (19), Upham, not out (6), Extras (22).

Table with 2 columns: Player Name and Score. Includes Thompson, eight wickets for 124 runs, Hargreave, two for 70, Fosquet, none for 42, Burnup, none for 16.

ENGLISHMEN.—First Innings.

Table with 2 columns: Player Name and Score. Includes Johnston, st. Williams, b Reese (38), Stanning, b McCarthy (22), Burnup, lbw, b Fisher (22), Fane, b Callaway (26), Warner, c Callaway, b Upham (125), Taylor, lbw, b Upham (16), Fosquet, b Upham (2), Thompson, b Callaway (25), Whatman, b Callaway (7), Leatham, not out (4), Hargreave, b Callaway (4), Extras (39).

NEW ZEALAND.—Second Innings.

Table with 2 columns: Player Name and Score. Includes Reese, c Taylor, b Hargreave (1), Richardson, lbw, b Fosquet (19), Mahoney, c Stanning, b Burnup (24), Har, lbw, b Thompson (11), Tucker, c Hargreave, b Thompson (10), Lusk, c Hargreave, b Thompson (16), Callaway, b Burnup (6), Williams, c Stanning, b Burnup (0), Fisher, c Hargreave, b Burnup (0), Upham, b Burnup (2), McCarthy, not out (2), Extras (12).

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Table with 5 columns: Player Name, Balls, Mdns, Rns, Wkts. Includes Hargreave (75, 6, 11, 1), Thompson (42, 7, 20, 3), Fosquet (42, 1, 24, 1), Burnup (27, 2, 8, 5).

AQUATICS.

AUCKLAND ROWING CLUB'S REGATTA.

The regatta arranged by the Auckland Rowing Association, and held in beautiful weather on Saturday afternoon, was one of the prettiest events that have ever occurred on the most picturesque of lakes. The large number of spectators who lined the steep banks in costumes of many colours helped to enhance the effect, and as a good view of the whole course was obtainable, and the events were started with commendable punctuality, the enjoyment of the proceedings was complete. The results were as follows:— Maiden Gigs, under 10 stone weight. Distance seven-eighths of a mile, once across the lake: Waitemata (E. Brewin (stroke), H. G. Allen, A. S. Allen, C.

Short, G. W. Bailey, cox.), 1; West End, 2; St. George's, 3; North Shore, 4. Maiden Gig (open): Waitemata (G. Huddleston (stroke), D. Bell, W. Stevens, E. A. Smith, G. W. Bailey, cox.), 1; Auckland, 2; St. George's, 3.

Auckland Championship Cops: Auckland (H. H. Bach (stroke), W. J. Lovett, A. E. Foreshaw, G. Griffin, D. Tucker, cox.), 1; West End, 2; Waitemata, 3. St. George's and North Shore also started. Junior Gigs (under 10-st.): Waitemata (C. Wand (stroke), T. Payne, J. Bond, C. Tyler, G. W. Bailey, cox.), 1; West End, 2.

Junior Gigs (open): Waitemata (C. Porteous (stroke), K. Blair, W. F. Smith, A. C. Stead, G. W. Bailey, cox.), 1; Auckland, 2; St. George's, 3. Marshall Sculls: T. Richards (St. George's), ser. 1; C. O. Hughes (West End), 5sec. handicap, 2; Alf. Bailey (West End, ser., 3.

MOTOR LAUNCH RACE.

On Saturday afternoon the wharves and jetties along the foreshore were crowded with thousands of interested spectators, a number of important aquatic events being set down for decision. The first race—that for motor launches—was started at half-past two. The course was from off the Queen-street Wharf, round H.M.S. Royal Arthur, round H.M.S. Phoebe, round mark boat of Judge's Bay, thence to starting point, twice round; distance about six knots. The handicaps were given at the start. Happy Moments, Stanley and Royal Arthur were close up for first place passing the Royal Arthur on their second journey round. After passing the Phoebe the Stanley got ahead and secured a lead of several lengths. After rounding the Judge's Bay mark an electric wire attached to one of her cylinders fused, and the boat dropped behind. Happy Moments was then left in front. She had a good lead up the harbour and won rather easily. Billy Richardson secured second place, and Royal Arthur third.

The horse-power of the competing boats is as follows: Happy Moments, 3-h.p. Palmer engine; Billy Richardson, 4-h.p. Union Engine; Royal Arthur, 2-h.p. Union; Naomi L., 8-h.p. Union engine; Union, 10-h.p. Union engine; Waitiri, 10-h.p. Colonial; Petrel, 15-h.p. Standard; Stanley, 6-h.p. Monitor.

LAWN TENNIS.

By VOLLEY.

The Auckland Lawn Tennis Association has arranged for the finals in the championship events to be played on the Eden and Epsom Club's courts on Saturday next, 14th inst. An invitation has been sent by the Eden and Epsom Club to the other local clubs inviting their members to be present, and as the matches are likely to be well contested there will probably be a large muster of all interested in the game.

On Saturday A. H. Brabant met C. Heather in the Men's Singles Championship, and won after a very exciting match, the games being 6-2, 5-7, 7-5. Heather seemed likely to annex the third set, having the score 4-1 in his favour, and even reached 5-3, but Brabant scored the next four games. In the last set Heather reached, but never passed, Brabant.

A. F. Billing played P. Scherff, and won by three sets to one. There is no doubt the loser would improve his game considerably by running in on good balls.

The final now rests between A. F. Billing and the winner of A. E. Brabant and T. Buddoek. This latter match will be played during the week.

Miss A. Nicholson defends her title to the Ladies' Singles Championship against Miss A. Gray, and should the latter be in good volleying form she will doubtless give Miss Nicholson some trouble.

In the Combined Championship Miss E. Gorrie and A. H. Brabant meet Miss D. Udy and A. F. Billing, and the chances of victory are generally allowed to be very even.

In the Ladies' Doubles Championship the Misses Nicholson (West End) meet the Misses Gorrie (Eden and Epsom), and a very close finish is anticipated. Miss P. Gorrie's volleying will doubtless assist her sister's steady back-line play.

At a meeting of the committee of the Canterbury Lawn Tennis Association it was resolved that the delegate to the New Zealand Lawn Tennis Association should be instructed to bring up the question of the status of players in championship events competing against fellow-representatives, and to recommend a residential qualification of at least three months.

The Oamaru Club will hold its annual meeting at Easter time. Quite a number of Christchurch players intend taking part in this excellently-conducted tournament.

The ninth inter-State contest between Victoria and South Australia was commenced last week. Of the eight previous matches the issue in every instance has been in favour of Victoria, but this year South Australia's chances look well, for their opponents will not be a truly representative team, and Dr. Harbison, an ex-Victorian representative, has settled in Adelaide, after three years' play in England.

There seems to be a good deal of dissatisfaction about the way in which the New Zealand Lawn Tennis Association carries out its duties. A long letter appeared in the Wellington "Evening Post," suggesting that the Association should have fixed headquarters and a local abiding-place. This suggestion is certainly a good one, and should meet with the attention of all clubs interested in the welfare of the game.

The members of the Parnell Club played a representative team from the warships lately in port, and although the local players won by eight matches to four, some very exciting games resulted.

RELIEF FROM THE START.

If a medicine is to be of any value it should give relief with the very first dose—that is exactly how Rheumo works. It is a positive antidote for uric acid poisoning. If you suffer from rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, or any other disease of a similar nature, isn't it fair to suppose that if Rheumo will cure others it will cure you. Rheumo is a liquid to be swallowed in prescribed doses. It gives relief with the first dose, and generally effects a permanent cure within forty eight hours. Rheumo expels the uric acid poison, kills the pain, and removes the swelling. Those who have tried it advertise it most. Rheumo conquers Chronic Rheumatism. Stocked in Auckland by H. King, Chemist, Queen-st.; J. M. Jefferson, Chemist, Queen-st. & Upper Symonds-st.; J. W. Robinson, Chemist, Parnell; Graves Aikin, Chemist, Queen-st.; and sold by all Chemists and Storekeepers at 2/6 and 4/8 per bottle.

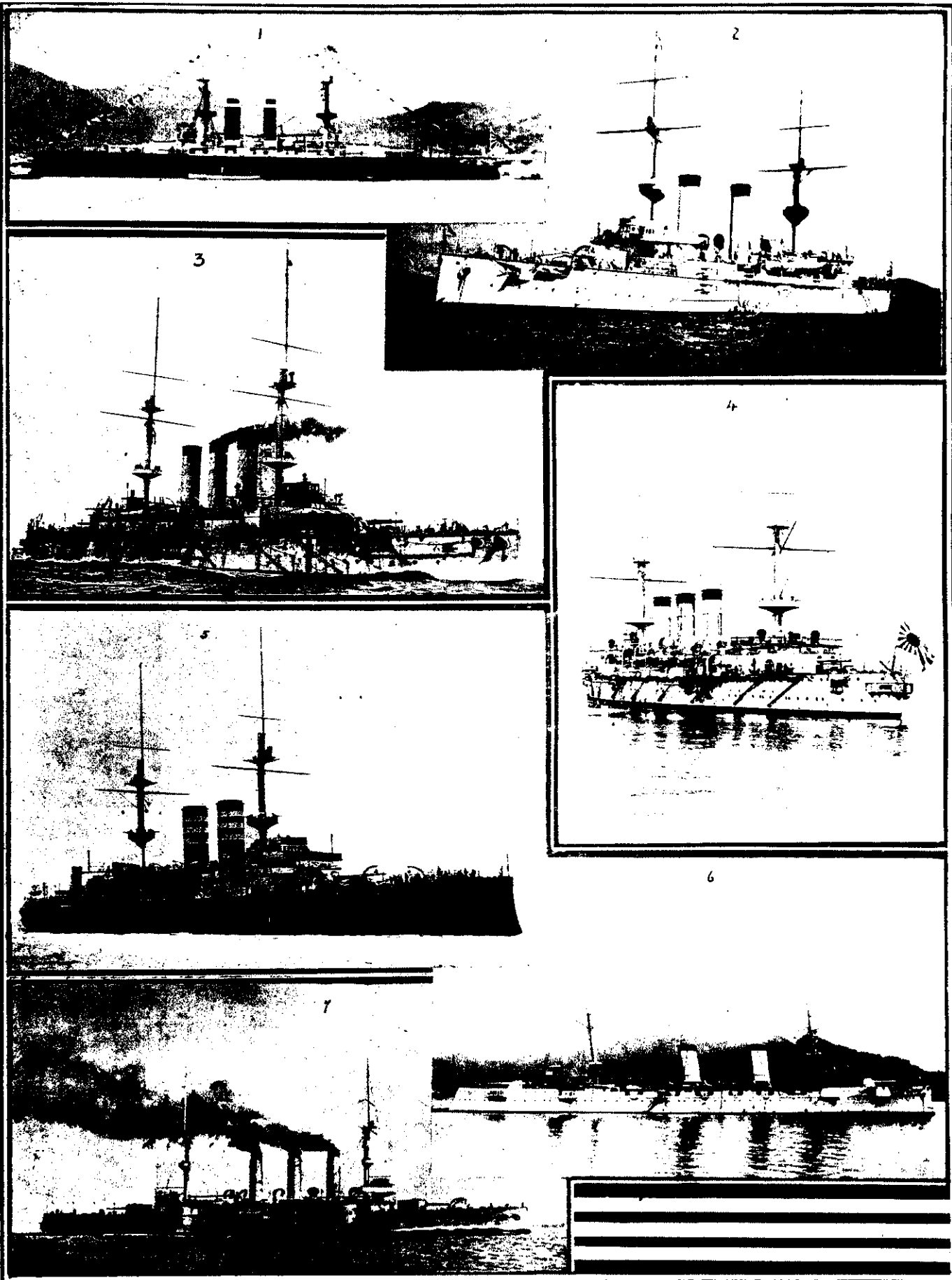
Free to the Ruptured

Dr. W. B. Rice, the Well Known London Specialist, Sends a Trial of his Famous Method Free to All.

There are people who have been torturing themselves for years with trusses. It is hoped their attention will be drawn to Dr. Rice's free



offer. An elderly and retired Gentleman, Mr. Robert Cooper, Little Plumstead, Norwich, Eng., is one of the hundreds attracted to this generous announcement, and as a result he is now completely cured of a bad rupture. Although 55 years of age he had the courage and determination to try this new and novel method, and now he lives in peace, contentment and security. Mr. Cooper looks back to the old days of crude methods, and in comparison feels the wonderful method of Dr. Rice as a marvellous God-given to the present generation. By all means write at once to Dr. W. B. Rice (Dept. 118), 8 and 9, Boncourt Street, London, Eng., and he will send you a free trial of his remarkable home cure for rupture. There is no pain, danger, operation or loss of time; by starting now you will be sound and well by early spring.



Some Crack Ships in the Fleet of Our Japanese Allies.

- 1. H.I.J.M.S. Yashima, 1st class battleship, 12,000 tons. 2. H.I.J.M.S. Asama. 3. H.I.J.M.S. Shikishima, 1st class battleship, 14,000 tons. 4. H.I.J.M.S. Yakumo, 1st class cruiser, 9,700 tons. 5. H.I.J.M.S. Uikasa, 1st class cruiser, 15,000 tons. 6. H.I.J.M.S. Kasago, 2nd class cruiser, 5000 tons. 7. H.I.J.M.S. Hathure, 1st class battleship, 15,000 tons.

These photos were sent by one of the Japanese naval officers recently in New Zealand.

Dancing in the King's Palace.

When a girl has safely survived the ordeal of a presentation at Court, said a young society lady to a writer in "Tit Bits"—and I can assure you it is a most formidable, if fascinating, ordeal for nine girls out of ten—she begins to look forward with keen delight to the day when she will be invited to dance in the King's Palace. This is the crown of her social ambition, and has few of the terrors of a presentation.

I shall always have the pleasantest memories of my first ball at Buckingham Palace. This was, of course, in Queen Victoria's lifetime; but one State ball is exactly like another, and as so many are looking forward to a resumption of these agreeable functions perhaps a little account of what they are like may prove interesting.

Certainly the overture to a Royal ball is anything but attractive—the slow, almost endless procession of carriages creeping along the Mall and halting every few yards; but this, like all things, comes to an end, and when at last we emerge through the Palace gates, where a courteous police official takes our cards of invitation, and pass into the courtyard, gay with the uniforms of the Household Cavalry, Guards, and Hussars, the translation is a delightful antepast of all that is to come.

As we leave our carriage and enter the large and brilliantly-lighted entrance-hall it is like passing into a fairyland of dazzling colours. Here are drawn up the famous Yeomen of the Guard in their picturesque, old-world uniform, bringing back a glimpse of England when Henry VIII. was King. Here, in brilliant groups or moving from one point to another, are men and women attired in a splendour that Solomon might have envied, and in colours more varied and certainly more artistic than those of Joseph's coat. Duchesses and countesses blazing with jewels, and wearing the most sumptuous and dainty gowns that skill and money can produce; Cabinet Ministers in all the glory of gold-embroidered uniforms and stockings of pink silk; admirals in their more sober but effective attire of blue, with epaulettes of gold; famous generals in all the splendours of scarlet and gold; stalwart young officers of Life Guards and Hussars, many-hued as peacocks; portly Ambassadors, ablaze with orders, rubbing shoulders with dandified young attaches with eyeglasses; diplomats in fezes, and mandarins in yellow silk jackets—all smiling, chatting, joking, and grouping and re-grouping themselves in the bewildering movements of a kaleidoscope.

Along the magnificent corridor, hung with priceless pictures and flanked by exquisite statuary and objects of art gathered from every part of the world, the same brilliant crowd overflows; and on the luxurious couches lining the length of the corridor sit stately dowagers side by side with young lovers, who are snatching a few golden moments before the ball begins.

But their time is short, for in a few moments the strains of "God Save the King" are borne to our ears; the brilliant procession of Royal personages files past, and in a long, glittering stream the hundreds of guests flow in its wake to the ballroom.

Of the magnificence of this room I need not speak, beyond saying that it is perhaps the most superb ballroom in England, more than 100ft. long and 58ft. wide, and 54ft. high, and that its decoration alone is said to have cost £300,000. At one end is a low dais, on which are chairs for the Royalties; on its right are seats, rising in tiers, re-

served for the principal princesses, while other seats running round the hall are appropriated to less exalted guests. The musicians are in a gallery on the side opposite the Royal dais.

The ball invariably opens with a quadrille, the principal sets in which are made up of Royal dancers with a privileged sprinkling of the most exalted guests, Ambassadors and their wives, or members of foreign Royal families. The King himself is still an ardent lover of a dance, and on the occasion I refer to took part in quite half the dances with the enthusiasm and much of the activity of a boy.

The first dance is always formal, and comparatively few of the guests take part in it; but when the demands of ceremonial have been thus satisfied, the

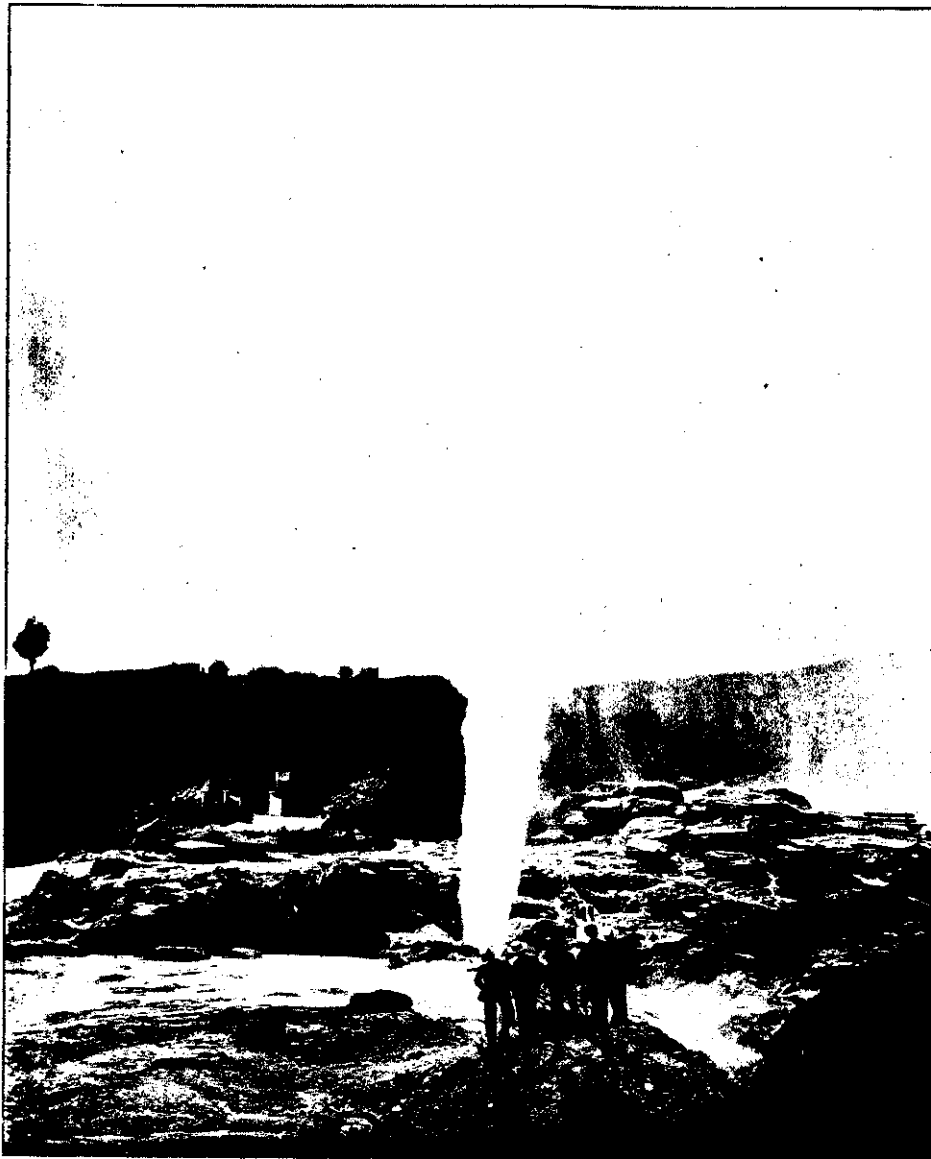
remainder of the evening is as delightfully free from formality as at a country-house ball; and with a perfect floor, the most enchanting music, and ideal partners, the debutante who cannot forget her tremors and enjoy herself must be a very poor kind of creature.

In the intervals between the dances there are endless secluded and cool corridors and deserted State rooms, where she and her partner may wander or sit.

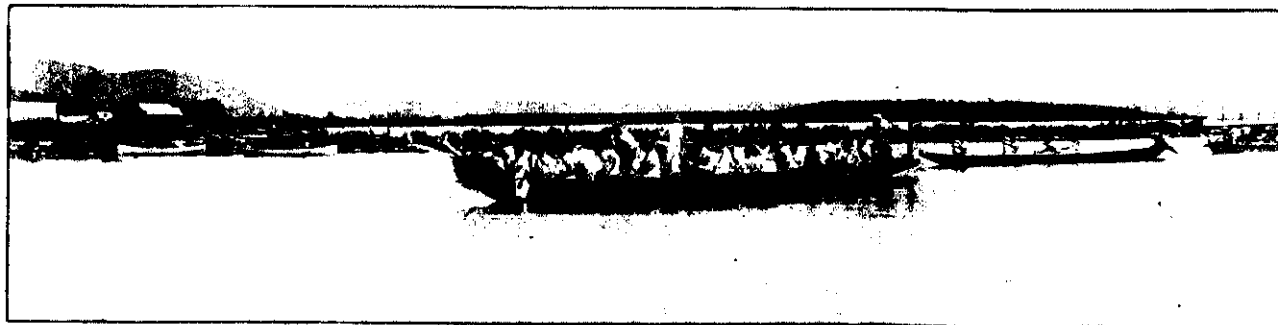
Supper is heralded by the strains of "God Save the King." The Royal procession is re-formed and files slowly out of the room, conducted by the Lord Chamberlain, and the Lord Steward walking backwards, to the Garter Room, where, as also in the Green Drawing-room, a sumptuous repast awaits them. Then those who prefer a good dance to

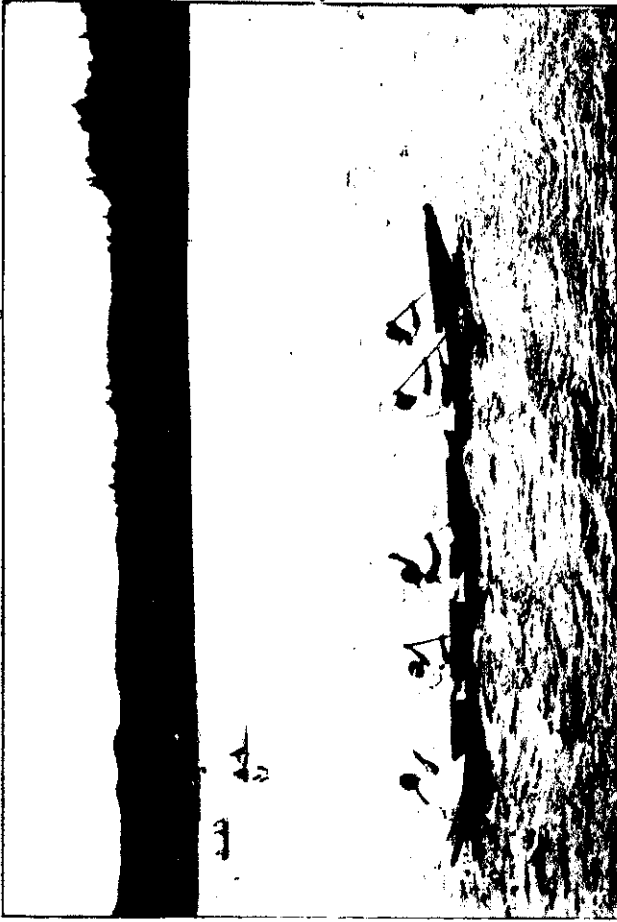
the attractions of a supper have a delightful time without any of the restraints of ceremony; and personally I may say that this supper interval was by far the best part of the evening.

Again to the strains of "God Save the King" the Royalties return and resume their places either on the dais or in the dance, and thus the evening progresses merrily to the end, when the national air finally announces that the Royal ball, like all things mundane, is at an end. The King and Queen, Princes and Princesses, retire with the same ceremony, and the brilliant company vanishes, swift as carriages can take them away, into the dark outer world, to spend later a delightful hour before retiring in chatting over the incidents and impressions of the ball.

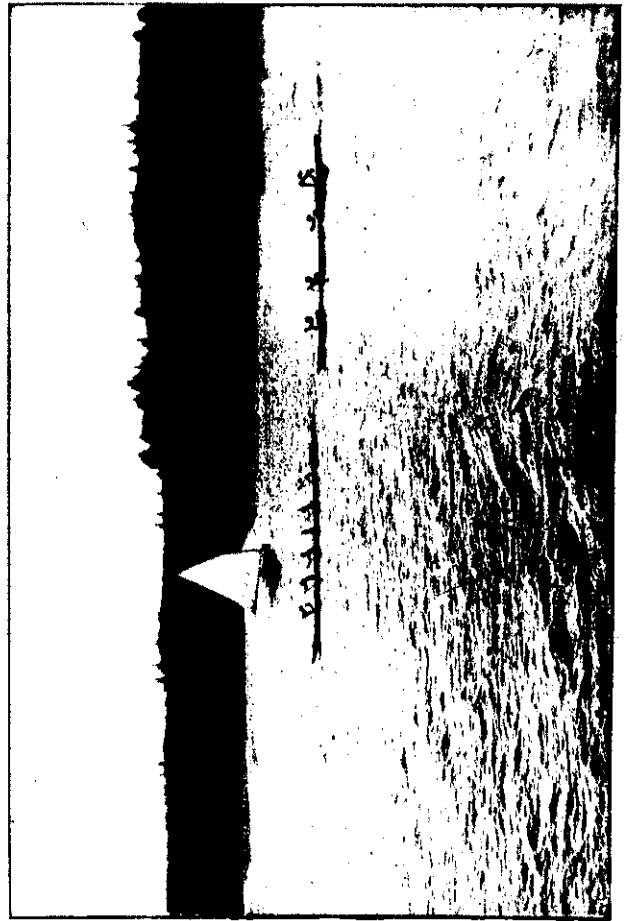


THE EFFECT OF SOAP ON WAIROA GEYSER.

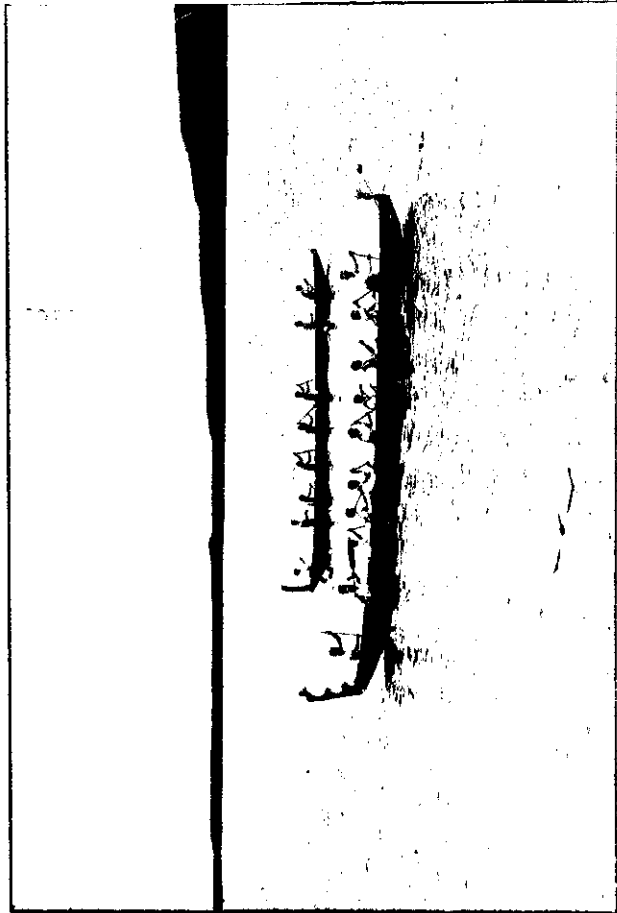




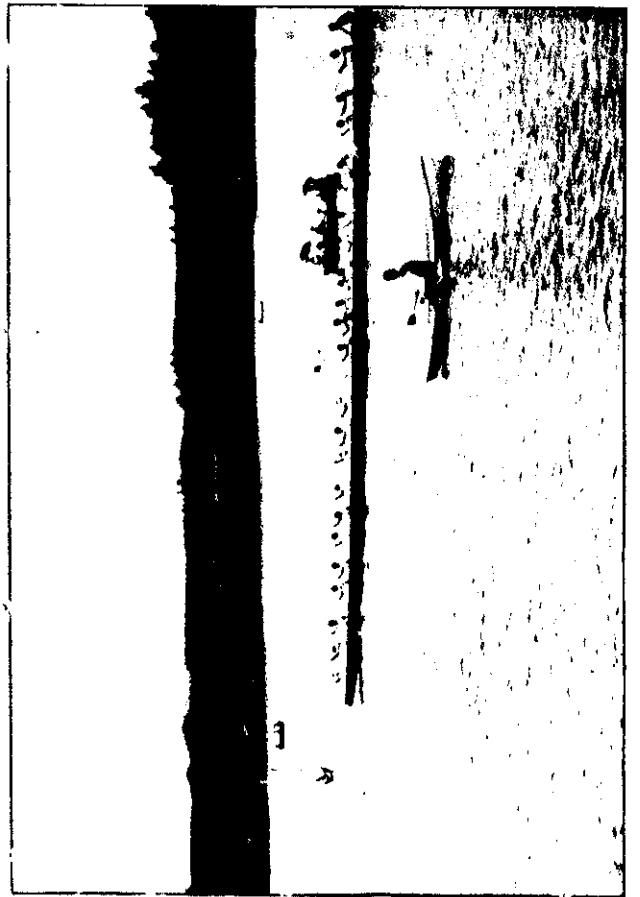
"CAN'T YOU HEAR THEIR PADDLES 'CHUNKIN'?"



THE CHASE FOR A BRIDE.—The bride is sitting fourth in the first canoe.

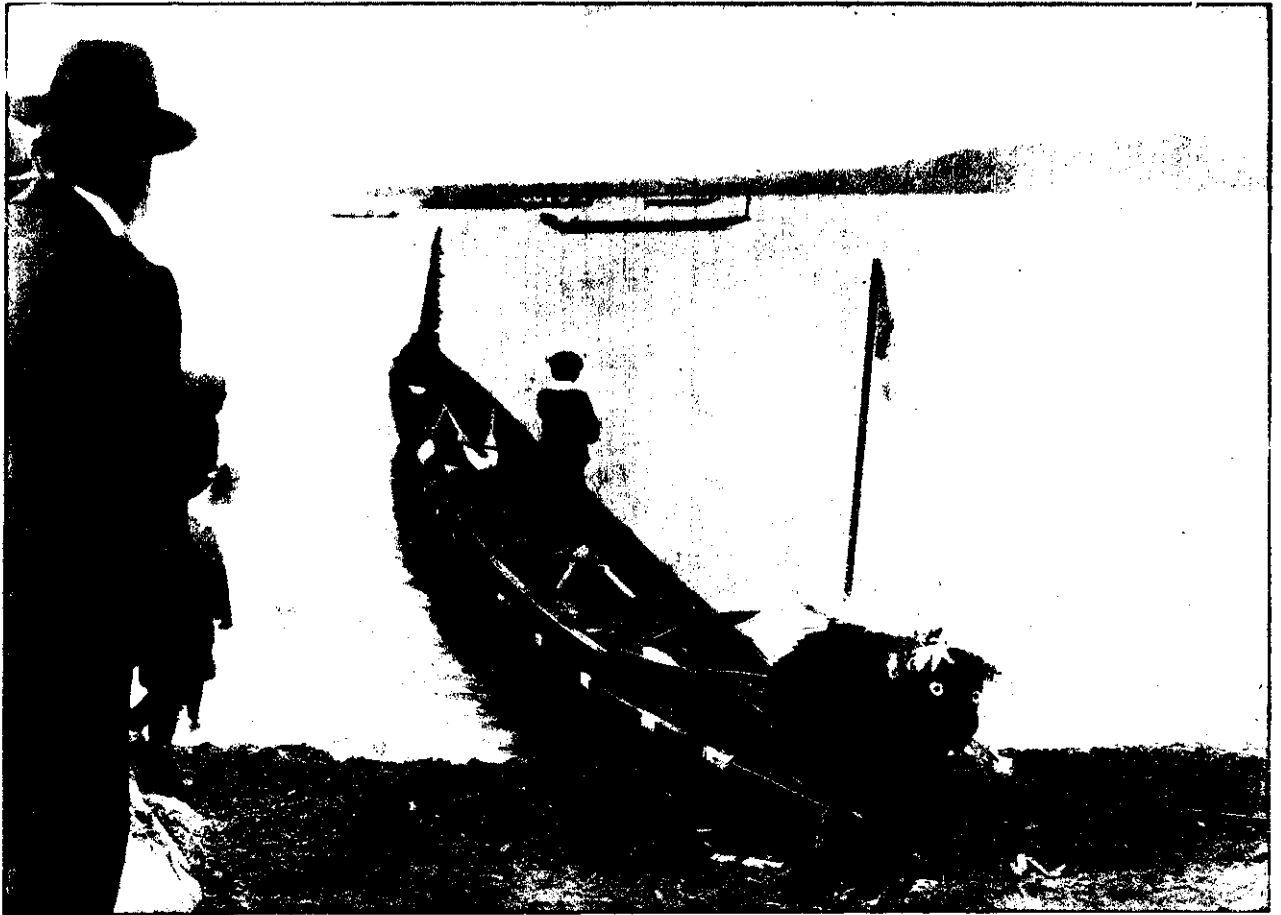


THE AWKWARD SQUAD. PAKELAS IN MAORI CANOES.



KIATERE! KIATERE!

The Recent Carnival at Rotorua.



THE MOUNGAKAWA.—THE HULL OF THIS CANOE WAS LYING SUBMERGED FOR 30 YEARS IN LAKE ROTOITI.



Photos. by Valle.

A MAORI GROUP ON ROTORUA RACECOURSE, CARNIVAL WEEK.

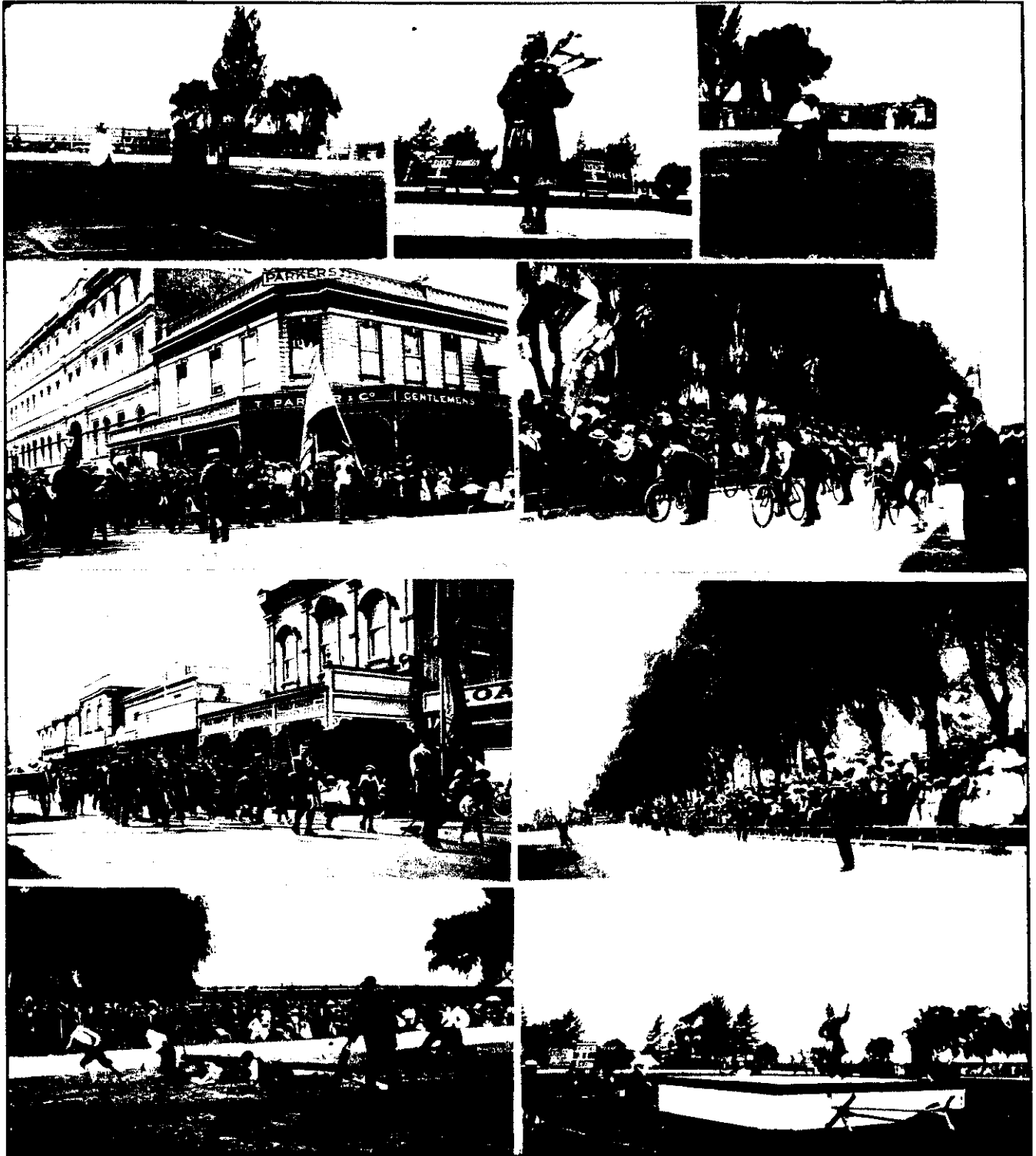
Maori Nomenclature.

Now that a number of people in Auckland are interesting themselves in the preservation and collection of Maori relics, with a view of perpetuating the memory and the art of what is, unfortunately, a dying race, they might go a step farther and form a society which could be called the Maori Nomenclature Society or some such title. The object would be to revive Maori place names that have fallen into desuetude or have given place to some commonplace, unmusical, hackneyed English name, and to

secure the correct spelling of the hundreds of mis-spelled native names scattered all over the colony. Surely such a work would help to keep green the memory of one of the finest coloured races in the world. The incorrect spelling of Maori names is not so common up North as it is in the South. There are quite enough examples in this part of the colony to need careful revision, but we have nothing quite so bad as they have in Wellington, for instance, where they have metamorphosed the musical Kaiwharawhara (meaning the food of the wharawhara) into Kaiwarra! "Waiholo" for Waihora, "Wakatipu"

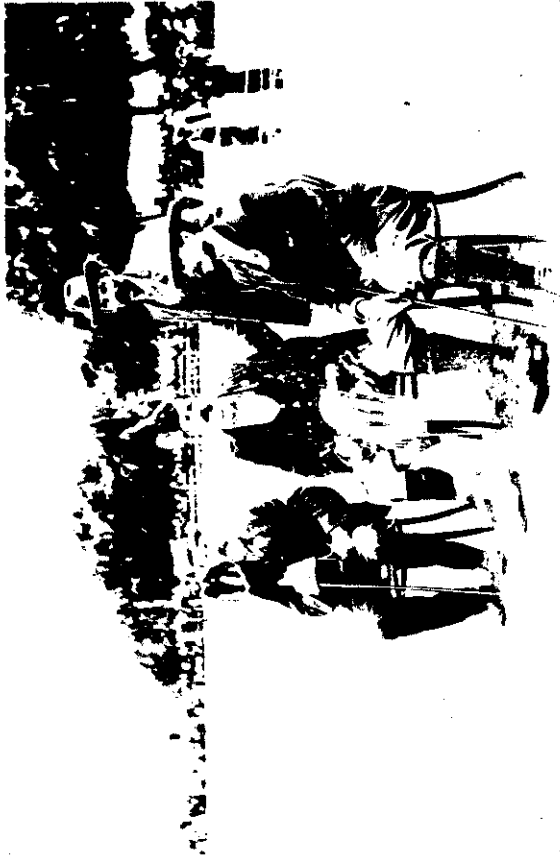
for Wakatapu, are other instances, which could be multiplied almost without number, if one had the space, of how nomenclature full of meaning—and in many cases poetry—has been mutilated and spoiled. Then, again, there are dozens of very beautiful Maori place-names hidden under plebeian modern appellations. When you brush away Mount Cook and find the majestic "Aorangi," or Egmont and find the descriptive "Taranuki," and recollect that there are far worse examples in various parts of the colony, it is enough to make you deplore the execrable taste of the early-comers who did these things, and

wish they had left the matter in more sympathetic, if not able, hands. There have been frequent attempts made in the House of Representatives by a few of the members whose sense of the fitness of things is sadly disturbed by the present slipshod style in which names are spelled, to have a commission of Maori experts set up to overhaul the list from the North Cape to the Bluff, but so far they have been unsuccessful. The Premier has replied more than once to a member in the House that he is having something of the kind done. If so, it is to be hoped we will hear of something definite in the near future.



Napier Caledonian Sports.

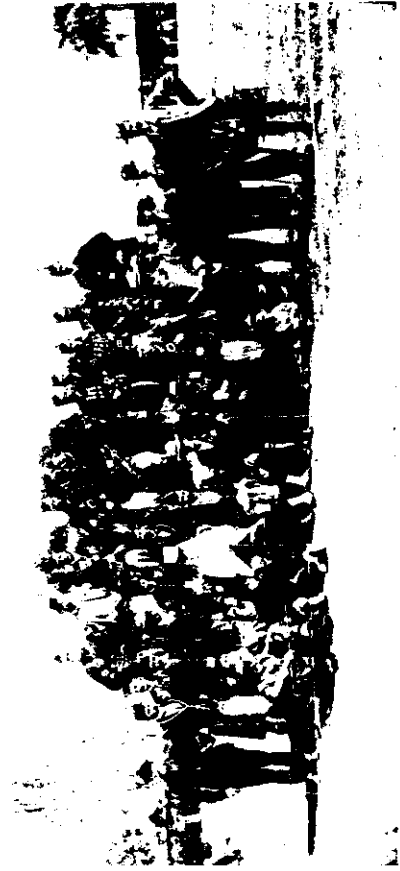
1. A. Carlson throwing the hammer. 2. One of the pipers. 3. Wrestling. 4. Procession leaving Parker's corner. 5. Start in the three-mile bike race. 6. Procession in Emerson street. 7. Spectators. 8. Boys' obstacle race. 9. One of the dancers, Mr. C. Smith.



JUDGES OF PIPERS AND DANCING.—From left, J. Webster, W. McKenzie, Kirkwood, J. A. McFarlane, D. C. McDonald (standing).



GRAND STAND.



OFFICIAL GROUP.



THE BEER.

Caledonian Sports, Napier.

Caledonian Sports, Napier.



SWORD DANCE.



CAMPBELL, WINNER OF THE HIGH JUMP.



A PIPER.



CAMPBELL WINNING THE JUMPING.



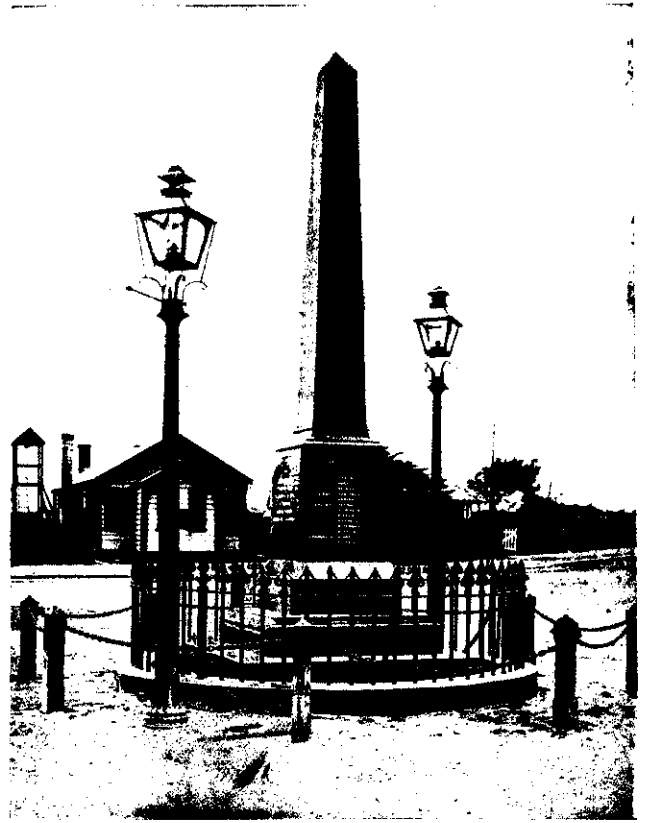
R. D. C. McLEAN, BOWLING CHAMPION.



PUBLIC SCHOOL SPORTS, AUCKLAND DOMAIN.



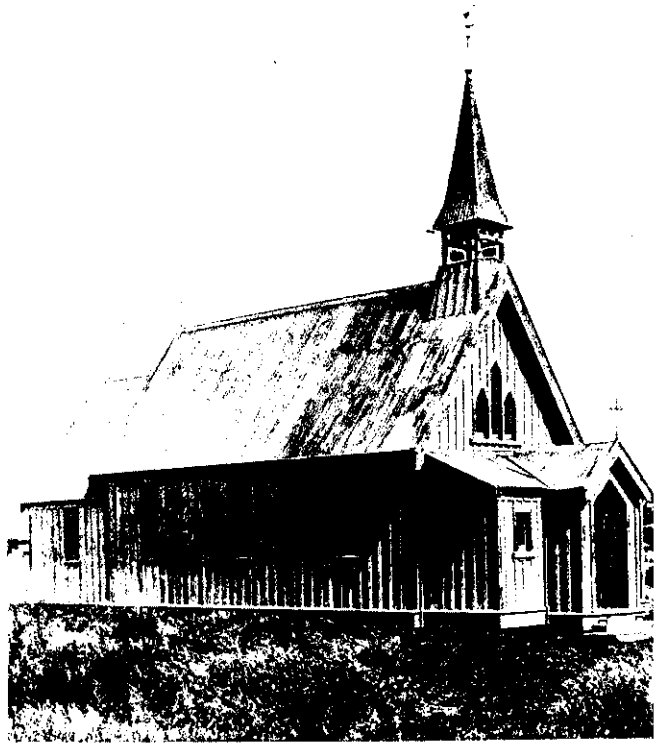
THE WATCH TOWER, formerly used by Armed Constabulary when the Maoris were troublesome.



MONUMENT ERECTED IN MANAIA IN MEMORY OF THE SOLDIERS WHO FELL AT TE NGUTU-O-MANU.



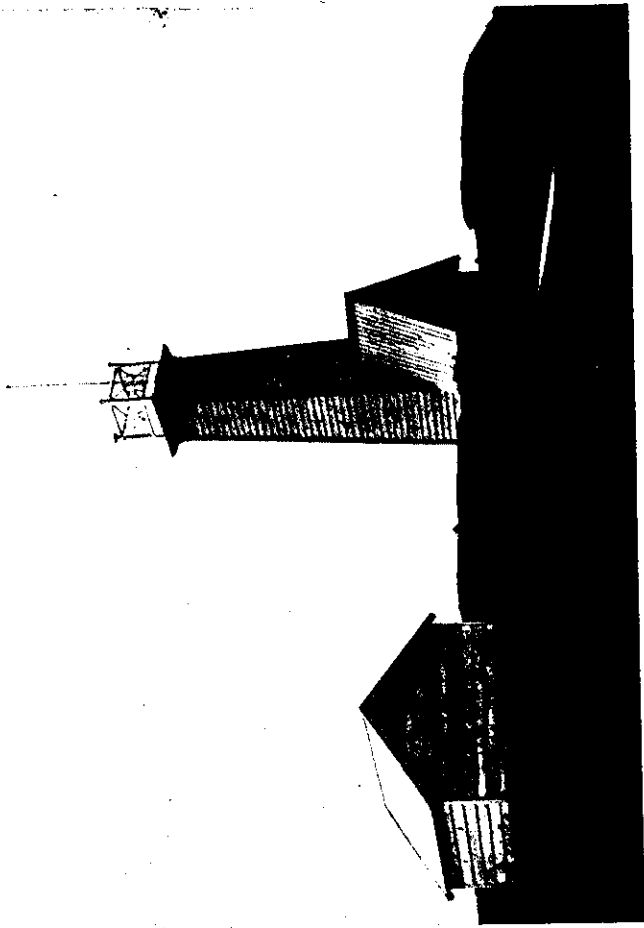
THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.



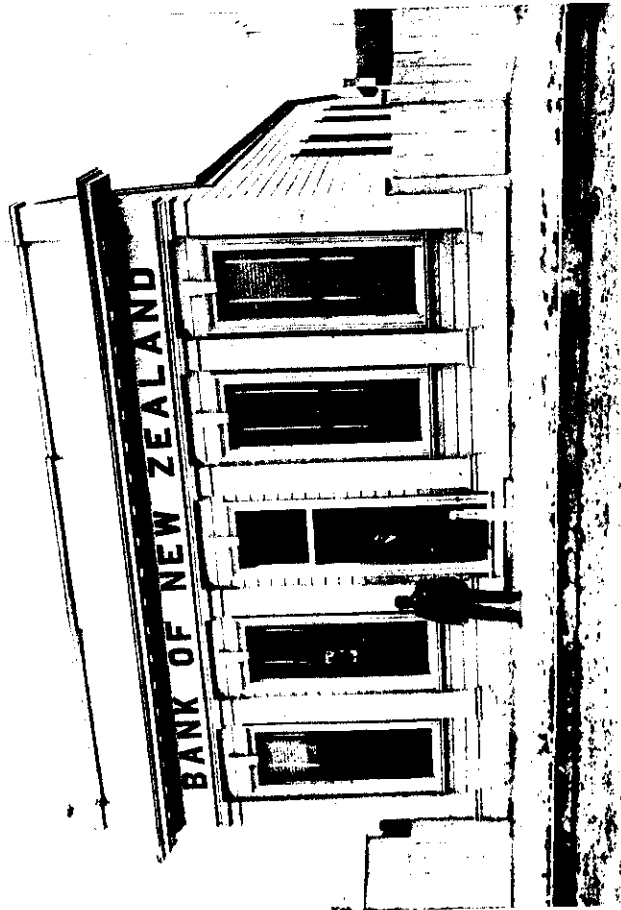
THE ENGLISH CHURCH.



THE POST OFFICE.

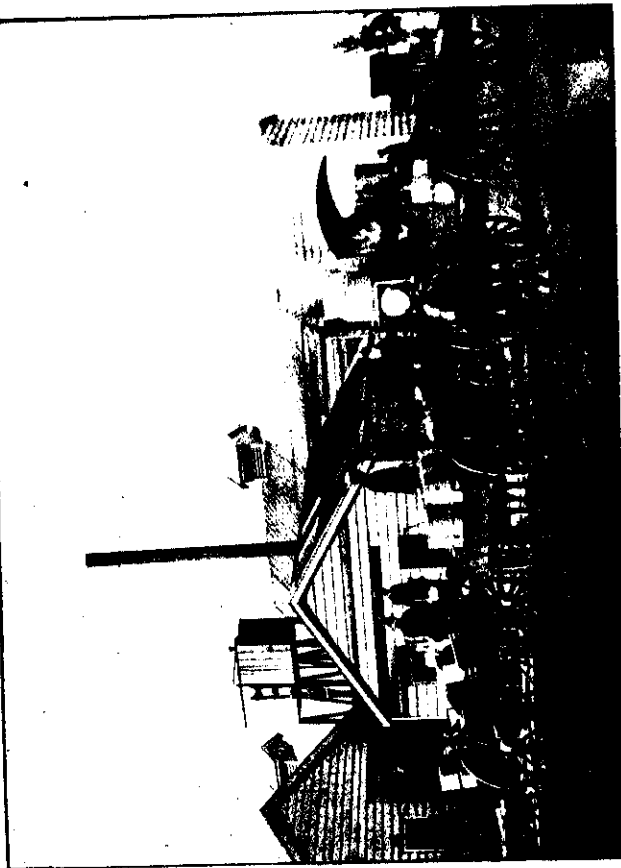


REDOLLET AND THE WATCH TOWER, SHOWING EMBANKMENT AND WATCH HOUSE.



BANK OF NEW ZEALAND.

Daroux, photo.



THE CREAMERY.

New Letterpress page 725.

MANAIA: A TARANAKI TOWNSHIP.



THE PRINCIPAL STREET OF THE TOWN.

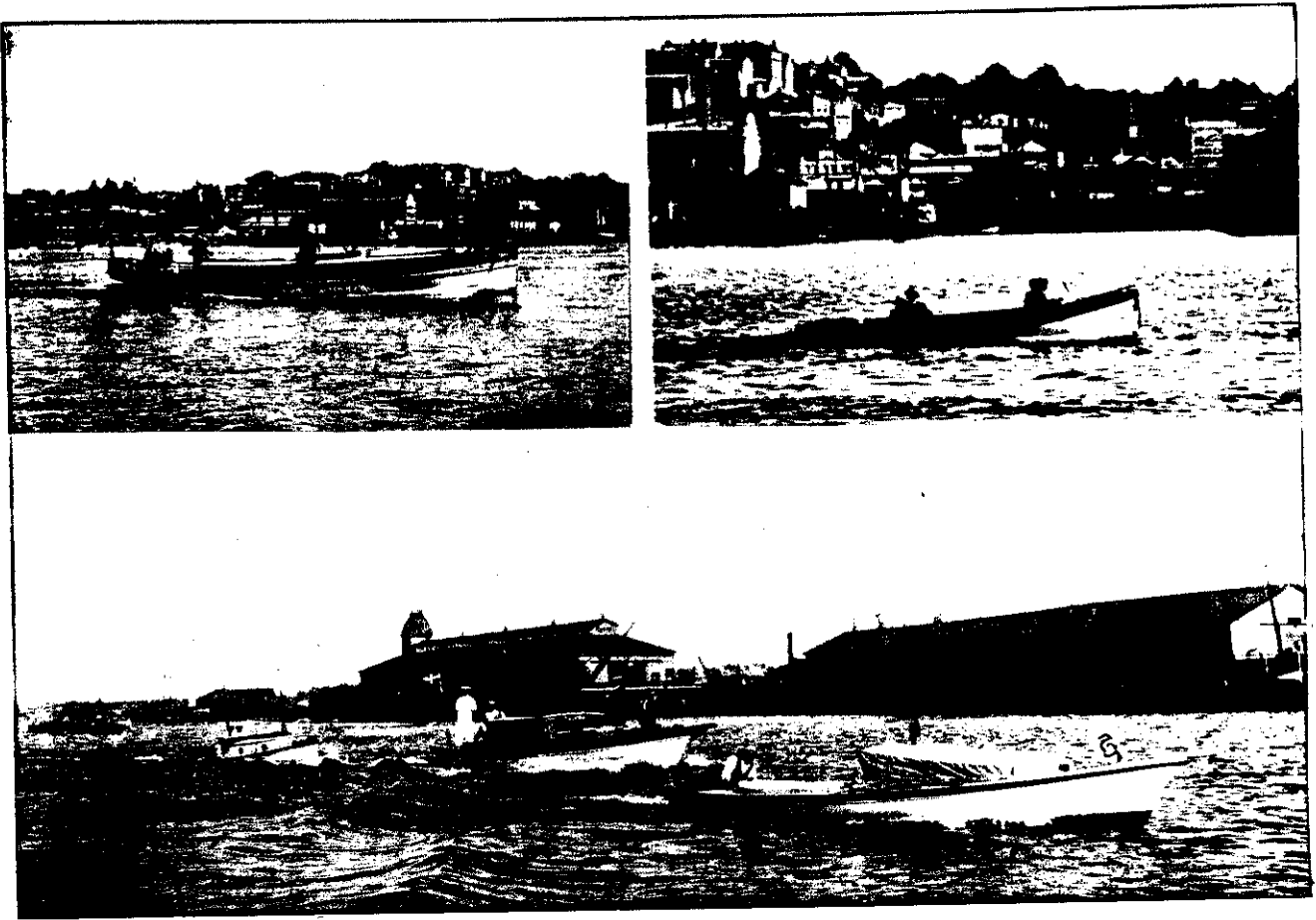
Daroux, photo.

Manaia: A Taranaki Township.



See "Orange Blossoms."

THE RECENT REEVES-ALLAN WEDDING, CHRISTCHURCH.



1. Queen of Beauty. 2. Happy Moments (winner). 3. A friendly go after the race. First boat, Billy Richardson; second, Petrel; third, Naomi I. (third in race).

Motor Launch Race, Auckland.



ASSEMBLING AT THE STARTING POINT.



ON THE GREEN.



AT THE OUT-POST.

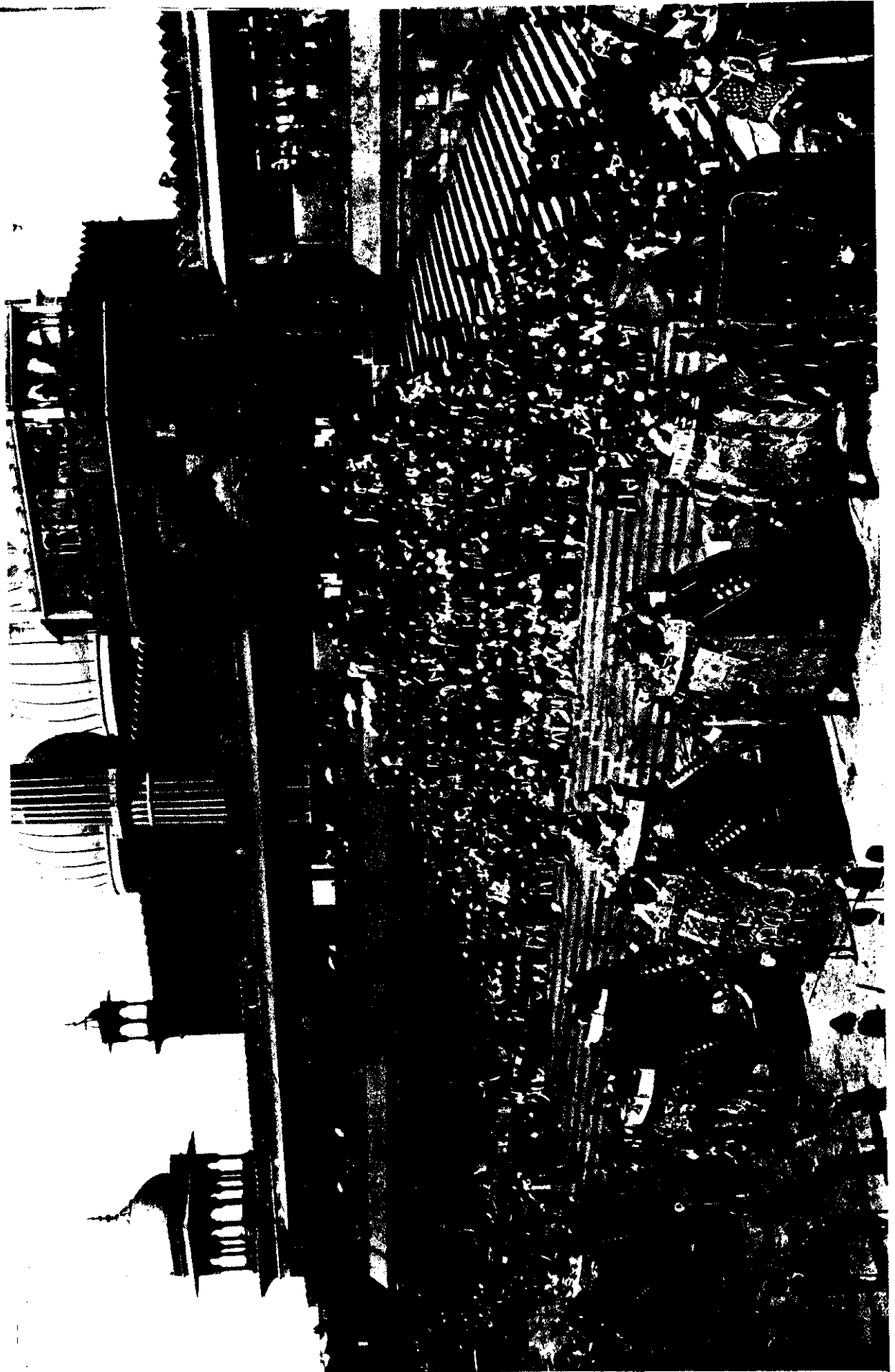


PUTTING ON THE FIRST GREEN.

Opening of the Golf Season, Auckland.



The Great Delhi Durbar—A Rehearsal



The Great Delhi Durbar.—The State Procession of Princes and Elephants.



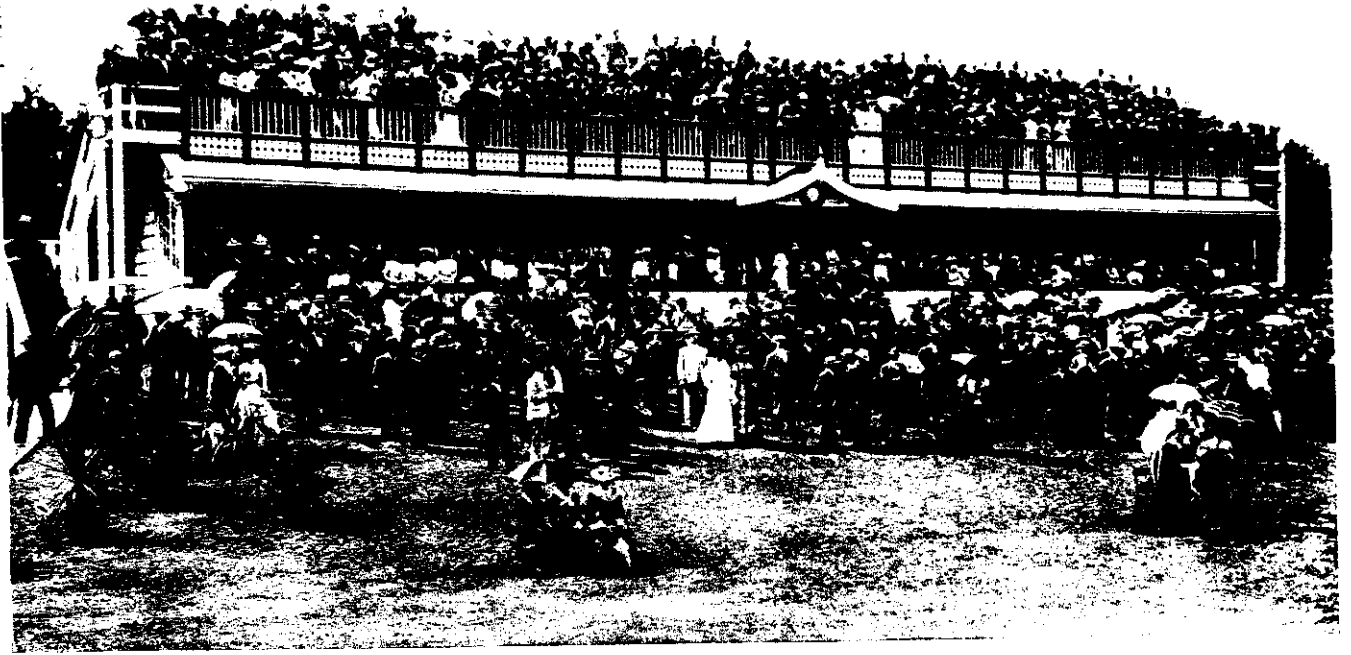
MAIDEN GIGS—WAITEMATA WINNING.



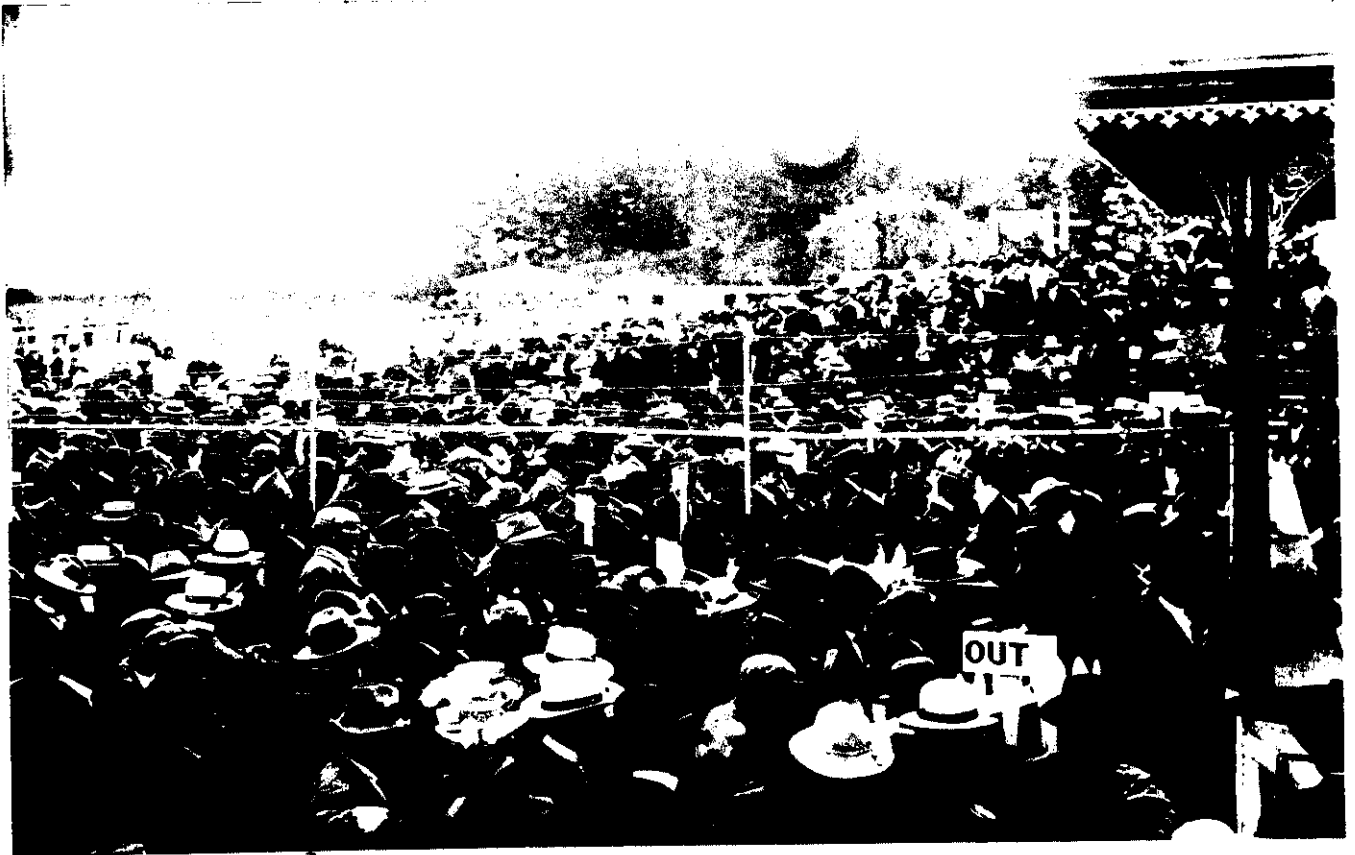
Valie, photo

GETTING READY FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP GIG RACE.

Auckland Rowing Association Regatta, Lake Takapuna.



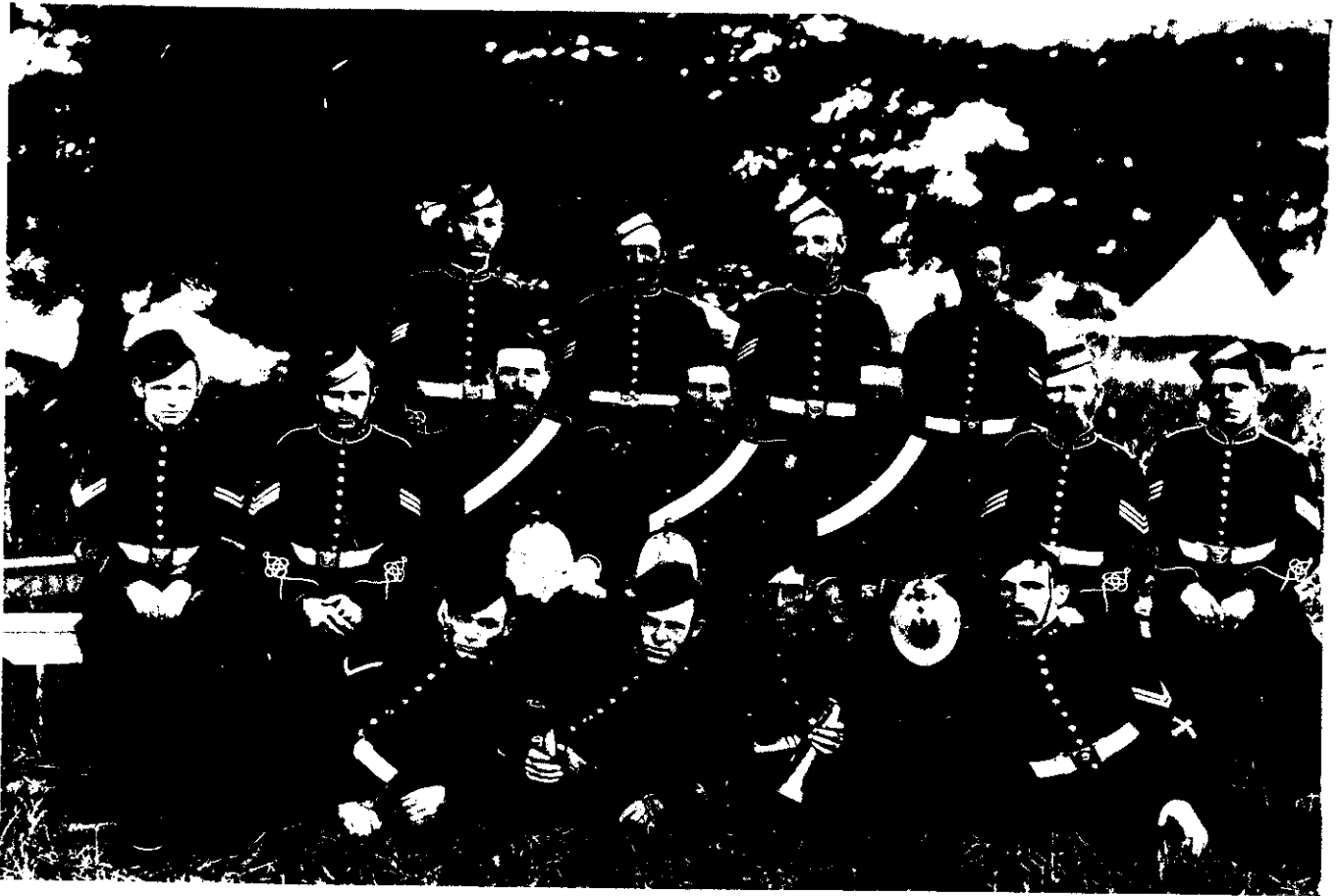
VIEW OF GRAND STAND.—FIRST DAY.



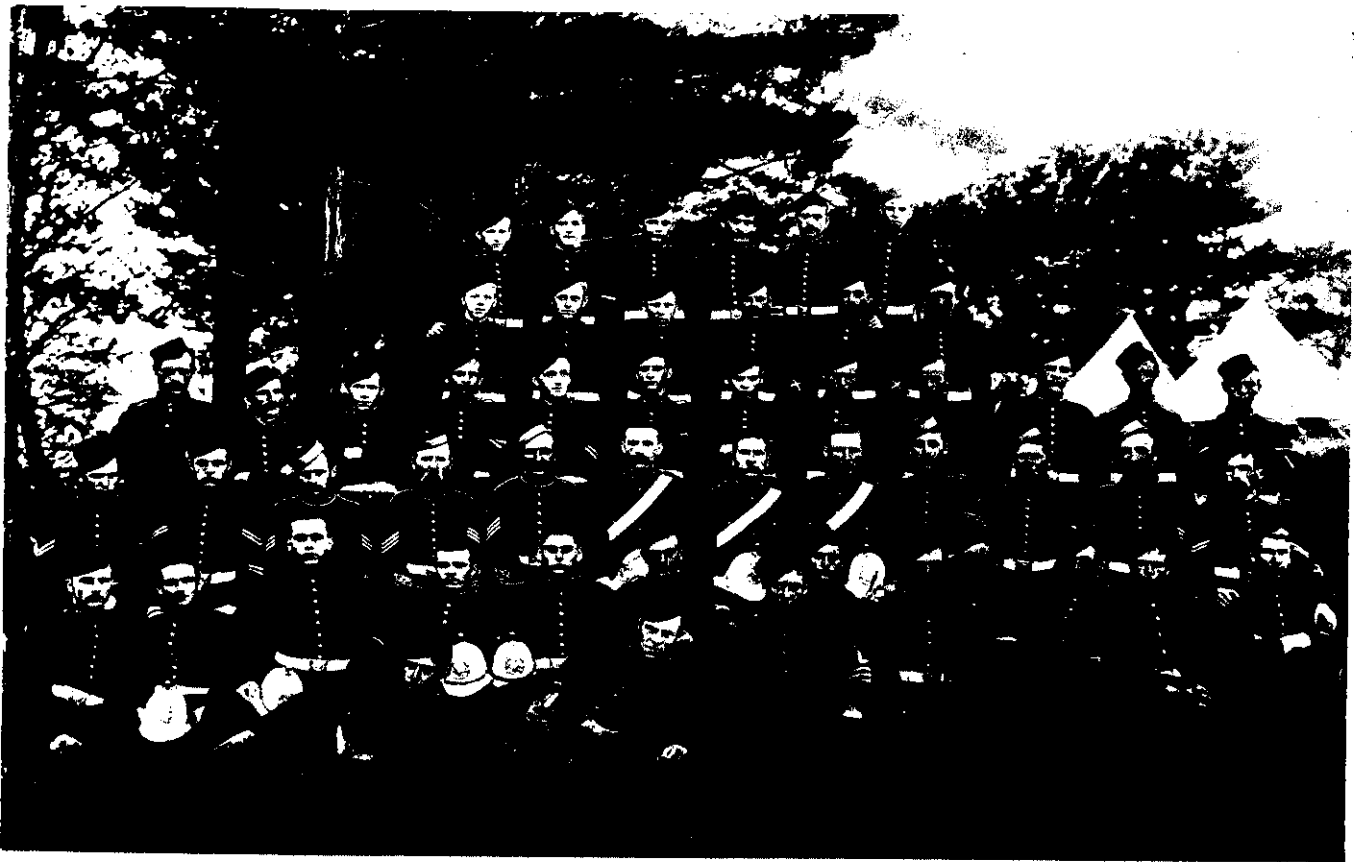
Newham and Brady, photo.

A RUSH FOR TOTALISATOR TICKETS.

Wanganui Jockey Club's Autumn Meeting.



THE OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.



THE COMPANY.

Devonport Coastguard Artillery Volunteers.

Artistic Photography Up to Date.

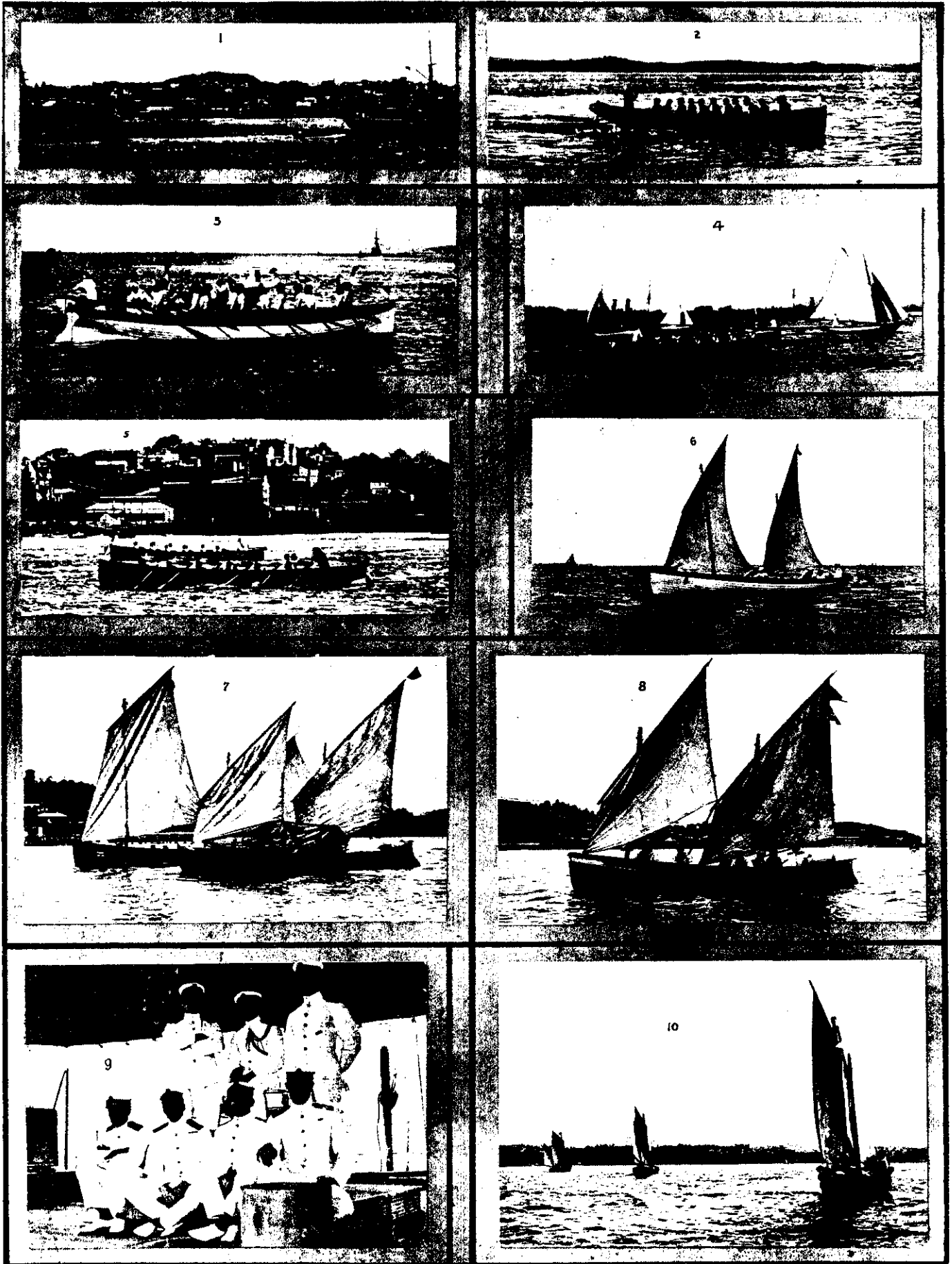
MR. JENKINSON'S SARONY STUDIOS.

Nothing nowadays stands still, in every trade and profession advance or retrogression is the rule, and this is, perhaps, more true of photography than anything else. The education of the public in the appreciation of what is genuinely beautiful in photographic art has been prolonged, and is now so complete that it is useless for a man to attempt the establishment of a photographic studio unless he is both by instinct and education an artist himself. The days when one was set down in an ugly chair with one's head clamped into an impossible position, and told to look pleasant, are gone for ever. The men who rise to the foremost rank of the art nowadays make a study of each individual sitter. They know in a moment what position will probably give the best result, and then, by slight variations thereof, and attention to details of lighting, they are able to produce pictures which at once give the lie to the old-fashioned contention that photography is merely a mechanical process, and not an art. This was the conclusion come to by the writer on walking round the Sarony Studios in Karangahape-road, and looking over some exceptionally fine studies in heads, three specimens of which appear on this page. They were taken by Mr. Jenkinson, who has recently arrived from Australia, and taken over the studios named. Mr. Jenkinson (who took the highest award at the Adelaide Exhibition for both indoor and landscape photography, and who was the only competitor to accomplish this feat) has largely reconstructed the studios, introducing the very latest methods of lighting, and the most up-to-date

and effective artistic backgrounds. He has surrounded himself with a plant and appliances which he contends are without equal in the colony, including a splendid lens of unusual size, capable of taking direct the life-sized heads usually obtained by enlargement only. Much superior results are thus obtained, and this lens is also satisfactorily used in panel and other fine photos. For the taking of children Mr. Jenkinson has a specially constructed twin lens camera, which enables him to work with a celerity and to achieve results hitherto deemed well-nigh impossible. On one occasion he took 210 babies in seven hours, one assistant attracting the attention of the babies, and another changing plates, while Mr. Jenkinson operated with the bulb, snapping off the kiddies at the average rate of thirty an hour. Outdoor, landscape, and architectural photography are also specialties, and of flashlight photography Mr. Jenkinson has made a special study, having invented a means of burning the flash powder infinitely superior to any other, and which renders the process absolutely certain and free from anything disagreeable. In addition to his professional business, Mr. Jenkinson is agent for the Austral Pearl Paper, an exquisitely soft toning bromide, and the Sun P.O.P., which are now preferred to European imported papers on account of their freshness, brilliant results and economy in toning, these papers being made in Melbourne by Baker and Rouse. For his own work Mr. Jenkinson uses both Pearl and albumenised paper, the latter, which has come back to favour, and come back to stay, he states. The quality of Mr. Jenkinson's work needs no further comment than our reproduction, and further examples may be admired at the studio, Karangahape-road, where every attention is shown to visitors.

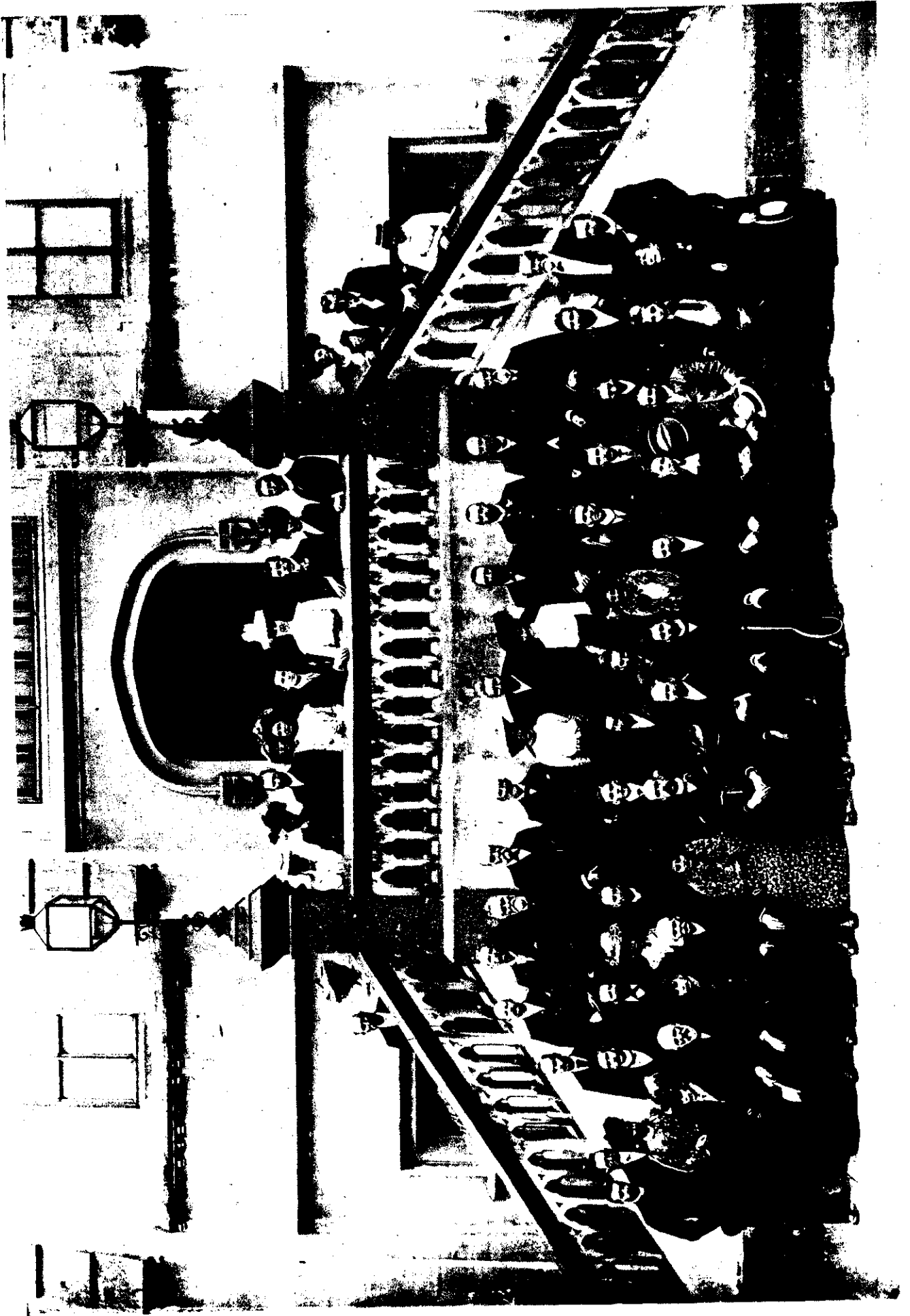


Artistic Photographic Studies from Mr. Jenkinson's Sarony Studios.



Recent Fleet Rowing and Sailing Regatta, Auckland.

1. Royal Arthur officers winning officers' race. 2. H.M.s. Lizard's crew winning. 3. H.M.s. Lizard v. Devonport Submarine Miners (cheering the winners). 4. Devonport Submarine Miners' crew. 5. The start—H.M.s. Lizard's crew v. Devonport Submarine Miners. 6. The Admiral's gig. 7. Becalmed. 8. The Archer's boat. 9. Group ward-room officers from H.M.s. Royal Arthur, who won the officers' race. 10. Race for Admiral's cup.



Group of Delegates and Friends, Congregational Union Meetings, Dunedin.



PREMIER'S PARTY CROSSING THE WIRE BRIDGE. Capt. Scallon and Mr. C. E. Major in front, the Misses Scallon behind.



MR. SEDDON CROSSING THE WAIWAKAIHO STREAM ON THE TROLLY ON THE WIRE BRIDGE.



THE START FOR HOME.

See Letterpress.



GROUP AMONGST THE BOULDERS. MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THE PREMIER AT MANGOREI.



MAORI CARVED HOUSE IN LORD ONSLOW'S PARK, CLENDON, ENGLAND.

Photo specially sent to the "Graphic" by Lord Onslow.



Winzberg. photo.

MAORI CARVED HOUSE AT TE ORE ORE, NEAR MASTERTON.



Newham and Brady, photo.

WILLIAMSON'S MUSICAL COMEDY COMPANY CRICKET TEAM, AND THE WANGANUI CRICKETERS.



Hemus Studio, Auckland.

AUCKLAND CITY COUNCIL.

BACK ROW—Councillor A. Rosser, Messenger Lovell, Councillors J. McLeod, C. J. Parr, J. Patterson, H. Wilson, Town Clerk, Councillors John Court, C. Grey, A. E. Glover, P. Dignan.
 FRONT ROW—Councillors J. T. Jullian, J. Stieghbury, A. Kidd, M.H.R., Mayor, H. T. Garrett, F. E. Baume, M.H.R., J. H. Haunau.

THE BANK BROKE MAN THAT THE



The last time I was staying down in Wellington, I was one day eating my lunch in a certain well-known restaurant, in company with Jarvis and Mathieson, two casual acquaintances. The talk turned on the prevalence of the gambling spirit in the colony—a subject on which there had been a good deal of writing in the Wellington papers lately. Mathieson, who is fond of moralising, took the talk into his own hands and made me restive with his wordy commonplace. So, out of a spirit of mischief, I started questioning his premises and denying his conclusions. I pooh-poohed his lurid pictures of the state of things produced by the gambling passion in Wellington and throughout the colony, and represented myself as convinced that people attended races in New Zealand chiefly for the pleasure of seeing the horses run, and that games of chance were never played in club or private house, for stakes that rose above a merely nominal value. Jarvis did not join in the talk, but as he ate his lunch he listened, and occasionally smiled. Mathieson waxed quite eloquent in his efforts to make me realise that New Zealand society, in all its few grades, was festering in the grip of a master vice. But his efforts had been conspicuously unsuccessful, as far as he himself could see, when duty called him, reluctant, back to his office. Duty, less exacting with Jarvis and me, allowed us to stroll down and have a smoke on the wharf.

"Good old Mathieson," said Jarvis, with his eye absently fixed on a couple of youths industriously not catching fish, "was just now speaking from hearsay, enlarged by his own virtuous imagination, but he chanced to speak truth even in his strongest statements. I can tell you, from personal knowledge, that, here in Wellington, a tremendous amount of gaming goes on both openly and secretly. The fan-tan playing of the Celestials is not in it with the merry gambling that prevails generally in society in this city."

"Though, of course, I was only 'pulling Mathieson's leg' by pretending to believe that the simple-minded folk of this colony scarcely ever think of backing their luck at the card-table or the races, all the same I'm persuaded," said I, "that this cry about gambling has been chiefly raised by the alarmist, who is too much abroad in these days."

"There's nothing of the alarmist about me," said Jarvis, smiling. "And, personally, I see no harm in gambling. Yet I assure you that what I have said about gambling in this city rather understates than overstates the case."

"Oh, come now!" I remonstrated. "You speak as if Wellington was dotted all over with gambling hells."

"Scarcely that," returned Jarvis, placidly,

"but anyone seeking a miniature Monte Carlo establishment in this town would certainly find a good many to pick and choose among between Newtown and Thorndon."

But I scoffed at the notion—what I really wanted was to prick Jarvis to the point of proving his words for I scent'd interesting revelations.

Naturally, finding my scepticism annoying, he tried to demolish it by giving me, with great circumspection, some details. But at length, finding these did not convince, he grew impatient and less discreet.

"Well, I don't suppose you'll refuse to believe your own eyes," he said. "Come with me to-night, and you'll see for yourself whether I'm talking rot or not. I've the entrée of a certain place into which I may introduce a friend if I answer for his bringing no one into trouble over what may come to this knowledge there." Jarvis looked me straight in the eyes. "I think I can answer for you?"

I gave him all the assurances he wanted. I do not violate these by writing down what I learned through him. I shall be careful to say nothing that could possibly lead to the harmful identification of any person.

That evening, about nine o'clock, Jarvis called for me in a hansom, and we were driven to a certain house in a pleasant part of the town. It was a large, comfortable-looking house.

"It has entrances from two streets," remarked Jarvis, casually, as we walked up to the front door. "Which is something of an advantage to its present owner and occupant, who every evening has what would be a conspicuously large number of visitors if they all entered by the same door."

The windows seemed all lighted and the strains of a popular waltz, inviting to young ears, floated out into the night.

"I suppose there is a dance on," said Jarvis. "There often is, for the girls are mad on dancing. Giddy young things they are, but without an ounce of harm in them. I'll go bail they don't suspect how their father comes by the money he lets them have to spend so freely. But I think the wife must know."

A smart maid-servant admitted us in to the hall and took our coats and hats from us.

"Our visit is to Mr Z—," said Jarvis, "but if Mrs Z— is at home, we should like to see her for a short time first."

So we were shown into a large, well-appointed drawing-room, in which were four ladies and a couple of men—one of these ladies was a very callow-looking lad whom an old lady seemed to be instructing in the art of winding knitting wool. The other was a

handsome young man, who was more pleasantly engaged talking to a very pretty girl at the other end of the room. I easily divined the girl to be a daughter of the house from her likeness to Mrs Z—, who was just then very graciously welcoming me as Mr Jarvis' friend. Mrs Z— was a well-bred, intelligent woman, with plenty of vivacity, and the half-hour we spent in her drawing-room was a distinctly entertaining one. As I took in the pleasant homely aspect of the room—the pair of lovers talking together in low tones on the distant settee—the kindly old grandmother with her busy knitting needles—the lady of the house making mild fun out of the debates of our legislators—at that afternoon's sitting—with the callow youth and a colourless lady of uncertain age helping to fill in a picture of comfortable domestic life, that must have its replicas in thousands of colonial homes—it was difficult for me to realise that, under this same roof, the master of the house ran a very successful gaming saloon—if Jarvis had spoken truth. Yet a closer observation suggested that there was not that placidity on the brow of the old lady which should have accompanied the click of her knitting needles; that, in the bright, quick talk of our hostess there was now and then a suspicion of nervous strain, and that the young fellow at the end of the room had not his thoughts wholly fixed, as they ought to have been, on the pretty girl by his side.

Presently the door was abruptly opened, and another girl, scarcely out of her school days, came, like a breeze, into the room. Her charming little face wore a pout.

"It's no manner of use trying to get up an impromptu dance in this house, mother, the men always sneak off to the smoking room and billiards," she exclaimed, with childish vehemence.

"Mairnie and I and the other girls have been doing our best, and Jeanie Durham has been playing the most ravishing waltzes; yet as soon as our backs are turned the selfish things slip away one by one."

Here she caught sight of Jarvis, and implored his assistance. He bared a firm refusal on his lack of dancing pumps. Only a conspicuous lack of youth on my part kept the eager child from asking me to help.

"Well, then, Mr Green can come," she cried. "You don't want to wind any more wool for granny, do you, Mr Green? Then there's Mr Ardvison, Hilda, you and Mr Ardvison should certainly be in the other room with us."

The handsome young man, glad of the interruption seemingly, rose at once from the sofa and came forward with his companion.

"I should have liked to stay and join you very much, Miss Nellie," he said, hurriedly. "But I can't to-night, thank you. And I've got to see Mr Z—, too, before I go."

"Oh, bother dad and you too!" said

Miss Nellie rudely.

While her mother reproved the spoiled child in a sharp little speech, her sister found an opportunity to murmur to young Ardvison.

"You are leaving me very early, Jack!"

"Dearest, I must!" My quick ears caught his reply.

"To-night decides whether you and happiness are to be mine, or whether—" he paused.

"But you are surely never going to speak to father to-night about—about us two?" she asked, surprised.

"I may—it all depends on my luck," and with this odd answer he turned quickly away and took his leave of his hostess.

A few minutes later Jarvis and I had her good-night and left the room. But we did not leave the house. He led the way to the back of the building, to a room at the end of a side passage. It was a billiard and smoking room combined, and was of goodly size.

From Miss Nellie's remarks I had expected to find it full of the defaulting dancers. But the only person in it was a pale, sharp-featured young man, in evening dress who was listlessly knocking about the balls on the table. Jarvis introduced him to me as a son of Mr Z—'s.

"Of course, Jarvis, you want to see the pater," said the sharp-featured young man. "But your friend—I hope he means to give me the pleasure of his company and have a try with the balls here?"

"Oh, no, nothing will suit his book but an interview with the boss," said Jarvis, laughing. "It's all right, Hubert—he's true blue."

Hubert shot a keen glance at me. "Oh, well, you know the way to the pater's sanctum, Jarvis," he said indifferently as he resumed his cue.

Jarvis crossed the room and stepped behind a stork-embazoned Japanese screen. It enclosed nothing but a small piece of the room and a long mirror fixed to the wall and reaching from the floor to the height of the top of the screen. Jarvis touched some spring in the frame of the mirror, and it noiselessly slid back, revealing an open doorway and a flight of steps leading downwards. He motioned me to go down, and followed at my heels, closing the mirror-door behind him. At the bottom of the stairs on the right was a heavy, baize-covered door.

Jarvis gave a peculiar tap on this, and it swung open, admitting us into a room brilliantly lighted by electricity. It was a low room corresponding in shape and size to the billiard and smoking room, which must have been directly above it. It had no windows, and probably had come into existence first as a large, underground cellar. Now, with its rich papers and hangings and carpet and various ornaments, a quick imagination was wanted to conceive the original cellar.

About twenty men of various ages were seated at a long, curiously-shaped table, in the centre of which was a cavity like

(Continued on page 745.)

KIRKMAN, DENISON

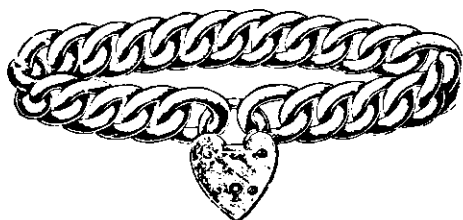
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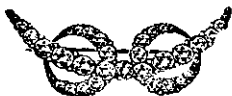
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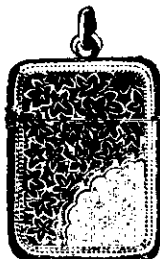
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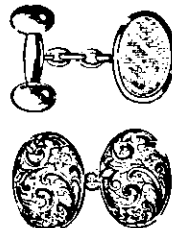
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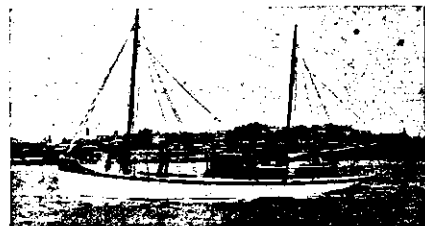
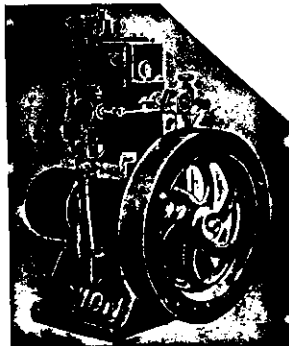
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The Bank That Broke the Man.

(Continued from page 743.)

a punch-bowl. As soon as my eyes fell on that table, with its central cavity and columns of figures marked at both ends, I knew that this secret assembly of men were playing roulette, the game interdicted by law everywhere on the Continent of Europe, save in the gambling principality of Monaco, where I myself had seen it played.

The players were too intent on their game to look up when Jarvis and I came in, but I could not help seeing that the three men who acted as tailleurs—Mr. Z—and his two other sons—had a vigilant eye for us. Presently Mr. Z—himself came forward, spoke pleasantly with us for a moment, and accommodated us both with places at the roulette table. I did not find his look prepossessing. His was a hard face, with that suggestion in it of a bird of prey, which often marks the countenances of men who make their gain out of the weaknesses and vices of their fellows.

I played for very low stakes; and had runs of good and bad luck that equalised each other in the most unexciting manner, and finally sent me out of the house only a few shillings poorer than when I entered it. But I paid little heed to the play—it was the players and the bankers who interested me.

As I furtively scanned the faces eagerly watching the revolutions of the ivory ball in the bowl-shaped hollow in the table I was disagreeably surprised to find that I had more than one acquaintance in that place, and not a few of the others were well known to me by sight. But the gambling passion animating those faces at the present hour had given so much of a common expression to all of them that at first I did not readily recognise the known from the unknown. Looking at that expression on the countenances of the players, I could almost fancy myself back at Monte Carlo. And if Jarvis' statements were to be relied on this was only one of many gaming places of resort in a young city in a young pastoral colony!

I noticed that the impassive faces and keen, watchful eyes of Mr. Z—and his two sons showed little of the other gambler's look of eager, strained absorption. Perhaps the advantage which their position as bankers gave them over the others enabled them to control the display of their feelings.

Among those of the players whom I had been longest in recognising was the handsome young fellow whom I had set eyes on for the first time that evening in the drawing-room upstairs—young Ardiviston. A word from Jarvis as we went from the drawing-room to the smoking-room had told me that he belonged to the Ardivistons of the Wairarapa, one of the best and most highly respected families in the colony. I was sorry to see one of that fine, honest breed in a place like that, still more sorry to see that there was not one of the eager crew at the table who watched the movements of the cursed little sphere of white ivory with an eagerness like his. There was something absolutely painful to witness in the greedy intentness of his look; yet I could not help keeping a covert gaze on him. This young man with his whole soul centred on the momentary chances of his stake, little thought could he have for the poor little sweetheart upstairs!

So I fancied, but therein I wronged him, as I learned later. It was the hope of winning her, mixed with the hope of escaping a shameful disgrace, that flushed his cheek and kindled his eye when a stroke of great good luck sent the ball spinning round the cavity into a hole bearing the number he had put his stake on, and he raked up thirty-six times its value. And when afterwards the extraordinary good luck he had at first changed into just as extraordinary bad luck, and he saw his winnings melting away before his eyes it was the knowledge that a ruined and disgraced man had no chance of marrying pretty Hilda Z—, even though it might be her father who was largely responsible for his ruin, which changed his look into one of haggard despair.

Luck warred curiously strongly against him. On three separate occasions when he had ventured on one of the chances marked on the edge of the table the ball fell into zero and its next revolution gave his imprudent stakes to the bank—large stakes they were, too. Such strange persistency in evil

fortune could not but stir the superstitious chords which get developed in every gambler's nature, and I could see from the reckless misery depicted upon poor Ardiviston's face that he was convinced of his final desertion by the fickle goddess—Chance. Still he played doggedly on. But somehow I could not bear to sit there and see the infatuated young man's last coins vanish. I rose and whispered to Jarvis that I had had enough of roulette for one night, and would go home now. Jarvis, who, with the face of Ardiviston before his eyes, could profess to "see no harm in gambling," had all his senses bristlingly wrapped up in the game and paid no heed to me. But one of Mr. Z—'s sons came forward and piloted me up-stairs to the other side of the mysterious mirror door. From the billiard-room, where the sharp-featured young Z—was refreshing himself with sandwiches and pale ale in the company of a youth of the callow Mr Green species, I found my way easily enough to the front door. It was close on 12 o'clock, but dance music, played now with lagging emphasis, still sounded through the house, and the trim housemaid was still in attendance to give me my hat and coat and let me out into the moonlit night.

I had paused for a moment near the end of the street to light a cigar when I heard footsteps on the pavement behind me, and someone passed me, walking very rapidly. It was Jack Ardiviston.

"Cleaned out, poor beggar!" I mentally ejaculated, while, remembering his face at the roulette table, I rather wondered that he should take a mere money loss so tragically to heart.

That would have been the last that I, or anyone else in the world, would have seen of Jack Ardiviston had he not stopped short in his rapid walk at the corner of the street, and paused irresolutely as if he did not know which way to take. This pause made me overtake him in my turn, and, as I passed, I glanced at him.

Then, instantly, I made up my mind not to lose sight of this young man for some time if I could possibly help it. The moonlight was strong and clear, and there was no mistaking the purpose written on his desperate face.

A moment later he shot past me with a hasty but resolute step. I followed, quickening my pace to keep him in view. He turned up one quiet, deserted street and down another, until finally he turned into the road leading to Mitchelltown.

Then I ceased to puzzle about his destination. I remembered the old water reservoir nestling in a hollow in the hills on the other side. In that pretty little sheet of water more than one person had found a refuge from a life grown intolerable.

I walked faster, but with such impetuosity had Ardiviston torn up the hilly path that, when I, burdened with more years and more flesh, reached the top, he was nowhere in sight.

I ran down the slippery slopes of grass, full of dread lest I should be too late to prevent the half-crazed young man from doing the thing I knew he had it in his mind to do.

When I came into full view of the artificial lakelet, encircled by trim garden paths, and picturesquely wooded hill-side, my heart gave a bound. No human figure was visible in the peaceful, moonlit scene beneath me. I feared no Ardiviston's mad deed was done.

Then I saw that the surface of the water was unrippled, and the next moment my eyes fell upon Ardiviston emerging from the shadow of the little garden-house, carrying something in his hand.

He had never seemed to have the faintest suspicion that he was being followed, so wrapt up in his misery was he. Now, as he moved towards the edge of the embankment he had no eyes for me, though I must have been a noticeable enough figure in the bright moonlight. He stood quite still for a minute on the embankment and stared at the water, and then at the hills. Then he busied himself fixing what he carried in his hand inside his coat.

My step on the gravelled path behind him told him, for the first time, that he was not alone.

He sprang round with a sharp cry and faced me. The thing that he had been trying to fasten to his chest, by buttoning his coat over it, fell to the ground. It was a length of old iron, short but very heavy—probably a bit of boat ballast that he had picked up with the view

of insuring his descent to the bottom of the reservoir.

I deemed it wisest to speak out straight to the point.

"I'm sorry, Mr Ardiviston," said I, "that you can see no way out of your trouble but that!" and I pointed to the water beside us.

"How do you know? Who are you?" he stammered, confusedly.

"Perhaps you may remember seeing me this evening, for a short time, in Mrs Z—'s drawing room?" I returned. "Later on I was one of the company at the roulette table where you lost so heavily."

He still stared at me with wild eyes.

"I think I remember you," he said, after a pause. "You guessed—you thought I meant—and you followed me here." The words dropped slowly from his lips.

"I knew—and followed you here," I answered.

Another long pause, and then, suddenly, he shook off his stupor.

"By what right did you follow me?" he cried fiercely. "I know my own business and want no d— impertinent interference. By what right do you meddle with what is no concern of yours?"

"It is the concern of every man to see that a fellow-creature doesn't throw away his life on a mad impulse," I rejoined, coolly.

"A mad impulse!" he cried bitterly. "I was mad enough before, if you like, but it was returning sanity that brought me here."

"I daresay you mean well," he continued, after a moment's silence, trying to speak calmly. "But your coming after me has only deferred the inevitable for a short time, and so made me suffer longer than I need have."

"Well, I never thought to find one of your blood talking and acting in this selfish, cowardly way," I rejoined deliberately. "And all because you've had your pockets emptied in a gambling den where you had no business to be! The Ardivistons I've known were a plucky lot who took their losses with a grin."

"It's not the money loss," said the young man sullenly, stung by my implication—after all he was little more than a lad. "You don't know everything. I'm not going to live and see myself a disgrace to my people."

"That's right!" said I. "Save your own feelings all you can, and don't trouble to remember that your suicide is sure to make more sorrow for your people."

"I should feel much obliged if you would relieve me of your company, sir," he cried angrily.

"You think so, but you're wrong. Anyway, I'm not going until you've made a clean breast of all your trouble to me." I laid my hand on his arm. "Young man, your uncle, Philip Ardiviston, was one of my best friends. It would be strange if I couldn't see my way to help his nephew when in sore straits. Only, you must tell me the whole truth."

So he did, after a little more persuasion. Very haltingly and shamefacedly he told it, with the help of my prompting questions. In its main features his story was miserable commonplace.

He had first been attracted to the Z— house by the sweetness and prettiness of Hilda Z—, whom he had met at a dance. Then her brothers had secretly introduced him to their accursed roulette table, which soon grew to have a fatal fascination for him. His early success at the table fed his hopes of winning money enough to place him in a position where it would be possible for him to ask Hilda to be his wife; and, not more eagerly did he woo the latter in her mother's drawing-room than he courted his luck in her father's gaming saloon. His affection for the young lady was evidently very strong. "She knows nothing of the den down-stairs any more than her sisters do," he assured me earnestly. "She thinks her father and the boys are making heaps of money at their business place in town, which barely gives them bread and butter."

But Jack Ardiviston had found before long that gambler's luck is a fickle mistress. She played fast and loose with him for a time, and then threw him over. On one false pretext or another, when his own money ran out, he borrowed from relatives and friends in the vain hope of retrieving from the roulette table what he had lost there. Then came the climax of his sinful folly. He occupied a position of trust in an office

in Wellington, and a good deal of money passed daily through his hands. When he could borrow no more from friends and relatives, in a moment of madness he had borrowed (?) from the funds of the company who employed him, trusting to pay back the money before it was misused. But his luck had never been good enough to let him replace the embezzled money. That night he had played with desperation, for next day his books were to be audited, and he was a disgraced man unless he could make good the deficits before then.

His fortune at roulette that night I knew. The spinning ivory ball had whirled away his last shilling, and the auditors next day would discover his dishonesty.

This was indeed a very ordinary story—ordinary folly, ordinary crime, ordinary results. That he had been so selfish and foolish as to get secretly engaged to Hilda Z— during the last week, and that he now sought to escape the consequences of his guilt and folly by a coward's death, were not details of a sufficiently unusual kind to take his case beyond the confines of the veriest commonplace.

A selfish young fool of the common or garden variety—that's what I styled him in my own mind, and, I believe, to his face too. It scarcely seemed worth while to do otherwise than to leave him to reap what he had sowed. But there was something curiously winning about the young fellow; his repentance was vital, and his uncle had been very kind to me at a time when I wanted kindness badly. So I did otherwise.

Not lengthy, but very plain and pointed, was the speech I addressed to the young man as we walked back to town together; and I have good reason to know that it went home. When I parted from him at the door of his boarding-house we had made an agreement between us. I had his solemn promise that never again would he enter Mr. Z—'s gaming saloon, or anywhere else indulgent in gambling of any description. Also, that he would release Hilda Z— from her engagement to him, until such time as he would be in a position to honourably seek her as his wife. On my side, I promised to lend him, without interest, for a certain number of years, a sum of money which would not only allow him to put his accounts "at his office, the first thing next morning, but would leave something over to pay his most pressing debts.

Jack Ardiviston kept his promises as faithfully as I did mine, and, by hard graft and rigid self-denial, he was gradually clearing himself of all money embarrassments, when a handsome legacy from an old aunt made him, at one stroke, a comparatively well-to-do man. My loan was repaid instantly, with sincere protestations that his debt of gratitude to me could never be repaid.

Shortly afterwards he married Hilda Z—, who, despite the severe opposition of her parents, had always persistently refused to break off her engagement with the man who had her heart. They live, not in Wellington, but in the Wairarapa. When I visited them in their pleasant home there, the sight of their mutual happiness would have been more than enough to convince me, had I needed convincing, that I had never used my legs to better purpose than on that night, in Wellington, when I ran after Jack Ardiviston over the hill by the old water reservoir.

The day after that memorable night Jarvis met me at lunch time.

"You must have cut away from Z—'s last night at a very early hour," he said. "I never noticed you going." Then he chuckled. "Well, are you still inclined to believe that I exaggerate the amount and kind of gambling that goes on in this town? Of course, you've only seen one of our favorite resorts, but, if you like, I can take you to a variety of others, where the play is a bit more fast and furious and the fun consequently a lot better."

"Oh, I think I've seen as much of that kind of thing as I care to, thank you," I said, a trifle grimly. "I'm quite willing, without more proofs, to take your word for it that Wellington is going to the devil."

"But I never said that!" cried Jarvis, staring. "There's really no harm in gambling, and one must amuse oneself. Why, bless my soul! to hear you talk one would think you were as big a puritan as Mathieson."

(The End.)

Music and Drama.

There will be a lull in things dramatic this week. We have had such a host of good things lately that we can do with a "breather." Next Monday, however, the round of gaiety will start afresh at His Majesty's Theatre. We are reminded of the fact by the appearance of Mr R. Bentley Young, who has come to town to pave the way for "The Lady of Ostend," a highly entertaining person who will be introduced by the Hawtrej Comedy Company, so pleasantly remembered upon the occasion of a former visit to Auckland when they came to deliver a certain "Message from Mars." "The Lady of Ostend" is a creation of Sir Francis Burnard, the genial editor of London "Punch," and that should be sufficient guarantee that it will quite come up to press paragraphs which pronounce it "crisp, clean and clever." The company will, of course, revive "A Message from Mars," and "Tom, Dick and Harry," and Mr Young also speaks about Lumley's "In the Soup," and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" to follow.

Ernest Fitts and Johnnie Coleman are at Adelaide Opera House.

Lilian Wheeler, late of Australia, is playing a Boer girl in the curtain raiser at Wyndham's Theatre.

Trinity College, London, has appointed Mr Charles Edwards visiting examiner for New Zealand and Tasmania.

Alma Grey, well remembered here as a child actress on the variety stage, is now appearing at the Empire Palace,

Among Zola's papers were found the libretti of several operas, which have been placed in the hands of Bruneau, the French composer.

The hidden prima donna who sings in Melbourne prior to the raising of the curtain on "Zaza" is Mrs Tom Mann, wife of the labour agitator.

Mr Ernest Toy, the violinist, is to recede, and her work is highly spoken of, visit New Zealand with a concert company.

Mr George Barnes left for Dunedin yesterday, where the Miss Nellie Stewart and the Sweet Nell of Old Drury Company, under the personal supervision of Mr George Musgrove, will open on April 11th. "Sweet Nell" was revived in Sydney last Saturday week, and has been drawing enormous business, notwithstanding the seven weeks' season some three months ago in the same city.

Mr J. C. Williamson has engaged Miss Ada Crossley for twenty-five concerts in Australasia, appearing in Melbourne in August or September next, a first-class English company accompanying her. Mr Williamson accepts all responsibility for Miss Crossley's relinquishing engagements. A highly successful tour of America is now proceeding.

That clever young American actor, Cuyler Hastings, and his company finished their season at His Majesty's Theatre on Saturday evening with "The Christian." Melba being one of the audience. The season has been a source of pleasure to theatregoers, and, judging from the well-filled benches, the treasurer should have no reason to complain. The company play at Gisborne this week.

Miss Maud Beatty has been the recipient from Australia of many cables of congratulation on her success as principal boy at Drury-lane Theatre. The talented lady has secured a pretty song, entitled "Violet Gray," written and composed by Medley Barrett, the rising author, whose first song for Mr Harry Randall, "I'm not a bad sort, am I?" has turned out a triumph.—"Era."

The troubles of Signor Mascagni are not confined to America. Some time ago a special commission was appointed by the Italian Minister of Education to inquire into the affairs of the Rossini Conservatoire at Pesaro, of which Mascagni is director. The commission has unanimously advised the dismissal of

the director from his post, and all that now remains is for the Minister to give effect to this decision.

One specially noticeable feature of the Melba concerts in Auckland was the marked improvement in the voice and training of Mr. Walter Kirby. He has a singularly sweet and pure tenor voice, which he uses with considerable judgment. Further training should rid Mr. Kirby of some affectations or awkwardnesses of manner which at present somewhat detract from the pleasure his performances otherwise give. He goes to England and France to study, and his friends will wish him every possible success.

Prior to leaving Auckland, Madame Melba conveyed to Mr Barnes, manager for Mr Musgrove, her very warm appreciation of the business-like manner in which he has engineered the New Zealand tour. The work had been of quite exceptional severity, and had been crowned with complete success, and no one of her inter-colonial tours had, said Madame Melba, been better, more comfortably, or more felicitously conducted. All who have been brought into contact with Mr Barnes during the last few busy weeks will congratulate him on his well-deserved testimonial from the great diva, which, from such a source, is compliment indeed.

Mr Fred. Graham, the popular stage manager and comedian of the J. C. Williamson Musical Comedy Company, celebrated the third anniversary of his appearance on the Australian stage by giving a large supper and dance to his friends in Wellington. After the performance of "A Circus Girl," the company and their guests sat down to supper, while the stage was being cleared and decorated. The M.C.'s were Messrs Bantock, Moutrie, Beek, Dudley, Bryer, and Hall. Each lady in the company had the privilege of inviting a man, and the lucky individuals who were thus favoured were the envy of all Wellington. During the evening a congratulatory cablegram was received from Mr J. C. Williamson, and at the conclusion of the proceedings three rousing cheers were given for Mr Graham followed by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

Miss Ettie Maginnity, who left Wellington on Saturday with the Williamson Opera Company, will take with her the best wishes of all Wellingtonians, who will watch with interest the career of one of their most popular and pleasing amateurs. Miss Maginnity has received hundreds of telegrams and letters from all over the colony, wishing her "Kin Ora," and, as she commences her new life fully equipped with health, voice, looks, and energy, her well-wishers may confidently expect to hear of her success in the profession she has chosen.

Mr J. C. Williamson intends producing "Tapu" in Australia. Probably it will be done by the Royal Comic Opera Company. If "Tapu" is a success Mr Williamson will try another one of his own, entitled, "Hinemoa," which, although of the same name as Mr Alfred Hill's successful cantata, must not be confounded with it, as the writing of it was begun before Mr Hill came forth as

a composer. "Hinemoa" is a comic opera, with its scenes laid in England and Maoriland, the time being the period of Captain Cook. From the sketches of the characters made by Mr Barnes, who is now in America, the dressing should be quaint and picturesque. The sketches taken of the Maori subjects of Hinemoa were used in the recent production of "Tapu."

Mr E. G. Meers, the famous English player, who is paying a short visit to New Zealand, left for Rotorua and the Lakes district on Saturday morning, with a view of making the ascent of Ruapehu and Tongariro for a third time. During the last year or two Mr Meers has to a large extent dropped out of tennis, and now devotes much of his spare time to the organ, having the advantage of a magnificent instrument in his own house. It is not generally known by his tennis friends that he is a player of pronounced ability, and is a Miss. Bac. of Oxford. As to tennis, "E.G.M." says: "I haven't even brought my racket with me this time, so I'm afraid I shan't have a 'knock-over' at all before I leave. I hope, however, to pay a short visit to the Eden and Ppsom grounds when I return from the mountains, as I wish to again see the many friends I met there on my previous visits." Mr Meers leaves by the 'Trisco steamer sailing on the 27th.

Melba has come and gone, and those who were fortunate enough to hear her have the satisfaction of knowing that they have listened to what has been described as the first voice in the world. Of course she added Auckland to her list of triumphs. Some people could not understand why opinions differed so much about her voice. Brown would go into raptures about her voice, and Jenea would say he was disappointed. The explanation is to be found in the fact that the former probably knows something about music, and the latter does not. Melba has not that voice which draws tears from the eyes—it is not what Srangali would call "Un cri de coeur." Hers is the perfectly trained, faultlessly finished voice, which to anyone with any knowledge of music is a source of wonder and delight. She appeals more to the intellect than to the heart, so to speak. Melba's visit caused much interest in Auckland, and when she left on Monday by the Wai-kare for Sydney she was farewelled by a large crowd.

Mr Edward Lloyd, the well-known English tenor, is a passenger to Australia by the P. and O. s.s. China. His programme will consist of 16 concerts in Australia and 10 in New Zealand, which will be extended if desired. Mr Lloyd, who was born in 1845, may be said to have inherited his voice, his father having been a vicar-choralist at Westminster Abbey, and his mother (before marriage, Miss Hopkin) a popular vocalist. When seven years old he entered Westminster Abbey choir, where he remained until 1860. Afterwards he became solo tenor at the Chapel Royal, St James' and St Andrew's, Wells-street. Mr Lloyd sang in Novello's concerts in 1867, and at the Gloucester Musical Festival in 1871, where he attracted much attention by his part in Bach's "Passion." Since then he has sung at all the principal festivals, and has three times visited America. About twelve months ago it was announced that he had retired from the concert stage. He is coming to the colonies under the joint management of Messrs Williamson and Musgrove.

LATE SOCIETY NEWS

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee,— March 6.
It was an ideal day for the opening of the Wanganui Jockey Club's

AUTUMN MEETING.

The attendance was the largest ever seen on the course, and what with the smart dresses and the beauty of the course it was indeed good to look upon. Everyone present must have felt that Wanganui possessed a beauty-spot that could not be equalled in the colony. Amongst those present I noticed—Mrs Saunders in black silk dress, with black and white chiffon hat; Mrs Finlay, grey costume, black and white hat trimmed with pink roses; Mrs Fairburn, blue dress with lace collar and black hat; Mrs Gibbons, cream silk dress and black hat; Mrs Edgar, white costume; Mrs Barnicoat, white silk dress, tucked with black insertion, jet in over green, black hat; Mrs Harry Nixon, string-coloured lace dress over pink silk, with pink floral hat to match; Mrs Johnson, tucked brown holland and black hat; Mrs D. McBeth, flowered pink muslin dress, hat to match; Mrs Griffiths, black silk dress, black hat; Mrs Moore, white muslin dress, red hat; Miss Maclean (Dunedin), pink dress, hat to match; Miss Earle, grey costume, black hat; Miss Borlase, black skirt and green silk blouse; Miss G. Fleetwood, tucked white muslin dress, black hat; Miss Fleetwood, blue dress and white hat; Miss Campbell, pale pink muslin and pink chiffon hat; Miss Griffiths, cream silk blouse, black skirt, hat to match; Miss Duncan, white muslin dress, black hat; Miss Light, white satin blouse and black satin skirt, black hat; Miss Barnicoat, green linen dress, strapped with white and green chiffon hat. Friday, the second day, was not so pleasant, but notwithstanding that a large crowd attended again.

PAN OPTICS.

OBITUARY.

The death is announced from London of Mrs Mary Margaret Williams, wife of Mr James Nelson Williams, of Pringley, Hastings, Hawke's Bay. She died on February 25, after a long illness. The deceased was a sister of Mrs Fitzroy, of Hastings, and a daughter of the late Mr William Beetham. She was deeply respected by all who knew her, and much sympathy is felt for the relatives in their bereavement.

The deepest regret was felt throughout Gisborne at the news of the death through a bicycle accident, of Miss Alice Redward, youngest daughter of Mr Lester Redward, on March 2. The deceased was riding down the main street, when, in trying to avoid a horse, she lost control of her bicycle, fell heavily on her head and sustained a severe concussion. She was removed to the hospital, but never regained consciousness, and died at 10 o'clock on the same night. The deceased, who was 21 years of age, was much beloved by all who knew her.

Mr. Michael Killen, whose death occurred at Wellington the other day, was an old resident of Westland, and a contemporary there of the Premier in the early days. A mutual friend relates an anecdote regarding the present head of the Government and the deceased. They were regarded as two of the foremost in point of physical strength amongst the mining population on the Coast, and to test the doubtful point of superiority a friendly bout was arranged. The result, however, was disappointing, as the contest ended in a draw. The friendship formed in those bygone years is said to have endured under happier auspices.

Very great sympathy has been extended to Mr Arthur (Traffic Superintendent) and his wife in the loss of their daughter Nettie, who succumbed to an attack of rheumatic fever (says Wellington "Free Lance"). The circumstances were particularly sad, for Miss Arthur was only twenty-two years of age, a pretty, dainty girl, with a bright and happy nature that won for her many friends. Miss Arthur was a victim to our variable climate. She was out one day in a sunbath dress when a Southern shower came up, and the chill she caught developed into rheumatic fever.

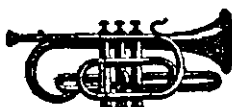
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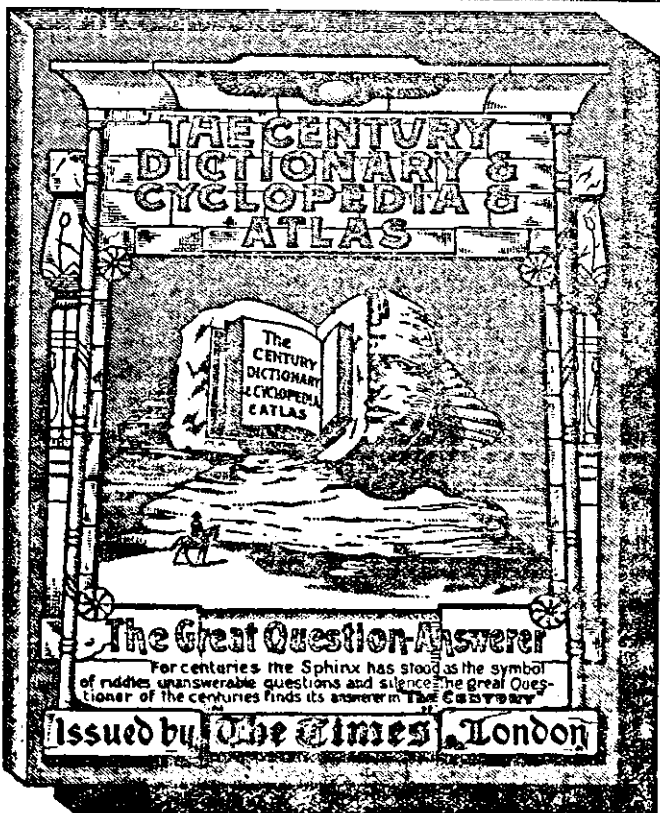
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Personal Paragraphs.

Colonel Porter is on a visit to Canterbury.

Mr Langford, of New Plymouth, is paying a visit to Wanganui.

Miss Cobb, England, has been paying a visit to friends in Wellington.

Miss Olive Todd, of Waipawa, has been staying in Napier.

Mrs Meek, of New Plymouth, has gone on a visit to Stratford.

Mr and Mrs Martin Kennedy, Wellington, are on a visit to Christchurch.

Miss Emily Spencer, of Napier, has gone for a visit to the country.

Dr. Bakewell, Auckland, is visiting Wellington.

Miss Page, of Napier, has been staying in Hastings.

Mr Cullen, Mahakipawa, Picton, has gone to Auckland for a trip.

Mr. Herries, M.H.R., says Mr. Massey practically leads the Opposition.

Mrs H. C. Seymour has returned to "Tynesfield," Renwick, from Picton.

Mrs Watson (Ashburton) is staying at Chavanne's Hotel, Wanganui.

Mrs S. Nobl-Campbell, of Masterton, has returned from a visit to Napier.

Dr King left for Wellington last week to join the Imperial Pensions Board.

Miss Cameron has been staying in Napier with Miss Iobbs.

Mr Pavitt, of Christchurch, has been spending a few days in New Plymouth.

Mr T. Fantham, of Napier, has been moved to Christchurch.

His Lordship the Bishop of Nelson, was in Wanganui last week.

The Rev T. B. Maclean, of Wanganui, is back from a short holiday at Nelson.

Mrs Collins and Mrs A. Pearce, Wellington, have gone to the Hermitage, Mt. Cook, for some weeks.

Miss Cargill, of Dunedin, has been staying with Mrs Tabuteau, of the Bluff Hill, Napier.

Mrs Rhodes and Mrs Adams are back in Wellington after a trip to the South Island.

Mr and Mrs Hoskin, Masterton, are shortly going to England on a holiday trip.

M. Allo, the Belgian expert on electrical transmission, was recently in Wellington.

Mr H. B. Kirk, M.A., has just been appointed to the Chair of Biology at Victoria College, Wellington.

Messrs Aallan Saxby and Ross McLennan, of Napier, intend leaving there shortly for America.

Miss Macfarlane has been staying with Mrs Tylee, of the Bluff Hill, Napier.

Sir Joseph Ward and party left Melbourne on Friday for Sydney, Auckland and Wellington.

Mrs P. Smith, who has been visiting her son in Pilling has returned to New Plymouth.

Dr. Clarke was enthroned Bishop of Melbourne last week. There was an impressive ceremony in the Cathedral.

The Rev G. P. Dayes, M.A., has been appointed to succeed the Rev Waters as vicar of St Peter's, Wellington.

Miss Pettitt has returned to the country after a pleasant visit to Miss Heath, of Fitzroy-road, Napier.

Mr Critton, conductor of the Wanganui Garrison Band, is to be presented by the citizens with a purse of £150.

Mrs and Miss Goldwater, of New Plymouth, are on a short visit to Wanganui.

Mr Adair Blythe, after spending several weeks in Napier, has returned to Masterton.

Miss H. Wells, Cambridge, has gone on a visit to Auckland to stay with Mrs Frater, of Parnell.

Mr. Elliot Warburton, of Palmerston North, has just returned, after an extended stay in the Old Country.

Mr and Miss Weston, New Plymouth, accompanied by their niece Miss Hopkinson, are staying at Wanganui.

Mr and Mrs W. Rainger, who have been touring the Southern Lakes, have returned to Auckland.

Mr and Mrs Chisholm, from Australia, are staying with Mr and Mrs H. O. D. Meares, Fendalton.

Mrs Alister Clark (Melbourne) spent a few days with Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, at Te Koraha last week.

Mr and Mrs Hosking, residents of Palmerston North for many years, intend paying a visit to the Old Country.

Miss Lucy Skinner, who has been on a visit to Wanganui, has returned to New Plymouth.

Monsignor Mackay, of Oamaru, is to pay a visit to Europe, and will leave in May next.

Mr R. Jagger, general manager of the Manchester Insurance Company for Australia, with Mrs Jagger, has been on a visit to New Plymouth.

A new Military Pensions Board has been appointed by the Government, consisting of Drs. F. W. King, G. P. Baldwin and W. E. Herbert.

Mrs Bankart, of Auckland, and her daughter, Mrs Musson (from Sydney), have also been staying at the National Hotel, Cambridge, for the last fortnight.

Dr. and Mrs De Lisle, of Napier, have gone to Nelson for the former to attend the Medical Congress, now being held there.

Much sympathy is felt for Mr Norris, of Hiatuna, Hawke's Bay, whose residence there was totally destroyed by fire recently.

Miss Cousins and Miss Carriek, of Auckland, are at present on a visit to Mrs Brooks, of the Bank of New Zealand, Cambridge.

Mesdames Edwards and Myers, of Wellington, and Drs. Fyfe and James have been staying at the Masonic Hotel, Napier.

Mrs Douglas and Miss Shaw, who have been visiting Dunedin, have returned to New Plymouth after spending a delightful holiday.

Mr H. J. Ainger (Christchurch) and the Misses Ainger (two) left by the Hakaia for England from Lyttelton on Monday.

The Countess of Seafield left New Zealand for England last week via Sydney, her brother, Mr H. Townend, going as far as Sydney with her.

Mr and Mrs Munroe (Auckland) spent a few days in Christchurch last week with friends on their way to the Southern Lakes.

Mr and Mrs R. E. McDougall, St. Albans, Christchurch, left for the West Coast on Tuesday, returning via Nelson and Wellington.

Sir G. M. O'Rourke, who has been attending the sittings of the New Zealand University Senate, has returned to Auckland.

Mr and Mrs G. L. Sunderland and Miss Gladys Sunderland, of Hastings, Hawke's Bay, left on Monday for a trip to England.

Lieutenants Hovell and Lascelles, who left Napier in January to join their regiments in South Africa, arrived on the 24th ult.

Mr and Miss McKinnon, of Napier, left for America and England by the R.M.S. Ventura on Friday. They intend to return via Suez.

Miss Ella Macky, of North Shore, Auckland, left by the Waikare on Monday for England, where she is going to finish her musical studies.

The Rev. Mr Finlayson, of Christchurch, is officiating in St. Paul's (Presbyterian) Church, Picton, for a couple of Sundays.

Mr Charles William Wyatt, formerly of Christchurch, died on the 12th January, at 13, Pelham Place, South Kensington, London, in his seventy-third year.

Miss Muriel Balfour, Napier, has returned from a visit to Wellington. Her marriage to Mr Johnston will take place very shortly.

Mr Gibb, for many years station-master at Milton (Otago), is about to retire from the railway service on a pension.

Sir Henry Miller passed through Wellington last week on his way back to Oamaru, after a coaching trip from Nelson to the West Coast.

Mr J. E. Maunsell has, on the motion of Dr. Findlay, been admitted by Mr Justice Dennistoun as a solicitor of the Supreme Court of New Zealand.

The death is announced by cable from London of Mrs J. N. Williams, of Prim-

ley, Hastings, Hawke's Bay, on February 26th.

Mr T. Mellor, bandmaster at Waihi, has been offered a salary of £52 to act as conductor to the Timaru Garrison Band.

Among missing friends advertised for in "Lloyd's Weekly News" of January 25 the name appears of Edward Maurice, who went to New Zealand 1878-9, and who is inquired for by his sister Annie.

There is quite an exodus to England of Hawke's Bay people just now. Miss Adeane left last week, and Mrs and Mrs C. H. St. Hill, of Porangahau, intend going very shortly.

Mr A. J. Chamberlain, the Melbourne tenor, passed through Napier last week, and will probably return there to take part in the Cathedral choir concert on April 14th.

The Rev. F. G. Buckingham, who has accepted a call to the Baptist Church, Nelson, arrived by the Ventura on Friday. The reverend gentleman has a high reputation as a preacher.

A presentation was last week made by a number of railway employees to Mr Guy, the stationmaster at Onehunga, on the occasion of his transference to New Plymouth.

Among other postal changes, Mr James Delaney, postmaster at Lawrence, is promoted to Lyttelton, and will be succeeded at Lawrence by Mr Wylie, at present postmaster at Opotiki.

At the Medical Conference, which is being held at Nelson, Drs. Collins, Coker, Mason, Valentine, and Mr Gilruth (ret. urinary surgeon) are representing Wellington.

Mr A. G. Cowper and Mr G. N. Johnson, of Wanganui, have left for "Frisco." Mr Cowper is making an extended tour round the world before settling down to practise his profession.

After working for five years and a half in the mission in Poona, India, Mr Percy Valpy has resumed his former position as schoolmaster at Glenorchy, Lake Wakatipu.

Mr and Mrs Rowe, from Auckland, are now in New Plymouth, and will give their valuable assistance in the forthcoming performance of "Les Cloches de Corville" by the New Plymouth amateurs.

Mr and Mrs H. Brett (Auckland), Mr and Mrs Rainger (Auckland), Mr and Mrs Walcot Wood, and Mr and Mrs P. Wood (Christchurch), returned to Christchurch from the Southern Lakes on Saturday week.

Mr and Mrs Muir Douglas and family are staying at the National Hotel, Cambridge, since the sale of their "Buntwood" estate to Mr Ross. They will be greatly missed in the district, where they have lived for over twenty years.

Mrs A. Herrold, who has been staying with her parents, Mr and Mrs Wright, of "Laloma," Cambridge, for the last month, left by Tuesday's train for Waiuku, where Mr A. Herrold has bought land and intends to settle.

Bishop Verdon, of Dunedin, is going to Australia in connection with the golden jubilee of Cardinal Moran. During his absence the Dunedin diocese will be administered by the Right Rev. Monsignor Mackay.

The Rev. Father Golden, of Taranaki, was a passenger by the mail steamer Ventura for "Frisco" on Friday. The rev. gentleman will visit his brother, who lies ill at Vancouver, and then proceeds to England.

Amongst the passengers for Sydney by the Mokoia on Friday from Wellington were Mrs Henry Blundell and her daughters, the Misses L. and M. Blundell, who are leaving on an extended visit to the Old Country.

At the request of the Hon. C. C. Bowen the Mayor of Christchurch has arranged to call a public meeting of citizens for Wednesday next, to consider the question of the erection of a memorial to the late Hon. W. Rolleston.

Mr Colbeck, who for some months past has been accountant in the Palmerston North branch of the Bank of New Zealand, has severed his connection with the bank to join the firm of Barraud & Abraham, Limited, Palmerston.

Mrs Macalister and Mrs Bushel, Blenheim, have returned from an enjoyable trip to Nelson. They did the overland journey through the Rai Valley and over the Rai and Wanganui Saddles, and thought the scenery incomparable.

The Wanganui Girls' College annual swimming sports were held on Satur-

day. A number of friends and parents of the school were present. The championship fell this year to Miss Maude Sibbitt.

Mr and Mrs Gordon H. Saxby left Napier on Monday for a visit to England. Their second son, Mr Allan Saxby, in company with Mr Ross McLernon, also left Napier last week to try his fortune in America.

Lieutenant Russell, of the Northampton Regiment, youngest son of Sir William Russell, of "Plaxmere," Hastings, is expected home on leave. He left South Africa on February 24, and will arrive in Wellington by the Tongarivo on the 18th inst.

Dr. Limney, of Hastings, Hawke's Bay, reached England by the Aotea in December, and is now studying at the University of London, with the object of getting a diploma in public health. He expects to complete the course in about six months, and then return to New Zealand.

Mr John McKinnon and Miss McKinnon, of Arapanuanui, Hawke's Bay, left last Friday for a visit to Mr McKinnon's birthplace, Stormaway, Lewis, in the outer Hebrides. Mr McKinnon, who has not visited his old home for fifty years, is one of the earliest settlers in Hawke's Bay. He expects to be absent from New Zealand for nine months.

Mr Beatty, head gaoler at Invercargill, has been appointed to succeed Mr Phillips at the Dunedin gaol, at a salary beginning at £300. Principal Warden Armstrong has been promoted to the vacancy at Invercargill. Both appointments date from April 1st. Mr Beatty has been stationed at Invercargill for the past fifteen years.

Miss Marion Wilson, daughter of Mr L. Wilson, Wellington, has recently distinguished herself by passing her examination for the M.A. degree, with honours in chemistry, a subject which is most unusual for a lady. Last year Miss Wilson was successful in winning a Science scholarship at Victoria College.

Mr R. Bruce Wallace (son of the late Mr J. Howard Wallace, one of Wellington's early settlers) died recently at Bendigo. Mr Bruce Wallace was for some years manager of the National Insurance Company's branch in Wellington, and was one of the first officers of the Wellington Navals.

Mrs T. K. Macdonald and Miss Vera Macdonald have left Wellington on a trip to England, via Suez. Pressure of business precludes Mr Macdonald from accompanying them. Mrs Macdonald and her daughter join the steamer Brenca at Sydney, proceeding via Suez to London, and will return to the colony via America in from nine to twelve months.

An interesting ceremony took place last week in the office of Mr S. H. Davenport, of W. Davenport and Son, house furnishers, Newton, when Mr Bowring, on behalf of the employees of the firm, presented Mr Davenport, on the occasion of his departure for the Old Country, with a silver-mounted walking-stick suitably inscribed.

The following were recent callers at the Wellington Tourist Agency:—Messrs J. V. O'Loughlin, Adelaide; Robert Milligan, Oamaru; Miss Rowe, Sydney; Miss Lukin, Sydney; Mr Nicholas Krukoff, St. Petersburg, Russia; Ernest Brown, Melbourne; W. F. and C. M. Wigley, Coventry; Rev. R. and Mrs Fairbrother, Inverell, New South Wales; John Gilleson, Malabar, South India; J. A. Bigg, London; John Courtis, Williams-town, Victoria.

Most of the vessels in Lyttelton Harbour were dressed in their bunting on March 3rd on account of the marriage of Mr J. A. Borthwick, second engineer of the Shaw, Savill and Albion Company's s.s. Aotea, to Miss Isabelle Smith, daughter of Mr Henry Smith, of the firm of B. Smith and Co., engineers, of Lyttelton. The marriage was solemnised during the afternoon by the Rev. A. H. Treadwell, at Mr Smith's residence, Te Whaka, West Lyttelton, in the presence of a large number of guests.

Recent visitors to Wellington include Mr J. Crosbie Gould; Dr and Miss Wood, Dunedin; Mr and Miss Hopkins, Canterbury; Mr G. M. Frean, Torquay, England; Mr and Mrs E. Grimwade, London; Mr N. Grimwade, Melbourne; Mr and Mrs Wylie, Capetown; Mr W. Baldwin, Sydney; Mr H. Cross, Adelaide; Captain and Mrs Potter, Newcastle; Mr W. L. Newsham, London; Mr E. T. Baxter, Fife; Mrs Dale, Napier; Mr and Mrs D. Howie, H. J. Harvey, Berwick, Victoria; Misses Ninde, U.S.A.

Count de Courte, French Consul for New Zealand, left Wellington on Friday for Paris, owing to the ill-health of the Countess. Mr Geo. Dunnet, formerly Consular Agent for France, has been appointed Acting-Consul during the term of Count de Courte's absence.

There were a great number of visitors to the Star Hotel during the past week. Among the number were:—From London: Hon. E. Walker and valet, Mr and Mrs A. Guthrie, Master Guthrie, Miss May Guthrie, Mr W. E. Marshall, Mr and Mrs Robinson. From Bradford, Yorkshire: Mr and Mrs Kelly. From Bromley, Kent: Mr Clement Alliston, Mr Geoffrey Alliston. From Fiji: Mr Marshall Chambers. From Bendigo: Mrs Montague Levy, Miss A. Isaacs. From Brisbane: Mr and Mrs Williamson, Miss Williamson. From Sydney: Mrs Wentworth, Miss Wentworth, Mr J. H. Brearley, A. J. Arnot, Wm. Wark, Mr and Mrs Binns, W. M. Rumsey, C. Watson, Mr and Mrs A. Weber and child, J. E. Reynolds, Mr and Mrs Gardiner and maid, Mr and Mrs Sydney Josephson, Mr and Mrs Castner, W. F. Smith, Esq., Miss Ada Butant, Mr L. Edkin. From Melbourne: Mr and Mrs M. Donald, Mr J. Rice, Horace Jones, Mr and Mrs McLean, E. H. Wilson. From Bremen, Germany: Dr. Schwarzbach, Eric Shultz, Karl Hurmann. From Adelaide: E. Wollman, G. Bayley, Mr and Mrs E. Roberts, Miss Roberts. From Greytown North: Dr. Rey, Miss Bey. From Edinburgh: Rev. C. R. Cunningham, Messrs T. H. McKinven, A. De C. Haig, Robert Burns. From Perth: Mr H. E. Smith, H. Jamieson. From Clarence River, N.S.W.: Mr J. MacNaughton. From Dunedin: Messrs W. G. Goodman, E. L. Firth. From Nelson: Mr L. Glasgow, Capt. A. E. Glasgow. From Wairarapa: Major Donald. From Oamaru: Mr Patterson. From Toronto: R. Macpherson, J. Robson. From San Francisco: Messrs C. F. Chandler, F. Bromby, J. Thomas. From Dumfriesshire, Scotland: Dr. A. M. Stafford. From Queensland: Mr J. D. Dean. From Wellington: Mr J. D. Hunter, Mrs King, Mr Hules, Mr and Mrs Seville, Miss Seville, Mr Rothschild, Thos. Rose, A. A. Bethune, L. Hutchison, Mr Giles, W. H. Kinivig. From Liverpool, England: Mr J. A. Hall, Miss Hall. From Calcutta: Mr and Mrs J. Jenson, Miss Jenson, Master Jenson and maid. From Dublin: Mr and Mrs O'Malley. From New York: Col. Carter, Mr Cuyler Hastings, Mr J. Chorerton, Mr Freeman, Mr W. Baxter, Dr. Stevenson, Mr and Mrs Mackey.

There has been a very large number of visitors at Grand Hotel, Auckland during the past week. Amongst them were the following:—From London: Madame Melba, Miss E. A. Deane, Mr R. J. Wrightson, Dr. Geo. D. Castro, Mr J. A. Hammond, Mr J. H. Hammond, Mr J. F. McQueen, Mr T. C. Buckingham, Mr E. S. Meers, Mr and Mrs E. H. Grimwade, Miss King, Miss Dunning, Mr G. A. Sanderson. From Surrey, England: Mr and Mrs A. R. Davey, Mr and Mrs W. F. Hodgson, Miss C. M. Cobb. From Herts, England: Mrs E. A. Anderson, Master Anderson. From Glasgow: Mr and Mrs F. J. Shand, Mr and Mrs Walter Hamilton, Mr David Ferguson, Mr McCausland. From Kilmarnock, Scotland: Mr and Mrs Yates. From Aberfoyle, Scotland: Mrs W. H. Bolton and maid. From Motherwell, Scotland: Dr. G. Forrest. From Athlone, Ireland: Mr Harold D. Smith. From Kilmorth, Ireland: Mr T. R. Bury Barry. From Pretoria, South Africa: Mr and Mrs R. Mackenzie. From Paris: Viscount des Garets. From Italy: Signora Sassoli, Signorina Sassoli. From Germany: Mr C. Francke. From San Francisco, U.S.A.: Mr W. R. Baker, Mr and Mrs John Gilgrist. From Milwaukee, U.S.A.: Colonel Robert Hill. From New York: Mr Thompson Adaman. From Charters Towers, Queensland: Dr. and Mrs R. B. Huxtable. From Kew, Victoria: Mr T. A. Paterson. From Perth, W.A.: Mr Wilson Dunn. From Kalgoorlie, W.A.: Mr John Durkin. From Melbourne: Mr W. Stafford, Mr and Mrs L. Rose Jagger, Mrs G. H. Purchas, Mr E. A. Russell, Mr W. H. Fitzer, Mr Buchanan. From Sydney: Mr and Mrs Duncan Clerk, Miss Duncan Clerk, Master Duncan Clerk, Miss J. Young, Miss Cox, Mr T. A. Grady, Mr and Mrs L. M. Rhodes, Mr B. Bauer, Mr L. A. Meyers, Mr T. B. Mathew, Mr John S. Dunlop, Mr John Kirkland, Mr and Mrs Langton, Mr Allan Campbell, Judge Heydon, Miss Whittingham, Miss Venables, Miss Satter. From Dunedin: Mr and Mrs James Edgar, Mr Alex. Burt, Mr Fletcher Rattray, Mr A. L. Isaacs, Mr H. E. Garron. From Christchurch: Mr P. Hur-

cus, Mr J. Palmor, Miss M. Elworthy, Mr H. Elworthy. From Hawke's Bay: Mr and Mrs G. L. Sunderland, Miss Sunderland, Miss Yolande Sunderland. From Thames: Mrs Walker, Miss Walker, Miss Edith Walker, Mr and Mrs James Gordon and child, Mr Wm. Walker. From Napier: Mr and Mrs H. J. Twigg, Miss Twigg, Miss V. Twigg. From Woodville: Mr and Mrs S. Bolton. From Waikato: Capt. R. J. Seddon, Mr and Mrs O. S. Marsh. From Wellington: Mr and Mrs R. H. Haselden, Mr J. Salmon.

The Central Hotel has been well patronised during the past week, the guests including the following:—From England: Mr and Mrs G. Bull Francis, Mr and Mrs Griffiths, Misses Crowley, Mr H. McCance, Mr Henry G. Greatrex, Mr Thos. Eyre, Mr W. Jackson, Miss Jackson, Mr R. Nathan, Mr and Mrs R. F. Smith, Mr M. Guy Pearce, Mr P. Lindsay Bambridge, Mr John Dixon, Mr M. W. Andre, Miss A. Andre, Mr and Mrs R. C. Jeffcott, Mr Alfred Murrell, Mr Percy G. Smith, Mr John Rothwell. From Scotland: Mr and Mrs Craig. From Germany: Mr A. Myers. From Melbourne: Miss Dawson, Miss Rogers, Miss Greene, Mr Geo. Sutherland, Mr and Mrs E. H. Nicholls, Master Nicholls, Miss Nicholls, Mr E. P. Ackman, Miss Ackman, Mr E. H. Collis, Miss Rice, Miss C. Rice, Mr H. J. Harvey. From Brisbane: Mr Leslie M. Turner. From America: Mr and Mrs Seymour Wilson. From India: Dr. A. Richardson. From Sydney: Mr J. Leigh Jones, Mr and Mrs Joseph P. Smith, Mr E. Wohlgenuth, Mr H. Deacon, Mr Richard Strangier, Mr William Baldwin, Mr J. J. Johnston, Mr J. McGrath, Mr H. E. Hall, Rev. Roger W. H. Dalison, Mrs Dalison, Mr D. W. Custer, Miss L. E. Stafford. From Townsville, Queensland: Mr and Mrs S. Nesbitt-Allen, Miss L. Nesbitt-Allen, Master C. Nesbitt-Allen. From Ireland: Mr and Mrs R. Blair White, Mrs Nicolls, Mr W. H. Nicolls, Mr C. Nicolls. From Dunedin: Mr and Mrs R. E. Smith, Mr James Morekane, Mr J. C. Ross. From Adelaide: Mr P. Andrew. From Western Australia: Mr and Mrs J. C. Rose. From Apia, Samoa: Dr. and Mrs Schwenmigon. From Wellington: Mr T. C. Williams, Miss Williams, Miss L. Williams, Mr W. Williams, Mr J. J. O'Brien, Mr C. Barnes, Mr George Barnes, Mr R. G. Reed, Mr and Mrs Davidson, Mr A. L. Samuels, Mr E. D. Anderson, Mr C. A. Hickson, Major Rogers, Mr Gilchrist, Mr A. Tripe, Mr J. W. Jack, Mr D. A. McLellan, Mr R. Tregear, Mr Arthur G. Glover. From Tauranga: Mr G. C. Lee. From Eltham: Mr and Mrs George Moir. From Southland: Mr and Mrs S. B. Lawrence. From Otaki: Mr and Mrs Costello, Mr B. M. Ling. From Wanganui: Mrs Hugh Speed. From Timaru: Mr A. Crawford, Mr and Mrs Beck. From Kaipara: Mr A. Close. From Rotorna: Dr. Craig, Mr A. D. Campbell. From Gisborne: Miss Hutchinson, Mr F. Eure. From Christchurch: Miss Oliver, Mr James Jamieson, Mr G. M. Hall, Mr H. H. Fox, Mr and Mrs Robinson, Mr Wm. Thomson, Mr P. Curtis. From Napier: Mr F. W. Triggs, Mr J. A. Fothergill, Mr J. M. McKinnon, Miss McKinnon, Mr John Straked, Mr A. Saxby. From New Plymouth: Mr A. C. Fookes, Dr. S. Faber Fookes, Mr Edgar Watt, Mr and Mrs W. Gadsby, Mr S. A. Gadsby, Mr G. Gadsby, Rev. Archdeacon Cole, Mr and Mrs H. W. Hall, Miss K. Hall, Miss M. Skinner. From Oamaru: Mr and Mrs J. Cowie Nicholls, Masters Nicoll (2). From Te Aroha: Mrs F. Pilling and maid. From Waikiki: Mrs Foster, Mr Hazard. From Opotiki: Mr and Mrs Charles Withy. From Pokeno: Miss Johnston, Mr F. W. Pyne. From Whangarei: Mr and Mrs McPhee, Miss McPhee. From Thames: Mr and Mrs Glendon, Mrs Foy, Miss E. Foy, Mr Busan, R.M., Mr A. Nicholl. From Levin: Mr P. Bartholomew, Miss Bartholomew, Miss M. Bartholomew. From Orepuki: Mr Robert Dunlop. From Manaiia: Mr A. Wheldon, Mr J. Gihour. From Auckland: Miss Carr.

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ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Maud Garrick, of Merivale Lane, and Mr Parker, Christchurch.
The engagement is announced of Miss Laurie Daniell, second daughter of Mrs Abbot, Wellington and Wanganui, to Mr Lomas, of Johannesburg.
The engagement is announced of Miss Fanny Bennett, of Puketapu, Hawke's Bay, and Mr T. Balharry, of Napier.
The engagement is announced of Miss N. Kingsford, first assistant in the Cambridge District High School, to Mr A. J. Shepherd, first assistant in the same school.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

GARTON—WYLES.

A pretty wedding took place at "Wainoni," Cambridge, the residence of the bride's sister, when Miss C. Wyles was married to Mr Arthur Garton, of Mongonui, in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends. The Rev. John Erwin, of Trinity Presbyterian Church, performed the ceremony. The bride looked charming in a white Shanghai silk, very daintily made, and trimmed with ecru insertion and chiffon, a spray of orange blossom decorating one side of the bodice, belle sleeves edged with chiffon, and under sleeves of chiffon, handsomely embroidered veil, and tiara of orange blossoms; the skirt was trained and trimmed with numerous little frills and ecru applique. She came in leaning on the arm of her brother-in-law, Mr Inder. Her sister, Miss Wyles, was bridesmaid, and wore a pretty dress of canary coloured Indian muslin, bodice made with black lace yoke, and finished with black velvet and chiffon, trained skirt trimmed with frills and strapping of black velvet ribbon. The bridegroom was supported by Mr Wyles, brother of the bride. The bride's mother was in black, with white cap; Mrs Inder, sister of the bride, Royal blue cashmere, very tastefully trimmed with cream silk and applique; Mrs Western, sister of the bride, lilac silk, bodice relieved with white tuckered silk, vest strapped with black velvet, skirt trimmed with frills edged with lace; Vera and Pearl Western, two little nieces of the bride, wore prettily made frocks of white bishop's lawn, tucks and insertion over heliotrope slips; Mrs Buchanan, cousin of the bride, very pretty French grey cashmere, skirt strapped with grey silk, grey silk blouse, trimmed with pink roses in applique; Mrs Davis, sister of the bridegroom, very pretty dove coloured cashmere, tuckered bodice, with white silk vest; Miss G. Duder, pale blue and white muslin, trimmed with white insertion. After the ceremony the whole party were photographed on the verandah and in the garden, after which the party sat down to a sumptuous repast. After full justice had been done to the good things provided, one or two speeches were made, wishing the bride and bridegroom every happiness, to which the bridegroom responded. Amongst the guests were the Rev. J. Erwin and Mrs Erwin, Colonel and Mrs Massey, Mr and Mrs R. J. Roberts, Mrs Earl, Misses Meldrum, and Miss Gwyneth. The presents were both handsome and numerous. The bride's travelling dress was of myrtle green cloth, bodice trimmed with cream satin, skirt trimmed with black silk, hat of burnt straw, trimmed with black silk rosettes. After paying a visit to Auckland they leave for their new home in Oruru, Mangonui North.

REVVES—ALLAN.
A large number of friends of the bride having been unable to obtain cop-

ies of the "Graphic" containing the account of this pretty wedding, we reprint our account. A photo appears in this issue. The ceremony took place at St. Mary's, Merivale, when Mr Harman Reeves, of Dunedin, was married to Miss Mabel Allan, daughter of Mr Robert Allan, of Christchurch. The church was decorated by the girl friends of the bride. Miss Dalison presided at the organ, and the Rev. Mr Gossett officiated. The bride looked charmingly sweet and graceful in a white glaze silk deeply flounced over the skirt, rich white lace bodice, with transparent elbow sleeves. She wore no collar, but a band of handsome pearls (the gift of the bridegroom). She also wore a beautiful string of pearls and the customary wreath and veil, and carried a lovely shower bouquet. The bridesmaids were Misses Muriel Allan, Kathleen Wood, Natalie Allan, Dorothy Laurie. They wore lovely gowns of pale green Liberty silk. Those of the elder ones had ecru lace collars and frills, elbow sleeves, black picture hats and heliotrope bouquets. The little girls wore silk flap hats to match their dresses, and carried white shepherd crooks, ornamented with heliotrope flowers and long streamers of ribbon. The best man was Mr Herbert Power, the groomsmen Mr Lawson and Mr Sinclair.

WARD—MICKLE.

There was a large and fashionable attendance on March 4th at St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Napier, on the occasion of the marriage of Miss Edith Mickle, eldest daughter of Mr David Mickle, of Napier, and Mr Alexander C. Ward, son of Mr A. Ward, J.P., of "Woodcliffe," Wimbeldon. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Sidey. The church was very prettily decorated with flowers, and a good number of friends were present. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a white brocaded silk dress, trimmed with beautiful lace and orange blossoms, an embroidered tulle veil, and carried a shower bouquet, the gift of the bridegroom. She was attended by her sister as bridesmaid. The latter was attired in a white silk Empire dress, trimmed with lace, with a "Belle of New York" bonnet to match. She wore a handsome necklet of gold and greenstone, the gift of the bridegroom. At the conclusion of the ceremony the wedding party returned to the residence of the bride's parents, where a reception was held, after which the newly-married pair left for Wellington to spend the honeymoon.

ZIELE—GILMER.

A wedding in which much interest was taken was solemnised in Wellington on February 24, when Miss Dorothea Gilmer was married to Mr Charles W. Ziele, of Christchurch. The ceremony was performed by special license at the residence of the bride's parents, "Fern Glen," Wellington Terrace, the Rev. W. C. Waters officiating. The bride, who was given away by her father, Mr Hamilton Gilmer, wore a beautiful dress of ivory duchesse satin, much trimmed with tuckered chiffon, and rose point lace, the train being entirely composed of accordeon pleated chiffon frills. Her veil was of Limerick lace, and she carried a bouquet of white roses and myrtle. There were three bridesmaids—Miss Florrie Gilmer, Miss Mary Seddon, and Miss Alice McLatchie. Their dresses were of white crepe de chine, trimmed with deep-tinted Alencon lace, and lace pelerines fastened with pink

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roses. They wore picturesque hats of pale blue panne, caught up with wings, and carried bouquets of pink roses with pale blue chiffon streamers. The bridegroom presented the bride with a diamond pendant, and to the bridesmaids he gave turquoise and pearl pendants. Mr W. Price acted as best man, and Messrs S. Gilmer and W. Bethune as groomsmen. After the reception Mr and Mrs Ziele left for Christchurch, the bride wearing a smart travelling dress of iron grey panne cloth, with vest of emerald green panne, black beaver hat with touches of green. The bride's mother wore a dress of black crepe de chine, inserted with lace, and black and cream tulle toque with cream roses and ospreys. Among the numerous guests were Mrs Seddon, wearing black voile, strapped with white satin; Miss May Seddon, mauve voile costume; Mrs Beau, biscuit coloured voile; Mrs MacArthur, white foulard, patterned with black; Mrs Collins, panna violet voile, and violet chiffon toque; Mrs MacDonald, black brocade; Miss McDonald, green muslin, and mauve bouquet; Misses Pee (2), white cloth dresses, and sweet pea bouquets; Miss Willis, mauve voile; Miss Skerrett, black crepe de chine and cream lace; Mrs H. Ross, lettuce green chiffon over silk; Miss Page, tussore silk and pink hat; Mrs J. Rose, pale grey voile, tucked and inserted with tinted lace; Miss Kirkcaldie, pink and white pompadour silk, and pink hat; Misses Louison (2), Christchurch, blue-grey voile dresses, with touches of rose pink; Mrs Martin Kennedy, black brocade; Mrs Henry, dove grey satin. Numerous and valuable presents were received, including several handsome cheques.

AUSTIN—McBRYDE.

The marriage of Mr Ernest Austin, second son of Mr Thomas Austin, of Napier, and Miss Helen McBryde, third daughter of Mr John McBryde, also of Napier, was solemnized on March 5th, at the Wesleyan Church, Napier, by the Rev. C. E. Becroft. It was a quiet wedding, and only the immediate relatives of the two families were present. The bride was given away by Mr Griffiths. She was attended by Miss Florence Austin. Mr G. Austin, brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man. The bride wore a white silk dress with ruffles and flounces of soft lace; over the tulle veil she wore a wreath of orange blossom, and she carried a bouquet of white blooms. Miss Florence Austin wore pale yellow silk, trimmed with the same shade of ribbon, and hat and feathers to match. After the ceremony the guests adjourned to the residence of the bride's relatives for refreshments. The bride and bridegroom subsequently left for Wellington.

INDIGESTION CURED.

PERMANENTLY AND FOR GOOD.

"I have been a sufferer from INDIGESTION for years," says Mr James Young, of Cambridge, Waikato, New Zealand, "and have tried numerous remedies to no avail. A friend, whose sister had been a martyr to indigestion and had been cured by Bile Beans, recommended this medium to me. The contents of the first box afforded relief, and, continuing the course, I was completely cured, and can now eat food that formerly disagreed with me." Bile Beans have now a world-wide reputation for curing Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Piles, Debility, Female Weaknesses, Nervousness, Bad Blood, Pimples, and all Skin Eruptions, Bad Breath, Anaemia, Loss of Appetite, Sleeplessness, Lumbago, Rheumatism, and, in fact, all ailments that owe their origin to defective bile flow, assimilation and digestion. Bile Beans are obtainable from all medicine vendors, price 1/11, or 2/9 large box (contains three times the quantity of the 1/11 size.)

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Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee,— March 9.

WATER EXCURSION AT HOME.

Favoured as we are in Auckland with a bright sky and a lovely harbour, studded with numerous beautiful islands and picturesque bays, an excursion by water is a pleasant form of entertainment, and one always greatly appreciated. The Royal New Zealand Yacht Club were fortunate in the choice of last Saturday for their excursion at Home, given to follow up the motor launch race. A little after half-past two o'clock the ferry steamer Eagle left the North Shore ferry tee with about fifty or sixty guests, who responded to the Royal Yacht Club's hospitable invitation. The afternoon was perfect, sea and sky combined to present our harbour in one of its most beautiful aspects, and the picturesque view of the Waitemata, with the ships of the Australasian Squadron, innumerable white-winged yachts dotted as far as one could see, and the motor launches fitting and dancing on the sparkling waters, was the source of many expressions of delight from the interested spectators. After the motor launch race, some excitement was displayed when a pulling race took place between the crew of H.M.S. Lizard and our North Shore Naval men, the race ending in a win for the men-o'-war-men. At the conclusion of the afternoon's races on the water the party were entertained at afternoon tea in the club's rooms. The tea-table looked very pretty, decorated with flowers and the R.N.Z.Y.S. pennant down the centre. The arrangement of the rooms and table decorations were supervised by Mrs Humphrey Haines, who had a number of willing assistants. During the afternoon Mrs E. Moss Davis contributed some songs. Amongst those present I noticed:—Mrs C. P. Murdoch, who wore a mourning costume; Mrs Humphrey Haines wore a coral pink glaze silk blouse under a grass lawn and lace bolero, white pique skirt, and a white hat with lace and pink flowers; Mrs E. Hughes wore a lawn and black striped lawn, burnt straw hat, with cream lace; Mrs Louis Myers, black voile skirt and silk tucked bodice, black and white bonnet, with blue ornaments; Miss Myers, white silk blouse, with lace pelarise, cream serge skirt, white hat wreathed with Parma violets; Miss Oxley, black silk striped lustre, with cream guipure lace revers, black and white hat; Miss Winnie Leys, white Swiss embroidered muslin, with touches of blue, lawn straw plateau hat, wreathed with green leaves and violets; Mrs Chatfield, black mervelleux, black and white hat; Mrs E. W. Alison, white and black floral muslin, with transparent yoke, black hat swathed with white lace; Mrs F. Baume, ivory Scillian lustre, with black velvet, black plateau hat; Mrs Churton, white pique, white hat with yellow flowers; Mrs T. Hutchison, rose pink linen, white

hat with yellow and black butterfly; Mrs Runciman, black costume; Miss Runciman, grass lawn, with white spots, lawn hat with forget-me-nots and green leaves; Mrs E. Moss Davis, blue and pink floral muslin, white hat with lace and magenta roses; Miss Gray (Barnura), navy and white spotted foulard, burnt straw hat; Mrs Caldwell, tussore silk, white hat with autumn leaves and roses; Miss Caldwell, tucked grass lawn, with lace diamond medallions, lawn hat with chine silk bow at the back; Miss Cleghorn, white and blue floral muslin; Mrs W. Gray, black mervelleux, white chiffon ruffle, white hat; Miss Gray, blue silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs Oxley, grass lawn skirt, white blouse, and heliotrope hat; Madame Lefevre, cream striped muslin, pink chiffon hat; Miss Lee, blue muslin, white hat with forget-me-not; Misses Alison, white silk blouses and black skirts respectively; Miss Crawford, white and blue muslin blouse, black skirt, white hat.

Last Wednesday, the weather being beautifully fine, there was another large attendance on the

EDEN AND EPSOM LAWNS.

The afternoon tea was provided by all the members. There were several very interesting singles played amongst the ladies. Miss S. Rice beat Miss D. Udy, and Miss P. Gorrie beat Miss A. Stewart two sets to one. This was a very pretty match, and some very good play was witnessed.

Mrs John Dawson wore black skirt, fawn tussore silk blouse, black toque; Miss Dawson, holland gown, burnt straw hat; Miss Cooke, white muslin, with large blue floral design, the dress was finished with white lace, white hat; Mrs Beale, black skirt, pink figured foulard blouse, black hat with pink roses; Mrs Hautain, black with ecru lace, black hat; Miss Rice, pink cambric, and her sister wore a holland skirt, pale green blouse, with ecru lace, white hat; Miss Cozens, holland skirt, white blouse, white hat; Mrs Yates, holland skirt with white braiding, white blouse, large white hat with roses; Mrs Oldham, holland gown with white braiding, sailor hat; Mrs Mair, holland skirt, tussore silk blouse, with lace collar, white hat; Miss Stewart, azure blue linen gown, sailor hat, and her sister wore pink; Mrs Kenderline, dark skirt, fawn tussore silk blouse, black hat; Miss Pearl Gorrie, holland circular flounced skirt, white blouse, white flop hat; Miss Trevithick, dark skirt, pale pink striped blouse, white hat; Mrs Oberlin-Brown, pale grey striped gown, black hat; Miss Oberlin-Brown, white muslin gown, white hat; Miss Kitty Oberlin-Brown, navy delaine, white hat; Miss Bleazard Brown, ciel blue foulard, large hat, and her sister wore a holland skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Fenton, striking costume of absinthe green lawn, large hat with roses; Miss Hill, dark skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Watkins, canary skirt, white blouse, white hat; Miss Paton, grey plaid gown, sailor hat; Miss Hull, holland skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Miss Towle, white pique skirt with silk blouse, with ecru lace, white hat; Miss Garland, dark skirt, bydrangea blue silk blouse, lashed with broad flowered ribbon, burnt straw hat, and her sister wore a dark skirt, pale blue muslin blouse, sailor hat; Miss Sloman looked

chic in a dainty pink cambric, white hat swathed with silk; Miss Bramwell, pink linen skirt, white blouse, white hat; Mrs Udy, black skirt, navy foulard blouse, black hat; Miss Udy, holland skirt with white braiding, white silk blouse, white hat; Miss D. Udy, holland skirt, blue blouse, white hat; Mrs Coates, black toque, lavender flowered blouse, black skirt with flowers; Miss Coates, holland skirt, white blouse, with blue rosettes, white hat.

Misses Percival (2) and Hesketh gave the afternoon tea

AT POLO.

There was a large attendance of players. Amongst them were:—Messrs. O'Rorke, Meredith, Tomks, Lloyd, Hume, Burns, Crowther, C. Puresha, N. Taylor, Cotter, Hall, C. Morrin, Dr. Maitland. The large "At Home" of the Golf Club rather marred the attendance of the ladies. Amongst the ladies present I noticed: Miss Hesketh, fawn spotted muslin with under-dress of silk; Mrs Anson, dome-blue silk, hat with flowers; Miss Edith Percival, white cambric; and her sister wore a fawn tussore silk; Mrs Torrance, black silk veiled in lace, white vest, black bonnet; Miss Morrow, white cambric with blue sash, sailor hat; and her sister wore a white muslin with pink sash, sailor hat; Mrs Lloyd, white serge coat and skirt, white hat.

Mrs J. J. O'Brien gave an "At Home" at her residence, "Lombard," Ponsonby, on Thursday afternoon to meet Mr Walter Kirby and the members of Madame Melba's concert party. The hall and reception rooms were very prettily decorated. The hostess, assisted by her nieces, received in a beautiful gown trimmed with lovely Irish lace now very much worn in England. Amongst those present were Bishop Lenihan, the Rev Dr Egan, Mrs Sydney Nathan, Mrs Fred Baume, Mrs Toke, Miss Elva Rogers, Miss Natalie Dawson, Mr and Mrs Frederick Griffiths, Mrs E. Mahony, Mrs T. Mahoney, Mrs Boardman, Mrs Bedford, Mrs Smith, Mrs Allison, Mrs J. B. and the Misses Graham, Mrs Dignan, Mrs Brown, Miss Brophy, Mrs Goldwater, Miss Casey, Misses Lynch, Mrs and Miss Leyland, Mrs McCabe, Mr Walter Kirby and Miss Haven, contributed to a musical programme. Mr and Mrs O'Brien received many congratulations on their safe return to Auckland.

The Auckland Golf Club opened their season on Saturday last by a

LARGE AT HOME.

The weather was magnificent. The match between the officers of the fleet and the local club members began at ten o'clock in the morning. At the conclusion of the game the players were guests of the club at luncheon, the captain, Mr E. D. O'Rorke, doing the honours as host for the club, and there could not be two opinions as to his considerate courtesy to all. Play started at two o'clock in the afternoon with the mixed foursomes. At the conclusion of the foursomes afternoon tea was served in the pretty rooms of the Golf Club House. There was a very large crowd present, and I found it utterly impossible to even remember half who were present, but have done my best. Mrs Gillies, black silk with lace, black bo-

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net; Miss Gillies, neat white cambrie costume, lawn hat; Mrs Street, black silk, veiled in lace, black bonnet; Mrs McFarlane, black gown, black toque; Mrs Bamford, black voile veiled in black lace, toque with flowers; Miss Shuttleworth, holland gown, white hat; Mrs William Bloomfield, Lincoln green skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Torrance, Lincoln green skirt, smart blouse of tussore silk and string-coloured lace, white hat; Mrs Reid, black skirt, white blouse of soft Liberty satin trimmed with embroidered lace, white hat; Mrs Rankin Reid, cornflower blue foulard, spotted with white, black pleated chiffon hat; Mrs McDowell looked extremely well in a cream serge handsomely trimmed with twine-coloured lace, black toque with cream lace; Mrs Gordon-Craig, black voile skirt, mauve figured blouse, toque composed of mauve pinnoses; Miss Hay, striking gown of purple foulard, finished with all green ribbons, hat with flowers; and her sister wore navy skirt, white blouse, black hat; Mrs Foster, black silk gown, black hat with green leaves; Mrs Thomas Morris, 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 Morrin, pink linen gown; Mrs Edward Firth, white muslin, with bouffees, tuckings and lace insertions, large white hat; Mrs Thomas McLaughlin, white Indian muslin with tuckings and lace insertion, white hat with pink flowers; Miss Firth, white muslin gown, white hat; Mrs Markham, white serge skirt, silk blouse, white hat; Miss King, white muslin gown, hat with flowers; Mrs Hauten, green mousseline de soie over a pale green voile, the skirt had tucks and lace braid motifs, the bodice and sleeves gathered on to a yoke of cream Irish lace, cream hat with guipure lace and pink flowers; Mrs Bedford, white linen gown with gold buttons, black hat; Mrs Rose, grey French muslin, black toque; Miss Carr, pink linen gown, made with bolero, sailor hat; Miss Morrison, green skirt, white Liberty silk blouse with embroidered lace, white hat; Miss Blanche Gorrie, dark skirt, white blouse, white helmet hat; Mrs H. T. Gorrie, black skirt, grey blouse, toque en suite; Miss Stevenson, green skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Mrs H. Gillilan, black voile, black pleated tulle toque; Mrs Pierce, black silk with lace, black bonnet; Miss Pierce, navy blue skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Miss V. Pierce, pale green linen gown, cream toque; Mrs Hope Lewis, grass lawn with narrow bands of black velvet bebe ribbon, cream toque with lace swathings and black velvet bow; Miss Lewis, navy serge skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Miss Thorpe, hail-spotted muslin, with lace insertion, white hat; and her sister wore a blue spotted muslin, white hat; Mrs. Duthie, sage green linen gown, white hat; Miss Fenton, white cambrie, sailor hat; Mrs. Buller, black silk gown, black bonnet; Miss Buller, white muslin, with tuckings and lace insertion, white hat; Mrs. Anson, blue costume, hat with berries; Mrs. C. Buddie, grey figured costume, black hat; Mrs. Ernest Bloomfield, grass lawn, handsomely trimmed with lace braid, black hat with roses; Miss Horne, heliotrope linen gown, black hat; Miss Smith, pink linen gown; Miss Eve Smith, white cambrie; Miss Courtayne, dark skirt, white blouse, hat with flowers; Misses Moss-Davis (2), white serges, black hats; Miss Rocks, crushed strawberry, veiled in black, hat en suite; Mrs. Wilkie, black silk; Miss Ross, white muslin, with ecru lace; Mrs. Kerr-Taylor, mauve plaid; Mrs. Cotter, black silk,

with twine-coloured lace at the neck; Miss Cotter, cream, trimmed with heliotrope; and her sister, black skirt, white blouse, black hat; Miss Gore Gilson, abunthe green costume, hat with roses; Mrs. Lygan, lawn grass lawn, with bands of lace, cream toque with pink roses; Mrs. Aldrich, violet foulard, black bonnet, with cream; Miss Philson, black silk, with lace, black hat; Miss Philson, black skirt, white blouse, black hat; Miss Denniston, white muslin, hat with flowers; Miss Waller, white silk; Miss Snepherd, pale silver grey silk, with silver passementerie, black toque; Mrs. Younghusband, galois grey bengaline with much tuckings, black velvet; Mrs. Ashley Hunt, white linen gown, black hat; Mrs. H. Tonks, grey; Miss Watkins, lawn holland, white vest, large hat; Miss Williamson, white muslin, white hat; and her sister wore heliotrope; Mrs. (Dr.) Pabat, white linen gown, white hat; Miss Peacocke, navy blue delaine, black hat; Miss (Matthew) Clark, grey; Miss McCree, dark skirt, light blouse, sailor hat; Mrs. Lyons, navy delaine, toque with pink rosebuds; Miss Whyte, blue canvas gown, cream hat with flowers; Mrs. Elliot, black silk, veiled in lace, black bonnet with yellow flowers; Miss Thorne George, very much admired in a blue crepe de chine, with bolero and sous manches of point de Venise, becoming large hat, swathed with convolvus en suite; Miss Z. Thorne George looked very pretty in a pink linen gown, made with bolero and large open sleeves, hat swathed with pink roses; Mrs. Archie Clark, very handsome robe of grey figured material with herring-boned satin stitch on the pannelled skirt and bodice, black hat with tulle; Mrs. McCosh Clark, rich black silk with lace, black hat; Miss Lethbridge, navy; Mrs. Richmond, black voile, with overtones of black lace, black hat; Miss J. Richmond, black skirt, red and white striped batiste blouse, sailor hat; Mrs. Braithwaite, green; Miss Draper, green skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; and her sister, lawn skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Miss P. McCosh Clark, green skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Miss M. Richmond, green skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Miss F. Gorrie, holland skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Miss Gwen Gorrie, dark skirt, white blouse, white hat; Miss Buckland, cream serge; Miss R. Buckland and her two younger sisters wore white muslins; Mrs. Peel, green skirt, white blouse, white linen hat; and her niece wore a white muslin frock; Mrs. Angus Gordon, royal blue bengaline, black hat with royal blue flowers; Mrs. Cheeseman, navy costume, toque with poppies; Misses Kerr-Taylor (2), white; Miss Wood, dark skirt, light blouse; Mrs. Colbeck, holland skirt, white blouse, white hat.

Our Cambridge correspondent writes:—The polo sports were held on Wednesday afternoon at "Bardowie"; the weather was perfect, and there was a good attendance, a number coming from Hamilton to witness them. The want of the local band was much felt. Mr Norman Banks still continues successful in carrying off a good many of the prizes.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, February 27.

The Thornton Comedy Company, which was playing at the Theatre Royal, attracted large audiences there last week. The pieces produced were "Facing the Music," "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," "A Little Ray of Sunshine," and "Sweet Lavender." Some of those present during the season were Mesdames Williams, Smith, Coleman,

Norris, Tanner, Von Dadelzen, Stedman, Davidson, Kettle, Dixon, Misses Wilson, Burke, Kettle, Williams, Coleman, Cornford, Seale, Kennedy, Martin, Roadley, McLernon, etc.

Mrs Goldsmith, of Lincoln-road, gave a small ping pong party and dance last week, which was thoroughly enjoyed by those present. Amongst the guests were Misses Simpson, Neville, Hindmarsh, Kennedy, Ellison, McLean, Messrs Brabant (2), Hovell, Munroe, Ellison, Smith, etc.

MARCH 6.

THE SMOKE CONCERT

which was given at the Criterion Hotel last Saturday by the Napier Rowing Club as a farewell to two of their members, Messrs Allan Saxby and Ross McLernon, was a great success. Musical items were contributed by Messrs Palalret, Plowman, Bone, Johnson, Palalrette, Kager, Pittar and McLernon. Presentations were made to the two guests of the evening, who are leaving for America. They consisted of a silver cigarette case and a case of pipes respectively, and were presented by Mr Palalret on behalf of the rowing club. The recipients suitably responded, and a few appropriate remarks were also made by Mr Fortune. A large number of members and friends were present on the occasion.

A crowded meeting took place at the Recreation Ground on Saturday on the occasion of

THE CALEDONIAN SPORTS,

under the auspices of the Hawke's Bay Highland Society, when visitors were present from all parts of the country. Prizes were given for sword dances, Highland reels, bagpipe music, tossing the caber, dancing seantruibhas, beat dressed Highlander, etc. The bicycle races excited much interest, and so did the jumping and the wrestling competitions. The event of the day was the one mile handicap, which was won by Farland.

The Highland Society gave their ANNUAL CONCERT

on the evening of the same day at the Theatre Royal, assisted by several well-known artists. Miss Lorraine Tansley was much applauded in "Comin' Thro' the Rye," "A Fond Kiss," and "The Banks of Loch Lomond." Mrs McPherson sang "Lochnagar." The Highland Society's choir was heard to advantage in "Call'er Herrin'." Mr Harry Hall sang delightfully several comic songs. Master Victor Harris was encored for his violin solo, "Jessie's Dream," and responded with a short, but beautiful, piece. Messrs T. Parker and Neilson gave a quaint recitation in characteristic costume. The concert was very well attended. Some of those who were present during the day at the sports or concert were Mesdames Humphries, De Lisle, McLean, Smith, Kennedy, Williams, Kettle, Fannin, Campbell, White, Misses Seale (2), Humphries, Kennedy, Cohen, Cornford, Heath, McLean, Williams, etc.

Some Napier tennis players went to Gisborne last week to try their skill against a Gisborne team, with the result that Gisborne was victorious by 153 to 143 points. The Napier players consisted of Messrs Margulouth, Macfarlane, Smith and Balharry. At the Napier tennis courts, in the ladies' handicap singles, Miss Sutton beat Mrs Westall, Miss Ella Burke beat Miss Goldsmith, Miss Fannin beat Miss Dulcie Kennedy.

MARJORIE.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, March 5.

The weather was beautiful yesterday for the first day of the cricket match, New Zealand v. the English eleven, and there were thousands of spectators on the Reserve. The New Zealand team was in all the afternoon and did splendidly. Mr Reese, of Christchurch, who made the fine score of 146, was the hero of the day, and he was loudly cheered as he walked off the field. To-day, the weather was again fine, and there was a good attendance, though not so large as on the first day. The Englishmen have made rather too big a score, but we must only hope our men will make another good stand so as to make the game interesting. Amongst those I have noticed on the ground are Mrs Pharaay,

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Shortland Street.

wearing a black voile gown and jet bonnet with ospreys; Mrs A. Pearce, a pale grey gown trimmed with cream lace, and a black toque with chiffon and tips; Mrs Frank Perry (Napier), a pale biscuit-coloured gown with insertions of wide ecru guipure, and the tattered bolero worn over a lace blouse, straw hat trimmed with pink roses; Mrs Purdy had a grey Eton gown, and black and cream toque; Mrs D. Nathan, pale blue linen gown, and black and white toque with feathers; Mrs I. Johnston, a cream gown, and long voile coat trimmed with black velvet, cream hat with pink ribbon and lace; Mrs T. Young, a cream serge gown and toque with flowers; Mrs Palmer (Christchurch), a neat navy blue gown, and Panama hat; Mrs Marchbanks, fawn coat and skirt, and hat trimmed with pale blue; Mrs C. Izard, in a holland gown, and black toque; Mrs Cecil Keblell had a biscuit-coloured voile and lace gown, and toque to match; Mrs H. A. Crawford, a white spotted silk gown trimmed with lace, and a black and white toque; Mrs H. Gore, smoke grey gown, and black toque with pink roses; Miss Gore wore white muslin, and a straw hat with green satin and flowers; Miss Tolhurst, a blue silk gown, and white hat; Miss Fitzherbert, pink voile with white vest, and a black hat with tips; Miss I. Fitzherbert had a white serge Eton gown, and floral toque; Miss Abbott, a fawn cloth gown trimmed with ecru guipure, and a red hat; Miss F. Brandon, a red skirt and hat, white silk blouse; Miss Higginson, grass lawn and lace over green, and a black toque; Miss Rawson, a black gown with lace collar, and large hat with flowers; Miss O. Rawson, in a dark blue coat and skirt, and cream hat; the Misses Fell, blue voile gowns trimmed with lace, black hats; Miss M. Fell wore a green dress with lace collar, and a white hat; Miss O. Fitzgerald, pretty cream muslin and lace gown, and burnt straw hat with pink roses; Miss Bell, a pink linen gown and straw hat with pink roses; Miss Johnston, a dark skirt, white silk blouse and white hat; Miss D. Johnston, in a pink linen gown, and large white hat; Miss Cooper, green linen trimmed with lace, and a black hat; Miss Harcourt,

pale blue muslin gown, and black hat; Miss O'Conner, grey voile and lace gown, and pink hat trimmed with satin and roses to match; Miss Stowe, in a green gown, and black hat; Miss Hishop, a grey voile gown trimmed with lace, and a black hat; Miss J. Hishop, a blue frieze gown with lace collar, black hat; Miss Foote, heliotrope linen gown, white hat with ribbon; Miss Simpson, white gown, and white hat with flowers and black velvet; Miss Somerville, in a light muslin gown and hat; the Misses Russell (Hawke's Bay) wore white skirts and silk blouses, black hats with plumes; Miss Frick, in a cream gown, and large cream hat with red flowers; Mrs Ian Duncan, dark skirt and white blouse, black and white toque; Miss Grace, white muslin, and hat with flowers and lace; Miss M. Johnston (Hawke's Bay), white muslin and lace gown, and a black hat. There were many others, but it was impossible to see them among such a crowd. The visiting cricketers are being entertained to-night at a small dance given by Mrs C. Johnston. To-morrow, Mr Coates entertains them at a farewell dinner at the Wellington Club, and they leave the same night for Australia.

OPHELLA.

MARLBOROUGH.

Dear Bee, March 3.
The Marlborough's Horticultural Society's

SUMMER SHOW,

held in Blenheim on Wednesday last, was really a great success, and though the pot plants were not so good as usual, cut blooms were very good, and vegetables and fruit exceeded all expectations. Mrs Allen (Picton) and Mrs Vickers were judges for table decorations, floral designs, and bouquets, etc., Mrs Orr and Mrs Litchfield judges for domestic produce, while Messrs Hale and Chinn judged in pot plants, cut blooms, and fruits and vegetables. Miss Clare took first prize for her artistic table decoration, which was done with English clematis, Japanese anemones, and large yellow coreopsis, with a centre of point

lace. Miss Seymour (Picton) came second with a decoration of heliotrope sweet peas. Another pretty table had yellow rubecias. Mrs Riddell (Picton) took several prizes, being first in shower bouquet, and also in the bridal suite competition. The children's exhibits were very good. The show was kept open for two days, and though the heat destroyed the flowers the interest in various competitions kept up a lively interest in the show till the end. There was also a concert on Thursday evening in connection with the show, the Rev. Father Servajan being much applauded for his singing of "Marguerite." Mrs Hale sang "Merry Zingara," Miss F. Morrison "Out on the Rocks." Selections by St. Mary's Orchestra, and an instrumental trio by Mesdames Mitchell and Edwards and Mr F. Hale were among the contributions. Guessing competitions were also an attraction.

Major-General Babington, Major Wolfe and Captain Campbell arrived in Picton on Tuesday, and after inspecting the Picton Rifles and putting them through their drill, the General and staff went on to Blenheim by train, and inspected the Mounted Rifles, Blenheim Rifles, etc.

The Tutaneaki arrived in Picton on Friday evening, having on board the Premier and Mrs and Miss Seddon. After being interviewed by the borough representatives, and also by the representative of the "Marlborough Press," the party came on by special train to Blenheim, where another set of deputations awaited them, though the hour was late. The Premier, with his usual savoir faire, replied to all and every one of them, and on Saturday morning left for the Hamer Plains.

A smart little LUNCHEON PARTY

was given by the captain of the Corinthian on board the ship in Picton. The affair was a very smart and enjoyable one, the guests being Dr. and Mrs Redman, Mr and Miss Seymour, Mr and Mrs Lecoq, Mr and Mrs Maitland, Mrs Dawson, Mr Mitchell, etc., etc.

All the travelling public of Marlborough and many personal friends in Picton

of Captain McArthur, of the Penguin, regretted exceedingly to hear of the mishap to the steamer, which went aground at Waahi Point, near Jackson's Head, last week. All the passengers, among whom were General Babington and suite, also the member for Nelson (Mr Graham), speak in the highest terms of Captain McArthur's calmness and efficiency, and the manner in which the boats were swung out and provisioned, ready for any emergency, was quite beautiful to see. Every man was at his post, and everything done, before the passengers realised there was anything amiss. A testimonial was got up, and on the passengers leaving the boat in Nelson three hearty cheers were given to the captain.

A picnic party, consisting of Mrs Lecoq, Mrs Riddell, Mrs Dawson, Misses Western (2), Philpotts (2), and Seymour, took advantage of mail day to go to Endeavour Inlet and cruise round the Sound, calling at the various places where His Majesty's mails are delivered.

Another large excursion is on to-day from Blenheim and the country down the Sound to Torea and Double Bay. The weather is perfect, and no doubt everybody will enjoy these marine excursions, which are always so popular.

BLACKBERRY PICNICS

are very popular just now, and almost as plentiful as blackberries. The Blenheim High School girls went off by drag to gather fruit at Waikakaho on Saturday, and the Borough School girls went by train to Para for the same purpose. Both parties were equally successful, and enjoyed their outing immensely.

The new Anglican church at Kaikoura was opened on Thursday last. The dedication sermon was preached by the Ven. Archdeacon Grace, of Blenheim. The Rev. C. E. Livesay, of Kaikoura, the Rev. T. Smith, of Renwick, and the Rev. H. Howel, of Havelock, took part in the ceremony. The building is a handsome one, and two memorial windows, given by the congregation as a tribute to the memory of Queen Victoria, are a feature of the structure.

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CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, **March 3.**
 Now the Lenten season is upon us there seems very little doing in a frivolous sort of way. In Christchurch you may go to church as often as you like, and at such time in the day as suits you best, but there is nothing else for you to do until this period is over. You will find yourself taken aback by the refusal of a child to take some of Jones' candy for the reason it is Lent.

The English cricket team returned to Christchurch last week, and the first test match was played at Lancaster Park on 27th and 28th February, and 2nd March. The largest attendance of the public was on Saturday afternoon, when quite a crowd assembled and great interest was taken. Many colds were taken too for it was a bitterly cold wind blowing all day and ended in a white frost on Tuesday morning. The visitors of course won, and seven wickets to the good, but the New Zealanders were certainly not favoured by fortune the two first days, but played a plucky game. Mr Warner, the captain, stayed again with Mr and Mrs H. J. Wigram, Messrs Burnup and Taylor were the guests of Mr and Mrs G. G. Stead at Strouan, and Mr Johnstone took advantage of his few days in Christchurch to visit his aunt Mrs Deniston at Peel Forest. Among the spectators on different days were Mr and Mrs Wigram, the latter in navy blue cloth striped with lighter shade, blue and green hat; Mr and Mrs A. F. G. Rhodes, the latter in a lovely black silk voile, and very handsome long cloak with wide sleeves of grey rough cloth lined with grey satin and trimmed with brown fur, large black velvet hat and feathers; Mrs G. Rhodes (Meadowbank), pale green frieze costume, handsome jacket and pink hat; the Bishop and Mrs Julius, the latter in black cloth strapped with silk, black and white bonnet; Miss A. Julius, navy blue costume,

white vest, fawn jacket, and tuscan hat; Miss B. Julius, navy blue cloth, white bands and collar, sailor hat; Mrs J. C. Palmer, navy blue cloth with light stripe, white vest, Panama hat; Mrs F. Perry (Hawke's Bay), bright rose pink cloth, tuscan hat with lace and pink roses; Mrs Alister Clark, dark costume, and pretty hat; Mrs Pyne, heliotrope frieze, white vest and embroidered collar, tuscan hat; Mrs Williams, all black; Professor and Mrs Cook, the latter in sage green frieze coat and skirt, white vest and hat; Miss Cook, navy skirt, white blouse, long coat and burnt straw hat; Mrs H. Harris, royal blue voile tucked skirt and bodice, white lace vest, black hat; Miss Harris, blue voile finished with white lace, black hat; the Misses Ross, Williams, Maud Garrick, Hill, Mr and Mrs Wilding, the latter in black silk tucked jacket, black skirt and hat, black and white ruffic; Miss Wilding, fawn coat and skirt, hat to match; Archdeacon and Miss Lingard, Mr and Mrs F. C. Raphael, Mr and Mrs H. D. Carter, Messrs H. Brett (Auckland), G. Fenwick (Dunedin), Blundell (Wellington), the Hon. E. C. J. Stevens, and many more.

Mrs and Miss Helmore had some of their friends to afternoon tea, tennis and croquet one day last week, and the beautiful old garden was much enjoyed by the visitors.


On Saturday, if fine, there should be an amusing and enjoyable time at the Polo Sports to be held at the Metropolitan Trotting Club's ground, Addington. Some handsome prizes are offered and for the first time a Ladies' Driving Competition is on the programme.

The last of Mrs Wynn-Williams' "At Home" took place on Wednesday, and a most enjoyable time was spent by those present. The garden is at its best now, and just a blaze of flowers.

The shops are assuming quite a wintry appearance, and I am told we are to be permitted short skirts for walking, but hats will be much worn, and long coats with wide sleeves.

DOLLY VALE.

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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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SMITH & CAUGHEY, Ltd.,
 COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, AUCKLAND.

Missions in Fiji.

BIBLE BURNING.

Fijian newspaper files by the Miowera contain lengthy accounts of the Bible-burning. The first reference to the incident appeared in the "Western Pacific Herald" on February 13, wherein it was stated that some months previously practically the whole of the Fijian inhabitants of the province of Namosi, hitherto professed Wesleyans, turned Roman Catholics. This caused no little excitement amongst the people. Various reasons were given for the occurrence. The "Herald" added:—"Matters advanced another stage yesterday. We are informed on reliable authority that some 238 Bibles belonging to the Namosi people were publicly burned at the Catholic mission station at Nalivilili."

The next issue of the "Herald" contained a letter from Father Rongier, declaring that both the fact and statement as regards the burning of Bibles were false, and "from inquiry I fell certain you have been misled by some malicious, ill-wishing individual."

On February 21 the "Suva Times" published a letter signed by the Rev. W. A. Burns, Wesleyan missionary, traversing Father Rongier's denial. The letter goes on to say:—"There are so many reputable witnesses, with so much substantial corroboration, that one might calmly invite all risk of a lawsuit upon the evidence." The writer adds: "I fearlessly assert that except for the number said to have been burned the statement in the "Herald" is perfectly correct."

In his letter to the "Suva Times" Mr Burns gives a circumstantial account of the burning of Bibles, supplied by an eye-witness, according to whom two or more cases of books, mostly, if not all, Bibles and Methodist hymn books in the Fijian tongue, were burned in a limekiln specially erected for the occasion in the grounds of the Catholic mission station.

The work of tearing up the books before inserting them in the kiln was done by native girls at the station, supervised by two European sisters. Mr Burns declares that he knows of more than twenty adult spectators, besides a large number of school children old and intelligent enough to be competent witnesses.

In answer to Mr Burns' letter Father Rongier wrote to the "Fiji Times" that the first intimation he had of the burning was the "Herald's" announcement. Upon making inquiry he found that according to the practice of the Catholic Church and the strict injunction laid down in the rubrics, which ordain that all material of a sacred character appertaining to Church worship, including Bibles and prayer books, when worn out shall be destroyed by fire, the Catholic sisters at Nalivilili, assisted by a few pupils, had, as they had periodically burned in a biscuit tin useless Catholic books and Church material, burned in a kerosene tin soiled, useless Wesleyan Testaments and hymn books. He asserts that the sisters were not actuated by any hostile feelings or a spirit of wanton destruction.

In a letter to the "Fiji Times" Mr Burns shows that the chairman of the Wesleyan Mission wrote to Father Rongier prior to the publication of Mr Burns' first letter, asking if the "Herald's" statement of the burning was correct, and that Father Rongier failed to reply.

Passengers by the Miowera state that when the steamer left Suva excitement was still high.

Father Rongier has a letter in the press, in which he asks Mr Burns if the case were reversed and he became possessed of a quantity of Catholic Testaments and hymn books all battered, torn, soiled worn and no longer acceptable to anyone, what would he do with them? He adds, "So far as we Catholics are concerned, we would feel deeply indebted to him if he quietly committed them to the flames and saved them the risk of being used for vile purposes."

Speaking at the Methodist Conference, held last week at Sydney, the Rev. Dr. Brown, general secretary of missions, made a lengthy statement regarding church affairs in Fiji. He said that amongst the chief points of consideration were the aggressive character of the work of the Roman Catholic Bishop and his missionaries and of the

ever-increasing influx of Indians, the political unrest amongst the Indians, the political unrest amongst the natives caused in a great measure by the agitation in favour of federation with New Zealand, and the desire for more self-government by the people. There was a growing desire in the minds of the Fijians for higher education. Another grievance was the poll-tax. Did the conference wonder that some of them felt strongly on the matter and wanted to bring the attention of the Fijian authorities to their grievance, or if necessary to bring it under the notice of the British House of Commons? His opinion was that as at present levied it was a cruel injustice. He appealed for an increase of the missionary staff amongst the Indians.

During the discussion the Rev Mr Caruthers asked if it was a fact that on the occasion of the swearing in of the Governor the Catholic Bishop was given the first place at the function, while the Wesleyan chairman, who was virtually Bishop of Fiji, was relegated to an inferior position.

Dr Brown replied that it did occur. The Methodist Conference Mission meeting at Brisbane adopted a resolution regarding the Bible-burning, expressing their indignation and apprehension of the tendency to revive the worst spirit of ecclesiastical antagonism on the part of the Roman Catholic Church, and that the product would have disastrous results amongst the Fijians.

The Melbourne Methodist Conference adopted a resolution condemning the Bible-burning as an atrocious act and a deliberate insult offered not only to the people of Fiji, but to world-wide Protestantism.

A private letter lately received by a well-known lady of Dunedin from the wife of a gentleman very long resident in Fiji contains some information which is of interest at the present juncture. The writer states that soon after the arrival of the new Governor the natives were informed by the priests that the Governor had brought the new lotu (religion), and that if they did not go over to his lotu their lands would be taken from them and other penalties would be inflicted, such as banishment to other islands, of which the natives are much afraid. The Governor, of course, is not for a moment to be thought of as cognisant, still less as approving, of these steps, but the effect upon the native mind is quite as strong as if he had actually been so.

CHRISTCHURCH, March 7.

Probably the largest audience that ever assembled at a Conference missionary meeting filled Durham-street Church last evening. The president of the Methodist Conference presided. The Rev. W. Slade, late of Fiji, gave a powerful address, lasting an hour, on the methods, results and perils of missionary work. He emphasised two perils—the communal policy, perhaps necessary in the very early days, but now, with its irritating poll tax upon all males over the age of sixteen years, and with its ordinances of undefined terms, was wholly unsuitable to a people developing in civilisation. It was not a suggested federation with New Zealand that had caused unrest. The unrest had been there for at least ten years. The other peril was the un-Christian rivalry of Christian communions. The Protestant denominations, however foolishly they might compete in Home lands, respected each other's defined spheres of operations in the foreign field. The Roman Catholics made no such honourable contract. He was not going to denounce that Church for its creed, but he detested the methods of proselytising adopted by the Roman Catholics in Fiji. He remembered hearing on his return to Fiji in 1890 from Sir John Thurston, the Governor, that he had been obliged to put a stop to the attacks of Bishop Vidal on the Methodist tribes in the mountains, for the Bishop had gone from tribe to tribe sowing seeds of discord. As for the Bible burning report, he had no doubts of its truth, for he knew the character of the Rev. Mr Burns, from whom the report had come. There was no saner nor more careful man in the affing of native evidences in Fiji. Moreover, the incident was not inconsistent with the whole history of that Church. Mr J. F. Arnold, M.E.R., followed, and prayed that the enthusiasm of the meeting towards foreign missions just awakened would also in-

clude the moral and spiritual needs of this colony. There were glimpses of hell in New Zealand as well as in heathendom, and the hope of radical reform must be centred in Him who came into the world to seek and to save the lost.

Tongan News.

A SEVERE GALE.

A SCHOONER WRECKED.

TONGA, March 2.

On February 18 we experienced here a severe gale—not a hurricane and no tidal wave—as was reported should be experienced in Friendly Isles at the same time as at Tahiti. The gale knocked the coconuts about, and generally cleaned things up; a few sheets of iron were stripped off, but otherwise little damage was done. The s.s. Rotokino, on her voyage to here, due February 16, fell in with the same weather, and had to leave-to, which delayed her about thirty hours. No damage occurred, her cargo and live stock being landed in good order.

At Haatal the schooner Croydon Lass is wrecked, and is a total loss. Other small vessels are stranded, but can be refloated.

Mr. Hamilton Hunter, C.M.G., British Consul and Agent, is at present in Fiji. The Orange crop has suffered a little by the recent gale.

The King of Tonga is well, and preparations are now being made to celebrate the anniversary of his coronation in March, with which will be coupled Princess Salote's third birthday.

Good rains have fallen, and temperate weather prevails.

Mr Seddon on Current Topics.

CHRISTCHURCH, March 7.

Mr Seddon addressed a large meeting at Hamner Springs last night. Referring to the South African condition of peace, he said that had the conditions been what were wished by the people of the colony and himself, there would have been no occasion for Mr Chamberlain to visit South Africa. The Boers would never realise the generosity of our nation. They were absolutely beaten and never intended to fight any more, and yet they were treated generously and admitted to a conference, and an arrangement was made so that they could come in voluntarily and surrender.

Referring to New Zealand, the Premier said that what the whole colony wanted was population. He had been told that the number of children was falling off in

Closer Settlement.

CHRISTCHURCH, March 6.

The Canterbury members of Parliament have drawn up a combined report urging upon the Government the necessity for their immediately taking such steps as will lead to closer settlement of the land in this province. The report points out that in the land taken up by fresh settlers the increase in the area of the holdings in Auckland amounted to 507,434 acres; in Taranaki, 319,227 acres; and Wellington, 422,489 acres; while in Canterbury for five years it showed an increased area of only 7418 acres. The report is to be presented to the Premier, and an attempt will be made to get him to inspect land suitable for settlement.

Consumption.

The only large line in plenty of good, rich blood. The only way to fight the bacilli, heal the lungs and build up the strength is through the blood. That is just the reason why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People cure consumption. They make new blood. They give strength, energy and health. They actually create life-giving blood with every dose. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a positive cure for consumption—they won't cure every case—but they have cured cases that doctors despaired of. That's a positive fact—and here is positive proof:

Consumption Saved from Death.—"Consumption attacked me ever three weeks ago," says Mr. William Brown, of London, near Slavia. "I grew pale and emaciated, and was greatly weakened by a distressing cough. My lips became discolored, and I had profuse sweats. As I grew weaker and weaker I was moved to the Melbourne Hospital—where my life was despaired upon. But nothing could be done to save my lungs, the daily bacilli consumption was then away with me after weeks. After each spoon of anything I took back on the pillow so white and emaciated that death seemed very close. Then a doctor was actually called in to administer the last dose. But I suggested an oral wash—enough to save to die. My friends, hearing of the wonderful blood-building properties of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, made me take them. To my surprise they actually enriched my blood and gave my lungs strength to fight the consumption. Little by little I got rest in power, and at last left my bed. A further steady improvement with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me. Now I am perfectly well and active; I have never seen any more of consumption. My lungs are quite normal again, and I can go through that I go away coughing and stopping for days together. Do not suppose me to exaggerate. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills pulled me through."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington. Price, 2s. 6d.; six boxes, 15s. 0d., post free.

Manaia.

(See illustrations pages 728 and 729.)

A TARANAKI TOWNSHIP.

Mania is situated in the centre of the famed Waimate Plains, and is distant ten miles west of Hawera. The town is clean and well-kept, considering the limited finances of the Town Board, the streets are broad and the general appearance of the place denotes prosperity. The Octagon is in the centre of the town, forming a distinct feature compared with other towns on the West Coast. A few years ago a portion of the town was destroyed by fire, the Mania Hotel and several other business premises, including the Bank of New Zealand, being demolished; but these have been restored by more imposing structures. Mania is essentially a farming and pastoral district, and some fine farms are to be seen in the immediate vicinity of the town. Of course grazing is the chief source of income to the district, dairying being extensively followed on almost every holding. Within three miles or so of the town two of the largest dairy factories in Taranaki—Riverdale and Kaurakou—are established. Beyond dairying the industries of Mania and its district are few. There used to be a large flourmill in operation, but it was burned down. A bovril manufactory was started, and after running for a time was closed. It is a quiet-going little town, where business people do a steady trade, supplying the numerous wants of the surrounding settlers.

Mania is of recent growth, and only lately attained its majority. The first sale of land on the Plains was held in the latter end of 1880, and in the early part of the following year a start was made to form a township, Messrs Langley Bros., now of Kawhia, erecting the first building, which they opened as a store; Mr T. Lloyd following shortly afterwards by building the Mania Hotel. The main road from Hawera to Opunake was formed, bridged and metalled before the land sale, thus the early settlers had easy access to their holdings. Mania at this time and until some three or four years after, was guarded by a large force of armed constabulary under (then) Captain Gudgeon and Captain Taylor, the men being located at the fort, now a well-known landmark and a token of the days when there was a feeling of deep unrest on the Waimate Plains. It is easy for those who were not there to speak flippantly of the condition of affairs when the district was only sparsely settled, and the natives liable to rise at any time against whom they considered white invaders. Fortunately, there never was occasion to take up arms on the Waimate Plains, though several times the outlook was none too good. At the time of the Paribaka affair two corps were raised by Mania settlers, a mounted force being captained by Mr W. L. Martyn, and a foot corps under Captain O'Brien. Though the services of these were not required, it is needless to say that they were prepared for a fray at any time. The last time the natives showed a rebellious spirit was when a large force gathered at Mr A. Hastie's farm and commenced ploughing. The Maoris were quickly and forcibly ejected by the settlers. This was the closing scene of their trying to assert their right of possession—a veritable dying effort—and perfect peace has prevailed ever since.

Mania contains many substantial buildings. There are three commodious hotels, extensively stocked stores and drapery establishments, two banks, whilst blacksmiths, wheelwrights and every other line of business are represented. A large public school, under Mr J. K. Law, is well attended, and an effort is being made to establish a district high school. There is a roomy public hall in the town. Religious denominations are represented by Presbyterian, Anglican, Roman Catholic and Wesleyan churches. Regular stock sales are held at Mania by three auctioneering firms, Messrs Stewart and Corrigan, Nolan, Tonks and Co., and the Egmont Farmers' Union, and the town on sale days presents a lively appearance. Communication is by road, and the town has two mail services to and from Hawera daily. Besides the post and telegraph office there is also a telephone service. The present Town Board com-

prise—Messrs J. Hunt (Chairman), W. A. Limbrick, D. Craig, A. L. Young and F. G. Wilson. The Waimate Road Board, a body controlling a long length of district roads, meet at Mania, the chairman being Mr T. A. Bridge, with Messrs F. Wilkie, A. J. Hastie, W. D. Bowdrell, T. Hurley, C. Davis and W. Borrie as members. Mr J. C. Datson is a capable and painstaking clerk to both bodies. In the centre of the Octagon stands a handsome and striking monument, bearing the following inscription:—"This monument to the officers and men of the Armed Constabulary and of the Patea Field Force, who were killed during the operations at Patea and at Ngatapa in years 1908-9, is erected by the officers and men of the A.C. Force—Majors Von Tempyke, Hunter, Captains Ross, Brown, Buck, Palmer, Lieutenants Hastings, Hunter, Sergeants Cahill, McFadden, Kirwan, Blaxwell, Heteraka, Menzies, Corporals Blake, Russell." On the opposite side are the names of the places where the brave fellows fell—"Turuturu Mokai, Te Ngutu-o-te-Manu, Te Raupuru, Okotuku, Ngatapa, Karaka Flat, Otatou." The death-roll of constables, privates and settlers is a heavy one, occupying a side of the monument, and the names given are—Constables Smith, Shields, Holden, Ross, Beamish, Swords, Gaynor, Lennon, McKay, Elkin, Fennessy, Hart, Davies, Farran, Gilgan, Lee, Sattler, Path, Urquhart, Eastwood, Norman, Rogers, Kenealy, Brown, McEwan, Sawyer, Ansell, Clarendon, McKenzie, Cummins, Boyle, Barrass, Clowen, Howe, Banks, Horspool, Smith, Barith, Stephenson, Fleurs, Gundry. Privates Wallace, Kerr, Geary, Hughes, Lumsden, Deeks, Wells, Smith, Collins, Devon, Keneally, Nugus; settlers Clark, Squires.

Turning from grave to gay, Mania was always a great sport-loving place, and horseracing flourished before a racing club existed. In the early days many a keen and exciting contest eventuated on the Mania road, a level, straight run between the township and the bush, Saturday afternoons being set apart for matches. A live racing club was formed, but when the reduction of totalisator permits was brought about, Mania was one of the clubs that had to succumb, and the organisation was left lamenting with a credit balance of about £150, which sum has since earned a goodly amount in interest. A trotting club ran for two or three meetings. Cricket was a popular game in the A.C. days, but interest has waned. Now all the enthusiasts of plainmen is given to football, and the Waimate Club, with its senior and junior teams, holds a capital record. Around Mania are many champion footballers of the past, the Good Bros., Lambie, J. McCarty, Hughes and Bolger occurring to the writer as players who have well upheld the honour of Taranaki between the posts. Bowling is also a popular game on the Plains, the Mania green being equal to any on the coast. A well-kept tennis court adjoins the bowling green. A rifle club is another of the institutions of Mania. It has a numerous membership, including some crack shots. A hockey club finds considerable support. There is a pretty recreation ground in the suburbs, the old A.C. camp adjoining, and at these places leisure hours are spent pleasantly. The watch-tower is kept in good repair. From the top a splendid panoramic view of the sweeping surrounding country is obtained. The Ronnd Bush Reserve, another of the beauty spots of Mania, is within easy distance, and is largely frequented by picnickers.

Close to Mania are several well-known stud farms, Messrs J. D. Mitchell's and Andrew Hastie's beautiful places having reared Clydesdales that have well upheld the prestige of the Plains as a horsebreeding centre. Then there are Messrs R. W. Foreman, J. J. Campbell, Sellars, Washer, Forsyth, and others, whose sheep and cattle have been prominent at shows.

There is an eight-page tri-weekly newspaper—the "Waimate Witness"—published at Mania, and from its appearance it is liberally supported. In connection with Mania and newspapers, I might be pardoned for introducing the following—"Just twenty-one years ago a then well-known journalist engaged another pressman and the writer as the 'staff' of a new paper he proposed starting at the City of the Plains. We proceeded to the little hamlet, installing the plant with a view to producing a paper that would boom the town and district.

Our hand press was the most awkward and unwieldy concern I ever saw. I'd seen a few, too, because I'd been employed for a few years preceding by a gentleman who made a business of starting papers, and hand presses were our primitive printing machines. We set up the paper, and were about to go to press, when something suddenly went wrong with the arrangements, and the mighty organ that was to become a sounding power in the land was never printed. For my own sake I wasn't sorry either, because the eagle, mighty and weighty, that stood defiantly at the top of the printing works, was in a decidedly insecure condition, being liable to swoop down at any minute on the pressman or roller boy, whilst the understandings of the press were in a state of collapse. I did not know until the other day that the old press had a history. It was first used in Sydney in the early days, printing either the "Morning Herald" or the "Daily Telegraph"—my informant was not certain which. A few years ago the proprietors endeavoured to trace their first press, and succeeded, the wreck being unearthed in a heap of old iron in the Manawatu district. The dilapidated concern was taken to Australia, again set up, and occupies a central position in the Sydney printing room as a striking example of the difficulty of printing in years gone by compared to the splendid machinery of to-day.

The change that has come over Mania since I first saw the place is surprising indeed. The high fern and flax that disfigured the landscape is gone, and everywhere one looks now there is a pleasing prospect. The cleared paddocks bearing a luxuriant growth of grass, the sleek-looking stock, here and there fields of promising crops, the comfortable homes of the settlers, go to show the industry and perseverance of Plains people. The greatest change of all is in the clearance of the forest that adjoined the open land. Back to the forest reserve the land is cleared and in splendid grass, and the once impenetrable bush district now supports hundreds of happy and prosperous families in small holdings. Townships have risen in the out-district, and miles of roads

have been formed and metalled.

Of the early Plains settlers many of the original selectors remain to reap the reward of their perseverance. Of the pioneers of the town Messrs P. McCarthy, M. Franklin, A. W. Budge, and Sinclair occur to the writer as early residents, whilst in the outskirts Messrs J. D. Mitchell and A. Hastie are gentlemen who, like the gentlemen named above, have always identified themselves closely with the town and its best interests.

One cannot close a sketch of Mania and its fertile district without reference to Mount Egmont, standing out bold and defined a few miles north of the town. Any mention of the mountain would be incomplete without the name of the late Mr Dawson, formerly postmaster. It was wholly due to his untiring efforts that a practicable route to the summit was discovered from the southern side. "Dawson's Falls" are named after the deceased discoverer, who endured many privations during his plucky single-handed explorations on the mountain slopes.

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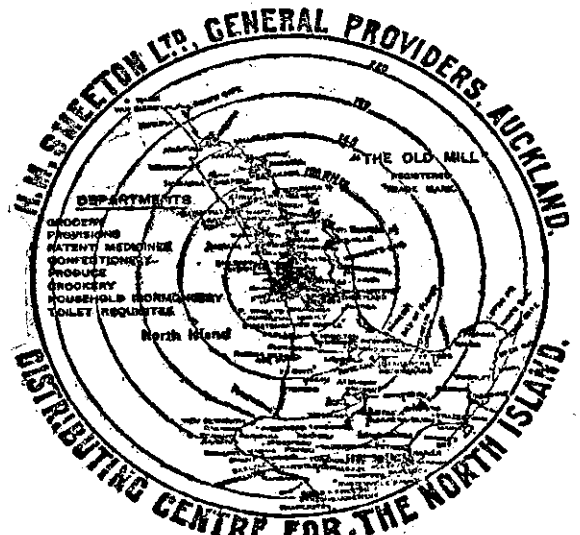
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JELLY CANS (two in a nest) RUBBER RINGS FOR FRUIT JARS.

Full Cash Price List on Application.

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PERSONAL NOTES FROM LONDON.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, January 23.

Colonel Willoughby Wallace, commander of the King's Colonials is about to enter into the state matrimonial with Mrs A. M. Hodgson, widow of Mr Hodgson, J.P., of Bishopstoke, Hampshire, of which county the Colonel is now a J.P.

Dr. Ovenden (Christchurch), who has been attending at University College Hospital the last three months, has found himself so unable to stand the London winter that he has taken his passage back to Lyttelton by a steamer sailing early in April. Dr. Ovenden has been down with a touch of bronchitis, but expects soon to be about again.

Major-General E. Harding Steward, who has at times acted as Inspector of Warlike Stores for the Colonies, and, I understand, holds that appointment in connection with New Zealand, is going through the Bankruptcy Court at Brighton. His accounts have not yet been filed, and the details of his debts and assets remain undisclosed. It appears that he left the Army in 1883, and commuted his pension for some £6,500. He put most of the money into debentures of a sugar beet business, which was really killed by the bounties. As Inspector of warlike stores to various colonies, the fees he received had amounted to as much as £1,900 in one year, but the amount varied greatly, and last year he received some £300 only. The Major-General who estimated that if all his assets were realised there would be a surplus of £500 over liabilities, got into financial difficulties through financing two friends, one of them having "Tube" railway option which may prove valuable later on.

Father Hays, of Holroyd Rectory, Market Rasen, Lincolnshire, has issued a denial of the report that the Appeal to Catholics, bearing his signature, and issued on the eve of the recent general election in New Zealand, was a "gez up" on the part of the Temperance Party. He says that the drink question entering prominently into the election, the appeal was in its entirety written by him at the earnest request of the temperance people, and was by them published in the colonial newspapers and extensively circulated in other ways.

How may the Antipodean medical fraternity hide their diminished health. Mr Alfred Ashworth, whose affairs were examined at the Edmonton Bankruptcy Court last Tuesday, stated that while playing cricket in Australia he had a sunstroke, which caused locomotor ataxia. For three years he could not put his feet to the ground. He underwent a variety of treatments to be cured. He went to doctors and to private hospitals. He visited New Zealand, South Africa, and China, and the Chinese doctors put him on his feet again. He estimated that he expended £19,669 in finding a remedy.

The battleship New Zealand which was laid down at Portsmouth last Friday (ominous this) on the ship from which the Suffolk was launched on the previous day, is a vessel of 16,500 tons displacement, belonging to the "King Edward VII. class," and, on her completion, will be one of the most powerful battleships in the world. Her chief dimensions are: Length 400ft., breadth 78ft., and draught 26ft. The main armament is extremely heavy, consisting of four 12-inch guns mounted fore and aft in 12-inch barbettes; and also, in addition to these, four 9.2-inch guns in 7-inch turrets, one at each corner of the superstructure. A secondary battery of ten 6-inch guns, in a 7-inch box battery amidships, five on either broadside, together with eighteen 3-inch and six machine guns, combine to make her a worthy opponent of any other warship in the world. A 9-inch belt, tapering to three inches fore and aft, is her main protection, the hull also being divided up by 12-inch bulkheads covered with a 14-inch deck. Her horse-power will be 18,000, giving her a speed of 18½ knots, and she will carry a large coal supply of 2,600 tons. Another feature of this class is the abolition of the fighting-tops, each mast carrying nothing but the search-light top.

Something like a record in the discharge of New Zealand cargoes has been put up by the New Zealand Shipping Co.'s Tougararo. This vessel had six days only to turn round in London. She got alongside her discharging berth at 5 p.m. on Tuesday, the 13th inst., with a full cargo. She finished her discharge at 5 p.m. on Monday last, the 19th inst., as well as having taken in 800 tons of coal. She only worked one gang right through one night; on other nights work ceased at 10 p.m. The weight of the cargo is not ascertainable, but the vessel's capacity is 12,200 tons of 70 cubic feet, and, as already stated, she was full. Even in the port of London good work is occasionally accomplished.

The other night I gained an insight into some of the experiences that a medical student from the colonies has to go through in the course of his work in London. Asking at "Barts," otherwise St. Bartholomew's Hospital, for a young New Zealander, I was told to go over to "Mackenzies" in Cloth Fair, where he was doing a month's midwifery duty. Cloth Fair is one of the very few remaining examples of what all old London streets used to be like before the great fire of 1666. This little corner of the city escaped being swept away, and there it still stands, a dark lane barely ten feet wide and over-hung by the projecting upper storeys of its old weatherboard houses. Even the entrance to it from Smithfield, within a few feet of "Barts," is under an old archway. "Mackenzies" is one of these old wooden houses just within the archway, and in the fine-pannelled old room on the first floor I found the students' common-room and two young New Zealanders amongst them. One of them, a son of a well-known "Old Identity" of South Canterbury, the other a son of a former Inspector of Mines. We were soon comparing the closeness of their strange old quarters with the air and space and sunlight that they had been accustomed to in New Zealand, and one of them confessed that he could hardly hold out the first six months that he had had to live "in College" at "Barts." The quarters in Cloth Fair were still worse and more close, and what would happen in case of fire he did not like to think. The month's experience was, however, but short and was of incalculable value. Each student has sole charge of as many midwifery cases in the surrounding slums as he can possibly attend to; he is called out in urgent haste at all times of the day and night, and can never leave the place for a moment without marking up on a board where he may with certainty be found. Only in the most critical cases, well defined by printed rules, must he send an urgent messenger to the head of his department, and self-reliance and quick judgment are soon learned.

It would be impossible to put into print details of the horrors that a student at this stage has to harden himself to. The filth, vermin, and utter degradation of the class he attends in their own squalid dwellings—sometimes nothing but one-roomed "flats"—would be almost incredible to the most unfortunate inhabitant of any colony of the Empire.

It so happened that that night whilst I was at "Mackenzies" hearing some of these experiences, the hard frost had suddenly ended, and the drizzle, as it fell, was frozen into ice upon the pavements, and the most active man could hardly keep upright on his legs. It proved to be a "record" night for accidents at all the hospitals in London, and the house-surgeons and their assistants were hard at work all night. News came over to "Mackenzies" that no less than seven cases of broken wrist, "Colles' fracture," they called it, had been brought into the hospital across the way within an hour; then there was a rush across to the hospital by such of "Mackenzies' men as could risk a few minutes away, and I had to take my departure.

The Right Hon. Charles Cameron Kingston has, according to the Melbourne correspondent of the London "Daily Chronicle," brought "a serious charge of legislative plagiarism" against the Hon. W. P. Reeves, Agent-General for New Zealand. The Melbourne scribe continues: "It is asserted that Mr Reeves has, through his own articles and through Mr Lloyd's little book, 'A Country Without Strikes,' allowed the world to believe that he was the author of the Compulsory Arbitration Act of 1892, whereas it

is claimed that that measure is in essence and in verbiage a replica of the Arbitration Bill, which was compiled by the Right Hon. C. C. Kingston, in 1890, and introduced by him into the South Australian House of Assembly on December 12 of the year named. . . . Mr Kingston has, by means of parallel extracts from his own Bill of 1890 and Mr Pember Reeves' Act of 1892 built up a very strong case against the New Zealander, who certainly seems to have incorporated en bloc all that is vital to his own Bill from the South Australian measure. This legislative revelation has generated a mild sensation in the Australian political world. As Mr Kingston is at present drafting the law for the settlement of all labour disputes in Australia which extend beyond the limits of a single State he is naturally anxious to make it clear that he is the real father of the compulsory arbitration system as applied to industrial warfare."

Mr Reeves is now slithering in his shoes, wondering what fearful fate will overtake him. To mitigate the penalty attached to legislative plagiarism (his offence is more than ten years old and he will of course set up the Statute of Limitations in defence), he pleads that he long ago acknowledged publicly his indebtedness to Mr Kingston's measure and made no secret of the fact that his own Bill was Kingston's Act remodelled. As Mr Reeves remarked the other day, he had seen the faults in Mr Kingston's Bill and had corrected them, with the result that his compulsory arbitration measure was the first to meet with success.

Possibly the "explanation" of New Zealand's Agent-General will not soften Mr Kingston's heart towards him. In effect he says to South Australia's ex-Premier: "Your Bill contained a good idea but it was full of imperfections, and to me belongs the honour of having turned a good idea to account." Possibly if the two contestants for the honour of fathering compulsory arbitration are pleased to continue the controversy they will discover by and bye that the idea of compelling employers and workmen to submit their quarrels to an independent tribunal and abide by its decision was put into practice in the days of King Solomon or even earlier. King Solomon certainly adopted a form of compulsory arbitration when he settled the quarrel between two ladies as to the parentage of a certain child.

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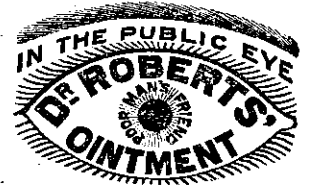
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Electric Lighting.

SCHEME FOR AUCKLAND.

ALTERNATIVE SUGGESTIONS.

The question of the lighting of the city by electricity was before the City Council last week, when the report of Mr W. Goodman, agent of Noyes Bros., was received.

The Mayor stated that the report had not yet been opened, and he suggested that a special meeting of the Council be held this evening, when the matter could be discussed in committee. He suggested this course so that the figures, which laid down the cost and profits for the guidance of the Council, might not become the guide of tenderers.

Mr Baume said that if the figures were discussed by the Council they would quickly become known. The Mayor said that there was no reason for the Council to discuss the details of the figures. He moved that the matter be considered by the Council in committee at once.

Mr Masfield moved as an amendment that the matter be referred to the Streets Committee to report, that committee being familiar with the electric lighting question.

Mr Baume's motion was agreed to, and the Council went into committee to consult with Mr Goodman.

The report was then opened and read. It was principally drafted in order to give the City Council an approximate idea as to the cost of lighting the city by electricity, and the probable annual expenditure and revenue to be derived therefrom.

Messrs Noyes Brothers desired that the Council should clearly understand that to prepare a detailed report, embracing every phase of the proposal and reducing the possibility of over or under estimates to a minimum, would necessitate a house-to-house canvass and survey. By this means only could they ascertain the probable number of consumers of electric power. They were instructed to consider and set forth the arguments for and against the following alternatives:

(a) Whether the City Council should carry out the electric lighting and supply of power as a municipal enterprise wholly and solely; (b) whether the City Council should purchase the power from a private supply company and undertake the reticulation and distribution themselves; (c) whether the City Council should give a franchise to a private company to undertake the lighting of the city and supply of power. Under the first alternative they should deal with the matter entirely from a municipal standpoint, setting forth as clearly as possible what the scheme embraced, and also advising as to the system of supply and various other engineering matters which, though not catered for in their instructions, they considered advisable to furnish for the fuller information of the City Council, together with an estimate of the charges, etc., and revenue. The streets of Auckland at the present time were badly provided with artificial illumination, and if the City Council decided to undertake the electric lighting of the city they should remedy this defect and make the installations of street lighting complete in every respect. Messrs Noyes Brothers devoted considerable attention to the matter, and had come to the conclusion that are lighting in all the principal streets would be the most suitable, while for the small, narrow streets incandescent electric lighting could be properly introduced and made to gradually supersede the present gas lamps. To provide effective illumination 180 are lamps of 1000 nominal candle-power each would be required, the same to be located at various points along the main streets and tramway routes, ranging in distance from 110 yards to 165 yards. The mains should be laid underground in the main streets, and carried overhead in the less important ones. The number of lamps mentioned would illuminate about 18 miles of streets, leaving about 36 miles to be lighted by incandescent lamps, but allowance must be made for cross streets and some of the narrow streets receiving light from the arc lamps in the main streets. It was estimated that in the city, with an adult population of about 20,000, there would be an almost immediate demand for 5000 16 candle-power lamps, which would be equivalent to about 7500 installed. A great many of the smaller consumers would only require eight candle-power

lamps, which would still further increase the lamp capacity of the station. Reference was made to the profits arising from the majority of the electric supply stations in Great Britain, and to the industrial possibilities in regard to the use of electricity as a motive power. The charge for supply in this connection should be on a sliding scale. The system of distribution recommended was that known as the direct current three-wire system, with a pressure of 440 volts across outside mains and 220 volts between the central main and the outer conductor. These voltages were standard pressures, and the system was considered the most suitable for a scheme embracing the supply of the city only. The system of generation recommended was that of steam, it being calculated that the saving in fuel which could be effected by the use of gas would be more than offset by the extra cost of a gas plant. A site near the present gasworks would be an admirable position for the generating plant, the cost of which, including power and light service mains, was calculated at £74,000. The cost per unit was estimated at 3.2 pence, this including in addition to production and distribution interest at 4 per cent. and 1 per cent. sinking fund. It was estimated that the Council should obtain an average price of 7d per unit for light and 3.25d per unit for motor loads. The revenue from the lighting supply was estimated at £10,705 per annum, and from the supply for motive purposes £7384 per annum, making a total of £18,089. The total cost of the generation and distribution of the supply for private lighting and power would be £12,173, the net profit thus equalling £5926 yearly. This profit would not be realised, however, on the first year or two of working as the demand would be necessarily small until general confidence was established in the success of the scheme. The cost of lighting the streets by means of the arc lamps would be £2573, as compared with the present cost of about £1690 for gas lighting. The excess of £873 could be debited to the total generating cost and still leave a net profit of £4,653 per annum.

In regard to the question of ownership, it was not considered that the Council should enter into any arrangement involving the purchase of power from a supply company, and the city to undertake distribution and reticulation. The difficulties and extra expense inseparable from dual control rendered this inadvisable. If the Council had anything to do with the supply at all, it should have full control of the system, including generating plant and distribution. As to whether the Council should give a franchise to a private company to undertake the lighting of the city and the supply of power, this was a matter for the Council to decide. There was no doubt that under competent private control the system would prove satisfactory. The Tramway Company, it was believed, was negotiating with the Council for the rights to supply the city, and if an arrangement could be made there was no doubt that the company could supply light and power at a cheaper rate than the City Council. As the company already had its plant station of 1000 horse-power does not materially increase the cost of management or generation to supply the power required. The supervision and wages portion of the charges of operating a station of 1000 horse-power did not materially increase if the station is increased to 2000 horse-power output, and the company's present buildings could be extended at comparatively small expense. If the Council was prepared to consider the advisability of granting a concession for the supply of light and power, they should first ascertain at what rate the company would guarantee to supply current, the class of supply, and what free services would be granted to the Council in return for the concession.

Although the question had been dealt with, according to instructions, from a city standpoint, the scheme, whether carried out by the Council or by a company, should embrace the surrounding suburbs as well as the city. The following was an estimate of the probable requirements of the various suburbs, the figures indicating 16 c.p. incandescent lamps and arc lamps respectively:—Grey Lynn, 400 and 10; Parnell, 700 and 12; Newmarket, 300 and 5; Epsom, 200 and 5; Onehunga, 400 and 7; Eden Terrace, 225 and 3; Mount Eden, 400 and 15; Devonport, 650 and 16, making totals of 3475 and 73 respectively. It was also estimated that Devonport would require an average motor load of 150 horse-

power for eight hours a day. This greater scheme would necessitate a generating station capable of supplying 8475 16 c.p. incandescent lamps, which would equal about 11,500 installed, and 282 1000 c.p. arc lamps, and a motor load of about 500 horse-power for eight hours a day. A scheme of this magnitude would involve a different system of supply and distribution to that required if providing for the city alone. If the Harbour Board installed electric cranes they would probably take power from a supply station, but their requirements had not been included in the estimate for motor loads. The total cost of a scheme to embrace the supply of city and suburbs was estimated at £130,000. The total operating expenses would be £21,336 per annum. For day motor loads 3d per unit should be obtained, and the average for lighting should be 7d per unit. From this scheme the total yearly revenue would be £29,976, leaving a net profit of £8640.

The report concluded by expressing thanks to Mr H. W. Wilson, Town Clerk, and Mr A. A. Wrigg, City Engineer, for assistance given in the matter of data and statistics.

It was decided to refer the report to the Streets Committee.

The Furniture Trade.

A DEADLOCK.

ONE HUNDRED MEN IDLE.

A new phase in connection with the working of the Conciliation and Arbitration Act in Auckland has developed as an outcome of the award made in the furniture trade. In common with many other workers in Auckland the union in the furniture trade has been moving in the direction of securing the same pay for similar work, when performed in Auckland, as is paid in the South. As an outcome of these efforts, the Arbitration Court raised the rate of pay from 1/1 to 1/3 per hour, in the majority of cases. This award was to come into force from the first of March. Under the Act there is perfect freedom allowed both masters and men, on at least one point. If the rate of pay is fixed too low, the men have the option of declining to accept it, and may look elsewhere for employment.

Similarly, the employers while forced to abide by the award if they do employ men, are not compelled to furnish employment if they choose to stop operations. In the case of the award in the furniture trade the Employers' Association, feeling dissatisfied with the decision of the Court as regards a number of the men employed took united action, and informed them that their services would not be required. The result is that about one hundred men in the furniture trade are at present out of employment. In explaining the matter one employer said to a "Star" representative: "The position is quite simple as far as we are concerned. The men who are worth the wage fixed have been retained. Those whom we consider not able to earn the wage have been dismissed. It is just a matter of will it pay? We have decided that certain men cannot earn that wage and we have dispensed with their services. It is not a lock-out, because the men who can earn the money have not been dismissed."

All the principal furniture manufacturing firms in the city have acted together in this matter, including the D.S.C. Company, Tonson Garlick Company, Winks and Hall, and T. and H. Cooke. A "Star" representative waited on several employers, and learned that their contention is practically that the award of the Court was not warranted in the present state of trade, and that therefore they cannot pay it. It is also asserted that the award is equal to an advance of about 18 per cent. It is also contended that the wages paid previously were equal to those ruling in the South and in Australia, and were therefore, generally speaking, satisfactory to the men. This latter assertion is, however, contradicted by the union leaders, who naturally contend that if the men were satisfied they would not have appealed to the Court.

Another manufacturer, when interviewed, said: "We contend that while some men are worth the wages fixed by the Court, others are not. In most cases we have given the rise, because the men were getting within a penny of it before, but in a few instances, where men just

out of their time, were not considered to be worth the 1/ per hour demanded we have parted with them.

An important factor at the moment, is the depressed state of the furniture trade in Melbourne, which enables articles to be imported at very low rates. Referring to this the manager of one firm said: "I can show you suites of furniture in the store here now that we have imported from Australia and paid the duty of 25 per cent., yet the laid-down cost is considerably less than what it would be to produce the same articles here at the increased rate of wages. The position is a more serious one for the workers than for the manufacturers, as orders have already been given for consignments of Australian-made furniture, because stocks can be speedily replenished at prices that leave a larger margin of profit for the importing than is possible at present when manufacturing." All the employers interviewed expressed the intention of standing firm and seeing the matter out to the bitter end. An endeavour has also been made to enlist the co-operation of Southern manufacturers with those in Auckland. A meeting of employers will be held to-morrow, at which further developments are expected.

THE MEN'S SIDE.

The "Star" representative next went to interview the Secretary to the United Furniture Trades' Union. Mr S. Tyson was found in his office, High-street, surrounded by a number of the members of the Union. "We are asking," said Mr Tyson, "that the men in Auckland should receive the same pay as in other parts of the colony, which I hold to be only fair. In Wellington the rate of pay for cabinet-makers, polishers, turners, and cabinet-makers, is 1/3 per hour. In Christchurch and Dunedin, cabinet-makers get 1/3 per hour, polishers and turners 1/2 per hour. In Auckland prior to this award, the pay was 1/1 per hour. In spite of this award, I am in a position to state that cabinet work is still made in Auckland and sent South. Another matter is that many men who were receiving £2 15/ per week, have now been taken on at the minimum rate fixed by the award. In one or two instances the rates fixed in the Auckland award are still below those in the South. The men now dismissed are now called incompetent workmen, although prior to this award they were receiving the minimum rate of 1/1 per hour. Of course it is not a complete lock-out, because the employers have kept on what may be termed the foremen. The branches of the Union affected so far are cabinet-makers, upholsters, turners, carvers and polishers. We had a meeting of the Union last night to go into the whole matter, and a committee was appointed to deal with any schedule of rates which the employers may be willing to submit in respect to those men whom they consider are not entitled to the full minimum rate of pay fixed under the award. The Union has no wish to force matters. If a man is incompetent he cannot expect full pay. We have applied to employers for their schedules, but only a few have sent them in. What I complain of most is that men who have been trained in one factory for seven years are now dismissed on the plea that they have not learned their trade enough to enable them to earn the minimum rate of pay. I mean to say there is something wrong in the system of training when you see a number of such cases in one firm, or else the plea is not a fair one as far as the men's earning capacity is concerned."

UNIONS WILL STAND TOGETHER.

Discussing the matter with some of the leading unionists, the "Star" representative learned that the unions are prepared to stand together.

"If it comes to a lock-out," said one prominent unionist, "then we must stand together. There are now 20 unions affiliated, and I have not the slightest doubt but that if need arrives the men will readily respond to a levy in order to assist their comrades who have been thrown out of work."

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Admiralty House "To Let."

DISCUSSION BY THE HARBOUR BOARD.

At the Harbour Board meeting on March 13th the secretary reported the receipt of a letter from Mr W. B. A. Morrison, stating that he had a client desirous of occupying Admiralty House, and wishing to know what terms of lease could be arranged.

Mr Philson moved that the letter be received, as the Board had no intention of leasing the House at present.

The Chairman (Mr Julian) said that when the Vice-Admiral was interviewed by the members of the Board recently various matters were mentioned, including the subject of Admiralty House. He informed the Admiral that the Board had built the place for the Admiral, and asked if he would kindly oblige by saying if he would be able to occupy it or not. He replied that he had anticipated that this question might be asked him, and he had written out his reply on the subject. This reply, as already published in the newspapers, was to the effect that he would not be able to occupy the house, but he could not say what future Admirals might do. It seemed, therefore, that the Board had Admiralty House "to let," and he moved that the question be referred to the Works and Tariff Committee.

Mr Walker suggested that the Board's solicitor should be asked whether they had legal power to let or lease the place under the Act of Parliament.

Mr Napier seconded the chairman's motion, but said he believed the Admiral was under a misapprehension as to what was expected of him. He evidently believed that he would be expected to occupy it as an official residence and maintain an expensive staff. This was not the case. All that was required was that the Admiral should occupy it as his private residence whenever he happened to be at Auckland, in the same way as was done in Hobart. When the previous Admirals were asked to occupy the old Admiralty House the objection was raised that it was too dilapidated. Then the two Auckland daily papers took the matter up and almost goaded the Board into erecting the new house. The two newspapers strenuously urged the matter forward, brow-beating the Board into erecting the new Admiralty House. Then the house was built in obedience to the voice of the people, and practically by a unanimous vote of the Board on the main question; and it was a good business investment, as the Board would get more than half—probably one-third—of the cost paid by the Government, besides getting the old house and site. The question now seemed to be whether the Board should at once proceed to complete the compact made with the Government or lease the house until some future time. In reply to Mr Walker's question he could say that the Board was fully empowered to let or lease the house so long as no consideration was received from the Government. When the new naval agreement came into operation under which New Zealand was to contribute £40,000 toward the Navy, the status of the Port of Auckland would be greatly altered, and New Zealand would have a commodore to itself, whose ships would be stationed here, and whose office and quarters would be ashore. In such a case there was no doubt that the commodore would occupy Admiralty House, as the Admiral at Sydney did. The only question appeared to be what should be done with the house in the meantime. He would strongly advise the Board not to let the house for a long period in view of the prospect of an early alteration of the circumstances of the port.

Mr. Witheford did not intend to blame the newspapers. The board was distinctly assured before the house was built that the Admiral approved of the site and the plans, and desired the house, and it was in consequence of that wrong impression that he supported the proposals. The proposals were finally carried in a precipitate manner, because it was said the house must be ready for the Admiral when the fleet arrived, and he had supported the proposals in good faith, believing it to be the wish of the Admiral.

Mr. Philson did not think Mr. Witheford could get out of the position quite so easily as that. It was just as easy for

Mr. Witheford as for anyone else to find out the true position of affairs. He was surprised at the ungenerous way in which the newspapers had turned round upon the board and said, "We told you so; you have added another white elephant." One was supposed to gather public opinion from the newspapers, but the newspapers took an entirely different attitude now from what they took up a year ago. Mr. Napier was incorrect in saying the erection of Admiralty House was approved of almost unanimously by the board. That house would never have been built but for the vote of one man. The board had now recognised that they had made a mistake. They should say to the Government, "You are wanting a large building for public purposes; take this over and give us our money." It would then be worth while to erect a house of about eight rooms on the Devonport side, close to the dock, and lay out the grounds attractively, and the Admiral would then probably have no objection to occupying it. This would not cost more than £2000, and it could be kept occupied all the year round.

Mr. Julian applauded Mr. Philson's suggestion to offer Admiralty House to the Government. Mr. Seddon had said he would like to live among us three or four months in the year, and the house might be made into a residence for the Ministers, including Sir Joseph Ward.

Mr. Napier: There is an application from General Bahington.

Mr. Basley said he held strong views on the question, and considered that the whole board should form a committee to discuss it.

Mr. Baume said public opinion was never strongly in favour of the house, and any support afforded was due to the impression that the Admiral either officially or unofficially had expressed a desire for it. He was astonished to hear Mr. Napier's views of the purpose for which Admiralty House was built. If it was not to be the official residence of the Admiral, then he would do away with it at once, for under any other conditions he did not want it here. It was not the duty of the Harbour Board to build a private house and provide for the private entertainment of the officers who came here. This duty belonged more to a different section of the community, who might be only too pleased to extend the hospitality. The board had no right to build a mansion for the convenience of one officer and his wife and family.

Mr. Napier: It would pay us fifty fold.

Mr. Baume: If there is no other reason for the fleet coming here than the mere satisfaction of getting a mansion, then the navy consists of men of whom we have no reason to be proud. Mr. Baume asserted that the Harbour Board had no right to indulge in business investments and proceeded to criticise the alleged value of the old Admiralty House, which under the agreement would come into the hands of the Board.

Mr. Napier: It is the land that is of value more than the house. We have an offer of £3000 for it.

Mr. Baume: No doubt Mr. Napier will make the offer good. Mr. Baume said that it had been implied that if Wellington had a fine harbour and a big Admiralty House the fleet would go there; that there was a sort of competition between the different ports as to which should offer the Admiral the finest house.

Mr. Napier: It is now a matter of competition.

Mr. Baume: If it is to be a matter of competition, the treatment of the naval officers, then I hope Auckland will stand out of it, because if the naval officers are so false as to be led away from their duty by considerations of that kind they are not fit to be in command of the fleet. He was convinced that the erection of Admiralty House was one of the biggest public mistakes ever made.

Mr. Walker said the sooner the Board rectified their obvious mistake the better. They should do what a private individual would do if he were in their position and get rid of it. It had been apparent from the commencement that the Admiral would not occupy the house, and Admiral Beaumont declined to lay the foundation stone because it had not received the sanction of the Lords of the Admiralty. He criticised Mr. Napier's "extraordinary pertinacity," and also blamed the newspapers. In Hobart, where the Admiral lived for six weeks in the year, his cost to the Government

—not to Hobart city—was only £173 per annum. Auckland, on the other hand, had spent a sum of £8330 in providing Admiralty House, apart from the cost of furnishing and maintenance, and now it was evident that it would be impossible for an Admiral to maintain such an expensive place. He would be in favour of leasing the place for ten years.

Mr. Napier: Within three years I think you will find the Admiral will occupy it.

Mr. Julian said Mr. Napier had always led the Board to believe that he had it from the Admiral that he would come here and occupy the house. He was very glad that he stuck out against the furnishing and thus prevented a worse mess.

Mr. Napier remarked that Admiral Pearson, in the presence of a committee of the Board, approved of the site.

Mr. Philson moved that the question be discussed by a committee of the whole Board.

This was seconded and carried.

The matter was again considered by the Board on Friday, but it was found impossible to arrive at any definite conclusion. It was eventually decided to instruct the chairman to obtain legal advice on the Board's position, and the question will again be discussed next Monday.

The "Auckland Star" remarks:—"It was only to be expected that members of the Harbour Board, having been at last brought face to face with the colossal blunder they have perpetrated, should desire to shift the responsibility to other shoulders. Mr. Napier is the one man who, more than anybody else, is to blame for the reckless expenditure in which the Board, following his lead, have involved themselves for this object, and he now has the assurance to say that the Board was driven to build Admiralty House by the newspapers. As far as we are concerned, we take leave to state that Mr. Napier's remarks are an outrageous misrepresentation of any-

thing we have ever published on the subject. When the project was originally set on foot, the idea was to provide temporary residence for the senior naval officer commanding on the New Zealand station, which would be available for the Admiral on his occasional visits; and this might have been done in a quiet and inexpensive way without any risk to the finances of the Board. Believing that such a scheme was in accordance with the wishes of the naval authorities, it had our cordial support. But this was far too modest for Mr. Napier's tastes. In spite of constant protests from members of the Board, and from the public press, Mr. Napier obstinately persisted in carrying out the huge wooden structure which has involved the Board in such a shameful waste of the public funds, though he should have known—as everybody else knew—that the Admiral in command had expressed his determination not to use the house when it was built. Some such scheme as Mr. Philson now proposes: a small house in a suitable situation, was not open to serious objection, unless and until it had been made clear that the naval authorities did not approve of the project. It might fairly be assumed that the Board would, in any case, have consulted the naval authorities before erecting a house of any kind. When it became definitely known that Admiral Beaumont disapproved of the entire project, the whole aspect of the case was altered, and the Board should have revised their decision. The building at that time had not been commenced. As matters stand the Board have been convicted on two serious indictments. Members have allowed themselves to be dragged blindfold into an unnecessary and extravagant undertaking without troubling to see the end of it; and they have either omitted to discover whether anyone would ever use the house after it was built, or they have concealed their knowledge of the fact that the Admiral in command had distinctly refused to live in it. Mr. Napier may take his choice of these alternatives.

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Stamp Collecting.

Island stamps have been issued bearing the portrait of King Christian.

The total number of stamps issued by Germany in 1901 was 3,128,500,000.

French stamps are used in Morocco, over-printed at the bottom with the word "Maroc."

Some lovers of the mysterious are objecting to the new United States 13-cent stamp, because it is an unlucky number.

India is about to issue two-anna purple and three-anna orange stamps, bearing the picture of King Edward.

Egypt has adopted the stamp booklet system. The only other countries so far are United States, Holland and New Zealand.

A very fine copy of the St. Vincent 5/rose red, 1880, realised £8 10/ by auction in London, and the Gibraltar carmine stamp, with value omitted, £16.

What would our Health Department do in a case like this, where a love-sick swain risked the dangers of bacteria to show his devotion? At Glamorgan Assizes a porter was ordered to pay £50 damages for breach of promise. One of his effusive love letters concluded—"Mary, I swallowed the stamp, for I knew your lovely lips had touched it." It is always said that love is blind.

Referring to the shilling New Zealand stamp, current type E.W.S.N. describes the following varieties on water-mark paper: Red brown, shiny gum, dull orange red do., dull gum, also deep orange red, and vermilion red, both with dull gum.

The South Australian 9d stamp, Queen's head, on paper bearing the water mark "Crown" and wide "E.A." should be scarce, as it is stated to have been issued about the 25th of February, and withdrawn last July. The total issue is said to have been only 12,000 stamps, of which a large number were used on telegrams.

A well-turned phrase regarding stamp-collecting appeared in a recent issue of Mekeel's "S.C.": "The uninitiated collector sees in stamps naught beyond their appearance. It is when his vision shows him how much the interest attaching to a stamp really comprehends—at how many points it rubs elbows with persons, thoughts and acts, that he begins to see what philately really is. Here is the true basis of interest in all true collecting; not in the thing itself, but in what it represents."

It was not until 1871 that the Japanese Government introduced the letter-post system. At first the service was only between several of the towns, but it was gradually extended through the whole country. Originally the charge for a letter from Tokyo to Osaka was 9d, but the post was not popular, because the business men thought it was not possible to do it at such a low rate, and would not therefore mail their correspondence. Another objection raised was that it was undignified of the Government to carry the people's letters.

It is now stated that the number of 1d brown Cook Island stamps, defaced with a crown, was only 2400; of these a number got stuck together, owing to the heat or damp, and were thus spoiled. Only about 380 copies are known to have reached the London market, so the high value placed on this stamp is fully warranted. There are three varieties of this surcharge, one inverted, which is very scarce, another sideways, equally hard to obtain and a third on which the surcharge is almost invisible on the face, but plainly seen reversed on the back of the stamp.

Echoes of the Election.

WELLINGTON, March 6.

From the Acting-Registrar-General I have to acknowledge an interesting pamphlet which contains information dealing with the voting at the last general election. In our city electorates, where electors have the right of voting for three members, the number of votes exercisable is more than twenty-eight thousand in excess of those recorded, so that some of the electors evidently voted for only one or two candidates. In the two Northern cities—Auckland and Wellington—in the number of electors on the rolls and number who recorded their votes males exceeded females, while for the two city electorates in the South Island—Christchurch and Dunedin—the women voters outnumbered the men. In thirteen instances deposits by candidates were forfeited, the number of votes received in each case having been less than one-tenth of the number polled by the successful candidate. The occupations of the members elected in 1902 show an increase in the number of representatives of the farmer class as compared with 1899. A table also shows that farmers or runholders furnish more members than any other class of occupation. There were twenty-one of these (besides four given as "settlers") returned in 1902. There were ten barristers or solicitors and five journalists. The number of members returned in 1902 was seventy-six, against seventy in 1896 and 1899. Referring to the Maori elections the Registrar-General says: "Of a Maori population amounting to 43,143 persons at the census of 1901, 14,271 voted at the general election held in December, 1902, an increase of 643 on the number who voted at the election of 1899. In 1893 the voters numbered 11,269, or 1739 persons fewer than in 1896, when 13,008 Maoris recorded their votes; while at the general election held in December, 1899, the number of Maoris who voted was 13,628. As the native

population increased but slightly between 1891 and 1901 it would appear that the Maoris are taking more interest as to their representation in Parliament than formerly, or perhaps there is now more convenience for attending to votes, or better knowledge of political affairs."

Vitadatio.

BILIARY CALCULI (GALL STONES).

SUFFERED MORE OR LESS FROM 1888 TO 1897.

TO MR S. A. PALMER.

Dear Sir,—It is with very great pleasure I testify to the inestimable value of WELLS' GREAT HERBAL REMEDY VITADATIO. In 1888 I had a severe attack of gall stones and congestion of the liver, which confined me to my bed for some time. The doctor who attended me said I never would be thoroughly cured; but I used to feel quite well between the attacks, which recurred very often—sometimes two attacks in one week. In the year 1892 I was very ill with my long standing trouble, and had another medical man, and he told me that gall stones could only be cured by operation, which I would not consent to. In February, 1897, I received a letter from my sister in Dunedin, New Zealand, telling me of the wonderful cures VITADATIO had effected there, and urging me to take a course of this medicine. As soon as I knew that VITADATIO was obtainable in the colony, acting upon the advice of my sister, I obtained six large sized bottles of the remedy, and am happy to inform you—and, in fact, the world, for the matter of that—I have been free from pain ever since, and am now in perfect health.

FLORENCE BURKE.

"Walmea," Pentland Parade, Yarraville, Melbourne.

For further particulars, S. A. PALMER, WAREHOUSE, WATERLOO QUAY, WELLINGTON.

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A & F Pears Ltd.



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,—I expect you will be very angry with me for not writing for so long, but as I intend to start fresh and try to keep it up, you must forgive me this time. We get the "Graphic" every week, and I always enjoy reading the cousins' letters. I wonder if Cousin Roie has forgotten us, she has not written for some time. Her letters are always very interesting, and I expect she is enjoying herself immensely, and I think she is a very lucky girl to go such a glorious trip, even if she has to go to school; don't you? We have a nice pony to ride, but she sometimes refuses to go, and she stands on her hind legs with her fore feet about a foot and a half in the air. I think it looks very silly when your horse does that, don't you, Cousin Kate? My nephew has two guinea-pigs; one is white and the other fawn and white. They have a wire netting run, which we put on the ground, and then they eat the grass almost all day long. We also have a pair of pigeons, which have just hatched a pair of young ones. I think they are so ugly when young, but as soon as they get their feathers they begin to look pretty. I am afraid this is rather a dull letter, but it is a dull day, and that makes me feel dull too, so we must blame the day I suppose. Well, Cousin Kate, I must close, with love from Cousin Nora.

[Dear Cousin Nora,—Indeed, I am not angry with you or any cousin who does not write. Why should I be? It is not a thing to force you all to. But I am sorry and rather disappointed that so many cousins should have got lazy all at once. Perhaps if some of them see this, and know that I really feel bad about it when they don't write, they will begin again. At all events, I am most delighted with your letter and your promise to write regularly. I hope you will be able to keep it. You make a mistake in thinking what you wrote was dull. It was very nice, and I like hearing of your pets. You must be a good rider to stick on that pony. I used to keep guinea pigs once—both the rough and smooth-haired ones. They are nice pets, and so are pigeons.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I wouldn't write to you before because I had not dressed the doll I promised for the bazaar, but I have finished it now, and am sending it up to-night. So I hope it will arrive safely. I went away for my Christmas holi-

days to a place a few miles this side of Wanganui, and had a lovely time. I went out driving and riding every day, so you may be sure I enjoyed it. The scenery down there is so pretty, most of the roads going zig-zag between gorges of ferns and shrubs. One day when we were out riding I saw Mount Egmont, and it looked lovely in its solitary grandeur, and the same day saw Mount Ruapehu, which looked equally as lovely, but the view I had of Mount Egmont there is not half as pretty as the view we have from New Plymouth of it. We haven't been having very fine weather here lately, but on the fine days another girl and myself always go down to the beach and have a bath. I went to-day. It was so nice, the sea being as "calm as a millpond." I am learning shorthand now, and find it such interesting work. Have you ever studied it, Cousin Kate? Some people say the further you go on the harder it gets, but I mean to stick to it, no matter how hard it gets. I suppose you went to Madame Melba's concert. I went and enjoyed it thoroughly. I think Madame Melba's voice is simply lovely, don't you? And I think the harpist plays exquisitely also. On the afternoon of the concert here a friend of mine and myself went to the hotel where Madame Melba was staying, and asked her to write her name in our birthday books, which she did at once. Wasn't it good of her? And isn't it nice for us to have her autograph? I do not think many girls will have it. Now, Cousin Kate, I must say good-bye. With love to all the cousins and yourself. From Cousin Dora.

[Dear Cousin Dora,—Many thanks for your letter. The doll has not yet arrived, but the parcel mail may not be delivered yet. I will let you know directly I get it. Thank you very much for dressing it for the bazaar. You certainly seem to have had a very nice holiday. I was away for ten days, and only had two fine ones. It was not much fun sitting in a dull hotel all day, was it? I am glad you went to Melba. It must have been a perfect education for you. It was certainly very good of her to sign her name in your books. I expect if she were staying on here for a week all the cousins would be sending up books, and she would have to refuse them. Please try and write to me as often as you can.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am afraid that the spaces between my letters are rather long, and that you must sometimes think I have forgotten you. The workmen have been taking the layer of earth that they put on the rails to protect them, off, and they say that the horse trams will be out on Monday, 8th March, though they have not yet begun to put up the poles on which the lines that carry the electricity will go. The volunteers were in camp a short while ago, and one Sunday they had a church parade. The firemen were there, too, and very fine they looked in their blue and silver uniforms. Last week we had some very hot weather, did we not, Cousin Kate? It seemed almost like Fiji again. A company has offered two prizes for each standard in our school, one two splendid pictures—one of the King, and the other of the Queen. These two are to go as first prize. The other one is a little pocket atlas. These two prizes are offered for best behaviour. I must close now, as there is no more news to tell you.—I remain, your affectionate cousin, Hastings.

[Dear Cousin Hastings,—Thanks for your letter, which was the more welcome, as so many of the cousins seem lazy about writing just at present. I saw in the papers the trams were soon to run to Ouelunga. It will be very nice

when the electric cars run all the way, but I expect we will have the horses for some time yet. I hope you will win that prize.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I see there are very few letters now from the cousins, and I don't think it is right, considering the trouble you take to keep the cousins' page going. I am glad you liked the doll and cushions I sent you. I wish I could go to Auckland for the bazaar. My sister went to town this morning to hear Madame Melba sing. She will be there to-night. I would have given anything to have gone, as it is a chance you might not get again in a life-time. I expect you will be there, dear Cousin Kate. What a crush there will be. I fancy I can see the Opera House now (as it is a quarter to eight), crowded to suffocation in every part except the stage, where the great singer stands. We have had my brother's wife and two children staying with us for a fortnight. The little girl is 2½, and the boy 4, and for their age they both are wonderful singers. The little boy sang at a concert some time ago. He has long, fair curly hair, and has such a fair skin. The little girl is the prettiest little thing I have ever seen. She is like a little wax doll, with fair curly hair that curls all over her head, and such lovely blue eyes; she can talk so plain. My sister has started to teach painting, and I am to be one of her pupils. Our school is to have a holiday to-morrow for the Pukekohe Show, but I am not going, and we are going to have another holiday soon, as there is an excursion from here to Awitua, and all the school children are free. I think I am going to that. I hope the weather will be fine and then we will enjoy it. The weather has been glorious for the last few days, the sun so bright and not a cloud to be seen. Hoping you and all the cousins are quite well,—I am, your loving cousin, Ila.

[Dear Cousin Ila,—Your letter arrived just as I was beginning to fear there would be scarcely any again this week, and I need not tell you how pleased I was to get it. The weather has most certainly been superb lately. It is the warmest summer we have had for a very long while. Auckland is very gay with all the war ships in port, and the sailors seen a most jolly set of men. They are having a regatta this week, with rowing and sailing races. I hope your sister enjoyed Melba as much as I did. It was lovely.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—The weather at Auckland has been simply delightful, and it seems a shame to go to school, but of course our education must come before play. I have started French again, and as there are several new pupils we have to start pretty nearly from the beginning, so it is very easy for us older pupils to understand it. The week before last I went to "If I Were King" and "Sherlock Holmes" played by the Williamson Dramatic Company in His Majesty's Theatre. I liked the former very much, but the latter play I could not understand. My sister Ivy is very busy practising for the coming swimming sports. She has already won a beautiful gold brooch for swimming. Good-bye, dear Cousin Kate, from Cousin Mabel.

P.S.—I hope you will be able to understand my writing, as I am in a hurry.

[Dear Cousin Mabel,—I was quite able to understand your nice little letter. I also saw the two plays you mention, and much enjoyed them. Did you hear Madame Melba? She was simply splendid, and I don't suppose we shall ever

have such a treat again. When are the swimming sports to be held? I think all girls, as well as boys, should practise swimming. One never knows when it may be wanted. I know how you feel about going to school, for I often think I should like to stop home from the office. Write again soon.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I'm afraid you will think I have soon forgotten my promise to write to you more regularly. I noticed how few letters were in the "Graphic" to-day, and I do hope the cousins are not going to stop writing suddenly. I hope Cousin Roie will soon favour us with another of her interesting letters. It seems a good long while since one appeared in print. Are we not having delightful weather here just now? I do hope it will continue so. I went to Rotorua for the carnival as I intended, returning by the express on Monday, and spent a most enjoyable week's holiday. The only thing it was not half long enough. There were seven of our party altogether, and two more friends joined us up there. I quite intended writing while I was away, but all our time seemed to be taken up in sight-seeing. The weather was lovely, except Thursday, afternoon and Friday morning; but even on those days we managed to go out. We made rather a bad beginning, the express was 2½ hours late in arriving on Monday. Although it was so late we went for a walk in the Sanatorium Grounds after dinner that night. Tuesday we spent on the shores of the lake, viewing the regatta. Earlier in the day we went round Ohinemutu, and while there an old Maori came up and wanted us to buy tickets. We didn't understand what he meant for, and when we asked him all he could say was "Go home, I say, go home," and so, knowing that if we gave him anything, we should soon have half-a-dozen more following us, we turned back towards the gates, followed by the Maori, who made sure we really did leave the place. On the main road we met another man, one of the Carnival Committee, and straightway bought our tickets from him. Every night we went down to the Sanatorium Grounds for a stroll. The band played in the rotunda nearly every evening, and once the haka and poi dances were held there. Wednesday morning we spent at Whakarewarewa, when "Wairoa" geyser was soaped for the benefit of visitors, and played beautifully. The sports were held on the racecourse on Thursday; but a heavy thunderstorm came on in the afternoon, so we did not wait for the finish. Friday we drove to the lovely Fairy Springs and to Mr Bainbridge's monument in the morning, and had our photos taken, in memory of our visit, in the afternoon. Saturday was a lovely day, and we spent it at Wairoa viewing the ruins there, and the Falls. On the way back our driver waited 45 minutes while we picked blackberries. Sunday morning we all went to St. Luke's, and in the afternoon across the Lake to Hamurana Springs. While we were there a strong wind sprang up and we had a rather rough trip back, taking 20 minutes longer than usual to come across. The water was coming over the front of the launch, and there wasn't room for everyone at the back; so seven of us remained in the pulling boat and were towed behind the steamer. On Monday I left for home, after a most delightful time, and here endeth a short and sweet holiday. Trusting this is not too long to tire you, with love to all the cousins, from your affectionate cousin, Ethel, Auckland.

[Dear Cousin Ethel Ada,—Your long and most absorbing letter gave me very great pleasure, and will be read with great interest by all the cousins. The "Graphic" had a photographer up at Rotorua, and he said everyone seemed to enjoy themselves hugely. I have visited all the places you mention. The Fairy Spring is lovely, is it not, and the water delightfully cool to drink? I suppose you will go to the Maori School bazaar next week. There is sure to be a crowd, and I hear there are some lovely things to be sold.—Cousin Kate.]

Granny was holding baby, and as he opened his mouth she saw he had a new tooth, and in great excitement called to inform mother of the fact, and she at once came running to see.

Tommy, aged four, was playing near, and, looking up, he remarked in an injured tone:

"I've got four tooths, an' no one doesn't take any notice of me."

"When I'm a Man."

(By Anne H. Woodruff.)

"When I'm a man," said Ted, whistling away at the willow twig that he was trying to make into a whistle for Baby May, "I know what I will do. I'll earn heaps and heaps of money for mamma, so that she won't have to sew and sew all the time to make clothes for other people. That's what I'm going to do."

Robbie listened with envious and admiring awe at this confident statement of his elder brother, while Baby May watched with delighted interest the shaping of the coveted whistle. The long, drooping branches of the old willow-tree waved back and forth above them as they sat in the shade below. Snowball, the family cat, looked like a bunch of animated cotton wool on the bright green sod, her three kittens, as spotless as herself, scampering, tumbling and turning somersaults around her; which frolicsome behaviour Bruno, the collie dog viewed with dignified disapproval from his comfortable position beneath the privet hedge.

"Boys, the wood-box is empty!" called their mother from the window where she sat at her sewing-machine, scarcely taking time to breathe the sweet, flower-scented air. "I think you must have forgotten all about it to-day."

Ted did not seem to hear this remark, for he kept on whistling; but Robbie started up at once, whistling cheerfully as his sturdy little figure passed back and forth from wood-pile to kitchen, his chubby arms as full as they could hold. When he was through with that job, he came back to the shady nook in the corner of the yard. Ted was saying:

"Yes, sir! When I'm a man I'm going to build a great big house for mamma, just like Mr. Brown's; and I will buy her a silk dress like Mrs. Brown wears to church on Sundays; and I'm going to—"

"Teddy, dear, don't you know it is time for you to make the kitchen fire, so that I can get supper pretty soon!" came the mother's gentle voice from the window.

"Oh, bother the kitchen fire!" exclaimed Teddy, pettishly. "I can't do it now. You do it, Bob." I want to finish this whistle for baby."

"Robbie is not used to making the fire," objected his mother; "and, besides, you know, you have neglected to empty the ashes for two days past. The pan is running over. Robbie cannot manage it."

"Oh, yes I can," answered Robbie, blithely. "I can take the fire-shovel and empty a little at a time into the coal-scuttle, and not make much of a muss, either," and away he ran to do it, with a face as bright as the day itself.

"Put on the tea-kettle, Bob, while you are about it," ordered Ted, whose duty it was to attend to these chores, but who was quite willing to do them by proxy—a proxy so conveniently handy and willing as Robbie.

"And I'm going to have a carriage and a pair of jet-black horses and an automobile," continued Ted, when his audience was once more settled before him, with attentive eyes and ears. "I guess mamma will like to go out riding with me when I'm a man, and can take care of her like papa did when he was alive. All she'll have to do will be to sit in the parlour all day long. I wish I was a man now."

"Someone will have to do an errand for me," again came the mother's voice, wafted to the children along with the fragrance of the blossoming syringas, roses and sweet peas that made their next-door neighbour's dooryard a bower of loveliness and delight. "This dress must go to Mrs. Brown, and I want to send to the store; I must have some thread right away. Miss Day wants her dress to-morrow, and I'm in such a hurry I don't know what I am about. Teddy, I think you had better go this time, dear. Robbie has done all the errands to-day."

But she spoke to ears that heard not—Teddy was already out of hearing. Warned by the first word of what he had to expect, he found it convenient to have other business in the back yard, which claimed his immediate and undivided attention. In this way he avoided a knowledge of the duty which lay nearest. If you do not know what is wanted, of course you cannot do it. Nobody can deny that. Robbie trotted off to Mrs. Brown's with the big parcel, and afterwards to the store for the thread, rejoicing his mother's heart by his cheerfulness and his loving, willing service.

Teddy cheated himself worst of all, for Robbie came home full of all he had seen at the village store—a man with a hand-organ, a monkey and a dancing bear,

that were passing through the place. This was a blow to Ted, who felt deeply injured when Rob told him of the crowd of boys that followed the man clear out of town. He—Robbie—could not go because he had to bring the thread home to his mother.

Ted forgot to finish the whistle that day, after all, thereby disappointing his sister not a little.

"I dess Teddy will make it when he's a man," the little maiden confided to Robbie. "What you doin' to do for mamma Robbie, when you's a man?"

"I don't know," replied Robbie, thoughtfully, not quite so sure of himself as Ted; but brightening, "I guess I'll do just whatever I can."

The Cat o' Ten Tales.

Ten little Kitty Cats, all dressed up fine. One tore her pinafore, then there were nine.

Nine little Kitty Cats eating from one plate. One got crowded out, then there were eight.

Eight little Kitty Cats sat up till eleven. One fell fast asleep, then there were seven. Seven little Kitty Cats, playing funny tricks.

One rolled out of sight, then there were six. Six little Kitty Cats learning to dive. One went down too deep, then there were five.

Five little Kitty Cats playing on the shore. A big wave caught one, then there were four.

Four little Kitty Cats climbing up a tree. One fell down again, then there were three.

Three little Kitty Cats met a king-roo. One went home with him, then there were two.

Two little Kitty Cats sitting in the sun. One ran in the house, then there was one. One little Kitty Cat went to buy a bun. He never came back, then there was none.

CAROLYN WELLS.

The School Time.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.

The school bell is ringing. The sweet voices singing. Each morning le bringing A troop on the way.

Speed hither, slow comer. And do not delay, You've had the long summer For frolic and play.

O-ho! for the classes Of bright lads and lassies, Your time quickly passes, So learn while you may.

The New York Speak Kindly Club.

The New York Speak Kindly Club is in a very flourishing condition with meetings every week. Nearly all the members attend school. Of course there are a few who are too young, but several of these attend kindergarten, and as that only employs them in the morning, they are always on hand before the time comes for assembling.

Almost any order of exercises is appropriate for a Speak Kindly Club as long as it is a loving and harmonious programme. Sometimes the members do not agree outside the club room, but if they live up to the pledge and speak kindly, or to put it the other way—if they do not allow themselves to speak unkindly, the disagreement is not a serious one. This is because a soft answer turneth away wrath. It is better not to speak at all than it is to speak unkindly.

King Penniless.

Wealthy as King Edward of England is, he found himself without money the other day, and at a moment when he needed it badly. The Queen and he were attending divine service in St. Paul's Cathedral, and in due course the poorbox was handed to them. The King thereupon put his hand in his vest pocket for some money, but found none, and, though he searched pocket after pocket, he was unable to produce as much as a single penny. Much discomfited, he turned to the Queen, probably with the intention of asking for her purse, but he was too late, for the official with the box had passed on. After the service the King mentioned the incident to the Bishop of London, who had officiated, and said that he would be obliged to ask him for a small loan, adding humorously:— "It is not the first time I have borrowed money."

Miss F. P. Cobbe relates the following story:—Wishing to provide the lads in her native village with some amusements in the evenings, she organised classes for learning astronomy, and used various descriptions of fruit, spread upon a kitchen table, to illustrate her lectures. Some while afterwards, meeting a former scholar, the teacher was mortified to find he had apparently forgotten all the old lessons.

"Don't you remember anything of the lectures, Andrew, the sun and moon and stars in fruit upon the table?"

Andrew suddenly brightened up. "I remember one thing, miss," he replied. "I know that Mars was a red gooseberry, for I ate him."

X JUNGLE JINKS. X

MARIA THE COOK ENCOUNTERS SOME STRANGE MONSTERS.



1. "Maria," said Doctor Lion, "I've just brought home some ducks for you to look after. I want them fattened up for Christmas." "Lor, sir!" exclaimed the cook—"more birds? Why, we shall have quite a farmyard here soon!" "That reminds me," whispered Jumbo to Jacko, as they peeped over the wall; "why shouldn't we have a little 'farmyard fun' with those ducks?" "All right," chuckled Jacko, "I'm ready; but we had better wait till cookie's back is turned."



2. So they waited, and as soon as Maria had gone indoors that rascal Jumbo scrambled into the farmyard with two pots of paint in his hands. All the boys sat on the wall and watched him while he painted a horrible face on an air-balloon. "What are you going to do with that?" giggled Jacko. "Oh, you'll see soon enough," sniggered Jumbo. "But first of all run and get me some more balloons."



3. And when Jumbo had finished painting the balloons, Jacko and Rhino helped him to tie them on the heads of the ducks. Then those naughty boys led the birds to the door of the kitchen and drove them in. "Quack! quack! quack!" cried the ducks; and Maria, looking up from her pie-making, gave a loud scream for help. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! I shall be eaten alive as sure as my name's Maria!" she cried. But when those boys at the window burst into a roar of laughter, cookie saw through the trick, and declared she would go and tell the Doctor about it at once.

AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES

Why Girls Should have An Allowance.

By VIVIAN DESBOROUGH.

Most girls when they leave school are endowed with an allowance.

There is no definite sum of money assigned, however, even among girls holding the same position in society and requiring the same amount of dress—by no means a criterion of their possessing

it: This donation is apportioned sometimes with reference to the pockets of the giver, and at others the responsibility is attached to the vagaries of inclination.

The advantages of bestowing an allowance upon girls are manifold.

(1) They are enabled to get an insight into the spending of money.

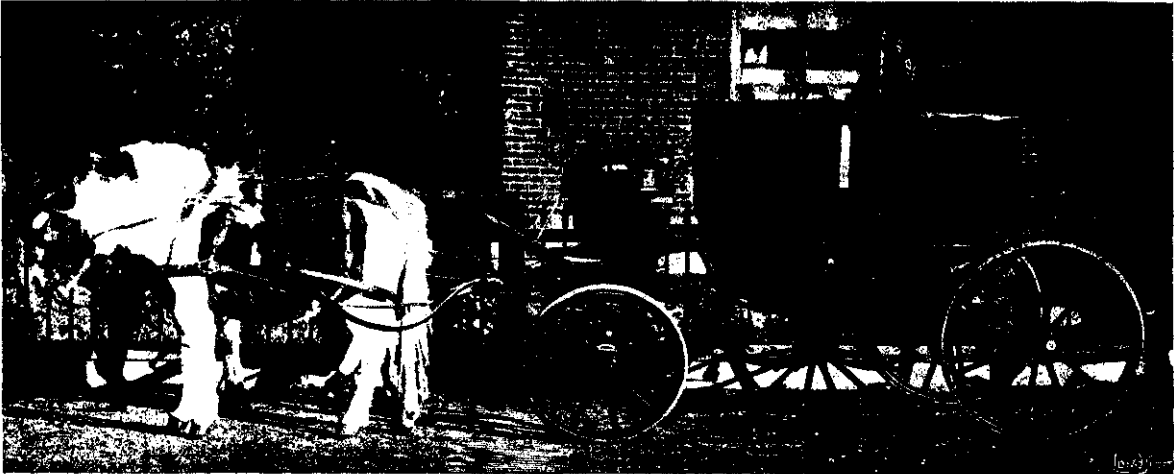
(2) It has a tendency to make them economical and practical.

(3) They are given a feeling of independence, of proper pride.

(4) They possess greater facilities for helping others.

It is obviously unjust to expect a girl who has not been permitted to spend any money, beyond the few pounds she may have obtained as pocket money, to suddenly develop when she marries into an economical, capable manager of household affairs, considering that she has never even controlled those of her own personal adornment. If she feels that she has always her mother to fall back upon she is not half so thrifty,

though it may be unintentional, as she would be should she find no pecuniary support behind her. Not very long ago a young girl was visiting a married cousin in the country. The elder lady had been very kind in paying for the girl's expensive journey from her home, as the latter was very badly off. One morning the two betook themselves to weed in the garden, the married cousin having first enveloped herself in a large, serviceable apron. Fearing that the girl might spoil one of her few gowns



A GIFT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CHILDREN.

(A landau and pair of red and white piebald ponies were presented by the showmen and van-dwellers of Great Britain to the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The carriage is less than five feet high and is of a dark chocolate colour.)

The New Hat Pins

Solid Silver Initials, Steel Pins. Any letter you wish 2s. each. 9-ct. Gold Hat Pins—the latest idea—4s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d.

Pearl Safety Pins

For Fastening Lace; 9-ct. Gold set with Fine Pearls, any initial, 7s. 6d. each.

Ladies' Gold Watches

Keyless, Fine Jewelled Movements, strong 14-ct. Gold Cases. Accurate timekeepers. £12 10s.

A. WATCH FOR A LIFETIME.

Smelling Salts Bottles

Cut Glass, not an imitation, cut stoppers, solid silver mounts. 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. to £5.

Glove Button Hooks

Made of Solid Silver, strong and just the size to fit into the purse. Your choice of half-a-dozen designs, 1s. 6d. each.

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146 & 148 QUEEN ST. AUCKLAND.

It's not what you pay for a thing, but what you get for what you pay. I've little for an inferior article, and its cheapness is not economy. You will find quality and good value in every item in this list. Our business is the biggest of its kind in Australasia. Our prices are uniformly the lowest. The reason for the one explains the other.

Our New Catalogue will interest you. Post Free to any address.

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Form a useful and uncommon Wedding Present. We have two Patterns One is a Shell Design, very pretty. Price: Two Pieces in Silk Velvet lined case, 32s. 6d.

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We have dozens of new and pretty designs to select from. Plain and engraved, set with Pearls, Turquoises, 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d. Amethyst Hearts mounted 9-ct. Gold, 15s. 6d., 17s. 6d., 22s. 6d.

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Without a doubt the most satisfactory Bangle made. Always looks well, and stands more usage than the ordinary stiff Bangle. Ours have Gold Padlocks and Safety Chains. 9-ct. Gold, 30s., 40s., 50s., 70s. 15-ct. Gold 63s., 70s., 90s. to £6 6s.

Spectacle Cases

Chateleine Spectacle Cases for hanging at the waist. No searching all over the house to find your Specs if you buy one of these. Finest quality Silver Plate, 9s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d. Solid Silver mounted Leather Ones, 14s. 6d., 15s. 6d., 21s., 25s.

Greenstone Pendants

Real New Zealand Greenstone, mounted with 9-ct. Gold, 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d.

Gold Muff Chains

There is a dressy gracefulness about these long chains which is likely to keep them fashionable for years. 9-ct. Gold, 50s., 55s., 60s., 80s.; 15-ct. Gold, £5, £6, £7 10s., £8 10s.

Diamond Rings

Every Lady likes to possess one or more Diamond Rings, and nowhere can she buy them to better advantage than here. Our £5 5s. Half Hoop is a beauty. We can show them to you at £8 10s., £12 10s., £18 10s. to £110.

Pearl Brooches

All the charming designs you can imagine are here, and the prices you will find, as usual, satisfactory. Prices from 10s. 6d. to £20.

Hairpin Boxes

Nothing causes so much worry as not to be able to put your hand on Hairpins when they are wanted. Our Hairpin Boxes save that. Cut Glass Silver Tops, 4s. 6d., 5s., 13s. 6d.

she offered her the same protection. "No, thanks, Evelyn," was the reply to her solicitous words. "But, my dear girl, you will ruin your frock." "I don't pay for my own clothes, you know," said the visitor, with a laugh. "Mother will have to buy me another if this is spoilt."

The girl who has all her things provided for her does not experience the same desire to plan and make her clothes herself. She may not know how far the maternal mind may coincide with her own in the purchase of laces and chiffons, but, there being no fixed limit to her expenditure, she does not feel it all incumbent upon her to learn to cut out, to pick up millinery wrinkles, or to be careful about her veils and gloves.

All girls like to have a little money in hand and not feel obliged to apply to parental beneficence for every penny, should some unexpected invitation come in her way, or some sudden fashionable hobby take her fancy. As one girl remarked, "It is so humiliating to ask for every cent."

The throwing off of due respect is by no means advocated, but it is apparent that a certain amount of responsibility on the daughter's part eases the parent, trains as well as interests the embryo woman, and prevents those big and little jars that so often arise out of questions of domestic finance. If a girl has a definite sum given her for pin-money, she is able to lay by a little to help others in need when appeals are made to her, though it will probably mean the sacrifice of those little delights that are so dear to the girlish heart in the beautiful flower time of life.

A good deal has to be taken into consideration before determining the amount of the allowance.

Should the mother fear that her daughter, unaccustomed to the use of so much money, may involve herself in wild extravagance, she should, at any rate for the first year, insist on the expenditure being submitted to her approval, letting her daughter use her own judgment in the purchases as far as possible.

The first taste of power is usually very sweet and slightly intoxicating, consequently if disagreements arise they often end in reserve on the daughter's part. As a remarkably pretty girl said some time ago, "I used to have an allowance, but spent so much and there were so many bills," with a smile, "that I don't have one now."

Some girls start with excellent theoretical ideas about the spending of a diminutive allowance, but practically they are quite useless, the result often being that they manage to make the sum "do," but never appear well dressed. Simple, smart dressing takes more money than the ordinary masculine mind can imagine.

Before finally deciding upon the amount to be given a parent should make out a rough estimate of the girl's probable expenditure. With this as a guide it ought not to be a difficult matter to arrive at a fair and just allowance, which should be willingly bestowed and accepted with gratitude.

purple velvet (as generally supposed), forms the cap, and a very narrow edging of ermine peeps from beneath the lowest band of diamonds round the head.

Coronation Medal issued by the Royal Mint.

Official medals have been struck by the Royal Mint in commemoration of their Majesties' Coronation, and are shown in the accompanying illustrations. They are in two sizes, and can be had either of gold, silver or bronze. The obverse shows the King, and the reverse the Queen. The prices of the medals range from £13 for the gold medal to 3/ for those of bronze. They are obtainable at the Bank of England, or any of its London branches. New Zealand banks will import them for customers.



Obverse.



Reverse.

The Long Waist.

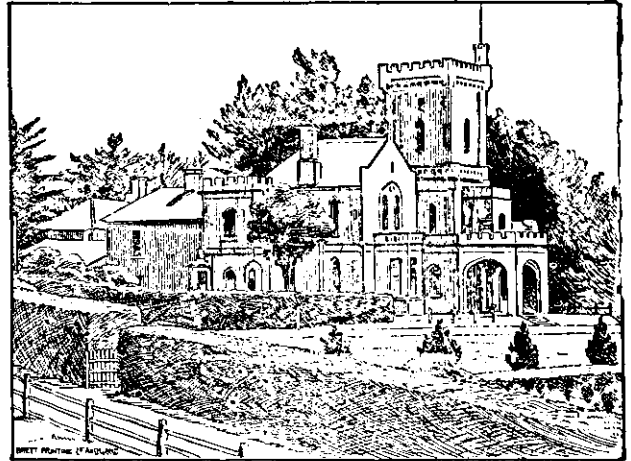
Fifty years or so ago Dame Fashion decreed that waistbands must be placed beneath the armpits. To-day, the girl who would be truly smart winds her belt

above, and only just above her hips. Girls who do not boast long "figures" may regard the newest fashion-plates a little ruefully, but for once the mode has Nature on her side. The proper place for woman's waist is not under her armpits. Hy-

THE LADIES' COLLEGE, REMUERA,

FOR GIRLS OF ALL AGES.

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This first-class Private School provides modern high-class Education and moral training on Christian but unsectarian principles. Home-life is combined with the culture and disciplinary influences of School. Full staff of Resident and Visiting Professors and Governesses—English and Foreign. Prospectuses on application of Messrs. Upton & Co., or Principal. MRS. R. A. MOORE-JONES, M.R.C.P., M.M., C.M.I., S.K.

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 makes BOOTS and HARNESS proof as a duck's back, and soft as velvet. Adds three times to the wear of leather. Pleasant odour. Allows polish with blacking. 22 Exhibition Highest Awards for superiority. Black or Brown colour. Sold by Best Stores, Saddlers, Ironmongers, etc. Manufactory—Dulwich, London (Eng.)

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 DAY WEAR NIGHT WEAR
 For Blouses, Nightdresses, Pyjamas, Children's Frocks, etc.
 ECONOMICAL 8 CAUSE DURABLE.
 "Viyella," says The Queen, "has borne the test of years; you can wear it for night-dresses all the year round."
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THE "ZITA" PATENT
ZITA DIP FRONT ADJUSTER
 With the Zita Without the Zita
"ZITA" (Regd.) ADJUSTER
 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.
 Size 1 for waist 21" to 21 1/2" Size 2 for waist 21 1/2" to 22"
 If unable to obtain from your Draper, send Money Order or English stamps for 15d. to the M. & L. CUTLERS, W. PRETTY & SONS, LTD (Dept. H) BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

The Queen's Crown.
 Having received a private intimation that the Crown worn by Her Majesty Queen Alexandra at her coronation might be seen before it is broken up (as the jewels are all to be taken out and reset in a different form), I took advantage of the offer, and was well rewarded by a sight of this beautiful work of art at close quarters. Though ready for Her Majesty (who herself chose and approved of the design in May last), the crown was not on view then, and it was only by special favour that a few people were allowed to have a peep at it. The Koh-i-noor blazes in front, great fleurons de lys and crosses of magnificent diamonds forming the principal design above. The wide gold band which supports them, and which is thickly encrusted with small diamonds, makes an imposing show. Several diamond arches support a great ball, which is again surmounted by a cross of diamonds, and the fact that there are absolutely no other jewels in the whole design makes this crown unusually chaste and brilliant. Red, not

gienically speaking, that part of the body belongs where the costumes of the moment put it. If, therefore, you want to be healthy and want to be fashionable, make up your mind to develop your ribs-muscles. Devote ten minutes every day to lengthening your waist. Perseverance and a not very complicated exercise will work marvels for your figure. But to practise physical exercises with any hope of success, every movement must be absolutely free and unimpeded. Bodices and corsets must come off before an attempt be made to start. This done, stand as straight and firm as you know how with the arms held close to the sides and the whole body well erect. Then slowly raise your arms, keeping the muscles taut the while, till they form an arch above your head. Lock your thumbs together, and the exercise proper can begin. It consists of a graceful, swaying movement, starting from the waist. Incline your body to one side, shoulder towards hip, so that it distinctly curves, then draw it gently back into the straight again. This movement brings the neglected muscles round the ribs into play. You should feel all the time that it comes from the waist. Repeat the "swayings" five, or even six times, if you comfortably can, then give the other side of your figure a turn. Beginners will do well to take frequent rests, and it is not a bad plan to spread your exercising over a rather longer time at first; still better to divide it into two or three practices a day. The figure exercise is not by any means a tedious one to accomplish. It grows really interesting as the muscles harden and fill out. Every week then marks a change, and soon you note delightedly that your waist seems getting longer. Your waist-belt has come down.

Teaching the Child to Lie.

An eminent pessimist observes that lying is the one common characteristic of all mankind. From his earliest infancy a child learns to lie. His parents and his companions teach him to do so, and so do nearly all the grown up persons about him.

At first the lying may be innocent and without any bad intention. The little girl pretends that her doll is talking, that it is ill, that it is catching cold. This may be regarded as a form of lying, however innocent the intention.

Nearly all families, however respectable, make use of various conventional lies in daily life. The child notices this and follows the example set him. He hears his parents tell the servants to say that they are not at home when they are. He hears them compliment people to their faces and criticise them after they are gone. He hears them tell visitors how delighted they are to see them, and as soon as they are gone he learns that they were a dreadful nuisance.

Grown up people lie when children ask them questions, either because they cannot answer the questions or do not want to, or are ashamed to do so.

By and by he finds out that his elders were in the habit of lying to him, and he adopts the same habit himself. The child who tells all he knows in public is naturally considered a source of great embarrassment. His parents tell him that he must not tell all he knows, even that he must pretend things are not what they are. In order to force this behaviour on the boy for the sake of keeping up appearances he is often punished, and this, of course, impresses the lesson of lying upon him very strongly. He learns that it is impossible to live without lying.

Equal Consideration.

The best thing that could come to women, to men, and to humanity would be a forgetfulness and laying aside of the eternal insistence upon sex as a great dividing line between human beings. Not that we would ignore the delicate proprieties that for ever must mark a certain separation between men and women, but on any broad lines of effort, of interest, common to both sexes, they should be judged alike.

It is the perpetual reiteration of the assertion that "because she is a woman" this person must not do some one thing, must not win certain rewards, and, above all else, must not receive as much pay for work well done as would be awarded to another person because he is a man—it is this unjust discrimination which we would see removed.

In business life let the question of compensation for a given service be the excellence of the work done, and not the sex of the performer. In all professions let the student be accepted for merit and not for sex. Above all, as tending to create and foster a certain objectionable sentiment preserving the theory of woman's inferiority, let no one ever say that any shortcoming or imperfect performance is "just like a woman," for there is no denseness of stupidity, no depth of feeble mindedness to which some men have not descended, and there are few heights of achievement to which the lofty intellects of some women have not climbed.

The Queen Dowager of Italy.

Since the tragic death of King Humbert the Queen-Dowager of Italy has led a life of great retirement, and is very seldom indeed to be seen at Court. She mainly divides her time between the

palace in Rome, which she has purchased, and her estate in the country. During the summer she travelled a little, but always in strict incognito. She is still a very beautiful woman, and in King Humbert's lifetime was always very accessible to the people generally, by whom she is greatly beloved. She is said to be extremely devoted to her granddaughter, the little Princess Yolande, who is a lovely child, and who inherits her mother's, Queen Elina's, beautiful dark eyes.

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obtainable from all Chemists. Ask for it, and if not readily procurable, send 2/6 in stamps or postal note to

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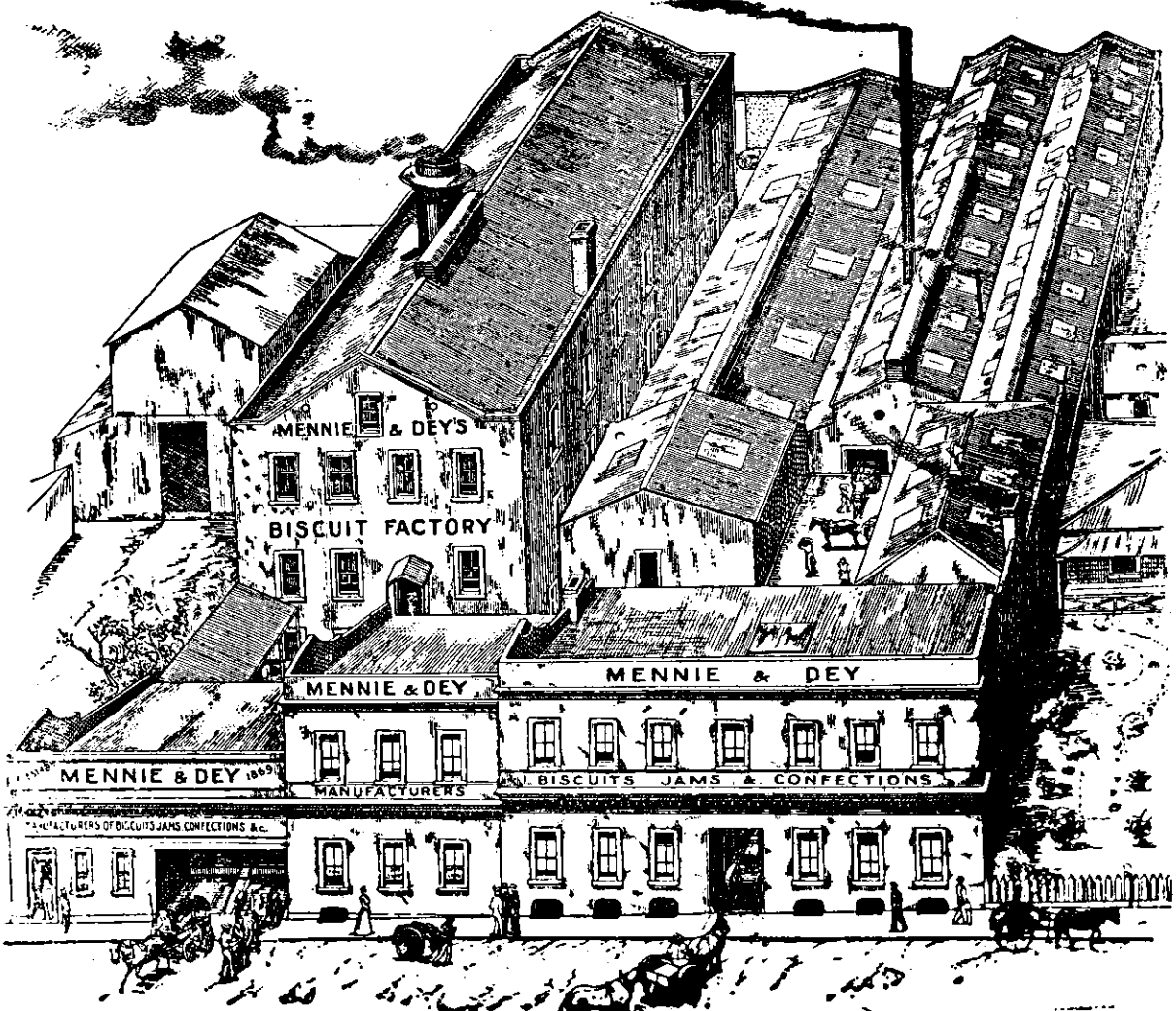
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Gold Medal Conservees

Are Girls too Ready to Think Men in Love With Them?

Half the miseries of life spring from the fact that women do not understand men. Of course, men don't understand women, but then, they know they can never hope to do so, and don't attempt the impossible. Most men are "taken" with dozens of girls, dark girls, fair girls, red-haired girls, chestnut-haired girls, dyed haired girls; fat girls, thin girls, willowy girls, chubby girls, etc.; this fluttering of fancy is during the effervescent period from 18 to 27. These are the years in which a man looks round, not with a view to selecting a wife, but with a desire to see what nature has to offer, should he at any subsequent period wish to forswear bachelorhood.

Now, as far as I can see, there is no reason why a man should be blamed for this. The pity of it is that the girls don't realise that, like nine-tenths of the good ladies who attend bazaars, he has no intentions.

He meets Miss Goldenhair at a ball, dances three times with her, writes her name and address on his cuff, comes over for a week-end and calls upon her, dums with her brother, sends her chocolates, buys her flowers, and occasionally takes her and a friend to a cafe for tea.

Miss Goldenhair is flattered by these attentions; she exalts them into the signs of love. Worst of all, she presumes upon them, and persuades herself that some day he will ask her to marry him.

Meanwhile, Miss Darkhair has come along, and the large-hearted man is repeating the little comedy.

I suppose, dear girl readers, you will gnash your teeth and call him names—you'll be angry with me for using the word comedy. You'll vow it's a grim and bitter tragedy, and that Miss Goldenhair's heart is broken. Unfortunately, in a great many instances I shall be obliged to grant you that it's certainly cracked. But why won't women be reasonable? This is the eternal question of the mere male throughout the ages. A woman's heart is a priceless treasure; the fact is indisputable. Every man realises it, and hopes down at the bottom of his consciousness he'll be found worthy to win it. But he doesn't want it given for nothing, and he certainly doesn't want hearts by the dozen.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence," says Solomon. Now, the trouble with nine out of ten girls is that they want to give it away. Bluntly, a heart is a tiresome appendage—it takes no end of looking after, it holds all the issues of life; it is decidedly pleasanter to get rid of it, to make someone else a present of it, and so shelve responsibility. That's one reason why girls are so ready to give it away to the first comer. Nevertheless, the oriental king is right, hearts are not made to give away; it's a duty every woman owes to herself to keep hers—always, if she can—in any case as long as possible. Half a dozen

compliments, three and a-half pounds of chocolates, a rose or two, a few hours' conversation, a little interchange of ideas, some gloves, some Christmas cards, even a lock of hair—these are the properties meant to make a setting for comedy, the comedy of life's springtime. If girls would only see that nature never meant to lay the burden of tragedy parts on young and inexperienced players, how much more merrily the world would wag.

I am serious, very serious, in this tirade of mine. The woman of to-day thinks she has gone so far along the road of progress that it seems a pity she should not go further. We men want to worship you; we long to lie in the dust at your feet, so that you can pick us up and set us on thrones. We burn to do great things—to show you how strong we are, to compel your admiration; to lay siege to your heart. But to take possession—ah, no! that is beyond our utmost deserts, and we know it. That's why it makes a man angry instead of grateful when he finds girls giving him their hearts. "Can it, after all, be worth what I fancied—can anything worth having be had for nothing?" he asks.

Dear girls, don't fancy a man has serious intentions when he's only "prospecting." Don't think small attentions and smaller presents necessarily pave the way to a proposal. Don't love a man unless he gives you good cause for doing so.

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a trial of 30 days before payment, which is fully explained in our "ELECTRIC ERA." Our Electric Belts will cure all **NEURALGIC** and other DISEASES in all stages, however caused, and restore the wearer to robust health.

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NOTICE.—Before purchasing, we prefer that you send for our Electric Era and Price List (post free), giving illustrations of different appliances for BOTH SEXES, and Testimony which will convince the most sceptical.

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German Electric Appliance Agency
63 ELIZABETH STREET SYDNEY.

Muffs for Men.

When Mr. Paderewski went along the streets of the American cities with his precious pianist's hands thrust into a fur muff, the passers-by looked at him and smiled. In the eighteenth century, or earlier, he would have attracted less attention, for, as a writer in the "Detroit Free Press" says, men often wore muffs. In America young women made muffs for their sweethearts, and in one simple society the young men were sometimes embarrassed by the gifts. Franklin writes in one of his early letters: "I have received from Jane S. a great muffee of red camel cloth, embroidered with yellow flowers. It vexes me to carry it, and I am laughed at on all sides, but take it with me everywhere lest Jane be displeased." References to the muff are to be found in Peppy's diary and in Goldsmith. That interesting but garrulous snob, Horace Walpole, says in a letter to George Montayne: "I send you a decent smallish muff that you may put in your pocket, and it cost but fourteen shillings." The muff became a political emblem in the days of Charles James Fox. All Fox's adherents carried muffs of red foxskin, which they waved when their leader appeared. The muff went out of a man's dress at the coming of the drab age, together with the bright-coloured coats and breeches that gentlemen abandoned at the opening of the last century. But on a sharp winter's day, when the cold strikes through gloves and pockets, many a man looks enviously at the big furry roll in which my lady carries her small hands, safe from the frost.

Lover's Mistakes.

A mistake which lovers may usually make is that of seeing too much of each other in complete isolation from the rest of the family. Who does not know the uncomfortable feeling of going quickly into a dimly lighted room and finding that one has disturbed the tete-a-tete of a pair of lovers, who hasten to move to opposite ends of the room, and not only wish you further, but take no trouble to hide their hostile feelings?

It is an understood thing in most families that the field should be left clear for the engaged couple, and in consequence a girl's fiancée never has an opportunity of seeing her in her natural place among her family and friends, talkative and merry.

When a girl pours out her love lavishly at the feet of her lover there is, as a rule, one thing certain in days to come. A man restless and sated and a hungry woman grieving over a love she has lost, and wondering sorrowfully how she came to lose it.

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For Instantly relieving Pain,
and Curing Rheumatism, Bad Bruises,
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MOIR'S "MAYFAIR" TABLE-JELLY CRYSTALS

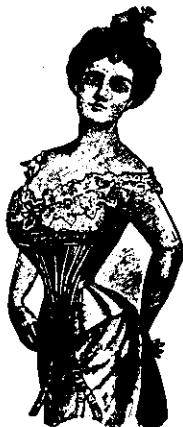
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THE WORLD OF FASHION.

(By MARGUERITE.)

Blouses seem only to become more popular with each ensuing season, and many of us are now rejoicing in those which we purchased when the summer sales were in their first youth. It is a great mistake to wait till the last few weeks of the sales, as by that time things have got tumbled about and crushed and soiled till they have lost half their value, and are really not even worth the "startling reductions' price" with which they are ticketed. Earlier, however, there is no such safe and certain purchase as a well-made blouse. Among the prettiest styles this season are the silk skirts for morning or travelling wear, with small tuckings down the front divided by a narrow box pleat, which boasts of a couple of rows of flat gold, enamel or mother o' pearl buttons. The sleeves of

such a blouse should not be of a very pronounced fashionable vogue, but, preferably, a small bishop's sleeve set into a narrow band or cuffs. Indeed, although there are many very fanciful sleeves to be seen, I always caution all those who want a considerable amount of wear out of their clothes, to avoid anything which is very marked in dress, as these fashions are as fleeting as they are popular.

Pelerines are still worn, some of the prettiest being made almost entirely of coarse lace over soft taffeta in pale shades. The ruffle, the pelerine, and the smart cape all seem very near akin, and they have their uses as the evenings grow chilly.

The favourite wraps of the moment are the three-quarter Guards' and Empire coats in cloth of white and pale shades, decorated with embroidery. Some of the dust cloaks are most elaborate and chiefly cut in the Japanese style.



A MODISH HAT.

There is a smart and emphatically French hat we have seen much in evi-

dence, on the lines of the one sketched in this figure. These shapes are somewhat of the genus "mushroom," beloved in early Victorian days, though larger in circumference, and flatter—that is to say, not so mushroomy or basin-like as the originals one sees, and smiles at, in Leech's old "Punch" pictures—are raised from the head by a bandeau of silk, velvet, ribbon, or wreath of flowers, or leaves, with a trail of one or the other hanging down the left side over the ear, and trimmed simply above by a wreath of leaves or flowers. The model we sketched was a Tuscan straw, rested on a bandeau of very pale blue silk with fringed ends hanging over the hair as described, and had a wreath of small purple grapes and leaves. This was worn with a blue linen gown insertioned with guipure lace, the throat collarless, and a big bow of lace on the left of the bodice. The big chou here referred to is

Latest Paris Fashions

SMALL BLACK TAFFETAS DRESS TRIMMED WITH OPEN-
WORK EMBROIDERY OVER WHITE SILK; BLACK BABY
RIBBONS AND LACE COLLAR.



DRESS OF ROYAL BLUE TRIMMED
WITH WHITE SATIN, EMBROIDERED
WITH GREEN SILK; GREEN BELT
AND EMERALD BUTTONS.

one of the finishes to the dressy toilette of the moment. It may be of silk, tulle, ribbon, chiffon, or velvet; or it may be a posy of flowers, but it must be big, and loose in effect, not looking heavy or rigid.



COAT FOR A LITTLE BOY.

A pretty coat from bygone days, shown in this column, has a modified capuchin hood round the shoulders. It could be made in fine cloth if not in tafetas, and must be given an edging of narrow fringe headed by a chenille open-work mesh, which is very quaint and charming. The fulness of the back is drawn in at the waist by means of a buckle, only to fall out again in a graceful fan-shaped sash-end. In front the little vesture can be left open or be drawn into the waist by a belt loosely fastened, and completed with pieces of ribbon and another buckle.

(Cream camel's hair cloth composes the



A PELERINE MODEL REMINISCENT OF OLD TIMES.

most ideal wrap, it is so light in weight and yet so warm. The model of this column, it is suggested, should be made of it with peau de soie revers covered with crimson or black velvet applique dahlia, and a shoulder fringe of coarse chenille mesh and fringe.



DARK GREEN CLOTH GOWN.

DARK GREEN CLOTH GOWN.
This Fig. introduces a useful autumn gown of dark green cloth trimmed with black military braid, the fronts of bodice being like an officer's coat with tabs

falling loosely at each end of a strap. It is cut open in front to show a silk shirt, and slightly pouched. The sleeve is edged down the outside with the braid, and left open near the wrist to show the silk shirt-sleeve through.

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Princess Radziwill.

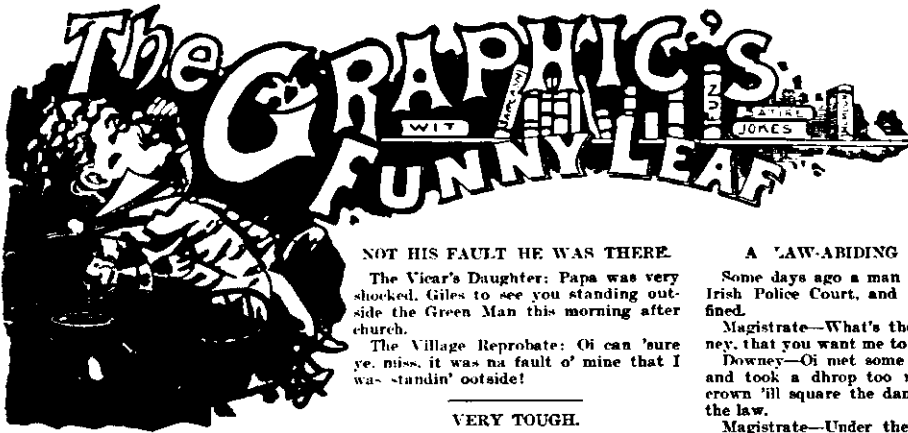
Mrs George Keppel.

Princess Henry of Pleiss.

Lady Albemarle.

Lady Cynthia Graham.

DRESSES AT COWEN.



HIS STRONG POINT.

The New Special: Tell me, candidly, is there anything original in that manuscript?
The Editor: Yes; the spelling.

WANTED IT NOISY.

Tradesman (to old gentleman, who has purchased lawn mower)—Yes, sir, I'll oil it, and send it over imm—
Customer (imperatively)—No, no, no!—it mustn't be oiled! I won't have it oiled! Mind that! I want noise! And, look here—pick me out a nice rusty one. My neighbour's children hood and yell till ten o'clock every night, so'—(viciously)—I mean to cut my grass from four till six every morning.

A QUESTION OF ECONOMY.

"Laura," said the young lady's mother, not unkindly, "it seems to me that you had the gas turned rather low last evening."
"It was solely for economy, mamma," the maiden answered.
"It's no use trying to beat the gas company, my daughter. I have noticed that the shutting off of the gas is always followed by a corresponding increase of pressure."
"Well, that lessens the waist, doesn't it, mamma dear?" replied the artless girl. And her fond parent could find no more to say.

TRAMP REASONS.

Owner of Property (sternly, to tramp reclining on a mossy bank): Don't you see that notice—"Trespassers will be prosecuted?"
Tramp (calmly): No, I don't see it, fer I can't read.
Owner of Property: Well, you know what it is now, so go!
Tramp: Hexuse me, mister, but I don't know wot it is. I've only got your bare word fer it, and you're a perfect stranger to me. Fer what I know to the contrary, the notice may be "Milk sold 'ere," or "Cherries tuppence a pound," or "Welkin, weary wanderer!" Don't you lay your hands on me, mister, or I shall 'ave to see whether my stick is really good old oak or only a sugar stick!

HE HAD BEEN THERE.

"When I came to this town 18 years ago," said the leading citizen, "I had only eightpence in my pockets."
"However," the cynic kindly added, "there were other pockets."

ABOUT EQUAL.

"You're an astronomer, are you?"
"Yes."
"I'm a theatrical manager. I wonder if you have as hard a time finding new stars as I have?"

A TENDER CONSCIENCE.

First Tramp: "Look, Tom, this is the minister's house; the window's open, an' all the folks are at church, an' they don't keep no dorg, so that we couldn't have a softer snap." Second Tramp (with suppressed emotion): "The minister's house, do you say? Ah, Bill, I have been a bold bad man, but I have never yet robbed the clergy. They are a hard-workin' lot, an' their pay is small; besides, some of the tenderest recollections of an innocent boyhood is coupled with my Sunday-school (wipes away a tear). But, Bill, you haven't got the same feelin' in the matter I has: an' if ye've made up yer mind to enter the place, why, I'll stay outside an' keep watch, an' I'll give a whistle if I see anyone comin'."

A LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN.

Some days ago a man walked into an Irish Police Court, and asked to be fined.
Magistrate—What's the matter, Downey, that you want me to fine you?
Downey—O! met some are me friends and took a dhrop too much. Half-a-crown 'ill square the damage in brakin' the law.
Magistrate—Under the circumstances, you may go free.
Downey (turning away disappointed)—It's all roight whin yez say it, sorr, but O'm prepared to pay all the same.

HIS VERSION.

The other day a small boy, whose father drives a motor car, was overheard by his mother solemnly reciting:
Stinkie, stinkie, little car,
How I wonder if you are
Always bound to smell so high,
Like an oil-can in a sty.

Ella—Mother doesn't want me to marry.
Stella—Does she say so?
"No; but she tells everybody that at my age she looked just as I do now."

TWO KINDS OF ENJOYMENT.

Father—What is the use of my earning money, if you spend it as fast as I make it?
Son—That's all right, father. I enjoy spending it just as much as you do making it.

SHE WAS SURPRISED.

Hostess (to gentleman her husband has brought home to dinner)—How well you speak English, Mr. —!
Mr. — (not understanding)—Yes, I ought to.
Hostess—But you speak remarkably well.
Mr. —: I ought. I have lived here all my life. In fact, I was born in London.
Hostess—Why, how strange! I am sure my husband told me that you were a Bohemian.

FIRST GOLF WIDOW.

Columbus had just been cast into chains when a dozen of her best friends called to condole with his wife.
"How shocking!" they murmured.
"Oh, I don't know," she replied, airily, "while Christopher is on the links I shall be the first golf widow."
Discomfited, they withdrew, and hastened to get into style.



PAPA HEARD OF IT.

Auntie: But don't you know, Tommy it is very rude to draw caricatures of your aunt?
Tommy: But it isn't a caricature, it's a real portrait—just like you. Papa says so.

NOT HIS FAULT HE WAS THERE.

The Vicar's Daughter: Papa was very shocked, Giles to see you standing outside the Green Man this morning after church.
The Village Reprobate: O! can 'eure ye, miss, it was na fault o' mine that I was standin' outside!

VERY TOUGH.

Lady (who is entertaining her little son's playmate, aged five, to dinner): Willie, can you cut your own meat?
Willie (who is struggling with a piece on his plate): Yes, thank you (with a desperate saw at the beef). I've cut twice as tough meat as this at home.

MAKE THE BEST OF EVERYTHING.

"Oh, dear, such weather!" exclaimed Gazzam, as he gazed at the perennial rain. "You ought to be thankful that we have any weather at all," replied Mrs Gazzam, who had been taught to look at the bright side of everything.

WRONG DIAGNOSIS.

"The trouble with you," the doctor said after examining the young man, "seems to be that something is the matter with your heart."
"With my heart?"
"Yes. To give it a name, it is angina pectoris."
"You'll have to guess again, doctor," said the young man. "That isn't her name at all."



Little Johnny, who has been smoking, hears his father coming. Where is he?

WHAT IT LACKED.

Visitor (at artist's studio)—Yes, it's rather a striking picture, but it seems to lack local colour.
Artist—Local colour? Why, man, it's a painting of a rainbow.
Visitor—That's why I say it wants local colour. It's not like any rainbow I've ever seen in this neighbourhood.

CEREBRATION.

She—Why does that piano sound first high and then low when Miss Wilson plays it?
He—Well, you see, she is learning to ride a bicycle, and uses both pedals for force of habit.

DISCRETION THE BETTER PART.

Irate Parent (to frightened youth who has stolen cautiously into the house)—Here, you! didn't I tell you not to show yourself inside again till tea-time? Out side you go, and—
Small Boy (sullenly)—Ugh! I'm not going out there, see! There's a bloke coming down the street that I'm going to give a hiding to.

GOOD LAD!

"I 'ear as you 'ad a fight with Bob Smith."
"Yes."
"What was it all about?"
"Well, 'e said as my sister was crossed."
"Why, you 'aven't got a sister."
"No, but it was the principle of the thing I went for."



WHAT THEY MIGHT THINK.

He: If I should fall out of the train what would you do?
She: Jump out after you.
He: How sweet of you.
She: Not at all; otherwise they might think I had pushed you out.

THE TELEPHONE AGAIN.

A lady one day called up her husband at his office to say that the Smiths had just telephoned asking them to dinner. "Is it worth while?" she inquired of her spouse. "Yes, it's quite worth while," came back the unexpected answer from her would-be hostess, who had not been "cut off."

NOT ALWAYS SO.

A: A man never steals anything but he lives to regret it.
B: You're wrong there, my boy. Didn't you ever steal a kiss from your girl in your young days?
A: Yes, my boy, I did, but didn't I marry the girl!

HE KNEW.

"Who is the smartest boy in your class, Bobbie?" asked his uncle. "I'd like to tell you," answered Bobbie, modestly, "only papa says I must not boast!"

RIGHT AGAIN.

"What do you think of married life?" asked the henpecked man, addressing the youthful bridegroom. "Bliss is no name for it," said the young husband, enthusiastically. "You are right," said the henpecked man, gloomily—"bliss is no name for it."

WHY AND WHEREFORE.

Mrs Breezy (with hammer): There, I've hit the nail on the head at last.
Mr Breezy: Why do you put your finger in your mouth?
Mrs Breezy: That was the nail I bit.