

# The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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The Premier, replying to a deputation, said there was certain to be a very large reduction of public works expenditure and public works borrowing.—Daily report.



E. J. SCOVES  
03

## Struck Off.

THE SUITOR: "Cut! Struck off! Bai Jove! I'm hanged if I'll have anything more to do with them."

# People Talked About



**MR W. R. HOLMES.**  
Secretary of the successful Citizen's Ball, Auckland.

### A Capable Organiser.

His successful management of several large gatherings in Auckland has stamped Mr. W. R. Holmes, the well-known accountant, as an organiser of no mean order. The faculty of being able to run any large concern is not such a common gift that we cannot admire the men who possess it. Mr. Holmes is one of those favoured men who excite our admiration in this respect. His work in connection with the exhibition held here in 1898-9 will long be remembered by those who came in contact with him at that time, and saw the masterly manner in which he organised the many details which made the exhibition run so smoothly during the several months it was open. Mr. Holmes has been associated with several other public undertakings and his latest work of this nature was in connection with the citizens' ball given to His Excellency the Governor and the Countess of Ranfurly, the secretarial part of which was carried out in the thorough and capable style for which one looks in anything that Mr. Holmes takes in hand.

### An Opponent of Preferential Trade.

Ever since his maiden speech in the House of Commons, which at once at-

tracted attention to him, the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith has met with a series of successes on the platform and at the Bar. He was Home Secretary in Mr. Gladstone's last Ministry, and rose rapidly to the first rank in the House. He is a Liberal Imperialist, and his recent utterances mark him as one of the keenest opponents Mr. Chamberlain's preferential trade proposals will have to encounter.

### Mr Isidor Alexander.

Ever since the now famous Citizens' Ball in Auckland, the chief theme of conversation and comment has been the absolute genius shown by Mr Isidor Alexander, who had charge of the herculean task of transforming an exceptionally ugly corrugated iron drill shed into a satisfactory ballroom. That Mr Alex-

ander triumphed over the almost incredible difficulties encountered, and did far more than the task set down, is now common knowledge. Not only had the bare hideousness of plain walls vanished under his design, but the huge hall was transformed into a more beautiful and elegant dancing room than anyone present had ever seen before. In the Old Country such a feat would not have been possible, for it would have been impossible to procure the many railway trucks of magnificent nikau palms which



RIGHT HON. H. H. ASQUITH.



MR ISIDOR ALEXANDER.

lent a truly regal effect to the design. Mr Alexander has received numerous congratulations, and he may rest assured that he has achieved a result absolutely unsurpassable anywhere. Mr Alexander is a very well-known and popular citizen of Auckland, and is possessed of a kindly and generous disposition, so that both he and his wife are ever to the fore in any good work for the advancement of the town or its citizens.



PRINCESS CAROLINE OF REUSS.  
Whose wedding to the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar takes place shortly.



THE GRAND DUKE OF SAXE-WEIMAR.

# The Story of the Year!

## The Unspeakable Thing

By HARRIS BURLAND, Author of "Dacobra," Etc.

### CHAPTER I. SPIDER ISLAND.

A broad stretch of the South Pacific, smooth as glass and burnished like a shield of blue steel. A sky of blazing light, fierce, pitiless, and with never a fleck of cloud to break its surface, or cast a single shadow on the waters beneath. A small black speck on the face of the deep, crawling slowly like a wounded animal that is swimming its last strokes before its strength fails.

The small black speck was a boat containing five men and a boy, the sole survivors of the "White Swallow." Three days ago she had been a 500-ton brig bound from Cardiff to Lima. She was now a charred mass of timber burnt to the water's edge, and out of her crew of twenty-four men six alone remained. It was doubtful if it would not have been better for them to have gone down in the storm which had overtaken their comrades in the other boats. They had only provisions for a week, and had had but little time to save anything from the wreck. The clothes they wore, a compass, a rifle, and fifty cartridges, the log of the ship, and a mongrel dog constituted their sole possessions. The latter was a mere encumbrance to them, but it had been impossible to leave it to rot to death.

Captain Williams, a hard, sullen old sailor, who had seen the very worst days of the merchant service, sat in the stern of the boat and made little entries in the log with the stump of an old lead pencil. By his side sat the boy. The latter was slight of frame, and there was a smile on his thin wizened little face. He was anticipating adventure, and he it was who had saved the rifle and cartridges, having a sweet vision of meeting savages on a desert island. He was called Winkles, and responded to no other name. In the bow of the boat were two seamen, Morgan and Hughes. They were rough fellows, but they had fallen asleep, and there was something almost soft and pathetic in their faces. Two men were pulling at the oars. One was Dennis, second mate of the ship, a lean slip of a man, but with the wiriness and the activity of a cat. The other was Emrys Tredegar, who had shipped as a passenger on the "White Swallow" to Lima. He was a young man of about thirty, of enormous bulk and strength. He was 6ft 4in in height, and was so powerfully built that he seemed merely a stalwart fellow of no extraordinary stature. His great arms were bare almost to the shoulders, and the muscles showed up like knots and ropes of steel. As he drove the oars through the water they bent like whips. His face was not handsome, but kindly and honest, and strong of purpose—such a face as women love. Clean shaven men do not look their best with a three days' growth of beard on them, but he looked better than most men would have done. His rugged strength did not suffer from mere untidiness. His soiled shirt, collarless, and flung open at the front, showed off his muscular neck to advantage.

Such were the survivors of the "White Swallow," bound together by common misfortune, and working in shifts night and day to reach land before their food was exhausted.

They steered their course south-west by west in the hope of striking Easter Island or one of the islands of the Marquesas Group. They were without a chart, for it had been put in one of the other boats. But, judging from what Captain Williams could remember, they were at least 700 miles from land. They had barely a week's provisions, and unless they happened to fall in with a ship, things looked very bad for them. They kept their spirits up, however, and Winkles, who was of little use in moving the boat, told them

anecdotes of his early days in White-chapel that promised well for his future career.

For five days there was no wind, and the skin on their arms and faces blistered like new paint. Then a breeze sprang up from the west, and drove them out of their reckoning in a single night. It continued for twenty-four hours and then died away. They could only guess that they were rather west of their course, and steered due south. They eked out the food, but at the end of another three days they had only a pound of biscuits and a quart of water for each man of them.

They made this last for two days more, and then death began to look them in the face. They were making slow progress. Men do not row very well on half a pound of biscuits a day, and it is thirsty work sitting under a tropical sun. Tredegar kept his last biscuit and looked at it for eight hours. Then he gave a foolish laugh and ate it. Perhaps he would have kept it longer if it had not been for the others. He could not stand the look in their eyes as they glared at him.

After that everyone's attention was fixed on the dog. The poor beast was half dead already, and it was a mere trifle to kill him. The men had given him a good share of their food, and it was only reasonable that he should make some return to them. But they all felt like cannibals, and Winkles burst into tears. He had an idea that it would be his turn next. He had read a good many stories of shipwrecked sailors, and in these the boy was always the first to go.

Then for a whole day they were without food or water, and not one of them had the strength to take a hand at the oars. The boat lay motionless on the glittering surface of the sea.

The next morning they tried to catch some fish with a bent pin and a piece of red flannel from Hughes' shirt, but they caught nothing. By mid-day, however, a merciful breeze sprang up. They hoisted the sail and went spinning forward at the rate of seven knots an hour. Towards five o'clock the water began to be covered with dark patches, varying in size from three inches to six feet in diameter. Tredegar feebly put his hand into the middle of one of them in the faint hope that it might be something edible. When he drew his fingers out they were alive with small grey spiders. He showed his hand to the others; they regarded it apathetically and shook their heads.

"The Chinese eat them, I believe," he said in a low voice. "At any rate they don't look any worse than snails." Then he watched the hundreds of little legs moving in all directions, and hurriedly put his hand back into the water. Captain Williams burst into a laugh, and rising to his knees, looked anxiously towards the south.

"Land," he said, hoarsely: "these things mean land. Any fool can tell you that. Spiders ain't fishes, and they ain't birds either. It's land, you chicken-hearted dogs. Why the devil don't you dance and sing, you swine?"

And land it was. Before the sun set that night a thin dark line rose from the horizon and raised itself slowly into the sky as they rippled through the water towards it. The last rays of light showed them a tall barrier of cliffs, barely two miles from their bows. They took down the sail and watched the land slowly merging into the darkness. It was hard for these starving men to be careful, but Captain Williams and Tredegar insisted on waiting till the morning. Even at that distance they could hear the thunder of the waves on the iron bound coast, and see the white spray foaming on the rocks. Hughes cried out with parched lips that he

would rather drown than endure his agony, and tried to jump overboard. Tredegar held him down, and kept his grip on him through all the night.

All the men were absolutely worn out, but no one closed his eyes. The nights were short, yet that one seemed an eternity.

When dawn broke it disclosed a black wall of rock nearly three hundred feet in height, rising sheer from the foaming waters at its base, and crowned with thick forest. They fitted their sail again to the slight breeze and skirred the coast at a distance of half a mile. The island appeared to be about seven miles in length, and they sailed half round it before they came to a sheer break in the cliffs. It appeared to run inland for about a mile.

This ravine was not more than a hundred yards in width, and as they sailed down it the dark water seemed like the aisle of some great cathedral with towering walls of stone and a roof of sapphire blue. The summit was still fringed with forest, and the air was bright with the wings of millions of butterflies and gauzy insects. The water was now almost entirely covered with the large patches of floating spiders.

But although the whole place was musical with the hum of insects, it was noticeable that not a single bird crossed the vault of heaven or hovered about the cliffs, and not a single sound or cry of beast came from the forests above. Save for the buzz of the countless wings and the ripple of the water at the bows of the boat, there was complete silence.

In about a quarter of an hour the waterway turned abruptly to the left, the tall cliffs began to slip down to the level ground, and the eyes of the starving and thirsty men were gladdened with a sight that put fresh life into their weary hearts and bodies.

The narrow channel suddenly widened out into a little circular lake, not more than two hundred yards in diameter. Its shores were of smooth, white sand, littered and heaped up with huge boulders, and a dozen little streams of clear water struggled down through the dark masses of the rocks. A hundred yards from the edge of the lake the rock-strewn shore was circled by a belt of enormous trees, hung with tangled bunches of orchids and flaming creepers, and shutting out all view of the surrounding landscape with an impenetrable wall of foliage.

The men rowed the boat ashore with feeble strokes, and dragging themselves to the nearest spring drank deeply, and lay for a full hour in the shadow of a great rock. Then their thoughts turned to food.

They hastily improvised some fishing apparatus out of rope strands, bent nails, and pins, and a few pieces of coloured stuff. Then they rushed out the boat and tried their luck. They were rewarded beyond their wildest hopes. Perhaps the fish in these blue and shallow waters were more careless and frivolous than their fellows of the deep ocean. At any rate, the men caught two dozen in less than ten minutes. They were all of the same kind—long, thin and silvery, with a few black spots on their backs. The men found them most excellent eating. They each consumed one raw to stay the immediate pangs of starvation. Then they cooked the rest over a fire, and had three more anice.

Then Captain Williams loaded the rifle and looked wistfully at the fringe of forest. It was as silent as the grave, and not a cry of bird or beast came from its depths. Not even a butterfly came out of its darkness into the sunlight. All insect life seemed to have died away by this silent pool.

"I will try what I can do," Captain Williams muttered, rising with diffi-

culty to his feet. "We must have some meat. One of you had better come with me. Morgan, you look as if you could walk. Maybe you can help to carry all I shoot."

With these words he struggled off towards the forest. Morgan followed him, carrying a piece of stick which he had found on the beach. The others watched the two men picking their way among the boulders until they reached the trees. Then they saw Morgan draw a knife from his belt and cut a notch in a huge palm. Hungry and eager though the two men were they had not forgotten the precaution of making their path. Then they disappeared from sight, and in silence their companions could hear the rustling of leaves and the snapping of twigs for several minutes afterwards. Then all sounds died away.

Then they lay on their backs in the sun and longed for something to smoke. Tredegar had a single cigar in his pocket, but he was kind-hearted enough not to enforce his right of possession and smoke it. He produced it and they all drew lots for the prize. By an irony of fate Winkles won it. He realised his unworthiness, and cutting the precious thing in two gave half back to Tredegar, and breaking up the other half with his fingers, filled a short clay pipe with the fragments. Then the two smoked, and the others sat close to them to inhale as much of the fragrance as possible. They all talked of their supper, which would probably include meat; and Winkles ransacked his memory or his imagination for the most stirring anecdotes of his life, and in this way the afternoon passed pleasantly.

At four o'clock they roused themselves to make some sort of shelter for the night. By fixing a sail across three large boulders they constructed a very decent imitation of a cave. The boulders enclosed three sides of it, and the canvas formed an excellent roof. Instructed by Winkles, they piled up a great heap of sticks and dead leaves in front of the entrance. He explained to them that it was necessary to light a fire at nightfall to scare off the wild beasts, and that all the best authorities were agreed on this point. By six o'clock they began to get rather anxious about their comrades. The island was so small that it would be almost impossible for anyone to get lost in it. A man would only have to strike the coast-line and follow it round until he came to the creek. They had heard no sound of firing. They gave up all hopes of meat for supper, and caught some more fish.

About eight o'clock the sun sank below the tops of the trees. The men cooked and ate their meal, and creeping into the shelter they had made for themselves, lit the fire. The opening of the little house faced the forest, and they hoped that the crackling pyramid of flame would serve as some guide to their companions.

In a few minutes darkness came down swiftly and suddenly, and they could see nothing but the glare of the firelight on the rocks and sand. There was complete silence. There were none of those strange sounds which come from a forest at night: no cries of night birds or beasts of prey; not a snapping of a twig—nothing but silence.

The castaways talked cheerfully to each other, and peered out into the circle of light. From time to time one of them went to the entrance and shouted. The sound was echoed and re-echoed by the rocks, but there was no answer. Then they drew happy pictures of their comrades sitting over a fire in the forest and cooking some succulent steaks from some most delicious animal.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the distant report of a rifle, and then by another report, and then by a long scream like the cry of a wounded beast. After that there was again silence. Dennis, Hughes, and the boy dozed off to sleep, and dreamt of roast meat for breakfast.

Tredegar alone could not close his eyes. He stretched his huge bulk on the sandy floor and stared hard into the darkness. But his thoughts were far away, and they would not let him sleep. He saw the black cliffs of Cardigan-shire, the long stretch of yellow sand, and the great bog of Gogerddam, reaching to the circle of wooded mountains. He saw, too, the face of one he loved, more beautiful, as it seemed to him, than the face of an angel. He looked again into the dark eyes, filled with tears, as he had seen them last. He heard once more a low voice whispering to him, "I love you, Emrys, and will always love you. I will wait till you return to me!" Till he returned to her! He clenched his hands and laughed bitterly. Mavanwy Morgan might be an old woman before then. She might be dead. She might even—No, at least she would be true. She would wait, wait. Even the stern and grasping spirit of her father could not force her against her will. She would wait till her lover returned. And he would return—aye, and rich enough to pay off the mortgages on his estate and live in the home of his fathers. Tredegar's face grew stern and determined in the fire-light, and the muscles stood out on his bare arms as he knotted his powerful fingers together.

But in time Nature asserted her authority. Even this active mind could not fight against the exhaustion of the body. His head gradually sank on his breast, and he fell asleep. When he awoke the moon was high in the heavens. The fire had died down to a few glowing ashes, but every detail of the shore was clearly cut and defined in the moonlight. His companions still slept, and he could hear nothing but the sound of their breathing. He peered out towards the black wall of forest and listened attentively. He began to wonder why Williams and Morgan had not returned. He had half-hoped that the noise of their approach had roused him from his sleep. But he could hear nothing.

Then it struck him that the silence was not so complete as he fancied. No definite sound came to break the silence, but he began to fancy that the air was vibrating with a long even murmur, so faint and continuous as to be scarcely noticeable. He put the idea down to his imagination. A man who listens for sounds in the dead of night seldom fails to find them.

After he had listened for two or three minutes a new fancy struck him. He began to imagine that the small stretch of sand and rocks that came within his range of vision had in some inexplicable manner changed since he last saw it by daylight. It seemed in some way blurred—the white sand had grown darker, and the black rocks more grey. Seeing that the effect of moonlight is to heighten the lights and deepen the shadows, this general grey effect was the more strange and startling. He rubbed his eyes and observed everything carefully.

Then, as he looked, something ran across his hand, and he saw it moving swiftly out of the shadow of the little house into the moonlight. It was about the size of a mouse, and of a grey colour. He could not see clearly what it was, but it appeared to have a large number of legs. He caught up a small stone from the sandy floor and hurled it with all his force at the flying patch of grey. Then a strange thing happened.

The whole extent of beach and rocks seemed to suddenly quiver and move in the moonlight, and millions of little grey things scuttled in all directions and piled themselves up in ridges and heaps in their fear and excitement. But in a few seconds they seemed to recover from their scare, and the whole mass began to move slowly towards the forest.

He woke his comrades with kicks and shouts and flung a few sticks on the fire. In the blaze he saw two or three belated fugitives crawling across the sand. One of them got into the flames and frizzled there. He could see it quite plainly. It was an enormous spider, with a body an inch and a half

in diameter, and legs not less than eight inches long.

The other men were slow in waking, and by the time they were able to see or think clearly there was nothing to be seen in the moonlight but black rocks and white sand. The view had resumed its natural appearance. They plied Tredegar with angry questions. He told them what he had seen, and pointed to the little charred body in the fire. They believed then, and not one of them closed their eyes again that night.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE FOREST OF FEAR.

In the morning neither Captain Williams nor Morgan had returned, and their comrades resolved to go in search of them. After an early breakfast of fish they walked up to the edge of the forest, and cutting themselves some heavy sticks from the bushes, found the first mark that Morgan had "blazed" on the palm tree, and began to make their way through the undergrowth.

It was not difficult to trace the path of the missing men. They had marked a tree every twenty yards, and even if they had not done so it would have been easy to see where they had forced their way through the dense shrubs and creepers. They had, in fact, cut out a clean path, and it was wonderful how much strength and energy had been displayed by two men on the verge of starvation.

At first the men saw nothing to attract their attention, unless, indeed, it was the absence of bird and animal life, and the extraordinary profusion of insects. But when they had penetrated to a distance of about one hundred and fifty yards the whole wood seemed suddenly to spring into animation.

It is no exaggeration to say that there were spiders everywhere. Every leaf and frond trembled with their weight. The undergrowth rustled as they moved through it in countless thousands. Hundreds scuttled away out of the path, and hundreds were trodden under foot. Their webs were woven from branch to branch and twig to twig till the very air seemed full of light network and quivering bolts of grey. And everywhere winged insects flew and struggled and died.

It was a horrible and disgusting sight. Before the searchers had gone another 150 yards their clothes were grey and shaggy with fine silken threads, and they had to brush insects from their hair and eyes. The spiders were of all sizes, some two or three inches in diameter, and some scarcely bigger than the head of a pin. They appeared to be absolutely harmless. Hughes caught a large one in his hand, and it struggled like a rat, till he dropped it on the ground and crushed it with his heel. But it did not bite him.

Yet in spite of their harmlessness and their anxiety to escape, their very presence filled the men with so great a horror that Tredegar had the utmost difficulty in persuading his companions to continue the search. However, he drew so terrible a picture of the two missing men abandoned in that gruesome forest that the others were forced to proceed for very shame.

In an hour's time they came to a spot where the trees were smaller and set farther apart. All the undergrowth had suddenly died away. In its place was a floor of hard earth and black rock. And still the spiders were everywhere. It was now possible to see for some distance in every direction, and yet, strange to say, it was at this point that the men lost the trail. They found the mark of Morgan's knife on a tall mahogany tree, and after that were unable to find a single other sign of anyone having passed that way. It is true that they could no longer glean any information from the undergrowth, and that the earth and rock beneath their feet was so hard that it would not receive any impression of a human foot. But it was strange that there was absolutely no further mark on the trees.

They consulted together, and organised a definite plan of search. Tredegar remained by the mahogany tree, and the others went out in three different directions through the forest. It was agreed that Tredegar should be a kind of landmark by which the others could retrace their footsteps to the path, and that he should shout at interval to give them some idea of his whereabouts. In less than five minutes all three had passed out of Tredegar's sight, but he could still

hear them tapping the trees with their sticks.

Every three minutes by his watch he gave a loud and long call, and three distinct answers came back from the forest. Then, after a lapse of twenty minutes, there came only two answers to the cry. He waited for three minutes more, then called again and again in quick succession, but still there were only two answers. Then he heard the sound of someone running in the distance. It was Dennis, and he came panting through the trees with a white face.

"I've found summat, sir!" he cried. "Come along wi' me."

Tredegar gave three sharp cries, the pre-arranged signal for all to return, and then questioned Dennis as to what he had found.

"The rifle," the man answered, huskily, "and blood. And there's summat else—God knows what it is—I can't tell you, sir; but it's more like a fishing net than anything."

In a few minutes Hughes came running up. He had not seen or heard anything. But there was no sign of Winkles, and all three men kept shouting for ten minutes; but still he did not come. Then they decided to go and look at the things Dennis had found, marking every fifth tree as they went, and to return afterwards and wait till the boy turned up.

They were not long in reaching the place indicated by Dennis. A rifle lay on the ground, and close by it an empty cartridge. Tredegar opened the breech and took out another cartridge, also empty. The weapon had been fired twice, and they called to mind the two shots they had heard the night before. On the ground there were traces of blood and evidences of a struggle. The black rock was scratched, and the earth torn up into long ridges. A few yards away they found Morgan's knife. There was blood sticking to it, and some long yellowish hairs.

Dennis picked up the rifle, and leading them further into the forest, showed them a thing which might well set the brain of any man a-wandering. To all appearances it was a gigantic spider's web. It was fifty feet in diameter, and every strand of it was an inch in thickness.

At the first glance Tredegar's blood ran cold. Was it possible that a spider of such enormous proportions existed, and that William and Morgan had been overpowered by its stupendous strength? Then he examined it more carefully and saw that each rope was composed of thousands of thin glutinous strands woven and twisted together, and that the whole design had been constructed by knotting the ropes into the required pattern. The structure was stretched horizontally between several trees, and had the appearance of a gigantic hammock.

"The work of a man!" Tredegar said, turning to his comrades.

The others examined the thing and nodded their heads.

"Aye, sir," Dennis muttered. "No animal could make these knots. I should like to meet him." And he eyed the barrel of the rifle wistfully. They had no cartridges with them.

"He must have been a strong fellow," Tredegar said. "The captain was no chicken—and he had a rifle, and Morgan could use a knife."

They made their way back to the mahogany tree and again called out for Winkles, all three of them together, so that the sound might carry further. But there was no reply, though they waited there and continued to call until they were faint with hunger and the sun was low in the heavens.

"We will return," Tredegar said, in a low voice. "It is a horrible thing to leave the boy here in the darkness. But perhaps he has struck the coast, and he has only to follow it till—" he stopped suddenly. He remembered that they had argued in the same way about Captain Williams and Morgan, and that they had not returned.

They retraced their steps in silence, finding the marks on the trees with difficulty, for it was growing rapidly dark. At last, however, they passed through all the horrors of that crawling and rustling forest, and came out on to the shore.

They heaped up a pile of wood and lit it—they owed this much to Winkles, who would have insisted on its being done. Then they cooked some fish, ate a hearty supper in silence and turned in for the night. They had a rifle with them now, and were not afraid of anything, either man or beast. Tredegar

slipped a cartridge into the breech and laid it ready to his hand. It would go hard with anyone who attacked them in the night.

In the morning Winkles had not returned, and they went once more into the forest to look for their three missing comrades. They took the rifle with them and searched all day, but found nothing except spiders. An acute sense of horror came over them, and a mad desire to get out of the accursed place. They were all agreed on one point—none of them would enter the forest unless the other two went with him.

Yet even this precaution proved no safeguard. Before another twenty-four hours had passed Dennis had disappeared. He went out one evening to fish on the far side of the lake and never returned he had taken the rifle with him, and it was found lying on a flat piece of rock. There was no sign of a struggle, and the cartridges were undischarged. But there were curious footprints in the sand, like blurred impressions of human hands and feet, and there was also a long trail, as though some heavy body had been dragged towards the forest.

Tredegar and Hughes came to the conclusion that their unfortunate comrade was undoubtedly dead. They had not been more than two hundred yards away from him, and if he had been able to cry out they would have heard him. A great fear fell upon them, and so paralysed their minds that they made no attempt at a rescue. They retired into their shelter and kept watch alternately until the dawn broke. And the dark circle of forest round their little bay seemed to each of them like the yawning jaws of some terrible monster waiting to swallow them up in its depths.

But with the morning light their courage returned to them. Tredegar rose to his feet and clenched his great hands as he looked at the forest. He asked nothing better than to meet this thing face to face and feel it in his grasp, and strangle it or beat out its brains on the trunk of some tree. Two hours after sunrise the two men entered the forest. Tredegar carried the rifle under his arm, and twenty cartridges in his pocket. Hughes cut himself a bludgeon of ironwood sufficiently heavy to break in a man's legs or batter in his skull.

They took a new route this time, and followed the trail they had seen upon the beach—the footprints and the marks of something being dragged along the ground. This trail led them into a more northerly direction than Captain Williams' path, and was an easy one to follow. The undergrowth was crushed and broken, and the prints of the animal's feet were plainly visible from time to time. Here and there the thick stem of a shrub was torn in half, and Hughes thought he could distinguish the marks of nails upon the bark. In one place they found a long shred of cloth upon a stout thorn, and recognised it as part of Williams' coat. As on their last journey, the spiders were everywhere, but they scarcely heeded them. Their minds were too intent on the matter they had in hand.

For two hours they followed the trail, and observed by reference to the compass, which was fortunately in their possession, that the path was sweeping round in a circular route towards the west. Then the wood began to grow more open, and in a few minutes they caught sight of a "blaze" upon a tree, and found themselves upon their old track, close to the place where they had waited in vain for Winkles to return.

They stood here a little while, and gave several calls in the hope of hearing some answering voice; but there was no reply. Then they decided to make their way to the strange web they had discovered the day before. Tredegar held his rifle with both hands in order to raise it to his shoulder at a moment's notice.

Before they had gone very far Hughes grasped him by the arm, and pointed into the heart of the wood. They both stopped, and saw in the distance the strands of the giant web like fine threads against a clear piece of sky. In their centre was a large, dark patch with four arms or legs, like the figure of a man clinging to a wall, and, as they looked, it seemed as though the limbs moved. Nearer the edge of the patch were four other patches, but these were motionless. The sight reminded them horribly of a spider and four dead bluebottles. Tredegar raised the rifle quickly to his shoulder but

Hughes cried out and struck up the barrel.

"Wait, sir," he said hurriedly, "you don't know what it is yet."

"You are right," Tredegar replied, lowering the rifle. "We will get a little closer." And they crept from tree to tree as silently as they could. Before they had gone fifty yards, however, the object in the centre slid swiftly to the ground and disappeared. The others remained motionless. Tredegar cursed

bitterly and fired into a mass of undergrowth beyond the web. Then he put his hand into his pocket for another cartridge. The pocket was empty and three of his fingers slid through a long tear in the cloth. It had probably been made by some thorn, and every single cartridge had dropped out. The two men went back several yards in the hope of finding at least one of the small metal tubes which meant so much to them, but they found nothing. Tredegar laughed as they retraced their steps.

"It does not matter," he said; "in fact it is a fairer game. I only ask to get within arm's length of the creature."

In a few minutes they came close to where the great web was strung up among the trees. The huddled objects hung motionless in the sunlight. One of them was considerably smaller than the others. They were undoubtedly human bodies. The backs were towards them, but the clothes were familiar. They rushed eagerly to the other side and looked on the faces. They were the

faces of Captain Williams, and Morgan, and Dennis, and the boy Winkler. Their hands and feet were strapped close to the net with pieces of some stout and wiry creeper, and they were all four dead.

Tredegar and Hughes unfastened the bands in silence and lifted the bodies reverently to the earth. All their necks were broken, and their heads hung limply between their shoulders. Round every throat were the long blue marks of fingers or claws.



Before they had gone very far Hughes grasped him by the arm, and pointed into the heart of the wood. They both stopped, and saw in the distance the strands of the giant web like fine threads against a clear piece of sky. In their centre was a large, dark patch with four arms or legs, like the figure of a man clinging to a wall, and, as they looked at it, it seemed as though the limbs moved. Nearer the edge of the patch were four other patches, but these were motionless. The sight reminded them horribly of a spider and four dead bluebottles.

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## CHAPTER III.

## "THE BODY OF THIS DEATH."

The two men looked at each other and Tredegar nodded his head in answer to the mute enquiry in Hughes' eyes. Then they took up the limp bodies one by one in their arms and carried them into the thicket part of the forest. When they reached the undergrowth they scraped four shallow graves in the soft rotting mould, and stamping down the earth, covered the places with tangled masses of orchid and palm. Then they returned with a grim look in their faces. There was only one thought in their minds, only one hope—that they might find the creature and avenge the dead. All fear had vanished. They felt nothing of the silence, and the loneliness, and the unknown terror crouching in the depths of the forest, and waiting for their lives. They only saw that something had to be killed, and they were resolved to kill it.

They made a complete circuit of the open part of the forest, looking everywhere, and listening intently for any sound, but they did not hear or see anything of what they sought. They made up their minds to spend the night in the place. They had with them some fish that they had dried in the sun and a bottle of water. They made a meal of this frugal fare, and searched for a suitable place to keep their watch through the darkness.

They selected the most open spot they could find, and piled up a huge heap of brushwood. There they stayed till the sun set, and as the darkness came swiftly over the heavens they once more began to realise the supernatural fear of the forest, a fear of things unseen and unknown, a lurking terror that watched them from the shadows. This was no physical fear, though they knew that the thing they sought would have them at a disadvantage, and that darkness would be all in its favour. They were both brave men, and one of them endowed with enormous bodily strength. They feared nothing that they could grasp and battle with. But they began to see how, after all that had happened, the very darkness itself would be their enemy. Yet they knew that the creature would only attack in the darkness, and it was their one chance to kill it.

They lit their fire, and sitting back to back strained every nerve to see and hear. The flames cast a wide circle of red light, giving a weird effect to the gnarled and stunted trees. In the gloom beyond Tredegar thought he could see the faces of his dead comrades. He placed his rifle across his knees, and kept watch with his hands on the barrel. It would at least be something to strike with, and Tredegar meant to strike hard. Hughes grasped his bludgeon tightly, and stared into the crackling flames.

After three hours of this silent watch Tredegar's eyes grew drowsy with sleep, and it required a great mental effort to keep them open. He began to realise the sufferings of the sentry who knows it is death to him to sleep. From time to time the two men spoke to each other. It was necessary to keep themselves awake, and the sound of a human voice was cheerful in the great solitude. There was not a whisper in the depths of the forest, neither rustling or leap, nor cry of bird. It was terrible to listen to such silence.

Then Tredegar noticed that Hughes' back began to press more heavily against his own, and fearing that the latter was asleep, he turned round to shake him. As he did so he heard a faint scratching such as the claws of an animal would make on a rock. He rose sharply to his feet, and Hughes fell backwards. Twenty yards away something moved behind the shadow of a tree. Hughes jumped up with the startled eyes of one suddenly awakened from sleep, and stared wildly into the darkness. The fire was low, and Tredegar flung a pile of brushwood on the red embers. But he flung too much of it, and the dense smoke smothered the struggling flames, and only a shower of sparks illuminated the darkness. Then one branch commenced to burn furiously and Hughes sprang forward with an oath.

A second later there was a terrific thud and Tredegar heard the crack of wood, and saw Hughes' bludgeon fly into the air in two pieces. He rushed forward, and as he did so Hughes was flung backwards with so terrific a force that he twice turned head over heels on

the ground. Tredegar saw something move before him, and swinging the rifle over his shoulder, he struck at it with all his gigantic strength. The barrel snapped and the stock went spinning into the forest, striking half a dozen trees before it fell to the ground. He rushed back to the fire and kicked the smouldering brushwood till it burst into a clear flame. Then he went back to look at the thing he had struck. He expected to find it dead or maimed, for few living things could have stood up against such a blow. But he only found a livid scar across the dark trunk of a tree, and a dent two inches deep in the wood, and fragments of bark on the ground. But in the distance he still heard something move.

He turned to Hughes, who was lying motionless on his back. He lifted the limp form off the ground into a sitting position and looked into the face. It was white and drawn, and the blood trickled down one side of it from a gash in the forehead. Tredegar thrust his hand against the heart, but could discern no movement. Then he placed the blue steel barrel of the rifle against the lips and the surface did not dull. He examined the body closely and turned it over. The man's back was broken, and he was quite dead. Tredegar was alone on the island with a monster that had killed four men and a boy as easily as a child kills flies.

He rose to his feet and stared at the dark ring of forest around him, while the whole horrible truth burst upon his brain. He was alone in the island. He muttered the word "alone" to himself, and tried to realise all it meant. All the silence, the solitude, the long, empty days, the sleepless nights, the years, crawling by one after another till his hair grew grey and his body was bent with age. The loss of all interest in life, the loss perhaps of reason itself, or the power of human speech, till he became a mere animal, dragging out its bestial existence in the forest. All this he saw before him in the darkness. The fairest island in the world could hold all the torments of hell for a lonely man. But this loathsome spot, tenanted by foul spiders and by something else that would be a constant terror till it had been destroyed, had such inconceivable horrors of its own that the mind could not grasp them. And then Mavanwy—Tredegar could think no more. He fell on his knees and prayed that he might not think—prayed that he might die, that he might go mad, that he might do anything but think and realise his position. Then he cried out to heaven aloud, so that he might hear his own voice. The cry was answered by a savage howl in the distance.

In a moment Tredegar's mood changed, and the cloud of darkness lifted from his brain. He rose to his feet and gripped the barrel of the broken rifle in his hand. Here at any rate was something to be done—something to take his thoughts from his loneliness—something that needed strength, and nerve, and skill. Here was a tangible adversary to be hunted down, to battle with, to be lured on to an attack, to be killed. The gigantic young Welshman had no fear of the result. He would let the creature track him down and try to kill him as it had killed his comrades. It would find out its mistake too late. Every muscle of his body grew taut as a rope of steel. His face glowed in the firelight with the pride of strength. He grasped the branch of a tree near to him with one hand and tearing it from its socket flung it on the fire with a laugh. He pictured himself, tearing this unknown adversary limb from limb. He wondered why it did not come. It was not afraid of human beings, and did not know the welcome that awaited it.

He threw some more brushwood on the fire and kept a lonely vigil by the dead till the dawn flushed golden through the trees. Then he raised the body in his arms and carried it to the same place where they had buried the others the day before. He scraped out another shallow grave in the soft earth, and laid the dead man beside his comrades. Then he filled in the narrow trench and rose to his feet. His face was pale and hard and something wet glistened on his cheekbone. This man had been nothing to him, merely a rough sailor whom chance had thrown across his path. Yet somehow his death had been different to the others. He had perhaps buried the last human being he would ever see.

He covered the grave with flowers, and

made his way back to their little encampment. Everything was in its place, just as it had been left the day before. He flung his tired body on the sand and longed for sleep. Yet it was impossible till he had made a safe place to sleep in. He roused himself to his task, and after he had eaten some fish, he went to the edge of the forest and began to break off boughs varying from four to six inches in thickness. He carried these to the shelter, and spread them over the top of the canvas. Then he took large stones from the beach and placed them on the top of the boughs. The smallest of these stones weighed at least a hundred pounds, and the whole formed a solid roof of masonry. Then he filled up the cracks between the three great boulders with wood, jammed in tightly, and strengthened on the outside by great heaps of stones. Then he turned his attention to the open side of the structure, and it was some time before he could think of a satisfactory door—something that would keep anything out, and be opened and shut from within. At last, however, he managed to drag a huge flat slab of rock against the opening. It left a gap of about eighteen inches at the top, and it was just possible for him to squeeze through this. To fill up this gap he placed a heavy log of driftwood, so balanced that it could be easily dislodged. It could only be removed from the outside by pushing it into the interior, and the noise of its fall would be sufficient to wake the soundest sleeper.

When he had finished this work to his satisfaction, he lay down on the sandy floor and went to sleep. He was woken out, and did not wake till it was dark. He struck a match and looked at his watch. It had stopped. He had forgotten to wind it during the excitement of the last thirty-six hours. He rose to his feet, and, removing the wooden barrier, looked out into the darkness. It was a starlight night, but he could see nothing except a dark mass of forest against the sky, and the reflection of a few stars in the water. It was the first night there had been no genial glow of firelight, and he realised how much this means to a lonely man. He wound up his watch, and the mere clicking of the wheels was a grateful sound. He lit a match, and held it outside the opening. In the little circle of light he could see the grey spiders moving to and fro. He shuddered. Then he foraged for some dried fish, took a deep draught of water, and leant back against one of the boulders which formed the walls of his little fortress. In spite of the darkness he was wide awake. He would have been glad to have been able to sleep till daybreak, but he found it impossible to close his eyes. They were fixed on a narrow strip of sky that faced him, and he counted the stars that twinkled through the opening till they seemed like little flames dancing across the darkness.

Suddenly half of the stars vanished as though a cloud of smoke had been driven across them, and something darker than the sky moved in the opening. At the same time Tredegar heard the heavy breathing of some animal and the scraping of something against the slab of

stone. He laughed quietly to himself from the darkness of his corner, and leaning noiselessly forward, gripped the log of wood and drew it slowly towards him across the sand. As he did so the form disappeared, the great slab of stone swung backwards, and then fell forward against the boulders with a crash. Tredegar laughed to himself. He had dragged that slab of stone forty yards, and this creature could barely shift it from its place. Then once more there was a dark, shadowy outline against the sky. Tredegar lifted the log of wood and poised it in the air. A second later it went spinning forward to the opening like a missile hurled from some ancient mangonel. But it turned over in its flight, and one end striking the roof, it crashed against the stone slab with such force that the whole structure trembled. There was a howl of rage or pain from the darkness, a blind scuffle, and the crashing of the stone slab as it swung backwards and forwards in quick succession. Tredegar gripped the barrel of the rifle, which he had kept by his side, and waited. Then he struck a match with his left hand, and looked at the gap.

There, peering above the stone, was a horrible mass of yellow and matted hair, out of which glittered a pair of malignant eyes. And stretched over the top a great hairy limb and long claws which grasped and scraped the stone, as though they would tear it to pieces. Then the match burned down to his fingers and they were in darkness. He sprang forward with a cry and clutched the limb. It was hard as steel and wrenched itself from his grasp, leaving a tuft of hair in his hand. Then he bore all his strength and weight against the slab of stone and hurled it to the ground. It fell with a heavy thud on the sand, and Tredegar moved cautiously out of the shelter, looking sharply right and left in case of a surprise. But nothing attacked him, and for a moment or two he could hear nothing but the tumultuous beating of his own heart. Then listening intently he heard soft footfalls in the distance, and shortly afterwards the snapping of twigs and rustling of branches in the forest. The creature had fled from him. Perhaps it had thought better of its intentions after it had felt the grip of Tredegar's hand. At any rate, it had fled, and Tredegar bit his lip with vexation. He did not fear the contest. What he did fear was the continual terror of watching and waiting for his adversary, the sense of death lurking behind every tree and stone, and concealing itself in every shadow. He resolved to put the matter to an issue there and then. He guessed that this creature feared the light, and like other beasts of prey, preferred to prowl in the night time. All his comrades, except the boy, had been seized after dark, and it was probable that the boy had run right into the creature's hiding place. It was no use, therefore, to wait for the daylight. The thing probably had some secret lair, which he might never find. It was necessary to tempt it to an attack, and this would have to be done by night. He picked the rifle barrel from the floor and



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made his way across the sand to the forest.

He noticed in the faint light that there was not a spider to be seen on the shore. Doubtless they had been disturbed and had fled back into the trees. He was glad they had gone. It would not have been pleasant to walk over a thick carpet of their bodies.

When he reached the trees he found the pathway which they had already cut through the forest and groped blindly along it in the darkness. So long as he kept to the path he moved ahead slowly and with steps that often stumbled, as they caught some rut or stone, but directly he was confronted by a mass of thorny bushes, or a net-work of creepers, or a trunk of a tree, he knew that he had left the track. It was laborious work. The gloom was intense, almost overwhelming in its oppressive blackness. The air was hot and scented with innumerable flowers and spices. Tredegar felt that he was buried under some gigantic pall, drenched with all the perfumes of Araby. Every now and then he stopped and listened, expecting to hear the snapping of a twig or the soft crunching of feet in the thick mould. He heard nothing but a long continuous rustle, so faint as to be almost imperceptible. He knew that it was the movement of millions of spiders. His face brushed against their webs. He could feel their tiny legs on his hands, and his clothes were covered with them. It was a loathsome journey, but there was that in his mind which forbade him to turn back. He only prayed that he might find what he sought as soon as possible. He kept every nerve and muscle on the alert, ready at any moment to strike or free himself from the grasp of an adversary.

But it was not until he had reached the more open part of the forest that his prayer was answered. He had just emerged close to the place where the bodies of his comrades were buried when the end of the rifle barrel was seized and wrenched so violently that Tredegar would have fallen if he had not been prepared for such an emergency. He could see nothing, but shifting his hands farther down the barrel to get a greater leverage he encountered a huge hairy paw and felt the cold touch of metal against his fingers. At the same time something jingled against the rifle barrel as they swayed to and fro in the darkness.

Tredegar hesitated whether to let go and seize his adversary by the throat, but he thought the risk too great. A steel rifle barrel is a nasty weapon, and he could not afford to lose it on the chance of getting a good and certain grip. He tugged and strained with all his strength, and flung his adversary to and fro in his efforts to shake him off. But the creature held on, and in its turn tried to throw Tredegar off his feet. At last they both stood still, and tried by slow pressure to force the barrel out of each other's hands.

Then slowly, inch by inch, the rifle began to bend under the enormous strain till it was curved like a bow. Then suddenly it snapped and both reeled backwards. The next second Tredegar was flung to the ground with a great pair of hairy claws at his throat.

He had not been quick enough. Powerful though he was, it was evident that this creature had the advantage of him

in activity. Man is one of the least active of all animals. It was possible, too, that the thing could see in the dark, and had him at a disadvantage.

Tredegar gripped the limba and by sheer strength bent them backwards till the fingers grew loose at his throat and the animal shrieked with pain. Then he swung the thing downwards to the ground, and still holding the limba, tried to struggle to his feet. But the task was too much for him. When he had struggled to his knees the creature managed to twist itself round with such force that it wrenched itself from his grasp. He rose in a flash to his feet, but before he could get another hold it went crashing through the forest in flight. But it had left something in Tredegar's hand—something semi-circular and hard and cold like half of a metal disc. Tredegar thrust it into his pocket and started off in pursuit. He was determined to finish the contest that night. His blood was up and he knew he could do himself justice. He was only afraid that the creature would seek to avoid him now that it knew what sort of a man it had to deal with.

The chase was hopeless from the first. Tredegar, even if he had been as active as his opponent, could scarcely have followed him in the dark at an equal pace. He was only guided by sound, and from time to time he had to stop and listen. Every minute the swish of boughs and rustle of leaves grew fainter and fainter in the distance. He was bruised from head to foot and bleeding from a hundred scratches. Every now and then he came crashing down on to his hands as his foot caught in some rut or creeper. At last the trees began to thin and diminish in size and the stars began to shine through their branches, and he heard the distant sound of the sea. In five minutes' time he staggered out on to the edge of the cliffs and felt the cold night air blowing from the ocean.

Beneath him the heavy Pacific surge thundered on the rocks, and even where he stood, some 80ft above it, the salt spray beat against his face. Far away on the horizon a thin bar of grey showed the coming of the dawn.

He sat down a few yards from the edge and rested his face in his hands. All the lust of blood and the heat of contest had died away. He only saw the great loneliness. The very voice of the sea seemed to whisper the word "Alone." The faint rustle of the breeze in the stunted trees behind him seemed to echo it. He was alone—alone! And once more through the darkness he saw the slate cliffs of Cardiganshire, and the foam running up their sides, and the little village straggling by the sea, and the ring of purple mountains towering peak after peak into the distance. And once more he saw the face of Mavanaui—white, tired with waiting, yet patient with love. And once more he heard her voice, and he whispered the word "Alone." He clenched his hands in agony. He could not endure these thoughts, and for one moment the brink of the cliff seemed dangerously near to him. It was but a step or two, and then—No, he was no coward to shirk what lay before him! He would wait. One year, two years, three perchance, and then—the ship, the stray vessel

driven out of its course, the signal on the heights, flag or fire, the boat sweeping towards him across the sea. The sight of a human face, the touch of a human hand, the sound of a human voice. It was worth waiting for. Yet it might never come. There might be no dawn in the awful night that loomed before him.

As if in answer to his thoughts, the grey bar on the horizon lightened into pale yellow, and then into a brilliant gold; and then the whole Eastern sky glowed with azure and rose, and the sea itself was a lake of rippling fire. He rose to his feet, and his rough face seemed to drink in the light, as a thirsty man drinks in water.

As the sun crept up from the sea he saw that he was on a part of the coast he had never visited before. The trees ran almost to the edge of the cliffs. He took the compass from his pocket and saw that he was almost exactly on the opposite side of the island to the little encampment. He resolved to explore the coast before returning to the creek, and knowing that he shore must eventually lead him to his destination, he started to walk along the cliffs.

Before he had gone very far he chanced to thrust his hands into his pockets, and his fingers encountered the metal disc he had wrenched off in the contest of the night before. He examined it carefully, and saw that it was made of some yellow metal, perhaps gold, and had evidently been fastened to something else by a short piece of chain, which was still attached to it. Only half of the gold disc remained. It had evidently been broken off, for the edges were jagged and uneven. At the first glance Tredegar concluded that the other half had been torn off in the struggle; but a more careful inspection of the edge showed that it was dull and worn, and that the fracture was of long standing. The disc was covered with strange lettering,

which was absolutely unintelligible to Tredegar. It seemed, however, that he recognised some of the letters. The whole disc must have been over 3 inches across, and an eighth of an inch in thickness.

He turned it over and over in his hand, but could make nothing of it. But the horrible suspicion crossed his mind that the creature that sought his life and which had taken the lives of his comrades was or had been a human being. No animal, he reasoned, would have such a thing fastened to its limbs, unless, indeed, it had been placed there by human beings. But he could surmise no more than this from the dull yellow surface.

He replaced it in his pocket and continued his walk along the coast. After he had gone about a mile the cliffs began to rise higher and higher from the shore beneath, till their summits were three hundred feet above the sea. Then they were suddenly split by a ravine. At first Tredegar thought he had reached the narrow channel by which they had originally landed on the island. But when he reached the edge he saw that this was not the case. Far below him the sea but with great fury on an evil-looking reef, and sluiced backwards and forwards between piles of jagged rock. Behind the reef lay a little pool of smooth water that rippled gently on a sandy beach. The whole ravine was in the form of a wedge, and its apex was not more than three hundred yards from the water. Its sides dropped sheer down to a floor of soft white sand, piled up in long ridges and dunes and dotted here and there with clumps of struggling shrub, and thin, wiry grass. Some twenty yards from the edge of the water the sand rose in a great hillock, and something dark jutted out from one of the sides. Tredegar's curiosity was roused. It looked remarkably like a wreck buried in the sand. He walked along the edge of the

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precipice to the extreme point where a narrow bank of shale sloped down steeply to a huge heap of boulders that had been broken off from the rocky walls, and heaped up to a height of more than one hundred feet. A little stream trickled down the slope and poured a tiny cascade of water over the edge of a large rock.

He descended with considerable difficulty to the beach, and ploughed his way ankle-deep through the dry, silvery sand to the strangely-shaped hillock by the water. And as he went he saw that which quickened his pulse, and made him glance swiftly round the rocky sides of the gorge.

Parallel with his own path were innumerable deep dents in the sand. They bore no resemblance to the impression of a foot, for they were merely little funnel-shaped holes. But Tredegar looked back at his own tracks, and saw that his own feet left similar marks in the shifting yielding sand. His heart beat high with hope.

"At last," he said to himself, "I have tracked this horror to its lair, and it shall not leave the gorge alive!"

But he was doomed to disappointment. He was, however, right in supposing that the hillock of sand marked the grave of a vessel. As he drew near to it he saw two beams and shattered spars sticking out from the sides, and these were white as the sand itself, bleached by the suns of centuries. For at the first glance he could see that this was no modern ship, but an old galleon. Little remained of it but the high poop and a few bare ribs of oak. The black patch he had seen from the top of the cliff had not been lumber, but the entrance to a cabin. The doorway was gone, and only a dark cavity remained. The floor was covered deeply with sand, and Tredegar saw that this had been shifted and trodden down by something.

He paused at the entrance, with clenched fists and his legs a little apart, to give him a firm standing. Then he picked up a stone and flung it hard into the darkness. The stone struck wood, and rattled from wall to wall. But nothing stirred within, and there was no sound but the splashing of the waters on the shore. He drew nearer, and, lighting a match, peered cautiously into the interior. At first he could see nothing. After the brilliant sunshine outside the light of the match was no more than darkness. Then, as his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, he saw that the cabin was empty.

He lit another match, and examined the inside. It was a room about twelve feet square, with a low ceiling. The timbers were rudely ornamented, and a coat of arms with a Spanish motto was carved on one of the beams. Tredegar recognised the arms of Castille in one of the

quarterings. In one corner the sand was piled nearly to the ceiling, and it bore the impress of a body. A heavy oaken door with broken hinges lay half-buried on the floor.

He lit several more matches, and examined every inch of the woodwork carefully in the hope of finding some clue to the name of the vessel. But he found none. Then a sudden idea struck him. Here was the very place for him to live. A snug shelter from sun and rain; and with the door repaired and fixed, an almost impregnable fortress, where he could sleep in security.

He came out into the air and glanced at the line of rocks with the foam swirling round their bases. He was thinking of the boat and how he could bring it up on the beach. To his joy he noticed a narrow channel on one side, close to the cliffs. It was no more than fifteen feet wide, and the water sluiced through it like a mill race. It was possible that there were sunken rocks beneath. But still it was an opening, and a pair of strong arms might guide a boat through it.

He returned along the cliffs to the encampment, launched the boat, placed everything in it, and rowed round the coast till he reached the ravine. Only a man of his great strength would have attempted to guide an eighteen foot boat through that narrow swirling channel. And he failed in his task. The boat ran on a sunken rock and stuck there quivering like a butterfly impaled on a pin. He leapt over the side into the shallow rushing water, and by superhuman efforts managed to transfer everything to the shore. But his last chance of escape was gone. With no tools it would be impossible to repair the boat, even if he could save it from its present position. But in less than two hours it was broken to pieces.

Then he set to work to fix up the door of the cabin, and the sun was low in the heavens before he had accomplished the job to his satisfaction. After that he commenced to clear out the sand from the interior. He had lit a fire at the entrance behind a wall of sand, and the red light glowed through the doorway on the oaken walls. It was a laborious task, but he threw the sand out in great handfuls and scooped it away until it lay about a foot deep on the floor. He left this as a couch to sleep on.

Just as he had completed the job his eye was caught by several marks on a beam which he had just uncovered. He could not distinguish them in the fire-light, but they appeared to be letters. He had some smattering of Spanish, and, striking a match, he stooped down and examined them, moving the match along from letter to letter, till he had spelt out the whole sentence. Then he

looked behind him in terror, as though he expected to see something. For the words were in English, and had apparently not been cut more than a few years, and they were words that struck fear into his heart and threw a terrible light on the years that lay before him.

And yet they were but a short quotation from the New Testament: "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" He rose to his feet and staggered out into the open. The sky was roofed with tossing flame and the land bathed in liquid gold. There was no sound but the roar of the sea on the rocks. The black cliffs towered up around him like the walls of a dungeon. It seemed for a moment as though he were chained down in the lowest depths of hell. The living death was written over the heavens and the sea and the sky and the very silence spoke of it.

He fell on his knees and prayed. "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death."

(To be continued.)

**The Pianoforte Student.**

A COMMON ERROR IN EXPRESSION.

(By J. S. Van Cleave.)

One morning, while listening to a young lady recite her lesson in piano-playing, I observed, with more than usual distinctness, an error in the understanding of musical directions of expression which is so frequently made that a word of elucidation and caution may be well.

Everyone knows, or at any rate thinks he knows, what is signified by the Italian word *ritardando* often employed by composers. My pupil was reciting the "Rondo Capriccioso," by Mendelssohn. In the introductory Andante there is toward the close a precipitate passage of octaves in the right hand, which has a mark of *ritardando*. When she arrived at the last three notes there was an abrupt halt, and a very slow, euphonic sounding out of the notes. Besides being quite abhorrent to the Mendelssohnian tradition, which demands almost constant equality of beating, this was so gross a *gaucherie* as to be quite glaring. I took occasion to explain to her the marked difference between *ritardando* and *meno mosso*.

The latter effect is also often employed in music, but is quite another thing from *ritardando*. *Meno mosso* means that there is to be an instantaneous alteration of the tempo to a slower rate, at which it is to remain until further notice.

The secret of the *ritardando* is to add an insensible amount of lengthening to each beat or note, at any rate to each unit of the music to be retarded, whether there be but two or three or four of such notes, or whether the slackening is to extend through a long series of 30 or 40 notes. Suppose you were to add a grain of sand each mo-

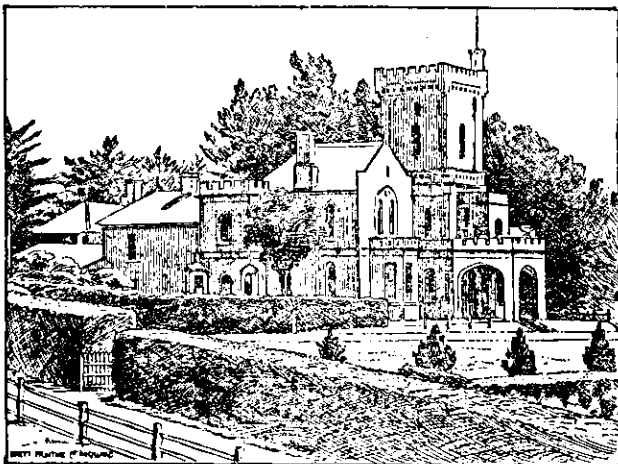
ment to a pan of a balance; it would sink lower and lower by very gentle and nicely-graded abatements, and the sinking would be as soft as the gentle lighting of a balloon under perfect control. This may be taken as an image of the *ritardando*. Such an effect is to be as aerial and pulse-like as possible, and nothing is more fatal to the effect desired by the composer, namely, the softening and dulling of the fire of feeling, than suddenly to quench it. Do not dash a cup of water upon the flame; sprinkle ashes upon it.

The expression *meno mosso* is generally used at the beginning of some entirely new thought or form of tone-structure, and is intended to distract the mind for a moment, and to produce a slight arrest of the attention or spur of wonder. The pit-fall into which all beginners at retarding seem to fall by some fatal instinct of blunder is that of changing the first note or two much too violently. The truth is, you must deliver the notes which immediately follow the direction "*ritardando*" nearly as fast as you have been going, then by little and little, usually by changes quite too delicate for a tyro, the sluggishness of the pulse must be brought in.

There is a wide-spread neglect of accurate attention to these routine and fundamental marks of expression among our pupils, and, as teachers, we are much too apt to take for granted a knowledge of what is to us so rudimental.

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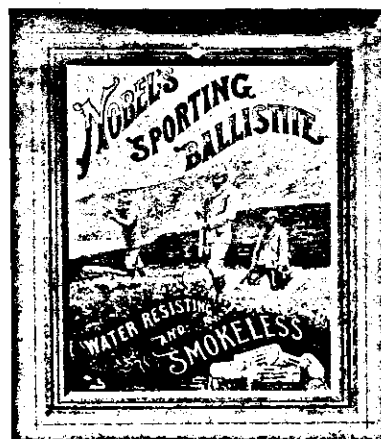
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# The Brass Bandsman.

(Specially written for "N.Z. Graphic" by Bandsmaster Eugene Hulbe, late Royal Marines, hon. secretary Auckland Society of Musicians.)

## INTRODUCTION.

Music is the universal language of mankind. —Lougfellow.

It demands much time, much toil, and unflinching earnestness from those who would serve her. If a bandsman simply dabbles in music for the sake of £ s. d., and seeks not to improve so long as that proportion of his musical investment remains satisfactory, then the inevitable result is simply a smattering of musical knowledge, plus a superficial pleasure. Music, like other arts, is developed in a certain amount of obscurity during the earlier years of the Christian era; it suffered from the troubles that were necessarily brought about by a re-adjustment of morals and manners.

In the compilation of these chapters (and I am indebted to numerous authorities, both British and Continental), it is not intended to give what every bandsman should know, but what every bandsman should know, at the same time recognising the difficulties many bandsmen labour under in their desire for improvement and useful knowledge.

## THE BANDSMAN.

For some years past I have noticed a growing desire on the part of the brass band student to improve himself, which is not a matter for surprise when we consider the rapid strides made by brass bands during the last quarter of a century. The modern style of music demands more capable performers than that which then existed, hence the thirst for the requisite amount of musical knowledge, which animates the up-to-date bandsman, and I take it the chief aim is not to be found in personal gratification so much as a desire to assist the band to which he may belong in mastering the more difficult and classical style of music performed by bands who are eager to be accounted in the front rank.

## THE STUDENT.

The young beginner is apt to be too sanguine as well as easily discouraged, and this want of steadfast resolve is one of the most fatal stumbling blocks in careers that otherwise show every promise of a splendid fruition. Often a word of censure from a teacher damps a too ardent disposition and brings about a distrust which should not exist.

## CHOICE OF AN INSTRUMENT.

In adopting a brass instrument the first consideration should be its suitability to the student. Once chosen it must be mastered not only in its technique and details, but in its relation and combination with other instru-

ments. Fully 90 per cent. of those who are eager to learn a brass instrument require cornets, but how many who are fortunate enough to have their wish gratified ever become good players? Again, what a large number of students are quite content (after a few months' labour on the cornet) to exchange that instrument for a larger one. However, these, by reason of their willingness to learn should be encouraged to persevere, when the exchange (no doubt) will be found satisfactory to teacher and student alike. It would be well if the student, when desirous of purchasing and owning his instrument, placed himself entirely in the hands of a skilled professional teacher, as he would be better able to judge whether a small or large instrument were better suited for him. But, supposing the cornet has been chosen as the instrument best suited for him to learn, then the selection of the instrument itself is the next item to be considered.

ket; if by paying cash, so much the better; if by time payment, no matter, so long as you have an instrument which is not only well in tune, but has some pretensions to easy blowing, and, lastly, one you are not ashamed to be seen with either in the practice room or on the march.

In buying an instrument for life, if upwards of £5 can be given, it is far better to purchase an entirely new one of good make, of a model suited to the individual taste. Do not for one moment imagine that any cheap instrument is good enough to learn on, because it is not, as you require at the very beginning of your career to train your ears to perfect rather than imperfect or faulty intervals, which are generally to be found when cheap instruments are used.

The Courtois cornets are amongst the most expensive in the market. They range from 9 to 70, 80, and even 100 guineas in price, according to whether of brass or silver, and plain or chased. It has been suggested that if it were possible to assemble together all the brass solo instrumentalists in London, a large percentage of them would be found to play on instruments of the Courtois make.

## THE KEYED BUGLE.

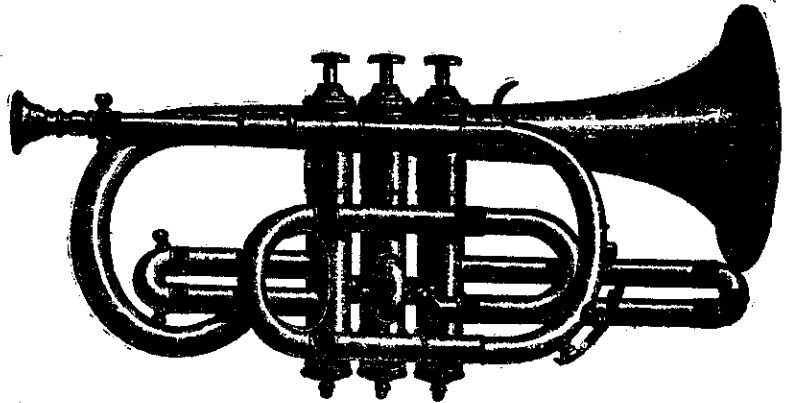
Before presenting to the student any matter connected with the cornet, I shall

place before him some useful information relating to an instrument which the cornet has superseded.

tone. (3) being easy to blow, (4) well in tune, (5) perfect valve action, (6) being well stayed, thereby contributing to its strength and durability, (7) its general appearance, with quality and cheapness combined. Then the first step towards mastering the difficulties which must be surmounted in the initial stage of the student's instruction would be holding the instrument. Take the instrument in the left hand, and with the head well raised, the chest expanded, and the shoulders thrown back, hold the instrument horizontally, with the centre of the bell in a line a little higher than the mouth.

When blowing a cornet the edge of the lip acts as a reed. The lips are forced apart by the breath stream; and, after condensation of the air within the instrument, closed again by the equipoise of the two portions of air; they are, however, continually reopened by the breath, as the air column has, through the bell, equalised itself with the outer air.

A good method of learning to blow a cornet is to begin with long holding notes, and this should form the first and principal consideration at all times. The student should avoid puffing out his cheeks, and over-blowing, as it is a well-known fact that nothing destroys an instrument sooner than over-blowing. If this is not at once corrected, the



## PRICE OF INSTRUMENT.

In the matter of price, I would strongly urge the student to rely on the more mature judgment of his teacher. The reasons for so doing are obvious. The first and most important is the maker (of course there are plenty of makers to choose from), some of them turning out instruments which are dear at any price, others, trading on a reputation gained on the contest field, and it is to the latter to whom we look for a first-class instrument, yet there are one or two brands of instruments which are seldom heard of at contests, yet they can always be relied upon. I refer to the Courtois and the Thibouville-Lamy.

We will, however, suppose that the teacher has decided on the maker. Then the second, and by no means unimportant consideration is the price to be paid. I can give but one advice in this respect, and that is, procure the best in the mar-

place before him some useful information relating to an instrument which the cornet has superseded.

The key bugle is said to have been invented by an Irishman named Halliday, in the year 1810, and by him named the Kent bugle, in honour of his patron, the Duke of Kent. It was on an instrument of this class that Kendal won his great reputation as a performer. It has since been relegated to oblivion by the development of piston valves, introduced somewhere about the year 1834. The manipulation of the key bugle was easy, but the intonation was coarse, and in some parts very bad. The sound-tube of the key bugle, like that of the bugle from which it was developed, and that of its present descendants, bugles, saxhorns and tubas, is conical, and widens out, indeed, from the beginning much more rapidly than does the horn. The key bugle proper was an instrument of the same compass as the small B flat trumpet, and, noted similarly, that is, in cornet notation.

student will never become a player, even in the most distant sense of the term.

No matter how perfect an instrument may be made and "tuned," if it is not blown with judgment, the correctness of the intervals will very soon suffer, and in time will become what is best understood by the phrase "all out of tune." It is not so much the quantity of air that is required as the correct management of it. To make music, the student should blow with just sufficient force to cause the note to speak. He should hold it out a good length, and endeavour to preserve the intonation from the beginning to the end.

Now, as nothing can give this power but careful and persevering practice, in the way indicated, it follows that where this is neglected no one can ever become a real good player. The player who tries to blow the loudest in a band is decidedly showing the worst possible musical taste. Mind the pianos, and the fortes will take care of themselves.

Place the mouthpiece about two-thirds on the upper lip, and exactly in the centre of the mouth, the lips must be closed together as if in the act of smiling, the tongue put between the lips and quickly drawn backwards, thus permitting the air to pass into the instrument. By making a larger opening with the lips, a lower sound will be produced, and by closing them a higher sound will be produced.

When bringing the fingers into action, the student should be careful to work them with vigour, or they may not place the valves down quick enough for a proper emission of the various notes.

It has been strongly recommended by old and experienced teachers that to facilitate the formation of the embouchure, long notes should be used, the longer the better, great attention being given to the placing of the mouthpiece in the right position (centre of the mouth), and on no account whatever should the student deviate from this course.

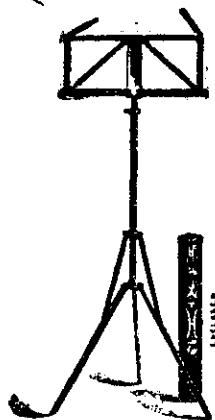


## THE CORNET.

Assuming the teacher has decided to purchase a Thibouville-Lamy cornet, and has explained to the student, that his reasons for so doing are: (1) its cheapness (£5 10/), (2) its quality of

## MUSIO STAND.

I would strongly advise the student to procure a music-stand, one which he can raise to a height which would necessitate his standing in an upright position when practising, as it enables the breath to have freer egress than when practising



in any other position; and promotes that ease in blowing which is necessary if the student wishes to avoid exhaustion. The student should never rely on physical force to bring about the desired result.

## OPEN-AIR EXERCISE.

A student should briskly exert himself for a few hours each day, in the open. If he does so he will find his lung power increased, his heart will be stronger, and his circulation will be better.

## PRACTICE.

During your musical training avoid trying to "run before you know how to walk," i.e., do not try to play tunes before you have mastered a number of scales and exercises, as the greater the knowledge of scales and exercises in different keys the better performer you will become.

Rubenstein's advice is well worth noticing, for he says, "Practice is only practice when done slowly." The practising of pieces in a quick tempo, during practice hours, is the greatest hindrance a student can place in his own path. It is also a hindrance which, when it becomes a habit, is almost hopeless of correction. In fact, the knowledge of how to practice is a sure and certain road to success.

How often, and how long should I practice? To those students who are desirous of becoming players par excellence I would say, every available opportunity, and to the latter part of the question, do not, at the outset of your career, blow too long at one time, or by so doing you will so tire the nerve tissues of the lips as to render it imperative on your having much longer spells from blowing than you may be inclined to give. Immediately you feel the lips growing tired (or weak) cease blowing. If you do so you will find them recover their elasticity all the quicker, and by short and frequent attempts at mastering the rudimentary portions of your musical education the embouchure is not only forming, but the muscles of the lips are growing stronger, thus enabling the student to take longer spells at his practices.

Avoid practising until you become mentally weary, or you will soon acquire a disgust that will infallibly prevent you from achieving success. To over-fatigue the muscles of the lips is to spoil the tone—at least for the time being—and some time must elapse before they can regain their former elasticity and vigour. If these details are carefully observed the student need not fear the future.

Practice should always be pursued systematically, and, having formed a time-table, according to a well-defined plan, the student should endeavour to keep to it. No one person can lay down hard and fast rules for the guidance of another in this matter. One hour's thorough careful practice is worth three hours' indifferent and thoughtless work. One trait is essential to success, and that is firmness of resolve. Once the mind is made up there should be no turning back.

(To be continued.)

Copyright Story.

# A Dead Cert, or Gertie's Surprise.

By J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

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(Author of "The Red Sultan," etc.)

## I.

Everybody who heard of it—and everybody who frequented the sea-front at Billington did hear of it—declared it was "too funny for words." Everybody laughed; but there were two varieties of laughter. For while the old boys chuckled and sniggered, and said it served "the young beggar right," the young people giggled softly, and said it was "a little steep—too hard on Bert—don't you know." Well, this is the story.

Bert Wigginton was one of those handsome, gay, well-dressed young men, who laboriously occupy their time with doing nothing, because they expect to come into money. Bert had flirted through the season with every girl that would allow him to flirt—and there were very few who would not—until he made the acquaintance of Gertie Miniver, and with her he seemed to be very seriously taken up. Bert was staying in the house of his uncle, Major-General Waller, in one of those fine old squares of the old town; for Bert's mother was ailing and warning the house of her brother, the General, who was on his way home from South Africa. That was the situation when Gertie Miniver appeared on the scene. Gertie was an actress who came to "rest" at a boardinghouse in the same old Square that contained the mansion of the General. How she and Bert Wigginton became acquainted does not matter; for it is notorious that on holiday occasions at the seaside acquaintance is easily struck up between young people. Once acquainted they met very frequently. Indeed, they spent most of their spare time together—and nearly all their time was spare—with the inevitable result that they fell in love with each other. At least, Bert was completely in love with Gertie. She was so different, he said, from "the common fool of a girl a fellow larks about with," besides being good-looking and well-dressed, she was clever, and she was "all soul." She understood a fellow—don't you know—as no other girl did. And great is the delight of being understood!

To be understood by a girl is to desire immediately to spend your life in that girl's company; and so Bert proposed to Gertie that they should be married. That was a memorable occasion. It was before breakfast, which may account for the passionless way in which they discussed the matter—although each was no doubt brimming with love. They were walking in the soft morning sunshine on the cliff-top. Gertie was chastely dressed in white, with a red parasol, and Bertie was arrayed in blue striped flannels, with white boots from which his trousers were nicely folded up.

"Don't you think, Gertie," said he, "that we should make an awfully jolly, happy pair?"

"Should make, Bert?" said she. "We do—don't we?"

"Ah, but I mean for always," said Bert—"if we were married, don't you know?"

"Oh, married!" exclaimed Gertie. "For always! That takes a lot of thinking about."

"But we're awfully in love with each other, Gertie."

"Are we? Perhaps we are," said Gertie. "But to get married—well, it's like putting a play on the stage—you need a great deal more than love to do it."

"Love is the chief thing to have, though," said Bertie—"isn't it?"

"Oh, love is a beautiful thing to have—like flowers in a vase," said Gertie; "but then you want the vase to put them in. You see what I mean?" she added, smiling sweetly.

"Oh, yes, I know what you mean," said he. "You mean somewhere to live—a house and all that sort of thing."

"Yes," said she, promptly; "and something to live upon. I haven't much to live upon, and you don't seem to be anything, Bertie. You have no profession; you are not even an actor; although, if the worst came, you might earn something as walking gentleman—or second lover."

"But I'm not thinking of being an actor, Gertie. Dash it all," said he, "I'm a gentleman—don't you know—and I have expectations."

"I shouldn't like to live upon expectations," said Gertie. "They wouldn't agree with me. I would no more grow fat on them than the wild ass can grow fat on the east wind, according to the prophet."

"What prophet?" asked Bert.

"A prophet in the Bible, young man," said Gertie; "not a turf prophet, although you might think so."

"Well, but as to expectations, Gertie," said Bert, "it's a dead cert, and I'm the heir to my uncle, General Waller, and he has a pot of money."

"Has he told you that you are his heir?" asked Gertie.

"Well, no."

"Have you had a sight of his will?"

"Well, no."

"Then how can it be a dead cert? And your uncle is still alive, isn't he?"

"Of course he is. But, dash it all, the mater knows all about it, and she has brought me up to be the old boy's heir," said Bert, a little huffed.

"Then, I think, with all due respect to you, Bert, and to your mater, too, that it is high time you began to bring yourself up to something else, that is if you want me to be interested in you. I could never think of marrying a—well, a professional heir."

"You're not serious, Gertie!" exclaimed Bert, in genuine surprise.

"I'm as serious," she answered, "as I ever can be. Besides," she added, quickly, "even if it were what you call a dead cert, it must take some years before it can come to anything."

"Oh, not very long, Gertie," he answered, readily. "The dear old boy has had a pretty bad time of it in South Africa—wounds, enteric, Boers and mausers, and all that sort of thing, you know."

"Why, how old is General Waller?" she asked, in unfeigned curiosity. "Is he really very old? I didn't think there were any really old generals out in South Africa, except Lord Roberts."

"Oh, yes, Gertie; he's pretty well done for," answered Bert, cheerfully.

"But how old is he, truly?"

"Ah, he's upon fifty, if he's a day," answered the young man.

"Upon fifty! Is that all? Well, I never knew anything like the cheek of you boys!"

"Boys!"

"Yes, boys!" repeated Gertie, with emphasis. "I've an aunt who is over fifty, and she thinks herself, and is, younger than I am—in all essentials of life."

"Ah, but it is different with ladies," said Bert, gallantly.

"Well, now, Bert," said Gertie, with a laugh, "that is quite the nicest, wisest thing I've heard you say this morning."

"Oh, come, Gertie!"

"Come, Gertie, come, and live with me!" she carolled softly. Then she swept a stage curtsy, and added, "No thank you, Bertie."

"But, Gertie," he pleaded, "we needn't get married at once; in fact, I wasn't thinking of such a thing. But let us be engaged—won't you?"

"No, I won't," answered Gertie; "and here we are in the square. All the bedroom windows of the boarding-house will be full of eyes watching me. Be off with you."

"I shall see you before lunch, shan't I?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, if you like," she answered.

Such treatment from Gertie made Bert, of course, only more in love than ever. He was constantly in her company—"downright infatuated" about her, people said, who amused themselves by noting such things—but he paid no serious heed to her suggestion that he should make something of himself, for he could not believe that she was not truly as pleased with him as he was with himself.

"Well, Bert," she would ask sometimes, "have you made up your mind how you are going to earn a living?"

But he merely laughed it off as perfunctory.

## II.

General Waller was on his way home. He had an old family connection with Billington, and the Corporation had sent a telegram to await him at Madeira, saying that Billington desired to give him a public reception on his home-coming. The General cabled back declining with thanks the public reception immediately on his arrival, but expressing the hope that he would meet the Billingtonians later. Then came great preparations for the occasion. Gertie Miniver was caught into the prevailing excitement, and she found herself wondering what sort of man the General was—evidently shy, she thought, and hating publicity, and only giving way to it now and then out of politeness or good nature. She tried to learn something about him by questioning Bert Wigginton, but he only said, "Oh, he's not half a bad sort," and things like that.

The preparations went on, and the excitement and expectation grew. General Waller was to be presented with a congratulatory address in a golden casket, and there were to be a luncheon, a garden party, and then a ball at night. All was ready, and there was needed only the General for the full fruition of hope. The arrival of the ship off Ushant was telegraphed, then its arrival at Southampton, and finally, the General's arrival at Billington station was noted by a great many people. But he had begged there would be no public demonstration on the occasion, and there was not. There was only a big crowd, shouting "Hooray!" and waving handkerchiefs and tiny Union Jacks, from all of which the General hastened away with a hurried bow or two and a fixed smile—and in that moment Gertie recognised the General as a man who had once sat beside her at dinner, but whose name she did not know.

"They say 'as shy as a boy,' but he is shier than any boy I ever knew," said Gertie Miniver to herself. She saw the General shake Bert Wigginton warmly by the hand, and she saw him take Bert's mother in his arms; and she was thoughtful. She could not think of the agreeable dinner companion of three years ago as old, nor could she see even now that he looked odd; why, then, should his two nearest relatives think he was soon likely to make an end?

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"It is ridiculous," she said to herself. "It is a shame!—and General Waller ought to know—although I'm not going to tell him."

There happened an unexpected, and for some a rather embarrassing, occurrence. The General's house in the old Square had been got ready and aired for him by his sister, Bert's mother, but the carriage that received him, instead of taking him there, whirled him off to a little country-seat he had recently acquired some three miles off. The explanation of the flight came later in the day from Bert.

"The old boy," said he, "couldn't stand the idea—don't you know—of staying in the Square. He was afraid all Billington would be coming to stare at his windows—and I darseny he was right—so he said to the mater, 'No, no, Jane; very kind of you to get the house ready, but I'll go to the other place'; and he went, although there was nothing ready for him."

Gertie was pining to meet General Waller—for she was profoundly interested in her own conception of him—but Bert Wigginton made no offer to introduce her to the General's notice in any way; and she was not the girl to ask him. Day after day passed, and at length the day was at hand when the General was to be publicly received and feted, and Gertie Miniver took a desperate resolution to see and speak with the General before the business of the day should begin. Why? Well, she was, as I've said, profoundly interested in the General, and she told herself she ought to know the General before she should answer "yes" or "no" to Bert Wigginton's importunities.

She had got to know from Bert that his uncle was an early riser—a really early riser; five o'clock was his hour, and he was commonly out by six for a ride or a walk. So Gertie Miniver, on the evening before the great day, went to a livery stable, and ordered a horse to be ready for her at half-past five the next morning; in that way she would be prepared to meet the General either riding or walking.

She was a good horsewoman, and by six o'clock in the morning she was riding slowly in the sunshine along a grass-grown lane that skirted the General's country place. She suddenly drew up on hearing a voice not far off—a man's voice saying clearly: "Mr Chairman and gentlemen—no, no; Mr Mayor, Aldermen, councillors, gentlemen and ladies—no, no! Won't do at all!" She peeped and peered over the high hedge, and there came pacing quickly into view—who, but the General himself! There could be no doubt of that. He was a tallish man, well-set-up, burnt to the colour of an old brick, as lean as a greyhound, and somewhat grizzled. He stood still and made another oratorical effort, speaking in a strong, clear voice, as if he were addressing a regiment, and jerking his hand and wagging his head at an imaginary audience: "Mr Mayor and—gentlemen—er—I rise—to my feet—my feet—No, no, no, no! D—the thing! I wish to goodness I had never engaged to meet the crowd! I shall certainly break down! I shall make a mess of it!"

He was in a little secluded space, surrounded by shrubbery, and Gertie Miniver smiled to herself at his nervous quandary. It was manifest what he was about; he was preparing, or trying, his address in acknowledgment of the gift of the golden casket that was to be made to him that day, and he was making a mess of it. He sat down on a bench in the full morning sunshine, and pulled a sheet of foolscap from his pocket, from which he began, apparently, to study his speech.

He read attentively for a little while, and then his gaze began to wander. He stretched out his legs, leaned well back upon the bench, and yawned—a wide yawn, which showed a mouthful of good teeth.

"I'm dozed sleepy! Bad night, I s'pose! Got this confounded thing on my mind!"

He resumed with a resolute frown his study of the foolscap. In the quiet the birds that had been silenced by his resonant oratory broke out afresh with their morning songs. A robin-red-breast, as bold as a British soldier, stood forth on a twig opposite to the General, cocked a bright eye at him, and trilled forth a fine flow of confident notes. The General raised his head from his foolscap.

"Yes, you little beggar," said he, "you think you could do it—don't you? Well,

I wish I had your nerves, and your flow of speech. But you're not before an audience, you know."

The robin trilled forth again, and the General laughed, let his foolscap slip to the ground, folded his arms, sank his head on his chest—and gave way to sleep.

Gertie Miniver looked at him a little while, and considered, with her hand pensively at her chin. Then she resolved what she would do. She slipped from her seat on the horse's back, led him swiftly away up the lane for some twenty yards, tied him to a tree, and ran back to the spot whence she had viewed General Waller. She had noted a thinness in the hedge, a step or two off, which could easily be made into a gap. Through this she crept, and stepped softly to the General's seat. From the grass she picked up the foolscap, and retired behind the bench on which he slept to read it.

Her suspicion was right, it was the speech destined for the great occasion that day. She smiled over it; a bright idea came and shone before her. She seated herself on the grass, and with a pencil which she found in her pocket, she wrote a nice little speech of her own, beginning, "Mr Mayor, and fellow-townsmen, although this is a most interesting occasion for me, it is also a most trying one." She wrote on and on, while she smiled to herself, and produced a complete little speech on the empty half-sheet of foolscap. Without thinking of the noise she might make, she tore with a wrench the two half-sheets apart. They separated with a harsh sound that alarmed her.

"Oh!" she exclaimed in a suppressed voice; and before she could say or do anything else, the General had wakened, turned on the bench, and looked at her!

"Hallo!" he said, after a quiet and amazed pause of recovery from his slumber. "What are you doing with that paper?"

He held out his hand, and she was compelled to rise and give him the sundered halves of the foolscap. Then a gleam of recognition came upon his face. "Surely," said he, "we have met before!"

"Yes," she answered, in a flutter; "three years ago, at dinner. My name is Miniver."

"Of course," said he, rising; "I remember. And mine is Waller."

"I know," she said.

"What have you been doing with my foolscap?" He smiled. "Writing on it. Hallo!" he exclaimed again, as he caught the significance of what she had written. He read rapidly through it, and then he looked at her. "You are very clever," said he.

"It is very rude of me," said she, "to interfere."

"It is very kind," he replied. "I thought," said she, "that I would do it, and get away before you awoke, and you would think a fairy, perhaps, had done it."

"A fairy has done it," said he, gallantly, "and I am very glad I awoke before you disappeared."

"Do you think," she asked, with a genuine flutter of shyness, "that it will do?—do better?"

"Much better! It is the proper thing!"

"Do you think so, really?"

"Now, I tell you what, Miss Miniver," he said, gaily. "You're an actress. Ah, yes; I remember all about you. It would be a great kindness if you would show me how to deliver it. But—forgive my naming so common and trivial a thing—it is my time for breakfast. Will you come and breakfast with me—I am all alone—and then we can get at this in good earnest!"

"There is not really much to get at," answered Gertie, "but I'll breakfast with you gladly."

Gertie's horse was found, and General Waller led it along the lane to his house, while he walked by her side. She insisted, a little nervously, on giving her views at once on how the speech should be delivered.

"Not," said she, "as a creature in a Punch and Judy show might deliver it, but like a soldier; standing firm, speaking clearly with you hand—if you like—stuck in the bosom of your coat, like Napoleon."

In the house they sat down to breakfast, and were silently waited on by the General's soldier servant. They enjoyed themselves immensely; and they were talking and laughing, forgetful of everything but themselves, when who

should come in but—Bert Wigginton and his mother! They declared at once that they had come to breakfast, but Mrs Wigginton stood in rigid surprise at the company her brother was in.

"Who is this creature you have picked up?" her look plainly said. "This improper woman who comes in and breakfasts alone with you! Alone!"

"Jane, my dear," said the General, rising, "let me introduce you to an old acquaintance of mine—Miss Miniver—the lady that I intend to make my wife."

Miss Miniver was speechless with astonishment; Mrs Wigginton gasped with amazement, and had to sit down; while Bert was smitten silent and sulky.

General Waller pressed them to draw in to the table, since they had come to breakfast.

"John," said he, "will soon make some fresh tea."

But Mrs Wigginton was on her dignity, and her son silently supported her.

"I wouldn't think," said she, "of breaking in upon your little tete-a-tete, Herbert."

That she said with intended bitterness and sarcasm, but her brother only smiled and said, "Well, as you please, Jane. I suppose I shall see you again in an hour or two."

"Oh, yes, I darseny you will see us," said Mrs Wigginton.

When mother and son had departed, there was a pause of embarrassment between General Waller and Gertie. But he took her hand in a firm clasp.

"I hope," said he, "that you have forgiven me for the liberty I have taken in the declaration I have made to my sister."

"Yes," said Gertie, "I forgive you. You said it, I know, to protect my reputation. But what is to be done next? Announce, I suppose, that your intended marriage is broken off?"

"Announce?" he exclaimed. "The next announcement will be, I hope, that I am married. Do you doubt that I meant what I said? I do intend to make you my wife." And he smiled in a masterful way.

Gertie truly had doubted. Now she was in a flutter of wonder and blushes; but she kept her courage and defiance.

"I should like to be asked first," said she. "No woman likes to be taken for granted."

"Please will you marry me?" he asked earnestly, with an engaging smile.

"I'll think about it," she answered, smiling in return, and trying to release her hand.

"Promise me first," said he, refusing to let go her hand, "and think about it afterwards."

"But—but," she urged, "I can't tell yet whether I really like you or not."

"You can't really tell that," said he,

"until you are married. Promise me."

"Well, yes, then, I will," she answered, "although I feel I am being hurried off my feet."

"That's right," said he, and promptly kissed her where she stood.

The day passed with great eclat. The General's little speech of thanks for the address and the golden casket was generally pronounced "just the thing"; and at the ball that night he danced with Gertie (after he had danced with the Mayores, and then introduced her to some friends as his intended bride).

But by that time Gertie had had a final interview with Bert Wigginton. He reproached her with being underhand, and mean, and deceitful.

"You have no right to talk to me like that," she said. "I don't know that I owe you anything—any consideration even. Yes, I have liked you; and you have worried me to become engaged to you, but you never gave any sign of doing anything to make marriage possible."

"But why," he demanded, "did you never tell me that you knew my uncle?"

"I didn't know that I knew him," she answered, "until I saw him at the station the day he arrived."

"Knew him before by another name, I suppose?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered: Bert might believe so if he liked. She added, "I knew no more than you did what he was going to say this morning when you and your mother found us at breakfast. But I'm glad—really glad—that I shall be the wife of a man who has done things, and not of a boy who hasn't learnt to do anything."

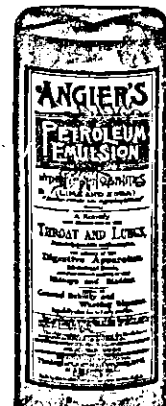
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# Here and There.

Arrangements have been made with Mr. Rudyard Kipling for the publication of a new book to contain the songs in the "Just So Stories," with musical settings from the pen of one of the most popular of English composers.

It sometimes happens that a flagrant bull passes without notice in the Federal Parliament. Mr. Kennedy, who, being an agriculturist and stock-breeder, naturally understands the ways of the animal, was speaking of the change that has been wrought in Australian scenery, through the drought. The things that impressed him were "River beds without water, and the bleaching bones of our dying stock," says the "Australasian."

The length to which some women will go to cultivate what they deem good looks was demonstrated recently at the inquest on Jane Mould, 18, at a little village near Blyth, Northumberland. In this case death was due to the perforation of the stomach, caused by eating raw rice, with an idea of enhancing her beauty. It was stated that locally it was a common practice for women to eat raw rice, raw oatmeal, and starch, with a view to producing a pale complexion, and other cases were under medical treatment.

Some excitement was occasioned among the Sydney play-going public recently (writes "C.C." in the "Australasian") by a rumour that the Lyceum melodrama, "The Face at the Window," had been stopped by the police, because two women were now in the hospital through nerve-shock over its horrors. The chief situation in the play is the restoring of a dead man to life. Creepy sensations are induced throughout the drama by the appearance of a masked face at the window-pane, while the chorus girls at the back are trained to give three long shrieks. The gallery does not take them seriously, and joins in the chorus, with signs of hilarity. Any way, the drama went off the boards last week.

A volume on "Famous Hymns and their Authors," written by Francis Arthur Jones, has several stories that one would hardly expect to find in such a work. Here is one by way of specimen. A mother was teaching her little boy a certain hymn, and when she came to the lines

Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees,

she was stopped by the child asking the paralyzing question: "Why does the weakest saint sit upon Satan's knees?" Perhaps the same youngster who sang "Where are now the three blue children?" for "Where are now the Hebrew children?"

"Shall liquor be sold at Bellamy's?" is a question to be decided by the new Parliament.

On the fourth Tuesday after the Address-in-Reply has been determined by the House of Representatives, both branches of the Legislature will vote on the question, the poll being conducted by the Clerk. If there is a majority of Councillors and members of the House against the sale of liquor, then during the remainder of Parliament prohibition will obtain in the Parliamentary Buildings. If the majority is in favour of liquor being sold, then the sale of liquor will go on until another poll is taken. In case of an equality of votes, the Clerk of the Legislative Council will have a casting vote.

Though the temperance section of the House has a small chance of giving effect to its opinions in respect to this institution, there are nevertheless many members holding moderate views, who, in the light of past events, would not greatly regret seeing Bellamy's turned into a temperance institution.

The three American millionaires whom everybody hears about—Rockefeller, Carnegie and Pierpont Morgan—are hit off in a few words in the "World's Work": "Rockefeller is simply a human money-making machine. Every thought and every faculty he possesses is developed and concentrated on that single idea. For Mr. Rockefeller to discover how he could, by some new method, make a million or a hundred millions would, I believe (says the writer), afford him as keen a delight as it would be for a hunter after orchids unexpectedly to come upon a rare specimen which the world has believed to exist, but has never yet been able to find." Carnegie delights in being publicly talked about. Pierpont Morgan likes publicity too, but "it satisfies him to be the leading financier of the day, without which nothing can be done in haute finance, whose primacy all the world acknowledges."

The Sultan of Johore, the sable potentate who has travelled all the way from "India's coral strand" to obtain "colonial experience" in Australia, is in a fair way to satisfy his curiosity. It was bad enough, in all reason, to be bailed up on landing in the Western State, as an undesirable under the provisions of the "all white Australia" law which dishonours the Constitution. The Sultan thought that every loyal subject of the Crown would be beloved wherever the flag flies, whatever his colour, and he was naturally surprised. This unpleasant incident was followed by turf experiences that must give the Sultan matter for reflection in the time to come, and the practical knowledge of police court practices which he is now obtaining should prove useful when he returns to administer the affairs of his little Kingdom.—"Melbourne Table Talk."

The "Passion Play" with all the Oberammergau cast is likely to be produced at the St. Louis Exhibition next year. The enterprising agent who has conceived this bold project is Mr. Victor Baumberger, formerly secretary of the Zoological Gardens in Vienna. The chief obstacle in the way is the reluctance of the villagers who performed in the last Oberammergau play to leave their Bavarian highlands for so remote a place as St. Louis. The Christ of the cast is a schoolmaster, whose elders naturally want him to find a substitute for his charge, and the Magdalen is also a teacher. The way, however, will probably be smoothed for them by the consent of the Prince Archbishop of Munich being obtained, and the approval of the Pope. The surroundings of the production would, of course, be of a highly religious and educational character, shorn of all theatricalism, and befitting the Oberammergau conception of the play, which is one of gratitude for the cessation of the plague of 1633. Every tenth year the villagers, according to vow, celebrate in this play the Passion of the Saviour, and it has come to be a recognised mark of religious thanksgiving. The play was sanctioned by the State provided that all irrereligious elements were excluded, and there is a natural feeling that what is a devout ceremony with the Alpine peasantry might not be so edifying if performed in St. Louis.

Scotch members of the House of Commons are anxious to have certain obsolete Acts of Parliament, relating chiefly to religious matters, removed from the Statute-books. Here are some of the titles: Against hereticks and their damnable opinions in contra the sixth and lawis of haly kyth (1543); Anent aithir swearing, execrationis and blasphemation, of the name of God, a law providing that parentis prent na bulkis without ane licence (1531); Anent the ma-a abolisheit and punisshing of all that heiris or sayis the samin (1507). The annulling of such Acts would make Douce Davie Deans turn in his grave, and the desire for their abolition shows a more liberal spirit in religious matters than one usually associates with Scotchmen.

But a clean sweep of obsolete Acts would be of benefit to both England and Scotland, could Parliament find time to attend to the matter.—"Pall Mall Gazette."

In several districts around Armidale, N.S.W., such as Borrolong and Cooney Creek, the settlers have formed associations to protect themselves against the ravages of the native dogs, which are very destructive among the sheep. These associations offer high bonuses in many instances for the skins of the pests, but are unable to keep them down, consequently the sheep have to be folded at night in the worst places, and woe betide the stragglers left out in the muster, for nothing but the partly-devoured carcase will be found the next morning. A considerable amount of money has been spent in erecting dog-proof fences, but even this is not always effective, as it is very difficult, especially in the falls country, to make it snug and tight, and the cunning brutes soon find out the weak places in the fences. In the cattle country, however, the landowners do not go to any trouble or expense to get rid of the dogs, and as a consequence they are to be seen in droves, and are a menace even to persons travelling about.

A remarkable form of coal store is about to be put into use by the Admiralty for the purpose of keeping fuel from being injuriously affected by wind and water, whether in volume or calorific power. It takes the form of a tank or floating depot, with a capacity of 12,000 tons. It has a waterproof steel framework like the hull of a tubular ironclad, and into this is sunk a central shaft, letting down into an open chamber co-extensive with the base. Here there are pumps fitted up to counteract any leakage, and men descending the shaft liberate the coal outside as it settles downwards. The coal having been brought alongside by "colliers," the "Iron and Coal Trades Review" states, is hoisted by four transporters or travelling cranes, and lowered through four hatchways into the body of the tank. There (theoretically) it settles downwards, and is released through half a dozen scoops, so as to be hauled up again in buckets and paid out to calling vessel as required.

In the course of a fascinating chapter on "Niagara in Harness," the non-technical reader of a book by M. Foster Fraser on "America at Work," is enabled to understand exactly the plan by which the force of the great cataract may be utilised to provide limitless industrial energy. Such a concern as the Niagara Falls Power Company merely laps "a sip of the flood as a cat would lap a dairy pan of milk," yet takes enough to generate 50,000 horse-power, distributed over 60 miles round. A canal, slightly tapping the river a mile above the falls, conducts water into ten huge tubes, down which it tumbles gurglingly for a distance of 135ft. It is belched out again a mile below, and meantime the rush of water has done its work. Each tube carries power to drive one 5000 horse-power dynamo, no more. A quivering governor, working automatically, regulates the inflow that otherwise would dash the machinery into splinters. There is no smoke, no fumes, no fuss in this power-house, which, instead of climbing upwards, burrows down ten stories into the earth. Amid the purring of the giant dynamos one youth may be seen reading a paper, and one man occasionally using a piece of greasy waste. By pushing a button compressed air will switch one of these monsters into silence instantly. A child may pull a little lever, and she has released Niagara from harness. Let her move it again, and 440 cubic feet of water a second comes leaping over the rocks and down the ten great tubes, which are driving cars, raising manufactories, and lighting towns 30 miles away. Man is only toying with a few sprays from Niagara so far. Within ten years it is prophesied that the falls will be furnishing a minimum energy of 300,000 horse-power.

Mr. F. P. Dunne, the creator of the philosophic Mr. Dooley, was recently married, and has now supplemented his matrimonial contract with a business agreement, whereby he is to supply a weekly column of "Dooley" and sundry editorials for 40,000 dollars (roughly, £10,000) a year. Mr. Dunne's latest "Observations by Mr. Dooley" is having a big run in England, spite of the fact

that the Observations deal more largely with local matters than his previous books. We give a single quotation from his chapter on the "Commonness of modern royalty, and could wish for space for more:—When I was a boy, if a king fell out with his folks, no wau knew iv it but th' earls an' markesses an' jooks that over-herd th' row while they were waitin' on th' table. They didn't say anything, but wrote it down in a note-book, an' published it after they was dead. When th' king passed th' butter plate so high to his wife that it caught her in th' eye, it was a rife secret. When his rife spouse pulled his majesty around th' room be th' hair iv th' head th' tale remained in th' family till it got into history. When was iv th' princesses threatened to skip with a jook th' king touched th' spring iv th' thrap-dure, an' her rife highness, Augoostina Climitina Sofia Maria Mary Ann wint down among th' coal an' th' potatoes an' niver was heard iv agwin. But novadays 'tis different. Th' window shades is up at th' king's house as well as ivrywhere else. Th' gas is lighted, an' we see his majesty stormin' around because th' dinner is late, kickin' th' rife dog, whalin' th' princess iv th' blood with a bath, brushin' his crown before goin' out, shavin' his chin, sneakin' a drink at bed-time, jawin' his wife, an' makin' faces at his daughter.

His Excellency the Governor has addressed the following letter to the Hon. E. Mitchelson:—"Government House, Auckland, June 17, 1903.—Dear Mr Mitchelson,—I must write you a letter to say that both Lady Ranfurly and myself were highly gratified at the hall that you and the citizens of Auckland gave us last night. It was a success in every way, and by far the best we have been to in the colony. The hall of last night will stand out as one of the most pleasing of our functions in New Zealand, and the care and trouble bestowed upon it were amply repaid by the beauty of the spectacle and the evident enjoyment of the guests.—Believe me, yours very sincerely, Ranfurly."

"How Actors Kiss" is the interesting title of an article in an American paper from which a few extracts are taken. Of Mrs Kendal, one who avers that whilst acting with that accomplished actress he had occasion to kiss her, speaks as follows:—"I felt decidedly timid. Mrs Kendal noticed my nervousness and reassured me. She told me to feel as unconstrained towards her as I did to my own wife, and to show her exactly the same amount of affectionate attention. Thus encouraged, I kissed her, as I thought ardently, but Mrs Kendal thought otherwise, and insisted that I should display more warmth. That, as a matter of fact, is what every real artist does, and as for feeling entering into the matter, there is absolutely no more than enters into the action of handing her a chair. A well-known actress famous for her kisses has a peculiar trick of placing her thumb nails to her lips and kissing the space between them. The audible sound suggests a fervent embrace, and the illusion is added to by the fringed manner with which she seizes a fellow actor's face between her hands. To the audience it appears that her lips are pressed to his, whereas in reality there are her thumbs between them. Mr Jean de Reszke has a tender way of taking the kisser's face between his hands and bending down and kissing her forehead or wig that is very effective. Of another singer it is said that his kisses are sparks of fire, and more than one jealous husband has been seen to squirm in the stalls at the spectacle of the stage Adonia lavishing hot cascades of affection on his wife's face, neck and shoulders. And it was uncommonly difficult to convince the sensitive individuals that it was simply and entirely make-believe.

Stories of romantic marriages seem more in accordance with the old pastoral days than those of the modern factory, but one that has recently come to light is of interest to all the world. The girl, who worked in a felt hat manufactory in Lancashire, put a tiny portrait of herself, with her name and address, into the lining of one of the hats, and this, in due course, was shipped to South Africa.

The purchaser, who happened to be a well-to-do mechanic, discovered the portrait, and, coming home on a visit to his relatives, sought out the sender of the missive. The acquaintance was of the happiest kind, with the result that the girl no longer works in the factory, but is going to make her home in South Africa. It is probably not often that this chance wooing of fate ends so happily, though it is believed that it is a common thing for girls working in the factories to put messages into the linings of the men's hats. This reminds us of a somewhat similar story that had its scene in Auckland. Messrs. Mennie and Dey, the jam preservers and confectioners, used to import stone jam jars from far-away Porto Bello, in Scotland, and one day a workman found in one of the jars a note, saying that some relatives of the writer had gone to New Zealand long ago, and asking the finder of the note to make inquiries. An employee observed the name a few days later in connection with the Great Barrier, and forwarded the note, with the result that long-parted relatives were re-united.

Pope Leo celebrated with a Latin poem his ninety-third birthday and the twenty-fifth anniversary of his election as Pope. This Latin poem was included in the book presented by Leo XIII. on March 1 to each of the Cardinals of the Sacred College, many of whom had gathered in Rome to congratulate him on his jubilee and ninety-third birthday. The following is a translation of the lines:—

Leo, now sets thy sun; pale is its dying ray;  
Black night succeeds thy day.  
Black night for thee; wanted thy frame;  
He's food sustains  
No more thy shrunken veins.  
Death casts his fatal dart; robed for the  
Lb under the cold stones.  
But my freed soul escapes her chains, and  
longs in flight  
To reach the realms of light.  
That is the goal she seeks; slither her  
Journey fares;  
Grant, Lord, my anxious prayers.  
That, with the citizens of Heaven, God's  
face and light  
May ever thrill my sight;  
That I may see thy face, Heaven's Queen,  
Whose Mother love  
Has brought me home above.  
To thee, saved through the tangles of a  
perilous way,  
I lift my grateful lay.

In the city of New York there are only 73,477 white persons born of native parents, or but 21.4 per cent. of the population of the city. This statement means that out of every one hundred persons living within the municipal boundaries of New York seventy-eight are either foreigners, or the children of foreign-born parents, or coloured people. New York, however, is not the first, but the second city of the country having the largest foreign-born population. Fall River, Mass., is first in that respect. Official figures show that there are in New York City more males under twenty-one years of Slavonic parentage than of any other people, and the number of Slavonic men more than twenty-one years of age exceeds that of any other nationality except Germans and Irish. In the Fourteenth Assembly District of New York County the percentage of Hebrew families with nine children each is six times as great as the Protestant percentage, while the number of Hebrew families with no children at all is about one-half the Protestant percentage.—Henry McMillen in "Leslie's Weekly."

The septic tank system for the disposal of sewage is rapidly growing in favour with municipal authorities. The three septic tanks which have been in operation in Vancouver, B.C., for several years have proved so satisfactory that the local authorities have decided to erect three additional tanks. The plant will then be able to handle nearly all the sewage of the city. Not a single complaint has been received regarding this system. Its first cost is comparatively small, its maintenance is inexpensive, and it does its work perfectly, promoting public health and benefiting the city financially.

Mr S. F. Edge, holder of the Gordon-Bennett Cup, has made an inspection of the course on which the great race will take place on July 2, and he describes it as nearly approaching to a figure 8. The total distance to be covered is something over 360 miles, the smaller loop in the figure having to be traversed three times, and the larger four times. Of the 360 miles, Mr Edge remarks that 221 are straight going, and he anticipates that any car maintaining a speed of 45 miles per hour should about win. The course itself, although in fairly good order, is being greatly improved; £1500 is being spent by the Automobile Club on road improvements, such as relaying, rolling, cutting off abrupt curves, and widening of curves. In Ireland already enthusiasm is growing, and Dublin people anticipate an immense gathering of sightseers. Mr Balfour and the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (Earl of Dudley) are among those who have signified their intention to be present. To facilitate getting a correct report of the Great International Motor Race, an enterprising English automobile paper has decided to have a large captive balloon suspended over the figure 8 course, from a convenient point, so as to command an extensive view of the route. The balloon will be 30ft in diameter, and will contain 21,000 cubic feet of gas, and carry three passengers. So that the spectators can follow the progress of the 12 competing cars, it has been decided by the English Automobile Club that the three English cars will be painted green (out of compliment to Ireland), the American cars will be red, the French blue, and the German white. The race-course is splendidly adapted from a sightseeing standpoint, as owing to its peculiar shape, the competitors will pass one given point eight times. Particulars of S. F. Edge's car show that it is a "Napier" English made throughout, with four cylinders, giving 30 nominal horse-power, with four speeds and a reverse. The frame is of pressed steel and wood, the weight of the car complete being 17½cwt, or 2½cwt under the limit of 1000 kilos, which the condi-

tions of the race enforce. The wheel base is 7ft 10in, with 34in wheels, fitted with a 3½ Dunlop motor tyres.

Many widely divergent statements have been made as to the cost of a cutter such as Shamrock or Columbia, and we have seen it mentioned (says the London "Field") that one of these large cutters cannot be built for less than £50,000. This is, of course, a considerable exaggeration, but there is no doubt that owners do pay very extravagant prices for racing yachts. According to "Bell's Life," in 1829, the 127-ton cutter Lulworth cost Mr Weld £14,000, or as much as £110 per ton, and we doubt if this price has ever been exceeded. Lord Belfast and Mr Weld in the first half of the last century entered into keen competition for racing boats, and each spent no less than £30,000 in the construction of yachts during their years of rivalry, which, as Mr Montague Guest recalls in his "Memorials of the Royal Yacht Squadron," were closed by the building of Louisa and Alarm. In 1891 the cutter Independence was built in America for the purpose of defending the America Cup, and cost approximately £100 per ton. This is a very fair estimate of the complete cost of the latest type of Cup challenger and defender. Their tonnage by yacht measurement varies from about 260 to 270 tons, and the cost varies, slightly, according to the materials used in construction and the dimensions. The yacht Independence was a very expensively-built vessel, and the cost of hull, etc., was certainly not less than the average for the other America Cup yachts. The original contract for the vessel, rigged, was £15,000; extra work on hull, rigging, and spars, £1500; sails, including two mainsails at £600 each, wire rope, etc., £4000; general equipment, including a working steam launch, £2000; outfitting, clothes for crew, etc., £1500; and sundries, inclusive of commission to the designer, £2000—total, £26,000. The cost of running the yacht for the season, maintenance, repairs, stowage, wages, racing money, provi-

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sions, and general expenses was £15,000. Thus, if we say that the complete cost of building a Cup challenger is £100 per ton, and the expense of running her is another £60 per ton, we shall have an idea of the expenditure required to bring a vessel to the starting line in a race for the America Cup. This estimate allows for the plating of the yacht being of bronze, except the sheer strake, which would be nickel steel, the deck aluminium, except in the wake of the mast, where steel is generally used for strength. In Shamrock III, the bottom plating of the yacht is a special kind of steel, but we do not think it presents such a beautiful surface as the bronze plating used in the construction of the American yachts.

An ordinance regulating the hours that children under a certain age are not to remain on the streets of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., has been passed by the Council of that city. The law was designed to keep from the streets after nine o'clock in the evening children under the age of fourteen who are not accompanied by a parent or other person responsible for their conduct, who were not sent on an errand or are in performance of a duty directed by a parent or guardian, and those whose employment does not render it necessary for them to be on the streets. Only such children as do not come under these conditions are not to be allowed to remain on the streets and this will apply only to children under fourteen years of age who loiter and play about the public streets and commons. Before approving of the ordinance, the Mayor took the trouble to ascertain from other cities what laws were in force respecting this point, and answers to his inquiries showed that laws much less liberal were in force in Omaha, Lincoln, Neb.; St. Joseph, Mo.; Lawrence, Kan.; and other American cities.

The subject of municipal insurance has been under consideration in the cities of England for some time, but only recently were steps taken to definitely extend the scheme to a sufficient number of cities to form a wide base for the successful carrying out of the project. Representatives from twenty-seven boroughs and the city and metropolitan district of London formed what was known as the Shoreditch Conference on Municipal Insurance and agreed to join as the "Municipal Insurance Board, Ltd.," and regularly enter on the business of insuring their own property against loss. The large rates exacted by the private insurance companies have been the cause of this undertaking, which was first attempted in 1900. The private companies defeated any attempt to pass a bill through Parliament granting permission to the London County Council to insure local authorities in London, paying any losses out of the taxes, and so the matter was dropped. Nottingham and Glasgow in 1898 had formed fire insurance funds and the London School Board also formed such a fund in 1878, and this fund, in the spring of 1900, amounted to £26,171, while the charges on losses were only £2660. In 1893 as the fund had reached the sum of £30,000, which with the interest, was able to meet all normal risks, no further payments were paid into the fund except the interest. Inasmuch as the property of a local authority would not afford a sufficiently wide base for an insurance fund, it was determined to form a combination of other municipal corporations and so make the field a broad one. Those joining the scheme must continue in it for five years, and any losses beyond the yearly premiums are to be met by increasing the premiums for subsequent years, and this will fall upon the taxpayers in proportion to amount of property represented by the parties in the scheme.

The three black-hulled, red-water-lined Jap. warships, with their curious Maroongram masts, made stately entry to our harbour. Since then our streets and shops and trams have been overrun with civil, smiling, snub-nosed, brown, blue-dressed sailors. I have heard that most of the officers keep diaries. Oh, for a read of some of the entries made after, for instance, Mrs Fanshawe's reception at Admiralty House on Saturday. They and the Australians at the function were naturally handicapped by not being able to converse. They have very little English. One gave me to understand that he liked "Ho-ho," and

that Mount Wellington was like Fujiyama. I tried my book knowledge of Japan on him, but he replied only with polite wriggles. They yearned to watch the girls, especially the blonde ones. Miss Fanshawe floated about, introducing brown men and white girls, and all the inscrutable black eyes followed her white and gold and pink presence, wondering why the chrysanthemum that cherry-blossom girl had so much liberty and what the Dainio she was saying. When an Australian damsel meets a foreigner she thinks it the proper courteous international thing to make inquiries re the customs of his country. So: "Is it true," asked Miss Point Piper of a junior Jap, "that little girls of two years in your country have dolls strapped to their backs to accustom them to the carrying of babies later on?" "Welly fine yarber, Sydner.—Yes!" replied the gentleman. Yet Miss P.P. had the face to tell her friends after the reception that he and she had had a most interesting chat.—"Bulletin" lady correspondent.

The "World's Work" for April publishes a useful summary of Lieut. Colonel A. H. Yorke's report to the Board of Trade on the result of his official inspection of American railway methods. It is by no means altogether in favour of our cousins' system, and even in many cases where Colonel Yorke sees the superiority of the Americans he gives good reasons why the British cannot imitate them. The question of permanent way comes first. Colonel Yorke says the advantage lies with England as far as the roadbed lies. But the Americans use more durable sleepers made of hardwood. The Americans also do not place their rail-joints—the weakest point—opposite to one another. American travelling is smooth and quiet, but that is chiefly due to the invariable use of long and heavy bogie coaches. The Americans largely use automatic signalling. Colonel Yorke doubts its advantages. It is, indeed, a labour-saving device, but does not increase safety. Nor can we adopt the enormous American engine, some of them standing 16ft above rail level. One of Mr Carnegie's freight engines weighs no less than 391,400lb. But American bridges are built 13ft above rail level, whereas in England the height is usually only 14ft 3in. The space between American tracks is also greater, being 7ft against our 6ft. Our sidings, coal sheds, turn-tables, etc., are unsuitable for the big American wagon, and the four-wheel wagon must therefore remain the standard in England. One great difference in American railway administration is that Uncle Sam always pays for renewals, reconstructions, and other unproductive works out of current revenue, charging only new sources of profit to capital. The administration is also superior in regard to methods of promotion: "All employees are regarded as in the line of promotion, and examinations for promotion are held from time to time as may be required. Applicants who fail on the first examination must within one year make written application for re-examination. Those who fail on the second examination will be dropped from the service. Flagmen, brakemen and firemen who do not apply for examination within five years may be dropped from the service. In this way it happens that every man employed upon an American railway has the road open to him to rise to the highest positions, and many of the most prominent men in the railway world have so risen." Altogether, Colonel Yorke's report is not very encouraging. Not because he regards us in all ways behind the United States, but because he sees so many reasons why we cannot pull up in those things in which we are behind. The "World's Work" illustrates its summary with some good photographs.

What guys some of the Sydney women make of their heads by sticking so many combs, hairpins, and other ornaments of tortoise-shell, celluloid or metal into their hair. At a recent ball there was one head of hair pierced by seven celluloid arrows. If a spark had fallen on that arrowed region, what a horror would have ensued. Recently, in Paris, a lady and gentleman were driving in a cab to a cemetery, carrying a celluloid wreath with them, when a spark from the man's cigarette fell on the masquerading gunpowder. It burst into flame, set fire to their clothing and the

cab. Of course, persons guilty of trying to honour the dead with such a horror as a celluloid wreath deserve some punishment, but nothing so severe as burning.—"Bulletin."

It is officially announced that Mr Alexander Michie, who has been temporarily discharging the duties of general manager of the Bank of New Zealand for some months, has decided to return to Dunedin and resume there his position of branch manager. The directors had hoped he would have seen his way to have remained permanently in Wellington at the head of affairs, but for family reasons he was unable to do so. The directors, therefore, offered the general managership to Mr Alexander Mackintosh, who for over five years discharged the duties of chief auditor, and has consequently an intimate knowledge of the business of the bank. He has accepted the position. Mr Mackintosh was trained in a Scotch bank, was for many years in the service of the Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, and was general manager of the Royal Bank of Queensland, when he accepted at the hands of the New Zealand Government the office of chief auditor of the Bank of New Zealand.

It is a long time since a bit of doggerel has attracted so much attention as the jingle about "Nan of Nantucket," which originally appeared in the Philistean, U.S. "Tiger." All over America the newspaper bars have added new verses, until now the adventures of the mercenary Nan make quite a thrilling story. We quote the original lines, and a few of the most amusing additions:—

There was once a man from Nantucket,  
Who kept all his cash in a bucket,  
But his daughter, named Nan,  
Ran away with a man,  
And as for the bucket, Nantucket,  
— "Princeton Tiger."

But he followed the pair to Pawtucket—  
The man and the girl with the bucket;  
And he said to the man  
He was welcome to Nan,  
But as for the bucket, Pawtucket,  
— "Chicago Tribune."

Then the pair followed Pa to Manhasset,  
Where he still held the cash as an asset;  
But Nan and the man  
Stole the money and ran,  
And as for the bucket, Manhasset,  
— "New York Press."

The pair then went to Natick;  
When the man thought he might turn a trick—  
They had nothing to pawn,  
As the bucket was gone,  
And the people would give them Natick,  
— "Boston Transcript."

Pa's wife joined the party at Lima.  
So glum she appeared, they said "Fie, ma."  
But she raved, "You well know  
That the bucket of dough  
Is mine." Nan exclaimed, "How you Lima."  
— "New York Sun."

So they beat their way up to Woonsocket,  
Where the judge found their names on the docket.  
When 'twas over the man  
Remarked sadly to Nan:  
"Geel! Didn't the legal Woonsocket!"  
— "Chicago Record-Herald."

But they came to the river Snetucket,  
And they still had the cash in the bucket;  
'Twas a sad, sad affair:  
Nan left the man there,  
And as for the bucket, Snetucket,  
— "New Haven Register."

Pa followed Nan to Jamaica,  
Where a copper did soon overtake her.  
"Where's the bucket?" he cried,  
"Won't tell," Nan replied.  
Then Pa shouted, "Judge, won't Jamaica?"  
— "Ex."

With Nan's cash Pa lit off for Miami  
But in goul he remarked, "Now, where am I?"  
Nan said with a jeer:  
"You're in goul, Pa, I fear."  
And Pa sadly replied, "Oh, Miami."  
— "Ex."

Nan's bucket was really a sack  
And she bundled it into a hack;  
Pa weeps—good old man—  
For a far away Nan.  
Her address now is, Nan, Hackensack,  
— "New York Sun."



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MY DEAR DOCTOR,—I have no hesitation whatever in saying "Yes" in reply to your letter received to-day, in which you ask me whether I am willing to let the public know the benefit I received at your hands. When I saw you upon the recommendation of Mr Griffith (whom you had previously completely cured of a similar complaint), I think I was in about as bad a state of misery and depression in both mind and body as any human being could be; in fact, I thought life was not worth living, and my future was a blank. I was an object of misery and despair. Well, I called upon you, and you spoke some kind, cheering words to me, and pointed out the cause of all these troubles and the grave character of the troubles of my youth. You told me plainly and honestly that you could and would cure vigour of manhood, so that I should no longer be baneful and stupid in society, and could take my part and interest in the amusements and sports of others, and have an ambition in my business. At first I thought your promise was too good to be true. I am thankful to say I tried your treatment, and my future was a blank a different man to-day. I have put on flesh and muscle and have any amount of confidence in myself. I am perfectly healthy and quite happy, and capable of enjoying myself and taking my part and interest in about by myself and about society. I earnestly recommend all my fellow sufferers to put their confidence in you, as your treatment is perfect and your charges very small.—I am, yours truly,  
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MR. LIONEL BROUGH, the eminent actor, writes: "I think it an invaluable medicine for members of my profession, and have always recommended it to my brother and sister artists."

MR. J. WILLIAM SENIOR, of Copp Street, Barnsley, Yorkshire writes: "Having had seventeen years' experience in the Chemical business, I have some knowledge of the properties and popularity of Powell's Balsam, and I can confidently recommend it as being a good Cough Remedy."

MR. A. J. WOODHOUSE, Fern Lodge, Clarendon-street, Norfolk, writes: "Last year Powell's Balsam of Aniseed cured for me a very obstinate cough of some months' duration, which I feared would lapse into a pulmonary affection."

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# After Dinner Gossip

and

## Echoes of the Week.

### Presentation to Lady Ranfurly.

The pictures which the citizens of Auckland presented on Saturday to the Countess of Ranfurly are a worthy mark of the esteem and affection in which she and her husband occupy in the public heart. No two finer paintings have been executed in the colony, I believe, and they may be said to show the present high-water mark of art in New Zealand. Doubtless, they will be seen in London by a large circle of persons interested in art, and will draw some attention to colonial painters, and, while one is delighted to honour Lady Ranfurly with the very best New Zealand can produce, I do trust that some works of equally great interest and merit may be acquired for the colony. If, as I venture to think will be the case, these pictures create some little stir in the minds of those interested in such matters, and that inquiries come to be made for works of a similar nature, it may come about that Mr. Goldie and other artists will send their chief pictures to England for exhibition and sale, and that the opportunity for securing some fine examples for New Zealand will be lost. Certainly the encouragement given to art in this colony is not of a character to enable an artist to put either heart or his best capabilities into his profession. "Ah!" you say comfortably, "that is very disgraceful, 'art for art's sake' should be the motto." Bunkum, my dear sir or madam, bunkum, an artist has a stomach to fill and a body to clothe, and his tastes and desires run to beautiful things, which cannot be procured without money; and he cannot paint his best unless these natural appetites and inclinations are in some sort gratified. And, moreover, if Mr. Goldie is to paint more Maori pictures, and if other artists are to emulate him, our encouragement must not be delayed. The picturesque Maori is passing, and the Europeanized native is taking his place. From all other standpoints than that of the artist, the Europeanizing process may be, nay, is desirable, but from the pictorial point of view it is deplorable. In a few years' time Mr. Goldie, or any other artist, will be unable to paint such pictures as those which Auckland has presented to Lady Ranfurly, for there will be no models. Public subscription, aided by Government subsidies, have done several valuable works in the colony, and I honestly think the principle might be applied to giving Mr. Goldie a commission to secure for our art galleries specimens of his paintings of Maori life.

### Auckland and the Citizens' Ball.

When a Citizens' Ball was first mooted as a means of expressing to the Earl and Countess of Ranfurly the gratitude of Auckland for the many good works both have done and for the hospitality dispensed from Government House, I expressed the opinion that a ball, for which the tickets must of necessity be somewhat expensive, would not be an absolutely representative affair, and regretted that some more genuinely popular means of expressing universal admiration and goodwill could not be devised. At the same time, the article referred to recognised the difficulty in the way of other propositions, and warmly recommended that as a ball had been decided on, all who could afford it should be generous with their guarantees and enable those in charge to make the affair a success to be remembered. This was certainly done. No one who was present at that brilliant function can doubt that it was by far the largest and most memorable social success ever attempted or achieved in the history of the colonies. The scene when the magnificent ballroom was filled with brilliantly and gracefully dressed women and their partners could not have been excelled in any part of the world, and will certainly dwell long in the memories of all who were present. And it was a subject for pride that such a display was possible in so young a city. Those who watched the dance must have seen the venerable

figure of the Father of Auckland, that courteous and genial gentleman, Sir John Logan Campbell, and must have thought curiously of the days when he saw the spot on which the dance was held, and when it was in the midst of a well-nigh impenetrable tī-tree bush. Surely if our advance in the past fifty years has seen the growth of a city able to provide such a farewell to its Governor and his consort, we may feel confident that there lies in this beautiful land an even more splendid and prosperous future for our children, and may feel encouraged to take our share in the work of insuring the same.

### The Servian Horror.

The past week has not been over and above interesting from a news point of view, and the cables concerning the Servian horror have probably attracted the greatest attention. Every fresh detail which arrives concerning that foul and treacherous crime fills one with amazement and horror that such things are possible in a European State in the twentieth century, and that the needs of diplomacy result in the practical ignoring of the murders by the rulers of other countries. One does not know which shocks one the more, the outrageous cruelty of the murders themselves and the sickening mutilating of a helpless woman before she was slaughtered, the truly terrible blasphemy of the new King speaking of the affair as the will of God, or, lastly, the fact that it is necessary for Britain to temporise in this matter, and to fail to summon her representative at the Servian Court to leave the Capital, as a mark of her abhorrence of a deed unequalled in savage brutality in the annals of regicide.

We, of course, know why it is impolitic for England or any Power to openly and actively take a hand in the extraordinary troubles and vendettas of the Servian monarchy, and that any sudden or ill-adviced move might easily precipitate events which might lead to things worse even than murder. Again, the Balkan States and their sovereigns cannot be compared with other countries, and are perhaps past our comprehension. Certainly the fact of a people accepting a revolution so carried out, with the indifference and spathy which have signalled the Servian people in this affair, is not to be easily understood by Britishers. For those who would like to get some idea of the peculiar political workings, and of the romance of the Balkan thrones, I would recommend Mr Sydney Grier's "Uncrowned King" and "A Crowned Queen." They are, of course, romances pure and simple, but as is often the case, the fiction gives a very admirable idea of the truth. Both books are highly exciting, the second-named, which is a sequel to the first, being perhaps the better of the two.

### A Good Golf Story.

The "Frisco" mail always brings along its crop of golf stories. Here is one, vouched for by one whose veracity is as unimpeachable as his driving. He was on the links at Caister, in Norfolk, and not knowing anyone, picked up a game with an elderly Scotchman who was a tenhandicap man while he was a sixteen. The Londoner was a bit off colour, and on starting for the fourth hole his opponent was three up. Thereupon the Scot innocently suggested that they should have a ball on the match. The other was a sportsman, and, in spite of his heavy handicap, agreed. Finally the Londoner won the game. The Scot looked unapeakable things, and after lunch he was heard to remark to a crony in the pavilion, nodding in the direction of his late opponent: "D'ye ken you young man wi' th' wee bittie moustache? Mon he's verra hot. If ye're wise ye'll no play wi' him; but if ye do dinna bet mon, dinna bet."

### Some Good Yarns of Children.

That always amusing writer "Woomers," in the "Australasian," has some good stories of children this week, which may entice the foregoing prosy pars a little: It was a cold night, a very cold night, and little Minnie, who was anxious to get to bed, omitted her prayers. "The Lord won't take care of you if you forget your prayers," said the nurse. Minnie thought over the chances for a while, and observed, "Well, I forgot them once before, and I lasted till morning." The commercial side is very strongly developed in some children. Even in early youth they are ready to swap a marble for a pony carriage. In this particular instance the youngster had spent a dull and fretful day, and his uncle said, "You don't look happy, Willie; would you be happy if I gave you a penny?" Willie considered the chances, and said thoughtfully, "I think I could be happy for tuppence." How soon, I wonder, does the score for the opposite sex develop in a boy. A friend of mine was out for a walk last Sunday, and, on stopping to examine a house that was building, they discovered a dead man hanging to the rafters. The youngster was quite proud of such a sensational ending to a morning walk. "We don't go walking for nothing, do we father?" he said. "Now, mother wouldn't have found any dead men, would she?"

### Vowels of the Tummick.

All the foregoing yarns are good, but here is one direct from Home which is even better: "The Human Body" was the subject set for an essay at a Board school. A little girl sent in the following. It is absolutely genuine. It shows a most delightful confusion of ideas, yet with a clearness of thought: The human body is divided into three parts, the head, the chest, and the tum-mick. The head contains the eyes, ears, nose, mouth, and brains, if any. The chest contains the heart, lungs, and part of the liver. The tum-mick is entirely devoted to the vowels, of which there are five, namely, a e i o u, and sometimes y and z.

### Joke That Failed.

To convince a customer of his punctuality in business, a certain tailor waggared the sum of £5 to 1/ that an overcoat would be ready promptly at 7.15 the other night. The money was staked and put in the safe. At 7.10 the customer entered the shop. The man of cloth smiled gleefully, but the garment was not forthcoming. The hands of the clock moved slowly onward—7.12, 7.15, still no coat. Then the tailor began to look anxious. At 7.19 exactly a young man rushed in with the coat on his arm. The tailor shook his fist, and said, "You villain, you have lost five golden pounds for me by your laziness!" Without a word the tailor handed the coat to his customer, together with the envelope containing the £5 note and the shilling. "It is a fair bet, and you have won it," he said. The amusing part of the transaction is that the messenger brought the coat into the shop at seven o'clock. In an endeavour to be funny the tailor told him too wait on the opposite side of the street until 7.12, and then rush in with the coat. Unfortunately a friend came along and invited the man to have a drink, as he had five minutes to spare. The result was that the messenger got a little mixed up with the various clocks, and was late. The customer handed the £5 note back afterwards to the tailor, who accepted it on the condition that he should make the winner a suit of clothes as a "memento of the occasion."

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**TURF FIXTURES.**

June 24 and 25—Hawke's Bay J.C. Winter  
 June 26 and July 1—Napier Park R.C.  
 Winter Meeting  
 July 16 and 18—Wellington R.C. Winter  
 Meeting  
 August 11, 13 and 15—N.Z. Grand  
 National  
 November 7—C.J.C. Metropolitan (New  
 Zealand Cup)

**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

"E.R." Auckland.—Yes, Voltigeur II. was entered on a boat from Ellerslie after breaking down in a race at head-quarters.  
 "Wager." Auckland.—F. Archer died 8th November, 1890. He was assessed at £30,000 year, and died worth £26,002. During his career from 1872 to 1896 he won 2749 races.

**TURF NOTES.**

Dolores has joined Kos Heaton's team.  
 Dunsbar and Peet Hoon have gone into C. Piper's stable at Riccarton.  
 The trotting pony Polly II. was shipped to Sydney a few weeks back.  
 Mr H. H. Hays leaves on a visit to Sydney, Melbourne, and West Australia next week.  
 Occidental was taken to Sydney by a recent boat, and his owner, W. Forbes, accompanied him.  
 Fit and well Evening Wonder would run a good race in the V.R.C. Grand National Hurdle Race with 10.9 on his back.  
 Strathaven is being given a spell at his old quarters at Otautu, though he will rejoin Rae's team at Green lane after a time.  
 Fresham received 11.7 in the York Hurdle Race, run on June 8th, at the V.R.C. Birthday Meeting. Colonel Sulinski was awarded 13st.

Thimbleok, half brother to Sealhorse, has a number of yearlings representing him in the Box of entries for coming events in Australia.  
 The Nurses' Fintner and Medical Alliance were the names of two events at the Finesse (New South Wales) Hospital races won by one horse.

Kanaka, Straybird, Marine, Hylas, and The Pullack are Auckland horses that have been mentioned by the Gisborne Racing Club's day meeting.

Hunting has been going on this week in the Lakeohu district, where the Lakeohu Hounds are annually taken. A good time was experienced.

News comes from Sydney that Guardsman II, who was recently sent over from Auckland, froze down while doing the first sound gallop there. A bit of bad luck for the purchaser, I think.

Wahiki is being exercised in the vicinity of Oteahanga, and is in excellent condition and health at the present time. There are backers for the colt for the N.Z. Cup at hundreds to six.

It is considered that six months will elapse before Cannongate is fit to resume work again, from which it is evidently intended that he is to be given a good chance of making a complete recovery.

Mark Thompson, who was recently disqualified by the A.J.C. stewards, has given notice of his intention to appeal against the two years' disqualification imposed on him on the 30th ultimo at Handwick.

The tracks are heavy at both quarters just now, but still a few horses are being worked there for coming events in which they are already engaged, and others in which they are likely to be placed later on.

Really some one should see to it that horses should not be allowed to compete in similar hours at Ellerslie, as was the case at the last meeting held there. Three in one race is coming it strong.

Golden Hope is in great heart just now, and is very smart at exercise. I don't know that Mr Lynch seriously contemplates running the daughter of St. Leger in the New Zealand Cup, but she is wintering well.

Referring to the victory in the Princess May Handicap, of Australia, by Gossoon—Tribute, who was for a time favourite for the last Doncaster Handicap, a writer mentions that the six furlongs was covered in 1.14. The Gossoons have earned a name for unreliability, though they are exceptionally brilliant.

Mr Dan O'Brien has nominated his bay yearling colt, by Grafton from Grafton, for the V.R.C. Derby of 1904, and St. Leger of 1905, and for the same events the Hotchkiss's "Faint" colt, by Frank Macmanus's stable, has been also engaged.

Mr H. Hays gave a birthday social, dinner and dance on Thursday night in the Federal Hall, at which 110 relatives and friends were present. A number of Mr Hays's sporting friends intend giving him a letter.

Mr E. A. Brodribb, who made a lot of money out of mining in Victoria, and lost most of it racing there, died in London recently. He was 40 years of age, the highest priced gelding known at that time, and must have lost a small fortune over that purchase alone.

While Mr Byron Moore, the well known secretary of the Victoria Racing Club, was proceeding in a cab near to the racecourse, on June 25th, the driver of the vehicle fell off the seat, and was picked up dead. According to a Sydney exchange, he had suffered from heart disease.

Mr John Marshall always treats his trainers and jockeys well. When they win they invariably get the best part of the stakes. Higgins, who rode Cannongate, was, I venture to say, the best paid horseman to be figured at the North New Zealand Grand National meeting.

The work of the new hand-leaper, Mr Maudsley, for the Victoria Racing Club, is said to have been put to the test and stood up well. His past owners complained of the treatment of their horses, and one of them, Mr W. A. Filgate, published some strongly worded comments on his work before the meeting.

Minor, one of the English-bred colts imported to New South Wales by Mr H. C. White, was running on well at the end of the A.J.C. Nursery Handicap at the recent meeting, but his stable companion, Green Mountain, shipped badly in the same event. Both were giving away several months in age to the Australian runners.

On May 23, 1863, or just a hundred years ago, it is recorded that a three miles foot-race took place on Snubury Common between a horse and a man, belonging to local gentlemen. The horse performed the journey in 3m, and the man came home close behind him; both animals were celebrated trotters at that time.

The Wellington Racing Club have increased the value of the four classic races, the Wellesley Stakes and Wellington Stakes, which are run for in the spring of 1905, and the North Island Challenge Stakes and New Zealand St. Leger Stakes in the autumn, 1904, each event being worth 400 sovs. The date of closing is June 30th.

According to the London "Sportsman," Rock Sand, who won the Derby at Epsom, does not yet appear to be compelled to. In the Two Thousand Guineas he had at one part of the race to be driven, but when he got going he simply played with the field, winning very easily by a length and a half from Plosum, with Rabulus two lengths away. This victory, which was his seventh out of eight starts, brought Rock Sand's winnings in stakes up to 12,274sovs.

Lord Carbine stopped dead on 20th April, while exercising at Lambourn. The colt was a four-year-old by Carbine out of Leap Frog. He was only out once as a two-year-old, then running unplaced to "Porter." Last year the colt was four out of ten races, including the Leveson Handicap at the August meeting, while he also captured the valuable Grand Prix d'Osborne in July, beating nine opponents hand-some.

The Peel Handicap, at Newmarket, on April 30, was run twice. There were 12 starters for the official race, Henzo winning by a head, with Set Fair second. An objection having been made that the race was run the wrong distance, the stewards of the Jockey Club ordered the race to be run again after the last day. The stewards fined the judge £20 for going to the wrong winning post. On the second occasion there were only five starters, and Set Fair beat Henzo by a head.

The entries for the Caulfield Cup number 163, and for the Melbourne Cup 163, therefore are 27,347 different combinations, such of which may be the winning double. The principle of handicapping is to equalise

the chances of all horses engaged in a race. If all possessed equal chances to the two cups, the legitimate odds against picking the double would be 27,346 to 1. With this view of the argument, it is clear that the writer "Jocelyn's" punters ought to sail in contentedly!

One of the late Mr A. Buckland's horses, Snake, was a famous horse on the racecourse, and frequently betted off the course, yet on one occasion after he had changed hands he was yoked up by mistake and driven home from a race meeting in a dog cart, containing a number of convalescent soldiers, who thought they were driving their own horse, and though he had never been in harness in his life, did not cause any damage; in fact, the occupants were all taken home safely, but when an hour or two later they became aware of the fact that they had been sitting behind the Boiler Snake, whose first time it was in harness, they shook hands with themselves over what they took to be a providential escape.

Though the Hawke's Bay acceptance, so far as the chief races, are not so satisfactory as could have been desired, owing to various causes, a number of horses having gone wrong, still there has been left for interesting contests. If the runners experience ordinary luck, Meteor's weight in the hurdle race, as previously stated in these columns, is 9.0, and 0.0, as when at first he was bred, but the event should be an interesting one. If Kabouter, Meteor, and Merryjoy are seen at their best, The Big Steeplechase looks open. I have a fancy that The Gryphon will give a good account of itself, but Jack's Lantern, on his best form, would take a lot of beating. He, however, hurt himself at Wanganui, and may not be seen dressed at his best.

Mr E. Knight, better known to sportsmen as "Teddy" Knight, passed through Auckland yesterday on his way to San Francisco, where he purposes remaining a week or two, going through America and on to Monte Video, and then to England, before returning to Sydney. Mr Knight, in addition to having been a prominent owner of racehorses in New South Wales for many years, always took a great interest in shooting, though not a success at the traps, could give points to many of the cracks in the open field. Mr Knight tried hard to persuade Mr Gorruck, the New South Wales plover shot, to accompany him to America, but the notice was too short to give effect. Auckland sporting friends were present to wish Mr Knight bon voyage on the departure of the Soronia.

The following from the "Sydney Mail" is not without interest to New Zealanders:—Some time back Mr H. C. White sent a Harlan-bred filly named Brown Pearl to England to be mated with St. Simon, but falling to be subscribed to the champion sire he sent her to Griffiths, and by last mail he learned that the mare had foaled a fine bay colt. Brown Pearl is by imported Yrley (11)—son of Sterling (12)—from the Oaks winner Pearlshell—a sister to Industry, the dam of Galus and The Grafton. She is by a great brood mare, and is a very good performer of note, but at the stud he bred winners, among them Flambard, the winner of the Duchess of York Stakes.

Rocksand, the winner of the two great classic events, The Two Thousand Guineas and Derby, and who bids fair to be the wearer of the Triple Crown, has proved a most consistent colt, for at present out of seven starts he only suffered defeat once, when he ran third to Plosum and Mead in the Middle Park Plate. A young stallion bred in England, and very closely related to Rocksand, is the Cambria Park Stud Company's Grenlan, who possesses very similar strains of blood, as he is by St. Simon from Daisy Chain, by Springfield, and Rocksand is by Sainfoin, son of Springfield, from Roquebaine, daughter of St. Simon. Another son of Grenlan's grandam, Chateleine, is by a son of Newminster, in Cambuscan, and Rocksand's grandam, St. Marguerite, is by a son of Newminster, in Hermit, and the pedigrees of both are well balanced in Stockwell, Touchstone, and Irish Birdcatcher strains.

The King is expected to nominate some of his horses for the World's Fair Handicap, and an American writer says that His Majesty, after instructing Marsh, his trainer, to report on the material in hand, learned that there were already in sight enough good horses to make a doubtless strong a certainty. One of the best of Persimmon, the first horse that ever carried King Edward's colours to victory in a Derby, he thought he could guarantee to win the World's Fair Handicap. The information was highly gratifying to the Royal sportsman. According to Marsh, he expressed the deepest satisfaction, and announced his willingness to spend any amount of money so that on his first appearance in America as a candidate for turf honours he should make a worthy showing. Marsh was ordered to gradually get things in shape for the pro-

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posed invasion, and to concentrate attention on the training of all promising youngsters now at Sandringham. W. W. Naughton, the Sydney "Befere" correspondent, referring to this, says: "Worried as it is, and coming in the shape it does, the above sounds like the freestudent dream of a disappointed doge fend. Still, there may be a glimmer of probability in it. It is worth trying with an official swing to it should be heard shortly."

A number of bookmakers are going from Australia to South Africa to see what prospects are like there. At Johannesburg the number of bookmakers licensed is limited by the authorities to forty-seven. They each pay £1000 into a guarantee fund on entrance, and have to find guarantors for another £1000 before they are permitted to bet. Nearly all business is done on the nod. There is great difficulty for new men to get into the betting ring. They may be approved all right, but there is generally a hundred or more waiting their turn for some one of the limited number to drop out. Lots of men who are talking of going there to bet would have no chance of getting in as licensees of the old. Rare-gods there only bet with licensed and guaranteed bookmakers, and settling is prompt all round.

Since the lamentable death of Arthur Shrewsbury, it has transpired that he bequeathed £1000 to the Nottingham Hospital. Referring to this act of goodness "Favell" says: "The race county has lost a sterling benefactor, and its sporting representatives who in their prosperity have not forgotten the necessities of their poor and suffering fellows. "Billy" Nichol, the once famous Nottingham & town councillor, was famed for his generosity and magnificence. On one occasion he was called upon by a member of a ladies' committee for the relief of the poor of Nottingham, and after she had detailed her statistical facts, "Billy" burst out, "All right, mum, stick me down for 40000 loaves of bread." And, mind you, he wasn't either a miller or a baker.

The Victorian handicapper has an exalted opinion of his own, or else a very poor one of the general run of hurdle and cross country horses in Australia, judging from his treatment of the son of Gipsy King in both the Grand National events to be decided at Flemington next month. No wonder "Walrus" was promptly scratched, though it would have been little use taking him after the form he displayed at Ellerslie. It is rather remarkable that this gelding has never shown form anywhere else in his racing career. The treatment of "Freshman," the Auckland representative, would probably not have tempted that gelding's owner to send him over, even had the son of Catesby been ready to take on the trip. Only good horses favourably treated can hope to have a show in Grand National events in Victoria, as a general thing, for there the flower of the States is met with, and our best horses year in and year out are probably no better than the cracks that assemble there, though I question whether they have ever had the equal of Record Reign, who was undoubtedly the best hurdler the New Zealand turf has produced.

Some time ago the Jockey Macnamara, disqualified during the pleasure of the Auckland Racing Club for suspicious riding at the summer meeting, applied for a reinstatement, but the stewards declined to alter their decision. Macnamara has exhausted his means, and there are several stipules in which he could obtain immediate employment riding work, as he shall please them to remove the ban from the lad altogether, so that he may be able to resume his occupation as a horseman. It would be far better in a majority of cases when disqualified, as was imposed upon young lads if the clubs would permit of it, should be allowed to continue in racing stables under certain conditions and restrictions, and

would not grant a renewal of licenses until such riders had been on probation and been satisfactorily reported to the authorities. Preventing lads by disqualification from re-entrance to which they have been accustomed is not advisable in all cases, for very often they cannot get work they are physically capable of performing, and have to be kept by others upon whom they are a burden, or they get into idle ways and too often into bad company. The question is one that I think might well be discussed at the Racing Conference.

Some years ago a number of first-class horses were racing in England as well as in the colonies whose names contained but seven letters, and the fact was duly noted in the papers. A country correspondent writes me as follows:—"Speaking to a gentleman the other day, he said that if anyone followed up racing, horses with seven letters, and seven letters were the best to back. 'I'll prove it,' he said, and proceeded with specimen argument to prove his contention. 'There's Poltsee, the pillar of the turf; The Barb, another corner-stone; Caracul, Lochiel, and Advance, about the three greatest horses ever foaled in New Zealand; Neptune, the best mare in England; Waterfal, the best in Australia. Why, man alive, I could go on for a week showing the successes of seveners. Look back over the classic races, and the successful horses with seven letters in their names will be found in evidence often. I tell you, following seveners is better than backing to any intricate system; and it's so plain that anyone can make money.' "There have certainly been a large number of good horses with but seven letters in their names during the past 20 years, and some good performers in this colony have been seen during the past two seasons; but the number of bad ones must have been very large, and it is any odds that backing the seveners would have been an expensive business all through.

The proprietor of a restaurant in a sporting centre was in constant trouble with servants, relates "Javella." Cooks, waiters, and even scullery maids, were continually wanting time talking "horse," studying hand-letters, and endeavoring to pick winners. Having occasion to advertise for a cook, he mentioned his grievance to one of the applicants, who said, "O, racing don't trouble me. I never go to a meeting, and don't know one horse from another. You needn't worry about me on that score, boss." That being satisfactory, the man was engaged, and all went well for a week or so. One day the proprietor, being short handed, was taking some of the orders for meals himself, and going to the kitchen, he called out "Calves' head, one." The voice of the new cook promptly came back, "D— it. That's just my usual luck. What was second and third?"

I notice that some of my conferees continue to inform their readers that Traducer was at one time so little thought of that his services could be obtained for the small sum of 5/. This is all moonshine. Traducer was always highly thought of, and at the time he was supposed to be isolated and in a district serving Maori mares, he was in reality being patronised by the best known breeders about Wanganui, whose mares, though not all stud book mares, were nevertheless descended from the best imported stock, and nine out of every ten of his gets could race well, either on the flat, over hurdles, or across country. It was the success of his stock in the South that gave him a name before he was secured by Mr L. Daniels and Mr J. Walker for the Aramoho Stud, and caused him to be so well patronised. I could mention scores of other studs that visited Traducer while at Wanganui, and many were sent from long distances to visit him, so much was he in favour with breeders. It was later on in life that the son of The Libel was assessed at his true value, however, and was purchased to return to Canterbury, where he ended his days. It would come to those who had to foot the bills as strange trading to be told that Traducer's services were obtained by anyone for the matter of a few shillings. What a number of very few asked big prices for the services of any thoroughbred horses that I can remember standing in the district; but there were a few sires that came after Traducer whose owners charged more than the late Mr John Walker charged for Tra-

ducer. Bartonworth, and other good sires that outlasted him in his stud at old Aramoho during his long residence there.

Recently I met Mr Clark, secretary to the Rotoura Jockey Club, and one of the stewards, from whom I learned that the club will endeavour to hold a two days' meeting in the autumn at several times there, increasing the prizes very materially, giving on each day a decent stake. It is intended to put in some work on the course, as there seems little chance of the Government being prepared at present for town extension purposes. The soil is so light that little can be done at short notice, but the main thing is to keep the grass growing and softening the track by the frequent use after heavy rains of a good roller, when no one would object to roll on it. The natives intend to do their share towards the next big carnival, from what I can hear, and so that there will not be a recurrence of such a thing as war canoes being pitted against a racing canoe, are building five large war canoes of stouter dimensions to be ready in time for the next big demonstration on the placid waters of the Lake, while the flotilla is otherwise to be increased and improved upon. A novelty will be a sailing race, the sails being made of paper, and the boats made before the loss of Captain Cook. If the Carnival Committee and the racing powers, which are linked hand in hand, work matters judiciously, carnival week at Rotoura will be a time to look forward to and to be remembered by all who love the world where the people can run such a show as can the people of the Wonderland of New Zealand, and as a matter of good sound business the Government and the people are deriving most profit from the carnival trade, and should subsidise both carnival and racing institutions liberally. If the next race programme is made as attractive as I anticipate, there is sure to be a successful gathering and strong support from owners. Last meeting there was a lack in the number of competing horses, but on related by me at the time, such serviceable horses as Numa, Green and Gold, Miss Lottie, and Meteor were amongst the numbers, and these horses have all won since. In Town Hall society.

A small group were standing under a verandah in Queen-street, when the subject of falling revenue from totalisator receipts at Auckland race meetings, and a supposed shortage of money, were subjects mentioned. A bookmaker who had had a bad National meeting, remarked that some of the successful punters had not even taken the trouble to call upon him for their winnings, and that many unsuccessful ones had evidently overlooked settling day. "During my experience," said the bookmaker, "I have known customers to meet with accidents, and never wade in at all, and I have even had an odd one or two to whom I was indebted, 'pass in their cheques.' In these days of fast trains and electric trams you never know what may happen." Hardly had the words been uttered when a passenger, without being told or assisted, but evidently of his own volition, stepped off a car going about a six miles an hour gait, lost his equilibrium, and performed a circus act on the asphaltum, while the car sped on. There were several exclamations of horror, followed by sighs of relief, when the unwise, but unfortunate, man was seen on an even keel again; but there was one who eyed him critically and coolly remarked "He's not one of 'em." Apropos of this, a backer who had picked the winning double at midsummer time at the Auckland Racing Club's big meeting, did not turn up for ever. Four months to collect - his 'landed. When he did, however, the pencil cheerfully met him with the remark: "Well, you've come at last. I'd been thinking for some time that we should have to get a Stanley or a Livingstone to go out and search for you. That's the right name, the reply 'I did not need the money, and did not send for it, and I don't forget that I kept you waiting once when I lost.' "Come and have a taste," said the bookie. "You're one of the few that are not 'Brot at the corner on settling morning' to receive."

Referring to Wakeful's non-appearance at the Randwick autumn campaign, the "Amalgamation" of "The Lion" "Sportman" thus writes:—"Mr Macdonald having at last decided to give Wakeful a rest, when she pulled up shakily on one foreleg after her third race at the Flemington meeting, did not send her to Sydney, and he may as well perhaps wish he had taken £500 guineas for her when he had the chance, as to my own knowledge, he had. She has won him something over £200 since then—stakes in Australia are comparatively small, but it was always buying money to back her, and once or twice she was beaten unexpectedly. If she has done with racing now, what is she worth as a brood mare? Well, she has been desperately hard run and might be a failure, whereas Lord Clonmel has an own sister in blood to her, that never was trained, probably owns a guen, from the paddock point of view. I see, however, that Mr Macdonald does not for a moment admit that Wakeful has ended her racing career. She is simply 'laying' for the next (Australian) spring meeting. She was pretty well played out last year at the same period; otherwise, presumably, she would not have been offered for sale in this country at 3000 guineas, a selling price she was bought by Mr Alex. Bailey, who, being in South Africa under censor rules, did not get his cable through until had that very offer was made. The mare had that very day been offered for sale with 5/7, and her owner went back on his offer. What he thought of her when he made it, and why he subsequently refrained from the amount, viz. 3000 guineas, which Sir Ernest Cassel would have given for her, delivered to Lord Clonmel, is not for me to say; only this is plain—that Wakeful has missed the Sydney meeting altogether this time, whereas last year she won on each of the four days. However, she is such a wonder that I do not think we shall hear of her winning again in the spring."

It used to be said, though somewhat incorrectly and perhaps with little truth, that it was not the practice to make a parson of the biggest fool of the man. In like manner the horse that had been raced out and had become of little use on the flat was tried with a view to hurdling and steeplechasing, but less frequently with success than anticipated; indeed, if it has been demonstrated and ever again that the powers of the thoroughbred are not impaired when he is put to either hurdle-racing or steeplechasing. To become a complete success he must be sound all the way from the start, if high-class achievements are to be made. Many useful horses are drawn from the hack ranks, after being developed in races in which those that have not won a race or race of certain value are designated hack racers. The proportion of winners of our leading jumping races that have begun their careers in this way is fairly large. The hack races very often take a lot of winding, but they are run over suitable distances for beginners and unseasoned horses and are very popular, and it is not to be wondered at that good ones are always being drawn out from amongst the coupletitors. We have only to look at the lists of winners of our leading cross-country events for numerous examples, but it would appear from the entry lists for various meetings this winter that the past season has been a singularly exceptional one, so far only a few hack racers with pretensions to class having been developed. Still, there are here and there some useful horses, and just now there are a few that have been temporarily disabled from continuing their careers, which is bad luck for some of the clubs. The wonder to me is that now the various clubs are giving such good prizes during the winter and throughout the season for hurdle-racing, more owners do not have their young horses schooled for hurdle-racing. The riding fees are reckoned heavy by some owners for hurdle events, and there are more who would lend their patronage to this kind of sport, could the riding fees be made lighter, particularly for hurdle races of small value. In view of the fact that riding fees are double what is charged for racing on the flat, some of the clubs who can afford it and are desirous of encouraging this particular branch of sport might do the same, but at a still lower figure than at present. Jumping

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meas are very interesting to raccoons, and after all accidents over hurdles are comparatively few for the number of such events that are decided during the season.

"Milroy" has the following interesting reference to famous platers. Says that writer: The greatest selling plater in history is the celebrated Hampton. In his early part of his career he was a mere plater, but after falling into the hands of John Nightingall, he developed into the best buyer in England. For the Epsom trainer he won the Great Metropolitan, Goodwood Stakes, Goodwood Cup, Dewey Cup, Northumberland Plate, and the Epsom Gold Cup. In the race last mentioned he beat the French horse Verneuil, who shortly afterwards won the Ascot Gold Cup and Stakes. Hampton was tried over hurdles, and proved himself an adept at the game. His best race in this branch was for the Grand International Hurdle Race, in which he ran second to the greatest of English hurdlers, Chandos, who was imported to this country by Lord Hampton. Lord Hampton was a man of a high position, but who died after two seasons at Ferringhill. Chandos left a few mares behind him, among them Lady Granville, whose daughter Dona is the dam of Dewey. Hampton was also schooled over fences, and he never failed to win a steppechase, a gentleman rider who had ridden him declared positively that the good old son of Lord Clifden would have added a Liverpool Grand National to his laurels had he been permitted over that country. He was a perished race for the horse of Hampton's class taking part in a steppechase! At the stud he sired three Derby winners in Merry Hampton (sire of Drall), Apollo (sire of Ayre Laidie), and Lady. His son Highland Chief, who has beaten a neck on the covered Blue Ribbon by St. Blaise in 1883. Among selling platers Hampton was a brilliant exception. I really they start high in life and finish low. In social (racing) circles the notorious Kanooial (not the one with such a flourish of trumpets that a soft brained son of a noble English house gave 12,500 guineas for him, but the horse was never worth half the odd he was given for) was a high pedestal to the lowest of selling platers, and thence he drifted into the shafts of a cab, thus ending his days in miserable drudgery. In our selling plate days we never had any thing but Australian platers within my knowledge. If he could be called such, was Cerise and Blue. This marvellous pony—she could easily go under 14.2—showed good form in the country, and Mr. Thompson brought her to the metropolis with the view of running the Hawkesbury Handicap and the Metropolitan, but she ran badly, and finished up in a selling race, for which she started at 20 to 1 and won easily. A little while after this she was bought by a man who had her with her at Rosehill, and later on she won the Sydney Cup and finished for the levitation bookmaker a fortune in bets. Cerise and Blue was made V.R.C. autumn meeting in 1896, when she ran second to the mighty Malua in the Australian Cup, and after a long journey in the train she was taken out of the horse box, and within an hour started for a race which had her with her at Rosehill. She died at Liverpool, and her owner, who had Cerise and Blue been pensioned, the Sydney Cup should have surely gone to the unlucky diverter.

A correspondent who has seen a good deal of racing in Europe and Australia writes of "Milroy" of the "Sydney Mail" to support the idea of restricting two-year-olds to races under selling conditions from October till the A.J.C. summer meeting. He holds that owners will not risk the loss of their old horses in operation all over Australia, the best would not be run off their legs in the first half of the season. Should the authorities at any time move in this direction with a view of restricting the A.J.C. to the continuation of "Milroy," my correspondent suggests that any surplus over the selling price should not go to the club, as hitherto, but should be divided between the owner of the winner and the owner of the loser. Though the objection to the old principle of selling races, by which the clubs calmly gathered in the surplus money over the selling price, a few owners and trainers to whom I have spoken on the subject agree with the correspondent's views. Under these conditions owners would have an opportunity of picking up the cost of a moderate and passing it on, and if there were good money in the market for the horse a fair share of it would go into his pocket instead of going towards covering the profit of the race. Though the idea of the writer is a good one, the object would be defeated if the A.J.C. did move in the direction indicated unless the V.R.C. worked in harmony with it. The only objection to the A.J.C. selling regulations regarding two-year-olds while the big Melbourne clubs hang up their tails for them. If the two-year-old door is closed to the Sydney owners they will take their youngsters to Melbourne and race them off there. The result of the selling races reminds one of many barefaced rams and some amusing squels in connection with them. In days gone by one could race a Carbine at some of the Melbourne suburban tracks without fear of losing him to the owner. The horse was entered to be sold for £25, and was promptly knocked down to the owner at the upset price, though there were gamblers present who would have given £2000 for him if there were any chance of his race being sold. The horse did not decline the handicapper, an expected, for instead of getting in somewhere

near the hunt in the Newmarket it was allotted set, much to the disgust of all concerned. According to an exchange a case on all four with this was reported from New Orleans (U.S.). A smart filly was a selling race, but before any of the sharps around the ring made a bid the auctioneer disposed of her in the following cool manner: He said, "Now, look here, gentlemen, there's a filly by the name Tom out of the way of the account to be sold at 30000d, but if you look at that off-fore-leg you'll see she's likely to break down any time, and carrying more'n 90lb will break her heart. When I think of it, I don't believe there's any one here can afford to keep any filly like this over the water, so I'll just knock her down to the owner, who, I dare say, will do his best for her."

A writer in the English "Live Stock Journal" states that M. de Saussure's account of a race meeting in 1728 gives us a good idea of the sport as it appeared to a stranger who could only describe what he saw and repeat what he heard. He did not know the English language well but also help to explain the mistakes he makes. He says: "Racehorses are of a particular breed. Their mothers are English and their sires Arab. Most of these horses are worth as much as £200. Their appearance is very elegant, supple, and slender. They must be fed with particular care, and differently from other horses, for they are very delicate. Reason is held on horses' heads, and their feet is marked by five stars sunk into the ground at certain distances. Two pillars are erected facing each other. On either of these is a seat where the judges sit, and from where they can see the whole of the race. It is from between these pillars that the horses start, their heads not passing each other's. It is also here that the races begin and end. The saddles are very small, and before the races commence they are weighed, and the public who support it in such a lavish way want to see the Caribees and Wakefuls of the day running in it. Were a handicapper to absolutely crush the good ones—some of them have been given positive weights in the last few years—he would soon become unpopular with his committee, as well as the public, and judging by their defeats this season, Wakeful, The Victory, and Abundance do not require much crushing. It is all very well to say every horse should be given a chance. That theory may apply in second class races. If owners of good horses enter them for third class races, let them be crushed, but if owners of second rate suburban horses choose to start after Melbourne Cups, the race should not be spoilt in their interests. They are in their wrong class, and cannot be considered when the handicapper has to work with a 100 lb minimum. Such a meeting held into two lots, as is done with the Oakleigh Plate and other races. As usual, New South Wales owners have nominated freely, but New Zealand sportsmen hold their own. Such a crowd would recall the days when New Zealand had a Champion Race, which attracted Mormon and other cranks from Australia, but it is not likely Mr Macdonald and Mr Phillips will send their horses so far. There is enough for them to do at Randwick and Flemington."

"At a certain signal the horses start and run two miles round the marked circuit. At the beginning the jockeys sometimes hold their horses back whilst they watch their rivals. As the race begins the race they press as much as possible, and a race is often won by the skill of the rider. The horses run twice round the circuit. This is termed a heat. You would hardly believe that the horses could endure four miles in ten or twelve minutes, and sometimes even less. They go so fast that when they pass before you, they seem to y like the bolt of a cross bow. They do not stretch themselves out much, but they show the legs with their remarkable speed and agility. When a race is over, the horses are covered with sweat and perspiration. The jockeys get off, throw a rug over them, and lead them about for about half an hour. Another race is then run, and sometimes a third. The horse that has won two heats out of three carries off the prize."

The writer referred to—he was a young man of two or three and twenty—formed his own high opinion of English horses. "One cannot help admiring them," he says, "for they are excellent. When you travel on horseback in England it is always at a trot or a gallop, and Englishmen hardly know what it is to go at a foot pace. Naturally, in this way, you travel very rapidly. Soon after my arrival in England, wishing to ride to Guildford, which town is thirty miles distant from London, I went to a horse dealer and told him I would have a horse for two or three days. This man told me that he had no business to keep me at Guildford I could easily return the same day, and he offered me a sorry looking animal that did not look like a horse at all. I expostulated, but he told me to let it be, as he would have I was not to press and not to stop it, and that I might be assured I should be satisfied. In truth, I got to Guildford early in the day, stopped there a few hours, and then I had to return to London in the evening. My horse never stopped going at a hand gallop both there and back, excepting on the stones and on the pavement, and there I had to let him walk, but he would have been impossible to go faster; but as soon as he was on the roads he started off at a gallop without a word from me, and required no persuasion either with the whip or the spur. This little episode surprised me, but I did not know the worth of English horses."

Have for years past expressed the opinion that the English horses should not be given the big weights that have been allotted in the colonies in leading handicap races, in order to give the owners of the fourth rates encouragement to go on maintaining, and trying to win such events. As good ones with reasonable racing instincts remained in. Many years ago when racehorses were few in number, big weights were dealt out to the cracks of their time in our sister colonies, and they used to come to the front more often than the "Father Time" division. Ever though the minimum was a stone less than it is at the present time. Racing, however, saw a change as years rolled on, and the minimum was not only raised, but the number of the races was multiplied, and the heavy speaking, the weights to which handicappers thought proper to go were considerably reduced. Under such lower maximums adopted, it has been shown that the best horses of their day would have proved wrong in practice. From the year

Caroline won the Melbourne Cup, carrying 10.5, in record time, and the presence on the turf of so many doughty sons of Murel, or grandsons of the famous horse, to some extent, to the custom of earlier days; indeed, we have during the past few years in New Zealand seen our two, three, and four year olds handicapped at weights so high as were never allotted in the sister colonies. It is about three years ago, for instance, we had a champion of more mature years in Advance started in a cup race with the crusher of 11.3 on his back, a weight no horse ever carried successfully, or was ever started with in any long distance race of the importance of a Wanganui Cup, since racing commenced in the colonies. Only once within my knowledge was ever such a weight dealt out to a racehorse, and that was about thirty-four years ago, when The Barb, another "black demon"—talked of by colonials at the time as the best horse in the world—received 11.7 for the Melbourne Cup. At the time he had been actually retired for some time, and was supposed to be a few months past his colour in his history of 10 years. He had about three years previously won the race carrying 6.11. Many regarded the impost of 11.7 as one given out of compliment to the horse, and though some persons would not have been found backing their idols at such a high price, the time were never tired of singing the praises of Mr Tait's wonderful little horse, still the majority of practical racing men and scribes looked upon his treatment of The Barb as excessive. He would not have carried such a weight he would have no earthly chance. Referring to the entries for the Melbourne Cup this year, the "Australasian" endorses my sentiments on the subject of handicapping, and thoroughly that I have pleasure in quoting from its columns. Says the editor: "That there are also a great many that cannot possibly have a show in the list goes without saying. It is quite impossible to give the duffers a chance in such a high price, and the public who support it in such a lavish way want to see the Caribees and Wakefuls of the day running in it. Were a handicapper to absolutely crush the good ones—some of them have been given positive weights in the last few years—he would soon become unpopular with his committee, as well as the public, and judging by their defeats this season, Wakeful, The Victory, and Abundance do not require much crushing. It is all very well to say every horse should be given a chance. That theory may apply in second class races. If owners of good horses enter them for third class races, let them be crushed, but if owners of second rate suburban horses choose to start after Melbourne Cups, the race should not be spoilt in their interests. They are in their wrong class, and cannot be considered when the handicapper has to work with a 100 lb minimum. Such a meeting held into two lots, as is done with the Oakleigh Plate and other races. As usual, New South Wales owners have nominated freely, but New Zealand sportsmen hold their own. Such a crowd would recall the days when New Zealand had a Champion Race, which attracted Mormon and other cranks from Australia, but it is not likely Mr Macdonald and Mr Phillips will send their horses so far. There is enough for them to do at Randwick and Flemington."

The subject of two-year-old racing has been receiving a good deal of attention of late in the colonies as well as elsewhere. An exchange mentions that the Americans are beginning to realize the evil effects of racing two-year-olds, the dearth of entries for the valuable stakes provided by the leading clubs for horses three years old and over having thrust that fact prominently before them. "On the Continent," says the "Horseman," "the opposite has been the

custom, with the result that in France the number of first-class aged horses is very large, much larger in proportion than is the case across the Channel. On the face of it, this would seem to prove the fact that breeders in this country and England are making too much use of the young horse. There are those who take exception to this, but the weight of evidence appears to be against the too frequent racing of colts, especially in their two-year-old form. There is not quite the same comparison to be made between the racing of young trotters and breeders as there is between the thoroughbred race in different countries, but in this connection it is interesting to note that the racing of colts has been quite generally abandoned by the leading breeders of the light harness horse. Several years ago yearling and two-year-old stakes were to be frequently found on the stakes programme of the leading racing associations. Today there are practically no yearling races, and but very few two-year-old events, and of the latter but one or two develop any general interest on the part of either the breeders or the public. A few of the breeders of trotters went so far when the restrictions against the racing of youngsters commenced, that they ceased entirely in making entries in the Futurity. This plan worked to the satisfaction of the breeders so long as they were able to race their own horses, but when breeding operations became so large that the youngsters had to be disposed of at public sale, the breeders found that colts which were not entered in the leading Futurity failed to bring the price which their breeding would have secured, and compared with colts of at least no better breeding, which were liberally engaged. As a rule, however, the trotting-bred youngsters are not raced to an extent that does them any material damage, and powder near as much as the two and three year olds on the running turf. The worst feature in connection with the racing of youngsters of either breed does not appear on the surface. In preparing the colts for their stakes, there is some material damage to their health in their preparation of which the public has not know nothing. This loss is felt later in the death of really good aged horses, able to stand a season's campaign. The managers of the tracks over which the thoroughbred race are commencing to feel this state of affairs quite keenly, but, thanks to the conservatism of the breeder of the trotter, there is not the same trouble confronting the managers of the light harness tracks." Sir Joseph Hawley, one of the greatest turf men in the English calendar, who has been the best judge of racing and racehorses in his time, was a strong opponent of early two-year-old racing. He won the Derby four times, but none of his winners were brilliant two-year-olds—in fact, three of them were next to useless at that age, but Blue Gown, his fourth Derby winner, won three races at a two-year-old late in the season. The training and racing of two-year-olds early in the season Sir Joseph denounced as a "wasting of money." He was 30 years ago. "What would he have said had he lived to the present day? About 30 years ago Sir Joseph wrote to the English Jockey Club in these terms: "The annual destruction of two-year-old material leaves us with less proportionate stock on hand for three-year-old racing, and towards the end of the fourth year—when maturity can be said to have been reached—there is a dearth of first-class animals never before paralleled. To offer inducements which create animals especially adapted for early races, but very little good afterwards, seems to me suicidal. The Legislature says that it is for the good of all that there should be a close time. They enjoy the owner of property to disregard his yearling property interests, and to refrain from killing his own salmon and his own partridges within certain periods. Again, to use an analogy more like the present, they prevent child, father, and employer alike from unduly taxing youthful energy by overwork at an early age. What is this but interfering with private rights for public good? It is because Parliament is supposed, in its collective capacity, to be removed from the influence of individual prejudice or in-

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terrest that all of us acquiesce in what is done to restrain us for our good. No man is a safe judge of what is best for his future interests when present gain comes in question.

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

(By Telegraph.—Special to "Graphic")

CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday.

Canteen has resumed work at Wingatui. He looks wonderfully hearty after his spell.

The obstacle which I feared would cut short the career of the Forbury Park Racing Club has been surmounted. An agreement has been arrived at, under which the club will have the use of the course for a rent of £30 per day. It intends to race on three days next season—August 27, November 26, and March 23.

Musketry, who was leased to a North Island breeder last season, is back at Riccarton. If he is not sold it is the intention of his owner, Mr J. E. Ross, to send him to another part of the colony next season.

One of Mr Stead's fillies, a daughter of Mulliform and Suray, had the bad luck to injure herself the other day. It is not expected that the injury will affect her racing power.

The yearling sister to Vladimir, and the yearling half-brother by Lord Rosslyn to Pampero, have joined McGuinness's stable at Wingatui. The former has been named "Taa," and the latter "Puaa."

Toney, who won a race at the North-Otago Jockey Club's meeting last week, is a son of Cabotry, the speedy son of Apremont and Ebor, and won the Dundig Champagne Stakes and a number of jumping races.

H. J. Marr, an Australian trainer, has taken up his quarters at the famous Russley estate. Marr is owner of the Lochiel stallion Lord Loch, of whose arrival at Christchurch I notified you a little while ago.

Lady Rosslyn and Noblessa have ended their racing careers, and have left McGuinness's stable for the Hon. G. McLean's stud farm. The former is to visit Stenulak, and the latter Lord Rosslyn.

A colt by Musketry from the Custrasser—Blant mare Seelin, has joined Lewis's stable at Riccarton.

Zealous is being schooled over hurdles. She was given her first jump a few days ago, and acquitted herself most creditably.

Mr C. S. Fraser has succeeded Mr G. P. Wood as secretary to the South Otago Jockey Club. At the annual meeting of the club, held last night, the balance sheet showed the net receipts to have been £1920, and net expenditure £1743. The net profit was £177, as against a loss of £120 on the previous year. The loss was attributed to changes in dates to suit the agricultural show. The club's cash balance is £198.

CHRISTCHURCH, Tuesday.

Catherine Gordon fell while being schooled one morning last week, and her rider, H. Donovan, received a nasty shaking.

Social Pest and Sultans were schooled at the fences on Wednesday. The latter fenced capitally, but Social Pest, after jumping in a slovenly manner, came to grief at the post and rails. The same morning Khaki and Wet Blanket were schooled over the hurdles. The latter hit the obstacle, and cut one of his legs, though not seriously.

Bombardo, Blow Tom, Sultans, Social Pest, Khaki, Benzoin, Windwhistle, and Goldenmere are all doing strong work with a view of the Wellington meeting.

W. McDonald, the local trainer, who has been on a visit to the North Island, has returned to Riccarton.

Cyclas Parva has resumed work.

The Christchurch Hunt Club will hold a point to point steeplechase next Saturday for a cup presented by Mr G. G. Eiad.

I regret very much to have to chronicle a severe piece of bad luck which has befallen that plucky breeder, Mr J. B. Reid. Mr Reid had this season half a dozen exceptionally promising yearlings. Some of them caught cold, and as a precaution Mr Reid dosed the lot. As a result all fell very ill, and two colts by Saint Ilario, one out of Marlin, and the other from Sequin, died. Unfortunately the Marlin colt was the pick of the lot.

The Ashburton County Racing Club ended the season with a credit balance of £100 17/6. The stakes for the coming season will be the same as last year's.

Mr J. B. N. Grigg has been elected president of the N.Z. Metropolitan Trotting Club. Trotting has had a particularly good season. The report and balance sheet to be presented at its annual meeting shows it has made a profit of no less than £2295 11/7. The year opened with a deficit of £1117 12/6, and closed with a credit balance of £1225 19/8. The receipts from the tote amounted to over £8000, and the gate receipts to £2316 7/. The sum of £6931 was distributed in stakes.

The Hon. Geo. McLean has sold Vladimir to Mr L. C. Haggitt. The price has not been disclosed, but the consignment will be managed by Rutledge.

Mr S. B. Myers, a member of the committee of the Dunedin J.C., is about to leave on a trip to Fiji and other islands. He will be away for about two months. Mr Bullock, another member of the committee, leaves to-day (Tuesday) on a visit to Hobart.

Trouble is threatened between the Forbury Park Company and the St. Kilda Borough Council. The latter body is demanding rent for a portion of the racecourse, which it declares encroaches on the roadway, and as the company refuse to pay, has instructed its clerk to remove the company's boundary fence.

HAWKE'S BAY JOCKEY CLUB'S WINTER MEETING.

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

Trial Steeplechase Handicap of 50sovs, 2 miles.—Frost 11.3, Light 10.13, The Gryphon 10.12, Hurricane 10.8, Smithy 10.8, Eucharist 10.2, Umlouppagan 9.9, Benedictine 9.7. Winter Handicap of 100sovs, 1 mile and a furlong.—H.N. 10.9, A 10.4, Curran 10.4, Tradewind 10.2, Menura 11.2, Eland 9.8, Muirove 9.7, Wainoo 9.7, One-shoot 9.3, Hemulua 9.0, Kohupapa 9.0, Fireway 9.0, Rapida 9.0.

Hack Handicap Hurdle Race of 50sovs, 1 1/2 mile.—Bugs 12.0, Oracle 10.4, Comfort 10.0, Ogle 9.10, Hinekura 9.10, In the Van 9.3, Waireka 9.3, Sloughina 9.0, Taimoa 9.0, Evening 9.0.

Hawke's Bay Hurdles of 200sovs, about 2 miles.—Murry Boy 10.0, Howelot 9.12, Kauruval 9.9, Meteor 9.0, Hurricane 9.0, Mourner 9.0, Cobra 9.0.

Hunt Club Steeplechase Handicap of 50sovs, about 2 1/2 miles.—Drags 11.11, Counterline 11.7, Benedictine 11.0, Garou 11.0, Guu Metal 11.0, The Guu 11.0, Hiarval 11.0. Corathian Stakes Handicap of 50sovs, 1 1/2 mile.—Hardwork 12.7, Mongouvi 11.10, Muskerton 10.11, Andree 10.10, Borax 10.10, Reclol 10.9, Kilo 10.0, Nadado 10.0, Sleepwell 10.0, Roka 10.0, Anadeja 10.0.

The following are the weights for the Ladies' Bracelet, 2 miles.—Borax 12.3, Repulse 12.3, Defoe 12.3, Creusot 11.12, Tigritona 11.12. April 11.12. Hawke's Bay Steeplechase of 300sovs, 3 1/2 miles.—Pipi 10.8, Frost 9.13, Jack-o'-Lantern 9.11, The Gryphon 9.7, Light 9.7, Cronje 9.7.

Rider's Terrible Injury.

Mr S. J. Morgan, of Woodville, who some time ago met with a terrible accident whilst riding, has given full particulars to the local press. "I was out as usual riding through the bush," said he, "when my horse somehow stumbled. I was unprepared for the shock, and was thrown against a bank of earth with the horse partly on top of me. My leg was severely jammed between the embankment and the horse's body. I received a terrible shaking. My whole nervous system was thoroughly upset. I began to suffer from debility and insomnia, and," added Mr S. J. Morgan, who lives in Palmerston Road, Woodville, "but for Dr. Williams' pink pills I would still be a weak, decrepit wreck. Even the smell of food made me sick, and I got very thin and low spirited. Both blood and nerves were hopelessly out of order. Well, at last I tried these pills, and they did strengthen me wonderfully. I had been troubled with terrible pain in my leg, but this gradually went away, and soon I had the full use of it again. Dr. Williams' pink pills," continued Mr Morgan, "filled my veins with new, pure blood, braced up my nerves, strengthened my spine, and brought me back to perfect health. They're the greatest blood-builder and nerve- tonic in the world. I am so hale and hearty now that I never feel the slightest ill-effect from my terrible accident."



SPRING GRIP DUMB-BELL

Ladies and Gentlemen, I fear there has been some misunderstanding as regards the method of using my

PHYSICAL CULTURE APPLIANCES. In the first instance, my SPRING GRIP DUMB BELL should be used according to the Charts accompanying it. This gives an accurate and scientific development of every muscle of the body, rendering them firm and strong, and my DEVELOPER, or OBESITY REDUCER, should be used afterwards in conjunction with the Grip Dumb-bell. Obtainable from all Sports Departments, Ironmongers, and Storekeepers throughout New Zealand.

Clark's World-Famed Blood-Mixture.—The most searching Blood-Cleaner that science and medical skill have brought to light. Sufferers from Scrofula, Scurvy, Leucemia, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Bores of any kind are solicited to give it a trial to test its value. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. Bottles 2s 6d each, sold everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.



GOLF NOTES.

(By Stoney Dead.)

The excitement last week in golfing circles was the extraordinary general meeting held on Saturday night. The meeting was called for a quarter to eight, and it was ten o'clock before all the business was finished.

At the annual general meeting held a short time back certain alterations in subscriptions were made which did not meet with the approval of the club as a whole. Consequently Mr Arthur Robertson took the matter in hand, and sent in a requisition, which was freely signed, to hold an extraordinary general meeting.

Before the annual meeting the committee had given notice of their intention to move at that meeting that the annual subscription should be increased.

The attendance at the annual meeting was not as full as it might have been. The official returns, as shown by votes, gives it at 15. Personally, I thought the attendance was larger, but that is immaterial, as there is no doubt that there was not the attendance there should have been, brought about by illness in some cases, and the break-down of the railway service, which prevented the Remuera contingent from attending.

When the committee's motion was moved it read "That the annual subscription be raised to three guineas." A long and very full discussion was raised, and the hon. treasurer and the hon. secretary were each bombarded with questions. The answers to these questions put the matter in the light that at three guineas the club must go to the bad, and at four guineas the committee would have to be economical to make ends meet. An amendment was then put that the annual subscription be four guineas, and after several strong speeches were made it was carried by 8 votes to 7. The fact was that the meeting reckoned up the position of affairs better than the committee did, and this the committee themselves admitted at the extraordinary meeting. Their favourite expression on Saturday night was, "I must eat humble pie."

Then the general meeting attacked the other questions of subscriptions. It was felt by the members that the entrance fee should be lowered. After considerable discussion it was reduced to one guinea, thus making the first year's cost the same under the new subscriptions as under the old. A number of people look on the question of entrance fees to golf clubs from what I consider a wrong point of view. What they say is, "We who have been members for years have suffered great discomforts, and have put up much good money to bring the course to the state it is, and let those who come in now pay for what we have done in the past." This is a truly human proposition, but surely the right way to look at this matter is this: "What money we have expended is gone and cannot be recalled. What we want is new members up till the time that the course is becoming too crowded. The more members we have the more money the committee can spend on the course, and the greater enjoyment we shall take in playing. By all means encourage new members to join, and do not frighten them or prevent any joining by the fact that there is an entrance fee." On this argument perhaps it would be well if there was no entrance fee. A man who is thinking about taking up golf says, "I should like to try this game, but do not know if I will stick to it. Why not join and try the game. It will only cost me the usual subscription for the year, and I can drop out if I don't like it." Once get such a man in and he is hooked; and he is likely to make a trial if it is going to cost him more than it does other men for what he looks upon as a trial season?

There is no question that the annual meeting made an oversight in not dealing with the life membership subscription.

Till Saturday night it stood at 15 guineas. This is out of all proportion to an annual one of four guineas. Consequently the committee were right in the action in putting all obstacles in the way of preventing members becoming life members at 15 guineas. Had they acted ultra vires and declined to elect any member for life till after the extraordinary meeting I feel certain that matters would have been put right by resolution of the club.

The result of Saturday's meeting was this: That had the dissatisfied members been present at the annual meeting they would have voted as the majority at the meeting. To show how right the majority were one must look at the voting. At the first meeting four guineas was carried by the bare majority of 8 to 7. Four weeks' discussion and the lucid explanations of the club's position by the hon. secretary and the hon. treasurer left the motion without a seconder, and it was withdrawn. Though Mr Robertson failed to carry any of his important motions, yet the thanks of all those who have the welfare of the club at heart are due to him. Saturday night's meeting cleared the air in many directions and strengthened the club.

The new business done was that the life membership subscription was raised to 25 guineas. There was a strong party present who wished to do away with life membership altogether, but they were defeated. The same party then tried to make the life membership figure a prohibitive one, viz., 50 guineas. This also was negatived. Perhaps the meeting made one mistake; but it is so small it is hardly worth while discussing. The life membership for non-playing members was raised from 5 to 10 guineas. Considering that only two members have become life members it is a matter for no comment.

There is one matter to which reference was made by the hon. secretary and last year's captain, about which a few remarks will not be out of place. I refer to the up-keep of the greens and how the groundmen put in their time. I will make a bold statement, and it is: "Since the introduction of golf to courses where any considerable amount of labour is required there never has been one single club where a complaint has not been made that the committee are not getting the equivalent in work from the groundmen to the wages they are drawing." The reason for this is that unless one is an extraordinary close observer one never notices what work has been done. I remember this fact being brought home to me on an English course, where for some days three men were weeding on one large green. This is very slow and tiresome work, as the man uses a weeder shaped like a table fork. I passed these men twice a day for some days, and really could not see any result of their work. Yet they had been working steadily the whole time. The hon. secretary pointed out how rolling work had been done last week at the ninth hole, and asked how many had noticed. I don't suppose anyone who was unaware of the work having been done had the slightest idea that it had been done.

On Saturday several matches were played for the Hanna prizes. In the senior division Mr Peele played Mr J. Burns, and beat him very comfortably. Mr Peele played a good game, and if he plays against Mr Hooper in the final as well as he did with Mr Burns he will have a good show of winning. In the junior division, Dr. Lewis had a very close match with Mr P. Upton, getting home by one at the 18th. Mr W. E. Bruce and Mr C. Heather had a hard tussle. They were all square at the 18th, and Mr Heather won the 19th. Mr Bruce was very unlucky in being hit by his own ball at the second hole. He played a shot near the rocks, and the ball rebounded from a rock and hit him so severe a blow on the ankle that he was limping for the rest of the afternoon.

The Rules Committee of the R. and A. Club, of St. Andrew's, has finally given the following decision on the question of whether the cored ball shall be universally allowed or not: "The time has not arrived when the Royal and Ancient Club should legislate on the kind of ball to be used." Thus this momentous question which has provoked an enormous amount of discussion has finally been set at rest. I notice that Taylor, who has been consistently the strongest opponent to the cored ball, now always uses one in his important matches.

The committee of the club have under consideration the question of appointing the younger Hood as caddie master. If they do so, I am sure the members will willingly pay the extra penny which goes to pay the caddie master, in consideration of how much better they will find their caddies owing to the fact that there would then be some real control over the boys. Nearly every club has its caddie master, and the institution is invariably found to work well.

Talking of caddies, I am reminded of two stories about them. A certain London divine is an enthusiastic golf player. A few years ago he was playing at Sandwick, accompanied by a caddie who was no mean player. The divine made ready for a terrific drive, but only succeeded in topping the ball. Of course he could not use the universal mono-syllable, so all he could say was "Sh-sh-sh-sh!" This relieved his feelings. Then he had another try. This time he scraped up a yard or two of turf, and once more he relieved his pent-up soul by sh-sh-ing. For the third time he teed his ball; for the third time hopelessly fooled; and for the third time let off his steam by "Sh-sh-sh!" The caddie could stand it no longer. "Man," he exclaimed, "sh-sh-sh-sh won't send that ball where you want it to go." The other one happened at Littlestone, where the caddies are extremely independent. Descended, as they are, from a lawless band of smugglers, they literally don't care tuppence what they say. In a foursome one day a particularly independent one was carrying for the only duffer of the four players. It happened that the duffer played up to the standard of the others for the first few holes, and his caddy remarked at each shot, "That's good for us." Then came the inevitable, hopeless fizzle, at which the caddie remarked, "That's more our style."

MOTORING NOTES.

(By "Sparkling Plug.")

Drivers of motor cars in and about Auckland will be confronted daily with the trouble of our roads. The word "roads," which I have just used, is much too good a name to employ—I really mean those places whereon vehicles of all kinds are supposed to proceed, and which our various Road Boards have designated roads. If one thinks of all the various highways and bye-ways in and around our city there are extremely few that can be called good, and in this our winter-time, they become terrible. Apart from the mud and slush present at this time of the year there are numerous hints to be given to motorists.

UNEVENNESS OF ROADS.

Unless you see in front of you a stretch of road of very fine evenness of surface do not put your car into full speed gear. The continual bumping, if it does not break a spring, will most assuredly shake things loose, and certainly lessen the life of a car. Therefore, do not drive furiously, even if the road is clear for you, unless it be smooth and free from hollows and depressions.

Team Lines.—Shun team lines as you'd shun the devil. In wet weather they cause "skidding" and "side slipping," and in fine, dry weather they are very apt to cut the tyres and destroy their smooth surface. Talking of "skidding" and slipping brings me now to asphalt pavements, watering carts, slight showers of rain and clay mud, all these may be the cause of this most dangerous mishap. We have seen motors in Queen-street describe an almost complete circle owing to their drivers driving too quickly on a wet day and attempting to use their pedal brake to check the speed of the car. Do not do this. If one travels in town travel slowly; do not put speed on. A good plan is to take the car out of gear altogether, allowing it to travel by its own weight with an occasional touch on the half, or full speed gear. Keep your foot over

the pedal brake, not on it, and, if necessary, use it very gradually and very slowly. Of course if you must put the brake hard down to escape accident, then the "side-slip" must be risked.

Watering Carts and Slight Showers of Rain.—In summer time with thick dust upon the roads a thin layer of soft mud is caused by these two factors, which, being super-imposed upon the hard underlying surface, is very apt to cause "skidding."

Clay-mud.—By this is meant that mud consisting of clay, soft, greasy, sloppy and sticky, which we so often meet with on our country roads. Some hills, the surfaces of which are composed of this clay-mud, are absolutely unclimbable, even by a very powerful 15-22 h.p. car. The remedy is simple—carry a few old sacks. When these hills are met with wrap pieces of sack around your tyres. The effect is wonderful—the wheels grip and up goes the car.

Driving at Night.—The law states that "from one hour after sunset to one hour before dawn, the motor-car must carry a white light on the 'off' side of the car, visible for a reasonable distance in which the car is proceeding or is intended to proceed." Motorists will do well to carry three lamps, one on the "off" and one on the "near" side, exhibited for the sake of the general traffic, and one in the centre of his car low down in front in order to illuminate the roadway. Should fog or mist be present he or she will do well to swathe one of his lamps, say the "off" side one, in a single layer of white cotton handkerchief. This plan serves to soften the light, and helps to diffuse it through the surrounding fog, making it easier for the driver.

CRICKET.

DISTRICT SCHEME ADOPTED.

There was a very large attendance of delegates to the Auckland Cricket Association at the Amateur Sports Club on Wednesday, when the report of the sub-committee appointed to deal with the district scheme came up for consideration. Mr. C. W. Hemery occupied the chair. The sub-committee recommended that district clubs be formed; that the districts be City, Pongsonby, Eden, Grafton, East and North Shore; that the boundaries be defined as per plans, with a ten mile radius from the Auckland post-office; that all players residing outside the districts mentioned shall require the permission of the committee of the Auckland Cricket Association before being allowed to play for any district.

A motion to defer the question to a meeting of all cricketers was rejected after some discussion, and the recommendation to adopt the district scheme was carried unanimously, amid applause.

The next question was that of the admission of the Auckland University College as a district. Mr. R. B. Lusk moving pro forma in this direction. The admission was urged in an eloquent speech by Mr. M. Walker, but was opposed by the Chairman and other speakers. The meeting rejected the proposal by a very large majority.

The other recommendations of the committee were then adopted, with the exception of the boundaries of the Eden and Pongsonby districts, which were referred back to the sub-committee for minor alterations.

A committee consisting of the Management Committee and the sub-committee were appointed to revise the Association's rules, and report to a future meeting.

FOOTBALL.

AUCKLAND CHAMPIONSHIPS.

END OF FIRST SENIOR ROUND.

There was a very good attendance at Alexandra Park on Saturday afternoon, when the last series of the first round of the Rugby Union senior championships were played. The match in front of the grandstand provided a close struggle between Grafton and Pongsonby. The latter team were leading at half time, but Grafton scored two tries in the second half of the game, and won by 8 points to 3. On No. 2 ground, City beat Suburbs easily by 22 points to nil; and on No. 3 ground, Newtown beat Parnell by 13 points to nil. The result of the first round is that City lead for the championship.

SOUTHERN MATCHES.

WELLINGTON FOOTBALL.

A drizzle which set in shortly after the games started on Saturday made the going heavy and the ball greasy to handle. Pongsonby defeated Oriental by 6 to nil, securing a try towards the end of the first spell, which Wallace converted. Old Boys and Wellington played a fast and interesting game, the latter tally being 22 points all. Mores beat Athletic by 13 points to nil. Peterson, G. Spencer, and Dobbins scored tries, one being converted by G. Spencer.

CHRISTCHURCH FOOTBALL.

The weather on Saturday was all that could be wished for football, but the grounds at Lancaster Park were by no means in good order, the recent rains having left them very heavy and slippery. The attendance, though not so large as on the previous Saturday, was very good. The attention of the spectators was directed chiefly to the Linwood-Christchurch game, which was won by the former team by 9 points to 3. Sydenham and Mervale made a hard fight of it, the former winning by one point. The third match, Albion v. Lyttelton, was not played, as the Lyttelton Club was unable to place a team in the field. Albion therefore won by default. Old Boys and Canterbury College met at the North Park, the collegeans winning by 12 points to nil. The champion teams now are: Albion 7, Sydenham 6, Christchurch 4, Linwood 5, Mervale 3, Old Boys 2, Canterbury College 2, Lyttelton 1.

DUNEDIN FOOTBALL.

In the senior football matches on Saturday University (13) beat Southern (3), Kaitiaki (12) beat Union (10), Zingari (9) beat Dunedin (nil), Athlona (13) beat Pirates (nil).

NEW ZEALAND TEAM FOR AUSTRALIA.

The four representatives appointed by the New Zealand Rugby Union to select twenty-two players to represent the colony in the tour of New South Wales and Queensland have chosen the following players:—Backs: B. McGregor, Asher, and Kiernan (Auckland); Wallace (Wellington); D. McGregor, Wood and Harvey (Canterbury); Stalker and Duncan (Otago); Stead (Southland). Forwards: Tyler, D. Galacher, Nicholson, and Long (Auckland); Armstrong, Udy, and McLean (Waikarapa); J. Spencer (Wellington); Cook and Fanning (Canterbury); Porteous and Given (Otago).

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The Russian Government is building three fast torpedo boats to strengthen the Black Sea fleet.

The mountaineer bandits at Zeenat have captured Mr Harris, the "Times" correspondent at Tangiers.

Mr Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, has conceded the abolition of perpetual rent charge under the Irish Land Bill.

The cold store of the Imperial Food Supplies Company at Nottingham has been opened. The building has a capacity of 60,000 cubic feet.

Fifty hundred persons were drowned in the floods at Heppner, in Oregon (U.S.A.). The damage is estimated at a million dollars.

A cloud burst in the Western State of Oregon, flooding a creek, and a torrent swept over the residential parts of the villages of Heppner, Olgon and Lenington. It is estimated that 450 people have been drowned.

Complaints are made that recent arrivals of New Zealand meat were damaged by the use of inferior ink-branding wrappers. The assessors allowed 1½d to 3d per stone on many carcasses.

The reports from the meteorological stations of the London County Council show that five inches of rain have fallen in London in the present month of June, and that of this the greater part fell during the past week.

It is announced in connection with the approaching visit of the United States squadron to Kiel in connection with the German celebrations, that the fleet will afterwards proceed to Portsmouth, where a week will be spent before returning to America.

The Conference of the Allied Colonial Universities will discuss at their meeting the co-ordination of University education throughout the Empire, and the development of post graduate courses in applied science, and other subjects of common concern.

**GENERAL CABLES.**

**PREFERENTIAL TRADE.**

The Opposition has decided not to propose a vote of censure on Mr Chamberlain's policy owing to the unity of the Unionist Party in favour of an inquiry. They prefer to begin the campaign in the country.

Mr Balfour has announced that the various departments concerned have begun their inquiry into the fiscal system. The Government does not propose to lay down any limitations to the inquiry.

**IRISH LAND BILL.**

The Irish Land Bill is being considered in committee in the House of Commons. Mr John Redmond's amendment to abolish the maximum limits of rent reduction and extend the minimum to which the bill has hitherto restricted the Commissioners was rejected by 217 to 170.

A lively debate took place in the course of which Mr Redmond threatened that if the interests of the Irish people were not better safeguarded he would not consider that the bill was fulfilling his hopes of settling the land question.

It is rumoured in the lobbies that if the member for Waterford city persists in his attitude the bill is likely to be dropped, inasmuch as it was offered on the understanding that it would be accepted as a generous attempt to settle the land question.

Eighty Liberals voted with the minority. The "Times" says the result was a foregone conclusion.

**MOKAU ESTATE.**

A fresh attempt which has been made to sell by auction in July next the well-known Mokau estate in New Zealand, which has for many years formed the

subject of litigation, has led Mr Henry Labouchere, M.P., the editor of "Truth," to publish in his paper a strong article on the issues involved.

He warns all intending purchasers to keep free of any transaction in the matter, as Mr Flower holds the estate solely as a trustee for Mr Jones, whose name is so closely associated with the earlier stages of the proceedings.

**ENTENTE CORDIALE.**

One hundred and fifty members of Parliament, representing commercial interests irrespective of party, have invited the French International Arbitration group of deputies to visit London with a view to the development of a movement in favour of conciliation and of strengthening friendly commercial ties between the two countries.

**FATAL MOTOR RACE.**

M. Lorraine and Mr Barrow, two of the competitors, succumbed to the effects of the injuries they received during the recent Paris to Madrid Motor Race.

While driving at a rate of 80 miles an hour they tried to avoid a dog, and ran against a tree with terrific force.

**SOMALILAND.**

General Manning's despatches, covering a period to the 15th inst., have now been received at Bohotle. At the latter place a flying column is being held in readiness in case the reconnoitring parties should indicate that the effective co-operation of the two forces is possible.

The position of the Mullah remains doubtful. It was last reported that he was at Lasuban, a place three miles west of Damot, and therefore six or seven miles south of Bohotle, with a party of riflemen on a low hill to the south, and a thousand horsemen. The latter were seen to be watching General Manning's movements. Damot was reported safe up to the 16th inst.

It is officially stated that to the 14th inst. 36 officers and 937 men of General Manning's force had reached Bohotle. It thus seems clear that this division is making inland, and through districts where the enemy is in vast numerical superiority, instead of returning to the coast in accordance with the War Office instructions.

**GERMAN POLITICS.**

The chief issue of the German elections is the future Customs policy of the Government.

The leaders of the iron, electric, cotton and wool industries are hoping there will be delay in the realisation of Mr Chamberlain's policy, and are striving for the return of the non-Protectionist candidates. There will be 180 second ballots as compared with 95 in the elections of 1898. The Social Democrats secured 55 seats at the first ballots, as compared with 32 in 1898. This success is at the expense of the Radicals, and is attributed to the tariff issue and the Kaiser's interference with the parties.

The Freisinnigs, or Radical party, has been almost annihilated. Saxony voted solidly Red—a fact which is attributed to the effects of the Royal scandal. The Socialist vote at Essen was 22,000 as compared with 4400 last election, and at Duisburg 25,000, compared with 7800; Bochum 40,000, compared with 22,000; and Berlin 100,000 above the vote of 1898; and Saxony 100,000 above all the other parties combined.

Many thousands of voters who were not Socialists supported the Socialists as representing the Empire's one effective party of opposition.

**SERBIAN REVOLUTION.**

As was expected, Prince Peter Karageorgevitch has been unanimously elected King by the Skuptschina, or National Parliament of Serbia. There were great rejoicings and one hundred and one guns were fired when he accepted the crown. He has notified the Tsar, Italy and Montenegro, but, so far as is known, not Austria, of his decision.

Prince Peter, replying to M. Avakumovitch, the Premier, said: "I am deeply touched by the splendid proofs of devotion of my beloved people, my faithful army and patriotic Government. From the bottom of a true Serbian's heart I thank Providence, vouchsafing, by God's mercy through His will, to ascend the throne of my famous ancestors."

Lieut. Ivanovitch, of the Sixth Regiment, committed suicide because he was not deemed worthy to participate in the plot to assassinate the King and Queen.

Reuter's despatch says the Servians show utter callousness in regard to the murders, and unreserved admiration of Colonel Maschin and his fellow conspirators.

Mr Balfour in the House of Commons stated that Ministers accredited to King Alexander had terminated their diplomatic relations and future relations were under consideration.

The conspirators allege that the draft of a scheme in King Alexander's handwriting has been found, showing his intention to proclaim Lieutenant Lunyevitch, brother of Queen Draga, his heir, on the 15th inst., and to execute M. Avakumovitch, now Premier, and other leading Radicals.

The election of Prince Peter to the throne of Serbia has evoked the utmost enthusiasm in the principality of Montenegro.

There are clear indications that the army is seeking to perpetuate a dictatorship, with the influence acquired through recent events, and to make King Peter a virtual nonentity in the affairs of government. So great is it expected that the power of the army will be, that it is generally believed that the King, in fear of serious consequences, will grant an amnesty to those involved in the recent massacre.

There is a general tendency to regard the outrages at the Palace as a feat of heroism, and not in any degree as a criminal act. This fact was instanced by the fact that the whole of the Minis-

ters and members of the Skuptschina, together with many officers of the army, and others, attended a thanksgiving service at the Cathedral.

After the singing of the "Te Deum" the Metropolitan arose from his seat in the chancel and addressed the congregation. He first congratulated the Serbian nation on the restoration of the lawful dynasty; then deplored recent events, which the circumstances, he said, had rendered necessary; and eulogised and thanked the army for its action; and finally invoked the blessing of the Almighty upon King Peter Karageorgevitch and his house.

The Skuptschina has granted immunity to the conspirators, and it was stated in the House that King Peter had acquiesced in the taking of this course. The Metropolitan of Servia has refused to allow a requiem mass for the late King and Queen.

The military party threatened to murder the editor of the "Ojk" if he advocated a republic. On his abjuring he was created Minister for Justice.

At an early stage of the sitting of the House of Commons the Prime Minister, Mr Balfour, made a statement as to the attitude of the British Government with regard to the situation in Servia.

He stated that the question had been considered of whether Great Britain should mark her reprobation of the crime which had recently disgraced Belgrade by withdrawing Sir Gordon Bonham, the British Minister. On mature reflection, however, it had been decided that this representative should remain to watch events.

At the same time he would not be accredited to the new King until fuller information as to the circumstances attending the new Government's advent to power should be forthcoming.

The Emperor Franz Josef has assured King Peter of the sympathy, support and friendship of Austria in his task of raising Servia after the severe fall which she has sustained in the eyes of the civilised world through a heinous

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crimes, which had been universally reprobated.

Replying to Lord Newton, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs (the Marquis of Lansdowne) expressed the Government's undiminished abhorrence of the Belgrade outrages. No proposal, he said, had been made by the British Government as to concerted action to secure punitive measures, nor could the Government usefully convey such a proposal to the other Powers, but, regarding diplomatic relations, nothing was further from their thoughts than to maintain the ordinary relations with the persons concerned in those events.

Lord Lansdowne went on to state that Sir G. F. Bonham, the British representative at Belgrade, had been instructed by telegram on the 15th inst. to limit intercourse with the authorities to as little as was necessary to enable him to report on events, and to do nothing suggesting the official recognition of the Provisional Government, whose freedom from complicity had not yet been established, or implying the recognition of any authority set up in succession to the dynasty. France, Germany and Italy were maintaining an attitude similar to that of Britain. Austria and Russia were prepared to recognise the new regime, but Russia had made it clear that she expects proper punishment to be inflicted. The conclusion of the British Government was that it was not desirable that Sir G. F. Bonham should be at Belgrade for the inauguration of the new reign. He had accordingly been instructed to leave for a time.

With reference to the feeling abroad that the assassins of King Alexander should be punished, definite information to a contrary effect is now to hand.

It is formally announced by King Peter's secretary that the King has no intention of punishing those who killed the late Sovereign, since they had been already exonerated by the Skuptschina, from which body they had received a vote of thanks.

## AUSTRALIA.

A German syndicate has asked the Federal Government if it would support a scheme to lay a cable from German New Guinea to Queensland. The Government has asked for further information.

The second annual conference of the Commonwealth Chambers of Commerce is being held in Melbourne. A resolution favouring the establishment of an Australian navy was rejected by a large majority. Most of the speakers favoured the Federal Government proposals for an increased subsidy.

### TWO FISHERMEN DROWNED.

A disabled boat containing two dead bodies has been found on the beach at Sorell, Tasmania. The men have been identified as two young fishermen named Walter Cannon and Charles Hewitt, the latter being a recent arrival from Dunedin, New Zealand.

### A FIRM BISHOP.

At a lecture of the Evangelical Church Association, Melbourne, the Rev. Digby Berry criticised certain innovations in the Church service introduced by the Bishop. The latter, in reply, said, "They may protest as long as they like. I have adopted the eastward position because I believe it to be right and legal to do so. What is more, I am not going back on what I have said."

### POPE AND PREMIER.

A petition, signed by thirty thousand Protestants, has been presented to the Federal House, protesting against Sir E. Barton's visit to the Pope and his acceptance of a medal. It emphasises the statement that Sir E. Barton promised the Catholics a greater measure of liberty and consideration than that enjoyed in any other part of the Empire. Sir E. Barton made a personal explanation. The facts, he said, were that the Pope expressed his gratification at the tolerance shown to all religions in Australia, and hoped it would long continue, to which he (the Premier) replied that the Pope might reply that such toleration would continue.

### N.S.W. PARLIAMENT.

The N.S.W. Parliament was opened by His Excellency Sir H. Rawson on June 16th. The Speech was largely devoted to the question of the reduction of members. It announced

that now that women's franchise had received assent a bill would at once be introduced with a view to obtaining a direct vote on the reduction of members. Arrangements would be made for taking the vote during the senatorial election in December. If favourable to reductions a short session would be held immediately to give effect to the decision. Members were congratulated on the break-up of the drought. Notwithstanding the large extra expenditure in connection therewith, the financial position of the State was thoroughly sound, and there was no necessity for increased taxation. Efforts would continue to be made to keep expenditure within the revenue, and the strictest economy would be observed. No loan money would be used beyond that necessary for the reasonable development of the natural resources of the State. The legislation promised included an Old Age Pensions and Land Amending Bills. The Speech also foreshadows Bills making provision for compensation to workmen injured in the course of employment, and for more effectually protecting the funds of industrial unions from the legal consequences of the decision in the Taff Vale cases.

## GENERAL NEWS.

A new system of telegraphy has been tested between the post offices of London and Glasgow. By the new method twelve messages can be sent over the same wire simultaneously, and the number can be doubled by the duplex method of transmission.

In a Police Court case at Sydney a money-lender sued for the detention of some furniture, over which he had a bill of sale. In the course of the evidence it was stated that defendant had agreed to pay the sum of £20 for the loan of £35 for three months.

Mr Montgomery, the local representative for the N.Z. Royal Humane Society, has received the medals and certificates which are to be awarded to certain Aucklanders for heroic conduct in rescuing life. The Governor, who is patron of the Society, is to be asked to present the diplomas and medals before he goes South.

During May the Labour Department assisted 66 married and 208 single men throughout the colony, there being 282 persons dependent upon these. The distribution was as follows:—Auckland, 87; Gisborne and Hawke's Bay, 7; New Plymouth and Taranaki, 14; Wellington North, 3; Wellington South, 50; Nelson, Westland and Marlborough, 14; North Canterbury, 71; South Canterbury, 7; North Otago, 8; Dunedin, 3. In Wellington South 34 domestic servants were assisted, besides five who had been previously assisted.

The Government has now 5616 men employed on co-operative works in the colony. Of these 208 artisans and 2376 labourers are employed on railways and other public works, and 2532 labourers are on road works. The Department of Roads has at present 2532 labourers engaged on road works throughout the colony. The distribution is as follows:—Auckland, 482; Te Kuiti, 176; Rotorua, 133; Hawke's Bay, 146; Taranaki, 316; Wanganui, 314; Wellington, 373; Marlborough, 136; Nelson, 88; Westland, 149; Canterbury, 25; Otago, 80; Southland, 114.

The Management Committee of the Auckland Rugby Union, who have for a long time been looking out for a new ground, decided last night to purchase part of an estate at Three Kings, in the Mount Roskill district, from the Assets Realisation Board for a new football ground. The area is forty-eight acres and the price £3000. The members of the committee are unanimous on the subject, and all that is now required is the formal ratification of the ground trustees, which may be looked upon as certain. The ground is a fine level property, and brings in a good income for grazing purposes.

The Oceanic Company's mail steamer, the Ventura, arrived from San Francisco and the Islands at midnight on June 21, having completed the voyage in record time. The Ventura was twelve hours late in leaving the Californian port, and has landed her mails at Auckland something like forty-eight hours ahead of contract time. The length of passage was 16 days 27 minutes, whilst the steaming time was 15 days

4 hours 35 minutes. The Ventura has therefore beaten all previous times between the two ports by at least twelve hours, which is a truly remarkable performance.

### MR SEDDON'S PREMIERSHIP.

#### AUSTRALASIAN RECORD BROKEN.

WELLINGTON, June 20.

Great enthusiasm prevailed when Mr Seddon made reference to his record Premiership for the Australasian colonies at the social tendered to Mr Barber, M.H.R., last night. Two days ago, said Mr Seddon, the Australasian record of Sir John Forrest was broken, and now, thanks to the people of New Zealand, and especially to those men and women of the West Coast who had sent him to Parliament, the record of the Premiership had been wrested from Western Australia, so that in this respect, as in nearly every other, New Zealand came first.

Mr Seddon has been the recipient of many congratulatory messages from all parts of the colony and Australia on his great achievement, men of all shades of opinion combining to recognise such a wonderful lease of political power.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

### SACRED HEART COLLEGE.

The Sacred Heart College, which has been erected by the Marist Bros., at a cost of £6000, was blessed by His Lordship the Rt. Rev. Dr. Lenihan, Catholic Bishop of Auckland, at seven o'clock on Sunday, June 21, after which the Bishop celebrated the first mass in the college, at which a number of the Brothers' pupils received their first Holy Communion. In the afternoon at three o'clock the formal opening of the college by the Bishop took place in the presence of a large concourse of people, there being fully 2000 present. His Worship the Mayor (the Hon. E. Mitchelson) presided, and there were also present: The Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Lenihan, the Rev. Fathers Benedict, O. P. Furton, O.S.B., Brodie, Sir G. M. O'Rorke, the Hon. J. A. Tole and T. Thompson, M.L.C., Messrs F. E. Baume, M.H.R., E. Mahony, and W. Napier.

References throughout Great Britain and Colonies.

**ASTHMA** taken from the System. Nothing remains which can produce an attack. You can eat, sleep and stand exposure without slightest return of symptoms. Cured to stay cured, by dilution and re-struction. Appetite improved; blood enriched; nerves strengthened; whole system built up; life made enjoyable. Sufferers of chronic Asthma and Hay Fever patients. Published 1903. Explanatory BOOK 9/6 post FREE. Address: DR. P. HAROLD HAYES ANTI-ASTHMATIC INSTITUTION, Buffalo, N. Y., U. S. A.

THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

# Hunyadi János

For CONSTIPATION.

Professor D. LAMBL, of Warsaw, Professor of Clinical Medicine at the University, writes:—  
"Hunyadi János Bitter Water, besides being an excellent general aperient, has proved specially efficacious in the treatment of chronic constipation, venous obstruction and congestion, hemorrhoids and obesity."

AVERAGE DOSE:—A wineglassful before breakfast, either pure or diluted with a similar quantity of hot or cold water.

**CAUTION.**—Note the name "Hunyadi János," the signature of the Proprietor, ANDRÁS BAKLÉNÉR, and the Medallion, on the Red Centre Part of the Label.



# GEREBOS SALT.

Used at table and in cooking, Cerebos Salt is not only dainty and economical, but it makes all the food more strengthening; because it contains the Bran Phosphates (absent from White Bread) out of which Nature forms Nerve and Brain, Bones and Teeth, and Healthy Body.

From Grocers and Stores

Wholesale Agents—L. E. Nathan & Co., Auckland.

## Personal Paragraphs.

Lady Ranfurly and Lady Constance Knox, accompanied by Major Alexander, left on June 24 by the Ngapuhi for the South.

The Governor and Lady Ranfurly entertained the Maori boys and girls of the St. Stephen's and Victoria Schools on June 17 at Government House.

His Excellency the Governor may probably open the bazaar in aid of the Veterans' Home, to be held at the beginning of next year, and has kindly offered to lend a part of Government House for the purpose.

Lady Constance Knox was presented with a silver-mounted hunting crop at the meet last Saturday out at Mr Smales', Hampton Park, by the ladies of the Pakuranga Hunt Club.

Lady Ranfurly (says a contemporary) has ceaselessly and without tiring gone to and fro within our colony, thinking no good work too small for her sympathy, none too humble or too young for her words of cheer.

Lord Northland and Lady Constance Knox were at the meet at Waiuku last Thursday, having driven out from Pukekohe, notwithstanding the bad state of the roads. Mrs E. D. O'Rorke accompanied them.

Dr. and Mrs Earle, Wanganui, have returned from Wellington.

Miss Barren, from Dunedin, is visiting Mrs Griffiths, of New Plymouth.

Mr A. W. Donald was a passenger by the Moura to Fiji.

Miss Izard, Wanganui, is spending a few weeks in Christchurch.

Mrs Ritchie (Pahiatua) has been staying in Wellington with Mrs Stowe.

Mr Crammond, of the Union S.S. Co., Gisborne, has been visiting Wellington. The Rev. T. B. Maclean (Wanganui) is visiting Wellington.

Miss Molinieux (Christchurch) is the guest of Mrs Finch (Wellington).

Miss Ella Dobson is the guest of Mrs Todd, of the Bluff Hill, Napier.

Dr. Alexander, of Dunedin, is staying in Napier.

Mrs Ledingham and her daughter left for Fiji by the Moura last week.

Miss Maitland, Dunedin, has lately been staying in Auckland on a visit.

Miss Kathleen Thompson, Auckland, has been staying lately with Mrs Featherston at Invercargill.

Mr J. Fussell, of Paeroa, has written a book, "The Kanaka Slave"—it has been accepted by a London publisher.

Mr D'Arcy Hamilton, of Kawhia, left for Sydney last Monday by the s.s. Zealandia.

Miss Lodder, who has been on a visit to Auckland, returned to Sydney by the Zealandia last Monday.

Mr and Mrs Craig, and Mr W. E. Craig, of Auckland, left by the Ventura on Monday last for Sydney.

Bishop Neligan has been touring round the country parishes the last week.

Captain and Mrs Colbeck are leaving Devonport at the end of the month for Wairoa, where they intend to settle.

Mr Herries, M.H.R., paid a flying visit to Waihi last week, previous to the opening of Parliament.

Mr W. Ellis, a very well-known member of the North Sydney Cricket Club, has now settled in Christchurch.

Miss Ida George, Auckland, is shortly going on a visit to the Bay of Islands with Miss Williams.

Mr and Mrs E. D. O'Rorke (Auckland) left on a trip to Sydney by the Ventura last Monday.

Mr John Webster, of Hokianga, Auckland, attended the Citizens' Ball last week.

Lady Ranfurly was present at the concert given to Miss Ivy Anderson last Thursday evening.

The Rev. T. Ekykn, Auckland, left last week by the Mararoa. He is on his way to England.

Mrs and Miss McCosh Clark, Auckland, have gone for a trip to Honolulu, and left by the Sonoma on June 19.

The Rev. Gray Dixon and Mrs Dixon arrived in Auckland last week from the South, by the Talune.

The new Commissioner of Police, Mr Dinnie, arrived in Auckland by the Zealandia last Sunday.

Mrs Barr, Western Australia, arrived in Auckland by the Waikare last week, and went South on June 20.

Miss Scherr returned to her home in Gisborne from Auckland last week by the s.s. Waikare.

Miss Elsie Gillfillan, Auckland, has gone for a trip to Wanganui, where she is to be the guest of Mrs D'Arcy.

Miss Seed, of Wellington, is visiting her sister, Mrs Bowen, of Sea View Terrace, Napier.

Mrs Reed, of Waipawa, has been staying with Mr and Mrs H. C. Wilson, of the Bluff Hill, Napier.

Dr. and Mrs De Lisle, of Madeira Terrace, Napier, have returned home from their visit to Taupo.

Captain and Mrs McMahon, of Kaurakapapa, Kaipara, were in Auckland last week.

Miss K. Fell, of Nelson, is the guest of Mrs Hector Smith, "Korokipo," Hawke's Bay.

Mrs C. W. Adams (Blenheim) is visiting her son, Mr Ormsby Gore Adams, of the Thames.

Mr and Mrs Malet and Mrs Randall (Christchurch) have arrived in Wellington for the winter.

Miss Helen Denniston, of Christchurch, is staying in Wellington with Mrs Tolhurst, Grant road.

Miss Tripp and Miss Hope, of Orari, South Canterbury, are paying a visit to friends in Wellington.

Mrs Hubert Addenbrooke, Mangamahu, has returned to Wanganui after a long visit to Auckland and Te Aroha.

Mrs Phillips, Canterbury, is visiting her sister, Mrs Barnicoat, in Wanganui.

Mr and Mrs George Janisch, Wellington, have been the guests of Mrs Mason, Wanganui.

Mr John Stead, ex-Mayor of Invercargill, and Mrs Stead are at present on a visit to Auckland.

Mr N. Ladley, Blenheim, and Mr Clapham, Wellington, have exchanged places in the Magistrate's Court.

Miss G. Beswick, Palmerston North, is staying with her brother, Mr H. J. Beswick, and Mrs Beswick, Fendalton.

Mrs Westmacott has returned to her home near Timaru after a round of visits in Christchurch of several weeks.

Miss Thomas, Auckland, is in Christchurch, staying with Mrs Denniston, Armagh-street West.

Mr and Miss Marchant, of Timaru, after their pleasant trip to Rotorua, are paying New Plymouth a visit.

Mrs Dodshun, from Wanganui, is paying her aunt, Mrs Tom King, of New Plymouth, a visit.

Sir William Russell, M.H.R., is to be presented by his Hawke's Bay constituents with a silver epergne inlaid with gold.

Mr King (Mayor of Stratford) and Mr Mackay (Chairman of the County Council) are in Wellington on district business.

Colonel Gorton, one of the best-known residents of the Rangitikei district, is leaving in July for the Argentine, where two of his sons are at present.

Mrs Albert Cuff, of Parnell, returned to Auckland on June 17. She has been staying with her daughters at Timaru and Christchurch.

Mrs Halcombe (Taranaki), is staying in Auckland at present. She came up to see Mrs and Miss Clark, before they left for England.

Mr Houston, M.H.R., Wanganui, came to Auckland last week. He intends spending a few days here before leaving for Wellington.

Dr. Arthur Purchas' new automobile is the first one that has been built in the colony. It came from Howick to town—in a trial trip—in 35 minutes.

Mr R. Whitson, who returned from his trip Home a few weeks ago, has been elected honorary treasurer of the Auckland Automobile Association.

Mrs W. Bloomfield (Auckland) had rather a bad fall while out hunting last week, but fortunately escaped without injury.

Mr H. P. Murray-Aynsley has sold his old home, "Riverlaw," at Opawa, and with his daughter will move into or nearer town when a suitable residence can be found.

Mr and Mrs James Russell, lately of Auckland, recently took a large house at Kensington, and have decided to stay for an indefinite period in London.

Mr W. Field, a visitor from the United States, who is at present visiting New Zealand, is "struck with the air of prosperity pervading the colony."

Mr Herbert Davis, who accompanied his sister, Miss Blanche Davis, to Sydney, a few weeks ago, returned to Auckland by the Sonoma last week.

Mr and Mrs Smithson, England, came up from Timaru last week, where they had been visiting Mr F. Smithson, and left for the North, homeward bound.

Mr and Mrs F. de C. Malet, Christchurch, and their daughter, Mrs Randall, have left for Wellington and intend to stay North for the winter.

Mr and Mrs Cecil Wynn-Williams have returned from their wedding trip to Dunedin and gone North to their home near Waikare.

Mr. Kenneth Hume, of the Union Company's Hobart office, is in Wellington on a holiday visit, staying with his parents, Colonel and Mrs Hume.

Mrs Derry Wood, Ashburton, and her two daughters are at present visiting Christchurch, and staying with Mrs Ross, Antigua-street.

Mr E. D. O'Rorke and the members of the Pakuranga Hunt Club have just got back from their week's hunt in the Waikato.

Miss Adams, of Australia, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. (Dr.) Adams, in Wellington, has returned to her home.

Mr H. Baillie, Bank of New Zealand, Carterton, is in Picton spending his annual holiday with his people. Mrs Baillie is also in Picton.

Lieut. Banks, who has been spending a long leave with his people in Auckland, left for Sydney by the Zealandia on Monday last.

Mrs Sneath, of San Francisco, mother of the Hon. Mrs Frank Dillingham, of this city, arrived in Auckland last Monday, by the s.s. Ventura.

Mr Harman, private secretary to the Hon. Mr Carroll, joined the schooner Countess of Ranfurly on her trip to the Islands with the view of further recuperating.

Mrs Davidson (nee Thierens) is in Christchurch, staying at Warner's, and seeing old friends. Mr Davidson, who

is in Australia at present, is expected over shortly.

Mr R. J. Smith, of the Railway Department, who has just been married, was presented by his fellow-employees in the goods shed with a handsome silver teapot.

I am glad to say Mr W. D. Wood, Christchurch, has quite recovered from his recent severe illness and is about again (writes our Christchurch correspondent).

Mrs Harvey, England, who has been visiting Mrs Speed, in Picton, has gone to Wellington by the Waimate, accompanied by Miss Speed and Miss Rutherford, of Keekerangu.

Bishop Mules, of Nelson, is paying a visit to the Marlborough portion of his diocese. Various Confirmation services have been held in Picton and other places.

Mr J. Brown, who is being transferred after being stationed at Paeroa for 11 years, to the Kaiapoi Post Office on promotion, was publicly farewelled at Paeroa on Monday week.

Mr Alfred Price, senior partner in the Thames foundry firm of Price Brothers, was a passenger by the outward 'Frisco steamer for America and England. He is accompanied by Mrs Price.

Mr C. Cooper, paymaster and quartermaster to the Wellington Volunteer Battalion, has resigned his position in order to rejoin his old corps, the Wellington Navals, as senior lieutenant.

Dr. Hugh Owen and Dr. Knight are on the committee of the Auckland Automobile Association, members of which must receive certificates before being allowed to drive a motor car.

Mr E. O'Rorke and other members of the Pakuranga Hunt Club were hunting for a week up in the Pukekohe and Waiuku districts, and returned to town much pleased with this visit.

Mr F. Basmie arrived in Auckland from Wellington on June 19 by the Waiuku. He leaves Auckland for the opening of Parliament on the 25th of this month.

Mr Arthur Heather, who, with his daughter, Miss Beatrice Heather, went Home some months ago, has not, as yet, started on his return trip to New Zealand.

Mr G. F. King Adams, T.C.S., is touring the North Island and Hot Lakes, and

## Used It 20 Years

When My System Was Run Down. When I Was Weak and Miserable  
When I Could neither Eat nor Sleep.



Mr. F. W. DuRien, of Collingwood, Victoria, sends us his photograph and says:

"I certainly ought to know about Ayer's Sarsaparilla, for I have used it over 20 years. My faith in it is greater today than ever. I am anxious to tell every one of its blood-purifying power and its value as a remarkable preventive of disease. I don't wait until I am down sick before taking it. Just as soon as I feel weak, exhausted, or lose my appetite, or don't sleep well, I take a few doses, and in a day or two am all right. I tell my friends to keep it on hand, for it's ready then the very day they want it. I know it has often prevented me from being seriously ill, and I have many acquaintances who tell the same story."

### "The World's Greatest Family Medicine."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been sold for over half a century. It has been tried and tested in every way. Nothing like using an old, reliable, and effective medicine. Intelligent people do not like to experiment. It's too dangerous. Unknown and untried medicines often work more serious results than the disease. When you need a Sarsaparilla, get "Ayer's," for it is the oldest, strongest, and best Sarsaparilla you can buy.

Cling to the kind that has been tested for 60 years. For purifying the blood, strengthening the digestion, and bracing up the whole nervous system, use Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

## AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Tested and Tried by Millions of People

Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, biliousness.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

visited his brother, Mr Ormsby Gore Adams, director of the School of Mines at the Thames last week.

Mrs Barker, the Misses Barker (2), and the Messrs. Barker (3) returned to Gisborne from their trip to Rotorua and Auckland last week by the s.s. Waikare.

Miss Nolan, of Gisborne, who has been staying in Auckland for some weeks, went to Wanganui last week, where she will be the guest of Mrs D'Arcy.

Dr. and Mrs Marsack, Auckland, left for a trip to Sydney by the Mararoa last week. Their friends all hope that the trip will benefit Dr. Marsack, who has been in very bad health lately.

Miss Bertha Atkinson, of Parnell, Auckland, left by the Ventura for South Africa, via Sydney, on Monday last. She is going to make a short stay in Sydney before proceeding to Africa.

Mr and Mrs Bickford are at present on a visit to the latter's parent (Mr and Mrs Harrison, of Auckland). They had a delightful tour from England through India and Australia. They return to England to take up their residence.

Mr Dan Riddiford, one of the keenest and most energetic of sportsmen in the Rangitikei district, had the misfortune to break his collarbone lately, owing to a fall while riding Black Watch at the Hunt Club's race meeting at Marton.

A Rate-payers' Association has been formed at the Lower Hutt, Wellington, with the following officials: President, Mr M. Aubrey; vice-president, Mr F. Bick; secretary, Mr L. Price; and treasurer, Mr E. Westbury.

The following Wellington nurses have passed the examination for Registration of Nurses: Misses Mary Purcell, Janet McGregor, Catherine Dencker, Agnes Johnston, Mary Threlkeld, C. Jackson, and E. Watt.

Our Wellington correspondent telegraphs:—"Dr. Mason, chief health officer, will probably pay another visit to Auckland shortly in connection with the establishment of the Infectious Diseases Hospital in the Northern town."

The Hon. J. A. Tole (the General Assembly's nominee) and Mr P. E. Bannin, L.L.B. (the graduates' nominee) were elected members of the Auckland University College Council without opposition.

A meeting of the Wellington Presbytery sustained the call by the congregation to St. John's and St. Andrew's to Dr. G. W. Gibb, of Dunedin, and the Rev. J. Gibson-Smith, of Invercargill, respectively.

Major Percy Chaytor is being congratulated by his many friends, not only in Marlborough, but all over the colony, for having passed his examination as a Major with the high average of 82 per cent. marks.

Mr E. Washburn, formerly of Nelson, has passed his second professional (medical) examination at Edinburgh University with distinction. Mr Washburn was one of the three who passed with distinction.

Dr. and Mrs Mickle, Christchurch, have had a house at Sumner for a fortnight. Mrs. Mickle being at home for a number of her friends in turn down there, the doctor, of course, only spending as much time as he was able.

Mrs J. H. Howard, of Springlands, Blenheim, who was in Picton keeping house for her father, Mr Greenhill, was called away to Wellington to see her sister, who had a relapse, but is now recovering. Mrs Selchewick also went to Wellington for the same reason.

At St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, on June 17, Mr. J. D. Milne, of Claudlands, secretary of the Waikato Agricultural and Pastoral Association, married Miss Maria Henry, eldest daughter of Mr David Henry, of Kirikirioa.

The master of the Pakuranga Hounds (Mr E. O'Rourke) and the huntsman (Mr Selby) were greatly complimented, on the good condition and training of the hounds by the Pakurako and Waikau people, while on the club's late trip to their district.

A presentation of a travelling bag and a dressing case was made last week to Mr. J. P. Snooks, who is leaving the Public Works Department to go to South Africa, where he is going to settle. Mr. G. E. Smith acted on behalf of Mr. Snooks' comrades in the Public Works Department in presenting the gifts.

At a meeting of the Wellington branch of the N.Z. Educational Institute the following officers were elected: President, Mr Finlay Bethune; secretary, Mr Foster; treasurer, Mr Erskine; auditor, Mr Bennett; management committee, Messrs Bright, Ballingall and Craig.

At a preliminary meeting of the Kilmorlie (Wellington) Bowling Club Mr. R. C. Hamerton occupied the chair, and a committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. J. P. Campbell, Baldwin and Hamerton. Sufficient ground is to be obtained for tennis courts as well.

A golf team from Levin & Co.'s staff (Wellington) played a match against a team picked from the Wairarapa Club at Masterton, and won by 12 holes. The Wellington team comprised Messrs. A. and K. Duncan, E. Pearce, W. Higginson, C. Pearce and J. Duncan.

Major Straker, of the Northumberland Hussars, who is touring New Zealand, is at present in Wellington. Major Straker has done the South Island thoroughly, and is now on his way to Rotorua and Auckland. Before leaving the colony he intends to go to the Bay of Islands to witness the whaling operations, now in full swing.

Miss McKeown, who has been transferred from Johnsonville (Wellington) to Tokomaru, was presented before her departure with a gold bangle and a silver and cut-glass scent bottle by pupils of the Johnsonville school. Miss McKeown was also the recipient of a gold brooch from the members of the Wesleyan Church.

Thanks to the Mayor (the Hon. E. Mitchellson), the cabmen did not go unprovided for at the citizens' ball last week, refreshments being provided for them during the whole evening, which, needless to say, they greatly appreciated, the cabmen being too often quite forgotten while waiting at balls and similar entertainments.

Mr W. Smart, just appointed superintendent engineer of the Union S.S. Co., is an old Auckland. He was educated at the late Rev. Peter Mason's academy, and graduated in his profession through Messrs Fraser and Tinnis's firm. Mr Smart has occupied the position of superintendent at Hobart, Melbourne and Sydney.

The Bishop of Auckland, Mrs Neligan, and family moved into Bishopcourt on June 14. Repairs and decoration of the house are not yet completed. We are authorised to say that the Bishop and Mrs Neligan will be "at home" on Monday and Tuesday, June 29 and 30, from 3 to 5.30 p.m., and that afterwards Mrs Neligan hopes to be "at home" every Tuesday afternoon.

Among American visitors to New Zealand who have recently been in Wellington are: Messrs. H. C. Field, Providence; E. Beebe, San Francisco; Mr and Mrs. Keogh, Indianapolis; Mr. Barnes, New York; and a party comprising Messrs. H. K. and H. A. Darling (Los Angeles, California), E. W. Hendershot (Montreal, Canada), and E. Newman (Chicago).

Two more enterprising New Zealanders leaving to take up positions in South Africa are Mr. W. H. Gavin, formerly resident engineer on the Midland Railway, and W. A. Jeff, who has just given up a position on the West Coast. Mr. Gavin is a son of Mr. J. G. Gavin, Assistant-Auditor-General, Karori, Wellington. Both Mr. Jeff and Mr. Gavin have accepted good appointments on the staff of the Central South African railway.

One of the new settlers in the Raglan district is Mr Waite, from New South Wales, who has recently come to Waitemata, where he has selected 2000 acres of Crown land, adjoining the properties of Messrs. Hodge and Duveney. Mr Waite is accompanied by his family, mostly grown up, and including one married son. It is his intention to erect two dwelling-houses on his holding, and in due course to go in for milking for a factory.

Messrs. A. P. Hamilton (son of the late Mr. Frank Hamilton), and H. G. Grace (son of Archdeacon Grace), both officers of the Nelson College Cadet Corps, have received word from the War Office that they have passed the literary part of the examination for commissions in the Imperial army. The examination papers were those set to candidates for admission to Sandhurst. If equally successful in the military part of the examination in September next they will be entitled to commissions in the army.

Mr J. A. Aigie, who held a captain's commission in the Wakatipu Mounted Rifles, which corps he was partly instrumental in founding, and who saw service with the Niuth Contingent, was given a smoke concert at Arrowtown before his departure for Paeroa, where he is to be postmaster. There was also a public social tendered to the popular captain before he left Arrowtown, at which the expressions of good-will and praise for the manner in which he had conducted the local post and telegraph offices were frequent and free.

Mr Wyatt, who is touring the British Empire with the object of establishing branches of the Navy League, is contributing his services gratuitously. He embarked on his mission on September 25, and by the time he has concluded his tour will have been a year at the task. His success in Canada has been remarkable, one of the most prominent achievements being the securing of the alliance of the industrial society known as "The Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire," whose scope extends throughout the Empire. Mr Wyatt is proceeding to this colony by way of Japan, Hongkong, Singapore, Australia, and expects to embark on his homeward passage via San Francisco from Auckland at the end of September. He is expected here before the beginning of that month.

There was again a very large number of guests at the Star Hotel last week. Among those that registered were:—From Sydney: Mr and Mrs Geo. Giddens, Miss E. Knight, Miss Mollison, Mr and Mrs David Etham, Miss Bella Etham, Mr J. L. Pollock, Mr L. E. Warrrell, Mr and Mrs Jack A. Bennett, Arthur F. Lynch, Mr and Mrs Henry Kingsford, Dr. and Mrs D. L. Massey, Master Douglas Massey, Mr Percy Spencer, Mr James L. Gordon, from Bathurst (N.S.W.): Mr and Mrs W. Hopkins, Mr L. Hopkins, from Cooma: Mr and Mrs E. L. Morrison, from Melbourne: Mr and Mrs F. Mullings, from Melbourne: Captain and Mrs Elliot, Mr A. J. Bownes, Mr and Mrs H. Donnison, Mrs James Ellworthy and maid, Miss Alice Ellworthy, from St. Kilda: Mr and Mrs Jack Eathome, Mr Leslie Kennedy, from Brisbane: Rev. E. R. Haloran, Mr and Mrs Frank Edwards, from Ipswich (Queensland): Mr and Mrs F. Fotheringham, Miss Edith Fotheringham, Mr Lionel Fotheringham, from Kalgoolie: Mr H. McLennan, Mr and Mrs M. Josephson, Mr F. Kempthorne, from Coolgardie: Captain and Mrs Leanard, from Adelaide: Mr C. E. Marshall, from Hobart: Dr. and Mrs Ernest Nicolls, from Wellington: Mr Max Eillebaum, Mr H. Harman, Mr Haywood Pitterson, Mr C. E. Henderson, Mr Jack Pitterson, Mr and Mrs H. Heath Craike, Mr George Gore, Mr and Mrs A. Jackson, Mr L. Barber, Mr Cyril J. Wright, Mr W. Burns, jun., Mr and Mrs L. Allison, Mr Jack Newman, from Christchurch: Mr F. Pouder, Mrs Barlow, Mr S. Barlow, Mr W. Seville, Mr and Mrs J. L. Harrison, Mr Harry Norman, Mr J. Overton, Miss N. Overton, Miss L. Overton, Mr H. Scott, from Dunedin: Mr W. G. Goodman, Mr F. Abercrombie, Mr J. Taylor Adnan, Miss E. Hill Scott, Mr and Mrs Kirby, Captain and Mrs Grey, Master Grey, from New Plymouth: Mr A. Champion, Mr and Mrs A. E. White, Mr R. E. Ryan, Mr and Mrs Alfred Tennant, from Hamilton: Mr A. Swarbrick, from Opotiki: Mr and Mrs G. Wallace, Mr Percy Turner, from Tauranga: Mr and Mrs J. Farmer, Misses Farmer, Master Farmer, from Queenstown (N.Z.): Mr and Mrs F. E. Loughman, Mr Jack Loughman, from Gisborne: Mr and Mrs James Mackay, Miss Parkinson, Mr F. L. Rankin, from Wanganui: Mr and Mrs L. Thompson, Mr Frank Williams, Mr A. J. Griffiths, from Palmerston North: Mr and Mrs L. Akerman, Miss E. Edgehill, Mr Frank Beattie, from Auckland: Mr and Mrs Hayr, Mr H. Hayr, Mr A. Ryan, from Rotorua: Dr. and Mrs Cyril Cavendish and party, from London: Hon. Francis Jaseelles, Mr and Mrs H. S. Robinson, Mr Jack A. Hart, Dr. and Mrs Leslie Aldidge, Mr Arthur A. Scouler, Mr and Mrs L. Jackson, Mr Jack A. Matthews, Mr and Mrs C. A. Smith, Miss Amy Smith, Mr and Mrs A. L. Simpson, from Berkshire: Mr and Mrs E. R. Stewart, Miss Pearson, from Birmingham: Mr and Mrs Victor E. Harcourt and family, from Sheffield: Mr H. S. Jamieson, Mr and Mrs L. Kennedy, from Glasgow: Mr and Mrs McKendrick, Miss L. E. Preston, from

Aberdeen: Dr and Mrs Robert Anderson, from Dublin: Mr and Mrs J. L. O'Conner, from Paris: M. H. S. De Morca, from Colombo: Mr and Mrs F. Oliver, from Calcutta: Mr and Mrs Sydney E. Miller, Mrs E. R. Miller, from New York: Mr and Mrs Mark E. Dyer, Mr Thomas H. Benton, James L. Hyldenburgh, Mr H. La Bau, Professor L. Campbell, Mr Harry E. York, Mr and Mrs Jack Blyth, Mrs A. Andrew, from St. Louis: Colonel and Mrs E. R. Masters, from San Francisco: Mr and Mrs John A. Saikies, Colonel E. Thomas, Miss Ella Davis, Mr George E. Davis, Mr and Mrs A. L. Russell, from Los Angeles: Mr and Mrs Thomas E. Hardie, from Ontario: Mr and Mrs Reginald A. McPherson, Miss E. R. Bronson, from Manila: Mr and Mrs Geoffrey Charleston, from Hong Kong: Mr Charles E. Donnison and valet.

Mr David Thornton Smith, who for many years was assistant librarian at the General Assembly Library, died a few days ago. He joined the library staff in July, 1871, and retired through failing health in 1890.

One of the most prominent figures in Parnell has disappeared in the person of Mr John Davis, who died at the beginning of last week. He came out to the colony and settled in Parnell in 1858. He carried on his business as a tailor in Manukau road for many years. He is not known to have any relatives, though he leaves a property of considerable value in Parnell.

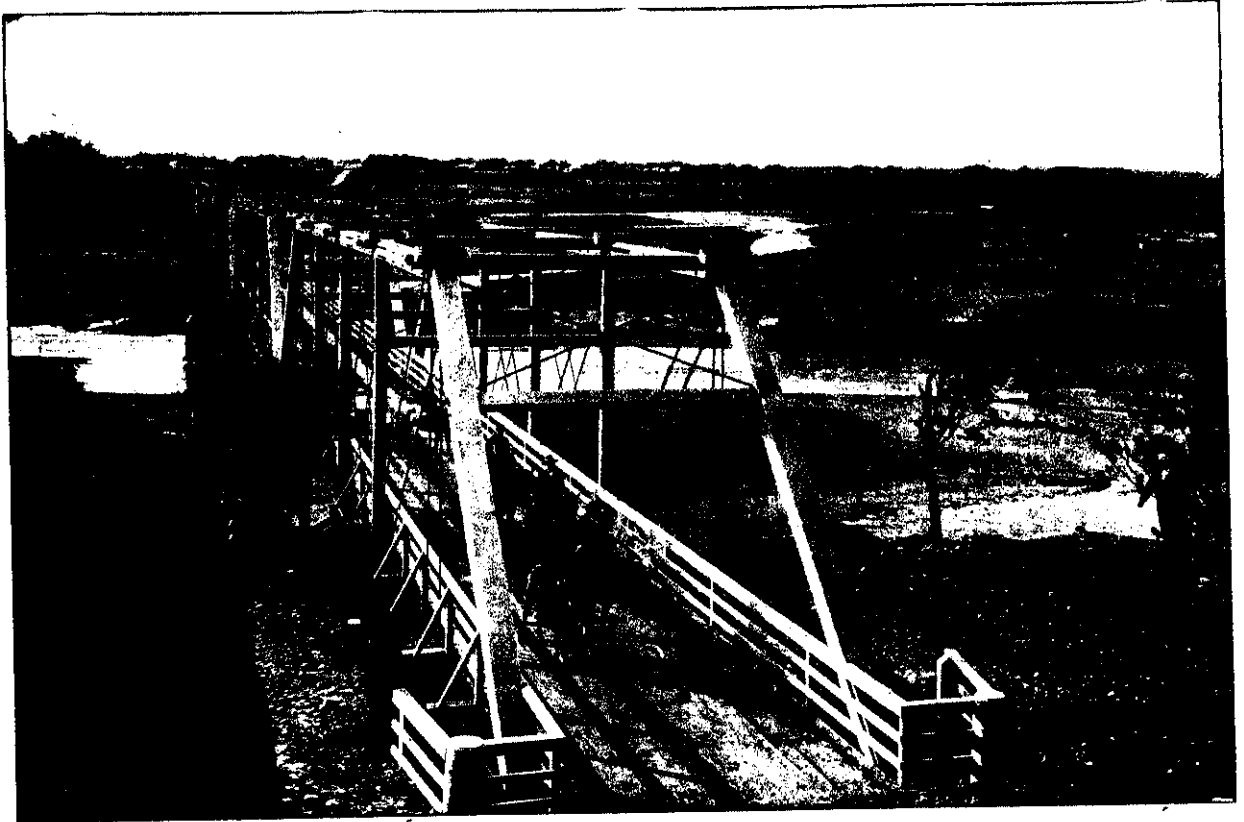
Sergt. Leekie, one of the oldest members of the Empire Veterans' Association, died at his home in Newton road on Wednesday last. He had been a sergt-major in the 18th Royal Irish. He saw service in New Zealand, and besides the medal for this work had also the long-service and good conduct medals.

The ailments that arise from chills, As coughs and colds and other ills. In winter months are prevalent most. Caused by wet, cold winds, and frost. A mother's troubles then begin. The children cough, grow pale and thin. The thoughtful parent will be sure To give them— WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE

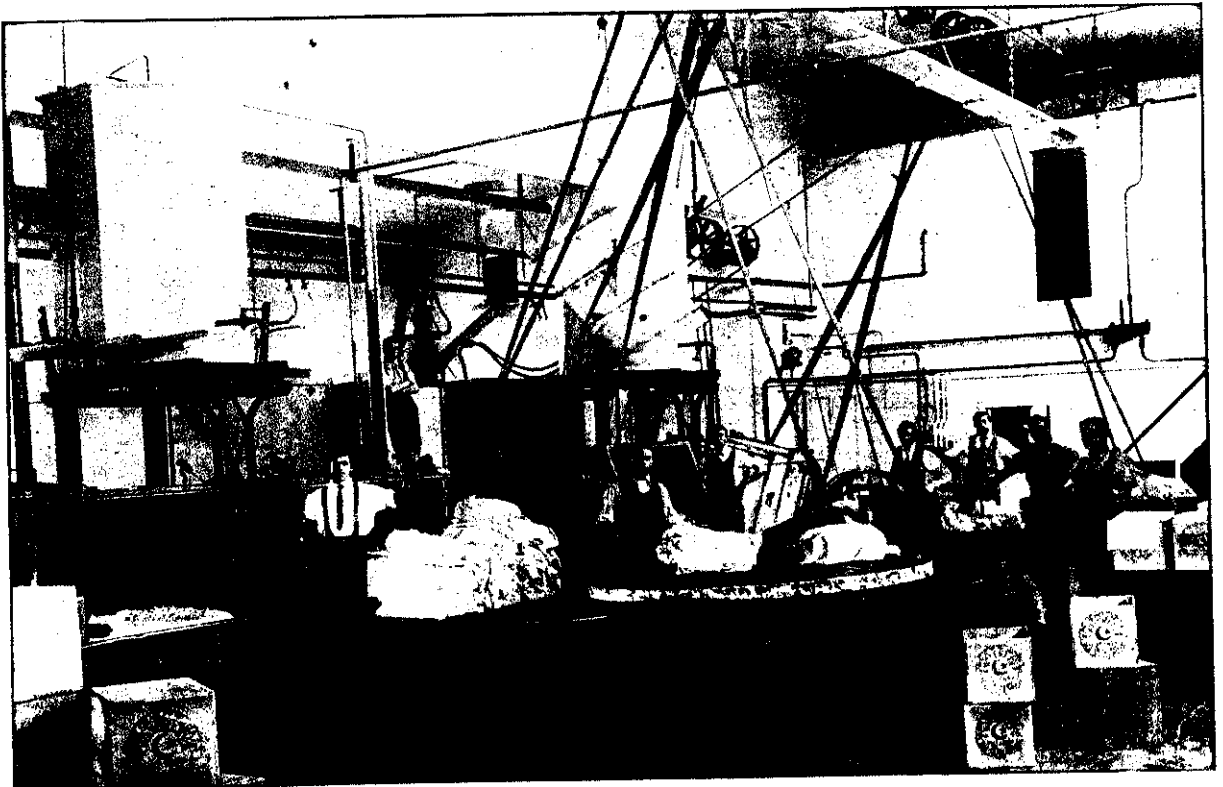
RHEUMATISM. ITS CAUSE AND CURE.



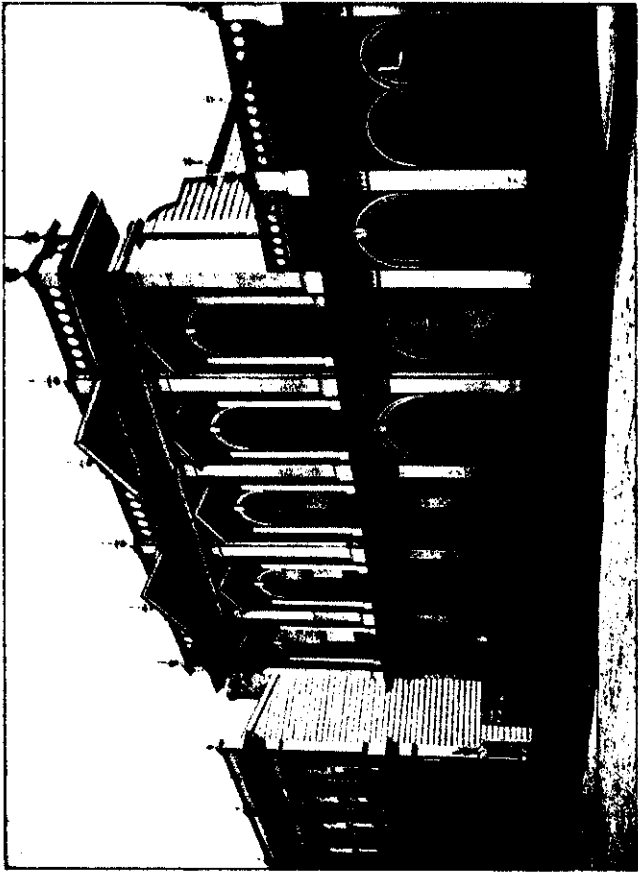
THIS is one of the commonest ailments which afflict hundreds of men and women in Australasia. It is most frequently caused by exposure to cold and damp, but a diseased condition of the liver and digestive organs predisposes to it. Now, Bile Beans for Biliousness act directly on the liver and digestive organs, which in turn purify the blood. If a course of Beans is taken when first the symptoms of rheumatism appear, and ordinary precautions, such as wearing garments and avoiding all colds and chills, be taken, this painful disease will be speedily removed from the system, as witness the following case:—"About three months ago I was laid up with a severe attack of rheumatism, which confined me to the house for twelve weeks, and kept me from business," says Mr. J. L. Williams, a prominent footballer and athlete, of Norwood, Adelaide, S.A. "I could not walk about the house without supporting myself by the walls and furniture. The doctor's medicines did me not a bit of good, so I gave Bile Beans a trial. The pain and swelling in my legs began to decrease with the first dose. The third day after taking them I was able to get on my boots and hobble up to business. In less than a month I was quite cured, and by nothing but Bile Beans. They are the best medicine I ever tried, and I can honestly recommend them." Bile Beans are the best-known remedy for all winter ailments, and at this trying season no home should be without a box for an emergency.



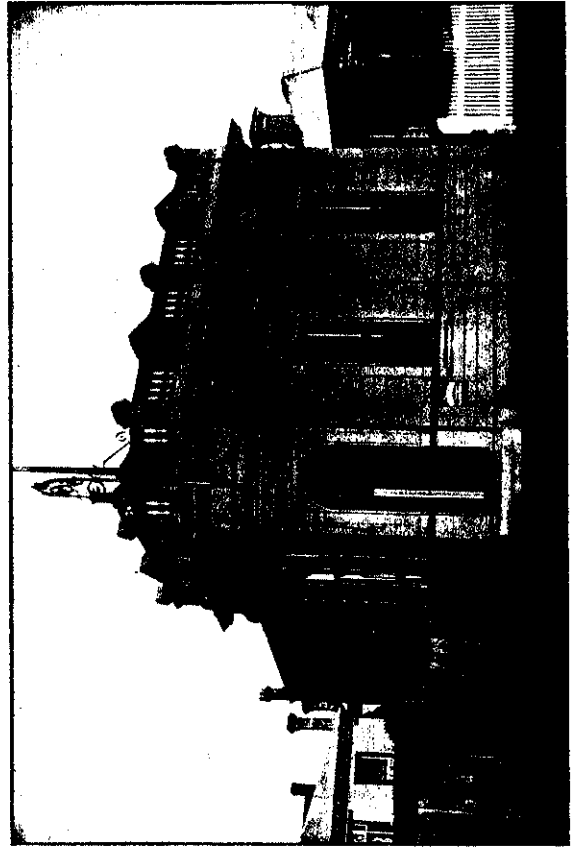
THE NEW RANGITIKEI BRIDGE.



INTERIOR WAVERLEY BUTTER FACTORY.



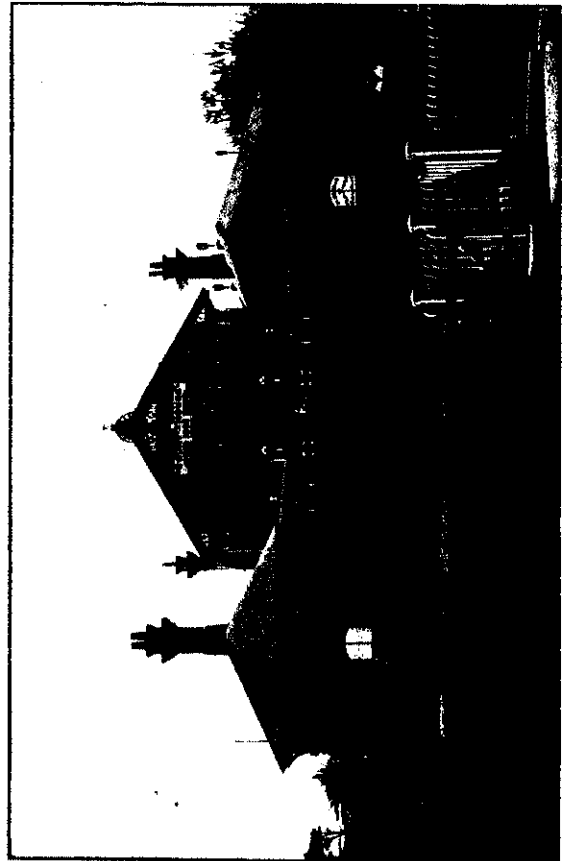
THE OPERA HOUSE.



HAWERA GAS COMPANY'S OFFICE.



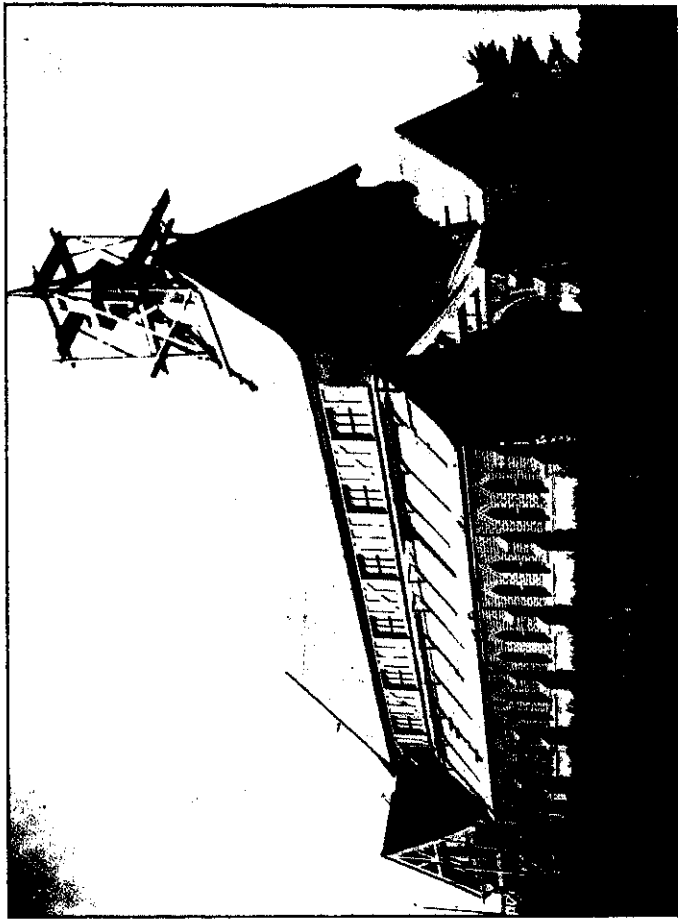
POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE.



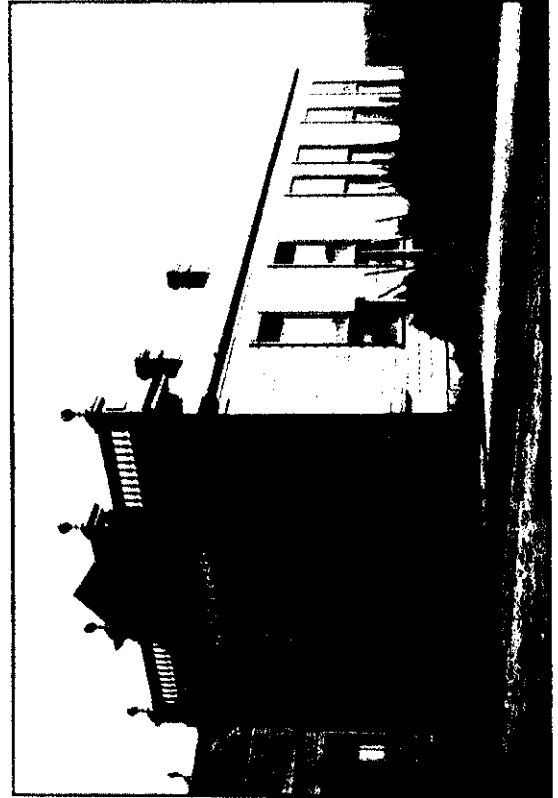
THE COURT HOUSE.

HAWERA: A FLOURISHING TARANAKI TOWNSHIP.





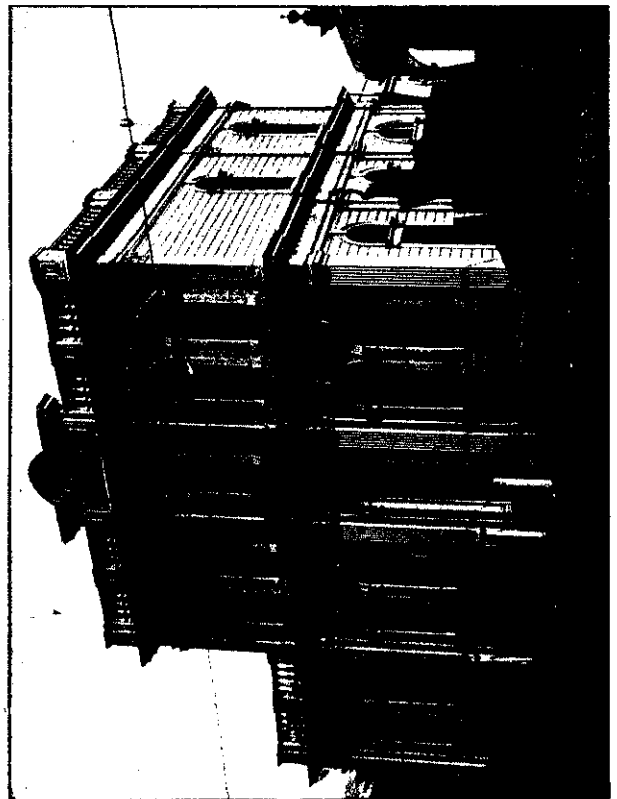
THE NEW PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN COURSE OF ERECTION



THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

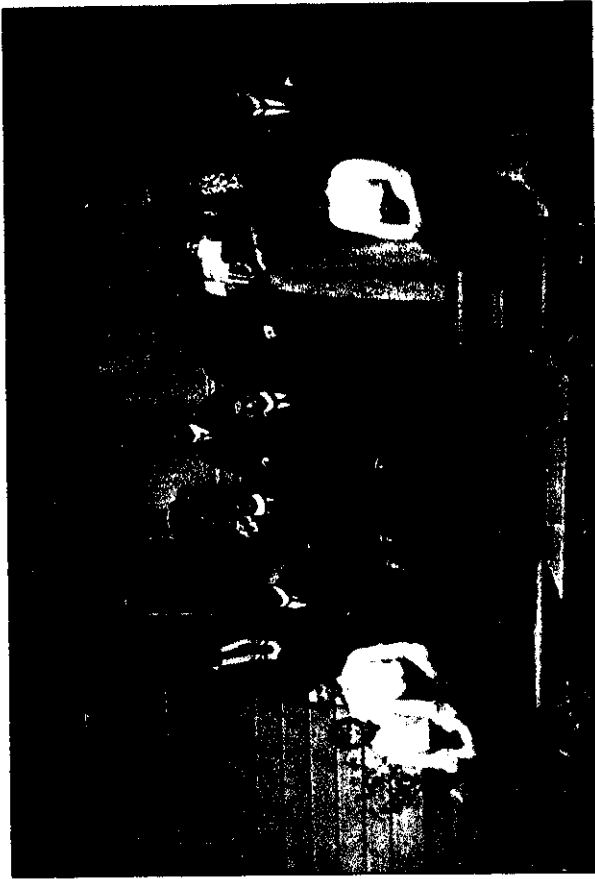


THE NEW FIRE BRIGADE STATION.



BANK OF NEW ZEALAND.

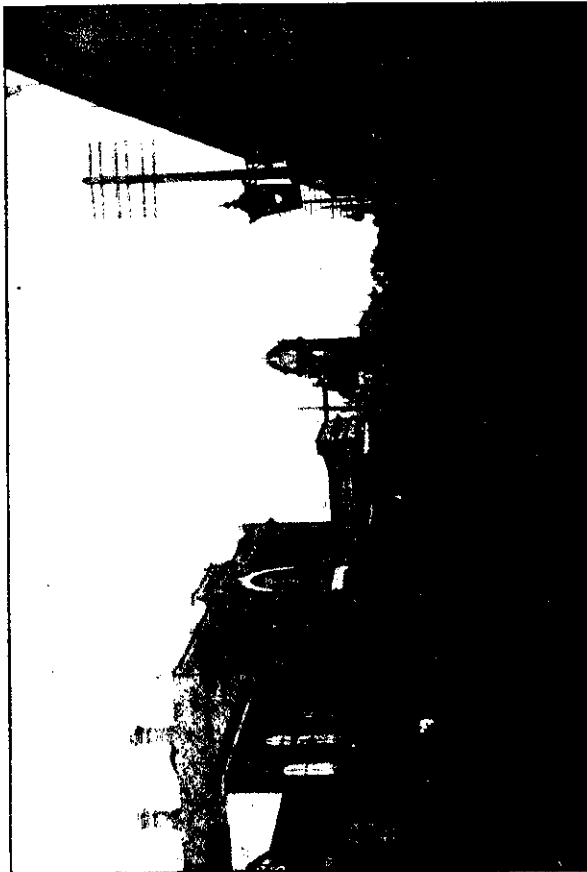
HAWERA: A FLOURISHING TARANAKI TOWNSHIP.



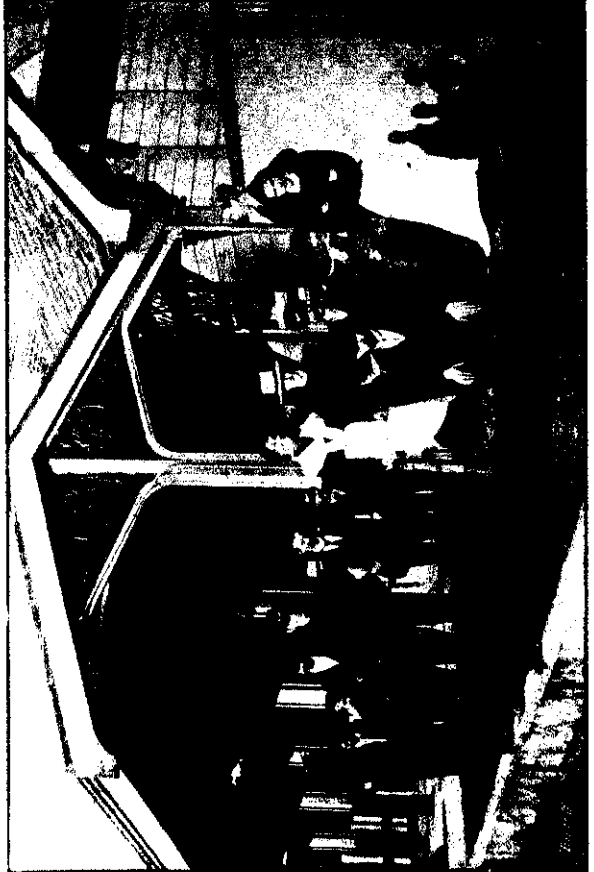
TEACHING STAFF OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.



THE NEW BAND ROTUNDA IN THE PARK.



QUEEN STREET—MASTERTON POSSESSES THE ONLY TOWN CLOCK IN THE WAIRARAPA.



RAILWAY REFRESHMENT ROOM, STAFF, AND SOME OFFICIALS.

MASTERTON.—THE LARGEST TOWN IN THE WAIRARAPA.



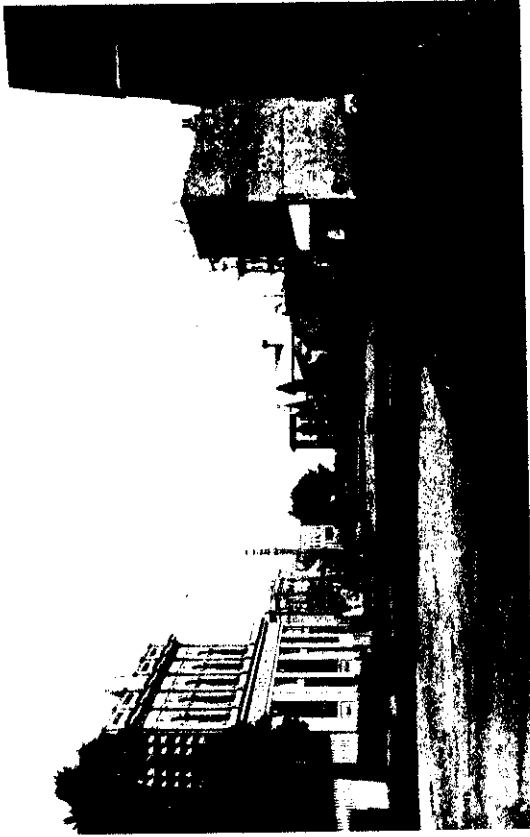
GRADUATES WHO RECEIVED THEIR DIPLOMAS ON JUNE 18th.

Left to Right: Mr E. Wilson, M.A., Mr W. Donovan, B.Sc., Mr P. S. Arden, M.A., Mr F. Stueland, M.A., Mr R. J. Coates, LL.B., Mr L. V. Halliwell, M.A., Miss Lein Button, B.A., Mr C. J. A. Griffin, B.Sc., Mr Thomas Theodore Thomas, B.A. (Canterbury), Miss Cecil Hull, B.A., Mr G. B. Stephenson, B.Sc. (honours).

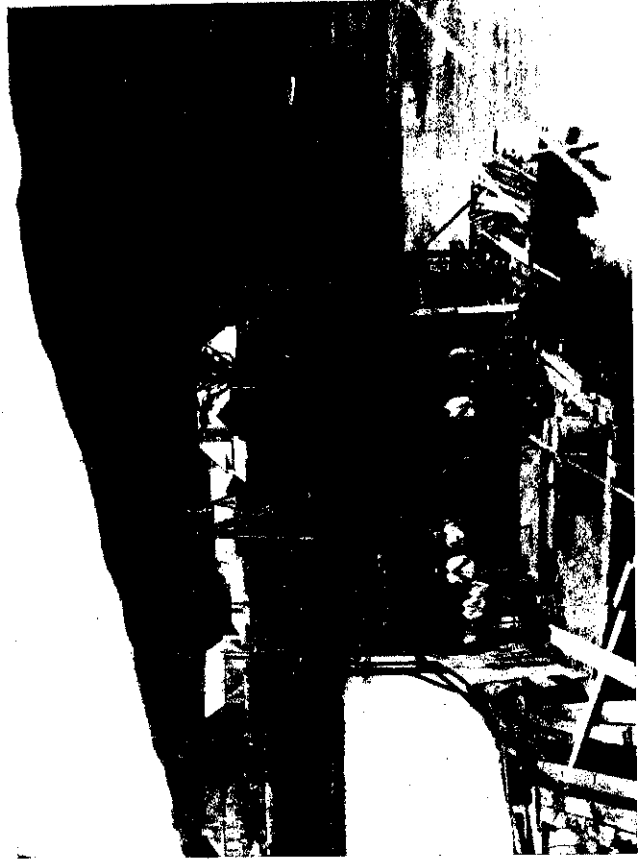


SOME OF THE UNDERGRADUATES.

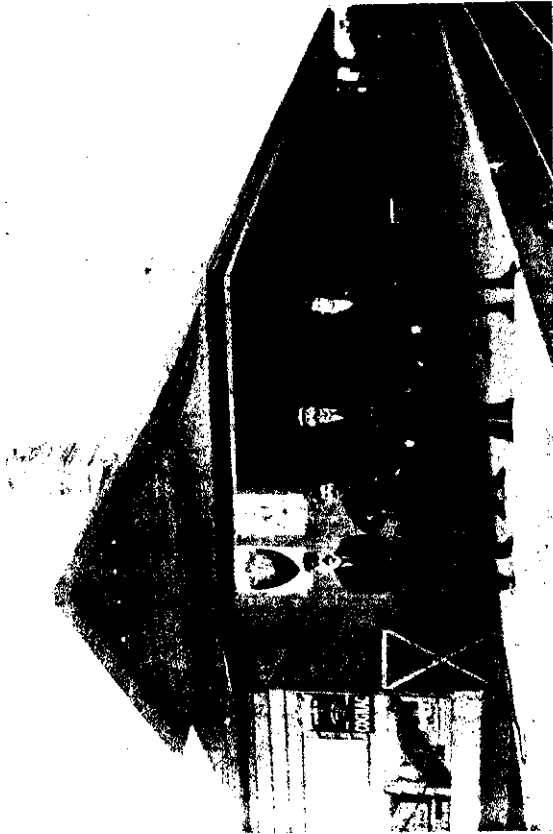
Auckland University College Capping Ceremony.



THE MAIN STREET.



BUILDING THE NEW BRIDGE.



THE RAILWAY STATION.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SUBURBS.

THE LOWER HUTT, WELLINGTON.



BOYS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC SCHOOL.



GIRLS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

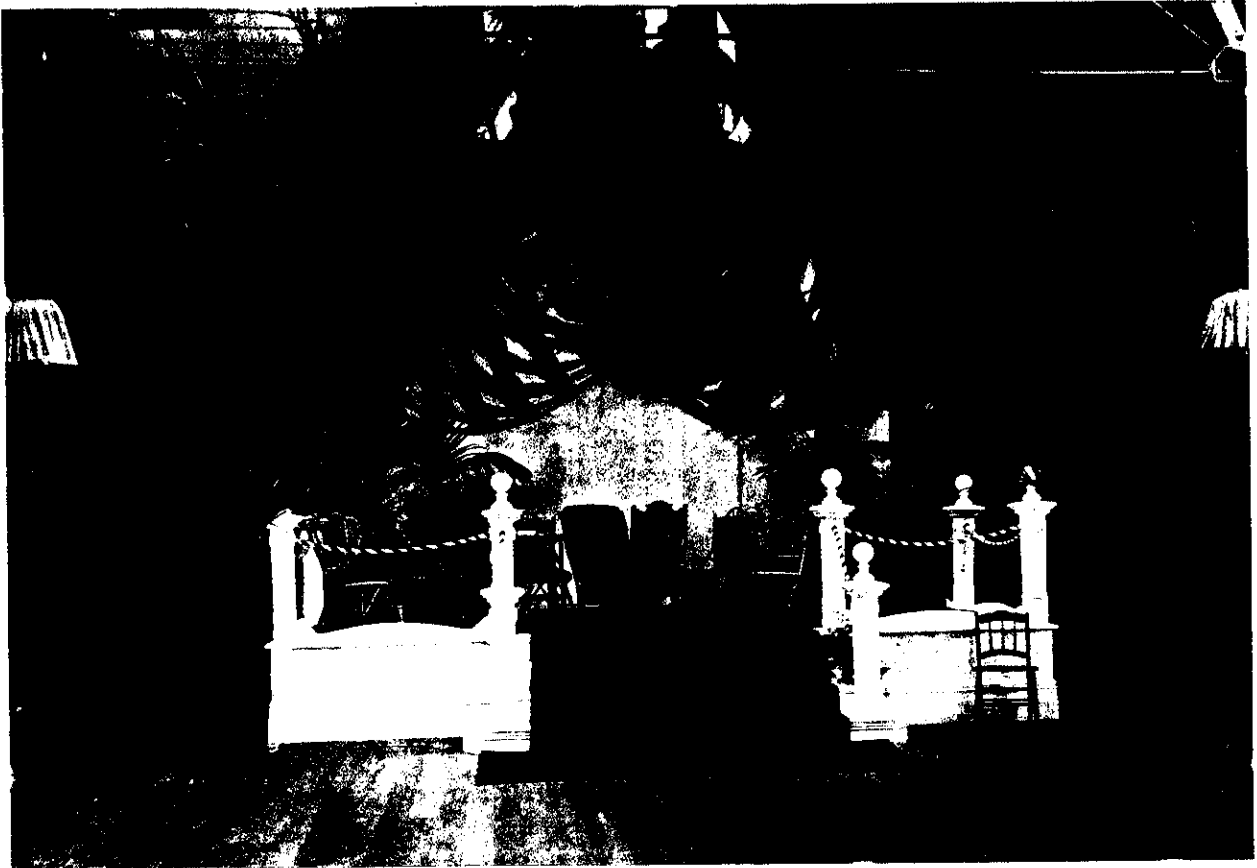


BOYS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

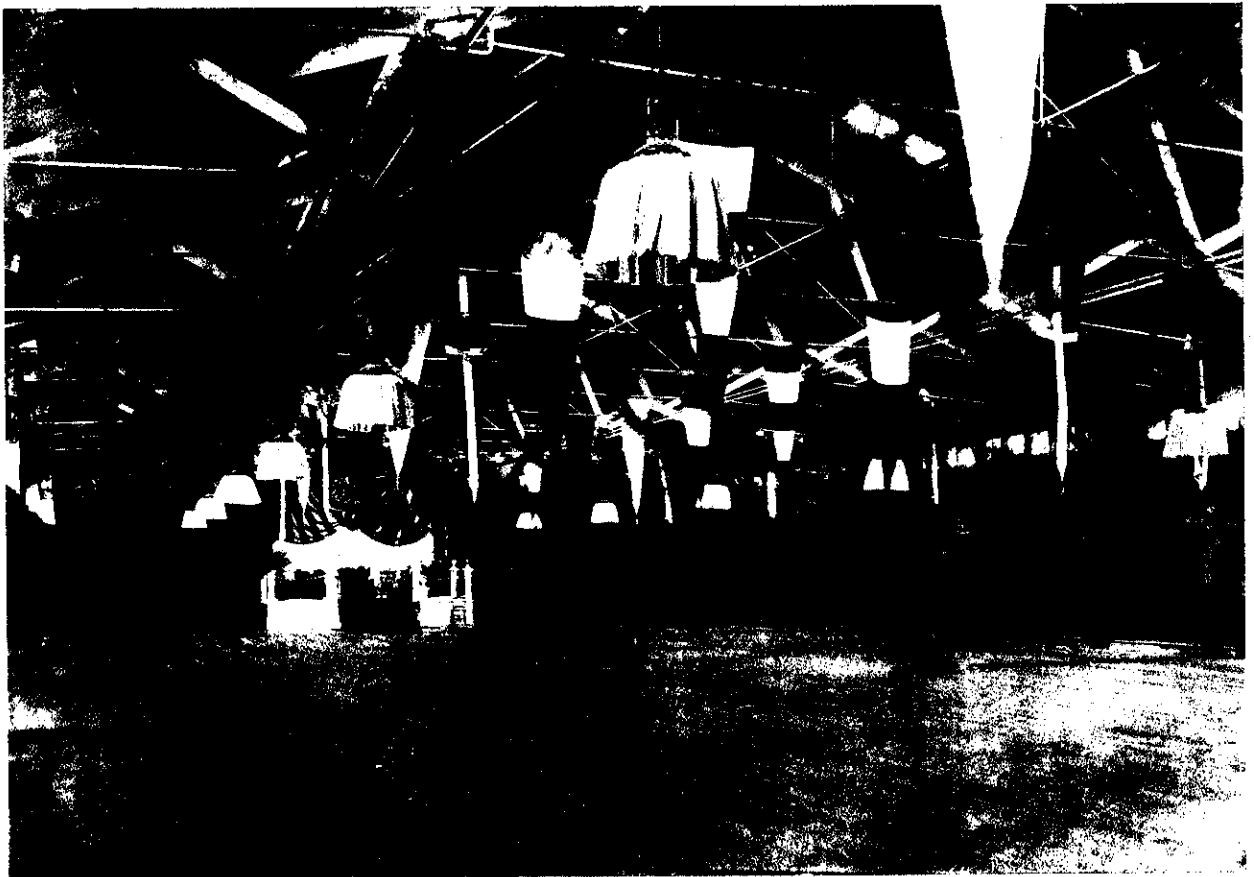


BELLYE GARDENS.

THE LOWER HUTT, WELLINGTON.



THE VICE-REGAL DAIS.

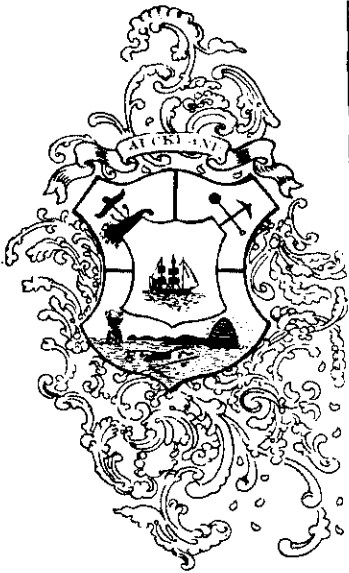


THE BALLROOM IN THE DRILL-SHED FROM THE MUSIC GALLERY.

The Auckland Citizens' Farewell Ball to His Excellency the Governor and the Countess of Ranfurly.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, AUCKLAND.



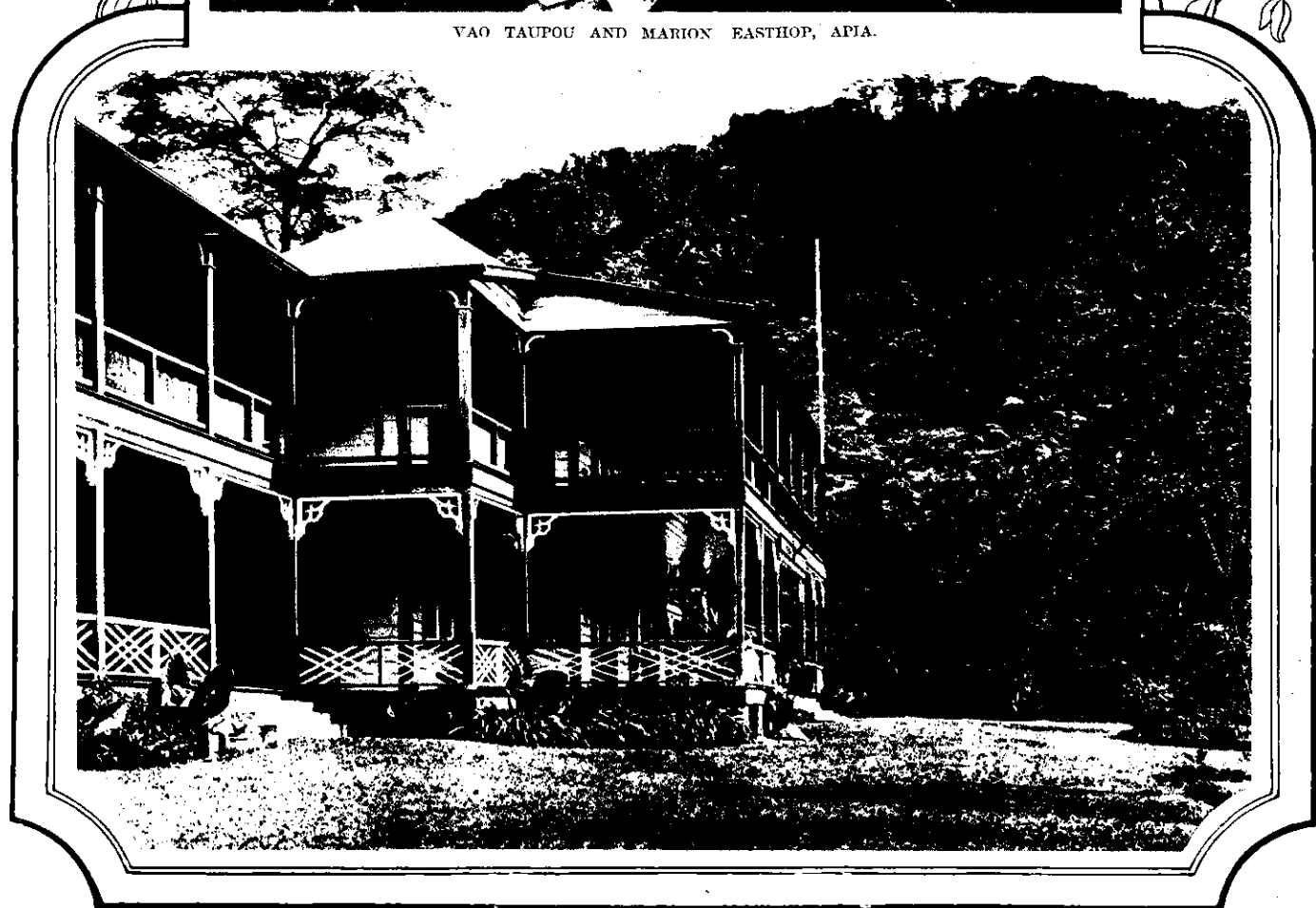
LORD NORTHLAND.

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF RANFURLY AND SUITE: Seated: His Excellency Lord Ranfurly, Lady Ranfurly. Standing: Major D. Alexander, Captain H. Bosawen, Hon. C. Hill-Trevor, Hon. H. C. Butler, Lord Northland.

LADY CONSTANCE KNOX.



VAO TAUPOU AND MARION EASTHOP, APIA.



"VALIMA," R. L. STEVENSON'S HOUSE, SHOWING THE HILL BEHIND, ON THE SUMMIT OF WHICH THE GREAT MAN IS BURIED.  
Walrond, "Graphic" photo.

**Our Parliamentarians in the Pacific.**



LANDING AT NIUE.



TUTUILA.

Wairoud, "Graphic" photo.

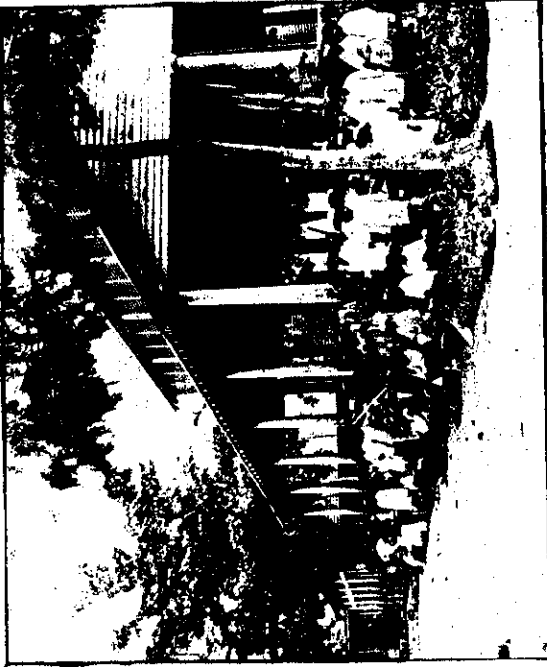
Our Parliamentarians in the Pacific.



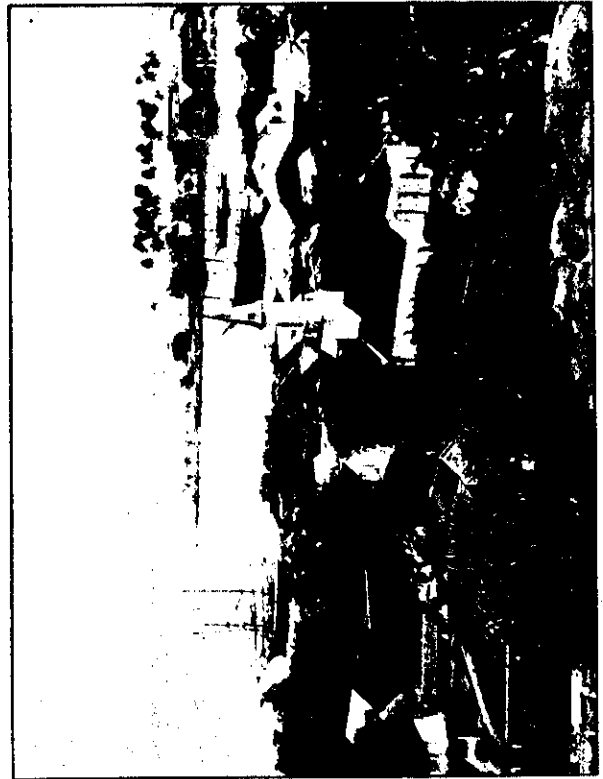
NIUE NATIVES.



NATIVE VILLAGE, APLA.



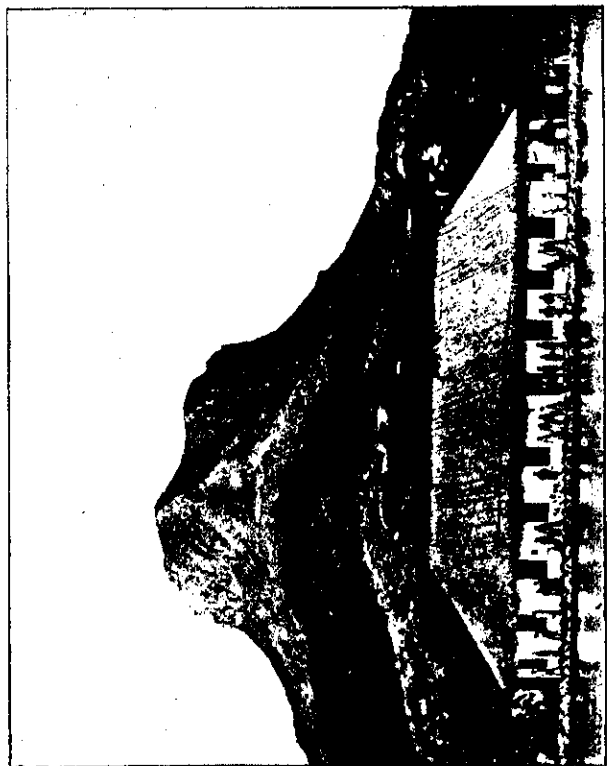
MARKET PLACE, PAPEETE.



A VIEW OF PAPEETE.



MUSICAL PERFORMERS' GALA DAY, TAHITI.



A CUSTOMS' HOUSE, PAPEETE.

Our Parliamentarians in the Pacific.





ROADSIDE GRAVES, AITUTAKI.



SORTING PEARL SHELLS INTO 11 CLASSES FOR THE LONDON MARKET.



NATIVE CHURCH, PENRYHN.



UNDER THE COCOANUT PALMS, PENRYHN.

Our Parliamentarians in the Pacific.



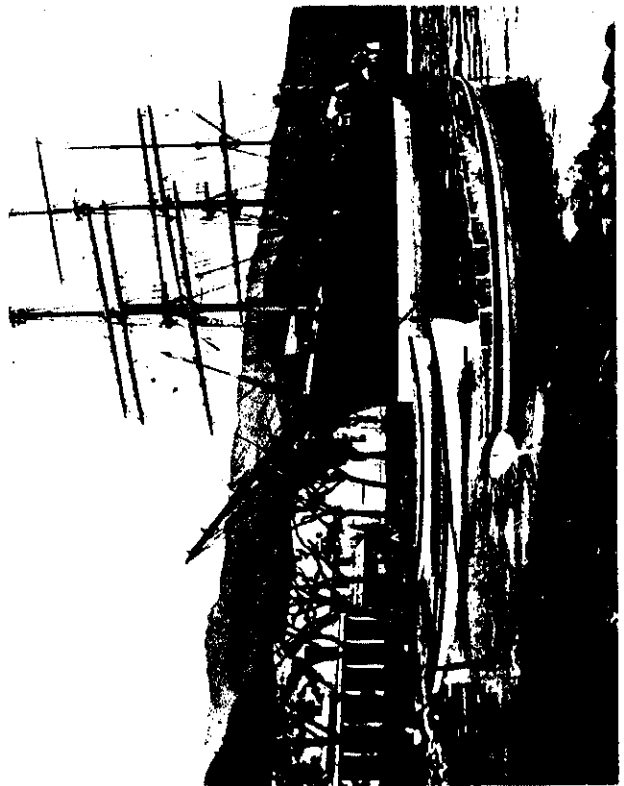
SCRAPING PALM LEAVES, PAGO PAGO.



MAN AND SHARK HUNT, AITUTAKI.



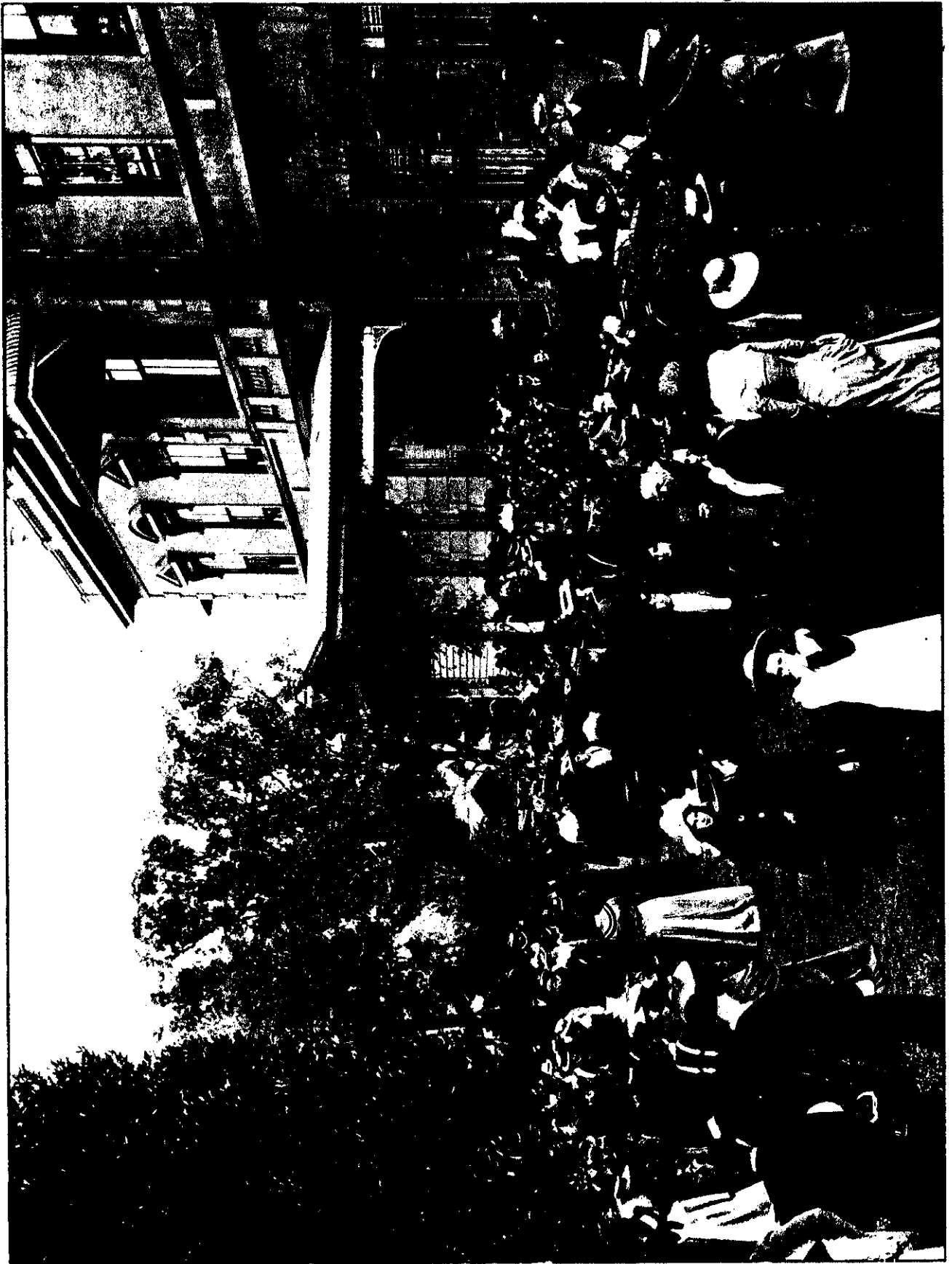
A FAMILY GROUP, APIA.



BARQUE IN PAPEETE HARBOUR.

Waikond. "Graphic" photo.

OUR PARLIAMENTARIANS IN THE PACIFIC.



Farewell Public Reception by the Countess of Ranfurly at Government House, Auckland.

A VIEW AT THE ENTRANCE.



THE SHOP OF MR. S. L. P. RIMMER, OF AUCKLAND, WHOSE WINDOWS WERE SMASHED BY A MOB FOR EXHIBITING PLACARDS OFFENSIVE TO THE CATHOLIC COMMUNITY.



THE LATE CARDINAL VAUGHAN, R.C. ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

**Death of Cardinal Vaughan.**

LONDON, June 21.

After a lengthy illness His Eminence Cardinal Herbert Vaughan, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, has passed away at Archbishop's House, Westminster, in the seventy-first year of his age.

His Eminence Herbert, Cardinal Vaughan, D.D., late Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford, and latterly Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, was the eldest son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Vaughan of Courtfield, Herefordshire, was born at Gloucester, April 15, 1832, and received his education at Stonhurst College, Lancashire, on the Continent, and in Rome, where he entered the Accademia dei nobilit Ecclesiastici. He was ordained a priest at Lucca, October 28, 1854, and, returning to England, joined the Oblates of St. Charles, a congregation of secular priests founded at Bayswater by the late Cardinal Manning. From the Oblates he was sent to St. Edmund's College, near Ware, of which he was Vice-President until 1862. He went in 1863 to America in order to gather funds for founding a Missionary College. In 1869, he founded, and was the President-General of, St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary College, Mill Hill, Middlesex, and towards the close of the year 1871 accompanied to Maryland the first detachment of priests who were sent from that institution on a special mission to the coloured

population of the United States. On the death of Bishop Turner he was elected Bishop of Salford, and consecrated in his cathedral by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, October 28, 1872. At Salford he published a series of pastoral letters, and has since identified himself prominently with the crusade against intemperance, with rescue work among children, and the cause of commercial education, in the interests of which he built St. Bede's College. On March 20, 1892, he was elected by the Pope, and on the recommendation of the Legation, to the See of Westminster, left vacant by the death of Cardinal Manning. On May 12 he took possession of his See and received the pallium on August 16. He was summoned to Rome in January, 1903, to be created a Cardinal, and was received with great distinction during his stay. Cardinal Vaughan, who has acquired a considerable reputation as a preacher, has published several pamphlets, and is the proprietor of the "Tribune" newspaper and of the "Dublin Review." A speech of his, in which he dwelt upon the validity of Anglican orders, led to a long controversy in the "Times" and other papers during the autumn of 1904. His publications included a large number of pamphlets and letters concerning educational, social, and religious questions.



HON. COLONEL PITT, Newly-appointed Attorney-General.



SACRED HEART COLLEGE, AUCKLAND, OPENED FOR THE MARIST BROS. BY THE MAYOR OF AUCKLAND, SUNDAY, JUNE 21, 1903.



OFFICERS OF NO. 2 BATTALION, AUCKLAND MOUNTED RIFLES.

Standing: Lieut. Shilson, Surgeon-Capt. Brewis, Capt. Richardson, Capt. Harrowell, Lieut. Smith, Capt. Berry, Lieut. Strange.  
Sitting: Lieut. Quartermaster Bright, Adjutant Scott, Major Iune, Capt. Clifford, Lieut. Marshall.



Tibbatt Bros., photo.

SOME OF THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

### The Hamilton Encampment.



A GENERAL VIEW.



Tibbitt Bros. photo.

THE CAMP BARBER (MR. BROWN) AT WORK.

### The Hamilton Encampment.





THE CAMP CATERER (MR. BITTLEY) PREPARING FOR DINNER.

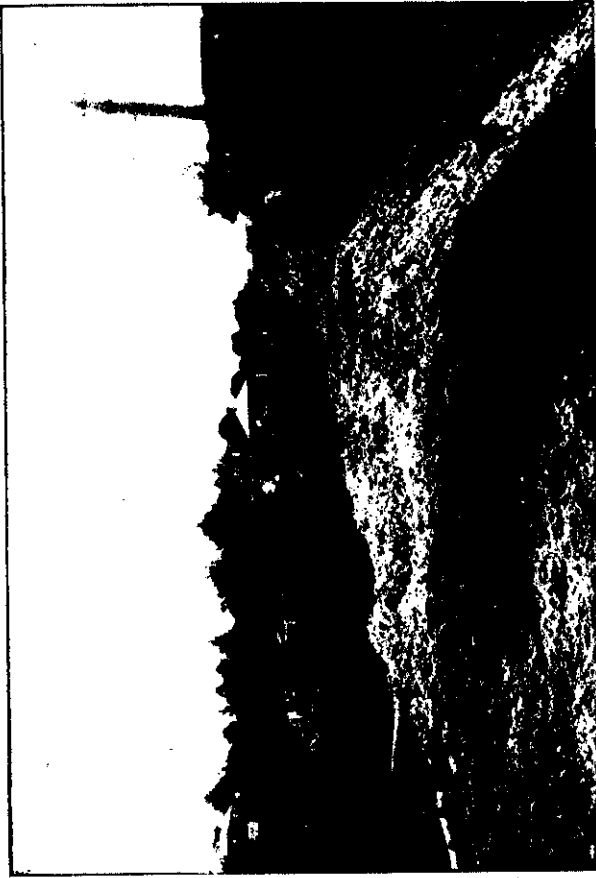


A GROUP OF THE MEN AT DINNER-TIME.

Tilbott Bros. photo.

### The Hamilton Encampment.

Copy neg: C15,011



IMPROVING NORTHCOTE'S MAIN STREET.



UPPER RESERVOIR, SUGAR COMPANY'S ESTATE.

C15,011

ON THE NORTHERN SIDE OF THE HARBOUR.



HEAD OF THE LAGOON, BIRKDALE.—A FAVOURITE PICNIC RESORT. (C14,762)

Cops  
neg: C14,  
762



COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING COMPANY'S WORKS, CHELSEA.

C15,015

E. Clarke, photo.

Copy neg: C14,762



EASTERN PRINCESS.



BROTHER JONATHAN.



ALGX. IN THE TOREADOR.



BO-PEEP AND BOY BLUE.



SYDNEY CARTON.



MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.



TWO GNOMES.



BUFFALO BILL.



SWEET GIRL GRADUATE.



BELLE OF NEW YORK.



FRENCH COURTIER.



ACE OF CLUBS.

The Latest Fashionable Craze in England.

ELABORATE FANCY DRESS DANCES FOR CHILDREN.

Visitor:  
 Rev. W. BEATTY, M.A. (St. Mark's, Remuera)  
 Headmaster:  
 GEO. BIGG WITMER, B.A. (N.Z.)  
 Resident Chaplain:  
 Rev. C. H. TISDALL, M.A.

# KING'S COLLEGE, AUCKLAND.

Assistant Masters:  
 ARTHUR PLUGGE, B.Sc. (Vict. Univ., Eng.)  
 F. STUCKEY, M.A., Hon. (N.Z.)  
 F. WORLEY,  
 Visiting Masters for Music, Gymnastics,  
 Shorthand, and Carpentry.



THE COLLEGE.

In order to meet modern requirements in regard to the teaching of SCIENCE, spacious and well ventilated Buildings have been lately erected. These comprise a Physical Laboratory, a Chemical Laboratory, a specially darkened room for use as an Optical Laboratory, and Galvanometer Room, and a room fitted with a furnace bench for assay work. Each of the first two mentioned is fitted with benches to accommodate 20 boys, and has gas, water, etc. laid on. The buildings are well furnished with the necessary apparatus, and in the opinion of experts are thoroughly suited for the purpose for which they were built. The work done is similar in character to that of the ENGLISH ORGANISED SCIENCE SCHOOLS, and the full course occupies three years. THE TEACHING IS ESSENTIALLY PRACTICAL. The Boys are taught chiefly BY THE MEANS OF EXPERIMENTS, WORKED OUT BY THEMSELVES, and they thus acquire the faculty of making observations, and putting down the inferences they draw from them.

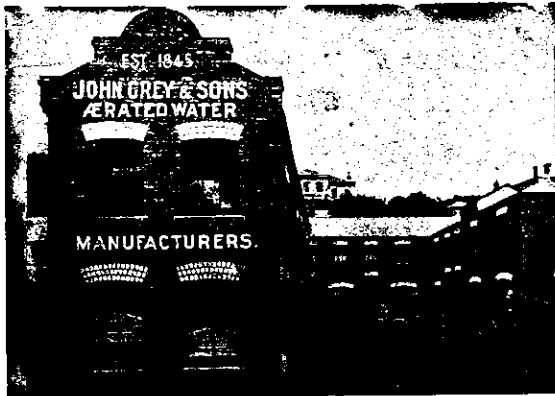


THE GYMNASIUM.

PROSPECTUS CAN BE OBTAINED AT MESSRS UPTON & CO'S, QUEEN STREET.

JOHN GREY & SONS, Auckland,

MENZIES & CO, Waikato and Thames



TELEPHONE 127.

# Grey & Menzies

LIMITED.

Head Office

EDEN CRESCENT, AUCKLAND.

## AERATED WATER and CORDIAL MANUFACTURERS

GOLD MEDAL FOR AERATED WATERS AND CORDIALS.  
 Auckland Exhibition, 1898-9.



430 QUEEN ST., AUCKLAND.



F1601.—Silver Plate and Oak Salts, 4/6 each.



F1627.—Very pretty Afternoon Tea Set on Tray, James I. pattern, £5.



F1605.—Silver Plate and Moulded Glass Salts, 8/ each.



F1338.—Finest quality Silver Plated Tea Urn, 18 inches high, £8.



F8139.—Silver Plated Butter Knife, 2/6



F1206.—Pearl Handled Butter Knife, 4/ each.



E3758.—Handsome Hot Water Can, Fine Silver Plate, 45/.



F7091.—Pretty Rose Bowl, 6 inches high, 22/6.



F2024.—Handsome Presentation Tea Urn, Fine Silver Plate, £8 6/ 18in high.



E3856.—Pretty Design Afternoon Tea Set, 45/.



F2642.—Silver Plated Flower Vase, 7 inches high, 12/6

**HOLLOWAY'S**

*Known & Appreciated Everywhere*

*ALWAYS RELIABLE*

**PILLS AND OINTMENT.**

The advertisement is a black and white woodcut-style illustration. At the top, the word "HOLLOWAY'S" is written in a large, bold, serif font with a decorative shadow. Below this, a large, ornate archway frames a scene of a three-masted sailing ship on a choppy sea. The ship is viewed from a distance, with its sails partially set. To the left of the archway, a flagpole with a flag is visible. The text "Known & Appreciated Everywhere" is written in a cursive script on the left side. The text "ALWAYS RELIABLE" is written in a similar cursive script across the lower part of the archway. At the bottom, the words "PILLS AND OINTMENT." are written in a large, bold, serif font, with "AND" in a smaller, more decorative font between "PILLS" and "OINTMENT." The entire illustration is framed by a decorative border with scrollwork and rope-like patterns.

# Music and Drama.

## OPERA HOUSE.

Under the Direction of Mr Harry Rickards. Business Manager Mr M. Marcus Treasurer Mr J. F. Loukin SATURDAY EVENING NEXT, JUNE 27.

First Appearance in Auckland of MR HARRY RICKARDS NEW ENGLISH AMERICAN, AND CONTINENTAL VAUDEVILLE COMPANY, Consisting of—

A Galaxy of Talent seldom if ever seen together in the same Bill. HILL AND SILVAINY. Absolutely the Greatest and Most Daring Bicycle Act in the World. SHELLEY AND WEST.

The Greatest Musical Comedians and Sketch Artists in the Vaudeville Profession.

GRACIE EMMETT, America's Most Favourite Comedienne, and her Specially Selected Company of American Artists, consisting of— BEX. J. MILES, LE ROY WIMMER, FRANCES GRAY.

WALLACE BROWNLOW, The Famous Operatic Baritone.

CLIVE, THE GREAT Investigator.

BERT BRADLEY, Tenor.

MAIHE THOMAS, Soprano.

FLORRIE BAINES, Comedienne, and Souffrette.

LITTLE EILEEN CAPEL, Child Soloist.

PRICES—3/2, 1/6. A few Orchestral Seats may be reserved at 4/ Box Plus opens TO-MORROW, at Wildman, Lyell, and Arey's.

**G. HAROLD HARDET,** PROFESSIONAL MUSICIAN, Organist St. David's Presbyterian Church. Best "Up-to-date" Music Supplied for all Sorts of Social Functions. Address—**LERWICK HOUSE, MANUKAU RD., PARNELL.**

"Are You a Mason?" is a question which the members of Mr Williamson's clever company are still asking at His Majesty's Theatre with profit to themselves and unbounded amusement to the large audiences which are nightly attracted to this place of entertainment. It is seldom that such a company comes along with such a farcical comedy, and the people of Auckland are fully alive to the fact. The company's next piece is "Oh, What a Night," but the present piece could easily run out the season on its own account. Good as the second piece is reported to be playgoers are not anxious to see the jolly would-be Masons retire in its favour. On June 23 His Excellency the Governor and Lady Balfour attended the performance of "Are You a Mason?"

It is some time since a vaudeville company of the stamp associated with the name of Mr Harry Rickards has visited Auckland, so the appearance of his latest company on Saturday, June 27, at the Opera House is sure to be greeted with pleasure. The combination is a decidedly strong one, and includes several "stars" of world-wide reputation. Hill and Silvainy, trick cyclists, do an astonishingly daring turn. "The greatest success of the evening was undoubtedly that scored by Mr Hill and Miss Silvainy, the trick cyclists. The performance of these daring acrobats was thrilling in the extreme, and of a character never previously attempted in the colonies. After an exhibition of skilful riding on the old style 'boneshaker,' Mr Hill discarded this for a one-wheeled machine upon which, without handlebars, he rode down a steep flight of steps with Miss Silvainy upon his shoulders. The feat is fraught with extreme danger and requires a wonderful skill and nerve." Thus a Southern critic who saw the company. Miss Gracie Emmett, the famous American comedienne, and her company of compatriots, have a repertoire of most entertaining "playlets" specially written for her by the American writer W. W. Prosser. These plays in miniature have made Miss Emmett and those who assist her most popular in the towns they have already visited. Among a number of other highly capable artists is Mr Wallace Brownlow, an old favourite who may be sure of a hearty welcome.

Mr Harry Plimmer, who was in Auckland some little time ago, whilst a member of the Anderson Dramatic Company, has joined the Neil-Frawley Company, now playing in Melbourne.

The 1000th performance of "Ben Hur" was recently celebrated in America. The drama commenced its career at the Broadway Theatre in New York, November 29, 1900.

Mr Seeley, who is to appear with Mr Harry Rickards' company, was the husband of the late Bonny Bessie Bonehill, who was the greatest child impersonator of the English stage. She was under engagement to Mr Rickards, and but for her untimely death would have appeared with the company now in New Zealand.

A comic opera, in which all the characters are played by negroes, has recently had a great success in New York, and negotiations are at present in progress to take the whole production very shortly to a London West End theatre.

The medals, orders, and diplomas of the great rope-walker, Blondin, the hero of Niagara Falls, were sold at Debenham's, London, recently. A gold medal and chain with diploma, awarded for crossing Niagara in 1838, realised £20 10/.

Mr George Stephenson has received a cable from Mr Fred Duval to the effect that he has secured three very successful American comedies of the "Trip to Chinatown" order, namely, "Mamma's New Husband," "Browns in Town," and "Where is Cobbe?" A specially-selected company has been engaged to interpret these plays, and a great feature will be the ballet chorus.

Mr Harry Rickards sails from Sydney on June 27 by the Oceana for Europe. After London he goes to New York and Chicago, and then returns to London for a four or five weeks' holiday. Thence he visits Paris, Berlin and Vienna in search of novelties, and returns to Australia at the end of November or early in December. He will be accompanied by Mrs Rickards, his two daughters and little Fanny Powers, a clever artiste who was in New Zealand with Cinquevalli. During her stay in London she will make an appearance on the English vaudeville stage.

It will be interesting news to many that an Auckland Shakespeare Society has just been formed. Sir John Logan Campbell has accepted the position of patron to the society, and Mr Hugh Campbell that of president. The first play to be read will be the comedy of "Twelfth Night," and the reading will take place in the Masonic Hall, Princes-street, on Thursday, 2nd July. Invitations are now being issued by the committee to those who are known to be interested in the matter. The caste will include the names of Messrs. Archdale Taylor, J. F. Montague, F. H. Temple, W. R. Walker, Rev. W. Jellie, Miss Bruce (Remuera), Mrs C. J. Parr, Miss Ockenden, and a number of others.

The new Neapolitan tenor, Signor Giorgini, according to the Italian papers, will appear next year in London and New York. The people of Naples are quite wild over their new tenor, who is not quite 23 years of age. A short time ago he was crying fish in the streets of Rome, and had a varied experience as a stonemason, cook, baker and blacksmith. At Naples he joined a strolling company, and sang songs in the streets. At length he cummioned courage and called on the manager of the San Carlo Theatre, Naples, who immediately engaged him. After eight months' training Signor Giorgini appeared with great success in grand opera.

Once, at Drury Lane, nearly ten minutes of an act was taken up by the prattle of a little boy whose father was away from home "doing time," as well as irksome labour, for an offence of which he was as innocent as the conductor of the orchestra. At the end of the ten minutes, which seemed like ten ages, while they lasted, the little boy fell asleep in his mother's arms—having first asked, in a tin trolle, "Mamma, why are you crying?"—and at this

most interesting point of the drama the "comic relief," represented by a sailor and a housemaid in love, tramped noisily on to perform their cheering mission of contrast. "Hush! hush!" cried a man from the gallery, in a great and resonant whisper of despair, as the sailor was about to crack a joke with his sweetheart. "For Heaven's sake don't wake that child!"

## Bachelors' Ball, Wellington.

The Bachelors' Ball, held in the Sydney-street Hall on Thursday, was a brilliant success. The decorations everywhere were extremely pretty, and no pains were spared to make the guests enjoy themselves. The ballroom was lined with charming pictures, including one of the supper at the ball given the night before the battle of Waterloo, and this was appropriate to the occasion, which happened to be the anniversary of the great battle. The ball was also draped in pink muslin, and trails of lycopodium with pink paper poppies intermingled, making a pretty effect. The stage and siderooms were luxuriously furnished for resting places, greenery being placed in all bare corners. Electric globes shaded with pink silk threw a soft glow over the gay scene, and an elaborate sit-down champagne supper was set out in the gymnasium hall. The tables were decorated with pot-plants and chrysanthemums. King's band played dance music splendidly. Mrs Crawford and Miss Sommerville kindly played the extras. It was close on 2 a.m. when one of the most enjoyable dances given in Wellington for a long time came to an end. The thirteen hosts were warmly congratulated upon a most successful event, and were loudly cheered at the end. I must not forget the programmes, which had an artistic design on the outside, with portraits in pencil sketches of each of the hosts. These were Messrs Webster (2), Dalziel, Abbott, Duncan, Weston, Turnbull (2), Hodson, Owen, Pike, Johnston, Tripp. A number of pretty dresses were worn. Among wearers were Mrs Duncan, rich grey satin, trimmed with white lace and steel; Mrs Adams, black satin, trimmed with jet and chiffon; Mrs Findlay, black satin with white lace; Mrs Collins, pretty gown of white chiffon and striped black jettied velvet; Mrs Pearce, rich tuckered yellow satin, trimmed with lace and blue velvet; Mrs Buchanan, lovely white satin, flounced with accordion-pleated chiffon; Mrs Turrell, cream silk, trimmed with lace and flowers; Mrs Kennedy, black jettied gauze; Mrs Cooper, white satin, prettily tuckered and trimmed with soft lace; Mrs Rawson, black satin with lace berthe; Mrs Cox, wedding gown of lovely satin, flounced with accordion chiffon; Mrs Purdy, black satin, trimmed with chiffon; Mrs Owen, white figured gauze; Mrs Synmonds, white brocade, trimmed with lace; Mrs Tweed, grey silk, trimmed with chiffon; Mrs Young, white satin with chiffon and pearls; Mrs Izard, black and white gown; Mrs Crawford, pink satin, with white lace and flowers; Mrs Strang (Faberston), white brocade, with chiffon flounces; Mrs Baxter, black silk, with lace; Mrs Mantell, red velvet, trimmed with ecru lace and black vel-

vet; Mrs Ritchie, white satin, berthe of lace, rose chiffon choux; Mrs Leach, cream satin, with chiffon; Miss Coates, handsome black brocade, with jet and ecru medallions; Miss Duncan, pale pink silk, trimmed with chiffon and silver knots; Miss Tolhurst, white satin, with chiffon yoke and sleeves; Miss Cooper, pale pink silk, with deep flounce of cream net; Miss Hislop, black gauze, trimmed with ecru medallions; Miss Harcourt, blue brocade, trimmed with white chiffon; Miss Riddiford, pretty white satin, trimmed with chiffon and blue flowers; Miss Nelson (Auckland), white merveilleux, with chiffon berthe; Miss Seddon, white satin, trimmed with chiffon and lace; Mrs Seddon, pale blue oriental satin, tuckered and trimmed with white lace; Miss Lawson, soft white silk and net gown; Miss O. Rawson (debutante), white chine silk, trimmed with chiffon; Miss Tripp (Christchurch), pale yellow silk, draped with white lace; Miss Stowe, cream satin, trimmed with chiffon and red flowers; Miss Reid, white satin and chiffon; Miss Fell, white silk, berthe of deep silk lace; Miss M. Fell, green silk, trimmed white chiffon and lace; Miss Gore, black satin and chiffon, flowers on corsage; Miss Denniston (Christchurch), white satin, trimmed with chiffon; Miss Fitzgerald, pale green silk, trimmed with white lace; Miss K. Fitzgerald, cream silk, with lace and flowers on corsage; the Misses Fitzherbert (2), soft white silk and chiffon gowns; Miss Rawson, pink satin, trimmed with chiffon to match; Miss E. Rawson, pale blue, veiled with white lace; Miss Brandon, white satin, berthe of lace with flowers; Miss L. Brandon, soft white gauze; Miss Fraser, cream flowered satin, with chiffon; Miss Hope (Christchurch), white silk, with chiffon frills; Miss Somerville, white silk and lace; Miss Skerrett, green silk, veiled with black lace; Miss J. Skerrett, rose pink velvet, berthe of cream lace; Miss N. Skerrett, white gauze; Miss Simpson, soft cream gown, frills edged with narrow black lace; Miss Riley, white crepe de chine, with lace; Miss Miles, blue silk, with berthe of white lace; Miss Finch, white silk and chiffon; Miss M. Finch, pale blue silk, trimmed with deeper shades of blue velvet; Miss Nelson, white crepe de chine, with chiffon; Miss McGregor, yellow satin, with berthe of white lace; Miss Ewen, black satin, with net bodices; Miss Butt, white merveilleux, trimmed with chiffon and red flowers; Miss Lee, white silk, with chiffon berthe; Miss Atkinson, white brocade, with chiffon sash. Amongst the gentlemen present were: Messrs Coates, Duncan, Crawford, Ritchie, Harcourt, Mantell, Lees, Cooper, Skerrett, Buchanan, Turrell, Kennedy, Young, Strang, Higgins, Milne, Latham, Gore, McShane, Kellie, Jackson, Leckie, Rawson, Fitzherbert, Gould, Cox, Slowman, Fell, Drs. Collins, Rawson, Adams, Purdy.

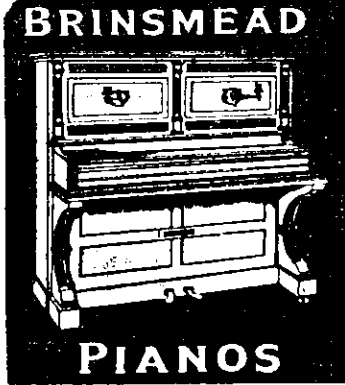
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ORANGE BLOSSOMS O'KANE-KEANY.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, on Wednesday morning, June 10th, when Miss Elizabeth Marie Keany, daughter of Mr. Joseph Keany, Dunedin, was married to Mr. James J. O'Kane, of Alexandra South. The ceremony was a nuptial mass celebrated by the Rev. Father Hunt. During the blessing and signing of the register the "Bridal March" was played in the nuns' choir. The bride entered the Cathedral on the arm of her father, who gave her away, and she was followed by two bridesmaids, the Misses Martin and Rivers. The bride wore a charming gown of white satin, with full court train of the same. The bodice was beautifully draped with Honiton lace and chiffon. She wore an embroidered veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and carried an exquisite shower bouquet of lilies and roses. She was attended by a page (her nephew), Master R. Archer-Burton. The bridesmaid's dresses were of white Liberty silk, with lace insertion. Their pretty costumes were completed by large black picture hats, with pale blue satin rosettes. They carried shower bouquets of chrysanthemums and autumn leaves, and wore the bridegroom's presents, large greenstone hearts with "Kia-ora" inscribed on gold ferns, with gold chains. The best man was Mr. John O'Kane, and groomsmen Mr. W. Murray (Alexandra South). At a reception held at the bride's parents' residence, High street, subsequently, Mrs. Keany received the intimate friends of her family. She wore a handsome gown of black silk, black bonnet, with black and white silk rosettes and aigrettes. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Archer-Burton (Sydney), Mr. and Mrs. Roche, the Misses Martin, Mrs. and Miss Rivers, Mr. and Mrs. James Griffen, Mr. Moss, Mrs. Dallas, Miss Fanagan, Mrs. Miss and Mr. J. O'Kane, junr., Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Brent, Mr. and the Misses Cannon, the Rev. Father Hunt, Mr. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Palmer, Numerous, and well-selected presents were received by both bride and bridegroom. Some of the principal were from the bride's mother, trousseau, with complete set of household linen and cheque; from bride's sisters, gold muff chain and set of silver-mounted scent bottles; Mrs. Roche and family, set of silver dessert knives and forks, with pearl handles; Mr. J. O'Kane, oak liqueur stand; Miss O'Kane, silver spirit stand and kettle; Mr. J. O'Kane, junr., silver stand, with cream and sugar basin; Mr. and Mrs. O'Kane (Queenstown), silver cake stand and sweets dishes; Mr. Sibbald (Auckland), silver butter dish; Miss Sibbald, silver jam dish; Amy and Mary Sibbald, silver oak and silver salt cellars; Mrs. Dallas, silver cruet; Mr. and Mrs. Rivers, gold (Nellie Stewart) bangle; Mr. W. Murray, silver teapot and toast rack; Dr. and Miss Gregg, silver coffee service; Mr. Murphy, silver fish slice and carvers; Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, silver brushes; Miss Alexander, silver manicure set; Mr. and Mrs. Griffen, silver and oak salad bowl; Dr. and Mrs. Hyatt, entree dishes, etc., etc. Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Kane left for Christchurch en route for Hamner Plains, where the honeymoon will be spent. The bride's going-away dress was grey tweed, with facings of cream satin, large white beaver hat, with white ostrich feathers and white fox fur. The handsome wedding cake was supplied by Mr. W. Helmkey.

Society Gossip AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, June 23.

I wonder how I am best to describe for you

THE CITIZENS' BALL.

which is now, alas, no more than a gorgeous memory. Directly it was decided to do honour to His Excellency and Lady Ranfurly by entertaining them at a ball, those in charge made up their minds that this should be no ordinary function, but should excel in every particular anything of the sort ever seen in Auckland or in the colonies before. And, ambitious as was the proposition, and vast as were the difficulties in the way, it was emphatically fulfilled, and more than fulfilled. In securing the loan of the Drill Shed, and having a dancing floor laid down and polished for the occasion, the committee secured what was probably one of the largest rooms for dancing in the world, but there yet remained the almost superhuman task of transforming an ugly shed into a beautiful ball room. Yet this was done, and done ably. As is usual, absolute workers narrowed themselves down to a few, and though several helped, it is an open secret, and a fact, that to Mr. Holmes, as secretary, and to Mr. Isidor Alexander, as designer of the decorative scheme, fell most of the work. Loyal and able assistants they had, and the names of others might be mentioned did space permit, for whom citizens have to thank for the splendid success of their ball. But I must hurry over this introduction and get to business, describing the dance itself, and then, of course, the dresses. How and where shall I begin? Well, to start with, the rain held off far better than anyone expected. In the morning it simply came down in sheets, and the telephoning to get cabs or shares of cabs on the part of the economists, who had speculated on a fine night, and decided to risk the trams down, was positively frantic. The little fortune secured by cab proprietors must have been both "grateful and comforting," as they say of the cocoa in the advertisement, for cabs were engaged four journeys deep, and nothing less than a pound taken—so I was credibly informed. Arrived at the hall one found the arrangements excellent. The dressing rooms were crowded, but well ordered, and there was no crushing. As for the ball-room, who shall describe it? It would, I should say, have held half a dozen of any public halls or of the Government House ball-rooms, and the lighting and decorations were really superb. From end to end the walls were covered in Mikau palms, and magnificent specimens, standing out at regular intervals, formed a series of alcoves of greenery, relieved with heraldic shields, each shield being numbered so that partners could fix on their meeting place when arranging their programmes—a most admirable plan, and one which saved much confusion. At the entrance end was a very large music gallery, suitably decorated, and from which a most

admirable band played a capital selection of music. The dais for the vice-regal party was a very handsome affair in white enamel, and was surrounded by giant nikau specially brought from the Kaipara. It was carpeted in red, and gave a brilliant touch of colour to the room.

THE SUPPER.

which was a credit to the committee and to the caterer, Mr. Speight, of the Strand Cafe Company, was excellently served in the gun-room, the neat waitresses keeping their heads in the rush very much better than the waiters, which was a distinct triumph for the sex, don't you think? Of genuine champagne of any recognised brand there was but a limited quantity reserved, I suppose, for the vice-regal party, but the Wine Committee thoughtfully substituted an abundance of Akermann Laurence's sparkling Saumen, which artful economy must have saved quite a lot of money, since Saumen is just about half the price of any well-known brand of champagne, from which, of course, it is as distinct and different a wine as sparkling moselle or hock. However, as the substitution stopped short of the table for the guests of the evening, and many of the others did not know the difference between real champagne and the cheaper article, no harm was done. One or two of my partners, who knew were genuinely amused, for Saumer, if cheap, is not nasty, and is an inoffensive beverage in every way. But the idea was rather comic, I think, as the tickets were a guinea each for men, and half that amount for women, and the vast majority of men there were guarantors.

THE DRESSES.

Take it for all in all, the dresses were the smartest set I have seen in Auckland, which is now unquestionably the best-dressed city—at evening entertainments—in the colony. The majority of the frocks were beautiful, in excellent taste, and excellently made, a truly marvellous improvement on what used to be the case some years ago. So far as is humanly possible, this is a practically complete list, though it was no doubt impossible to see everyone:

The Countess of Ranfurly was attired in a beautiful white brocade, interwoven with silver in a lover's knot design, the skirt falling over numerous satin frills edged with silver, lovely Brussels net flowing sleeves, and cascade of duchess point lace down side of front panel, tiara of diamonds and emeralds, and diamond necklace and Maltese cross; Lady Constance Keppel, pretty white brocade, with gauged chiffon sleeves and berbe, long halfon sash; Miss Julius, white silk voile, with gauged and tulle over pink silk sash and tulle; Miss Costello, white black sequined net over silk; Mrs. Mitchellson (Marjorie), black embroidered chiffon with applique over white satin; Miss Mitchellson, with tucked berbe, filled chiffon frock, with tucked berbe, overlaid with pink vandyke applique, and carried a spray bouquet of white flowers; Mrs. Nelligan, black point d'esprit over white satin, white opera in colour; Lady Campbell, black velvet, handsome white brocade evening cape; Mrs. Boscawen, white jewelled net over turquoise blue glace, with tulle bracelet sleeves; Mrs. Roscawen, black satin, with cluster of crimson roses; Miss J. A. Toke, white tulle over black satin, black gauged tulle over black satin, Maltese lace berbe caught on one side with a cluster of cerise roses; her sister (Miss George, New Plymouth), pretty white silk, bordered with Paris tinted lace, cluster of mango yellow roses; Mrs. A. P. Wilson, black satin, orchid pink brocade box pleated bolero; Mrs. T. Morrin, white chiffon, encrusted with black chiffon applique, over tulle glace silk; Miss Morrin, pretty white brocade with chiffon frills; Mrs. Duncan Clark, cream chiffon, encrusted with Honiton lace, Maltese lace delftly arranged on corsage, wreath of forget-me-nots in colour; Mrs. Ernest Bloomfield, exquisite pale blue crepe de chine, Mrs. Gilman, white brocade, with deep berbe, net of net and velvet Honiton lace; Mrs. Tewsley, lovely pale blue Oriental satin, embroidered with chiffon frills of same shade, headed with pale pink rosebuds, pale pink roses on corsage and in colour; Mrs. Russell wore sea green satin, with bands of white insertion, roselian and chou of olive green velvet ribbon; and her sister wore dainty white surah silk; Miss Webbe (Wellington), white glace silk, embroidered in silver, large crimson velvet chou;

Miss Jennie Ireland, black shirred satin, large green ribbon chou, black bird in colour; Mrs. Eva Smith, pretty black satin and net frock, with pale blue lace on corsage and in colour; Miss Grierson, white Bretonne net, profusely trimmed with satin ribbon, over white silk, wreath of forget-me-nots in colour; Mrs. Smith, white Oriental satin, trimmed with cream insertion and white chiffon; Mrs. Friend, black Chantilly lace over pale blue silk; Mrs. George Hill, white net, with ruffled ribbon, over white satin, cluster of pink roses on corsage and in colour; Mrs. Kassar, beautiful white brocade, with chiffon frills, and jewelled net on bodice, jewelled aigrette in hair, and sprays of pink roses; with shoulder sprays of crimson roses and wreath of crimson roses in hair; Mrs. Shoreland, black silk; Mrs. Paul Hansen, white brocade, trimmed with jewelled net, Maltese lace berbe, and pink roses, lovely Maltese lace net, opera coat; Miss Kathleen Hill, dainty white silk, trimmed with twin colour lace, crimson roses on corsage; Miss Cowan wore her coming-out gown of soft white shirred silk, sprays of white flowers; Mrs. Collins wore very handsome gown of black sequined net over white silk; Mrs. Chresemann, black renaissance net over white satin; Mrs. John Dawson, black tulle, with yellow chiffon fichu; Miss Dawson, pretty white tulle frock; Mrs. Devore, black satin, with tucked berbe; Miss Devore wore her coming-out frock of white crepe de chine, with sprays of lilies of the valley; Mrs. Denniston, grey voile tucked skirt, grey jewelled frock bodice; Miss Denniston, very pretty white Bretonne net gown; Mrs. (Col.) Davies, handsome black merveilleux gown, with berbe of black jetted lace edged with cream insertion; Mrs. Cornwell (New Plymouth), black satin, Maltese lace bodice veiled in sequined net; Miss Dwyer, black net over black silk, with crimson flowers; Mrs. Moss Davis, black moire, with Chantilly lace, strapped with black velvet over white silk; Mrs. Moss Davis, very pretty white silk, with pelorie of soft white chiffon, pale pink roses on corsage; and her sister wore white surah silk, trimmed with chiffon and lace insertion, with touches of black; Mrs. Dolly Scherr, very pretty white silk frock, edged sleeves of white net; Miss Gore-Gillon, soft white Oriental satin, with cream silk applique forming a yoke on skirt, and sleeves and berbe; Mrs. Mrs. Edmiston wore a beautiful white figure dress, inserted with black lace over pale blue satin, loose chiffon sleeves; Mrs. Rosenthal (Gorey), white crepe de chine, with loose sleeves of jewelled net, large white velvet bow in colour, and band of same, including the waist, spray of natural flowers on corsage; Mrs. Witham, beautiful gown of white silk, with numerous chiffon flounces edged with black, and white chiffon and chenille chiffon sleeves; Mrs. Deane-Lowe, black jewelled net over black satin, sprays of pink roses; Miss Waller, very pretty frock of white chiffon and lace over pink glace silk; Mrs. Laringer, black satin and chiffon with pale pink chiffon lining on corsage and in colour; Miss Stella Rice, dainty white Oriental satin, softly puffed, tucked; Miss Pearl Hay, soft white silk, with Maltese lace over pale yellow; Mrs. George Stevenson, white tulle, the bodice draped with white chiffon, sprays of pink roses; Miss Stevenson, black tulle, with sprays of crimson roses; Mrs. Annie Gordon, black velvet, with deep berbe of Irish point lace; Mrs. Arthur Robertson, soft black silk, with cream lace applique; Mrs. Heather, white Liberty silk, with white insertion over yellow lace silk; Miss White, black crepe, black tulle, with cream insertion; Mrs. Tibbs, black, with white tulle, white; Miss Violet Tibbs (debutante), pretty white satin, trimmed with chiffon frills, clusters of lilies of the valley on corsage; and a spray of the same in colour; and in her hair; Mrs. Lyons, cream and gold gauze, over pink satin, pink chou in colour; Miss Aubrey, black net, over satin, with pink plaid ribbon sash, pink daisies round décolletage and in hair; Miss Whitson, black satin, the bodice veiled in jewelled net, sprays of pink roses; Mrs. Gillies, handsome black brocade silk gown, grey brocade opera cloak; Miss Gillies, pretty white Oriental satin, relieved with touches of pale blue net; Mrs. Gilman, beautiful white brocade, white tulle, with white chiffon and transparent chiffon sleeves; Miss Alison, soft white silk, with gauged skirt and bodice, pale blue chiffon sash, and chou of same shade on corsage and in hair; Mrs. Anson, mauve and white striped tulle gown, with deep shaped frill of helio trope crepe de chine, the bodice draped with same material; Miss Olive Alick wore a black figured net gown, over white silk heron, black jetted net; Miss Millar, black, with black tulle, white tulle, with berbe of white lace; Miss Abbott, dainty white gown, with deep accordion pleated chiffon frill, spray of pink roses; Mrs. Harold Barnall, white corded silk, with chiffon frills on bodice; Miss (Prof.) Brown, black beribboned net over black satin, transparent elbow sleeves of black chiffon; Mrs. Buller, black satin and chiffon; Miss Buller, pale pink surah silk, with shoulder sprays of black velvet; Mrs. Seymour George, lovely white tulle, with silver passermenterie outlining bodice, with banksia roses in hair; Mrs. Wilfrid Colbeck, white brocade, with front panel of chiffon, corsage also draped with chiffon; Miss Ida

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Smith, black, pretty silk and lace cloak; Miss Olive Smith, rosewood cloth dress, black hat trimmed with velvet, the same shade as dress; Miss Keogh, pale shade of terra-cotta cloth strapped with black, terra-cotta felt hat trimmed with black; Mrs Bedlington, black costume, black bonnet trimmed with violets; the Misses Morrow, pretty mourning costumes; Miss Shepherd, dark grey cloth with white cloth strappings on bodice, black toque; Mrs Youngusband, pretty dark green zibeline, green silk folded belt, white silk and lace vest, black toque, trimmed with pale blue wings and velvet; Mrs Angus Gordon, dark blue cloth coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs Magill, gobelin blue cloth, white silk vest; Mrs Devereaux, black and white striped coat and skirt, Marie Stewart bonnet; Miss Helen Munro, black skirt, with silk strappings, long grey jacket, brown felt hat with red silk chon; Miss Lodge, bright blue serge, black hat; Miss O'Neil, black and white flecked cloth, black hat; Miss Mowbray, dark green cloth jacket and skirt, black hat trimmed with pink roses; Miss Daisy Mowbray, blue coat and skirt, white felt hat trimmed with black velvet, and red roses; Mrs A. V. MacDonald, dark blue costume, dark blue hat trimmed with pale blue velvet; Mrs Baere, black cloth costume, pretty black and green bonnet; Miss Dacre, cornflower blue cloth, strapped with navy blue bands, hat to match; Mrs Gillies, black gown, pretty black and pink bonnet; Miss Huggins, black gown, black and crimson hat; Mrs Clem Lawford, navy blue cloth Russian costume, black hat with crimson roses; Miss Ching, dark blue Etou coat and skirt, pale blue fop hat; Mrs R. Reeves, bright blue cloth jacket and skirt, with glaze silk stitchings, large black hat; Mrs Guy Shaw, pretty brown silk voile, Chesterfield coat, black and white Hussar hat; Mrs Devore, black cloth costume, very handsome velvet sac coat, black bonnet; Mrs Steele, black skirt, long grey coat, pink hat; Miss Lodge, black gown, black hat; Miss Craemer Roberts, black cloth jacket and skirt, pale blue hat; Mrs Pierce, black gown, black and white bonnet; Miss Pierce, black cloth tailor-made costume, hat en suite; Miss Mrs Marriner, dark grey costume, blue hat; Miss M. Rice, navy blue Russian costume, pale blue rough beaver hat; Mrs Mueller, black costume, black and yellow bonnet; Miss Mueller, electric blue costume, long jacket, hat to match; Mrs Jones, all black; Miss Bessie Jones, black skirt, white silk blouse, and black hat; Mrs Shera, navy blue costume; Miss Shera, black skirt, fawn coat, and black picture hat; Mrs (Dr.) Lawry, black satin skirt, black velvet Russian blouse, black and white hat; Miss M. Williamson, rosewood costume, burnt straw hat; Miss Winnie Cotter, smart navy cloth costume, large white felt hat, trimmed with black velvet; Miss Devereux, royal blue, trimmed with cream lace, black turban; Mrs Cotter, black mervellous and black velvet Russian jacket with black silk guipure applique, black turban with white osprey; Mrs T. W. Leys, stylish electric blue zibeline, trimmed with a darker shade of velvet, hat en suite, marmot fur boa; Miss Winnie Leys, becoming forestex green zibeline, trimmed with panne velvet, black turban with chenille trim; Miss Devore, black tucked voile skirt and short black velvet jacket, white felt hat, trimmed with black velvet; Mrs W. Gorrie, black coat

time; Mrs J. A. Tole, navy gown, hat en suite, and beaver boa; Mrs W. W. Philson, navy costume with white vest, hat en suite; Mrs Arthur Nathan, rosewood frieze and black and white turban; Mrs (Capt.) Daveney, bright navy brocade, black tulle toque, edged with cream, and clusters of pink roses; Miss Alice Walker (Thames), becoming grey gown, trimmed with Persian galeon, rose-pink hat; Miss Kirkwood (England), heliotrope cloth palette, black hat with plumes; Mrs. R. Mitchellson, rosewood zibeline, hat en suite; Miss Stevenson (Rennueta), royal blue costume with lace pelerine, blue frieze toque with berries; her sister wore navy and a white felt hat; Miss Myeda, stylish nil green zibeline, with bands on skirt, the waist caught with large button in front, black picture hat; Mrs. W. J. Napier, powder blue cloth, with scalloped flounce of white cloth, sable fur cape, black hat; Miss Haultan, black gown, grey jacket, and black hat; Miss Binney, black costume, strapped with silk, black hat; Mrs. Hoorman (England), black cloth, tailor-made gown, and black hat with touches of white; Miss Buller, navy gown, nil green, felt hat, with sea-green roses; Mrs. Benjamin, brown cloth, with white pin stripe, black crinoline hat, turned up in front, with plumes; Mrs J. H. Upton; black voile gown, and violet velvet bonnet; Mrs. E. Mahony, effective nil green zibeline costume, hat en suite; Mrs. Macfarlane, green costume; Mrs. Culpnan, black gown and pretty black bonnet, with pale pink roses; Mrs. H. Airey, pretty royal blue costume, hat en suite; Miss Wingfield, brown costume, brown hat, trimmed with Paris tinted lace; Mrs. Leckie, green cloth costume, green hat; Mrs. Boardman, black costume, with lace cape, edged with tassels; Mrs. E. W. Alison, black cloth gown and sleekskin jacket, black toque; Mrs. Hudson Williamson, black voile gown, fawn fur tipped and black hat; Mrs. Tibbs, navy costume; Miss Violet Tibbs, black frock and hat, fawn jacket; Mrs. C. Buddle, white serge, black picture hat; Mrs. E. W. Burton, black satin gown and fawn jacket, feather boa and black hat; Mrs. Henry Wilson, grey and white flecked tweed, grey felt hat with black wings; Miss Wilson (South), reseda green cloth costume, white felt hat, with wings; Mrs. Cashel, black costume; Miss M. Macdonald, electric blue gown, black hat; Miss F. Reid, ruby costume, brown hat; Mrs. F. Leighton, navy, cream lace, straw hat; Miss Atkinson, prune cloth costume and black picture hat; Mrs. Thompson, black gown and black bonnet; Mrs. Lyons, black gown and bright red toque; Miss Aubrey, navy costume with touches of white, fawn hat with violets; Miss Kitty Clark, pale grey voile, with white satin vest and cream lace revers, grey felt hat swathed with white; Mrs. Hughes Jones, fawn tailor-made gown and large black hat; Miss Muriel Knight, reseda green frieze costume and green hat; Miss Elsie Goldie, cream serge costume and large black hat; Miss Bennett (Devonport), navy and white flecked tweed with sac jacket, navy and white hat; Mrs F. Dildams, black Etou jacket and skirt, hat with violets; Mrs (Dr.) Lawry, black satin and velvet Russian coat, black hat; Mrs Edward Lewis, black satin, black bonnet; Mrs Culpnan, black brocade, sac coat, black bonnet with pink roses; Miss Brassey, ruby costume, black hat; Mrs Crawford, black

brocade, velvet mantle, and black bonnet; Mrs McK. Geddes, black with lavender spots, black bonnet and ostrich boa; Mrs Shakespeare, black, grey sac jacket, sable furs; Mrs Cardno, navy costume; Miss Cardno, Czar blue gown, black astrakhan turban; Mrs McCallum, black costume; Mrs Moritzon, black lace over white glaze, blue panne hat with crushed roses and shaded leaves; Mrs Pritt, black cloth strapped with silk, black toque; Miss Dolly Davis, brown cloth costume, black hat; Mrs Hodgson, black, handsome applique on sac jacket, black hat; Mrs Kilgour, navy, black hat; Mrs Marsack, rosewood zibeline, black hat; Mrs Neil, ruby frock, grey jacket, black and white toque; Mrs Gresham, black, with Maltese lace; Miss Basley, dark grey; Mrs Mulgan, brown tweed, brown hat, with touches of vieux rose; Miss Haselden, black costume; Mrs Oxley, grey tweed, blue sac coat, blue toque; Mrs Williamson, black cloth skirt and coat, black toque; Miss Kennedy, grey tweed, pink hat; Miss Wells, navy cloth costume, black hat, ermine collarette; Miss Wallace, black gown with rose pink vest, black hat; Miss Conolly, rosewood zibeline, trimmed with a darker shade of velvet, black toque.

The Auckland University College Students' Association gave their ANNUAL SOCIAL

in honour of the graduates of the year on Saturday evening last at the College. There was a large attendance of students and friends. The chief attraction of the evening was the performance of a musical comedieta in two acts, written by Messrs L. P. Pickmere and T. P. Hull, the music being taken from various sources. This work had to do with the troubles of a student consequent upon his answering a matrimonial advertisement. The comedieta proved very enjoyable, the parts being well taken by Misses Newman, Scott, Moses and Wilkes, and Messrs R. Bayly, F. Sinclair, E. Northcroft, E. de C. Clarke and G. B. Stephenson. Mr L. P. Pickmere conducted. The performers found themselves greatly handicapped by the small stage, and the necessity for having these entertainments in a larger building was once more shown. In addition to this performance a number of college songs were sung by the students. Refreshments were served downstairs in the men's common-room and in the library, and an enjoyable gathering broke up about midnight. Among the ladies present were: Mrs J. Tole, black satin, iridescent trimming, and her daughters white silk; Mrs Segar,

handsome black; Mrs Coleman, black silk, white collar, strapped with black; Mrs Kluder, pale blue silk; Mrs Brooke-Smith, black lace dress; Mrs Beuma, grey voile; Miss Ivy Buddle, black; Miss Hunsman, black skirt, blue silk blouse; Miss R. Kuehman, pretty white silk; Miss Gorrie, black skirt, white silk blouse; Miss J. Reid, black skirt, white silk blouse; Miss Lodder, pretty black skirt, pink and white silk lace pelerine; Miss Brooke-Smith, black skirt, tucked silk blouse; Miss Garland, black skirt, pink blouse; Miss F. Walker, white silk, ecru lace; Miss MacFarlane, white silk; Miss Anley, red skirt, white silk blouse; Miss Bramwell, red silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Hosking, black skirt, pretty shrimp pink silk blouse; Miss D. Metcalfe, pretty pale pink silk; Miss Stephenson, black skirt, pretty white satin blouse, steel bands; Miss Thorp, white silk, red chon; Miss Skinner, black and white; Miss Kent, white; Miss Bishop, pink silk, point lace collar; Miss E. Berte, black skirt, pretty red silk blouse; Miss Holland, black skirt, pink blouse; Miss M. Sealt, cream skirt; red chon; Miss I. Ross, white silk; Miss P. Gorrie, black skirt, white silk blouse; Miss C. Anderson, black skirt, cerise silk blouse, white lace; Miss Anderson, white; Miss Dinneen, red silk, finished with black lace.

HOCKEY CLUB "AT HOME."

The Hockey Club "At Home" on Tuesday evening was a most enjoyable affair. The hall was prettily decorated for the occasion with greenery and red berries. The floor was excellent and so was the music. The supper tables were decorated with red silk and red leaves, and looked exceedingly pretty. Everyone enjoyed themselves immensely, and voted the Hockey Club done a great success. Amongst those present I remember the following: Mrs Shera, black lace overskirt, yellow slip; Mrs Nelson, black silk; Mrs (Dr.) Purchas, handsome pink, with ecru applique; Mrs Anson, black net, with red poppies; Mrs Whyte, black; Mrs Neill, black; Miss Skinnert, lovely yellow silk frock; Miss Devereux, pretty pink, with velvet shoulder straps; Miss Cecil Hull, yellow silk, with numerous frills, mounted with yellow roses; Miss Richmond, black; her sister, white silk; Miss Pearl Gorrie, blue net's veiling; Miss Rice, lovely white net over pink silk; Miss W. Bramwell, white silk; Miss M. Hosketh, white satin; Miss May Dawson, blue silk, inserted with white Valenciennes insertion; Miss Brookfield, white, and her sister wore white with scarlet



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THIS SEASON WE CLAIM TO SHOW THE LARGEST VARIETY AND BEST STYLES WE HAVE EVER SHOWN.

maah; Mrs Makgill, black silk; Mrs H. Muma, white silk; Miss Izo Whyte, pink silk, overdress of white lace; Miss Tylden, white brocade, spangled lace; Miss D. Metcalfe, salmon pink silk, with numerous frills, edged with blonde lace; Miss Jordan, black satin; Miss St. Paul, white tulle; Miss A. Goodwin, white, blue chou in hair; Miss Little, white silk, spray of pink roses; Miss M. Watkins, black voile; Miss K. Muma, pretty white frock; Miss Torrance, black; Miss Irene Kenny, white silk, overskirt of lace; Miss A. Peake, white; Mrs Ed. Gavey, white silk; Miss F. Kidd (debutante), white silk, and white lilies of the valley; Miss K. Shera, white silk; Miss Elsie Tylden looked well in white, relieved with blue, pink rose in hair; Miss K. McCormick, white muslin; Miss Roy (New Plymouth), effective white ribboned net; Mrs Banks, green silk, with gold lace handkerchief sleeves; Mrs Dawson, black; Mrs T. Neill, white silk, blue chou on corsage; Miss D. Ross, lovely pink satin, angel sleeves; Miss B. Bleazard Brown, white silk, finished with ecru lace; Miss V. Devereux, Oriental satin; Miss Young, white net, with numerous frills edged with white bebe ribbon; Mrs Reid, black, relieved with white; Miss Coates, white silk; Miss Smith, white satin and ecru lace; Miss Stewart, black silk and Maltese lace; Miss Annie Stewart, white silk; Miss N. Brown, red velvet; Miss Frater (Lake Takapuna), pretty white silk, with sash of floral ribbon; Miss Noakes, white silk; Miss Tye, white silk; Miss Porch, yellow silk; Miss Sloman, black, relieved with white; Miss —, Sloman, white, finished with pink; Miss Hay, white silk, overdress of white net; Miss Ethel Dawson, white, with blue chou on corsage; and her sister, white net frills, edged with red bebe ribbon; Miss M. George, white silk; Miss Walsh, blue; Miss Myra Reid, white silk, and ecru insertion; Miss Aicken, pink, relieved with black; Miss M. Aicken, white net, finished with black velvet; Miss Nelson, white net, trimmed with ecru insertion, pink roses on corsage; Miss —, Rice, soft white silk; Miss Lawrence (Hob-

art), pink silk; Miss G. Hill, pretty white voile; Miss Ethna Pierce, white silk; Miss Banks, white beribboned net; Miss Kinder, white muslin. Among the gentlemen present I noticed Messrs Gorrie (2), Hill, Sloman, Smith (Wapiti Coach), Rees-George, A. Reid, Nolan (2), Callender, Barry, Gavey, Nicholson, Banks (2), Peacocks, Corbett, Wynyard, Whyte (2), Stevenson, Alexander, Kent, Dawson (2), Phillipson, Donaldson, Harvey, Shera (3), Pierce, Carpenter, Reid, Baragwanath, Allison, Frater, Cooke, officers of H.M.s. Phoebe, Hickson, Hardie, Neill, Grierson, Saele, Trevithick, Garrett, Kenny, Sheppard, Buddle, Northcroft, and Dr. Purchase.

"Elsie," my Cambridge correspondent, writing on June 20, says:—"Dear Bee.—The first of the series of bachelors' balls took place on Friday evening and proved to be one of the most successful yet held. The committee are to be congratulated upon having secured such an efficient secretary in Mr Farnell, who took endless trouble to make it the success it was. The music supplied by Mrs Lowe and Mr C. Stewart was very good. Mrs Taylor acted as hostess for the evening in her usual happy manner. The supper-table looked very appetising, laden with all the delicacies of the season. The table decorations were carried out with lovely tea roses. Some of the dresses I noticed were—Mrs Taylor, black silk and lace and pink roses on corsage; Mrs R. J. Roberts, black with pale blue yoke; Mrs James Hally, black and gold evening dress and pink roses; Mrs Major, white gauze blouse over silk slip, black skirt; Mrs Forte, black moire antique; Mrs Wells, black broche, red and gold chrysanthemums and maidenhair fern on bodice; Mrs Payze grey satin blouse, trimming of steel and jet, black skirt; Mrs Martyn, black silk and lace, transparent sleeves; Mrs Isherwood, black silk; Mrs M. Anderson looked very well in her wedding dress of white silk; Mrs F. Gane, black silk and lace dress with autumn leaves; Mrs Beat, red and black blouse, black skirt; Mrs Hine, black evening dress; Miss Street, blue silk blouse, black skirt; Miss K. Street, white silk evening dress,

pink ribbon in hair and on bodice; Miss Wells wore a most becoming dress of pale pink Oriental satin, very prettily tucked and shirred, bolero and angel sleeves of string-coloured spotted net; Miss H. Wells looked charming in white glace silk with over dress and angel sleeves of spotted net, and pink bow on corsage; Miss Hally, white silk entirely tucked on the cross and frills at foot of skirt, waist belt and long ends of wide black ribbon velvet; Miss Wright looked sweet in a white mousseline de laine, trimmed with insertion and lace on frills, fichu trimmed with the same, and handkerchief sleeves; Miss Williams, a pretty white silk evening frock; Miss Jessie Brown wore a most becoming dress of cream broadened silk with deep frills with insertion let in and edged with lace; Miss Dunne, white silk evening dress; Miss Hill, pink evening dress, relieved with black velvet, pink bow in hair; Miss Cave, mauve silk blouse covered with Paris lace, black skirt; the Misses Hunt, white silks; Miss Forte, white silk; Miss Tilly, blue evening dress, much tucked; Miss Reynolds, white voile with pink poppies; Miss Clark, white silk; Miss Runciman, pink blouse, black skirt; Miss Gibbison, cream evening frock; Miss Taylor, yellow evening dress; Miss Selby, white dress with pink roses; Miss Scott, white dress with pink chou; Miss Brown,

cream evening dress; Miss Allan, blue blouse, black skirt; Miss H. Payze, white silk frock; Miss M. Taylor, white blouse, black skirt; Miss Grey-mouth, black silk relieved with string-coloured lace; Miss Gibbons, pretty pale pink silk evening frock; Miss Cayley, yellow evening frock. Amongst the men were—Messrs Taylor, Park, Ross (2), Farnall, Bockett, Fisher (3), Wells, Hally, Richardson (2), Isherwood, Roberts, Best, Rush, Gavin, C. Coates, Walker, Panton, Gane (2), Ferguson (2), Major, Williams (2), Forte, Clarke (2), Tudhope, Maddison, Scott, Allan, Anderson, Selby, Madill.

Mr Hamilton correspondent, "Zilla," writes:—A pleasant and successful social was given on June 20, in the Volunteer Hall, Hamilton, in honour of His Lordship Bishop Neligan, who paid his first visit to this township. Songs were contributed during the evening by Miss Lambert and Messrs. Bird and Wallnut, and a violin solo by little Miss Bosworth; refreshments were partaken of, and the Bishop addressed the assemblage. The Masonic ball, which is to take place on the 25th inst., is being looked forward to with much eagerness, especially by a bevy of fair damsels who are to make their debut on the occasion.

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**NEW PLYMOUTH.**

Dear Bee, June 19.  
**A MUSICAL AFTERNOON**  
 was held in St. Mary's Schoolroom last Thursday afternoon in aid of the organ fund, and was a great success, although the weather was showery. Each lady member of the choir has been asked to get up some musical programme to increase this fund. This was Miss Hamerton's matinee, and great credit is due to her for the way in which everything was carried out. Among those present were—Mrs R. Cock, black cloth costume piped with white, black hat; Miss Cook, black skirt, grey jacket, black and white hat; Miss Craigie, navy blue costume, hat to correspond, and her friend wore a pretty grey and black costume, hat en suite; Mrs Collins, black; Miss Hawkins, pretty brown costume and fur; Mrs Hood, black; Mrs Broham, grey coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs Alexander, black hat trimmed with violets; Miss M. Skinner, pretty vieux rose costume, velvet hat en suite; Miss Cowles; Mrs Mullens, blue coat and skirt, fawn hat; Miss K. McKellar, black, brown hat; Miss E. McKellar, black, with velvet blouse, white and black hat; Mrs Devenish, black; Miss Devenish, navy blue costume, black hat; Mrs McKellar; Miss McKellar, black; Miss J. McKellar, black and white; Mrs Marshall, black; Miss M. Mathews, pale blue coat and skirt, black hat; Miss L. Skinner, black and white blouse, dark skirt, hat trimmed with pale blue; Mrs Quilliam, brown; Miss Quilliam, black and white, black hat; Miss Herrocks, navy blue; Miss Holford, blue; Mrs Whittan, fawn; Mrs Home, navy blue coat and skirt; Mrs Leatham, black, hat with red; Miss W. George, black, grey jacket, red in hat; Miss Marchant, navy blue, black hat; Miss Hamerton, blue and black costume; Mrs Bewley, navy blue, fawn coat; Mrs Manser, dark skirt, fawn jacket, pink in hat; Mrs Marks, black, red hat; Mrs Goldwater, black, hat with feathers; Miss Goldwater, black skirt, grey and white jacket, black velvet picture hat; Mrs Griffiths, grey, black and white hat; Mrs W. Webster, black, pink in bonnet; Mrs Rawson, grey, black and cream hat; Miss Collis, navy blue coat and skirt, pale blue hat; Miss C. Douglas, pale blue silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs Douglas; Mrs Fletcher; Miss Taylor, dark skirt, pale blue blouse; Mrs Spencer, grey jacket, black skirt, red and brown hat; Mrs Courtney, navy blue; Mrs Adden-Brooke, navy blue, black hat; Mrs Pridham, black costume, with satin trimming, black hat; Mrs Avery, grey coat, black skirt; Miss A. Avery, blouse and skirt, pink in hat; Miss Knight, dark skirt, blue blouse, red hat; Mrs Esse, black skirt, fawn jacket, black and pink hat; Miss Mace, black, red in hat; Mrs Fitzherbert, black costume, grey jacket; Mrs Weston; Mrs Dempsey, black, red in bonnet; Miss Dempsey, pink blouse, dark skirt, black and white hat; Mrs Morrison, navy blue and black; Mrs Baker, black; Miss Baker, blue; Miss O. Baker, navy blue and white; Miss Hodder, fawn, black hat; Miss Shorney looked well in crimson,

fawn hat; Mrs Shorney, black, black and red hat; Mrs Lennon, fawn coat and skirt, black and white hat; Mrs Douglas, black; Miss Shaw, pretty black and white costume; Mrs Brewster; Mrs Samuels; Mrs Morshead, black; Miss Morshead, fawn jacket, black skirt, black and green hat; Miss L. George, black; Miss Crawford; Miss L. Skinner, white blouse, hat with pale blue; Miss Barren (Dunedin), green costume trimmed with grey astrakhan, black hat; Mrs Holy, black; Mrs Palmer; Mrs Stocker; Mrs D. Cornwall, black, etc.

NANCY LEE.

**WAIPIER.**

Dear Bee, June 19.  
 A charming country concert took place in the woolshed at Hatuma on the 12th inst. It was the first given there, and all the musical residents in the neighbourhood promised to take part in the programme, which was as follows: Pianoforte duet, Misses Cole and Culling; song, Miss Burrell; reading, "Wait a Week or Two," by Mr. James Sinclair; song, Miss Boyle; comic song, "Has Anyone Been Asking for Me," Mr. Lee; song, Miss Chapple and Miss Baskerville. The room was crowded, and a most appreciative audience rapturously encored the talented artists.

At the golf links on Saturday tea was given by Misses Todd and Dean. The ladies played the second competition for a silver belt, presented by Mrs. T. H. Lowry. A large number completed the round. Miss Chapman secured the first place with a good score, 77—8—83; Miss Davis, 70—1—80, was second; Miss Hindmarsh, 77—5—72; Miss Page, 94—92—72; Mrs C. Cato, 76—2—74; Mrs. Cargill, 78—1—75; Mrs. H. Smith, 79—1—78; Miss Eva Bennett, 83—6—78. There will be four competitions for this prize.

Mrs. Humphries gave a most enjoyable dance at the Foresters' Hall, Dickens street, on the 18th inst. The hall was prettily decorated, and the refreshment room tastefully draped with flags. The hostess wore a lovely gown of black and grey brocade; Miss Humphries was elegantly dressed in pale green, and Miss Ethel Humphries was in a dress of the same colour, covered with embroidered chiffon, and trimmed with a number of crimson roses; Miss Cornford wore a dainty gown of black and pale blue; Miss Seale was in maize brocade, prettily trimmed with chiffon; and Miss Pearl Seale wore black, with founces on the skirt, and soft frills of chiffon on the bodice; Miss Goldsmith was in pale blue; Miss Dobson had a very dainty silk gown, trimmed with lace; and Miss M. Hindmarsh in white, with white chiffon on the bodice; Miss Hill was in pink, with many roses; Miss Annie Hill (debutante) wore a handsome white silk gown; and Miss Martin was in pale yellow crepe de chine, with trimmings of lace; Miss Rawson wore a handsome black and white costume; Miss Shand was becomingly dressed in black satin; Miss Kirk wore pink; Miss Iolanthe Margoliouth was in white, with yellow ribbons; Miss Janie Heath wore pale blue

silk, with pouched bodice, trimmed with soft lace; Miss Dulcis Kennedy wore a white gown; Miss Mary Dinwiddie had a pretty white satin gown, with a deep pink sash. Amongst the men were: Messrs. Humphries, Dixon, Tyser, Stedman, Bell, Munroe, Von Dadelzen, Cornford, Margoliouth, Hindmarsh, Brabant, Rodie, Rolleston, etc.

MARJORIE.

**WANGANUI.**

Dear Bee, June 18.  
 Mrs Barnicoat gave an "At Home" on Thursday, 11th, and, in spite of a deluge of rain, a large number of her friends braved the elements with their mackintoshes and umbrellas. The afternoon tea was laid in the dining-room, the table being laden with all kinds of tempting cakes and sweets; the decorations were most artistic, large clusters of grapes, with their foliage, shaded from green and gold to deep crimson, and pale shaggy pink chrysanthemums with autumn leaves. Mrs Barnicoat received her guests in a pale green costume with wide tucks, forming pleats, Oriental embroidery trimmings and cream silk vest; Mrs Phillips (Canterbury), black silk skirt, pretty Oriental coloured silk blouse, Paris lace collar; Miss Barnicoat, pale blue nunsvelling frock, acorn-pleated frills on the skirt, cream lace yoke, tucked blouse of same material; Mrs Arthur Blundell, black costume, twin-colour lace collar, white felt hat with myrtle green velvet trimmings, green shaded bird at the side; Mrs E. Blundell (Feilding), claret tweed gown, Russian blouse, cream lace front over cream satin, claret velvet toque with black feathers; Mrs Dyer, myrtle green sibiline frock, Russian blouse, white cloth shoulder capes with a green velvet cape on the top, cream vest, pretty black hat with chiffon trimmings and large white bird; Mrs (Dd.) Innes, black costume, hat to match; Mrs Hawke, dark grey tweed short skirt, strapped with black cloth, Russian blouse, San Toy sleeves,

white silk blouse, pale grey felt hat with black velvet and black leather pompons; Mrs Holo, navy blue serge gown, the Russian blouse having three shoulder capes piped with myrtle green velvet, black hat; Miss Jennie Taylor, navy blue Etou coat and skirt, tucked silk blouse of electric blue Liberty silk, blue-grey felt hat with velvet trimmings; Mrs H. Sergeant, black voile costume, tucked Russian blouse, the collar and fronts bordered with exquisite black silk applique of roses and their foliage, front of white glace silk, covered with black tuckered Brussels net, black hat with chiffon and black poppies; Miss McGee, blue sibiline, short skirt strapped with same material, Russian blouse with tabs of blue velvet, strapped with blue glace silk, cream galon trimming with a pattern of flowers and leaves embroidered on it in blues and pale yellows, vest of guipure lace over cream silk, white felt hat, trimmed with black velvet and feathers; Mrs Fred Jones, black costume with cream insertion, black hat, black chiffon and shaded violets; Mrs Krull, tabas brown gown, brown velvet trimmings, bonnet to match; Miss G. Krull, black skirt, silk blouse, long military green tweed coat, black hat; Mrs James Watt, black strapped skirt, red cloth coat with large collar of cream cloth and embroidered silk edging, red hat with white bird; Mrs McLean, crushed strawberry gown, strapped with black satin, black hat, Mrs S. Gordon, black creoline costume,

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**TOWLE'S** PENNYROYAL  
 and STEEL  
**PILLS**  
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**Things That Are New**

**JOHN COURT,**  
 Drapery Importer,  
**QUEEN STREET**  
 TWO SHOPS.  
 Has this week opened up a new lot (not sold) of the VERY LATEST in...  
**LACE CAPE COLLARETTES**  
 and  
**BERTHES.**

THEY ARE SOMETHING MAGNIFICENT and range in prices from 2/11 each to 26/6 each, the various classes of Lace being—Soutache, Guipure, Point d'Arabe, Duchesse Point, Oriental, Honiton. If only you want to see them, you will have to come at once. They are so new that we cannot keep them.

STANDARD LINES THAT JOHN COURT WISHES TO KEEP BEFORE THE PUBLIC NOTICE:—  
**KID GLOVES,** at 2/11, 3/11, 4/11, 5/11.  
**SUEDE GLOVES,** at 2/11, 4/11, 5/6. Value never beaten in the History of the Glove Trade.  
**HOSIERY.—LADIES' ALL-WOOL CASHMERE RIBS,** 1/3, 1/4, 1/5, 1/11, 2/3, 2/4. Value never likely to be beaten.  
**UMBRELLAS,** at 1/11, 2/4, 2/11, 3/11, 4/11, to 21/. These are the best that money can buy.  
**HANDKERCHIEFS—Ladies' Hemstitched Lawn,** price per dozen 1/6, 1/11, 2/6, 2/9, 3/3, to 5/9.  
 Ladies' Hemstitched Linen, price per dozen 4/9, 5/9, 7/3, to 14/6. All Belfast Goods.  
**MUSLIN APRONS,** nicely trimmed with pretty Embroidery and good designs, at 1/11, 1/6, 1/8, 1/11, 2/6, 2/11.  
**LADIES' BELTS,** for Ladies and Little Boys, 1/20, 1/11.

TO BE NEW YOU MUST GET THEM AT JOHN COURT'S. IF YOU GET THEM AT JOHN COURT'S THEY MUST BE NEW.  
**Crepe de Chines,**  
 AT 2/3 AND 4/9 PER YARD, FOR EVENING WEAR.  
 These were the rage in London during their past season, and were worn at all the fashionable functions in England, Auckland mat, and will be up-to-date. We have them in White, Cream, Rose, Sky, Helle, Nile, Black, Coral, Ivory, and Cardinal.  
 ANOTHER SHIPMENT OF OUR FAMOUS KID GLOVES is just to hand, among which are the Tiny Boys' "Lumbo" Kid Gloves, sizes 000 to 1, at 2/6 per pair. "Just like papa."  
 NOTE THE ADDRESS:

**JOHN COURT, TWO SHOPS QUEEN STREET**



black hat with jet crown and black birds; Miss Gresson, black coat and skirt, relieved with turquoise blue, black hat with plumes; Miss Alexander, rich black silk gown, jet trimmings and cream lace, black picture hat with feathers; Mrs. Grieve, black skirt, astrakhan Louis coat with grey fur collar, black hat with crimson velvet; Mrs. Lomax, blue cloth gown with Oriental galon trimmings, red velvet hat, black feathers; Mrs. McDonnell, grey costume, black hat; Miss McDunnell, claret tweed frock with white strap-pings, claret velvet hat with berries and leaves and black bird in front of brim; Miss Cowper, black skirt, long grey coat, black hat with roses in it; Miss Rawson, grey coat and skirt, square silk collar, hat to match; Mrs. Chamberlain, black mourning costume; Miss Izard, navy blue coat and skirt, black hat with pink; Miss Jackson, green tweed gown, Russian blouse, red hat with white bird.

On Saturday, 13th, the hunt was at Mr J. Blair's, "Rapanui," and a very large crowd of riders and drivers assembled there during the afternoon. Tea was provided by Mrs and the Misses Blair. Amongst the followers I noticed Mesdames Lind and Newton, the Misses Nixon, Alayne, D. Higgin, Blair, McNeill, Crawshaw, Cutfield and Campbell, Messrs A. Higgin, D. Blair, Brownlie, D. Wilkie, Cutfield, McLeod, Harrison, H. Cameron, Gordon, Saunders, Elliott, A. Higgin and others. Driving were Mesdames Barnicoat, Holdship, Montgomerie, Hatriek, Nixon (2), Kitchen, Hughes-Johnston, and Campbell, Misses McDonnell, Morecroft (2), Newcombe, Murray, Dunean, Messrs Mackay, Harold, Anderson, Hatriek and Montgomerie.

Misses Aitken and Maling gave a small dance on Saturday evening, amongst their guests being Mrs A. Sheriff, Miss Page, Mr and Mrs S. Gordon, Miss Gresson, Mrs G. Kissling, Miss Richmond (Nelson), Miss Anderson, Miss C. Mahan, Miss Moore, Miss Barnicoat, and Miss Christie, Messrs Harold, Wood, Anderson, Houston, L. Stedman, Izard, Atkinson, and others.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, June 19.

A very large

EUCHRE PARTY

was given by Mrs Tolhurst, Grant Road, on Thursday last. The spacious drawingroom and diningroom were used for the card tables; there were about seventeen tables altogether, and these were kept merrily going until about half-past ten or eleven, when the guests adjourned to the big room upstairs for supper. The lovely rooms were prettily decorated with flowers, pot palms, etc., and the two round supper tables were artistically arranged with chrysanthemums and autumn leaves, and also laden with the most delicious dainties imaginable. The lucky winners of the euchre prizes were Miss Finch and Mr Nelson; the lady's prize was a handsome silver scissors and the gentleman's a shaving brush. The booby prizes fell to Miss Skerrett and Mr Hodson. After supper there was some music in the drawing-room. Among those who gave much pleasure by their singing were Miss Tolhurst, Miss O. Gore, Miss Nelson (Auckland), Dr. Ulrich and Mr Owen. Mrs Tolhurst received in a rich black silk gown, the bodice jetted and trimmed with chiffon; Miss Tolhurst wore a black satin gown, with tulle sleeves and yoke, and pink roses on the corsage; Mrs T. Young had a white satin gown, much trimmed with chiffon and pearls; Miss H. Denniston (Christchurch), who is the guest of Mrs Tolhurst, wore a pluk figured silk gown, with deep lace collar. Some of the guests were Mrs Sandford Cox, wearing a pretty yellow satin gown, with deep white lace flounces; Mrs Charles Knight, in black satin with jet; Miss O'Connor had black satin, with cream lace berthe; the Misses Finch wore soft white silk and

chiffon gowns; Miss McGregor, in black, with pink flowers; Miss Hislop, pretty pale blue silk gown, with cream lace collar; Miss Stone, in black satin, with lace and flowers; Miss Eve, pale blue, with white lace; Miss Simpson, a white gauze gown, with berthe of pink flowers and leaves; Miss Stafford had white silk, with chiffon sleeves; Miss Harcourt, a pretty champagne coloured spotted-net, with narrow satin ribbon edging the frills; Miss Rawson, in blue silk, with chiffon to match; Miss Miles, deep pink voile, white lace; Miss Mole-neux (Christchurch) wore cream silk, with drapings of tulle and lace; Miss Skerrett, a yellow and white gown, with lace berthe; Miss Nelson wore white silk, with chiffon; Miss Marchant, a black gown, with berthe of pink roses; her sister wore green; Miss L. Brandson, white muslin; Miss Young wore pale blue; Miss Riley, in white muslin and lace; Miss Nathan, white silk and lace; Miss Martin, in pink; Miss Sturt, a white satin gown, with lace and flowers; also, Mr Tolhurst and Mr M. Tolhurst, Messrs Young, Cox, Tripp, Webster, Hodson, Gore, Miln, Rhind, Owen, Higginson, Skerrett, Nelson, Harcourt, O'Connor, and others.

Mrs Ewen (The Terrace) entertained a number of her young friends at an

AFTERNOON AT HOME

on Friday. The rooms were very prettily decorated with flowers, and a most tempting tea was laid in the dining-room. A picture competition was a most entertaining and most interesting amusement during the afternoon. Pictures of numerous and nameless celebrities were arranged on the walls, in the same way in which the "Advertisement" competitions are arranged, and the result was a victory for Miss Simpson, who correctly named the largest number. Several songs were sung by Miss McClean, of Dunedin, who is staying with Mrs Ewen. Mrs Ewen was wearing a soft black silk gown, with cream lace on the bodice; Miss Ewen wore pale pink voile, with lace and black

velvet; Miss McClean had a black silk skirt, and light silk blouse, with lace insertions. Some of those present were Misses Simpson, Brandon, Reid, Finch, Tolhurst, Harcourt, Otterson, Seddon, Joseph, Nelson, Rawson (2), Seed, Dutt, Stafford, Miles, McTavish, Fell, Waldergrave, Harding, McGregor, Edwin, McIntosh, Riley, Skerrett, O'Connor, Denniston, Kennedy, and others.

OPHELIA.

MARLBOROUGH.

Dear Bee, June 17.

The Marlborough

GOLF CLUB BALL

held on Friday evening, was a great success. We often wonder what we should do if it were not for clubs and societies, which, of course, is a "rose by any other name," who all want "bou-ties of the air," and so give a great amount of pleasure to the young folk. The ball was largely attended, and everything went off well, the music being supplied by the Spring Creek orchestra.

Mr P. J. O'Regan had a packed house in Blenheim, at his interesting, amusing and instructive

LECTURE

on unimproved value rating. He convinced nearly everybody of his views, the few dissentients being those who usually do differ from public opinion. In Picton also, where he gave a daylight lecture, only two differed from his opinion, and those two did not count. It is expected that when a poll is taken there will be an overwhelming majority for the measures advocated by Mr O'Regan.

The Taylor-Carrington Company performed two nights in Blenheim, and two in Picton, meeting well filled houses in both places, and giving general satisfaction.

On the occasion of his marriage Captain Canavan, of the Marlborough

THE EASIEST CHAIR IN THE WORLD.

The Masterpiece of a Skilled Upholsterer.



An exquisite combination of Comfort and Elegance designed to give simultaneous rest to all parts of the human frame.

EXTRACT FROM "AUCKLAND STAR," NOVEMBER 19th, 1901.

"An armchair, which for ease and comfort may fairly be said to surpass anything of its kind, has been put in the market by Messrs. Smith & Caughey. The chair, which has been patented, is the invention of Mr. W. Aggers, of this city. Its external appearance is that of an ordinary armchair, but by an ingenious arrangement of springs, the new invention is made as comfortable as one could desire. The seat, back, and arms are all fitted with springs, which yield to every motion of the sitter, absolute ease being thus secured. The chair is very simply constructed, there being nothing to get out of order, and the one originally made by the patentee, after two years of use, is now in perfect order. For invalids the chair should be very popular, and in clubs and hotels it will probably be widely used. The maker has styled it the "Advance." In a slightly different chair the arms are made rigid."

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Rifes, was presented with a tea and coffee service from the troopers. The presentation was made by Major Chaylor.

Quite a buzz of excitement is caused in the district owing to the fact that lime deposits have been found on the Meadowbank run, close to Blenheim, and will, it is hoped, turn out to great advantage to the district. Vast quantities of fossils were found there years ago in the river bed.

Havelock people believe in keeping in the van of progress. They have finished their waterworks, and are awaiting a visit from the member for the district, the Hon. C. H. Mills, to formally open the works, by turning the first water tap.

Mrs Redman, Picton, was  
AT HOME

on Thursday evening last. Unfortunately it was again a wet evening, much to people's regret, who all enjoy Mrs Redman's pleasant little affairs. The principal amusement was "jumble" words pinned on to each guest, who had to place the letters correctly. Mrs Richmond, Nelson, and Miss E. Philpotts tied for the prizes, and had to cut for choice. Those present were Dr. and Mrs Redman, Mr and Mrs Mitchell, Mrs Harvey, Mrs Richmond, Misses Seymour, Philpotts (2), and Jackson.

AN AFTERNOON TEA was given by the officers of the S.S. Waimita while in port last week. Several Picton ladies were invited and spent a pleasant afternoon.

"No news is good news," at least so says the prophet, so we hope that, not hearing of any further outbreaks of small pox down South, it has quite died out, notwithstanding the fact that the authorities were lax enough to allow patients, and "contacts" to write letters in other parts of the colony.

To-day is the sixtieth ANNIVERSARY of the Wairau massacre. We have but one historical spot in Marlborough—Massacre Hill—and there are those who

would like to change the name. All feeling of bitterness has died out on both sides. Therefore, we feel we would like the name to remain, else why put up a monument to mark the spot!

Mr and Mrs H. C. Seymour, "Tyntara-field," were in Picton last week, attending the funeral of Mrs Seymour's nephew, Mr Frank Green, who died at the Picton Hospital.

MIRANDA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, June 16.

What a tragedy has been cabled to us this week, and yet it appears to find favour with the people of Servia, an act perfectly sickening in detail, the brutality of it being appalling, and so far the choosing another King seems of paramount importance. What should we think of it in our own land?

The hunt was a long way from town this week, and a wet, bleak morning, though at Dromore, where it was held, a much finer day than was expected rewarded those who went out.

At the Canterbury Hall on Wednesday evening a most successful orchestral concert was given by the Christchurch Musical Union, with a very large attendance, the hall being full. Three of the items were by Beethoven, and all much enjoyed, especially the concerto with Miss Jennie Black at the piano. Several other dainty pieces were contributed by the orchestra, notably "Chaut Sans Paroles." The vocalists were Miss Ballin and Mr. W. A. Bowring. The former has a powerful contralto, and after years of study one would like to hear again, while Mr. Bowring was quite at his best both in voice and choice of songs. Miss Ballin wore a handsome maize satin gown, with long angel sleeves of chiffon to match, and was the recipient of two beautiful bouquets. Among the audience were Mrs. and Miss Julius, Mrs. and Miss Denniston, Mrs. and Miss Wilding, Mr. Doorley (S.Y. Morning), Mr. F. M. Wallace, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Gilbert An-

dereson, Mr. A. Mrs. and Miss Anderson, Mrs. Dixon, Mrs. and Miss Milson, Mr. Milson, Mr. and Miss Shanks, Miss N. Aitken, Mrs. Guthrie Moore, Mrs. W. Lake, Mrs. F. Garrard, Mr. Morrison (S.Y. Morning), Miss Wymouth, Mrs. Preston, Mr. C. and Misses Preston, Mrs. Sabine, Misses Louison, Mr. C. Louison, Misses Derenish-Neares (2), Bruce, Brett, Fairhurst, Panaman, Mrs. F. Pratt and many others.

Mrs. A. Anderson gave a most enjoyable afternoon tea at her residence, "Merchison," Rt. Martin's, on Friday, for her guest, Mrs. Dixon, wife of Lieutenant Dixon (H.M.S. Archer), who goes to meet her husband in Sydney this week. Some charming music was given by Mrs. Burns, Mrs. Wilding, Misses Cook, Wilding and others. The Misses Anderson presided over the tea, which was served in the dining room, and all spent a most delightful time. Among those present were: Mrs. Denniston, Mrs. J. Anderson, Mrs. Mariel, Mrs. Blunt, Mrs. Crooke, Mrs. Wood, etc.

Mrs. J. Gould, Marivale, gave a pleasant musical afternoon to some of her friends on Tuesday, when Mrs. Westmacott, Mrs. Burns, Mrs. Wilding and others gave great pleasure, also a very good pianola. Among others present were: Mrs. Stead, Mrs. Denniston, Mrs. Gould, Mrs. Elworthy, Mrs. Beswick, Mrs. Ogle, Mrs. Campbell, Miss Thomas (Auckland), Mrs. Hill, Misses Hill, Stead, Reeves, Beswick (North Island), Murray-Aynsley, and others. Mrs. J. Gould also entertained a few friends at a luncheon party on Thursday, when among the guests were: Mrs. Gould, Mrs. Elworthy, Mrs. Ronalds, Mrs. Hamner, Mrs. Reeves, Mrs. Beswick and Mrs. Mathias.

A walking party, organised by Mrs. F. Wymouth for Saturday last, was a most enjoyable one, about twenty meeting to take part in it. The party met in Cathedral Square, taking train to Lyttelton, and walking over the Port Hills to Sumner, and thence by train back to town. Among the party were: Mrs. Master and Miss T. Wymouth, Mrs. and Master Chilton, Mrs. Thacker,

Mr. and Mrs. V. Hargreaves, Mrs. T. Garrard, Mrs. R. E. McDougall, Misses Wilson (2), Garforth (2), Graham, Messrs. E. Webb, De Vries, Morrison, etc. The new Walking Club has issued invitations for an "at home" on Thursday this week, when a few girls will wear the regulation dress eight inches from the ground. Mrs. Denniston has been elected president, and afternoon tea will be dispensed. DOLLY VALE.

TUBERCULOSIS OF THE BOWELS CURED BY

Vitadatio

Canterbury Rd., Mt. Pleasant,

Tunstall, Victoria, June 1st, 1901.

MR PALMER.

Dear Sir,—Last November I felt very unwell and had to take to my bed. I called in a doctor, he examined me, and said that I was suffering from Tuberculosis of the Bowels. He prescribed for me, and not feeling better I decided to call in another doctor, who examined me also and said the same thing. He also prescribed for me, and still feeling no better I was strongly advised to take VITADATIO, and after taking it for a short time I began to improve, and eventually regained my long lost health. I was three months in bed, and suffered a great deal of pain, and had it not been for VITADATIO I believe I would have died; but to-day I am thankful to say I am in good health, and have gained a stone in weight, and can honestly recommend to any person suffering as I did.

Yours faithfully,  
ELIZABETH DENNY.

We certify the above is correct—  
ROBERT DARE, 233, High-st., Northcote  
MARY ANN BARKER, Hellett-st., Northcote  
E. BAKER, Derby Avenue, Northcote  
W. P. BOUNDY, Federal Dye Works, 22, Best-st., North Fitzroy  
ALFRED JENKIN, 20, Herbert-st., Northcote

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### THE GRAVE OF STEVENSON.

To most English-speaking people the main interest in Samoa centres in the fact that here Robert Louis Stevenson lived for many years, and that here on the top of a high hill overlooking Apia Harbour all that remains of him lies buried. It was only natural, then, that out of a party of New Zealanders visiting Apia a good many of them should make a pilgrimage to his old home. The distance from Apia is said to be only 8½ miles, but as it is up a pretty steep hill, if you walk it on a hot day it seems quite double that distance. On the way to the house you pass Papatua, the Native Girls' High School, conducted by Misses Schultze and Joffe. It is quite a large boarding-school establishment, where the daughters of chiefs and leading men all over the Islands are sent to be educated. The Villa Vaillima, where Stevenson lived, is now the property of Herr Kunst, a German millionaire. It has been added to considerably since Stevenson's time, but many of the rooms where he lived and worked remain exactly as he knew them. To a genuine admirer of Stevenson the impulse comes to take off his shoes, for the place is hallowed ground.

The German occupation of Samoa may cause a passing regret to the commercial spirit of the Empire, but the thought that Stevenson's old home and his tomb is in a foreign country brings a deeper twinge of regret than words can well express. Judging from appearances the present owner of Vaillima is not careful to cultivate pilgrimages to the tomb, as the track up the hill is difficult to follow. Visitors are courteously allowed to inspect the house and grounds, the latter being kept in splendid order. Several parties essayed the rather difficult task of ascending the hill to visit the tomb. One party, consisting of an Auckland and Dunedin member, ascended the track, and after two hours' arduous climbing through tropical scrub found themselves at the top of a high hill some miles away from the spot they were aiming at. When they returned from rolling and climbing the mountain sides even their washerwoman would not have recognised their white drill suits, and new ones had to be procured before they were respectable enough to call on the Governor. Another party was more fortunate, and found the place after three-quarters of an hour's hard climbing, and to the end of their days they will continue to wonder how the Samoans ever managed to carry their loved one to his last resting-place. Great must have been the affection of a people who would undertake such a herculean task. The spot is beautifully situated on the very top of a high hill, looking down from the one side to the old home where Stevenson spent many happy days; on the other side the view extends over the town and harbour of Apia out on the great Pacific, which was the inspiration of many of his thrilling tales. The inscription on his tomb is exceedingly appropriate to the man and the place:

#### ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Under the wide and starry sky,  
Dig the grave and let me lie;  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

And this the verse you grave for me:  
Here I lie where I longed to be;  
Home is the sailor's home from the sea,  
And the hunter's home from the hill.

The total population of German Samoa is about 37,000, of whom 200 are whites and 300 half-castes. Dr. Solf, the Governor, came on board and dined with the Minister in the evening, and at 12 p.m. the Māpourika steamed out of Apia Harbour on the way to the Island of Niue.

I had almost forgotten to mention the great double canoe we saw at Samoa. The immense size of the thing came as a surprise, and for the first time we could understand how the natives navigated the South Seas. The structure consisted of two large canoes measuring 76 to 78 feet long, connected with a platform about 40 feet long and 20 feet wide. The canoes were hollowed out, giving quite a large hold. On the top platform there was an elevated structure, apparently to break the wind and give shelter from the sun. The whole was built out of a very few pieces of timber, and not a single nail used in its construction. With

the addition of a chart and compass it would not be difficult to get men today to circumnavigate the world with such a craft, and as the Maoris are supposed to have found no difficulty in steering by the sun and stars their reported long voyages become quite credible. This particular canoe is not a very ancient one, having been built by a chief, Lalatou, on the Island of Savali, within the last twenty years. The Rev. Dr. Davies, whom we afterwards met at Niue, remembers the chief and his people building it while he was a missionary in Samoa. The Samoan Government have presented it to the German Kaiser, and it is now covered over with an iron shed awaiting some means of conveying it to Berlin.

Our Poet Laureate, Sir W. J. Steward, has kept casting the incidents of the trip into poetry, which your readers will be interested in when the whole is completed. Meantime I send you a few classical lines from his pen which have been printed on board, and circulated in the form of a souvenir amongst the members of the party.

#### THE HAPPY ISLES.

Isles of peerless beauty,  
Isles of bliss are these:  
Paradis of the Pacific,  
Set in sapphiric seas.  
Land of palms and orange groves,  
Land of coral white,  
Land of golden muslinde,  
Summer land of light.  
Land where love's sweet music  
Spreads the happy hours,  
Sweets of dusky maidens,  
Garlanded with flowers,  
Happy Isles of Beauty,  
None on earth so fair,  
If there be a paradise,  
Surely it is there.

#### TWO DAYS AT NIUE.

A run of 36 hours from Apia landed us at the island of Niue. The British Resident (Mr Maxwell) lives at Alofi, which place affords the best shelter, the best anchorage, and the best landing place.

We got ashore about half-past one on Friday, 15th May, island time, and soon the news spread to all parts of the island that we had arrived, natives and white traders gathering at Alofi from all directions.

We had learned that the Niue people were the most dissatisfied with the annexation to New Zealand of all the Islanders, and that we were likely to hear a good deal of grumbling. In this we were not disappointed.

A meeting was arranged for the Saturday morning, at which the King and his people would be present to express their grievances.

At the appointed time old King Togia (pronounced Tongia), came marching in from his village some miles distant, dressed in a black frock coat, with three rows of gold braid round the cuffs, and a red stripe up the sides of his pants, and a belltopper on his head. Following on his heels came the Royal Band and a motley crowd of all sorts of people. The band consisted of drummers, with native and European drums, and a few kerosene tins.

One important gentleman, named Jacob, got up regardless of expense and good taste, seemed to boss the show as director of ceremonies. He wore a gorgeous cocked hat and his uniform was almost covered with red and yellow trimmings. Someone suggested he resemble the Kaiser in the uniform of the Guards, and certainly even the Kaiser could not have donned a more startling uniform.

When the Minister had made his complimentary speech and intimated his willingness to hear what they had to say, old King Togia asked to be introduced to all the party, and so the members filed past the old chap and shook hands, and a good many of them wished they had not, or had brought a pair of gloves with them for the purpose.

The King suffers from some form of skin disease, which detracts a good deal from the pleasure of shaking hands with Royalty.

When the hand-shaking ceremony was finished the King welcomed the party in a friendly manner, and intimated that it had been arranged that five of the chiefs would speak on behalf of the whole, but when they saw so many members had come from New Zealand they had decided to increase the number of speakers to ten. This was by no means welcome news to the bulk of the members, who had been sitting for an hour in the broiling sun waiting for the meeting to commence, the Minister having been detained on other business.

The Minister mildly suggested they would prefer the smaller number; if not,

he hoped the speakers would condense what they had to say, as the members of his party were not used to sitting for hours in such heat.

#### A STRING OF GRIEVANCES.

Pulekulu, a native teacher, and one of the most competent men on the island, had been chosen to make the main speech, and lay before the members the grievances of Niue. He pointed out that what the people of Niue had asked for and consented to was annexation to Great Britain, not to New Zealand. They had never been consulted, and had never consented to such annexation; at the same time, seeing that Great Britain had handed them over to be governed from New Zealand, they were prepared to make the best of it, as long as it was New Zealand. But they most emphatically objected to be again handed over by New Zealand to be governed by Rarotonga. They did not know anything about Rarotonga, and did not want their laws.

Every speaker was most emphatic on this point, and it was quite clear that this was a deep-seated sore.

The next point was that they did not want any liquor landed on the island, either for white man or native. Their experience was that when liquor was landed nominally for white men the natives got some of it. It was possible to trade cheaply with it. There were very few white people on the island, and when they came there to trade with the natives they should be prepared to fall in with conditions which were necessary in the interests of the natives.

They also objected to the very heavy Customs duties which they had to pay, especially the duty on tobacco and the heavy charges on personal luggage which natives returning from labour on other islands had to pay. It seems that Niue men go away to labour on Maldon and other islands, and get half their wages in goods, on which they have to pay duty when they return. Tobacco has for long been quite an item of the currency of the island, and paid no duty; now, with the New Zealand duty added, they got less than half the quantity of tobacco for their goods which they used to do.

They were led to believe by Mr Percy Smith that 10 per cent. would be all that would be charged, and now on some things they were paying 30 per cent., 50 per cent., and on tobacco 200 or 300 per cent.

Then there was the land question. They wanted the sale of land to be prohibited for all time.

The island was small and much of it was rocky and unfit to grow anything, and if natives sold their land they would either starve or live on their neighbours, or go away to other islands as labourers. They also wanted to know about the traders' license. Lord Ranfurly had told them in a letter that this did not apply to natives, but there was some doubt about it; in any case, they did not see why any traders should pay license in Niue when they did not pay license in New Zealand. If they were in New Zealand, let them be in New Zealand, and not make this difference. The duty on horses ought also to be set aside.

They wanted to know about the charges made for men who went away to labour on other islands and had the money deducted from them when they returned. Who got the money and so forth? In fact, they wanted to know what was done with all the money collected at Niue, and thought they ought to have one of themselves in the Treasury to see that everything was all right. They wanted all the money collected at Niue to remain and be spent at Niue. Hitherto they had seen nothing but the collecting of the money. They had built a large house for the Resident Agent, and handed it over to him without charging anything for their work; they had also turned out and made roads for nothing, but now they wanted to be paid for their work on the roads, etc. They also asked that iron for roofing churches and mission buildings should be admitted duty free.

One man was understood to be making a complaint about paper money on the island, saying that when the traders sent them a message or got work from them they gave a piece of paper to get goods at their store. They wanted to be paid in cash for everything.

#### FACTS ABOUT THE ISLAND PEOPLE.

The interpreting here was the most unsatisfactory on the trip. Whenever the natives said anything disagreeable to the interpreter he appeared to argue the point with them, and it was only after

protests from some of the party that the foregoing complaint about paper money was elicited. When the speeches had concluded and the Minister had stated that the several points raised would be carefully considered, and if possible redress given, the King then stood up and said it was their usual custom to conclude any great gathering like the present with prayer, and if they would now give attention he would pray, and proceeded to close the meeting with a long and vigorous prayer. Then followed dances by the women and men separately, the men's war dance being the most weird and thrilling we had seen. A painful and regrettable incident followed the women's dance, one of the performers, who had been exerting herself vigorously, fell down, apparently in a faint. Messengers were at once despatched to the Rev. Dr. Davies, who prepared some medicine, and hurried to the spot, where Dr. Mason had also found his way, but the poor woman had expired, evidently from some heart affection, which could not stand the strain of the dance. Presentations of food, oranges, sugar-cane, etc., were made by the natives, and the Minister presented the New Zealand flag and a framed photo of the King and Queen.

The traders also had interviews with the Minister and members, their complaints being specially about the tobacco duty and the license fees.

The Niue people are very industrious, especially in the making of hats, mats, string beads, etc. In most of these things they are indebted to the Nicholas and Head families, who have resided on the island for a great many years. Mr Head was wrecked in the missionary schooner about 36 or 37 years ago, along with the Rev. Dr. Davies, who was then on his way to Samoa.

Dr. Davies arrived by the John Williams the same day as we did, to take up the work of the Rev. Frank Laws, who has left for his furlough in Europe.

It was particularly unfortunate for the party that the Rev. Frank Laws should have left the island just a day or two before they arrived. It is admitted by all who know the Pacific that no man there knows so much about Niue and the Niue people as Mr. Laws.

Dr. Davies, who had just arrived to take his place, showed the visitors every kindness and consideration he could, but although an old Samoan missionary, and one who had visited Niue once or twice before, he could not fill the place just vacated by Mr. Laws.

The traders on this island, with the exception of Mr. Head and Mrs. Nicholas, are all young men, and one wonders why they should leave more civilised lands to settle in such a place. It is to be hoped their conduct will be such as to elevate and not lower the natives among whom their lot is cast.

The principal article of export from this, as from most of the other islands, is copra. It is the largest island of those recently annexed to New Zealand, and contains nearly a half of the total population of the annexed territory, so that the complaint about being governed from Rarotonga appears to be a genuine grievance. The appearance of the island is very different from the Samoas, being pretty level all over, simply an elevated coral rock. All round the coast the rocks rise precipitously from 50 to 100 feet, with frequent caves in the rocks. The island is poorly supplied with water. A good deal of it is carried up out of caves, and is quite brackish.

One of the sights near Talofs, where we landed, is known as the Tongan Cave. This consists of a deep rift in the rock, and the tradition is that a Tongan war party landed on the island, and the natives laid a trap for them by covering over the rift in the rocks with banana and cocconut leaves. The Niue men, appearing to run away, lured the Tongans to destruction by being dashed into the caves.

One of the Auckland members had something of an experience on the island. He got hold of a horse to ride over to Avatele to visit some Auckland people living there. He had the company of a native going out, but when he attempted to come back his horse declined to come without company. After exhausting all his persuasive powers the member had to leave his horse with a native to bring him in next day, and had to walk back a distance of 5½ miles. As it got dark by the way, and the path was not very clearly defined, the experience was not a very pleasant one.

(To be continued.)

**Auckland University College.**

**"CAPPING" DAY.**

Graduates and undergraduates, professors and directors of education, and a large number of the general public gathered on June 18 at the Choral Hall to witness that time-honoured ceremony known as "capping," to see the successful graduates of the Auckland University College receive from the hands of the Chancellor's representative the reward of their labours.

At three o'clock the hall was filled. At that hour, Sir Maurice O'Rorke, who presided in his capacity as representative of the Chancellor of the University, took his seat. On the platform with Sir Maurice were His Lordship the Anglican Bishop of Auckland (Dr. Nelligan), Mr. J. W. Joynt, M.A., (Registrar of the New Zealand University), the Hon. J. A. Tole, Mr. G. L. Peacocke, and Dr. McDowell (members of the College Council), Professors Brown, Segar, Egerton, Thomas, and Tubbs, Messrs S. Luke and L. J. Bagnall (Board of Education), Mr. G. Fowlds, M.H.R., the Rev. Dr. Purchas, Mr. J. W. Gibbs, M.A., Mr. G. B. Bigg-Wither, E.A., and a number of graduates. As those on the platform took their seats the students, who had been entertaining the audience with songs and musical medleys, burst into a college song, which goes to the tune of "There is a Tavern in the Town," and which describes the capping ceremony.

Come along, you mustn't miss it. You will surely say "is this it?" I had no idea that anything so fine could be. Oh see those fellows there upon the stage. The funny things they say—they'll soon be all the rage. Not a circus, not e'en Dix's Comic show. Was ever up to this, I trow!

Interesting speeches were given by Sir G. M. O'Rorke, the Hon. J. A. Tole, Bishop Nelligan, Professors Segar and Egerton.

**PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.**

Mr. Joynt, the registrar of the University, then announced the various degrees which were to be conferred, and referred to the pre-eminent position of the college on this occasion. He mentioned that double-firsts had been gained seven times previous to this, and on each occasion by a Canterbury College student, so that Auckland was the first college to break this line of success. Mr. Joynt also referred to the degree of Doctor of Laws to be conferred on Mr. H. D. Bamford, and regretted that Mr. Bamford was not present to receive his diploma.

The diplomas were then presented to the various graduates by Sir Maurice O'Rorke, the graduates being introduced by Professor Segar. Some of the new graduates were not present, and in these cases the degrees were formally conferred. All the recipients received very hearty receptions from the students and the audience, the gallery cheering everyone vigorously. The following were the diplomas conferred:

- Doctor of Laws: Harry Dean Bamford, B.A.
- Masters of Arts: Philip Sydney Ardern, Arthur Rainsford Crump, Gertrude

Annie Drew, Luther Vincent Halliwell, Ethel May McIntosh, Florence Isabel Paterson, Frederick Sinclair, Ebenezer Wilson.

Honours in Arts—P. R. Ardern, first-class in languages and literature, Latin and English; A. R. Crump, second-class in mathematics and mathematical physics; Gertrude A. Drew, third-class in political science; L. V. Halliwell, first-class in mathematics and mathematical physics, also first-class in chemistry (physical and inorganic); Ethel M. McIntosh, third-class in botany; F. Sinclair, first-class in languages and literature (Latin and French); E. Wilson, first-class in mental science.

Honours in Science—G. B. Stephenson, first-class in botany.

Bachelors of Arts—Lela Cowell Button, John Coughley, Cecil Lina Frances Hull, Edward Herbert Severne, Martha Steven, Thomas Theodore Thomas (of Canterbury College), Cecil Alexander Burns Watson.

Bachelors of Science—Willie Donovan (senior scholarship in chemistry), Cyril James Anthony Griffin (senior scholarship in mathematics), Hugh Vickerman.

Bachelor of Laws—Robert James Coates.

The chairman then asked Lady Ranfurly to present the two medals given by her for competition among the students of music, which Her Ladyship did, the recipients being Miss Florence B. Williams (senior) and Miss Edith R. Park (junior).

The chairman announced that Lady Ranfurly would present medals for the ensuing year, whereupon the students sang "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow," to the evident amusement of Her Ladyship.

**THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH.**

Sir Maurice O'Rorke then called for three cheers for the Governor and Lady Ranfurly, which were given with enthusiasm.

His Excellency said he was very pleased to be present on this occasion, and he hoped it would not be the last, for he would be present in Auckland next year, though, unfortunately, Lady Ranfurly would not. He hoped that a start would soon be made in establishing residences in connection with the colleges, and he had always urged the necessity for this step, which would improve the scholastic life. His Excellency referred to the special facilities in the Southern colleges, and said that these facilities made residential establishments all the more necessary. It was quite impossible for a colony like New Zealand to have all these facilities in one town, and it would be better to unite and put away all spirit of provincialism.

There were renewed cheers as the Governor resumed his seat. As the gathering broke up "God Save the King" and the immortal "Gaudeamus" were sung.

Anyone that has sore throat,  
Must know he's caught a cold,  
Our good advice he then should note,  
And do what he is told:  
Which is—if he has got the sense—  
To hasten to procure  
The thing that sells for eightpence  
Some—  
**WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE.**

**An Objectionable Placard.**

**MR. S. L. P. RIMMER ARRESTED.**

Anything approaching mob law is fortunately a thing of rare occurrence in Auckland, as the people generally appear tolerant and law-abiding. On the evening of June 17, however, and again on the morning of June 18th, a regrettable affair occurred in Wellesley street West. For some time past Mr S. L. P. Rimmer has had various leaflets pasted on the windows of his business premises, amongst others being one headed, "Errors of the Church of Rome." This has been posted for some time and caused no trouble, but about 1.30 o'clock on the morning of June 18th the window was found broken. Mr. Rimmer seems to have jumped to the conclusion that the breaking of the window was in some way connected with the above-mentioned leaflet, and on June 18th he put over the broken pane a large poster bearing the words, "This is the work of the Church of Rome." The result was to cause a crowd to congregate, and about 10.30 o'clock several young fellows near the window were hustling one another, with the result that another window was broken. Mr Rimmer next came out and put up other posters that aroused the ire of persons in the crowd, and these posters were soon torn to shreds. A big crowd had by this time collected, and Sergeant Hendry arriving upon the scene, telephoned to the Court and obtained a warrant for the arrest of Mr Rimmer, who was accordingly taken into custody, and removed in the midst of hostile demonstrations on the part of some of the crowd. Sufficient remained to interest passers-by, and a policeman had to be placed on duty to deal with the crowd.

At 2.30 o'clock Seth L. P. Rimmer was charged, under Section 8, Sub-section 3, of the J.P. Act, with that he did exhibit offensive writing, to wit, written placards having thereon the words: "The Church of Rome is a huge brothel" and other writings of similar import, and the complainant, knowing that such exhibitions aforesaid is continuing and fears that it

will tend to provoke a breach of the peace, wherefore he prays that the said Seth L. P. Rimmer be ordered to find securities to keep the peace in accordance with the statute in such case made and provided. Clause 3 reads as follows: "Done any offensive act to or in the presence of the party complaining, for the purpose of annoyance and provocation, or publicly and to the common annoyance of His Majesty's subjects, and the Justice is of opinion that such conduct is likely to be repeated, and may tend to provoke a breach of the peace."

Mr Stewart appeared for accused. Sub-Inspector Black referred to the facts of the case, and asked for a remand until the following day, which was granted.

Mr Stewart asked that bail be allowed. Sub-Inspector Black asked that if bail be allowed accused be deterred from showing matter calculated to provoke a breach of the peace.

Mr Stewart said so far as the matter was sub-judice Mr Rimmer would undertake not to do so.

Inspector Black said other placards were torn out of the window by the crowd and destroyed.

Mr Rimmer: "I wish to say this—the words in the indictment are not correct."

His Worship said steps were taken in the interest of the defendant himself, on the ground that he might be injured by the crowd. He would allow bail to defendant.

The sub-inspector said if defendant went back and repeated the offence there would be a disturbance. The police had asked defendant to take the placards out of the window, and he refused to do so.

His Worship granted bail in two sureties of £50. Bail was forthcoming.

Mr Seth Luther Pinpoint Rimmer appeared on bail at the Police Court on June 19 before Mr H. W. Brabant, S.M., to answer a charge laid against him by Sergeant C. W. Hendry of having exhibited offensive writing calculated to provoke a breach of the peace.

Accused pleaded not guilty. Sergt. Hendry stated that he went to Mr Rimmer's shop, as he understood the defendant had telephoned to the police

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Make Your Own Raspberry Jam.  
7lb Tin PURE RASPBERRY PULP, 3/3 each.

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**GRAVEN'S** Assorted Jububes. 1/4 lb.  
**GRAVEN'S** Celebrated Drops. (Assorted Flavours.)  
5lb GLASS BOTTLES, 2/- EACH.  
10oz GLASS BOTTLES, 1/3 EACH.  
6oz GLASS BOTTLES, 2d EACH.

**H. M. Smeeton, Ltd.,**  
**THE OLD MILL, QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.**

station for someone. When witness got to the shop in Wellesley-street he found a considerable crowd, probably 150 people, gathered outside. The crowd extended above and below the shop and into the roadway. Witness saw Mr Rimmer in the shop, and asked what was the trouble. He replied that some people had torn down some placards which he had put on his shop window, and he wanted them taken into custody. Witness went outside and tried to get the crowd to disperse. He saw a number of placards on the window, and produced four which were pasted inside. There were several pasted on the outside. Witness found he could not get them off so he had them scraped off as they were of an offensive character. The crowd were apparently in a very angry mood, shouting out "Bring him out!" "Tear him out!" and similar expressions referring to the defendant. They made one or two rushes towards the shop door. Witness pointed out to Mr Rimmer that the placards were worded in a most offensive manner, and unless he took them down his property would undoubtedly be destroyed or damaged, and that he would most likely be injured himself. Defendant, however, absolutely refused to remove the placards although witness did all he could to persuade him. He asserted that if the people destroyed the announcements he would put up fresh ones. Witness added that he tried to remonstrate with the crowd but finding that he could do nothing single-handed he got a constable to keep the crowd in order, and secured a warrant from His Worship for Mr Rimmer's arrest. If the placards had not been removed there would have been a serious disturbance.

To Mr Reed: Witness told defendant it would be impossible for the police to give him proper protection while he exhibited such writings. Witness tried to louse the crowd on. Some of the crowd were undoubtedly of the larrikin element and some were respectfully dressed.

Was not the disturbing element purely a larrikin element?—No; I think not.

Sergeant Hendry said that in laying the information from memory he made a mistake in accusing defendant of writing "Mother Ignatius was a prostitute." Another name was used.

Mr. Reed then read a quotation from the placards exhibited by defendant, and asked whether the attack was not on Anglican ministers principally.

Sergeant Hendry replied that the attack, he thought, was on the Roman Catholics.

Continuing, witness said that he believed the accusation of Bible-burning referred to the recent alleged Bible-burning in Fiji. He said that the placards were highly offensive, and were such as were calculated to provoke a breach of the peace.

Witness said that defendant stated that he himself and he alone was responsible for the placards.

Sergeant Hendry then read the following from one of the placards: "Who degrades woman and makes her the slave of his vile passion? The priest of Rome by his immoral confession and sham absolution!"

Witness also read the following copy of a placard he saw on the window: "Catholics say their church is infallible, yet their cardinals, Baronius and Henry, say in their church history that many of the Popes were guilty of adultery, murders, debauchery, that the bastard, John XL, the son of Pope Sergius, was consecrated Pope through the influence of his prostitute Mother Marosian; yet to-day hundreds of Anglican ministers are praying for 'Our Holy Father-in-God,

the Pope,' and that he will hasten the day when he will receive them back into his fold. Let the canting hypocrites go to Rome and worship its God."

The defendant in the witness box stated that he was a spice and coffee merchant carrying on business in Wellesley-street. He wished to deny that he had stated in the placards that the Church of Rome was a brothel.

Mr Reed: What was it that caused you to start this attack on the Catholic Church?

Witness: For years I have been in the habit of exhibiting in my window papers which I thought were beneficial to the public, either against the drink, or anything which I thought was detrimental. I have said nothing against any special Church. Sometimes I have spoken against some ministers who were saying the Bible was a forgery, and I exposed their names and what was said. I have no special animus against any denomination." Witness added that when the Bible-burning occurred in Fiji he determined to show the people what the Church of Rome was, by cuttings from the newspapers and their own books. For several months he had exhibited different things which he thought beneficial, not intending to raise the ire of the people. He had customers who were Roman Catholics, and when the election was on he published a number of statements respecting the liquor traffic. Dr Campbell was one of his customers, but he did not object, believing that witness had the same right to his opinions as he had himself.

Cross-examined by Sub-inspector Black, witness admitted that one of the placards read: "Who degrades woman and makes her the slave of his vile passion? The priest of Rome by his immoral confession and sham absolution." "Do you know that such placards would be highly offensive to members of the Roman Catholic Church?—When people do wrong the truth cuts them."

Witness said the only effect he intended was that Roman Catholics should think and see if what he said was true or not. Witness admitted refusing to take the placards down, thinking that he was fully within his rights. Sergt. Hendry said after asking witness to take the placards down that he should do nothing with the crowd. After the window was smashed he did not remove the placards.

Mr Reed said that Mr Rimmer's explanation was quite clear on this point. The fact was that when Mr Rimmer's windows were broken he got his back up.

His Worship: Of course, the breaking of the windows cannot be defended, and speaking as a magistrate I think the breakers of the windows should be here as well as Mr Rimmer.

THE DECISION.

His Worship in giving judgment ordering the defendant to find a surety of £50 to keep the peace for six months said that the whole of the words mentioned in the information had not been proved. Several placards against the defendant. If they were provoked by the placards they should have taken the legal remedy, but at the same time he thought that the exhibition of such placards was calculated to provoke a breach of the peace, and the section applied. Therefore the defendant must be asked to enter into recognisances. He did not suppose Mr Rimmer intended to do anything wrong. He seemed to him to be a religious enthusiast, but he had gone a bit too far. He (the magistrate) supposed it was correct

that if it had been pointed out to Mr Rimmer that what he was doing would have created a disturbance, he would not have done it. He said he refused to take the placards down because he was not going to be browbeaten by his windows being broken. He would take that into consideration, and the fact that the people who broke them had no right to do so, and he would do what was asked in the information, viz., ask defendant to enter into recognisances to keep the peace.

Presentation to Mr. Kidd.

A number of citizens assembled on June 15 at the City Council Chambers for the purpose of making a presentation to the late Mayor, Mr Alfred Kidd, M.H.R., in recognition of his past services to the city. The Hon. E. Mitchellson, on behalf of the donors, handed to Mr Kidd an illuminated address, of which the following is the text:—

"To His Worship the Mayor, Alfred Kidd, Esq., M.H.R.—We, the undersigned citizens of Auckland, cannot allow you to retire from the office of Mayor without conveying to you our deep sense of the ability you have displayed as a Councillor for many years, and subsequently in the more important position of Chief Magistrate of the city. During the 18 years of office, 12 of which you served continuously as chairman of several important committees, you evinced conspicuous devotion to public duty. We must congratulate you on the very efficient manner in which you supervised the numerous works which have been brought to a successful issue during your term of office, notably the Queen street improvement, the electric tramways, the fire brigade station, and water supply, thus making Auckland the most up-to-date city in New Zealand. We sincerely hope that you and Mrs Kidd may be long spared to enjoy the esteem of the inhabitants of Auckland." Appended were a large number of signatures of leading citizens, the first three being those of Sir John Logan Campbell, Right Rev. Mr. Lennihan, and the Hon. E. Mitchellson, Mayor of Auckland. The address has been most artistically illuminated by Mr Sinter.

Two fine water-colour sketches by Mr Perrett were also handed to Mr Kidd as a present to his wife. One was a scene at Wanganui, and the other a Lake view. Mr Kidd suitably expressed the thanks of his wife and himself.

Need for More Police.

The city police force is in need of more men, and the intention of Mr C. J. Farr to move that the City Council take action in this matter calls to mind the fact that a new police station for the Ponsonby and Newton district is an equally urgent necessity. A few months ago the City Council leased to the Police Department some plots of land on Ponsonby-road near the Reservoir, and close to the Unitarian Church. The Department intends to build a commodious station on the site for the accommodation of a large number of unmarried constables, but, as far as we can ascertain, matters are not in a very advanced condition, although there is a very pressing need for the building. Ponsonby, Newton, and Grey Lynn have grown to be such extensive and thickly-populated districts that the police arrangements, which did not keep pace with the extensions, are quite inadequate. The old Newton police station in West-street cannot be extended, as there is no room, and it absolutely fails to properly meet the necessities of police work. Ponsonby Station in Jervois-road has been made more useful by the addition of another storey to the brick building, thus enabling several rooms previously occupied by the married officer in charge to be utilised by the police and public. The alterations have just been completed, and the station is now large enough to cope with the requirements of the neighbourhood, but the officers there and at Newton have to cover a district which is much too unwieldy, and there is an imperative necessity both for an increase in the numerical strength of the force and the provision of the new station near the Reservoir.

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**Shortland Street,**

**The Coming Session.**

**FORECASTS AND RUMOURS.**

WELLINGTON, June 18.

Political quidnuncs are already forecasting the result of the Spensership in the Lower House. Mr A. R. Guinness has declared his intention of entering the lists against all comers, and Mr McNab is spoken of as a candidate for the high office. The latter will not, I understand, be a starter for the Spensership. It is an open secret that the support of the Ministry will be accorded to Mr Guinness, consequently there is every reason for asserting that he will fill the Speaker's chair in the new Parliament. Candidates promise to be fairly numerous for the Spensership of the Legislative Assembly. Sir Henry Miller, the present Speaker, is again coming forward, while the Hon. W. C. Walker and G. McLean are spoken of as taking the field. Gossip says that in the event of Mr Walker receiving the honour, his portfolio of Minister of Education will fall to Mr McNab, which arrangement would be acceptable to those members who clamoured in the last Parliament for the Minister of Education occupying a seat in the Lower House. It is a well-known fact that Mr McLean has long cast covetous eyes at the Spensership, and rumour goes the length of saying that he could rely upon a fairly solid support from the Labour representatives of the Council—why, I am at a loss to imagine.

Another story in circulation credits the Government with the intention of calling Sir Maurice O'Rourke to the Upper House, with the object of nominating him for the Spensership. I have good grounds for believing that Sir Maurice's nomination would not, under such circumstances, meet with the general approval of the Council, and it is very much open to question whether the Government contemplate such a step. Another possible candidate is said to be Lieut.-Colonel Pitt, who would in many respects make an admirable

Speaker. An excellent authority assures me that the Colonel will not be an aspirant for the dignity. The Hon. J. Rigg, who was beaten by one vote on the final ballot for the Chairmanship of Committees in the Legislative Council last session, will be a certain candidate this year, and his chances of election are particularly rosy. The Hon. W. C. Smith, who came off victor in the struggle against Mr Rigg last year, declared then that he would not seek a second term of office. Should he, however, see fit to change his mind, and once more pit his strength against Mr Rigg, the probabilities are that the latter will turn the tables upon his adversary, and easily, too.

Ever since the expiration of the last Parliament, the "Post" has been telling its readers, at regular intervals, of an impending reconstruction of the Ministry, without, however, its prophecies being consummated. Now, on the eve of the new Parliament, it takes up the subject, and states that a reconstruction will be insisted on by the Liberal party. The "Post's" latest phase of this reconstruction business is that the Hon. Mr Duncan is tiring of Ministerial reveries, and is desirous of resigning, but that his chief is against the proposal, on the ground that the time is not opportune. In the case of the "Post" and other Opposition papers, the wish is father to the thought.

**Porirua Trusts.**

**ESTABLISHMENT OF SCHOOLS.**

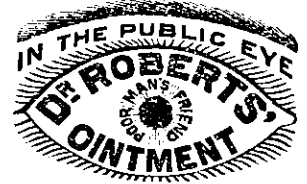
WELLINGTON, June 16.

When the decision of the Privy Council in the much-litigated Porirua Trust became known, the trustees proceeded at once to carry out the scheme. That they have lost no time is evidenced by the announcement of the establishment in Weirapa of a school for Maori boys, and to free the scholarships in connection therewith, these latter be-

ing granted out of the Porirua Trust funds.

The trustees call attention to two points arising from the circumstances of the gift, first that the donors, Matene te Whiwhi and Tamahana Teapara, who induced the Great te Rau-paraha to join in the gift, had been educated at St. John's College, Auckland, with English children, and that there was no intention either of the donors or the Crown, when making the gift, that the school should be exclusively for Maoris; and secondly, as is shown from the evidence on behalf of the trustees, it was made productive, so that it had a rental value, from which the present accumulation of £7000 has been obtained, by the expenditure upon it of £300 and more by the Bishop out of European money, which was greater than the original capital value of the land. The position now is that the other trustees connected with the Church of England have, out of funds furnished other than from Maori trusts, bought land and buildings and out-buildings suitable for a school in Weirapa, near Carterton, in the Wellington province, and other trustees holding estates similar to that of the Porirua Trust having equipped and furnished buildings, are now inviting applications from intending scholars, whom it is intended to maintain entirely. The result will be that the gifts of land by the natives, originally of small value, which have been improved and rendered valuable by the expenditure of the moneys of the Church of England, will be now used in founding free scholarships for natives exclusively. It would appear, therefore, that although the terms of the Crown grant are that children of all races may be maintained at the school, the scheme sanctioned by the Court deprives European and other children from the advantages of the trust, making it for the exclusive benefit of a limited section of Maoris.

The trustees of the Papawai and Kaiokirikiri trusts have opened a school on the estate of the late Lady Tagered, near Clarendon, for Maori boys, who will receive free board, education in the English language, religious teaching, and industrial training. To the West Coast natives free scholarships will be granted out of the Porirua Trust to boys residing in that locality, preference being given to those who belong to the Ngaitoa tribe. The temporary principal of the school is the Rev. William Donaldson, for many years Maori missionary in the Wairarapa. He will act until the arrival of the gentleman appointed as principal, the Rev. S. G. Compton, B.A., Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Mr Compton, who is a brother of the Rev. A. W. H. Compton, vicar of Wanganni parochial district, left England for the colony on the 4th June.



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# PEARS

## Soapmakers

By Royal Warrants

TO

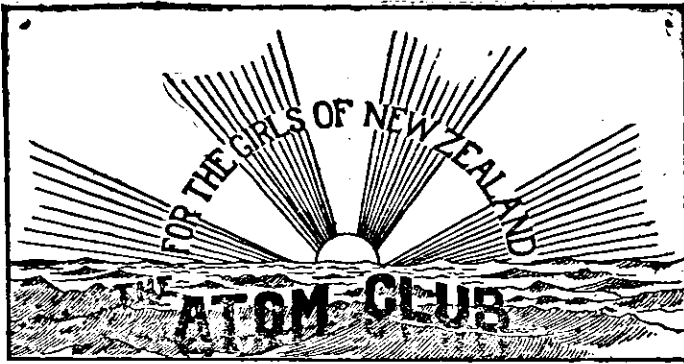
THEIR MAJESTIES

THE

# King and Queen







## 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 present with a badge on entering the 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. Questions and answers for "Who Knows" must be sent in to the office with full name, address, and nom de plume.

### WHO KNOWS?

EM.G.—Where to find:

"To be wroth with one we love  
Doth work like madness on the brain."

### REPLIES.

Flora.—Shakespeare makes Ophelia say that the "Fausy is for thoughts," obviously from the French—"penser," to think.

Seeker.—Look in "Book of Public Arms," by Arthur Charles Fox-Davies, for the motto you desire.

Curious.—Merely a saying, originating from a custom practised by the ancient Greeks and Romans, to whom the efficacy of oil for such use was well known.

## "To See Ourselves as Others See Us."

Now, if we had all been Irishmen, we should have cultivated wit and potatoes; if we had all been Scotchmen, we should have been canny enough to share their brose; all Englishmen, and the coincidence of roast beef and tenacity would have appealed to us; all Americans, and we should have revelled unconsciously in unconventionalism and twang. Yet far be it from us to see Patrick separated from his brogue, or Brother Jonathan deprived of his power of "reckoning."

Is it not through the very fact that we do not all share such characteristics that they become apparent? Yet, even those of us most given to introspection seldom, I venture to say, cry with Burns, "Oh, wad some power the giffie gie us, to see ourselves as others see us!" We shrink from setting ourselves up as a target for popular opinion, though we are well aware that we shall not, in our turn, escape its verdict.

In our youth, and in our prime, we are engrossed in working out the details of our picture; it is only when we lay aside our brushes that our falling

eyes seek for themselves the general effect. The criticisms of the public on our completed handiwork appear in our obituary column.

To form an accurate judgment of our own powers and capabilities, is one of the first lessons life teaches us. We underestimate them, we restrict them, and may discover later that we are afflicted with cramp, or possibly we never make the discovery. If we over-estimate them, as doubtless we are more prone to do, we receive timely intimation of the fact, and Pride's inevitable fall soon convinces us of our error.

Now, it has been proved that in external matters, for the detection of peculiarities and idiosyncrasies, the outside observer has the advantage, and just as certainly in matters of conscience each one holds for himself the keys of the wide and straight gates.

Rather, then, I am inclined to think, when we do come before the public tribunal, it is satisfied with a modicum of virtue, and the most indifferent of us are generally accorded the benefit of the doubt. Even those in quest of our shortcomings fail to discover the presence of skeletons we keep securely hid. But it is not so with the inward mentor; rarely, indeed, is conscience so warped, or does it deal so treacherously with us, that it neglects to accuse us of the least of our misdeeds, and in our own final inspection of our work we discover how far it falls short of the ideal.

Then what is our vanity after all but an idle folly that cannot encroach on the bounds of reason, an outer garment that will be flung to the winds in the face of danger or adversity, a temporary weakness to be considered apart from our sober personality.

For example, though their crinolines provoke mirth and ridicule, the wearing of them in no way affects our estimate of our great-grandmothers' characters, or debars us from paying tribute to their womanly virtues. And we reverence them, those women who never appeared on a public platform, or dreamed of exercising a right to the franchise, or yet inaugurated a society for the protection of women and children; we reverence their simplicity almost as we reverence the innocence of childhood.

And the new woman, even while she feels thankful that those good souls' susceptibilities were spared the spectacle of their grand-daughters arrayed in bloomers astride on a wheel, deep down in her heart cherishes a lingering hope that the compilers of her obituary column may discover she possessed traces of womanly virtue still.

Again, in the minds of our great ones there is no room for vanity. The memory of years, perhaps, of increasing labour, striving, heart-burning, and self-surrender, is for them stamped indelibly on their triumphs. The very satisfaction arising from the ultimate accomplishment of their object bears fruit in new-born desire, and acts but as an incentive to further effort.

Nor would we seek to change the attitude of our heroes who, having learned humility in the stress of great issues, refute a nation's adulation with a voice that comes from their inmost souls, "Not unto us be the praise."

Clearly, then, we would do well neither to entirely disregard the counsels of the Public, nor to put too much faith in its judgment, when the balances weigh in our favour, for it is possible, though all men speak well of us, that ere we pass to a higher court we stand convicted at our own bar.

ELEANOR PONSFORD, A.C.

## My Dream.

I dreamed that I stood on the confines of the Earth gazing down into a vast abyss, and out of the depths of its great darkness there floated upwards a silver mist.

Silently and swiftly it drifted up, and then changed from mist to a host of glorious beings.

The change was swift and indescribable, and the beings floated by me, light as the mist, beautiful as the stars, shadowy as the twilight, and shining with a silver radiance. Onward they floated to a shadow-land that lay on the opposite side of the great abyss.

When they had all passed over into the shadow I felt a sudden sense of a great loneliness and desolation, and I thought that I would follow the beautiful forms to their world and dwell with them for ever.

As these thoughts came to me I saw that a frail bridge—which before I had not noticed—spanned the great abyss, and I tried to step forward and gain it; but bands of steel had encased my feet and held me chained to the earth.

I tried to unloose them, but they gripped me like a vice, and all the time the beautiful beings were floating further and further away, and I saw a great castle looming up through the shadow, and the beings were all gliding towards it. Soon they would enter its gates and leave me forever, so I stretched out my hands to them and tried to call them back, for surely, I thought, they would not leave me desolate in a great and awful silence. But my voice would not come. I could not speak, and as I stood there struggling the shadowy beings drew nearer the castle and entered its gates.

I was left alone! alone! and I sank to the earth with a bitter cry.

Then a harsh, discordant voice rang out: "Oh! fool! thou canst not follow! They are Phantoms from a Phantom World—the Bridge is built of years—thou mayest not cross it! For, though thine eyes may pierce the gloom so thou seest the Shadow-land, yet thou shalt not see within the castle walls. Never more shalt thou behold the beautiful Spirit-people, for that land of shadows is an enchanted land; a land of everlasting Silence, and the castle is called 'The Palace of What-might-have-been,' and thou mayest never enter its portals, never pluck the sweet flowers that blossom in its gardens. Go back into the World—live thou thy life. Loneliness shalt thou feel forever, for thine eyes have seen the Phantom World, and ever shall thy soul be calling to its Spirit-people; but they will answer not, for it is a land of everlasting Silence, and thy voice cannot cross the great abyss. Go back into the World, I say! Forget what thou hast seen! Forget! Forget!"

The voice ceased, and I felt the awful loneliness and silence, and cried aloud:

"Oh! Thou who speakest! Come to me! Come, oh! Come to me through the great Silence! For this loneliness is greater than I can bear! Take me to the Phantom World, for there only shall my spirit rest. Let the Spirit-people be my people; let me dwell in the Shadow-land, for I have seen the Palace of What-might-have-been! And I cannot forget! I cannot forget!"

I waited for the answering voice, but none came. Only through the great silence it seemed that a low sweet voice floated up from the phasm, and I thought that it sang:

"There is a God of Love forever more!"

And I bent down and gazed into the black darkness and listened, but the voice sang no more; or perhaps I had only heard the sighing of the wind, for could that song have been an answer to my cry?

OLIVE TILLY, A.C.

## Girls in South Africa.

The following is an extract from the letter of a lady of position in Capetown. It will be read with interest, as it is from a most reliable source:—"Living in Capetown is frightfully expensive, and not for those of small means; indeed, we know it costs more here to live quietly than where we lived in a fashionable part of London, and we entertained a good deal. This is not the country for limited incomes. A small house costs £100 a year. My Malay washerwoman pays £80 for her wretched cottage. Meat, fish, vegetables, get

dearer and dearer; coal costs £3 10/ per ton. In the suburbs, to hire a cab to go out to dinner costs 25/. Girls and young men pay £7 a month for their board, and usually poor accommodation at that price; the good boarding-houses charge £12 a month. We say do not let anyone come to this country on chance, or who have a comfortable home, or living elsewhere; workmen earn high wages, but gentlemen have a poor chance without capital; clerks are miserably paid; daily governesses rarely get sufficient to cover their living expenses; typists can earn enough to keep themselves only, but nothing over for a rainy day. Posts formerly held by gentlemen are now held by a lower class, and there are exceedingly few "eligibles." Young and pretty girls have a good time anywhere; girls not quite so youthful have a poor chance of enjoyment, as there are too many here already, and nice men are scarce, and it is difficult to get sufficient nice men for dances. Life used to be very gay here, but it is altogether changed nowadays, partly owing to the war, partly because we are so scattered. We get little bursts of gaiety occasionally, but never very much, though the young people get small dances and other entertainments sometimes. We shall very much miss Lady Healy-Hutchinson and Lady Suttle, both of whom have gone Home. A dull winter is anticipated with no Indy at Government House and no General's wife here. Cape people, as a rule, dress very well; and then we get a great many well dressed Englishwomen who come out for pleasure or as officials' wives, and they are usually very smart. In country places colonial hospitality is as great as ever, but not so in large towns, where it is more "calculated" than formerly. In big towns nice people are easily crushed unless they bring good introductions. Very few people ask each other to meals here, except tea now; usually people get few invitations unless they entertain in return. In Johannesburg life is very gay for the rich, but very dull for the poor—not a place for girls to go to without homes. I am strongly against girls coming here to earn their bread unless they can live with their parents. I should add that several girls who have recently gone to Johannesburg to fill good Government posts complain bitterly of the cost of living there, which makes what sounds good salaries in reality no catch. Servants are in great demand—but not better-class girls—we have enough of them here."

## From a Sister's Point of View.

By May Oswald, A.C.

Of course we always feel deeply our responsibilities as sisters, but at what age does a brother become really interesting in himself, apart from any ordinary sense of duty? Usually, we believe, about the age of 18. His hearty good-humour, striking out right and left, his independence, his carelessness, of the morrow, must impress us all. The only clouds on his fair horizon are the thoughts of unlearned lessons, and the anticipation of their usual accompaniment. About this time, too, he begins to think for himself, and in an elementary sort of way analyses his inner feelings in the endeavour to identify his tastes, and settle in his mind what his future occupation shall be. He likes to be taken seriously, and feels two inches taller every time his opinion is asked, be the subject ever so trivial. The next interesting period commences at about eighteen. We find the youth has been making rapid strides towards manhood. With regard to his personal appearance his progress is wonderful. A close inspection of the upper lip reveals a sign of downy growth, and it is amusing to watch those coaxing downward strokes and final curl, in studied imitation of the man of thirty. His cigar or pipe is now produced and smoked in company with the head of the house, and he is very sensible to the relief from the now unnecessary after-dose of peppermint unauthorised cigarette smoking once made indispensable. At this time, too, the cleanliness of the home laundry no longer satisfies him, and his collars are now sent off to the Celestial John to obtain the brilliant lustre of newness.

He falls in love. We anticipate it, and yet withal do we not feel the full force of the blow when it actually



falls? The first inkling we gain of it is through his vague questionings as to the size of ladies' gloves. Then, perhaps, we come across a dainty box of perfume accidentally left on his dressing-table, and gradually an idea forms itself, culminating as he grows more open, and dares to mention Jack Hardie's as being a lively little girl, who can play accompaniments beautifully. The ice once broken, he speaks of her frequently, and in spite of one's self one grows interested. How you would like to compare her "lovely point lace" with yours, and other girls besides Jack's sister can embroider initials in the corner of a handkerchief. . . . Time still goes on. You meet her, and though satisfied with his choice you realise with a pang the truth of the old saying—

"A brother's a brother till he gets a wife,  
A sister's a sister all her life."

### How Old Joe Went Home.

(Olive Tilly, A.C.)

"Well, I'm not going to stand him and his interfering ways any longer, he'll have to go!" and the new owner of Rutland's Run got up out of his chair and stamped up and down the verandah.

"But," said Langdon, of Langdon's Mile, as he leaned against the verandah post with his horse's bridle over his arm, "he has been here so long, and helped your cousin to work up the run to what it is. Why, man, he's part and parcel of the place!"

"I don't care," said Rutland. "I've stood him as long as I can; I haven't come out to New Zealand to be bossed round by an old man. It's all very well his giving advice when it's asked, but doing things without my orders, just as though he owned the run; I won't stand it. I don't know what my cousin was thinking of to let his hands give themselves such airs."

"Well," said Langdon, impatiently knocking the ashes out of his pipe against the post, "old Joe came with your late cousin when he bought the run; he'd been whaling, left it to come with him, and he was more your cousin's friend than a mere station hand. He's a grand old fellow, and everyone likes him. I'll get him to come to me if you don't like him looking after things."

"It's not looking after things that I object to, it's minding other people's business instead of his own. Now, look here, he came to me this morning and told me he was going to shoot the white bull that's with that mob up in the trig station paddocks. Said it was dangerous. Didn't ask my advice. I told him he'd do no such thing, that the beast was to be let alone. He said it would kill someone yet, and I told him to go and mind his own business."

"Yes," added the only son of the new Rutland, a shifty-eyed, cadaverous youth of sixteen, from the end of the verandah where he was teasing a collie puppy, "he's ridden off somewhere. I saw him go up the red road in the trig direction."

"Did he have his gun?" shouted his father.

"I don't know," muttered the boy.

Langdon tightened up his saddle girth and mounted.

"Good-morning," he said, "I must be off."

"I thought you were going to stay to luncheon," said Rutland.

"No thanks. I'm going on to see Bell's new polo pony, so I must get away. Good-bye."

"Bah!" he muttered to himself, as he got on to the road; "fancy that grand fellow, Tom Rutland, having a cousin of that breed. Been a London shop-keeper or something, I suppose. Don't know one end of a horse from another. Fancy him stepping into Tom's shoes. And that sly-looking son of his, called Tom, too. Poor old Joe! It will break the old man's heart to leave the place. One thing, if the new Rutland takes to managing things he'll break up the run in no time. Why can't he let old Joe do as he's always done! Bah! Step it out, Porangi Potae, and let's get into clear air!"

Four hours later old Joe was riding slowly up the track on the back of the ranges that led to the trig clearing. His grey head was sunk low on his broad chest, and his old collie walked soberly beside the horse. The dog knew that something was wrong, and looked wist-

fully up at his master. At last the old man raised his head.

"Ah, Raupo," he said, "it's no good; we'll have to go, old dog. The new master isn't like the old one. But where'll we go, old dog, when we leave the old home! A home I thought it was going to be to us always. We're both getting old, Raupo, so's the nag. But the good God saw fit to take the young master first. And he wasn't so young either, but he always seemed young to me. Home! Shall we try the Old Country, Raupo?" and old Joe's head fell again, and before his misty eyes rose a vision of a little fishing village on the wild Cornish coast.

"Ah, old dog," he replied, "we can't go home. They'll all be dead and gone. We'll have to—" at the sound of a gun he broke off and started upright in his saddle.

They had reached the gate at the head of the road that led through the clearing up to the trig station.

"Raupo," he said, in amazement, "that was my gun. I could tell the sound anywhere, and—" he broke off, as his eyes fell on a horse tied to the fence—"that's young Tom Rutland's horse. What the—"

Just then a piercing shriek rang out, following by the bellow of cattle and the thud and trample of many hoofs. Then round a clump of fern-trees at a bend in the road he saw the flying form of Tom Rutland, as gun in hand he fled down the road, and behind him bellowed and stampeded a mob of terrified cattle, led by the white bull which was bleeding badly from a flesh wound on the shoulder.

In an instant old Joe was off his horse and through the rails. Running up the road at a speed wonderful for an old man, he shouted with all his might.

The mob paused, and then, panic-stricken, turned and crashed away through the clearing, all but the white bull, which tore madly down the road.

"Get behind a stump!" yelled Joe, keeping to the road himself. The boy had sense enough left to obey, flinging away the gun as he did so. Then as old Joe saw him jump behind a fallen tree he turned to do the same, but his foot caught in a root, he stumbled, fell, and the bull was on him. Tossing him aside as though he had been a twig, the beast rushed on, swerved through the stumps and rushing down the gully, crashed through a raupo swamp and disappeared in the bush on the opposite bill. When the boy saw that the bull was safely away he ran to old Joe. The old man lay with closed eyes, a great gash in his side.

Terrified, young Rutland left him, and rushing to his horse, sprang on it and galloped down the range to the homestead.

Rutland senior was in the stockyard, talking to Langdon, whom he had waylaid on his return, to hear his opinion of the new polo pony, when the boy, with a white face, galloped in.

"Father," he gasped, "old Joe's been trying to shoot the white bull, and it's killed him. I was coming in from the paddock on the other side of the range where the calves are and I saw it. Tell the men to get the cart and go quickly. He's lying by the big stump not far from the gate!"

"I'll ride straight up," said Langdon, "while you get the cart. Come with me, Tom."

"No," said the boy; "I'm not going."

"No," interrupted Rutland, "Tom's not going. I'm not going to have a son of mine running about after a disobedient old man. It serves him right. It's lucky for him that Tom was up there. The men can go after him with the cart."

Langdon bit his lips to keep back a torrent of bitter words and rode off. Quickly the men followed with the cart and as gently as possible brought the old man down and laid him in his room in one of the out-buildings. Langdon bound up the gash as well as he could.

"Don't talk, Joe," he said, "Lay as still as possible. We'll soon get the doctor in from Bruce. Try and keep quiet till he comes."

"Rutland," he said, as they both went out, leaving one of the men watching him, "you'll have to send a fast horse to Bruce. I doubt if he'll hold out till morning."

"Send to Bruce!" said Rutland, angrily. "Do you think I'm going to kill my best horse on a thirty mile ride for an officious servant? Why, the old man's as good as dead already. How-

ever, I'll send—"

"No you won't, you cold-blooded cur!" burst out Langdon, furiously. "The old man's life is worth a thousand of yours or your cub of a son's. I'm going myself," and he strode out of the building.

When Rutland had recovered from his amazement he went back to old Joe's room. The man who sat watching him held up his hand.

"He's asleep, I think, sir," he said, softly.

"Well," said Rutland, in no gentle voice, "you can leave him. He's not so bad as Mr Langdon thinks. You can go and put those sheep in the next paddock."

Muttering something that Rutland did not hear, the man disappeared and Rutland followed.

But old Joe was not asleep. He had heard every word that Rutland had said. His heart was breaking.

It was not the wound that was killing him. What was he? Only an old man; what did it matter that he had given the best years of his life in working up the place that this man had stepped into, what matter that every stick and stone on the run were dear to him; what matter that everything reminded him of the master who had passed out over the ranges; what matter that he had risked his life for the son of this man? He was only an old man; only an officious old servant, and the tears ran slowly down his white furrowed cheeks.

Now the master was gone, nobody cared but Langdon, and Langdon could never be the master; better that he should die. And then an irresistible longing came over him to see the sea again. If only he could look at it once more. Then slowly a thought burned itself into his brain. Why not try and get up on the ranges, and die in sight of the sea. The master had loved the sea too. It had been a home to both of them long ago. He tried to raise himself and managed to get off his bed. The blood showed crimson through the bandages, but what did it matter! A low whinny came from the stockyard. It was his horse; he could see it from the window. They had forgotten to unsaddle it. No one was near, and he feebly opened the door and walked unsteadily to the stockyard, the blood bursting through the bandages at every step. With difficulty he mounted, and sitting unsteadily in his saddle, rode off, while Raupo, with an uneasy look in his big brown eyes, walked alongside.

Quickly the horse stepped out, up, up, the winding road—up, up, the ranges till they came to the trig station gate, which the men in their excitement had left open. They passed through it, and old Joe, clutching feverishly at the reins, swayed from side to side in his saddle as the horse, with sure, steady steps climbed the last steep bit of track on to the trig summit. Then it stopped by a huge fallen rata, and he stumbled off and leant feebly against the thick trunk.

By this time his clothes were saturated with blood, but what did it matter! He had accomplished his desire. There, far away in the blue distance, was the sea, lying like a sheet of gold, behind the misty summit of old Pirongia.

The sight of it seemed to put new life into the old man, and he stretched out his arms to it, calling to it, and laughing as he heard the thud of the long breakers, a thud that told of a storm coming. "Ah! Raupo," he cried, as the dog gave a low whine, "there it is, there it is, what does anything matter now. We're going, old dog, out over the ranges, out over the sea. But," he said, as a mist gathered over his eyes, "it's getting dark, I can't see. The master's calling us, Raupo, but I can't see the track."

The dog began to whine but old Joe took no heed; he was going over the ranges.

"Coming, master," he called feebly, as his arms fell to his side, "coming. But the bush is so dark, it's a blind track, and we're old, me and the nag and the dog; we can't get over the ground as we used to."

Then his mind wandered off to the whaling day, and the dog crouched beside him and whined. Then he began again.

"I hear the master calling, but it's so dark," and then, as a look of wonder spread over his face, he suddenly raised his arms and cried:

"No, it isn't, it isn't. It's getting light! Look at the sun over the ranges! It's red, red as the rata. Look! Paupo,

look! Look at the gully blazing red with the rata, brilliant, crimson rata everywhere. The master loved it. We'll take some to him, and Raupo! Raupo! over the sea I see the master, away over the ranges, away beyond the red blaze of the hilla. We're coming, sir, we're coming, we're —," and old Joe's arms dropped to his side, and he sank down by the fallen tree, while the sun threw one last red gleam over him as it sank behind the sea and the shadows fell. The horse shivered, and the dog gave one long piteous howl, for they knew those two dumb brutes, that a human soul had set out on the last Long Trail.

Langdon of Langdon's Mile was waiting impatiently for the coach. "You're awfully late," he said to the half-caste driver, as the coach pulled up amid a cloud of dust, and he swung his bag in.

"Yes," said the man. "Been at Rutland's Run. Young Tom's broken his neck."

"What!"

"Young Tom Rutland's broken his neck. You know I've been with the Rotorua Maoris since last summer, and only came down to Rakia yesterday. So I drove the coach through instead of Nepia, and stayed out at the Karaka settlement last night. This morning coming in I met Rutland's man Bailey riding up the Karaka side of the trig hill, and when we got to the gate we saw young Tom's horse standing inside the rails, with the saddle off and the bridle smashed. We guessed something was up, so we went and had a look. Something made Bailey go straight up to the fallen rata at the top of the trig, and there we found young Tom lying, with his neck broken. Bailey said it was exactly on the spot where they found old Joe."

"Then," as Langdon did not speak, he continued:

"Old Joe never shot that bull."

"I never thought he did," said Lang-

don.

"I know he didn't. I was going in to Rakia that morning from the Karaka, and I saw old Joe looking after some calves down in the paddocks on the Karaka side. Then at the Trig gate I met Tom Rutland, and he had old Joe's gun. I asked him what he was going to do with it, and he told me to go to the devil."

Then as he piloted his leaders round a nasty corner he added thoughtfully, "But he's gone first."

### ACUTE ECZEMA CURED.

"I gradually sank into a state of ill-health," says Elizabeth Corkran, of No. 8, Milton Place, Richmond, Melbourne. "My blood became impoverished, and unsightly pimples and blotches appeared on my face and neck. The doctors whom I consulted pronounced it to be an acute form of Eczema, and although they treated me for some time, my health gradually grew worse. I could scarcely eat any food, and what I did eat disagreed with me, and the suffering I endured at times was dreadful. I also tried various medicines advertised, but without avail, and I was altogether in a very despondent mood until, one day, I received a pamphlet wherein I noticed where fellow sufferers had been cured of similar complaints by my own by the judicious use of Bile Beans and Zam-Buk Ointment, and I decided to give them a fair trial. I underwent a course of the Beans, and at the same time applied Zam-Buk Ointment to the blemishes on my face and neck. After a week of this treatment I noticed some improvement, which became more pronounced week after week, until now—just two months since I began the treatment—indigestion has entirely left me, and my skin is now quite clear, and as you may imagine such a perfect and speedy cure came as a great surprise to me, after so many other treatments had proved unavailing."





# 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,—Having seen the many letters written by "Graphic" cousins, I will be very pleased if you will add me to your list. I have many times wished to become a cousin, but have put off writing until now, and now I have started I intend to write often. In about three weeks we will be having our school examination, and if I get through it I shall leave Bayfield School, which I am now attending, and learn music. The prize competitions which frequently appears in the Children's Page seem very interesting, and I think I shall compete with the other cousins for the next one. The school holidays, to which I am looking forward with much interest, will be here soon; and though they do come in the winter, I will enjoy them very much. The Sunday-school Union's examination will take place soon. I have entered for it, but I find it harder this year than I did last, because now I am in a higher grade than I was then. I have no more news at present, and so I will close with hopes that you will send me a badge, and with best wishes to yourself and all cousins, from Mabel.

[Dear Cousin Mabel,—I am very glad to welcome you as a "Graphic" cousin, and to hear you mean to write regularly. I hope you will enjoy your holidays, and that there will be some fine days in them. When you write next tell me if you have any pets, and if you are fond of reading. Hoping for another letter soon.—I remain your affectionate Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I hope you will forgive me for not writing for so long. We had a holiday on Empire Day, and we saluted the flag, and sang a few songs. We are having a week's holiday because the scarlet fever is about. I went to Dunedin for two days, but did not enjoy myself as well as I expected, because it rained all the time. When I was on my way home I stopped at Waikouaiti for a day. To-day I went out for a drive to a station. It is about eight miles from Maheno, and is a very nice drive. I had a tooth pulled out a few weeks ago, and my gums were sore and my cheek was swollen for a week afterwards. My birthday is on June 10, and I will be twelve years old. My cousin's birthday is a day before mine,

and he will be five.—I remain yours truly, Cousin Katalleen.]

[Dear Cousin Kathleen.—Many thanks for your letter, which was very interesting indeed. I was sorry you were disappointed in your visit to Dunedin, but certainly it is not very pleasant to be out when the weather is so wet. Has all danger of the fever left your district yet? I trust so, for it must be a very anxious time for your parents. Did you have gas when your tooth was pulled out, or had you to bear the pain? I expect you got cold in your gums, and I can sympathise with you, for I know what the agony can be. Mind you write again soon.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—The answer to my letter was a very nice one. I have had a dreadful time with a nasty cold, and was not allowed out of doors after school for the last few days. I think it is dreadfully changeable weather in Auckland just now, don't you think so too, Cousin Kate? The days have grown very dark and short lately, but you can expect nothing better these horrid wintry days. During the days which this horrid cold lasted I had a rare time playing with my new doll. Of course it felt horrid to stay inside, but all I thought about was playing with dolly. I had also a terrible sore throat, and I had hardly anything to do but lie down on Saturday. The train accidents on Saturday made a regular confusion in the town as they were serious ones. It seemed very sad for the poor little child that lost her left leg on her fourth birthday. You ask what kind of books do the sailors take out of pa's library. He says they like sea stories and adventures the best, of which he has a large collection. I have a darling little pussy cat. It is always trying to sit in front of the fire, and is a good mouser. Now I must close, as I have got a dreadful headache. With love to all, I remain, your loving cousin, Cousin Ivy.

[Dear Cousin Ivy.—Your letter was just too late for last week's paper. I hope you were not disappointed at not seeing it in the "Graphic." I am sorry to hear you have been so unwell, but hope you are now quite right again. What is your doll's name? Tell me next time you write.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—As I have nothing particular to do this evening I thought I would write you a few lines. We have been having very cold weather here lately. The milk in the dairy was frozen this morning. I rather like the cold-sharp mornings, don't you? I think I shall be going down to Wairoa for the mail to-morrow. I generally go down on Wednesdays, for we only get our mail once a week. I have such a dear old horse to ride. He goes a long way in a long time, you know. I have completed or tried to complete the drawing puzzle, and am sending it in this week. Really, dear Cousin Kate, I think baking bread and cooking is more in my line. I went down to the Minstrels' entertainment in Wairoa last Wednesday evening, and enjoyed it very much. My sister in Napier goes to nearly all the plays there. She is enjoying herself. Dear Cousin Kate, I suppose you used to have plenty of fun when you were young. I am only sixteen, but I feel as old as the hills. Mother says I have got to be an old maid. What do old maids usually do—the nice ones, I mean? Can you tell me, please? Good-bye for the present, dear Cousin Kate.—Yours truly, Cousin Jessamine.]

[Dear Cousin Jessamine.—Your very charming little letter gave me great pleasure, for I was afraid you had quite forgotten the cousins and myself. I like frost when I can get at a good fire when I am indoors, but it is very miserable to be cold in the office when one's hands get too cold to write, for, of course, we get no fires or fireplaces in the office. I am very fond of riding, but seldom get a chance. Sixteen is rather young to talk about being an old maid, is it not? But as a fact I rather like old maids, and think they often have the best of it. I expect your mother means she will never be able to spare you away from her. Mothers often feel that way towards their favourite daughter. Have you any sisters? Tell me next time you write; and I hope that will be soon. Perhaps you might send a photo of yourself for the cousins' page.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am sure you will be greatly surprised to get a letter from me, considering I have not written to you for such a long time. I have tried to draw that man falling over, and I am sending it enclosed in this letter, and I hope it will be in time for the competition. We have had such cold weather down here lately, but it is always cold in winter. I am very fond of reading. But my favourite books are: "The Seven Little Australians," "The Family at Marlowe," and "Little Mother Meg," but I think all of Elbel S. Turner's books are lovely. Now, dear Cousin Kate, as it is

very late I think I must close, with love to you and all the cousins. I remain, yours truly, Cousin Eleanor.

[Dear Cousin Eleanor,—I was pleased to hear from you again, and am sorry your drawing was too late for the competition. I fancy you must have put the wrong date on your letter, as it is dated June 6th, and I only got it on Friday, June 19th. I quite agree with you about Elbel Turner's books. I think she must be very fond of children, or she could not understand them so well.—Cousin Kate.]

## When Only a Boy.

When the King of Spain was little more than five years of age a famous sculptor was engaged to make a statue of His Majesty.

The sculptor had great difficulty in finding a pose for his subject which should be at once spirited and natural, and sat one day in a brown study, regarding the boy as he looked out at the window.

All at once the sound of a band of music was heard in the street. The King sprang up, and brought his hand to his forehead in the military salute.

"The flag, sir! the flag!" the boy exclaimed. "Salute it!"

The sculptor had found the pose he sought, and made the statue represent the King in the act of saluting his country's flag.

As he was at work the boy asked the artist:

"Are you going to make me big?"

"The statue will represent Your Majesty a little larger than you are," said the sculptor.

"Well," said the royal youngster, "I want you to make me very big, with a long moustache!"

## Too Near Mother Earth.

"Why, Johnny! Why is your face always dirty?" said Mrs Wilson to her little son.

"Well, I can't help it 'cause I am so near the ground, but when I get long like you, well den I 'an be clean.



**Milkmaid**  
LARGEST SALE BRAND  
In the **Milk**  
WORLD.

**Milkmaid**  
LARGEST SALE BRAND  
In the **Milk**  
WORLD.

**Milkmaid**  
LARGEST SALE BRAND  
In the **Milk**  
WORLD.

**Milkmaid**  
LARGEST SALE BRAND  
In the **Milk**  
WORLD.

**Milkmaid**  
LARGEST SALE BRAND  
In the **Milk**  
WORLD.

See this Trade Mark on every Tin.

**A Fable About the Future.**

One morning a horse that had its mane and tail done up in curls, and was eating oats out of a manger in a padded stall, turned and whinnied disdainfully at a bicycle that was leaning against the wall. "You are a mere drudge," said the horse. "You are made to rush along dusty roads, you are never fed on anything more substantial than wind, and nobody loves you as I am loved. See how I am fed on fresh oats and hay, while you never even have your bearings oiled until you squeak."

But the patience of the bicycle was punctured, and he proceeded to make some scorching remarks.

"You pampered relic of barbarism!" he replied. "You think because you are fed and cared for that you are of some importance. I take my master to and from business. I give him exercise and cost him nothing for my keep, and I

never run away. I am a faithful servant, while you are merely a curiosity kept to amuse the children. Your usefulness ceased long ago."

At this point the horse gave the bicycle a kick that spoilt both its tires and smashed its wheels, and so ended the argument.

done well if I get eightpence for the one I have now."

"All right, here's your eightpence. This is the one you had outside," gaily answered the boy, as he threw down the money and skipped out of the shop.

**Bought—and Sold.**

"How much will you give me for this atlas?" asked a shabbily dressed youngster, as he walked into a second-hand bookseller's and produced the book named.

"Oh, it isn't worth much," answered the bookseller, as he turned over the leaves with an air of assumed indifference. "There's no demand for 'em. I bought one the other evening, and it's outside on the stall now. There's no demand for 'em at all. I shall think I've

**Still Cheerful.**

Patrick was lying in bed in a hospital. He had been brought in a few days before after a severe fall from the top storey of a building on which he had been working. With all his suffering he never lost his cheerful spirits, and enlivened many of the other patients with his bright remarks and stories. The doctor happened to come along, and he asked him how he felt.

"Fairly well, doctor; but this right leg of mine is a very ungrateful spalpeen, consitherin' that it wuz only broken in

wan place whin it might have been smashed in a dozen."

"How did you fall, Patrick?" asked the doctor. "Did you lose your head?"

"Faith, no; sure it was me footin' of lost."

"What time did it happen?"

"Well, oi wuzn't so sure before I fell, but I wuz thinkin' while oi was comin' down that it wuz somewhere near dinner-hour, an' I wuz convinced of that same as oi passed the second storey, fer oi saw the people in there atin' dinner."

Red Light—Danger! We'd better look out when we see such an ominous sign: That peril's ahead, there isn't much doubt. Perhaps it's a slip on the ice. We feel just the same when we get a bad cough.

Our safety we haste to secure. By buying the stuff that will soon shake it off.

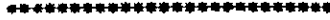
Some—WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURK.



**MR. RUMFITT RACES TO CATCH THE EARLY EXPRESS,**

AND FINDS, THROUGH AN ALTERATION OF THE SERVICE, HE IS A COUPLE OF HOURS TOO SOON.

# AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.



## Underskirts

That a woman should be *lien gante*, and *bien chaussee* was a fact acknowledged in the forties, and now we are beginning to realise that she must be *bien japonnee* as well, writes "A Society Butterfly" in a Home paper. A gown may be new, smart and expensive, but it is a sorry sight unless it covers the petticoat of perfection. Different dresses require different underskirts, and it takes a clever woman to realise the requirements of each and every occasion. A book might be written on the subject of the "tempestuous petticoat," and only a few remarks can be condensed into this column.

We will ignore the petticoat of utility, as represented by drill, moorin or stout long-cloth; and only deal with dainty underskirts as worn and approved by the typical smart woman. In the country she has a decided fancy for silk or satin knickerbockers, made with detachable linings of fine flannel, cambric or washing silk. These abbreviated garments are practical and convenient, and—above all—entirely satisfying to her keen sense of suitability. For morning wear in London, with tweed, serge or cloth walking gowns, she adopts a neat undershirt of satin, or soft silk, trimmed by tucks or frills of the same material, and on no account with lace, ribbons or kindred frivolities. Glace silk petticoats, "warranted to rustle," are rigidly avoided by smart women. Some small dressmakers have curiously clever ideas; and chez one aspiring artiste, I saw a dark blue silk petticoat made to wear with a navy blue serge walking-gown; and another, of fawn silk, lightly checked with blue and white, to accompany a very smart fawn cloth afternoon costume. In each case, the petticoat corresponded in happiest fashion with the gown to be worn above it.

The poetical petticoat of muslin and lace has its uses as well as its beauties. It looks delightful under a white frock, whether of lace, muslin or cloth; and it suits a *crope de chine*, a coloured muslin, or a pastel-shaded cloth to be worn at Monte Carlo, driving in the park, or at a smart summer race meeting. But the cambric petticoat is an article de luxe; it is emphatically "carriage company," and its mass of muslin and lace demands the daintiest freshness to justify such an ornamental existence. Even when expense is no object, this class of skirt should never see the light in bad weather, or on unsuitable occasions. Certainly, no well-dressed modern matron would trail a white cambric, lace-trimmed skirt through the mud and miseries of a London street.

Our old friend, the smart woman, no doubt spends a great deal on petticoats; and in nine cases out of ten the petticoat is more costly than the gown that covers it. Her evening frocks have each their own underskirt, and these are made of delicate brocade or soft satin, and are flounced and trimmed with richest lace. Then, she has half-a-dozen good petticoats to wear under her smart afternoon gowns; and all the skirts—day and evening—are usually scented with sachet powder, sewn into small silk cases. The flannel petticoat of honoured memory has become extinct, but some delicate women cling to a dainty undershirt of finest flannel, silk-embroidered, and trimmed with real lace.

## How to Make a Cheap Quilt.

With the cold weather reigning supreme, and charitable folk anxious to know how best to help the poorer classes to withstand the icy pleasantries of King Frost, some people may be glad to learn how a really warm quilt can be manufactured at home for the comparatively small sum of 5/4 (says a writer in an English contemporary). Of course, a down quilt cannot be made for that price, but Pyrenean flannel and sateen, with an interlining of wadding, form an excellent substitute, being light, warm, and easily put together. For charitable purposes it is best to purchase some dark shade of flannel—red

or dark blue—otherwise a perfectly charming quilt may be made in pale blue flannel, lined with sateen of the same shade. A cheap quality of flannel is quite good enough for the purpose in hand, for the interlining of wadding, combined with the sateen, makes the quilt very warm, and therefore a thick quality of Pyrenean flannel would be wasted. At some of the smaller establishments it is easy to pick up the right sort of material at about 1/11 the yard, and as it generally measures 50in, the one strip will form the width of the quilt without further trouble; 1yds is sufficient for the length. The sateen (if possible, the same colour as the flannel) being narrower, 2yds will not be found too much; and the clearest quantity of grey wadding—it is usually 2yd a yard—being also 30in wide, the same quantity will be necessary. The outlay thus comes to 4/10. The extra 6d must be expended in a ball or two of "Lustrine Crochet" in a shade to match the flannel, or, if this is impossible, at least something to tone with it. With the help of a small bone croquet-hook this lustrine can be turned into braid, the method being simplicity itself, merely an unending chain, which is afterwards applied on the reverse side of the quilt.

The wadding and sateen are first sewn together, and then tacked down again and again across the width, as well as round the edges; this is then laid across the flannel, and cut into strips to fit it, the strips being afterwards sewn together. Having got all the materials the same size and shape, the flannel is laid right side upwards on the table, and the other stuffs laid on it (the wadding uppermost), and all three are then firmly stitched together round three sides. This turns it into a sort of bag, which must next be turned inside out, and the fourth side neatly hemmed up. The quilt is now ready for the braid, and this is sewn in long lines, both horizontal and vertical, on both sides of the quilt at once. The horizontal lines, of course, serve to cover the tacking threads which hold the sateen and wadding together. A long ruler and a piece of chalk may be used to mark out these lines beforehand, and, indeed, this is the better way, unless the worker has a very accurate eye. This makes an extremely warm covering for a single bed.

## How to Care for Willow Furniture.

Having had considerable experience with wicker furniture and cane-bottom chairs, &c., while sojourning for some time in a Southern home, I will give my experience to sister housekeepers. It is not difficult to care for furniture, yet when you send it to an upholsterer they charge very high for this work, and many of us cannot afford it. And there is a great saving of money to learn to do this work at home.

The first thing to do is to remove all dust, grime, and soil from the niches and intricate figure work, and it is not possible to do it by simply wiping off with a cloth. It takes a good, hard scrubbing with a stiff brush. Never use strong soap about them, as it seems to stick to the varnish, but instead make a warm suds of rain water and gold-dust washing powder and have it of medium strength and dissolve it thoroughly. After a vigorous scrubbing in every crack or corner, rinse in clear, warm water, using the brush, but if the first suds get dirty or black looking, throw it out and get fresh, or it will make the furniture look dingy and streaked. For the work out of doors, choose a sunny bright day, and wipe dry with a chamois. It will look like new.—S.L.J. in the "New York Herald."

## Spring Cleaning.

Every careful and house-proud mistress will in a few months be busy over a spring cleaning campaign. A very good furniture polish, which may also be used on linoleum, oilcloths, and polished floors, is made of a quarter of a pound of beeswax, half a pint of tur-

pentine, and a small piece of common soap, two inches across, melted in half to three-quarters of a pint of water. Proceed to make the polish in the following way: Put the beeswax into a jar or tin and melt it in a saucepan of water on the stove. Remove it from the stove and add the turpentine and soap and water. Stir the whole well together and leave it until it is cold. Should the paste that results be found to be too dry, a little more turpentine and soap may be added. This polishing paste is often met without the addition of the soap recommended here, which, however, greatly adds to its brilliancy. Should the kitchen dressers, tables, and the boards of the floor require whitening, try the efficacy of this recipe: Take one pound each of washing soda, soft soap and fuller's earth, also a gallon of cold water. Mix the three ingredients in the water, and let the solution simmer for one hour. Next add one pound of silver sand, and stir the whole occasionally until it is cold. Apply it to the boards, dresser, and so forth, during the process of scrubbing. A solution of oxalic acid, in other words, salts of lemon, applied with a brush to the parts stained, will whiten the most discoloured boards; but as this is poison, care must be exercised in its use. Just what is required should be given by the mistress into her servant's hands at the time it is wanted, and the remainder be kept under lock and key.

## What May be Eaten with Fingers.

There are a number of things that the most fastidious and well-behaved persons now eat at the dinner table without the aid of either knife, fork or spoon. The following are a few examples:

Olives, to which a fork should never be applied.

Asparagus, whether hot or cold, when served whole, as it should be.

Lettuce, which should be dipped in the dressing or a little salt.

Celery, which may properly be placed on the tablecloth beside the plate.

Strawberries, when served with the stems on, as they usually are.

Bread, toast, tarts, small cakes, etc.

Fruits of all kinds, except preserves and melons, which are eaten with a spoon.

Cheese, which is almost invariably eaten with the fingers by the most particular.

Either the leg or other small pieces of a bird. Ladies at most of the fashionable luncheons pick small pieces of chicken without using knife and fork.

Chipped potatoes are generally eaten with the fingers by epicures. There must be no particle of fat adhering to the chipped potatoes, and they must be crisp.—American paper.

## Useful to Know.

Dissolve six ounces of pearl-ash in a quart of boiling water, add four ounces of white wax, and simmer all together for half an hour. Set this to cool, take the wax off, and work it into a soft paste with a little hot water. Rub this well on the marble, and polish with soft dusters.

Tumblers or goblets in which milk has been served should be rinsed with cold water before being washed, otherwise they will look cloudy. A few drops of ammonia in the hot water will give the glass a bright luster.

Make a brine with common salt, and pour it over soft coal and cinders. The accumulation of soot in the chimney will be prevented, and the under parts of the stove in which it is used will be kept clean.

To clean a copper kettle get half a pound of hot potash and put it into a vessel, then pour one quart of boiling water over it. This done, allow to soak for half an hour, and get a good hard scrubbing brush and dip it into the potash; let it soak for a few minutes, then scrub again, then rinse and polish. Be careful not to dip the fingers into the

potash, because it may burn them. A fine strong wire is the best thing to cut bars of soap, and the same improvised tool will cut a whole cheese in half very nicely, far better than a knife. The wire should be long enough to go around the cheese, and have each end twisted around a clothes pin, to serve as handles. The wire is looped around the cheese and firmly pulled, the two ends together; the cheese will be cut in half very cleanly.

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Is Mrs. Grundy Dead?

(By Mrs. C. E. Humphrey.)

They eat and drink and scheme and plod. They go to church on Sundays; And many are afraid of God. And more of Mrs. Grundy. —Frederick Locker.

There are certain circles of society in which Mrs. Grundy seems to be dead indeed. She is deaf and dumb and blind and comatose, and in that condition is no more regarded than if she were as dead as a door nail.

But in those very smart and extremely lively circles there is one law which must not be broken. "Thou shalt not be found out." So long as no breath of publicity is suffered to assail the sinner, Mrs. Grundy remains deaf and dumb and blind and comatose.

The real facts may be common property, whispered from mouth to mouth, the topic of boudoirs and afternoon teas, even of dinner parties when the servants have left the room. They may be well known in the servants' hall and at the club for "gentlemen's gentlemen." What is there that is unknown to servants? The facts may be the subject of anecdote, bon-mot, and the fashionable form of conundrum beginning with "Why" and answered with "Because"; but nothing of this kind constitutes publicity.

If, however, an "inspired" paragraph should appear in a society paper, if notice of proceedings in a Court of Justice, then who so wide-awake as Mrs Grundy? Instead of deafness, is she not all ears so far as may be compatible with being also all eyes, all tongue! And she has a very nasty way of punishing the lesser sinner with many strokes, while she lets off the baser and the guiltier with few.

MRS. GRUNDY AND THE INNOCENTS.

Mrs. Grundy is like the law in this particular, that her decisions are often totally contradictory to equity and justice. Perhaps she like to masquerade with Justice's handbag on her eyes and the crooked scales of the blindfold goddess in her hands.

What did Shakespeare say: "Be thou chaste as ice, pure as snow, thou shalt not scape calumny." Mrs. Grundy takes care to prove the poet true. She sometimes seizes on a reputation and tears it to tatters; discovering too late that she has ruined a life that is in reality above reproach.

But her injustice has often so wrought upon its victim that in the end the latter has become all that the world mistakenly thought her.

In "Monna Vanna" Maeterlinck, who knows his world, allows his readers to suppose that this noble woman, finding it impossible to get anyone to believe in her innocence and that of her true lover, leaves her incredulous husband and joins the other.

What else is left to her to do? She has supplied evidence of the sort that convinces a British jury in the Divorce Court; a jury that regards the opportunity for wrong-doing as proof enough

that wrong-doing has been done. Her earnest assertions of innocence; her cries to heaven to be her witness are jeered at by her husband, and by her world. They are nothing in the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Grundy, who could not believe in the possibility of any man or woman remaining guiltless in circumstances so favourable to guilt.

And so are the innocent souls thrust into sin by evil report. It needs a fine moral nerve to keep the soul stainless when in the eyes of the world it is besmirched. And in the other balance, curiously contrasted, is that other soul that knows itself to be hopelessly polluted, but yet maintains all the appearance of innocence in the eyes of the world.

Such a woman as this may have broken every one of the Ten Commandments, but she has religiously observed the eleventh—"Thou shalt not be found out" and it is counted unto her for righteousness. Mothers allow their young daughters to meet her, even to be chaperoned by her. "We really know nothing," they say in excuse when an outspoken friend remonstrates. "The scandal may be all talk and nothing more." So long as Mrs. Grundy is silent, so are those who find it to their advantage to keep on good terms with the eleventh commandment lady.

MRS GRUNDY'S USES.

For Mrs Grundy has her uses. "What will people say?" is an excellent deterrent; a consideration that has kept the great middle class of England a model to the nations, of propriety and cleanliness of living.

Whether we take the upper middle-class, including the families of professional men, such as doctors, clergy, lawyers, and the distinguished in art and letters; or whether we regard the stratum of respectable tradespeople; we cannot review this important section of society without coming to the conclusion that without it the whole social structure would fall to pieces.

In our great middle-class, which has its own aristocracy, its own middle-class, its bourgeoisie, the principles that rule life from within are found in vital action. The class above is a law unto itself. The class below is not law abiding. It is the middle-class that worthily fulfils the function of citizenship and makes the nation what it is. In it are crystallised the great national characteristics—love of home, integrity of purpose, purity of life, and detestation of all that wars against these. And if there are any who incline towards laxity of life, it is the fear of Mrs Grundy that often keeps them from transgressing the social laws that have surrounded them from childhood. Mrs Grundy is as good as an artificial conscience in

cases where the real conscience has proved itself not up to its work.

WHERE SHE IS MOST ACTIVE.

If any one, misled by the quiescence of Mrs Grundy in certain circles, should suppose the lady to be dead, a visit to a quiet country village will soon disabuse the mind of any such idea. The smaller the village, the greater seems to be the amount of talk and scandal that pervades it. "The neighbours" appear to take a most unneighbourly delight in imputing the basest of motives for actions that, rightly viewed, are perfectly compatible with absolute innocence.

Mrs Grundy is so busy watching everybody that she acquires a squint and takes a distorted view of all she sees. A purely disinterested piece of kindness is beyond her comprehension; so she sorts out of her repertoire some vile motive for it, and at once sets it down to the account of the victim. Everything fine and noble, everything of which she is herself incapable, must be the outcome of evil, in her opinion. That is Mrs Grundy's darker side. She is no longer a salutary influence in life when she sets tongues wagging against those who merit praise rather than blame.

A POISONED THOUGHT.

A lady living in a large city and in the enjoyment of ample means and plenty of leisure bethought her of throwing her house open on two or three evenings of every week to young men, acquaintances of her own sons. She realised how lonely and how full of temptation is the life of a young man who, fresh from school or college, lives in more or less dreary lodgings and enjoys little, if any, social intercourse. She knew how easy it is for such a young man to get into bad habits, to

misuse his leisure hours, to fall among bad companions, and to drop into a lower social grade than that to which his birth entitles him. Had she not thought it all out in the case of her own boys? It was better to give them the advantage of home life that she had set up housekeeping in the city, where she sons were employed.

The evenings in her comfortable home were thoroughly appreciated. There was music. Some brought a violin, a banjo, a mandolin, and part singing became an amusement. Many a young man carries through life a grateful memory of all that refined home, with its gentle, motherly mistress, did for him.

But one day that lady chanced to overhear a remark made about herself in ignorance that she was near. Accompanied by a sneer and a horrid laugh, the remark was—"Oh, yes! We all know that Mrs Blank is very fond of boys!"

There was less in the words than in the manner and tone of them, which made them equivalent to an insult. Mrs Grundy's low-minded representative very nearly succeeded in this instance in stopping as good and kindly a work as was ever undertaken, for Mrs Blank, outraged by the light in which her action appeared to be regarded very nearly decided to close her doors against the young men she had so hospitably entertained. Though she decided that she could not allow evil to prevail over good, and went on in her kindly course, all the pleasure of it was spoiled for her by the poisoned thought that she was thoroughly and radically misunderstood.

THE DEVIL'S WORK.

A girl sometimes says—"I don't care what people say," but she does care, and it is well that she should care. Here is where the useful side of Mrs Grundy

Advertisement for Britannia Unshrinkable Underwear. Features a central image of a woman in a corset and text: 'BRITISH MAKE', 'Unshrinkable Underwear', 'To get your skin always to set well, is the true key to health according to the highest medical authorities. In order to achieve this you have to pay proper attention to your undergarments.'

Advertisement for Dales' Gold Medal Dubbin. Text: 'Dales' GOLD MEDAL Dubbin makes BOOTS and HARNESSES water proof and soft as velvet. Adds three times to the wear of leather. Pleasant odour. Allows polish with blacking 25% extra. Highest Award for superiority. Black or Brown colour. Sold by Foot Stores, Builders, Ironmongers, etc. (Manufacture—Dulwich, London (Eng.))'

Advertisement for Viyella washing material. Text: 'THE HIGH-CLASS WASHING MATERIAL. Viyella DOES NOT SHRINK. For Men's Day Shirts, Night Shirts, Pyjamas, &c. For Ladies' Shirts, Blouses, Nightdresses, &c. For Children's Frocks, &c. Viyella is a luxury for DAY and NIGHT Wear. Does not irritate the skin. To be obtained from the leading Drapers.'

Advertisement for Bovo-Ferrum. Text: 'A LOVELY WOMAN is the fairest flower in the garden of humanity. Every woman can be lovely, with sparkling eyes and with every line of beauty fully developed. Bovo-Ferrum That wonderful Tonic, composed of Beef and Iron, will bring out her beauty, fill in the hollows and round out the curves. It is a flesh and tissue builder that will make any woman plump and rosy, as she was meant to be. BOVO-FERRUM is an absolute specific in Anemia. The price of Bovo-Ferrum is HALF-A-CROWN and it should be obtainable from all Chemists. Ask for it, and if not readily procurable, send 2/6 in stamps or postal note to... GEO. W. WILTON, CHEMIST WELLINGTON, Who will send a bottle POST FREE. "If you need it, take it."

Advertisement for P.D. Corsets. Text: 'LATEST Straight Front AND NOUVELLE FORME Corsets P.D. All Leading Drapers'. Includes an illustration of a woman in a corset and a shield with 'PD' on it.

comes in, and in this phase one pictures her as a kindly old lady with a benevolent face, and snowy cap and kerchief, doing her best to keep the young things out of danger. She is, in truth, a profusion, being sometimes full of hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness; at others the prudent shepherdess of the inexperienced. She might always present the more agreeable aspect if there were no spiteful, scandal-mongering men and women in the world, ready and anxious to do her work for her in a spirit of malevolence.

Take the following over-true tale, as an example: one to be very carefully avoided. A lady living in London, and known to a large circle of friends, was one day the victim of an unfortunate mistake, which resulted in the publication of her name in connection with a police court case, in which the person brought up before the magistrate had been intoxicated and "disorderly."

The whole thing was a mistake, as any open-minded reader of the report could at once have discovered; and the impulse of any woman of fine nature and generous mind would have been to sympathize with the lady who had been the victim of so extremely disagreeable an error.

Not so, however, with a certain acquaintance of hers who, having got the report from a newspaper, carried it about for months in her purse, and never lost an opportunity of reading it to those who had not heard of the circumstance.

Now here was Mrs Grundy, in the person of a malicious and ill-bred woman, doing the devil's work for him! And she had the splendid opportunity of doing angels' work in this very matter. She could have as busily employed herself in clearing the name and reputation of her acquaintance, in strongly

asserting her own belief in the maligned person, and in bringing the whole of her personal influence to bear upon the side of truth and justice, to say nothing of kindness and generosity. She chose the Other Person's work, and did it well!

Our law is supposed to regard an accused person as innocent until proved to be guilty. Though all its practices are not consistent with this theory, it is yet recognised as one of its permanent principles.

Mrs Grundy's is the very opposite. She regards every one as guilty until he or she is proved to be not guilty; and, what is more, even when triumphantly proved to be innocent, that unfortunate individual is seldom completely exonerated by Mrs Grundy. She whispers, "There must have been something in it, you know," or "There's no smoke without fire."

The fact is, the Old Lady is like the moon—she has her dark side as well as her bright; and so far as humanity is concerned she is immortal, for she will continue among men and women as long as the moon lasts. Our moral atmosphere will be aware of her until sun, moon, and stars are swallowed up in the tremendous changes towards which our earth is hastening with every diurnal revolution.

And Mrs Grundy is almost as old as the moon—she made her appearance with the Fall of Man, and will continue with us until sin and sorrow and remorse and shame are removed far from us. When this happy consummation is achieved, her occupation will be gone.

**Wedding of Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.**

There was a brilliant gathering at Tottenhall Church recently to witness the wedding of Miss Elen Thorneycroft Fowler, the clever elder daughter of Sir Henry Fowler, M.P. for East Wolverhampton. A large gathering of people tried to get a glimpse of the bride, who has made this corner of the Midlands famous in her writings, wherein Wolverhampton has figured as "Silverhampton" and Tottenhall as "Teeleigh." The bridegroom was Mr Lawrence Felkin, one of the masters at the Royal Naval College, Eltham. He, like his wife, is an author, and there is every reason to think that the character of Paul Seaton, in "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," was drawn from that of the hero of last week's ceremony. This last was the happy ending to an engagement, which has been an "open" secret amongst the relatives for some years. There were five bridesmaids, one of them being her sister, whose fiancée was one of the officiating clergy. The weather was brilliant, except for a slight fall of snow, and everybody wished the newly-wedded couple long life and happiness.

**Boiling Eggs Without Fire.**

If you want a hard-boiled egg and have not the means of boiling it, proceed as follows:—Take a raw egg, open it slightly at each end and allow a little of the white to run out. Then take a little first-class alcohol of high percentage and pour it into the openings. Cover the openings with wax, or with your finger and thumb, and shake the egg well, so that the alcohol penetrates to every part of it. After three or four minutes the egg will be apparently hard-boiled, for the spirit will have made the white quite solid. The egg may be eaten, but, of course, it will taste strongly of alcohol, which many people might find objectionable.

**A New Danger.**

The latest semi-medical theory is that the fashion of wearing so many large diamonds is injurious to the eyesight. This theory is not likely to be agreeable

to those ladies who rejoice in large "fenders," otherwise tiaras; but as the injury is done not to the eyes of the wearer, but of the people who surround her, it is possible that she may console herself with an adjusted-to-date version of the old saying: "Others must suffer in order that I may look beautiful." However, the thing cuts two ways, for if others suffer from her diamonds, she is sure to suffer from theirs. The effect produced on the eyes is said to be somewhat like that of the electric light—a sense of dazzlement and strain, which is hardly noticeable at first, but tends to become marked.



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The trouble is not with your stomach, is it? Then why put any medicine in it. Let it alone. But there must be something the matter with your bronchial tubes or lungs, or you wouldn't be coughing so hard. Then treat these, one or both, and these only. You can do it so nicely with our Vapo-Cresolene.

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For asthma, bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, catarrh and influenza, it is the best treatment you can possibly find. 4



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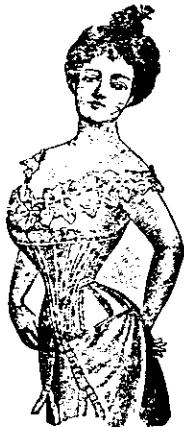
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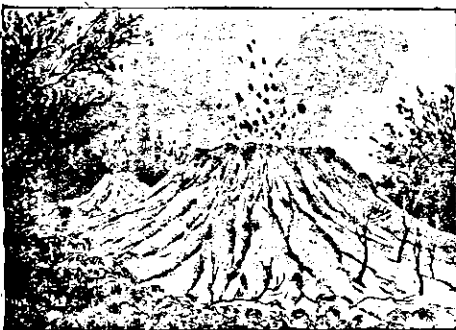
See its lovely, Picturesque Lakes, its Magnificent Waterfalls and Rivers. Visit its great Fiords and Sounds. Climb its Towering Mountains, majestic in their immensity, and hoary with perpetual snow. Visit the Government "Hermitage Hotel," Mount Cook, under the shadow of the cloud-piercing Aorangi, 12,349 feet. (Thos. Cook & Son's Coupons accepted.)

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THE YELLOW TERRACE, WAIOTAPU.



# THE WORLD OF FASHION.

(By MARGUERITE.)

## EVENING GOWN.

Perhaps it is that there are so many balls and evening functions just now proceeding that all the leading dressmakers are talking of evening gowns. These are very lovely, and the novel trimmings in the way of glittering passementeries and vivid bead trimmings are enormously employed both for bodice and skirt adornment. The skirts are cut very full, although of the thinnest possible materials, so that they in no way increase the size of the figure. While, at the same time, they add remarkable dignity to the wearer's appearance. Pleated, gauged, and tucked chiffon still holds its own.

The debutantes of to-day, far removed from the thralldom of conventionalities, does not inevitably dance through her first season in white. Should white be her "colour" she wears it, knowing well that nothing is more suitable to girlhood; but should pink or blue or eau

de Nil, or even black, become her better, she leaves white to her mother, and gaily chooses the more pronounced hues herself.

The drooping shoulder effect is noticeable indeed in evening toilettes. Corsets literally fall away from the shoulders, and the length of line from the throat downwards is accentuated by the V described by the décolletage, quite a new feature this season, though, of course, one that is borrowed from the past.

For theatres even the débutantes are choosing the bodices that have high necks and long sleeves, made of materials so transparent and so sparingly used that the gleam of white arms and shoulders is revealed through them. Such toilettes are often more smart than a low-cut one, and invariably look Frenchified when well designed and made. As a rule the smart Parisienne believes much more in suggesting than in revealing the beauty of her shoulders and arms. Fashion this season does not

add to the long list of materials she favours for evening wear. Of late years she has never struck one from her list that suits her liking. Thus chiffon, mousseline de soie, crepe de chine, point d'esprit, and soft silk arrive again; the changes noticeable in their appearance are due to the novelty of their decorations or to the patterns on the fabrics, and to the manner in which the gowns are built. An evening gown which is very modish has a skirt of black tulle entirely covered with short festoons of jet beads, each festoon looped with a black velvet bow and jet pendants. The bodice has a pointed basque of black velvet with a close and prim berthe and stomach of gathered tulle and jet festoons. These gathers cross the arms below the shoulders, and to them are added frilled double ruffles of old lace. quaint and coquettish toilette is this.

## A PRETTY BLOUSE.

The pretty blouse sketched owes much of its smartness to the way it is worn, as half the battle as regards the success of one's toilet lies in the manner of putting it on. The dainty arrangement of the lace at the throat, the right adjustment of the belt, and the smoothing into place of blouse and skirt are more important items than many women consider them.

The blouse depicted is made of soft cream silk, and has some lace applique for a trimming, and is particularly well suited for afternoon wear. There is much more in the actual way of wearing one's clothes than the ordinary English woman imagines, indeed, more perhaps than in the clothes themselves, which if badly worn will never look well



A BEAUTIFUL EVENING GOWN FROM VIENNA.



A SUGGESTION FROM THE DURBAR GRAFTED ON TO AN OLD FRENCH MODEL.

however rich and expensive the materials employed.

The secrets of good dressing are as accessible to the poor as to the rich, and there is many a poor girl who appears to better advantage in her simple gown than her wealthier sister in all her elab-



A PRETTY BLOUSE.



LACE, SILK, AND VELVET.

The handsome lace collars, which daily become larger and more beautiful, have developed into quite a vogue, many of the most modish and charming "creations" in gowns and mantles being finished by a big cape-collar of one of many lovely laces now obtaining.

In this figure, for instance, we have a beautiful gown of pale green brocaded silk—the skirt of which is plain—with a slightly pouched bodice opening over a tucked and inserted vest of white silk. The sleeves have an applique of lace over the inner side, which merges into a cuff gathering in the bagging below the elbow, and finished by black velvet ribbon. Over the shoulders falls the handsome lace collar in question, further supplemented by a broad ribbon of black velvet, interlaced through and terminating in a loop and end either side, finished by a chenille tassel. The waist tie is also of black velvet ribbon.



Evening Gown with Grey Sewing Silk Fringe and Tassels and Long Bracelet Sleeves.

Contemplate a full dress evening frock composed entirely of fringe, made of fine grey sewing silk, and to avoid the monotony of straight rows, bunches of fringe mounted upon crescent-shaped motifs of grey silk passementerie, which result in strange and yet distinct attractions. These are sewn upon the white silk foundation in undulating lines, but are so arranged

that the edges of the fringe fit into the spaces, so that in repose the entire foundation is covered. In walking, the slipping, shining threads of silk over the gleaming white present a beautiful appearance, moulding the figure with infinite grace and, like all gowns not made for morning wear, flowing into an exaggerated train. A sketch of this gown will be found in this column.

borate toilette. There is a profound feeling of satisfaction in displaying good taste and a cultivated eye by selecting an admirable toilette at a small outlay.

• • •



A very pretty sleeve on a leading evening model was arranged in a most novel shape. The sleeve itself commenced below the shoulder, and fell in a kind of bag to hold the elbow. This "bag" was, of course, full, and very graceful, while a scroll piece of the glittering passementerie outlined the top of the sleeve over the shoulder, and fell towards the inside of the arm in a graceful scroll. Indeed, scrollings are a more fashionable arrangement of all trimmings than any other. Vandykes are used, but they are not so becoming, while the scroll is always artistic, and saves us from the error of a straight line.



Toilette of Hortensia Blue Mousseline Adorned with Strands of Blue Cord and Silk Tassels.



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**THE PARENTAL BLESSING.**

Algy: So you asked old Jones for his daughter's hand? What did he say?  
 Ferdy: He said, "Take her and let me be happy."

**CRITICISING HIS OWN.**

"But, my dear husband, it really is unjust for you to abuse mothers-in-law so. There are good ones."  
 "Well, never mind; I haven't said anything against you; it's only mine I'm grumbling about."

**PROVIDED FOR.**

Pat: How yer made a will?  
 Mike: Ya. Oi lift everything to the doctor that saves me life.

**HE KNEW THE BUSINESS.**

"Yes, father, when I graduate, I am going to follow my literary bent and write for money."  
 "Humph, my son, you ought to be successful. That's all you did the four years you spent at college."

**FAVOURITES.**

"I like dear little babies before they have learned to talk, don't you, Mr Smythe?"  
 "Indeed I do. Before they have learned to talk there is no danger of their parents telling you the remarkable things they say."

**A STRENUOUS GIRL.**

"Is Ethel a great charity worker?"  
 "Dear me, yes! At that last ball for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children she danced every dance and ate three suppers."

**THE SADDEST WORDS.**

The saddest words of tongue or pen are not, I think, "It might have been." Sadder are these, which o'er me lord it—"I'd like to, but I can't afford it."

**HIS LIMIT.**

Judge (to witness): "You say you have known the prisoner all your life?"  
 Witness: "Yes, Your Honor."  
 Judge: "Now, in your opinion, do you think he could be guilty of stealing this money?"  
 Witness: "How much was it?"

**A TASTE FOR MUSIC.**

"Your daughter has a fine touch."  
 Mrs Moriarty: "Yes. So they do be tellin' me, an' sure 'tis no wonther, for she loves the pianny, and niver tires of it. She has a great taste for music, but thin, that's only natural, for her grandfather had his skull laid open wid a cornet at a temperance picnic."

**WHY SHE PAID.**

Struggling Dramatist: "I can't see how Littlewitt managed to get such a big price for that trashy play of his. They say that Miss Footlights paid him £2000."  
 First Nighter: "I presume you know that she is in love with her leading man?"  
 "Yes?"  
 "Well, Littlewitt's play has 25 kisses in it."



Musically Ambitious Youth: "Do you think, professor, that I can do anything with my voice?"  
 Professor (cautiously): "Well, it may come in handy to holler with in case of fire."

**CASE DISMISSED.**

Judge: What sort of a man, now, was it whom you saw commit the assault?  
 Constable: Shure, yer honor, he was a small, mane, insignificant craythur—about yer own size, yer honor.

**FORETHOUGHT.**

"How can you be certain the lady will read the letter, when you have directed it to her husband?"  
 "I have put the word 'Private' in the corner."

**HE FILLED THE BILL.**

"She married the coachman because she wanted someone who could drive."  
 "Well?"  
 "Well, he drove her to distraction!"

**A FAITHFUL MIMIC.**

Mrs Jones: "Children are so imitative; my little girl has been observing the cook of late."  
 Mrs Smith: "And is trying to cook?"  
 Mrs Jones: "Er—no—but every time I go into the nursery she orders me out!"

**QUITE A DIFFERENT PLACE.**

A man was brought before the Bench for stealing cheese from a grocer's door, and the principal witness, a carter, told how he had seen the man take the cheese and had run up and held him.  
 "Then you caught him in the nefarious act?" said the judge.  
 "The what, sir?" said the witness.  
 "You caught him in the nefarious act, I say!" repeated the judge.  
 "Not me," was the reply. "I caught him by the scruff of the neck."

**I WILL—NO.**

"Always," advises the pompous person who has accumulated several millions—"always say, 'I will.' Never allow yourself to be dismayed by the outlook. Overcome the outlook. That's the way to succeed."  
 "One, then," comments the poor person to whom he addresses this homily, "should always say, 'I will!'"  
 "Yes, sir."  
 "And you always say it?"  
 "I do."  
 "Will you lend me half a million to get my air-ship in running order?"

**IN A BAD FIX.**

Eischen: Mother, when I get married shall I have a husband like father?  
 Mamma: Certainly, my dear.  
 Eischen: And if I stay single shall I be an old maid like Aunt Anna?  
 Mamma: I think you will.  
 Eischen (with a eep sigh): Well, I am in a fix."

**QUITE LIKELY.**

Black: White's a terribly quarrelsome fellow. He'd rather fight than eat."  
 Stout: So'd I, if I had his dyspepsia.

**A REMINDER.**

"Hello, Lathers! What's the matter?"  
 "Been shaving myself."  
 "What did you cut that notch in your chin for?"  
 "To remind me not to do it again."

**MADE ALL THE DIFFERENCE.**

Magistrate: Why didn't you go to the assistance of the prosecutor in the fight?  
 Policeman: Sure, an' Oi didn't know which av them was going to be th' prosecutor, Yer Honor.

**SMART.**

"You say his wife's a brunette? I thought he married a blonde."  
 "He did, but she dyed."

**FOR THE SAKE OF VERSIMILITUDE.**

Playwright: That villain in my play doesn't act his part up to the lines. He must wear a look of worry and desperation.  
 Manager: Oh, don't get excited. I'll fix that. John go up on the stage and start a rumour that I have bolted with the box office receipts.

**A BETTER PLAN.**

Jones: My idea of business is to put all your eggs in one basket and watch that basket.  
 Smith: My idea is to put all your eggs in one incubator and heat that incubator.

**A TRAM TRIUMPH.**

The rain poured down in melancholy sheets, the tram car was packed, and a baby, probably feeling the depressing influence of the weather, whined incessantly.  
 "Why can't you keep that child quiet?" growled the grumpy passenger.  
 The mother bent over her darling, but replied not.  
 Then a thin but distinct voice from nowhere in particular cried:  
 "He thinks your face is the moon, and he's crying for it!"

**TOUGH.**

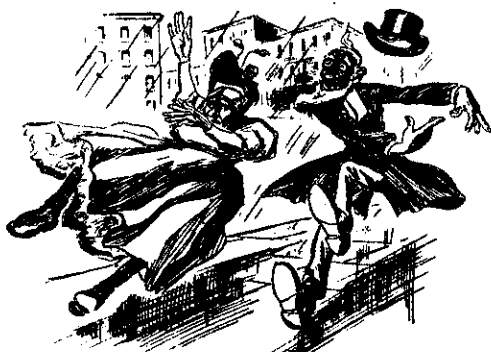
Bragg: I was knocked senseless by a cricket ball two years ago.  
 The Boy in the Corner: When do you expect to get over it?

**SO SUDDEN!**

Mr Dumbhead: Nelson was coming to call, but I told him you would be engaged this evening—  
 Miss Olemade (rapturously): Oh, William!

**NOTHING ELSE POSSIBLE.**

"But, mamma," protested Miss Bulyon, "why are you sending out invitations for a diamond wedding? You haven't been married nearly long enough for that."  
 "What's that got to do with it?" demanded Mrs Bulyon; "your father's financial standing would make anything less than a diamond wedding absurd."



A PAIR OF OLD SLIPPERS.



WINTER CROPS.

"Oh, Uncle Joshua! What do you raise out here winter time?"  
 Uncle Joshua—"Aias, my little man! nothing but whiskers."



Painted by C. F. Goldie.

**DARBY AND**  
PRESENTED TO THE COUNTESS OF RANFURLY BY



ND JOAN.

URLY BY THE CITIZENS OF AUCKLAND.