

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

VOL. XXX.—No. XV.

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Stuck Fast Indeed.

EMPLOYER: "Well, Jem, tired of it yet?"

JEM: "Just about the same as yourself, sir, but I don't see how we're going to get to work with all that spilt glue messing everything up. It blocks us both."

People Talked About



THE LATE REV. CHARLES CLARK, a Successful Lecturer.

A Famous Lecturer.

There are many all over New Zealand who will have read with an almost personal sense of loss of the death of that prince of lecturers, Rev. Chas. Clark, who has several times toured this colony under the wing of the "much travelled" Smythe. No one who heard Clark lecture on Dickens, Thackeray, Macaulay, or, best of all, Westminster Abbey, will ever forget the pleasure they afforded. Gifted with a rich and beautiful voice, Clark brought the art of elocution to its perfection, and his delivery was a marvel of polish. In rolling periods, such as he delighted to quote from Macaulay, he was quite unrivalled, and used frequently to electrify his audience, while never even for a moment did he fail to enchain their attention. Socially he was compact (using the word in its Shakespearian form) of charm, and was as delightful a companion and as splendid a raconteur as man might wish to meet. His stage presence was commanding and picturesque, and he was perhaps the most successful "one man entertainer" who ever visited New Zealand.

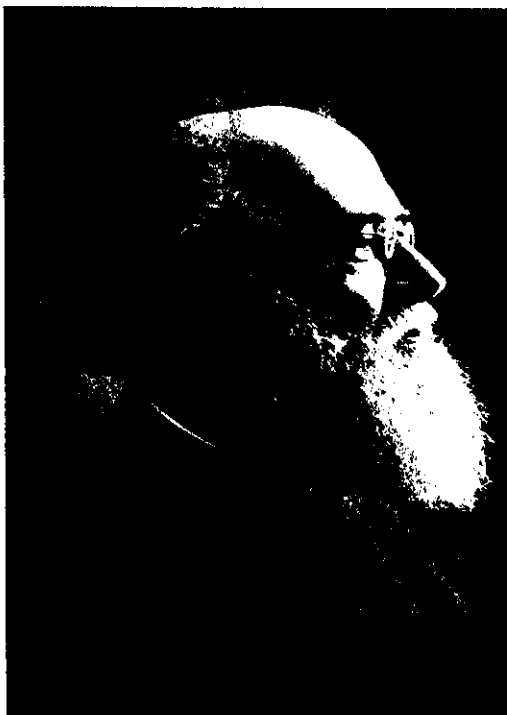
Half a Century Ago.

"I was designated for New Zealand from my birth," remarked Dr A. G. Purchas the other day, when talking to a "Graphic" representative about the good old days when Shortland-street was Auckland, and when you would have been put down as a cheerful sort of lunatic if you had suggested that the site of the "Town Creek" would in 1903 be an asphalted thoroughfare with electric cars running every few minutes. The doctor must sometimes stand and wonder whether it is not all a dream like the "Message from Mars" when he looks round him at the thousand evidences of twentieth century "hustle" and invention, and contrasts this time with the peaceful past when the Maori used to sit round in his mat watching the British at his trade—Empire building—

and long black canoes used to thrust their noses ashore somewhere handy to the present Post Office, where it has been dry land these many days. The explanation of the doctor's remark is that his mother (who died when he was seven years old) had always taken an interest in New Zealand, and had always desired that her first-born should take up missionary work in those distant islands. So when, at the age of 12, the boy was told of his mother's wish, he said he would fulfil it, and began to prepare himself for his future life, throwing up, it may be mentioned, opportunities to enter the Navy, the Army, and the Indian Service. Dr Purchas, when studying at Guy's Hospital, met his future Bishop—the first Selwyn—and at his request completed his medical course before starting for the colonies. It was in the latter end of '44 that the doctor, armed with his diploma, took passage by the good ship Slain's Castle, and sailed for the other side of the world. It recalls a terrible page in the history of the colony to know that he landed in Nelson just after the Wairau massacre, perpetrated by that cold-blooded scoundrel Rauparaha, who, by the way, is the same gentle creature who gave the Church of England a lot of land at Porirua, and this formed the subject of the recent litigation which ended in the Privy Council. The ship gradually worked up to Auckland, which was reached the day after the sack of Kororareka by Heki's tribesmen. They were indeed stirring times, and not calculated to make the new-comer particularly enamoured of the place that had been chosen for him as the scene of his labours. But his hand was to the plough, and there was to be no looking back. His eye was fixed on the furrow. Mrs Purchas had been left in England, and as the doctor had promised to return in a year to bring her to her new home, he started to retrace his steps, going via Sydney, whither he went in medical charge of the Kororareka refugees in the Slain's Castle. The promise to return within the year was not kept, but he was only one day overdue, which it must be admitted was tolerably close to the mark in those

days when the 'risco boats were still in the forest or the bowels of the earth. October, 1848, saw the ship of Dr and Mrs Purchas at anchor in the Waitemata. They had exceptionally bad weather at that time, and though the doctor got ashore he could not get back to the ship, where he had left Mrs Purchas. At last he got a boat's crew from St John's College and one of the boys in the boat is now no less a person than the Bishop of Waiapu. The new-comer did not achieve his trip without getting soaked, and he laughs heartily to this day when telling you how part of him had to get into Archdeacon Kissling's clothes while his own dried. The Archdeacon was a very little man, and the doctor was a very big man, so there were a good many inches of bare arm and leg sticking out. A two-roomed raupo house at Porewa was the Purchas' domicile, when they did get ashore, but subsequently they went to live in the Bishop's house. Dr Purchas entered as a student at St John's College, and 56 years ago next September was ordained, being one of the early men from the College to take orders. In addition to church work he gave the early settlers the benefit of his skill as a medical man, but never took fees, and many of the people of to-day have to thank him for the timely aid he rendered their forbears. He had a growing family to bring up and educate, and like Goldsmith's parson, who was passing rich on £40 a year, the man who wore the cloth in those days was not in receipt of a princely stipend, and in 1864 force of circumstances forced him to fall back upon his profession, which he has practised ever since. About the time the doctor was studying at St John's, Archdeacon Maunsell was in town engaged in the revision of the translation of the Bible into the Maori language, and the Archdeacon used to go out to Epsom and hold services in a blacksmith's shop, owned by a family, some members of which afterwards became famous, one of them entering Parliament. "I did not give up Church work altogether, when I began to practise," says the doctor when speaking of

this time, "but continued to do clerical work at Onehunga for five years. It may sound somewhat strange, but I also went in for road-making. I saw that a connection between Onehunga and the Great South Road by way of Mount Smart, or to give it its fine old Maori name, Barotonga, and tried to induce the Government to do the work, but they refused, so I went to work, raised subscriptions, and organised parties of pensioners to make the road, and tough work it was. We had to blast a lot of it out of the solid rock." He tells a very good story of how he procured the necessary explosives from the authorities, and how he had a lot of it stored in his porch for weeks! There was enough to blow Onehunga as it was then sk high. His wisdom in picking upon this route was afterwards fully justified, as the whole of the stores were taken over it to the troops in the Waikato during the most critical time of the war. The first part of St. Peter's Church, Onehunga, was also due to his energy, and he walked 1,200 miles to collect the subscriptions to erect it! His aspirations in the way of material did not at first go beyond raupo, but the first man he called on was Sir William Martin, whose £10 donation gave him such heart that he persevered, and soon had a comfortable wooden structure. "I was doctor, clergyman, and engineer in those days," remarks the doctor with a smile at the rather strange combination it appears in the light of present events. Dr Purchas has a rather good story about Governor Ayre, the man who attained such notoriety in connection with his administration of affairs at Jamaica. The incident of which the doctor tells happened when Ayre was Lieut.-Governor at Wellington. The lady of his choice lived in England, and it was arranged that she should come out to New Zealand to marry him. She came, she saw, and she left within a few days for Auckland. What caused her to change her mind is not quite clear, but she did, and the Governor was left in Wellington still a bachelor. The young lady



DR. A. G. PURCHAS, Senior Divine and Senior Doctor in New Zealand.

was determined to get away from him and came up in the Government brig Victoria, and put herself under the care of Mrs Selwyn. One day when Dr. Purchas was attending to his duties at the Mission Station at Otawhao, near Rangiaowhia, in the Waikato, a stranger called and asked for some peaches. With the hospitality characteristic of those times he was asked to remain at the station that night, but he declined, saying that he was in a hurry, and must press on; and he certainly did, leaving the mission people to wonder who their unusual and hasty caller might happen to be. Dr. Purchas came down to Auckland soon after, and learned that the man in a hurry was no other than Governor Ayre, who had pressed through overland from Wellington to Auckland to plead with the lady. He enlisted the sympathies of some of the matrons, and between them they induced the lady to change her mind once more, this time in the Governor's favour. They were to be married at St. John's College. "I wish you would have some nice music arranged for the ceremony, when I propose the health of the bride and bridegroom," said the Bishop to Dr. Purchas, who was sort of precursor to the diocese. The doctor agreed to do so. "Well, what are you going to sing?" asked His Lordship the night before the wedding day. "I have a nice old English song," was the reply. "Yes, but what is it like?" "Well it is appropriate to the occasion." But His Lordship was not satisfied, and he pressed the doctor, who rehearsed for him the well-known old round in which occur the lines:—

"If thy nymph no favour show,
Choose another—let her go."

The Bishop's face was a study. He was afraid something else would have to be put in practice. Finally a pretty round setting forth the duty of a wife to her better half was sung at the wedding breakfast, and everything passed off with eclat. There was a double Maori wedding at the same time, and the European party occupied one end of the hall while their dusky friends supped at the other. They used to have a canny Scot as butler in the Bishop's household though there was not always a great deal to "butle," for the Bishop was a plain liver. Here is a characteristic yarn about him. There was some gathering at St. John's larger than usual, "the appointments" had to be nursed with much finesse to go round. It went off smoothly, and Mrs Selwyn interrogated the major-domo as to how he had got on. "Ah, weel, I just put a knife here, and a fork there, and a spoon—he called it spune—"there," replied Menzies, "and how did you manage," queried his mistress, "with so many guests?" "They said nowt, and I said nowt," answered the Scotchman with the accent on the personal pronouns, and his manner seemed to indicate that nothing more could be said on the subject.

Romance of the Rothschilds.

"Mr Balfour has had an interview with Baron Rothschild." This little item appeared in the cable news recently, and seems to remind us of a story, a romance of real life more remarkable than the most spacious romance of fiction. The Rothschilds are a mighty family who have been for nearly a century the money kings of Europe, and beside whom men like Pierpont Morgan are pigmies of yesterday. There is a story that Jay Gould once called on Lord Rothschild on business. Lord Rothschild sent out word that he was too busy to see the caller. "What! You go back and say that I'm Jay Gould, the American millionaire." After an interval the reply came back: "Tell Mr Gould that Europe isn't for sale." The founder of the house was born at Frankfurt in 1743, the son of an obscure Jew who kept a little curiosity shop in the Judengasse, a squalid lane in the depths of the Frankfurt ghetto. The child was named Mayer Amschel, and his parents intended him to be a rabbi; his father and many of his kinsmen were lights of the synagogue. The boy's tastes lay in the direction of money-making, however. As a lad he dealt in a small way in curios and old coins; and when he left school he entered the employ of a bank in Hanover. He built a character not only for keenness but for honesty as well. When he had saved enough he started business on his own account, first as a dealer in curiosities and works of art, then as a



THE FOUNDER OF THE HOUSE.

banker. His first investment was to buy the freehold of the old house in the Judengasse, and he and his wife lived in it. He was known as the "honest Jew," and William IX., Landgrave of Hesse, appointed him his Court banker, with the handling of vast revenues. One of his first great strokes was during the Peninsular war, when the English Government could find no banker to undertake the conveying of the specie for our troops into war-ridden Spain. Rothschild did it—naturally, on a heavy commission. He is said to have made £150,000 a year over this one deal. Mayer Amschel Rothschild, the son of the ghetto curiosity dealer, died worth millions in his sixty-seventh year. On his death-bed he bade his five sons remain faithful to the law of Moses, remain united to each other, and never to undertake anything without their mother's consent. "Observe these three points, and you will soon be rich among the richest, and the world will belong to you." When Waterloo put an end to the Napoleonic wars which had impoverished Europe, every country was crippled with debt. Before 1830, thanks to the loans of the millionaire



LORD ROTHSCHILD.

The Head of the Greatest Financial House in the World.

Rothschilds, prosperity was restored to Europe. It is said that during fifteen years they lent £150,000,000 to the five Great Powers—England, Russia, Austria, France and Prussia. In 1848 the nature of the Rothschilds' business began to change. Hitherto their speciality had been lending millions to Governments and Kings. After the French Revolution of 1848 the French Government tried the experiment of raising a loan direct from the people, without employing big financiers as middlemen. The experiment was so successful that other Governments did likewise. The Rothschilds were no longer needed in these matters. They turned their attention to commercial and industrial enterprise—banks, railways, mines, and anything else big. Their profits are probably as great as when they held the monopoly in negotiating national loans, but their name lost its peculiar glamour. They still do business with Governments, however. In 1876 they lent the British Government £4,000,000 to complete the purchase of the Suez Canal shares. The English branch is now represented by Baron Rothschild, Mr Alfred, and Mr Leopold Rothschild. They are the great-grandsons of Mayer Rothschild. Their father, the late Baron Lionel Rothschild, was the son of Mayer Rothschild's third son, Nathan. Baron Rothschild is the moving spirit of the firm. He is a business man to the backbone, and his only relaxation is a good read or a ramble

through the country lanes, which afford a refreshing contrast to St Swithin's-lane. Mr Alfred Rothschild is a society man; while Mr Leopold Rothschild looks after his racehorses, leaving society to his wife. Mrs Leopold Rothschild was Miss Marie Perugia, of Trieste; her parents were Italians. She is not only one of the most richly dressed, but one of the best dressed women in society. "They say" that she never wears a pair of gloves more than once.

An Unpopular Duke.

The Duc D'Orleans has again been before the public during the week the cable having informed us that he is using the Church and State quarrel to further the ends of the monarchy, and we give herewith pictures of himself and his wife. But it is with small pleasure one gives a portrait of a man—if one can call him so—who dared to insult the British nation by publicly praising a filthy and obscene cartoon of our late Queen, published during the last years of her honoured life and reign. For some insupportable reason King Edward, after a year or more of displeasure, during which the Duc was told that he would be an unwelcome visitor at the Court of St. James, has thought fit to pardon this royal personage, and he has been received at Court, to the considerable displeasure of a considerable section of the community. It will be remembered that several London clubs erased the Duc's name from their membership lists, and it is unlikely even the passport of "received at Court" will re-open those doors to him.

C. Jenkins, who is the leading horseman for the formidable Porirua stable, and who rides for many owners outside, is rightly regarded as one of our finest exponents of the jockey's art. He has a capital record to point to. Extending back over the past ten years his average of winning achievements and placed performances is one probably that no other



C. JENKINS.

horseman in New Zealand has beaten in the given time. The exact number of winning rides this young horseman has to his credit are not available, but from a rough compilation it is suggested that he has caught the judge's eye first on over five hundred occasions. This year he is likely to be about the top of the list. He is a quiet, unassuming young man, and a credit to his profession. At the Hawke's Bay and Napier Park meetings he put up the fine record of twelve winning rides, five on one day.



THE DUC D'ORLEANS.



THE DUCHESS D'ORLEANS.

Atom Club Page.

The Editor of THE ATOM QUARTERLY, having received many requests from friends and admirers of the little Magazine for a more frequent issue of the same, has now to announce that arrangements have been made with the proprietors of the "N.Z. Graphic" whereby the Magazine will be incorporated with that journal and henceforward a page or more of the "Graphic" will be devoted to contributions from members of the Atom Club. It may be explained for the benefit of those who have not yet met with "The Atom Quarterly," that that magazine has been successfully carried on under the editorship of Miss Moor, with the idea of encouraging a taste for literature and art amongst the girls of New Zealand, and for providing an outlet for amateur talent in this direction. Stories, poems, drawings, essays, answers to correspondents, and articles by New Zealand girls will be received and published as heretofore, and should be addressed "Editor of the Atom Club Page, Graphic Office, Auckland." New members of the Atom Club will be heartily welcomed, and it is hoped that with the vastly increased publicity and the acceleration of issues by means of the "Graphic" the scope and usefulness of the Club will be much extended.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

QUERIES.

Curious. — "Are there really such sounds as 'Aerial Voices'?"

Elfrida. — Will you tell me where to find the following: "They also serve who only stand and wait."

Plain Talk by a Plain Woman.

SELF ABSORPTION.



FORMS of selfishness are numerous, and most of them apparent to others around us. But perhaps the most hurtful, because the most insidious, is that on which I propose to lecture you awhile. Now, I do not blame any one of you for probing into your own character. This is one of the best means of finding out our weaknesses, as it may also be used as the means of conquering our more unworthy selves. But there is a growing tendency nowadays to become self-centred. Girls speak of themselves. The girls who say, "I am going to do this," "I did so-and-so," "I think," etc., etc., are by no means as uncommon as you may think. Reflect! Are you not always propounding your views, or are you not always judging things by your lights? Do you not often condemn actions because they are not in accordance with your opinions? Do you not often fancy that your troubles are more deserving of sympathy than anyone's? Do you ever put yourself outside of your own little sphere of thought, and judge from the point of view likely to be taken by those you condemn? Do you ever wonder how you and your circumstances may appear to those who are not particularly interested in you?

Perhaps one great cause may be the modern novel; another may possibly be the many forms of recreation open to girls; another may even be the growth of intelligence. Whatever it is, it is obvious to many that we are striving too much to win for ourselves as individuals' approbation, sympathy, pleasure. Look behind! Think! By gaining anything you wish, are you not pushing back another in the race? When you are fretting inwardly that your lot is not cast in pleasant places, are you not wearing some one else? When you are pouring out your woes in the longing for sympathy, are you not, just a little, boring the unfortunate listener? When you rush away to your tennis, your book, your outing, are you sure that you are not leaving work for others? or are you not leaving some one who will be lonely?

How much do you do for others? By how much do you lighten the burden of only one other? How much thought and consideration do you expend on any but yourself? Let me give you a thought. Whenever you find that you are talking of yourself, pause, to put yourself in the listener's place. Whenever you find your thoughts dwelling on yourself, go straight away to do some little kindness for somebody else.

When the Old Country Fought for the New.

(By M.M.B.)



I was a beautiful evening; the soft lights of the setting sun glinted through the trees and seemed to gently fondle the bright locks of the two young lovers. Jamie was ordered away to the war with his regiment, so the young subaltern had come to say good-bye to his lassie. They would not see each other again for so long, it might be for years—New Zealand seemed so far away then; but Jeanie was not to forget, she was to go on loving her Jamie just the same until he came back. Jamie would win the Victoria Cross, he would be promoted, some day all Britain would be talking of the great General James McKinnon, and Jeanie would be his wife.

The breeze blew the flaxen hair back from the eager, boyish face, and Jeanie was filled with pride. How could such a boy help being famous! There wasn't such another laddie to be found in Dalkeith, not in the whole of Scotland, as her Jamie.

They said good-bye beneath the lattice window, and Jamie went away to the war with Jeanie's "Dinna forget" ringing in his ears and her miniature lying against his heart.

It was a cold day in June. Jamie's regiment lay camped along the edge of a marsh, and from the distance came the sounds of the mad war-dance of the Maoris. Jamie longed for a battle, then he would win fame and honour. They would read accounts of his deeds in the little Dalkeith paper, and his lassie would cry out, "My brave Jamie," with tears of pride and joy in her bonny blue eyes.

The Maoris rushed down on to their foes with a wild war-cry. There was a mistake somewhere, though no one seemed to know exactly how, but the regiment was scattered wide, and Jamie? Up to his waist in the marsh mud he fought for his young life with three burly savages. It was no good; he felt the warm blood trickling down his cheek, and he knew he could not hold out much longer. With grief in his heart he held out his sword to his foes as a sign of surrender. But what was surrender to them, those wild, untaught tribes of the Pacific? With the bright, gleaming weapon they hacked the fair young form till it sank silently beneath the black mud of the marsh.

Jeanie sat at the lattice window longing for the day when her laddie would come home to her, with the Victoria Cross pinned on his breast. Oh, that would be a bonny, bonny day! Perhaps her Jamie was thinking of her now, thinking glad thoughts as he gently kissed the little portrait. But the miniature pressed against a still heart, for Jamie was lying stiff and cold in the Ngaere swamp; his life's blood clotted his flaxen curls, and only the calm, bright stars saw, but they told not.

Such things happened in the days when the Old World fought for the New.

A Good Bye.

By OLIVE TILLY, A.C.

- 1 Beloved, does the Sun of Life
Beat fiercely on thy face?
Dost thou, too, seek along the way
A shadowed resting-place?
- 2 Beloved, at the end of day
I join thee in thy quest;
For I, too, seek the hills of sleep,
I also long for rest.
- 3 Beloved, through the noon-day glare,
Go thou thy way alone,
Lift thy sweet face above, beloved,
And let none hear thee moan.
- 4 Bravely for those golden gates
That hide the hills of sleep,
Bravely forward set thy steps,
And let none see thee weep.
- 5 For this, I tell thee, my beloved,
I hear a song of rest,
A promise told at end of day,
I join thee in thy quest.
- 6 And we two, strong in faith, beloved,
Shall find the hills of sleep;
We, too, shall pass beyond the gates,
And pass beyond the deep.
- 7 So this I say to thee, beloved,
Go bravely on thy way;
I may not aid thy steps, beloved,
I come at close of day.

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Gratitude and Business.

"Young man," exclaimed the overjoyed father, "you have saved my daughter's life! How shall I find words to thank you?"

Dripping with water, the hero through whose exertions the maiden had been saved from drowning opened his valise and took out a small volume.

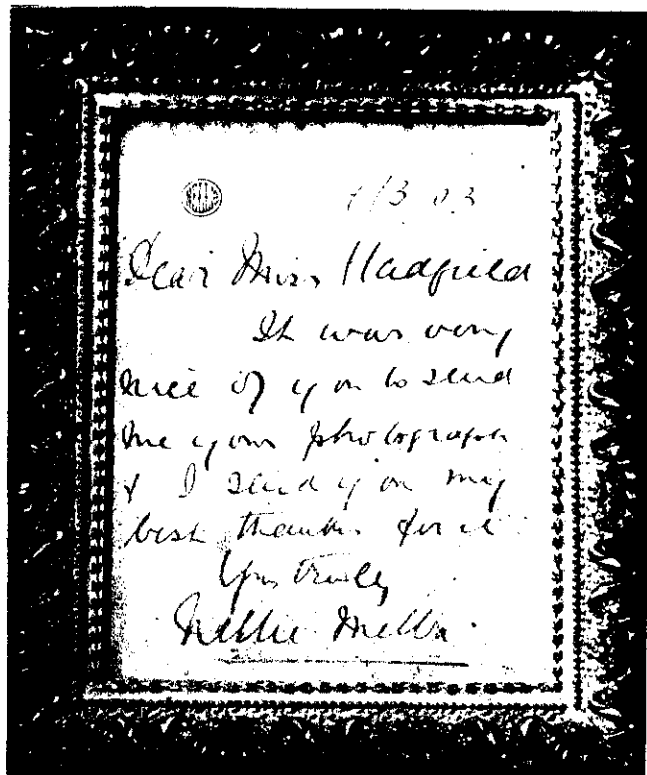
"Here, sir!" he replied. "Here in this little book, 'The People's Pocket Lexicon; or, Every Man His Own Dictionary,' for which I am the exclusive agent in this county. Price only one shilling."



MISS HANNAH HADFIELD.

Of New Plymouth, a "Graphic" cousin, who sent her photo in fancy dress to Madame Melba, and received the reply reproduced herewith.

Hanna, photo.



ROYALTY AT THE PLAY.

New Zealand New Zealand



LOOKING ACROSS LAKE TAUPO TO TONGARIRO AND RUAPEHU.

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Superintendent—

T. E. DONNE.



MUD VOLCANO ON THE ROAD TO WAIOTAPU.



THE YELLOW TERRACE, WAIOTAPU.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

The Chase of the Ruby.

By RICHARD MARSH.

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

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

Cox appeared at the entrance. "Burton, you said that all we wanted was the ruby; that the rest of her things should go untouched."

"Well?" "The Flyman's pocketing her jewels."

Mr. Burton crossed the floor. "That won't do, Flyman. We're here on an expedition of right. We're not thieves."

"You said yourself we might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb."

"I did; and you are aware that that is not the kind of sheep I meant. On this occasion I really must ask you to be honest."

"But I never saw such shiners. Who could resist them, gov-nor? She's got enough to stock a shop. Why, if we take 'em away with us, we shan't be far out even if we don't get that blessed ruby."

"It's the ruby or nothing; also, and nothing. Put those things back."

"I've only nobbled one or two. I've got to look after myself."

"I, too, have to look after you. You know what was agreed; keep to the terms of the agreement, or, though you 'noble' every 'shiner' the lady owns, you'll be a loser. Put those things back."

There was something about Mr. Burton just then which compelled respect, of a kind, which fact the Flyman recognised. His face darkened, and, in audible tones, he grumbled. But he produced the trinkets, as requested, and replaced them one by one, on their velvet beds.

"Is that all?" "Every blouming one."

"Cox, is that all?" "Yes, I believe it is." He glanced at the open jewel-case. "No, there's a ring still missing."

The Flyman cursed. "Can't a bloke have one?"

"Not unless he wishes to pay for it more than it's worth. Come, man, look pleasant."

The Flyman did not "look pleasant;" but he restored the ring. Mr. Burton expressed approval.

"That's better. Now show yourself as keen in the right direction. Give us a proof of the 'handiness' you talked about, and find that ruby. It'll be worth to you more than all those other things."

On this point the Flyman, from his manner, seemed to have his doubts; but he continued his researches. Mr. Cox observed that they were strictly confined to what Mr. Burton had called the "right direction." Mr. Burton, returning to the locked door, pursued his meditations as he listened at the panel.

"It's odd that they're so quiet, and suggests mischief. In such a case, surely women are not quiet. Unless—unless what? That's what I should like to know."

"Burton is this the ruby?"

The words came sharply from Mr. Cox, with a sudden interposition from the Flyman.

"You give me that! Don't you lay your fingers on the thing!"

"I'm only looking at it."

"You give it to me, I say."

"Burton!"

The cry was almost an appeal for help. Mr. Burton arrived to find something very like a tussle taking place. The Flyman was endeavouring to obtain possession of something which Mr. Cox was holding, and which that gentleman was doing his best to keep.

"I found it!" he cried. "Hand it over!"

"Burton! Quick! Catch!"

Mr. Cox tossed something through the air which Mr. Burton caught. He had just time to see that it was a ring.

set with a gleaming red stone, when the Flyman was upon him with an emphatic repetition of the demand he had made on Mr. Cox.

"You hand it over before I down you."

Mr. Cox explained. "I found it; he didn't. I opened the box, and it was the first thing I saw. It had nothing to do with him."

The Flyman paid no attention to the statement. He merely reiterated his request.

"Now, Mr. Burton, I don't want no patten. You fork up before there's trouble."

The young gentleman, holding his hand behind his back, was smiling in the other's face.

"Gently, Flyman. Let's know exactly where we are before we come to business." The Flyman flung himself upon him without another word. Mr. Burton never for a moment seemed to lose his self-possession. "You asst what do you suppose you're going to gain by this?"

While they struggled, the bedroom door was suddenly slammed to. There was a clicking sound. The continuation of the argument was instantly deferred; Mr. Burton hurried to the door.

"They've caught us napping; it's locked. Well, Flyman, I hope you're satisfied. Owig; to your 'handiness,' of which we have heard so much, in our turn we are trapped."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FIGURES ON THE BED.

"At any rate," remarked Miss Bewicke, as, turning the key in the lock, she shut herself and Miss Broad inside the dining-room, "you can't get at us for a time."

The two girls stood and listened. They heard the handle tried; the rapping at the panel.

"You may knock and knock, but it won't be opened. He's gone. That was Horace, dear. How beautifully you knocked him down!"

"What does he want?"

"It's pretty plain. Uncle George's ruby has the attractiveness of the Holy Grail. This is another quest for it."

"But they'll find it if we stop here."

"And if we don't stop here, what do you propose to do? Fight them to the death? Nothing else will be efficacious. They're not the persons, and they're not in the mood, to stick at trifles."

"What a wretch he is! I've heard Guy speak of him, but I'd no idea he was as bad as this."

"My dear Letty, when a bad man is in a bad hole, you've no notion how bad that man can be. The question now is, can we get out through the kitchen door, or can they get through the kitchen door to us?"

"Where does that door lead to?"

"Into Louise Casata's bedroom. The beauty of the average flat is that you can always pass from any one room into any other, which, sometimes, is convenient and sometimes isn't. I'm wondering whether Louise is responsible for Horace Burton's presence here, and also where she is. I've reasons for believing that it was not her intention to go out to-night."

"I shouldn't keep such a woman about my place, if I were you."

"I don't intend to any longer. All the same, you've no idea how useful she has been. There have been times when I don't know what I should have done without her. Still, I fancy, that henceforth she and I part company."

She opened the door which led into Miss Casata's room, then gave utterance to a startled exclamation. "Why, what is the matter? Letty, keep back!"

Returning to the dining-room, she leaned against the door, which she had pulled to after her, as if she needed its support. For one who was, as a rule, so completely mistress of herself, she showed strange emotion. Miss Broad stared at her askance.

"What has happened now! What's in there?"

"I don't know. Don't ask me. Let me get my breath and think, and I'll tell you all about it."

She pressed her hand against her side, as if to still the beating of her heart. She seemed unHINGED, thrown, in a second, completely off her balance. Her agitation was infectious. Probably, without her knowing it, Miss Broad's voice trembled and sank.

"Tell me—what is it?"

"Wait a minute, and I'll tell you—"

all.

She made an evident effort to get the better of her infirmity. Bracing herself up against the door, the little woman looked Miss Broad straight in the face.

"Letty, something terrible has happened."

"What is it?"

"I don't quite know myself; I didn't stop to look."

"Let me go and see."

"It's Miss Casata and—a man."

"A man? What man?"

"I can't say; I only saw it was a man. They're lying on the bed—so still. Oh, Letty!"

"Muy!"

Miss Broad was probably wholly unaware that she had called her companion by her Christian name. The unknown horror in the other room had laid its grip on her. She was overcome by frightful imaginings, not knowing why. She gasped out an unfinished question.

"You don't mean—"

"I don't know what I mean. I only know that there's something t're."

The two girls had been speaking in whispers, as if they stood in a presence which compelled hushed voices. Now, suddenly, Miss Bewicke raised her tones, extending her small palm towards the door through which they had entered.

"Oh! you wretches; wretches!"

She broke into a passion of tears.

"May, for goodness' sake, don't cry!"

"I'm not going to. I don't know why I am so silly, but, for the moment, I couldn't help it." Her sobs ceased almost as rapidly as they came. She dried her eyes. "Letty, let's go and see what's happened. I'm afraid Miss Casata's—"

dead?"

"Yes; and -- the man."

"The man?"

"They're so still. Let's go and see. Give me your hand."

Miss Broad yielded her hand. Miss Bewicke opened the door. The two peeped through.

The room was not a large one. On one side was an ordinary French bedstead. A brass railing was on the head and foot. On this railing were hung feminine odds and ends. These made it difficult for anyone standing at the door to see clearly what was on the

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bed. Miss Broad perceived that on the outer edge there lay a woman.
 "Who's that?"
 "That's Louise Casata."
 "Perhaps she's sleeping."
 "She wouldn't sleep through all the noise."
 "She may be ill; I'll go and look at her."
 "Don't you see—that there's a man?"
 Miss Broad moved further into the room. She saw what the other alluded to. As she did so, she gave utterance to that cry which Mr Horace Burton heard, listening in the servant's room beyond—the cry in which there was such a mingling of emotions as they welled up to the lips from the woman's heart.
 Miss Casata lay almost on the extreme edge of the bed fully clothed. She was on her back. One arm dangled over the side; her head was a little aslant upon the pillow, so that from a little distance it looked as if her neck was broken. The whole pose was almost as uncomfortable a one as a human being could choose; indeed, the conviction was irresistibly borne in on the beholders that it was not self-chosen unless she had sunk on the bed in a drunken stupor; but Miss Bewicke knew that she was no drinker.
 However, it was not Miss Casata's plight which had drawn from Miss Broad that involuntary cry. Beside her, outlined beneath the bedclothes, was a figure, stiff and rigid. With the exception of one place, it was completely covered. Some one, curious, perhaps, to learn what the thing might mean, had drawn aside sufficient of the bedclothes to disclose a portion of the head and face. As a matter of fact, the curious person was Mr Horace Burton. When relieving himself of the burden of the

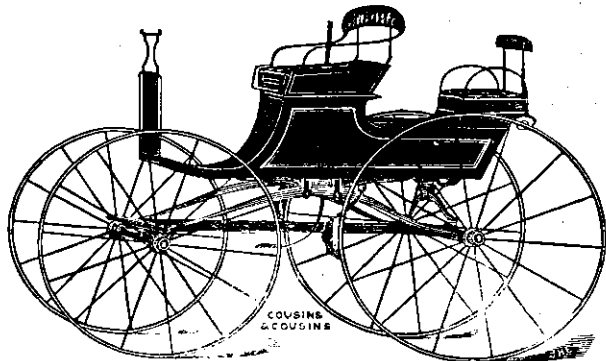
lady who was once the object of his heart's affection, he had been struck by the outlined form which lay so curiously still, and had wondered what it was, and had seen; and because of what he had seen, had gone back to his companions with the fashion of his countenance so changed.
 Now Miss Broad saw. The man beside Miss Casata on the bed was Mr Holland—Guy Holland—her Guy. It was when she perceived that it was he that her heart cried out. Miss Bewicke, who had only realised that it was a man, without recognising what man it was, came to her side trembling, wondering. When she also knew, she also cried aloud; but there was a material difference between the quality of her exclamation and Miss Broad's. Hers signified horror and amazement—perhaps something of concern; Miss Broad's betokened so many other things beside.
 The two young women went running to the bed; but when Miss Broad showed an inclination to lean over and touch the silent man, the other, as if fearful of what actual contact might involve, caught her by the dress.
 "No, no, take care!"
 Even Miss Broad shrank a little back; for Miss Casata lay between.
 "Move the bed!"
 The suggestion was Miss Bewicke's. In a moment it had been put into force. The bed was wheeled more into the centre of the room, so as to permit of passage between it and the wall, and presently the girl was at her lover's side. She knelt and looked, but still she did not touch him. No tears were in her eyes; she seemed very calm; but her face was white, and she was speechless. On her face there was a look which was past wonder, past pain, past fear, as if she did

not understand what it was which was in front of her. Miss Bewicke stood at her side, also looking; her dominant expression seemed sheer bewilderment. He also lay on his back. The bed clothes were withdrawn, so that his face was seen down to the chin. No marks of violence were visible. His expression was one of complete quiescence. His eyes were closed, as if he slept; but if he did, it was very soundly, for there was nothing to show that he breathed.
 Suddenly Miss Broad found her voice, or the ghost of it. Her lips did not move, and the words came thinly from her throat.
 "Is he dead?"
 "The other did not answer; but, leaning over, she drew the bedclothes more from off him, and she whispered:
 "Guy!" They waited, but he did not answer. She called again, "Guy!"
 Yet no response. In that land of sleep in which he was, it was plain that he heard no voices.
 The further withdrawal of the bedclothes had revealed the fact that he was fully dressed for dinner, as he was when Miss Bewicke had seen him last, the night before. His black bow had come untied; the ends strayed over his shirt-front, which was soiled and crumpled. His whole attire was in disarray. There were stains of dirt upon his coat. Now that they were so close, they perceived that traces of dry mud were on his face, as if it had been in close contact with the ground. About his whole appearance there was much which was ominous.
 The fact that this was so seemed to make a fresh appeal to Miss Broad's understanding; probably to something else in her as well.
 "Guy!" she cried.

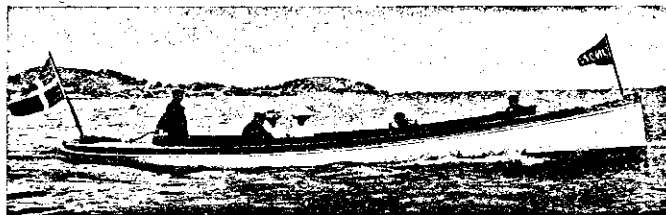
Her tone was penetrating, poignant. If it did not reach the consciousness of him to whom she called, in another direction it had a curious and unlooked-for effect. As if in response to an appeal which had been made directly to herself, Miss Casata, on the opposite side of the bed, sat up. The girls clung to each other in startled terror. To them, for the moment, it was as if she had risen from the dead.
 Although she had sat up, Miss Casata herself did not seem to know exactly why. She seemed not only stupid, but a little stupefied, and gasped for breath, her respirations resembling convulsions as she struggled with the after-effects of the narcotic. The two girls observed her with amazement, she, on her part, evidently not realising their presence in the least.
 It was Miss Bewicke who first attained to some dim comprehension of the meaning of the lady's antics.
 "She's been drugged! that's what it is. Louise!"
 Miss Casata heard, although she did not turn her head, but continued to open and shut her mouth in very ugly fashion as she fought for breath.
 "Yes; I'm coming. Who's calling?"
 "I! Look at me! Do you hear? Louise?"
 This time, if she heard Miss Casata gave no sign, but, sinking back on the bed, clutched at the counterpane, making a noise, as she gasped for breath, as if the walls of her chest would burst.
 "Letty, let me go! I must do something. She'll relapse, or worse, if we don't take care."
 Miss Bewicke hastened to the wash-handstand. Emptying a jug of water into a basin, she took the basin in her hands and dashed the contents, with

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what force she could, into the lady's face.

The salutation was effectual. Miss Casata floundered, spluttering, on to the floor, more like herself.

Miss Bewicke confronted her, the basin still in her hands.

"Who did that?"

"I did, Louise, wake up!"

Miss Casata seemed to be endeavouring her utmost to obey the other's command.

"What's the matter?"

"That's what I want to know. In particular, I want to know what is the meaning of Mr Guy Holland's presence in your room?"

"Holland?" She put her hand up to her head in an effort to collect her thoughts.

"Before the policeman came?"

"I saw—the Flyman—from the window—knock him down—he took the ruby."

"The Flyman? Who is he?"

"A man—Horace knows—I knew—Horace has set him on, I didn't want him to get into trouble, so I brought him here. It was all I could do to carry him up the stairs—he was so heavy."

"And do you mean to say you've had Mr Holland hidden in your room all day and night?"

"All day—and night. He's dead. The Flyman killed him. Horace will get into trouble—when it's known."

Miss Casata, in her condition of semi-consciousness, saw more than she had warrant for. Mr Holland was not dead.

Even as she asserted that he was, he showed that her assertion was an error.

While the still partly-stupified woman struggled to get out of the darkness into the light, there came a cry from the white-faced girl on the other side of the bed.

"May, he moves!"

Startled into forgetfulness of what it was she held, Miss Bewicke dropped the slippery basin from her hands.

It broke into fragments with a clatter. The noise of the shattered ware seemed actually to penetrate to Mr Holland's consciousness.

Miss Bewicke would always have it that it was her breaking the basin which really brought him back to life.

In an instant Miss Broad was half beside herself in a frenzy of excitement.

"May! May! he lives! Guy! Guy!"

Miss Bewicke, turning, saw that he was alive, but that, apparently, when that was said, one had said all.

[To be concluded.]

Copyright Story.

Concerning Gardens and a Gardener.

By E. OE SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS.

(Authors of "Some Experiences of an Irish K.M.," etc.)

I admit that I hesitate at the thought of pressing into the elect company of those who have discoursed upon gardens. From Lord Bacon down to the Poet Laureate, from the Poet Laureate up to that self-sufficing and yet valuable "Elizabeth," of whose German Garden all the craft have read; there seems no inch of garden sod that has been left unturned. I ask myself have I any original suggestions on, for example, The disabbling of Mums?—(a term of horrid familiarity that I have seen applied to Chrysanthemums). Any high thoughts on Manures? Any special convictions in the matter of mulches?

My conscience, far from admitting ability to treat of these solemn things, reminds me that but little more than a year ago, I should scarcely have been entrusted with the weeding of a gravel path, and hints at that Affair of the Coltsfoot. It is, in fact, the Coltsfoot Affair that decides me. I cannot be a guide or a signpost, but I can be a scarecrow. I would say a moral scarecrow, though it may be conceded that the costume of the gardening amateur often lends itself to the more practical role.

I was not at all aware of being in the movement when I found myself snatching at my weekly copy of "Gardening Illustrated" in preference to the daily paper, and brooding heavily upon delphiniums when I might have been sleeping out the sermon. It was only by degrees, as I went about the world, that I noted how quick and strong would be the answering conversational pulse at the mention of a garden, at a sighing reference to the arrangement of a herbaceous border. It seemed that every second person I met was as much of a gardener as I was, in the matter of enthusiasm, and, as they might easily be, something more in the matter of practice. This discovery revolutionised society for me. It has doubtless done so for many another.

The most penal afternoon visit may have its alleviations in a valuable hint on "the desire of the rose,"—not for the star—but for the cleanings of the scullery drain; the most inveterate dowager may be found to be a man and a brother, profoundly versed in daffodils, full of lore about "Alpines." How astonishing it is to find oneself cheerfully, even ardently, assenting to what would once have been regarded as the hideous proposal to walk round the garden! Such a walk has ceased to be a penance; it has become something, not quite a scouting expedition, not quite a (herbaceous) border-foray, not quite a "beggar's lay"; but it has something in it of the charms of all three. Which element preponderates depends on the character. There are moss-troopers born who will twitch off a cutting, and file a seed head, uncontrollably. There are heaven endowed mendicants who will yearn and flutter the filling of a flower bed into a knotted pocket handkerchief. It is a useful principle to accept everything, regardless of the accident of the seasons. There are many other accidents of far higher importance to be considered—lapse of memory on the part of the giver, for instance, or repentance. In the amenities of gardeners, as in love, the advice to "take me when I'm in the humour," is sound, and a cutting in the hand is well worth six in or on the bush, when the bush is another's.

I believe it is the gambling element that gives to gardening so potent a charm, that, and the Beechmen's catalogues. One of my first adventures was in response to a singular selective advertisement—"Humulus Lupulus," it said, "the finest creeper in the world. Grows forty feet in a single night. Massive clusters of yellowish blossoms. Beautiful! Healthy." I have the constitutional misfortune to believe, un-

questioning, the printed word. Even now I find it hard to discount the flights of fancy of that poetic idealist, the advertising nurseryman. I despatched eight-teen by the next post; received by return an undemonstrative bundle of little roots, planted them prayerfully in a choice place, and then, as it happened, left home for a time. On my return to my garden I found the usual crop of catastrophes and compensations, but disregarding all alike I sped to the site of the Humulus Lupulus. There had been near the same spot a highly esteemed rose, "Climbing Captain Christie." The first thing that greeted me was the wan indignant face of a Captain Christie, who, having climbed for all he was worth, was none the less overtaken, and was now gazing at me in strangled pallor from the depths of a thicket of common hops. The Poetic Idealist had triumphed.

I have never been able precisely to ascertain to what extent Bat Woolley found me out in the Affair—already alluded to—of the Coltsfoot. Bat is my gardener, and I value his opinion highly, almost as highly as he does himself, though possibly with more limitations. Winter Heliotrope was what my neighbour called Coltsfoot. I felt there was something not quite sound in the Latin way she pressed it upon me. She said there was nothing like it for covering bare places, and that I might dig it up for myself and take all I wanted. That specious permission might have warned me, so also might the singular fact that my neighbour's shrubbery had, for no growth, naught save the curving leaves of the winter heliotrope. None the less I planted out two or three colonies of it on the outskirts of my rock garden.

One morning, at the turn by the pine tree (one of my colonies had been unostentatiously planted in a bare place behind the pine tree), I met Bat. His face was redder than usual, and there was something very searching in his eye. Mine did not meet it.

"Look at that!" he said. He held up a handful of long, white roots, and brandished it, much as Jupiter is represented brandishing a handful of lightning. "Look at that dam-root!" he pronounced the words as one pronounces beet-root—"that some"—here a powerful variant on the usual definition of fool—"is after planting in your honour's consarns! See here! If ye left no more o' ye that in the ground than as much as ye couldn't see itself,

it'd have the place ate up in one fortnight! I gave the morning to it, an' if I give the day itself it's hardly I'll have it all dug—Devil's cure to the—" (Here more variants in connection with the impostor.)

Something wavering in Bat's eye, even while the denunciation proceeded, made me conscious of the smirch of suspicion. I remained silent as the grave. Secretly I visited the other colonies, and found that one of them was already swinging an enveloping wing round the rearward of the Iris Kaempferi, and that another had flung outposts into the heart of the helianthemums. At a bound I ranged myself with the opposition.

"Bat," I said, "the damroots are the garden!"

That might a fair-sized bundle of winter heliotrope was restored to my neighbour's neighborhood. Bat threw it over the wall.

I am slowly acquiring some insight into my gardener's likes and dislikes. He despises anything that he suspects of being a wild flower.

"Sha!" that's no good! That's one of the Heth family! The hills is rotten with it."

But on the other hand, he will lavish such a wealth of attention upon potatoes as would, if bestowed on the despised daughter of Heth, cause it to blossom like the rose. There are, in his opinion, but three flowers really worthy of cultivation. Red geraniums, blue lobelias, and yellow calceolarias. With these, had he his will, should all my garden be glorious. I never buy them; I never see them in their earlier stages, but suddenly, in the herbaceous border, the trio will appear, uttering a note of colour only comparable to the shriek of a mae-w.

"Why, then, there isn't a gentleman's garden in Ireland but them have the sway in it!" Bat says, when he finds me brooding over a shattered ideal. "There was Mr Massey's was the grand place! The garden steps big slabs of marble, and the gate lodges dashed and haberdashed, and the gardens fit to blind yer eye by the dirt o' them!"

What "haberdashed" may mean I cannot say, but "thin" mean the combination so dear to his heart that a stouter than mine would be needed to abolish it, even from a herbaceous border.

Sometimes, chiefly on Sunday afternoons, I am visited by compunction in the matter of the prohibited "calceolias" and "lobelias," for it is on Saturdays that Bat is "at home" to three favoured enemies of his own profession. They move, very slowly, and, for the most part, silently, from bed to bed, like doctors making a clinical inspection at a hospital; at intervals they put a horny finger under a patient's chin and gravely study his complexion, or, wishing perhaps to show generosity to a rival, they pick off some malign bug or caterpillar, and squish it between an unhesitating finger and thumb. It is at such times that I feel how far my garden in its lack of that gorgeous trio lags behind that of any other gentleman in Ireland.

But my gardener has his alleviations. There was one bright day which, having

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begun with the funeral of a relative, culminated in a visit as prolonged as it was satisfying from the chief mourner. King Solomon did not exploit his Temple more thoroughly for the discomfiture of the Queen of Sheba than did Bat his gardens for the Chief Mourner. The latter, a "mountain man from back in the country," paced heavily round after Mr Whoolley, his hands folded on the apex of his back under the voluminous skirts of his blue frieze coat, a stick hanging from them like a tail. The deep silence of his native hills was on him; he suffered his emotions without expression until the tour of the kitchen garden was made, its climax—fortunately stage managed by Bat—being "a bed of greens." There is that in such a bed that, in such a nature, touches an even more vibrating chord than potatoes.

"And cabbages!" said the mountain man, almost in a whisper. The Queen of Sheba herself was not a more gratifying audience. Mr Whoolley seems to have observed the parallelism of the cases, and assuming that the visitor, in spite of the funeral, had no more spirit left in him, the couple adjourned to a convenient public house and were no more seen.

On the whole, I think I may say that I give Bat satisfaction. He is generous in judging rather by intention than achievement, and he sees the advantages of fostering a disposition to weed. Only once has he been tried too high, and that was when I planted out a bed with what he calls "pushch-bue," a most pestilent weed whose English equivalent is, I fancy, charlock. To me he passed over the error in a very handsome manner, but I heard him the same afternoon say to the subordinate who was making good my misdoing: "Is it that one! Sure he's no more good than a feather!"

Another act of folly of mine, however, carried with it more serious consequences. I was so far left to myself as to give permission to a Sunday School excursion of unknown dimensions to disport itself in my domains. Dates were discussed, and times arranged, and then a sponge of kindly oblivion wiped the affair from my mind. It was a couple of months afterwards—I was inspecting my wall fruit in the kitchen garden at eleven o'clock in the morning, and being eaten by midges in a way that foretold immediate rain, when there was a sound of thunderous driving on the avenue. Just then the rain began to fall, and almost at the same moment there arrived to me a rushing messenger from the house, saying "there were ladies in the drawing-room."

I am a lone man, and there is no one to share with me the brunt of such a moment. I hurried in, and was confronted as I neared the hall door by four huge yellow brakes, full of children, and roofed with umbrellas. Two, already empty, were emulously pressing towards the yard, one, taking a short cut across a strip of lawn, and two more were disgorging their burdens at large. I went into the drawing-room and found it lined with ladies in black. It was explained to me that on account of the rain the party, which comprised the Patrons, Teachers, and Pupils of four Sunday Schools, had "taken the liberty of coming to the house for shelter." Even as they spoke a strange murmuring sound

rose from beneath my feet—the hum as of an angry hive. The house, like many old country houses in Ireland, stands upon a basement storey, and I realised that its cavernous recesses were being utilised as a receptacle for the amalgamated Sunday Schools.

I cannot clearly recall the varied events of that day of nightmare. I remember finding, at one juncture, one of my subordinates stemming the rush of Sunday Schools up the back stairs with the kitchen table and an old driving whip. At another, my honoured presence was requested in a cave-like place once a laundry, wherein a shocking meal was being partaken of. I noticed a teacher with a "cut" of cold salmon, wrapped in newspaper. She ate it with her fingers, quaffing raspberry vinegar the while. Kettles, capacious as the boiler of a man-of-war, steamed on the ancient fireplace; the air reeked of damp children and buns. Later on it cleared, and I led a company of female patrons forth to see the garden. Already the sward of the tennis lawn looked like Epsom Heath on the day after the Derby, and an animated game of Hide and Seek was in progress among my young rhododendrons. I averted my eyes. In the flower garden the usual amusement of leaping the bells had taken place, with the usual results of chasm-like footprints in the centre of each. The first endurable incident of the day was the discovery that Bat had locked the kitchen garden gate, and that my strollings with the patronesses were performed. But even as I was expressing my regrets (coupled, mentally, with a resolve to raise Mr Whoolley's wages) there arose from within the walls cries of the most poignant, accompanied by roars comparable only to those of a wounded tiger. On the top of the wall, just above us, there shot into view the face of a boy, a face scarlet with exertion, vociferous in lamentation. Quickly following it there appeared down the length of the wall other faces, equally agitated, while from within came a sound as of the heavy beating of carpets. Other sounds came also. Sounds of indignation too explicit to be printable. I blushed for the patronesses. None the less I endorsed every word of it as I realised that my best peach trees were being used as ladders by the Amalgamated Sunday Schools.

I think that was about the last act in the tragedy. Not long after, in a yellow glow of late, repentant sunlight, the four brakes drove—with further cuttings of grassy corners—up to the hall door. The Sunday Schools were condensed into them, each child receiving an orange as it took its seat, and thin cheers arose in my honour. Simultaneously the brakes snowed forth orange peel upon the gravel; the procession swept out of sight, still cheering, still snowing orange peel.

For reasons darkly and inextricably mixed up with the Sunday School excursion, dinner that night was served at 9 o'clock, and as I was aware that every servant in the house was in a separate and towering passion, I refrained from inquiry.

Yet, even through the indigestion following on this belated repast, I was upheld by the remembrance of Bat's face, as he glared at me through the bars of the kitchen garden gate, and said:

"Thanks be to God, I'm after breaking six sticks on their backs!"

"Old Moore."

In "M.A.P.," "Old Moore" has been giving some scraps of autobiography. This quaint old character led a very chequered career. He knocked round California among the cowboys, and saw life in its roughest form when a very young man. Subsequently he became an actor. Writing about himself at this time he says:—"Although this particular period of my life was eminently practical and material, my mind was never off the subject of second-sight, and whenever an opportunity arose for discussing it I never failed to avail myself of it. Among the, to me, most interesting persons I met in California were spiritualists, and students generally of the occult. This bore abundant fruit in the future. I always felt convinced that I possessed the gift of second-sight, and, as I have already intimated, this became demonstrably plain to me at a later period. Although it is not given to me to be always accurate in my divinations, I think I may lay claim, on the strength of my almanack, that I have amply demonstrated that I am possessed of the gift that I lay claim to. Well, a paternal summons put an end to my eventful career in California, and I returned to the Old Country, where I soon after conceived the idea of getting the billet of writing and publishing 'Old Moore's Almanack.' This duly became an accomplished thing, and since then has, of course, been considerably developed. At the present time it has a circulation of 1,250,000 copies. It may interest readers to know that many of my inspirations occur to me in the still hours of the night—that period during which the mind is peculiarly susceptible to occult influence. In this connection I may tell of a curious thing that happened to me about eighteen years ago. I awoke suddenly one morning, to hear a voice say distinctly, 'Hammond will win the Derby.' I looked about the room, but could see nobody. Later in the day I met a friend of mine who knew more about racing matters than I did, and told him what had occurred to me that morning. He pooh-poohed the idea, remarking, 'Why, my dear fellow, the list of entries is not published yet!' As a matter of fact it was about Christmas time. However, I adhered to my belief in the message I had received, and anxiously awaited developments. In due course the entries were issued to the public, and my friend, having run his finger down the list, triumphantly exclaimed, 'There you are, there is no such horse among them!' We then ran down the list of owners, and sure enough the name of Hammond was there, and his horse, St Gatien, was entered for the race. It was now my turn to be triumphant, and I declared emphatically that St Gatien would win the coming race. My friend turned from his sceptical mood to one of halting doubt, and eventually he was bound to confess, he said, that there 'might be something in it.' The consequence was, I backed my fancy for all I was worth, and induced as many of my friends to do likewise as I could. Many of them took the hint, and backed the horse

heavily, and thousands of pounds were at stake. Well, on the day of the race I went down to Epsom and got into conversation with a gipsy, who volunteered the information that a horse named Harvester would win. Strange to say the race resulted in a dead heat between these two horses—St Gatien and Harvester. It was whispered that St Gatien was really the winner. In my mind, however, this quite justified my confidence in the mysterious message of which I was the recipient. The result of the race was that the stakes were divided."

BLOOD POISONING. A BAD CASE. Cured by Vitadatio.

Dawes Patent, Sydney. 1, George-st., 13th Feb., 1900.

MR PALMER.

Dear Sir,—It is nearly three years ago since I had the first symptoms of a trouble which has since caused me terrible agony and inconvenience. On consulting a doctor he told me that I had a diseased toe, caused from blood poisoning. I went to the Sydney Hospital and there underwent an operation. The doctor removed part of the toenail, and told me that he thought I could never be really well as far as the foot was concerned, but that he had done all that could be done in the meantime. For a while the foot was better, but this improvement was only a temporary one. After about three months the sore broke out again and was worse than ever it had been. I could not get about, and did not have a boot on the foot for more than two years. At one time the lump was as large as an egg cup. Finding that the doctor's treatment had failed to cure me, I tried every ointment that I had heard of, but with the most unsatisfactory results. The pain was almost unbearable, and in agony, I decided to consult another doctor. He told me that an abscess had formed under the nail, and that the nail would have to be removed again. I had decided to have the second operation performed, when something prompted me to make inquiries about VITADATIO. These inquiries led me to give your medicine a trial, and the result is most satisfactory. Now my foot is perfectly healed, and I can do what I have not been able to do for nearly three years—wear a boot. Only yesterday I walked six miles, and never experienced any pain in my foot whatever. All my friends consider that my cure is wonderful, and as no one knows so well as myself what great benefit I have derived from VITADATIO, I feel that it is only right for me to let you know, so that others may be induced by my cure to take your remedy. I shall be delighted to give any particulars to anyone who may call at my house. I forgot to mention that the pain in the foot was so severe that a lump would sometimes come under the armpit. I have taken nine large bottles of the medicine. At first the foot became much worse, but gradually it improved, and I am certain that the VITADATIO has cured me from the trouble which has been the cause of such severe pain.

Wishing you every success, Yours faithfully, JANE SCHWEER.

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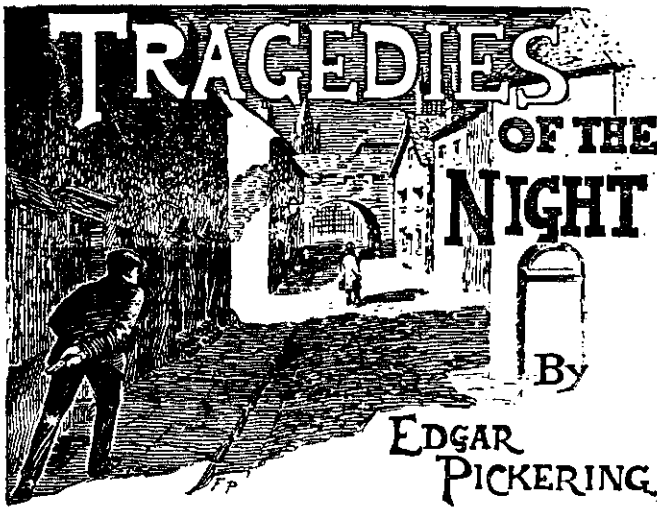


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II.
CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

Six men sat at a small table, which was bare of anything except a clipped inkstand of cheap crockery and a sheet of discoloured paper, waiting. He at the head of the table was a benevolent-looking, white-haired man, who glanced now and again over his gold-rimmed glasses at his companions; at a vacant chair, and at the half-closed door, without impatience.

"He will come." The remark was addressed generally, to be answered by a black-bearded man.

"Without doubt. Still, it is already half an hour beyond the time," was the surly reply.

They were professed anarchists; these six men, but their meeting gave no sign of secrecy, nor precaution against interruption. Through the half-closed door could be heard the rattle of dominoes on the marble tables in the dingy little restaurant beyond, and the hum of movement. Only a short, narrow passage separated the two rooms on the ground floor of the Solo eating-house, and mid-way between these a raven-haired, olive-skinned girl leant negligently against the wall, in the light of a gas flame that showed the clear, statuesque beauty of her face and form to their fullest advantage. Her age was about 18, although the contour of her figure, displayed by a pose of unconscious gracefulness, in which, for some moments, she had been standing, was that of an older woman; her lustrous eyes kept their gaze on the half-windowed inner door of the restaurant.

Then it was opened hastily, and a tall, lithe-figured man came from it. An Englishman, young and handsome, with a reckless air in his carriage and manner.

"Teresaino, mio," he exclaimed, holding up his hands.

The girl placed a slim forefinger on her lips, as she glanced up at him.

"Go back!" she exclaimed in a hard whisper. "For the love of God keep from joining those in there to-night," and she pointed to the half-opened door.

"But I am one with them in everything, Teresaino," he answered. "I have sworn to help in the cause."

"I know—I know," she replied, holding him back by a gesture. "But there is danger to you in that room. I overheard. The lots are to be drawn to-night."

"I've passed my word, and mean to keep it," he answered. "You wouldn't have me turn coward, Teresaino? I know the business that we've been called together for."

"Yet, perhaps, not all. The name of the man condemned," she pleaded. He gave a shrug of indifference.

"I shall hear it in time," he said. "Don't hinder me, Teresaino. We'll have a chat when the business yonder is over. I'm late already, and they will begin to think I'm selling them."

He put his hands on her shoulders, stooping to kiss her, and then, with his swift, resolute step, had entered the room. There was a murmur of salutation as he seated himself at the table, and one of the men got up, closing the door softly.

The business for which they had assembled was known to each one present. There were no preliminary words, and

the white-haired man proceeded to divide the sheet of paper into seven parts, doing so with a carefulness that denoted importance. The others watched him silently—there was a grim significance in the act which impressed them. They were governed by a terror, always. To-night it was a little more tyrannous than usual, for it demanded a human life at the hands of these seven silent men, and, as was but natural, the occasion interested them.

Upon one of the slips a name had been written, the others were blank; and having folded each, with the precision that had marked his movements before, the old man dropped the seven tiny pieces into a wine measure, shaking it gently.

"He that shall draw the name," he said in a soft, musical voice, glancing again over his glasses, "will utter it not. It is better that none other but he and I should know it. You agree to this, my comrades?"

"It was always thus," replied one of the men, gravely. "It is better than for the name, and the drawer of it, to be known," and he moved apart from his neighbour for the space of a yard, remembering the last drawing of lots when Giuseppe Villa had been condemned to death upon even a suspicion of treachery. For Giuseppe and he had been bosom friends; still—and the recollection caused him to raise his black eyebrows for an instant. Then the wine measure was passed from hand to hand; four of the fatal slips had been withdrawn, to be opened and scanned, and there was no sound but the hiss of the gaslight streaming over the set faces beneath.

The man who had moved his chair thrust his hand into the measure almost defiantly. If he drew the order to slay it was but his fate, and as he looked at the paper his brows went up for the second time.

Two papers remained now. One for the Englishman, the other for the kindly-eyed man who had prepared them, and the former held his hand hidden in the wine measure for an instant.

Blank! A word of inexpressible relief was restrained as it sprang to his lips, and there came the sudden consciousness as of a crime escaped from. That he, an Englishman, should be joined to a group of heartless assassins would have been incomprehensible to anyone who did not know Neville Holland's life-story and nature. A richer man than he had robbed him of the only woman he ever had or would love. His brother, Sir Lucius, had stepped between them, and the younger man disappeared from society, nursing the wrong done him, joining himself to others, also with wrongs to be righted. Most easily by quick, certain death to their oppressors, and all traitors.

The wine measure was empty now, and the old man, holding the paper he had drawn, lighted it at the flaring gas. What the result of the drawing had been only one of the seven men knew, but he made no sign, and Teresaino had entered the room, bringing wine and glasses. As she passed the black-bearded man, a little slip of paper fluttered from his pocket, and she thrust out her neatly shod foot, moving the

white paper adroitly to the door. Then, as she quitted the room, Teresaino stooped, and the next instant the paper had been thrust into her bodice.

A quarter of an hour later and Neville Holland, on his way home, was stayed by a hand grasping his. It was Teresaino, whom he had wondered at not seeing again in the restaurant, for in his brusque fashion he had often kissed her, and professed a thousand times to admire her. They were friends only, however, or at least so Neville thought, although the girl loved him with all the fervour of her passionate heart.

"Read," she said, holding up the morsel of paper, which had been concealed in her hand. "It is the name of the man, that Tito—he with the black beard—that Tito will murder."

Neville held the paper in the light of the street lamp, reading the name of Sir Lucius Neville scrawled there. His brother—his rival—the man who had supplanted him a year ago was in danger, and all his long cherished anger seemed suddenly to vanish. Lucius and he had loved each other once, and the old affection came surging over him again in some strange, confusing way.

"Tito has drawn the lot to kill my brother, Teresaino," he said. "I don't understand why Lucius has made himself obnoxious to one of the blood-thirsty villains—to one of the men with whom I've been mad enough to associate." Then he thought for an instant.

"And Tito will perform the task given him. Do I not know him? he talks to me of love—he. That I should marry him! Yes, he will kill your brother."

As she said this, a man slouched heavily by them, and Neville caught sight of a dark face and black beard as the fellow hesitated for a moment.

"We'll get out of the light, Teresaino. It's a little more dangerous than the dark sometimes. That was Tito himself who passed just now," and a quick throb of dread came to the girl's heart as he spoke.

"Listen," she said, rapidly. "I overheard the plan for this crime—it was Signor Varianno who spoke then. It is to be to-night that this murder will be done. The one to die lives in Cleveland Place, I heard."

"Yes, my brother's house is in Cleveland Place, and he'll be going home about midnight," replied Neville. "We haven't spoken to each other for a year, but we must to-night. I will warn him of the plot. Good Heavens, there's protection enough to be had in London, one would think, for a man whose life's threatened!"

"Beware of Tito," answered Teresaino. "He fears nothing—not even though his own life may be in danger."

"By Jove," exclaimed Neville, "his life will be in danger if I meet him to-night. And now good-bye, Teresaino, mio. You shall be rewarded for the service you've done me. I will come to the restaurant to-morrow."

"Where are you going?"

"To watch for my brother, and to protect him if needed."

"Neville!" and her little hands were clasped on his arm. "If harm comes to you I— and he saw the lustrous eyes dimmed with tears as the girl looked up in his face.

"Would it grieve you?" he asked gravely, as she suddenly paused. Her look was a revelation.

"Would you care if my heart were breaking?" she answered. "I shall think of you to-night—only of you. Swear that you will come back to me. You speak of my reward—I only ask to see you again."

He bent down kissing the lips that had quivered with emotion as she spoke, and he felt pity for her such as he had never felt for a human soul before, but he had all an Englishman's dislike of a scene.

"You will see me again, Teresaino," he said curtly, "but don't hinder me now. I am quite able to take care of myself. Good-night," and he walked swiftly away, followed by her yearning gaze.

Cleveland Place at the best of times is dull and quiet. At the worst of times, such as when Neville Holland entered it, Cleveland Place was a howling wilderness, despite its aristocratic mansions and wealth. The night was black, and an icy blast drove the sleety rain in his face as he walked along slowly, keeping a keen look out for his brother, and thinking of the meeting between them. He knew Lucius' habits, and

that he would almost certainly be coming home at midnight. There was half an hour to wait, and Neville stopped, drawing himself into the protection from the weather offered by the massive pillar of a portico. From there he could see along the street through which he had just passed, and for some moments he was alone.

Then he saw a figure coming stealthily towards him, its face hidden by a slouched hat and upturned collar, and he drew back a pace, watching the figure keenly. The next moment it had disappeared in the deep shadows of a house not a dozen yards from where Neville was standing, and Cleveland Place slept on, undisturbed by the howling wind and driving rain blasts.

And thus the two men waited. There was a thought in Neville's fast-coming calculations, to step out and end the suspense—to know what manner of man this was skulking in the shadows, and then he stayed his foot, for the certainty flashed into his mind that Tito Farini stood there, and the deadly purpose of the man sent a thrill through every nerve in his body.

Someone was coming along the deserted street, walking briskly, and he recognised his brother in the light of one of the lamps. Another moment and Lucius would be at the spot where, hidden by the shadow, lurked his murderer, and Neville ran forward.

As he did so, Tito emerged from his hiding-place, and there was the flash of something hid in his upraised hand as he crept softly on his victim. Another moment and the glittering blade would have been buried deep down between Lucius Holland's shoulders, and Neville struck out with all the weight of his body straight for the murderer's eyes, and missed. Tito had moved his head aside, and the next instant the two men were locked in a conflict for life or death.

For a moment Neville had the mastery, and then his foot caught against a stone and he fell. Tito's knee was on his antagonist's breast—the flashing dagger was uplifted, but as it fell, a woman thrust herself between the deadly blade and the prostrate man—there was the dull sound of a blow, a gasping little moan, and Neville had sprung to his feet, to see Tito Farini speeding from the spot, and Lucius kneeling beside the body of the woman.

"My God—Teresaino!" and Neville gave a grief-stricken cry of horror. "The villain has stabbed her. Get help. Lucius—why are you staring at me—Get help, for God's sake."

He and Teresaino were alone, and Neville was staunching the quickly flowing blood that came from her breast.

"Let me lean my head against your knee." The words came very faintly, and through his blurred eyes he looked down into her upturned face.

"I am dying, Neville," came the voice, so pitifully weak that he had to stoop to her lips. "I was afraid—I loved you so much—it cannot be wrong for me to tell you that now—I only thought of you—that we might never meet again, and I loved you so."

He choked back a sob, but there was no word on his lips, though a thousand were in his agonised heart; and her voice came whisperingly.

"Think of me sometimes, dear, dear Neville. Kiss me once again—it is for the last time. Good-bye—good—" but the farewell remained unended, for ever.

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There are upwards of 150 raspberry plantations in the Motueka district, the largest being 25 acres.

There are now 19 motor-cars in Christchurch, and that number will soon be considerably augmented.

Life in Wellington is getting tolerably lively just now. What with burglars, sneak-thieves and pickpockets, residents and visitors have to be on their guard both day and night.

A lecturer was holding forth on the evils of tight-lacing, which he illustrated by grim diagrams. A lady fainted, and it was found that it was through extravagant tight-lacing. She was the lecturer's wife.

Sir William Steward complains that even the Government Gazette mutilates Maori names. He remarks that in the Gazette of the 12th inst. the name of Pukehikihiki, the bill on which the John McKenzie cairn stands, is spelt Pukehiviti.

At the conclusion of one of the recent seasons at Durban the stage-manager stepped before the curtain to make a few remarks appropriate to the occasion, and in the course of his speech intimated that the company "would be going away for four weeks and would return in about five." He secured by this "Irishism" the biggest laugh of the evening; and it so tickled the famous comedian, Mr. Harry Nicholls, that before leaving the company to return to England he presented Mr. Howitt with the following effusion:

In loving memory of a certain valedictory speech, delivered in Durban, South Africa, June 30, 1902.

We may part from a friend with a smile or a sigh,
Or a nod, or a wink at the bar,
A fervent "God bless you, old fellow! Good bye!"
Or an offhand "So long!" or "Ta-ta,"
But what humour and pathos that man can convey,
In the few farewell words that he speaks,
When he says, "For a month, I am going away,
And shall be back again in five weeks."

A London cable published in the American papers of March 13 says: The Earl of Elnesire, who last Sunday could only be considered moderately wealthy, is to-day one of the richest noblemen of Great Britain. He has come into possession of property and money amounting to millions of pounds. His enrichment was the result of a stipulation in the will of the third and last Duke of Bridgewater, that all his canal properties should be held under the Bridgewater trust, and nursed until one hundred years from the day of his death, when they were to descend to the rightful heir. The Duke of Bridgewater was the father of canals in England. Little care was taken of his education, and he grew up to be an about-town gambler and race-horse owner. Later he settled down, developed his collieries, and his big system of canals. He died, unmarried, in 1803. His will is in the British Museum.

Mr. William Alling, a millionaire jeweller, is pondering sadly over the maxim that "no man is a hero to his valet"—or coachman, certainly if these be of British breed. Mr. Alling sent to England for a coachman who "must have driven one of the nobility."

He engaged one Alexander Gordon. The sequel has been furnished in the Newark (U.S.A.) Police Court. "Because he" served the nobility in England," Mr. Alling informed the court, "he is imbued with contempt for the democratic institutions and homes of this country. He presumes to dictate to my wife as to when she shall leave the privilege of driving out in her own carriage. His haughty ways make our lives unbearable. I paid him his wages last Monday and discharged him, but he refuses

to be discharged, or to give up the rooms he occupies at my house."

"I've not been discharged," Gordon told the Judge. "I have a contract until February 12, and I won't go till then. I'm too high priced for Alling. He has not been used to a high-class coachman. That's all that's the matter with him."

Judge Lambert informed Mr. Alling that the case was one for the civil courts.

Bishopscourt at Parnell, the residence of the Bishop of Auckland, which some time ago was in some need of repair, has recently undergone complete renovation. The place has been painted inside and out, it has been re-roofed, all the drains have been fitted and relaid, new iron fencing has been erected around the grounds, and new fittings have been supplied inside the building. The bell tower has been repaired and re-roofed. The repairs have been so complete that Bishopscourt is now in first-class order, and, having been originally built of the very best material, it will last for many years to come. Several hundreds of pounds have been spent in the renovation work.

There were many unfinished phrases in the maiden speech with which Mr. Disraeli made his parliamentary debut, but one of them has become famous in the annals of oratory. "When the hurried Hudson rushed through the chambers of the Vatican, with the keys of Peter in one hand, and in the other—" the speaker began, and at this point the noise drowned his voice and the rest of the sentence was lost. Mr. Disraeli, whose reference was to a King's messenger named Hudson who was pursuing Sir Robt. Peel with a letter from the King summoning Peel to form a Government, had no chance of informing the House what Hudson had in his other hand, and the point has often been speculated upon. Even the well-informed Sir M. E. Grant Duff has ventured a theory on the subject, forgetting or not knowing that the matter was really cleared up in the lobby after "Dizzy" had sat down. "Though the speech was a failure, it was at least a brilliant failure, and congratulations poured in upon the young member from all sides. One of those who encouraged him was the Attorney-General of the time, who, though he had never seen Disraeli before, spoke to him with great cordiality and asked him to fill in the missing word. "Could you tell me just how you finished one sentence in your speech," said the Minister—"in one hand the keys of St. Peter, and in the other —?" "In the other the cap of liberty, Sir John," replied Disraeli, and the Attorney-General confessed that it was "a good picture." "But your friends will not allow me to finish in the pictures," said Disraeli, whom Sir John promptly assured that "there was the liveliest desire to hear you from us. It was a party at the bar, over whom we had no control; but you have nothing to be afraid of."

Last week the Premier received from the secretary of the Mallee Farmers' Relief Committee, Swan Hill, a letter which stated that owing to the drought farmers in Shire Castle and Donnington have been unable to harvest a single grain of the crop. The fund organised in Melbourne had enabled the committee to support over 200 families, but although the Government was advancing £100,000 for the purchase of seed wheat and fodder, it would not nearly suffice for the 3400 square miles that had to be sown. The committee accordingly solicited a contribution of seed wheat from New Zealand, and expressed its willingness to pay freight and Customs charges on any that might be sent.

The Premier replied:—"I may say that there is some misapprehension. The New Zealand Government never offered to subscribe seed wheat to individual parties or committees. New Zealand did, however, make an offer to the respective State Governments of Australia to interest itself in obtaining contributions of seed wheat and fodder. The replies generally were that the necessity for such help did not exist, the drought being broken up, etc., and there

the matter ended. I have given publicity to the application made, and should local authorities or private parties take the matter up I shall be glad to help in either carrying five of cost on our railways, or in any other way which seems meet."

The Auckland Harbour Board on March 31 adopted the recommendations of the Board in committee as follows:—"That the secretary be instructed to inform the Government that the Admiral has in writing notified the Board of his inability to make use of Admiralty House; that therefore the Board is of opinion that the house is not required for the purposes of the Admiralty House Act, 1898. The Board therefore, subject to the consent of the Governor, offers the house to the Government upon such terms as may be mutually agreed upon, a copy of the Admiral's statement to the chairman of the Board to be enclosed."

One of the most remarkable contrasts between society at the beginning of the nineteenth century and at the dawn of the twentieth is to be found in the ball-room of the period. The arts and graces of daily life, which were cultivated to such perfection—an almost too elaborate perfection—by our Georgian ancestors, disappeared apparently with the swords and ruffles and satins and brocades which then made men and women picturesque. To-day we see them only on the stage, divorced alike from chamber and salon, and even then they are so obviously artificial that they make us blush for shame at our own physical delinquencies. What would the young men and maidens who danced the minuet, the gavotte, and those other quaint old measures of pre-Victorian days with such ease and precision (remarks A. S. Cook-Suggitt in "Public Opinion") think of the wild horse scrambling to which the dancing of the present day has been degraded? What would they think of the clumsiness of the average man's waltzing, of the riotous confusion evolved from lazy reminiscences of the lancers, of the contempt with which the quadrilles are thrust aside and ignored, or of the mad stampeding cultivated in the barn dance (so-called, perhaps, because the rough floors of village inn club rooms, and the hob-nailed boots of shock-headed rustics supply the conditions under which it is most advantageously performed)? The astonishment and bewilderment with which the spectacle would fill them may be too easily conjectured.

The law, turning harsh looks upon all forms of gambling, particularly enacts that any person using a place for the purpose of betting with persons resorting thereto shall be liable to a deterrent penalty. Now what does this mean? Will the mere fact that bets are made at an hotel with people coming there constitute the offence, or must it be shown that the defendant has some sort of interest in the "place" before he can be said to be using it in the sense meant by the Legislature? These were the facts: One Scriven was the licensee of an inn in a picturesque part of England. Tromans was a professed bookmaker and Inault was his clerk. Tromans was in the habit of frequenting the bar, where he carried on the business of ready-money betting with anybody who chanced to be there. The circumstance of Tromans visiting the bar was known to the licensee; and there was some sort of understanding on the subject between Scriven and Tromans and his clerk. It was not shown that Tromans, or the clerk, had any refreshment at the inn, or was a customer, or, indeed, had any kind of interest in the hotel as such, or in the business carried on there, in any shape or form, nor did he occupy any specific part of the bar. Neither was there any proof that any of the persons who betted with Tromans took refreshment at the inn. The court, however, held that the lack of proof on these points was not material, and that the offence aimed at by the statute was complete upon evidence that Tromans frequented the bar for the purpose of betting. It may be assumed that the conviction of the defendant (which the magistrate had entered) might not have stood if it had been shown that the licensee had not tacitly or otherwise allowed the "use" of the premises by Tromans and his clerk. (Tromans v. Holzklauson.)

"Do you want your likeness for family use?" asks a Sydney photographer, as he seats his victim, "or for reproduction in the newspapers?" The price is the same, but the likeness is not.

A New Judgment of Solomon.—Frederick Duck and John Barberi both claimed the ownership of the same goat at Long Island City (U.S.A.) last week. To decide the dispute the animal was brought into court. It suited Barberi over, but fawned on Duck. The magistrate decided in Duck's favour.

Notice of motion was recently given by Mr Joseph Hoult, the Conservative member for the Wairarapa Division, declaring the constitution of the Board of Trade to be obsolete, and urging the substitution for it of a Minister of Commerce and Industry.

In his parish magazine, the vicar of Tillington invites young men to join the "Bell-ringers' Guild," on the ground that bell-ringing is a preferable pastime to the "brutal game of football," which has stolen some devotees from his belly.

Ethem Pasha, the victorious general of the Turco-Greek war, is in supreme command of the Turkish troops in Macedonia, and his appointment to this position is in itself a sufficient proof that the Turkish Government takes a serious view of the situation.

An ideal condemned murderer from a reporter's point of view has turned up in America. Charles Grether, a condemned murderer in prison at Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, has asked for a telephone to be fitted in his cell. He is anxious to converse over it with his friends, and also to communicate with the newspapers.

At the Marlborough Gun Club's £100 Pigeon Match, shot off on Tuesday, the 24th ult., Mr Broderick, who tied and divided £60 with Messrs J. Redwood, H. Cheeseman, Annandale, Eccles, Price, G. Cheeseman, and Richardson, was using the Colonial Ammunition Company's "Favourite" cartridges, with the company's patent bi-concave wadding.

A coincidence of a peculiarly grim character has occurred in the experience of the Rev. T. E. Phillips, of Pittsburg. Twenty years ago while he was in Sterling, Illinois, he was called upon to preach a funeral service over a well-known resident there. During the service the man came to life. Mr Phillips has just visited Sterling again for the first time since that incident. He received another call to officiate at a funeral. It was the same man. This time the obsequies were not interrupted.

Modern enterprise! M. Giron, says the Geneva correspondent of the "New York Herald," has had many offers from people who were willing to make his fortune—and, incidentally, theirs. One energetic manager of a London music hall offered him an engagement at an enormous salary, while a gentleman from New York suggested a series of lectures in the States. The princess in this case was to accompany him on the stage, but would not be expected to speak. Another astute business man wanted him to write an advertisement endorsing a certain well-known patent medicine. The strangest offer of all came from a circus proprietor, who offered to organise a gigantic outdoor fete, at which M. Giron would make an ascent in a balloon.

Over 1,000,000 cwt. of apples were imported into England in 1902 in excess of the imports of 1901.

In the trade this great increase is attributed almost entirely to the shortage of the home crop, but the "Gardeners' Magazine" believes that the fact that England is every year becoming more and more a fruit-eating nation is put without an important bearing on these figures.

It points out as a proof of the great advance which the banana has made, the number of bunches imported during 1902 being 2,865,700 (valued at £1,040,263); or more than double the number of the 1900 consignments.

A strong protest against the criminal alien was made by the Recorder at the Old Bailey recently. "These foreigners," said Sir Forrest Fulton, referring to a case in which three aliens were charged with assaulting a constable, "invade the shores of this country, compete with our own citizens in their efforts to obtain a livelihood, and not only are they undesirable, but some of them are undesirable of the most violent class. This court is occupied for days each session in trying these disreputable foreigners, whom, nevertheless, we receive with open arms in a manner which would be possible in no other country in the world." Equally emphatic protests have been made by the head of every other judicial tribunal of London.

Our great-grandfathers had a way of announcing marriage ceremonies which would hardly find favour nowadays. The following cases in point have been unearthed:

"On August 22, 1782, at Bath, Captain Hamilton, aged 28, married Mrs. Mowson, an aged lady of 86, but possessing rank and much wealth."

"Robert Judge, of Cooksborough, Ireland, aged 95, to Miss Annie Nugent, aged 15. Robert Judge was an officer in King William's army, and was wounded in the nose."

At the New Zealand Defence Force Rifle Association meeting at Trentham, on March 5th last, the Colonial Ammunition Company's 303 ammunition, of which fully 600,000 rounds were used, gave the greatest satisfaction. We hear from a good authority that Colonel Scoville telegraphed both to the Right Honourable the Premier and General Babington saying that the ammunition used was very satisfactory, and equal to the best the Colonel had come across while in England a short time ago, when, it will be remembered, he attended a Bisley meeting, where he had the best chance of judging the merits of the English 303 manufacture. This speaks well for the New Zealand manufacture, and we congratulate the company on the quality of their ammunition.

The German Emperor and Empress have evidently found their subjects—at any rate, some of them—a little too obtrusive and gushing in their demonstrations of homage and curiosity, for the official telegraph bureau has issued an article, evidently inspired by the Court Marshal's Office, begging the toady public to restrain themselves at the sight of their Majesties riding or driving through the streets. The Emperor and his august spouse are, of course, grateful and pleased that a desire should be abroad to show them respect, but they would be greatly obliged if such persons as are animated with this laudable desire would tone down their demonstrativeness and refrain from frightening the Royal horses by hurling bouquets and waving handkerchiefs. People with petitions for the Emperor are also informed that documents of this character are more likely to be noticed if sent through the usual channels than if pitched into a passing carriage.

It is announced, on the authority of a fashionable London corset-maker, that England's male curled dandies are at present suffering from an attack of "corset fever"; and that, in the swell London army clubs, "stays" are as seriously and as deeply discussed as if they were a weighty problem of State. The hump-backed man, who might use corsets with advantage, caught the idea from the comical De Wet chasers of the army; then the dude, who daily parades Rotten Row, thought his "Bianca" would look much more fetching, encased in whalebone; after which the waxed, beltoppered sparks of the Stock Exchange "caught on." As a result, in London to-day, the male corset is worn openly and without a blush, and men of fashion and social weight hail each other up to consult anxiously about their respective whalebones and to consider whether they would look better if they tightened in a little.

The well-known Assyriologist, Dr. Hugo Winckler, has published an account of the legislation promulgated by King Amraphel of Babylon, which, so far as is known at present, was the first book of laws ever given to the world. King Amraphel lived 2260 years B.C.,

and is mentioned in the Bible as a contemporary of Abraham, so that his statutes were drawn up fully five centuries before the laws of Moses. They number 282, and contain the following:—

If a woman who sells beverages gives bad value for the money paid to her, she shall be thrown into water.

If a wife be a spendthrift, or if she otherwise neglect her duties, her husband may put her away without compensation; but if a man put away his wife for no other reason than that she has no children, he shall return her whole dowry.

If a betrothal be rescinded, the man shall pay the woman compensation.

A widow with grown-up children may not marry again without permission from a judge.

One of the Paris newspapers has been giving an interesting list of the works of the late M. Zola, apropos of the forthcoming sale of the author's country house at Medan, which is valued at £8000. The list includes the numbers sold of each work—a fair criterion of the popularity of the different subjects treated. "La Débâcle," which reached by far the largest number of sales of any one book, ran to 207,000 copies, and brought the author in several thousand pounds; of "Nana," the second favourite according to the publishers' figures, 193,000 copies were sold; "Lourdes" and "L'Assommoir" were bought to the extent of 154,000 and 151,000 copies respectively. It is calculated that M. Zola's profits on his household books during the past thirty years reached £60,000, and in addition he received as much as £1000 for each newspaper story contributed during the past decade, and nearly £40 weekly from the "Figaro" for special articles. Large sums were also derived from the dramatic works and popular editions.

An interesting action for damages is just now before the Genoa courts, by which a photographer named Ricci is being sued by Signorina Ida de Frate for £3000 damages. Some time ago the lady, who is exceedingly beautiful, had her photograph taken by Ricci in the ordinary way, and the portrait was such an artistic one that Ricci decided to avail himself of the craze for picture postcards by publishing the photograph in this form. Thousands of the cards were sold in all parts of the country, and Ricci is said to have reaped a handsome profit. On account of the publicity given to the lady in this way, Signorina Frate's affianced husband broke off his engage-

ment and refused to marry her. Hence the action for damages against the photographer, who, however, maintains that it was with the lady's consent that the cards were circulated.

Quite recently the world was startled to learn that a syndicate had been formed—in America, it is needless to add—to utilise the full moon as an advertising medium. There is, however, another scheme, also of Yankee origin, which is infinitely more full of terrifying possibilities. Parrots are being trained in America to shriek in the ears of customers such phrases as "Have you tried Cyrus B. Flint's chewing gum? If not, why not?" The idea has "caught on," in this country, and bird fanciers and amateurs will soon be spending hours every day impressing innocent young birds with the fact that "Blank's baking powder is the best." Bovril, Limited, are endeared with the idea, and are now considering the advisability of offering handsome prizes for ingenious birds who will rattle off the Bovril catch-phrases, as seen on the hoardings, without once descending to the usual parrot flippancies. The birds will be scattered among the retailers, and elderly ladies waiting to be served at the grocer's will be suddenly startled by a weird travesty of a voice, coming from nowhere in particular, exclaiming: "I hear they want more Bovril!"

The Melbourne honorary beak really seems to be a good deal of a plain fanatic. The latest outbreaking of this person arose over the case of a jam factory girl of 16, who, seeing a strange girl in the street, knocked her down, and kicked her over the heart till she was insensible. She was removed to the hospital, and it isn't certain that her injuries aren't permanent. And when the murderous female was fined 1/ with 21 costs, and allowed eight weeks to pay, the following dialogue took place:

Mr. Phipps, J.P., who said he thought it was scandalous for a girl sixteen years of age to be sent out to earn her living at a jam factory, dissented from the decision.

Mr. Witt (clerk): Look at that poor girl, probably injured for life.

Mr. Phipps: Look at that other poor girl, sent to earn her living at a jam factory!

The humanity of the J.P., when he has any, seems a quantity. Notic and one-sided sentiment. Because he thinks a girl shouldn't work at a jam factory he holds that she should be allowed to nearly murder another girl with impunity.

The Best Thing on Wheels.

The Oldsmobile

has demonstrated its ability to travel rough roads smoothly in all kinds of weather. In a long distance endurance run between New York and Boston in America—500 miles—the Oldsmobile was the only machine in the 1,000 lbs. and under class to make the run without a penalized stop, winning the highest award.

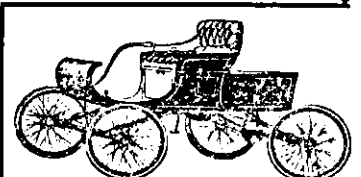
This runabout sells for _____ at factory in America and the freight is not large.

Starts at will from seat and is under instant control of the operator. The cheapest reliable automobile made. 5,000 in use.

Write for free catalogue.

Agents: W. A. RYAN & CO., LTD., AUCKLAND.

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W. A. RYAN & CO., LIMITED,
SOLE NEW ZEALAND AGENTS
for **The Oldsmobile.**
RAILWAY WHARF, AUCKLAND.

Claimed by W. G. Voliva, Dowie's general agent in Australia, that nearly 40 people have already gone from Melbourne or Sydney to Zion City (the city whose construction is said to have stopped short for want of funds), the third and largest batch having left last week; also that 10 more are going from Adelaide. Voliva told a "Register" interviewer that "those who have gone are all people of means, who will be able to purchase their land and build residences of their own" (presumably they will buy the land from Dowie). Questioned as to a poor man's chances, the apostle replied, guardedly, that "if he were in America everything within the power of Zion would be done consistently with good business sense to help him." Shylock himself would have done so much as that. Voliva has taken a three years' lease of the Adelaide Federal Hall, so that he may there expound the cult of the Bogus Elijah with the flapping wings. Dowie's success, such as it is, sets one thinking. He runs a bank, a great building enterprise, and a religion, and they prop up each other. If the Premier Permanent Building Society had also started a new religion, with a commandment in it that all good believers must put their money in the Society, and that he who took his money out when the Society happened to be short was a backslider of the back-seat description, the P.P. might be alive to-day."

We have grown sentimental regarding capital punishment, says an English paper. Seventy-five years ago these sentences on men, women and children were passed at a single session of the Old Bailey.

The Recorder, states the "Globe" of 1827, passed the awful sentence of death on the following prisoners:

- James Whitehead, a boy, for highway robbery.
- Daniel Davis, for stealing a letter from the Post Office.
- John Adams and Joseph Finch, for burglary.
- Honor Baldwin, wife of James Baldwin, for stealing in a dwelling-house.
- Teresu Davis, Thomas Williams, Charles Lewis, John Cranley, and Edward Webster, for burglary.
- Samuel Wilson, for stealing in a dwelling house.
- Mary Ann Sullivan and Martha Belamy, for stealing from the person.
- William Davis, Daniel Burn (a young boy), William Jones (a mere child, apparently not more than eight years of age), for stealing in a dwelling-house.
- James Wilson, William Howard, Frederick Langley, and Robert Young, for burglary.
- Richard Hill and Thomas Vandera, for stealing in a dwelling-house.
- Richard Hayes, for cattle-stealing.
- William Keates (convicted last session), for sheep-stealing.

There was an unrehearsed scene just before the Corrick Family of entertainers opened at St Arnaud (Victoria) that would have crowded the house had it been advertised beforehand. Corrick pere having hired the Town Hall, shifted the Council's piano from the floor to the stage. This the Mayor objected to, lest it might fall through the platform,

or something, and ordered Corrick to remove it. Corrick said he had hired the instrument with the hall, and proposed to put it where it would suit him best. The Mayor, the Town Clerk and the road Inspector started to carry the piano by storm, but were met and defeated by the Corrick family. Then Corrick armed himself with a bucketful of water and dared them to renew hostilities. Just then the Council's gardener, who had been cleaning out the bed of the lake, happened along. He was covered in mud from head to foot, and didn't care tuppence for anybody; moreover, a shower bath would do him more good than harm; so he went for the challenger "regardless." Corrick also was willing, so there was a pleasing but muddy "go in" for the space of five minutes. The gardener lost much of his mud in the "unpleasantness," most of it cleaving to Corrick, though the Mayor got a few ounces, and a bucket fell on the Town Clerk. Finally the matter was settled by His Worship refunding the money paid for the use of the piano, and Corrick hiring another machine—which was a lame and impotent ending after the waste of so much mud and energy.

The specifications for the two new Cunarders which are intended to take the record of the Atlantic away from the German liners are now prepared.

The vessels will have three propellers—one in the centre, as in the single-screw steamers, and one on each side a little deeper in the water than the centre one.

Their length will be 730ft, which is 10ft longer than the Oceanic and 30ft longer than the Cedric, which has just sailed for New York on her maiden trip.

Their breadth will be 70ft, with a depth of 29ft, and the displacement 26,800 tons. Their three sets of engines have a total indicated horse-power of 59,760. These enormous engines will be driven by steam generated from twenty-four double-ended boilers of 15ft 16in diameter by 20ft in length, each boiler having eight furnaces, giving a total fire-grate surface of 3571 square feet, which will produce 60,700 actual horse-power.

This high power, it is expected, will drive the vessels at a speed of 25 knots (28 miles) per hour, giving an average of 600 knots per day, or 675 English miles.

The coal consumption will be 1000 tons per day, which will necessitate the employment of 200 firemen with 154 coal-trimmers to carry the coals from the bunkers to the various stokeholds, and a staff of twenty-two engineers.

In addition there will be an electric plant which will supply a current to 3000 16-candle power lamps.

The steamers will be fitted with all the latest improvements for the comfort and convenience of the travelling public, including the improved Marconi appliances, hydraulic lifts, telephones and baggage rooms, which will be arranged so that passengers can have access to their belongings at any time of the day.

There will be accommodation for 500 first class, 300 second class, and 1200 to 1500 third class passengers, to cater for whom 150 stewards and thirty cooks will be required.

The whole crew will number 615, including the captain, eight officers, and a deck complement of fifty petty officers and seamen, and it is estimated that the new liners will cost £2,500,000.

The editor of the "Cornhill" is to be congratulated upon having achieved well nigh the impossible in inducing Sarah Bernhardt to write him an article. Whatever may be the opinions as to the merit of the article itself, which is upon the moral influence of the stage, all will be agreed upon the cleverness of the editor in securing it. But to quote the divine Sarah: "I have often heard people deny the moral influence of the theatre, but I find it undeniable. This influence has existed from all time, and never in my opinion has it been anything but beneficial. Beneficial it must always be to see the evolution of the human soul, and the more intelligently this evolution of the human soul is shown, the more effectual is the lesson drawn by those privileged to witness it. The theatre is the temple of all the arts which beautify life, and it is in this that its power lies. For whereas a library, a picture gallery, or a concert hall, each enthroning its respective art, has each its particular admirers, the theatre by its service of literature, the fine arts, and music, has a stronger claim upon human sympathy, and thus obtains a wider hearing. To me the theatre seems like a kaleidoscope whose moving facets show an attentive public the baseness, the crimes, the vices, the weaknesses of humanity, the faults of civilisation, and the absurdities of society. And it is this same movement, which, whilst showing the evil shows the cause of the evil, that is such a fascinating feature of the theatre. Thus the spectator, being brought face to face with his conscience, profits by the lesson given, and such spectators can be numbered by thousands." Should we have religious plays? Decidedly, yes! At least that is the opinion of the writer. She says on this subject: "There are people, moreover, who maintain that religious things should not be put upon the stage. Oh! what a mistake! And how fortunate it is that great minds have not been arrested by the false ideas of the narrow-minded! Nothing is more propagative than the theatre. It is the reflect-

tion of the ideas of a nation. It marches incessantly to the conquest of the true and the beautiful. Sometimes it goes too quickly. It has hoped too much from the minds and hearts of the public. The time has not arrived, and then retrogression is necessary, and it was thus with the religious question in the theatre scarcely twenty years ago." Speaking of the effect of the production of Rostand's "La Samaritaine," she writes: "The day of its first representation was a day of emotion never to be forgotten. Christian love filled the hall with infinitely pure joy, beneficent tears flowed. I felt myself transported into another world, for I uttered beautiful words, and my heart beat with those of others. I wept tears, real tears, tears that wash away and efface for ever the stains on our souls and our lives—too long, alas! for the evil we have done, and too short for the good we wish to do. Of course, such a piece could not be represented on the stage without being met with objections. But I remained true to the idea of the moral influence of the stage, and what could be more moral than the lesson seen in the story of the Samaritan and our Lord!"

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CLOTHING
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OILED CLOTHING
HAVE THE SAME POINTS
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DAIRY FED. MILD CURED. FINE FLAVOUR.

E. A. BRUCE,
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ESTABLISHED 1859.

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After Dinner Gossip

and

Echoes of the Week.

A Change.

A slight alteration will be noticed in the form of our heading this week, and a similarly slight corresponding change will be found in the style and substance of the paragraphs which appear below. To gain space for matter which experience teaches us readers find more attractive, subjects which have hitherto been treated under the style of "Topics of the Week" will be dealt with hereinafter, but in that lighter and perhaps more flippant style, which is usually found more acceptable "after dinner" when the burden and heat of the day are over, and when light discussion over the events of the week, here, there, and everywhere, can alternate with the latest good story, whether true or "ben trovato." Not that I may not sometimes treat subjects seriously, far from it, for there are subjects (I have several of them to-day) which cannot be spoken or written of, save with seriousness; and, moreover, there is not a more tiresome creature in this world than the man who never, if one may so phrase it, never leaves off giggling in his scribbles; but the general tendency will be to look at the brighter side of life, and, where possible, to seek out the humorous aspect of things—for there is often humour even in tragedy, as you must have noticed—and in brief to "make the best of things." This is rather where we all fall now-a-days, I think. We have over in it got our inalienable right to grumble, and too often forget that, despite its troubles and worries, this old world of ours is a mighty pleasant place to live in, and that in life's little ironies there is usually something to laugh at as well as to growl over, and that that it is a much pleasanter thing for us all to smile than to scowl. The old English catch always pleases me. I wonder if you know it? It runs as thus:

Oh! a lass is good, and a glass is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather;
And the world is good and the people
are good,
And we're all good fellows together.

That is assuredly the way we should feel after dinner, and if we cannot always attain so felicitous an ideal, we'll try to, as often as we can, and if you find me dull, my friend, as you often will, I fear, why, send in your own pet story; and, so that it be not chestnutty of the chestnuts, it will be warmly welcomed, as will also any discussion on after-dinner subjects; for beshrew the host who will ever do all the talking himself, and never let a soul get a word in edgeways. And so, my masters, let's to business.

Can Good Writing Be Taught?

A good deal of controversy seems to be aroused in the South over the matter of teaching writing in our public schools, and heated arguments were aroused over the question as to whether a sloping or vertical hand was the best. That is a matter of uninteresting detail into which I don't intend to drag my worst enemy; the point which perturbs me is, whether writing can really be taught at all. That spelling cannot I am certain. The bad speller is born, and he can no more change his amazing capacity for blunder than our old friend the leopard his spots. Similarly with writing—I don't believe the genuine born bad writer can be changed; practise he never so assiduously, and heaven knows I should know, for have I not been the "bete noir" of composers ever since I commenced (futile profession) scribbling for bread and butter; and to be the enemy of the composer in a newspaper office is a very awful thing indeed. Moreover, bad writing is hereditary, like gout and other evil things; and it is useless to interfere with heredity. But the bad writer has his consolations. He may, day after day, be made humiliatingly aware that he cannot decipher his own calligraphy, but no one can if he be also a bad speller, which is probable, taunt him in that direction. He can cover up his tracks with an ease which the unfor-

tunate perfect calligraphist can only envy when his orthography breaks hopelessly down. It has been thought that phonetic spelling might help matters along, but this is not the case. Outside the comic papers and literature of the "Bad Boy's Diary" stamp the bad speller never by any chance spells phonetically. He goes the longest way round as a matter of course, and the more superfluous letters he can import into a moderately simple word the better he is pleased. Why, once upon a time there was a man. But that, as the great Kipling says, is another story, and I mind me too a long one.

Inter-University Carnivals.

That really important and interesting function, the Inter-University Carnival, is being held in Auckland this year, and representatives from the various University Colleges of the colony have met each other in friendly rivalry, in sports, tennis, etc., and last, but not least, debate. This, which is only the second fixture of its kind, deserves public support and recognition to a greater extent than might on the surface appear. These annual gatherings must tend to popularise the Universities concerned, to create greater outside interest in the institutions, and to rub down some of that priggishness which must almost infallibly attach to the students of a non-residential college. A graduate, or under-grad, who is very much of a lion at his own college, may in these tournaments of wit and skill find that he is after all "very small potatoes and few to the heap," as the American humourist has it (the metaphors are somewhat mixed, but, then, 'tis after dinner), and the knowledge cannot but do him good. The meeting must, too, tend to foster that spirit of esprit de corps which is, after all, the chiefest aim and object of a University training, and which, from lack of residential conveniences, is so slight a characteristic of "Varsity life in the colony.

Spiritualism in High Places.

The cable man is an innocent and ingenious creature, whose real, or assumed, ignorance of matters of common notoriety always reminds me of a certain Lord Chief Justice who in a famous cause celebre, years ago, where Connie Gilchrist's name was mentioned, paralysed the entire court by asking, in tones of bland ignorance, "And who is Connie Gilchrist?" that now haughty aristocrat's name then being the most talked of woman in London as a very daring and sprightly dancer. For instance, we were this week informed that spiritualists in Berlin have been prosecuted, and then it is mentioned as something novel that gross superstition prevails in aristocratic and high social circles. Of course, it does; and so it does in London, and in such social circles as we possess, so it does here in New Zealand. Spiritualism is a form of foolery whose charm is perennial, and the most extraordinary people fall under the ban every now and then. The average newspaper correspondent and reporter is usually voted a pretty sceptical individual and a "hard case" generally, and I assuredly it's not the fault of his profession if he's not; but one of the most fatuous and enthusiastic victims to the spiritualism fraud I remember was a Parliamentary reporter of the greatest ability. Many Wellingtonians, and not a few M.H.R.'s and M.L.C.'s, will remember the desperate seriousness with which a certain gallery reporter used to conduct sittings and manifestations on Sundays and "off evenings" more years ago than some of us care to remember. Many will recall the simple expedients—a flash of powder in the keyhole of the carefully darkened room, or even a carefully thrown boot, by which the usually wide-awake pressman was again and again imposed upon, and how cheerfully he swallowed the most egregious mental concoctions gotten up for his benefit. No

one knows the stories of that time better than the Hon. W. Swanson, who was one of the ringleaders of the fun. At Home, too, when the writer was there on a visit only a few years since, there were families of culture and education who were imposed upon by the most ludicrously obvious frauds, and who would merely get angry and scornful if one attempted the almost hopeless task of opening their eyes. No; spiritualism in high places is as old as the hills, and will probably exist long after what are hills now are mere island peaks or rocks submerged beneath some ocean.

Good Friday and Sports.

There is, I judge, from letters received and exchange newspapers, a considerable amount of what is usually euphemistically termed "feeling" in Christchurch over the decision of a certain cycling club to hold their sports on Good Friday. Religious subjects are avoided by all well-mannered folk in mixed company, especially in the after-dinner hour, but this is rather a different matter. Some one has blundered! So much is evident, for the cyclists aver that it was the original manner of the approach made to them that raised their ire and made them adamant, but one would at the same time have imagined that seeing how many feelings they were obviously hurting they would have seen the wisdom of a graceful surrender. For the whole gist of the matter seems to me to rest here. Is one in such a case openly and aggressively offending the feelings of the majority, or even of a respectable (in numbers, understand me) minority? If so, one should be suppressed, for one is acting in an anti-social manner, and once tolerate that and chaos comes again. If you can play tennis, croquet, golf, bowls, on a Sunday, or such a day as Good Friday, without obtruding the fact on the minds of people likely to suffer therefrom, you have, in my opinion, a perfect right to do so; it is, then, a matter between yourself and your inner convictions of what is right and wrong; but once you advertise such play, once you invite the public, and charge admission fees for witnessing such sports and pastimes, you seem to cross the line. A logician would probably object to my premises, but the world is ruled by sentiment, and not by logic; and most people will agree that the action of the Christchurch cyclists in this matter has been, to say the least of it, regrettable. Still, we all know the case with which one "damns the sins that they've no mind to," and some chance reader may care to break a lance on the other side. If so, I shall be happy to oblige. Excuses are always easy to find. The writer well remembers youthful Sundays in Ireland. Noah's ark was the only permitted toy; but the soldiers held temptation irresistible. Consequently enter upon us youngsters paterfamilias, flouting Noah and his animals between four lines of tin cavalry infantry, exclusive of a ten shilling battalion of mounted artillery some 50 strong, and the pride of the nursery. "Whnt!" thunders the outraged parent, "did I not say no soldiers on Sunday?" "Yees, sir (we called our fathers sir in

those days. Yees; but—but— (with sudden inspiration) in these times we didn't like to trust poor old Noah to church without an escort." Thus easily does the Devil serve his youngest recruits, outrages were the order of the day, and we ourselves drove to church under escort. Wherefore did authority smile and presently retreat to its smoking-room with duckling remarks as to "young divils."

Bound to Get On.

Talking of yarns, one was told me this week of a certain office boy, who will probably end by being Premier. A gentleman calling on a well-known solicitor, while waiting in the reception room, was attracted by the manner of the small attendant, and started a random conversation. "And how much do you earn a week, my boy?" he inquired. "A pound," said the youngster with avidity. Being shown into the solicitor's office just then the visitor's surprise found vent in words. "Mighty bright boy you have there, Mr. R—, to be getting a pound a week," he remarked. "A pound be hanged," said Mr. R—; "he gets five bob." "But he told me just now you were giving him £1 a week," persisted the gentleman. "Nonsense," said Mr. R—, and touched the bell. "Billy," he said, "did you tell this gentleman I was paying you £1 a week?" "No, sir." "You didn't? Well, what did you say?" "I said I earned it," was the prompt and stout rejoinder.

A Sinister Subject.

From gay to grave again. Try and keep off it how one will, one sinister, sad subject still remains first in the thoughts of us all. Other topics may vanish for a time, and there is light and laughter in between whiles, but every now and then the memory of that great and brave soldier, Sir Hector Macdonald, comes forth to still merriment like Banquo's ghost, and, Macbeth-like, we murmur, "Then comes my fit again." Was he bound to death, or did he die dishonoured? These are questions which haunt one uneasily and intermittently, and even if the worst comes to the worst, it will be better to know it than dwell for ever in the dreadful uncertainty and atmosphere of the grossest of insinuations and suppositions. Looking at the face of the man, looking at his record, and remembering the recent revelations of the Guards bounding conscientious officers out of the army, is it not more reasonable to suppose a shameless cospiracy in certain quarters rather than impute actions to a man for which blame has no word? Both propositions seem too horribly unreal, yet one of them is and must be a certainty. I think, though the result cannot be unpleasant which ever way the verdict goes, that all will sympathise with those friends whom it is cabled will provide funds for, and insist upon, a searching inquiry.

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NOTICE TO MAKE RETURNS OF LAND UNDER THE LAND AND INCOME ASSESSMENT ACT, 1902.

Land and Income Tax Department, Wellington, 20th March, 1903. Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the above Act, and the regulations made thereunder, every person and Company within the meaning of the said Act, being owner of Land in New Zealand, or being the holder or owner of any mortgage or mortgages of Land in New Zealand, is hereby required to make and furnish to me in the prescribed form, returns of such land and mortgages as at twelve o'clock noon on the 31st day of March instant.

And, further, notice is hereby given that such returns shall in all cases be delivered at or forwarded to the Office of the Commissioner of Taxes, in the Government Buildings at Wellington, on or before the last day of May, 1903.

JOHN MCGOWAN, Commissioner of Taxes.

NOTE - Form of Return may be obtained at any Postal Money Order Office.



TURF FIXTURES.

April 11 and 12—Wairarapa R.C. Autumn
April 11, 12, and 14—Auckland R.C. Autumn
April 13 and 14—C.F.C. Autumn
April 25th and 26th—Avondale Jockey Club

TURF NOTES.

Blairharrig is again in work at Ellerslie, but it is questionable whether he will stand.

Watfiki continues favourite for the Easter Handicap.

Guardsvan II. has changed hands, and report says goes into a stable at Ellerslie.

Miami, engaged in pony races at the Auckland Racing Club's Autumn Meeting, is by St. Jack.

The hunting season in Auckland is expected to commence the last week in the present month or the first week in May.

Nominations for the minor races of the Avondale Jockey Club's autumn meeting must be accounted very good.

St. Kilda, in his time one of the most useful sires in this part of the colony, is being used as a back in the Humpy distict.

Annexed, who is now little better than the best pony in the land, twelve months ago was racing with little over the minimum weight.

A new fence has been erected between the lawn at Ellerslie and the bog, corner. It will be completed in a few days, and will be found more convenient than the old one.

Acceptances for the Tradesman's Plate, Handicap Hurdles, Eden Handicap, Oshlow Stakes, Pony Handicap, and Railway Handicap, to be decided at the Auckland Racing Club's summer meeting, close on Friday.

The steeplechaser Manifesto has contested in seven Liverpool Grand Nationals, and yet they say English horses are not just long.

Two wins, three thirds, one fourth, and one unplaced is an excellent record.

A.B.N., who has been winning races in the Hawke's Bay and Poverty Bay districts for two seasons past, claims an older brother, who has been used for some time at Humpy as a butcher's back. He may be tried over hurdles shortly.

Mr. T. Quinlivan and R. Macnamara both sent letters to the committee of the Auckland Racing Club in reference to their disqualification over the Turf at the summer meetings. The letters have been referred to the stewards.

Ropa, by St. Leger-Brown' Albo, has finished in front of Strathaven in several gallops of late, in consequence of which Strathaven is in less favour than he was for the Easter Handicap, while Ropa is being fancied more for his engagements.

Surely the name of Maiden Plate is misapplied to a race when it will permit of the entry of Green and Gold, who has won seven out of eight races on end within the past three months. Quite a number of small race winners are engaged in the Avondale Maiden Plate.

There is an aged half-sister by Flitlock to Honeys at Pukerangi, in the Wairarapa. She has never been raced, and is only this season being bred from. Some record of such members of good families that cannot be included in the New Zealand Stud Book should be kept.

The acceptances received by the Auckland Racing Club for their autumn meeting are such as should have attracted interest, such as the majority of those that have been paid up for sand their ground. There are thirteen in the Tradesman's Handicap, eleven in the Eden Handicap, ten in the Oshlow Stakes, fourteen in the Pony Handicap, and a dozen in the Railway Handicap.

Westward was withdrawn from the Auckland R.C. Easter Handicap, as was quickly expected during the past few days. She has not yet been asked to race over a mile course, but has invariably run out her shorter-distance engagements well, and this made many back her for the Easter, in which she was treated well enough, in consequence early backers to suppose she would be given a run.

The Wairarapa Racing Club received in nominations for fourteen races for their coming meeting an average of just on thirty horses per race, the chief event, the Thompson Handicap, having no fewer than forty-five entries in the respective hand, and there are twenty-four and twenty-five horses entered. The name of Achilles is missing from the handicaps on the first day, but he is engaged in the Autumn Handicap on the second day, and also in the seven-furlong event.

Mr. J. V. Smith was disgusted with the sale, and stated he would breed no more yearlings. The highest price realised was 370gs., given by Mr. G. G. for a chestnut colt by Phippin's Progress from Lady Belle, by Sir Berya. A filly by Wallace from La Tosca was knocked down to Mr. E. Austin at 350gs., and goes into Scoble's stable.

Some racegoers make it a practice of following grey horses and supporting them in their races. At the coming meeting of the Auckland Racing Club they will not have a very wide selection, the victor, Queen's Guard, and the locally-trained Queen-Vivandere gelding with the suggestive name Bacchus (dark bay), being the only pair engaged. Followers of Queen's Guard have had little to complain of, but Bacchus has been amongst the best successful of the grey family to which he belongs. I once heard a racegoer say that he always gave a 2/1 chance on a grey horse because he could see the one he had backed without trouble, and really did not know one horse from another of the same colour. It was a consistent supporter of old Voltiger, the 'chaser, who left him well on the right side of the ledger.

The Avondale Jockey Club's Autumn Meeting is set down to commence on Saturday, April 25th. The second day was fixed for Wednesday, April 26th, but on that day the Auckland City elections are on, and the committee were desirous of altering the date to the following Saturday, seeing that there will be a heavy demand for cabs on Sunday, May 2nd, and the opening of the Auckland Trotting Club's Meeting. The Auckland Trotting Club would willingly have extended their day of meeting, but seeing that the Alexandra Park is required for the following Saturday, this could not well be arranged. At a committee meeting yesterday it was decided by the Avondale Jockey Club to hold the dates for which their meeting was first fixed, viz., April 25th and 26th.

The Maunū races did not attract many visitors, nor were settlers from the immediate district in force. There were seven events. Mulwah, 10; beat Black, 10; Major, 12; and The Archer, 12.4. In the hurdle race, Sailor Boy, Walpiti, and Gabelle filled the places in the Maiden Plate, there being four other starters. Certain, 0.7; beat Winnie, 0.7; Major, 12; The Archer, 11.10; Mick, 8.0; and Cupel, 8.0. In the Cup, Fida, who carried in the respective races 8.7 and 9.12, was not in the Pony and Publicans' Handicap, 3.2; beat Winnie, 0.7; Major, 12; Winnie, 0.7; Koteo, 8.7; Lady Bird, 10; and Ping Pong, 8.0, behind her, and in the last-named event Winnie, 10.0; Certain, 10.0; Major, 12.7; The Archer, 12.4; Cupel, 8.0; Broke, 8.7; and The Skipper, 8.0. The consolation for the Wairarapa, King Pong, and Major being the other runners. The Trot was won by Sultan, who beat Ida, Darkie, and Laury.

Horses that have been racing at country meetings during the past two months that are sure to give a good account of themselves if they are well on the opening day of the Auckland meeting, allowing that the going is good, are given as follows: Miss Lottie and Numa. The sister to Watfiki has certainly been fortunate in meeting horses of little account in most of her races, and in recent weeks with her treatment in her past racing has become decidedly underrated, for there is no question that she is a most useful mare. Miss Lottie was thought so little of a short time ago that she attempted to put her to the stud, but she has been found to be a worthy daughter of a good mare. The union of the Auckland Cup winners St. Hippo and Lottie is one from which much was expected. Now that Miss Lottie is mairing she may make amends for all previous disappointments. I look for her to come out a good mare next season, for she can gallop fast, and when I saw her run last looked like staying on, and in fact she has been able to beat Numa on several occasions, and she is a most useful or short distance. I think the two mares referred to represent about the best country form of visiting horses.

There was a deal of interest centred in the Autumn Stakes, a weight-for-age race, at Rosehill on the 21st of the month, owing to the fact that Great Scot was one of the starters. In recording the fact the "Sydney Morning Herald" says that backers did not hesitate to lay odds on him, and he jumped off in front and made the running, as it is understood he likes to. Grable kept in his wake, and turning into the straight drew up to him. There was a good fight up to the distance, and it was doubtful which of them would prevail. Richardson had to duck the whip of Great Scot, and he seemed to shrink from it. Cyanide answering the call gamely, forged ahead and won easily. Here was a downfall for the hero of the R.C. Autumn Meeting. No excuse can be offered for his error, says the writer, but it must be admitted that Cyanide looked in the pluck of condition, and on that fact many judges supported her in the betting, for she is a good mare. Patronage was an indifferent third.

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Easter Monday and Tuesday. In his absence Mr Stead will probably fall back on Jones.

I hear that McComb will ride St. Dennis in the Easter Handicap, and that the King intends to accept an offer to ride Shearwater's horses at the Auckland meeting; while I understand that the local supply of trustworthy horsemen will fall short of the demand.

The hurdle racehorse Long Tom is now an inmate of W. Clarke's stable.

By the boat which arrived in Wellington on Tuesday Mr H. D. Buchanan, a Canterbury hunting man, imported a thoroughly-bred two-year-old Irish. The horse, which was bred in Ireland, will be used by Mr Buchanan as a mount when he is old enough. Mr Buchanan is a brother to the owner of Secret Society and Whirling.

CHRISTCHURCH, Tuesday.

The weather has again been a source of trouble to local trainers. Rain fell heavily throughout Saturday afternoon and the following night, and although the weather cleared for a few hours on Sunday, a driving mist set in in the evening, and lasted for several hours, operations yesterday. Then the weather cleared, and the sun shone brightly, but there is an uncomfortable apprehension that it is not settled, if, however, it should remain fine over the Easter races, the going at Riccarton on Easter Sunday and Tuesday will probably be superb. I shall have an opportunity later on in the week of giving my final selections for the meeting. In the meantime, local candidates for the Great Easter Handicap are doing well. The one exception is Cora Linn, who is sore again. Lady Lillian is probably the best of the Riccarton trained lot, although Secret Society must be overrated. Still, I scarcely think that any of the Riccarton division will beat Orioff, and he, in turn, may go down before one of the Southerners.

Welbeck's leg finally gave out on Saturday, and the son of Perthin Warbler was sent for the Great Easter Handicap yesterday. His withdrawal still leaves in a fairly powerful local contingent, of which Orioff and Cannie Chiel are probably the best. Sirius, I suppose, will not come up, now that he is ailing.

Machine Gun quite captivated the touts last week, when he paid a visit to Riccarton, and it is difficult to see how he is going to lose the Champagne Stakes. Treadmill, however, has improved a good deal lately, and may extend Mr Stead's beautiful coil.

The riders in the Great Easter Handicap may be: Orioff, F. Jones, Pallas, H. Donovau, C. Jenkins, Vladimir, L. G. King, Petrovna, A. Godfrey, Red Gauntlet, W. Holmes, Blazer, T. O'Brien, Windwhistle, J. Pine, Lady Lillian, D. Morraghan, Cora Linn, R. Secret, Golden Vain, J. MacCluskey, Motor, G. Price, Secret Society, T. Pine.

The following are some of the prospective riders in the Great Autumn Handicap: Orioff, F. Jones, Pallas, H. Donovau; Cannie Chiel, J. MacCluskey, Terrapin, R. King, Lady Lillian, D. Morraghan, Cora Linn, R. Secret, Golden Vain, J. MacCluskey, Motor, G. Price, Secret Society, T. Pine.

The following business has been done locally on the Great Easter and Great Autumn Handicaps:—1200 to 12 against Biter and Cannie Chiel, 500 to 4 against Lady Lillian, 400 to 10 Golden Vain and Lady Lillian, 500 to 24 Orioff and General Symons, 800 to 4 Cora Linn and Fleks, 700 to 10 Secret Society and Lady Lillian, 800 to 7 Orioff and Orioff, 600 to 4 Orioff and Biter, 400 to 10 Golden Vain and Lady Lillian, 600 to 8 Pampero and Stepdancer, 600 to 4 Vladimir and Secret Society, 500 to 10 Vladimir and General Symons, 500 to 7 Lady Lillian and Orioff, 500 to 4 Orioff and Biter, 400 to 8 Pampero and Pallas, 400 to 12 Red Gauntlet and Orioff, 400 to 10 Vladimir and Cannie Chiel, 400 to 2 Vladimir and Stepdancer, 400 to 4 Pallas and Terrapin, 400 to 10 St. Dennis and Cannie Chiel.

In addition to the Hewitt, W. Brown will be the starter from riding next week. The latter is laid up with a bad attack of rheumatic gout.

Although Ayrdale fell while being schooled yesterday morning, he is not doing at all badly in his lessons over hurdles.

Mascovite has gone amiss, and will not be a starter at the coming meeting.

Calibre and Cyclamen, though still on the active list, are both giving their trainer a great deal of trouble.

It is stated here that Gallagher was offered the mount on Petrovna in the Great Easter Handicap.

Interest in the match between Fritz and Richmond grows in proportion to the approach of the contest. The connections of both horses profess to be quite confident, and they declare that their representatives are thoroughly well. This being the case, an outsider may well offer making a choice until the very last moment.

AVONDALE JOCKEY CLUB'S AUTUMN MEETING.

The following entries have been received for the above meeting, which takes place on April 25 and 26:—

FIRST DAY.

Maiden Plate.—Nereld, Leo Delaval, Hill-flo, Lavadel, Seaton, Queen Anne, Bastion, Muskdale, Swagsman, Roles, Irish, Milie, Green and Gold, Hinetapuri, Croupler, Glasgow, Aurea, Frank Dodd, Bloodstone, 1s.

Handicap.—Hippoval, Inchcape, Evermore, Lingard, Royal Conqueror, Haydn, Mokomoko, The Rhoter, Tashel, Sudden. Juvenile Handicap.—Lady Rose, Merry

Soul, Stibbington, Alba Rose, Idasa, Deademon, Matamu, Atrap, Ropa, Walpura, Bonheur, Te Aroha, Delania, Lady Annie, Lady Bobs, Simple Simon, Datedoll, The Squincher, The Middy.

First Pony Handicap.—Sweet Marie, Annoyed, Inspiration, First Whisper, Sentinel, Ronica, Volpine, Culmine, The Dodger, Sandow, Girton, Girdy, Gladys Rose, Forth, Miami, Irish Boy, Rapid, Report.

First Hack Handicap.—Kilkenny, Pukaki, Lavadel, Carmonier, Queen Anne, Bastion, Apparition, Bobs, Irish, Le Beau, Rapid, Ian.

Auction Stakes.—Nereld, 11; Little Jim, £50; Telephone, £50; Lavadel, £40; Seaton, £30; Bacchus, £30; Mary Seaton, £30; Maro; Paris, 11; Kohla, £40.

SECOND DAY.

Malden Hurdles.—Sirdar, Kotiro, Revealer (late Confessor), Lady Dash, Walman, Linden, St. Gordon, Guntre, The Rhoter, Meteor, Glimockie, St. Rowan.

Flying Handicap.—Coma, Austerlitz, Little Jim, Orange and Blue, Leo Delaval, Sonica, Telephone, Hillflower, Volpine, Camille, Cygnat, Maro, Numa, Milite, Hinetapuri, Paris, Croupler, Kohla, Glasgow, Governor, Anchorite, Bloodstone.

Second Pony Handicap.—Avalanche, Sweet Marie, Annoyed, Inspiration, First Whisper, Sentinel, Sonica, Volpine, Culmine, The Dodger, Sandow, Girton, Girdy, Gladys Rose, Forth, Whawhai, Miami, Irish Boy, Rapid, Bloodstone, Report.

Nursery Handicap.—Lady Rose, Merry Soul, Idasa, Deademon, Matamu, Atrap, Ropa, Bonheur, Te Aroha, Delania, Lady Annie, Le Beau, Simple Simon, The Squincher, The Middy.

Second Hack Handicap.—Kilkenny, Pukaki, Lavadel, Lingard, Carmonier, Queen Anne, Bastion, Apparition, Sandow, Bobs, Irish, The Beau, Rapid, Ian.

Waltaker Handicap.—Coma, Austerlitz, Mrs. Kelly, Dolores, Orange and Blue, Leo Delaval, St. Gordon, Maro, Numa, Gold, Idasa, Camille, Landcock, Southsea, Seaton, Takapuna, Scotty, Formala, Muskdale, Swagsman, Mary Seaton, Cygnat, Zeman, Hinetapuri, Paris, Croupler, Golden Rose, Governor, Anchorite, Grey Seaton, Frank Dodd, Miss Lottie.

CANTERBURY JOCKEY CLUB'S AUTUMN MEETING.

CHRISTCHURCH, Wednesday.

The following handicaps have been declared by Mr Henrys for events to be run at the C.J.C. Autumn Meeting:—

Kilidge Hurdles.—Victor II, 10.13, Long Tom, 10.8, Scotling, 10.8, Beller, 10.8, Nance O'Neill, 9.12, Cianbun, 9.7, Slow Tom, 9.3, Ayrdale, 9.2, Umalopogaa, 9.0.

Epsom Welter Handicap.—Ostak 11.6, Windwhistle 10.5, Moscovite 9.13, Ardnaff 9.12, Lady Roslyn 9.8, Hypnotist 9.3, Ragbarah 9.3, Lavalette 9.2, 10.9, Lamberton 8.8, Kelburn 8.8, Kopu 8.0, Sattler 8.0, Antigone 8.0, Lady Babbie 8.0, Natalie 8.0.

Seckburn Handicap.—Motor, 8.18, Scylla 8.3, Fleks 8.8, Ardnaff 8.8, Golden Vain 8.8, Lady Roslyn 8.2, Romanay Queen 7.10, Sirius 7.9, Lavalette 7.8, Beller 7.8, Narissus 7.6, Scottish Minister 7.5, Zealons 7.2, King Stork 7.0, Stepdancer 6.10, Skobelet 6.7, Ordance 6.7, Antigone 6.7, Natalie 6.7.

Russley Plate.—Quarryman 8.5, Seaton Brown 8.0, Crown Prince 7.5, Walterer 7.5, Leopold 7.2, Crown Imperial 7.2, Roscomman 7.0.

NEW ZEALAND TROTTING ASSOCIATION.

CHRISTCHURCH, Thursday.

At a meeting of the Trotting Association the Hineswood case, an appeal from the decision of the stewards of the Waikato Jockey Club, was further considered, when the previous motion was rescinded, and the appeal of Mr Hunter, the owner of Ringwood, upheld. It was also decided to write to the club pointing out that it had failed to carry out the rules in conducting the case. An appeal was received from the owner of Typewriter against the decision of the Otago Trotting Club stewards in a protest against Durbar for crossing. A letter was also read from one of the patrol stewards. It was decided to forward a copy of the letter to the club. Correspondence was read regarding the conduct of the Otago Trotting Club's meeting. It was decided to forward a copy of the letter to the club for explanation.

ENGLISH RACING.

LONDON, April 4.

The Royal Castle Handicap at Windsor resulted as follows:— Grey Tick, ch. b. by Father Confessor—Special Wive, 6 yrs. 1 Australian Star, blk. b. by Australian Peer—Colours, 6 yrs. 2 Annet II, b. f. by Soudan—Aster, 6 yrs. 8

SALE OF A FAMOUS MARE.

LONDON, April 1.

Mr Stevier has sold the famous racing mare Scipira to Captain Hess. It is believed that the price was 20,000 guineas.

Every dog will have his day, And life its ups and downs, The face may wear a smile to-day, To-morrow perhaps a frown; When things run smooth we little guess What we may yet endure, As coughs and colds, 'tis then we bless Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.



The Russian navy has ordered 110,000 tons of Northumberland steam coal.

Mr. Chamberlain characterises it as a most important expedition and admirably executed.

Floods on the Mississippi have caused five millions sterling of damage to the cotton plantations.

It is officially announced that the King and Queen will visit Ireland in the course of July or August.

Owing to cheapness of carriage, German troops are being sent to China over the Siberian railway.

The Finns have purchased 300,000 acres in Michigan, where they will settle as immigrants.

The "Daily Express" states that the King has entered a horse for the £10,000 at St. Louis World's Fair.

The "Times" Marconigram messages from New York have been sanctioned in order to enable the Postmaster-General to test the system.

Count von Bulow, the German Chancellor, had a long interview with Count Prenteti, Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, at Rome.

It is proposed by the friends and admirers of the late Bishop Abrahams to create a scholarship to his memory at Selwyn College, Cambridge.

The Australian and New Zealand Mortgage Company for last year shows a debit balance of £29,607, which is brought forward.

A severe earthquake occurred on March 30 in Jerusalem, and though the damage done was slight, the inhabitants were panic stricken.

Owing to the magistrates continuing their refusal to enforce the conscription regulations the Tear has removed the Mayors of 11 Finnish towns.

The Standard Oil and other companies' storage tanks at Calcutta have been burned, involving damage to the value of four thousand lakhs of rupees.

The Financial Secretary to the Treasury states that the deficit to be met by the signatories of the Pacific cable agreement during the coming year is estimated at £95,000.

The Canadian House of Commons, by a majority of 61, adopted the resolution moved by Mr Costigan, expressing a hope that the Irish land question would be permanently settled.

The War Office is inviting tenders for 100,000lb of compressed corned mutton in 2lb, and 100,000lb in 1lb tins. Tenders are returnable on July 29, in order to enable colonials to compete.

Sir Thomas Lipton is greatly pleased at the trial of Shamrock III. on the Clyde. The yacht proved herself exceedingly smart in stays and outstayed Shamrock I.

A balloon was being inflated at Budepeeth when it broke away, carrying with it three aeronauts, who fell to the ground. Two were killed and one seriously injured.

Speaking in the House of Lords, Lord Lansdowne officially confirmed the statement that the Sultan had intimated that the Turkish troops had been withdrawn from the Aden Hinterland.

The Trusean Copper Company is suing the Bewick Moring Company mining engineers for libel alleged to be contained in a report on the property. The claim is for half a million in damages.

Count Zborowski, a well-known sportsman, was killed while motor-racing at Nice.

Zborowski's mechanic was also killed. The motor ran full tilt against a rock, going at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

Sir William Hart Dyke is to introduce a bill in the House of Commons to restrict the discretion of justices in cancelling publicans' licenses pending the

arrangement of a scheme of compensation.

In the House of Commons Mr Brodrick, Secretary for War, stated that the Court of Inquiry into the circumstances of Lord Methuen's capture by the Boers entirely absolved Lord Methuen from responsibility.

Archbishop Walsh, addressing a meeting in Dublin, protested against describing the twelve million proposed to be advanced under the Irish Land Bill as an English gift to the Irish people, since Ireland provides the greater part of the money.

The Rev. W. Barr has taken a large party of immigrants to Canada. This is the first part of a scheme to settle sixty townships of Saskatchewan. The move has already resulted in the transferring of half a million sterling to the Canadian banks.

The New York correspondent of the "Times" reports that the labour situation in the United States is grave. Daily strikes are threatened at every port. The same organ states that the chief cause of this state of affairs is the employment of non-union men and boys.

Reuter's Agency states that Admiral Dewey, in the course of an interview in New York, declared that Americans ought to give Great Britain more credit for real friendship. Britain, he said, was America's best and safest friend and her largest customer.

Thirty-six magazines for the storage of corn have been erected throughout Germany at a cost of half-a-million sterling to render farmers independent of the fluctuations of the markets. The Government advances money against corn.

The House of Commons, by 187 to 80, approved of the Government's proposal for a joint Lords and Commons Committee to consider the need of legislative powers to regulate municipal trading. Mr John Burns led the opposition to the proposal.

After Marcel Prevost, the French novelist, had been elected president of the Societe des Belles Lettres, Madeleine Fourer, the prototype of the heroine of his "Lettres de Femme," shot at him twice in the street, to call attention to the fact that he abandoned her. The novelist declined to prosecute.

As an evident rejoinder to Admiral Dewey's assertions of American naval superiority over Germany, Count Kevonville has declared at Berlin that the American naval manoeuvres showed immaturity and bad shooting, while the moral personnel of the navy was very low.

Sir F. Lugard has cabled to Mr. Chamberlain that Sokoto was occupied on March 15 after a feeble resistance. The Sultan of Sokoto and his chiefs fled, but many of the latter returned. He adds that the expeditionary force is now disbanding.

Mr Pierpont Morgan's big Trust Company, officially known as the International Mercantile Marine Company, has filed at Trenton a proposed amendment to the original charter enabling it to sell or hire its vessels to America or to any other Government for any purpose.

Mr Akers Douglas, the Home Secretary, stated in the House of Commons that the new regulations for the examination of dead bodies prior to cremation were so searching that he believed there would be more likelihood of detecting crimes similar to the Klossowski poisoning cases than heretofore.

At the instance of Sir Robt. Finlay, the Attorney-General, and with a view to maturing a scheme for a great school in London where there shall be systematic teaching in all branches of law administration within the Empire, Mr Justice Farwell has suspended the application for £100,000 arising from the sale of New Inn and Clifford's Inn.

GENERAL CABLES.

THE KING'S TOUR.

It is semi-officially stated in Rome that King Edward will visit that city on the 27th inst.

It is officially stated in Paris that nothing has been arranged as regards King Edward's meeting with President Loubet. Possibly they will meet in the course of M. Loubet's forthcoming trip in the Mediterranean.

Brilliant weather greeted the arrival of King Edward at Lisbon. Firing salutes, British and Portuguese warships escorted the King up the Tagus.

King Carlos, coming out aboard a Royal galley manned by eighty oarsmen, boarded the British Royal yacht, and gave King Edward a hearty welcome. Their interview lasted an hour and a-half.

After the interview on board the British Royal yacht between King Edward and King Carlos, further salutes were fired and a procession of historic barges followed. The first, containing their Majesties, had a flotilla of steamers in its train.

Indescribable enthusiasm was displayed on the landing of the King. A stately procession was then formed, their Majesties receiving one long ovation.

Thousands of people came from the provinces, and decorations were of the most liberal, the balconies being hung with rich embroideries.

Windows along the line of route were hired at from £20 to £50 apiece, and boxes at the opera, which was attended by their Majesties, realised from £50 to £75.

A dinner was given at the palace, and there were general rejoicings and illuminations at night.

King Edward took a holiday excursion to Cintra, a summer resort 43 miles from Lisbon. He had luncheon at the Pena Palace and afterwards received the Lisbon diplomatists and deputations from the Cortes.

Responding to the peers' address, His Majesty recalled the memories associated with Torres Vedras, where, in 1810, under the Duke of Wellington, the Anglo-Portuguese armies fought against the French. He added that happily both countries now enjoyed the most friendly relations with their former foe. An alliance, dating from many centuries back, renewed and confirmed, could only tend to the peaceful development of their respective countries and their colonies.

His Majesty, in responding to the Chambers' address, said: "I am much touched by the unprecedented mark of attention on your part to me on my visit. I regard it as a national demonstration. It is with the greatest pleasure that I have made my first visit since the accession of my dear cousin, your illustrious Sovereign. I assure you your presence and address are regarded by me as a renewed affirmation of the political alliance which has existed for centuries. I shall not easily forget the heartiness of the welcome accorded me by all classes of Portuguese statesmen. I recollect the statement made by Mr Chamberlain, who, in responding to the toast of his health by the Governor of Funchal, said that the Madeira Convention was the oldest convention in the British archives. It was the first treaty of offensive and defensive alliance made by Portugal and recently confirmed."

Mr Chamberlain is credited with purposely breaking his South African journey in order to make a speech preparatory to King Edward's visit to Portugal.

The apartments formerly used by Queen Margherita at the Quirinal are being prepared to accommodate King Edward, who will arrive in Rome on the 27th. King Edward and King Emmanuel will attend a naval review on the 28th and festivities will last until the 30th.

At the Vatican's instance it has been decided that King Edward will visit the Pope, probably on the occasion of his visit to the English college.

BRITISH BUDGET.

In the House of Commons Mr Balfour announced that the Budget would be delivered on April 23.

Mr Ritchie, Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking in the House of Commons, said he was aware that people in England with incomes from Australian sources paid double income tax, but he was unable to give them hope of any remission.

THE 'FRISCO MAIL.

The representative of the Oceanic Steamship Company, in a letter addressed on the 5th inst. to the Federal Postmaster-General, referring to the San Francisco and Vancouver mail services, and the differences in the intervals in the sailing of the vessels over the two routes, stated: "We asked Messrs. Spreckels if they would enter into a joint contract whereby there should be regular sailings, say, at ten days' intervals, first to one port and then the other, so that the mails for New York would leave either by one route or the other every ten days.

Messrs. Spreckels replied that they were perfectly willing to co-operate to bring about a regular mail service, but pointed out that unless the speed on the Vancouver route was brought up to that on the 'Frisco route, there would still be much irregularity in the time of delivery of mails. The letter also pointed out that owing to the improvements in the 'Frisco-New York railway system, and the Atlantic steam service acceleration, the 'Frisco route would be able to compete not only for the trans-Pacific but the European mails.

SOUTH AFRICA.

A serious mutiny has just taken place at Pretoria.

Owing to a brawl in the barracks a corporal of the Leinster Regiment was ordered to the guard-room.

His comrades, 22 in number, thereupon decided upon a rescue, fetched their rifles with the idea of carrying it into effect, and fired upon the escort.

The sergeant of the first party then ordered them to be arrested, and a struggle ensued, in which eighteen were wounded.

Full investigation will follow.

Under the new railway scheme the rates for imported corn, grain, and flour carried from East London or Durban to Johannesburg have been reduced from 115/ to 70/, and from Delagoa Bay to Johannesburg from 100/ to 60/.

The rates for meat have been reduced by 25 per cent.

Several mass meetings of the miners and townsmen of Johannesburg have been held to resist by every means in their power the introduction of Asiatics, regarding such encouragement of immigration as inimical to the best interests of the country.

L.C.C. AFFAIRS.

The London County Council will issue shortly 5,000,000 3 per cent. shares. The price is fixed at 95s. Lord Welby, alderman and late chairman of the County Council, states that the Council will not issue further stock during the present year.

[The debt of the London County Council already amounts to £28,500,000.]

THE ARMY.

On the resuming of the defence question in the House of Commons, Mr Brodrick stated that the War Office believed that it was possible to improve upon the German quick-firing artillery. They were about to manufacture a weapon vastly superior to anything they had yet produced. Two hundred and twenty guns of the 4.7 type had been ordered, and 100 were now ready.

There was a scene in the House when Mr Brodrick rebuked the unseemly levity of the criticism of the Fourth Party, especially of Lord Hugh Cecil. The latter had accused Mr Brodrick of starving the artillery in order to spend money on the new Army Corps scheme.

SIR HECTOR MACDONALD.

The Rev Dr Campbell Stirling, lately returned from Ceylon, states that Sir Hector Macdonald was decidedly semi-unpopular in certain quarters, as he did not give parties, and take part in the social life of the island.

He warned the General of the existence of jealousy.

A reservist, who served under General Macdonald, shot himself owing to distress of mind as a result of his late commander's suicide.

The sympathisers of Sir Hector Macdonald resident in Paris have announced that they are prepared to spend £10,000 to vindicate his memory.

Thousands are visiting General Macdonald's grave daily. The Clan Macdonald Society is forming a memorial committee. Lord Goschen sent a wreath as well as the South Australian Caledonian Society, and the Scottish Corps.

The contents of the will of Sir Hector Macdonald have just been disclosed. The document is a simple one, and leaves everything the General possessed to his wife.

The Scottish societies in London have formed a committee to erect a national memorial to the late Sir Hector Macdonald. Subscriptions to the Edinburgh Memorial fund are pouring in to the Bank of Scotland from all parts.

Lady Macdonald and family have expressed their gratitude to the War Office for the sympathy shown them and for the help accorded them in the matter of the funeral.

Scotchmen in Canada are promoting a memorial to the late Sir Hector Macdonald.

IRISH LAND BILL.

In the House of Commons Mr Wyndham stated that Ireland's equivalent to the land grant was voted to England under the Education Act. It would be according to a population basis, £185,000.

Part of this sum would be devoted to meeting the losses incurred by flotation at 2 1/2 per cent, the stock to provide the money for land purchases, and the bulk of the remainder to be used in promoting economic developments.

Mr Wyndham added that Lord Iveagh and Sir W. J. Pirie were prepared under the happier circumstances now prevailing to provide transit facilities in certain test districts, and if the result proved satisfactory the system would be extended over Ireland. The announcement was received with cheers.

THE TROUBLE IN THE BALKANS.

It is unknown whether the pretext for the Albanian revolt is the proposed Macedonian reforms or whether it betokens a movement for Albanian autonomy. It is expected it will stimulate the Macedonian rising.

Special precautions have been taken to watch the Sultan's Albanian body-guard at Constantinople because they openly praised the attack on Mitrovitz.

The Sultan and Grand Vizier have apologised to M. Zinovief, the Russian Minister in Turkey, for the attack on the Russian Consul at Mitrovitz.

The "Times" commenting on the uneasiness of the Powers over the Sultan's infatuation, ascribes it in part to Germany's ostentatious patronage, and adds that nothing is more likely to harden his heart against the strong repression of fanaticism than the dread of disloyalty amongst his household troops.

The Sultan is always extremely timid, the "Times" continues, in dealing with lawless Moslems, lest he should endanger his position of Caliph.

The article concludes: "If the report from Vienna, to the effect that the Sultan has summoned his Kurdish cavalry to Europe, is true, it would seem to indicate that the Sultan has lost all appreciation of the opinion of Europe, or else that he has resolved to flout and defy it."

The Russian Consuls at Monastir and Ustkuib report that the revolutionary bands are increasingly active. They often number 100, and commit horrible outrages.

The Russian Government, in a further admonitory note to Bulgaria, in reference to supporting the revolutionary committee, warns her that such action will bring a conflict with Turkey, and

adds that it is essential to the execution of the reforms in the Balkans that they should not be hindered.

The Russian Consuls at Ustkuib and Monastir further assert that the Turks provoke the massacre of Christians. Despite the denials of the Consuls, the peasants are persuaded to join the revolutionists by the Macedonian Committee's lies to the effect that Russia is supporting the revolutionary movement.

The Turks attacked a band of 30 insurgents at Ustkuib, including Bulgarians.

A major and lieutenant of the insurgents barricaded a house after 10 hours' fighting and hurled dynamite bombs amongst the Turks and escaped during the confusion.

The insurgents lost 25 men in the fight. It is stated that the Turkish artillery, as a punishment, razed the village of Abalichte and massacred the inhabitants. A thousand Albanians have attacked Mitrovitz, hoping to expel the Russian consul there. The garrison, numbering three thousand, after several hours' fighting, repulsed the assailants with great loss.

Russia is making energetic representations to the Porte to suppress the rebellion. The Christians of Old Serbia are in a state of panic, and are fleeing home. A number of Christians have been massacred at Prelog.

A LONG DRINK

MONSIEUR

PURE LIME FRUIT JUICE

Sole Consignees—
EVANS, SONS,
LESCHER & WEBB,
Limited,
London & Liverpool.

AGENT:
A. J. Estrine & Co., Auckland.

WINCHESTER

METALLIC CARTRIDGES.

DURING our 30 years of gun making, we have discovered many things about ammunition that no one could learn in any other way. Our discoveries in this line, together with years of experience manufacturing ammunition, enable us to embody many fine points in Winchester Metallic Cartridges for rifles and revolvers which make them superior in many ways to all other brands upon the market. Winchester cartridges in all calibers are accurate, sure-fire and exact in size; being made and loaded in a modern manner by skilled experts. If you want the best **INSIST UPON HAVING WINCHESTER MAKE OF CARTRIDGES.**

The "New Weiner Tagblatt" states that Lord Lansdowne promised to consider a suggestion that the signatories to the Berlin Treaty should be invited to sign a declaration that they will not seek territorial aggrandisement in the Balkans. Germany has urged the Sultan to proceed with reforms, suppress Macedonian excesses, and punish the authors of the attack on Stcherbina.

Austria supported Russia's representations to the Porte as to the necessity of suppressing the Albanian revolt. Austrian newspapers declare Turkey must mercilessly punish the Albanians and Macedonians, and says that the Austro-Russian understanding prevents outside intervention.

The Sultan is sending a mission entrusted to the Mollah general and three Albanian officials to try and bring the Albanians to a reasonable frame of mind.

Diplomatic circles are convinced that the policy of cajolery is foredoomed to failure.

The Russian Ambassador emphasises the fact that Turkey is facing a Musulman rebellion, and the situation is therefore more difficult to the Porte than in dealing with a Christian insurrection alone.

Diplomatists are doubtful whether the Sultan's envoys will be received.

Eighteen thousand Albanians are already assembled at Dinetova and Ipek, to arrange the check received at Mitrovitza.

The Government petroleum depot at Mustapasha has been dynamited.

A Bulgarian band has cut the telegraph lines and dynamited a bridge spanning the Augusta and a neighbouring tunnel 200yds long.

The Redifs, a section of the Turkish army system at Smyrna, numbering 12,000, have been summoned to Salonica.

VENEZUELA.

The Venezuelan Congress refused to consider the British, German, and Italian protocols, because they had been signed by the Venezuelan representative under compulsion from the Powers. Congress, however, empowered President Castro to comply with the conditions specified in the protocols.

President Roosevelt, speaking at Chicago, said he had refrained from objecting to Anglo-German action in South America, inasmuch as no acquisition of territory was contemplated. He said the Monroe Doctrine was not an international law, although it might become so, but this course was unnecessary if the Doctrine remained a cardinal feature of American policy and there was sufficient strength to make it effective.

No foreign Power would quarrel over the Monroe Doctrine if America continued building up a navy.

BRITISH REVENUE.

The British revenue for the quarter ended March 31st was £59,476,000, Customs contributing £8,495,000, Excise £8,921,000, and stamps £2,130,000.

The property and income tax for the year ended March yielded £38,800,000.

The British revenue returns show a deficit for the year of £683,000, giving an excess of revenue over the previous year of 93 millions.

AN ALLEGED JOB.

The Canadian House of Commons, by 66 votes to 25, refused to order a return of the prices the Minister for Agriculture paid on behalf of the Imperial Government for horses and fodder sent to South Africa.

The Opposition members declared that friends of the Government bought the horses cheaply and charged exorbitant prices.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

The agitation as to the need for in some degree democratising the "services" has not been without its fruit.

It is now announced in the "London Gazette" that no less than 60 warrant officers in the Navy have been promoted to the rank of lieutenant.

UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

The University boat race was rowed on April 1st over the usual four-mile course from Putney to Mortlake.

There was a great concourse of people on both sides of the river and on barges, boats and bridges.

The race itself was a tame affair, Cambridge having a lead almost from the start, and winning easily.

The latest crews were:—Oxford: C. ... Willis (Magdalen) (bow), D. Milburn (Lia-

coln) (St. A. de L. Long (New) (St. R. E. Kelly (Balliol) (st. H. W. Adams (Humber) (st.) (St. W. W. Fleid (Exeter) (St. A. K. Graham (Balliol) (St. G. C. Drinkwater (Wadham) (stroke), P. T. H. Kyse (Keeble) (cox.) Cambridge: Ronger (Rowe), Wainford (St. Thomas) (St. Fortescue) (st. Carter) (St. Gritz) (st. Edwards-Moore) (st. and Nelson (stroke). Last year's race was won by Cambridge. Oxford has 33 wins to its credit, and Cambridge 25, while one dead heat has been rowed.]

PREFERENTIAL TARIFFS.

The "Times" in a leading article, taunts Germany with exciting herself over the Bloemfontein Customs Conference and recalls the disregard shown by Germany to other nations' opinions in regard to the new German tariff.

The "Times" also says that German newspapers are already manipulating public opinion and fomenting threats of reprisals. The Bloemfontein proposals are merely the natural, though perhaps objectionable, working of the fiscal independence of the British colonies under the influence of the prevailing sentiment of Imperial solidarity.

The "Times" unhesitatingly declares that the British nation welcomes most cordially the spirit of the Bloemfontein preferential treatment proposals and would be sorry to relinquish the hope that they constitute an important step towards Imperial co-operation and unity.

IRISH BUTTER.

In the House of Commons the adulterated Butter Bill was read a second time, despite the objections of Mr Kearley, member for Devonport, to the exemption of Irish salt fishings.

Mr Hanbury, president of the Board of Agriculture, declared that he was determined to end the sale of adulterated butter and was prepared to consider stopping the sale of adulterated butter altogether.

INTERESTING FIND.

A dispatch to the "Sun" from London says: Investigation of the tomb of King Thothmes IV., near Thebes, in which a splendid chariot was found by Mr Davis, the American, revealed many interesting features. Around the large chamber, in which is a magnificent granite sarcophagus covered with texts from the "Book of the Dead," are small chambers. The floor of one of these was strewn with unmanifed loins of beef, legs of mutton, and trussed ducks and geese, offerings made to the dead King nearly four thousand years ago. Clay seals bearing the King's name were attached to the doors of the chambers. These indicate that the Egyptians of the eighteenth dynasty to some extent anticipated the invention of printing, the raised portions of the seals having been smeared with blue ink before the clay was impressed. The walls of one chamber are adorned with paintings.

There is also an inscription stating that the tomb was plundered by robbers in the eighth year of Horosheh, but was restored as far as possible by the reigning Pharaoh. The floor of this chamber was covered with vases, dishes and other objects, nearly all of which were wantonly broken, apparently by robbers. Some had been repaired. There was also a piece of textile fabric, in which hieroglyphics of various colours are woven with such wonderful skill as to present the appearance of painting on linen.

The great find, however, is the chariot. The body alone remains, but this is in perfect condition. The wooden frame was first covered with papier mache, and this with stucco, which is carved into scenes from battles Pharaoh fought in Syria. With the chariot was found a leather gauntlet, which protected the King's hand and wrist when he used the bow or reins.

Reform without revolution.—The great and particular merit of Huxley's Motion is that it requires no revolution, in other words it effects reform without revolution. This is because it is the best and safest natural object.

SURGICAL MANUFACTURING CO., (Dept. N.Z.) Rubber Works, Broadbent, NEAR MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

Surgical, Medical, Hospital Goods, Rubber Manufacture of every description. Any special Article in Rubber Goods made to order. Goods not approved of exchanged. Illustrated Catalogue FREE on receipt of two stamps.

AUSTRALIA.

The Federal Government is taking steps to secure for itself the coinage of silver for Australia.

At the Adelaide wheel meeting Chalmers, of New Zealand, won the five mile race from scratch in 13min. 12.5secs.

An Admiralty cable message received in Sydney states that the cruiser Niobe leaves England in June with a crew of 700 officers and men; to replace the Royal Arthur as the flagship on the Australian station. The Royal Arthur had crew have been ordered Home.

[The Niobe is a first-class cruiser of 11,000 tons burden, and was launched in 1897. Her speed is 20 1/2 knots, maintained by engines of 16,500 horse-power. Her burden is 11,000 tons, and she carries 10 guns.]

M. Krukoff, the Russian agricultural expert, is making strong charges of want of cleanliness in some of the butter and other factories which he visited in the Southern States. He said that Australian butter inclined to be good naturally, but the people were inclined to be lazy and neglect much of the work. He declares that some of the jam factories were so dirty that they would be closed on the Continent. Speaking for himself, he would not eat the jam.

A deputation representing the Federated Employers' Association interviewed Sir E. Barton with reference to the proposed Federal Conciliation and Arbitration Bill.

The deputation generally opposed inclusion of the principle of compulsion. One speaker quoted authorities to show that compulsion in New Zealand had produced strife instead of conciliation.

Sir E. Barton replied that the bill would provide for compulsory arbitration. The logic of facts had taught him that voluntary arbitration could not be a success. He spoke favourably of the results of the New Zealand Act.

THE PERTH MURDER.

The Full Court at Perth has quashed the conviction of five out of the six prisoners for the murder of Laffler. The conviction of Maillet alone was confirmed.

It will be remembered that Laffler was a squire, and that the prisoners, nearly all of whom were foreigners, visited his vine yard, on refusing to supply the party with wine, Maillet shot him dead.]

THE VANCOUVER SERVICE.

Sir E. Barton had a conversation on April 1 with Mr. James Mills in respect to the Vancouver mail service. A proposition had been submitted by the company, and a counter proposal by the Government. The probabilities, as far as can be judged, are that the existing contract, with possibly some minor alteration, will be continued for a time. Negotiations for an improved and accelerated service are in the meantime proceeding.

TWO MURDEROUS ASSAULTS.

At Miller's Point, Sydney, on April 2nd, a man named Henry Dillon, in a fit of jealousy, attacked his lover, Mary Jones, with a razor, and inflicted nasty wounds upon her head and breast.

He then shot her sister, who was coming to her assistance. The latter's condition is serious.

Dillon kept the police at bay for some time by throwing pottery and other articles.

A miner named Heber inflicted terrible wounds on his wife's head, then with a tomahawk cut her throat, and finally with a razor hid own. The condition of the woman is hopeless.

TURNED OUT.

The Tasmanian elections took place on April 2nd, and resulted in the complete overthrow of the Government, the Opposition sweeping the polls. For the first time in the history of the State

the whole of the Ministers have been defeated. Eighteen new members will take their seats in the Assembly out of a total of 36. The Oppositionists and Reformists returned number 21, Ministerialists 4, Independents 4, and Labour 4. The defeat of the Government is attributed to the income tax proposals carried last session, and the non-compliance with the public demand for political reform. The result is a unique position, and the developments of which are uncertain.

The Government will resign after the Easter holidays. In the new Assembly there will not be a single member, excepting the Speaker, who has previously held a ministerial portfolio.

The new Parliament will contain an overwhelming majority in favour of the reduction of members and the repeal of the personal exemption in the Income Tax Act, passed last session. Sir N. E. Lewis, at the request of Mr Propping, who will be asked to form a Ministry, delays his resignation for a few days.

VANCOUVER SERVICE.

The "Sydney Morning Herald," dealing with Sir Joseph Ward's statement that the New Zealand Government was anxious to have the Vancouver service extended there, but that it could not be done if Brisbane as well as Sydney remained a port of call, says that there could, of course, be no objection to the extension of the service to New Zealand, provided that its benefits were not thereby diverted from the British territories which had established and subsidised it before the advent of federation. The co-operation of New Zealand in the service would doubtless have its advantages, but these would be too dearly bought, if they meant the omission of any of the present ports of call, especially in regard to the maintenance of the All-Red route.

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GENERAL NEWS.

In a florist's in Manners street (says the "N.Z. Times") may be seen a daffodil priced at £7 7/. A correspondent asks—Is the tulip mania going to repeat itself?

The Waikato Gold Mining Company in the four weeks ended March 28 treated 17,447 tons and obtained gold worth £52,707.

The directors of the Wellington Opera House Company recommend a dividend of 7 per cent. for the year ending March 31st. The rents for the year totalled £1441.

Mr. Winston Churchill, speaking in the House of Commons the other day, perpetrated the epigram that the English people did not mind fighting, but they hated drill.

The Danedin City Council has decided to give a trial to the system of employing men from the benevolent institutions on the Town Belt in clearing it of broom, gorse, etc.

A silver match of the read old "turnip" order was found a short time ago in one of the rifle pits where Heke's war took place at the Bay of Islands. The works were rusted but the case was intact.

Mr. George, the director of the Auckland Technical Schools, says that it seems to be the common impression that any man who can push a brush is a painter. Painting, he says, is one of the worst-dono trades of Auckland.

The owners of the steamer Michigan have been awarded £4125 for towing the s.s. Waikato to the Cape when she was disabled some time ago. The captain of the Michigan was also awarded £450, and the crew £925.

The catalogue of the London Library, which is probably the largest privately-owned institution of its kind in the world, has just been issued at a cost of £4250. It contains the names of 220,000 volumes.

For exposing himself in a railway train and in public places while suffering from scarlet fever, R. S. Bight was fined 20/- and costs at Christchurch last week. The Magistrate commented on the gravity of this offence.

It is stated that Professor Graham Bell (who invented the telephone) is constructing a flying machine, in which the principle of the kite will be relied upon to a considerable extent. The machine is to be 20 feet long, and will be composed of twenty-five distinct parts.

It is surprising the very small number of letters in the papers. A very few years ago quite two columns were devoted to houses to let in Auckland. Things have changed; the trouble now is to find houses for the tenants, of which there are such numbers, that any sort of "house to let" is immediately snapped up.

A French convoy proceeding to Kar-elazong, in Algeria, under an escort of troops, was recently captured by tribesmen and subsequently re-captured by the escort. Later on the assailants finally retook the convoy, and 11 soldiers were killed and 13 wounded. The casualties among the tribesmen reached about a similar number.

A novel method of choosing a teacher is reported by a correspondent. Recently the Board of Education submitted the names of three teachers for a country school. The committee thereupon solemnly decided to well shake the three names in a hat, and draw for the winner. This was done, and the matter, so far settled, the successful candidate has since declined the honour; so no doubt the programme will be repeated with the two remaining names.

"Strawberries and cream, swings and croquet for the use of visitors at Willow Grove, Devonport." So runs the advertisement in an old "Star" of 1876. What a favourite holiday place the old Willow Grove used to be—all old Aucklanders will remember it, though it is long ago destroyed. In the same number of the "Star" is an account of a presentation of a silver service made to Captain Carey by his officers on leaving the s.s. Wellington for the Taupo. Then, as all through his career, Captain Carey was a great favourite both with officers and passengers.

Captain C. B. Morris, M.L.C., met with a very serious accident on April 2nd. How the accident occurred is not known, but Mrs. Morris, on returning to her house in Onehunga, during the afternoon, found Captain Morris lying unconscious on the floor of one of the rooms with a deep cut in his forehead, from which he had lost a great deal of blood. He had evidently tripped and fallen, and struck his head in so doing. Dr. Scott was called in, and it was found that an artery had been severed, and that the unfortunate gentleman's condition was such as to give rise to the gravest anxiety.

Mr. John Jamieson, of Christchurch, on returning home after a fortnight spent in Auckland, was interviewed by a Christchurch reporter with regard to the new electric trams. Mr. Jamieson remarked that he could not say too much for the working of the system, which was in every way thorough. He defended the service against the charge of inefficiency, and denied the overcrowding. He was particularly delighted with the morning workmen's fast cars. In the matter of the works, Mr. Jamieson's highest praise was for the self-feeding furnace, which involved an immense saving of labour. The powerhouse he described generally as being thoroughly up-to-date. From the point of view of utility, he considers that the value of the new system to Auckland is very great, in opening up the suburbs and relieving the congestion of the city.

A curious discovery was made a few days ago by a young man named Arthur P. Sims, of Lincoln-street, Ponsonby. On the beach opposite Milford-road, Takapuna, he noticed a boat lying on the sand where it had just been left by the receding tide. There was nobody about, and nothing in the boat served to provide any clue as to its ownership. The craft was a rowing boat of the ordinary pattern, 15 feet long, painted white, with a green streak around the gunwale and a copper-coloured bottom. On the stern were the letters "J.W.A.L." which are believed to form a part of a local boat-builder's name. The boat contained two nine-foot oars, a pair of leather sea boots, a tin of fish hooks, and a couple of lines, pocket knife, enamelled plate and pannikin, towel, a pair of dungaree pants, and two old sacks, which had apparently been used as a sail. Alongside the boat on the beach was an accordion, about 6lbs. of sugar, a tin kettle, and an old oilskin. Inquiries by the police have so far failed to discover the owner of the craft, or any information to explain why it should be found deserted on the beach.

Some good news reached the flagship on arrival at Sydney from her New Zealand cruise recently. It was that she had been ordered home together with her crew. The news quickly spread from the gunroom to the fore-cabin, and every Jack-tar wore a smile at the thought of being homeward bound at no distant date. An Admiralty cable received states that H.M.S. Niobe is to leave England in June with a full crew of 700 officers and men for the Australian station, and to replace the Royal Arthur as flagship of the Australian Squadron. The Royal Arthur is to proceed home, "lock, stock, and barrel," as an officer put it, on the Niobe's arrival. It was previously announced that the Spartan was coming out here, but she has been ordered to China. H.M.S. Niobe is a fine first-class cruiser, and a comparatively new vessel, having been built in 1897. She has 10 guns, is of 11,000 tonnage, and 16,500 horse-power. Her speed is 20½ knots, and she is in the Channel Squadron. Her four funnels give her rather an imposing appearance.

The s.s. Waikare, which arrived from Northern and East Coast ports on Monday, struck a submerged object when about seventeen miles out from Gisborne yesterday. The captain's official report, supplied to the local office, states that the steamer left Gisborne at 3.45 a.m. on Sunday, and the weather was then clear. Shortly after departure, however it came on thick, and the speed of the vessel was reduced to dead slow. For nearly three hours the steamer was kept at slow speed. At about 6.12 o'clock the officer who was on watch felt the vessel bump slightly. He describes it as though the vessel had bumped on some soft object, which was submerged.

There was no shock, and the passengers at the time were not aware of what had taken place. The steamer's engines were at once stopped, and soundings taken showed that there was a depth of water in the vicinity of twenty-four fathoms. The Waikare was on her usual course, about four miles off the land. The voyage to Auckland was continued, arrival being made here early this morning without further incident. An examination of the vessel will be made this afternoon by the inspecting engineer (Mr. McGregor). It is not considered likely that the vessel has suffered any damage, and in the meantime is expected to resume her voyage for Sydney at eight o'clock this evening. It is possible the object touched by the Waikare was a sunken vessel. It may be remembered that a vessel was reported to have been on fire in the locality some months ago, and was not subsequently heard of.

RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS.

I am authorised to state that the Government is not disposed to accept the recommendations of the University Senate with reference to the Rhodes scholarships, and that a cablegram to that effect has been sent to the Agent-General, writes our Wellington correspondent.

It will be remembered that the University Senate at its last session suggested that the Rhodes scholarships set apart for this colony be awarded to students who have kept three years' terms at the New Zealand University. This suggestion was quite contrary to the spirit of Mr. Rhodes' will which very clearly indicated boys from secondary schools as the object of his bequest; but it would seem that the Government, which was asked to report on the question by the trustees at Home, forwarded the Senate's suggestions before the matter had come up for consideration by the Cabinet. Now that the question has been discussed the Ministry does not find itself willing to endorse the Senate's proposed disposition of the scholarships.

TRAMCAR ACCIDENT.

A milk wagon proceeding to town from Ellerslie on Saturday evening was run into by an electric car, with the result that the wagon was overturned, fortunately without any very serious injury to the three occupants of the driver's box. The van was owned by the Auckland Dairy Company, and was driven by an employee named William McLelland, who delivered milk at various dairies between Papatoitoi and Queen street. While driving through Ellerslie McLelland was asked by two young women named Rebecca Scott and Effie McMorrine to give them a lift into town. He agreed, and all went well until the wagon was proceeding under the railway bridge at the foot of Alpha road, when it was crashed into by the car, with the result that it was carried along the road for about six yards and overturned. The driver fell clear, but the girls were thrown on to the struggling horses. The bystanders rushed to the assistance of the girls, who were quickly extricated from their position. Miss McMorrine was thrown almost under one of the horses, and some difficulty was experienced in rescuing her. It was at first feared that her back was seriously injured, but this did not prove to be the case. Constables Beran and Hutchison were soon on the spot, and procured the services of Dr. MacKellar, who attended to the girls, and then ordered their removal to the hospital. Miss Scott received a nasty scalp wound, and was considerably bruised, while Miss McMorrine's back was badly bruised, and the hands and faces of both girls considerably scratched. None of the wounds, however, were dangerous, and the patients will be discharged from the hospital in a day or two. McLelland states that he went to pull clear of the line as soon as he heard the alarm bell, but his wagon was immediately struck from behind. The motorman, J. P. Ryan, states that when he sounded the bell at some distance from the wagon it seemed to pull clear, but swerved to the rails again as he drew near, rendering an accident inevitable. He applied the emergency brake, and brought up the car in half a dozen yards. The rear axle wheels of the wagon were taken off, and one of the axles broken, while the horses were slightly cut about.

Surveying in West Africa

A NEW ZEALANDER'S IMPRESSIONS.

Mr. Marchant, the Surveyor-General, has received some interesting information, through Mr. Norman F. Hazard, one of the colonial surveyors engaged by the Imperial Government for service on the Gold Coast. Writing from Kany-conkor, under date of January 18, Mr. Hazard says he has found nothing dreadful about the climate but quite the reverse. He has never been in better health and is quite free from aches and pains. Another surveyor in the party suffered from slight temporary indisposition similar to that experienced in New Zealand and a third had had no sickness whatever. At the time of the latest advice from Turkwa the other members of the New Zealand contingent of the surveyors were quite well. It would appear that colonials can stand climate much better than the average man from the Home Country. Mr. Hazard is sorry that he was not upon the Gold Coast two years previously as at that time there was a boom in surveying and mining. The New Zealanders have had much trouble in picking up and connecting with the old surveys.

Mr. Hazard finds the micrometer theodolite a marvellously accurate instrument. The splendid results attained were considered at first to be due to luck but further experience with the instrument has demonstrated that it can be relied upon. His chronometer has given him great satisfaction and its rate continues splendidly uniform. The writer does not think highly of the mining prospects of the portion of the coast where he is working, but hears that there is a great development going on in Ashanti. About £100,000 has been spent upon one property since 1895, and the returns therefrom are not yet satisfactory. If more surveyors are required from New Zealand, Mr. Hazard does not think that the climate need frighten them.

It would appear that the work of the New Zealand surveyors has been carried out at a profit to the Government, though prior to their advent the deposit fees did not suffice to defray the actual cost, which is greatly enhanced by the fact that cutting is much heavier than in New Zealand, and timber is nearly all as hard as black maire. New Zealanders speak highly of their treatment by Major Watherston (officer in charge of the Gold Coast surveys) and by the Imperial Government.

Girl Pioneers.

Within the last few years 100 American girls, representing in their dowries exactly £32,330,600, have married no-lemen. It is also a noteworthy fact that scarcely a dozen out of this number are without male heirs. There has been some criticism of the American girl for the prodigality with which she has bestowed her favours upon the titled foreigner, but, after all, the tendency is not without its logic. The society of Europe is a great attraction. It has the charm of romance, of an undiscovered country. There is poetry in the thought of it. It appeals to the imagination, and that is one of the American girl's strongest qualities. Although the American girl has taken a great many million dollars to Europe, there is much comfort in the thought that at least 2,000,000 acres of the most valuable real estate in the United Kingdom comes under American influence through marriages by the American girl. The flooding of "Burke" and the "Almanach de Gotha" with American names may be a source of great irritation among the English, French, Italian, German, Austrian and Russian upper classes, but it seems likely to continue just the same. The present year will see more beautiful American women ruling the London season than ever before. They have the great houses, the great fortunes, the wit, and the power of assembling clever people around them. They are born society leaders. They grace the proudest homes and preside over the finest estates.



LAWN TENNIS.

(By Volley.)

INTER-VARSITY TOURNAMENT.

The entries for the above event have now been received, and the contests will be played on the Eden and Epsom Club's lawns on Saturday next and the following Tuesday morning.

Men's Singles.—Auckland: College, Messrs Coates, Smith, and McCoy; Victoria College (Wellington), Messrs Prouse, Beehre, and De la Mere; Otago University, Messrs Brown and W. Repa; Canterbury College, Messrs Rice and Cox.

Men's Doubles.—Auckland: Coates and Olliphant, Smith and Pickmere, McCoy and Short, Wellington: Prouse and Beehre, Mitchell and De la Mere, Brailsford and Prouse. Canterbury: Rice and Cox, Stowe and Cook, Chappell and Kiesel. Otago: Not to hand.

Ladies' Singles.—Auckland: Misses P. Gorrie, Hull and Metcalfe, Wellington: Misses Batham, Roberts and Wedde, Canterbury: Misses Barker, Triggs and Wilding, Otago: Misses Crump and McCahon.

Ladies' Doubles.—Auckland: Misses Gorrie and Metcalfe, Wellington: Misses Batham and Roberts, Wedde and Batham, Griffiths and White. Canterbury: Misses Barker and Triggs. Otago: Not to hand.

Combined Doubles.—Auckland: Miss Gorrie and Coates, Miss Hull and Smith, Miss Metcalfe and McCoy. Wellington: Miss Batham and Prouse, Miss Roberts and Beehre, Miss Wedde and De la Mere. Canterbury: Miss Barker and Rice, Miss Triggs and Cox, Miss Wilding and Stowe.

The trophy is a handsome silver cup, which was won last year by Canterbury College.

EDEN AND EPSOM LAWNS.

The following finals were played last Saturday. The courts were rather damp on the back lines, but otherwise in fair order:—

Men's Championship Singles.—Mr J. P. Grossman had a somewhat easy victory over Mr C. Heather, the sets being three to love, and the games 6-2, 6-3, 6-2. From the commencement of this club's tournament it was seen that Grossman was likely to prove a formidable nut to crack, and it was a pity that he did not enter in the Auckland championship. Mr Grossman also annexed the handicap event, beating T. S. Ruddock by 6-3, 6-4.

In the Ladies' Singles Miss S. Rice secured the coveted honours for the third season, beating Miss P. Gorrie 8-6, 6-3. In the first set Miss Gorrie had the lead, her volleying was good, and seemed at one time likely to earn this set, but Miss Rice's steady work and good lobbing was not to be denied.

In the final for the Combined Doubles Miss S. Rice and Mr A. F. Billing (own 30) beat Miss Towle and Mr Sharmen (rec. 3/6) 7-5, 6-3.

The only event unfinished is the Ladies' Doubles.

At Parnell Mr Scherff beat Mr Dargaville in the Handicap Singles, this being the only match played, owing to the dampness of the courts.

There is evident intention on the part of those having the welfare of lawn tennis at heart to push the game forward to the position it should occupy. With this end in view the Wellington Lawn Tennis Association have recently con-

sidered the question of the present organisation of the New Zealand Lawn Tennis Association, and have passed the following resolution: "That steps be immediately taken to requisition the New Zealand Lawn Tennis Association to hold a special meeting to discuss the object of that association having a fixed centre, with resident delegates." There is no question that this is a move in the right direction, and should receive the support of all the affiliated associations. At the present time the association only meets once every year, and this meeting is held where the annual championship tournament takes place, so that very often only a very few of the delegates can be present. Even the secretary is unable sometimes to attend. It will readily be seen, therefore, that the supporting influence that should be attached to the meetings of the association is lacking, and the game must suffer in consequence. I understand that Wellington is prepared to produce a secretary and sufficient delegates to represent all the affiliated associations. Unless this proposal is adopted we must be prepared to watch the decline of what should be one of the most popular athletic sports. May it not be so.

At a meeting of the Ngaruawahia Lawn Tennis Club, held at Ngaruawahia on Wednesday last, the secretary reported that the arrangements for the open tournament at Easter were well in hand, and that besides a large number of country players there would be 12 to 14 competitors from Auckland. The secretary of the Auckland Lawn Tennis Association (Mr A. F. Billing) wrote stating that the club's application for affiliation to his association had been granted. It was decided to accept his offer to receive town entries, and they will close with him on Wednesday next at four p.m. The visiting players will be entertained to afternoon tea each day, and a concert and dance will take place on Easter Monday night, whilst picnics on the Waipa river can be arranged. Those wishing to return to town for Tuesday morning can catch the train leaving Ngaruawahia about twelve o'clock on Monday night.

A correspondent writes: "Under the heading of 'Lawn Tennis in England and the Colonies' an Auckland paper published an interview with Mr H. A. Parker a few weeks since. In this Mr Parker is represented to have said: 'This season I gave Miss Nunnally 30 and beat her.' This is not quite correct, hence the explanation I now forward. Miss Nunnally and Mr Parker played four sets on the Thorndon courts, Wellington, on January 15, each winning two, so that Miss Nunnally might equally claim to have beaten Mr Parker. On adding up the games I find that she was one to the good in the four sets, therefore the slight advantage was on her side. I merely send this correction in fairness to Miss Nunnally."

CRICKET.

AUCKLAND CRICKET CHAMPIONSHIP.

WON BY PARNELL.

So far as the senior matches are concerned the cricket season came to a conclusion on Saturday, when Parnell defeated United by sixty runs on the first innings, and won the senior championship for the season 1902-1903. The wickets were greatly favourable to the bowlers, and United collapsed before the bowling of Cliff, who took seven wickets for 24 runs. United totalled only 43 runs, eight wickets falling for 21. Parnell thus win the senior championship for the first time for some years.

SWIMMING.

THREE RECORDS ESTABLISHED.

The Northern Amateur Swimming Club's first championship meeting, held in the Auckland Dock on Saturday afternoon, was in all respects successful. The attendance came quite up to expectations, and the estimate of 2000 could not have been very far out. By some of the Southern competitors and others it is averred that there has never been held in the colony so successful a meeting, conducted by a local club. The day was delightfully fine under the circumstances. The carnival throughout was one of continual interest. The first event set down for competition was the 100yds championship of Auckland. This race was contested in two heats and a final. In the first heat J. M. Hamilton was successful, his time for the distance being equal to the standing New Zealand record, viz. 66secs. The second heat was not particularly fast. The final provided the best "go" witnessed during the afternoon. H. Creaghe, Dunedin's representative, proved the winner, finishing fully two yards ahead of Hamilton (Grey-mouth). Creaghe put up a remarkable performance. His time was 65 3-5secs., which eclipses the previous record put up by Malcolm Champion at Christchurch two seasons ago by 2-5sec. When it became known that Creaghe had established a fresh New Zealand record the crowd cheered lustily, and the win was evidently very popular. Hamilton, who finished second, notched 67secs. dead. Creaghe, it may not be generally known, is a Rockhampton boy, and has only resided in this colony some six months. He is now in his seventeenth year, and tops the scales at 12st. Of the other items on the programme the half-mile championship of New Zealand was undoubtedly the most interesting. In this race another New Zealand record was made, the winner being J. M. Hamilton, who put up a marvellous performance. His time of 13min. 34 2-5secs. for the distance reduced the colony's best by the substantial margin of 42 3-5secs. Hamilton swam a great race, and was apparently equal to doing even better than the time recorded. He was not pressed at any part of the race. L. Penrose (Christchurch), the second man, also cut out remarkably good time. The record for the distance was 14min. 17secs., and the Christchurch man swam it in 14min. 6secs., which is 11secs. better. Loud and prolonged cheering greeted the result. If the races mentioned were the most interesting, the relay race, in which all manner of athletic bodies took part, certainly carried with it a great amount of local rivalry, and the cheering and shouting that was indulged in was enough to work any team up to a very high pitch of excitement. After an even "go" the City Football Club was victorious, the Auckland Rowing Club coming second.

In the evening the carnival was continued at the Albert-street Freshwater Baths. Again the attendance was exceedingly good. Those present must have numbered close on a thousand. The racing proved very exciting, and there were several close finishes. Hamilton again established a fresh New Zealand record, this time for the quarter-mile. Only three started, Hamilton, Penrose and Wattie Dunn. Hamilton won rather easily. He finished in 6m. 23 2-5sec, the previous New Zealand record being 6m. 30s. The second man, Penrose, was credited with 6m. 57 4-6s. Instead of being cheered, as might have been supposed, poor Hamilton was hooted and yelled at; a clique of hoodlums at one corner of the baths being the cause of all the disturbance. It was a despicably mean attitude to take up, and under no circumstances could it be put down to any but the vilest hoodlum or larrikin. As it was these persons were absolutely wrong in their conclusions. They believed, or made believe, that Hamilton was responsible in a measure for Champion's disqualification, but, as stated, in this they were entirely wrong. Hamilton did all in his power to assist the local club to get the Wellington body to rescind its resolution and allow Champion to compete at the meeting. The Southern Club stood firm, and Hamilton even went so far as to apply to the governing body in Christchurch, asking them to overrule the Wellington centre,

and allow Champion to swim, as it would, he pointed out, be a great help to the Northerners and swimming generally. Champion, he added, seeks protection under Clause 8. A reply was received to the effect that the Association could not overrule the Wellington centre, as the matter was purely a local difference. On the face of this the Club was quite justified in not permitting Champion to start. The general arrangements of the day were carried out in a thoroughly efficient manner, the several races being started with commendable promptitude. In this respect Messrs R. Eagleton, W. Seeley, and the other members of the committee were indefatigable, and are deserving of every praise. At the conclusion of the day's programme the members and their friends adjourned to the Federal Club rooms, where a vaudeville smoke concert was tendered to the Southern visitors.

AQUATICS.

AUCKLAND ROWING ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of the above Association was held on Friday evening, when the pennant and bannerette presented by Mr H. A. Marriner and the Association's caps were presented to the winners of the championship event at the Lake Takapuna Regatta. Mr Marriner, in making the presentation to the Waitemata Boating Club, who have succeeded in winning the pennant this season, expressed his pleasure that most of the races this season had been very keenly fought out. He was pleased to see that the Waitemata Boating Club had gained the flag this season, as they were the only club to send crews to represent Auckland at the championship regatta at Wangamui in February last, and their success came as quite a surprise to Southern oarsmen. Mr Marriner then presented the pennant to Mr Evers, captain of the club, who suitably replied. Mr Marriner, in presenting orders for association caps to the Auckland Rowing Club's senior crew, referred to their good work this season. He then presented the orders to the crew—H. H. Bach (stroke), W. J. Lyvelt, A. E. Foshaw, G. Griffin (bow), and the cox, D. Tucker.

MANUKAU YACHT CLUB.

The ninth race of the season was sailed on Saturday afternoon for a trophy presented by Mr Dalziel, and cash prizes. The handicaps were:—Maka Maile, scratch; Moa, 3m.; Belle, 5m.; Malua, 7m.; Plois, 7m.; Alma, 10m.; Ladysmith, 14m.; Endeavour, 19m.; Fedora, 22m.; Pretoria, 25m.; Myrtle, 22m.; Mascotte, 24m.; Presto, 25m.; Industry, 25m.; Daisy, 33m.; Petrel, 36m.; and Esma, 39m. At the start Malua had the misfortune to break her boom. The race was well contested. The finishing times were:—Alma, 4h. 33m.; Maka Maile, 4h. 34m.; Myrtle, 4h. 40m.; Endeavour, 4h. 43m.; Ladysmith, 4h. 43m.; Mascotte, 4h. 43m.; Belle, 4h. 46m.; Pretoria, 4h. 46m.; Fedora, 4h. 50m.; Industry, 4h. 50m.; Malua, 4h. 51m. Maka Maile is now leading for the handicap cup by six points.

PONSONBY CRUISING CLUB.

The annual yacht race of Ponsonby Cruising Club which was postponed from Saturday, March 28th, took place in the harbour on Saturday afternoon last, the Commodore's yacht Siola acting as flagship. The boats got away at 3.15, the start being a very even one. The finishing times were as follows:—Miro, 4h. 30m. 44s.; Horo, 4h. 40m. 40s.; Eulalie, 4h. 42m. 20s.; Alofa, 4h. 47m. 15s.; Cynisca, 4h. 51m. 5s.; Antipus, 4h. 56m.; Merrythought, 5h. 2m. 12s. On time allowance Alofa takes first prize, Eulalie second, Horo third, Cynisca fourth, Miro fifth, Antipus sixth, and Merrythought seventh. The race was sailed for ten trophies presented by patrons of the Club, therefore every boat that finished will receive a prize. The remaining three will in all probability be competed for at the final cruise, which takes place on Saturday, April 18.

GOLF NOTES.

The Auckland Golf Club's matches were begun on Saturday at Cornwall Park. The course was under the usual 18 holes, and about 20 competitors started to beat Colonel Bugey. The best return was that of J. R. Hooper, who came in from scratch with a score of two down. Another competitor returned a card with the score of three down with an 18, and although on checking it, it was found that the true score was 2 down, the written score had to remain as sent in, in accordance with the rules. Other scores were:—Dr. T. Hope Lewis (3 down); B. Turner (3 strokes); H. Turner (3 strokes); H. T. Gillies (4 down); A. Ford (4 strokes); J. Down (4 strokes); H. A. Carr (4 strokes); J. R. Sikes (para. 5); G. Down; C. Pollen (5 strokes); J. Down; J. McWilliam (5 strokes); T. Down; H. Gillies (6 strokes); H. Down; W. R. Colvill (6 strokes); H. Down; W. N. Hooper (11 strokes); 0; H. Down; A. Piddell (15 strokes); 11 down; W. W. Hooper (15 strokes); 11 down; J. E. Hetherford (15 strokes); 12 down; W. Down (14 strokes); 12 down. Several cards were not returned.

COURSING.

THE WATERLOO C.P.

LONDON, February 28.

For the fourth year in succession the Waterloo Cup "The Deity of the Leash" has gone to the famous kennels of Messrs Fawcett's of Long Hall, Cheshire, their second string dog, Father Fillet, a brindled son of Fery Furnace and Nanny Faithful, proving too good for his kennel companion Farndon Perry, last year's winner, and favourite for this year's event, in the semifinal round, and winning easily from Mr Pilkington's puppy Paracelsus, in a 20-second final course. The luck of the Messrs Fawcett in this great event has been curious. For years, although enjoying all before them at other meetings, they were unable to secure the chief object of every coursing man's ambition, and it was not until last that Fabulous Fortune placed the great event of the year to their credit. Then came three more successful years, but since then they have completely monopolised the Cup, with Fearless Footstomper (twice), Farndon Perry, and Father Fillet. This makes five victories in eight years, a truly wonderful record. Mr Pilkington's best success dates as far back as 1888, when Burnaby won for him, but his only other victory since has been gained with that grand bitch, Thoroughbred Beauty, the daughter of Paracelsus, and many other good ones. In the first and second rounds nearly all the fancied dogs went down, including Mr Pilkington's Prince Charming, a much-fancied candidate for the coveted honors, and throughout the contest the lovers of odds had a very bad time of it. In the semifinal they came as no take, however, in battling 5 to 2 on Paracelsus against Handsome Cecile, the puppy in a long scratch to a good hope under three lengths faster than the bitch, and when the late-drawn neck shot kept evenly in touch and scored the next two points. Then in attempting to prevent pass breaking back again, he sprang over some ridgy ground and let up Handsome Cecile. Recovering quickly, the puppy moved up again, and when, after a couple of exchanges, both dogs fell on the bare for the kill, Paracelsus was a handsome winner.

When Farndon Perry and Father Fillet went in to the start, they had on last year's winner, but the handicapper tared out a good two lengths for the pair, and as the hare broke back early round in close possession, he used his bare twice, and then declining to kill at once, leaving his rival unhurt.

For the deuter, Father Fillet was favoured, at 11 to 4 on. The pair were sent after a first rate hare of level terms, and the favourite gained a second of length and time on the hare, and the puppy moved up again, and when, after a couple of exchanges, both dogs fell on the hare for the kill, Paracelsus was a handsome winner.

The Waterloo Cup for the 32 dogs beaten in the first round at St. George's was won by the pair, and the puppy, compiled for by the sixteen dogs beaten in the second round, was guided by Lady Star and Malloy.

On the whole the meeting was carried out under perfect conditions as to weather, but the hare at "Alec" proved to be a very mixed lot, and in consequence whilst some courses left the dogs fairly "baked," other animals got through their work in 18 or 20 seconds.

Frank T. Bullen.

The author of that fascinating sea story, "The Cruise of the Cachalot," forms the subject of an article in "M.A.P." Nearly forty years ago he was a street arab earning his living—Heaven save the mark!—by holding horses, selling newspapers, what you like, and sleeping oftener than not with little but the velvet pall of night to cover him. A few weeks since he was the guest of the evening at the Authors' Club. A fine achievement, this jump from waif to novelist, had authorship been his aim all along, but an absolutely marvellous one when one considers that no thought of writing entered his head till within the last decade, and when one learns the story of his previous life. For the first nine years of his life he was a happy child, lovingly cared for by his aunt, a poor dressmaker. If many years were to pass before the literary seed in him was to germinate and fructify it was early implanted. His aunt possessed a few books, among them "Paradise Lost," and before the child was five years old he had read Milton's great poem twice through, "arguments" and all. This was the first manifestation of an abiding passion for reading, and one can trace the Miltonic influence in Mr Bullen's descriptive passages—gorgeous in word-painting, grand in conception, and breathing a spirit of the deepest piety. Scarcely had he acquired the three "R's" than his sun sank beneath the horizon with tropical suddenness—no doubt, he thought for ever. He fell into the clutches of a step-mother, more stony-hearted than Oxford-street, and in his own words there came in place of love, education, and sympathy, "hunger, blows, and severe, exhausting labour from six in the morning till eleven at night, and an atmosphere of vile language." Remember that he was a very little boy for his years. He escaped from this horrible travesty of a home, became, as already mentioned, a street arab, and then took to the sea, for long hampered in obtaining berths by his tiny size. Of his perils, hardships, and Ulysses-like wanderings as a sailor one need not speak here; the story has been told as none else could tell it in his books. As strength came to him he was perilously near developing into a thorough-paced black-guard, but an early "conversion," as he terms it, and, by whatever name we designate it, a wonderful turning point in his career, occurring in Port Chalmers, N.Z., brought him up with a round turn. He married "oh nothing," as he puts it, at twenty-one, and rose as high as mate, but he had not sufficient money to pay the fees for master's examination, which colloquially speaking, he could have passed "on his head." 1882 found him on "shore out of work, penniless, and with a wife and child to support. If the baby was plump, the parents were well-nigh starving, when he obtained a post as computer (a sort of junior clerk) in the Meteorological Office, and thought himself a Rothschild. But as the years rolled by his quiver filled, and his salary of £2 a week seemed less princely than at the first flush. Little mouths wanted food, little feet required to be shod, and he was at his wife's end how to supplement his income. For a long time it never occurred to him to write—it too seldom does to the men who have seen life without the varnish—but the fore-ordained came to pass, and he commenced writing. In three years he made under £40, and felt himself a ghastly failure. Then he sent an article to the "Cornhill," which was printed, and Mr St. Leo Strachey became his literary father; but it was not until the "Cruise of the Cachalot" was published in 1899 that he emerged from the gloomy world of poverty on to the smiling, sunlit plain of success. The unknown drudge of the Meteorological Office suddenly found himself the object of the outspoken admiration of men like Kipling and the most famous critics of the day. But he had little heart to enjoy his laurels, for with him was the gnawing memory of the beloved boy—his youngest child—who had died on the very day that "Cachalot" was accepted by Messrs Smith, Elder and Co. Since then he has steadily advanced with "Idylls of the Sea," which someone wittily called "The Loves of the Whales," "The Log of a Sea Waif," "With Christ at Sea," and a series of other books, down to his latest, "A Whalerman's Wife," too long to con-

ment upon here. Let us see how he looks in the plenitude of his success. Long years of bitterness, suffering, and privation have not failed to leave their imprint. He can be as jolly as a sandboy, but in repose his face is very sad and careworn. Physically, he is a man of considerable build, though I should be sorry for the hoodlum who "took him on," with black hair and beard, heavily shot with grey, a prominent nose, and particularly fine keen brown eyes. On the whole, a trifle Semitic-looking, though he comes of Dorset stock. From the above, there is obviously no physical resemblance between him and the red, torpede-bearded truculent little ruffian of Mr Cutcliffe Hynes's romances. Yet there is a certain mental affinity. Mr Bullen lacks Captain Kettle's ferocity and panellio, but, like him, he is a "man of his hands," has the same strong vein of religious feeling—if he does not proselytise with a six-shooter—and the same taste for weird music. Captain Kettle found solace, if his audience did not, in the concertina, and a concertina and a gramophone are amongst Mr Bullen's playthings. One may add that at one time he was a strenuous open-air preacher. Acustomed from early youth to severe toil, he gets through a wonderful amount of work. Five thousand words in a day, written in an exquisitely neat and legible hand—for he has always taken a physical joy in the mere act of writing—is nothing to him, and for the last three years he has been very busy lecturing, with great success. He is only forty-six, so, although he has achieved much in a short time, who shall say what he may yet do in the future!

The Balkan Crisis.

A FEW NOTES ABOUT THE COUNTRY.

Albania forms the south-western portion of the remaining immediate possessions of European Turkey, and extends from the principality of Montenegro on the north to the river Arta, which separates it from Greece on the south. The Albanian land is remarkably fertile—but through bad rule and the indolent and irresponsible character of the people, this fact is a negligible, or at least a neglected, quantity. The Albanians themselves form a peculiar people called by the Turks, Arnauts, and by themselves Skiptars. Their language in the view of Lord Strangford, "is more closely connected with Greek than with any other Indo-European language existing or recorded." The Albanians are "half civilized mountaineers, frank to a friend, vindictive to an enemy. They are frequently under arms, and are more devoted to robbery than to cattle-rearing and agriculture. They live in perpetual anarchy, every village being at war with its neighbour, and even the several quarters of the same town carrying on mutual hostilities." Many of them serve as mercenaries in other countries, and hitherto they have formed the best soldiers in the Turkish army. At one time the Albanians were all Christians; but after the death of their last chief, the hero Scanderberg, in 1467, and their subjugation by the Turks, a large part became Mohammedans, who distinguished themselves thenceforward by their cruelty and treachery. Their rebellions against Turkish rule have been numerous, but not generally very formidable. The Russian occupation of Bulgaria was discussed as a possible event of the current year long before the Balkan situation had reached its present degree of an acute crisis. The ideal of the occupation of the peninsula with a view to a Mediterranean "frontage" is, of course, as old as Peter the Great. Montenegro, the little Principality which the Czar has recently been arming, has the distinction of possessing a capital in Cetinji (or Cetigne, as it is sometimes written) with a population of some one thousand people. Turkey may be said now to be beset by enemies on every side—Serbians, Bulgarians, and Montenegrans to the north and north-east, Albanians to the west, Macedonians to the south, while on the east there is nothing more friendly than the Aegean Sea. It must not be supposed that because Russia and Austria are acting in con-

cert that their interests are ultimately in common. The main feature of the Near Eastern policy of both Germany and Austria has been to prevent the westerly encroachment of Russia. They may be said to be the only two nations in a formal and exact sense directly interested in the maintenance of the status quo on the peninsula. With the other powers the governing principle is a very general and indirectly involved but a highly important one in the maintenance of the "balance of power." Italy is, however, interested in the fate of Albania, for obvious reasons.

Turks, Greeks, and Albanians form 70 per cent. of the population of European Turkey.

Mitrovitza—a town in Albania about which we are hearing much just now—came into prominence last year by the expulsion therefrom by the Albanians on September 3 of two servants of the Russian Consulate. Subsequently the people of the town and the surrounding districts were disarmed by the military authorities, and the situation greatly improved.

The Macedonian share in this general revolt is the culminating point of prolonged and careful organisation with the object of obtaining radical reforms. The Macedonian Committee which was recently broken up by the Bulgarian Government through the influence of Russia has been a powerful agent in favour of revolt. The main demand of this Southern people is for the introduction into Macedonia and the vilayet of Adrianople of reforms analogous to those given to Crete. This demand was after the massacres of November last supported by Russia and Austria-Hungary, and later by Germany.

The Turkish Army is organized on the territorial system, the whole empire being divided into seven territorial districts. By the recruiting law all Mussulmans are liable to military service. Christians and certain sects pay an exemption tax. The cavalry are set down at 53,300; the artillery (174 field and 22 mountain batteries) at 54,720 with 1,356 guns; the engineers at 7,400; and the infantry at 583,200. Servia's total military strength is estimated at 128,000, with only 16,000 to 18,000 with the colours; while Bulgarian claims to have an army of 130,000 men of all ranks.

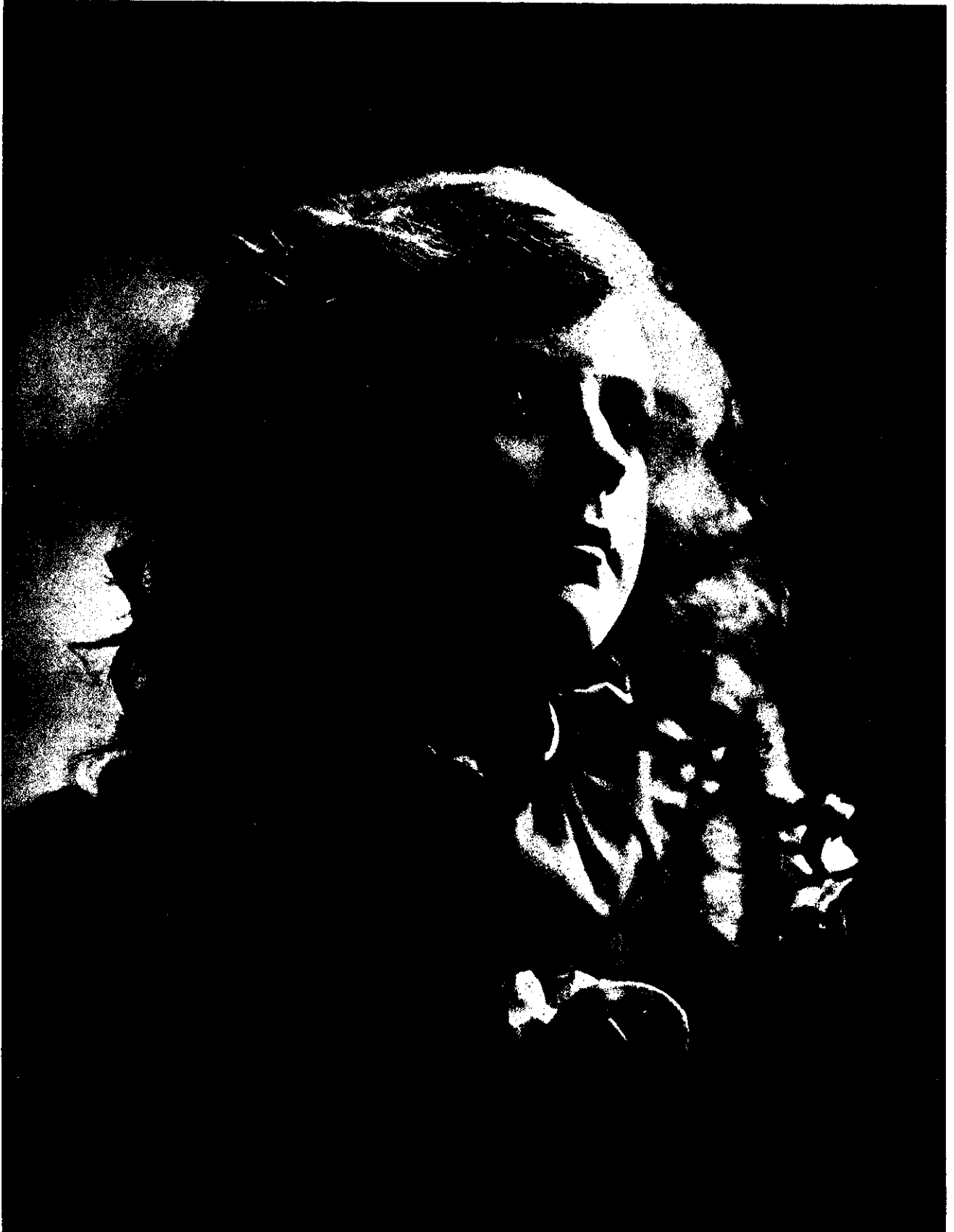
The Burglary Epidemic in Auckland.

A series of burglaries in the Auckland district has been reported during the past week, and the disconcerting epidemic of crime has not concluded, so it behoves residents to be exceedingly careful in "locking up," and to place portable valuables safely out of the reach of midnight visitors. The latest report of a burglary comes from Northcote, the circumstances proving that it must have been committed by a daring "old hand." Even yachts in the harbour have not been overlooked, a number of thefts from them having been reported.

The burglary at Northcote occurred at Captain Slattery's residence on Sunday night. The captain had drawn his pension last week, and he might have been expected to have a tempting sum of money in the house, but fortunately he paid a number of accounts in Auckland, and when he retired on Sunday evening there was between £10 and £12 in gold and notes in the cash box, which was kept in a chest of drawers in his bedroom. Mrs. Slattery got up at four o'clock on Monday morning, and saw the drawer open. This caused her to examine it closely, and she was startled to find that the cash box had disappeared. The house was examined for traces of intruders, and the front room window was found open. It had been closed, but not fastened, on the previous evening. There were ten persons sleeping in the house, and the thief, or thieves, must have possessed considerable nerve to enter Captain Slattery's bedroom, seeing that two or three other bedrooms had to be passed before it could be reached. Nothing was stolen excepting the cashbox, with its contents. This is not the first robbery at Captain Slattery's house, one of the young men staying with him having lost a small sum of money a few weeks ago.

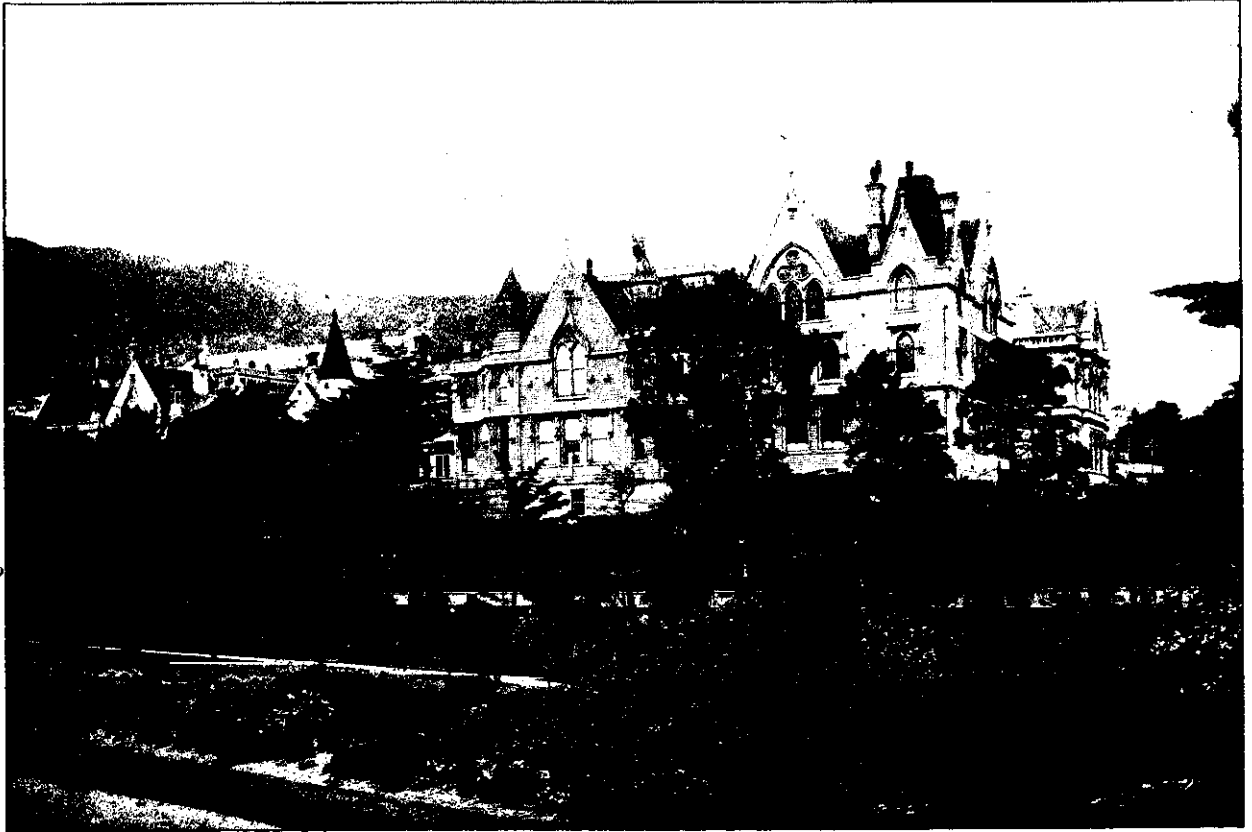
WHELPERS' PILLS HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, BILE.

SHARLAND & CO., Ltd.



A Young New Zealand Beauty.

PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY JENKINSON, SARONY STUDIOS, AUCKLAND.



Daroux, photo.

PARLIAMENTARY BUILDINGS, FROM GOVERNMENT HOUSE LAWN.



Daroux, photo.

JERVOIS QUAY.

Some Views of Wellington.



Daroux, photo.

PANORAMA OF ORIENTAL BAY, TAKEN FROM KILBURNIE.



Daroux, photo. WELLINGTON ELECTRICAL SYNDICATE COMPANY'S PREMISES ON RECLAIMED LAND, SHOWING THE SWITCHBOARD.

Some Views of Wellington.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF TAMARANUI, ON THE MAIN TRUNK RAILWAY, SHOWING THE ROUTE TO WANGANUI.



SOME STUDIES ON THE GANNET ROCKS OF NEW ZEALAND.



Harnessing the Huka Falls to Electrify New Zealand,

TWO CHARACTERISTIC VIEWS OF THE FALLS.

Some Stalwart Nelson College Boys.

Little need be said to New Zealanders of Nelson College. It is well known from one end of the colony to the other as one of the most successful educationable establishments in the Australasian colonies. Beautifully situated and exceedingly handsomely housed in one of the healthiest and most lovely of New Zealand towns, Nelson College is an almost ideal training ground for the rising generation, and it has, and is, turning out some splendid men. What is known as the "tone" of the school is exceedingly good, and there reigns that "esprit de corps" which fills every Nelson College boy with the wholesome belief that his school is the best in the universe. That is the true public school spirit, and its value is hard to overestimate. There are now some two hundred day boys and ninety boarders, the latter coming from all over the colony. Our groups of the prefects give a good idea of the stamp of lad the college turns out, and readers of the "Graphic" will probably agree that they are young fellows of whom no college or colony need feel ashamed.

Max O'Rell on Things in General.

I like economy too much as a virtue not to loathe it when it becomes a vice.

Many virtues, when carried too far, become vices.

Envy is vice which does not pay. If you let your envy be apparent, you advertise your failure.

Nothing is less common than common sense.

The harm that happens to others very seldom does us any good, and the good that happens to them very seldom does us any harm. People who are successful are neither envious, jealous, nor revengeful.

The hardest thing to do in life is to make a living dishonestly for any length of time.

A self-conscious man is sometimes one who is aware of his worth; a conceited man is generally one who is not aware of his unworthiness.

Advice is a piece of luxury thoroughly enjoyed by the one who gives it.

You can judge the social standing of a woman from the way she sits down.

It requires a head better screwed on the shoulders to stand success than to endure misfortune.



A GROUP OF TALL PREFECTS, NELSON COLLEGE.

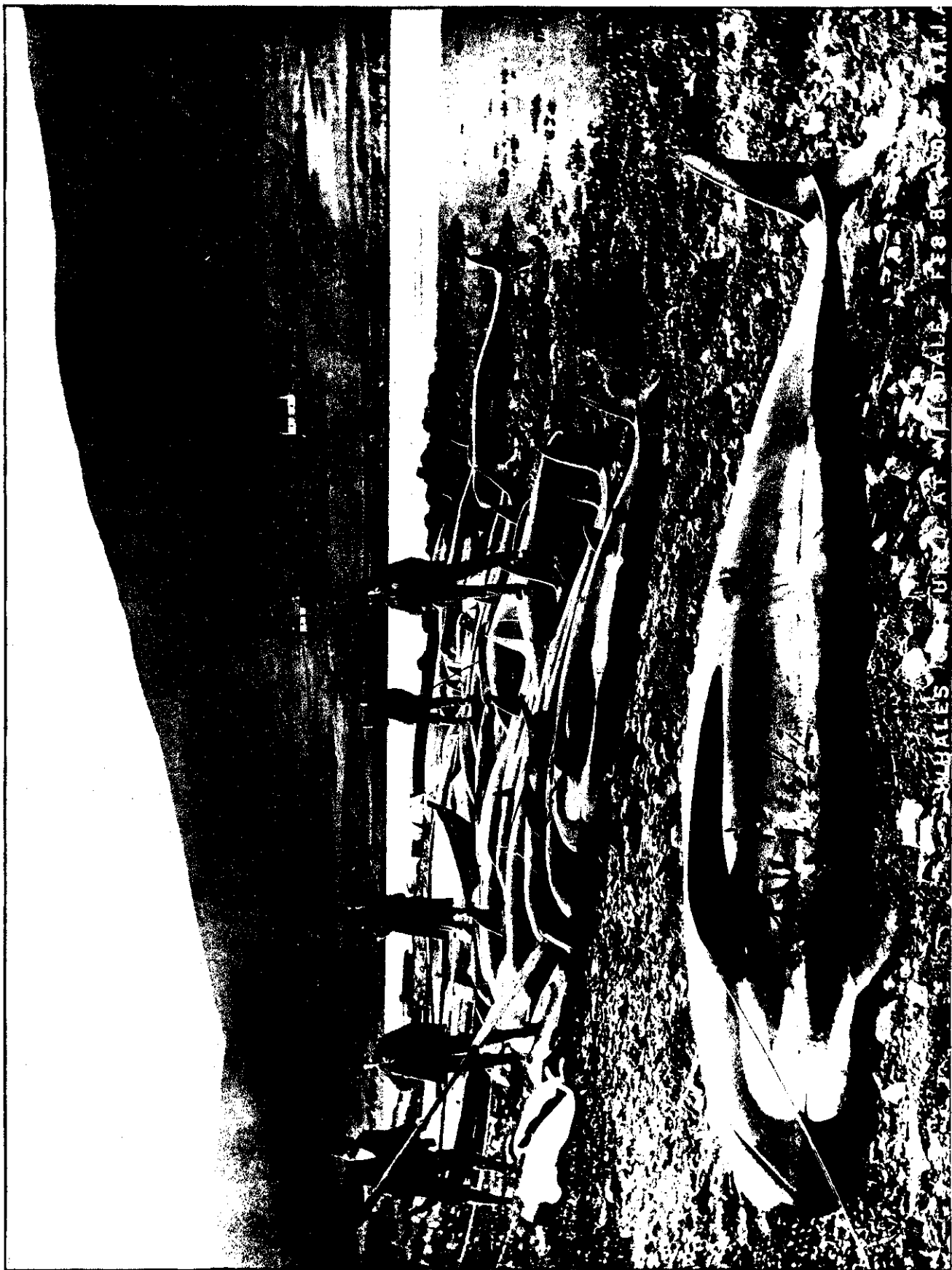
LEFT TO RIGHT—Seymour Richmond, Percy Chisholm, Harold Watts, Archie Hamilton (School Captain). Average Height, 6ft 2 1/2in.



Tyree, photo.

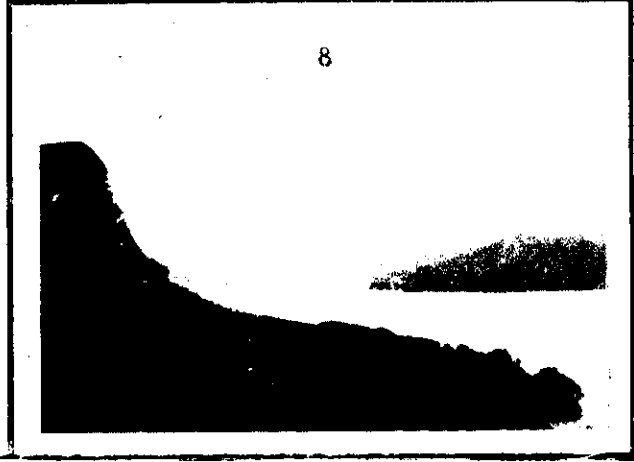
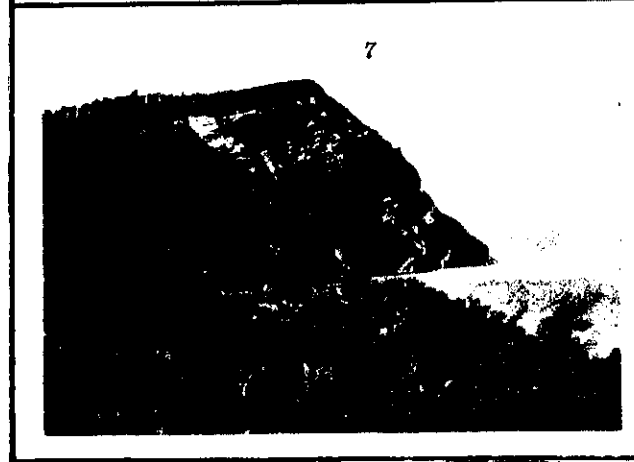
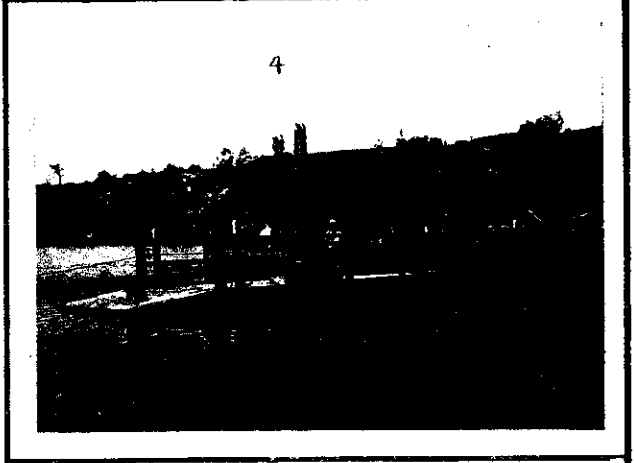
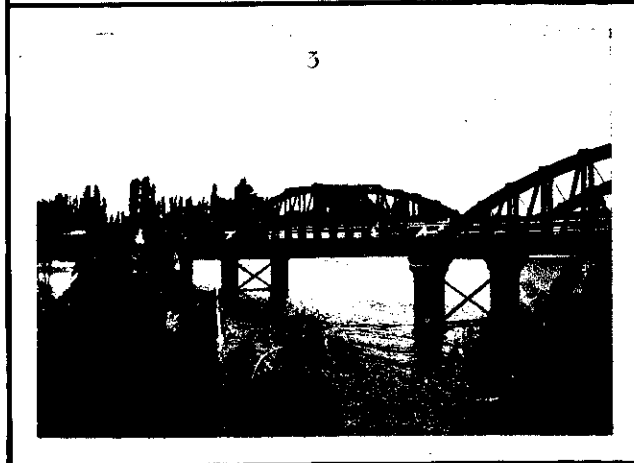
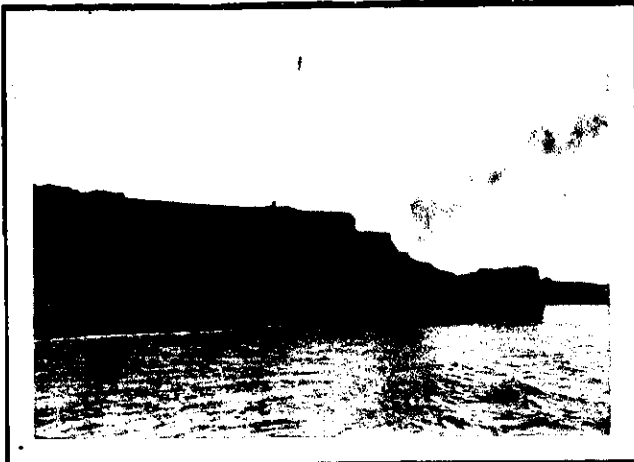
NELSON COLLEGE PREFECTS (1903).

LEFT TO RIGHT (STANDING)—A. R. Jordan, P. Scantellory, S. T. Richmond, C. H. R. Watts, P. E. Chisholm, L. S. Kempthorne, V. Rowe. SITTING—H. Grace, G. G. Everett, A. F. Hamilton (Head Prefect), A. H. Cooper, H. Harley. IN FRONT—W. H. Pettit, A. Fair



Whale Hunting in the Shetland Islands.

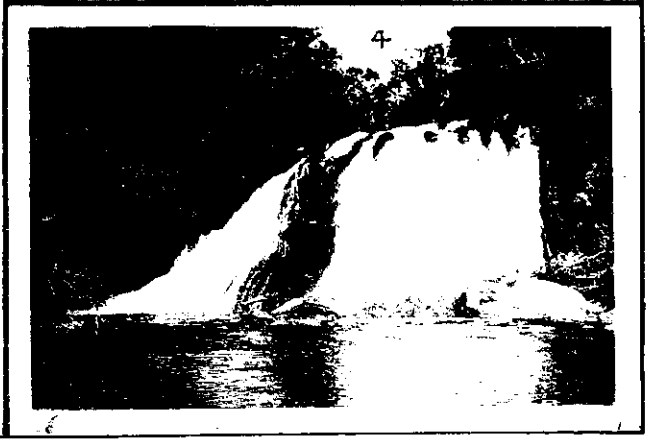
PHOTOS FORWARDED BY A NEW ZEALANDER.



See Letterpress.

A Trip To and Around Waikaremoana.

1. A view of Wairoa Heads. 2. Method of landing at present employed at Wairoa--wet and uncertain. 3. Bridge across the Wairoa River at Wairoa. 4. Ferry on the Wairoa River. 5. Gorge on the Waikaremoana Road. 6. Onepoto, well-known to all travellers in these parts. 7. Panekiri Bluff, Waikaremoana. 8. View of Lake from hill overlooking Rosie Bay.



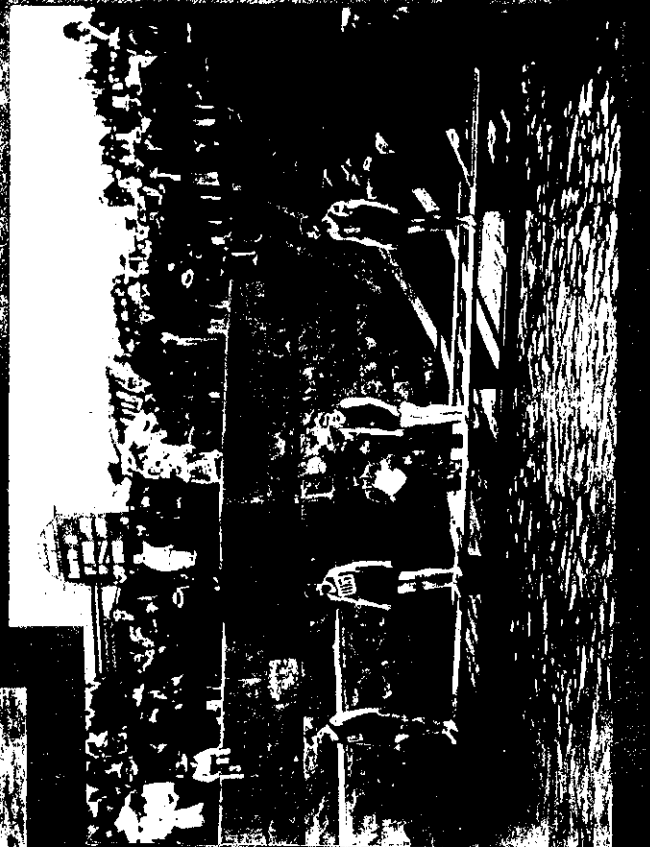
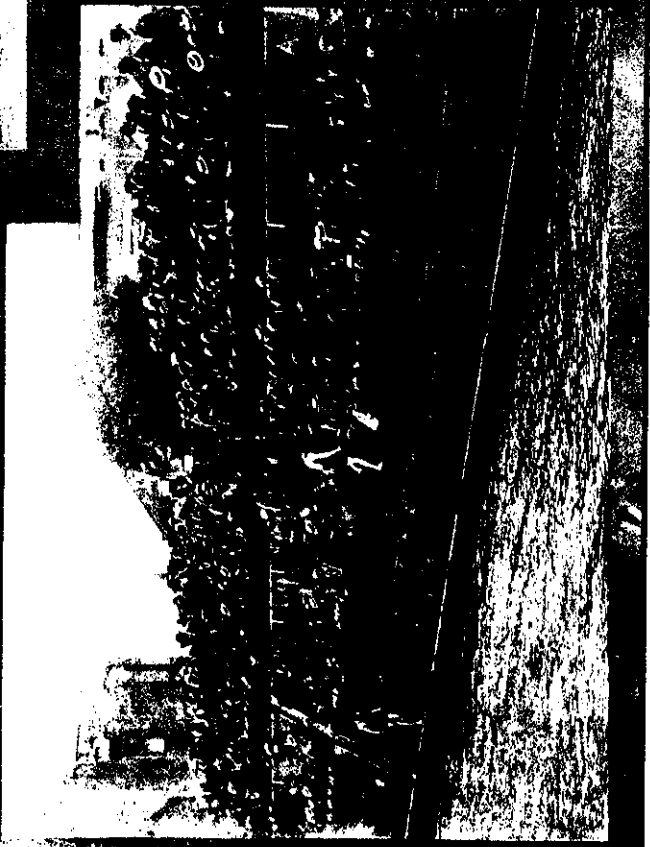
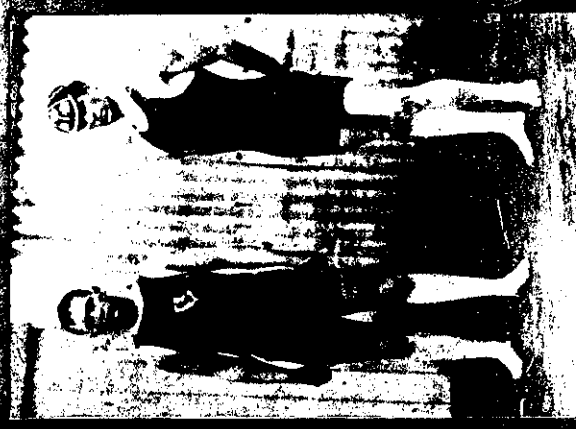
1. Road round the Lake. 2. New Government House, Okereru. 3. View on the Lake. 4. Lower Falls, Aniwaaniwa.

A Trip To and Around Waikaremoana.

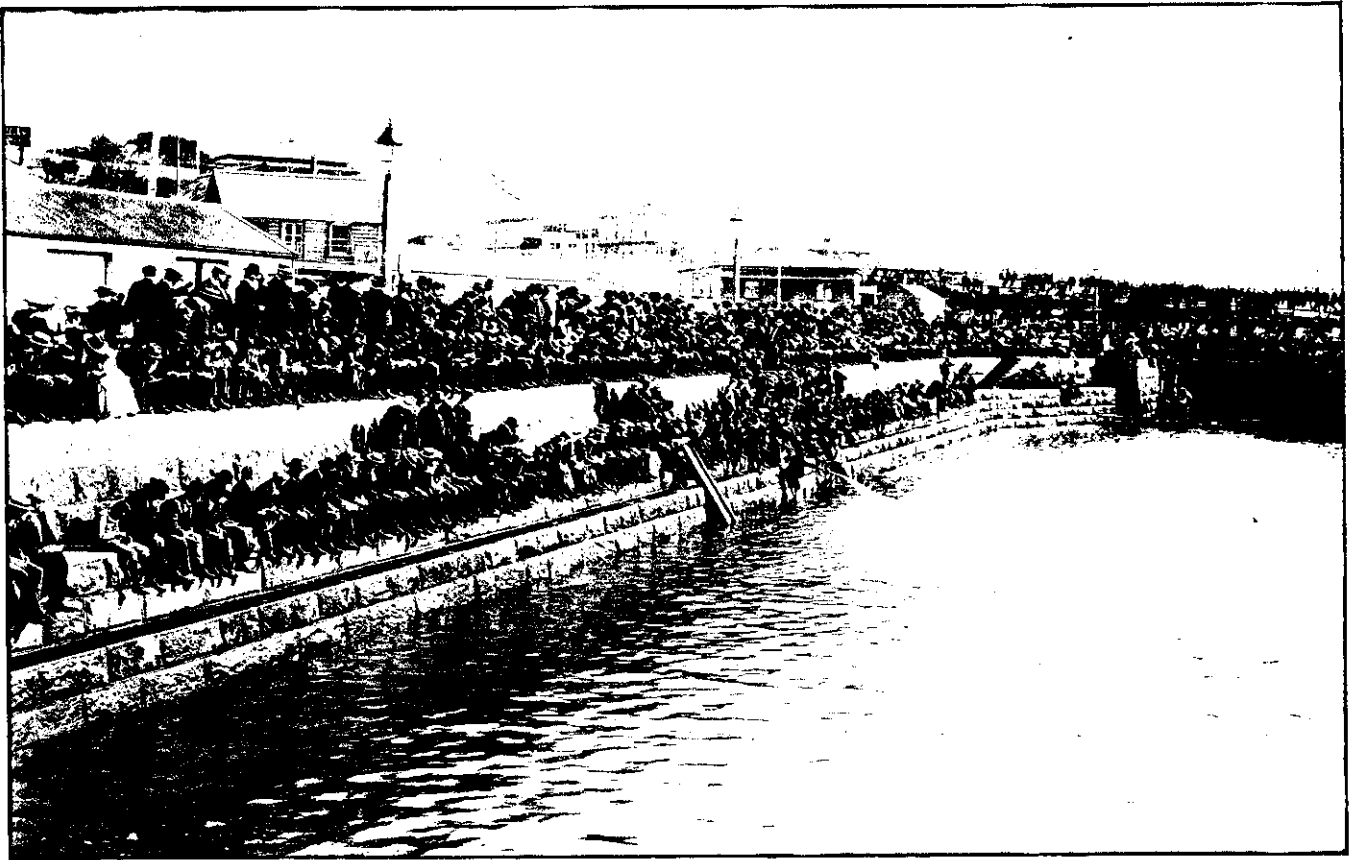


DELEGATES TO ANNUAL MEETING GRAND LODGE U.A.O. DRUIDS, NORTH ISLAND, HELD AT WANGANUI, FEBRUARY 11th and 12th, 1903.

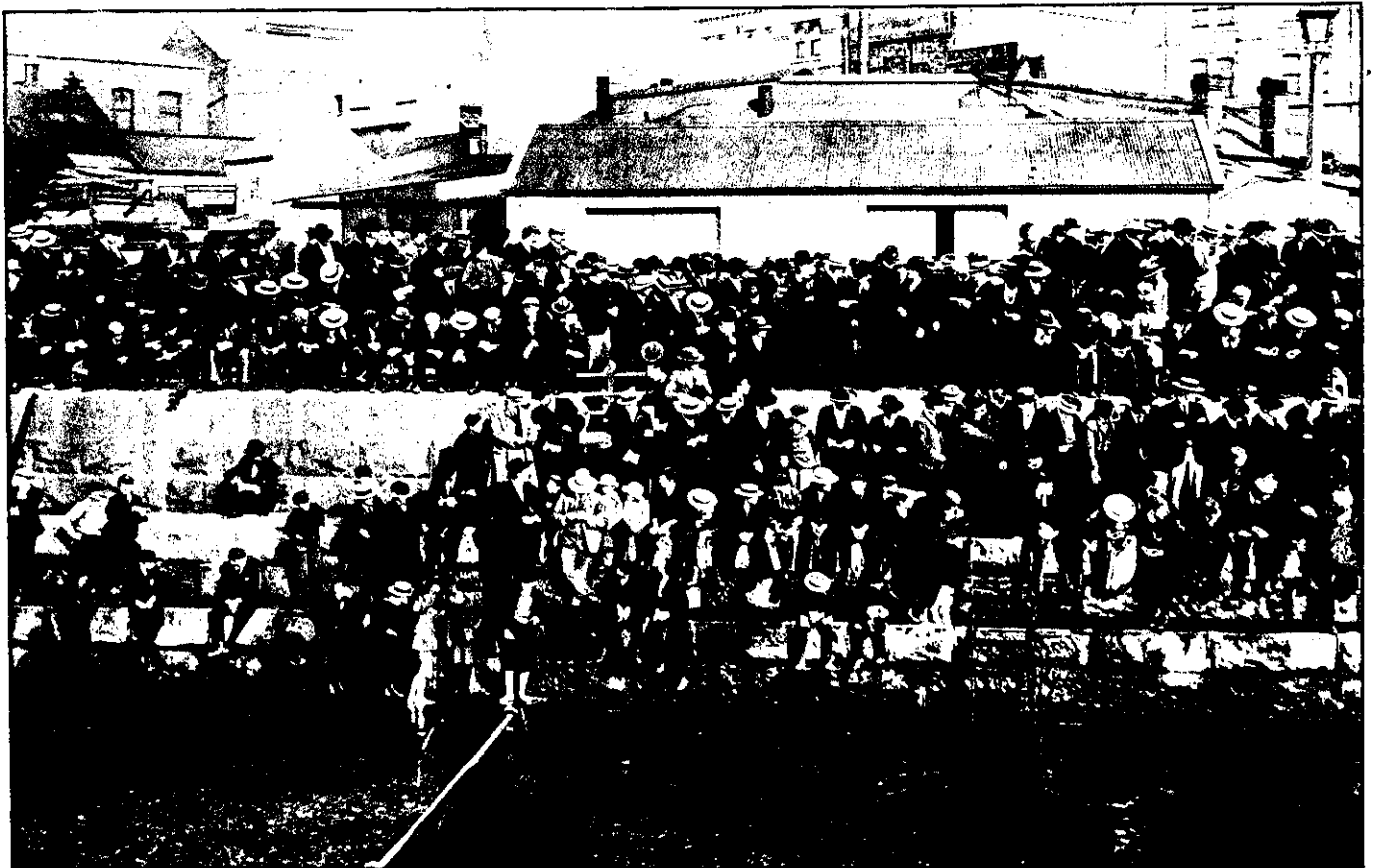
AUCKLAND SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS



1. Second heat 100yds championship. 2. Creaghe, winner 100yds, and Hamilton, winner of 1/2-mile and 400yds championships. 3. Final 100yds championship. 4. Creaghe, winner 100yds championship, coming ashore. 5. Getting ready for 50yds (open).



WAITING FOR THE CHAMPION 100 YARDS.



SOME OF THE SPECTATORS.

Auckland Swimming Championships, Graving Dock, April 4th.

Feilding Exhibition.

Held on March 24 to 28 (inclusive).



A STAND IN THE EXHIBITION



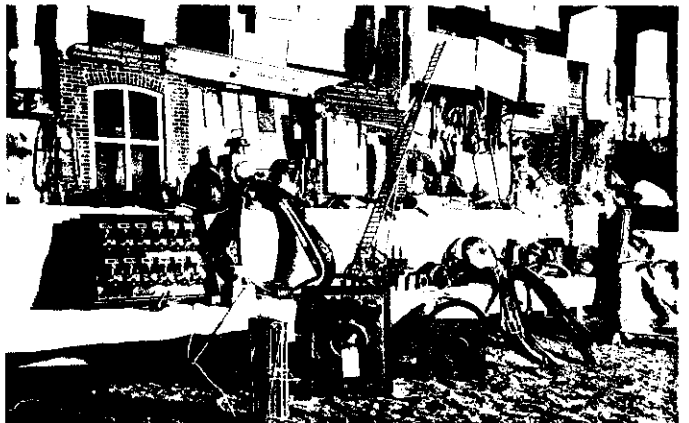
SOUTHERN CROSS BISCUIT COMPANY'S EXHIBIT.



J. B. GILBERD & SON'S (WANGANUI) EXHIBIT OF SOAP.



THE ROSLYN EXHIBIT.



NAPIER FIRE BRIGADE'S EXHIBIT.



A CORNER OF THE EXHIBITION.



G. B. HEALEY'S FIRST PRIZE EXHIBIT.

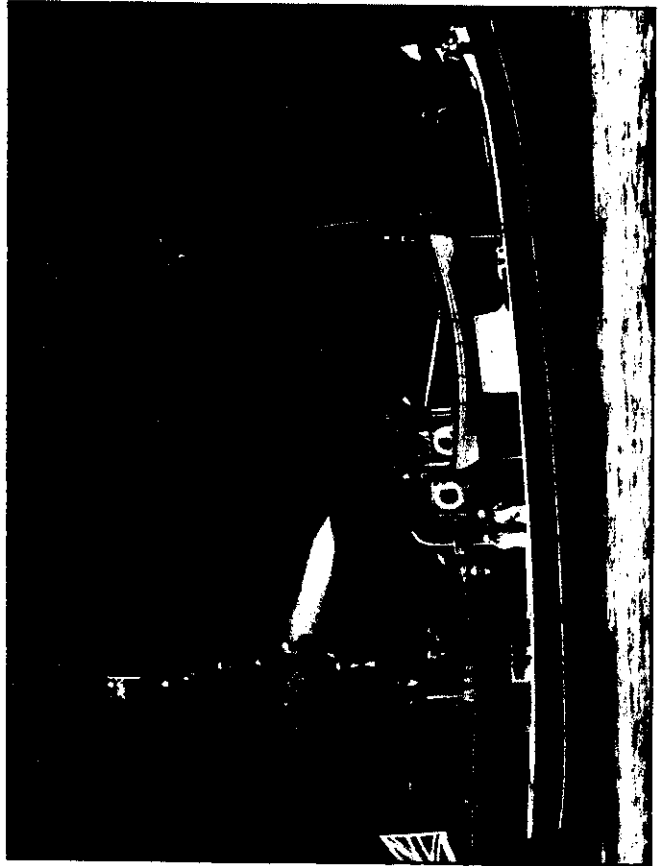


Street Snaps in the Empire City.

1. After lunch—Messrs. Tollhurst and McLellan leaving the club. 2. The bishop tells Mr Watson a story. 3. They see a friend up Johnston-street. 4. "In the service." 5. "Advance" and the Inspector. 6. Been shopping. 7. "Tom." 8. Soon be a thing of the past. 9. The Rev. "Van." 10. From the West Coast—Hon. J. Marshall, M.L.C. and Mr Colvin, M.H.R. 11. H.B., one of Wellington's best-known (in the foreground). 12. When "the House" is sitting.



TWILIGHT BAY.



THE S.S. RITA IN BASIN CREEK, PEGASUS.



PART OF THE RITA COVE, PEGASUS.



HEAD OF RITA COVE, PEGASUS.

A Summer Excursion at Stewart Island, New Zealand.



ROCKY POINT, PORT ADVENTURE.



ON THE WAY TO RINGA RINGA,

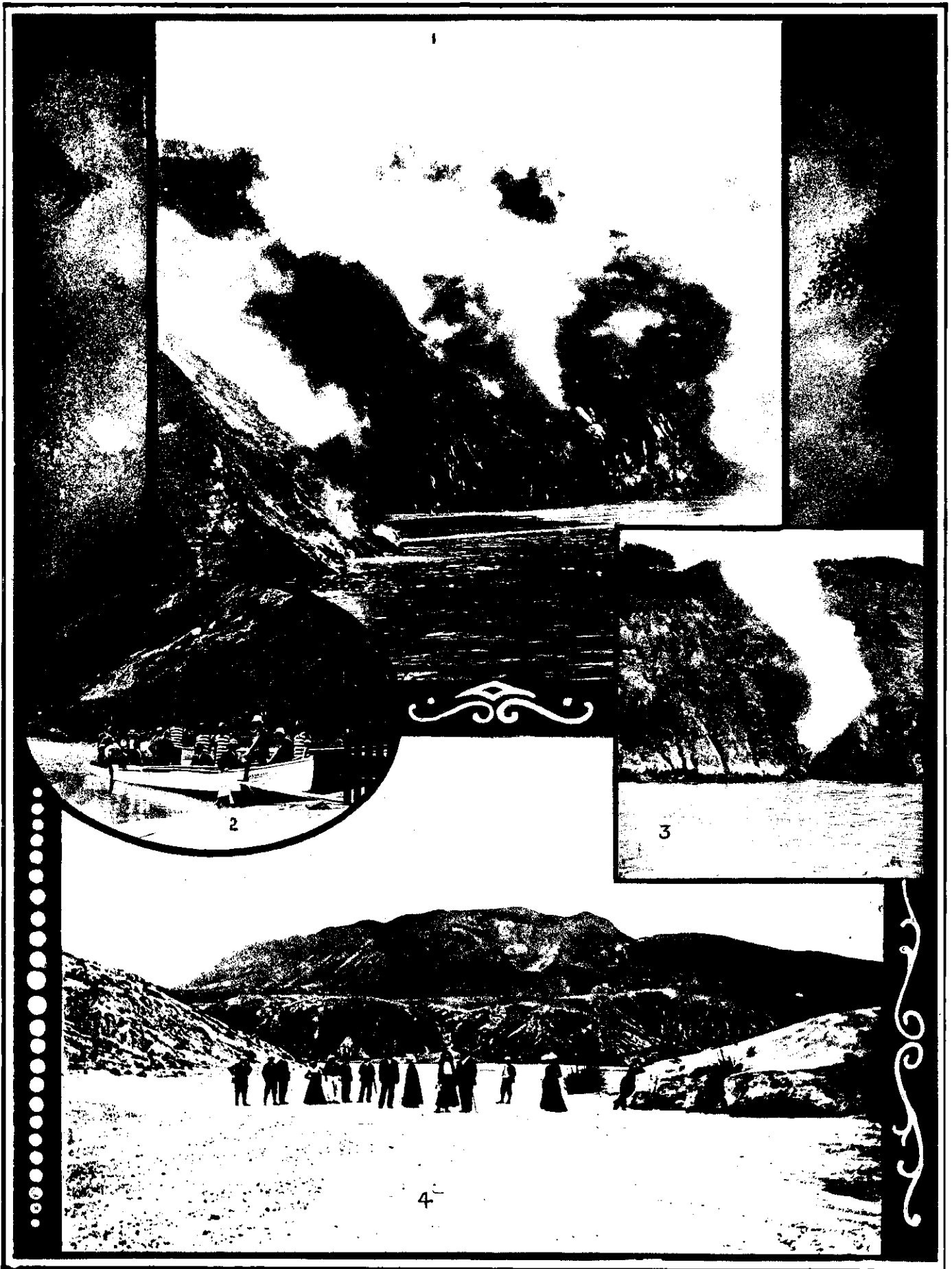


BUSH TRACK



BUSH TRACK FROM HALF-MOON BAY TO HOSESHOE BAY.

A Summer Excursion at Stewart Island, New Zealand.



The Round Trip to Rotorua and Waimunga.

1. Awarua Cliffs, Lake Rotomahana. 2. Leaving the buried village Wairoa. 3. Pat's Geyser, Rotomahana. 4. View of Tarawera.

A Trip from Rotorua to Waimunga.

OVER LAKES TARAWERA AND ROTOMAHANA.

One of the most delightful of all the trips through the Hot Lakes district is that from Rotorua over Lakes Tarawera and Rotomahana to Waimunga. Leaving Rotorua, as the writer did, shortly after 7 a.m. on New Year's Day, and one of a party of Wellington ladies and gentlemen, and favoured with the company of the Hon. Sir J. G. Ward, the Minister in charge of the tourist and health resorts of the colony, the sights to be seen were viewed under the most favourable auspices. We coached the first seven or eight miles until we reached the site of the old village of Wairoa, near Lake Tarawera. The trip to this place is very exciting, as one can see Mount Tarawera in the distance, rising in all his massiveness, while around you stretches the native bush which, together with two small lakes shimmering in the sun, makes the scene a very impressive as well as a very picturesque one. At the site of the old village of Wairoa, we alighted, and for half an hour or so listened enthralled to the stirring stories told us by Mr Warbrick, our guide—stories relating to that terrible night in June, 1886, when Tarawera belched forth fire and ashes. The fact that the buildings there are still in a state of preservation attaches a certain amount of romance to the place, and one can, in a sense, realise the awfulness of that weird night, never to be forgotten by those who lived in close proximity to Tarawera.

After a rail made at the refreshment rooms, erected here for the convenience of tourists, and feeling somewhat revived from the "cup which cheers but does not inebriate," we wended our way down to the shores of Lake Tarawera, where we boarded the Government canoe, which was manned by stalwart Maoris, and made a very quick passage across the lake. The trip across was a most interesting one—on our right we passed the spot where the old native village of Peariki lies hidden from view, embedded in lava; on our left, rising most majestically right from the very lake itself, scarred and dented from summit to base, is Tarawera, with great cavities here and there, having the appearance of some huge monster with mouth wide open ready to devour all and sundry. The walk across the narrow isthmus between Lakes Tarawera and Rotomahana is full of historic interest. Two of the photos appearing herein were taken at this part of the trip. At Lake Rotomahana we again joined the boat, and were rowed over towards and slowly passed the buried terraces. This lake is a perfect wonder. It is practically alive with thermal action, and jets play all around you, some ascending skywards, and others falling horizontally. Crossing one portion of the lake, if you dip your hands in the water you find it intensely cold, while the next minute perhaps your boat will have glided into water at boiling point, and the lapping of the heated water against the sides of the boat makes a very uncanny sound. The photographs produced here, of several geysers, and cliffs, were taken from the boat as we travelled along. As Sir Joseph Ward's trip was an official one, several of the geysers on this visit were named by him, and have been placed on official record for the information of tourists when making this particular trip. Upon leaving the boat at the Waimunga side of this lake, one finds there is a walk of some two miles to Waimunga itself. On this particular occasion the party were not fortunate enough to see the volcano here in eruption, but as most of them had had the pleasure of witnessing it in action some few days before, they bore their disappointment philosophically. The trip over both lakes, with all the history attached to them, and the wonders they seen on one day alone, should satisfy even the most inordinate craving of any tourist. After lunch at Waimunga (sent out to us by coach from Rotorua) we drove back to Rotorua, not only impressed but awed at the sight of the results of those mighty convulsions of nature which took place so many years ago.

The photographs accompanying this article were taken by Mr W. Prouse, of Wellington.

A Sanger Story.

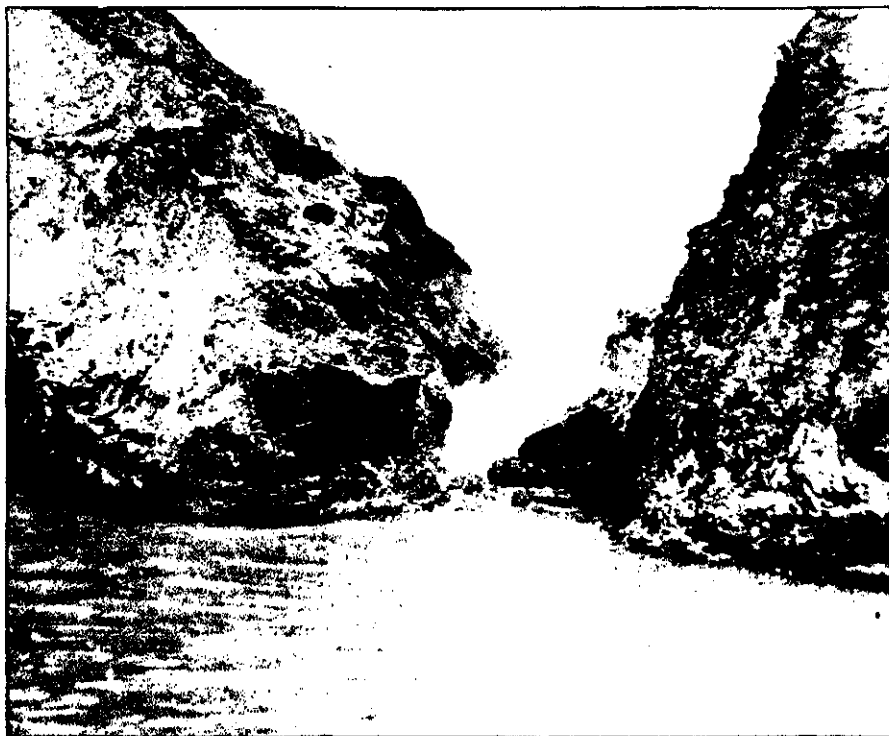
Mr George Sanger, who recently suffered so severely for an attempt to turn his circus into a limited liability company, had a marvellous knack of dealing with angry audiences, and difficulties and objections generally. On one occasion he advertised a new act-drop at the Amphitheatre in Westminster Bridge-road, and unfortunately, owing to the artists' unpunctuality, it was not forthcoming. There was a great disturbance in the disappointed audience, and Mr Sanger, coming forward, expressed his

deep regret, and continued: "I'll tell you just how it was, gentlemen"—(disturbance). "I and my missus were sitting down to a cup of tea and some tripe and onions—just as any of you might, gentlemen"—(attention and sympathy)—"when my manager ran in to me and said, 'Guv'nor, just look at what's happened! Those blessed elephants has got their trunks full o' water, and has squirted it all over your new drop-scene! Well, gentlemen, what was I to do? What can you do—with elephants?'" This explanation put the audience into good humour, and the entertainment proceeded. One bank holiday Mr Sanger gave a "monster" festival on Wornwood Scrubbs, and advertised that a man and

a lion would ascend in the ear of a balloon. All the afternoon the balloon was seen gradually filling with gas, but nothing further transpired. A reporter, getting impatient as the dusk came on, sought out Mr Sanger, and taxed him with omission. "Well, sir," said "Lord George," with one of his quaint smiles, "I put it to you. Would you go up in a balloon with a lion?" Apropos of the Kings of beasts, on one occasion several of them escaped and got under the stage of the Amphitheatre, where they lay amidst packing-cases and other lumber. Mr Sanger went in with a cart-whip and drove the lions by the light of their eyes and drove them back to their cages by sheer audacity.



LAKE ROTOMAHANA.



TE WAARI GEYSER, LAKE ROTOMAHANA (named after Lady Ward).



THE ENTRANCE TO THE PENA CASTLE, CINTRA.



THE MYSTERIOUS PAINTING OF CHRIST.

Great interest has been excited by the mysterious painting of Christ by Herman Salomon, on view at the Dore Gallery, London. This picture opens and shuts its eyes at intervals, a phenomenon due to a certain treatment of the eyes in the painting. Even in this reproduction of the painting the eyes may be seen to close occasionally if the picture be fixed at a distance of a few feet, according to the eyesight of the individual.

The King's Continental Tour.

His Gracious Majesty's visit to Lisbon and beautiful Cintra, where he has been received with boundless enthusiasm, will give much interest to the pictures given on this and the following pages. The King of Portugal, who recently visited England, is one of the pleasantest of European monarchs. He was born on September 28, 1863, and succeeded his father, the late King Louis I., in October, 1889. His mother, Queen Maria Pia, who is still living, is a daughter of the late King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, and therefore aunt to the present King. Carlos I. is also connected with the Teutonic sovereigns through his paternal grandfather, Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the husband of Maria de Gloria, who reigned as Queen of Portugal in her own right from 1826 to 1853; it is also through this union that the King is related to the English Royal Family, his grandfather being a brother of the Duchess of Kent, and therefore uncle to our late Queen Victoria, who always took great interest in her Portuguese relations. The last intermarriage between our Royal House and that of Braganza was that between King Charles II. and Catherine of Braganza.

On May 22, 1886, His Majesty, at that time the Duke of Braganza, married the beautiful and gracious Marie Amelie, daughter of Philippe, the late Duke of Orleans, Comte de Paris; her sister Helene is the wife of the Duke of Aosta. By a curious coincidence their Majesties were born on the same day of the year,

THE HOST OF KING EDWARD.
CARLOS I. OF PORTUGAL.

though the Queen is two years younger. They have two sons—(1) Louis Philippe, Duke of Braganza, born in 1887, and (2) Manuel, born in 1889.

The King's Civil List is 365,000 milreis, or about £80,004, the milreis being 4/5. The Queen has about £13,250 a year. The population of the country is about five millions, and the army, on a peace footing, is over 30,000 men with 312 guns.

His Majesty is a good shot with a sporting gun, and at the rifle-butts can beat any marksman in Portugal. He rides hard and can drive a pair of horses through the narrow streets of Lisbon with great skill, and also plays lawn tennis fairly well. Besides these accomplishments he paints in water-colour, is a clever sculptor, and an accomplished musician. But his forte is languages, of which he speaks seven—five of them fluently—a very useful gift for a King. He is a great admirer of Shakespeare, and in conjunction with the late King he translated several of his plays into Portuguese. As Duke of Braganza he had hardly been married a month before he was called upon to serve his apprenticeship as ruler during the temporary absence of his father, on account of ill-health. The Portuguese were very well pleased with the way in which the Duke acquitted himself of his task, and seem to have had every confidence that the government of Dom Carlos, now their Sovereign, would be characterised by a peaceful policy and a sound administration. Great were the rejoicings throughout the land at the birth of his first son, in whose honour the late King gave a series of State banquets. On these occasions was used that far-famed service

of plate which is of such rare workmanship and of such costly material that it is seldom removed from the strong rooms in which it is kept.

During the fatal illness of Dom Louis, the King's father, his brother Augustus also lay dying; and the one passed away but a few days before the other, the good Queen Maria Pia being with each of them at the close. Deaths seem always to come together in this Royal house, for about the time of his coronation, the new King's aunt—the lately exiled Empress of Brazil—died suddenly. When Dom Louis had breathed his last, Queen Maria Pia called her eldest son to the bedside, addressing him as follows: "I desire that you should be a King, like your father, just and loyal, and I bless you." The King has a great admiration for his mother, regarding her always as his best counsellor, and she has secured the affection of a singularly warm-hearted people. Tall and elegant, with a graceful manner, she is reserved, and yet not without some of the bonhomie of her father, Victor Emmanuel of Italy, whose intelligence she inherits; but she is not talkative, and timid persons feel themselves silenced by her curt replies. "Politikos" says of her: "Philanthropy is with her as much a passion as hunting, music or painting. She is at the head of all Portuguese charitable establishments, which she directs in person even to the minutest details. Many and many a time she will quit the palace at some early morning hour, unaccompanied, simply dressed in black; and none of the household dare ask whither goes Her Majesty, for all know she is bound on some secret errand of mercy. Once when a civic guard, recognising her and seeing her enter one of the lowest quarters in Lisbon, followed her to watch over her safety, she sternly forbade him to divulge what he had seen, or to unmask her anonymity. It is no uncommon sight to see her, on quitting the cathedral after morning mass, surrounded by a crowd of poor people, who kneel as she passes, kiss the hem of her dress, or present some petition."

Before his marriage Dom Carlos was passionately fond of the excitement of the bull-ring, which he would enter incognito, not as a spectator, but to take an active part in this savage sport. In

the Portuguese method of bull-fighting neither bulls nor horses are killed, and to prevent the possibility of a bull goring a horse, his horns are covered with padded guards. One element of danger which is present in the Spanish method is thus removed. Now, the King is nothing if not brave; and when one of the beautiful Court ladies remarked that it was not fair to the bull, and thoughtlessly dared the Duke of Braganza (as he then was) to face the animal with its sharp horns unguarded, he gallantly replied that he would do so at the next bull-fight, and



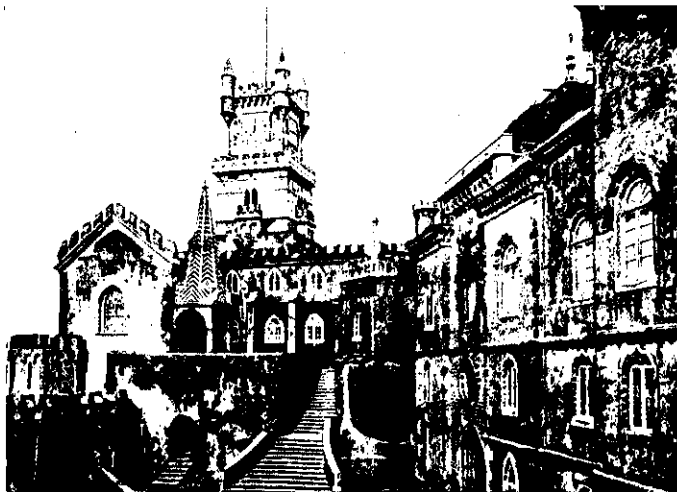
THE ROYAL PALACE, QUELUZ.



THE SUMMER PALACE.



THE CROWN PRINCE, LOUIS PHILIPPE OF PORTUGAL.



THE ROYAL MOORISH CASTLE AT CINTRA.



H. M. THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

His Majesty the King's Visit to Portugal.

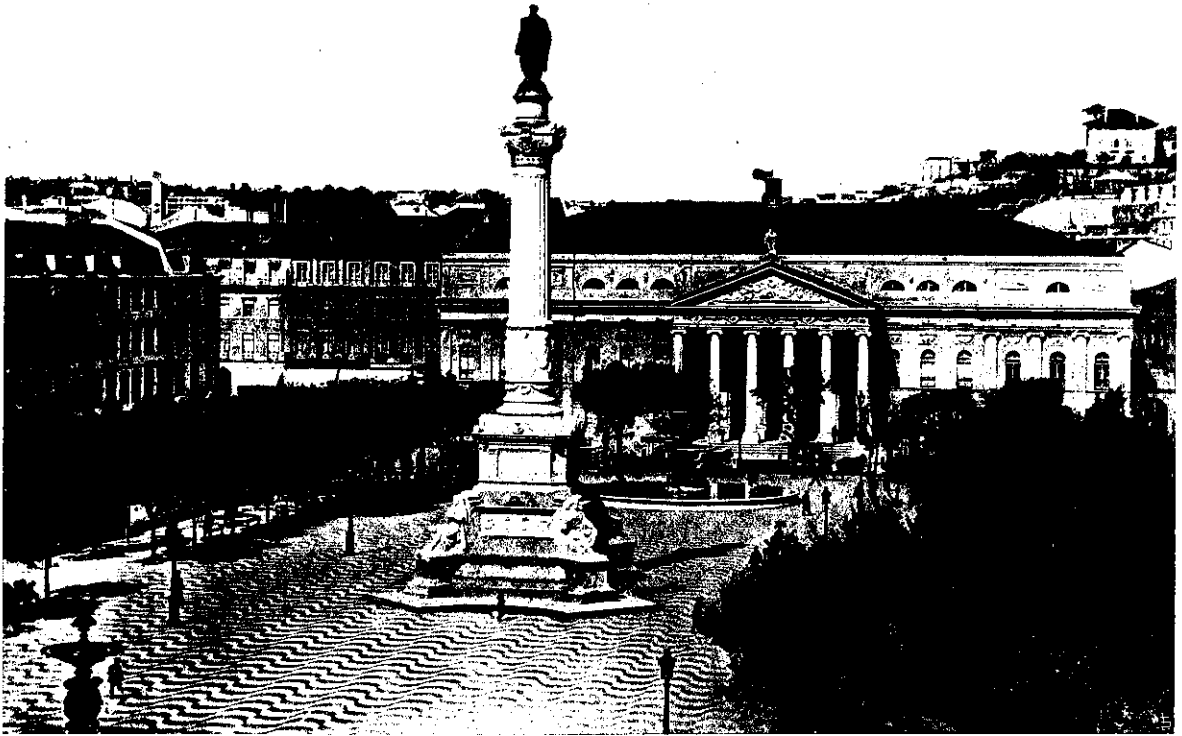
invited the lady to witness his doings from the Royal box. In Portugal the regulations of the ring strictly enjoin that no bull be fought "with points un-bated"; but in spite of this orders were given that a bull was to be admitted into the arena with his horns unguarded. Dom Carlos took his stand before the swinging doors, with the frilled darts ready in his hand, and waited for the bull. But a bull rarely charges home at the first attempt; and this one stopped, snorted angrily, and threw up the sand with its front hoofs. The Duke waved his arms, made a feint to lure it on, and then, as it charged again, sprang to one

side to avoid it, but in the very act of springing, slipped on a wet place left by the watering-hose, and fell! The whole audience rose with a simultaneous cry of horror; for though the Duke fought incognito, everyone knew who the too bold banderillo was. Another fighter waved his red capa in the bull's face; the animal's attention was diverted for a second, and the Duke rose. But, unfortunately, the bull saw the movement, and made once more for his first adversary. Then came a moment of breathless suspense while the Duke ran for his life towards the timber barricade, which he cleared at a bound; a second or two la-

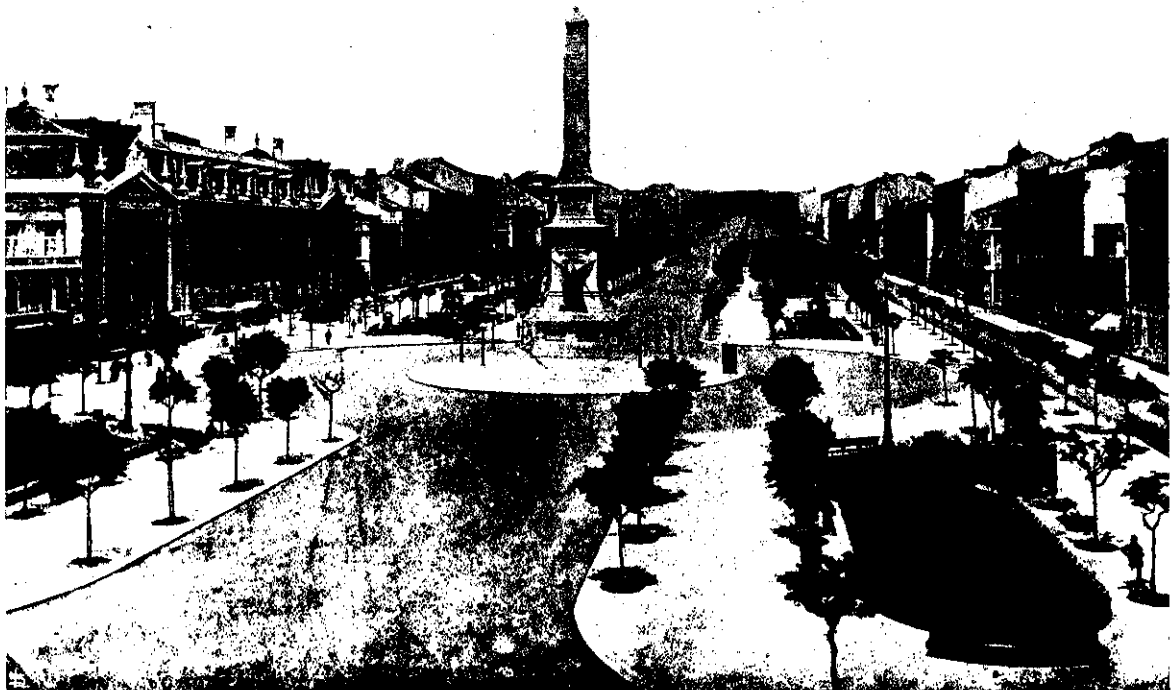
ter the bull's horns made splinters in the woodwork just below where the Duke's heels had passed over!

Since her father's banishment from France Queen Amelie has spent a great part of every year with her parents in England, and thus learned to love England and English customs, both she and her sister, the Duchess of Aosta, having always taken a keen delight in the pleasures of English country life. The Queen, who was born at Twickenham, was educated for the most part in England, though she spent a part of each year in France and Spain with her parents' relations. She was the favourite grand-

child of her maternal grandmother, a most talented Princess, the late Duchesse de Montpensier, younger sister of the ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, who had her chief residences in Spain. It was through the Duchesse that the marriage of Princess Amelie to the future King of Portugal was arranged, her Royal Highness having been on terms of intimate friendship with his father and mother. The Crown Prince was but twenty-two years of age when he came in 1885 to the English Court to woo the lovely Princess. He was received with great friendliness by Queen Victoria, who did all in her power to help him in his suit.

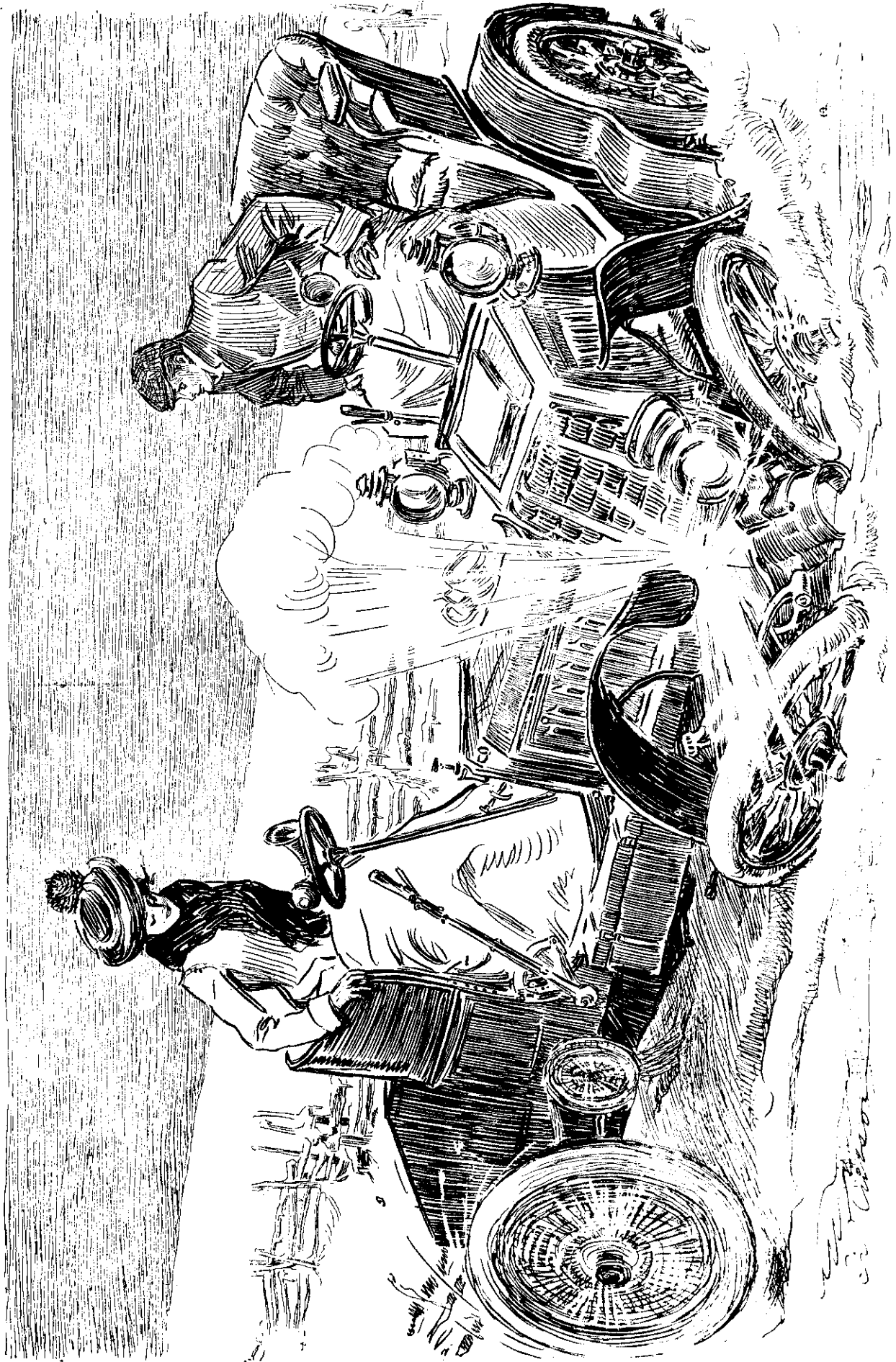


THE PRAZIO DE DOM PEDRO IV., LISBON.



THE AVENIDA DA LIBERDADE AT LISBON.

His Majesty the King's Visit to Portugal.



"All Broke Up."

A MOTOR STUDY BY THE FAMOUS AMERICAN ARTIST GIBSON.

About the Opal.

The ancients venerated the opal as a stone of good omen, and invested it "with power to banish evil spirits, to inspire pure thoughts, and to induce sweet dreams." They called it the "love-stone." The opal possesses a peculiar susceptibility to outside influences. Dullness and brilliancy succeed each other

with the regularity of atmospheric variations. Too much heat will rob the stone of its beauty, and some species are spoiled by too much moisture. Science has discovered that the human body, in certain diseased conditions, emits vapours that are capable of rendering the stone dull and opaque. It is this curious fact that has given rise to superstitious ideas among the ignorant of the present age. Superstitious Spaniards believe that the misfortunes of the present dynasty have been caused by an ill-omened opal, given

by a neglected beauty and adventuress to Alfonso XII, less than a quarter of a century ago. The King gave it to Queen Mercedes, who admired its great beauty, and she died in a few months. The King, not wishing to keep the ring, gave it to his grandmother, Queen Christina, who only lived a short time after receiving it. It was next bestowed upon the Infanta Maria del Pilar, who died in a few days of a mysterious illness. The King then presented the fatal ring to his sister-in-law, the youngest daughter of the Duc

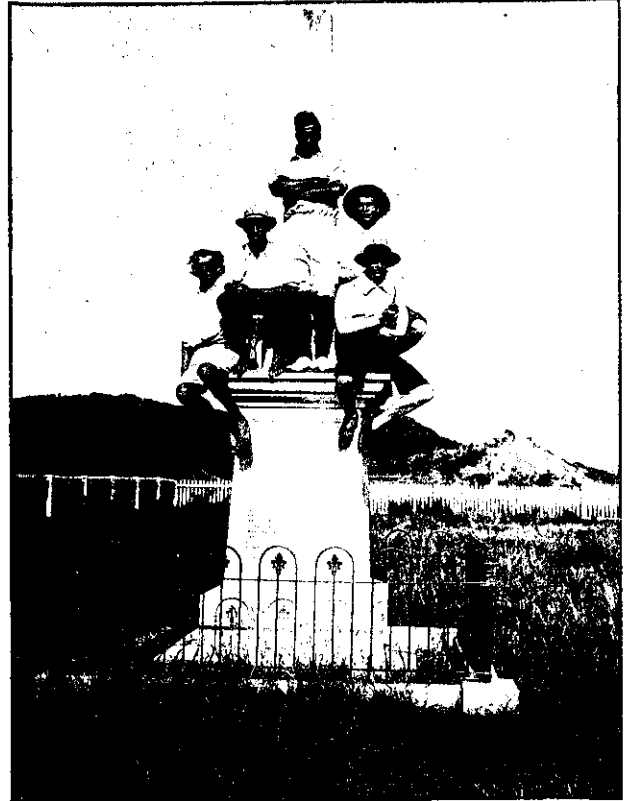
and Duchesa de Montpensier, who lived scarcely three months after receiving the jewel. After these fatalities the King decided to keep the ring himself, but, evidently not believing in an evil influence, put the ring on his little finger. He is said to have expired within twenty-four hours. The Queen-Regent, who is not at all superstitious, took possession of the ring, but in deference to the pleadings of her friends not to wear it, she hung it about the neck of her patron saint at Madrid, where it is to-day.



Valle, photo.

AN INTERESTING RELIC.

For the past two or three years very few relics have been recovered from the wreck of the "Boyd," in Whangarei Harbour. A short time ago, however, Mr Gordon of Whangarei, anchored over the wreck, and succeeded in recovering one of the rubber engines of the vessel. It is made of brass, and is in perfect preservation. The weight of this interesting relic of early N.Z. history, is 150lb. When found several drift bolts of copper were found, a portion of the caskum packing round the same being still intact, after an immersion of 93 years.



YACHTSMEN AT THE WAITANGI MONUMENT.



H. Stewart, photo.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.



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"Hard Pressed"—A Maori War Incident at Heke's Pah, 1845.

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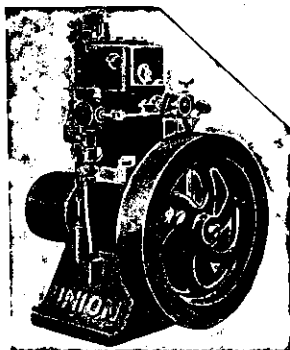
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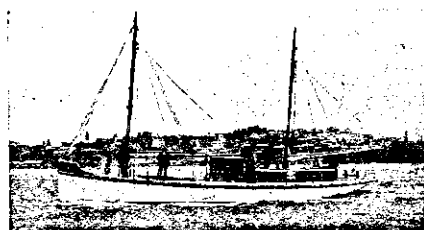
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Spectacle Cases

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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

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All the charming designs you can imagine are here, and the prices you will find, as usual, satisfactory. Prices from 10s. 6d. to £20.

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Music and Drama.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE EVENT OF AN EVENTFUL YEAR. COMMENCING, SATURDAY, APRIL 11. WILLIAM ANDERSON'S FAMOUS DRAMATIC ORGANISATION.

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 MR FRANK HAWTHORNE
 MR WALTER DAIKLEISH
 MR GEORGE BASSETT
 MR WALTER RIVERS
 MR GEORGE COATES
 ETC., ETC., ETC.
 MISS HELEN BURDETTE
 MISS IDA GRESHAM
 MISS KATHIE TOWERS
 MISS JOSEPHINE THYNNE
 MISS PATIENCE HUGHES
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 ETC., ETC., ETC.
 The Opening Attraction will be WALTER MELVILLE'S Celebrated Sensational and Spectacular Drama, entitled, "THE WORST WOMAN IN LONDON." THE WORST WOMAN IN LONDON. THE WORST WOMAN IN LONDON. PRODUCED REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE.
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 Fred. W. Duval, Touring Manager
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In connection with the production of Ibsen's play, "When We Dead Awaken," the "Morning Post" says: "Mr George Titherage gave a very life-like and human presentation of Rubek. The honours of the performance were with Miss Henrietta Watson, whose portrayal of the visionary Irne was a remarkable and uncommonly successful effort."

We are to have a visit in June from Mark Hambourg, the celebrated pianist. He is now in America, where, according to late advices, he has had an enormous success, carrying everything before him. In New Zealand he will visit the four centres, giving four concerts in each place. He will be accompanied by his brother, a cellist, and by Mr John Lemmone, the well-known flautist.

Miss Lily Dampier, the well-known actress, was recently lying dangerously ill at Broken Hill. For a couple of days the worst was looked for, but she rallied, and is now on the road to recovery. The theatre was closed for two nights, as no one in the com. could play her parts in "East Lynne" and "The Merchant of Venice," and the management wasn't prepared with any other pieces.

The veteran Signor Luigi Arditi, the well-known conductor and composer of "Il Bacio," the "Arditi Valse," and many other familiar pieces, though now in his eighty-third year, has lately recovered from an illness so severe that at one time the worst was feared, and the last ministrations of the Church was proffered to him. He is still confined to his room, but in spite of a good deal of weakness he is at work upon the score of a new song-valse. At present he is living at Home.

Mr F. W. Duval is in Auckland making preparations for the appearance here of Mr W. Anderson's Dramatic Company, which opens here in His Majesty's Theatre on Easter Saturday. Mr Duval has got a commission which will take him to America when he has finished his engagement with Mr Anderson. This is the organisation of a company to tour the colonies from among the States' artists. Very probably the company will be after the fashion of the popular "Trip to Chinatown" combination, but the financier of the scheme, Mr George Stephenson (of football fame), has given him practically carte blanche in the matter of choice.

A most extraordinary incident took place just before the fall of the curtain at the Comedy Theatre during the representation of "Beaucaire" in London last month. A lady in the stalls was suddenly and unexpectedly confined of a stillborn child. It speaks volumes for the attractiveness of Mr Lewis Waller's acting, says the "Era," that ladies will, in order to witness it, run the risk of the most unpleasant accidents. Well, that's one way of looking at it, but there is another more humorous, if less complimentary, to the actor.

Mr Edwin H. Lemare, the famous English organist, is to give a series of recitals on the Sydney Town Hall organ. It is hoped that not only will he extend his visit to the other cities of the Commonwealth, but that he may come to New Zealand as well. Mr Lemare, though comparatively a young man, has the reputation of being one of the best organists heard in England. Not long since he took a position at Pittsburg, in the United States.

Mr Allan Hamilton describes the furee, "Are You a Mason?" which has been staged by the Broughs at Calcutta with great success, as a "screamer" which eclipses "Charley's Aunt." J. C. Williamson, holds the Australian rights of the piece, and intends producing it at the Palace Theatre, Sydney, at Easter. George Giddens, who made a hit in the piece on its first performance, in London, at the Shaftesbury Theatre, will be the principal. The leading lady will be Ethel Knight Mellison, a Con-

tinued lady, who is described as a great beauty. Cecil Ward will also be in the cast.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt has completed a tolerably varied round of human experiences by the exceedingly odd sensation of being kissed in her own theatre at the zenith of her fame by the audience of the Parisians who are supposed to adore her. The leaders of the demonstration give a singular explanation. Madame Bernhardt is playing "Andromache," and feeling that her Hermione is not the Hermione of Racine, and still less of classic tradition, they felt bound to protest against excess of modern realism. The students of the Quartier Latin are simply indignant and vent their rage really more in sorrow than in anger!

Florence Seymour, who is "on dit" to be leading lady in the company which Harry Plimmer is to form to play the best pieces of the Brough repertoire, is a bold woman to step, or attempt to step, into Mrs Brough's shoes, but no one who saw her years ago (fourteen about) in Haddon Chambers' great play, "Captain Swift," will doubt her ability in characters of an emotional order. Hers was a truly magnificent performance, and so, by the way was the Hadzfelt of poor Kennedy (long since dead), and the Captain Swift of that accomplished actor, but amazingly casual customer, Harry St. Maur, of whom, or from whom, one has not heard, by the way, this half score of years.

The Earl of Yarmouth, who has appeared on many occasions as an amateur, and who, when stopping at Government House, Sydney, created some amusement as a skirt dancer, has figured of late years as a professional actor in London and New York. It is now announced he is to marry Miss Alice Thaw, of Pittsburg. Miss Thaw's mother is a widow, whose husband left her several millions. Four children, of whom Miss Thaw is one, have equal portions of £2,000,000 in their own right left them by their father. The Earl's marriage is expected to take place in the early spring, when the stage, except as an amateur, will know him no more.

Miss May Pollard, who is at present on a visit from South Africa, has brought with her some very interesting photos of the places brought so prominently before the public during the recent war; also some excellent views of the Peace Celebrations. Miss Pollard has also some autographed photos of many of the famous generals, who gave them to the actress in recognition of her services as an entertainer of sick and wounded soldiers. Miss Pollard speaks of South Africa in the highest terms, the country affording much scope for business, both mercantile and theatrical. The climate is not any worse than the Victorian. Five months is the length of Miss Pollard's intended stay in Melbourne, after which she returns to South Africa, where she intends to make her permanent home.

Mr John Philip Sousa is apparently the victim of an unsatisfactory state of the law that is still, in spite of the new Act, pressing very heavily on our own music publishers (says the "Era"). He writes:—"We have a tradition in America that English law is a model to be emulated by all people. You can imagine my astonishment therefore, on arriving in London, to find that pirated editions of my compositions were being sold

broadcast in your city. I have been labouring under the delusion that, as I have complied with the requirements of the International Copyright laws, your Government would assume the responsibility of finding a way to protect my property. Apparently no such responsibility exists. Surely there must be a remedy to protect a composer from such a deplorable injustice!"

English managers are, perhaps, at times inclined to envy the subventioned theatres of Paris; but it should be remembered that, to balance the Government subsidy, the Paris manager has to give 10 per cent. of his gross receipts to the poor, and 35 per cent. of the receipts to the dramatist whose piece is being performed. So that 25 per cent. of his receipts is carried off "at one fell swoop." In England there is no droit de pauvres, and even famous British playwrights rarely demand more than 10 per cent. As for the beginners, they have to take what they can get.

The German Emperor is certainly a man of attainments. We all know that he is a capable musician and a linguist; we now have the word of Leoncavallo that he is composing an opera, for which the Emperor has provided the libretto. Says Leoncavallo: "I can only tell you that I am working hard on it, and with enthusiasm. My Paris visit has distracted me somewhat, but I am now about to make up for lost time. I leave Rome shortly for Milan, where I shall settle down in the repose of my own rooms to finish the new opera which I hope to place in His Majesty's hands in the spring." The new piece, which is called "Roland," is to be done at the Imperial Theatre, Berlin, in the autumn."

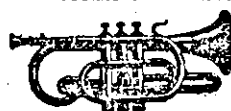
The successful appearance of Miss Nellie Stewart, supported by an English comedy company, organised by Mr. George Musgrove some twelve months ago, in one of the latest stage stories of the favourite historic series, "Nell Gwynne," has been enthusiastically heralded to New Zealand, where Mr. G. Barnes is working the show in advance for all he is worth. The impression created elsewhere by Miss Nellie Stewart on her first entrance into a higher domain of her profession has aroused a deep feeling of expectancy, curiosity, and interest among playgoers here. After all, why should there be so much surprise at Miss Stewart's undoubted success? Reflection should have convincingly satisfied that the player had already revealed in a long career all the qualities necessary for her success as the "Pretty, Witty Nell." Have not her past triumphs in "La Mascotte," "Dorothy," "Ma Mie Rosette" and other exhibitions of her "infinite variety" as a comedienne proved the possession of that vivaciousness, tenderness and underlying charm that have succeeded in making "Sweet Nell" the biggest success ever put on an Australian stage? The company open this week in Dunedin, and go then to Christchurch, where "Sweet Nell" commences operations on April 27, after which Auckland, May 12th, and Wellington, June 17th.

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Fitzgerald's Circus did enormous business in Auckland, and deserved well of the public, for they put on a most excellent show. They are now touring the larger provincial towns of the North.

Miss Fitzmaurice Gill has been doing most admirable business in the small towns, and fair in the larger centres. At present writing she is in Wellington, where the season closes on Thursday. She then opens in Christchurch on April 11.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

A Trip to and Around Waikaremoana.

(By J. A. Wilkes.)

Thursday night, November 6, at midnight, saw me aboard the s.s. Tangaroa, en route for Wairoa and Waikaremoana. We arrived off Wairoa Heads after a very pleasant passage of about 4½ hours. A large number of passengers were carried this trip, and some little time was taken in landing us in surf boats on the beach, from whence most of the passengers were conveyed in brulces to the town. I had to wait about two hours for my bike to be landed, so that by the time I reached Wairoa (two miles) breakfast was ready, and at about 10 o'clock I started on my cycle trip to Waikaremoana.

My load on leaving Wairoa was no small one, consisting as it did of camera, one gross plates, tent, tucker and a change of clothing, in all weighing about 60lbs.

I encountered a fair wind all the first day, and it proved of considerable assistance, as the road was very heavy. From Wairoa to Frasertown, five miles, where the Wairoa River is crossed by a ferry, the road was very good, but it seemed to get worse the farther I went. For another fifteen miles the road was fairly level, with a few small rises, but was either very bumpy or very sandy, except for about two miles, which was hard and very fair going. In the next ten miles there are a few more hills, with very steep gradients and awful surfaces, but this is compensated for by the lovely views obtained of the swiftly-flowing Waikare Taheke River, which the road follows for miles; here rushing and darting just a few feet away from the road, and there, at the bottom of a cutting round some projecting hill, but never very far away, while here and there along its banks are scattered the picturesque kiangas of the Maoris, who greet the passers by with a cheery call or a wave of the hand. The whole makes as pretty a picture as one could wish to see, and worth travelling over many a mile of sandy roads or hills to see.

At Terapatiki (James) I had tea, and spent some time in bargaining with the Maoris to row me round the lakes. This I arranged for eventually at 7/ per day per man, I to find tucker and boat. Nearly all the men were away shearing, or I might have arranged better terms. By this time it was nearly dark, so I resolved to push on to Onepoto for the night, in order to make an early start on the lake on the following morning.

At about thirty miles the road starts to ascend the long hill (five miles) to the lake, and a view of the road winding round the hill miles ahead and hundreds of feet above is not calculated to drive despair from the heart of the weary cyclist, who has already ridden (and walked) thirty miles of unmentionable road.

In a little bush about quarter way up a swift mountain torrent crosses the road, and this has to be waded, a process calling into use a lot of latent profanity, as the bottom is strewn with tremendous boulders and small sharp-pointed stones. You place your foot, you think firmly, on a boulder, and you slip quickly from thence on to the sharp stones, other boulders and stones meeting your ankle and shins half-way. This is bad enough in daytime, but I crossed it at about 9 p.m., besides carrying a very heavy load, and didn't even have the advantage of seeing the boulders. The new skin hadn't grown when I left Rotorua two weeks later. The effects of this and a "stred feeling" that I felt coming on caused me to look, with more than usual interest, for signs of the Waimoko Fa, about half-way up the hill, and I did not feel at all sorry when at about 9.30 the barking of innumerable dogs betokened my near approach to the pa, where I was very hospitably received by Hurae Puketapu and his people, who provided me with very comfortable quarters in an empty whara.

The following morning turned out very windy, and as this would prevent me going out on to the lake, I decided to take advantage of my friend's request that I spend the day with them, as this was their Sunday (they being Hauhaus). It afforded great pleasure to the tribe to have me riding round the pa on my bike, as many of the natives had never seen one before, and when I departed in the afternoon they all turned out and followed me for some distance up the hill. I arrived at Onepoto (J. R. Phillips) at about 3.30, and had the opportunity of seeing the lake in its very roughest state.

The remainder of the afternoon I spent in looking round the sights near the outlet, such as Colonel Herrick's old redoubt, subterranean outlets, etc. I also saw a tree which has lifted up, and is now supporting a huge mass of stone, weighing about 20 tons.

The following morning, in the company of young Phillips, I ascended Panekiri, a steep climb of nearly 1000 feet, through bush the whole way, and I was amply rewarded by the magnificent view obtained of the lake and surrounding country.

In the afternoon I rode round the lake by the new road to the Government accommodation house at O Kereru, about 4½ miles. This road is fairly flat the whole way, and was in splendid condition, except in a few places, where blasting operations were being carried on. This road is sure to be a great attraction to tourists on account of the lovely scenery the whole way, and the splendid views obtained of the lake from almost any point. The view, looking from the head of Rosie Bay towards Panekiri, is one never to be forgotten, and such might almost be said of hundreds of other spots on the way.

In a few places the road leaves the lake side, and runs inland through some of the thick bush which comes down to the water's edge nearly all round the lake.

I have travelled very extensively through the bush in the North Island, and have seen most of the lovely spots described in the guide books, but I have never yet seen bush scenery that can compare with that passed through on this road. The beauty is quite beyond description, and I think about the finest part of all is at O Kereru, quite near the accommodation house, where, after many a twist and turn through the dense bush, between immense trees and luxuriant undergrowth, one suddenly comes upon a few workmen's cottages scattered over a small clearing.

I found the accommodation house still in the carpenters' hands, and I had to sleep on the floor with what blankets I could get from the men, who treated me very well.

The house is now (February) finished, and should provide very comfortable quarters for tourists. It is a large house, containing about 14 bedrooms, sitting, dining, smoking and bath rooms, besides every convenience, and the Government are to be congratulated on having provided such a substantial house in this out-of-the-way place.

The view from the verandah or from the small hill alongside is perhaps the best general view to be obtained of the lake, excepting perhaps from Panekiri, embracing almost the whole area of Waikaremoana, with the entrance to Wairaupoana away in the distance.

Hard Pressed.

The spirited drawing entitled "Hard Pressed," which we produce this week, recalls an incident which will be remembered by the "old hands" who were in the colony at that early date, and many of the younger generation will have read of it in the annals of that exciting time known as Heke's war. A party of regulars, comparatively few in number, were manoeuvring in the vicinity of the Maori warriors' pa one day when they were surprised at both front and rear by well-armed Maoris in overwhelming odds. The order was quickly given to form a double line, back to back, and a desperate encounter ensued. Bullets fell thick and fast, and for a time the chances of the British troops coming out of the ambush were almost hopeless, but they stuck to their posts and eventually beat back the huaky hordes; not, however, without leaving more than one gallant soldier dead on the field.

Whale Hunting in the Shetland Islands.

An esteemed correspondent who has visited New Zealand, and found many Highlanders there, sends the following article, accompanied by the fine photo on page 1007:

Our illustration depicts a portion of a school of whales numbering between 80 and 90 which was recently stranded by the fishermen of Weisdale, in the Shetlands, the Ultima Thule of Britain.

Weisdale is a quite romantic hamlet about 12 miles from the county town of Lerwick. The crofters' cottages are situated on both sides of a long narrow "voe," or fiord, which extends for a considerable distance inland, bounded by high hills.

It was on a Sunday in the beginning of February this year that the capture was made. The morning dawned bright and fair, the wind was scarcely sufficient to ruffle the waters of the "voe," and, in fact, a more peaceful scene could scarce be imagined, and one would have been inclined to think that it was impossible for anything to occur which could turn that Sunday quiet into a scene of animation. The people were getting ready to go to the little church at the "roe-head," as was their custom, when suddenly it chanced that someone looked out in the direction of Ruassness, a headland which marks the entrance to Weisdale Voe, and there descried a school of whales disporting themselves. As quick almost as thought the intelligence spread from house to house, and the cry of "Whaals!" sounded on every hand. That Sabbath quiet was broken, and all thought of church-going abandoned by many. Boats were launched as quickly as was possible, and proceeded to the vicinity of the whales. Then the hunt began, and although it was slow and dangerous work, yet eventually the fishermen in their little boats were successful in driving the whales into the voe. It was then that excitement waxed intense. Most of the Shetlanders are expert at using harpoons and lances, long years of experience at Greenland has made them so; and so, when the whales got into shallow water the boats closed in on them, and harpooning began. The maddened animals, half-

blinded by blood, tore about in all directions, and woe betide the luckless boat that came within reach of their tails as they lashed the water in their fury. At last they began to take the ground, and were then dispatched as expeditiously as possible, but darkness had set in before the coup de grace was given to the last.

These whales are termed "caasing," or driving whales, and will measure from six to about twenty-five feet in length. These are only valuable for the oil, which in this case yielded about £80 to the captors. In the days gone by, when a school of whales was captured, the landlord, whose property adjoined the place where they were landed, used to claim one-third of the total proceeds, but years ago, when a large school was captured, the fishermen resented this claim, and when the case came before the court it was finally decided that the landlord had no right to make this claim. J.N.

Clarke's B 41 Pills are warranted to cure Gravel, Pains in the Back, and all kindred Complaints. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. In boxes 4s 6d each, of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors, The Liverpool and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

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Personal Paragraphs.

His Excellency the Governor, Lady Ranfurly and Lady Constance Knox, accompanied by Major Alexander, are on a visit to South Canterbury. On leaving there the party will visit Auckland. Mr John Marshall left for Sydney by the Waitcare for a three weeks' trip. Miss Basley (Parnell) has returned from her trip down South. Mrs Crump, Eltham, is on a visit to her people in Blenheim. Miss Cones, of Wellington, was in Auckland during this past week. Mrs. Willie Maxwell (Tauranga) is on a visit to Auckland. Mr. St. Clair Jounnare, of Wellington, has arrived in Auckland. Mr. Herries, M.H.R., was in Auckland last week. Miss Brigham is still in Melbourne, and having a very enjoyable time. Miss N. Heath, of Fitzroy road, Napier, left for Wellington last week. It is pleasing to hear that Mrs. Brigham is in much improved health. Mr Samuel denies the report that he is to be made a Supreme Court judge. Miss Pusley, Nelson, is visiting her sister, Mrs H. F. Thompson, in Picton. Miss Grace Harcourt is back in Wellington after a visit to friends in Otaki. Miss Burke, of the Marine Parade, Napier, has gone to stay in the North. Mr A. E. Kennedy has been appointed engineer to the Pohangina County Council. Messrs T. E. Taylor and G. Laurenson are making a visit to the Chatham Islands. Mrs Lysnar, of Gisborne, has been staying in Napier with her mother, Mrs. Tiffen. Mrs. John Burns and her sister, who is lately from Home, are making a short stay at Rotorua. Herr Benno Scherek will accompany Mr Edward Lloyd in his tour of the colony. Dr Cobbett, lately well-known in Auckland, is returning to New Zealand again. Captain and Mrs Baillie and Miss Halse, are staying at the Federal Hotel, Picton. Miss Coates, who was in Auckland for a short visit, returned to Wellington on Monday. Miss Simcox, of Porangahau, is staying with Mrs. J. H. Coleman, of "Waititirau," Napier. Mr Hunken, formerly chief officer of the s.s. Clansman, has assumed command of the s.s. Glenelg. Mrs Frank Jervis (Auckland) is staying with her sister-in-law, Mrs Lincoln-Rees, at Gisborne. Mr. and Mrs. Leicester Matson, Christchurch, have gone on a short visit to Leslie Hills station. Captain Hughes, D.S.O., Inspecting Officer of Defence Corps, paid an official visit to Napier last week. Among the Ngapuhi's passengers for the South on Monday was Mr Moss Davies. Professor Easterfield, the chemistry professor at Victoria College, visited Napier last week. Mr James Whitelaw, of the "Christchurch Press" literary staff is in Auckland on a short visit. Dr. and Mrs Saunders and Miss Finlay left Wanganui for China and Japan on Thursday. A Press Association telegram states that Mr H. D. Bell declines to contest the Wellington Mayoralty. Mrs Beauchamp, "Anikiwa," Queen Charlotte Sound, spent a few days in Picton, and Blenheim last week. Miss Violet Twigg, of Petane Grange, near Napier, has returned from a visit to Mrs. Ruddock, of Auckland. Mr. Claud Watson, civil engineer, of Auckland, left by the Waitcare on Monday for Manila, via Sydney. Miss Garrard (Nelson), who has been on a long visit to relatives in Christchurch, left for the North last week. Mr Bond, who is a nominee for the Mayoralty of Hamilton, was formerly Mayor of Cambridge for three years. Mrs Eanks, of Waikato, is on a visit to her daughter, Mrs Edward Firth, Auckland. Mr. T. Stuart, of "Tutira," Hawke's Bay, is leaving for England this month. He has booked a passage by the Sonoma. The Hon. J. McGowan will not return to Wellington till after the Easter holidays. The Hon. J. Carroll will be in the North of Auckland at the end of this month. Judge Heydon, who has been paying a visit to the colony, has returned to Sydney. Mr H. H. Oetler has been appointed associate of the Chief Justice (Sir Robert Stout.) Mr Salmon, manager of the Auckland branch of the Union Bank in Mr. Woodward's absence, has returned to Christchurch. Mr J. Iorns, well-known in Wairarapa as an auctioneer for more than 20 years, intends taking up his residence in Auckland. The members of Mr Frank Thornton's Comedy Company have returned to Sydney, having concluded their New Zealand tour. Mr Von Dadelzen, Registrar-General, who has been on sick leave in Australia and Tasmania for six months, resumes duty soon. Mr A. Donald, senior councillor of the Borough of Grey Lynn, leaves Auckland for a visit to the Old Country within the next fortnight. Mr A. J. W. Bunz, a well-known Christchurch musician, is about to leave for Germany to study his art further there. Mr and Mrs E. Kenny have returned to Picton from an enjoyable week's trip in their new oil launch about the Sounds. Very keen interest is being taken in Wellington in the coming Inter-University College Tournament to be held in Auckland at Easter. Constable Bradley, of Sydenham, has been transferred to Cromwell, and his place will be taken by Constable Fraser, of Thames. Mr and Mrs Chaytor, of "Marshlands," Spring Creek, spent a few days visiting Captain and Miss Kenny at the "Rocks," Picton. Mrs Gilruth and Miss D. Heywood have booked passages by the Ionic, which leaves Wellington for London next week. Mr F. Schultz, chief accountant in New Zealand for the Australian Mutual Provident Society, is on a holiday visit to Australia. Bishop Vardon, of Dunedin, has just returned from a visit to Sydney, where he was present at the silver jubilee of Cardinal Moran. The Rev. A. D. Thomson, of St. James' Presbyterian Church, Thames, handed in his resignation to the Auckland Presbytery on April 7. Miss B. Whitelaw, who has been on a visit to Wanganui and Wellington, returned to Auckland by the Rototiti on Saturday. Two Wellington residents who are leaving on a trip to England are Mr Robert H. Govett and Mr E. J. Harrison (of Reuter's agency). Mrs J. Beadle, Miss, and Miss Eunice Beadle, of Dunedin, are at present on a visit to Auckland. They leave for the Hot Lakes District next Monday. Miss Reynolds (Dunedin), who has been staying in Nelson for some weeks, is at present in Wellington, staying with Mr and Mrs Tolhurst, Grant-road. The Chief Dairy Commissioner, Mr J. A. Kinsela, has consented to act as judge in the dairy exhibits at the Manawatu Winter Show. Mr James McKerrow proposes to make a visit to Europe via Fiji and Vancouver. He was at one time Surveyor-General of the colony. Among recent arrivals in the colony was Lieut. W. R. Russell, son of Sir William, who arrived from Capetown by the Tongariro on furlough. Mr C. B. Russell, manager of the American Tobacco Company, is leaving New Zealand on the 13th en route for England and America. Mrs W. F. Edwards, wife of Mr Justice Edwards, accompanied by Miss Edwards, will leave upon a visit to Europe at the end of this month.

The Hon. W. Hall-Jones, Minister for Public Works, is at present in the South Island on an inspection tour of the Cullina River railway. Mr A. J. Laurie (Onahunga), ex-president of the Franklin A. and F. Society, left by the Sonoma last week on an extended tour through Australia. A telegram from our Wellington correspondent states that it is said that Sir Joseph Ward will pay Auckland a visit in the course of a few weeks. Bishop Nevill ordained to the order of deacons at St Paul's Cathedral, Dunedin, on a recent Sunday, Messrs D. Jamieson, M.A., and G. C. Blathway. The Hon. E. Mitchelson has consented to being nominated as a candidate for the position of Mayor of Auckland. There are now three aspirants for the honour. Mr W. E. Woodward has returned from Christchurch, where he has been stationed for a year, to resume the management of the Union Bank at Auckland. A great number of people are taking advantage of the special rates and the holiday to spend Easter at the Hot Lakes. Mr. George McGill, formerly of Auckland, now living at Home, has written a book about the early colonisation of New Zealand. Among the Sonoma's passengers on March 31 was Mr J. M. Chambers, who has returned from a trip to the United States. Mr Street, of Birtley, Parnell, had a most enjoyable evening last Thursday. Games and music were the order of the evening. Mr. Welstead, a late visitor to Auckland, and now living at Home, has sent out a handsome clock, which he has presented to the Northern Club. General Babington has been deer-stalking in the Te Awaite district. The party only took three heads for a week's stalking. Mrs. R. Whitson recently returned from Rotorua to Auckland. She has been staying at the Lakes since Mr. Whitson left for Home. The new Clerk of the Court at Whangarei, Mr Kirk, from Hamilton, has taken over the duties of his office from Mr Fitzgerald. The wedding of Miss Oberlin Brown, Mt. Eden, to Mr Coates, of Cambridge, takes place on Wednesday, April 15. It is to be a very quiet wedding. Mr James Johnston has been appointed district manager of the Colonial Mutual Life Assurance Society, Ltd. for Otago and Canterbury. Mr Reid, civil engineer, of Messrs. White Bros., Auckland, left for Manila on Monday last in connection with electric tramway work. The Misses Mace (2), of Sydney, who have been paying a long visit to Mrs. Meredith-Kaye, Christchurch, left for their home by the Moeaki. Mr. and Mrs. Clem-Lawford arrived in Auckland by the Waitcare on Sunday, having come to Sydney direct from South Africa by the Athenic. Lieutenant Shackleton, of the Discovery, who received some injury to his chest, and returned in the Morning, has sailed for England from Christchurch. Mr. F. Bull, of Napier, has left for Wellington, en route for England. He intends to join the P. and O. steamer Orontes, and will be absent for seven or eight months. A Calcutta paper says that Lord Kit-ocher is surprising Calcutta by his social gaiety, and that his dinners and displays of dazzling plate are the admiration and talk of the town. Professor MacLaurin has been on a visit to the Masterton district. He is an enthusiastic fisherman, and on this occasion he has had some really fine sport. Dr. and Mrs Saunders (Wanganui) and Miss Imlay (Wanganui) passed through Wellington last week on their way to Sydney, en route to Japan, where they intend to spend about six months. The Governor-General of Australia, Lord Tennyson, has gone into his residence at Sydney, where he will remain till the opening of the Federal Parliament.

Mr Henry Horton has been appointed a director of the New Zealand Insurance Company, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of his father, the late Mr A. G. Horton. Everybody will be glad to hear that Mrs Mowat, of "Altmarlock," who has been ill at her daughter's in Blenheim, is much better, and able to see her friends. Mr Seale, one of the officials of the Honolulu Museum, is on a visit to New Zealand. He has recently been making a collection of birds and fishes of the Cook Group. Mr and Mrs Strachan, of Nelson, are visiting Mr and Mrs Sedgwick, at the Vicarage, Picton, for a few days. They drove from Nelson and enjoyed the trip immensely. Mr and Mrs Hansen have left Rocklands, and are now residing at The Lake, Takapuna. Mr George Dunnett has bought Rocklands. Mr and Mrs George Dunnett have now taken up their residence at Rocklands, Epsom. Mrs Rott (nee Schmidt), whose marriage took place in Sydney recently, is at present on a visit to her relatives in Ponsonby, Auckland. She intends staying about seven weeks, and will then leave by the San Francisco mail steamer to rejoin Captain Rott at Baltimore, America, en route for Germany, her future home. Mr Dennis O'Rourke (Master of the Pakuranga Hounds) has been several times out with the hounds. He has been accompanied by Mrs O'Rourke. The meets have been very early in the morning—about seven o'clock. There has not been any report yet of any smart runs. The opening day takes place in the first week of May.

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Mr and Mrs Shanaghan, of Lyttelton, were presented with some silver-mounted toilet requisites by their personal friends on the occasion of their removal to Hamilton.

Captain Lloyd, well known to old Auckland residents, who was formerly in the employ of the Union S.S.Co., and for many years stationmaster at Port Chalmers, has resigned.

Mr Ferguson, formerly of the s.s. Penguin, is now purser on the s.s. Talune. He has relieved Mr Chamberlain, who has joined the shore staff of the company at Wellington.

Mr. H. P. Tuckey, of Christchurch, who held a captaincy in one of the New Zealand contingents, has received an appointment in South Africa, and left for Capetown by the Surry.

The Nelson Chamber of Commerce has asked Mr J. H. Cook to act as its representative at the fifth Congress of Associated Chambers of Commerce to be held at Montreal in August next.

Mr G. Hunt, of the local branch of the New Zealand Shipping Company, and an authority on horticultural matters, was a passenger by the Paparoa to England. Mrs Hunt accompanied him.

It is understood that Captain C. B. Morris, M.L.C., who had a painful accident some days ago, at his residence at Onehunga, is now out of danger, and his recovery, is only a matter of time.

Dr J. H. Murray-Aynsley has disposed of his practice at Eketahuna to Dr Chadwick, a recent arrival from the Old Country. Dr Murray-Aynsley intends leaving on a visit to England at the beginning of May.

The duties of chief draughtsman in the local office of the Lands and Survey Department are being carried out by Mr H. McCordell during the absence of Mr Flanagan, who is on leave in Australia.

Mrs Alec Crawford, of Wellington, has gone to Hastings to witness the Championship Polo Tournament which is being held there. Mrs Crawford is the guest of her sister (Mrs Tosswill) during her stay in Hastings.

Amongst the visitors to Waikato at present are the oldest son of Professor Ulrich, of Dunedin, and Mr Finlayson, manager of Sargood, Ewen and Co. Mr Ulrich intends going hence to the South African goldfields.

Captain Worrall joins the s.s. Waikare as master at this port Captain Geo. Crawshaw having been appointed to the command of the Mapourika, which will make the Parliamentary trip to the Islands.

Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese Minister, has written a book dealing with feudal Japan. The title, "For his People," suggests the sacrifice made by the Emperor of Japan in voluntarily giving up absolute sway.

The Napier "Daily Telegraph" learns that a requisition, asking the Government to recommend the Governor to call Mr S. Carnell, ex-M.H.R., to the Upper House, is being largely signed by the Liberals in Napier.

Mrs J. C. Kessing and her two children, who have been on a lengthened visit to her parents (Mr and Mrs Beaumont), Ponsonby, Auckland, returned to Penang, Malay Straits, by the s.s. Rotorua, which sailed from Wellington on Saturday last.

The Rev. Mr Beecroft, well known in Devonport and Birkenhead, as one-time Wesleyan minister in that circuit, is spending a brief holiday in Auckland, and hopes shortly to make a long-deferred visit to England.

His Lordship, Dr. Lenihan, after a fortnight's absence, returned to town on Monday, March 30. He visited the Ohinemuri and Bay of Plenty districts, administering confirmations and inspecting the various parishes en route.

"Janjo" Paterson has married "a cousin of the millionaire-heiress of Sydney, Miss Edith Walker." So says an exchange, but it omits to tell us the lady's maiden name. "Janjo" some time since joined the staff of the "Evening News" as editor.

Mr Alfred Bell, the man of many millions, is one of the very few South African magnates who have enjoyed a University education. He is a man of wide reading and artistic tastes, an expert in old masters, and a passionate lover of music.

Dr. Jessie Maddison, one of the few colonial women who have obtained medical degrees in the Home colleges, has returned to the colony, and will take up practice in Christchurch. She is the daughter of Mr J. C. Maddison, architect, of Christchurch.

Commandant Underwood, who is in charge of the U.S. gunboat Wheeling, soon to visit this port, is in charge of the station at Esopago, and Governor of the naval station, Tutuila, and the adjoining islands. He is a man well thought of in his service.

Mrs. Fred G. Jacobs, who has been on a visit to Mrs. J. M. Brigham; Marino, Parnell, Auckland, returned to Sydney by the Waikare on Monday. Mrs. Rolleston, who was also on a visit to Auckland during the sojourn of the fleet, accompanied Mrs. Jacobs.

Among intending visitors to the Old Country in search of health, as well as pleasure, is Mr Alfred Matthews, of Waitorogomai, Weirapa. Mr Matthews leaves by the Suez route and returns via America.

Viscount Boringdon, son of the Earl of Morley (Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords), is making a visit to the colony, and is at present in the Wanganui district. He comes to Auckland by way of the river, and goes hence to Tahiti.

Mr H. Brenton, of the Geay Meat Company's works, Wellington, has just been presented by the staff and employees with a handsome marble clock on the occasion of his approaching marriage. The managing director (Mr Millward) acted as spokesman.

Licenses under the New Zealand Institute of Surveyors Act have been issued by the Surveyors' Board to Messrs John Goodall (Auckland), F. W. Drew, William G. Rutherford and James G. Wilson (Wellington).

The Melbourne journalists (Messrs Robinson, J. H. Syme, O. Smeu and Crawford) will not visit Auckland. The Messrs Syme are sons of Mr D. Syme, proprietor of the Melbourne "Age," who was recently in the colony.

The Rev. T. Eveshead, who recently was curate of St. Sepulchre's, Auckland, is now at St. Mary's, Brighton. At one time he thought of returning to New Zealand with Bishop Nelson, but has now decided to remain at home.

New tea rooms are being opened by the Misses Fenton in Brunswick Mart, Queen-st., to be called "The Brunswick." Perhaps few people know that the Brunswick Mart was once the first Auckland theatre—then called the Brunswick Theatre.

Miss Margaret Gordon, of Meeblarton District High School, has given up teaching to enter the missionary service. When she was leaving for Dunedin (where she studies the Chinese language) the pupils gave her a travelling rug.

Mr O. H. Taplin, who is leaving for Wellington, and has been district superintendent of the Citizens' Life Assurance Co. for many years, was presented with a silver mounted walking stick and a smoker's companion by the staff on Saturday.

It is suggested in Rotorua that the sum of money given to the Rotorua Rifles (a surplus over the Dual reception expenses) should be devoted to erecting a memorial to the late Trooper Wylie, but the corps has not committed itself to any action.

Recent visitors to Wellington include Mr. and Mrs. Healy, Mr Nelson Curtis, and Mr W. B. Dove (England), Miss Edith J. Bowerman (Toronto, Canada), H. A. Everhard (Wiesbaden, Germany), F. W. Chapman (Toowomba, Q.), and G. Addis (Melbourne).

While Mr W. R. Walker was walking across the Ellerslie racecourse on Saturday evening an artery in one of his legs burst, and he lost a large quantity of blood. All possible assistance was given, and Mr Walker was carried to his home, where he is progressing towards recovery.

Students of the Otago School of Mines will be sorry to hear of the death of Mr Sydney Parker Street, who succumbed to an attack of typhoid in Kalgoolie (W.A.). Mr Street, who was the son of the late Mr W. P. Street, one-time Mayor of Dunedin, was a very promising student of the school.

The Dean of Waipoua preached his farewell sermon to a large congregation at the Napier Cathedral on Sunday, March

29th. He left by the express on Friday for Wellington, en route for England, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Howell and Mr. Rollo Howell. The Dean expects to be back in Napier about the end of the year.

Viscount Boringdon, while in Wellington, went on a deer-stalking expedition up the Wairarapa, in company with Lord Northland. After doing the sights of the North Island he intends to visit Tahiti and various other South Sea Islands before continuing his journey round the world.

Messrs J. M. Hamilton (Greymouth) and H. Crenghe (Dunedin), who competed at the Northern Amateur Swimming Club's championship meeting on Saturday, left for their respective homes by the Rototiti from Onehunga on Monday. Messrs Drake and Penrose (Christchurch) and Roberts (Wellington) also left on the same day.

At the meeting of the University College Council last week Mr. C. J. A. Griffin wrote resigning his Grey scholarship on account of his holding a senior University scholarship. It cannot be held with the other. The resigned scholarship was granted to Miss V. Jacobsen.

Mr James Brown, of the Dunedin firm of Brown and Co., and secretary of the Dunedin branch of the Commercial Travellers' and Warehousemen's Association, was in town on business last week. He is accompanied by Mrs Brown; and goes on to Rotorua with her for a short holiday.

Mr C. Tringham (Oriental Bay, Wellington) was given a hearty send-off by his friends of the Central Club, Wellington, on the occasion of his departing on a round-the-world pleasure trip. Mr A. S. Menteth made an eulogistic speech on Mr Tringham, who was one of the original founders of the club, and the latter's health was drunk in champagne.

It is said that Mr H. Quealy, of Polard's Opera Company, does not intend to return to the colony with the troupe, but will go on to London to try his

luck in the halls. It is also rumoured that Miss May Beatty, who is now attached to Mr Geo. Murgrove's combination, will find her way back to the Polard Company.

Mr Henry Tuckey (Wellington), who has just left for South Africa, first visited that country with one of the many New Zealand Contingents. After the siege of Kimberley Captain Tuckey was stationed in that city, and afterwards accepted an appointment in one of the diamond mines, which he is now on his way to fulfil.

Among the visitors to this city at Easter will be Mr J. W. Joynt, M.A., Registrar of the N.Z. University, who will be one of the judges in the debating contest between the University Colleges. Mr Joynt was a distinguished member of the Dublin University Union, and got the highest award the University had for oratory.

Mr and Mrs Napier-Bell are staying at No. 1, Bolton-street, Wellington. Mrs Napier-Bell's daughter, Elsie, whose progress in art under masters in Paris evoked much interest from her many friends in New Zealand, is now Mrs Mavrogordato, and is at present residing in London. Mr and Mrs Mavrogordato will probably re-visit the colony later on.

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Mr. J. W. Jago, manager of the "Evening Star" Company, of Dunedin, is making a trip to Auckland. He will arrive here in a few days. He is accompanied by Mrs. Jago. Mr. Jago is a leading prohibitionist, and has written much for the advancement of the cause. He was one of the pioneer workers on the Dunedin "Evening Star," and it owes much of its present affluence to his energy and management.

Mrs. W. B. Edwards, wife of Mr. Justice Edwards, is leaving Wellington on a trip to England, via Australia and the Red Sea. Miss Cullen-Edwards will accompany her mother, and the party will be reinforced at Ceylon by Dr. Edwards, who has been travelling in the East. About a year will be spent away from the colony, in visiting England and the Continent, including winter resorts on the Riviera.

Messrs Rushbrook and Bridgman are now making a most attractive display of winter novelties in jackets, rain cloaks, fur goods, ladies' mackintoshes, etc. They are doing a very big business in the last-named line. Their purchases for the season being unprecedentedly large, our readers will do well to make an early visit to their popular establishment.

One of the numerous recent transfers in the Railway Department is that of Mr. Hanning, Upper Hutt, to Te Aro, Wellington. Before leaving Upper Hutt Mr. Hanning was entertained by the residents of the district at a social evening, when he was the recipient of a handsome tea and coffee service, suitably engraved, and also of a beautiful tea kettle, the latter being the gift of the station staff of the Upper Hutt.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baden-Powell (London) are at present in Wellington, after a round of visits in the South Island. Mr. Baden-Powell is a brother of the famous "B.P.," and Mrs. Baden-Powell was formerly Miss Watt, of Napier. A sister of his is married to Mr. E. F. Grogan, the African explorer, whose advice to introduce big game, in the shape of bears, giraffes and other wild beasts, caused much comment during his stay in New Zealand.

Mr. O. H. Taplin, district superintendent of the Citizen's Life Assurance Company, Auckland, has been appointed to the Wellington office. He left by the Waikare on Monday for Sydney on a month's holiday before taking up his new duties. He is accompanied by Mrs. Taplin. Prior to his departure Mr. Taplin was presented by his staff with a handsome silver-mounted walking-stick and smoker's companion.

The banquet to Mr. McNab on April 3 was the largest gathering of its kind ever seen in Otago. The Premier, Sir Joseph Ward, the district Councillors, and several members of Parliament were present. Speeches of a highly complimentary nature were made. Sir Joseph Ward indicated the idea that he went to Australia for a loan when the loan had been secured in London. Mr. McNab described Parliament as the first gentlemen's club in the colony, where there were no class distinctions.

Our correspondent at Waihi telegraphs that Miss Guard is severing her connection with the teaching profession. She was given a complimentary social at the Academy of Music last night by her friends, Mr. Benge, the headmaster of the school, presiding. The Rev. Father Brodie and the chairman, in the course of their remarks, referred in very complimentary terms to the guest's useful connection with church and school work.

Our Dunedin correspondent telegraphs that Mr. G. M. Thompson, of the Southern city, has been made a Fellow of the Chemical Society on the recommendation of a long list of colonial scientific sponsors, including Professors Liversidge (Sydney), Easterfield, and MacLaurin (Wellington). Mr. Thompson is well known among colonial scientific workers, and is a prominent member of the Otago Institute. He was until recently (when he resigned) a high member of the teaching staff of the Otago High Schools.

The following story of an interview that Sir Hector Macdonald once had with the King is told: "How is it we have not met before?" the King, when he was Prince of Wales, is said to have asked him. "Pardon me, sir, I think we have," said Macdonald. "Where can that have been?" asked the Prince, whereupon Macdonald replied that he had acted as secretary outside the Prince's tent in India. King Edward, who always does the right

thing at the right moment, held out his hand and said: "General Macdonald, you were doing sentry-go in 1875, and now you are a general in the British army. I am proud to have met you."

The Hon. E. Mitchelson has been appointed to receive subscriptions for the proposed statue to the late Hon. W. Rolleston. A committee was appointed at a meeting in Christchurch to invite subscriptions and erect a suitable memorial to Mr. Rolleston, and the Hon. C. C. Bowen was appointed treasurer. No man was more earnest or popular in New Zealand politics than Mr. Rolleston, and no early colonist has set a bitter example to the rising generation, or is more deserving of having his memory kept perennially green in the country where his life was largely devoted to the service of his fellow-men.

Another gap has been made in the constantly-thinning ranks of the early settlers by the death of Mr. Andrew Judd, who died on April 3, at his residence at Ponsonby. Mr. Judd, over whose head more than 82 summers had passed, originally lived at Russell, and afterwards removed to Auckland, where he lived out the remainder of his life. He has been in retirement for some time past, having ceased his occupation as landing waiter for the Customs Department. He has been connected with St. Paul's Church, though latterly he has not been able to be at all energetic in church work. He leaves a widow, but no family, and his death is much regretted amongst those who knew him.

There died on April 1 one of the most interesting characters of the colony in the person of John Nunn Hunt, who had recently reached his 87th year. He it was who signed the testimonial on behalf of the old age pensioners to Mr. Seddon on the eve of his visit to the Coromandel. Born at Bury St. Edmunds in 1817, Mr. Hunt had served in the Coldstream Guards, and the 99th and 40th regiments of foot, being with the last corps at the outbreak of hostilities in Taranaki, on April 13, 1860. He continued in military duties till peace was restored, and finished his life in New Zealand. He received the New Zealand war medal, and also an Imperial pension when he left the army.

Among distinguished visitors to New Zealand at present is Mr. V. Emery Starck, F.R.G.S., of London, the eminent English legal authority. Mr. Starck, who is a great traveller, and has visited the scenic resorts of Europe and Asia, is enthusiastic in his descriptions of the beauties of New Zealand, and greatly impressed with the resources of the country. Beginning with the West Coast Sounds trip, Mr. Starck also visited the Southern Lakes and the Mt. Cook Hermitage, and after a stay in Christchurch proceeded to Wellington via the Buller and Otago Gorges and Nelson. Mr. Starck is so delighted with the country that he intends to re-visit it next year, when he will make a longer stay. From Wellington he goes on to Auckland, via Wanganui and the Lakes, and leaves for America by the San Francisco mail steamer.

Mr. F. Dibble, manager of Messrs L. D. Nathan's ostrich farm, died at Whitford Park, Turanga, on Saturday. Mr. Dibble was in his younger days a Somersetshire farmer. Coming to Auckland in the sixties, he joined his brother, the late Mr. George Dibble in contracting work at Otahuhu. In 1867 he was appointed manager of the Matamata Estate by the owner, Mr. J. C. Firth, and brought a considerable portion of that vast estate into cultivation. He left Matamata about the year 1886, and settled on his own farm at Albertland, but a year later Messrs L. D. Nathan and Co. appointed him in charge of their estates at Whitford Park and elsewhere. Members of the Auckland Agricultural Association will have pleasant recollections of his connection with that body. His health had been failing for some months past, and the end was not altogether unexpected. His wife survives him.

The news of the death of Mr. William Booth, of Carterton, Wairarapa, though not unexpected, was deeply felt throughout the Wellington and Wairarapa districts, writes our Wellington correspondent. Mr. Booth was one of the most prominent business men in the North Island, and was connected with many of the most important public bodies. About a year ago he took a trip to England, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Booth, and while there was in much better health. After the marriage of Miss Mabel Booth

to Mr. W. Hutchison, son of Mr. G. Hutchison, Wellington (now of Johannesburg), Mr. and Mrs. Booth returned by slow degrees to the colony, reaching New Zealand about Christmas. The funeral was one of the largest ever seen in the district, representatives of the various Wellington public bodies attending in force. Among the bequests of the late Mr. Booth are £500 each to the Wellington and Napier Cathedrals.

At the Star Hotel, Auckland, last week the following were amongst the guests:—From London—Mrs Robertson, Miss A. V. Pike, Mrs Wallis, Miss Wallis, Mr. and Mrs Orton Edington, Miss Lena Edington, Mr and Mrs L. Green, Miss E. Collins. From Melbourne—Mr and Mrs Harrison, Mr W. N. Bennie, Mr Frank N. Price, Mr H. W. Shaw, Mr Meplan Ferguson, Mr Robt. Shand, From Adelaide—Dr and Mrs Mason, Mr George E. Marshall. From Scotland—Mr C. S. Gould, Mr and Mrs Cooper, Mr L. E. Miller, Mr and Mrs Watson, Miss McGregor. From Ceylon—Mr James L. Newton. From Montreal—Dr and Mrs Harrison, Mr G. L. Martin, Miss Emily Martin. From Sydney—Miss Sheehan, Mr F. Cuffie, Miss Renfrey, Miss Brophy, Mr and Mrs Dawkins, Dr Schaizbach, Miss Anderson, Mr and Mrs Esdaile, Master Esdaile, Miss Esdaile and maid, Mr and Mrs Adams, Miss Adams, Mr W. E. Langford, Mr E. W. Lawson, Mr L. E. West, Mr and Mrs Leslie Kelly and maid, Master Kelly. From Wellington—Mr McAlister, Mr and Mrs Wilson, Mr Arthur Bethune, Mr McAlister, Mr and Mrs Craik, Mr Gore, Mr C. Hunter, Mr L. E. Boyd, Mr and Mrs Bell, Mr C. Johnston, Mr and Mrs Kennedy, Miss Kennedy, Mr and Mrs L. Williamson. From the United States—Mr and Mrs Moore, Miss Eva Moore, Mr. Phillip Borne, Dr. and Mrs Brady, Mr and Mrs Montgomery Gibbs, Mr and Mrs F. Dyer, Mr and Mrs Allen and family, Mr R. A. Alley. From Berlin—Kurt Bail, Mr C. J. Seuffr. From Dublin—Mr Arthur A. Inglis, Mr and Mrs Fitzgerald, Miss Kathleen Fitzgerald. Queensland—Mrs Sny, Mr Leslie Sny, Mr and Mrs Dunne. From Perth—Mr Harry Stewart, Miss Stewart. From Christchurch—Mr J. C. Maddison, Dr Jessie Maddison, Mr A. B. Ponder, Mr and Mrs Tombs, Mr J. L. Scott, Mr J. S. Starkey, Mr and Mrs Stevenson, Mr R. L. Atkinson, Miss Paxton, Mr L. Barker, Mr and Mrs Wade. From Waihi—Mr and Mrs Cox. From Otaki—Mr Norman Campbell. From New Plymouth—Mr J. Black, Mr and Mrs H. Hayer, Mr L. Hayer, Mr Jack Hosking.

At the Central Hotel during the past week there was the usual large number of guests. Amongst them were: From England, Mr. Sydney J. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Chiddell, Mr. A. Cooper, Mr. D. Palpan Turner, Mr. H. E. Ogden, Mr. W. L. Kingsford, Mr. Henry Temple, Miss E. Williamson, Miss Elsie King, Mr. Herbert Wootton, Dr. W. B. Dove, Mr. J. H. W. Curtis, Mr. Edward Branscombe, Mrs. Branscombe, Mr. Dudley Causton, Mr. Percy Coward, Mr. Herbert Hilton, Mr. George Pownall, Master Lenard Hubbard, Master Alfred Broughton, Master

Harold Shemmonds, Master Reginald Hyde, Master Horace Marchmont, Mr. W. F. Hawtry, Mr. John Francis Barker, Mr. A. Cecil Stroughton, Mr. Bartholomew; from Chesterfield, England, Mr. Thomas Eyre; from Paris, Mr. and Mrs. S. Campignon, Mr. A. Campignon; from Toronto, Canada, Mr. T. G. Robson; from New York, Mr. W. Sherer; from Hamburg, Mr. Fr. Knaudson; from Fiji, Mr. S. Lazarus; from Sydney, Mr. Henry Wilson, Mr. Thomas Lakeman, Mr. James Stewart, Mr. J. Anderson, Mr. E. Bensuan, Miss C. D. Bensuan, Mr. H. Espie, Mrs. H. Freeman; from South Australia, Mr. J. E. Reid; from Newcastle, N.S.W., Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Anderson; from Melbourne, Mrs. Thompson, Miss Thompson, Miss E. Greene, Mr. John Woodside, Mr. William McCurdy, Mr. Arthur T. Keirle, Mr. C. Cullen; from Ballarat, Victoria, Rev. Canon Carmichael; from Auckland, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Hely Hutchinson, the Misses Hely Hutchinson, Master Hely Hutchinson, Mr. V. Curtis; from Patea, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Adams; from Wellington, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis P. Hayman, Mr. Alfred B. Jackson, Mr. George E. Baker, Mr. T. C. Williams, Miss E. Williams, Major Rogers, Mr. J. O'Brien, Mr. P. B. Dix, Mr. Ralph Abernethy, Mr. W. B. Deuby, Mr. E. S. Jackson, Mr. William Townsend Barker, Mr. and Mrs. J. Thomson, Mr. Albert Levy; from Napier, Dr. Williams, Miss Williams, Mr. E. W. Foster; from Feilding, Mr. Robert Bell; from Christchurch, Mr. and Mrs. Wade Grey, Mr. Robert Shanks, Mr. W. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Banks, Mr. G. M. Hall; from Dunedin, Mr. C. S. Spaul, Mr. A. Bartleman; from Waungaiti, Mrs. Duncan, Miss Duncan; from New Plymouth, Mr. Alf. Bayley, Mr. P. Corhill, Mr. D. A. Watt, Mr. John Skinner, Mr. George Ramson, Mr. Edgar Watt; from Gisborne, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dunlop, Mr. W. F. Cederford; from Dannevirke, Mr. H. L. Luxford; from Waikato, Mr. H. J. Greenblack, Mr. Joseph Gane, Mr. E. C. Blackett; from Opotiki, Mr. Ernest C. Chapman; from Paeroa, Mr. and Mrs. Delaney, Mr. A. C. Delaney; from Karungahake, Mr. J. Kitching; from Te Aroha, Mrs. Pilling; from Rotorua, Mr. M. Math; from Thames, Warden Bush; from Wairakei, Mr. and Mrs. Grierson; from Waiuku, Mr. C. T. Hosking; from Whangarata, Mr. G. P. Ewing; from Mauku, Mr. W. L. West.

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MACALLAN—GUY.

On April 1, at All Saints' Church, Palmerston North, was solemnised the marriage of Dr Macallan, of Dannevirke, with Miss Guy, daughter of Mr Duncan Guy, of Dannevirke, and formerly of Napier. The bride, who was led to the altar by her father, wore a travelling dress of blue cloth with hat to match. She was attended by her two sister as bridesmaids. The Rev C. C. Harper performed the nuptial rite, and subsequently the bride and bridegroom left en route for Europe.

HILL—BINNS.

A pretty wedding took place at St Mary's, Merivale, when Miss Minnie Binns, second daughter of Mr F. C. Binns, Winchester-street, Merivale, was married to Mr Fred Hill, of Bradford, Yorkshire. The Rev A. W. Averill officiated, the service being part choral. The Misses Binns (sisters of the bride) and Miss Hill were the bridesmaids, and Mr H. Hargreaves acted as best man. Mr and Mrs Hill left for Dunedin by the Ionic for their honeymoon, and in which steamer they leave shortly for a trip to England.

BRENNAN—BIRCH.

The marriage was recently celebrated in Wellington of Mr. J. M. Brennan, of the firm of Boyd and Brennan, Wanganui, and Miss Ada Birch, daughter of Mr. H. Birch, chief engineer of the Wellington Gas Company. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of ivory mervelleux, elaborately tucked and trimmed with lace, and a deep lace collar. Her two bridesmaids, Misses Amy Birch and K. Brennan, were in dainty white muslin gowns, prettily tucked and trimmed with lace. Mr. P. Morphy was best man, and Mr. C. Newhau groomsmen. The bridegroom presented the bride with a gold watch, and her two attendants with gold brooches. After the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. W. J. Elliott at the Wesley Church, Taranaki street, a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, Courtenay Place. The wedding presents included a silver biscuit basket and teapot from the employees of the Gas Company, and a set of carvers from the Wesley choir, of which the bride was a member.

O'MEARA—STEVENS.

The marriage of Mr. J. O'Meara, son of Mr. M. O'Meara (Launceston, Tasmania), to Miss Mabel Stevens, daughter of a well-known resident of the Wairarapa, was celebrated at Carterton last week by the Rev. R. Young. Misses Ivy, Olive and Elsie Stevens and Miss M. Tucker were bridesmaids, and the bridegroom was supported by Mr. Jonas, of Masterton, and Mr. J. Baillie (Mayor of Carterton).

GRACE—CLARKE.

News has been received in Wellington by cable of the marriage of Mrs. Alice Michell Clarke (widow of the late Professor Michell Clarke) to Mr. John Grace, nephew of the Hon. Dr. Grace, M.L.C., and now his son-in-law also.

Ping Pong, it is all the go.
Learn to play it, don't be slow,
Lots of fun you'll find indoors,
White outside the tempest roars,
You'll gladly think you're snug and warm
And not out in the raging storm
To catch a cold, for which be sure
To take some—
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Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee,— April 7.

AUCKLAND TENNIS CLUB

held their annual "at home" last Wednesday afternoon on their lawn, Grafton road. There was a good attendance, though the weather was bitterly raw and cold—a decided foretaste of the approaching winter. Afternoon tea, accompanied with cakes, jollies, fruit salads and fruits of every description, was served in the pavilion. In the final of the first-class matches Miss Nicholson and Miss Harvey beat Miss Mowbray and Mrs. Coates; in the second class the final round was Misses Metcalf and Coates v. Misses Ireland and Gittos, but we did not wait to see the result, as it was getting late. Mrs. Pasmore, white linen gown, with pink waistband, had swathed with pink silk; Mrs. G. Coates, white pique skirt, white blouse, white hat; Mrs. Mair, black skirt, white blouse, white hat; Miss Coates, holland skirt, white blouse, white hat; Mrs. Grey (Mount Eden), black silk costume, with beading, black bonnet; Miss Grey, dark skirt, hydrangea blue Russian blouse, sailor hat; and her sister wore a dark skirt, darker blue blouse, sailor hat; Mrs. Isidor Alexander, black trained skirt, black and white figured foulard blouse, cream hat with royal blue; Miss Nicholson, black skirt, white blouse, white hat; and her sister wore a dark skirt, mauve plaid blouse, sailor hat; Miss Metcalf, fawn skirt, white blouse, with pink, white hat; Mrs. W. R. Holmes, Lincoln green skirt, white blouse, white hat; Miss Cozen, grey skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Miss Steel, white pique; Miss Oberlin Brown, black skirt, white blouse, white hat; and her sister, Miss Kitty, holland skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Miss Sinclair, navy silk, with cream braiding, hat with feathers; Miss Hall, navy skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Miss Ring, black skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; and her sister wore a black skirt, grey saque jacket, black hat; Miss Pekin, grey skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Mrs. Palethorpe, white skirt, pink figured blouse, hat with pink; Mrs. W. H. Churton, dark skirt, light blouse, sailor hat; Miss Stewart, white muslin, white hat; Miss J. Ireland, white pique, white hat; Miss Gittos, white skirt, netliotoppe flowered blouse, white hat; Mrs. Cooper, dark skirt, white blouse, white hat; Miss Harvey, black skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Miss Mowbray, black skirt, white blouse, white hat; Miss Binney, black costume, finished with white, black hat; Miss Kelly, black gown, with braiding, black hat with white flowers; Mrs. Keals, black skirt, white blouse, white hat; Miss Butters, holland skirt, white blouse, black hat with pink flowers and grey veiling; Mrs. Gentles, dark skirt, white blouse, cherry-coloured toque; Miss Prime, white; Mrs. Newell, white skirt, blue blouse, white hat; Mrs. Edminston, grey camel's hair costume, made with Russian blouse, white vest, hat with feathers; Miss Dargaville, white pique skirt, silk blouse, white hat; Mrs. Jackson, dark skirt, white blouse, white hat; Mrs. Jones, blue and white striped cambric, white hat; Miss Denniston, white muslin gown, hat with pink flowers; Miss Savage, blue costume, with fawn lace, black hat; Mrs. (Dr.) Lindsay, black skirt, white blouse, golf cape, black hat with plumes; Miss Workman, claret skirt, white blouse, black hat with plumes; Miss Ledingham, bright blue skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Miss Towle, blue skirt, white blouse, white hat. Mrs. H. Heather and Miss Hull provided the afternoon tea on the Eden and Epsom lawns on Saturday last. There was a large attendance of players. The tea table was picturesquely decorated with light blue delphiniums, single yellow dahlias and white China asters; Mrs. W. Aicken, white pique costume, black hat; Mrs. Molginsie, black skirt, green blouse, black hat; Mrs. Fenton,

navy serge costume, black hat; Mrs. E. Henle, black skirt, violet foulard blouse, black hat, with flowers; Mrs. Oldham, black skirt, white blouse, black hat; Mrs. Turner, dark skirt, blue blouse, black hat; Mrs. A. Heather, black voile, black mantle, black bonnet; Mrs. H. Heather, grey skirt, white blouse, white hat; Mrs. —, Heather, black skirt, white blouse, white hat; Mrs. Mair, holland skirt, white blouse, white hat; Mrs. Haultain, black; Mrs. Hudson, dark skirt, light blouse, sailor hat; Miss P. Gorrie, holland skirt, white blouse, white hat; Mrs. Hooper, grey skirt, with black braiding, blue blouse, white hat; Miss Bleazard Brown, dark skirt, white blouse, white hat; and her sister wore a holland skirt, cream blouse, white hat; Mrs. John Dawson, black skirt, tussore silk blouse, black toque; Miss Gwen Gorrie, black skirt, white blouse, hat with silk; Miss Hope Lewis, navy serge; Miss Hull, blue linen skirt, white blouse, white hat; Mrs. Cooke, stylish navy and white striped costume, toque to correspond; Miss Cooke, black skirt, blue figured blouse, dome blue knitted Tam-o'-shanter; and her sister wore navy; Miss Trevithick, navy foulard, sailor hat; Miss Bramwell, black skirt, pink flowered blouse, white hat; Miss Oberlin Brown wore a navy foulard; Miss Paton, dark costume; Mrs. Udy, black skirt, navy blouse; Miss D. Udy, holland gown; Miss Stewart, fawn skirt, white blouse, with blue ribbons, white hat; and her sister wore a white dress with pink ribbons, white hat; Miss Coates, holland skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Miss Rice, holland skirt, pink blouse, sailor hat; Miss Stella Rice, pink linen costume, sailor hat; Miss Towle, dark skirt, light blouse.

Despite the inclemency of the weather in the morning on Saturday it cleared up beautifully in the afternoon. There was a good attendance on the

PARNELL TENNIS LAWNS.

The final of the croquet championship doubles came off last week, but on account of some dispute concerning the association rules the match will no doubt have to be played again. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Duthie, black voile skirt, white blouse, black hat; Mrs. Kenderdine, black skirt, white blouse, white hat; Mrs. Ashley Hunter, black skirt, handsomely strapped with black satin, bands, black silk blouse, black hat with white veil; Mrs. E. W. G. Rathbone, black trained costume, with satin strappings, black hat; Mrs. McConnell, pale blue muslin, burnt straw hat; Mrs. Gilles, black silk, black bonnet; Mrs. Thorne-George, very stylish Royal blue bengaline, the skirt was made with tuckings and bands of ceru lace placed perpendicularly from waist to full flounce, bolero, cream lace vest, black hat; Mrs. Colbeck, dark skirt, white blouse, black hat; Mrs. Tewesley, black costume, white collarette and revers, black toque with azure blue silk; Mrs. E. C. Smith, dark skirt, white blouse, black hat; Mrs. Bruce, violet gown, white lace collarette, white hat; Miss White, black skirt, rosewood coloured blouse, black hat; Mrs. Hugh Thompson, black costume, white lace collarette, black hat; Miss Dargaville, white pique skirt, white muslin blouse with lace insertion, Panama hat; Miss Basley, pretty azure blue lined gown, black hat; and her sister wore a black costume, hat with blue forget-me-nots; Mrs. Upfal, black; Mrs. W. Bloomfield, holland skirt, white blouse, white hat; Mrs. Lucas Bloomfield, black skirt, white blouse, hat wreathed with variegated roses; Mrs. Segar, black voile costume, black hat; Miss Frater, black skirt, fawn blouse, black hat; Mrs. Newton, black gown, white lace collarette, black hat; Mrs. C. Brown, Royal blue skirt, white blouse, black hat; Mrs. Colegrove, black skirt, absinth green blouse, black hat.

AFTERNOON TEA.

Miss Ethel Mahon, of Mount St. John, Epsom, who is to be married to Mr. H. E. Vaile the third week in April, entertained a number of her friends at an afternoon tea last week. The rooms were prettily decorated with flowers, the tea table in the dining room being particularly pretty, with vases of pink and white cosmos. Delectable dishes of sweets of all descriptions, with the ever-refreshing tea, were handed round. The guests were received by their young hostess, who looked charming in a dainty white silk dress, and was assisted by Mrs. Mahon, who wore black silk, relieved with white. During the afternoon musical items were rendered by some of the guests.

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ENGAGEMENTS.

Miss Nora Carr is shortly to be married to Mr Lawrence.

Miss Zeta Aicken is shortly to be married to Mr G. Goldsborov.

The engagement of Miss Edith Bleazard-Brown to Mr Biss is announced.

An engagement between Mr Burn-Murdoch and Miss N. Hunt, Waikato, is announced.

Mr Norman Banks, of Cambridge, is shortly to be married to Miss Isabel McCaw, daughter of Mr John McCaw, Matamata.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

HUGHES—BROWN.

The undenominational Church, Hampden, Hawke's Bay, was filled with a large congregation on April 2 for the marriage of Mr James Hughes, late of "The Brow" Station, with Miss Dolly Brown, of Hampden. The wedding party began to arrive at two o'clock, and by the hour fixed for the ceremony nearly every seat in the body of the church was occupied. The bridesmaid looked charming in a dress of white silk trimmed with insertion, and lace round the hem of the skirt, and finished at the waist with a narrow satin sash. She wore a large black hat, covered with chiffon, and carried a bouquet. The bridegroom presented her with a gold and pearl brooch. The bride entered the church, leaning on the arm of her uncle, who gave her away. She was attired in a simply made dress of white silk, with beautiful lace on the bodice, a narrow border of the same lace was laid round the skirt, and she wore a veil to correspond over a few sprays of orange blossoms. The bridegroom was attended by Mr Walter Arrowood, as best man. The Rev H. P. Cowx performed the ceremony. Later in the afternoon the young couple took their departure for Wanganui.

MELLOR'S SAUCE
PIQUANT OR MILD
FOR SOUPS, CHOPS, STEAKS, FISH, GAME
MANUFACTORY, WORCESTER

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee,— April 4.
At the New Plymouth Lawn Tennis Club on Saturday last a large number of people were present to witness the final for the

LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP.

Miss Thomson, who won it last year, was defeated by Miss R. Hawkin in the first set by 6 to 3. The second set was very exciting, the games being 5 all and deuce; but Miss Thomson succeeded in scoring the winning point, thus making it set all. The last set was closely contested, both ladies playing remarkably well, and after a hard struggle Miss Thomson came out the winner, the games were 6 to 3. Mr Hume umpired for the match in his usual capable manner. Afternoon tea was supplied by the Misses Hannah. Amongst those present were—Mrs Leatham, black trimmed with cream, hat with shaded roses; Mrs Martin, pretty grey costume, white hat; Miss J. McKellar, dainty white muslin; Mrs Home, floral muslin dress; Miss McDiarmid looked pretty in a blue silk blouse, black skirt, white chiffon hat; Mrs Bewley, black and cream dress; Miss Paul, blue voile, pretty black toque; Miss Holdsworth, cream and blue delaine, trimmed with black bebe ribbon; Miss Thomson, white muslin dress trimmed with Paris insertion; Mrs Paton, blue and white costume, black hat; Mrs Parsons, blue dress, black bonnet; Miss R. Hawkin, rose coloured dress, sailor hat; Miss Nelson (Auckland), fawn costume, black hat; Mrs Edmonds, pale grey voile; Miss G. Holdsworth looked well in a black costume trimmed with string coloured insertion, pink hat; Miss D. Baldwin, holland frock trimmed with white braid; Miss Standish, white frock relieved with blue; Miss J. Hawkin, very pretty white silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss B. Thomson, blue silk blouse, white skirt; Mrs E. Griffiths, grey skirt, white silk blouse, pretty blue toque; Miss Mackay, blue blouse, dark skirt; Miss George, blue voile costume; Mrs Collins, black; Miss Hannah, white silk blouse, black skirt, hat trimmed with hydrangea; Miss E. Hannah, pretty muslin blouse, black and cream hat; Mrs Mannering, black coat and skirt, toque of black squinned net; Miss L. Webster, pretty muslin frock; Mrs Hawkin, black, violet bonnet; Miss Webster, tussore dress, gem hat; Miss Berry.

NANCY LEE.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee, April 4.
The weather has been very unsettled, nevertheless there has been plenty going on. Fortunately on Saturday the day turned out fine for the "At Home" given by Mrs Saunders and Miss Finlay, and a very large number of guests were there. "Mount Desert" is a charming place for a garden party, overlooking the river, with a fine lawn and garden. Everything was done to ensure enjoyment for those present. The Garrison Band played all the afternoon on the

lawn, croquet for those who played, and a dainty afternoon tea was provided indoors and under the verandah. Mrs Saunders received in a pretty dress of dove grey, tucked and trimmed with pale pink and a picture hat. Miss Finlay wore a handsome black, trimmed with old lace. Amongst those present were: Mesdames Harry Nixon, Arthur Nixon, Wray, Dixon (Fiji), Christie; Leppiton, Edgar, Dungan, Greenwood, Jackson, Hole, Hawke, Johnson, Campbell, Anderson, McLean, Watt, Porritt, Dymock, Innis, Broad, Stevenson, and Dalgetty, the Misses Barnicoat, Dodgshun, Christie, Leppiton, Newcombe, Anderson, Mailing, Alexander, Scott, and Jackson, Messrs Harold Mackay, Willis, M.H.R., Leppiton, Dalgetty, Dixon, Wray, Nixon, Dymock, Stedman, B. Anderson, Edgar, Greenwood, Hole, Drs. Tripe, Hatherly, Barnard. Some very pretty costumes were worn, a few of the striking ones being: Mrs Wray, navy blue Eton costume, pretty light silk vest, hat to match; Mrs Dixon (Fiji) wore an Indian muslin dress and a three-quarter coat of crushed strawberry material, revers turned back, with cream lace, suiting her very well; Mrs Campbell, grey dress, white Thibet coat; Mrs Hole, cream Indian muslin, let in with insertion, sailor blouse, tucked, and insertion; Miss Winnie Anderson, a white silk frock, the whole skirt and bodice let in with insertion and tucked; Miss Newcombe, tussore silk, with pretty insertion to match; Mrs Greenwood wore a brown snow-flaked costume, tucked Russian coat, with white silk collar and front trimmed with silk embroidery; Miss Helen Barnicoat, a dainty white muslin, with chiffon, boa edged with pink, and white picture hat; Miss Dodgshun, white silk, transparent yoke; Mrs Harry Nixon, pretty costume of pale pink, covered entirely with fine spotted muslin, hat and sunshade to match; Mrs J. Stevenson, a stylish costume of grey, white and black muslin; Mrs Hawke, soft grey dress, black picture hat.

The Anderson Dramatic Company have played here several nights, and for those who like melodrama, they are certainly worth going to see. The acting was above the average and the scenery was especially good. They had good houses.

The horticultural autumn show was held on Thursday, and the Drill Hall looked lovely, filled with the choicest of cut flowers, pot plants, bouquets, buttonholes, and decorated tables and fruit. It was a great success and was well attended. Miss Ethel Taylor won the first prize (by vote) for table decoration, and her table was a work of art, decorated with the prettiest of autumn tints. Brown reds and golden browns were used. The candles had shades of autumn leaves. The Misses T. and R. Jones and Miss Campbell had charge of the sweets stall, and the three girls wore pure white, and looked very dainty; their stall was quite the attraction. Afternoon tea and supper were in the capable hands of Misses Rawson, Baker, and Barnicoat. The hat trimming stall was in charge of Miss Griffiths and Miss Winnie Anderson, and they deserved great credit for the testeful arrangement of the stall.

On Friday Miss Janet Ross gave a pianoforte recital in St. Paul's

Hall. The weather was very bad and the house was to match. Miss Ross, who is quite a young girl, comes from Turakina, and has studied under Robert Parker. She certainly plays remarkably well, and almost entirely from memory. She wore a simple white silk frock, low neck, and elbow sleeves. I hope she will come again, and have a fine night. It must be very disheartening to play to such a small audience.

Golf is about to start, and promises to be a good season. A large number of ladies were no table to get in as playing members this year owing to the number being limited, and members who do not play often are asked to join as honorary members to make room for some of those who want to join as playing members.

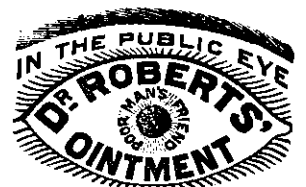
PAN OPTICS.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, April 2.
The Wellington Liedertafel gave their first concert of the season on Friday in the Sydney-street schoolroom. It was a "Ladies' night," and a very large audience assembled to listen to what proved to be one of the best concerts the society has ever given. Mr R. Parker conducted in his usual able manner, and the glees, part songs, etc., went splendidly. We especially enjoyed "O Sanctissima" and "Drink to Me Only," and in the latter Mr R. E. Williams' sweet tenor voice was heard to great advantage in the solo, which was delicately and softly accompanied by all the male voices. Doorak's Slavonic dances, arranged as a pianoforte duet, was brilliantly performed by Mr Parker and Miss Joan Parker, and Miss Grace Kennedy was most successful in her violin solos, accompanied by Miss Joan Parker. Miss Jean Ramsey was the only lady vocalist, and gave the greatest pleasure by her songs, both of which were encored, her best effort being "Tell Me, My Heart." Mr Searle gave "Smile and Bid Me Live" very well, and Messrs Carr and Ballance sang a most stirring duet, while Mr Foster sang "Didn't Thou But Know." Abt's "Laughing Song" finished up the programme in a most cheerful and amusing way, sending us all home in high good humour. Miss Jean Ramsey looked exceedingly well in a white silk gown, with a long train, the whole being veiled in black lace, and having a pointed overdress of black satin bands, the bodice being brightened with pink roses; Miss J. Parker wore a simple pale blue gown, and Miss Grace Kennedy, cream satin, with bands of black jet. In the audience I saw Lady Hector, in rich black satin, with bertha of jet; Miss Hector, in white; Miss Lucy Atkinson, in a pretty white silk gown, with numerous tucks round the hem; Miss Harcourt, in black; Mrs Sprout, in plum coloured silk, with orange of coffee coloured lace; Mrs Ernest Coleridge, in cream satin; Mrs Walters

(Walkato), in pink accordion-pleated chiffon, with lace collar; Mrs Duncan, in a handsome trained gown of black, trimmed with lace; Mrs Ian Duncan looked well in black, with black velvet bow in her hair; Miss Milca, in white; Miss Foola, in black; also, Mrs (Prof.) Brown, the Misses Skerrett, the Misses Quick, Mrs and Miss Holmwood, Mrs Johnson, Mrs Parker, Mrs Briscoe, Mrs Kennedy, and the Misses Barber, Richardson, Parsons, Knowles, Page, Patterson, Shanno, Judge Denniston, Dr. terson, Shannon, Judge Denniston, Dr. Hector, Mr Joynt, etc.

An excellent evening's entertainment was provided by a number of the Victorian College students on Tuesday last in the Spynay-street schoolroom. The first portion of the programme was composed of miscellaneous items and the entertainment concluded with an amusing production of W. S. Gilbert's "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern," acted by the students in three tableaux. The dramatic personae were:—Hamlet, Mr F. A. de la Mare; King Claudius, Mr O. Toogood; Queen, Miss N. Batham; Ophelia, Miss F. Roberts; Rosencrantz, Mr A. S. Henderson; Guildenstern, Mr R. Watson; first player, Mr G. Bogle; second player, Miss E. Page; Polonius, Mr Quithly; courtiers, Messrs T. Seddon, R. Mitchell and Stout. In the first half there were some very enjoyable items. A pianoforte duet by Misses J. Parker and Page opened the programme. Songs were given by Mrs F. P. Wilson and Mr Alex. Newton, the latter being encored for his very clever comic singing. Recitations were given by Messrs Clark and Toogood, and a violin solo by Miss Moran. A number of lightning sketches by Mr E. F. Kincocks greatly pleased the audience, who would gladly have seen more of this artist's wonderfully quick and clever work. In spite of the wet night there was a large and appreciative audience, among whom I noticed Sir Robert and Lady Stout, Professor and Mrs Brown, Professor and Mrs Easterfield, Mr and Mrs R. Parker, Mr and Mrs Powles, Mr and Miss Harcourt, Miss Foot, Professors von Zedlitz, McClaurin and Joynt, Mrs and Miss Stowe, Mrs



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and Miss Batham, Miss Fraser, and others.

The Theatre Royal was crowded on Wednesday night for Mademoiselle Dolores' first concert. Mademoiselle was assisted by Mr. John Prouse as vocalist, and Mr. Clarence Newell pianist. Again Mademoiselle delighted her hearers, who greedily clamoured for more after each of her songs, and, though her share of the programme was very large, she graciously responded to encores. Undoubtedly her finest performance was in the beautiful shadow song, from C. F. Meyer-Geer's "Dinora." The difficulty of the runs and trills, with their curious intervals and phrasings, were accomplished with perfect ease and sweetness, and the singer was loudly recalled. Lovely floral tributes of various designs were showered upon her throughout the evening. As an encore number to her last item Mademoiselle sang the ever-fairly-loved "Comin' Thro' the Ring" and quite captivated the audience. Mr. Newell's accompanying was quite a treat to hear, and his solos also were greatly enjoyed. Another concert is being given to-night. The theatre is sure to be crowded again, as it is not often we have such a musical treat. Mademoiselle looked charming on Wednesday in a rich trained gown of palest pink satin, made in the Princess style; the skirt was open at each side, showing accordion-pleated fans of a lovely deep shade of pink, finished with quaint pearl drops. The elbow sleeves and berthe were of handsome white lace, also trimmed with pearls, and she wore a lovely diamond necklace and brooches. Miss Prouse, who played for her father, wore a handsome white brocade gown, with lace sleeves and berthe. Some of those I noticed in the audience were the Hon. C. H. and Mrs. Mills, the Misses Mills, Mrs. Richmond, the Misses Richmond, Dr. and Mrs. Fell, Mrs. and Miss Parker, Mrs. and Miss Gore, Mr. and Mrs. Walters (Waikato), Mrs. Synmonds, Mr. and Mrs. H. Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Martin (Featherston), Mrs. and Miss Stafford, Mrs. and Miss Prouse, the Misses Skerrett, Mrs. and Miss Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Synmonds, Mr. and Mrs. Blundell, Mrs. and the Misses Blundell, and others.

OPIHELIA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee,
 April 1.
 There is little wonder we have enjoyed the week, with the visit of the Squadron, the presence of His Excellency the Governor and Lady Ranfurly, and last, but not least, and the greatest surprise of all, the return of the relief ship *Albatross*, which arrived most unexpectedly on Wednesday morning. There was much excitement, and a burning desire for interchange of news, mails were quickly exchanged, and much joy on finding all well, only one sad accident to report, one of the men of the *Discovery* having fallen over a steep ice cliff and drowned, rousing the deepest sympathy of all. Several members of the crew of the *Discovery* have returned in the relief ship, and Mr Mulock, of the *Morning*, has remained to take Lieutenant Shackleton's place, he having injured his chest in some way. It is not yet known if the *Discovery* will come back to Lyttelton or remain for another winter in the Antarctic regions,

if she is able to move to new winter quarters where further explorations and discoveries can be attempted we shall not see her. It is immensely interesting to hear of the doings of these brave men, but I am digressing. Captain Colbeck was welcomed by a number of our leading citizens, coming through to Christchurch to luncheon at "Te Koraha," as the guest of Mr and Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, to meet His Excellency the Governor and Lady Ranfurly. A strange little coincidence happened in connection with these two ships, Mrs Wilson, wife of Dr. Wilson, of the *Discovery*, was a passenger from England by the *Tongariro*, wishing to be on the spot to get the earliest news of her husband on the return of the *Morning*, and arrived simultaneously at the Heads with the relief ship, getting into port about the same time, so there was not long to wait.

The ball given in honour of the Squadron was a great and brilliant function, the decorations almost equalling the Coronation ball given by Mr and Mrs Wigram, and here we had the glittering uniforms of the naval officers, which in a measure made up any deficiencies. All the arrangements were as perfect as it was possible to be, and shortly after nine o'clock Lord and Lady Ranfurly, Lady Constance Knox, Admiral Fanshawe, etc., arrived, and were received by the Mayor (Mr H. F. Wigram), Mrs Wigram, the Hon. C. and Mrs Louissou, Mr and Mrs Ranald Macdonald, and a few others. The official set was immediately formed, and comprised the Governor and Mrs Wigram, Admiral Fanshawe and Lady Ranfurly, Mr H. F. Wigram and Lady Constance Knox, Flag-Captain Purefoy and Mrs Lewis, Captain Rich and Mrs Walker, Colonel Porter and Mrs Louissou, the Hon. C. Louissou and Mrs Macdonald. The viceregal party remained until after midnight. Lady Ranfurly wore a beautiful gown of violet velvet, trimmed with rich lace, and exquisite diamond ornaments; Lady Constance Knox, a lovely white satin and chiffon gown with aash, small black plume in her hair; Mrs Wigram, rich white brocade with deep chiffon flounces and frills at the elbow; Mrs Walker, crimson velvet and handsome lace bertha; Mrs Denniston, black brocade, trimmed with lace and pearl ornaments; Mrs Louissou, pale grey silk and cream lace with touch of crimson, diamond ornaments; Mrs Macdonald, black brocade with white lace and spray of pink roses; Mrs Lewis, grey silk, trimmed with white lace and pink roses, pearl necklace; Mrs Alister Clark, cream sequined lace over heliotrope silk with fillings of pale blue chiffon; Mrs Dixon (H.M.S. *Archer*), a lovely gown of white satin and lace; Mrs Melville Jamieson (Tamaru), pale blue silk under black lace; Mrs Burdekin (Sydney), white silk with black sequin trimming; Miss Burdekin, pale yellow accordion chiffon over silk; Mrs Woodroffe, charming gown of pink silk and lace, trimmed with roses, diamond ornaments; Mrs W. Stringer, black velvet and lovely lace on the bodice, finished with group of pink peppies; Mrs R. D. Thomas, black silk, trimmed with lace; Miss Thomas, pretty white silk and chiffon; Miss Stead, white tucked satin and chiffon; Mrs Pyne, lovely black and white of yellow chiffon and silk; Mrs

gown; Mrs P. Wood, pretty gown Wilding, grey satin, veiled with black lace; Miss Wilding, pale blue-satin; Mrs Graham, black satin and jet; Miss Graham, white-satin; Mrs Haydon, handsome black and white gown, diamond ornaments; Miss Haydon, pale pink-silk; the Misses Louissou, pretty white-satin and lace gowns; Mrs Elworthy, cream lace over pale blue silk; Mrs C. Dalgety, white satin, with lace overshirt, diamond ornaments; Mrs and Miss Kettle, Mrs Wardrop, the Misses Lee, Denniston, Campbell, Cook (2), Tabart, Murray-Aynsley, Babington, and numbers more were present.

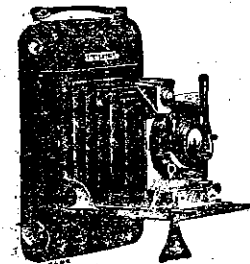
Mr and Mrs Wigram were "at home" at their residence Park-terrace, on Wednesday, to meet the officers of the Squadron, and the weather threatened to spoil everything. However, though rather cold, one did not notice it in the sheltered garden. Mr and Mrs Wigram received on the terrace just outside the drawingroom, and among the guests were Lord and Lady Ranfurly, Admiral Fanshawe, Lady Constance Knox, Major Alexander, the Hon. C. Hill Trevor, Captain Colbeck (*Morning*), and some of the officers, and a number from the warships. Mrs Wigram wore pale blue frieze, Eton costume, strapped with black, white lace front, black hat; Lady Ranfurly, black zibeline cloth, flecked with white, black velvet trimming, piped with white, violet velvet and sable hat with bunch of violets; Lady Constance Knox, brown zibeline cloth Russian costume, trimmed with brown velvet, cream satin and lace vest, hat of brown velvet to match, with wings; Mrs Elworthy, all black, bonnet relieved with white; Miss Elworthy, pale fawn spotted silk voile, pale blue in hat; Miss M. Elworthy, dark blue foulard, with white spot; Mrs Stead, dark blue, strapped with silk, white fur necklet, pale blue toque; Miss Stead, pale green cloth, with white satin collar, white hat and feathers; Mrs Peacock, black, with cream lace, black hat; Mrs Denniston, black, cream lace bolero and trimming, black toque; Mrs E. C. J. Stevens, handsome black brocade, pink floral silk vest, bonnet to match; Mrs J. Gould, cream lace over silk, with many frills, handsome fur cape, cream hat; Mrs Gossett; Mrs Wilson (*Discovery*), pale blue voile, trimmed with white lace; Mrs P. Campbell, green coat and skirt, black and white spotted silk vest, black and white

hat; Dr. and Mrs Crooke; Miss Hardy - Johnston, deep cobalt blue Miss Hardy-Johnston, deep cobalt blue zibeline cloth; Mrs W. Stringer, pale blue voile, trimmed with green velvet, lace and fur, floral toque; Mrs Fitchett (Wellington), pale grey, trimmed with lace, Tuscan hat; Mrs Quaseb, brown zibeline, with touches of pale blue; Mrs L. Matson, black, with cream lace, white silk yoke, pink chine choux, black picture hat; Mrs R. Allan, black brocade, black mantle, bonnet relieved with white; Mrs Ronalds; Mrs Kettle, electric voile, with wide black lace insertion, black hat; Mrs Louissou, electric blue silk voile and cream insertion, black hat; the Misses Louissou, pale grey voile gowns, black hats; Mrs H. P. Hill, black and pink, black bonnet; Miss Hill, pink linen; Miss E. Hill, cream cloth, trimmed with spotted red silk; Mrs H. Overton, black and heliotrope, black hat; Mrs Appleby, sage green, with lace trimming; Mrs Waymouth, shot gown, with floral silk bolero, pale blue and cream hat; Miss Waymouth, rose pink gown, with cream lace vest; Mrs Elmslie, grey silk, with narrow black velvet and lace, black toque; Mrs J. Anderson, Royal blue, sealskin jacket, toque with violets; Mrs H. H. Cook, sage green coat and skirt, cream lace vest, white hat; Miss Cook, pale blue silk, white hat; Mrs and Miss Foster; Miss Pratt; Mr and Mrs Rollett; Mr and Mrs I. Gibbs; Mr and Mrs Morris; Mr and Mrs T. W. Thompson; Mr and Mrs W. Reece; Mr and Mrs Garrard; Mrs and Miss Symes; Dr. and Mrs Jennings; Mrs and Miss Thomas; Mrs R. D. Thomas, pale grey, voile, with cream insertion, cream toque with yellow roses; Mrs Jackson, grey voile, with wide black insertion and chiffon, black hat; Dr. and Mrs R. Anderson; Mr and Mrs Greenwood; Mr and Mrs Bourne; Mr and Mrs W. Wood; Mrs Owen Cox; Mr and Mrs H. Wood; Mrs Chilton; Mrs Kinsey; Mr and Miss Barnes; Mr and Miss Bloxam; Mr and Mrs A. Kaye; Mrs Wardrop; Mrs C. Clark; Mrs Nancarrow; Mrs W. Cowlishaw; Mrs F. Cowlishaw; Mr and Mrs Bevan-Brown, and a great many more.

A very exciting tennis tournament was played at Lancaster Park on Saturday between Wellington and Christchurch, but the Wellington players must have been at a great disadvantage, having just come off a sea trip.

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MARLBOROUGH.

Dear Bee,— March 31.
The great event of the week was the

RACE MEETING

at Riverlands, where everybody met and fraternised. Mr Rore's horses met with great success, and the wins were very popular. The races lasted two days.

A departure from Havelock, when Mr Cavill, of the Post and Telegraph Department, was transferred elsewhere, was made the occasion of a series of social functions for which that town is famous. At Cavavastown, Mr and Mrs Cavill were presented with an album, and at a musical evening in the Havelock Town Hall they received a presentation of a solid silver tea service, and from the post office officials a pair of gold sleeve links. There was a great send off also from numbers of friends at the wharf.

Another **PRESENTATION**

was a silver salver to Mrs Gregg, of Mahakipawa, from the sports committee of that district, as a recognition of her kindness and great assistance, not only in obtaining valuable trophies for the Boxing Day sports, but also in other assistance generally rendered. The salver was suitably inscribed, and Mrs Gregg received the token of esteem gratefully, and replied in like terms to the committee.

Several missionaries have been trying to rouse the dormant religion of non-churchgoers. The meetings at all the churches were well attended, but whether there will be much backsliding when the missionaries leave remains to be proved. In these go-ahead days people require go-ahead religion, and the slow-coach preachers, and sing-song choirs, are quite out of date. Very few attend

church in the morning, and not many more at night.

A tea and concert at Renwick as a farewell to the Rev. Mr J. D. Webster, Presbyterian minister, who is leaving to go to Inglewood, was a very successful affair, and the departing guest, after being enlivened by the Rev. T. Smith, Anglican clergyman, the Rev. W. O. Robb, of Blenheim, and others, was presented with a purse of sovereigns. A pleasant evening was spent.

Pictou people have had their usual dissipation in picnics and jolly evenings. A picnic on Tuesday to Bob's Bay was a very pleasant affair, Mr and Mrs Leceoy, Mr and Mrs Stow, Mrs Riddell, Misses Philpotts (3), Greensill, Seymour, Western, and Halse (Wellington).

On Friday Mrs Leceoy was in the evening "At Home" to her friends, who all enjoyed themselves. A ping-pong tournament made a good deal of excitement, and a close fight for the prizes. Mrs Riddell won the ladies' prize—a silver-mounted purse—and Mr Edgar Stow won the gentleman's prize—a silver matchbox. Those present were Mr and Mrs Mitchell, Mr and Mrs Riddell, Mrs Redman, Mr and Mrs Stow, Misses Seymour, Philpotts (2), Halse, etc. Cards and songs, music, etc., were also much appreciated.

Pictou was much startled on Monday by hearing of the sudden death of an old resident, Mrs Fredericks, who has been associated with all church social gatherings so long that her demise will create a blank in those functions. She died of heart failure, and left a large family, mostly grown up and married. She was well known all over Marlborough, having connections in Blenheim and elsewhere.

Another good citizen and neighbour has been transferred from the Railway Department in Pictou to Christchurch, and will be greatly missed from here. Both Mr and Mrs Sergeant were greatly esteemed here, and their places will be hard to fill. Both were always ready and willing to assist every good thing going. **MIRANDA.**

Fijian Affairs.

The opinion given respecting the Governor in the following letter from the Chairman of the Wesleyan Mission in Fiji, published in the Suva press, is endorsed by the undersigned, and Europeans generally in Fiji:—Messrs D. Calder (acting warden), Borrion, Gemmill, Smith, Juske, Burton (members of the Legislative Council), Lieutenant-Colonel Brown, Major Marks, A.U.S.N. Company, Brodzick and Co., G. Benjamin, L. Benjamin, Bowman, Burnet, Cleary, Fitzgerald, Garrick, Murdoch, McCrae (proprietor of the "Western Pacific Herald"), Reimenschneider, George Smith, Sturt, Ogilvie and Co., Turner, and Thomas Tate (the latter being the head of the Wesleyan Mission), and Governor. The letter is as follows:—

"Sir, I am glad to be in a position to state, for the information of the public, that the Methodist Conference of Sydney will certainly not take the extreme step of memorialising the Imperial Government as indicated in the telegram published in the issue of the "Fiji Times" of the 28th inst., unless a thorough investigation shall compel such action. For the purpose of making the necessary inquiry the conference appointed a commission consisting of the Rev. Dr. Brown (general secretary for missions), the Rev. George Lewie (president of the General Conference of Australasia), and the Hon. W. Fobson, M.L.C., to proceed to Fiji at an early date. It is a matter of deep regret that any reflection whatever has been cast upon the fair name of our deservedly esteemed Governor. That unwarrantable use should have been made of His Excellency's name to further the proselytising work of the Roman Catholic mission, I feel perfectly sure that none would deprecate more severely than His Excellency himself. During the few months His Excellency has resided in our midst he has won the esteem of all by his impartiality and Christian courtesy. To myself and colleagues he has from the first showed marked kindness, has visited several of our mission stations, addressed our native ministers,

teachers, and students in words that they warmly appreciated, and, moreover, has borne generous and unstinted testimony to the good work that God has enabled this mission to accomplish in these once savage isles. Speaking for myself and colleagues, we have strong hopes that under His Excellency's able administration the best interests of all classes of the community will be promoted, and at the expiration of his term of office he will retire with an even higher reputation than he brought with him to these shores.—I am, etc. Arthur J. Small, Chairman of the Methodist Mission, Fiji, E. District. Dr. Brown, general secretary of the Methodist missions, explains that the resolutions adopted by the Sydney Conference made no reference to the Governor of Fiji personally, but only directed attention to the disturbing influence caused by the appointment of a Roman Catholic Governor, and that unfair use had been made of the fact of that appointment by the priests in Fiji, though it was entirely, in Mr Brown's opinion, without the Governor's consent or approval.

Letters received by Mr. Hoare, Sydney, from the mission office in Fiji, speak in very high terms of the courtesy and impartiality of the Governor. A commission has been appointed by the Methodist Conference to visit Fiji, and will leave by the Aorangi on the 20th inst.

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Copyright Story.

The Ideal Eye-Glass.

By W. PETT RIDGE.

(Author of "Mord Em'ly," "A Breaker of Laws," etc.)

The new customer was so very dark of complexion that his shining silk hat seemed drab by comparison; he glanced across the counter at Mr Hibbert in the manner of a dentist's show case.

"You want a fresh rim fixed," said Mr Hibbert. "Not one of our make, is it?"

The coloured gentleman replied that as a matter of fact the eyeglass had not been manufactured by the eminent firm which had the advantage of Mr Hibbert's services.

"Thought not!" remarked the youth confidently. "Peculiar style of thing altogether. Now if I were you I should strongly advise—"

With sudden acerbity the dark customer intimated that he was in no need of counsel. All he wanted Mr Hibbert to do was to follow out the instructions given.

"Name and address," said Mr Hibbert, not to be out-done in curtness. "Quick as ever you like."

He took a large book from the desk near, and as the customer brought some letters from the inside breast pocket in order to write the information, he took from him an envelope bearing a foreign stamp:

Prince Colonna,
151, Torrington Square,
London, England, W.C.

It appeared that the customer had intended to give another address, for he exhibited signs of fury at Mr Hibbert's action; snatched the envelope back, and giving a force tap to his silk hat strode out of the shop into Great Portland-street. Mr Hibbert called out that the eye-glass would be ready on the following Friday, and the customer resorted with a foreign ejaculation that sounded like the language of a bull.

"Who's your Mohawk Minstrel friend, Hib?" asked one of his colleagues at the counter opposite. "Hoping you'd get him to do a cake-walk."

"He's got a queer taste in eye-glasses," replied Mr Hibbert. "Makes everything look coloured somehow." Mr Hibbert was trying it.

"If you were a lady's man, Hib," said the colleague, "which you're not, you'd lead the girls a fine dance with that in your eye. They'd all be running after you."

"Heaven forbid! I loathe the very sight of a—"

An elderly lady entered the shop, and, dropping the glass, he put on his most ingratiating smile. "Alore weather, madam. Not quite what one expects in May. Pray be seated. And now—"

It is with some young men a pose to declare themselves adamant as far as the other sex is concerned, and to go through life, chin well up, and on their face a laughty sneer whenever women-folk are referred to in terms of compliment. Of these was Mr Hibbert, and when the optician's closed that evening he went straight to evening classes at the Polytechnic in Regent-street, and, the two hours of work over, walked by the most direct route home, looking at no one on the way, to his rooms in Mornington Crescent. There the Misses Cann respected him because of his attitude of courteous reserve, and a lady boarder, who was a shorthand writer down West, and had the third floor back, secretly worshipped him because he never chaffed her. The other two male boarders, by the frequency with which they fell in love, and their extraordinarily trying behaviour when in this situation, were the crosses which the Misses Cann had to bear, and not infrequently, the labours of the day over, and the two ladies able to find recour-

tion in such fancy work as darning, they concluded the debate on their various troubles by the happy reflection that Mr Hibbert, at any rate, had given them not a moment's worry since he first entered the house. "If they were only all like him—" said the elder Miss Cann. And sighed.

The admirable Mr Hibbert and the shorthand girl met at the door of the house in Mornington Crescent, and the shorthand girl thought with something of regret that either of the two male boarders would have engaged her in sprightly conversation.

"Still busy?" she remarked pleasantly. "Are you never going to stop learning?"

"The more one studies," said the optician's assistant solemnly, "the more one finds out how little one knows."

"I'd rather keep ignorant, then," she retorted. "There's such a thing as over-doing it."

"I see no strong tendency in the present age in that direction."

"I should have thought," went on the shorthand girl, placing her umbrella in the decorated drain pipe that stood in the corner of the hall, "that there were other ways a young gentleman could spend his evenings now the summer is coming on. Do you," she coughed slightly, "do you never take anybody out for a walk?"

"Why should I?"

"Well, lots of young gentlemen do. And if you don't care for walking, there's a Wood Green tram that takes you goodness knows how far for three-pence."

"Whilst there are so many masterpieces of English literature to read," said young Hibbert, looking at one of the books under his arm, "it seems a waste of time to go riding about on a tram all alone."

"You needn't go all alone," said the shorthand girl.

"Don't see any great catch in taking anybody with me."

"Indeed!" said the young woman. She gave a short, sharp laugh. "Don't let me keep you from your masterpieces," she said, caustically.

"I won't," replied Mr Hibbert. "Good-night."

The uncommon eyeglass was late in being returned from the workshop because the man who had been entrusted with it had suddenly disappeared, eloping with a widow and five children. The eyeglass was at this workman's lodgings in Marylebone, and the lad sent for it failing to return to the shop in Great Portland-street, search for him was made, and he was found stalking a piano organ all over Paddington and demanding of the Italian lady in charge (old enough to be his aunt and sufficiently plain of feature to frighten birds) her hand in marriage. Thus it was that Friday had come ere the eyeglass was ready, and Mr Hibbert, waiting on myopic customers and testing their powers of reading at sight, looked nervously at the swing doors each time that they opened, fearful that the coloured gentleman might arrive in furious temper. For Mr Hibbert liked a quiet life and guarded himself always against the risk of encountering excitement.

But the strange customer did not call, and the eyeglass with its black rim, rescued from the possession of the amative messenger, was placed in the glass-covered counter ready for the call of its owner. A week went by and still this gentleman did not appear. Mr Hibbert, noting the fact, determined one evening to take it round to the address in Torrington Square on his way home; he slipped it in his waistcoat pocket and informed his colleagues of his proposed action; they ridiculed him for this ex-

travagant attention to duty, calling him a pushful sycophant and other vague terms of opprobrium.

"I'd rather get rid of it," urged Mr Hibbert. "Somehow the very sight of the thing makes me uneasy."

In going across Gower-street he met one of the firm's customers; a middle-aged gentleman who had achieved something like notoriety by wearing an eyeglass and a silk hat with a flat brim. Mr Hibbert recognised the air of distinction that the customer gained from the monocle and, without thinking, took the glass from his waistcoat pocket and fixed it, with aid from a shop window, in his right eye. It fitted so well that he was wearing it when he turned into the square; it was still in his eye when he knocked at the door.

"Prince Colonna?"

"Gone," said the servant, "thanks be!"

"Do you happen to know," asked Mr Hibbert, looking at her with admiration, "his present address?"

"No," said the girl, sharply. "Nor want!" She was a round-faced girl with small eyes; not prepossessing, but young Mr Hibbert, as he looked at her through the eye-glass, thought she was the personification of angelic beauty. "Any more information?"

"Yes," gasped Mr Hibbert, "I want to ask—to ask if your heart is free?"

"Not half so free as your manners," replied the servant. "Let go my hand this minute. I should look pretty if any of the others saw me."

"You would look pretty," he declared fervently, "under any circumstances. I never saw anyone so beautiful."

"I don't care for vulgar chaff, thank you."

"But really—you don't understand me." He spoke with great earnestness. "I wish I knew your Christian name."

"If you must know," said the girl, looking apprehensively over her shoulder at the staircase, "it's Dorothy. But they call me Sarah 'ere."

"What does the name matter," cried young Mr Hibbert, "when the fair creature herself has reached perfection? Of what account is a mere title—?"

"I don't believe he was a Prince," whispered the girl, "judging by the way he carried on. Was he a friend of yours?"

"You must and shall be mine," he cried rapturously. "Life is but an empty thing without you. When, where, how can I see you again?"

"Next Sunday's my day out."

"Till then, fairest and sweetest of your sex, till then—"

"Oh you must be off really," interrupted the girl. "There's somebody coming down from the drawing-room. You're as bad as the Indian gentleman you was asking for; he was always proposing to every—Good-night, sir!"

She closed the door hurriedly, and he found himself out on the whitened steps, dazed with the concentrated excitement of the last few minutes. He started to walk south instead of north, and went confusedly three times round Torrington Square, before he recovered lucidity of thought and set out in a direct line for home. It was growing dusk and as he went along Cardington-street he kept his eyes on the ground, trying to realise that for the first time in his life, he, Charles W. Hibbert, was in love. He stepped lightly, and his mind was crowded with the exultant astonishment that comes to men who make their first acquaintance with this form of happiness. The amazing good luck that had enabled him to meet this adorable creature made him sure that he was the most fortunate man in the world.

"That you, Mr Hibbert?" asked the eldest Miss Cann from the first landing. "Yes," he replied in a new voice. "And oh, Miss Cann, I am so happy. This is the first day of my life. Hitherto I have merely existed, to-day I begin to live."

"Fancy that!" said the elder Miss Cann. "He's had a glass I expect," she whispered to her sister. "Not being used to it, it's taken effect."

"Miss Cann!" cried young Hibbert up the stairs ecstatically, "let me tell you all about it. My heart is so full of delight—"

"Stay where you are, sir," counseled the elder Miss Cann, in a motherly way. "I'll come down and I'll open a small soda. That'll do you more good than anything."

The younger Miss Cann (who would be the last person in this world to tell an untruth, or even to exaggerate, being indeed a very excellent Wesleyan Methodist and a perfect tower of strength where bazaars are concerned) has assured all of her lady friends, in the strictest confidence, that when half an hour later she went downstairs for a reel of thread she found the poor gentleman on one knee, begging her sister to fly with him to some distant island and talking generally, "like a book!" The younger Miss Cann, with great presence of mind, light-



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ed the gas and asked the infatuated Mr Hibbert what was the matter with his eye, whereupon the youth went to the mirror bordered with green tissue paper to investigate and took out the eye-glass. Then he glanced at the two middle-aged ladies, laughed in a nervous way, said, "Good-night!" and going out into the hall took his candlestick and went upstairs. The Misses Cann told the shorthand girl that some evening all about it, and the shorthand girl cried herself to sleep.

The Misses Cann, as I have hinted, had, in their experience, encountered vagaries on the part of male boarders and this induced them to prophesy that Mr Hibbert would be very silent at breakfast, that he would eat little or nothing, that he would consume thirstily an inordinate quantity of tea. These anticipations were partly realised. He was quiet and reserved of manner at the morning meal, but then he was usually quiet and reserved; he evidently remembered the incident of the previous evening, for he avoided meeting the eye of the elder Miss Cann at the top of the table and dared to speak only to her sister at the other end, and to the shorthand girl opposite. The other two male boarders were always late for breakfast.

"Are you always going to wear one now, Mr Hibbert?" asked the younger Miss Cann. "Let me fill up your cup again. I always think it is the making of a gentleman."

"Wear what?" he inquired.
 "Why you know."
 "If I did I shouldn't ask!"
 "Why surely you remember that you were wearing an eye-glass when you came home yesterday evening."
 "Was I?" With astonishment.

"Oh you young men," said the younger Miss Cann rallying. "You all want somebody to look after you. What say you, Miss Mansell?"
 The shorthand girl looked up modestly.

"Wonder where I put it!" said Mr Hibbert, puzzled. He felt in his waistcoat pocket without success.

"Where did you place it last?"
 "I suppose I must have left it up on the dressing table. Excuse me will you whilst I run up and see. It belongs to one of our customers."

The ladies glanced at each other when the young man had left the room, but they spoke no word until he returned. "Yes," sighed Mr Hibbert, answering the inquiry desolately. "I've got it!"
 "Let Miss Mansell see you with it on. She can decide whether it really suits you or not. It's all a matter of taste, of course, but I think—"

"Do you mind," said Mr Hibbert, excitedly to the shorthand girl as she looked across to judge the effect, "do you mind if I walk down with you this morning?"
 "I was going to tram," she said, "but—"

"Do me the favour," he begged.

She consented, but made a provision that he should wear the eye-glass (which she thought admirably suited to him) and that wearing it he should see her to the door of her office. Mr Hibbert, gazing at her with rapt adoration, said with enthusiasm that he would do anything and everything she asked him to do.

The average mind understands things more clearly in the morning than at a later and more faded part of the day, and Mr Hibbert, as he put on his light overcoat in the hall and waited, realised

that it was the eye-glass which enabled him to realise the beauty of character, the nobility of feature, and the general charm of manner that belonged to the shorthand girl. It seemed that the monacle idealised everybody. Without it, he had been blind to the girl's attractions; with it, he had the feeling that life was unendurable unless she shared it. He remembered uneasily that the servant at Torrington Square and the elder Miss Cann had on the previous evening inspired him with like sentiments, and he was beginning to puzzle this out when an angelic figure in grey tweed (who was the shorthand girl) came down the staircase. He took her arm as they walked out into Hampstead-road and she protested gently, but he showed a new spirit of masterfulness, and to her great content declined to listen.

"I want to be quite straightforward with you," he said, looking into her eyes as they went south. "You are the dearest and sweetest girl that ever was since the world began."

She shook her head doubtfully, but refrained from speaking a word of interruption.

"I'm earning a hundred and twenty a year and you, I believe, rake in about eighty. Is there any reason that you know of why we shouldn't take a nice little house out in the country at Highgate and furnish it and get married?"

The two almost danced to the terminus of the tram lines, and quiet, dismal folk hastening to work turned to look at them with curiosity and envy. Mr Hibbert saw her to the door of her office, and despite the fact that her colleagues were looking through the wire blind, claimed, in broad day, the right of an engaged man and kissed her lips. The shorthand girl went inside, a proud and happy girl.

"Hi!" cried Mr Hibbert, starting suddenly to run along the pavement at a rate that frightened the passers-by. "Stop him! I want him!"

"Which one?" demanded some loafers, excited into a desire for labour by Mr Hibbert's energy. "The white man or the—?"

A constable, infected by the stir, joined in the running, and the coloured gentleman looking over his shoulder and recognising that he was being pursued took to his heels. They caught him, just by Peter Robinson's and held him, despite his struggles, until Mr Hibbert arrived, panting.

"Has he got anything of yours?" asked the constable.

"No," replied Mr Hibbert breathlessly, "I—I've got something of his."
 "Well, but," urged the constable, "you can't give him in charge for that." The crowd endorsed this legal view of the situation.

"Here's your eye-glass, sir," said Mr Hibbert. "One and six to pay."

The coloured gentleman found himself released, and turning to the crowd expressed a heated opinion of them and their country. Then declaring that the eye-glass had made for him nothing but trouble, he took it and threw it down violently on the kerb. The glass smashed into small pieces.

Nothing to add, except that Mr and Mrs Hibbert are quite happy at Highgate, and when (as is the case in every household) there come domestic jars, Mr Hibbert remembers how she last appeared to him through the magic eye-glasses, and whatever the subject of dispute may be, promptly admits that the fault is his.

Another Drought Story.

We in New Zealand can't realise what drought means. Here is just an ordinary Australian bush tale, by "C.A.R.O.," a city girl!

One drought item impressed itself hauntingly on my mind. It happened on a Lachlan station, not a month ago. The heat had been—well, just the ordinary bush heat, which can give points to all others. A drove of wretched cattle had been driven through the run, on a forlorn hope of grass further down. One poor suffering beast, gaunt and dying, had fallen out, unable to travel, and been left behind. Bush nature is far too callous to kill for mercy's sake; the crows alone are attentive to the dying. All the men had left the homestead early on their usual weary rounds, and, in the midst of a glaring, blazing noon, I heard a puppy yelping its heart out in the yard. Crawling amid protests from beneath the bed (always the coolest place), I trotted kitchenwards, and, peering through a window, saw a pitiful sight. In the yard stood the dying bullock; it must have got upon its feet and stumbled to the house. It was the most awful-looking thing! Just covered with shrunken skin, as of a long dead beast; one foot staked badly, and caked with blood and flies. It stood, sawing its head at the puppy, and its eyes were wells of blood. An iron tank, filled with water, stood in the corner of the yard, beneath what had once been a trellis of vines. The beast made its way over, and, smelling the water, made a wild attempt to get it by knocking the tank down—it was too feeble to do any damage—and then fell to licking the iron with a black, withered tongue. A dish being handy, I lowered it from the window, and filled it by means of the dipper.

The poor beast smelt the water directly, and in its awful hurry upset it upon the ground. I will never forget, as it licked the dust ravenously, its moan of utter pain. I snuffed from sympathy, and ventured a small tub next, throwing water into it from above. How it drank! Its head, being in the tub, got in the way of my aim occasionally, but neither of us minded. At last it could drink no more, and simply slobbered its mouth in the water. I left it unable to drink, but keeping guard over the tub. All day it stayed, and I kept it supplied. When the men returned they took it away, and shot it in the paddock. As the report rang out I was packing, with a swelled nose, for home.

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Stamp Collecting.

The French 10c rose new type has been issued with the word "Alexandra" underneath, for use in Egypt.

The 1d green stamp, issued by Sierra Leone, bears the portrait of King Edward, and is of the De la Rue type.

A 90-cent United States stamp, unused, Department of Justice, sold for four guineas in London. At the same sale £15 10/ was paid for a New South Wales 3d emerald green, laureated head, no water mark, with original gum on back.

A minor variety of the United States 2c carmine, current type, that has not received much notice, is one in which there are no lines whatever across the triangle in the upper right corner. A specialist is stated to have no less than 60 distinct shades of the 2c stamp. It was time for George Washington to come along on a new 2-cent, and save this man from himself.

The English 10/ and 20/ stamps anchor water mark have been receiving the attention of forgers. The imitations are reported to be marvellously well done, the paper, print, perforations and water mark being all identical with those on the genuine stamps, but the experts have been able none the less to detect the counterfeit stamps.

Early issues of Ceylon are fetching high prices at London auction sales, as will be seen by the following rates realised recently: First issue, 4d rose, imperforate, £10; do. 9d lilac, Crown, £3; do. 1/ blue, £4 10/; do. 8d Crown, water mark star, and perforated, £2 12/6; and 1/ pale lilac, with good margins (1857-9), £5 15/.

On the 1st of this month British stamps were to be issued surcharged for use of the navy. The surcharge is reported to be "Admiralty Official." The denomina-

tions are as follows: 1d, 1d, 2d, 2 1/2d, 3d, and in addition postcards impressed with a 5d stamp and registration envelopes with a 3d stamp.

The new issue of United States stamps are now coming into general use. Correspondence was received by the mail steamer Sonoma this week, bearing the following new stamps, 1 cent green, Benjamin Franklin; 2c carmine, George Washington; 5c blue, Abraham Lincoln; and 8c, Martha Washington. The new stamps are beautiful both in design and execution. The new 13-cent stamp has also been issued, bearing the portrait of President Harrison.

There are now known to be 13 of the 1d red Mauritius (two unused), and nine of the 2d blue (three unused) of the scarce issue of 1847. The only known specimen of the two scarce stamps, 1d red and 2d blue, on one envelope, has just been sold in Paris for £1600, M. Th. Lemaire being the purchaser. The envelope was addressed to a firm in Bordeaux, and marked via England. For stamps of the original value of 3d the sum of £1600 seems a very fair price.

The new issue of King's head stamps for Bahamas has in the frame work at the side the shell and pineapple, similar to those used in earlier types. The values are: 1d carmine, 2 1/2d ultra-marine, 4d yellow, 6d light brown, 1/ grey, black and carmine, 5/ lilac and blue, and 20/ green and black. The portrait of the King is a good one, and the design generally effective.

Some clever forgeries of the stamps of Greece have been discovered of various issues, including imitations of some of the rarest varieties of the Athens issues of 1862-86, Paris 10 lepta, and disant errors, proofs, etc.; also imitations of some of the scarce varieties of Type 2. These forgeries are stated to be very good, but fortunately the shape of the nose is not quite correct, a fatal error in a Grecian stamp.

What is described as a marvel of minute engraving may be found on the new 6-cent stamp of Guatemala, which bears a representation of the palace of Minerva. Along the facade of the building there is an inscription, every letter of which is perfectly formed and distinct, and can be clearly read with the aid of a good magnifying glass. This inscription reads as follows: "Manuel Estrada Cabrera Presidente de la Republica a la Juventud Estudiantil." The whole inscription, which is in one continuous line, occupies a total length of only three-eighths of an inch, and is the smallest readable inscription on any postage stamp ever issued.

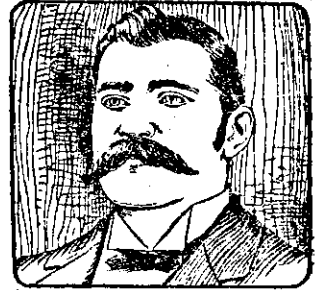
Here is a fishy story taken from a philatelic journal, which is certainly interesting reading: "About fifteen years ago a whale was stranded on the southern coast of France; the animal was cut up in more than one way, and 'News from the Interior' was forthcoming in a very literal sense, for inside the whale there were found several hundreds of letters in a sack belonging to a steamer destined for Guadeloupe, and shipwrecked on the voyage. The letters in question were despatched to their destinations with the addition of the remark, 'Delayed by accident to ship.' And yet people are told the whale has such a small throat that the prophet Jonah's experience was all the greater miracle.

The recent Durbar at Delhi catered for stamp collectors. The camp had a postal system of its own, with its own head office and its own fifteen sub-offices, the troops in addition being served separately by eight field post offices. Letters were collected from over a hundred pillar boxes by messengers mounted on bicycles, and a special service was organised, to carry mails to and from the railway and to collect and distribute the letters, etc. Information as to the rates of postage, etc., were to be found in a special edition of the "Indian Postal Guide," which was on sale at all the camp post offices. The "Guide" also contained a specimen of each stamp in current use in India, from 1/2 anna to Rs. 5, obliterated

with the Durbar head office date stamp. The book, the edition of which was limited to 5000 copies, cost Re 1, and was sold only at the Durbar camp offices.

Can't Eat

You certainly don't want to eat if you are not hungry. But you must eat, and you must digest your food, too. If not, you will become weak, pale, thin. Good food, good appetite, good digestion, — these are essential.



Mr. Robert Venus, of Luncheonston, Tasmania, sends us his photograph and says: "I suffered greatly from loss of appetite, indigestion, pains in the stomach, weakness, and nervousness. Several doctors tried in vain to give me relief. A friend then induced me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, for it had done him much good. The first bottle worked wonders for me. Soon my appetite came back, my indigestion was cured, and I was strong and hearty."

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The Discovery Expedition.

A LETTER FROM MR. BERNACCHI. RARE SCIENTIFIC RECORDS.

Mr. L. Bernacchi, who is in charge of the magnetic observatory in connection with the Discovery, sent a short letter to Dr. C. C. Farr, of Christchurch, by the Morning. It is headed "McMurdo Strait, Winter Harbour, latitude 77-51 S." There is no date, but the letter was evidently written a day or two before the Morning left, and about the beginning of March. Mr. Bernacchi says: "The solid ice which grips the Discovery so tightly has not yet broken up. Unless it does so during the next month we shall have to spend another winter in this outlandish spot. The Morning, therefore, is to leave in a couple of days, so you must excuse this very short and hurried note. You will see from the daily papers, and hear from the Morning people, of our successful geographical and scientific work, so I will not enter into details here. Our record of 82log 17min and the discovery of so much new land will take some beating. Scientifically, a great deal has been done. You will be glad to hear that the Eschenhagen variometers erected in February of last year have been working ever since, with very few lost days. All the international term days have been kept. I think you will agree with me that the curves are unique and of a most interesting nature. The very large annual variation in the element is, perhaps, the most conspicuous thing, but it is the individual curve itself that is so interesting. I have never seen anything like it. We have now something like 400 magnetograms. The term days were a perfect nightmare in the winter, when one had to go over from the ship to the variation observatory in a howling blizzard, and the temperature many degrees below zero. I was lost once for some hours when returning from one of these beastly excursions. It will interest you to know that our curves for April 10 and 11 are about the most disturbed for the whole year. One of the most typical of the magnetograms for the year 1902-3, with data for reduction, has been sent Home, in case something should happen to us before the return of the expedition. The seismograph has been working the whole year, but very few shocks and tremors are recorded. Our largest are on May 25 and on September 2, which seems to correspond with your record. On April 18 there are some irregularities in the line, which might be due to the Goatsman earthquake. There are some tremors, however, which coincide with your record. From October 3 to October 8 a great many tremors were recorded. I also have a year's observations of atmospheric electricity, some half-dozen complete sets of gravity observations and aurora observations in the winter."

The Trustees of the British Museum have offered to receive all the collections made by the expedition, to work up the specimens and to publish the results in a suitable manner, with the funds entrusted to them for such purposes by the Imperial Government. This work will be edited by the director of the Natural History Branch of the British Museum, and the collectors will receive full credit, and will probably be employed as sub-editors. The proposal of the Trustees has been accepted.

Information received from England by the last mail states that if the Morning is sent back to McMurdo Strait £8000 will have to be raised in addition to the funds already in hand. The sum seems to be a large one, but it is to be remembered that it represents the maintenance of the vessel and crew for twelve months.

Although a journal that has had a restricted circulation, the "South Polar Times," issued monthly on board the Discovery, probably contains more interesting material than some journals of wider circulation and larger issue (says "Christchurch Truth"). Its editor, up to the time he left by the Morning, was Lieutenant Shackleton. Almost every officer and man of the crew was a contributor, either in prose, poetry or sketches. The contributions were all typewritten from the contributors' "copy," the sketches being, of course, drawn direct on the paper. Dr. Wilson was the artist in chief, and in addition to the work for the "Times" he did the "jobbing" designing the programmes for the different entertainments and sports being his work. Amongst the other artists was Mr. Ford, the steward. It is said that during the winter the doctor coloured some sketches

by lamplight, but when they were subsequently examined in daylight the colours were all wrong, and the tout ensemble was peculiar. Every man on board had an opportunity to peruse the "Times," which, when the expedition completes its labours, will be reproduced for the benefit of a wider circle of readers.

A Maoriland Hero.

DIES SAVING LIVES IN A FIRE.

There comes from Chicago, United States of America, a story of noble self-sacrifice in which a New Zealander, and former Auckland resident, figures prominently.

The hero of the story is Albert Parr, whose parents live in Auckland. He went to America about seven years ago, and worked himself up to the position of foreman in a big paint manufactory in Chicago. This building caught fire on February 21 last, and in the burning building were 50 girls. These were in an upper story, and they became horribly frightened, with the result that they blocked the way in a huddled paralysed heap. To save them Albert J. Parr went into the smoke and flames, and he succeeded in rescuing 15 of the fear-stricken girls from their terrible plight. But this was not enough for the indomitable Parr. The building was enveloped with flames, which were being fed by the large store of oils and paints, and the hero thought that there were more girls in the place. When the roll had been called several girls were missing, and it could not be found out whether they had gone home or been seen. So Parr determined to go into the fire, which was eating up all the woodwork of the building. He asked a friend named John Wooley to accompany him. Wooley at first demurred, for the sight of the dreadful flames was enough to terrify anyone. At last Wooley consented, and the daring pair disappeared into the smoke. There was a dismal wait, a few minutes of tense anxiety, which was not relieved when Wooley staggered out of the building, white-faced and reeking with smoke. He was alone. He told his story in gasps. Parr and he had gone far into the burning factory, but found no one. Then the heat began to overcome Wooley, and he cried a halt. Parr would not stop, would not come back, but went on into a passage way leading to one of the girls' rooms. That was the last that Wooley saw of him, for the smoke enclosed him. The heat was awful, and Wooley could stay no longer. He returned and got out with the greatest difficulty. Parr never returned, and his charred body was found next morning at the foot of the ruined stairway.

The American papers tell a graphic tale of Parr's heroism, and are unentitled in their praise of his act. He was the eldest son of Mr Robert J. Parr, of this city, and the young man, when he was here, was a great favourite among those who knew him intimately.

The Speakership.

Chatting to a "Star" representative the other day a Wellington provincial M.H.R. said he was disinclined to believe the report of a Southern paper that Mr McNab would be a candidate for the Speakership, but probably something definite would be known on this point at the banquet to the Mataura representative this week. "If," said he, "it comes to a contest between Mr McNab and Mr Guinness, the former will win, and fairly easily, as many of the Northern members will be ranged against the Chairman of Committees in the last Parliament, while Southern legislators will cast pretty nearly a block vote for Mr McNab." He coincides with the general opinion expressed that the coming session will be a long and lively one, especially if the Premier introduces a new licensing law, which, to his mind, would be the outcome of a bitter struggle between the temperance party and the supporters of the moderate and the liquor sections. There are also indications of interprovincial jealousies arising among certain Northern and Southern members concerning the statements recently made as to the Otago Central and the Midland railways. This matter will seemingly play an important part in the discussions of the new Parliament, and much bitterness may be imparted into the views

held by the respective factions. My informant declared that the Northerners would not stand another Minister being selected from the South Island, the preponderance of the Middle Island's representatives in the present Cabinet being now too large, and Mr Seddon might burn his fingers were he to ignore the feelings so largely shared in by the Northerners that the next Minister should come from their end of the colony.

Counsel Reproved.

A remark made by Mr Jellicoe, the well-known barrister, during the sittings of the Appeal Court to the effect that the colony was reeking with corruption, politically and municipally, brought down upon him the severe wrath of the Bench. Mr Bell, who was acting as counsel for the other side, interrupted Mr Jellicoe's damning statement by tell-

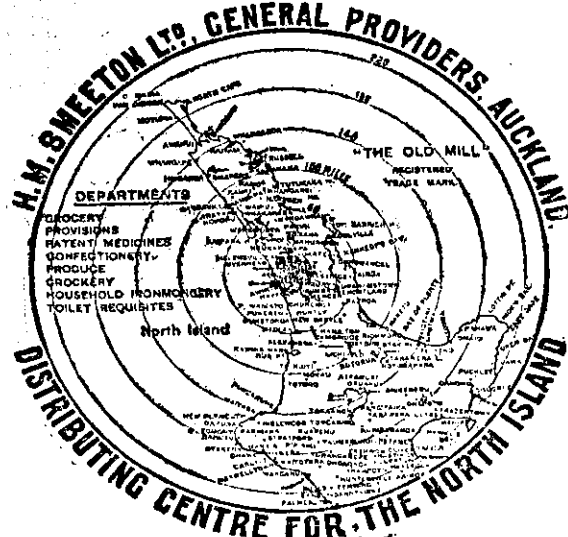
ing the latter that he had not sought to establish his assertion by affidavit, when Judge Denniston remarked: "If such a statement had been on affidavit any decent court would have struck it out." Mr Justice Williams followed up his brother judge's vindication of the colony by observing: "You know, Mr Jellicoe, that there's a proverb, that 'It's an ill bird,' etc." The Chief Justice concluded the incident by also commenting adversely on Mr Jellicoe's sweeping assertion.

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A Relic of Early Days.

An interesting relic of the first New Zealand built ship as been found at Facile Harbour, Dusky Sound, by Captain Bollons, of the Government steamer Hinemoa. This particular relic is a wonderful rata plank that must have ceased to be a tree at least 100 years ago, but which, nevertheless, remains in a remarkable state of preservation. On the outside the wood has become the colour of the earth in which it has lain for so long, and the moss-grown surface is mostly in a state of decay. But the rottenness does not reach deeper than a quarter of an inch, and an incision with a penknife soon brings to light the firm, hard wood of the durable rata. The interest attaching to the plank is that it was felled, sawn, levelled and morticed in order that it might form part of the first ship built in New Zealand away back in 1795. The builders evidently found they had more planks than they needed, and this piece of rata was left by the old sawpit at Facile Harbour, where it had since remained. The history of this early specimen of the rough shipwrights' work of the whalers is worth recalling.

A year or two prior to 1795 the whaler Britannia arrived in Dusky Sound, bringing with her the frame of a small schooner. The object was to land the skeleton and a detachment of men, leave them to plank up the frame, and use the schooner for whaling about the Sounds, while the whaler herself operated in the further waters. The planks were carried in so far that the skeleton ship and the men were left at Facile Harbour, but the Britannia returned before they had completed the planking, took the men away and left the unfinished boat on the beach.

The next incident in the story is that the ship Endeavour, which in 1795 left Sydney for the West Indies, became leaky, ran to Dusky Sound, then about the only known harbour, having found

its way on to Cook's Chart, and beached, with the object of repairing. But the Endeavourers found their ship had got past repairs—at any rate, such repairs as they could make. They found it better to complete the planking up of the schooner left by the Britannia, and the result was so satisfactory that a portion of the Endeavour's crew, under the mate, succeeded in sailing from here to Sydney, though apparently the voyage was a trying one, as it is recorded that they arrived in an exhausted state. The rest of the Endeavourers at the Sound were taken off by other vessels. What subsequently became of the schooner is not known, and that is why the only known relic of her brought away by Captain Bollons has a special antiquarian interest.

The plank, which is now on the Hinemoa, is 10 inches wide by 3 inches thick, and 12 feet long. It has been cut into for morticing purposes, and on one side is bevelled. The saw pit is in the bush, about a vessel's length from high-water mark, and in this pit the boards were roughly squared. There appears to be no possibility of error about this, as no other sawpit has ever been dug in this locality, and there has been no other use or occasion for one, so the plank that the builder rejected may after all become head of a corner in some museum.

The relic throws an interesting sidelight on the misty beginnings of New Zealand colonies, and those beginnings are older than we are apt to believe. Within a score of years after Cook, and well within the century before last, the old whalers frequented the coasts of the Sounds and Stewart Island, and some of them lived with the Maoris. They were contemporary with the birth of the United States and the French Republic, and it is odd to reflect that in the year of the Reign of Terror, when France was in throes, away at the Antipodes the dim glades of Dusky Sound were echoing the music of the saw and the mallet—peaceful pioneers of new industry in a new land.

Wellington Shanties.

A truly shocking state of affairs in regard to the houses in some of the more notorious parts of Wellington City was revealed last week by a report of the Housing Committee which was set up by the City Council eight months ago to go into the question of housing accommodation in Wellington. In the streets and lanes off Tory-street, the houses are described as being very bad—"built too close," "having no proper conveniences," and "disgraceful." Other houses have rotten timbers, and in one street there is one house still standing of four rooms, let at 9/ a week, which was condemned in 1896. As to the houses of Frederick-street the report says: "Many are old, have small rooms, are very damp, have no conveniences, and are infested with rats. The south side is a very shallow section, the water and refuse of which drain into the yards." Of Haining-street the report states: "Mostly rookeries, timbers rotten, the yards filthy." The street should be entirely cleared." Taranaki-street: "Some fairly good houses, but several should be destroyed." Cuba-street: At the back "the houses are very old, having no conveniences, and infested with rats."

Some houses in Peter-street, on the Thorndon Quay, Grant-road, Little George-street, Saunders Lane, Express Avenue, King-street, Little Taranaki-street, North-street, and elsewhere, also come in for more or less strong criticism. Here are a few entries regarding Haining-street: "A horrible den"; "this house specially fitted up for fan-tan"; "prostitutes"; "opium den, house rotten and dilapidated"; "could obtain no entrance"; "no one up at 11.30 a.m." Of another house in another street the report stated: "This house is upstairs of a very rickety character. In a yard there are two rooms occupied by two bachelors. These rooms seem as if they had been formed out of outhouses; rent of each 2/6." There were seven occupants in one house of two rooms visited by

the committee. There are nineteen houses of three rooms with five occupants each, ten of the same size with six occupants each, seven of three rooms with seven inmates each, and one of the same size with eight inmates. In the four-roomed houses the largest number of inmates was nine. In each of two houses there were eleven occupants of one five-roomed house, and ten in another.

Rents varied as follows:—One-roomed house, 4/ to 5/; two rooms, 6/ to 11/; three rooms, 6/ to 14/; four rooms, 6/ to 14/; five rooms, 7/ to 15/; six rooms, 12/ to 21/; seven rooms, 12/ to 22/.

These houses, of course, are not in particularly high-class localities, and in many cases are not in very good condition. One three-roomed house, for instance, for which 11/ a week is paid, is in a bunch described as "a bad lot, whole street of a very low character." Similar sized houses infested with rats or bugs bring 12/. A five-roomed house had an iron stove put in, and the rent was raised 2/ a week (to 11/) in consequence.

The number of houses visited by the committee totalled 308, of which one-half could be set down as being in a bad condition. It was stated that it was almost impossible to find out the number of persons inhabiting some of the houses in the lower class of streets, as these houses were crowded at night and almost empty during the day.

In face of these disgraceful revelations, it is not surprising that the Council adopted the recommendation of the committee that the facts, as tabulated, should receive the serious consideration of the incoming Council, with a view to improving the housing accommodation for the working class.

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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,—The s.s. Pilot arrived here last Saturday, and towed the County of Ayr out yesterday. We are going to start full-time school here next week. There was a man with a monkey and an organ around here yesterday, and he came down to the school, and got a lot of pennies from the children. Yesterday the Concordia passed this bar on her way to Auckland, and two steamers were towing her; they were the Sterling and the Wairoa. We have been having very fine weather here lately, but to-day it is blowing and raining. There are going to be athletic sports at Rawene on the thirteenth of April (Easter Monday). The electric light is nearly finished at the mill now. Now I must close this letter, as there is no news at all to tell you, but I will try and write you a long letter next week. With love to yourself and all the rest of the cousins; so good-bye.—I remain, Cousin Newton.

Dear Cousin Newton,—It is simply dreadfully hot and close to-day, so if my answer is very stupid you must set it down to the weather. Last night it poured in torrents, but I think there must be more rain about yet, as one can scarcely breathe. I hope Easter Monday will be fine, and that the sports at Rawene will be enjoyable. There will be races here, but I don't think I shall go. I am rather tired of them, I think. Let me hear how you enjoy the holidays, and if the electric light is on at the mill yet.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Isn't the weather unpleasant just now! It isn't like summer, is it? Wasn't yesterday horrible? We were going a pipey-tea to North Shore, but it looked so bad that we thought it might rain, so we stayed at home. Such a dear little puggie came here last night, and it won't go away; it has evidently lost its master. Did you go to see the Maori School bazaar? It was so pretty. At one of the stalls there was the sweetest little puppy, who was sold for two guineas. One of the objects of interest was an old woman

spinning. Please put some more puzzles in the "Graphic," as I am very fond of doing them. I also like doing "picture puzzles." Have you ever heard of a waltz called "Fairy Tales"? It is so pretty. I am learning it. Now I must say good-bye, with much love to yourself and all the cousins.—Cousin Gwen.

[Dear Cousin Gwen,—I must look up some more puzzles, and see if I can find a picture one or so. I am always glad to hear what the cousins like. What is a gipsy tea? I suppose it is very stupid to ask, but I always think it far more stupid to pretend to understand anything you don't. I liked the bazaar awfully, and was glad to read in the paper they made so much money. I have not heard that waltz you mention. The name is pretty, at any rate.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am just going to write you a few lines, as I have not written to you for some time now. We are having very good weather up here lately. We are milking 78 cows now, and are feeding about 30 cows. I suppose that bazaar is to be very soon. Now, dear Cousin Kate, as there is not much news up here, I think I will have to stop. Our examination is a little over a month now.—I remain, your affectionate cousin, Emily.

[Dear Cousin Emily,—I was really glad to hear from you again, though it always make me ache to think how hard work it must be milking all those cows. I think I would go to sleep over the task in the evening, and it is wonderful of you to write even a short letter when you must be so weary. I thank you heartily in any case. Did you pass your exam?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I went to the Maori Girls' Bazaar the first night it was opened, and I thought it was a great success. From the street it looked just like fairyland, with its many different coloured lights. I was with several of my companions, and my friends and I said that we had greatly enjoyed ourselves. I think the performance was a pretty fair one, but out of all the items that were performed, I think that the dancing was the best. I have not written to you for a long time, because we have another little brother, and most of my time has been taken up with him. I do not suppose we shall have very pleasant holidays at Easter if the weather keeps as it has been this last few days, but we are hoping that it will alter, as we do not get two o'clock days like the public schools. There has been a great many swimming sports lately, and in one of them Ivy came first. You can imagine how pleased she was to come first this year as well as last. She has not received her prize yet, but I hope that she will get it soon, as she is patiently waiting for it. Now I must conclude. Good-bye.—From Cousin Mabel.

[Dear Cousin Mabel,—I was much interested in your letter, and to hear you had a little brother. Have you had the christening yet, and, if so, what is his name? I am glad indeed that Ivy won her race, and hope the prize will arrive all right, and prove a nice one.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—As I have a great deal of home-work to do, I thought I had better write my letter now. I went to the Maori Girls' Bazaar, which I thought was very nice. There were three of my friends who did the Irish jig and Highland fling. I liked it very

well, and thought it was very good. When they had finished dancing they got dressed and we had a good game of fig. There were not many of us playing, for two of the girls that had been dancing had gone home, and that only left Mabel Gladly Carter, her sister, and I. I went in for the swimming races not long ago, and came first. I have not received my prize, but I am hoping for the best. With love to all.—I remain, yours truly, Ivy.

[Dear Cousin Ivy,—As I told your sister, I was much pleased at hearing of your success at the swimming sports. I, too, saw your little friends dancing at the bazaar, and thought it all very clever; in fact, all the performances were. Have you been to the circus? I have not yet, but will perhaps go tomorrow.—Cousin Kate.]

My dear Cousin Kate,—I am just writing a few lines, to tell you about myself. I am going to school now, but only in the mornings. I am sorry that I did not write to you before, but I have had no time to do so. I sent you a pin-cushion for the Maori Girls' School Bazaar, but you did not have a

stall for it. What are you going to do with the things? Please let me know. I thought that the bazaar was lovely, especially the Maori boys' drill and the Maipole.—I remain, yours truly, Cousin Daisy.

[Dear Cousin Daisy,—Your pin cushion was sent to one of the stalls at the bazaar, and I think I saw it sold. It was on a stall one moment, and when I looked again it was gone. I do not know what will be done with the things that were over, but think there will be another sale later on. How do you like school? Tell me next time you write.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—You must think I have forgotten you; but I have not. We are having some dreadful weather here. Mother is going to Christchurch soon for a trip. I hope she will enjoy herself. Dear Cousin Kate, I must tell you that we are going to lay down a new tennis lawn at the school. I am going to learn. Do you play tennis at all. I do not, but I am going to learn; perhaps next year. I would like to learn very much. I will be very glad to see my letter in print in the "Graphic." I am writing my letter at school, so I have not much news to tell you. Have you read "Little Mother Meg"? It is a very pretty book; it is by Ethel Turner. My school teacher gave it to me for a Christmas present. I have got a book called "The Girls' Own Paper," with the "Houseful of Girls" in it; but it is not the same as the book you sent me. Dear Cousin Kate, I must close with best love, from Hannah.

[Dear Cousin Hannah,—I was very pleased to have a letter from you in this week, as the photo of yourself and Madame Melba's letter to you appears in a different part of the paper, and you will like to have both together. Yes, I've read "Little Mother Meg," and it is a charming little book, as are all Miss Turner's works. I trust your mother will have a nice time at Christchurch and enjoy her trip. Mind you learn tennis. It is a grand game for girls.—Cousin Kate.]

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W. P. OGILVIE,

WELLESLEY STREET, AUCKLAND.

"Princess 'Melia."

Her real name was Amelia Maria, but no one ever called her anything else but 'Melia. She was a quaint-looking little personage, rather small, with very thin legs, straight brown hair, that was always falling over her eyes, and not much nose to speak of; and I am sure, to look at her, you would never guess (not if you tried your very hardest) that 'Melia Muggins was a princess! Yet, I assure you that it was a fact, and this is how it came about.

'Melia was not a born princess; her parents were certainly not a king and queen; no, her father went up and down the streets wheeling a barrow, and calling out in a hoarse voice: "Rag-a-bow-o! Rag-a-bow-o-o-o!" And her mother was known in Gravelly Lane, where 'Melia lived, as a "mangling lady."

'Melia herself was a very busy little woman; she helped mother clean and scour, carried home the mangling, and "minded" Alexander and Victoria when there was nothing else to do.

Now, one day 'Melia had been out shopping, and was running home as fast as her two thin legs would carry her, with a pat of butter for tea on a plate, with a small square of paper on the top of it, when she saw two boys teasing a poor old crow, that had somehow broken one of its wings.

The bad boys would put the crow on the ground, then, when it vainly tried to fly away, run after it with shouts of laughter, and catch it again.

Certainly it was a funny sight to see the great bird run a little way, flap one wing and hop into the air; then, with a hoarse "Caw! Caw!" it would fall again to the ground. But 'Melia did not think it at all amusing; she was a tender-hearted little soul, so, popping her plate with its pat of butter down on a doorstep, she ran up to the boys, who were neighbours' children with whom she sometimes played.

"Say, Bob Smith," said she, "I'll give you a penny if you'll let me have that crow."

"Ho, yes! I dare say," replied Bob Smith; "you ain't got one."

"Haven't I, though," said 'Melia, "and a bright one, too; a lady gave it me yesterday, when I took 'ome the mangling."

"Show us then," demanded Bob the incredulous.

'Melia dived into the depths of her pocket, and produced a crumpled piece of paper, which she unfolded with much care, and proudly displayed a bright new penny.

Bob looked at the penny, and then at the crow, who was now tired out with his efforts to fly away, and lay quite still on the kerbstone. There did not seem to be much more fun to be got out of him; so Bob took the penny, and, with his companion, raced off to the nearest sweetstuff shop; and 'Melia gently lifted up the wounded bird, and, wrapping it tenderly in her fathered apron, clasped it in her arms, then picking up the plate of butter she managed, with some difficulty, to carry them both home.

"Bless me, child!" exclaimed Mrs Muggins, "whatever have you got there? Here, give me the butter." And she resumed it from 'Melia, who had very nearly dropped it on the floor. "Of all things, to go and bring home a great bird like that. I don't know where you are going to keep it, I'm sure."

"There's that old cage in the back yard, Muvver," said 'Melia, eagerly. "I thought 'paps father 'd let me have it."

Mr Muggins was leaning against the doorstep, waiting for tea, and smoking his pipe. Slowly removing it from his mouth, he carefully examined the crow; then, after a little consideration, he said:

"Well, you can have it, 'Melia, tho' it's worth quite two-pence; but you won't want it for long, I reckon. You don't s'pose that bird 'll live, do yer?"

But the crow did not die—no, he got quite well again; and but his wing, which did not mend, so that it was no use (as 'Melia explained to him) letting him go, as he would not be able to fly.

He certainly was not a beauty to look at. He was quite bald, his broken wing hung limply down on one side, and he had lost all the feathers except one from his tail. But in spite of appearances 'Melia was very fond of 'Joe,' as she called him, and never forgot to give him food, clean water and a little bit of groundsel or watercress whenever she could get it.

She talked to him too sometimes, so that he should not feel dull and lonely; and Joe would listen solemnly, with his head on one side, and say, "Caw! Caw!" as if he understood all about it. 'Melia said he did.

Now, one afternoon 'Melia had taken Victoria and Alexander for a walk, which was no easy task, as Alexander was rather fat and not very steady on his legs, and every few minutes he would sit plump down on the pavement and 'Melia had much ado in setting him on his feet again.

"Come along, Alexander, there's an organ-a-playin'," she said, as she tried to hoist him up for the fifteenth time. But Alexander was not to be coaxed; he did not want to walk and sat howling lustily on the ground. After several vain attempts to soothe him and plant him on his feet again 'Melia gathered her fat little brother up in her arms and staggered home with him, Victoria trotting along by her side and holding fast to her skirt.

The big clock in the church tower was striking four when 'Melia reached home again, and Mother had told her to keep the children out to five; so she sat down on the doorstep with Alexander in her lap, while Victoria trotted off to make dust pies with another little girl who lived next door.

The sun was beginning to set, and at the end of the street there was a concertina and a monkey.

"Caw! Caw!" croaked the crow. 'Melia looked up. She always hung his cage in the doorway on fine days, so that he might feel the sunshine and see what was going on in the world.

"Well, Joe," she said, "how are you?" "Pretty chirpy," answered the bird. "Why, I didn't know you could talk," said 'Melia.

"Didn't you? I am afraid there are a good many things you don't know," 'Melia," replied Joe, as he hopped from one leg to the other. "It's getting a bit chilly up here; I think I will come down for a change." And Joe opened the door with his claw and flew down on the doorstep beside 'Melia.

"Why!" exclaimed 'Melia, "your wing is mended."

"Dear me! so it is, to be sure," said Joe; "you didn't know that either, did you, 'Melia?" and he gave a hoarse chuckle and flew up on to the roof of the opposite house; then circled round and round two or three times (just to stretch his wings, you know, he told 'Melia), and settled down on the pavement in front of her again.

"Now," said Joe, "what shall we do to amuse ourselves?"

"Well—we might play at being Princesses," said 'Melia after a little consideration; "leastways, you be a Prince and I be a Princess, and Alexander—"

"Oh! we won't bother about Alexander," interrupted Joe; "he's gone to sleep."

"Dear! so he has," said 'Melia.

"So you would like to be a Princess, would you, 'Melia?" Joe continued; "have you ever seen one?"

"Once I did, when Teacher took us to the 'pantomime.' My! she was lovely, a-dancing and a-singing, with a beautiful white frock on, and a gold crown on her head. But they said she wasn't real, though," she added with a little sigh.

"Well, 'Melia, I was thinking of taking a little holiday trip, and as you have been a kind little girl I will take you with me if you like and show you some real princesses—lots of 'em."

"But there's Alexander?" said 'Melia, doubtfully.

"Prop him up against the door-post," said Joe. "There, that's right. Now, do just as I do." And he stood on the top step and began flapping his wings.

'Melia hadn't any wings, but being a resourceful little woman she stretched out her arms and tried to flap them up and down like the crow.

"Now, one, two, three, off," and up they shot into the air. 'Melia was quite surprised to find how easy it was to fly, if you only knew the way.

"Follow me and don't talk," commanded Joe. And up, and up they went—past the highest chimney-pot, past the church steeple, away and away, over streets and shops and houses, until at last they left them all behind, and were out in the beautiful country, flying over green fields and shady woods, in which flowers were blooming and birds singing. Presently the crow swooped down and alighted in the most

lovely garden you have ever dreamed of. Fountains that sparkled with all the colours of the rainbow were playing in the midst of daisy covered lawns, trees covered with golden plums and mossy apples were growing on every side, and flowers bloomed everywhere.

Racing over the lawns and playing under the trees were lots of happy, laughing children. 'Melia could see at once that they must be princes and princesses, for they were all dressed in white, and wore little golden crowns upon their heads. Directly they saw 'Melia several children ran towards her.

"Why, here is 'Melia," they cried. "Come and play with us, 'Melia. We are so glad you have come." And away she went with the laughing children, and didn't she have a lovely time!

She quite forgot her own shabby little frock and mended shoes, as she played hide-and-seek with the little princesses and swung in a golden swing under the trees; and—oh! how high she went—right up into the clouds sometimes; and every time she swung back again the little princesses would shout and clap their hands and toss flowers and fruit into her lap.

Then she rested near a fountain and caught the glistening drops in her little hands; and, oh! how sweet and fresh the water tasted. Dear little birds perched on her shoulders and squirrels and rabbits frisked about her and let her stroke them without seeming the least little bit afraid.

"How tame all the animals are!" she said delightedly.

"To be sure they are, 'Melia," said Joe, who was hopping about on the lawn. "No one who has been unkind to any animal, can ever come here; so they have nothing to be afraid of, you see. But here comes the King!" And 'Melia saw that all the little Princesses were flocking round a kind-looking old man, with a long white beard, and a golden crown upon his head.

"Who is this?" said he, smiling at 'Melia, as she ran towards him.

"Please, your Majesty, it is another little girl who would like to be a princess," said the crow.

"Can she pass the examination?" asked the King.

"Oh! please, sir, I don't like examinations," said 'Melia hastily.

"It's all right, my child; you have passed already; Joe has told me all about it," said the King. And he handed her a card on which was printed in large letters:

RULES FOR PRINCESSES.

Don't be cross.
Do as you are told.
Keep your face and hands clean.
Always be kind to animals.

"Now, 'Melia," said the King, "as long as you keep those rules, you will be a princess; but if ever you break one of them, you will be just an ordinary little girl again."

"And please can I stay here?" she asked eagerly.

"What about the mangling, 'Melia?" said the King.

"Oh, dear! I forgot; and Mother will be waiting; she said I must be back by five. But I am 'fraid, sir, the boys will laugh at my crown, and I'm sure they will throw mud at my new white frock." And 'Melia looked troubled, as she was now dressed like the other little princesses.

"Don't be afraid of that, 'Melia," said his Majesty; "they will not notice it. No one but you and I and the crow will know that you are a princess, but mind you do not forget it, and then some day, if you keep your rules, Joe shall bring you here for a holiday again. Now, good-bye, little princess. Fly away or you will be late home." And up went 'Melia once more after the crow, and away they flew, back again over the fields and houses.

One, two, three, four, five! boomed the clock, and there was 'Melia back once more on the doorstep, and Joe was sitting in his cage as if nothing at all out of the way had happened to him. She picked up Alexander and went indoors.

"There's a good girl," said Mrs Muggins; "you are just in time, the mangling is ready. Now be off as quick as you can, as Mrs Price will be waiting for it."

"Yes, Muvver," said Princess 'Melia; and off she went.

But 'Melia is very careful to keep the rules, and is very particular about her hands; and if ever she feels inclined to say, "Oh! do get along!" to Victoria, or to slap Alexander (and he really is troublesome sometimes), the crow will cry, "Caw, caw!" and then 'Melia stops herself in time.

So she is still looking forward to another flying visit to the beautiful garden; and if ever you happen to meet a shabby-looking little girl staggering along with a large basket of clothes, or taking her small sister and brother out for a walk, be sure you treat her politely, as it is never safe to judge by appearances; and for all you know, she may be really "Princess 'Melia."

LUCY T. DUNCAN.

Too Interfering.

Meddling with others sometimes brings us into scrapes, and thereby one of the doorkeepers of a certain meeting "made bad worse." A young fellow entered the hall and took his seat, keeping his hat on. The doorkeeper noticing it, requested him to take it off while a hymn was being sung.

His request not being complied with, he spoke to the young man a second time, and seeing he still hesitated, he at length lifted his hat off for him, when, to the man's chagrin, out rolled a quart of putty, making more noise than was consistent with decorum.

"Man," quietly said the youth, "see what you have done!"



The Daring Doll.

By A. E. BONSER.

"Good morning, Miss." Was Lill dreaming, or did she hear these words?

"Good morning Miss." This time the sound was somewhat louder, but though Lill rubbed her eyes and looked about her, she could not discover the owner of the voice.

"Good morning, Miss. How d'ye do?" The sound must be near, after all. And, sure enough, there on the grass beside her Lill saw a doll.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Lill, "I really didn't see you, you know. I'm very well, thank you. How are you?"

"Pretty well, Miss, thanks, considering things are so awfully slow."

Lill did not understand; the strange doll puzzled her. She was evidently a foreigner. Lill did not know much about foreigners, but she could tell that. She had a queer way of pronouncing her words, her complexion was dark, her hair and eyes were black, she wore no clothes—oh, no, she certainly was not English. She loiled on the grass in an easy attitude, and winked at Lill with one of her beady eyes.

"Are you up to a lark?" she said. "Let's have some fun. Come along, I've lots of money!" And she winked her other eye.

Then up she skipped, turned head over heels, to Lill's astonishment, and beckoned her to follow her. "I left my luggage in the hedge," said the doll. "See here!"

Sure enough, out of the hedge she fetched a box, opened the lid, and showed the inside crammed with bank notes. The notes were all bad, and really worthless, but how was poor Lill to know that? She only thought that her new friend must be enormously rich, and wondered more and more who she might be. Possibly a Spanish countess in disguise, or even a princess.

"Look here," said the doll; "that we'll



"Opened the lid and showed the inside."

take a ride, after that we'll go for a lovely sail, and then finish up with fireworks in the evening. Come on!"

Did not this sound delightful!
"Oh, thank you!" said Lill. "If my mamma will let me, I should like to go very much indeed."

The doll giggled. "I'm glad I've no mamma to consult," she said. "Ha, ha! I do just what I choose. If you've got to ask Mamma over-every little thing, I'm sorry for you. Doesn't your ma like you to enjoy yourself? 'Twill do you heaps of good. Come along, we won't go far."

Lill could not bear to seem impolite. It was very kind of the doll to ask her, she thought; her mother, as she said, was always glad for her to have enjoyment, and yet—

"Now then, hurry up!" said the doll. "It's silly not to know your own mind. If you're not coming, say so, and I'll go by myself; I hate folks who are tied to their mother's apron strings!"

Lill was greatly distressed.
"Oh, wait just one minute and I'll come," she said.

"Right you are!" exclaimed the doll, and turned another somersault.

They started off at a brisk pace, and soon reached Farmer Brown's farm.

"Now," said the doll, "just choose your steed; what you like, horse, cow or sheep. I say, though, did you ever ride a pig or a porker?"

Lill never had.
"Oh!" said the doll, "it's screaming fun. I'll drive, you hold on by his curly tail; it's as easy as A B C."

This sounded so fine that Lill laughed and clapped her hands. Suddenly she was grave. "But," she said, "the pig isn't ours; it's Mr Brown's."

Again the doll gave a knowing wink. "That's all right; I'll pay him with one of the bank notes. Only see, here's a beauty!" And she chose out the biggest pig she could see, and one with plenty of curly tail.

Lill seated herself on the pig's back, and held tight to its tail, as she was told, while the doll, having tied a string to its snout for reins, jumped on in front. "Gee up!" she cried, snarck went the whip, and off they scampered tawtivy.

It was a new experience for Lill; it was equally so for the pig. Its astonishment was expressed in grunts of disapproval. It backed and it plunged; it scuttled from one side of the road to the other; as a respectable pig it did its level best to protest against the indignity. But the doll only jerked the reins the more, and used the whip without mercy. At length the poor pig, rendered desperate by terror, made a sudden bolt, and ran for its life. You may think what a to-do there was in the farmyard! The rest of the pig family, that up to now had been horrified spectators, fled squealing; the dignified turkey even was not ashamed to run. Ducks, geese, cocks and hens, clucked, hissed, cock-a-doodled, and scuttled right and left as fast as wings and legs could carry them. Hearing the hullabaloo, out came one of the farm hands, and, seeing the runaways, waved his pitchfork, and shouted, "Stop, thief!"

The doll fairly shrieked with laughter,

mischief was the very height of enjoyment, she did not care a rap for the feelings of other folks, and drove on recklessly. And now they neared the sea, and it looked to the scared girl as if the madcap driver would dash right into it. At the brink, however, she pulled up suddenly, throwing the pig on its haunches and Lill on the ground. A bucket happened to be lying handy, the doll seized it, set it afloat, and ordered the trembling Lill to enter. They got in, and the doll pushed off from the shore in a twinkling, and when their pursuers reached the water's edge they were already some distance away. The doll stood proudly in the stern-sheets and waved defiance with her whip. Farmer Brown, having recovered his punting pig, contented himself with shaking his fist at the fugitives; his feelings were too deep for words.

Oh, how thankful was Lill to have escaped, but, that fear over, another took its place. She had never been to sea in her life, and so wondered vaguely what would happen next. Should she ever see her dear mother again?

The doll sailed on, but, needing a fresh excitement, began to rock the bucket so violently from side to side that the water splashed in, and Lill screamed.



"She saw that doll, bobbing up and down in the water."

and cracked her whip, and cried, "Gee up, brother pig!" while the welkin rang with its terrified squeals.

Poor Lill had much ado to keep her seat. She was as frightened as the pig, and felt that they were indeed in bad company.

On they went, faster and faster—Lill was very nearly thrown off several times as the pig rushed violently from side to side, but the doll did not seem to care in the least.

The shouts increased, and glancing over her shoulder Lill saw Farmer Brown, his wife, and a lot of folks all running after them, and ordering them to stop; or, at least, she thought so, but could not be sure because there was such a racket, what with the squealing of the pig, the shouting of the farm hands, the terrified clucking of the fowls, and the hurrahing of the doll herself.

The disturbance just suited the doll, the greater the hullabaloo, the more her spirits rose. To her undisciplined mind

"Ha, ha! Ho, ho!" laughed the doll. "What are you frightened at now? A nice sailor you'd make! Hadn't we better ask mamma if we may land?"

"I want to go home!" sobbed poor Lill.

"Oh, well!" said the doll. "If you're tired of sailing already, we'd better stop."

With that she gave the bucket such a rock that it filled and sank to the bottom. Fortunately for Lill the water was shallow, for they had neared the land again, and so she managed to wade ashore, dripping with wet, but safe and sound. Venturing to look back she saw that doll, bobbing up and down in the water, holding her sides, and shaking with peals of laughter. Lill ran home as fast as ever she could, not daring to look back again for fear the doll would chase her, and the last she heard of her false friend was: "Ho, he, he! Won't you stay, Miss, for the grand display of fireworks. Ask mamma, with my dear love. 'Tat, tat!"

Oh, that dreadful doll!



"One of the farm hands . . . waved his pitchfork and shouted 'Stop thief!'"

KIRKMAN, DENISON

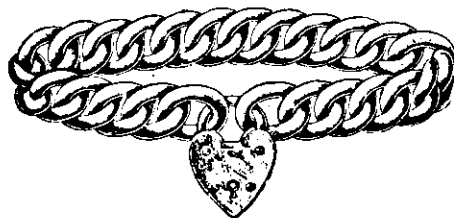
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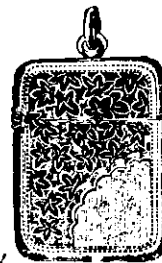
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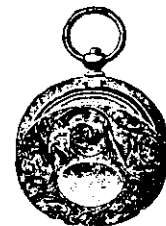


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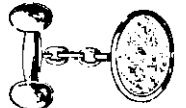


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AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

Madame Chang

The portraits we give of Madame Chang, the wife of the Chinese Minister at the Court of St James, and of her grand-daughter will interest many of our readers. Their striking and gorgeous robes have naturally made them a centre of interest in London, where they go to all the great entertainments, not the least notable feature in the appearance of the younger lady being her pig-tail. Madame Chang is depicted in the costume she wore at the Coronation.

Winter Parties.

Book teas and photograph teas are being supplanted at Home by musical teas and placard teas.

Musical teas are the invention of a hostess who has a large repertory of pianoforte pieces at her fingers' ends. She invites her friends to come to her house, gives each one a paper and pencil, and then plays snatches of music, a characteristic passage from this overture, a few bars from that light opera, and each person writes down what he or she believes is its source. Prizes are given to those who have registered the largest number

of correct guesses at the end of the entertainment.

"Who am I?" That is the question each player of the placard game wants to have answered. She knows that on her back she bears a paper inscribed with the name of some woman writer, musical or dramatic author, painter, or sculptor, and that she must find out as quickly as possible her hidden identity. She is allowed to go from one person to another asking leading questions, that will solve the mystery, but to those questions only "yes" or "no" may be answered. Directly she has discovered that she is Miss Ellen Terry or Mrs Humphrey Ward, or whom-

soever else's name she has got on her back, she has her placard changed, for the more times she guesses who she is the better chance she has of gaining a prize.

Progressive whist parties, or whist drives as they are often called, are still very much in vogue. They are being popularised by numerous games being played at different tables, progressively, instead of whist. Tables are arranged about the room for games of halma, cabbage, draughts and dominoes, and five minutes at each are allowed each player. Those who score the highest marks receive respectively at the end of the evening first, second and third prizes.



HER EXCELLENCY MADAME CHANG, WIFE OF THE CHINESE MINISTER, IN NATIONAL COURT DRESS.

THE LITTLE GRAND-DAUGHTER OF MADAME CHANG, IN THE NATIVE DRESS SHE HAS WORN AT SOCIAL GATHERINGS.



THE FAVOURITE PET OF THE LONDON SOCIETY WOMEN. SKETCHES AT A CAT SHOW IN THE OLD COUNTRY.

A Modern John Alden

"Stub" Van Alan's rotund visage loomed dimly through a cloud of tobacco smoke, for all the world like the sun lost in a fog. This was not an unusual phenomenon, certainly, but the fact that my generally irrepressible friend had been in my room ten minutes and had neither smiled nor attempted any of the atrocious puns for which he was justly infamous, was a hitherto unknown state of things.

"What's the matter with you, old man?" I queried. The cloud of smoke became denser, threatening total eclipse. "Nothing," came forth presently from the blueness, "at least nothing you would care to hear about."

"I like that," I replied, a little touched at his manner. "Since when have I been in the habit of 'passing by on the other side,' like what's-his-name in the parable, and you in trouble?"

"Can't say you ever did," said Stub, removing his pipe, "but it isn't—er—ordinary trouble; I suppose I may as well tell you, though—I'm in love."

"In love?" I echoed, beginning to laugh. "Is that all? I imagined from your looks that you were about to be hanged. Was there ever a time you were not in love—with some one? Who is it this time?"

"You needn't laugh," said Mr Van Alan, indignantly. "This isn't a joke. I'm in dead earnest."

"Who is it?" I demanded, seriously. "Helen Lorrington," said Stub, darting a queer glance at me. If he had suddenly hurled a chair at my head it would have dumfounded me less. I became interested all at once in looking out of the window. I wasn't anxious for Stub to see my face.

It was no joke, as he had said—to me, at all events. I had been in love with Miss Lorrington for two years, madly, hopelessly; fluttering about her beautiful, stately presence, as the proverbial moth about the candle flame, and with about the same result. I have never been accused, even by my enemies, of lacking nerve; but somehow, under the spell of Miss Lorrington's grey eyes, I could never screw up my courage to the sticking point and put my fate to the touch. I had fancied at times that Helen was not altogether indifferent. There had

been a memorable day on the links that she—however, at other times I was miserably certain that I had no chance.

"Of course"—Stub was speaking—"I know she's much too good for me; she's better, nobler than—"

"Have you said anything to her?" I managed to say. I knew how perfect the lady of my heart was, without Samuel Peyton Van Alan's telling me.

"No," he said, ruefully; "I—I can't. Whenever I'm with her I feel like an overgrown boy and nearly make an idiot of myself; she has a way of looking into a fellow's soul, with those big eyes of hers, that makes him think of his sins." I made no comment; I understood perfectly.

"Look here, Ken," said Stub, as if suddenly struck with a bright idea. "You and Hel—Miss Lorrington—are great friends, aren't you? I remember hearing her say once that Kenneth Sears was one of the nicest men she knew. Why can't you—er—sort of say a word for me? Tell her how it is with me, and that I am not really such a blockhead as I appear in her society. Tell her I—I love her—just as if it was yourself, you know; maybe if she thought I cared for her she might—"

"Do you take me for a matrimonial agent?" I asked, sternly. "Do your own proposing. Do you suppose a girl like Helen Lorrington would think twice of a man who was lacking in courage?"

"I don't know," said Stub, "that's what you are going to find out."

"I'm not," said I.

"Don't be a chump," remarked my friend in contemptuous tones. "Promise you'll speak to her to-night, if you get a chance, at Mrs Applebee's dance."

Stub and I had been friends since college. I would do more for him than for any man alive, and— Well, I arrived at Mrs Applebee's that night with a

heart like lead, bound to plead my friend's cause with the girl I loved myself.

"What did you wish to tell me, Mr Sears?" Miss Lorrington asked, after I found her a seat under a tall palm in the deserted conservatory. I swallowed a lump that had suddenly risen in my throat, and began.

"And who is this fair lady that your friend loves so devotedly?" she inquired, when I had finished.

"You!" I said, turning away my eyes lest they betray my own secret.

"Me!" she said, incredulously. "Sammy Van Alan in love with me? Impossible!"

"Why impossible?" I cried, impulsively. "How can he do otherwise? How can any man? But you are so far above other women—so unapproachably adorable—that all a fellow can do is to worship—in silence." I had forgotten Samuel Peyton Van Alan.

Miss Lorrington made no reply. She was looking intently under a bunch of potted geraniums, a little, far-away smile on her lips. I followed her gaze, and as I discovered its object, hot prickly waves began to chase up my spine to the roots of my hair. It was only an empty wooden box at which she was looking, but pasted on one end of it was a highly coloured lithograph, advertising Priscilla nasturtium seeds—and the picture was of John Alden, pleading the cause of Miles Standish. Something in the droop of Miss Lorrington's regal head gave me sudden courage. I bent down until my eyes met hers and in them I read, as plainly as love could say it, the immortal

rebuke of Priscilla to her faint-hearted lover: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

And Stub? Well, I may as well confess it. I had been made the victim of a diabolical ruse. Mr Van Alan had discovered the state of my feelings—got the idea from a chance remark of Helen's that it was only my cowardice that stood in the way of making me the happiest man alive, and forthwith essayed the role of match-maker.

He was my best man six months later.

TRUMAN'S NURSERY LOTION

By one application only effectually destroys all Parasites of Head or Body.

Sold in Two Sizes.

N.B.—Insist upon having TRUMAN'S LOTION and no disappointment can occur.

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71 OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON.
And sold by all Chemists in the Colonies.

Dales' GOLD MEDAL Dubbin

MAKES BOOTS and SHOE LEATHERS water proof as a wax's back, and soft as velvet. Adds three times to the wear of leather. Pleasant to wear. Allows polish with backing, a exhibition highest Awards for superior quality. Black or Brown color. Sold by Boot Shores, Saddlers, Trainers, etc. Manufacturing—Dulwich, London (Eng.)

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Our Marvellous Electric Belts give a steady soothing current that can be felt by the wearer throughout all the weak parts. Remember, we give a written guarantee with each Electric Belt that it will permanently cure you. If it does not, we will promptly return the full amount paid. We mean exactly what we say, and do precisely what we promise.

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 also Testimony which will convince the most sceptical.

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Mrs S. A. MOORE-JONES, M.R.C.P., M.M., C.M.I., S.K.

"Nicknames."

Few realise the odd titles which certain distinguished people have earned by some peculiarity or characteristic. We gave some odd ones some weeks ago. Here are some more. It was not until Mr Rudyard Kipling wrote his now historic verses that the whole world realised that the affectionate nickname of Lord Roberts was "Bobs." Such nicknames are universal. The Duke of Cambridge is often referred to as "George Ranger," and even the King, when he was Prince of Wales, and, perhaps, since, was known by his intimates as "The Master."

The Duke of Atholl, on account of a somewhat pompous manner, as well as of his great possessions, is known as "All Scotland." The Duke of Portland—as is also Mr Walter Waring, Lady Clementine Waring's husband—is known as "Jumbo," while Lord Coventry is known as "Covey," and Lord Warwick, even since he has succeeded to his earldom, is still known as "Brookie." Lord Wandsworth bears the characteristic title of "The Melancholy Stern," while Lord Cholmondeley is called "Rock." Mr Alfred Rothschild is "Mr Alfred," Lord Kitchener is known by everyone as "K. of K.," Colonel Needham is called "Dot," and Mr Shelley Bontein is known as "London Assurance." Very often, for no particular reason, a man's name is familiarly shortened, as, for instance, in the case of Prince Soltykoff, who is always known as "Solti." The Duke of Newcastle is known as "Linnie," and the Duke of Manchester as "Kim," in reminiscence of his earlier days, while his mother's pet name for him, "Sonny," has always stuck to the Duke of Marlborough. Lord Spencer is known as the "Red Earl," Lord Portarlington as "The Dasher," while Lord Londonderry is still called "C.," a nickname which first came to him when he was Lord Castlereagh.

Some of the younger men have odd names; for instance, Lord Hardwicke is called "Tommy Dodd"; Lord Lurgan, "Billy"; Lord Craven, "Uffy"; Mr Dud-

ley Marjoribanks, "Beef"; and Lord Charles Montague, "The Snake"; Lord Sulley, "Pudding"; Captain Ronald Greville, "Satan"; and Mr Tommy Chaine, "Chinese Tommy"; while, very obviously, Lord Yarnmouth has been christened "The Blotter." Some names are very flattering. For instance, Mr G. Faber is called "Beautiful George," while General Brabazon is still known as "Beautiful Bwab." Mr Harry Stonor is always known as "Apollo," and Mr Cyril Martineau earned the sobriquet of "Venus" when he was at college; while Lord Buchan, now a married man with grown-up children, is still known as the "Pocket Adonis." The Duke of Bedford was nick-named "Hatband," while in the Grenadiers; Lord Ribblesdale is "Tommy" to his friends; Lord Henegay is "Smike"; Lord Raglan, "Chalks"; Lord Annaly, "Sloper"; Cecil, "Niggs"; Lord Brougham, "The Besom."

Beauty on the Car.

From Her Majesty the Queen downwards, ladies of all classes of society in England have taken to the motor-car with a fervour and appreciation which argues well for the speedy supersession of the old-fashioned horse-drawn vehicle. The Queen has a pretty victoriette electrically propelled, and Miss Knollys has a compact and neat electric dog-cart. Electric landaulettes are very favourite vehicles with a number of smart ladies. Among these is Lady Essex, one of the most charming of the American peeresses.

The Empress of Russia favours an electric carriage, a most comfortable victoria. The Princess de Polignac has also a victoria hung on leather C springs, and driven from a rumble behind. Lady Wilton and Lady de Grey favour the same sort of vehicle, which is said by experts to be the most comfortable carriage yet devised. The single landaulette is the general favourite with most of the motor-loving ladies, but the light brougham has also many adherents. Some ladies

even drive their own motors. Among these is Miss Webyln, who won the ladies' race at Ranelagh last summer. She also drove in the thousand miles' trial, handling Mr. Graham White's car between Lincoln and Nottingham. More recently she drove Mr. Graham White's car a distance of 140 miles absolutely alone. It is said that this young lady steered a car the very first time she was in one, and at full speed. Some ladies, like the Countess de Grey, now live quite out of town even during the season, yet drive up every evening to ball or opera, returning the same night. Lady Juliet Lowther and Mrs. Henegay are other people who make use of their motors almost every evening during the season. The stage has many ardent motorists. Miss Violet Vanbrugh's tall figure and handsome face may often be seen in a small but powerful car, and frequently she is accompanied by her husband, Mr. Arthur Bourchier. Her sister, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, may also be seen at times in summer driving on her motor down to Sunbury, where she often spends a day on the river. Miss Constance Collier says that there is no other way of taking fresh air to be compared with motor driving, while among other more recent recruits to the joys of the pastime may be counted Miss Muriel Beaumont and pretty Miss Lettice Fairfax. Being so new a fashion, as it still is, the modes of motor-ing are still almost chaotic. Even the prettiest features go for nothing when hidden by an ugly cap, veil and goggles. But clever modistes have changed all that. Seal-skin dresses, and others made of lovely white furs, with hoods, are now in favour. There is also a coat of reindeer skin, which can be easily slipped over any costume, and yet presents a most handsome appearance. The pony-skin costume, which can be rubbed clean with a wet cloth, is one of the most charming of the new fashions. For one of these of pure white hide a well-known lady is said to have paid £1000. In pretty shades of cream colour and brown, such a coat is much more modest in price, costing only £20 to £30. There is great discussion as to what the chauffeurs shall wear. It is realised that the suit of shiny black leather and the peaked cap

are far from being things of beauty. Besides, there is no distinguishing mark to differentiate drivers so clad. Several ladies now have put their drivers into regular livery. One of these is Mrs. George Keppel. During rainy weather her driver and footman both wear white, glazed high hats, which have an uncommonly smart appearance. Lady Derby, Lady de Grey, and others still adhere to the dark costume and peaked cap for their chauffeurs. One of the chief reasons why motoring has become so popular with society ladies is that they are enabled to live in the country and yet enjoy all the pleasures of town life. It is on Sundays in particular that the motor is found useful. Nowadays people come in to church, and church parade is moving in an amazing fashion.

A LOVELY WOMAN

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That wonderful Tonic, composed of Beef and Iron, will bring out her beauty, fill in the hollows and round out the curves. It is a flesh and tissue builder that will make any woman plump and rosy, as she was meant to be.

BOVO-FERRUM is an absolute specific in Anemia. The price of Bovo-Ferrum is HALF-A-CROWN and it should be 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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EXTRACT FROM "AUCKLAND STAR," NOVEMBER 19th, 1901.

"An armchair, which for ease and comfort may fairly be said to surpass anything of its kind, has been put in the market by Messrs Smith & Caughy. The chair, which has been patented, is the invention of Mr. W. Aggers, of this city. Its external appearance is that of an ordinary armchair, but by an ingenious arrangement of springs, the new invention is made as comfortable as one could desire. The seat, back, and arms are all fitted with springs, which yield to every motion of the sitter, absolute ease being thus secured. The chair is very simply constructed, there being nothing to get out of order, and the one originally made by the patentee, after two years of use, is now in perfect order. For invalids the chair should be very popular, and in clubs and hotels it will probably be widely used. The maker has styled it the "Advance." In a slightly different chair the arms are made rigid."

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The New Woman.

Oh, the End-of-the-Century Girl,
What a wonderful thing she will be,
She'll evolve from a mystical whirl,
A woman unfettered and free.
No corsets to crampen her waist,
No crimps to encumber her brain;
Unafraid, unflinched, unaltered,
Like a goddess of old she will reign.

She'll wear bloomers—a matter of course,
She will vote not a question of doubt;
She will ride like a man on a horse,
At the club late at night she'll stay out;
If she chafes to love, she'll propose;
To blush will be quite out of date;
She'll discuss politics with her beaux
And out talk her masculine mate.

She'll be up in the science of things;
She will smoke cigarettes; she will frown
If the servant a dunning note brings,
Or the steak isn't served up just brown.
No longer she'll powder her nose,
Or cultivate even a curl,
Nor bother with fashions or clothes—
This End-of-the-Century Girl.

Her voice will be heard in the land;
She'll dabble in matters of State;
In counsel her word will command,
And her whisper will laws regulate,
She will stand 'neath her banner unfurled,
Inscribed with her principles new;
But the question is—what in the world
"The home and the baby will do?"

The Young Woman and the Young Man.

FROM A TWENTIETH CENTURY STANDPOINT.

The horizon of the young woman of the present day is not bounded by the young man. The novels of one hundred years ago show us women to whom husband-hunting seemed no disgrace. They wanted to be married, and they frankly and openly followed the chase. Single blessedness was then unblessedness, and few women chose to live alone.

Perhaps the women of this century go to the other extreme. Seeing the delights of so-called independence, they pass the outstretched hands of would-be lovers, to find too late that the passage through the dark valley of loneliness has been too much for their courage, and they come to the end of the journey tired, faded and cynical.

This article, however, has nothing to do with her who chooses the lonely way, but will take up some of the problems that confront the young woman who has chosen the way matrimonial.

If you decide to marry you must study the man and know him as he is.

He is, as are you, essentially a twentieth century product.

Primarily he is not a sentimental man. To-day we know little of sighing lovers. Of course, the great world stories of passion are still being told, for men and women still love. But the young man whom you will meet is, as a rule, not romantic, however much he may possess of true sentiment.

Why the change?

One hundred years ago, outside of the family, a young woman knew the young man only as a suitor. To-day she is meeting him as friend, employer, co-student, and co-worker in the professions.

Then there was around her the mystery of the unknown. To-day she is

seen in the clear light of every-day contact. They she coquetted and broke hearts by the dozen. But those days are gone, and while she will always have for him the attraction of the eternal feminine, they meet to-day as man and woman who must work and fight together.

Of course, it goes without saying that you, young woman of the twentieth century, glory in the change. But go softly! You have gained something, but what have you lost?

A man demanded no more of his wife a hundred years ago than that she should have a beautiful face and a loving heart. If she were of the plain people, her ability to brew and bake was called into account, and the making of a certain dainty dish often won a good husband for the expert maiden.

But to-day?

"My wife," says the young man of the new century, "must be intellectually able to follow me. I do not care for a beauty, but she must have some style, one of the well-set-up kind. She must be able to manage servants and to cook a meal if the cook leaves. She must be something of a society woman—a man can't succeed unless his wife knows how to make friends; and then, personally, I like a woman with some ambition for herself, a musician, an artist or a writer—it shows force."

Now, of course, when the young man marries he doesn't get all those qualities in his wife, nor half of them. But his ideal is formed on extravagant lines, far beyond that of his predecessors, and you will not find it easy to be a scholar, a housekeeper, an occasional cook, a society woman and an artist.

Hints to Young Mothers.

The less noise a baby hears, the less he is carried about and played with for the first six months of his life, the better it will be. It is seldom necessary to take him from his crib, except for his bath and meals. The habit of tossing him about and trotting him on the knee makes him nervous and wakeful, and cannot possibly do any good. His undeveloped system calls for rest, yet he is often denied that privilege. Children, as well as older people, are to a great extent creatures of habit, and they cannot acquire habits that are conducive to proper development and health of the body at too early an age. It is during sleep that the building-up forces work without interruption, and the child gains in flesh and strength. Have regular hours for his naps, and see that everything is favourable for sleep at that time. There should be no tight bands to hinder respiration. Place his crib in such a position that the light will not shine directly upon his face—preferably in a cool, quiet corner. Do not cover him too warmly; change his position occasionally, and he will sleep longer.

The bottles from which a baby is fed should be smooth inside, so that every part may be easily cleaned with a bottle-brush. It is necessary to scald the bottles thoroughly at least once a day to insure perfect cleanliness. Rinse them in cool water as soon as the meal is finished. Put them in a pan or kettle every morning, cover with cold water,

heat slowly, and boil for ten minutes. The gradual heating will not injure the glass. After they are cool enough to handle, shake the bottles, rinse them in clear water, and they will be sweet and clean. The baby's mouth becomes parched and dry, for although milk is nourishing, it is not refreshing, and a drink of cool water occasionally will often quiet him when every other means fails. If the water has been boiled and kept on ice, it may safely and freely be given.

Don't provide children with elaborate or a large number of toys. A well-known doctor says that no child should be allowed to have more than three playthings at a time, and they should be of the simplest description. Another thing of which he emphatically disapproves is the plan of allowing children to dance and recite for the amusement of friends. It makes them self-conscious. "A child's life," he says, "cannot be too simple."

Teach the little ones the value of time. It is wonderful how much they will fritter away if they are allowed to get into the habit of dawdling. They should be taught to dress in as short a time as is consistent with dressing properly, to do everything briskly, and not to begin one thing and then go on to another without finishing the first. Habits are soon formed, and it is almost as easy while they are young to teach them to be quick as to allow them to dawdle.

Try and check the bad habit of biting the finger nail, as soon as it makes its appearance, or it may result in unsightly finger tips and nails for life. Any chemist will make you up a bitter decoction with which to paint the fingers. But they must be painted regularly if you intend to really cure the little one. It is useless to paint them one day, and then forget to do it the next.

Don't fancy that as long as the chicks are small it doesn't matter how they behave at table. Even the tiniest tot can be taught to behave prettily, and it does make such a difference in one's comfort! They must be taught some time to use a fork and spoon, and to hold a cup and glass. So why not let them learn the proper way at once? A child will readily learn how to convey food to its mouth daintily, to drink quietly, and to keep its mouth shut while eating. Though these may be little things, they mark the difference between a well or ill taught child.

Never shut out fresh air and sunshine from baby's living and sleeping rooms. Sleep is more refreshing at night for the flood of sunshine and air let into the room during the day. Never decorate the nursery walls with pictures they cannot understand. Never feed a child the moment it cries; there are other causes of grief besides hunger. Never frighten a child or laugh at its fears; fear is the result of inexperience, and children's fears are real.

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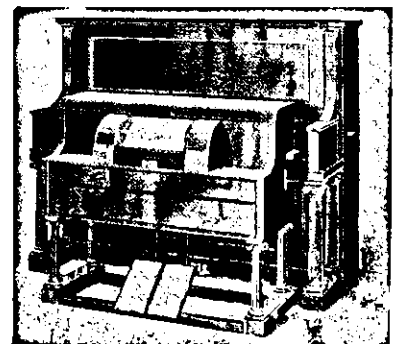
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THE KING OF PIANO PLAYERS.



CALL AND INSPECT.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

(By MARGUERITE.)

The picture at the bottom of the page displays four very pretty ordinary evening gowns, two for girls who are not actually out, and a couple for those who are enjoying their first winter season. At the left-hand side is to be seen a charming costume made of white muslin pleated from the waist to the hem and decorated with filigree garlands of white mousseline roses. It has been noticed already that girls are wearing colours a good deal. A bright pink is prevalent, and so is that ever-fashionable turquoise blue.

Ringed muslin is an excessively suitable material to choose for a girl of 15, and nothing could be more simple, and yet more elegant, than the second model of the sketch with its pouched bodice cut low to show the outline of the shoulders, but daintily filled in with a chemisette of lace, beneath which the décolletage is outlined with rows of gauging, which adornment also adds a touch of quaintness to the skirt with its edging of three old-fashioned frills.

Quite a debutante air, as of one who has just left school and put her hair up, is borne by the girl who stands third on the picture. Her gown is much more elaborate than that of her younger companions, for it is made of crepe de Chine, very closely gauged to form a sheath from the waist downwards, and trimmed with large lozenges of lace superimposed of chiffon. There is an excessively full flounce edged with three-quarter inch wide bands of pale amber satin, which satin forms a hip yoke and a décolletage outline, and also edges the four frill that make the pretty sleeves. In the last case the scheme is also elaborate. Debutantes of from 18 upwards can usually

with advantage to their personal appearance wear sleeveless bodices, or in lieu of sleeves a cloudy drapery of tulle. The toilette in this case depicted is one of

creamy white point d'esprit, trimmed with arabesques, and rings of pink crepe de Chine delicately laid on and applied to the tender background.



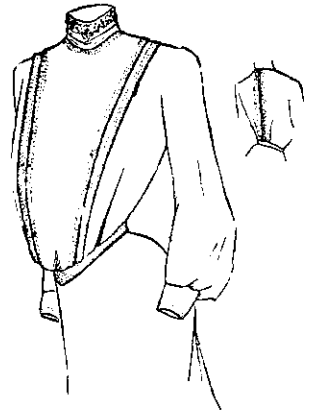
This smart Coatee is of fine Cloth, trimmed with stitched strappings and gold buttons; the revers, collar and cuffs being faced with lace over silk.



A LOVELY DINNER GOWN.

A charming dinner, theatre, or demi-dress bodice is introduced in this figure, which embraces more than one feature of up-to-moment modes. Firstly, as the "powerful discourse" goes, it is of black and white, which is as much la mode as ever. Secondly, it is of crepe de Chine, which is still greatly en evidence; and thirdly, it is trimmed with an applique of grapes, which are having such an immense vogue. The white of the crepe de Chine is softened by ivory-tinted lace as chemisette and sleeves.

© © ©



This attractive blouse is made up in a woollen material. The front has two lin tucks, which are faced with a strip of silk or ribbon of a contrasting colour to that of the texture, and stitched in three rows. The back has an inch tuck each side of the centre fold, stitched and faced in the same way; there is a little fullness at the waist, which is folded in a plait outside each tuck.

The fastenings are under the left front outer plait; the front waist is slightly pouched into a waistband, or if preferred it may be left loose to be worn under the skirt. The sleeves are the ordinary new shirt waist pattern, made to fasten to size or not, as preferred.

This blouse may be made for outdoor wear, as part of a suit, in which case it is, of course, finished with a waistband, and there is no collar to the neck, the edge being finished off to match the tucks, or if for house wear, a small neck band may be added for wearing a stock outside.

Two yards of 42in wide material are required for a medium size; three-eighths of silk on the bias, or four and a-half of ribbon.



A GROUP OF GIRLS IN DAINY BALL GOWNS FOR PARTIES.



A MATRON'S CAPE.



AN ELABORATE PETTICOAT IN BROCADE WITH ACCORDION-
PLEATED FRILLS IN CHIFFON.
A GLACE PETTICOAT AND ONE IN LACE OVER SILK.



A PRETTY COIFFURE FOR A GIRL IN HER TEENS.



A DAINTY TEA-GOWN.



LATEST EVENING COIFFURE.

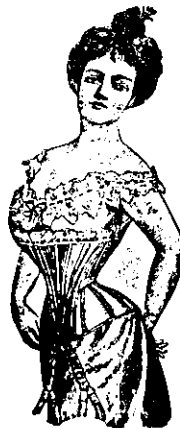
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AND
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FORM
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All Leading Drapers

The GRAPHIC'S FUNNY LEAF



THE SPELL OF THE MOTOR.

"Must I take your answer as final, then?"
 "Yes, I hate you. I don't want to ever see you again!"
 "Ah, well, then it is good-bye. I suppose I had better ask your friend Nancy Backbyte to come out in my new motor to-morrow—and—"
 "How dare you say such a thing! Oh, George, how could you forget me so easily!"

AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE.

"How many of you are there" asked a voice from an upper window of a party of "waits."
 "Four," was the reply.
 "Divide that among you!" said the voice, as a bucket of water fell, "like the gentle dew from heaven," on the expectants' beneath.

HIS CHARACTER.

"Why, Clara, dear, what has happened? It is not a month since your marriage, and I find you in tears already!"
 "Ah, Hilda, darling! George is standing as member, you know, and I've only just learnt from the opposition papers what a really dreadful man I have married!"

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Husband: "Now, what is the use of buying that silver-plated trash for a wedding-present? Why not send something useful?"
 Wife: "Huh! I suppose you'd like me to send her a cooking stove and a coal scuttle and a kitchen table. They'd look well on the piano, with our cards attached, wouldn't they?"

NOT DISINTERESTED.

"Mabel," said her father, after Mr Stalate had left, "that young man owns shares in the gas company, does he not?"
 "Yes."
 "And he is also heavily interested in the coal trade?"
 "I believe so."
 "Well, hereafter he must be reminded that his departure is due at ten p.m. I am convinced that his devotion to you is not disinterested."

WHICH?

He was a noble lord, and he was in an awful rage with one of his footmen.
 "It is intolerable!" he exclaimed. "Are you a fool, or am I?"
 "Oh! my lord," replied James, with humility, anxious to appease the great man. "I am sure you would not keep a servant who was a fool."



A SELF-PRESERVATIONIST.

Henrietta: What an odd-looking gentleman you are, to be sure!
 Algernon: Yes, I'm training to be a feather duster so's I won't get in the soup.

UNION RATES.

Mother: "Now, Bobby, if you'll be good for ten minutes I'll give you a penny."
 Bobby: "Can't do it, mamma. Our boys' 'Be Good Union' has fixed the amalgamated scale at a penny for three minutes."

REALISM IN ART.

Caricaturist: "Things have come to a pretty pass when they refuse a tramp joke because it was done in wash."
 Friend: "But how about the others?"
 Caricaturist: "Said the pig joke should have been made with a pen, the crazy man in distemper, and hereafter want all teetotal jokes worked up with a dry point."

IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

The Cook: "O'm sorry, mum, but the walkin' diligate av th' Supreme Order av Cooks hov ordered me to throw up me job."
 Mrs Subbub (tearfully): "Oh, Norah! What have I done?"
 The Cook: "Nawthin', mum; but your foolish husband got shaved in a non-union barber-shop th' day before yesterday."



BRIEF PANTOMIME.

The doctor's report.
 A SURE THING.

AN ANSWER.

"In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of a quiet boy.
 "Dead!" calmly replied the youth.

HATS OFF.

The lady was choosing a hat. After trying on nearly every hat in the shop, she pounced with glee on one lying on the counter.
 "Here's something pretty!" she said, as she tried it on. "There's some style about this, isn't there?"
 Her friend sniffed.
 "It's very dowdy," she said.
 The other tried it at another angle.
 "It is rather dowdy," she said. "I won't take it, after all."
 Then a voice from behind her said, very bitterly:
 "If you've quite done with my hat I should rather like to put it on!"

CURED.

Playwright: "From the nature of my play you see it ought to close with some line or significant act from the hero in perfect accord with the feelings of the audience." Critic: "Why not let him have a sigh of relief, then?"

WE'VE ALL BEEN THERE.

Jasper: "What are you looking so annoyed about?"
 Mrs Jasper: "I expected a day's rest, and didn't get it. This is the cook's day out, but she insisted on staying at home."

Teacher: "Now, Master Kirby, you should be more correct in your composition. You say 'I love school.' Now, school cannot be loved. Can't you use a more correct expression?"
 Master Kirby: "I hate school."

HER LITTLE WAY!

The fire policy on a lady's house—a big one—was brought to her by the agent.
 "There it is, madam," he said, "the premium is twenty pounds."
 "Oh, how unfortunate!" cried the property owner. "My bank account is a little low. Tell the company to let it stand, and deduct it from what they owe me when the house is burnt down."



THE LIMIT.

"Is this cruise to be a long one?"
 "I think not. Our host's mother-in-law is on board, you know."

A LITERARY GENT.

"Literature certainly runs in the Scribbler family. The two daughters write poetry that nobody will print, the sons write plays that nobody will act, and the mother writes stories that nobody will read."
 "And what does the father write?"
 "Oh, he writes cheques that nobody will cash."

AMBIGUOUS.

First Artist: "Well, old man, how is business?"
 Second Artist: "Oh, splendid! Got a commission this morning for a million-aire. Wants his children painted very badly."
 First Artist (pleasantly): "Well, my boy, you're the very man for the job."

HOT ON THE BAGPIPES.

Minks: "Yes, my boy, I have oatmeal on my table every morning. I consider it the most wholesome, most—"
 Jinks: "But see here, don't you know that oatmeal is the principal dish in Scotland, and that country is a nation of dyspeptics?"
 "Oh! It's not the oatmeal that causes dyspepsia there."
 "What then?"
 "The bagpipes."

THE REAL PET.

Little Joe: "Mamma, can we take Dickie with us out walking?"
 Fashionable Mamma: "Certainly! Tell the nurse to dress him."
 Little Joe: "Oh, I don't mean Dickie the baby; I mean Dickie the dog."
 Fashionable Mamma: "What? Take my dog out such unhealthy weather as this! Of course not."

ALL BOBBY'S FAULT.

"What are you crying for, child?"
 "Bobby has hurt me."
 "How, pray?"
 "I was going to punch his head, when he ducked, and I struck the wall."

NOT LANDED YET.

Miss Ascum: "Wasn't that Mr Bond I saw you walking with last evening?"
 Miss Coy: "Yes."
 Miss Ascum: "He is the landed freeholder of the county, isn't he?"
 Miss Coy (blushing): "Well—er—he isn't quite landed yet."

NOT IN THAT CASE.

He—Do you believe that if one person gives another a pair of scissors it will cut their friendship?
 She—Not if it's a nice little pair of silver scissors with a monogram on.

INNOCENT.

The Father—My daughter, sir, must have the same amount of money after she is married that she had before.
 The Suitor—I wouldn't deprive her of it for anything.