

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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New Zealand Coat of Arms, No. 2.

AN OPPONENT'S SUGGESTION FOR A COAT OF ARMS FOR A SOUTHERN MINISTER.

Quarterly.—1st Vert: A sheep suspended, helpless, emaciated, shorn, vulned and bleeding. 2nd Azure: A British colonial possession verdant, surcharged with a white elephant's head and trunk. Motto: Festina lente—hasten slowly. 2nd Motto: Nil desperandum—Never say die. 3rd Sable: A figure of justice, surreptitiously regarding her balance, whereon two ballot boxes, so arranged that the smaller outweighs the larger. Motto: Two blacks equal one white. 4th Or: Two pouches of filthy lucre, below a hand sinister in act of seizing them urgent. Motto: Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth. Crest: A barnyard rooster, in act of dishonestly breaking and eating an egg. Supporters: Dexter, a workman blatant, gratified by an increase in emolument by a decision of the Arbitration Court. Sinister: A member of the House of Representatives untrue to his trust, carrying a bag, the price of his support. Motto for the whole: "When in doubt tell the truth."

People Talked About



SIR HENRY M. JACKSON.

Fiji's Governor.

The fact that Sir Henry M. Jackson, the new Governor of the Fiji Islands, is a Roman Catholic seems to have given offence to some of those connected with the Mission Board at Sydney. At their recent conference they passed a resolution deploring the action of the British Government in appointing a man of his religion as Governor over a community where Wesleyanism is, so to speak, the established church among the natives. This drew from the leading people of Suva a memorial expressing the most complete satisfaction at the manner in which His Excellency discharged his duties. Then came an explanation from the mission people to the effect that they did not object to the Governor personally, but because the fact of the highest person in the land being of the Romish Church was used improperly by the missionaries connected with that body in the group. Thus the matter stands. His Excellency and Lady Jackson have made themselves very popular in the Islands, and everything seemed to point to Fiji having a respite from "the Governor question," which was the one absorbing topic for a very long time before the arrival of the present holder of the office. Now, however, comes this new feature to disturb the calm which had fair to settle on these beautiful islands. His Excellency was appointed Governor of Fiji on May 10, 1902, and arrived in Suva on September 10, 1902. His official career previous to his present appointment included the following positions: Commandant of Sierra Leone Police, 1880; Commissioner for Turks, and Caicos Islands, 1885-90; Colonial Secretary, Bahamas, 1890-93; Colonial Secretary, Gibraltar, 1894-1901.

The Pope's Monument.

It has been decided to erect on the Lateran Square a grand monument commemorating the papal jubilee. At the express desire of the Pope, bronze tablets inscribed with the text of the three encyclicals written by His Holiness on Christian Socialism will be added. The Pope wishes to be known to posterity as the protector of the labouring classes. Many Roman Catholics are largely contributing towards the monument, to the erection of which the Italian Government raises no objection.

Mr. John R. Mott.

We are glad to be able to present our readers with a portrait of Mr John R. Mott, General Secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation, who is now visiting New Zealand. It will be of interest to students to know that Mr Mott holds the degrees of Bachelor of Philosophy from Cornell University, and the degree of Master of Arts from Yale. Mr Mott was offered, but declined, a Fellowship in Philosophy, and also one in History and Political Science. Still later he has been offered professorships in two of the principal universities of the United States. These high distinctions have been declined by him, as his life work has appeared to him to be the organisation of the Christian forces of the student world. The success which has attended Mr Mott's efforts in this direction are well known to all. It is largely due to his genius for organisation that the World's Student Christian Federation, which unites all the national and international student movements of the world, with a total membership of over 82,000 students, has become an accomplished fact.

Altogether he has visited at least 800 different universities, colleges, and other institutions of higher learning, many of them several times. Among the universities to which the most extended visits have been made are: Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Paris, Berlin, Halle, Leiden, Utrecht, Copenhagen, Upsala, Christiania, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, McGill, Toronto, Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Tokyo, Kyoto, and Peking. Students of seven years ago will well remember his former visit to Australasia, when our own union was formed under his wise guidance. All will look forward with the dearest interest and highest hopes to the visit now at hand.

Mr Mott's dates for various university centres are as follows: Auckland, April 20; Wellington, April 22; Student Conference at Christchurch, April 23-28; Canterbury College, April 29; Otago, May 3.

Mr Russell Sage, the patriarchal millionaire, who has just recovered from a severe illness, finds rest very hard work. Therefore he has applied himself to his labours again by way of holiday and recuperation.

Miss Thornercroft Fowler.

A pleasant, gossip article in the "Girl's Realm" is a paper entitled "How I Began": a chat with Miss Ellen Thornercroft Fowler. It seems she began early to make stories before she could write, and from thirteen was per petrating parodies upon Poe's poems. There must, however, be a double dose of original sin in a girl of thirteen who could parody "Annabel Lee." Miss Fowler was never a "tomboyish" kind of girl—in fact, she disliked boys and their games. She loved lessons that would make a story, but hated geography and arithmetic with such purpose that when she went to school she had to have a class in arithmetic for herself, she was so backward. Her favourite heroine was Mary Queen of Scots, and her greatest joy was to represent a vestal virgin and worship Diana in a wood at the bottom of the garden. When she left school she began writing short stories for magazines, and was very successful. Her first book was published in 891, and "Isabel Carnaby" came out in 1898. She wrote "Isabel Carnaby" in four months. She seldom writes more than two hours a day. She likes women better than men, but she thinks men really take a broader, bigger, truer view of life than women.

One of the Old School.

For ten years Mr Richard Monk served his northern constituents faithfully in the House of Representatives. Possibly no member has tried so hard to fulfil the duties he assumed when chosen of the people to represent them in Parliament. This was widely recognised by those he represented, and they showed their appreciation last week by making him a presentation at Warkworth, the gathering being marked by much enthusiasm. Mr Monk is distinctly one of the old school. He has high ideals and tries to live up to them, and it is im-

possible to know him without having a great respect for him as a politician and affection for him as a friend. He is a charming conversationalist. Well read, observant, and with a keen sense of the humorous, he can converse as few men can in these times, when the art of conversation is rapidly falling into the things that were. He was probably one of the most effective speakers in the House on some subjects. Patriotism,



MR. RICHARD MONK.

for instance, was always sure to bring to his feet the member for Waitemata, and he would deliver an impassioned oration that could not fail to rouse the House. He used beautiful language at such times, and you would always remember it if you saw his keen blue eye flash, watched his animated face and heard his thin eager voice as he dwelt on the glories of the country to which we belong. Mr Monk is a splendid sample for young New Zealand to follow. The more men there are like him the better the world will be.



MR JOHN R. MOTT, M.A., Ph.D.

France's President.

Emile Loubet, President of the French Republic, has expressed the hope that great things will result from the visit of King Edward VII. to the French capital. There is certainly room for improvement in the relations which exist between the neighbours whose shores are washed by the English Channel. President Loubet is well past the prime of life—he will be 65 on the last day of the present year—but he still retains the vigour of mind by which he won his way to the first position in Republican France. He has always been what is called a bucheur. Up at six o'clock in the morning, he never goes to bed before 11 p.m. His life has been devoid of extraordinary events, which sometimes have a habit of dogging the steps of the great. His father was a simple peasant who lived by the sweat of his brow at Marsanne. Loubet pere is dead, but his mother—"that good and respectable peasant woman his mother"—is still alive, hale and hearty at 86. They are careful livers, the Loubets, and possess that inestimable gift—bon sante. The great president is very fond of sa chere mere, and they tell a pretty little story about the way he showed it. On the day he first entered his native town as president he caught sight of his mother seated on one of the tribunes watching the procession. Disregarding all the pomp by which he was surrounded, and without waiting till the ceremonies were over, got out of his carriage and ran over to the old lady to give her a kiss—an incident which was celebrated in a famous Paris tavern called The Black Cat (where they sing about all the public and well-known men) by a ballad which had for its refrain, "Loubet . . . oh, how much he loved his mother!" M. Loubet is a well-read man in his own language, and familiar with both modern and ancient literature. He is fond of music, and an admirer of painting. It was in 1867 when M. Loubet was a rising young barrister that he wooed and won Mademoiselle Denis, who is now the first lady in France. She is a charming woman, and a fitting help for a man who has such onerous duties to fulfil.

The French Press.

Probably no age or country, however degenerate, has ever produced so coarse and violent a press as that which now holds the ear of the French (writes Herbert Vivian, in the "Sovereign"). Henri Rochefort, a man of high family and low mind, who has been sentenced to death and transported to a penal settlement for offences which the charitable pass over as political, is the leader of the school. His idea of political controversy is to heap abusive epithets of the vilest kind upon his political opponents and accuse them of every imaginable enormity without the least regard to the truth of his charges. A physical defect is peculiarly welcome to him as an occasion for a torrent of vulgar ridicule. Did a supporter of Dreyfus suffer from the infirmity of a crooked back, he would continue, day in and day out, to pillory him as a monkey, dwarf, gnome, homunculus, hunchback, abortion, miscarriage, "boule-de-Juif," etc. Is a Minister rubicund of countenance, he is never mentioned, but as this toper, sot, bar loafer, habitual drunkard, winebag, brandy barrel, and "piedslevant;" whenever he appears in public, he is represented as reeking with alcohol; if he walks to the tribune of the Chamber, he is said to stagger, stumble or reel; if he makes a speech, we are told that he stammers, hiccoughs, or vomits his words. Nor is this slander the mere eccentricity of one degraded demagogue. The Marquis de Rochefort has an enormous following, which buys many thousand copies of his paper, the "Intransigeant," simply and solely to gloat over his foul epithets. And at least half the press of the country mimics his methods of controversy. Clericals are loaded with such synonyms as thurifers, Jesuits, scarlatinas, red-tails, confessional-box bugs, vestry rats, and boudicnard, a parody of the word dreyfusard. Jews enjoy the epithets hat-foot, hook-nosed, circumcised (raccourcis), usurers, youpins, pontres, dust-bins, snatch-farthings, carrotiers (skin-flints), carrion, scum of the ghetto, and others which do not bear repetition.



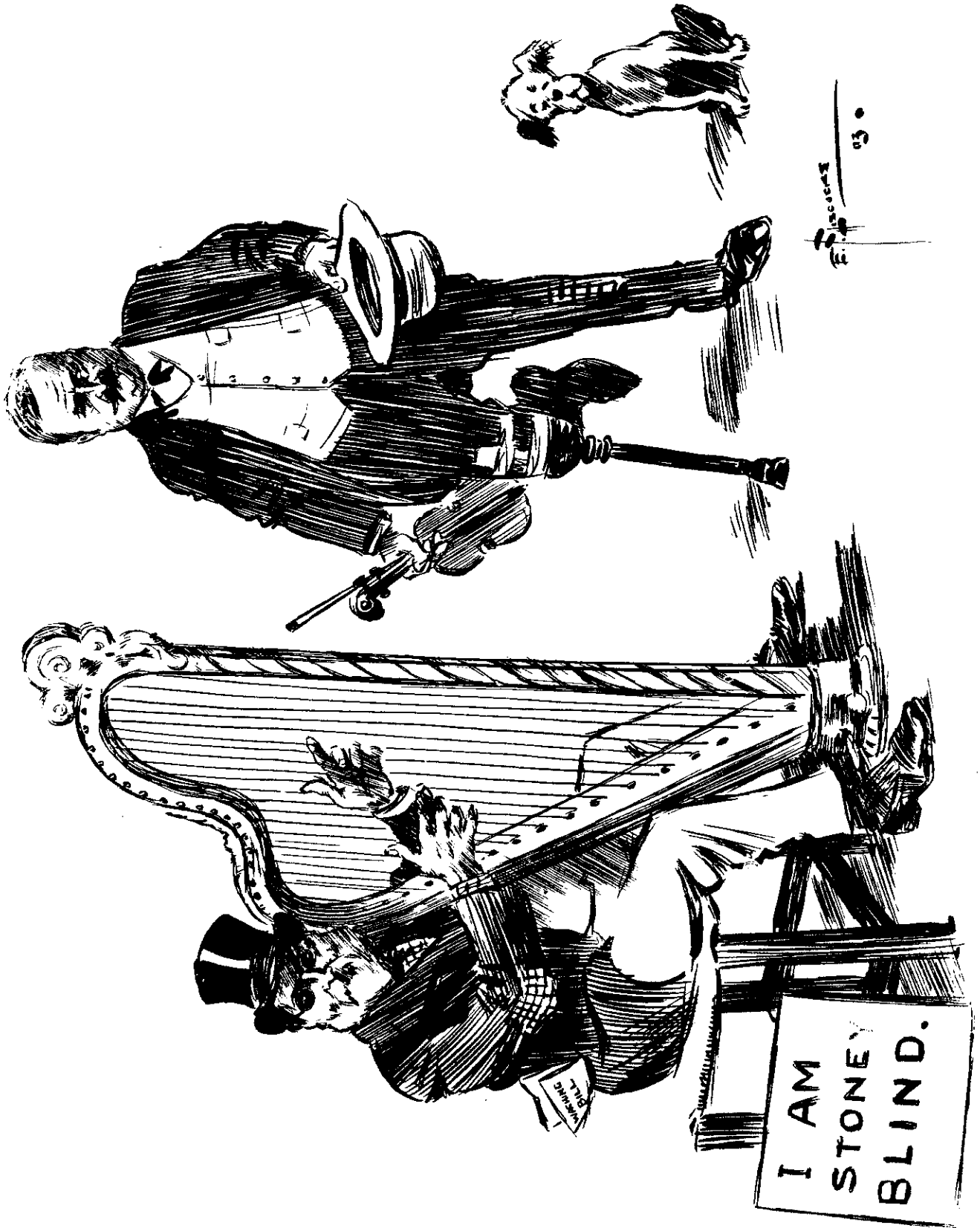
PRESIDENT LOUBET.

Mr. Dooley on Andrew Carnegie.

Mr Dooley has been moved to humorous protest in the "New York Journal" by Mr Carnegie's munificence. "Has Andrew Carnaygie given ye a libry yet?" asked Mr Dooley. "Not that I know iv," said Mr Hennessy. "He will," said Mr Dooley. "Ye'll not escape him. Before he dies he hopes to crowd a libry on ivry man, woman, an' child in th' country. He's given him to cities, towns, villages, an' whistlin' stations. They're tearin' down gas-houses an' poor-houses to put up libries. Before another year ivry house in Pittsburg that ain't a blast furnace will be a Carnaygie libry. In some places all th' buildin's is libries: If we write him fr an autygraft he sinds ye a libry." You do not stimulate authorship, according to Mr Dooley, by erecting libraries. "Libries niver encouraged lithrachoor anny more than tombstones encourage livin'." No one iver wrote annything because he was tol' that a hundred years fr'm now his boks might be taken down fr'm a shelf in a granite sepulcher an' some wan wud write 'Good or 'This man is crazy,' in th' margin. What lithrachoor needs is fillin' 'ood. If Andlrew wud put a kitchen in th' libries, an' build some bunks, or aven swing a few hammocks where livin' authors cud crawl in at night an' sleep while waitin' fr this enlightened nation to wake up an' discover th' Shakespeares now on th' turf, he wud be givin' a rare boost to lithrachoor." The idea of a literary "doss-house" is excellent, provided that no writers of novels were admitted.



MADAME LOUBET.



Touching That Loan.

It seems necessary to repeat that, so far as the New Zealand Government was concerned, there was no "failure" in the raising of the loan. [Our artist concludes from the above par that it is only a matter of time, but as time is not altogether a thing to be laughed at, suggests the above picture would be a good way of filling it in.]

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.

Atom Club Rules and Regulations.

STUDY FOR SESSION 1903 — "EMERSON'S ESSAYS."
I. "SELF-RELIANCE."

RULES.

1. Club fee for each member, 2s 6d per session.
2. Each member to read "Emerson" three hours a week (or six half-hours).
3. All MS. to be sent in to Editor of A.C. page, "Graphic" Office, Auckland, accompanied by stamps for return.
4. Fees to be paid in advance.

REGULATIONS.

1. Session lasts from March to December.
2. Each member will be presented with a badge on entrance into Club.
3. All articles, essays, etc., written by members will be returned corrected and advised, if desired, when not published in A.C. page.
4. Answers to "Who Knows?" must be sent in to office with full name and nom de plume on Monday following issue of "Graphic."

WHO KNOWS?

Ignoramus.—Will someone tell me the origin of the figure Britannia?

REPLIES.

Spider.—"It is a white thorn, and is remarkable for flowering always on Christmas Day. The legend is that it originally sprang from the walking stick of Joseph of Arimathea, who planted his staff on the site of the old Abbey at Glastonbury, England."

Photography



AS made such strides in the latter half of the nineteenth century, that the possibility of taking and manipulating "sun pictures" is now within the reach of all—even tazy to k.

As it is very likely that some of my girl readers have not taken up this fascinating art, it is to them I particularly intend to address my remarks. The girl who cultivates some hobby, such as photography, drawing, entomology, and a thousand and one other things, which may be classed as personal recreation, has always something within her reach which makes her quite independent of the outside world and its amusements.

In purchasing a camera, several things have to be taken into consideration, but I would obtain, if possible, the advice of a professional on that point, as there are so many different makers to choose from. Personally, I have a great predilection for the hand camera, carrying twelve quarter plates, providing the lens is extra good. The lens is the most important of all the apparatus in photography.

The cost of the camera is by no means all that will be incurred, if you wish to obtain the greatest amount of pleasure possible out of it. There are developing dishes, red lamp, scales, chemicals, etc., but these are comparatively reasonable to purchase.

Before using the camera it is advisable to familiarize one's self with all the working parts, finding out the whys and wherefores of each separate movement, and thus be in a better

position to make use of them before filling and "pressing the button." At the outset, do not hurriedly expose all your plates; use them judiciously and suitably, always remembering that one satisfactory view is worth twelve poor ones. When you arrive at this stage, friends and relations give one plenty of encouragement, providing they are not the victims of your efforts, so do not let your enthusiasm run away with you and lure you into portrait taking thus early.

There is a great longing as progress is made to turn out bigger pictures, and that opens another source of interest towards enlarging, which may be taken up later on.

When the plates have been exposed, the science of development begins, and I recommend every one to do their own.

It is inexpensive and intensely fascinating. The bath-room may be used at night, lighted by a red lamp, if no proper "dark room" is at hand. There are many developers to select from. After "going the rounds" I have settled down to "pyro," but for those to whom stained fingers are a consideration, I suggest hydroquinone. As you gently rock the developing dish and experience the joy of seeing your view gradually grow out of the plate, do not allow your feelings to get the better of you and omit the alum bath, thereby finding, to your horror, the films quietly floating off while being washed. This will surely happen if it be summer time.

After thorough washing comes the fixing with "hypo," that bugbear of beginners, which must be treated with all the respect such an insinuating chemical demands.

Then the final wash reveals the beauty and detail of the negative from which you are to obtain future prints. The art of printing is readily acquired, whether by the sun, a lamp, or match. Every packet of paper for printing on contains minute particulars respecting toning, fixing, etc. Failures may be expected, but that need not discourage, as there is no royal road to any art, much less photography.

ELEANOR BROWN, A. C.

A Holiday Resort.

(CONTINUED.)

The first port of call is Waitangi, near the mouth of the Maungatukarewa River, and from there the boat generally visits the larger sheep runs round the north of the island, and finally returns to Waitangi before returning to New Zealand, for her mail and passengers.

The first thing that strikes a visitor on nearing the islands is how very low-lying they are, the larger island especially; in fact, the highest elevation hardly exceeds 900 feet. As you steam up the harbour, hugging the shore called Te Ngaio, you are delighted with the picturesque scenery, for widely scattered homesteads are dotted amongst the bush along the coast, and as we get still nearer our destination the scene changes to precipitous red cliffs, sur-

mounted with a crown of vivid green grass, and clumps of the native ake-ake, so called from its durability.

On going inland we pass through dense bush, not such bush as one sees in the North Island, as the trees here never attain a very great height, but still it is beautiful of its kind. Here are noble karaka, or kopi, trees, with their shiny leaves and luscious-looking yellow berries, and matipos with lovely purple berries, and overhead graceful festoons of karewas (supple-jacks). Ever and anon one hears the twitterings of jolly little fantails and the mellow note of the tui. Our old friend the black-bird calls us "pretty dears" in a most persistent manner, and then flies off to attack some poor victim's strawberries. If we proceed and leave the hush, we gain what the shepherds call a "clear." You must keep to the track, for roads there are none, and the bogs (which even excel those of Ireland in their bogginess) are very dangerous. What a land of lakes! Water, water everywhere, but, contrary to the poet, there is plenty to drink. However, one large expanse of water, comprising more than a third of Chatham Island, or about 40,000 acres of brackish lagoon, which has an outlet into the ocean at the Awapatiki (from awa, a river, and patiki, flounder).

To reach some parts of the island (for instance, Kaingaroa, the far-off settlement) this lake has to be forded, and in winter weather it is no small undertaking to ride with your poor hoiho breast high through four and a-half miles of bitterly cold water; but it is thought nothing of by some of the hardy natives.

These islands are an ideal holiday resort to my way of thinking, a perfect Paradise for conchologists, and those who wish to get far from the madding crowd. And then sportsmen would be in their glory here, what with cattle-stalking, pig-hunting, fishing, and shooting. The waters around the islands simply teem with fish of all kinds, the most sought for being hapouka, cod, terakihi, and crawfish, and as for game, the lakes abound with duck, geese, and swan. The plaintive cry of the sea-gull is always in one's ears, and saucy little Jackies, with their brilliant red legs and pretty black and white plumage, are very much in evidence.

A remarkable sight is to be seen off the south coast. Basaltic columns from five to seven hundred feet high go sheer down into the sea, and again at Oatira, near Whangaroa, there is a miniature Giant's Causeway; the only difference in the construction of the columns is that those in Ireland are hexagons, while those in question are five-sided. Another place of interest is north of Whangaroa, where, since before the memory of any living person, peat has been, and is still, burning.

I think I have told you enough, dear reader, to give you an idea of those very interesting islands, and I have written this in hopes that some who may chance to see it will take advantage of the summer weather and holiday time to pay a visit to that quiet retreat, the Chatham Islands.

ETHEL J. FLORENCE.

New Zealand New Zealand



LOOKING ACROSS LAKE TAUPO TO TONGARIRO AND RUAPEHU.

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The Wonderland of the World!
The Deerstalkers' Delight!

The Sanatorium of the Earth!
The Anglers' Paradise!

The Home of the Maori!
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Visit the Wanganui River. Its loveliness is beyond compare. Visit the famous Buller and Oira Gorges.
Visit Hanmer Hot Springs, (Government Baths and Accommodation House).

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THE YELLOW TERRACE, WAIOTAPU.

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A MODERN ST. ELIZABETH

By NETTA SYRETT.

CHAPTER I

The Church clock at the end of the street was striking five as Christopher Power reached the doorstep of No. 5 Mulberry Row.

Mulberry Row is one of the fast vanishing old-world streets to be found in London. Sandwiched between rows of stucco houses and brand new stores, it yet preserves for a little its ancient dignity. The rooks still build in the gardens behind its decorous eighteenth century houses, and in leafy June, when the horror of plate-glass windows and cheap red bricks is obscured by great elms, it is still possible to sit in a green garden, and dream that the world is two hundred years younger than its present age.

Into one of these pleasant old-fashioned gardens Christopher Power presently followed the maid who admitted him.

The way led through a narrow panelled hall on to a flight of steps whose balustrades were hung with wistaria, down to a smooth shaven lawn, where in the midst of a deferential group of people stood Miss Golightly.

Miss Golightly was giving a garden-party, and her guests were trying to appear as though they were enjoying it. Power suppressed a smile as he walked across the grass towards his hostess and put out his hand.

"You are late, Christopher!" was her greeting.

The crowd dropped back a few paces and watched proceedings with bated breath. Relief that attention was for the time withdrawn from them, and that for the moment at least they were safe, was visible on most faces.

And yet it was a very little lady who, somewhat in the tone of a schoolmaster addressing a truant pupil, had uttered this entirely discourteous remark. She was very small in reality, and yet there were people to whose mental vision Miss Golightly appeared as a sort of female grenadier. Her step was firm and decided, her head always aggressively thrown back, her dresses were rich, and rustled with a thoroughly dogmatic and self-assertive sweep. When she entered a room one felt impelled to rise and make obeisance.

A curtsy was the mental attitude of most people towards Miss Golightly.

It was a trying moment for the young man. The remark so brief, so trenchant, so embarrassing, required an answer. To Miss Golightly, the offence of arriving late at a garden party was as flagrant as that of not being in time for Church. He paused a moment and then did the best possible thing by replying in a few words of serious explanation.

Miss Golightly seemed a little mollified. "I am glad to find that you do not prevaricate, Christopher," she said, "but another time please to remember that when I say four o'clock I mean four o'clock."

Then "Wait a moment," she added, still in a perfectly audible tone: "Elizabeth, make haste when you hear me calling, my dear," she exclaimed imperiously as a young girl came across the lawn towards her. "I want to introduce Mr Power to you." They both bowed, but Miss Golightly was not satisfied.

"Nonsense," she said, "shake hands." The young man smiled, and the girl glancing up at him from under her shawl but held out her hand with a shy movement and smiled too.

"I have already met your mother, Mr Power," she observed.

"Now go and talk," said their hostess, as though dismissing two toddling babes with the command to go and play.

"Give him some tea, Elizabeth," she called, "not strong, mind; I don't approve of strong tea for young people."

In spite of a pretence at desultory conversation the bystanders had listened to the whole conversation with breathless interest; and as Power and his companion walked away they drew once

more together, to address wavering remarks to their hostess, always uncertain as to whether they would be received in embarrassing silence or with a no less embarrassing snub.

Once out of ear-shot Power relieved his feelings by an involuntary laugh. Then he checked himself and looked at his companion, who was walking demurely by his side.

"I am afraid I am very rude," he began gravely, "but the strain has been great."

The girl smiled, but faintly, and Christopher felt he had been flippant. They had reached the table where tea and coffee was served.

"Will you have sugar?" she said, handing him a cup of tea after obediently tempering it with hot water.

Power looked at her as she raised her eyes. Till that moment he had not noticed she was pretty. Her figure was very slight. Her face was pale, with a clear, transparent paleness. It was a finely cut face with delicate features. Her dark brown hair grew low on the forehead in waves crisped to the roots, and spread out in a rippling mass under her broad-brimmed hat. Under the dark cloudiness of her hair, her eyes looked singularly large and clear and innocent. There was a sort of gentleness about them, a certain appealing expression which Power thought very charming.

As she lowered them when she passed him the cup he noticed that her eyelashes were long, upcurled at the tips like a baby's, and very dark against the paleness of her skin. She was simply dressed in white. There were white frills at her sleeves, and she wore a fichu crossed in front and tied in a loose knot behind at her waist. The severity of the dress suited her.

Looking at her face again Power thought it anything but an easy one to read. There was a certain inscrutableness about its very quiet; an air of rather pronounced calm which interested him.

He drank his tea hurriedly, feeling that there was an implied reproach for his tardy arrival in the girl's grave silence.

"You are staying in the house, I think?" he asked as they moved away from the table.

"Yes, I am acting as Miss Golightly's secretary."

"Secretary!" exclaimed Power. "Why, what is the latest—I mean why does Miss Golightly need a secretary? Is she writing a book?" he asked, smiling.

"Oh, no," she returned, seriously, "that is not useful, and Miss Golightly says it is a sign of weakness and stupidity to rush into print." She paused a moment.

"Haven't you really heard about the Scheme?" she inquired in a tone of surprise.

"No. What Scheme?"

"The Scheme—Miss Golightly's Scheme for the rescue of the undeserving poor, you know; the submerged—"

"Oh, but surely that is rather an ancient idea!" suggested Power, smiling.

"I seem to remember that Booth—"

"Oh, but Miss Golightly never believed in Booth's plan, you see. She says a work like that can only be undertaken by a woman. Women are better organizers, you know, at least she is, for her Scheme is on a much smaller scale than General Booth's, and she is going to ask for three times as much money. She will manage it all herself, of course, but it is to be associated with the Church. The clergy will work under her direction."

... but Miss Golightly is talking about it to some of them now. Wouldn't you like to go and listen? If you walk quietly you can join the circle without disturbing her."

Power looked at the girl attentively, but there was not the faintest trace of sarcasm in her face. She spoke quite simply as though what she said was so obvious as to ensure immediate concurrence on the part of her hearer.

"Shall we sit down here?" he asked, rather bewildered. They had been walking slowly up a shady path, at the end of which was a garden seat under a lime tree.

They sat down and for a moment there was silence. Elizabeth's white hands were folded on her lap; she leant

back and looked up into the delicate green canopy overhead. Light shadows flickered on her up-turned face. Power glanced at her with a puzzled expression. There was quite a long silence. Any other girl would have fidgeted or looked embarrassed, or reflected. This girl did none of the things. She seemed to have forgotten his existence, while she sat perfectly still, her eyes fixed on the sun-lit green leaves.

At last Power made a halt impatient movement.

"I don't understand—" he began in a voice in which there was the slightest touch of exasperation.

She turned towards him at once, and looked at him quietly, as he continued. "Surely you don't believe all that?"

"Believe what?" she asked.

"Why, what you said about, about—well about women being better organizers—and all that kind of thing—" He stopped abruptly. It was very annoying, but it was difficult to talk to this girl without putting everything very lamely. He felt the more irritated, in that he had usually no difficulty in saying what he wanted to say, in a clear and sufficiently rational manner.

Elizabeth continued to look at him for a moment, then she dropped her eyes and began playing with the frills on her fichu, a little nervously.

"I—didn't say I thought so," she answered softly. "I said, or I meant to say—Miss Golightly thought so."

Power felt relieved. Strangely too, the constraint he had experienced a moment before in the face of her calm inscrutability seemed to be evaporating.

He spoke in a light tone now.

"I am glad. Do you know I was afraid you were going to turn out strong-minded after all!" he said gaily.

Elizabeth glanced at him shyly. "I'm afraid I never shall be," she confessed despondingly. "Miss Golightly must be very disappointed in me, and I'm so sorry. But what is the use of people who are not clever being strong-minded? Miss Golightly is clever enough for it, you see,—but I—" she finished the sentence with another deprecatory glance at her companion. She was more charming than ever in her pretty humility.

"Clever!" he exclaimed—"Who wants women to be clever? I don't know much about it, Miss Trevor,—I mean I have not studied the Woman question, but from a man's point of view, and after all—"

"That is the most important—" murmured Elizabeth, with a glance over her shoulder as if to make sure that the admission was not overheard.

"Well—since you put it so—" laughed Power. "From a man's point of view, you know, as long as a woman is charming and sweet, and—companionable, that is all that is necessary."

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"For what?" enquired the girl gently. Power looked a trifle confused. "Well, for a man to like her and approve of her, I suppose," he said.

"Yes," she answered. "I always thought so."

They had been quite undisturbed in their quiet corner so far, but now there was a murmur of voices, and between the trees on the lawn they saw people pass and stop to exchange greetings.

"The conference is over I suppose," said Elizabeth. "I had better go and see if Miss Golightly wants me."

She half rose as she spoke, turning in a hesitating way to Power, who also got up.

There was in her manner since the little explanation about her own views or want of views on the "Woman question," a suggestion of timidity and diffidence far from displeasing to the young man's vanity.

"Don't tire yourself," he said. "It is a great deal too hot for you to be running about."

Then, as she made no reply, he added: "This is not exclusively a frivolous garden party I see?"

"Miss Golightly thought it would be a good opportunity to bring a great many people together, chiefly clergymen of course, to talk over the Scheme," she replied. "Ah! there she is calling me. I must not keep her a minute. You will excuse me I know?" she added hurriedly.

She walked quickly away, but the smile with which she left him tempered Power's annoyance. He watched her a great deal all the rest of the afternoon.

He was introduced and bidden to talk to a great many people, and he bowed and talked, and was politely bored, except when he caught sight of the flutter of a white dress amongst the trees, as

Elizabeth fitted from one group of people to another.

Only once more during the afternoon did he get an opportunity of speaking to her.

"I believe you have had no tea yourself," he said as she passed him.

"I thought not. Sit there till I come back," and he left her seated under one of the gnarled hawthorn trees.

To his annoyance, on his return he found the chair next her occupied.

A stout lady, curiously arrayed in a somewhat brief skirt which afforded a glimpse of very large elastic-sided boots, was talking to her, and after giving her the cup of tea he was obliged to turn away.

As he leant against a tree, at a little distance, he overheard some of the conversation.

"You have been staying in Wales, Miss Golightly tells me," remarked the stout lady in a voice which was somewhat suggestive of melted butter. "Oh! then you must have met a great many Dissenters, poor things?"

"Dissent is very bad there of course, and I'm afraid it's spreading," she continued. It sounded a little like measles, but Elizabeth's face was as gently composed as ever, Power noticed.

"Not that we are the least intolerant of course," pursued the lady; "and I have met some really very nice Welsh people. You remember the people next door to us at Barmouth last year, dear?" This to a little daughter who had joined them.

"The dissenting people you wouldn't call on, do you mean, Mamma?"

"Nonsense, Alice!" answered her mother hastily. "You know how broad-minded dear papa is! Why he used often to talk to them, and I think he was right, don't you, Miss Trevor? One nev-

er knows what good a word in season may do. Of course you are a Church-woman?" she added delicately.

Elizabeth hesitated almost imperceptibly for a second.

"My sympathies are rather with the Dissenters," she said, raising her soft grave eyes for a moment.

"Oh!" remarked the lady blankly. "Well, of course, there are excellent people even amongst the Dissenters. Alice, dear, it is time for us to say goodbye to Miss Golightly," and she rose abruptly.

Power also bethought himself that it was time to go; but it was sometime before the deferential crowd around his hostess had thinned sufficiently for him to approach her without running the risk of any embarrassing publicity of farewell.

"Ah!" she exclaimed when he at last came forward, "I've had no opportunity of conversation with you, Christopher, and there are many things I want to know. But you are to come again. I wish you to play lawn tennis with Elizabeth. I intend Elizabeth to take more physical exercise. Of course you play at lawn tennis?"

Power admitted that this was the case. "Now what day has she free?" observed Miss Golightly, rummaging in the capacious pocket of her rustling gown and producing a note book and pencil. "Thursday, the 20th. Where is your pocket book, Christopher?" she inquired severely.

Power was weak enough to make a feint of searching in his waistcoat pocket.

"I am afraid—" he began—"but I need only make a mental note of what will be a great pleasure, Miss Golightly," he added, in his best manner.

"Nonsense!" she returned, sharply. "Nothing can excuse the carelessness of being without a notebook of any kind. Put it down on this leaf, please," she commanded, peremptorily, tearing a piece of paper from her own notebook. "Now—tennis—5. Mulberry Row, Thursday, 20th, 4 p.m." Power gravely did as he was bid.

"Good-bye," said his hostess, giving him her hand in a stately fashion. "Don't stand about any longer, for it's getting late. And be punctual on Thursday, for Elizabeth is due at a meeting at 5.30."

CHAPTER II.

Christopher Power, by profession a church architect, was judged one of the cleverest of the younger men in his profession, and there were those who also thought very highly of his work as a painter. On the death of his father, which happened soon after he left Oxford, he had settled with his mother at Chelsea in one of the small houses near the river. They shared a modest income, to which in spite of hard work and increasing reputation Power was able to add but slowly and by degrees.

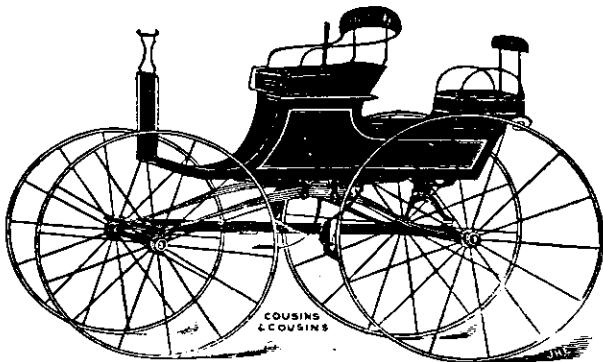
His mother, who adored him, was, however, more than satisfied with the promise of coming fame for her son.

On the afternoon of the garden party to which, in response to her half playful pleading, Christopher, a grumbling martyr, had betaken himself, Mrs Power sat propped up with cushions in her chair writing to a friend of her girlhood.

Her son was the theme of the letter. "Poor boy, he has just started, with a resigned expression, for one of Miss Golightly's terrible garden parties," she wrote. "You, too, suffered from Miss

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Golightly when we were both girls in the old days at Carhester. She is even more awe-inspiring now that she is an old lady. The parish trembles at her nod, I believe, and bishops, vicars, and curates bow the knee. And yet she isn't a bad old thing! I'm really rather fond of her. You see she approves of Kit. He has admirable manners, you must know, and even strong-minded old ladies are not insensible to consideration from a rather good-looking young man.

"Now, I'm going to confess to you why I have prevailed upon Kit to go to Miss Golightly's ecclesiastical garden party this afternoon, and you may put me down as a shameless schemer if you please. There is a girl in the case—a girl I want Christopher to meet. And it was Miss Golightly who brought her to see me, and Miss Golightly who in her own mind has already arranged the marriage."

"Strange as it may seem, I should not be displeased, though from the worldly point of view I am acting as foolishly—well, as I always have acted you know. The girl, who, poor little soul, is at present Miss Golightly's secretary, is penniless. Her father, who is long since dead, was once a friend of Miss Golightly's. (Isn't it strange to imagine a time when Miss Golightly did not look upon a man as her natural enemy?) Miss Trevor it seems has been brought up by two of her father's sisters, and, I am afraid, has had anything but a happy life. Miss Golightly brought her to call some time ago, and since then, for she seems to have taken a fancy to me, I have seen a good deal of her. Kit has been away nearly two months, working in that Suffolk church, of which I told you, so he and Miss Trevor meet this afternoon for the first time. Now I am waiting for him to come back, and wondering what he will say about her. I need not tell you that, in the character of the scheming mother, I have not even mentioned her name to him!

"But do you know, Mary, I believe she is the right wife for him, and I want to see Kit married before I go. You see I haven't long to live, though the poor boy doesn't guess this. He thinks I am better. We have been so much to each other—but I needn't tell you that. Only if I could see him happily married I think I could depart in peace. I may be wrong, it is a matter upon which one is generally wrong I own, but I feel that he will be attracted as I am by Elizabeth Trevor. She is pretty, gentle, refined—and no fool, if I am any judge of character. Kit is fastidious, oh, horribly fastidious. He has much to learn about women. I fancy this girl, for all her demureness, might teach him—"

The pen dropped from her hand and the smile crept round her lips at the sound of a step on the stairs outside. A moment later the door opened and Power came in.

"What! another new cap, oh, vainest of women!" he exclaimed.

His mother laughed. "Do you like it?" she said, turning her head like a girl to look at herself approvingly in the glass. "I made it this afternoon and put it on for a surprise, to reward you for going to the garden party like a dear boy."

Power sank into an armchair opposite with a groan.

"It will take several caps to make up to me for this afternoon's torture," he declared.

"Poor boy! So bad as that!" returned Mrs Power, nestling against her cushions with an air of great amusement. "Do begin now and tell me all about it. What did she say?"

"What didn't she say, rather?" observed Christopher, savagely. "Look here, mother! It's all very well for you to sit there comfortably with that wicked twinkle in your eyes—you have escaped. What I've been asking myself all the way home is why in the name of all that's peaceful did you ever know the woman, and why, having once made such a fatal mistake, didn't you drop her like a red hot coal directly you found out how she burnt—in fact?"

"Drop Miss Golightly!" echoed his mother. "Now, Kit," she broke off, her eyes dancing—"confess! She asked you where your pocket book was, and you instantly began to search for it, and to try and look astonished that it wasn't there!"

Her son laughed and looked a trifle confused.

"How did you know? You inhuman woman!"

"It's hereditary, my child! I've done it myself often and often! Drop Miss Golightly, indeed! I ask you, Kit, is she a person that any human being would care to drop?"

"Did I ever tell you how I first came to know her? It was very awful! We lived in the same town, you know. We, my mother, that is, didn't know her people at all, but everyone knew and laughed at 'the eccentric Miss Golightly.' One day she called. She asked to see me. I came, I saw, I trembled—"

"She said, 'Good afternoon,' 'sit down' (in my own house, you know), but it seemed quite natural, and I sank feebly into the nearest chair. Then she went on, you know her voice—"

Christopher uttered another faint groan.

"I hear you are rather a clever, intelligent woman," I murmured faintly that I hardly considered myself a woman. I was only eighteen.

"Eighteen," she exclaimed in a scathing tone. "If at eighteen you are not enough of a woman to help forward the great cause of womanhood you never will be!"

"I felt like a crushed worm. I had never known before that woman had a cause, so to speak, but I didn't say so; I was afraid. Then she went on:

"I am organising a Woman's Society for Physical, Mental and Moral Improvement, and I want you to join. Here is a list of books to be read. This is where you sign your name as a member.' Then she gave me a pen."

"And you signed?" asked her son, throwing back his head and laughing. "Poor little mother!"

"My child, I was paralysed!" cried Mrs Power, her eyes shining with merriment, the pretty colour in her cheeks coming and going with the excitement of talking.

"Well, that wasn't half of it. She next brought out a paper already half filled with signatures, so I wasn't the only coward, as I tried to comfort myself by reflecting afterwards. 'Now,' she said, 'of course, being an intelligent human being, you will at once sign this declaration of refusal to marry, until that iniquitous clause in the marriage service which compels you to swear to love, honour and obey a man, is swept away for ever!'"

"Here she again put the pen into my hand—"

"Power was once more overcome. I was engaged to your father, my child—but I signed, and I dared not tell her anything about the engagement!" gasped Mrs Power.

"Afterwards, of course, I suffered agonies, and your father wouldn't understand how it was—he said he couldn't think how I could have been so foolish! But you can, Kit, can't you—you know Miss Golightly!"

"It is only too true," Power observed.

"Oh, but really," urged his mother, "she is at heart a very good old thing. She has been kind to me very often since I was married. I should not like to offend her by refusing any of her invitations—that is what I can accept by proxy," she added mischievously.

"But you haven't told me anything about it yet," as Christopher made a ferocious gesture. "What was it like? and who was there?"

Christopher was looking out at the fading sky.

"There was a girl," he began slowly—"a Miss Trevor."

Mrs Power's hand shook a little. "Only one?" she inquired gently, disingeringly her nervousness. "My poor boy."

He smiled in answer to her tone.

"Oh, there were some more, I think; I did not notice much."

"Did this maiden so completely eclipse the rest then?"

"Eclipse isn't the right word. There was nothing brilliant about her. By the way, mother, she said she had met you."

"Miss Trevor!" repeated Mrs Power mendaciously. "Oh, yes, I believe Miss Golightly brought her here to call. I thought her a charming girl," she added lightly. "Isn't she Miss Golightly's secretary, poor little soul!"

"Yes, but I don't think she realises that she is to be pitied. She has a deep reverence for Miss Golightly's mental and moral qualities. I liked her," he went on, still looking out of the window as he spoke, "and she is different from other girls—and much nicer."

His mother looked at him a moment

before she smiled. "Poor girls," she exclaimed teasingly, "to come under the rod of my lord's displeasure."

Christopher flushed a little. "I suppose it sounds priggish, but it is true, I don't like many of the girls one meets; either they talk slang and are vulgar, or they are so horribly clever—"

"My dear Kit," interrupted his mother, gently. "You are very young, there is time for you to modify your ideas about women. We don't live in the age of chivalry any longer, you know. I mean that the virtues which were supposed to be womanly virtues then, are out of fashion now—"

"The more is the pity," interrupted Power, "but," with a change of tone, "I dare say you are right. Women do not interest me much any way," he added indifferently.

His mother disguised a smile as he turned to her.

"What a lovely sky—look," he said. "No more of this kind of thing for me yet a while, dear lady, I have not done a stroke of work to-day. Shall I ring for your supper tray? I envy Miss Golightly her garden," he went on, with his hand on the bell, "it is perfect. I want to make a sketch. Perhaps I shall get an opportunity on the 20th."

"The 20th?"

"I am going to play tennis then with Miss Trevor—the secretary."

"Ah, it was on the occasion of your being commanded to play tennis with Miss Trevor, that you hunted for your pocket-book then?"

Power laughed.

"I should like to make a sketch of the girl too," he said presently, leaning against the low mantelpiece, and looking down at his mother. "She has just the face for my Saint Elizabeth."

"St Elizabeth playing tennis? Well, it is an age of progress."

The servant came in with the lamp, and Power stooped to pick up a shawl which had slipped from the couch. He put it round his mother's shoulders with a touch as gentle as a woman's and arranged her cushions and settled her comfortably on the lounge before he left her.

Late that night Power was still sitting at the open window upstairs, smoking while he looked out over the swiftly flowing river.

Every now and then the moon sailing free for a moment of the scudding clouds, threw a faint tremulous gleam over the dark water. The air was close and oppressive as though a storm was gathering.

Some books lay on the window-sill in the mellow light of the lamp. Presently he took up one of them, a volume of Browning, and began to turn the leaves as if in search of something. Then he held the page to the light. His mother would have smiled could she have read the lines over his shoulder.

If one could have that little head of new painted upon a background of pale gold. Such as the Tuscans early art prefers! No shade encroaching on the watchless mould. Of those two lips, which should be opening soft. In the pure profile; not as when she laughs, For that spoils all.

"There you are wrong, my dear fellow," thought Power, smiling as he put down the book and turned from the window, "though from the standpoint of Saint Elizabeth perhaps—Still she has a very pretty laugh. I wonder if I could get her to sit to me! If there was any probability of that, I could take an afternoon off to go to the tennis party with a clear conscience."

CHAPTER III.

Warned by previous experience, Power took care to be in time for his tennis appointment on the 20th of the month. He was rewarded by a gracious smile from his hostess, who rose from her bureau in one corner of the shady drawing-room, pen in hand.

"We are only waiting for Jane Brown," she observed, "who is invariably unpunctual and slovenly in her habits. And now, my dear Christopher, I want to speak to you about your mother. You must impress upon her that it is her duty to exert her will-power, and to make an effort. An invalid, you say? nonsense. Why need she be an invalid? It is nothing but lack of determination. Look at me. Five years ago the doctors, who are a pack of nothings, told me I hadn't six months to live. Suppose I had believed them, where should I have been by this time? In my grave, of course. But I refused to

believe them!" She rose and brought her plump clenched fist down upon the mantelpiece with vigour. "And here I am to-day, strong and well, the originator of a great scheme, the—now why are Elizabeth and Mr Frazer coming in, I should like to know? I gave them instructions to stay in the garden till you and Jane Brown arrived."

She strode across the room, her full skirts rustling and billowing, and called to the delinquents from the open window. "Elizabeth, my dear, I thought I told you to wait in the garden? No," as Elizabeth paused on the first step of the staircase leading to the drawing-room, "do not come upstairs. I am still engaged with Mr Power."

Elizabeth turned away like an obedient child, followed by the man who accompanied her, and Power suppressed a smile.

This man, who was a stranger to him, was of the conventional handsome type of Englishman; tall, broad, and fair in spite of a bronzed face. He wore a long, drooping moustache, bleached by the sun, and there was something indolent, though not ungraceful, about his walk.

Power watched him for a moment as he strolled across the grass with Elizabeth. He was evidently not talking, but from the occasional side-long glance which he bestowed upon the girl, it was plain that he was listening to her, and watching her with interested amusement.

"I don't think I have met Mr Frazer," he deferentially remarked.

"Probably not," returned Miss Golightly with a sniff. "He is a new acquaintance, with more money than brains. I am trying to put a little sense into his head and take a little money out of his pockets, on behalf of my Scheme."

She glanced at the clock. "We must begin without Jane Brown," she said, "or the afternoon's work will be disorganised."

Flinging open the glass door, she descended the narrow flight of steps, her skirts held high with both hands, while Christopher followed with a face of exemplary gravity.

"We are partners, I hope?" he heard the enviably rich Mr Frazer saying to Elizabeth.

"I don't know. I expect Miss Golightly will arrange," returned Elizabeth, looking at the points of her shoes. Her companion smiled slightly, and pulled his fair moustache as the girl went demurely forward to shake hands with Power.

"Now, my dears," called Miss Golightly, "why are you hanging about and wasting time like this? You could have begun. Mr Frazer—Mr Power. Now take your racquets."

"Jeanie Brown has not yet come, Miss Golightly," said Elizabeth gently.

"What is that you say, Elizabeth! My dear child, speak out! Now I insist upon your repeating that remark in a clear distinct voice. Say after me, Jane Brown, not Jeanie please; no woman should descend to the triviality of a pet name. Jane Brown hasn't come."

Elizabeth quietly repeated the remark with the required alteration in the Christian name, while the two men turned away and began to examine their racquets simultaneously, and with great care.

"And why hasn't Jane Brown come, may I ask?" she enquired, when the significance of the proposition apart from its value as a lesson in elocution had occurred to her. "Ah, here she is, I see. Jane Brown, you are exactly seven minutes late," was her severe greeting to the trembling and blushing girl, who had been running all the way for fear of this very catastrophe.

"I am so sorry, Miss Golightly," she panted, "our clocks—"

"Don't trouble to invent excuses, my dear. Now play. Christopher, you will take Miss Brown; Elizabeth, go on Mr Frazer's side. Now you have exactly an hour and a half before you."

They had a severe game, for Miss Golightly walked the gravel path by the side of the lawn as though it were a quarter deck, from which she from time to time issued abrupt commands or comments.

"Carelessness, Elizabeth!" as she missed a ball. "Puzz carelessness!"

"Ah! that's better. Apply your will to it, my child. Mr Frazer, pick up that ball, please. There! close to your feet. Move a little more quickly! Jane Brown, are you asleep? Poor Jane

half imagined she was, and that this was a terrible nightmare.

Elizabeth alone was perfectly composed. Power looked at her admiringly as he handed her a couple of balls over the net. She glanced at him with a faint smile, and his thoughts recurred to his picture of Saint Elizabeth.

"If she suffers martyrdom like this often," he thought, "she has an excellent training as a model!"

At last the final stroke was made, and the players dropped their racquets simultaneously.

Miss Golightly took out her watch. "That will do," she said. "Elizabeth, we have just half an hour more before we must start; go and talk to Mr Power. Mr Fraser, I can give you a few moments now, to discuss the matter you mentioned. You must go, Jane Brown? Now, my child, why must you go? Does your mother want you? No? Then what is your reason?"

Poor Jane, confused and flushed, was racking her brains for an intelligent reply, when Elizabeth quietly came to the rescue.

"Miss Brown is working for an examination," she said gently. "I think she feels she cannot spare any more time."

The girl looked at her with a gratitude that was almost pathetic.

"Then why couldn't you have said so before, my dear?" enquired Miss Golightly. "By all means go, it will be the case. Elizabeth, give Jane Brown some tea. It's in the drawing-room. Christopher, go in too. Now, Mr Fraser?" and she turned away with the latter.

Power watched Elizabeth as she calmed the fluttering and unhappy Jane with a gentleness and tact which he noted approvingly. When the girl at last took her departure he turned to Elizabeth. "Shall we go out again, and sit under the trees?" he asked.

She assented. There was something about the dove grey ribbons she wore that reminded him of the conversation he had overheard at the garden party.

"I wonder if she is a Quakeress?" he thought. "I hope not. She might object to sit for the picture of a saint, but she'd make a sweet Quakeress," he concluded, looking at her again critically.

They were sitting under the big Hawthorn tree now, and every minute or two Miss Golightly and her companion, who were pacing up and down the path on the opposite side of the lawn, passed opposite to them.

"A new friend of Miss Golightly's," Power began tentatively, looking at the newcomer's erect figure with an expression of rather active dislike. His mother had often laughed at him for what she called his "violent antipathies," and indeed he had not been strongly drawn to the indolent looking young man, who was now sauntering beside Miss Golightly. The little lady, with her erect, portly figure, made a ridiculous contrast to her companion. To Power's eyes, as he watched them, he seemed to be paying an exaggerated attention to what she was so emphatically explaining. There was something of the burlesque about his air of supernatural gravity as he listened to her eloquence.

"Yes," said Elizabeth, "he seems very interested in the Scheme. Miss Golightly is explaining it to him now, and I have been trying to tell him a little about it this afternoon before you came. But I can't explain things properly," she confessed with a desponding glance at him. "Miss Golightly talks so well—"

"And so much," was Power's unuttered comment.

"He is very rich," Elizabeth continued, "and he has lived all his life abroad," he says.

"You seem to have had a great deal of conversation with him," observed Power, frowning.

Elizabeth looked at him a moment with a wondering expression. She was very charming when she looked like that. There was an almost childlike air about the utter absence of coquetry. Another girl, Power reflected, would have striven to improve the occasion by a flippant rejoinder.

"Yes," she answered, simply. "I have been talking to him a long time. Miss Golightly wished it. He is very rich, and it is so nice that he is interested in the Scheme."

Power smiled. "That sounds a little Jesuitical," he declared, looking amazed.

"Oh, I hope not," she protested. "I didn't mean to be anything so horrible

as that." Her expression was so sweetly serious that Power wondered whether he might venture at once upon a request that she would sit to him for his Saint Elizabeth, but finally decided to temporise by asking when she was coming to call upon his mother.

Elizabeth was afraid there would be no time until after the following week. "Perhaps then, if Miss Golightly could spare her one afternoon—"

Power grasped eagerly at the suggestion. "Anything," he was beginning to think,

"If only I can get that little head of hers
Painted upon a background of pale gold."

The lines were running in his head all the time he was talking to her, and he started with annoyance when Miss Golightly came bustling towards them.

"Elizabeth, my dear," she observed, "say good-bye at once, we haven't a moment to lose."

The girl rose and held out her hand to Mr Fraser.

"Good-bye," he said, in the low, lazy voice that Power already hated. "Miss Golightly has kindly asked me to come and play tennis some other day. I hope we may be as successful as we have been this afternoon, Miss Trevor."

His eyes rested on her a moment as he shook hands, and in his glance Christopher thought there was approval, carried to the verge of insolence. Certainly this was developing into one of the "violent antipathies."

CHAPTER IV.

It was late in the afternoon of a brilliant day in mid July before the doctors left. Hastily summoned in the morning, they had been with Miss Golightly all day. Before leaving they had sent for Elizabeth. "Nothing can be done," said one of them in response to Elizabeth's frightened questions. "It is a matter of time, a few hours, perhaps; possibly even a day or two. In the meantime she asks to see you, Miss Trevor."

The girl opened the door of the darkened room and entered softly, with a kind of awe. It was so strange to think of this little, indefatigable woman lying there helpless and still, never to bustle or work, or frighten anyone again.

And yet never before had Elizabeth approached her with a beating heart. For the first time since they had met, she was afraid.

How would she look? How would she take her sentence?

The curtain was drawn on the side of the bed nearest the door. It seemed quite a journey to cross the room and stand on the other side of the bed.

"Sit down, my dear, sit down. No, not on that chair, take the higher one. Move the other out of the way first! My dear Elizabeth, you must learn to have a little more common sense."

The relief was so great that the girl could almost have smiled. It was the same peremptory voice, a little weak, perhaps, but otherwise unaltered. Surely the doctors were wrong, she could not be so ill as— Then she looked at her face, and the thought vanished. In reality she was very little changed, yet the unmistakable, indescribable look of death was there.

Involuntarily the girl put out her hand with a quick rush of pity and sympathy for the lonely dying woman, and Miss Golightly took it, looked at her fixedly a moment, and Elizabeth saw that her eyes grew dim.

"I am glad I knew you, my dear, before—I sent for you to give you this, Elizabeth," she continued with a relapse into a more ordinary tone, as she fumbled with one hand under the bolster.

"Let me get it," said Elizabeth, helping her to take a letter from under the pile of pillows.

"It is for you to read when I am gone," said Miss Golightly, her mouth twitching into a sort of grim smile as she added, "Life is full of surprises, Elizabeth, it will seem strange to you to read my love story, won't it?"

"Dear Miss Golightly!" murmured Elizabeth.

"I would not leave it to anyone, but you, my dear," whispered the old woman weakly, "and you will burn it directly you have read it?"

Elizabeth nodded her head. She could not speak for tears.

"You will find that I have left my money to you, my child," she went on. "The letter will explain one of my reasons for doing so, but I may say now,

my dear girl, that I leave it with pleasure. You are a good child," she added in a voice that Elizabeth had never heard from her before. "In spite of the fact that you are perhaps deficient in will power. Money has always seemed to me a poor sort of thing, yet as 't is the only gift I have, I leave it to you willingly and gladly." Elizabeth broke into a little cry.

"Miss Golightly, don't," she gasped. "You are mistaken in me, I—will you let me tell you?" She had risen from her seat—her face was white, and her lips trembled.

"Sit down, my dear," commanded Miss Golightly. "You must learn not to interrupt in that way, nor—nor to contradict." Her voice trailed off into an incoherent murmur. Suddenly she closed her eyes, and Elizabeth saw a change pass over her face. She ran to the bell, and then back again to the bedside. Miss Golightly lay still. On the face of the little, imperious lady was stamped the meekness of death.

A few hours later Elizabeth, standing in her own room, with trembling hands broke the seal of the dead woman's letter.

"My dear Elizabeth," she read.

"In a few days, no doubt, the lawyers will tell you that you are practically a rich woman. I feel, however, that some explanation of my will is due to you. I am dying, the doctors say, and this time I believe them. The moment has come, therefore, to tell you my love story. It is something of a comfort to me to think that you are not likely to be amused by it. You are not flippant and vulgar like most of the modern girls. It is thirty years ago since I had, or thought I had, a lover. His name was Charles Trevor—your father. He was some years my junior, and everyone was much amused, I believe, for I was known even then as 'the eccentric Miss Golightly,' and the 'blue stocking.' It is a long time to look back, and, of course, it doesn't matter, but I would give much now to know that he never laughed. Women, even strong-minded women, are fools, my dear, and I ought to have guessed at first that it was my money, not me, he wanted. I did discover it in time, fortunately, and a year after I broke my engagement he married an actress—your mother. By this step, as you know, he alienated his family, who were much opposed to the marriage. Of course, I ought to have forgotten him. But I did not. The bitterest day of my life was the day of his death, and for

years I have been half determined to leave my money to Charles Trevor's child. I found that he had left you penniless, and that after your mother's death his two eldest sisters had taken you to their home and brought you up. For years I had been longing to see you, but I dreaded—but never mind what I dreaded, it is enough to say that I did send for you at last, with the determination that if you pleased me you should be my heiress. Everyone I know expects that I shall leave my money in trust for the furtherance of the Scheme. Everyone will be disappointed then. For you have pleased me, my dear, you are a good, gentle, truthful girl, though you are your father's daughter, and I leave my worldly goods to Charles Trevor's child with more pleasure than I had hoped to experience again in this life. There remains one other point to be explained. You will find to all intents and purposes my money goes to you and you only at the expiration of eighteen months. When that time has elapsed my half-brother, Valentine Golightly, will have been twenty years away from home. He was a boy of fifteen when he went to sea, and from that day to this he has gone out of my life. I haven't forgotten him though. You will admit that my memory is excellent. I had an odd sort of affection for the boy, and blood is thicker than water after all, so that for fear of doing him an injustice I have insisted upon this clause to my will. Practically, however, the money is yours. My lawyers have advertised and done all that is possible a score of times during the past ten years, and they look upon this stipulation of mine as a piece of eccentricity. It may be—but I prefer to give the boy a full twenty years' chance, though no doubt he has long been in his grave.

"Good-bye, my dear girl, you have done much to sweeten the end of an old woman's life. May you have greater happiness than she has known!

"Yours, with much affection,
"Martha Golightly."
(To be continued.)

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No matter where her ships may be,
Her flag will fly in every clime,
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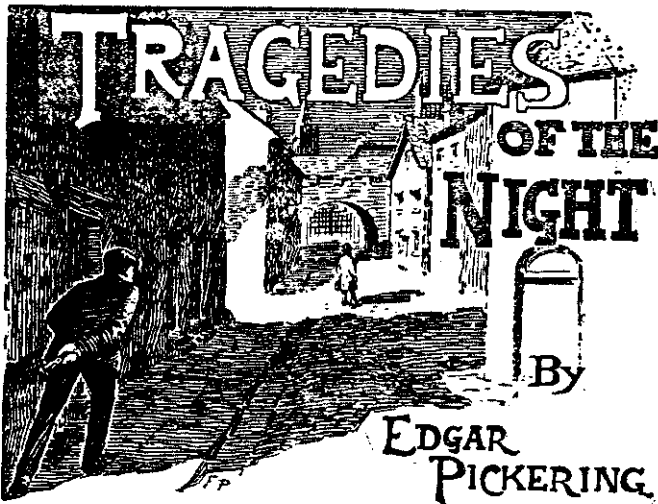
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IV.
THE TRAGEDY OF THE GRANGE BALL.

Right and left of him men were falling quickly under the hot fire from the distant kopje; the hiss of bullets, thick as hail almost, was in his ears, as across the bare, exposed ground Mark Eversley led his company to the attack, with a grim, defiant look in his eyes, as if he scorned death. There was a grin surprise in his heart, too, which amounted well-nigh to regret that he had escaped so far from being wounded or killed, for it would be better far to have done with life as so many others had with their face to the foe, than to see England again. And amid the wild excitement of the engagement Mark's mind was occupied in going over again the announcement he had read in the newspaper, which was dated two months ago, but had only reached the station an hour since.

The paragraph in the paper which seemed to have burnt itself into his brain, announced the engagement of Freyda Graham to Leslie Streatham, was worded in the conventional style, and absolutely uninteresting to everyone in the world excepting Captain Mark Eversley. The assembly had sounded as he stood gazing at the printed words, and he had gone out from his little ragged tent into the hot glare, to join in the deadly brush with the foe, thinking nothing but of those cruel words which told him that the woman who had vowed constancy to him had been faithless.

"It will be better for her—better for me, if I get a bullet through by heart," went his thoughts, "than to go home. There'll be some sharp fighting when we get within grips of those beggars yonder, and it may come then;" and he gave a quick look at one of his men who had pitched comically forward reddening the parched veldt under his broad chest. Then the company had left the dead man a hundred yards to the rear, and Captain Eversley's thoughts went back to the paragraph in the newspaper, as he and the others came hand to hand with the enemy at last.

But neither bullet nor sword had touched him, and out of the butchery Mark Eversley returned to his quarters, having performed a bit of work which would make him a V.C. presently, yet he had but the faintest recollection of it. Freyda Graham seemed to have got between him and death. That was the strangeness of the thing, and he laughed mirthlessly at the thought.

Three months later, and he was in London again, his share in the South African war being done. He had only returned yesterday, and it was nearly two years since he said good-bye to Freyda Graham; there was a host of friends who would welcome him—yet Mark Eversley thought of but one. She had been different from his other friends, for he and she were to have been made man and wife; but something had happened to prevent their marriage, and for the thousandth time the weary sequence of the events of the past two years passed through his brain. They had haunted him from the moment when he read the announcement in the paper—all through his journey to Cape

Town, and the voyage home, until every other thought had been driven from his mind except that of meeting Freyda once more.

He was going down to Cranworth that evening. He had decided upon doing that. What might happen after, confused him to imagine. "She can scarcely refuse to see me," mused Mark. "No one else need know of my coming to her mother's house—best that no one should know," and he got up from his chair, going to a battered old leather case which held a pair of revolvers. He took one of these out, examining the lock carefully, thinking of the bearded face that had confronted the weapon for a moment at Colenso before disappearing in a mist of blood-stained smoke.

Mark found himself balancing the revolver in his hand, and then he flung it to the further end of the room. "I shall begin to think I'm going mad," he muttered. "That was a hateful thought which came to me just now—it seemed to blind me for the moment."

His servant entered the room at that instant and Mark twisted round sharply, noticing a card in the man's hand. "I can see no one," he said. "Tell them I'm ill, or engaged. Say I'm dead and buried," and he gave a barking laugh.

The man nodded stolidly. His master was only a little stranger in his manner than usual, but there was a different look in the eyes from that of yesterday.

The Grange, Cranworth, was brilliant with light and merriment that night when Mark Eversley arrived at the lodge, for Mrs Graham gave a ball to which half the county had gathered, and the sound of music came faintly through the darkness as he stood listening.

It was Freyda's birthday, and the dance had been given in honour of the occasion. It would be the last event of her happy, careless life of girlhood, for she and Leslie Streatham were to be married in a month's time. Everybody congratulated her mother and herself, for Streatham was one of the wealthiest commoners in England, and Captain Eversley had been a comparatively poor man. Freyda was very sensible, said her friends, in throwing him over; but it had not been an easy task. How fondly Mark had loved her—how strong and tender his worship! and amid the gaiety surrounding her, there came a pang of regret that their lives were for ever sundered. She was wondering what the effect of her letter, that had never reached him, might have been, and in what manner she was to meet him, as meet they certainly would next season!

"You are wonderfully thoughtful, Freyda." It was Leslie Streatham, who was looking at her, as she sat out one of the dances. "What are you thinking about?"

She glanced up smilingly. "Would you really like to know?" she answered coquettishly, and he smiled back. "I was thinking of something that happened three years ago. Of somebody who was walking with me across a moor—someone whom I shall never see again, perhaps; the last words coming almost unconsciously, and her piquant face grew serious. "I want you to let me off the next dance, Leslie. I'm tired—I'd like to sit here alone, just for a few moments, where I can look out across the park. I shan't see the dear old home again very often, remember."

He humoured her, as he always did every whim or wish of the wayward girl, and Freyda, seated in the deeply-recessed window, gazed out upon the night. The merry stir of the guests, the waiting waltz tune, the light and joyousness, seemed to have all drifted away as she looked; and there came a flood of memories which carried her back to days forgotten until then.

Suddenly Freyda started to her feet, for a solitary figure had stepped out from the gloom into the light cast by the brilliant ballroom through the long casement upon the terrace, blanching the face that confronted her, and a hand was beckoning. So silent and motionless stood the form that it might have been an unearthly visitant, but for her instant recognition of it. Mark Eversley was mutely calling—Mark Eversley waited there: he who loved her, and she who had vowed to be faithful to him, were face to face once more. Then she had opened the casement and stepped out, shutting it softly, and silencing the murmur and merriment of the dancers, so that it was as if a quietude, deep and profound as death, had closed around her. There was a strange mingling of keenest joy and expectation in her mind—an unspeakable happiness; an unspeakable despair.

There was no greeting between them, and they moved out of the beam of light side by side, yet apart, into the dark grounds.

"I didn't care about coming into the house," he was saying carelessly. "I only reached the Grange half an hour ago."

"I did not know you were in England," she responded, as if defending herself, but he did not heed.

"I don't suppose we shall see each other after to-night, Freyda," he continued. "You will not be missed for ten minutes, perhaps. Will you walk as far as the old bridge? That's not very much to ask, and I've a fancy for going there. It was the spot where we said good-bye to each other when I was ordered to the front. You remember?"

Remember! His farewell kisses were burning her brow and lips again, as they had done then. Her heart was throbbing as it had throbbled that day. Would she ever forget?

They walked on silently, each occupied by their own thoughts, and gaunt and black rose the old bridge across the sullen river. They were standing against the low parapet before Eversley spoke again.

"I remember our parting, Freyda—it was something to think of when we were thousands of miles from each other. It was something to think of moreover, of what sort our meeting again would be—the happiness of seeing you; of holding you in my arms; of hearing your voice—can you imagine what real happiness that was?"

She had bent her head downwards, or even in the darkness he might have seen her tears.

"I'm not here to blame you, dear," he went on. "There may be some reason of which I don't know, for what has happened, but it doesn't matter now. I think you're crying, Freyda, and that's foolish. Who will care for your tears? People's hearts and souls may be tortured, yet there's not a single person who'll mind. That's the way of the world. One has to go their own way—to fight, and love, to conquer or fail, quite alone."

"Mark!" and Freyda's outstretched hand found his. "If you only guessed half the misery that's in my heart you'd forgive me. I was mad I think when I broke my promise to you—you don't know that I was almost forced to give you up; I know now that I love you more than ever I did in the old days—you only, Mark."

There was a passionate ring in the words that caused him to come beside her, and his arm was round her waist. "Yes, yes, I know," he replied, hoarsely. "They thought of the money when you were persuaded to accept Streatham. But I've come in time to save you, Freyda."

"Never to be parted again, dear Mark!"

"Never—never to be parted again, dearest one," and his grip tightened round her.

Mark! Through the darkness came a voice calling her. Freyda! Freyda! Leslie Streatham's voice, mingling with the merry dance music that floated out through an opened casement.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" she whispered affrightedly. "Mark, they mustn't find me here with you—to-morrow I will speak to my mother and Mr Streatham. Let me go now," but he only held her closer to him, feeling her quickly throbbing heart against his own, and below muttered the black river.

"Let me hear you tell me once again that you love me, sweetheart. Let me feel once more your kisses on my face," he murmured. "It's for the last time, dearest—the last time."

She put her arms round his neck, forgetful of aught else but the love she bore him. Overmastered by the mighty strength of it, her lips were on his, their lingering kiss a very heaven of bliss.

"Swear that you love me," he whispered.

"Only you, dear, dear Mark," came the words. "Come what may—only you, for ever and ever."

She was in his arms, powerless to release herself, and then a quick spasm of deadliest fear struck her.

"Let me go! Let me go!" she cried. "You hurt me."

"They meant to rob me of you, dearest," he answered very tenderly. "To part us; but that can never be. Come."

Though she struggled with all the strength of fear to escape, it was in vain, for clasping her in his arms Mark Eversley stood upon the edge of the crumbling parapet. One look—a last look of unutterable love upon the face upheld to his—one last kiss upon those marble lips, and then, locked in his embrace, she and he were in the black, icy flood, borne swiftly downward together to death.

"Freyda!" "Freyda!" came the cry, never to be answered.

"Brandy and Soda" is all very well To drive a bad headache away. But it won't cure a cough, as many can tell, Who have tried the right stuff and can say:

The only thing they have found any use When colds they have had to endure, Is that which soon sends such ills to the deuce,

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Here and There.

So far no reply has been received from the Premier to the invitation to visit the North, which was extended by the public meeting held recently at the Harbour Board offices under the auspices of the Railway League.

Eton is, in point of members, the largest of English public schools. There is accommodation for 1000 boys. Harrow takes 600, Marlborough 500, and Rugby 580.

A United States Blue Book gives the number of deaths last year from lightning in the United States as 563, and the persons injured 820; 4251 heads of live stock are killed.

Our Wainuku correspondent states that Miss Boon, a young lady visitor at Mr Barriball's met with a painful accident last week. She was driving to a picnic when her horse stumbled, and she jumped from the buggy and fell, breaking her leg. Dr. Clouston was quickly in attendance.

Breathless Would-be Passenger: "Stationmaster, when does the half-past five train leave?" Stationmaster: "5.30." Passenger: "Well the new church clock is twenty-five minutes past, the post office clock is twenty-seven minutes past. Now, in the name of goodness, which clock am I to go by?" Stationmaster: "You can go by any clock you like, but the train's gone."

The Women's Christian Temperance Union held a special meeting to welcome home Mrs. and Miss Dewar, who went as delegates to the Convention at Dunedin from the Auckland and Onehunga Unions respectively. There was a good attendance, and a hearty vote of thanks was accorded Mrs Dewar for her very interesting and clear report. Afternoon tea was served.

Great excitement was caused in Johannesburg recently by a baboon breaking loose and scampering about the town. Children enraged it by throwing stones, until it attacked two ladies and severely bit them. Then it sprang at a small boy, and after mauling him badly was finally killed by a revolver shot.

During the hearing of an action in the County Court at Middlesbrough, England, a short while ago, a fight took place between two of the witnesses, and it took two policemen and all the court officials to separate the combatants. One of the fighters was sent to gaol for seven days.

While Harry Prather was escorting his young bride at a fair in Ashland, Kentucky, an aeronaut offered to take up in his balloon any young woman who was not afraid to make the ascent. Mrs. Prather made two ascents with him early in the day. In the afternoon she went up a third time, but failed to come down. Prather declares she has eloped.

The following story is told. Lord Salisbury was walking one day in St. James' Park with one of his secretaries when a gentleman passed them with a polite acknowledgement. Lord Salisbury turned and asked, "Who was that nice looking gentleman with the fresh complexion who raised his hat just now?" "That, my lord," replied the secretary, "was Mr Long, one of your lordship's Cabinet." "Ah," said Lord Salisbury, "I thought I'd seen his face before."

An eminent scientist has come to the conclusion that the tendency of too much education or intellectual development in women is to make them lose their beauty. He instances Zoro women of India. They are supreme. They woo the men, control the affairs of the house and the nation, transmit property, and leave the men nothing to do. The result is, says the scientist, that they are the ugliest women on earth.

fer, and hold the teeth over for your reply.

Melbourne boasts of 1057 hotels, and not 50 of that number are hotels of accommodation or food-supplying hosteleries. The retail liquor trade is principally in the hands of women licensees, the number being 505 males and 552 females. In addition about 2000 barmaids are engaged in dispensing drink. Averaging a woman's connection with the trade at five years, we must reckon that in 30 years some 15,000 wives and mothers in the community have passed through the severe ordeal of dispensing drink.

A curiously prophetic account of the submarine occurs in Ben Jonson's drama, "The Staple of News," published in 1625:—

They write here one Cornelius' Son Hath made the Hollanders an invisible eel,

To swim the haven at Dunkirk and sink all

The shipping there.

It is an Automata, runs under water, With a snug nose and has a nimble tail Made like an augre (auger), with which tail she wriggles Betwixt the costs (ribs) of a ship, and sinks it straight.

Jones saw Tomkins coming towards him, and he noticed that his countenance looked as though it had been through a very bad time indeed. "I say, old chap," he said, with alarm, "whatever is the matter with your face?" "Well," replied Tomkins, "I was walking down the street yesterday, reading a letter—foolish thing to do, of course—but I was punished for it. A workman coming the opposite way lurched up against me, hit me in the mouth with a pickaxe, and knocked a tooth out!" "Oh! that was quite a dental operation, wasn't it?" commented Jones, who must have his little joke. "Well, no! He said it was an axe-dental operation!" "Oh, that's too thin!" "Not exactly, it was tooth out!"

Ventriloquism is common among the members of the feathered family, as many birds form their sounds without opening their bills. The "Liverpool Daily Post" gives the following examples: The cooing of the pigeon can be distinctly heard, though it does not open its bill. The call is formed internally in the throat and chest, and is only rendered audible by resonance. Similar ways may be observed in many birds and other animals. The clear, loud call of the cuckoo, according to one naturalist, is the resonance of a note formed in the bird. The whirring of the snipe, which betrays the approach of the bird to the hunter, is an

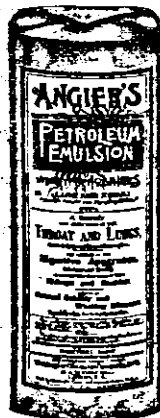
There are in the United Kingdom 51 recognised musical institutions which cost, in round figures, £84,000 per annum for bare maintenance, exclusive of professors' fees. At these establishments an average of 17,500 pupils, at an individual cost of training amounting to at least £35 each, are pronounced finished vocalists, and drift into the profession. This is exclusive of pupils trained by such special masters in the art as Garcia and others, or by any of the 5000 professors of music who are established for the purpose of teaching singing in London alone.

Not all visitors to the country are as ignorant of the farmer's surroundings as the farmers sometimes suppose. "Browning's Magazine" gives this instance: "Wal," said Farmer Wilkins to his city boarder, who was up early and looking round, "ben out to hear the haycock crow, I s'pose?" and he winked at his hired man. "No," replied the city boarder, "I've been out tying a knot in a cord of wood." Farmer Wilkins scowled at the hired man, and wanted to know why he wasn't getting to work at milking those cows.

The servant problem is acute out here, but it has not quite reached the point where the servant expects the would-be mistress to wait on her. The following advertisements are taken verbatim from the "Brooklyn Eagle," a leading American daily. They are typical of scores: Wanted, situation as cook and laundress, or cook alone, in small American family; has good city reference. Please call at 494 Atlantic avenue; two bells; no postal cards answered. Wanted, situation as a chambermaid and waitress in a private family by a young girl; seven years' reference from last employer. Call for two days at 590A, Halsey street; no cards.

Surely the most peculiar trade of modern times is to buy up people's cast-off molars. Here is a genuine advertisement, clipped from a Liverpool paper:—Many ladies and gentlemen have old or disused false teeth which might as well be turned into money. Messrs R. D. and J. B. Fraser, Ltd., of Princess-street, Ipswich (established 1833), buy old false teeth. If you send your teeth to them they will remit by return the utmost value, or make you the best of

"It has no equal as a Lung Healer."



The above quotation is taken from the letter of a doctor who has used Angier's Emulsion for the last eight years, and we could quote from hundreds of other letters in equally flattering terms. Our preparation is endorsed by the medical profession because they have tested it and know its value, and because there is no secret about its composition.

Angier's Emulsion

(PETROLEUM WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES)

combines the soothing and healing properties of our specially purified petroleum with the tonic qualities of the hypophosphites of lime and soda. It not only soothes and breaks the lungs and air passages, but at the same time promotes appetite, aids digestion, and improves nutrition. It positively has no equal in the treatment of Coughs, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, and Consumption.

A FREE SAMPLE

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CAUTION.—Do not sink disappointments or worse by trying cheap imitations made with ordinary petroleum, but insist upon having Angier's.

In three sizes: of all chemists.

THE ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., LTD. 7 Barrack Street, Sydney, N.S.W.; London, England; Boston, U.S.A.

act of ventriloquism. Even the night-ingle has certain notes which are produced internally, and which are audible while the bill is closed.

The secretary of the Auckland North Island Main Trunk Railway League (Mr. R. R. Hunt) has received the following report from the commissioner, north of Auckland: "I have been out to the railway near Burns station; the ballasting is now finished, from where they left off last September, to the railway station at Ahuroa, but the engineer says that it will have another layer put on, and the sleepers packed, before the train can run. The framework is ready to begin boarding for passenger station and goods shed. There are about 80 men on the work now, and they are making headway at the tunnel between Ahuroa and Mahurangi station. The progress is steady, and we hope it will be maintained. We must not forget to fight hard this session for the £100,000 appropriation, according to the resolutions passed at two public meetings of the league, held in Auckland."

During the recent hearing of the enquiry at Liverpool taking evidence in connection with the "weeding out" of hotels that is now going on at Home some amazing figures about drinking among women was given. Superintendent Tomlinson remarked that a lot of drinking was done in a certain house, especially by women. The police had watched the house for a total of nine and a half hours during three days, and in that time they saw 118 men, 719 women, and 25 boys and girls leaving the place with liquor. They considered that the place was not suitable for the large amount of drinking that went on there. The neighbourhood in which the house was situated was a very low one.

A Victorian party (wires our Wellington correspondent) consisting of Messrs A. R. Robinson, financial editor of the "Age" newspaper, J. H. and O. Symes, sons of the proprietor of the "Age," and R. Crawford, a committeeman of the Victorian Racing Club, have arrived in Wellington after an enjoyable journey by coach and train from Christchurch to Nelson, via the West Coast. The party speaks in high terms of praise of the drive through the Otira and Buller Gorges, and they say that each gorge has beauties peculiarly its own. The party does not speak too highly of the accommodation provided along the route. Mr. Donne, Superintendent of the Tourist Department, has recently completed the same journey, so that he will doubtless have noted the shortcomings mentioned by the visitors, and a change for the better may be confidently anticipated.

A sharp shock of earthquake, accompanied by a rumbling noise, was experienced in Dunedin at a quarter to eleven o'clock on Thursday morning. It was severely felt at Cromwell, where crockery and bottles on shelves were shifted. The following are the quantities required by the Sydney naval station, for which the Admiralty is calling for tenders:—20,000lb coffee, 110,000lb jams and marmalade, 50,000lb condensed milk, 60,000lb preserved and dried vegetables. Forms of tender and conditions of contract have been received at the head office of the Industries and Commerce Department. If New Zealand manufacturers show any disposition to tender the Department will endeavour to arrange with the victualling store officer for an extension of time for receiving tenders.

Many instances might be related of the extraordinary skill and address in matters pertaining to social usage displayed by Mrs. Roosevelt, the wife of the President of the United States of America, and of these few are more amusing than the adroitness with which she quietly set aside one of America's singularly stupid customs. The national hand grip has become synonymous with actual distress and discomfort, when indicated upon our chief magistrates and their wives by the long lines of citizens who avail themselves of the opportunity of viewing greatness at the public receptions which are regarded as an indispensable feature of our democratic institutions. Mrs. Roosevelt very properly pronounced this well-established custom to be a relic of barbarism, and determined that her hand should not be at the disposal of the cordial hundreds. Accordingly, at her first official reception

in Albany she met each of her guests with so charming a greeting that few observed that both of her slender hands were entirely occupied in holding a big bouquet.

The "Sunday Magazine" publishes an article under the title, "Favourite Texts of Famous People." Sir Henry Irving writes: The passage which has always appealed most strongly to me is this: "And the greatest of these is charity" (I. Cor. xiii. 13). Mr. Alfred Austin's favourite text is: "Let there be light" (Genesis i. 3). Mr. Rider Haggard's is: "In your patience possess ye your souls" (Luke xii. 19). Madame Patti (the Baroness Cederstrom) writes that her favourite text is: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life" (Rev. ii. 10). President Roosevelt gladly responds that one of his favourite Scriptural passages is: "Be ye doers of the word, not hearers only" (James i. 22).

A Home paper recently took a new reporter on trial. He went out to hunt items, and after being away all day returned with the following, which was the best he could do: "Yesterday, we saw a sight which froze one's muscles with horror. A hackman, driving down College street at a rapid pace, came very near running over a nurse and two children. There would have been one of the most heartrending catastrophes ever recorded had not the nurse, with wonderful forethought, left the children at home before she went out, and providentially stepped into a drugstore just before the hack passed. Then, too, the hackman, just before reaching the crossing, thought of something he had forgotten, and, turning about, drove in the opposite direction. Had it not been for this wonderful occurrence of favourable circumstances, a dotting father and affectionate mother would have been plunged into the deepest woe and most unutterable funeral expenses." The new reporter will be retained.

"The man who doesn't advertise is lost" is an axiom in which a certain seedsman has evidently a profound belief. This gentleman, if not absolutely mean, is terribly close in his habits, but when asked by some ladies who were arranging a flower service at a local place of worship to contribute some blooms for decorative purposes, he, rather to their surprise, replied that he would be very pleased to give them on condition that the scheme of arrangement was left to himself. To this the ladies willingly agreed, and left the key of the church with the seedsman, who promised to cut and arrange the flowers on the Sunday morning. He kept his word. His were by far the best blooms in the church. But the text he had chosen was, in the opinion of the worshippers generally, and of the begging ladies in particular, hardly so appropriate to the place and occasion as it might have been. In white roses on a scarlet geranium background were the words: "Try — Penny Seed Packets."

The work of Father Rouillac (just now recuperating in Canterbury) in the cannibal islands of the South Sea's is well known. During the trying period when the Eclipse was spitted on a jagged reef at Guadalcanar, he suffered great privation, sometimes being face to face with starvation. But just at the severest pinch he and his native boys were discovered by the Melanesian Mission, who came to their assistance. This mission is established in Norfolk Island and the New Hebrides, besides Guadalcanar, and is conducted by clergymen of the Church of England. The missionaries sent boys to help in the work of refloating the stranded Eclipse, and it was due to their efforts that she was successfully wrenched from the reef. Owing to a severe injury received to his foot while liberating his craft, Father Rouillac has since been taking a rest in the Solomon Islands, and has used whatever remedies were at hand to bring relief. In addition, the long weeks of work waist-high in water have not agreed with him, and hence he has come to New Zealand for a rest.

In connection with modern life asmance there is one really funny story, which, perhaps, will be new to many. The yarn is told of a famous revivalist preacher who never lost an opportunity of "improving the occasion" by a reference to spiritual matters, and who sometimes mingled religion with business with what to some might seem un-

desirable freedom. This worthy, being a prudent person, had called at the office of a leading life assurance society for the purpose of taking out a policy, and had just completed the necessary formalities. Unwilling to let the occasion pass without an attempt to inculcate some high moral lesson, he accosted a smart clerk in the "front office" with the impressive observation, "Young man, I have just insured my life. But can you tell me how I am to insure my immortal soul?" Whether that smart clerk wished to be smartly rude, or whether he was a little deaf, and only partly understood the remark made to him, may be left to the reader's decision. But his reply was, at any rate, prompt and startling: "The Fire Department is on the first floor, sir!"

"Gentleman of means desirous of purchasing the title of Viscount write confidentially to Don Juan, 61 Rua —, Lisbon, Portugal!"

The above advertisement, which appeared in a recent issue of the "Times," affords a glorious opportunity to a well-to-do member of the great Smith family to blossom out as a nobleman without the drudgery attending the capture of a home-made title. A London correspondent, whose curiosity was fired by the advertisement, applied to Lisbon for particulars, and received the following quaint reply, which he has forwarded to the "Express":—

Dear Sir,—Will you please let me know whether you would be willing to reside in Portugal for a short time every year, and also some particulars of your position, etc.

You may understand that this matter must be delicately approached. In all probability the sum required would be about £1200, exclusive of fee for bearing arms (annual).

I am the confidential agent of the seller. You can take any name not already appropriated by the nobility of this country, and could have your arms prepared in England.

A recommendation from a marquis or a duke will be necessary, and I could doubtless procure that.

If you decide to purchase the aforesaid title, please furnish me speedily with all particulars, and remit preliminary and inquiry expenses of £20. My friend is the Marquiza de S.—Yours faithfully,

Our correspondent asks if the "preliminary expenses of £20" cover the recommendation from the marquis or the duke, and if the seller sinks his identity after the bargain.

A man reads this in the desperate hope of clearing his character:—

The other Sunday evening I went to church to escape the awful gloom that settles over towns on the Day of Rust. When the plate arrived at me I dived into my waistcoat top pocket, and from amongst some loose silver I passed out sixpence. When the service was over it passed all too quickly, for I shared the hymn-book of the girl next to me, and she was an awfully nice girl, and I had got outside the sacred premises, the thought struck me with staggering force that I had put a half-sov. into the plate instead of sixpence. Investigation proved my fears, only too well grounded. After a severe mental struggle I decided to try to recover the 0/6. Inside the church I found the minister and wardens busy counting the boodle. I explained. No gold coin was found in the cash. Then I investigated again, and found the half-sov. in my pocket. My abject apology was received coldly, even suspiciously, and I retired discomfited—it being evident from the lofty snorts of the good men that I stood condemned as a sacrilegious confidence person whose scheme to take them down for 0/6 on the off-chance of there being half-a-sov. in the collection had been glaringly exposed.

"I calculate I couldn't drive a trade with you to-day!" said a true specimen of a Yankee pedlar, at the door of a merchant in St. Louis. "I calculate you calculate about right, for you cannot," was the sneering reply. "Wall, I guess you needn't get huffy about it. Now, here's a dozen real genuine razor strops, worth two dollars and a half; you may have 'em at two dollars." "I tell you I don't want any of your trash, so you had better be going." "Wall, now, I declare, I'll bet you five dollars if you make me an offer for them are strops, we'll have a trade yet." "Done!" replied the merchant, placing the money in the hands of a bystander. The Yankee deposited the like sum, when the merchant offered him couple of cents, for his strops. "They're yours," said the Yankee, as he pocketed the stakes. But he added with apparent honesty, "I calculate a joke is a joke, and if you don't want them strops I'll trade back." The merchant's countenance brightened up as he replied, "You're not such a bad chap after all. Here are the strops—give me the money." "There it is," said the Yankee, as he received the strops, and passed over the couple of cents. "A trade's a trade, and now

All Roads Alike to
The Oldsmobile

The enduring and reliable qualities of the Oldsmobile were recently proven in a long distance run held in America between New York and Boston—500 miles.

It was the only machine in the 1,000 pounds class that made the run without a penalized stop, winning the highest award.

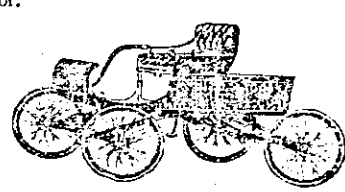
It is made to run and does it. The motor is of simplest construction, the result of 17 years' experience in building of Gas Engines and Automobiles. Starts at will from seat and is always under instant control of the operator.

Sells in America for 1903, and the freight here is not large. The cheapest reliable automobile made.

Write for free catalogue, illustrated.

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

Olds Motor Works, Detroit, Mich. U.S.A.



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

you're wide awake in earnest. I guess the next time you trade you'll do a little better than buy razor strops." And away he went with his strops and his wager, amid the shouts of the laughing crowd.

A North Country farmer who has reached a good old age states that his second crop of hair, which has come after a period of baldness, is due to the application of nettles as a hair restorer. When a young man the farmer was anxious to grow a beard, and hit upon the expedient of experimenting with the nettles. Every night before going to bed he applied a stinging nettle to his chin. Next morning his face was red and swollen; but the application of a little sour milk soon remedied that. And the beard grew quickly. On becoming bald the farmer recollected the treatment of his young days, and asept for several nights in a nightcap filled with nettles. The sensation was at first painful, but after a time the nettles appeared to induce sleep, and a plentiful crop of hair was the result.

A distinguished lawyer and politician was travelling on a tram when an Irishwoman came into the car with a basket, bundle, etc. She paid her fare, but the conductor passed by the politician without collecting anything. The good woman thereupon said to the politician, "An' faith, an' why is it that the conductor takes the money off a poor woman, an' don't ask ye, who seem to be a rich man, for anything?" The politician, who had a pass, replied: "My dear madame, I'm travelling on my beauty." The woman looked at him for a moment, and then quickly answered: "An' is that so? Then ye must be very near yer journey's end."

Mensa, a native African, who accompanied Mr R. A. Freeman, the explorer, on his journey through Ashanti and Jaman, seemed to regard all the hardships and discomforts the party encountered as a joke. He had once been a labourer on a steamer, and was very fond of personating a ship to the amusement of the other carriers. Mr Freeman describes this dusky Mark Tapley as follows:—"As he sat on the ground devouring a plantain he would inform the assembled company that he was taking in cargo; then he would sit for a while and get up steam, and when the bugle sounded the advance he would rise and take up his load and start himself with a great ringing of imaginary bells and loudly spoken orders to go full speed ahead, and finally trudge off with his machinery clanking and his propeller thumping an imaginary sea. When we waded across the streams he usually took soundings with his feet, and announced the depth by shouting in genuine nautical style, 'And a half-five,' or whatever he considered the depth to be; and once when he slipped over head and ears into a swamp he emerged dripping and grinning, bawling, 'No soundings!'"

Although the present day Greek is a very different specimen from the Greek of Homer he is not insensible to the glorious heritage bequeathed to him by his ancestors, whose deeds still shine in song and story. This is proved by the fact that the work of restoring the Pantheon—that perfect specimen of Greek architecture—has within the past few weeks been brought to a successful conclusion. The Pantheon is a magical name, whose mention awakens in the mind of the Philo-Hellenist a train of thought and association of ideas as brilliant as the Milky Way in the autumn skies. There is something very fine in knowing that after all these ages hero-worship in its truest sense is not dead, and that this sacred place, around which linger the ghosts of a mighty nation, has been rescued from the hands of decay and destruction. The work cost £12,000, which was contributed by the Greek Government and several wealthy foreigners. When the restorers had finished their labours, the only thing lacking was one of the caryatides which formerly decorated the facade and was taken away some years ago and added to the Elgin collection at the British Museum, the vacant space left having been filled in by a statue in terra cotta. This precious piece of sculpture is to be given back to the Greek Government, and is now on its way to Athens.

Imperfectly cultivated people are prone to regard poetry as a special delight, reserved, as Lowell said of Chaucer, for themselves and a few friends. An experience which a writer in the American paper the "Atlantic Monthly" relates in a paper called "The Book in the Tenement," shows how greatly they are mistaken. One summer many of the workers in a slum "settlement" were reading Kipling. The people of the neighbourhood caught the prevailing taste. One little girl thought the "realist" of Kipling's verse was this stanza:

Small mirth was in the making. Now I lift the cloth that cloaks the clay,
And wadded at thy feet I lay
My wares ere I go forth to sell.
The long bazaar will praise—but thou—
Heart of my heart, have I done well?

"Why do you like it?" the teacher asked. "Because it makes me want to do my work well." One day a girl was saying that she liked the poem:

Another preferred:

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean,
roll!

Break, break, break,
On thy cold, grey stones, O sea!

A boy was silent. "Don't you say either of those poems when you are at the seashore?" "No," he replied, "I don't. But there is one I always think of." Then he repeated Kipling's poem:

"The Indian Ocean sets an' smiles
So soft, so bright, so bloomin' blue."

"I like it better than them other two ocean poems. It's so friendly like with everything." When President McKinley was shot they were talking it over in the settlement. "Yes," said one boy, "all day a poem in your little red book (Kipling's "Recessional") goes over and over in my head. The man who did this thing is a Pole, and I am a Pole. It hurts hard. This piece cries out in my head:

"For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord."

Here is a "fragment" from the autobiography of Rosa Bonheur. The following passage relates to her early days: "Our studio was a confusion of all sorts of odds and ends, and you would never guess how my father took advantage of that disorder. When he received money for his work he would take a handful and throw it at random about the room, and then, when he had not a farthing left at home, we searched in all the corners of the room, and sometimes found a five-franc piece, which saved us from starvation. To perfect myself in the study of nature, I spent whole days in the Roule slaughter-house. One must be greatly devoted to art to stand the sight of such horrors, in the midst of the coarsest people. They wondered at seeing a young woman taking interest in their work, and made themselves as disagreeable to me as they possibly could. But when our aims our right we always find help. Providence sent me a protector in the good Monsieur Emile, a butcher of great physical strength. He declared that whoever failed to be polite to me would have to reckon with him. I was thus enabled to work undisturbed. His occupation was to boil and trim calves' heads. Having noticed how frugal my meals were, he sometimes offered to let me share his own. I then went to his house, where his wife, as kind as he was, made room for me at their table, and gave me a good dinner. And what a sight the place was, with all the curious implements of his calling! At last Fortune smiled on me. . . . Of course, I mean that I sold my pictures at a good price!"

Think not, young man, that, because you are gay and bright and vital to-day, you will find the path of life throughout as smooth and easy as you find it now at the very start or outset of your appointed pilgrimage. Those juicy fruits that stretch so temptingly by the bosky wayside—those golden apples of the Heaperides that hang so lusciously from the bending boughs—those cool draughts that spring so pellucid from yon welling fountain—those fair nymphs that bid you loiter so often among the roses and gulantines of yon shady bowers—all, all, though they smile so innocent and so attractive, are but deceitful allurements to delay your feet and intoxicate your

senses, to lead you aside from the straight but thorny road of right and duty into the brighter but deadly track of fatal self-indulgence. Yet, above all things, if you would be wise, O youth! shun that sparkling beaker, which the cunning tempter, like Comus in the masque, holds out to you too enticingly to quench ardent thirst; quaff it not, though it dance and glitter so merrily in the sunlight, for there is death in the cup; it leads you on slowly and surely to the dishonoured grave; it loses you, one after another, health, wealth and youth, and friends, and children; it covers you with shame, disgrace, and humiliation, and in the end this, this is the miserable plight to which it finally reduces what may once have been a man of birth, of learning, of genius, and of reputation.—Grant Allen.

Shamrock III, Sir Thomas Lipton's new craft, with which he hopes to take back the America Cup to England, will be fully three minutes faster than the last boat, and will be the speediest yacht that has ever crossed the Atlantic. Some very important discoveries have been made by Mr William Fife as a result of the many experiments which have been carried out, and the result will be a glorified Shamrock I, with finer lines and easier rig to drive her over and through the water with increased speed. Shamrock I, designed by Mr Fife, was faster in rough water than Shamrock II, designed by Mr Watson, but was slower in a smooth sea. In the new boat Mr Fife has achieved an important compromise between the two, and he will give Captain Wringe, Sir Thomas Lipton's skipper, a vessel embracing the best points of both the previous racers. The challenger will have an even roundness of keel, and her construction will be lighter, and her appearance will gain in graceful lines thereby. An important alteration will be made in her sails, which will consist of some thousands of feet more canvas, the fullest possible area being covered with the new spread. The challenger will be longer by several feet than Shamrock I and about the same length as the last boat, but with a little more beam. "The builders get their idea of increased speed," says a well-informed yachtsman, "from the trial of Shamrock I, II and III in tanks. Of course, tank trials are not wholly reliable, and the defenders have something of a start in having the actual race water, with all its peculiarities, at hand for experiments. But the lines of the new boat have been eased all round, and with a fine bow, and she represents the net result of the former racing experience." Here are some of the new points in the 1903 racers:—

DEFENDER.	CHALLENGER.
Lower in the water.	Normal
Slightly blunter in the bow.	Finer bow.
Increased sail.	Increased sail.
Increased beam.	Increased beam.
Greater length.	Greater length.

The chief difference will be seen to be that of a fine bow, well out of the water, and a lower and rounder bow, both of which are attempts to get clean driving with the increase of speed which both will have.

Dainty footwear should be every woman's desire, but high heels—snart and suitable as they are for short women with short, wishy feet—are not beautiful, but the very reverse, in the case of the tall woman with a slender foot, who too frequently persist in wearing them. There is no doubt that the Louis XV. heel of portentous height, worn for walking about the town, gives a pecking, picking, hen-like gait that is not too bad in a small woman, but quite unendurable in her tall sister. Also, a long, slight foot tilted up on a high heel loses its own special advantages, which are much more apparent when a low heel—a really low one—is worn, permitting a springy, easy gait, and displaying the natural arch of the instep. A short woman generally has a short foot, wide for its length. She and her foot both gain by the high, smart heel, which adds to the wearer's height and makes the foot look dainty. It is not comfortable, of course; it creates corns and other troubles by forcing the whole weight of the body into the pinched toe of the shoe; but what would you? Who considers comfort where smartness is in question? As for the tall thin footed woman, she has her own troubles. The average bootmaker knows only two patrons—the high heeled, pointed shoe and the low heeled, square toed one. The low heeled, arch soled, narrow, but not over narrow toed shoe or boot is hard to get, and generally dear when got, as all good things are. It should be found, however, and when found made a note of by any tall woman who has a reasonable care for her appearance.



It's an easy job for the barber to part the hair on a head like this. It's just as easy to prevent baldness if you only do the right thing. Baldness is almost always a sure sign of neglect; it is the story of neglected dandruff. Dandruff is untidy, unnecessary, and unhealthy.

Ayer's Hair Vigor
cures dandruff and prevents baldness. You save your hair and you are spared the annoyance of untidy clothing. It also stops falling of the hair, and makes the hair grow thick and long. Do not be deceived by cheap imitations which will only disappoint you. Make sure that you get the genuine Ayer's Hair Vigor.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

G. Zinzan Harris,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Wyndham Street, Auckland.

THREE DOORS FROM NATIONAL BANK OF NEW ZEALAND.

MY
OBJECT
IS

- The Treatment of Decayed Teeth by the most approved principles of Preservation.
- Tooth Crowning and Gold Filling, etc.
- The Treatment and Utilisation of Artificially Decayed Roots.
- For the Adjustment of Artificial Teeth without Plates, thus avoiding Extractions.
- The Adjustment of Artificial Teeth by Suction.
- The Painless Extraction of Teeth by the aid of all the latest Anaesthetics.

NO FEES FOR CONSULTATION. FEES CHEAPEST IN TOWN.

After Dinner Gossip

and

Echoes of the Week.

The Greatness of Little Things.

The real greatness and importance of what some people would consider the little things of life, has been frequently pointed out by far wiser men and abler pens than mine, but the continental tour of the King once more and very clearly demonstrates the truth of the dictum that it is "the little things that matter." For instance, it was surely a very minor occurrence that British warships should have been sent over to Algiers to honour President Loubet. It was one of those small courtesies which, if it had not been extended, would have aroused no remark or comment. But having been done so gracefully, who will deny that it may not be pregnant with consequences of the utmost importance? The French greatly pleased us by their thoughtful silence over the suicide of Sir Hector Macdonald (all the French newspapers having abstained from mentioning the lamentable affair till the news had been published in England). Here there is another instance, that too was a "small matter," yet just imagine what might have been the feeling aroused had the Paris journals come out with a series of lurid, and perhaps obscene articles, as has happened before now, when opportunities offered. But the exercise of a generous feeling and a self-control, which it is to be regretted was not shown by the American press in Paris, resulted in engendering a feeling of friendliness, and even gratitude, perhaps rather beyond its cause, but which is very real and very sincere nevertheless, and which paved the way for the international greetings and courtesies now being exchanged. Wars often have their commencement in very insignificant causes. Everybody will recollect how bellicose the States became several years ago over the Venezuelan affair, but as a fact the irritation of the man in the street was far more on account of the charges brought by Lord Dunsraven in connection with the race for the American cup. "Tom, Dick and Harry," who are absolute monarchs in "the greatest country on earth," thought little and probably cared less about a mere quarrel over a boundary, but when their countrymen were accused of dirty cheating, and that without proper evidence, by an indiscreet British nobleman, their fighting blood was aroused in real earnest, and that most foolish of episodes might have created such bad blood that the first decent excuse for a quarrel would have been taken, and extremities proceeded to. Happily there came forward a sportsman who could take a beating with a good grace, and absurd as it may seem to the untravelled, that tact and good temper of Sir Thomas Lipton has unquestionably done more than any other single thing to increase the popularity of England in the States.

With England desperately unpopular with the German populace (for the moment) a re-establishment of friendliness with the Parisian crowd is certainly not amiss. It is the easiest possible thing to either please or offend a Frenchman, and especially a Parisian, and probably the thoughtful little act of the King may entirely restore that goodwill and good feeling which has been too long absent between France and England.

That Ploio.

There is no doubt the great Parliamentary spree to the islands is going to land all who participate therein in for an amount of chaff and criticism scarcely contemplated by the originators of the somewhat quaint function, and the exclusion of the press is not likely to diminish the same. Exactly why a reasonable proportion of free and unmuzzled pressmen were not invited would scarcely seem clear, and it is rather strange to spend the public's money, without allowing the

public to hear how it was done, and what was the precise nature of the "value received." Naturally the unregenerate wink the other eye and put forward the scandalous theory that there are likely to be "such goings on" that a reporter, whose copy was not liable to be censored, would be a very inconvenient and tiresome person to have on board.

Of course, you and I would never dream of hinting that the proceedings will be anything other than even a Sunday-school teacher might approve of, but there are so many ill-natured people in the world that I really think the Cabinet has made somewhat of a mistake in giving the idea there was something not fit for publication in the jaunt. As for the public, it takes the picnic very philosophically and good-naturedly. It has become inured to members collaring an extra rise for themselves and shouting themselves trips to Picton or Nelson or Gisborne during the session, and an extra thousand or so makes little difference. One of "Old Dick's" games, they say, for you will notice that even his opponents in politics speak of the Premier as King Dick or Old Dick nowadays. He is no longer a mere man; he is an institution, and really and truly I believe many of those who are hottest against him and all his works have that half-secret delight in his (as they consider) enormities, that we used to have in our school days when the bad boy of the school achieved some more than usually during and showy feat of wickedness. There is the same half-awed, half-admiring feeling of "what will he do next" which audacity of any sort arouses amongst the weaker spirits. Personally the Premier is, unto me, "a perpetual feast," the personality of the man and his persistent pushfulness and manner of achieving his ends paralyses criticism or comment. I can but gaze and say "Ah!" at each new feat, as one does at a circus, which, by the way, New Zealand politics somewhat resemble. But I got on dangerous ground for after-dinner discussion; let us change the subject.

Are Women or Men the More Modest?

It was not to be expected that my (to most minds, I suppose) blasphemous opinion expressed last week, that women are less innately modest than men, would pass without challenge, and I have several letters, some of them distinctly acrimonious, before me. It is a pity the average woman cannot keep her temper over a discussion of this sort; or in fact over anything where her superiority is called in question. That is why, I suppose, we exclude them from the after-dinner chat of the smoke-room, where, contrary to feminine opinion, conversation does not descend to the telling of more or less cereullan stories. The majority of ladies who have favoured me with their views start off to denounce me for daring to suggest that the sex is immodest, and continue to pour forth abuse without bringing forward a single argument. But they overlook the point that I never said the sex was immodest. Who am I that I should utter heretical untruths? I asserted my belief, which I stick to, that, contrary to received theories, woman is less innately modest, and, let me add, less shy than man. I have seen men grow pink all over at plays where women have sat absolutely unmoved. I have heard them discuss matters in mixed company which no man I ever met could approach without the most obvious discomfort, and I have seen them openly reading books which the mere male would have hidden in the uttermost recesses of his sanctum. As for smoke-room stories, as they are often called, I only know that the men who make a practice of telling yarns usually described as "blue" are regarded as unmitigated nuisances by the majority of their fellow creatures, and I do not know that stories of the more or less objectionable type are any more common in a crowded smoke-room than in an equally tenanted boudoir.

Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

The fact that the Auckland branch of that most admirable of all societies, that for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, held its meeting last week, gives me an opportunity to again approach a subject on which some readers will perchance think I am somewhat of a crank. I mean cases of cruelty to children. One's blood, and the blood of every one of you, must have boiled the other day on reading of a female fiend, who for the most shocking cruelties to a child—an infant sister—was awarded the disgraceful sentence of seven days. How can society hope to stamp out this most hateful and unnatural of crimes if magistrates and those in authority practically condone it by awarding absurdly inadequate sentences? The punishment of the woman Drake was lenient enough in all conscience, but though this child did not—unfortunately for itself perhaps—die, the infliction of a paltry seven days is simply a crying scandal. As I have pointed out before, it is so difficult to sheet the offence home to the cowardly perpetrators, that when one can be brought to book the punishment meted out should be of no ordinary order, but by a salutary severity sufficient to give pause to even the most passionate and uncontrollable bully of either sex or age. Children will accept almost any treatment from those placed in authority over them without making that public complaint which would facilitate the discovery of cases of gross cruelty. Poor nites! they come to look upon it as a part of the ordinary order of things, and take it with the strange dogged philosophy which is one of the most painful characteristics of suffering childhood. The society has done good work, but I do honestly believe it can yet do more. The few cases brought into Court show that even here there must be many, many sad instances where, if they could be discovered, its intervention is necessary. And, furthermore, it can work up public opinion so that when one of these wretched creatures is convicted the sentence shall be of exceptional severity.

Educated Idioty.

Some of the cries perpetrated by the Southern University students at the recent tournament here remind one how ineffably silly some forms of humour are, forms which provoke the laughter not merely of the "groundlings," but of educated men and women. For instance, when we tell you that one of the cries of Victoria College, Wellington, was "Banana, banana, potato, potato, what ho! what ho!" you will probably think that the representatives of our newest college must be very childish. Yet there was evidently to those concerned something very amusing in this nonsensical cry, delivered with the full strength of many undergraduate voices, with an indefinite amount of emphasis on the "What ho!" Another wild cry of Victoria College was "No coffee, no coffee, no cocoa, no cocoa, no tea, no tea, no tea!" which is also very silly in substance, but very striking in effect. No body of people enjoy themselves quite so much as undergraduates, and their boisterous and happy manner makes many of their doings most laughable when they are really only silly. After all, humour is quite a matter of taste. There are people, and many of them, whose sense of humour is very keen, but who can't see any humour in the inimitable Dooley, or in those most amusing yarns of W. W. Jacobs. One can only feel pity for them—pity at what they are losing. Fancy

a person who could not see the humour of "Politics is a man's game, and women, children and prohibitionists would do well to keep clear of it," or "The boat was hoisted under the able profanity of the mate!"

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makes the startling announcement that he has surely discovered the elixir of life. That he is able with the aid of a mysterious compound, known only to himself, produced as a result of the years he has spent in searching for this precious life-giving boon, to cure any and every disease that is known to the human body. There is no doubt of the doctor's earnestness in making his claim and the remarkable cures that he is daily effecting seems to bear him out very strongly. His theory which he advances is one of reason and based on sound experience in a medical practice of many years. It costs nothing to try his remarkable "Elixir of Life" as he calls it, for he sends it free to anyone who is a sufferer, in sufficient quantities to convince of its ability to cure, so there is absolutely no risk to run. Some of the cures cited are very remarkable, and but for reliable witnesses would hardly be credited. The issue have thrown away crutches and walked about after two or three trials of the remedy. The sick, given up by home doctors, have been restored to their families and friends in perfect health. Rheumatism, neuralgia, stomach, heart, liver, kidney, blood and skin diseases and bladder troubles disappear as by magic. Headaches, backaches, nervousness, fevers, consumption, coughs, colds, asthma, catarrh, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs or any vital organs are easily overcome in a space of time that is simply marvellous.

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An Interim Dividend of 2/6 per share for the Half year ended 28th February, 1903, is now payable. Shareholders can obtain Warrants on application at the Company's Office.

By order of the Board. JAMES KIRKER, General Manager. Auckland, 7th April, 1903.

NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS. SUPPLY AND DELIVERY OF SLEEPERS.

Railway Department, (Head Office) Wellington, 14th April, 1903.

Written offers will be received at this Office up to noon of MONDAY, 14th May, 1903, for the Supply and Delivery of Puri and Totara Sleepers, in lots of 250 or more, at any Railway Station or Siding on the Auckland Section.

Offers will be addressed to the General Manager, New Zealand Railways, Wellington, and marked outside "Tender for Sleepers."

Offers will also be received at the Office of the Railway Storekeeper, Newmarket, up to the date mentioned.

T. ROSSANE, General Manager.

G. W. ALLSOP, A.R.I.B.A. (Associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects), ARCHITECT 213, VICTORIA ARCADE.

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Advertisement for RHEUMATOLOGICALS GO OUT. WHEN "RHEUMO" GOES IN RHEUMATOLOGICALS GO OUT. THAT tells the story of "Rheumo." It is a solvent of uric acid, and Nature's mode of solution. It is the excess uric acid in the system that causes Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, and kindred complaints, and Rheumo is the medicine that cures. In diseases dependent upon a uric acid diathesis, it is a remedy of extraordinary potency. Rheumo is a medicine—not a liniment. Rheumo is a liquid—not a pill. Rheumo acts promptly and effectively. "Rheumo Conquers Rheumatism." Stocked in Auckland by H. Klag, Chemist, Queen-st.; J. M. Jefferson, Chemist, Queen-st. and Upper Synagogue-st.; J. W. Robinson, Chemist, Paruelli; Graves, Atkin, Chemist, Queen-st.; and sold by all Chemists and stores at 2/6 and 4/6 per bottle.



TURF FIXTURES.

April 22, 23—South Canterbury J.C. April 23 and 25—Wellington R.C. Autumn April 25—Waikarapa Hack Jinees (1904) April 25 and 26—Avaloude J.C. Autumn April 29 and 30—Manawatu R.C. Autumn May 6 and 7—Egmont R.C. Winter May 9—Christchurch R.C. Autumn May 14 and 15—Ashburton County R.C. May 16 and 20—Takapuna J.C. Winter May 21 and 22—Wanganui J.C. Winter June 3 and 6—Dunedin J.C. Winter June 10 and 11—North Otago J.C. Winter

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Dispute." Auckland—Hewson 2 25 5ths. Advance 2 24 3/4. These are the official times registered for the Wellington Cup by the horses named.

TURF NOTES.

Wait-a-Bit, after a season at the stud, has been again put in training in Victoria. Special trains will run to the Avondale Jockey Club's meeting on both days. A jockey named R. Trevartha, at a recent Wsralhia race meeting, secured 13 firsts in 17 starts. Royal Conqueror got cast in his box last week, and injured himself somewhat severely.

Viadmir was priced recently by Mr J. Ellis. The figure asked was £750, but the trainer would not go beyond £575, and a winning contingency, so no deal resulted.

Shrapnell, son of Cuteshy and Element, therefore full brother to Fakir, was about the best horse that competed at the Fellinging meeting.

A couple of veterans that performed well at Fellinging were Chasseur, who showed a lot of his old dash, and Legion of Honour, who has a partially for the Fellinging course.

Plain Bill, the 'chaser, was in evidence at the Fellinging meeting—not, however, racing, but as the starter's hack, and it is evident he is not to be raced this winter.

Old Gun, a good jumper who has won 2 number of Hack hurdle races, and Artizaz, a Wanganui hack were sold during the progress of the Fellinging races for 50s and 30s respectively.

Deerstalker, a colt that I fully expected might some day make a good horse, was one of those that succumbed to the exigencies of racing in Riccarton, and has probably said good-bye to the turf.

The appeal case, Walters v. the Auckland Racing Club, will come before the Judges appointed by the conference on Wednesday at Wellington. Major Pitt will represent the A.R.C.

No three-year-old pony has ever jumped so quickly into prominence from a weight-increasing point of view as the South pony Sunica, the treble winner at the A.R.C. autumn meeting.

Acceptances for the first day's racing at the Avondale Jockey Club's autumn meeting, which opens on Saturday next, were received last night. Most of the events have filled satisfactorily.

An important stud purchase has been effected by Sir Hugo Friedlander, of Ashburton, who has secured the highly successful stud horse Pilgrim's Progress as a leading sire for his stud.

The price reported as having been paid for Sceptive, £2000, is far and away the highest sum ever given for a mare. Far larger sums have been given for stallions for stud purposes.

A private telegram received on Saturday from Melbourne states that the stallion Pilgrim's Progress has been purchased by Mr Hugo Friedlander for Fiddlers Lodge Stud at Ashburton.

The committee of the A.J.C. has finally decided to include a Stires' Produce Stakes in future programmes for the coming season, but it has been found inadvisable to begin with one before 1905.

Sir George Clifford's horses were in great form at the autumn meeting of the Canterbury Jockey Club. Trendmill, by Hill of Portland, ran like one that is likely to develop into a Derby colt.

The Auckland Trotting Club's autumn meeting is in commotion on May 2nd. Nominations, taken on Friday night, are almost entirely of local horses, but there is sufficient material for a good meeting.

Many Aucklanders will remember the light-weight H. E. Meyers ('Kaiser') when riding for the late Jas. Keen. 'Kaiser' had a ride at the Fellinging meeting, but is not often seen in the saddle.

Ona, the Scanton, Delaval—Tamera filly, leased for some time by a patron of Prosser's at Porirua, was sent home recently to her owner, and won a race for him at Patua on Easter Monday.

Mr W. C. Phillips, of Hawera, lost his blood mare Britence the other day. She was by Somnus, and was the dam of Fairbrook, Silver Star, and Perseverance. She also has left a couple of untried ones by Sylvia Park.

Santol, the erratic colt, who was first fancied for some of the big Australian handicaps last season, is being given a trial over hurdles. His full brother, Regretter, was very successful over the short stiles.

It was curiously reported that Mr Pate intended to take Ribbwood to America, but the fact that the little racer is to be shipped to Melbourne shortly, would seem to show that the Christchurch sportsman has no such intention.

The fat is in the fire over one of the races run on the last day of the A.R.C. autumn meeting. A wrong one liberties have had to pay the penalty for so doing.

Two Canfield jockeys were endeavouring to solve the intricacies of the income tax papers. "I wonder if they make its part on for loss of meeting." A wrong one liberties have had to pay the penalty for so doing.

Wallace, Carline's best son by Australia, had two good two-year-olds in F.J.A. and Emir to represent him at the A.C.C. Easter Meeting. The last-named carried a mile in 1:30 3/5—a record for a two-year-old.

A good deal of interest is being taken in the approaching winter meeting of the Egmont Racing Club. There is a large number of hacks in training at Hawera alone, and local nominations are expected to be good.

Though beaten in a maiden hack race at the Waikarapa meeting, Mr Carter's two-year-old filly St. Alba, by St. Leger from Cutraha, ran fairly well, and would have been closer to Scoria, the winner, had she not stumbled at the turn.

The Hon. J. Carroll, who was present at the Waikarapa Racing Club's autumn meeting, had a nomination in the Maiden Hack Race in Manawatu, a two-year-old filly by Mahaki from The Brook. She did not start, however.

Gothe, by Gipsy King from a Morphous mare, a hunter who finished second in the Rangitikei Point-to-Point Steeplechase, was sold to the Egmont Club. She will, and shortly goes to Melbourne. Sir O. Forke acted for Mr Clark in the purchase.

Katerina, who has won a number of races recently in the Waikarapa district, is by Hindoochee Jack from Evelyn, a Dimese mare that won races over country about 13 years ago. Evelyn was seen by the writer during the week doing duty with a companion in a drag plying to the races.

It would have an educational effect were stewards of some of our Auckland out-country clubs to travel and witness country meetings in the more favoured, well-landed districts between Taranaki and Wellington, where most of the clubs are up-to-date in the way of racecourse appointments.

Chasepot (Martini Henry—Miss Katerina) who raced for a long time in Sydney, has been purchased by Mr J. Gove, and goes to Inini. Chasepot, judging by the fact of his winning one race, and running second in another at Sumbury last week, is in fair form again.

An American exchange says that the son of the W.C. 3rd-stud Strophylus Church, the Whirling Wind, was sold recently, stating that he fell from grace by winning £1000 gambling, and buying property with the proceeds. He resigned, but still holds the property.

Dampers was somewhat backward in condition at the C.J.C. autumn meeting. Viadmir ran sour, and Red Gauriel wore a faded appearance. Blazer, who was sent away by his owner to his trainer on condition that he would not race him again, looked likely to improve.

Achilles has now won a dozen races in succession, his earnings in stakes totalling well over £2000, a good return for the 100 guineas for which he was originally purchased. A full brother to Achilles, who was sold in the stud in New Zealand by Mr Clibborn's N.S.W. this week.

Novette was taking his ease in Frank McManamin's paddock, near the racecourse, while the Australasian was being exercised. Scores of racegoers mounted the wall to pay their respects to the champion, who is now apparently again as sound as ever, his leg showing no signs of disorder.

The Wellington Racing Club's solicitor having advised that neither the lease nor the regulations framed by the trustees of the course make it permissible to issue licences to bookmakers, the Racing Club have decided not to issue any licences to bet at their forthcoming meeting.

Tamara, dam of Nestor, died recently down Taranaki way. This mare, in a trial at Ellerslie, when trained by G. Wright, ran the fastest mile and three-quarter gallop in private trial. It has even been lost to racing, but she has a private record for the mile of six furlongs even to-day, though horses are rarely tried so far now.

A Charters Towers racing starter was recently fined £7 7s, cost of new set of teeth, 10/6 dentist's fee, £1 for lost time, and costs, for dealing out stouch to a racing patron who looked over a hind part of something of the kind. They always were more lively than dignified up north.—'Butler.'

One of the best of the Queensland trotting horses, The Chief, a handsome grey, by Chiefolna son of Childo Harold, changed hands last week, being sold by Mr W. Hill, for 150 guineas, to go to South Africa. The Chief is said to have a private record for the mile of some length considerably under 2:30.

Full Cry, who ran with success at Takapuna and Taranaki, was taken to Fellinging to run at that meeting, on the eve of which, however, he knuckled over, and his owner feeling that he might get altogether wrong, decided to rest him in a private race for the mile to the sea-side at Taranaki and swim him, in the hope of being able to race him next month.

Never in the history of racing has an owner won any particular event ten times in succession, as the recent shows Mr Stead to have done. That gentleman's horses have accounted for the Canterbury Handicap Stakes ten times in successive years. Sir George Clifford's colt Trendmill, by beating Machine Gun, prevented the Marlborough stable adding one more to the long list.

Deery Martin was playing bowls on Easter Saturday and Monday at Featherston and Masterton, on which days the Waikarapa race was in full swing. Thinking that the long-time trainer was on his way to the race meeting, a friend suggested that he had come a long way for his sport. Martin stated that he had not attended a meeting in his life, but that he had since since the memorable year when Kotari and Fishbook competed there.

Fahr, the Catelyn—Element gelding, who has run some fair races on the flat, including a Napier Park Cup, made his debut over hurdles on the second day of the Feilding meeting, and it was a creditable one, as he fenced well and only just got beaten by Light, who is one of the best races. Fahr is rather on the small side for jumping, and will never carry a great deal of weight.

The report published in a Dunedin paper that Ribbons had been sold to Mr Parkinson for £2000 is contradicted by Mr Price. Several offers have been made for the horse, including one from an Australian, but Mr Buckland, who is a horse business, has refused. Mr Price is anxious to take the horse to America, but ways and means are a great obstacle.

The owner of Black Bayard fully intended taking him to the Wellington meeting, and had engaged accommodation for him at the Hotel, but in the last race at Feilding, which Shrapnell won, and which looked to some people a fair thing for the Tawa, he got galloped to and out about 300 yds. Mr Elliott had to cancel his arrangements.

A nice rain fell on Sunday morning, the first since the Easter meeting. The Auckland meetings have become proverbial for bad weather, but it is hoped that the coming meeting will be attended with better luck than some of its predecessors. The course and grounds and the whole property are looking in the best for the meeting which is to commence on Saturday.

A long way the best of the hurdle horses competing at the Waikanae meeting was Jujuyma, by Letha, from a Danbury mare. He is owned by Mr J. Orr, who has had a number of would-be purchasers after the horse, but has no intention of selling. The Danbury is one of the whole property, and of sorts, having a bad cold, but he is probably not nearly so good as many appear to have thought him.

Thosa, one of the best American three year olds that ever looked through the bridle, has thrown the winners of over £50,000. She herself was out of Susan Ann, who won at all distances up to four miles. Thosa's offspring are Sir Francis, the mare, winner of the South Auckland Cup, and the £5,000 winner of the Realisation and sire of Jennico, a very smart two year old in England last year, and Yorkville Belle, winner of 21 races of over £17,400 and dam of three stake winners.

Inchape, when racing at Takapuna, burst a blood vessel, and was pulled up, but burst a blood vessel, and was pulled up, but within a few weeks went round the country racing with success. On the opening day of the A.R.C. autumn meeting he again bid at the nose, but the trouble was not considered serious, and he ran on the second day, with the result that his legs filled afterwards, and he will probably not be able to race again for a time. This is unfortunate in the present dearth of jumpers in Auckland.

In America the California stewards have caused considerable talk by their rulings in regard to disqualification. They decided that Yellow Tail, who finished first in a race, was entitled to third position because he bumped Concord, who in turn bumped Gold Van. At all other tracks a disqualified horse is always placed last, but the California stewards say that such treatment is in some cases entirely too severe, in view of the money wagered by the public on a favourite, who, perhaps, is technically or accidentally guilty of a foul.

Though Watiki did not run up to the high estimate formed of him by the public in the Easter Handicap, there were other members of the South family who did themselves credit. A brace finished first and second in the Eden Handicap in March, South and Green and Gold. The colt has long been known to be pretty smart, and his win was quite expected. The defeat of Green and Gold by Marshal South should not cause those who have voted her a most useful mare to think any less of her. In the Pony Race a three-year-old filly in Scuten from Solo's dam Dolly, also by South, won. Others by the imported sire ran well.

When Cavaliero pulled up on the Saturday night at the Auckland meeting, it was thought that the filly of Cavaliero and Clio would not see the post for the hurdle race on the opening day of the meeting. However, he was working again on the Monday morning, and continued on, and ran the first of the hurdle race, pulled up lame after running third. This indicates a recurrence of the trouble, and Mr. L. Harris' gay old gelding will again have to give a special performance not being during the coming campaign.

A.R.N., winner of the Feilding Cup, is a stately gelding son of Crackshot and Moonstone, by Leontine, from May Moon, once owned by Mr O. C. McGe. The letters are the initials of Mr A. B. Newman, who bred the gelding. The Star Book says that after producing a filly called Chilbrink in 1892, and other produce of Moonstone lived, and the mare died in 1898. There is evidently some mistake either in returning A.R.N. as a son of Moonstone, or in the fact that the other gelding, which was a foal of 1892 lived. A.R.N. is a metal star of gelding, and ought to make a hurdler.

Light hatter hurdles lead to fast travelling. Riders go at them with plenty of dash, horses strike them and keep on racing, whereas when hurdles are like the old-time hurdles stout and strong, horsemen steady their horses and the horses that strike them have their powers diminished accordingly. The clean jumper gets a chance on such occasions. I noticed that a lot of pace was mustered up in the Feilding hurdle race, in one of which three horses that strike them have their powers diminished accordingly. The clean jumper gets a chance on such occasions. I noticed that a lot of pace was mustered up in the Feilding hurdle race, in one of which three horses that strike them have their powers diminished accordingly.

A rather good sort of gelding was running at the Feilding meeting in the name of the late Mr. J. Harris. He was bred from Priscilla, a mare got by Premier. Otalbi has run successfully in luck company, and finished third in the open hurdle race at the meeting referred to, and there was some disappointment when, after being accepted for the second day's event, he did not appear. It was reported that he was not altogether himself when the morning came, and he is not to be compared with the Wellington meeting. It is to be hoped that nothing serious in the matter will happen, and that he will be got ready for the May meeting of the Waikanae Jockey Club.

An idea of the cost of racing in South Africa may be gathered by studying the account of the second day's racing at the meeting of the South African Turf Club. The chief event was the Suburban Handicap, of 5000s, out of which the second horse received 500s, and in addition to acceptance of £12 10. The entrance for the Claremont Purse, 750s, was 50s; for the Flying Handicap, 1050s to the winner, entrance fee 70s; and for the Newmarket Handicap, 1050s, entrance fee 70s, and for the other races, not a large number of places. There were eight races, of which the English jockey, Boardman, won six.

There was a deluge at Mentone races on Saturday, says "Javelin," which our lucky believer in association of ideas as indicating results turned to advantage. As he buttoned up his mackintosh, and prepared to leave the stand, as the horses were going out for the last race, a friend said: "Surely you're not going out in that rain! Why, man, you'll be soaked through!" My troubles about that, responded the venture-seeker punter, "Do you get the credit tip for Kruger, and I'm going to have a punt on unless I get drowned." He weathered the sprits which ran over the paddock, got 6 to 1, and now considers Bavaehi a second rate compared with himself as an authority on weather indications.

The great American trotter, Cressac, is out of Mabel, who only cost £50, and was mated with Robert McGregor when that horse had arrived at old age. As a foal, Cressac was weakly and insignificant, and when, as a yearling, he gashed his throat so badly that his whippers were exposed, his owner ordered that he should be killed. The groom neglected to carry out the order at the time, however, and

It was subsequently reported. Cressac has always been owned, trained, and driven by George W. Kitchin, and commenced his racing career as a three year old. He now retires to the stud with the stallion record of 2:24.

During the past fourteen years or thereabout G. Wright has trained horses for Messrs F. D. and N. A. Nathan, and for the greater part of that time has confined his attention almost exclusively to the preparation of horses owned by the brothers, who have been liberal supporters of the sport during recent years. A fair measure of success has been theirs, and Wright's ability as a trainer has been fully borne out by results. Roadsters will, I am sure, learn with regret that a disagreement between his mare and himself has led to the disposal of the mare, and that a string of eight horses being handed over to another trainer, and on Friday they were all removed from Wright's stables to those occupied by Kos Henton. Jas Gallagher has been placed in charge, and will have the future care of the team.

Horsemen and horsemanhood formed the subject in an expert discussion recently in a company whose members were all experienced and practical authorities. Numbers of famous riders of the past had been discussed, when a light of other days shone with remarkable earnestness and admiration upon the name of the English aristocratic thing I ever saw in all my experience was poor old Jack Roper (that wasn't the name) on a dead-end. Talk about a wretched man, as the papers call it; why, I've seen the great chesty old Jack for his own sake, and I know that he was a Jack wasn't trying, not a yard. He never made his run soon enough to get into trouble when he wasn't on it, and his equal at that, a load's finish never lived. Poor old Jack, he was a great horseman." — "Leader."

Prumee, who won this year's grand National Steeplechase at Liverpool, is no stranger to the Antipode course, as he has started three times prior to this in the great cross country event. Last year he and Inquisitor were equal favourites, but he finished out of a place; and in 1901, he was just beaten by the winner. Grudstone, who has won the Antipode Steeplechase, is now 15 years old, and has taken part in nine Grand Nationals at Liverpool from any other horse living. He has won twice in 1897 and 1898, and was third three times in 1900, 1902, and 1903. His manager, Mr. J. M. Gifford, who is the owner of the horse, who fell at the last hurdle, at Kempton Park, early in February, and was injured himself at the water jump in the Steeplechase, when looking all over a winner.

The fact of Cressy, the South-Crossing gelding, running into third place at the Auckland meeting, is a notable thing in the big field of 24 runners, has to be noted. Cressy was one of the most nervous colts I have seen, and it took months of careful handling before he was got into shape for Frank Macdonald, and he showed up well in several events at Ellerslie, but did only once win with his own set of dozen starts. It may be said that he was far from a nice horse to have the management of, for when he became frightened it took a good man to control him. Many a time he caused a bit of exciting diversion at headquarters by falling as if a dread of his own tail. Mark Ryan and Sam Ferguson can take some credit for their patient handling of the colt, for there were few knowing his disposition who would have taken the contract of riding him at all. Cressy comes of the same family as Watiki, their sire being South and their dam half-sisters, Strategist. Cressy's own brother, has won races in South Africa.

A suggestion was made last week that an effort should be made to get Fritz, the Australian champion trotter, and Ribbonswood, the Australian champion pacer, together at the Auckland meeting. This was done by Mr. Buck, but was found that Mr. Buckland was returning home after the New Zealand Trotting Club's meeting, which concluded on Saturday. One of the owners of Ribbonswood telegraphed that Mr. Price was willing to let the champion trotter and give exhibitions on each day of the meeting; but the sum asked was considered rather much, and at latest advice nothing had been done. The disqualification of D. J. Price, trainer and driver and part

owner of the champion pacer Ribbonswood, in connection with another horse which competed on Saturday at the New Zealand Metropolitan Meeting, right on top of his successes with Ribbonswood, would in any case stop business.

It seldom happens in this country that a horse wins two races within 24 hours or racecourses nearly a hundred miles apart, as the Sylvia Park gelding Ribbonswood did last week, but that is what happened. After winning an Easter Monday afternoon at Pater, Inglewood was sent on to Wanganui the same night and next morning taken to Feilding, where he won, after a hard race against Dick Turpin. By the way, Inglewood at one stage of his career was locked up in a stable without food or water for several days, owing to the neglect of a groom, who was prosecuted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and sent to goal for a term. It was thought that the gelding was permanently injured as a result of the neglect, but it does not appear so; in fact, he is a witty, tough customer, and showed great guinness in winning at Feilding when he was resolving 25th from Dr. Pater's old gelding, who ran one of his best races.

Lady Lillian, by winning the Canterbury Jockey Club's Easter and Autumn Handicaps, has thus followed in the footsteps of her dam, Lady Zealand, who won both these races in 1894. She is probably a better mare than her dam was at the same age. At the Easter Handicap she was the very best performer over six furlongs, when she won the Cressy Welter Handicap, carrying 10.2, in 1:15.6 sec. The little mare some time ago, it is said, got a mill in her foot, and an inflammation in her training followed. She has not been seen since, but has been in my race since until she won on Monday and Tuesday, when it could be admitted that she was being presented with a very liberal allowance in weight from Mr. Field's three-year-old gelding Oloof, who yielded to conceding her 20 lbs. in the stakes. A weight of 11 lb. in the Easter Handicap, to 8.12 in the Autumn Handicap, did not stop her from beating the opposition in that race. Her victory will serve to bring into notice her sire, Phœthon, who is a son of Tre-tou and Sapphire.

Inquiries were made by cable from West Australia, prior to the weights appearing, as to what performances a horse called Maori Chief had in this colony. The Otago-purists officials were informed that no such horse was known to be in the colony as a yearling. The pedigree given by the gelding was by Te Kouti from Totara. Te Kouti, the Southern Chaser, was got by Apremont and kept entire, and his stock, but so far as is known none of his gets have raced yet. There is one such horse in the colony, and he is a bookie's mare. It is supposed that Evening Wonder, who was purchased by Mr. Toumat, of Invercargill, is identical with Maori Chief; hence the action taken by the officials of the Otago-purists Club in declaring all bets on the horse named off for their big steeplechase event. The inquiry is to be further gone on with on Thursday. Evening Wonder did not start, and I question much whether it would have successfully competed in the country, which has been of a most formidable kind; for, though a good horse over hurdles and small fences, he was not a big jumper by any means. The Greyhound, his full brother, is not so fast, but he is a rare good fencer.

Mr Hugo Friedlander, who has during recent years been a liberal purchaser of blood stock, and who has gone into racing in a to half-hearted manner, has at last been successful in making one of our best chasers, the £5000 winner of the New Zealand Champagne Stakes of 500s, with his Scotch Delaval-Waitona filly Kuno, full sister to Portia, who won last year. The victory was generally anticipated, and many expected to see the stable run first and second, Rose Shield having long jumped that one good gallop. But to the racing Mr. J. Thorpe had both filled in good form, and he must have felt extremely pleased at the result. By the way, Kuno equaled the best previous record for the race, and it should here be mentioned that the Sylvia Park sire Scaton, Dams of claims, was succeeded by a son, which equals Apremont's record for the Canterbury Jockey Club's Welcome Stakes. Steptak comes next to this pair with four winners of the last-mentioned event. Had King Log not failed to score

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in that race, the records mentioned would have been equalled by the son of Nordenfeldt. Rosa and Melodone, respectively second and third in the handicap, are very valuable sires, and will demonstrate their usefulness in handicaps. Kamo represents quite the best nily form in the North, and is entitled to be classed in the same division with Sir George Clifford's Nily To-morrow, who since winning the Welcome stakes has been in retirement.

A country club some time ago got into the company of a couple of racegoers commonly known as guessers. They succeeded in telling him a tale which he believed to be a dead sure thing. In due course the horse won and paid a good dividend, and the country bumpkin was cated. Supposing, his eye to have been invented, he met one of the shags and expressed his great pleasure, and talked of making his advisers a decent present, when Sharp No. 2 arrived on the scene and intimated that he had the best of good things for the next race, and suggested that the shag should collect the dividend and put the lot on. To this the club readily agreed. Much to the evident surprise of the confederates, the second good thing won and paid a bigger dividend than the first, and the lump of clay was rejoiced beyond measure. This incident was repeated to him and assured him they had a still better thing for the next race, and intended plunking all the money down on it. The country lad took a lot of persuading. He reckoned that he would buy a pretty good start with his winnings. The shag had had to not go again," he said. "I shall have to go to buy a small farm when you collect." "What's the good of a farm?" replied one of the shags. "It's a squatter; go for a station—it's a certainty." The man from the country yielded. The "bert" finished amongst the also started, and visions of a small farm and a station vanished into thin air. The guessers had at last managed to pick a loser, and they reckoned that they had never earned ill by shillings a ch harder.

The sudden death of Mr F. E. Dakin, ranked from Australia on Monday, removes from the racing world a prominent figure, one who has been identified in the sport actively for about a third of a century. He was owner-trainer, and for a considerable time as handicapper; indeed, at the time of his death and for some years past he has acted as weight adjuster for the premier turf institution of the State, the Victoria Racing Club, and many of the country and suburban clubs about Melbourne. The deceased trained Le Lion for Mr Stead when he sent Le Lion from New Zealand to Victoria, and he also trained Wakawahi, Traunter, Escutcheon, and other horses for the Auckland racing club, of which the Hon. E. Richardson was the head. The principal owner of the Melbourne Cup of 1879, was trained by him, and he owned and trained Dacabin, who won the V.R.C. Derby in 1887. Though generally credited with being a severe taskmaster as a trainer, yet he was looked upon as a fair and liberal one, and his judgment in racing and his impartiality as a handicapper was universally admitted. Mr Dakin rendered valuable assistance in the compilation of the Australian Stud Book, and was altogether a man whose loss it will be hard to fill; indeed, his place will be much felt by the racing club and the racing community generally. He died in harness, for he was during the day attending the Australian Jockey Club's Autumn Meeting.

There is something pathetic in the breakdown of a favourite racehorse, and on all hands the collapse of Advance, one of the most brilliant all-round horses this colony has ever produced, in the final stages of a racecourse, while running for the Challenge Stakes, drew forth expressions of sincere regret for the "black demon," was a great favourite, and, in the opinion of many, a credit to the best of any ever raced in the colony, which is saying a great deal. Some of his achievements stand out as remarkable ones—indeed, his Auckland Racing Club Autumn and Wellington Cup victories being pointed to as evidence of superior ability and racing ability, but to my mind the truest tests of merit to which the gay son of Vanguard and Laurel was subjected was when he won to Australia and was pitted against horses of his own rank in all distance futurities to three miles. It is known that he showed what an astonishingly good horse he really was, for he then met flyers specially prepared for the short races and the stayers engaged in the long ones, and as there were a lot of good horses out at the time, Advance was subjected to the severest possible tests, and came out of them with credit, for though defeated in most of his engagements, most capable of Australian racing men will admit I have never witnessed of the subject gave it as their opinion that it would be hard to point to any better cracks that could have put up better showings under similar conditions than the gallant black New Zealander.

The victory of Golden Rose in the Auckland Racing Club's Easter Handicap, which was anticipated by the writer, is one which will be long remembered by the mare, and Ron Henton, her trainer, can fairly be congratulated upon. That she is a very useful mare goes without saying. That she was looking more robust and better than I remember to have seen her before for some time prior to her recent victory, is also a fact worth noting. I do not doubt, in dealing with the case, The blue ribboned by the daughter of St. Leger and Bauple, viz. 1.41, constitutes a record for the event. Seeing that the mare was comfortably three and a half miles, the credit of the Auckland, and the fact that she backed him down to two to one with the bookmakers, and to such an extent in the machine that they would only have received a fifty shilling dividend, thus taking her to 4 for 1, in my opinion, is a magnificent, bought of experience, admit that they were looking for a great effort from a

young horse. They argued that Advance had ramped home with 9.8, that Noretta had gone with 9.7, and that Wakiriki, who he probably as good over a mile as Noretta, should, with 9.7, have done the same. Excuses will likely enough be offered for the defeated colt, but with the form of Golden Rose before them, those who are critical of the result of the race will reach the conclusion that the weight (9.7) for a colt not quite at the top of his class, was really what stopped the son of Soult. Not only should the result serve as a lesson to those who have their money, but a lesson of pride of others, who would have gone in bald headed to back Achilles, who was awarded the little impost of 10.5, or just 12lb more than Wakiriki, had the son of Melodone continued his engagement. Could Wakiriki have won with 9.7, would I leave my readers to draw their own conclusions.

In the February number of "Bally's Magazine" there is an article on the subject of racing in South Africa is becoming of interest to Australia, and it is roughness to sell. The leading horse-salesmen of Australia state that they have orders to get horses for South Africa which they cannot fulfil. Owners with a horse not worth 230s in Australia talk double or treble the money when they get into South Africa. Cheesey may fairly be said to have created the South African demand for "Walers." Previously the few horses sent from here were comparative failures. That this should be so in the Walers did so well in India seemed strange; but so it was. Forward, by going forward, was a fairly good two-year-old in an average year, but he did not achieve much distinction when sent to South Africa. Probably the selections made prior to Cheesey were unfortunate or the horses did badly in their new home. Cheesey, however, established the fact that the Waler, all going well, is as serviceable as a racer in South Africa as he has proved himself to be in India and England. But for Mr George Gray, who bought Cheesey from Mr Redfern, going out of racing as suddenly as he went into it, Cheesey might have won our Derbys. As a two-year-old he was certainly the equal of anything of his age. Mr Hawkins bought Cheesey at Mr Gray's sale, but quickly resold him at a big profit to go to England. On the voyage home the horse was wrecked near the Cape, and, although he fought his way to the shore, he was considerably knocked about. After a short career in England, Mr Abe Bailey took him to South Africa, and he soon proved himself stouter above other horses in that country. Naturally, Cheesey's subsequent success in the colony must be others of his kind in Australia, and a valued correspondent, writing from Johannesburg lately, tells that a New Zealand pony, not to be mentioned in the same breath with the New South Wales crack geldings, sold for £700. The price of a Kilkenny cannot be stated for certainty, but it is quite possible that the paper which set it down at £1500 was very near the mark. For obvious reasons, however, it is not safe for a newspaper to give the price paid for a horse when it is sold privately. If the price of the horse is to be a rich client, the higher the price is stated the better for him. The racing clubs in South Africa give rich stakes, and there is more money to be won on a big handicap at Johannesburg than can be won over a five-hundred-pounder. The table of the program of the market over Revenue for the Melbourne Cup, and it was stated the day after the commission was done that £17,000 had been secured about the Trenton gelding. This amount was, we believe, considerably overated, but there seems no doubt that the son of Le Lion made up £30,000 himself about his own when he won the principal handicap at Johannesburg this year. Galloways and ponies promise to be as valuable in South Africa as they are in India. There is a great amount of pony racing of the better class. The ponies worth anything are bred in the better. Altogether there seems nothing more certain than that South Africa is to be a great racing country, and the wealthy owners will naturally look towards Australia for more horses of the Cheesey type. The difficulty now is to persuade owners to sell at only twice the Australian value.

The Easter meetings held at Felling, Waikarara, Paton, and Waipokaran in each instance, it is generally conceded, were attended more largely than any meetings held in previous years by these particular clubs, and it is probable that they were the best. As a rule increased attendances and the weather meant an increase of speculation, for most people who go racing do not go with empty pockets. The totalisator investments at each of the meetings referred to were pleased ones, from which it may be concluded that there is plenty of money for racing in the several districts referred to. Dairying and flaxmilling, good markets for meat and produce, and a succession of most favourable seasons have helped to make the country people more prosperous than ever, and it is probable that many have been buying on our railways between Taranaki and Wellington during Easter week than at any corresponding period in the history of the country, the unprofitable inkling advantage of cheap excursion rates and increased facilities for getting about. Only those who attend such meetings as those held at Felling and at Tauberoukan, in the Waikarara, can have a true conception of what racing is really like in some of the country districts of New Zealand. It is over a quarter of a century since I attended my first meeting, and I do not doubt that it was at that time the stand, which was a primitive one, and enclosures were on the opposite side of the present course. Now there is a large and well-appointed grandstand, a neat and up-to-date stewards' stand, and presentation, and the whole stands are bound to be the largest in the colony, tea-rooms,

cloak-rooms, stabling, large well-kept lawns and paddock enclosures, beautified in many ways. A minute drive late with grana and ducks of different species is one of the striking features, but its beautiful background of bush, towering stately kahikatea, tawa, titoki, and other native trees of a distinctively ornamental kind, and the long drive these through to the members' carriage enclosure, gives the Taueruheruheru racecourse a charm foreign to any other in the world. Money has done a great deal in setting off these natural advantages, but there is everywhere evidence that it has been judiciously spent, and members, old and new, who have brought it to its present state of perfection are fairly proud, as they should be, of their favourite racing resort. There were a few distinguished visitors in the persons of Mr See, son of the Premier of New South Wales; Mr Borden, of the firm of A. Borden and Son, of Sydney; and the Hon. Jas. Carroll. What impressed me greatly was the large number of vehicles and horses in the separate enclosures set apart for them. Probably as many as 1500 persons came to the meeting on wheels from all parts of the surrounding districts, and though there were very large assemblings for a country meeting, I was assured that the midsummer meeting is the meeting of the year. Turning to Felling, there was an estimated attendance of between five and six thousand people there, and the course and its surroundings have no superior outside a few of the leading metropolitan courses of the colony. The management is worthy of all praise, and the club is deservedly a popular one. The close proximity to the railway line and township is one of the great advantages, the course enjoying the benefit of all good workers, and include some keen judges of the sport, and as caterers for the racing community the Felling Club are hard to beat. The horses running at the meeting; referred to generally speaking were of high class, though they afforded plenty of entertainment.

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

(By Telegraph.—Own Correspondent.)

CHRISTCHURCH, Wednesday.

Mr G. P. Wood has resigned his position of secretary to the South Canterbury Jockey Club.

Mr S. J. Flewelling, a steward of the Nelson J.C., intends to become landlord of the Clarence Hotel, Christchurch.

Rumours are current that a change is pending in an important South Island stable, and that a new trainer will probably be placed in charge shortly.

The Dunedin jumper Pip, who is now at Riccarton, is going on to Wanganui for the Wanganui Steeplechase.

Poor old Blazer did not show a glimpse of his former brilliancy in the Great Easter Handicap. He and his stable companion, Battler, have been presented to their trainer on the understanding that Blazer never runs again.

King's Guest, a yearling brother to the Russley Stakes winner Quarryman, and Signalmann, a yearling brother to Cannie Chile, have arrived at Riccarton and joined Curtis' team.

Sir George Clifford has bestowed the name of aristocrat on his yearling colt by Phœnix Apollo—Cuiraba.

Gladiolus has been turned out for a spell.

CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday.

The local sporting world is suffering a recovery after its Easter excitement. The spark of anticipation has given place to the stiffness of reflections—mostly unpleasant. Most of us are wondering why we didn't back Lady Lillian for both her victories; the few who had realised the full extent of Treadmill's improvement are bewailing the fact they didn't meet in their knowledge, and the greater bulk are contemptuously dismissed banking accounts. I should imagine that there were few big winners over the meeting, and while the two-day system must always reduce the total of losses, that the number of lucky

ers who got the worst of the battle was no smaller than usual. On all sides, however, the meeting is voted a successful one. The interesting testing match attracted large numbers of visitors to Christchurch, and most of them stayed at any rate over Easter Monday both the attendance and totalisator receipts were a great deal above the average. As the racing has already been touched in your columns, should only be covering old ground if I referred to it here. I may say, however, that there is a consensus of opinion among the critics that Treadmill is an exceptionally smart colt and joy in the ranks of the public that such a good and persevering sportsman as Sir George Clifford has an eighth of a hold of something likely to bring renown to his popular colours. Some of your readers may have noted certain unrecorded features of the meeting. For instance there was the success achieved by the progeny of Maxim mares. Treadmill of course is out of a daughter of Maxim, and so is Windwhistle; while Cannie Chile and Terrapin, who respectively finished second and third in the Great Autumn Handicap, are not only out of Maxim mares, but are full brothers in blood. Again, Treadmill, the hero, and Lady Lillian, the dam of the meeting are both descended from stud mates. The maternal granddams of both were imported from England together by the late Mr Carter and bequeathed by him, I understand, to Mr E. Gates. The latter bred both Lady Zealand, the dam of Lady Lillian, and Catherine Wheel, Treadmill's dam; but whereas he retained Lady Zealand until her death, he sold Catherine Wheel. First of all, however, he leased her to Mr Stead for racing purposes. At Valderhurst she was a very superior performer, and it is believed that in their early rough-ups she more than held her own with the brilliant daughter of Sapphire. Unfortunately she failed to stand training long enough to get to the post. When she fell into Sir George Clifford's hands she was sent, in Lady Lillian, to Australia, where she was under orders to fulfil his engagements at the Wellington Racing Club's Autumn Meeting.

At the sales on Wednesday Cullbre changed hands at 54rs, Muscovite at 40rs. Bagdon at 19rs, and Lady Babbie at 20rs. Ribbonwood still remaining unsold.

CHRISTCHURCH, Tuesday.

Most of the local horses with engagements at the Wellington autumn meeting, have departed for the turf. Mr Lill of the Thompson Handicap is Scylla. Treadmill will give Achilles a good race in the North Island Challenge Stakes.

My selections for the South Canterbury meeting (which opens to-morrow Wednesday) are—Maiden Plate: Frodo; Cup: Lady Lillian. Stewards' Trot: Handicap: Clubrun and Calotype. Flying Handicap: Hypnotist.

Advance was too lame to return home with his stable companions. He will remain at Riccarton until his injured leg is sound enough to stand the journey. His regular days are of course over.


Boombardo went lame just before the Canterbury Jockey Club's autumn meeting, and will need a spell, so also will Roomeer, who is now under veterinary treatment, and is to spend next season at the stud.

Deerstalker is another who is on the un-sound list, and no further effort will be made to train this fine colt.

Sporting folk here are much delighted at the purchase by Mr Friedlander of the stallion mare in this part of the country who ought to make admirable mates for the son of Ionony.

During the last few days Mr Stead has sold King Log and Evelyn Wood to go to South Africa. The latter's sister, San Patricia, is already in that part of the world to which her brother is going.

On Saturday Ribbonwood capped his victory over Frits by further reducing his Australasian record for a mile to 2.9. The little pacer was not fully extended, so most people declare, and he might have knocked another half second off. He will now retire to the stud for a season. For his owner



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the sweets of his horse's recent success were embittered on Saturday by the disqualification of himself for six months for the manner in which he drove Felony in the Progressive Handicap. Price has appealed against the verdict in the meanwhile. Owing to his disqualification a match between Victory II and St. Sina, which had been arranged for yesterday, had to be abandoned, as Price was unable to drive the former. Victory II has since been sold to Mr A. W. Rutherford, who will use him as a trap horse.

Coral Hue, who won the Juvenile Stakes at New Zealand Trotting Club's recent meeting, has changed hands at £150.

Mr Buckland has sold Franz, the brother to Frita. With the exception of Frita and Valour, all the three horses which he brought over to New Zealand will be left here.

WELLINGTON RACING CLUB'S AUTUMN MEETING.

WELLINGTON, Saturday.

The following acceptances have been received for events to be run at the Wellington autumn meeting on Wednesday next:

Waiwetu Handicap of 100sovs, seven furlongs.—St. Denis 9.3, Tesaritz 8.13, Shackie 7.9, General Symons 7.8, Exmoor 7.8, Somerset 7.7, Narcotic 7.8, Tikarawa 7.3, Pure Silver 8.9, Livonia 6.7.
Thomson Handicap of 80sovs, one mile.—Lavalette 9.0, The Guesser 8.12, Heritas 8.9, Tereclet 8.3, Canulus 7.12, Hanna 7.10, Wind 7.10, Betsy 7.9, Llygrant 7.7, Mauserie 8.10.
Thomson Handicap of 40sovs, 1 mile.—Ballas 8.12, Pampero 8.0, Ostak 8.6, Scylla 8.5, Canitic Chiel 8.1, Stranepi 7.12, Terrapin 7.10, Hineakea 7.10, Porfura 7.9, Golden Vela 7.8, Stranepi Shell 7.5, Shackie 7.3, Ringman 7.3, General Symons 7.3, Ballyneety 6.10.

First Hurdle Handicap of 100sovs, one mile and three-quarters.—Waiwera 12.5, Bellman 11.3, Koluma 10.13, Light 10.0, Mourner 9.9, Smitty 9.0, Boko 9.0, Aidecamp 9.0, Lady Boko 9.0.
Heretaunga Handicap of 100sovs, nine furlongs.—Porira 9.3, Benefactor 8.11, Tikarawa 8.4, Kelburn 8.4, Lavalette 8.4, Pure Silver 8.0, Rubio 8.0.
Thomson Handicap of 80sovs, six furlongs.—Nell Gwynne 8.9, Ballarat 8.8, Valma 8.6, Matuku 8.3, Wind 8.0, Catherine Gordon 7.13, Position 7.10, Corvelli 7.10, Haty 7.10, Stage Whisper 7.10, Catspaw 7.9, Watiti 7.7, Iala 7.7, Capulet 7.6, Waipai 6.13, Australasia 6.10, Linklock 6.10, Stepson 6.9, Sergio 6.7, Fairwater 6.7, Royal Bine 6.7, Bowfield 6.7.

Railway Handicap of 150sovs, six furlongs.—St. Denis 9.5, Ostak 9.2, Tesaritz 9.0, Petrova 8.13, Windwhistle 8.13, Red Gauntlet 8.9, Errol 8.6, Somerset 7.5, Leah 7.4, Pure Silver 8.12, Turepo 6.7, Gladiala 6.7, Livonia 6.7.

AVONDALE JOCKEY CLUB'S AUTUMN MEETING.

ACCEPTANCES FOR FIRST DAY'S RACING.

The following acceptances have been received in connection with the above meeting, which opens on Saturday next:

AVONDALE HANDICAP of 200sovs. One mile and a quarter.

Mais 8 8 N'chumberland 7 8
Val Rosa 8 9 Miss Lettie 7 6
Landlock 7 12 Matamatahara-Paru Seaton 7 9
Jewellery 7 9 Durable 7 3
The Needle 7 8 Annoyed 7 2

First Pony Handicap of 80sovs; 6 furlongs.—Bonika 10.10, Annoyed 10.2, Girton Giri 9.5, Miami 8.12, Irish Boy 8.10, Vulpine 8.9, Sentinel 8.7, The Dodger 8.2, Inspiration 7.10, First Whisper 7.7, Forth 7.6, Gladys Rose 7.4, Bandow 7.0, Culsine 7.0, Sweet Marie 7.0.

First Hack Handicap of 50sovs; 6 furlongs.—Apparition 8.7, Pukaki 7.10, Cannonier 7.7, Bobs 7.8, Queen Anne 7.4, Kilkenny 7.0, Irish 7.0, Lavoy 7.0, Leo 7.0.
Hurdle Race of 100sovs; 2 miles.—Inchape 10.0, Lingard 10.0, The Elster 9.10, Hippowal 9.5, Mokomoko 9.0, Budden 9.0.

Juvenile Handicap of 80sovs; 6 furlongs.—Ropa 9.0, Alba Rose 8.4, Delaula 8.4, Desdemona 7.10, Matuku 7.9, Lady Annie 7.3, Stillington 7.7, Lady Boko 7.6, Agrapus 7.0, Lady Bobs 7.0, Simple Simon 6.7.
Maiden Plate of 80sovs; 6 furlongs.—Green and Gold 9.9, Bastion 8.13, Muskerdale 8.10, Hinetaparaki 8.7, Gladys 8.6, Swagsman 7.12, St. Sina 7.0, Bobs 7.4, Leah 7.4, Aurega 7.2, Ian 7.0, Leo Delaval 6.10, Millie 6.7.

Railway Handicap of 100sovs; 7 furlongs.—Rosella 9.5, Scotty 9.0, Marshal Bout 8.11, Formula 8.10, St. Olga 8.8, Green and Gold 8.7, The Needle 8.6, Fair Seaton 7.13, Canitic 7.6, Dolores 7.0, Grey Seaton 7.0, South 6.12.

SALE OF GREAT SCOT.

SYDNEY, April 15.

The reported sale of the racehorse Great Scot to Mr R. McKenna for shipment to India is confirmed. The horse has been scratched for all remaining engagements at the A.J.C. autumn meeting and has been handed over to his new owner. The price stated to have been paid for Great Scot is £2000.

It transpires that Great Scot's new owner is Mr A. P. de C. C. McKenna. He gave Mr McKenna an unlimited commission to purchase a horse good enough to win the Viceroy's Cup, to be run in December.

MANAWATU RACING CLUB'S AUTUMN MEETING.

WELLINGTON, Friday.

The following handicaps have been declared by Mr Henrys for the Autumn Meeting of the Manawatu Racing Club:

Flying Handicap, 6 furlongs.—Field Battery 9.3, Chasseur 8.13, Sunapee Shell 8.12, Shackie 8.10, Full Cry 8.3, Good Intent 7.7, Warwick 7.3, Laureate 7.0, Mongonui 6.12, Livonia 6.11, Sunfish 6.10, Derringshot 6.7.

Hack Hurdles, 1 1/2 mile.—Havera 11.2, Waititi 10.11, Hags 10.0, Hinekura 9.13, Ogio 9.13, Oratio 9.12, Randal 9.12, Raema 9.0, Front Rank 9.0, Whakahauna 9.0.

Manawatu Handicap, 1 1/2 mile.—Cannie Chiel 8.13, Windwhistle 8.9, Motor 8.9, Plaidie 8.3, Battlerex 8.2, Ringman 8.0, Oingo 8.0, Tradewind 7.9, Benefactor 7.5, Ballyneety 7.4, Float 7.3, Volley 7.2, Good Dust 6.13, Menura 6.12, Tupara 6.11, Gold Seal 6.7, Legion of Honour 6.7, St. Lysa 6.7, Tea 6.7, Libellet 6.7.

First Handicap Hurdles, 2 miles.—Awarahi 12.5, Koluma 11.2, Light 10.3, Koiwhakura 10.3, Moanere 9.13, Cobra 9.7, Milla 9.7, Smitty 9.3, The Cryphon 9.0, Boko 9.0, Nea 9.0, Old Gun 9.0, Jack-o-Lantern 9.0.

Hack Velter, 1 mile.—Tereclet 10.13, Dick Turpin 10.0, Blackwing 10.2, Wairoka 9.9, Ingelwood 9.9, Muralo 9.8, Andre 9.5, Sandy 9.3, Waitenga 9.2, Roseloth 9.2, Katerina 9.0, Toledo 8.15, In the Van 8.12, Seaweed 8.11, Antuanaha 8.11, Nat Gould 8.9, Bellinzie 8.7, Katarana 8.7, First Foot 8.7, The Leader 8.7, Nylicic 8.7, Omapepe 8.7.

Borough Handicap, 1 mile.—Field Battery 9.3, Queen's Guard 8.11, Shackie 8.0, Ballyneety 8.0, Float 8.5, Tradewind 8.3, Tupara 7.12, Good Dust 7.11, Rebel 7.7, Perfection 7.7, St. Lysa 7.5, Mussell 7.4, Good Intent 7.3, Warwick 7.3, Mihuere 7.2, Livonia 6.9, Rouanet 6.7, Becky 6.7, Wairere 6.7, and Smitty 6.7.

Hack Flying, 1 mile.—Glory 9.2, Tallma 8.9, Taum 8.9, Blackwing 8.9, Bellart 8.4, Heritas 8.4, Kowhete 8.3, Matuku 8.3, Hatley 7.13, Wairoka 7.13, Gold Purse 7.11, Teupise 7.10, Endeavour 7.9, Sandy 7.9, Keulie 7.8, Le Torpedo 7.7, Little Turk 7.7, Silver Star 7.7, Watiti 7.6, Catspaw 7.3, Indiana 6.13, Mataman 6.10, Stepson 6.10, Detourator 6.7, Contingent 6.7, Kelogo 6.7, Shillock 6.7, Black Squall 6.7, Sergio 6.7, Athol Brose 6.7, Marionette 6.7.

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ALONG DRINK. TONIC-SERRAVALLE. PURE LIME FRUIT JUICE. Sole Commission - LEVING & WEBB, Limited, London & Liverpool. Agents: A. J. Estlin & Co., Auckland.



There is a slight reappearance of small-pox in several London parishes.

Thirty-three per cent. of the immigrants arriving in America are Italians, and 27 per cent. Austro-Hungarians.

A gold reef has been struck in the Cloverfield mine at the Rand at a depth of 2997ft.

The Rand native labour supply has greatly improved, and there is a prospect of recruiting labour in Madagascar.

A man named Newvigin, a coachman, while suffering from insomnia, murdered his wife and four daughters, and then committed suicide at Duns, Berwickshire.

The Belgian Socialists in Congress resolved to abolish the sale of alcoholic liquors at the Labour Party's Co-operative Stores.

The Socialist Congress at Bordeaux, by a narrow majority, declined to expel M. Mierand, one of the leaders of the party, on account of his alleged opportunism.

St. Petersburg newspapers consider the rapprochement between Britain and France, upheld by King Edward's visit, is a sure guarantee of the peace of Europe.

Japan has undertaken to prohibit the emigration of Japanese to Canada excepting in cases where they are residents of Canada and bona fide merchants and students.

Owing to a largely increased American demand for American cotton a movement is progressing in Lancashire to encourage cotton-growing within the Empire, especially in West Africa.

The Earl of Dunraven estimates that even under the most favourable circumstances the Irish landlords must lose £100,000 annually as a result of the new Land Bill.

The Transvaal Government, after the beginning of June, will cease supplying burghers with rations, implements and stock on credit. The destitute will be offered employment on public works.

The Indian newspapers are protesting against the report once again current of the intended appointment of Mr. Brodriek, the Minister for War, as Viceroy of India.

Extensive claim-pegging has taken place at Heidelberg, Wittepoort and Klerksdorp, in the Transvaal. Many thousands participated, but the proceedings were orderly.

Before the end of 1903 Russia will have increased her Far Eastern squadron to nine battleships, 11 large and eight small cruisers and 41 torpedo vessels, with three admirals, 823 officers and 15,571 men.

Mr. R. L. Nash, financial editor of the "Sydney Daily Telegraph," in a column letter published in the "Times," says Australia's ability to carry her debt is undoubted, and there is no likelihood of a crisis, though depression is in store.

At Germany's instance, Jessel Helumth, a lieutenant in the German Intelligence Department, has been arrested at San Remo, Northern Italy, for selling to France plans of the German fortifications.

The battleships Prince George, Jupiter, Magnificent, and Mars, under Rear-Admiral the Hon. Curzon Howe, C.B., C.M.G., received a cordial welcome on their arrival off the coast of Algeria, where they were sent to take part in the reception of President Loubet.

A representative conference at Dublin resolved, on the motion of the Lord Mayor, to form an institute of commerce and industry, representing the manufacturing and trading interests of four provinces of Ireland. The conference also affirmed the desirability of holding an international exhibition at Dublin.

Ex-President Grover Cleveland, speaking at New York, attacked President Roosevelt's negro policy and advocated the domination of whites in the South.

He declared that the denial of social equality to the negroes was not the outcome of prejudice, but of racial instinct. The whites in the South were entitled to the utmost consideration and sympathetic fellowship of the North.

The International Agricultural Congress has been opened in Rome, 2,500 delegates attending. A motion advocating the imposition of differential duties by European Powers on products of the United States and all extra-European countries was postponed till next Congress to allow closer study of the question. The German delegates approved of the motion, while the Italian and French delegates opposed the differentiation.

GENERAL CABLES.

UNHAPPY FINLAND.

General Xabrieoff has been made absolute dictator over Finland for a period of three years. He has been empowered by the Czar to close factories, offices or shops at discretion, and to assign recalcitrants to residence in various places within the Russian empire.

WHITAKER WRIGHT'S CASE.

The hearing of the case against Whitaker Wright was resumed in New York. An agent of the British Government gave evidence that an unsigned message was sent from Wormley, Surrey, a place close to the Wright residence, to the effect that Mrs Wright wanted her husband, who was then at Havre, and that things were looking bad it was also shown that the prisoner telegraphed his wife to "give Florence £500."

SHIAMROCK DISMASTED.

A storm caught Shamrock III. Sir Thomas Lipton's new yacht, built to compete for the America Cup, off Weymouth. The yacht was dismasted, and was towed to port a mere hulk. Sir Thomas Lipton was injured, but not seriously. One of the sailors was drowned and others of the crew were badly injured.

TUBERCULOSIS.

The investigations of Professor Hamilton and Mr Young, of Aberdeen University, with a view to testing Dr Koch's theory, have proved that human tuberculosis is communicable to cattle.

[The aim of British scientists has been to confute Dr. Koch's partial renunciation of the mutual interchange of tubercle between cattle and the human subject.]

STORM AT MARSEILLES.

A great storm has been experienced at Marseilles. Many vessels broke adrift from their moorings, and several vessels foundered. Work at the quays had to be suspended for some considerable time. The embarkation of the Australian mail was delayed.

THE SEA GIVES UP ITS DEAD.

The Spanish flagship Reina Christina, which with other vessels of the Spanish navy was sunk in Manila Harbour during Admiral Dewey's attack in 1898, has been refloated. The skeletons of 80 of the crew were discovered. It was found that though the hull was penetrated by 15 shells the vessel had evidently been scuttled before being abandoned.

VENEZUELAN REVOLUTION.

A Reuter's telegram from Caracas says that 3000 revolutionists under General Riera for ten days evaded pursuit. At last the Republican forces came up with them and a desperate struggle ensued. Three thousand of the revolutionists were absolutely annihilated. Generals Ortega and Martinez were both captured. The third payment under the protocol has been effected.

CANADIAN FINANCE.

The Canadian Budget shows a surplus of 13,350,000 dollars, enabling the liquidation of all capital expenditure and a reduction of debits by 5,650,000 dollars.

Mr Fielding, Minister for Finance, has announced that since negotiations have failed to induce Germany to treat Canadian products fairly, a surtax, one-third additional to the present duty, would be levied on German goods.

BLOW AT THE TRUSTS.

News has been received that Mub-yarafa, with two hundred Moorish troops, fled for refuge to Algeria. French sappers, or sharpshooters, have been sent to the Algerian frontier owing to the approach of the Moorish pretender's army. Large masses of stocks have been thrown on the New York market owing to the recent decision of the High Court, forbidding the merging of the Northern Railway Companies as contravening the principles of the recent legislation against monopolies.

IRISH LAND BILL.

Mr John Redmond has been elected president of the Nationalist Convention sitting at Dublin. There are 2500 representatives present.

Mr William O'Brien moved the acceptance of the principal features of the new Irish Land Bill, though he and Mr Redmond insisted that radical and sweeping amendments would be required.

Mr P. White, a member of the House of Commons, moved an amendment in favour of the unconditional rejection of the bill.

The amendment found only one supporter, and Mr O'Brien's motion was thus carried almost unanimously, with enthusiasm.

MR MORLEY'S VIEWS.

Mr John Morley, M.P., speaking at Montrose, protested against the cost of militarism as spendthrift and demoralising. The extravagance of the Government was extraordinary.

The new Irish Land Bill was a confession that the resolute government of Ireland had resulted in failure. He agreed with Mr Redmond that the settlement of the land question would be an enormous step towards Home Rule.

SOMALILAND.

The Paris journal "Le Petit Eseau" alleges that before the Dreyfus trial at Rennes Helmuth sold France the Austrian official list of international spies, and that Helmuth added Dreyfus' name thereto. This contributed to the second condemnation of Dreyfus.

Three hundred Yaos tribesmen, under British officers, defeated a large force of Somalis at Walwal on April 3, killing 30 and capturing 600 camels and 5000 sheep. The enemy repeatedly tried to rush the British square. Pursuit was found to be impossible.

Colonel Cobbe on the 5th surprised and dispersed a large party west of Galkan, killing 10 and capturing 1500 camels and 6000 sheep. There were no British casualties.

The Mullah has retreated to Haradjet.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

President Loubet had a great reception at Algiers. The British, Russian, Spanish and Italian squadrons saluted, and the bands on the British warships played the "Marseillaise," the French cruiser Jeanne d'Arc responding with "God Save the King." President Loubet decorated the British commanders.

Speaking at a banquet in his honour President Loubet declared he was very sensible of King Edward's delicate attention in sending four of the finest specimens of the mighty British navy to take part in his reception, thereby showing the good feeling and esteem felt towards France. He added: "I think King Edward will be satisfied with the reception Paris is preparing for him."

SAMOA.

The German natives of Upolu and Savaii claim land at Tutuila. The American Secretary of Native Affairs caused the arrest of several Tutuilans, who proposed to murder the Upolu claimants. Germany has appointed a Commission consisting of German and British representatives to deal with the Samoan land disputes. The Americans have done nothing in the matter.

[The greater portion of the Samoan group belong to Germany, but America owns the Island of Tutuila, and several adjacent islets. A number of chiefs have removed from German to American Samoa, and vice versa since the division of the group was made, and as a result disputes as to the ownership have arisen, as in the present instance. The disputes are of no great moment, and in most cases have not been heard of outside official circles.]

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

A hundred drunken German and Austrian soldiers fought with bricks, knives and clubs in a street in Pekin in the presence of crowds of Chinese until the patrols separated them and confined the rioters to their barracks.

Renter's Agency at Pekin reports that the Russians explain that the evacuation of Neuchwang is delayed owing to a desire to establish an international sanitary commission to prevent bubonic plague.

Prince Ching has succeeded Yung-Lu as Grand Secretary.

An edict issued by the Dowager Empress of China repeals the stamp tax imposed by Yuanshikui's officials in the hope thereby to paralyse his scheme and secure the honest collection of taxes.

The Dowager reviewed 7000 superior troops at Paoingfu.

THE MOROCCO RISING.

News has been received from Morocco that the rebels have captured Frijana. They exploded a mine, destroying the chief tower, then stormed the Fort. Forty-one of the garrison were killed and 24 wounded. Part of the garrison took refuge at Melilla.

The pretender now controls the whole of the Rif district.

The Sultan of Morocco is dismissing most of his European officials excepting Sir Harry MacLean, the chief of his bodyguard. This step is taken with a view to propitiating his subjects, owing to their dangerous disapproval of his efforts to bring the country into line with European civilisation.

The Spanish Government has refused

to allow the Sultan of Morocco to send troops to the Rif country via Melilla, the fortified convict settlement belonging to Spain, on the North coast of Morocco.

As it is impossible to disembark the Moorish forces elsewhere, the Sultan is left in somewhat of a quandary in the matter of meeting the forces of the Pretender.

A FRENCH SCANDAL.

In connection with M. Revoil's resignation of the Governorship of Algeria, the newspaper "Petite Dauphinois," owned by M. Baragnos, M. Revoil's uncle, alleged that M. Edgar Combes, the Premier's son, offered to obtain the authorisation of the Carthusians under the Religious Associations Act for a million francs.

This allegation was indignantly denied, and alleged that M. Edgar Combes, void, the latter of whom denied that he was associated therewith. M. Revoil's resignation was due to M. Combes' refusal to hear him on the subject, and declining to sign his promotion to the Legion of Honour on the occasion of President Loubet's forthcoming visit to North Africa.

A leading Chartreuse monk informed the newspaper "Gaulois" that a person professing to represent a political group in the Chamber of Deputies offered the Prior of the Order in February to obtain authorisation for the Order under the Religious Associations Act if they would pay £12,000 down and contribute £80,000 to the electoral fund. The offer was refused.

ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

The steamer Stassfurt has brought to Sydney from Kerguelen Islands four of the German scientific party sent there in connection with the German Antarctic expedition. The party originally consisted of five, but one died during their 18 months' residence. The survivors are very reticent, but it is understood that they suffered great hardships. The leader is ill, and was removed to the hospital upon arrival.

The directors of the German Society of Geological Science at Berlin deeply regret the failure of the German Kerguelen scientific station, the members of which returned to Sydney yesterday.

The German scientist who died at the station on Kerguelen Island was Dr Euzensperger, and the one invalided to Sydney is Dr Werth. The future movements of the expedition are uncertain. So far as Kerguelen is concerned they have completed their work, which was purely scientific, and was especially occupied with wind and temperature observations and geographical research.

When the Stassport arrived at the island it was decided to leave the expedition's unused provisions for the benefit of possible castaways, and a notice to that effect was conspicuously posted. The only fresh food obtainable on the island was rabbits, which swarm there; the rate of increase being only regulated by the scarcity of herbage.

The German Government proposes to despatch another South Polar expedition in December to pick up the party on the steamer Gauss, which when they left Germany last year intended to stay till next year. A sailing vessel will prob-

ably be secured and will start from Capetown. If the Gauss is not picked up the expedition will replenish the food depots in the ice regions.

KING'S TOUR.

King Edward's yacht, escorted by six cruisers, passed within ten miles of Algiers, whose batteries and battle-ships saluted with 101 guns. The foreign warships in the harbour hoisted the British ensign and fired salutes of 21 guns.

King Edward, on arrival at Malta, was welcomed with immense enthusiasm. The forts and vessels saluted and the churches rang joy bells.

Replying to an address of welcome the King stated that his early visit since he had become King was due to his great personal interest in the beautiful historic island, one of his most precious possessions.

The warships in the harbour and the King's yacht were superbly illuminated.

King Edward reviewed 8000 troops at Malta. It was a brilliant function, but had to be curtailed owing to a sand-storm. An army versus navy polo match was held in the afternoon.

The King will attend a review at Vincennes (a suburb of Paris) on the morning of May 2, and a special race meeting at Longchamps on the afternoon of the same day.

The naval review at Malta was abandoned owing to the storm, which had already had the effect of interrupting similar military events.

The King's drive through the poorest parts of the town caused intense gratification.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH WORKMEN.

The report of the Labour Commission under Mr Alfred Moseley, which recently visited the United States and inquired into the labour conditions there, states that employers in America offer their workmen inducements to extra effort. Employers in England regard machinery as entitling them to reduce wages when the earnings are high, while a contrary view is taken in America. The report pronounces the extreme specialisation of labour a great drawback, causing a strain and shortening the lives of Americans, whose hours are slightly longer than the British. The workmen of Britain are declared to be in advance of the American in the matter of technical education, but the American workman is more energetic and sober and less addicted to sport.

[Mr Alfred Moseley last year undertook the whole expense of two very interesting commissions, with the idea of arousing British trade to be "up and doing," and formulated the plan of showing picked men in the confidence of their fellows the ways in which their commercial rivals are progressing. After visiting the States, Mr Moseley found that while we were inclined to rest on our oars, the American studied and investigated with an almost feverish restlessness. And he decided that education was at the root of the difference. These are some of the points to which Mr Moseley drew the attention of his first commission, which consisted of chosen representatives of the trades unions. This is the commission which has now reported. The second delegation is to study the education question both on the Continent and in the States, especially with reference to commercial and industrial organisation.]

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TROUBLE IN THE BALKANS.

The role of the Bulgarian as the innocent victim of Turkish outrage and massacre is somewhat upset by the authenticated report of the destruction by Bulgarians of an exclusively Mussulman village.

The murderous fury of the attacking party, inspired as they were by the inflammatory doctrines of the Macedonian Committees, led to a series of horrors, for which the blackest of the Armenian outrages would alone be a match.

Not content with the massacre of 165 persons in cold blood, these ghouls proceeded to the most frightful mutilations and nameless acts of violence. Women with children were hacked by their weapons. One woman was impaled.

Nothing but heroic patience can prevent the Turk from retaliating on such diabolical outrages, and a serious development may be expected at any moment.

Hussein Hilmi Pasha, Governor-General of the Macedonian valayets, has assured a London "Times" interviewer that the Porte considered the Albanian question settled. Only a small and ignorant faction were concerned in the revolt.

Twenty thousand troops were now massed round Mitrovitz, and were able to overcome the malcontents. He hoped to show within three months the proposed reforms in progress.

Foreign diplomats, however, consider that Hilmi is too optimistic, and hold that the only solution of the trouble will be the complete disarmament and

military occupation of Albania.

The Vienna "Freie Presse" says that Russia demands £4800 as compensation for the murder of M. Stehelin, who died through wounds received in the action at Mitrovitz on April 2.

The Czar's Government further demands the despatch of 20,000 Anatolian troops from Old Serbia to permanently repress the Albanians.

The third demand is for the erection of a chapel on the scene of Stehelin's murder.

Well-founded reports state that murders, pillage incendiarism and atrocities of every description are occurring daily on the Balkan Peninsula, and that these outrages are committed alike by Albanians, Turks, Bulgarians and citizens and soldiers.

The Russian Black Sea volunteer fleet has been ordered to refuse cargoes, and prepare to mobilise.

The Suez Canal has been blocked since Monday week owing to a Russian cruiser sinking a barge in the water-way. The mail steamer Orizaba, homeward bound, was consequently delayed.

Later advices state that the canal is again open for traffic.

The Sultan's second peace mission, under Sedik Pasha, has been received at Djakoutza.

The party was previously warned that if they went there they would be treated like Mehmet Ali Pasha, who was murdered by Albanian rioters at Ipek, on September, 1878.

Eight battalions of Turkish troops are concentrated between Mitrovitz and Uskule.

Ibrahim, the murderer of M. Stehelin, the Russian Consul, has been sentenced to death at Mitrovitz, in accordance with the demand of the Czar's Government that he should either suffer death or be released.

With the view of uniting to resist the reforms the Albanians have declared a truce as regards intertribal squabbles.

The Macedonian internal organisation has resolved to abandon the general insurrection for 1903, owing to Turkey's overwhelming military strength and the improbability of outside aid, and to confine operations to guerrilla warfare.

A traitor informed the European Consuls at Salonika of the Bulgarian Revolutionary Committee's methods, and stated that the inhabitants of Macedonia were under pain of death compelled to accept the committee's bonds, repayable after Macedonia had been liberated from Turkish rule.

It is alleged that women carried revolutionary correspondence across the frontier; also that 180 Bulgarian officers disguised as pilgrims are now operating in Macedonia.

One hundred and twenty thousand rifles and large quantities of cartridge, bombs and dynamite have been imported under guise of holy relics, the Customs officers conniving at the importation.

It is expected that the rebellion will begin at the time of the Greek Easter holidays, when the railway bridges and tunnels will be dynamited, accompanied by wholesale incendiarism and a carnival of massacre and pillage.

The "Times" is responsible for the statement, which was founded on reports

current in Sofia, to the effect that the leaders of the Macedonian internal organisation had decided to abandon their general insurrection.

BAGDAD RAILWAY.

The Imperial Ottoman Bagdad Railway Company has been constituted at Constantinople with a capital of 15 million francs. Herr Gwinner, manager of the Deutsche Bank, of Berlin, acts as president of the company.

The "Novo Vremya" states that the German promoters have retained only 20 per cent. of the capital of the Bagdad railway, while they induced French capitalists to take 40 per cent., and vainly applied to the Russians and Americans to furnish the remainder. It was only then that they tried to raise the money in England.

The "Times" says that if the management of the Bagdad railway is purely German then the British capitalists had better abstain from participating.

The British newspapers suggest that Great Britain should insist as a condition of co-operation in the Bagdad railway on the option of purchase of all the German shares before they are offered to any other nation, lest they should be transferred to Russia.

The Kaiser has sent German officials to study the Bagdad railway problem, and to investigate American methods of colonising along the great railway tracks. It is understood that these investigations are being made with a view to German colonisation along the Bagdad line.



AUSTRALIA.

The annual report of the administration of New Guinea shows that the new federal territory does not cost more to govern than the £20,000 voted. There have been no special demands for land grants. The goldfield has not increased to any material extent.

The Arbitration Court has reserved its decision in connection with the application of the Wharf Labourers' Union that the Union Company's Island-trading steamers should be subjected to deep sea conditions. The company contend they should be controlled by inter-State conditions.

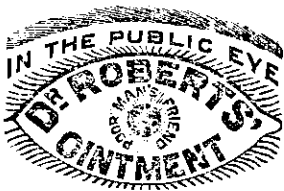
IMPERIALISM.

Speaking at the Australian Natives' Association banquet, Sir Edmund Barton believed that the feeling was growing, and must grow, that the citizens in this part of the Empire were beginning to realise that they were in a sense partners not only in the portion of the Empire wherein they happened to be, but in the whole of the rest as well. In the modern conception of the word Empire had none of the significance of absolutism and despotism once associated with it. It was nothing but the cohesion of self-governing bodies, determined to hold together as treasurers of their history, as well as of their territory. He reiterated his advocacy of the proposed naval agreement, and the preference for a distinct Australian squadron. The Premiers of New South Wales, Victoria and other leaders made speeches with regard to the main Imperial questions.

THE BLEACHING PROCESS.

As a step towards a "White Australia," the largest camel proprietor in the western district, has replaced the whole of his Afghan drivers by whites. The employment of camels in the far interior for the last few years, especially since the reign of the drought, has greatly increased, largely superseding the other methods of carriage.

The Rt. Hon. C. C. Kingston, Federal Minister of Customs, speaking at Cairns, said he had no sympathy with the Kanakas, never had, and never would. Could not the gentlemen employed in the sugar industry do it as well as any nigger in the world? "Yes," he said, "and much better." What sort of descendants of the British were they, he asked, if it could not be told them that sooner than submit to encourage the yellow agony or the black curse, if there was any industry which required the countenancing of that agony or that curse, that then they should sweep it off the face of Australia? "Let us no longer allow them to continue in this land, which is, and should forever be, preserved as a white man's land."



A SOOTHING, HEALING, STIMULATING OINTMENT

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GENERAL NEWS.

Near Adelaide, splendid large peaches sell for 4/ for 50lbs. In Auckland the same class of peach sells at 2d. a peach.

The limit for the Wairarapa Council's overdraft for the ensuing year has been fixed at £3,500, which was the amount allowed during the year just closed.

A Nelson "Musician" who recently brought an action against a man who fatally ill-treated his concertina showed he averaged £3 to £3 10/ a week, and that he had made £5 2/9 in a single day.

Blue cod, which is supposed to be a South Island fish, is sometimes caught off the Barrier, though rarely. It is the choicest fish caught in New Zealand waters, and quantities are sent over to Australia, where it is much sought after.

The purchase of Ripon Lea, the residence of the late Sir Frederick Sargood, as a State Government House is being considered by members of the Victorian Ministry. It is reported that Ripon Lea is valued for probate purposes at £22,500.

"£130,000 worth of gold was buried within 20 miles of Leydsdorp by a Boer named Munk, during the war; it has never been taken away yet, but we cannot locate the spot." (Extract from a letter written to a friend in Auckland from Leydsdorp, March 11).

The experiment of employing Jews for Sunday duty is about to be made in the London Post Office. In this way it is hoped that Sabbath-breaking among both Jews and Gentiles will be obviated. This idea was expounded by Samuel Gordon in his Jewish novel, "Sons of the Covenant," published about two years ago.

Raisins in South Australia are dried thus: The grapes (white muscatels) are put into buckets perforated with small holes, which are dipped quickly into boiling caustic soda and water and turned out again. The fruit is then spread on wooded trays and dried in the sun for a week, and is then ready for the market.

The residents of Remuera may not know the reason of the many turns and twists of the Remuera-road out as far as St. John's College. It exactly follows the old cart track made by the early settlers out about Tamaki and Panmure over 60 years ago, and has not altered its circuitous course in any particular since; the whole distance through Remuera was then covered with thick bush, down to the very water's edge.

Forty-eight marriages took place on Easter Monday in Wellington.

This is an extract from a letter received in Auckland, dated March 11, Leydsdorp: "Five inches of rain have fallen here in two years, and that fell last Christmas; since then we have not had a drop. . . . For weeks together the thermometer goes up to over 105 every day. . . . The natives are now totally ruined, starvation is coming, and if rain does not come now, in a few months thousands of Kafirs will die. It won't affect the white people except all prices for food will go up."

Pictou has experienced a wonderful visitation of fish. The harbour is simply teeming with herrings, which impede the steamers and oil launches in their progress (writes our own correspondent). The phenomenon is not unusual. Several times the same thing has occurred, and the beach is strewn with dead herring washed ashore by the tide, sometimes to a depth of several feet. Sometimes one sees the fish springing ashore to escape death by suffocation, only to meet it by another means. The Borough Council employed men to bury the dead fish, but it is waste of time and money, others come ashore as fast as the first ones are cleared away. The seagulls are reaping a goodly harvest.

There have been numerous instances of foreign substances such as needles being extracted from the human body after wandering round for lengthy periods, but it is decidedly uncommon to hear of a person going about for years with a foreign substance in his ear. A case occurred in Auckland this week. A young man went suddenly deaf in one ear after getting some water in it. He consulted Dr. de Clive Lowe, who, after

an examination, extracted a cascara tabloid. The young man had felt some hard substance in the ear for several years past, but never dreamed it was what it proved to be, and did not bother about it as it gave him no pain till he went suddenly deaf. The tabloid, which was about a quarter of an inch in diameter, was intact except for the sugar coating, which had apparently dissolved. How it got in the ear is a mystery.

The Auckland branch of the New Zealand Institute of Journalists held its annual meeting on Friday afternoon in the social hall at the Y.M.C.A. rooms. There was a large attendance of members. Mr. R. M. Hackett, president of the branch, occupied the chair. The secretary, Mr. J. Birch, submitted a satisfactory annual report, showing a membership of 30. Mr. A. E. Greenslade, hon. treasurer, submitted the financial statement, which gave a credit balance of £10 0/3. On the motion of the chairman the report and balance-sheet were adopted. Messrs. N. D. Merrick, Charles E. Wheeler, N. McMunn were elected members. Mr. H. Hanby was admitted on transfer, and Mr. G. L. Sheehan was elected as junior associate. Officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows: President, Mr. E. W. G. Rathbone; secretary, Mr. J. Birch; treasurer, Mr. A. E. Greenslade; and Messrs. A. Lowrie and R. M. Hackett were chosen to act as a committee in conjunction with the officers.

The Chillan warship General Banquedano, which has been engaged on an extensive cruise round the Pacific Islands and in the Australasian colonies, took her final departure for Chili from this port at ten o'clock on Monday. As the vessel proceeded down the harbour she signalled from her masthead H.P.2.—"Good bye." The American Government vessel Wheeling, being the only warship in port, returned the compliment, hoisting the flags X.O.R.—"Thank you"—and T.D.S.—"Wish you pleasant voyage." When the two vessels were abreast of one another the crew of the Chilean clambered into the rigging and cheered the Americans lustily, which the latter returned spiritedly. An amusing scene occurred on the wharf about this time. Three Chilean sailors who had been up town effecting purchases came on the scene, and when they perceived that their boat had started on her voyage showed considerable concern. The only available launch had a few minutes previously conveyed an officer off to the

warship. The voyage to Talcahuana, the first port the vessel will touch at in Chili, usually occupies forty-five days, but the captain will make an effort to get across in thirty days. Should this be accomplished the performance will be all the more creditable as the service regulations make it imperative that before using steam there must be two days' calm, the object being to ensure that the young officers on board are properly trained in handling a vessel. It is possible that the General Banquedano after refitting in Chili will return to New Zealand with an entirely fresh crew, but nothing definite has been fixed.

THE PARLIAMENTARY EXCURSION.

The Southern members of the Parliamentary party which visit the Islands arrived from the South by the Union Company's steamer Mapourika on Saturday evening at half-past five o'clock, the steamer's arrival having been delayed by some hours owing to meeting with contrary winds during the passage. Assembled on the Queen-street Wharf were a number of friends of the members, who welcomed them to Auckland. Immediately after the steamer had berthed extra supplies were taken on board. The Mapourika has been fitted up in a thoroughly efficient manner, and her exterior is painted according to the Government service regulations.

The following is a complete list of the party on board:—Messrs. E. G. Allen, J. Allen, J. E. Arnold, W. H. P. Barber, G. Fisher, F. R. Flatman, G. Fowlds, W. Fraser, J. A. Hanan, R. M. Houston, F. Lawry, T. Mackenzie, C. E. Major, Hon. C. H. Mills, Messrs. E. G. B. Moss, J. O'Meara, T. Parata, J. C. Thomson, J. W. Thomson, J. Vile, A. D. Willis, W. T. Wood, Sir W. J. Steward, Mr. A. Baldey, Hons. W. M. Bolt, C. C. Bowen, B. Harris, W. E. C. Carncross, J. G. Jenkinson, D. Pinkerton, J. Bigg, T. Thompson, James Marshall, Messrs. James Black, E. McCarthy, W. M. McLaughlin, G. Reed, G. Hicks, H. Winkelman, A. J. Wilkin, G. Wolrond, T. W. Kirk, Zachariah. The Hon. C. H. Mills is in charge.

At three o'clock on Sunday morning the Mapourika took her departure for the Islands. The first port of call will be Rarotonga, in the Cook Group. A number of the islands in the group will be visited. The steamer then proceeds to Tahiti, Samoa, Tonga, Fiji, and the Kermadecs, and is due back in Auckland about six weeks hence.

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After over twenty years in the service of the Wellington Education Board, Miss Keeling, of the Infant School, Masterton, has resigned her position. She was presented with a silver-mounted biscuit barrel from the members of the School Committee, with a silver cake dish from the teaching staff. Mr Hogg, M.H.R., made the presentation.

Among tourists who are doing Wellington are: Miss D'Arcy (New York, U.S.A.), F. Thornton, G. Burgess, G. Herlett (London), T. Johnston (Liverpool), Herr Carl Franke (Bremen, Germany), Mr. and Mrs. Leonard St. Lawrence (Channel Islands), M. B. Ramsay (London), E. Melvin (Glasgow), C. Olivier (Montreal), Mr. and Mrs. Appleton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Miss H. Meyer (Berlin), Miss A. McLaren (Glasgow), H. Gite-Combes and C. Gerardy (Isle of Wight).

The Hon. Mr McGowan is fast gaining on the Premier for quick travelling. He left Wellington last Friday week by train to New Plymouth, caught the steamer for Manukau the same night, and reached Onehunga on Saturday morning. Instead of proceeding to Auckland he caught the Kotorua express at Penrose and reached the Lakes in due time. From Rotorua to Tauranga, thence to Waihi, Thames and Auckland in quick succession, bearing lengthy deputations in Thames; thence back to Wellington, and he has promised to be in Whangarei at the end of the month.

NOTABLE VISITORS.

Among the arrivals by the R.M.s. Sonoma on Friday were Dr. Lucien Warner, chairman of the International Committee of American Y.M.C.A.'s, and Mr Richard C. Morse, M.A., general secretary of American Y.M.C.A.'s. The visitors are on a round the world tour, having previously visited England, the Continent, India and Australia. They arrived in Adelaide about the middle of last month and visited Melbourne, Hobart, Ballarat and Sydney, attending the Conference of Y.M.C.A.'s at Adelaide. Dr. Warner, who has taken an interest in the Y.M.C.A. movement for

the past twenty years, and the committee of which he is now chairman forms the agency of supervision for the whole of North America. Mr Morse has held his position as general secretary for the past thirty-three years. When he took the office, practically at the time the committee was formed, there were but two supervisors, while now the number totals over forty. Both gentlemen naturally took a great interest in the Y.M.C.A. in Australia, and Mr Morse thinks that, considering the circumstances, the movement has progressed very satisfactorily. He states that the wonderful progress of the Association in America is largely due to the careful supervision exercised, a supervision which assisted the strong as well as the weak. The co-operation of the Y.M.C.A. with the Students' Association has also been an important factor in the success of the movement, and since the former Association includes all sections of the community in its constitution, and the two bodies have the same object, their combination is of great service to both. In the colonies the institutions are not conjoined. Dr. Warner and Mr Morse left on Saturday morning for Rotorua, and after visiting Wairakei and Taupo will proceed to Wellington and thence to the South Island, returning in time to catch the next mail steamer for San Francisco.

The visitors were entertained at luncheon on Friday last at Canning's Cafe by the Auckland Y.M.C.A. Mr C. E. Button, president of the association, occupied the chair, Dr. Warner and Mr Morse being seated next him. Among those present were the Revs. J. J. Lewis, J. Benning and Gray Dixon, Messrs F. Baume, M.H.R., G. Fowlds, M.H.R., C. H. Hemery, hon. treasurer Y.M.C.A., J. Brakenrig, secretary Y.M.C.A., G. Aicken, J. Burns, J. Stewart, S. Vaile, R. Hobbs, A. Creag, J. H. Smith, H. Edmiston and R. Wilson. Messrs J. Bridwater and R. B. Shalders, who were members of the parent association in London, were also present. In the forties Mr Shalders founded the Auckland Association.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN MORRIS, M.L.C.

The many friends of the Hon. Capt. Geo. Bentham Morris, M.L.C., will learn with extreme regret of that gentleman's death as the result of the unfortunate accident that occurred a fortnight ago. The deceased gentleman led a very active life until some eighteen years ago, when a blow from a cricket ball injured his left knee. A year later he was seized with a paralytic stroke on the right side, from which he has suffered ever since. Up to six months ago he was as active as a person suffering from such a stroke could be, but he then got an attack of pneumonia, which left him very weak, and from which he never fully recovered. A fortnight ago he fell down in his room. In falling he inflicted a wound on his temple which rendered him unconscious, and caused him to lose so much blood that his constitution was not equal to surviving the shock.

Captain Morris was a typical colonist. Born in Victoria 63 years ago, he subsequently went to Gloucester (England), and entered the navy and became a captain of marines. In 1870, being then a married man, Captain Morris retired from active service, and came out to this colony, going first to the Wai-kato. After a short stay there he removed to the Bay of Plenty, and took up a run, remaining there until about eight years ago, when he came to Auckland and took up his residence at Otahuhu. Captain Morris gave a considerable amount of time to public life, being for years a member for the Bay of Plenty, in the Auckland Provincial Council. At the abolition of the provinces Captain Morris was returned to Parliament for the Bay of Plenty, representing that district for many years, and for a few weeks occupied the position of Minister of Justice under one of Sir Julius Vogel's short-lived Administrations. About 18 years ago Captain Morris was called to the Legislative Council. The deceased gentleman leaves five sons by

his first wife, two of whom are resident in Auckland, Mr G. C. W. Morris and Mr P. B. Morris. He also leaves a widow and one son about one year old. Captain Morris, during his long public career, earned the character of being an upright, honourable gentleman. In his private life he made many firm friends, who will deeply regret his death under such sad circumstances.

AUCKLAND WIN THE PENANT

The final for the Auckland Bowling Association's Penant took place on the Remuera Green, between the representative teams from the Auckland and Devonport Clubs, these clubs having proved the winners of their sections in the Easter Tournament. The rinks were in first class condition, but owing to the recent rains were somewhat "dead" in the "draw," and this to a great extent spoilt what might have been a fast and exciting game, owing to the number of short bowls covering the "front."

The teams took their positions as follows:—

Auckland—McCallum, Buttle, Garland, Dingle (skip) v. Devonport—Harvey, Miller, McNeil, Hunt (skip). Auckland—Mearns, Elliot, James, Ledingham (skip), v. Devonport—Mitchell, Armstrong, Gardner, Easton (skip).

Devonport were most fancied for the match, owing to the marine suburb having located Newmarket and Mt. Eden rather easily.

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Queen Street, Auckland

Music and Drama.

Madame Adelina Patti is 60 years of age.

Dani, the tenor, who came through New Zealand with Amy Castles, is now singing in New York.

On dit that Mr. J. C. Williamson's next company to tour New Zealand will be the Royal Comic Opera Company.

A new English comedy company opened at the Palace, Sydney, on Saturday last in "Are You a Mason?" said to be remarkably funny.

Melba sailed for London from Australia last week. There was a large and enthusiastic crowd to bid her farewell.

Mr. Charles B. Westmacott, who made many friends when in New Zealand some three years ago with the Stamford Dramatic Company, is business manager of the "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" Company.

Mrs. Howie ("Te Rangī Pahi") has been touring England with a concert party, of which the other members were Miss Rosa Bird, Mr. Barton McGuickin and Mr. Arthur Waleam.

Mr. Beet Boyle, Mr. J. C. Williamson's representative in New Zealand, proposes to locate himself permanently in Wellington. He has just returned from a visit to Australia.

It is stated that E. H. Sothen and Justin Huntly McCarthy, besides collaborating on a history of Francois Villon, are going to work together on a sequel to "If I Were King."

Mr. John F. Sheridan, who has been playing a season at the Criterion Theatre, Sydney, was accorded a farewell demonstration last week, when he was presented with a gold watch, suitably inscribed.

Mr. Titcheridge had a leading part in "A Married Woman," Mr. Frederick Fenn's new play, which was produced in February, at the Metropolitan Theatre, Camberwell, London. He appeared as Geoffrey Kent. The "Daily Graphic" speaks of "A Married Woman" as a capital play.

Madame Susanna Cole, the veteran artist, who sang at the Coronation of the late Queen Victoria, and who trained and introduced to London audiences the late Madame Patey, the world-famed contralto, says that Miss Ada Crossley, who visits the colonies shortly, is the most perfect of living contralto singers.

Mr. Allan Hamilton, who has been managing Mr. Brough's company during a tour through China, expects to reach Melbourne next month. In a letter from Shanghai he announces his intention of paying a visit to Mr. L. J. Lohr, who has given up business management, and who now resides at Inverloch.

For persisting in smoking in the pit of the theatre in Napier the other night a man was fined 5' without costs. The Bench, while only inflicting a lenient penalty, said the public must be protected. It was not fair to ladies present and to others who objected to tobacco-smoke. People who went to the theatre had a right to be protected. There was too much annoyance of various kinds at the theatre, and the Bench was determined to put it down.

Miss May Beatty is so popular in the eyes of the Purposer audiences that there is a general lament that the "Fortune Teller" gives her so poor a chance. Everyone watches for her, and hails her at last in the third act with great demonstrations of delight. She pleases the men with her gait, her plump figure, and her prettiness. She captures those of her own sex through her great taste in clothes, her mischievous spirit which never loses a certain refinement, and delightful jest. If you have never espied or particularly noted Miss Beatty's feet, do so when she next trips on your boards, remarks a Melbourne writer.

Many Aucklanders will be sorry that the Gaiety Company at the City Hall is now one of the things that were. Saturday night was the last occasion for the genial P.R.D. to stand at the entrance door and watch the audience filing in to that place of amusement where so many have whiled away a pleasant hour. In future Mr Dix will confine his attention to managing His Majesty's Theatre, of which he has secured a ten years' lease.

Sousa's sixty musicians, who are coming out to the colonies, are creating a sensation in London. They are considered the finest band of musicians in the world, and have been twice commanded to play before the King. The passage money and expenses connected with their travelling to and from Australia will be considerably over £2000. They will reach Australia in the latter part of this year or the beginning of next year.

A common trick with ladies who remove their headgear in the theatre is to draw a ferocious-looking tin hat pin and jab their straw to the seat in front. A smooth-faced person with hair parted down the centre like the second son of the suburban butcher, and wearing a "maggie" suit, cried aloud in his agony in the stalls of Dunedin Princess on Saturday evening, when an innocent lady in the seat behind him jabbed a big black hatpin through a small "zein" hat into a broad black back, remarks "Otago Witness."

Mr. Frank Thornton, who opened in Sydney at the Criterion in "Charley's Aunt" on Easter Saturday, describes New Zealand as vastly different from a theatrical standpoint. In his first week in Wellington, a city of 45,000, he had Madame Melba, Fitzgerald's circus, a variety show and the Williamson Opera Company to contend with. Early in March, within a radius of fifty miles, there were five distinct dramatic companies touring in the Taranaki districts.

Mark Hambourg, the famous pianist, passed through Auckland by the Ventura to take up his Australian tour with Mr. John Leunione, the Baptist. The company come to New Zealand during the coming winter, opening in Dunedin on June 17, and concluding about five weeks later in Auckland. Besides Leunione, who is a prime favourite with New Zealand audiences, Hambourg will be supported by his brother Boris, a cellist of repute, and Miss Mabel Bachelor, a soprano with a voice that is said to be divine.

Having had a most profitable time in Auckland, "The Worst Woman in London" has reluctantly made way for "The Mariners of England," and, though I would be the last to wish to speak disrespectfully of any lady half as popular as "The Worst Woman," it must be confessed that "The Mariners" are more to my taste. As a fact, there are not many much better melodramas than Buchanan's "Mariners of England," and it is exceedingly well staged. The innane comic relief is an aggravation to the flesh, and could and should be cut down with a ruthless hand, for anything more hopelessly silly and wearisome has seldom been seen even from the comic man, who is almost always an unmitigated bore. Father Christmas, in "The Silver King," is the only comic man to whom the writer cherishes any feelings save those of resentment.

The following is an exact reprint of the wording of a theatrical advertisement which reaches us all the way from Cairo: "one special night will take place in the Egyptian Theatre, which is situated at the beginning of Abd-el-naziz street. And which will start showing some different new and ancient plays on Friday, 5 o'clock at night, 6 February, and the said name Abd-el-Ranof Helmy intends to show the people all kinds of majesty to hit people who would honour his place. He also represent to sight all that new and ancient majesty and sports which were used in Egyptian ancient lights and Europeans, and all sorts of congering and wonderfully plays

and gessing about the idias and returning the dead body o life which shall of now don't surprises every spectator, and everything can be proved by the sight seen."

HIS MAJESTY'S SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

The opening of the new music room and concert hall in connection with Mr J. F. Bennett's His Majesty's School of Music, and the presentation of the silver medal and certificates of the Associated Board of the R.A.M. and R.C.M., London, won by the principal's pupil took place at His Majesty's Arcade last Thursday night. There was a very large attendance. The concert hall was greatly admired. It is spacious and roomy, and will accommodate a large number of people. It has been most elegantly furnished and decorated. The windows are covered with transparencies of notable places, several large mirrors adorn the walls, and the decorations are in perfect taste. The seating accommodation consists of luxurious swing theatre chairs, which are upholstered in crimson plush, and there are four splendid pianos—one, a Bechstein grand, for the use of the students and the quartette classes. The function was specially interesting, inasmuch as Mlle. Dolores, the celebrated French soprano, was present, and opened the room and presented the medal and certificates. The following were the successful pupils:—Silver medal presented by the Associated Board, London, for second highest marks in New Zealand, Miss Helen A. Morris. Local Certificate, Piano, Fourth Grade—Honours certificate, Miss H. Morris; pass certificate, Miss I. Bolous, Helen McE. Hay, Birdie Morland. Local Certificate, Theory of Music—Miss Ella Mary Browne, Miss Elsie E. Crowe, Miss Ellen M. Douglas, Miss Elsie Edmiston, Miss Leon Keyes, Miss C. Le Bailly, Miss E. Macalister, Miss Daphne Slade, Miss Mary R. Le Bailly, Miss Jessie Le Bailly, Miss Helen Morris. Gold Medal—Mr Bennett's gold medal was secured by Miss Daphne Slade. Local School Examinations: Piano and Theory—Higher Division: Distinction, pianoforte, H. A. Morris; pass, pianoforte, E. G. Macalister, E. M. Crowe, D. W. Slade, M. A. Geddes, B. L. Morland, M. E. Morland, J. E. Maxfield, Lower Division: Distinction, pianoforte, D. W. Slade, E. M. Browne; pass, pianoforte, W. T. Chambers, E. W. Edmiston,

E. F. Crowe, E. J. Rylie, E. M. Douglas, H. A. Lamb, M. R. Le Bailly, J. S. Le Bailly, C. E. Le Bailly, R. E. Mackenzie, R. J. Best. Elementary Division: Pass, pianoforte, R. M. Brewer, A. A. Gallery, A. V. Chambers, J. Geddes, A. Geddes, A. Selley, R. Selley, L. Selley. Rudiments of Music: Pass, D. W. Slade, E. W. Edmiston, E. M. Crowe, M. R. Le Bailly, C. E. Le Bailly, J. S. Le Bailly, H. A. Morris, L. Chambers, A. A. Gallery, E. G. Macalister, M. A. Geddes, R. Best.

NEURALGIA.

When the long, hot, weary, wearing summer has thinned your blood and shattered your nerves, then comes agonising Neuralgia with the first touch of cold. Dr Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood, soothe the nerves and strengthen the spine—and that is why they are the one sure, scientific cure for Neuralgia.

"My nervous system was utterly unstrung," says Miss Gardner, of 74, Tuam-street, Linwood, Christchurch. "The poorness of my blood and general weakness all tended to make me worse. Any sudden noise startled me. At last my jangled nerves broke down with the sharp, shooting pains of Neuralgia that darted through my spine, head, legs and arms. The agony down the backbone was intense. It seemed as if long, red-hot spikes were being continually passed through and through my spinal column. My limbs swelled terribly. I could neither eat nor sleep. The want of blood and rest brought on heart palpitation, and the least little exertion sent my heart hammering and beating until it felt like the fluttering of wings inside me. I continued faint and weak, and suffered awful agonies from the Neuralgia until I used Dr Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are simply a marvellous nerve tonic. The first box started to enrich my blood and soothe my nerves. The pain lessened greatly. Two more boxes almost cured me. Further perseverance with them made me the strong, happy, healthy woman I am to-day. Neuralgia never troubles me now—even in the coldest wind and wet—for my blood has been thoroughly enriched and my nerves completely braced up by Dr Williams' Pink Pills."

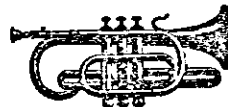
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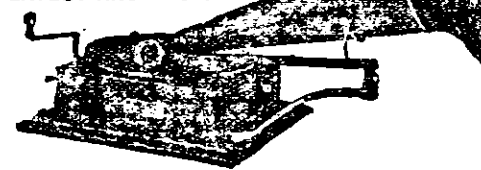
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are not a side line with us, but our sole business. We are the LARGEST DEALERS in the trade in New Zealand.

COLUMBIA DISC RECORDS outlast all others.

Instead of being scratchy and muffled, they are LOUD, SMOOTH, AND CLEAR.

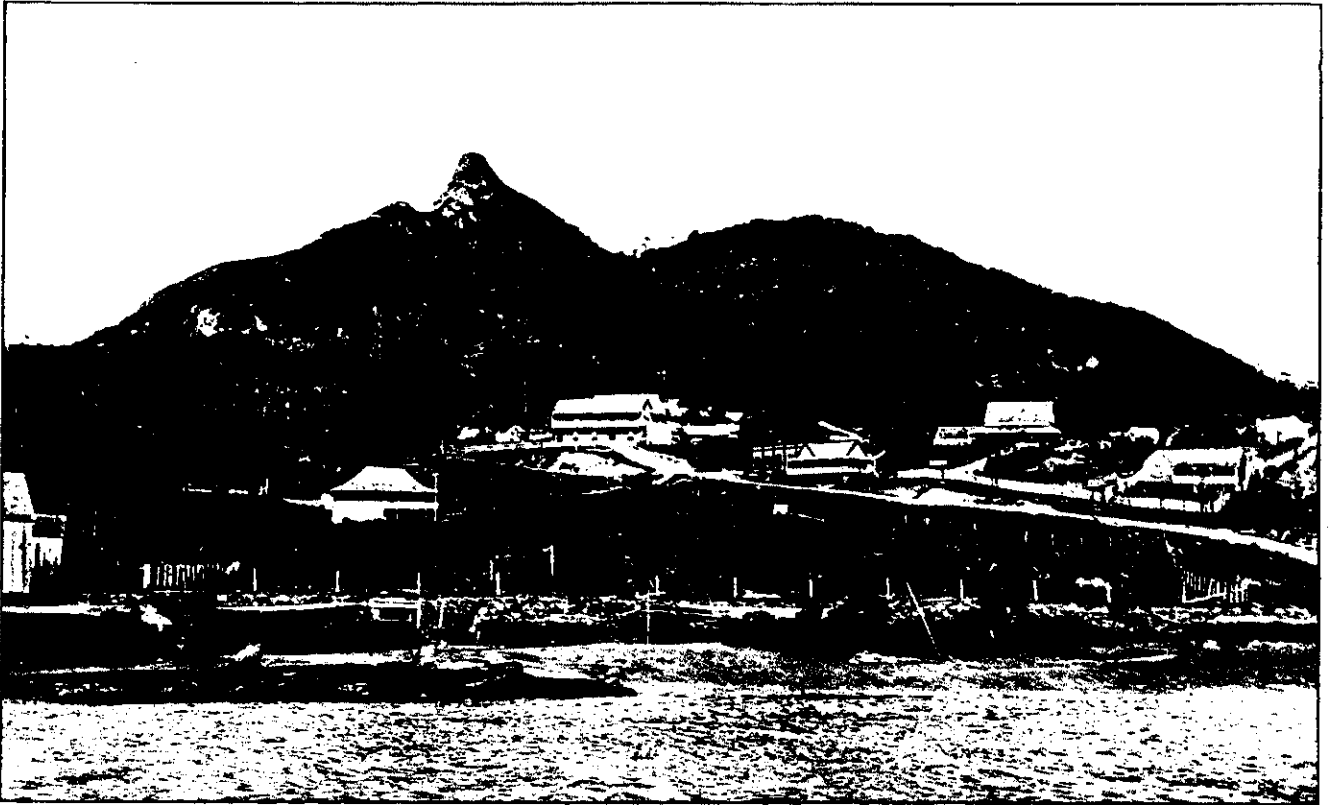
DISC RECORDS, 26 and 5/- each.

Extra Loud Moulded Cylinder Records, 26 each; 25/- doz.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF MACHINES AND LIST OF RECORDS POST FREE.

New Century Talking Machine Co.,

"THE TALKERIES" (next Opera House), WELLINGTON.

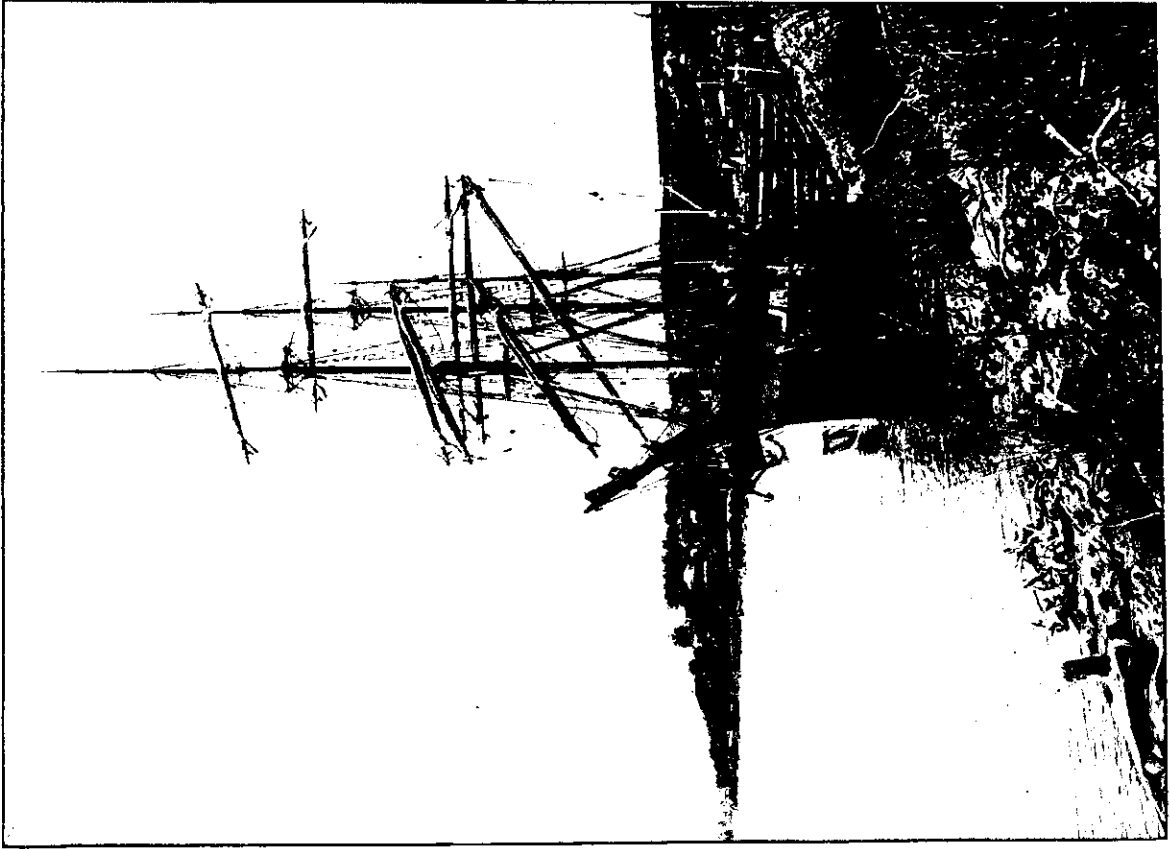


TOKATOKA, WAIROA RIVER.

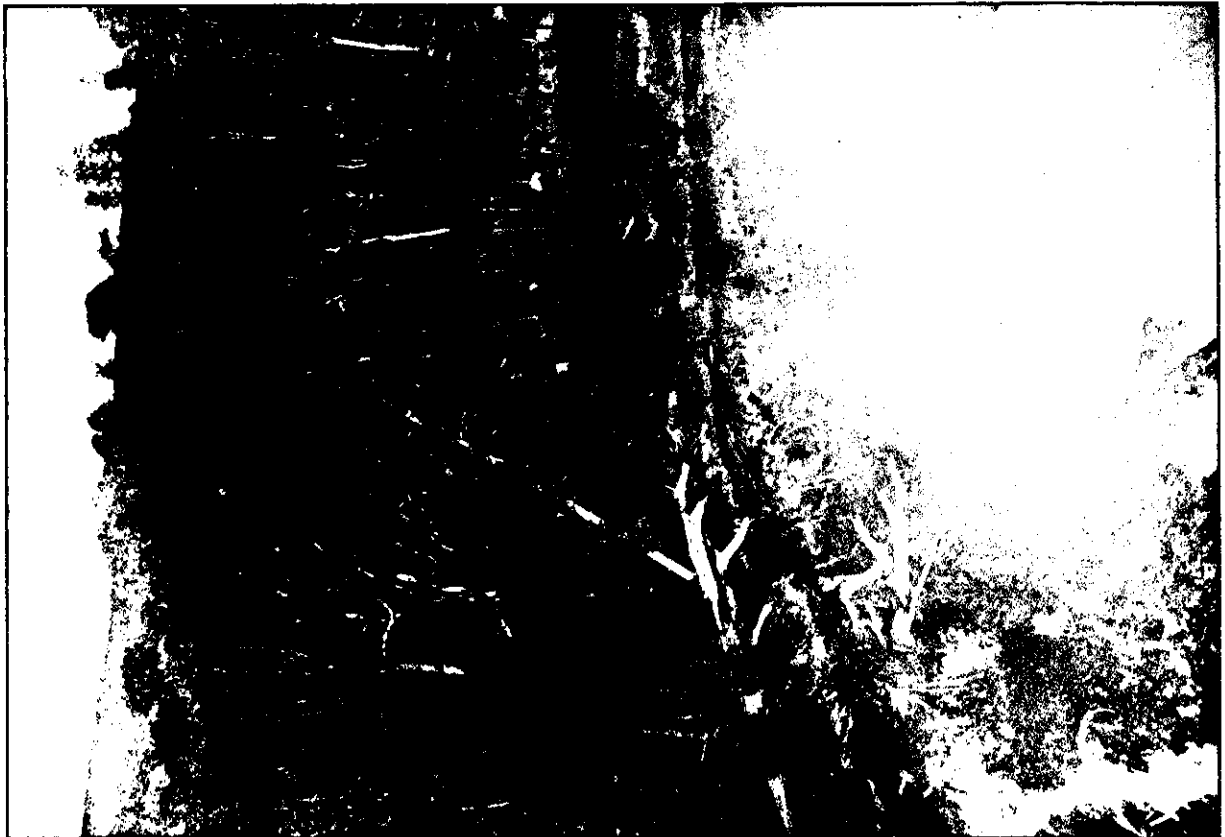


MR. J. DENNING'S VINERY, WAIONGAPU.

The Camera in the North.



BARQUE JESSIE CRAIG, LOADING TIMBER, DARGAVILLE.



NGUNGURU RIVER.

The Camera in the North,



TRACK IN KAIHU FOREST RESERVE.

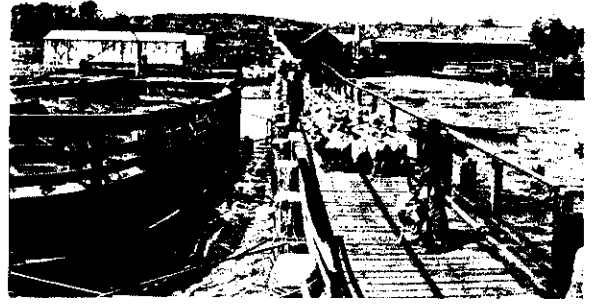


GIANT KAURI IN FOREST RESERVE, KAIHU.

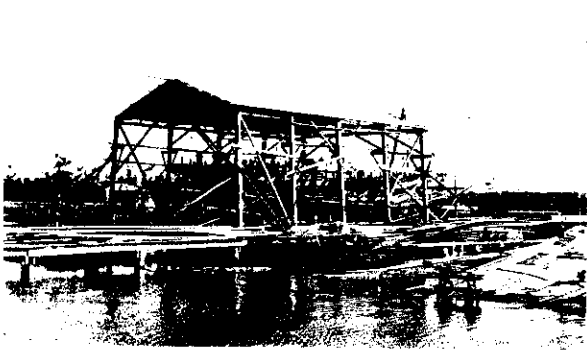
The Camera in the North.



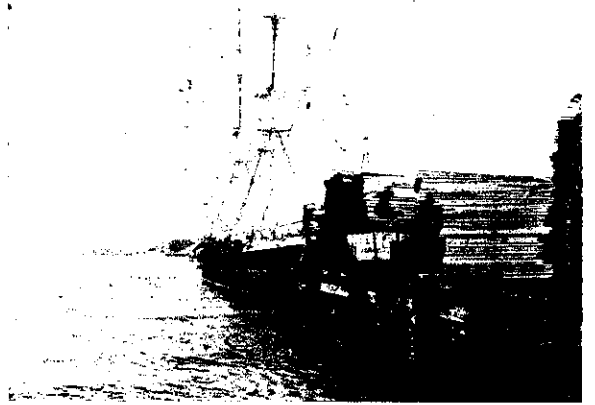
PACKING PROVISIONS THROUGH THE BUSH.



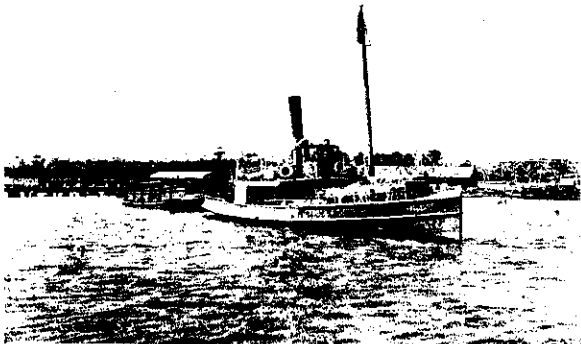
SHIPPING SHEEP, WAIROA RIVER.



SHIPBUILDING ON THE WAIROA.



TIMBER SHIP AT TE KOPURU.



WATERWAY OF THE NORTH—GOSFORD TOWING STOCK.



AOROA, MITCHELSON & CO'S TIMBER MILL.

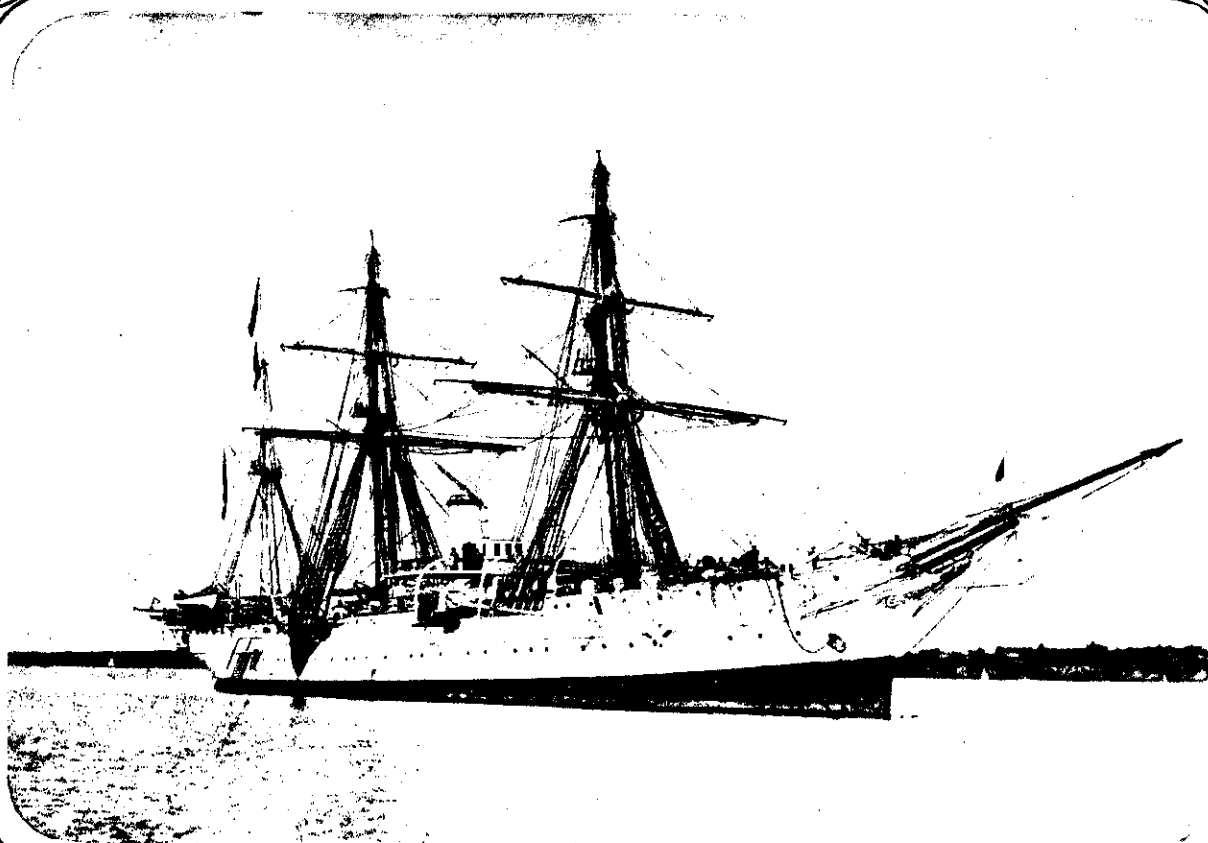
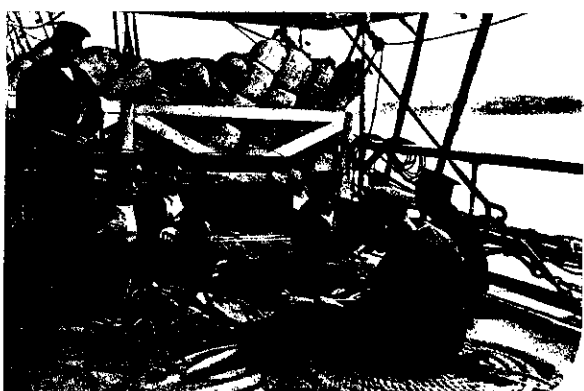
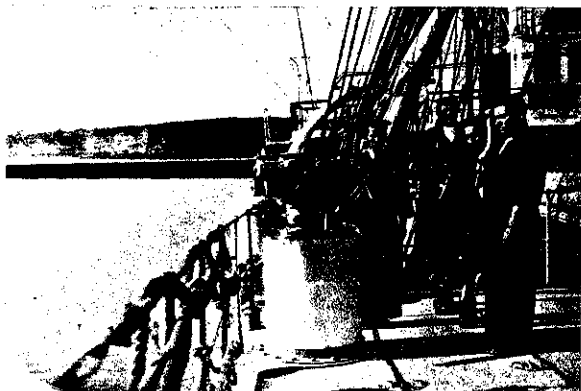


ARATAPU.

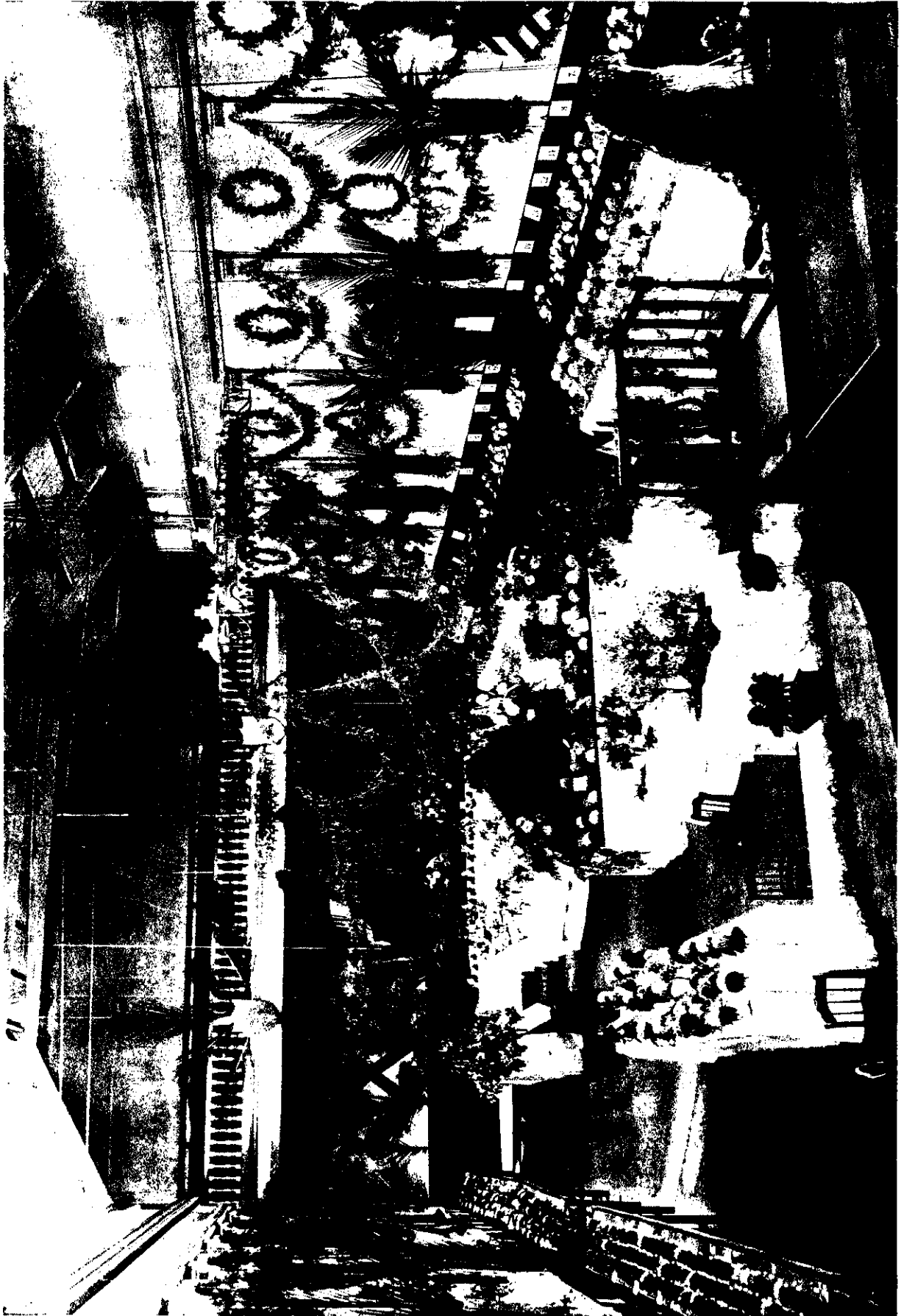


CATTLE PUNT ON THE WAIROA RIVER.

The Camera in the North.



1. Captain Arturo Cuevas in his cabin. 2. A morning lesson. 3. Gun drill. 4. Splicing ropes, etc.
Naval Chilean Training Ship "General Banquedano."



Auckland Horticultural Society's Annual Chrysanthemum Show.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXHIBITS.

Watson, "Graphic" photo.



A FINE EXHIBIT OF MAIDEN-HAIR.



TWENTY-FOUR DISTINCT VARIETIES. Winner Mr. Buckland. This also shows Prize Vase of Flowers.



A FINE SHOW OF BLOOMS.



CHAMPION TWELVE BLOOMS.

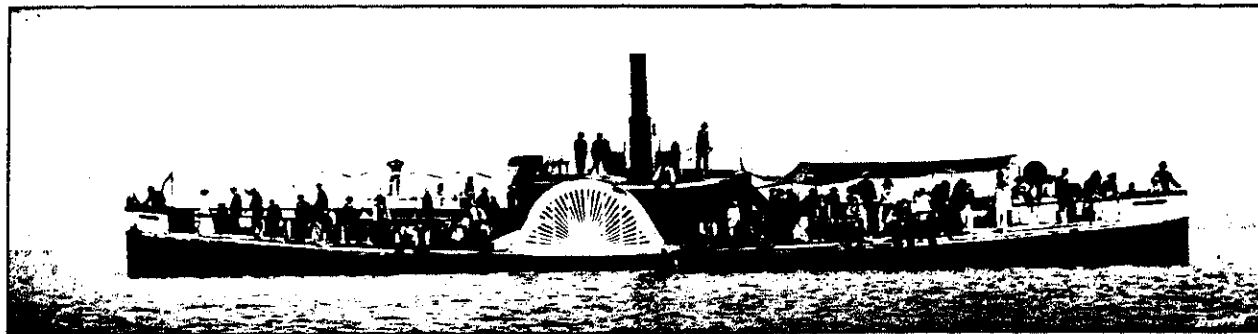
Auckland Horticultural Society's Annual Chrysanthemum Show.



Schaefer, Sunray Studios, Wellington.

THE MAPOURIKA JUST BEFORE SHE LEFT THE PATENT SLIP, WELLINGTON, AFTER BEING ENTIRELY REPAINTED AND OVERHAULED.

The Government Cruise to the Islands.



A FISHING EXCURSION STEAMER.



NO BITES.



WHEN THE FISH ARE BITING.

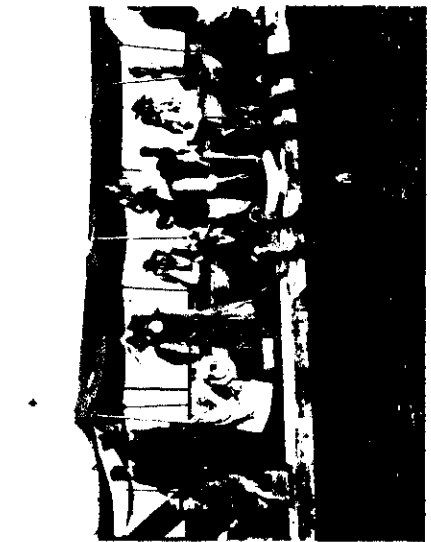
A Day with a Fishing Excursion, Auckland Harbour.



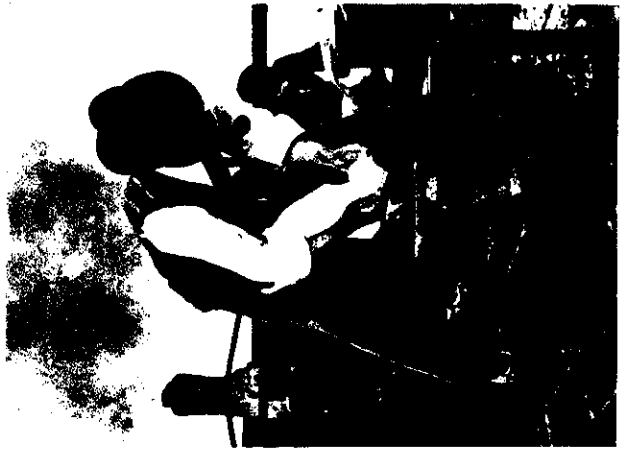
HER FIRST CATCH.



ONE OF THE JOYS OF SNAPPER-FISHING.
Filling a tub off a hook in a man's finger.



IN FULL SWING.



CLEANING FISH.



RATHER MIXED.



A SHARK.



LITERARY AND NOT PISCATORIAL TASTES.

A Day with a Fishing Excursion, Auckland Harbour.



AUCKLAND TEAM, WINNERS OF THE PENNANT MATCH.

Back Row.—Messrs. McCallum and Buttle.
 Middle Row.—Messrs. Menzie, Elliot, James and Garland.
 Front Row.—Messrs. Ledingham and Dingle (skips).



MR RANKIN (on the right) Winner of the Championship Singles, and MR DINGWALL, Runner-up.



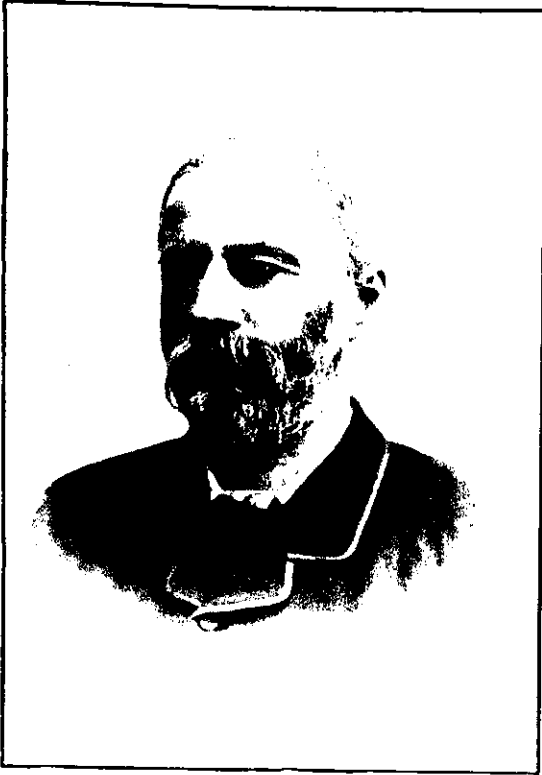
DEVONPORT TEAM, RUNNERS-UP IN THE PENNANT MATCH.

Back Row.—Messrs. Mitchell, Armstrong and Gardner.
 Middle Row.—Messrs D. Harvey, Miller, and McNeil.
 Front Row.— Messrs. Baife and Eagleton (skips).



GENERAL VIEW OF THE PLAY.

Auckland Bowling Association's Tournament.



THE LATE CAPTAIN MORRIS, M.L.C.



CAPT. GEORGE ROTT, OF THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD STEAMER RHEIN, AND HIS BRIDE, WHO WAS MISS ANNA M. SCHMIDT, OF PONSONBY.



THE RECENT EASTER ENCAMPMENT AT AUCKLAND. THE CULINARY STAFF AT WORK.

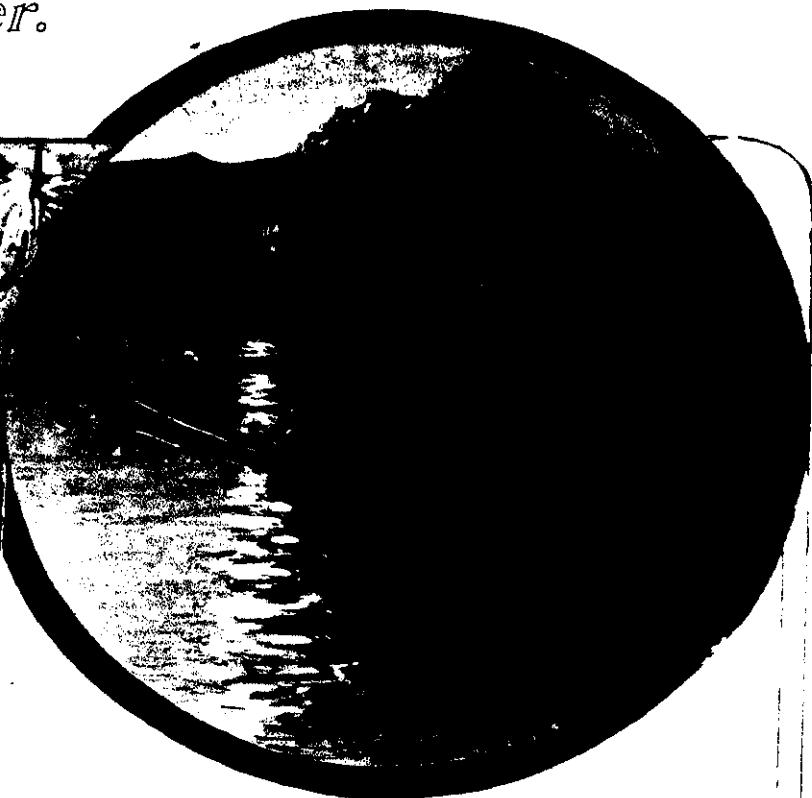
On the Upper Reaches



of the Wanganui River.



EVENING

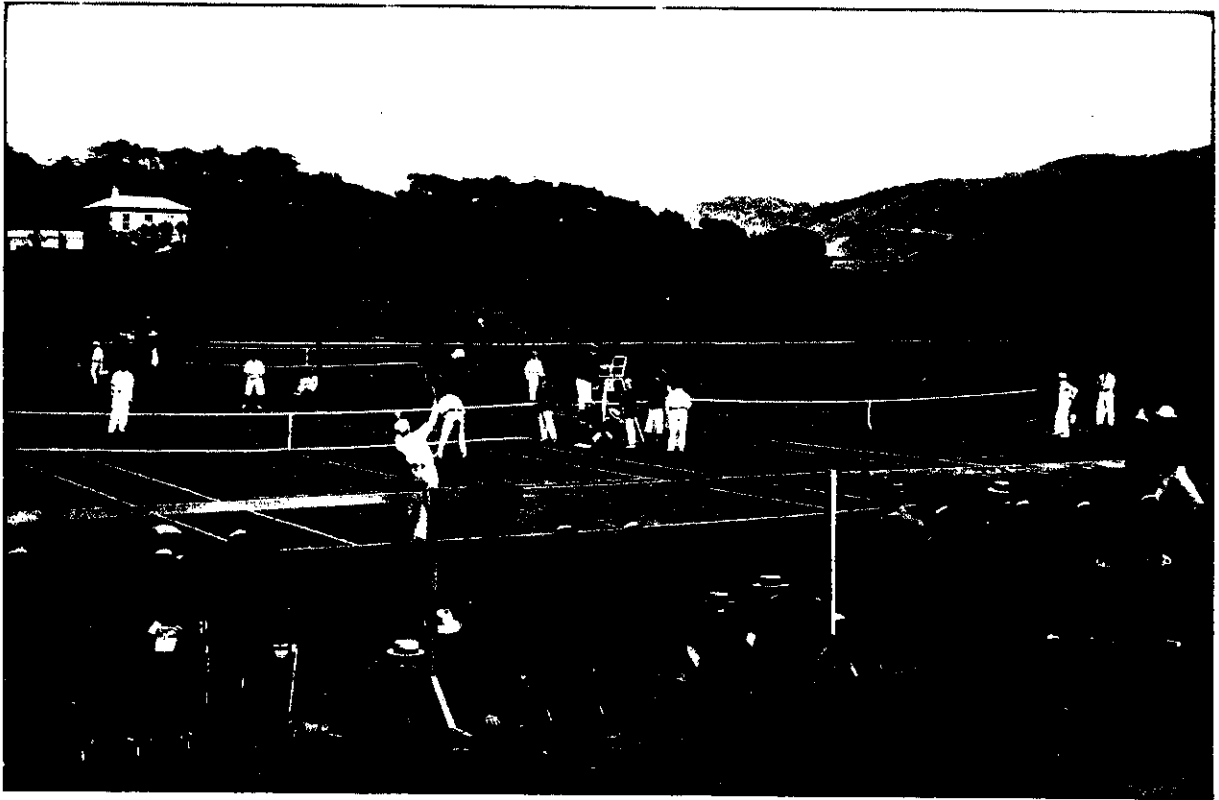


HAERE-VAI
TETE



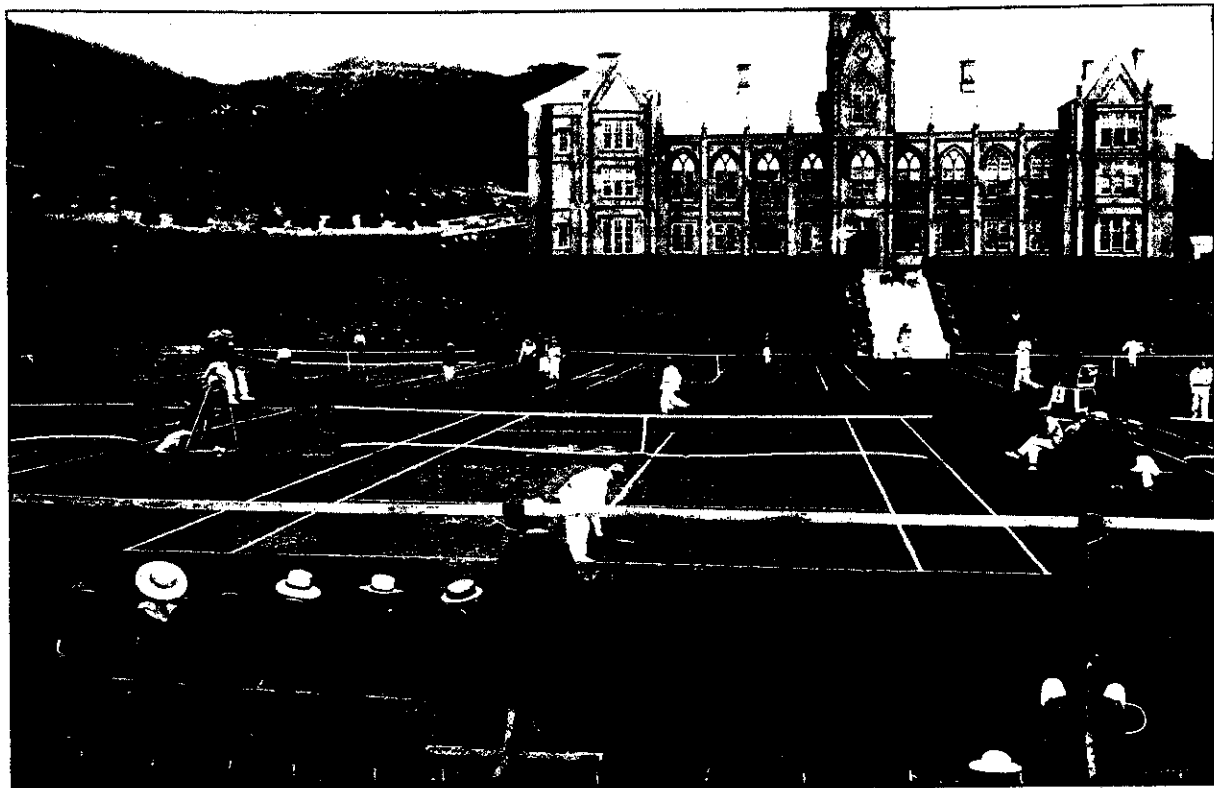
BRAG
TOD
EKOR
TATIO
S

W. DITLER



Schaeff, Sarony Studios, Wellington.

Views at the Wellington Tennis Tournament.



VIEW OF THE WELLINGTON COLLEGE LAWN. THE COLLEGE IN THE BACKGROUND.



Schaefer, Sarony Studios, Wellington.

THE COMMITTEE.

Views at the Wellington Tennis Tournament.



1. Spectators watching high jump. 2. Last round half-mile. 3. Start of 180yds. 4. Awaiting their events. 5. Spectators on the lawn. 6. Tug-of-war. 7. Near the end of half-mile handicap. 8. Start for 120yds.

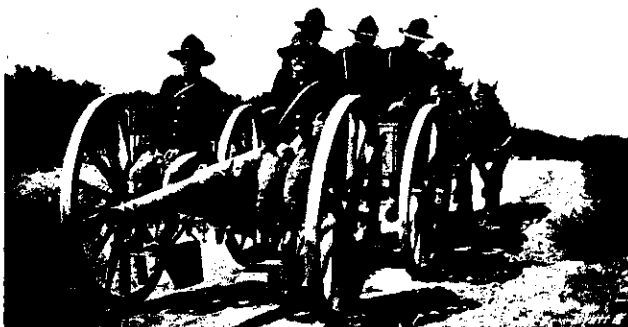
Collegiate School Sports, Wanganui.



THE MAXIM GUN IN ACTION.



WANTED IN A HURRY.



GOING INTO ACTION.



BRINGING UP THE GUNS—TAKEN AT FULL GALLOP.



AFTER THE FRAY—THE SURVIVORS.



READY TO FIRE.



HOMeward BOUND.

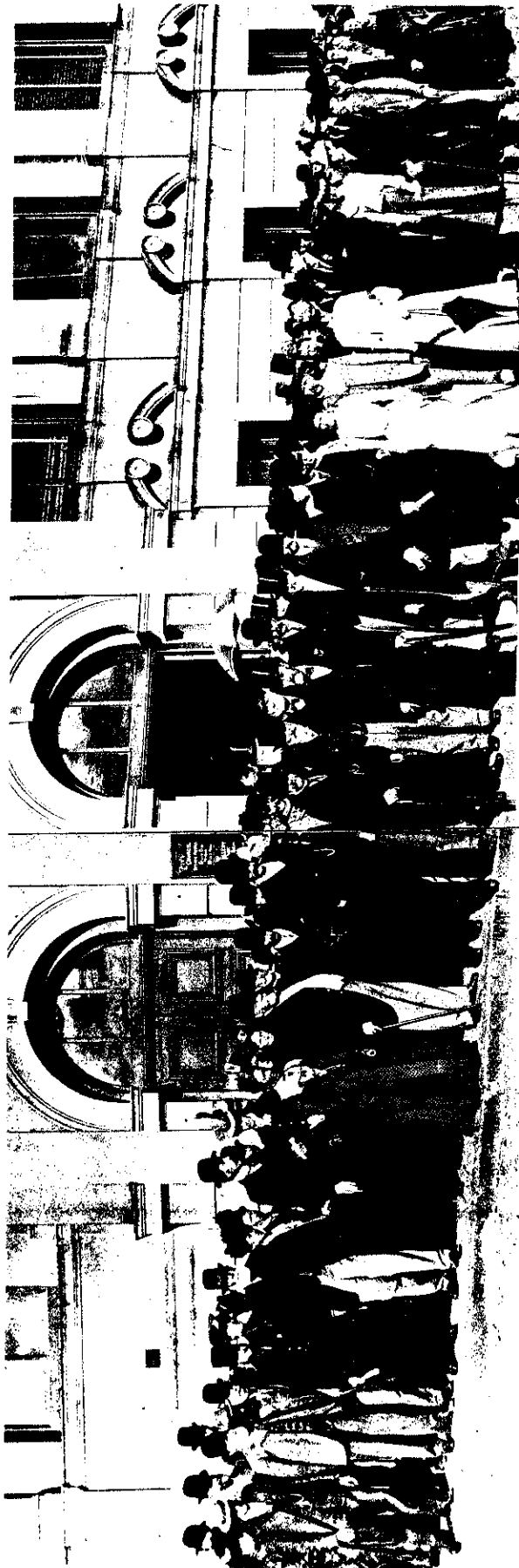


AWAITING THE ATTACK.

Easter Manoeuvres, Castor Oil Bay, Auckland.



A PRACTICAL LESSON IN COOKERY.



GROUP ON THE OPENING DAY.



A COOKERY DEMONSTRATION.

Auckland's New Technical School.



MACHINE CONSTRUCTION AND DRAWING.



THE PLUMBER'S WORKSHOP.

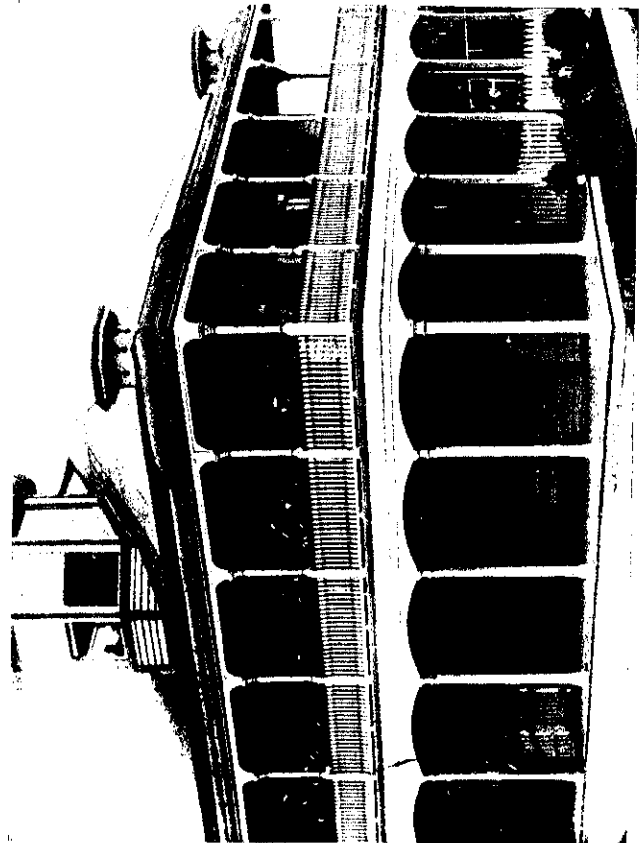


THE CARPENTERS' SHOP.

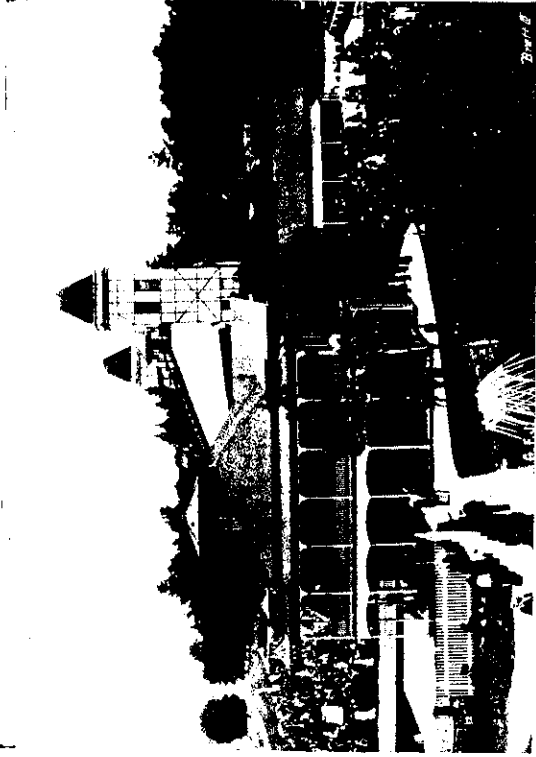
Auckland's New Technical School.



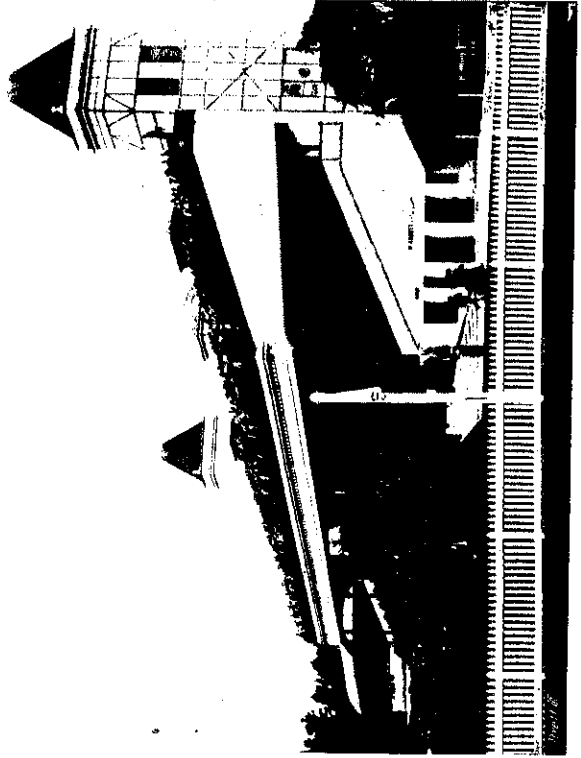
THE LAWN AFTER THE BIG RACE.



THE PRESS AND STEWARDS' STAND.



A GENERAL VIEW.

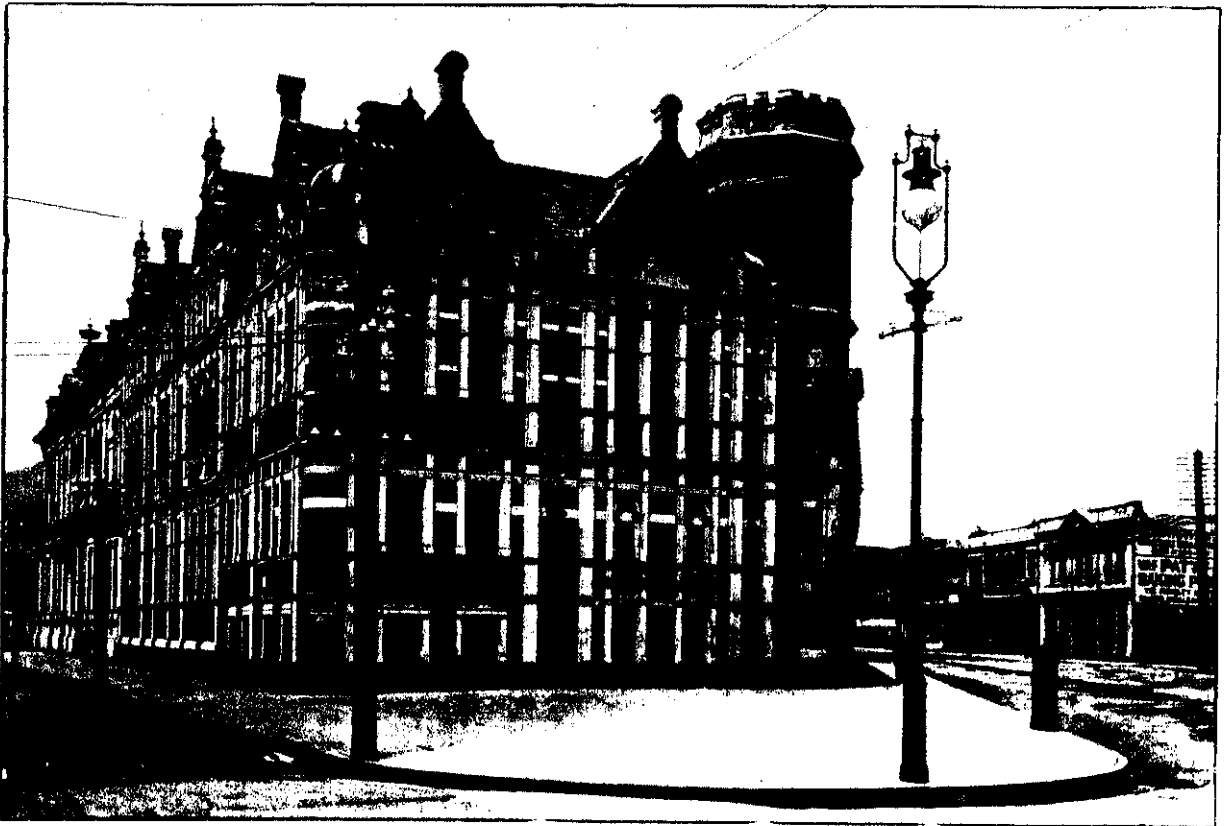


THE GRANDSTAND DURING THE HURDLE RACE.

Racing at Ellerslie, Easter Monday.



TE ARO RAILWAY STATION, WELLINGTON.



Daroux, photo.

PUBLIC LIBRARY AND TECHNICAL SCHOOL, WELLINGTON.

How the Campanile Fell.

The fall of the Campanile must have been an exciting thing to witness. The huge mass crumbing to dust was like a mountain falling. There happened to be many witnesses of the catastrophe, and one of them, a young American girl who was in Venice with her family, has written a letter describing the event. It is printed in the "Century Magazine":—
 Yes, she writes, we are all safe. The tower did not fall on any of us, although I suppose we shall never be much nearer being buried alive than we were this morning.

It came without any warning. We were on our way to Cook's, which is on the side where the crack first appeared. As we came down from the hotel we noticed a small crowd of people watching the tower, and some of the piazza officials had placed a few boards round it to keep people from going up to it. But the crack was so slight that we asked where it was.

We walked to the other side, under the clock tower, and as we stood there bricks began to fall out of the crack, which grew wider every minute.

Some people thought that a corner of the tower might go, but really there was no one there excepting a few tourists and some shopkeepers. We went to Cook's, where we could see if anything did happen.

Cook's men smiled at the Americans who thought that a tower which had seen a thousand years could fall without any warning.

Suddenly, as we stood there, a huge gap appeared from top to bottom, and then the whole thing seemed to groan and tremble, and, with apparently no sound, sank in a heap where it stood. Only the top poised itself a minute in mid-air, tipped, and fell crashing toward St. Mark's. Pieces of the gilt angel were picked up on the church steps, otherwise nothing but a pile of bricks and mortar was to be seen.

We all stood in the doorway, too stunned to move. The people in the square fled panic-stricken in every direction. Instantly what appeared to be a solid wall of plaster and dirt rose from the mass as high as the tower had been, and spread in every direction.

I thought, of course, we should be suffocated, and a rush followed for the back of Cook's office. Every one screamed, "Shut the doors!" The dirt entered like a thick fog, and you could not distinguish your best friend. Fortunately it cleared away in a minute or so, enough to see where we were, and all were safe. Not even one woman fainted where we were, although the Italians were calling on heaven and earth.

The dust was about two inches deep; huge stones lay against Cook's building, and I picked up a piece of one of the bronze bells on the other side of the square.

Venice went wild, of course, and the square was soon crowded by hundreds of mourning people. It was a very sad sight. All shops closed at once, and every one waited.

Accessible to All.

It is no wonder the Emperor of Austria is loved by his people. Here is a pretty and democratic habit, to which Francis Joseph adheres, amid all the changes of fate and fortune: Twice a week he gives audience to any of his subjects who may wish to consult him. Their letters asking for an audience are sent in to the Emperor's private secretary. Inquiries are made as to the truth of their contents, and, if satisfactory, the writer, of whatever rank he may happen to be, is granted an interview with his sovereign alone. Nothing is done more to endear the Emperor to his subjects than these informal audiences, through which countless wrongs have been quickly redressed, troubles smoothed away, assistance rendered, as well as frank, soldierly advice, and more distress relieved than the world will ever hear of. There the patriarchal system shows itself at its kindest; there the sorrow-stricken monarch can for a while forget his griefs in the sympathy they have taught him. Perhaps, too, of all who come to him, and of all the poor whose feet he has washed each Eastertide, there is not one whom in his heart of hearts this hapless, wearied man does not envy.



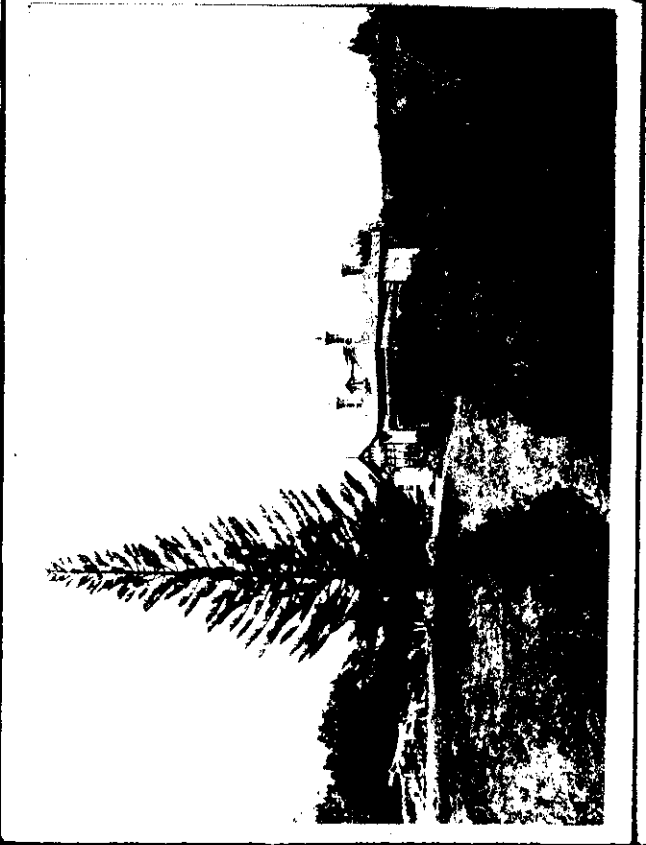
CROP OF RHUBARB, "THE PRIZETAKER," grown by Mr. McPetridge, at Lake Takapuna. Many of the stalks measure 3ft in length, and from 10 to 12 inches in circumference. Some of the leaves measure from 8 to 9ft in circumference.



"WHILE THE BILLY BOILS."



CREEK SCENE, OREWA.



MR. E. L. WRIGHT'S RECENTLY IMPORTED JERSEY CATTLE. 1. Mr. E. L. Wright's homestead, "Ravenhorpe," Drury. 2. "Cherry Countess," "Jessie" and "Fury." 3. "Jessie." 4. "Cherry Countess."

A PICTURESQUE NEW ZEALAND FARM.

A DAILY TREAT FOR EVERY HOUSEHOLD.



Guaranteed Full Weight of Tea.

PROPRIETOR:

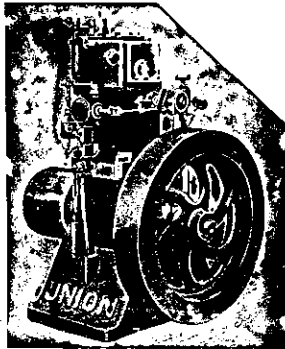
ARTHUR H. NATHAN

AUCKLAND.

AIR-TIGHT LEAD PACKET.

YOU CAN'T EXPECT

Good Work from a Poor Machine, any more than you can from a poor workman.



Union Oil Engines

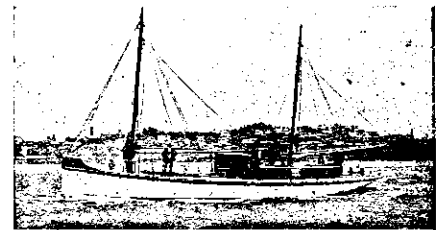
are BEST OF ALL—reliable, economical, cleanly, and magnificently designed. A cheap engine will cost you more for fuel, repairs, annoyance and vexation in six months, than will run our engines for a lifetime.

Under patronage of the New Zealand Government, who employ "Unions" from 95 h.p. to 3½ h.p., both marine and stationary

PRINCIPAL AGENTS—

W. A. RYAN & Co., Ltd.,
ENGINEERS, AUCKLAND.

We have large works and skilled workmen, and we are engineers who know our work—not only machinery importers. Estimates given on all classes of work.



The New Hat Pins

Solid Silver Initials, Steel Pins. Any letter you wish 2s. each. 9-ct. Gold Hat Pins—the latest idea—4s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d.

Pearl Safety Pins

For Fastening Lace; 9-ct. Gold set with Fine Pearls, any initial, 7s. 6d. each.

Ladies' Gold Watches

Keyless, Fine Jewelled Movements, strong 14-ct. Gold Cases. Accurate timekeepers. £12 10s.

A WATCH FOR A LIFETIME.

Smelling Salts Bottles

Cut Glass, not an imitation, cut stoppers, solid silver mounts. 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. to £5.

Glove Button Hooks

Made of Solid Silver, strong and just the size to fit into the purse. Your choice of half-a dozen designs, 1s. 6d. each.



It's not what you pay for a thing, but what you get for what you pay. Pay little for an inferior article, and its cheapness is not economy. You will find quality and good value in every item in this list. Our business is the biggest of its kind in Australasia. Our prices are uniformly the lowest. The reason for the one explains the other.

Our New Catalogue will interest you. Post Free to any address.

Pie Servers

Form a useful and uncommon Wedding Present. We have two Patterns. One is a Shell Design, very pretty. Price: Two Pieces in Silk Velvet lined case, 32s. 6d.

Gold Hearts

We have dozens of new and pretty designs to select from. Plain and engraved, set with Pearls, Turquoises, 5s 6d., 7s 6d., 8s. 6d. Amethyst Hearts mounted 9 ct. Gold, 15s. 6d., 17s. 6d., 22s. 6d.

Gold Curb Bangles

Without a doubt the most satisfactory Bangle made. Always looks well, and stands more usage than the ordinary stiff Bangle. Ours have Gold Padlocks and Safety Chains 9 ct. Gold, 30s., 40s., 50s., 70s. 15-ct. Gold 63s., 70s., 90s. to £6 6s.

Spectacle Cases

Chatelaine Spectacle Cases for hanging at the waist. No searching all over the house to find your Specs if you buy one of these. Finest quality Silver Plate, 9s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d. Solid Silver mounted Leather Ones, 14s. 6d., 15s. 6d., 21s., 25s.

Greenstone Pendants

Real New Zealand Greenstone, mounted with 9-ct. Gold, 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d.

Gold Muff Chains

There is a dressy gracefulness about these long chains which is likely to keep them fashionable for years. 9-ct. Gold, 50s., 55s., 60s., 80s.; 15-ct. Gold, £5, £6, £7 10s., £8 10s.

Diamond Rings

Every Lady likes to possess one or more Diamond Rings, and nowhere can she buy them to better advantage than here. Our £5 5s. Half Hoop is a beauty. We can show them to you at £8 10s., £12 10s., £18 10s. to £110.

Pearl Brooches

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

Hairpin Boxes

Nothing causes so much worry as not to be able to put your hand on Hairpins when they are wanted. Our Hairpin Boxes save that. Cut Glass Silver Tops, 4s. 6d., 5s., 13s. 6d.

DISTRESSING HEADACHES
 arising from biliousness, liver troubles, and disordered stomach are easily and pleasantly dispelled by using the genuine and original California Syrup of Figs. Whilst acting soothingly and gently upon the liver, kidneys, and bowels.

CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS
 NATURE'S PLEASANT LAXATIVE,
 is at the same time so agreeable to the palate that children enjoy it and take it with permanent beneficial effects. It is an ideal family medicine. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Co. Each package of the genuine bears their name and trade mark. Of Chemists everywhere, is. 1/4d. and 1s. 0d.

ALL SUFFERERS SHOULD WRITE TO HERR RASSMUSSEN,
 The World-Famed Danish Herbalist,
 Discoverer and Proprietor of the **Alifaine Herbal Remedies** which are not known to have failed in a single case when given a fair trial. Special Remedies for each Complaint. STRICTLY PRIVATE ASSURED. Remedies Posted in Plain Cover. Write at once for Free Book and Advice.

Herr Rasmussen,
 91, Lambton Quay, WELLINGTON.

Free to the Ruptured

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

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



MR. ROBERT COOPER.

offer. An elderly and retired Gentleman, Mr. Robert Cooper, Little Hamstead, Norwich, Eng., is one of the hundreds attracted to this generous announcement, and as a result he is now completely cured of his bad rupture. Although 50 years of age he had the courage and determination to try this new and novel method, and now he lives in peace, contentment and security. Mr. Cooper looks back to the old days of crabs, melons, and in comparison praiseth the wonderful method of Dr. Rice as a marvelous God-send to the present generation. By all means write at once to Dr. W. S. Rice (Dept. 116) 6 and 7, Smeaton Street, London, Eng., and he will send you a free trial of his remarkable home cure for rupture. There is no pain, danger, operation or loss of time; by starting now you will be sound and well by early spring.

REPLENTLESS FOES.

RHEUMATISM and Sciatica are ruthless, relentless foes, and revel in the writhings of their victims. The torment and torture of uric acid poisoning is known only to those who suffer. "But why suffer?" "Rheumo Conquers Rheumatism." Rheumo strikes at the root of the ailment, and strikes quickly. Rheumo kills the pain, removes all swelling, and eliminates the uric acid and phosphatic sediments. There is nothing to compare with Rheumo for prompt results and permanent benefit. Rheumo is pleasant to take, and is free from all harmful ingredients. Stocked in Auckland by H. King, Chemist, Queen-st.; J. M. Jefferson, Chemist, Queen-st. and Upper Synmoad-st.; J. W. Robinson, Chemist, Parnell; Graves Aickin, Chemist, Queen-st.; and sold by all Chemists and stores at 2/6 and 4/6 per bottle.

Clark's World-Famed Blood Mixture.—The most searching Blood Cleanser that science and medical skill have brought to light. Sufferers from Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Itch, Lores, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of any kind are entitled to have it as a trial to test its value. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. Hotdies 2s 6d each, sold everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

Personal Paragraphs.

Mr Tregear, Secretary to the Labour Department, is in Auckland.

Miss Hamlin, of Napier, has been staying in Woodville and the Wairarapa.

Mr Ewan O'Keefe has been spending the holidays at Rotorua.

Dr. McGavin has taken up his residence in Ormondville, Hawke's Bay.

Mrs Fowlicke, of Hawke's Bay, is still in Auckland.

Mrs. Rankin Brown (Wellington) is shortly going on a trip home.

Miss Hulse (Wellington) is visiting Mrs Redman (Picton) for a week or so.

Mrs Marriott Watson (Ashburton) has been visiting Wellington.

Mr George Norbury (Wellington) is on a visit to England via Sydney.

The Hon. J. A. Tole arrived from the South by the Takapuna on Saturday.

Dr. and Mrs Moir were passengers for New Plymouth by the Takapuna on Saturday.

Miss Goodall (Kaikoura) has arrived in Picton to stay for a time with her grandmother, Mrs Dumeau.

Mr Thos. Wells has consented to nomination for the position of Mayor of Cambridge.

Dr. John Munro, some time surgeon at the Tamaru Hospital, died at his home in Thurso, Scotland, in February last.

Mr W. Whitelaw, of Dannevirke, left Auckland after a short visit for South by the Takapuna.

Mr. A. R. Young, Government veterinary surgeon, has been stationed at Tamaki, in succession to Mr. Edgar.

Mr John Manchester, Mayor of Waimate, will stand for re-election to office for next term.

Canon D. J. Garland, formerly of Perth, has been appointed Archdeacon of Townsville (Q.).

Viscount Boringdon, who has been "doing" the Hot Lakes, proceeded to Fiji by the Moura.

Miss Lily McCray is shortly going for a stay of six months to Vancouver, where her family reside.

Mr and Mrs George Rhodes (Meadowbank) are staying at Elnwood, Papanui, for a few weeks.

Mrs and Miss Cholmondeley (Christchurch) are spending a short time at Governor's Bay.

Mr and Mrs Alex. Aitken and Miss L. McCray spent a few days at Rotorua during the Easter holidays.

Mr T. Y. Wardrop has returned to Christchurch, via Australia, after a six months' trip to England.

Mrs. Thompson, of Fiji, is on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Clapcott, Ponsonby, Auckland.

Miss Dorothy Loughnan (Opawa) has gone on a visit to relations in Wellington.

Mr McDuff Boyd, formerly of Wellington, has been elected conductor of the Hastings Orchestral Society.

Mrs Harding (Wellington) has lately moved into her new house in Hobson-street.

Mrs McEae (Rangitikei) is staying in Wellington with her daughter, Mrs Bob Levin.

The wedding of Mr Murdoch Anderson and Miss Nettie Scott took place at Cambridge last week.

Rev. McWilliams and Miss McWilliams, of Otaki, are visiting Auckland and Rotorua.

Mrs. Parsons, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Paton, of New Plymouth, has returned to her home in Ponsonby.

Dr. and Mrs. McDowell, who have been visiting New Plymouth, have returned to Auckland.

Mrs Gates and Miss Ethel Contes (Hamilton), who have been on a visit to Australia, returned by the Zealandia.

The Rev. Robertshawe, who was to have left Dannevirke last week on a three months' holiday, was unfortunately prevented by an attack of influenza.

Mr Millington has returned from an enjoyable trip to the Old Country, and is staying in Picton with his daughter, Mrs E. Kempy.

Mr A. E. Ridley, the well-known Christchurch cricketer, is about to visit London to seek medical advice, as he has been in ill-health for some months.

Mr and Mrs Howard (Blenheim) were in Picton for Easter with Mrs Speal, also Mr and Mrs John Dumeau, "The Grove," Queen Charlotte Sound.

Mr and Mrs Muir Douglas are staying for a few months at Devonport. Their son, Mr W. Douglas, has just left for Hawke's Bay.

Messrs. Edward Tregear, John Young and Thomas Mason have been re-appointed governors of the New Zealand Institute by proclamation in the "Gazette."

The Hon. C. J. Moran, of West Australia, accompanied the Premier on part of his tour of the South. He is now in Christchurch.

Mr H. C. Seymour and Misses E. and J. Seymour (Tyntesfield) were in Picton for Easter, staying with Mrs Riddell.

Mrs Gilruth and her children, Miss Dora Heywood, Mrs and Miss Ethel Miles, of Wellington, were among the Ionic's passengers.

Mr. P. Hislop, private secretary to Sir Joseph Ward, is lying seriously ill at Invercargill. At latest advices he was recovering slowly.

Mr and Mrs Kettle and Miss Kettle (Napier) have been staying in Wellington. Miss Kettle is leaving shortly on a visit to England.

Amongst recent marriages at Dannevirke were those of Mr. J. Neagle to Miss Winifred Dickerson, of Auckland, and Mr. J. H. Woods to Miss A. Wells, of the Thames.

Writing of the death of Mr. Alfred Boardman, which occurred in Auckland a few days ago, the "Post" says: "The deceased was one of the smartest underwriters in the colony."

Sir Edward and Lady Osborne-Gilbes, of Wellington, were passengers to Auckland by the Ngapuhi on Saturday. Mrs. and Miss Moss Davis also returned to Auckland by the same boat.

Mrs H. Horton accompanied Mr and Mrs Jamison (her sister) to Rotorua, last week, where they made a stay of a few days, having a very pleasant visit.

Mr Arthur Heather and Miss Beatrice Heather met with some bad weather on their trip home. Miss Heather may be absent from Auckland for two years.

Mr Norman Banks is going to be Master of the Waikato Rounds this season, Mr Wynn Brown acting as Deputy-Master and Mr Cam Selby as Huntsman.

Mr Alister Clark, of Melbourne, and Mr A. Hanna, of Auckland, are each going to present for competition a trophy of the value of £5 to the Auckland Golf Club.

Mr H. L. Brett, Lake Takapuna, who has been on an extended visit to Mrs Violet Wood and Mrs P. Wood, at Christchurch, returned to Auckland by the Marara last Sunday.

Mrs Banford, of Remuera, and son, are at present staying in Cambridge, for the latter's health. Mr Banford is having his holidays, and will spend part of the time with them in the Waiuku.

Mr and Mrs T. Cowlishaw and Mr and Mrs W. Cowlishaw (Christchurch) left for the North by the Westralia last week, and after Wellington will visit Nelson and Blenheim.

Mr Lumsden, a Toronto (Canada) journalist, is making a visit to the colony, and is studying our constitution, arbitration and agricultural laws meanwhile.

Lord Alfred Milner, Governor of Orange River and Transvaal, and High Commissioner in South Africa, will spend August and September in England.

Dr. Pomare is attending a meeting of the leading chiefs at Rotorua, to discuss the best ways of improving the working

of the Maori Councils and Maori Land and Administration Acts.

Misses N. Jenkins, G. Rose, J. Tamlyn and Marion Wilson (Wellington) are to be congratulated on having obtained the M.A. degree at the recent New Zealand University examinations.

One of the officers of the Chilean warship recently in port rejoices in the thoroughly Irish name of Percy O'Reilly, but he is Chilean born and bred. He has Irish ancestry, however.

The first lieutenant, doctor and six midshipmen from the Chilean warship General Baquedano paid a brief visit to Rotorua while the ship was in Auckland.

Mr S. R. Neale, one of the Elingamite sufferers, was a passenger for Sydney last week by the Westralia. He has been ordered to take a rest by his medical adviser.

Miss Rigg and her sister, who have just severed their connection with the choir of St. Joseph's R.C. Church, Wellington, were each presented with a gold and jewelled cross, and a gold bucket.

Recent callers at the Tourist Department include Messrs J. B. Beale, Palmerston North, B. W. White, Wellington, R. E. Green, Christchurch, N. Nathan, Melbourne, Rev. H. Sateward, Fiji.

Mr J. R. Blair, of the Wellington Education Board, has reconsidered his intention of resigning, and will continue to act until his term of membership expires.

Mr Justice Cooper arrived in Auckland by the Takapuna on Saturday, and the same boat also returned Surgeon-Captain King, who has been at Wellington at a meeting of the Imperial Pensions Board.

Mr G. L. Shaw, who has been attached to the press of the colony for some years, and latterly was occasionally on the staff of the "Otago Daily Times," died on Saturday at the Dunedin Hospital, death being caused by pneumonia.

The Revs. R. O. Cook, jun., and Cyril Davin (son of the president of the New South Wales Methodist Conference) have joined the staff of Methodist missionaries in Fiji.

Dr. Chadwick, a recent arrival from England, has bought the practice of Dr. Murray-Aynsley at Eketahuna, the latter having decided to re-visit the Old Country.

Mrs Brown (Wellington) is leaving shortly on a visit to her relations in England. During her absence Professor Brown is going into lodgings, having let the house to Mr and Mrs Arthur Buchanan.

Lieutenant P. H. Mohr, conductor of the Southland Battalion Band, was offered the conductorship of both the Palmerston North and Tamaru Brass Bands. He was formerly conductor of the latter band.

The members of the Gisborne post and telegraph staff presented a handsome book and pencil case to Mr A. J. Robb, who is being transferred to Puerua. Mr Dale, acting-chief postmaster, made the presentation.

Mr G. T. Robinson, second engineer of the Takapuna, has been presented by the officers with a silver-mounted oak salad bowl on the occasion of his marriage. Mr. H. Swan, of the Omarepe, is relieving Mr. Robinson, who is ashore on holiday leave.

The Countess of Ranfurly, the Ladies Constance and Ellen Knox and suite spent a week in Wellington on their way from Tamaru to Auckland, where they will reside until the session begins in June.

The well-known temperance lecturer, Miss Florence Balgarnie, has been in Wellington, staying with the Chief Justice and Lady Stout. Miss Balgarnie, who is enthusiastic in her praises of New Zealand scenery, is on her way to Japan, via Australia, and thence to England.

Mr F. H. Irwin has resigned the position of secretary to the Dunedin Stock Exchange, and intends to settle in Wellington. Before he left Dunedin the members of the Exchange presented him

HOW TO CURE AILMENTS OF CATTLE AND SHEEP.

• Eminent Veterinary Surgeons and Stock Breeders (see book on bottle) strongly recommend Condy's Fluid as a Certain Cure for Hoove, Rinderpest, Foul in the Foot, Wounds in Cattle, and Scab, Foot Rot, Fly in Sheep. Condy's Fluid is sold everywhere by all Chemists and Stores. All substitutes are inferior. Insist on having "Condy's Fluid."

with a case of pipes and a silver match-box.

Mr J. B. Heywood, secretary to the Treasury, has been in bad health for some time past, and has gone to Rotorua for a month's respite from officialdom. Meanwhile Colonel Collins, assistant secretary of the Department, will act in his stead.

The Rev. F. W. Boreham, who shortly leaves on a trip home, was presented by the scholars of the Mosgiel (Otago) Baptist Church Sunday-school with a Mosgiel rug, and by the Young Men's Bible Class with a carrying strap with which to convey the rug.

Among the visitors at Summer for the Easter holidays were Mr and Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, Mrs and Miss Gebbie (Gebbie's Valley), Mrs (Dr.) Jennings, Mr and Mrs T. Garrard, Mr and Mrs J. H. Mariner, Mr and Mrs Dutton, and Mr and Mrs Hirschberg.

The Rev. W. C. Oliver (Wellington) has just returned from a deer-stalking expedition in the country surrounding Lake Hawera, where he succeeded in securing four heads. Mr Oliver was accompanied by Mr E. Harcastle, of Christchurch.

Mr. R. D. Webster (son of Mr. M. M. Webster, of Nelson) and Mr. W. Stanford (son of Mr. W. L. Stanford, S.M.) have been transferred from Hongkong to the Eastern Extension Company's station at Cores Island. Both were trained at Cable Bay.

Mr. T. M. Wilford, M.H.R., has consulted Dr. Bullin, a celebrated London specialist, and has been positively assured that he is suffering, not from cancer, as was feared, but from a papillomatous growth on his tongue, which can be absolutely cured in a few months.

Mrs Goring, wife of Colonel Goring, of Whangarei, was a passenger by the Mararoa for Sydney, where she will be the guest of the Governor-General (Lord Tennyson). She is accompanied by Mr Michael Tennyson, who is a relative of the Governor-General.

Mrs Birch, widow of the late Rev W. L. Birch, D.D., who occupied the pulpit of the Auckland Tabernacle for some time, recently returned to England by the Gothic. Before her departure from Christchurch a social was tendered to Mrs Birch.

Mr P. Goyen, chief inspector of schools for the Otago province, is at present in Auckland inquiring into our technical education. On Monday Mr Goyen, accompanied by Messrs E. K. Mulgan and E. C. Purdie, inspectors of schools, inspected the principal school buildings of the city and the new Onchunga school.

Miss Maggie Gordon, M.A., of Marton, and Miss M. Sinclair, of Kaitangata, have been accepted for work in the Canton mission field. They are now at Dunedin, and will probably leave for Canton in September. The Foreign Missions Committee of the Presbyterian Church of New Zealand has authorised Mr. McNeur to purchase a mission site at Canton up to £500 in cost.

Recent Australian visitors to Wellington include: Frank H. Turton, C. W. Walker (Sydney), Mrs. H. Gibbs, Mrs. H. Davies (Melbourne), R. and W. Bills (Melbourne), Allan Baxter (Melbourne), Misses Powell, Morton, Bruce, Strang, D. and E. Halse (St. Vincent's College, Sydney).

The Rev. H. H. Rogot, who has been in charge of the Coronandel Methodist Church for the past year, is leaving the charge in order to pursue a course of study, covering two years. Last Sunday week the town band turned out as a mark of their esteem for him. The Rev. Mr Perry succeeds him at Coronandel.

The Rev. T. Eykyn was presented with a book of New Zealand views by the members of the Devonport Holy Trinity Sunday-school. The volume contained the signatures of every Sunday-school teacher, and in making the presentation their spokesman expressed the liveliest appreciation of Mr. Eykyn's good work.

Mr Kinsella, Government Dairy Commissioner, has definitely accepted the offer made him by the Trustees authorities. The question of his success or is now under consideration by the Government, who, it is thought, will likely fill the vacancy with an expert outside New Zealand.

Mr and Mrs Marcus Wm. Oldham, of Victoria, left Auckland on Monday by the s.s. Mararoa. Mr Oldham is a member of the Victorian Fisheries Board, and honorarp Inspector of Fisheries for

Victoria. During his stay in Auckland he interviewed Mr Rose, who is in charge of fisheries here, and expressed himself highly pleased with the New Zealand fisheries regulations.

Bishop Nevill has received a letter from Archdeacon Robinson, written from off Fremantle, stating that he and Mrs Robinson had both been very unwell in Sydney, but now that they were out at sea they were much better. The death of their daughter (Mrs Kempthorne) affected the Archdeacon and his wife so much that they had to take a holiday at once.

Mr J. Harrison, Reuter's agent at Wellington, has left on a nine months' holiday trip to England, where he will join Mrs Harrison, who has been there for nearly a year. Mr George E. Baker, of the London and Australian staffs of Reuter's, will take his place meanwhile. Mr and Mrs Harrison will probably be back in Wellington by next Christmas.

Among the passengers by the outward Tribou steamer was Mr J. P. Hallahan, manager of the Robinson Gold Mines, Kaeoana, Westralia. He is on his way to England on a business visit, and will be away about four months. He has been paying his friends in the South a short visit, and after his visit will return via Africa to the Western State.

Mr F. D. Luckie and Miss Luckie, of Hastings, are leaving there for a nine months' trip to England, and travel by the "Tongariro, which leaves Wellington on the 23rd inst. Mr C. L. Mack re-ay has purchased Mr Luckie's property at Hastings. It is hoped that the latter will return from England much benefited in health by the change.

Mdlle. Antonia Dolores was, as usual, the guest of Mr and Mrs. Prouas, "Cricklewood," during her stay in Wellington. The gifted singer, who is a great favourite in private life as well as on the concert platform, celebrated a birthday while in Wellington, and was the recipient of many beautiful presents and hosts of congratulations.

The Rev. Harry Braddock has finished his missionary work in Blenheim and surrounding district for the present and opened on April 4th in Picton. He thinks of settling down in Picton for a time, as that would be a central position for his work, which will keep him some time in New Zealand. His family are at present in Melbourne.

The Rev. E. M. Cowie, of St. Mark's, Te Aroha, has just handed over to the Auckland Institute 48 volumes, many of them standard works on the history of India. These were the property of the late Primate, who, on his deathbed, expressed the wish that they should be handed over to the library of the Auckland Institute.

Mr Felix McGuire, who has not as yet quite recovered from an attack of pleurisy, which he suffered from during last session, which was not improved by attending to the House while ill in order to secure the passage of the Hawera Hospital and other bills, has, under medical advice, taken a trip to Rotorua for a few weeks.

Mr Charles G. Henty, a son of the late novelist, G. A. Henty, is paying a visit to the colony, in the hope of recovering his health, which a long course of South African service has affected seriously. He was, it will perhaps be remembered, mentioned twice in despatches for valorous conduct in command of a volunteer troop.

Messrs B. W. Black and G. A. Keys, of the Dunedin telegraph staff, have resigned their positions to accept more lucrative employment in the Pacific Cable Company's service. Both are first-class operators, and will be missed from the Dunedin staff. Before leaving, the opportunity was taken to present them with suitable tokens of the esteem in which they were held.

Mr Richard Hudson, senior, the well-known miller of Dunedin, whose death was recently telegraphed, was locally much respected. In the latter end of last year the firm of which he was the head sustained a heavy loss by a huge fire, which consumed the whole biscuit factory. The flour mill was untouched, but the loss was so severe that it probably affected his health and hastened his end.

Miss Atholberta Edwards (Wellington) has succeeded in passing the second section of her examination for Master of Laws. Misses Alice Griffiths, Zoe Poynter, Mary Hales, Maud Rigg, Isabel Robertson, Mabel Beager, Fanny Smith and Frances Walter have passed the first

section of the B.A. degree, and Misses Eva Lynch, Elizabeth Toonan and Bessie Whyte were successful in passing the second section.

Mr Perry, Assistant Librarian at the Wellington Free Public Library, has just been appointed to the charge of the Newtown Library, his place being taken by Mr Bullie. Mr Baggett is in charge of the Lending Library, with the assistance of Mr Langford. Mr Perry was formerly connected with the old Athenaeum Library, which was closed ten years ago. Since then he has been on the staff of the Wellington Public Library from its opening.

The many friends of Mr Jonathan Winks will regret to learn that he is at present confined to his house. For some time past Mr Winks has been suffering from a cataract in his eyes. The trouble reached such an acute stage on Saturday week that Mr Winks' medical adviser decided to perform an operation. This has since been done, and there is every reason to believe will prove successful, but in the meantime Mr Winks will be a prisoner indoors for about three weeks.

Mr Morris Fox, who is leaving Wellington on a holiday trip to England via America, is actuary to the Government Life Insurance Department, and while in New York he will represent the New Zealand Government at the International Congress of Actuaries held in that city. Mr. Fox is vice-president of the New Zealand Insurance Institute, and is a very well-known figure in literary, musical and dramatic circles in Wellington. Mrs. Morris Fox accompanies her husband on his tour.

The retirement of Miss Whitelaw from the position of reader to the Jobbing Department of the "Star" and "Graphic," due to a breakdown in her health, which her many friends will deeply deplore, was made the occasion of a very pleasing ceremony. Miss Whitelaw was the recipient from her co-workers, and those with whom her position in the establishment brought her in contact, of a presentation in evidence of goodwill and regret at parting. The mementoes which Miss Whitelaw received of the years in the offices are a handsome green morocco dressing case, and glove box to match.

The following is the Grand Hotel visitors' list for the past week:—From London—Mr F. Vert, Mr R. Boyle, Mr D. H. Wood, Mr T. Whitehead, Mr W. B. Chamberlain, Miss Chamberlain, Mr A. Karaviebel, Mr and Mrs Courage, Mr Weiner. From Lancaster (England)—Mr and Mrs LeMoore and child. From Edinburgh (Scotland)—Mr and Mrs Jas. R. Barrtram. From Bridge-of-Allan (Scotland)—Dr. Haldane, Miss Haldane. From Glasgow—Miss Walker. From Belfast (Ireland)—Mr and Mrs E. Robinson, Master S. G. Robinson. From France—Mdlle. Antonia Dolores, Mdlle. Zeele Vandour. From Stockholm—Mr W. Boker. From Ceylon—Mr J. Russell. From South Africa—Mr Harry Beyers. From Fiji—Mr and Mrs R. M. Booth, maid and family, Mrs Leslie Brown. From Los Angeles, California—Dr. Vera Muller. From New York—Dr. and Mrs L. Warren, Mr and Mrs R. Morse, Mr J. R. Hartpence. From Perth—Mr R. Cecil Clifton, Dr. and Mrs Kenny. From Melbourne—Mr Francis Stringer, Mrs and Miss Tucker. From Sydney—Mr W. M. Macfarlane, Miss M. A. Terry, Miss M. C. Terry. From Newstead (N.S.W.)—Mr and Mrs Duncan Anderson. From Dunedin—Miss J. Shand, Miss M. Shand, Mr J. Nevin Tait, Mr Clarence Newell. From Christchurch—Mr Cecil Perry, Mr F. J. Brothers. From Wellington—Mr Justice Cooper, Miss Cooper, Mr and Mrs Haselden, Mr R. F. Blair, Mr and Mrs T. G. McCarthy, Miss Fitzsimmons, Mr W. A. Fitzherbert, Misses Fitzherbert, Mr G. Zedlito, Mr H. J. Christopher. From Waikato—Capt. and Mrs Worsp, Miss Worsp, Miss Blanche Worsp, Mr Motvite. From Gisborne—Miss A. Barker, Miss B. A. Barker, Miss L. Barker, Miss F. V. Barker, Mr H. W. Barker, Mr Phillip E. Kenway. From Napier—Mr Thos. J. Stuart, Mr J. W. Dobbie. From Thames—Dr. Lapaik. From Karangahake—Mr D. C. Thompson.

There was a very large number of visitors at the Star Hotel last week, among whom were: From Sydney, Miss Hurley, Miss Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Esdaile and family, F. L. Atkinson, Mr. Arnot, Mr. and Mrs. Parkins, Mr. and Mrs. F. Castuer, Mr. L. E. Castuer, Miss L. Scott,

Miss E. Scott, Mr. Alexander Sharp, Miss Amy Sharp, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Miss Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Richardson, J. L. Adamson, Martin Hewes, Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Miss Fox, Miss A. Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson; from Melbourne, Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson, H. Blair, N. Numbie, E. Goodhrie, L. Kettlewell, C. Marsh, Mr. and Mrs. P. Hunter, Miss Bates, R. L. Bennet, Mr. and Mrs. Birch; from Wellington, W. Honey, George Gore, A. A. Bethune, Mr. Black, Mr. Rothschild, Mr. and Mrs. H. Craike, Mr. Neilson, Mr. and Mrs. Hinder, Master Hinder and nurse, J. L. Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. P. Kelly, Miss Martin; from Western Australia, Mr. and Mrs. G. Barrend Leanard; from Adelaide, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur, Miss Murphy; from Brisbane, Mr. and Mrs. Evans, Miss S. Evans; from Dunedin, Mrs. Beston, Mr. Goy, Mr. Shepherd, Mr. and Mrs. Bailie, Miss J. Bailie, Mr. and Mrs. Tanner, J. S. Stewart; from New Plymouth, M. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Champion, Mr. and Mrs. L. Jones; from Whangarei, Mr. and Mrs. Murdoch, Mr. and Mrs. Hastie, Miss McPhail; from Hawera, Mr. and Mrs. D. Sullivan; from Christchurch, Mr. E. Scott, L. Scott, junr., Mr. and Mrs. Davison, Miss Lena Davison, Miss Parker, Mr. Blakey; from London, Mr. and Mrs. Mack Jost, Mr. and Mrs. Lambie, Miss Collard, Hon. E. Walker, Harry E. Bradley, Miss Elsie Bradley; from Edinburgh, L. E. McKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. McCaus; from Dublin, Arthur I. Inglis, Rev. H. Hannigan; from Colombo, Frank E. Reynolds; from Manila, Mr. and Mrs. L. Royle, J. F. Ronnie; from Naples, Mr. and Mrs. Warren, L. Williams, Miss Paterson; from Leven, Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, Miss McDonald; from United States, J. R. Mott, E. J. Withycombe, E. C. Jenkins, R. Turner, John L. Brown, Miss Ada Brown, Mrs. W. E. Dyer; from Hamburg, F. Grusser, Eric Brand, Dr. Schwarzbach, Henri Schultz; from Canada, Mr. and Mrs. James Farran, Lewis Dalston, Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Miss Tibbs.

HYDATIDS.

Vitadatio

AGAIN VICTORIOUS.

Neston Cottage, Verdon-st.,

Williamstown, 29.4.02

MR S. A. PALMER.

Dear Sir,—

I have very great pleasure in testifying to the value of VITADATIO as a cure for Hydatids. I was taken very ill towards the end of 1899, and found it necessary to call in a doctor. He, after carefully examining me, stated that I had Hydatids, gave me medicines to take which did me no good, and at last I was informed that I would have to undergo an operation before I could be cured. This I was determined not to do, and decided to immediately commence a course of VITADATIO. I commenced it in January, 1900, and I was then in a very weak and low state, and it was I am pleased to say that after taking it "regularly" for three months I was completely cured. I have not taken any VITADATIO or other medicine since April of the same year. I hope that others, by reading this testimonial, may profit by it, and I would say to those who take it, that after taking eight bottles I felt much worse than I had done for some time and was advised to discontinue its use and again call in a doctor, but I am thankful that I continued with the VITADATIO, and found after the eighth bottle, each one I took made me feel much better, until at last I was completely cured. You may make use of this letter if you wish.

Yours truly,

CATHARINE F. SMITH.

Witness—

WM. D. MORGAN, 132, Osborne-st., Williamstown

CHAS. G. CARTER, Speight-st., Newport A. OSMOND, 18, Nelson Rd., Newport

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ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lily Harper, only daughter of Mr George Harper (Christchurch) and Dr. Loughnan, of Victoria.

The engagement is announced of Miss Thorpe, youngest daughter of the Vicar of Sumner, and Mr Brown, electrical engineer, of Christchurch.

Mr H. E. Vaile's marriage to Miss Ethel Mahon takes place at St. Mark's Church, Remuera, next Wednesday at three o'clock.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

SKEATES—CUNNINGHAM.

A quiet but pretty wedding was celebrated on Easter Monday, when Miss Eilda Cunningham was married to Mr Philip J. Skeates. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. R. Ferguson, in the Presbyterian Church, Devonport, which had been prettily decorated for the occasion by the girl friends of the bride. The service was attended by a large number of people.

The bride, who was given away by her step-father, was tastefully attired in a handsome dress of white flowered silk, richly trimmed with lace and orange blossoms; the bodice had a transparent yoke, long sleeves, transparent from the elbow. The skirt was trained and finished with numerous flounces and insertion. The toilette was completed with a wreath of orange blossom and handsome veil and beautiful shower bouquet, the gift of the bridegroom. The bride was attended by four bridesmaids, the Misses Ivy and Edith Cunningham (sisters of the bride) and two little dots, Ethel and Dorothy Skeates (nieces of the bridegroom); the former wore very pretty dresses of cream crepe with silk spots, trimmed with silk lace, large black chiffon hats and pink roses. Each carried a bouquet. The two little ones were attired in white muslin, with insertion and yellow slips, white silk hats and yellow ribbon, and carried baskets of yellow and white flowers. The bridegroom was attended by Mr Edward Skeates (best man) and Mr Reginald Cunningham (groomsman).

After the ceremony the guests drove to the residence of the bride's parents, "Opawa," Calliope-road, where afternoon tea was served. Mrs Cunningham (mother of the bride) was gowned in a handsome black silk dress, black velvet hat and roses; Mrs Skeates (mother of the bridegroom), magnificent black silk dress, black bonnet, relieved with pink; Mrs Ernest Skeates, pretty white silk blouse, black skirt, black hat; Mrs Frank Wall, black Russian cloth, silk strapping, black velvet hat, black and white wings; Mrs Fred Cunningham (Wanganui), blue spot sebeline tailor-made costume, blue velvet hat, birds and lace; Mrs L. Cunningham, black voile skirt, blue silk blouse, trimmed with ecru insertion, large black hat with feathers and pink roses; Mrs Rothwell, grey costume and hat to match; Mrs E.

Brookes, cream tuckered dress, black hat, relieved with white ured; Miss Bailey, black dress with handsome collarette; Miss Robertson, black voile; Miss E. Alexander, black dress, black hat; Miss Wright, tussore silk blouse, blue skirt, black hat; Miss Vera Cunningham, cream corduroy, trimmed with Maltese lace, cream silk hat; Miss Kathleen McKinley, cream silk with accordion-pleated hat.

The happy couple left for Kawau, where the honeymoon is to be spent, the bride's travelling dress being of a lovely shade of violet cloth with folds and Russian coat, black chiffon hat and feathers. Some very handsome presents were received.

On the previous Wednesday a social was held in the Foresters' Hall, Devonport, when Mrs Cunningham entertained a few friends in honour of the approaching wedding. Dancing and music were indulged in, and vocal items were rendered by Mrs Lees and Cunningham, Miss Robertson, and Messrs Lees, Skeates (2), and Smith. The dance music was supplied by Misses Bell, Cunningham and Gribbin and Mr Cunningham. About 60 guests were present, and all spent a pleasant evening.

TURLEY—WALKER.

A pretty wedding was celebrated last week in the Methodist Church, Tuakau, the bride being Miss Blanche E. Walker, daughter of an old Tuakau resident, and the bridegroom Mr Walter George Turley, second son of Mr S. Turley, Tuakau. The bride, tastefully attired in white silk, trimmed with Parisian lace, was given away by her father. She carried a beautiful shower bouquet. The bridesmaids, Miss Mabel Walker (sister of the bride) and Miss Louise Turley (sister of the bridegroom), wore handsome white silk dresses with black velvet picture hats. They carried bouquets and wore gold brooches, the gift of the bridegroom. Mr Alfred Walker, brother of the bride, acted as best man, and Mr Thomas Turley as groomsman. After the ceremony, at which the Rev. C. Penney officiated, a reception was held at the residence of the bride's father, and during the afternoon the happy couple left for Rotorua. There were a number of presents, and the bride was the recipient of a gold bangle from the bridegroom. On Sunday the members of the Tuakau Methodist Church presented Mr Turley with a family Bible as a mark of esteem and appreciation of his services as organist.

TOY—GREENWOOD.

Mr W. H. Toy, of the "New Zealand Herald" staff, was married last week to Miss Greenwood, of Mt. Roskill. Mr Toy's colleagues made him a handsome presentation on the eve of his marriage, and the members of the Amateur Sports Club presented him with a purse of sovereigns. Mr Toy is the secretary of that body, and his popularity in athletic circles was fully demonstrated by the cordial feeling which marked the occasion when he received the club's gift from the hands of Mr G. Z. Clayton the other evening in the club-room. The honeymoon was spent at Te Aroha. Mr and Mrs Toy intend to reside at Mt. Roskill.

LAWRENCE—CARR.

A very daintily-arranged wedding was celebrated at the picturesque little church of St. Andrew's, Epsom, Auckland, on Wednesday, April 15, when Mr. Archie Bernard Lawrence, second son of Mr. Effingham Lawrence, Launceston, Tasmania, was married to Miss Nora Isabel Kathleen Carr, eldest daughter of the late Mr. John Carr, solicitor, Rood Lane, London, and niece of Mr. R. Anthony Carr, of Epsom, Auckland. The church was prettily decorated for the occasion by the many friends of the bride, and the ceremony took place under an arch of flowers, from which depended a beautiful wedding bell. The Rev. F. W. Walker, of Ellerslie, officiated. The bride, who was given away by her uncle, looked most charming in a stylish travelling gown of cream serge, trimmed with handsome white silk applique, and a white felt hat with ostrich feathers. She carried a lovely bouquet of white roses, jasmine and ferns. Miss Airlin Carr (cousin of the bride) and Miss Gwendoline Lawrence (sister of the bridegroom) attended the bride, and were attired in soft white silk frocks, with Paris lace insertion and picture hats. The bridegroom presented each with handsome pearl brooches. The bridal couple and the

guests, who were confined to the relatives of the family, were subsequently entertained at afternoon tea at "Malware," the residence of the bride's uncle. After being showered with congratulations and good wishes Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence departed amid showers of rice and rose leaves on their honeymoon tour, prior to taking up their residence at Danuivirke, Hawke's Bay. The bride wore a stylish going-away tailor-made costume of blue cloth, and a fawn hat. Mrs. R. A. Carr (aunt of the bride) wore a pale blue cloth, with touches of dark green velvet and lace, and a dark green velvet hat. The bride and bridegroom were the recipients of many handsome presents.

LEACH—KITCHENER.

A numerous congregation assembled at the Wesleyan Church, Ormondville, on Wednesday last, for the marriage of Mr C. Leach, son of Mr C. R. Leach, of Ormondville, with Miss E. Kitchener, daughter of Mr Kitchener, of Danuivirke. The chancel was beautifully decorated with tall palms and a profusion of white flowers. The bridal party met at the church soon after two o'clock, and although the township is not a large one, the sacred building was well filled. The bride came with her eldest brother, Mr F. Kitchener, who, in the absence of her father, gave her away. The bride looked charming in a travelling dress of dark brown material, trimmed with velvet of the same hue; and she wore a hat to match. Behind the bride came Miss S. Kitchener and Miss Lucy Leach, the former the sister of the bride and the latter sister of the bridegroom. Mr Ernest Leach, brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man. The Rev. J. Oliver officiated. Mr and Mrs Leach, son, invited numerous guests for the wedding, and thither the bridal party repaired after the ceremony. The house was tastefully decorated with flowers, and the wedding presents were laid out for the inspection of visitors. Between four and five o'clock the newly-wedded couple started for their honeymoon.

NEAGLE—DICKENSON.

On the 14th inst., at St. Mary's Church, Meaneer, was solemnised the marriage of Mr James Neagle, of Taramakau, with Miss Winifred Dickenson, only daughter of Mrs Dickenson, of Auckland. The bride, who was led to the altar by Mr R. Neagle, sen., wore a dress of white silk, trimmed with lace, orange flowers in her hair, and a tulle veil. She was attended by two bridesmaids, attired in white muslin, trimmed with yellow silk and velvet, and black hats ornamented with feathers and velvet. The bridegroom presented them with gold brooches. The bridegroom's best man was Mr D. Neagle. The Rev. Father Cahill, of Carterton, performed the nuptial rite. After the ceremony the bridegroom's mother welcomed the wedding party at her house, and subsequently the bride and bridegroom left for the South.

JOHNSTON—BALFOUR.

The marriage of Mr Charles E. Johnston, of Napier, with Miss Katherine Muriel Balfour, daughter of Mr T. W. Balfour, of Cobden-road, Napier, was celebrated recently at St. Augustine's Church, Napier. The bride wore a plain dark blue travelling dress, and her only bridesmaid was Miss Nellie Cotterill. The bridegroom was accompanied by Mr J. Parker, as best man. The Rev. C. G. Tuke performed the ceremony, and the bride was given away by her father. After the ceremony Mr and Mrs Johnston left for Wanganui and Taupo, where the honeymoon will be spent. Amongst the numerous wedding presents were a purse of sovereigns, presented by Mr Goudy, on behalf of the firm and employees of Messrs Dalgety and Co., and also a hot water kettle with spirit lamp and stand from the bridegroom's Spit friends. On the day of the wedding flags were flying at the Spit in honour of the event.

BOCKETT—ORR.

At the residence of the bride's parents, Papakura, the marriage was celebrated on the 13th inst., between Arthur Bockett, son of Captain Daniel Bockett, of Waikato, and Marion Jane, eldest daughter of John Orr, Esq., of Papakura. The bride was attired in rich white silk, trimmed with lace, and having a train; she wore a tulle veil and wreath of orange blossoms; and her bouquet was the gift of the bride-

groom. The two bridesmaids were dressed in pale blue muslin, trimmed with white silk and lace; they carried baskets of roses and ferns; they wore large hats trimmed with white. The bride was given away by her father, and the marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. G. Connor. Mr Oswald Orr acted as best man. After the reception Mr and Mrs A. Bockett left for Wanganui. The bride's travelling dress was of blue cloth, trimmed with satin, and blue velvet hat with feathers.

FITZGERALD—ISAACSON.

A quiet wedding took place on the 13th inst., at All Saints' Church, Palmerston—that of the Rev. Otho Fitzgerald, Vicar of Waipiro, Poverty Bay, and Miss Isaacson, sister of the Rev. C. H. Isaacson, Vicar of Bulls. The clergy who officiated were the Rev. C. C. Harper and the Rev. C. H. Isaacson. A reception was held at the Empire Hotel after the ceremony, and largely attended. Mr and Mrs Fitzgerald then left for their home at Waipiro.

WELLINGTON WEDDINGS.

Easter weddings at Wellington included those of Mr Charles Huslam to Miss Ada Phillips, daughter of the Rev. J. Phillips, at Manaia; Mr James G. Brechin, of Konihi, Pahiatua, to Miss Lillian M. Brown, daughter of Mr J. Brown, Scarborough; Mr Alec Anderson, of the Wellington Woollen Company, and captain of the Petone Rowing Club, to Miss Jennie Sylva, daughter of Mr and Mrs Sylva, Nelson-street, Petone, Wellington; Mr Thomas Cole, Karori, Wellington, to Miss Laura Lambertson Hall, daughter of Mr E. J. Hall, Tinakori-road, Wellington; Mr Arnold Atkinson, son of the late Sir Harry

Complete Treatment FOR EVERY Humour

CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales, and soften the thickened cuticle; **CUTICURA OINTMENT**, to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal; and **CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS**, to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET of these great skin curatives is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, crusted, scaly, and pimply skin, scalp, and blood humours, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

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CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by **CUTICURA OINTMENT**, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings, and chafings, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use **CUTICURA SOAP** in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and excoriations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sensitive, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS (Chocolate Coated) are a new, tasteless, odorless, economical substitute for the celebrated liquid **CUTICURA RESOLVENT**, as well as for all other blood purifiers and humour cures. In screw-up vials, containing 60 doses.

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Atkinson, to Miss Hursthouse, Wellington; Mr Douglas Jackson, Wellington, to Miss Elsie D. Slater, Wellington; Mr G. A. Lloyd, Sydney, to Miss Florence Gardner, daughter of Mr Robert Gardner, of the Government Valuation Department at Palmerston North; Mr Olaf Lund, Marina, to Miss Isabella M. Osborn, Wellington; and of the Rev. Otto Fitzgerald, son of the late Mr J. E. Fitzgerald, C.M.G., Auditor-General and Controller in New Zealand, to Miss Gertrude Catharine Isaacson, second daughter of the Rev. C. S. Isaacson, Rector of Hardingham, Norfolk, England.

MOIR—HAVEN.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated at the residence of the bride's parents, Curran-street, Ponsonby, on Thursday, April 16th, when Miss Laura K. Haven, eldest daughter of Mr J. E. Haven, was married to Dr. Peter Moir, of Wairoa, Hawke's Bay, and eldest son of Dr. James Moir, of Synonids-street. The ceremony took place in the drawing-room, which was artistically decorated with flowers and greenery, the Rev. Dr. Egan being the officiating clergyman. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in her wedding robe, and was attended by her sister, Miss May Haven, and Miss Lillie Moir, sister of the bridegroom. Mr Wm. Anderson, of Stratford, acted as best man. After the ceremony the guests were entertained at a wedding repast, when the usual toasts were proposed and duly honoured. The presents were numerous and beautiful. After being showered with congratulations and good wishes the happy couple departed for the South, where the honeymoon will be spent.

COATES—OBERLIN-BROWN.

St. Barnabas' Church, Mt. Eden, Auckland, was the centre of much interest on Wednesday, April 15, the occasion being the marriage of Miss Ruby Oberlin-Brown, eldest daughter of Mr. H. Oberlin-Brown, "Te Rawhiti," Mt. Eden, to Mr William Martin Felton Coates, eldest son of Dr. Coates, "East Dean," Mt. Eden. The church was tastefully decorated, a special feature being a large floral bell, under which symbol the bridal couple stood during the service. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. E. J. McFarland. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very winsome in a soft white Indian embroidered silk. The over-skirt, which was tucked, and pointed in front and short at the back, fell over a deep silk embroidered blouse. The bridal veil was arranged in soft folds over a spray of orange blossoms, and she carried a lovely bouquet of gilder roses and maidenhair fern. The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a gold hoop ring set with pearls. The youthful maid of honour was Miss Doris Oberlin-Brown (sister of the bride), who was daintily frocked in soft white silk, and a Dutch bonnet covered with lace, and she carried a spray bouquet. Mr Enslace Coates officiated as best man, and Master Bertie Oberlin-Brown as groomsmen. After the ceremony the Rev. E. J. McFarland presented

the bride with the Prayer-book from which the marriage service had been read. Many beautiful presents were received, and after congratulations and a wedding breakfast the happy couple left amid a shower of rice for their honeymoon trip, the bride wearing a navy tailor-made costume and a cornflower blue tucked chiffon hat. Mr and Mrs Coates will take up their residence at Roto-o-rangi, Waikato. Mrs Oberlin-Brown (mother of the bride) wore a navy silk, with Maltese lace; Mrs Coates was in a rich black Ottoman silk skirt and heliotrope silk blouse, with Honiton lace, and a black hat with touches of pink; Mrs Latty, cream satin blouse, black voile skirt, beaver hat with cream; Miss Oberlin-Brown, violet skirt and silk blouse, black and white hat; Mrs Leslie Muir, navy serge tailor-made costume, bright blue hat with grey birds; Miss Mabel Coates, brown costume, brown felt hat; Mrs Heather, handsome black silk, black hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs Rice, black silk voile, with Paris lace insertion; Mrs Chatfield, black silk, black toque; Mrs W. Heather, blue coat and skirt, black hat, with green silk and black panesies; Misses Rice (3), Browne, Mr and Mrs Marriner, Mr and Mrs A. Aitkin, and Mrs and the Misses Dawson.

A SPOTLESS COMPLEXION.



MAN is always symbolical of the most beautiful in Nature. One of the most important factors in woman's beauty is her complexion. Many are the advertised skin beautifiers and artificial aids to complexion, but no amount of powders, creams or other washes will permanently create a good complexion. When a woman has sallow skin, with pimples, blackheads, or other disfigurements, it is a sure sign that her internal organs are not performing their proper functions. It is necessary to expel all waste matter from the system, in order to keep the various ducts or passages in good working order. If this is not done they become clogged, and evil effects are sure to follow. A general derangement of the system, which is apparent in the face, gives a bad colour to the skin, bringing blotches and other disfigurements to the surface. Bile Beans, by reason of their mild action, are eminently adapted to correct these faults in women. They eject all waste matter in a gentle yet beneficial manner, and restore the system to a good healthy state. When this is done, a clear, healthy skin soon follows, and the charm of a New Zealand girl, a good complexion, becomes once more her glory.

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FLOWERS AND CONFECTIONERY
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Bridal, Bridesmaids', and Presentation
Bonnets, Dresses, and Hair Sprays, Bangles
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arranged for at reasonable rates. Orders
by telegraph or otherwise for Wreaths,
Anchors, and Crosses, promptly attended
to. Flowers under the supervision of Miss
Minnie Porter, late of James McIntyre,
Scotland; and J. D. Webster, Auckland.

Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, April 21.

The second day of the
AUCKLAND RACING CLUB'S
MEETING

took place on Easter Monday in the presence of a very large number of spectators. A few light showers fell in the early morning, but it cleared up fine and clear during the day, with a pleasant cool breeze blowing. Mrs Williamson, black; Miss Williamson, periwinkle blue frieze, black hat; Miss Walker, pretty ciel blue surah, with infinitesimal tuckings, black picture hat with plumes; Mrs Jervis, black silk, with bands of ceru lace, black toque with ceru lace; Mrs Colbeck, navy serge, with ceru laos collarette, white felt hat; Miss Thorne-George, brown silk, black hat; Miss F. Thorne-George, grey voile, black hat with plumes; Mrs Duthie, navy gown, pink felt hat with brighter pink roses; Misses Thompson (2), white silks, hats with flowers; Mrs Ranson, very pretty greeny blue silk, with bands of lace insertion, white chiffon ruffle, white toque with carnations; Miss Decamp (America), black, with ceru lace, black hat; Mrs H. O. Nolan, black silk gown, pink poppy bon, toque en suite; Misses Percival, black voile, blue collarette veiled in fawn lace, black hat; Miss Edith Percival, black; Mrs Lawrence, white tucked silk, black hat, with plumes; Mrs Wright, grey voile, black hat; Miss Davis, navy serge, black hat; Misses Moss-Davis (2), white silks, black hats; Mrs E. Moss-Davis, oyster grey voile, black hat with plumes; Mrs Dennis O'Rorke, navy zibeline, trimmed with embroidery, pouched bodice, with a collar and small vest of white silk, and was ornamented with embroidery, black toque; Mrs Alister Clarke (Melbourne), bright navy bengaline, with Lincoln green embroidery, and motifs of velvet cord passementerie, navy toque; Mrs Ralph, black silk, with ceru lace, black hat; Miss Gorrie, black skirt, white blouse, black toque, with white bird and wing; Miss Gwen Gorrie, black skirt, white blouse, red toque; Mrs Thomas Morrin, rich black silk, with pouched bodice, a collar and small vest of white silk, the costume was ornamented with embroidery, black toque, with blue; Miss Morrin, ciel blue crepe de chine, white hat with blue bows; Miss Morrin, white silk, coquelicot red hat, with scarlet berries; Mrs Basley, black; Miss Basley, periwinkle blue, with ceru lace, hat swathed with Nil green; and her sister, mauve frieze, black hat, with plumes; Mrs Edmiston, lavender frieze, with tuckings on hips, lavender toque, en suite; Mrs Rosenthal, navy costume, white let in at neck, white felt hat with wings; Mrs Fred. Yonge, blue dress, with fawn lace; Miss Yonge, white skirt, blue flowered blouse, red hat with scarlet berries; Mrs Alison, agapanthus blue figured foulard, black hat; Miss Alison, sky blue voile, with fawn lace, black hat; Mrs Worsp, black silk, with ceru lace, black toque en suite; Miss Worsp, tobacco brown cloth costume, the skirt was a flounced one, black hat; and her sister wore a pink crepe de chine, with ceru lace, pink hat with flowers, and black velvet streamers; Miss McLaughlin, fawn voile, with bands of ceru lace, black velvet hat, with wreath of mauve flowers; Mrs Kelly, black skirt, white tucked silk blouse, white hat; Mrs Crowe, electric blue costume; Miss Horne, fawn coat and skirt, with strappings, heliotrope vest, heliotrope flowers in toque; Mrs Dillingham, navy serge, black toque; Mrs E. Firth,

white surah, with tuckings, black hat, enveloped with gossamer veil; Mrs Benjamin, black silk, ceru lace vest, black hat; Mrs Ernest Bloomfield, terra frieze coat and skirt, black hat with ostrich plumes; Mrs Lucas Bloomfield, black gown, hat with red flowers; Mrs William Bloomfield, white silk, with tuckings and ruckings, large black velvet hat; Mrs Duncan Clerk, Royal blue, ornamented with chenille embroidery, the skirt was tucked, cream hat with flowers; Mrs Buller, black; Miss Buller, navy; Mrs Owen, black; Mrs Owen (Mt. Eden), periwinkle blue serge, cream hat; Mrs. Hanley, fawn costume, toque en suite; Miss Heywood, fawn tussore silk, hat with scarlet; Miss Walnutt, grey bolero and skirt; and her sister wore a rosewood frieze, black hat; Mrs. Keogh, maize silk, veiled in black net, black toque with yellow flowers; Miss Keogh, blue and white plaid, brown hat; Mrs. Martyn, black silk; Miss Nichol, black skirt, white blouse, black hat with red flowers; Mrs. McCormick, brown dress and hat; Mrs. Nichol, brown skirt, velvet blouse, brown toque; Miss Gorrie, rich royal blue bengaline, ornamented with pannes of embroidery, pouched vest, black toque with black sequins; Mrs. Cohen, wood violet serge, large black velvet hat, with feathers; Miss White, white costume, black hat, with flowers; Miss Gillies, brown figured tweed, with pouched body, brown toque; Miss Hay, grey voile, with white silk let in at the neck, white hat; Mrs. McCloud, royal blue bengaline, black hat; Miss Chapman, grey costume, black velvet bolero, black hat; and her sister wore a terracotta costume; another sister wore periwinkle blue; Miss Dawson, the latest style of coat and skirt in grey frieze, flat black hat with purple velvet; Miss M. Dawson, black voile, with white let in at neck, black hat with yellow roses; Miss Lennox, white silk, black hat; Mrs. Hamlin, black brocade, with mauve vest, mauve floral toque; Mrs. A. P. Wilson, black frieze, with white toque with green; Miss Bush, black skirt, white blouse, white hat; Mrs. Bode, cream silk, with tuckings, cream toque with violets; Miss Binney, black gown, with white embroidery, black hat; and her sister wore royal blue; Mrs. Coyle, black silk; Mrs. Shanman, pale grey voile, with ceru lace, grey hat, with ostrich plumes en suite; Mrs. W. Ralph, fawn; Mrs. Dufaur, black, with ceru lace, black hat; Mrs. Markham, white serge, black toque; Mrs. Stuart Reid, mourning costume; Miss Firth, white silk, green toque; Mrs. Hume, navy serge, cream sailor hat with black; Miss Davy, navy; Mrs. Farrell, black; Miss Kempthorne, periwinkle blue gown, black hat; and her sister wore a white Indian silk, black hat; Mrs. Jones, black; Miss Jones, fawn silk; Mrs. Ching, black silk, white let in at neck, black toque with white lace; Miss Ching, white Liberty silk, with wide tucks all round, white hat with one mass of flowers; Mrs. R. Lusk, black silk, with twine-coloured lace, pink straw hat with black velvet; Miss Ring, black silk costume, black hat; Mrs. Keeshing, grey tweed, trimmed with black, black hat; Mrs. Clement Dixon (South Africa), black voile, black hat; Mrs. Passmore, fawn skirt, pink figured silk blouse, white hat with bird wings; Mrs. Thompson (Fiji), black silk, with twine-coloured lace, black hat; Mrs. Sutherland (Fiji), black skirt, rich grey cloth coat, ornamented with applications of black velvet, rich motifs of grey silk cord passementerie, with hanging tassels down both fronts, black hat; Mrs. Geo. Dunnett, rich black silk, handsomely ornamented with ceru embroidery, black toque swathed with the same; Miss Dunnett, grey voile, with tuckings and ceru lace, black hat; Mrs. A. Bull, pretty pink crepon, with ceru lace, black picture hat; Mrs. H. Bull wore hydrangea crepon, with ceru lace and tuckings, black hat with ostrich plumes; Miss D. Stevenson, forget-

WOMAN'S UNFAILING FRIEND.

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Oldest, Safest, and only Reliable Remedy for all Ladies' Ailments extant.

Quickly correct all irregularities, remove all Obstructions, and Relieve the Distressing Symptoms so prevalent with the Sex.

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BRANDS OF IMITATIONS—Beware and Beware!

Though the cost of making finest toilet soaps has nearly doubled, the retail price, ingredients, and superior quality of Vinolia Soap remain unchanged. For the complexion.

me-not blue crepon, with ceru lace, black hat; Miss Cotter, black trained skirt, white blouse, black bolero, green felt hat; Mrs. Ansenne, black skirt, scarlet silk bodice, veiled in black lace, black hat, with red berries; Miss Shaylor-George, black costume, white vest, black picture velvet hat; Mrs. Leonard Marshall, cream silk, veiled in white embroidered net, black hat with plumes; Miss Thorpe, pale heliotrope, linen gown, black hat; Mrs. Geo. Roberts, black; Miss Walker, navy serge, red hat, swathed with poppies; Miss Simpson, pale pink crepe de chine, hat with pink; Mrs. Simpson, black; Mrs. Henry Walker, electric green gown, white vest, black hat; Mrs. (Colonel) Dawson, grey voile, grey hat; Mrs. Cottle, black silk, with white lace; Mrs. Parsons, black; Miss Eve Smith, white silk, with ceru lace, white hat with black veil; Miss Witehell, black skirt, green blouse, hat with green; Miss Baynes, iris blue poplin; Mrs. Kingswell, black silk, with bead passementerie; Mrs. Goodhue, black and white figured foulard, black hat; Mrs. Dargaville, black silk, with ceru lace, black toque; Mrs. Friend, grey frieze costume, with ceru lace, black hat; and her daughter wore dark skirt, white blouse.

The race meeting was brought to a close last Easter Tuesday, and once again the weather conditions left nothing to be desired, while the attendance was about up to the usual number for an off day. Mrs. Davy, black; Miss Davy, fawn gown, cream hat; Mrs. Owen, black silk, black hat; Mrs. Angus Gordon, black skirt, blue blouse, black toque; Miss Whitney, black skirt, white blouse, black toque; Mrs. Windsor, black gown, black hat; Mrs. Cattanael, blue foulard, black hat; Mrs. Devereux, black gown, toque with pearl bead garniture; Mrs. Hickson, black costume, black bonnet; Miss Hickson, lavender gown; Mrs. Keogh, maize silk veiled in black, black hat; Miss Wallnut, grey voile bolero and skirt, and sister brick-coloured; Mrs. Fred Yonge, fawn silk costume, cream hat; Miss Yonge, white gown, red hat; Mrs. Abbott, reseda green with fawn lace, black hat; Mrs. Farter, navy tuckled voile, black toque; Miss Frater, white; Mrs. Keogh, black skirt, blue silk blouse, black hat; Mrs. Mac'ormick, brown cloth gown, brown felt hat; Mrs. Nichol, brown gown, black cape, black hat; Miss Dawson, brown coat and skirt, black hat; Miss Bush, black skirt, white blouse, black hat; Mrs. Otway, white tuckled silk, white hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs. Avenne, paon line; green costume, blue felt hat; Miss Cotter, black bengaline with ceru lace at neck, green felt hat with green ribbons; Miss Stevenson, white silk, hat with pink rambler roses, blue ribbons Mrs. Ching, black silk with ceru lace at neck, toque en suite; Miss Ching, grey coat and skirt, white felt hat with flowers beneath brim and white ribbons at back of crown; Misses Binney (2), black gowns, relieved with ceru lace, black hats; Mrs. Stuart Reid, mourning costume; Miss Firth, white silk gown, red plaid toque; Mrs. Markham, white costume, black toque; Mrs. Hume, white silk with tuckings and lace insertion, hat with spring green; Mrs. Farrell, black; Mrs. Geo. Dunnett, biscuit-coloured silk, finished with black velvet and black ribbons, black toque with

ceru lace; Miss Dunnett, green and black plaid, black hat; Mrs. Leo Marshall, pale oyster grey voile, grey toque en suite with ostrich plumes, grey boa; Miss Shaylor-George, black; Miss Seymour Thorne George, white silk gown, heliotrope hat; Miss Walker, navy serge, toque with poppies; Mrs. Bagnall, navy voile, black hat; Miss Bagnall, Egypt red frieze, black hat; Mrs. Rankin Reid, China blue figured foulard, black hat; Mrs. Lewis, pretty pink linen gown, the skirt had wild tucks all round, pink hat; Mrs. Dennis (Orourke), bronze moynan cloth gown, the jacket was made with a long basque, short white vest, black toque; Mrs. Alister Clark (Melbourne), reseda green costume, black toque; Mrs. Shepherd, black skirt, mauve brocaded blouse, black toque with cream roses; Mrs. McDonald, black silk; Miss McDonald, periwinkle blue cloth gown, black hat; Mrs. Dignan, azure blue creponette, black hat with pink flowers; Mrs. Aldrich, black silk with twine-coloured lace, black bonnet; Mrs. Dufaur, black silk, white vest, black hat; Mrs. W. Ralph, brown; Mrs. Lawrence, navy blue serge, white vest, black hat; Miss Edith Percival, black; Mrs. Thompson (Fiji), black silk with fawn lace, white hat with blue; Miss Moss Davis, white serge, pink flop hat; Mrs. McLaughlin, black silk with white silk cape veiled in black lace; Mrs. Ralph, black silk with twine-coloured lace, black hat; Miss Gorrie, dark costume, black toque; Miss Gwen Gorrie, black skirt, white blouse, red hat; Miss Morrin, white silk costume, burnt straw hat wreathed with forget-me-nots; Mrs. Basley, black; Miss Basley, black silk with ceru lace, white felt hat, swathed with Nil green; Miss Worsp, grey voile, large flop hat; her sister wore an Egypt pink foulard with white spots, made with bolero, hat with pink flowers and black velvet streamers; Mrs. Ernest Bloomsfield, ciel blue crepon with ceru lace at neck, black hat; Mrs. Dumeau Clark, white silk with much tucking, white hat with pink flowers; Mrs. McDonald, royal blue bengaline, black hat; Mrs. Wright, grey tweed, trimmed with grey poplin and black velvet; Mrs. Scheffl, black silk, white muslin at neck, bonnet composed of green leaves and white aigrette; Miss Scheffl, dark skirt, grey fancy tweed jacket, black hat; Mrs. Geo. Roberts, black; Mrs. Cottle, black silk gown, black bonnet; Mrs. Henry Walker, electric green cloth gown, white vest, black toque; Miss Taylor (Bardowie), dark skirt, light blouse, sailor hat; Mrs. Williamson, black; Miss Williamson, periwinkle blue frieze, black hat; Miss Waller, white serge with Russian jacket, white hat with flowers; Mrs. Colbeck, oyster grey voile, black hat; Miss Thorne George, white silk costume with tuckings and lace insertion, burnt straw Victorian bonnet with ostrich plumes; Misses Thompson (2), white silks, white hats with flowers; Miss Decamp, brown coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. Ranson, black foulard with white spots, trimmed with ceru lace, white toque with carnations; Mrs. Kingswell, black silk with ceru lace at neck, black hat with pink flowers; Mrs. Sharman, white frieze with black braiding, black velvet bolero, white felt toque with green ribbons and mauve

flowers; Mrs. Clem Lawford, fawn gown with twine-coloured lace, white toque with petunia flowers; Mrs. Edward Firth, bright navy tailor-made gown, white collarette and revers, black hat; Mrs. Thomas Morrin, fawn-coloured voile with bolero front and sous manches of satin, black hat with flowers; Mrs. A. Llama, pretty ceru tinted bengaline with white spots, the dress was finished with twine-coloured lace and black velvet, black hat, wreathed with mauve flowers; Miss Gorrie, royal blue Vienna cloth, trimmed with coloured embroidery, white lace cape at neck, white toque, swathed with black jetted tulle; Mrs. Roberts, black; Miss Olive Buckland, white silk, hat with white; Miss Tribley, dark skirt, pink silk blouse, black hat; her sister wore white silk; Miss Moss Davis, white serge with black hat; Mrs. Hope Lewis, navy.

The Eden and Epsom Tennis and Croquet Lawns closed for this season last Saturday afternoon. The weather was beautifully fine and the attendance was very large. The prizes won during the past season were presented by the wife of the president (Mr. A. Heather). Rev. Mr. McFarland made a most appropriate speech, congratulating the prize winners. The final Ladies' Combined Doubles of the Inter-University championships was played off on Saturday, Misses Pearl Gorrie and Metcalfe beating Misses Blades and Hull.

Afternoon tea was provided by the members, the tables being decorated with cactus dahlias of various hues. Mrs. Heather, black muslin over black skirt; the skirt was corded in vandykes and had narrow flounces at hem; the bodice was tuckled; white vest, black feather fan, black toque turned off the face with paste ornament, black ostrich plume; Mrs. H. Heather, grey coloured cloth skirt and coat, the coat, very plain beited coat was ornamented with phenile embroidery, black toque with black feathers; Mrs. Oldham, black skirt, galeis grey silk blouse with cordings, black toque; Mrs. Haultain, black voile with satin strappings, ceru lace cape

collar, black toque; Mrs. Hooper, grey skirt with black strappings, white blouse, black hat; and her mother wore a black gown, black bonnet with violets; Mrs. Mogenic, black skirt, white blouse, black hat with plumes; Mrs. Oberlin Brown, navy foulard, black hat; Miss Oberlin Brown, holland skirt, white blouse, white muslin frame hat with black velvet bebe ribbon velvet; Mrs. Betty, black skirt, white blouse, grey jacket, fur toque relieved with white; Miss H. Hazard-Brown, grey striped foulard, burnt straw hat; Miss Little, black skirt, pink muslin blouse, Panama hat; Mrs. Udy, navy; Mrs. Watkins, navy cambric, black hat; Miss Sloman, fawn skirt, pink blouse, black hat relieved with white; Mrs. Fenton, cream silk hat with tuckings and embroidery, black hat; Mrs. Billings, black skirt, white silk blouse with tuckings and lace insertion, black hat with ostrich plumes; Miss Beemwell, pink cambric skirt, white silk blouse, Panama hat; Miss Hesketh, navy serge skirt, navy silk ceru lace emp. collar, white hat; Miss Paton, black skirt, figured blouse, black hat; Miss Hall, navy serge skirt, white blouse, white hat; Miss Hull, bright blue linen skirt, white blouse, white hat; Mrs. Jno. Dawson, black skirt, fawn silk blouse, black toque; Miss Dawson, white muslin with embroidery, white hat; Miss Gittos, white muslin, white hat; Miss Caldwell, holland skirt, white blouse, cream hat with flowers; Miss Blades, black skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Miss Metcalfe, white muslin gown, white hat; Miss Towle, blue and white striped cambric, sailor hat; and her friend wore white; Mrs. Cooke, navy silk with white spots, toque en suite; Mrs. Blair, brown holland with white braiding, Panama hat; Miss Stewart, white muslin; her sister wore a brown holland skirt, white blouse, white hat; Mrs. Rice, black silk costume, black bonnet, relieved with white; Miss D. Rice, holland skirt, white blouse, white muslin hat with black velvet; Miss Stella Rice, brown holland; Miss D. Udy, navy skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Miss M. Rice, holland costume; Miss Udy, holland skirt, blue blouse,

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Panama hat; Miss Gerland, black skirt, steel blue blouse, white hat; and her sister wore a navy foulard, white hat; Mrs Beale, black skirt, white blouse, black hat swathed with drake's neck green silk; Mrs Hoskins, navy gown, with white embroidery, black toque; Miss Cooke, white pique skirt, silk blouse, white hat; Miss Trevithick, white embroidered muslin skirt, silk blouse, sailor hat; Miss Gorsie, blue skirt, white blouse, white hat; Miss Pearl Gorrie, holland skirt, white blouse, white hat; Miss Gwen Gorrie, black skirt, white blouse, white muslin hat edged with black velvet; Mrs Turner, black skirt, blue blouse, black hat; Miss Reid, black skirt, violet foulard blouse, black hat; Miss Hardie, white muslin with blue rosette, black hat.

Mrs. Oldham, of Mount Eden, Auckland, gave a young people's euchre party on Friday evening last. The function was undoubtedly a great success.

The Wapiti Hockey Club intend to open their season next Saturday on the Remuera grounds, near the station.

My Cambridge correspondent writes: Dear Bee,—There has not been much to write about lately, partly on account of its being Lent. On Easter Monday the Waikato Mounted Rifles, No. 3 Company, held a gymnasia out at "Bardowie," but the day was not favourable for outdoor sports, and rather marred the pleasure of those attending. On Friday afternoon the annual Chrysanthemum Show was opened by the president (Dr. Roberts), who spoke of the success of the previous shows and the grand display of blooms at the present one. The root show was combined with the flower show in a tent adjoining, and proved a great source of attraction to the farmers. Afternoon tea was dispensed in a third tent, and notwithstanding it was in an out of the way position made a record take of £12 for the two days. The first day it was presided over by Mrs James Hally, and the second day by Mrs Wells, ably assisted on both days by berries of young ladies, who looked well after the wants of everyone. The takings at the door amounted to £67, the total amounting to over £80 for the two days. The Cambridge Orchestra, under their able conductor (Mr Edwards), played selections during the afternoon and evening, and gave great pleasure to those present. Mrs J. R. S. Richardson carried off the prize for the best bloom in the show. Mr Buckland, as usual, was the winner of a great many prizes, both for flowers and roots; his show of flowering begonias was beautiful. A very pretty feature of the show was the collection of pot plants, for which Mr Hartley carried off the 1st prize and Mrs Wells the 2nd. There were more than usual competing for the table decorations, in which Miss Richardson was 1st. Hers was very lovely, carried out entirely with tea roses and maidenhair ferns. The Misses Willis were 2nd, theirs being shades of mauve with autumn leaves. Miss Wells was successful in gaining the prize for an afternoon tea table arranged for three. Hers was very dainty. A special prize was given by the president for the best decorated bicycle or go-cart, for which Miss C. Willis was the winner, her bicycle being decorated with lycopodium and yellow chrysanthemums. Amongst such crowds as were present it was almost impossible to see much of the dresses, but of the few I got a peep at I noticed Mrs Roberts, tussore silk, trimmed with some beautiful silk, Maltese lace, brown hat, trimmed with pale blue and forget-me-nots; Mrs Willis, broche silk, black bonnet trimmed with sequins; Mrs John

Hally, black silk, black toque, relieved with buttercups; Mrs Wells, black broche silk, grey and white bonnet; Mrs Buckland, grey broche, black mantle, black bonnet with crimson roses; Mrs James Hally, heliotrope silk, trimmed with darker shade of velvet, black picture hat; Mrs Bamford (Remuera), peacock blue gown, trimmed with black and white applique, black and cream toque; Mrs Brewis (Hamilton), black costume, hat to match; Mrs Graham, black and white silk gown, black hat; Mrs R. Gwynne (Hamilton), grey and white costume, hat to match; Mrs J. R. S. Richardson, tussore silk, black picture hat; Mrs C. Hunter, black silk, relieved with white, black hat; Mrs Martyn, green coat and skirt, black and white hat; Mrs Brooks, black silk dress and jacket, black bonnet with pink roses; Mrs Ross, black gown, relieved with white, black and white bon, black and white toque; Mrs R. Roberts, black coat and skirt, hat to match; Miss Cave, blue silk voile, black hat, trimmed with cream and pale blue; Miss Wells, drake's neck cloth costume, relieved with white, hat to match; Miss H. Wells, pink silk blouse, black voile skirt, grey coat, white hat; Miss Willis, black Eton coat and skirt, white hat; Miss C. Willis, black silk blouse, black skirt, black picture hat with pale blue; Miss E. Willis, white silk blouse, black skirt, grey coat, white hat, trimmed with pink; Miss Wright, white silk frock, black picture hat; Miss Dunn, black and white costume, hat to match; Miss Taylor, heliotrope blouse, black skirt, black toque with violets; Miss Brooks, cream frock and hat to match; Miss J. Brooks, green costume, white hat; Miss Gwynneth, black silk blouse with string-coloured lace cape, black skirt, black and rosewood hat; Miss Street, white silk frock, black picture hat; Miss Young, black costume, relieved with white, hat to match; Miss Ferguson, white silk frock and white hat; Miss Peterson, blue and white figured costume, white hat; Miss Buckland, green frock, black picture hat.

PHYLIS BROWN.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee,

April 17.

There was a good attendance on the ground of the Hawke's Bay Tennis Club to witness the open tournament at Easter, and in the final of the ladies' handicap singles, Miss Wellwood (owe 5) beat Miss Lamb (rec. 8) by 50 to 40. Mr Ebbett has also successfully defended his position as a good player, beating Mr Levis in the handicap round by 60 to 40. In the ladies' doubles Misses Neville and McLean were beaten by the Misses Hindmarsh. In the mixed doubles Miss B. Hindmarsh and Levis were victorious against Miss Lamb and R. Braithwaite by 60 to 42. There were also the men's handicap doubles, in which Goldsmith and C. Balharry (rec. 30) beat Fairley and Levis (rec. 20) by 60 to 40. Amongst those present on Saturday and Monday were: Mrs J. H. Coleman, who was attired in black and white voile, with yoke of string-coloured lace, bonnet to match trimmed with roses; Miss Coleman wore light fawn cloth over a blouse of white silk, and hat to harmonise; Mrs F. Baden-Powell was very elegantly dressed in green cloth with cream trimmings, and wore a hat to match trimmed with black velvet; Mrs Henley wore a dress of dark blue material, with revers of the same colour, and hat to correspond; Mrs East wore a grey dress, and hat trimmed with black; Mrs Bilton's dress was of cream material, with bodice outlined with lace

and trimmed with black velvet; Mrs Hector Smith's dark-hued dress was relieved with a cream front, and a blue rosette was becomingly arranged in her hat; Mrs Nantes was in grass lawn handsomely trimmed with lace, and black hat relieved with cream; Miss Cornford was also attired in grass lawn, trimmed with white satin and guipure lace, and black hat trimmed with feathers; Miss N. Cotterill was dressed in black; Miss Margoliouth wore a white silk blouse, and a holland skirt; Miss T. Margoliouth was in white, and she wore a sailor hat; Miss Ella Burke wore a long grey tweed coat over a dark blue dress, and a deep cream hat; Mrs Westall wore a pretty white silk tucked blouse, a black skirt, and a sailor hat; Miss J. Heath was in pale green linen; Miss M. Locking, white muslin dress, blue chiffon boa, and blue hat; Miss Simcox wore a white blouse, a green linen skirt, and a straw hat; Mrs Cato also had a light blouse and a dark skirt, her becoming hat was trimmed with feathers; Miss D. Kennedy wore grey and white; Mrs Pavitt and a bright pink silk blouse relieved with white lace, a black skirt, and a black hat; Miss Myra Williams

looked well in a flowered silk blouse, a fawn skirt, and a hat trimmed with black velvet; Miss Ella McVay was in a stylish costume of black cloth, and a dainty hat of pale blue; Miss Rawson wore a slate grey dress prettily trimmed with lace and silk, and a hat to match; Miss Hetley had a blue blouse, and a dark skirt; Miss Todd was in cream, and a white linen hat; Miss Fannin had a white dress; Miss Kathleen Hoadley, white silk blouse, holland skirt, large hat trimmed with red; Miss Wellwood wore white relieved with pink, and her straw hat was trimmed with pink silk; Mrs Newbigin had a black cloth costume; Mrs Bradley wore cream; Mrs R. B. Smith had a white blouse, a blue drill skirt, and a straw hat; Mrs Russell Duncan wore black and white; Miss Hodges was in white linen; Mrs Keesing looked well in black; Mrs A. Kennedy had a white blouse, a holland skirt, and a straw hat.

The autumn flower show and table decoration competition was held in the Garrison Hall on the 15th and 16th inst., and was favoured with delightful weather, which prevailed throughout both days. The judging had taken place in

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the morning, and Miss Sutton obtained first prize for a beautiful table decoration, and Mrs W. Fraser obtained a prize also for a beautifully arranged basket of flowers. Miss Newman took five prizes for ladies' sprays, foliage begonias, exotic ferns, cut flowers, etc. The display of fruit was particularly fine; the prize for apples and pears was gained by Miss Beamish, and that for grapes and quinces by Mrs M. Herd. Amongst the visitors to the show were: Mrs Logan, who wore a long dark blue cloth coat, a black skirt and blouse, and a black hat; Miss Williams wore a black costume, and a lace mantle; Miss Shaw wore a tussore silk dress, and a hat of the same colour; Mrs Bradley wore a very pretty dress of a becoming shade of pink, and her hat was trimmed with pink silk; Miss N. Cotterill wore a black serge costume, and a hat to match; Miss Sutton had a fawn dress relieved with pink, and a black hat with pink roses; Miss C. Sutton wore blue, her black hat was trimmed with feathers; Mrs J. H. Coleman had a grey costume, black mantle and bonnet to match with pink roses in the front; Miss Coleman wore a biscuit-coloured gown, pink straw hat trimmed with black velvet; Miss Simcox was in grey, the bodice tucked and trimmed with black velvet; Mrs Cato wore a fawn coat and skirt with white satin revers, black hat; Mrs McLean wore a blue dress trimmed with guipure lace; Mrs Williams was in black.

A most enjoyable ball was inaugurated last week and took place on Tuesday, in the Foresters' Hall, Dickens street. Miss Henn played the dance music. Supper was served in a room at the back of the hall. Mrs R. B. Smith was attired in black satin, draped and trimmed with lace, and with passementerie on the bodice; and Miss Bendall (Wellington) was in white chiffon, trimmed with black velvet; Miss Heath was in cream silk; Miss Dean, rose pink dress with lace on the bodice; Mrs Russell Duncan also looked well in a pretty light silk dress trimmed with lace; Miss Simcox, very pretty dress of accordion-pleated chiffon of a pale cream colour, innumerable frills of chiffon were round the skirt; Miss Cornford was admired in black, with pale blue rosettes on the skirt and bodice; Miss Williams wore cream; Miss Hetley looked well in a soft white silk dress trimmed with white chiffon; Miss Goldenith wore white, relieved with pale pink; Miss F. Margoliouth looked well in a bright green costume with pink bows on the bodice; Miss Ella Burke had a pretty dress of pale green crepe de chine; Miss Shand was much admired in a pretty dress of soft pink material; Miss Dulcie Kennedy wore white silk; Miss Martin looked well in black, with a red sash; Miss Kathleen Hoadley wore white silk; Mrs Bilton was in cream, trimmed with black velvet; Miss Wilson wore white silk; Mrs Henley also had a very dainty white silk costume.

The concert for the Cathedral Organ Fund was given at the Theatre Royal on the 14th inst. The Cathedral choir was assisted on this occasion by the following artists: Miss Large, whose voice possesses much sweetness, combined with clearness of tone, sang, "In the Merry, Merry Maytime," in admirable style; Mrs Adair Blythe, a con-

tralto, who, having been a professional, promises to be well to the fore, gave as her first song, "Angus Macdonald;" Miss King's solo, "La Serenata" (by Tosti), was beautifully sung; Miss Edwards, a great favourite, besides giving a mandolin solo, played several accompaniments; Mr Longworth, who was in capital form, sang several times, and should be proud of the enthusiastic applause accorded him by the audience. The part songs by the choir likewise added greatly to the evening's entertainment. In fact it was a long programme delightfully carried out. Mr Sharp acted in his usual capacity of accompanist.

MARJORIE.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, April 17.

On Easter Monday night St. Joseph's Catholic School held a

BAZAAR

in the Theatre Royal, which was opened by the Mayor (Mr. Dockrill). The Garrison Band played several selections outside the building during the evening. Many of the stall-holders were in fancy dress, and a good deal of raffling was done, Dean McKenna having charge of the lottery box. Messdames Dockrill, E. M. Smith, Clarke, W. Bennett, Whitel, J. Bennett, and Misses Radford, O'Connor and Melhorne presided over the plain and fancy stall, while Misses Bleasli, R. Bennett and Stephenson looked after the refreshment stall; Madame Tutsehka, Misses Hopkins and Gallagher the gentlemen's stall; Mrs. Wildermoth and Mr. J. Parker had charge of the bean tub. Mr. Rountree's orchestra contributed some excellent music, which added to the pleasures of the evening.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Ab. Goldwater gave a delightful

IMPROMPTU DANCE

in the Freemasons' Hall. It was thoroughly enjoyed by those who went. Mrs. Goldwater was assisted by Miss Goldwater and Miss Jacob, who made splendid hostesses. The supper room was tastefully arranged with flags, while the table was very prettily decorated with cosmos. Mrs. Goldwater received her guests in black silk, trimmed with jet; Miss Goldwater, pretty white silk, with chiffon sash; Miss Jacob, pale blue and black blouse, dark skirt; Miss Bedford, white silk, relieved with turquoise blue; Miss D. Bedford, rose pink; Miss Donaldson, pale blue blouse, black skirt; Miss McKay looked well in pink; Miss R. Clarke, white muslin; Miss Cottier, white silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Ramson, pink silk; Miss —, Ramson, white silk and chiffon; Miss Crozier, dark skirt, pink silk blouse; Miss O'Brien, white silk; Miss E. O'Brien, pale blue silk and ceru insertion blouse, black skirt; Miss Morey, very pretty white tucked silk; Miss Jackson, grey and black; Mrs. R. Bayley, black net; Mrs. G. Neil, grey and cream; Mrs. Jacob, pink silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs. Spencer, grey, relieved with scarlet; Miss Craignie, black tucked silk, relieved with pink roses; Miss I. Ellis, pale pink silk; Miss A. Avery, tussore silk; Miss Taylor, white, with scarlet trimmings; Miss Teel, green silk, trim-

med with a darker shade; Miss Knight, pink silk blouse, dark skirt; and Messrs. Goldwater, Gilmour, Thomson, Brewster, Neil, Jackson, Ramson, Brasch, Bewley, Staudish, Macey, Halse, Kebbelle, Spencer, Otterson, G. Fookes, Ryan.

NANCY LEE.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, April 16.

Nothing could have been more beautiful than the weather we had during the Easter holidays. With the exception of Sunday, which was rather dull and windy, the holidays were perfect—bright and calm, and quite hot, so that everyone who went holiday making had a most delightful time, and came back feeling much refreshed by the outing and ready for their daily routine. Hundreds of people took advantage of the ferry excursions, and all the bays and summer resorts were largely patronised. On Monday the Union Company's boat Rotomahana ran across to Picton and back, and was patronised by over eleven hundred excursionists.

The lawn tennis tournament, which was held on the College Grounds, was a great success, and there was some very exciting and interesting play. The grounds looked very pretty and green, and the large numbers of gaily dressed spectators, as well as the players, made it a most festive scene. Miss Powdrell, of Wanganui, won the Ladies' Singles, and played most brilliantly all through. Mr Cecil Cox was the lucky gentleman winner. Among those whom I noticed on the grounds during the tournament were Mrs Simpson, wearing a grey gown and black coat, black toque with wings; Mrs Barron, a heliotrope linen gown, with lace collar, and a black toque with tips; Miss Barron, in a pink linen gown trimmed with lace, and black and pink hat; Mrs Fulton, dark green zibeline Russian gown, and black hat; Mrs Hunt, pale grey gown piped with black, and a pretty black chiffon hat; Miss Mills, dark coat and skirt, and black toque; Miss E. Mills, in a cerise pink zibeline costume, and pink hat trimmed with roses and black velvet; Miss — Mills, a tabac brown Russian gown, and felt hat to match; and her younger sister was in biscuit coloured voile and lace; Mrs Louis Pharyza, black voile gown and long coat, black toque with tips; Mrs H. Gore, in a dark

skirt and fawn coat, white hat; Mrs C. Cooper, neat royal blue tailor-made suit with lace collar and a blue and white hat; Miss J. Hislop wore a grey flecked tweed coat, and a black and white toque; Mrs Wickham, pale grey voile gown embroidered with white, and a large Tuscan straw hat trimmed with black plumes; Mrs Kettle (Napier), royal blue voile gown, and black and white toque; Miss Kettle, dark skirt and fawn coat, white hat trimmed with blue; Mrs Marchbanks, fawn coat and pretty royal blue tucked voile with a touch of green and white, black picture hat; Mrs Biss, white blouse and black skirt, Panama hat; Miss Cooper, in green linen with ceru insertion, and a dark skirt, sailor hat; Mrs A. Young, black hat; Mrs Cashmille (England), black voile gown and dressy jacket with chiffon ruffles, black and white bonnet; Mrs Purdy, pale grey Eton gown, and black and white toque; Mrs Webster, in a blue gown and black hat; Mrs Betts, in black and white; Miss Edwin, red figured gown, and hat to match; Miss A. Edwin wore a blue gown and large cream hat; Miss G. Harcourt, red linen gown, and white hat trimmed with red; Miss Foot, a dark blue coat and skirt, and a black hat with tips; Mrs Baxter, black mourning costume; Miss Moss Davis (Auckland), a cream frieze gown with lace collar and vest, and a white hat with black tips; also the Misses Gore, Simpson, Marchant, Kennedy, Morrish, Travers, Barron, and others, in neat tennis skirts and blouses.

On Easter Monday there was a large attendance at the opening of the large Bazaar organized to pay off the debt on the Sacred Heart Basilica, Hill-street. The Drill Shed, where the bazaar is being held, was quite transformed with most gorgeous decorations and looks splendid. The opening ceremony was performed by Sir Joseph Ward at three o'clock. Lady Ward is in charge of the New Zealand stall. Her assistants are Messdames Loughnan, W. Nathan, Stafford, Hales, and F. Loughnan, Misses Ward, Fraser, Nathan (2), O'Connor (2), Kennedy (2), Stafford (2), Rose, Loughnan (2), and Skerrett. Other stall-holders: Great Britain and Ireland, Messdames Ian Duncan, H. Johnston, and Miss Skerrett, assisted by the Misses Bell, Grace, Skerrett, Putnam, Harcourt, Farmer, Duncan, Johnston, Shapter and Waldgrave; India and Africa, Messdames Gibbs and Duignan, and Miss Duignan, assisted by the Misses M. Manaway (2), McDonald, Vincent and Kuch-



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en. Canada and Scotland, Mesdames Bolton and Keefe; assistants, Misses Saunders, Waters, Kersley, Quin, Sullivan, Davis, Cosgrove, Gallagher, Corliss, Twohill, Henry, Hutchinson, Reston, Lane, McArdle, McSherry, Bannister, Taylor, Flanagan and Williams. Tea kiosks, Mrs Kelly, Misses M. Manaway, Redmond, Ahearne, Butler, Collins, Sheridan, Casey, Young, Fitzgerald, Corrigan, Maginnity, Twohill and Sullivan. In the evening the hall was crowded to the doors to see the spectacular display, "Britannia's Call to Arms," under the direction of Signor Borzoni. Judging from the great business done on the opening day, the bazaar should prove a decided success. It is to remain open for ten days altogether.

Mrs Dr. Findlay gave a very pleasant afternoon tea on Wednesday for Mrs Tole, of Auckland. The rooms were prettily decorated with autumn flowers and leaves, and the dining-room table was laden with delicious cakes and sweets around the floral centrepiece. Mrs Findlay received in a prettily tucked gown of pale biscuit voile with cream lace and a touch of blue on the bodice. Mrs Tole looked nice in a soft grey gown and becoming black hat. Amongst the guests I noticed Lady Ward, Mrs and Miss Seddon, Lady Stout, Mrs Nathan, Mrs Napier Bell, Mrs and Miss Quick, Mrs Loughnan, Mrs F. Dyer, Mrs Brown, Mrs and Miss McGregor, Mrs Ewen, Miss Izard, Mrs Easterfield, and others.

OPHELIA.

MARLBOROUGH.

Dear Bee,— April 14.
The excitement in Blenheim this week is all over the

ADVENT OF THE VOLUNTEERS

from Nelson and the coast to attend the Easter Camp at the Taylor Pass. The Wakatu (Nelson) Rifles came overland, but several other corps from Nelson and the West Coast came via Picton by the Tutanekeki. There is always

a good deal of interest taken in this sort of thing by the ladies, therefore we like—dearly so—to have the Easter encampment held here. Among the varying sounds issuing from the camp is the war-cry of the Blenheim Rifles, "Ka Whawhai Tonu Matou, ake, ake, nke."

Cricket matches, regattas and excursions have been very plentiful and very enjoyable, but the encampment at the Taylor Pass was the attraction par excellence.

Some people attended the REGATTA

at Spring Creek, which was held on the Wairau River, the ladies of the Anglican Church holding a sale of work and a refreshment stall in aid of the local church. Some went to Picton for the attractions there, a man-o-war, a sailing regatta, and an excursion boat, the Rotomahana from Wellington, which brought over about 1400 excursionists, all of whom apparently enjoyed their outing.

THE PICTON HOSPITAL BALL.

on Easter Monday evening was a great attraction to people from all parts of the country, and was as well managed as it was possible to manage anything. Dr and Mrs Redman, who worked up the affair, must be complimented upon their management. The ball was certainly one of the best ever held in Picton, and that is saying much. Others who worked hard for the ball were Mrs Riddell, Mrs Oxley and Mrs Stow, Misses Seymour, Robinson and Western. The decorations were also uncommon. The flags from H.M.S. Sparrow had been artistically arranged by a couple of Jack tars, and the ladies had arranged groups of toi-toi plumes about wherever there was space. The stage was furnished as a drawing-room, and the supper laid out artistically in a tent opening out from the hall, and needless to say was of the very best. Mrs Redman wore handsome yellow satin, covered with lace, and trimmed with narrow ribbon; Mrs Stow, handsome black silk and lace; Mrs J. B. Richardson, "Meadow Bank," a very handsome dress of pink silk, the

front and bodice trimmed with jewelled embroidery; Mrs John Duncan, black satin and lace; Mrs H. Howard (Blenheim), black silk and lace; Mrs Riddell, white brocade, tucked and trimmed with lace; Mrs Radcliffe, cream broche; Mrs Petrie, black silk, trimmed with headed embroidery; Mrs Baillie (Blenheim), cream brocade; Mrs C. Western, black; Miss Seymour, black silk with long drooping sleeves of black chiffon trimmed with sequins; Miss Rutherford, white silk and Maltese lace; Miss Masfield, white silk; Miss E. Western, white silk, tucked and trimmed with insertion; Miss N. Beauchamp, black silk trimmed with chiffon, and pink roses on the corsage; Miss L. Beauchamp, pale terra cotta silk and berthe of lovely Irish point; Miss E. Seymour, black satin and red poppies; Miss Philpotts, pale blue silk; Misses E. and A. Philpotts, white; Miss Synthe, white soft muslin with long sleeves of lace; Miss Halse, black silk, with red chiffon; Miss McIntosh (Blenheim), black velvet skirt and blue silk blouse; Miss E. Greensill, yellow silk, with black velvet bows; Miss Roberts, green costume; Miss Speed, green silk with Maltese lace; Miss Fell (Wellington), blue brocade with harlequin embroidery; Miss L. Greensill, dark skirt, cream silk blouse; Miss Stavey (Wellington), black satin; Miss Macalister, white silk; Miss Moore, white silk; Miss Millington, white silk; Miss Cragg, white silk; Miss Robinson, black silk and red poppies; Miss Miles, pink; Miss L. Miles, white; Miss Nash, black skirt, blue silk blouse; Miss Gullery, white; Miss Bragg, black, and her sister black skirt and blue silk blouse; Miss Young, black skirt and white silk blouse; Miss Norton, black; Miss Wilkins, white; Miss Godfrey, black skirt and white blouse, etc. etc. Some of the men were:—Dr Redman, the captain and officers (3) of H.M.S. Sparrow, Messrs Cragg, Baillie, Kenny, Richardson, Card, Webster, McIntosh (2), Adams, Hebley, Searle, Petrie, Barclay, Beauchamp (2), Greensill, Riddell, Duncan, Stow, Radcliffe, Moore (2), Howard, Masfield, Seymour (2), Fraser-Tyther, Chaytor, Stace, Godfrey and others.

MIRANDA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee.— April 14.
There has been little to do, and would have been less to see, but for the good collection of pictures at the Art Gallery this week, where a very pleasant hour can be spent. In the evening Miss Scrivener's band adds the charm of music.

Numbers of people decided to spend Easter out of town, and the weather was perfection, and camping parties may be seen at Sumner and Brighton.

The volunteers had a terrible battle somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Waimakariri, and since have been peaceably in camp at Addington, where they were inspected by General Babington, accompanied by Captain Campbell, A.D.C., on Easter Monday morning. Both No. 1 and No. 2 Battalions attended the C.J.C. meeting at

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EXTRACT FROM "AUCKLAND STAR," NOVEMBER 19th, 1901.

"An armchair, which for ease and comfort may fairly be said to surpass anything of its kind, has been put in the market by Messrs. Smith & Caughey. The chair, which has been patented, is the invention of Mr. W. Aggers, of this city. Its external appearance is that of an ordinary armchair, but by an ingenious arrangement of springs, the new invention is made as comfortable as one could desire. The seat, back, and arms are all fitted with springs, which yield to every motion of the sitter, absolute ease being thus secured. The chair is very simply constructed, there being nothing to get out of order, and the one originally made by the patentee, after two years of use, is now in perfect order. For invalids the chair should be very popular, and in clubs and hotels it will probably be widely used. The maker has styled it the "Advance." In a slightly different chair the arms are made rigid."

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Riccarton at the invitation of the club. Two presentations were made at the camp, one to Major Claffey of a long-service medal, presented by Colonel Porter, and Major Snow presented to Lieutenant Merton a drummer's apron of leopard skin, from the mounted corps.

There has been great excitement over a trotting match, and people who have never ventured to enter the Metropolitan Trotting Club's grounds were there on Saturday to see the great race between Ribbonwood, the N.Z. champion, and Fritz, the Australian champion. The former won easily. A large number of ladies were also present, and as they streamed out on to the lawn served to remind one very forcibly of Cup time at Riccarton.

The very fine weather was responsible for the

LARGE ATTENDANCE AT RIC-CARTON

on Monday, and opinions were very divided among the ladies as to the most suitable costume to appear in, but those who elected to wear the winter one, though much more sombre, scored before the day ended. It is evident everything is to be rough and coarse this winter; black and white will still be one of the favourite combinations, brown following a close second, while the Russian blouse leads in style. Among the many handsome costumes worn I noticed Mrs G. G. Stead, in dark blue cloth, the shoulder capes of white cloth, with lace applique and gold buttons, cream lace front, white felt hat with blue velvet, white furs; Miss Stead, mignonette green fringed Russian costume, white picture hat and feathers; Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, a lovely black silk voile, with pleated chiffon frills, black picture hat and feathers, sable furs; Lady Clifford, dark grey cloth coat and skirt, Tuscan straw toque, bound and trimmed with black chiffon; Mrs G. Rhodes (Meadowbank), brown flecked with white, trimmed with brown velvet and lace, pale blue vest, brown felt hat with blue velvet and wings to match; Mrs P. Campbell, dark green coat and skirt, black and white spot-

ted silk, sailor collar, black hat; Mrs J. Gould, pale blue voile gown, trimmed with lace, net ruffle, black chiffon hat and feathers, handsome sable cape; Mrs Boyle, black and white spotted gown, black and white hat; Mrs Clifford, black voile, with cream lace insertion trimming, white felt hat and quills; Mrs E. C. J. Stevens, navy coat and skirt, cream lace front, black velvet bonnet with cream roses and lace; Mrs D. Cameron (Mothven), pale blue frieze, strapped with white cloth, toque to match, white marabout necklet; Mrs C. Louison, dark blue cloth Russian costume, cream vest, relieved with green velvet, white felt hat, trimmed with dark green silk; Miss Louison, brown zibeline cloth, white felt picture hat, with black velvet and wings; Miss M. Louison, black and white flecked cloth, made with Russian blouse, and faced with red, red felt hat, trimmed with silk and quills to match; Mrs V. Harris, dark brown frieze, trimmed with velvet to match, black and white hat; Miss Harris, navy blue cloth, trimmed with blue and white spotted silk, white felt picture hat, trimmed with black and white spotted chiffon; Mrs P. Cunningham (Pleasant Point), navy blue costume, black picture hat and feathers; Mrs V. Hargreaves, navy blue and white striped coat and skirt, toque of mauve velvet and paler chiffon; Mrs R. D. Thomas, dark blue cloth Russian costume, black and white toque; Miss Thomas, pale grey tweed costume, white felt hat; Mrs I. Gibbs, pale blue silk, trimmed with cream lace, white felt hat with black and white wings; Miss Kempthorne (Dunedin), dark grey zibeline, Russian costume, cream front, black picture hat, white furs; Mrs H. Meares, dark blue cloth Russian costume, relieved with orange velvet and black and gold braid, toque to match; Miss Chisholm (Sydney), moss-green cloth skirt and silk blouse to match, with cream lace insertion, black hat; Mrs F. Graham, dark green frieze, with cream vest, pigeon blue hat, trimmed with poppies to match; Miss Graham, navy blue cloth, piped with white, cream vest, white felt hat, trimmed to match; Mrs. Pyne, navy cloth

dress, cream lace front, black chiffon hat; Mrs. (Dr.) Jennings, dark brown frieze, with brown velvet collar, white cloth toque, with fur trimming, white ospreys; Miss Preston, dark grey and white flecked costume, with Russian blouse, cream lace front, black hat and feathers; Mrs. Haydon, cream serge dress, black satin coat, with handsome black and white collar, black and white hat; Miss Haydon, pale pink voile gown, grebe feather hat; Mrs. E. V. Palmer (Burnham), navy cloth coat and skirt, trimmed with embroidery, brown fur toque, with red berries; Mrs. Wardrop, dark grey Russian costume, trimmed with panne velvet, black hat; Mrs. L. Harley, dark grey zibeline, made with Russian coat and scarlet facings, hat to match; Miss Harley, navy blue costume, white felt hat, trimmed with pale blue silk and dark quills; Mrs. Ogle, brown frieze costume, felt hat and pompons to match; Mrs. Denniston, black gown, trimmed with cream lace, black sequin toque; Miss Denniston, dark grey frieze costume, white hat, with lighter silk trimming; Miss H. Denniston, pale grey gown and white vest, white felt hat, with black velvet and grey bird; Mrs. Jackson, navy blue cloth gown, blue felt hat, with green and blue chiffon rosettes; Mrs. Lichfield, black cloth costume, black and white toque.

We are all looking forward to the return of Nellie Stewart in her part of "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," and shall try to forget so many years have rolled by since she and Vernon drove dull care away for hundreds of our citizens in happy hours spent at the Theatre Royal, where, I am sure, a warm welcome awaits her. We are also anticipating a treat from the Westminster singers.

This week we are speeding another of our young colonial musicians to pursue his studies in Berlin—Mr. A. J. W. Bunz, who leaves very shortly, and who comes of a very musical family. His father taught in Christchurch for over thirty years, and his mother was a Miss Merton, whose father may be considered to have been the first to have fostered music at all in Christchurch. A concert is to be tendered to him on the 16th, when Mrs. Burns, Miss Graham, Mr. F. M.

Wallace and a number of our leading musicians take part.
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**PERSONAL NOTES
FROM LONDON.**

(From Our London Correspondent.)

LONDON, March 6.

Miss F. Irvine (Dunedin) played at a concert lately with the Junior Orchestra of the Royal Academy of Music.

Mrs Sievewright (Dunedin) is at present staying on the Riviera, on the South Coast of France.

Mr Claude Shillitoe has come Home to see relatives and intends to take a run through Canada on his way back to New Zealand.

The Anglican Bishop of Wellington preaches this next Sunday at St. Stephen's, Westbourne Grove, of which the Bishop-Designate of Auckland is at present vicar.

Miss Stoddart (Christchurch) has just gone to St. Ives, in Cornwall. I hear that some of her work has sold very satisfactorily lately.

Mr John Baillie (Wellington) is becoming quite a fashionable art-dealer at his gallery in Baywater. His exhibition of drawings in black and white by Academicians and other well-known artists closed last Wednesday, and Mr Baillie is well pleased with the result.

The Board of Trinity College, London, has decided to despatch Mr Charles Edwards to conduct this year's examination in practical musical subjects in New Zealand, and to give to Dr. Creser the task of putting Australian aspirants to musical honours through their failings.

Mr and Mrs Addison J. Newbold, who came Home by the Oroya last year, have been staying with relations up at Darlington, in Yorkshire, hunting and golfing in the neighbourhood. They are now in town and intend staying here for the season, then go to Devonshire, then for a couple of months abroad, and back to London, where they intend to live for a time.

Last Sunday afternoon at her studio in St. John's Wood, Miss Grace Joel (Dunedin) had eighteen pictures to show to her friends. She certainly excels in painting the nude, and it is not surprising that her mastery of the subtleties of flesh-tints was highly praised when she was working in Paris. A full-length portrait of a boy was perhaps the most attractive of her collection last Sunday, and Miss Joel has already been rewarded by a commission to paint the boy's sister.

Amongst this week's visitors at the offices of the Agent-General have been Miss Dora Barron, from Caversham (Dunedin) and Miss Ella Adams (Blenheim), who are both staying in Leinster Square, Baywater. Mr Arthur H. Adams also called; Mr Walter Bishop (Dunedin), Mr Claude Shillitoe, and Mr Joshua Whiting (Paraparaua); Mrs Smith, Mr Claude Welsby, Miss Lettie Haasell (Tinaru); Mr Kenneth Thomson (Gisborne); Mr Bartteman of Dunedin; Mr Wright (Mt. Somers), and Miss Napier Hitchings.

Mrs Percy Ray (Auckland) is at present undergoing a course of treatment at Buxton, in Derbyshire, and intends to return to New Zealand in October. Mrs Ray came Home by the Medic nearly a year ago to consult specialists, and until she settled down at the Buxton Hydropathic had been visiting friends and trying several health resorts. Since living at Buxton she has become stronger and better, and hopes to be completely recovered before her voyage back to Auckland.

Dr. Arnold Izard (Wellington) sails on the 13th by the Shaw Saville s.s. Gothic. He has seen a good deal of the world since he left New Zealand. He went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, and was afterwards House Surgeon at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, under the famous surgeon Mr Walsham. Last week he took his M.B. degree at Cambridge, the thesis which he read on that occasion being "Appendicitis."

It will be remembered that Dr. Arnold Izard served with the Rifle Brigade in

South Africa, and now wears the medal with two clasps.

Mrs Sunderland, who lived at Gisborne for many years, and came Home to England in February, 1898, has settled down now in the west of London. Miss Joan Sunderland is acting as one of the secretaries to the well-known Miss Octavia Hill, who has taken up so keenly the problem of the housing of the poor, and works on the Committees of the Charity Organization Society, the Kyrle Society, and the National Trust for protecting places of history, interest and beauty. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have handed over the management and some of the small tenement houses on their London estates to Miss Octavia Hill, so her lady secretaries, amongst other experiences, have to do rent-collecting in the slums. In spite of all such unpleasant tasks, Miss Sunderland may well be congratulated upon coming under such training and influence as that of Miss Octavia Hill, and whatever career she may eventually adopt, her present experiences will be of life-long value.

The Agents-General for New South Wales and New Zealand were present at a dinner last week, got up to "push" the proposed Capetown Exhibition. The Duke of Argyll, who was in the chair, explained that the show was to be held, primarily, if not exclusively, for the benefit of British and colonial exhibitors. During the post-prandial flow of verbosity, some very hot speeches were made against the "shipping-ring," and one of the speakers accused Messrs Donald Currie and Co. of bringing goods from New York to the Cape for 12/ a ton whilst charging British manufacturers up to 40/ a ton. The loud applause which followed the demand of another speaker that subsidised shipping companies should be made common carriers, showed what the majority present thought of "the ring."

Chief Inspector Dinnie, who has accepted the position of Chief of Police for New Zealand, granted me a very brief interview at Scotland Yard the other day. He is a fine, healthy, firm-looking man, just the type for the work he has undertaken. In answer to enquiries as to his past experiences, Mr Dinnie said that, for the present, his mouth was closed, as he was still in an official position here, and it would be against all rules and regulations for him to talk to the press. As soon as he is out of harness here, he promised, however, to call upon me, and no doubt we shall then be of mutual assistance to each other.

"Scotland Yard," where I saw Mr Dinnie, is no longer the mean little courtyard out of Whitehall of the old days—the site of that corner of the old palace where our forefathers used to keep troublesome Scotch kings in a sort of back yard. The present police headquarters is as fine a modern building as we have in all London, a huge place—with just the suggestion of a mediaeval Scottish stronghold—facing on to the river and not a stone's throw from the Houses of Parliament. The architect was Norman Shaw, and his design is well worthy of the admiration it gets on all hands.

Mr T. M. Wilford, M.H.R., and Mrs Wilford reached Plymouth last Wednesday week by the Gothic, much depressed by the two cases of suicide that happened on the voyage. After landing they first went to Land's End and saw Marconi's wireless telegraph station at Poldhu. They had a talk with Marconi himself, and he expressed himself as being greatly interested in New Zealand. Then they came on to London by way of Bath. Mr Wilford is amongst the many New Zealanders who have had to come Home to consult specialists. He has been making inquiries all round as to who is the best man to consult, and he says he cannot get two people to agree on that point. Dr. Sinclair Thompson being away, Mr Wilford is going to see Dr. Henry Taylor next week. Both Mr and Mrs Wilford say they feel the effects of our delightfully variegated climate very much, but as this last winter has been one of the mildest we have suffered for years, they have something for which to be thankful. They wisely defer sight-seeing until after the business of consulting doctors is over. Mr Henniker Hea-

ton, M.P., the post-office reformer, and Colonel Denny, M.P., have both shown them much kindness, and they have dined in the Members' Diningroom at the House of Commons. If it turns out that any operation is necessary for Mr Wilford's throat, they will go down afterwards to the South of France as soon as the journey can be made with safety, meanwhile they remain at the Grand Hotel in Trafalgar Square. Mr Wilford's last word to me had a true human touch in it, "I never knew how dear New Zealand was to me until I came to leave it."

Many New Zealanders will remember Mr Hugh Frere, who first came out to farm there, and settled in Canterbury, near Kirwee. He then went down South, and was ordained by Bishop Neville, of Dunedin. Then he held a district on the Waitaki, and, later, came Home and took up church work in Palestine. Last year he was made an archdeacon, with jurisdiction over the whole of Palestine and Egypt. Some months ago he returned to Beirut, and appears to be having lively times of it there. The anarchy in that part of the Sultan of Turkey's dominions seems to be about as bad as can well be imagined. Murder and robberies take place every day, and the nominal governor of "Vali" and every official under him are utterly corrupt. Complaints are worse than useless; indeed, it is dangerous to make any. Even, Europeans are in danger. Archdeacon Frere was stopped and fired at some time ago whilst driving through Beirut,

but, as all his old friends know, he is not about the last man in the world to know what fear means. He is just the man for the place—calm, determined, and absolutely fearless. The respect in which he is held by all the better-class natives, Mohammedans, or Christians, is great; he is no hot-headed proselytising fanatic like many Christian emissaries which the West so rashly and foolishly keeps sending to the East. Of course, the present anarchy is disgraceful, and will have to be put an end to, but all the same, if all Christian teachers were as level-headed as our old New Zealand friend, Archdeacon Frere, Macedonian agitations would soon cease to keep the whole of Europe in a quiver of apprehension. Speaking of that, it is exasperating to find that though the Powers have already intervened, we have the "Daily News" still making mischief by screaming out the most un-Christian lines that Milton ever wrote, "Avenge, oh Lord, Thy slaughtered saints." Archdeacon Frere, we have little doubt, could tell us some very ugly facts about those same "saints." The Turk cannot govern, but we must give him his due, and see what sort of people his "Christian" subjects too often are.

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Copyright Story.

Rattigan's Sour Acre.

By FRANK SAVILE.



(Author of "The Blessing of Esau," etc.)

"A fine crop of oats? 'Tis the thrue word, Master Francis. Ye'll not find a better wan outside a book of poetry, an' 'tis little the po-uts know of farmin', the quare creatures they are. D'ye recollect Shamus, ildest son of Rattigan Reilly that had the houldin' beyond the wood? 'Twas he was the bhoys to poetise—so he was. He'd sherpap himself into a newspaper office in Cork, beginnin' by lickin' the halppenny wrapper fr' country subscribers an' risin' by slow degrees to pennin' the death an' destruction articles fr' the Saturday edishun—burnin' words that filled the souls of the readers wid wrath, an' their breeches pockets wid bricks, an' giv' the polisinn more to think of b' closin' time than the clamin' of their 'countrements. Oh, he was a malicious ribbl, he was that."

"Like all our greatest men, though, he'd his softer momints. Whin he'd stirrup up appropriate distraction fr' the wake ind, he'd come up to visit his father on the Sunday afternoon, rayverperatin', as he called it, wearin' his hair a fut beyond his collar, an' wid the scuffoldin' up fr' a beard that he'd acquired the copyright, of from Auntie O'Gehegan's goat."

"Thin he'd sthick wan hand behind two buttons of his vest—if two buttons was there, for his Bohaynian instincts, so he said, rayvolted at an over particular unteness—toss b' the flovlin' looks from his intelligent brow, an' use words Father Malachi denied was in any Christian man's dictionary—an' 'twas he sh'd know, the orator that he is."

"'Twas there I meself saw him wan afternoon, shtandin' beside his father, Mrs Reilly an' the girls wid mouths and eyes gapin' at him, what while he raypated t' him the redhot sintiments he'd been hurlin' into the p'litical arayna the day before. A proud bhoys he was, an' had cause t' be. Five of the constabulary was in hospital wid splintered ribs, an' but wan whole nose betwixt the half dozen of them, th' Inspector was carryin' his head in a sling, an' tin of the bhoys was jailed along wid six compound fractures an' a broken leg. Niver, he declared, had he risin' to such heights of retyrick; niver had the patriotism of the people responded wid such loyal sympathy t' the dedushuns of their chosen leader."

"But," says he, whin he'd finished tellin' how Thady O'Rourke had thransfixed the Superintendent wid the half of a broken hay fork, an' Turk O'Neill had bit two fingers from a constable, an' three from a sergeant, 'these are no thames fr' a paeofal Sabbath avenin'. Let me soothe me spirit wid the calm of th' expirin' day. Let us observe,' he says, 'the goulden glories of the corn.' He was starrin' at the few heads of oats that was peepin' through the boulders on the home allotmint, d'ye see, sorr."

"Goulden glories, bednd!' says his father, that had less poetry inside of him than there's tar in an egg, an' that's none at all, 'goulden glories!' says he. 'Tis only shmall silver or copper, an' little enough of that that I can see in him. Eight shillin's t' the sack is all ye'll arm me fr' that crop, Shamus, if ye wag y'r tongue from now to Christmas,' he says."

"Tut," says the bhoys, 'ye rayvolt me, father, wid y'r commershal imaginashuns. Let y'r sowl have play,' he says. 'Tis the impyrial colour, not the price, that I'm alludin' to. Look at it!' says he. 'Mark the rich yellow glintin' against the kindly brown airth!'"

"I see it—bad cess to it," says Rattigan, 'an' the poor playground fr' any man's sowl it is. There's nothin' there,' says he, 'to move me shpirit to blind-man's buff. A sourer, unwholesomer paddock niver sucked the shweat of a poor man's toll. If I had the due rayults of me labour it sh'd grow a bushel t' the square fut!'"

"I giv' the gay laugh, fr' Ratty was niver the wan to destroy his constabushun wid labour while pheasants

roosted low or rabbits ran on four feet. Year in year out there was mate in the crook on the hearth, an' the few oats he grew was more to attract his neighbours' birds than t' provide male fr' his fam'ly. His corn allotmint hadn't been more than scratched, in a manner of shpakin', since the year he squatted on it, an' tuk Mary Moriarty fr' his second wife. "Y'r right," says Shamus, foldin' his arms across his chest an' dhravin' a breath. 'Th' unrequited an' patient toil of the pisants cries to Hiven against th' excahuns of the rappedious aristocracy,' says he. 'Why wudden we rayturn t' the innocent days of yore whin the fruits of the airth were the rights of all, whin rints was paid wid outlaxers or not at all, an' whin the hare, the rabbit, an' even the mighty stag was fr' the catchin' of them that out—catch,' he says, hesitatn' to use wan syllable when three or even four wud have served his purpose."

"Bedad, y'r wrong about that last,' argues Rattigan. 'I'll not say that hares an' rabbits wasn't here wid Brian Boru. But the stag's an imported baste. What time Sir Daniel had the shmall herd of deer in the home park, 'twas his own kaper tould me father—rest his sowl—that they was all the produce of wan buck an' three hinds that he got in a cattle boat fr'm England wid a drove of Shorthorns.'

"Ah now, father avick, ye shpuke fr'm the depths of y'r ignorance," says Shamus. 'Whin our ancestors was dhressed in their own clane shkins, an' used the death dealin bow an' arrow, deer was as plentiful as sheep, an' twice as fat. An' more than that,' he says, 'the great elk, eight fut high, six fut broad, an' wid horns ye eudent have housed in the Squire's parlour, browsed across the mountains, providn' mate fr' a fam'ly fr' the best half of a winter.'

"An' where did ye larn that fairy tale, Shamus lad?" says Ratty. 'Tis the great man ye are, an' always was, at discoverin' what was niver lost,' says he."

"Tis nororious," says the bhoys. 'I seen the picture of the skeleton of wan in Dublin Museum, an' more than that the horns an' bones of another was dug no longer ago than last wate fr'm a Tipperary man's pate pit b' an' oold homedod of a German professor of Ballyontology wid a head on him like a frog's.' I seen it meself,' he says, 'in Cork Town Hall.'

"Th' horns or the frog's head?" says Ratty. 'Think shame t' y'rself, ye innocent child, to be fooled wid any Tipperary man's imbellishments. Fr' the price of his own shkinful of the good stuff, any bhoys in Cashel w'd unirth yo th' Ark, wid Noah's fottygraft on the top thransom.'

"'Twas not the Tipperary man but the professor's own self that unairthed this wan,' says Shamus. 'Twas this way. Th' oold gossoon was wandherin' around like a navvy wid a hammer, hewin' at rocks t' discover th' ancient shnails that's embedded in them, an' bein' overcome wid the heat an' his own exershus, turned aside to this O'Reilly's cabin fr' the chanst of a taste of milk. There was a quare bit of bone sthuck in the wall fr' a hat peg, an' what time the oold man turned up his eyes to gulp at th' bowl, he focussed his spictles on to it. O'Reilly himself tould me that the yell th' oold onadlawn giv' wud have gone nigh to curdin' the marrow in any wan's shpine."

"He droppeth th' bowl—an' be the same token O'Reilly made him unhdshand tin shillin's wud barely buy a new wan—plucked the thing fr'm the plaster, an' demanded where in the devil it come from, an' O'Reilly, not havin' the wits at short notice t' devise anythin' but the thruth, tould him he turned it up wid a touch of th' shpade in the patch before the door."

"At that this quare oold goat shqualed like a schalded pig an' offered him a sovereign fr' ivry piece like it he could find an' £5 to dig up the whole

patch before his eyes. O'Reilly was that astonished he closed on the terms like a clasp knife, whin a momint's consideration should have showed him that what was valued at five pounds and asily have been made worth tin by half an hour's bargainin'. But the long an' the short of it was that they shtruck on the horns after a couple of hours' pickaxin', an' the professor collected ivry knob of them, an' had them cianuted an' shtruck up fr' show within the wate. 'Twas the buck he said, an' now he's back on the houldin'—'tis near Cashel—worryin' t' find the hind, an' givin' O'Reilly five shillin's the hour to dig ivry inch of the dirt he owns. Mrs O'Reilly's worn a shawl fit fr' an Impres since last Saturday, an' her husband's bought three heifers an' a foal."

"D'ye mane to tell me, Shamus," says Ratty, 'that th' oold loonatick's givin' him five shillin's an hour to cultivate his own allotmint!'"

"Just that," says the lad, 'an' all on the chanst of findin' oold bones whin new an' better wans is to be bought by th' shovel full fr'm O'Rourke's shlaughter house in Moyle."

"Ratty giv' the deep sigh."

"Begor!" says he. 'Tis all too thrue that the wise man was born to nourish the fools. Why wuddent I find an elk, or a hippopotymose, or a tiger in that sour shtriny slough of a p'latic patch of mine that's bruk the heart in me this twenty years?'"

"Shamus cast him a look meditative-like. Thin a twinkle grew in the eye of him. He giv' a quare laugh."

"Tis a sour patch,' he says, starrin' at it. 'Tis sour indade. May be 'twould be the savin' of it t' thry th' effects of deep cultivashun.'

"Will ye be offerin' y'r Sunday leisure fr' th' experiment?" says Ratty, polite-ful."

"Shamus shtruck a finger in the arnhole of his vest."

"I will, thin," says he chucklin'."

"Tis good hearin'," says Ratty, unbelavin'. 'Work will be a divartin' expyrience fr' you that's niver thried it.'

"Civil words now," says Shamus, 'or pr'haps I'll not be exersicin' me talints fr' y'r benefit. 'Tis not the coarse labours of me hands that I'll expind, but the fruits of an unqualified brain. There's more ways of shiffin' mud than he hewin' it wid a shovel,' he says."

"Tis you should know," says his father, 'bein' accustomed to shtir it wid

y'r circumlocushuns in print. What will ye bring to it here, though! It needs little less than a steam dredger to make an impression on what ye see before ye."

"Tut," says Shamus, 'the pair of arms that's hangin' fr'm y'r own shoulders c'd do all that wants doin' fr' a shhirt. Get me a hole dug three fut deep among the p'tates here, an' I'll see t' the rest of the manipulasuns,' he says."

"What's that?" says Ratty. 'Twill shpoll the best half of a bushel of the young roots,' he says, 'and who'll pay me fr' that?'"

"Ah, father dear, don't be afther strainin' y'r head beyond the size of y'r hat,' says th' imp'dint lad, 'says he, 'Do as y'r bid, be a blessin' t' y'r family, an' lave y'r eldest son wateh over y'r interests,' he says, 'dhravin' his arm through mine, an' ladin' me aside. Th' oold man growled like a bear, but all his snaris, 'twas the high opinion of Shamus's diplomacy he had. I heard him cry to th' oold woman fr' his maddock as we turned the corner."

"Thin," says the bhoys, 'this same oold buffalo of a professor's comin' t' shbay wid the Squire the wate after nixt."

"Hivins above us!" says I. 'The Mast-er tould me that a Bohaynian Shcandinavian sort of a gentleman was asked for a fortnight come Tue-day, but he giv' no particulars. Will he likely bring his shpade?' I says, 'The Mithress'll allow no excavashuns in her flower garden, but there's a power of cats buried in the raspberry canes. Please the Saints that'll contain him,' says I."

"Ye may be asy about y'r geraniums," says Shamus, 'an' fr' the matter of that about y'r currants an' y'r raspberries. But if th' oold grave-digger—Pippenhauser's the name he's not ashamed t' bear—sh'd happen to ask ye if ancient remains is notorious in the district, ye might put in a good word fr' that amie sour paddock of me father's—ye might do so, Tim, fr' oold sock's sake."

"I shopped in the road wid me month wide open. Thin I giv' the great laugh."

"Bedad, Shamus," says I, 'ye've the ingenuisness of the whole of Thudny College under wan hat. But how'll I attract th' oold innocent to that patch more than any other wate? 'Tis little I know of Ballyontology, or whatever ye call it, fr' all me larned looks.' "Lave that t' me," says he. 'Do you set the thrap, Tim, an' I'll see to th' bit-in' of it, an' no more c'd I get fr'm him."



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He went back to Cork an' th' ladin' out of revolution that same evenin', an' a civil a word did he send fr the best part of a week.

"Thin wan mornin' Pether, the post-boy, come shewatin' par th' avenue wid a large brown paper parcel peepin' out over the rim of his bag. He giv' it me wid a sour look.

"I'll thank ye t' have y'er shoppin' sent home in a van next time, Tim," says he. "Tis no duty of the Post Office to hoist wan cubic fut of y'r rubbish sivin miles on me patient back. An I a mule?" he says.

"A near relation of the father of wan," says I, takin' the thing fr'm him, an' he went away as black as the Master's ebony stick.

"Twas covered wid lashin's on lashin's of brown paper, but whin I got t' the last of thin nothin' else droppod out but an ould bone, bleached white wid weather, wid a scrap of paper stituck to it wid a tin tack.

"Me devoted frind," wrote Shamus. "The enclosed was found on me parint's allotment b' the turn of the hoe among the young whate. Bein' aware of y'r partiality fr curiosities, I send it you wid me blessing, hopin' it'll bring ye the good luck ye deserve. 'Tis a small token of me affeshun, but value it fr the sentiments it rayprisints, which are well known to you," says he, an' that was all.

"It tuk no great ponderin' t' see his manin'. 'Twas the bait t' attract the ould shnaul-grubber, an' I was the bhoy that was to dangle it under his nose. I giv' a laugh, burnt the note, tossed the bone on the saddle room shelf, an' bedad! forgot all about it fr two days or more.

"Thin wan mornin' the Master an' an ould grizzled gintleman, wid spectacles on him like low windows, came shiruttin' in t' order the horses to ride over to Sheila Abbey, where I suppose the ould resurrectionist meant havin' a day's shpade work among th' ancient tombs.

"I'll not forget in a hurry the face that grew upon him whin he set eyes on that bone on the shelf. The veins on his forehead shwelled like bloms, an' his breath seemed like to choke him.

"Man," says he in his pudden foreign voice, "man! where in the wide world did ye rob this front? An' hill up Shamus's rifle fr th' Master t' see as if it was so much solid gold.

"That," says I, indifferent like. "Twas found on me frind's allotment, an' I tuk it to hone the Master's ridin' boots wid. But 'tis 'oo ould an' too unaven fr me purpose I find," says I, slow an' stiddy.

"He tuk off his glasses. Thin he tuk a stare at the Squire; thin he peered at me. In the end he whipped out a magnifyin' glass an' examined the splinter all over, usin' terrible words in his own spache, till the Master interrupted him.

"What is it at all?" he says. "Is it the tail of an allygator or th' shout of a rhinosus that ye've found in me inminent saddle room?" says he. "Luck's fond of quare roostin' places," he says, "but fossils in me suitable yard is beyond me whole experyience."

"Mister Puppenhauser—did ye iver hear such a name?"—giv' him a look.

"'Tis no fossil," says he, "but a bone."

"Save us!" says the Squire, "wid ye send fr the Crowner? Has murder been done?" he asks, laughin'.

"I don't understand y'r official system," says th' ould man, "but I'll not say the polis mightn't take a look at it," he says. "Can ye show me exactly where ye say it come from?" he asks me, peerin' through his giclamps like an owl.

"Can I not?" says I. "Within an inch of it," I says, "plased that matthers was comin' to a head quick an' avy." 'Tis but the half of half a mile fr'm where ye shant!

"Thin I'll thank ye to guide me there," says he, an' whin the Squire expostulated that 'twud be a shame, an' a sorrow t' waste the mornin' on a pate pit whin th' whole atmosphere was uppulin' t' thin t' rale abroad an' enjoy such a day, he turned on him like a fox untrapped.

"Man!" says he, "what's y'r femba compered t' this. 'Tis no less than an elk bone—as fine a wan as has been dug in Ireland!" he says, an' giv' me the sign to hole on as if he was a General. With in the minutes I had him at the Rattigan's front door.

"Ratty was turnin' the barren soil beyond the p'tatie patch like a musvy. He lifted his enubel, shpared me one knowin' glint of th' eye, an' give us good mornin'. Th' ould man was on to him like a flash.

"'Tis you that found this? he says, danglin' his bit of shkeleton before his face, an' Ratty, ponderin' over it circumspectly, brought his nose that close you'd have belaved he wanted to recognise it b' the shnell.

"'Thru' enough," he says at last. "Twas resurrected b' me hoe a wake last Thursday. But howiver it come to y'r hand, sorr," he says, "y'r welcome to it."

"Th' ould man giv' a curious growl.

"Have ye more like it?" says he, shpakin' as if he'd a quinsy.

"Sorra wan," says Ratty, "unless there's more buried benayth me p'taties, an' that I'll not be able to tell till they're dug," says he.

"Old Puppenhauser looked him up an' he looked him down. For all the world he seemed like a man fightin' fr his life wid a fit.

"I'm intersted in such things," says he. "I've dug up the like elsewhere. An' fr ivry bone similar to those unmarked in Cashel that ye'll find in this plot, I'll giv' wan sovereign for," he says.

"Fr the life of him, Ratty cudent help givin' a broad smile, but he didn't forget t' bargain, fr all his contumit.

"Much as I'd like t' favour a frind of the Squire's, I cudent do business on those terms, sorr. Me p'taties is in an' me oats is promisin' five quarter to the acre. If I dig, who's t' pay fr th' destruction of me crops?" says he, wid an eye on him like a magpie's.

"If ye find what I've mentioned, I'll be at the cost of y'r few crops," says the ould man, "an', above an' beyond that I'll give ye five shillin's an hour fr y'r time diggin'," he says.

"Make it six," says Ratty, fair dazed wid such fair prosperts of weath, an' ould Puppenhauser giv' in widout a shtruggle. It seemed as if Ratty c'd have asked th' an' not have been refused. He went fr his mattock on the shoot.

"Now I was in a fair way to smiket th' ind of the performance, sirr. 'Twas not fr nothin' I'd heard Shamus bid his father dig a three fut hole. That they'd got another bone or two hid on the premises I knew well enough widout bein' told, an' I knew, too, that Ratty was no bhoy to ling away six shillin's an hour b' findin' it at th' shtart. An' 'twas so. Fr the whole of that afternoon Ratty dug an' he dug, but divil a splinter of a rib or of a loin did he discover.

"The next mornin' 'twas the same, an' the mornin' after that. Each day the Professor was up bright an' early, kapin' Ratty at it, shiridin' up an' down, an' watchin' the shpade an' the soil like a tallyman scintin' a shubeen. 'Twas Saturday night, an' the best part of tin pounds owin' fr shpade work before his hopes was gratified.

"The Master was huntin' the Professor an' I was affter the two of them to raymind thin dinner was waitin' whin the great discovery was made. Ratty had wanderd round again t' where he sharted b' now, an' the hint back of him told me eloquent that he'd had all the diggin' he sought aven at six shillin's the hour. He hit a great hew at th' airth. There was a clatter an' a scrape fr'm the shpade edge, an' Ratty giv' a cry. So did ould Puppenhauser, as he tuk a runnin' jump, an' tore away what Ratty was holdin' out to him. He split on it, rubbed it elane between his hands, an' used a jargon that made me teeth rattle.

"There's what y'r seekin' at long last," says Ratty, lakin' on his shpade an' wipin' the perspirashun fr'm his chin. "I hope it's worth the price of the five an' forty hours' toil it's cost me," says he, "but to mention th' money ye promised fr the crops an' th' article itself," he says.

"Promised!" squeals th' ould gintleman, startin' at him red as a beet. "I promised no such thing. I offered money fr ivry bone ye furnished me similar to what I dug up in Cashel three wakes back!"

"Ratty giv' a jump as if a hornet had settled on him.

"An' isn't that similar?" he cried, "yo chatin', shkinflintin' ould tagabond, thryin' to go back on y'r words that two independint witnesses can testify to. 'Tis the very image of the wan ye had fr'm me the first, whin ye showed me what to toil fr!"

"That may be," says the ould man calmly down, but shpakin' wid a rasp on his tougue like a cross-cut saw, but

'tis not similar to what I dug in Tipp'rary fr the very good reason, ye bould thafe an' robber, that 'tis wan of the very same bones! An' now," he says, turnin' to th' Squire, "we'll have the Crowner, if that's what ye call y'r polis officers, fr there's business waitin' fr him," he says.

"Ho! Aho! Master Francis, many's the night I've woke in me shlope t' laugh whin I think of Ratty's face, an' the Squire's face, an' me own face too, whin the bottom droppod out of the joke wid such a crash! Ratty'd worked two shone off his weight wid diggin', an' all the pay that was comin' was the chance of free lodgin' at the Quane's innpnce. For, d'ye see, sorr, 'twas this way.

"Each wan of those bones, as the professor showed us plain enough wid his magnifyin' glass, had his own inishus, wid the date of their first unburyin' scratched on them wid a newlle point like print. Fr'm that evidence there was no gettin' away. He'd recognised the first wan the momint he'd got his microscope to it. What while Ratty was shweatin' through his p'tatie patch the ould man had caused examinaashun t' be made of the shkeleton in Cork. Two bones was found missin', their places bein' supplied wid others that had grown on an ox—later on Shamus's landlady told how he begged the shin bones from the Sunday beef—an' the long an' the short of it was that Ratty was thragged off to Moyle lock-up next day, fr bein' in possession of stolen property. But Shamus was not to be found. 'Twould be tellin' to own who got word to him, but that same evenin' he shited away on the Mail boat at Quanestown, an' shipped off t' Ameriky safe.

"What did Rattigan get, says you? Little enough, sorr, considerin' the throuble an' the time that he'd wasted. They thied him fr 'resavin' first, but none c'd prove he'd iver had the bones in his possession, Shamus havin' giv' me the wan an' buried the other. So that charge went by. Thin they put it upon him fr conspիրin' wid intent t' defraud, but 'twud be a funny thing fr an Irish jury to send down a fellow countryman

an' a friend at th' accusashun of an ould Schandinarin bosthoon fr'm th' other ind of nowhere at all. They acquittid him wid acclamaashun, an' Ratty didn't accept wan penny less than five pounds fr'm the ancient shnaul catcher fr foregoin' an action fr false imprisonment. But fr all that he never forgave his son Shamus fr mismanagin' th' affair. Whin they met in New York a year later, where Ratty himself had to flit after his poachin' encounter wid Major Powderham—had seran t' him!—he tackled the bhoy upon the dock side, an' wid such ostentashun that they do say he was offered an ingagemint b' a carpet batin' company there an' thin, at twit th' Union rate of wages, an' wid insh' maydiade prosperts of a partnership!"

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Auckland Chrysanthemum Show.

MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY.

The annual Chrysanthemum and Dahlia Show of the Auckland Horticultural Society was held in the Choral Hall last Thursday and Friday. The show was a marked success. In chrysanthemums, that treasure of flower growers, there was one of the grandest displays that have ever pleased an Auckland public. The fickle god of the weather slept too long this year to injure the plants awaiting the hour of cutting. The exhibits came from all parts of the city, from distant suburbs, from the northern shore, and even from Cambridge, whence Mr Buckland had brought a big assortment of the finest and newest blooms. Mr J. M. Wain, of Mayfield, though exhibiting in the novice classes showed blooms that would have done credit to the professional tables. Mr E. J. Harvey, an older exhibitor, had an extensive collection, some of whose blooms are the product of Papatoetoi soil. There were several superb groups of pot plants from the well known nurseries of Messrs J. Hay and Son (Remuera), Messrs Bennett and Green (Kyber Pass), M. McDonald (of Epsom), Mr McNeen, etc., besides numerous collections in cut blooms from the same firms. That popular feature, the decorated dinner table, was patronised by 4 exhibitors in the senior class, and seven in the junior. The decorations assumed an autumn character, & were of a most beautiful description. Mr Sharp, the well known Waikeute fruitgrower and experimenter, was the force in the fruit classes, and showed twenty five different varieties of apples. Messrs Bennett and Green's dahlias were in excellent order, although the season of the dahlia's prime is almost past at this late date. Some of their new varieties were well worth a study. They also showed in their groups some exquisite specimens of that lovely and growingly popular Japanese palm, the Cycas Revoluta. There were this year five exhibitors of chrysanthemums in the interesting novice class, three of whom came from Mt. Roskill (Messrs Leonard Charlton, J. Forster, and Frank Shepherd), one from Remuera (Mr G. W. D. Mulgan), and one from Mayfield (Mr J. M. Wain). Mr Andrew Nicol's group of maiden hair ferns was placed in the centre of the hall. Around them were four pretty hanging baskets suspended from the roof, exhibited by Messrs Bennett and Green. Mr W. E. Lippitt's roses contained several new speci-

mens. The 2 most attractive of this year's novelties were the Apollonia George Hofera massive, deep rose-coloured flower, and the Frau Karl Druschki, a handsome white. The collection also contained specimens of the E. V. Kesselblatt, a tea rose of much beauty, cream at base, and heavily tipped with rose. This was an importation of two years ago. Mr Lippitt also showed an attractive collection of apples and pears. The interesting display of new apples created by Mr Sharp includes his latest, an unnamed late and valuable keeping apple, saleable in October. It ripens during May, just after the Sharp's Late Red (Mr Sharp's great favourite), which is thenceforth to ripen. The Late Red, says its raiser, ripens in May, keeps till August and September, and is then worth 15/- per bushel. The new variety eclipsing this must therefore be of great value. Mr Sharp also showed two strains of the well known Northern Spy apple, which he has noticed to preserve their distinctive characteristics all over the colony. One, which is half green in colour, is described as the English strain, and is slow to reach bearing age. The other, a deep red, fruits young, and is the one mostly met with in New Zealand.

Messrs Arthur Yates and Co. exhibited a collection of novelties in vegetables of the cucumber and tomato families, among which a pile of fantastic looking cabbages specially attracted the eye. They were the Rhodesian edition of the native African cucumber, introduced recently by Messrs Yates, who describe them as a juicy fruit with a rock melon flavour, of hardy constitution, prolific, forming all its fruit at the crown without runners, and a distinct acquisition, which will be very popular when known.

Mr Timewell, one of the judges, a new arrival from England, showed an improved method of staging dahlias in metal cups, which will probably be copied in some classes at future shows. The committee this year adopted the English Chrysanthemum Society's method of identifying exhibits, a method which enables the prize goals to be attached to the exhibits immediately the classes are judged. This method is a great improvement on the old system, under which delay in affixing the prize cards has always been a sore point wherever shows have been held.

Mr J. S. Wain, of Mayfield, a novice, was awarded the prize for the champion chrysanthemum bloom of the show with a bloom of Madame Carnot. The society's certificate for the best bloom in open classes of chrysanthemums was awarded to Mr W. F. Buckland (Cambridge), for a bloom of Lady Hanham. The National Chrysanthemum Society's certificate for best collection of 12 Japanese and 12 incurved blooms also went to Mr W. F. Buckland in the open classes, and to Mr E. J. Harvey in the amateur classes.

Protection of Women and Children.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SOCIETY.

Interesting particulars of the work achieved by the Auckland branch of the New Zealand Society for the Protection of Women and Children and Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are given in the annual report of the committee, which was submitted on April 16 to the annual meeting. The report, after making reference to the loss sustained by the society in the death of the late Bishop Cowie, Mr J. L. Wilson and Mrs Goodall, commented on the falling off of subscriptions, and continued:—"Just as our finances were getting into a critical condition we were cheered by the announcement that the trustees of the late Mr Bertram were prepared to hand us the sum of £279 17/6, being a legacy left to us by that gentleman. Of this sum £200 has been placed on fixed deposit, and the balance will have to be used to avert the otherwise inevitable deficit. The Ladies' Committee is again entitled to our warmest thanks for the kind interest which the ladies have taken in the society, and for their generous aid, which this year took the form of a grand concert, which by the kindness of our noble president was given in the ball-room of Government House, and resulted in the substantial sum of £58 6/- being added to our income."

Reviewing the work done in the year, the report states: "We find that in the protection of women and children department 242 cases have been dealt with, of which it was necessary to take 10 before the S.M. Court, the decisions being invariably in our favour, thus demonstrating our care in bringing such cases forward. From the nature of the work it would be difficult and inexpedient to go into details in a report like this, but Miss Porter (the secretary) is always pleased to give every information as to the society's work to anyone sufficiently interested to call upon her at the society's office in Palmerston buildings. During the

year we have obtained orders against husbands or putative fathers amounting to £338 5/10 per annum, besides £228 per annum arranged for privately.

In the department for the prevention of cruelty to animals the society has had the services of Mr. Alder (the inspector) for the whole period under review, and as a result 874 cautions have been given either verbally or by letter, while one case has been taken to court; but the best testimony to the society's work is to be found in the improved condition of the horses working in the streets. Of course the introduction of electric trams has enormously reduced the number of horses at work, and the labour of the society to a corresponding degree. This has enabled the inspector to devote more attention to the equipment and transit of horses, cattle, pigs, fowls, etc., both by land and water. The society's printed warnings have been placed at all railway stations and steamer landings in the province, also in all auction sale-rooms in the city, and all possible assistance has been rendered by the Railway Department and the officers of the various shipping companies. In connection with this department a yard supplied with a water trough has been fenced off in Quay street, where travelling stock can rest in peace and be re-freshed with plenty of water. The cost of fencing, etc., was borne by Messrs. Buckland & Sons and the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company, all the arrangements having been carried out by the Inspector (Mr. Alder). Your committee is co-operating with Southern branches of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals with a view to obtaining (if possible) a Government grant or subsidy in aid of the funds. It is proposed to ask the Auckland members of the House of Representatives to confer with your committee as to the best means of obtaining this most desirable result.

Clarke's B B Pills are warranted to cure Gravel, Gout in the Back, and all kindred Complaints. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. In boxes 5/- each, of all Chemists and Patent Medicines Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors, The Liphook and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.



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Notice having been brought to Messrs. A. & F. Pears, Ltd., that imitations of their Specialities are being offered for sale in Australasia they have authorized Messrs. F. Forrest & Co., 495-7, Bourke Street, Melbourne, their Agents for the sale of PEARS' SOAP, to take legal proceedings against all persons infringing their Labels, Trade Marks, Rights, etc.

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Our Cadets.

8000 LADS UNDER ARMS.

(By Telegraph.—Own Correspondent.)

WELLINGTON, April 16.

During the past few months the organisation of the colonial primary defence forces—school cadets—has been going ahead rapidly under the supervision of Major Loveday. For the purpose of securing uniformity in connection with the organisation of the scheme Major Loveday is at present engaged visiting every corps in the colony, most of which have been formed into battalions, and uniforms, rifles and accoutrements have been issued throughout the forces. It is calculated there are now in the colony over 8000 boys under arms as cadets. Auckland, which is claimed to have the best uniformed body in the colony, has 37 corps, from which it is proposed to form three battalions. The matter of organisation of cadets in Wellington comes in for warm criticism, appearing to have lagged sadly in the rear. Although at head quarters and amongst the first to have the scheme explained them, the Wellington cadets have not yet taken steps to form themselves into battalions. Major Loveday speaks highly of the bearing of those inspected in Dunedin, while he says the Auckland cadets acquitted themselves creditably. The increase of the cadet force has been so great that the Defence Department will be unable to fulfil all their requisitions for accoutrements until orders now placed at Home come to hand. Over 5000 small Martini-Henri rifles have been issued, and about 10,000 light rifles have also been sent out to different corps. Old Snider carbines have all been called in. Last year over 100,000 rounds of ammunition were issued, and as this was insufficient for all demands, an order for 200,000 rounds has been placed this year. It is proposed to give the boys a week's camp every year. Arrangements are now being made to give inducements to cadets to shoot for prizes given by the Department. Cadets in some parts have made good shooting with their new rifles, which have been found very accurate weapons. The Department is publishing a series of manuals for the use of cadets, and a drill manual is being published in uniformity with that which is being arranged for adult corps.

Our Chilian Visitors.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE COLONIES.

INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACTS.

Our Chilian visitors, the officers and crew of the training ship General Baquedano, have attracted a great deal of attention during their stay here, and any opinions expressed by them concerning their impressions of the colonies would therefore interest a number of our readers. Many of the officers speak English remarkably well. In conversation with one of them a representative of this paper was supplied with some interesting particulars about their visit to the colonies and their own land, Chili, which he describes as a wonderful country, with a bright future in store for it.

Replying to a question concerning their cruise in these waters, he expressed himself in laudatory terms of the progress on every hand evidenced. They are astonished at the wealth, prosperity and commerce of Sydney. The mercantile importance of the place fairly surprised them, as, indeed, does Auckland. They can scarcely conceive that where a town had sprung into existence only half a century ago there should be such marked evidence of commercial prosperity. In view of the fact of the difficulties the pioneer settlers must have had to contend with in dealing with a warlike people, the progress evidenced in Auckland they regard as truly remarkable. The activity of this place was also a matter of comment amongst them. The electric cars, the modern buildings, the splendid harbour, and the large population appealed to them. In their tour they visited the French possessions in the Pacific, and they are almost retrogressive, affording decided contrast to the British colonies. The warship touched at Tahiti, which the officer describes as "the gem of the

Pacific," but which, however, showed very few signs of advancement with the times.

His own land, the officer said, is advancing in leaps and bounds in the path of civilisation. He refuted the idea of his people being Spanish. They certainly speak the Spanish tongue, but do not view the Spanish with any great favour. His explanation, he said that originally Chili was a colony of Spain. There was chaos in the land, nothing was done, there was no advancement in the place, and at last the people decided to overthrow the Spanish rule. With the aid of Lord Cochrane, who came out of the British navy, and General O'Higgins, a soldier of inestimable worth, they were successful in gaining independence. The Chilian army was remodelled and made a formidable fighting force, and the navy was put on a sound basis, the two commanders mentioned being responsible for the respective changes. To-day Chili has an efficient fleet of warships, and these would be added to from time to time. In fact, the officer stated, Chili is even now only awakening. She is destined to become a great nation, and it is the ambition of her people to build up a navy that would compare with older established nations.

Chili itself, said the officer, is a remarkable country in many respects, and it is surprising that so little attention has been paid to it from the outside world. It is a land connected with the oldest associations of the human race, and the comparatively small archaeological research that has been made gives proof conclusive that it has been inhabited as far back as the ancient Egyptians have been traced. The nitrate mines (which afford unmistakable evidence of population far back in the distant ages) are destined to provide a great source of wealth to the people, and gold is also found in small quantities. Their coal fields are extensive, and the fuel is of high quality. They consider their coal equal, if not superior, to that found in Newcastle, New South Wales. It is of high value, and gives very little smoke, an important factor in naval warfare.

Speaking of the people, he said the coloured portion, who have excited some interest here, are descendants of the ancient race who occupied the land before the advent of the Spaniards. These are a civilised and cultivated people. Then there is the white population, chiefly descended from the Spaniards, but who must not be regarded as such. They are Chilians, and no more. In the Republic there are British and German colonies, besides smaller proportions of other nationalities. In Valparaiso the English and Germans publish newspapers in their own language.

A Society Scandal.

CHEATING AT BRIDGE.

(From Our London Correspondent.)

LONDON, March 6, 1903.

The London "Daily Chronicle" gave tongue the other day to a tale which I heard some time ago, but feared at the time to pass on to you. I cannot, I think, do better than quote the story in extenso as it appears in the columns of your responsible contemporary, adding thereto a few words which may serve as a guide to the principals therein. The "Chronicle" prefaces its tale with the remark that it was almost inevitable that the high play at bridge, which rules in certain circles, should lead to some such unpleasant scandal as is connected with the name of Tranby Croft and baccarat, and, after mentioning the case of a young debutante who played high and lost to an embarrassing extent, continues thus:

"The latest scandal of which town is talking touches a peer and his wife, who were staying at a country house, and, though there is no prospect of legal proceedings, the particulars are freely discussed. The story goes that bridge was being played, and, while the gentleman in question was winning heavily, his wife, who was standing at the opposite side of the table, was taking no apparent interest in the game. But it presently occurred to an onlooker that she was continually adjusting the combs in her hair or fastening and unfastening her brooches. The suspicion was communicated to the host, and as the result of further watching the couple were taxed with conspiracy to defraud, and left suddenly on

the following morning. It is even said that the lady openly confessed her part in the swindle, and excused herself by the statement that it was quite a usual course of proceeding. Evidently this gambling mania must be checked—or cards must be played, as in Bret Harte's days, at the revolver's muzzle."

Now, your readers will readily remember that not many moons ago a certain very exalted person had a social engagement to fulfil at the country seat of an eminent person, but that on the eve of his visit to the aforesaid seat of the eminent person the very exalted person was stricken with a most convenient ailment, called, in lower circles, a bad cold, but which, in what James Yellowplush of to-day might possibly call the "Hupper Suckles," is described as "mild influenza." You will easily remember also that the very exalted person was, on the morning of the day fixed for his journey to the country seat of the eminent person, quite well, so far as his retinue could see, and waxed merry during the process of afforesting a certain road, not a hundred miles from a castle celebrated in English history, but that in the afternoon, within a few hours of the time when he should have commenced his journey to the country home of the eminent person, he was found by his physicians to have contracted "mild influenza," and was forbidden by them to imperil his health by fulfilling his social engagement. Also, you will readily call to mind that the Great British Public was much disturbed at the news of the very exalted person's indisposition, and required to be told from hour to hour of his condition; how some talked wildly of cancer, and others, with an eye to the "main chance," did take out insurances on the V.E.P.'s life, and how the common people were assured by frequent bulletins of the very exalted patient's progression towards health, which was swift and sure.

It is now alleged by evil gossips that the very exalted person's sudden indisposition was not the outcome of Rude Boyes' blasts on the occasion of the afforesting of the road aforesaid, and was caused by a note from the eminent person, detailing the untoward occurrences which had let up to the sudden

departure from the country seat aforesaid of two personages of lesser eminence, of whose sin you may judge from the narrative of the "Daily Chronicle." The very exalted personage, having no mind to be embroiled in any scandal of a Tranby Croft nature, decided, on dit, to take advantage of a mere cold to forfeit the pleasures of life at the eminent person's house. To discover the title of the persons of lesser eminence there is no need to go beyond the musicians' alphabet, which, as you know, is confined to A.B.C.D.E.F. and G. In society the alleged sinners are spoken of as the Earl and Countess of —, and the Countess was not born in England.

Pin, Pong, it is all the go. Learn to play it, don't be slow. Lots of fun you'll find indoors, While 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— WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL FOR THE HAIR

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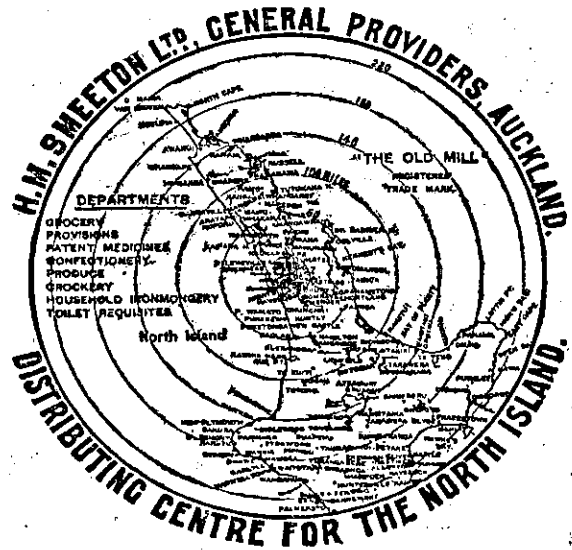
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MASON'S IMPROVED FRUIT JARS Quarts and Half-Gallons WIDE MOUTH AMERICAN FRUIT JARS Quarts and Half-Gallons LIGHTNING FRUIT JARS Quarts and Half-Gallons JELLY CANS (two in a nest). RUBBER RINGS FOR FRUIT JARS.

Full Cash Price List on Application.

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Stamp Collecting.

The practice of sending pictorial post cards abroad which have not been issued by Government is growing. It is well therefore to remember that private post cards are charged letter rates.

The Government of St. Vincent has destroyed the remainder of the Queen's head issue, 127,518 in number, of a face value of £2650, to make way for the new King Edward stamps. Had it been a Portuguese colony, tenders would have been invited for the remainders.

"Heaven gives almonds to those who have no teeth to crack them," says the Spanish proverb, and just the same it is sad to think that almonds in the shape of Niue 1/ stamps were on sale for a few days at the Auckland Post Office, but were withdrawn before most stamp collectors here knew they were to be got. Human nature always wants what it cannot get, and collectors now want some of those Niue stamps very much. The reason for the sudden withdrawal from sale of New Zealand shilling stamps surcharged for use in Niue Island has not yet transpired, but it is presumed there was an error in the printing. It is stated that only about 80 were sold in Auckland, and of those 20 were despatched to South Africa. The man who sent them now wishes he had not been in such a hurry, and has cabled to stop the stamps from being sold.

It seems somewhat of an anomaly that while stamps with inverted surcharges are catalogued at high prices (as, for instance, the 1d green Niue, 10/), yet inverted water-marks are not taken any notice of. One should be of as much value as the other, as in each case the invert is due to carelessness in

printing. Not for a moment is it to be desired that inverted water-marks should be catalogued, but the real point is whether the upside down surcharge should be considered such a treasure. As a matter of fact, surcharging has now become such a common practice that it is questionable whether the time is not near when there will be a considerable slump in values, and specialists will learn to their sorrow that the surcharge is of no more value in making a variety than the post office obliterating stamp. From an artistic point of view, the surcharge is merely a defacement of the stamp, just the same as the New Zealand dinner-plate cancellation mark, which, unfortunately, is used at the Auckland Post Office.

In recent London catalogues the New Zealand sixpence green pictorial issue, colonial print, perforated 11, is quoted at 3/6, used or unused, and the yellow-green one 15/ unused, and 10/ used. These stamps are likely to still further rise in value, as they were only in issue for a very short period, being replaced by the same type of stamp printed in rose. The sixpence green is easily distinguished from those printed in London owing to the perforation being 11, while the others were 12 to 14. One catalogue quotes the 5/ New Zealand stamp of the same issue, colonial print, at 6/, fiscally used. The sixpence rose stamp, on paper with no water-mark beyond the words "Lisbon Superfine," is virtually an unwater-marked issue, for of the pane of 120 no less than 86 are without any water-mark, as the letters of the trade-mark are only spread over some of the stamps in the fifth, sixth, and seventh rows. An unused sixpence on the Lisbon superfine paper can easily be distinguished, because it has white gum, whereas other printings on no water-mark paper have dull or shiny gum.

A correspondent writes from Masterton enquiring the value of certain New Zealand and American stamps, but un-

fortunately only the face value and date of issue is given. The information furnished is too meagre to enable a satisfactory reply to be given, added to which some of the dates mentioned are wrong, because there was no change in New Zealand in some of the years stated. With New Zealand stamps especially, the perforation and water-mark have a good deal to do with the catalogue value. The American stamp referred to is of no particular value. The following quotation may, however, serve as a guide from which to judge the prices: If the intention is to sell, of course a substantial reduction has to be accepted to enable the dealer to make his profit. The values are as follows:—N.Z. one penny, 1870: There was no fresh issue till 1872. The value of the 1d brown, water-mark star, if perforated 10, is 70/ unused, 8/ used; if 10 to 12½, 20/ unused, 8/ used; 12 to 13, 6/ unused, 2/ used; if no water-mark, perf. 12½ to 13, 20/ used; if water-mark N.Z. and perforated 12½ to 13, so scarce as not to be quoted. Although the penny brown of 1872, water-mark star, and perf. 10, is quoted in Stanley Gibbons' catalogue at 70/ unused and 8/ used, still, strange to say, it is offered in Pemberton and Co.'s catalogue for 1903 at 5/ used and 7/0 unused, a marked difference in value that is hard to understand. N.Z. penny, 1875: No issue that date, but in 1874 appeared the new issue with Queen's profile. The values are—Lilac, 1d, perforated 10½, water-mark small star, 2/ unused, 6d used; ditto, blue paper, 7/6 unused, 2/ used; deep lilac, water-mark large star, 15/ used; penny lilac, 1875, small star, perforated 10 to 12½, 20/ used; ditto, blue paper, 20/ unused, 16/ used. N.Z. penny, 1876-77-78, are also enquired about, but there were no changes after 75 (when the large star water-mark penny and twopence appeared) until 1882, when the penny rose and twopence lilac came on the scene, and lasted until the pictorial issue of 1898. The correspondent also asks where such stamps are saleable. Of course, for scarce issues, London is the real market, but still there are dealers in the

four centres of New Zealand that fair prices, whose addresses may be easily obtained. To publish names of the dealers would be invidious, and, what is worse, from a business point of view, be giving them a free advertisement.

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THE ROAD TO HEALTH IS PAVED WITH GOOD DIGESTION.

Speedily cures Acidity, Flatulence, Headaches, Impure Blood, Indigestion, Stomach, &c. It destroys all disease germs and absorbs all impurities in the stomach and bowels, giving a healthy tone to the whole system. Wards off all attacks of Typhoid and other fevers. Prevents many an illness.

BRAGG'S VEGETABLE CHARCOAL IS PREPARED IN THE BOTTLES: LEMON FLAVOUR and MINT FLAVOUR. It is pleasant to take. Sold by all Chemists and Druggists. Beware of cheap imitations of the LION BRAND. The Trade Mark is a Lion, on the wrapper.

For Quiet Nights
Healthy Infants

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The Best FOOD

Refuse all imitations

Satisfying Strengthening Soothing for Infants.
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UNDER THE ROYAL PATRONAGE OF

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H.R.H. THE DUKE OF SPARTA.



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF SPARTA.
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H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.
(High Commissioner of Crete, &c., &c.)

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"Harlene" Produces Luxuriant Hair. Prevents its Falling Off and Turning Gray. Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of the Beard and Moustache. The World Renowned Remedy for Baldness. For Preserving, Strengthening, and Rendering the Hair Beautifully Soft; for Removing Scurf, Dandruff, etc.; also for Restoring Gray Hair to its Original Colour.



Photo's specially for the "Harlene" Co. by Langley, Bond St. W. Haymarket Theatre, London.
MISS JULIA NEILSON

"I am at present trying your 'Harlene' for my hair, and I find it one of the best Hair Tonics and Restorers I have ever used, and I have tried many. Will you kindly send me two more bottles."

Crown Prince's Palace, Athens.
H.R.H. PRINCESS MARIE OF GREECE writes—"Messrs Edwards' Preparation, 'Harlene' for the Hair, has given entire satisfaction. H.R.H. wishes six more bottles of 'Harlene' sent as soon as possible."

Kitegyhaza, County Bihars, Hungary.
COUNTESS DENIS ALMAEY writes—"Please forward me three more bottles of 'Harlene' as I am particularly satisfied with the two bottles sent me to Switzerland and have been using it ever since."

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"I am very pleased to testify to the excellent qualities of 'Harlene'. It is most refreshing and invigorating, and I have found it very beneficial to the growth of my hair. I hope fate will never take me to any quarter of the globe where I should be unable to procure 'Harlene'."

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" Co., 95 & 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.



CHILDREN'S PAGE.




Cousins' Badges.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I hope you received the doll I dressed all right, but you said nothing about it, so I didn't know whether it reached its destination or not. I am going into an office when I am able to type correctly and quickly. I go every day and practise on a machine from four o'clock to five. I think I am improving in speed. Cousin Kate, did you go to "Sherlock Holmes"? I did, and thought it was lovely. I was very disappointed at not being able to go to the Hawtreay Company, but mother said I had been to too many plays and operas, and that it was quite time I had a rest. On Easter Monday I am going to the Star sports, and in the evening I am going to a bazaar, which is to be very good. We have had such awful weather down here lately, but as to-day and yesterday were fine I do hope that we will have a change. Since last I wrote to you we have had another fearful earthquake, quite as bad as the last. None of our chimneys came down this time, but last time they all came down. We only lost some glass bottles this time. All our neighbours lost a great many things. It is said that one woman was boiling a pudding before the earthquake came, and that when she felt the shake she flew outside, but on remembering the pudding she tore back and fetched pot and all and deposited it on the road, so at all events she had something for tea. I can't guarantee for its truth. Did I tell you that we went to see Mille Dolores, and we got her name in our birthday books? Isn't it grand to have the autographs of the two greatest singers? Do you know I like Dolores' voice better than Melba's. Which do you prefer, Cousin Kate? Just fancy Cousin Alison going to South Africa. I don't think I should like to go there. A family from here went there too just a few weeks ago. I wonder whether they will meet. It would be strange, wouldn't it? Now, Cousin Kate, I must close, so hoping you will excuse all the mistakes, as I have not been at typing long.—I remain, yours affectionately, Cousin Dora.

[Dear Cousin Dora,—It is very curious that to-day, for the first time, I should receive two letters typed by cousins just bearing, for I have never had any before, and faintly enough. I have just begun doing all my writing for the cousins and other pages on the typewriter. Of course I have written letters before, but not "copy," as we call it for the paper. You write very well indeed, and I did not see any mistakes. By the way, you must have missed the note I sent about your  because it arrived just after that

letter where I told you it had not turned up, and I at once posted a card saying it had arrived after all. It was much admired, and sold well. I like Dolores better than Melba, too, but perhaps because she sings music one understands better. It is scarcely fair to Mella to judge her in opera when she has no orchestra to back her up. Hoping to hear from you soon again.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I expect that by now you will have forgotten me, as it is a long time since I last wrote. You see, we did not get the "Graphic" for a year, and that is why you have not heard from me. I mean to try and write regularly now. Does Cousin Kolo write to you now, because I have not seen any of her letters for a good time? She used to be your best correspondent, did she not? But, of course, as she lived in Auckland, then the letters would reach you perhaps the same day that she would write. I am writing this letter at school upon the typewriter, as I thought you would like to see some of my work. My Christmas holidays were spent at Laidmore, a delightful little sheep station, about twelve miles out of Amberly. The house was a pretty old country place, covered with honeysuckle. There was a lovely orchard, and a kitchen garden at the side. There were no other houses for about three or four miles round, so you see it was a very quiet place. At one side is a deep gully, in which grew many pretty native trees, such as manuka, black and silver birch, matipo, etc. In the distance you could see the hills, with here and there a high mountain rising above. You could see Mount Grey and Mount Brown, besides two smaller ranges that go by the name of "The Doctors." About five minutes' walk from the house was the river. You had to go down a steep bank before you came to it, but when you got down you were well repaid. The river wound in and out at the foot of towering cliffs for many miles, and when at last it came to the waterfall it was lost, with a heavy thud in the dark waters below. On the banks of the river was the ruins of a cob hut, where the family lived when they first came to New Zealand. One day, however, when they were all very young, the river rose till it overflowed its banks, surprising the inmates of the hut at the dead of night. There was a great rush to get the younger children saved. The eldest boy was of great use, and very soon they were all safe upon the top of the hill, where the river could not reach them. Although they were all very glad that they had been saved, they were very sorry to lose some old treasures that had been in the family for many generations, and particularly sorry were they to find that a beautiful pair of bagpipes had been left. The eldest boy offered to wade back and see if he could find them, so amid the prayers of everyone that he should get back safely, his father gave his consent. The brave boy, although the water was foaming around him in angry waves, at last reached the hut. The water was almost up to his neck in the hut, and he ran a great danger of being washed off his feet, but he was unable to find what he sought, and had to make his way back to his family, who were beginning to fear that something had befallen him. They built a new house on the pretty terrace above the river, and added to it when they could, until it became very pretty and rambling. The ruins of the hut are now covered with creepers, but the fruit trees, which were planted, still bear, especially a fine large peach tree. It would take a long time and many sheets of paper to dwell upon all the beauties of Laidmore, but I must not make this letter too long. I have still got the "Graphic" badge, and mean to keep it as long as I can. I used to wear

it sometimes, but I was frightened that I would lose it, so it lies in my little cabinet now. I think, dear Cousin Kate, that I must stop now; with love to all my cousins. I will remain, your loving cousin, Winnie Vincent, Christchurch.

[Dear Cousin Winnie,—As you will see from my answer to Cousin Dora, yours is the second typed letter I have received, and, like hers, it is most neatly and carefully typed, and I could discover no mistakes. It is a very nice way of writing. I think, only if you do spell a word wrong it comes out so very plain. Your description of your country visit is extremely good, and I much enjoyed reading it, as I am sure the other cousins will. You have evidently a talent for descriptive writing, and I should cultivate it if I were you. I hope to hear from you more often in the future, but must now stop, as I have several cousins to answer, and only a short hour to do it in.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am writing to ask you if I may become a cousin. I have read the cousins' letters, and like them very much. I live in Christchurch, but I do not like it as well as Auckland, where we once lived. My sister Winnie is a cousin, but she has not written to you for quite a long time; she has, however, started again, and hopes you will get her letter. Dear Cousin Kate, I know Cousin Hannah, of New Plymouth, and I like her very much. Do you like bathing, Cousin Kate? I do. We often go to Sumner or New Brighton, and I always bathe. I had swimming lessons, and I can swim very well now. The part of the town where I live is very pleasant, and we have a large garden and plenty of fruit trees. I have got a garden of my own, but it did not do very well this year, as it had to be shifted. The men-of-war have been into Lyttelton, and my brother and I went to see them. We were shown all over the ship by sailors, who were very kind in giving us curiosities as a remembrance of their visit. I have made this letter a very long one for my first, so I will now remain, hoping you will accept me as a cousin.—I am, yours very loving, Cousin Olive.

P.S.—Please dear Cousin Kate will you send me a badge if I may become a cousin!—Olive.

[Dear Cousin Olive,—I am most pleased to welcome you as a cousin, and hope you will not only write often yourself, but make Cousin Winnie keep it up too. I am glad you know Cousin Hannah. I wish more of the cousins were person-

ally acquainted, as it would make things more interesting. I used to be very fond of bathing, but have not had any holidays of late where I could get any. I think all girls, as well as boys, should learn to swim. I will send you a badge if you will send me your full name and address.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Just a few lines this week, for you see, I am going to try and write more often. We have been having lovely weather here lately, though I am afraid a lot of people are wanting rain badly. I went down to the river this evening with the intention of going for a row; the river looked lovely, as there wasn't a breath of wind; but when I got to the boat, I found that the tide was right out, and the boat was high and dry. As I was alone I could not very well get the boat afloat. I simply had to come home again. I shall go another day, I suppose. We have such a dear little pup here, though, like most pups, it is very mischievous, only this one is a little worse, I think, because the cat helps it to do lots of things. Yesterday they got a bundle of dried moss and scattered it about in the hall. I really don't know what they will do next. Dear Cousin Kate, I wonder when Cousin Kolo is going to favour us with another of her interesting letters? It is a long time since we had one, isn't it? Well, dear Cousin Kate, I must really stop writing now, as it is getting late, so, hoping you and all the cousins are well, I remain, yours truly, Cousin Jessamin.

P.S.—I am glad you sent my scrapbook to the Hospital. I hope the little child is getting better.

[Dear Cousin Jessamin,—I was very glad to see a letter in your very neat writing. I recognised it at once. I am pleased to know that you intend to try and write regularly in the future. It will be a great help to the page. Perhaps as the winter nights come on and there is less to do out of doors in play-time the cousins will commence to write more regularly again. Cousin Kolo is at a boarding school in England, and has, I expect, to work very hard, so that I fear we shall not get many letters from her, though I confess I should much like one. Perhaps she never sees the "Graphic" now, and has forgotten us amongst all the new English friends. I will let her know how anxiously all the cousins wait to hear from her, and perhaps she will write.—Cousin Kate.]

Other Children's Sayings.

"Mamma," said Harry, "what's the difference between goose and geese?"
"Why, don't you know?" said four-year-old Annie. "One geese is goose, and a whole lot of geeses is geese!"

Harry: "I have managed to put my boots on myself this morning, aunty."
Aunty: "Oh, you silly boy! You have put them on the wrong feet. Put them on the other feet directly!"
Harry: "I haven't any other feet to put them on, aunty."

Jack's Mamma: "There were three slices of cake in the cupboard, Jack, and now there are only two. How does that happen?"

Jack: "It was so dark in there, mamma, that I didn't see the others."

PURE MILK Full Nourishment, partly predigested. Sterilized.

COMBINED WITH WHEAT AND BARLEY MALT.

Horlick's Malted Milk

THE BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS IN ALL CLIMATES.

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



Mr Pig sat down and told the children to amuse themselves.

A Day at the Seaside.

HOW GRUNTER WAS A BAD BOY AND GOT HURT.

"It's very hot to-day," said Mr Pig, as he mopped his forehead with a red pocket-handkerchief, "much too hot to stop in this stuffy sty, so, if you promise to be good children, I'll take you both to the seaside."

"Oh, that will be lovely!" cried Porka, as she smoothed her little brother Grunter's hair. "When will you be ready to start?"

Mr Pig looked at his watch. "There's a train in half-an-hour, so get dressed at once, children, and I will go out and buy you each a bucket and spade."

Porka needed no second bidding; she hurried to her room and put on her white frock with the frill round the neck, and tied her green sash in a becoming bow, and then she dressed little Grunter in his red and white bathing suit, which is all a baby pig requires when he goes to the seaside.

Such a merry party they were as they trotted off to the station, and when the short railway journey was over, and they saw the blue sea dancing in the sunlight, Grunter danced for joy. Mr Pig showed them how to make a sand castle, and sand puddings, and then, finding it rather too hot for a person at his time of life, he sat down, and told the children to amuse themselves for a bit.

"Porka, Porka! Just look at the beautiful star that has fallen on the beach," cried Grunter, "but it doesn't shine as brightly as those in the sky."

Porka had been to the seaside before, and was in the Fifth Standard at school, so she was able to explain to her little brother that it was a starfish he had found, and not a real star.

Grunter began to cry at this, but Porka dried his eyes and told him to come and paddle.

Grunter was a little afraid of the water, but Porka walked right in, and showed him how nice it was, so, after a little persuasion, Grunter tried it too, and was so pleased with himself that he went farther and farther into the sea.

"Don't go too far," said his sister, but Grunter was rather a naughty little pig, and told her to mind her own business, and I am certain that if Mr Pig had heard him he would have given his son a whipping. But Mr Pig was so interested in his paper that he did not notice what the children were doing.

"Don't go too far out, Grunter," cried Porka, "for fear you may be drowned."

"I don't care," replied Grunter, "I shall do as I like."

Now, all you little girls and boys know that something unpleasant always happens if you say "you don't care," and something unpleasant happened to Grunter.

He danced about in the water, and threw buckets full of it over his sister till he took all the starch out of her pretty white frock, and called her lots of rude names when she tried to make him do as she wanted.

He had just called her a silly sausage, which is, of course, one of the worst insults you can offer a respectable pig, when he gave a great yell of fright.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Grunter.

Mr Pig dropped his paper and hurried down to the water, and Porka ran with all her might to see what had happened to her little brother. Grunter was hopping about on one leg, while on the other an enormous crab was holding firmly with his claws.

How Grunter yelled, and what a long time it was before Mr Pig could free his little son from the crab's grip, and when at last he got rid of the terrible fish his foot hurt him so he could not walk, so he had to lie on the sand, while kind Porka found him pretty shells. And then his father carried him to the station,

and the train took them all back home again.

"I'll never be rude to you again, dear Porka," said Grunter, when he was snugly tucked up in his little bed.

And after that day he was always a well-behaved, polite, little pig.

A Visit From a Fairy.

By ADA M. KENDALL, 35, High Road, Small Heath.

Ethel Raymond was a rich little girl, six years old. She had plenty of toys, nice food, books, pretty and good clothing. Her kind parents spoiled her by gratifying every wish she expressed; but still she was discontented when she ought to have been very happy. One night she was lying in the cosy bed which was hers, thinking about some trivial thing which had displeased her, when she heard a tiny, clear voice call her name. Turning, she saw a little fairy standing by her bed. "Come with me," she said, and Ethel, feeling only a bit startled, assented. She was given a pair of wings, like those the fairy possessed. They flew through the window as if it had not been there and continued their flight for some miles. When they alighted on the ground they were in the midst of a crowded city. The fairy, taking Ethel's hand, led her through narrow, back streets, until they reached a squalid court. Of course, they were invisible to mortal eyes. Here they looked through a bedroom window and

saw two little girls lying on a mattress covered only by a ragged counterpane. "Nellie," said the youngest child to her sister, "don't you wish we were as rich as the little girl we saw go into that large house? I should like to have pretty, warm clothes to wear and a big doll like the one she was carrying." "Yes," said her sister. "It is very hard to be poor and to have no plum pudding or presents to-morrow." Ethel and her friend then wended their way through a thronged thoroughfare, and though a church clock had just struck the hour of ten poor little boys, scantily clothed and bare footed, were endeavouring to sell boxes of matches. Having witnessed these scenes of poverty the fairy took Ethel home. Waking with a start Ethel found that it was all a dream. She made up her mind that she would try to get the part of a good fairy to poor children who lived in the vicinity of her home.

Sympathy was Powerless.

"Did ye get hurt, sonny?" asked the kind hearted man.
 "No!" howled the boy.
 "Lost?"
 "No," with a wilder burst of sorrow.
 "Where do you live?"
 The boy pointed.
 "Waiting for your dad?"
 "No. Boohoo!"
 "Well, then, what is the trouble?"
 The boy sobbed bitterly, and answered in tones of anguish:
 "I've got the tummie ache."



DOLLY'S TEA-PARTY.



A TASTE FOR MUSIC.

"Say, Jim, wot's der matter wid de billy-goat?"
 "He's bin an' swallowed a music-box, an' I kin hear it a-playin' 'Der's a hot time' in his stummock."

AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

Queer Marriage Customs.

The Russian Government has undertaken the tremendous task of attempting to stop child marriages in Turkestan and the adjoining countries in Asia under the Russian dominion. It has been customary for Mohammedan girls to marry between the ages of 10 and 12 years, but orders have been issued now that no Mohammedan shall marry under 14. This action of the Government has been brought about by the reports of the Russian officials in Turkestan, who say that 75 per cent. of the girls who marry under 12 die before they are 20. The Tartar and Mohammedan chiefs are much incensed over the new order of things, as all of them seek to obtain brides as young as possible.

The custom of child marriage is rapidly passing away in all countries. Now that it will no longer be tolerated in Turkestan, the only other countries in which this custom prevails are India, Persia, Siam, and among some of the aboriginal tribes in Australia and South America.

In Turkestan girls are considered marriageable between 10 and 15, although it is common for girls only nine years old to marry. The mother, or sister, or some female relative of the man who wants a wife, after having found what appears to be a suitable match, or, at all events, a girl who pleases the man himself, goes to the girl's family and discusses the advantages of the marriage. The matchmaker is at once asked how much kalim will be given, and she, in her turn, is anxious to know the amount of the dowry, as it is desired that the kalim and dowry be nearly equal. It is commonly believed that the kalim, or money given by the husband, goes to the father of the wife, and that it is in the nature of purchase money, but this view is declared by many travellers to be incorrect. They say that the kalim is given to the wife herself, and it remains her property, so that, in case of divorce from her husband, she may have something to fall back upon. When the friend of the young man has carefully looked at the bride and found out all about her, she returns to the man and tells him about the appearance and manners of his future wife. The man is then allowed to look at her without her veil, but only on giving his solemn word that he looks at her with the intention of marrying her, and not out of idle curiosity.

By Musselman law every man is allowed to have four wives at one time, but

more than this he cannot legally possess without divorcing one he has already. The wife is obliged to obey her husband in all things, and to avoid everything that is unpleasant to him, and cannot, without his consent, make any contracts. She has, however, a right to food, clothing, lodging and servants, and to money for those expenses which are usual among persons of her rank. She is obliged also to preserve her beauty as far as she can, and to try and please her husband; and for this purpose she is allowed by law to use various cosmetics. The wife may be divorced by her husband whenever he chooses, without his being required to give any reasons whatever.

In India, among many of the tribes, especially the Hindus, child marriage is an old-established custom. Marrying means simply the buying of a young girl. Her father names as high a price as he thinks he can in reason ask, and then he and the man who wishes to marry the girl haggle for days, until an agreement is reached. Of course, there is no courtship, and the bride-elect, being only a child, has no voice in the matter whatever. Her future husband and her father settle the thing to suit themselves. If, after the marriage, the bridegroom does not pay the agreed upon price to his father-in-law, the wife must return to her father until her husband has succeeded in raising the money.

Omens play an important part in a Hindu wedding. If, when going over to see his father-in-law to be, the prospective bridegroom sees a cat, fox or serpent, he turns back, considering that it would be ill fortune to go further that day. The father-in-law comes out on his porch on the evening of the day on which he has been carrying on negotiations with his son-in-law to be, and listens for the sound of the tree lizard. If he hears within a few minutes the shrill tones of the lizard, he smiles happily at what he regards a lucky omen, and says: "Everything is well. The lizard has spoken."

In Siam child marriages are common enough. Sir P. J. Bowring speaks of having sat down to dinner in Siam with five generations.

In Persia the seclusion in which the women and young girls are kept renders love-making impossible. Matchmakers, who are old women, are invoked when a man wishes to take a wife, and they visit the parents of the girl for whom they wish to make a marriage, and arrange the details of the match.

In China, while parents often arrange for the marriage of their children when they are infants, or even before they are born, the marriage does not actually take place until the girl is at least fourteen years old and the men twenty.

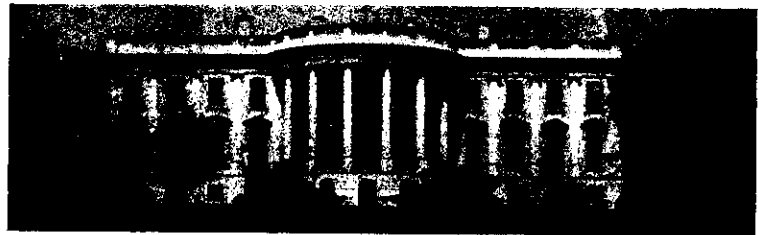
In the Solomon and many others of the South Sea islands girls of nine years old are given in marriage. The poor little child brides must suffer a great deal of pain before the day set for the ceremony. Their beautiful white teeth must be filed down to one-half or one-third their ordinary height, and stained with betel nut. The filing process takes two or three hours, and during the ceremony a native orchestra discourses wild music, which serves to drown the moans of the poor little sufferer.

In Afghanistan the women wear no veils, and a man picks out his bride to suit himself. The fond lover wastes no time in courtship, nor does he even take the trouble to get acquainted with the lady of his heart. The lover waits for an opportune time, and then dashes out upon the object of his affections, and either cuts off a lock of her hair or else throws a sheet over her head, and by this act proclaims her as his bride.

In some of the countries where child marriage prevails the custom is defended on the ground that the women in those climates fade so quickly that they are old and hideously ugly before they reach the age of 30. But this would seem to be because the wives have the cares of married life and motherhood thrust upon

them at such an extremely early age that they become old women when they should be just budding into womanhood.

As civilization extends the child marriage is falling more and more into disrepute. While the English Government in India has not forbidden the custom, as the Russian Government has in Turkestan, it is doing all that it can to discourage the practice, and after a few years it may be that the little Hindu and Sikh girls will be permitted to play with their dolls and enjoy the precious years of childhood before they are compelled to become wives without even being able to realise what such a sacred relation means.



THE WHITE HOUSE, RESIDENCE OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.



SOME STYLISH PELERINES AND BOAS IN FUR FOR THE COMING WINTER.



A RECENT PHOTO. OF MRS. ROOSEVELT RECEIVING GUESTS ON THE PRESIDENT'S YACHT.

The Ideal Wooing.

(By the Bachelor of Experience.)

The poet, when he sings of love, generally surrounds his man and maid with sylvan beauties, conjuring up for our pleasure rural glades, purling streams, and sweet-scented fields.

My object will be to show, however, that the ideal wooing is not carried on under these conditions, for I take a practical view of all such matters, and consider that, even when he is working up a love-story to its climax, a novelist should keep an eye on our climate, and provide his hero with an overcoat, and his heroine with a water-proof cape.

There will I make thee beds of roses, And a thousand fragrant posies. A cap of flowers, and a kirtle Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

Yes, yes, Master Christopher Marlowe, this is all very well—for a summer afternoon! But how about when it rains? Why, I will e'en parody thee in that case:

But when the meadows full of splosh is. We'll true love make 'neath mackintoshes. Or underneath—pray choose, my Moby!—The harmless, necessary brolly.

The first verse will, of course, appeal to sentimental people more than my hum-drum version; but mothers of families who are in the habit of dealing with bad colds will admit that there is, after all, something in the latter mode of putting it.

SUMMER-DAY WOOING

is certainly ideal, but such wooing is for a summer day only. Consider our long, cold winter time, when there is mud and snow, and our long, cold summer-time, when there is also mud (and occasionally snow); consider our bleak spring and our inhospitable autumn, and then deny, if you can, that much of an ideal wooing is carried on indoors.

Take two young people and put them in a village or small country town; let them live somewhere where they are bound to meet each other at least once a week, and perhaps twice; let them attend the same church and belong to the

same tennis club. Then, if they grow attached to one another, what a grand new interest adds fragrance to their lives! Think how surprisingly regular he will become in his church-going, and what a sudden eagerness she will develop to test her new Slazenger racket!

Then let him become a pretty frequent visitor at her house, and let her evince an extraordinary liking for one of his sisters. This will lead to constant encounters, when, if it is true, they will not, in all probability, have an opportunity of saying much to each other. But what of that? Perhaps, during a long evening she will glance shyly in his direction once. If he sees that glance it ought to make him happy for days.

And the next time they meet she will, perhaps, treat him very coldly, and

HE WON'T LIKE THAT;

but, if he has studied feminine ways at all, he need not be very cast down, for a really nice, modest girl is chary of her favours, dispensing them with a niggardly hand until such time as she deems it fit to shower all the treasures of her love upon the man who has proved himself worthy of them.

Believe me, the ideal wooing does not consist of wandering in meadows and making "beds of roses." Under such circumstances conversation is apt to lapse into inconsequential nothings that may possibly grow tedious. But when a man can only find opportunity to talk to a girl at odd, brief times, then will he carry about in his heart afterwards her least ejaculations, and recollect every detail of her appearance and demeanour.

In what I will call the "local" wooing a man and a maid become really acquainted with one another—come to know each other as people ought before they take hands together along the hilly and difficult road of wedlock.

How much knowledge of one another

have two London people who have only met a dozen times or so—chiefly at dances—before the man proposes?

THEN COMES AN ENGAGEMENT

and—disillusionment.

People who live in London don't see half as much of one another as they who live in the country; therefore the ideal wooing is not carried on in London, although a great deal of very excellent wooing is that bears fruit and results in happy matrimony.

Very few things can be ideal nowadays, and so we have to scrape along and make the best of circumstances.

When a man does a wooing go in London he often has to travel by district railways, "tubes," and "buses, and turn out into bleak February nights, homeward-bound, leaving a warm fire and his ladylove behind him.

He generally reserves Sunday for these expeditions, and so has something to look forward to all the week.

And though the six days between Sundays are not ideal ones from the lover's point of view, yet it is not bad for him to have to exercise patience; and in the end he generally attains his object, and takes a flat, and presently provides it with a mistress.

But the ideal wooing is conducted in a village or small town, where two people don't quite know when they won't see each other, as opposed to a London wooing, when the two know with a large measure of certainty when they will. So the former mode of wooing must be superior to the latter, and I maintain that an ideal wooing is when a couple

meet unexpectedly and frequently, and not at long or defined intervals.

Little glances, brief snatches of conversation, chance meetings—these constitute the ideal wooing. And so, if the maid ponders all such trifles in her heart, and the man considers that

Her very frowns are fairer far Than smiles of other maidens are.

we may take it that it is a genuine, a commendable and a most promising "affair."

Lord Kitchener Again.

Queen Victoria once asked Lord Kitchener if the report which she had heard was true. "Did he not care for any woman?" "It is true, with one exception," Lord Kitchener replied, with a smile. "And who is that?" inquired the Queen. "Your Gracious Majesty," came the answer. It is, by the way, quite untrue that Lord Kitchener is a real woman hater. What he scorns is effeminacy in men. "Is that your sister's handkerchief?" he asked of a young lord, who sported a delicately scented square of cambric. "No, sir, my own. Pretty pattern, isn't it?" "Very pretty, indeed," said Lord Kitchener. "Now tell me your taste in hairpins."

When cooking greens and cauliflower, always put a piece of stale bread crust in the saucepan, as it will take away all the unpleasant smell. Take out with a spoon before taking up the greens.

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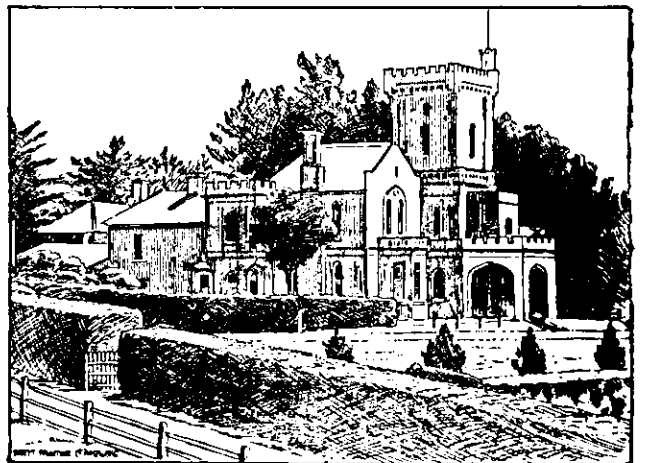


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George Gregory. ARTIST AND PHOTOGRAPHER. CORNER OF QUEEN AND VELLESLY STREETS. ALL THE NEWEST STYLES IN FINISHING. STUDIES & GROUPS. CHILDREN'S PORTRAITURE A SPECIALTY. PROMPT DELIVERY.

Women Voters.

WHAT ARE THE RESULTS?

What are the results? asks Mrs. A. B. Atkinson, of Wellington, when discussing the woman suffrage in New Zealand in the Australian "Review of Reviews." She goes on to answer the question in this manner:—

The definite results of the women's vote are difficult to tabulate, and have proved a disappointment to friends and enemies alike; though it is only fair to say that if the reform has not altogether fulfilled the highest hopes of its friends, it has signally falsified the gloomy prophecies of its enemies. There has been no revolution in the condition of political parties, and "divided skirts and divided hearts" have not increased. There is no evidence at all of any increase of dissension in families. There is, I think, a growing interest in politics among the richer women, but for the most part they, as well as working women, vote very much as the men of the family do. Even if it were not so difference of opinion need not mean loss of harmony and affection. When Cleopatra, anxious to retain the love of Mark Antony, asks advice of her ladies, one of them answers: "In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing." To which the "serpent of old Nile," out of a probably unparalleled experience, replies: "Thou teachest, like a fool, the way to lose him." Any musician knows that well-used discords are of the essence of harmony.

The foolish fears that woman would be "unsexed" by taking part in politics have proved equally groundless; never a word is heard now in this country of "hysterical female agitators," "screaking sisterhoods," etc. The only election of which it has not been true, in Mr Seddon's words to the National Union of Suffrage Societies in England, that "a woman could go to the polls with the same safety as she could go to a place of worship," was the election of 1896. It was the first time that the General Parliamentary Election and Local Option Bill were taken together, and in Wellington, at any rate, the Liberal and liquor parties were in open and shameless alliance, and rowdism prevailed to a disgraceful degree. The return of one of the candidates was petitioned against on this ground, and the judges condemned proceedings in severe terms. Chief Justice Prendergast said:

"It is obvious that on this occasion there was a very objectionable state of things. I cannot understand why it should have been so. It is part of the duty of the police constables to prevent people from collecting together for the purpose of obstruction, irrespective of the occasion. Persons had no right to obstruct others, and prevent them from going from the pavement to any house or building; it is the duty of the police to prevent that. They do not seem to have done their duty on this occasion. This was a state of things which ought to be explained and guarded against in the future. Mr Morison has very properly pointed out that the introduction of the female franchise makes it more necessary that the proceedings should be conducted in a proper man-

ner." Subsequent elections have been free from any such disturbances, but there seems no more ground for crediting the women's vote with the improvement than for blaming it with what took place in 1896. Another of Mr Seddon's statements on the occasion referred to, that the granting of the suffrage had caused the stoppage of canvassing, is not borne out by the facts. Paid canvassing was abolished many years ago, but the ordinary canvassing by a candidate's friends was only illegal during two bye-elections, having become so quite unintentionally by a remarkable series of Parliamentary accidents in 1900, which were rectified without a dissenting voice in 1902. His further statement, that since woman suffrage had been adopted, a man whose moral character had the slightest taint upon it might as well save his time and money at present himself as a candidate, caused great amusement in this colony, the fact being, as stated in Mr W. P. Reeves' new book, "All but 2 or 3 per cent. of the members of the average colonial Parliament have always been at least respectable. All but the same proportion are still respectable. There has been no change whatever." And this fact constitutes perhaps the greatest disappointment of the friends of woman suffrage, many of whom believed that woman would make moral character the first essential in a public man.

Thirty-six Hours' Whirl.

The American girl has caught the spirit of "hustle" from her male relatives, and her society doings are now characterised by the same slap-dash that marks the business houses of the land of stars and stripes. This is a simple narrative in diary form of one simple instance of the strenuous social life at the American capital. Take, for illustration, the thirty-six hours beginning with the 4 o'clock "at homes" on Wednesday, February 11, and ending with Mrs Walsh's breakfast, which was served at 4 o'clock in the morning of Friday, February 13. During these 36 continuous hours not one of the busy social bees saw their beds—they were vigorously on the move from tea to dinner, to reception, to wedding, to ball and other functions. Miss Alice Roosevelt, the Countess Cassini, Miss Patten, Miss Root, and the rest of this "younger set" went from function to function, meeting each other of course, again and again, here and there, from hour to hour. In this particular thirty-six hours the social whirl began with a round of short calls on the two score or more matrons who have Wednesday "at homes." These calls being over by 5.30 p.m., the ladies found themselves hurriedly dressing for the ball at the Peruvian Legation in honour of Miss Roosevelt. But as nearly all had either dinner parties at home or dinner out, they had no time to lose. Thereafter the diary runs thus:—10 p.m., Wednesday, February 11.—After dinner drive to the Peruvian Legation upon invitation to the ball given in honour of Miss Alice Roosevelt. 10.20.—Arrive at the Peruvian Legation. Everyone dancing,

no chance to "sit out" any of the dances. 3 a.m., Thursday, February 12.—Leave the Legation to go home and dress for the train, which leaves at 5.30 a.m., for Charleston, W. Va., for the Henderson-Crosby wedding. 3.30.—Home; order carriage to wait at the door. 5.—Having changed and taken a cup of tea, start for the station. 5.30.—Train starts for Charleston. 10 a.m.—In Charleston; barely dozed on the train. Just time for coffee before the ceremony. 12 m.—Back from church; wedding breakfast just served. 1.30 p.m.—Breakfast over; take train for Washington. 5.—Home; barely time for tea and dress for dinner. 9.30.—Dinner over; leave for reception at the White House. 11.—Standing in line for nearly an hour. 11.30.—Leaving the White House for Mrs Thomas Walsh's musicale. 12.10 a.m., Friday, February 13.—At Mrs Walsh's; no signs of breaking up. 3.30.—Still at Mrs Walsh's; talk of breakfast. 4.—Breakfast at Mrs Walsh's.

In Waterloo Year.

"The woman's column" is as old as journalism itself. Very interesting is it to read what our grandmothers wore in the year of Waterloo. This paragraph is taken from the "Globe" of February 2, 1815:—"A round robe of fine cambric jaconet muslin, fastened down the front with cotton ball tassels; a flounce of lace or needlework at the feet, applied with a narrow border of embroidery; long full sleeve, confined at the hand with needlework or French embroidery; a falling collar and cape, trimmed with blond lace; fall back, drawn to the shape. A French mob cap composed of white satin and blond lace, tied under the chin with celestial blue

satin riband, and ornamented with a wreath of flowers. Necklace and cross of satin, bead, or pearl. Slippers of blue kid. Gloves of Limerick or York tan." The popularity of the French mob cap will at first glance strike one as peculiar for that year. But it must be remembered that in February Napoleon was in Elba, and England had thought she had done for ever with the ogre Bonaparte. She little dreamed of Waterloo.

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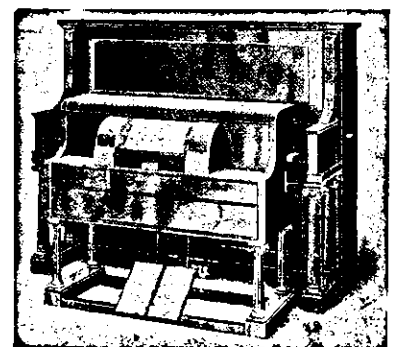
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CALL AND INSPECT.

A Fiddler's Romance.

Kubelik, who has the soul, the brain and the supple fingers of Paganini, with the dark, velvety eyes and the smile of an innocent young girl—Kubelik, the new king of the violin, loved by all women who have seen and heard him, though plebeian by birth is an aristocrat in his choice of a wife. News comes from Vienna that within a year he will marry the Countess Marianne Czaky, with the consent of Coloman von Szell, Prime Minister of Hungary.

Behind this bald announcement by cable lies one of those great romances, so rare in real life, which, depicted by the pen of poets, have come down the ages, gathering new beauties all the way.

The Countess Marianne came into the life of Kubelik before his fame had travelled more than a hundred miles from Prague, where his father still hoed his cabbages. The great conservatory and all the students know that Kubelik was already great. The mysteries invented by Paganini to the undoing of all other violinists up to that time were an open book to Kubelik.

All the cities of his native Bohemia clamoured for him, so that soon he found himself on the stage of the principal theatre at Debreczin looking over an audience musically wise and critical for generations, with noble families occupying the boxes.

In one of these boxes, separated from the stage only by a low balustrade, was a dazzling Hungarian beauty, of the rich, voluptuous, impulsive type which only Hungary produces. This was the Countess Marianne Czaky, who at twenty-one was already a widow. With her were her father, Wolfgang von Szell, and the Hungarian Prime Minister, Coloman von Szell, her uncle.

Kubelik did not at first notice the Countess, though it is now remembered she started and leaned forward the moment her eyes first rested on him. He was thinking only of the phrases which as yet slumbered in the bosom of his Stradivarius.

It began with the Vieuxtemps Concerto in E major, with its long, clear note at the beginning. His attitude was graceful—before he lifted his bow—almost feminine, but with the first note he was transfigured. He became a man and a master all at once; his fingers were brass, tipped with velvet. The sweep of his bow was a command to all the world.

Leaning forward, with red lips slightly parted, the Countess drank in every note. At the last note she sank back pale and sighing, but with her eyes still riveted on the girlish face of the young violinist, framed in the masses of black hair, now with some moist wisp trailing over a brow as white and smooth as her own.

The audience, all but the Countess, applauded rapturously; she sat as though dazed. But the first stroke of the bow in a Beethoven Romance in G Major caused her to move forward to the balustrade, upon which she leaned motionless till the number was ended. Then an odd thing happened to the audience's way of thinking. Did the Countess stumble that she should suddenly fall against the barrier between the box and the stage and throw out her arms to-

ward the violinist, not a yard away, as though to seek support on his shoulder? Kubelik saw the Countess' movement, made half a step toward her, and their eyes met. But now the Prime Minister whispered in his niece's ear, and reluctantly withdrawing her eyes from those of the violinist, she sank back into her seat. Kubelik composed himself partially with recourse, for an encore, to a stately Bach sonata.

Now came the number which the masters and students of the Prague Conservatory knew would declare Kubelik's pre-eminence anywhere in the world—Paganini's impossibility, called "Nel Cor Mio Non Mi Sento."

When Kubelik had ended the Paganini number in an explosion of musical fireworks the audience sprang to its feet, pressing toward the stage and shrieking its plaudits. Kubelik bowed and then turned his eyes toward the Countess' box. Barely the distance of a step was between them.

Suddenly the beautiful noblewoman leaned far over the balustrade and held out both her arms to the youth. Their eyes met again. Kubelik drew nearer. The Countess' lips moved. Her whole attitude was one of adoration.

Kubelik, for the first time under the spell of a beautiful, loving woman's eyes, seemed to tremble. Though the audience continued to applaud wildly and to inundate him with flowers, he kept his eyes on those of the Countess. Her lips moved again. She was speaking to him. Only Kubelik could hear her voice, so great was the uproar. Then he smiled happily and answered her—answered her both with words and glances.

Next day Kubelik received from Wolfgang von Szell, the Countess' father, an invitation to visit him at his house. The invitation was not unexpected, for what the Countess had whispered to him across the footlights was:

"We shall meet soon; it must be so." And Kubelik's answer was:

"It must be so."

In the house of the Hungarian noble the violinist was treated as all men of genius are treated in such places—with affable condescension, save for the Countess. Their hands met, not only as the hands of equals, but as the hands of confessed lovers. In that country love does not have to be spoken to be known; yet before the evening was over they found a moment in which they could be alone, and in that moment all the vocabulary of love bubbled from their lips.

Both knew that this blazing forth of love at first sight between a Countess who was niece of the Prime Minister and a fiddler whose father hoed cabbages, if known, at once would create consternation and probably trouble for both. Kubelik was engaged for London, and so they agreed to wait until his return, meantime corresponding daily.

Kubelik went to London fully expecting to return shortly and dreading the interruptions of his artistic career which his twenty-first year and compulsory military service would entail. But in London both the expectation and the dread were removed. King Edward summoned him to play before the Royal Family, and straightway induced the Hungarian authorities to absolve the genius from his military obligations. Then Daniel Frohman engaged him for a tour of America.

Thus, until Kubelik's return to Vienna

late in February the betrothed lovers had never spent more than a single hour in each other's presence. Their only communications had been by letter and daily cablegrams.

Naturally, the Countess' family tried to break off the engagement, but her constancy softened first the mother's heart and finally won over the father and the Prime Minister, her uncle. The only stipulation is that they shall not marry for a year.

Kubelik has made a fair start on the road to wealth. He received 100,000 dollars from his American tour alone. Experts say that in the next few years his receipts will totally eclipse those of Paderewski. So his plan to build a palace for his bride near Vienna seems likely of fulfilment.

Another Royal Romance.

Whilst we are occupied with the vagaries of the ex-Crown Princess of Saxony, with or against our will, and periodically reminded—by herself—that the Countess Lonyay is still a "Royal Highness." It is all the more refreshing to turn to the pleasant romances of the Imperial House of Hapsburg, remarks a correspondent in "Madame." A friend of mine told me a charming story of a young married couple living in the pretty little border town of Znaim. The husband is a young captain, Baron Otto Seefried by name, in the local regiment of infantry. His wife has won the hearts of the worthy townspeople by her unaffected behaviour, and the quiet life they lead is absolutely in keeping with the husband's station in life.

Baroness Seefried can be seen very often marketing in the town, is famed as a model "Haus frau," and yet her grandfather is none other than H.I. and R.M. Kaiser Francis Joseph of Austria. Her mother was, as you will recollect, Princess Gisela of Bavaria, and the young Princess' romantic runaway match with a mere lieutenant and "von" caused much talk at the time. Then it all died away, as it should do, and it was quite by accident that I learnt the charming sequel just related.

To Brighten Up Colours.

To brighten up colours in faded wool-work and cushions, wash the work in soda and water and dry it in the open air. Faded colours become quite bright, for the soda brings the colour up.

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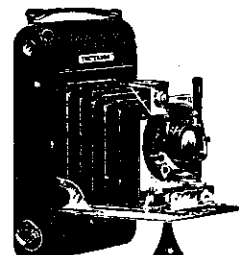
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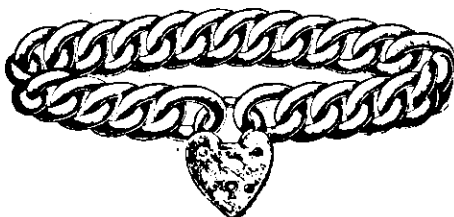
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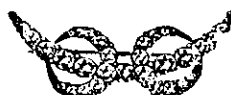
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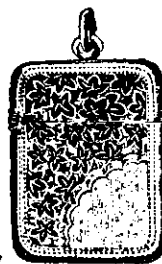
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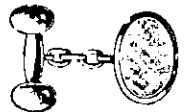
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COUNTRY ORDERS ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

(By MARGUERITE.)

Precisely how the case stands, whether the milliners wait upon the decision of the hairdressers or the hairdressers upon that of the milliners, is a matter of some uncertainty; but that very much reciprocity exists between the two arbiters of fate is quite sure. Therefore, it is as well to inquire into the latest mode of hairdressing before proceeding to discover the trend that millinery is likely to take.

In Paris at this present moment there is a very distinct leaning towards the abandonment of the low coiffure. The smartest women, whose coiffures are always well in advance of the times, are having their hair fluffed by means of electric brushing, but not in the smallest degree waved. It is all brought up to the crown of the head a la Chinoise, but not in the slightest degree painfully strained—on the contrary, left in loose masses, and there dressed in little curls and airy twists fastened by means of tortoise-shell prongs, and even by ivory combs, which look odd, especially in brunette tresses, though most

DECIDEDLY SMART.

There is undoubtedly in one or two particulars an air of complete novelty about this coiffure. One misses immediately both the so long prevalent ondulce and the fringe, or presence of a fringe, that has marked the mode for many a year past. Englishwomen, who have only just realised the charms of the low dressing, will be disposed to think the times scarcely ripe for a revulsion to the old mode yet, and, indeed, unless they desire to be well in advance of every one else, they need not give up either their waved tresses or the Rogeney curl that drapes their brow.

But they had better not accentuate either if they would march closely after Fashion, though not abreast with her. It is very significant of the declining

favour shown to the ondulce that the smartest makers of transformations in London are building their wigs either quite without or with only the merest suspicion of a wave in the hair they use.

Under these circumstances it is in one way odd, though not in another, that the milliners should be devising the most abrupt and decided uplifting of the brims of many of their new creations—odd because the effect produced reveals so plainly the straightened tresses, but not strange considering the natural desire every pretty woman feels to exhibit to all eyes a new departure in hairdressing.

Above soft and girlish features nothing can be more charming than the coiffure a la Chinoise and the plateau hat with its well-raised brim. The features are refined by it and yet to the full answer the challenge of undoubtedly trying conditions by asserting the roundness and charm of their youth. Disappeared, but is now being ushered should cause their owners to seek some means of

SOFTENING THE HARD OUTLINE

of millinery like this. To their rescue comes the lace curtain which was a few seasons ago very much in demand, then disappeared, but it now being ushered again into prominence.

Not only are lace scarves turned to account as draperies upon the hat's brim, but they are tied at the back, and are then allowed to flow almost to the waist. Black lace is more useful than white and cream, and black tulle appears embroidered with seed pearls. Moreover, straw traceries upon gauze are pressed into the milliners' service. There is more than a little subtlety of effect attempted by the fowing lace veil, which certainly emphasises the drooping line of the shoulders and the picturesque blurred curves of the modern gown.

But now let a few definite descriptions of important efforts of early winter millinery be recounted. In a window full of exotic models a London milliner had the temerity to show recently just one hat with a decided crown. It was placed in a modest position somewhat in the background, as if to a certain extent dubious as to the impression it would create. Yet, dainty as it was, for it was made of stiffened cream lace bound with black velvet round the brim and softly plumed, its aspect was pert and overbearing, and from it the feminine critics who commented upon the show, with a few words of contemptuous toleration, as of something likely to try to arrive but not yet at all sure of a welcome, sheered away to shower encomiums upon the flat turbans and plateau hats that dominated the exhibition.

Yet those flat turbans are not so flat as their predecessors were, and those crowns will come. There is a Rembrandt model being made that is half turban, half crowned hat, the most picturesque of ideas, with its velvet drape and its beautiful ostrich plumes, and it is the stepping stone between the two opposed styles.

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A GREY PROMENADE PELISSE TRIMMED WITH GUNMETAL BUTTONS.

For buttons the furor increases. And of what curious materials are they made! If one is to believe all one hears, the homely potato compressed into a hard substance is served up in the sewing of many a gown. The chenille ones are artistic, and the little silk thread specimens are very smart and can be used in great numbers unabtrusively. For it must be remembered that though buttons abound they are expected to do so with becoming modesty, making their

undoubted effect in subtle, clever ways. There is great charm observable in the toilet of this column, one of pavement grey cloth, with gun-metal buttons, which figure on all the straps that embellish the dress, and in double rows round the yoke. Note the drooping shoulder effect produced by the yoke, and treasure the remembrance of it for an autumn suit.

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A REVIVAL OF PLEATED SKIRTS IS ASSURED.

The changes are now being rung upon that exclusive model, exclusive because it suits only the slim, the hip-yoke skirt.

It is being stitched and strapped, gathered, battlemented, embroidered, and gowned, according to the requirements of the toilette on which it is ordained to appear; and what is more, it is being elongated or extended, as the sketched example of this column portays it, into a stole-panel, which forms a distinctly clever decoration for the front of a skirt. How to finish the edges of the hip-yoke and stole with becoming emphasis, both as to firmness and beauty, may puzzle the home dress maker. Hence a moment's contemplation of the manner in which the difficulty is overcome in the pictured case is recommended. Scallops, it will be acknowledged, are the simplest possible solution of the question, requiring as they do less geometrical precision than the Greek key and battlement methods. They should be piped with velvet or cloth of the same; or a variant of the colour that is used for the gown, and should be firmly stitched down to the pleated part of the skirt. Citron, almond, and watercress green are charming autumn colours, and there is much merit in the browns, provided they are examples of those attractive shades of coffee-cream, nut, and pale tobacco.



A GREY PROMENADE PELISSE TRIMMED WITH GUNMETAL BUTTONS.



THE LATEST EDITION OF THE MODISH HIP-YOKE.

seen. A pocket put on from the outside is a useful adjunct, as of course that in the dress itself is completely covered.

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A LAY'S OVERALL.

Though pinafore days have long been left behind some at least of us cannot dispense altogether with pinafores on all occasions. The girl who takes up art, either professionally or only as a pastime, is bound to provide herself with something that will cover her dress entirely, and save it from such stains and streaks of paint as are inevitable in the studio, and it is for the artist in particular, though not solely, that the accompanying sketch has been made. The overall is made exactly on the lines of a child's pinafore, fastening behind, and reaching almost to the bottom of the dress; the sleeves are of bishop shape, but not so full as now usually worn in dresses or blouses, as the fulness would only be liable to dabble on palette or paint box, and might even spoil a picture. For the same reason the wrist bands are somewhat deep, so that the hand and wrist may be quite free. The shaped band which finishes the neck, and the pretty shoulder frill set into it renews the overall from ugliness, and the addition of a waist belt to draw in the fulness to the figure is also a great improvement on the style sometimes



A PRETTY HAT.

Millinery is very charming even now, and this season will see some of the most charming models ever displayed for our ruination. The pretty hat sketched is not, however, of a costly nature, although it is distinguished by its smartness. The hat is of straw, the edge of the brim being coloured a pale green. The crown is low and flat, and the brim which curves up from the face is trimmed inside with a bird in whose plumage white and an iridescent greenish black with a hint of blue in it are intermingled as in that of the magpie. A bow of bright green mirror velvet rests on the hair. There is a slight twist of good patterned lace of a soft tone of cream draped round the crown forming its sole trimming. There is something very smart looking about this style of hat with its upturned brim, and I expect we shall see it in many charming forms trimmed with different tones of tulle intermingled or wreathed with flowers of the small blossomed variety. The perfectly flat toque or hat (as either name is equally applicable) with a stiff military aigrette arranged slightly to one side is also much in vogue and is to be seen made entirely of pale toned net or chiffon, or in some instances entirely of small flowers, particularly violets. They are very becoming and certainly chic.



A DAINY EVENING BODICE.

This fig. deals with marked features in evening wear just now, having the Victorian berthe of lace cut off the shoulders, over which falls the floral fringe which is so charmingly employed on so many dainty gowns. The bodice is of accordioneed chiffon, and the

sleeves—of lace with the skirt—are of the newest evening vogue, that is, transparent, long, and opening on the top from the elbow downwards to show the arm. A big chou and ends of chiffon finish the bodice.

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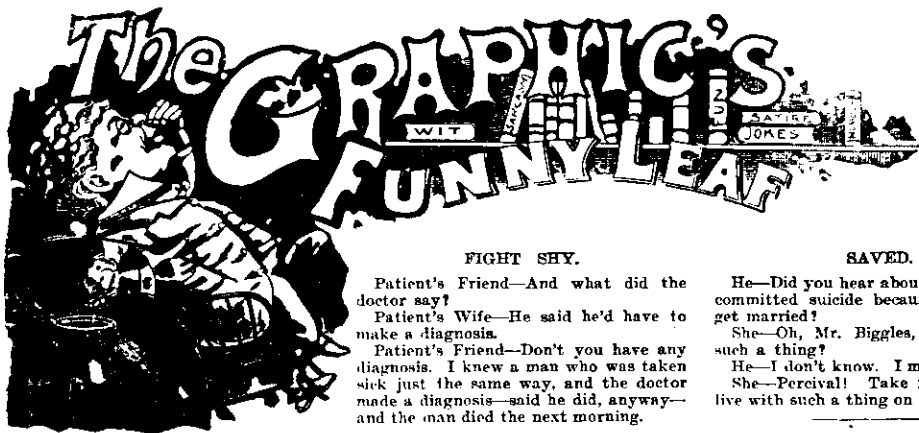
SOME SMART HATS.



- (1) A moleskin dress trimmed with chinchilla and lace.
- (2) A grey zibeline costumes corded with green glace over palest grey silk, and collar of sable.

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**Straight
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All Leading Drapers



TOO MUCH HAPPINESS.

"What's the matter, Jimsby? You look bothered."
 "I am. I had a happy home until my wife joined one of those philanthropic clubs, and promised to do some little thing every day to add to my happiness, and now she's got so many ideas I can't rest."



BUSINESS FORESIGHT.

Barber—You're getting frightfully bald.
 Customer (savagely)—Well, I don't see how it concerns you.
 Barber—Excuse me, sir, but it does. You won't have any hair left to cut, and then I will lose a customer.

THE BRUTE.

Young Husband—Don't you think, darling, that it would spoil the curtains if I should smoke?
 Young Wife—You are the best and most considerate husband that ever lived, dear; of course it would.
 Young Husband—Well, then, you'd better take them down.

NOT FOR HER.

Lady—Mary, has anyone called while I was out?
 Mary—Yes, ma'am. Mr. Biggs was here.
 Lady—Mr. Biggs? I don't recall the name.
 Mary—No, ma'am, he called to see me.

CONSIDERATE.

Mistress (reprovingly)—Bridget, breakfast is very late this morning. I noticed last night that you had company in the kitchen, and it was nearly twelve o'clock when you went to bed.
 Bridget—It was, ma'am. I knew you was awake, for I heard ye movin' about; an' I said to meself ye'd need sleep this mornin', an' I wouldn't disturb ye wid an early breakfast, ma'am.

THE FACETIOUS BOARDER.

The facetious boarder had the plot laid for a killing joke.
 "It's a wonder," he said, "that you didn't serve up this hen, feathers and all."
 "The next time," said the landlady, with marked emphasis, "I'll serve her, bill and all."

A COMPARISON.

Willie: You are not so good looking as the devil, are you?
 Parson Soother: Why, Willie, what do you mean?
 Willie: Papa says he would rather see him than you.

HOW IT WORKS.

Knicker: Our flat has special refrigerator service.
 Becker: So has ours. But they call it steam heat.

AS TO SQUALLOP.

"Now, there's old Squallop. I reckon he's the stingiest man in the United States, and he's got money to burn. I believe he expects to take it with him when he dies."
 "Well, if he does take it with him, he'll certainly have a chance to burn it."

FIGHT SHY.

Patient's Friend—And what did the doctor say?
 Patient's Wife—He said he'd have to make a diagnosis.
 Patient's Friend—Don't you have any diagnosis. I knew a man who was taken sick just the same way, and the doctor made a diagnosis—said he did, anyway—and the man died the next morning.

TIME, 2 A.M.

"Look me in the eye, John Henry!"
 "Whish p'ticular eye, m'dear? You sheem t' have more eyes than a p'tato!"

POOR EDITOR.

Attendant (to irate female seeking admission to the editor's sanctum):
 "But I tell you, madam, that the editor is too ill to talk to anyone to-day."
 Irate Female (with determination):
 "Never mind, I'll do the talking."

SAVED.

He—Did you hear about that man who committed suicide because he couldn't get married?
 She—Oh, Mr. Biggles, would you do such a thing?
 He—I don't know. I might if—
 She—Percival! Take me. I couldn't live with such a thing on my conscience.

HIS TROUBLES.

"Isn't it sad," asked the young lady, romantically, "to think of the roses of yester year?"
 "It is," replied the young man, emphatically; "I have an unpaid florist's bill for £35."

ALL THERE.

Bullfinch—I don't care what people say about Mr. Foxe. I think there is a great deal of honesty in his face.
 Chaffinch—Yes; all he has is there.

CHARMING MODESTY.

"I don't see," said the sensible girl, "how you could bring yourself to run about after that actor, such a conceited stick as he is."
 "You're quite mistaken," replied the stage-struck girl. "He's just as modest as he can be. Why, when I asked him whom he considered the greatest actor in the world, he actually blushed, and replied that it wasn't for him to say."

THE WAY IT WAS.

Markley—No; I don't like Borrowoughs.
 Parkley—Why, I understood you to say you thought a great deal of her.
 Markley—No; I merely think of him a great deal. He owes me money.

LOGICAL.

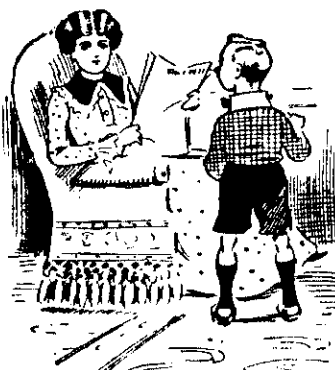
Stokes—Speaking of mourning, if your rich uncle were to die, should you put on black?
 Bickers—Certainly not. If he left me something handsome, why should I be such a hypocrite as to don the garb of woe? On the other hand, if he left me out of his will, how could I consistently put on mourning for such a curmudgeon?

A PROFITABLE BUSINESS.

"Don't you find it very trying," she asked the great man, "to have to furnish your autograph to so many persistent people?"
 "Oh, no," he answered, "most of them stand stamps, and I return the autograph on a postal card."

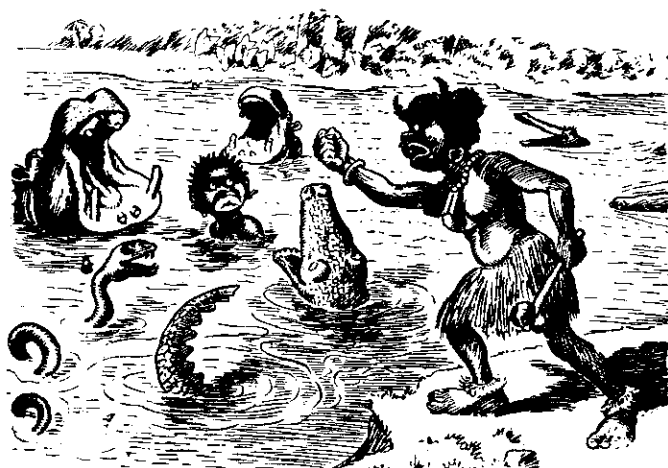
HER UNINTENDED SATIRE.

"Charley, dear!" exclaimed young Mrs. Torkins, "the paper has a sketch of you as a rising young reformer."
 "Yes. I thought that would surprise and please you. What did you think of the biography?"
 "Oh, Charley, dear, it is too good to be true!"



BOBBY TRIED IT.

Bobby—Ma, you said that I wasn't to eat that piece of cake in the pantry—because it would make me sick.
 Mother—Yes, Bobby.
 Bobby (convincingly)—But, ma, it hasn't made me sick.



HOW COWARDLY OF HIM!

Mrs. En Peeki (to her better half, who has taken refuge in the river)—Yo' jes' wait till I kotch yo', yo' miz'ble chicking-hearted, white-livered, scart cat, you!

HE WAS INNOCENT.

The heat of Sunday-school was tropical, the interest of the boys beyond zero; but the patient teacher toiled on.
 "Now, surely some of you can tell me who carried off the gates of Gaza? Speak up, William."
 "I never touched 'em," said the indignant William, wrathfully. "I never had anything to do with it; I didn't even know they was took."

A SERIES OF MISFORTUNES.

"You'll have to excuse my dolly," said the little four-year-old, with great dignity.
 "What is the matter with her, Kitty?" asked the visitor, kindly.
 "She's lost all the sawdust out of her stomach," replied Kitty, "part of her left leg's gone, she's got nervous prostration, and she can't wink her eyes."

POOR CHAP.

Candid Friend—I think young Rymer, the poet, felt hurt at a remark you made the other night.
 His Companion—What did I say?
 Candid Friend—You said there was only one Shakespeare.

"What, Edith going to marry Bobby Bibb? Why, he's only an apology for a man!"
 "Well, I suppose she thought she'd better accept the apology."

POOR PAPA.

Stern Father—What an unearthly hour that fellow stops till every night, Dor! What does your mother say about it?
 Daughter—She says men haven't altered a bit since she was young, pa.

A FRIENDLY TIP.

Mistress—I don't want you to have so much company. You have more callers in a day than I have in a week.
 Domestic—Well, mum, perhaps if you'd tried to be a little more agreeable you'd have as many friends as I have.

KEEPING TO THE AGREEMENT.

House-owner—You didn't pay the rent last month.
 Tenant—No? Well, I suppose you'll hold me to your agreement.
 Owner—Agreement—what agreement?
 Tenant—Why, when I hired the house, you said I must pay in advance or not at all.

CLEVER.

A little three-year-old miss, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in a peculiar noise, and asked what it was.
 "A cricket, dear," replied her mother.
 "Well," remarked the little lady, "he ought to get himself oiled."